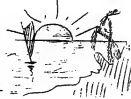




PAN-ARUBAN



UNITED STATES MAKING HEADWAY ON NICARAGUAN CANAL PLANS

Uncle Sam under the tutelage of his engineer president, is putting through another project of cogent significance to world commerce and American welfare--the Nicaraguan Canal.

At a cost of \$250,000,000, this new 183 mile waterway between the two oceans is designed to supplement the work of the Panama Canal. The Panama Canal is now paying 7 1/2% on the original \$275,000,000 investment.

It will take eighteen months to two years before the actual canal construction begins, during which time two harbors, railroad lines, and housing accommodations will be arranged. The canal proper will take six to eight years to complete, making a total of about ten years before the canal will be ready for use, if everything moves steadily forward.

Major C. P. Gross, United States engineer for the Los Angeles district, will head the battalion of army engineers that are to make the surveys of the terrain.

The general plans call for four locks which will lift a vessel from sea level to a lake 110 feet above sea level. This is a twenty five foot greater lift than the three locks of the Panama Canal that raise to a maximum of 85 feet.

LIBRARY OPENS DOORS WEDNESDAY

The Circulating Library will be open for business on the porch of the Pan Am Mess Hall next Wednesday evening between the hours of 7:00 and 8:30, and each evening thereafter at the same time until further advised. A two-dollar deposit to guarantee payment of rental fees and to cover loss of books is required, but is returnable when the depositor leaves or wishes his name dropped from the list. The books are rented at five cents per day.

PAN AM. COUNTY FAIR BIG SUCCESS

How dear to our hearts are the Carnivals of yesterday, the sawdust arcways, the steam caliope, the brass band accompanying the ballyhoo artist from one concession to another, the gaudy pictures of freaks and home-made monstrosities, the strident music from the merry-go-round and all the other familiar sights and noises necessary to a successful Carnival, not forgetting the pink lemonade.

Now Pan-Aruba has had her first, substituting sand for sawdust, a few of the Pan Am Funmakers for the steam caliope, the brass band and the merry-go-round organ (which is some assignment), tropical skies, coral shores and blue sea for gaudy pictures and real, honest-to-godness lemonade and BEER for the cheap imitations always found in a States' Carnival. We didn't have to substitute for the ballyhoo artist--we had one. W. F. Clark--and how that boy could bring down the crowds--just like sorghum crows fly.

Moss, the dark personification of bravery, exhibited a skill at dodging that would do credit to any veteran Fifth Avenue pedestrian--that is, until the boys became playful and started tossing shoes, bottles and coral, then discretion became the better part of valor.

The Bunco racket, percentage wheels, candy stand, lunch counter and athletic show went over with several different kinds of "bang." The beer stand sold out, which is "muf sed," and the dance was a real drawing card. One young lady was even seen to desert a wimpy Bunco card when the music started.

All in all, it was a very enjoyable day and, especially, evening. While the 17th was apparently too long after payday for most of the boys, every body had a good time, which was, after all, one of the major objects, and the returns were not terribly disappointing.

(Continued Page 3)

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

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INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

6 Months - Delivered on Aruba	\$1.25
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6 Months - Any Address in States	2.50
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EDITORIAL COMMENT**OUR HORN OF PLENTY**

Thanksgiving Day should mean more than roast turkey and cranberry sauce. Too often it represents only the last football game, a day's vacation or a month before Christmas.

Next Thursday, a great nation, by presidential proclamation, officially steps the busy wheels of industry to give thanks for the blessings enjoyed during the year. An American custom rooted in the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Today's striving is not as hard, nor work so tiring--life sails on even

cool than in those colonial days when the American nationality was having its birth. Those doughty men and women worked hard and long; they were producer, manufacturer and consumer in one--they had little, but were thankful, vory thankful, for that they had.

Our everyday life in comparison to theirs is child's play. With industry and science working for our welfare, existence isn't a problem. With the up-building of the economic factors has come ease and comfort. Children of a country where the middle class enjoys the pleasures denied the aristocracy in the parent countries, we have grown up unsoeing of our blessings, unappreciative of our horn of plenty.

With so many things to be thankful for, it doesn't require a dyed-in-the-wool optimist to realize the advantages of our position. Instead of longing for things we'd like to possess, BE THANKFUL. There are many who envy our luck.

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FASHIONS SHACKLE WOMEN'S INDEPENDENCE

After all these years of striving for freedom of the purse, freedom of action and all the other freedoms which spell independence, women seem on the verge of relinquishing their hard-earned victory to tag along under Fashion's newly gilded banner.

Not that women haven't always listened intently to this dictator, but we had almost concluded that Fashion would be confined to certain limits compatible with the essence of independence.

Our analysis seems to have little basis in fact, for no sooner do we hear that Paris has decried long skirts and trains with all the added accessories and paraphernalia, than the bank roll shows signs of secret collusion with Dame Fashion and her mannequins.

A few stalwarts of the feminist movement cry out, "We Won't Wear Them." You'll find them trying on the latest "floor sweepers" ten minutes after they've sold their article for publication.

It's true that you can't have your cake and eat it too. With this for our premise, it's hard to picture our independent girl of 1930 going to work with this new drapery, or enjoying her newly

won hygienic freedom, shackled to the fashions of the 80's, or was it the 90's? We'll enjoy watching the change in feminine psychology which the new clothes restraint will bring.

As for the man, it doesn't make much difference either way. It costs about as much for a "chic" short dress as it does for one of those new prodigies of Fashion's artistry. If it's the woman who pays and pays--it will cost her a pound or two of freedom, while the man puts out the cold hard cash.

GENERAL NOTICE

The Commissary will accept orders for fruit cakes for Christmas and New Year. These orders must be placed not later than November 30th.

Orders will also be accepted for card tables, since quite a number have expressed a desire to obtain same, but these orders must be placed today, Saturday, November 23d.

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FOUND AT CARNIVAL GROUNDS: Lipstick and keys. Owner may have same by applying at THE PAN-ARUBAN Office.

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PAN AM. FAIR (Continued)

A brief financial statement reveals the following:

Income	\$803.72
Expenses	524.28
NET PROFIT	279.44

This profit goes into the Treasury of the Employees' Association for the future promotion of Athletics and entertainment.

The whole show was promoted and managed by Dick Patton, who deserves much credit for his good work.

Incidentally (that is, to the other ticket holders) Bill Ewart won the Spanish Shawl, Hugh Henley the hurry-coat and Doug. Tonkinson the silk pajamas. Some guys are born lucky.

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What is commonly called "luck," is the result of hard work and careful planning.

COLD WEATHER, AIR PLANE RESTRICTION AND WAGE REDUCTION SUBJECT OF RADIO NEWS TALK.

The other for the last few evenings has been carrying stories of cold weather over the middle-western portion of the United States with the cold wave reaching the North Atlantic regions. On November 21st it was snowing in Buffalo with the day's high temperature set at 28 degrees.

After a summer which has done much in developing the air plane commercially it comes somewhat as a shock to hear that Grover Whalen, New York's police czar, has forbidden the flying of planes over Manhattan. This, however, is the natural evolution which should be expected. As air planes come into greater favor, traffic problems of the air will present themselves and stops will be taken to protect life and property in crowded areas.

President Hoover has received promises from the heads of the major industries that there will be no wage reduction during the financial readjustment necessitated by the break in the stock market. The President believes that readjustment may be effected without the country being basically injured. By preventing wage reduction, Hoover is averting a panic.

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STANDARD (INDIAN) ACQUIRES 50% OF PAN AMERICAN STOCK

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana now owns 50% of the stock of the Pan American Petroleum & Transport Company, with more stock being taken in daily in substantial amounts, President Edward G. Seubert announced.

The offer of the Indiana Company to exchange seven of its shares for six of Pan American was made last Aug. 27th.

"The exchange of stock is increasing as the time draws near for the next Standard of Indiana dividend," Mr. Seubert said.

"Directors of the company will consider the amount of the dividend at the close of October, and stockholders on record November 16th will be entitled to share in it when it becomes payable on December 16th.

"Pan-Am shareholders who have not had a dividend since 1927 will put themselves in position to receive the Indiana dividend by completing the exchange of Pan

"AS WE GET IT"

4.



The Wednesday Afternoon Bridge Club met this week at the home of Mrs. Montville with its usual success.

A group of youngsters took themselves to the sand bar east of Mangle Cora Lagoon and accomplished an old-fashioned wienor-roast, pickab, pickled and all; then repaired to the Carnival dance floor and fox trotted by moonlight. This on Thursday evening, the 21st.

Back to the frozen north land, where overcoats and a warm disposition are absolutely necessities to prevent the shakes. That's where many of our old timers have headed on their vacation. Cliff Semmons and Claude Johnston left on different ships together, as it were, to carry back to Caspor with its Conter St. all the warmth and sun shine accumulated during their Aruban stay. Stew Campbell left on the STEWART bound for the Old Home Town to take up his career as parrot charmer. Grover Whalon has been subdued considerably since the return of our own boat-meeting gentleman. We hope all of these fellows enjoy themselves, and that luck plays in their hand wherever they may go!

FOR RENT

FIVE ROOM HOUSE IN SLEBNETA

\$40.00 per Month

Nicely ventilated and comfortable. Ten minutes from San Nicolas
Apply: E. M. RUIZ, Lago Office

Wouldn't Aruba be heavenly if all the "sponges" were confined to the beaches, and absorbed only salt water?

LOST: At Carnival Grounds, Sunday night, two voices. One is tenor, the other very Bass. Finder kindly return, as these voices were prized as heirlooms by their owners, Messrs. Dutch Englo and James Beattie, Jr.

We say GOOD BYE and GOOD LUCK to:

Frank Dillard	Phil Indosca
C. Sommons	H.H. Thompson
C.C. Vanderporten	H. R. Jackson
E.R. Bowman	O. R. Briggs
Stewart Campbell	H. Major
Mr. & Mrs. T. C. Brown	
G.C. Barnes	Claude Johnston

We say HELLO and WELCOME to recent Pan-Aruba arrivals:

H. E. McHaffio	M. Josephson
C. H. Woods	H. V. Lakin
G. H. Simmons	A. S. Childs
W. C. Ritchey	J. S. Hammond
C. G. Eidson	P. S. Clark
H. Jennings	T.V. McDormott
J.C. Fautoux	Felix Salter
C.F. Kinney	L.F. Litkie
L. De Geffenriod	C.E. Hollar
G.D. Horner	Chas. Dehlberg
E. Swinney	E.S. Harris
J. Murray	E.V. Cotton
Oscar Weaver	J.W. McCray
E.P. Babin	T.C. Alexander
C.M. Colbert	W.C. Coates
R.E. Stillely	L.M. Drake
J.L. Curtiss	J.K. Lathbury
C.S. Leigh	H.M. Clouse
G.S. Webb	Colin Parker
W.C. Vandrais	Williard Dugger

SOME "FIRSTS"

in 1236, chimneys were first added to houses.
In 1290, tallow candles were first used for lights.
In 1299, spectacles were invented by an Italian.
In 1601, tea was first brought to Europe from China.
In 1880, glass windows were first used for light.
In June, 1929, the PAN-ARUBAN first came into print. ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER?

WANTED: Dogs, hounds, pups, curs, anything canine. I will buy your dogs, and pay double what they are worth. Bring them back several times, and I'll buy them back each time. See, Hound Master --- JIM BEATTIE, Jr.

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SHARKS VS. LADIES

Several of the surf bathers, who prefer the "ole swimmin' hole" and the big breakers where costumes don't matter, to the quieter, more frequented Lagoon, report having seen two sizable sharks on Sunday. The large fish swam lazily around for a few minutes, and then darted away when rocks were thrown at them.

Those same fellows, however, who later were taking sun baths on the beach, had a much more terrifying experience. After stretching out comfortably on the warm sands, basking lazily in the glorious Aruban November sunshine, they suddenly discovered that a lady had come down upon the beach--a half mile or so distant, but nevertheless between the bathers and their clothes. She was coming toward them slowly, leisurely hunting for shells. Panic seized the bathers. Sharks in the water, and a lady upon the beach. A real "Movio" predicament. The sharks had fled when rocks were thrown at them, but one did not throw rocks at ladies, much as one might be tempted to do so.

There seemed nothing left to do but pretend to be moles, and to burrow into the protecting sand.

On came the shell picker. And then, just when all hope had been abandoned, a Kindly Fate intervened. The lady had worried after the long walk across the coral, and she sat down upon the beach to rest. And how she did rest. To the boys who were hiding, it seemed that she would never regain her strength, and go home. But all things, good and bad, have a way of ending, and at last she arose and strolled leisurely away in the opposite direction, apparently unmindful of the distress she had caused by walking in the sacred precincts of the "old swimmin' hole."

N.B.: To all newcomers among the weaker Sex. There are no shells on the north shore.

SHOPPING SERVICE

In the States many of our larger Shops and Stores have inaugurated a Shopping Service. An experienced person is put in charge, who will, upon request, aid you in making selections of your purchases. The idea is a

splendid one. It saves the weary shopper many many hours trudging about through countless aisles looking for something you aren't certain exists. The idea has been adopted in Aruba. Right in our own Camp may be found people who will gladly help you find just the very gift or knick-knack for which you are searching. This is not always easy to do in the maze of streets and stores of the Island's various villages.

An example of the inefficiency of these Shopping Experts is cited herewith. A week or so ago Luna Easton developed a desire for a sail boat. He tried suppressing the desire for a few days, but it would not be suppressed. He simply had to have a sail boat. And while the seas about us are filled with various sorts and sizes of sail boats, none appeared to be for sale.

Finally, in a moment of desperation, Easton confided his cravings to Miss Florey. Now, as every one knows, Miss Florey is our local school teacher, and as such, naturally she must keep well informed on practically every subject, including sail boats. And she was; she knew exactly where to find just the darlingest little sail boat. And now Mr. Easton is one of the happiest mariners along our shores. He has been seen in whispered conferences with the Captain of the "TEDDY" so another world cruise may be in its embryo.

Another Aid to Tired Shoppers is Louis Pruett. He has made many trips to Oranjestad, and knows the little city by heart. Last week when Miss Ronstock was seeking some new furniture, Louis rendered invaluable assistance in helping her find and select exactly the articles desired.

Louis is reputed to be one of the shrewdest traders on the Island. If entrusted with your orders, he will find you some surprising bargains. As a matter of fact, he made one purchase not so long since which surprised all parties concerned, and established a new low price for Gin.

But Louis isn't paying for this valuable advertising space, and we cannot go into details here.

A very enjoyable rowing party was given the other night. Said party consisted of one boat, six people, one pair of oars, one victrola and a blanket.

"TEDDY" SCORNS WIND AND SEAS ON
INDEPENDENCE JAUNT
(Continued from last week)

Editor's Note: This is the second installment of Capt. Erling Tamb's own story of the "TEDDY" adventure. We continue with the sail boat partially fitted out and the money expended. The voyage is finally undertaken with but forty five cents aboard. "Hardly a sufficient amount to travel around the world." The captain picks up the story:

To meet the situation, I went to our prominent newspaper, The Tidens Tijn, and drew up a contract with them outlining them to the sole rights to a series of correspondence, which I planned to send from the different ports I called at on my cruise. Under this agreement, they advanced me three hundred dollars. At the same time, a friend, who knew of my predicament, arranged for the School of Navigation at Oslo to lend me all the nautical books I should require and a set of fine instruments, including a sextant, chronometer, compass, etc., on the condition that I kept the lot insured for some three hundred dollars, a very reasonable condition, considering that this was Government property.

Once more my ready money gave out and still there were quite a number of articles necessary for our voyage--spare sails, charts and many other things. For a couple of days I ran about the town trying to buy the remainder on credit, but found that nobody would listen to me. A novelist did not appear to be a good risk in our country, especially when engaged on a suicide expedition, as some of them called it.

It occurred to me that I could secure my prospective creditors with an Insurance Policy on my boat. I had a number of acquaintances among the Insurance people, and went to look them up. It would not work; not one of a score of Companies would consider a risk on the "TEDDY" and, what was worse, they could not be induced to cover the policy on the instruments I had borrowed.

I was forced to return all of the instruments, and saw no way of replacing them. Besides, I was just about tired choosing around appealing for trifling favors.

So, instead of being stuck for good as some grinning individuals thought, who had been watching me from the start, we just threw over-board all petty considerations, let go our moorings and went to sea.

From Oslo I had to sail along the South Eastern coast of Norway, as I was to call at Arendal to pick up the skiff which I had had built there.

Groat was my astonishment when, on our arrival at Arendal, the Chief of Police came on board with instructions from the Government Department to hinder our departure.

The Government, it appeared, considered our voyage so foolhardy as to be on the verge of insanity. Just imagine, a small boat, much too heavy for such a crew and about to put to sea without spare sails at a time when the autumn gales might be expected to set in any day. Furthermore, one was aware we intended to leave without the necessary nautical books, charts and instruments, save an old air compass which was liable to become wild and useless as soon as the ship started moving. Now I had never known that the Government cherished such a parental feeling for me and such an anxiety about my safety, but it was no use to gainsay this venerable upholder of public order and I had to promise him not to leave without his approval or, at least, his knowledge.

I felt pretty down hearted that night and kept on discussing all sorts of desperate measure, but what was the use? One must not deceive even an old police master in a small coastal town.

The next day he came back bringing with him the Harbor Master and the two of them started to pick a sounder the throw to the winds all the arguments I set forth to prove the safety of our intended voyage, until at last some remark from the Police Master made me sit up. I started to sound him and very soon found out that in their instructions the Government Department admitted they had no legal right to stop us, but they charged the Police Master to use his best discretion to prevent this foolhardy business and in any case I could not expect any assistance from the Government if I got into trouble.

This revolution, of course, gave me the upper hand. I told them plainly I had not called for protection, and bade them excuse me, as I had to weigh anchor and make ready for sea.



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It was evident that he could do nothing more; with a shrug of the shoulders and a friendly smile, they gave it up and departed, wishing us a good voyage and the best of luck.

It was towards the end of August when we lost sight of the Norwegian coast line. The morning had been exceptionally fine and we were pursuing our southwesterly course with an easterly breeze at an average speed of 8 knots, which towards sundown, brought us abreast of the Danish coast, some 80 miles off.

As it grew darker, the wind had become gradually increasing, throwing up, at the same time, a nasty sea. By the time I had finished lighting and hanging out the side lights, the wind had reached the force of a moderate gale and our TEDDY was rushing and tumbling onward in a broad ribbon of foam, while the spray was continually sweeping over the deck, wetting the sails and sending cascades of salt water down the hatchway.

We were carrying full sails which was quite out of keeping with the resolve I had taken before I left Norway, that I should always shorten sail in time. Now, for anybody who knows what a heart-racking job it is for one man to reef the sails on a boat as big as our TEDDY amid the fury of a gale, it may not be incomprehensible that one waits as long as possible, hoping - against one's own conviction - that the gale will abate, even while its force is steadily increasing. The night grows blacker; the last stars disappear behind dark masses of clouds that chase over the sky at a terrifying pace, while the wind howls through the rigging and pipes through the blocks; and before you know it, you find yourself striving with your back to the tiller and your heart in your throat for fear that something may carry away.

It is at such times that one remembers all the defects, things that should have been replaced, changed, repaired; a sheet, a gasket, a block, a lashing - more trifles to bring into order while the weather is fine, but almost impossible to repair when the storm is upon you, and then your life may hang in a bad lashing, a worn sheet or a corroded iron.

That first night it took me nearly three hours to take in and reef the sails. It was 1 o'clock when it became obvious that we were in for a severe storm and that we must shorten sail immediately or lose our rigging. But it was daylight before I finished and by then I was completely played out.

Still this was not the worst night we had in the North Sea. It was only one of sixteen nights and days, each one as bad or worse.

(Space again cuts in on our story of this adventure. It continues in the next PAN-ARUBAN.)

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AIR MAIL LETTER EXPENSIVE GREETING

One of the Pan American employees recently received an Air Mail letter from the States. The postage amounted to 85¢, took 16 days to come from the U.S. to Aruba, or 8 days from Joliet, Ill. to Cristobal, 7 days to Curacao and only one from Curacao to Aruba. The fastest part of the whole route was the distance covered by sailboat, proving the advantage of what?

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THE RETAIL COMMISSARY ANNOUNCES
THE ARRIVAL OF THE FOLLOWING:

COLLEGE INN CANNED CHOP SUEY
WRIGLEYS GUM THIN BRUSH MATS
AUCTION BRIDGE SCORE PADS
SANITARY BELTS SHIRTS AND TROUSERS
QUART AND GALLON FREEZERS
CANNED TOMATOES MARSHMALLOWS
LADIES & GENTS' SWIM SUITS
KRIS KROSS RAZOR SHARPENERS
PUFFED WHEAT PALMOLIVE SALVING
CREAM

.....

Mr. Frank Perkins, our faithful Sports Editor, is in Maracaibo this week on business.

THE MARINER'S LOG



This week saw the departure of Capt. and Mrs. Morcor, amidst all the job of the Bon Voyage and wishes of good luck. They will, no doubt, be fortunate in being able to spend Christmas at home which must be an envy to us all. Capt. Morcor, I hear, will in all probability be taking up an appointment out East.

I wonder just how many of us have experienced that Call of the East feeling. For myself, my particular bearing by compass shows North-East.

Talking of the East reminds me of a rather good story I heard recently, not mind you, told me by the Duchess of Somewhere, as our dear old friend Lord Castle-rosso of the DAILY EXPRESS would say. It concerns a young and well brained officer who had spent most of his time in one of our first class ocean greyhounds. Misfortune overcame him and he was forced to accept a position as 5d Mate of a first class tramp. It seems that when a reading of the log was required when taking a four-point, it was the usual practice to send the quarter master aft to stand by and the ship being fitted with a telegraph from bridge to aft, the signal to read the log was made by ringing the telegraph from the bridge. Our new third mate, having been instructed in this, the following is his orders to the Q. M. when he required a reading: "Ah, Er! Quartermaster, you will proceed--or-- agitate the - er - denunciator, you will denote the reading thereof. (The Q.M. is still unconscious.)

You have, of course, all heard about the opening of our Marine Club. Well, now, lets all rally round, and make this a memorial affair. How about a fancy dress ball for the opening night? What a chance for us all to have right in?

Tomorrow will commemorate the fifth year of the establishment of the Lagg Oil & Transport Company, in Aruba.

Notice to Mariners: The upper harbor has not yet been officially opened. In the mean time reef climbing is strictly forbidden.

This week's story - Letts have a bet? Stop press - Martin went home.

OFFICER OF THE WATCH

"MAC" DANCE DRAWS CROWD

Last Saturday night saw a large crowd dancing to the Pan Am Funmakers' music at the Mess Hall. The occasion was the last dance which Mac, the entertainment engineer, will put on. It is to be regretted that Mac's health prevented his presence during the entire evening, but towards the end of the good time, he poked his head in to see how things were going. Johnnie Young managed very capably for the affair during Mac's indisposition.

Our good natured Scotch-American is going home next month for a vacation. He's organized and promoted and worked for the general entertainment of the whole camp. We all appreciate what he's done and hope his vacation is as good to him as he has been to us.

DO YOU KNOW--

That the Pacific end of the Panama Canal is farther east than the Atlantic end? That Cuba would reach from New York to Chicago?

That the mouth of the Amazon River is as near to Europe as it is to New York? That Texas is as large as 212 Rhode Islands? (And that there are about that many Texans in Aruba to every one from Rhode Island.)

That the entire continent of South America lies farther east than Florida? That the PAN-ARUBAN costs only \$2.25 per year in Aruba?

Judge R. H. Hamilton, of Weatherford, Texas, former member of the State Supreme Court, was freed, a jury having decided that he acted in self defense when his son-in-law Tom Walton, Jr. the bridge groom in a secret marriage, was shot and killed in the Judge's office last May.

Franco is remodeling her army on the principle of one year enlistments instead of the old seven year plan. The young men will now be given intensive war training instead of spending a good time of their enlistment period learning the art of peeling "spuds."

THE MISSION OF THE ONION

by
Don Hoebner

Once upon a time in a garden far, far out West, there grew an Onion. He was a bright little onion, rather more energetic and ambitious than were his numerous brothers and sisters. He realized his superiority, and decided he was much too good for the farm. He yearned for life in a city. But he knew not how he could get there. Thinking thusly, he grew quite dissatisfied and unhappy.

One day he summoned all his courage and spoke to the Farmer, who was passing. He bared his soul of his hopes and desires. With tears in his eyes, the Farmer listened to the little onion but alas, he could do nothing for him. The Farmer was not sending onions to the city just then, only potatoes.

"Oh, sir, let me go to the city as a potato: I'd make an awfully sweet potato," but the Farmer would not stoop to such fraudulent measures, and shook his head.

However, the little onion would not be daunted, and this conversation gave him an idea. When once he got an idea under his skin, there was no stopping the Onion. So one night shortly afterward, he crept slyly away from the onion patch. He felt no qualms at leaving his old home. He thought only of the city and the world he wanted to see. Quietly he crossed the fields, into the potato patch, and hopped up on a box of potatoes, and waited.

He did not have long to wait. Soon some men came by with a lantern, and hoisted the box upon a truck, and drove off.

"At last I'm on my way," giggled the delighted onion, forgetful he was in hiding. Some of the potatoes stirred about him. "Some one in this box has halitosis" mumbled a big fat potato. Instead of being offended, the little onion reached for a life-saver mint, which he quietly munched. He trembled a bit with excitement, but kept still. That is, as still as the bumping of the truck would permit. However, he was not uncomfortable and soon fell asleep.

The little onion did not know how long he slept, but when he awoke, he was conscious of new noises. Peering thru a crack in the box, the onion discovered

they were now inside a car. A big box car. He recognized it from the description he had heard the farmers' helpers give in their conversation which had told him there was a city and a world outside that Onion Patch. So he knew he was on the right track.

It grew chilly, and he snuggled up to the big fat potato next him, who only grunted and went to sleep, closing all his eyes. The little onion dozed off also. The next time he awoke, he was being snatched out of the box and tossed into another bin. "Who mixed onions with these potatoes?" he heard a gruff voice ask. The little onion started to apologize, but was interrupted. "Ah, shut up, and get off my neck" a big old onion said. The little fellow had nothing more to say.

Later, the onions became more friendly, and he learned he was in a lot of foreighers. It seemed they had just arrived from a place called Bermuda. Our little western onion by comparison was rather puny, but what he lacked in size, he felt certain he made up in strength. He was not in the least bit afraid. He started to sing.

"What's the big idea?" a burly Bermuda Onion asked him.

"Oh, I'm so happy because I'm in the city" sang the little fellow.

"Well, you'd better enjoy it, for you won't be here long."

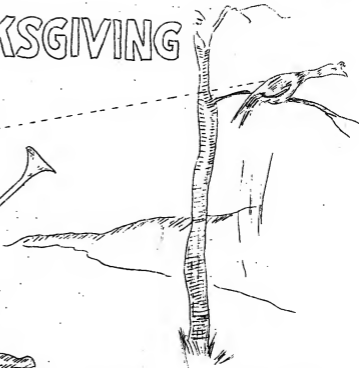
From others he learned that after traveling a long time coming in from one small island, they were now being consigned to another even smaller island, a place called Aruba.

Instead of being dismayed by this information, the wander-loving onion was filled with new enthusiasm. "Oh, goody, goody, now I'll see more of the world. But where is this place, Aruba?"

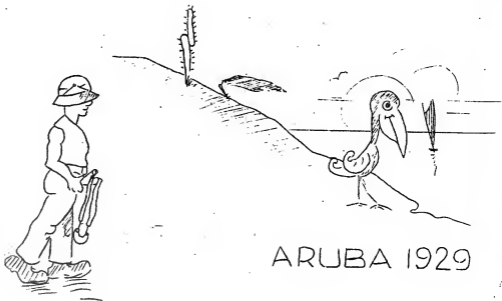
None of the Bermuda Onions could answer until an unusually large fellow who seemed bursting with importance came forward with the information that he was going to Aruba on an 18 months' contract and he told the others just where they were going. "Its a veritable paradise for onions," added their informant, and after that there was much gaiety among them.

(Concluded next week)

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