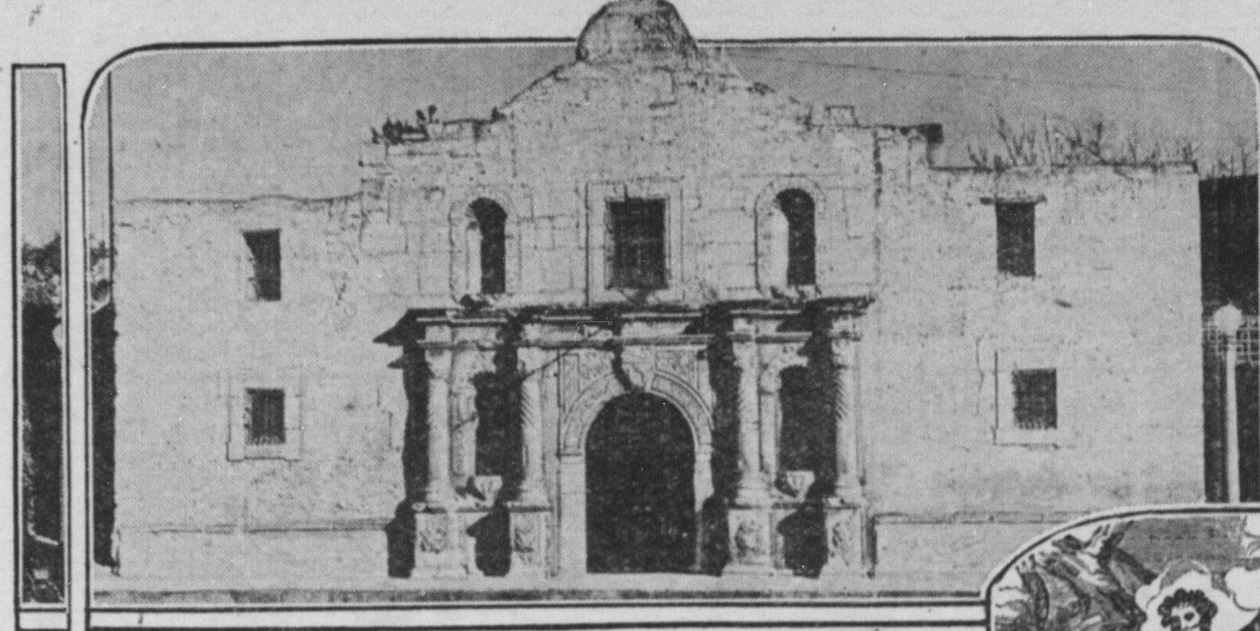
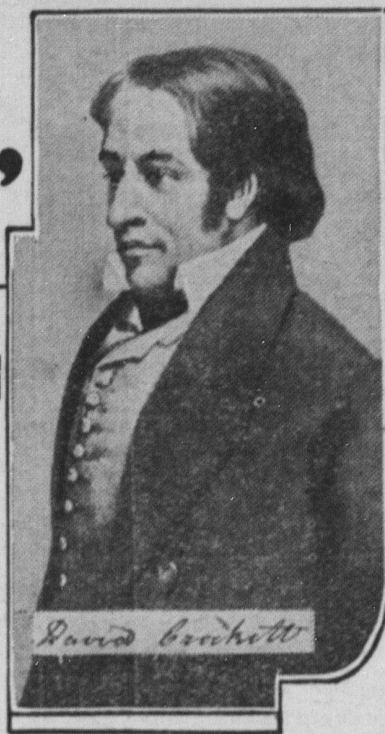


DAVY CROCKETT

Still "GOES AHEAD"



The Alamo



Davy Crockett



Col. Crockett Beat at a Shooting Match



Davy Brings Home a Turkey



Davy in School



"Remember the Alamo!"

Notes on the pictures: Photograph of the Alamo and portrait of Crockett, courtesy Howard C. Smith, San Antonio, Texas. "Davy Brings Home a Turkey" and "Davy in School," drawings by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C., in "The Adventures of Davy Crockett," courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons. "Remember the Alamo!" drawing by James MacDonald in "Davy Crockett," courtesy Harcourt, Brace and Company; "Colonel Crockett Beat at a Shooting Match," an old wood-cut reproduced in Blair and Meiner's "Mike Fink: King of Mississippi Keelboatsmen," courtesy Henry Holt and Company.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
A FULL century has passed since he, a typical "rough-and-ready" frontiersman, was being lionized in half a dozen eastern cities as the most-talked-of American of his day; it has been 98 years since he died magnificently, in a manner that was a fitting climax to his turbulent career; close upon his moccasined heels as he flashes across the page of history come pressing a whole line of "Wild West" heroes whose renown might easily have eclipsed his; yet, in this year 1934 the name and fame of Davy Crockett still "goes ahead."

Down in Texas they are getting ready to celebrate, two years hence, the centennial of Texan independence from Mexico and during that celebration the dominant figure in memory will be, of course, Sam Houston, the George Washington of the Revolution of 1836 and the first president of the Lone Star republic. But there will also be occasion to "Remember the Alamo!" and to recall again the names of its heroic defenders—Bowle and Bonham and Travis and, most of all, Davy Crockett.

For in the minds of most Americans Davy Crockett is the apotheosis of the Alamo and he is second only to Sam Houston as the most memorable figure in the fight by Texas for freedom from Mexico. Why?

Perhaps the best explanation can be found in the book "Davy Crockett" by Constance Rourke, published recently by Harcourt, Brace and company. In the foreword to this volume, the author says:

"When a country is young it discovers its heroes, and these are not always leaders in battle. They may only be men who have had the adventures others long for. They may show admired traits, or strange ones. They may talk or laugh in a fashion which others enjoy. Always stories are told about them.

"Davy Crockett knew wild life as few have known it, and he became the most noted hunter of his time. Even when he was an obscure backwoodsman comical tales and high talk could be heard about him, and his own humor had fame among the people of his region. When he emerged from the wilderness and appeared in the East as congressman, he suddenly seemed to the popular imagination all that had been known or guessed about life in the western woods or on the western waters. There was truth in this; even in the most soaring of the many tall tales about Crockett there was truth.

"About no single American figure have so many legends clustered. After Crockett's death whole cycles of legendary tales were told about him that form a rich outflowing of the American imagination. . . ."

In those words is a definite clue to the reason why the figure of Davy Crockett is still green in the memory of his fellow-Americans though a hundred years have passed since he stopped living and laughing his way into the hearts of a people. The fact that he "had adventures others long for" is not enough to guarantee his immortality. Daniel Boone had those adventures. He also could "show admired traits." And these, taken together, were enough to make him the outstanding symbol of pioneer life, of the American frontier. But Davy Crockett had something also which Boone had not—that gift of humor which gave him "fame among the people of his region"—a fame that soon spread to other regions as well. He was both a teller of "tall tales" and an actor in them. So the legends began to cluster about his name, for frontier America loved its "whoppers." And, for that matter, because this so-called "modern" America is still so near to the frontier phase of its national life, it still loves them.

Perhaps another reason why this fact-and-fiction hero, Davy Crockett, is still such a vivid figure in our national consciousness is because of two words which we associate with him: "Go ahead!" We Americans love mottoes, slogans, catchwords and all such things. Almost all of our popular heroes have tagged to them some phrase that has become historic. Repeat the words of that phrase and instantly the figure of the man who uttered them rises in the mind of the hearer.

So Davy Crockett, unconsciously perhaps, was guaranteeing his immortality when he adopted as his motto "Be always sure you are right, then go ahead." It was a particularly apt motto for his time. In Crockett's day America, and particularly the American frontiersman, was "going ahead." He had but recently surged over the barrier of the Alleghenies. He was engaged in the conquest of the great interior basin of North America, the Mississippi valley. He was already gazing longingly across the Father of Waters toward the western plains and another huge barrier, the Rockies. Lewis and Clark had proved that that barrier could be scaled, so nothing less than the Pacific ocean was his ultimate goal.

And he was sure of his rightness in doing all this. The mere fact that the original inhabitants of all this country, the Indian, opposed him wasn't enough to change that belief. From that period of our history dates our "Indian policy" of taking the red man's land by any means, fair or foul. For this was the beginning of an era of treaties made only to be broken and of "Indian

wars" which seem always to have "broken out" just after the white man had discovered another bit of particularly desirable country.

If Davy's motto was an apt one for his times, it seems to be equally so for the America of today, even though we may have lost sight of its true meaning. For a belief, amounting almost to a certainty, in the rightness of our country in all things seems to be an essential part of the American credo. We like to think that we are the greatest nation on earth, that we have "gone ahead" of every other nation. We have translated Davy's "go ahead" into "get ahead" and that we have done—sometimes as ruthlessly as did the frontiersmen of his time. But whether we have interpreted his motto wrongly or rightly, the fact that he gave it to us and that we associate the admonition in it with his name is perhaps another reason why he is so well remembered.

When did Crockett first use this motto? Miss Rourke in her book dates it from shortly after the close of the War of 1812. Crockett, home from service under Jackson against the Creeks, had settled on new land near Shoal creek in western Tennessee. It was wild country with dangerous characters, both red and white, roaming through it. A regiment of militia was organized by the settlers and Crockett was elected colonel. A little later they decided to set up a form of local government and urged Davy to accept the position of magistrate. Says Miss Rourke:

"Finding that he would be obliged not only to write his name but to make out warrants and keep a record of his proceedings, Crockett began to read whatever he could find and to practice the art of handwriting. This was slow work, but he made progress. It was at this time that he began to inscribe a motto at the end of documents. 'Be always sure you're right, then go ahead.'"

Having proved his ability as a local magistrate, Crockett was next prevailed upon to become a candidate for the Tennessee state legislature. He was elected. Next they sent him to congress. And it is in regard to his career there that this new biography brings out a part of the significance of Davy Crockett in American history that other biographers seem to have missed. Commenting on his role as the champion of the settlers as against the speculators, in what was then the West, Miss Rourke says:

"Crockett achieved a homely statesmanship. His bill dealing with this question was carefully thought out and well phrased, and he supported

it with a wealth of ready argument. . . . His bill was defeated, as was an important amendment of his to another measure bearing on the same question. . . . None the less Crockett stands head and shoulders above the average thinker of his time, even above many in high places, because of his grasp of a fundamental principle and his willingness to fight for it. The cause was lost, but it was a great cause."

Thus it may be seen that Davy Crockett was something more than a "coonskin congressman," something more than a picturesque bear-hunter from the wilds of the West who, by some political accident, had a chance to participate in shaping the beginnings of our democracy. But if later Americans have failed to appreciate his significance in that period, his own people apparently were also blind to his true worth. Because he dared oppose Jackson, who was then rising on his high tide of popularity, on both the land question and the Indian question, they denied him re-election in 1831.

But two years later he was again elected and more than before he became an outstanding figure in congress. He was now an out-and-out anti-Jackson man and an increasingly dangerous obstacle to Jackson's plan of handing the Presidency to Martin Van Buren when "Old Hickory" should retire from the White House. In the spring of 1834 Crockett started on his tour of the eastern cities which became a veritable triumphal progress—to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to New York, up into New England, then through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. He made such an impression wherever he went that there was even talk of running him for President.

Then came the anti-climax. At the end of the summer he was a candidate for re-election. But his enemies were busy. The full strength of the Jacksonian partisans in Tennessee was unleashed. Playing upon sectional prejudices, they used his journey to New England against him. In a bitter campaign in which personalities outweighed the real issue at stake Crockett was defeated by a narrow margin.

"Crockett had reached a turning point. In the six or seven years just past his entire course had been changed; he could hardly return to hunting and farming. . . . All his life he had been on the move and he had repeatedly gone from one frontier to another. He made a quick decision. 'I'm going to Texas,' he said."

It was his last journey. The end of it is one of the classics in American heroism. In the epic drama of the Alamo, as elsewhere back along the trail of his life, Davy Crockett held the center of the stage. "In the wild confusion Crockett seems to have been everywhere at once," writes Miss Rourke. "A story was told afterward that as he leveled and fired his famous 'Betsy' he sang invitingly to the Mexicans: 'Won't you come into my bowyer?' This would have been like him; perhaps he was heard singing this song in the earlier days of the siege. But when the final attack began there would have been no time for song, nor could any tune have been heard in the terrific din."

The Mexicans could kill Davy Crockett, the man, but they couldn't kill Davy Crockett, the hero, half man and half myth. "Stories about Crockett are still told in Kentucky and Tennessee and in the Ozark mountains," says Miss Rourke. "Even now people in the Ozarks talk about him as though he were still living just over the next ridge."

The other day a newspaper book reviewer began an article thus: "Twice in two weeks Davy Crockett crashes through, once in his own story, once in this brilliant biography by Constance Rourke." The reference to "his own story" is to the fact that Charles Scribner's Sons had issued "The Adventures of Davy Crockett: Told Mostly by Himself," which includes Davy's Autobiography, first published in 1834, and his "Texas Exploits and Adventures," first published in 1836. In it Davy Crockett speaks from his unmarked grave in the "Thermopylae of America." Out from between the covers of these two books steps the typical American frontiersman. Davy Crockett still "goes ahead."

© by Western Newspaper Union.

To Disguise the Taste of Milk

Beverage May Quickly Be Flavored for Those Who Desire It.

Milk, the natural nourishment for babies, continues to be an important part of their diet for several years, and is used in one form or another during all the years of a life. Most children like to drink milk, but occasionally a child is found who actually dislikes the taste of it. It may be that the child was forced to drink it when his appetite was satisfied, and ever after, the memory of that time presents itself, when a glass of milk is set before him. It may be that the flavor of milk given the child to drink during and after weaning was distasteful compared with mother's milk. Sometimes the change of milk causes an upset system, and milk ever thereafter actually disagrees with the child.

There are adults whose systems react unfavorably to milk, and while these are isolated cases, they exist, and it is not purely a notion that they cannot drink milk. So small a group are these, however, that it does not interfere with the fact that milk is a universal food and a favorite beverage.

To tempt the appetite of those children, and adults also, who dislike the taste of milk, it can be made more palatable to them by certain disguises. For example, a well known method is to add a half or full teaspoon of vanilla, with or without a little sugar. Another excellent change can be made by melting a quarter square of unsweetened chocolate, heating a half tumbler of milk just enough to make it blend smoothly with the melted chocolate, sweetening it with a half teaspoon of sugar, or a little more or less, to suit the person's preference, and adding milk to fill the tumbler. Chill in the refrigerator. A spoon of whipped cream can be placed atop the glass when served, and so make a party dish out of it. Most children delight in this milk beverage.

For variety, add a little beaten egg to a glass of milk, also a dozen grains of salt and a quarter teaspoon of sugar. If the egg yolk is a rich yellow the milk will be tinted by it and be a pretty beverage. One egg will be sufficient for this modified eggnog, if it is stirred into a pint of milk. Keep the beverage well covered in the refrigerator and it will be ready to serve any time during the day and even keep for a second day.

Drinking through a straw may be sufficient to tempt a child to drink milk without having it prepared in different ways.

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Not the One

An English teacher in the grades had given a fourth-year class a written test on grammar. One question dealing with the proper use of pronouns was to correct the following sentence: "It was me who broke the window."

She was amused to find on one paper this answer to the question: "It wasn't me who broke the window."—Indianapolis News.

Memorials to Genius of American Builders

According to leading architects polled by the Federal Architect, Journal of the Association of Federal Architects, the most beautiful American buildings are: Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.; Empire State building, New York city; Nebraska State Capitol, Lincoln; Morgan library, New York city; St. Thomas' church, New York city; Scottish Rite temple, Washington, D. C.; Chicago Daily News building; Columbia University library, New York city; Harkness Memorial buildings, Yale university; Folger Memorial library, Washington, D. C.; Pennsylvania railroad station, New York city; Pan-American building, Washington, D. C.; Woolworth building, New York city; Shelton hotel, New York city; Freer gallery, Washington, D. C.; Boston public library; City hall, New York city; New York Telephone building; St. Vincent Ferrer church, New York city; Chicago Tribune building; Princeton university dining hall; Adler planetarium; Cranbrook school, Cranbrook, Mich.; Racine county court house, Racine, Wis.

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