

When a Texas River Ran Red

Kidnappings, hold-ups, gangster shootings... not a day passed without a crop of vicious crimes in Texas that year. Murderers were so frequent they scarcely rated more than a few paragraphs in the newspapers.

Even a \$100,000 hold-up on the railway, when the United States mail was stopped at Fort Worth, hardly caused much lifting of eyebrows.

Then came the discovery of three naked bodies in fish baskets at the bottom of the Trinity River. This triple slaying really hit the headlines.

It was a boy at play beside the river who brought the killings to light. He noticed that the water was running a strange color.

"Hey, Dad," he called, "come and see—the river's turning red!"

His father, a waterman, looked but could see nothing unusual so he went back to his job. The boy went on playing.

Presently he got out among the reeds. The water wasn't red any more but clear, so that he could see right down to the bottom.

And, peering at the fish, he saw the thing that looked like a huge lobster pot, or even, on the bottom of the river.

"Hey, Dad," he cried, "look what's here!"

His father took one look and then shouted to the other watermen who were working nearby.

They decided to go fishing for what they had seen. It took them some time to bring the contraption to the surface. It was so heavy.

It was a cage formed out of steel wire and it had been weighted with bags of concrete.

There was nothing of value in the cage—just shabby men's clothes.

When they had been sorted out there were three sets of clothes. But there was no clue to the owners.

Their suspicions now fully aroused, the watermen got out their equipment and began to drag the river. Soon there was a sudden pull on the rope.

Something bigger had been caught. After much manoeuvring, the drags slowly brought it up to the surface. Fishes showed first. It was a second and bigger.

Then to the horror of the watchers, pink flesh came into view—human bodies without a stitch to cover them. Here were the owners of those sets of clothes.

This cage was also weighted with bags of concrete. But for the boy's keen eyes the bodies would probably never have been found. They had been in the water for only twenty-four hours.

Although there was nothing on the bodies to identify them, the dead men's photographs were taken in the mortuary and the police set to work to trace them.

Soon it was revealed that two of them were brothers named Rutherford and the third a man named Stevens. But there was no lead to the killers because the victims were not known to have belonged to any gang.

Wrested by him, there were further killings, kidnappings, holdups for Texas was in the grip of an unparalleled crime wave that winter of 1933. But despite all their efforts the police failed to get a line on the mystery of the bodies in the cage.

Then one day came a whisper on the grapevine—the killings were linked with the \$100,000 mail train hold-up. However, there was still no clue to enable the mail-robbers to be traced.

But while the police were

haunted post-office detectives were making progress, writes Cedric Belfrage in "The Blues".

They had been keeping a man named Stevens under observation. He was a suspect with a record, run-running and drug-peddling were his known activities and he had been in jail.

His house was surrounded. When detectives crashed in they nearly lost themselves in secret passages and underground tunnels. I lost touch with the

But Stevens was grabbed before he could use an escape exit and the police had time to explore at leisure.

Taps on the woodwork revealed secret recesses with sliding panels—and behind them white packets, containing drugs.

More interesting still, in the backyard were some lengths of wire. The manufacturers had provided it in rolls for fence construction but these rolls had never been used for so innocent a purpose.

The jagged ends matched up with the cuts on the wire from the cages fished from the Trinity River. Bags of concrete were also found in the yard.

The link between the mail robbery and the river killings was established, but much patient investigation had to follow before the secret of the triple tragedy was exposed. When it came it was as sinister as any gangster records could show—even in Texas.

Stevens was the master-mind behind the robbery. He and his lieutenant, gunman Bill May, planned the hold-up, employing others to carry it through.

Some young recruits were taken on for the occasion—the Rutherford brothers and Struder.

"Chance for you boys to prove your worth," said Stevens.

There was nothing wrong in the planning, the hold-up went off without a hitch. The young men made their getaway with the mail and all of \$100,000 made it to Stevens' hide-out.

The recruits waited for the call to receive their cut. But Stevens sat tight. They grew impatient; he named a date. All three were told to report one night at the lonely wharf which Stevens used for his run-running.

Each man was told to report at a different hour—and each man in turn was shot in the back. A truck engine was kept running with a defective exhaust to drown the sound of the shots.

Stevens' motto—and it was shared that way. He and May want the dollars between them with no cuts to pay to the men who did the dirty work.

When the second cage had been sunk beneath the surface Stevens and May could fancy themselves safe. And so they would have been but for the observant child.

Even by gangster standards Stevens was a man of iron nerve. He had liquidated his assistants with the same nonchalance that he faced the jury.

He showed no regret that the killings but complained that he had been put on trial in a Federal court; in a State court he would have had less reason to fear the outcome.

His money talked in Texas, and his political pull, he was convinced, would have gained him a pardon. But faced with the G-men and a Federal court he was powerless.

He was sentenced to twenty-seven years' imprisonment; Bill May got twenty-five years.

If fluoridated water is used to wash the city streets will it help to reduce the cavities in the road?



RECEIVES A GIFT—Smiling Queen Elizabeth stoops to receive a gift from a little girl during a visit to the Queen Elizabeth Day Nursery in Accra, Ghana.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

On the big day when the turkey is to be cooked, wash it and rub the inside with 1 table-spoon of salt. Stuff the neck and body cavity lightly with stuffing. Truss and place, breast side up, on a rack with a thermometer in place between thigh and body. Cover the turkey with an oil-drenched cheesecloth or use aluminum foil over the top to prevent over-browning of the breast. Roast without cover or water in a 325° F. oven according to schedule on the wrapper or to an internal temperature of 190° F.

Allow bird to stand in roasting pan 15-30 minutes after it is done so that juices may be absorbed. Remove all trussing equipment, such as skewers and cord. Place bird on a warm large platter. Use a simple garnish so as not to impede carving. Use a lace paper doily, folded once across, to wrap beneath the drumstick. You'll need a very sharp, thin-bladed knife and a fork with a guard for carving. Carve enough meat at one time to serve all guests.

"This will be my husband's first time for carving a turkey—you can give him some tips that will give him confidence in his job at the table with all of us looking on!" a young woman asked.

When you place the turkey on the table, the tail should be at the carver's right. Cut the leg and thigh in one piece from the turkey. Have an extra dinner plate beside the bird, and place the leg and thigh on it. Cut drumstick from thigh, then slice pieces of dark meat. Cut into the white meat parallel to wing. Make a cut deep into breast to the body frame parallel to and as close to wing as possible. Beginning at front, starting halfway up the breast, cut thin slices made parallel to the wing. Cut slices will fall away from turkey as they are cut to this line. (Carve only one side of the turkey at a time.)

Here is a special stuffing that calls for sausage, apples, and rice. The amount here is for a 12-15 pound turkey.

SAUSAGE AND APPLE STUFFING
1/2 pound bulk sausage
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup chopped onion
2 1/2 cups packed precooked rice
2 1/2 cups water
2 cups diced celery
1/2 cup chopped celery leaves
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon savory
1/4 teaspoon each, sage and thyme
4 pounds diced, peeled, fresh tart apples
Fry sausage meat in large skillet until browned. Add butter and onions and sauté about 3 minutes, or until onions are golden brown. Add remaining ingredients, except apples. Mix just to moisten all rice. Bring quickly to boil over high heat. Cover, remove from heat and let stand 5 minutes.

Next, add diced apples and mix lightly with a fork. Put stuffing into turkey. Do not pack tightly. Roast at once.

This recipe makes about 11 cups of stuffing. Reduce quantities proportionately for a smaller amount.

Acorn squashes are available now and very delicious they are, too. But unless you steam them first, the baking takes so long that many housewives pass them up altogether.

First, wash and cut them in halves or quarters according to the size and remove seeds and string pulp. Put them in a steamer with the insides down so as to get the steam. Remove when you can insert a fork and turn the insides down. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and stir lightly. Add butter and brown sugar and stir again being careful not to break the shells. Place in a pan with a little water and bake in the oven at 350° F. for 15 minutes. Perfectly delicious!

Acorn squashes lend themselves to many variations. To make them the main part of a luncheon, fill generously with cooked beef hash, or scrambled hamburger, or maybe mashed potato and deviled ham.

There's one very handsome and festive dessert called Heavenly Pie, a name derived no doubt from ejaculations when it is first tasted. It's lemon in flavor, and truly worth the time it takes.

Sandpapering Eggs Requires Know-how

Suddenly appears a letter from Roger Thompson of Marietta, Georgia, who wants to know why sandpapering eggs in a recent dispatch. I lost touch with the body knows that eggs get sandpapered. It hadn't occurred to me to elucidate this portion of that article. Come to think of it, if you didn't know it, you'd think it would sound strange, wouldn't it? I would sound strange, wouldn't it? I would sound strange, wouldn't it? I would sound strange, wouldn't it?

Just this past summer a national prize of \$1,000 was awarded to one of our Maine poultry specialists, and his over-all contributions to the general farm industry, the basis of the award, depended heavily on his bookkeeping program. He had a computer, as an after-hour manipulation, by the Bath Iron Works, which he used to figure out engineering problems, and there's room left over to count eggs.

So I imagine that if eggs are sandpapered today, they are thus processed by machines, and everything has changed. But in my poultry-fancying days, we sandpapered eggs by hand.

Experts in varied branches of archaeology, folk customs and folk relations intend to consider all types of beads worn by men and women, civilized and savage, from ancient times to the present day.

Many researchers are taking their lives among strange tribes to study their beads and ornaments.

During a recent bead safari in the Migoma district of Central Tanganyika, a researcher attended the crowning of a young chieftain. The ceremony, conducted in the open-air, was a study of beads worn by men and women, civilized and savage, from ancient times to the present day.

When the first crisp fall night threw a crust on the water, we would know about it without going to look. There came a short afternoon when school let out and we ran for the "rotting park".

The ice had not formed too deep then, and it would break under us. It was fun to start by the banking and get skating real fast and then go across the middle and feel it sag under you and make little noises. But after another cold night this fun was repeated, and except for January Thaw we were all set for skating until spring runoff and time to tap the trees.

Shoe skates were unknown to us. We wore leather boots and brogans, and our skate was just a blade which we clamped to the soles and stayed on if we were lucky. The older kind were real skates, and mother drives in the warm station wagon to pick up the youngsters. I inwardly recall.

I have a strong memory of how tetteringly we walked, after we took our skates off, up that long path through the bushes, down the road, and to the lamp-lit warmth of a kitchen where we got warm again, and over a cup of hot cocoa with oatmeal cookies we finished our lessons.

My father interviewed by Mr. Payne indicated an interest in a premium product for consumers with discriminating tastes. Considerable interest was shown in Canadian turkeys, particularly lighter-weight birds.

Mr. Payne also foresees the possibility of promoting turkey rolls and other packs of solid turkey meats for use in restaurant and catering trades.

Powdered egg and egg melange is in good demand, but Canada's present prices are not competitive.

West Germans, according to Mr. Payne, have their sights set on a dairy operator who pleaded a refund to poultry producers.

But, he adds, it may be some years before any large inroad is made into demands for poultry imports.

In Great Britain, the poultry industry is forging ahead. Egg production now fills domestic requirements. While Great Britain still is a country of many other small producer flocks, the large supplier is coming more into the picture.

Newcastle disease laws exclude the possibility of importing uncooked poultry but Mr. Payne foresees an opportunity of promoting Canadian cooked, canned chicken in Britain.

Canada's new policy of paying lamb premiums has paved the way for the country's first accurate appraisal of lamb quality.

And, reports the Canada Department of Agriculture, the results have been encouraging.

Livestock Division officials say that 65 per cent of the lambs graded this fall were eligible for premiums.

August 14, the policy calls for premiums of \$2 per lamb for Choice No. 1 and \$1 for Good No. 1—provided the carcasses weigh at least between 36 and 41 pounds.

In previous years, when only a limited number of carcasses were graded, about 30 per cent were reported Choice No. 1 and 17 per cent Good No. 1.

Yet during the past three months, with practically all lambs being graded, there were about 42 per cent in the top category and 10 per cent in the

We Used To Work For Our Skating Fun

An annual appropriation by the town to provide skating rinks for the children seems to add no ween, which are the small eggs laid by new pullets, or sometimes the last egg a hen lays in her current clutch.

I would explain to Mr. Thompson that this is not only a tedious job, but it is a ticklish one. An egg, as you grasp it in your left hand and leave the top exposed to sandpapering, has nothing that resembles a handle, it is not firmly secured. Then, as you reach over with a piece of sandpaper and scrub it, the coefficient of friction poses a hazard.

It is easier than you think to sandpaper an egg right out of your left hand and slap it against a cupboard. Experience helps prevent this, but even with an oldtimer it happens now and then.

We had a cat who would come galloping up at the crunch of all egg and eat it, and this is a good arrangement because gathering up a fractured egg otherwise is messy. Some sandpaperers were agile, and could reach out and catch a flying egg before it hit the floor. Others were clumsy and simply hastened its course they became despondent. Eggs are not made for slipping at.

But sandpapering eggs is perfectly all right, and an easy job. I neglected to explain it the first time around—By John Gould is the Christian Science Monitor.

Risk Their Lives To Study Beads!

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thing on the way which would burn. The farmer would have put new stils under his barn, and old ones were called to our attention. The farmer would have worked hard with horse and team to get those timbers away, but fifteen or twenty of us youngsters would pile one up and carry it to the ice. Each night we would do this, and that winter we had the best bonfires I recall.

The bonfire wasn't built out of the center of the ice, as I have seen them drawn in pictures, but was right on the edge of the ice by the bank, so we could sit by its warmth and fit our skates.

The thin laying of ice freed within a plank retainer by firemen with a hose, under community stipend, can never offer our children the effect of our old trotting-park rink. From the far end of the ice where we stopped to start back again the fire was a bright spot in the night, with the bank, so we could sit by its warmth and fit our skates.

There was no fancy skating in those days. I remember Don Coffin achieved fame by learning to skate backwards at great speed, which he did in a circle that took up most of the pond, and if ever he would stand back away from the fire, he would glide in close to the bank and leap backward through the flames. But we had no music to skate by, except the music of the spheres from the cul-crystal stars in the high winter sky, and we didn't wait and prepare for the Olympics. Sometimes in daylight, or if the moon were real bright, we would wear real skates, and mother drives in the warm station wagon to pick up the youngsters. I inwardly recall.

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