

**Cimarron**

By  
**EDNA FERBER**

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In the center a crescent of earth about six inches high curved around a pile built of sticks so arranged that as the ashes fell they formed a second crescent within the other. A man squatted, tending this fire, watchfully, absently. In the center of the crescent, upon a little star of sage twigs, lay the mescal, symbol of the rite. Facing them was the chief, old Stump Horn. In the place of honor, the emblems of office in his hands—the rattles, the wand, the fan of eagle plumes. All about the tepee crouched or lay blanketed motionless figures. Some sat with heads bowed, others gazed fixedly upon the central mescal but-

**59 Pass Teacher Exams Conducted Here On July 6**

**Supt. William J. Breen Announces Complete List of Successful Young Men and Women for Lackawanna Positions.**

- William J. Breen, superintendent of the Lackawanna public schools announced Tuesday that the following are the names of the candidates who passed the teachers examinations July 6 in the Lackawanna High school Elementary Grades.
- Mary E. Newton, 1181 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Eleanor Maeder, 341 Woodside, Buffalo.  
Margaret R. O'Hara, 1010 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Grace E. Crane, 47 St. Stephen's place, Buffalo.  
John H. Elgenbrock, 225 Stevenson street, Buffalo.  
Mary Goughlin, 68 Sidway street, Buffalo.  
Anna M. Kane, 69 Caryle street, Buffalo.  
Mark P. Stumpf, 425 Park avenue, Buffalo.  
Jeanette Coulin, 898 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Raffaele A. DeAngelis, 387 East Eagle street, Buffalo.  
Catherine Owens, 122 Lockwood avenue, Buffalo.  
Florence Tucker, 33 Stevenson street, Buffalo.  
Bessie Pleaskow, 18 Goulding street, Buffalo.  
Lorveta J. Namara, 274 Choate street, Buffalo.  
Jane E. King, 105 Rosary avenue, Lackawanna.  
Pearl Wittman, 361 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Helen Ryszk, 1111 McKinley parkway, Lackawanna.  
Leo Joseph Foraczy, 77 Manitoba street, Buffalo.  
Jeanette Bongiovanni, 320 West avenue, Buffalo.  
Mildred M. Nagle, 76 Edison street, Buffalo.  
Cemello Freedman, 63 Rickett street, Buffalo.  
Sylvia Marich, 1 Range road, Lackawanna.  
Helen Hanley, 18 Meadow Lane, Lackawanna.

- History**
- Helen E. Ryan, 2 South Park, Lackawanna.  
Escher Johnson, 392 Cumberland avenue, Buffalo.  
D'Annunzio DeLaunty, 23 Ripley park, Buffalo.  
Harry Dougherty, 46 Parkview avenue, Lackawanna.  
Clare C. Lawler, 90 Crescent avenue, Buffalo.  
Catherine A. Burns, 15 Teresa place, Buffalo.  
Dorothy Joynt, 1463 South Park, Lackawanna.  
Thomas Merrick, 1449 South Park, Lackawanna.  
Dorothy Jordan Denzel, 1350 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Robert M. Burns, 621 Eagle street, Dunkirk.
- French**
- Julian Voloshin, 411 Summer street, Buffalo.
- English**
- M. J. E. Duggan, 25 Mt. Vernon place, Buffalo.  
Lydia M. Budziak, 17 Tyles street, East Aurora.  
Clara Marquardt, 2396 Seneca street, Buffalo.  
Gladys A. Keller, 241 Highgate avenue, Buffalo.  
Kathleen B. Harris, 243 Summit avenue, Buffalo.  
Catherine C. Maudslayi, 2300 Seneca street, Buffalo.  
Antonia M. Serey, 379 Fargo avenue, Buffalo.  
Mary Margaret Conley, 15 Michigan avenue, Buffalo.  
Margaret Haroney, 484 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Marie DeLucia, 87 W. Balmcon street, Buffalo.  
Thomas J. McHugh, 42 Aldrich street, Buffalo.  
Ethel Zolte, 513 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
Margaret Joyce, 32 Leo place, Lackawanna.
- H. S. Science**
- Erna M. O'Hara, 10 Crescent place, Lackawanna.  
Raymond Burke, 11 Rudolph street, Lackawanna.  
John McConn, 113 Date street, Lackawanna.
- Mathematics**
- Alice Klein, 703 Linwood avenue, Buffalo.  
Eleanor Carroll, 1192 Ridge road, Lackawanna.  
John McGowan, 933 Lafayette avenue, Buffalo.  
Mary Pappalardo, 737 Seventh street, Buffalo.
- Industrial Arts**
- John Shea, 110 Geary street, Buffalo.  
Lester Burke, 11 Rudolph street, Lackawanna.
- Latin**
- Mildred L. Kennedy, 9 Bond street, Buffalo.  
Nicholas Milano, 584 Ingham avenue, Lackawanna.

ton. All had been eating the mescal or drinking a brew in which it had steeped. Now and then a figure would slowly draw the blanket over his head and sink back to receive the vision. And the song went on, the shaking of the gourd rattle, the beat-beat of the buckskin drum. The air of the room was stifling, the room itself scrupulously clean.

At intervals around the wall, and almost level with the dirt floor, were apertures perhaps sixteen inches square. A little wooden door was shut upon most of these. Near each lay figures humped, more spent even than the other inert bodies. As Sabra and Sol stood, blinking, they learned the use of these openings. For suddenly nausea overcame one of the Indians crouched in the semicircle near the flame. The man crawled swiftly to one of the little doors, opened it, thrust his head and shoulders out into the night air, relieved his body of the drug's overdose.

Sabra only turned her eyes away, searching, searching. Then she saw where the boy lay under his gay striped blanket. His face was covered, but she knew. She knew well how the slim body curled in its blankets, how it lay at night, asleep. This was a different sleep, but she knew. They went to him, picking their way over the crouching figures with the fixed translucent gaze; the recumbent forms that lay so still. She turned back the blanket. His face was smiling, peaceful, lovely.

"He thought, 'This is the way I should look at him if he were dead.' Then, 'He is dead.' The boy lay breathing quietly. All about the room was an atmosphere of reverie, of swooning bliss. If the Indians looked at all at Sabra, at the Jew, at their efforts to rouse the boy, it was with the eyes of sleep-walkers. Their lips were gently smiling. Sometimes they swayed a little. The sacred fire leaped orange and scarlet and gold. Old Stump Horn wielded his eagle feather fan, back and forth, back and forth. The quivering cadences of the Mesca: song rose and fell to the accompaniment of the gourd rattle and the unceasing drum. The white man and woman, frail both, tugged and strained at the inert figure of the boy.

"Oh, God!" whimpered Sabra. "He's so heavy. What shall we do?" They bent again, tugged with all their strength, lifted but could not carry him. "We must drag him," Sol said, at last.

They took an arm each. So, dragging, tugging, past those rapt still forms, past those mazed smiling faces, they struggled with him to the door. The little heads of sweat stood out on her forehead, on her lip. She breathed in choking gasps. Her eyes were wide and staring and dreadful in their determination. The rattle. The drum beat. The high eerie song notes, wordless.

The blackness of the outer air; past the two towering motionless blanketed figures at the door. Dragging him along the earth, through the trampled weeds.

"We can't lift him into the buggy. We can't—" She ran back to the two at the door. She clasped her hands before the one called Joe Yellow Eyes. She lifted her white, agonized face to him. "Help me, help me." She made a futile gesture of lifting.

The Indian looked at her a moment with a dead, unseeing gaze. Flecks of gold and yellow danced, reflected in the black pools of his eyes, and died there. Leisuredly, wordless, he walked over to where the boy lay, picked him up lightly in his great arms as though he were a sack of meal, swung him into the buggy seat. He turned, then, and went back to his place at the door.

They drove back to the town of Osage. Cim's body leaned heavily, slumped against hers; his head lay in her lap, like a little boy's. One aching arm she held firmly about him to keep him from slipping to the floor of the buggy, so that finally it ceased to ache and became numb. The dawn came, and then the sunrise over the prairie, its red meeting the red of the Oklahoma earth, so that they drove through a fiery furnace.

She had been quiet enough until now, with a kind of stony quiet. She began to sob; a curious dry racking sound, like a hiccup.

"Now, now," said Sol Levy, and made a little comforting noise between tongue and teeth. "So bad it isn't. What did the boy do, he went out to see the sights on the reservation and try what it was like to eat this dope stuff—this peyote. Say, when I was a boy I did lots worse."

She did not seem to pay much heed to this, but it must have penetrated her numbed brain at last, for presently she stopped the painful sobbing and looked down at his lovely smiling face in her lap, the long lashes, like a girl's, resting so fragility on the olive cheek.

"He wanted to go. I wouldn't let him. Is it too late, Sol?"

"Go? Go where?"

"The Colorado school of mines. Geology."

"Too late! That kid there! Don't talk foolish. September. This is the time to go. It just starts. Sure he'll go."

They drove through the yard, over Sabra's carefully tended grass, of which she was so proud, right to the edge of the porch steps, and so, dragging again and pulling, they got him in, undressed him; she washed his dust-smeared face.

"Well," said Sol Levy. "I guess I go and open the store and then have a good cup of coffee."

She put out her hand. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth, sharp and tight. Her face was dis-

torted absurdly with her effort not to cry. But when he would have patted her grimed and trembling hand with his own, in a gesture of comforting, she caught his hand to her lips and kissed it.

The sound of the horses' hoofs died away on the still morning air. She looked down at Cim. She thought, I will take a bath, and then I will have some coffee, too. Yancey has gone again. Has left me. I know that. How do I know it? Well, nothing more can happen to me now. I have had it all, and I have borne it. Nothing more can happen to me now.

**CHAPTER XII**

For years Oklahoma had longed for stardom as a bride awaits the dawn of her wedding day. At last, "Behold the bridegroom!" said a paternal government, handing her over to the Union. "Here is a star for your forehead. Meet the family."

Then, at the very altar, the final words spoken, the pact sealed, the bride had turned to encounter a stranger—an unexpected guest, dazzling, breath-taking, embodying all her wildest girlish dreams.

"Bridegroom—!" yelled Oklahoma, hurling herself into the stranger's arms. "What's family to me! Go away! Don't bother me, I'm busy."

The name of the gorgeous stranger was Oil.

Oil, Nothing else mattered. Oklahoma, the dry, the windswept, the burning, was a sea of hidden oil. The red prairies, pricked, ran black and slimy with it. The work of years was undone in a day. The sunbonnets shrank back, aghast. Compared to that which now took place the early days following the Run in '89 were idyllic. They swarmed on Oklahoma from every state in the Union. The plains became black with little eager delving figures. The sanguine roads were choked with every sort of vehicle. Once more tent and shanty towns sprang up where the day before had been only open prairie staring up at a blazing sky. Again the gambling tent, the six-shooter, the roaring saloon, the dance hall, the harlot. Men fought, stole, killed, died for a piece of ground beneath whose arid surface lay who knew what wealth of fluid richness. Every barren sun-baked farm was a potential fortune; every ditch and draw and dried-up creek bed might conceal liquid treasure. The Wildcat field—Pantwistle-Cimarron-Crook Nose-Carthwright-Wahoo-Bear Creek—these became magic names; these were the Seven Cities of Cibola, rich beyond Coronado's wildest dream. Millions of barrels of oil burst through the sand and shale and clay and drenched the parched earth. Drill, pump, blast. Nitroglycerin. Here she comes. A roar. Oklahoma went stark raving mad.

Sabra Cravat went oil mad with the rest of them. Just outside the town of Osage, for miles around, they were drilling. There was that piece of farm land she had bought years ago, when Yancey first showed signs of restlessness. She had thought herself shrewd to have picked up the bare unlovely plain. She was proud of her bit of farm land with its plump yield of alfalfa, corn, potatoes, and garden truck. She knew now why it had been so prolific. By a whim of nature rich black oil lay under all that surrounding land, rendering it barren through its hidden riches. No tract of corroding oil ran beneath that tract of Cravat farm land, and because of this it lay there now, so green, so lush, with its beans, its squash, its ridiculous onions, taunting her, deriding her, like a mirage in the desert.

Queerly enough, she had no better luck with her share in an oil lease for which she had paid a substantial sum—much more than she could afford to lose. Machinery, crew, days of drilling, weeks of drilling, sand, shale, salt. The well had come dry—a duster.

That which happened to Sabra happened to thousands. The stuff was elusive, tantalizing. Here might be a gusher vomiting millions. Fifty feet away not so much as a spot of grease could be forced to the surface. Fortune seemed to take a delight in choosing straggled victims for her pranks. Erv Wissler, the gawk who delivered the milk to Sabra's door each morning, found himself owner of a gusher whose outpourings yielded him seven thousand dollars a day. He could not grasp it.

"Why, Erv!" Sabra exclaimed, when he arrived at her kitchen door as usual, smelling of the barnyard. "Seven thousand dollars a day! What in the world are you going to do with it!"

Erv's putty features and all his loose-hung frame seemed to stiffen with the effort of his new and momentous resolve. "Well, I tell you, Miss Cravat, I made up my mind I ain't going to make no more Sunday delivery myself. I'm a-going to hire Pete Lynch's boy to take the milk route Sundays."

Every one in Osage knew the story of Fred Sloat's wife when the news was brought to her that weeks of drilling on the sterile little Sloat farm had brought up a gusher. They had come running to her across the trampled fields with the news. She had stood there on the back porch of the shabby farmhouse, a bony drudge, unlovely as the house itself.

"Millions!" they shouted at her. "Millions and millions! What are you going to do?"

(Continued Next Week)

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LACKAWANNA NEWS**

**Clean Up Paint Up**

**New Canadian Liner Linked to Shore By Powerful Telephone Equipment**

**"Empress of Britain," Recently Launched, Has Facilities for Constant Voice Contacts Here, Even During World Cruises**

The world's largest floating telephone exchange—that aboard the "Empress of Britain," new Canadian Pacific liner recently launched—has been linked with the Bell System through ship-to-shore service, and telephone users throughout this country and in many other lands can now communicate with passengers aboard the ship at any point in the course of its journeys across the ocean.

Special rooms constructed exclusively to house the radio telephone equipment on the ship are located on the top or "sports" deck the receiving room being just forward of the center funnel, and the sending room at the after funnel. Separate antennae are used for receiving and sending, thus permitting two-way conversation.

Connected with this equipment is the ship's telephone exchange, com-



S. S. Empress of Britain, latest to have ship-to-shore telephone service. Above: A passenger makes a call from his stateroom aboard a transatlantic liner.

parable in size to the local and long distance service facilities of a city of several thousand people. There being telephone facilities in each room, no one has to be called from his cabin to a particular section of the ship in order to answer a call from some distant country. If a person happens to be on deck when a call is made to him, there are sound-proof and specially ventilated booths located at strategic points about the ship where he may receive it. The ship's system includes telephones located in the quarters of more than one hundred of her officers on various decks.

In addition to these telephone facilities, the ship also has its own radio broadcasting station which both sends and receives radio broadcasts from various land stations. Powerful amplifiers are able to step-up signals received on the 21-tube set which is concealed in the after funnel and send them to twelve loud speakers embodied in the decorative scheme of the public rooms and decks.

The new Canadian greyhound is the largest and fastest liner plying between any two British ports. It has an express speed of thirty miles an hour, is 753 feet long, ninety-seven feet wide and 168 feet from water line to funnel tops, and 208 feet from water line to telephone antennae yard-arms on the masts.

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