

ARMY AVIATOR DIES IN CRASH

ROCHESTER, Mich., March 8.—(AP)—Lieut. Wilmer W. Munzenmayer, 22, U. S. Army corps member from Kent, Ohio, attached to Self-



LIEUT. W. W. MUNZENMAYER
Parachutist down open.

ridge field, was killed Thursday when his airplane crashed in a field two miles south of here.

Witnesses said Munzenmayer's plane went out of control in a dive during maneuvers with another plane at an altitude of 1000 feet and plunged to earth. It burst into flames.

Munzenmayer's body, with an open seat pack parachute trailing behind it, was found 75 feet from the plane.

Lt. Col. H. H. George, commanding officer of the 31st pursuit group, said the parachute apparently was torn open when Munzenmayer was catapulted from his ship.

GERONIMO NICE INDIAN

Kind to Paleface Boy

Jefferson D. Smith Once Captive Of Apaches

Geronimo—bloody Apache chief whose raids are chronicled in a film bearing his name and opening Friday at the Texas theater—may have been a name calculated to strike terror into the hearts of most early westerners.

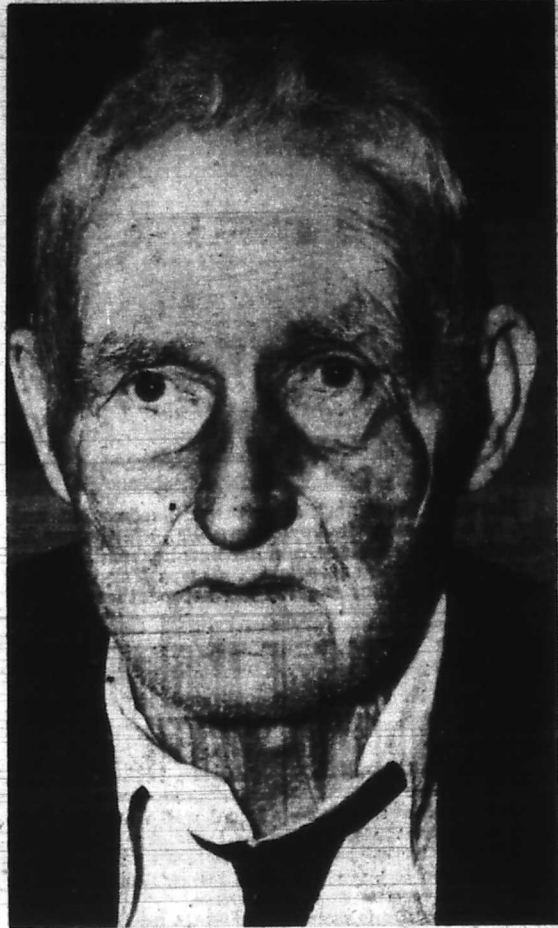
But, to Jefferson D. Smith, 1101 San Francisco street, the name recalls only memories of a "nice" Indian who was kind to a small, friendless white boy held by a not-too-kindly tribe.

It was 71 years ago last week that a band of Comanches crept down a gentle slope in Bexar county and seized 5-year-old Jeff Smith while he was herding sheep on his father's ranch. Stifling his cries, they captured his brother, Clint, four years older, and sped away.

FORGETS ENGLISH.

For the next six years the nomadic travel of the Indian tribes—with their wars and their hunts and their firelit ceremonials—was all the life he knew. He forgot the English language and the civilized ways of his parents and became, to the core, an Indian.

Three years after his capture, the Comanches traded Jeff to the Apaches for a horse, and Jeff met the only really close friend he found



JEFF D. SMITH RECALLS FRIENDSHIP OF CHIEF
Note scar on left side of face; Indian brand.

among the savages—Geronimo, the brutal killer of scores of frontiersmen and their families.

It was to this savage chieftain that Jeff turned when life became too hard, and it was from him that he received justice and advice.

As he learned to hunt for game with bow and arrow, the white child was harassed frequently by a larger Indian boy who stole his arrows. For losing the missiles Jeff was punished harshly by the squaws in whose care he was placed.

GOES TO GERONIMO.

Timidly he took his problem to Geronimo.

"If he bothers you again," said Geronimo, "shoot him. I'll see that you're not harmed for it."

When the Indian boy made his next foray, Jeff sent him yipping for camp with a neatly-spotted arrow. The chief made good his promise.

But even with the chief for a sponsor, life was no wailer roast. While he was still quite small his squaw-mother frequently tossed him into icy rivers, simply for the pure sport of it.

And the first buffalo he ever saw was one to whose back he was tied for a merry romp. He was rescued after the buffalo had worn himself out.

All this—though painful at the time—has had its good effect. Smith feels. He attributes his longevity and present hardy condition to the rigors of Indian ways.

All in all, he was not treated much

worse than were the Indians' own children, and presently he forgot that he was not actually one of them. Especially did this become true after Clint, a reminder of home, was separated from him in one of the periodic migrations.

He was well-fed by his captors, except for one trek during 1870 when the tribe ran out of food in New Mexico, and traveled hungry for days.

Being older, Clint—who is now dead—was permitted to accompany the Indians on raiding parties.

FOUND BY TROOPS.

The nearest Jeff came to real adventure was in the New Mexico battle in which he was rescued from the Indians by federal troops. In that encounter, led by General McKinsie, he was assigned the job of guarding the horses, and his own horse was shot from under him.

When the tribe scattered, Jeff hid in a cave, but was found by the troops and returned to his now-forgotten parents at Dripping Springs.

Having forgotten them, he regarded them simply as new masters. His real name had slipped from memory and Catchowitchee—or Horsetail—was the only term of address to which he answered.

More than 60 years have passed since then—years in which Smith served as a trail driver and did many other things—but one tangible record of his Indian captivity remains with him.

He still carries the brand of ownership placed there by the tribes on each cheek.

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