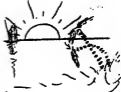




# PAN-ARUBAN



VOL. 1

ARUBA, D. W. I.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1929

NO. 13

## MACDONALD TO VISIT U. S.

Ramsay MacDonald, Premier of England, is scheduled to leave England Sept. 28th on the liner "BERENGARIA" for the U. S. to discuss with President Hoover the proposed naval limitations. Considerable significance is attached to this visit, coming at a time when most nations are not disposed to limit their naval forces. The results of the conference will have world wide effect if these two can reach an agreement.

## GRAF ZEPPELIN TO CIRCLE WORLD

Announcement has been made that the Graf Zeppelin's next flight would be an attempt to circle the world in 14 days. If she is able to accomplish this, it will be seven days less than the giant of the air required on her first round of the world venture. Definite plans for transatlantic passenger and commercial service via Zeppelins have been announced with the agreement reached between Dr. Eckener, commander of the Graf Zeppelin and officials of the Good Year Company of Akron, Ohio.

## COLORADO AND WYOMING DUE-FOR EARLY WINTER.

With snow falling in Denver and other Rocky Mountain points, the threat of an early winter became a reality. Temperatures ranging from 24 to 39 are the lowest to have ever been reported at this time of the year. Sections of western Wyoming have a light blanket of flakey snow covering them.

Great Britain won the tenth annual Schneider Cup Races with flying Officer H. D. Waghorn, establishing a new world's record for speed when he did better than 329 miles per hour. The last Italian entry was forced down on the first lap but was uninjured.

## NEW CLUB & RECREATION CENTER RUMORED

Pan-Aruba is to have a new club and Recreation Center. That is the report carried by the elusive news service which Deems Rumor conducts.

Unlike most rumors, our smiling lady of fortune has grounded herself in facts, or so it seems from the completeness of the program. If you'll lend us your ears, as Caesar said, we'll tell you what she told us.

On the knoll east and a little north of No. 2 Bachelor Quarters, the sizable Club House is to be built. This location is ideal, since the club will be easily accessible from the Pan Am Village and the Bachelor Quarters and yet far enough removed so that sounds from a dance or entertainment will not disturb those who wish to sleep.

The building is to be in the shape of a letter "T." The cross bar, or top of the letter, is to be roofed. It will house a barber shop, refreshment stand, news stand, billiard tables and between these various units will be placed as many tables as the floor will accommodate. This room answers several needs at once. Here the Bridge Club can meet, the Book Club hold forth, the tonsorial artists operate, and those clever with the cue, do their chalking.

The leg of the "T" is an open-air dance floor with a stage and dressing rooms at the very end. On either side of the floor, railed off, will be tables for those who would refresh themselves between dances. On the roof of the main part of the Club House will be housed two motion picture projectors with a screen on the stage. This is the ideal place for dances, motion pictures and amateur theatricals.

The specious Club House is designed to meet all the camp's needs of entertainment and recreation. The various activities will be run for a nominal profit, which will be used to finance other all-camp activities.

(Continued Page 3)

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

.....

INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

6 Months - Delivered on Aruba	\$1.25
1 Year - " " "	2.25
6 Months - Any Address in States	2.50
1 Year - " " "	4.50
Rates to other countries governed by difference in postage rates.	
Single copies.....	.05

.....

ADVERTISING RATES

Written Copy Only - per column inch	.50
Illustrated Copy - " " "	.75

.....

EDITORIAL STAFF

Reg. Miller	Editor-in-Chief
Jake Forter	Business Manager
Al Mansir	News Editor
Frank Perkins	Sports Editor
Don Heebner	Feature Writer
H. W. Smith	Circulation Manager
Herb. Forcade	Staff Artist
Roy T. O. Nalley	" "

.....

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS

A book by that title was written by a successful publicist, but we think it could be correctly applied to the new members of our camp.

The remark, "I used to know every body in camp, but now I know scarcely half the faces I meet," is frequent. It is the result of the tremendous changes which have taken place on this end of the island in the last 18 months.

The worst draw back we have toward friendship is the cliques habit, and there is constant danger that we may always

gravitate into select groups of admitted congenialities. There are none, however, who are too old or too big to make new friends. We should none of us make friends for the dollar and cent aid they may become to us, but by cultivating new friendships we are the recipient of a depth of feelings and comfort not sold at any of the world's bargain counters. From this standpoint, as individuals, we need all of the friendships we can get.

There is nothing new in the idea. Our Company is continually reaching out and making new friends, adding to its influence and increasing its opportunities. So, too, can each individual widen his acquaintance with the new members of the camp - making the new man feel at home and convincing him that he is appreciated. The stranger who comes to live in your room or bungalow, who accidentally comes to eat at your table, is just as good as we are, or he would not be a member of the camp.

The new man's test should not be how long he has been a resident of the community, but what he is and what he can do when he gets here. He can only prove that when afforded a chance. He is not going to force himself to your attention and if you were here first, he is entitled to your encouragement if he is to gain your respect.

Don't snub the new man - make a friend of him.

.....

A CHANGE IN POLICY

Let us appear mercenary for a moment--but remember that appearances are often deceiving.

The PAN-ARUBAN, like other successful institutions, must alter its methods to fit the requirements, altho those methods may have been a part of the past success.

Since the first issue, this paper has distributed approximately 250 free copies weekly. The very definite purpose of this action, however, has been defeated in many instances in lack of circulation of these free copies, after delivery to the bungalow, so that many men did not see the paper, and, altho interested, would not consider subscrib-

ing as long as there were gratis copies out which they were entitled, if not permitted, to sec.

In an endeavor, therefore, to correct this condition, the PAN-ARUBAN will discontinue the distribution of free copies after the current issue. The present subscription and extra copy rates will continue as in the past, and we hope you will see enough of interest and value in the paper to support it with your subscriptions. In fact, you and the folks at home can't afford to miss a single copy at these reasonable rates.

Further, in following this course, your PAN-ARUBAN will be delivered to your address in a sealed envelope, and you can look forward to each Saturday, secure in the knowledge that your paper will not be subject to the doubtful paths of the old free issues.

.....

Got your happiness out of your work, or you will never know what happiness is.

.....

#### GENERAL NOTICE

Effective Immediately

Sept. 11, 1929

Mr. F. S. Campbell becomes Assistant General Refinery Superintendent, and Mr. H. Scott Haynes Assistant Superintendent of Maintenance and Construction.

.....

#### GENERAL NOTICE

Sept. 9, 1929

A Mass Meeting will be held in the Pan Am Mess Hall Tuesday evening, Sept. 17th, at 7:30 o'clock for the purpose of formulating plans for and organizing a permanent Athletic Association.

It is thought advisable that an Athletic Council of seven men should be selected to dictate the policies of and control all athletic activities within the Concession; also that this Council should be composed of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and three other members; that the President, Treasurer and two members should be

chosen from the employees of the Pan American, the Vice-President, Secretary and one member from the employees of the Lago Oil & Transport Company and the Lago Shipping Company.

In addition to the above, delegates-at-large, who would have equal voice on the Council during their residence on the Island, should be selected, one from each of the Corporations and Contractors doing business within the Concession.

To facilitate matters, it is suggested that provisions to this Mass Meeting, consideration should be given to candidates to fill the above positions on the Athletic Council and that the employees of the several Companies and Contractors be prepared to nominate their respective candidates at the meeting. In order to have full representation on the Council at every meeting, alternates should be appointed from each of the other convoys for each Lago delegate from the fleet.

All employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, the Lago Oil & Transport Company, the Lago Shipping Co., and those of all contractors and Corporations doing business within the Concession are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

.....

(Continued from Page 1)

We understand that the clubhouse will not be operated by the Management but that the employees will be asked to create an Entertainment Committee who will have full charge of the clubhouse and all of its activities, and operate it for the benefit of the Community at large.

.....

This news brings to the fore again the fact that step by step the Company is making of this Manufacturing unit, the ideal foreign refinery.

.....

#### TENNIS MATCHES BOOKED FOR SEPT. 22nd

Altho plans for the matches last Sunday went by the board, arrangements have been made to entertain the Aruba Tennis Club on the Pan Am courts Sunday Sept. 22nd at 2:30 P.M. Several of the Island's notables, including Governor Wagenvoer and Mr. Plantz, plan to attend.

# "AS WE GET IT"

Announcement has been made of the appointment of Mr. Frank S. Campbell as Assistant General Superintendent. Frank has many friends, all of whom join in congratulations on his promotion.

The Regular Monthly Dance, scheduled for Saturday Sept. 14th, has been postponed due to the sudden illness of the manager of the dance.

A big dance with novel features has been planned for October 12th.

Word has been received from Captain and Mrs. Rodger, who are vacationing in England, announcing the marriage of their daughter, Louise Reid Rodger, to Roy Newling Pawes. The nuptial ceremony was solemnized at St. Barnabas Church, Goldseys Green, on Saturday, August 24th, at 2:30 P.M. A reception was held after the wedding at Hawthorn Hall, Bridge Lane. The young couple are at home, 116 Fordwych Road, West Hampstead, N.W.2.

Mrs. Rutz and Miss Lotje Gravostein returned the end of last week from Maracaibo, where they attended the wedding of Miss Peggy Edwards and Mr. Bert Martell. Both of the young nuptialites were employed here in Aruba at the time the Refinery construction began. They had an opportunity to make friends with all of the people connected with the Refinery construction in the early stages, all of whom wish Peggy and Bert the greatest happiness in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Martell left for New York immediately after the ceremony. Mrs. Rutz and Miss Gravostein say that they helped tie a good knot.

Mr. T. S. Cooke, member of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and Vice-President of Pan American Petroleum & Transport Co. in charge of Manufacturing, has returned to Aruba. Intimately associated at other Indiana refineries with many of the men here, he has added to his friendships until the majority of the camp knows him by more than name alone.

On September 4th, Mr. J. D. Scott, Jr., Assistant Manager of the Accounting Department, completed his 18 months in Aruba.

Mr. Cooke's periodic visits are looked forward to, and we hope that his business connections will not keep him away from Aruba for as long a period in the future.

Mr. Scott is the first man to complete his time without interruption--or without leaving at the expiration of the eighteen months. Others have rounded out their time, but there has been time out, such as a trip to Maracaibo, a hurried trip back to the States, or perhaps sickness. Mr. Scott has had none of these--no little vacation, no days in the Hospital (we are not mentioning these things). He has made no plans at present concerning his vacation.

We welcome to our Island home Mr. and Mrs. Scott Haynes and daughter, who came from the Pan Am Refinery at Tampico. Mr. Haynes has been making a comparison between the two locations and his conclusion is that Aruba has many things in its favor as a residence.

The Roaming Reporter will roam no more. If you have any news that you were holding until this Reporter made you a visit, we would like to have you forward it to the Office of the PAN-ARUBAN where it will be welcome.

Mr. J. Oswald Boyd of Maracaibo underwent an operation for Appendicitis Monday Sept. 9th. Mr. Boyd is reported as doing very well, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

WHERE EVER YOU GO, WHAT EVER YOU SEE  
CAN'T BE LIKE THE WELL KNOWN

P A N A M A B A Z A A R

Just received -- Genuine Montseristic  
HATS

Come and see for yourself

Altho the Roaming Reporter isn't  
going anymore, he did hear that the  
Canary at the Marine Super's House has  
added two more eggs to her collection.  
What a gay old bird!

.....

Any one returning from service in  
Maracaibo or Venezuela is certain to  
have many interesting tales to tell.  
Russell King relates a thrilling experi-  
ence he had with one of the great snakes  
over there.

"I was driving a truck," says Rus-  
sell, "on a road thru the jungle.  
Rounding a sharp curve, I saw what at  
first appeared to be a log across the  
road. Closer observation disclosed the  
obstacle to be a python about twelve  
feet in length. There was not time to  
stop, and the truck passed over the  
snake. I stopped and ran back to see  
the snake, which I thought dead. When I  
got near it, the thing suddenly revived,  
as it had only been stunned. It started  
for me, and I started to run. In doing  
so, I became entangled in some barbed  
wire on a fence in the undergrowth, from  
which I could not get free. On came the  
snake, and it seemed he would be upon me  
any moment. My clothes were ripped and  
my skin scratched and torn, but I could  
not move. The snake was very close now,  
when suddenly it stopped. I could see  
the tiny beady eyes, which now seemed  
to register horror, which was exactly  
the thing I was registering. In fact,  
I was so horrified that my hair had  
bristled like a fighting dog, and no  
doubt the snake thought I looked too  
ferocious to tackle without pause.

Fortunately for me before that  
great crawling creature could make up its  
mind to come nearer, some natives hap-  
pened along and killed the python."

Mr. King says he is happy to be in  
Aruba, where the only deadly reptile  
is the tapeworm.

Recent newspaper accounts of the  
hanging in Fort Lauderdale, Florida,  
of Alderman, who two years ago shot  
and killed several members of the Coast  
Guard, brought to light a story of this  
event which Tom Wilburn tells in his  
usual interesting manner.

"I was in the hospital at Fort  
Lauderdale, when they brought in a young  
fellow who had been aboard the U.S.  
Cutter, and had been wounded during the  
capture of Alderman. In fact he was in-  
strumental in his capture. It seems that  
when the Coast Guards first came upon  
Alderman, he succeeded in retaining one  
of his guns when he was hurriedly searched  
and later, when most of the crew had gone  
aboard the little vessel which carried  
Alderman's booty, this desperado took  
advantage of the situation and shot two  
of the men left in charge of the Cutter.  
The fellow who had been brought to the  
hospital had been one of those left on  
the Cutter. He was shot through the  
head, and as he dropped backwards, he  
grabbed an ice pick which was on deck.  
He then managed to fall overboard, with  
every appearance of having been killed,  
but instead he swam under the ship, and  
climbed up the opposite side of it.  
With the ice pick he slipped up behind  
Alderman, successfully flooring him,  
and setting free those on the Cutter  
whom Alderman had been covering with  
his gun."

Tom says the young hero had the bed  
next to his in the hospital, and spoke  
of the incident lightly, like one might  
mention having won a game of tennis,  
or something of similar import.

.....  
Four tables of Bridge players  
competed for the weekly cash prizes  
on Wednesday evening, with Hodgeson  
of the Kellogg Co. winning first, hold-  
ing a score of 1596, while Louis, also  
a Kellogg man was second with 1366.

Don't forget - 8 P.M. WEDNESDAY  
NIGHT - at the Pan Am Mess Hall.

.....  
Speaking of Bridge, last week our  
Editor, Reg. Miller, attended a Bridge  
Party given by one of his friends. The  
next day Reg. was limping about on a sore  
ankle. We are wondering what kind of  
Bridge Reg. plays - perhaps he tried to  
trump his partner's ace - or something.

# SPORTS

6.

## TO FILL A NEED

Elsewhere in this issue is a notice of a Mass Meeting to be held next Tuesday night for the purpose of organizing an Athletic Association.

The need for such an organization is definite and urgent. While all the various activities which would naturally come under the control of an Athletic Council have been admirably managed in the past, we must all realize that the organizing and promoting of such activities can no longer be left to chance.

This is vital; there are too many possibilities of a house divided against itself, or the lack of initiative at the required moment. Further, the scope of action for such an organization is widening and will continue to do so through all the developments that are under way or contemplated at this time.

It behooves all of us, then, to assist in the effecting of the proposed Athletic Association as soon as possible. The start is to be made Tuesday night at the Moss Hall. It is the duty and privilege of every body to be there, prepared to submit ideas and offer service, to exercise the best judgment in selecting men for the Athletic Council and to commit ourselves to support that Council to the last ditch.

Let's go!

## NEW TENNIS AND HAND BALL COURTS TO BE BUILT

Additional Tennis and Hand Ball Courts are to be built soon near the Bachelor Quarters, enabling those who live at the Bachelor Quarters or vicinity the opportunity to play without the prospect of a long hike to and from the courts.

JOHN G. EMAN

ORANJESTAD, ARUBA

## BANKING DEPARTMENT

BANKING FACILITIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

\*\*\*\*\*

## STEAMSHIP DEPARTMENT

PASSENGER AND CARGO BOATS CONNECTING EUROPE WITH SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WEST INDIES.

SAILINGS FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CURACAO--ARUBA, VIL HAITI, SANTO DOMINGO, JAMAICA, MARACALIBO, DUTCH AND BRITISH GULANA

\*\*\*\*\*

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

PROVISIONS & MERCHANDISE, AND ALWAYS IN STOCK: CARS - TRUCKS - TIRES AND TUBES  
TYPEWRITERS, etc.

(See us about the famous Marquette Cars)

" D I G "

by

Don Heebner

(Continued from last week)

I knew that ordinary crying would not attract them. When Maud screamed again, I went to the foot of the stairs. There was no one about but the child, who yelled louder than ever when she saw me.

From the first I thought the child crazy, having come by it naturally, for her mother would drive anyone insane with her chatter.

One I heard a lady talk on the radio about children, who had mentioned that when a child cries, there usually is something the matter with it. This bit of wisdom made me ask, "What's the matter, sister?" but the youngster only screamed, "No, no, go 'way, go 'way!"

Ella and Mrs. Pratt arrived on the spot at that moment. "Why, John, aren't you ashamed teasing that dear little girl." And I had a sweet time convincing Ella that I had done nothing but try to comfort the child.

"What did Muvver's little darlin' see on the stairs?" Mrs. Pratt asked, gathering her howling daughter up, but Muvver's darlin' was not inclined to divulge the mystery of what she had seen on the stairs. Ella brushed up the scattered feathers, while Maud clung desperately to the half plucked bird. We never did find out what made Maud cry. A bit puzzling it was, but there seemed nothing to do about it, until Mrs. Pratt had an idea, she being the kind that would.

"You know children are so psychic; let's get out Uncle Jim's ouija board, and ask it who was on the stairs that Maud saw."

Just a lot of bunk I thought, but the wife was thrilled with the idea, and her interest encouraged Mrs. Pratt to continue.

"Uncle Jim was a great believer in spirits. He and I communed with them frequently through the ouija."

She brought out the board from behind an old desk. Sitting down with it on her knees, insisted that I sit opposite her.

"All the spirits I'm interested in come out of bottles, not boards," I told her, but there was no evading her. I

must sit down and help her work that fool board.

"Because," she explained, "it always works best with hands of the opposite sex."

After a moment during which no one spoke, not even Mrs. Pratt, the tiny table on the board suddenly began moving.

"John, don't push it," Ella whispered.

"Who's pushing it?" I asked, peeved. I was doing nothing but holding my hand lightly on the little table, and trying to keep awake.

"Hush!" Mrs. Pratt commanded. "You'll disturb the spirits." Then in a low, solemn voice she added, "Oh, ouija, tell us whom it was my daughter Maud saw upon yonder stairs."

Another period of dead silence. I yawned, and Mrs. Pratt looked heavenward, closing her eyes as she did so. "This house is full of spirits; they're all about us, but we must keep quiet for they dislike noise, and won't answer our questions."

"What nonsense," I put in, but Ella's look ended my expression of these doings. I shifted my position to rest the arm outstretched to the board, when once again the thing began moving, slowly at first, faster as it spelled out something I could not read on account of the board being up-side-down from where I sat.

"What does it say?" Ella's eyes were popping out far enough to be scraped off with a stick.

"U-n-c-l-e J-i-m," Mrs. Pratt spelled out slowly in that low dramatic voice of hers. As the little table continued to slide and-cavort about the board, she read on with death-like seriousness, "Don't-let-that-brat-destroy--my-owl."

Just then a gust of wind blew out the lamp on the table, leaving us in complete darkness for a moment. Ella screamed, and it was a couple of minutes before I could find another light.

Instead of being scared, Mrs. Pratt was huffy at the message she had read. "Jim never did me that way before." She looked at me suspiciously. Probably she thought I had pushed the table to make it spell what it did, but I swear I did not. As I told Ella afterwards, "You flatter me if you think I'm clever enough to think up such a good line."

At any rate Mrs. Pratt departed almost at once, taking her troublesome off-spring with her.

"Do run in tomorrow," Ella called after her apologetically.

Turning, she saw the moulting owl. "John, dear, put that ridiculous old bird out of sight before it causes any more disturbance." Which I did.

Pa Grey had slept through the entire episode. I finally had to awaken him when it was time to retire. He was one of those invalids who sleep well and eat heartily.

While we were preparing for bed, Ella asked, "Did you hear Mrs. Pratt say this house was full of ghosts?"

"Tommyrot," I yawned, and tumbled into bed. "What I did hear, though, was that she thinks Uncle Jim left some money. Funny no trace can be found of it."

"Mrs. Pratt is positive its hid in this house."

"Well, if she can't find it, after all the prying about she's done, its useless for us to try."

Mrs. Pratt kept her promise, and came over quite early the next morning to show us about our newly acquired domain. Her peeve had passed with the night; now everything was sunshine. The spacious yard bore evidence everywhere that Uncle Jim had been a successful gardener. Flowers bloomed from every corner. A large tree shaded the house, and from the tall palms in the rear came the notes of a mocking bird. We passed through the barn, and came out upon the Irish Potatoe fields, the "main-stay of the farm" as Mrs. Pratt put it.

Scarcely had we entered the field when our guide suddenly remembered she had left some junket on her stove, and she left us for a few moments while we viewed the acres of potatoe plants white with tiny blossoms.

Ella eyed the fields wonderingly. "I thought potatoes grew on vines."

"How ridiculous," I replied knowingly, "you must be thinking of onions."

When Mrs. Pratt returned, she brought a beaded bag which she carefully unwrapped and displayed to us. "Jim gave me this on Christmas," she boasted. "We were just as good as engaged when he died," she confided.

Oh, so that's the way the wind was blowing. It occurred to me that perhaps Uncle Jim had been hard to handle, and apparently he had been far from succumbing to her charms, for she had learned nothing of his money. We questioned her further about it.

"Couldn't get a word out of Jim," Mrs. Pratt said. "I know he must have cash somewhere, and once I suggested that he invest his money in the saw-mill over there which burned a month ago. It would have been a sure thing if it hadn't burned. But instead of taking my advice, he put it somewhere else, and we never could find where. He was leery of banks, too. Probably the money is right here in this very house."

We were so busy getting settled and shipping that first crop of potatoes that no extensive search for Uncle Jim's money was made. We did look around a little, but as there was no certainty that any money was to be found, it seemed silly to hunt. Weeks sped hurriedly by and we were having the devil's own time making ends meet, for it seemed the potato market was off that season, and some brand new kind of bug was attacking our crop. If Uncle Jim had encountered many seasons like our first one, I felt certain his fortune, if any, was a very meagre one.

In the mean time Pa grew restless. "If only I were well enough to help with the work," he would say. His robust appearance believ his physical condition as he told it. And his appetite compared favorably with an alligator first awakening from its winter nap. It was some relief to know we had acres of potatoes on which to feed him.

I can't say just when it started, for I'm not as observant about some things as I should be, but I presume it was almost from the start that Mrs. Pratt set out to capture Pa Grey. Pa looked like money, and talked it, and out there in the wilds, it was an easy matter to impress the lady fortune hunter. Now that I think it over, two such kindred spirits were bound to find each other eventually. With Pa's enormous appetite, and Mrs. Pratt's loquaciousness, one could but wonder what the harvest would be.



Being pretty busy, I did not notice the start of this affair, as I said before until one day I happened upon them leaning over the fence, discussing the culture of potatoes. To my surprise, Pa was doing the talking, with Mrs. Pratt an interested listener - you had to hand it to the old boy for that.

"Now, in New England," Pa was saying as he whittled upon a stick, "we employ entirely different methods."

Some of my men had disappointed me that day, and I was much too busy digging potatoes to learn what those methods were or how Pa happened to know them. At any rate, when Pa finally came in for his evening meal, he brought with him a small cup of junket. Ella had baked a pie for dessert; her pies are almost as famous with us as the Sennett pastries in the Movies, only in a different way--Ella's pies never go so far. The only fault I find with her pies is she is too sensitive about them. When Pa refused pie, substituting the junket, Ella burst into tears, and accused him of not liking her cooking. This afforded me the opportunity of becoming a hero in the wife's eyes which opportunity I seized and ate four large pieces of pie.

My heroism, however, brought on a heavy, sleepy feeling later, and I was wondering how to escape our nightly battle of Rummy, our only past time in the long evening. But Pa saved the situation. He caught sight of Uncle Jim's ouija board behind the old desk, and asked what it was.

Ella explained. "I wonder if we could manage it ourselves?" she asked, dusting off the board.

"If it can be done, a Grey can do it," Pa boasted, anxious to smooth over the pie controversy. This suited me exactly, because I would be left out.

The two sat down with the magic board between them. I stretched out comfortably upon a couch, with a magazine. When all was quiet, Ella queried, "What shall we ask the thing?"

"What's good for blistere?" I inquired, examining my hands, sore from digging all day.

Ella tapped her toe meaningly upon the floor. After a minute during which time the little board remained as if glued she said sweetly, "We must ask it a question."

"Why not ask it what Uncle Jim did with his money." His suggestion met with hearty approval. I drew closer to see what would happen, for the whereabouts of Uncle Jim's money was surely an interesting one.

"What ails the darned thing?" Pa Grey stifled a yawn. "My arm is getting tired."

"We must concentrate on our question," Ella had been getting all the dope about ouija from Mrs. Pratt. She turned to me. "John, dear, put your hand on the board; Pa is tired."

I was tired, too, but protesting was useless. No sooner had we placed our hands upon the table, than it began fairly sailing around in circles, and when Ella repeated the question about Uncle Jim's money, all the fool thing wrote was "D-I-C." It spelled out this word several times, which seemed silly advice to me, who was about dead from spending the entire day digging. I mentioned this.

Ella shifted her position. "Of course if you don't care to find Uncle Jim's money, keep on talking and spoil everything." After that I sat back meekly, saying nothing, while Ella leaned intently over the board.

"Oh, ouija," where shall we dig?" She assumed Mrs. Pratt's dramatic tone in a higher key. Another slight pause, then the table moved over the board, squeaking as it went. In an excited voice Ella read aloud the words as they were spelled.

"Dig--by--north--east--pillar--near--kitchen--window. Dig! Dig! DIG!"

Imagine if you can the consternation this advice started in our household. Ella was for going out at once with a shovel, in spite of the fact that heretofore she would not venture off the porch after dark. Upon being reminded of the cactus which grew under the kitchen, Ella decided to wait for daylight to do the digging. Pa Grey was like a pirate about to capture a chest of gold--and I did not have to play Rummy that night.

Even before the earliest birds started their jabbering next morning, I heard Ella tip-toeing about the room, and when I finally arose, Ella had all but undermined the north east section of our house. There was no cellar,

and one pillar was toppling dangerously. Pa was there, too, and with a spade was exerting himself surprisingly for one supposed to be an invalid.

"Well," I said cheerily, "I'll know where to get potatoe diggers the next time we are short of help."

Now, it wasn't my fault that just then Ella bumped her head on a beam and sat down in an ant nest, but that's just my luck. She was indignant, and to keep peace in the family, I took the shovel, and did as Ella directed, continuing the excavating which she had started under the house.

Digging potatoe was hard enough, but this was far worse. For Ella's sake I tried to register interest, but all to no good. Aside from the water pipe, which I punctured with a blow from the spade, nothing else was found. It was a hot and dirty family that finally gave up and went in to a belated breakfast.

While Ella was finishing her coffee, and holding her bumped head, I slipped into the next rooming, and quietly, but with a great deal determination and satisfaction, broke up that ouija board. Returning to the dining room, Ella asked me to feel the welt on her head where she had bumped it.

"That's your bump of riches," I laughed, but not very long or loud. The next moment she had me running upstairs to see if by chance Uncle Jim's old medicine chest contained a suitable lotion for the bruised head.

I have never been able to understand how it was Ella had not cleaned out that medicine chest, because she has a perfect mania for cleaning all such little places, especially when they don't show. Some how she had missed this place, into which I had stuffed that old owl weeks ago, in my effort to put it out of sight. While fumbling about among numerous bottles, the bird fell out and struck the floor with a peculiar metal sound. Imagine my surprise when I discovered it to be stuffed with a metal box; which contained Uncle Jim's fortune in U.S. Bonds.

Well, sir, Ella declares to this day that it was the ouija that found the money for us. Why should I argue about it?

THE END.

## ARUBIAN OBSERVATIONS

by the Parrot

Aruba is beautiful in its simplicity. The majestic force of the landscape is not appreciated as it should be--for nothingness is rare and precious in this world crowded with things. Trees hinder the view, rivers are unsettled items always running, the sea itself rises and falls and is subject to unceasing changes such as waves, typhoons and hurricanes. When we look out from our bungalow door in the morning, how comforting it is to know that we will see nothing but gray rocks, low cactus and goats - an invaluable certainty.

At dawn there is nothing prettier than to look out at San Nicolas Bay. The horizon is pale pink, hazy, immaterial and over a sea that one can hardly tell from sky, come the little lake tankers, one following the other like sheep. They enter the port and instantly their demure attitude ceases, for each seems to be faring for himself in search of the best berth.

Oranjestadt sleeps in the heavy afternoon sun like a large, lazy boar after a heavy meal. It is a rare sight in this age of steam and electricity to encounter a port where sailing vessels are as numerous as in Oranjestadt. The plaza lined by the government buildings, the wooden pier, the little stand for cold drinks, the sea eternally blue and the blow sloops loading or unloading their scanty cargo, could find their setting along the Spanish coast or in Italy or Greece about 1810 and the foreigner who leisurely walks while observing curiously the scene could be Byron on his early wanderings.

The glory of the sun setting behind the plant is particularly intense. It has the fantastic fascination of a stage setting cleverly layed and dimmed. The horizon colour in every shades of the prisms. Deep orange mingles with purple, red, yellow and violet and upon the foreground the works--rendered in uncanny strength--reminds one of the titanic scenes such as that of the founding of Vulcan, the Grecian god of mythology, set at the bottom of the Vesuvius volcano, where he forged the thunder of Jupiter.