

# WHISPERING ROCK

by JOHN LEBAR

## TENTH INSTALLMENT

Ruth felt that the only definite result of consulting a lawyer would be to put Snavelly in a fury. After all, a lawyer couldn't change anything; she had her interest in the ranch and Snavelly his. She supposed that Snavelly thought himself to have once been cheated by the law and that to him it represented civilization in much the same way that barbed wire did.

Snavelly had left for Palo Verde immediately after breakfast in search of Mexicans. Now Ruth and Ann were catching their horses while David watched from the top of the corral gate.

Before he left, Snavelly had ordered Ann to ride the south pasture and Ruth had quietly determined to go along. The south pasture contained the only water-filled pond and consequently all of the cattle, except those which watered at the corral troughs on the home ranch. Ruth wanted to see if the feed in the south pasture was as nearly one as Snavelly had said.

"The little party had reached the inclined road which led down into the gulch when Ruth spurred Brisket to the side of the big road. She pointed to the trail which led along the southern bank of the gulch. 'Don't we want to go this way, Ann?'"

Ann shook her head. "You-all kin go round—I got to go through. This here's the natural way to go."

Ruth hesitated, then followed Ann. She did not know whether or not she was afraid to pass the brown boulder which squatted so nakedly in the barren sand. She supposed she would scream if she heard anything. . . . As they reached the floor of the gulch the roots of her hair began to tingle. Ahead, Ann was sitting very straight in her saddle. The horses plodded slowly through the sand, yet they seemed to approach the boulder with incredible speed. Ruth's hand gripped her saddle horn, her shoulders were hunched as though expecting a blow. All about was the bright, hot silence of the morning—a stillness somehow more terrifying than the shadow-filled evening when she had first come through the gulch. Ann was passing the boulder; Ruth could see the first slight relaxing of the great body; then it suddenly grew tense, and Ann reined her horse to a dead stop. Ruth and David also stopped. Ann remained motionless, her head set rigidly. Ruth held her breath and listened. She heard nothing. She allowed Brisket to take a few steps nearer the roan, then stopped him. She could hear something now, a low whispering guttural voice, so faint that she could almost imagine she heard nothing. For perhaps a minute she listened, before Ann nodded as though in reply and urged her horse forward. Ruth heard nothing as she passed the rock, except perhaps a dry rustling as of brushed leaves, but of course there were no leaves, only sand, empty sand and the banded walls of the gulch far to the right and left.

When they were out of the gulch and had turned southward, Ruth spoke to Ann. "Did it speak in Spanish?"

"Apache."

That was all Ruth could bring herself to ask and the only word Ann had ever said about the voice. During the whole of the ride Ann made no comment. Even when they were returning, and Ruth remarked that the quick growing billows of clouds above the western mountains might mean rain, the Indian woman only nodded. The mother and son rode around the gulch, but the giants went through.

Ruth and David had been in the old adobe for some time when Ann passed and entered the ranch house. Although it was hardly mid-afternoon the sun had already set behind the black mountain range of clouds. A cold wind blew, slowing gaining in strength, driving swirls of dust which few like frightened shapes before it.

Ann entered the kitchen and made the fire. She put on a kettle of water and a pot. From time to time as she mixed dough for the tortillas, she licked her lips. She had made six lumps and had begun to flatten the first by slapping it in her huge hands when she threw down the dough with a frenzied gesture and almost ran into Snavelly's room. She did not pause but took hold of the nearest corner of the old carpet and flung it violently back. On her knees, she peered closely at the cracks in the floor, testing the boards with an occasional thump of her great fist. At length she found what she sought; with her nails in the crack she pulled up two short boards, tossed them aside, and thrust her arm into the opening. She brought up a tin cash box which fell heavily as she dropped it beside the hole. Then a wolfish grin twisted her lips and she withdrew a quart bottle filled with white

liquid. "Here you is—jest like th' voice say," she rumbled. . . .

When Ruth brought her son into the ranch house Ann was in the kitchen, the last of the tortillas crisply browning on top of the stove. The girl received the surprise of her life when Ann looked at her with a broad grin. "Well, howdy, folks—set down; th' eats 'er comin'!"

"Why, Ann—"

"What's th' matter, white girl—skeered o' somepin' agin'?" Ann laughed, the full-throated, primitive laugh of the negro. She snatched the burning tortilla from the stove and flung it toward the table.

"Miss An's funny!" David's little voice was filled with questioning delight.

Ruth said nothing but seated herself at the kitchen table.

"Now fer a feed," grunted Ann. Her chair squeaked dangerously as she slid into it. "Here, white girl," she invited, holding out a pot, "slop yersef a plat o' beans."

There was no spoon in the pot and Ruth poured out the beans. She couldn't understand what had happened to Ann, but something warned her not to ask for a spoon.

"Ann," said the girl, "it's beginnin' to rain and the wind is much stronger—do you suppose we ought to go to the barn and see if everything's shut tight? Is the windmill shut off?"

For a second Ann appeared to consider the matter, then she grinned and waved her arm aimlessly. "Let 'er rain—can't do nothin' 'bout it!" She began to sing, beating the table with her cup:

"A man kin sow corn,  
A man kin sow oats,  
A man kin git chillen,  
A man kin raise shoats,  
A man kin make one thing,  
A man kin make two—  
But hit rains, dear Lord,  
Like hit wants to do!"

The cup broke and Ann settled back in her chair, holding a bit of the porcelain handle between her big fingers and laughing—deep, gurgling laughter.

David looked questioningly at his mother. Ruth had an idea. "Ann's a great old sport, isn't she?" And she laughed until David joined uncertainly. "Singing some, Ann," she cried, patting the huge knee which had slid to press her own. She knew that Ann must be drunk, but where she had obtained the liquor was a mystery.

Ann immediately obliged with a song which was evidently a relic of the days when she "run a dance hall down in Texas." Terrified as she was, the girl found time to hope that parts of the song would not linger in David's brain. She applauded vigorously. "That's fine!" And leaning forward confidently, "When the cat's away, Ann—you know!" She finished with a wink.

But at the allusion to Snavelly's absence the giants ceased to grin and looked steadily at Ruth. "Aw hell!" she said fiercely, "you're playin' a game! What're you up to, huh?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Ruth airily. "If you want to be a pig, all right—I just thought you might give me a drink, that's all."

"Aw now, honey! Shorely, shorely you kin have a drink—big drink." Ann rose and went to the flour bin where she pulled out a bottle, half full, and shoved it toward Ruth. "Go to it, kiddo!"

Ruth took out the cork and put the mouth of the bottle to her nose. "What is this, Ann?"

"Gawd love us!" she said explosively, "where was you raised? That there's mescal—dynamite, that's what it is—make it out cactus, the greasers do, and it shorely has its prickles left. I've seen a man stand to th' bar an' drink five whiskey glasses of it durin' 'bout half an hour, then maybe he'd go an' set with the boys and girls an' he'd be cold sober—like what I am now—he'd be cold sober, just funnin' a little maybe, fer 'bout an hour an' then"—Ann leaned forward dramatically—"an' then he'd get up to take a little walk, an' he take two steps an' fall flat on his face! That's how it hits you."

Ruth eyed the half-filled bottle and wondered when Ann had begun. "I—I don't think I want any right now—later."

Ann's great fist crashed on the table. "Yuh ast fer a drink, go ahead! Ain't I fittin' company fer yuh?" she snarled.

Ruth slowly poured some of the liquor in her cup. At that moment the room went vivid with lighting and the very earth leaped with the detonation of thunder. "Ann!" cried the girl, "how about Sugarfoot?"

The giants got to her feet, deeply concerned. "Pore little Sugarfoot—pore little lamb. . . ." She went out of the room muttering dolefully.

Ruth hid the bottle behind the kitchen door and going into the sitting room lit the lamp. The rain beating against the window was

running under the sill and down the wall. Ruth could think of nothing better to do, so she and David began stuffing paper in the crack. They turned at a low laugh and saw the giants filling the doorway; her head bent forward so as not to bump the lintel. "You couldn't guess," she whispered, coming into the room, "he's done crawled in mammy's bed an' shut his little eyes. He ain't gettin' in no storm!"

Ruth smiled and looking about, picked up an ore specimen. "Where'd they get this, Ann?"

"Huh? I doan know—been here longer'n what I have—" Her eyes fell on the equi bow hanging above

the shelf. "There's a weapon for yuh!" She snatched down the bow. "Gawd! them flimsy men—I seen two of 'em tryin' this bow—couldn't hardly bend it, they couldn't—an' as fer shootin'! Hell—ain't no man here 'bout can draw arrow to this bow. Look at me!" She jerked an arrow from the quiver and placing it on the string drew it slowly, easily back. The tough wood creaked and the sinews of her great wrist stood out like rods as the long ironwood head of the arrow came to the hand on the bow. For a moment she held it so, and her eyes sought Ruth's in satisfaction. She swerved slightly, the string twanged like a taut wire and the three-foot arrow, with a his and a click, passed through the panel of the kitchen door and stopped with a thud somewhere beyond.

For a moment there came into Ann's face a look of soberness; as though half ashamed, she hung the bow back on the wall. But as she was lowering her arms she paused, took an uncertain step, and turning, slouched heavily against the wall. Ruth hugged David closer.

# Coming Attractions At The Palace

## LATEST EDITION OF SCANDALS IS NEW SHOW

Irving N. Lewis and his Scandals will open a one day engagement at the Palace Theatre on Thursday of this week, Oct. 26th. One morning matinee 10:30 a. m., two night performances, 7:15-8:45 p. m.

As a presentation it offers many new novelties and up to the minute vod-vil. "Scandals" has been pronounced by press and public to be superior to anything of its kind on the road today, and well may it be said that no expense has been spared to make it so—with plenty of special scenery and electrical effects, gorgeous costumes and an ensemble of pretty girls.

Heading the list is Mr. Lewis himself. He needs no introduction to millions of theatre-goers.

Harry Hoyt, that likable master of ceremonies and golden-voiced tenor, direct from Chicago.

Frankie and Gladys Harris in a study in black and tan.

Suzanne and Everose in something new, hot, and different.

Rose Sydehl, that little atom of animation and sauciness. Mable Harrel, the Boop-boop-adoop girl. Virginia Lee, that sensational acrobatic dancer. Billie Starr, the dancing streak lightning. Harry and La Vaughn, and the syncopators, stage band deluxe, making in all a fast stepping presentation act from start to finish.

## NEW ZANE GREY FILM PORTRAYS HISTORIC FEUD

Abounding in historic feuds between cattlemen, the rugged West furnished Zane Grey with one of its most spectacular struggles for "To The Last Man," which Paramount has just filmed. The picture is coming on Saturday, Oct. 28th, to the Palace Theatre.

The imposing all-star cast features Randolph Scott, Esther Ralston, Buster Crabbe, Jack LaRue, and

## Irving Lewis' Scandals



**PALACE THEATRE**  
Thursday (only) Oct. 26th  
Morning Mat. 10:30. Adm. 10-25c  
No Afternoon Matinee.  
Evening Perf. 7:15-8:45. Adm. 15-35c

Noah Beery. The company of more than 150 players was sent to the actual location of Zane Grey's story, where it remained for several weeks in order to provide the picture with the necessary tone of realism.

## CROSBY HEADS ALL-STAR CAST OF FILMUSICAL

Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen, Harry Green, Lilyan Tashman and Ned Sparks head the star-packed cast of Paramount's sensational musical comedy smash, "Too Much Harmony," which comes to the Palace Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 30th and 31st.

The film centers around the on-and-off stage activities of a group of show people. Interspersed in the action are eight brand new hit tunes, and several lavish production numbers, with a huge chorus of Hollywood's foremost beauties. Crosby has the stellar role of

Eddie Bronson, musical comedy star who falls in love with Judith Allen when he discovers her doing a small-time vaudeville act in the west. He brings her to Broadway for a big role in his new show, and then the fun begins. For along with her comes her fiance, Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher. The film comes to a highly amusing conclusion when Oakie impersonates a Texas millionaire, in order to alienate the affections of Crosby's scheming fiancée so that Bing and Judith can get together.

## 2 Academy Winners Help to Make 'Secrets'

Two double-winners before the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and two runners-up worked with Mary Pickford making "Secrets," which comes to the Palace Theatre on Friday, Oct. 27th.

The double-winners are Frank Borzage and Frances Marion, the former for direction of "Bad Girl" and "Seventh Heaven" and the latter for scripts of "The Champ" and "The Big House." The runners-up are Ray June, cameraman, and Richard Day, art director.

In front of the cameras was another all-star cast. Miss Pickford's leading man was Leslie Howard and

the other girl, Mona Maris. Others are: C. Aubrey Smith, Blanche Frederici, Doris Lloyd, Herbert Evans, Ned Sparks and Jerry Stewart.

## MUSICAL OFFERS PEP AND TUNES LONG STAR LIST

Eight New Hit Tunes Feature Comedy With Bing Crosby; Oakie-Gallagher in "Too Much Harmony"

## AT PALACE MONDAY-TUESDAY

Paramount's "Too Much Harmony," the first musical hit of the new 1933-34 season, makes its first local appearance on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 30-31st, at the Palace Theatre. In the stellar role is Bing Crosby, who was most recently seen in Paramount's "Big Broadcast" and "College Humor."

In supporting roles are Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher, the famous comedy team who wowed audiences in "Close Harmony" several years ago; Judith Allen, Cecil B. DeMille's new screen find; Harry Green, famous stage and screen dialectic funster; Lilyan Tashman and Ned Sparks. Direction was Edwan Sutherland, who also mega-

phoned "Whoopee."

The story, moving in and out of a theatrical atmosphere, relates the adventures of a group of show people rehearsing for a forthcoming musical comedy. Bing Crosby, star of the show, is engaged to the fascinating gold-digger, Lilyan Tashman. He meets Judith Allen while on a trip in the West, thinks she has great stage possibilities and makes her a member of the show, and promptly falls in love with her. The situation becomes embarrassing when he discovers that Judith is virtually engaged to Jack Oakie, part of her act. Oakie and Crosby come to blows, then to an understanding, and the final scenes end the novel plot in unusual and satisfactory fashion.

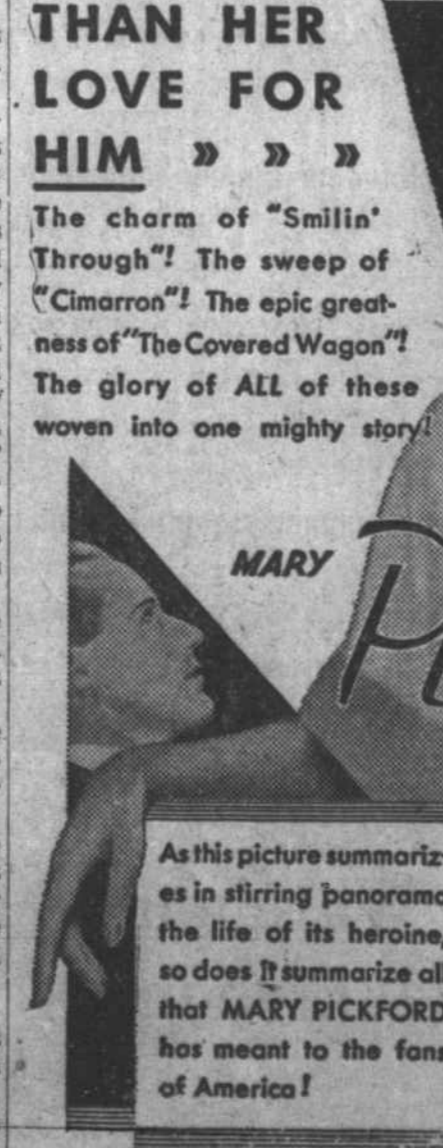
Eight new song hits by Arthur Johnston and Sam Coslow are introduced in the film. They are "Thanks," "Buckin' the Wind," "Cradle Me with a Hot-Cha Lullaby," "Black Moonlight," "Boo-Boo-Boo," "The Day You Came Along," "The Two Aristocrats" and "I Guess It Had To Be That Way."

There is a good local demand for all seed Abruzzi rye harvested in Northampton County last spring. One grower reports selling 500 bushels of seed last week to local farmers.

Friday (Only) October 27th

## NO SECRET HE MIGHT WANT TO KEEP FROM HER WAS BIGGER THAN HER LOVE FOR HIM » » »

The charm of "Smilin' Through"! The sweep of "Cimarron"! The epic greatness of "The Covered Wagon"! The glory of All of these women into one mighty story!



MARY Pickford  
IN  
**SECRETS**  
LESLIE HOWARD  
with  
UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE  
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

As this picture summarizes in stirring panorama the life of its heroine, so does it summarize all that MARY PICKFORD has meant to the fans of America!

Matinee and Evening Performances

MONDAY and TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30-31ST

DANCING... Tempestuous... Original! SONGS... Blazing... Haunting! STARS... Romantic... Crazy Funny! GIRLS... Hot-cha Honies!



## "TOO MUCH HARMONY"

A Paramount Picture with the star of 'College Humor' and 'Big Broadcast' **Bing CROSBY**  
Teaming together again... those 'Close Harmony' boys!  
**JACK OAKIE**  
**Skeets GALLAGHER**  
with  
**JUDITH ALLEN**  
**HARRY GREEN**  
**LILYAN TASHMAN**  
and **NED SPARKS**  
**THEATRE**  
6 BRAND NEW SONGS including 'Thanks' and 'Black Moonlight'

Morning Mat. Monday 10:30 a. m. Afternoon Mat. Mon. 3:15 p. m.