

# THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

ADAPTED FROM THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE BY BEATRICE FABER

**Synopsis:** It is the year 1849 and Mary, owner of the Polka Saloon in Cloudy, California has just returned from a visit to Father Sienna in Monterey. En route, the stage coach has been held up by Ramerrez, the bandit. Later, at the Governor's Pleasure, she meets him again. This time he is disguised as a young Lieutenant. Unaware that Mary is the owner of the Polka, he plans to rob the place of the winner's gold on deposit in the safe. But when he finds Mary there, he changes his mind and makes an appointment to meet her at her cabin near evening. Danger awaits him however for Sheriff Rance, who loves Mary, is out to capture him.

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## Chapter Three

Snow had frosted the windows and the wood was crackling in the fireplace the next evening as Mary moved about, putting the finishing touches to her cabin room, in honor of her visitor.

"Gosh, it's mowin' and blowin'!" She turned to her Indian squaw servant. "Wowle, I'll bet you a dollah he never gets here."

"I'll bet you a dollah he does," Ramerrez said from the doorway. Bridling in, he shook off the snow, and grinned down at her. "Can I come in?"

A bit flustered, Mary laughed. "Appears to me like you're already in. Sure glad you came," she said. Wowle opened the door and snow could be seen descending like a thick, white curtain. "Umm, Elisnard." The door closed after her.

Ramerrez watched Mary as she stood over the stew that was cooking on the fire. "What happens when you get moved in up here?" he asked and because the question was so unnatural, so obviously not what she wanted to talk about, a sky embarrassment fell over them both.

Then somehow, his arms had crept around her, were pulling her close. "Mary, the first time I saw you I wanted to kiss you."

"You did," she reminded him and trembled with shameless longing. "But I shouldn't have. I stole that. Love's got to be a fair game. It isn't solitaire. Two have got to play at it to make it worth while."

Her love was flowering up at him but as Ramerrez eyes met the deep, trusting depths of her own, he felt as if he had been pierced through the heart. Abruptly, he walked away. With clenched hands he began to pace the room. What was there that he could do or say? Well, maybe he could tell her of his love, make her understand, through the language of song. Softly, he began to sing.

"Shadows on the Moon"  
Mary picked up the refrain absently. Then suddenly they were facing each other with bated breath.

"Where did you learn that song?" he asked, stinging to her.

Her eyes were wide, startled. "From my mother. She used to put me to sleep with it. Where did you hear it?"

He was looking at her as if she were a ghost. In short phrases he began to talk. There had been a little girl standing by a caravan campfire many years ago and a Padre, Father Sienna, had introduced them to each other. Just that one night their paths had crossed and then they had parted in the morning.

"Yes," Mary cried in amazement. "Father Sienna."

Then suddenly he swooped her up in his arms and the place echoed with his exultant laughter. "You're that little girl, the one I've always remembered. Oh, Golden Hair, I've never forgotten you. I love you Golden Hair, I love you."

Suddenly, there came a heavy pounding at the door. Ramerrez meaning it as said in a tense whisper, "Don't open it!"

the Sheriff was to see you here there'd be trouble. He's so darned jealous." She pointed to the alcove. "In there."

Then, as he disappeared she flung open the door. "What's the matter, Jack? What's the visit for?"

Rance was looking sharply at the table set for two. Then he walked to the fire. "It's Ramerrez. I got tipped off he's in Cloudy again. I got his horse. And a man doesn't go far on a night like this without a horse."

Mary began to straighten the table sincerely. "Don't worry about me Jack. I'll take care of Mr. Ramerrez if he shows up around here."

He looked at her bitterly. "Like you took care of him last night?"

"I don't get you Jack."

"You didn't get that fancy Lieutenant Johnson either. It happens that he's Ramerrez."

The blood drained from her face. "I don't believe it Jack. How do you know that Johnson is Ramerrez?"

"His woman told me. Yeah, his girl sold him out. A half-breed. Seems she was jealous of you. She's waitin' in my office now for the reward. And if you don't believe

that, here's the tintype she gave me of him in Mexican uniform. See what it says. 'To Nina with love. Ramerrez.' And I'll tell you one thing Girl, I'll bet all my hope of gettin' you, that I round him up."

When she was quite sure he was gone she called, "Well, Mister Ramerrez, you can come out now." And as he appeared her tone snapped like a whip. "Is that the Sheriff said about you true?"

"Yes Golden Hair," he began haltingly. "I'm Ramerrez. But I meant to tell you tonight—I—"

"I don't mean that," Mary cut in harshly. "I'm talking about that other girl. You came here tonight and kissed me and held me in your arms and all the time you had another girl. That's what I can't forgive. And now you can get out."

She stormed. "And if the Sheriff gets you, I don't care, I don't care!"

His eyes were as bleak as the night outside. "I don't think I care much now, either. Good night Golden Hair."

She was standing rigidly before the fireplace, repeating over and over again, "I don't care, I really don't"—when there came the sharp deadly sound of a gun speaking.

Her knees seemed to turn to water. Then she was at the door and as she opened it Ramerrez stumbled through. Her strong young arms just prevented him from falling.

"They got you didn't they?" she sobbed.

"Not yet, they haven't," he breathed, bracing himself against the wall. His teeth were clenched with pain. "I'll kill them one by one as they try to come in here. Rance and his whole pack."

Standing before him, Mary moaned.

Ramerrez stared at her, at her brimming eyes and her young twisted mouth. Then, as he fell to the floor, his gun dropped from

his hands.

The door tore open and Jack Rance was again in the room. "stand back there, Mary," he warned. "He's state property from now on." Kneeling beside the unconscious man, he quickly made bandages to stop his prisoner's wounds. "Well Mister Ramerrez, I'm goin' to keep you alive because we're goin' to have a little hangin' party tonight and you're the guest of honor."

"Jack!" The cry seemed to rip her throat open but already her brain was alive with a desperate plan. "Jack, you're got to listen. You and I have been outstint' the cards for most ever'thin' since we've known each other. And you still want me don't you?"

"More'n anything in the world."

"Well," she threw up her head recklessly, "two hands out of three will get me. If you win you get him and me. If I win you don't get either of us."

There was a long pause. Then he gave her his answer. Taking a pack of cards from his pocket he threw them to the table. "Shuffle them up, Girl."

With trembling fingers, Mary ran through the cards, face up. It was

"He knew I couldn't help loving you."



now or never and her decision must be made quickly. She placed the deck on the table. "Out for deal!"

The game began.

Rance disclosed a pair of sixes. Mary folded her hand. The second hand was played with Rance showing two pairs of eights to Mary's three tens. Then came the decisive third hand. Triumphant, Rance held up his cards. "A straight to the Jack. A win, Girl."

His face went ashen as he looked at the cards.

"Three aces and a pair of queens. All right Girl, you win."

But a few moments later, as she was holding some liquor to Ramerrez's lips, Rance suddenly stared at the table. He picked up the deck. "Thumbed!" he ground out. Swinging her around he cried, "You cheated! You, of all people cheated. I'd kill you if I didn't love you the way I do—"

Wearily, almost resignedly now, she sank into a chair. "I cheated. So you won. But if you got me, you don't want him too do you?"

He was breathing heavily. "I never figured on winning you with the cards Girl."

She shrugged. "Maybe it wasn't the cards. Just because I wanted to save his life doesn't mean I love him does it? I'd do the same for a bleedin' dog who'd been bitten by wolves and came to my door."

She was making her last stand now. "Listen Jack, don't go through with this and I'll marry you and I'll try to be a wonderful wife to you. What do you say?"

His voice was clogged. "All right Girl. If that's the way you want it, that's how it's going to be."

He looked at the unconscious man. "Mr. Ramerrez, I'm going to tie you around your horse and let you go. But if you live through this and I ever see you again, I'll kill you."

As if benumbed, Mary watched

Rance attend to the business of mounting Ramerrez on his horse. For a long tolling moment she looked after the animal as it moved down the slope, carrying its heavy burden. Finally, with the gesture of one drawing a curtain, she closed the door and went to the arms of the man she had promised to marry. . . .

Just a few weeks later she was standing with him in the patio of Father Sienna's Parish house. Jack had arranged by letter for the Padre to perform the wedding ceremony.

Father Sienna looked at her searchingly. "I've been waiting for you child. Are you happy, my dear?"

Her gallant smile disavowed her aching heart. "Yes, father."

As the Padre drew Jack into the Registry she sauntered around the brick walk of the patio talking softly to the bright colored parrots. Then her heart leaped to her throat. He was here, her beloved. "Golden Hair!"

In the same instant Ramerrez had seen her and all in a rush had caught her up in his arms. "I'll never let you go again," he was saying, his face close to hers, "never. It seems like Fate that I came here today. I'm not Ramerrez any more, Golden Girl, I'm just—"

But suddenly Mary broke away from him. Almost sobbing, she cried, "you must go away! Jack is here. And if he sees you he'll kill you. I know he will—"

A strange calmness had come over him. "Very well. In that case I'll die in your arms."

"Put 'em up, Mister Ramerrez!" Ramerrez arms rose and he turned to face Jack for whose whom gun was levelled on him.

"If I was Sheriff of this county," Rance said in a deadly voice, "I'd shoot you down like a dog. But being that I'm not, I'm going to give you an even break for your life." Flipping his second gun from his belt Rance tossed it at Ramerrez. "Start where we're standing you're starting around the church from the right. I'm going around from the left. When we meet—"

It was murder, murder! something shrieked inside Mary and she did not even know she had spoken the word aloud.

The Padre was standing at Rance's shoulder. "My son, have you not learned from God that violence is not the way? This boy came to me only this morning asking to be forgiven, taken back into the fold—"

With no change of expression Rance turned to the man before him. "Get going Ramerrez. And you'd better be quick on the draw. Are you ready?"

"When you are, Sheriff."

"Let's go."

And then they had actually started.

Moaning quietly, Mary put her head in her hands. "Father, Sienna, Father Sienna, they've gone. They're going to try to kill each other—and it's all on account of me. Can't you stop them? Can't you pray! Can't you ask God to help us?"

The old Father's voice was trembling. "I am praying for you, my child."

Sinking to her knees sobbing Mary began to pray with him. Her ear drums seemed to burst as she waited for those fateful sounds. One minute passed, two three. Then there were footsteps on the gravel walk. Looking up, she saw Ramerrez. Her legs could barely take her the few steps to meet him. "What happened? We didn't hear any shots—"

Looking oddly dazed, Ramerrez said as his arms went around her "he didn't meet me. I walked clear around the church but he wasn't there."

Mary looked up at the sky and saw many things—a new life, new hopes and a love that would be fresher and greener with every year that passed. "Poor Jack," she whispered. "I guess maybe he realized I just couldn't help loving you after all."

Ramerrez said humbly, "maybe he knew too that a man never loved a woman as I'll love you all my life, Golden Hair."

Then, arm in arm, they entered the little Chapel to give thanks to One who had made it all come true to

THE END

## Suggestions Given For Moth Control

The annual battle between housewives and moths is just entering the first stages with the coming of warmer weather, according to Miss Mamie Whisnant, assistant home management, and house furnishings specialist for the State College Extension Service.

In the past, woolen garments were packed away with dozens of moth balls. However, modern research has shown that moth balls, cedar boxes and other repellents cannot be relied upon to prevent eggs already present from hatching.

Moths do not damage garments; it is the larvae or caterpillars which develop from the tiny eggs deposited by the moths which shred clothing.

The best method for taking care of woolen garments is dry cleaning and thorough pressing, after which the clothing is hung in moth-proof bags. Articles which do not hang, such as blankets, may be moth-proofed, wrapped in paper and put away in chests or on high closet shelves. Moth-proofing solutions are available on the market and should be sprayed directly on the garments.

Before putting away garments, housewives should remember that fresh air and sunshine are two of the moth's worst enemies. All articles should first be cleaned, repaired, and brushed well, and then put out in the sun and air for at least one day.

After that they should be examined thoroughly to make sure no moths or eggs are present before storing. Large, unbroken pieces of paper make good wrapping material, and the end laps or folds should be sealed with gummed tape to prevent breaks or openings through which the moths may enter. Newspaper is excellent for wrapping since moths do not like printers' ink.

## PENDER ROAD NEWS

Those visiting Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Berry Sunday afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Berry and son, Carol, Mrs. W. M. Morgan and Miss Helen Morgan, of Hertford; Mrs. Mary J. Wood and daughters, Minnie Wilma and Mary Ruth, and Mrs. J. Ed Lane. Mrs. H. S. Davenport spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. George Dail, on the Edenton Highway.

Mrs. R. A. Perry and son, J. B., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Perry, near Edenton.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Stubbs and two children, of Norfolk, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Landing and son, of Greenville, Mrs. Lena Gregory and son, Tim, of Hertford, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Y. Berry.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Whedbee and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Harrell and two children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Harrell, in the Snow Hill community.

Those visiting Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Stallings Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Pennington and son, Louis, Miss Laura Pennington, and Miss Shirley Elliott, of Hertford; Mr. and Mrs. George Caddy and daughter, Elizabeth, of Old Neck; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Proctor and son, L. C., and Robert Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Proctor and son, L. C., visited Mrs. Proctor's mother, Mrs. Annie Lane, of Snow Hill, Friday.

## RYLAND DEFEATS GLIDEN

The Ryland baseball team journeyed to Gliden Saturday afternoon and crossed bats with that nine in a game that resulted in a 6-8 score in favor of Ryland. William Ward and John Irving Copeland were on the mound for Ryland. Gliden expects to make an effort to even up the score in the near future.

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## CROSS ROADS

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ward and children and Mrs. B. H. Saunders, of Suffolk, Va., visited Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Perry on Sunday.

Mrs. J. R. Perry, Mrs. Wayland Perry and daughter and Miss Margaret Perry visited Mrs. L. F. Overman, at Gatesville, on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Perry visited Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Perry Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. H. L. Leary and children visited Mrs. W. A. Perry Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. V. D. Hollowell spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. L. N. Humphlett, at Gliden.

Misses Margaret Perry and Bonnie Lee Leary visited Mrs. Wayland Perry Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott visited friends in Colerain Sunday afternoon.

Eugene Perry spent Sunday afternoon with his parents at Colerain.

Mrs. Z. W. Evans spent the week-end with Mrs. J. M. Wilson, at Weeksville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Warren, of Trenton, Mrs. W. Y. Warren, Misses Letha and May Warren, of Edenton, visited Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Elliott on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Perry had as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hollowell, Jr., and daughters. Jack Perry, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Perry, is on the sick list.

afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Asbell and daughter.

Misses Frances and Helen Evans, of Manteo, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Evans.

Miss Sallie Elliott is visiting Mrs. W. H. Winborne.

Miss Nelle Louise Carter, from near Gatesville, spent the week-end with Mrs. Belle W. Parker and Miss Kathleen Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Privott and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Privott and Mrs. Joe Wiggins; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. White, of Center Hill; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Madre, of Hertford; Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Harrell, of Rocky Hock, visited Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Privott Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. R. H. Hollowell, Mrs. I. J. Boyce, Misses Lois Savage, Eunice Hobbs, Myra Bunch, Marjorie Hefren, Marion Fluke and Virginia Cale, Rev. Frank Cale, P. L. Baumgardner, Gene Barnett and Norman Hollowell attended the funeral of Miss Edwards' father, at Whaleyville, Va., on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. R. H. Hollowell was the supper guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blow, in Edenton, Saturday night.

Miss Alma Winslow has returned from Chicod, where she has been teaching. She was accompanied home Sunday by three of her friends who spent the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hollowell and daughter visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Peele, in Rocky Hock, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hollowell, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blow, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hollowell and daughter, Norman Hollowell, and Gene Barnett spent

Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and son and Miss Pennie Hollowell visited Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Leary, Sr., in Rocky Hock, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hollowell and son visited Mr. and Mrs. George Peele, in Rocky Hock, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hollowell and

son and Miss Pennie Hollowell visited Mrs. Joe Eason Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Leary visited Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Hobbs, at Hobbsville, on Sunday afternoon.

Miss Pennie Hollowell is visiting Mrs. C. J. Hollowell.

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