

Survey Site of Historic Battle In Mississippi

Scene of Fight Between Indians and French May Be National Monument.

WASHINGTON.—The Smithsonian institution, in co-operation with the national park service, is exploring the site of the French-Indian battle at Ackia, Miss., with view to the possible establishment of a national monument.

On that battlefield the French under Sieur de Bienville were decisively defeated on May 20, 1736, by the Chickasaw Indians, marking an initial turn in the tide against the French in the early stage of their long struggle with the British for control of the Mississippi valley.

Henry B. Collins Jr., archeologist, is now making the local survey of the battle site near the present town of Tupelo, Miss., and will try to delimit the actual ground covered by the battle, which was in effect a siege of a palisaded Indian town.

Statement by Institute.

The Smithsonian institution, discussing the project, said in part: "This three-hour engagement, in which the French colonial troops were handicapped by lack of artillery and the Indians were supposedly directed by English traders, may have had a significant effect, at the time unappreciated, on the long struggle between the two empires for possession of territory between the Appalachians and the Mississippi."

"The Chickasaws long had been hostile to the French and friendly to the English. Bienville had planned to crush them in a vise between his own troops and a French force under General d'Artaguet which was moving southward from the Illinois territory. The latter never arrived and it was later learned it had been cut to pieces by a Chickasaw ambush. The Indians had taken many prisoners and burned them at the stake.

Defeat Considered Significant. "Henceforth, the unconquered Chickasaw constituted a serious obstacle to French progress from their gulf colonies to the northward. Otherwise they might have established a continuous fortified line west of the Appalachians between Canada and the gulf.

"After the battle of Ackia the Chickasaws, members of that old Creek confederacy, remained in possession of the territory around Tupelo for approximately a century. They were one of the most progressive of Indian tribes, but were unable to stand against the southwestward expansion of the United States. "While primarily concerned with delimiting the site of Ackia, Collins will also try to locate other spots in the neighborhood significant in Chickasaw history."

Nazi Officials Aid in Relief Drive



Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, like other governmental notables, takes street collections in Berlin, Germany, for the annual winter relief fund drive. The occasion was designated as a day of national solidarity. Scores of German officials aided in the drive to raise funds.

Children's Bedtime Story

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

WHEN Reddy Fox had grown tired of prowling and sniffing around the old brush pile, under which Danny Meadow Mouse had managed to run just in time to escape furnishing Reddy with a dinner, and had gone away, Danny came out to look for little Miss Nanny Meadow Mouse. He met her hurrying by the little path that led to the old brush pile, and Danny felt that just to see the look of gladness in her eyes when she saw him



"I tell you what; let's look for a new place to live."

was worth all he had been through, even the skinned tail, the torn trousers, and all his smarting wounds. "Oh, Danny, he didn't catch you! I'm so glad! so glad!" cried little Miss Nanny happily. "How brave you are! You are the bravest Meadow Mouse in all the

Science Puts Out Tongue At Horn-Blowing Drivers

WASHINGTON.—Science supplied motorists with an answer to the horn-toting motorist who thinks he owns the highways. David O. Wilson, of Santa Monica, Calif., has invented a tongue sticker-outer calculated to express full contempt for tooters. The United States patent office gave the invention its approval.

It is a combination of a light, a horn and a protruding tongue to be attached to the rear of the car. The face of the device resembles a clown mask. It is operated from the front seat by means of a button on the dashboard.

A light illuminates the features of the mask, the mouth opens and a tongue is protruded in an insultingly realistic manner. The horn blows with as close an imitation of a razzing noise as one could desire.

great world!" said little Miss Nanny with a happy sigh.

"Pooh! That was nothing," replied Danny, trying very hard to look as if he really thought it was nothing when all the time he was very proud of what he had done, as he really had a right to be.

It was just then that little Miss Nanny discovered for the first time his torn trousers and skinned tail. "Oh, Danny," she cried, and her voice was filled with pity. "You are hurt!"

"It's nothing much," mumbled Danny, trying to hide his skinned tail. You know, that little short, stubby tail has always been a matter of mortification to Danny. All his life he has wished for a long, handsome tail like that of his cousin, Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. And now the little tail he did have was a sad looking affair, with half the skin gone where the claws of Reddy Fox had torn in when he had so nearly caught Danny. But little Miss Nanny was all pity. She made Danny lie down while she washed and dressed his wounds, and very careful and tender was little Miss Nanny as she worked over the poor skinned little tail. Danny thought that just to have her fussing over him was worth all that he had been through.

When he had been made as comfortable as possible they sat down side by side to plan what they should do and where they should make their new home, for they knew now that they could never be happy again without each other. "It is very nice here," said little Miss Nanny, who somehow couldn't bear to think of leaving her old home.

"But it isn't safe any more," said Danny in a very decided way. "Reddy Fox will come hunting here every day now that he has found us here. I think it will be safer over where I live because I have ever so many hiding places there."

"But Reddy Fox will hunt there just as he always has," protested Nanny. "I don't see as it would be a bit safer there than here."

Danny looked thoughtful. "That is very true," said he. "I tell you what; let's look for a new place to live, a place where no Meadow Mouse has lived before, and where Reddy will not think to look."

"The very thing!" cried Nanny, clapping her hands happily. "We'll go home hunting just as soon as you feel able."

"I feel able right this minute," declared Danny, hopping to his feet. "Let's start right away."

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Turtle Dated 1844. Blytheville, Ark.—A turtle found by Jerry Easley in a pond here had the date "1844" carved on the shell and residents wonder whether it is that old or whether someone did the carving for a joke. The turtle measures 36 inches from tail to nose with a shell 15 inches across.

Six Months of This Enough; She Sues

LONDON.—Suing for divorce after six months of married life, Mrs. Catherine Brooks told the judge that her husband threw the meals she cooked into the yard, hit her repeatedly with a broom, walked on her clean laundry, emptied gasoline from the family car to prevent her from using it, once made her sit on the doorstep until 4 o'clock in the morning and was angry when she could not make \$1.25 do for groceries for a whole week. She was granted the divorce.

Let Bookshelves Have Spotlight As Decorations

By BETTY WELLS

No, I'm not going mathematical on you. My ideas on bookkeeping have nothing to do with figures and trial balances. But I have a lot to say about the kind of books you read, and how to keep them where they'll be both handy and decorative.

For, make no mistake about it, books are as good to look at as they are to read; one important decorator I know is even going so far as to paint books on the walls of a new room he's doing—they'll take the place of a mural decoration. While I'm not advocating anything so fancy as that, I do hope to make you appreciate your books as decoration.

Barbara Bennett Downey, wife of the crooner, sister of the stars and mother of five, is quite a reader—she has book shelves built under the



Who'd ask for more out of life than a shelf of books.

window sills of each window in her bedroom in the country. Literary folk often have their bed set into a niche lined with books—add a reliable pair of eyes and a good light and who'd ask for more out of life?

And why not combine dining room and library? Nothing would give more genuine distinction to an otherwise innocuous room than one wall with book shelves to the ceiling. If this happens to be the window wall, make a window seat between and add plump cushions. If it should be the wall against which you need to have your sideboard, that's all right too—books would make rather a handsome background for candlelight and the fine gleam of silver.

If you have a collection of books you're proud of, there's no reason why they shouldn't have the spotlight in your living room. Use them instead of the fireplace as the center of interest—they're pleasant to gather around these winter nights. Or else sink a single shelf into the walls all around the room at about eye level or just below; this will give quite a smart design to the wall, particularly if you have indirect lighting concealed in the shelf.

This is a little off the subject but it's worth saying—don't be diffident about discarding books.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

CHINA'S AIR CHIEF



Gen. Chien Ta-chun, chief aide de camp of General Kai-shek, is also the director-general of the Chinese air force.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Man Who Came Back"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

There was a time when Frank S. Helmar of Shamokin, Pa., could get a kick out of ghost stories. But not any more. Frank says the old spook yarns leave him cold nowadays, and never again will any mere piece of fiction make the hair crawl up the back of his neck. For Frank went up against the real thing once, and now he knows what a scare really is. Hold onto your hats while Frank tells us about it, boys and girls—the strange tale of the Mumbling Ghost!

Quite a few years ago—when Frank had just passed his eighteenth birthday—he began to get that restless feeling that comes to most young lads his age—the itch to travel. It seemed to him that there wasn't any opportunity for a young fellow in the little mining and manufacturing town in which he had grown up. He was tired working in coal holes and hanging around with the same old gang under the street light every night, so one day, after work, he tucked a little bundle under his arm and, with a little lump in his throat, struck out over the hill toward the railroad tracks and points north, east, south and west.

Planned to Settle Down in Elmira.

Frank didn't know where he was going, and he sure got there. For five years he wandered about in practically all of the eastern states, working in a factory here and a restaurant there, doing odd jobs, and sometimes even landing in jail on suspicion of vagrancy. At the end of five years, Frank found himself working in a silk mill in Elmira, N. Y., and liking the job and the town so well that he was planning to settle down.

He had even subscribed to a newspaper back in Shamokin and ordered it sent to him in Elmira. But it was that newspaper that proved his undoing. For it not only set his feet to itching again, but also provided him with the most horrible shock of his whole life.

It was just a little paragraph, way down in the corner of a page, in one of the first papers that came to him from back home in Shamokin, but it made the tears fill Frank's eyes. His old pal, Jack Hasco, the paragraph said, had been killed that day, and mangled beyond recognition. Frank felt pretty bad about it for two or three days, and thinking of Jack also made him wonder how his other old pals were getting along. And he decided to go back to the old town for a visit.

He arrived in Shamokin about midnight on February 14, 1929. The sky was dark and a storm was brewing. The wind blew fitfully and the



He mumbled in an outlandish language.

few people on the streets were wrapped up in heavy overcoats and hurrying to get in out of the cold. Frank pulled the collar of his own coat up around his neck and headed for the East Side, where he once had lived.

"It seemed strange to be back home again," he says. "I had expected to find the East Side improved, but it was still the same old hole, with its blind alleys and poorly lighted streets. I was heading into an alley near my old home when I saw a dark form coming toward me. I saw, as it approached me, that it was a man, and thought it might be some one I knew. As he came up to me I looked closely at his face.

One look at that fellow's face and Frank felt his body stiffen. "I let out an insane scream," he says, "and beads of perspiration began forming on my cold brow. My heart was beating violently! I was rooted to the ground! And that face was slowly coming toward me, its eyes bulging in surprise and a slight smile coming to its lips. Yes—you guessed it. It was my old pal—my dead pal, Jack Hasco—and he was mumbling! Mumbling something in some outlandish language that I couldn't understand!"

Falls Unconscious in Terrorized Flight.

Frank fought to pull himself together. Gathering up all the energy that was left in his weakened, trembling body, he let out another wild yell and, with a leap and a bound, he practically flew out of that alley. "Then I ran," he says. "Ran on and on, until everything turned black in front of me and I slid in a heap to the ground. When I regained consciousness strange faces were looking down at me. When I told them my story they looked incredulously at one another, said I was drunk, and walked away. I picked myself up, brushed off my clothing and moved on."

A little way down the street, Frank saw the lights of an all-night lunch wagon. A cup of coffee would go good after his experience, and it might help him pull himself together. He was sitting on a stool in the lunch room sipping his coffee when the door opened and another familiar figure came in.

But this time it was a LIVING figure. Baldy Williams, another member of the old gang. Never in Frank's life had the sight of an old friend thrilled him so. "Baldy!" he yelled. And Baldy said, "Why, Frank Helmar, where in the heck have you been all these years." And for the next few minutes they talked about Frank's travels, but Frank wasn't long in bringing up the story of his strange experience.

Friend Explains Weird Reunion.

As he talked on, he saw a twinkle come into Baldy's eyes. The twinkle turned into a broad grin. Frank wondered why Baldy was laughing at him. Did Baldy think he was drunk too? At last Baldy put up a hand and laid it on Frank's shoulder.

"Take it easy, Frank," he said. "Don't let this get you down. What you read in the paper about a Jack Hasco being killed is true enough, but there were two Jack Hascos in Shamokin. The one who was killed came from the West End. Our old pal, Jack, is just as much alive as you or I."

That sounded swell to Frank, but still he wasn't convinced. "But the mumbing!" he cried. "It was ghastly. Jack never talked like that!"

Again Baldy smiled—a little sadly this time. "Well, that's another thing," he said. "You see, Jack had an accident a few years ago, and he lost half of his tongue."

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"Vintage Years" for Perfumes

Everyone knows that wines have certain "vintage years" when sun, rain and all other conditions combine to produce grapes which give an unusually fine product. These years do not come frequently and wine of a "vintage" year generally brings a much higher price. Few persons know that there are also "vintage years" for perfumes. These are seasons when climatic conditions are such that the flowers are more luxuriant, richer in fragrance, more abundant in variety. Many of the great perfume houses stock up in these vintage years, to protect themselves against crop failures, etc.

Indians Expert Tanners

Few animals have escaped the experimenting itch of the tanner. North American Indians are reported to have preserved the skins of 150 different species of animals. Even the skins of the seal, walrus, ostrich, alligator, snake, frog and shark have been tanned commercially. Bird and rodent skins are usually too small and fragile for wear. A morbid historical reference also excludes human skin from commercial tanning, although there is evidence that the weird ritual has been performed. In 1829 the skin of the murderer William Burke was preserved after his execution in Scotland.

Wise and Otherwise

In fishing for compliments you must use live bait. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today. There may be a law against it tomorrow.

One thing that can't be preserved in alcohol is dignity.

A man has left an estate consisting of hundreds of old clocks. It will take some winding up.

Philatelists are easy to recognize, I'm told. Men after the same stamp?

Even if the government doesn't raise our income tax, we'll have to.

Britain Leads in Liners

Great Britain owns more than half of all the great ocean liners in the world today. Out of a total of 167 steam and motor vessels of over 15,000 tons which are listed in Lloyd's Register of Shipping, England owns 90, the United States 19, Italy and Germany 14 each, France 12, Holland 9, Sweden 4, Japan 3, and Norway 2.

NO FUSS

RELIEVING COLD DISCOMFORT THIS WAY!

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It's the Way Thousands Know to Ease Discomfort of Colds and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds

The simple way pictured above often brings amazingly fast relief from discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then—see your doctor. He probably will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple way, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered. But make sure you get BAYER Aspirin.

15 FOR 1 TABLETS 2 FULL DOZEN 25c

As We Know Happiness Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.—George Sand.

NO ONE IS IMMUNE TO ACID INDIGESTION



But Why Suffer? Here's how you can "Alkalize" anytime—anywhere—the easy "Phillips" way!

WHY SUFFER from headaches, "gas," "upsets" and "biliousness" due to Acid Indigestion—when now there is a way that relieves excess stomach acid with incredible speed.

Simply take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets at first sign of distress. Carry them with you—take them unnoticed by others.

Results are amazing. There's no nausea or "bloated" feeling. It produces no "gas" to embarrass you and offend others. "Acid indigestion" disappears. You feel great.

Get a bottle of liquid "Phillips" for home use. And a box of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to carry with you. But—be sure any bottle or box you accept is clearly marked "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM

LET'S MAKE A HOME

A Strong Skeleton Gives a House PERFECT POSTURE

HELPS LET THE CHIMNEY TOUCH THE WOOD-FRAME OF THE HOUSE LEAVE 2 INCHES FILLED WITH FIRE-PROOF MINERAL WOOL

STRONG CORNERS 4"x4" DOUBLED STUDS 4"x4" AROUND OPENINGS, DIAGONAL SHEATHING AND 2"x4" STUDS 16" ON CENTER BUILD A STURDY HOME

THIS IS BRIDGING KEEPS JOISTS FROM WOBBLING AND FLOOR FROM SHAKING

DIAGONAL SUB-FLOORING HELPS TIE THE WALLS TOGETHER

4 INCH FIRE-PROOF MINERAL WOOL IN ALL SIDE WALLS PROTECTS THE FRAME FROM FIRE KEEPS THE HOUSE WARM IN WINTER and COOL IN SUMMER

COLORADO TOWN CLAIMS 'PROOF' OF EXTINCT FURRY FISH

SALIDA, COLO.—The mountain town of Salida has announced it has found "pictorial proof" that trout with fur on their sides once swam in the waters of the Arkansas river. Tales of the furry fin-flippers have circulated here since Zebulon Pike first glimpsed the Rocky mountains. Old-timers swear that trout with fur plainly visible on their sides once were numerous. A request for proof of the fur-bearing-trout story was

received recently from Platte, Kan., by Wilbur Foshay, secretary of the Salida chamber of commerce.

Said the Kansas request: "Answer collect if you have fur-bearing trout in the Arkansas river."

Foshay, after a long search, unearthed a picture and mailed it to the curious Kansan. Foshay said the photograph, which shows a large trout with an even distribution of pellets over its entire body, was taken

by a pioneer Salida photographer. "The legend is that the photographer snapped the picture to prove to coming generations the story of the fur-bearing fish," Foshay said.

"The pioneers say he was not a trick artist—and that fish with fur once were a fact. All I know is what I see in the picture."

Pioneers have an answer to the question of why the strange fish no longer are seen in the Arkansas.

"I don't know whether they were mistaken for beavers and exterminated by trappers," they say, "or whether the flow of hot springs into the river has caused them to shed their fur. If there are any left they're not as fur-bearing as they were. Not near."

It has been definitely determined, however, that the skins of fur-bearing trout have never been marketed, so troutskin coats are unlikely.