

THE NEWS-TIMES

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

TOO COMPLACENT—NUTS

Cecil Brown, a radio reporter re-opened an old sore Sunday night when he dug up the old "complacency" label and hurled it at the people of Indiana in a broadcast at Indianapolis. That stuff gripes me deeply. What do they want us to do? Tear our hair, beat our breasts, and froth at the mouth? Hysteria isn't warm-heartedness and calm, sober reflection is always better than hasty, premature action. Brown says that here in Indiana we don't know there's a war going on. What have we been thinking about as we have led the nation in bond and stamp buying, high in army and navy enlistments, always responsive to drives of the Red Cross, Salvation Army, U. S. O. I would expect us to do that we have not done.

About all we're trying to do is keep a level head on our shoulders. Of course, we've done some kicking and hollering in Indiana. We're disgusted with Congress, playing "politics as usual." We approve any necessary rationing but want no part of rationing for the sole purpose of making us war-conscious. We don't like special favor for labor and none for business and we're going to do our share of popping off when we feel that we are justified in doing so.

Yes, Indiana knows there is a war going on and we'll prove it any time they put us in the real test.—Williansport (Ind.) Review-Republican.

Old Alcohol Barrel Blows Up At Fairbury

Fairbury, Ill.—An explosion in the Moser garage here recently broke out three small window panes, jarred a window casing from the building, cut a small hole in the floor of the garage, and sent one employee home with minor burns.

Earl Roth, welder, for Mr. Moser, was cutting a hole in a barrel brought into the garage by a farmer when the barrel suddenly blew up, breaking off the cutter's torch and spraying gas on Roth's clothing.

Mr. Moser, who was in an adjoining room, rushed to the boy's aid and extinguished fire which caught in his clothing. Roth suffered burns about his chest and abdomen, and other burns on one arm. He received a doctor's attention and was sent to his home.

Bobby Moser, son of the garage owner, was standing next to Roth at the time of the explosion, but the barrel, which was blown into small bits, flew the opposite direction. He was uninjured.

The barrel was found to have contained alcohol before having been brought to the garage. It was thought that fumes remaining in the barrel caused the explosion. The explosion was heard for three blocks.

Why have fewer victims suffer and sneeze. At last science has put the finger on this pesky element and hopes to find the antidote soon. Read this informative and instructive illustrated article by Leonard Keene Hirschberg, M. D. Director-in-Chief, The Institute for Medical Research, in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next week's Sunday Chicago Herald-American.

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ORGANIZATIONS - PARTIES

Local Women To Serve At Guest Night in Mattoon And Argenta

The Mattoon Chapter of the O. E. S. observed Advance Night Tuesday of this week at which time Mrs. Velma Groves served as Esther and Mrs. Roy Stoutenborough as Associate Conductress.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Longsdorff entertained with a potluck dinner Sunday noon. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Berry and Mac, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Benton, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Cassell and daughter of Decatur; Mr. and Mrs. James Parker and children and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Berry. In the afternoon the group moved the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Berry to their new home near Lovington.

Mrs. Huston Hostess To Woman's Bible Class
The Woman's Bible Class of the Christian church assembled in a very happy meeting in the home of Mrs. Nellie Huston on Friday evening. In spite of the rain and much sickness there were eighteen ladies present and a splendid time was had.

After the devotional and business sessions a sack lunch was served from small tables in the dining and living rooms. The ladies enjoyed a visit to the flower garden.

The class departed thanking the Hustons for their hospitality which afforded them an afternoon of much pleasure.

Elmer Malone Surprised On Father's Day

Elmer Malone was pleasantly and completely surprised Sunday in his home when his children and their families honored him with a Father's Day dinner.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Keith Bolen and daughter, Shirley; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crabtree and son, Charles and daughter, Helen; Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dalton and daughter, Joan; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fisher and son; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leinart. Mr. Malone was the recipient of many very handsome gifts.

Handkerchief Shower for Mrs. Meyers
The Ladies Bible Class of the Maroa Methodist Church held a handkerchief shower last week at the parsonage in honor of Mrs. O. H. Meyers, teacher of the class, who, with Rev. Meyers, will leave Maroa this week to make their home in Goodhope, Ill. There were twenty members present. The afternoon was spent socially, and contests held. Mrs. Meyers entertained the group with a talk on some of the antiquities which she has in her possession. Refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon.

Mrs. Miller Entertains Thursday Club in Decatur
Mrs. Lillian Miller of Decatur was hostess to the Thursday bridge club last week with a potluck at noon.

Mrs. Ben Cassidy of Decatur received high score and Mrs. I. G. Linville low.

On Monday, June 29th, the Argenta Chapter of O. E. S. will observe Advance night. Mrs. Velma Groves and Ralph Neine will serve as Associate Matron and Patron, with Associate Matrons from neighboring towns taking the different stations.

The Pythian Sister's of Maroa will have a Silver Tea and Bingo party Monday night, June 29th in the K. of P. hall. Please bring a white elephant and your own cookies and sugar.

The annual Grady reunion will be held Sunday, June 28, in Fairview park.

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Demonstrations Given at Girls' 4H Club

The seventh meeting of the Maroa Get-To-Gether 4-H club was held Tuesday of this week in the high school. Talks and demonstrations were given by the following girls: "Materials for Bandaging"—Barbara Rogers.

"Blas Blindings"—Viola Wentworth. "Shrinking Hems"—Evelyn Marsh. "Bandaging"—Audrey Beasley. "Putting in Sleeves"—Joan Longsdorff.

Games were played after the meeting.

Illaroa 4-H Club Meeting
The Illaroa 4-H Club held its fourth meeting at the home of Helen Marie Alberts this week. The program consisted of the following numbers: "Care and Conservation of Clothing"—Alice Austin. "Kinds of Seams"—Helen Marie Albert.

"Materials Used For Bandages"—Charlene Wikoff. "Canning With a Pressure Cooker"—Joan Montgomery. "Treating Burns"—Charlene Wikoff. Refreshments were served by the hostesses.

William Glosser Honored By Family
William Glosser, who has been home on a ten day furlough from Gardner Field, California was the guest of honor at a family picnic in Nelson park at Decatur, Sunday.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Guy Leinart and daughter, Betty; Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Gail and daughter, Sherlene; George Archard, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Ayers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lyman and Bobby, Chan, Helen and Walter Glosser, Miss Ruth Major of Decatur and Bill Schultz.

Christian Church Missionary Society Closes Year
The Missionary Society of the Christian church met at the church on Saturday evening. This meeting closed a very successful year's work under the presidency of Ina Stoutenborough. Devotions were in charge of Martha Louise Stoutenborough who also conducted an installation service for the new President, Leola Anderson. A fine program was presented under the leadership of Mrs. Olive Hutchinson.

Age's Entertain H. C. Club
The H. C. Club met Saturday evening, June 20, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Agee. Pinocch prizes were awarded to Helen and Harold Groves, high; and Clara Marie Rodgers and Vernel Westerman, low.

The next meeting will be a picnic at Weldon Springs park, Sunday, July 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schenk entertained Mr. and Mrs. George Waller, Mrs. Robert Luckenbill and Mrs. I. G. Linville Saturday night. Bridge was at play, with Mrs. Linville receiving high score. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Myrtle Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cooper and Robert Wade of Clinton attended the funeral services for William Long at Monsons Chapel in Decatur, Sunday.

The Texas Ladies Aid will meet Thursday, July 2nd, at the home of Mrs. Harvie Whitehead, with Myrtle and Opal Whitehead assisting.

The Past Chief's Club of the Pythian Sister's of Maroa held its annual picnic Sunday in Fairview park.

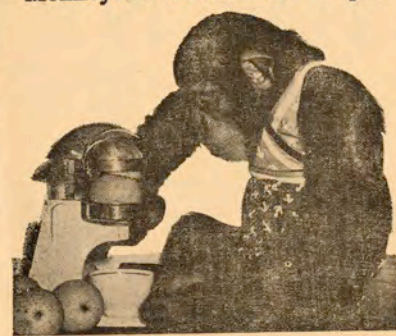
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"Monkeys is the Funniest People"



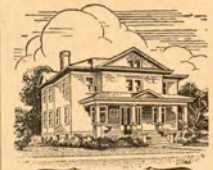
ST. LOUIS.—(Special)—After seeing the 1942 chimpanzee circus at this city's famous Zoo, it's easy to agree with the comedian who said "Monkeys is the funniest people."

In fact, those comical jungle cut-ups are even imitating our martial war-time manner by parading one of their troupe with helmet and rifle, by staging a "Victory March" of their own, and by a wide variety of other new and entertaining tricks which are just human enough to be hilariously funny.

Natural-born actors—and inveterate souse-stealers—the chimpanzees are encouraged by laughter and applause to try all sorts of unpropitious stunts of their own invention. This summer's show, which zoo experts say is even better than those of past seasons, includes remarkable acrobatic feats, several comedy dance numbers, a military "march" played on an astonishing variety of instruments, and

acrobatic riding in which five ponies and a huge Great Dane play an important part. While war-time travel restrictions may reduce the number of visitors coming from far places to see the Zoo and other attractions in this "City of a Thousand Sights", the Visit St. Louis Committee reports that there is a large influx of sightseers and vacationists from cities and towns within 175 miles of St. Louis.

The chimpanzees' new 4,000-seat, bar-less outdoor arena is packed for each of the troupe's three daily free shows. Large crowds also witness the performance of trained lions, tigers and elephants. The celebrated Municipal Opera and other popular summer entertainments and attractions in St. Louis are also playing to big audiences including many tourists who come by railroad, bus and interurban train from neighboring states.



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Fish Sent Him To A Doctor

Earl Martin of Fairbury was out fishing recently and success rewarded his efforts, but before he got through with it the fish had him seeking the services of a doctor, says the Fairbury Blade.

The fish was a large catfish, and it put up quite a battle. In getting it off the hook the fish stuck one of those large barb on the side of his head deep into one of Mr. Martin's arms, just above the wrist.

The barb was in so deep that Mr. Martin had difficulty in getting it out, and when he did he went to a doctor to have the injury dressed.

Auto Traffic Down 16%
A decline of sixteen per cent in auto traffic in May on the main road of Illinois, as compared with May of last year, was noted by state highway officials. The decline was most marked on Sundays, when the traffic was down twenty-five per cent.

Highways leading to munitions plants under construction have heavier travel than a year ago. The auto trailer is less frequently seen on Illinois highways now than in recent years.

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PERSONAL ITEMS

Henry Luckenbill continues to improve from his recent illness.

Miss Barbara Mariatt is now employed at the Illinois Cafe in Decatur.

Miss Dorothy Wilson is visiting her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Fred Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Schultz were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyer were callers at the S. H. Sever home Sunday evening.

Mrs. George Gardner of Forsyth was caller at W. A. Shoemaker's Saturday.

Mrs. A. J. Shoemaker spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Coy Agee Jr. and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Schenck of Chicago spent Father's Day with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schenck.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Davis of Decatur called on Mr. and Mrs. Carter Wilkey and family Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sever called on Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Carder and family the first of last week.

Mrs. George Bundy entered the Decatur and Macon County hospital Monday for observation.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Kammermeyer spent Father's Day in Argentina with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Shoemaker drove to Farmer City Sunday afternoon where they visited relatives.

Mrs. F. M. Byers and son, Eugene called on her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sever of Emery Monday evening.

Benny Myers spent the week end here with his parents, returning to New Holland, Illinois Sunday evening.

Mrs. Lawrence Tremple is driving to Mattoon Friday to meet Mr. Tremple who is returning from Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. George Mayo and wife of San Jose spent Tuesday night at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stoutenborough and daughter were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Quertel.

Kathleen Nelson, who has been in the home of Mrs. Lula Parker, is now employed at the Decatur and Macon County hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bennett were host and hostess to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dougherty of Chicago at dinner in their home Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reed and family and Mr. and Mrs. Junior Agee and Mrs. Harry Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. John Streich and Miss Hilda Crown drove to Chicago for the week end where they visited Miss Crown's uncle, Mr. Frank Ensworth.

Mrs. Louise Lauckton and daughter, Beverly and Joe Schultz were visitors in the Eugene Roberts home last Tuesday. Mr. Schultz called again Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Allsup and son, Jack and Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Feathers of Decatur returned Saturday night from a week's fishing trip spent near Hayward, Wisconsin.

Mrs. L. H. Shute and children drove to St. Louis last week where they visited relatives and friends. While there Mrs. Shute was initiated into the Benjamin Franklin Chapter of O.E.S.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Stonebraker of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stonebraker and daughters, Marlene and Donna Kay were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Smart last week end.

Mrs. Herman Eagler will serve as Adah, a star point, when the Cisco chapter of O. E. S. entertains. She will also take the same station on Thursday night at the Blue Mound chapter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Carson and mother, Mrs. Belle Carson, of Mahomet spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ashby, Mrs. Belle Carson, who is Mrs. Ashby's sister, remained for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wentworth entertained Sunday in honor of Father's day. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Wentworth of Warrensburg, Lawrence Stonebraker of Maroa and John Eastburn of Fowler, Ind.

Miss Eleanor Montgomery of Williams and Stevens law offices and Miss Helen Jean Thomas who is employed at Montgomery's Super Market are on their vacations this week. Charlotte Creekmur is substituting for Miss Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Stoutenborough had as dinner guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Young of Decatur, Mr. Young's mother, Mrs. Ethel Young of Denver, Colo., Mrs. T. C. Grady and Mr. and Mrs. Vernel Westerman.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stoutenborough and family, Miss Ollie Roben of Decatur, Mrs. Stoutenborough's father, U. G. Davis of Clinton and Mr. Chas. Roben were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Roben in Clinton Sunday honoring Father's Day.

Miss Helen Sutton of Peoria spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. John Jump.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Eaton and Bill Hippard of Piper City spent Wednesday in Maroa.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin McLean and daughter, Frances called on Dr. and Mrs. W. T. McLean Sunday afternoon.

Sgt. and Mrs. J. W. Holman of Chantue Field, Rantoul, Illinois spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. John Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lyman and daughter, Helen were guests at the Moore-Clouse wedding Saturday in Decatur.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Barger and son of Decatur called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herb Jones Sunday afternoon.

T. W. Parker, brother of Elliott Parker and Mrs. Ida Keist of Decatur called on the Elliott Parkers Saturday night.

Mrs. Howard Plankenhorn and son, Donald spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sparks at DeLand.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ferrill were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas. Evelyn and Helen Ferrill are spending this week at East Bay Camp at Bloomington.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood McGuire of Maroa and Mr. and Mrs. John Henney and son, Frederick of Gibson City, Ill., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hensley of Taylorville, Ill. Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brelsford and Jessie, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson and family of Champaign and Mrs. Ethel Lloyd of Decatur spent Sunday at Dickson Mounds.

Atty. and Mrs. Fred Grady and daughter, Roberta left Tuesday for Winona Lake, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Grady will return at the end of the week but Roberta will remain for the summer.

The Wayne Westerman's of near Argenta entertained the following at supper Sunday evening. Mrs. Lizzie Bricker and daughter, Bernice, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Westerman and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brinkman and children.

Lee Alsbury and family of Peoria spent the week end in Maroa with Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Alsbury. The Alsbury's grandchildren, Virginia Alsbury of Peoria and Germain Appenzeller of Decatur are here with them for part of their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Allsup celebrated their son, Bobby's ninth birthday Sunday with a picnic in Fairview park, Decatur. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parr of Argenta and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coonrad and daughter of Decatur.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomas entertained the following guests at dinner Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. George Conover and family of Bloomington, Mr. and Mrs. Chiles Lakin and son of Kewanee, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Thomas and son of Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ferrill and daughter and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Schultz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Luce of Decatur spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Grady.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crabtree and Mrs. W. B. Crabtree drove to Bloomington Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gardner spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gardner in Orenna.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ferrill and daughter, Anita of Peoria spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ferrill. Kenneth who has been assistant manager of the Woolworth store in Peoria has been transferred to Rock Island in the same position at their store there.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gray and John drove to Miller Park in Bloomington Sunday where they met Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Young and family of Champaign and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Young of Bloomington, Mrs. C. M. Young is Mrs. Gray's sister and Lawrence Young her nephew.

CLASSIFIED ADS

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Go To Church Sunday

Your Church Needs YOU

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PHONE 50 MAROA

THE STORY SO FAR: Alan Slade has agreed to fly a "scientific" named Frayne to the Anawotto river to look for the breeding ground of the trumpeter swan. It is bleak country, and Alan suspects Frayne of having something up his sleeve, but Norland and Cruger needs the job. Slade and his partner, Cruger, have been having trouble competing with the larger companies, and Frayne has paid enough to enable Cruger to buy the plane they need. When he thought Norland was going to leave, Slade applied for overseas service with the army air corps. His application was rejected, but his disappointment has been lessened considerably by the brighter outlook for the business and by the fact that Lynn, the local doctor's daughter, has decided not to go to England with her Red Cross unit. Now she has gone with Lynn while she gives first aid treatment to an outcast flyer named Slim Trumstaid, who has been hurt in a fight. They learn that Trumstaid knows about Frayne and about the new Lockheed. It is a few minutes later, and they are talking about their plans for the future. Lynn feels that she must think first of her father's happiness. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IV

"But you mustn't forget," Slade contended, "that you have your own life to live." "That's what I'm trying to remember," was Lynn's vibrant-reverent reply. They came to a stop in front of the hospital steps. "Some day," he said with a wave of recklessness, "I'll make you see it my way."

If it sounded like a threat it brought no touch of concern to the hazel eyes searching his face. A smile even hovered about her lip ends. "You've got a harder job than that," she retorted. "If you're flying in to the Anawotto tomorrow," then the smile disappeared. "By the way, I saw that ornithologist who's flying in with you. He's asking me what I know about the country north of the Kasakana."

"Is he as screwy as he sounds?" asked Slade. "He's far from screwy," was Lynn's slightly retarded answer. "He struck me as being cold and hard and shrewd. And I can't see out what he's after. It rather makes me wish someone else was piloting him into that wilderness."

Slade was able to laugh, as they shook hands. "Don't lose sleep over that," he proclaimed. Then he laughed again. "I've flown some queer nuts into the North."

Frayne's face remained expressionless. Slade, hurrying down to the air harbor, could see his moored plane being warped in to the landing dock. On the dock itself he could make out Cassidy, of the Norland staff, and two strange figures, one more massive than the other. But what held his eyes was the figure of a duffel piled along the dock's edge.

As Cruger had told him, they were giving him a load all right. Even Cassidy's broad back could make out a smile as he handed him the scales-slip. For Slade's glance, at the moment, was directed toward the two men already interested in getting their equipment aboard. He resembled the offhand way in which the bigger of the two strangers seemed to be lumbering about his ship. The worn wolfskin coat that covered the wide shoulders of this stranger made him look shabby and subordinate.

When the pilot turned to his second passenger he experienced a sense of disappointment touched with shame. For the man in the duffel sinister about the strained and scholarly figure confronting him. That figure even failed to look foolish. Slade saw a man considerably less aged than he had expected, a man with sloping and narrow shoulders and an abstracted gaze that looked out on the world from behind bifocal glasses.

Slade stepped closer. "Quite a load you're giving me," he ventured as he peered in the bifocal glasses continued to divide his attention between the duffel pile and a checklist in his hand. The abstracted eyes lifted and regarded him for a moment of silence. It was the glasses more than anything else, Slade decided, that gave the stranger his look of deliberation.

"Why does that interest you?" the stranger inquired. His tone was mild and without hostility. But the voice, low-toned and remote, seemed marked by an exotic precision of intonation. It persuaded Slade that he was neither an Englishman nor an American. "This happens to be my ship," the pilot explained as he rested a fraternal hand on the sun-faded fuselage. "Ah, then we shall see much of each other," said the other. His smile was friendly and abstracted. "I am Doctor Frayne, my good man Friday, Caspar Karnell."



The man with the abstracted eyes ventured a shrug. "With time," he said, "I shall become better acquainted with your country." His movement, as if he were swinging a bag of what had every aspect of mining tools up to his companion, was almost a dismissive one.

"Prospecting?" questioned Slade. "I am not interested in prospecting," was the deliberated answer. "I am a naturalist."

As though in confirmation of that statement he lifted a case of mounted bird bodies up to his waiting companion. Then again the forced smile showed itself. "It may impress you as a foolish profession. But for many years now I have given my time to the study of bird life."

Slade glanced down at the Mannlicher-Schoenauer, the two holstered Lugers, the pair of shotguns of different gauges and weight that rested between a scattering of cartridge cases. "Quite an arsenal you're taking in," he observed.

"For just a moment the opaque eyes regarded him. "I am not unfamiliar with the North," Frayne announced with a patience that seemed of coercion. "It is well in case of the unexpected, to be able to live off the land."

"Of course," agreed Slade as he watched the firearms being stowed aboard. They were followed by a tent bale and sleeping bags, by condensed foods with foreign labels, by camp equipment and a box of signal flares and cased instruments and even two carrier pigeons in a hooded cage.

"You're filling me pretty full," observed Slade. Frayne's face remained expressionless. "Any inconvenience that I may cause," he said "I profoundly regret. I had hoped, on arriving here, to purchase a plane. But they are not to be bought, I find."

"There's a use for 'em just now," observed the pilot. "We're in the war, you know." The eyes behind the bifocals became again interested in getting their equipment aboard. He resembled the offhand way in which the bigger of the two strangers seemed to be lumbering about his ship. The worn wolfskin coat that covered the wide shoulders of this stranger made him look shabby and subordinate.

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"That is extremely good news," averred his passenger. "As we fly north, I hope you will give me information about a country that is still distressingly unknown to me." Slade resisted the temptation to observe that it wouldn't be so unknown to him by the time he'd wintered there.

"But you won't get swans as far east as the bay," he pointed out instead. "At least, no trumpeters. Frayne's smile became more friendly. "Already," he announced, "you are helping me. And there is another point on which you might enlighten us. Is the Anawotto River navigable?"

"It's not navigable," answered Slade. "It's blocked by two deep falls and rapids. That's what kept the country closed. Even Tyrrell couldn't get his motor launch through. But there were no planes when Tyrrell made his survey," observed the scholar.

"It's sure empty country," asserted the pilot, who had his own memories of the Anawotto. "That," murmured the swan hunter, "is entirely to my liking." "But you're not entirely to my liking," was the thought that hovered about at the back of Slade's head. Lynn, he felt, was right. Yet he was his Santa Claus, as Cruger had expressed it. He had paid well for service, and he'd get service.

Slade dismissed that thought and turned to study the silver-winged Lockheed that rested on the waters of the Snye. It looked spick and span in its new coat of aluminum. He realized, as he swung about, that the man in the bifocal glasses was also studying the Lockheed. "An attractive ship," the scientist observed, "but my intention is to own her. But in that I was forestalled by your friend Cruger."

Slade smiled at the sharpened note in the latter's voice. "You have to scramble for 'em, nowadays," observed Cruger's bush-bark partner. "So I am learning," announced the swan-seeker. He said it casually. But some never timbre in the speaker's voice made Slade think of a gun set smothered in tree branches.

The brief northern night was at its darkest when Cassidy, newly made watchman for Norland Airways, shut off the radio. He sighed as he reached for his thermos at the end of the deal table and drained it of its last cupful of coffee. Then, fighting his pipe, he stepped out into the open and blinked about through the darkness.

He would he could be having a second thermos of coffee. But there was no high-lighted eating room in that third-rate outfit on the edge of Nowhere. He'd have to make do with some ships as its administration building was short of paint. All it was, in truth, was a rough-and-ready jumping-off place for a lot of lunatics who wanted to dig holes in a wilderness where the front went or be chased when those high-toned airports he'd heard many a far-traveled pilot talking about.

No, Cassidy decided as he made his way to the mess. This was a melancholy place for a man of spirit. He didn't like the quietness of the hangar where the twin-engined Grumman amphibian stood surrounded by the engine entrails the workmen had left scattered about. He was glad to move down to the dock edge, where there was a little sound of water-riffling against the floats of the Postcraft that would be going out in three hours' time. Besides it, the remaining ship in the harbor, loomed the new Lockheed that looked more like the ghost of a plane, the uncertain stalling, than a workaday framework of metal and linen well covered with aluminum paint.

It started him, as he stood watching it, that anything so quiet could give birth to movement. But as he watched he saw a shadow detach itself from the shadowy fuselage. He saw that shadow drop to the nearby float, and then leap, quick-footed, to the dock edge.

How will YOU get during an alert? You can find out how well you are prepared for an air raid by checking yourself with the page of questions and illustrations in The American Weekly, the magazine distributed with next week's Sunday Chicago Herald-American.

Don't Shake Varnish Can Shaking varnish or enamel being used creates air bubbles and may cause an inferior finish. Pour liquid from top of paint or enamel cans into a clean container. Stir the remaining pigment until it is smooth; then gradually add the top liquid, stirring until it is thoroughly mixed with the pigment.

Church Notes

Christian Church Fred Wilson, Pastor. Bible School 9:45. Roy Prather, Superintendent. Morning Worship.....11 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. The pastor will preach at both services.

Young People's Group meets Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all services. Methodist Church Church School at 9:45 a. m. Morning Worship at 10:45. Sermon by O. H. Meyers, preaching for the pastor. There will be no Sunday evening services.

Cl. Lee, Pastor C. S. Kinkaid, Supt. Live Stock Market Trends—Little Change In Prices Another downward revision in the selling price of beef, announced over the week end, tended to further confuse the cattle situation. Under the new maximum prices on beef and veal shall be no higher than the lowest price at which the individual wholesaler sold at least 30 per cent of his total quantity of each grade from March 16-28.

The meager supply of strictly choice steers arriving is the beef makers protest against culling rates, finishers, seemingly being intent on short feeding of stock. Receipts for the expired portion of the month are six per cent larger than a year earlier. Comparatively little grassy stock is arriving, however.

Hogs are moving freely, but the strong demand prevailing is preventing purchasers from paying quotations. The price pendulum continues to move within a narrow range. Prevailing average values are within a nickel of the highest level this year; otherwise best since 1928.

Trade in lambs is devoid of features. Supplies are small, a seasonal occurrence, with native lambs and fed horn stock comprising great bulk of arrivals. Prices slipped a little of late, mainly due to well advanced arrivals; in fact, best for the season since 1929.

Rubber Campaign Ends June 30 The rubber reclamation campaign ends midnight, June 30. Right now is the time to begin your quest for old rubber in the basement, garage, attic, bedroom and bathroom. That heap of old tennis shoes, the outmoded raincoat those torn rubber gloves—all can be turned into a goodly amount of money. A little old rubber can help us to a foundation of victory against the Axis—an adequate supply of rubber for war and domestic needs.

The president's whirlwind two-week rubber salvage campaign started a "rubber rush" among Chicago youngsters and oldsters last week. The rubber campaign was a big and busy season. It wasn't gold or oil. It was rubber.

Small boy prospectors turned up the rich strike in the ruins of a burned warehouse. Abandoned as valueless and covered over by cinders after a fire three years ago, 200 tons of baled the materials became worth one cent a pound. Nearly 150 men and boys gathered to the scene, staking out claims in regular Cinnamor fashion. One miner counted \$65 from his penny-a-pound sales to nearby gasoline stations the first day. Others made \$5 or \$10 in a few hours. Some declined payment.

State Collects Its Scrap About 200,000 pounds of state-owned scrap iron and other unrecyclable material brought from all parts of Illinois to the fairgrounds at Springfield has just been sold for use in armament making. Automobile parts, concrete mixers, road drag, graders, old batteries and dismantled trucks and tractors were included in the assortment. Old rubber is now being collected from state garages and maintenance headquarters throughout Illinois, and will be sold at an early date.

ANNUAL APPROPRIATION ORDINANCE

An Ordinance Making Appropriation for the Corporate Purposes of the City of Maroa, Illinois, for the Fiscal Year ending April 30, 1943. BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF MAROA, ILLINOIS:

Section 1. That the following sums of money, or so much thereof as may be authorized by law, be and the same are hereby appropriated for the corporate purposes, expenses and lawful charges of the City of Maroa, in the County of Macon and State of Illinois, to defray all necessary expenses and liabilities of said city of Maroa, as hereinafter specified, for the fiscal year commencing on the first day of May, A. D. 1942, and ending on the thirtieth day of April A. D. 1943, to-wit:

Table with 2 columns: Item description and Amount. Includes items like 'For funds for the repair and maintenance of the city buildings', 'For salaries of police officers', 'For fire hydrant rental', etc.

Total Amount Appropriated \$9,298.00 Section 2. That said sums of money are hereby appropriated from moneys received and to be received by said City of Maroa from all sources.

Section 3. This ordinance shall be in force and effect from and after its passage, approval and legal publication. Passed this 22nd day of June A. D. 1942. Approved this 22nd day of June A. D. 1942.

Attest: J. F. JUMP, Mayor. Chas. F. City Clerk.

NOTICE OF CLAIM DAY Notice is hereby given to all persons that Monday, August 3, 1942, is the claim date in the estate of Edwin G. Spreeckmeyer, Deceased, pending in the County Court of Macon County, Illinois, and that claims may be filed against said estate on or before said date without issuance of summons.

Arthur L. Spreeckmeyer, Administrator. Fred M. Grady, Attorney, Maroa, Illinois.

Advertisement for Daut Brothers Florists. Text: 'We grow our own flowers which assures you fresh flowers every day. Daut Brothers Florists. Fancy Cut-Flowers & Plants. Phones 5281 and 5282. 120 E. Prairie Decatur'.

HARMONY

Hattie Kerwood, Correspondent The large double corn crib at F. L. Southern has a new wooden shingle roof.

Rev. Doolen and family spent Friday evening in Decatur with her parents. Helen Heishman entertained friends from Lincoln Sunday.

Mrs. Myrtle Dunham Woodbridge in Decatur Wednesday morning at the First U. B. church. She died in Los Angeles general hospital in California.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Galloway took their infant daughter to a Chicago clinic last Monday and again this Monday. Gland trouble has affected her breathing and taking enough nourishment, every since birth.

Friday this Wednesday evening, were Ernest Iseabough, niece Charlene Woods of Springfield (returning from Clinton), Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Adkins and Nancy and Sunday-in-law, Mrs. Merlene Adkins of S. C.

82 present for Sander School. 15c birthday offerings from Wilma Tuggle and Janet Emery. The official book meets this Wednesday evening. Re-roofing of parsonage, both porches, garage, coal and cob house was finished last Tuesday.

To clean the roller on the clothes wringer wipe off with cloth moistened with kerosene; then rinse with hot water and dry with cloth.

Advertisement for McCollum's CLINTONIA THEATRE. Text: 'Last Times Friday, June 26 -On Our Stage- DANCE REVUE IMOGENE HAYES Presents "Victory Rhythm" -Screen- JIMMY "HENRY ALDRICK" LYDON Henry and Dizzy'.

Advertisement for THE HEART of the Rio Grande with GENE AUTRY. Text: 'SATURDAY, JUNE 27 Sat. cont. shows from 2 p. m. A STAMPEDE OF ACTION AND SONG'.

Advertisement for BOB HOPE MADELINE CARROLL My Favorite Blonde. Text: 'BOB STUCKS HIS NOSE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! BOB HOPE MADELINE CARROLL My Favorite Blonde'.

Advertisement for THE MISSING INQUIRER. Text: 'TUES.-WED., June 30-July 1 7:15-9:30 p. m. Wed. continue shows from 2 p. m. JOB-DAYS Salary Will Be \$90.00 If Job Is Not Accepted June 24 -Screen- An Amazing Young Lady'.

Large advertisement for Uncle Sam Needs Grease for Explosives. Text: 'Uncle Sam Needs Grease for Explosives—Your Dead Stock Helps Supply It! That's why WE COME DAY YOU CALL—PAY HIGHEST CASH PRICES. Dead cattle and horses—even boys and sheep—are needed! Uncle Sam needs their grease to make his explosives. Call us at once and we'll buy your dead stock—delay lessens the value of the carcasses. Call your old reliable renderer to get every cent your dead stock's worth... help Uncle Sam, too. CENTRAL ILLINOIS RENDERING CO. Decatur Phone Harris1034. WE PAY PHONE CHARGES'.