

GOODWILL GROUP OPENS CAMPAIGN FOR MORE WORKERS

Executives at Goodwill Industries of Detroit state that they have the room and the equipment to give employment to double the present number of handicapped workers, but the great need is for

more discarded materials for the employees to work on.

Accordingly, a campaign under the name of "Goodwill's Fall Roundup" will be launched, starting the second week in October, the purpose of which will be to acquaint the housewife in the Detroit area with the urgent need of more discarded clothing, shoes, blankets, quilts, furniture, rugs and household equipment to supply employment to more handicapped men and women, as well as to make these rehabilitated things available to those of limited income, through the Goodwill stores.

Under direction of The Women's Association of Goodwill Industries an "Inspection Week" will be staged in the Goodwill building, 356 E. Congress street, corner of Brush, each day from October 9th, through October 14th. A doll show presenting some of the finest collections of dolls in America, and a fashion show will be two of the attractions. Refreshments will be served each afternoon.

Special arrangements are being made to entertain various groups on different days, but visitors will be welcome at all times. The following groups are scheduled to visit on the days assigned: Monday, October 9th, Federal Women's Clubs; Tuesday, October 10th, Non-Federated Women's Clubs; Wednesday, October 11th, Church groups; Thursday, October 12th, Patriotic groups and International Day; Friday, October 13th, Fraternal groups; Saturday, October 14th, P. T. A. and schools.

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LADY LUCK

By VIC YARDMAN

(Associated Newspapers)

WVU Service.

IN LIRIO, N. M., the name of

Rufus Drake is a byword, a

legend. There are numerous

buildings named after him in

street, a park and a museum.

Strangers are apt to get the idea

that Rufus was once quite a figure in

and about Lirio, and indeed he was

rather a sad story, yet cur-

ious, too, I will repeat it exactly

as it was told to me by Boris Avey,

Lirio's oldest inhabitant and Rufus's

one time closest friend.

Rufus Drake (Boris began) was a

gold prospector. And his luck in

finding color was the most astound-

ing thing this side of the Rio

Grande. He was old when he first

took to the desert, past sixty, and in-

experienced. Yet five days after

he'd been out he struck it. He came

plodding into town with his

samples and had them assayed.

Then he recorded his claim and

went over to the Silver Dollar to

spread the news.

Within a month a mushroom town

had sprung up near Rufus's strike.

That was the beginning of Lirio.

At first, of course, the settlement

was composed mostly of tents and

a few hastily constructed board

shacks. But presently a more sub-

stantial and permanent town began

to be erected, and one of the first

all-wooden buildings of any conse-

quence was Nate Paxton's El Al-

haja.

Mr. Ahajja was a saloon and gam-

bling den. The reason I mention

it is because it was here that Rufus

Drake spent most of his time.

There was a reckless streak in

Rufus, a sort of weakness, a quality

of abandon that was in direct con-

trast to the rest of his character.

He loved gambling.

The element of chance fascinated

him, intrigued him. Perhaps he

can't understand or appreciate

what that means. Perhaps you've

never had the feeling. Well, let me

tell you it's a worse affliction than

either the drug or liquor habit.

Anyway, a syndicate bought out

Rufus's claim.

They paid him \$50,000 for it, and

incredible as it might seem,

the morning after the deal was

consummated Rufus was broke. He'd

lost every cent in the gambling

rooms of the El Ahaja.

Every one felt sorry for the old

prospector. Rufus would have none

of their pity. He was old and didn't

take life as seriously as some folk

do.

And so with a grudge he followed

by Nate Paxton (Nate felt sorry

about one of his own) Rufus ran

ill luck and would have returned

some of the money if Rufus would

have let him get out for the hills

once more. Three weeks later he

was back.

He'd struck color again, and this

new strike was even richer than the

first.

Another rush began, with

Lirio as its base.

Nate's claim was appraised at

\$75,000 and the same syndicate of-

fered him that amount of money.

He sold out immediately

headed for the El Ahaja.

There was no need to go out of

town. Rufus was as lucky with the

goddess of chance as he was

lucky in finding color.

Two days later he was broke once

more and Nate Paxton was \$75,000

richer.

You'd think this would have

taught him. But it didn't. It made

him worse.

He swore up and down that there

wasn't any reason why he couldn't

beat the games. The thing became

an obsession with him. But he was

broke again and there was nothing

left to do but hit for the hills once

more. A month passed and then

Rufus showed up in town one day

with his pockets bulging with sam-

ples of his new strike.

Well, it was hard to believe, be-

cause hundreds of other pros-

pectors had traveled over the same

territory without unearthing a glim-

mer of the wealth that Rufus re-

vealed.

It was about this time that Rufus

and I became acquainted.

I was married at the time and my

wife, Edith, was the three kids

and I'd had a tough break in in-

vesting in one of the mines, and

was down and out. Rufus heard

about it and came over to see me.

He insisted that I take a couple of

thousand dollars to take me over.

(He'd received \$50,000 for his new

claim. We got pretty friendly

about that and I urged him to give

up the gambling habit. But he only

grinned and a curious glint came

into his eyes.

I saw that arguing wasn't any use,

so I asked why he didn't spend

some of his wealth for a good pur-

pose—such as donating it to public

enterprises, before beginning his

usual games at the El Ahaja.

He thought this over and decided

it was a good idea.

Lirio had grown tremendously in

size and needed a public school. He

and I built a school and a church

and gave them to the town. Paid

for the whole works in cash, but

before construction on either one was

completed he was broke again.

Well, a lot of things happened in

the few years. Rufus made an-

other strike and the result was the

same as before.

The thing got to be something of

a joke.

Folks might have been openly

contemptuous of the old man's

weakness if he didn't continue to

spend a good portion of each of his

fortunes for the good of the public.

As it was I guess I was the only

real friend he had,