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Monadnock Region Assn. Will Aid Vocational Training In This District

Headmasters of Ten High Schools Meet Vocational Division of Association at Keene and Discuss Plans to Aid Graduates in Finding Employment.

Vocational guidance and training, a subject brought sharply into focus throughout the state and nation as a result of the national defense program and a shortage of trained workers, was discussed from both the angle of the educator and the employer at a meeting sponsored by the vocational division of the Monadnock Region association in Keene last week.

Out of the discussion period during which many concrete suggestions were offered as to how employers of labor and the schools of the Monadnock region can better cooperate in finding employment for young men and women of the region, following graduation from high schools, is expected to come a second meeting at which the region's board of control will consider and probably take the first steps in establishing a definite program.

Ten Schools Represented
Headmasters of 10 high schools in all sections of the region were present for the meeting, also Keene Teachers college educators and a representative of industry who is interested in the problem of vocational training and guidance.

In opening the meeting, Homer S. Bradley of Keene and Swanzey, chairman of the vocational division, asserted that it is not the purpose of the division to interfere with or supersede any programs already started. The Monadnock Region association, he said, is interested in the high school boys and girls and those graduates who are not able to secure employment.

In supplementing the chairman's remarks, Sec. Edward Ellingwood pointed out that the business men of the region are beginning to realize that the question of replacing certain types of skilled labor is a problem and they are becoming interested in seeing young men remain in the region and vocational training. He cited several examples of certain industries in which skilled workers of advanced years must be replaced with younger men. The meeting was then thrown open for suggestions and the response was gratifying.

The suggestion was made that employers needing a certain type of help could inform the schools as to what their specific needs are, that employers could aid by informing the schools relative to their labor needs prior to the close of school so that schools can contact the employers and, perhaps, place some of their graduates.

Another suggestion offered was that the association prepare a bulletin of job opportunities throughout the region, actual and expected. It was reported that some business men are going to the NYA to secure trained help.

Success of Trade Schools

Success which trade schools have achieved in training boys for specific types of work was discussed and some of the educators present felt that they should make an attempt to steer boys into such training institution following graduation rather than towards advanced courses with general training only.

Considerable interest is being shown among the educators in the findings of a state-wide survey which are to be released soon by Dr. Arnold Hanson and which are expected to show if there exists a genuine need for the establishment of a trade school system of education in the state.

John Bellows, who is connected with the Monadnock Paper company

in Bennington, suggested that much could be done in the region by vocational guidance, that the region organization could get industrial, professional and business men to visit the schools and talk with interested groups and tell the young men and women just what is required and expected in different professions.

One of the educators expressed the belief that employers of labor should contact the schools when they desire to fill positions rather than hire any applicant who comes along, although it was admitted by some that much will have to be done in the way of educating the employer to break down a wall of resistance which some of the group feels that business has for boys trained along certain lines in school.

Confidence of an employer can be secured, it was stated, if a few boys placed by the schools make good in their jobs. Mr. Bellows and Mr. Ellingwood expressed the belief that employers will cooperate by sending representatives to the schools to talk.

K.T.C. Head Speaks

Dr. Young of Keene Teachers' college asserted that there is no problem in school work which is more important and which less is known about than vocational guidance. It is his opinion that many training courses which have been set up in high schools are based upon meeting the particular needs of the community and he told how the chemistry courses in Berlin have been changed and made more practical and said they better fill the need of the young men and women who might enter the Brown company in that city or the hospital. He feels that high schools are holding out in many instances false hopes to their students concerning employment when they finish their education.

This was borne out by several of the other high school headmasters who have made studies in an endeavor to find out what lines of employment their graduates have entered and it was stated that of the large number of girls taking commercial studies, for instance, that very few were able to utilize this training in making a living after graduation, that the supply far exceeds the demand.

The various headmasters told to what extent local industries took their graduates into employment and in most instances it was revealed that industry could not or did not absorb all who are looking for jobs. Experience of Keene High school with respect to this situation was outlined by Prin. Raymond E. Clafin.

Those In Attendance

Headmasters of high schools in attendance included Cleon B. Johnson, Hinsdale; Ernest B. Dana, East Jeffrey; Raymond E. Clafin, Keene; Elliot W. Keech, Marlboro; Harold A. Truell, Milford; Lester E. Smith, New Ipswich; Ernest F. Forbes, Peterboro; Gerald H. Faunce, Troy; Roland E. Currier, Wilton; and Carl D. Grupe.

Others present were Dr. Lloyd P. Young, president of Keene Teachers college; Conrad A. Adams, head of the trades and industries course at Keene Teachers college; George Kendall of the Kendall Hall school, Peterboro and John Bellows, Peterboro, an executive of the Monadnock Paper company of Bennington; Edward Ellingwood, executive secretary of the Monadnock Region association and Mr. Bradley.

Good Will Toward Men



One anniversary and one alone belongs to all the world. Each nation has holidays which celebrate its heroes and important events in its history.

But these are of human origin and are transcended by one event that is celebrated by all nations. Only once a year the whole earth echoes with tidings of joy sung by all peoples.

Ever since the Virgin Mother laid her baby in its manger bed in Bethlehem, Christmas has been God's gift to every home, the equal possession of all mankind.

The day comes this year to a confused world which will receive the greeting of a Merry Christmas with eager hearts. It is at this season that we renew the hope for "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Christmas brings within the reach of men and women everywhere the blessings which no change of time or circumstances can take away. It lifts the eyes of men from worldly trials to the vision of a Living Christ, newborn at this time; it lifts man's mind to the knowledge of God's love. It brings us to that neighborly love which the small town and rural community best typifies today.

This newspaper, which has served this community with neighborly tidings, extends to you all the sincere wishes for a very Merry Christmas.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Listen all you deer hunters that got a good buck's head and are not going to have it set up. I have a friend that's interested in taxidermy and would like a head or two to see what he can do. What have you got for him?

From Antrim comes a nice lot of tinfol from A. L. Poor and from Ed Carlson of Peterboro (VIA) Algie Holt (Sub Agency). Thanks from the crippled children.

Here is another one for you deer hunters. Troop No. 308 of Rindge would like your deer pelts and here is how bad they want them. The scoutmaster, Russell E. White, will go any reasonable distance and skin the deer for the pelt. This is to be used for the benefit of the Boy Scouts. Don't let your old pelt rot when it can be used to such good advantage.

Well we have our moose and our beaver and our elk now we will introduce you to a two-year-old black bear. Its tracks have been seen by no less an authority than Jacob Abbott of Dublin and Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Abbott has been a regular contributor with his art pictures in the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Rice of the "Yankee" magazine also has

seen the tracks between Dublin and Harrisville. Mr. Abbott has a national reputation as an authority on wild life.

The deer season is now a matter of history for 1940 and it will go down into history as the biggest kill for many years, in fact some of the oldest hunters say they never saw anything to beat it. No one will know for some time yet what the kill was till the coupons are all turned in. The hunters have ten days to return these to the State Dept. at Concord.

Did the warden punch your license after you got your deer?

Four women in my district got their deer: Mrs. William Webb of Wilton got hers in Wilton. Mrs. Clark of the Stiles farm got hers in Amherst. Mrs. Elliott of Antrim got hers in Antrim and Mrs. William Haven of Nashua got hers in Wilton. Two young fellows under 18 got theirs hunting with their fathers.

Believe it or not but Mrs. Rosa of Ski Village, Temple, served almost 300 cups of coffee last Sunday to the out of state skiers.

(Continued on page 8)

Santa Claus Comes to Bennington

Down the chimney—what—with a hot fire in the furnace? Of course not; up the fire escape instead.

Round, jolly, dressed in red and trimmed with white with his pack on his back Santa, at last, was seen and shook hands with the children of Bennington. Even a little bit of a girl who was inclined to cry at first decided that she wanted to shake hands with Santa too.

Such wonderful presents too that Santa gave, big dolls with large eyes beautiful pencil boxes with oodles of pencils and everything else, jack knives good enough for any boy scout, dart games, rubber toys, nurses kits and other things dear to the heart of childhood. Santa had stockings of candy too and large oranges as well as ice cream and cookies. What a night was Monday night!

The Lindsay Orchestra sure can play and not only did they play and delight every one in the hall but their services were given free. What a wonderful thing to be able to give such enjoyment to everyone. They played not only before the entertainment but also after all the gifts were given out or dancing.

Black faced, with a wide grin, Frank Mann, professional entertainer bounced onto the stage and for over an hour performed for the amusement of all there, juggling he amused with his trick hat, with a musical saw he gave sweet music, he performed tricks with a young boy, Kimon Zachos to help, and he made a small dummy talk, whistle and sing and made the youngsters giggle as he used his powers as a ventriloquist. A very good entertainment. The hall was packed upstairs and down. It is estimated that about 300 came to the party.

The committee is extremely grateful to all who made this party possible and helped in any way to make the different parts of this big time a happy continuity. The hall was beautifully trimmed, a great tree gleaming with lights and ornaments occupied the lower right hand corner, while smaller lighted trees and evergreen with dolls here and there, graced the front of the stage.

The story is told, the happy thrilling evening is over. The lights are down, the trees gone from the hall, the litter of papers cleaned up but in the hearts of the children of Bennington the memory and delight that this handful of men have placed there will live on and on.

Congratulations should be extended to this committee from the citizens of Bennington! Over 160 children made happy because of the ideas, ideals and work of these men: Frederick Sheldon President, Maurice Newton Secretary, Robert Powers Treasurer, and the general committee, Roy Davidson, George McKay, Arthur Sawyer, Arthur Diemond, Robert Claffin, David Sylvester, Paul Cashion, George Edwards was appointed Master of Ceremonies; Ivan Clough and Raymond Sheldon were the police for the safety of the crowd, Donald Powers, James McLaughlin and Aaron Edmunds acted with the general committee in securing presents etc., and gave them the benefit of their discount. Miss Frieda Edwards secured money from the churches and organizations and hired the entertainer.

HARMONY LODGE, A. F. & A. M.

Harmony Lodge, No. 38, A. F. and A. M., held a two night session this past week and six candidates were made Master Masons. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, was the annual election of officers and their candidates were given the M. M. degrees.

A special communication was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 19, a turkey supper was served at 6:30 at Municipal hall with a hundred members and visitors present.

The meeting opened in Masonic Hall at 7:45 p.m., and the M. M. Degree was worked on their candidates. The work was done in two sections with W. M. Olo P. York, W. George W. Boynton, P. M. and W. Sherman G. Brown, P. M. doing the work. R. W. Harold W. Greatorex gave the history of the order.

Try a For Sale Ad.

Why Draft No. Is Not Same as Registrati'n No.

A registrant's Order Number is fixed by the order in which the serial numbers in his Local Board Area were drawn in the National Lottery. It was emphasized today by Massachusetts State Headquarters, Selective Service System.

It is highly improbable that a particular number on the National Master List would be a registrant's Local Board Order Number. Each Local Board crosses off all numbers on the National Master List which are higher than the highest serial numbered registrant of that Local Board. The registrant's position as shown on the National Master List will be changed accordingly, in each Local Board.

Numerous inquiries indicate that some registrants are confused as to the proper method of fixing Order Numbers.

This process may be best explained by taking the first 25 numbers from the National Master List—that is, the order in which the serial numbers were drawn from the bowl in the National Lottery—Assuming that a Local Board had 5,000 registrants, this board will strike out all serial numbers drawn which were above 5,000.

The first 25 numbers drawn in the National Lottery were: 158, 192, 8239, 6620, 6685, 4779, 8848, 6262, 8130, 5892, 5837, 5485, 6804, 8946, 5375, 7674, 4880, 4928, 105, 6582, 6729, 7608, 7857, 5995, 4861. This particular Local Board, having only 5,000 registrants, will strike out all numbers over 5,000, as follows: 8239, 6620, 6685, 8848, 6262, 8130, 5892, 5837, 5485, 6804, 8946, 5375, 7674, 6582, 6729, 7508, 7857, 5995.

The official Order Number list for this board then is No. 1—158; No. 2—192; No. 3—4779; No. 4—4880; No. 5—4928; No. 6—105; No. 7—4861. Among the resulting changes is that a registrant of this board who was 25th on the National Master List with serial number 4861 becomes order number 7 in his Local Board area.

Some confusion also has been caused by assuming that all men having the same order number in various local areas will be called at the same time. This is not correct. For example, if Local Board A classifies 500 men available for service and Local Board B classifies 50 men available for service, the quota for Local Board A will be ten times greater than that of Local Board B. Thus, a registrant with order number 100 in Local Board A will be called at the same time as a registrant with order number 10 in Local Board B.

This method insures a fair and equal apportionment of men called from large and small communities.

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FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE
By ROGER B. WHITMAN

Fruit Spots.
QUESTION: How can huckleberry stains be removed from clothing and linen?
Answer: Most fruit stains when fresh can be removed from cottons and linens by pouring boiling water through the stain from a height of three or four feet. The stained part of the fabric is stretched over a pail and tied in place; boiling water is then poured on it, and has sufficient force to take out the stain. Soap should not be used on a fruit stain, for it sets the color. If fabric stained with fruit juice has been laundered, removal is much more difficult. One method is to bleach with Javelle water, which, however, if not thoroughly rinsed out soon after using, may weaken the fabric. Follow directions on the label of the container. This chemical will also work with stains that are old and dried. Another method is to rub the stain with glycerine, to let it stand for some hours, and then to pour boiling water through the stain from a height. These methods are for cotton and linen. For stains on colored fabric, silk or wool, and for all valuable pieces, it is best to have the job done by a professional.

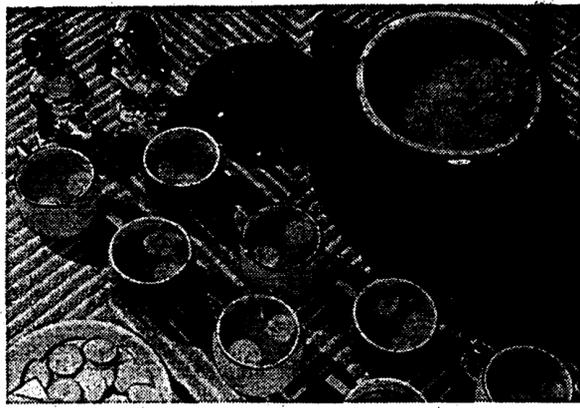
Copper Valleys.
Question: I would like your advice as to the use of copper in the flashing of valleys and slate surfaced asphalt shingles. I have been told that a chemical reaction takes place at a point where the edge of the asphalt shingle contacts the copper, causing pinholes. Strips of the same material of which the asphalt shingles are made, have been recommended. The top strip is laid wider than the under strip. What is your opinion?
Answer: The chemical reaction you describe may take place when copper is used in connection with other types of shingles as well. However, if the flashing is installed according to directions, the results will be far more lasting than the method described above. Write to the Copper and Brass Research association at 420 Lexington avenue, New York city, for complete instructions.

Odor in Refrigerator.
Question: Our gas refrigerator has a removable top. Roaches had established themselves inside, and in order to destroy them, we removed the top and poured in a disinfectant containing concentrated cresol. Now everything placed in the box becomes permeated with an obnoxious taste and odor. Please help.
Answer: Never use any chemical that has a strong odor in a refrigerator or any other food storage container. Wash the affected area with warm water to which has been added one teaspoonful of trisodium phosphate. Rinse with clear water. Do this when the refrigerator is defrosted. An excellent deodorant for refrigerators is powdered charcoal. It is made up in perforated containers, and can be purchased at most stores handling kitchen appliances and utensils.

Heating Plant.
Question: (same writer) What type of stove should I use for heating my house in the mountains? Wood is handy, and oil is easily procured.
Answer: If the house is compact in design and of open interior, and if the ceilings are not more than 15 inches above the top of the door openings, you would get satisfaction with a pipeless heater, to be put in the cellar, or a circulating hot air heater to go on the ground floor. Either one of these would be especially good if you plan to use the house only on week-ends and short visits. If you expect to live there permanently, you might do better to put in hot water or steam heat.

Old Boards.
Question: Could boards on the walls of an old barn be used as under flooring, or possibly even for finished flooring? In the latter case, is it better to lay the flooring first, and then to use a machine sander, or to have them planed at the mill before laying?
Answer: Boards that are not warped, and that are sound, can be used again. If they are hardwood, they would make good finish floors. If they are fairly smooth, machine sanding after laying might be enough, but I should prefer to have them run through a planer at a mill.

Damp Closet.
Question: What is the best medium to use in a clothes closet to absorb dampness?
Answer: One very simple method is the continuous burning of an electric light in the closet, the door of which is kept closed. The light should be placed on the floor, so that the heat will rise and circulate. For a closet of ordinary size, a 25-watt lamp is usually sufficient, but a larger lamp, of course, will furnish more heat.



NEW YEAR PARTIES MUST HAVE PLENTY OF ZIP
(See Recipes Below)

Household News
By Eleanor Howe

Celebrating the advent of a new year is excuse enough for a party in any crowd. Whether it's youngsters or the "oldsters" that gather to see the old year out, the new year in, the party must have plenty of novelty and "get-up-and-go"—new games, new music, new refreshments, too, and something to drink is a requirement!

Drink a toast to the new year with a piping hot punch; while the winds of winter howl and fling sheets of snow against the windows, a hot, tangy drink will cheer your guests (both young and old) and it starts them on the homeward trip warmed from within. "Hawaiian Hot Cup" is a drink that is new as the brand new year. Serve it steaming hot in small cups, with crisp crackers and wedges of cheese to accompany it.

Hot Spiced Cider and Holiday Mulled Grape Juice, served with Ginger Cookies or Doughnuts, make simple and satisfying refreshments for a crowd, and crisp, buttery popcorn or salted nuts are good to nibble on while the entertainment is under way.

If you'd like to start the evening with a buffet meal, here's a menu you and your guests will like.

Tuna Curry on Chinese Noodles
Mixed Salad With French Dressing
Hot French or Italian Bread
Orange Ginger Bread
With Whipped Cream
Coffee

Tuna Curry.
(Serves 10 to 12)
6 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 quart milk
3 cups tuna (coarsely flaked)
1/2 cup mushrooms
Mushroom liquor
6 hard cooked eggs (sliced)
Melt butter, add flour and seasonings, and stir until smooth. Add milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thick. Add remaining ingredients. Serve hot on Chinese noodles, and if desired, sprinkle with shredded, salted almonds.

Orange Gingerbread.
(Serves 15)
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
4 teaspoons orange rind (grated)
2 eggs (beaten)
3 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Add orange rind, and beaten eggs. Mix well. Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, salt and spices. Add to first mixture alternately with milk and molasses. Place batter in 2 greased 8-inch square pans and bake in a

Hawaiian Hot Cup.
(Serves 10 to 12)
2 cups kumquats (sliced)
1 cup sugar
5 cups canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
4 tablespoons of lime juice
2 tablespoons of lemon juice
Place sliced kumquats in bowl and mix well with the sugar. Let stand for 1 hour. Heat pineapple juice piping hot but do not boil. Pour over sugar and kumquats and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add lime and lemon juice, and serve at once.

Have You Made Your New Year's Resolutions?
I hope that in your list of resolutions for the new year, there are a few concerning good food and interesting meals. For instance, why not resolve to serve a home-made hot bread once a week? And resolve to keep the family cookie jar filled to the brim? And resolve to try at least one new cake or pie a week?
To make it easy, and to keep your own interest alive, send for my cook book "Better Baking." You'll find it's fun to try the recipes for Mountain Muffins, Honey Drop Biscuits, Hot Cinnamon Rolls, and Boston Brown Bread. And the family will bless you when you serve them Lemon Sunny Silver Pie!

To get the cook book, just send 10 cents in coin to "Better Baking," care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 to 40 minutes.

Mixed Salad.
(Serves 10 to 12)
1 large head lettuce
2 cups carrots (shredded)
3 cups red skinned apples (diced)
2 cups red grapes (halved and seeded)
3 tablespoons onion (minced)
French dressing

Separate leaves of lettuce, wash and dry thoroughly. Tear into pieces. Place in large salad bowl with carrots, apples, grapes and onion. Add French dressing and mix very lightly, using forks for the mixing.

French Dressing.
(Makes 1 1/2 cups)
1/2 clove garlic (grated)
4 lumps sugar
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon paprika
1 cup salad oil
1/2 cup lemon juice or vinegar
Grate garlic on lump sugar. Combine with remaining ingredients, pour into fruit jar, and shake until well blended.

Hot Spiced Cider.
(Serves 20 to 25)
1 gallon cider
2 cups brown sugar
3 sticks cinnamon
12 whole cloves
2 teaspoons all-spice berries
Combine ingredients in sauce pan. Simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. Strain and serve hot in small cups.

Holiday Mulled Grape Juice.
(Serves 10 to 12)
5 1/2 cups grape juice
2 1/2 cups water
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
12 whole cloves
2 sticks cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon orange rind (grated)
1/2 teaspoon lemon rind (grated)
Combine ingredients in sauce pan. Bring slowly to a boil. Strain. Serve hot.

Hawaiian Hot Cup.
(Serves 10 to 12)
2 cups kumquats (sliced)
1 cup sugar
5 cups canned unsweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice
4 tablespoons of lime juice
2 tablespoons of lemon juice
Place sliced kumquats in bowl and mix well with the sugar. Let stand for 1 hour. Heat pineapple juice piping hot but do not boil. Pour over sugar and kumquats and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add lime and lemon juice, and serve at once.



When cooking oatmeal, cornmeal, rice or anything likely to stick to the pan, just before serving remove from the fire, cover tightly and let stand five minutes. The steam will loosen the mixture from the bottom and the pan will be easy to wash.

Try peanut butter frosting for covering white or spice cakes. Add one-third of a cup of peanut butter to your regular uncooked white frosting. Blend in the peanut butter well before icing the cake. Decorated with a few roasted peanuts.

Pineapples may be used for holding salads or desserts. Use pineapples of uniform size. Cut them in halves lengthwise and using a fork, scrape out the pulp. (It may be used later.) Wash and chill the cases. Stuff them with fruit, melon balls or berries.

Try making edible place cards for children's parties. A simple one may be made by cutting out cards of cooking dough 1 by 2 inches in size. Bake them carefully and then write the name of each guest on his card with thin icing squeezed through a pastry tube.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS
When cooking oatmeal, cornmeal, rice or anything likely to stick to the pan, just before serving remove from the fire, cover tightly and let stand five minutes. The steam will loosen the mixture from the bottom and the pan will be easy to wash.

Star Dust
STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

REMEMBER that beloved book of your childhood days, "Little Men," by Louisa May Alcott? Well, imagine what it might be like with the addition of two new characters, to wit, Major Burdle, a fast-talking, amiable swindler who sacrifices everything for the love of his adopted son, and Willie the Fox, "a lovable, amusing 'living corpse,'" according to information from RKO. When you've finished this little picture puzzle, go to see the picture.

It's been turned out as adult entertainment, yet it's still a story for young folks. Kay Francis, George Bancroft and Jack Oakie head the cast, which includes Jimmy Lyon, Richard Nichols, Sammy McKim and Elsie, the glamour cow.

Ruth Hussey's work in Metro's "Flight Command," with Robert Taylor, and in "The Philadelphia Story," with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart and Cary Grant, have won her a new long-term contract. Incidentally, "Philadelphia Story" is the picture that Cary Grant made for the Red Cross—he accepted the assignment with the idea of turning over his salary to them—\$125,000.

Bitter words were said in Hollywood recently when various producers needed stunt women and found that 14 of the best had been corralled by Paramount for "Las Vegas Nights," which already had Phil Regan, Lillian Cornell and Tommy Dorsey and his band.

The maddening part of it was that the daring demoiselles weren't scheduled to do stunts, just to dance with cowboys and drink cold tea, that would screen as Scotch and soda.

Carole Landis is beginning to think there's something about her that makes scenario writers want to see how near they can come to killing her. In her last three pictures she has been (1) chased by a prehistoric mammoth, (2) scheduled to climb a flagpole on top of a skyscraper, and (3) requested to get chummy with cage-full of lions.

In her newest one, "Topper Returns," she is the target for a falling 250-pound chandelier. Plenty of precautions were taken when it was shot—after all, there's just one Carole Landis. Then, too, the chandelier cost \$800. A retake was just out of the question.

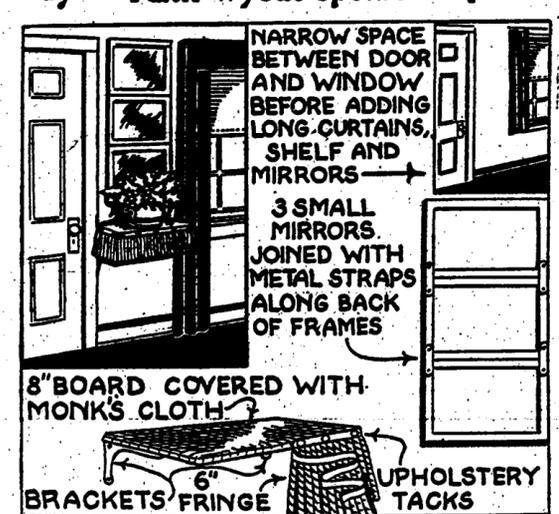
Bing Crosby's brother Bob, well known on the radio, makes his movie debut in "Let's Make Music," which, oddly enough, is a musical comedy. There are four musical numbers that may turn into hit songs, and Jean Rogers, Elizabeth Risdon and Joyce Compton are in the cast.

If you know of a waltz that Wayne King doesn't know you're one in a million. Fourteen years ago he started his library of waltz music; then he became known as "The Waltz King," and the demand for waltz music began to exceed the supply on hand. Since then he's been collecting what has grown into probably the largest library of waltz music in the country. His research staff includes three men in Chicago; two in New York; and one in South America.

The Pittsburgh Symphony men were rather startled when they learned that they were to play "Melancholy Baby" on that recent Musical Americana program. By the way, the song was written by Ed Burnett back in 1910 when he was waiting for his sweetheart to arrive on a train that was 18 hours late. And "If I Forget You," which Helen Jepson sang on that same program, was inspired by an editorial in the New York Times; Irving Caesar saw the editorial, which began with a quotation from the Psalms—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning"—and wrote the song.

ODDS AND ENDS—The University of California has engaged Rudy Vallee for a series of lectures before the radio class—he'll give practical advice on broadcasting and radio showmanship. . . . Kenney Baker has flown back and forth across the country so often, usually at night, that he declares he's travelled more and seen less than anybody else. . . . Mrs. Martin would like to leave that air show so that she can concentrate on motion picture work. . . . Bill Stern, director of "Sports Newsreel of the Air," has been offered a lecturing post in a radio announcing course, by a prominent university. He'll accept, if he can find time

HOW TO SEW
by Ruth Wyeth Spears



NARROW SPACE BETWEEN DOOR AND WINDOW BEFORE ADDING LONG CURTAINS, SHELF AND MIRRORS
3 SMALL MIRRORS JOINED WITH METAL STRAPS ALONG BACK OF FRAMES
8" BOARD COVERED WITH MONK'S CLOTH
BRACKETS FRINGE UPHOLSTERY TACKS

ON HER way home from the club Mrs. Martindale was thinking, "It will be my turn next. What will they think when they come to our house?" Then she put her latch key into the lock and stepped into her own front hall. "Just what I was afraid of," she said aloud. "When you look at this hall as an outsider the worst thing you think is that its owner is lacking in imagination." Right then things began to happen. The shabby old hall carpet was washed right on the floor and then dyed a deep green with hot dye applied with a scrub brush. The long lines of the new green sateen curtains turned the space between door and window into a definite panel crying for a long mirror and a console shelf. The sketch shows you how these were made from next to nothing. The frames of the three inexpensive small mirrors were painted red before they were fastened together. The shelf was covered with cream colored monk's cloth to match the walls and woodwork and edged with cream color cotton fringe tacked on with large red tacks.

The method of making the buckram stiffened valance used for the curtains in this sketch is described fully in SEWING Book 5. This book contains thirty-two homemaking projects with step by step directions for each. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for Book 5.
Name
Address

ASK ME ANOTHER ? A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

- The Questions**
1. What is a hedonist?
 2. What is the world's largest artificial lake?
 3. Au gratin means that food has been what?
 4. When did China become a republic?
 5. Who was known as the Sage of Concord?
 6. How many states require voters to pay poll tax?
 7. What European is credited with having discovered the composition of gunpowder?
 8. Where is the wonder of the ancient world called Stonehenge?

- The Answers**
1. A pleasure seeker.
 2. Lake Mead (created by the Boulder dam).
 3. Dressed with browned bread crumbs.
 4. In 1911.
 5. Ralph Waldo Emerson.
 6. Eight—Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia.

AROUND THE HOUSE
To prevent rust in the stove oven, leave the door open for an hour after baking.
To make your popovers really pop over, be sure to have the baking pans well greased and very hot. The pans should "sizzle" when you quickly touch them with fingers dipped in cold water.

Rain spots can be removed from suede shoes by rubbing with fine emery board.

If the roof should leak and stain your ceiling, cover the stain with block magnesia. Rub the block over the spot until the stain is covered, then smooth over with the tips of your fingers. It works like magic.

Stubborn rust stains sometimes can be removed by boiling the article for 10 minutes in a quart of water containing two tablespoons of cream of tartar, then rinsing thoroughly in cold water.

YOU ARE AN INFLUENTIAL PERSON
The merchant who advertises must treat you better than the merchant who does not. He must treat you as though you were the most influential person in town.
As a matter of cold fact you are. You hold the destiny of his business in your hands. He knows it. He shows it. And you benefit by good service, by courteous treatment, by good value—and by lower prices.

Music Lovers Pick

1. ANDREW JACOBSON'S Orchestra
Mondays through Saturdays
8:30 A. M.
2. "MELODY STRINGS"
with Bobby Norris
Mondays through Fridays
10:15 A. M.
3. "THE CHOIR LOFT"
with John Metcalf and Francis J. Cronin
Mondays through Fridays
10:45 A. M.
4. SYMPHONIC HOUR
Sundays
10:05 to 11:00 P. M.

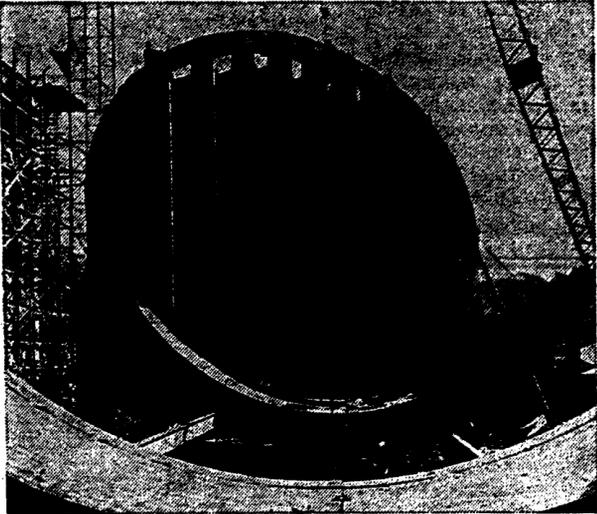
Keep Tuned In To Your COLONIAL NETWORK STATION

Youth's Responsibility
Consider what heavy responsibility lies upon you in your youth, to determine, among realities, by what you will be delighted, and, among imaginations, by those you will be led.—Ruskin.

ANTIQUES WANTED
WILL PAY GENEROUSLY
An old highboy, 2 or 3 old mahogany bureaux a real old mirror. ORIENTAL RUGS, large size and scatter. SILVER PLATEWARE SILVER TEA SET. BABY GRAND PIANO decorative objects of art. Small library of books. In fact anything suitable for a large colonial mansion. FINE ANTIQUE SHOP
91 Charles Street Boston TEL. CAP. 3945 Massachusetts.

Where Uncle Sam Develops Better Fighting Airplanes

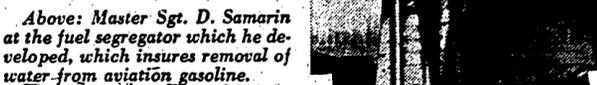
While airplane factories from New York to California are working 24-hour shifts, the Wright Field research engineers and technical experts at Dayton, Ohio, are working at top speed testing new planes and developing speedier and more dependable fighting aircraft. Nowadays only persons with ironclad identifications are permitted to enter Wright Field, but these pictures will pass you through the gates.



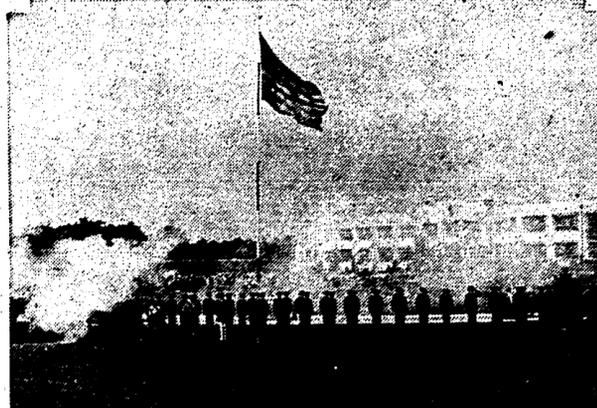
Fin structure to be installed in the new wind tunnel to direct flow of air where the tube makes a turn. Maximum diameter of the tube will be 40 feet, permitting tests of airplane models with wing spreads up to 15 feet at wind speeds up to 400 miles an hour.



Below: Largest propeller test rig in the world. It whirls propellers up to 45 ft. in diameter at speeds up to 4300 RPM.



Above: Master Sgt. D. Samarín at the fuel segregator which he developed, which insures removal of water from aviation gasoline.



Above: Wright Field officers salute a leading military dignitary who is on a tour of inspection. Below: Huge gasoline refueling units have been developed for supplying fuel in large quantities to long range bombers. Here is one in operation.

Picture Parade



A test pilot putting a new Curtiss P-40 single-place pursuit plane through its paces in a series of test flights.



DRAFT MAKES MAJOR MISTAKE
The draft army turned down a New York taxicab driver the other day. This must show that it doesn't think there is any immediate need for fighting men in the army.

In this case the taxi driver was turned down because he didn't pass a 100 per cent eye test. Imagine that! Why, everybody knows from experience that a New York taxi man is dangerous under all conditions and twice as much of a threat to friend or foe if he can't see.

For that matter, imagine a taxi driver being turned down by the army for any reason!

A taxi driver, particularly a big city one, is the country's best bet in any war. He could even be America's "mystery weapon," if given any encouragement.

"If I was with an enemy army," declared Elmer Twitchell today, "and I had to choose between a



mess with an average regiment and one New York taxi driver, I would dodge the cabbie and take on the regiment."

"Every time I think of the medical experts turning down these cabbies it makes me sore," continued Elmer. "Taxi drivers are the only group in American life who need no training to put up a fight. They are in constant training."

"I read in the papers that Uncle Sam is short of tanks. Tanks are an urgent need in modern war. Okay, but what can a tank do that a modern big city taxi pilot and his cab can't do, if it's necessary?"

"What is the chief advantage of a tank? It is its ability to get across any kind of terrain, regardless of obstacles, and act as if it didn't know they were there. Am I right? Of course I am. And ain't that where a New York taxicab fills the bill 100 per cent?"

Elmer was quite agitated. "The army not only should've welcomed this driver, regardless of the fact he wore glasses, but should have admitted his CAB!" he insisted, pounding the table.

"If I was of draft age and had to get into a war, nothing would make me feel safer than if I knew a flock of taxis were advancing ahead of me. They would scare the hell out of any foe on earth, and that goes for Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. A mere announcement that America was recruiting a division of cab drivers would bring a peace movement at once, and I don't see why Roosevelt don't appreciate it."

"Please, Mr. Roosevelt, rescind that ban on that nearsighted New York taxi pilot, throw down the gates to all taxi drivers, and then let Europe get the information that they are to be our first line of attack and defense, and you will get peace in no time."

TO THE GREEKS
My bonnet is off to the Greeks—They scorned big machines or a "plan,"
And showed to a badly scared world There still can be fights, man to man;
One terrible stiff kick in the pants They give to the law "Might makes right,"
And flashed to a darkening world A steadying, rallying light.

'DUCHESS' TOOTH WEEK
Miami and Miami Beach have had many curious backgrounds for the formal opening of the winter season, but this is the first time it's all been done around an infected tooth.
The bathing beauties and Miss Americas upon whom Miami Beach has so long depended for publicity via press and newsreels are in a state of high indignation. The artist's models have become the Forgotten Mannikins. A shapely leg, a dimpled knee and the public strip have for the first time gone into the discard, believe it or not. The tooth is the thing!

No leg ever did as much for Miami and Miami Beach as Wally's jaw is doing this season.

HERO FOR 1940
Here's to Billy Friesell,
A wonderman so strong
That he can make an error
And frankly say "I'm wrong."

Police Commissioner Valentine of New York is completing plans to mobilize 18,500 policemen for emergency defense. Everything will be okay up to the time some defense general asks a cop how to reach a certain destination.
But we would hate to be in a war and have to look for a policeman.



CHARLES SOCKER COE, the first and best of the gangster novelists, is now an eminent Florida attorney. Before that Socker was

a navy ring champion and also one of the closest students of ring form. He is still a keen student of the modern art of self-defense, which is largely "100 yards in 10 seconds."

Socker happened to be on hand when Conn fought Savold.

"Conn," he said, "as everybody knows, is a fine boxer and he is also dead game. That ought to be enough for a 175-pound fighter. But apparently it isn't today, when almost everyone is looking for a puncher."

"Conn simply doesn't know how to punch—I mean the art of punching. He relies only on his wrists and arms. There is no shoulder or body support back of his blows."

"To be a good puncher," Socker said, "a fighter must know how to get in those shoulder and body muscles. I've talked about this with Bobby Jones in hitting a golf ball. As you know, Bobby in his prime was as long as anybody. He was far past Hagen and Sarazen on the tee, 10 or 12 years ago—when they were all at the top. Bobby relied a lot on shoulder and body and hip power to get this distance. The same thing is true of boxing when it comes to the punching side."

Dempsey and Tunney

"When Jack Dempsey nailed you with a left hook," Socker added, "he wasn't just flipping you with a wrist and arm motion. He had those big shoulder muscles, under the shoulder, working with the punch. He had his whole left side in that wallop. The same, to a lesser degree, is true of Gene Tunney. Tunney never had the explosive force that belonged to Dempsey—that belongs to Joe Louis—but he was a much better puncher than most ring followers know about. Tunney wasn't a natural athlete, but a great student of ring science and form. He was also a fine student of the details that produce force. Gene knew how to get shoulder and body back of his punches."

"Carnera was six feet seven and he weighed 270 pounds. He was a professional strong man. But he wasn't big enough or strong enough to hurt or even jar anybody with this wrist and arm swing that had no other support. You can't flick at somebody and do any damage—unless, of course, you use a thumb, as quite a few have done. But I'm not speaking of gougers. I'm speaking of real punchers."

About Billy Conn

"Billy Conn isn't big enough for a Joe Louis," Socker rambled on. "Louis can hit too hard with either hand. But Conn should be a better puncher than he is today. The kid is a fine boxer, he is fast, and he is dead game. But apparently no one has ever taught him how to hit. No one has shown him what true balance means when you deliver a punch. No one has told him the value of shoulder and back muscles, working with hands and arms."

"If they have, Billy simply hasn't learned his lesson. He was able to measure Savold and hit him at will—at any spot, at any time. Yet he couldn't even rock him. If Joe Louis had delivered any one of those 50 or 60 punches to the chin Savold would still be dreaming of the hour. They would have found his body somewhere in the upper stands."

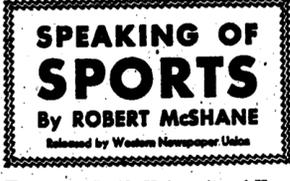
"Conn is still just a kid. He still has a lot to learn. Not about boxing, but about punching. He should punch the heavy bag oftener, and learn how to get in those shoulder and back muscles. Otherwise he is just going to be another good light heavyweight. I doubt that he will ever get much bigger. His thin legs show that. He may reach 180. But he has enough boxing skill to get his opponent ready for the kill—if he only could get that kill into his right or left hand. You can't get that with a flick."

"What about another Pittsburgher, Harry Greb?" I asked. "I still think Greb in his prime could beat any heavyweight I ever saw, and Harry was no great puncher."

"Greb was different," Socker said. "Greb, a little Hercules, was a stick of dynamite. He was even faster than Conn. I'd say much faster. And he'd hit you with everything from the laces on his glove to the stool he used between rounds. Greb knew no rules—except to win."

"He was one of the greatest fighters we've ever seen. If Greb, in his prime, had been fighting Savold the other night, Savold would have died by drowning—in his own blood. His face would have looked a horrible sight. It wouldn't have been a face."

"Greb came into the ring with everything but a hand grenade and a machine gun. And yet I never saw him hit a low punch. He belonged to that old school that knew all the tricks and how to use them. And, believe me, they had plenty in the way of tricks."



DHOG ALLEN, University of Kansas basketball coach and formerly a well-known football mentor, predicted recently that college football will die—a suicide—in 10 years.

The Kansan, in an interview, stated that "It's a sad commentary on our present setup that a boy has to prepare for four years to be a professional football player instead of starting out in professional football as a rookie and working up the hard way. Educators want a boy to get an education in college, not to learn to play pro football."

Allen emphasized that he has no personal prejudice against the game, but—

"The handwriting is plain: Already such schools as Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell and Chicago have de-emphasized football or are preparing to do so."

He further stated that "the big time starts when any athlete in college gets more than he works for, when a player demands and gets room, board, tuition, books and expenses or won't play."

"In some schools under present conditions football is more professional than it is on the straight out and out pro teams of the National league. Certainly there is less hypocrisy among the professionals."

Hypocrisy?

Admittedly the esteemed Mr. Allen is correct in at least one of his utterances. Hypocrisy does exist in certain intercollegiate football circles. However, it isn't fair to indict the whole setup because of a few localized sore spots. A wholesale condemnation isn't justified on the basis of vague and unproved charges usually directed against the athletic departments of schools represented by consistently victorious eleveners.

The thought that Allen seems to convey, at least to this observer, is that the average college grid star is burning with the desire to leap on the professional band wagon. He reaches first for his diploma, then for his pro contract.

We are inclined to doubt this. It is no great secret that the moguls of the National Professional Football league, the major circuit of professional gridiron artists, are complaining bitterly over the failure of many of the most publicized collegiate stars to join the play-for-pay ranks.

The moneybags of the professional league have failed to lure several of the brightest college stars during the past half-dozen years. And the powers of the National league are more than a little disturbed over that fact. They look back and moan the fate that kept Jay Berwanger of Chicago out of the fold. Then, too,

the gold of professionalism failed to attract Larry Kelly and Clint Frank of Yale, or Nile Kinnick of Iowa. And these four men were winners of the Heisman trophy since 1935. This year's winner was Tom Harmon of Michigan, who has declared that he will not play pro football if he can help it.

The Lone Entry

If Harmon carries through with his plans, it will leave Davey O'Brien the only Heisman winner of six years to go into pro football.

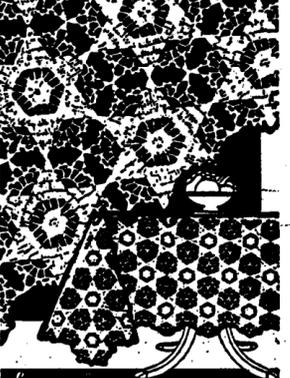
Small wonder that the National league owners and coaches are worried over the loss of big name players. Like any other form of entertainment, a pro football team depends largely upon well-known talent to draw crowds. Men like Harmon, Kelly, Berwanger, etc., keep the turnstiles clicking. And that is the sweetest of all music to the trained ear of club owners.

The pro people shouldn't be either amazed or dismayed, however. There are several good, sound reasons why many of the best players don't forfeit their amateur standing upon graduation. First of all, today's top-notch college players are bright young men, and being bright young men, often are offered good jobs when they graduate. The depression is lessening and they have a better chance of getting a start in industry.

Then, too, the college graduate who has made a name for himself in football is smart enough to know the fat, profitable contracts last only until a new group of players with fresher publicity appears on the gridiron scene.

Sport Shorts

Indiana's basketball squad is an all-Hoosier affair. Ft. Wayne and Huntington are in the lead, each having contributed three men to the team. . . . North Carolina and the University of Virginia have met on the gridiron 45 times and the series, as a result of North Carolina's 10 to 7 victory this year, is a stalemate. Each has scored 21 triumphs and there were three ties. . . . Hank DeBerry, the former Brooklyn catcher, was elected to the Tennessee assembly last November . . .



Pattern 6800

EVEN a beginner will find this medallion an easy one to crochet. Joined together the medallions form a lovely pattern for large or small accessories.

Pattern 6800 contains instructions for making medallion; illustration of it and stitches; photograph of medallion; materials needed. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
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Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

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Ask your dealer or write us
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Great and Small

In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the sunbeams, and the stars of midnight.—Tagore.

DON'T BE BOSSED

BY YOUR LAXATIVE-RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY
When you feel gassy, headachy, lory 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

Happy Action
Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sydney.

Subway Entrance to all Points of Interest
New York's Popular
HOTEL LINCOLN
44th St. 4th St. 5th St. Ave.
OUR CHOICEST ROOMS FROM \$3
1400 ROOMS each with Bath, Servidor, and Radio.
Four fine restaurants
Awarded Grand Prix 1940
Culinary Art Exhibition
MARIA KRAMER
John L. Morgan
Gen. Mgr.
HOTEL EDISON
BAND CONTRACTORS
IN THE CENTER OF MID-TOWN NEW YORK

WNU-2 52-40

Make Opportunities
A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—Bacon.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, awaiting puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

CAPITOL

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

ENDS THURS. DEC. 26 **GARY COOPER in**
"THE WESTERNER"

FRI.-SAT., DEC. 27, 28 **TWO UNIT SHOW!**

<p>UNIT 1 LIONEL BARRYMORE and LEW AYRES in "DR. KILDARE GOES HOME"</p>	<p>UNIT 2 FRANK MORGAN in "HULLABALOO"</p>
---	--

Country Store Night **EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT**
6 Food Baskets Free 6

SUN., MON., TUES. DEC. 29, 30, 31 **THE MARX BROS.**
in
"GO WEST"
ADDED ATTRACTION—"MARCH OF TIME"
"Britains R. A. F." Latest News Events

GALA NEW YEAR'S EVE SHOW!
SHOW TIME, 11:30
MAUREEN O'HARA and LUCILLE BALL
in
"Dance Girl Dance"
FAVORS FOR EVERYONE

WED., THURS., JAN. 1, 2 **HAPPY NEW YEAR SHOW!**



LITTLE NELLIE KELLY
Starring
JUDY GARLAND
GEORGE MURPHY CHARLES WINNINGER
LATEST NEWS EVENT

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTIZERS



Santa's Selected
Gifts

HAND-MADE GIFTS

PILLOW CASES — Beautifully Embroidered

END TABLE COVERS

LUNCHEON SETS — Including Table Cloth and Four Napkins

APRONS **TOWELS** **BAGS**

The public is cordially invited to call and see these Hand-Made Gifts. If you are buying for Christmas it will be well to make an early selection.

MISS MABELLE ELDRIDGE
Grove Street Phone 9-21 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

Antrim Locals

Robert Carmichael has enlisted in the U. S. Army.

Mrs. Elizabeth Felker went to Boston for Christmas.

Private Wesley Hills is home from Illinois for his furlough.

William Congrievs of Clinton has gone to Florida for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson of Springfield, Mass., spent Christmas here.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Smith of Clinton have gone to Melrose to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bass of Quincy, Mass., were here to visit her mother and brother Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bassett entertained their daughter and family from Winchester for the day.

Miss Ruby Cole of Roslindale, Mass., is visiting Miss S. Faye Benedict at the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hildreth spent the holiday in Lebanon with her niece, Mrs. Roger Burt, and family.

The Caughey family of Antrim Center went to Mt. Vernon and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson.

Franklin Robinson was at home from Worcester and accompanied his family to Arlington, Mass., for Christmas.

Miss Constance Fuglestad came from the Margaret Pillsbury hospital in season to spend Christmas with her family.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Hurlin and two daughters of Jackson Heights, L. I., are at H. A. Hurlin's for the holidays.

John Brown of West Antrim was married recently to Mrs. Hattie Messer of Bennington by Rev. J. W. Logan of that town.

Mrs. Helen Burnham, who returned to her home here last week from Arizona, went to her brother's in Waltham for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor entertained the Wilkinson family, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilkinson of Franklin, at dinner Christmas day.

The employees of the Goodell Cutlery Co. received a nice letter of appreciation and a ten dollar bill with their pay envelope Tuesday.

A family named Quincey from Frankestown have moved here recently and are occupying the new apartment of Herbert E. Wilson on North Main street.

Mrs. Mary Sawyer of Clinton had dinner with the family of her granddaughter, Mrs. Albert Zabriskie, in South Antrim. Mrs. Sawyer is 84 and very lame, but enjoyed it as much as the youngest.

The Junior Choir of the Presbyterian Church held a Christmas party Saturday afternoon Dec. 21 at the Presbyterian Church vestry at two. Refreshments of Lemon sherbert and cakes were served. Gifts from the tree were distributed.

Seven men are living alone around Clinton and a group of the Clinton ladies cooked and filled a box for each one with doughnuts, cookies and other good things to eat and distributed them to the men who appreciated the holiday attention.

A false alarm called the fire department to the North Branch home of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Aborn on Christmas afternoon about 6 o'clock. A passerby saw the blaze of a fire which Mr. Aborn had back of the house to burn rubbish and sent in the alarm.

Among the young people home for the week or for the day were Dorothy Sawyer, Norine Edwards, Barbara Fluri, Dorothy Whippie, Elizabeth Tibbals, Frances Tibbals, John and Warren Grimes, Ralph George, Robert Nylander and Richard White.

Christmas was observed in the churches by trees and parties. On Sunday at the Center Congregational church the pastor, Rev. J. W. Logan, had a Christmas sermon with special music by the choir and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon an illustrated story, "The Other Wise Man," was given and there was special music. At the Presbyterian church a tree and party was held Friday evening. There was special music and a Christmas sermon on Sunday morning with a union service in the evening with a cantata, "Chimes of the Holy Night" and several anthems with solos, duets, trios and quartets, besides the union choir. The Christmas tree and party of the Baptist Sunday school was held on Monday evening. A Christmas sermon and special music featured the Baptist morning service.

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDRIDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892—July 9, 1926
W. T. TUCKER
Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
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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.

DECEMBER 26, 1940

REPORTERETTES

Anyway, there will be no more Fridays, the 13th—this year.

Sign in a Manchester barber shop: "We need your head to do business."

The family skeleton used to be hidden in the closet—now we find it in beach pajamas.

Secret weapon known as the pay envelope is being used to fight unemployment successfully.

The Roosevelt margin was the narrowest since 1916, but a miss continues to be as good as a mile.

New fact is stranger than long established fact. Three Belknap county cats prefer olives to catnip.

"Americans are voting as never before."—News note. Good, but there's still room for improvement.

A fellow up our way has just taken off his screens; come April he'll get busy with the storm windows.

Maybe some of the oldsters take flasks to football games because it may become necessary to wet the referee's whistle.

The Japanese are now limited to one towel a year, and out of their island are rapidly making a small boy's paradise.

The old grandfathers who rode horse bareback now have grandsons who have to have double cushions in their cars.

If a man is not enthusiastic about his job, either the job is not big enough for him, or he is not big enough for the job.

"A man shouldn't agree with everything a woman says."—Loretta Young. Well, maybe he shouldn't Loretta—but it's the easiest way.

You may forgive those who turn on you in wrath, but you can't feel the same toward them. You know they are capable of doing it again.

Back in 1937, Vittorio Mussolini, Mussy's son, defined war as "the quintessence of beauty." Wonder what he thinks about it now.

All real success is built on failures. Those who are not discouraged by discouragement are the only sure winners in any undertaking.

Cavalry sergeant, to recruit marching behind charger: "How often have I told you not to walk too near his hoofs? One of these days you'll be kicked on the head and I'll have a lame horse on my hands."

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Friday Dec. 27
At 7 P. M. in the Baptist Vestry a party will be held for the young people.

Sunday, Dec. 28
Morning Worship at 10:30 with sermon by the Pastor from the theme: "The Challenge of the New Year"
The Church School meets at 11:45
The Young People's Fellowship meets in the Baptist Vestry at six.
The Union service in the Baptist Vestry at seven.

Baptist Church
Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, Pastor
Sunday, Dec. 29
Church School 9.45
Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "How to Be Happy".
Crusaders 4
Young People's Fellowship 6 in this Church.
Union service 7 in this church.

St. Patrick's Church
Bennington, N. H.
Hours of Masses on Sunday 8:15 and 10 o'clock.

Antrim Center Congregational Church
John W. Logan, Minister
Service of Worship Sunday morning at 9.45

North Branch
Richard White is enjoying a vacation at home.
Carroll White has a carpenter job in Portsmouth.
M. P. McIlvin has been confined to his bed for some days.
George MacIntire is working in Lynn through the holiday season.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith are entertaining their son and wife from Vermont.
Miss Barbara Graves is spending the holiday season with her parents in Massachusetts.
Mrs. Monson Cochrane and daughter, Miss Enid, visited Miss Hilda Cochrane the first of the week.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McClure and daughter, Miss Mary, were guests at W. D. Wheeler's the first of the week.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Hardy are in New Jersey for the Christmas gathering. They will spend a few days in New York city before their return.
The Christmas pageant at the Branch chapel on Sunday evening was a success. Miss Marion Smith supervised the pageant, which included school children and a few others, each doing his part to perfection. Santa Claus was as merry as could be and amused the children—older ones too—to the extent of asking the oldest girl (?) for a kiss, which she refused, saying she was "an old lady now." The decorations, Christmas tree, small forest and manger were perfect and would be a credit to any building. Linwood Grant made this arrangement and he is credited with doing a fine job. Dr. King assisted in a financial way to make the affair the success it was. Refreshments were furnished by the Corner club members.
Poison Oak Decorations
Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Richman decorated their Martinez, Calif., home with "pretty leaves," which they had gathered in the hills in honor of a party they were to entertain for a week. Later, the home became an improvised hospital for victims of "poison oak" from the leaves.

Post Office
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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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.



FRESH snow crunched under Dick Wright's shoes as he stomped into the waiting room.

Old Peter was still there, still minding his telegraph key as he had when Dick was a boy. But now it was Christmas; now Dick was home from the city, a successful young architect.

As he walked up to old Peter's griled ticket window, Dick recalled the last time he stood in this station. Two and a half years ago, it was the day after Jean had left for New York in search of a career.

"Just can't stand Marysville," she had told him. "You'll understand, Dick, won't you?"

He had forgotten as best he could. Nothing in Marysville for him then, either. There had been a quick decision, a closing of half-open doors, a tearful good-bye to his parents and then—off to the city. It was odd how a blow like that could give a fellow determination. Today, just 30 months later, he was coming back home with a career already carved out.

Old Pete looked up from his sheaf of train orders.

"Well, Richard!" he cried. "Glad to see you, boy, and a Merry Christmas! Your folks know you're coming?"

"Merry Christmas to you, Pete!" Dick answered. It was nice, at that, to see a familiar face. "Mind if I use your phone? I caught an early train and Dad wasn't expecting me until tonight."

A few minutes later the old family car was carrying him home. His Dad looked older, and a mite wor-



"Heard from Jean, son?" he asked.

ried. Something was on his mind. "Heard from Jean, son?" he finally asked.

"No, Pop," he answered truthfully. The house loomed up ahead now. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just wonderin', son, that's all. Forget it. There's Mother wavin' at us up yonder!"

But Dick couldn't forget it. Marysville and Jean were like ham and eggs. He thought about her when he stopped at the drugstore that night—they used to drink sodas there.

Maybe Dick was looking for more of those memories next morning when he started out alone on skis for Murray's hill. They used to play there in the winter, he and Jean.

"Forget it, you imbecile!" he snapped at himself. "That's a closed chapter in your life!"

It was a couple of hours later that he saw her. Skiing down Murray's hill for the last time he rounded Horseshoe bend to find Jean directly in his path! There was a shriek, a thud, and then four feet sticking out of a snowdrift.

"Jean!" he cried, unstrapping his skis and running to help her. "Are you hurt?"

It was rather unromantic, perhaps, pulling her out feet first. But she laughed at him and fell down again, pulling him after her.

"You're going to get your face washed for that, Mr. Wright," she cried.

He came up sputtering to find her suddenly serious.

"Dick dear," she said, "I was wrong. Mother wrote that you'd be home for Christmas and—well, I had to come too. It's you and Marysville that I want, not New York. This morning when I saw you going past our house, I somehow knew that I should go with you. Not just today, Dick, but always!"

It was like ham and eggs, Dick thought, only the next day was Christmas—and Christmas meant turkey!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Beginning of the New Year
Various dates were used in different countries, for the beginning of a year, but America followed the English custom of using the date of most early Christian countries about the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. The Gregorian calendar, establishing January 1 as the beginning of the year, was adopted by England and her colonies in 1752.

Bennington

Miss Vincena Drago is home in Milford for the holidays.

Miss Mae Cashion is with her sisters in Manchester for the holidays.

Miss E. L. Lawrence spent Christmas with Judge Wilson and his family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Devin of Boston were with Mr. and Mrs. McGrath recently.

Paul Taylor was expected home from Rantoul, for the holidays but could not make it for a week.

Scott Favor, infant son of Mrs. Harry Favor, has been ill with a very severe cold is getting better slowly.

John Lindsay also at Rantoul, is home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lindsay for the holidays.

Miss Lillian Newton and James Whitney of Amherst were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Newton on Christmas day.

Private Kenneth Warren who is at Rantoul, Ill., is at home with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Perley Warren for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Clymer and children went to Keene and they spent part of Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clymer and daughter.

Earl F. Scott and Mrs. Ruth S. Evans of Concord, brother and sister of Mrs. Harry Favor, spent part of Christmas day with her and the family.

Miss Marion Diamond who teaches in the northern part of this state was home for the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Diamond.

Willard Perry, U. S. A. private and a graduate of airplane mechanics, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, expected to be at Kelley Field in Texas on the day before Christmas.

Miss Esther Perry of Milan, N. H., is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, for the holiday. Mr. and Mrs. George McGrath and sons spent Christmas at the Perry home.

—Did you hear the Christmas cantata, "Music of Bethlehem?" If you didn't, you missed a treat. It was sung by the girls' choir of the Congregational church on Sunday morning and was very beautiful indeed. Miss Edith L. Lawrence was director and musician. Miss Maxine Brown and her class decorated the church with evergreen and a small tree. Rev. George Driver, pastor elect to the Congregational parish, furnished a short sermon and also a short sermonette for the youngsters. Velma Newton played the voluntary on the organ. A very beautiful service.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PARTY

The children belonging to the Congregational Sunday School had a grand time on Saturday afternoon in the Vestry. A lighted tree graced the front platform and the doors were trimmed in red. The program consisted of the following: solo, Victoria Zachos, "The Night before Christmas," by Harry Clough "Luther's Cradle Hymn," sung by Dorothy Chase, Duet by Victoria Zachos and Kiron Zachos also carols by the entire company. The presents were distributed, games were played and refreshments of cookies and punch served. Every one reported a most delightful time and the committee which consisted of Mrs. Ivan Clough, Mrs. James Pappatolicus, Miss Ruth Wilson whose place was taken by her mother, Mrs. M. E. Wilson, and Miss Maxine Brown and class certainly are to be congratulated on the manner that they carried out the plan.

Last Name Is First, First Name, Safety

CRESCENT, OKLA. — Safety First is not a slogan with a 20-year-old medical student at the University of Oklahoma—it's his name. And Safety firmly believes there is something in a name.

Although he likes black cats and doesn't bother to walk around a stepladder, he never has been injured or seriously ill. He flies an airplane and drives an automobile, too.

Safety, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. R. First, says his name has made life interesting. The problem of introducing himself obviously leads him into all kinds of situations.

Commonest is this one: "How do you do? I'm Safety First."

"Safety First, eh? Ha, ha! I'm Be Prepared."

Hancock

CRAIG - EAVES

Miss Barbara Eaves became the bride of Clayton E. Craig at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harland D. Eaves, Sunday afternoon. A small reception was held after the ceremony which was performed by Rev. William S. Gooch, pastor of the Congregational church.

The bride was graduated at Peterborough high school and Keene Teachers' College in 1940. The bridegroom was graduated at Simmons Free High school in Warner and Keene Teachers' College in 1938. He is now principal of the center school in Hancock, where he teaches the fifth and sixth grades. The couple will reside at the Marshall place off Valley road, in Hancock.

Rev. William Weston preached in Greenfield Sunday.

Comtesse Alain de Pierrefeu has closed "The Sanctuary" for the season.

Miss Virginia Warner is at home from Lasalle Junior college at Auburndale, Mass., for the vacation.

School exercises were held in the vestry Friday by children of the grades taught by Miss Nellie M. Welsh, Mrs. Esther Colby and Clayton Craig for a large group of parents and friends.

Two sheep that could not be taken when the Harvey Balch flock was removed from pasture, have been captured by Sidney Stearns, superintendent of Dr. Briggs' farm, Ephraim Weston, Samuel Stoddard and the latter's two prize sheep dogs.

Prince I. C. Toumanoff, violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Florence Burt, played for the candlelight Christmas vesper service Sunday afternoon. Eight members of the Woman's club chorus sang. Rev. L. R. Yeagle told the story, "The Sad Shepherd." At the morning service the Junior choir sang.

GIRL SCOUT NOTES

The girl scouts held their Christmas party Dec. 19 at 7:00 in the fireman's hall.

Priscilla Grimes, Alice Huntington, Lois Black, Shirley Fugelstead and Barbara Stacy served on the committee.

Gifts were distributed from a very beautiful tree.

Refreshments consisting of orange and lemon sherbert and cookies were served. There were 17 present.

What We See And Hear

These wintry mornings bring memories to motorists who date considerably back of this streamlined era. There was a time when an automobile was difficult to start, oh so very difficult! Its engine had to be pampered—hot water in the radiator and hot cloths applied to the intake manifold. The carburetor had to be primed and sometimes it was necessary to take out the sparkplugs in order to squirt raw gas into the frigid cylinders and then hand cranking! Those days are gone forever. Nobody wants them back.

Those who visited Concord during the past weekend found driving a hazardous experience, especially on Dimond Hill. Evidently the highway department used clay or loam instead of sand on the hill. That combined with ice and wild weather made as slipping a condition as one would want to try to drive over. Cars and trucks were all over the road, in the ditches, fences and telephone poles. There was no stopping once they started to go out of control. A very serious situation especially at this time of the year when traffic is heavy. It reminded us of the old days of dirt roads, for if there is anything more slippery than wet clay we have yet to find it out.

Here's hoping that the highway department will be able to find some good sand or gravel for road use in the future.

Mahogany Furniture Designs
Did Sheraton really make mahogany furniture of the style that bears his name? There exists today no example or authentic historical record to prove that he did. Sheraton's book, "The Cabinetmakers' and Upholsters' Drawing-Book," published in 1791, was subscribed for by 650 English cabinetmakers. It was among these men, we know not which, who created the Sheraton pieces in our collections and museums.

Deering

Schools are closed for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. David Williams is ill at the home of her daughter in Peterboro.

Miss Josephine Gardner is employed at the home of Mrs. George Andrews.

C. Harold Taylor returned to his labors at Fort Devens, Ayer, Mass., on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Marie H. Wells attended the Christmas party at the Hillsboro Bank Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Melvinia Whitney and Mrs. Mary I. Willard of Hillsboro were callers at Pinehurst on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Harold Taylor and three children, Gertrude, Pauline and Alvin were in Manchester last Saturday.

Mrs. Paul Gardner who has been a patient at the Hillsboro County General Hospital, was able to return home for Christmas.

Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell who met with an automobile accident in Conn., enroute to Deering recently, is reported as getting along nicely.

The earthquake last Friday morning shook houses and rattled windows and dishes in the cupboards, and generally frightened the residents.

At a special meeting of the Credit Union, held last Saturday evening at the town hall, it was voted to pay the treasurer a small salary for his labor.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gardner on the death of their infant son, who was born at the Hillsboro County General Hospital at Grasmere last week.

Wolf Hill Grange

On Sunday a committee from Wolf Hill Grange No. 41 went to the home of Past Master—Hilda M. Grund at Hillsboro to welcome her home from the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital where she has been a patient for several weeks. Knowing that she would be unable to attend the regular meeting on Monday evening where the Christmas party was to be held and wishing to express their appreciation for her faithful work in the Grange, a Past Master's jewel was presented to her by the committee Master, Louise L. Locke, Chairman of the Home and Community Welfare Committee, Mary I. Willard, Secretary, Marie Wells, and Member of the Executive Committee Melvinia Whitney.

Mrs. Grund was very pleased with her Christmas present and thanked the officers and members for their gifts.

Antrim Locals

Miss Charolette Balch is rooming with Mrs. H. W. Eldredge.

Norman J. Morse is boarding for a time on a small farm in Hillsboro.

Three pheasants were on the front lawn of the James A. Tuttle Library last Friday morning.

Miss Dorothy Grube, first and second grade teacher in the town school, is spending the Christmas vacation at her home in Keene.

Miss Bertha Nichols, commercial teacher in the Antrim High School, is spending the Christmas vacation at her home in Hillsborough.

Fred Butler, truck driver, has volunteered to join the U. S. Army. He has passed his physical examination and is now waiting to be called.

The large living room of the Lodge Among the Pines N. Y. A. Residents Center for Girls at Milford, was the scene of the presentation of a pageant "O Holy Night", recently. Dorothy Whipple was a member of the cast.

Nearly everyone in this vicinity was awakened by the earthquake early Friday morning. Many people thought their heaters had blown up and made trips to their cellars. Houses shook on their foundations, but no damage was reported by anyone.

The Gay's Express Co. truck that went off the bridge between Wilton and Greenville had 42 pieces of freight on it consigned to Jackson's store in this town. This was all Christmas merchandise and accounts for the shortage of some articles at this store during the past few days.

Another earthquake was felt in this vicinity on Tuesday morning which seemed to be more severe than that of Friday morning of last week. The tremors shook canned goods from the shelves of many stores in town, but did no great damage so far as we can learn.

WE ALL JOIN
IN EXTENDING THE
**SEASON'S
GREETINGS**

MAY 1941 BRING
NEW HAPPINESS
AND PROSPERITY
TO YOU and YOURS

PUBLIC SERVICE CO.
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Antrim Locals

Happy New Year!

Ralph Whittemore, Carroll White, Herbert Werden, Lawrence Black and Albert Poor went to Portsmouth for employment at the navy yard.

Miss Jane Hurlin is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hurlin. She has been active in the physical educational program throughout the fall, is a member of the French Club, and Chairman of the Vose Hall Student Council.

Mr. and Mrs. William Noetzel have closed the house and have gone to Medford, Mass., for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Butterfield of Plymouth are visiting his mother, Mrs. Adnie Butterfield, at Clinton. Mr. Butterfield, who has been engaged in government forestry work in Vermont, has been transferred to New Hampshire and is in charge of the Plymouth area. Miss Amy Butterfield of Plattsburgh, N. Y., was at home also and the Butterfield family had dinner at Mrs. Jessie (Butterfield) Black's.

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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

Greeks Continue to Push Back Italians As British Seize New African Bases; Laval Loses French Government Post; Knudsen Claims Defense Program Lags

(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.)

DEBACLE: Italian Version

Unquestioned was the fact that Italy had been kicked wholeheartedly out of the war by Britain, Greece and the Free French, together with other sundry allies such as Polish, Czech and other hands that had joined into the Battle of Greece and the Battle of Egypt.

The invader, who stepped briskly into the war just at the moment of France's collapse, shot forces along the Mediterranean coast from the border of Libya to Sidi Barrani, and who sailed across mountains for Athens from an Albanian take-off, had become the invader on both fronts.

As the British and Greeks summed up huge supplies of war materials captured, and enormous inventories of prisoners in hand and still coming in, the Vesuvian rumbles began sounding through vari-

ous parts of Italy, but more particularly in the north, and about the industrial cities of Turin and Milan.

Despite all efforts of censorship to keep the true situation from becoming generally known, the debacle was too enormous to be hidden longer, and Mussolini's aides had to take to the radio and to the Italian press to prevent a spread of the disaster to home fronts.

Dismissal of leaders, disaffection in the Dodecanese islands, riots in the streets of the two big factory towns had leaked out, and then the Fascist party line editors and commentators began dishing out orders to the populace from the higher-ups, at the same time issuing warnings to Britain and the Hellenes as to what they might expect from the Italian troops when "they get really mad."

While there was some news of sporadic increased resistance at certain points in the fronts, the general words were two—retreat and evacuation all along the line. And the press' articles about the might of the British enemy and the "unfair" bayonets of the Greeks were just a foretaste of what was to come, with Tirana full of wounded and dying soldiers back from the front lines.

SIX DAYS: Shalt Thou Labor

Pointing toward the six-day, perhaps seven-day week in defense industry, Defense Council Chairman Knudsen belabored American industry for lagging, and declared the United States was "not getting the spirit" of defense work.

Knudsen told the manufacturers many things, but one of these was outstanding, and had to do with airplane manufacture.

U. S. goal, declared Knudsen, had been 1,000 warplanes a month by January 1. He said at the rate things were going, we'll be lucky if we are getting 650 a month by that time.

The reason for the lag is lack of comprehension by manufacturer, by laborer, of the meaning of the national defense program. U. S. is supposed to be getting ready to protect the nation in case of aggression and to help England hold things in status quo until that time.

Knudsen pulled no punches and told the manufacturers that they were spending too much time figuring what to do with their profits and earnings, and not enough getting out the material. This was a double-barreled blow at the employers for temporizing with employees' demands for higher pay, and with

employees for threatening and carrying out strikes.

He introduced the longer work-week idea by stating that employers should find a way to use machines on Saturdays and Sundays, making the obvious point that use of these two days on a full-time schedule would automatically speed up production about 30 per cent, or the amount it is lagging.

In advance he answered the manufacturers' plaint that they lacked the trained men to do this. Knudsen told them to get more men and train more men. He told them to "stagger" their trained men through the extra shifts, thus swiftly training the less-able to catch up to full-time production.

His address to the manufacturers was an air-cleerer, like the first lightning flashes before a storm that he hopes will rain airplanes and other defense material.

His passing was the occasion for the press here and abroad to express genuine sorrow and shock at his untimely death, and his loss was believed to have left a gaping hole in Britain's diplomatic body.

Lothian was a worker, his speech was brusque, and these two qualities alone had given him great weight in Washington.

As to his prediction of the end of the war in 1942, and with Britain victor, it was met with keen interest and perhaps added power because it was to all practical purposes, his dying utterance.

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Champ Recruiter



NEW YORK.—Called the champion recruiter of North America, this winsome young lady, Miss Elaine Basset, is the original of the Canadian Join-the-Army posters, where her face did such a good job that it now has been selected to perform a like service for Uncle Sam.

PRESIDENT: And Flying Duke

President Roosevelt returned to his White House desk to face tremendous problems, behind him a 4,000-mile trip on U. S. S. Tuscaloosa which was shrouded in secrecy before it began, turned out just what had been predicted—a junket throughout prospective naval-air bases in the Antilles—and wound up in a blaze of front-page articles when the duke of Windsor flew out to sea to confer with the Chief Executive.

It all began when Duchess Wallis, who had to have an infected tooth out (translated in royal language into a "major dental operation") decided to have the surgery performed in a Miami hospital. She and the duke went thither in the yacht of a Swedish friend who oddly was a pal of Goering's.

The day after the death of Lord Lothian, the operation was safely over, with the duchess convalescing bewitchingly, and the duke with a considerable amount of time on his hands. Suddenly it was announced that President Roosevelt wanted to talk to him.

A navy bomber soared down onto the blue Biscayne waters, a motorboat met the duke, and off he went, shrouded with more secrecy than the President himself had been when he started out. He was back the same day, and the next day the Tuscaloosa came in and the cruise was over.

The public, prepared by all this for something monumental, had to satisfy itself with the story that the duke and the President had talked about the unsuitability of pint-size' ayaguana island for a naval-air base, and asking the duke if he couldn't arrange a better one.

It was the biggest anticlimax in months.

CITY: Anxious

Strangest public health story in years "broke" in Rochester, N. Y., with a whole city of 300,000 souls rushing to be inoculated against typhoid.

First in sharp sequence of dramatic events was the "firing" of two city officials when a public health officer, "on his toes," discovered the city's water supply had been contaminated with water from the Genesee river, infested with sewage.

Rochester's population, most of them modern health conscious, rushed to have themselves inoculated against typhoid, a job which takes three injections with an interval between.

First day, the health officers distributed 8,000 "shots" of the serum, which were promptly gobbled up by private physicians and shot into 8,000 anxious arms.

LOTHIAN: Predicts, Then Dies

The notable, blunt-spoken British bachelor Marquess of Lothian, ambassador from Britain to the United States, lay dying in his Washington home from uremic poisoning at the very moment when his written words, spoken by proxy at nearby Baltimore, were predicting what the war in Europe will be.

Lothian's "deathbed" prediction was that Britain, with the help already promised and under way from America, will win the war "decisively" in 1942.

Whatever the facts may be, the shocking news of his death gave his final utterance unusual prominence in the news, editors tearing their hair over the problem of whether to put the largest headlines on what had happened to Lothian, or on what Lothian had said.

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Washington, D. C. DONOVAN'S REAL GOAL IS GREECE

Inside fact regarding the present mystery trip of Col. William Donovan to Europe is that his real destination is Greece.

En route, however, he will stop in North Africa where he will see his old World War friend, Marshal Weygand, now controlling the large French army in Africa.

If this powerful force took the field on the side of the British, the Italians, already in a precarious position as a result of their defeats in Greece, would be finished. This would release British naval forces for desperately needed convoy work in the Atlantic.

Also it would have repercussions in the Far East, where the Japanese military have been greedily eyeing the rich Dutch East Indies and Indo-China. With the British supreme in the Mediterranean and their big fleet available for operations elsewhere, Japan would think twice before attempting any new grabs.

On the Greek front, Donovan will make a survey similar to that which he made in England last spring.

In England last spring, Donovan made a thorough survey of invasion defenses, military intelligence and the royal air force. He spent a week in the field with the British army and made several flights with the R.A.F. Various U. S. army, air corps and navy observers are now attached to the British forces as the result of Donovan's trip; also he established close intelligence ties on Axis espionage and fifth column operations.

On his previous British mission, Donovan traveled as the personal representative of Navy Secretary Knox.

PRE-ADJOURNMENT JUNKET

On November 19, when the house defeated a motion to adjourn until January, members righteously declared that congress should remain on the job in these grave days of emergency.

But today a dozen members of the house are enjoying a cushy junket to Panama, at the expense of the government. And with one exception, everyone of the group voted to stay on the job.

On December 5, a fortnight after so voting, they quietly sailed from New York on the S. S. Panama, which is owned by the government. They will spend two weeks cruising and three days in Panama.

Several are members of the military affairs committee and might have some legitimate reason for making a "defense inspection," but the war department says it knows nothing about the junket.

LONGEST SPEECH

Tom Dewey got a thrill and a chuckle from his luncheon at the Capitol with Floor Leader Joe Martin and other house Republicans. The thrill was an invitation to be the principal speaker at the G. O. P. Lincoln day dinner, which the ambitious district attorney accepted.

The chuckle was evoked by a story about the "longest political speech on record" which gangling, curly-haired Rep. John M. Robison of Kentucky, a member of the Lincoln day committee, said he made when he first ran for congress in 1918.

One hot July night during the campaign Robison addressed a big crowd in a county courthouse and was amazed by the enthusiastic reception. Cheers rent the air with every sentence and there was a vociferous "more, more" when he tried to conclude after an hour.

As he was leaving with the local sheriff, Robison boasted: "These people sure were enthusiastic. It looks like this county is in the bag."

"Don't set too much store by the way them fellers carried on, Jack," confided the sheriff. "Nobody there (hic) was sober but you."

WHAT BRITONS READ

WPA's library service made an interesting discovery in a survey to ascertain what the people of war-strafed Britain are reading these days.

One fact uncovered was that the long, dreary hours of blackout, with no outside recreation, have greatly revived interest in household arts and handicraft. Books on these subjects are at a premium. Also, the classics are in heavy demand, with Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dickens and Kipling as the favorites.

But the one subject in which Britons are most interested is the author of their affliction. The most widely read book in England, according to the WPA survey, is Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Every ship in the U. S. navy is being equipped with a DeGaussing cable, the anti-magnetic mine device used so successfully by the British. The installation job is tremendous and will require more than 40,000,000 feet of cable.

Nels Anderson, WPA labor relations director, received a letter from a wartime buddy addressed, "Nels Anderson, White House, Washington, D. C., care of Secretary of Commerce." Notwithstanding this, the letter was delivered promptly.



Washington, D. C. McGRADY SELECTION

The selection of E. F. McGrady to advise the war department on labor relations couldn't have been improved upon, from the government's point of view. From Mr. McGrady's, it may not be so hot. Eddie is a dollar-a-year man. He can't afford to be that except on a part-time basis.

After a life of unselfish service for labor unions at wages far below his worth, he was getting on. He had family obligations. In addition, he is the easiest "touch" I know. If you are out of luck, all you have to do to get McGrady's money is to ask him for it. So he didn't have anything put aside.

The RCA did one of the most intelligent things in recent industrial management. It employed this great union labor leader to keep its labor relations straight, made him first a director and later a vice president and paid him a salary commensurate with other first lieutenants of Mr. Sarnoff. RCA would not willingly lose his services, and Mr. McGrady can make belated preparations for his old age.

For these reasons, it would be unfair to require him to give up that job. It would also be unnecessary, because if the war department is wise it will keep out of labor disputes. Keeping out wouldn't take too much of McGrady's time.

Except at the arsenals, and to a limited extent elsewhere, the war department is not an employer. It procures its supplies from contractors. They will get into some disputes. There will be some strikes. Some of them will delay the rearmament program. But it is not the army's business to horn in. That is the business of Sidney Hillman's labor organization or the Perkins conciliation service.

Army officers are not fitted by training, background or office to conduct themselves well in the heat or emotion of a strike situation where you can't move men by yelling: "Squads right." If the army doesn't push this porcupine over to the departments where it belongs, or if it permits them to push it over to the army, some soldier is a sucker. It is a safe bet that it won't be done while McGrady is there, and that if it is done he won't stay there.

'APPEASEMENT'

Out of the administration are coming private warnings that one great American danger just now is organization and daily growth of "appeasers" and their cunning propaganda to stir up public sentiment for "appeasement."

It isn't easy to define just what is meant by this use of the word. Appeasement, as a by-word, grew out of the series of settlements with Hitler acceded to by France and England, whereby they welched on the alliances France, at least, had made with such little nations as Austria and Czechoslovakia, in order to "ring Germany in a cordon sanitaire of steel" and to preserve the provisions of the treaty of Versailles.

They tossed those little nations to the Nazi wolves quite obviously because there was nothing else they could do. They had allowed themselves to become too weak and Germany to become too strong to do anything else.

The very word "appease," taken with the circumstances of those settlements, implied that there was some right on the Nazi side. The appeasing concessions were used not as a truce to gain time for all-out defense. They were used as a narcotic assurance to the British and the French of "peace in our time," with an effect that they went on snoring while Germany became stronger and stronger.

Some of us began to insist that we prepare, years before Munich and with growing insistence ever since—insistence on our own weakness, on the great threat growing in the world and the absolute necessity for American rearmament.

Many, if not most, of those who took this stand believe we are not even yet arming effectively. We have preceded and supported every move to speed and increase total defense to the point of American invincibility on this side of the world.

Our only point of difference with other equally earnest and sincere Americans is that we do not believe in either the necessity or the wisdom of scattering our defense over more territory than we can guard, do not believe in putting our country into a military situation in which its defense depends on the strength or weakness of others—their blunders or successes.

We do believe that, whether Britain wins or does not win, we shall never be safe again without adequate defense of our own, that part of our strength is our financial soundness and that we cannot weaken it by undertaking to finance the wars of others at a cost which, in a long war to which we are a party, could rise as high as one hundred billion dollars.

Greetings and Salutations



A New Year's Prayer

By DAVID CORY

God grant that I the new year through
May strive with heart and soul to do
Those things which are most good and true.

God grant that I each morning start
My duties with a cheerful heart,
And cheerfully perform my part.

To wear a smile all through the day,
To banish thoughts unkind away;
And when my bedtime comes, to pray.

To say my prayers with folded hands
As night comes softly o'er the lands,
To Him, who always understands.

And when the bells on New Year's dawn
Proclaim the bright New Year is born,
And I awake on New Year's morn.

I pray Him whisper, low and sweet
To help me guide my wayward feet,
Lest I forget my prayer to meet.

Ancient Rites Mark Chinese New Year

Magnificent parades of giant dragons and bright lanterns-help celebrate New Year's in China's big cities, but simple ceremonies mark the passing of the old year in the great mass of homes.

Great care is taken that ancient customs are nicely observed, because New Year's is the time when many events of the coming year are determined.

Four days before the new year begins, a feast is spread before the idol in every home. This almost invariably contains sticky candies and syrups, although the gods are not especially pleased with sweets. The candy is offered to stick the god's jaws together so he cannot tell too much of what he saw on earth when he returns to the heavens.

On the last day of the old year, large quantities of water are stored in the house because it is unlucky to draw water during the first three days of the New Moon.

The door to every simple home is opened at midnight of the last day as its god re-enters amid blazing firecrackers, incense sticks and flaming candles. After a few minutes the door is tightly closed to keep in the good luck which he brought with him.

New Year Is 'Born' In Chatham Islands

The New Year will be born January 1 in the lonely Chatham islands 414 miles southwest of New Zealand and race westward 1,000 miles an hour toward the U. S.

In accordance with tradition, some 200 shepherds and fishermen will celebrate the arrival of 1941 by proudly ringing the bell of the little church on Hanson island as clocks in New York point to 5 a. m. December 31.

The Chatham islands have the honor of welcoming the new year at its birth because they are the nearest land points to the British admiralty dateline from which the time zones are marked throughout the world. The line curves east and west of the 180th meridian of longitude so that it lies always in the ocean.

New Year's Eve Fates

Every maiden wonders what the future has in store for her, and this is what she must do on New Year's day to learn her fate:

Turn the pillow at midnight, the thirty-first of December, and you will dream of the man you are to marry. Or let her take her hymn book to her bedroom, blow out the lamp, open the book and mark a hymn (in the dark), put it under the pillow and sleep on it. Next morning when she reads the hymn her fate will be revealed.

HIGHLIGHTS . . . in the week's news

Baltimore—The new B-26, latest American twin-engine bomber, underwent test flights, made around 400 miles on four, landed at 125 miles, and was able to stop on the field O. K. Army pilots hailed it as a "bomber's dream." One said that if its brakes were shot away it would roll more than two miles against the wind before it would stop.

Toboken—Fire destroyed a million-dollar defense plant, engaged in making unreported appliances needed by U. S. naval vessels.

Washington—The government sought \$500,000,000 at the lowest rate of interest ever to be paid on a loan. On the first day, it was oversubscribed eight times, more than \$4,000,000,000 being offered for the certificates.

Hawk in the Wind

BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Virgie Morgan, widow, and owner of the Morgan paper mill in the Carolina mountains district, turns down a marriage proposal from Wallace Withers. He leaves in a rage. Bradford Willis, 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. Willis develops pneumonia and is forced to remain in the household. Marian, Virgie's daughter, dislikes Willis. Trouble is developing as Withers meets Stanley Daniels, the mill's chemist. Virgie learns someone is attempting to obtain title to timber lands owned by Tom Pruitt, his long friend of her deceased husband and part owner of the mill. She advises Tom to clear up title to his property. A love affair is developing between Daniels and Lucy Fields, Virgie's secretary. Withers attempts to bargain with Daniels to have him help in getting a job at the mill. Daniels refuses. Willis improves, and discovers he is in love with Marian. She is developing similar symptoms. Both keep it secret. Virgie offers Willis a job at the mill. Tom learns timber interests have sent men to look over his land. He takes a ride and goes into the woods. His health greatly improved, Willis leaves the Morgan household to live in the village. Tom finally spots his "enemy" and shoots, seriously wounding a man.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Get down out of there and come into this house. What business have you got—scaring these children to death? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom."

"No, I ain't comin' in. I got mud on my feet. I got to go to jail, Mis' Morgan. I shot him—but he hadn't no business in there measurin' up my timber."

"Nobody's going to take you to any jail this cold night. You clean your feet and come along in here! I've had about all the foolishness I can stand for one day. If they want you they'll come after you fast enough. Shove him out of there, Bry. I'm getting out of patience—I might muss him up if I let my Irish go."

After some argument and a minor scuffle, Tom was half dragged, half carried into the house. Lottie was white-faced, Marian frankly crying. Virgie shut the door firmly.

"Much obliged, Bry. You can go on home now. I'll handle this alone from here on."

"Do you want me to telephone or send anybody, Mrs. Morgan?"

"No, I'll do the telephoning. Just go on home—and don't talk, Bry—not tonight, not to anybody. Tom's all wrought up—there may be something to this business and there may not. Don't talk till we know and then there won't be anything to take back. He needs some hot food and a shave and a night's sleep. He'd die of pneumonia if they stuck him in that cold jail in the shape he's in."

"If—he did do it, they'll be looking for him, Mrs. Morgan," Bry said. "He ate lunch at Jim Bishop's house—he told them he was hunting bear. Jim will be bound to talk."

"Well, he isn't hiding anywhere. They can find him easy enough. But I've got to take care of him—he hasn't got sense enough to take care of himself. Marian, stop whimpering and get some of your father's old clothes—and you make some hot coffee, Lottie—make a lot of coffee."

Giving orders, being executive and the matriarch again, helped Virgie keep her calm. But when Bry had gone and Marian had slipped upstairs, and Tom Pruitt, fed and warmed and dressed in some of David's old clothes lay sleeping on the couch by the fire, Virgie dropped into a straight chair and sat gripping the arms, letting her spirit tremble and her stout heart shudder with apprehension.

She looked up at David's portrait. David would have known what to do in a situation like this—but David's eyes had caution and judgment in them. David had never done anything on impulse. She could not seek for precedents. Nothing like this had ever happened to David.

David had been a slight man and Tom's lean ankles thrust out pathetically from a pair of David's old trousers. David's socks would not cover Tom's feet—the heels made little pouches under his instep, the toes were stretched tight. They had made Tom dress, fed him, compelled him to rest, as they would have managed a man in a coma.

If he heard their voices he made no sign. He had gulped a few swallows of food, then ignoring cup and spoon had sunk into slumber, relaxed and pitiful. He was, Virgie saw, an old man. A very old man. Too old to be tormented.

David, likely, would have been able to prevent this affair. Virgie knew that she had heckled Tom too much, that she was vaguely to blame. Her motives had been good, but so were the motives of all fatuous blunderers. If Tom spoke the truth, this was real trouble. It was murder. And murder, in any country, under any circumstances, was an ugly business.

It looked the law, a whirling machine that men had contrived to grind the grist of their passions and bring out of them safety and justice—but a ruthless mechanism of ancient codes and remorseless procedure that could not be stopped after it was set in motion until the pitiful grist was ground fine.

If Tom had killed a man there was no earthly way to save him. Virgie felt herself sickening. She knew how useless any of the timeworn devices would be in Tom's case. He had, so she said, shot from ambush

and deliberately. He had said so, and no one would be able to alter his story. She knew Tom. He was not mad. He would be only too grimly sane. He would face the law with the stony silence of the mountain man, which had beneath it a sort of terrible, distorted pride and a fierce sort of anger that was not heat, but cold. No one could save him.

She looked at his limp hand, hanging to the floor, knuckles hard, the thumb bent and horny, stained with bark and the blue metal of the old rifle, the hand that had rubbed David Morgan's back and turned his helpless body in the bed—and suddenly she turned sick. Going to the front door she flung it open and stood there, drawing long gasping breaths. The black cold of the night, the high hollow sky, the dogs coming questioning to sniff, steadied her. She was Virgie Morgan who had taken a tough job and beaten it; she was Virgie Morgan whom men obeyed and listened to.

Over her head, unseen, unheard, a dark arc between her and the stars, wings might threaten. The wings of menace. For days she had felt their vague threat. Something was working against her. She had to fight. The timid thing that crouched and waited felt the swoop of descent, the clipping steel of ruthless talons.

Tom was still sleeping, collapsed and defenseless in his exhaustion. He would need a warm coat. His hat lay on the floor, shapeless, stained with pitch and sawdust. She picked it up and straightened the brim. With the flash-light she explored a hall closet, found an old corduroy woods coat of David's. It would be too small but it would have to serve. She let the clock mark another hour before she stirred from her chair, then, buttoning the sheepskin under her chin, she went out the back door.

The dogs came rushing but she quieted them with a word. The garage door creaked slightly but she got it open, and she knew how to push her car out and roll it down the sloping drive without a sound. She had done it many times when David lay ill.

Tom woke with difficulty, stupefied with sleep and weariness. She gave him coffee and whisky, she made him put on David's coat and his hat. Seen from the rear he looked a taller, broader David Morgan and Virgie's heart gave a sudden, clutching pang.

"Where we going?" Tom demanded.

"Hush up!" Virgie ordered in a whisper. "Come along."

The car rolled silently down the steep drive, between black hedges of laurel. At the road Virgie started the engine, turned on the lights. Her plans were vague in her mind. To get Tom away—delay—perhaps the man he had shot at was not dead. Perhaps he had not been hit at all. Tom was old. Delay—till something was certain. Alibis would be no use. Tom would defeat any attempt at alibi. There was Bry Hutton. There was Jim Bishop. No hope but to get Tom away. Delay. This was crime. Compounding a felony. She would be involved. No matter.

Tom had stood by her. All his life he had had no thought but the mill, no thought of himself. He had no family—no one but her. She had to save him somehow.

All the dark, winding mountain roads she knew well. Every shuttled little farm, every dark, shuttered country store at a cross-road with its goggle-eyed gasoline pump. Every man in three counties knew her, knew her old car, knew Tom Pruitt. She raced the dawn westward, keeping to the dirt roads, with Tom slumped on the seat beside her. Now and then he dozed, jerking away dully. She had put plenty of whisky in his coffee. He was warmed, relaxed, he asked no questions.

Once he said, "Looks like you're takin' a mighty long way round, Mis' Morgan."

Virgie said, with a desperate sternness, "You're not going to jail, Tom Pruitt. You never killed anybody."

"Yes'm—I hit him. He dropped clean. I'd have hit the other one but my gun jammed."

"Shut up!" snapped Virgie. "I'm going to take you over the Tennessee line and put you on a train to Cincinnati."

Tom gulped. "No'm—no'm. I can't go. I can't go to no big town. I'd git lost. I got to go to jail. You lemme out of here, Mis' Morgan, and I'll walk back. I got to go to jail."

But Virgie only drove faster. The road was crooked and slippery. She had to slow down. She would have to buy gasoline at daylight but she wanted to get across the state line first. Once over she could breathe again. She was, she knew, doing a mad reckless thing. Defying the law, aiding a man to escape—a woman of position with a business reputation to uphold—but there was nothing else to do.

She turned west again, avoiding the traveled road that led up to the power-plant. The road she took was wild and wandering. Boulders scraped the running gear, branches smacked at the fenders. Tom sat tensely, talking to himself, mumbling.

"You lemme out of here, Mis'

Morgan. You lemme get out and walk."

Virgie's face was grim. Her eyes fixed themselves on the wan beam of the headlights. A few more miles and she would feel safe.

She saw the other car overtaking her before Tom did. Lights appeared in the mirror over the windshield, made the gangled growth on either side leap out of the shadow. She knew, somehow, what it was.

A horn blasted. Virgie put on speed, but the slewing of her wheels told her that it was no use. She had failed. She chose a wide spot, pulled aside, slowed, her heart pounding, hoping against hope that this might be some mountain boys returning from drinking in town, knowing somehow that it was not. Tom did not move. The car came alongside, crowded her so that she could not go on, stopped. A man got out.

Virgie said, "Hello, Lon," wearily. Lon Hicks, the deputy sheriff, said "Howdy, Mis' Morgan. I been following you. You got Tom Pruitt, ain't you? We got to take him back with us."

Virgie employed none of the glib falsehoods she had been making up



"I want to talk to you and I don't want Lucy to hear."

in her mind as she tore along. They would have been useless anyway. She could not lie. She was a mountain woman, without guile.

She said quietly, "All right, Lon. I was hoping I'd get him over the line so you wouldn't get him quite so quick. I guess you better take me along too. I'm to blame for this—not Tom. He didn't want to come."

Lon Hicks' lean face was inscrutable in the dim light, but his drawing voice was quiet.

"I reckon I won't take you, Mis' Morgan. I reckon I'd have run Tom over the line myself if so be it wasn't against the law. You go on home. I ain't seen you real good, anyway."

At dawn Virgie drove her old car into the garage. The house was dark and still. She made herself a cup of coffee, drank it hot, went upstairs, and took off her damp shoes and her dress. She would get a couple of hours' sleep.

Then she would go to Asheville—perhaps to Roanoke or to Richmond. She would get the best lawyer in the country to defend Tom. It was all she could do now.

A heaviness of defeat was upon her. Dark wings shadowed the sun.

CHAPTER VIII

In a long trough, fed by slow streams of water, a mass of macerated wood moved steadily toward the great caldrons that would steam and froth and dissolve it, with sharp bisulphides, turn every raw, green chip to a limp and obedient mass of fiber while the noxious breath of the process steamed out on the mountain air.

Bradford Willis, his first day in the mill less than two hours old, stood beside the trough and tended the moving mass with a wooden tool hand-made and polished to a rich patina by the hands of a generation of pulp-makers. He was learning the "process" as Virgie had instructed him, and if the men who initiated him were stiff and curt and taciturn about answering questions, Willis put it down to the inborn aloofness of the mountaineer, the same intolerant independence that he had encountered on the government work in the National Park.

He met their glumness with a quiet dignity of his own, knowing how foolish and mistaken any attitude of wise-cracking familiarity would be.

When old Jerry, lean-faced and sour-eyed, said roughly, "If you're a-fixin' on working here you better git yourself some working gloves. Men don't fool with this stuff with bare hands," Willis countered by inquiring where gloves could be bought. Slightly mollified, Jerry expressed himself concerning the value of two-bit and four-bit gloves, then as though afraid that he had unbent too much, growled,

"Git a hold this-a-way! You're the awkwardest feller I ever see!"

Willis had expected dislike and resentment, the usual hostility of a clannish group to a stranger, and he was relieved to encounter no active antagonism. Only the chemist, young Daniels, had been definitely unfriendly. Daniels had shaken hands, but with a withdrawn and slightly contemptuous look in his eye, and had gone back to his laboratory without a backward look.

The dampness, the steam, and the nauseous odors were pretty bad and Willis was not entirely strong yet. But a dogged determination made him swallow grimly, and stand brazen, with his feet apart, listening to Jerry's impatient instructions. These muscular, grim, silent men might despise him for an outlander now, but they should not pity him for being a weakling and a quitter.

"Keep that there moving," ordered Jerry, yelling above the howling crunch of the drum-barkers. Then he muttered, "Time and nation!" and scrubbed his nose with his glove.

Across the damp, odorous, roaring mill, a red-clad figure was hurrying—Marian Morgan. Jerry pushed back his cap, in a half-grudging gesture of respect. The mountain woman has been a chattel and an inferior for generations. The mountain man has learned to admire and respect the female sex but slowly.

Willis mouthed, "Good morning," but the words were lost in the grinding bedlam.

Marian's face was pale, her lips straight. She said, "I want to talk to you," but it was the gesture of her hand that made the words intelligible.

Willis handed the wooden paddle to Jerry, who received it with a flourish of obvious relief, and followed Marian past the battery of steaming digesters, through a sheet-iron door into the yard. A cold wind was blowing but after the noise of the mill Marian's voice sounded loud and flat.

"Please come over here to the car. I want to talk to you and I don't want Lucy to hear."

He followed her into the car. She shut the door, drove out the gate, and into a little weedy lane that ran through a lumber yard. There she stopped the car and said without preamble, "I'm sorry to impose on you. I know you're busy—with a new job and all—but there's no one else I can turn to. It's about Tom Pruitt. You didn't know Tom—but he helped my father build this mill. He has been like one of our family always. A week ago he disappeared—and that's why mother got the idea of putting you in the mill. She needed a man. Last night I found Tom. He was over on Hazel Fork. He owns some timber over there—rich timber. A man named Cragg from Baltimore was trying to steal it. And Tom shot him."

Willis sat silent for a moment. Then he said, "Do they know—the men back there?"

"I suppose so. They took Tom to jail last night. Mother went to Asheville early this morning to get a lawyer and arrange about a bond for Tom."

"Then—this Cragg isn't dead?"

"Not yet. Tom shot too low. The bullet went into his shoulder and hit the spine."

"I see." Things were coming clear. The attitude of the men in the mill. Their eyes, judging him gloomily. Tom Pruitt, who belonged to the mill, had always belonged, was in trouble, and he, Bradford Willis, a young upstart had blandly walked into Tom's job.

"The reason I came to talk to you is this," Marian went on. "Even if you don't admire me an awful lot—"

"But—great Scott!" Willis began, and then as abruptly ceased. He could not say, "I'm mad about you." He could not speak out the things that seethed in his heart and stormed at his guarding lips to be spoken. She was Marian Morgan, of the Morgan mill. And he was a mill-worker, empty-handed and undistinguished by any prowess of skill or accomplishment.

"But I know," Marian went on, not looking at him, "that you are fond of mother. And this morning, after she left, Lon Hicks, the deputy at the jail, telephoned. He says Tom is going to refuse bail. That he wants to stay in jail. He's old and queer—and he was over on that ridge for days with no shelter and very little to eat, watching for those men, lying in a bush to waylay them. He's upset—and somebody will have to talk sense to him. He has to come back—mother needs him. So I'm going over to talk to him—and you have to go along."

"I'll be glad to help, of course—to do anything I can. But I'm not quite sure what it is that you want me to do—or why—"

"You've taken Tom's job. It's all over town, of course—things get around in a flash. Tom will have heard it by now. But—if you talk to him—tell him he hasn't been pushed out—"

"I see. Shall we go now? Could I wash my hands and get a coat?"

She drove back to the mill yard and waited, aware of Lucy Fields behind the window of the little office, watching—and on fire with curiosity probably, poor silly Lucy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Year's RENDEZVOUS

"ONLY a year, my dear," he pleaded. "Twelve months to prove that I'm a new man—for myself, for the world and, above all, for you."

That was last New Year's Eve, the day Joe walked out of prison a free man. Margie met him at the big iron gate, a puzzled and frightened boy wearing an ill-fitting suit. His debt was paid.

Twelve worried months Margie had waited, praying each night that, wherever he might be, her Joe was safe on the narrow path. And now his year's probation was up.

The clock struck eleven thirty and Margie turned on the radio. Back east, in New York, it was already 1941. She should have arranged to meet Joe there; it would all be over now!

At eleven forty-five her heart beat furiously. "Please, God," she prayed. "Make him come to me at midnight!"

Suddenly she heard a furious clamor in the hallway. Then a knock, nervous and sharp. The knob turned, and suddenly she saw Joe, his eyes wide and his face dead white.

"Margie!" he cried. "Hide me quick. The cops are after me but I didn't do anything. . . . Honest!"

"But Joe!" she answered. "Why should you hide, then?"

"Please, honey, don't argue!" His hands were trembling.

While the midnight bells tolled outside, Margie rushed him to the unused closet off the hall. Then she



While the bells tolled outside, she rushed him into the closet.

went calmly back to the living room and sat down.

A second later they came, two burly Irishmen.

"A young fellow just come in here?" one asked.

"Ah, er, yes," Margie began. Then, resolved: "You'll find him in the closet."

"Ye'll have to come along, too, young lady!" the copper said. And a few minutes later they were driving to the police station. Joe, beside her, was silent.

"I'm sorry, Joe," she offered. "But I couldn't marry a dishonest man."

He didn't answer.

At the station they were whisked into a small room. It was strangely quiet, Margie thought. In a corner two men were whispering and suddenly one of them walked over to her chair.

"Know what ye've done, young lady?" he asked ominously.

"I've done nothing," she replied, thoroughly indignant.

"Yes ye have!" he insisted. A faint smile crept into the corners of his Irish mouth. "Ye've got yer-self a husband!"

Suddenly the room was filled with laughter and the next thing Margie knew Joe was kissing her again and again. When she finally looked around they were alone.

"Oh, Joe," she sighed, "then you really haven't done anything wrong?"

"Of course not, dear!" he answered. "I'm a detective now—have been for the last six months since I helped the cops smash a burglar ring."

"But Joe," she moaned, "to think that I refused to hide you back at the apartment. I—I'm not worthy, Joe."

"Don't worry about that, Margie!" he replied. "I'm not a crook myself, any more, and I wouldn't want to marry one!"

Out in the captain's office a far-away radio brought the sound of revelry. Margie looked at her watch. It was one o'clock in the morning now; in the Rocky mountains they were welcoming the new year.

"Honey," she said, "let's pretend we live in Denver."

"And why?" asked Joe. "Because it's New Year's Eve there now, and you've just come back to me!"

Blouse-Jumper for Schoolgirl Is Smart

IF YOUR daughter is just about ready for a new jumper, and several new blouses to go with it then make them up with this new design (No. 1282-B) and she'll be perfectly delighted with the result. This jumper is dart-fitted to create a smallness of waist that school girls covet and are not likely to



1282-B

possess, and the skirt has smart front fullness, with two convenient patch pockets to park car fare and hankies. The tailored blouse has a becoming sports collar; and can be made with long or short sleeves.

Corduroy, velveteen, flannel and wool plaid are smart for the jumper. Make the blouse of linen, fat crepe, challis or pique. Both are easy to do, even for beginners.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1282-B is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for jumper; 1 1/2 yards of 30-inch material for long-sleeved blouse; 1 1/2 yards for short-sleeved. Send order to:

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247 W. Forty-Third St. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
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Gas trapped in the stomach or pulled up into the half-triplets of the heart. All the first sign of duodenal indigestion is a smart pain in the upper part of the stomach. It is caused by gas free. No laxative but made of the finest acting medicine known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST DOSE doesn't prove Ball's better, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE MONEY BACK, 50c.

Needs of Mercy
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, that in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation. We do pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.—Shakespeare.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

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Every man, however wise, needs the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.—Plautius.

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SPECIAL DELIVERY
(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

By Roger Wheeler

EDITH'S drab room overlooked a snow-covered roof. Not the clean, cheery snow like they had back home on the farm but a murky gray covering on which rested the soot of a thousand city chimneys.

"So this is Christmas," she moaned, leaving her chair to pace the floor. "Oh! What I'd give to be back home tomorrow!"

But then, Edith had two Christmas presents to which she could look forward. Today, Christmas eve, the mailman MUST bring her annual package from home. And tomorrow there would be Christmas dinner with Ken—dear Ken who was working so hard these days that he could hardly take time off to think about Christmas.

Edith heard the bell ring downstairs and she skipped to her door, opening it softly and waiting tensely while the old landlady, answered.

Yes, it was the mailman! And then came the shrill cry: "Miss Harris! Mail for you!"

Edith practically leaped downstairs, for there would be her package from home. Then her heart sank, for the landlady handed her only two letters, a greeting card from her friend Margie and (of all things at Christmas!) a bill from the department store.

Edith climbed sorrowfully back to her room and wept. Something was wrong, for Mother and Dad never forgot her at Christmas. She cried spasmodically the rest of the day, while downstairs she heard the other roomers shouting Christmas greetings as they arrived and departed.

But finally Edith consoled herself, for she could still look forward to Christmas dinner with Ken tomorrow!

He was due at two o'clock that day, and after church Edith hurried home to get ready. At 1:30 she was seated restlessly awaiting the doorbell.

She was still waiting at 2:30, for Ken did not arrive. And Edith was getting hungry.

Three o'clock passed, and Edith frowned.

"What could have happened to him?" she asked herself.

At four o'clock she cried. It was too much! First her family had forgotten, and now Ken had chosen Christmas day to tell her in this painful fashion that he didn't care!

At 6 p. m. misery began mingling with the pangs of hunger. Edith put on her coat and started to the corner restaurant. But she never got past the door. There she ran into a breathless Ken.

"Edith, dear!" he cried. "Sorry to be so late, but I knew you'd understand when you got my note."

"But—" Edith was confused, "I didn't receive any note, Ken."

"What? But I sent a special delivery message when the boss asked me to finish that laboratory experiment this afternoon. What happened to it?"

The blundering old landlady answered him.

"Please come in or go out, and close the door," she barked from the hall. Then—

"Incidentally, Miss Harris, I forgot to give you these things. They arrived this afternoon."

She handed Edith the missing special delivery letter—and a huge package from home! Edith tore into the Christmas box and found a note from Mother. They'd had a blizzard; couldn't get to town; she hoped Edith would get the package Christmas day.

A few minutes later a happy Edith sat across the table from her Ken in the little restaurant around the corner.

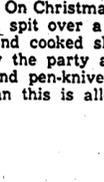
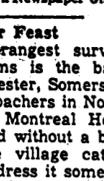
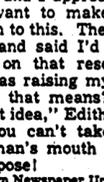
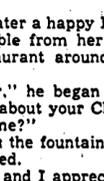
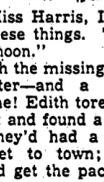
"And now, dear," he began very carefully. "How about your Christmas present for me?"

"But I gave you the fountain pen, Ken," she protested.

"Yes, silly one, and I appreciated it. But if you want to make me still happier, listen to this. The boss came in tonight and said I'd done such a fine job on that research project that he was raising my salary. Know what that means?"

"Not the faintest idea," Edith lied. For, after all, you can't take the words out of a man's mouth when he's about to propose!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)



WEEKLY LETTER BY PROCTOR FISH AND GAME WARDEN

Continued from page 1

The ice fishing has been very good the past week and some wonderful strings have been taken from the ponds in my district. Don't venture out yet with that car on the ice. Too many air holes and thin ice.

Of all the deer tags I have seen and punched licenses the first and only venison I got was from George Roberts of West Peterboro and believe me it was good.

I saw two hunters the other day and they told me that they had driven two does and a small buck across my pond and within 200 yards of my back door and then they got away into the Whiting woods which are posted. I went over later and found the tracks across the pond.

Deer tails are in great demand. How come? Well the fly casting gentlemen want the hairs for trout flies. This fly fishing game is becoming more and more a fad and men that always have been bait fishermen have turned to fly fishing.

Heard a good story the other day. A man in Goffstown loves to fish the Contoocook river at Bennington. Last summer he was up there morning after morning very early in the day and would stay on the river for hours. In fact one day he was in a boat 8 hours and believe it or not he is 95 years young. He is looking forward to next summer with a great deal of pleasure.

Speaking of ages a Doctor in Boston wrote me last week that he wanted to buy some butternuts and he said he was 96 years old and invited me down to see him next summer.

Talk about your cooperation, Henry Lord of Peterboro sure believes in that word cooperation for the other day he called me in and gave me three of the most up to date box traps I ever saw. These will make ideal traps to catch up skunks in some one's cellar. This man has a paradise for the birds and his bird feeders are without number and very original. He has feeders that are for the smaller birds and then some for the larger ones. Grey squirrels are very plenti-

ful around his log cabin. His work shop is the most perfect one I ever saw and it would be a pleasure to work in that one. More power to Mr. Lord and his work shop.

Did you hear the old gag pulled off at the time of the Civil War. An adv. came out in all the papers (Send 25c and learn how to avoid the draft). In a few days the reply came back with the simple advice (Enlist). This gag is now being worked.

We saw the buck that State Trooper Hilton of Antrim got the other day and he is to have the head set up. It was a nice one.

Never have we encountered such slippery roads as the past week. Even some of the main roads were bad if they had not been well sanded by the Highway Depts., both town and state.

One night last week Officer Stevens and I sat in at the 6th annual turkey supper of the Fitchburg Rod and Gun club at Turner hall, that city. This club has a paid up membership for 1941 of 700 members. We met Harry Butterick and later Herb Peaslee, both members of the Mass. Division Fish and Game. This Turner hall is located on Frankfort street and very appropriate as it's a German hall and the Rod and Gun club are mostly of the French speaking people. The supper was very good and the entertainment was of a high order. We met many of the old boys and did we have a good time. This club have a clubhouse and grounds and the report of the past year's work shows a big boost for Conservation. Thousands of dollars spent for game birds and animals. Success to the Rod and Gun club of Fitchburg, Mass.

Puppies for Christmas. Tell us what you want and we may be able to put you wise as to where you can get what you want. I know of a lot of them for sale just now.

Was talking with an old time hunter the other day and he was much in favor of a law to stop the highway hunting. He wants a law stopping all the hunting along a public highway and make a good stiff fine for anyone to walk the highway with a high powered rifle. This man drives a big truck and he doesn't like the idea of a 30/30 bullet plowing through the back of his cab. Only this past week a man with a suede coat was picking laurel beside the road when a hunter had him covered. The man turned around and the hunter did not fire. (A matter of seconds). One morning early a hunter counted from the cement bridge about Grey's Corner in Wilton up over Kimball heights down to the red bridge on route 101. A 63 hunters. Behind trees. That was too many for him so he drove home and went to church.

In answer to a number of letters. No you cannot sell deer meat but you can sell the head, legs and pelts.

A little tip to you trappers. Don't fall for the fellow that's around buying your furs. If he offers you a nice fat price watch your step as he may not have a license to buy furs at all. Make him show his fur buyer's permit.

All licenses, permits of all kinds, expire Dec. 31. Don't fail to renew same at once. You cannot trap in 1941 unless you have a license so to do.

On the arrival of the snow most of the fox trappers pull up their traps and call it a day. But we know of one trapper who knows his stuff and last Saturday he found two nice foxes when he visited his traps on Abbott hill. He uses ant hill dirt which does not freeze and sweepings from a hen house. He sure knows his stuff as he spent two winters in northern Canada and learned the secret from the Indians.

One day last week in Jaffrey we saw a hen pheasant out in a field busy in a cornfield. A King Fisher on a power line, three grey squirrels and a flock of Blue Jays in less than a mile, near Silver Ranch—and not much of a day for game either.

We understand that the apple men are getting interested in a higher bounty on the quill pig. This fellow is on the increase fast and unless a higher bounty is paid he will do greater damage to trees, crops and growing timber. We see where some one is advertising to buy up a lot of them for exhibition purposes. Hope they get them.

A few years ago two enterprising young men from New Ipswich one winter caught up a lot of these fellows in box traps baited with salt pork. These were used for eating and for experimental work. No I never had a quillpig for supper but they tell me they're real good. George Craig of Antrim says they are but give me chicken.

We see by the papers that Chief of Police Picard of Peterboro has been appointed a sheriff for Hillsborough County. A wise choice.

We are glad to see that more and more people are getting humane minded. I had several tips last week of animals being abused and which I was glad to investigate and correct. Many people see cruelty being handed out to dumb animals every day and don't say a word. It's none of your business so they think. It's everyone's business if dumb animals and children are being abused.

Three people have asked where they can send a complaint so that it won't back fire. Write to Mrs. Marion Draper, Lake avenue, Nashua, N. H., and her Agent Patrolman Mears will attend to the case at once. If you are in Cheshire County notify the Society at Keene. Near Manchester notify Animal Rescue League at Goffstown. The S. P. C. A.

A large otter was taken at Antrim the other day according to Guy Hollis of that town. These animals bring a good price in the fur market.

at Concord. Yes, you can still hunt hares and rabbits till Feb. 1 and foxes till March 1.

The closed season on otter, mink, skunk and muskrat is Feb. 1, 1941. From February they are protected till November. For the benefit of H&K you will find on page 35 that Sable, Fisher and Martin are protected at all times.

The recent reappointment of Hon. Phillip E. Morris of Nashua for a term of five years as chairman of the Fish and Game Commission is hailed with delight by the Sportsmen of New Hampshire. Mr. Morris has made an extensive study of the Dept. and is well qualified for this position. All the clubs in the state are 100% behind this recent appointment.

Mrs. Alice Filer of Deering sends by special delivery a large box full of tinfoil for the crippled children. Thanks.

Manuel Camara, Jr., of Hillsboro brings in a 18-lb. bobcat for the bounty, while hunting deer.

One of the 11th hour lucky sportsmen was Douglas Chapman of the home town. He got a nine point buck, 225 lbs. This was shot on North Pack Mountain and he said his daughter "Dot" dragged that big buck four miles to the road. Mr. Chapman reports that moose tracks just a day old were very plentiful on top of North Pack.

"They do it every time." Well "Dug" and his wife went to Maine for a two weeks' hunting trip and all he saw was a cow moose and came home empty handed as to deer. But right here in good old N. H. he gets his buck and a good one at that.

A party of five from southern N. H. went to northern N. H., stayed ten days and never saw a deer. The first day of the hunting season in Richmond they all got one each and saw plenty more. John Martin, the Conservation officer from Keene, will vouch for this story.

By the looks of the number of deer killed the State Dept. won't have to bother about deer damage in 1941.

Believe it or not but one day last week we ran across Lineman Berube and his helper, Cleaves, of the Wilton Telephone Co., on a back road setting telephone poles. Berube reported not a bit of frost in the ground. And here it is almost Jan. 1, 1941.

I may be a bit early but better early than late to wish all the readers of this column a Merry Christmas and may it be the best one you ever had.

One man in Mount Vernon was walking to work and stopped to tie up his shoe strings and when he stood up here was his deer. Another man has hunted every day of the 15, shot at six deer and will have to kill his pig if he wants fresh meat. The last day of the season we counted 12 cars at Pratt's pond in Mason and many more all up and down the road. These cars represented three states and 11 towns and cities. Seven deer were taken from this same section the previous Sunday.

Face traffic on the highway and live longer.

UNITY AND DEFENSE IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT COOPERATION OF GOV'T

The strength and security of our nation depends on national duty.

There is no room in this country now for narrow partisanship, for class hatred, for exploiting old grudges and differences. But unity must be more than a slogan, more than a vague and appealing word. It can be achieved only by action.

Unity calls for fair dealing between industry and labor, for policy that neither favors nor penalizes either side. It calls for an attitude on the part of both labor leaders and industrial managers that will make possible frank and honest arbitration, with each understanding the problems of the other. The nation cannot afford exploiters now—the industrialist who would grind down labor, or the labor leader who would disrupt industry to gain his ends.

Unity calls for a government policy of real cooperation with all industry. The need of the hour is production and still more production, in the interest of our ordinary needs no less than in the interest of our extraordinary defense program. The country cannot afford that kind of politician who fights industry, reviles industry, and who attempts to ruin industry in reaching out for more and more power. Nor can it afford costly and unnecessary government competition with industry, which means the eventual extinction of private enterprise.

Unity calls for a tax and spending policy which will get maximum results in the least possible length of time with minimum waste. Taxation must be distributed equitably over all income groups, and all industries and businesses. We are willing to spend every dollar that is needed for real defense.

We can have unity. We must have it, if we are to survive as a free people. Now is the time to put into effect a program that will really achieve it.

Grenades in War

Gunpowder filled grenades of wood were invented in the Sixteenth century and in the Seventeenth century special bands of grenadiers were formed for their use. Modern hand grenades were successfully used by the Japanese against Russia in 1904, and various forms, many made from old tins, were introduced at the outbreak of the World war.

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