

SWISS MISS

ADAPTED FROM THE HAL ROACH PRODUCTION
By GERTRUDE GELBIN

RESUME
The Alpen Hotel, Switzerland, has one guest—Victor Albert, composer, who has taken over the entire establishment in order to insure the peace and quiet he requires to compose the perfect Swiss peasant opera. But the Alpen Hotel has three unofficial members of its staff: Laurel and Hardy, washing dishes to pay off their board bill, and Anna, the chambermaid, working for the same reason. Anna is really Victor's wife, the famous Anna Hoefel, musical star. Her chambermaid job is her way of paying back Victor for running away from her and for refusing her the lead in his peasant opera. Victor says she's too glamorous to play a peasant. Laurel and Hardy have an arch enemy in Franzelhuber, the chef. Franzelhuber and Oliver both fall in love with Anna. Anna goes to the festival with Stan and Oliver.

Chapter Three

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

The day of the Alpenfest dawned bright and beautiful. From earliest morning the peasants in flower-flecked coats, the tumbler jugglers and flag throwers, the man with the bear, the acrobats and dancers from neighboring villages were on their way to the Alpen Hotel. Their bright costumes found answer in the gaily festooned terrace and gardens. Luigi, the manager, did himself and the Alpen Hotel proud in the decorations which served as background for this yearly festival.

At their table on the balcony, Victor and his valet, Edward, watched the proceedings joyfully. "Edward! I've got it," cried the composer, snapping his fingers. "Why not use this setting—the dancing—the singing—this festival—in my opera?"

Edward smiled in agreement, then pointed with some excitement to the Gypsy caravan heading down the road.

A tall, heavy man with fierce moustachio was driving. Next to him sat a slender girl whose face was half hidden by the veil which formed her head-dress. Next to her was a thin, angular Gypsy chieftain who felt of his head continually as if he expected a derby to be placed there on. Occasionally he stroked the moustache which drooped down on either side of his mouth.

As the wagon reached the court under Victor's balcony the Gypsy girl secured her face well and motioned the driver to stop.

"Right you are," he beamed. His fellow-Gypsy leaned forward timorously. "Will he whisper 'do you think anybody will know who we are?'"

"Don't worry," Anna laughed. "If you are discovered they can't do anything to you."

Oliver smiled grandly. "Certainly not."

"Not much," whispered Stan, recalling the chef's promise to skin them alive if he ever saw them with Anna again.

Anna looked toward the balcony and saw Victor peering down at them with interest. She hastily climbed from the driver's seat and ran inside the wagon.

Oliver rose and cleared his throat for attention. Stan banged on a tin can.

"Laydees and gentlemen," shouted Mr. Hardy from behind his moustachio. "With your kind permission and attention we would like to introduce to you the greatest primo donna that ever thrilled a costar—Romany Rose!"

Anna stepped out of the wagon and whirled in the opening steps of a Gypsy dance. She proceeded to the center of the fast assembly.

They can vote down the program at the next referendum."

bling crowd. She paused to sing a Gypsy love song, directing her words to the balcony.

Victor turned to his valet in excitement. "It's she, Edward—it's she," he cried.

"Yes, sir," replied the valet. "It's who, sir?"

"Why—the girl for my opera!"

"A gypsy, sir?" Edward's tone was frankly disapproving.

"Only a Gypsy could sing with such fire—such passion—such meaning!" said Victor tensely.

Anna finished her song and again began to dance. Like a whirling dervish, she executed the fast and difficult steps. Victor all but fell over the rail with excitement. Anna, certain now of his interest and attention, did a series of turns that sent the full skirts of her costume swirling to her knees.

Victor stared, then frowned in thought. Those beautiful legs. Where had he seen them before? He closed his eyes in thought. He had seen them. Of course he had—he'd seen them dancing on the stage. What stage? Why, the stage of the Victor Albert Theatre in Vienna. And who was the dancer on that stage? A grim smile played upon his lips as he realized that the dancer he remembered was Anna Hoefel, his wife.

"Edward," he said sternly, "go down there and bring that Gypsy

to my room!"

"To your room, sir?" cried Edward in dismay.

"Say that I want to sign her to a contract."

"Well—if that's what you call it," murmured Edward discreetly, "but I don't think Anna's going to like this."

Victor laughed. "You fool—don't you recognize that Gypsy—it is Anna!"

Edward took to his heels, arriving at the Gypsy wagon just as Anna rubbed inside it. Stan and Oliver stood guard at the door.

"Fardon the intrusion," Edward said blithely, "but I would like to speak to the little Gypsy nightingale."

Oliver eyed him fiercely. "And just what is the nature of your business with my fiancée?"

Edward coughed. "I believe I have some good news for her—"

Anna appeared at the door, and seeing Edward, broke into smiles.

Edward bowed low. "The great Victor Albert sends his compliments and requests the pleasure of an interview with you. He has a remote idea of placing you in his forthcoming opera."

"Do you love me, Anna?" Victor whispered.



"I'll skin you alive," shouted Franzelhuber.

Their consternation turned to bewilderment, but before either of them could remonstrate in any way, a commotion on the stairs claimed their attention.

Up the stairs, with murder in his eyes and a mallet in his hands, climbed Franzelhuber, the chef. Discretion is the better part of valor and Messrs. Laurel and Hardy looked for an exit. They ran down the corridor, did a somersault, handspring and a back flip that set them upon the landing below. But Franzelhuber was ready for them. The two companions, their enemy in pursuit charged down the stairs, through the halls, in the kitchen, out of the dining room, through the lobby and back up the stairs again.

Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy reached the door of Victor's suite just as Franzelhuber got within throwing distance of them. Franzelhuber raised the mallet to fling it, but, with terrific effort the two companions thrust at Victor's door and broke it down, falling on it, with the shrieking Franzelhuber, toppling the tableau.

What met their eyes, stunned them. Anna, the sly mix, was raising her lips to kiss Victor who held her fast in his embrace.

Anna clapped her hands in glee. So she had fooled Victor. She had proven to him that she could dance and sing the peasant as triumphantly as the glamour roles he always wrote for her. She kissed Oliver and Stan on the cheek for luck, then marched off, her arm through Edward's.

Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy watched her go in a daze. They snapped out of it hurriedly and followed in pursuit.

They arrived at the door of Victor's suite just as he opened it to allow Anna to pass laughingly into his room. Edward disappeared down the hall. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Laurel stepped forward to follow Anna, but Victor slammed the door smartly in their faces.

Mr. Hardy clenched his fists. "He can't get away with that!" he muttered.

The door opened suddenly, and both men turned to catch the fleeing Anna—but there was no fleeing Anna. There was only Victor, who with a smile and a wink, hung a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the knob.

Mr. Laurel shook his head. "How can she be your wife, when she's in love with him?" he pointed to Oliver, "and she's his sweetheart!" he pointed to the chef. "She told him so only yesterday."

"Well," replied Victor, "let me tell you, gentlemen, she is my wife. And if she's willing, I want her always to be my wife."

This time Anna kissed him without interruption. Victor waved his guests farewell as he and Anna, their arms entwined, went out of the suite to join the festival again.

Oliver and Franzelhuber stared at each other in bewilderment. The chef, with a sigh, started out the room. But this time, he found the dish-washing team too quick for him. With a quick, right-about-turn, they hauled him back. In a flash he remembered he hated them both—not only for ordering apple pie at their first dinner—the dinner which they could not pay for—the dinner which caused them to be dishwashers in order to pay off their debt—not only did he hate them on that score—he hated them doubly because Anna had turned out to be a heartless flirt!

"It's all your fault!" he roared. "Remember what I said I'd do to you?"

Stan nodded. "Yes—you said you'd skin us alive. But it aint possible."

"Oh—it aint!" bellowed the chef. He reached in his back pocket and whipped out a big knife. He started for Oliver. Stan crouched down on hands and knees directly behind Franzelhuber. He pantomimed to his partner to give the chef a mighty push.

Franzelhuber backed Mr. Hardy against the wall, brandishing his knife menacingly. Oliver suddenly gave him a push that sent him backward over Stan and toppling off the balcony, out of sight.

Mr. Laurel got to his feet and carefully dusted off his hands. Mr. Hardy took his arm and together they walked out onto the balcony and looked over the railing.

Down in the court, jacked in on the stone floor, lay Franzelhuber, the chef. He slowly raised himself to his feet. He glared up at the other two. With a roar he bounded for the hotel entrance, knife in one hand and cleaver in the other.

Mr. Laurel looked at Mr. Hardy. Mr. Hardy gazed back at Mr. Laurel.

"Come on," they both shouted, and with more speed than agility slid down the posts upholding the balcony taking it on the run.

They tore out of the terrace, unhindered by the dancing, singing throngs. They fled past the Gypsy wagon in which they had driven Anna to the festival in such high spirits that very morning. As they reached the roadway leading down the mountain they turned for a last look toward the Alpen Hotel where they'd lost their derbies, their fortune, their freedom and hearts.

On the balcony of Victor's suite, outlined against the setting sun, a girl and a man embraced, as the voices of the festival-singers rang out in a song of love.

Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy started down the road.

A wild shout from the top of the hill brought Mr. Hardy and Mr. Laurel to a stop. They wheeled about to see Franzelhuber brandishing his weapons.

"And if you ever come back," bellowed the chef, "I will skin you alive!"

Messrs. Laurel and Hardy too to their heels and fled.

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The three intruders scrambled to their feet.

"What's the meaning of this intrusion?" shouted Victor. "Can't my wife and I have any privacy?"

Franzelhuber and Mr. Hardy gulped. "Your wife?" they cried in unison.

Anna nodded happily.

Mr. Laurel shook his head. "How can she be your wife, when she's in love with him?" he pointed to Oliver, "and she's his sweetheart!" he pointed to the chef. "She told him so only yesterday."

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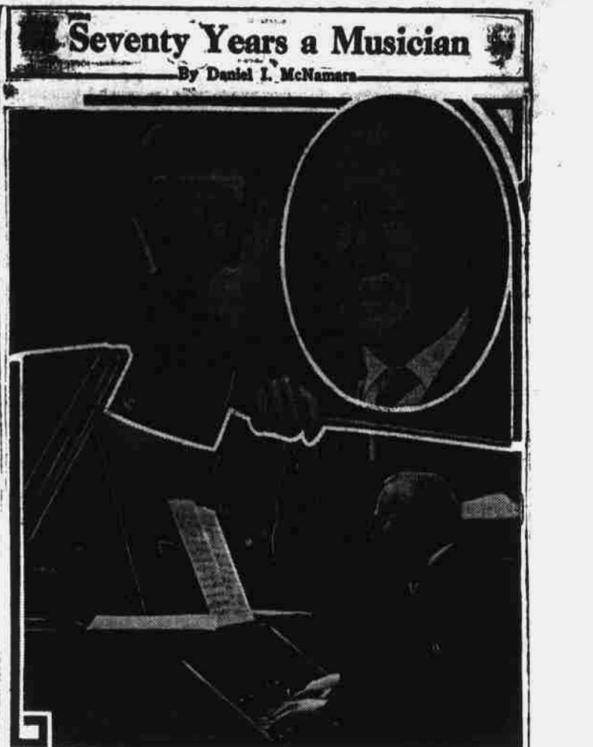
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Seventy Years a Musician

By Daniel I. McNamara

WALTER DAMROSCH, dean of American musicians, climbed a tiny child upon the piano stool of his parents' home in Breslau, Silesia, more than seventy years ago, to embark upon an unparalleled musical career. Today at seventy-six, symbol of American musical culture the world over, the tall distinguished-looking, vigorous and alert Damrosch bridges a gap between the classicists of the last century and the modernists of today. His proudest boast is, "I am an American musician."

Walter Damrosch's earliest memories of his father, later the famous American conductor Leopold Damrosch, are of his being host to the elite of European musicians. The Damrosch home was a rendezvous of artists. Here were entertained Wagner, Liszt, von Bulow, Clara Schumann, Joachim, Auer and Rubinstein. Wagner was godfather for another Damrosch boy, his namesake, who died in early childhood.

The elder Damrosch brought his family to America when Walter was nine and soon became a leading figure in the New York musical scene. Walter's education was extended by trips to cultural centers of the Old World, during which he renewed his childhood acquaintances with Wagner and Liszt. He was twenty-three when his father was fatally stricken while conducting a series of Wagnerian operas at the Metropolitan, and the young man took over his baton, promptly to become recognized as the leading exponent of Wagnerian opera in the New World.

Conductor at the Metropolitan, impresario of his own German opera company, conductor of the New York Oratorio Society and of the New York Symphony Orchestra, composer, author, lecturer and educator, he has been a leader of American music for more than five decades. He has been honored with doctorates by New York University, Princeton, Columbia, Brown, Pennsylvania, University of New York State and Washington and Jefferson College.

He is president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

His radio broadcasts on music appreciation have received with growing acclaim for ten years. Now, with a weekly audience of more than seven million, these lectures are generally regarded as his crowning educational achievement.

One of his four grand operas, "The Man Without a Country," first performed May 12, 1936, was selected for reproduction by the Metropolitan as a feature of its 1937-1938 season.

A vigorous exponent of Americanism in music, Damrosch has conducted premieres of many American compositions. He is a member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Recently, upon being felicitated on completion of an important musical task in the midst of many duties, he remarked with characteristic energy, "So much more remains to be done that I long for at least one hundred more years of life."

Davenport spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barber, near Edenton.

Among those visiting Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Stallings Sunday were Mrs. Mamie Farmer, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Long and three children, and Raymond Farmer.

Mrs. Willie Lane and two children, Edna Ruth and Joanne, spent Saturday with Mrs. Lane's sister, Mrs. Will Morgan, at Winfall.

Mrs. S. I. Cullipher is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey, at Cowpens, S. C. Mrs. Arthur Chappell and two children, of Edenton; Mrs. Raymond

Bateman and two children, of Hertford, and Polly Bateman were guests at the home of Mrs. Louis Eaves on Sunday afternoon.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT
Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Long, of Bethel, are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a baby girl, Sheldon Jean, born Friday, May 6.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey Russell on May 21, a daughter. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Schaub Defends Agents From Unfair Criticism

The county agent, because of his close association with the new farm act, has been the target of much undesired criticism since cotton and tobacco allotments were announced, says Dean I. O. Schaub, of State College.

In a few communities, some disgruntled farmers have been clamoring for the agent's dismissal, basing their argument on apparent "unfairness."

"Thus we have a strange situation," the director of the Extension Service said. "The county agent is put in much the same position as a tax collector. He has orders which he must carry out that were formulated by the Congress of the United States. His duties are purely administrative."

Dean Schaub explained that county committees determined acreage allotments for individual farms after a careful study was made of the county and according to a formula set up in the Act.

After the allotments were completed, they were announced through the office of the county agent, headquarters for the AAA program in each county.

"National goals were set up in Washington, and each state given its proportionate share of acres," Dean Schaub said. "In the case of cotton, even county goals were established in Washington. For tobacco, the State committee set each county's quota, which was approved by the AAA regional office in the nation's capital.

"We think that only a small part of the growers are campaigning actively against the program. Most of the others are still willing to go along with us in order to give control a fair chance. If they don't like it after the marketing season is over,

Cows On Pasture May Need Grain Feed Too

When cows are turned on good pasture in the spring and early summer, the amount of grain fed in their ration can be reduced, said John A. Arey, extension dairy specialist at State College.

Grazing on lush grasses, a cow can obtain enough nutrients with the roughage to sustain her body weight and produce a certain quantity of milk.

A Holstein cow can eat enough grass to maintain body weight and produce about 30 pounds of milk a day—a Jersey cow 20 pounds. But when producing more milk, the cows should receive enough grain to compensate for the extra milk given.

A Holstein on good pasture needs about 2-5 of a pound of grain for each pound of milk she produces daily above 30 pounds.

A Jersey on good pasture, because her milk is richer in butter fat, will need about 3-5 of a pound of grain for each pound of milk she produces above 20 pounds a day.

These figures were arrived at by research workers who conducted feeding experiments at the U. S. Department of Agriculture's experiment farm at Beltsville, Maryland.

But Arey warned that the cows will need more grain when pasture is short as a result of dry weather early in the season, or when the pasture grasses become more mature in July and August.

Why Not Try It?

Maybe the plain gospel, preached with reference to the saving of souls would be appropriate as a drawing attraction these days in building up churches.—Portland Oregonian.

PENDER ROAD NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wood and daughter, of Norfolk, Va., visited Mrs. Mary J. Wood Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Lane and two

Keepsake
"ETERNA"
Bridal DUET
\$29.50

Not one—but two gorgeous rings at this sensational low price! 3 diamonds in each ring! Perfectly matched mountings in yellow gold!

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EDENTON, N. C.

1-DIAMOND "DEBUTANTE"
\$100

TAYLOR THEATRE

EDENTON, N. C. THE BEST ENTERTAINMENT

Thursday (Today) and Friday, May 26-27—
Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland in "HER JUNGLE LOVE"
Filmed in Technicolor
NEWS — COLOR CARTOON

Saturday, May 28—
Tim McCoy in "WEST OF RAINBOW'S END"
"THE LONE RANGER" No. 3 — COMEDY

Monday and Tuesday, May 30-31—
Fred MacMurray, Harriet Hilliard in "COCOANUT GROVE"
With Yacht Club Boys, Ben Blue, Rufe Davis and Harry Owens' Royal Hawaiian Orchestra
NEWS — ACT — PETE SMITH SPECIALTY

Wednesday, June 1—
Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy and Louise Hovick in "BATTLE ON BROADWAY"
ALSO "ROMANCE ROAD" IN TECHNICOLOR

Coming June 2-3—
CLARK GABLE, MYRNA LOY AND SPENCER TRACY in "TEST PILOT"