

## Urge Cooperation In Gigantic Undertaking

The American Guide (to be published in five regional volumes, arranged by states, cities and counties) is intended to answer the need for a comprehensive description of the United States. It undertakes to provide tourists with comprehensive descriptive material on the scenic, historical, colorful, unique, and recreational points of interest in the country; for the student, author, and research worker the Guide will compile rich source material of cultural, economic, and historical value; and most important of all, for the average citizen who cannot afford to travel extensively yet is interested in all the resources of his country, the Guide will provide in simple language a medium to acquaint him with every section of this vast country. The Guide by assembling material now scattered in various sources, will present information now not readily available. Since it will supplement, but not supersede road guides and other private publications, its is non-competitive and non-commercial. In its general scope it is intended to be of service to all private tour agencies, public carriers, local and national associations having to do with the conservation of historic monuments, natural beauties, and the like, chambers of commerce and civic bodies, recreational clubs and societies, and all enterprises, public and private, which minister to the varied interests of the general public. As by-products of the Guide, material will be deposited in the states and local districts for state and local guides.

### HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB HOLDS MEETING

The Columbia Home Demonstration club held its monthly meeting with Mrs. Inez Townsend, Willard, on Jan. 17 with 27 members present and three visitors. The meeting was presided over by the president, Miss Effie Costin. Mrs. W. C. Savage, secretary, reported. The program was as follows: Bible reading, Mrs. H. S. Harrelson; repeating of collect assembled and a "Song of the Open Country", current events by Mrs. J. B. Johnston; jokes by Mrs. Ruby Cockman; special music by Mrs. Frank Savage; reading by Mrs. R. S. Corbett; song, "The More We Get Together."

The minor project leaders reported as follows: Foods, Mrs. Carl Cockman; home beautification, Mrs. Ralph Gurganious; home gardens, Mrs. H. S. Harrelson; child development, Mrs. Frank Savage; recreation, Mrs. Joe Johnston.

Miss Orr, home agent, gave a demonstration on modern kitchen arrangements.

Two showers were given, one for Mrs. Karey McIntire and one for Mrs. C. J. King. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess.

The February meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. J. B. Johnston.

### "FARM ALMANAC, FACTS BOOK" IS GIVEN BY FORD

Publication of a "Farm Almanac and Facts Book" which will be distributed to the rural population in all parts of the country was announced by the Ford Motor Company.

The book is of a convenient pocket size, containing 48 pages. It is unusual in make-up and content, presenting handy tables, statistics and charts for the assistance of the farmer and business man. Other sections are designed to aid the farm wife.

It carries a readily available calendar on the back cover and contains tables showing the time of rise and set of the sun and moon every day of the year.

Among the other sections of the book are: historic events for each day of the year, facts about the universe, explanations of physical phenomena, a list of important festivals and anniversaries for the year, rules for foretelling weather conditions, population statistics, facts and records on farming information, on citizenship and naturalization, a review of

the history and development of the United States, poisons and their antidotes, instructions for flower and vegetable gardening, crop seed sowing instructions, a list of places of interest to the tourist, parcel post rules and regulations, temperature and rainfall chart, dates of killing frosts, and a table of distances between the principal cities of the country.

## PROMENADE DECK

By ISHBEL ROSS

"Happy enough, Mr. Macduff, but wandering in my thoughts. To tell you the truth, they're in England with my husband and my home."

"Tell me about your home." "I've never been able to conjure it up for anyone else, although it's so vivid in my own mind. It's a rambling house with gables, frightfully ancient, with bits that have been added on from time to time. The ceilings are low and beamed, and the dormer windows are tucked in odd places under the eaves. It's filled with pictures, ancient and modern, and my dog Jock patters all over it like a presiding Turk."

Angela stopped abruptly, thinking that she had been lacking in tact and reserve.

"Do you live in New York, Mr. Macduff?"

"Yes. Have you ever been there?"

"Five years ago I visited it for a few weeks. I love it, the excitement, the tearing hurry, the air—such air! But to live in it—how does one manage that?"

"My life is as quiet and slow as if I lived on the tip end of Cornwall."

"I don't see how you can dwell among such glorious skyscrapers and feel that life is quiet and slow. Life can't be slow in a soaring city. I think I should live on wings if New York were my home."

"It's all tosh, the things people think of New York. It's the best possible city for work, because it's one of the few places in the world where you are let alone if you want to be. I can work better than anywhere under the sun."

"Perhaps that's why American women accomplish so much. I admire them greatly."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Don't you?" Her voice expressed surprise.

"No. They're scatterbrains—feckless creatures. They're also shockingly vain—spending, spending, everything for clothes and appearances."

"But how stunning they look!"

"Like so many dolls in a window. The same eyes, the same lift to their chins, the same way of wearing their clothes, and the same ankles."

"But I can't imagine a race of women with better ankles! American women always surprise me afresh with the buoyancy of their spirit. They have such grace—perhaps because they're free and have economic independence. They're the only women who walk with hope and assurance."

"I don't approve of them at all."

"Oh, dear! What a pity! If I were a man and lived in America, I should admire them very much and fall in love with any number of them. They're intelligent, too. But I see it's a hopeless argument."

Macduff had lost the thread of the conversation, and seemed to be stumbling towards an important conclusion of his own. He was standing, looking down at her with an air of gloom. Angela gazed at him softly and he shifted his weight. The sun was in his eyes, the garden was fragrant with blooms, the Union Jacks were still pleasantly warm in his stomach. He rubbed the back of his head meditatively and couldn't imagine why his feet were moving towards the river. What was the sense of going to the Ganges with a chance travelling acquaintance?

"How delightful of you to come with me to the river, Mr. Macduff." Angela's voice was

gay with pleasure as she saw him falling into step.

Her companion grunted and pulled on his pipe.

"We'll ride to Tiger Hill together to see the dawn over Mount Everest when we reach Darjeeling," he announced, amazed at his own desire to establish a deeper contact with the woman at his side.

"That will be splendid," she told him.

The afternoon sun fell in slanting rays over the Indian Ocean, shedding a flutter of gold on water that heaved in a darkening swell. The aquatic sports were about to begin in the swimming pool. Patty, brim-ful of energy, was diving repeatedly from the highest springboard.

"She was born to live in a swimming-suit," Jenny said, admiringly.

"A genuine water-nymph!" Peter remarked, always appreciative of the manifestations of physical perfection.

Jenny saw that Clare and Patty were both in the race. It would be interesting to watch the two of them together, for they were evenly matched, in spite of the difference in their ages.

Clare was a gifted swimmer, and her speed and form were equal to the best that girls half her age could do. No woman on the boat could compete with her except Patty. Joan Foster was good, but she slept all day and took most of her swims late at night.

## It's Not Too Cold in Dallas



It may be snowing in the East, freezing in the Midwest and a blizzard may be coming out of the Northwest, but in Dallas, where the Texas Centennial Exposition will be held next year from June to December it wasn't too cold for Mary Ellen Logan to try the waters of White Rock Lake with

her is Carolyn Durham, chief of the Exposition's Rangerettes, a corps of 50 hostesses.

Speedboat, sailboat and outdoor motor races will be held on White Rock, just outside of Dallas, next July and August as part of the Exposition's elaborate sports program.

Clare was in tangerine, a dusky skin. Patty was in a brilliant flash in the clear water of the tank. It suited her

ter of the tank. It suited her

contestants were off, with orange and green in the lead. Clare tore through the water like a goldfish, using the long Australian crawl. Patty made better time with the American crawl.

Johnny was perched in a corner close to Angela. His face was set in anxious furrows, for he felt that the race had something to do with him. Patty won the first heat, Clare the second; they seemed to be marvellously paired. Angela sat silent, thinking of Johnny and wondering whom he wanted to win.

Clare was leading now, but Patty was creeping up. Every stroke brought her nearer to the fleet orange figure. Patty was breathing easily and turning in the water with each long stroke.

Johnny's heart was pounding. Clare was losing. Did he want her to lose? He did not know. Patty was magnificent. He liked the clean sweep of her strokes. He remembered his college days, and his heart went out to Patty. He knew she would root for him, but Clare bewitched him.

But this was Patty's race. She must win! Johnny's throat was soapy, as it used to be when he tackled at football.

Patty won, and as she touched the end of the swimming-pool, he bit his lips on a shout of jubilation. Angela felt his suppressed excitement and was suddenly sure of something that had puzzled her for weeks.

to speak to, Clare he helped out of the water. "Good stuff, Patty!" whispered Johnny as she passed him on her way to the dressing room. "You and I'll have a race pretty soon."

Patty laughed in her throat, tossed her cap and strode on. She felt robust and happy, as if a dark shadow that had been creeping up on her for weeks had taken to its heels.

Clare was also in gay spirits, a step from Peter's side. She had not cared whether she won or lost; stress did nothing but give one crow's feet.

"Well, that's over," she said. "Patty's like the wind. I admire her form in the water."

"You were quite worth watching, too". Peter's voice was warm, and his glance passed over her like a searing flame.

"Why didn't you compete, Mrs. Rumford?"

"Oh, I'm a drone," laughed Jenny.

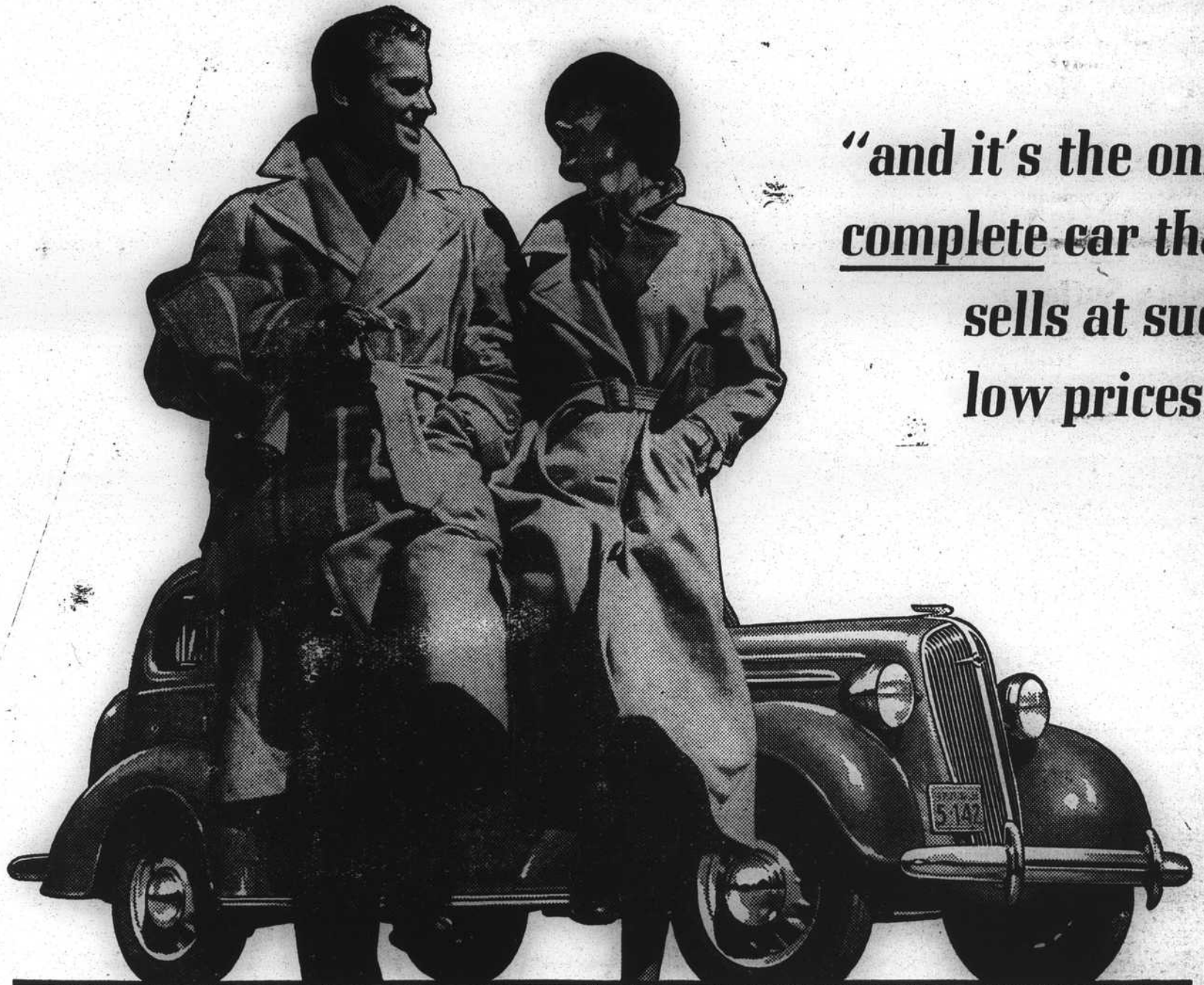
"She's a lorelei who looks for rocks to sit on in the sun while she combs her hair," said Peter.

Was Jenny dreaming, or did she catch a look of understanding, the sudden raising of a curtain, between those two? Her heart missed a beat. No, that was absurd. Day-dreams! Clare and Peter had scarcely spoken to each other since they had come on the boat, except for their chat in the lounge at Bombay. They all moved out to the deck to dry themselves.

But it was Clare he went over

(Please Turn to Page 8)

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