CHEER-LEADING CONTEST HELD

Adams 8-B "Sells" Books To Celebrate National Week

A "Yelling Campaign" (to quote Miss Rogers of Adams school) was held recently at Adams.

Now, if you are interested in knowing just what kind of an "anymule" that is, I assure you that it is merely a substitution for the more dignified title of "Cheer-Leading Contest." This contest was open to all members of Adams junior high school.

Now the whole idea of the thing was this: Everyone who entered the contest got the job!—(No, this is NOT station Q. P. W. telling you how to win a million dollars by entering Frye's Frivolous Cookies Cash Contest!!!)

You see, the two best boys and the two best girls in the contest were picked by the judges—so that one set could operate the "yelling" end of the line, while the others gave 'em somethin' to yell about.

If none of the four official "Yellers" are available, other entrants in the contest will carry on their duties.

Entrants in the contest were: Mildred Hall, June Herrick, Bill Spinning, Bessie Moses, Howard Estes, Rosa Woodward, Patsy Kates, Russell Fisher, Tom Allen, Jack Minton, Bud Lyle, Gloria Gruber, Harry Weaver, and Bill Green.

Judges were: Mr. Smiley, Miss Rogers, Mrs. Hallock, and Bill Robinson.

Winners in the contest were: Bill Spinning, Tom Allen, Patsy Kates, and Gloria Gruber.

—o—

The 8-B's of Adams celebrated National Book Week in a rather interesting manner. They advertised books, but in a most unusual way, on Friday, November 22.

June Ford went "North to the Orient," Edmund tried "Roughing It," Dave Thomas went "Over the Top," Robert Kendall starred with Poppy Ott's "Prancing Pancake," Jean Gilbert took the Dictionary and by mentioning a number of things about it that the class had not known before, made it the most interesting of the sales talks. Fred Hallock appeared in uniform and presented "Dere Mabel."

Book Week need not come but once a year. Neither need we "sell" books to one another but once a year. If everyone would just pass on and "sell" the enjoyable books they read to another person, there would soon be no Book Week. "Book Week" would be changed to "Book Year," and would be an annual celebration.

—o—

Under the supervision of the Adams Student Council, a matinee dance was held at Adams school on Friday, November 22.

The dance was held directly after school, and was enjoyed very much by those who attended.

The Library club of Barnum junior high school has been very active in helping the students of Barnum celebrate Book Week.

Bulletin boards are suitably decorated, and students are being guided in reading both educational and recreational.

Here are the most recent scores of Barnum and Adams junior high schools:

Barnum: Girls volley-ball (November 21). 7-B vs. 8-B; Scores (1st) 15-5, favor of the 7-B's. (2nd) 15-10, favor of the 7-B's. 7-A vs. 9-B; Scores (1st) 15-7, favor of the 9-B's. (2nd) 15-5, favor of the 9-B's. 8-A vs. 9-A; Scores (1st) 15-9, favor of the 9-A's. (2nd) 15-12, favor of the 8-A's.

Boys' volley-ball (November 18). 9-B vs. 7-A; Score 30-12, favor of the 9-B's. 9-A vs. 8-B; Score 14-13, favor of the 8-B's. 8-A vs. 7-B; Score 32-14, favor of the 8-A's.

Adams: Girls' volley-ball (November 19). 8-A vs. 9-A.; Score 15-6, favor of the 9-A's. 9-A vs. 7-A; Scores (1st) 15-9, favor of the 9-A's. (2nd) 15-8, favor of the 9-A's. (3rd) 15-10, favor of the 7-A's.

PARTY HONORS FOOT BALL MEN

Annual Event Scheduled For Friday, December 6, At High School

The annual Football Party in honor of the Baldwin high school football squad will be held in the high school gymnasium Friday, Dec. 6, from 9 to 12 a. m. The students will dance to the music of Fred Siber and his Casa Mera orchestra, formerly of Eastwood.

Something quite new and different in the way of decorations has been promised through the courtesy of the Chevrolet Motor Car Co. The program committee has planned a surprise in the theme of the floor show to be held during the intermission.

Invitations are to be extended to the parents of the football team to serve as chaperones for the party.

The committees are as follows: Decoration—Bill Cushing, chairman; B. Filkins, and Betty Hill. Advertising—Bob York, chairman; Jack Birthrong, Don Porteous, and Peggy Bailey. Program—Holden Drury, chairman; Hilda Brown, and Helen Armstrong. Ticket—Amy Harrell and Warren Forester, co-chairmen; assisted by the members of the Student Congress. Invitation and reception—Margaret McKee, chairman; Betty Sheridan, and Mildred DaLee.

The dance is open to all Birmingham students in grades 9 through 12 and alumni.

Skeletons of huge mammoths were found recently frozen in the ice near Anadyr Bay, Siberia.

A GOOD WILL STORE

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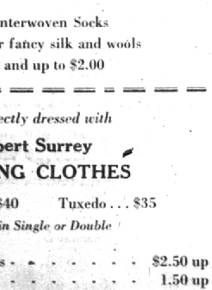

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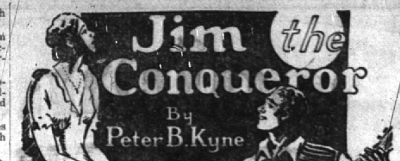

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Roberta Antrim, beautiful Eastern society girl, who lives with her uncle, William B. Latham, known as "Crooked Bill" because of his amusing slyness, receives a telegram from Jaime Miguel Higuenes, owner of the Rancho Valle Verde, in Texas, informing her her Uncle Tom Antrim has died, a violent death. At the advice of Glenn Hackett, who is in love with her, Roberta plans to go to Texas to protect her interests, since she is her uncle's sole heir to thousands of sheep which Antrim had impudently driven to graze on land controlled by Don Jaime.

CHAPTER II.—Don Jaime, unmarried and romantic, half Spanish and half Irish, is attracted to Roberta's picture in a magazine. Some time before the girl hears from Higuenes, Ken Robart, a Texas Ranger, agrees to help Don Jaime protect his estate from the invasion of Tom Antrim's sheep. Antrim is warned to take the animals off Don Jaime's ranch at once.

CHAPTER III.—Antrim ambushes Don Jaime. They shoot it out. The young ranch owner is wounded four times and Tom Antrim killed. On the sheep owner's body are found instructions to notify Miss Roberta Antrim in the event of Tom's death. Another Higuenes' telegram tells Roberta her uncle was killed by Jim Higgins (Don Jaime's anglicized name). Latham tells her his fortune is in danger, and she decides to go to Texas to get Antrim's estate for Crooked Bill.

CHAPTER IV.—Don Jaime invites Mrs. Canby, his nurse, and her crippled son Robbie, to stay at his ranch with the idea of preserving the properties if Roberta, as he hopes, visits the ranch. "Crooked Bill" lets his niece believe he has lost his fortune, furthering a scheme he hopes will forward Hackett's courtship, which he greatly favors.

CHAPTER V.—Don Jaime, actuated chiefly by his romantic interest in the pictured Roberta, allows the Antrim sheep to continue to graze on his ranch. Hackett, despite misgivings, "plays up" to Uncle Bill's scheme for influencing Roberta in his favor.

CHAPTER VI.—On the platform of the little flag station of Valle Verde Roberta meets Dingle, Tom Antrim's foreman, who points out Don Jaime as her uncle's slayer, then flees. Roberta, watching "Jim Higgins" sees him shoot at Dingle's car. She berates him soundly for slaying her uncle, and Jimmy buries off esteemibly to tell Don Jaime of her arrival. Then the girl finds Higgins and Higuenes to be one and the same. At Don Jaime's invitation she stays at his ranch.

CHAPTER VII.—Roberta, despite her first natural antipathy toward the slayer of her uncle, is impressed with her host, comparing his strength and independence with Hackett's lady attitude to the disfavor of her former wooer.

CHAPTER VIII.—Roberta becomes fond of her host and wires this fact to Latham, who has received from the irrepressible Don Jaime a request for permission to pay court to his niece. This is not to "Crooked Bill's" liking. He decides he'd better leave for Texas, and does. Hackett is to follow in a week.

CHAPTER IX

THE bell in the cupola of Don Jaime's little adobe church was calling its last summons to the faithful when Roberta and her host left the house on foot.

Don Jaime led her down the main aisle of the small church and crossed with her over the organ which stood against the wall. The choir sat on benches in the rear of the organ and an upholstered chair stood beside the organ seat.

"For company," Don Jaime murmured, and indicated that Roberta should occupy it.

The padre, in his vestments, entered from the sacristy, and as he advanced to the altar Don Jaime's little organ crashed into a sonorous prelude; then his brown choir, taking the cue from a vigorous nod of the master's raven head, sang:

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
And in our hearts take up thy rest.

The girl watched Don Jaime, who knew not one note from another but who played amazingly well by ear because God had created him a troubadour. His dark face was alight with the delight he gleaned from his simple task; for all his huge body, there was in his attitude and in the luster of his eyes something that proclaimed to her again the odd, little-boy quality in him, touching her as she had never been touched before.

"Strange, strange man," the girl reflected. "There he sits with a look of exaltation on his face, and yet I know he prides himself on being too stern and original a thinker to be an orthodox churchman, to accept the Scriptures as literal, to have even the most remote interest in the ultimate disposal of his immortal soul. He killed my Uncle Tom and is too honest to think of pretending to me that he regrets it. He's a strange mixture, yet there is nothing complex about him. He thinks straight, talks straight, and acts straight. He couldn't dissemble if he wanted to. Oh, dear, I'm afraid I wish I had never met him. He's one of those terrible men one must take seriously."

The service proceeded. Roberta dreamed on. . . . Don Jaime's low voice reached her. "Now, then, Bobby, do your stunt."

She sang as she had never sung before. "See their eyes," Don Jaime whispered as she sat down. "The poor devils. They loved it. Handel's 'Where'er You Walk' isn't sung in our church, but who here knows the difference. And who cares? An encore, Bobby."

She sang it. Then she sat through a sermon in Spanish, at the conclusion of which the padre, addressing Don Jaime, begged him to convey his thanks and that of his pobrecitos to the American senorita. Don Jaime translated his message, and a few minutes later she saw him stooping over the lap of a girl and lifting there from an infant. She watched him holding the stolid infant while the sacrament of baptism was administered; she marked the pride and pleasure in the young mother's face at this signal honor conferred upon her and hers, when, the ceremony over, Don Jaime kissed the infant and handed the mother the customary largess. To the godmother, too, he made a gift of money; then, with a paternal pat on the shoulders of all concerned, including the padre, he rejoined Roberta and together they walked back through the pueblo to the hacienda.

At the head of the single street Don Jaime looked back. "A contented people," he declared. "Chili peppers drying on every roof and ample corn for the tortillas; a tiny garden for onions and lettuce and beans, labor exchanged for bright calico and overalls and gingham at cost at the ranch commissary; no debts, no rents, no lawsuits, freedom from a puritanical code of morals. Sometimes I could wish I, too, were a peon. Roll-weevil and the price of beef bothers them not, nor taxes nor notes at the bank."

"Nor sheep," Roberta supplemented.

"Speaking of which," he continued, "we will ride out and visit the woollies after luncheon, if you care for a ride."

* * * * * * *

Crooked Bill was wondering why his niece was such a poor correspondent, when Harnus, the butler, entered with the mail.

Crooked Bill pounced upon it. Two envelopes, one slim and the other fat, bore the return address of the Rancho Valle Verde, so Crooked Bill opened the slim one and read:

"My dear Mr. Latham:

"I wired you for permission to pay my court to your very lovely niece, Miss Roberta Antrim. In granting the desired permission, for which I am deeply grateful, you saw fit to give me some wholly unnecessary and rather silly advice on how to be successful in love.

"My dear Mr. Latham, you know nothing of your charming niece's disposition. The finest way in the world for me to kill my feeble prospects would be for me to wrangle a guitar under her window and sing 'Sobre las Olas.' And anyhow, what's your interest in me that causes you to be so free with your foolish advice? I suspect you would like to get me in Dutch.

"I think she likes me, but she doesn't know whether I'm crazy about her or not, even when I swear I am. I figure that the best way to get her winging is to keep her guessing, but—quien sabe! If you have any other suggestions for helping along the game of your old friend Patricio Jesus Higuenes' son, let them fly.

"Sincerely yours,
"J. M. HIGUENES."

Crooked Bill read and reread this remarkable document and with a huge sigh laid it aside. "I've over played my hand," he murmured and took up Roberta's letter, which ran as follows:

"Dear Uncle Bill:

"I am ashamed of myself for having neglected you so, but the fact is I have been having such a wonderful time at Don Jaime's ranch (I call him Jimmy) that I haven't had time to write.

"Uncle Bill, he's marvelous. He is very bold, he sings and plays divinely, he is a sort of feudal baron and he works hard all day with his men. He has thousands of acres of cotton, thousands more of alfalfa, thousands more of cattle range, and all the cattle in the world.

"I haven't thought of Glenn Hackett more than twice since coming here and then only to compare him, to his disadvantage, to this amazing Jimmy. If he'd only make love to me like a reasonable man should I think I'd fall for him—hard.

"I enclose a number of photos. The one of Jimmy is excellent. Write soon.

"Your loving
"BOBBY."

"Caramba!" murmured Crooked Bill. "This fellow is no fat, oily, perfumed, lazy Mexican with a mustache. The boy has lured Roberta up right—not the width of a gnat's wing out of line—and he'll win in a walk, as sure as death and taxes, unless I do something and do it muy pronto. I don't want Roberta to marry into a mixed breed like the Higuenes.

"Well, Roberta says if he'd only make love to her like a reasonable man she'd fall for him hard. That means she's still safe. . . . Bill Latham, you've got to get that girl back here in a hurry. These infernal sheep and my foolish scheming sent her to Texas, and in order to get her home those sheep must be disposed of—in a hurry. God help me, I'll have to buy them myself—and if that Higuenes bunch ever gets on to the identity of the purchaser, he'll induce her to soak me so hard, when I'm unable to defend myself, that I'll never have the heart to eat a mutton chop again. Glenn, my boy, fighting your fight is going to be mighty expensive, but as an adjunct to the family I guess you're worth it." He telephoned to his office in New York, instructing it to secure him transportation and a drawing room to Los Algodones, Texas, and the following day was en route to consummate the crookedest piece of business he had ever contemplated—that of swindling himself!

In due course he arrived in Los Algodones and put up at the Mansion house. Neither the town nor the hotel had changed a particle in the twenty-five years that had passed since he had seen it last.

At the general store he purchased a pair of overalls, a canvas coat and a gray sombrero, which, combined with a soft white shirt and black tie and the boots (a relic of other days) which he habitually wore, metamorphosed Crooked Bill into a very fair imitation of a Texas citizen of the wide open spaces. Thus garbed he called upon Don Prudencio Alviso.

"My name's Blodgett, Mr. Alviso," he announced, and soothed his conscience with the thought that it was—his middle name. "I understand you're the attorney for Tom Antrim's estate. I also understand he left quite a smear of sheep."

Don Prudencio nodded.

"Are they for sale?"

"A sale might be arranged, weeth the consent of the court, Senor Blodgett," Don Prudencio answered guardedly.

"Fine," said Crooked Bill. "I'll buy them. I've a notion I can make a turn on those sheep. I understand Antrim's heir lives in New York, so I presume she'll be glad to sell and git rid of a nuisance."

Don Prudencio shrugged. "Maybe so." With his eyes he inquired what Senor Blodgett's offer might be. Crooked Bill promptly named a figure one dollar per head above the highest market quotations.

Don Prudencio stirred slightly. "I weel sell you those sheeps, subject to the confirmation by the court," he purred. "I am the executor for the ee-state. The sheep have been coun' recently and I weel guarantee the count. I weel write for you an offer for all those sheeps, wheeeh you will sign. Then I weel accept, subject to the confirmation by the court, and you weel pay me now on account ten thousand dollars, no? I am queeck trader—like you."

"I'll have the money wired to the credit of the estate in any bank you name. It will be there tomorrow. You've sold something."

Don Prudencio Alviso might have looked sleepy, but behind those slightly liverish eyes he was very wide awake. Within ten minutes he had William B. Latham signed up on a contract of purchase and sale, provided the court approved Don Prudencio's action as executor.

When Crooked Bill had the contract safely tucked in his pocket he commenced joking with Don Prudencio about the deceased Tom Antrim, and learned that for a few days following Antrim's death the sheep had remained in charge of one Bill Dingle. Antrim's foreman. Later Dingle had been rather forcibly relieved of his charges by Jaimes Higuenes, of the Rancho Valle Verde.

"That Dingle might be a good experienced sheepman to care for these sheep in case the court approves the sale," Crooked Bill suggested hopefully. "Where might one get in touch with him?"

Don Prudencio gave him minute directions for finding Mr. Dingle, and with a heart beating high with hope Crooked Bill took his departure.

(Continued Next Week)

34,013

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Pontiac, in said County, on the 6th day of November, A. D. 1935.

Present: Hon. Dan A. McGaffey, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Christian R. Uplegger, Deceased.

Melvin Uplegger, executor of said estate, having filed in said court a petition praying that the time for the presentation of claims against said estate be limited and that a time and place be appointed to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said deceased by and before said court.

It is Ordered, that four months from this date be allowed for creditors to present claims against said estate.

It is Further Ordered, that the 7th day of April, 1936 at nine o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for the examination and adjustment of all claims against said deceased.

DAN A. McGAFFEY,
Judge of Probate.

A True Copy.
RUTH IMMICK HARBOLDT,
Register of Probate.
Nov. 14-21-28.

CRANE LETTERS ARE AWARDED

Athletic Awards Committee Honors 33 Boys As Fall Season Ends

Cranbrook having closed its fall season of sports with meetings in soccer and football against Cleveland University school at the Bloomfield Hills school's stadium, the Athletic Awards Committee of Cranbrook awarded letters to the following 33 boys:

In football: Edwin Bovill, John Chiera, Richard Morgan, Willard Parker, and Paul Seiler, of Detroit; Paul Derrickson of Georgetown, Del., Nelson Ewing of Bloomington, Ill.; Charles Gilbert of Pontiac; Henry Smith of Bay City; Harry Prouty of Grosse Pointe; Worth Matteson of Foreman, Ark.; William McKelvey of Youngstown, Ohio; Newell McCuen of Lansing; Andrew Hinshaw of Bloomfield Hills; and George Hunt, Jack Pierce, and James Ruthenburg of Birmingham; and Wellesley Kaye of Paw Paw.

In soccer: James Harlan, Charles Himelhoch, Frank Hoffman, Robert Jones, Rodman Turner, and James Watkins of Detroit; Seymour Avery, and Grant Valpey of Royal Oak; Stephen Johnson of Grosse Pointe; Hamilton White of Syracuse, N. Y.; Thomas Tilley of Ann Arbor; Lewis Bloomingdale of N. Y. C.; Robert Craig of Bloomfield Hills; John McPherson of Pontiac; and Arthur Brandt of Birmingham.

The football team won the last two of its seven games, defeating the previously unbeaten Howe School team by a score of 19-14 and following this with a 13-0 victory over Cleveland University School. E. E. Raymond is the coach.

The soccer team which is coached by vernon Kellett held most of its opponents to low scores but managed to win only one of its eight games. The sole victory was chalked up against the Nichols School of Buffalo.

Eskimos in Greenland are modernizing their snow huts by installing glass skylights.

Elephants at the Vincennes zoo in Paris have been trained to walk on bottles.

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