

MOSQUITO BITES

By Scratch

Forthwith and throughout the sunny months I'll be scratching down some notes weekly to keep you informed about the young Roneses and Julietts of Birmingham.

The Barnum swimming pool opened recently and everyone from everywhere has been there splashing around. . . . The playground activities have opened also and the tennis courts are crowded every day. . . . The Misses Marion Kirk, Alice Lee Heimiller and Margaret Caraban are seen there frequently with, as usual, Lynn Swallow, Harold Holden and Jack Burkett.

By the way, I heard Harold went to the show last Monday all by himself. . . . I wonder why?



How Everybody

"White Death in the Valley"
by FLOYD GIBBONS

ALMA WEBB of Clarence, N. Y., crashes into the Adven-turers' club today, and the yarn she brings us is so packed full of thrills that you'll remember it for a long time. For Alma woke up in the middle of the night on March 14, 1928, to find herself right in the midst of one of the most thrilling, and at the same time one of the most terrifying, adventures that ever happened to anyone.

But the adventure wasn't happening to Alma alone. It was happening to thousands of other people, too.

It was happening to everybody in the town of Santa Paula, California, 65 miles north of Los Angeles—and it was happening to almost everybody in the whole of ill-fated Santa Clara valley.

Bells and Whistles Gave the Alarm.

Alma was living in Santa Paula with her husband and her sister, and it was about two-thirty in the morning when she woke up in the midst of her adventure. It was the noise that woke her. Outside there was a terrible din. Sirens were blowing like mad. And though she was having a nightmare at first, but a few seconds of being still and listening to that racket soon convinced her that it was real.

There were other disquieting sounds out there, too. The streets were normally still at that hour in Santa Paula, but now, mixed in with the din of the bells and sirens, she could hear voices and the patter of running feet.

Fire was Alma's first thought. Forest fires are frequent out there in the California canyons and sometimes those conflagrations sweep out of the woods and destroy whole towns. She leaped out of bed and ran to the window expecting to see the whole town ablaze. But there was no sign of fire and not even a red glow in the sky to indicate the approach of one.

One thing Alma did notice, though. The street lamp on the corner was dark. While she was trying to figure out what that might mean her sister came running into the room.

"What had happened?" she cried. "What is the matter?"

Alma told her she didn't know. She reached for the light switch and turned it, but no flood of light came in response to her touch. She ran to the telephone. It was dead. Then she heard some children crying outside—saw the lights of the neighbor's car as it pulled out of the garage about thirty feet away and roared off down the street.

The Dam Had Given Way.

By that time Alma was doggone sure something terrible had happened. The whole town was awake and going somewhere. She grabbed up a dressing gown and started out to find out what the trouble was. She had no sooner reached the front porch than a motorcycle patrolman came speeding around the corner. And as he went past the house and saw Alma he shouted the terrifying words that explained everything.

"Up to the mountain-top, quick!" he cried. "THE DAM HAS GIVEN WAY!"

Alma dashed back into the house. She knew only too well what that meant. Santa Paula lies in a notch between two mountains. The water from the broken dam would sweep down and tear it wide apart. It was a mile to the mountain top, but they had to get there somehow. If they didn't they'd all be drowned.

Alma tried to wake her husband. He was a heavy sleeper, and it took precious minutes to get him up. They lit matches to find a few clothes and got them on. Shoes, stockings, coats and pocketbooks—that's all Alma and her sister bothered to take. But Alma's husband was still half asleep and only half aware of the danger. He put on all his clothes while Alma begged him to hurry.

All Fleeing to the Higher Ground.

At last they were out of the house and running for the garage. They got into the car and were off for the side of the mountain. The streets were jammed with hundreds of other cars—with crowds of pedestrians all fleeing to the higher ground. The car seemed to crawl. And off in the distance they could hear a thunderous rumble that grew ever louder as the water swept onward down the valley.

It was a picture—a sort of sound picture—that Alma will never forget. Before them and behind them, as far as they could see, a solid line of cars crept along toward the mountains. Families of Mexicans trooped along after carrying their children and bedding and leading cattle in an eerie procession to the sound of habbalee he excited voices and the tooting of automobile horns and that steady, increasing, terrifying roar from up the valley.

It was pitch dark and dizzying. As they started up the side of the hill the long row of automobile headlights furnished the only illumination. "We had just reached the higher ground," Alma says, "when we heard a terrific roar and something that sounded like a dozen cannons being fired at random. The wall of water, a hundred and seventy-five feet high when it left the dam, had swept down the valley and struck Santa Paula. The great bridge of iron and concrete spanning the river was the first thing to go, and now the swirling waters were taking everything in their path on their way to the ocean."

Alma, her husband and her sister had just made it to safety, but there were four hundred and fifty people who DIDN'T make it. Seven-hundred houses were swept away in that catastrophe, and Alma says, the scene that met their eyes the next morning was indescribable. Houses were floating in the water with people clinging to the rooftops. Mothers, fathers and children were wandering around in a daze looking for their loved ones, and all of them were left homeless—stripped of their possessions by the flood. But it was the events of the night before that left the strongest impression on Alma's mind. She still remembers that terrible din of bells and whistles. "And even yet," she says, "I find myself getting weak and sick every time I hear the siren of a passing fire engine."

JIGGLETES

Yes, sonny you may take my arm. I'll help you cross.

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TODAY-FRI-SAT

CHARLES RUGGLES
FANORE WHITNEY JOHNNY DOWNS

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BETTE DAVIS
MARKED WOMAN

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Janet Gaynor
Fredric March
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Tested Recipes

From Consumers Power Home Service Kitchen

CHOCOLATE BOSTON CREAM PIE

1 c. sugar 1 t. soda
1 c. shortening 1 t. cocoa
1 c. milk or but- 1 t. salt
ter 1 t. vanilla
2 c. pastry flour

Cream shortening and sugar. Add milk and shortening, alternately with vanilla, and beat well until batter is light and fluffy. Add cocoa and salt, beat again. When cool, split and fill with marshmallow custard.

MARSHMALLOW CUSTARD

1 c. milk 1 t. vanilla
4 marshmallows, qua- 1 c. sugar
tered 1 t. salt

Boil milk in saucepan, add marshmallows and salt, stirring until marshmallows are dissolved. Pour this above-milk mixture into a bowl, stirring well all the time, return to saucepan and cook until mixture boils the second time, using very low heat and stirring constantly.

By the Director of Home Service

Consumers Power Co.

348 E. Maple Phone 1174

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Maxwell House Coffee lb. 29c

DREFT WASHING POWDER 2 Lg. Pkgs. 41c

FELS NAPHTHA SOAP 6 BARS 25c

Corn Chips 29c 49c

Queen Olives 49c

POTATOES 10c

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