

ASK ME ANOTHER?

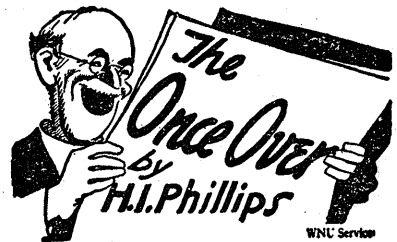
A General Quiz

The Questions

1. In the navy, which hours of watch are called the dog watch?
2. What state has the most populous capital city?
3. Who was the only woman ever to receive two Nobel prizes?
4. Where is the body of John Paul Jones buried?
5. What is the largest state east of the Mississippi river?
6. Who gave the Pacific ocean its name?
7. A pleasure-seeking person is sometimes called what?
8. Achilles, the hero of Homer's "Iliad," was mortally wounded in what part of the body?

The Answers

1. Four to six p. m.
2. Massachusetts (Boston).
3. Marie Curie (one in chemistry and one in physics).
4. Naval academy, Annapolis.
5. Georgia.
6. Magellan.
7. A hedonist.
8. The heel, supposedly the only vulnerable spot on his body.



SEA HERO

The waves they placed him gently up on the sandy beach, The terns went suddenly quiet and a sunbeam tried to reach His burned and shell-torn body and his fair and blistered head; There, as the Huns had left him, a Merchant Marine lay dead.

There was no blare from the trumpets and the drums were silent, too; The papers made no mention and the public never knew . . . Just the slow, soft toll of a bell buoy and the long, long roll of the sea—

They were his only requiem as the waves brought him back to me. —GEORGE L. ROHDENBURG.

THE FLORIDA WINTER SEASON

Miami Beach is so militant this season that the coconuts now bear fuses.

The palms waving in the breeze beat time to the "Star-Spangled Banner," the oleander bushes sprout red, white and blue flowers and the pelicans, which used to attack only fish, now attack fishing boats, if any.

Bathing beauties operate only under "A" cards: three to a pageant. The lifeguards have whiskers and all answer to the name of "Pop." And if you yell "Fore" on a golf course and anybody looks back at you it is the Army and Navy.

There is talk of renaming Lincoln Road "Eisenhower Plaza."

The first thought of a Miami Beach visitor is to develop a tanned, healthy, rugged look. But this year if he looks healthier than the armed forces he feels embarrassed.

And if he looks as rugged he gets drafted.

So many hotels are in the hands of the Army, Navy and air force that if you take a room you take it "when, as and if." A hotel reservation is merely something you make by telephone, obtain by luck and keep by prayer.

Any bookings can be canceled by bugle.

The first thing you do when you unpack your small bugs is to phone to the desk and see if you are still a guest. You don't dare unpack the big ones.

Soldiers, sailors and air cadets now have the \$30 a day de luxe rooms that the filthy rich used to control outright, many a night club is a military classroom and no apartment house owner can call his building his own.

They even say the orange groves have become warlike, and that the reason there was no hurricane this year was that the orange trees had grown too tough.

CO-OPERATION

Ima Dodo says she realizes perfectly the need to save butter and is giving up buttered popcorn for the duration.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Carl Broome, editor of the Brantley Enterprise, down in Georgia, gave a swell outline of the duties of editorship outside the big cities. In response to a questionnaire as to his duties he replied that he set type, wrote the editorials, covered stories, wrote copy, read proof, solicited ads, collected bills, etc. And we remember back on our home-town newspaper when this was all so true.

Everybody on the staff doubled in brass. Dell Dewey, the telegraph editor, had to edit all the country correspondence; Frank Smith, the sports editor, thought nothing of being put on a news story and asked to help read proof. Tom Keenan, the financial editor, did obits, and fraternal news, and Bill Hadden, now lieutenant governor of Connecticut, used to report and file cuts in the "morgue." Ogden White was literary editor, courts reporter, exchange editor and responsible for all Yale college coverage, and Ben Tousley, now a noted hotel man, insists that, when he was police reporter, utility proof reader and railroad writer we, as managing editor, once assigned him to beat a rug.

As for us, we still claim a record. We were managing editor for six years, did cartoons and a humorous column, and took news photographs on the side, to say nothing of helping to wrap and deliver papers in pinches. Them was the days.

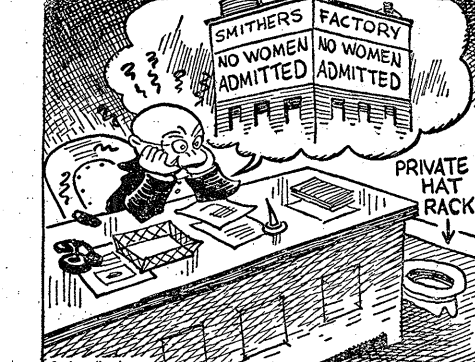
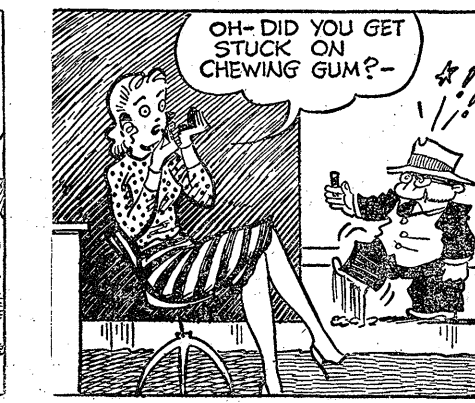
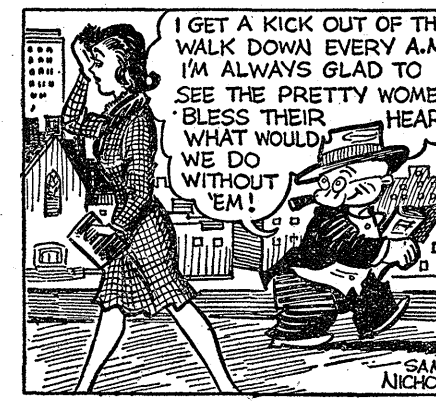
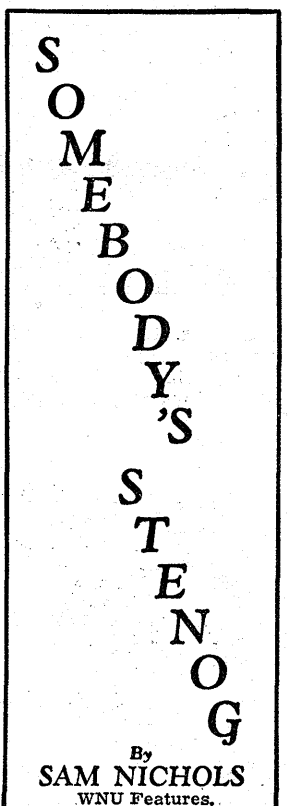
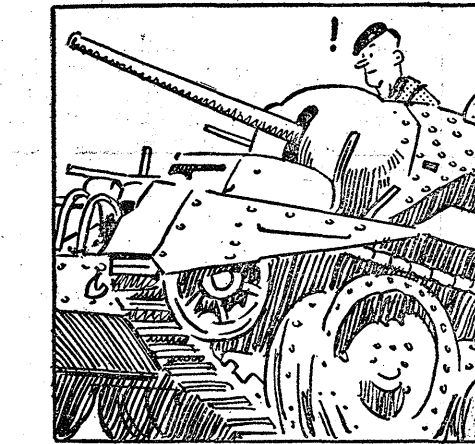
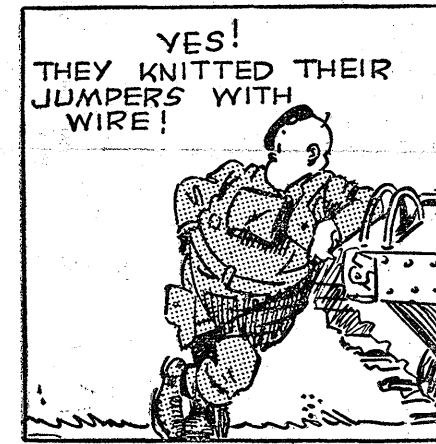
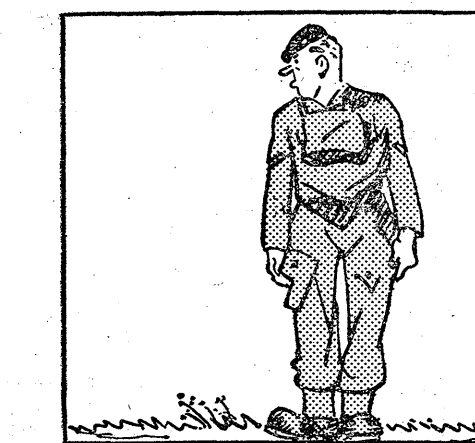
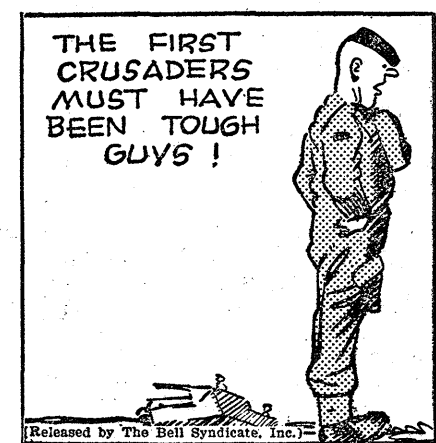
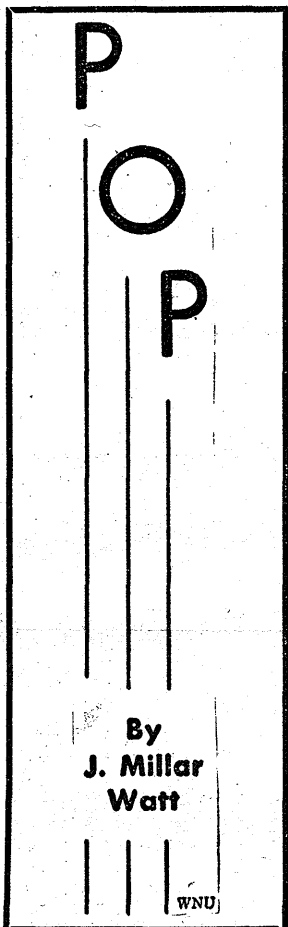
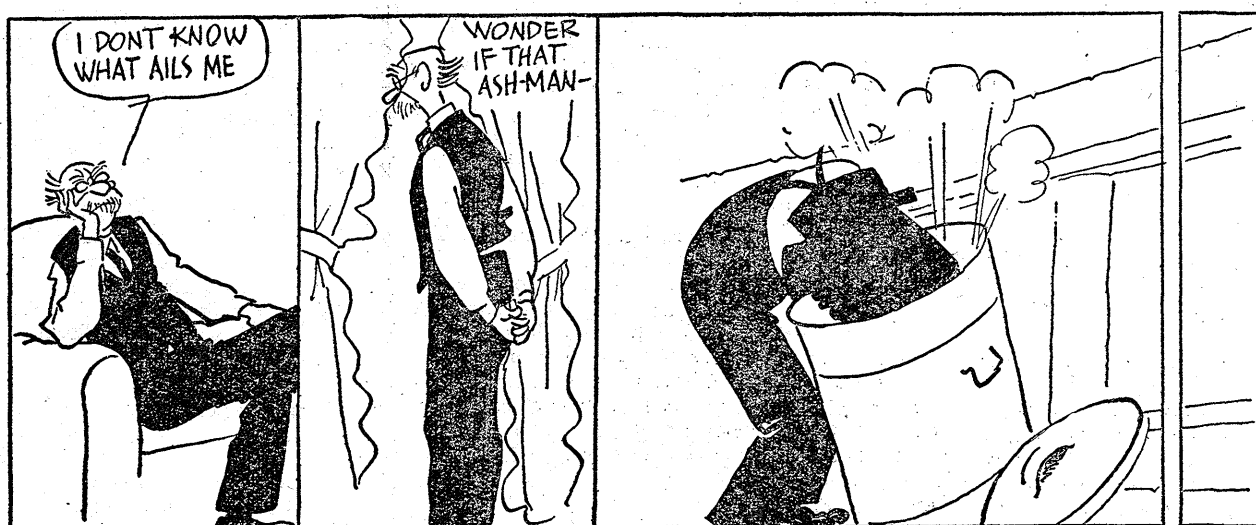
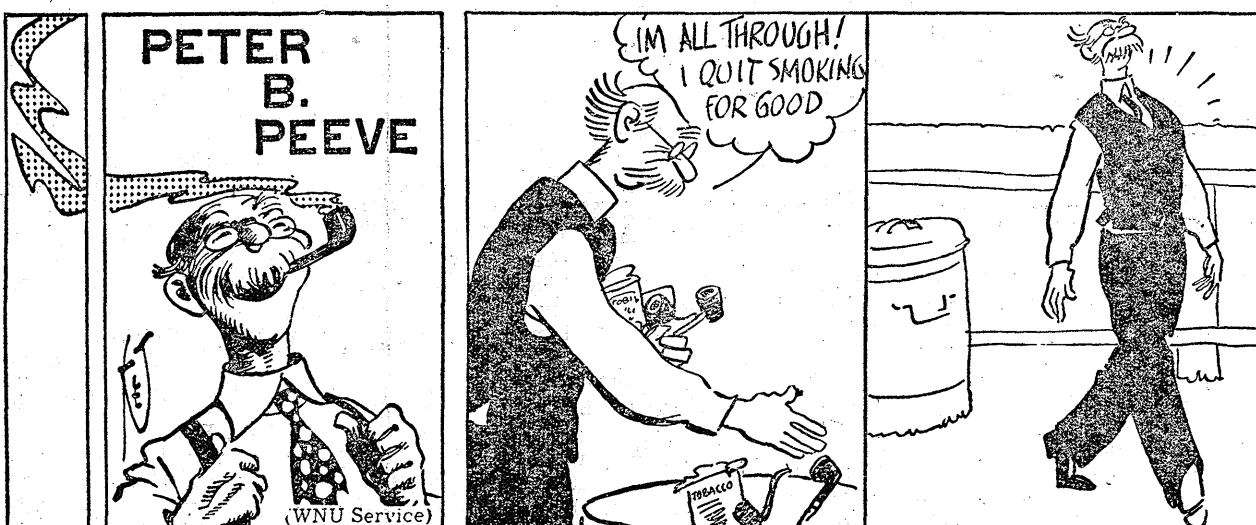
SHIRT TAILS FOR VICTORY

Shorten up my shirt tails—Clip 'em more and more! I'm not one for squawking In an all-out war.

Cut it three full inches— I won't cry or pout Helping whip Der Fuehrer With my shirt tail out!

If my shirt feels shorter— Seems to lack expanse, Help yourself, dear Leon— Even to my pants!

OUR COMIC SECTION



COULD BE

Into the cozy cottage of the dear old lady came two billeted soldiers. She greeted them with a friendly smile, showed them to their room, watched them dump their belongings—tin helmets, gas respirators, packs, kitbags, and so on.

Then a worried look came into her faded eyes as she asked: "Young men, are you sure you came by all those things honestly?"

Reason Enough

"What I like about Frank's articles is his wonderful power of condensation."

"He can't help it. All of his work is done in an uptown flat, where there isn't room to spread out."

Difficult Situation

Neighbor—Why don't the children make up?

Mother—Oh, they'd like to, but unfortunately they can't remember what they quarreled about!

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

"Riggs is the slowest pay in town."

"Is he?"

"Yep. If he owed a man an apology he'd pay it by installments."

Scene Change

Hubby—Sometimes I feel that I once sat on a throne and waved a scepter.

Wife—And now, you are going to stand on the back porch and wave a rug beater.

Confousing

"Why did Gills give his wife a clock that strikes the quarter?"

"It keeps her so confused she doesn't know what time he comes home."

CO-OPERATIVE

Who says husbands and wives can't agree—to disagree?

Wife—I dreamed last night that you were the most generous man in the world and had given me a \$100 bill to buy some new dresses. Surely, you wouldn't do anything to alter that opinion?

Hubby—Certainly not; just to show you I am as generous as you dreamed I'm going to let you keep that hundred.

Where's the Hook?

Smart—People are carried away with the things I make.

Smart—You must turn out some artistic stuff.

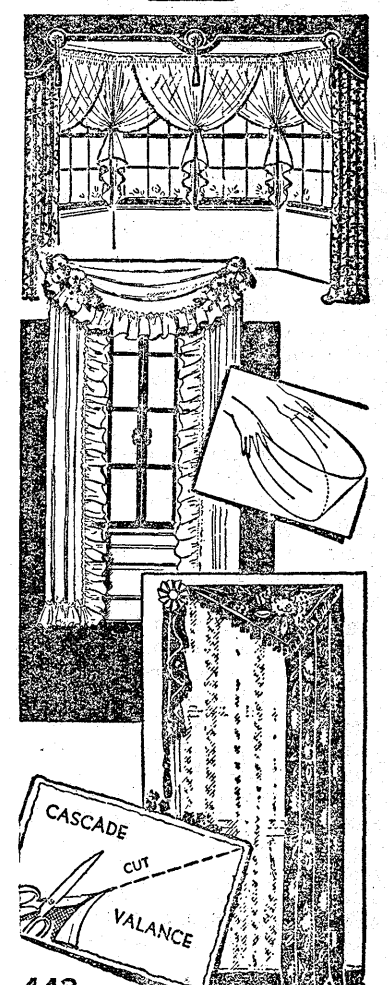
Smart—No, I just make stretchers.

Maybe Right

Dad—Do you know, Tom, you'll never be President if you're naughty.

Son—That's all right. We're Republicans anyway.

Curtains, Drapes to Brighten Your Home



443
CURTAINS and draperies—the quickest way of transforming a room! Make your own from these clear directions and have your choice of valance, swag, varied draping and arrangement.

Pattern 443 contains detailed directions for making curtains and drapes in a variety of styles. Send your order to:

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

Better Impersonations

In China, some actors, specializing in female impersonation, and some actresses, specializing in male impersonation, are so excellent in their roles that they are often engaged to play opposite each other in dramas, says Collier's. Incidentally, when such an actor takes the part of the heroine and such an actress that of the hero, the play is usually very successful.

Use at first sign of a **COLD**
666
666 TABLETS,
SALVE,
NOSE DROPS,
COUGH DROPS,
Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—a Wonderful Liniment

Great Small
Great men never feel great; small men never feel small.—Chinese Proverb.

Kidneys Must Work Well

For You To Feel Well
24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys filter waste matter from the blood. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic pains, getting up at nights, swelling.

Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended the country over. Doan's stimulate the function of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. At all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

Facts of ADVERTISING

• ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way. We merely follow—follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.

As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—

of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

COLDS' MISERIES PENETRO

For colds' coughs, nasal congestion, muscle aches get Penetro—modern medication in a mutton suet base, 25¢, double supply 35¢.

GUARANTEED! Relief from PILES

ASK for JETTA'S SOOTHING OINTMENT

If you are one of the many victims of this annoying painful ailment you'll welcome the quick effective, painless action of JETTA'S SOOTHING OINTMENT. Avoid a painful, costly operation—Get a tube of Jetta's Soothing Ointment—today! It's made of pure non-harmful ingredients. And it's GUARANTEED to bring you RELIEF . . . or your money will be refunded.

Jetta's costs only \$1.00, complete with applicator. If your dealer cannot supply you . . . just send \$1.00 . . . and a tube complete with applicator will be sent you post-paid in a PLAIN container.

JETTA'S LABORATORIES, INC. Detroit, Mich.
P. O. BOX 667

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

Gather Your Scrap; ★
★ Throw It at Hitler!

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Why wheel alignment is a "must" in rubber conservation. When a wheel is only 1/2-inch out of alignment the car is being dragged sideways 87 feet in every mile. That's tire scuffing at its worst.

Transportation in private automobiles in 1941 totaled 501 billion passenger miles, compared with about 2 1/2 billion in railroads, about 27 1/2 billion in electric railways, 2 5/8 billion in buses and 1,370,000 passenger miles on domestic airlines. Big numbers, all, but they show motor transportation to be six times greater than all other forms combined.

It has been estimated that the United States military service will require 325,000 long tons of crude rubber in 1943.

Overloading a truck five to ten per cent will cause a decrease of 18 per cent in the mileage; 50 per cent overload cuts mileage 60 per cent.

Jersey Shaw

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

Reveille on the Jordan

Just a little message to the boys in the service from the folks back home. Sponsored by the East Jordan Community Service Club.

ED REULING — EDITOR

Dear Friends:

I have often regretted my inability to accurately set down in written words my thoughts and feelings. As we say good-by to 1942 and hello to 1943, I want to send you fellows a message of thanks for what you have done, and, of hope and courage to carry with you while you finish this job we have started. Actually I'm at a loss for words. As I sit here trying to figure out how to say what I mean, I get my inspiration from a calendar that Father Joseph J. Malinowski brought in yesterday. It hangs on my office wall immediately above "The Pledge to the Flag" and has on it what, to me, is a very beautiful picture. In the background are Old Glory and in the foreground are two real men, an American Soldier and an American Sailor — watching over them is Our Lord Jesus Christ. I wish you fellows could see it because that picture so accurately portrays my message to you this week, in the New Year. The Pledge to The Flag, that picture and this poem;

She's up there Old Glory
Where lightnings have sped.
She'll dazzle the nations with ripples of red.
She'll wave o'er us living,
Or droop o'er us dead.
The Flag of our Country forever,
Sent in by Ira Bartlett, sum up pretty well how all of the folks back home feel at the start of this New Year. With that, for this week, I am,
Your faithful correspondent
and friend,
Ed Reuling.

TALL TALES FROM OUR FIGHTING MEN

You fellows who have written and promised to send a yarn along — lets have them.

Mike Hitchcock describes a wind-storm they had down in Alabama like this "You know I went to bed one night last week and I was sleeping away and all at once I felt an awful jar, so I jump up and ran outside and found ourselves away out in the wilderness. Well we figure that we might as well sleep there until morning so we went back to bed and I will be darned, but the wind came up and blew the barracks back within ten feet from where it was when we went to bed. So Ed I must say goodnight and go to bed." Well Mike I must say you are some sleeper.

HOME TOWN CHATTER

As this is being written (on a Sunday morning) Leo Sommerville is pushing the big county plow back and forth on our Main Street cleaning out the slush. Its been raining and thawing here now for over 24 hours (the first bad thaw since the first snow came) and the streets are really a mess — as bad as I have ever seen them. If it weren't for the fact that Harry Simmons has been up just about all night helping people who got stuck and getting a crew out to work, I think I'd holler at Leo and tell him to beat it. It's really more fun watching the big plow than it is writing and I'm having a hard time to concentrate on what I'm doing. At that, though, Leo, is doing a good job and I expect its a lot more important to get the slush out of the streets before it freezes than it is to have him go away so I can stop watching him.

I've had many number of people tell me to be sure and send their greetings to the boys. If I started listing all their names I'm afraid this would look like an East Jordan Directory — so — I'll just say, fellows, to you, from all the folks back home — "Happy New Year."

Mrs. Conway, the editor of the Locals Column, and yours truly have a sort of understanding that, when reporting on visitors in town, I handle the service men and she takes care of the balance. Ordinarily that arrangement works out pretty well. This week, however, Chris (Pop) Taylor, Spin Cihak and Phil Gotthro all ganged up on me and got me to promise that I would not mention what they did while they were here over the Christmas week-end (all three of them are working in the City, but wanted me to be sure and say hello to you fellows for them. So — from them to all of you 'Hi.'"

There hasn't been a whole lot stirring during the holidays. The bowling alley and theatre have both been well patronized but outside of that things were pretty quiet. For the first time in years all Taverns Closed at 10 p. m. Christmas Eve. It was a good idea at that.

They tell me that the Midnight Mass at the Catholic Church this year was very well attended and very impressive. I think it's the first time we have had a Midnight Mass here in a number of years. If attendance is any indication of interest I think Father Malinowski will have a repeat next year.

Except for the annual Midnight show at the Temple I don't know of

a single party around here planned for New Years Eve. Seems like things will be pretty quiet.

Last week I told you I only knew of one Service Man who would be home for the holidays. This week I can tell you that I know of thirteen (wonder if that's an unlucky number) who were here. I didn't get to see all of them having missed Lt. Helen Strehl, Allen Reich and Adam Sinclair. To you three — sorry I didn't at least get a chance to say hello — but — I do know that all three of you only were here for a very short time and were especially busy.

Allen came all the way from Ogden, Utah where Don Lapeer and Eugene Umlor are also stationed to take, on Christmas afternoon, for better or worse, Erma Kitson, sister of Pvt. Lewis Kitson who went across some time ago. Congratulations Allen and Erma. When you get back to Utah, Allen, tell Don and Eugene I sure would like to hear from them.

Cap't. John Vogel came in from Washington, D. C. and had about 10 days with his family. John is in the AAF and has a great deal to do with aircraft warning service. It would be fun to relate some of his experiences but am afraid Uncle Sam wouldn't think it such a good idea. I can tell you, though, that John likes army life, and, my guess is he makes a darn good officer. He took ROTC at Michigan and was commissioned in 1937. He has held his present rank since early last spring. We know your wife and baby, and your Mother and Dad, are awfully proud of you, John. The rest of us are too.

Teddy Kotowich came all the way by train from Camp Hood, Texas, even breezing into town on the good old E.J.&S. He says its the first time he ever rode the E.J.&S. and he had to come all the way from Texas to do it. Am pleased to report that he is still the same old Teddy, possibly a bit more serious and certainly some thinner. You fellows all know that Teddy is a particular pal of just everybody in town, and, I guess just about everybody in town were mighty tickled to see him. Like the good soldier he is, he wouldn't say much about his work, but I did worm out of him that his training so far has been connected with a tank destroyer outfit learning to handle all sorts and types of mines, booby raps, etc. that we have read about in the papers. He says its really interesting, and, he too likes army life. I think maybe after the hustle and bustle of an army camp Teddy found East Jordan a bit dull. We did our best to see that he was well cared for. I hope, Teddy, we succeeded at least in part.

Sailor Rex Gibbard came in from Great Lakes with a grin a mile wide. He says the Navy is the only thing for him. Sure glad you came through with flying colors in your boot training, Rex, and hope you get an assignment to that big battle wagon your hoping for. In your sailor blues You looked real Navy. I know you are just that and we are mighty proud of you for it.

Charley Kotalik came in from Massachusetts and left a souvenir with me which I promised to keep for him until this mess is over. It will be here waiting for you, Charley, when you and the rest of our lads come marching home at the head of that Victory Parade. Its sure was good to see you again. Sorry I wasn't in when you first stopped and that when we did finally make connections I didn't did finally make connections I didn't have more of a chance for a visit.

Art Rude came in from Maryland where just now he is an instructor for the Ordnance training troops in everything from soup to nuts connected with that branch of the service Depot and supply, however, is Art's specialty. I had him on my list as a Pvt. and was pleased to see the Corporal's stripes. He says he has had them since November 25th. Art chewed the fat with me for quite some time. If I attempted to relate all of the things we cussed and discussed it might take a book — but — at that — I expect it could be pretty well summed up by just saying we fought the war from beginning to end, and, his idea of the end is not only complete victory but complete annihilation of all enemy leaders who have, in any manner, been responsible for this mess. We think you have got lots on the ball, Art, and are pleased to be able to report that so far you have proven our judgment correct.

1st Sgt. Rodney Rogers was around and introduced us to his better half. It was mighty nice to have been able to meet both of you. Rod seems to be the head non-com for a Medical Detachment stationed at the Illinois State Fairgrounds. He likes his work, the army, but, from the looks of him, I would guess that best of all he likes his wife. Can't say as we blame you at that, Rod.

Harvey Keyes dropped in with the TGF (the girl friend,) Minnie Cihak, on his arm. I don't just remember what I said to Minnie to get her to leave him for a moment but anyhow, when that was accomplished, he had a real good visit. Harvey is stationed on the coast in New Hampshire and had some interesting experiences to tell. He is connected with a coast artillery outfit and seems to think that, unless the new 1 B boys are assigned to his type of work, he will probably be right in New Hampshire for the duration. He has been in now for about 18 months and is pretty thoroughly trained. Like most of the rest of the boys he itches for action but, at that, is perfectly willing to do the job assigned to him as well as he can.

Pfc Harold Goebel came in from Los Angeles. He says it sure was a long haul on the furlough special but worth it at that just to be home for a few days. Harold has been in for a little over a year now and has just about finished up his training in combat intelligence. He has liked the training and thinks that, in combat, which he expects will be his dish before too long, his job will really be something. You sure looked swell, Harold, and it was swell to have had the chance to see you.

Pfc. Leland Beal is another Texan home on furlough. He came in on the E.J.&S. too. Must be we have something at that that Texas doesn't have. Leland is the fellow who wrote in sometime ago telling me to reserve a cold bottle of beer for him. He tells me that the folks out Chestonia way have ribbed him a bit about the way I happened to mention his thirst in this column. From reports from Teddy and Leland I gather that it really is dry, at that, in Texas and what a cold bottle of beer down there is something the boys dream about but never get. Was sure glad I had a chance to keep my promise and produce for you when you came in Leland. When you get back there pushing pills again just remember the same promise holds good for the next trip home.

Sailor Desmond Johnson came all the way from Seattle to spend Christmas with his mother. Just now she is in Ypsilanti but Desmond couldn't resist a chance to come on back to the old stamping ground when the family came up for a short stay. Desmond tells me that he and his brother, Douglas enlisted in the navy together just a year ago and that they are in radio. Desmond is 2nd in charge of a small Monitoring Station on the west coast and Douglas is aboard the USS Tarbell. Doug was in Ypsilanti on leave about three weeks ago but didn't get up this far. At that I'll bet Mrs. Johnson got a lot of pleasure & satisfaction in having her Navy sons with her for a few days so that she could see with her own eyes they were well cared for and looked like the real men they have developed into.

I think that just about winds up this weeks report on our service men who were home for the Holidays on leave and furlough. If I have missed mentioning anyone who was here — I'm sorry. There were a lot of you to keep track of and I did the best I could to make sure that no one was overlooked. Just as I write this I see a sailor walking down the street I hadn't seen before. Don't know who he is but will find out and report next week. Anyhow, to all of you who stopped in to see me — it was swell of you to take the time to do it. To all of you as you go back to your duties. Good Luck and God Bless You.

I tried to find out how many of you who weren't able to get furloughs at least called home around Christmas. I didn't have much luck but do know that the telephone lines all over the country were pretty well jammed. I heard, for instance, that Chris Bulow tried to call his wife Christmas Eve but couldn't get through. Blanche sat up just about all night waiting for that call, Chris, and was a pretty disappointed girl when it didn't come through. I'll bet you were disappointed too. Better luck next time . . . I also heard that Carl Kamradt called his Mom from Miami Beach, Florida. He told her that Dank Gee and Ross Nichols were all down there but that Calvin Dougherty got separated from them and was in Louisiana at Camp Clairborne. As this is being written your Mother is still waiting for that letter from you, Carl. Better drop me a line too, and tell Dank and Ross to do likewise. . . . Also heard that Bud St. Arno called his Mom. She sure was glad to hear your voice, Bud . . . Expect that quite a few of the rest of you called too. Sorry but I just haven't any way of finding out who you are.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

In an average week this column is supposed to take about 5½ typewritten pages. Apparently this is not an average week since right now I'm in the middle of page six and still going strong with a large collection of Christmas cards and letters from our boys that I haven't mentioned at all. I would guess that, as the Christmas rush is over the letters during the next week will be few and far between — so — if you will excuse me for this once, I'll just skip reporting on what the boys have written and tell you that next week I'll have a report on letters I now have from Bob Winstone, Joe Saxton, Geo. Secord, Smokey Antoine, Tommy Thacker, Cliff Dennis, Harry Pearsall, Leon-

ard Lademann, Mike Hitchcock, Bob Blair, Lucky Strike Green, Bill Dolazel, Clarence Staley, Geo. Whaling, Bud St. Arno, Bill Bennett, Cliff Green, Glenn Weiler, Guy Russell and Archie Stanek. Quite a few of the letters are real interesting and I'm sure I couldn't do justice to them in the very limited space I have left.

New addresses which have just come in are Joe Kortan, and Calvin Dougherty both at Camp Clairborne, La., Ensign Stella Stallard at the Naval Hospital on Mare Island, Cal., Earl and Reuben Sheldon who are both across, Beauford Amburgey at Custer, Bill Clark at Camp Walters, Texas, and Clare Batterbee with the navy at Traverse City. You fellows and Stella will get the paper for the first time this week. It is being sent you by the East Jordan Community Service Club. We hope that you will enjoy it and will, from time to time, write in to yours truly giving us a report on what you are doing.

A picture of Pfc. Orin Sutton of Charlevoix has appeared in several newspapers. Someone in Oshkosh, Wis. sent me a clipping showing Orin, in New Guinea, having his leg bandaged after stopping a Jap machine gun bullet. That's just about as close to home as we have come thus far on pictures of our boys at the front. I tell you it really gives us a thrill at that, particularly when we know that Tiny Cihak, Dale Richner, Albert Jackson, Frank Cihak and probably a lot more of you are right out there where Orin is.

Speaking of Albert Jackson reminds me that a very interesting bit of news comes to me via Mrs. Theo. Scott, Mrs. Archie Howe and Louise Bechtold. Mrs. Scott saw the item in a Jackson, Mich. paper and sent it to Mrs. Howe who in turn told Louise about it and she told me. Seems like an American Correspondent with our Yanks in New Guinea heard of an American born Japanese who was serving with our army down there as an interpreter. He looked him up and found Fred Nishitsuji, a 100 per cent American Soldier, who had to have a bodyguard with him at all times to keep our lads from mistaking him for the enemy. Fred's service to the American Troops was considered invaluable. His outfit is an advanced command in almost constant contact

with the retreating Japs. The article goes on to say that Fred is accompanied every one of his working moments by his grinning bodyguard, Pvt. Albert Jackson, and that Fred and Al are the best of pals. Nice going Fred and Albert. If you should happen to read this and get a chance — how about a letter telling us more about it.

Just got some V-mail from Lt. Keith Bartlett dated Nov. 29th somewhere in England. He says that it will be alright to tell you fellows in England how to get in touch with him and he promises that, if you do, he will surely look you up. Drop him a line at APO 684 ET O.U.S.A. I mention his letter this week and not all of the others because I know it still will take a long time for this paper to reach our boys in England and I wanted to pass Keith's message on to you at as early a date as possible.

An invitation to any of you fellows in Australia, New Zealand or England who might like to visit with someone there who has been in your "Old Home Town" comes to me through Mrs. Esther Malpass Dickie formerly an East Jordan girl but now living in Muskegon. She writes that she has two uncles and a cousin in those countries and hey! have written her to ask her to extend an invitation to any of you fellows. The family connection seems to be that the uncles are brothers of Mrs. James Malpass who in turn is a sister-in-law of the W. E. Malpass family, an old familiar name herabouts. The addresses are:—

John Marment
2 Redfern St.,
Wooloongabba S 2
South Brisbane
Queensland, Australia
Frank Marment
33 Surrey Crescent
Grey Lynn
Auckland, New Zealand
Gordon Hancock
Moorland View
Bracken Moor
Stocksbridge, No. Sheffield
Yorkshire, England
I know that John Marment is a baker and has been in the old home town. I think the other two have quite a familiar connection with the old home town — so — boys look them up. I'm sure you will enjoy the visit and have yourselves a time. Thanks Mrs. Dickie for the tip.



Well fellows — Leo quit bothering me a long time ago and now I'm just about ready to call it a day. All of you — keep those letters coming. For this week then, and, until next week it's the same old wish for all of you. Good Luck and So Long.

TEMPLE

Sat. Jan. 2, Mat. & Eve
Joe E. Brown - Judy Canova
JOAN OF THE OZARKS
Extra! Mash of Nippon
Musical Comedy

SUNDAY - MONDAY
Sun. Mat 2:30, Eves 7 and 9
Jack Benny - Ann Sheridan
GEO. WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
Color Cartoon - Latest News

Tue, Wed, Family Nites
George Brent - Joan Bennett
TWIN BEDS
King of the Mounties
Novelty, "Picture People"

Thur., Fri., Jan. 7 - 8
LAUREL and HARDY
A HAUNTING WE WILL GO
Extra! "March on America"
War Action, "Dover"
Novelty — Latest News

Lumber Camps Boom Again



After a strenuous day in the woods, card tricks in the bunkhouse appeal to these Luce county loggers as much as they did to the oldtimers who harvested Michigan's pine. Instead of pine, the lumberjacks are now cutting hardwoods such as birch for plastic airplane veneers. Theirs is the big job of meeting the tremendous war demands for timber products.

