

Arnolds Shoot Indians

(Continued from Page Two)

the Painted Desert!
I had my field glasses and was trying to locate Indians. Finally, I saw the outline of several figures. As we drew closer, sure 'nuff, there was Pa Indian, dressed in fine regalia, sitting erect and stately on a very slick, black and handsome steed. Ma Indian was trudging wearily beside the horse, all bedecked in her finery, but laden with the papoose on her back and a large bundle in her arms. It was plain to see that she wasn't going to get any help, and she would have to content herself as she looked up at her husband, that she was lucky after all, to have such a wonderful prize package. I heard a faint remark from the driver's seat which sounded something like—"That guy's really got the right idea!"

We looked for their tents or wigwams, but there weren't any. What I did see, set way back off the highway, through my field glasses, were huts that looked like igloos. We came to the conclusion that these had taken the place of the wigwam, and later through inquiry, learned that this was so. As I pored over my discovery I no-

ticed that the new ones were made of frame and covered with adobe (mud) which, when sunbaked and hardened, made smooth, solid walls. The occupied ones had thatched roofs with holes in their centers, for ventilation, we presumed. The doorways had coverings of some kind but that day it must have been very close inside, because most coverings were either pulled back or thrown up over the front part of the shelter.

After many more miles of traveling, we came upon a lone country store which carried everything from shoes and yardage to gasoline and cold drinks. The Boss had the job of watering and gassing his own car, so I took myself inside and treated me to a coke. My eyes wandered about the store and its occupants, and were met with just as much curiosity by the Indian shoppers.

I noticed a little Indian girl about 12 years of age sitting on a sugar bag. Her skin, very dark, appeared as though it had layers and layers of dirt on it. I offered her a coke and asked if I might take their picture. The storekeeper spoke up saying that she didn't understand, but he'd talk to an adult Indian who would relay the message to her. When she heard him out, up she jumped and walked noisily (she was wearing heavy shoes) out in front of the store, where she stood grinning shyly. I followed, came in a close second, turned her to the proper angle and took two shots. As a reward for her willingness I held out a quarter. When she extended her hand I noticed the fist tightly clenched and streaks of perspiration, almost black trickling through her fingers. On closer inspection I found that her little fist was bulging with something shiny, and as she opened it, low and behold, there were about 12 quarters almost welded together from the heat and her firm grip. This tickled me no end, and again, a faint remark passed my ears to the tune of, "Now that's what I call a smart business woman, shrewd but cas-

ual."
Again we took to the lonely road dotted every few miles by Indians walking alone or in pairs. We wondered where they were going or coming from as there weren't any more igloos in sight. Inquiry at the next stop, miles from where we had seen them, eased our curiosity. These Indians were cliff dwellers, living in the vicinity, who walked miles and miles to and from the trading posts.

Here again, an Indian couple, handsomely dressed and sitting on the steps leading to the entrance of the store attracted my attention, and I immediately thought of my camera. This is going to be a cinch, I thought, they're already posed, all I have to do is start clicking away. But those pleasant thoughts weren't for long. I sauntered over and merely asked, "Picture?" and showed my good intentions by offering a 50 cent piece.

The gent, with his long black braids tied with red ribbon raised his head, cogitated a while, then held his index finger straight up and answered, "Non-nee-ee." Meaning one dollar for a snap of them both. This, I thought, was definitely not one of the boys from Syracuse, but a Harvard graduate.

Her ladyship just sat there with head bowed and said nothing, but tried to look nonchalant, sporting her colorful skirts and ultra fancy blouse. Still speechless and miffed by his shoddy treatment, I held my ground while I tried to count the ropes and ropes of gaudy beads dangling from her neck down over her pigeon like bosom. I did want to take their picture, but knew I wouldn't get very far with such brilliant conversation as we'd just had, so I pretended to be dumb about the whole thing and placed the coin between them on the step. I stepped back and was getting my camera all set, when much to my chagrin, the gent got up and, "slowly walks away, slowly walks away," to behind the ladeez lounge, (Chic Sales to you) and left madam to grin prettily, all by her lonesome. After taking my snap, I nodded a thanks, and was about to turn away when I saw her hand make a mad scramble for the coin. She dropped it into her lovely "Mae West" bosom, and I heard the sweet jingle of many more coins as it cascaded down and hit bottom. I could hardly control my mirth as I looked over to my better half. It then dawned on me that it was almost impossible for such a frail little creature to have blossomed forth so voluptuously. She had a home improvised bank right with her. Yup, we live and learn. From now on my Christmas savings will have new quarters and, in that way there'll be two purposes served. Again I heard the Voice of Authority, and this time he quipped, "Guess she and her coins are bosom friends."

Europe is the second smallest continent in the world.

Beaumont

Laurels are due the boys' high school basketball team and their coach, Arch Austin, for winning the championship of the Susque-Wyo League. Now on to District 12 PIA play-offs!

The boys' basketball team has been invited to the Bloomsburg Basketball Tournament. Our acceptance will depend on the PIA schedule.

Paul F. Nulton Sr., has volunteered to act as chairman of the local Red Cross drive and has contacted his route workers who will call on you, for the success of the drive depends on you, doesn't it?

Mrs. Charles Goodwin was hostess to the Missionary Society of the Union Church at its monthly meeting.

Jack Smith found undesirable company on his lawn and back porch this week. Yes, he banged another fox to up the local count to twenty.

The Walter Pilgers had a family reunion when Charles came home from the Navy on leave and the Walter Pilgers Jr. and Harold came from Rochester.

Mrs. Carolyn Scovell is nursing a case of virus infection.

Local friends of Mrs. Susan Gamble of Luzerne were saddened at the news of her sudden death, for Mrs. Gamble's achievements, in spite of her blindness, always will be an inspiration to those who knew and loved her.

Job Hadsall administered the Loyalty Oath to all school employees Monday.

Mrs. Louisa Nieman spent the past weekend at Mansfield, where her daughter Pasty, is a student. While there she enjoyed "The Taming of the Shrew," presented by the Dramatic Club.

Harvey's Lake

Mr. and Mrs. Walbridge Leinthal announce the birth of a daughter, Sharon Lynn, in General Hospital, February 27. Mrs. Leinthal is the former Hilda Allen. This is their first child.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kuchta and daughter, Judy, Harrisburg, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Garinger.

Mrs. Carrie Rood, high school teacher at Lake-Noxen School, returned to her teaching after being ill for two weeks.

Squire Ralph Davis has been ill for two weeks. He is now recovering and is able to be up.

Frank Cromley of Wilkes-Barre, spent the weekend with his sister, Mrs. Kate Shultz.

Mrs. Emil Balewski and daughter, Judy, Beaumont, visited Mrs. Albert Armitage on Tuesday.

Magician Show At Lehman Today At 2:30

Lehman-Jackson Student Council is sponsoring a magician show this afternoon, featuring Young and Company. Proceeds go to swell the Council fund for student shows and

Dallas Borough Gym Buzzes With Saturday Morning Activity



Basketball stars of the future, recruits from sixth, seventh and eighth grades of Dallas Borough-Kingston Township joint schools, line up for their picture before getting down to work under direction of Robert Becker, Westmoreland coach, who stands in the rear, left. The other adult, rear right, is Henry Welch, custodian, who considers it no extra trouble to help ride herd on between eighty and a hundred and twenty juveniles on Saturday morning.

Reading (left to right): Kneeling on floor: (First row) Robert Williams, William Robbins, Robert Beseker, Donald Reinfurt, Richard Shaver, William DeRemer, Keith Yeisley, James Oplinger.

Second Row: James Reese, Allen Root, Vance Johnson, Stephen Balut, David Handley, William Thomas, Lee Eckert, Raymond Drake, Paul Heslop, Joseph Coniglio, James Thomas, Robert Richardson, Thomas Richardson, Lee Ohlman, William Powell.

mond, Jack Berti, William Mathers, Fredric Anderson.

Fourth Row: Carl Shotwell; James Daubert, James Kelly, Richard Rudy, Richard Cleasby, Frederick Hoas, Jack Pritchard, John Ivanitch, Sherman Sutton, Joseph Rolewicz, Wilford Anderson, Alfred Wendel, Lee Baker.

Fifth Row: Lee Evans, Frederick Price, Kent Sickler, James Edwards, David Zimmerman, Donald Zimmerman, Barry Kocker, Allan Burnford, Thomas Saunders, Ronald Cundiff, Bradley Upsyke, William Strauser, and Lee Culver.

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'41	PLYMOUTH Sedan	\$225	'48	CHEVROLET 4 Door Equip.	\$995
'41	STUDEBAKER Sedan	\$235	'49	NASH Coach	\$965
'42	OLDS Sedanette	\$245	'49	FORD (6 Cyl.) Coach	\$995
'42	FORD Sedan	\$395	'49	CHEVY Coach	\$1045
'46	NASH Sedan	\$595	'49	FORD (Cus.) Sedan	\$1095
'46	FORD Coach	\$695	'49	CHEVY Sedan	\$1125
'46	CHEVY Sedan	\$745	'50	NASH Coach	\$1195
'46	FORD 4 Door Sedan	\$775	'50	STUDEBAKER Club Cpe.	\$1245
'46	DE SOTO 2 Dr. (New Motor)	\$795	'50	FORD (6 Cyl.) Sedan	\$1295
'47	CHEVY Sedan	\$795	'50	CHEVY Sedan	\$1345
'47	DODGE Sedan	\$795	'50	FORD Sedan	\$1365
'47	FORD Sedan	\$795	'50	BUICK Sedan	\$1395
'48	PLYMOUTH Coach	\$845	'51	PLYMOUTH 3 Pass. Cpe., Eq.	\$1395
'48	CHEVY Club Cpe.	\$895	'51	FORD (6 Cyl.) Coach	\$1495
'48	FORD Club Cpe.	\$915	'51	CHEVY Coach	\$1595

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