

CAPTAINS WHO HATE THE SEA

A quintet of lusty cinema sea dogs who trained for their lives at sea in most unorthodox manners.



C'M UP AND SEE ME... says Mae West to Victor McLaglen, who trained for his career of sea dog by being cavalryman and boxer. Skipper McLaglen met Mae in "Klondike Annie."



THE BLIGHT OF BLIGH... Captain Bligh of the "Bounty," eyebrows and all, played by Charles Laughton, whose training in navigation was taken from work as an innkeeper.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST... and Gary Cooper assures Frances Dee that he means it. Cartoonist, cowboy, actor, Cooper finds his part as "Nuggin" Taylor in Paramount's "Souls at Sea" a new experience.



TWO-GUN SKIPPER... W.C. Fields creates a new trend in the characterization of gun-men captains in "Mississippi." This intrepid seaman served his apprenticeship as a juggler.



OLD TIMER... Captain Disko Troop, of "Captains Courageous," played by that veteran of the sea, Lionel Barrymore. Several generations of actors put the sea in his blood.



"SOULS AT SEA"

novelized by
RICHARD MATTHEW HALLET
from the Paramount Picture co-starring
GARY COOPER • GEORGE RAFT

SYNOPSIS

In 1842, a British patrol ship, the Lion's Whelp, captures a slave ship commanded by Captain Nuggin Taylor and his mate, Powdah. The two refuse to tell what happened to their black cargo. They are strung up on the yardarm by their thumbs. Lieutenant Tarryton of Her Majesty's Navy is especially tough with the prisoners. But Taylor knows that Tarryton is in league with the slave syndicate, and tells him so.

CHAPTER II

Taylor, with Powdah at his heels, picked his way amongst the bales and barrels of Liverpool Dock. A conference between Martisel and Woodley of the Naval Commissioner's office, had freed them from the brig of the Lion's Whelp. The shadow of the law was lifted from them.

"Powdah, my friend, let us go drink to our eternal parting."

"Nuggin," Powdah pleaded, "you ain't gonna leave me here?"

"You're no credit to an honest man, Powdah."

"Credit? I got cash. Didn't I steal the sailingsmaster's money?"

"Fig. You told me he gave it to you," Taylor said angrily.

"That's because you got a conscience. Look, you gotta have a man without

a conscience to keep you from starving, Nuggin."

Taylor stepped to one side to let a carriage pass. Its wheels splashed mud on him, and Taylor stared for a second into a girl's eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she cried.

The carriage rolled on. Powdah with an oath picked up a stone.

"Fluffy duffy."

"Barbarian. You would throw rocks at your grandmother," Taylor laughed, and knocked the stone out of the hands of Powdah.

"Nuggin, you are coming unglued again. Look. She's stopped. That's Tarryton getting in with her. It's the same pretty face over again. It's his sister, Nuggin."

"Birds of a feather, Powdah. I've got more than sisters on my mind. Here's the pub I'm looking for. The Red Dragon."

"I'll buy you a beer," Powdah promised him.

"Good. Spend your money on me. You haven't enough, anyway, to buy a passage on the emigrant ship William Brown yonder."

"Have you?"

"Nuggin, I have. Martisel took my Captain's papers, but he softened the blow with a little cash. I rather think brother Tarryton may have put a flea in his ear."

The Red Dragon was an uproar of coster's songs and drunken oaths. Knots of emigrants told glowing tales of free America. In one corner a pale violinist flourished his bow across the strings. Powdah slumped disconsolately in a booth, drew pictures sentimentally with his finger in sloped beer foam.

"So it's like that, is it, Nuggin? Hello and good-bye. It ain't with me. I ain't never had a friend before. Not like you, I ain't. You ain't listenin' to me."

"I'm looking for a man," Taylor said, staring around.

"You're my friend, ain't you?"

"Yep."

"Well, I'm your for life. Nobody that took a fancy to me before ever done anything about it but kick me in the teeth. You're different. Nuggin, you see this ring in my ear? It's my mother's wedding ring," Powdah gulped. "You're the first person I ever told about my mother. Yeah, and you know why? Maybe you think it's just talk. It ain't. It's because... well, because I love you."

"Maybe it's the beer," Taylor said. "I feel the same way about you, Powdah, and I can't account for it."

"Member when you sat up and looked at me and said 'I don't know who you are, Matey, but you got the crookedest look I ever saw in any man's eye?' I knowed right then me and you was going to get along the best."

"I'll write you love letters from Boston," Taylor promised.

"Well, if we gotta part, we gotta," Powdah sighed.

Taylor stared into the booth across the way. A solitary man sat drawing his fingers through candleflame. His moist face was pearly with sweat, his cavernous eye gleamed. He watched the flame as if staring at the fires in some jewel. Taylor's eye came back to the candle-flame on his own table. He dipped his fingers in it and gave a little yelp of pain, and put the burned fingers deep into Powdah's mug of ale.

"You can go nutty on me if you want to," Powdah said, "and I'll love you like a brother just the same. It makes me no neverminds."

"He must have fingers like a horse's hoof," Taylor said.

"Or like a certain party's heart, strike me blind."

"Fair enough, you mug," Taylor said.

"Good bye, then," Powdah blubbered, and embraced his tall friend clumsily, falling half across him.

"Break away, will you?" Taylor yelled. "I've got to buy my ticket, I tell you."

He stood up, shook Powdah off, and walked to a little wicket whose sign said passage fare might be arranged there on the William Brown.

But now Taylor discovered that his money had fled on the wings of Powdah's affectionate embrace.

"Powdah," he yelled.

Powdah was gone, but his place in the booth was taken by Captain Woodley of the Naval Commissioner's office.

"Marvelous pop-overs here," Woodley said, biting into one. "Have one."

"Marvellous," Taylor agreed. He sat down, forgetting Powdah. "But, Captain Woodley, I asked you to meet me here for more than pop-overs."

"So I assumed."

"You have not seen the letter of Paul M. Granley's which refers to Tarryton's services to the slavers?"

"It exists, Martisel must have suppressed it," Woodley said.

"You know why he has suppressed it. He is marrying a Tarryton."

"Quite."

"Let him. And here's my proposition. Granley is dead, but that need not be reported to Updike and Morgan, his buyers in Savannah. Suppose, instead, I go to them as Granley's messenger."

"You?"



"If you are right and Tarryton is a traitor to his country, I shall not give 'im the schedule," Captain Woodley said.

"Why not? Tarryton will come to you to ask for the new slave-patrol schedule."

"That's in the course of his duty," Woodley agreed. "But if you are right, and Tarryton is a traitor to his country, I shall not give him the schedule."

"On the contrary—give it to him."

"Give it to him?"

"Why not?" Taylor whispered. Suppose you were to fall in with this arrangement between Tarryton and myself? Nefarious, I agree, but it has its points. You give Tarryton the schedule, he countersigns it and delivers it to me to give to Updike and Morgan in Savannah. And with this schedule goes another, supposedly from Granley, showing the best routes for slave-ships to take, to avoid these patrol routes—"

"Suppose, in short," the enlightened Woodley whispered, "my schedule were false, and expressly designed to tangle up the slave ships with the patrol—"

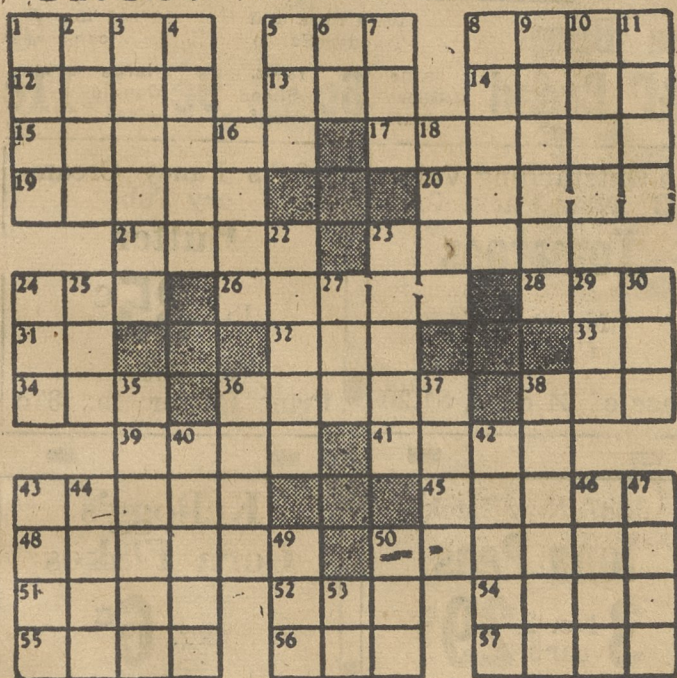
"When the lion puts its head to the ground and roars, I have heard that its victims come running into its mouth," Taylor grinned, leaning back. "That ought to go for the British lion... After all, these pop-overs are not bad. Would you mind ordering some more?"

(To be continued)

DeREMERE REUNION

The fifth annual DeRemere reunion will be held at Lord's Park, Harae's Lake, Saturday, August 21. The business meeting will be at 10:30. There will be an interesting program.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- HORIZONTAL**
- To hasten
 - Truncated roof
 - Facts
 - Measure
 - Number
 - Mohammedan commander
 - Gazed fiercely
 - To reflect
 - Council
 - Eats
 - Water bird
 - Uncultivated
 - Auxiliary verb
 - Desert
 - Depressed
 - Part of "to be"
 - Servant
 - To leave
 - To tangle
 - Heads of church
 - Favorite
 - Holy picture
 - Lounge
 - Ecclesiastical hat
 - Shaded walk
 - Isobornin
 - Part of wheel
 - Evils
 - Pelt
 - Faction
 - To hold session
 - To essay
 - Pleasant place
- VERTICAL**
- Masses of metal
 - But
 - Stints
 - Pang
 - Scuttle
 - Among
 - By means of
 - To tease
 - Changes

- To adorn
- Wiles
- Kind of cheese
- To revise
- Fruit
- Beverages
- Biblical character
- Cup
- To knock
- Decline of life
- Dewy
- Minute quantity
- Troubadour
- Portion
- Obstly
- Pastry envelope
- Treacherous
- To disable
- Ait
- Vain
- Observed
- Newt
- To cook
- Chaldean city

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CORRESPONDENT

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reakes are entertaining relatives from New Jersey. Miss Audrey Ashton is visiting relatives in Scranton.

Mrs. George Bond will entertain the Jackson Ladies Aid, the second Wednesday in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox and family of Plymouth visited Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Bonning on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Splitt, son Durwood, recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard Duckworth of West Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ashton and family attended the Sunday School picnic of the P. M. church at Croop's Glen on Saturday.

The following spent a day at Hershey: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coolbaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Lameroux, Mr. and Mrs. Corey Smith and Jane and Marjorie Smith.

Walter Reaker, Dennis Bonning, Gustav Splitt and Albert Splitt spent a day recently fishing at George Bulford's pond.

Durmond Splitt spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Costner of Forty Fort.

Helen Splitt has returned home after spending last week visiting at the homes of Martha Russ and Charlotta Goldsmith.

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