

50 FAMILIES LIVE LIKE ABORIGINES ON RIVER ISLAND

In Shadows of Skyscrapers Of City, They Exist in Primitive Style.

MEMPHIS.—With the rising of the sun each morning Memphis' skyscrapers cast shadows over an island wilderness where 200 persons live like backwoods folk found in remote sections of the Southland.

Separated from the busy Memphis waterfront by the narrow Wolf river and from Arkansas fish docks by the mighty Mississippi, Mud island—which 20 years ago did not exist—is the homeland of 50 families who live on farms where they can hear the noises of a big city and the whistles of steamboats plying the streams.

On this thickly wooded island—little more than a stone's throw from Memphis' busiest corner—smoke curls from the chimneys of tiny, ramshackle cabins half hidden in the swaying willows. Dogs bark loudly and viciously at approaching strangers. Roosters crow and hens cackle. Pigs grunt in their backyards while a wind made odorous by the dirty, fetid father of waters walls through the trees.

Rabbits in Underbrush. The quick rustle of startled rabbits is heard in the underbrush. Crows caw harshly as they wheel and glide over cornfields and rows of cotton.

Mud island first appeared in Memphis' harbor about 20 years ago and has grown until it now covers several hundred acres, forming an oval-shaped island which is more than a mile long and a mile across at its widest point. All the efforts of the United States army engineers to block formation of the island, which almost ruined Memphis' fine harbor, were futile.

Families on Mud island—it was called that for lack of a better name—live in houses mounted on big logs or empty oil drums. The drums and logs serve as floats for the houses when high waters cover the island.

Some live in houseboats—arks of the modern day—which rest on the ground when the stream is low and above the ground when the water reaches flood levels. Every house is anchored fast. To live in an unfloatable house on Mud island is unthinkable, for almost every winter the water goes so high that even the tops of trees are covered.

None Pay Taxes. Residents on the island pay no taxes of any sort, and everyone owns his own home. Naturally, there are no modern conveniences, and the greatest problem is that of obtaining drinking water. Almost all the inhabitants trap rain water in barrels, while others row across Wolf river to Memphis to get their supply.

Most of the island's dwellers are unemployed or part-time working riverfolk who are satisfied to be near the stream that holds some mysterious charm. They are content to do perhaps one day's work each month and to spend the rest of their time tending their small crops, hunting in a veritable jungle where wild life is abundant, or fishing in ever-productive coves around the island.

The island, which belongs to Tennessee, has been considered for various purposes by state officials, among them the idea of constructing a convenient airport. But every plan advanced has been abandoned, for some day the whimsical Mississippi may take the island away as rapidly as he built it. Until that time Mud islanders probably will live in peace.

Soldier Gets New Tongue, Now He Can Dine Again

HELSINGFORS, FINLAND.—A remarkable operation has been performed by Professor Enkin, an eminent Russian surgeon, according to Soviet newspapers just received here.

While fighting against the Japanese on the Korean border last year, a Soviet colonel was struck by fragments of a hand grenade, which destroyed three-quarters of his tongue.

Professor Enkin cut out the tongue of a dying and unconscious man and successfully grafted it to what was left of the colonel's tongue. Food was given artificially for a month. Now, it is claimed, the colonel can speak and eat without difficulty.

Smashing Train Windows Is New Sport in Poland WARSAW, POLAND.—Smashing the windows of passing trains is

ASKS NOMINATION



J. Lawrence Luther.

Mr. Luther, of Ebsenburg, last week announced that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for recorder of deeds.

"I served as chief deputy recorder of deeds for seven years and five months," Mr. Luther said. "While in that position I rendered faithful service as all persons who transacted business in that office will agree. I feel that I am well qualified for the office by training and experience and believe that if nominated, I will be elected."

MUNICIPALITIES GET LIQUOR LICENSE FEES

Warren R. Roberts, state auditor general last week approved payment of \$1,570,037.67, to 1217 municipalities. This sum represents retail beer and liquor license fees collected from licensees in these municipalities for the six months' period ended January 31, 1939.

Under the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Act, and the Beverage License Law, every six months the state returns to each municipality the total of all license fees paid to the state by retail licensees in the particular municipality during that period.

Cambria county benefits to the extent of \$49,583.34 by the distribution. Some of the nearby amounts returned are:

Ashville, \$300; Barnesboro, \$1,600; Carrolltown, \$850; Chest Springs, \$150; Hastings, \$1,550; Patton, \$1,450; Portage, \$2,250; Spangler, \$2,400; Clearfield Twp, \$150; Dean Twp., \$700; East Carroll, \$300; Susquehanna, \$600; and West Carroll, \$900.

Laundering Ties.

Before washing men's ties, bast carefully to prevent the lining or padding from becoming lumpy. Remove the basting before ironing and the ties will look as when new.

Rusty Screws.

To remove a rusty screw, heat a poker or spike red hot and apply it to the head of the screw. When the screw has become hot it can be removed very easily.

Becoming the favorite "sport" of villages near here.

The Central Railway administration states that between May 10 and November 23 last year there were 220 cases of broken train windows in the region around Warsaw, and several instances of injuries to passengers. During the whole of 1938 the cases totaled 250.

Most of the culprits are small boys, says the report, but adults are not above having their "fling" from time to time.

Bad Riddance

HAMPTON, IOWA.—It cost the Schwartz Apparel shop \$250 to burn a basket of wastepaper. That much in currency and checks had fallen into the basket and went unnoticed by the janitor.

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'What Kind of A Girl—'

By MARY ARMSTRONG (Released by Associated Newspapers WNU Service.)

SUCH a plain little wren she was that it seemed a pity for the girls to tease her so much. She was small and meek and her hair was straight and ash blonde and the only time her face had any color in it was when one of the office girls razed her about boys, and then her whole face would mantle with rebellious color, almost as though in unison with the blazing thoughts she controlled so well.

Sally Travis was the worst hector of all. Sally, who had not one beau but a dozen at a time, to stop and hector poor mousy little Mary Jane White, who somehow was never called "Mary" by any one in that vast office, but simply prim, proper "Miss White."

Miss White didn't go to lunch till last; she was forever finishing up some extra work for some one so that some one might "make" a luncheon date, and about three nights a week she worked overtime at night so that somebody might get away early for pleasure or what. And today she had looked wistfully after Sally as she ran lilling to meet Don for lunch. Wistfully, because suddenly little Miss White was weary and very tired of being the office goat.

Because men who had loved Sally were rarely inclined to notice sober, sedate, mousy little girls . . . even on the rebound. For Sally invariably "let them out" as the saying goes, as soon as a more eligible man appeared on the horizon!

Once, long ago, Sally had in a wild burst of generosity invited Miss White to go on a party with a crowd of her friends and at first it almost seemed as though Miss White were going to accept; she looked so happy she seemed almost pretty. Then Sally had said with characteristic mischievousness: "Of course, this isn't a tame affair, Miss White! We dress and dance and, uh, you know!" and Miss White looked her levelly in the eyes and said: "I suppose you mean it's a petting party, Miss Travis?" and sarcasm dripped from every word as Sally assured her that she never went on any tame affairs.

Miss White's slow, regretful refusal brought a sting of color to Sally's face as she made some sort of muttering retort that drained all the wild-rose blush from Miss White's face and brought forth the only reply the office had ever known her to make under fire. It was simply: "I'm afraid I'm not the kind of girl you're looking for for this party, Miss Travis!" and it was just exactly like Sally Travis to pick up that phrase, misquote it and derive the priggish, prim defense slogan of every unloved, unsought girl: "Not that kind of girl!"

Sally was telling Don, now, about Mary Jane. She was drawing a word picture of a prim, prudish, unlovely old maid and Don listened in amazement; surely she couldn't mean that quiet, sober, refined little girl who worked in his department? Why, she seemed like a regular scout. But Don did not say that to Sally; he remained discreetly silent and let the much-made-up Miss Travis rave on.

Two nights later Don came back for some forgotten papers and stopped in amazement to see Mary Jane bent over a desk covered with papers. It was almost seven and she hadn't gone home yet! He felt furious with the management for this oversight and paused to speak to the busily working girl.

"Oh, yes, Miss Travis had a dinner date so I agreed to finish these for her." It was said with no effort toward martyrdom or self-pity.

"Look here, did Miss Travis leave all that work for you? Why I sent that through to her early this morning!" he exclaimed. Don removed hat and coat and, against Miss White's indignant protests, collected half the extra work and, plunging into it, finished it before 7:30, just as Mary Jane finished her half.

It seemed natural enough, then, for them to go out and find a lunch-room, and over the delicious fried chicken and waffles, became better acquainted.

The soft, shaded table light cast a warm, pink glow to Mary Jane's face, and her hair, simply knotted at the back of her head, seemed somehow so much more dignified and feminine than the sheared, clipped heads of the other office girls. And she wore a lacy collar and cuff set with her simple flannel dress and for the first time in his life, Don was struck with the loveliness of a truly feminine girl. He became animated, eager; did his best to be charming and interesting, and when he bade Miss White good night, after the movie they had later attended, he went home walking on air—elated over having discovered a girl who could fill the place his mother had filled in his life. Why, Miss White was a real little lady! "Aren't you afraid, Miss White, that Wilbur will think you that sort of girl?" asked Sally, the light of the tormenter in her eye as Sally prepared to go to lunch with Don.

"There's no danger," challenged Don's icy, even voice from the hallway, "of any one mistaking Miss White for your type of girl, Miss Travis!" and Sally stared at him with furious, enraged eyes as he calmly took Mary Jane's arm and went softly down the hall!

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CAMBRIA SPORTSMEN SAY CAMBRIA IN NEED OF A FISH WARDEN

Members of the Cambria County Sportsmen's Association will ask the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to appoint a fish warden for Cambria county.

The association, at a meeting last Thursday night in the court house at Ebsenburg voted to send delegates to Harrisburg to request that a fish warden be appointed to supervise Cambria county.

Members pointed out that the present fish warden, Lincoln Lender, Bellwood, has an excellent record and that his work in Cambria county has been very satisfactory, but they pointed out his territory is too large. Lender supervises three counties, Blair, Indiana and

Cambria.

Delegates to the meeting of the Pennsylvania Federation of Sportsmen's Clubs and the Pennsylvania Game Commission to be held next month in Harrisburg, were instructed to inform the commission that the county association recommended the extension of the possession bag limit from two to three days.

They also will recommend in behalf of the organization that a 30-day season be enacted for rabbits, squirrel and ring necks. The sportsmen also favor the bag limit of ruffed grouse to be set at 2 per day and 12 per season, and for grouse 4 a day and 20 a season.

Sportsmen also recommended that the present bag limit of 10 coons remain in effect. They opposed the trapping of coon in the county and al-

so the daylight killing of raccoon.

During the meeting the organization advanced plans for the annual picnic and field day to be staged Sunday, July 23 at the Ebsenburg Fair Grounds.

John U. McFadden, president, announced that contests will be held in skeet, trap and rifle shooting, horse-shoe pitching and fly and bait casting. Prizes will be awarded to winners in each contest.

A dog show also will be held in connection with the outing. Competition will be staged for hounds, bird dogs, collies and pets. Ribbons will be awarded for first, second and third places. Final arrangements for the affair will be completed at a meeting to be held on Thursday evening, July 20.

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