

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 22

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1941

NUMBER 10

News Items of 12 Years Ago

June 14, 1929

A. A. Cable had a basement built at his residence.

Broadlands Camp, R. N. A., celebrated the seventh anniversary of its organization.

Mrs. George Kroeger and three daughters of Grand Island, Neb., visited Mrs. George Kracht.

Donald Greenwood and Wayne Brewer entered Lakeview hospital for tonsil operations.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks attended a radio show in Chicago.

Miss Elrena Seider, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seider, graduated from the University of Illinois.

Wesley Churchill of Longview and Miss Verne Allison of Danville were kidnapped and forced at the point of a gun to take two robbers to Covington, Ind. In a gun battle with a deputy sheriff in Indiana one bandit was killed and the other seriously wounded.

20 Years Ago

June 3, 1921

Broadlands had a four-day chautauqua.

Miss Bertha Snyder left for Charleston to attend school.

The Broadlands Blues lost their first game of the season to Fithian, 12 to 1.

Miss Ione Walkup of Champaign spent the week end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Allen.

Rev. C. Boerers and family of Wisconsin visited friends here. Rev. Boerers was a former pastor of the Lutheran church.

Mrs. Russell, wife of Rev. W. D. Russell, underwent an operation at Oakwood hospital in Charleston.

Geo. H. Cook, Carl Dicks, H. K. Allen, Chas. Swick, Walter Witt and Kenneth Dicks attended the Illinois-Wisconsin game at Urbana.

Methodist Church Notes

W. Earl Ballew, Pastor

The Sunday School meets at 10:00 o'clock.

The Church Service next Sunday is in the evening at 7:30.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.
10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship.
Sermon: "The Life of the Pentecostal Congregation."

Are we Pentecostal Christians? There have been no special manifestations. But in a sense, we must be Pentecostal Christians, or no Christians at all. We must have the Holy Spirit in our hearts, or we are out of the race.

If we use God's provided means, believe, love, live, as did the first Christians, we too shall be Pentecostal Christians; filled with God's Spirit, growing, active, joyous, winning others.

Philip G. Dyer Drowns In Reception Tank

Philip Gordon Dyer, 3-year-old son of Theodore R. Dyer, assistant chief engineer of the Illinois Water Service company, drowned Sunday afternoon in the huge reception tank of the Champaign-Urbana water system, West Park St., Urbana.

Parents of the child live on the water company property at 1012 West Park St., Urbana, adjacent to the tank.

Members of the family and Coroner Wm. J. Strode said apparently the boy wandered to the reservoir, climbed over the three-foot wire fence which encloses it, and was walking around the edge of the concrete basin when he lost his balance and fell in.

His family had been searching for him about 40 minutes when his uncle, Delbert Warnes, of Longview, discovered the child's body about 4:25 p. m. It was floating face down over a drain-pipe in the tank.

Funeral services were conducted at 2 p. m. Tuesday from the Renner funeral home, with Rev. H. Clifford Northcott officiating. Burial was in Fairfield cemetery, north of Newman.

The boy leaves besides his parents a brother, Jerry; a sister, Janice; and his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Warnes, Longview. He was born March 27, 1938, in Urbana.—News-Gazette.

The Free Movie Fund Is Growing

Following are the names of those who have contributed a dollar or more for the season:

P. J. Limp	\$2.00
Arch Walker	2.00
Hefferman Tobacco Co.	2.00
Walter Neal	1.00
Louis Frick	1.00
Ira Laverick	2.00
Henry Messman	1.00
Robert Smith	1.00
August Wiese	1.00
Henry Kilian, jr.	1.00
Walter Rothermel	1.00
John M. Smith	1.00
Robert Luedke	2.00
Edward Nohren	1.00
George Dohme	2.00
E. B. Maxwell	1.00
Frank Frick	1.00
Alvin Zenke	3.00
Henry Kilian, sr.	1.00
A. A. Cable	1.00
Wm. Zenke	1.00
Prof. Geo. H. Cook	2.00

Time Tables

C. & E. I.	
Northbound	11:49 a. m.
Southbound	1:27 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

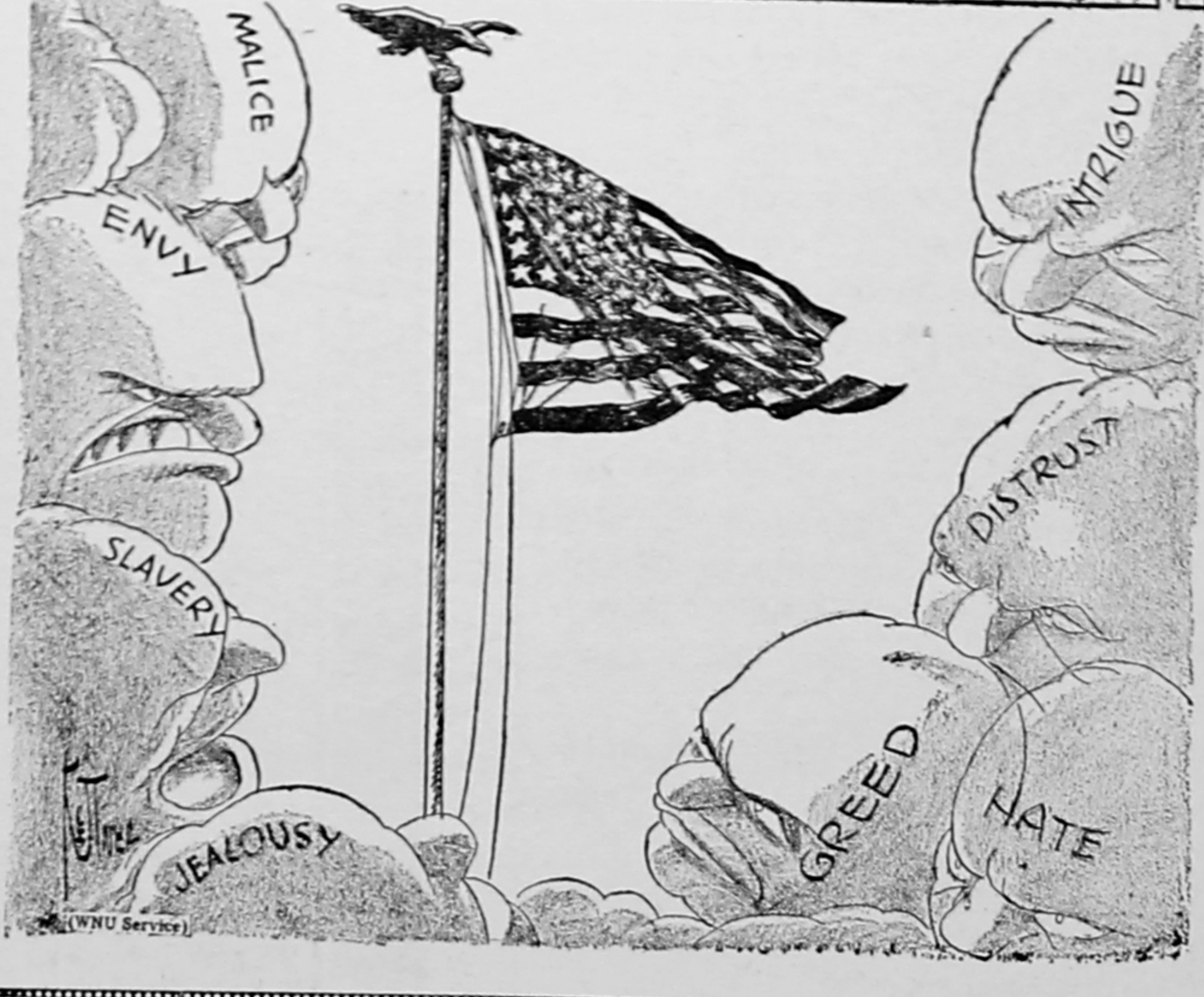
Many from here who have graduated from the Longview High School attended the alumni banquet held at the high school last Saturday night.

The heavy rains of the past week have brought farming operations to a standstill in this locality.

An exchange recalls the good old days when a strawberry and ice cream festival was the gayest thing in night life.

The state of Illinois is mostly a level table-land elevated from 300 to 800 feet above the sea.

Triumphant



Local and Personal

Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway.

Wanda Rayl spent the past week with relatives and friends in Homer.

Oliver Eagler of Indianapolis was a visitor at the Eckerty Cafe, Sunday.

Miss Beulah Gore of Indianapolis spent the weekend here with her parents.

Mrs. Oscar Gallion and daughter Barbara spent the past week in Chicago visiting relatives.

Bert Smith was called to Converse, Ind., Thursday, by the death of a cousin.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Zenke were Champaign visitors on Wednesday.

Wm. J. Biggs of St. Louis has arrived for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Leanna Miller.

Roy Harvey of Indianapolis and Noah Jones of Allerton visited in the Arch Walker home, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Rahn and daughter Carol of Tuscola were Sunday afternoon guests of Mrs. Belle Smith and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Thode are parents of a son, born last Sunday. This is their fourth child, all being boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wagner of Medora, and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Harris of Pana, visited at the Village Inn, Wednesday evening.

Rev. W. Earl Ballew was in Camargo, Thursday evening of this week giving an address to the Father and Son banquet held in the Methodist church.

Mr. and Mrs. Sim Lynch of Colorado Springs, Col., visited last week at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo DeWitt and Mrs. Olive Pigg. Mrs. Lynch is Mr. DeWitt's sister.

Mrs. George Dohme and children and Mrs. Clarence Kilian returned Monday after a few days visit with Carl Baylor and family in Libertyville, and B. J. Kiosseff and family in Waukesha, Wis.

Carl and Fritz Schweineke and Fred Block visited Wm. Schweineke, a patient in the Illinois Central hospital, Chicago, Tuesday of last week. They report Mr. Schweineke's condition is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren Hosts to Bridge Club

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren entertained the Night Bridge Club, Tuesday. Mrs. Edward Nohren and Roy Bergfield received the traveling prizes.

A finale party was given by the losers for the winners, on Thursday night, which ended the sessions for this season.

Refreshments consisted of butter crackers, salmon salad, potato chips, pickles, olives and coffee.

Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames George Cook, Edward Nohren, Harold Anderson, Ben Rayl, Oscar Witt, Kenneth Dicks, Roy Bergfield, John Nohren; Mrs. Gladys McClelland and Mrs. Lillie Bowman.

Longview People Receive Word of Relatives' Deaths

Mrs. Anna Baptist and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Smith received word of the death of their brother's father-in-law and brother-in-law, respectively. John Underwood, 86, died May 15, and son Wilford Underwood, 60, died on May 19 at Verona, Miss. They were former residents of Broadlands vicinity and known here by several of the older residents.

Dumping Grounds Open

Notice is hereby given that the local dumping grounds will be opened to the public this Saturday, June 14, for a period of four Saturdays, after which they will again be closed until fall.

Chas. Griffin, caretaker, will be present each Saturday to supervise the dumping of all trash. By Order of the Village Board.

On Monday night the following members of Broadlands Chapter O. E. S., attended Guest Night of Sidell Chapter: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dicks, Mrs. Jessie Archer, Mrs. Hattie Dicks.

The following members of Broadlands Chapter, O. E. S., attended initiation at Newman Chapter on Monday night: Mrs. Ray McClelland, Mrs. Edward Nohren, Mrs. George Cook, Mrs. Lillie Bowman, Mrs. Olive Benefiel, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Witt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nohren, Mrs. Alice Struck and Mrs. Lillie Bowman attended the baccalaureate services for U. of I. candidates for degrees, in the George Huff gymnasium, Urbana, Sunday. Miss Marcelle Nohren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nohren, received her B. S. degree in Home Economics, Monday.

Broadlands Chapter Observes Guest Night

Broadlands Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, observed Guest Night on last Friday night.

One hundred and thirty were present, fourteen chapters being represented.

Following were the guest officers and the chapters to which they belong:

W. M.—Marie Lucas, Navarre, Sidell.

W. P.—George Stoughton, Navarre, Sidell.

A. M.—Isabella Krugh, Homer.

A. P.—John Heppie, Homer.

Sec.—Doris Lowenstein, Danville.

Treas.—Ada Howard, Oakwood.

Marshal—Lissie Diel, Fairmount.

Organist—Nellie Six, Broadlands.

Chap.—Betty Freeman, Hope, Urbana.

Cond.—Marjorie Ely, Villa Grove.

A. Cond.—Ruth Ellsberry, Newman.

Adah—Ivy Compton, Glendora, Chrisman.

Ruth—Lela Kresin, Sadorus.

Esther—Myrtle Van Fleet, Indianola.

Martha—Bernese Ellars, Philo.

Electa—Mildred Wade, Hume.

Warder—Margaret Danner, Ogden.

Sentinel—Clark Henson, Broadlands.

Soloist—Ida Messman, Broadlands.

Mrs. Oscar Witt, Grand Lecturer, was guest of honor.

A program was given as follows: Trio—Helen Jamison, Josephine Anderson and Margaret Ellen Morris, accompanied by Helen Anderson, all of Allerton.

Piano Solo—Lyla Mae Witt.

Saxophone Solo—Sara Sue Dicks.

Refreshments were served, consisting of ice cream, cake and punch.

Mrs. Eva Walker Is Hostess to W. C. T. U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union met at the home of Mrs. Eva Walker on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ruth Henson, the president, had charge of the business session.

Mrs. Anna Laverick had charge of an inspiring devotional hour, the theme being "A Good Samaritan," and Mrs. Ruth Henson read several interesting topics on "Flower Missions." The guest speaker, Mr. Wm. J. Biggs, gave a Bible discussion, which was enjoyed by all.

Delightful refreshments were served by the hostess.

Guests present were Wm. J. Biggs of St. Louis, and Mrs. Nora Griffin.

The following members were present: Mesdames Leanna Miller, Anna Laverick, Mary Fitzgerald, Ruth Henson, Gladys McClelland, Anna Seeds, Bessie Loomis, Emma Jackson, Lydia Brown, Mary Dicks, Faustine Smith and Eva Walker.

The next meeting will be held at the United Brethren Church, Tuesday, July 8.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

Broadlands Lodge, No. 791, A. F. & A. M. will meet next Monday night at 7:30.

Lyman F. Mohr, W. M. Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

Tuesday, July First Is Registration Day

Registration on July first of young men eligible for military training but not heretofore registered will be conducted solely by Selective Service local boards in their headquarters or in public places designated by them, Paul G. Armstrong, State Director, announced today. Aid of agencies outside the Selective Service organization is not expected to be required, he said.

Although on October 16, 1940, the first registration day, many persons and organizations outside the Selective Service System assisted in the task of enrolling more than 1,016,000 potential trainees in Illinois, it is believed that the new registration will not require outside help.

Local boards which were in a state of organization on October 16 are now functioning in a routine manner and should be able to register the estimated 60,000 young men in Illinois who have become 21 years old since October 16 and are otherwise eligible for registration, Mr. Armstrong said.

Mrs. Anna Struck Entertains at Bridge

Mrs. Anna Struck entertained at nine tables of bridge, Wednesday afternoon. High scorers at each table received a lovely box of talcum. Mrs. Helen Eckerty won the traveling prize.

A lovely two course luncheon consisting of butter crackers, potato chips, chicken salad, olives, gerkins, ice cream roll with nabiscoes and coffee, was served.

Those present were Mesdames Mary Dicks, Merle Block, Olive Rayl, Margaret Anderson, Jessie Bergfield, Gladys McClelland, Zermah Witt, Neva Frick, Delia Nohren, Mae Block, Hilda Seider, Maude Luedke, Freda Maxwell, Freda Limp, Bertha Cook, Lorraine Mohr, Lillie Bowman, Marian Churchill, Ida Messman, Minnie Anderson, Leona Bergfield, Rosa Smith, Irene Wiese, Ruth Henson, Thelma Smith, Elsie Cress, Edna Struck, Jennie Nohren, Helen Eckerty, Minnie Limp, Enola Struck, Mary Rowen, Eva Walker, Marie Madigan, Mary Struck, Helen Poggendorf.

James Thomas Honored on Birthday Anniversary

A pot luck supper was held at the Howard Clem home June 4, in honor of James Thomas, it being his birthday.

Mr. Thomas received several gifts, and his sister, Mrs. Anna Josserand, gave him a large birthday cake.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Grant Josserand and Mary Jane Phipps, of Newman; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bergfield, Billy Eckerty, Lon Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Coryell and daughter Ethel Mae, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Clem and son Ralph, and James Thomas.

Market Report

Following are the prices offered for grain on Thursday in the local market:

No. 2 hard wheat	90c
No. 2 white corn	74c
No. 2 yellow corn	70c
No. 3 oats	32c
No. 2 old beans	\$1.25
New Beans, Oct. delivery	\$1.15

Broadlands News

Published Every Thursday

J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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3 months in advance50
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Flag Day, June 14

Among all the national emblems in the world, the American flag is generally conceded to be the most beautiful. It was officially adopted by the Continental Congress on June 14, 1777, in a resolution which provided that the flag be 13 stripes of alternating red and white, and that the "union" be 13 white stars on a blue field.

Originally the 13 stars were arranged in a circle, and it was at first intended to add an additional star and an additional stripe for each new state admitted into the Union.

But after increasing the number of stars and stripes after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, it became evident that a further number of stripes would make the design of the flag less beautiful, so it was decided to return to the 13 stripes, representing the 13 original states, and add a star for each new state. Thus we have our present flag, with 48 stars and 13 stripes.

In commemoration of the adoption of the flag in 1777, June 14 is celebrated throughout the nation as Flag Day, with appropriate ceremonies intended to impress all citizens with increased respect and reverence for the flag, and all for which it stands.

Governors of New York

From the earliest times the governors of the state of New York have included among their number personages of national as well as state importance. Four of them, Martin Van Buren, Grover Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt, became Presidents of the United States.

Two others, Samuel J. Tilden and Charles E. Hughes, missed the presidency by the narrowest of margins. Many believe that Tilden was defrauded of the presidency by the electoral commission of 1876. Horatio Seymour and Alfred E. Smith were also candidates for President, both being decisively defeated.

George Clinton, who was the state's first governor, became Vice-President of the United States, as did also Governors Levi P. Morton and Daniel D. Tompkins.

Other New York governors who attained high national prominence include John Jay, first chief justice of the United States; DeWitt Clinton, senator; Wm. L. Marcy, senator and Secretary of War; W. H. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln; and Charles Hughes, Secretary of State under Harding and Coolidge, and now chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

So, while all governors of the Empire state have not reached the ultimate goal of their ambition, it appears that that office is a very desirable stepping stone to higher political preferment.

More Auto Thefts

An increasing number of automobile thefts are being reported from several states, and a timely warning was recently given car owners by J. F. Brawner, director of the Alabama department of public safety, who disclosed that not long ago his office received reports of eight cars stolen within a period of 17 hours.

He recommends that when a

car is left standing for even the shortest length of time, the driver should not only remove the ignition key, but lock the car doors also, in order to be safe.

When a car is stolen by a professional car thief, of which there are many, it is seldom recovered unless the loss is very promptly reported to a sheriff or chief of police. The thief usually sells the car to a receiver of stolen goods, who immediately has it repainted and all identification marks removed, so that its appearance is altered to make identification difficult if not impossible.

Increasing cooperation of local and state authorities with insurance companies and manufacturers is making the operations of the professional thief less easy, but they succeed in getting away with many cars.

Other thieves, who take cars merely for a joy ride or in order to make a getaway after committing another crime, sometimes abandon them where they can be recovered, but these often wreck or deliberately damage the car while it is in their possession.

Removing the key and locking the car doors is the only sure way to avoid annoyance and loss.

Sidelights

When Pete Dooros, peanut vender of Cleveland, announced that he would donate his day's receipts to the British war relief, his earnings skyrocketed from the usual \$1.50 to more than \$50.

Lieut. Harry V. Hubbard is recovering from an injury received because he couldn't duck a duck. The bird crashed through the windshield of his bombing plane, while he was making a training flight near Fort George Wright, Wash.

The Rev. T. G. Wallace of London, Ontario, recently reminded his congregation that it isn't his job to go from door to door like a Fuller Brush man, asking them to come to church. "You are classified as Christians," he said, "and I'm not sent here to introduce Christianity to you."

Giant Pandas brought to this country from Western China have been unlucky, seldom surviving more than two or three years. The latest to die was the 260-pound female panda, Pandora, of the Bronx Zoo. Her intended mate, Pan, died last year. One or two of these interesting animals also died at Chicago's Brookfield Zoo in recent years.

What's New

A new secret process in England renders wool both itchless and shrink-proof.

Unbreakable glass has been produced by a German scientist who uses artificial silk.

A new and strange invention is an electric "lung" as a voice for the dumb. It provides tone for speech and resembles a pipe.

An oriental flower bulb has been found sure death to rats, although harmless to other animals.

Glass cloth to be used in making airplane wings, and fibre glass cables with greater tensile strength than steel have recently been developed.

New recording disks for electric dictating machines are made of a material that enables them to be dropped, bent or written upon without injuring the sound tracks.

On complaint of a woman that boys playing ball were disturbing the neighborhood, police in Muncie, Ind., sent Officer Guzzle to investigate. The woman telephoned again, saying: "Your officer arrived and is umpiring the game."

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. How is the time of election provided for in the Illinois Constitution for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Auditor of Public Accounts, and Attorney General?

A. "An election . . . shall be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two and every four years thereafter."

Q. How is the time for election of the Superintendent of Public Instruction provided for?

A. The Tuesday after the first Monday in November, in the year 1870 and every four years thereafter.

Q. How is the time for election of State Treasurer provided?

A. The same date as that for Superintendent of Public Instruction and every two years thereafter.

Q. To whom are election returns of Executive officers transmitted?

A. To the Secretary of State.

Q. To whom are the election returns directed?

A. The Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Q. What age eligibility is specifically placed on the offices of Governor and Lieutenant Governor?

A. No person shall be eligible for such offices who has not attained the age of 30 years.

Q. In whom is the supreme executive power vested under the Constitution?

A. The Governor.

Q. What times are set by the Constitution for messages to the General Assembly by the Governor?

A. At the commencement of each session and the close of his term of office.

Q. What shall the Governor's message contain?

A. The condition of the State and recommendation of such measures as he shall deem expedient. He shall account to the General Assembly and accompany his message with a statement of all moneys received and paid out by him from any funds subject to his order, with vouchers, and at the commencement of each regular session present estimates of the amount of money required to be raised by taxation for all purposes.

Q. When may the Governor convene a special session of the General Assembly?

A. On extraordinary occasions by proclamation, stating the purpose for which it is convened; and the General Assembly shall enter upon no business except that for which it is called together.

A burglar took \$100 from the cash register of C. L. Farrer's store in Salt Lake City, but overlooked more than that amount which was secreted in the side of a beef in the meat market.

For 35 years Harry Brown of Broadus, Mont., had been cross-

eyed. Recently a horse kicked him in the face breaking his nose. Shortly after, his eyes straightened.

Fifteen years ago Charles Clarkson of Louisiana, Mo., quit school to work in a store. Eventually he became owner of the

store, and returned to high school from which he will graduate this month.

Montreal, Canada, is built on an island.

Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway.



"Reddy Tells Me That I Will Have"

FRESHER TASTIER FOODS with MY NEW REFRIGERATOR

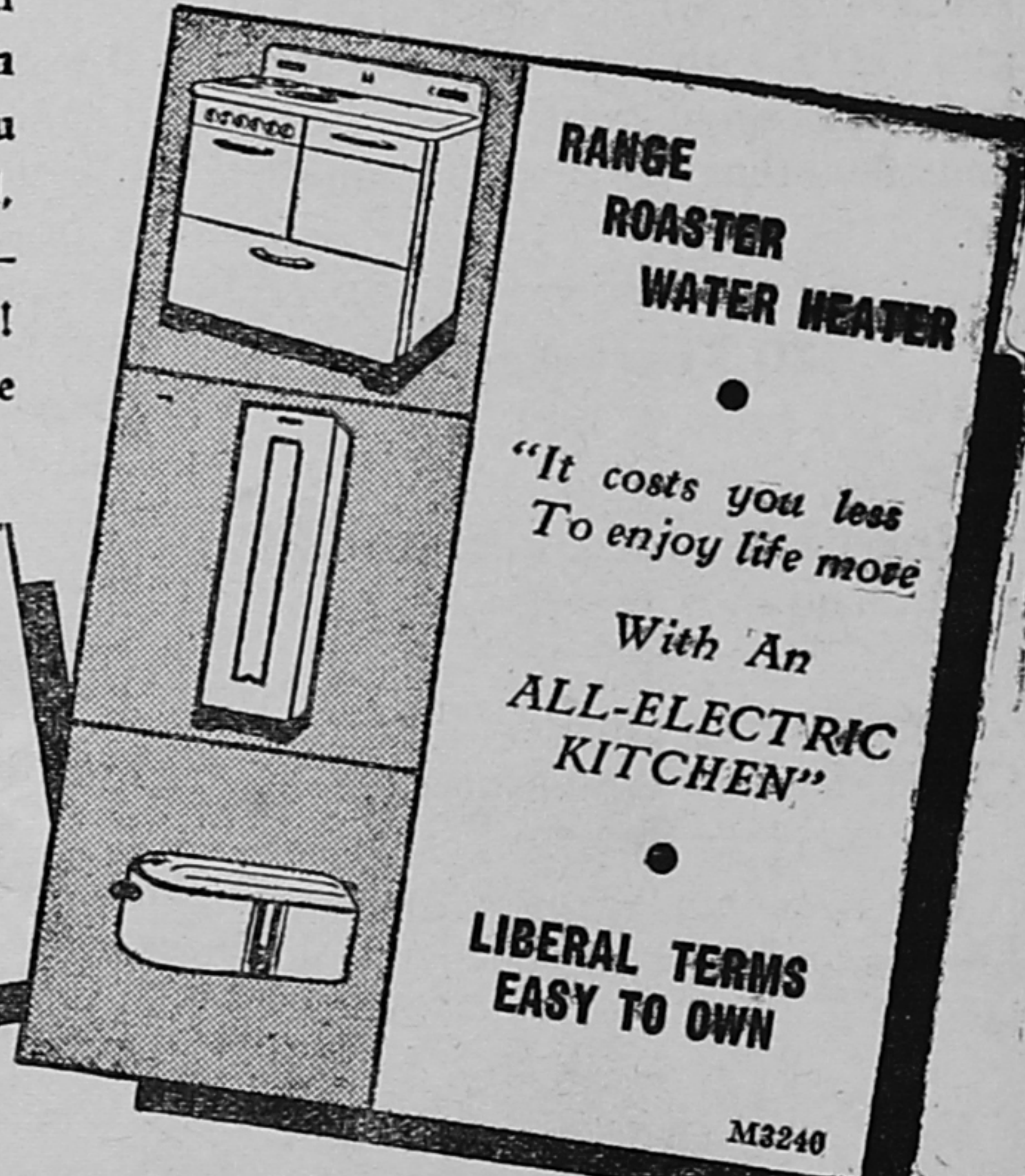
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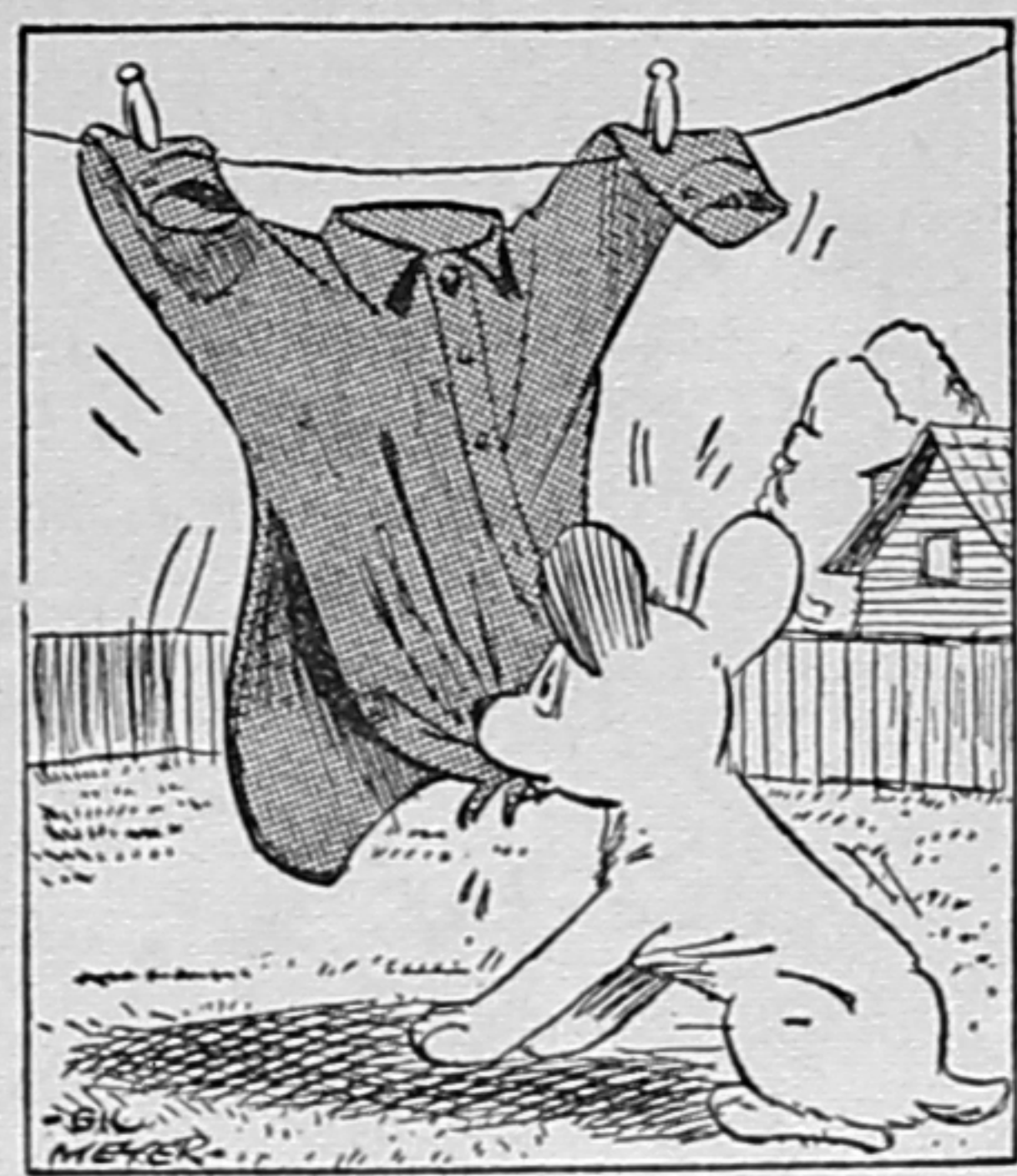
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Free Talkie Show At Broadlands Every Saturday Night

The Shows Are Presented by the **BUTLER MOVIE COMPANY** of Danville

Chester the Pup
By GEORGE O'HALLORAN



OLD man Murphy came over and complained to Clara this morning about MacTavish and me digging up his garden. That old water buffalo is always kicking about something. Last week he raised the dickens because I chewed up a shirt he had hanging on the line. How the heck was I supposed to know it was a shirt. It looked like an old flour sack and had more holes in it than a fishing net. That guy is getting crankier every day and more near sighted too. I remember this spring he saw a bloke in his garden and when he tried to chase him out, the fellow wouldn't budge. So Murphy called the squad car and when the cops arrived they discovered the big fumble wit had been arguing with the scarecrow.

Nudists appear to be quite sincere. Anyway, they don't "put on."

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Danville Dead Animal Disposal Company
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Star Mail Route
Southbound 7:15 a. m.
Northbound 8:30 a. m.
The News is \$1.50 a year.
Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway.

The family of Don Gonzales of Salta Town, Argentina, were delighted with a serenade by four youths until they awoke the next morning to learn that their entire flock of hens had been stolen.

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The Old-Fashioned Girl
By JAMES SIMPSON
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"JOAN never had a beau," Joan's sister Emily confided to her visitor. "And you know one can't include girls like that in our parties. Anyhow, I doubt if Joan would care about the crowd any more than the crowd would care about her. Poor kid! I often wonder what will become of her."
"Oh, well," said Emily's house guest, who was deftly making up her face before the mirror. "Old maids aren't looked down on the way they used to be. She will probably find a school to teach or a typewriter to pound after a while, and very likely she'll be happier than you or I. Only I just can't believe Joan is satisfied for it to go that way. I never knew a young girl who didn't like beaux."
"Well, Joan doesn't. If she did she wouldn't be so standoffish, would she? Can't you just imagine Clark or David falling for an evening in the parlor?"
"But after all," broke in the soft tones of Joan, who had stepped quietly into the room, "she's only 22—much too young to have to consider how young she looks."
Emily laughed. "Thanks, old dear!" she said blithely. "But it's these late hours, you know. I admit you look younger, although you're actually a year older, but you'll have to admit that while I may grow old a bit faster I have more fun as I go, won't you?"
"Oh, I don't know," Joan sighed. "After all, what fun is there in wasting time on a lot of men who don't really interest you?"
"They'll interest you if you interest them," Emily laughed a bit sharply. "But it must be mutual, Joan, dear. There's the bell. It must be David and Clark. Now, he is a real catch, Joan, and every girl at the party will envy me tonight. Won't you go down and entertain them while we finish dressing?"
When the gay little party had gone Joan sat out on the vine-screened porch alone lost in thought. She had overheard a part of the conversation about her and it hurt a little. Would a fellow like Clark Howard think her hopeless? When she had said that she didn't care a lot for dances he had asked her curiously, "Well, what would you care to do on an evening like this, Miss Joan?" And Joan answered half bitterly, half earnestly:
"Why, I'd like to sit out on the porch with a handsome young man and listen to the radio. And very likely I'd make some fudge."

She wondered now if he were having a wonderful time dancing with her pretty sister, who was always clever and amusing.
"Is the fudge cooking?" a voice broke in. "And could I substitute for the handsome young man?"
"But," exclaimed Joan, with her engaging honesty, "you are the handsome young man! And I can put the fudge on immediately, only—" she hesitated.
"Oh, I know. You mean to remind me that I shouldn't have run away from the dance, but your sister had a waiting list of partners. And I really never get a chance to talk to you, you know, since you're so uninterested in our modern frivolities."
An hour passed all too quickly for Joan, and when Clark thought he had better get back to the dance he suggested that he come over another evening, and Joan laughingly agreed.
But that was the first of several stolen evenings for Clark and Joan. They found a world of mutual interests and Joan made delightful fudge. Or sometimes it was a delicious dessert with coffee, or sandwiches and tea. They said nothing to the others, Joan because of a shy fear of surprised, sarcastic comments, and Clark because, as he said, "he didn't want to spoil it."
But the time came when Clark's visit to Westfield was about to end. "It's a great little town," he said to Joan, "and I hate to go, but after all, I'm rather anxious to get back to my practice, for I've a new incentive now."
When Joan glanced up questioningly he suddenly reached for her hand and drew her toward him in the seclusion of the vine-clad porch. "I've found something in Westfield," he declared, "that I didn't know was to be found anywhere, a genuine, true, sweet, old-fashioned girl. You're the incentive, Joan! Please say you love me too, dear!"
That night as Joan entered Emily's room the latter was saying to Martha, "I declare, we've seen practically nothing of Clark Howard these last few weeks and I hear he's leaving tomorrow. I daresay Rose Trennen has got him."
"About Clark Howard," Joan put in, her cheeks flushing. "I think I have some news for you. We're to be married Christmas."
An amazed silence, which Emily was the first to break.
"Why, Joan Hayward, what a perfectly silly joke! My stars, it must be true!" for Joan was beamingly showing a new diamond ring on her left third finger. "Well, then, all I have to say is this, that if a man like Clark Howard has fallen for Joan, it's all tommy-rot about the modern girl being preferred. The old-fashioned girl must have a racket I should know about!"

Meals-Appeal
By AMY SMITHERS
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

IT WAS Aunt Dora's diary that started it all. Aunt Dora kept close track of everything that happened to any member of the family. This morning she had read out to Naomi:

"Why, it's just three years ago today that Tom Tyler was introduced to you, Naomi. Three years—m-m-m—three years." It was not so much what she said. It was the way her voice had trailed away softly into silence that hissed as it started.
Oh, Aunt Dora didn't say that she thought Naomi was a flat tire. Dear, no! Dear, gentle Aunt Martha wouldn't hurt the feelings of a mosquito. Naomi, nevertheless, caught the gleam; three years was a long time to "go with" any man without having at least the offer of an engagement ring. Naomi had never heard Tom mention the word marriage in any positive, definite fashion.

Tom stopped in twice a week and allowed himself to be persuaded to have dinner with them. He had a habit of saying admiringly: "You certainly look 'cute' in that apron, Naomi! If there's anything a man likes to see it's a pretty girl in a pretty apron. It makes him think of home and mother and good meals and so on. That's the way to get 'em—meals-appeals! There's nothing like meals-appeal."
"Three years," Naomi whispered to herself as she frosted the layer cake. "Three years! Why, Alice Parker met Jim Parker only a year ago and they're—married!"

She opened the drawer to find a fresh tea towel and saw the pretty little organdie apron that she had laid there for the evening. At that moment her Aunt Dora walked into the kitchen.
"Making marshmallow frosting?" she asked. "Tom always likes your marshmallow frosting."
"Marshmallow frosting!" said Naomi, suddenly. "Why, I wouldn't give Tom Tyler a mouthful of this cake if his tongue hung out of his head a mile! And if I ever put on that apron again it'll be because some one fastens the rags on me when I'm dead!"

She took the delicate little wisp of froth and tore it almost viciously from left to right and up and down. "Why—Naomi, darling!" gasped her Aunt Dora.
When that evening Tom Tyler cheerfully ran up the stairs of the apartment building he was astonished to meet Naomi coming down.
"Where're you going?" he asked.
"Oh—out," she said, with a shrug.
"Out?" he echoed. "Out? Out where? You're such a domestic little home body—why, Naomi! I always think of you as being home." This last was said with a reproachful glance that might, had it not been for Aunt Dora's diary, have melted her completely.
"Pooh!" she remarked airily. "Home body, indeed! I guess I have stayed at home too long—about three years too long," she added in an underbreath.
"But where are you going?"
"Why, I'm going out to dine, if you must know," she said demurely.

"Alone?" he demanded.
"Ah, yes—unless," she dimpled, "I meet Prince Charming at the door, awaiting me in a coach and four or an eight-cylinder car of cream color with brown bandings. I just adore cream-colored cars, don't you, Tom?"
He eyed her uneasily. "Say, will it be all right if I go along with you?" he asked.
"If you can finance yourself—yes. Otherwise, no." She spoke candidly.
"Well," he said a half-hour later when they were settled at a central table with an orchestra playing a vigorous melody, "I—I guess I don't understand women at all. I—why, I thought you liked to stay at home and cook and wear little soft-looking aprons—"
"I don't," she cut in heatedly. "I hate to cook."
He stared at her. "Jiminy, I never knew you were so pretty, Naomi. You look so—so demure."
"Demure!" she scoffed. "Let's dance this while they're hustling along the fodder, eh?"
"Pep," he murmured, well-pleased. "Ah, you have it, my dear. Pep! Super-pep, eh? And that pretty dress, I never saw that before. Did I?"
"I guess you never saw me before either, maybe? Huh?"
And that night when he took her home after a movie and a little bite of supper they talked for a long, long time in the living-room. When he left, Aunt Dora came out.
"Didn't Tom stay rather—late?" she asked gently.

"Well, now that you speak of it, Auntie, I guess he did, a little," said Naomi softly. "And if it isn't midnight yet, I have a little entry for your diary today. If it's after midnight it makes it a day over three years. Tom and I are going to be married some time next month, Auntie."
"Well, now," murmured Aunt Dora. "We'll have to enter that item in the diary in red ink. Come to think of it, I had no black ink the day you met him and I entered that in red ink, too!"

A good many people who complain of competition are too lazy to furnish any themselves.

Strangely enough, the bare-leg fad did not appeal to the girls when silk hose were \$3 a pair.

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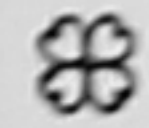
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Dresden Pattern



By **GOLDIE JONES**

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"WHO is it, Blake?" asked the head of the credit department.

"Says she is from the advertising office," replied Don Blake, assistant to the manager.

"Oh, deliver us!" exclaimed Manager Martin. "These girls from the advertising department give me a pain in the neck—always wanting to stretch their credit to the breaking point. Show her in," he ordered impatiently.

"Mr. Martin?" inquired a pleasant voice.

"Correct," replied the credit manager.

"I am told that an employee's credit is limited to the amount equal to two weeks' salary," said the pleasant voice.

"Ought to be only one week," snapped Martin.

"My name is Inez Harris. I work in the advertising department for \$45 a week and want to charge a bill for \$172."

"Humph!" snapped the man. "Nothing small about your wants, is there?"

"The things are so awfully pretty," impulsively exclaimed the girl.

"They always are," cynically replied the man. "Now, you listen to me, young lady, and take my advice. You are a new one to this store. My experience has been that all young ladies who work in the advertising department see so much beautiful merchandise that they have their heads turned. So you can just go back and tell Mr. Goldman I wouldn't let you charge that fur coat you want to get, for I assume it's a coat in the August sale that you want to buy."

The girl smiled and said: "Guess again."

"Fur scarf?" suggested the man. "Don't get silver-fox ideas just because you have to write advertisements about the darned things."

"I'm trying to furnish my room," said the girl, eagerly. "And there is an oak table and a big easy chair, both with their prices cut in half. Mr. Rafferty won't hold them for me, because he wants to make room for the new stock."

"How much?" curly inquired Mr. Martin.

"One hundred and three dollars for the two pieces," replied the girl.

"Tell Rafferty to send up the bill. I'll O.K. it," said Manager Martin.

"Thanks a lot. How about the rest of the things I want?"

"I've already agreed to let you have more than your credit quota calls for," snapped the manager.

"I know," said the girl, nervously twisting her handkerchief in her fingers. "But I'll never be able to get anything else I like so well—so cheaply."

"Nothing is cheap when you haven't the money to pay for it," growled Mr. Martin.

"Mr. Curtis won't hold sample dishes, even with a deposit," protested the girl.

"Dishes!" almost roared the man. "You want to charge \$69 worth of dishes! I never heard anything like that before."

"They have roses painted on them—little wudgy bunches that look just like those I remember seeing when I went to visit my grandmother in Westerly."

"Some of the dishes down in 24 are darned nice looking," boldly commented Don Blake.

"Blake!"—grudgingly—"this is Miss Harris from the advertising; Miss Harris, my assistant, Mr. Blake."

"I've run across Miss Harris several times since she came to the Emporium," cheerfully announced Don. "I'm awfully glad at last to know her name."

"Humph!" snorted Martin, who had thought his young assistant immune to heart attacks. And Don Blake had been indifferent to the pleasure-crazy young women he knew cared nothing about a home save as a parking place for their extra clothes.

"Humph!" repeated Mr. Martin, his dark eyes twinkling. "Suppose you take a run down to section 24 and see if you think Miss Harris has made a sensible selection. I'll leave it to you to O.K. the bill."

"Well," said Don Blake, a few moments later, "they are just the sort of dishes I always thought I'd like to have if I had a home of my own."

"If I O.K. your bill don't you think you owe me an invitation to come up and eat a home-cooked meal off the new dishes?"

"What kind of pie do you like best?" inquired the girl. "I'll bake it for you next Sunday."

"Sunk," groaned Manager Martin as his usually alert assistant returned dreamily to his desk.

But Don was anticipating a perfect dinner served by a "Dresden" hostess on Dresden china—gold rimmed.

Chopin's Interlude

In July, 1831, when Chopin was in Stuttgart, he received word that Warsaw had fallen. The Russians were in possession of the city. The composer was profoundly moved. To give vent to his emotions he composed "Revolutionary Etude" for the piano.

Golden Heart



By **RALPH EMERSON**

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

"SAY! Take your heavy weight off my glass case, will you, Butch?" laughed Wayne Taylor. "That's my new case and . . ."

"Sure, sure, anything to oblige," returned Butch, shifting his weight to the other foot and grinning at his friend. "Why we ever took up with each other is more than I can make out, Wayne. You with your millionaire father and his acres of greenhouses. And my dad a hard worker all his life—"

"Oh, well, you and I are both working hard enough now, certainly, even if we did take it easy in college," returned Wayne, cutting off a tiny cluster of golden-hearted roses.

"Got an order for those?" asked Butch carelessly.

"Not exactly. But a girl comes in here every night and spends a quarter for flowers. Curious thing, too, she doesn't dress like a girl who can afford to spend 25 cents a day for flowers—"

"Getting kind of soft over her?" asked Butch hastily.

"No women in mine, Butch. Now or ever! Just a selfish bunch of grabbers, every one of them."

Thoughtfully, Butch picked up one of the tiny roses and cracked the stem in four places before his friend took it out of his hand.

"Boob!" laughed Wayne, "first you try to lean your great hulking weight on my best case of flowers and then you snap off the stems of flowers I'm going to sell. On with you, boy, and continue counting the nickels in folks' telephone boxes. Some day, with good luck, you'll be manager of the telephone company."

"Betcha," Butch said cheerily. He found that his bus had left three minutes before. Eighteen minutes remained until the next one and Butch decided to collect two near-by telephone boxes. Springing up the stairs of an old-fashioned flat building, he knocked at the door. Ordinarily it was unlocked and the thin, pleasant voice of an elderly woman in a wheelchair answered his knock. Tonight, however, a slender girl in pink opened the door.

"Telephone man," he said briskly, showing his identification card.

Butch put his black carrying case on the floor beside the funny little writing desk that held books on one side. Deftly Butch inserted his pass-key and let the nickels slide forth into his hands. The girl had returned to the tiny kitchenette and was peeling boiled potatoes.

"Nice day, wasn't it?" he said to the little old lady in her wheelchair.

"Yes, indeed," she answered cheerfully. "Emma, dear, you forgot to bring in the water for my flowers."

"Just a second, grandmother. Thought I'd get the potatoes started first—you must be starving. I was a little late tonight—"

But Butch heard nothing more. He was looking at the golden roses in the old lady's lap—golden roses in a tiny cluster, one stem cracked in four places.

Emma had gone to the sink and was filling the vase and the old lady looked after her with affectionate eyes. "D'you know what I just found out that dear child has been doing?" she said.

Butch shook his head, his eyes still on the golden roses.

"Why, the girl that works in the same office with my Emma stopped in tonight and told me that Emma has been going without her luncheon every day to buy me flowers on the way home. You see, I've always lived in a small town and I always had a nice big garden full of flowers. But when grandma died and I had my stroke—a person who likes flowers never, I reckon, gets over liking them."

Butch counted his coins rapidly, then hurried back to see Wayne.

" . . . and some way or other, I b'lieve I've fallen for that girl," Wayne told Butch a half hour later when Butch dropped in at the florist shop. "You know, I've never even thought of her in that way until you put it into words tonight and when she came in for the flowers—say, she'd just take your breath, Butch—great, big eyes—she just looks big-hearted but—" here Wayne sighed. "I suppose she is a gold-digger along with all the rest of them."

"And suppose I told you that like those roses with hearts of gold this girl of yours had a golden heart, too," said Butch slowly. "Suppose I told you that she had gone without her noonday meal every day so that her grandmother, who loves flowers, might have a little cluster fresh every night, eh?"

"I'd say it sounded like a fairy tale," grinned Wayne, "and you couldn't tell me anything like that for you don't know her name any more than I do. But I'm going to find out—"

"Her name is Emma Martinson," said Butch, "and—say, where are you going, eh?"

"You stay right here and watch the shop for me," said Wayne, "and give me her address, pronto, see? If you sell a lot while I'm gone—well, when I've popped the question and all maybe I'll let you be best man. Who can tell, eh?"

Silently Butch took his place behind the counter.

Long View News

Miss Rose Mary Gorman of the 1941 class of the Longview high School has a position in the office of the White Line Laundry in Champaign.

Sunday dinner guests in the Merton Parks home were the Byrd Caudill family of Olivet, Mr. and Mrs. Risinger, Mr. and Mrs. James Parks and Dorothy Johnson.

The Christian Endeavor Society held an ice cream social in the town hall Wednesday evening, after being driven from the church basement by rising water following the continued down-pouring of the afternoon rains. About sixteen dollars was cleared for the go-to-church-camp fund for the young people.

Dean Fulton and the following boys attended a meeting of the Illinois association of "Future Farmers of America" at Urbana, Wednesday and Thursday: Leon Ayers, James Hagerman, James McIntyre, Veras Turner, Eugene Ward, Ralph Clem, Irvin Toppe, Kenneth Rothermel, Claire Noblitt, Albert Culton.

Mrs. Anna Baptist, Mrs. O. H. Hedrick, Ralph and Evelyn Hedrick, went to Cicero last Friday where they visited the Russell Boyd family and other relatives. They also attended graduation exercises at Morton High, Miss Louise Boyd being a member of the senior class. Mrs. Baptist remained for a visit in the Boyd home.

SECOND AMENDMENT TO ORDINANCE NO. TWO

An Ordinance To Regulate The Selling Of Liquors In The Village Of Broadlands, Illinois.

Be it, and it is hereby ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Broadlands, Illinois as follows:

That the Ordinance passed by the Board of Trustees of the Village of Broadlands, Illinois, on the 21st day of July, 1937, and published on the 9th day of September, 1937, be amended as follows:

Section 111 B. All persons selling alcoholic beverages shall close and vacate their business on week days at 11:00 P. M. and remain closed until 6 A. M. on the following day.

Section V A. Before the issuance of any license, the licensee shall post with the Board of Trustees a good and sufficient bond in the sum of Five Hundred (\$500.00) Dollars, duly conditioned for the faithful compliance of said licensee with the terms of liquor ordinance and the amendments thereto.

Passed this 10th day of June, A. D. 1941.

(Seal) Earl K. Eckerty, Village Clerk.

Approved this 10th day of June, A. D. 1941.

C. D. McCormick, President of the Board of Trustees.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS

By **Edwin Finch**



JEWES AND MOSLEMS OF SYRIA BELIEVE THAT BY DIPPING THE HAND IN WHITEWASH AND IMPRINTING THIS UPON THE WINDOWS AND FLOWER BOXES IT WILL DIVERT CHILLY FEBRUARY WINDS FROM THE OLD PEOPLE.

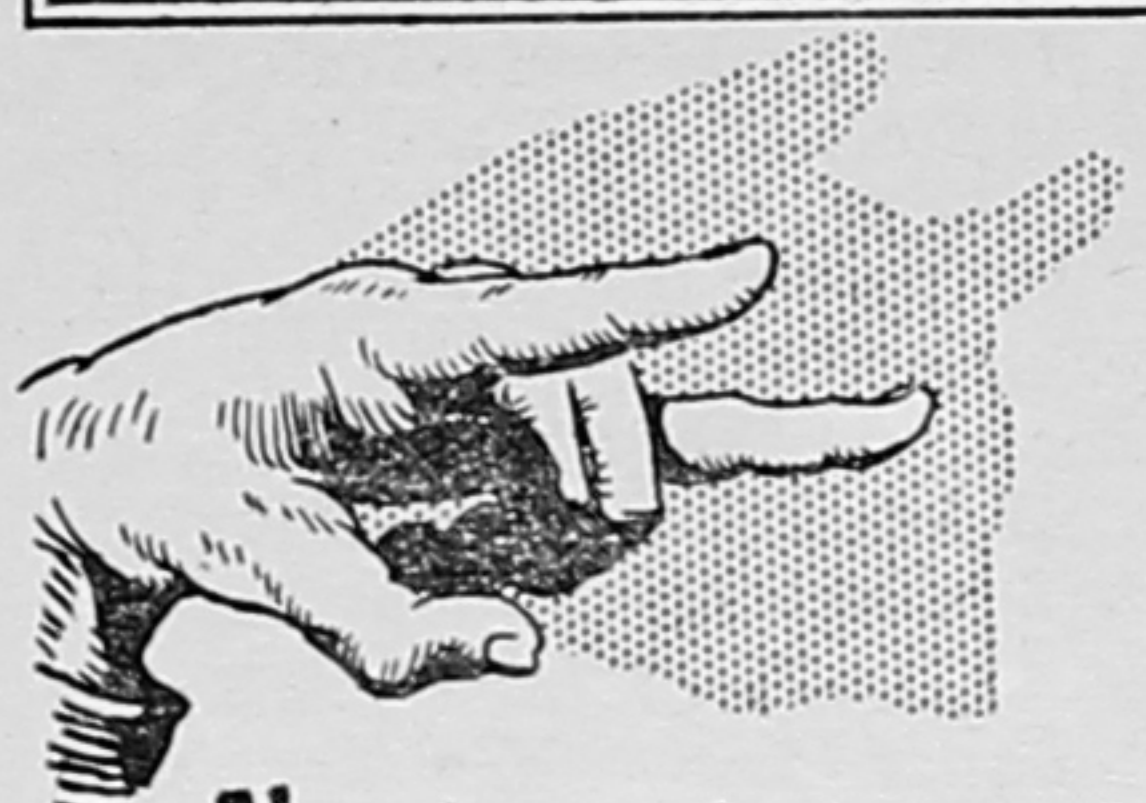
COUNT A HUNDRED STARS WITHOUT REPETITION AND YOU WILL FIND SOMETHING LOST.

BOATMEN IN CANTON SAY THAT YOU SHOULD NOT PUT YOUR SHOES ON THE DECK BOTTOM UPWARD FOR IF YOU DO THE BOAT WILL CAPSIZE.

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STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS

By **Edwin Finch**



IN ITALY, TO RENDER VOID THE SINISTER GLANCE OF A WITCH, JUST FLEX THE TWO MIDDLE FINGERS AND EXTEND THE OUTER ONES IN IMITATION OF HORNS AND POINT THE HAND IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OFFENSIVE ONE



IF A SCOTCH FISHERMAN INDULGES IN PROFANITY, HIS ASSOCIATES IMMEDIATELY TOUCH A PIECE OF IRON TO WARD OFF THE MISFORTUNE THAT WOULD OTHERWISE FOLLOW THEM THROUGHOUT THE DAY

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Border war flames!
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Adm. 10c-20c

Sun., Mon., & Tues.,
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A Girl - A Guy and A Gob

George Murphy, Lucille Ball, Edmond O'Brien
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Adm. 10c & 20c

Wed., Thur., June 18-19

Double Feature

Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn

The Devil & Miss Jones

John Hubbard

Murder Among Friends

Information Please, & News

Adm. 10c-20c

The New Gem

Villa Grove - Illinois

Thur., Fri., June 12 - 13

POT O' GOLD

Starring James Stewart, Paulette Goddard, Horace Heidt & Orchestra.

Saturday, June 14

Screen Test Nite---\$10

Double Feature

Lulabelle and Scotty

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Also

Bob Crosby - Ruth Terry

ROOKIES ON PARADE

Matinee 15c-5c; Nite 20c-10c

Sun., Mon., June 15-16

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John Payne

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Tues., Wed., June 17-18

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Dick Powell - Joan Blondell

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VACUUM-POWER SHIFT AT 60 M.P.H. (EXTRA COST)	YES	NO	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER WITH UNSTEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO	NO

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