



PAN-ARUBAN



LAND TO SEA TELEPHONE SERVICE PERFECTED.

Commercial telephone service went into operation Dec. 9th between the S.S. LEVIATHAN and land. Walter S. Gifford, President of the American Tel & Tel. Co. talked with Commodore H.A. Cunningham on the LEVIATHAN 200 miles at sea. The connection was maintained for 20 minutes while a group of men, including members of the Federal Radio Board, Navy Officers and officials of the U.S. Lines, listened. The circuit was made by wire to the radiating station at Boll Beach, N.J., thence by radio to the ship and back again by way of the receiving station at Forked River, N.J. Mr. Gifford said the service was workable up to about 1500 miles at sea. Rates have been fixed at \$7.00 per minute.

DIPLOMATIC CORPS' PERSONNEL CHANGED

President Hoover announced a wholesale shakedown in the diplomatic corps in Latin America, when he submitted to the Senate the nominations of new ministers to Bolivia, Panama, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Nicaragua, Honduras and the Dominican Republic. The President said the motive was to establish more firm understanding and friendly relationship with the Latin countries.

"IT" GIRL FINDS "THAT"

Asserting that he was making the announcement as an "antidote" for gossip-mongers, Harry Richman, musical comedy star and night club entertainer, said at Los Angeles, Cal. that he and Clara Bow would be married in New York City on New Year's day. They have been engaged for several months. The announcement of the wedding date was made after Richman had conferred with Miss Bow, who is in a hospital convalescing from an appendicitis operation.

NIGHT CLUB PARTY RESERVATIONS OPENED

Yop! There is going to be a party and what a Wow--no kidding. Did you see the Floor Plan for Reservations on the back page? Have you called on Mr. W.W. Lawrence, Personnel Director, and made your reservation? He is the only one with whom a bonafide reservation can be made--regardless of rumor otherwise; so get up on the line and declare yourself in order that the Committee can proceed with the necessary finishing and personal touches that must be done for each table and cannot be until the reservation is made.

There are favors, hats, place cards, and--oh, many things that the average person does not even give a thought to. This all has to be taken care of, if this is going to be a real New York Night Club Party--and it sure is going to be all of that and more--oh, yes, plenty more, and it won't be Hair Tonic or Bath Tub Gin, either, and it won't cost ten iron men per throw.

The drink menu contains everything from Milk of Magnesia to Champagne, and all you have to do is order from your waiter and pronto, it's served right at the table.

What else? Entertainment! Oh, yes, there is entertainment. Some twenty odd numbers during the evening, and--well, if it isn't a better show than some that the writer has seen on the Rialto, the House will "set 'em up."

EATS? Now, what kind of a New Years Night Club Party would anyone put on without Eats. It just isn't done. Our Committee knew that, and at Midnight you will be served a meal--got that--a REAL and if the current reports are correct (there isn't much doubt about that either) this meal is going to be a knock-out.

The party will be called to order and got under way at 10:00 P.M. and continue until--well, from then on.

(Continued on Page 3)

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

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INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

PUTTING PUNCH IN THE PRESIDENCY

Political observers have been vigilantly awaiting the action which would carry out the prophecy that America's engineer-president was a man with a knife of directness. His experiences fitted him for the job; he had shown his ability to grasp the nub issue and act; his foreign relations stood him in good stead to meet the world problems facing the administration--So much the record book holds, but would he be able to transplant that spirit in the delays of presidential affairs?

To many, the question has been answered, answered with a strong affirmation. Regardless of political party, partisan editorialists have seen in his recent activity a directness long since lacking in the president's chair. They see a political executive acting on the lines of a business executive.

The proof of this is President Hoover's recent initiative in bringing about conditions which would prevent a panic. With the break in the stock market, what had been the savings of a large percentage of the so-called middle class were wiped out. The natural reaction was a tightening up of the purse strings. The non-essentials would lose patronage first. Corners would be cut, and cuttings meant lack of demand. No demand meant no market. No market would curtail production. And so on around the economic cycle until the workers were thrown out of employment.

It is easy to see what sales loss in one industry would mean to the country. For instance, curtailing production in the automobile industry would bring hardship not only on those primarily employed in the manufacture of automobiles, but also on those interested in attendant industries. Slowing down production spelled unemployment on a gross scale. Unemployment spells "hard times."

What the nation needed was some one with enough prestige to command uniform action from the various leading industries. That is what Herbert Hoover gave the nation. He called the industrial heads together, pointed out the impending economic catastrophe, received their promise not to cut wages or lay off men; encouraged the opening up of all contemplated construction work. By staying with the ship as a uniform whole industry was investing in prosperity. Supplying the impetus and getting action, he stopped out to let business handle its own affairs. The United Chamber of Commerce, representing industry, and the Department of Commerce, representing the Government, are in charge of the program.

It is refreshing to have a President with punch--a man who uses prevention before a cure is necessary.

About a dozen of our more playful bachelors descended upon the School Playground one evening last week, and proceeded to have an uproarously good time on the equipment provided for the School children. The proper atmosphere prevailed, but the weights wore at variance with the calculated load for such equipment.

This is food for thought for the Employeers' Association. We suggest a replica of the present playground on a heavier scale to be located convenient to the B. Q. The object would be to provide more accessible amusement and recreation and, at the same time, safeguard the lives and limbs of our friends should the lighter equipment succumb to the unexpected overload.

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COMPENSATION

I'd like to think when life is done,
That I had filled a needed post.
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With more than idle talk and boast;
That I had taken gifts divine,
The breath of life and manhood fine,
And tried to use them now and then
In service for my fellow men.

I'd hate to think when life is through
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind, that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;
That I had wasted all my days
By treading only selfish ways,
And that this world would be the same
If it had never known my name.

I'd like to think that here and there,
When I am gone, there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I toiled for gain;
That some one's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I had been worth while;
That I had paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.

-- Edgar A. Guest

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IF YOU ARE RELIGIOUSLY INCLINED--
You'll enjoy the Choir Practice Friday
Nights, 7:30 P.M. at the Moss Hall;
Sunday School at 10 A.M. Sunday at the
School House; and J. A. Roberts' sermon
Sunday night at 7:30 in the Moss
Hall. The Community Church.

Dancing on a new floor. Music by the Pan Am Funmakers, and incidentally it has been rumored that if those boys ever get loose in a Night Club atmosphere instead of a mass hall dance, they would show Aruba a few things about Hot, Wild Music. Be there and hear 'em.

There is the Reception Committee, House Committee, and everything to make your night A NIGHT.

We couldn't write about all the details, of course. However, the cover charge will be \$5.00 per person and that will include everything mentioned here, and more. It will include hats, confetti, streamers, hammers, rattles, dinner, show dancing, prompt table service, et. The A La Carte Liquid Refreshment menu will, of course, be additional but reasonable.

CALL W. W. LAWRENCE NOW
Dial 92

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DARWINIAN SEARCH ENDED

Darwin spent years in gathering proof for his theory of evolution. He had a pretty continuous story with all of the explaining explained, except for one break in the continuity. No fossil could be found to bridge one gap in the evolved vertebrates. Scientists have since carried on the search, the very elusiveness of the subject getting the name of "The Missing Link." But think of the waste of this scientific energy or the pre-eminence of Aruba when the news leaks out. Aruba has "The Missing Link." The secret is out. In the Warehouse on a high shelf in a cardboard box, the subject lies, plainly labeled, "The Missing Links."
(Rockefeller Foundation, please copy)

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The Prime of Wales afforded the British public with two thrills the other day; the first when his personal plane made a forced landing with a pilot and an unidentified passenger, and the second when he was revealed as a noodlework expert.

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A forced landing on the roof of Seattle's largest department store was accomplished on Nov. 18th without injury to pilot or two passengers. Bob Wark, pilot, found his ship in distress while flying over the city. He panicked it at

"AS WE GET IT"

Aruba was host to Mr. P. H. Harwood, Miss Harwood and Miss Ferney during their pleasurable but brief visit to Pan Aruba. Their former visits made everyone with whom they came in contact eagerly look forward to a protracted visit this time, some even went so far as to hope they would be with us New Years. We hope they'll visit us again soon; otherwise the changes will be so great that they may pass on by and not recognize the changed physical characteristics of the Island which only a few months can wrought.

Among other arrivals from the New York Office is Mr. Merrill of the Transportation Department, and Mr. Sweeney, Ass't. General Manager of Manufacturing of the Pan American Petroleum & Transport Co. Welcome to Aruba, the paradise of the Caribbean.

Good old Bill! You'd all guess it before we'd say a word, wouldn't you? Well, you're right. Bill Morris is married, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris will be on their way to Aruba soon. We know a bachelor or two who have had experience in planning the menus that'll please. It's expected that they will meet the Morris ship with an apple instead of the keys to the city. We're congratulating the Morrises.

Did you ever think that every time we say "Hello" to some one, there have been others who have had to say "Good Bye?" Such is our feeling when we reprint an excerpt from the Denton Record, (Nebraska).

"When the 7:30 pulled out of the Union Depot last evening, it carried away one of our stalwart and leading citizens, Mr. Frank C. Hocking, brother of Mayor Hocking. Frank has been vacationing with us and renewing old acquaintances, besides sampling our fried chickens. He is returning to Aruba, S.O., where he anticipates remaining 18 months."

We know how you felt, Frank; we've been on that platform ourselves.

.....
FOUND: Set of Yale keys; Inquire at PAN ARUBAN Office.
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This is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their Country Club. Have you made your New Years Evening reservations?

Mrs. S. Pooblos and Mrs. Jack Emory were hostesses at two meetings of the ALL STATES PINOCHELE CLUB within the last two weeks. Mrs. Pooblos entertained the members and their husbands December 3d, while Mrs. Emory entertained Monday afternoon. Everyone had a very enjoyable time, cards, dancing and refreshments. Mrs. Martin is a new member of the Club. Mrs. Wilkens, who left for the States recently, took with her a remembrance tray inlaid with pearl, the gift of the ALL STATERS.

BACK HOME AND BROKE

One by one the prodigals come wandering back to the fold. In this case it is the prodigal, not the calf, who has been fattened. Leon Rought, Chief Time-Keeper, returned on the PAUL H. HARWOOD, looking bigger and better than ever. Like all the boys returning after their vacation in the States, Leon reports a glorious time at home, but said he was glad to be back in Aruba. He sailed from Providence, and says he thinks he discovered why that city has such a heavenly name. The train on which Leon traveled from New York to Providence reached there at a most ugly hour-- 5 A.M. That was some few hours before sailing time, so Leon decided to see the sights. Hailing a taxi, he instructed the driver to show him the place. They drove all thru the business district (if Providence may be said to have one) and thru the residential district, thus killing several hours. Back at the dock, Leon asked, rather timidly, what the bill would be. In a voice that surely sounded angelic, the driver replied, "Seventy cents, sir."

We are only sorry Leon did not bring car and driver along to Aruba; it would have been a divine convenience when commuting to Oranjestad.

SPECIAL RATES FOR CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

The Radio Station in Oranjestad has advised that from Dec. 15th, 1929 to Jan. 5th, 1930, they will accept Christmas and New Year telegrams for transmission at the following rates per telegram:

Holland, \$1.30, Netherland East India \$2.60, Surinam \$0.60, New York \$1.40, Boston, Washington, D.C. and San Francisco \$1.65. Telegrams to all other places in the United States and Canada will be posted from New York and the charges will be also \$1.65 per telegram. You may only make use of the following text.

1. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
2. Heartiest Christmas greetings from us all.
3. All good wishes for Christmas and the New Year.
4. Love and Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year.
5. Love and Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all at Home.
6. A very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and yours.
7. We all join in sending love and holiday greetings.
8. May health and happiness be yours at Christmas and throughout the New Year.
9. I wish I might be with you to wish you in person a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
10. May your Christmas be a Merry One, and the New Year happy and prosperous.
11. Many thanks for your good wishes; reciprocate heartily.
12. Best wishes for a Happy and Successful New Year.
13. May the New Year bring you Health, Happiness and Prosperity.
14. Your good wishes are heartily reciprocated. May the New Year bring you all prosperity.
15. To our friends overseas we send best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a happy and successful New Year.
16. At this festive season we would express appreciation of the cordial relations between us and extend to you best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

You may also use your own words, but the rates will be \$0.14 per word with a minimum of \$1.40 for ten words or less, to New York.

MESS HALL SCENE OF DANCE TONIGHT

A new combination has sprung up amidst us. Gilbert Williams and "Kitzy" Kitzmiller, playing the role of "Dance Promoters" and working in conjunction with the Employees Association will put on their first dance this evening. They have been hatching up something for a long time, and claim that it will be a real treat.

"If you are skeptical," they both say, "Come to the Mess Hall tonight and be convinced."

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SMITH KILLS PET COCK-ROACH

What started out to be a kindly, paternal deed was turned into a fatal tragedy in the Smith Room at Bachelor Quarters No. 2, one day during the past week. Ralph Smith is one of those particular, meticulous personages, whose razor, between each shave, must always be packed away carefully in the little silver box in which it came. Several weeks ago Ralph noticed that the razor was not the only occupant of the box. The other inhabitant was a dear little baby cock-roach. Instantly Ralph's paternal instincts were aroused. He would foster the little fellow, give him a chance. Carefully Ralph would cover the razor blades so the baby cock-roach would not cut himself. At times he would, contrary to his life-time practices, permit a bit of soap and some beard stubbles to remain upon the razor for the delation of the pet.

The little cock-roach thrived splendidly under such care, and it grew and grew. Ralph was delighted. Each night when he returned from his tiring duties in the Tinkeopers' Office, he would open the box, and talk for hours to his protégée. They conversed sometimes in English, sometimes in Papiamentu, and at other times in Cock-Roach. And Ralph taught his pet mathematics, but this, alas, was the undoing of this beautiful friendship. The little cock-roach, grown to manhood now, learned to add. And how cock-roaches can add. Mr. Burroughs simply isn't in it with them.

One evening after a particularly trying day at the office (Saturday I think) Smith returned to his room. He was out of sorts. For cheer and comfort,

(CONTINUED PAGE 6)

SPORTS

NEW YEAR'S TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Drawings have been made for the second Pan American Tennis Tournament, which will wind up on New Years Day. The reward for the winner will be temporary possession of the beautiful trophy that was presented to Ken Myers, winner of the Queen's Birthday tournament in August. The trophy will become the permanent property of any one winning it three times.

This tournament is expected to furnish the same high-class competition that was displayed in the previous tourney. Both Ken Myers, defending champion, and Schulenberg, the other finalist, are entered. Roebuck, a semi-finalist, also is back again, along with some faces that will be seen for the first time on the local courts in tournament competition.

"Rebel" English will have the management of the tournament; he promises the best of entertainment, satisfaction guaranteed. The drawings follow:

UPPER BRACKET:

1. Williams	vs.	English
2. Roebuck		Barr
3. Cleveland		Scott
4. Boon		Schulenberg
5. King		Luth
6. Cross		Lumsden
7. Porter		Strong
8. O'Neil		Perkins

LOWER BRACKET

9. Mechling	vs.	Orr
10. Myers		Palmer
11. Rey		Hopkins
12. Kaplan		Switzer
13. Henley		Dougherty
14. Doller		Tully
15. Poole		Rosborough
16. Rutz		Baldwin

The matches are scheduled to start on Saturday, Dec. 14th, weather permitting. A schedule will be posted in the Moss Hall showing the hours of the various matches.

SCORING HONORS TO TENNESSEE

Gone Mciever of Tennessee captured the Nations' 1929 gridiron scoring honors last Saturday by scampering through the South Carolina "gamecocks" for five touchdowns and boosting his score to 130 points. His five touchdowns and three extra points enabled him to nose out Clark Hinckle of Bucknell who completed his season Thanksgiving Day with 128 points.

AS WE GET IT - (Continued)

had been his habit recently, he opened up the razor box for a chat with the best friend he had. And there, unblushingly, stood the cock-roach, and behind him a family of oh, countless baby cock-roaches. Smith gulped; he was torn between indignation and pride. Should he laugh or cry? That was the question.

Unfortunately for the cock-roach family, just at that crucial moment several of the junior members, in a spirit of fun, took up the razor and pretended to shave with it.

Now, in the Smith family, it is an unwritten law that if any one dares to borrow your razor, the penalty is death. Immediately Ralph became purple with rage. He clenched his fists, gritted his teeth, and did all the other things a man does when he sees someone else using his razor.

We have no wish to recount the harrowing details of the murder that followed. Suffice it to say that a cock-roach old or young, cannot swim. Friends of Smith, hearing the commotion in his room, rushed in, to discover him dancing about the wash basin, singing gloefully, "Down the sewer you rust go, you rust go, you must go." Smith, let it be said, possesses a rich barytone, which when properly bestirred by the emotions, makes a fitting accompaniment for any murder,-- indeed, inviting one.

That night, an Indignation Meeting was held by other members of Bachelor

(Continued Page 7--Column 2)

"LA CUCARACHA" SKIDS THE WAVES:

The Commodore of Aruba's first tangible Yacht Club has just christened his new addition to Aruba's pleasure devices. The name of the new boat is "LA CUCARACHA" The Cock-roach, and its flying one at that. Driven by a twenty horse power Speeditwin, Evinrude Motor, the shell skids over the sea at a speed of 32 miles per hour. The hull construction was made especially heavy to stand the rough seas which it would encounter. With this disadvantage removed, it is probable that the craft would bounce over the waves at 40 miles per hour.

The Captain of this bark, Mr. C.C. Ross, is exultant with the performance which he has obtained, since the boat is Aruba-made in every respect. It was designed by Mr. T. S. Cooke and Mr. Ross, and has the stamp of being "Ross Built."

With the pioneering stages over, it will not be at all surprising to see a regular fleet of Outboard Motor boats next summer, on the Lagoon or the Bay.

AS WE GET IT - (Continued)

Quarters No. 2. They got together to discuss ways and means of punishing Smith for having extorted what was believed to be the only family of cock-roaches on the entire Island. Every one was in favor of drastic punishment of some sort, but they could not come to any decision as to the nature of torture, until some one who knew Smith particularly well thought up just the right thing. They invited Smith into the meeting, and then Gin Ricketts were served to all the guests--but Smith was made to drink water. He writhed in agony, cut to the quick. This was a form of torture he could not bear.

Broken hearted, Smith dejectedly left the room, promising never again to harm an innocent cock-roach.

"Bucky" Reed, congenial office boy in the Executive Department, contributed this one.

"Say," said one man to another, "I guess I'm quite a sheik. I can name a
(Continued next page)

CLUBHOUSE "MIRAFUAR"

ORANJESTAD

ON THE SEA FRONT

(South and East of Police Station)

GRAND OPENING ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1929

ALL KINDS OF DRINKS AND REFRESHMENTS

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN DISHES A SPECIALTY

A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OVER THE SEA

BEST SERVICE

"SOMETHING DIFFERENT"

THE BEST CLASS FOR THE BEST PEOPLE

 JE
 ERS
 BEANS
 AS
 AT POWDER
 - BATH MATS

(Continued from Page 7)

thousand women I have made love to."

"That's nothing," replied his friend,
"I've been an ice-man for fifteen years."

Book Review by the Parrot.

SISTER MARY, by Julia Peterkin.
Pulitzer Prize Novel.

I do not think that I have read any thing so refreshing in a long time. The novel is a pure gem of realism, humour, life. It deals with Carolina's colored folks and if one knows and loves the South--that gripping land--one feels it, breathes it at every page. "Sis Mary" is a brazen music who, after she has mourned and grieved in true negro exaggeration over the runaway July, her law-ful husband, turns to sin and many children and finds contentment if not happiness. Her reasoning is sound and sane, her code of morals is certainly not according to civilized laws, but it is primitive and sensible. Of course the religious side of the race plays a capital part in the story. A religion that they have arranged, twisted, cut or emphasized to suit their juvenile, simple souls. They fundamentally crave excitement so their church is a profoundly exciting affair. Girls can't dance in public halls, but they dance in the house of God--to frenzy. Sister Mary goes through such emotions at viewing a vivid picture of hell that she barely can rush home before she gives birth to twins. The simplicity with which she endorses the maternity of her elder daughter's illegitimate baby and the ease with which she accepts the roaring of her son's little girl--giving her four infants to care for at one time, realizes the ideal spirit of charity which one seldom encounters now among the very poor or the very primitive, though this spirit is down to the bare truth, the only essential law of Christ.

The interest of the book lays in so many good points that it is impossible to list them all. The style is substantial, sentences short and easy to read, direct--if one is at all familiar with negro talk, rings in one's ears as they go along. There are no white men in the story. It deals not with social problems. It pictures life as they are amongst them--on a Saturday school. It pictures Hell when it is Monday, Wednesday or Friday. It pictures Hell when it is

A TRIP TO CURACAO

by
FKP

My molar being in a rather bad state of disrepair, the powers-that-be (thats me) decided that I should hire myself hence and engage the services of a sober, industrious, efficient, and intellectual dentist. The Sister Island, Curacao, was chosen.

I can see a serene smile on my reader's face at first mention of the word, "dentist." In fact since my return, even my bosom friends have asked me just why I went to Curacao. When I patiently remind them that they were cognizant of the reason for my trip before I left Aruba, a sly, knowing smile creeps over their rugged countenances. Then they ask to see my teeth. Ah! My friends, my friends, that is truly adding insult to injury. Never confide even in your best friend; he'll know before you tell him any way.

But I out-foxed them all this time; for away down in the bottom of my purse (all alone there, too, except for five gulden) I have a bill rendered by the best dentist in Curacao, his signature over a Dutch stamp, and the Governor's moniker to top it off.

But that is neither here nor there in this treatise. With my toothbrush, razor, three shirts and various other accoutrements packed in my little bag the night before, I arose at five (5:00) A.M.--what an effort!--on November 16th, and was driven to Oranjestad by the most potent pumper on the Booster Pump House. Not a purchase. Sometime between eight and nine, the S. S. "ARACILIBO" swung into the Caribbean bound for Curacao.

The trip over was good, bad and indifferent. On board the boat I found six Kellogg acquaintances, Bob Davison, of San Nicolas, and the ex-chief of San Nicolas police. The sea was a bit rough, and before Aruba had been lost in the haze five of the nine of us were beginning to wonder. Would we or would we not? To settle our complaining stomachs, we had two rounds of beer. That made everything just dandy--for the fish. Willenstad willen into sight (or did we have into Willenstad's sight?) about four thirty P.M. We proceeded almost immediately into the harbor, but it was 7:15 before we again set foot on well-known terra firma.

Where to go? Hotel Whosit had the rop so throo we migrated. Now, I don't like to knock ambitious and enterprising hostelrys. If you don't like to hear them panned, perhaps you should skip the rest of this paragraph; for one hotel is going to be run down right here. The Management tossed us three into a room, \$4.00 a tuse. No lock on the door, no rugs on the floor, one puny electric globe so dim that you could not see to light a smoke by its light, no running water, amny cot-type bed springs, nothing that resembled a mattress, no blankets available, no screens to exclude the droves of house flies and mosquitoes which thrive there, no elevators, no bell hops, no nothing. One bath and toilet por floor. Non-functional toilette, salt water bath, and the best hotel in Curacao! Whoopoo!!

Our first night there was no soap, but there would be some tomorrow. We had a shaving cream bath. But let's forget that; it is an unpleasant memory. This much must be said: The meals were comparatively good, and the Management very courteous on all occasions.

After my first two days there, my shaving brush disappeared. The mid know nothing of it. Her old man might have done without a couple of beers and bought one. Anyhow I started out in search of a shaving brush. After hunting the town over I had to admit failure. Evidently there was not a shaving brush for sale in Curacao. I went to a barber shop, but each of the three barbers had "Barbers' Itch" stamped on his neck, just below the left ear. So I had to work along.

In the dining room of the hotel, I was seated at a table with a native of Curacao. He was an extremely handsome dark-haired chap of Spanish origin, with a charming personality. He spoke English reasonably well. From him I learned many things of the history of Curacao. One thing of much interest to me was the origin of the name of the Island. He says that the discoverer of Curacao, Cortez I believe, brought fifty priests to Curacao some months after he had discovered it, for the purpose of Christianizing the native Indians. After the priests had been there for several months the Indians held a pow-wow. After going into a huddle, they decided that their

religious education had progressed far enough. They rounded up the fifty priests and staked them out like so many kine. Then the younger lads were sent out to gether in the firewood; the missionaries were incinerated. Therefrom springs the name. "Cura" burned; "cao" at the stako. Cura-cao--burned at the stako.

The capital of Curacao is a bustling city, no end. There are automobiles galore. Very heavy traffic at times, I presume, for the tropics. Do you think there is about a 700% excess of horn-blowing in Aruba? Then don't over risk Curacao. Those boys just don't lift their fingers from the tooter. The streets are paved, though a bit narrow. And there is a goodly abundance of attractive residences.

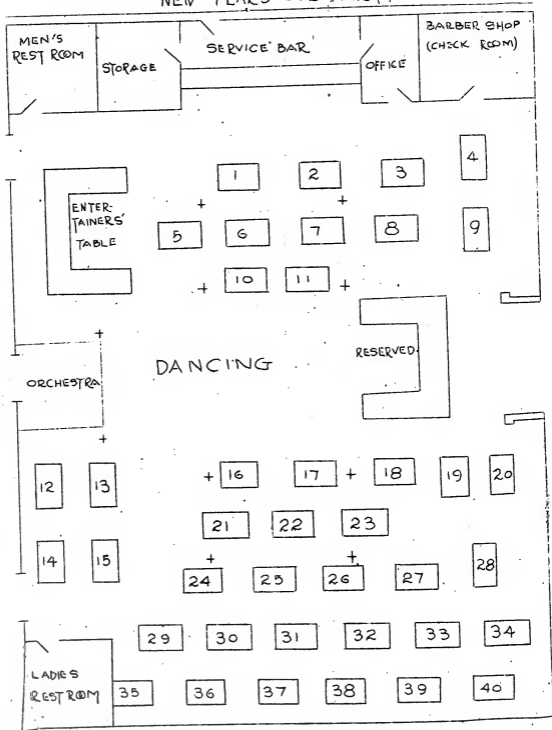
Did I tell you that the trip over was a bit rough? Then you should have been along on the return trip. I decided to return on a schooner, just for the novelty of it. The skipper told me we would sail about five P.M. At three o'clock two sailing vessels headed out into the sea. As soon as they hit the swells they were out of sight half of the time. That did not look so good to me. To brace myself I consumed four bottles of beer. When I came aboard at five, the captain regretted to announce that we would sail at six o'clock. That was the indirect cause of four more bottles of beer. And the swells looked like moving mountains when we did get out into them. I rode a mule once for two or three minutes that could not be ridden; what a tame ride that mulish affair turned out to be.

Yes, and I'm mighty glad to get back home.

THE RETAIL COMMISSARY ANNOUNCES:

CORNED BEEF HASH	DEVILED HAM
SWANSDOWN CAKE FLOUR	CANNED SWEET
BONELESS CHICKEN	POTATOES
KIP SPRAYERS	HORNELL PORK TONGUE
GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES	
KODAK FILMS, PAPER, TUBES & POWDERS	
SCHLIEFFTS CHOCOLATES	PEANUT MEATS
COLGATES MENS' TALC	PEANUTS
BRAIN FLEGS	JUNIOR POWDER
GOLD BALLS - MEN'S SLIPPERS - BATH MATS	

FLOOR PLAN OF CLUB HOUSE AS ARRANGED FOR
NEW YEARS EVE PARTY



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