

# Strike Me Pink

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**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:** Eddie Pink, ex-tailor and manager of Ma Carson's Dreamland Amusement Park, has been threatened by a group of racketeers who want to install crooked slot machines. With the aid of Claribel King, his pretty secretary, he foils all their attempts, and even obtains a photograph record of a conversation which reveals that Vance, the leader of the mob, has been guilty of the murder of several managers before Eddie. The gangsters learn he has the record, and start after him.

## THE CHASE

### Chapter VI

Eddie left his office, in search of the police, a few minutes before Vance and his mob burst in. Copley rushed to the window.

"Beat it!" he yelled. "The cops are coming!"

But Vance remained calm. "A fortunate turn of events, gentlemen," he said.

Quickly he planned his ambush. As the squad of park police rushed into the room, they were immediately

slugged and disarmed. Vance and his henchmen then dressed themselves in the policemen's uniforms and set out in search of Eddie.

They came across him still hunting frantically for a park policeman. He greeted them enthusiastically, until, coming closer, he recognized Vance. Vance lunged for him, but Eddie ducked, and dashed into the Fun House, closely followed by the gangsters.

He tripped and fell in front of a mechanical figure of a boxer, just as someone dropped a penny into the slot. And the gangsters, advancing to seize him, ran into the powerful blows dealt by the mechanical prize-fighter.

Eddie, thinking some Good Samaritan had come to his rescue, rose to his feet, and extended his hand to thank the stranger. The last blow in the machine caught him neatly on the chin, and sent him tumbling into a revolving barrel.

**The Mad Chase**

These followed a mad chase in the Fun House, which left both the pursuers and the pursued completely dizzy when they finally emerged. Eddie sought refuge in a roller coaster car; but the gangsters managed to catch the rear car of the same train. Eddie uncoupled his car, and gained a slight lead. His car stalled on top of the incline, and he had to get out and push. Over the top the car gained momentum so rapidly that Eddie was unable to get back into it, and the car made its dizzy dash downward with Eddie hanging on, horizontally outstretched. Again his car lost speed on a second incline, but as Eddie got out to push again, he stumbled and dropped through the trestle, just as the train carrying Vance and the mob roared overhead.

But luck was again with Eddie. Falling through the trestle, he landed into the seat of a car passing by underneath. Ma Carson and Claribel were in this car, coming to Eddie's rescue. In the excitement, Ma Carson mistook Eddie for one of the gangsters, and began beating him over the head with an umbrella.

"Ma! It's me!" Eddie yelled, and grabbed the umbrella away from her. It opened suddenly in his hands, and the rush of air swept him out of the seat, again onto a track below.

Meanwhile, Vance and his followers had climbed out of their train, and started foot in pursuit of Eddie. Trains whizzed by, threatening both Eddie and his pursuers. The chase led through every crazy convulsion in Dreamland Park, wind-

ing up finally when Eddie was flung by one of the park contraptions to the base of a huge basket, belonging to the captive balloon that was one of the Park's major attractions.

Eddie was stunned. Before he could come to himself, an arm reached out and grasped him around the neck, lifting him completely off the ground and into the balloon. The arm belonged to Parkyakarkus.

"I watch you like a hawk," said the faithful Parkyakarkus.

Eddie and Parkyakarkus crouched in the basket. Eddie had been hauled in none too soon, for now Vance and his men came upon the scene and searched in all directions through the crowd for their victim.

From their post inside the basket, Eddie could hear the voice of the announcer.

"It's going up, folks—the huge captive balloon—it's going up a mile—5,280 feet. Don't forget folks—this evening, the mammoth, colossal, stupendous fireworks display, folks. Roman candles, skyrocket, pinwheels will be projected from the balloon basket . . ."

The voice seemed suddenly to recede. Unknown to Eddie, the announcer had pushed the lever that released the balloon, and it was ascending at a rapid rate.

"Sssh!" said Eddie. "I'll see if I can't do something."

"That's my job," said Parkyakarkus bravely. "I take care of Vance." And he rose and put one leg over the edge of the basket.

In that position he remained frozen, transfixed with fear as he realized his predicament, and saw the car's gradually receding, and the figures below growing smaller and smaller. Eddie, seeing his terror, rushed to the side of the basket, and learned for the first time that they were nearly a mile up in the air. He hauled Parkyakarkus back into the car, but now a new danger threatened them. The rise of the balloon was suddenly checked. Vance and his men had discovered that their quarry was overhead, and had taken charge of the controls. The lever was thrown into reverse, and the balloon began to descend, so rapidly that Eddie and his bodyguard were almost hurled out of the basket.

**The Rescue**

"It's Vance and his mob!" Eddie yelled.

"Fix 'em," said Parkyakarkus. And he began to drop ballast down on the gangsters. One by one they were sent flying until finally a bag struck the man at the controls. As he fell backward, he carried the lever with him, and the balloon again rose rapidly—too rapidly this time, for it broke loose, to the accompaniment of a grand display of fireworks. To add to the danger, the basket caught fire, and even the ropes began to burn. Below, the gangsters were waiting grimly determined to get Eddie at all costs. There was nothing to do except to try the parachute—the only one in the basket. With Eddie clinging to his legs, Parkyakarkus descended in the parachute, landing in the very midst of Vance and his mob.

The Park Police, having succeeded in freeing themselves, were waiting too. Eddie was saved!

Ma Carson embraced him, and Claribel smiled warmly.

"Eddie," she said, "I didn't think you could do it."

Eddie dismissed her praise with a gesture. "That is past," he said. "I'm already thinking of our future. Claribel—all our children will be born boys."

"Our children!" Claribel gasped. "Certainly," said Eddie. "After we're married."

He took Claribel in his arms, and gave her a long drawn out, ho-man kiss. Claribel emerged weak-kneed and groggy.

"Where?" she exclaimed. "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Blowing a bugle for the boy scouts," said Eddie.

The End.

## Glamorous Gladys Swarthout Defies Afternoon "Let-Down"

By Jane Rogers

GLADYS SWARTHOUT, Metropolitan Opera star, appearing in her latest screen success, "Give Us This Night," guards her health as her most precious possession.

That dreary afternoon period, known as the "fatigue hour," holds no terrors for Miss Swarthout, for she fortifies herself every afternoon, even while on location, with a light repast, consisting of a sandwich or a plate of cookies served with a glass of cool Hawaiian pineapple juice.

Sandwiches, according to Miss Swarthout, should possess substance and tang, cheese or rye, is unthinkable without the traditional mustard spread, and the popular ham sandwich is all the better for the addition of ketchup or chili sauce.

Hard boiled eggs on white bread is a good combination, and so are fried eggs spread generously with chili sauce.

Molasses cookies are Miss Swarthout's favorite, and with them she serves a tall glass of her favorite punch.



Gladys Swarthout

### Bridge Cocktail

2 cups Hawaiian pineapple juice  
1/2 cup orange juice  
1/4 tsp. lemon juice  
1 cup ginger ale  
2 tbsps. powdered sugar  
6 maraschino cherries

Mix all ingredients except cherries. Add more sugar if desired. Serve ice cold, with one maraschino cherry in glass. (The cocktail will be more snappy if ginger ale is added just before serving.) Serves six.

### Molasses Cookies

1 cup molasses  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1 cup sour milk  
2 tps. ginger  
1 tsp. salt  
Flour  
1/2 cup shortening, melted

Beat the soda into the molasses thoroughly; add the other ingredients, including enough flour to have the batter drop easily from a spoon. Chill in refrigerator. Roll out the dough on a floured board, cut into shapes and bake in moderate oven.

feeding grain to my young calves?

Answer: Small amounts of both grain and hay should be offered the calf at about two weeks of age or when the change from whole milk to skim milk is made. Only a small handful is given daily, but this amount can be gradually increased as the calf grows older until it is receiving around three pounds a day at six months of age. Feed only as much as the calf will clean up. The grain should be fed just after the milk and while the calf is still fastened to the stanchion.

lead thoroughly mixed with 50 pounds of corn meal and applied at the rate of one peck, or twelve pounds to the acre will give satisfactory results. The applications should be made early in the morning when the tobacco bud is open. A small pinch of the poison should be dropped in the center of the bud. Begin applications about ten days after the plants are set and repeat every week or ten days until the plants are topped.

Question: What is the best control for tobacco bud worm damage?

Answer: The application of poisoned corn meal bait is the best medium for controlling this damage which is caused by the corn ear worm. One pound of arsenate of



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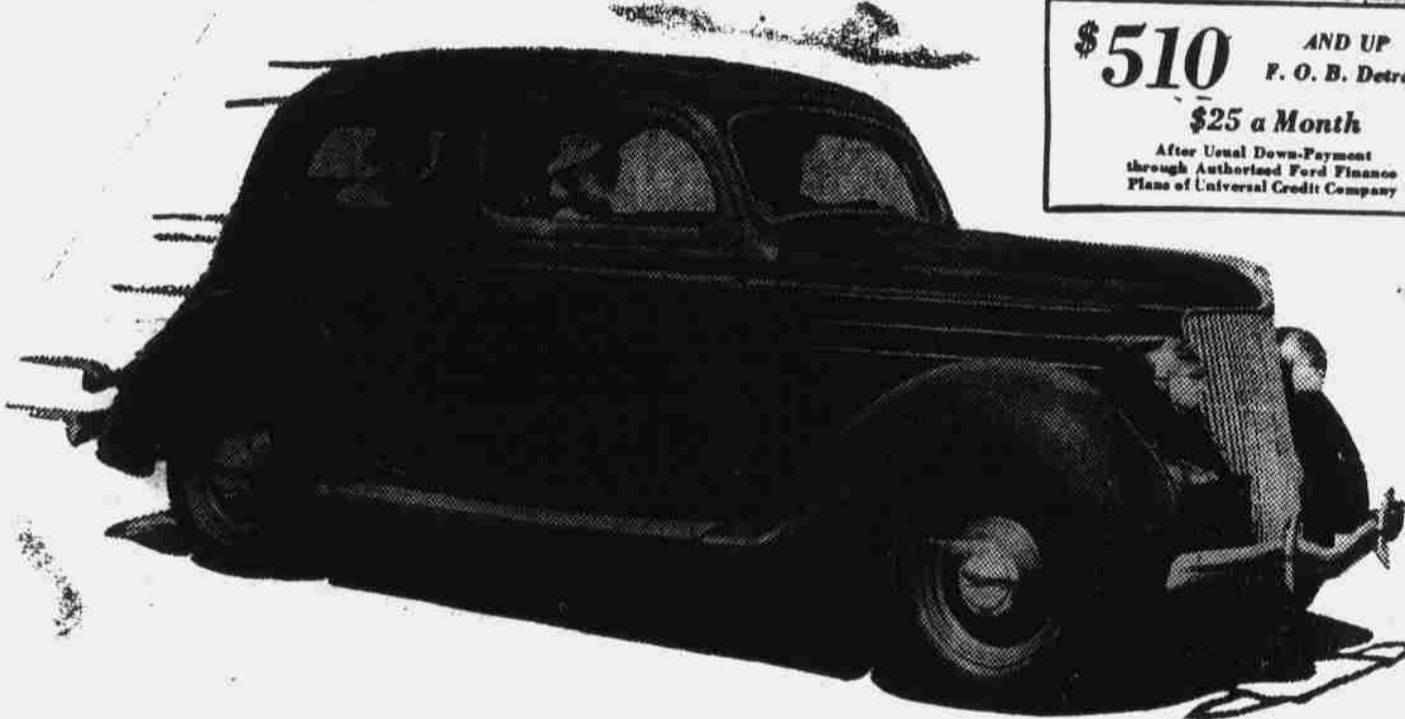
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## Timely Questions On Farm Answered

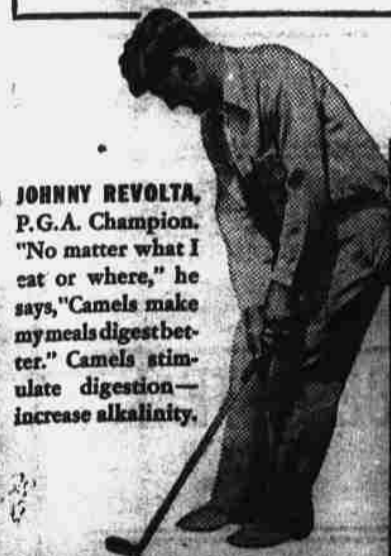
Question: Is it economical to carry pullets to the hen year for production purposes only?

Answer: This question naturally reverts back to the breeding of the birds. Heavy producing pullets of

good breeding can be carried over, but all except the known heavy producers should be replaced by pullets. As a usual thing, hen year production is about 25 per cent less than that of the pullet year and the bird must also be fed through a three months moulting period which makes it unprofitable to carry any but the heavy egg producers to the hen year.

Question: When should I begin

## "THEY HELP MY DIGESTION..."



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