

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LVIII, NO.

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1940

5 CENTS A COPY

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

This week we give credit to Mrs. E. O. Russell, Claremont, and to Miss June E. Alexander of Fitzwilliam Depot, for two large boxes of tinfoil for the crippled children. Thanks.

A large ruffed grouse for which any hunter would be proud struck a telephone wire at the home of Robert Lake of the Wilton National Bank and broke its neck. It was a perfect specimen of that noble bird.

Mr. Martin who lives at Richardson Crossing in Milford tells us a story about a wood duck that lived in his big maple tree in his front yard. Last summer she made a nest and one day while working around the front lawn he heard a thump and then another and turning around he saw two young wood ducks pick themselves up and run off. He then watched the other nine as they jumped out of the nest 30 feet above the ground. Each one ran in the same direction and a little later he saw the old mother duck leading them to a small pond back of the house. This sort of discounts the story that the Mother duck carries them on her back to water. What's your story about wood duck.

A new mode of hunting has been started in Maine. Hunting from a horse's back. This requires quite a lot of training for a horse usually does not like gun fire so close and usually bolts for parts unknown. This man in Maine has good success as he can get much nearer his game on a horse.

It's surprising to know of the many hunters and fishermen and trappers that never look into a copy of the game laws. It would do some of you trappers good if you were better acquainted with the laws. Every agent is supposed to have a copy of game laws to give you when you buy that license. Insist on getting a copy.

An 18-lb. female bobcat was brought in this week by Arne W. Aho of Fitchburg, Mass., shot on Pack Monadnock Mt. in Peterboro. This man Aho has good cat dogs.

In answer to my S O S about butternuts, we got two replies, one from upper Vermont and a Mrs. Patten of Bristol A dollar a bushel and we call that reasonable. How many do you want?

Believe it or not but I heard a fellow say that he and his brother had seen 15 deer in one herd last Friday. Before that they had seen ten at one time. These brothers are O.K. and I know they were not seeing too many as I know that country. Sorry I can't tell you this location.

A report comes from Bennington that John Munhall of that town

shot a buck in the north country that weighed 277 lbs. dressed. And that's the biggest one I have heard to date. Sorry I did not get a picture of this big deer.

Anyone lost a big old fashioned black and tan hound male dog? Also a small puppy, don't know the breed. If you have lost a dog come and look these over.

Have you seen the woodland display of A. A. Doherty on route 107 at West Wilton. I thought his display last year was the cat's eye brows but I think his is better than ever this year. People come over 100 miles to see this display and boy it's worth it.

A large doe deer weighing nearly 200 lbs. struck a beachwagon in Rindge the other night and broke her neck. The damage to the wagon was very slight. This is the fourth case in my district within the month. If you strike a deer report the matter at once to the nearest warden. Failure to do so means a big fine. "Tim" Barnard had a man in court last week for such an offense.

Everyone knows "Bill Abbott" of Merrimack. He is a traveling salesman and also runs a small up to date store in that town. He is also a big booster for the Horseshoe Fish & Game club of that town. The other day Bill went to Corbins park, Newport, and brought home a 400-lb. Buffalo, a deer that weighed over 200 and a 375-lb. elk. These all to feed the big hungry hunters on Dec. 2 at the town hall in that town. Last year they fed almost 500 men and this year they will have to have an overflow hall. Tickets are selling like hot cakes.

What have you in the pup line and prices? I have a long list of people wanting puppies. Also I have a few that want good watch dogs.

"Bob" Terrell of Peterboro was down to the home town the other night and told his Indian Lore story to the local Red Men's tribe. "Bob" knows his Indian Lore and is a very interesting speaker.

Just a nice little tip to some of the young blood. Don't carry a rifle with you these nights when you go for a ride. A rifle in your car may mean a lot of trouble for you in some police court. And if the rifle is loaded added expense. Now don't tell me you did not know and that I did not warn you.

I have done some back road patrolling the past week and with some funny experiences and some not so funny. All I can say is watch your step to some fellows. If the shoe fits you know the rest.

E. C. Tornton, North Sanborn, has a good male dog for a good

(Continued on page 8)

Antrim Boy Writes Interesting Letters Concerning His Life Since Enlisting in the Service

Wallace Nylander, son of Police Chief and Mrs. George W. Nylander of Antrim is "in the Army now." In recent letters to his parents he has written most interesting of his experiences from the time he enlisted at Manchester, N. H., until his arrival in Porto Rico. We quote from his letters as follows:

October 17, 1940

Dear Folks:

Well, I've sure had some experiences during the last three weeks!

When I walked into the enlistment office at Manchester I immediately came under army jurisdiction. We had what now seems a minor physical exam. right after dinner; then, those who went through had to fill out all kinds of papers.

We were given rooms in the Hotel Cadillac and left Manchester at 6:30 next a. m. and went to Lowell, thence to Worcester and Fort Slocum, N. Y. This island is quite small, probably not a square mile. We were issued sheets, blankets, towels and toilet articles. Then we were shown how to make beds army style. The food was pretty good. Breakfasts were cereals, some cooked, some dry, scrambled eggs and potatoes or French toast and syrup or a creamed meat on toast and coffee and usually a fruit of some kind. Dinners were a meat of some kind, potatoes, two cooked vegetables and four fresh vegetables, various desserts and coffee. Suppers were usually about the same as dinner.

The first day we assembled in the recruit hall for a lecture, then to the supply department for our uniforms. We were issued an overcoat, raincoat, overseas cap, one pair of woolen pants, two woolen shirts and dress coat with Sam Brown belt, two pairs of light tan shirts and two pairs of pants of the same material, four sets of underwear, four pairs of stockings, two sets of work clothes, blue denim coats and pants, and two pairs of shoes, and a canvas barracks bag to pack it in. It was plenty heavy when we got loaded and started for our barracks.

The second day we had an intensive medical test. Vaccination, typhoid inoculation, blood tests and x-ray and general inspection all in one day.

The general schedule was "Get out of bed, youse guys" at ten minutes of six. Dress and line-up outside for reveille at 6 o'clock, then make beds, sweep and mop the floors. Breakfast at 7 or 7:30 and at 8:30 we would line up again and have exercises and drill until 11. Mail call at 11:30 and 4:30. Dinner at 12 after which we got into our work clothes and had various details. I hit most of them during the two weeks.

The dining room seats 600 and feeds about 2500 a hour. Supper was served at 5 o'clock, then our time was our own. I went to the movies quite a bit. We had two shows at night at 8 and 8:30, admission was 14c by theatre books. We had a very nice library and Y. M. C. A. for other amusements. Lights went out at 9 o'clock in the sleeping rooms and we had to be in bed at 11. I was in bed usually at 9, can you imagine?

The Post chapel is one of the prettiest churches I have ever seen. It is a Catholic chapel, but the Protestant chaplain has his services after the Catholic mass. The windows are the outstanding part of the building. They are almost photographically clear and figures of Christ and various saints are raised slightly from the backgrounds of the scenes, giving a surprising life-like appearance to them. The chaplain gave us a very inspirational talk, giving us ideas on how to set goals and work for advancements.

So much for Slocum. Tuesday morning 232 of us left Fort Slocum for Porto Rico. We got on the Chateau Thierry about 11 o'clock after various roll calls and lineups. Then we all got one of the worst shocks in army life so far—the sleeping quarters. We were in the fourth hold and there were 230 men in a space about 50 ft. wide, 30 ft. long and 10 ft. high. The bunks were in tiers four high and braced in like a labyrinth. I was lucky enough to get a bunk with my head near a fresh air duct. I slept fine every night, but that first impression pretty near spoiled the trip for us. Outside of that, the trip was like the ones you read about. Porpoises playing around the boat. They are six to eight feet long and will ride along the waves and leap in the air when the waves break. We also saw a lot of flying fish. They are fun to watch. They really fly as much as 75 to 100 feet across the water, flying about a foot above the water.

Thursday morning we came into Charleston, S. G., at dawn and picked up 300 men from a fort near there, making a total of 980 all together. The first night out of Charleston we ran into some choppy sea. I didn't think it was bad, but there were over 200 possibly 300 seasick that night. I had my usual

good luck and sea legs and wasn't bothered a bit.

We traveled out of sight of land all the way except for the few hours we were in Charleston and at times we were awfully sick of looking at "water, water everywhere." We would see a freighter once in a while, but that was the only diversion. On Columbus day we were all thinking how Columbus must of felt when he sighted the West Indies. We came in sight of Puerto Rico about 4 o'clock in the morning Monday. The harbor was very pretty with the lights of the city of San Juan shining in the dark. When the sun rose we came into the harbor into a different world. Palm trees, coconut trees, white cement buildings, Spanish architecture and a beautiful capitol building were beautiful in the morning light. We are 95 miles from San Juan.

November 2, 1940

Dear Folks:

I received your letter last Friday night and it was as welcome a sight as my last was to you. I'll go on with Chapter Two of my Army Life.

I'll start back at San Juan. The boat pulled into the harbor about 6 a. m. The first thing of interest was an old fort guarding the mouth of the harbor. Most of the visible fortifications must have been relics of Spanish occupation, but I imagine there are plenty of modern guns behind those old walls. Nearly opposite the fort we could see the air base where the Pan American flying boats land. There were several of them lined up outside the hangars waiting to go.

There was an odd assortment of buildings around the harbor ranging from the beautiful capitol building to sheet metal huts of the poor people. The capitol building was made of a light grey stone and had a dome similar to our state capitol. There are a lot of buildings made of white stucco or cement built on Spanish lines. Many times their beauty was spoiled by a tin shack right beside them.

There were about 500 men got off at Puerto Rico. We were all unloaded by 10 o'clock and taken to Fort Buchanan about 8 miles outside of San Juan. We passed several WPA and Federal housing projects so sometime in the future the tin shack slums may be cleaned out. But I have since learned that the housing projects which are finished now are built to serve as hospitals "in case."

As we pulled into Ft. Buchanan our first scare was rows and rows of army tents, but as we got further in we saw plenty of barracks and a beautiful cement swimming pool. We unloaded our bags and lined up for another roll call. Then our company was split up and 32 of us were assigned to Borinquen Field. So most of the friends I made at Slocum and on the boat were left behind. There were two boys from Hillsboro on the boat with me, Gordon Skinner and a fellow named Clark. Skinner is in my company here, but we left Clark at Buchanan. We had dinner at Buchanan and it was the first good-tasting meal we had for days. The food on the boat was nothing to write home about.

We loaded up again and went to the railroad crossing. The train was a narrow gauge and the cars and locomotive looked like a 1900 model or perhaps older. We had a whole car to ourselves. That train ride will be something to remember. It was something like a cross between a roller coaster and a trolley car. It swayed and bounced around so we wondered what kept us on the track. We stopped about every five to 15 minutes it seemed. Every railroad crossing and shack by the tracks was a flag stop, so we had plenty of time to observe the country. The living conditions of the average working man are very low. Most of the houses are two room affairs with no chimneys and no glass windows. I don't remember seeing a chimney or a piece of glass all the way across the island. The windows have shutters and no screens in most places. A lot of houses were made of thatch. Some were wooden walls and thatch roof. Many were made of sheet metal. Some funny sights were seeing fairly new cars parked outside tin shacks. The country is very hilly, but nothing like New Hampshire hills.

We went over some railroad bridges that were really scary, especially when the car was rocking back and forth some of the canyons looked to be 150 ft. to the bottom.

We got here about 7 at night. It is really a pretty place. Lots of coconut trees and some palm trees, native flowers, different from any we have ever seen.

This place was started just a little over a year ago and everything about it is termed in "biggest" when finished. It is the biggest army base on the island now. The airport will have the longest runway in the world when finished. It will be three miles long and is about 200

Public Party In Library Hall Dec. 7

There will be a Public Party in the Library Hall in Antrim on Saturday evening, December 7, at 8 O'clock for the benefit of the British Relief Fund.

An evening of fun has been planned with all kinds of games that you will want to play; Bridge, Whist, Chinese Checkers and Checkers.

Each person is asked to bring an article to be auctioned off after the party.

Everyone is invited to come and bring a friend. The admission will be twenty-five cents. For reservations phone 112.

The committee in charge: Mrs. William Hurlin, Mrs. John Griffin, Mrs. Carroll Johnson, Mrs. Montfort Haslam.

TWO VOLUNTEERS TAKEN FROM DISTRICT 12

Charles I. Lindsey of Peterboro and James A. Thompson of Hancock, volunteers from District No. 12, left Milford Tuesday for the State Armory in Manchester, after completing all of the local draft board and physical examination requirements. Both were volunteers. Due to the enlistment list from this area the board has found it unnecessary to call men under the provisions of the draft.

PORTIA CHAPTER NOTES

The regular meeting of Portia Chapter was held Monday evening November 18. Mrs. Marion Colby was received by affiliation and welcomed into our chapter by the Worthy Matron, Frances York.

Mrs. Eva Doble had charge of a very fine program consisting of musical selections by the Grammar School orchestra; a play by members of the 7th grade, entitled "Romance in the Dictionary"; and Mr. Sinclair, Supt. of Schools in Warner as the guest speaker. The school pupils are always welcome and always enjoyed. Their efforts this time were no exception and we look forward to their next visit. It was an added pleasure to have such an interesting lecture.

Delicious refreshments were served by the Committee in the dining room.

NOTICE TO FARMERS

The Hillsborough County Conservation Committee announces the five Annual Community Meetings to be held in the county between Nov. 26 and Dec. 3.

These annual meetings are held for the purpose of bringing together the farmer participants; their elected local representatives called Community Committeemen; their elected County Committeemen, and a member of the State Conservation Committee. It is the combined efforts of these groups that make the program possible. Most important of these groups is the farmer participant.

Each farmer became a member of the County Agricultural Conservation Association when he took part in the program of Agricultural Conservation by carrying out soil-building practices or by undertaking to stabilize agricultural production by keeping within potato and commercial vegetable acreage allotments.

Each member has the privilege and the responsibility of guiding the Association and the program as a whole along lines that will be best for him, for his community, and for his county.

The meeting for the towns of Antrim, Bennington, Deering, Greenfield, Hancock, Hillsboro and Windor will be held Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7:45 p. m., at Library hall, Antrim.

All farmers are urged to be present to hear a panel discussion on questions important to them and their farm work; to tell their committeemen what they think of the Conservation Program; and make suggestions for its improvement. They may bring the ladies and older young folks to enjoy sound moving pictures or other entertainment.

Card of Thanks

I wish to extend thanks to my many friends in Antrim for all the lovely Birthday Cards sent to me on my birthday.

Mr. O. H. Robb

What We See And Hear

Hunters should be able to bag their deer this year as the woods seem to be full of them. We have seen a number of them this year while driving along the main highways. Only this past week on the Antrim-Hillsboro road a big buck stood alone in a field, just as we got opposite him he made a jump right at the car. We stepped on the gas and missed him or he missed us by a hair. Another day on the same road we saw a doe and two fawns. We have also had them in our own front yard this summer. By Sunday most of these deer will go into hiding, as there is no doubt from reports we have heard in previous years, that the deer read the game laws and get out of sight during the open season.

Clouds Began to Lift

The editor of the country newspaper went home to dinner, smiling radiantly.

"You must have had some good fortune this morning," greeted his wife.

"Indeed I did," announced the editor. "Jim Smith, who hasn't paid his subscription for 10 years, came in and stopped his paper."—Montreal Star.

MOLLY AIKEN CHAPTER GUESTS OF MILFORD CHAPTER

Members of the Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., of Antrim, Anna Keyes Powers Chapter of Hollis and the New Boston Chapter were guests of Captain Josiah Crosby Chapter, D. A. R., of Milford, at a meeting in the Community house Wednesday afternoon, at which Reciprocity Day was observed.

The program, "Music of the Centuries", was given by members of the Antrim chapter, and included papers on the progress of music from immigration times to the present, selections by a women's sextet, duets, and solos.

Mrs. Virginia S. Marshall of Milford, a member of the committee on the Correct Use of the Flag, gave a talk on the Flag's history, its institution and changes and the proper methods of displaying it. She also conducted a quiz on the use of the flag.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Lucy C. M. Trow, Mrs. Ida M. Ritchie, Mrs. Maybelle Palmer, Miss Corisande Winslow, and Miss Annabell Secombe.

BOYS! MAKE YOUR OWN WAR PLANE MODELS, TANKS, AND WARSHIPS. A new cutout model in colors every week. Next Sunday get the Ball Airacobra airplane in the Comic Section with the December 1st BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER.

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1.00	50.00	5.00	250.00

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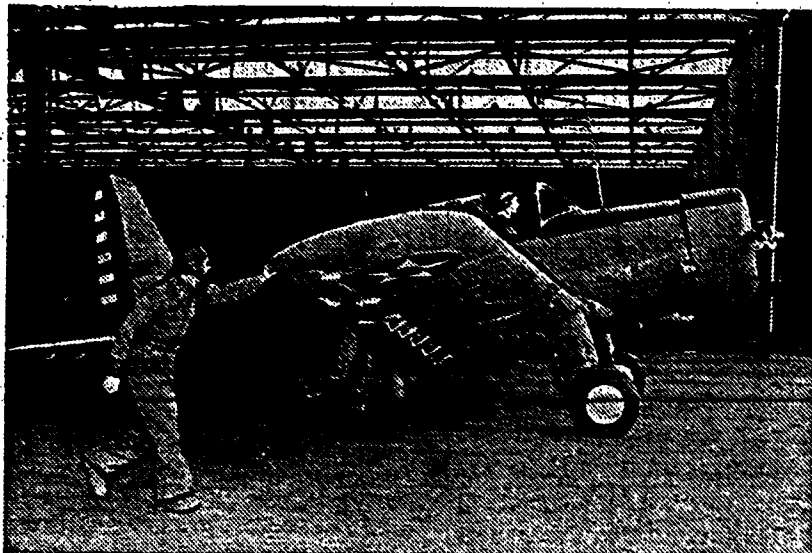
ANTRIM, N. H.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

Germany's Most Powerful Air Army Is Now Being Used to Crush England; Labor Peace in U. S. Is Not So Near; First Draft Evaders Sent to Prison

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)



During the strike at the Vultee Aircraft plant in Downey, Calif., U. S. army defense orders for training planes became sidetracked but union heads allowed pilots to cross picket lines and take delivery on 17 planes completed. The planes were to be used at the army training field at Sunnyvale, Calif. Above, army officers are pictured running one of the planes out of the plant.

AIR BLITZ:

Over England

The fourth German air army contains the veteran and most expert of Nazi bombers. It never had been used over England, although it is the best equipped and largest of the German air forces. The fourth air army was trained in Spain, used to smash Poland in four days and dive-bombed the French army into submission and out of the Maginot line.

Now many believe it has been assigned a mission across the English channel. The mission would be to grind to debris the British industrial Midlands area. Two such attacks have been made.

The first was on ancient Coventry, historical cathedral city when Lady Godiva made her famous horseback ride. Coventry in modern times had become the "Detroit of England." Here was made the larger portion of British airplanes and thousands of her 169,000 people were employed in defense industries.

In a single 10½-hour night raid, Coventry was turned into a shambles, hardly a single home being left unscathed. Berlin said all of the plane factories were in ruins from explosive and incendiary bombs. The British denied this but gave no details. It was admitted, however, that almost 1,000 civilians were killed, many air raid shelters which were thought bombproof being crushed like paper. The three-towered cathedral, almost a thousand years old, was left with hardly one stone atop another, except for a single spire.

After a lapse of a few days the raiders concentrated on Southampton, city of a million people, also in the Midlands. Berlin said the hometown of the late Neville Chamberlain, who appeased Hitler at Munich, was given the same treatment. Southampton is a textile town and also had been turning out a large cargo of automobiles and munitions.

Greeks Fight On

In the Italo-Greek war neutral observers shook their heads and admitted they could not understand how Greece was holding out. Outnumbered three to one, the ballet-skirted, pom-pom slipped Evzone troops cut the Italians to ribbons and pushed them back into Albania on all fronts.

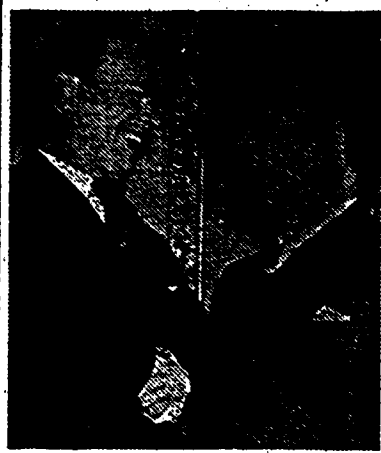
These observers still believed the Greeks were putting up a valiant but futile battle. No one in authority considers the Italian army seriously, estimates running from derision to contempt. But the Greek's military supplies were known to be low. Also there is no opportunity to give them help, for all Greek guns, both rifles and artillery, are of a special Greek manufacture and no ammunition of foreign make will fit their weapons. Once spring rolls around and the Italian mechanical force can get into action, there may be a different story.

Mare Nostrum

One thing seemed certain. Mussolini in his attempt to carry on a war by himself was tangling up the plans of the entire Axis. Control of the Mediterranean which the Italians call Mare Nostrum (Our Sea) may come diplomatically rather than militarily.

Adolf Hitler came to the Duce's rescue in this respect, once it was certain the Italians had bogged

Who's Boss?



Two former secretaries to congressmen, Gordon Canfield (right), of New Jersey and Herbert Bonner (left), of North Carolina, are to take the places of their former bosses in Congress. Canfield replaces the late Rep. George N. Segar and Bonner replaces Lindsay C. Warren, who resigned to become U. S. Comptroller General.

ESPIONAGE:

Diplomats Accused

Chairman Dies of the house committee investigating un-American activities, called before him in secret session various officials of "German and Italian organizations."

Dies charged that members of the German diplomatic corps have been engaging in a "quiet campaign" to raise funds in the United States to finance German rearmament. He also said German money was being sent here for investment in vital industries and to promote an "appeasement" group.

Emphasizing that his committee has moved cautiously to avoid a "strain" on international relations, Dies asked Secretary of State Cordell Hull if his department had any objection to exposure of diplomatic corps intrigues. The secretary disclaimed any responsibility, terming the investigation "purely a congressional affair."

Dies said he would ask the next congress for a million dollars to continue the investigations.

Two Theories

Three other departments of the government, however, were somewhat less than enthusiastic over the Dies hearings. The army and navy intelligence and the FBI were letting it be known discreetly that they consider Dies is doing more harm than good.

Everything uncovered by the special house committee, they said, has been known to them for a long time. For years these agencies have worked cautiously to get U. S. agents into alleged subversive groups. These U. S. agents have listed and catalogued a vast array of information which can be used at the proper time. In the meantime they have made it possible to keep a watch on all suspects and these suspects, not aware their identities are known, have exposed the whole network through which they work.

But the Dies committee, it is said, has by raids and publication of names, revealed the fact that the identity of these alleged foreign agents is known. This makes their work ineffectual, so they are recalled. Then new agents and new networks are set up by the foreign powers and the army and navy intelligence and the FBI must start all over again. Tracking down these new agents may take many months of effort, to cover a field which once was well protected.

MEXICAN MISSION:

In Spanish

Vice President-elect Henry A. Wallace went through the Southwest in his recent campaign speaking Spanish. A new assignment in that language was his first after-election duty. He attended the inauguration of Gen. Avila Camacho, president of Mexico, as the representative of President Roosevelt. It's an old Latin American custom for nations to send official representatives to each other's inaugurations. The U. S. has never indulged before. But now it's part of the Good Neighbor policy and is looked upon as effective. Several days after the decision was announced Mexico revealed it had granted the United States air and naval bases on the Mexican east coast.

MISCELLANY:

¶ The oddest refugee cargo arrived in Florida from England. It was 1,000 rare orchid plants, the property of the duke of Westminster, who raises them as a hobby. The collection faced two threats in England, bombing and the fuel laws, which provide for heat only in food hot-houses.

¶ The United States army is sharply changing its tactics and technique of attack. Stress will be on small units. Changes are outlined in a new manual announced by Maj. Gen. George A. Lynch, chief of infantry. The manual will be the chief text book of the new army.

¶ Samuel Hansen, 58, native of Germany, was declared guilty of contempt in Los Angeles superior court for refusal to answer questions he said would violate his oath as an agent of the German Reichsbank. He said he had been threatened with death by a Gestapo agent.



Washington, D. C.

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

DEFENSE FACTS

How much is rearmament, or actual war, or both, going to cost us; and when and how shall we pay for it? Nobody can answer accurately, because nobody can foresee the course of such a war. We must have total defense. No matter what it costs, we shall somehow have to pay for it—we or our children's children. Certain as is that conclusion, there should be at least the attempt to let our people look in the face of the facts. There has been none.

The administration has just announced that the war department, since July 1, has awarded contracts in excess of 4.5 billions and the navy about 4.2 billions, totalling 8.7 billions. "And for all defense purposes more than 10 of the 16 billions voted by congress to reinforce defenses have been obligated."

This is confusing because the difference between 8.7 billions for armament and 10 billions for "defenses" is 1.3 billions, for which the exact use is not specified. Some cities are insisting the federal government rebuild their street systems "for national defense." Several other more nearly boondoggling spending projects are being called "national defense." Finally, the figure 16 billions voted by congress to reinforce defense is a float that checks with no forthright appropriation I can find. This kind of reporting is pretty much razzle-dazzle.

Furthermore, the report is almost meaningless, because, as quoted in the A. F. dispatch, "prospective delivery dates for most items are a closely guarded military secret? They are unlikely to be any secret to our prospective enemies. The trouble with our whole preparedness program over the past few years was the failure to let our own people know the truth.

The last war schedules are no true yardstick today, but here is the way they ran as reported by the secretary of the treasury. In round figures, 1917, 1.2 billions; 1918, 12.3 billions; 1919, 17.5 billions; 1920, 5.2 billions; 1921, 3.8 billions—total 40 billions, notwithstanding that the war ended in November, 1918.

What these figures prove is that reporting the placing of contracts with no information as to delivery dates, is no realistic indication of progress at all but, on the contrary, is highly misleading. They also give some idea of a rapid acceleration of the mounting cost of industrial war production and the difficulty of checking it when the necessity has passed.

I don't like to clutter up a column with figures, but it is absolutely necessary that our people understand the subject of government spending and inflation. The following little table shows exactly what inflation did to war costs to all belligerents in the World War. It compares what the war would have cost all if the 1913 purchasing power of the dollar had remained unchanged, or exactly how inflation worked to multiply war costs.

Cost in Current Dollars (1937) Cost in 1913 Dollars (100,000 omitted) Ratio
U. S. 26,593 12,212 217%
Associated Powers except U. S. 78,528 21,259 369%
Central Powers ... 41,774 12,428 336%
Total for all belligerents 146,895 45,899 320%

This is the evil we must avoid this time. Nothing government can do in raising taxes or cutting expenses can have a fraction of the effect to "pay as we go" and reduce the burden of war on everybody compared to what it can do to prevent this curse.

Remember, I am talking not merely about the increased cost of raising the armed forces. Many times more billions of increased cost may have to be paid by Americans for the necessities of life.

How can it be prevented? There are several indirect aids and one very direct control. Inflation starts with the development of shortages in various fields. In war, price is no deterrent. Defense material must be had. So frantic bidding begins. It must be stopped before it starts, or not at all.

Since shortage in the face of desperate needs is the cause, that is where the cure lies.

"Priorities" provide the first aid. This means simply that some steering committee lists the most urgent needs and says to all suppliers: "These needs come first. Regardless of any higher price offered, you mustn't supply anybody else until these are satisfied, except with our consent in case of hardship." This helps prevent inflationary bidding.

A second aid is increased production of the shortage items, even at the expense of less necessary demands, such things as shifting plants, supplies, machine tools and other machinery.



Washington, D. C.

MUSSOLINI NEEDS VICTORY IN GREECE

Upon the outcome of the war in Greece depend several things besides the question whether Hitler pushes on to Suez. Probably the most important is the war's effect upon the Italian people—especially in case of set-back or defeat.

For a long time, U. S. intelligence reports have indicated that Italy was the Achilles heel of the Axis and that the Italian people were none too enthusiastic about their partnership with Germany. Basically, the Italians always have sided more with Britain than with Germany. For years they had distrusted Germany, and for an equal number of years had done business with Great Britain.

Furthermore, the war has put a severe economic pinch on the Italian people. In return they have had no great victories and conquered no important territory. Hitler has been able to show new conquests to arouse the enthusiasm of the German people, but Mussolini has had nothing to show except Albania and British Somaliland.

Even the much-heralded advance of Marshal Graziani in Egypt now has bogged down on the sands of Sahara. So Mussolini needs a Greek victory and needs it badly. And if he doesn't get it, observers in Italy believe that dissatisfaction among the Italian people might become so great as to lead to a new dictator in Rome.

Note—Because of her vastly superior air force and more modern army, the odds are very much in favor of an Italian victory. Outcome of the war, however, depends on how much aid Greece can get from Britain, which cannot risk taking too many troops away from its Egyptian defenses; also whether Yugoslavia and Turkey come in.

Deep absorption in the Greco-Italian war caused Secretary Cordell Hull to muff his lines in delivering his speech on foreign affairs for the new year.

Hull was supposed to speak three "takes," with a pause between the second and third. Instead he stopped after the first and began staring into space.

Recalled to the business at hand by the cameraman, he snapped his finger and exclaimed, "Sorry, I guess I've ruined everything for you boys. Would you mind starting over again?"

"Not at all, Mr. Secretary," grinned Tony Muto, Fox Movietone lens-shark. "But you sure had something on your mind."

"It's that situation in Greece," explained Hull. "I've been so concerned with it all day that I forgot for a moment that you boys were taking my picture. I promise to do better next time."

MAIL BAG

S.G.C., New Albany, Ind.—Roosevelt's speeches during the last part of the recent campaign were written by Judge Rosenman of New York, Irving Brant, and Robert Sherwood, famous playwright. However, Roosevelt's speeches, after being written in rough draft by others, are rewritten by himself. The Philadelphia speech was largely his own.

E.P., Springfield, Mass.—Secretary of State Hull did not attack John L. Lewis in his speech before the Press club, though it is true that a criticism of Lewis was contained in the original draft of the speech. When Frank Waltman, G.O.P. publicity chief, protested Mr. Hull's right to address the Press club, the secretary of state removed all political references from his text and merely discussed foreign affairs.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

The plan still is in the discussion stage, but top-rung New Deal economists are seriously proposing that the WPA be abolished and replaced with a large-scale public works program for national defense.

The army is preparing for any eventuality no matter where it happens. It has quietly purchased over 7,100,000 yards of mosquito netting. Areas chiefly plagued by mosquitoes are Alaska, Newfoundland, Greenland and Latin America.

Senator Charles McNary is one of the nattiest dressers in congress, also the best bean baker. The Oregonian loves to bake beans over an open fire, using bacon, molasses, sherry and 11 hours of simmering.

Out-going Vice President Jack Garner is the only man in history to have his picture hung at both ends of the Capitol. An oil painting of the former speaker hangs in the house lobby, and another portrait, by Howard Chandler Christy, has just been put up in the senate lobby.

Friends are kidding Henry Wallace about being disqualified for the job of vice president because, unlike Jack Garner, he does not "strike a blow for liberty." After eight years in Washington, Wallace does not drink.

At luncheon together the other day were Charlie Chaplin, Walter Winchell, Ernest Cuneo and Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle. Remarked Cuneo afterward: "I was a mere ego in a whirlwind of super-egos. I practically had to blow a whistle to insert one word in the conversation."

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—It probably isn't safe to score the runs, hits and put-outs of this war too definitely, but it looks as though the retirement of a scraggly old Gen. J. B. England With M. Hertzog Hertzog's Quitting from South African politics could well be put down as a count for England. The former premier, a stubborn hold-out against war aid or closer alliance with Britain, relinquishes his leadership and resigns from the reunited Nationalist party.

He had formed this party early in the war, to unite dissident elements after his bitter political enemy, the durable Gen. Jan Smuts, had wrested the premiership from him on the issue of closer adherence to the British empire and its war aims. The issue was fairly close and he recruited formidable opposition. His withdrawal appears to make this particular outpost of empire much safer for the British.

He would have made a good breathitt county feudist, with a quick trigger-finger and a long memory. He fought like one, in the hills and the veldt in the Boer war and of his ragged mustache and hardscrabble white beard an interviewer once said: "His whiskers bristled when I mentioned England."

Calling himself a "loose associationist," he has sought to make the tie with Britain looser and looser. He has been no apologist for Chancellor Hitler, but most of his views and attitudes have been those of a believer in the authoritarian state. He vigorously has opposed votes, beer and property for the blacks and has elaborated, with great intellectual facility, a scheme for a disciplined state, in which the supremacy of white culture is the keystone.

He is a Johannesburg lawyer and politician, brilliantly educated, the son of a Dutch clergyman. A stern old pietist, with the sharpest tongue in the commonwealth, he scolds the burghers for their unseemly behavior.

In the spring of 1929, the current high kicking and low thinking stirred him to an astonishing outbreak in which he said all this foolishness would be punished in a few months by the worst crash the world had ever known. He advised all hands to hide or bury anything they might have. Similar predictions have given him somewhat the role of a prophet in South Africa. "Old Jeremiah was right," they are apt to say.

With the equally tough and bell-cose old General Smuts he has engaged in much bare-handed political milling for many years, although they once were allies. General Hertzog became premier in 1933 and General Smuts never ceased firing until his victory last fall.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, the more internationally than nationally famous architect, sees the doom of the big city and the main hope for happy days in a generally de-centralized cosmos. Having heard him lecture several times, I cannot help thinking there is much wistful thinking in his prophecy.

Trapped in any big city, Mr. Wright should soon be a hospital case. Ever since he came from the prairie town of Richland Centre, Wis., he has had a feud with the big towns. He now finds a new ally in the imminence of bombing.

One of the world's great innovators, if not rebels, in architecture, he has won far more acclaim in other countries than his own. His greatest achievement was the Imperial hotel, in Tokyo. His unique blend of aesthetics and utility, passionately expounded in a wide philosophical context has stirred controversy, but always seized attention. In person, the unrelenting foe of the city is a big-town citizen, custom-made from tip to toe, easy and assured, but not urbane, because he's too displeased with cities.

HEADING the U. S. government's new flying wedge against Nazi propaganda in Latin-American countries is the genial James W. Young, chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. Mr. Young is chairman of the newly formed committee on communications, with \$3,000,000 to spend. Mr. Young was the first experienced business man to head the above bureau. At the age of 42, he had retired with a comfortable fortune as chairman of the board of the Lane Publishing company of Chicago.

HEADLINES

... in the news

Diplomacy — U. S. Ambassador Joseph C. Grew got a nod of approval from the Japanese emperor at the banquet commemorating 26 centuries of the empire in Tokyo. The diplomat expressed in a speech, the hope that Japan would "increasingly contribute to the well-being of mankind." The ruler nodded emphatic approval.

Hawk in the Wind

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

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W. N. U. Service

THE STORY THUS FAR

Virgie Morgan, widow, and owner of the Morgan paper mill in the Carolina mountain district, turns down a marriage proposal from Wallace Withers. He leaves in a rage. Branford Wills, a young stranger, who has been lost in the mountains for three days, finds his way to the Morgan home. He is fed and allowed to remain overnight. He identifies himself as a government employee, working with surveyors in the district. Wills develops pneumonia and is forced to remain in the household. Marian, Virgie's daughter, dislikes Wills. Trouble is developing as Wills meets Stanley Daniels, the mill's chemist. Virgie learns someone is attempting to obtain title to timber lands owned by Tom Pruitt. He-long friend of her deceased husband and part owner of the mill.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"We"—the older man had thin lips and a mouth that shut like a trap—"are victims of the Phillips' outfit."

Virgie kept silent. Very likely these were some of the crowd who had put up the money to back Phillips. Obviously they had no idea who she was. They thought her a quaint mountain character, probably, so she kept to the part, staring dully and curiously at them, as mountain people did.

Slamming her worn gears, she drove on up the ridge, turning south at her line and bumping across a stony meadow, sun-washed and pleasant.

She found her foresters eating their lunch, their legs dangling from the muddy tail of their truck. She shared their lukewarm coffee, inspected the damp little hillocks where baby spruce stood and shivered, feeling their cold, small bewildered roots groping in strange, chill darkness.

"I hope we get a snow so they don't dry out too fast," she said.

"We heard a car a while back," one of the men said. "See anybody down that way, Miss Morgan?"

"I was going to speak about that," Virgie screwed the lid on a thermos bottle. "Much obliged, you boys—I meant to get home for lunch but I got delayed, as usual. About that car—I saw 'em. And I want you to quit early—you, too, Joe—knock off before three, leave the truck here, and go over the other side down toward Little Fork. There's a piece of hardwood down there—a hundred and sixty-odd acres. Take a good look at it and call me up to-night."

"Pruitt's stuff, eh?" said Joe, who knew these timbered slopes and ridges as well as Virgie did.

"It used to be Pruitt's stuff. Something's up. And I'm not going to let Tom be gyped by another bunch of slick talkers with blue-prints in their hands and black iniquity in their minds. Don't call up till after seven, hear? And don't talk to anybody but me about this business."

"Sure, boss—we understand. You don't want it mentioned to Pruitt, then?"

"I'll talk to Pruitt. Crank this old caboose for me, will you?"

She was thinking so absently as she drove in at the gate of the plant that she ran over a steam hose and ripped a sizable silver from the corner of the tool-house before she came to and stopped the truck.

Tom Pruitt heard the impact of her arrival and came slouching out of the back shed, picking gum off the palms of his hands.

"Anybody else bust up the premises like that and you'd fire him," he drawled amiably. "That steering-gear busted?"

"Oh, shut up!" grumbled Virgie, climbing down stiffly.

She was irritated by Tom. No man so huge should be so naive, so helpless.

"Whoever stuck that shanty out there in the way must have thought we'd be hauling stuff in here in oxcarts forever," Virgie continued to fume as she, tramped into the office. "Tom opened the door for her. 'I reckon Dave put it there,' he said, calmly."

"Come in here," Virgie ordered.

Tom followed her obediently and began punching at the stove. Virgie made a complicated task out of getting her hat off and her desk opened. She did not look at Tom. She was exasperated, and when her temper got the upper hand her tongue slipped, and she did not want it to slip. She had to say the right thing to Tom, who was so helpless in the presence of law and finance and the crisscross web men weave of these two strands to hide the simple intent of their acts.

"Sit down," directed Virgie, "and don't squirm. Lucy, you go out and get the time slips. Pruitt and I have got business to talk over."

Lucy rose meekly, put on her coat. "How soon shall I come back, Mrs. Morgan?"

"Fifteen minutes is all I need. And if you hang around that laboratory, walk in the air some before you come back in here. There may be worse smells than young Daniels' invents, but Satan has got a monopoly on 'em."

Tom draped his long legs over a stool and twisted his hat.

"I reckon you found a seeder tree cut that hadn't ought to be cut," he said. "I expect I done it."

Virgie swiveled her chair around. The darkened leather cushion on the back of it still held the print of David Morgan's lean shoulder-blades.

"I'm not going to talk about Morgan trees," she said. "I want to talk about yours. Do you know anything about that property of yours over the ridge—that hardwood tract? What shape is it in?"

Tom twisted the hat nervously. "I sold it. Way back in '28. You knew about that I reckon. I sold it to that Phillips' outfit. They paid me the first payment. They ain't never paid any more."

"What sort of papers did you get? Have you got a lien?"

"They're all in the safe. Dave put 'em away for me. Dave told me I'd ought to foreclose—then he got down and you know how we been ever since—we ain't had time to think of nothing but keeping this here mill running."

Virgie sighed. "It's my fault, I suppose. I've got to take care of you—just like I've got to take care of Lottie and Lucy out yonder and some more helpless people."

"I got a good piece of money out of that land," Tom defended.

"They defaulted on the contract, didn't they? The company's out of existence. It will take a lawsuit, probably, to repossess it—but somebody's interested in it. I met a couple of men—bankers, they looked like—up on the ridge. They were asking the way to that piece you've got over there—that strip down Hazel Fork with the big poplar on it. You get those papers out, Tom, and let me look into them."

Tom lumbered out of his chair. There was one kind of action he could understand, indorse, and follow. Strange men had been on his land—land that Virgie said was his.

"I low them fellers better keep off, over yonder," he boomed, his eyes dour. "I don't know no law, but if that's my poplar them bankers better keep off my place."

"Well, you've got to have the papers first. I'll have Lucy open the safe for you."

But when Lucy came back, moon-eyed and absent, with a droop of unhappiness about her mouth, Virgie regarded her with impatience. Lucy had been strung tight as a fiddle lately, making mistakes and being rushing apologetic about them, jumping when the telephone rang.

Virgie knew what was the matter with Lucy. Young Stanley Daniels was flattered by the sight of Lucy's little silver heart fluttering on her sleeve. He had grown arrogant and cagey.

Lucy needed shaking. So, because she was disgusted with Lucy's meekness, Virgie climaxed a day of exasperations by giving the girl a raise.

"Go out and buy yourself a new hat and some lipstick," she ordered, "and if that young Daniels is hanging on the gate when you start home give him the back of your hand and your chin in the air. I can do all the moping we need in this pulp business."

Lucy was tremendously grateful and husky. "It isn't—that exactly, Mrs. Morgan. It's—oh, everything! Old lamps and the rug wearing out—and food costing so much—"

"I know," Virgie was gentle. "We had a sofa that flopped over and made a bed and my brother had to sleep on it. It was always flopped down in the parlor when I had a beau. Don't let it get you down, Lucy."

At night Joe and Ed reported that the two strangers had walked over Pruitt's land, climbed back into their car, and gone away again. She would hunt up her lawyer, as soon as she had time, Virgie decided, and find out just what could be done for Tom.

Young Mr. Branford Wills was still seriously ill. A half-dozen telegrams had so far failed to locate anyone who belonged to him or who might be interested in him. Virgie had that to worry about.

She took time to hope that Lucy had found a decent hat.

She did not know that Lucy was sitting alone at home, among the ravelings, and that Stanley Daniels was, at that moment, occupying a rocker in front of Wallace Withers' old wood-burning stove, smoking one of Wallace's five-cent cigars and thinking very well of himself.

CHAPTER IV

When he let himself go, Wallace Withers was an eloquent man. He loved to hear his own voice editorializing, expounding opinions, setting the world right.

Now he walked up and down his sitting-room, talking as he had not talked in months, his rough hair standing away from his temples, a flush coming and going on his watled neck.

This young fellow, Daniels, from the Morgan mill, was a flattering auditor. Middle-age is always a trifle flushed and important when youth condescends to listen. Withers was painting a picture of the pulp business—of the Morgan pulp business, as he averred it could be.

Bigger than any of them, tied in with the big Canadian mills, stacks and vats in batteries, timber rolling in, brown pulp going out by the trainload instead of a single car now and then.

"Dave Morgan was Scotch," he said. "The Scotch build well, but have no foresight or imagination. They want security and they sacrifice other things for it. They let the Irish go prowling around into

all the new places, killing off the Indians, and then along came your Scotchman with a wagonload of goods, for sale, and he took up all the good half-sections. Then they married all the good-looking daughters of the Irish and tamed them down to raise sons to fit this country."

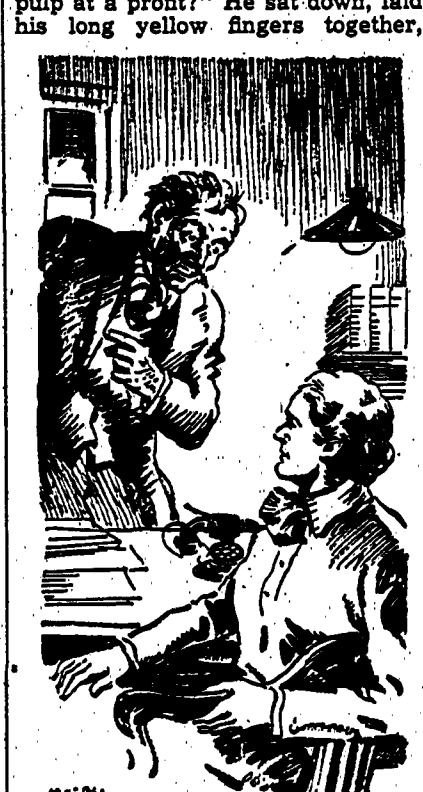
"Maybe they married the Irish girls because, secretly, they wanted to hear somebody laugh," Daniels contributed with a grin.

"Maybe so. Maybe that's why Dave Morgan married Virgie. Virgie was a handsome woman when she was young. She's not bad looking now."

"Rather a fine-looking woman now," agreed young Daniels. "But darned impractical," declared his host. "Business is getting better fast—but she ain't going to catch up with it."

"Because she turns out a hand-craft product in a machine age," stated Stanley Daniels, much pleased with himself.

"You're kind of smart, ain't you?" Wallace Withers relaxed his long jaw. "I reckon you must have collected some ideas about making pulp at a profit?" He sat down, laid his long yellow fingers together,



"If that's my poplar them bankers better keep off my place."

drew his upper lip far down, giving his face a little the look of the skull beneath it.

Daniels laughed a trifle nervously. This old geezer had something funny on his mind, obviously; his dry old eyes were full of sly secrets, his knuckles flexed with an involuntary, crushing movement.

"Well, any young man hates to see a business dragging," he said, choosing his words carefully. "Especially when he sees that that business is standing on its own foot, making its own troubles. That's what's wrong with the world now, Mr. Withers—the young people have the ideas and the ambition and the vision and courage—recklessness, I suppose you would call it—and people your age have all the power and all the money."

"Some people," Withers said, "would call you a young fool. But I don't. I'm a thinking man. Personally, I'd like to see what you do—running the Morgan mill."

Daniels laughed. "That," he said, "would be a grand idea—but just about as hopeless as most grand ideas. Mrs. Morgan isn't going to surrender the control of that mill to anybody."

Withers did not answer for a moment. The stove clicked, a mouse crept out from beneath an old organ, gave a bright-eyed, terrified look about, scurried back again.

"Virgie Morgan don't own all the stock in that mill," he said, looking straight ahead. "There's some of it loose—and a lot of things could happen. Things might happen so that more of it could be had. She ain't got any considerable reserve, I know that. I know how she's fixed. If trouble was to happen in the mill or orders fell off, she'd be hard put to raise the money to carry on."

Stanley Daniels felt a sudden surge of wry distaste. His tongue tasted of copper, his ears buzzed faintly. So this old dick had ideas in his ratty brain, did he? Trick stuff, likely. He had suspected it.

Let him pull his own potatoes out of the fire, then. Daniels felt very noble and superior as he stood up, pulled down his coat.

"Well, this has been very pleasant, Mr. Withers. But I'm a working man. I'd better say good night."

Withers collected his limbs and scrambled out of the chair.

"But wait a minute—you ain't going to walk? I was figuring on taking you back—car's standing outside."

"I think I'd like the walk," Daniels was smooth, impersonal, inscrutable. "Need the exercise."

"Thunder—it's most five miles. I'll run you down to the main road anyway. You can walk from there if you're itching for air."

Air. That was what Stanley Daniels felt the need for. His overcoat on, his hatrim snapped down, the door open, he felt honest again. He had had a hunch all along that this dry-eyed old guy was figuring on us-

ing him somehow. What made him hasten to be out in the wholesome air again was the awareness that he had been ready to hear Withers' schemes.

He had no inner hypocrisy. He knew that no loyalty would ever blind him to his own advantage. But he did not like being maneuvered, so he sat a little stiffly and replied in polite monosyllables to Withers' remarks, as they drove the rutty road to the highway.

He walked rapidly till he reached the outskirts of the village, his nostrils stinging in the frosty air. The town lay on a slope where the river widened, and as Daniels approached it the linked lights made it look like some jeweled ornament on the breast of the mountain.

He would go down to the mill, he decided. The air was keen and he should be certain that his tests were all right. A freeze would ruin several days' work.

At the mill he moved in authority and this pleased his young vanity. The men he spoke to had to listen. The forms that went out of his laboratory were commands; on them depended the quality of the Morgan pulp.

Only a few men were at the mill—the few who tended the processes that went on night and day. Daniels unlocked his laboratory, a tacked-on structure half brick, half wood, sheeted with metal. He snapped on the light, unlocked the cupboard where he kept his apparatus. His test-tubes, he saw, were all in good order, the thermometer stood at a safe temperature, and the rusty steam-pipe running along the wall was warm.

He put out the light again, locked the place. Then he saw that a light was burning in the office. It was after ten. Mrs. Morgan must be there. Lucy would not come down at night alone. She never came at night.

He stepped up to the office window and saw that the person inside was old Tom Pruitt.

Pruitt's status at the mill had always puzzled young Daniels. He knew that Pruitt had worked there since the plant was built, that he was always carrying messages from Virgie Morgan, giving orders that she initiated, yet he had apparently no definite position and no authority.

Daniels opened the office door. "Hello, Tom," he said, "anything wrong?"

Tom Pruitt looked up from Virgie's desk, where was spread out a loose array of legal-looking papers. He looked baffled, his hair was standing up, but he grinned at Daniels.

"Nope—nothing special. I'm studying out this here. Never did see such fine printing nor so much writing that didn't make head nor tail. You know anything about this here business?"

"Let's look at it," Stanley Daniels slid out of his overcoat.

"You gotta know something about law, I reckon." Tom got up gratefully, surrendered his chair. "I've kept shy of the law for 50 years but now it looks like it caught up with me at last. I own stuff and I don't own it. Take a look at all them and see what you make out of it. I've done give up."

Daniels sat down at the desk briskly and unfolded one document after another, read them through, with Tom looking over his shoulder, his amazement growing.

"How about these contracts, Pruitt? They paid you, didn't they?"

"Not since '28, they didn't. They didn't pay in five years, nor in seven neither. They ain't paid nothing since that paper was wrote."

"You should file suit then—get your land back."

"Yeah—she said that, too—Miss Morgan. She said I'd ought to go to law. She wants me to hire that feller Willis Pratt. I was just studying about it. Pratt will want a lot of money for nothing, I reckon—them lawyers always do."

"But that land must have been worth money. How much have you got, anyway?"

"Upwards of a thousand acres—mountain land. Never could raise nothing on it."

"And these"—Daniels snapped a rubber band about the thick bundle of certificates—"ought to be in a safety deposit box in the bank. I didn't know you owned this big block of stock in the mill. You're a rich man, Pruitt—I'm glad I know you."

"Rich? Me?" Old Tom rubbed his ear. "I just got me a piece of this mill, that's all. Dave Morgan and me worked mighty hard to keep this mill going—and I been workin' hard since Dave died. No, I ain't rich. I got no wish to be rich."

"Ever draw any dividends on this stock? Any money for your piece of the mill?"

Tom shook his head. "We agreed not to take out nothing, Miss Morgan and me. We pay ourselves off every pay-day, just wages. I got all I need. It takes the rest to keep them presses rolling and the hands working. We're both satisfied."

"But you ought to get that land back. You ought to file a claim right away."

"Yeah—I reckon so. Reckon I'll have to get me a lawyer though I sure do hate to pay out money to that Willis Pratt."

"You could sell some of your stock, if you need money. That stuff is as good as cash, you know."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

ELLEN DREW wasn't much good as a waitress when she worked at Brown's confectionery, in Hollywood, but she's worth her weight in gold to the place now as an advertisement for it.

For instance, practically everyone who comes in wants a Cinderella special; a note on the menu announces that it's named for her.

If you sit in Booth 5 you'll see a sign saying "At this booth, a customer offered Ellen Drew the screen test that has taken her to stardom." She'd been working in a dime store in Englewood, Ill., when she won a beauty contest conducted by the American Legion and went to Hollywood. She expected a film contract to follow, but it didn't. In two months she learned not to expect ever to get one.

But she made the test, and a contract followed. She is starred in three Paramount pictures awaiting



ELLEN DREW

release—"D. O. A.," "A Date With Destiny," and "Texas Rangers Ride Again," and also in "Christmas in July," now being shown.

Charles Grapewin, who was "Grandpa Joad" in the screen version of "The Grapes of Wrath," has been named to play "Jeeter Lester" in 20th Century-Fox's production of "Tobacco Road." Henry Ford will direct, and Nunally Johnson, who did the script for "The Grapes of Wrath," will have the task of fixing up "Tobacco Road" so that it will pass the censors.

Joan Crawford, looking very stunning indeed, went to the National Horse show, in New York, on the first night, and easily outshone most of the ladies of the city's Four Hundred. She presented the cup for one of the special events. It's doubtful whether she saw much of the show, because there was always such a mob of autograph seekers around her that she was kept busy signing programs and odd bits of paper.

Bette Davis has shown once again that she's not afraid of competition; she's glad to have Mary Astor play the second feminine lead in "Far Horizon," though she says herself that the role is equal in importance to her own. Incidentally, Warner Brothers have taken up an option on a long-term contract for Miss Astor.

Keep your eye on Philip Dorn, a young actor from Holland who plays "Dr. Dittin" in "Escape." His next appearance will be as Hedy Lamarr's husband in "Ziegfeld Girl."

The latest word is that Charlie Chaplin's next picture will be a musical of the London music halls in the nineties, the place and time where he himself got his start toward fame and fortune. It will be in technicolor, and he will return to the character which made him famous.

Radio has one married couple with a record for anyone to shoot at. They're the "Uncle Ezra" and "Cecilia" of the air—Mr. and Mrs. Pat Barrett in private life—and they met when she was Nora Cuneen, touring the West with a musical comedy. One night the company's comedian didn't show up, and Pat Barrett stepped into the role, and into her life as well.

They've always worked as a team; before making their radio debut, 10 years ago, they toured in vaudeville. Even then they were doing character parts similar to their roles on the "Uncle Ezra" program.

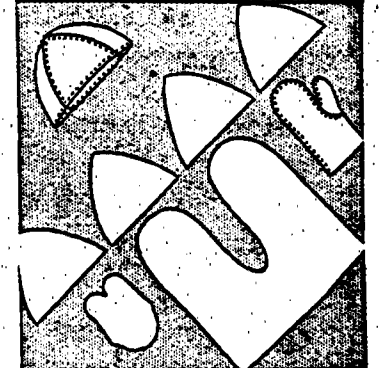
ODDS AND ENDS . . . James Stewart is qualifying fast for the aviation service; he now has almost enough hours in the air to qualify for a transport license, enabling him to a commission in the air corps. . . . The Bing Crosby program is to have more music and less conversation from now on, the conversation being what made it unique. . . . George Carroll, considered one of America's most beautiful models, will be one of the glorified show girls in Metro's "Ziegfeld Girl." . . . Joan Bennett withdrew from "Topper Returns" because she didn't want to compete with the role of a disappearing ghost, played by Carol Landis.

Accessory Set for Sports or Campus

SPORTS accessories like this are much in vogue among smart young things, not only for sports, but also for campus and runabout. Design No. 1265-B includes weskit, calot and chunky mittens, all of which you can easily make for yourself—all, of course, except the



1265-B



feather in the calot! The weskit is drawn in to a tiny waistline by back-fastened side belts—just like its masculine prototype; all three gay little gadgets are trimmed with stitching. Take a brief glance at the diagram, and you'll see how easy they are to make.

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Like a beacon light on the height—the advertisements in newspapers direct you to newer, better and easier ways of providing the things needed or desired. It shines, this beacon of newspaper advertising—and it will be to your advantage to follow it whenever you make a purchase.

CAPITOL

HILLSBORO, N. H. 3 Changes Weekly—Sun., Wed. and Fri.
Mats: 10c, 20c—Eves. 15c and 30c, Tax 3c, Total 33c
MATINEES DAILY (SUNDAY) 2:00, EVENINGS, 8:30 and 9:30

ENDS THURS.
NOV. 28

JOEL McGREA and
LARAINE DAY in

"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT"

FRI.-SAT.
NOV. 29, 30

GIANT DOUBLE BILL!

"Wagon Train"

with
TIM HOLT

Also
"Pier 13"

With LLOYD NOLAN

SUN., MON., TUES.
DEC. 1, 2, 3

A GREAT STORY NEVER DIES

Therefore We Bring You a Return Engagement of
the Technicolor Picture

"Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

HENRY
FONDA

with
SYLVIA
SIDNEY

FRED
MACMURRAY

News Reel

Short Subject

WED., THURS.
DEC. 4, 5

NORMA SHEARER and ROBERT TAYLOR in "ESCAPE"

Latest Issue March of Time—"The British Royal Air Force"
PATHE NEWS

EVERY WEDNESDAY NITE

Amateurs on Our Stage

CANN'S of BOSTON "3 WAYS" RESTAURANT

NOW FEATURING

OYSTER STEW

FRIED OYSTERS

Genuine Chop Suey and Italiane Spaghetti

Orders taken for our delicious

PASTRIES, ROLLS, DONUTS and CAKES

Call Hillsboro 111-2

Hillsboro, N. H.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. William Ramsden was called to Taunton, Mass., Monday by the illness of her mother.

Miss Charlotte Phillips and friend of Peterboro were Sunday guests of her mother, Mrs. Gladys Phillips.

Ralph Zabriskie who is studying in the N. Y. A., in Manchester has been transferred recently to Nashua. He is studying airplane mechanics.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor and Marion Wilkinson recently called on Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Wilkinson in Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hastings went to Watertown, Mass., last week with Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Vose and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cooper.

Mrs. William E. Prescott and Mrs. Morgan, her mother, have been visiting in Boston.

Mrs. Irving Blossom has returned from Nova Scotia, where she was called by the illness and death of her father.

Robert Swett is at home from his studies in Springfield, Mass., for the holiday and Alan Swett is home from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bass and daughter of Quincy, Mass., were here Sunday to visit Mrs. Fred Roberts. They brought Miss Isabelle Butterfield with them from Boston and she returned to Boston on Monday morning.

Mrs. Cora B. Hunt attended the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Society of Mayflower Descendants in Concord last Thursday. Frank L. Wheeler of Antrim and Boston came up to attend the meeting of the society of which he is an officer.

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Don Robinson spent a few days last week with relatives in Arlington, Mass.

Mrs. Della J. Flanders has gone to Hillsboro to stay with her nephew, Howard Proctor, for the winter.

James Patterson cut his foot while chopping in the woods last week and was confined to the house a few days.

The union church service, held at 9 o'clock, Thanksgiving day, in the Baptist church was well attended. Rev. R. H. Tibbals preached and Rev. William Kittredge offered prayer. The union choir furnished special music.

Stanley McLane died in a Gardner, Mass., hospital last Friday following a long illness. His wife, Mrs. Laura McLane, a member of the Antrim high school faculty, was called there Friday. Mrs. Elizabeth Felker and the children, Donald and Marion. McLane, attended the funeral in Fitchburg. Interment took place in Alstead. Philip Woodbury of Hillsboro was the furnishing undertaker.

Frank Jellerson, Edward Robinson, Guy Clark, Robert Champney, Miss Betty Hollis, Miss Marcia Edwards, Miss Constance Fuglestad, Miss Leona George, Miss Stella Rockwell, Mrs. Elizabeth Felker and Rev. Ralph Tibbals attended the young people's meetings in Peterboro Sunday. Fifteen students from Cambridge conducted the services, under the direction of Rev. Newton Fetter.

Among those here for the holiday were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson of Arlington, Franklin Robinson and David Howard from Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Miss Bernice Robb of Orange, N. J., Waldo Robb, McKeesport, Pa., Miss Frances Tibbals, Cambridge, Mass., Dr. James Shaw, Franklin, Rev. Robert Bracey and wife, New Durham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Wilkinson, Franklin, Ralph George, New Hampton, Robert Nylander, New Hampshire University, Durham, Mrs. Anna Barron and son, Ernest Barron, of Worcester, Mass.

The fourth quarterly conference of the Methodist Church met at the home of Mrs. H. W. Eldredge on Sunday afternoon. Rev. Dr. Leroy Stringfellow was in charge.

Congressman and Mrs. Foster Stearns have just purchased the 115-year-old tavern at Hancock and will reopen it next season as an old fashioned country hotel replacing what of the antique furniture is missing with reproductions and preserving as the inn's show place one room with hand-painted murals from floor to ceiling.

Those who missed seeing the three-act comedy "A Ready Made Family" presented two weeks ago by the Antrim players will have another chance to enjoy this hilarious entertainment. By request the players are again presenting this play to-morrow night, November 30, in the town hall. The time has been set for 8 o'clock and there will be dancing after the play. To-night the players are taking the play to Canaan, N. H., for presentation in the Grange Hall under the sponsorship of the Canaan High School Senior Class.

School News

The new reporters starting with this issue (November 25) are Margaret Carmichael and Jacquelyne Rutherford.

For the past few days Mrs. Henson from Franconia has been substituting in the English and language departments for Mrs. Laura McLane.

Friday night, November 22 the second annual prize speaking contest of the elementary school was held in the town hall.

Much progress has been made in gathering original material for the student publication. We are expecting its completion before the Christmas vacation.

Some of the students are rehearsing for a Thanksgiving play which is to be given at an assembly Wednesday of this week.

The second marking period ended last Friday. All students are waiting patiently for their reports.

The new student patrol officers for this marking period are: Senior, Wilmer Brownell; Junior, Edward Robinson; Sophomore, Edward Coughlin; Freshman, June Maxfield.

Patti Made Opera Debut at 16. The singer Patti made her operatic debut at 16 in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892—July 9, 1936
W. T. TUCKER
Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, in advance \$2.00
Six months, in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Display advertising rates on application.

Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.
Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.

Entered at the Postoffice at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOVEMBER 28, 1940

REPORTERETTES

What do you expect in late November? July morning temperatures?

If you want the best rouge on the market get plenty of exercise and eat healthful food.

Some husbands have discovered the best way to treat a cold shoulder is to wrap it in a fur coat.

Many a man's success is based solely upon the fact that he was born to be a chump and made good.

One of the things they'd better get together on in the name of national unity is the date of Thanksgiving.

Bill Todd, the man next door, says there's no such thing as a marriage tie at his house. His wife always wins.

With so many new powder plants in operation a fellow has to stop to think twice before he scratches a match.

Our idea of a pie supper is chicken, apple, mince, squash, pumpkin, custard, coconut and Father of his Country.

The American who can't see American faults is a chump, and the American who can is a poor sort of a patriot—and there you are.

Overheard on farm, where small child evacuated from town was watching the cows being milked: "Why are there so many taps to one tank?"

We used to kill weeds the hard way, on the farm, with walking cultivators and hoes. Now we scare them to death with a country wide eradication tour.

The success of a Summer love-affair, as of any other light comedy, depends SO much on the effectiveness with which you make your exit and the brevity of your closing scene.

No man is really a confirmed bachelor until the prospect of a perfect dinner cooked to just the right turn is more thrilling to him than the prospect of a romantic evening with a pretty woman.

No matter how highly polished a man's manners before marriage, somehow they gradually acquire the usual "dull finish" after a few years of domesticity—in which he is no longer inspired to shine.

Constructive criticism, that good old cliché, is what Mr. Willie wants to give the administration. It brings to mind something that Bert Leston Taylor said about T. R., and the constructive criticism of the Wilson administration. "After he has finished a bit of construction," he said, "it takes an hour for the dust to settle."

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of
the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor

Sunday, Dec. 1

Morning Worship at 10:30 with sermon by the pastor from the theme: "The Man With the Measuring Line"

The Church School meets at 11:45 at which time the "Indian Christmas" will be celebrated with special exercises. Gifts brought at this time will be sent to our mission at Ganado, Arizona.

At six the Young People's Fellowship in the Baptist Vestry. A Thanksgiving topic. Leader: David Hurlin.
At 7 the Union service in the Baptist Church.

Antrim Center

Congregational Church

John W. Logan, Minister
Service of Worship Sunday morning at 9:45

St. Patrick's Church

Bennington, N. H.

Hours of Masses on Sunday 8:15 and 10 o'clock.
Greenfield at 11 o'clock.

Baptist Church

Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, Pastor

Sunday, Dec. 1

Church School 9:45

Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "The Transformation of Endurance"
Crusaders 4.

Young People's Fellowship 6 in the Vestry of this church. Leader: David D. Hurlin. Subject: "Giving Thanks".
Union Service 7 in this Church.

GIRL SCOUTS

We held our meeting Thursday night. Patrol One has finished their cooking badges. The girls in Patrol One are Frances Grimes, Lois Black, Jane Pratt, Ingar Fuglestad, Edith Moul, June Maxfield and Marilyn Miner. We are learning bandaging, artificial respiration and many other things in first aid. The meeting is to be omitted on Thanksgiving Day. The older girls will have their meetings in the evening, and the younger girls in the afternoon.

Scribe, Marilyn Miner

Industrious Bee

To make one pound of honey requires 80,000 bees collecting four pounds of nectar from flowers, according to the American Honey institute.

SUPPER

PARCEL POST SALE

BAKED BEAN SUPPER

Friday, December 6th
6:00 P. M.

Presbyterian Church

Adults 35c Children 25c
Benefit Senior Class of '41

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Complete Radio Service on any make of Auto. Portable, Farm and Home Radios and Radio Phonograph combinations.

Fast service by trained radio technician. We specialize in good radio reception.

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Day or Nite Phone 213W

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Effective October 1, 1940
Standard Time

Going North	
Mails Close	7.20 a.m.
" "	3.55 p.m.
Going South	
Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.25 p.m.
" "	6.10 p.m.
Office Closes at 7 p.m.	

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Up-to-date Equipment and Ambulance
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Where Quality and Costs meet your own figure.

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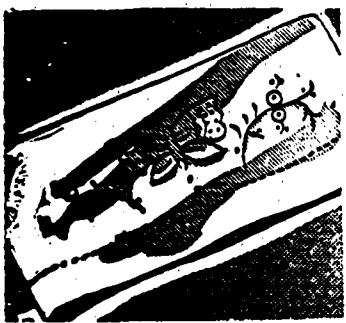
Drop a Post Card

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.

WILLIAM R. LINTON
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
Antrim School Board.

HAND-MADE GIFTS



Pillow Cases, beautifully embroidered
End Table Covers
Bureau Covers
Luncheon Set including Tablecloth & 4 Napkins
Fancy Aprons
Rainbow Napkins--Set of 8

Guest Towels

Buffet Sets

Holders

YOU ARE INVITED TO CALL AND SEE THEM.

MISS MABELLE ELDREDGE

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ANTRIM, N. H.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim
Wednesday 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

Grammar School

A good number of prize speaking enthusiasts filled the town hall last Friday evening to witness the second annual prize speaking contest for the elementary schools of Antrim.

The winners in each group were as follows: group I Mary Ellen Thornton and Jackie Munhall; group II Shirley Miner and Alice Rabideau; group III Constance Paige and Beatrice Wallace; group IV Stanley Grant and Dorothea Hutchinson. The judges were Mrs. J. P. Weston, Miss Drago, and Headmaster Currie, all of Bennington. The primary purpose of prize speaking is to develop better speakers. Of no less importance, however, is the desire on the part of the teachers to promote a finer sense of values of what constitutes a worthwhile recitation from the child's point of view. When this view point is reached we may hope for selections of higher caliber. It is felt that a turn in that direction has already been taken.

"Thanksgiving in Goose Gulch," a short two act play was presented on Wednesday afternoon of this week in Mr. Day's room. The cast was composed of members of the eighth grade. Several members from Miss Balch's room contributed to the program with appropriate Thanksgiving recitations. Guests included Miss Balch's pupils and several parents and friends.

Two new students have recently joined the eighth grade: Cynthia Holmes came to us from Stoddard and Stanley Grant from Warner.

The attendance average for the seventh and eighth grades for the past four weeks was 99.5 per cent.

This Sailor Explained In Detail Just Why He Had to Overstay His Absence Leave

The story of the Gob who overstayed his leave has been going the rounds in many forms, but here is one that Lester M. Start asks us to accept as authoritative. This is what the gob wrote to his commanding officer:

"On Sept. 7, 1937, I left the ship on ten days leave at my brother's farm in Cobblebrook, Ark.

"On Sept. 10 my brother's barn burned down all except the brick silo which was damaged at the top by the bolt of lightning which started the fire.

"On Sept. 11 he decided to repair the silo right away because he had to get his corn in it. I was going to help him.

"I rigged a barrel hoist to the top of the silo so that the necessary bricks could be hoisted to the top of the silo where the repair work was going on. Then we hauled up several hundred bricks. This later turned out to be too many bricks.

"After my brother got all the brick work repaired, there was still a lot of brick at the top of the silo on the working platform we had built. I said I would take it all down below. So I climbed down the ladder and hauled the barrel all the way up. Then I secured the line with sort of a slip knot so I could undo it easier later.

"Then I climbed back up the ladder and piled bricks into the barrel until it was full.

"I climbed back down the ladder. Then I untied the line to let the brick down. However, I found the barrel of brick heavier than I was and when the barrel started down, I started up. I thought of letting go, but by that time I was so far up I thought it would be safer to hang on.

"Half way up the barrel hit me on the shoulder pretty hard but I still hung on.

"I was going pretty fast at the top and bumped my head. My fingers also got pinched in the pulley block. However, at the same time the barrel hit the ground and the bottom fell out of it, letting all the brick out.

"I was then heavier than the barrel and started down again. I got burned on the leg by the other rope as I went down until I met the barrel again which went by faster than before, and took the skin off my shins.

"I guess I landed pretty hard on the pile of bricks, because at that time I lost my presence of mind and let go of the line and the barrel came down and hit me squarely on the head.

"The doctor wouldn't let me start back to the ship until Sept. 15, which made me two days overleave, which I don't think is too much under the circumstances."

Acre Measurements
One acre contains 160 square rods, 4,840 square yards, or 43,560 square feet. If the length and width of any field be known, the required width and length to enclose an acre may be found by dividing the known distance in feet into the number of square feet in an acre. The length of a side of a square acre is 208.71 feet.

GRANITE STATE GARDENER

By W. D. Holley, University of New Hampshire
Durham, New Hampshire

People who are fond of fresh rhubarb will find it easy to force some in the cellar of their house and enjoy this product all winter long. The forcing is very simple. Some of those old clumps that have been hanging around the garden for 20 or 30 years may be taken up and allowed to freeze solid. This is a very, very important factor because rhubarb will not grow for you in your cellar unless you allow it to freeze solid before you take it down stairs.

Then after it is frozen set it in a fairly warm corner of the cellar, cover it over with soil, wet it down in good shape, and the rhubarb will grow in anywhere from two to eight weeks depending upon the temperature of the cellar. If the cellar runs around 45 or 50 degrees, it will take from six to eight weeks for it to grow. If the cellar runs around 50 degrees, it may produce edible rhubarb within two weeks after setting it in the cellar. Usually two or three pickings are made from each planting.

Now in order to get a succession it is well to keep the frozen roots in a cold place where they are likely to remain frozen until ready for use, and then they are set as described above.

The medium for covering the roots may be sand, or coal ashes. I personally prefer soil because it holds water better, and because if anything it is easier to get. The fertility of the soil makes very little difference since the growth is made entirely from the roots rather than from any nutrients which might be in the soil.

The roots are worthless for forcing after they have once been used and people who wish to force rhubarb year after year should sow some seed, preferably in August, and transplant the rhubarb into the garden in a rich soil two feet apart each way and then it may be forced after one or two seasons of growth. Two-year old roots are best for forcing, but even one-year roots may produce two pounds of edible rhubarb per root.

Bennington

Miss Vincena Drago was in Milford with her people for the weekend.

Miss Mae Cashion spent the holidays in Manchester with her sisters.

Mrs. John Logan is not so well. She has Mrs. F. Harrington caring for her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pappatolicus have been entertaining company from Vermont.

Next week Wednesday will be the regular meeting of the Missionary Society.

Henry W. Wilson is gaining nicely. He is able to sit up most of the day now, but must go slowly.

Mrs. Harry Dunbar is still unable to use her foot as the sprain was severe. Her daughter is caring for her.

Miss Esther Perry of Milan, N. H., spent Thanksgiving and week end with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry.

Mrs. Phillip Knowles, Mrs. M. Wilson, Robert and Ruth Wilson spent Thanksgiving at William Knowles' home in Concord.

The children who are selling chocolate bars are doing a wonderful job. They expect to buy song books for the Sunday School Choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Clymer are expecting Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clymer of Keene, next Saturday as that is the only date they can celebrate Thanks giving together.

Mrs. Martha Allen, Contoocook, is with her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Perry, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hudson of Claremont, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Minnie Cody.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

Thank you for publishing the Miracle Broadcast stations for Sundays at 9 P. M.

I learn that the broadcast is a 2 P. M. also, from Worcester, Mass. 580 Kilo and Providence, R. I. 780 Kilo, some may find it more convenient at that time. Some may not be able to get it at 9 P. M.

Gratefully
A Subscriber

NIEDNER COW COMPLETES NEW OFFICIAL RECORD

A new record, exceeding the average of the Guernsey breed for her age and class has just been completed by a three and one-half year old Rosewald Elberta 464567, of Hillsborough, N. H., tested and owned by William Niedner. Her official record supervised by the University of New Hampshire and announced by The American Guernsey Cattle Club is 12450.6 pounds of milk and 608.4 pounds of butter fat in class D.

Stood on Stool When Crowned. William III of England, who was shorter than Mary, his consort, stood on a stool when he was crowned.

Bennington

Cards were enjoyed after the Grange meeting last Tuesday night.

The restaurant run by James Pappatolicus and his father-in-law has closed. It seems very strange to go past and see no signs of life there.

Miss Lillian Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cody and daughter spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Cody's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Putnam, in Springfield, Vt.

Rev. George Driver of Winchester, Mass., filled the Congregational Church pulpit last Sunday and Rev. Herbert L. Packard of New York State, is expected next Sunday.

Vernon Brown in U. S. A., training in Rantoul, Ill., has completed his course there and is now on furlough. He is with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown. Later Vernon will go to Texas.

A special Thanksgiving service took place at the Congregational Sunday School last Sunday. Each pupil brought some fruit and as they marched around they sang "Bringing in the Sheaves" and placed their fruit in a basket. This fruit was later divided and given to families as a Thanksgiving offering. A special story was given by the Superintendent and a Thanksgiving prayer by Kimon Zachos. Each Class also had special exercises.

Antrim Branch

Willis Muzzey had the misfortune to break an arm recently.

Miss Hilda Cochrane visited her mother one day last week.

The Aborn family has moved into the cottage they recently built.

Vaughn Cochrane is employed by the Southwestern New Hampshire Transportation Co.

Mrs. Helen Clough of Newport is stopping with her sister, Mrs. G. E. Wilson, for a season.

While chopping wood last week Madison McIlvin got a fall and broke his collar bone and suffered other bruises. He is now a patient at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital.

GIFTS

TO MAKE EYES SPARKLE

Consider well the selection of your Christmas Gifts. They must represent thought and careful selection... they must have beauty of styling. But your gifts must be more than ornamental, they must be useful.

Consider well our whole array of Electrical Gifts. They are ideally suited to Christmas giving, each one telling by deeds, not words, how easy it is to stay young electrically.

TOASTERS

PRICED FROM \$1.39

WAFFLE IRONS

PRICED FROM \$4.95

SANDWICH GRILLS

PRICED FROM \$3.95

EASY TERMS ON PURCHASES OF \$3.95 UP
SEE OUR GIFT SUGGESTIONS NOW

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Corner Club met at Edward R. Grant's home, November 19. Refreshments were served by Barbara Groves.

Thanks are due to Mr. VanHennik, Mr. Grant and Mr. Taylor for pulling up the old stumps and cleaning-up in the North Branch Cemetery the past week. Their services were contributed free and have improved the cemetery hundred per cent.

Washable Paper
When repapering, if possible buy the washable papers for playroom, stair dados and other much used places. Soiled spots can then easily be washed and the paper will keep in good condition for a long time.

Coffee Substances
Coffee contains more substances than any other beverage—water, sugar, gum caseine, fat, oil, caffeine, mineral water and wood.

SPECIALS FOR CHRISTMAS!!!

Christmas Cards

CHOICE OF ONE OR EIGHT DESIGNS
YOUR NAME PRINTED ON EACH CARD

25 for \$1.25

50 for \$1.00

"Name-On" Pencils

COLORED STRIPED or YELLOW
PRINTED WITH YOUR NAME and ADDRESS

12 for 49c

30 for \$1.00

60 for \$1.75

Monogrammed Playing Cards

TWO COMBINATIONS OF COLORS
TWO GRADES

2 Decks for \$1.25

2 Decks for \$1.50

STATIONERY

NEW DESIGNS—PRINTED—NICELY BOXED

200 SHEETS PAPER \$1.00 AND UP
100 ENVELOPES

ANTRIM REPORTER

Antrim, New Hampshire

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

-AND STILL GROWING

1782
ALEXANDER HAMILTON...
THE FIRST BANK...
A HANDFUL OF DEPOSITORS.
TODAY—15,000 BANKS HAVE
45,000,000 SAVINGS ACCOUNTS ALONE.

THE FIRST U.S. LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY BEGAN IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1759. TODAY—AMERICA HAS 306 COMPANIES, ALL REGULATED BY STATE LAW, AND 124 MILLION POLICIES IN FORCE.

THE FIRST ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB GLOWED FOR EDISON IN 1879. TODAY—MORE THAN 23 MILLION HOMES HAVE ELECTRICITY. THE USE OF CURRENT IS UP 75% IN 7 YEARS.

THE MOTOR CAR... FOUR REGISTERED IN 1895. 30 MILLION TODAY.

THE AIRPLANE... THE FIRST ONE TO FLY, 1903. 1000 A MONTH MADE HERE NOW, AND INCREASING EVERY DAY.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



If you do much sewing at night, a bridge lamp with arm extended right over your sewing will give you the best light. A shade of off-white or pale amber gives the most restful light.

The household washing machine is ideal for dyeing curtains, draperies and other articles made of fabrics and can be colored with tints that do not require boiling. You can let the washer run until the articles are sufficiently and evenly colored.

Try combining clams and cooked corn. The flavors go especially well together and are delicious made into soups, stews, croquettes or cakes (mixed with mashed potatoes and deep fried).

Egg stains on table linen should be soaked in cold water before laundering because hot water sets such stains.

A new tangy appetizer is equal portions of tomato and sauerkraut juices. Add a slice of onion for each two cups of combined juice before chilling but remove them before putting the juice on the table.

Too much bluing in your rinsing water will give your clothes a dingy, gray color. Measure bluing carefully and mix it with a little water and then add it to the tub of water in which the clothes will be placed.

3 Simple Steps SPEED UP COLD RELIEF

Action begins in a short time. No long hours of painful discomfort.

Follow Directions in Pictures



3. Check temperature. If you have a fever and temperature does not go down—if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor.

This modern way acts with amazing speed. Be sure you get BAYER Aspirin.

At the first sign of a cold follow the directions in the pictures above—the simplest and among the most effective methods known to modern science to relieve painful cold symptoms fast.

So quickly does Bayer Aspirin act—both internally and as a gargle, you'll feel wonderful relief start often in a remarkably short time.

Try this way. You will say it is unequalled. But be sure you get the fast-acting Bayer product you want. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name when you buy.



GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN

Helpful Antagonist

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

DON'T BE BOSSED

BY YOUR LAXATIVE-RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY

When you feel gassy, headachy, lousy due to clogged-up bowels, do as millions do—take Feen-A-Mint at bedtime. Next morning—thorough, comfortable relief, helping you start the day full of your normal energy and pep, feeling like a million! Feen-A-Mint doesn't disturb your night's rest or interfere with work the next day. Try Feen-A-Mint, the chewing gum laxative, yourself. It tastes good, it's handy and economical... a family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT 10¢

"All the Traffic Would Bear"

There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.

Elegance of Fabric, Fine Furs Achieve New Style Distinction

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



and measures up to the test of long wear.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most outstanding characteristic of smartest winter fashions is the elegance and superiority of the materials employed in their making. Women of discriminating taste find their fondest hopes realized in the high distinction imparted to costumes by choice fabrics styled with classic simplicity. Add fur opulence and you have sounded the keynote to which the better part of the present style program tunes into uncertain terms.

Especially in the matter of woolen weaves have all previous records been exceeded with versatile textures, gorgeous colorings and fascinating novelty. Never before in the annals of textile history has there been such a superb showing in fabric output. The existing vogue for three-piece costume suits, and the style prestige accorded the new softly styled dressmaker coats have intensified spontaneous enthusiasm and interest in handsome sterling quality woolens.

Above in the illustration is presented a stunning coat with the dressmaker look. Softly styled as a dress is this new type now coming into prominence. The patrician model here shown has a nice sort of formality partly because of its softly sculptured lines and partly because of the fine 100 per cent wool Forstman fabric, called "velperla," of which it is made. The color "graingold" is also new. It gives one the feeling of autumn tinted birch leaves. Golden hued woolens and coppery tones and tints are being played up in all their glory, especially with the very smart spotted furs and with beaver trims. You will love the texture and "feel" of the material that fashions this coat. It is not only all wool with velvety fine finish, but it is crush resistant

The fur accent that distinguishes this coat deserves special comment. In the huge beaver-covered button lies a stroke of real styling genius. The single fur button fastening has already made widespread fashion appeal. This simple little touch of fur makes fine excuse to add a hat of matching fur and a huge muff which ensembles the costume most attractively. In the way of fur trims this season, something of fur always matches something else of fur in the costume, thus establishing a relationship that resolves the composition into a perfect unit.

The inimitable styling given the winsome dress of sheer woolen shown below to the right in the group is recognized at a glance. This most attractive model is an Eisenberg "original" and augurs well for the supremacy of American designers in the field of costume styling. Shirred ruching typifying superior workmanship forms giant pockets on bodice and hip. The straight sleeve gains interest from its unusual side closing fastened by three widely spaced buttons. For the lively touch so essential in this winter's costumes there are jeweled flower buttons and a contrasting satin ascot.

As you see below—to the left, tab pockets distinguish a sophisticated jacket of Fromm pedigree silver fox. A grand and glorious fur of this type will set off to perfection any cloth costume with which it is worn throughout winter. The skins are so cleverly marked and worked that the marking of the fox itself outlines the pockets as well as forming a yoke at the shoulders. A tiny standing collar, elongated lapels and pocket tops are of stitched taffeta—a combination of unusual chic that sets off the full silver-bright beauty of the fox. The wool hat has a great choux of coq feathers.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Trotter Derby



Here is an instance where the camera catches Dame Fashion in the very act of having appropriated for her very own the time-honored Derby hat pictured in the family album worn by revered ancestors in the early sixties or thereabouts. At any rate the "trotter derby" is smart this season, especially if you feminize it with a bewitching veil, face its wee brim with flattering blue velvet and wee bows of velvet ribbon in cunning pose at the back.

Masculine Influence

The masculine influence in women's fashion reflects in the new derby hats feminized with prettily frivolous veils, and flannel long-sleeved shirts that are topped with jackets cut and tailored in man fashion. Long wool knit socks and striped ties are campus favorites.

Hats, Gloves Add

Color to Costume

When you buy a new hat, buy a new pair of smart leather gloves to match. That's fashion's favorite idea for putting color spice into this year's costumes and American leather glove makers are playing right into fashion's hands with an array of colors such as you've never before seen.

There are two smart ways of matching gloves and hats... either match the gloves to the hat itself or to the trimming. Matching the trimming is a good idea if the hat is black with a contrasting feather, facing, ribbon or veil on it.

Or, better still, when you get a hat with contrasting trim, choose two pairs of gloves—one to match the hat and one to match the trim. Then when one pair of gloves is being washed (and most American-made gloves can be washed) you have another harmonious pair to wear.

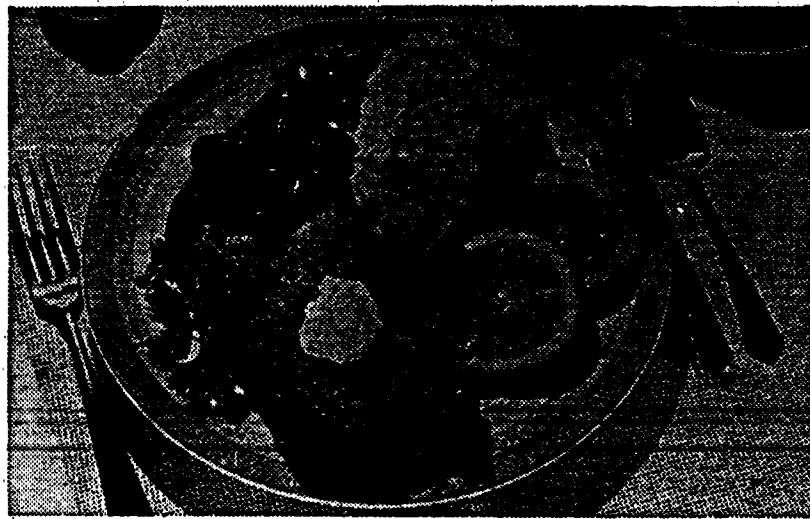
This hat and glove combination is an unbeatable idea for making one costume look like more, particularly if the main costume is black, dark brown, gray or beige... all of which can use hats and gloves in several different colors.

Frog Fastenings

The fact that frog fastenings are again in use comes as good news. Not only are "frogs" made of braid "a la militaire," but the newest note is to form them of cordings of the same cloth as the dress or coat. They serve in a utilitarian way admirably, and designers are developing the theme from the decorative point of view.

Household News

By Eleanor Howe



THE COMMUNITY SUPPER

(See Recipes Below)

So you're to manage the next community supper? And you're panicky about it! Of course it's a job to feed 200 people appetizingly and leave \$25 profit in the treasury. But it can be done! If you must eye the nickels when serving church or club suppers, study the following eight-point program for "feeding the multitude":

(1) Pick a general chairman who can picture the job as a whole. (2) Appoint a responsible person in charge of each food. (3) Arrange the kitchen conveniently for the different jobs. (4) Prepare as many foods ahead of time as possible. (5) Have utensils ready and garnishes at hand. (6) Name a hostess to direct waitresses. (7) Plan a uniform method of serving. (8) Plan menus well ahead of time.

If the meat dish is different, the whole meal seems to have variety. And there's many a trick for serving thrifty cuts differently.

Take meat loaf, for instance. A ham loaf de luxe with a good mustard-horseradish sauce will "make" any meal. Beef stew can be thickened a little, ladeled into dripping pans, covered with rounds or squares or diamonds of biscuit, and when baked it appears crustily and temptingly yours. If you wish to make it more "de luxe" bake and serve in individual casseroles.

For something different, plan for meat balls with rice. You can serve buttered turnips, and a salad made of cabbage, celery, green peas and pimiento which certainly sells the men this menu.

Now if pennies needn't be watched so closely and you want to do a fall or winter dinner up brown, here's a "ringer": Baked ham, raisin and cider sauce, raw vegetable salad, cranberry muffins, pumpkin pie, coffee, or milk.

Ham Loaf de Luxe.

(Serves 50)

5 pounds smoked ham (ground)
3 pounds veal (ground)
1/2 cup green pepper (minced)
1/2 cup onion (chopped)
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
8 eggs (beaten)
1 quart tomato soup (canned)
1 quart bread crumbs or uncooked cereal

Combine the meat, green pepper, onion and seasonings. Add beaten eggs, tomato soup, and bread crumbs or uncooked cereal. Pack into bread loaf pans and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 1 1/2 hours.

Beef Stew With Biscuits.

(Serves 50)

9 pounds beef round (cut into 1-inch cubes)
2 cups flour
1 cup hot beef drippings
3 quarts boiling water
1/2 teaspoon peppercorns
2 bay leaves
1 quart turnips (diced)
1 quart carrots (diced)
1 cup onions (sliced)

Salt and pepper to taste
Cut beef into 1-inch cubes. Dredge in the flour and brown in hot beef drippings. Place in kettle and add boiling water. Cook slowly for 2 to 3 hours. Add peppercorns and bay leaves. Add carrots and turnips 1 hour before serving. Add salt and pepper. If necessary, thicken with flour paste. Serve hot with baking powder biscuits on top.

Meat Balls With Rice.

(Serves 40 to 45)

4 pounds beef (ground)
3 pounds pork (ground)
2 onions (minced)
2 cups rice (uncooked)
2 cups cracker crumbs
4 eggs (beaten)
4 tablespoons salt
1 teaspoon pepper
2 cups milk

Combine ingredients and mix well. Form into balls. Place in shallow roasting pans. Pour over 2 quarts tomato sauce or tomato soup. Cover pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

Easy Entertaining.

"Easy Entertaining" was written for homemakers who occasionally run out of ideas on what to serve at tea parties, fall and winter bridge parties, and many other kinds of parties. It is an aid to those who would like to serve something a little different, to give the occasion a festive air.

For your copy write to "Easy Entertaining," in care of Eleanor Howe, 819 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and enclose 10 cents in coin.

turning the meat balls several times during cooking. Add water if necessary, during the baking.

Cider and Raisin Sauce.

(Serves 12)

1 cup sugar
1/4 cup cornstarch
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 quart cider
1 cup seedless raisins
6 small pieces cinnamon
12 whole cloves

Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt, cider and raisins together. Place spices in a cheesecloth bag and add to mixture. Boil gently for 15 minutes. Remove spice bag and serve hot sauce over ham.

Cabbage and Celery Salad

With Peas.

(Serves 25)

4 No. 2 cans peas (2 quarts)
2 1/2 quarts cabbage (shredded)
2 quarts celery (diced)
Pimiento (cut fine)
Salt to taste
Mayonnaise
3 heads lettuce
Drain peas (reserving liquid for soup, gravy, etc.) and chill. Add cabbage, celery, pimiento, salt and mayonnaise, and mix well. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Lemon Cream Scones.

(Makes 30 scones)

2 cups flour (sifted)
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 teaspoon lemon rind (grated)
2 eggs
1/4 cup light cream
1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon lemon rind (grated)

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and the 1 tablespoon of sugar together. Cut in butter and add 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Reserving 1 tablespoon egg white for glaze, beat remaining eggs well and add cream. Combine with flour mixture. Add lemon juice and stir until soft dough forms. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll dough to 1/4-inch thickness and cut into 3-inch squares, then cut each square from corner to corner, making triangles. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Brush tops lightly with slightly beaten egg white and sprinkle with mixture made of 3 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) 12 minutes, or until brown. Before serving, spread with orange marmalade and reheat.

Cabbage and Carrot Salad

With Peanuts.

(Serves 25)

5 quarts cabbage (shredded)
20 carrots (grated)
2 1/2 cups peanuts (chopped)
2 cups salad dressing

Mix together the cabbage, carrots, peanuts and salad dressing. Chill thoroughly and serve.

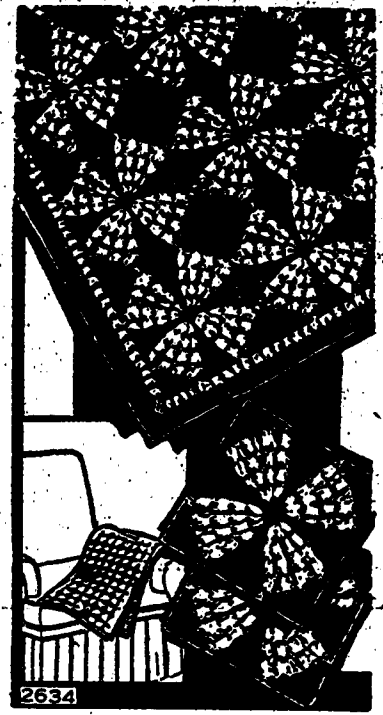
HOUSEHOLD HELPS

Add finely cut mint leaves to orange juice and chill. Just before serving add 1 1/2 cups pale dry ginger ale to each two cups of orange juice.

For variety sprinkle some grated cheese over the top of raisin, apple or mince pie and heat for five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve a once.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union)

Things to do



HERE'S how the smart woman adds beauty to her home or makes a lovely gift—she crochets these squares in easy puff stitch and double crochet and soon has enough to join into this rich afghan.

Pattern No. 2634 contains directions for afghan; illustrations of 19 and stitches; color schemes; photograph of square; materials required. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
22 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. 2634
Name
Address

Our Humility

Humility is a means of progress. When we realize how little we know we shall yearn and strive to know more; when we feel how imperfect is our character, and not till then, we shall make earnest efforts after our improvement.

Isn't This Why You Are Constipated?

What do you eat for breakfast? Coffee, toast, maybe some eggs? What do you eat for lunch and dinner? White bread, meat, potatoes? It's little wonder you're constipated. You probably don't eat enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat. It's a kind of food that forms a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a movement. If this is your trouble, may we suggest a crunchy, toasted cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—for breakfast. All-Bran is a natural food, not a medicine—but it's particularly rich in "bulk." Being so, it can help you not only to get regular but to keep regular. Eat All-Bran regularly, and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

Human Pity

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

Survey Entrance to all Points of Interest

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ANTRIM REPORTER
ANTRIM, N. H.

PROCTOR'S COLUMN

Continued from page 1

home. Get in touch with him direct. The last of this month cleans up a lot of game laws. Nov. 30 closes the season on waterfowl, ducks, geese, gallinules, rails, scoter, sor, Wilson snipe. The raccoon season also closes Nov. 30. Ruffed grouse are protected after Nov. 30.

This is the season of the year when we find them out trying to get a few shiners and minnows for winter ice fishing. The past two

years shiners have been very scarce and very high in price. This year you cannot use anything larger than a 48-inch circular net for the taking of shiners. You also know that you cannot use gold fish for bait and the fine is anywhere from \$10 to \$50. If gold fish or carp are found in your possession, that's enough for any judge. Don't forget that you cannot take shiners from any stream inhabited by trout.

The presence of a jack light in your car is evidence enough that you are out on a deer jacking expedition and you will be asked to

dig up \$50 for this little night's work. You also lose your gun and your car will be placed in cold storage till the fine is paid in full.

Last week I made quite a few midnight calls on people in the outlying districts and checked on quite a few cars that looked like jackers. They were all petters.

No person shall at any time hunt, take or have in his possession any moose, caribou or elk or any part of the carcass thereof taken in this state. Penalty \$200.

You can't hunt deer before 6 a. m. nor after 5 p. m. One deer in a season starting Dec. 1, and ending Dec. 15. Deer cannot be shot in the water nor on any island in the state. Wild deer cannot be taken with the following: with aid of a dog, jack or other artificial light, trap, snare, salt lick, squivel, pivot, or set gun. No person shall drive deer by the use of horns, whistles, or other noise making devices. If any of the above are found in your possession you also lose the vehicle in which the same is being transported. If on the water the boat, if by land your automobile or old "Jennie" if by team. Think that over.

In my travels around the country I have with me a little "Peke" which I picked up one day. She loves to ride and if I attempt to go without her. Some one said why don't you get a he man's dog. Well I have one at home, a big St. Bernard, but if she went I would have to ride on the running board. I like all kinds of dogs with the exception of one but I won't name the breed as many of my friends own one.

Hetty Green's Clothes

When young Hetty Green, famous woman capitalist, went to New York to spend a winter her father gave her \$1,200 to spend on clothes while there. Hetty, however, even at that early age, had different inclinations and invested \$1,000 of the money in bonds. She went about the city looking shabby, until her hostess bought her a complete party outfit for a big social event. But Miss Green attended the ball in her shabby old clothes. When she left New York she took the clothing with her, still unworn.

ANTRIM BOY WRITES

Continued from page 1

feet wide. It is about half done now which gives plenty of space for all but the four-motored flying fortresses which we will have as soon as the rest of the runway is completed. There are 14 planes here now. There are eight two-motor bombers about the size of the transcontinental passenger planes, three observation planes, two pursuit planes and one training plane. We expect 19 more planes Monday and I haven't any idea how many there will be a year from now.

They have mock bombing raids on San Juan every Tuesday night and will usually take some soldiers to make up a load. I haven't been yet, but some of my outfit were lucky enough to go. I'll give you a description of that when I get a chance to go. They have anti-aircraft practice when the planes get back here. There are about 50 giant searchlights stationed here on trucks which go to various spots around the camp and spot the planes from all angles. The planes fly so high for that practice that you can't hear them by anything but a sound locator. So much for the airport.

We have a complete army here with the exception of tanks and cavalry. There are more air corps men than anything else. There is infantry, field artillery, coast artillery, anti-aircraft, medical, ordnance, quartermaster, national guard, some conscripts, beside the signal corps. There were about 2500 men here when I came in and there are over 5,000 now. We had a whole boat load of air corps men come in last Friday and the National Guard detachment came in the previous week. Tents and barracks spring up like mushrooms. Every time you turn around there is something new.

I was one of the lucky six of my outfit that sleeps in barracks. The rest are in army tents. The barracks are similar to the CCC barracks you see around New Hampshire. They are about 75 feet long and 20 feet wide. There are 40 men in each building. We have to keep mosquito nets over our beds at night. The net is hung on bars from the head and foot of the bed and looks a little like a tent. I never see a mosquito in the day time, but as soon as you lie down at night unless you put down the net, they come like so many dive-bombers and with nearly as much noise. It seems to be a fairly healthy place here. The temperature is nearly constant and we almost always have a little breeze.

We just finished our recruit training and will go to work and study Monday. We have been drilling for three hours every morning except Sunday since we got here. Some days it was awfully hot drilling but we would get breaks once in a while to get a drink of water so we could sweat some more. I don't have to be told to drink my eight glasses of water a day for health. I bet I drink a gallon a day. Our shower baths here are cold water and when I take a shower I am nice and cool for a half hour or so. We get up at 6 a. m., and take a 20-minute march to wake up, every day except Sunday when we can sleep until 7. When we get back from the walk we each sweep under our own beds, shave, wash and shine our shoes, then breakfast at 7. We have to be ready to go at 7:30. Dinner is served at 12 and supper at 5.

We have had lectures, games and some drilling in the afternoon. We have Wednesday and Saturday afternoon free and all day Sunday. I usually go to the movies at night. We have a nice open air theatre and the admission is only a dime. Everyone carries his raincoat to the show and uses it for a cushion. It can cloud up and rain in ten minutes, so quite often we sit in the rain and watch the show. It makes a funny sight, but nobody minds it much.

I have been to church every Sunday. We have a wonderful chaplain, but his problem for a congregation is worse than Rev. Kittredge's. There are only 12 or 15 there out of all this crowd.

Love to all,
WALLY.

Registration of Aliens—

Alien registration will end on Dec. 28 and all non-citizens who have not yet registered are warned that severe penalties will follow failure to comply with this Federal law.

All aliens, 14 years of age and older, must register in person and be fingerprinted.

Alien children, under 14, must be registered by their parents or guardians.

Registration takes place at the post offices.

There is no charge of any kind connected with alien registration.

The Department of Justice warns aliens to beware of racketeers. The Post Office Department and the Department of Justice will willingly assist the alien in every possible way.

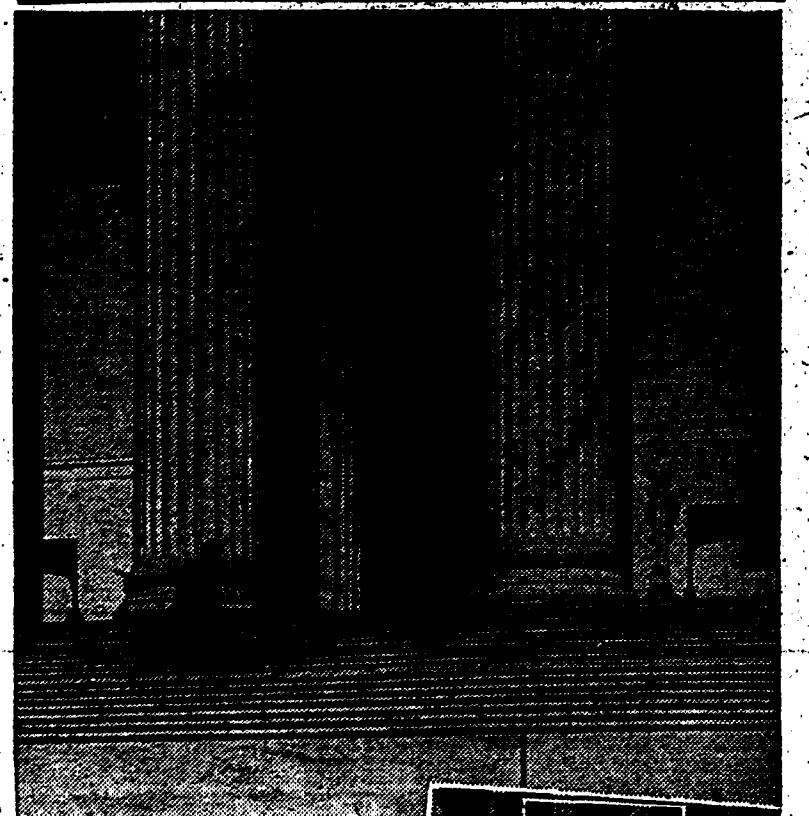
All aliens are also warned that, having registered, they are required to report any change in their permanent residence address within five days to the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Department of Justice in Washington. Forms for this purpose are obtainable at all post offices.

Denmark's Buried Church

One of the sights for tourists in Denmark is an old church in the sand dunes, south of Skagen. Buried by a sand storm in the Eighteenth century, today only its tower is visible.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

MAKING PICTURES BETTER



Enlarging helps any picture—especially if you find the real picture first. Above, the final enlargement. At right, the part of the original that was used. The original has about 500 percent too much building—and the figure is "lost."

IT'S wonderful what a bit of trimming will do for the average picture—and it's especially worthwhile if you're planning to have an enlargement made. For the past few evenings, we have been going through our summer shots, studying the prints and trimming those that include too much—and we're getting a lot of pleasant surprises.

For example, here's a landscape shot that looks just so-so. Too much blank sky—no clouds that day. So, we try covering up part of the sky, and mask out a telephone pole at the left that doesn't "belong." It now becomes a very pleasant scene—worth at least a 5 x 7 enlargement. As a guide for enlarging, we mark the print, and then trim away the parts we don't want.

Then here's a shot of Jack climbing into his canoe. Good action—but the camera was too far away, and tilted a bit to one side. So, we mark off just the part we want—a middle section that takes in only about half of the original picture.

This trimming idea works for everybody's pictures—yours as well as ours. Pick the part you want—throw away the rest—and you have a better, more interesting picture. A good system is to cut out two L-shaped pieces of cardboard, turn them end to end, and use them as a movable "mask" over the print. By adjusting the cardboard, you can really find the "heart" of the picture.

Then, having found the real picture, you can proceed to make enlargements, or have them made—thus bringing out the detail and quality that comes with large size. And, chances are, you'll find you're a better picture-taker than you thought.

John van Guilder

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