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**Casual Clothes
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Spotlighted for Southern wear are the colorful rayon border prints adaptable to casual clothes. A north-of-the-border print distinguishes this simple, gathered skirt with drawing-top. Soak up the sun in play clothes which you can make, and save to buy War Bonds. Patterns at local stores. U. S. Treasury Department

Think of Solomon's plight if he had undertaken to drive with all those wives in the back seat.

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**Small Homes
Get New Help
From U. of I.**

Planners and Owners Can Get Free Non-Technical Circulars; Institutes Aided.

For everyone planning or owning a home, new services are available from the University of Illinois. A Small Homes Council has been formed. It is issuing free non-technical circulars giving information on many home problems, helping arrange and present Home Planners' Institutes in Illinois communities, and planning other activities.

It is bringing together and applying to the small home information from many years of University research in home heating, insulation, materials, landscaping, financing, lighting, and many other subjects, and from many other sources. It is planning for the possible erection of test and specimen houses, and for other new projects and services in the small home field.

The council's first seven free circulars discuss "Storm Windows," "Selecting the Home Site," "Heating the Home," "Solar Orientation," "Financing the Home," "Selecting a Livable Neighborhood," and "Designing the Home." Others to be issued soon will discuss insulation, fuel costs, chimneys and fireplaces, interiors, painting, kitchens, and landscaping.

Single copies are free to anyone writing for them, and anyone requesting it may have his name placed on the list to receive all free circulars as they are issued. They are easy to read, present facts in language understandable by anyone, and have many sketches illustrating and adding to information in the text.

The circulars also are being used in the Home Planners' Institutes being presented under local sponsorship in various parts of the state with the assistance of the University's homes council.

Local businessmen, chambers of commerce, and other organizations are presenting these institutes, consisting of a dozen public meetings held weekly or at other intervals to hear experts from the University and other places discuss problems of home building, ownership, and maintenance, and to answer questions.

Topics at these meetings include design and planning of a home, the homesite, financing, business and legal problems, construction standards, methods and materials, heating and insulation, plumbing, wiring and lighting, painting and coloring, furniture and decoration, landscaping and planting, and planning of service areas such as the kitchen and laundry.

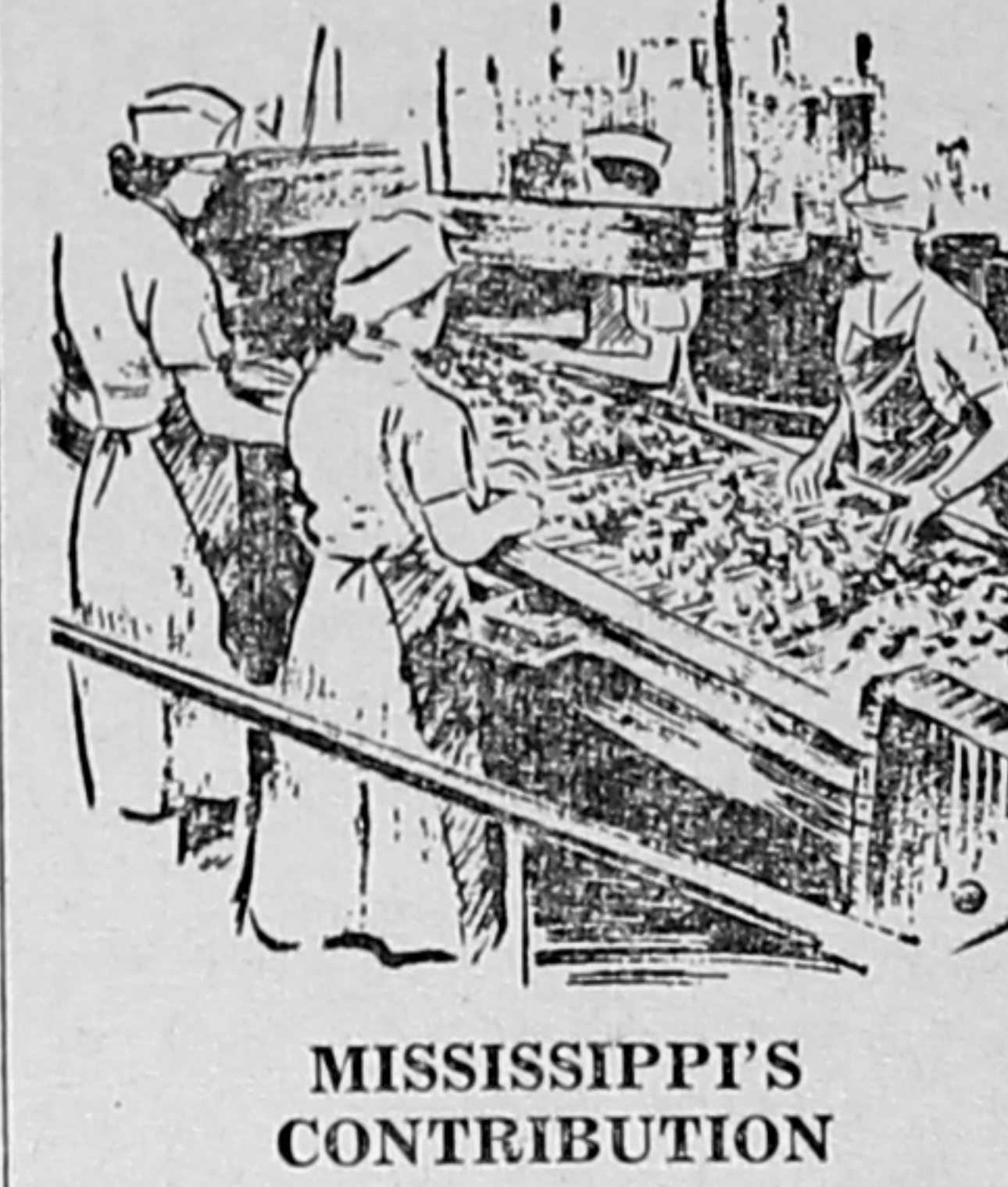
The University's Small Homes Council is providing suggested topics, lists of available speakers and literature, and other services to help these meetings bring authentic and up-to-date information to Illinois citizens before the postwar building boom begins.

Interest of the University of Illinois in homes goes back almost to the very day it opened in 1868-77 years ago—for in 1870 the University built a model farm home on its campus for the benefit and information of Illinois home builders. By coincidence, this 75-year-old house is today headquarters for the new Small Homes Council.

Check below any circulars you desire, and mail to the University:

- () Storm Windows
- () Selecting the Home Site
- () Heating the Home
- () Solar Orientation
- () Financing the Home
- () Selecting a Neighborhood
- () Designing the Home
- () Put on mailing list for all future free circulars.

**Behind
Your Bonds
Lies the Might of America**



MISSISSIPPI'S CONTRIBUTION

The U. S. Waterways Experiment Station, near Vicksburg, Miss., solves problems arising in the improvement of rivers and harbors throughout the Nation. Over 10,000 women in the state can three million quarts of food a year; a Pascagoula factory makes beach slippers from wood, and 80 per cent of the Nation's shrimp is caught and shipped there. Their contribution to the National wealth behind Savings Bonds will increase in coming years.

U. S. Treasury Department

We want your news items,

**LOOKING
AHEAD**

BY GEORGE S. BENSON
President—Harding College
Searcy, Arkansas

Frozen Hopes

Saying what a man earns, expressing it in cents per hour or dollars per year, does not tell much about the measure of prosperity he enjoys. Good living depends on so many things that change from time to time and differ from place to place. Prosperity depends, in very large part, on what people must pay for the things they need and want.

Putting the conveniences and luxuries of life in reach of a large number of people helps to build a nation's prosperity. Franklin's discovery of electricity became a great discovery when electric lights began costing less than oil lamps. The automobile became a great invention when cars were priced down where only rich people could afford to own carriage horses.

Paying for Service

Plain people pay richly for favors; plain people are so many. Names like Edison, McCormick and Ford stand for huge estates because these men did a real service for a lot of plain people. It is because they hoisted a wholesome standard of living in a free country. Thousands of men have done the same thing on a smaller scale and profited handsomely.

Actually, the thing that inspires mechanical inventors to invent, the thing that fires scientific explorers to explore, is the chance to earn from a free people the rich reward for a valuable service. Once upon a time in the United States of America men who had ideas could afford to develop them. They can't do it now. How I hope those days soon return.

Big Ideas on Sale

Edison, McCormick and Ford didn't need to hawk their ideas, neither did Bissell, Denton, Parker and O'Sullivan, but Foster Gunnison had to sell his. Gunnison's inventions came later. Do you ask, "Who is this Gunnison man?" Well, he is a great inventor, not yet famous. But, unless I miss my guess, he is America's post-war Henry Ford.

Gunnison invented a prefabricated house and worked out a plan to build it in mass production. His units were scientifically constructed, insulation built in, thoroughly modern in every detail. Individually, his house models are so different that a tourist might drive past 100 of them in a row and never guess that they were drawn by the same architect.

Alike and Different

I could talk for hours about Gunnison houses. They come in eight sizes with great variety in looks. They are far better than any house possible to build of old-line materials in any community for the same money. They have everything from bathtub to garbage grinder, economy and convenience; a poor man's palace, amortized to \$1 a day. But the inventor sold to the U. S. Steel Corporation.—Why?

He lacked capital and, under today's tax laws, never could make much profit. The giant corporation can run the project in the red and deduct early losses from war profits, most of which the government will take anyway. Unless our war-time tax laws are changed, every fertile idea in this inventive nation will have to hatch under the wing of some huge corporation that exists already.

Household Hints

Clear boiling water will remove the tea stains from table linen.

When the tip comes off a shoelace, dip it in glue, twist and let dry overnight. The end will be firm but pliable.

Before baking potatoes put them in boiling water a few minutes then drain. They will bake quicker and taste better.

Roll knitted and crocheted garments around a discarded mailing tube. This will keep them in better condition than folding.

Soak such things as greasy overalls in a good soap solution and make it easier for the washer to do its job.

Place a piece of waxed paper beneath the dresser scarf to prevent damage from spilled perfume.

A delicious way of serving prunes is to put them in a jar with left over fruit juice. When the prunes have swollen they are ready to serve.

When you cook cabbage put a handful of breadcrumbs tied in muslin into the pan. The bread will absorb the bitter juices and make it more digestible.

Stand-In for Jean

By **BLANCHE NELSON**
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

"YOU do look lovely." Julie Adams expressed her genuine admiration as her twin sister tilted her brown curly head for a last lingering appraisal in the mirror.

"Thank you," Jean smiled appreciatively. "But don't forget—you look enough like me to fool most people. If you didn't, you know, Dick wouldn't still be confused about us."

"Jean, I can't deceive him much longer," Julie said desperately. "What shall I tell him? I can't just say, 'My sister doesn't love you any more.'"

"Julie, darling, you should have thought of that two months ago—when you first went to see him in the hospital."

"But you were practically engaged to him before he crashed, and—well, I just couldn't let him think you'd let him down when he needed you most."

"I know. I told you I couldn't stand the smell of a hospital. And I can't—it nauseates me. But that wasn't the only reason. I couldn't bear the thought of spending the rest of my life with him if he would never see again."

"JEAN!"

Julie had realized for a long time that Jean had no intention of picking up where she'd left off with Lieutenant Dick Mansfield. But her heart ached with pity for him and she continued spending long hours in the



hospital with him, reading aloud or engaging in gay conversation.

He had never once complained during those long weeks of tortured waiting to know whether his sight would be restored. And she recalled the tense moment when Dr. Bradley came into his room to remove the bandages.

Julie drew the shades with cold, trembling fingers. "Do you wish me to leave, Dr. Bradley?" she asked.

"No, please don't go, darling," Dick pleaded from his pillow. "Stand at the foot of the bed where I can see you when I open my eyes."

"If he can't see," Julie vowed to herself, "I'll have to tell him somehow, but I'll spend the rest of my life at his side, seeing for him. If he can, he'll know that I've deceived him." But, dear God, she prayed silently, even if he hates me, let him see. I love him so—

Dr. Bradley lifted the bandages. "Open your eyes, Dick," he commanded softly.

Dick hesitated, as if summoning all his courage. Then slowly he did as he was told. "I—I can see you, dear," he whispered. "But—you're—just a—shadow." Julie stifled a sob.

"That's enough," Dr. Bradley spoke gently. "You'll be all right. Now close your eyes while I adjust these smoked glasses."

And now Dick was able to go for short walks in the open air with Julie guiding him. She rejoiced in his progress, but she looked forward with increasing dread to the time of discovery. "I'll tell him tonight." With her decision firmly made she went to the hospital.

"I was afraid you'd grown tired of my company," Dick smiled.

"Oh, no, Dick!" she protested with feeling. "I've enjoyed every minute of our time together."

"With your help I could walk a plowed field." He grinned. "Besides, there's a romantic moon."

"You haven't said a word all the way." Dick chided as they emerged into the hazy moonlight that bathed the beach.

"Forgive me, Dick, for being so dull," she apologized. "But—well, I've a confession to make."

"You don't need to be forgiven for that. I've one too." He slipped his arm about her waist. "Darling, you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, Dick, with all my heart, but—"

"Listen, Julie, I've loved you from the first day you set foot in the hospital."

"Then—you—did know," she whispered.

"Sure. And now that you know that I know, I can discard these." He laughed and pulled off his dark glasses.

"But, Dick! Your eyes—"

"They're O. K. Doc told me yesterday I needn't wear the glasses, but I had to be sure first, Julie, that you weren't still playing stand-in for Jean."

Julie threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, darling, I'm so happy!" she cried. "I'm going to kiss you right on the nose!"

Dust One

By ANEL C. JOHNS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Features.

THE strawberries were shipped in early. They were flat, heart-shaped. Pinkish red. The centers came out with the stem if Pattie wasn't careful.

Pattie shouldn't have bought them. But she couldn't resist. She had always brought home the first on the market since that time just after her marriage when Philip came home, smelling of gasoline. There was always hard grease on his hands and sometimes on his pug-nosed face. He stopped at the table, as always, for a preview of what was cooking and said, "Shortcake! Spring must be here. Spring, when a young man's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of love if he's married to a gorgeous dame like one Patricia."

But that had been four years ago. And strawberries always reminded her of the days Philip went away in the mornings and came back to her in the evenings. Never too tired to dance.

Pattie loved the way they moved in unison. Philip holding her a little tight, saying, "You're like the music, Baby. You make me know that, if I never have anything more, I've got everything right now. For you I clean carburetors, patch flats. Pump gas. Pour oil. There's a ritzy dame comes into the station about twice a week. She's a looker! But, Baby, you outlook her even in curlers and cold cream."

Did Philip still feel like that? That she outlooked the lookers who danced with him at the USO clubs on his week-end leaves? The lookers who worked in canteens, doing their bit for the boys? The lookers who flirted?

He was sent with his crew to England and no doubt met new people with strange ways.

Pattie was glad she had been a camp wife. That she had followed her Philip around, put up in a jail for two weeks in Georgia because there were no rooms available. Even slept in the back seat of the car at a filling station when she arrived in a town too late to find quarters.

She was glad that she had been with him the night he was shipped. The sergeant had let her stay. She and four other wives who had little to say that they couldn't tell with the pressure of their cold fingers. Philip had looked into her face, upturned in the moonlight, until the tears stood at her lashes and her throat hurt.

"You're beautiful, Baby. Even now. I hate going before he gets here but I can't be the chooser in this game. Be sure to send me a cable. It'll be tough over there, waiting. I know it'll be tougher here."

It was horrible back in their house alone. She tried having the wife of one of Philip's pals live with her. But the girl was morbid. She doted on horrors, especially those of the war.

Philip had said, "Don't sit around fretting about me. Worry is bad. I'll take care of myself. If I see a blockbuster coming at me I'll run like the deuce. I want to come home and find you just the same."

Well, she wasn't the same. She'd been in the maternity ward without him to stand by. She'd come through the measles and a hand that little Philip burned when he pulled the percolator off the stove. The neighbors helped her when she had a bad appendix that the doctor finally removed.

Philip said, "Don't ever forget me, Baby. I won't forget you. The going will never be so rough that that can happen. I'll think of you every day. All day. And dream of you at night. Everything I do will be for you and the little one."

But all of that had been so long ago. She couldn't bring Philip back as she used to. At first she could make him sit in his favorite chair. Could hear his voice above the radio talking without words. Just the rumble of his deep voice. But she couldn't hear his voice any more. She had forgotten how he looked sitting behind the evening paper.

Suddenly her hands trembled. She crushed a luscious berry between her fingers. She was frightened. If she couldn't recall here, where Philip had been, how could he remember her, where she had never been?

How could he keep in mind their simple pleasures when everyone worked to entertain him and thousands like him? Time blots out everything.

She had tried to keep her hold on Philip. She had sent him pictures of the baby every month. Anniversary pictures, she called them. And snapshots of herself too. Being careful to look her best; careful to smile with the wrinkles in her nose about which Philip had teased her.

Little Philip came in from outdoors. His pug nose was red with the cold of early spring. His hands were smeared with a red sucker and there was a ring around his rosy mouth where he had licked the stickiness. His cap was gone and his reddish hair was every which way.

"Tan I have one, Muzzer? Dust one?" the little boy pleaded, standing on tiptoe to see better.

Pattie looked down. She had seen that face before. But it was older. She gave him the biggest berry she could find. "And one for Daddy," she whispered.

Local and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Pearson were Danville visitors Monday.

Mrs. Arthur Miller of Hope visited friends here Thursday.

Mrs. Forrest Walker spent the latter part of last week with relatives in Indianapolis.

Miss Eloise Pearson of Danville spent the weekend here with her parents.

Andrew Henson, who recently returned to his studies at Normal, spent Friday night with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gore and children of Newman visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Gore, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hayes of Champaign were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hurst.

Rev. W. M. Robinson went to Chicago Monday to attend a conference of the Moody Bible Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Luke and daughter Diann were Sunday guests in the M. E. Pearson home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Griffith and children of Fairland were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Ella Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Henson, Maxine and Max, were Sunday dinner guests in the Thos. Maxwell home at Homer.

Miss Jane Anderson came home Friday from the U. of I. for the semester vacation. Jane was recently pledged to the Delta Gamma sorority.

Mrs. Eva Walker will be hostess to the W. C. T. U. on next Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. W. B. O'Neal, county president, will be the speaker.

Chas. A. Smith visited his brother, Claude, at Lakeview hospital, Danville, Sunday afternoon. Claude is convalescing from a major operation performed several weeks ago.

Cpl. Eugene Partenheimer has arrived in California from Japan and talked with relatives here by long distance Tuesday afternoon. He expects to receive his discharge within three weeks.

The W. S. C. S. of the Methodist church will meet Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14, at 2 o'clock in the home of Mrs. Harold Smith, with Mrs. Alvin Monroe assisting. Plan to come.

The local Indees' basketball team journeyed to Metcalf, on Wednesday, where they played the Metcalf Indees. The score was 50 to 47 in favor of Metcalf. Metcalf will play a return game here in two weeks, so we are informed.

Mrs. Leona Bergfield was hostess to the U. B. Ladies' Aid society, Wednesday afternoon. Devotions consisting of patriotic readings and songs were conducted by Mrs. Juanita Eckerty.

Refreshments consisted of sandwiches, beets, cherry pie and coffee.

Time Tables
C. & E. I.

Northbound.....1:03 p. m.
Southbound.....1:46 p. m
Star Mail Route
Southbound.....6:45 a. m.
Northbound.....4:25 p. m.

Dear Contributor—When you have any news items for this paper, we kindly ask that you make our Wednesday noon deadline, if possible.

We want your news items.

Longview News

(Thelma D. Kraft, Reporter)

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Harshbarger of Urbana spent Sunday with Mrs. Jane Sperlin.

Mr. George Warnes is able to be out after suffering a severe heart attack last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Ellis have moved from the Roll farm to a farm near Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Alfont spent Sunday with friends at Hillsboro, Ind.

Mr. Robert Warnes and son, James, returned Saturday after a visit in the Ted Dyar home in Urbana.

Mrs. Ruth Bryant of Detroit Mich., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Maggie Smith, and other relatives.

Mrs. J. T. Arwine entertained the L. S. L. club Friday at an all day meeting in honor of her birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Bolinger and family, Clyde Martin, Urbana; and Geo. Bergfield spent Sunday with Mrs. B. C. Paine and Ada.

Mr. and Mrs. John Warnes and daughter of Potomac spent Sunday in the Oscar Hanley and W. H. Warnes homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davis and family, Mrs. Grace Parks spent Sunday in the Merton Parks home.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hedrick and son, Pvt. Ralph, were entertained in the home of Mr. Hedrick's mother and sister, near Charleston, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Hedrick entertained several relatives and a few friends on Sunday in honor of their son, Pvt. Ralph E. Hedrick, who was enroute to a replacement camp in California.

The Loyal Workers of the Christian church entertained in the reception room in the high school Friday night at a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. Jessie Anderson Griffith, a recent bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Green entertained at dinner on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Walker Robbins, Champaign; Mr. and Mrs. Grover Dubson, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Parks.

Mr. M. H. Keefe quietly celebrated his 86th birthday last Friday. On Sunday he entertained at Senter's Cafe: Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cler and family, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Keefe and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keefe and sons, and Miss Nora Dillon.

Word has been received here of the death of William E. Shell at St. Elizabeth hospital, Danville, on Thursday of last week. The funeral was held Saturday at the Johnson funeral home, with burial in Harveysburg cemetery at Kingman, Ind. He owned a grocery store for years in the building now occupied by the Senter's Cafe.

Raccoons are fussy eaters, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which points out that these animals always wash their food in water before eating it.

In Lansing, Mich., a man wed only four weeks asked for a divorce on the grounds that his eyeglasses were out of focus when he married.

The judge, disgusted by the number of divorces in town, finally tacked a sign on the door:

"Meditate well, girls, before you make your decision. Remember, alimony is next to useless on a cold night."

The News is \$2.00 per year.

Classified Ads.

Lost — Between Sidney and Longview, a suitcase containing clothing. Reward. Mary Lou Oye, Longview, Ill. Broadlands Phone, 65F11.

For Sale — Certified Vicland Seed Oats and Lincoln Soy Beans. Member of Illinois Crop Improvement Association, and American Soy Bean Association.

S. A. Buddemeier,
Sidney, Ill.
Phone Sidney, 44F3

**Smart Girl Sews
For More Bonds**



Smart, thrifty girls, anxious to be well dressed, make tailored dresses like this and save dollars for Victory Bonds. This has gray spun rayon with deep set sleeves of royal blue. Patterns at local stores.

U. S. Treasury Department

The first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

There is little use to talk about your child to anyone; other people either have one or haven't.

Guests in a Cairo hotel, hearing a scream in the corridor, discovered a damsel in negligee being pursued by a gentleman who was, to put it bluntly, nude. La-

ter it developed that the impetuous Romeo was an English major, who was promptly court-martialed. His lawyer won him an acquittal, however, by virtue of the following paragraph in the army manual: "It is not compulsory for an officer to wear a uniform at all times, as long as he is suitably garbed for the sport in which he is engaged."

We want your news items.

HOMER THEATRE
Always A Good Show

Fri. & Sat., Feb. 8-9
Bud Abbott, Lou Costello
Here Come The Co-Eds
with Peggy Ryan, Martha O'Driscoll, Donald Cook.

Sun., Mon. & Tues., Feb. 10-11-12
Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain, Dick Haymes—
State Fair
In Technicolor

Wed., Thur., Feb. 13-14
Olsen & Johnson in
See My Lawyer

Fri. & Sat., Feb. 15-16
Yvonne DeCarlo
Salome
Where She Danced

Admission: Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, 12c and 35c; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, 12c, 25c.

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

Gem Theatre
Villa Grove - Illinois

Thur. & Fri., Feb. 7-8
Marjorie Reynolds, Fred Brady—
Meet Me on Broadway

Saturday, Feb. 9
2 Features
Chester Morris, Richard Lane—
Close Call
For Boston Blackie
Also
Allan Lane
The Topeka Terror

Sun. & Mon., Feb. 10-11
Fred MacMurray, Marguerite Chapman—
Pardon My Past

Tues., Wed., Feb. 12-13
Robert Donat, Deborah Kerr—
Vacation From Marriage

Thur., Fri., Feb. 14-15
Carmen Miranda, Perry Como—
Doll Face

Attend Church
Sometime Sunday

Cash Specials!
Friday & Saturday, Feb. 8-9

Sopade, box	.18
Graham Crackers, 1 lb.	.15
Graham Crackers, 2 lbs.	.29
Lye, 2 cans for	.15
Cocoanut Cookies, lb.	.23
Vel	.25
Prince Albert, 1 lb.	.80
Sal Soda	.10
Red Salmon, can	.47
Macaroni or Spaghetti, 2 lbs.	.19

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Meats and Vegetables**

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