



THE NINTH ROUND

By R. H. WILKINSON
(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

"SILKHAT" Fallon tapped Sluggie Schultz's hairy chest with a perfectly manicured forefinger, "in the sixth," he said, "you go to sleep. Now, don't forget it. In the sixth."

From across the room, Dinkey Moley said: "Make it the tenth, Silkhut. You can't win with Sluggie's a sissy if he lays down in the sixth."

"Yeah," said Sluggie, "make it the tenth. I ain't no sissy." Silkhut considered a moment. "All right. Make it the tenth." He thrust forward his jaw belligerently. "But don't get no fancy ideas about you take the full count and a couple to boot."

"O. K.," said Sluggie. "For a hundred grand I'll sleep for a month."

Silkhut sucked in his breath. A hundred grand! He'd won the grand of those words. They were music to his ears. He looked across at Dinkey. The pack of cards which Sluggie's fingers had been endlessly shuffling and dealing still in his hands. "A hundred grand!" he breathed. "Silkhut, me an' you is smart. Too, yeah."

Sluggie didn't like the sound of Dinkey's voice and he glowered. Silkhut stepped quickly into the breach. "Cut it," he snapped. "We're all smart—and that goes for the three of us, equal." He grinned. "Tomorrow night at this time, boys, we'll all be in the lough."

Which remark eased the tension and produced a trio of pleasant expressions. However, both Sluggie and Dinkey knew that the idea was really Silkhut's. A gambler, a man with brains. It was he who had found Sluggie in a barroom on First street, the first place where Sluggie had been above a giant of a man whom he had just sledge-hammered into unconsciousness for some minor offense. Watching from the shadows near the door, Silkhut had observed Sluggie's thick biceps, his bullet-like, almost neckless head. And in that instant the great idea was born.

The fight game wasn't what it used to be, but there were still plenty who would pay a buck or so to see a bull like Sluggie sledge-hammered into unconsciousness. A year passed and Sluggie, under Silkhut's guidance, and having acquired some slight knowledge in the art of pugilism, had battered his way into a new sort of prominence. Another year, and only one man stood between him and a crack at champion Dynamite Dunn. Dynamite, too, had come up from the ranks. At his career began earlier, hadn't been so spectacular. He had slipped back twice in his climb; Sluggie had come steadily upward, each round of the ladder being represented by a knockout.

And now he stood on the threshold with the championship fight less than 4 hours away, and victory practically assured. Odds were 10 to 1 in favor of the Sluggie. Fight fans and sports writers had seen him in action, and few there were who doubted that Dynamite Dunn's championship days were doomed.

Sluggie issued his final instructions to Sluggie. "Make this look like the real thing, Sluggie. Hit Dynamite and hit him hard—but not quite hard enough. And in the tenth, when you take it on the button, make sure it's enough of a blow to give you a jolt. Don't lay there like a log. Try to get up a couple of times, but be sure and flop back again if they suckers should suspect this was a setup we'd be mobbed."

Sluggie nodded. "I gotcha," he said. "I'll hit him all right. I know how much that jigger can take without going down. I'll look real enough."

Silkhut and Dinkey were in Sluggie's corner. They looked out at the crowd of fight fans and exchanged pleased and satisfied glances. They gazed across at Dynamite Dunn, ugly to look at, glowering at them, clamping at the bit, full of confidence, respectful of the attitude of the fight fans and eager to show them they were wrong in their estimate of him. Which was excellent, exactly as Silkhut had planned it.

The referee called the combatants into the ring. A bell sounded. The pugilists stepped forward. A roar went up. Silkhut Fallon produced a cigar, lit off its end. His pit-like eyes were on Sluggie. Sluggie was following instructions. "He was hitting hard, but not too hard. It looked genuine. The round ended. It was a close round. The fans were satisfied. The

second follow. fifth and sixth. One was of that which preceded it. The fighters were going strong. Dynamite Dunn was being fought. It was plain he was out to re-establish himself, to reclaim the faith and recognition of the sports world. Which was fine, splendid. Silkhut threw away his unlighted cigar and produced another, his fourth. A warm feeling of benignity toward Sluggie permeated his being. Sluggie was following instructions. Sluggie was doing all right. It looked like the real thing. Now in the tenth if he could only go to sleep in a way that would dispel any possible trace of suspicion.

The crowd was howling. Up to now it was Sluggie's fight.

He had the edge. Which was as it should be, because the odds were on him. Only a lucky punch on Dynamite's part could turn the tide of battle. And that wasn't at all likely. Silkhut produced his sixth cigar and lit off its end. It was the ninth round. One more to go, and then it would be all over. Out in the center of the ring the fighters were battling furiously. Dynamite was making a desperate effort to get in his lucky punch. Silkhut clamped down on his cigar—and then his jaw fell open. He stared, and a sickening feeling of horror surged through him. "Aha!" his ears the lid vibrated with the sudden roars and yells of spectators.

The worst had happened. Sluggie Schultz had stepped in and driven a left hook to Dynamite's jaw. And Dynamite had gone down like a log. The blow was unexpected, but it looked genuine. The referee raised his hand and began to count. "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten." Over in his corner, Sluggie Schultz stared stupidly, incredulously. He thought that the blow hadn't been nearly as powerful as some of his earlier ones. The cigar fell from Silkhut's parted lips. "Eight—nine—ten!"

The referee lifted Sluggie's arm high above his head. Glassy-eyed, Silkhut slumped back, his brain a chaotic whirlwind, but out of the chaos came a vision. The vision was of Dynamite Dunn, lying prone on the canvas. Dynamite Dunn rolling over so that he faced Silkhut, Dynamite Dunn opening one eye and closing it again in an unmistakable wink.

The Kink

By HAROLD YOUNG
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"WHAT'S the use settin' up 'til they burn Geyser Cain?" growled Jake Geron's sleepy companion from the dingy hotel room.

Jake continued after a pause. "Here I sit and they're Geyser Cain to burn in a few minutes."

"And Geyser had it all fixed to beat every rap. He had a record long as a hack driver's dream; heist jobs, bank jobs, a kidnapin' and a string of killings. But he saved a pile and could'a lammed it across the pond."

"Would'a done just that if it hadn't been for some wise newspaper guy who wrote in the papers about Geyser havin' a kink in his brain and just shootin' people for no reason 'cept his mind was twisted."

"Geyser read that story, an' the more he got to thinkin' about it the more he believed that he was a right guy with a screw loose."

"Me and the boys kind of laughed about the idea 'til Geyser and his had us kidnab a saw-bones with a rep all over the world."

"Me I don't like the business. But Geyser, he gets more an' we pull the job next."

"After the take, I see what's in Geyser's mind. He wants the doc to work his brain over so's he comes out of it like a new citizen an' not only that, but he's set on havin' his face all changed so nobody'd rap to him—not even the coppers. Wanted the doc to fix his fingers too so's his record wouldn't stand— and he fixed Geyser up swell, too."

"His own mother wouldn't know Geyser. It was spooky stein' Geyser lookin' like two other guys, but it looks like the kink in his brain all straightened out and the doc bein' too scared to spill the kidnapin'."

"The gang gets ready to skip on the boat like we all figured we goin' to do."

"Somethin' was wrong with Geyser. I could see that plain."

"Cut it Geyser," I says. "You ain't got nothin' to worry you. I'll do the bumpin' if there's got to be somethin' in that line." I says, figurin' Geyser's lost his nerve."

"Say, Jake, I ain't lost my guts, but there ain't goin' to be no more bumpin'." he said short like.

"O. K., chief," says I. "no more bumpin'."

HAMMER MILLS CUT COST IN GRINDING FEEDS

Dairy herds and poultry flocks consume feed ground at lower cost these days because small motor driven hammer mills have slashed the amount of power and labor necessary for the job.

One good example is found on the R. J. Sackett farm near Marshall. A half horsepower motor uses only about 4 1/2 kilowatt hours of electric energy to grind up a ton of feed for the 20 dairy cows or for the poultry flock of 100 hens. Proper installation of the grinder and shelling of corn before grinding are credited with savings.

Proper feed grinding installation is one that delivers an ample supply of ground feed at the point of feeding with a minimum of labor, time and investment.

That is the definition offered by D. G. Ebinger, rural electrification extension specialist, at Michigan State College.

An ideal situation, he says, would include a year's supply of whole grain stored where it would flow by gravity to the grinder and have each day's supply of feed freshly ground and dropped into a small feed bin or rubber tired can to eliminate storage of large amounts of ground feed.

On the Sackett farm less power is used because only shelled corn is ground. Mr. Sackett believes that ground corn cobs are unnecessary for adding bulk to the ration of the dairy herd.

Small motor driven hammer mills, Ebinger points out, are available in sizes ranging from a half ton to five horsepower. These lend themselves to automatic operation, conserving the operator's time.

Always master of repartee and lightning fast with the "quip," Barrymore has been widely acclaimed as the champion among adlibbers. Theatersgoers who have been curious to hear the famous Barrymore ad lib and mirth-provoking remarks will have that opportunity in "The Great Profile," for the script has made flexible enough to include many of his sparkling aphorisms.

"The Great Profile" is the hilarious story of a famous stage Romeo whose nagging wife heckles him so persistently and fiercely that he goes berserk on the stage. He winds up by making the whole nation howl with amusement as he ad lib, burlesques and brawls his way onto the nation's front pages. Hebrews 13:1.

SWEDISH MASSAGE For All Ailments Steam and Light Cabinet Baths. J. W. JOHNSON 924 West Ann Arbor St. Plymouth Phone 260

AT THE REDFORD THEATER



Fortified with an almost inexhaustible supply of humorous anecdot, John Barrymore stars with his repertoire of howling histrionics in "The Great Profile." The picture, which comes Friday to the Redford Theatre, is a hilarious creation keyed to catch the madcap Barrymore at his best. From the opening scene, IT'S FUNNY!

When Darryl F. Zanuck, renowned 20th Century-Fox producer, decided to film "The Great Profile," the comedy about a great actor beset by complications of all kinds, the ebullient and versatile John Barrymore was considered a "natural" for the role—and a happy piece of casting it was.

Always master of repartee and lightning fast with the "quip," Barrymore has been widely acclaimed as the champion among adlibbers. Theatersgoers who have been curious to hear the famous Barrymore ad lib and mirth-provoking remarks will have that opportunity in "The Great Profile," for the script has made flexible enough to include many of his sparkling aphorisms.

"The Great Profile" is the hilarious story of a famous stage Romeo whose nagging wife heckles him so persistently and fiercely that he goes berserk on the stage. He winds up by making the whole nation howl with amusement as he ad lib, burlesques and brawls his way onto the nation's front pages. Hebrews 13:1.

Let brotherly love continue! Hebrews 13:1.

Why Did You Buy This NEWSPAPER?

Supposing that, beginning tomorrow, all the newspapers are discontinued. What a furore the public would make. "News! News! We must have news or we will be no better off than the ancients." All right, suppose we give them news but cut out the advertisements.

Then you would discover that politics, the doings of society, notices of fires, accidents, deaths, scandals, sports, the activities of the police and criminal add little or nothing to the real comfort and happiness of this greatest age in the world's history.

Advertising is the NEWS of all the looms, of all the furnaces, of all the laboratories, of all the shops, of all the stores, of all the world, and all working for you.

Because of advertising, luxuries and necessities that once cost a king's ransom are yours at little prices. Advertising pits merchant against merchant, producer against producer, for your benefit, forcing out the best there is in everything and telling the world about it.

Read advertising. Keep abreast of today. Advertising furnishes you with facts and opportunities that otherwise you would never know.

The Farmington Enterprise

Phone 25

MICHIGAN STOCK TO ENTER CHICAGO EXPOSITION

Michigan livestock breeders are grooming entries for the International Live Stock exposition scheduled at the Chicago stockyards Nov. 30 to Dec. 7.

One venture this year is the entry of a carload of purebred Shropshire lambs selected from 15 farms. The 100 animals were fitted and are to be shown by sponsorship of the Michigan Purebred Sheep Breeders' association.

The following breeders are putting animals into this carlot: G. D. Franke, Ploverville; C. Lemsen and Son, Dexter; Arthur Schlegel, Chesaning; James Nolan, Hemlock; Harold Dunham, Ellettsville; N. A. Henderson, Kalamazoo; J. C. Cooper, Mason; A. W. Tolson, St. Johns; P. N. Tolles, St. Johns; Jesse Hewens, Ypsilanti; W. K. Kellogg Farm, Augusta; A. B. Klunt, St. Johns; Frank Wheatley, Big Rapids; Sturgis and Blum, Plover; Michigan State College Lake City Experiment Station, and Holcomb Brothers, Fenton.

The Michigan State College exhibits have been selected and entered. These include a cattle exhibit of 10 head including 5 Ayrshires; Angus; 2 Herefords and 2 other horned steers. College sheep include 10 Hampshire, 4 Shropshires, 4 Oxford, 4 Southdowns and a Rambouillet. Poland China, Berkshire and Yorkshire barrows are in additional entries. All of these animals have been used in the college livestock judging classes for students in the past three months.

Commercial exhibits of "entire carlots" of cattle, sheep and swine fitted for market by practical producers will compete as usual at Chicago, with considerable representation from Michigan farms.

XMAS DECORATIONS CALLED MENACE TO DRIVERS

Adging in an effort to reduce holiday traffic accidents, State Highway Commissioner G. Donald Kennedy this week urged all municipalities to hold Christmas decorations on state trunkline highways to a minimum.

Kennedy explained the highway department did not wish to dampen the Christmas spirit, but was desirous to see that the season was not marred by needless accidents. Said he:

"From requests pouring in to the offices of the state highway department for information on regulations covering the installation of Christmas decorations, it would appear that cities and towns throughout the state are apparently preparing to deck their streets in holiday attire."

"Among the features most commonly mentioned and about which the department is most concerned are trees placed in the middle of streets and colored light decorations."

"The commissioner pointed out that placing of trees in streets is created an unnecessary hazard, especially during the Christmas season when streets are crowded with holiday shoppers, and that they would definitely not be permitted."

In the traffic lanes of streets marked as state trunkline highways. Kennedy added that colored lights were not ruled out by the department, but that they must be used so as not to obscure traffic signs and signals and so that they will not confuse motorists looking for the regular traffic lights at intersections.

"Municipalities planning to decorate streets," Kennedy said, "which are state trunkline highways should first obtain permission from the state highway department."

Hatchery Has Ample Trout Eggs For Season

Paris hatchery's 1940 production of 4,671,000 brown trout eggs is ample for the state's trout rearing facilities, the fish division of the department of conservation reported recently.

While this production is 800,000 less than it was in 1939, because of fewer fish being kept for brood stock, exchanges also are less this year. Only trade to be made this season is the swapping of 350,000 brown trout eggs to the federal Fish and Wildlife service, in exchange for an equal number of rainbow trout eggs.

Within 30 days, when the eggs have reached the "eyed" stage, they will be distributed for rearing at Wolf Lake, Hartsville, Grayling, Watermeet and Thompson hatcheries, as well as at Paris.

Next May the young fingerling will be transferred from the hatcheries to trout rearing stations, and the first plantings from this stock will be made after the close of the trout season next fall.

By avoiding overcrowding of rearing ponds and troughs, more fingerling can be kept until they have reached an age when their chance of survival is much improved, fish division officials say.

State Pays \$10,875 in Wolf, Coyote Bounties

Predatory animal control in the first quarter of the new fiscal year cost the conservation department \$10,875, for the carcasses of nine wolves and six coyotes. All the wolves and all but 39 of the coyotes were taken in the upper peninsula.

September had the largest coyote catch—391 animals—while 156 coyotes were taken in August and 29 in July. The quarters kill compares with 603 coyotes taken in the same period in 1937, 633 in 1938, and 526 in 1939. The wolf kill also varied little from the take in the same quarter of the preceding year—four new contracts to take predatory animals were issued during the quarter.

ORIGIN OF "EUT"

The fat of deer has been called "eute" by English hunters for over 500 years. The second duke of York, writing "The Master of Game" in 1406, one of the earliest treatises on the sport of hunting, makes reference to the "eute"—the fat of fallow or red deer.

Copy Picked Up Promptly at Any Address

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

ALL PAVED ROUTES

Worry-free Bus Trips

Modern coaches and carefully trained drivers, plus frequent schedules and low fares, make Blue Goose trips appeal to every traveller.

Blue Goose buses are adequately heated and stale air is automatically removed.

Ask agent for rates.

Oak Pharmacy Phone 9034

THE FINEST TRANSPORTATION BLUE GOOSE LINES OVER MICHIGAN'S SCENIC HIGHWAYS