

# The Antrim Reporter

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VOLUME LIII NO. 11

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1936

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## When Buying Lilacs, the Most Hardy Will Give the Best Results

### Lilacs—Own-root, Grafted, and Suckers

Many people find it hard to understand why some plants are so much more expensive than others. They see readily enough why new and rare varieties should be costly; and a little thought should show them that plants that may be propagated quickly and easily may be sold much more cheaply than those which the grower must nurse along for two or three years before they reach salable size or condition.

As regards lilacs, those on their own roots are generally regarded as much the best, but the first cost is somewhat more, because it takes longer for a rooted cutting to develop than for a grafted plant to do so. One should never buy a hybrid lilac grafted on the common lilac, because, when suckers appear, it is impossible to tell until they bloom whether they are of the desired new variety, or from the stock; and the end of that lilac is apt to be like that of many neglected old apple trees that we see: a forest of wild branches, and the graft completely smothered out.

Privet, which is closely related to lilac, is the stock commonly used now-a-days, and when the work is properly done, the results are fairly satisfactory, and the plants are slightly cheaper than those grown from rooted cuttings. Grafted plants should be set deeply enough so that the scion may form roots of its own.

Many of these plants, whether grafted or own root, will begin to bloom the next year after planting, though varieties differ in this respect; but, like all shrubs, it takes lilacs several years to reach full size and beauty.

We have an opportunity to obtain

suckers of the same fine kinds from a good private collection, at about half the price asked for the others, but it must be understood that these suckers must have good care for the first year if they are to live. They will be good small plants, but they will not have such well-developed roots as if they had been growing in a nursery for two or three years. However, any one who will take pains to set his suckers carefully in good garden soil, and water them carefully in a dry time, may have fine varieties of lilacs for a small expenditure of money. Some of the suckers will not be more than a year behind the other types of plants in coming into bloom.

The hybrid lilacs do not as a rule sucker so freely as the common lilac. All lilacs like sun and air, and good drainage. They will not do well in deep shade or in very damp places, though they will appreciate an occasional good soaking in dry weather. So will most shrubs, for that matter. Give the lilacs good garden soil, well-enriched with barnyard manure, with top-dressings of ground bone and wood ashes,—they are fond of lime,—and they will richly repay you.

They require but little care, and have few pests, borers and oyster-shell-scale being the chief of these, and these give little trouble except among neglected plants. I have had none of either in the seven years I have had my plants.

If I could do as I liked, I should buy a few nursery-grown own-root plants for immediate effect, and several suckers for growing on in a home nursery; but there is much pleasure to be gained from just one lilac.

Rachel Caughey.

Antrim, N. H.,  
Jan. 25, 1936.

## Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Up from the sunny south comes a poem from Rev. Clarence A. Vincent, pastor of the Miami Shores Community church of the city. He said after reading my column he was inspired to write the following:

**THE FALLEN MONARCH**  
Look at him stand on the edge of the lake  
His head erect, all senses awake,  
Antlers wide spread, eyes keen of sight  
Ears quick to hear sounds day or night  
Near him his mate, a motherly doe  
Fawn following wherever they go—  
A finer sight I never have seen  
As there they stand on the edge of the lake by the woods dark green  
Rifle report! And the stag falls dead  
Another shot — and the doe stops lead,  
A hound leaps out and catches the fawn—  
Woe! All are dead, that I saw at dawn.

While we are on the subject of poems here is another one written by Happy Day of Bennington. It will explain itself:

The Bennington Sportsmen are running a time,  
It's the Black and White Minstrels show  
A cast of all men, some poor and some fine,  
Some fast, and some who are slow.  
The Chorus is good, the end men are better,  
The Interlocutor, he is a scream;  
They are getting their parts right down to the letter,  
And their jokes are coming out clean.

It won't be long fore the posters are seen.

As Mr. Eldredge is certainly fast; He'll do a good job for he is keen  
On advertising a show and its cast.  
Now this show will be held on two different nights,

Friday and Saturday to be exact;  
You'll want to be there when they turn on the lights

Which will open up the first act.  
The last day of this month and the first of the next.

Those are the nights of the show;  
The show that consists of only one sex,

But I'm sure that both sexes will go.  
Just buy you a ticket, you cannot go wrong.

For 40 cents you'll have a good treat;  
In listening to jokes and also a song,

From end-men who cannot be beat.  
There's a dance both nights right after the show,

With music for young and for old;  
So make up your mind with the crowd to go,

And you won't be left out in the cold.

It won't be long now to the big show at Boston. This is the big annual and it starts Feb. 1st and runs till the 8th, then they jump to Hartford, Conn., for the week of Feb. 15th to 22nd, then to New York which is a new venture for the week of Feb. 29th to March 7th.

There is one man in this state that's not on the payroll of the Advertising Unit but is giving the old state a lot of favorable publicity. I refer to E. D. Putnam of Antrim who has the past week been down in Connecticut, Massachusetts and up into Vermont. He has shown his direct color photographs

of his bravery in rescuing two men from a burning airplane at Dayton, O., on October 30 last.

**Members Receive Program**

Members of the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests, in Antrim, have just received from the Society's office, in Concord, its program for 1936, including a review of activities last year.

over fifty times in 1935 and will beat that record by a large margin in 1936. He has been in every New England state with the exception of R. I. His pictures are worth going miles to see.

Herman Stickney of Hollis brings in a big cat to have the ears punched. They are still worth the twenty dollars.

The next time you go to Nashua just look up the brook where the brook crosses the road near South Merrimack and see the lone black duck pruning his feathers on the edge of the ice. He does not seem to mind the heavy traffic at all.

It is with a great deal of regret that we record the passing of Waldo Hubbard of Hudson. For many years he worked for the Government as Superintendent of a big Fish Hatchery at Oregon and later at Nashua. After he retired from the Government service he worked for a few years for the State Department. He was an expert in fish culture and is a man that will be greatly missed. I got to know Mr. Hubbard very well having worked with him on brooks and ponds and know him to be one of the nicest men I ever met. In the same breath we record the passing of another old friend of mine, John Whelan of Wilton. A stone mason by trade and a good one. I never knew that John was much of a fisherman or hunter but he was a good sport and always interested in everything worth while. We shall miss both of these men.

If next Sunday is a good one and you want to see a real sight you want to hitch up the old Lizzie and drive up to the parking space on Temple Mountain just over the line in Peterborough. Here you will find from 3 to 500 cars parked and three times that number of people. Skiers and snowshoe parties from all over the New England states.

The Peterboro Outing club have a hut which they call the "Oven" where hot coffee and sinkers are served to the skiers.

One day last week the fruitmen of the state held a very important meeting in the local town hall. A stranger in town remarked that he thought some very prosperous gathering must be in session as nearly every car seen on the street was of the 1935 or 36 model. He remarked that the fruitmen must be in the money.

According to "More Game Birds" in America a total of 468156 ring neck pheasants were released in the United States by 27 different states last year. Besides ringnecks the following were raised and released: 6594 wild turkeys, 2835 Hungarian partridges, 2660 wild ducks. Added to this is the record of 200,000 other game birds purchased by Game Departments from private Game breeders and released. The states of N. Y. and Oregon raised and released 437 ruffed grouse.

An S. O. S. has been sent out by the "More Game Birds in America" to all sportsmen to destroy on sight all the "Mystic Ebony Shingodas" now being sold in this country. The four pronged "Circos" have the appearance of oriental ebony carvings and nothing more or less than the Asiatic water chestnut, an aquatic plant pest already established in Atlantic coast waters. These are being peddled to the public.

Cheer up there are colder places in the U. S. A. than New England. According to the U. S. Department

Continued on page eight.

## Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

### Seeking Votes?

A cartoon in a daily paper shows the G. O. P. members of Congress — though in the minority — lined up for the bonus. We presume it is no worse for one party to be after votes than another, although the purchasing power is greater in the one case than in the other.

### Saturdays In February

This year, February has five Saturdays, even if it is the shortest month in the year. This being leap year with 29 days in the month, Saturday gets the call. After this year, there will be five Saturdays in February every 28 years until 2076; then a long gap of 40 years; then three gaps of 28 years each. By the end of this period the calendar experts may have accomplished something.

### Portia Chapter Installs

Officers of Portia Chapter, O. E. S., recently installed for the coming year are:

Worthy Matron, Mrs. Elsie Heath.  
Worthy Patron, Wilbur Heath.  
Associate Matron, Ethel Carter.  
Associate Patron, A. A. Holden.  
Secretary, Mrs. Georgianna Gile.  
Treasurer, Mrs. Florence Reed.  
Conductress, Mrs. Mary B. Holden.

Associate Conductress, Mrs. Mildred Wallace.

Chaplain, Mrs. Katherine Gregg.  
Marshal, Mrs. Lottie B. Harvey.  
Organist, Mrs. Barbara Buttrick.

Adah, Eunice Willgeroth.  
Ruth, Marie Hughes.  
Esther, Mrs. Frances York.  
Martha, Mrs. Anna Chickering.  
Electa, Mrs. Lucy Buttrick.  
Warder, Mrs. Mildred Kemp.  
Sergeant, F. A. M. Coak.

### Arrests On Increase

Arrests for drunkenness in this city are on the increase, it was shown by the figures given out by the police department, says the Concord (N.H.) Monitor, of January 24, 1936. In 1934, arrests for drunkenness totaled 234; in 1935 the figure jumped to 357, a difference of 123, and an increase of more than 50 per cent.

Will some one kindly inform us just how different from above the conditions could be as things now are! What else could be expected?

### Drifts Block Roads

The high cold wind and drifting snows made traveling almost impossible in many places on Thursday last and into the night, especially outside the village. Autos, trucks and even snowplows were stuck in drifts, but after a time worked themselves out, with more or less man-power help. The cold weather and wind continued trucks removing snow had a busy on Friday; men with shovels and season.

### The Cheney Award

Announcement was made by General O. Westover, chief of the Air Corps at Washington, D. C., last week, of this year's Cheney award, given by Mrs. William H. Schofield of Peterborough, and her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Streeter, of Morristown, N. J., in memory of their son and brother, the late William H. Cheney. In a telegram to Mrs. Schofield, General Westover reports that the award will go to Lieut. Robert K. Giovannoli of the Air Corps for 1935 in recognition

of his bravery in rescuing two men from a burning airplane at Dayton, O., on October 30 last.

**Members Receive Program**

Members of the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests, in Antrim, have just received from the Society's office, in Concord, its program for 1936, including a review of activities last year.

Among projects proposed is the public ownership of the summit of Mt. Washington, and its approaches. The program states: "The legal and buildings at the summit, the cog railway and the automobile road are in private hands. The Society believes that Mt. Washington, the most noteworthy natural feature of New England, should

Continued on page eight.

# Dr. John McLoughlin, the "White-Headed Eagle"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

RECENTLY newspapers in many parts of the United States printed this story:

"OREGON CITY, ORE.—Naturalization papers of Dr. John McLoughlin, 'Father of Oregon,' have been discovered in the vaults of the county recorder's office here.

"Doctor McLoughlin, factor of the British Hudson Bay Fur company, befriended American settlers in Oregon in the early days. When the fur post was discontinued, after Oregon was ceded to the United States, Doctor McLoughlin remained and took a farm. The naturalization papers were issued by the Second District court of Oregon Territory, September 5, 1851."

Back of that brief news item lies one of the most romantic and significant—and at the same time one of the most tragic—stories in American history. For this Dr. John McLoughlin was more than just a "factor of the British Hudson Bay Fur company"—yes, even more than the "Father of Oregon." There was a time when he was known far and wide as the "Emperor of the West," a wilderness king whose word was absolute law over 400,000 square miles, an empire that extended all along the Pacific coast from California to Alaska and as far east as the Great Salt Lake in Utah. There was a time when he held an influence over the Indians such as no white man had since the days of Sir William Johnson's dominance over the Iroquois on the other side of the continent.

There was a time when he, by speaking a few words, could have embroiled the United States and Great Britain in a third war and if that had happened it is doubtful if the Pacific Northwest would now be under the American flag. But he refrained from speaking those words and by refraining saved the lives of hundreds of American settlers and probably thousands of American and British soldiers and sailors.

Thus the romance and the historical significance in the life story of Dr. John McLoughlin. As for the tragedy, it was the tragedy of a "king" who lost his kingdom and of a real "man without a country," a more pitiful figure than the fictitious hero of Edward Everett Hale's famous book.

Such is the story, in part, back of the discovery, after more than three-quarters of a century, of the document which made John McLoughlin an American citizen. But even though he was no longer a "man without a country," that document could not save him from going to his grave six years later, a broken-hearted old man, the victim of the selfishness and the basest ingratitude on the part of those who had best reason to be grateful to him—the American settlers he had "befriended."

The complete story is told in a new biography which, by an interesting coincidence, appeared a short time after the discovery of the McLoughlin naturalization papers in the vault in Oregon City. This biography is "The White-Headed Eagle: John McLoughlin, Builder of an Empire," written by Richard G. Montgomery of Portland, Ore., and published by the Macmillan company of New York. Much has been written about McLoughlin (the list of authorities occupies five full pages at the end of this biography) but Mr. Montgomery's book is one of the most authoritative and most interesting word portraits of McLoughlin that has yet appeared.

McLoughlin was born at Riviere du Loup some 120 miles below Quebec on the St. Lawrence in 1784. His father was an Irishman, his mother, a Fraser in whom French blood was mixed with the Scotch. As a boy he was serious-minded and very religious, with none of the dashing recklessness that characterized the men engaged in the business in which he was to become famous—the fur trade. Due to the influence of one of his uncles, Dr. Simon Fraser, it appeared certain that young John would become a doctor and at the age of sixteen he began studying medicine.

Although he practiced for a while in Montreal, it soon became apparent that "a professional career in a well-settled community held no fascination for him. The lad's gray eyes were focused on the West—there was no hankering for city life in his nature." That was largely due to another uncle—Alexander Fraser, who had become prominent in the affairs of the North West company, which had been organized in 1784, the year young John was born, to compete with the Hudson's Bay company for the rich prize of the fur trade throughout Canada. Through Uncle Alexander's influence the young doctor received an appointment as resident physician in the North West company and in the winter of 1803-04 proceeded to Fort William, the company's chief depot and factory on Lake Superior.

This marked the beginning of that amazing career which resulted in McLoughlin's becoming the "Emperor of the West." From being a medical officer he soon progressed to the position of chief trader. In 1820, when the bitter rivalry between the Hudson's Bay company and the North Westers ended in a truce, young McLoughlin went to London as a North West representative to drive the bargain which consolidated the two companies. He then became a Hudson's Bay man and continued as such through the remainder of his active life.

For a time he served as chief factor at Fort Francis on the Lake of the woods. Then Gov. George Simpson, head of the H. B. C., recognizing the great ability of the young doctor, made him assistant to Chief Factor Alexander Kennedy on the Columbia river, with the idea of his eventually superseding Kennedy there. This was all a part of the bold scheme which Simpson had in mind.

The American, John Jacob Astor, had failed in his attempt to found a fur empire in the Pacific Northwest and his post, Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia had fallen into the hands of the North West company first and then the Hudson's Bay company. The Oregon country was held jointly by Great Britain and the United States, but Simpson planned to win this vast region with its wealth of furs for England but more particularly to "bring all the territory west of the Rocky mountains within a single Hudson's Bay company jurisdiction."

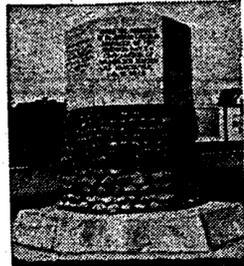
McLoughlin was selected as the instrument to bring this about and there could have been no better one selected. From the moment he took



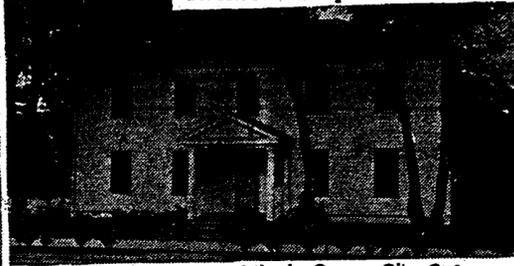
Fort Vancouver



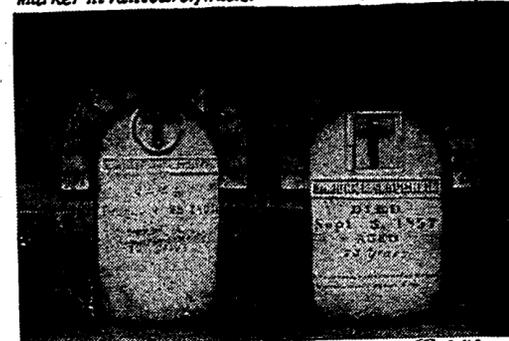
Dr. John McLoughlin



Marker in Vancouver, Wash.



House of Dr. McLoughlin in Oregon City, Ore.



Grave Stones of Dr. McLoughlin and His Wife



The 109-Year-Old Apple Tree

charge in 1824, abandoned Astoria and moved up the river to establish Fort Vancouver it became apparent that here was the man who could rule both the Indians and the turbulent trappers and fur traders. Rule he did, sternly but justly, and the Indians, who called McLoughlin the "White-Headed Eagle" because of his shock of snow-white hair, respected and loved him quite as much as they feared him.

For a period of ten years Fort Vancouver was the center of a feudal empire the like of which the New World never before, and seldom since, has seen. It was a "sanctuary of civilization in the heart of the savage western country" and to it came many a traveler and explorer whose name is written large in the history of the West—Jedediah Smith, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, Hall J. Kelly, Jason Lee, Marcus Whitman, Captain Bonneville and a host of others.

One of the notables who came to Vancouver was Capt. Aemilius Simpson of the British navy and a symbol of his visit is to be seen near the site of Fort Vancouver to this day.

"During his sojourn at Vancouver, Simpson unwittingly contributed in no small degree toward the agricultural progress of the community," writes Montgomery. "While dining one evening with the doctor he was reminded by one of his men of a promise he had made a certain young lady back in London. It appears that during the desert course of a farewell banquet given in his honor, this young lady had extracted the seeds from an apple and had laughingly presented them to Simpson with the request that he plant them when he reached his destination in the Northwest wilderness. The incident had been forgotten until that moment, but when the captain's attention was called to it by his aide, he reached into his coat pocket and there reposing under his kid gloves, he found the little packet of seeds. A ripple of laughter ran around the table as he handed them over to his host.

"Doctor John was not the man to underrate such a gift. The very next day he entrusted the apple seeds to Robert Bruce, the venerable Scotch gardener of the fort, who planted them with great care and white gloves. Thus, in the spirit of jest, the redoubtable white-gloved Aemilius made possible the first Oregon apple." That was 109 years ago. One of the trees which sprang from those seeds still stands where the venerable Robert Bruce planted them and it still bears fruit, as the writer of this article, who took the photograph of it shown above, can testify.

Unhappily for McLoughlin other seeds were also being planted in the fertile soil of the Oregon country and they bore a crop of trouble for him. For just when he was well established as the "Emperor of the West," the energetic Yankees who were to dispute with Great Britain ownership of the Northwest began to appear—first as competitive fur traders and later as missionaries and settlers.

The doctor, being of a pious disposition, (he was baptized a Catholic, his mother's faith, but grew up an Episcopalian, the faith of his father), was naturally well-disposed toward the missionaries and he gave both medical and other aid to them when, as so often happened in their early days, they were in distress. For that matter, he did the same for the settlers even though he, as factor for the Hudson's Bay company and therefore obligated to consider its interests first, would have been justified, by the rules of "big business" which were even then in vogue, in letting them starve.

Instead of doing that he gave generously from his own resources and that very generosity resulted in his downfall. Governor Simpson had never approved of his open-handed hospitality to the American settlers and that, combined with innumerable other disagreements between the head of the Hudson's Bay company and its representative in Oregon, resulted in 1845 in McLoughlin's retirement from the H. B. C., a retirement which seems to have been little more than a summary dismissal.

In the meantime the American settlers, who had been coming into Oregon in ever-increasing numbers since 1842, had been beseeching congress to guarantee their land titles on the Columbia and had taken steps to form a local government. McLoughlin had become involved in

the political maneuverings incident to that action and made a number of enemies among the future leaders of the new American territory.

After retiring from the Hudson Bay company service he moved to the present site of Oregon City where "he had every reason to expect that his new neighbors, so extensively the recipients of his largess, would welcome him as a benefactor rather than spurn him as a fallen autocrat. He made the very human mistake of counting too heavily on the religious tolerance and anticipated gratitude of these people." For they were Protestants and he was a Catholic, having returned once more to the religious faith of his youth; he was also a British subject and they were roused to a high pitch of patriotic ardor over the Oregon boundary dispute.

Although he immediately took steps to become an American citizen, his motives were suspected and there were numerous annoying delays before his final citizenship papers were signed. But even that did not end his troubles. American settlers had squatted on some of his lands and there were disputes over land titles. After Oregon became a territory, its first delegate to congress, an enemy of the doctor, influenced the passage of legislation, the Oregon Donation Land Law, which cheated McLoughlin out of real estate that was rightfully his.

No wonder that toward the close of his career the embittered old man penned these lines: "By British demagogues I have been represented as a traitor. For what? Because I acted as a Christian, saved American citizens, men, women and children from the Indian tomahawk and enabled them to take farms to support their families. American demagogues have been base enough to assert that I had caused American citizens to be massacred by hundreds by the savages. I, who saved all that I could . . . I could not have done more for the settlers if they had been brothers and sisters . . . To be brief, I founded this settlement and prevented a war . . . and for doing this peaceably and quietly, I was treated by the British in such a manner that, from self-respect, I resigned my situation in the Hudson's Bay company's service, by which I sacrificed \$12,000 per annum, and the Oregon Land Bill shows the treatment I received from the Americans."

The end of his troubles came on September 3, 1857, when he died peacefully in his home in Oregon City. Five years later the Oregon legislature made partial amends for the injustices he had suffered by passing an act which permitted his heirs to acquire all of his original land claims, with the exception of one island, upon the payment of \$1,000 which was designated for the University Fund of Oregon.

Although he is generally hailed as the "Father of Oregon," no monument in keeping with his importance in the history of the Pacific Northwest has ever been erected in his memory. The simple, white-painted frame dwelling in Oregon City where he spent his last days is preserved as a museum and a memorial to him. The inscription on his old-fashioned tombstone, set in the brick foundations of the brown-painted Catholic church where he lies buried, records the fact that he was "The Pioneer and Friend of Oregon. Also the founder of this city."

The magnificent column at Astoria, Ore., honors the names of Capt. Robert Gray, of Lewis and Clark and of John Jacob Astor but not that of Dr. John McLoughlin. The monument at Wishram, Wash., lists his name along with 40 other "dauntless pathfinders and pioneers" of varying importance. On a grassy plot within the city limits of Vancouver, Wash., stands a hexagonal marker, on one face of which is this simple inscription: "Under the influence of Dr. John McLoughlin (sic), manager of the Hudson Bay Co., civilization of Washington started at Vancouver, A. D. 1825." Meager as is this tribute, they might at least have spelled correctly the name of the man of whom this latest biographer says: "Of all the heroic figures of the early West, Dr. John McLoughlin was the most remarkable. As a leader, a benefactor and a Christian, he was unrivaled, and, though his life ended in tragedy, the passage of time has not only enhanced his greatness but placed him with the charmed circle of our national heroes."

© Western Newspaper Union.

## WASHINGTON DIGEST

National Topics Interpreted  
BY WILLIAM BRUCKART  
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—The dictionary says the word confusion means mixed indiscriminately; disordered; deranged; perplexed; bewildered, or disconcerted.

There probably is no better word to describe the situation in Washington over the past three weeks than the word confusion. If one keeps an eye half open, one cannot help seeing all of the things mentioned in the dictionary definition of the word. There might be an addition. If I were to expand the definition and make it just a little more applicable to the circumstances in the national Capital, I would add "running around in circles."

The reconvening of congress always is a signal for commotion, and confusion and taut nerves. The opening sessions, nevertheless, usually have been mild for a few days. The climax was reached by a gradual building up of excitement to the moment of the annual message of the President on the state of the Union. This time, however, the climax came quickly and instead of a subsidence, as we usually have seen, the crest of the wave of excitement continued. If this is a barometric prediction of what we may see in the forthcoming political campaign, there will be, indeed, a battle.

That the picture of Washington confusion may be pieced together, let us review in briefest form some of the things that happened:

Congress reconvenes at noon on a Friday—orders go from the White House to the Capitol that the President desires to deliver his annual speech on the state of the Union immediately—arrangements are made promptly for a night session (the second of its kind in history)—President Roosevelt delivers a masterful discourse on international affairs, virtually naming names of autocratic rulers throughout the world and demanding that they cease arbitrary programs leading to war, and follows that with a plain political speech regarding domestic affairs, challenging New Deal opponents to undo what the New Deal administration had done—Republican National Chairman Fletcher bitingly attacks the political phases of the Roosevelt speech on the state of the Union and demands that radio broadcasting companies give New Deal opponents the same time and the same stations for broadcasting a political answer—broadcasting company replies show a desire to be fair with radio time and toss back to Mr. Fletcher the difficult task of selecting individuals to answer Mr. Roosevelt.

The Supreme court in a momentous decision invalidates the Agricultural Adjustment Act, a key measure of New Deal reform.

Declines comment on this decision but New Deal spokesmen otherwise settle down around the ears of the nine justices with vitriolic comment—New Deal critics of the court and the institution move swiftly to revise the Constitution to fit New Deal theories and to curb the power of the judiciary, preventing it from interfering in their determination to remake America—Agriculture Secretary Wallace and Agricultural Administrator Davis call farm leaders to consider ways and means for reviving or superseding the "gentle rain of checks" that was AAA—the annual budget of estimates for expenditures from July 1, 1936, to June 30, 1937, carrying \$8,752,606,000, is sent to congress—relief appropriations are omitted; result, no one can tell yet how large the next year's expenditures will be—house and senate agriculture leaders scurry hither and yon, hold conferences, discuss political repercussions from the invalidation of AAA and get nowhere very rapidly.

Wheelhorses of the Democratic party rush through plans for and hold the annual Jackson day dinner on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans.

Word leaks out that Postmaster General Farley, who is also chairman of the Democratic National committee and chairman of the New York State Democratic committee, has fixed a price of fifty dollars per plate to those joining in the No. 1 Jackson day dinner at which the President spoke—the American Liberty league charges Mr. Farley with violating the corrupt practices act which says in effect that no government official may solicit or cause to be solicited funds from government jobholders—the answer of the Democratic National committee is that Mr. Farley has no part in ticket sales—Liberty league officials cite the committee's own press statement quoting Mr. Farley's conversation with 48 state presidents of Young Democrat clubs that they should charge enough per plate to help defray the deficit of the Democratic National committee besides the cost of their dinners in the various sections of the country—Democratic National committee meets and selects Philadelphia as the site of the Democratic National convention, fixing June 28 as the date after Philadelphia, with a certified check of \$200,000, outbids all others to be host—Republican

At \$50 Per Plate

At \$50 Per Plate

At \$50 Per Plate

Chairman Fletcher issues denial that the Republican National committee had anything to do with the use of stamp stickers ridiculing the New Deal.

Lobbyists for the ex-service men reach an agreement on the type of legislation for immediate cash payment of the bonus and the legislation passes the house—Senator Nye and his publicity seeking Senate Munitions Investigating committee take the partners of the house of Morgan over the grill in an attempt to show that this great financial institution led the United States into the World War—Morgan's answer links officials of President Wilson's administration with the development of sentiment favorable to American participation on the side of the Allies—Senator Nye gains much publicity for himself and the neutrality bill which he sponsors in the senate—many new representatives of business arrive in Washington, open offices, prepare to fight against further New Deal encroachment upon private business, and everyone runs around in circles.

Looks Like Rough Battle

At the outset of this discussion, I suggested that if events of the last several weeks form a proper criterion, the political campaign that is now under way is going to be rough. I base that prediction upon the view taken of it by Postmaster General Farley, the king-pin Democratic politician and the reactions that have come editorially and in news columns to the President's Jackson day dinner speech and the political phases of his message on the state of the Union. Mr. Farley made no bones about the prospect. He foresees all kinds of mud slinging, misrepresentation and personal attacks.

Aside from his statesmanlike discussion of international problems, Mr. Roosevelt's message to congress descended to the point where he was definitely cataloging all opposition to the New Deal as "greedy and selfish" men and women. Every one of them, in the President's opinion, has a personal axe of avarice to grind. He intends, apparently, to make that his theme song.

Whether his conclusions are right or wrong is not in question here. The point is that since Mr. Roosevelt has opened the fire in that manner, he can naturally expect the same type of fire to be returned. In the language of the twelve-year-old ruffian: "He asked for it." There was another striking thing about the Roosevelt speeches to congress and to the Jackson day diners. For the first time since he has occupied the White House, he gave every evidence of being nettled and nervous. He spoke in a voice that appeared to be tired; there was lacking that buoyancy, that smile, when he spoke that used to characterize his expressions. You will recall undoubtedly that for a long time in the early part of his administration he was wholly unmindful of his enemies, ignored them completely, and plowed straight ahead with a determination that won him many friends. Lately, however, there has been unmistakable evidence of a martyr complex in his manner.

Referring again to the two speeches, I have heard any number of observers comment, first, on his almost tearful appeal of his speech to congress, and secondly, to his thinly veiled comparison between himself and President Jackson when he spoke to the Jackson day diners.

I am not making any predictions as to where this trend will lead. It is important to note, however, that it is an old political trick to impugn the motives of the opposition. Such was the mood into which former President Herbert Hoover fell when in 1931 it became apparent his political life was on the skids and slipping fast. When he was "on his way out" Mr. Hoover became so pious that even his own associates found it difficult to do the things he wanted done in the way he desired. This condition continued to develop until he began to complain personally about the "hair shirts" that he had to wear. The "hair shirts" incident probably was the best tip-off to the sinking feeling that had begun to permeate Mr. Hoover's outlook at that time. The rest is history.

As to the course which Mr. Roosevelt is following in impugning the motives of his opposition, one can hardly take objection because it has been done so often and for the further reason that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Farley is a political novice. I believe that Washington observers generally give each of these men credit for being thoroughly versed in politics and since Mr. Roosevelt is "dimly conscious that a campaign is under way and an election is scheduled," he naturally is laying his lines. They will be pulled from time to time with a resultant display for public view intended to convince the person of small means or no means at all that he is their savior; that he intends and seeks at all times to protect them from those selfish and greedy groups who seek to grind down the population for the sake of profit.

Laying His Lines

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# WATCH THE CURVES

By RICHARD HOFFMANN

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## SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criticism of his idle life, and the withdrawal of financial assistance, Hal Ireland, only son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which city he must reach from New York, within a definite time limit. He takes passage with a cross-country auto party on a "share expense" basis. With five other members of the party, an attractive girl, Barry Trastford, middle-aged Gilles Kerrigan, Sister Anastasia, a nun; and an individual whom he instinctively dislikes, Martin Crack, he starts his journey. Barry's reticence annoys him. To Kerrigan he takes at once, but he is unable to shake off a feeling of uneasiness. He distrusts Crack, although finding his intimacy with Kerrigan ripening, and he makes a little progress with Barry.

## CHAPTER IV

### Thursday

Hal had some difficulty reaching his friend next morning, and it was nearly one when he brought Kerrigan down from their room to see what he'd got. "Really ought to look at it first through an old snapshot negative," said Hal. "Your eyes do better if you take these things gradually."

It was a great locomotive of a car—a certain high erectness, the small hubs and the splendid spokes proclaiming venerability; but deep green and bright brass, the pale taupe of the upholstery, the miniature lamps beside the doors, with a little red star in each side-glass, made its venerability that of an aristocrat who could ignore the fickleness of styles. Kerrigan looked and his eyes softened affectionately.

"Shades of Dempsey and Willard," he breathed. "What is it? A Martin day-bomber without the wings?"

"Nineteen twenty-three," said Hal. "Belonged to the mother of one of the directors and never been driven over forty. Cared for like an only child. Look at that upholstery."

Kerrigan looked and stroked. "Kings ride on fabric less rich," he said. "They left the engine in it, I s'pose. But why Texas license plates?"

"Only ones they had handy. Thought it'd be interesting to drive from Michigan to California with Texas plates and a New York driving license. But the motor's sweet—sweet's a nut."

The solid, multiple chunk of the closing door drew an exclamation of awe from Kerrigan. He said, "You don't think I'll be embarrassed, riding up so high?"

"You'll find you see more of the country," said Hal.

"Right over the heads of the crowds that gather: true, true. It's a wonder we're alive. Tell me more: how much does the museum want for it?"

"Three hundred. And the tires, look at the tires—made of rubber, they are, and practically new. And everything works: the speedometer, even the cigar lighter."

"What's the railing up on top? Widow's walk?"

"No, that's the laundry yard," said Hal. "Colonel, if I didn't know you so well, I'd almost think you were making fun of—"

"Chucho! there—y'see?" said Kerrigan. "You've gone and bought us a car and don't know what to call it. S'pose the others had come before it was named. The ignominy! I'd better go up and throw out a horn from the quart an old dog-fancier left in my pocket this morning. Got to christen it."

"Drink?" said Hal. "At noon? Kerrigan, what d'you think I am?"

Kerrigan's eyes were merry. "Just about what you seem," he said, taking Hal's elbow and turning him round.

"Rasputin" had become the car's name by the time the travelers were ready to start. They were shown Rasputin in his timeless green-and-brass distinction. John smiled loftily, rocking back on his heels as if he were taking the air on the deck of his yacht; and Mrs. Palspher made a little exclamation of surprise, clasped her hands in front of her as if to be sure she wouldn't touch the paint, and gave Hal a look of interest and respect.

"Oh, it's elegant," she said. "Oh my, it's beautiful."

Barry and Sister Anastasia came up and Barry's look ran out to Hal in unguarded confidence. She came to his side to admire, and her low voice said, "Ah, it's a sweet old thing."

"Like it?" said Hal, showing her his pleasure.

"Mm," she said. "It'll be fun, won't it? And we can light the little carriage 'umps sometimes, can't we?"

Hal chuckled at her more delightedly than he meant to. "Bet we can," he said. "And you shall have 'em—to keep—when we get there."

"Because that miserable fella Crack isn't here," said Hal, and the brief confidence had lain between their eyes less itself.

Barry turned her back on the others, slipped her hand lightly inside Hal's arm, and he crooked it as they took a slow step or two away.

"How long do you think it should take to Los Angeles?" Barry asked him.

Hal returned the gravity of her eyes, all the while conscious of the casual resting of her hand on his arm, as if sensation paused throughout his body except just there where she touched him. And he wasn't sure he wholly matched her casualness as he said: "I hadn't figured it closely. It's about twenty-five hundred miles. Six days would be fairly brisk. Why, Barry? Do you want to hurry?"

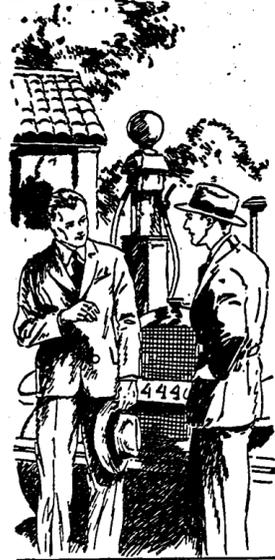
Her look coolly disavowed any plea for herself. "You won't say anything if I tell you why Sister Anastasia"—her low mention of it was quite as lyric, tender, as the nun's had been—"is going to the Coast. She has a brother—at the Santa Barbara mission. He's dying. He wants her there before he dies—to forgive him for something wrong he thinks he did to her a long time ago. She's so patient, so good, so—humble isn't the word, because that sometimes means things not always brave and fine. She wouldn't say anything to you, but it's so much to her. I'm sure she hasn't heard anything for a long time. She doesn't know whether he's dead now."

Hal wanted to keep her hand touching his arm until he found the remark that would open some small slit of intimacy in her thoughtful, faintly anxious look. But all he said was, "D—n that Crack."

She watched him an instant longer, as if she expected him to say something else. Then she looked down at his mouth; her hand slipped from his arm and she turned round.

And d—n me, too, he said to himself, for letting that minute get away from me. What is it comes over you, Ireland, you yokel?

Lunch was not only eaten but digested, the luggage was all up on the widow's walk under a spanking new tarpaulin, and still Crack hadn't come. A high clock somewhere round the



"Had to Telegraph New York. Business. The Answer Was Slow Comin' Back."

corner struck four times. Hal, squatting on Rasputin's roof, murmured down to Kerrigan, "H—I with him. Let's leave his bag and his fare and shove off."

Casually Barry said, "I don't think that'd be fair—to leave him, do you?"

"Why not?" said Hal. "If we make a couple of hundred miles before bedtime, we might be one night less on the road."

Conviction backed up Barry's casual looking at Kerrigan, and Hal's obstinacy rose.

"But suppose—" Barry began, and Kerrigan interrupted, "Here he comes." Barry lifted Doc under her arm and got into the car without hurry, as if her stand about Crack hadn't really mattered to her. Hal vaulted to the pavement as Crack came up, and said to him, "Any day this week, young fella. Where the devil have you been?"

Crack flushed. "Awfully sorry," he said. "I got delayed, awful sorry." His hand came from his jacket pocket and he dropped his look modestly to watch the golf-ball fall to his hand again. Then, as if Hal were the only one to share an understanding of the ways of the world, he said, "Had to telegraph New York. Business. The answer was slow comin' back."

He wasn't as young as he superficially looked, Hal decided; it wasn't only his old-fashioned air—straight-brushed hair and jacket buttoned high to the small opening—that gave him maturity. And whatever bemused his light, drowsy eyes remained private to them not wholly through shyness. Telegraph New York on business and wait for an answer. . . .

It went through Hal's mind quickly and vividly, like something he had thought of before and forgotten, and there was no pause before he said, "Get in. Your bag's up."

Crack looked up at the rack, then along the length of the car, immune to hurry.

"Nice car," he said shyly, as if he knew something about it that Hal didn't.

They had gone 20 miles westward when Palspher gave a lost wall of dismay. "That man—that man."

"Good God, sir, what man?" asked Kerrigan.

"He's not here," John said, his desperation rising. "We left him behind. That driver. That Miller. Our fare." All previous discussion of the matter—of Miller's dismissal and Hal's possession of the fares—had flown past John's ears, it turned out. And as Kerrigan explained it, among eager oh's and ah's of understanding, Hal became aware that he had undertaken responsibility of a sort here. Where, forty-eight hours ago, he hadn't given a Continental whether any of them got anywhere or not, he was now being trusted to land them all in Los Angeles safe, soon, and at no further expense. It gave him an odd feeling near the pit of his stomach—not to be defined at all—before he forgot it.

Dusk came early because of the shredded-cotton comforter of cloud low under the sky; and when they turned south at Coldwater for the Indiana border there was a warm rain-smelling breeze. It was dark when they got to Fort Wayne, and while they were at supper there was a splatter of rain flew at the window.

It was agreed to push on a little farther, giving the weather of night a chance to make up its mind. And promptly it made up its mind to drench water down upon the world.

A pair of brilliant headlights moved toward them through the dark rain: a truck and trailer, enormous, with wide spotlights and a line of little green crystals along its side. Hal eased the accelerator farther, bending forward to keep track of the road's edge. Then, made startling as physical assault for all its quiet, Crack's whisper sounded behind him: "Stop it—brakes; easy!" There was nothing to see—nothing; but Hal gave the brake-pedal intermittent touches, cursing the groundless authority in that whisper as he did it. The headlights thundered past, and there in the rain-streaked glare close ahead, a figure in a gleaming poncho rode a bicycle. Hal swung aside for him, feeling a confused emptiness hold his chest for an instant, telling himself he was finished with that uneasy premonition, that sense of portent. He partly turned his head to ask Crack, "How the deuce did you see him?" Crack didn't answer at once; after a little, his whisper came, drowsing again in shy satisfaction: "I—I just sorta—saw him."

It was near ten o'clock when they came to Huntington and they would have been ready to spend the night there even if, at the first corner, they had not seen a white sign proclaim "Tourists" on the lawn of an old house. The cheerful, untidy young woman told Kerrigan in loud surprise that she had two double rooms and three singles and failed to keep entirely calm before the coincidence that these accommodations would fit them. With the luggage down and in, Hal managed to divert her mind to thoughts of where the nearest garage was—one where he might find a mechanic and a grease gun.

"I'll be right back," Hal said to Kerrigan. "See that everybody gets settled and book an early call—five-thirty, say."

But he wasn't right back. The elderly night-man at the garage found everything pretty dry and was delighted to have some one to talk to. Hal got away in just under an hour. The rain had stopped; the air was refreshed, good, almost cool, and the wan moon rode silent over the last hurried shreds of cloud. Hal found himself possessed of a juvenile eagerness to get back to the house—an eagerness out of all proportion to the chances of Barry's being up, out of proportion to the importance of any slight scene of challenge and adroitness that might be between them if she were.

He tried the door and found it locked. A dim figure came toward the net-curtained window, and Hal had to put down a quick resurgence of excitement. The door swung timidly open and the untidy young woman's stage whisper scraped round its edge: "They're all in bed. I waited up for you. I'll just lock up and show you where your room is. I was telling Daddy how lucky it was you all could just fit, some of you married and all. Daddy's a great one for talking. You'll see him in the morning. He likes so early, aren't you, you won't see him." And so on halfway up the stairs, where she suddenly interrupted herself to hiss a harsh "Shhhhh" at Hal.

There was a low light over the landing. Eyebrows raised, head nodding, she stabbed her finger several times at the first door. "Good night," she whispered loudly, like a conspirator.

Hal wished he weren't so wide awake; he'd be sorry in the morning. He opened the door gently, hoping Kerrigan was too deeply asleep to be disturbed. But the light from the street lamp, striking upward on the white ceiling, revealed a broad and unoccupied double bed against the wall. Good, thought Hal; I'll read. He pressed the door shut with less care, shot the bolt under his hand, and found a light switch on the wall at first stroke. The light clicked on, and only then he heard a breath quickly caught behind him in the room. He turned, and Barry's blue eyes, with a gleaming rim of wet along each lower lid, were wide and anxious on him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Migrates Easily

Home to the coyote is wherever he digs his den. He migrates easily and upon slight provocation. Coyotes multiply rapidly. The litters are large, averaging five to seven puppies, which look much like young German police dogs. With the coyote's adaptability, shrewdness, boldness, and ability to multiply, it is possible they may eventually inhabit the entire United States.

## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Not Spoiled by Money Freedom of the Air 500 Air Miles for \$6 Jones Still Will Lead

Another airplane record. Howard Hughes, flying 18,000 feet up much of the way, came from Los Angeles to Newark in 9 hours 27 minutes 10 seconds. High up, where air resistance is less, using a super-charging engine and helping his own lungs with oxygen from a tank, Mr. Hughes beat the existing record held by Col. Roscoe Turner of 10 hours 2 minutes 51 seconds.

Mr. Hughes proves that being rich does not always spoil young Americans. He flew from ocean to ocean without a stop, 2,450 miles, at an average speed of 230 miles an hour.

Big broadcasting companies refuse to allow the Republican party to broadcast "laughable skits" on the "New Deal."

Now, or after some worth-while upheaval, "freedom of the air" will have to be dealt with as was "freedom of the press" when the Constitution was written.

For radio companies to say to the party in power, "Because we fear you we shall take you to every home in the country and let you say what you please, and shall refuse to give the same publicity to your opponents," might not suit the American idea.

It is good news that Henry Ford has gone back to airplane building. His last trimotor plane was produced in 1931.

His new two-passenger plane, with V-8 engine turning the propeller 4,000 times a minute, carries 30 gallons of gasoline, with a flying range about 500 miles. Five hundred miles of air travel for \$8 worth of gasoline for two passengers would be cheap transportation.

Henry Ford will begin manufacturing planes seriously, "if and when conditions demand volume production worth while."

Jess Jones, chairman of Reconstruction Finance corporation, tells the banks that he will go on leading government money until they make credit and loans easier.

Mr. Jones says: "The big fellow, with unquestionable credit, borrows on his own terms, at low rates. Credit for the average business is too sparingly given, at much higher rates."

There is rioting in Porto Rico, numbers killed and wounded in various places. It is said a Porto Rico "Young Men's Party" has decided to separate Porto Rico from the United States, inspired perhaps by the departure of the Philippines.

It is supposed that this government will tell the "Young Porto Rico" gentlemen that they will not be allowed to separate, and might as well forget about it.

This country, in the way of protection, resources, education and civilization, is necessary to Porto Rico, and strategically Porto Rico is useful to the United States.

What would England say if Jamaica should announce "We wish to leave the British Empire?"

The beginning of the new year in Germany sees the death of 1,000 newspapers, "suspended" by official order because they opposed Nazi rule. Chancellor Hitler perhaps remembers Napoleon's statement: "If I granted liberty of the press, my government could not last three weeks."

He might also remember that some governments that refused liberty of the press have also failed to last. The government of the czars was of that kind. Sitting on the safety valve is one way, but not the safest.

Mr. S. L. Rothafel, known to theatergoers as "Roxy" is dead at fifty-three. While he slept his heart stopped, like a watch not wound. Men die too young in America, and weakened hearts kill many. Life spent without exercise or an adequate supply of oxygen explains the deaths. Man is physically a machine; his heart is the engine, and heart disease kills more useful men than any other disease in modern times.

"Little rains," which we should call hard rains in this country, interfere with Mussolini's operations in Ethiopia. Soon will come the "big rains," torrential downpours, making roads impassable, except concrete roads. The Italians have built some highways. There are, however, other roads, unknown to ancient Ethiopia—the roads of the air.

Mussolini's men may continue on those roads, with disastrous results for Ethiopia, in spite of rains, "little" and "big."

Irvin S. Cobb

Seeds of Lawlessness.

WESTWOOD, CALIF.—For our lawlessness we're forever blaming hot-headedness, the innate high temper of the races behind us. But did you ever notice this? Members of those identical breeds somehow manage to control their homicidal impulses better in countries where cold-blooded murder means the rope within four weeks, as in Canada; manage to be more honest in countries where deliberated felony means a full term at hard labor, as in Great Britain; or where the run of crimes means stern confinement in real prisons, as in various Scandinavian and Teutonic countries. And did it ever occur to you that the proverbial mush-headed sentimentality of American juries—and overly sympathetic judges and delayed trials, and prolonged appeals and reversals on trivial technicalities, and postponement of punishment through legal devices; and publicity-seeking governors, and crooked lawyers in cahoots with known criminals; and perjury-mills, and wardens who think penitentiaries should be playhouses for coddling naughty boys and girls; and most of all, the prospect of quick release for chronic offenders, regardless of what outraged prosecutors or thwarted police authorities may think about it—might have some bearing also? Before we diagnose the fruitage, let's analyze the seeds.

Paroles and the Death Penalty.

SOMETHING I said here the other day brings an impassioned telegram from a gentleman who demands to know how I stand on the summary releasing of prison inmates, and my position on the infliction of the death penalty.

Well, nobody except the party in question may be deeply interested in my opinions, still this seems as good a place as any to answer him. Since any convicted criminal has the right to appeal from the verdict against him, I'd like to see a law in every state giving the citizens in the community where he was tried the right to appeal from the act of any parole board in turning the said criminal loose again.

And I'm sure more of us would be against capital punishment if only we had reasonable assurance of some punishment for murderers, kidnapers and degenerate beasts who attack women and children.

I forgot to say the message came "collected." So I judge the gentleman is not only curious, but frugal.

The New Champion Bride.

BEFORE she seemed to despair of ever getting a start on husbands again and sort of slowed up, I used to think Peggy Hopkins Et Cetera Joyce had the best claim to the title, "The Bride of Her Country." But a new champion has arisen.

So rally around, you earnest Hollywood contenders for the All-American Matrimonial sweepstakes, and salute your queen. She's Mrs. Virginia Over-shiner Patterson Stark Seeger Gilbert Kahn Cogswell Gould-Porter, who has just been coaxed to the altar for the eighth time in that many years. And she still but a mere child of a girl.

If ever that record-busting lady holds a family reunion, won't there be a crowd! And, if she keeps on marrying around, to and fro, the day is coming when the rest of her name will have to run as a second section.

I wonder how it happened she never met any of the Midway boys?

## what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

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The Santa Anita Races.

I'M HOPING those American archeologists who are digging into ancient Troy and Odysseus' famous wooden horse. It would help me to confirm a theory that a wooden horse must have been the original model for some of the entries I've been betting on at Santa Anita track.

I recall one reluctant nag whose name escapes me, but it certainly should have been Bide-A-Wee, out of Virginia Creeper by Stationary Engine.

Everybody here goes out there. Some of the actors own race horses or some of the race horses own actors, I'm not sure which. And you see all the studio playwrights pranking about. I'm pranking about. Well, it's a great place to write plays—a race track is. I quit going after the first few days. It made me so late for dinner at night—waiting for my horse to come in.

Midgets in the House.

YOU remember what happened the time before this when J. P. Morgan appeared at Washington to tell a senatorial investigating committee how patriotism might be combined with profits in such a way as not seriously to damage either? A sidishow dwarf came and nestled in his lap.

If, on the present visit, Mr. Morgan craves a repetition of that gladsome incident, I can think of fifty members of the house, not to mention many office-holders, any one of whom could play that Lilliputian's role and nobody would notice the difference. Both midgets and congressmen seem to be running to the smaller sizes these times.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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## Boulevard Speeds Prevail on Sea Highway for Ships

On the great steamer lanes between Europe and America, Russia, cargo carriers, and tramps pass constantly. These are highways of the sea as truly as the Boston Post road and the Lincoln highway are traffic lanes of the land.

On what is known as the "west-bound tracks" are the ships coming from Europe, and on the "east-bound tracks" 60 miles south, are the ships going to Europe. All vessels off the tracks are reported for violation of the rules. A vessel off the track is just as dangerous as an iceberg or a derelict. Boulevard speeds prevail, so that the fast liners "step on it" through all kinds of weather.

—National Geographic Society.

## Do You Ever Wonder

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE? Ask Your Doctor and Find Out

## Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

He will tell you that before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin most "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as bad for the stomach and, often, for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists rate Bayer Aspirin among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this:

You can get Genuine Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by asking for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN. Make it a point to do this—and see that you get what you want.

Bayer Aspirin

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

Don't be BALD!

Don't give up! Faithful use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo has saved many from Baldness. Kills Dandruff, keeps excessive falling. Hair promotes scalp health. Ask your Barber. Start today!

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

BEFORE BABY COMES Elimination of Body Waste is Doubly Important

In the crucial months before baby arrives it is vitally important that the body be rid of waste matter. Your intestines must function—regularly, completely without griping.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—much pleasanter to take than liquid. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system, and insure regular, complete elimination without pain or effort.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

35c & 60c bottles 20c tin

The Original Milk of Magnesia

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Entered as the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.

Long Distance Telephone  
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.  
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.  
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also list of presents at a wedding.

**Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim**

**DEERING**

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Adams have returned to their home on Clement hill, after an absence of several months in Maine.

The Selectmen will be in session on Friday, Jan. 31, at the town hall to transact any unfinished business for the past year.

Robert Johnson, of East Deering, is staying with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott McAdams, of Bridge street, Hillsborough.

Erving Follansbee, master of Wolf Hill Grange the past year, was presented with a past master's jewel on his retirement as an appreciation of his perfect attendance at meetings for the past four years as steward, overseer and master of the Grange.

Harold Richardson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richardson, and who has been critically ill for some time, but who is now showing signs of improvement, has been removed to Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, for treatment. He was accompanied by Miss Lillian Fisher, R. N.

**FRANCESTOWN**

Because of the snowstorm the school in town was closed for one day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, Sr., and son, Harry, Jr. and daughter, Virginia, were visitors of Nashua recently.

Harry Richard and Lenna M. Miller visited their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Miller, in Dublin one day last week.

Mrs. Walter P. Brockway and daughter, Barbara, and son, Duncan, have been spending a few days in Concord with relatives.

Miss June Clark, of Keene Normal school, and Miss Constance Clark, of Peterborough High school spent a recent week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll F. Clark.

The Woman's Alliance held an all-day meeting at the home of Mrs. Carroll F. Clark on Wednesday. Mrs. Richard Carter, of Greenfield, spoke on "American Indians of the Southwest."

**What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders**

**Selectmen's Notice**

The Selectmen of Antrim will be at the Town Office on Saturday, February 1, from 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon, to settle Town Accounts, as the Town books will then close for the year.

Hugh M. Graham,  
James I. Patterson,  
Alfred G. Holt,  
Selectmen.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge, of Athol, Mass., were guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge.

For Sale — Hard Wood, 4 ft. or sawed for stove; extra good quality. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pratt and son, Ben., have gone to Orlando, Florida, to remain through much of the cold weather.

The Reporter has been informed of the death of Eugene Brown, brother of the late Wm. Brown. He was familiarly known as "Gussie" when he resided in Antrim several years ago.

Friends here have been informed of the recent death of Mrs. Moses Chickering, at Chesterfield, this state. She formerly resided in Antrim and was Miss Lizzie Beeching before marriage. Her age was 68 years.

BOOK BINDING — Rebinding for Libraries, Schools, Churches or Individuals. Antique Books Restored. Moderate prices. THE LIBRO BINDERY, Orange, Mass. Adv.

The February meeting of the W.C. T.U. will be held at the home of Mrs. H. E. Wilson, on the 4th, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon.

Special attention of our readers is called to the new adv. on fifth page of this paper of F. C. Mercer & Co., Peterborough dealers in Chevrolet and Oldsmobile cars. They are advertising re-conditioned cars, and have several good trades.

The Reporter acknowledges with thanks the receipt of a copy of the Diamond Jubilee Edition of the Everett Daily Herald, Everett, Washington, from Mrs. D. B. Young, a resident of that city and formerly of Antrim. This is a most interesting edition of fifty-six pages.

Last chance to win a double victory. Help fight infantile paralysis and also forget your troubles, and come to the Maplehurst and have a few hours of amusement playing cards. Last year's party was a success, both socially and financially, but let's make this one a bigger and better one. Don't forget Thursday night. Tickets are only 25c and can be bought at Cutter's Market or from H. M. Graham, or see Earl X. Cutter, Gen'l Chairman.

**KNITTING YARNS**

Pure wool yarns. A New England Product spun in our own plant for knitted suits, caps, mittens, and all other outerwear. Also for afghans and hooked rugs. Free samples upon request. Also new 16-page knitting book for only 15c. Stores interested in Worsted Yarns correspond with us.

Concord Worsted Mills  
Concord, N. H.

**"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"**

Telephone 66  
Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave. Antrim, N. H.

"When Better Waves Are Given, We'll Give Them"

**BUTTERFIELD'S STORE**

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

**BANK BY MAIL**

**HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK**

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Thursday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3. Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

**RUBEROID ROOFING**

Shingles, Roll Roofing, Wood Shingles, Nails, Roof Paint and Plaster Cement.

I buy at factory in carload lots, and the price is right. A large stock always on hand.

**ARTHUR W. PROCTOR**

ANTRIM, N. H.

**The Shipment of SHINGLES Has Arrived PRICE RIGHT**

**GUY A. HULETT**

Antrim, N. H.

**News Items of Interest to Members of Local I. O. O. F. Lodges**

A meeting of the Past Dist. Dep. G. M. Association of the Contoocook Valley District was held with Crescent Lodge, in Henniker, on Wednesday evening of last week.

The 60th anniversary of Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., and 50th anniversary of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge occurs on Saturday evening, February 1. As far as known at this time no action has been taken towards observing these events in any special manner.

The next meeting of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., will be a very important one, and it is the desire of officers and interested members that all resident members who can attend this meeting, on Wednesday evening, February 12. Matters of unusual importance to the Lodge are to be considered, and as large a representation of its membership as possible should be present to join in the consideration of these matters.

The chowder supper, given by Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, at Odd Fellows banquet hall, last

Wednesday evening, was one of the best suppers usually given by this organization, but was not largely attended. The committee was a good one and had the fish and corn chowder prepared in a splendid manner; and everything that went with the hearty dish, such as dessert, was just as good. Everybody had nice words to say of the affair.

Some twenty or more Odd Fellows and Rebekahs went to Concord on Sunday afternoon by bus to join the party at I.O.O.F. Home, in giving an entertainment to the Home family. This occasion was sponsored by the Past Dist. Dep. G. M. Association of Contoocook Valley, and from this District there were present about 75, together with residents made a pleasant gathering of some 150. A splendid entertainment was given in Whitney Hall, which was greatly appreciated by everyone. The matron of the Home, Miss Green, did all possible to make the visitors welcome. A few other guests were present, including the Grand Master, Lawrence Haley, of East Rochester.

**Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form**

Continued from page one

be entirely in public hands.

Last year the Society decided without cost to the State an area of 1,800 acres on Mt. Kearsarge, in Salisbury and Warner. Toward the \$7,000 paid by the Society, the Women's Clubs of the State raised \$4,000. The Woman's Club, of Antrim, cooperated in this campaign.

**World Mourns King**

The world's sorrow at the death of King George the Fifth of England last week was a genuine emotion. Kings and crowns have come in for their share in the general lack of esteem for the great and near great that has marked this decade, but the gentle, kindly King George, beloved of all his subjects and "all men everywhere" was an arresting exception, says the Franklin Journal-Transcript. No dictator, no tyrant, no world meddler, he remained ever the faithful friend of his subjects, the guardian of their

honor and England's. His son the new King, Edward, could do no better than to pledge himself to follow in his father's footsteps, as he did before the Privy Council. "I am determined," he said, "to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects. . . . And I pray that God will guide me to perform it."

**Harmony Lodge Installs**

The following officers of Harmony Lodge, No. 38, A. F. and A. M., of Hillsboro, have been installed for the ensuing year:

- W. M., Philip J. Woodbury.
- S. W., Elton V. Kemp.
- J. W., Ollo P. York.
- Treasurer, George W. Boynton.
- Secretary, Ira C. Roach.
- Chaplain, Daniel W. Cole.
- Marshal, Sherman G. Brown.
- S. D., Mark E. McClintock.
- J. D., Herbert L. Kyle.
- S. S., Hamilton Rumrill.
- J. S., Charles W. Hunt.
- Tyler, Carl H. Johnson.

**Six Weeks to Town Meeting— Great Care is Needed in Voting**

Town Meeting is only six weeks away, and as in previous years there are likely to be several matters of business to be transacted that will be important to our Town and to our people generally. There is hardly a person in Town but is interested in the general business transacted at Town Meeting; and these matters must be considered seriously, given much thought, in order to vote intelligently and for the best interests of all concerned. The Reporter anticipates that there may be more than one question that will demand very serious consideration of our voters at the coming Annual March Meeting, and is offering the free use of its columns for the proper discussion of such matters.

From reports coming from the State Tax Commission, it would appear that this body expects that many Towns will necessarily in the coming year pay a much higher tax than they already have paid. This in itself is a subject for much thought; regular overhead must be met, and care must be taken that this one item must not climb over much.

Appropriations are the large thing that carry taxes soaring; some things we must have and they can't be much less than they now are. But everyone will be pretty careful at this particular time to keep within safe bounds. Perhaps at no former time has the situation presented itself to the people just as it does today; and from whatever cause, the condition must be met and in the most economical manner, without in the least affecting the efficiency or satisfactory working of any one department of activity. For the benefit of all our people, the utmost care must be taken that no part of the Town machinery —

meaning strictly the many activities of every department branch and not the tools used in carrying forward the work — shall be over-financed; strict economy and strict business methods must be put in to practice as never before.

There are certain expenditures that have been increasing and are likely to for awhile, but with the necessary care much can be accomplished. This may also be true along other lines, and maybe along every line.

These few lines are not written as a complaint in any certain instance, but only in a general way as a caution. We don't want a higher tax rate than we have had in the past; let dire thought possess every voter, and the business of the Town will be conducted in the same careful manner and at as low a figure as in the past.

52 weekly visits for \$2.00. Subscribe to The Reporter now!

**Administrator's Notice**

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Williams, late of Bennington, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that Charlotte E. Balch, of Bennington, in said County of Hillsborough, has been appointed resident agent, to whom all claims against said Estate may be presented.

Dated, January 23, 1936.

SCOTT E. WILLIAMS.

**BOWLING**

Prices Reduced to 10c PER STRING

Enjoy yourself at this low price. Alleys reserved for parties.

**Yeaton's Alleys, Yeaton Block, Hillsboro**

**HAYDEN W. ALLEN Chiropractor**

Daily from 10 to 11 a.m. 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m. The Felt House, HILLSBORO Telephone 84

Raising the Family-

Saying something and swearing to it are different propositions

Fisher



BENNINGTON

Congregational Church  
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor  
Morning Service at 11 o'clock.

BLACK AND WHITE MINSTRELS

This show, which is being sponsored by the local Sportmen's Club, is going along great, and everybody is planning to go either one or both nights; you certainly will be royally entertained.



That all may have the dates before you, we'll say they are Friday, January 31, and Saturday, February 1, each evening at 8 o'clock. Look over the attractive posters again for particulars, and then attend the show.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Bennington Woman's Club held their fifth annual Guest Night January 21, in Grange hall.

Supper was served at 6:30 by the hostesses: Mrs. Elsie Clafin, Mrs. Marvis Durfee, Mrs. Doris Clafin, Miss Evelyn Blanchard and Mrs. Agnes Brown. There were about ninety members and their guests who enjoyed the bountiful supper, and the committee received well earned praise and thanks.

Following the supper the members

and guests were invited upstairs to the entertainment.

Our President, Mrs. Seaver, spoke a few words of welcome and gave a short reading. She then introduced the speaker of the evening, Prince Toumanoff, of Hancock, who spoke of his native country, Russia.

Music for the evening was furnished by Harry and Calvin Brown and Miss Lawrence.

A social hour of cards completed the evening and brought to a close another successful Guest Night for the Woman's Club and their guests to remember.

Helen M. Powers,  
Press Correspondent.

Mrs. Kenyon's parents, from Henniker, attended the banquet of the Woman's Club.

There has been no lack of employment lately, judging by the snow plows and shovels in evidence.

Charles H. Smith, the popular druggist, has been reported on the sick list, but is better and attending to business as usual.

Walter Cleary, Arthur R. Sheldon, Miss Margaret McGrath and William Harrington took the examination for post-master; result not yet known.

Mrs. Thomas Wilson is to be congratulated on reaching the advanced age of 90 years, on January 24. She was remembered by many cards and good wishes.

The officers of Bennington Grange were installed by Past Master John T. Robertson, Jr. Greenfield Grange were invited guests, and furnished a very pleasing entertainment. Mrs. Gerrard

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 30, 1935

Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station
7.29 a.m.	7.44 a.m.
3.80 p.m. via bus from Elmwood to Concord.	
Going South	
10.45 a.m. via bus from Concord to Elmwood.	
3.40 p.m.	3.55 p.m.
6.15 p.m. via bus from Hillsboro to Elmwood. Returning at about 7.15.	
Office closes at 7.30 p.m.	

Henry L. Beeching

Chairman of Republican Town Committee, of Athol, Mass., died at the Gardner Hospital last Saturday afternoon, following an operation several weeks ago. He would have been 64 years old in February, and had lived in Athol 35 years. He was for years prominent in all the Masonic branches including the Shrine. Mr. Beeching is survived by the widow; he was born in England.

Some of the older residents of Antrim will remember Mr. Beeching when he resided here for a few years in his early manhood.

There have been several chimney fires in town the past week.

was installed chaplain for the 30th time and Mr. Gerrard as treasurer for the 22nd time.

Both local and out of town cars were stalled on the Peterborough and Greenfield roads during the recent storm. The mail was only delayed once; it should have been here at 7 p.m. but did not get here until 10.

Antrim Locals

The Antrim Garden Club will meet Monday evening, February 3, at the home of Mrs. William F. Clark.

The Antrim High School Girls' Basket Ball Team and a quintet of boys from the High school will play the girls' and boys' teams of Concoctook High in a double header at the Antrim town hall on Thursday evening of this week (January 30). "Ted" Bullen will officiate at both games.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
Thursday, January 30  
Mid-week service at 7:30 p.m., in charge of the Mission Study Class.  
Sunday, February 2  
Regular Morning Worship at 10.45. Rev. H. L. Packard will preach.  
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.  
Union evening service at 7, in this church. Rev. Packard will preach.

At a Congregational meeting following the morning service on Sunday, Jan. 26, conducted by Dr. James W. Smith, of Manchester, a letter was read from Rev. Wm. Patterson, our pastor, who owing to continued illness tendered his resignation. Under the circumstances, the congregation voted to accept his resignation, and an expression of sympathy was forwarded to him and his family. Rev. Wm. Patterson has served our church faithfully for the past seven years and we regret that this move on his part was necessary. H.C.

Methodist Episcopal

At present, no stationed pastor, and all Sunday services temporarily suspended.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Thursday, January 30  
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 o'clock p.m. Topic: Practicing the Presence of God. Ps. 15.  
Sunday, February 2  
Sunday school at 10 a.m.  
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on: Religious Liberty.  
Crusaders meet at 4 p.m.

Little Stone Church on the Hill  
Antrim Center  
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor  
Sunday School at 9 a.m.  
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.  
Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Frank K. Black, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated, January 18, 1936.

ROBERT B. HAMBLETT.

OUR MOTTO:  
The Golden Rule

WOODBURY  
Funeral Home  
AND  
Mortuary

Up to date Equipment and Ambulance  
Our Services from the first call extend to any New England State  
Where Quality and Costs meet your own figure.

Tel. Hillsboro 71-3  
Day or Night

STEPHEN CHASE  
Plastering!

TILE SETTING  
BRICK WORK

Satisfactory Work Guaranteed  
P. O. Box 204, Bennington, N. H.

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield  
Auctioneer

Property of all kinds advertised and sold on easy terms  
Phone, Greenfield 34-21

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.

Meetings 7 to 8

HUGH M. GRAHAM,  
JAMES I. PATTERSON,  
ALFRED G. HOLT,  
Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

ROSCOE M. LANE,  
MYRTIE E. BROOKS,  
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,  
Antrim School Board.

TOOK OFF 17 LBS.  
OF UGLY FAT

HEEDED DOCTOR'S ADVICE

Mrs. Robert Hickey, Rossville, Calif., writes: "My doctor prescribed Kruschen Salts for me—he said they wouldn't hurt me in the least. I've lost 17 lbs. in 6 weeks. Kruschen is worth its weight in gold."  
Mrs. Hickey paid no attention to gossipers who said there was no safe way to reduce. She wisely followed her doctor's advice. Why don't YOU?  
Get a jar of Kruschen to-day (lasts 4 weeks and costs but a trifle). Simply take half teaspoonful in cup of hot water every morning. All druggists.

TIRED, WORN OUT,  
NO AMBITION



HOW many things you are just dragging themselves around, all tired out with periodic weakness and pain? They should know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets relieve periodic pains and discomfort. Small size only 25 cents.  
Mrs. Dorsie Williams of Danville, Illinois, says, "I had no ambition and was terribly nervous. Your Tablets helped my periods and built me up." Try them next month.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets

CAUGHEY & PRATT

ANTRIM, N. H.  
General Contractors  
Lumber  
Land Surveying and Levels  
Plans and Estimates  
Telephone Antrim 100

Junius T. Hanchett  
Attorney at Law

Antrim Center, N. H.

H. Carl Muzzey  
AUCTIONEER

ANTRIM, N. H.  
Prices Right. Drop me a postal card  
Telephone 37-3

John R. Putney Estate  
Undertaker

First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer For Every Case.  
Lady Assistant.

Full Line Funeral Supplies.  
Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.  
Calls day or night promptly attended to  
New England Telephone 19-2, at Residence, Corner High and Pleasant Sts., Antrim, N. H.

James A. Elliott  
Coal Company

ANTRIM, N. H.  
Tel. 53

COAL

at Market Prices  
Order Supply Now!

When In Need of  
FIRE INSURANCE

Liability or  
Auto Insurance

Call on

W. C. Hills Agency  
Antrim, N. H.

PILES

Fistulas, Fissures, and other Rectal Troubles, removed without taking Ether, or going to the Hospital.

Free Booklet explaining the advanced office methods on request.

DR. J. O. STUART MURRAY  
Rectal Specialist

20 West St. Keene, N. H.

Kidneys Must  
Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out Acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is thru 2 million tiny, delicate kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backaches, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the positive guaranteed prescription called Cystex (Cystexin). Works fast, safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to fix you up in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 35¢ a day at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

COULD NOT DO HER  
HOUSEWORK

WHEN everything you attempt is a burden—when you are nervous and irritable—at your wit's end—try this medicine. It may be just what you need for energy. Mrs. Charles L. Cadogan of Trenton, New Jersey, says, "After doing just a little work I had to sit down. My mother-in-law recommended the Vegetable Compound. I can see a wonderful change now."

Vegetable Compound

For Good Used Dependable Cars  
CALL ON  
**F. C. MERCER & CO.,**  
Chevrolet & Oldsmobile Dealers  
Peterborough, N. H.  
Every Used Car is Re-conditioned by Us

- 1935 FORD TUDOR SEDAN
- 1933 DODGE CONVERTIBLE COUPE
- 1930 OLDSMOBILE SPORT COUPE
- 2 1930 FORD SEDANS
- 1931 CHEVROLET CONVERTIBLE COUPE
- 1931 CHEVROLET BUSINESS COUPE
- 1931 CHEVROLET COACH
- 2 1933 CHEVROLET SEDANS
- 2 1929 CHEVROLET SEDANS
- 1930 1½ TON CHEVROLET TRUCK DUMP BODY

Other Used Cars from \$25.00 to \$75.00

Buy Used Cars Now and Save

THE FEATHERHEADS



Current Expense



NO PROFIT



All Around the House

Keck pieces of beef and lamb make delicious soups and stews. Flower pots used in the house are made very decorative if painted with water color paints.

SMATTER POP— Here's a Tense Moment, Yes Indeed!



By C. M. PAYNE



HAD TO PROVE IT



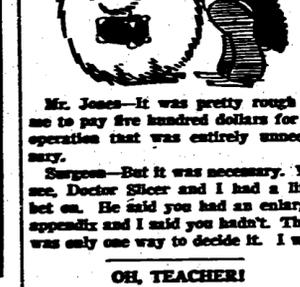
MESCAL IKE By S. L. BOWLEY



With Her Best Regards



OH, TEACHER!



I FEEL FINE

Mothers read this:



FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Connell



Caggy Decision



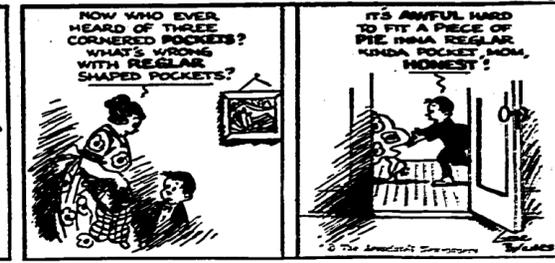
Wants To Be Tidy



"REG'LAR FELLERS"



Close Count



AIR MINDED



When Children get Out-of-Sorts

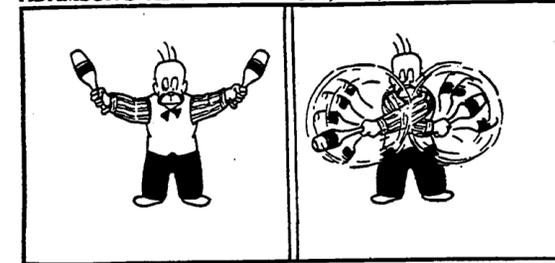
Fretful, "peevish" young-ones who eat too much sweets or rich food often develop round worms and constipation.

Dr. True's Elixir

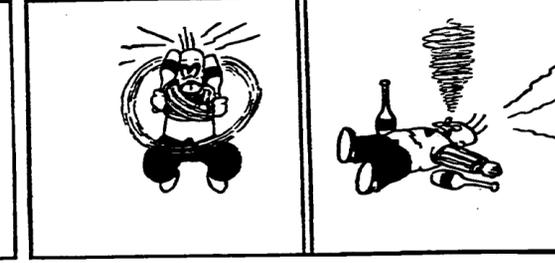


My neighborhood druggist recommended Dr. True's Elixir to me. I purchased a bottle and gave some to my little girl.

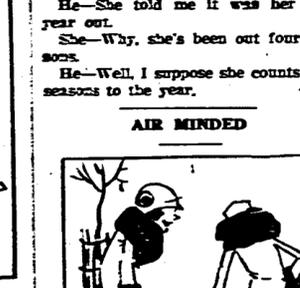
ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES One, Two, Three—Out!



By O. JACOBSON

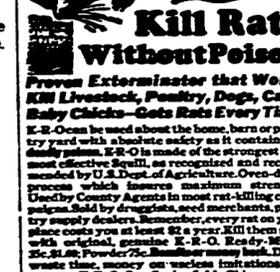


ARTISTIC LINES



Kill Rats Without Poison

Proven Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, Baby Chickens—Goes Rats Every Time



K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Soothe and comfort baby's skin with delicately medicated Cuticura Soap—famous the world over for purity and mildness.

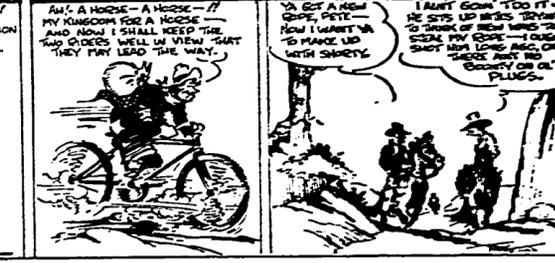
Baby's Best Friend NURSERY SOAP

Soothe and comfort baby's skin with delicately medicated Cuticura Soap—famous the world over for purity and mildness.

BRONC PEELER A Scion of Richard the Lion-Hearted



By FRED HARMAN



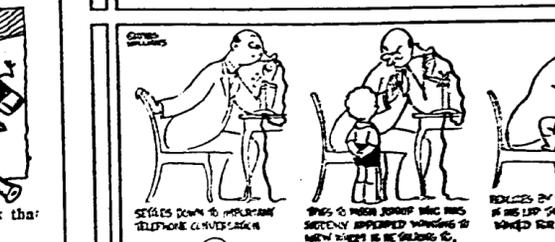
FORGOT HIS TOOLS



YOU COULDN'T WISH FOR BETTER FLAVOR THAN WRIGLEY'S



TELEPHONE ACCESSORY



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM AID DIGESTION



Soothe and comfort baby's skin with delicately medicated Cuticura Soap—famous the world over for purity and mildness.

# Hugh Bradley Says:

## Violets in 1929 Were 2nd Fiddle to Schoolboys

THINGS you ought to know about this game called basketball:

The New York university-Baltimore university contest of 1929, which took place at Arcadia hall, Baltimore, was played preliminary to a high school tussle.

Carleton college went through a winning streak of 64 consecutive home games, losing to Cornell, of Iowa, in 1935, by a score of 33 to 28.

City college has used the same scorer and timekeeper for the last 13 years.

In basketball play among the private schools of Massachusetts in 1910, each school committed counted as a point toward the opponents' score, besides giving the foul shooter an opportunity of shooting for a one pointer from the free throw line. Five fouls disqualified a player.

At the Olympic Games of 1920, which were held at Antwerp, two teams of the Scandinavian countries participated in a game that had 12 players on each side, composed equally of men and women.

Notre Dame participated in 48 scheduled contests during the season 1908-09.

So strong and hardy were the six Michigan university passers of 1929 they went through the entire season with no other aid, earning the title of "iron men."

Walter "Whitey" Sudrunas, Marquette university center, scored nine points in 51 seconds against Grinnell college, of Iowa . . . 1931.

The Friends-school of Philadelphia, and Temple university, engaged in a 3 to 1 contest, each team using seven players on a side . . . 1899.

Pat O'Dea served as a referee in an open-five-weight San Francisco tournament and officiated at every one of the 105 games which were held over a 16-day period . . . 1907.

In the Yale-Yale contest of 1930-31, not a penalty was meted out until 30 minutes of play had elapsed.

Gilbert Reichert, eight-foot center of the House of David team, tips the scale at 290 pounds and wears a size 22 basketball shoe.

Under the basketball rules in effect in Washington, D. C., in 1917, a goal that was scored immediately after a dribble play was considered illegal and was not regarded as a tally.

## Basketball on Skates Was Garden Novelty

A basketball tournament on skates was held at Madison Square Garden during the months of July and August, 1906. The referees were not permitted to call any fouls.

The Victoria Dominos, Canadian independent champions, and the Seattle Knights of Columbus, engaged in four extra overtime periods without breaking the tie score. The players became exhausted and quit for the evening . . . 1935.

Because of a scoring dispute in the final elementary school championship game of 1912, between public schools 52 and 64, Manhattan, the teams engaged in an additional contest which lasted exactly 22 seconds. The first quintet to score was awarded the city crown.

The Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball league was the first organization to employ seven persons as officials to supervise the activities of 10 players. There were two scorers, two time-keepers, two umpires and a referee.

Brooklyn college trailed Manhattan college, 1-14, at the end of the first period, yet romped off with the contest by a majority of seven points . . . 1929.

THINGS the box office forgot to mention:

The matrimonial clockers are whispering that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt did not establish a residence in California merely because he wished to be close to Discovery, his entry in the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap. Instead, their information is that the youthful heir soon will gallop to the altar with the daughter of a western railroad magnate and . . . But since this really is not a tipping bureau the Huntington clan can print its own announcements.

Even if the New York state athletic commissioners should become so daring as to meddle with the plans of the William Randolph Hearst A. C., it is unlikely that they could oblige their Cuban fellows by punishing anybody for that recent Havana fiasco. That is because the blighted Gastanaga-Louis venture was promoted by Mike Jacobs, who holds no boxing license of any kind in New York. When Mike and the W. R. H. A. C. promote in this state business is done through the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, Inc., at which William F. Carey is president and Tom McArdle matchmaker.

NOWADAYS you hear evermuch about a mysterious thing called form. Having become more than somewhat bulky in those spots where it can do the most harm to a golf stroke, I have ceased bothering about the thing myself, but it seems to have perturbed numerous readers. Scarcely a day passed without letters from some of them inquiring where they can learn to become diving girls (or boys, as the case may be) in six easy lessons.

Frankly, I have been unable to answer, because after interviewing numerous leading exponents of form I still do not know what the darned thing is. All that I can make out of the answers is that it is—doing things gracefully, according to the accepted pattern, looking pretty as a picture.

Naturally such an answer would be disheartening to the average man or woman. All of us do not have the bodies of Greek gods or the superb poise of a Lynn Fontanne. So, if we paid real attention to these replies of the masters, we might be too keenly aware of our lack of physical equipment, and thus give up before we reach the first tee.

That would be a mistake. You can do it wrong but—you can succeed. History was proving that in other ways long before the modern sports era began.

When they were fighting the Civil war it was the mode to imitate Napoleon. Many generals did well at it, but the man who got the verdict at the finish was U. S. Grant. He disliked reading about the Emperor, and his campaigns were vastly different from those which Europe had hailed as being in the very best style. But that did not keep him from trouncing the imitators of fashion.

It has been the same in sports. Al Simmons and that queer batting style of his have been written too much to mention now. Yet, it still seems strange to me that the experts should have been so deceived.

Those who, years previously, had seen an awkward, bowlegged man performing in the Pittsburgh infield should certainly have known better. At the start, this awkward, bowlegged man seemed to embody all the tenets of what not to do. That was at the start. Since then many competent observers have declared that Hans Wagner was the greatest ball player who ever lived.

Then there was another powerful fellow who played golf. He lurched at the ball, he was off balance, he did a few other things wrong (or so the stylists said) each time he went around a course. His name was Ted Ray. He won the British open championship in 1912 and the American open eight years later, a feat that few of the pretty-as-a-picture golfers ever accomplished. He knew that he was doing things wrong but it suited him, and the results indicate that he was right.

## Greb Did Everything Wrong, But Won Fights

There also was Harry Greb. Few fighters ever have performed in as unorthodox fashion as did this lad who won the middleweight championship of the world, was seldom out of the big-money class and more often than not was called upon to defeat opponents who outweighed him from 10 to 50 pounds.

He never was a puncher, able to end a fight with one devastating blow, as was another ring marvel and ring freak named Bob Fitzsimmons. Largely Greb won because his only claim to fame was that he lacked all form. He swarmed all over opponents who, trained in accepted modes, were bewildered because he did not fight their way. I saw him one night—probably it was the time when he beat Gene Tunney—slapping, wrestling, hauling, doing everything wrong.

Time after time he started punches with his left, shifted in mid-air and landed with his right instead. To lead with your right is to disregard one of the strictest canons of the ring. When you do that you lay yourself open to a knockout, and I am not advising any one to try it. Yet, Greb did it that night, as upon many other occasions, and—he got away with it. Later I talked with him in his dressing room and made the usual bromidic statement about his doing everything wrong.

"Yeah," he said. "But I won, didn't I?"

It was not a question; it was a statement. If it had been a question, I could not have answered it.

Neither could I answer it now.

Somehow I cannot forget all those lads who did it wrong and went home with the titles just the same.

## MORE things the box score never told:

Brooklyn fans continue to protest vehemently because of rumors that the National league president is insisting upon thrusting Cleveland's discarded business manager into their affairs. They argue, and for once it might be advisable for the Brooklyn owners to take note of the customers' objections, that the American league should take care of its own problems.

On the afternoon when various celebrated educators were telling the press and the customers how they should behave at football games 20 high school stars were assembled in the lobby of the hotel where the meeting was being held. They had been brought there by their coaches so that the college mentors might look them over and bid for their

# Formals of Choicest Silk Taffeta

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



FOR the very elegant formal gown, silk taffeta of most exquisite quality registers as first choice among women of patrician taste. The idol of the hour is silk taffeta in white and silver.

This flair for white taffeta is confirmed at every high-society formal gathering, so far this winter. The vogue includes versatile types, silver striped or dotted white taffeta being among the favorites. Matelasse white silk taffeta presents a pleasing diversion from the metalized effects.

Plain white taffeta starred with rhinestones is also a fabric highlight. Designers are playing up quantities of fancy stitching not only in immediate fashions but indications are that spring styles will make stitching an outstanding trimming feature. White silk taffeta designfully stitched with silver is one of fashion's happiest gestures, in answer to the call of the mode.

The illustration pictures a debutante who attends the opera in a white evening dress of super-lovely silver faconne taffeta. It has a deep V front and back and an unusual shoulder treatment. A jeweled clip and bracelet accent the simple splendor of this silk gown.

The all-black evening gown is given new prestige when it is fashioned of pure silk taffeta of highest quality as dramatically as is the model pictured. It is the very personification of elegance. Just how many yards of gleaming taffeta it took to achieve the bands of self-ruching on the skirt and bodice and for the graceful lilt in the same ruching which encircles the throat and drops to the waistline at the back, we would not venture to say, but whatever the amount, it's worth it to produce so striking, so fetching a gown as is

this. Note the bracelets worn over the long black gloves.

For the evening gown of exclusive mien, brocades in white with either metal or color or both for the most gorgeous types, are much sought after by those who love the loveliest. Silvered white moire also is a great favorite in the realm of handsome evening silks.

Leading designers are also turning the spotlight on very exclusive looking silk prints, making them up in jacket ensembles of utmost formality in many instances. The gown is fashioned with extreme décolletage, the skirt touching the floor, or the new street length which is fashion's latest whim for the dinner gown. Usually the jacket is of the basque genre, varied now and then with a smart bolero model. Both printed taffeta and printed crepe features for this new trend in the formal realm.

In citing best-loved silks for the formal gown, sleek, suave flattering satin must be mentioned. White satin is outstanding and pink comes next. For the most part these regal satins are made up with a sophisticated simplicity that is very striking.

Then there are the lovely white silk crepes and chiffons. Their high standing in the array of lovely materials for dresses to wear to formal functions is unquestioned. Some white crepes are starred with rhinestones. Others stand for beauty unadorned. Sans trimming of any sort they depend on a sparkling Juliet cap and a glittering evening bag or a jeweled belt plus elaborate sandals for effect.

© Western Newspaper Union.

## HAIR ORNAMENTS

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Now that the vogue for elaborate hairdressing is meeting with widespread approval for formal occasions, the use of ornaments, feathers, and especially the little Juliet caps which are so flattering, is established. Rhinestone clips are especially liked in that they are not merely beautiful but they are practical and useful in that they keep stray locks in check. Note the pretty bowknot rhinestone clip enhancing the coiffure shown at the top. An sigrlette fantasy adjusted to one side of the head as pictured below, interprets the mode effectively.

## Style Trends

Tailored evening dresses are becoming more popular every minute and the young lady's wardrobe is incomplete without at least one!

## COLORED HOSIERY

TREND CONTINUES

The colored hosiery trend continues. You may not care for wine, green and navy stockings and you may cling stubbornly to your good old beige tones, but there's no denying that color has crept into the stocking box, in spite of us.

A recent hosiery fashion show accentuated stockings to match the color of your costume, for both day-time and evening.

The hosiery in the usual sheer chiffons went in strong for wine and dark green tones, to match the favorite renaissance colors of the season.

Dark red and jug brown were other daytime colors sponsored. For evening wear, delicate pastels were featured, in colors to match the gown.

Petal pink, Alice blue and ice green were among the new colors shown. The colored day-time stockings had black heels and toes, to accentuate the sheer appearance of the hosiery.

## Tailored Blouse Is Done in Wide Variety of Moods

The tailored blouse for sports wear or with a tailored suit is done in varied moods. There are youthful blouses of soft silk crepes in pastel colors, with simple club collars and perky bows for trimming, grand for wear with plaid woolen skirts or with tweed suits. Then there are shirtwaist blouses of delicate silk crepe de chine, with jabots, and frills trimmed with fine lace, perfect to wear with a perfectly tailored suit.

## Picturesque

A recent important fashion promenade showed models with enchanting names; an evening cape of Russian sable, for example, was called "champagne supper." A Russian ermine wrap with the fur mounted diagonally bore the name of "starlight." "Argentine" was the title of an evening gown made of brown and flesh colored satin.

## Isinglass for Visors

Isinglass visors are a new trick in sunshades for Palm Beach wear. They are attached to caps and are tinted soft blue, rose or yellow to match some detail of a white beach costume.

# Bob Davis Reveals

Where to Tour for the Whole Year Yet Remain in the U. S.

LOUIS GOLDING, poet, novelist, land traveler, has written for the Christian Science Monitor a luminous article which he titles "My Lovely Year," that is to say, where he shall travel each month of the twelve when his ship comes in and he has the time and . . . In any case, Louis will head for the other side of the world.

But why not this side? Why not take the twelve months of the year and fare forth one month at a stretch on a tour to the loveliest of our lands and islands? From my own experience I can plan holidays that will lead the traveler into Elysian beauty, under kindly skies, where the four seasons attain at one period or another the full plumage of their possibilities.

January—Pack your grip with the lightest wearing apparel in your possession, including sports underclothing, thin footwear and bright neckwear. Head for Honolulu via Los Angeles, San Francisco or Vancouver. Within five days from the Pacific coast, Diamond Head will break the horizon, and by sundown, the time of Nature's sublimest masterpiece upon the canvas of the skies, you will behold the breaking surf of Walkiki beach and smell the perfume of Eros wafted from the loveliest garden spot under the American flag. Not in all the tropic isles may one find a rival to the Hawaiian paradise.

Florida in February.

February—Fly to Florida, east or west coast, the land of perfect highways, opal nights, stone crabs, pompano, all of the citrus fruits in perfection; deep-sea angling, luxury of living, inland fresh water lakes, freedom to enjoy all the outdoor sports, and now, more than ever, at a cost within whatever budget the purse can stand without cracking.

March—Take yourself to Georgia, down the region of the Golden Isles in the neighborhood of Brunswick, to a climate combining milk and honey, into ozonated uplands extending to the Carolinas, and soft days and nights along Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, with the fresh colors of spring.

April—Texas is awakening; a new light is in the sky over the Ranger state. The green carpet, spread across her rich earth, invites the traveler to explore the vastness of her dominion. A wayfarer in Texas is the guest of all her people. Her highways, lined with wild flowers, lead to habitations and cities where strangers are welcome.

Southwest for May.

May—Take the hint and contrive to turn up in New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado when the trout fishing is on and the natives are in high spirits. In certain sections one may wet a line in new waters every other day and go into action on streams that are unsurpassed elsewhere. In point of scenic grandeur these regions stand upon their own.

June—Start as far south as San Diego and roll leisurely up the California coast, with such trips inland as time permits. The Italian and the French Riviera lack many comforts that the California sea front possesses. It is an excursion through a land of inexhaustible luxury, fruits, flowers and sea food.

July-August—Play around Oregon, Washington; fish her lakes and rivers, feast upon her ripening fruits, fare forth upon Frederick sound, loveliest of inland seas, for a glimpse of Alaska; see Wrangle, Skagway, Nome and marvel that we bought the entire country for \$7,000,000—in the present era a mere tip to a district leader.

August and September—First signs of autumn in the Northwest states; hide-out of the mountain rangers, sources of the great rivers. A playground of perfect days and cool nights among the Westerners. Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, the Dakotas and onward to the Great Lakes, at their best when the frost is on the pumpkin.

Fall in New England Time.

October—All of New England is in its autumnal perfection; the little sausages, pork tenderloins, shell fish along the coast, mince pies and cider turning from the saccharine to that seductive nip at the tongue's tip. These combine to make the Prodigal's homecoming more than a mere accident. The smell of piccalilli in farmers' kitchens, the aroma of apples from the cellar and the home-cured bacon, sepa-coated by smoke from corn cobs and hickory, all combine to arouse deep yearnings.

November—Take a dash into Maryland and the Virginias; ramble around the valley of the Shenandoah; excursion through Culpepper county, onward to rehabilitated Williamsburg, cradle of the Union; hit for the coast and have your fill of Lynnhaven oysters, Virginia ham, salt and smoke cured. (Get hold of some scaly-barks (hickory nuts) from Kentucky and Tennessee, with a few upland birds before the season shuts down.

December—Take your pick of the numerous golf courses, riding trails through the pine belt along the Piedmont plateau and down along the Augusta, Thomasville and Tallahassee sections, where winter no longer pursues, and light apparel goes with a light heart.

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## New York City Still Has Its Indians and Farmers

There are more people named Cohen in New York than any other name. In fact, there are 10,000 Cohens in the Bronx and Manhattan alone. The Kellys are forgotten and overlooked. Indians like to live in New York city. Seems to agree with them as the number is increasing. There are now 361 of them living there.

There are two buildings that each has five floors below the street level. There is one store for every 76 persons. There is one physician for every 545 persons. More people live in the Bronx than in Los Angeles. New York's quite a farming town. There are 365 families classed in the official census as being farming families. And 2,400 cows are milked every day in New York city.—Homer Croly in Esquire.

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# Knox a Soldier in Two Wars

Volunteer Rough Rider and Artilleryman But No Militarist.

Soldiers, particularly in the heat of battle, develop a philosophy which is peculiarly their own. To those who have never had their experience, the observations of these veterans sometimes sound cynical or fatalistic. As a matter of fact, they are neither. There never was a good soldier who has not admitted that there were many times when he was thoroughly scared. Consequently, one of the conversational pastimes of the veterans of the World War has sometimes been to tell each other "when they died," meaning that they had been confronted some time or other by situations from which there appeared to be no escape whatever.

Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker, premier aviation ace of the American army, and Frank Knox, now Illinois' "favorite son" for the Republican nomination for President, once swapped such yarns at a meeting of American Legionnaires, both being among the founders of that organization. Rickenbacker's story was that he thought his time was up when, caught in a "dog-fight" between American and German planes several thousands of feet in the air, the Germans nearly shot off one of the wings of his plane, which began to fall rapidly out of control. Rickenbacker quickly disengaged himself from the cockpit, crawled out on the sound wing and managed so to balance the plane that it partially righted itself. A few hundred feet from the ground he grabbed the control "stick" and landed between the American and German lines in a complete smashup, but without injury to himself.

Knox served with the artillery brigade of the 78th Division. He enlisted as a private in the New Hampshire militia, was transferred to an officer's training camp, having seen service in Cuba, and finally became captain and then major of artillery. When the war ended he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and is known to his old buddies as "Col. Knox." His division served in the St. Mihiel sector early in September, 1918. Two weeks later found it in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne with Sedan as the objective.

When it came Knox's turn to tell his story, he recalled that any soldier quickly learns to know by the whirl of a shell or the sing of a bullet whether "it has his name on it," as the soldiers say. In his tent at Apremont late one night Knox heard a "big Bertha" with "his name on it." Almost instantly his little tent was deluged with rocks, dirt and debris which nearly tore it from its fastenings—but nothing else happened. The next morning Major Knox was invited by his orderly to look outside his tent. A few feet in front of the entrance was the big shell nearly buried in the ground. It had failed to explode.

Knox's narrowest escape, however, was in the Spanish-American war. Volunteering in Michigan at the age of 24, he reached Tampa without being sworn in or assigned to duty with any organization. At Tampa he was introduced to Theodore Roosevelt who promptly swore him in personally as a member of the Rough Riders. Knox participated in all the engagements of that famous regiment up to and including the battle of San Juan Hill. In that engagement, the Rough Riders were bombarded out of their first position by the Spanish artillery, waded into the San Juan river and took refuge in water up to their waists beneath a protecting bank, and later stormed and took several hills, including San Juan Hill itself, where the Spanish finally ran up the white flag.

In this battle the Rough Riders would charge and lie down and then charge again. The intervals between two of these charges was a little too long for the impetuous Knox, who was tired of lying out in the hot sun. He raised up to sight the enemy and promptly got a bullet through his campaign hat which took a lock of his Scotch gold-red hair along with it. At the end of the battle Knox was detailed to carry dispatches of the victory to the rear. Enroute he was overcome by the heat, developed some tropical ailments and was invalided home just before the final surrender of all Cuba. Mrs. Knox retains the campaign hat among her prized possessions.

In the last war Col. Knox had another surprise which nearly cost him his hearing. Leading up an ammunition train to the support of the guns, he emerged into a field of barbed wire. Just as he rose in his stirrups to locate the guns, a camouflaged and well-concealed battery gave the Germans a blast from a brush-heap only a few yards away. Knox was partially stunned, his horse made frantic and for several minutes he had his hands full keeping the horse and himself out of the barbed wire. When he did dismount, he was stone deaf and remained so for several weeks. In time, however, he regained his hearing almost entirely. After the armistice Knox came home and was chairman of the committee on resolutions at the meeting at St. Louis which resulted in the organization of the American Legion.

Knox is neither a jingo nor a militarist. He believes his country should be in shape to defend itself against all comers at anytime. He has volunteered in every war of his country in his lifetime, but he rarely ever talks about them.



In 1621—

This picture shows how the Jamestown Colonists exchanged tobacco for brides. They paid "120 pounds of the best leaf" for transportation of each future wife who came to the New World from England.

In 1936—

And here is a picture of the modern auction warehouse of today where the same type of leaf tobacco is sold on the open market to the highest bidder.

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## Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Continued from page one

ment of Agriculture N. H. has only gone to 50 below zero, while in the Yellowstone park in 1933 it went down to 66 below. Texas has a record of 23 below. Nice winter weather.

We wish that some of our readers in Texas, California and Florida and across the big water could look in on us this morning. The sun is high and the snow is anywhere from a foot to 15 feet deep. The forests are in their prime and the snow hanging from the pines make a beautiful sight. It snowed all day Sunday and blew a hundred miles an hour all night. We took a long snowshoe walk just at dusk Monday night and what a thrill we got from that walk.

Here is a very interesting letter from a man way up in Andover. He thinks the same as we do on the Quill Pig Bounty. Up his way they are raising ned with the tree and the shrubbery. He said that the average sportsman thinks twice about the pig. It costs a nickel for a shell and sometimes it takes at least three to bring him down out of a big tree. You then have to cut off the head and travel four miles to the nearest selectmen and then you get a whole nickel for your trouble. Make the bounty fifty cents for one year and see the boys clean out the poorly population. This man is also very much interested in getting the wild turkey back into our woodlands.

Here is another man. His idea is this: Arm a bunch of the CCC boys with guns and traps and get back into the ledges and clean up a lot of these quill pigs that are causing so much damage to the apple orchards and the shrubbery of the summer people. Let some well known trapper head this bunch and we would get results.

Listen to this fellow. He lives in a town near Franklin and this is his tale of woe. Not being on welfare he can't earn a few dollars on the road with a pick or shovel, and not being on relief he is refused work on project. The bugs and wire worms did a job on his potatoes, the crows got his corn, and between the woodchucks and the blight the beans were something to look at. Some one who needed

wood carted off his winter's supply and then a few nights ago some one cleaned out his hen house. But he is still full of pep and hopes the new year will deal more kindly with him. He still has four hens left so he don't want me to tell who he is for fear they will come back and make a good job of it.

One day last week I visited a home of two nice old ladies and was surprised to find them so well informed about the leading sports of the day. They knew the standing of the hockey clubs and one old lady well over ninety said to me, "I can hardly wait to see that match between Joe Lewis and Braddock. Why I don't believe there is a man of any color who can stop that man Lewis now." Needless to say that she gets a big kick out of my sporting column. You never can tell where you will find the sporting element.

Now is the time to feed the birds. An S. O. S. to all points North-South, East and West. Put out into your feeding stations suet, hard doughnuts, stale bread and grain of all kinds. They will find it. The heavy snow covers up all the weed seeds making it hard for the feathered friends.

Although the open season of fox, hare, otter, mink, skunk and muskrat closes Feb. 1st, you can still hunt the bob cat, all kind of owls and hawks, crows, starling English sparrow. You don't have to put up your gun as there is plenty to do to keep down the vermin population. You will note that the season on fox and hare has been shortened.

Very soon I am to make an intensive census of all the hare swamps and the brooks, ponds and lakes in my district. I would very much like to have the cooperation of any one so inclined in this big measure. I want to get the names of your best rabbit and hare swamps in my district. No matter if you run into someone else's district I will be glad to hand the information on to the next officer. I also want to get the names of every small or large pond, the kind of fish in same and what in your opinion should be stocked with. This is very important as in the spring the Director has a large several shows in the west and expects a big shipment of game and carry out. Unless he has all this valuable information he cannot do the best I ever saw.

good work in your section. It's up to you and I to furnish him with this information. Am looking for your help. Give us the hare information at once as they are coming very soon. No information, no hares.

After Feb. 1st it's illegal to trap for any thing that's protected by law. Quill pigs, bobcats, woodchucks are not in the protected list. If you find an unmarked trap on your land notify the nearest Conservation Officer. Don't disturb the trap in any way, let the officer take care of that part of the program.

Here is a letter from a man that says I am all wet on the trespass law. All an owner can do is to fine you one dollar and let it go at that. For the benefit of H. E. K. would ask him to dig up a copy of his Game Laws and turn to page 85 and read Chapter 380, section 7 and 12. If Gardens, \$50.00 fine and if you destroy fences the cost is \$100.00 and costs added to that.

A good many men have paid their poll tax this year before asking for a license to drive a car or to hunt and fish. Many have been before the Judge the past few weeks. While the fine was light the next time. O Boy! What the Judge told some of them they will remember.

Here is a question asked and I will pass it along for you to answer. The law reads in hunting deer you shall not use horns, whistles, or other noise making devices. Tell us if you hear a man singing at the top of his lungs is that a noise making device? What's your private opinion. This man had a voice like friend Lashua, the Auctioneer of Fitchburg, Mass. No wonder he makes a fine President of the Fitchburg Fish and Game club. No, this hunter was not Lashua.

No, you can't hunt or fish on the license of another. To do so you lose the license and there is a good stiff fine thrown in for good measure.

You can't buy or sell any fish or game which is protected by law. Yes, you can still fish pickerel in streams inhabited by trout. The Contoocook and the Souhegan rivers are open to pickerel fishing at all seasons of the year.

Ran across John Benson of Hudson the other day. John is now having a little breathing spell. He has a lot of birds and animals at several shows in the west and expects a big shipment of game and animals are the best I ever saw.

## WE DRIVERS

A Series of Brief Discussions on Driving, Dedicated to the Safety, Comfort and Pleasure of the Motoring Public. Prepared by General Motors



### No. 5—DRIVING ON HILLS

In some parts of the country hills are taken for granted... and good steep ones, too. But for some of us who live in flatter country, hill driving is not so familiar.



FOOT-BRAKE METHOD

As a matter of fact, there are several conditions peculiar to driving in very steep hills or mountains, especially if the altitude is high. For instance, a car that develops 100 horsepower at sea-level, has only 82 horsepower at an altitude of 5000 feet, and only 60 horsepower on top of Pike's Peak.

Another thing is that sometimes grades are deceptive and we don't realize how steep they are, if there is no level ground to judge by.

So if we go on a road trip and happen to get into country where hills are hills, we often have no idea of what is in store for us. Like as not, we will come rolling up to a hill, taking it for granted that we'll make the grade. But before we've gone very far we find that our power seems to be giving out, and we're slowing down. Then we realize we must shift to second gear, but we're stuck on a hill!

Now people who drive on hills all the time say one thing to remember is that there's nothing like a good start. Of course, this is true, because the minute we start up, gravity starts to work and work fast. Yard-by-yard it uses up our momentum till by-and-by that momentum is just about gone. Then we have to shift to a lower gear to increase our power.

Experts tell us that by far the most common fault in hill-climbing is failure to shift to a lower gear soon enough. So just to be sure, some drivers set a definite point at which to change gears. The consensus of opinion seems to be that we should always go into second gear as soon as our speed gets down to 20 miles an hour.

There are times, however, when we want to stop on a hill. So it's important to know how to start again, with our car on an upgrade. And there seem to be two methods used by experienced drivers.

Some use their foot brake to keep their car from rolling backward, put their engine in low gear and accelerate slowly with the foot throttle, gradually engaging their clutch and releasing the brake at the same time. Other good drivers do exactly the same thing, only they use the hand brake and the accelerator. But both groups tell us it doesn't make much difference... to use whichever method we happen to like the best.

Now there aren't many hills that cars climb nowadays... and what goes up must come down. And that's where we have to look out for momentum. He may have been a friend in need when we were coming up hill, but going down he'll run away with us if we aren't careful. And if there are any sharp curves or any bad bumps or loose gravel, we have to be careful or he'll pitch us right off the road.

Many drivers say that we should go down a hill in the same gear we would use to get up. In other words, if it's steep enough so we would have to go up in second or even low gear, then we'd better get into that same gear before we start down. If our car is in second or low gear, our engine works as a very effective brake, and besides it saves a lot of wear on our real brakes.

Speaking of gears, experienced drivers say we should never, under any condition, disengage our clutch and coast down hill. That's just what momentum is waiting for. Just give momentum a free rein, without our engine to check it, and nobody can tell what's going to happen.

When we do get in country where people are used to driving on hills all the time, it may seem to us that they take these hills without the slightest concern. But if we were in their cars with them and could watch them closely, we would see that they take all these precautions we have mentioned, just as a matter of habit. And one thing is sure, they make it a rule never to pass other cars on hills, or get on the wrong side of the road, when they can't see far enough ahead to be sure whether anyone's coming.



HAND-BRAKE METHOD

