



News Items of 12 Years Ago

June 5, 1931

John Bahlow and family attended memorial services at Altamont.

Members of the G. T. Club held their annual luncheon and theater party at Champaign.

Emil Schumacher and family spent the weekend with relatives at Huntingburg, Ind.

Hugo Dewitt and Glen Doney attended a meeting and banquet of the Standard Oil Company agents at Sidell.

Henry Karlow was given a pleasant surprise when a number of friends gathered to help celebrate his 30th birthday.

20 Years Ago
June 9, 1923

Dale and Bertha Belle Snow visited relatives at Jamaica.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Parsons left for Wausaukee, Wis., for a visit in the home of their son.

Vera Bahlow, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bahlow underwent an appendicitis operation at Lakeview hospital, Danville.

Miss Anna Coolley, Broadlands, and Reuben Carlson, of Albert Lea, Minn., were married, with Rev. J. M. McKnight of Newman performing the ceremony, in the presence of about seventy guests.

Immanuel Lutheran Church P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30 A. M.—Sunday School.
10:15 A. M.—Divine Worship.
“Sermon: Seekers of the Christ.”
There are those who never seek. They may have a Bible in their own home, but they never so much as open it.

There are those who seek and never find. They may be seeking in the wrong place, or in the wrong way at the right place.

There are those who seek and ever find. “If ye continue in my Word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” John 8, 31-2.

U. B. Church Notes Dale Mumaw, Pastor.

Sunday School—10:00.
Evening Worship—8:00.

Farmers Rush Field Work Following Flood

As the waters recede from an estimated 1,300,000 acres of flooded Illinois land, the farmers are ready to rush field work whenever the ground is dry enough to work. Corn planting is the first big job, then the planting of soy beans. Crop experts agree that the weather from now on will tell the story of Illinois grain production this year, and that good crops are still possible.

The Red Cross room is open every Monday from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Nova Scotians at one time were nicknamed Bluenoses, in allusion to the effect of their bleak climate upon that part of their face.

Governor Green Designates June 8 to 14 as Flag Week

The Continental Congress approved the design of our national emblem, the Stars and Stripes, on June 14, 1777.

By official proclamation, Gov. Dwight H. Green designated June 8 to 14, the week in which this anniversary of the flag falls, as Flag Week. Terming the flag “the symbol of our American hope, our faith, our hard-won liberty,” the Governor requested that the Stars and Stripes be displayed on public buildings and at private homes throughout Illinois during the period.

Want Photos of Boys in Service

Photos of all service men from Broadlands and vicinity are wanted, to be placed in a display cabinet in the Community Building. Photos should be 5x7 inches. If you do not have a photo this size and have a negative of any size, please bring or mail it in and it will be enlarged to the above size. Please let's have them all.

Photos may be left with Ben Rayl at the Pleasure Parlor.

Allerton Boy Hurt In A 25-Foot Fall

Allerton, June 1—While climbing in the Porterfield elevator here Sunday afternoon, Jerry Cavanaugh, young son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Cavanaugh, fell about 25 feet, suffering a broken arm and possible internal injuries. He is now a patient at St. Elizabeth's hospital, Danville.

Roll of Honor

The following is a list of those who have renewed their subscriptions and new subscribers for this paper for May:

Hazel Baker, Durham, N. C.
Fred J. Mohr, Homer.
Kerna Block, Asheville, N. C.
Mrs. Dean Upp, Vincennes, Ind.

Geo. C. Rothermel, Homer.
Clifford Thomas, Willis, Mich.
Albert Nonman, Villa Grove.
Bruce Richard, Lincoln, Neb.
Albert Telling, Meredosia.
Mrs. Florence Regnier, Sidell.
Leonard Block, Alton.
Mrs. W. H. Darley, Ypsilanti, Mich.

John Fitzgerald, Newman.
Mrs. Ida Beck, Homer.
Donald Eliot, North Vernon, Ind.

Mrs. Cecile Griffith, Fairland.
L. W. Donley, Sidell.
Andrew Henson, Miami Beach, Fla.

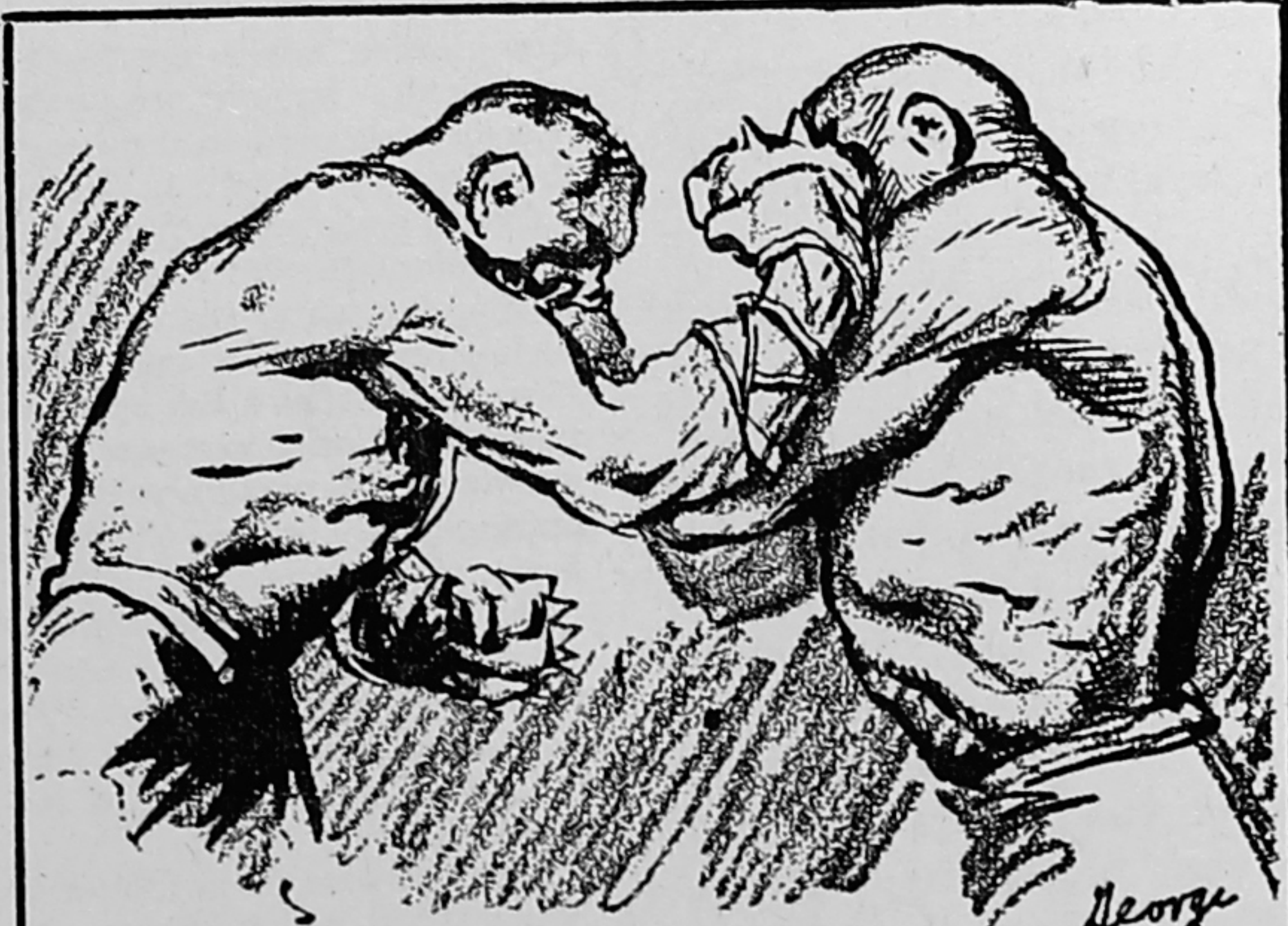
Harry Allen, Allerton.
C. A. Messman, Homer.
Mrs. Sarah Van Buskirk.
Mrs. Margaretha Kracht.
Bud Comer.
Roy Hurst.

Henry Killan Sr.
John Sailor.
Ira Laverick.
Mrs. Fuller Freeman.
Mrs. Wm. Wienke.
Alvin Zenke.
Henry Messman.
Bud Poggendorf.
Mrs. Irene Wiese,
Arch Walker.
C. T. Henson.
Henry Seider.

The first free picture show of the season at Broadlands, Saturday night was largely attended.

Oakland, Cal., was called at one time the Brooklyn of San Francisco. It is a city of homes.

NEWS FACTS by GEORGE



MOOSEJAW, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

TWO LUMBERJACKS HERE, DECIDED THAT MODERN BOXING WAS TOO 'NAMBY PAMBY'. THEY DONNED BRASS SPIKES INSTEAD OF GLOVES, THE FIGHT WAS STOPPED AFTER ONE MINUTE. ... SAID ONE OF THE COMBATANTS, 'THE ROMANS FOUGHT THAT WAY, SO WHY CAN'T WE?' IN THE BRIEF BATTLE, BOTH MEN SUFFERED SEVERE LACERATIONS ... BUT IT WAS ALL IN THE SPIRIT OF CLEAN SPORT!

Local and Personal

Miss Anna Clem of Decatur spent the weekend here with relatives and friends.

Pvt. and Mrs. J. P. Rayl visited relatives in Danville, Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Thode are parents of a son born on Friday, May 28. This is their fifth child, all being boys.

Miss Dorothea Stuebe of Normal spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stuebe.

Miss Mary Frances Temple of Bushnell arrived last Friday for her annual visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Messman.

Pvt. J. P. Rayl left Sunday for Fort Story, Va., after a 10 day furlough here with his wife and other relatives.

Local unit of the W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. Ella Maxwell, Tuesday afternoon, June 8, at 2 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Shackle of Chicago visited in the Oscar Gallion home Monday. Mrs. Shackle is a sister to Mrs. Gallion.

All services will be dispensed with at the local Methodist church, this Sunday, June 6, due to the fact that the church is being redecorated.

Misses Lois Zantow and Frances Huitt of Normal spent the weekend in the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Zantow.

Mrs. Eva Walker will be hostess to the Woman's Society of Christian Service, on Thursday, June 10. Mrs. Bertha Cook will be assistant hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Comer and children spent the weekend with friends at Decatur. They also visited Mrs. Roy Bowers and son at Murdock while enroute home Sunday evening.

A pot luck supper and farewell will be held in the Methodist church Friday evening, June 11, in honor of Rev. James Ferris. Everyone is invited. Please bring table service.

Members of the W. S. C. S. are kindly requested to meet at the church on Wednesday morning, June 9, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of cleaning the church. Please bring lunch, and also rags.

Broadlands Lodge, A. F. & A. M., conferred the Master Mason's degree upon two candidates, on Friday night of last week. Junior Warden Honce Mohr served refreshments.

There were about 60 in attendance.

Rev. and Mrs. D. D. Mumaw and daughter, Shirley Anne, attended the funeral of Mrs. G. W. Bonebrake at Decatur, Wednesday. Mrs. Bonebrake was the wife of the Superintendent of the Illinois Conference of the United Brethren Church.

Miss Leone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bergfeld, will receive her B. S. degree from the college of education, U. of I., at the 72nd annual commencement to be held Monday, June 7. The exercises will be held at 9:30 a. m. in the George Huff Gymnasium.

Mrs. Helen Neff, who had been visiting relatives and friends here and at Danville for ten days, returned to her home at Providence, Ky., last Friday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Glen Carleton who is visiting her parents at Nebo.

While here Mrs. Neff received word of her husband's promotion from Lieutenant to Captain.

The Kearns-Gerike Vows Announced

Villa Grove—Herschel Kearns and Minnie Gerike, both of Villa Grove, were married at 8 o'clock Saturday night, May 22, in the home of Rev. J. R. McBride at Newman. They have gone to housekeeping in their newly furnished home at Fairland.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

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

Harold O. Anderson, W. M.
Carl B. Dicks, Sec.

Roy Hurst, successor to Earl K. Eckerty, places an ad in this issue.

Mrs. John Rothermel, Sr., Is Hostess to Ladies' Aid

On Thursday afternoon, May 28, the Lutheran Ladies' Aid met in the church basement, with Mrs. John Rothermel, Sr., as hostess.

Twenty-six members responded to roll call. The afternoon was spent in quilting and in cutting and sewing quilt blocks.

Refreshments consisting of pressed chicken sandwiches, radishes, pickles, ice cream topped with strawberries, wafers and coffee, were served.

Guests were Misses Mildred Messman, Evelyn Seider, Florence, Hilda and Alice Rothermel, Emma and Bertha Seider, Elvera Biesterfeld, Mrs. Margaret Koehn, Mrs. Andrew Krabbe, Mrs. Marie Kresin and Miss Rose Rothermel.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Carl Schweineke as hostess.

Letters To The Editor

Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida, May 24.

Hello Joe—Monday afternoon and it's really raining. I have never seen it rain as hard as it has down here the past week. One nice thing, when it rains down here it never gets muddy. I hear that you are having quite a bit of rain. It sure will throw the farmers behind with their crops.

Most generally when it rains it cools off a little, but here in Florida it seems to get hotter. Sunday was the hottest day we've had yet. It is as hot here now as it gets in Illinois in the summer time.

I am still with the Service Det. and I like it fine. I am operating a gas station now. We really put out the gas in a day.

Well Joe, there isn't much to write about so I'll close, and hope it quits raining.

Lawrence Sy.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Joe—My Company has moved down here now and I don't like it at all. The weather in Spokane was nice and cool, but here it is hot. It has been around 100 to 110 degrees here the last few days and that sun sure comes down. I have sunburned my nose and ears to where they are peeling off.

We are going to finish our school then we will be sent to a Bomb Group for our last bit of training. I have two weeks of school yet, then I'm done. I expect that they will ship us out fast, as we are cramped a little for barracks room. There are 136 men in my Co. at the present time and all in one barrack. When we came into this Base they tried to push us around like new men but we all hung together and they soon found out that we knew a little about the Army life. We have our officers and everything and they tried to put us under another Co. We were all together at chow one night when their 1st Sgt. tried to tell us what to do, and if he hadn't left in a hurry there would have been a good free for all.

I think I'll sign off for now as I am going to town this afternoon and have to shave and clean up.

Tell everybody "hello" and "Keep 'em Flying."

Skeets Thode.

Remember Pearl Harbor!

Gene Huskisson, 17, Dies at Great Lakes

Taken ill before he had completed a month's service in the navy Eugene Huskisson, 17-year-old youth, died at 12:30 a. m., Tuesday, at the Great Lakes naval hospital.

His death was attributed to a complication of diseases following two months hospitalization. He was taken ill on March 23, two weeks after he began training in the navy.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Huskisson, the youth formerly was employed in Pitcher Bros. store, Champaign, until he enlisted March 8, 1943, at Great Lakes. He had spent most of his life in Sidell where he graduated from grade school and attended high school.

Just 17 years old, he was born June 18, 1925. A brother, also in the navy, was killed in December, 1941, at Jacksonville, Fla., when he was struck by a car during a blackout.

He is survived by his parents, six sisters, Mary, Gladys Annabelle and Rosalie, all of Champaign; Martha, Danville; and Joyce, Broadlands; two brothers, Harry, Champaign; and Junior, Chrisman.

U. B. Ladies' Aid Meets With Mrs. Thelma Clem

The U. B. Ladies' Aid met in the home of Mrs. Thelma Clem, Wednesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened by Mrs. Zermah Witt, who also had charge of devotions. President Mrs. Jessie Archer conducted the business meeting. This Thursday afternoon and Tuesday afternoon of next week were set for Aid members to quilt at the home of Mrs. Jessie Bergfeld. Members are asked to come either one or both afternoons if possible.

Refreshments of home made ice cream, cookies and coffee, were served.

Rev. and Mrs. Dale Mumaw were guests.

Members present were Mesdames Anna Gerike, Leona Bergfeld, Belle Smith, Olive Rayl, Olive Benefiel, Lydia Brown, Zermah Witt, Jessie Archer, Jessie Bergfeld, Lillie Bowman, Jennie Nohren, Thelma Clem.
Mrs. Anna Gerike will have the Aid in July.

Alene Crouse and Robert Hopkins Wed

Longview—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Crouse of Fairland announce the marriage of their daughter, Alene to Robert Hopkins, Longview, son of C. E. Hopkins of Villa Grove.

Rev. H. L. Stucky, of St. Charles, Mo., read the vows. The bride wore a street length dress of navy blue with white accessories.

Mrs. Hopkins attended Fairland grade school and is a graduate of the Villa Grove high school. Mr. Hopkins attended Longview high school and made his home with his aunt, Mrs. Mary Spry.

Market Report

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

No. 2 soy beans\$1.66
No. 2 hard wheat 1.38
No. 2 white corn, new 1.12
No. 2 yellow corn, new97
No. 2 oats63

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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The So-Called Conquered

Retribution for some of the war guilty is not waiting the end of the war. Their victims are already dealing with them as they deserve. By way of the underground has come word that the fate of Hangman Heydrich in Czechoslovakia has been duplicated in the case of his counterpart in Poland, Gen. Wilhelm Krueger, chief of gestapo there and organizer of the terror campaign against the Poles. Three patriots disguised in Nazi uniforms, says the story, machine gunned him as he stepped from his carriage in front of his Cracow house; then they escaped. Reputedly marked for the same fate are others of the German secret police in Poland.

It is easy to say that this Polish "directorship of resistance" accomplishes little by these acts now except to make even more difficult the lot of the conquered people, perhaps forfeiting the lives of many to Nazi reprisals; that uprisings should wait the more propitious hour when the fall of the Axis is nigh and circumstances are most favorable for the occupied countries to throw into the balance whatever force they can muster. But the lot of the Poles cannot in any case be much worse than it was under Krueger, to whom is attributed the planning and direction of the mass arrests, deportations and executions without a trial which numberless thousands of them have already suffered. The horrors even for those who escape these fates have not been much less and the limits of human endurance are understandable.

A tortured people may suffer only so much before its resentment explodes, however hopelessly at present, against the torturer. The third anniversary of the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands sees the conqueror purportedly compelled to declare a state of siege in occupied Holland because of "unrest" which has assumed a dangerous and intolerable form. Perhaps now it is futile, as the Nazi-controlled Netherlands radio is quoted as broadcasting for the Dutch to "fight themselves to death in the fire of the German machine guns." But the love of freedom which brings rebellion at whatever risk against an oppressor's outrages flames ever the brighter despite his worst. We cannot but admire it, however rashly timed, nor fail to see the more clearly by its light the ultimate triumph over the tyrant.

Death of Edsel Ford

In the death of Edsel Bryant Ford at the age of 49 the nation has lost one of its leading industrial figures at an age when he was at the peak of his usefulness to the nation and to the great company of which he was president.

He was a man of much energy and ability, who modestly carried on his important work while shunning personal publicity. Aside from his activities as a manufacturer of motor vehicles and later of war equipment, Mr. Ford's principal interests were his family and various philanthropic enterprises. He was the president of the Detroit Institute of Arts.

Born in Detroit on November

6, 1893, several years before his father, Henry Ford, became nationally prominent, Edsel Ford's formal education ended at the college preparatory school of Detroit University. He did not attend college, but early became associated with his father in automobile manufacturing. He married Eleanor Clay in 1916, and to them four children were born—Henry II, Benson, Josephine and William. The three sons are in the armed forces.

Edsel Ford was 10 years old when his father organized the Ford Motor Company in 1903, which became the largest manufacturer of automobiles in the world, employing more than 100,000 persons. It is regrettable that he did not live to continue as president of this great enterprise. Henry Ford will be 80 years old on July 30 of this year, and the active management of the industrial empire which he founded must soon inevitably pass into other hands.

The death of Edsel Ford in the prime of life is a distinct loss to his country.

Sidelights

Placing a quarter on the stamp window counter at the Aberdeen, Wis., postoffice recently, a woman said: "Please give me three red meat stamps and a couple of blue ones." The stamp clerk explained that he was out, too.

The mile-long roadway over Coulee Dam, the world's largest, has been closed to civilian use since Pearl Harbor. A heavy guard has been serving on the dam and with watchful eye has kept everyone at a proper distance. But recently the heavily padlocked gates swung open and all the armed guards stepped aside—as 5,000 sheep, enroute to summer pastures, were driven across the dam. The sheep had priority it appears.

We wonder how many more there are at home like the crew of the German U-boat which gave itself up to the commander of a British destroyer in the South Atlantic a few days ago and "sabotaged the machines because they did not want to return to Germany." The report from Rio de Janeiro stated that "various members of the crew, including the commander, stated that after the disaster suffered by the Afrika Korps, there no longer was any reason to continue the war." We agree—but when will Adolph realize it!

We have often wondered if most women ever take an inventory of the hundreds of items carried in their large hand-bags. Often, we are certain, things come to light that they do not know are there and such was the case of a woman shopper in a Macon, Ga., store one day recently. When she prepared to pay for her purchase and opened her purse—she turned pale and let go a scream that might have been heard for blocks. Other shoppers stared as they saw the frightened woman turn her purse upside down and shake it violently. Out dropped a myriad of items—plus a mouse.

Army "lingo" is difficult for most ordinary citizens to understand and is especially hard on mothers. Pvt. Wallace Schultz, stationed at Huntsville, Texas, learned that he should have given his mother, who lives in Milwaukee, Wis., a little lesson in soldier's slang before he wrote he had received his dog tags and requested her to send him a dog chain. He meant of course that he had received his identification tags and needed a necklace on which to wear them. Mrs. Schultz was pleased with the opportunity to grant her son's wish and immediately sent him a six foot dog chain. In her letter she inquired about the dog's

breed and where he got it.

"There'll Be a Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight" was the play being rehearsed by the Catholic Guild players in Richmond, Va., recently and never was a title more appropriate. The players were so busy preparing for the presentation of the show that they failed to notice smoke spreading through the hall until it was too late to leave by the stairs. Firemen arrived and directed them down the fire escape, after which the cast watched as the firefighters battled the blaze that enveloped the building. Truly the old town was heated up.

Much stock was lost in the lowlands around Beardstown, on account of flood waters recently. During the search for stock marooned at various points along the river, five men spied a horse on the opposite side and set out in an outboard motorboat to rescue the animal. As they approached, the horse swam away. After two hours they overtook the animal. Then their troubles began. When they rowed, the horse was too fast for them, and when they used motor power, the boat was too fast for the swimming horse. Finally Robert C. Sparks, one of the rescuers, solved the problem. He grabbed the horse's tail and let the animal tow boat, men and all to safety.

Do You Know Illinois?

By Edward J. Hughes
Secretary of State

Q. How many types of school districts are there in Illinois?

A. Nine.

Q. What are these types?

A. The common school district; the unit district; the consolidated; the community district; the township high school; the community high school; the consolidated high school; the special charter; the non-high school.

Q. Under what law are the common school districts formed?

A. The provisions of the original common school law.

Q. How many of these common school districts employ only one teacher?

A. Approximately 9,500.

Q. What is the unit district?

A. A common school district which conducts school for grades one to twelve inclusive.

Q. How many unit districts are there in Illinois?

A. About 100.

Q. What is a consolidated common school district?

A. Such districts were formed by agreement among the voters of adjacent common school districts to combine into one district for the purpose of conducting school.

Q. How are the consolidated common school districts governed?

A. An elected board governs.

Q. What is a community consolidated district?

A. The community consolidated district is formed by the approval of the citizens voting as a whole rather than by individual districts, except when the proposed district contained a city, village, or incorporated town. In that case majorities of those voting within a city, village or town and those voting outside them shall be considered separately.

Q. What is the governing board of a community consolidated school?

A. A board of education consisting of six members and a president.

If the home front fails the battle front, the battle front will come to the home front. Think it over.

Roy Hurst, successor to Earl K. Eckerty, places an ad in this issue.



THIN THE GARDEN ROW

One of the best ways to thin the Victory Garden row is not to plant seeds too thickly! Sounds like a paradox, but it comes from experienced seedsmen in the largest seed firm in the world.

Carrot seeds are very small, and it is sometimes difficult to sow thinly enough so that the young plants do not crowd each other. In that case, according to Ferry-Morse Seed Co. specialists, thin them to stand about one inch apart, grasping each plant near the base and pulling gently so that the tops will not break off.

Unless they come up extremely thick, young radishes and green onions can be thinned by using them. The shape of the roots will be better, however, if the plants stand about an inch apart while still very small.

Many persons do not know that each lumpy little pellet known as a "beet seed" is often two to four seeds and may produce more than one plant. For that reason they should be sown at least 1 1/2 to 2 inches apart. When the plants are four to five inches tall, every other one can be pulled for greens. If this is done at intervals, while tops and roots are small, space will gradually be left for some of the roots to reach good size.

Sowing leaf lettuce seed sparsely all ways helps to eliminate the extra work of thinning the plants later. Even when fairly thick, some gardeners prefer to cut the larger, outer leaves instead of thinning, leaving the inner ones to grow. If you desire to use each lettuce plant intact, thin to about two inches apart when small. Then as they become big enough to use, pull up alternate plants leaving the others to grow.

Bush beans should be planted two to four inches apart, and just enough seedlings removed from the row so that the remaining ones stand four to five inches apart. Beans usually produce more prolifically when the plants do not crowd each other.

Early turnips do better and grow more speedily to table size if they are each given three or four inches in which to spread. It is important to help turnips grow to eating size quickly.

Shells on Mountains
Clue to Earth's Story

There was a time when people knew very little about rocks and mountains. They wandered across hills and valleys, but could not explain the history of the land.

Shells found on mountain tops made men wonder about changes in the past. "How could shells of sea animals have reached layers of rock thousands of feet above sea level?" they asked.

Leonardo da Vinci, who lived in the time of Columbus, put that question before the world. He said the shells must mean that the earth's surface had changed greatly through the ages.

As time went on, study proved that the shells were "real," that they surely must have covered animals which had lived long before. Such proofs led to statements like this:

"Yes, the shells are real, but they must have been left on mountain tops at the time of Noah's flood."

There were many who held that view, and more than two centuries passed before it was given up. The only thing which brought men to agree with the words of Leonardo was the slow, careful work of scientists. The scientists found facts which at last made it clear that the earth's surface has been changing through the ages.

What You Buy With
WAR BONDS

Women at War today are saving for Women at Peace when the War is won. They are buying War Bonds as thrifty housewives, saving to buy those handy, convenient and necessary electrical appliances when their Bonds mature.



Women know that money saved now will help win the peace, putting their mehforks to work in our domestic factories when the war is over. They know purchase of War Bonds today will help their family and the whole country tide over the readjustment period from War to Peace.

U. S. Treasury Department

Gaining Maximum Yield
From Peas, Beans, Lupins

Peas, beans and lupins belong to a family of plants known botanically as legumes.

They have the unusual attribute of taking nitrogen from the air and secreting it in the roots in little bumps easily seen when the plant is pulled up.

These are usually referred to as nodules.

A special form of bacteria performs the work for the legumes of taking the nitrogen from the air.

In some soils these bacteria are absent or deficient and it is necessary to inoculate it with a culture containing it. To accomplish this the seed is treated before sowing.

To gain the maximum yield from peas, beans and other legumes, particularly in large plantings, the seed may be inoculated with nitrogen culture now commercially available and sold by all seed houses, the cans containing complete direction for its use.

The various legumes require different cultures, clovers and alfalfa being legumes as well as peas and beans.

It would be an interesting experiment for the home gardener to plant a row of inoculated peas and beans and another row which has not had the nitrogen inoculation and note the difference in the vigor and growth of the two rows.

Tree Rings

Dr. Andrew Ellicott Douglass, University of Arizona astronomer, is the founder of the Twentieth century science of "dendrochronology"—telling time (in years) by means of tree rings. The thickness of the annual growth rings in trees is proportional to the year's rainfall. Thus the rings fall in patterns corresponding to the varying rainfall supplies during the life span of the tree. By matching patterns from logs of recent date to successively older and older specimens, Dr. Douglass carried a continuous record back several hundred years. Examining logs in the ruins of Indian pueblos built before Columbus, he was able to tell the exact year when the wood was cut.

Recently Dr. Douglass announced that his rainfall calendar had been carried back to the lifetime of Christ, specifically to the year 11 A. D.

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Cuts, Scratches, Burns

Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Pleasant to use. Combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Only 50c at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get Mosso's OIL-O-SOL today.

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If You Suffer From
CONSTIPATION!

Try This Famous British Medicinal Salts Now Being Made in U.S.A.

In a glass of hot water put one teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts and drink about half an hour before breakfast. 15 to 20 minutes later follow with your usual breakfast cup of hot coffee or tea. Usually within thirty minutes you get prompt and effective relief and should begin to feel bright and refreshed again. Be sure to follow the simple easy directions.

Now keep this up for 5 straight days—just see if you don't discover why thousands have found hot water and Kruschen Salts so beneficial in relieving that dull constipated "out-of-sorts" headachy feeling. Get Kruschen Salts today—at all drug stores.

Mix Lemon Juice
AT HOME
TO RELIEVE
RHEUMATIC PAINS

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Good news travels fast—many of the thousands of folks who now take lemon juice for rheumatic pain—have found that by adding two tablespoonfuls of Allenu to one tablespoonful of lemon juice in a glass of water, they get faster relief for the aches and pains caused by rheumatism, lumbago. It's no surprise either, for Allenu is a 15 year old formula to relieve rheumatic aches and pains. In fact—if it does not help—your money back. What could be fairer? Get Allenu today at any live druggist. Only 85 cents—Do it Now.

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Many doctors urge the regular use of douches for women who want to be refreshingly clean—for women troubled by offending odor, itching or discharge.

Some products may be harmful germicides which burn, harden and damage sensitive tissues. But NOT Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash! Instead—Pinkham's Sanative Wash is an effective "bacteriostatic" (the modern trend).

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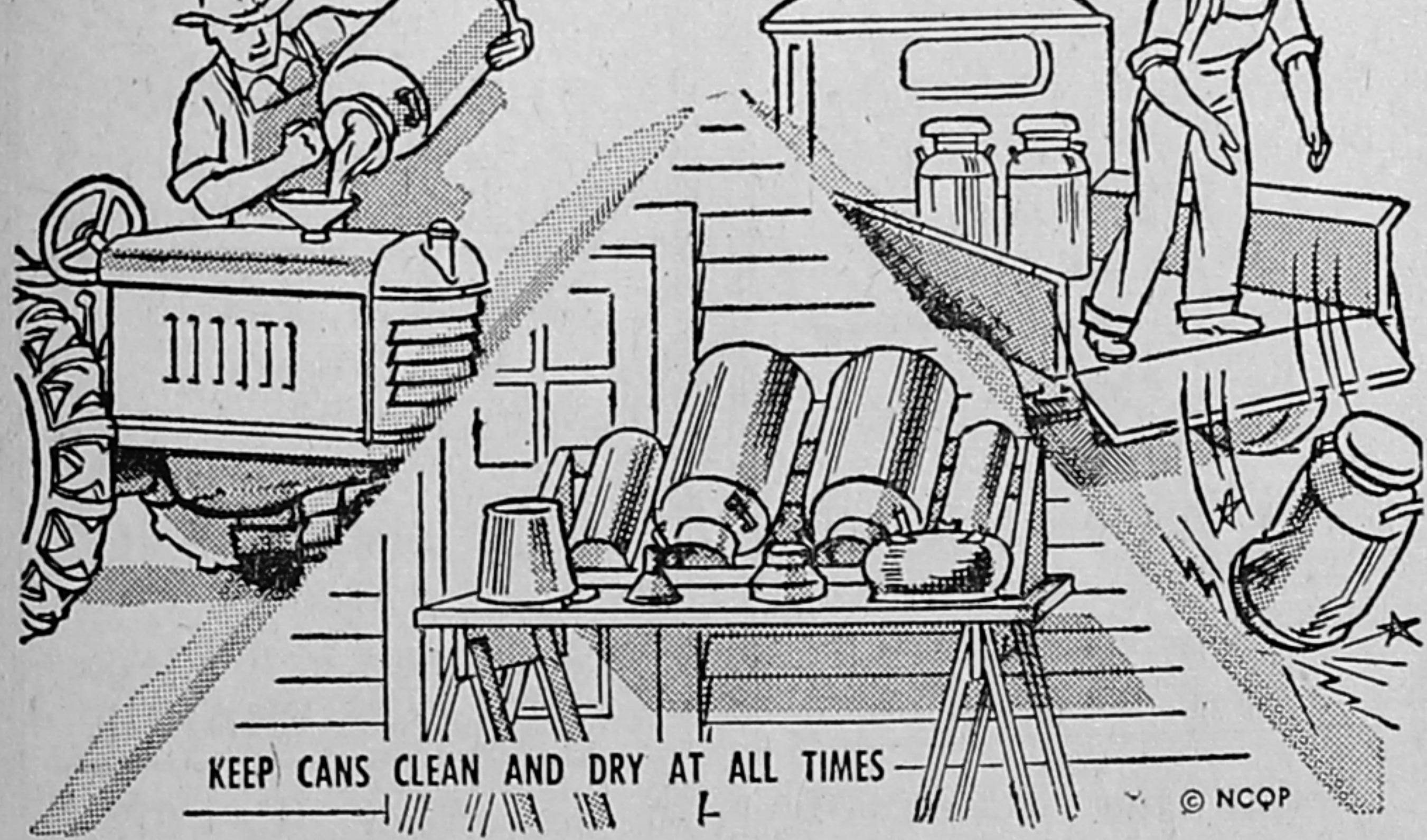
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CREAM CANS, LIKE TIRES, MUST BE CONSERVED

DO NOT USE CANS FOR ANYTHING but CREAM

GUARD CANS against dents and scratches



KEEP CANS CLEAN AND DRY AT ALL TIMES

Cream cans, like tires, are essential to the farmer in the operation of his business, and will likely be just as hard to get. The smart farmer will therefore do well to take care of the cream cans he possesses for they may be all he will have for the duration.

An obvious first step in the farmer's own conservation program along this line is to see that his cream cans are used for no other purpose than holding cream. Cans which are being used for carrying gasoline and motor oil and in other ways for which they were not intended should be thoroughly cleaned and restored immediately to their proper use.

The second step is to keep them clean and dry at all times. This will prevent their becoming rusty. Authorities recommend washing with warm water, washing powder and a brush (never a rag), and complete sterilization with either boiling hot water or a chlorine solution. Between uses the lid should be left

off and the cans placed upside down on an outdoor rack so as to allow free circulation of air.

The third step in lengthening the life and usefulness of cream cans is to guard them against being dented and scratched. Avoid bumping them. Also use the stirring rod carefully—and make sure it has no sharp edges. Scraping removes the tinning and starts rusting.

Because rust spots retain moisture and are difficult to dry, they make fertile breeding-grounds for bacteria, causing the cans to become foul-smelling and the cream kept in them to take on objectionable metallic, tallowy or fishy flavors. Cans with small spots of rust should be scoured with some good frictional material such as cement or emery powder. This process is of a temporary character and must be repeated as the rust reappears, but when the rust spots get too big, the can should be retinned. Your creamery can help you get this done.

Mountain Romance

By BARBARA BENEDICT
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

DAPHNE slipped upon a loose stone and sprained her ankle as she and David were coming down the mountain. David had picked her up gently and carried her the rest of the way to the base. He called the hotel from the camp there, asking them to send up a car. During the drive, she sat leaning against him, and once he thought she had fainted.

A doctor was called that night, and the injured ankle bandaged. David sent Daphne flowers the next morning—and that was the last she heard from him. She was surprised that he didn't visit her. She was astonished, when, on the day following, she hobbled down to the lobby and he wasn't there to greet her. The day wore on and her astonishment became wonder and, later, curiosity. She asked whether he was in his room. The clerk told her that Mr. Stearns had gone.

Checked out? Daphne stared. The clerk had exhausted his supply of information. Mr. Stearns had checked out, that was all.

Daphne was stunned, alarmed, disappointed, faintly angry. At first Daphne tried to find some logical explanation for it. She went over in her mind every detail of their association since that day they had met, a month before, on the summit of Green mountain.

That was the beginning of their friendship. David told her that he was a construction engineer. What did he like to do? Well, climb mountains for one, and swim and play tennis and take long walks and sit on lonely mountain peaks, and meditate about the universe and life and the planets.

Crazy? Well, if those things were crazy then there were two crazy people stopping at Mountain Glen. Because that's what Daphne liked. Thus did each find in the other so many things of common interest. There followed delightful, happy days of climbing and hiking, of tennis and canoeing, of whipping fast mountain streams and stalking wild game with cameras.

Days and weeks of it, each hour more enjoyable than the one preceding. Two people in a universe of wonder, watching life go by.

To Daphne it had been a glorious interlude to the humdrum existence to which she was accustomed. Something that was making a lasting impression on her memory; something she would treasure always.

And now the end had come. Sitting on the sun-drenched veranda of the Mountain Glen hotel, she went over every detail of all that had happened, tried to piece things together and arrive at a logical explanation of David's mysterious departure—and failed.

A week passed; Daphne's ankle mended. She was allowed to walk about the grounds. Frequently she looked up at the peak of Green mountain resolved that she would have to get away from it all.

And so at the end of another week, Daphne packed her things, wired for a reservation and took the early hotel bus to the tiny railroad station.

The train whistle interrupted her thoughts. She sighed deeply, turned away and picked up her bags. The great locomotive swept by and stopped, a white-coated porter descended the steps of the single Pullman car and dropped his footstool. Daphne was on the verge of swinging aboard when a pair of masculine legs came down the steps toward her, and she paused.

She waited, instinctively looking up. And then her heart turned completely over. The man was David, and he was looking at her queerly.

"Daphne, you're—of course you're not." He turned to the porter. "Here, give me those bags. Miss Cardwell is not taking this train."

"Why, of all the—" He grasped her arm and hurried her across the platform. "Save it," he snapped. "I know the answers anyhow. Besides, I've got to ask you something."

"Oh, you have! Well, why didn't you ask me two weeks ago, instead of running off so impolitely—"

"I had to run off—to summon up enough courage. You see," he stopped and faced her. "You see, I didn't have the nerve. That Platonic friendship of ours was all right, but it had its drawbacks. I just couldn't take it, I guess. After all, I'm only a man."

Daphne's heart was pounding wildly, but she said: "Whatever in the world are you talking about?"

"Just this, being a man, I fell in love with you. Well, it was a question of whether I'd better risk telling you and losing your friendship altogether, or trying to keep going as we were. Then that day you sprained your ankle and I had to carry you down the mountain and you rested against me all the way back in the automobile—"

"But I didn't sprain my ankle. That is, I didn't intend to. I meant just to twist it a little so you'd have to carry me—and then in the car I leaned against you because I thought that if I did—well, of course, being a man, you wouldn't understand those things. Men are stupid."

Far down the track the southbound tooted a farewell to Mountain Glen. It seemed to remind David of something, because he stopped staring like a speechless idiot, and took Daphne in his arms.

A New Word

By MEREDITH SCHOLL
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

APROPOS of nothing, except the fact that two young friends of his had just patched up a minor lovers' quarrel, Al Cooper told me this story the other day about Alec Blake and Elinor Chase.

They met (Al began) at a summer resort out in the Middle West. Alec had been out of college two years and was working for the telephone company. Doing pretty well at it, Elinor came from Peoria, and was staying at one of the resort hotels with her mother. She worked as a stenographer in a lawyer's office, and this was her annual vacation. She didn't have much of an ancestral background, and she hadn't had the benefit of a college education.

But even though Alec had known, it wouldn't have influenced him. For ancestral background and college education don't affect a girl's beauty or her sweet disposition. Alec met her one day when he came up to her hotel to talk with the manager about installing a new phone service. She was standing near the desk and the manager introduced them.

Alec went back to the office that morning and told his boss that if he (the boss) didn't care, he'd like to take the first week of his annual fortnight vacation then. The boss said that was O. K., and Alec stepped into a phone booth, called Elinor Chase and asked her how she'd like to go swimming.

They spent the rest of the day in the hotel pool, and that night Alec took Elinor and her mother to dinner. Later on he invited the girl to accompany him to a dance.

Alec's friends were all college folks and congenial. They liked Elinor immediately and adopted her. During the remainder of the week she was with them nightly.

Don was a member of Alec's crowd. He had displayed an unusual amount of interest in Elinor after the first meeting. He did his best to promote himself in her eyes, and didn't lose hope even when Elinor indicated plainly her preference for Alec.

It would seem, on the face of it, that Elinor's attitude in the matter should have convinced Alec that he was the shining star in the scope of the young lady's vision. But when a man is in love, and when he knows another man is interested in the girl of his choice, he is apt to exercise his imagination. Logic informed him that Elinor didn't care two hoots in Purgatory for Donald Moore, yet Don was so persistent with his attentions that Alec's mind would have been set more at ease if Elinor told the rival that he was through.

Alec schemed to bring this about. He waited until the last day of his vacation. The crowd with whom he and Elinor had been associating all week had planned a picnic at a nearby lake, and Alec saw to it that Donald Moore had an opportunity to be alone with Elinor on several occasions. He wanted Don to ask her to go out with him that night, wanted to give Elinor a chance to refuse, even though he, Alec had expressed no desire to be with her. Later, assuming the attitude of one who took it for granted that they were to be together, he'd ask her himself.

Surreptitiously watching the pair throughout the afternoon, Alec felt pretty sure that Donald had presented a proposition to Elinor for the evening.

He had planned to ask Elinor on that last night to drive with him alone in the country.

And so when at last they were on their way back to the hotel Alec, who with Elinor and four others were occupying a sedan, turned to her and said, "Are you going to be available tonight, my dear?"

For a moment Elinor hesitated, glancing toward the front seat where sat Donald Moore. Then she smiled and shook her head. "No, Alec," she said, "I'm not."

Alec knew instantly that those vague doubts which were provoked by Don Moore's interest in Elinor hadn't been real at all. Up until this very moment he hadn't suspected even remotely but what the girl loved him quite as much as he loved her, and that no one else mattered.

Alec's lips set rather grimly and he turned away. Throughout the remainder of the drive, he tried to be gay and light hearted, but he couldn't.

And Elinor seemed to sense how he felt. There was a strange look in her own eyes, a sort of pitying look.

The drive ended. Alec walked up to the hotel door with Elinor, said good-by briefly and without looking at her, turned away. It seemed in that moment that he was leaving behind everything in life worth having and living for.

Al Cooper paused in the telling of his tale and chuckled heartily. I looked at him, frowning. "So that ended it, eh? Alec never did get over the fact."

Al ceased his chuckling. "He didn't have to," he said. "For later on that night Elinor called Alec on the phone and asked him over. You see, after Elinor got back to her hotel, a very startling and enlightening thought occurred to her. She leaped to her feet and rushed down to the desk clerk and asked for a dictionary. He gave it to her and she looked up the word 'available!'"

Time Tables
C. & E. I.

Northbound	12:48 a. m.
Southbound	1:19 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	7:15 a. m.
Northbound	8:30 a. m.

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Shoe Shine.....10c

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The Clue

By CARLTON JAMES
Associated Newspapers.
WNU Features.

"LISTEN," I says, pulling the cork out of the bottle and emptying its contents into my hand, "I got a hunch this Lolita Ramon dame wouldn't go bump herself off, see? I got a hunch she was murdered, see?"

"You got ants up your chimney," says Sarge. "She was on the toboggan down at the Paradise and she took the back door out. Else why would she have that bottle of poison tablets around?"

"Listen," I says, "I know poison, see; and these here pellets got enough strychnine in 'em to knock any dame for a row of ballet dancers the minute they hit her insides."

"So what?" says the Sarge.

"So let's go talk to someone," I says.

So we rounded up the landlady. "Sure," she says, "Miss Ramon had visitors. There was Lupe Pablo and there was Pedro Falcon."

"Did they come together?" I says.

"They did," says the landlady. "But they didn't leave together. Pedro left first, and Lupe about an hour later."

"Oh, I see," I says. So I turns to Sarge and goes on: "Sarge," I says, "you go down to headquarters and have these pellets analyzed and see if they ain't got the blast in 'em I think."

So the Sarge goes off with the pellets, looking disgusted, and I goes down to the taxi stand where this Pedro is sitting reading a newspaper.

"Listen," I says, flashing my shield, "whatcha do it for, huh? Come on," I says, "the jig's up and stuff. Break down and let me have it straight and I'll see what I can do."

Pedro folds up his newspaper careful-like and gives me the eye. "Copper," he says, "what's your name and number? I want to report you for bad manners."

"Oh, wise guy!" I says, "Well, get this punk—"

"Pardon me," says Pedro, "there's a mug over there looks like he wants a cab. I'll see you later, maybe."

So he drives away and I goes over to where Lupe Pablo lives.

"All right, baby," I says, "you look smart. What's the sense of stalling?"

"About what?" she says.

"Lolita Ramon," says I.

"Oh!" says Lupe.

"Aha!" says I. "Well, why did you do it? Jealous, eh? Jealous over that Pedro mug?"

"Is she dead?" Lupe cried. "Oh, my goodness! Did she do it? She talked about it all the time after Pedro left. I—I—she promised me before I left that she wouldn't!"

"She lived long enough," I says, "to tell you you slipped a tablet into her coffee mug."

Lupe laughs, sort of hysterical, "Oh, you poor sap!" she says. "Stop drooling at the mouth. Oh, why, why did she do it?"

So I calls up the taxi company and tells 'em to send Pedro around with his cab, and by the time Pedro gets there Lupe has got hold of herself and we go down and get into the cab.

"It's Lolita," Lupe tells him, busting out sobbing again.

Pedro don't say a word, but drives over to Lolita's rooming-house, like I tell him. When we get there we find Sarge with the disgusted look still on his face.

"Well," I says, "how about them pellets?"

"They're dynamite," says Sarge. "Fer once you was right. She woulda gone out the minute one of 'em hit her tongue."

"Ha!" says I. "You can go, Falcon." I says swinging on Pedro. "This lets you out."

"You dumbhead!" says Pedro. "Did you think I'd kill a girl I was in love with?"

"Well, why not?" I says. "This here dame," I says, pointing to Lupe, "woulda killed a guy she was in love with, rather than let some other dame have him. But she decided to kill Lolita instead."

Lupe looked up from the couch where she was having a fine time bawling into her handkerchief. "You're crazier than I thought, copper. Lolita was my best friend."

"And besides," says Pedro, looking at me coldly, "you're talking in bunches. Try and say something that sounds sensible."

"Listen," I says, "you get to hell out of here before I find an excuse for roping you into it, too."

"Don't be a sucker, feller," Sarge says to Pedro. "Scram!" So Pedro got out, and Sarge says to me: "Maybe the guy was right, at that. What are you talking about, anyway?"

"I'm telling you," I says, "that this here dame slipped a pellet into Lolita's coffee mug. For one thing, she didn't act scared when I told her Lolita lived long enough to spill the works. Why? Because she knew them pellets was dynamite and that Lolita couldn't live long to spill the works."

Lupe stopped bawling and looked at me. Sarge said: "Is that all?"

"Nope," I says, "that ain't all. If them pellets was as powerful as they says down at headquarters, Lolita couldn't have lived long enough to put the cork back in the bottle, after taking one which is what the dame here wanted us to think—grab her."

Sally's Scribblings

Another Memorial Day has come and gone. None of us can remember the first Memorial, or Decoration Day. It originated during the Civil War or shortly thereafter, when Southern women went about among the newly-made graves strewing flowers. They made no distinction between the mounds of their own dead and that of their enemies, the Northern soldiers, who lay there side by side.

Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment day,
Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray.

For many years Memorial Day meant to us the time when we gave special honor to the veterans of the Civil War. Later came the Spanish American soldiers, and those of the First World War, into the picture. Then almost before we could realize it our nation was being hurled into a Second World War, the most gigantic and devastating ever to take place in the world.

Other years, this day has brought with it a tender, but remote sadness. It all seemed so removed, so far away. But on May 30th, 1942, we were going through agony almost unbearable. We had seen our own boys leaving for unknown lands; for unknown dangers and suffering, that we for the first time could not share. But then, we said it would be terrible, but it would not be long. Another May it would all be over and, please God our boys would be safe home again.

But now we are saying nothing. We know we will win in the end. But that end is not in sight. Long, heart-breaking days stretch ahead of us. We have no heart for anything. We can think only of our boys somewhere in the hell men call war. We move about like automatons. We mark time. And our weary hearts wonder what will another Memorial Day bring.

Long View News

The George Apgar family spent Memorial Day at Dahlgren.

Mrs. Emma Carleton was called to Marshall last week by the death of her mother.

Maurice Keefe, of Indianapolis, was inducted into the army recently and was sent to Ft. Hayes.

Mrs. Henry Turner and children of Elliott are visiting Mrs. Margaret Smith.

Mrs. Helen Fansler and Mrs. J. C. Deere attended the Sidney Woman's Club meeting, Tuesday.

Miss Mary Lou Oye spent the weekend with her grandfather Oye at Tuscola.

Mrs. Charles Dyar entertained the Happy Hour Sewing Club on Wednesday of last week.

The Stewart family have moved from the Broadlands vicinity to the Roy Hurst property.

Miss Frances Martinie, Indianapolis, and C. G. Martinie, Muncie, Ind., spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. Ovanda Martinie.

Mrs. Laura Hanley of Gibson City spent Memorial Day here. Rev. Hanley came Tuesday and they returned home Wednesday.

Three courses were served at the annual luncheon of Friends' Society, Wednesday. Mrs. Olive McQueen was hostess.

The Sew and So club met last Thursday with Mrs. Loretta McCoy. Delicious refreshments were served. Next meeting will be with Mrs. Fannie Churchill.

Mrs. J. C. Deere entertained at a waffle supper Wednesday evening of last week. Guests were the M. A. Buddemeier family, Mrs. Jennie Race, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Smith and Winston Churchill.

War Programs Will Not Close Univ. of Illinois

WMC Urges Young Men—'Get As Much Education As Possible.'



Pres. A.C. Willard

The Army and Navy programs to utilize colleges and universities for training specialized personnel do not mean the end of the present educational system at the University of Illinois, President Arthur Cuts Willard has emphasized.

Regardless of what use the services make of the University, the regular educational programs will be continued for men students not called to the colors and for women. New courses have been added to meet war needs, he said. Both the regular University work and the special work for the services will be carried on.

President Willard pointed out that the chairman of the War Manpower Commission has urged young men not yet called to arms to get as much education as possible.

"Students should not hesitate to begin their college training at this time," the University president said, quoting the WMC chairman as stating that "the commission is planning ahead so that there may be adequate reserves for leadership in professional and technical fields to avoid serious shortages."

President Willard said that "I have no indication that the work of women students in the University will be interrupted, and I confidently believe that they can expect to proceed with their studies. The University is giving attention to courses for those women who wish to prepare for specialized services."

"The Army and Navy training program for college age youth provides a democratic method for giving specialized training in certain fields important to our armed forces. Such training can be given more effectively on college campuses than anywhere else."

Railway Rail Breaks Halted by Results Of Illini Research

How the railroads and steel mills of the nation have spent nearly half a million dollars at the University of Illinois to settle an argument, and thereby have saved millions of dollars which would otherwise have been lost by the breaking of railroad rails in service was brought to light recently when the University received funds to continue the "rails investigation" for another year.

The funds have been available to the University since 1931 from the Association of American Railroads and the American Iron and Steel Institute to carry on this work.

Railroads and steel mills argued for 20 years over the cause of rail breakage, which by 1931 had reached a total of some 12,000 rails a year on the roads of the United States and Canada. Then they brought the problem to the University of Illinois, whose engineers in 10 years of studying the fatigue of metals already had done more in this field than any other agency.

Prof. H. F. Moore and a squad of University engineers were set on the trail of the "villain" which caused apparently sound rails to break in service. They found rail breaks started from "shatter cracks," which are minute flaws within the head of the rail.

Then they set out to test out proposed methods of preventing the microscopic flaws. They found that rails which cooled rapidly did not have them, while some rails which cooled uncontrolled in air did have.

That was in 1934. Since then 5,000,000 tons of rails have been manufactured with controlled cooling, and not a one has been reported as broken from a shatter crack. Some of these rails have been in service up to seven years without failure, and in that time locomotive weights have increased and freight train speeds almost doubled—with quadrupled force of banging upon the rail from out-of-center wheels.

With the finding and routing of the factor which caused rails to break, the University study did not end. At the request of the railroads and the steel mills it has continued, and now is giving special attention to hardening rail ends to reduce wearing away at the point where wheels pass over the joint from one rail to another. If the rail ends are too hard they crack, while those satisfactorily hardened outwear ordinary rails.

James Buchanan was the only unmarried president of the United States. President Cleveland married during his term of office.

Old Age Assistance Rolls Decreased 749 in May

During May the number of Illinois citizens receiving old age assistance decreased 749, the greatest drop in a single month since last October, when the decline began. There are now 147,637 persons on the old age assistance lists, which is 3,335 less than at the high point last fall. Wartime opportunities for elderly people to get paying jobs is regarded as the main factor in the decline.

Classified Ads.

To whom it may concern:
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Broadlands, Ill.
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(Seal) Edith Woolverton,
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Time Tables
C. & E. I.
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Southbound 1:19 p. m.
Star Mail Route
Southbound 7:15 a. m.
Northbound 8:30 a. m.

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Fri., Sat., June 4-5
Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton, Brian Donlevy—
STAND BY FOR ACTION

Sun., Mon., Tues., June 6-7-8
Tyronne Power and Maureen O'Hara in—
THE BLACK SWAN
Shown in technicolor.

Wed., Thur., June 9-10
Lionel Barrymore, Van Johnson, Susan Peters in—
DR. GILLESPIE'S NEW ASSISTANT

Fri., Sat., June 11-12
Johnny Mack Brown, Raymond Hatton in—
THE GHOST RIDER

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, 11c and 30c. Other nights, 11c-22c including federal tax

Shows Start—Midweek, 8:00; Sat. 7:00 and 9:00; Sun. Continuous 3 to 11.

Gem Theatre
Villa Grove - Illinois

Thur. & Fri., June 3-4
Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard—
REAP THE WILD WIND
Shown in technicolor
Returned at popular prices

Saturday, June 5
Double Feature
Andrews Sisters and Robert Paige—
HOW'S ABOUT IT
Also
Russell Hayden, Bob Wills
THE LONE PRAIRIE

Sun., Mon., June 6-7
Rochester, Ethel Waters
CABIN IN THE SKY

Tues., Wed., June 8-9
Jack Benny, Pricilla Lane
MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD
Also
WE ARE THE MARINES

Fri. & Sat., June 10-11
Lana Turner, Robert Young
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