

# Charlevoix County Herald.

VOLUME 48

EAST JORDAN, MICHIGAN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1944.

NUMBER 51

## Christmas AT THE CHURCHES

### Christmas Program at Methodist Church Sunday at 8:00 p. m.

The following Christmas program will be presented at the Methodist Church, Sunday evening, Dec. 24, at 8 o'clock. The program is entitled: "On the Boughs of the Christmas Tree."

Prelude — "Silent Night" with chimes.

O Come All Ye Faithful — Congregation.

Announcement — Herald.

Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Deck the Hall — Primary and junior group

The First Christmas Tree — Martin Luther. (Two Carol — Beginner Group).

Story in Song — Cantique De Noel.

The Golden Cobwebs — Teller of Stories.

Decoration of Tree — Beginner and primary groups.

Carol — Choir.

Biblical Reading: Luke 2:8-20 — Congregation. (Pantomimed by angel and shepherds with carols).

Decoration of Tree — Junior group.

Carol — Choir.

Biblical Reading: Matthew 2:1-9 — Congregation.

Carol — Choir.

Biblical Reading: Matthew 2:10-11 — Congregation.

Manger Pantomime.

White Gift Offering with Response by Choir.

A Christmas Message — Teller of Stories.

Silent Night — Congregation.

Benediction.

Postlude.

### Christmas Program in St. Joseph Church

The first Mass in St. Joseph Church will begin at midnight. Before the Mass proper the choir will sing "Silent Night," "O Holy Night" and "Angels' Message."

The "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," "Benedictus" and the "Agnus Dei" from the Mass in E flat by W. Bonk. During the "Offertory" the choir will sing the "Adeste Fideles."

The second Mass will be in Settlement at 8:30 a. m. and the third Mass in East Jordan at 10:30 a. m. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will follow.

### Council Proceedings

Regular meeting, Common Council, City of East Jordan, held on the 18th day of December, 1944.

Present: Alderman Shaw, Sinclair, Malpass, Thompson and Mayor Whiteford.

Absent: Aldermen Bussler and Maddock.

Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The following bills were presented for payment: Mich. Public Service Co., lights 13.35 Kalamazoo Fire App. Co., mdse. 23.76 E. J. Co-op Co., mdse. 7.73 Gidley & Mac, mdse. 3.65 E. J. Iron Works, mdse. 26 Golden Rule Station, mdse. 5.88 Julia Gunther, mdse. 2.20 Ernest Kopkau, welding 38.50 E. J. Fire Dept. 2 fires 24.00 L. Frost, airport taxes 18.85 Chris Taylor, lunches 2.83 M. J. Williams, 2 signs 2.00 Norman Bartlett, gravel 166.40 Ed. Kaley, labor 7.20 John Whiteford, labor 5.00 Win. Nichols, labor 69.30 Alex LaPeer, labor 46.00 Ray Russell, labor 10.00 Harry Simmons, salary 85.00

Moved by Malpass, supported by Shaw, that the bills be paid. Carried, all ayes.

Moved by Shaw, supported by Thompson, that the City sell the old pump cylinder to Ernest Kopkau for \$10.00. Carried, all ayes.

Moved to adjourn.

WM. ALDRICH, City Clerk.

### Jasmine Rebekah Lodge Hold Election of Officers

At their regular meeting, Wednesday evening, December 13, the following officers were elected to serve Jasmine Rebekah Lodge for 1945: Noble Grand — Bertha Williams. Vice Grand — Dorothy Sommerville. Secretary — Irene Kiser. Financial Sec'y — Lillian LaCroix. Treasurer — Hattie Murphy.

### NOT OPEN MONDAY NIGHTS

Until further notice, our office will not be open on Monday nights. Kindly arrange your calls during our other regular office hours. Thanks.

61-3 J. VAN DELLEN, M. D.

### Christmas Program at Presbyterian Church Sunday at 7:30 p. m.

Choral Prelude — A Lovely Rose is Blooming — Brams-Holler, by Mrs. Morgan Lewis.

Prayer.

Scripture Luke 2: 1.

O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Dear Little Stranger, by Bobby Benson.

Jesus My Savior To Bethlehem Came, by Donna Holland.

Scripture 2:7.

Songs by Primary Group.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

O Lovely Voices of the Sky, by Frances Malpass.

In Excelsis Deo, Choir.

Hark the Herald Angels Sing. Songs by a group of girls.

Joy to the World, by Men's chorus.

Clarinet solo "Silent Night", by Jack Sommerville, followed by singing of hymn by congregation.

Reading, Richard Malpass.

The First Noel.

Scripture 2: 1-2.

As with Gladness Men of Old, by men's chorus.

The Birthday of a King, choir.

I Think When I Read.

Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

O, Come All Ye Faithful.

Postlude, Gabriel Piene, by Mrs. Morgan Lewis.

The morning service will be at 10:30 with Christmas sermon and music.

### Mennonite Church Rev. William Simpson, Pastor

Sunday School 10:00 a. m.  
Worship Service 11:00 a. m.  
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.  
Thursday Prayer Service 8:00 p. m.

### Local Unit Michigan Farm Bureau Met Wednesday, Dec. 13

The local unit of the Michigan Farm Bureau met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Nelson Wednesday afternoon, December 13th. Fourteen members were present and joined in discussions, under Discussion Leader George Klooster, of the topics, "What can we do in regard to helping in the formation of State legislation," and "How are we going to handle the problem of keeping our youth interested in remaining on the farm."

Mrs. Secord gave a brief resume of the Farm Crop division's Commodity meeting, during the recent Michigan Farm Bureau's annual meeting in East Lansing. Also some of the highlights of the address given by Earle C. Smith, vice president of the American Farm Bureau.

Community singing is to be a feature of the group as soon as song books are secured. The next meeting will be held at the William Boss home on the Ellsworth road, January 10th, at 2:00 p. m.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our deepest appreciation to the neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness and for the flowers during the illness and death of our husband and father.

Mrs. Charles Cox  
51x1 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Larsen

### Many Michigan Cows Producing Extra Milk Through Proper Rations

Many Michigan cows are producing much needed extra milk because they are being fed proper rations. October records for the state show a considerable increase in milk output, with 15.9 pounds daily per cow compared with 14.9 pounds for the same month a year ago.

Many unproductive dairy herds can show a proportionate increase by use of low cost rations fed in conjunction with good green alfalfa or brome grass, asserts County Agricultural Agent B. C. Mellencamp. Here are several mixtures recommended by A. C. Baltzer, extension dairy specialist at Michigan State College: 500 lbs. cornmeal, 200 lbs. wheat, 150 lbs. coarse ground cull beans, 150 lbs. soybean meal; or: 350 lbs. corn, 350 lbs. wheat, 200 lbs. oats, 100 lbs. soybean meal. Go light on feeding silage if plenty of quality hay is available. Low grade, late cut, weathered hay needs a different type of grain mixture, which might include either of these two formulas. 350 lbs. wheat, 400 lbs. oats, 250 lbs. soybean meal; or: 300 lbs. cornmeal, 200 lbs. wheat, 200 lbs. oats, 200 lbs. coarse ground cull beans, 100 lbs. soybean meal, add 1 lb. of salt to each 100 lbs. of grain.

B. C. Mellencamp, Co. Agr'l Agt.

## MARRIAGES

### Bechtold — Jackson

At a candlelight service Saturday evening, December 16, Louise Ann, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George W. Bechtold, became the bride of Sgt. Albert Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Jackson Sr. of South Bend, Indiana.

Rev. C. W. Sidebotham read the dignified service from the book of Common Worship, the bride and groom pledged their troth using the double ring form of the service.

Preceding the ceremony, organ music was played by Mrs. Morgan Lewis and Miss Frances Malpass sang "I Love You Truly" and "At Dawning."

The bridal party took their places to the strains of Wagner's "Lohengrin" before an altar banked with evergreens and baby chrysanthemums in crystal bowls centered with white candelabra, with stately evergreen trees on each side.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, choose a gown of ivory brocade faille. The neckline was scalloped, and the slim fitted sleeves tapered to points at the wrists. A full gathered skirt fell in soft folds and formed a circular court train. She wore a three tiered full length veil of illusion held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms. Her only ornament was a single strand of pearls, a gift of the groom. The bridal bouquet was of white roses, baby chrysanthemums and blue lace flowers. She also carried a handkerchief which her mother had carried at her wedding.

Jane Bechtold, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, wearing a dress of chartreuse jersey and gold sequin cap with a shoulder length veil and carried a bouquet of white roses and sweet peas.

Jane Jackson, niece of the groom, dressed in a formal length dress of melon colored crepe, acted as flower girl and carried a colonial bouquet of sweet peas.

Marion Jackson, Jr., brother of the groom, served as best man and the ushers were Sgt. Carl Kamradt and Pfc. Leland Hickox of East Jordan, Marion Hudkins, BM 1/c of Charlevoix, and Cadet Herbert Bechtold, Jr. of Bellaire, cousin of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Dick W. Dicken, uncle and aunt of the bride, of Grosse Pointe Park, completed the party as Master and Mistress of Ceremonies.

Mrs. Bechtold choose a dress of corn flower blue trimmed with sequins of the same color, her corsage being of sweet peas and roses. Mrs. Jackson, mother of the groom, chose a two tone purple dress, her corsage also being of sweet peas and roses. Mrs. Dicken wore a dress of aqua trimmed with black sequins.

Both Sgt. and Mrs. Jackson are graduates of the East Jordan High School in the class of 1939. Sgt. Jackson has served for the past three years in the South Pacific. Mrs. Jackson is one of East Jordan's prominent business women, owning and operating a beauty shop on Main St.

Sgt. and Mrs. Jackson are spending a short time with the former's parents in South Bend, Ind. The former is to report to Fort Sheridan, Ill., Jan. 9, 1945.

A reception was given in the church parlors following the ceremony.

Out of town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Marion Jackson, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bockover, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Dicken and Peggy of Grosse Pointe Park; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Waldo, Jean Bechtold, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Dale Clark, Reed City; Miss Virginia Davis, Muskegon; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. McCutcheon and grandson, Mrs. Louise Richards, Jean and Judy Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. Bechtold, Herbert Bechtold, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Victor Crandall, Mr. and Mrs. Mort McQueen, Miss Bertha Smith, Mr. A. Knowles, Bellaire.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown, Ironton; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Denick, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Morrison, Mrs. William Bramer, Traverse City; Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Parks, Jane Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Wolgast, Petoskey; Mrs. Guy C. Conkle, Mr. and Mrs. Guy C. Conkle, Jr., Boyne City; Mr. and Mrs. Archie Balch, Shirley Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Balch, Charlevoix.

Prior to her marriage the bride was feted at a series of parties. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Bernard Brennen and Mrs. Chris Bulow gave a kitchen shower at the home of Mrs. Marion Jackson, Jr. On Thursday, a miscellaneous shower and luncheon was given by Mrs. H. P. Porter and Mrs. W. A. Porter at the home of the former. Thursday evening, Mrs. Harry Simmons, assisted by Mrs. James Gidley, entertained with a miscellaneous shower and Friday afternoon Mrs. John Porter, assisted by Mrs. Guy Watson, gave a tea.

Even if you are on the right track you will be run over if you sit there. Any man may be able to read his wife like a book, but can he shut her up?

### Groceries Closed Monday

On account of Christmas Day next Monday, the various grocery stores will be closed on that day. Please make your purchases earlier.

### Blue Star Mothers Have Christmas Party and Election of Officers

The Blue Star Mothers held their annual Christmas party at the Legion Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 8, with about 50 members and guests present.

At the regular business session the following officers were elected: President — Lila Howe. Senior Vice Pres. — Ann Strehl. Junior Vice Pres. — Beatrice Kopkau. Rec. Secretary — Meta Robinson. Cor. Secy — Florence Davis. Treasurer — Rita Hickox.

Committee for annual dinner to be held at OES rooms Jan. 26: Edith Swafford, Gladys Bechtold, Mary McKinnon and Florence Swoboda.

A pleasant evening was enjoyed consisting of program, Christmas music, exchange of gifts and refreshments. Much credit is due the committee in charge, for the success of this evening.

### Premoe Beauty Salon Opened for Business Last Friday, Dec. 15

The Premoe Beauty Salon opened for business, Friday, Dec. 15, in the brick building on Esterly St. just east of the State Bank.

Mrs. Grace Premoe, owner and operator, who moved her shop here from Lansing, has had considerable experience in this work, having been an operator for nine years and has owned her own shop for the past five years.

At present Mrs. Premoe will work alone, but in the spring her daughter, Mrs. Norma Voige, an operator also, will be with her.

### Engagement Announced

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Vance announced the engagement of their daughter, Jane Ellen, to William R. Sanderson, AMM 1-c, of Shannon, Mississippi. No date has been set for the wedding.

### Walter Henley Is Re-elected AAA Chairman

A series of very successful AAA election meetings were held last week throughout the entire county. AAA committeemen were elected from all townships to represent the farmers in the administration of the 1945 AAA Farm Program. The meeting having the largest attendance in the county was held at the Barnard Grange Hall on Friday evening with about 55 farmers present from Marion and Norwood townships.

On Saturday, December 16, delegates elected at these township meetings met in the County AAA office at Boyne City to elect the 1945 AAA County Committee. Walter H. Henley was re-elected as Chairman; Melvin J. Somerville, Vice-chairman; and Lawrence Addis, third member.

At the conclusion of the county convention, Norrine L. Porter was reappointed as county Secretary-Treasurer to the association.

The following AAA committeemen were elected throughout the county as follows: Bay township. Carl Prohaska, chairman; Frances Skornia, Vice-chairman; Tom Willis, Third member; Thomas Leist and Albert Skornia, alternate members. Melrose and Evangeline townships: Frank Carlson, Chairman; Allan Sherk, vice-chairman; James Habasko, sr., third member; Carl Stevens and Ray Fineout, alternate members. Boyne Valley, Hudson and Chandler townships: Henry Korthase, Chairman; Harry DeNise, third member; Bert Woodward and Joe Grobaski, alternate members. Eveline townships: Walter Kemp, chairman; Herbert Gould, vice-chairman; Leonard Babel, third member; Ernest Brown and Mark Saunders, alternate members. Hayes townships: William Price, chairman; Wolfe Price, vice-chairman; Carlos Cole, third member; Wm. Hair and Leo Berg alternate members. Marion and Norwood townships: Clayton Smith, chairman; Edwin Gregory, vice-chairman; Archie Brown, third member; Charles Dhaseleer and Joe Stutzman, alternate members. South Arm township: Raymond Fisher, chairman; Ira Lee, vice-chairman; Fred Alm, third member; Clifton Heller and Claud Gilkerson, alternate members. Wilson township: LeRoy Hardy, chairman; Ralph Lenosky, vice-chairman; Luther Brintnall, third member; Charles Reidel and Charles Shepard, alternate members. Beaver Island: Francis Ricksgers, chairman, Frank D. O'Donnell, vice-chairman; George Ricksgers, third member; William Schmidt and Patrick Gallagher, alternate members.

### Charles W. Cox Passes Away

#### BELOVED "VILLAGE" BLACKSMITH DIES IN HIS SIXTY-NINTH YEAR

Charles William Cox was born in New York State, June 15, 1875, and passed away at his home on Esterly St., Dec. 14, 1944, after an illness of several years from creeping paralysis, having been confined to his bed for the past eight months.

Mr. Cox had been a resident of this community for more than fifty years.

On December 24, 1903, he was united in marriage to Johanna Hoffman of Atwood.

He was a blacksmith by trade and was for many years employed by the East Jordan Lumber Co. He had also been employed by the Roger's Construction Co. and for a few years was caretaker of Chippewa Trail Camp near Rapid City. Later he went into a shop for himself but was forced by ill health to give that up a few years ago.

He was a member of the Presbyterian church where funeral services were held Saturday afternoon, Dec. 16, conducted by Rev. C. W. Sidebotham, with burial at Sunset Hill. Bearers were Isaac Bowen, James Meredith, Mike Gunderson, Ira Bartlett, Bert Scott and Howard Porter.

Surviving, beside the widow, is a daughter, Mrs. Alfred Larsen, two sisters, Mrs. Charles Cherry of Detroit and Mrs. John Wieland of Lupton.

Among those here to attend the funeral were:

Mrs. Charles Cherry, Detroit; Mrs. John Wieland, Lupton; Mr. and Mrs. Fay Pierce, Lansing; Mr. and Mrs. Basil Pierce, Mrs. Charles Pierce, Durand; Geritt Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Neil VanBeek, William DeYoung, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Ida VanUen, Gerrit VanBeek, Holland; Bert DeYoung, Mr. and Mrs. Harold DeYoung, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Remsma, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Doctor, Mr. and Mrs. Peter VanderArk, Ellsworth; Mrs. Roy Hott, Boyne City.

### GRACE'S PIE SHOP CLOSED CHRISTMAS — NEW YEAR'S

Grace's Pie Shop, in order to enjoy the holidays, will be closed all day both on Christmas and New Year's Day.

### These Men Called Or About To Be Called By The Charlevoix County Selective Service Board No. 1.

The following men have been ordered to report at City Hall Charlevoix, Michigan, at 7:45 a. m. CWI, January 3, 1945 for transportation to the Detroit Induction Station for Pre-Induction Physical.

Grover C. Geneit, r. — Charlevoix  
Gustave R. Matz — Boyne Falls  
James S. Carney — East Jordan  
John D. Pray — East Jordan  
Willis A. Cross, Jr. — Charlevoix  
Harvey J. Nelson — Boyne City  
Howard R. Murray — East Jordan  
David W. Weisler — East Jordan

Boost the concern that pays your wages; or move on to one you will boost.



### Farmers Income Tax Meeting

#### THOSE OF THIS REGION TO MEET AT LEGION HALL, 1:30 P. M., FRIDAY, DEC. 29

Three meetings will be conducted on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 27th, 28th, and 29th, to help farmers make out their income tax returns. The regulations are somewhat different this year than last and the report is shorter and will not be as difficult as previously. The exemptions are somewhat different. Many requests have already come in for assistance, and thus we hope to have a good attendance at the meetings. Following is the schedule: Wednesday, December 27th, 1:30 p. m., Commercial Room, Charlevoix High School; Thursday, December 28th, 1:30 p. m., American Legion Hall, East Jordan; and Friday, December 29th, 1:30 p. m., Gymnasium Dining Room, Boyne City.

We will have the forms to hand out. It is recommended that you bring with you the various incomes and expenses pertaining to the farm business and a pencil and paper so that the job may be very nearly completed at this one discussion. It may be said that the farm report will be the same as the previous year, so that if you have a copy, it may be used as a guide for this year. Also bear in mind that for those who report on the calendar year, either the tax estimate or the final report must be filed on or before January 15th.

B. C. Mellencamp, Co. Agr'l Agt.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

## RATIONING AT A GLANCE

Butter, Fats, Canned Milk, Lamb, Beef Steaks and Roasts, Cheese and Canned Fish

Book No. 4 — Red Stamps A8 through Z8 and A5 through S5 good indefinitely. No more will be validated until Dec. 31st.

Processed Fruits and Vegetables Book No. 4 — Blue stamps A8 through Z8; A5 through Z5 and A2 and B2 valid indefinitely. No more will be validated until Jan. 1st.

Sugar Book 4 — Stamps 30 through 34 good indefinitely for 5 pounds. Stamp 40 valid for 5 pounds for home canning through Feb. 28, 1945.

Gasoline Those applying for supplemental gasoline must present to the Ration Board the stub (Form R-534) off the bottom of your A book application.

No. 13 stamp for A book valid for four gallons through Dec. 21. No 14A coupons will become valid this Friday, Dec. 22 and will be good for four gallons each through March 21.

Coupons B4, B5, C4 and C5 good for 5 gallons each.

Fuel Oil Old period No. 4 and 5 coupons valid through coming heating year. New period No. 1 coupons also valid now and good throughout heating year.

Rationed Shoes Airplane stamps 1, 2 and 3 of Book 3 valid indefinitely.

## The Herald

JOHN HAZEL  
G. A. PAUL PRISCILLA



**THEY SAY** — Japanese radio: "The enemy fleet, despite the fact that it had been annihilated in the waters off Formosa, has continued the execution of its

plans . . . without making the slightest change in its strategy." Knowing that you don't know much is knowing a lot.



**WE THANK YOU**

All during 1944 we have been storing up our gratitude to the people of this community, as they have come in day after day. Now that Christmas is here it is time to make delivery. So here it comes . . . our gratitude to you in one great big wish for a big, happy, merry Christmas.

**TEMPLE**  
THE SHOW PLACE OF THE NORTH  
EAST JORDAN

**LOOKING BACKWARD**

From the Herald Files of Forty, Thirty and Twenty Years Ago  
Compiled by Mrs. Mabel Secord

In an issue a few months ago, I quoted items from a copy of "The Enterprise" printed February 16, 1899. A perusal of the advertisements revealed a marked change from the wording then to those of the present day. Mrs. S. Cohen advertised a "Removal Sale" which included a large picture of herself. Mrs. P. Walsh advertised an over-stock of hats at her millinery store on State street. It reads: "It has been our misfortune to stock up too heavily and now for the want of ready money we will be obliged to sacrifice the balance of our stock at less than wholesale prices. Ladies, now is the time to get a bargain if you need anything in our line. We will not quote prices for the reason that there would be too big a rush the first day. The sale will last two weeks and will give everyone a change to get a bargain."

A liner adv. reads: "Just notice the window display at the Central Meat Market of enamelled steel ware given away with baking powder. G. L. Sherman." Another one among the locals, signed by Walsh & Williams, says: "We were too late to answer our neighbor in the meat business in this week's issue. Keep your eye on next week's issue of the Enterprise and Charlevoix County Herald. They will see that those who live in glass houses must not throw stones."

Boosinger's store quoted the following prices: 17 lbs. granulated sugar, \$1.00; 20 lbs. light brown sugar, \$1.00; coffee, 10c per pound; all kinds of laundry soap, 10 cakes for 25c; 5 lbs. best crackers, 25c; 4 lbs. best lard, 25c; clear back pork, 6 1/2 c per pound; 2 lbs. good coffee, 25c; 4 lbs. good rice, 25c.

Cards in the business directory usually carried explanatory notes:

Bank of East Jordan, Glenn & Co., bankers.

E. N. Clink, Attorney at Law. Practices in all courts."

L. A. Hoyt & Co., Lumber Inspectors. Hardwood a specialty.

W. A. Loveday, Notary Public, with seal.

F. E. Boosinger, With Seal. Always on hand for business. Office at Boosinger's store, Main St., East Jordan."

New York Life Insurance. H. P. Parmelee."

Jacob Rogers, Contractor and builder.

Central Barber Shop, H. A. Kimball.

Nelson Bowen, Practical Mason.

H. F. Spencer, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist."

Joseph Zoulek, Contractor.

A. J. Etcher, Drayman.

John Makelim, Attorney at Law.

John Munroe, Jr., Contractor, in all kinds of dock building and repairing pile and timber work. We have the best of machinery for our work including a Steam Pile Driver, Water Jet, Steam or Trip Hammer. South Arm, Michigan.

Livery Barn, H. S. Foote, prop'r.

This paper was printed before East Jordan had a railroad. A Churchill had the following: South Arm Livery and Daily Stage Line: Having purchased the mail route between East Jordan and Boyne City, I am now prepared to carry passengers from Ellsworth to Boyne City by through stage, connecting the Chicago and West Michigan with the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railways. Ellsworth Stage leaves East Jordan at 12 o'clock noon; arrives from Ellsworth at 4:30 p. m. Boyne City Stage leaves East Jordan at 8:00 a. m., arrives at Boyne City 10:30 a. m. Leaves Boyne City at 1:30 p. m. arrive at East Jordan at 4:00 p. m. Good covered stages, good teams and lap robes and careful drivers on both routes. Good livery teams and rigs for all places at reasonable prices.

I could not understand how the stage connected with the G. R. & I. R. R. so asked W. J. Pearson about it. He told me that, at that time, he was running a bus service between Boyne City and Boyne Falls, carrying mail and passengers. His line also connected at Boyne City with the boat for Charlevoix. Passengers from this region had to change to his stage to reach their rail connection.

**December 24, 1904**

Miss Ida Eberhorst of Bay City is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clark Haire.

Cleveland Isaman, son of Mrs. S. Isaman, who is attending a college at Lansing, is home for the holidays.

Miss Louisa Loveday is home to spend the holidays. She is taking a course in an oratorical school in Chicago.

Harrison Liskum is here for a visit. He has been in Montana for a number of years.

Jack McArthur and brother, Archie, are expected home this week. Both have been employed as seamen this summer.

**December 19, 1914**

In this issue for December 19, 1914 there is a long article, telling of the activities of Company X, a military group which was organized a year before to stimulate interest in a military regime, giving business men an opportunity to get in some real outdoor life and exercise, such as only militia training would afford.

They were an independent type, agreeing to ask for no cash contributions from outside themselves until they could show a stable organization.

During the year they earned more

than a thousand dollars. Entertainments were given which grossed more than \$700 (from which about \$375 was deducted for expense). When the County Fair was in action, they were given the job of policing the grounds, which was done in military form, a camp being set up and guards were on picket duty throughout the nights. Uniforms costing \$468.10 were bought and the end of the year found them with a nice little cash balance. While World War One was already in action, there was no thought of our participation but July 14, 1915 Company X was mustered into the Michigan National Guard as Company I.

June 19, 1916 they were ordered into barracks and on the 24th 102 men and three officers, Capt. Henry Winters, and Lieuts. William Spring and Leon Balch, entrained on the D. and C. for Grayling, where a number of them including one of the officers, failed to pass the medical examination and returned home, the rest were drilled until they were ordered to the Texas border. From there they were brought back to Camp Wayne, Detroit, and, eventually, 48 of them were sent overseas to France.

While on the Texas border two members, Melvin Roy and Joseph Wedderburn, died. Albert Rebec and Harold Sweet were killed in action in France.

Two other East Jordan boys, who were with another Company, paid the supreme sacrifice; Clifford Hosler being killed in action and Clinton Sedgman dying in a hospital in France.

Mrs. Supley (Catherine) LaLonde, aged 89, died at her home here December 12th. She was the mother of ten children, eight of whom survive.

Mrs. Joseph (Elizabeth) Trojanek, 79, died at her home in the Settlement, December 13th. She had been a resident of the Settlement since 1867.

Mrs. Clarence Fox (nee Anna Lesh-er) 64, died Tuesday morning, December 15th. Surviving are the husband and three children, Ray and Earl of East Jordan and Mrs. Leona Watrous of Cadillac.

**December 19, 1924**

One of the worst storms ever experienced in that region hit Petoskey December 12th (Friday) and by Sunday had reached an estimated velocity of 75 miles per hour. Waves dashed thirty feet over the breakwater, finally wrecking and blowing away the automatic lighthouse stationed on it.

What was probably the forerunner of the present oil and gas field development in Michigan is described in a half-column account of a well being driven near Hillman when, instead of the desired water, gas was tapped which blew the 1,000 pound drill fifty feet out of the six inch pipe. The men doubted it was gas and, to convince themselves, touched a match to it. A roaring torch of flame 200 feet high and ten feet in diameter was the result. The article continues: "Volunteers labored until 9 o'clock last night before they succeeded in capping the well, and today they are debating what to do with the surprising find." The date was December 14, 1924.

George Ward, station agent of the Michigan Central R. R. died in Ford hospital, Detroit, December 14th. Funeral services were held in the Methodist church followed by burial in Sunset Hill cemetery.

The annual Christmas party of the Study Club, Tuesday evening, was featured by a five course dinner at the home of Miss Eva Lewis, followed by a musical program and Christmas tree.

The following students arrived home for the Christmas vacation from their studies at Wester State Normal at Kalamazoo: Misses Aura McBride, Juanita Secord, Bada Erikson, Fern Flannery, Evelyn Nelson, Alma Anderson, Azalia Liskum, and Messrs Paul Franseth, Arthur Secord, Sherman White, Clayton Henning, Archie LaLonde, Roy Vance and Benjamin Bustard.

"A powerful road scraper was used on the Harbor Springs road Friday and Saturday, leveling the ruts and

placing that road in the best condition of the late fall. There is an insistent demand noticed throughout the country for the county to keep the trunk line highways open for automobile travel."

"Pomona Grange will meet with Rock Elm December 20th, providing the condition of the roads will permit the use of automobiles. The lecturer's program will include a talk by C. F. Snellenberger of the E.J.H.S. faculty and singing by members of the East Jordan Study Club Glee Club."



"... and on earth peace, good will towards men."

And to each of you who read this message that enraptured happiness which comes only at CHRISTMASTIME

Milton Meredith

**Merry Christmas!**



**LOYALTY** works both ways. You have been loyal to us, and we are loyal to you!

To you, our friends, who have so helped us to make 1944 successful, we send the friendliest of

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**

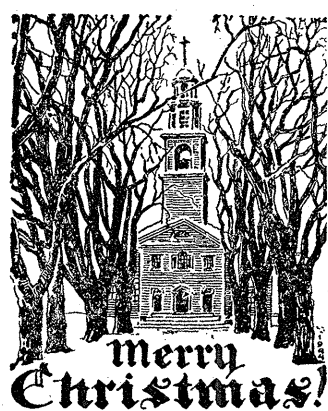
**Clyde W. Hipp**



**WHAT** stancher tree than the oak, and what stancher friends than ours? Each year at Christmastime we realize more keenly than ever that our success in this community is deeply rooted in the firm soil of friendship. We cannot tell you in so many words how much these friendly associations mean to us, and how we cherish them. But we know you will understand.

In this spirit of appreciation we send our sincere good Christmas wishes to you and to all those dear to you.

**BOYNE CITY GAS CO.**  
Your Pet-Gas Dealer Jim Davison, Owner  
BOYNE CITY, MICH.



**Noel! Noel!**

While ageless Christmas carols fill the air this thought comes to mind. We would like to share with you our Yuletide happiness, and to feel that in this year of grace, 1944, Christmas will mean more to you than it has meant for many years past.

**George Jaquays**  
Phone 244 — East Jordan



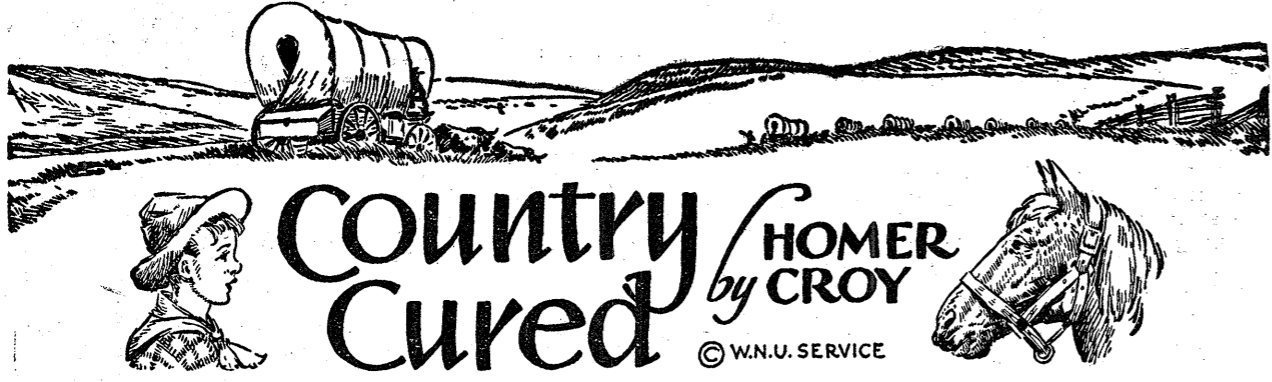
**CHRISTMAS AGAIN!**

Who will say that smiles were brighter or spirits keener at the Christmases of our fathers than they are today?

At any rate, friends and neighbors, that's the kind of a Christmas we are wishing for you this Yuletide of 1944—just a good old-fashioned Christmas!

**A & P Store Employees**  
East Jordan





# COUNTRY CURED

HOMER by CROY  
© W.N.U. SERVICE

## CHAPTER I

I was born on a farm near the center of the United States, so when I began making notes for this chronicle, I decided I would find just how near the center our farm really was. I wrote the United States Department of the Interior, Geological Survey, Washington, D. C., and this is the answer:

"The geographic center of the continental United States, exclusive of Alaska, lies in Smith County, Kansas, about two miles northwest of the town of Lebanon. The distance from this locality to Maryville, Missouri, is 199 miles."

I suppose our farm was typical of a great many farms in this heart-center of the United States; and that our way of life was typical, too. And I suspect that my own personal story is typical of a great many life stories of this section.

If you want to find where Maryville is you'll have to do quite a bit of looking, for it's still a pretty small place. (I don't know what our Chamber of Commerce is going to say about that.) Maryville is 44 miles north of St. Joseph, Missouri, and the farm where I was born is 14 miles south of the Iowa line, and the back of the farm is on Highway 71.

The story of our farm is the story of me, for in a way, I am the farm and the farm is me. Our two stories are wrapped so closely together that I cannot tell one without setting down the other. And that is what I hope to do: to tell the story of the farm and of myself. A sort of double-barreled biography.

The 102 River pokes along just east of us. Friends are always asking me how a river got that name. I suppose I had just as well tell it now as any time: it was the hundred-and-second river the Mormons crossed on their way to what is now Salt Lake City.

St. Joseph is where the ox teams were outfitted to cross the Great Plains, and where the Pony Express started. Also where Jesse James was killed.

All this was prairie country, in the early days. We used to have an old buffalo wallow, but my father put a strawstack on it and leveled it off till now it's just a plain, unromantic patch of cornfield.

My father and mother were covered wagon pioneers. They left Ohio by ox team for California, but the land at Maryville looked so good they stayed. But they didn't know each other, as they came lumbering out from Athens County, Ohio. They were on different wagon trains and never heard of each other until they met in Missouri. Many Ohio people came into this prairie section and got to marrying each other. Later, many came from Tennessee and Kentucky and settled down among the Ohio and Indiana people; and that is one reason ours became a Border Warfare State.

My father knew nothing about the Croys, except they were "Ohio folks."

My parents were two of the thousands upon thousands during this period in American history who were looking for land, for land represented Opportunity. They were typical of the time and the way they went about opening up a farm was, I suspect, typical, too.

The Ohio people camped together that first winter and shared work and shelter while they scouted for land. Most of them wanted timber, because they had come from timber and had always worked in timber. But my father wanted what he called "open land," which he had seen during the Civil War; so he went a bit north of the rest of the Ohio people and singled out a prairie quarter section. Then he rode in to town, horseback, to enter it up, but one of the land speculators of the period had got there ahead of him and had fled. Pa always said it was a blow, because an ex-soldier was supposed to have first go at homestead land. The land speculator had paid the government \$1.25 an acre, and my father had to pay him twenty-five cents an acre profit. I am sorry that my father did not get to "enter up" the land, for that would be something to talk about. But the land grabber was there first. So there is one other name between the United States Government and Croy. I wish that was otherwise, too. But it's something to have had a farm under one name since 1870, through drought and depression and easy money (seemingly) and hard times. And there's always plenty of the latter. Ask any farmer who pulls a living out of the soil.

Sometimes during that first winter, my father and mother met. She was the belle of her wagon train, and he had risen to sergeant in the Civil War and was considered one of the promising young men. It wasn't long till they were looking each other over. Susan Sewell and Sergeant Amos Croy. Everybody was poor and money just wasn't

But there was land and there was youth and strength and will and determination. Mother told me about the courting. He gave her only two presents—a lead pencil and a twist of cinnamon bark. My father was always sensitive about this, as if in some way it reflected on his ardor, or his generosity, but I'm sure it was as much as any of the Ohio men gave their girls.

In some mysterious way he managed to find a pair of white calf-skin gloves for the wedding. I still have them and I would not take a great deal for them. I sometimes wonder what his farmer hands must have looked like in those dainty articles.

They were married in her brother Will's parlor and Pa took off the wagon-brake and they angled across the prairie to their new home. I would like to say it was a sod hut, for there were many sod huts. But it wasn't. The Croys and Sewells had cut the lumber themselves and sheared it to the proper thickness and put up a one-room house, quite a landmark on the prairies. They moved in and started to farm and the Croys and Sewells have been farming ever since. I still have that farm and I hope I always will. It's really a wonderful farm. I want you to believe that. In fact, my farm is wonderful if you or your folks have gone through hell or fire.

On the farm there was not, incredible as it may seem, a stick or a stone. Not even a stone as big as a marble. The soil was black prairie loam, left during the Ice Age. All there was on it was prairie grass,



Sometimes would come to the door and make food signs.

bunch grass, slough grass and wild flowers. And grasshoppers. Plenty of them!

Fuel was a problem. But my mother, as did the prairie women of this section, solved it to a certain extent by picking up buffalo chips. Surely you know what they are. If you don't, you simply have no pioneer tradition.

But they did have a sod stable. Poles across the roof, thatched with slough grass, and slab doors.

The Croys and Sewells banded together again and sank a well. It's still there and has the finest water in the world. That's not just my opinion, but everybody's who has ever emptied a tin cup.

And so my father and mother, with their well and their one-room house and sod stable, started to housekeep. And considered themselves lucky. Almost envied.

Now and then Indians would skulk past—the Nodaways—and sometimes would come to the door and make food signs. But never any real trouble.

My father put the first plow in that "virgin soil," as the fancy writers call it. But it wasn't easy, for prairie grass grows deep and slough grass deeper. Horses can't do the job. It takes oxen and, for the prairie grass, they had to be double-teamed. Again the Sewells to the rescue.

I wish I had some kind of written record of those days when Father's and Mother's window was the only light on the prairies, but I haven't. So I will have to piece it out of what they told me when I was a lad. I wish I'd paid better attention. But everybody in that section had the same story to tell, so it didn't seem exciting. The Indian part seemed awfully weak. Sometimes I almost wished one of them'd taken a shot at Pa.

Sometimes my father used to talk

about how nice it was in the early days. No chinch bugs, no cutworms, no corn borers, no black rust, no Russian thistles. But it was different about the grasshoppers. They almost got him, once. He would drop his voice when he spoke of that year; and so vivid and personal did he make it that it always seemed worse than the Battle of Chickamauga. He still had his "catridge" belt, as he called it. And he talked about having had his army rifle, but I have no memory of ever having seen it. I expect, when I came along, he gave it away, for he was always afraid his child was going to be hurt.

The next thing was to start an orchard going, so they got apple seeds, and currant cuttings and put them in the ground, for not one edible thing was then growing on that land.

The next was to get a place for the work stock, so they hauled in poles and made a jack oak barn lot fence. There the horses could exercise and the oxen roam around.

The first living annual to go into the ground, in addition to the orchard and "low bushes," was Osage orange. This was designed to be used as a fence; "hedge fences" they were called, for no one at that time knew they were called "Osage orange." Just hedge—and damnable stuff, too. After a time, when the farmers could obtain posts, they wanted to get rid of the hedge, for it sapped ten feet of corn, and barbed wire was all the style. The hedge must be cut in August and its roots fed salt. There's no hotter work in the world than grubbing hedge roots along a cornfield in August. Don't try it.

Once a month my father and mother would get into the wagon and go to Maryville, the county seat. It was six miles, but shorter than now because there were so few fences. They'd have to hurry with their trading and get home, because there was the stock.

Grandfather Croy came and built a house half a mile away. Then Uncle Jim came and Uncle Al and Uncle Dexter and Uncle Purl. It wasn't long until the Croys were as thick as Johnson grass. The Sewells stayed down on the other side of the county, twelve miles away. It was a tremendous distance. The Croys hardly ever heard from them.

Neighbors began to filter in. Some from Indiana and some from Illinois. A few from Kentucky and Tennessee. These'd bear watching. Rebels.

My mother used to tell me about corn shucking in those early days. My father had no shucking gloves, for cotton flannel was too expensive, so he had to pick bare handed. The shucks cut and lashed his hands. During the afternoon my mother would bring out some corn bread and an apple. Then she would work along with him until time to go in and begin on the housework again. When the wagon bed was filled, Pa would come in and scoop out the corn, do the chores, and eat supper. After supper my mother would pour melted candle tallow into the cracks and cuts in his hands. She always spoke of this with a kind of horror. "It made him moan in his sleep."

More people moved in and some fool suggested roads. The "old settlers," such as they were already being called, fought it tooth and toe, but had to give in; so it was not long until nobody went to town over a trail. It took Pa years to get used to the idea. Mother was more progressive and took it in her stride.

But when they sold a load of steers and had to take them to town to ship, it was all right to drive them across the country straight for their target. It was all right, too, to run ahead and pull down a barbed-wire fence so the steers could cross, like the children at the Red Sea. After the steers were past, the fence had to be nailed up again. A man who didn't properly nail up a fence was considered pretty low. One notch lower and he'd poison dogs.

It was not long until somebody suggested there ought to be a school. So the farmers met and talked it over. Mr. Knabb said he would give an acre of land if they would name the school for him.

The farmers hauled out the lumber and dug the corner holes and it was not long before there was an institution of learning on Mr. Knabb's land. The next year it was painted, and there the schoolhouse still stands.

The exhausting labor Father was sinking into the farm began to pay dividends. The orchard was coming up, hens were dusting themselves under the gooseberry bushes, and Mother was thinking of getting guineas to keep her company. The sod barn had given way to an all-pole stable and father was dreaming about a hog house. But he had to go slow, times being what they were and hog prices going up and down like a scale beam.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Home Front Isn't So Safe Either: Here Are Oddest Of 1944's Freak Accidents and Narrow Escapes

## Caprices of Fate Injure Some, Leave Others Wholly Unscathed

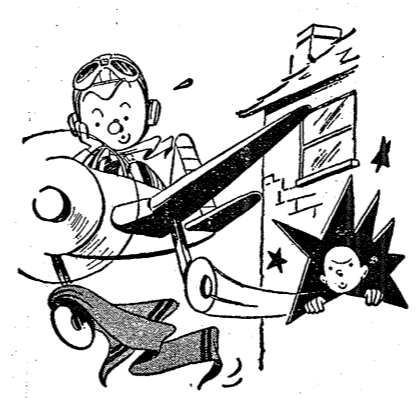
By PAUL JONES

As you may have begun to suspect, wartime days are wacky days.

People stand patiently in line for two hours to get a pack of cigarettes, and then blow their tops if they miss one section of a revolving door on the way back to work. Guys who never could stand bananas now howl their heads off because they can't get them. The laundry eventually sends back the right buttons, but the shirts are missing. Maids who used to have one night out now allow the lady of the house to have one night in. A customer is publicly commended for slugging a waitress who said, "Don't you know there's a war on?"

You would think, then, that the annual crop of wacky accidents would have been even wackier in the wartime year of 1944. And you would be right. They were. A roundup by the National Safety Council proves that an amazing number of people still patronize the Whack market in accidents. To wit:

As two-year-old Margaret Morton of Groton, Conn., lay sleeping in her home one October night, a navy plane plowed through her bedroom and whisked the blanket off her bed without touching her. The plane



zoomed through the other wall of the house and eventually crashed into a schoolhouse. Lieut. W. J. McCarthy of Toledo, Ohio, pilot of the fighter plane, was injured only slightly. The blanket, undamaged, was found in the wreckage of the plane.

As an enthusiastic jitterbugger, Pfc. Ernest Olivier of McCook, Neb., often had been "sent" by a hot tune. But never as literally as the evening he spun in a super maneuver, grabbed for his pretty jiving partner's hand, missed—and plunged through the second-story window of the dance hall.

Nine persons riding cozily in an automobile driven by Mrs. Adaline Clasby of Winslow, Ariz., were injured slightly when the car crashed into the rear of a bus that had stopped to discharge a passenger. Mrs. Clasby readily explained the accident. "I failed to see the bus in time to stop," she said, "because I was nursing my baby."

"Shot" by Lawnmower.

When Pfc. Charles Smith came home to Claudell, Kan., to recuperate from wounds received in three south Pacific invasions, he figured he would get some rest from dodging shrapnel. But as he watched a power lawnmower at work in his front yard, the darn thing picked up an old spoon and hurled it with such power and accuracy that it penetrated the calf of Private Smith's leg and had to be removed by an operation. "It's the same wherever you go," Private Smith remarked glumly at the hospital.

Pvt. Harley Paul Collins of Kansas City, Kan., knows exactly how Private Smith felt. For Private Collins, home on furlough, was showing his wife how the boys make booby traps over there. He hooked up a shell, a board, a nail and a piece of wire. Then he tripped, and the homemade contraption went off and shot him in the leg.

Paul Lewchick of Coaldale, Pa., knows that prudent people lay in a supply of coal every year. But he believes few of them do it as literally as he did. He lay in—and under—13 tons of it when he and his car were buried beneath the contents of a coal truck that upset in a near collision with Lewchick's car. Dug out after hard work, Lewchick nursed only minor cuts and bruises, and refrained manfully from explaining that it was soft coal.

## Childish Pranks Bring Tragedy to Thousands of Homes Annually

Thousands of children are killed or injured every year while playing. Ignorance of dangerous things and places, heedlessness and foolhardiness bring tragic consequences. It seems unlikely that the time will ever come when little boys and girls have sense enough not to jump off barns, or leap from one floating ice cake to another, or play in railroad yards, or any of a hundred other perilous stunts.

At least three persons in the United States now take seriously the expression, "I'd break my neck to do that." One is Gregory Stingel, 13, of Chicago, who put his football jersey



on backwards in his haste to dress for a game, tugged fiercely to get it off—and broke his neck. Anne Haldeman, 10, of Doylestown, Pa., snapped a vertebra in her neck while skipping rope. And Mrs. Pauline Strother of Indianapolis, topped them both by dislocating a vertebra in her neck while vigorously brushing her teeth! All recovered.

Closely akin to the neck-breakers was Mrs. James Gallagher of West Hazelton, Pa., who arose so hurriedly to shut off an insistent alarm clock that she dislocated her spine.

## By Remote Control.

The Woodrow Andersons of the St. Louis Andersons are careful folk. So when Mr. Anderson got back from a hunting trip, he placed his rifle on a kitchen shelf, out of reach of the Anderson children. Equally cautious, Mrs. Anderson took all the arrows away from eight-year-old Donald before leaving the house to visit a neighbor. But Don still had the bow. So he merely substituted a yardstick for an arrow and let it fly from the back porch toward the kitchen. The yardstick went through a hole in the screen door and struck the trigger of the rifle. The rifle went off, and the bullet struck Don's little sister, Darlene.

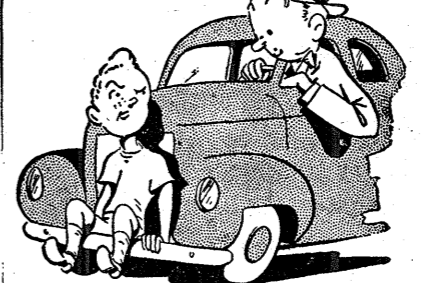
A good time was had by all but the driver when a grocery truck upset in Bloomington, Calif., setting up an informal but popular self-service grocery in the middle of the street. Eager customers hurried from all sides to fill their needs; their pockets and, in some cases, the trunks of their cars. It was a boon for budgets and ration books.

Then there was the strange case of the disappearing woman. It happened in Los Angeles as Mrs. Janel Reesse gossiped of this and of that with three neighbors. In the middle of a sentence—woosh! Mrs. Reesse disappeared. Firemen came on the run, extricated her from a forgotten excavation 12 feet deep. Mrs. Reesse's fence-side weight is 325 pounds.

If men bite dogs to make news, why shouldn't a horse smack an auto? That's what two Norwich, Kan., horses figured one afternoon when they were scared silly by a girl on roller skates. They ran and ran until they encountered a parked car. Then they got their signals mixed. Horse No. 1 went on one side of the car, horse No. 2 on the other. That left only one place for the wagon tongue to go—right through the car. Nobody was hurt.

Auto 'Picks Up' Boy.

The driver of an auto in Chicago wondered why people were pointing and yelling at him one day last August. He stopped the car and



found, of all things, a bewildered four-year-old boy—Timothy Ochall by name—on the front bumper. The car had struck Timmy and carried him two full blocks. Tim got a bump on the head, a few bruises and a flattering amount of attention.

Ed Cloud and Earl Thomas of Knoxville, Tenn., didn't know for a minute whether they were coming or going the day that a train hit their truck. The engine tossed the truck onto the pilot of another locomotive going the other way. A scratch on Cloud's head was the only casualty.

In Chicago, Mrs. Rita Hatfield ran to answer the phone, stumbled over the dog, fell through a glass-topped coffee table, suffered bad cuts on her arms and legs. Doggedly answering the phone, Mrs. Hatfield found the call was from an accident insurance company making a survey. Was she, they wanted to know, covered against accidents in her home? She wasn't.

C. C. Hardy stepped out of his truck in Sidney, Texas, was struck by a passing car and tossed high into the air. Just before his head struck the concrete pavement, his pocket caught on the high truck door handle and held him suspended in the air.

On the way home from the Bronx zoo in New York, Henry Carrumit, 13, sought to imitate the monkeys he had seen. He leaped up and down on the subway seat, scratching and grimacing. On an especially high jump an electric fan nipped his scalp. No more monkey business for Henry.

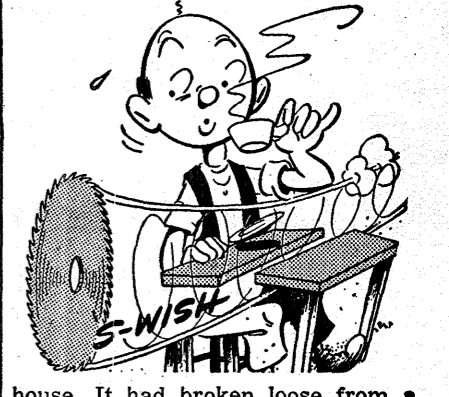
In Washington Court House, Ohio, hot words must have been exchanged over the phone one day. In any event, Superintendent Fred Rost of the phone company reported that too much talking had overloaded eight switches and set the phone exchange on fire.

Louis Boardman halted his automobile in Cleveland to watch the huge gas plant fire there last October. He stepped out for a better view—and fell through an open manhole, the cover of which had been blown off by the gas blast.

Clarence Brown Jr. of St. Louis knows just how a baseball fan feels when he is really burned up. Watching a sandlot game this summer, Clarence was struck by a line drive and promptly burst into flames. The batter had scored a bull's-eye on a pocketful of stick matches. Both the blaze and the batter were soon put out.

## Travelling Buzz Saws.

As Henry Butler ate breakfast in Jacksonville, Fla., a buzz saw ripped through the kitchen wall, sliced the breakfast table neatly in two and whirled out the other side of the



house. It had broken loose from a saw mill nearby.

Not so spectacular but just as surprising was the feat of another buzz saw that went A. W. O. L. This one broke loose in Florence, S. C., sailed through the air for a mile and ripped through the roof of a parked car whose owner had just alighted.

Six-year-old Robert Julian of Chicago was shooting a dart gun at a target on the wall. The dart had a rubber suction cup on the end to hold when it struck a flat surface. Often it hit glancingly, and didn't cling, so Robert fastened a needle in the suction cup so that the point would stick into the wall.

An elder brother, Frank, 19, entered the room just as Robert shot. The dart struck Frank in the chest. He felt a slight pain but thought nothing of it at the time. Later he collapsed, and was rushed to the hospital.

Surgeons discovered, after considerable hunting around, that there was a needle imbedded near Frank's heart. Little Robert had forgotten about that sharp point on the end of his dart, but it was there all the same, and it came near killing his brother. As it was, a skillful operation removed the needle, and Frank was as well as ever after a few days.

Top honors in the freak fall department for 1944 go to four-year-old Raymond Davis Jr. of Chicago, who fell three stories from a back porch and suffered only a bruise on the head. A neighbor's clothes line caught him as he fell, bounced him gently a couple of times and then let him fall the few remaining feet to the ground.

And in Hollywood, Strip Teaser Betty Rowland put so much heart into her work that she bumped one of her swivel-hips against a wall and took off for the hospital, suffering from partial paralysis.

icebox while playing with his dog. The little animal leaned against the door, shutting it and clicking the latch. The boy suffocated before his mother and sister returned. William was trying to amuse himself on the back porch, because he could not play in the yard. He tossed a rope over the clothesline. Somehow, he got tangled up. A loop coiled about his neck. When he tripped, the loop tightened, and he was choked to death.



**Charlevoix County Herald**  
G. A. LISK, Editor and Publisher.  
Herald Bldg East Jordan, Phone 32

Entered at the Postoffice at East Jordan, Michigan, as second class mail matter.

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**First Insertion**  
25 words or less ----- 25c  
Over 25 words, per word ----- 1c  
**Subsequent Insertions**  
(If ordered with first insertion)  
25 words or less ----- 15c  
Over 25 words, per word ----- 1/2c  
10c extra per insertion if charged.

### LOST AND FOUND

**LOST** — A white hog weighing about 125 to 150. Strayed away last week Wednesday. Anyone finding notify JOHN SAGANEK, E. J. R. 2. 51x1

**LOST** — Wheel chair. Last known borrower was Art Seymour, about two years ago. Anyone knowing the whereabouts please notify owner. MRS. MINNIE COOPER, phone 252-F3. 51x1

### WANTED

**WANTED** — Electric Radio. Phone or call Herald office. 51x1

**WANTED** — Ride to Detroit Friday p. m. December 22. Will share expenses. Can be contacted at school. —LOIS RUDE. 51x1

**WANTED** — To Rent modern house in East Jordan, any time before April 1, 1945. —ALLEN WALTON, R. 3, Phone 122F3, East Jordan. 49x3

**PINSETTERS WANTED** — Steady or part time. A lucrative spare time employment for boys, girls or men. **EAST JORDAN RECREATION**, East Jordan. 40-tf

**WANTED** — Clean rags, at least a foot square, for cleaning purposes. No buttons or fasteners. No heavy material such as pants or overalls. 5c per pound at HERALD OFFICE

### FOR SALE — MISCELLANEOUS

**CHRISTMAS TREES** — all sizes. See TOM KISER or phone your order to 233. 50x2

**FOR SERVICE** — Purebred Chester White Boar — C. CURRY, R. 2, Phone 237F23. 50x2

**INSULATE** your home now. Save fuel with Zonolite. Easy to install. AL THORSEN, East Jordan. 49-3

**HIGHEST PRICES** paid for Cedar Bolts and Tie Cuts. — MILLER BOAT CO., Charlevoix. 31-tf

**FOR THAT bathroom** or kitchen use Tile Board in 5 attractive colors. AL THORSEN, East Jordan. 49-3

**SIGNS FOR SALE** — Keep Out, No Trespassing, No Hunting or Trespassing, For Rent, etc. At the HERALD OFFICE.

**FOR SALE** — Two Clothes Closets. Two Aladdin Lamps that may be seen at the Porter Hardware. —MRS. WM. VRONDRON. 49x3

**HAVE BUYERS** waiting for farms and lake properties. Write or phone NILES A. YANSON, Realtor, Alba, Mich., Phone 17F12. 51x17

**FARMER ATTENTION** — The Boyne City Livestock Sale will be held on Tuesdays, Dec. 26, and Jan. 2, because of the Holidays. JOHN TERAVEST, Auc., 51-1

**FOR SALE** — House at 108 Maple St., Kitchen Cupboard, E-Z Four Burner Oil Stove, iron beds, Circulating heater, etc. — See MRS. ALICE BLOSSIE. 51x1

**CEILING PRICES** paid for spruce, balsam, pine, hemlock and tamarack in 8 ft. lengths loaded in gondola cars. C. B. CLARK, Phone 2221, 170 State Street, Mancelona, Mich., 51x12

**FOR SALE** — Choice of two Purebred Jersey sires, one 18 months old, one three years old. If interested write a postcard or see me at the Co-op Creamery Thursday forenoons. WILLIAM EBY, Brus, Mich., 50x2

**FOR SALE** — Purebred Guernsey Bulls up to one year old. Sired by grandson of State Champion, butterfat producer. Our herd has produced more butter fat than four average herds this year. ARCHIE M. MURPHY, East Jordan. Phone 122F21. 49x3

**Methodist Church**  
Howard G. Moore, Pastor

10:30 Hour of Our Morning Worship. You are invited to worship with us. 11:30 Sunday School hour. We have a class for every age. Come bring the children to church and plan on staying for Sunday School.

## PENINSULA...

(Edited by Mrs. E. Hayden)

Orvel Bennett of Honey Slope farm began working at the Tannery in Boyne City, Monday, Dec. 11.

After being snowed in since Nov. 29, the snow plow opened the road Wednesday, Dec. 13, and we got mail the regular way.

Mr. Geo. Wilhelm, who has been spending a few days at his cottage on South Arm Lake, returned to his home in Saginaw, Wednesday.

There were 21 at the Star Sunday School, Dec. 17. It was voted to have their Christmas tree and program next Sunday at 3 o'clock at the Community Building.

Ralph Price of Ironton took Orveline Bennett, of Honey Slope farm, to Traverse City Hospital, Friday, for a check up on her weak ankle. The doctor pronounced it doing all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arnott and five sons of Maple Row farm spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis, Mrs. Arnott's parents, and son Clare at Gravel Hill, north side.

Last week was well strike week. The well at Pleasant View farm refused to work, and the rods in the well at Orchard Hill came apart Thursday evening, and no well man anywhere to be found to fix either.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Loomis of Gravel Hill, north side, attended the funeral of Henry Wagner, a relative, at Charlevoix, Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Wagner died in Fremont and was brought to Charlevoix, his former home, for burial.

Mrs. Robert Myers of Mountain Dist. braved the storm, Sunday, and called on her mother, Mrs. David Gaunt, who is ill in bed at her home in Three Bells Dist. Mrs. Martha Earl, Mr. David Gaunt's younger sister, who just went to her home in Boyne City after visiting the David and Will Gaunts, is also ill in bed.

Mrs. Charles Healey of Far View farm, just received a letter from her old friend, Mrs. Laura Couch, stating Miss Couch's sister, Mrs. Flint, with whom she makes her home, broke her ankle some months ago and is still unable to get around, and so had sold their home at Los Angeles and gone to live with Mrs. Flint's daughter, Mrs. Edna Flint Stone at Long Beach where Mrs. Stone operates a dry cleaning establishment. The Flints and Miss Couch were one time residents of the Peninsula.

## ROCK ELM....

(Edited by Mrs. Fred Alm)

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martinek and family were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bunker.

Herb Nolan of East Tawas called on Fred Alm, Friday.

Lee Danforth went to Saginaw on business, Sunday, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Brown is visiting friends and relatives in Detroit.

Laura Alm spent Friday night with Elaine Gunther.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Walker of Berkley are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Sinclair of East Jordan were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Spidle.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Babel and daughter Shirley were Friday evening guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Zitka.

Mr. and Mrs. Oakleigh Saunders and son, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kemp and daughter Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Jones and Willard Kane were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Saunders, Saturday evening.

Walter Kemp attended the AAA county election at Boyne City on Saturday as delegate from Eveline Twp.

## WEST SIDE....

(Edited by Mrs. John SaganeK)

Buddy Dale Gee had his first birthday Sunday. Those present were Henry Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gee, Geo. Staley and Mrs. Glen Gee and children.

Mrs. Ray Gee helped Mrs. Vale Gee tie a quilt then Mrs. Glen Gee and children, Mrs. James Bennett and Emma Gee and Grandpa Hayes came in and brought a pot luck dinner.

Mrs. Anna Craft, Mrs. Nancy Hurlbert and Mrs. John SaganeK spent last Wednesday with Mrs. Levi Francisco over at Charlevoix.

Willard Imel has left for Detroit where he has work.

Mrs. Glen Gee has heard from her husband, Pvt. Glen, stating that he arrived safe and in the European Theatre of war.

Peter Boss is coming along pretty good after his operation for gall stones.

Russell Gee left Tuesday for Detroit for his army examination.

Daniel Painter is quite sick at his home.

Harry Detlaff returned to Flint after being called home by the illness of his father, Peter Boss. Floyd Detlaff is staying with his mother, Mrs. Boss, and will return to Flint later.

Della and Mary Bricker were supper guests of their cousin, Mrs. Glen Gee, Tuesday evening.

### Church of God

Ora A. Holley — Pastor  
Preaching Service ----- 11:00 a. m.  
Sunday School ----- 12:00 p. m.  
Evening Service ----- 8:00 p. m.

### L. D. S. Church

Pastor — O'F Olson  
Sunday School — 10:30  
Worship Service — 11:30  
Evening Devotion — 7:30

## BOWLING

The holiday season, for several reasons, has necessitated a number of changes in League schedules for this and next week. The Ladies League will bowl this weeks games on Friday instead of the customary Tuesday with the exception of Bertha's and the Recreation who will play their match off next Wednesday. The Merchants League with their bowling night falling on Christmas have decided to postpone play until the following Friday, Dec. 29th. If you are playing in either of these leagues and have not been advised of the changes please take note.

Betty Boswell's 196 was easily the woman's high for last week — and if you haven't noticed it Betty is doing okay this season. J. J. Malinowski headed the men's division with a mean 232. In spite of the fact that a score like this is nothing to be surprised at coming from J. J. it really makes most of us sit up and take notice.

The girls of the Doghouse League are making those mere males pay — and pay — and pay. Here's the way they put their 'better halves' in the ignominious place: Pearl Sinclair 185-208, Alex 177-173; Agnes Darbee 217, Howard 198; Shirley Taylor 200, Chris 197; Betty Boswell 240, Greg 197 (Ha, Ha, Ha); Mildred Campbell 185-206, Bob 165-191; Martha Clark 207, and the great MaGee (doing his darndest) 194; LaVergne Hill 213, Gene 210; Anna Portz 188-178, Don Winkle 173-170; Louise Bugai 186-193, Joe 174-186. You gals better listen to your secretary when she says, "Take it easy, gals, Old Saint Nick is just around the corner." With the season approximately at the halfway mark here are some interesting Doghouse statistics:

Hi team single game — Spaniels 666  
Hi team 3 games — Poodles 1828  
Hi ind. game, men, B. Campbell 224  
Hi ind. game, women, I. Isaman 198  
Hi ind. 3 game, men, B. Campbell 598  
Hi ind. 3 game, women, I. Isaman 518  
Hi single, hus. & wife, Boswells 370  
Hi 3, hus. & wife, Campbells 1035

With only one more nights play coming up before the mid-season division of prize money in the Merchants League the St. Josephs are impressive in their first place position with a four game lead over the closest competition. The possibilities for second place include the Auto Owners, the Standards and Homewreckers (both two games behind the Auto Owners). The two losers in the race for second will have competition from the Bankers for third position. Four games behind the Bankers, and definitely in the cellar for the first half are Squint's Barbarians... but as we have mentioned before... watch them for the balance of the season! And here are some interesting figures from last week's play: Barney Milstein 98, Ed Portz 102, Don Winkle 106, Guy Watson 111.

The good news that the Recreation is re-instating the weekly high score prize of \$1.00 in both the ladies and mens division will be welcomed by a lot of our pintoppers... so starting this coming Sunday better watch your scores. In addition to the Weekly Hi awards an Over Average prize is being posted on a weekly basis that is open to both the women and men. To qualify in this contest the player MUST have an established average in a playing Recreation League and in the event the contestant carries averages in more than one League then his, or her, highest League average will be used. Scoring in this contest counts only pins earned above the players average... for example, if your highest league average is 150, then you would count a point for each pin made above this figure, so that in the event you rolled an 165 your count would be 15 points. Every player, no matter how low or high in League standings, will therefore have an excellent chance in copping the prize — and what a prize it is — A CARTON OF CIGARETTES! Scores either in open or League play can be entered and the contest starts on Sunday.

Merchants League	Won	Lost
St. Josephs	27	15
Auto Owners	23	19
Standards	21	21
Homewreckers	21	21
Bankers	19	23
Squints Barbarians	15	27
Ladies League		
LaVergnes Gift Shop	20	10
Louise's Beauty Shop	18	12
Grace's Pie Shop	15	15
Recreation	13	17
Sue's Cannars	13	17
Bertha's Northerners	11	19
Doghouse League		
Poodles	15	9
Hot Dogs	15	9
Hounds	14	10
Spaniels	11	13
Airedales	10	14
Mutts	7	17
Rotary League (won-lost)		
George Bechtold 16-8, Bob Campbell 14-10, Hollis Drew 14-7, Frank Brown 13-8, Guy Watson 12-12, Bill Porter 10-5, Alex Sinclair 10-11, Burl Braman 10-11, Will Malpass 9-6, Howard Porter 9-9, Ted Malpass 8-13, C. W. Sidebotham 7-14, Percy Penfold 6-6, E. E. Wade 5-13, Barney Milstein 1-8.		

### Presbyterian Church

Rev. C. W. Sidebotham — Pastor  
10:30 a.m. Morning Worship,  
11:45 Sunday School  
Young People's Service: 6:30 p. m.

### HEAVY BARREL

A young couple had moved from their country cottage into a more modern house. All their goods arrived safely—with the exception of the rain barrel.

After the wife had pleaded with her husband that she wanted soft water to wash her hair, he said he would go and get it that evening.

As he had not arrived home at 12:30 a. m. his wife became worried. At 1:15 the back gate slammed and there was a dull thud. In a few seconds the door opened and a perspiring man groaned, "I've had a job with this tub! "Gee whiz, you didn't tell me it was full o' water!"

### Safe!

A group of tourists left their car and went to look at some old Indian ruins. One of them remembered they'd forgotten to lock the car. When they began to worry about it, the Indian guide reassured them. "It's perfectly safe," he said. "There isn't a white man around within 50 miles."

### REPEAT PERFORMANCE



Teacher—Didn't you have a twin brother in this class last year?  
Smarty—No. I'm just taking it over again!

### Learn by Experience

Jerry—Lend me five will you, old man?  
Harry—I can't. Ask Bill.  
Jerry—I would but I don't know him as well as I do you.  
Harry—That's just it. He doesn't know you as well as I do!

### Just the Same

Joan—What's the difference between a beautician and a cop?  
Jane—Okay, I give up. What's the difference?  
Joan—There isn't any. They both have to deal with ugly customers!

### Rationed!

Tommy—Our family is really reduced to exterminates.  
Johnny—Oh yeah! How come?  
Tommy—We've got nothing to eat but pig's feet!

### Scotch Joke

Mac Junior—Mom, what's meant by close quarters?  
Mother—Ask your father for a quarter and you'll find out!

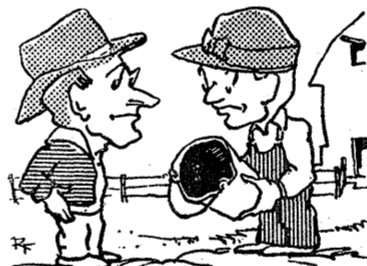
### Right Description

Dad—Well, son, you certainly look clean!  
Son—Yeah, Mom just gave me a personally conducted bath!

### Cute Trick

Bill—I suppose you dance?  
Bette—Oh, yes, I love to.  
Bill—Swell, that's better than dancing.

### FULL MEASURE



Farmer—Why's the milk bucket empty? Didn't the old cow give anything?  
New Hand—Yeah, nine quarts and one kick!

### Honest Preacher

Stranger—Why are your pants worn away at the knees?  
Preacher—From praying!  
Stranger—Well, why is your shirt worn out in the back then?  
Preacher—From backsliding!

### Servant Problem

Lady of the House—You understand we'll have breakfast promptly at eight!  
New Maid—All right, Ma'am, but if I ain't down, don't you wait for me.

### For Better or Worse

Hubby—When I married you I thought you were an angel!  
Wife—So I've noticed. You seem to think I can get along without any clothes!

### Fast Worker

Willy—I just met a girl who's never been kissed.  
Billy—I'd like to meet her.  
Willy—You're too late now.

### Unpatriotic

Harry—I'm going to turn that cow over to the FBI.  
Jerry—What for?  
Harry—For hoarding milk!

### No Luck Ever!

Joan—You know a bachelor is a man who has been crossed in love!  
Joe—Yeah, and a married man is one who's been double-crossed!

### Definition

Joe—What do you call a person who doesn't eat meat?  
Bill—Fussy!

### 3F Athlete

Joe—How's Bob in the high jump?  
Jim—Awful! It's all he can do to clear his throat!



**GOOD CHEER!** There's nothing quite like it. And good cheer is an affair of the heart. It cannot be withheld and hoarded to gain added value with the days or years. Good cheer must be spent!

Let us, all radiate good cheer this Christmas of 1944, for there are reasons enough for good cheer if we but pause to reflect.

Merry Christmas greetings from all of us to all of you.

## West Side A-G Store

Julia Gunther, Proprietor



MAY the blessings of God be with you, our friends, and with all of us... in our souls and upon our hearths. We can offer no more gracious greeting this Yuletide.

## Cherryvale Hatchery

Carlton Bowen, Prop'r



THAT clatter out on the porch means Santa Claus... or maybe it's only Uncle Joe in his annual role of St. Nicholas.

Yes, there IS a Santa Claus, and there will always BE a Santa Claus in the good old U.S.A.

We wish for you and your family this season of 1944-45 a typical American Christmas.

## Boyne Avenue Greenhouse

BOYNE CITY — M. W. Sparks, Prop.

## To My Friends in Charlevoix County...

Christmas is once more captivating us with its irresistible charms. Simple in origin, deep in meaning, sacred in its tradition, beautiful in its varied customs, there is little wonder that our hearts sing out, even though the world is not yet freed from the pity of war. Another Christmas, we fondly hope, will bring us the full realization of

"PEACE ON EARTH,  
GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

## Louis E. Anderson

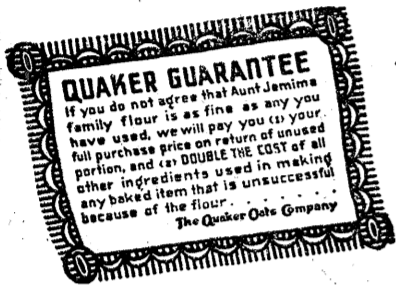
Your State Representative



Solved one Murder Mystery — Created another. The Sidney police used all their scientific skill and a mother's dream to clear up the enigma of the slain pajama girl — but now they wonder what happened to the dead girl's double. This interesting story will appear in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next week's Sunday Chicago Herald-American.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps — Now!

# Ever See a FLOUR Guarantee SO GENEROUS?



## SEE AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE IN EVERYTHING FROM BREAD TO SPONGE CAKE

Just try a sack of this wonderful flour! See and taste the difference in all your baking! Everything from bread to sponge cake! Aunt Jemima Enriched Family Flour is made by one of the world's largest milling companies — makers of Quaker and Mother's Oats, Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix for Pancakes and other famous foods! Be sure you ask for Aunt Jemima Enriched Family Flour — the flour with the double guarantee that protects every baking!

### Are You SURE You're Using The BEST Flour?

This Coupon Worth **15c** Toward Purchase of 25 lb. Sack of

### AUNT JEMIMA Enriched Family Flour

Just sign your name and address. Then hand this coupon to your grocer when you buy flour.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

This coupon will become void if not presented to your grocer on or before Monday, Jan. 1, 1945. TO GROCER: This coupon will be redeemed by us on the above basis. Just present the coupon to our salesman, or to your jobber's salesman. It is void unless signed and filled out by the purchaser.

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

Any Grocer Listed Below Will Redeem 15c Coupon Above

**Carr's Food Market**

East Jordan, Mich.

**Shaw's Grocery**

East Jordan, Mich.

**Roy Scott**

Boyer City, Mich.

**Kerry's Grocery**

Boyer City, Mich.

**Milton Block**

Charlevoix, Mich.

**Charlie Novotny**

Charlevoix, Mich.

**Steffins Grocery**

Bellaire, Mich.

# AUNT JEMIMA Enriched FAMILY FLOUR



Dear Michigan GI Joe:

Paraphrasing Lincoln's immortal words at Gettysburg, the world may little note nor long remember what we folks in Michigan do this December, 1944.

The Nation, however, cannot forget what you and a half million other gallant sons of Michigan — and your buddies, too, from other states — are doing on fighting fronts around the world in staunch defense of America's future.

Funny, isn't it, how we have so much in common — you on the fighting front and we in Michigan on the home front? Just because we are separated from you by an ocean and half or more of a continent, don't think for one minute that we're not a member of your team. For we are! We're all on the same team together, Joe. That makes it so difficult for both of us.

As we read your home town newspaper and note what you have been doing, we are moved by several kinds of emotions. Of course, we are proud of you. News from your letters is being printed every week or so, telling your friends of what you are doing — that is, what the censors will permit you to write.

Then we try to imagine what it must be like, over in France or Germany or Italy, this December, 1944. The mud is ankle-deep. It is cold. We remember that well from our teenage experience in France back during the first World War, and that war was a picnic compared to yours today.

We try to picture in our mind what it must be to live in a trench or fox hole — maybe a tent, if you're lucky, or perhaps an old building — without heat and without any of the conveniences we have back here in Michigan.

You know, Joe, it's not easy for us to picture all this. The war isn't being fought in the United States. Sometimes we wonder if that isn't the reason why we sometimes act as we do — we just cannot comprehend the reality of modern war because the war is so far away. It gives us a feeling of frustration.

No, the enemy airplanes never arrived. But again we had nothing to say about that. The Office of Civilian Defense got a lot of us in Michigan to prepare for possible air attacks. Thousands of people in North Michigan and Canada volunteered to scan the skies in details 24 hours around the clock, summer and winter. Fire wardens organized to combat incendiary bombs.

In those days after Pearl Harbor our military experts at Washington were genuinely concerned over this menace. But the Nazi airplanes never arrived. No bombs were dropped on our homes.

Why? Well, it just didn't work out that way, it seems. The Germans were too busy fighting the Russians, and then there was the British navy guarding the Atlantic ocean while we recovered from the loss at Pearl Harbor.

Try as we do, we still cannot picture what a bombing raid must be like.

Last summer after you and your buddies landed on the beachheads of Normandy and the Allied breakthrough resulted in the great German

### Dog Tax Notice

Dog license taxes are now due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer. Fees, Male 75c; female, \$1.50. If not paid by March 1st, taxes will be returned to the County Treasurer and the fee doubled.

G. E. BOSWELL

adv. 49-4 City Treasurer.

### PROBATE ORDER

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 5th day of December A. D. 1944.

Present, Hon. Rollie L. Lewis, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Catherine Monroe, Deceased.

Robert A. Campbell, administrator having filed in said Court his petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described, at private sale.

It is Ordered, That the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1945, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

ROLLIE L. LEWIS  
Judge of Probate.

withdrawal to the Siegfried line. Washington officials were pretty optimistic about a quick victory.

You know, Joe, the newspapers still print the news as Washington gives it out. Officials at Washington possess vital war information. Much of it is censored and not disclosed to newspapers at all.

For example, don't blame us back at home for any failure to send over enough shells. If the military experts couldn't foresee the tremendous consumption of shells by MacArthur's men at Leyte or forecast the amount of munitions to be consumed in the big push into Germany, how could we back here in Michigan be expected to produce it?

Quoting from the United Press: "The present shell shortage is explained partly by the fact that while Gen. Dwight Eisenhower has asked for two-thirds of the present mortar shell output, Gen. Douglas MacArthur has used more mortar shells on Leyte than in all his previous action. In addition, there are the demands of other Pacific and Mediterranean fronts."

We understand fully why you're sore at the war workers who quit their jobs because of some grievance — higher wages, for example. It is true that Michigan has had a lot of unauthorized strikes. They were unauthorized because the leaders, in many cases, could not keep the work-

ers on the job. Unions have pledged not to strike. Still the workers, now and then, get mad and quit.

The daily newspaper prints the news, (and a labor strike is news.

But did you ever think that these same Michigan labor strikes represented only a small fraction of the total army of Michigan people who work in war plants? And did you know that several hundred thousand folks from other states have come to Michigan since Pearl Harbor — men and women who do not own property in Michigan? They are interested in their paychecks, and when the war is over, they expect to go home.

It's our observation, Joe, that the great rank and file of Michigan residents are working faithfully and buying war bonds and otherwise doing their part pretty much as the experts at Washington have asked them to do. Why shouldn't they? These same people have sons in the service too.

Yes, Joe, as the Christmas season returns once more, we hope you will be patient with us on the Michigan home front. We're trying to help win the war, but you must remember that the war is still a long ways off for us. Maybe you'd rather have it that way — to return to a home that has not been demolished or scarred by artillery shells or robot bombs.

The war is coming home to us, however, in the long casualty lists. Many

stars on the service flag have already turned to gold. At Ironwood the residents of that mining community dedicated an honor roll on the third anniversary of Pearl Harbor. On it were 43 gold stars. The names of those men sound like an American

melting pot — English, Finnish, Polish, Irish, Swedish as well as other nationalities. They were all Americans — remember that.

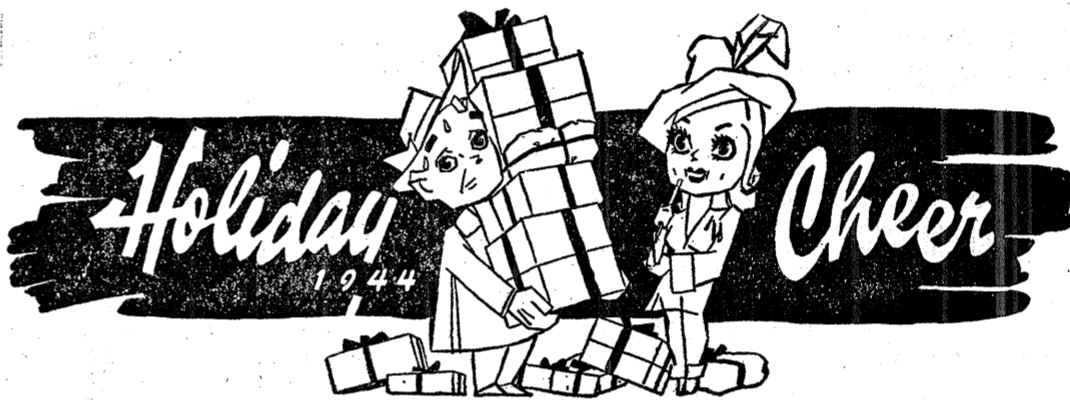
In our hearts we all honor you.

So keep up the good fight, Joe. America won't let you down.

## Only God Could Have Thought of Christmas

Christmas should make us all think of God.

## Presbyterian Church



★ ★ ★

We acknowledge the part you have had in the growth and success of our business. Without the support of our friends our business would be no pleasure at all. So through this message we would like to convey the thought that we appreciate you and whole heartedly thank you for your favors and kindness.

As we look to the New Year we resolve to serve you in the same way that has merited your confidence in the past.

We wish to take this opportunity, to wish every one of you, a very Merry Christmas, and may the New Year hold in store for you lots of health, wealth, happiness and success in your every undertaking.

★ ★ ★

# EAST JORDAN LUMBER CO. EAST JORDAN CANNING CO. EAST JORDAN & SOUTHERN R. R. CO.



**BANG-UP PROGRAM**

A sailor from the Naval Training Center, Miami, Fla., was visiting his home town on Navy Day. Since he had served many months at sea and held the Purple Heart, he was invited by the local American Legion post to participate in the Navy Day ceremonies. His letter of invitation read: "You are cordially invited to be one of the speakers at our Navy Day ceremony. The program will take place in the city park and will include a talk by the mayor, a short speech

by a Navy lieutenant, your talk, and then the firing squad."

**SCIENCE NOW KNOWS WHY LADIES MUST CRY**

Is the "weaker sex" merley a tradition, or do women actually feel pain more than men? Cleverly devised "torture tests", described in The American Weekly with this Sunday's (Dec. 24) issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, reveal new facts about sensitivity to suffering which will settle a lot of old arguments. Get Sunday's Detroit Sunday Times!



One mystery has been solved, thanks to a reader of this column. Trout fishermen, here is choice news.

Because Raymond Dick of Ironwood has a sister in Bangor, down in the apple-growing region of Van Buren county, and because the sister sent him a clipping of the "Michigan Mirror" column in the Bangor Advance last Oct. 18, we can now tell you a secret.

That old blazed trail in the Porcupine mountain forest museum, over which we hiked for hours one day last October in a vain search for Mirror lake goes to a trout paradise known only to a few sportsmen — Lily Pad lake, full of "big native brook trout — some of them over two pounds in size!"

We'll let Raymond Dick tell the story:

"Herbert Wood, editor, Bangor Advance, Bangor, Mich. Dear Sir: I have read with much interest an article in your paper from the Michigan Mirror about a trip to the Porcupine Mts. This was clipped out and sent to me by my sister who knows of my interest in this region. I enjoyed the article immensely and I very much agree with your sentiments about leaving the Porcupine Country as it is today — a wilderness with access only by bridle paths and foot trails. Open it up with criss-cross roads and main highways and it will soon be just one more park, made by man, and it will lose its virgin charm.

"Now a word about that mysterious blazed trail leading to the Southwest after leaving the old White Pine Extension mine. That old blazed trail leads to Lily Pad lake which is a widening of the Little Carp river after it leaves Mirror Lake, its source. If you will look at your map of this region you will note that Mirror lake lies to the Northwest of the old White Pine Extension mine and that the Little Carp river after it leaves the lake flows in a south westerly direction for quite a long stretch before it finally makes a big bend and breaks through the range of mountains and flows north west into Lake Superior.

"Lily Pad lake lies in the stretch of the river that flows southwest just before it makes its big bend to the northwest. It is a deep little lake between two spurs of the mountains and is full of big native brook trout — some of them over two pounds in

size. "On the eastern bank close to the outlet a big spring comes out of the mountains and forms a fast little ice cold brook which flows into Lily Pad lake. And where this spring water hits the lake there are some big sockers of trout lying for some one who knows how to get them. One rose to my bait that must have weighed at least three pounds. But he would not take the hook.

"Your account of your trip along this blazed trail to Lily Pad lake brings to my mind a trip that I made into this territory about eight years ago with my son and another party who claimed that he knew this trail. "We left White Pine Extension mine about 6 o'clock in the evening of a late August day, and our guide said we would easily make Lily Pad lake by nightfall where we expected to camp. We were all carrying heavy packs and following this old trail was no cinch as you found out from experience.

"Nightfall found us somewhere on the trail and we sat down and had a consultation as to whether we had better turn back to the White Pine Extension Mine, make camp where we were, or keep on going the best we could in the dark. While we were talking and trying to decide what to do a brilliant full moon rose over the mountains and we finally decided to keep on going and try to find the lake by the line of blazes in the moonlight.

"It was tough going. One man would stay by a blaze and another would go ahead and pick up another and then call out and wait until the first man came up and thus we kept on going, never sure of where we were going or even if we were on the right trail.

"Finally we saw the waters of the lake glistening in the moonlight thru the timber in a little valley ahead of us. We made straight for it and hit the lake at the spot where the little spring creek that I spoke of runs into the lake at the foot of a big timbered hill. It was about midnight, and we were so tired and sweaty from our trip that we simply made a fire near the little brook and curled up in our sleeping bags and dropped off to sleep without any further ado.

"It must have been about two hours after that along about two in the morning that I woke up nearly froze stiff and jumped out of the bag and

threw some wood on the dying embers of the fire and got a nice blaze going. With my back to the fire and getting the chill of the night out of my bones I took note of my surroundings. As I said before it was late August and in this Lake Superior country we sometimes get a frost about that time. Well, the night had cooled off considerable — enough so that a chill mist had risen from the water and hung like a blanket over the landscape.

"The full moon was in the sky so that it now poured its light through the tops of the tall trees on the high hill back of our camp, and the tree tops seemed to hang suspended in this moonlight and mist like some ghostly scene from another world. It was too beautiful and weird to seem real.

"I tried to wake up my son to take a look at this scene but he had curled up in his sleeping bag like a little bear and all my efforts to arouse him were in vain. So I drank in the scene for a long time and wished that I were an artist so that I could put it all down on paper for someone else

to see and admire. Finally I went to sleep with my back to the fire and still gazing up at the moonlight filtering down through the tree tops. And that was my introduction to Lily Pad lake."

Yes, we know that the war's casualties to date totaled 552,018 at mid-December. The total Army and Navy dead was 121,363. Increase for one week in December was 2,043.

Raymond Dick's narrative is a symbol of one of the things we are fighting for — the right of a father to hike with his son into the peaceful beauty of the Michigan outdoors, to seek those elusive big trout, to watch the mist form a halo about an August full moon, and to enjoy God's country without the sound of war's destruction and madness.

In the spirit of last week's column, we hope all Michigan GI Joes will have the opportunity someday to follow that old blazed trail to Lily Pad lake — symbolically at east if not actually. Such is our wish at this Christmas-tide.



**Christmas**  
JOY TO ALL  
1944

THAT clatter out on the porch means Santa Claus . . . or maybe it's only Uncle Joe in his annual role of St. Nicholas.

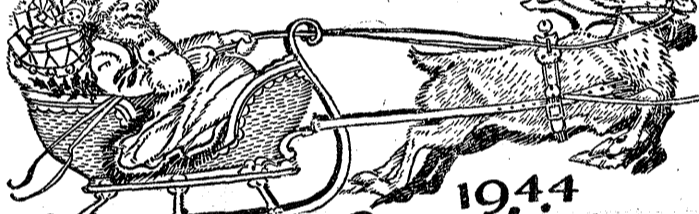
Yes, there IS a Santa Claus, and there will always BE a Santa Claus in the good old U.S.A.

We wish for you and your family this season of 1944-45 a typical American Christmas.

**ISAMAN'S**

— East Jordan —

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



1944  
**Seasons Greetings**

SLEIGHBELLS TINKLING DOWN OLD ROADS, FARM HOMES GLEAMING IN THE DARK, THE SPIRIT OF KINDNESS BROODING OVER THE LAND. YES, 'TIS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL MEN ARE KIN.

WE HOPE THAT YOUR CHRISTMAS WILL BE MERRY AND BRIGHT, AND THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE A FULL SHARE OF THE GOOD THINGS THIS HAPPY SEASON BRINGS.

**THE QUALITY FOOD MARKET**

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Clark

**GREETINGS**

1944

A Merry Christmas

MAY the blessings of God be with you, our friends, and with all of us . . . in our souls and upon our hearths. We can offer no more gracious greeting this Yuletide.

**BENSON'S HI-SPEED SERVICE**



WE HOPE old Santa will not forget you this Christmas of 1944, but that he will cram that stocking so full it can hold no more.

Good cheer, good fellowship, and Merry Christmas to you all!



**GOOD WILL**



**Carr's Food Shop**



There is something in the very season of the year that gives charm to the festivities of Christmas.

—WASHINGTON IRVING



☆ Whether Christmas be white or green, we hope it will be full of charm for you and yours, with an abundance of all the good things that are part of happy Yuletide . . .



★ ★ ★

**Jordan Valley Co-op. Creamery**

EAST JORDAN — MICHIGAN





### The Runaway

By DEE CAMPBELL  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

IT was ten minutes past midnight when Big Mike Condon saw the boy in the dim glow of his big truck's headlights. Immediately his large foot pushed on the brakes. The boy wore the white hat and blue pea-coat of a sailor. Big Mike had a friendly feeling for bluejackets; his kid brother was one.

The truck smoothed to a stop. "Hop in, Mac."

The sailor leaped into the seat, placing at his feet the small bag he carried and tilting his hat to the back of his curly brown head.

Big Mike gave him a quick comprehensive glance. "Pretty young to be in the navy, aren't you, Mac?"

"I'm seventeen," the sailor answered shortly.

Big Mike kept his eyes on the gray concrete ribbon that retreated dizzily beneath the hood. "Cigarette?" He turned and offered his pack.

"Thank you — I — I — don't smoke." There was a moment's pause and then the boy went on hastily, "Of course I really do smoke — it's just that — I don't want one."

"I think I know what you mean," Big Mike said meaningfully. Then he changed the subject. "How's the navy treating you?" His keen eyes didn't miss the way the boy's mouth stiffened stubbornly. "Not exactly 4.0, huh?" Big Mike probed.

"No," the boy replied emphatically. "No, it's not! I —" His eyes held a frightened look.

The zipper of the bag had jammed halfway and through the opening Big Mike could see a jumble of socks, unfolded dungarees and skivvie shirts. It had obviously been packed in a hurry. He said quietly, "So you're running away — or as you boys say, you're going 'over the hill.'"

The boy swung around. "Yes," he said defiantly, "for good!"

"Well," Big Mike began, "that's a pretty big thing to do —"

The sailor interrupted. "There's no use trying to stop me, either! I know the line about serving my country and being patriotic! Well, I'm sick of it! I'm sick of standing watches and being bawled out and not seeing my folks!" He swallowed hard and went on. "Anyway Dough tried to tell me all that — Dough's my buddy back at the base. He thought he'd talked me out of it too — but I waited until I was sure he was asleep and took out. So you see," he turned back to Big Mike, "nothing you can say will make any difference!"

Big Mike turned to him with a little smile. "That's exactly what I wanted to find out. How would you like a job? It'd be safe enough. You'd do all your work at night — like me, see, driving a truck."

The boy looked at him straight. "Hauling what?"

Big Mike grinned knowingly. "Well — you know, Mac — what you were talking about — all this nonsense about patriotism and so on? Well, I feel the same way. So when this scrap started I figured there was ways of making it pay off — and there is! Know what I got back there? Tires — new rubber tires. I'm making big dough! Sometimes I haul — beef. Ever hear of the black market? Yeah? Well, that's the racket."

"So you're running a black market? I've heard of them — sure I have!"

"I'm offering you a chance, kid. And right now is the time to look out for yourself. Oh, yeah, I know you hear that stuff on the radio about the fighting men needing food and rubber for jeeps and planes — so what? I'm looking out for myself and not a bunch of rum-dum soldiers in Italy or Alaska! It's me I'm interested in!"

Without warning the boy swung. His fist struck Big Mike squarely on the chin jerking back his head. Before he could recover the sailor struck him again, this time in the eye. "Black market, eh? So you don't care what happens to our soldiers —"

The big truck swerved and left the road. Big Mike jammed the brakes and it lurched to a stop. "O. K., kid," he panted. He was trying to ward off the blows and manage the wheel at the same time.

The sailor got out. "Anyway you showed me something," he said grimly. "Guess I never knew there really were people like you!" He took his bag. "I'm heading back to the base in case you're interested."

Big Mike looked at him. "I'm interested," he said. There was an odd look on his face. "Here's something I want to show you."

He took out his billfold. The sailor stepped close to look. Then he gasped. "Why, that's Dough's picture!"

"Sure," Big Mike grinned. "My kid brother. You see, he didn't fail to stop you. He knew that I carry defense material every night and so when he saw you pack your bag he just gave me a ring before I started. He figured I'd be along in time to pick you up. Things worked out fine too, except," he rubbed his chin. "Dough didn't say anything about that right wallop you pack!" He opened the door. "Get in, sailor," he said. "I'll drive you back to the base."

### Find Irradiated Yeast Helps Hogs Gain Weight

A small amount of irradiated yeast appears to speed up the growth of pigs in winter. If irradiated yeast continues to give as good results as it has in the limited work done with it at the University of Wisconsin, then it may become a "must" in winter hog production.

In one of the experiments for example, pigs that received 4 ounces of irradiated yeast in each ton of feed, and had the run of the cow yard, out-distanced all others. They made average daily gains of 1.51 pounds per head and required only 375 pounds of feed to produce each 100 pounds of pork.

In the same trial, pigs getting irradiated yeast as the only vitamin supplement came in second, making slightly faster and more economical gains than those whose vitamin supplement was cow manure only.

The effect of irradiated yeast is ascribed to its vitamin D content, since the type used assays \$4,000,000 U. S. P. units of this factor to the pound, and since it contributes only traces of the B vitamins when used at the level of only four ounces to the ton of feed.

### Jews Enjoyed Autonomy From Ancient Times

From very ancient times Jews in every land have enjoyed autonomy to a wider or narrower degree, says Dr. Isaac Levitats in a study published by the Columbia University Press.

"Autonomy reached its height during the Middle Ages, when, in the absence of a law equalizing the citizens of the state, it became necessary to invest each group with legal corporate rights of its own," Dr. Levitats finds.

"In the nature of things, the 18th century trend toward emancipation resulted in a general curtailment of self-government. Specifically, the enlightened absolutism of Joseph II of Austria and the motto of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' promulgated by the French Revolution presupposed a gradual renunciation by the Jews of their institutions of self-rule; and so it was in practice. In the wake of actual Jewish emancipation in the West during the 19th century, Jewish identity dwindled down to a mere religious differentiation."

### Frozen Beans

Homemakers can add a nutritious and traditional American dish to their menus by using the new frozen baked beans.

The method of cooking the beans varies slightly, of course, with the different brands. Some of them have molasses added and others are packed in tomato sauce. All of them have been cooked thoroughly and just need to be heated.

The frozen beans may be put in a sauce pan with two tablespoons of water and heated about 15 minutes on top of the stove, or they may be served in the traditional manner—a piping hot bean pot just out of the oven. Molasses, chili sauce, mustard, onion or a slice of bacon may be added while heating to improve the flavor.

Don't thaw the beans before cooking. If they thaw don't try to refreeze them, but use them at once. They are at their best in flavor and texture when kept frozen right up to the cooking time.

### Fancy Names

A recent collection of birth certificates filed with the Georgia department of public health revealed such names as Sunset and Icie Rivers; reference to cash in such names as Good Price, Honest Price and Major Sales; geographical contributions like Georgia Possum, Asia Minor, Whosa Cracker, China Rice, and some twins named Utah and Arizona Reynolds. The hope for the future was expressed in such names as Wash Saturday, Buster Good, and Be Careful McGee. Especially to be noted were Perty Smart, Love Session, Wash Fountain, Rather Bigg, Spanish Dentist, Handsome Mann, Virginia Ham and Aborn Sargent. Perhaps a romantic touch is conveyed in Late Night Mann and Pleasant Feelings.

### Sun's Rays

Rays of sunshine which reach our eyes move in curves because of the refractive effect of the atmosphere. Since the air becomes denser towards the earth, its refractive index grows and the curvature of a ray of light increases as it moves downward through the atmosphere.

Curvature of light rays in the atmosphere sometimes makes it possible to "see around corners." For example, because of atmospheric refraction, during an eclipse of the moon sometimes both the sun and the eclipsed moon are seen above the horizon at the same time!

### Dominican Republic

Soil of the Dominican Republic is very fertile. About one-fifth of the land is cultivated, the rest is forested, chiefly with pine and mahogany. Growing and processing sugar cane is the biggest industry. Cocoa is second in export value. Output has been increased tenfold since 1900. Other important exports are coffee, leaf tobacco, corn, and molasses. Side by side on the same acreage cacao trees grow with corn. Bananas, coffee trees, and guava bushes thrive on the same ground. Rice growing for home use is fostered.

**Early Report on Fruit**  
Former: "Hi, there! What are you doing up in my cherry tree?"  
Youngster: "Dere's a notice down dere to keep off de grass."

**All Around Doubter**  
"She'll come along soon, without a doubt."  
"Yeah! She'll come doubtin' my sobriety, my veracity and my fidelity."

## SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN!



We've got it on good authority that this town is among the first along Santa Claus' route, and that he's scheduled to make a long stop here!

We hope that "Santa Claus will be good to you," and that this holiday time will be one of exceptional joy and happiness to you and your family.

★ ★ ★

## CLOVER FARM STORE

Mr. and Mrs. Mason Clark



MERRY CHRISTMAS

*Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way,  
O! what fun it is to ride  
In a one-horse open shay!*

We have much to be thankful for this Christmas, and we want to express our thanks to you.

May this Christmas season of 1944 be an especially happy one for you.

J. Van Dellen, M. D.



Christmas trees are again gleaming in the windows!

Just about time for us to be thinking of how much we are indebted to you.

And just about time for us to call upon two little words that carry more cheer and good will than all the big words that have ever been coined—

Merry Christmas

**TAYLOR'S**  
West Side Grocery

— East Jordan —

## THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

19 44

★ There will be a halo over the homes of America this Christmas radiating from the new hope for the world.

That your Christmas season may be both joyous and happy is the sincere wish of

★ ★ ★

## Grace's Pie Shop



ALL the good old fashioned spirit of the season is expressed in this hearty MERRY CHRISTMAS.

You've been the best of friends to us in 1944 and here's wishing for you the very best!

## ART DRY CLEANERS

Charlevoix, Mich.

# TEMPLE

THE SHOW PLACE OF THE NORTH  
EAST JORDAN

FRI. SATURDAY, Dec. 22-23 Sat. Matinee, 2:30, 12c-25c  
Eves 7 and 9 Adm. 12c-35c

### Henry Aldrich's Little Secret

WITH JIMMY LYDEN  
NEWS — CARTOON — SHORT

SUNDAY, MONDAY, Dec. 24-25 Matinee Both Days  
Sunday and Monday 2:30, 12c - 25c Eves. 7 & 9, 12c - 35c

IN TECHNICOLOR

### Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

NEWS — MUSICAL — CARTOON

Tuesday, Wednesday, Shows 7 & 9 Adm. 12c - 35c

### MUSIC IN MANHATTEN

ANNE SHIEKEY — DENNIS DORT  
NOVELTY — SHORTS

Thursday Only, Family Nite Shows 7 & 9 12c - 20c

### THE SINGING SHERIFF

and "MEMPHIS BELLE" in Technicolor  
BLACKWHIP, Chapter No. 4





Hearty and cheery  
And happy and true,  
An ever so fervent  
Merry Christmas to  
you! . . .

**ERNEST W. KOPKAU**  
ICE — WELDING



**IN THESE  
LAST  
SHORT  
DAYS  
OF 1944**

when beaming faces tell that Christmas is very, very near, we are reminded again of the supreme value of friendship. He who has no friends, though he may have amassed a fortune, cannot be happy.

We have many friends in this area — friends from many years back as well as friends who have become friends during this past year. These friendships are a great source of pride and happiness to us.

To all these friends we wish a very Merry Christmas Season.

**East Jordan Recreation**



★ At Christmas perhaps more than at any other time in the year we realize what it means to be an American — to worship as we please, to go about our daily pursuits unfettered, to take time out to pay homage to the beautiful myth of Santa Claus. ★ And at Christmas the members of this organization realize particularly what your patronage has meant to us, and we take this opportunity to thank you while wishing you all a most Merry Christmas.

*Merry Christmas!*

★ ★ ★  
**Cal's Tavern**

**Coming Home**

By MARY W. KING  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

MRS. PALFREY HOWARD II reached for one of the new genealogy volumes, and drew it from the shelf. There were five more records of her family and Palfrey II; a surprise gift for her soldier sons when they should come home with their fighting achievements to be added to the family records.

It was a proud old room, the library. Palfrey II viewed it from celestial regions, if at all, and the boys—one in Australia, the other on Guadalcanal—had not seen it since their mother had assembled the ancient family furnishings and hung the ancestral portraits.

As she opened the book, the cupboard door of her memory unlatched and a familiar chuckle slipped out. "At it again, old girl?" The chuckle and question were as natural as when Palfrey II had been a rotund earth dweller.

"I know Palfrey, that pride in our New England lineage always amused you," Mrs. Palfrey answered aloud. "But surely the boys will care after this war. It's the thing they are fighting for!"

"Did you speak, ma'am?" the voice of her maid asked from the doorway.

"No, Mollie. What is it? Oh, you have letters! I hope they are from the boys!" She rose eagerly. "They are, Mollie! That's Pal's writing. The other's from Win! I'd know his scrawl in Egypt. How wonderful to hear from them both at the same time!"

"It is indade, ma'am. I hope ye'll be findin' them both fine."

Mrs. Palfrey used a plebeian wire hairpin to slit the envelopes, ignoring the antique ivory cutter. Her lips moved as she read the first paragraph of each letter almost audibly. The maid lingered. "They are both safe, Mollie," Mrs. Palfrey announced soon, with happy tears in her eyes. She would read Pal's first—Palfrey Howard III, with the troops in Australia.

"Dear Mother:" (the letter ran)  
"I'm O.K. Hope to come home on furlough, if our commander can arrange transportation. I've been in hospital. I'm all right now and I'm coming back to help finish this job as soon as I can carry a gun. Got a load in my shoulder, but it won't be long now."

"I have a surprise for you, Mother. I'm married to the sweetest Australian girl on the whole continent. Her name is Sidna. You'll love her, Mom. We might blow in any time. You'll be nice to Sidna, won't you? I'll have two weeks and then off to wherever Uncle Sam needs me most. We figured it this way, Sidna and I—we've both kept clean and straight, so we think we ought to raise some pretty fine kids to grow up in the new world, once we get it safe for them. Some fresh blood in the family, eh, Mom?"

"Here's hoping we see you soon. I want you to know Sidna because we plan to settle in Australia when we've finished mopping up."

"Love,"

"Pal,"  
The sheet dropped from Mrs. Palfrey's hand. Pal married! To an Australian girl! Planning to live in Australia! With trembling hands and half dazed, she drew out the second letter. Winthrop—her baby—bearing her father's name.

"Dear Mom:  
"Pal got word through to me and we hope to come on the same transport. I'm slated for a furlough, too. I've been in hospital but the Japs didn't get this baby. I'm fine. Just wobbly, that's all."

"Say, Mom, do you mind if I bring a couple of my buddies home with me? They're getting out of hospital too. Swell guys—Abie Levine and Mike O'Hara. Abie's my bombardier, and Mike's my gunner. And boy, what a job we did on those little yellow bugs! They don't come any finer than Abie and Mike. We're brothers forever. I want to show them what a home and a swell mother are like. They don't remember either. We could all stand some of Mollie's cooking. See you soon we hope. Of course we can't be sure."

"Love,"

"Win,"  
Abie Levine! Mike O'Hara! Mrs. Palfrey was stunned. "We're brothers forever." She gazed into the leaping flames. Palfrey Howard III, whose ancestors had founded this country, married to a girl of unknown parentage. It did not occur to her to concede pioneer stock to a girl of another country. And Winthrop—fraternizing with the sons of immigrants!

The fire burned low. At last Mrs. Palfrey's jeweled hands were clasped, and she prayed softly, "Oh, God, I thank Thee that my boys are safe. Nothing else matters. But, God, help me to be as big as my boys!" She rose resolutely and rang for the maid. "You know, Mollie," she said, "I'm not so sure the boys will like this room after all. I think we'll bring back that etching Win always liked, and the lake pictures."

"Them's more warmin'," the girl answered simply.  
A half-hour later two messages winged into space in the hope that in some way they would reach her boys. One read, "Can't wait to get my arms around you and Sidna." The other, "Certainly bring Abie and Mike." Both were signed "Mother."

**Fearless Jungle  
'Tarzan' Caught**

Giant Who Roamed Forests  
Lands in Jail.

JOHANNESBURG, SO. AFRICA.—A naked black giant who for five years has roamed the South African forests as the unarmed, fearless master of lions, leopards and buffaloes, has wound up in the white man's jail because he slaughtered state protected game for food.

The almost legendary tale of this lord of the jungle was told by Rangers who long had tracked him fruitlessly and finally caught him in the Kruger national park game sanctuary only after he had injured a leg in leaping from a crag. This was the story:

Five years ago the giant Negro quarreled with his people in the hills beyond Johannesburg and left the tribe. Soon even his name was forgotten, but Rangers began encountering a flitting, shadowy figure in the parklands. They found clever handmade snares and evidence that large animals had been trapped, but they never found a carcass.

Rangers who gave chase said he "ran like a deer, had a leopard's cunning and seemed as strong as three men." His trail always vanished.

At night, rangers heard the agonized roars of dying buffaloes, and often the death screams of lions near their bivouacs, but dawn never disclosed a trace of the animals. Patient search finally led them to a cavern, its floor heaped with the clean picked bones of the most savage animals of the wilderness, but the caveman was not at home.

Again, rangers found him asleep. They quietly encircled him, and one threw a burning brand on him. He leaped up with a terrifying animal-like scream and broke through the ring into the bush.

Finally, in one such pursuit, he lost his footing on a rock, his leg twisted under him, and the long chase was over.

In court, the prisoner proudly admitted the charges. Lion meat, he mumbled, was his favorite food. The judge sent him to prison and ordered a mental examination.

**Take Up Space**

Since only the seed of garden peas are used, the food yield is small compared to the space they take.

They are a cool weather crop, and do best in sections where spring comes so early that there is time for them to mature before hot weather arrives; or in the northern tier of states where the summers are relatively cool.

Everywhere the first sowing of peas should be made early as possible, having in mind that the finer varieties, which have wrinkled seed, may decay if the soil remains cold and damp too long after they are sown. Smooth seeded peas will not decay so easily, but they are not of as high quality as the wrinkled kinds.

Where spring comes late, and summer follows quickly, only one crop of peas is likely to be successful, and for this an early dwarf variety should be grown.

**Greatest Hard-Ore Mass**

Described as "the greatest known hard-ore mass, and easy to equip, develop and mine," the Cave Peak, Brazil, area contains an estimated 15 billion tons of ore suitable for high grade steel. Beginning this year and continuing for three years, annual production of 1½ million tons of ore will be divided between the United States and Great Britain.

The peak is located in the center of the iron region of the province of Minas Geraes and rises 4,500 feet above sea level. The peak has no overburden of earth, and open pit mining, with drilling and blasting, will begin near the top. Two large electric shovels, powered by General Electric drives, will load the ore into trucks which will carry it three-quarters of a mile down a fairly steep road to the processing plant.



**GUERNSEY DAIRY**

DON HOTT, PROP.



Merry  
Christmas  
TO EVERYBODY

There's a joy in the heart  
That sets Christmas apart,  
To make it a day of all days.  
And may its true peace  
And good will never cease  
To bless you in manifold ways.

**Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Watson**



**... It's Christmas!  
So Let's Celebrate!**

Let's celebrate by recalling on every day what Christmas is and what it means. Let's celebrate by never doubting that eventually Good shall triumph. Let's celebrate by making children happy and by opening our hearts to those in need.

That's the way to have the Merry Christmas we wish for you.

**Frank's Tavern**



REDDY KILOWATT  
Your Electric Servant

**Michigan Public Service Co.**



## HARK, THE ANGEL VOICES!

May the sweet old Christmas story bring to you this year a deeper meaning . . . a larger store of its joy and peace and gladness than it ever has before.



## LORRAINE PRINTER



At this season we should all subject ourselves to re-examination, to see if good fellowship and kindness still survive as a practical combination to bring happiness to the human heart. Each of us holds in his hands the key to this combination. Let us use it during this Christmas season of 1944, to help transform dreams into realities.

May we add our glad Christmas greetings to the many which are finding their way to you?

## Herman Drenth & Sons

— East Jordan —



★ Christmas is here. And once more we find ourselves at a loss for words to express how we feel about your loyalty to us during 1944. But we know you will understand.

We wish for you and your family the best of Merry Christmases, and the best that this happy season can bring in both material and spiritual blessings.

## Irv's Tavern

— East Jordan —

## Generally Speaking

By NADINE HARKINS  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

GENERALLY speaking, this is a daffy war. I mean like Joe O'Brien, for instance. Back in the States he always groused about the British and poked fun at the lace curtains in Buckingham Palace and the changing of the guard and so forth. Then he joins up and where does the Army send him but straight across the big drink smack into the heart of London.

And in nothing flat Joe's a one-man Chamber of Commerce for the island, a booster-for-Britain de luxe. He gets to attend Queen Mary on a personal tour and winds up thinking he's the Prince Consort. Now Joe writes he's marrying the sweetest girl in the world, a little English schoolteacher. I suppose when these shooting galleries empty and we all go home Joe'll be wearing a monocle and calling his pals old boys, old sock, old top.

Yeah, daffy war. Take me, for instance. Generally speaking, I'm no dope. I mean a guy's gotta have a little gray matter to get to be a corporal, don't he? So maybe I don't warm up to Attu like Joe does to England. I still don't make no bones about it much, even if it ain't no hot-air furnace. I just want to be a good soldier, wash out these Nippies and get home to Barbara.

I am thinking of Barbara that night in the ice-cold foxhole with the stars big as kites and the night so still. She sure is a sweet kid and the best jitterbug in the gang. Generally speaking, I'm not the complaining type, but we've been crouched here too long to suit me, trying to outsmart a Jap trap on the side of the snowy slope below us. Thinking of Barbara sort of warms me up, and when I get warmed up, I get mad. I mean I keep thinking about Barbara and the gang and the good times we had down at the roller-skating rink or the dance palace or Jake's Spa with the juke box moaning a hot



Was there ever such a toboggan ride?

jive, and I think how a fellow would want a peach like Barbsie and maybe she'll get tired of waiting for me, so I yank out her snapshot, the one in the bathing suit, and it sort of reassures me. But I kind of shiver for Barbsie and get madder still, because we can't rout out those yellow babies down below us. They're holding up the whole works.

I grunt, disgusted. "Fine war," I gripe, "when we can't shoot out a nest of yellow baboons. I'm getting sick of this place, anyway; don't like the air conditioning. I'd much prefer being a general. Makes me burn to think of General Farwell over at the base. Why, they say that bird has a superspecial trailer to live in, and he doesn't have to park in no slimy foxhole, neither. That trailer is bombproof and has running water."

"What, Simpsie?" quips the kid next to me again. "No neon lights?"

The fellows all laugh, especially this quiet guy in the corner who roars fit to kill. But I'm still burning, so I think of Barbsie again and how we used to go sledding with the gang down hills just like this one and the idea hits me smack in the cranium.

"Come on, wise guy," I yell to my buddy, all excited-like. "Tear down that canvas shelter half."

The little quiet guy comes over then. "What are you men planning?" "Get back to barracks," I fling at him, spreading the canvas on the snow and sitting on it. The little guy starts to sputter but my buddy catches on quick and gives me a good swift push.

Thanks, Barbsie, hold or tight, here we go to glory or the grave! Was there ever such a toboggan ride with the feel of the hand grenade hard and sure, my heart pounding against my ribs and my mind clicking like a time bomb? Merrily down the slope I travel, very fast and very close to the Japs' holes. Going by, I toss the grenade for a perfect basket right in the monkeys' startled faces.

Yeah, daffy war. Because next day I have a date in that air-conditioned trailer over at the base. Seems the quiet guy in the corner was Major General Farwell and he wanted to do a little coasting himself that night. He's a swell egg, and my promotion is first-rate and the shiny medal a little bit of O. K., too. Barbsie will like that and, generally speaking, I never thought I'd wind up speaking to the general!

## Plan to Develop Amazon As Communication Artery

The mighty Amazon river valley, now pouring a vast wealth of rubber, quinine, fibers, woods, minerals and other tropical products into the united war effort of the Allies, may soon play another vital role in the development of the South American republics.

Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, the six nations bordering on the huge river and its tributaries, are taking concerted action to solve their mutual problems and convert the Amazon into one of the great Pan-American arteries of the future.

Use of the great inland waterway as a link between South America's virtually unexplored and unknown interior and the sea, and as a means of bringing out inexhaustible natural resources, has a precedent which goes back four centuries. More than 400 years ago, a century before the Pilgrims landed in North America and 264 years before Lewis and Clark penetrated into the Pacific Northwest, the Amazon served as the route for the first transcontinental crossing of America when Francisco Orellana led his hardy tattered followers from this city to the Atlantic and thence to their native Spain.

Shorter than the Mississippi-Missouri system or the Nile, the Amazon is nevertheless the greatest river in the world in point of volume, and with its tributaries forms the largest river network on earth. Along its surface ocean steamers may soon beat their way 2,000 miles into the heart of the continent, bringing with them the products of civilization and carrying out the rich natural treasures of the region.

## When Buying Clothes, Buy Them Big Enough

When buying clothes, buy them big enough. It's better to buy a dress a size larger and have it altered to fit trimly and comfortably.

Any article of clothing should be loose from the waist up. It should fit comfortably, not plaster tight. Clothes should not pull against the chest, the diaphragm, or the back. Money spent on expertly fitted clothes is not wasted.

Drooping hem lines, sagging seams, pull across the middle, or hanging off shoulder seams can't make a well-groomed appearance.

What about our skirt length? Straight skirts should be longer because without fullness they naturally pull up when you sit down, and then knees aren't pretty. Gored skirts can be shorter because of the extra fullness.

Good posture along with well-fitted clothes can do a great deal to improve our looks.

## BONDS OVER AMERICA

Marking the spot where our Revolutionary forefathers fought the Battle of Princeton stands the Princeton Graduate School and the Cleveland Memorial Tower. The latter a memorial to President Grover Cleveland.



## Battle of Princeton

Back the Attack With an Extra War Bond

Since 1348 the University of Prague remained the center of culture and higher learning in Bohemia. Now it is used by the Nazis as a point from which to "shanghai" the youth of Czechoslovakia.



**GOOD CHEER!** There's nothing quite like it. And good cheer is an affair of the heart. It cannot be withheld and hoarded to gain added value with the days or years. Good cheer must be spent!

Let us all radiate good cheer this Christmas of 1944, for there are reasons enough for good cheer if we but pause to reflect.

Merry Christmas greetings from all of us to all of you.

## Gidley & Mac



## Is He the UNLUCKY One?

ONE school child out of five on the average, has defective eyesight. And the percentage mounts to 4 out of 10 at college age! No parent can afford to neglect eyesight.

Even in these critical, busy days anyone can take these four simple precautions against eyestrain. Read them carefully and teach them to your children. Eyesight is too precious to risk.



**1** Do all reading, studying, sewing, or game-playing close to a good light source, preferably a modern reading lamp.



**2** Avoid glare from bare bulbs. Don't sit facing the light. Glare strains eyes.



**3** Avoid shadows. Make sure you have good light directly on your book or work. Shadows strain eyes.



**4** Have eyes examined regularly. If eyes are defective, vision can be greatly helped with proper glasses.

When the war is over we are all going to have Better Light for Better Sight. In the meantime, let's conserve both eyesight and light. Take care of your eyes, but don't waste light.

## Michigan Public Service Co.



**PROBATE ORDER**

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.  
 At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix in said County, on the 7th day of December, A. D. 1944.  
 Present, Hon. Rollie L. Lewis, Judge of Probate.  
 In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Catherine Sackett, deceased.  
 Alice Blossie, Administratrix of said estate, having filed in said Court her petition, praying for license to sell the interest of said estate in certain real estate therein described, at private sale, for the purpose of paying debts and expenses of administration;  
 It is Ordered, That the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1945, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition, and that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Court, at said time and place, to show cause why a license to sell at private sale the interest of said estate in said real estate should not be granted;  
 It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.  
 ROLLIE L. LEWIS,  
 Judge of Probate

**Do It Yourself—at Home**  
**Charm-Kurl**  
**PERMANENT WAVE KIT**  
 Complete with curlers, only 59¢  
 It's easy to do and safe for every type of hair. For amazing results—be sure to ask for Charm-Kurl. Over 6 million sold.  
 GIDLEY & MAC, DRUGGISTS

**W. A. Porter**  
**Plumbing — Heating**  
**HARDWARE**  
**SUNBEAM FURNACES**  
 Estimates Cheerfully Given on Any Job at No Cost to You.  
 PHONE 19 — WE DELIVER  
 Main St. — East Jordan.

**FRANK PHILLIPS**  
**BARBER SHOP**  
 Established 1890  
 YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED  
 — SATISFACTION —  
 — SANITATION —

**Insurance**  
 FIRE — AUTOMOBILE  
 CASUALTY, SURETY and LIFE  
 All Stock Companies  
 ★ ★ ★  
**ROBERT A. CAMPBELL**

**Insurance**  
 AUTOMOBILE, LIFE, FIRE  
 and WINDSTORM  
**CITY and COUNTRY**  
 RELIABLE COMPANIES  
**GEORGE JAQUAYS**  
 EAST JORDAN, MICH.  
 Phone 244

**Herman Drenth**  
**& SONS**  
 A complete line of  
**LUMBER — SUPPLIES**  
 Phone 111 — East Jordan  
 (Successors to E. J. L. Co.)

**R. G. WATSON**  
**FUNERAL**  
**DIRECTOR**  
 Phone — 66  
**MONUMENTS**  
 EAST JORDAN, MICH.

**BEAUTY SALON**  
 105 Esterly St., East Jordan  
 Grace Premoe, Mgr.  
**Holiday**  
**Permanents**  
**\$3.50 to \$15**  
 Machine — machineless  
 cold waves.  
 Telephone No. 8

**Streets Must Be Cleared of Cars During Early Morning Hours**

All streets in the City of East Jordan must be cleared of cars from 2:00 to 6:00 a. m. every day from Dec. 1st to April 20th to allow open passage of snow plows.  
 This is in accordance with a City Ordinance. Any car left parked during these hours will be towed off the streets and a charge made against the owner.  
 By order of the Common Council.  
 HARRY SIMMONS,  
 Chief of Police.

**City Tax Notice**

County and School Taxes for the City of East Jordan are due and payable commencing Dec. 10th and ending January 10, at my office in the Municipal Building.  
 G. E. BOSWELL  
 City Treasurer.

**PROBATE ORDER**

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix.  
 In the Matter of the Estate of Mary Catherine Sackett, Deceased.  
 At a session of said Court, held in the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 7th day of December, 1944.  
 Present: Rollie L. Lewis, Probate Judge.  
 The above estate having been admitted to probate and Alice Blossie having been appointed Administratrix thereof;  
 It is Ordered, That two months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased, are required to present their claims to said Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, on or before the 8th day of February, 1945, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time claims will be heard.  
 It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.  
 ROLLIE L. LEWIS,  
 Judge of Probate

**STATE OF MICHIGAN — ORDER OF THE CONSERVATION COMMISSION — REGULATING FISHING STEELHEAD OR RAINBOW TROUT, LAKE CHARLEVOIX, CHARLEVOIX COUNTY**

The Director of Conservation, having made a thorough investigation of fishing conditions on Lake Charlevoix, Charlevoix County, recommends certain regulations.

THEREFORE, the Conservation Commission, by authority of Act 230, P. A. 1925, hereby orders that for a period of five years from January 1, 1945, it shall be unlawful for any person to take in one day from the waters of Lake Charlevoix, Charlevoix County, more than five rainbow or steelhead trout, but in any case, not more than 10 pounds and 1 fish.

Signed, sealed and ordered published this twenty-first day of September, 1944.

HARRY H. WHITELEY  
 Chairman  
 WAYLAND OSGOOD  
 Secretary

Countersigned:  
 P. J. HOFFMASTER  
 Director, Department of Conservation  
 49-3

**STATE OF MICHIGAN — ORDER OF THE CONSERVATION COMMISSION — REGULATING FISHING IN DESIGNATED TROUT LAKES**

The Director of Conservation, having made a thorough investigation of fishing conditions in trout lakes, recommends certain regulations.

THEREFORE, the Conservation Commission, by authority of Act 230, P. A. 1925, hereby orders that for a period of three years from January 1, 1945, it shall be unlawful for any person to take or attempt to take more than a total of 10 trout in any one day from the waters of any designated trout lake, but in any case not more than 10 pounds and 1 fish.

Signed, sealed and ordered published this twenty-first day of September, 1944.

HARRY H. WHITELEY  
 Chairman  
 WAYLAND OSGOOD  
 Secretary

Countersigned:  
 P. J. HOFFMASTER  
 Director, Department of Conservation  
 49-3

**Coasting Regulations**

By order of the Common Council, Garfield Street has been designated as the hill for coasting in East Jordan this winter. Hours for coasting are from 4:00 to 6:00 and 7:30 to 9:30 p. m. daily. During these hours only will a man be posted at the Main St. intersection to direct traffic.

Parents are urged to have the youngsters observe these hours. Coasting any other place in the City is prohibited.

Cooperation in this matter will minimize danger of accidents. Let us play safe.

HARRY SIMMONS  
 Chief of Police.

**Penicillin Derivative Saves the Life of Boy**

LONDON. — Vivicillin, a derivative of penicillin, was credited with saving the life of a nine-year-old boy with ruptured appendix who could not be operated upon because of hemophilia, a hereditary tendency to spontaneous bleeding.

A statement issued on behalf of Wellhouse hospital at Barnet gave no details but said vivicillin contains living penicillin (a form of mold) and "other things as well." One of the experimenters with the product is Dr. Hans Enoch, 47, a German physician.

"I do not want to make any claims for the drug until we have had much more experience in its use with human beings," he said.

The Times and other London newspapers hailed news of the product, which it was said can be made cheaply in quantities.

**Quest by Americans for Elephants Gets Results**

ELKHART, IND.—Capt. Maynard White, a mapping squadron flight commander on the China-Burma-India front at home on leave, says that elephants aren't hard to get in India—depending on whether you want the ivory kind or the ones on the hoof.

A soldier, who just landed in port, White relates, saw an ivory elephant in a store window for 100 rupees and thought they'd probably be cheaper in the interior. Later he told an Indian what he wanted and cautioned that he didn't want a big one.

The Indian departed with 200 rupees to pay for two ivory elephants to send home as souvenirs. Strictly dependable, the Indian returned with two small ones—if half-grown live elephants can be considered small.

The man who wins may have been counted out several times, but he didn't hear the referee.



Turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding are symbols of the lighter side of Christmas. We want you to have these, too, this Yule season of 1944, plus all the other joys that give Christmas-time its transcendent glory.  
 We welcome this opportunity to extend to each and all our heartiest greetings.

**W. A. PORTER**  
**HARDWARE — PLUMBING — HEATING**  
 Phone 19 East Jordan, Mich.



1944  
*The Season of Christmas*

**EVER THAT SAME STAR**

★ The wise men saw it over the hills of old Judea . . . it glows in the Christmas sky tonight, though clouds may obscure the heavens. It is a beacon of hope in a world in which there is ever so much room for improvement. Its spirit travels around this earth, encouraging, sustaining, and beautifying.

Our Christmas greeting to every man, woman and child in this community . . . a greeting as warm and hearty—we hope—as if it were made to each in person with a friendly smile and a shake of the hand.

*Merry Christmas!*

★ ★ ★

**East Jordan Co-operative Co.**  
 EAST JORDAN — MICHIGAN



# Local Events

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rogers were Lansing visitors last week.

Mrs. Sam Malone and son, Murph were week end guests of Central Lake friends.

Pat Steiner left Wednesday for Grand Rapids where he will spend the winter.

Miss Jean Bechtold returned to Detroit Sunday having been home for the wedding of her sister.

A daughter, Linda Ann was born to Mr. and Mrs. Wade Healey at Charlevoix hospital Friday, December 15.

Mrs. C. A. Brabant has gone to Detroit for a visit with her nephew and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Isaman.

Miss Virginia Davis R. N., of Muskegon was week end guest of her grandmother, Mrs. A. Kenny and other relatives.

Miss Ruth Jean Moore who has been a surgical patient at Lockwood hospital Petoskey, returned home Tuesday.

Margaret Strehl who is in her senior year at M.S.C., is spending her vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Strehl.

Mrs. Earl Danforth left Wednesday, December 20, to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Hauke at 1816 Seventh St., Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Mrs. W. E. Malpass II and children, Carolyn, Billy and Suzanne have been spending some time with their husband and father, who has been stationed at Navy Pier Chicago for a short time. They were accompanied to Chicago by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Malpass.

Announcement has been received of the birth of twins Jack and Jill to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ellis at St. Joseph Mercy hospital, Pontiac on Nov. 19. Mr. Ellis a former East Jordan boy, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis the former Catherine McVay reside at 757 2nd. st. Pontiac, Mich.

Installation of officers of East Jordan Lodge No. 379, F. & A. M., next Tuesday night, Dec. 26.

Grace Goebel and Evadiene Ter-Avest returned last Friday from a weeks vacation in Chicago.

Elizabeth Penfold who is in her freshman year at M.S.C., East Lansing is holiday guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Penfold.

The Norwegian Ladies Aid will meet with Mrs. Bud Scott with Mrs. Herman Goodman as assistant hostess Thursday afternoon December 28.

Patricia Sinclair arrived home last Saturday for a two weeks vacation from her studies at Wayne University with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Sinclair.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Healey Jr. of Lansing are spending the holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Healey Sr. and other relatives.

Mrs. A. G. Rogers, Jr. and the Misses Gladys and Iva Rogers and Mrs. Francisco of Northport were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Rogers sr.

For the convenience of our customers we are extending our dress sale until New Years. Malpass Style Shoppe. Have also childrens and misses rubbers. adv.

Mrs. Ray Dennison left Wednesday to spend the holidays with her sisters in New York, N. Y. Enroute home she will visit her daughter-in-law in Ann Arbor.

A son, Jackie Wayne was born to Pfc. and Mrs. Leon Peterson at Charlevoix hospital Sunday, December 17. Pfc. Peterson is stationed at Riverside, California.

Miss Jane Ellen Vance R. N., who is attending, Columbia University, N. Y., is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Vance. William R. Sanderson A.M.M. 1c was also a week end guest, leaving Monday for the West coast.

Radios, skis, skates, guns, tools, Christmas trees, washing machines, some toys, sleds, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, furniture, stoves and lots of other things for Christmas. Malpass Hdwe. Co. adv.

Suzanne Jamison Porter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Porter of East Jordan, has just been named to the Dean's list at Albion College because of her high scholastic average. Miss Porter is a senior at Albion where she is majoring in mathematics.

A/S Howard (Bud) Porter and friend, Pfc. Glen Hayden of Milwaukee, Wis., are holiday guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Bartlett will leave Friday to spend Christmas with their daughters, Mrs. Earl Pratt and family in Battle Creek, their other daughter, Mrs. L. Zacharius of Detroit will join them there.

Betty Jean Hickox who is attending University of Grand Rapids is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Hickox. Her brother Pfc. Leland Hickox who has been home on furlough left Wednesday to return to California.

## SOUTH ARM...

(Edited by Mrs. Arnold Smith)

Mrs. Clarence Johnston walked out to call on Mrs. Archie Murphy and children, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Walton spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Smith and children.

Misses Grace Goebel and Evadine TerAvest returned home Friday, after spending a week with Ruth Goebel in Chicago.

Myrtle Walton and Alice Smith were to Charlevoix on business, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Smith and children were shopping in Mancelona, Saturday.

The South Arm Extension Club met with Mrs. Irving Crawford, Thursday with fifteen ladies present.

The Grange Christmas party was a big success, Saturday night.

Mrs. Earl E. Moore and son, Earl of Boyne City spent a week recently with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore and family.

**Full Gospel Church**  
Sunday School ----- 11 a. m.  
Worship service ----- 12 noon  
Evangelistic Service 8:00 p. m.  
C. A. (Young People) Tuesday, 8 p. m.  
Prayer & Praise, Thursday, 8 p.m.  
B. M. Dirks, pastor, 506 3rd St.

**St. Joseph Church**  
East Jordan  
**St. John's Church**  
Bohemian Settlement  
Rev. Joseph J. Malinowski, Pastor  
East Jordan  
Dec. 3, 17, 31 — Mass at 8:30 a. m.  
Dec. 10 and 24 — Mass at 10:30 a.m.  
Christmas Day, Dec. 25 — Mass at midnight and 10:30 a. m.

**Settlement**  
Dec. 3, 17, 31 — Mass at 10:30 a. m.  
Dec. 10 and 24 — Mass at 8:30 a.m.  
Christmas Day, Dec. 25 — Mass at 8:30 a. m.

**Seventh-day Adventist Church**  
S. W. Hyde — Pastor  
2:00 p. m. — Sabbath School.  
Church Services — 3:15, Saturday

**Christ Lutheran Church**  
Norman H. Kuck, Pastor

The schedule of services during the holidays is as follows:  
**Wilson Township**  
Dec. 24, 9:30 a. m.: Regular Worship.  
Dec. 24, 8 p. m.: Children's Service.  
**Boyne City**  
Dec. 24, 11 a. m.: Regular Worship.  
Dec. 25, 8 p. m.: Children's Service.  
These services, as well as all services conducted through the year, are open to all who wish to honor Christ the King.

## PROBATE ORDER

State of Michigan. The Probate Court for the County of Charlevoix. In the Matter of the Estate of Clara Liskum, Deceased.  
At a session of said Court, held in the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, in said county, on the 18th day of December, 1944.  
Present: Rollie L. Lewis, Probate Judge.

The above estate having been admitted to probate and Harold Rv. Liskum having been appointed executor thereof;

It is Ordered, That two months from this date be allowed for creditors to present their claims against said estate for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased, are required to present their claims to said Court, at the Probate Office in the City of Charlevoix, on or before the 21st day of February, 1945, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time claims will be heard.

It is Further Ordered, That public notice thereof be given by publication of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Charlevoix County Herald, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

ROLLIE L. LEWIS  
51x3 Judge of Probate.

**Put the Paper Puppet**

HOW'S THIS FOR THE PERFECT AMERICAN WAY TO RELAX? SHUCKS, THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE YOUR NEWS BEFORE YOU SNOOZE!

## Horning In

By JEAN CAMERON  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

WHEN the car came abreast of the running girl in the trench coat the horn sounded raucously once, twice. She hesitated a moment, tugged her hat over her loose curls and jumped in. "So chemicals help drafting—thank you," she said.

The sandy-haired man behind the driver's seat looked at her gloomily. While her face was unfamiliar, he knew draftswomen had been employed for some weeks now. "How far, Miss—"

"To the highway intersection, please. Kay Farnham. I'll be quiet," she added, after another glance at the strong chin. "I know you're planning explanations for the Government inspection committee tomorrow."

The chin stiffened perceptibly. So the Government committee was coming, eh? The drive was a silent one. At the highway Donald crawled out and opened the door for his passenger. She smiled. "You're the first man to do that in two months, Mr. McAllister. And—and I am highly flattered that you took me home." He did not realize that the girl remained standing in the street until his car vanished from sight. She had noticed him in the halls and offices for some time.

McAllister was angry, with a cold, calculated, frightening rage that had been developing for many weeks. Let Wilson run the chemical department as he ran and bullied everyone else—all right, just so long as he kept out of McAllister's way; let him have the soundproof laboratory, priorities, assistants—all right. He himself would work overtime, be underpaid, refuse better offers—all right. If this experiment succeeded—if he could work it out and it was accepted, it would be worth all of Wilson's sneers. He'd have done his part.

But the Government inspectors were coming tomorrow and not to test his model or his method! Well... his temper at a fine edge, he swung and headed back to the factory.

In spite of his pugnacious look, his height and his square shoulders, there was a mildness about Donald—something in the color of his hair, the blue of his eyes, his general absent-mindedness—which led people to think him timid. He had never cared, for he believed in attending strictly to his own business. And yet perhaps it was Cornelia's treatment which had helped to produce his present fury.

Cornelia believed in Cornelia first, peace or war. She was soft, blonde, helpless, appealing to big men. She demanded things and got them. And now that so many men were gone she had been concentrating on Donald with excellent results.

There was a quick hush as he entered the office, a bending of heads back to work. He glanced toward his desk; his lips tightened. "I thought I told you to stay out of my things, Wilson," he said slowly, striding over to his private corner.

A beefy, self-confident man swung about. "I was looking for a pencil," he grinned, nonchalantly ignoring the fact that two projected from his breast pocket. Donald controlled himself with a conscious effort and closed the desk top. He felt rather than saw Wilson's foot moving the wastebasket into a tripping position behind him, and kicked backward so violently that the basket shot between his annoyer's legs and he fell headlong.

He was up in an instant, furious, his fists lifted, but Donald's look lowered them. "Can't you take a joke, McAllister?" he asked feebly, realizing that his long domination of the office was crashing and that the story would soon sweep the whole plant.

"No," snapped Donald. He tramped across the room and slammed the sales manager's door behind him. "No, Mr. Bentley, you're not too busy to listen to me," he said, and poured out every demand he had formulated during his drive—better instruments, additional quarters, storage space, and full hearing before the committee. "I came here to work," he concluded. "If I can't do that here I'll go where I can. Pay Wilson what you want for making a general nuisance of himself. Give him any title you like—but let me do a good job!" "Of course," gasped the sales manager. "Naturally. We thought you were quite satisfied, Mr. McAllister. We'll have a new contract for you in the morning. We..." Donald turned and left.

In the outer office a stenographer came up to him. "A lady has been calling," she reported. "Miss Cornelia Adkins, she said."

Donald did not pause. "Tell her I haven't come in."

In the lab he pulled on his rubber gloves. He was quite calm now. He would get right at that new solvent. But first—he pulled off the gloves, made a notation on his calendar—"Take girl in drafting room to lunch after committee report tomorrow."

Nice girl, he thought, arranging bottles carefully on the sink. He'd tell her—no, women were funny. Better not tell her he hadn't meant to pick her up, that when he bent over to rescue his fountain pen from the floor of the car he had accidentally pressed the horn.

Our Best Christmas Wishes to You

High above the broken cities and war-torn fields, rides the changeless Christmas Star, the eternal symbol of Christian faith and hope. Men and nations must at last yield to its regenerative force and turn back to ways of peace and brotherhood.

We hope you have a pleasant Christmas and that next year our boys from all over the world will be home to enjoy Christmas with us.

★ ★ ★

# STATE BANK of EAST JORDAN

Member FDIC

1944 Christmas

... It's Christmas! So Let's Celebrate!

Let's celebrate by recalling on every day what Christmas is and what it means. Let's celebrate by never doubting that eventually Good shall triumph. Let's celebrate by making children happy and by opening our hearts to those in need.

That's the way to have the Merry Christmas we wish for you.

# ELLSWORTH LUMBER Co

Joseph F. Bugai, Proprietor

1944 Merry Christmas

Your good will has been a priceless asset to us during 1944 and other years. We thank you for the confidence you have placed in us and wish you the manifold blessings of a happy Yuletide.

★ ★ ★

# GOLDEN RULE STATION

Edward J. Kamradt, Manager

### THE WEATHER

Temp.	Rain or Snow	Wind	Weather Cond'n
14 — 34	18 SW	PC	
15 — 35	25 snowSW	cloudy	
16 — 30	24 W	cloudy	
17 — 30	15 1.5 NW	cloudy	
18 — 19	14 NW	cloudy	
19 — 27	14 SW	cloudy	
20 — 29	24 2.5 NW	cloudy	

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Christmas Greetings

# STANDARD OIL CO. - J.K. Bader

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

CHRISTMAS Greetings 1944

# EAST JORDAN DAIRY

D. O. Miller, Proprietor — Phone 163-F4

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Merry Christmas

1944

# LOUISE'S BEAUTY SHOP

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Civil Strife Rages in Greece; Set Vise for Japs on Leyte; Quake Shakes Tokyo District

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



As train lies at bottom of Moselle river after plunging through wrecked bridge, French youth scramble over debris to salvage food from cars.

EUROPE: Civil Strife

Added to the Allied military burden in Europe was the political problem posed by Leftist rebellion in Greece.

Started when Leftist liberation guerrilla forces refused to surrender their arms on the ground that Premier Papandreou's Rightist elements were allowed to retain theirs, the uprising brought British troops into action to restore order.

Situated just north of the Suez canal, Greece commands this vital waterway route linking Britain's eastern empire with its homeland; and for this reason, London has taken the greatest interest in conditions there.

To assure its position about Suez, the British have backed Papandreou's Rightist elements against the Leftists, including Communists. In calling British troops into action to suppress the rampaging Leftist elements, British Maj. Gen. R. M. Scobie declared: "I stand firmly behind the constitutional government and shall aid them to the limit of my resources until the Greek state can be reestablished with lawful armed forces behind it."

Nazi Strategy

In heavy fighting on both European fronts, the Allies continued to punch forward, with the U. S. 3rd army taking the spotlight away from the 1st and 9th in the west in its drive into the vital coal-laden Saar basin.

As a result of General Patton's smash into the Saar, the great industrial city of Saarbrücken was brought under the muzzle of heavy U. S. artillery fire, with many parts aflame.

The 3rd army claimed the lime-light as the 1st and 9th U. S. armies slackened their heavy pressure east of Aachen, where the German high command, under Field Marshal von Rundstedt, had concentrated its major strength to combat General Eisenhower's great drive, which carried within 22 miles of the Rhine.

Big question in the mind of Allied strategists was how long could the Nazi high command continue to



General Eisenhower (left) confers with Field Marshal Montgomery in Holland.

manipulate its forces to ward off a decisive break-through at any one spot. Although the enemy was said to have about 6,000,000 men afield in both the east and west, only about 1,250,000 were said to be crack troops.

That the enemy has few troops to spare is evidenced by his tactics in the Balkans, where the retreat toward the Austrian border promised to draw up all of his troops presently strung out along the Hungarian and Yugoslav border. In addition, reports from Italy indicated a German retreatment in that country.

As the Nazis reformed their lines in Hungary, flying Red columns advanced to within 13 miles south of Budapest, where civilians were put to work digging trenchments for a last ditch stand.

MEAT INCOME

The income from meat animals will reach an all-time record this year, approximating one-third of the total farm income, or more than 6 1/2 billion dollars, George M. Lewis, director of marketing of the American Meat Institute, predicted.

Tracing the trends of livestock production for 1945, Lewis said the United States department of agriculture estimates the marketings of cattle and calves will be about 35 million head, or a million more than this year, the highest on record.

PACIFIC: Fasten Vise

Striking again with characteristic suddenness, Gen. Douglas MacArthur moved the 7th division ashore below Ormoc under the heavy protective cover of U. S. naval guns, cutting the Japanese defenders on the northwestern shore of Leyte in half.

The general's move came after bad weather, coupled with stiff enemy resistance from strong hill entrenchments, bogged the American drive on Ormoc from the north and south. As the 7th secured its beachhead below Ormoc, the huge LST's dumped supplies ashore, the general was able to apply both frontal and rearward pressure on Japanese troops operating in the sector.

Prior to the American landing below Ormoc, U. S. artillery opened a heavy bombardment on enemy positions to the north and south, drawing strong Jap reinforcements to both areas to counter infantry movement. Then, as their withdrawals weakened their positions about Ormoc, MacArthur struck.

Even as the 7th was hitting the beaches below Ormoc, U. S. fliers wiped out a Japanese convoy, bearing 4,000 troops, which was headed for Leyte.

EARTHQUAKE: Rocks Japan

Centering in the Sea of Enshu, 100 miles southeast of Tokyo, an earthquake, so powerful that its tremors threw a recording machine in London out of gear, struck Japan, causing serious loss.

Without immediately revealing the exact extent of damage, the Japanese reported that the tremors caused landslides, caving-in houses and streets along a 150-mile belt across the main island of Honshu. Huge tidal waves rolling in from the Sea of Enshu flooded coastal districts below Tokyo, deluging homes.

Although the Japanese claimed that the quake did not damage their war industry centered around the Tokyo district, they remained silent about the effect that the mounting tidal wave had upon their all-important shipping, a-sea and at port.

HELP WANTED: Seek Arms Speed-Up

Once deeply concerned with conversion, government officials have once again swung their principal attention back to war production, what with munitions shortages on the battlefronts threatening development of mounting Allied attacks.

With 300,000 workers needed in munitions plants, labor became the No. 1 consideration of officials, with War Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt calling for intensive recruiting of women; transfer of employees within a plant to more essential jobs; channelling of workers to more important industries; discouragement of labor turnover, and suspension of manpower authorizations for civilian production.

Of the 300,000 people needed, McNutt said, 130,000 were for heavy and small arms munitions. Industries requiring the remainder include air-borne radar; assault, transport and cargo ships; tank materials; cotton duck for tenting; heavy artillery, trucks and tires, and B-29 Superfortresses.

That fact really "makes" Christmas! Many will be separated from family and friends this year, but Christ is there, and they may have this most precious of all friends with them. The empty place around the family table will be filled (if we wish) by the Lord Himself. Let's keep Christmas with Him as the unseen but nonetheless real Guest. In fact, let us do even more than that, let us count Him into the intimate fellowship of our family circle (and two can make such a circle). That is what He wants to be—to you and to me—this Christmas Day, 1944.

Better Bossies

A study of artificial breeding just completed by New Jersey State college of agriculture gives conclusive evidence that the science has progressed to the point where it can be adopted on a nation-wide scale, Dr. J. W. Bartlett said.

The study just completed in New Jersey shows that 120 "artificial" cows, bred from outstanding bulls, produced 9.3 more milk and 14 per cent more butterfat.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for December 24

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THE GROUND OF UNIVERSAL JOY

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2:8-12; Hebrews 1:1-4; I John 1:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT—Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people.—Luke 2:10.

What would you like for Christmas? Could anything be better than to find for your heart and mind that spiritual safety, certainty, and joy which transforms life? Well, that is exactly what Jesus came to bring mankind. It was the first Christmas gift, and it is the best gift this year too.

**I. Safety (Luke 2:8-12).** Men need deliverance from their sin. They needed it when Christ came. They need it today. They must have a safe refuge, one in which they may rest secure.

All the efforts of this world to meet man's need are vain. As Joseph Parker put it: "The world did not want an adviser. The world had advised itself almost into hell. The world did not ask for a speculator. Everything that man could do had been done, and men sat in the darkness of their own wisdom. The world did not want a reformer, a man who could change his outward and transient relations, an engineer that would continually devote his time to the readjustment of the wheels and the pulleys and the various mechanical forces of society. The world wanted a saviour."

Jesus came as Saviour. The good tidings revealed to the faithful shepherds were to be "of great joy to all people" because they presented the One who could bring them redemption from sin.

That revelation is ready to be made again this Christmas, and as it came to the shepherds at their work in the field, so it may come to you on the battlefield, in camp, in the air, under the sea, in the kitchen, the factory—yes, anywhere. We rightly go to our churches to worship on Christmas Day, but let us remember that Christ is everywhere, seeking each one—yes, knocking at your door. Will you let Him in? Then you will have Christmas indeed!

**II. Certainty (Heb. 1:1-4).** God has spoken through the centuries in the messages of many faithful servants. We do well to give heed to God's Word through them. But after all they were only servants. This message of redemption is so vital and fundamental that God sent His Son, Himself the Redeemer, to declare it.

How final, and definite, and blessed is that truth. The heir of all the eternal glories of God the Father, and Himself the effulgence (or the flashing forth) of the glory of God, has spoken God's last word—His certain word—about redemption from sin.

We all know how full of uncertainty the world is, how our own minds are distressed by the very uncertainty of countless things about us. What a precious gift from God to realize anew the absolute certainty we have in Christ. He came to save, to satisfy, and to keep us.

Note that He has all the needed authority and power to carry out His loving purpose (vv. 3, 4). He who "made purification of sins" for us to believe, is divine. He has all power. He is glorious beyond our ability to describe. He is God. We can rest in perfect assurance in His redemption.

**III. Enjoyment (I John 1:1-4).** God knew the need of man for real joy if life was to be pleasant and profitable. Being a Christian was never intended to be a somber, doleful business. No, indeed. "These things we write," says John, "that our joy may be made full."

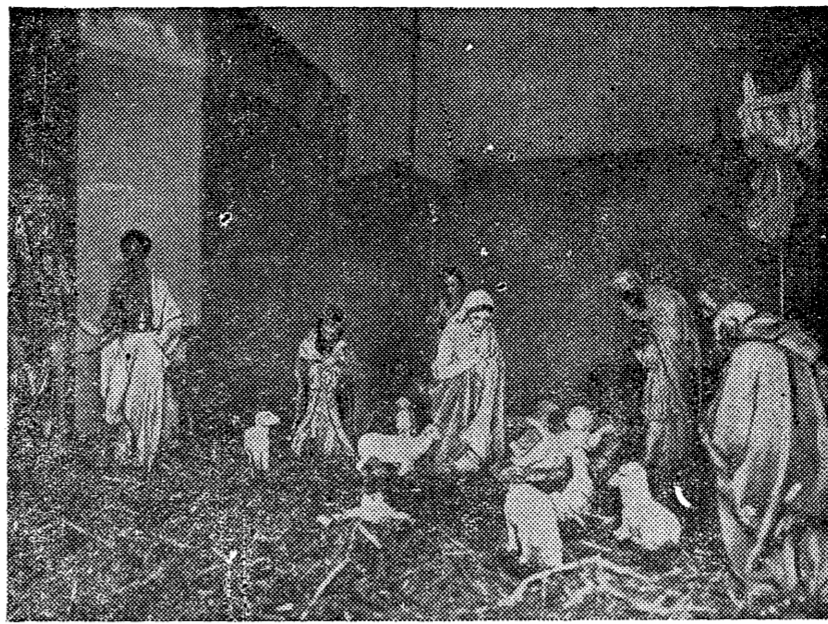
What did he write? By inspiration of the Holy Spirit he wrote of Christ, "the Word of life." He had seen and known Him, the Redeemer. He had fine and uplifting fellowship with Him, and declares that we too (as believers) share in that fellowship.

One of the bright and glad things about the Christmas season is our fellowship with our family and friends. It brightens the whole holiday season. How much more delightful is the fact that we have "fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ."

That fact really "makes" Christmas! Many will be separated from family and friends this year, but Christ is there, and they may have this most precious of all friends with them. The empty place around the family table will be filled (if we wish) by the Lord Himself. Let's keep Christmas with Him as the unseen but nonetheless real Guest. In fact, let us do even more than that, let us count Him into the intimate fellowship of our family circle (and two can make such a circle). That is what He wants to be—to you and to me—this Christmas Day, 1944.

May his joy be yours in full measure. That is the wish of the writer of these lines, and it goes from his heart to the very last reader who may be in the uttermost part of the earth. A blessed Christmas to you!

History and Legend of Trees and Cribs



Christmas trees and cribs, within respective spheres of influence, provide focal points for observances of the season.

Legendarily, the Christ Child blessed the huge pine which sheltered the Holy Family during the flight into Egypt.

A strange child was received hospitably into the hut of a poor wood cutter who lived on the edge of a great forest. At midnight the family was awakened: looking out of the window, they beheld the little stranger clad in gleaming radiance and surrounded by a choir of angels: the fir tree beneath the window was covered with silver nuts and lights, apples and threads of gold: and the Child revealed his identity:

"I am the Christing, bringing happiness to good children. This fir tree shall be my emblem."

The Druids were worshippers of Thor to whom the Thunder Oak was sacred. St. Wilfred, standing amid his Christian converts, felled the oak to symbolize the severance of all connections with heathen Druid rites. The old tree split into four pieces as it fell and, from its very center, a young fir tree pointed skyward.

"This young tree," said Wilfred, "shall be your Holy tree tonight. Let it be called the tree of the Christ Child; gather about it, not in the wildwood, but in your own homes. There it will shelter no deeds of blood but shall be surrounded with loving gifts and rites of kindness."

What the Christmas tree is to northern countries, the crib is to southern Europe and Catholic countries.

Owing to the widespread inability

of the masses to read and the prevailing lack of books during the middle ages, the Bible was frequently interpreted by literal representation. In 1223 St. Francis of Assisi, hoping to inspire greater religious fervor among the faithful, received special permission from the Pope to present a tableau of the Nativity scene.

On Christmas eve of that year in Greccio, Italy, representatives of the Wise Men and other biblical characters (a young mother laid her "bambino" in the manger), real, live animals sheep and oxen, finally obedient after hours of tugging and shoving, took their place within the chancel of the village church.

This first crib was such an immediate sensation that the presentation of the Nativity scene at Greccio became an annual event attracting many visitors to the heretofore obscure village. Famous cribs sprang up and were presented throughout southern and central Europe.

During the Renaissance, painted landscape backgrounds, and increasingly realistic figures, richly clad, elaborate shrines and processions endowed the cribs with the characteristics of highly ornate pageants. In modern Italy, the Praesepe or manger is seen in every church at Christmas time. In Germany, it is the Krippe; in Czechoslovakia, Jeslika. In Spain and other Catholic countries, the Nacimiento or Nativity scene is everywhere—in churches, public places and private homes.

America, being the melting-pot of Christmas customs and traditions, has taken the tree and the crib to its heart.

Christmas Customs Vary Around the World



Among the fancies that longest survived in Europe, and even became naturalized in America was that at one o'clock Christmas morning, the cattle would turn their heads eastward, get down on their knees and worship the King who was born in a stable.

Of more recent date—during the Christmas season the barnyard cocks crow with more than usual force and frequency.

The Christmas feeding of birds is prevalent in Norway and parts of Sweden. Bunches of oats are placed on houses, trees and fences. The children save their money to be used to purchase bundles of oats.

During the early 19th century, some of the parishioners of the British Isles who paid vicarial tithes, claimed a custom of being entertained at the vicarage Christmas afternoon, with four bushels of malt brewed into ale and beer, two bushels of wheat made into bread, and 50 pounds of cheese. Any food left over was distributed to the poor.

At Culdaff, Ireland, about 1800, was started the forerunner of two American pastimes, "shinney" and the "lottery." Previous to Christmas it was customary for the laboring class to sell chances on a raffle for nutron. The favorite game was described as kamman, which consisted in impelling a wooden ball with a crooked stick to a given

point, while an adversary endeavored to drive it in a contrary direction. The British Isles are rich in Christmas customs.

Starting at eight o'clock Christmas eve, with bells ringing, the children parade the streets of Yorkshire with drums, trumpets, bells, or perhaps with the poker and shovel taken from their humble fire. A furnety or yule cake, one for each member of the family, is always served.

The ancient custom of sword-dancing at Christmas is kept up at Shropshire. Grottesquely dressed dancers perform their annual routine of warlike evolutions, some accompanied by imitations of the ancient hobby-horse.

The pinata is the Mexican equivalent of a Christmas tree. It is a large clay water jug, decked in papier mache ruff and feathers to look like a turkey or peacock. After being filled with toys it is suspended from a doorway.

The Christmas game is followed by the breaking of the pinata. The game starts with a candlelight procession. All doors are closed as the children march through the darkened house until they come to the one over which the pinata is hung. Each child, armed with a stick, tries to break the jar. When the lucky blow is delivered the gay trinkets, bird whistles or red and green candies tumble to the floor.

Country Priest and Schoolmaster

Joined to Compose 'Silent Night'

The Christmas hymn, "Silent Night," was written by a German country priest and his friend, the schoolmaster of a neighboring village, for a Christmas now a century gone. After its first use in 1818, in a little Austrian town, it gradually made friends until it came to be known in all Germany and in translation in many other countries.

The author of the verses was Joseph Mohr, born in Salzburg, Austria, in 1792. He was ordained a priest

Country Priest and Schoolmaster

Joined to Compose 'Silent Night'

by the Roman Catholic bishop of Salzburg in 1815, and when he wrote the song was assistant at Laufen, on the Salza, near Salzburg. Later he held pastorates in various other places, and died in 1848.

The schoolmaster of Arnsdorf, near Laufen, who wrote the music of this and a number of lesser known hymns, was Franz Gruber, born in Hochburg in 1787. He died in 1863 at Hallein, near Salzburg, where he was organist.



Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

THE odds were thousands to one against a stocky, freckle-faced blues singer who came here nine years ago for a career.

Today Judy Garland is one of our top box office pets. She could put aside her songs and go dramatic any day in the week. She could, but I sure would be mad at her.

Hers is no Cinderella story. No stardom overnight for Baby Frances Gumm, "the little girl with the great big voice," as she was billed in vaudeville.

From the day she was three she worked, and worked some more.

Long before Judy or her two sisters, Virginia and Sue, were born, Frank and Ethel Gumm toured vaudeville circuits as "Jack and Virginia Lee, sweet southern singers." When the first Gumm sister arrived they settled in Grand Rapids, Minn.

Grease paint was put aside for the nonce and Frank Gumm took over the New Grand theater as manager. It was there, at the age of three, that Judy made her debut. Her two sisters, with mother at the piano, were on the stage. Judy had been told to sit quietly in the dressing room. She had her own ideas—she still has. She wanted to sing, too, and sing she did. Before anyone knew it she was standing in front of the audience singing five choruses of "Jingle Bells."

California, Here We Come

Shortly after that the Gumsms left for California. In other words, they worked their way out. Jobs were scarce. At Lancaster, Calif., the local theater was crying for a new manager. For nine years the Gumsms lived there.

It took a lot of courage to tackle a trip to Chicago. But they did it. There Fortune smiled. They were booked into the Oriental theater. That night marked the end of the Gumm Sisters. Up until now they had been billed as "the Crumb Sisters," "the Bum Sisters," but this was too much. The marquee read, "The GLUM Sisters." George Jessel changed their name to Garland, and Frances switched hers to Judy.

Change of name didn't mean a change of luck, though. They decided to go home. Jobs along the road barely covered expenses.

Then Virginia and Sue decided to marry. That meant that what was laughingly called their act would split up. For sentiment's sake they had one last fling. They sang at the Lodge at Lake Tahoe. A talent scout spotted Judy and in three weeks she was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Even then she waited around a year, but Judy finally got an assignment—a two-reeler with Deanna Durbin called "Every Sunday." Then Durbin was grabbed by Universal and started getting the breaks. But Judy got nothing except bits and heartbreak.

Her first role with Mickey Rooney broke the ice. A couple of scenes in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" led to writing a part for her in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Ida Koverman became her guardian angel and kept putting in those good words for her.

Deserved It

For "The Wizard of Oz" Judy received the Academy award for the outstanding juvenile performance of the year. Then came "Babes in Arms" and a series of Rooney-Garland musicals that spelled box office dynamite.

"Yeah, but how good will she be without Rooney?" the cynics questioned. Judy answered them with "Little Nellie Kelly," "Presenting Lily Mars," and "For Me and My Gal."

It seems a far cry from one-night stands in East Alhambra to the Philadelphia Symphony, but Judy was the girl who made it. Last summer she broke the record at Robin Hood Dell when, accompanied by Andre Kostelanetz and a hundred piece symphony orchestra, she appeared there in a summer concert.

One amazing thing about Judy is her extreme versatility. She could jump from Mickey's teen-age sweetheart in "Babes on Broadway" to the mature role with Gene Kelly in "For Me and My Gal." Then back with Mickey in "Girl Crazy." Now she's bridging the widest gap of all. With the technicolor musical "Meet Me in St. Louis" done, Judy's done her first straight dramatic role in "The Clock."

Gosh, Such Praise!

George Cukor, who's done the job of his life in "Winged Victory," is reading scripts at Metro. George said working with Darryl Zanuck was a terrific experience. He'll take a chance on everything. And until George worked with him he had no idea Zanuck was so sensitive. "His picture mind," says George, "is sharp as the cutter's shears." ... Would you believe that Monty Woolley's name is not Monty, but Edgar? Fancy Edgar behind that beard!



**J. VanDellen M.D.**  
EAST JORDAN, MICH.  
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If you have made your own bed,  
don't grumble about the lumps in the  
mattress.

**Promise of  
La Bahian**

By CHARLES BECKMAN Jr.  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

JUAN BARGAS felt the rich freshly turned soil sink under his feet. He slung the old leather whip over a shoulder and lifted his face to the morning sun which streamed through the mists still hanging over the river bottom. It would be a very pleasant morning, he thought, had he not the memory of last night's quarrel still in his mind.

Juan remembered well the scene in the adobe cafe the night before. "Si, my friend," Roberto Barrientez had bragged loudly; "Senor Allison has chosen me to show him where the great deer, El Ciervo, lives. What is more . . ." his dark hairy fist came down on the table top with a crash " . . . we will shoot El Ciervo!"

Juan had just walked across the fields to the cafe for his evening chat with old Sanches, the owner. He stepped through the door just as Roberto's deep voice made the announcement.

"Well," came sarcastically from behind him when he passed the table, "here is the great, wise Juan Bargas."

Juan's jaw tightened but his voice was soft. "I want no quarrel with you, Roberto. I have only said that no man will ever kill El Ciervo. This deer is my friend. He comes every day to the river near my field."

One could hear Barrientez's angry breathing in the heavy silence. Allison, the paunchy city hunter who was at Barrientez's table, stood up. He jammed a cigar into the corner of his flabby mouth and moved close to Juan. "I have planned this hunting trip for months. Paid Barrientez a fortune to trail the deer. How much do you want to keep your mouth shut?"

Juan stared down at the roll of bills in the hunter's fat hand. How could he make them understand? He would not tell the game warden. It was not he who could protect

**Shearer in Army; Still  
Is Shearer of Sheep**

ABILENE, KAS.—George Brightbill reckoned without those omniscient army records when, upon entering service, he thought he was through for a while with his occupation as a sheep shearer.

Brightbill was sent to one of the Aleutian islands, where there happened to be 200 sheep left by natives, who had fled before the Japanese invasion. They hadn't been sheared for two years. The commanding officer thought this should be rectified, looked over the records of his men and you can guess who drew the job of shearing those 200 sheep.

**Keep Barn Dry**

Keep the dairy barn "dry behind the eaves," suggests Prof. A. M. Goodman of the New York State college of agriculture, "in order to protect the health of the animals, and to prevent decay and rotting of the barn structure itself."

Every cow breathes out about five quarts of water every 24 hours, he points out, and this water condenses on the beams, ceilings, and even on the roof and in the hay overhead. Ventilation through doors and windows does not carry off much of the water or else chills the cows. A real ventilation system is necessary for most dairy barns.

Cost of new stable ceilings and beams, and hay lost through molding, can be saved by a ventilation system, says Professor Goodman. Ventilation also helps prevent rusting of metal roofs and of nails that hold the roof tight.



Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine;  
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright."  
—Phillip Brooks.



**The Duck Inn**

— East Jordan —



THE nearness of Yuletide is unmistakable. Whether snow festoons the fir trees or whether earth still awaits its mantle of white, woods and fields, city and town breathe Christmas and its spirit of kindness.

We sincerely hope that the Christmas season of 1944 will be richer for you, fuller, and more satisfying than for many a year, and thank you for twelve months of very pleasant relations.

**Healey Sales Co.**



AS WE APPROACH the beloved anniversary of a great Event we are reminded again of the many Christmas seasons we have seen come and go. Time has changed everything except friendship.

We are proud of the fact that we number among our customers many of the town's "oldest inhabitants"—friends who have become dearer to us with the passing years.

Once again we say Merry Christmas to all.



**FRANK PHILLIPS**



**LOADS OF HAPPINESS  
TO YOU!**

Christmas of 1944 is going to be a BIG Christmas. See if we aren't right.

May YOUR Christmas be bounteous and full of good cheer, and may our greeting and best wishes add just a little to your pleasure this Yuletide.

**HITE DRUG  
COMPANY**



Allison, the paunchy city hunter who was at Barrientez's table, stood up.

El Ciervo. But Juan was only a poor old man to whom words came slowly; he pushed the money aside and said, "I will tell no one," as he walked out into the night.

Now, in the field behind his team, Juan thought of the thing for which he had not been able to find words. He was an ignorant man. He could neither read nor write. He could not even tell time; yet every evening at the supper hour, the setting sun shone on the stained glass window of the Mission La Bahian and told him as he worked that it was time to go home. If in such a manner a foolish old man was taken care of, would not, in some way too, the beautiful deer, El Ciervo, be protected?

Miles away to the west, Barrientez crept gently through the brush, Allison puffing close behind. They had been on the trail for hours; it was only a question of time now to a clear shot. Allison congratulated himself on his cleverness. When deer season opened a few months from now, every hunter in the city would be after the almost mythical El Ciervo. Here he was, ahead of them all!

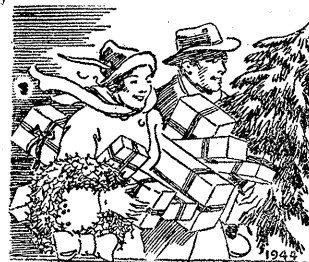
The sun was low when at last they came out on a ledge. Barrientez sucked in his breath. "Look," he whispered. "That farmer, Juan Bargas, was right! The deer does come to the river as he said."

Roberto's lips drew back in a confident grin. He leveled the expensive rifle. The Mission was in his sights. He lowered it a bit. There! Now no power on earth could stop him. What a pleasure to kill the deer right before Juan Bargas! His finger tightened, squeezed. Then a sharp cry came from his lips. He snapped the gun and it roared into the blue sky. He pawed at his eyes. "You fool!" Allison screamed. "You swine! You have thrown away the chance of a lifetime. There goes the deer!"

"M — my eyes . . ." Barrientez choked.

Down below Juan Bargas's head had jerked up at the rifle's sharp report. But the crashing of the deer through the underbrush brought his gaze to follow the animal to safety. A smile was on his lips.

A flashing ray caused him to shield his eyes and look toward the Mission where the sinking sun shone blindingly on the window. Never before had it been so bright. Juan Bargas unhooked the reins from his shoulder. It was time to go home.



**Christmas  
Cheer to All!**

★ Holly and mistletoe, soft lights and Christmas trees, gifts that mean an outpouring of the spirit. Santa Claus is coming!

With gratitude for your continued friendship we pause during this busy Christmas season of 1944 to wish you the happiest Christmas of them all.

**WHITEFORD'S**  
5c to \$1.00 STORE



★ At Christmas perhaps more than at any other time in the year we realize what it means to be an American—to worship as we please, to go about our daily pursuits unfettered, to take time out to pay homage to the beautiful

myth of Santa Claus. ★ And at Christmas the members of this organization realize particularly what your patronage has meant to us, and we take this opportunity to thank you while wishing you all a most Merry Christmas.



**AL. THORSEN**



Please help keep LONG DISTANCE circuits clear for necessary calls on December 24, 25 and 26.

Invest in Victory—Buy More War Bonds

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY



Volume 3

Number 22

# 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.

### Friends:

About one year ago we began this column with the words: "For the first time in the history of Reveille it is to have a new editor", and now we might add the words that for the second time in the history of Reveille it is to have a different editor. Only last week did we summarize somewhat the past year of our writing this column so it seems a fitting time to change hands.

Before we introduce the new editor in chief, we wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the splendid cooperation which you have showed toward us in making it possible for the column to be written from week to week, although at times to us it seemed like just so many words and often did we wonder if it was hitting its mark. However, we will say again that we have enjoyed your many letters as they were sent to us from various parts of the globe, which gave us the news of your whereabouts, your get-togethers, and many other interesting things which we tried to assimilate into what was known as "Reveille." We would also thank the folks back home for their cooperation in this respect and also those who reported changes of addresses so that the mailing sheet could be kept up to date.

Your new editor, Hollis Drew, certainly needs no introduction, as without a doubt you are more familiar with him than with us. Hollis has proven himself as a writer in the editing of the paper for the local Rotary Club, and with or without this experience will be able to handle this column better than it has been in the past one year. All correspondence addressed to us and intended for the column will be turned over to him for use as he sees fit; also all address changes which are turned in locally should be sent to him or to the Herald office as previously done.

And so as we wind up our Reveille writings, we ask that you give the same support and cooperation to Hollis as you have given to us, and in accordance with the season of the year, extend our personal wishes and wishes from the Community Club that yours may be a very Merry Christmas and a New Year which, could it be, may see you all return to the home territory in peace.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drenth

### SERVICE NOTES

There were just a handful of you home in East Jordan last week but if you had been here it's a thousand-

to-one shot that Saturday night you would have been seated in the Presbyterian Church as LOUISE BECHTOLD and SERGEANT ALBERT JACKSON bowed their heads before the altar and exchanged marriage vows. The twin-ring ceremony was beautiful and Rev. Stiebotham's words impressive . . . and although you could have heard a pin drop in the packed church I felt more like cheering at the happy culmination of this schoolyard romance. Sergeant Albert is just home from the Pacific and with three years of service to his credit has certainly earned his furlough. After the honeymoon Louise expects to continue her beauty shop business while Albert reports for duty . . . until that grand day when the Axis is licked — but good! We know we're praying for you all when we wish this popular couple the best of everything and continuing happiness through all the years of the free world that is to come.

MALCOLM MACDONALD, Apprentice Seaman, pipes from Great Lakes that three welcome copies of the paper have arrived. Okay, AS, but make your next letter twice as long and we'll be looking for it! From the latest advice we have HERSCHEL YOUNG, S 2-c, and WARD ROBINSO, S 2-c, have been shifted to the Sea Bees and moved to the west coast. Their new address is: A.B.R.B. General Detail, Port Hueneme, Calif. How about the lowdown on the new assignments boys? Pvt. JOHNNY LAISURE V-mails from some-where in Belgium thanks for the Christmas box and says he's having trouble with the lingo . . . write again Johnny, after you've mastered some of those Belgium words. Johnny's APO number has been changed to 654, c-o Pmr. New York.

A flash from the west coast indicates that our first "Reveille" editor (and founder), Lt. (j.g.) ED REULING, has 'hit the deck' and now is on duty afloat . . . which is exactly what he's been hoping for. Good luck sailor, and don't forget to check-in with those promised reports, but soon. Ed's new address is: Navy 3201, Special "C", c-o FPO, San Francisco, Cal. And from Brazil Lt. BUD HITE cables that he's on our side of the Atlantic and on his way home from India . . . and his Pop and Mom and Sis are walking on air. Pvt. FRANK INGALLS has the new address: Co. E, 11th Inf., APO 5, c-o Pmr., N. Y. Corp. JOHN TER AVEST has the new APO of 72. Corp. ARCHIE GRIFFIN will get your Christmas greetings at Percy Jones Hospital,

Ward 10, Sec. 6, at Battle Creek (let's all send him one folks.)

CORP. BOB GAY checks in from France with a real letter . . . four pages and he doesn't waste a word. He's 'slightly' tired of the mud, C and K rations and calvados but says that Paris and Valognes aren't so 'bad'. He has mastered French to the extent of "wee wee" and reports that only one copy of the paper has been received since landing. Okay, Bob, we'll check it at this end and pass your Christmas greetings on to the old gang and all your buddies in and out of the Service. Coach ABE COHN "Merry Xmas" from the Pacific with the good news of his promotion to the rank of sergeant. . . congratulations, Abe, in our book it's long overdue. Sgt. ART GERARD reports his move from Yuma to Lincoln, Neb., and completion of gunnery and radio training with a little flying time for good measure. . . he doesn't know what's coming next but is ready and waiting. Word comes in that those little Christmas boxes are beginning to reach their destinations in various parts of the world. Corp. BURL WALKER out in the Netherland East Indies is having a red-hot December at 120 in the shade and has received his in good condition, although, from his letter, I think we should have enclosed a good sized can of Michigan snow. Lt. (j.g.) LEWIS LAVALLEY, aboard the S.S. Leonard Wood, says they are just what the doctor ordered and we say "Amen" to your 'Victorious New Year' greeting, Lewis. And right now some of you home folks might be interested in the proposition that SAM ROGERS, AMM 3-c is making from the sunny south, "I'll trade all of Florida for E. J. and his blizzards too." I'm telling you, Sam, we got 'em. Until the deal goes through, though, we know you'll keep that FM-2 perking no matter how she bucks. From around the globe in India Pfc. GLEN TROJANEK cards his 'best wishes' to all . . . thanks, Glen, and right back at you from all of us here. Believe it or not but it did happen, on an unnamed boat, enroute for Italy. . . Pvt. BILL GAUNT met Pvt. DOUGLAS FARMER (who was born in E. J. and moved to Oregon) and the two boys are now together over-ther! Just now the proudest little fellow in town is Marlin Sweet because his big brother, Cpl. MELVIN SWEET of the Marine Corp. is home on furlough. Melvin won't talk too much of his experiences but we do know that he manned a tank gun-turret through some of the toughest Pacific landing and finally was severely wounded by a mine. Welcome home, Corporal Melvin, and may your recovery be speedy and complete. . . and Marlin, may we all share your pride? From England comes an Eighth Air Force bulletin announcing the promotion of STANLEY BELZEK from Corporal to Sergeant and commending the outstanding job he has done in maintaining Mosquito planes. Congrats Stan on a job well done.

Last minute address changes have been rolling in now for several days and in addition to those previously mentioned, we now have the following on our desk: HARRY (CHUM) SIMMONS, Chief QM, USS LST 1004 c-o FPO, N. Y.; Pvt. EDWARD E. WILSON, USMC, 14th Replacement Draft, FMF, c-o FPO, San Francisco; F. BRUCE MALPASS, F 1-c, 103rd Const. Batt. Co., FPO, San Francisco; Sgt. ALLEN BURKLAND, Casual Co. II, Platoon 2, APO 15533, San Francisco; ORVILLE E. CZYKOSKI, Cox 3-c, USS Circe, L. Div., FPO, New York; RICHARD A. CARSON, S 2-c, USS Casinghead, FPO, San Francisco; ROBERT BENNETT, MM 1-c, US Naval Hospital, Ward 36-2, San Diego, 34, Cal.; Cpl. ROBERT MCCARTHY has changed coasts and the FPO, San Francisco, will reach him now; Pvt. AL DOUGHERTY is now with Co. C, 101st Inf., APO 26, c-o Pmr., N. Y.; JOHN REHFUS, A-S, is now at Naval Training Station, Norfolk, 11, Va.; EDWARD TROJANEK S 2-c has moved to the N.A. B.P.D., San Bruno, Cal.; IVAN RANNEY is now a Corporal with the new address, CAS, SQ, 45, APO 16763A, c-o Pmr., San Francisco; LT. RICHARD SXTON has moved to Fort Joy, Regional Hosp., Governors Isl., N. Y.; Cpl. DAVE JOHNSTON is now with Hq. Co., 415 Inf., APO 104, c-o Pmr., N. Y.; JOHN CROWELL, A-S, has moved to the Armed Gd School, Shelton, Norfolk, 11, Va.; Sgt. HARVEY KYES has the new APO 17984, c-o Pmr., San Francisco; CLAIRE BATTERBEE MM 3-c is thirty miles away at 1122 Mitchell St., Petoskey; Pvt. EDWARD NACHAZEL is with Co. D, A.S.T.R.P., 3564 Unit Service, University of Wis., Madison, Wis.; Cpl. RALPH STALLARD has joined the 213 AAF Bn., Mountain Home, Idaho; Ensign R. WOODCOCK (Ogie to you) is holding forth at A.T.B., Coronado, Calif.; Pfc. NORBERT NACHAZEL is newly at 810 N. Jefferson, Wilmington, Delaware; Pvt. CHARLES GREEN has jumped to 1st Plat., Co. E, M.D.T.S., Lawson Gen. Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia; Marine Pvt. DONALD JOHNSON is still with his old outfit but now in c-o FPO of San Francisco; Pvt. ELTON RICHARDSON is in Co. A, 6 Bn., ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky.; Pvt. BOYD CRAWFORD latest address is in c-o Pmr., N. Y. All of these foregoing changes are evidence of the difficult task it is just keeping up with youse guys . . . so for Pete's sake shoot those shifts in pronto, and the Herald will start tracking you down immediately.

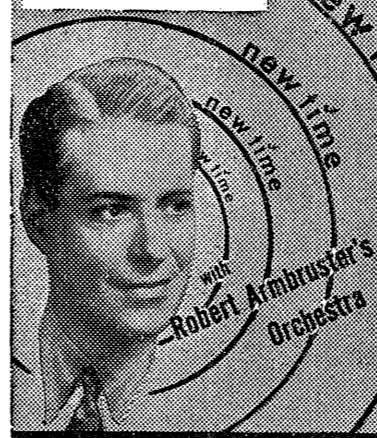
A Merry Christmas to you all. Before we put this Christmas Eve edition of the Reveille to "bed" it is our fervent prayer that God will be with you every one. And on Christmas

morning our "Skoal" will encompass every Serviceman and Servicewoman no matter how far away. It seems very appropriate that we end this week's column by quoting a "Dedication to Our Boys and Girls" written by Johnny Laisure's 'Mom': "It is Christmas time again; from home I'm far away But all my friends Who have been so grand I'll see again some day. It won't be long 'till this will end And Global Peace will find A very "Merry Christmas Spirit" In every land and clime. So let us do our best for Peace, At home or far away, Each one giving his very best For that Peaceful Christmas Day."

As you will note by the signature below there's been a change in scribes on the old Reveille department . . . and the new editor is kinda green around the edges so don't be surprised at anything . . . it can and likely will happen. The first thing I've discovered, is that Reveille on the Jordan gets its life blood from YOUR letters and I'm counting on all you fellows and girls to keep us supplied with ammunition. So come on and 'give' with the low-down on the up-and-up . . . and at this end we'll do our darndest to keep the wheels turning. Your friend and pal, Skipper (Hollis) Drew.

## NELSON EDDY

NOW SUNDAY AFTERNOON 3:30 - 4:00



## THE ELECTRIC HOUR

MICHIGAN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

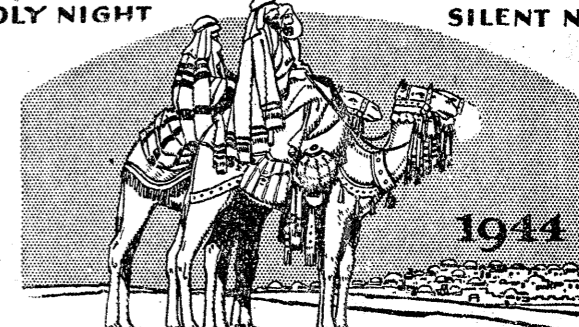
## To All Friends and Benefactors. . . .

May this season be the happiest you have ever known and your New Year one of happiness and prosperity showered with God's choicest blessings.

★ ★ ★

## Rev. Joseph Malinowski

HOLY NIGHT SILENT NIGHT



## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

★ The wise men saw it over the hills of old Judea . . . it glows in the Christmas sky tonight, though clouds may obscure the heavens. It is a beacon of hope in a world in which there is ever so much room for improvement. Its spirit travels around this earth, encouraging, sustaining, and beautifying.

Our Christmas greeting to every man, woman and child in this community . . . a greeting as warm and hearty—we hope—as if it were made to each in person with a friendly smile and a shake of the hand.

## The Coffee Cup

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Taylor

## Christmas Greetings 1944



These 17th century verses typify the old-time Christmas spirit we wish for you this Yulet season of 1944.

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with baked-meat choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lye,  
And if for cold it hap to die  
We'll bury it in Christmas pie,  
And evermore be merry."



G. W. Bechtold, D.D.S.

— East Jordan —



## THE STAR IN THE EAST

Down through the ages has come the story of the shepherds tending their flocks at night, awed by the Star in the East.

During this sacred season, mellowed by the thought of those who cannot be with us, we have abundant reason for gratitude. We have come a long way since the dark Christmas of 1941. The Star in the East shines brighter now.

That this may, indeed, be a Merry Christmas for you and yours is our ardent wish.



## Your County Officers

FENTON R. BULOW  
County Clerk  
LILLIS M. FLANDERS  
County Treasurer  
FRANK F. BIRD  
Register of Deeds

C. M. BICE  
Prosecuting Attorney  
FLOYD W. IKENS  
County Sheriff  
ROLLIE L. LEWIS  
Judge of Probate



ROBERT A. CAMPBELL INSURANCE