

The Pardner's "Bust-Up"

By A. B. Williams

Inseparable old pals were Gus Shenk and Bob Tulane. Bound together by the bonds of comradeship's strong chain. For thirty years and more they'd trooped up and down the west. Each swearing by his pardner as one of mankind's best. They'd tramped the hills and vales from Arctic's frigid snow thru every mining camp down to tropic Mexico. In their wandering here and there acquiring quite a store of knowledge of geology and mineral facts and lore.

'Twas in the city of Seattle that this pair met one day. Exchanging tales and exploits in a mutual sort of way. They both were ex-servicemen in the China Boxer war. And as mementos of that fray could each display a scar. One was with the regulars, the other with marines. And when the row was over, with some money in their jeans. They resumed the tenure of Mars and returned to U. S. A. Vowing thenceforth from her shore they never more would stray.

Finally it was agreed to cast their lots together. To face the fates of good or ill, in fair or stormy weather. And then began a friendship, unbroken, it appears. Between these two old veterans for many, many years. Tall and lanky was Bob's stature, short and sturdy Gus. The one was slow, methodical, the other prone to fuss. They were as oddly matched a pair as likely you'd surmise. Like one of those ill-mated teams a vision of the past supplies.

They'd counter-cross each other on occasion now and then. But there never came a serious breach between these two old men. Till one day at some diggings near a little town, Gold Hill. They were asked to make inspection and employ their mining skill. For several days they sampled and tested out the ore. Summing up conclusions of what the mineral bore. Then one evening Bob was asked to look at a deserted farm behind a canyon knoll.

Now thru one of those peculiar, cross-purpose quirks of fate. Gus got the notion that deception Bob was playing on his mate. So, when later Bob returned nonchalantly from his tramp. He found Gus sour and sulky—quite unlike his usual stamp. "What's on your chest, old pal?" asked Bob, in his quiet, easy way. "Don't talk to me, you double-crosser!" answered Gus, with wrath's display. "What the hell you talkin' 'bout? Who's been double-crossin' you? What's got underneath your hide to cause such a how-de-do?"

"You can't fool me," said Gus, "with your soothin' syrup talk. And let me tell you from now on two different paths we walk." "Well, you ornery old cabbage head, if you must get on your ear. To take a jump into the creek and wash your brains out clear. Give your chin a rest and quit mussin' up the air. Your accusin's and your cavin's ain't a gettin' you nowhere!" "Don't call me no cabbage head, you deceivin', lyin' skunk!" As a loyal friend and comrade you are nothin' but the bunk!"

"You little petrified old wart!" cried Bob, at last aroused. You ain't got an ounce of brains where they usually are housed!" "Brains!" shouted Gus, with fist upthrust near Tulane's nose. "What brains you have wouldn't be a bait for hungry crows!" "Damn your gizards!" snorted Bob. "If you say much more to me I'll crack your hollow cranium against that maple tree!" "Just try it!" spluttered Gus. "I'll tie your feet about your neck and mash you till the grease in you won't even show a speck!"

"You miserable galoot!" said Bob. "here I have, year after year. Been totin' you around till at last we've landed here. All believe you'd mineral in your block. When your knowledge is as barren as common country rock!" "You ignorant old fool!" snarled Gus. "talk of mineral to me—Why, you don't know whether serpentine's a rock or tree! You don't know clay from granite, or porphyry from spar. You don't know zinc from platinum, or salt from cinnabar!"

"You crazy little runt," said Bob. "if it hasn't been a common tar a salin' on the sea." "Oh, is that so?" sneered Gus. "and for all you ever knew. You'd be a mucker yet, if I hadn't pulled you thru." And thus they wrangled back and forth about an hour or so. Hurling names and epithets fast as angry words could flow. Till they finally decided to part company then and there. And proceeded to divide up with an aim to be but fair.

So in the morning they broke camp. Bob with decrepit car. And Gus with equipment and bedding, like dividing spoils of war. The foodstuffs fell to Gus' lot and he packed it all away. Then hesitated for a moment as the pack he did survey. He then took out some canned stuff, a piece of bacon, carrots, and added some tobacco, saying, "You can't say I'd let you starve." Then they lighted up their pipes

and amidst the smoky haze Entered upon their journeying at the parting of their ways. Bob headed north, Gus to south, to put distance 'tween the two. And it was not long till each was from other lost to view. In California landed Gus; to Washington went Bob. Each for the other, having not a pleasant thought or throbb. But not many months thereafter they drifted to Grants Pass. Looking like two torn lovers Who'd been jilted by a lass. Each pausing in that city to make a little stay. Each unconsciously that the other was headed that same way.

In the meantime, since their "bust-up," these old time wand'ring men Had softened in their anger—even longed to meet again. 'Twas one of those differences that would not forever last. And the scars of their old quarrel had been fading in the past. "For all his faults," quoth Bob, "Gus was a good old scout." "And Bob," Gus soliloquized, "wasn't so bad to have about." The neither would make advances to find his old time "pard." Each hoped in secret time would mend the compact they had marred.

One day someone was showing Gus a specimen of ore. Something new which evidently an unknown value bore. He scanned the ore with glass, as experienced had trained. But ventured no opinion as to what the rock contained. "I had a partner once," he said, "who could spot the stuff for sure." There wasn't a thing in minerals to him the least obscure. Later on the piece of ore into Bob's hands found its way. And he scrutinized it closely, but he little had to say.

"I'm somewhat in doubt," he said. "Just what this ore can be. But I used to have a pardner who could name it to a T. If only Gus was here you'd no need to farther go." He'd a knowledge of minerals second only to sourdough. As sure will entice the flies from each point of the compass. That piece of ore together drew the pair who'd had the rumpus. They wouldn't speak to one another, but pass it to and fro. With an inward, aching feeling to let their spirits go.

At last said Bob: "Now there's your man—you can rely on him." "Bob's the man with mineral guts," responded Gus, with vim. The two then eyed each other; their hands met in a clasp. Then they embraced with arms in a hearty kind of grasp. Bystanders scanned them with surprise; but oblivious was the twain: Once more they were together—were united once again. They grouped outfits as of old, are again off on the trail—Boon comrades as of yore, searching for the golden kale.

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FILM STAR AND HER FIANCE



Alice White, film star, photographed with Sidney Bartlett, Broadway actor, to whom she recently became engaged. The wedding will be about January 1.

Tale of Adventure at Rialto Today

A tale of adventure is told in "Mansueta," Fox Movietone picture, which comes to the Rialto today. It is concerned with the adventures of Dan Maitland, society man, his double, Dan Anley, society thief, and Sylvia Graeme, a girl landit. There are thrilling adventures, a fine romance, battles, fun and some singing by Frank Richardson, for whom the number, "Anything to Hold Your Baby," was written.

Alan Birmingham plays the two Dams, Lelia Hyams is cast for the lady thief, Clyde Cook is a comedy valet, and Farrell MacDonald does a police sergeant. Others in the cast are Arnold Lucy, George Pierce, Rita Le Roy, John Pease, Pat Moriarty, Jack Carlisle and Frank Richardson.

Marital conditions which exist at que time or another in nine out of ten homes are treated with a light, delightfully entertaining touch in "Charming Sinners," the all-talking comedy-drama at the Craterian today.

Ruth Chatterton in the role of the offended wife, Clive Brook as the philandering husband, William Powell as the returned sweetheart, and Mary Nolan as the "other" woman head a cast of particular capability and brilliant power. The drama is a scintillating, yet intimate, treatment of the old adage that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

"Charming Sinners" is laid in fashionable London, peopled with society men and women, smartly dressed, and treats the problem of a woman who knows her husband is philandering with her best friend in a clever and entertaining fashion. The story unfolds with twists and unexpected situations, developed from the characters.

At the Craterian More than 60,000 feet of film were exposed in order to record the thrilling scenes that comprise the African portion of "The Four Feathers," one of Paramount's chief bids for motion picture supremacy during 1929.

A year of the most dangerous and painstaking sort of effort was spent in capturing this part of the screen version of A. E. W. Mason's famous novel by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, who also have offered the motion picture public, through Paramount, "Grass" and "Chang."

Coming Attractions

Thousands of "Fuzzy-Wuzzys," rulers of the Red Sea Hills of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, as well as hundreds of wild animals, appeared before the camera.

Included among the featured players are Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, Clive Brook, William Powell, Theodor von Eltz, Noah Beery, George Fawcett, Noble Johnson and E. J. Ratelle.

BUDAPEST (AP)—To mark the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Jasper Karoli, who was first to translate the Bible into Hungarian, protestants of Transylvania gathered an exhibition of old Bibles. The most ancient was a Karoli edition of 1522.

Mail Tribune ads are read by 20,000 people every day.

WORLD ASKED TO AID IN TRACING OF ALL METEORS

(By Howard W. Blakelee, Science Editor Associated Press) CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (AP)—The "Meteor Fisherman" of Harvard astronomical observatory, Dr. Wilbur J. Fisher, asks cooperation of newspapermen in solving a mystery of the Leonid meteors.

These are vast swarms of meteors that for a thousand years have appeared about three times a century, every 33 years, sometimes producing dazzling displays. They are due again in November 1932 or '33; in fact a few should be seen this year on the nights of November 13 and 14.

But there is a mystery. The Leonids mostly failed to show up 30 years ago when last due. Astronomers suspect the gravitational attraction of the planet Jupiter was to blame then.

They think that in almost forgotten corners all over the civilized world, there exist written records that would go far to assist their predictions about the Leonids that might help to show the world whether it is going to be worth while to sit up all night on a couple of chill November evenings about three years hence.

Dr. Fisher asks the press of the United States, and of the world, to broadcast the information about these records, so that they may be dug out of hiding and given to astronomers. His faith that news publication will bring results is founded on his experience in receiving hundreds of letters of information about meteors in response to his notices, occasionally given to newspapers in the past. His use of such notices gave him the sobriquet of "Meteor Fisherman."

Written descriptions of the Leonid displays in past centuries are believed to exist in many places.

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particularly in ships' logs, in Chinese and military reports from the Philippines, in church authorities, Indian and perhaps Egyptian French possessions to the home literature, in the "Relations" of government reports of all sorts Madrid and Lisbon, records of the Jesuit missionaries of Canada, from Spanish America, Brazil and merchants, and Mayan astronomy.



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