

TIGER ISLAND

A New Serial by Gouverneur Morris

...Bowers and Ivy...
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Here they built a makeshift shelter of coconut fronds and once more set out upon an exploration with their hopes upon that shoulder of the valley which had not been examined the day before. And chance led them almost directly to what Bowers declared was a miracle of volcanic foresight.

Chapter 27
EXPLORATION

THE escaped manager during the night gave to further evidence of life. Ivy and Bowers were so tired that a patch of dry sand still warmed from the heat of the sun seemed as soft and comforting as a feather-bed.

They woke at dawn refreshed and full of optimism. They had before them a whole day in which to build a shelter and establish themselves. Bowers even hoped to find a dry cave, some old volcanic blowhole near water.

And in this event his hopes were justified. There were dozens of caves. In places the volcanic rock was honey-combed, but one cave was shallow, another damp, and the ceiling of the third was too low.

But that first morning they stayed there on the point on which they had landed, and gave the whole of their worldly goods, including the matches, a good drying in the sun. With a line and one of the hooks which he had found in the charcoal-burner Bowers had a go at fishing, wading waist-deep in the lagoon and using for bait the animals extracted from certain brightly striped and speckled littoral shells.

There were plenty of fish to be seen, and he might have fared better with a fish-pear, for his baits did not prove alluring and he caught nothing.

He had fished for an hour or more when a call from Ivy drew his eyes shoreward, and when he saw that Ivy was obscured from view by curling wisps of blue smoke, he knew that she had managed to strike a match and start a fire.

He waded ashore with great foaming strides and in a mood of exultation. Fire spelled all the difference between health and comfort and sickness and misery, and he had had the fear that all the matches might have been irretrievably spoiled by dampness.

It was a pity that they had not thought to bring pots and pans, but they hadn't, and emptied cans and the cleaned halves of coconuts would have to serve.

While coffee was making, Bowers marked down a group of banana trees, made his way to them through a dense, almost shoulder-high undergrowth of sun-cured watergrass and presently returned in triumph with ripe golden fruit for breakfast.

After breakfast they went house-hunting, but first there was a little argument as to the quality of the coffee which Ivy had brewed, she protesting that it would have been much better if it had been made with real water instead of coconut water, and Bowers maintaining the contrary.

They returned first to the river where they had drunk and bathed, and after repeating these pleasures and sitting about and chattering until they were dry, began to explore without any special theory or system.

BETWEEN shoulders, the little valley in which they found themselves was no more than a quarter of a mile in the widest space. They wished to find a location which would provide the following particulars: proximity to water, security from wind and rain, and a view at all times of the lagoon and the open sea beyond.

The shoulders of the valley where the rocks showed black and bare gave promise of caves. But the jungle and the undergrowth of water-grass were so dense that the work of exploration was slow and exhausting.

During that day they discovered the three caves which have been briefly described. But dusk overtook them during the work of hunting for a fourth, and they returned to their first camp, and for the second night slept in the open.

The next morning they loaded their gear back on the life-raft and with Ivy and Helen joy-riding, and Bowers wading and tugging upon a length of rope, they removed their

base to a high part of the beach near the mouth of the river. Here they built a makeshift shelter of coconut fronds and once more set out upon an exploration with their hopes upon that shoulder of the valley which had not been examined the day before. And chance led them almost directly to what Bowers declared was a miracle of volcanic foresight.

Ivy had declared that she was thirsty. Near at hand was the trunk of a coconut tree heavy with nuts in all stages of ripeness, and leaning at such a slant that Bowers was able to climb into the top without the necessity of cutting stems. When he had wrenched some green nuts loose and dropped them to the ground, he looked about him.

Not fifty feet away and directly ahead, he found his view cut off by a smooth black precipitous cliff. It might have been sixty feet high, and except for one tall straight coconut tree springing from a terrace-like pocket of soil, it was bare of vegetation.

The ledge from which the coconut grew was perhaps a third of the way to the top of the cliff, and just to the right of it a circular patch of blackness almost seemed to shout to him that here was the perfect cave. While they were quenching their thirst he told Ivy of his discovery, and even boasted a little.

"It wouldn't be so black," he said, "if it wasn't deep enough, and even if it isn't the most perfect cave in the world it's the safest. Nobody could get at us, not possibly." Then he laughed. "I am beginning to wonder how we are going to get at it."

EVEN to get to the base of the cliff into which the alluring hole had been blown by some volcanic blast was not easy.

There was a difficult upward slope of broken rocks varying in size from a pebble to a grand piano, and when they had worked their way to the top of this slope through the bushes and crevices in which it was tangled and hidden, they found that the cliff itself was more than perpendicular.

The ledge, for instance, from which the coconut tree sprouted, would have sheltered them from a perpendicular fall of rain. It was a good twenty feet above their heads and the cliff, smooth as the side of a stone house, offered no holds for toes or fingers.

Ivy suggested that they return to camp for rope and wire. She was all for felling two coconut trees, leaning them against the ledge and converting them into a ladder rung by rung. The rungs could be cut from anything that was strong enough, and the ends roped and wired in place. Standing upon the first rung, the second could be adjusted and fastened.

But Bowers in the meanwhile had thought of a better way, and instead of a ladder they compromised on one coconut tree notched for steps.

The coconut is one of the toughest and heaviest of trees, and Bowers was a long time in felling and deeply notching the one that was finally chosen. How they managed to drag it to the base of the cliff and erect it against the edge of the overhanging ledge they themselves could have explained with difficulty.

But just when they were ready to give up for the sixth or seventh time, and this time for good, the thing was in place, and so firmly wedged at the base at one end, and into a notch of the ledge at the other that it could have been thrown down only with the utmost difficulty.

"I'll just run up," said Bowers, "and have a look around. If I am disappointed I'll let you know. I'll howl like a wolf."

Presently he had climbed to the top of the primitive ladder and disappeared above the ledge. After what seemed to Ivy a long wait, but which in reality was only a matter of seconds, he reappeared, steadying himself by the upper end of the ladder and grinning down at her.

"I've taken this fine country house on a long lease. Are you coming up? Can you make it?"

Ivy felt insulted, and Helen, who was swinging from Ivy's shoulder, felt even worse. She disengaged herself, hopped briskly to the trunk of the tree, and screaming defiance at the time in general, ran up it. Ivy was not far behind her.

Both Ivy and Helen were, apparently, as pleased with what they saw as was Bowers.

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The three find out useful things about their "summer home," tomorrow.

LUTHERANS WILL HOLD CONCLAVES IN FIVE CITIES

Fully a million members of Lutheran churches in the United States and Canada will center their interest upon five cities of the United States during the month between September 29 and October 25, according to Rev. Geo. P. Kabele, pastor of Zion Lutheran church here, after reading of the church conventions scheduled during the period.

First city to entertain a national gathering will be Dayton, Ohio, where the Women's Missionary society of the United Lutheran church will meet. Fully 600 women will attend the Young Women's congress of September 29-30, and the convention will follow it. Delegates will represent societies in thirty-two synods with a membership of about 110,000. Mrs. H. K. Bell, Seattle, and Mrs. Louisa Witte, Chehalis, Washington, will represent the Pacific Synod societies.

Second city of interest will be Atlanta, Ga., when the United Lutheran Church Brotherhood will meet October 14-16. Chief interest will center upon Savannah, Ga., where the 9th biennial convention of the United Lutheran church in America will be held October 17-24. Almost 600 clerical and lay delegates will represent the 34 constituent synods, stretching from coast to coast in both the United States and Canada. The Pacific Synod, to which the local Zion Lutheran church belongs, will be represented by the following delegates: Rev. A. M. port work Medford Cycle, 23 N Fir

Knudsen, president of the synod. Longview, Wash.; Rev. P. W. Erickson, Salem, Ore.; Rev. W. I. Eck, The Dalles, Ore.; Dean Beitel, Eugene, Ore.; G. H. Rohrer, Seattle, and Marvin C. Johnson, Vancouver, Wash.

The pressing desire for closer cooperation between Lutheran bodies adds two other cities to the roster: Waverly, Iowa, where the American Lutheran church, a body of 325,000 members with nation-wide distribution, will gather October 12-18, and Oshkosh, Wis., where the Women's Missionary Federation of the American Lutheran church will gather October 23-25.

IDAHO BANKER IS VICTIM OF RIVER

BOISE Idaho, Sept. 24. — (AP) — Homer Pitner, 49, executive vice-president of the First National bank of Idaho and eight affiliated banks in this state and Oregon, was drowned today in the Snake river near Hagerman, 100 miles southeast here, while on a fishing trip.

Pitner and Jack Moss of Buhl were in a boat in the river when it was drawn into Dell rapids, about three miles upstream from Hagerman, and overturned. Moss managed to reach the boat and made a desperate effort to reach Pitner.

Moss held to the boat and finally brought it ashore.

The accident occurred about 4:30 p. m. and search was continued for the body until dark. Sheriff Wayne Flack of Gooding county and J. E. Mansuet, coroner, are directing the search.

GUNS Repaired and Cleaned Expert work Medford Cycle, 23 N Fir

WHIRR OF LOOMS SOUNDS AGAIN IN TEXTILE REGIONS

(Continued from page one.)

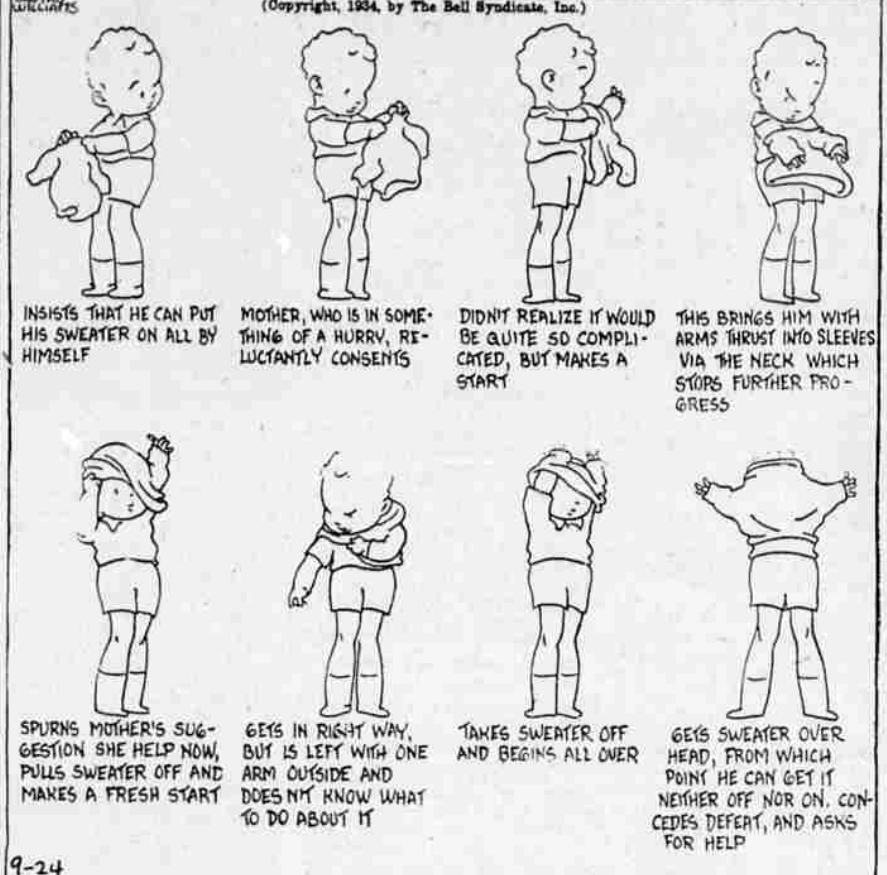
cate collective bargaining disputes, an investigation of wages and conditions, and a second commission to regulate the "stretch-out." Some pronouncement from manufacturers on this report is expected within a day or two. Strike leaders said any discrimination against strikers would be placed quickly before the board of three, which President Roosevelt is expected to set up.

Both Claim Victory. Opinions about the outcome of the strike varied. Union leaders claimed a victory in getting complaints before impartial bodies, in regulation of the stretch-out and in taking the administration of labor provisions of the codes away from NRA. Mill owners expressed themselves otherwise, one declaring that the only gain for strikers was "a three week's vacation without pay."

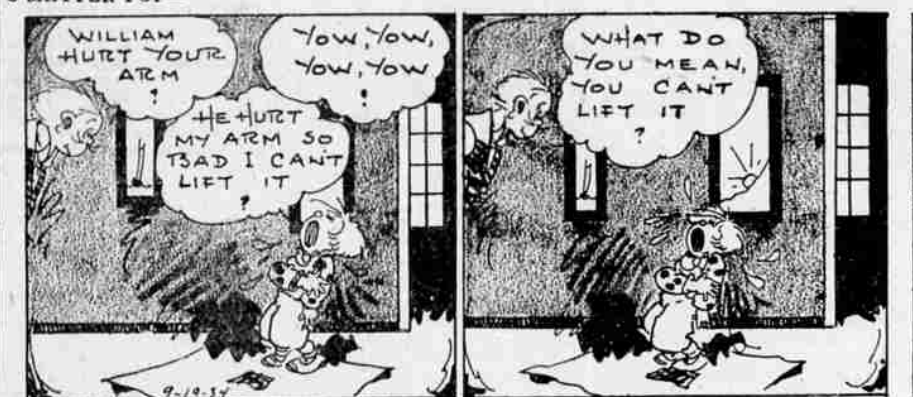
SALEM WOOLEN MILL RESUMES OPERATION

SALEM, Sept. 24. — (AP) — All but 25 of the crew of 160 employed by the Thomas B. Kay Woolen mills here were back at work this morning, following the forced shut-down of the plant during the recent textile strike. The balance of the force will go back when all departments can be supplied with work again, Manager Erel Kay announced.

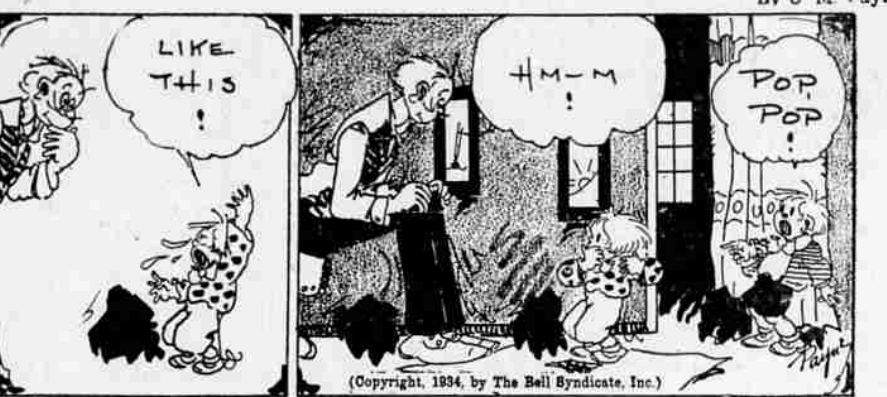
SNAPSHOTS OF A SMALL BOY PUTTING ON HIS SWEATER



'S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Front Page News!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—All Is Ready!



THE NEBBS—Oh, Hello



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



BRINGING UP FATHER



PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR FOUND DEAD IN HOME

NEWPORT, Ore., Sept. 24. — (AP) — The Rev. M. Anderson who had just completed the tenth year of his pastorate at the First Presbyterian

church here, was found dead in his residence Saturday night.

The clergyman is survived by a son, Louis, of Marshfield, and by three daughters, Mrs. Vivian Funk of Hebo, Mrs. James Whitaker of Marshfield, and Mrs. Kathleen Arthur of this city.

Walk upstairs and save \$10. Banker's gray suiting, \$21.50, made to measure. Klein the Tailor.

Three photos, 10c. Peasley Studio.