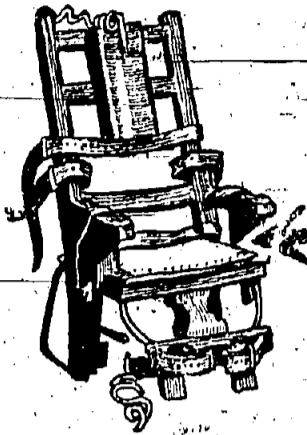


TALKS *himself* into ELECTRIC CHAIR

Glib Tongue of Peter Treadway Saved Him From Execution in Philadelphia Murder, but Brought His Conviction for Killing Ohio Woman



Peter D. Treadway and his wife as they appeared during a recess in his trial for killing Mrs. Ruth Steese in Cleveland.



Marie (Boots) Rogers, as she was then known, was the girl in the Treadway murder case when he was on trial in Philadelphia in connection with the killing of Henry T. Pierce.

During his trial in connection with the murder of Henry T. Pierce in Philadelphia in 1920, Treadway seemed unconcerned as he was during his trial recently in Cleveland.

Checking up on Treadway's fingerprints, which they managed to obtain without him knowing it, they learned of his prison term for the Pierce murder and a previous robbery sentence in Kansas for theft from a Kansas City hotel when he was a bellboy in his teens.

First, Detective Inspector C. W. Cody forced from Treadway a confession that his story of being kidnapped and robbed was a fake, and that he had shot himself in the leg. Then Cody asked Treadway where he was the afternoon Ruth Steese was slain.

Treadway, supposed to relieve Ralph Petre at the gasoline station at noon last day, had telephoned Petre at noon, told him his wife had fallen downstairs and hurt herself, and that he would not be able to report until toward evening.

When Mrs. Treadway, who had married Treadway six months before the Steese murder without knowing he had a prison record, was interviewed, she denied she had injured herself.

Treadway then admitted that he had faked the story to win Petre's sympathy, and that in reality he remained at his home in Western Cleveland, ten miles from the scene of the murder, until 1:30 P. M. His wife supported this statement: If this were true, he could not have killed Mrs. Steese, her body being still warm, as was the automobile engine, when it was found at 1:40, and physicians said she could not have been dead more than twenty minutes.

Faces Electric Chair

The time now was ripe to call in Clarence Jackson, a 16-year-old farm boy, who had passed the Steese machine, parked in the mud off Shaker Boulevard, and had been waved away by a man in a visored cap and windbreaker when he started toward the car with the thought of helping the driver out of the mud.

"That's the man," he said, picking Treadway out of a group.

When it was found that Treadway banked at the same bank from which Mrs. Steese was kidnapped, the Cuyahoga County Grand Jury indicted him for first-degree murder.

While awaiting trial, Treadway and three other prisoners escaped from the new "escape-proof" County Jail on February 23, 1934, through means of a rope made out of bedclothes.

Treadway, a trusty in charge of bedding, had secreted blankets for days. He fled to Chicago, bought an automatic pistol there, and was arrested two weeks later at Hannibal, Mo., just after he had robbed a gasoline station.

Returned to Cleveland, Treadway waived a jury trial and his hearing began April 2, 1934, before a trio of Judges of the Common Pleas Court, John F. Dempsey, Walter McFarlan and Alva Corlett. Evidence was presented by the State, breaking down all alibis.

The three-judge court weighed the evidence only fifty minutes after final arguments were made, and then condemned Treadway to die in the electric chair at Columbus.

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By Frank H. Ward

PETER D. TREADWAY, 41, who dodged the Pennsylvania electric chair for the murder of Henry T. Pierce, manufacturer-agent of Philadelphia in 1920, has been doomed to die in the Ohio "hot seat" for the slaying of Mrs. Ruth Steese, 28, near Cleveland.

In both cases it was Treadway's weakness for pretty girls that ended in murder, and each crime was a mystery at first—the Pierce slaying for less than a week, and the Steese horror for more than a year. But where Treadway talked himself out of the chair in Philadelphia, he talked himself into it in Cleveland.

In the Pierce murder a vivacious girl of 18, Mrs. Marie Williams-Phillips-Rogers-Ross, who, in her brief but busy career, had taken on and thrown off more "husbands" than she could recall, was Treadway's companion when Pierce was robbed and beaten to death in his apartment.

The Fatal Party

AT CLEVELAND it was a comedy. A woman in her middle twenties when Treadway kidnapped, bound, gagged, robbed and shot to death on a lonely section of Shaker Boulevard, and escaped to safety until his tongue began to wag.

On Pierce's last night on earth he was seen between 7 and 8 o'clock in company of a young girl at a gasoline station near the building in which he maintained an office.

The girl at the gasoline station was the same one he had been seen with the preceding night. Pierce left her early that fateful Saturday evening, but at 1:30 Sunday morning met her and Treadway, who was then 27, and took them to his "love nest."

When Pierce did not return home Sunday morning, his wife became worried. On Monday she called Pierce's secretary, who broke into the apartment on the floor above the office and found her employer's mutilated body on the floor, gas pouring from a stove.

It was the theory of police that a sharp quarrel between Pierce and a male companion had ended in blows. From pieces of a revolver found near the body, it was believed Pierce drew a pistol and that it was smashed from his hands by a wrench in the hands of another man. Then the wrench was swung on Pierce's head, crushing his skull.

Robbery as a motive was discounted, although Pierce's watch, money and two valuable diamond rings were missing. Empty whisky bottles and a number of glasses gave mute evidence of a drinking bout. Pierce had advertised the apartment for rent in a Saturday morning newspaper and police believed that advertisement to be an important link in the case.

Pierce's machine, a brilliant red roadster, was missing and police began to trace its movements. It was a car easily distinguished, with a black radiator and

silver-colored wire wheels. It could develop 120-horsepower and was exceedingly speedy for those days.

When it was learned that the machine, with four men in it, sped west out of Philadelphia at 10 o'clock Sunday morning, over the National Highway, authorities along the route to the Ohio border and beyond were notified to be on the lookout.

Sent to Prison

THE end of the pursuit came with such suddenness that even the police who made the arrest were startled. The dramatic flight ended at Wheeling, W. Va.

And when the girl and Treadway were brought into the solemn presence of a Philadelphia court, charged with murder, Marie laughed so merrily that Treadway, too, gave way to her infectious merriment.

"When I smile something always happens," Marie told officers. And that fatal smile had led this girl on, step by step, from the indiscreet flirtations of a schoolgirl to the conquest of men with money and association with men of criminal pursuits until she arrived at partnership in murder—a hardened, heartless adventuress at 18.

"I can always 'vamp' men," Marie

went on. "I'm not afraid to be tried by a jury of men. I can vamp them. But women—ugh! I hate women! If I'm convicted, it'll be by a bunch of women."

Both Treadway and Marie confessed they were in Pierce's apartment at the time he was killed, but maintained that the crime was committed by two acquaintances, known to them only as "Al" and Smith.

Pierce, drunk at the time, looked up Treadway Saturday night and asked him to get two girls and come to the apartment for a party. He took Marie and another girl there. They were having a hilarious time when two men walked in, drew guns and ordered the merry-makers to hand over their money. Pierce, in a drunken stupor, lunged forward at the intruders, cursing.

One of the men picked up a monkey wrench from the floor, smashed the pistol out of Pierce's hands, and then brought the wrench down on Pierce's head with terrific force.

Treadway was convicted of being an accessory after the fact. He was in prison until 1931, when he was paroled and he went to Cleveland. Marie made good her promise that she could vamp men. A jury turned her loose.

The scene now shifts to Cleveland. One December afternoon two years ago, Mrs. Ruth Steese, bookkeeper for the Cleveland Society for the Blind, walked into a branch bank and cashed checks amounting to \$101.25 for herself and co-workers.

Forty minutes later Mrs. Steese had been abducted, transported ten miles to a desolate spot on Shaker Boulevard in a sedan she was driving, robbed and murdered.

Mrs. Steese was shot in the head. Her hands were tied behind her back with a length of jute rope. She was blindfolded with a piece of cheesecloth of the size sold for the purpose of polishing automobiles.

The police theory was that the slayer had hidden in Mrs. Steese's sedan when she was in the bank, the windows of which were steamed by a heater, and forced her to drive to the scene of her death at the point of a pistol.

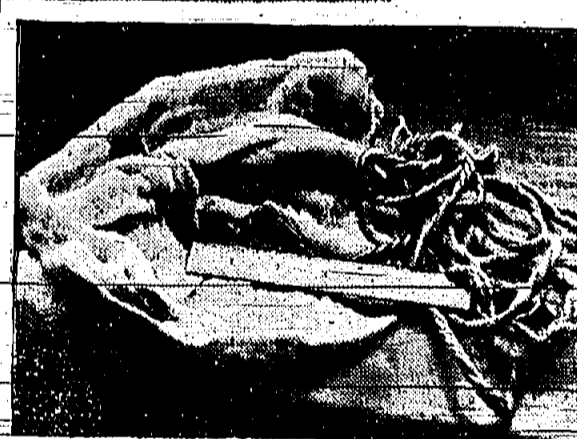
The case seemed destined to be a mystery until Treadway, employed at a gasoline station, interjected himself into the case by making suggestions to the police.

Little attention was paid at first to Treadway, who reported he had been kidnapped and robbed and taken to about the same spot on Shaker Boulevard in the summer of 1932, where he was shot in the leg and robbed of \$200 of his employer's money.

Later, as almost a year passed and investigation in the Steese case began to lag, Treadway made various suggestions to the police and on one occasion picked out of the Bertillon gallery the "mug" of the man he claimed had kidnapped him.

When the owner of the "mug" was arrested in Pittsburgh, Treadway accompanied Cleveland detectives to the Smoky City and positively identified him as his assailant.

But the prisoner produced an iron-bound alibi, and detectives then decided that Treadway showed more interest in the case than a mere desire to win the posted \$6000 reward justified.



HONEYBUNCH'S WABBY

REALLY, I DON'T FEEL EQUAL TO GOING THROUGH WITH A BIG BIRTHDAY DINNER.

IS UT, HONEYBUNCH, CONSIDER OUR SOCIAL PRESTIGE!

WE CAN'T LET YOUR BIRTHDAY PASS THAT WAY. WE'VE GOTTA INVITE SOME PEOPLE.

IT'S OUR SOCIAL STANDING I'M THINKING OF.

WE'LL INVITE THE BROWNS TO DINE WITH THE SMITHS HERE.

GOOD GRACIOUS!

ALSO, THE VAN COMPS TO JOIN THE 'DEBUNKS' HERE IN OUR 'BLOWOUT'.

BUT YOU KNOW VERY WELL NOT ONE OF THOSE COUPLES SPEAK TO ONE OF THE OTHERS.

NOW YOU'RE GETTIN' THE IDEA! NO ONE WILL COME! NO 'BOTHER' AT ALL!

MAMA'S 'LITTLE FIXER'!

SMACK!

AT'S ME!

AWAY!

SAILOR AMBROSE.

DESPERATE AMBROSE DISGUISED AS A SAILOR AND WALKIN' LIKE A SAILOR.

S'MATTER POP?

Merely Adventure

By C. M. PAYNE

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WELL, IS EVERYBODY SET FOR THE BIG TRIP TO THE COUNTRY?

OH, POP, CAN WE TAKE AMBROSE?

COME QUICK, AMBROSE! POP IS TAKING US TO THE COUNTRY TO PICK FLOWERS AND EVERYTHING.

HOW COULD YA ASK ME TO PICK FLOWERS?

WHAT THA DIN'S DIN'S?

I BRANG MY BULL FIGHTIN' OUTFIT.

BULL FIGHTIN' OUTFIT?

YESSIR, I BRANG IT IN CASE OF BULLS!

IF WE'D PASS A BULL, I'D BE LIABLE TO JUMP OUT OF THA CAR ATTUT!

HOLD EVERYTHING, AMBROSE, WE'LL SOON BE OUT IN THE WILDS.

USE SCHMALZ'S AXE GRASS!

EVERYBODY STAND BACK! THERE IS A STRANGE DAWG!

WUFF!

LET ME SHOW YOU ALL HOW I'D HANDLE A WILD ANIMAL IN CASE WE'D BUMP INTO ONE!

WUFF?

CUTTUT OUT!

SCR-R-R!

GI'MME THAT! WHAT DO YA MEAN?

THA CONSERND POGG TOOK MY SWORD! NOW, MY DAY IS SPOILED!

NEVER MIND, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE IN YOUR SWORD CASE.

POP, DESPERATE AMBROSE IS FIGHTIN' A BULL!

LATER

OH, MERCY!

HEY!

CR-R-AMBERRY!

SACRAMENTO!

SCR-R-RAM!

I HAD TO INTERFERE! THE BULL DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

POP SETTLED IT!

I CERTAINLY KNOW HOW TO TELL A BULL WHERE TO GIT OFF AT!

REPORT MADE UP TO GO INTO BULL COUNTRY. SAW BULL ATTACKED BIT AND FOUGHT IT! PARTY RESTRAINED ME AND STOPPED FIGHT. DECISION WAS GAVE TO ME. Desperate Ambrose.

Meet the Champion LION TAMER



By E. Oren Arnold

Blood was spattered all over the back seat, some even on a door and fender of the old touring car, parked unobtrusively near an alley in the outskirts of Phoenix, Ariz. A policeman discovered it, made his official inspection with increasing alarm. He hastened to a telephone.

"Yep, blood all over it and nobody in sight," he reported to headquarters. "Number is —" He gave the license number, told his chief he would call back, meantime maintaining a guard.

Ten minutes later he went back to the phone.

"Sall right," the desk sergeant told him. "That prob'ly ain't human blood. That's lion blood."

The policeman became a little indignant.

"Listen, Sarg," said he, "this ain't no joke I'm pullin'. I got a car covered with fresh blood. I tell you. A murder's been done, else —"

"Wait now, that blood's all right, but it'll be lion blood, I'm telling you. Lion blood. That car belongs to Frank Colcord. He gets in town about once a month."

"Who's he?"

"Him? Why, man, he's the champion lion-killer of the world!"

It was very true.

The champion lion-killer! How do we know it? Why is the claim made for him, and by whom?

First of all, his friends and employers in the United States Biological Survey Office, branch of the Federal Government, will tell you so. If that isn't official enough, a few thousand of Frank's fellow citizens in Arizona will substantiate it, and some of them will pitch into you with doubled fists if you intimate a doubt of the claim.

Often Faces Death

FOR twenty years this young man has earned a good living killing lions and incidental predatory game, right in Arizona. In that time he has experienced some strange adventures and many episodes which all the men everywhere will classify as good times. Frank's life has never been boring.

Several times his life has hung in a delicate balance, death, from fierce beasts, has faced him more than once.

His cool head, his skill with a revolver and his strong arm have so far pulled him through.

Perhaps it should be explained that he is just one of several men employed in the Rocky Mountain country of Western America to make a business of killing lions. Not the big-maned African lions, of course; this continent does not have them. But the panthers or cougars or pumas which American big cats are called are almost as bad.

They annually kill many thousands of valuable deer, sheep, cattle, goats and horses, so that the United States Government has long maintained professional hunters to track them down and slay them. Millions of dollars in stock have been saved for Western ranchers by these hunters, who have shot down so many of these predatory beasts.

The record for numbers killed is held by Colcord. More than 800 massive lions have fallen before his deadly pistol aim and he also has captured many of them alive. At least one he killed with no other weapon than a rock!

His pretty wife also is an expert at shooting and many times has accompanied her husband into the rugged hills and bagged her lion.

Frank Colcord's most exciting experience and narrowest escape from death did not involve a lion at all. But for a while Frank thought it did. It's one of the things his friends tease him about.

Frank Colcord Has Killed More Than 500 Mountain Lions and Captured Many More Alive; "Old Baldy" His Efficient Helper

It's show time when Frank Colcord comes into town. Frank is shown leaning against his auto with a mountain lion he has killed. Old Baldy is in the center of the group of dogs.

a few of him live in the Panama country and in Mexico, but rarely get up into the U. S. A. Down South the natives greatly fear him, for he is a very dangerous thing, a close relative of the man-eating Bengal tiger of Asia, and is known in America as a jaguar.

Frank's 44 spoke once, and now Mrs. Colcord has one of the prettiest and rarest fur coats a woman could possibly have.

Stones Lion to Death

NOT long ago Frank set an all-time marathon record, so his employers said, by running a lion thirty-five miles and killing it on Black Mountain in Arizona. He was working for the United States Biological Survey. The young man was hunting on foot because there were places where even a horse couldn't go. He wore off a new pair of heavy shoe soles before the chase ended, and bleeding, sore feet were just one of the effects.

Soon after he and his dogs treed a lion at night. In the darkness he missed his pistol aim, and a bad shot makes Frank mad. He dropped his gun, seoured a stout club and some rocks, and with them destroyed a cat that had killed two cows and a mare that same day. This hand-to-hand scrapping with a panther is about as safe as raiding a machine-gun nest was in 1917.

To a person who cannot even lasso a fence post, much less a running calf or steer, it would seem next to impossible for anybody to drop a lariat rope around a snarling puma's neck when the puma is away up in a tree and out on a limb.

But that's the way you do it, or rather that's the way Frank Colcord does it, when he wants to bring in a live specimen. Occasionally a zoo will pay him to get a live one.

Really it's not as hard as it sounds, if you can rope at all. There's the lion on the limb, having been treed by the dogs. His head is turned toward you, watching. A perfect target for a pistol or rifle, you do not shoot. You drop a loop of rope over that head instead. He is not much at dodging.

The finest lion dog that ever lived, Frank declares, was his hound, Keno, who died just recently.

Keno worked with Frank from puppy-

hood until he was 10 years old. For eight years he led the pack, and to him alone Frank credits 130 big lions. He was a dauntless tracker, had an infallible nose and knew no fear. Keno was deaf for three years of his life. A puma four times his weight slapped his head once and ended his hearing. But it didn't hurt his sense of smell.

Keno was most valuable, Frank says, as a big brother to puppies being trained. Keno would take no foolishness from them, but with Frank would teach them exactly how to find a lion scent and track him down.

That cuff on the ear was not Keno's only narrow escape from death at the paws of a lion. One day he had chased a big cat for several miles and had him cornered on the edge of a fifty-foot cliff. But when the panther saw Keno and the other dogs closing in the big creature leaped.

Over High Cliff

"FIFTY feet is no jump for a painter," Colcord says. "They are cushioned so they can stand the shock. But it would kill nearly any dog, and dogs know it. This cat went over the cliff, and old Keno stopped for just one look at it."

"But that dog wouldn't let a cat beat him. He backed up a little, took a run and a howl and jumped over after him. I figured he would be killed. When I looked over, however, he had the painter up a pine tree. Keno had hit the ground in some sand, on a kind of slant, and was not hurt. Soon we were starting home with another lion-pelt."

Old Baldy is now the head dog of the Colcord pack. Baldy has a voice that should go well as a bass in a male quartet. He talks deep dog language, and Frank can understand him usually. It is not easy to learn the subtle differences in dogs' voices and understand what they mean. Ability to do that is one reason why Colcord is a champion hunter.

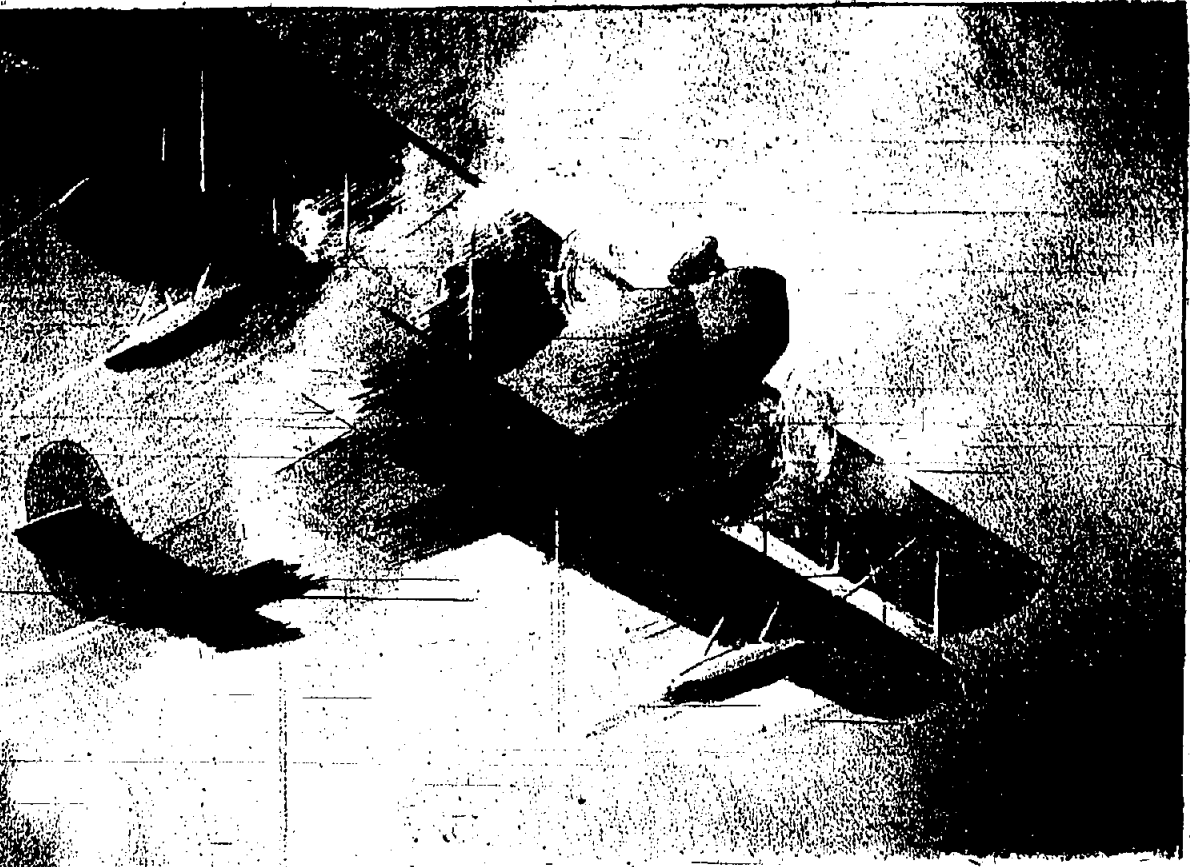
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Keno treed the lion and was waiting for Colcord to come up and shoot the big cat from its high perch, ready for a fight if necessary



War birds might be able to follow the course of the Panama Canal, but when the United States Army lays down a smoke screen they might have trouble locating the Pedro Miguel Locks



By R. S. Fendrick

ONE LONE ENEMY could destroy PANAMA CANAL

European Spy Reveals How a Single Aviator, Starting From His Hidden Retreat in the Jungles, Could Close America's Most Important Waterway

"Did you ever hear of a decoy?" the counterespionage man inquired.

"I mean a girl who is thrown across the path of some innocent by his enemies to put the skids under him."

"Dellah."

"I wasn't thinking as far back as that," he smiled, "but she was one. As I take it, the story of Dellah, fleeing Samson is a vivid warning of one of the most subtle intrigues of the human mind, but the big strong men are still succumbing, as they did 5000 years ago. They never learn; they don't want to learn. They like to play with fire. Now a second question: Did you ever hear of the G. P. U.?"

"Overrated, much?"

"All wrong," he interrupted gravely. "I know something of the wonderful Italian political police. I know that east of Suez the British Intelligence Service is a formidable organization, but for daring, devilish, almost supernatural efficiency—spying, kidnapping, opening safes, peeping into sealed diplomatic pouches—the G. P. U. is without a peer."

"The Russians have a genius for that sort of thing. The G. P. U. is the old Cheka of the Russian Communist Party, you know, transformed into a State secret police. One section spies on the State's enemies at home, another on enemies abroad. It has agents of all nationalities. It has decoy girls who can spin finer—pardon, I was going to say webs. No, they spin webs just like tops."

"And these G. P. U. ladies are now spinning."

"Eye of Moscow" Vigilant.

THE counterespionage man grinned grimly. "I don't think that a single Japanese officer has started for Europe for six months past but that the 'Eye of Moscow' has hung one of these girls in his path. And, oh, my! How these insubstantial little gentlemen fall sometimes! How tongues tied by the most sacred vows have babbled vital indiscretions during shipboard romances! Don't smile. There are races who might fall even harder. I know some of these girls who could make a wooden Indian scream."

A life-or-death duel now preparing in the Far East has had a dramatic reflex in Europe.

Add up the facts. Japan covets Vladivostok for a fourfold reason—to suppress a pistol aimed at its own heart and fleet, to block the short northern route across the Arctic Seas to and from North America, to close Russia's outlet on the Pacific, and to protect the northern flank of Manchuria.

She and Russia are ready to spring at each other's throats, with this great naval, maritime and aviation base as the stake. She is arming rapidly. Unlike other great nations, she is curiously handicapped—she must go abroad for much war material, particularly airplanes for aviation is developing at a furious pace, and her own designers lag far behind.

It is of vital importance if Japan speeds up her bombing fleet by fifty miles an hour, or helps her fighting planes with the new serial cannon which fires explosive instead of penetrating bullets. Russia must instantly do likewise.

The "Eye of Moscow" wants the tiniest details. "What is this latest Japanese air mission doing?" he demands every hour. "What are they buying?" "When will they get deliveries?" "What are they planning?" "What do they say about oil supplies in wartime?" "What about the oil of Sarawak?"

And so the G. P. U. has followed the classic strategy—thrown its decoy girls at the Japanese missions both coming and going. Russians? That would be naive. Scandinavians rather—Danes, Dutch, Swedes and Norwegians—the

Carbo brigade. They're the best. In spite of any frills, they have level heads, they're persistent and honest, and they fight like wildcats to get out of an embarrassing situation. Besides, they are genuine; they're not posing as something they are not, and they pass easily as neutrals in any discussion.

A singular adventure that European counterespionage services are now passing along to each other, whether true down to the last detail or not, is an excellent example of what indiscreet young officers are saying to indiscreet young charmers, all the way from Yokohama. Let it go as gossip, nothing more. Here is the story—as I got it from my friend:

A sweet young thing who had got on the boat at Bombay with her "mother" moved a little closer.

A Japanese air officer inhaled deeply the subtle perfume that seemed to intoxicate him, and the girl's curls that frolicked over her cheek. He squeezed her hand more tightly.

Nightly, since Bombay, they had had these friendly little trysts in a shadowy corner of the top deck. Who could suspect such a girl? The "mother" had Copenhagen written all over her face. Like all persons coming out of the terrific tension that grips the East, they had found it natural to talk of Japan's lordship, of the coming conflict with Russia, of the interventions it might lead to, of Britain strengthening her defenses, of all of the rich Dutch East Indies—and of the planes Japan was buying.

"I've always wanted to see Panama," the girl who called herself Carla, suddenly exclaimed as she gazed at the low, sandy monotonous banks of Suez.

"Oh, tell me about it, and what the Americans have done there. Is it really impregnable? Can the United States hold it in case of a great naval war?"

"It is the most fascinating strategic problem in the world," he burst out vehemently.

Could Destroy Canal

JUST think: a single bomb-dropping ship passing through a lock of the canal, at the moment of the declaration of war, with the United States Fleet in Atlantic waters, would be an enormous disaster. The United States Fleet would have to steam the whole way around South America.

"But I thought that Panama was armed to the teeth," Carla interrupted, "and that no enemy plane could approach it."

"The problem is not only to hold the canal but also to keep it open. A plane can reach it today in two hours from a dozen points, both from the mainland and from islands, and in three or four hours from innumerable points. With speedier aviation, the distances become shorter every day. Surely a clever enemy would find the means for hiding a few planes somewhere within striking distance, just to have them ready. A jungle, a deserted island, who knows?" he smiled.

The officer smiled broadly. "Panama is the most spy-infested spot in the world," he remarked. "Naturally every naval intelligence service has agents there to see what is going on. I suppose the British have a Dutchman or

haven't invented. What use are anti-aircraft guns in a fog or in sheets of rain? How can they see planes? I take it as a matter of course that if an enemy ever attacks the Panama Canal by air it will be in bad weather. The first enemy plane may not find a ship in a lock to bomb, but others will. I must tell you that the new infra-red cameras see fixed objects through fog, but up to now at least not fast-moving objects. After all, most fortifications break down in a fog. The same is true of air patrols."

He paused, hesitated a moment and then spoke. "And then there is another alternative for an aerial attack on the canal that doesn't even require fog or heavy rain. What is to prevent a pilot, who is willing to sacrifice his own life, to slip out from behind a cloud, in full

sunshine if you wish, turn on full gas, and dive down with his ton or two of high explosives at a speed of, say, 500 miles an hour at some ship or lock?"

The girl gave a little cry of horror. "You mean to blow himself up with his plane and his bomb?"

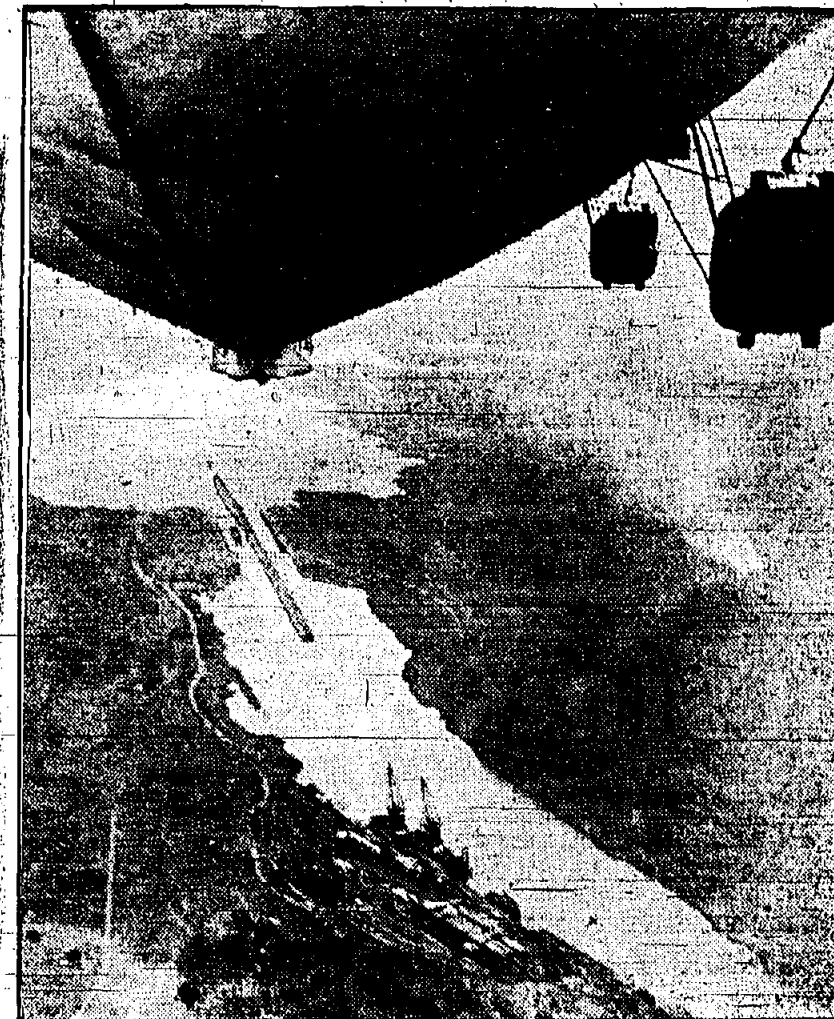
"Man, plane, bomb!" the officer snapped. "Why, you wouldn't even be able to find the canal at that point—just a crater-of-churning-flood waters."

"There is not an anti-aircraft gun, nor an air patrol, that could swerve it from the downward swoop!"

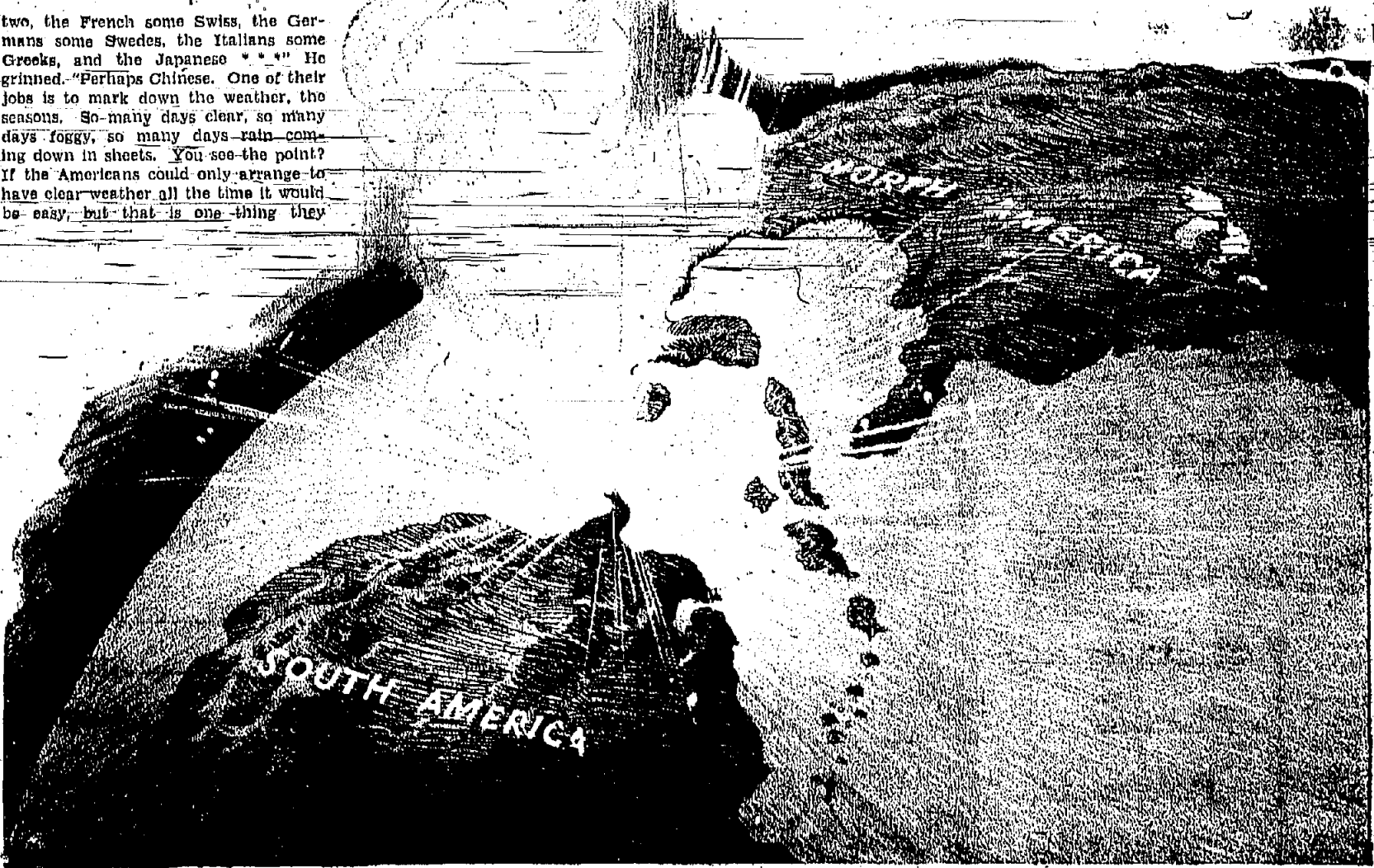
"A single life! What is that to keep the American Fleet out of the Pacific for several weeks?"

Just a yarn, perhaps, such as clever officers have spun to silly girls since the world began.

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Just a silver ribbon across Panama. Thus the canal looks to the observer high in the air. This picture shows a strip of the canal as seen from one of the United States Navy's dirigibles.



EIGHT LEGAL NOTICE

TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD COUNTY OF UNION An Ordinance to Regulate and...

SPRINGFIELD LOSES

10-INNING THRILLER TO ELIZABETH, 2 TO 1

Lack of Batting Strength Evident As Local Team Loses Third Straight

Springfield dropped a 2-1 Inter-County league game at home Sunday afternoon to So. Elizabeth in 10 innings.

PLAY BOTH GAMES AT HOME THIS WEEK-END

Springfield will play both games at home this week-end at So. Elizabeth.

Lack of Batting Strength Evident As Local Team Loses Third Straight

Lack of batting strength, noticeable at the last three Springfield games, was conspicuous in its...

fourth inning by MacLamb yielding the home boys' only run of the day.

PERSONAL MENTION

About People You Know

Mrs. James T. Siskey of 30 Bryant avenue, accompanied a party of young people on a motor trip to Wappinger Falls, N. Y., yesterday.

WHO'S WHO IN BUSINESS

Consult These Firms and Business Men Before Buying!

GIBSON'S DINER

Good Eats—Courteous Service Never Closed

SURVEYOR

ARTHUR H. LENNOX TOWNSHIP ENGINEER

BATTERY AND RADIO SALES AND SERVICE

SPRINGFIELD BAKERY

MORRIS AVE. Telephone Millburn 6-0840

FREE Radio Inspection

SPRINGFIELD BATTERY AND ELECTRIC STORE

245 Morris Ave., Springfield, N. J.

COAL! COAL!

Genuine Lehigh Anthracite

STOVE \$11.75 BUCK \$ 8.00

NUT \$11.50 EGG \$11.50

PEA \$ 9.70 No Better COKE \$10.00

Fill Your Bins Before Prices Advance!

GORDON COAL CO.

67 NEWARK WAY MAPLEWOOD

Tel. South Orange 2-7475

Springfield CCC

Defeats Morristown

Come From Behind and Cop Close Game 7 to 6

Springfield CCC came from behind Monday night in a twilight baseball game at Flermer Oval against Morristown CCC to win.

Standings of the Teams

Table with columns: Team, W, L, Pct. Includes Unionville, South Elizabeth, Linden, Elmora, Springfield, Morristown, Plainfield, Cranford.

SUNDAY'S RESULTS

South Elizabeth, 2; Springfield, 1 (see innings).

GAMES SATURDAY

Plainfield at Springfield, Unionville at Rabway, Cranford at South Elizabeth, Linden at Elmora.

GAMES SUNDAY

Rabway at Springfield, South Elizabeth at Unionville, Elmora at Cranford, Linden at Plainfield.

Miss Agnes Bill of Stamford, Conn. visited Miss Josephine Brill of Short Hills avenue over the week-end.

Phillips M. Goodwin

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Neim...

Mr. and Mrs. William Gramp...

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert R. Day...

Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Horn...

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Colby...

Dr. and Mrs. Stewart O. Burns...

Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Horn...

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Colby...

Dr. and Mrs. Stewart O. Burns...

Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Horn...

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Colby...

Dr. and Mrs. Stewart O. Burns...

Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Horn...

Mrs. Robert B. Ferguson of 71 Short Hills avenue, spent the week-end in Storrs, Conn.

Enjoy the Freshness of Quality PRODUCE

The way to be sure of fresh fruits and vegetables at all times is to patronize the convenient ASCO Store near your home.

Where Quality Counts and Your Money Goes Furthest

MACARONI .pkg. 7c; 3 pkgs. 19c

Walbeck Pickles (sweet or sweet mixed) 2 7/8-oz. lbs 19c

Fleischmann's Yeast... cake 3c

ASCO Baking Powder... lb. can 19c

Calumet Baking Powder... can 17c, 33c

Baker's Southern Style Coconut... can 19c

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP... 3 cans 19c

Reg. 12c Cider Vinegar... 2 bots. 19c

ASCO Pure 8c Canned Fruits... 3 cans 19c

Swansdown... 27c Minute Cake Flour, pkg. Tapioca... pkg. 11c

Made of the Finest Ingredients Obtainable

RICH MILK BREAD, 16-oz. loaf 9c

Victor... loaf 6c; Bread Supreme... loaf 8c

Old-fashioned Rye Bread... 16-oz. loaf 9c

N. B. C. Assortment DeLux... pkg. 29c

N. B. C. Peanut Cakes... lb. 19c

Try One of Our Freshly Baked Cakes

Pineapple Iced Layer Cake... each 49c

Cocoanut Marshmallow Layer Cake... each 25c

Butter 29c EGGS 29c

The Finest Butter in America

Richland Butter lb. 27c Fresh Eggs... doz. 23c

Reg. 19c Martell's SARDINES 2 big cans 29c

Boneless and Skinless

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