

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIX, NO. 22

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1942

5 CENTS A COPY

Bennington Woman's Club Meeting

Iceland, Scotland, England, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France, India, Russia, Greece, Egypt, Japan, Canada, China, Hawaii and South America, all came to Bennington on Tuesday in "Shawls" brought by their owner, Daisy Deane Williamson. She first became interested in shawls through Miss Gertrude Dickerman and has collected 134 or 135 shawls over a period of three and one-half years. She has been fortunate to have been given some shawls and others she has purchased; for instance, a Turkish shawl which cost \$1,000.00, she was able to purchase for \$25.00 and another one which cost \$300.00 she purchased for \$18.00.

Miss Williamson went abroad in 1939 and added to her collection. She took us on an imaginary trip to the old town of Paisley, Scotland, where she purchased several shawls. In this town the people are peace loving and nearly one out of three were poets. About all of the adults there are weavers. They use two fibers, one wool and one linen and they wove checks and stripes. In 1795 a French expedition was sent to Egypt, where they found different types of shawls, which they sent back to their wives and sweethearts and some traveled as far as Paisley.

There are three types of shawls in Egypt:

1. Old Turkish shawl with fantastic and weird figures embroidered with a needle.

2. The patchwork shawl made with hundreds of pieces and embroidered. One made of Cashmere might have come from Persia or India. Has symbols of maker and owner on it.

3. The true Cashmere shawl, one with motif of leaf and cross seed of palm and a plain woven shawl embroidered with needle.

Showed a linen shawl made in Goffstown.

Chuddar. May be used as scarf or shawl, came from Egypt and had figures applied on half of one end. She also had three from South America, Peru and Bolivia. There were ten or eleven scarf pins.

The Paisley loom was built in 1820 and the manufacture of these looms was discontinued in 1870. The Paisley shawl was woven wrong side up on top the clipped edges of thread underneath with the embroidery filled in solidly. The reversible shawl was not made until 1860-1885.

The art of making shawls is extinct and we must treasure and

(Continued on page 5)

WINFRED SCOTT HILTON

Winfred Scott Hilton, World War veteran, passed away at the Veterans' hospital at Bedford, Mass., on Tuesday, April 14th. He was born in Wells, Maine, November 14, 1895, the son of Alverda and Estella Hilton. He was a carpenter by trade. He was a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post No. 744, of Manchester.

Survivors are his wife, Mrs. Sfa (Stock) Hilton; two daughters, Myrta and Julianna; three sisters and three brothers, Mrs. Beth Fletcher, Mrs. Arthur Wheeler, Mrs. Edna Wheeler, Kenneth Hilton, Roger Hilton and Lawrence Hilton, all of Antrim.

Friends may pay their respects at Mrs. Hilton's apartment in the former Baker block, Hillsboro.

Funeral services will be held at the Methodist church on Friday, April 17, at two o'clock, under the direction of Fred B. Matthews, funeral director.

Miss Edith Lillian Lawrence Feted On Birthday

Miss Edith Lillian Lawrence! Everyone knows and loves the name. Everyone knows and reveres the owner of the name.

Born over seventy years ago in this town, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lawrence, she went to school here and still holds steadfast the many friendships she made there. Later she went to Northfield Academy, from there to Colby in New London and thence to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. A talented young miss, she taught music to younger folks when she was only twelve.

By and by, having acquired her education she came home. There she taught music, worked in Goodell's office and played the organ. Anyone desiring music for a concert, the auxiliary or anything else, turned to Miss Lawrence.

Her sparkling wit, her gentle ways, her Christian philosophy, her unstinted service of mind and body, her capacity for friendships, her humbleness endeared her to hundreds of people.

It was fitting that this party given in the Congregational vestry on Wednesday night should be tendered her. The townspeople were only returning with gratitude the many services she had rendered. The vestry was crowded with her friends and a bag of dimes was presented to Miss Lawrence as a gift for her birthday. There was a gorgeous cake too wheeled in by little Katherine Cody, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cody. Favorite songs were sung and a general good time was participated in by the entire company who eagerly greeted their friend and neighbor.

Mrs. John Bryer conceived the idea of the party and to her and her helpers must go full credit for the success of it all.

Some years ago a man said that he wished to live so that the world would be a better place because he had passed that way. Miss Lawrence is certainly one of those fortunate people who have lived so that the world is a better place because she has passed this way. We are very fortunate that her part of the world happens to be Bennington.

ANTRIM WOMAN'S CLUB

The final regular meeting of the Antrim Woman's club was held at Library hall on Tuesday with members of the Hancock club as guests. Mrs. Alwin Young presided at the business meeting during which members of the nominating committee were chosen to nominate officers for the coming year.

A musical program was presented by Miss Nina Woiczuilenas of Manchester. She performed in native Russian costume, and sang and played at the piano several types of Russian folk songs, dances and, also, a very colorful original composition entitled "Fantastique." Miss Woiczuilenas has a charming personality, and her selections were greatly enjoyed by all those present. It is hoped that she may again be heard in Antrim.

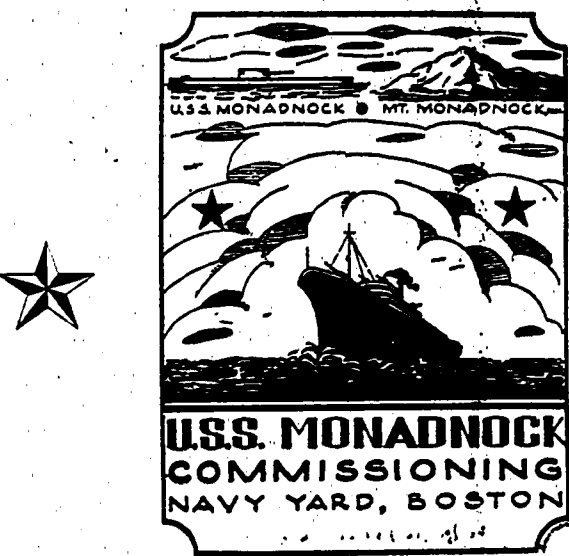
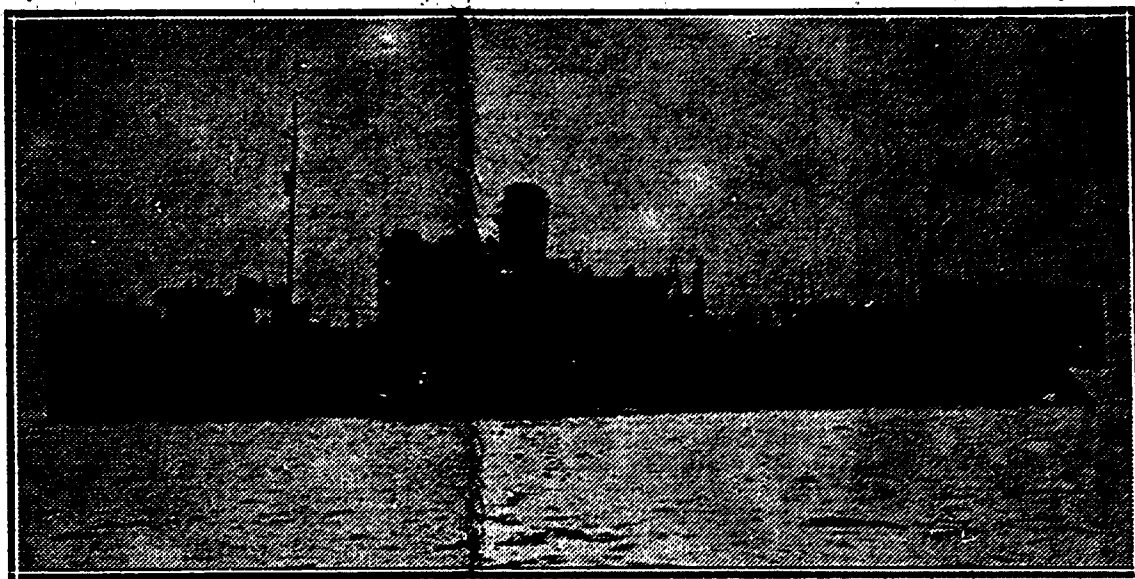
The refreshments consisted of dainty sandwiches, coffee and tea. Mrs. Wendell Ring acted as chairman, with Mrs. Andrew Fuglestad, Mrs. William Richardson, Mrs. John Thornton and Mrs. John Shea assisted. Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Shea presided at the tea table.

V . . .

Fastest Flying Bird

The fastest flying bird in the world is the chimney swift. It can fly from 70 to 200 miles an hour, which is almost four times as fast as the maximum for the next fastest birds, such as the ducks and falcons.

THE U. S. S. MONADNOCK



The men of the U. S. S. Monadnock, namesake of Mt. Monadnock, are to receive tokens of appreciation from the school children of the Region, under a plan set up by the Monadnock Region Association. The Monadnock is now in active service, helping to win the war, and although names cannot be mentioned it is known that the Region

is represented among the crew. Therefore, it is expected that the children of the Region are anxiously awaiting the chance to join together and let the boys know of their appreciation for this struggle being carried on that these same children may grow up to know and enjoy the benefits of a free America.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Here is a letter that gave me a great thrill. It's from Joseph Stanton, a former Wilton man, who has a son Robert who is in a U S "Sub" somewhere off the Pacific coast. The letter from Bob to his father Joe at the "Vets" hospital at White River Junction tells about the local paper being in great demand by the boys on the sub. Proctor's column gave them a big kick. Joe the father was a Lieutenant in the last big war and was a Prof. of French in one of the big eastern colleges when

that war broke out. "Bob" was a member of the local high school and graduated class of '41. If Bob ever sees this I hope he gets a couple of Japs for me.

I got three unsigned letters last week telling me where I can get some skunk's oil for my friend with the bad hand. Thanks for the tip.

The frogs have begun to peep and the past few nights my pond was a theatre of grand opera and some of it was not so grand.

Speaking of old dogs still full of

pep, A. E. Coffin of Greenville has a setter that's 17 years old and still going strong.

Dog snatchers and gasoline thieves are working this part of the world. I had an S O S Sunday morning that some one in a red coupe picked up a corker spaniel and drove off. Three hours later the dog came back covered with tar. Saturday night several cars were tapped for gas right on one of our back streets. Gas tanks in other towns are meeting the same fate. A lock on your gas tank will be a good investment.

Tinfoil this week from A. E. Coffin of Greenville.

Speaking of beagle hounds you should see the bunch that Rea Cowperthwaite of Milford has. Rea is one of the prominent members of the Federated and the Southern Council of Fish and Game clubs and an ardent dog man.

Some one in Boston (no address or name) sends me up a sheet out of a Stamp Magazine to the effect that dye from stamps is a pipe dream pure and simple. When I hear from my wife's people in London we will give you the low down on this business.

You can use a small caliber rifle in a shotgun town but not for deer in the deer season.

Have you got an old radio set kicking around your buildings? I have a young fellow who is very much interested in radios and you would be doing him a great favor if you gave him the old set which you have discarded for a new one. Let's hear from you.

A large male beaver started traveling over on route 13 in New Boston and got bumped off by a car. That's the second one inside of a week that met its finish by jay walking on the highways. If he had faced traffic he would be living today.

You can't hardly realize that this nice spring weather they have froze new bicycles. Just when the public wants a bike the Govt. says "No." But we will hear a lot more no's before this war is over.

Have you got that garden all planned. It won't be long now to the time when a garden should be planted.

Up in Temple the skunks have a bad habit of running around in the day time but three of them got into trouble by this day time hiking. I got three of them in 24 hours, two within two hours. It will be a long walk back for them. No you can't kill skunks now as they are protected until fall. If they are doing you damage that's another story but you must prove damage.

The summer people are beginning to open up their houses and the birds that went south for the winter are drifting back to their summer homes.

The hotel people in the mountains and in fact all over the state are rejoicing in the fact that most people will spend the summer in

(Continued on page 5)

Boy Scouts Conduct Honor Court at Antrim

About 50 awards were given at a Boy Scouts court of honor for the Souhegan district, held at the town hall Friday night, the highest award being that of life scout to Harvey Sturtevant of Wilton. There were several awards for perfect attendance for two and three years which also went to members of the Wilton troop, which had present a full troop of 32.

Officials included Lawrence Lee of Manchester, scout executive of the Daniel Webster council; Fred Clark of Hollis, field executive; Calvin Locke of Wilton, chairman of the advancement committee; Guy Hollis of Antrim, district commissioner, who is also assistant scoutmaster of the Antrim troop; Harold Wilkins of Amherst, chairman of the Souhegan district.

Beside Troop 2 of Antrim, troops present included Bennington, Brookline, Wilton, Greenfield.

Movies of all branches of scouting were shown by Fred Clark of Hollis.

Antrim Girl Scouts, in uniform, were present in charge of Mrs. Andrew Fuglestad.

The program opened with a tableau showing rows of scouts on two ladders, with a large American flag, boys standing with large bundles of newspapers and more flags entitled "Workers for Democracy." This was posed by Antrim scouts, planned by Scoutmaster William Holleran, and in charge of Theodore Caughey.

HARMONY LODGE, F. AND A. M., FAREWELL PARTY

A special meeting of Harmony Lodge, No. 38, F. and A. M., was held last Wednesday evening for the purpose of entertaining the four members who are entering the United States service. Those honored were Maurice Boynton, Raymond Bennett, Melvin Severance and John Sterling.

At the meeting candidates were examined for the third degree, after which there was an "Hour of Magic," presented by Dr. Harrison C. Baldwin, P. M. of Kearsarge Lodge, No. 81, of Andover, N. H., and motion pictures on Fish and Game subjects.

At the close of the entertainment a buffet lunch of salads, cakes, ice cream, cigars and cigarettes was enjoyed.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING AT PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Between 60 and 70 met at the Presbyterian Church on Thursday for the Annual Parish Supper and Business Meeting. Reports were received from the various church organizations and officers were elected for the next year. Moderator, Archie M. Sweet; Clerk, Ross H. Roberts; Treasurer, Alice R. Thompson; Treas. of Mission and Ben. Wm. G. Richardson; Trustee, Ira P. Hutchinson, Everett N. Davis; Auditors, Miriam Roberts, Eliz. Richardson. Mr. Davis and Ross Roberts were chosen as Elders and were ordained as such at the Sunday Morning Service. Plans were discussed as to wartime activities and Mr. John Jameson made some very helpful remarks.

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SUN., MON. and TUES. APRIL 19, 20, 21
KATHERINE HEPBURN and SPENCER TRACY
in "WOMAN OF THE YEAR"
LATE NEWS and INTERESTING SHORT SUBJECTS

Please Note! Due to increased costs of Theatre Operation Adult Admissions will be as follows— Effective April 19th
Matinee Est. Price 22c Tax 3c Total 25c Evening Est. Price 31c Tax 4c Total 35c
NO CHANGE IN CHILDREN'S ADMISSION

WED., THURS., APRIL 22, 23
"The Man Who Came to Dinner"
With BETTE DAVIS and MONTY WOOLLEY
LATE NEWS

Cash Nite Wed. WIN \$20.00 OR MORE

Lincoln Papers
Papers relating to the death of Abraham Lincoln are in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. They were bequeathed to the nation about 15 years ago by Robert Todd Lincoln with the request that they be kept secret until 1948.

Job Guaranteed, Money Back
In New York there is a school for secretaries that guarantees if one day after her graduation a student has not secured a position the school will pay her \$21 a week until she has received \$500, or \$100 more than the cost of tuition.

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1942

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Antrim Locals

Mrs. June Wilson has returned to Antrim.

Mr. Robert Lang has been called on jury duty at Manchester.

Miss Frances Tibbals spent this week-end with her parents.

Corporal Murray C. Johnson was at home for two days last week.

At the Rebekah Meeting, April 8th the men were the hosts to the ladies.

C. L. Pratt was at home with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill for a few days last week.

At the Antrim Grange Meeting, April 16th, Pomona Grange furnished the program.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson has been entertaining her cousin, Miss Leathers, from Somerville this last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinal Goodwin of Los Angeles, California, have a son, William Charles, born March 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bezio are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Helen Louise, April 8.

Don Robinson and Maurice Poor have taken positions at Winchendon, Mass., where Geo. Hildreth is also working.

Mrs. Marguerite Howard spent Easter weekend at Bath, Me. and Mrs. Arthur Brown and son, Roger, returned with her for a week's visit here.

Mrs. Lena Seaver prophesied this snow last Monday. She is usually correct in what she says and we just hope she won't have to announce it for July 4th!

At the town hall last Sunday afternoon, the personnel of our Defense Organization were finger printed and took the oath of allegiance. Watch out! There will be a blackout soon.

Monday afternoon the girls of the Junior Red Cross entertained their mothers and friends at a silver tea at Mrs. Haslam's. They have finished a knitted sphghan they have been making this winter and it was much admired. Mrs. Wm. Hurlin poured for them and they were very charming little hostesses.

New Hampshire leads the New England states in the purchase of war savings bonds and stamps. Nationally it is in 15th place, with Massachusetts 17th, Connecticut 20th, Vermont 25th, Rhode Island 32d and Maine 38th. The state of New York leads the nation, with California and Mississippi following as runners-up.

The Woman's Aux. met Monday evening at Mrs. Wm. Auger's. Money was voted for the Mobile Blood Donor's Unit and The Legion Child Welfare Program. The evening was in charge of Mrs. Margery Madden and Mrs. Edna Humphrey who had a program on Latin America. Mrs. Dora Miner gave readings on the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Huntington of Antrim announce the marriage of their oldest daughter Marion Louise to Francis R. Hill of Hillsboro, N. H. son of Mrs. Clifford Smith of that town. The wedding took place in the Methodist Church in Bristol, N. H. on Easter Sunday, April 5. Mr. Hill expects to enter the U. S. A. on April 13.

Mrs. Mary B. Derby, who has made her home for the last five years at Maplehurst Inn, has gone to West Somerville for a course of treatment. Mrs. Derby is a native of Antrim, being the granddaughter of Dr. Israel Burnham. She married W. H. Derby and lived many years in Revere but returned to Antrim in 1925. Her many friends will miss her very much while she is gone.

The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE
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W. T. TUCKER
Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year in advance \$2.00
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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.

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1942

REPORTERETTES

Display the Stars and Stripes.

Somehow or other, toothpaste in paper bags isn't practical.

It's later than you think. Yes, and it never will be earlier.

A man wrapped up in himself makes a very small package.

There will be a day when an aggressor will turn on an aggressor.

Cuffless pants, let us remind you, are a whole lot better than pantless cuffs.

The trick mustache might as well be dispensed with for the duration.

Toast to the Axis: May all the misfortunes of war come to you—quickly.

A contemporary is talking about sweet corn. Wishful thinking—and wistful.

Now is the time when the garden fan has his innings. Later the bugs get theirs.

This country has 79,863,451 citizens. But that number, alas, doesn't go to the polls.

Another of the early gardener's difficulties is choosing between a snow shovel and a spade.

When the Japs demanded that our fier surrender, they replied: "Not by a bomb sight!"

When WPB tells women what's what in the way of styles, it is running into something.

Beans and carrots may be grown on the White House grounds this summer. What no spinach?

News that perhaps you've overlooked: Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth has bought a bike.

Snow fell in Washington, and fell heavily; but we don't know that it buried any bureaucrats.

If income tax exemption on excessive medical bills is permitted, the old custom of talking about one's operation will be more popular than ever.

War brings out the very worst traits in people, and so taxpayers all over the country are demanding that members of Congress do something or resign and come home.

The decision to transpose "The Star-Spangled Banner" from A to A-flat will be regretted only by the possessors of those high and ringing voices which come into their own when competition stops.

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Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor

Thursday, April 16
There will be no prayer-meeting because of the meetings of Newburyport Presbytery and Presbyterial at Bedford, N. H.
Sunday, April 19th
Morning worship at 10:30 with sermon by the Pastor from the theme: "Four Kinds of Soil"
The Church School meets at 11:45.
No meeting of the Young People's Fellowship.
The Union service will be held in this church at seven.

Baptist Church
Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, April 16
Prayer Meeting 7:30 p. m. Topic: "Seeing—What?"; Matt. Isa. 9:2, Mark 8:22-25.
Sunday, April 19
Church School 9:45.
Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "Hardening the Heart".
Union Service 7 in the Presbyterian Church.

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

Antrim Center Congregational Church
Service of Worship Sunday morning at 9:45

Bennington Congregational Church
George H. Driver, Pastor
Bennington, N. H.
Sunday, April 12, 1942
11:00 a. m. Morning Worship.
12:00 m. Sunday School. The
6:00 p. m. Young people's meeting. Leader, Miss Jean Traxler.
7:00 p. m. Evening service.

School News

The third and fourth grades have just received their Junior Red Cross Pins and are very much pleased with them.

They are giving an India Exhibit this week and the fourth grade is taking an imaginary trip to California by automobile. Next week an aquarium will be started with tad-poles and other small water animals.

A lithograph reproduction of Barry Faulkner's "Madison Presenting the Constitution to Washington" has been given to grades 5 and 6. Barry Faulkner is a Keene artist. This mural, with one other, is in Exhibition Hall of the National Archives, Washington D. C. This reproduction was made by the Forbes Lithograph Company and was presented by Paul F. Paige, a former graduate of Antrim High School.

The sociology class has just finished a project on the community of Antrim. The project included a map and written papers on the resources, origin, and development of Antrim.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Rodney Huntington is spending a season with relatives in Hollis, N. H. while she is recuperating from her recent operation.

The Presbytery and Presbyterial of Newburyport meet Thursday and Friday of this week at the Presbyterian Church of Bedford. Several from the local Presbyterian Church are expected to attend the meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Smith announce the engagement of their daughter Beatrice E. to Private First Class Lawrence W. Barnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barnes of Chateaugay, New York.

Ice Turns White
Ice turns white when scraped because the scraping leaves a multitude of small, irregular surfaces which reflect the light in all directions.

Water for Emergency
In Africa, Bushmen fill ostrich egg shells with water, stuff the holes with grass, and hoard them for use in time of drouth.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

ARCHIE M. SWETT,
MYRTLE K. BROOKS,
CARROLL M. JOHNSON
Antrim School Board.

Hancock

Rev. William Weston preached in Henniker Sunday.

Mrs. Isabelle Reed and daughters Priscilla and Muriel, of Claremont were guests of her sister Mrs. Ronald Perry.

An organization of young people was formed at the parsonage Sunday night with 11 present at the invitation of Rev. Mr. Kerr. A social for this group will be held Friday night, directed by the social committee Miss Wilma Curtis, Miss Alethea Wilder, Robert Stearns. Officers include William E. Hanson vice president, Miss Candace Phillips, secretary, Miss Constance Ledward, treasurer. This is the 12 to 21 group.

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**At the Parting Goldwyn
Sadly Disillusioned Author**

This story is told by a man who is writing a new movie for Sam Goldwyn. One day the author met Goldwyn for the first time. He listened patiently while Goldwyn discussed the story, without accent or malaprop. "All those stories about Goldwynisms have been incorrect," he mused—while Goldwyn continued, still without accent, still using the correct words. "I'll write an article about Goldwyn and disprove those stories," the author vowed.

Then as the conference ended, Goldwyn led him to the door and said: "Now remember, you've an important job. In this enterprise you're the main clog."

Political Tolerance

Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind has so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.—Thomas Jefferson.

**CLASSIFIED
DEPARTMENT**

FOR SALE

8 Room House, 3 Acres, Large Workshop, State road, stand, stores, school. Price \$250. State Maine. VAL HEGES, 232 4th Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Breathing Freely.

My garden, with its silence and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care steps at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees, Nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man.—Alexander Smith.

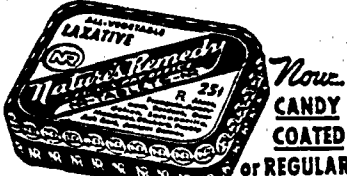
Older folks say it's common sense...



ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

In NR (Nature's Remedy) Tablets, there are no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. NR Tablets are different—act different. Purely vegetable—a combination of 10 vegetable ingredients formulated over 50 years ago. Uncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25¢ box today... or larger economy size.

NR TO-NIGHT; TOMORROW ALRIGHT



TRY THIS NERVOUS IF YOU'RE

on "certain days" of month. If functional monthly disturbances make you nervous, restless, high-strung, cranky, blue, at such times—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years—to help relieve such pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days."

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Well worth trying!

We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.

When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. This advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

SHE LOVED A SPY
by SYLVIA TAYLOR

THE STORY SO FAR: Joan Leland, pretty secretary to Arthur Mulford, San Francisco importer, is amazed and angry when he unexpectedly discharges her with two weeks' salary and refuses any explanation. The bewildered girl arrives at the apartment she shares with her sister Sybil, feeling thankful that one of them still has a position, only to be told by her sister that the beauty salon where she works, is closing up. Over the protests of Sybil, Joan asserts a secretarial ad requiring some night work. The fascinating proprietor, Karl Miller, engages her at once, at a salary of \$50 per week and insists upon paying her in advance, even though she lacks references. Sybil suspects something sinister and divines Joan's quick interest in Karl. She pleads with her not to take the job and the two quarrel. Joan accepts Karl's dinner invitation.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER III

Joan felt Karl's irritation towards Sybil. "My parents are both dead," she explained. "Sybil feels that she has to look after me."

But even Joan was annoyed to find Sybil waiting up for them later that night.

"It's almost two o'clock," Sybil snapped. "What's the idea?"

Karl Miller looked amused as he stood hat in hand in the doorway. "In that case, I shall say good-night without further delay."

When he had gone Joan turned furiously to her sister. "Why did you have to say that? I'm old enough to manage my own affairs."

There were deep circles of fatigue beneath Sybil's blue eyes. Her voice seemed to echo like a warning through the old-fashioned, high-ceilinged rooms. "You've got to quit working for Karl Miller! You've got to quit tomorrow!"

The sisters stared at each other in the dimly lit room. Joan threw her head back defiantly as she cried, "You've made Karl angry! You had no right to do that."

Sybil smiled ruefully. "He looked more amused than angry. 'It's up to me to look after you, Joan. I feel responsible since mother and dad are gone. If anything happened, I'd never forgive myself.'"

"I know, Sybil! And we mustn't quarrel about it."

She yawned and started for the bedroom but Sybil caught her arm. "Then you will quit working for Karl Miller?"

"No, I will not. I'm twenty years old, Sybil, and I'm not going to let you or anyone else run my life."

The grandfather's clock in the corner chimed.

"Two-thirty," Joan observed, evading Sybil's worried glance. "We'd better get some sleep. Don't you have to work in the morning?"

"No. Today was my last day. From now on I'm one of the unemployed."

"And you expect me to quit my job? Oh, no, Sybil! I'm making a good salary and whether you think so or not, Karl is a gentleman."

"Maybe so," Sybil said as she snapped off the lamp, "but I don't trust him."

The next day Joan Leland arrived at the Club Elite promptly at two o'clock. Karl Miller's office was filled with baskets of flowers. Tonight was opening night but Karl was unruffled behind his desk, impeccably dressed in a gray suit, a red carnation in his buttonhole.

She was glad that she had worn her best black dress. It was an expensive sophisticated dress, the kind of dress Joan knew Karl would approve. Heavy silver earrings were her only ornament, and she had used a touch of mascara, a dash of dark red lipstick. Joan had the assurance of a woman who knew that she looked her best. Her green eyes sparkled as she closed the office door behind her.

"Good afternoon," she said demurely.

Her employer was not the type to evade issues. "I've been thinking about your sister, Joan. Tell me something about her."

Joan removed her hat and coat and smoothed her black hair before she replied, "Sybil's a little low right now. You see, she's just lost her job. The beauty shop where she worked has been closed."

Karl laughed. "Then perhaps that was why she was in such a bad humor?"

He said it with such apparent honesty that Joan was not angry. She sat down at her own small desk beside Karl's and mechanically inserted a sheet of paper in her typewriter.

Karl suddenly leaned forward. "Would it please you if I could help your sister?"

The girl's lovely face lifted innocently to his. "Oh Karl, could you?"

"I think so. A friend of mine, a Mrs. Murdock, owns the Ritz Beauty Salon. If I ask her, I feel sure she will be able to use another experienced girl."

Joan's eyes were shining. "The Ritz Beauty Salon! Oh, Karl, that's wonderful!" It was one of the best shops in town. Sybil would be thrilled.

"Of course," Karl continued, "your sister may not want any assistance from me since she so obviously dislikes me."

"I'm sure Sybil will appreciate it very much," Joan assured him. "It was sweet of you to think of her, Karl."

But with a swift change of attitude Karl had ground out his cigarette and when he turned again to



"All right! From now on I'm not saying another word. You can do just as you like, Joan."

Joan his eyes were void of any emotion.

"Get that orchestra leader on the telephone," he said. "I have some instructions to give him."

"Yes, Mr. Miller!" and as Joan dialed the number she found herself more than ever intrigued by this man who had offered to help her sister. This strange enigma that was Karl Miller.

At six o'clock Joan decided to go home for dinner. In two hours she could easily make it and she was eager to tell Sybil of her good fortune.

Her sister looked up in surprise as Joan burst into the living room. "What on earth are you doing home? You didn't by any chance quit?"

"Don't be silly!" Joan cried, throwing her hat on the table. "I have wonderful news for you. Karl can get you a job at the Ritz Beauty Salon."

Sybil was genuinely surprised. "The Ritz? That smart new shop on Post street?"

"Nothing less! Isn't it wonderful? Karl knows the owner. He's going to call her and fix it up for you."

"But it's one of the best shops in town," Sybil said unbelievably.

"Of course! Wasn't it nice of him? Honestly, Sybil, how can you dislike a man who is so kind? Imagine his thinking about a job for you today, of all days, when he's so busy with the club opening!"

Sybil was standing by the window. "Doesn't look like a very good night for it. It's going to rain."

"Is that all you can say?" Joan cried indignantly. "Karl said maybe, since you didn't like him, you wouldn't want his help. But I thought you would."

Sybil turned. "You're right, Joan! I do need the job. You may tell Mr. Miller that I appreciate it very much."

Joan did not notice the coldness of her sister's reply. She was happily unconscious of the expression on Sybil's face.

"How about dinner? I'm starved. I have to be back at the club by eight."

Sybil broiled the chops while Joan made a salad.

"I see you're wearing your good black dress to work. What's the idea?"

"Why not?" Joan retorted. "I'm making fifty dollars a week now and I have to look my best."

"You didn't seem to think it necessary when you worked for Mr. Mulford."

Joan put the salad bowl on the table and set places for two. "You know how I feel about Karl, Sybil!" she said in a low voice. "Why make it hard for me?"

"All right! From now on I'm not saying another word. You can do just as you like, Joan. Maybe it's none of my business, after all."

Joan put an affectionate arm about her sister. "Don't feel that way, darling. But give me a little credit for knowing what I'm doing. I'm not a child, you know."

Sybil smiled as she turned back to the stove but she said no more.

As Sybil had predicted, it was raining when Joan reached the club but the weather had not seemed to affect business. Already the first guests were arriving. The bar was crowded. Gay laughter, conversation, tinkling glasses made an exciting combination of sounds which spelled success for the future. Joan felt a little thrill of pride as she passed on down the corridor to the office.

She settled herself at her desk and began to type. Karl was not there. Her mind wandered as she worked. Only a week ago she was working for Arthur Mulford. Now everything was different. Life had turned a fresh page, which Joan felt sure would be filled with adventure. It must have been fate that she answered Karl Miller's advertisement. Fate that Mr. Mulford had gone out of business and been forced to fire her.

She was thinking so intently that when he opened the door she felt the color rush into her cheeks. And she knew that his keen eyes had observed her embarrassment.

Karl seemed pleased. "Everything's going fine. Couldn't be better. By the way, I spoke to Mrs.

Murdock. Tell your sister she can start work Monday morning."

"Oh thank you!" Joan cried. "It's so kind of you, Karl!"

He rose, came around the desk. "Has it made you happy, Joan?"

"Of course," her eyes faltered beneath the steel-blue eyes.

Karl Miller laughed softly as he drew her into his powerful arms. Sybil's warnings rang in her ears but the pounding of her heart overcame them as her lips blindly met his.

There was strange magic in Karl Miller's kiss. How long Karl held her in that embrace, Joan did not know. When he released her he put a hand beneath her chin and looked deeply into the green eyes that were filled with emotion.

"Oh, Karl!" Joan cried softly, but before she could say more the office door opened and a man entered.

His eyes caught the little scene and he turned to go. "Sorry, Karl! See you later."

Joan turned back to her desk with flaming cheeks but Karl Miller did not seem embarrassed. "It's all right, Paul! Come on in. I don't think you've met my new secretary, Miss Leland, this is Paul Sherman."

Joan was forced to look into a pair of brown eyes. Their owner was tall and lithe. He had a quick smile, brown curly hair. It was a good-looking face, with its straight nose and square jaw.

"I'm very glad to meet you," Paul Sherman said emphatically.

Joan acknowledged the introduction and turned quickly back to her typing. What would this man think of her? Karl had said, "My new secretary," which implied that they had not been acquainted long. Joan told herself that she didn't care what Paul Sherman thought, yet—for some indefinable reason—she did.

"Paul is my right-hand man," Karl said, opening a panel in the wall which revealed a tiny but complete bar. "He manages the club. You'll probably be seeing a lot of each other. Have a drink, Paul?"

The other sat down and crossed his long legs. "A short one. I have to get out front again. Things look good, Karl... What do you think of the club, Miss Leland?"

At the unexpected question addressed to her, Joan started. "It's very nice," she replied, dark lashes sweeping over her embarrassed green eyes. She had an uncanny feeling that Paul Sherman was staring at her, conscious of her embarrassment. She was so confused that she made three mistakes in one line. It was not easy for her to turn emotion off and on as Karl Miller did. She marvelled at his coolness as he sat on the edge of his desk and talked to Paul.

"By the way," Paul was saying, his eyes still on Joan, "Eric wants to see you. He's in the bar. Wants you to meet some people."

"I'll go then. Coming, Paul?"

Paul finished his drink. "I'm right with you, Karl."

Joan was relieved when they had gone. She pushed back her chair and made no pretense of finishing the letter she had been typing. It was thus that Paul Sherman found her when he returned to the office a few seconds later.

She started guiltily when he came in. "Oh, it's you again!"

"You don't seem too pleased to see me," Paul observed, shutting the door carefully behind him. "But as a matter of fact, I came back on purpose."

Joan stared at him in disapproval. "You mean that no one wanted to see Karl?"

"Oh sure! That was legitimate, but when I saw a chance to slip away, I took it." His friendly smile made it difficult to be offended.

"Well," Joan asked flatly, "What do you want?"

Paul laughed, displaying even white teeth. "To talk to you. You needn't be so annoyed. After all, I am the manager of the club."

Was there a hint of cynicism in his voice? "I'm sorry," Joan said, trying to smile. "I guess I'm not used to this type of work yet."

"That's what I am getting at," Paul said seriously. "How did you happen to come to work for Karl Miller anyway?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AROUND THE HOUSE

Window shades that have been soiled can be used again by turning them end for end, stitching a new hem, and tacking the old hem to the roller.

Rug cushions should be thoroughly cleaned at least twice a year. Inspect them for signs of moths.

You can easily make your own paper frills to put on the ends of chops or legs of fowls. Select small-sized paper dollies, cut small holes in the centers and fit the dollies over the chops. Crush them into place or tie them with cord. Adjust the frills just before the meat goes to the table.

Slate roofs should be inspected at the end and at the beginning of winter. Slates may be broken by winter freezing or by heavy hail. One broken slate would not necessarily cause a leak. But any one break in a roof might lead to more breaks and thus to leaks.

Tomato ketchup poured over baked beans while they are cooking improves their flavor.

Gelatin salads will come out more easily if the mold has been well lubricated with salad dressing, or mayonnaise, before filling with the salad mixture. This also gives extra flavoring to the salad by seasoning the outside.



Farmer's Daughter — 1942!

SHE'S A "SELF-STARTER"

THE "SELF-STARTER" BREAKFAST

A big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk.

VITAMINS MINERALS PROTEINS FOOD ENERGY

plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that makes so good a breakfast your appetite makes you want to eat.

Use the spoon for lunch, use it for breakfast, too. Also use it for a snack, refreshment, eating cereals.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

The Original

JEANNE KILMER does her part of the work in the house and on the farm. Jeanne is a Majorette in the high school band. She says: "I've got lots to do, and I eat-pretty early in the morning. That's when the 'Self-Starters Breakfast' tastes wonderful—and it helps keep me going strong till noon recess."

AND, YOUNG LADY, REMEMBER, IF YOU BAKE AT HOME, THE ONLY YEAST WITH ALL THESE VITAMINS IS FLEISCHMANN'S

*Per Cake: Vitamin A—2000 Units (Int.) Vitamin B₁—150 Units (Int.) Vitamin B₂—350 Units (Int.) Vitamin G—40-50 Units (Sb. Bann.)

All of these vitamins go right into your bread; they are not appreciably lost in the oven. Ask for Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast—with the yellow label.

JEEPS!

Test Driver Don Kenower puts 'em through the jumps for Uncle Sam—shares the Army man's preference for Camel cigarettes.*

YOU BET I SMOKE CAMELS. THEY'VE GOT THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS AND A FLAVOR THAT'S GREAT!

*With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the Coast Guard the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS



ELMER TWITCHELL OFF TO CO-ORDINATE

"I'm off to Washington," declared Elmer Twitchell in an unusually high state of excitement.

"What for?" we asked. "I wanna be a co-ordinator," he replied eagerly.

"What do you wish to co-ordinate?" we hopefully asked him.

"I ain't particular," said Elmer. "Squat tag or leap frog would be up my alley. I was national open squat tag champion in 1928, and I have written several books on leap frog which are standard works everywhere."

"But I am no slouch at lariat throwing or sack racing, either," he resumed after a moment. "Nor at Indian club swinging, apple bobbing and blind man's buff."

"Are they co-ordinating such activities?" we asked. "Oh, yes," snapped Elmer. "Yes indeed. They are co-ordinating everything. Haven't you been reading about the testimony before Senator Byrd's committee? And this is no minor co-ordination, it's an all-out co-ordination. We are the Arsenal of Co-ordination, from what I read."

"Do you think you'll land a job?" we asked.

"Why not? Everybody else has. A friend of mine who has been good at card tricks has been named National Co-ordinator of Parlor Games under the OCD and Wilbur Jones, an alligator wrestler by profession, has landed as National Co-ordinator of Alligator Wrestling."

"Really?" "Not only that but an appropriation is being asked for \$150,000 for alligator pools and \$75,000 for alligators."

"Can you get alligators for that money, the kind that will really do any work?" we asked.

"Yes, alligators are as a class willing to sacrifice a little for the cause," explained Elmer.

"What does Mrs. Twitchell think of your working as a federal co-ordinator of rope tricks, squat tag playing and so forth?" we asked.

"Oh, she's too busy to care," he replied. "What's she doing these days?"

"She's a co-ordinator," he said. "Of what?" "Either magic lantern shows or eggplant culture, I am not sure which," said Mr. Twitchell. "She's doing well. Great for morale, she says."

"The whole Twitchell family is in on it," we observed.

"Yes indeed, Uncle Chidsey has been in from the start. He's U. S. Co-ordinator of Kite Flying at a pretty good salary. He is opening kite flying centers everywhere and thinks he may get a million dollars for kites. He says that nothing bolsters up a people's morale like running around with a kite on a string. And Grandpa Lem is co-ordinating, too. He's the one who never did amount to much at anything."

"What's he co-ordinating?" "Top - spinning, I understand," snapped Elmer, grabbing a train.

CIVILIAN CASUALTY

Helena Hollingsworth Honeybun To air raid meeting goes on Mon. Her bunions burst right through her shoes

At fire-warden work on Tues. When Red Cross work arrives on Wed. Her limbs feel like a ton of lead; Helena's mind seems full of burrs From salvaging all day on Thurs.—

Fearless femme, she bats no eye Practicing home defense on Fri.— Won't someone send on Sat. and Sun.

First aid for our Miss Honeybun? —Sam Michael Gevins.

An insurance company has received a claim from Corregidor for losses of watches and other items at the post exchange. And we can imagine the insurance company adjuster looking it over and demanding severely, "Just what happened there?" And, perhaps, after being told of the Jap attack, adding, "You will have to send us more proof."

Ima Dodo found her typewriter so hard to operate that she just threw the cover over it with the exclamation, "I guess the War Board froze it."

And it is Miss Dodo who has been using one typewriter ribbon so long that she could be accused of hoarding.

Sign spotted by Tompkins Harris in Joe Brocato's restaurant: It's Tough to Pay 55 Cents for a Steak, but It's Tougher When You Pay 35.



You can imagine a tidal wave, with the white surf crashing down. You can imagine a hurricane, in the heart of a shattered town. You can imagine an earthquake, as the reeling earth is spun, But can you imagine Joe Louis—with four grenades and a gun?

FOR the moment there is the chance that Soldiers Two might even provide snapper reading than Kipling's "Soldiers Three."

Soldiers Two are Private Joe Louis and Private Billy Conn, who this next summer will give some war-relief fund more financial aid than any other pair in sport could hope to furnish, in or out of uniform.

A second Louis-Conn outdoor show should be good for at least a \$600,000 gate, the largest take any single war fund will approach this season. It is the one major natural left.

The Second Visit

In the ring at Madison Square Garden recently, the contrast between slender, alert Billy Conn and the pachydermic Abe Simon was startling.

Simon was facing his second Louis visit, while Conn's second trip was on ahead. Conn and Simon were 80 pounds apart in weight and a



Privates Billy Conn and Joe Louis world apart in speed and skill. The contrast was a case of the rapier and the falling redwood.

How Conn will make out in his second visit is something you'll be hearing about through many weeks ahead—until Conn and Louis supply the answer. Whatever happens then, it will be a much more active evening than Simon could offer.

There will be 80 pounds less target and far greater elusiveness in front of the Louis barrage. And a far better fighter.

Early Debating

In the course of the next two or three months army life and army food will add several pounds to the present weight of both men. At least, it usually does, except in the case of the overfat.

Conn can stand additional weight better than Louis can. Joe looked physically perfect at 207, so far as hand speed and power go. His mistakes were due to an overeagerness that upset part of his timing. Just how much speed he will lose at 212 or 215 is a guess that belongs to the future.

Conn could stand an extra five or six pounds, without speed cost. Appearing for a minute or so in the ring just before last Friday's fight, Private Bill in his uniform looked to be thinner than half a toothpick.

Conn still believes the best punch he landed in his first Louis fight was the blow that cost him the scrap.

"When I nailed Joe near the end of the twelfth round," he said again, "I knew I had hurt him. I knew he was tired. It was the best punch I had planted in the fight. Right there is where I made my mistake. I decided to get tough instead of getting smart. I honestly thought I could knock him out."

These are merely some of the angles that will come up when the two famous army privates meet again.

Power vs. Speed

Hard punchers always have had their main trouble tangling up with speed or better boxing skill.

You may recall the fact that in their 20 rounds Jack Dempsey could win only something like two rounds against Gene Tunney. Jack had 35 rounds in which to draw a bead on Tunney and Tom Gibbons with only one knockdown. And Harry Greb was a green mamba against the big fellows, as long as he had two eyes.

Joe Louis had far more trouble with Billy Conn than he ever had against the mammoths and the mastodons. It took him 21 rounds, or thereabouts, to leave Bob Pastor flattened in the pleasant meadows.

There is no intention here to suggest this far in advance that Conn has an even chance to win. But there are at least the possibilities of another big-time thriller, especially when it is private soldier against private soldier for the largest relief gate any single contest has yet offered.

Louis and Conn are sure to be sports major party for 1942—first, as a spectacle; second, as the more important contribution to the general good of a much tougher and a much bigger game—the matter of needed relief.



THERE'S a touch of silver in the dark cloud hovering over the tribal home of the Cleveland Indians—they haven't been picked to win the American league pennant.

And for good reason. No one knows for sure just how much the absence of Rapid Robert Feller will influence the Indians' destiny in 1942. If the slack created by his enlistment in the navy is taken up by other pitchers, the team will cause plenty of trouble.

Most sports fans want the Indians to come through this year. Lou Boudreau, putting in his first year as manager, seems to have won the complete confidence of his men. That, in itself, is a major achievement. The 24-year-old Boudreau is little more than a youngster in the baseball world, yet he has the calm confidence of a veteran pilot. And the Indians aren't known as a group of Pollyannas.

Good Judgment

Baseball men appreciate Boudreau's smartness in selecting a pair of veterans like Burt Shotton and Oscar Melillo to be his coaches. They are capable subordinates and can provide plenty of assistance.

Feller's absence isn't the only Indian problem. That is proved by the fact that the Tribe was lucky to

finish in a fourth place tie with Detroit in 1941—when Bob won 25.

It isn't logical to talk about possible improvement in the Tribe until it's proved that other pitchers have a good chance of winning most of the 25 games which would have been Feller's. Boudreau is fairly optimistic about his hurlers—both veterans and newcomers. Among the former are Al Milnar, Al Smith, Jim Bagby, Harry Eisenstat and Mel Harder. The latter group includes such artists as Ray Poat, Red Embree, Pete Center and Tom Ferrick.

Poat played ball with Boudreau at the University of Illinois. A right-hander, he was a star in the Three-Eye league last season, winning 17 while losing 6 games. He stands high with the Indians—not because of his past record but because he looked consistently good in spring training camp. He has a fast ball, sharp curve and at least average control, perhaps better than that.

Ferrick won 8 and lost 10 for Philadelphia last year, but the Indians look to him for his share of wins, either in a starting or relief role. Embree, bought from Wilkes-Barre, boasts a sensational minor league record. He won 21 and lost 5 in 1941.

Job for Veterans

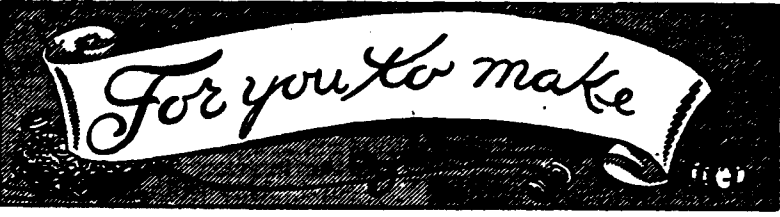
Center, recalled from Wilkes-Barre, won 14 and lost 8 last season. For some reason he hasn't been ranked as high as Embree, Ferrick or Poat, but on the basis of his early season showing he'll have a good chance to prove himself.

While the newcomers will have a big job on their hands, a good share of Boudreau's pitching this season will come from Harder, Bagby, Smith, Eisenstat, Milnar and Joe Heving. Others on the roster who may give additional aid are Dewey Adkins, Millard Howell, Vernon Kennedy, Joe Krakauskas, Chubby Dean and Clint Brown.

Another performer who will bear watching is Steve Gromek, who came up from Flint, Mich., with a 1941 record of 14 wins and 2 losses. In the opinion of Gordon Cobbleddick, Cleveland sports writer, "If there's 'another Feller' in sight it would be Gromek."

It's entirely possible that Cleveland may finish out of the first division. On paper, Lou doesn't have the team that Oscar Vitt had in 1940, or Roger Peckinpaugh had in 1941. But Lou won't be downed without a bitter struggle. He has the spirit and intelligence necessary for a manager. What's just as important, at least in Cleveland, is his ability to get along with fellow ball players.

The Indians' catching leaves something to be desired. At the present writing Gene Desautels looks like the No. 1 boy behind the plate. However, he can't take anything for granted. Otto Denning, bought from Minneapolis, is crowding Desautels through his ability to hit. Neither of them will lead American league hitters. Desautels hit .201 last season with the Indians while Denning hit .260 for Minneapolis. Jim Hegan, another prospect, also came up from the minors, hit .242 in 1941. Much will depend on the eventual catching strength.



Pattern No. 220 contains a transfer pattern of a 6 1/2x17 1/2 and two 5 1/2x15 inch motifs; materials required; illustrations of stitches; directions for edging. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. 22 Eighth Ave. New York Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. Name: Address:

Pattern No. 220.

YOU'LL love to show these linens off! And they're such fun to embroider in lovely colors and edge with crochet! Although simple to do, you'll be proud of sheet, pillow case or scarf decorated this way.



Keep Posted on Values By Reading the Ads

Every Home Needs a "Grandma" Home isn't complete without her! If she's with you help keep her in good health. Should her appetite "drop" get VINCOL. This modern tonic contains Vitamins B1 and Iron, combined with other valuable ingredients. Your druggist has VINCOL.

MEN OF TOMORROW

need your care today. Many wise mothers and fathers find Dr. True's Elixir a helpful ally when their children require a laxative. This medicine aids in promoting intestinal elimination. For young and old. Agreeable to take. Caution: Use only as directed. Ask for it at your druggist.

Dr. True's Elixir
THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE

SWITCH TO RALEIGH'S FOR PLEASURE...FOR PREMIUMS

► Your own eyes tell you that Raleighs are top quality. The tobacco is more golden colored than in other popular-priced brands—and golden-colored leaves bring the highest prices at the great tobacco sales.

Try Raleighs today. You'll discover a milder, better-tasting smoke that is definitely easier on your throat. You'll enjoy that mellow blend of 81 selected grades of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. And you'll pay yourself a dividend of premiums with every pack!

► On the back of every pack of Raleighs there's a valuable coupon, good in the U.S.A. for dozens of handsome, practical gifts you'll want to own. Write for the catalog that describes them. A few are shown here:



\$500 THIS WEEK IN PRIZES WRITE A LAST LINE TO THIS JINGLE

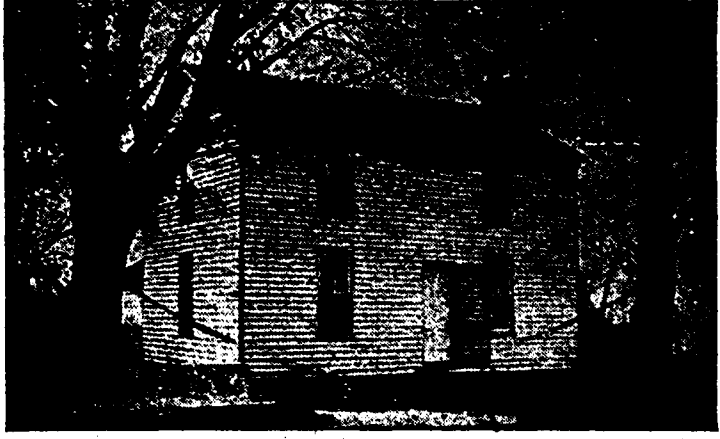
HERE'S WHAT YOU DO It's simple. It's fun. Just think up a last line to this jingle. Make sure it rhymes with the word "winner." Write your last line of the jingle on the reverse side of a Raleigh package wrapper (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and mail it to Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 1799, Louisville, Kentucky, post-marked not later than midnight, April 25, 1942. You may enter as many last lines as you wish, if they are all written on separate Raleigh package wrappers (or facsimiles). Prizes will be awarded on the

originality and aptness of the line you write. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail. Anyone may enter (except employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., their advertising agents, or their families). All entries and ideas therein become the property of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation.

HERE'S WHAT YOU WIN You have 133 chances to win. If you send in more than one entry, your chances of winning will be that much better. Don't delay. Start thinking right now.

First prize . . . \$100.00 cash
Second prize . . . 50.00 cash
Third prize . . . 25.00 cash
5 prizes of \$10.00 . . . 50.00 cash
25 prizes of \$5.00 . . . 125.00 cash
100 prizes of a carton of Raleighs . . . 150.00
133 PRIZES \$500.00

FINISHING TOUCHES!



Unlike the average old homestead, this house needed the addition rather than the subtraction of decoration.

New windows, shutters, a "stock" front entrance and a side porch of early Colonial design were added to modernize the exterior appearance.



Storms Blow Over "Lots o' storms blow over," said Uncle Eben. "When rain is predicted 'tain' no use to hoist an umbrella to keep off de sun dat is still shinin'."

Preventing Coating Sometimes a coating forms over boiled custards. To prevent this, cover the custards tightly as soon as they're cool, and store them in a refrigerator.

WEEKLY LETTER BY PROCTOR FISH AND GAME WARDEN

Continued from page 7 the interior. The shortage of gas and rubber will put the big business into the hands of the railroads. The cabin outfits will suffer if the gas and rubber shortage gets acute.

According to the papers there are nearly as many cars registered in the state as last year. But last Sunday the travel was very light. Never have I seen an Easter Sunday with so little travel.

One night last week I came up from Lowell, Mass., just at dark and I never saw so many fires when fire permits were supposed to be out of order. I saw at least 15 fires and most of them were near woodlands.

The State Forestry officials tell us that this is to be the worst year for forest fires and that everyone must be on their toes to prevent the big loss which a fire now will cause.

It won't be long now to smelt fishing. Just as soon as the ice gets thin on the lakes the smelt and the suckers will run up the brooks to lay their eggs. Then the fun starts.

Archie Swett, the town clerk of Antrim, has a bell that gives forth a chime tone. You should hear it.

Swat that fly now and you will save a million in a few weeks. They have begun to show up. The mosquitoes also showed up with the frogs and our troubles have begun.

You would be surprised to know that there is a good market for snapping turtles. N. Y. City and Philadelphia are the nearest to us.

THE TAX SITUATION

The amount and kind of new taxes that are levied this year will depend upon what Congress is willing to do. This will depend upon the extent to which people understand the measures necessary to pay for the war and to prevent the disastrous consequences of inflation.

Furthermore, the more willing we are to tax ourselves now, the more we will lighten the burden of debt to be carried after the war is over, when incomes are likely to be smaller and fewer people are likely to have jobs.

Train Million For Arms Work

Ex-Auto Workers Are Given Special Courses for Armament Program.

DETROIT.—This is the story of an important battle that America is winning. It is the battle to train a million workers to make armaments that our armies will fight with.

The biggest piece of the armament program falls to the automobile industry, which recently stopped making cars and is in the process of conversion to war work.

When it is going full blast again—it is hoped within the "ten siber months" remaining this year—it will near around a million workers, twice as many as there ever were before.

Virtually all of these will have to have had some special training. There is hardly an operation in armament manufacture that will be just the same as one in automobile manufacture, which was so specialized to bore one-eighth inch holes, another to bore one-sixteenth holes; one machine to bore two holes at once, another to bore four holes at once.

The scope of training a million people may be compared with the problem that confronted the army at the time of the first draft a year ago.

How are you going to do it? The problem not only has been solved, but the training is under way, turning out workers as fast—except in the highly specialized tool-and-die bottleneck field—as machines can be installed for them to operate.

The General Motors institute at Flint turned out 16,000 last year. Henry Ford has started an airplane engineering school in connection with his Pratt and Whitney engine manufacturing that is training several thousand men and is establishing a school for 8,000 at his Rising Willow Run bomber plant.

But all these projects make only a small dent in that envisioned 1,000,000. The bulk of them will be training products of the very factories where they will work.

The auto companies got going on this program over a year ago, when defense orders first started coming through.

In preparation for General Motor's aluminum fabrication plant, a small group of supervisors was sent to study operations of the Aluminum Company of America plant in Cleveland.

Another group went to the Pratt and Whitney airplane plant in Hartford, Conn. A hundred men from a Fisher Body plant went to the North American Aviation factory in Inglewood, Calif.

When these groups got back they started spreading out what they had learned.

The last level of training, the biggest job since it involves the biggest number of workers, is accomplished by two principal methods: The "supervisor" system, where a trained man keeps an eye on several novices each at his own machine; and the "trainee" method, where a novice is assigned to an experienced workman at a machine to learn from him.

Here the industry follows its basic mass production principle of breaking a big job down into easily manageable parts, and tackling the parts one by one.

A 30-caliber machine-gun has 265 parts, with an average of 30 manufacturing operations for each part. For speed the work is laid out among as many operators as possible. If one man is performing three operations they see if they can't divide it among three men doing one operation each.

This reduces to a minimum the amount that an operator has to be taught. Teaching him is similarly speeded by breaking down his operation into its essential parts.

Player Confesses Famed Basketball Shot Fluke

PORTLAND, ORE.—Bob Leute will be remembered by basketball fans as the Idaho collegian who, back in 1934, sank an 80-foot toss, but Bob confesses it was an accident.

"It was really a rotten play," he grins. "Believe it or not, I wasn't aiming at the basket, but at my teammate, Walter Carte, who was standing under the rim. I just threw too high, and bingo—I was the most surprised guy on the floor."

Caves in New Zealand Equipped as Shelters

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—Caves capable of sheltering thousands of residents of Mount Eden are being equipped with electric lighting and with seating facilities.

The caves, including one cavern said to have a capacity of from 5,000 to 10,000 persons, were opened after having been closed for years to prevent children from getting lost in their depths. Volunteers worked to provide the sanctuary.

A Dog's Affection

By R. H. WILKINSON (Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

A GROUP of us were gathered in the lounge of the Winston club and as usual someone had an experience to relate. Philip Marlin, whose ability as a story teller is rated high, told us this tale.

It happened (Philip began) two summers ago, up in Maine. A bunch of us had gone up to spend a fortnight at Freddy Damon's camp, which is situated on a small lake near the base of Mount Mohawk. Young Vic Moylan was with us that year. Of course, he was much younger than the rest of us, but he had a craving for the outdoors, and his delight and joy at being allowed to accompany us was ample reward for any inconvenience he might cause.

Young Vic, we discovered shortly after reaching camp, possessed two traits of character that were admirable. First he was good natured, a willing worker, and was eager to learn. And second, he couldn't bear to see anything hurt.

The first trait, or traits, if you will, became apparent shortly after our sojourn at the camp got underway. The second came into evidence about three nights after our arrival. We were awakened about midnight by the most plaintive, rest-disturbing noise I believe I've ever heard. It sounded for all the world like a child or woman shrieking in



Vic's face was a mask of wretchedness and pity.

mortal agony. We knew it wasn't, however, and when Joe Tucker, our guide, sleepily advised us there were probably a couple of bobcats fighting over a kill somewhere up on the slopes of Mohawk, we dismissed the thing from our minds and returned to sleep.

That is, we all did but Vic Moylan. The kid lay awake listening to that wailing and wondering what it could be. He'd never heard a sound like it before, but some instinct the rest of us didn't possess told him that Joe Tucker, seasoned woodsman though he might be, was wrong.

At any rate, after an hour had passed, young Vic slipped quietly out of bed, dressed, found and lighted a lantern and set off toward Mount Mohawk alone and unafraid.

Two hours later we were awakened by a pounding on the front door. Joe and I went down to investigate, and found Vic standing on the veranda outside with his arms full of dog. Literally. The mutt that he had carried three miles down that mountain in the dark, after first liberating its forepaws from a steel trap, was the biggest and most vicious-looking mongrel canine on which I've ever laid eyes.

"He Carried the Brute Inside." Vic's face was a mask of wretchedness and pity. Without a word he carried the brute inside, laid it on the divan and ordered Joe and me to heat water and procure bandages. We watched them, mutely, while the kid went about the business of setting the broken bone and adjusting splints. After it was over Joe Tucker emitted a great sigh of relief and whistled through his teeth. I looked at him curiously, and he beckoned Vic and me into the kitchen.

"Don't blame you for being tender-hearted, kid, but you'll have to get rid of the beast in the morning."

Both Vic and I looked surprised, and Joe said: "That's Ray Thornton's dog. His name is Rusty and he's got the meanest reputation in the county. He's ugly and vicious. A mongrel. He's bitten half a dozen kids, and there's at least fifteen farmers who would shoot him on sight."

Vic was astonished. "Why, that can't be so," he protested. "If he were as mean and ugly as all that he'd never have let me take him out of the trap or set his leg. Why, he never moved a hair."

"Probably too exhausted," Joe avowed. "I tell yuh that critter is a man-killer."

Vic's face grew worried. You could plainly see that he was skeptical about Joe, yet at the same time he didn't want to overrule his advice. Presently an answer to the problem suggested itself. "I'll tell you what," he declared, "keep him inside till his leg's cured, and he won't bother anyone. It would be murder to turn him loose."

Like to go window shopping?

Suppose the windows of all the stores were empty.

That's something like saying, "Suppose there were no advertising."

Advertising tells you what's to be had. It is just like show windows—only more convenient.

It saves your time. It saves time for people with things to sell. That's important these days.

ANTRIM REPORTER

Antrim Branch

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Pecker of Milford called on friends here last week.

Miss Angie Craige was a business visitor at the Branch last week.

Henry Gaudette of Lynn called on friends the first of the week. He reports his wife being seriously ill.

George Wilson and George MacIntire were business visitors in Boston last week.

Miss Marion Smith is visiting in Boston.

Early Mule Breeders The earliest mule breeders in the United States were George Washington of Virginia, Henry Clay of Fayette county, Ky., and Young and Everett of Montgomery county, Ky. Prior to the importation made by General Washington, a few diminutive jacks had been imported from the West Indies, but these were found undesirable for breeding purposes.