

# Tucker's Awful Secret

By JOHN BELL CLAYTON

Something mighty strange was happening up on the hill. Teaberry didn't understand what it was, but Tucker did—and he was scared

THE September afternoon was clear and fine. Frost had not yet come, but autumn, in a soft and magic approach, had touched the mountainsides with brilliant scarlet and crimson. Tucker and Teaberry had first seen the Ford runabout when Tandy Green parked it near the lower end of the farm an hour or so after midday. Tandy Green was the constable; he lived three miles down the valley at the old Edmunds place. They watched him get out and walk away into the stand of cedars at the foot of Gardner Hill. It was a full two hours before he came back down the hill and got in his car and turned around and went off in the direction of home with a plume of dust behind him.

"You know what he's been doin'?" Tucker asked, his face serious.

"Still lookin' for that ole lost heifer, Ah reckon."

"He's lookin' for somethin' else too."

"Ah doan keer whut him lookin' for," Teaberry said. She was gazing intently down the road, her round eyes squinted in her chocolate face. She had a strong and personal dislike for Tandy Green. One day, in a stupid piece of teasing, he had slipped his big pair of handcuffs on her; she, believing she was going to be taken to jail, had streaked for the kitchen crying. When Tucker's father learned what was going on, he had given Tandy a tongue-lashing; he told him that if he did not have anything better to do than go around handcuffing a little colored girl he could stay off this property. Father said Tandy had no sense and no business being constable.

Dust from the runabout was still hanging above the brush beside the road when Tucker and Teaberry went down across the lower meadow and climbed up on the plank fence. Their faces were turned toward the fascinating two-room whitewashed shanty perched in an extensive clearing on the broad slope of Dunlap Mountain.

"Less us go up there," Teaberry said finally.

The decision was up to Tucker. He would be eleven next month. Teaberry, who was the daughter of Vannie the cook, was only nine. She

was his companion, almost his shadow, because she took very seriously the job of looking after him, which Tucker's father had given her in a spirit of jest, and for which he paid her a penny a day.

Tucker thought over Teaberry's suggestion. He had heard, from the men who worked for Father, sketchy accounts of the two strangers from West Virginia who had suddenly appeared as occupants of the old Tarrant shanty a month before and whom Tandy Green had been watching for half that time. The younger and taller one called himself James A. Garfield Gregory; and the other one, who was reputedly his uncle, had the rather incredible name of Remus.

"You know what they might be doin' up there?" Tucker asked.

"Stayin'," Teaberry said.

"I know, but what else?"

"That ole Tandy Green tell Mr. Jess Baskin they polishin' the moon."

"Aw, he never! He said he thought they were moonshinin'."

Tucker had heard Father say there was more moonshining going on in the mountains now than at any time he could remember. Tandy Green believed the Gregorys had a still back up in one of the hollows. He wanted to collect the reward the state had started paying officers for finding one and breaking it up.

"Ah doan keer how much they shinin' any moon. Less us go see 'em."

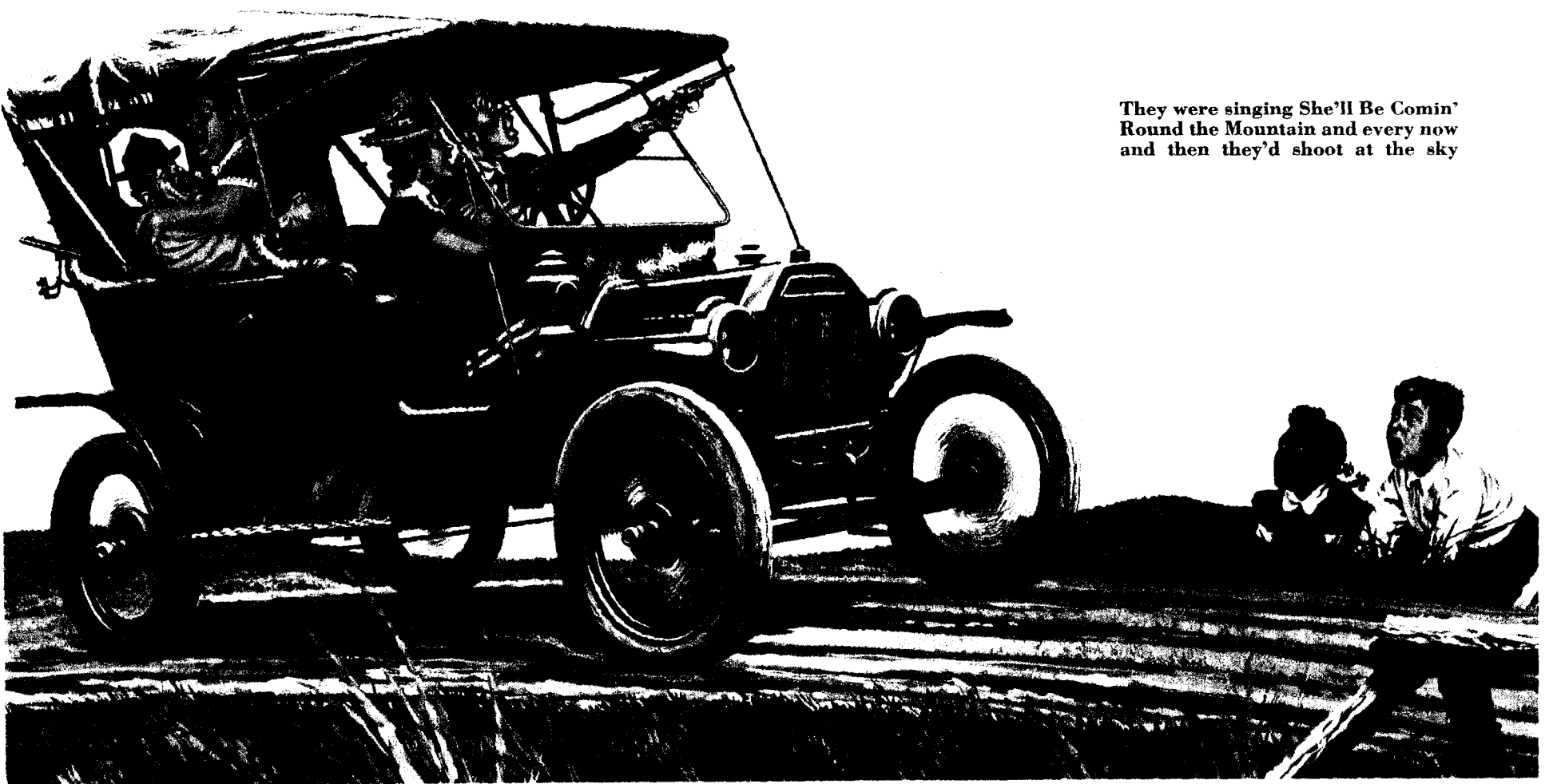
"All right," he said, climbing down, "but don't tell anybody at all."

An old rattletrap was standing under a big walnut tree out in the clearing. As they neared the shanty they saw their hosts-elect on the porch. The man Remus sat in a battered rocking chair assembling a double-barreled shotgun, while James A. Garfield lounged on the steps with a .22-caliber automatic rifle within reach. He was very lanky and his sprawl was absolutely lifeless. He was decked out in a blue serge suit, white shirt, red necktie and a boater straw hat.

"Which one Oncle Remus?" Teaberry whispered.

"That one." Tucker indicated the one in the rocker. He was a gaunt

They were singing *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain* and every now and then they'd shoot at the sky



man dressed in overalls and a funereal black felt hat with a narrow round brim and a peaked crown.

"Whut time does him start tellin' them stories about Br'er Rabbit?" "That's not *this* Uncle Remus!" Tucker said. "I told you that. Hush!"

In some more reasonable part of her mind, Teaberry must have known all along that the figure on the porch was not the kindly old gentleman who had told all those wonderful tales about Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Fox. But ever since she had first heard the name, it had just been one of those stubborn notions that sometimes got lodged in her pig-tailed head.

Remus was the first to greet them. He glanced briefly but malevolently at them and called out sourly, "You kids git thuh hell back where yuh belong!"

They stood stock-still in the clearing. James A. Garfield regarded them quite impassively for a few seconds. Then he turned slightly toward Remus and drawled, "Ah, bonehead, shet ap!"

Tucker began pulling up some broom-sage stalks and twisting them around his fingers and Teaberry took hold of his belt. Neither man paid them any further notice.

Remus picked two shells up off the porch and put them into his gun. He gathered up ramrod, cloth and oilcan and went into the shanty.

The .22 rifle was lying on the top step on a level with James A. Garfield's boater hat. With absolute casualness, he reached around with his left hand and picked it up. Not bothering to take a sight, and shooting like no man they had ever seen shoot before, he held it out with one long arm until it pointed toward the single pod of a tall milkweed beside a rail fence about thirty-five or forty yards away. The rifle spat and the pod leaped up into an exploding puff of white. James A. Garfield favored them with a brief grin that disclosed two fine gold teeth, laid the rifle down and slouched back into the recumbent posture.

At the same moment the saturnine Remus appeared in the doorway with the shotgun cradled in his arm. He growled at his kinsman, "If we're goin', less git a move on."

James A. Garfield picked up the .22 and hauled his long frame erect. On his way around the shanty he glanced at Teaberry, who was peeking from behind Tucker. "See you in the funny papers, Sis," he said.

"Ah gotta git home an' ring that supper bell," Teaberry said, and she was off down over the hill with her heels flying, moving if not as fast as light then certainly with the speed of sound.

**T**HE next day Tucker and Teaberry found that for which Tandy Green had been searching for two weeks. Telling themselves that they just happened to be passing the Tarrant shanty on their way to the chestnut grove on top of the ridge, they skirted a slab pile left by a saw-mill years ago, and there it was—big mash drum, copper kettle and coils—screened on all sides by a rhododendron thicket.

It was no wonder Tandy had not found it. He had been scouring the hollows south of the shanty, expecting it to be located along the creek. But the men had not been using the creek. They were getting water from a spring-fed pond.

"That's a still," Tucker said. He had never seen one before. He simply knew it was.

By then he was already retreating. He was not exactly scared (and he knew Teaberry was not; she was not even impressed); he was surprised and confused. Not knowing yet that a moral problem had been placed upon his shoulders—that always unpleasant problem of whether or not to inform on a neighbor—his first thought was: I wish we hadn't found it.

"Whur yawl goin'?" Teaberry asked. "Less go git them ches'nuts."

"No. I don't want any."

He walked away with Teaberry trailing him. At the rail fence that separated Father's property from the Tarrant place, an old Ben Davis apple tree stood alone. He stopped under the tree, Teaberry still behind him, and picked up an apple and threw it at a big stone outcropping and reached for another and was preparing to throw that when he heard a voice asking: "Sis, you wanta hire a good apple picker?"

Sitting quietly on a rock just on the other side of the fence was James A. Garfield, with the .22 rifle across his knee.

"How about it, Sis?" he said, grinning a little and the gold of his teeth shining. "You need some help?"

"Nossuh," Teaberry said. "Ah ain' got no apples to pick."

Tucker sensed that the question had something to do with the magic rifle. He moved gingerly over to the fence and Teaberry came along behind him.

James A. Garfield pretended to be studying the Ben Davis tree. He picked up the rifle and placed it across his left shoulder, backward, the butt toward the apple tree. He gave his head a part turn, not seeming to look in any particular direction, and pressed the trigger.

"Wup!" he said. "Missed that apple!"

The walnut tree with the rattletrap parked under it in the clearing was at least a hundred feet away. Even as he was saying he had missed the apple he was grinning and looking in that direction now and Tucker heard, rather than saw, a walnut nipped loose from a topmost limb and



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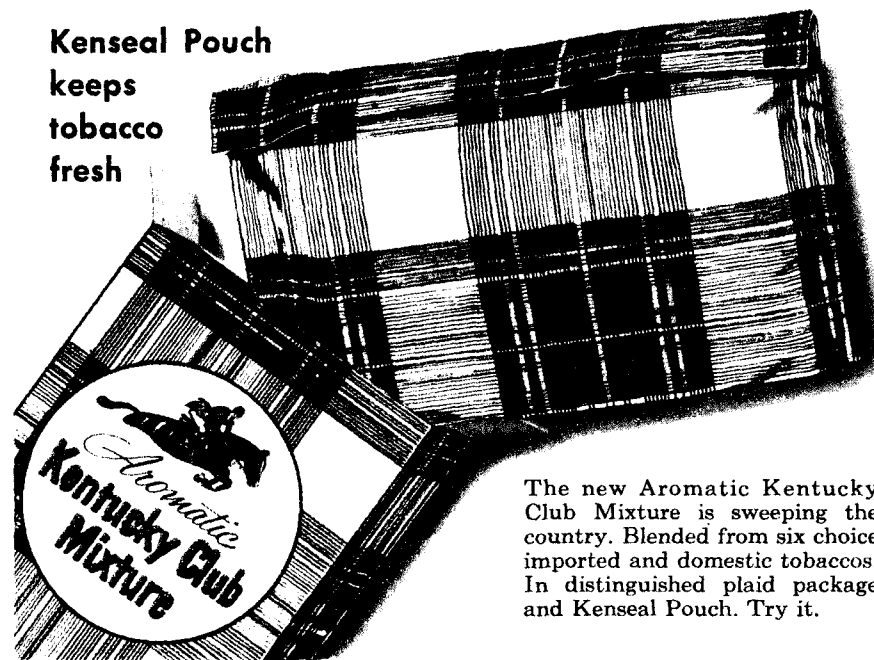
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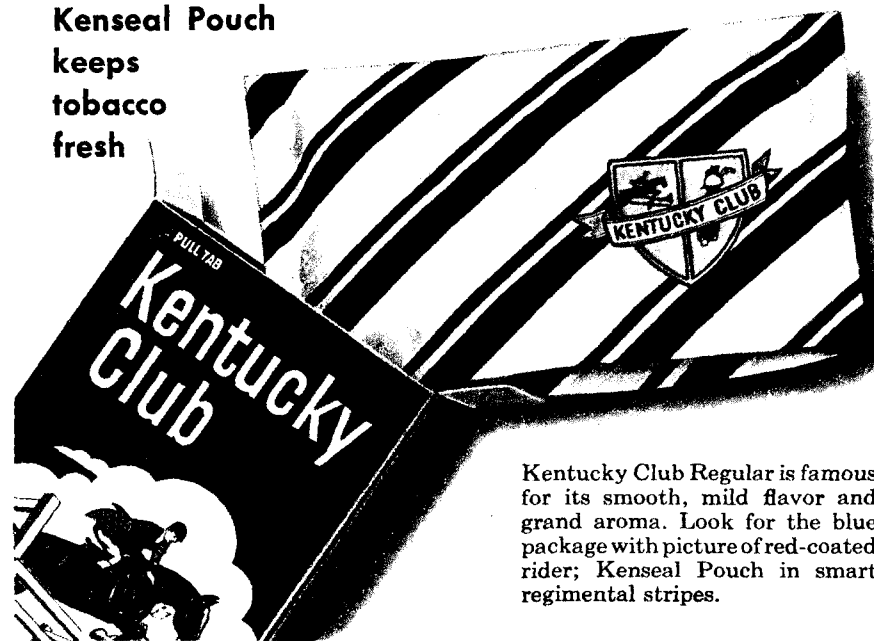
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drop with a crack onto the hood of the rattletrap.

Up at the shanty the man Remus appeared on the porch and yelled, "Whatthehell you tryin' to do—shoot the country to pieces? Come on an' eat!"

James A. Garfield muttered, "Ah, bonehead, shet ap!" Then he glanced at Teaberry and asked, "Sis, you like taters and onions?"

Teaberry was sitting on top of the fence, not afraid of him, and not afraid of anybody else for that matter, but not knowing what to make of him either, just staring at him. "Ah ain' particular," she said.

James A. Garfield stepped toward the fence and reached out with one long arm and encircled her body and went carrying her in the crook of his elbow the way men sometimes carry small filled sacks. He carried her feet first. Tucker crawled through the fence and went along just behind them. He had some vague notion if not exactly of protecting Teaberry then at least of being along if anything happened to her. She was riding stiff and silent and he saw a question forming in her eyes.

"What do you want?" he whispered. "Ask him has they got any custard pie."

**I**T OCCURRED to him then that she was utterly without concern about the men or about the still or about the whole circumstance. He realized that she was simply not old enough to care.

James A. Garfield climbed the steps to the shanty carrying Teaberry, and Tucker had no course but to follow. He was a little fearful that something might happen once they were in the house. They went through the front room and into the kitchen where there was a kerosene stove, a packing case serving as a table and a half-dozen kegs that might be used for chairs.

Remus was already sitting at the makeshift table. He wore his hat and before him was a tin plate heaped with a sort of potato-and-onion hash. He glanced up with a ugly scowl, started to say something but grunted instead and then turned his attention back to his plate. James A. Garfield planted Teaberry on one of the kegs and got some spoons and three tin plates from a shelf. He filled the plates from the skillet on the stove, handed one to Teaberry and another to Tucker and sat down, his rifle across his lap.

Tucker set the plate on the table and got a keg from a corner. Teaberry had started to eat, watching Remus furtively but intently, as if she thought that at any instant he might tell a Br'er Rabbit story. No one uttered a word.

Remus finished first. He arose, rolled the keg away and went into the other room. A moment later he returned with his shotgun and, without wasting a glance at anybody, walked out the back door and disappeared up a path toward the mountain.

Then James A. Garfield got done. He got to his feet, kicked his keg away and wandered out the front way with the rifle in his hand. Tucker and Teaberry both finished quickly. They slipped down from their kegs and went through the front room. James A. Garfield was sprawled on the steps.

"Us better git on home," Teaberry whispered.

"It's not polite to go just after you've eaten," Tucker said.

It was even more than that. He was not anxious to get home. He supposed it was his duty to tell about the still. Some people said there were getting to

be more and more moonshiners and bootleggers all the time and it was the obligation of every good citizen to report them. And yet he had heard Father himself say, more than once, "You don't break bread with a man and talk about him behind his back." He did not fully understand that he had wandered into that dilemma in which to fulfill public duty was to violate private honor. He was acutely uncomfortable.

They sat down on the step below James A. Garfield, who did not seem to know they were there.

"There a car," Teaberry said in a moment.

Tucker did not hear it until it left the public road to begin the gradual climb up the lane to the shanty. For a second James A. Garfield listened too. Whether he heard it or was paying any attention to it, they could not tell. He reached up with one hand and brought the .22 down by his leg.

the shanty. Teaberry glanced appraisingly at Dennis. He was grinning.

The men walked down to the walnut tree and Dennis stood under it and James A. Garfield stepped a dozen paces out into the broom sage. Dennis had a cigarette between his lips. James A. Garfield brought his rifle up stiff-armed, holding it with his left arm only, and Teaberry suddenly clamped both hands over her eyes and the rifle spat and Dennis no longer had the cigarette in his mouth.

James A. Garfield told Dennis that he was now going to stand on his head and do the trick again, but he didn't because at that moment Remus was coming down the path from the mountain, heavily burdened with jugs. The other three men started up toward the shanty and then Dennis saw Teaberry.

"Hi, Miss Teaberry," he said. "You wait, I've got somethin' for you."

But he didn't stop and give her the coin. All of them collected in the

cellar. He was convinced there was going to be a heavy frost and he did not want the potatoes left on the ground.

The first news of the trouble at Deer Meadow came over the party-line telephone just after noon. Tucker and Teaberry were cleaning out one of the storage bins, sorting the old potatoes into those that were still good and those that would be fed to the hogs. The telephone kept ringing seven longs, which was the ring of Mr. Charlie Palmer, the deputy sheriff at Craig's Ford. When there was no answer, it finally stopped and then began ringing five longs and two shorts—for Tandy Green, the constable. Those rings went unanswered until Father finally took down the receiver.

They could hear Father shouting. "Yes, Walter! I can hear you pretty well. Go ahead, Walter! . . . I'll see if I can get him for you." It was Mr. Walter Lange, the storekeeper. Then Tandy must have come to his own telephone because Father shouted, "He's on the line now, Walter. See if you can make him hear you." Father stayed up there listening in for quite a while and then he came down and told the hired man what he had heard.

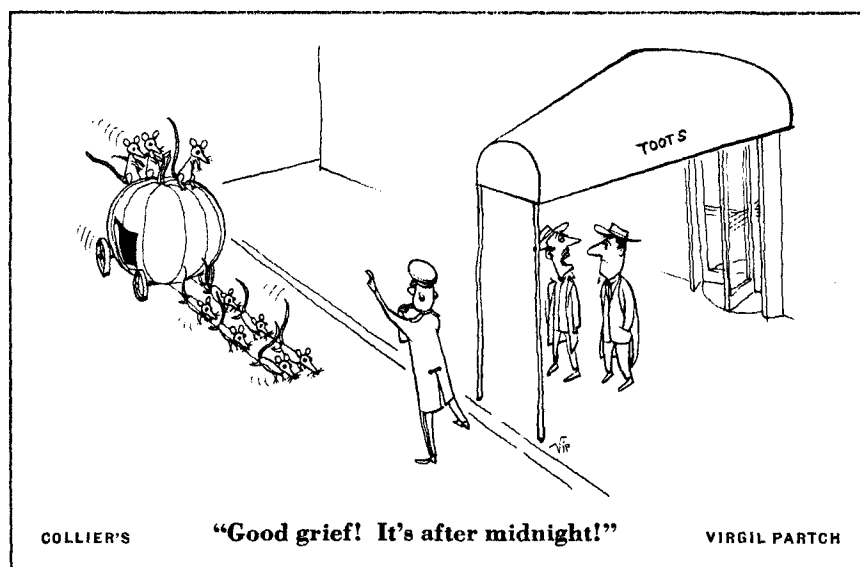
Father said that, as he understood it, Remus and James A. Garfield had been up at Deer Meadow visiting that redheaded widow, Mrs. Bill Gatemyer, and her rawboned daughter, Winona. The four of them were all there in the widow's cottage yelling and singing and carrying on until all hours. Then about daylight they had gone over and waked up the Holy Roller preacher, Mr. Pack Dowdysshell, and told him they had two marriage licenses and that they all wanted to get married right away.

**M**R. HANK MORRIS, who lived next door and still wanted to sleep, came out on his front porch half dressed and in a bad humor. He began arguing with the lot of them, and James A. Garfield called him something that was terrible and told him to get back in bed. Whereupon Mr. Morris promptly walked over and knocked James A. Garfield all the way off Mr. Pack Dowdysshell's porch, at the same time dislodging his boater hat and causing it to start rolling down the steps. Just as promptly, James A. Garfield whipped his revolver from under his coat and unaccountably pumped six bullets not into Mr. Morris but into his own hat.

That, Father said, although hard on the hat, otherwise seemed to resolve the whole situation quite nicely, because then everybody shook hands with everybody else and they went on into Mr. Dowdysshell's and held the ceremony, with Mr. Morris as a witness. Then all of them, Mr. Morris and Mr. Dowdysshell included, went on over to Mrs. Gatemyer's cottage, and that was when the celebration really began.

It must have kept up all morning. They were not only singing and having a fine time but every few minutes James A. Garfield, who had thought to buy more ammunition in town, went to the window and discharged a firearm. Half the people in Deer Meadow, Father said, seemed to be in a high state of alarm and it was only when the bridal party took a notion to leave the village and head down the valley that anybody thought it prudent to put in a call for the authorities. The fact that they had put faith in Tandy Green indicated that the village was excited. Father said, and then he and the hired man went back to the field.

Tucker and Teaberry went out in the front yard and they had no more than



"That Mr. Dennis Farley," Teaberry said. She recognized by sound, long before it was in sight, every car that passed the farm with any regularity.

Slowly the car came on up the hill and into the clearing. It was Dennis Farley, the great but unreliable pitcher for the Deer Meadow baseball team, and his brother Nelson. They parked under the walnut tree and got out and came walking up toward the shanty. Dennis was a lanky man who was usually grinning good-humoredly. Nelson just came up to his shoulders. He was lithe and quick and had a face twitch.

James A. Garfield got up lazily and walked down a few paces to meet them. They talked for a moment or two and James A. Garfield stepped to a corner of the house and yelled up toward the mountain, "Remus, bring down half a pound!" Then the men went on around the shanty.

"We better be goin' now," Tucker said.

"Ain' no hurry," Teaberry said. She did not move.

"I'll bet you think Dennis Farley's goin' to give you a nickel."

The previous summer Dennis had spent a month at the farm painting the barn, and during that time he had enabled Teaberry to earn forty-some cents with small chores. She would not admit now that she hoped for anything, but she would not move either. Before long they heard the men come in the back door.

The four men were in there for some time, moving about and talking and laughing. Suddenly there was singing. A moment later Dennis and Nelson and James A. Garfield came out of

shanty again, their talk and their laughing louder than it was before.

"We better be goin'," Tucker said. Teaberry shook her head. "Him said wait." She sat as if planted.

After a time, Remus came trotting out and down the steps, trying to hold onto his shotgun and struggle into a clean shirt at the same time. He got to the rattletrap, still dressing himself, and shouted back toward the shanty, "Git out here and git this started!"

The others came out taking their time, Dennis weaving a little by now. It did not look for a moment as if he was going to notice Teaberry, but just as he was going down the steps he stopped and dug into his pocket. "Miss Teaberry," he said, "show these fellows how fast you can run." And he gave her not a nickel but a quarter.

By the time Tucker got down to the fence, Teaberry was at the foot of the hill, and she kept going, not like something belonging to the ground but like a blackbird soaring low.

**T**HERE were certain propitious times to discuss serious matters with Father, either to ask him a favor or to make a confession. Tucker was very good at judging such times by watching Father's face. But that evening Father was not in the proper mood to be approached. He was working on his account books and could not get them balanced; not even Mother or Grandmother dared bother him. Tucker went to bed with his secret in his heart.

The next morning was still not quite the right time. Father was very busy sacking and hauling potatoes to the

not there when they heard the car coming up the valley. "That ole Tandy Green," Teaberry said before the car was even in sight.

Then it appeared under the trees along the road at the lower end of the arm. But instead of coming on, it turned off and growled its way up the one leading to the Tarrant shanty.

Tandy was up on the hill just long enough to verify that the two couples were not there. Then he came looping down the hill and on up the public road toward the farm.

Then Tucker and Teaberry saw the other car coming down the road. At first it looked like a car and at times rounded like one. At other times it rounded a little like a Fourth of July celebration. It was throwing up a great cloud of dust and every few seconds there was an explosion of some kind.

**T**ANDY stopped and pulled over to the edge of the road and sat waiting. Teaberry started across the meadow toward the road, not to be near Tandy Green, certainly, but just to be near excitement. Tucker raced after her and when they reached the saw trees they saw the rattletrap coming around the Gaylor turn. By now they could hear wild singing along with the recurrent explosions.

James A. Garfield was driving and the Gatemyer girl was beside him on the front seat. He was bareheaded and he was wearing what used to be his hat. It was hard to tell who was in back. It looked, at first, like the big-headed Gatemyer woman alone, waving her arms around and yelling and singing. Then they could see that he was sitting on Remus' lap, almost obscuring him. Every now and then James A. Garfield would haul out his revolver and take a shot at the sky, and when that was not going on Remus was tucking his shotgun up into the air and tting off a blast. They were all singing "We'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain."

Just as they rumbled across the plank bridge Tandy suddenly turned right out into the middle of the road, blocking it. James A. Garfield came up the abrupt grade and Tandy yelled at him to stop, but James A. Garfield did not stop. He banged on to the side of Tandy's car. He yelled something like, "Wup! Somebody hit it!" and he backed up and whammed to it again. He probably would have gone on whamming, but his motor died.

Tandy had hopped out of his car by then and was hanging onto the side of the rattletrap, demanding that they get out and submit to arrest for disturbing the peace. James A. Garfield got out, but instead of submitting to arrest for disturbing the peace he shouldered Tandy aside and went on round to the front of the rattletrap and began cranking it. Just as he got the motor going again, Tandy got up and informed him he was under arrest. Tucker expected that to put James

Garfield in a very dangerous humor, but it did not seem to. He was standing there towering over Tandy, grinning down at him. "All right, squire," they heard him say, "but you better let them cuffs on me to play safe. I never know what I'm goin' to do."

He stuck out his long arms with the cuffs together, and Tandy got the handcuffs off his belt and was going to slap them on. Suddenly James A. Garfield lifted his fists in the air and ought both of them down on Tandy's head like a pile driver. Wham! Tandy's knees wobbled like those of a man trying to carry something twice too heavy

for him, and he began walking in a circle, stunned and rubber-legged.

Tandy might have keeled on over there in the road, but as he made one of his turns James A. Garfield caught him under the arms, from behind, and yelled for the others to climb out of the rattletrap and give him a hand. The two women and Remus came piling out and Remus caught hold of Tandy's legs and he and James A. Garfield propped him up in the front seat of his own car.

Teaberry started back toward the house, not with the low soaring of a bird, but by fits and starts, running a few paces and then stopping and looking back and trying to see what was going on. Tucker was able to keep up with her with that kind of running.

James A. Garfield and Remus and the two women were clustered around Tandy's car. They must have held some kind of brief council of war, because they broke up in a moment and James A. Garfield stood outside the car steering it and Remus and the women got behind it and began pushing and Tandy's car went running down the bank into the creek with Tandy sitting up in it. It stopped in the creek and the rest of them went and piled back into the rattletrap and started up around the hill at an indifferent speed. They were all singing "We'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain" again.

Teaberry set sail for the yard then with Tucker after her. She swung up into a maple tree and he climbed up too. They could see the rattletrap going on down around the hill while Tandy was sitting up there in the middle of the creek in his own car.

Father had come up from the potato patch by then. He paused at the side gate watching the other car going on down the road and then turned and looked up toward Tandy sitting there in the creek. Father had a puzzled expression on his face. In a moment he cupped his hands to his mouth and called, "What's the matter, Tandy?"

**I**T TOOK Tandy some time to make up his mind to answer. He acted like he was having that fight with something and then he quit struggling and yelled, "They got me handcuffed to this damn' steerin' wheel!"

Father stood, arms akimbo, a moment more. Then he called out toward the barn. "Jess, bring the hack saw from the blacksmith shop. I'll meet you as soon as I see if I can get hold of Charlie Palmer."

Tucker knew Father was going into the house and do his duty and try to call Charlie Palmer. Unless the newlyweds got across the state line into West Virginia first, Charles Palmer would really arrest them. He did not take any foolishness from anybody. But Father did not seem to be in any great hurry to get in touch with him. The puzzled expression had left his face and Tucker was not sure but that he was chuckling.

And Tucker knew that, before the day was over, he himself would do his duty and tell Father about the still. In view of what had happened since, his secret did not seem important.

Teaberry was not watching Father or looking up toward the creek where retribution had caught up with Tandy Green. She was gazing with a peculiar sort of wistfulness, a kind of private poignancy, down the road where the rattletrap had vanished with only a light film of dust hanging over the road to mark its disappearance.

"Ah reckon him be tellin' all them stories to her now," she said.

—JOHN BELL CLAYTON



... Mark of  
PROGRESS in Railroading



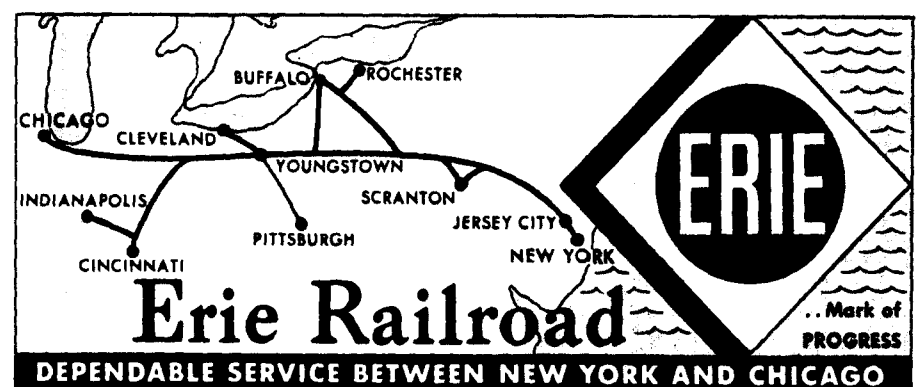
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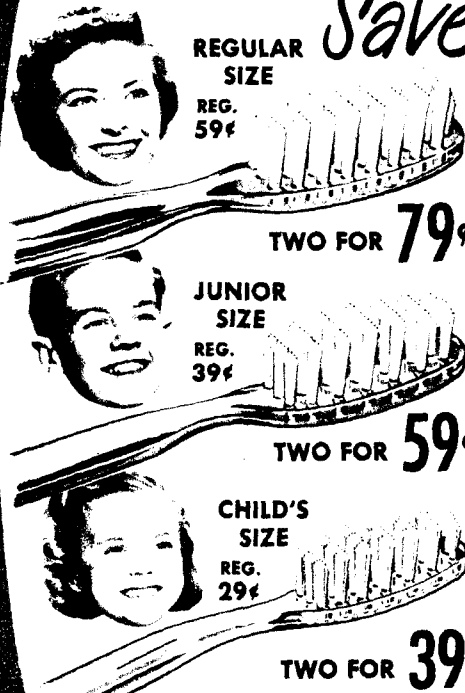
### CARA NOME PERMACREME LIPSTICK

Look! Passion Pink, Tangerine Red and Light Clear Red—3 new shades in this stay-creamy lipstick with miracle lanolin derivative!  
13 shades  
**\$7.10**  
Each

You'll be thrilled with Cara Nome's new **Pat-A-Way Stick**! It truly hides blemishes, spots, lines, shadows! **\$1.50**  
**Cara Nome Dusting Powder**, with the finest white talc base, is a luxurious after-bath refresher. 5½-oz. box.....\$1.50  
And preserve your after-bath freshness all day with **Cara Nome Deodorant Spray**—it really checks perspiration!...\$1.10  
**Cara Nome Color Shampoo** takes just minutes, lasts for months! So easy! So lovely! 12 shades, each.....\$1.25

## Save! REXALL

### DE LUXE TOOTHBRUSHES For the Whole Family



REGULAR  
SIZE  
REG.  
59¢

TWO FOR **79¢**

JUNIOR  
SIZE  
REG.  
39¢

TWO FOR **59¢**

CHILD'S  
SIZE  
REG.  
29¢

TWO FOR **39¢**

There's a right brush in Rexall's De Luxe line for every member of the family—6 medically-approved styles with long-wearing Hyzon bristles and 2 styles with popular natural bristles! Back-to-school time is dental checkup time—and time to check the family toothbrush rack. That's why Rexall offers you this chance now to replace those "wearing-out" brushes at a tremendous saving during September!



### GOT A COLD? REXALL ANAPAC TABLETS

36 tablets **98¢**

Combine antihistamine, aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine for quick and prolonged relief of cold misery. 15 tablets...49¢



### HEARTBURN? BELCHING? REXALL BISMA-REX MATES

75 tablets **89¢**

Famed Bisma-Rex ingredients in easy-to-take tablets act in relay for both swift and prolonged relief  
Rexall Bisma-Rex Powder, 4¾ oz....89¢  
Rexall Bisma-Rex Gel, ½ pt.....\$1.19

### A REAL BUY! FILLER PAPER



190-sheet pack  
Only **59¢**

Fine quality wide-ruled paper—5-hole punched so it fits either 2- or 3-hole binders. Stock up now at this price!



### SPECIAL FOR BOYS, MEN! "University" WRIST WATCH

\$7.95 val.  
Now  
**\$5.99**

Shock-proof, anti-magnetic jewelled movement. Luminous, with "magic" sweep second hand.

Colby Pocket Watches are accurate time-keepers, have handsome, non-tarnishing chromed cases, second hand.  
**White Dial.** \$2.59 value, now only, **\$2.19**  
**Luminous Dial.** \$2.95 value, now, **\$2.69**

### ✓CHECK THESE

### SAVE 47% NOW! CASCADE FOUNTAIN PEN

\$1.50 value  
Only **79¢**

Handsome gold color cap and trim on maroon, black or blue barrel. Stainless steel point for smooth, perfect writing. A great value during September!

**Retractable Ball Pen & Pencil Set.** Reg. \$2.00. Special, during September only, **\$1.25**  
**All-in-One Refill.** Fits most ball pens, **49¢**

### BIG SAVINGS THIS MONTH! ZIPPER BINDER



\$1.50 value  
Now just  
**\$1.29**

Sturdy, nylon-stitched Swedish fibre-grain binder with 2 pockets and brass zipper in 2- and 3-ring styles

**Leather "Varsity" Binder.**.....\$3.95  
**Rex "Liquid Flo" Pencil.** Ball point...25¢  
**Wire Bound Filler Book,** now only....25¢

Rexall drug products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

# REXALL Family Drug Store

BUY TWO AND SAVE!



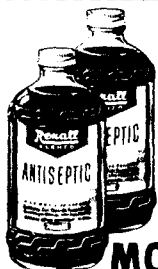
SAVE  
31¢

**REXALL  
Mi-31  
ANTISEPTIC**

Two 6-oz. bottles  
Reg. 78¢  
Now

**47¢**

Rexall's famous amber-color mouthwash, gargle and multi-purpose antiseptic. Sweetens breath, kills contacted germs. Special price during September only.



SAVE  
31¢

**REXALL  
KLENZO  
MOUTHWASH**

Two 6-oz. bottles  
Reg. 78¢  
Now

**47¢**

Rexall's famous ruby-red antiseptic mouthwash and breath sweetener. Kills contacted germs in only 30 seconds when used full strength. Pleasant cinnamon flavor.



SAVE  
27¢

**REXALL  
MILK OF  
MAGNESIA  
TABLETS**

Two bottles of 85,  
reg. 86¢  
Now

**59¢**

Quickly relieve temporary constipation, sour stomach, heartburn, and indigestion caused by excess stomach acidity. Each tablet is the equivalent of one tsp. liquid. Save now!



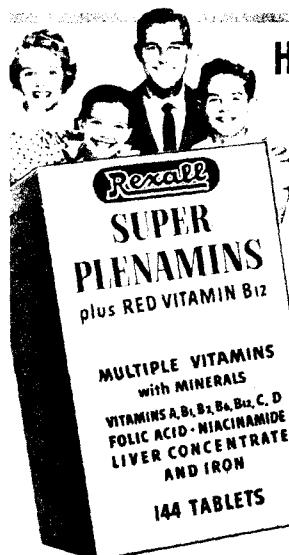
SAVE  
41¢

**REXALL  
LIQUID  
SACCHARIN  
DROPS**

Two 25-cc bottles.  
Reg. \$1.30  
Now

**89¢**

Calorie-free, super-concentrated. Already dissolved, so are ideal for use in iced drinks, and for use in cooking and baking. Just two drops are the equivalent of a teaspoonful of sugar. Buy now and save.



Help Protect Your Family from Colds

**REXALL  
SUPER PLENAMINS**

Family-size  
bottle of 144  
Only

**\$7.95**

Help build resistance to colds in cases of vitamin deficiency. One daily tablet supplies more than your minimum daily requirement of all vitamins with known minimums—plus vitamin B12, folic acid, true liver concentrate, and 12 important minerals including calcium, phosphorus, and 1½ times your daily iron and iodine requirement!

5-Week Supply of 36 Tablets, Only \$2.59

10-Week Supply of 72 Tablets, Only \$4.79



**NEW! A  
BANDAGE SHAPE  
FOR EVERY NEED**

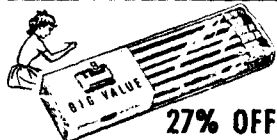
**REXALL  
QUIK-BAND  
PLASTIC  
DRESSINGS**

Box of  
30 ass'd.  
Only

**33¢**

Circles, squares—a shape to protect every cut, scratch, abrasion. Waterproof, elastic, flesh-colored—made with Rexall's exclusive Pro-Cap adhesive, so they stick better and are less irritating to the skin than ordinary bandages.

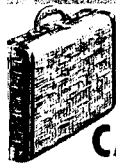
BACK-TO-SCHOOL BARGAINS



27% OFF

**Belmont Big Value  
LEAD PENCILS**

Box of 12 Silvertone finish. Assorted colors with medium lead, rubber eraser. Buy 12 in cellophane-wrapped packs and save!  
Reg. 40¢  
Now  
**29¢**



SAVE \$1.46

**TWEED  
CARRY-ALL  
CASE**

\$4.95 val.  
Now **\$3.49**  
Big, smart, sturdy—for school or travel. 14¼ x 12¼ x 4¾ inches. Your choice of blue, wine, green.



SAVE 40¢  
**CAPE COD  
SCHOOL  
LUNCH KIT**

\$2.69 val.  
Now

**\$2.29**

Blue enameled case with ½-pt. vacuum bottle. Good-looking, sturdy. Save now!

**Cape Cod Pint Lunch Kit Cut 40¢.** Black finish "man-size" case with larger pint vacuum bottle. Reg. \$2.79. .... **\$2.39**

**Roy Rogers School Lunch Kit.** ½-pt. bottle and metal case have colorful Western pictures of Roy and Trigger. .... **\$2.89**



40¢ SAVING  
**REX  
ALARM  
CLOCK**

Reg. \$2.79  
Now

**\$2.39**

An all-metal case makes this 40-hour clock both good-looking and durable. Has loud but pleasant-sounding alarm.

**Rex Luminous-Dial Alarm Clock.** Like above, with luminous feature added. \$3.49 value, now only. .... **\$2.99**

**Rex De Luxe Alarm Clock.** Smaller 30-hour clock. Single winding key. Ivory case, luminous dial. \$4.95 value, **\$3.99**



NEW ANTISEPTIC  
GERM KILLER  
**REXALL  
GERMATINE**

FREE TRIAL OFFER!  
2-oz. trial size  
free with reg. 79¢  
6-oz. size  
Both only

Stingless and stainless—yet is a powerful germicide, disinfectant and fungicide—for first aid on cuts, scratches and burns, and to relieve the itching of insect bites, poison oak and ivy, and Athlete's Foot. If not satisfied with 2-oz. trial-size bottle, simply return the 6-oz. bottle unopened for refund.

**Deluxe Ball Point Pen.** Has satin finish, streamlined features. \$2.95 value, **\$1.89**  
**Scout Flashlight.** \$1.49 value, now **\$1.19**  
**School Bags** with handles for boys; shoulder straps for girls. Standard 13¼ x 9¼ x 1¼ size. Only. .... **\$1.29**  
**Big Count Pencil Tablet.** 8"x10" size with 115 faintly ruled sheets. .... **25¢**  
**Rubber Cement.** 4-oz. bottle, brush, **40¢**

## REXALL'S FAMOUS ANTIBIOTIC REMEDIES

Each of these 5 products contains Tyrothricin, the effective antibiotic that protects against infection by actually inhibiting the growth of many bacteria!

**Rexall Epithricin First Aid Cream** for cuts, scratches, abrasions. Forms a protective film, promotes healing and helps prevent reinfection. Doesn't sting or stain. 1-ounce tube, only. .... **79¢**

**Rexall Orophricin Mouthwash.** Both antibiotic and antiseptic. Kills contacted germs and inhibits bacteria while sweetening breath. ½-pint bottle, only. .... **98¢**

**Rexall Nasothricin Nose Drops** make breathing easier while inhibiting growth of bacteria. Non-irritating. ½ oz. .... **69¢**

**Rexall Lozothricin Throat Lozenges.** Contain aspirin to relieve pain and Tyrothricin to inhibit growth of many bacteria. Cherry-menthol flavored. Box of 12, **69¢**

**Rexall Biokets Throat Troches.** Relieve pain, tickling and coughing while inhibiting growth of bacteria. Bottle of 15, **69¢**

## Rexall Monacet Tablets for Headache.

A combination of aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine—for prompt, 3-way relief from headache, other minor aches and pains. 100, **79¢**

**Rexall Alco-Rex Rub.** Relieves muscular aches caused by over-exertion. Pt., only **49¢**

**Elkays Aerosol Insect Repellent.** Push-button spray keeps away mosquitoes, biting flies, other annoying insects. 5 oz., only **\$1.19**

**Rexall Rex-Salvine for Burns.** 1½ oz., **57¢**

**Rexall Eyelo Eye Drops.** In handy plastic squeeze-a-drop bottle. 1 oz., only. .... **79¢**

**Rexall Eyelo Eyewash.** Cooling lotion with handy unbreakable eye cup. 4-oz. bottle, **39¢**

**Rexall Motion Sickness Tablets** help prevent queasiness on boat, plane, train, bus. Keep some in the car, too. 12, only. .... **89¢**

**Rexall Petrofol for Constipation.** Pt., **59¢**

**Rexall Triple-Action Cough Syrup.** Penetrates, stops the tickle, helps relieve coughing. Non-narcotic. 4-oz. bottle, only. .... **98¢**

**Rexall Skin Antiseptic for Cuts.** 1 oz., **33¢**

**Rexall Tiny Tot Aspirin for Children.** ½-gr., raspberry flavored. Bottle of 100, **35¢**

**Rexall Glycerin Suppositories.** For relief from constipation. Adult or Infant, 12, **43¢**

**Rexall Peroxide of Hydrogen.** Cleansing wash for cuts, scratches and skin abrasions. Relieves irritation of poison ivy and non-poisonous insect bites. 3% 10 vol. ½ pt., **29¢**

**Rexall Cherrasote Cough Syrup.** Time-tested formula soothes "tickling throat," loosens phlegm, and relieves irritation. Especially good for stubborn coughs due to colds. Has pleasant cherry flavor. ½ pt., **98¢**

**Stag Coolated Shaving Cream.** .... **50¢**

**Stag After-Shave Lotion.** 3 oz., only. .... **60¢**

**Rexall Fungi-Rex for Athlete's Foot.** Greaseless salve for quick, effective relief from itching, burning discomfort. 1½ oz., **75¢**

**Rexall Rubbing Alcohol.** ½ pint. .... **39¢**

**New Rexall Histacalma Cream for Skin.** Combines antihistamine, calamine, and benzocaine to soothe and relieve itching, smarting, and pain from insect bites, simple hives, poison oak and ivy. 1½-oz. tube, only **87¢**

**Ann Delafield Reducing Plans.** Lose up to 5 lbs. a week without starving or strenuous exercise! **For Women**—big beauty book plus 30-day supply of appetite-reducing wafers and diet-protecting vitamins. **\$6.95**; Refill, **\$5.95**. **For Men**—book of menus and instructions plus 10-day supply of appetite-reducing wafers and diet-protecting vitamins. Complete, **\$3.50**; Refill, only **\$2.50**

These suggested retail prices are effective through September 30, 1955 and are subject to Federal Excise Tax where applicable. Right reserved to limit quantities. Rexall Drug Co., Los Angeles 54, Calif.

**Rexall**

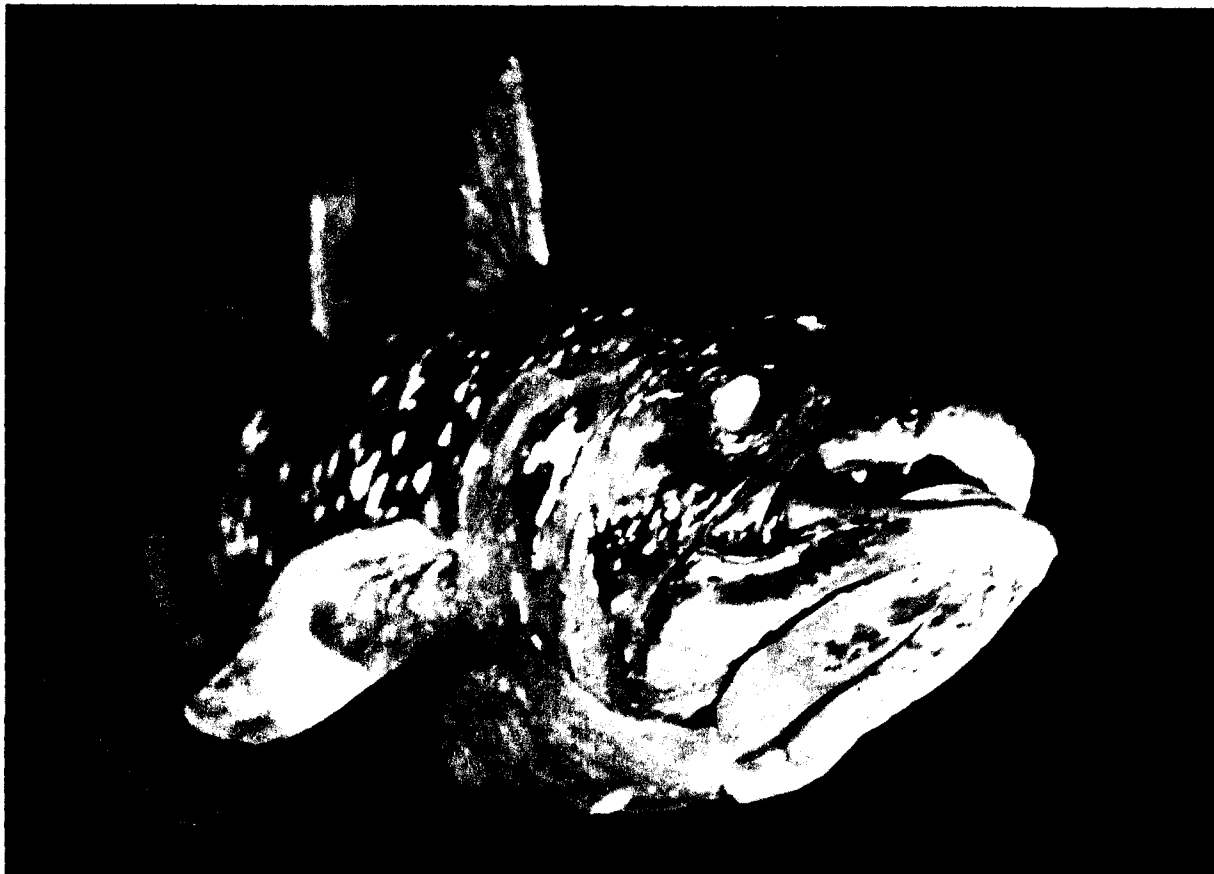
You can depend on any drug product that bears the name Rexall

Your Rexall Druggist is a prescription specialist...dedicated to the health and welfare of your community.



Here's the most  
sought-after creature  
in the world—the oldest  
living being. Its  
reappearance after sixty  
million years caused  
a furor. There's even a  
reward out for . . .

JEAN MARQUIS



## By JAMES DUGAN

**T**HE most sought-after dumb animal on earth is *Latimeria chalumnae* Smith, a big, rough-hided fighting fish found at night in the Comoro Islands in the Mozambique Channel at depths beyond 500 feet. There is a standing reward for *L. c.* Smith of \$280, double if captured alive. He is "the most amazing event of the century in the realm of natural history," says a British scholar. The fish has dislocated the food supply of the Comoros, threatened a diplomatic incident between France and the Union of South Africa, and has scientists palpitating over his rare appearances. A four-volume treatise is being written on him. Such crowds press to see *L. c.* Smith in the Museum of Natural History in Paris that experts had to wait a year to cut him up for study.

*L. c.* Smith is a coelacanth. The furor is due to the fact that he is the oldest living being, a creature unchanged in at least 60,000,000 years. Up till recently the coelacanth was known only from his fossil impression in rocks laid down in the Devonian period and extending into the cretaceous era. The coelacanth (pronounced *see-la-kanth*) was entered on the casualty lists of animals that died out with the dinosaurs. Now *L. c.* Smith has come up fighting and snapping from the dark ocean to give evidence on the making of man himself. His discoverer says, "*Latimeria* is the closest relative of the fish (long extinct) that is accepted as the ancestor of all land animals . . . he is almost in the direct line of man's ancestry." Indeed the discovery "strengthens the hope that other creatures stated to be extinct may still survive."

The stunning re-entry of *L. c.* Smith came on December 22, 1938, at East London, a port in southeast Africa. A trawler came in with a load of sharks. The inquisitive curator of the local museum, Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer, went to examine the sharks and found among them the mauled body of a surpassing strange fish, weighing 127 pounds and over five feet long. It was steel blue with heavy scales, a powerful protruding jaw and padded fins that stuck out like limbs. "It was so peculiar," she said, "that I felt it had to be preserved by the museum." The trawlermen said it had been taken on a deep shark hook off the estuary of the Chalumna River on the east coast of Africa and it had made a hard fight.

Miss Latimer hauled the "heavy, dirty and oily" fish to the museum. There she could find nothing like it in her ichthyological references. She made a sketch and sent it to the famous fish expert, Professor J. L. B. Smith, at Rhodes University College at Grahamstown, South Africa.

Professor Smith, a wiry, field-seasoned scholar, who has discovered and named more than 100 species of fish in his career, looked at this one with something like shock. His brain projected pictures of many classes, orders and families of fish. This one belonged to none. Then in his mind he saw rocks splitting to shrewd hammer taps, revealing the concave outlines and organs of fish dead before the continents were finished. Those fossils bore a close resemblance to this fish. He said, "Even though it was difficult to believe so incredible a thing, I identified the fish as a coelacanth and named it *Latimeria* in appreciation of what Miss Latimer had done." Smith felt "a surprise which would have been little greater if I had seen a dinosaur walking down the street."

The coelacanth is a suborder of the animal kingdom derived from a class of fishes which have some bone structure. The class developed the European sturgeon and degenerate lungfishes, some of which still survive, but the more important and highly developed coelacanthidae were considered a lot deader than dodos. Now one had arrived alive, family *latimeridae*; genus *latimeria*; species *chalumnae* (for the river mouth where it was caught). Professor Smith was due the usual appendix as the identifier.

The news of *Latimeria chalumnae* Smith made an international sensation. The professor wanted to find other specimens. "Geologists may know fossils," says he, "but I know fish, and it was hard to believe (as