

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

VOLUME 30—NUMBER 29

BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1946

\$2.00 A YEAR

News Items of 12 and 20 Years Ago

Nov. 1, 1934

Miss Anna Clem visited Albert Clem and family at Harristown.

B. H. Thode left for Wichita, Kan., being called there by the death of W. F. Kuhlman.

Miss Bertha Belle Snow of Champaign spent the weekend with Miss Clara Haines.

The Primary and Intermediate grades and teachers of the Public School were entertained at the home of Bobby McClelland.

Among those attending the World's Fair at Chicago were Earl Eckerty, J. W. Gallion, Hugo Dewitt, James Handley, Walter Thode.

20 Years Ago

Oct. 29, 1926

Misses Maude Block and Pearl Clester were Danville visitors.

Dr. T. A. Dicks and Mark Moore left for a fox hunt in Kentucky.

Mrs. Dorothy Bice and Rose Marie Dunn of Haviland, Ohio, arrived for a visit with relatives.

A fine boy babe arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wienke, northeast of Broadlands.

James F. Hampel, 19, of Rantoul, was smothered to death in a carload of sand, which he was helping to unload here, for the Broadlands-Allerton hard road.

Immanuel Lutheran Church P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor

9:30—Sunday School.
10:15—Divine Worship with Holy Communion.

Sermon: "A Citizen of Heaven."

Roman citizenship was extended to men living in cities which had been elevated to the status of a Roman colony. Thus in every place where the saving realities of the Gospel are witnessed to and believed, you have a colony of heaven, and citizens of heaven. God wants his colonies back.

St. John's Evangelical and Reformed Church Carl E. Hartwig, Pastor

20th Sunday after Trinity.
(Reformation-Festival)

Sunday School at 9:40. Raymond Kilian, Superintendent.

Divine Service at 10:45.

The Lord's Supper will be administered following the morning service; this will be the last time this year.

On Tuesday, Nov. 5th the Royal Guards class will hold its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bergfield of Longview.

On Wednesday night at 7:00 we shall have the pleasure of having Rev. Carl Klein of St. Louis with us; he is the field-secretary of our denomination.

On Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7th the Ladies Guild will meet at the home of Mrs. Freida Kilian.

For Sale—Cook stove; good for use in wash house. Inquire at The News office if interested.

Place your news items in our mail box.

Kenneth Rothermel Is Honored On Birthday

A very pleasant surprise was carried out last Saturday night, in honor of Kenneth Rothermel, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Rothermel, the occasion being his 21st birthday.

The evening was spent in playing games and contests, after which bunco was enjoyed.

Delicious refreshments were served.

Those present to enjoy the evening were Misses Evelyn Seider, Mildred and Delores Messman, Loretta, Helen and Lois Wienke, Ruth Wilson, Barbara Guthrie, Elvira Biesterfeld, Helen Seaton, Hilda and Mary Ann Rothermel, and Joan Baker; Harvey Meyers, Carol Martinie, Alfred Seider, John Wienke, Harley Schultz, Hoyne and Palmer Hales, Devalson Schweineke, Virgil Luth, Melvin Dewitt. Also Norma Jean Quast, Harlan Voss and Joe Hageman of Danville; Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Wienke, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Wienke, Henry and Bob Rothermel.

All departed at a late hour, wishing Kenneth many more happy birthdays.

Mrs. Walter Seider Entertains On Birthday

Mrs. Walter Seider entertained several guests last Saturday afternoon on the occasion of her birthday. Mrs. Seider received several lovely gifts.

The afternoon was spent in conversation, after which dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Those present were Mrs. Lena Seider, daughter Miss Evelyn, Mrs. Tena Seider, daughter, Miss Emma, Mrs. Hans Biesterfeld, daughter Miss Elvira, Mrs. Vernon Luth, daughter Margo, Mrs. Arthur Struck, son Darrell, Mrs. Melvin Place, Joy and John Place, Mrs. Wm. Seider, Mrs. Hilda Krabbe, Mrs. John Bahlow.

U. B. Church Notes W. M. Robinson, Pastor

Sunday School—10:00. Mrs. Oscar Witt, Supt.

Divine Worship at 7:00.

Quarterly Conference at 8:00. All reports due beginning August 1.

LONGVIEW

Sunday School—10:00. Charles Dyar, Supt.

Divine Worship—11:00.

Thursday, 7:45—Prayer service.

Methodist Church Notes W. H. Loyd, Pastor

Church School—10:00. Harold Smith, Supt.

Worship Service—11:00.

LONGVIEW

Church School—10:00. Miss Clara Warnes, Supt.

MYF—6:00.

Worship Service—7:30.

Time Table (CST) C. & E. I.

Northbound 10:28 a. m.

Southbound 1:33 p. m.

Star Mail Route

Southbound 6:45 a. m.

Northbound 4:25 p. m.

For Sale—A few purebred Poland China male hogs. O. P. Witt, Broadlands, Ill.

For Sale—Simmons double-decker bed. Mrs. Philip Ashby,

Mrs. W. A. Hanson, A Former Resident, Dies

(Mason City (Ia.) Tribune)

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Hannah Luth, we are publishing herewith an article regarding the death of her niece, Mrs. Wm. A. Hanson, of Clear Lake, Iowa. The Frenz family formerly resided north of Broadlands.

Mrs. Wm. A. Hanson, 43, of Clear Lake, Ia., died at a local hospital, Sunday morning, Oct. 27, 1946, following a short illness. Born at Broadlands, Ill., March 30, 1903, she had resided in the vicinity of Mason City since she was nine years of age, having moved to Clear Lake only two years ago.

Surviving are her husband, two sons, William, Jr., 19, and Donald, 17, at home; also her mother, Mrs. A. M. Frenz, Mason City; and four sisters, Mrs. Herbert Zirbel, Mason City; Mrs. George Martin, of Worthington, Minn.; Mrs. Lyle Bruce, Plymouth; and Mrs. William Carrott, Mason City.

Five brothers also survive, Edward Frenz, New Orleans; Harry Frenz, of Mason City; Fred Frenz, New Auburn, Wis.; Hilbert Frenz, Clear Lake; Herman Frenz, Mason City. She was preceded in death by her father and a sister.

Funeral services were held at the Patterson funeral home at 1 p. m. Tuesday, and at the Zion Lutheran church at 2 p. m., with the Rev. R. T. Mostrom, pastor of the church, officiating. Burial was at Memorial Park cemetery.

Among those attending the funeral were Mrs. Hannah Luth of Broadlands, O. H. Luth and daughters Olga and Dorothy.

For Sale—Brass bed in good condition. If interested, inquire at the News office.

Longview Hi News

The foods class has been preparing gelatin desserts and puddings.

The English IV class is taking time out from its study of contemporary English literature to do some review work on diction and vocabulary. When they resume their study of literature it will be to read the older English works, beginning with "Beowulf."

Longview high school girls are learning how to shop for hosiery, shoes, hats, gloves, and other accessories in the consumer's education unit of their home economics I course. General science students, too, are observing the differences in fibers as they use hand microscopes to study wool, rayon, and cotton.

Officers were elected last Wednesday for the high school band. New executives are: Rita Bergfield, president; Marianna Parteneimer, vice president; Neil Mathews, secretary-treasurer; Marion Zenke, stage manager; Delores Hedrick, librarian; Shirley Smith, assistant librarian; David Coay, keeper of the stands.

Longview freshmen are shaking in their boots this week in anticipation of the initiation to be given them by the juniors Friday evening. Initiation, sponsored annually by the junior class will be in the form of a Halloween party to be held at the high school.

Freshman Denny Dyar was

Jas. Yonts Celebrates His 85th Birthday

James Yonts was guest of honor at a dinner given in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Miller, Sunday, Oct. 27, it being his 85th birthday anniversary.

Guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Mike Platzer, Lucretia Barnes, Sharon Atkins, Terre Haute, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Jink Hugg, St. Bernice, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Everett Propst and Mrs. Chester Holcomb, Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Roy White and three children, Danville; Mrs. George Katcher and three children, Catlin; W. P. Clark, Ridgefarm; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nees and two children, Sidell; Mr. and Mrs. Bennie Felkner, Sidney; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Gordon.

Mrs. Ella Wartens, 80, Dies at Allerton, Tuesday

Allerton—Mrs. Ella Mae Wartens, 80, died at 1:10 a. m. Tuesday at her home here, of a heart ailment. She had been ill six weeks.

Funeral services were held at 1:30 p. m. Thursday, at the Allerton Methodist Church.

Interment was in Pleasant Ridge Cemetery with Dicks Bros. Funeral Home in charge.

Mrs. Wartens was born June 7, 1866, near Newman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Andrews. She lived in and near Allerton all her life. She was married 55 years ago to James Wartens, who preceded her in death 19 years ago.

Surviving are four children, W. A. Wartens, and Kemp Wartens, Allerton; Gordon Wartens, Homer; and Mrs. R. I. Dennis, Chicago; also two sisters, Mrs. Lou Moore, St. Joseph; and Mrs. Kate Wartens, Villa Grove.

quoted as saying, "I'm afraid they will be just a little rough," but Jeanette Barker expressed the belief that the juniors could not hurt anyone. "They have worked so hard all week with plans for the party that they'll be too tired to be rough on Friday night."

Marion Dohme, president of the junior class, gives this warning to the freshmen. "We juniors are well prepared to meet you on Nov. 1."

Longview high concluded its first season of six-man football last Thursday when it bowed to Uni high 46-0, on Illinois' field in Champaign. Garry Johnson, Uni high halfback, led his teammates to victory by scoring four of the seven touchdowns.

Johnson took off in the first quarter for a run of 25 yards for his first touchdown. Tom Moyer, halfback, scored the extra point. The second score in the quarter was made after Johnson passed to Don Moyer who was standing in the end zone. Early in the second quarter Johnson went 10 yards for his second touchdown of the day. Johnson returned a punt and Moyer chucked him a pass, standing in the end zone, for his third score.

Garry's fourth score was after he had returned a punt 50 yards and was only 17 yards from another Uni high touchdown. He plunged through the center for his fourth and final touchdown. The final score was made when Longview fumbled on the 26-yard line and the victorious Uni team ran it for another touchdown making the final score 46-0.

Lloyd Cummings Writes From Yokohama, Japan

Mrs. Albert Cummings received the following letter from her son, Lloyd, who is now stationed at Yokohama, Japan:

Oct. 8, 1946

Dear Mom and all—Well here I am in Yokohama. I guess I have neglected writing, but I wanted to find out for sure just what I'll be doing here.

We arrived here Sept. 30 and went to a staging area for four days. I have been placed here in Yokohama as a clerk in the War Crimes Section, Eighth Army Headquarters. All I do is a little typing now and then. It is really a good deal.

I thought I would be in Chemical Warfare Service, but you see how wrong I was. Even the whole group I was with got split up. There are only two of the fellows with me now. If you get any mail from any of them, (which you probably will) send it on to me. The next time you write, send me some shoe polish—I can't get it here. If you have my watch fixed, send it too.

It will probably be a long time before I get any mail which you have written, because of the APO's through which it will have gone.

The set-up is good around here. We have a good barracks (or hut.) The food is excellent, and we have a PX close.

Where I work is in the customs building and is right on the waterfront. There are two Japanese girls, one American civilian and one other GI, besides myself, working in the WC section. I report to work at 8:30 in the morning and work till 11:30 and get off until 1:00. I get off work in the evening at 4:30. That's just 6 hours work each day. I also get two afternoons off each week, besides Sunday (all day.) Twice each day we get hot tea served to us in the office by Japanese girls.

The Japanese are not as one would picture them. They are very friendly, in fact too friendly. Their customs are very odd. They are not so dumb though, because they catch on to English quickly.

Well, I could write a million things of no importance, but I guess all you want to know is that I'm all right. I feel fine and believe I will gain more weight before I leave here. I couldn't have a better job in the army. All I want now is to get my mail. I miss getting letters as much as, or more than anything else. I have got homesick lately, but I guess it will pass after a while.

I've practically lost all track of what is going on at home, so I hardly know what else to write about. I'll close for now. Write soon.

Love,
Lloyd.

Letters To The Editor

Columbus, Ind.

Dear Sir—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kilian, Mr. and Mrs. Estor Block and son Howard, came Friday evening of last week and stayed till Sunday noon with us and other relatives. We sure were glad to see them.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Menix.

For Sale—Late fries. White Rocks. \$1.00 each. Mrs. John Bahlow.

Ray-Simmons Vows Are Announced

Miss Delia Ray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clint Ray of Broadlands, became the bride of James Clyde Simmons, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Simmons, also of Broadlands, in a quiet ceremony at 7:00 p. m. Saturday, Oct. 26, in the Methodist parsonage in Broadlands.

Rev. W. H. Loyd performed the single ring ceremony. Attending the couple were Mr. and Mrs. Luther Simmons, brother and sister-in-law of the bridegroom.

For her wedding the bride wore a navy blue suit-dress, trimmed in white. The matron of honor wore a sky blue dress, also trimmed in white.

Those attending the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Simmons, Lucille, Inez and Charles Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Clint Ray and Lawrence Ray.

The couple attended a wedding dinner given in their honor by relatives at Ramsey, Illinois, on Sunday.

Mr. Simmons is now employed by Francis Porterfield of Allerton. The young couple will make their home with the groom's parents for the present.

Mrs. Wanda Wiley Is Given Shower

Mrs. Wanda Rayl Wiley, a recent bride, was given a miscellaneous shower at the local U. B. Church on Tuesday night.

The church basement was prettily decorated with green and white crepe paper and flowers. There were about 60 present.

Mrs. Wiley was presented with many nice gifts, following which contests furnished entertainment for the evening.

Refreshments of chicken sandwiches, pickles, olives, and coffee were served.

Robert Beatty Given 199 Year Sentence

Danville, Oct. 26—Robert Beatty, 21-year-old Allerton farm youth, today was sentenced to 199 years in the Illinois state penitentiary at Menard for the murder of Lois Nelson in a lover's lane last summer.

In passing sentence, Circuit Judge Casper Platt said he had "taken into consideration the rights of society, the expression of the attitudes of the parents of Lois Nelson, and not only those things, but also your (Beatty) own protection against any of your future actions."

Mr. and Mrs. Arvid Nelson, parents of the slain girl had testified at the hearing that they did not want to see Beatty executed but did wish to see him confined to an institution for the rest of his life.

Lodge Meets Next Monday

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

Howard Clem, W. M.
Harry Archer, Sec.

Market Report

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

No. 2 yellow beans, new...\$3.10
No. 2 hard wheat, new...1.95
No. 2 white corn, new...1.30
No. 2 yellow corn, new...1.20
No. 2 oats...0.80

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for November 3

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PAUL CHAMPIONS FREEDOM AND BROTHERHOOD

TEXT—Acts 15:23b-29; Galatians 5:13-14. SELECTION—But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.—Acts 15:11.

Fundamental doctrine must be sound and true or the church will go astray. A question had arisen at Antioch which had to be answered authoritatively, and once for all.

The early converts of the church were naturally from among the Jews, and they carried with them into their new-found faith the traditions of their religion. Some of them did not recognize that the salvation they had in Christ was entirely by grace, apart from any works of the law. They not only felt that they must observe the law, but insisted that the Gentile believers must also fulfill the Jewish rite of circumcision. This promptly raised the question whether Christ alone could save, or if men were saved by grace plus works.

To settle this matter, Paul and Barnabas went up to the church at Jerusalem, and there a great council discussed it freely, and came to a decision which was then transmitted by letter and a committee.

That decision established an eternal

I. Principle—Believers Are Free from the Law (Acts 15:23b-29)

The believers at Antioch were to abstain from those things which would hinder their spiritual progress and harm their testimony. That was important and right, but it must not be allowed to confuse them regarding the basis of their salvation. They were not saved by works, not even though they were most commendable.

Salvation is by grace, through faith, "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8, 9). That principle, which is absolutely foundational in all Christian thinking, was established then, and is valid and blessedly true for all time.

Is it not strange, then, that all through the church's history there has been a determined effort on the part of some in the church to add something to God's redeeming grace as a ground for salvation?

Observe the plain rebuke given to teachers of error in verse 24. It is no light matter to trouble and mislead the souls of men by injecting our worldly wisdom or our opinions, when we should be teaching the truth of God's Word.

Salvation by grace and freedom from the law does not bring the believer into a place of license, but of liberty—and a liberty controlled by a new factor in his life. We note that in

II. Practice—Believers Are Bound by Love (Gal. 5:13-15)

The one who turns to Christ by faith is indwelt by the Holy Spirit and finds that, far from failing to keep the high moral principles of God's law, he is given grace to keep them more perfectly. This he does, not in order to be saved, but because he is saved.

He comes out of a bondage to legalism, which he could not bear, into a new bondage to the law of love, which his new nature in Christ delights to bear and in which it finds the fulfillment of its highest and holiest desires.

Note that this shows itself in the church and in the world in loving service to others in the absence of strife; in a word, in the practice of the admonition: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (v. 14; Lev. 19:18).

No one faces that life responsibility without realizing that he is evidently not able for it. God has provided for that need, for we note next that there is

III. Power—Believers Are Led by the Spirit (Gal. 5:16-18)

Being saved does not set us free from the conflict with sin, for the old nature declares itself in enmity with the Spirit. We find it often to be in our hearts to do right, and in the decisive moment we find the flesh taking control and we cannot do the things we would (v. 17).

What is the solution of that problem? An all-out attack on sin and sinful desires? That is commendable, but it somehow doesn't work. We need a superior power to work in and through us.

That's it! There is a power in us and ready to work through us—the matchless, victorious power of the Holy Spirit. He dwells in the heart of every believer (I Cor. 6:19) and only awaits our yielding to him that he may take control of our lives.

Walking in the Spirit (v. 16) is simply giving him the liberty to direct our lives after the will of God, day by day and moment by moment. This puts us in the way of victory, for as we walk in the Lord's way we may call on him for not only his grace, but also his strength. Saved by grace to a life of liberty and power—such is the inestimable privilege of the Christian. Are we, are you, living up to it?

THE BROADLANDS NEWS

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J. F. Darnall, Editor & Publisher

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Death of Gen. Stilwell

One of the ablest field commanders of World War II passed from the earthly scene on Oct. 12, when General Joseph W. Stilwell, popularly known as "Vinegar Joe," died in his sleep at Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, at the age of 63.

General Stilwell was a native of Florida, and was graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1904, becoming a full general in 1944. He learned the Chinese language, and most of his service in the last war was in the Far East. He was appointed commander of the Fifth and Sixth Chinese Armies in Burma by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and later commanded the U. S. forces in the China-Burma-India theater.

He suffered what he himself described as "a hell of a licking" by superior Japanese forces in Burma, but later led a reorganized army to victory in savage fighting under the most difficult jungle conditions. The highway built from India through Burma into China during the war was named the Stilwell Road in his honor.

Because of differences with Chiang Kai-shek, he was relieved of his command in the Orient late in 1944, and was made commander of all U. S. Ground forces, with headquarters in Washington. When Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., was killed in action in June 1945, General Stilwell succeeded him as commander of the Tenth Army on Okinawa, and finished the conquest of the island, which was the scene of one of the most bitter campaigns of the war.

At the time of his death General Stilwell was commander of the U. S. Sixth Army in California. He died of cancer of the liver, complicated with an amoebic disease believed to have been contracted in the Burma jungles. Before his death he requested that no public funeral be held, but that his body be cremated and his ashes strewn over the waters of the Pacific by an airplane, near his Carmel, Calif., home.

In a message to Mrs. Stilwell, General Eisenhower paid tribute to the dead commander in these words, which expressed the feelings of the entire nation:

"I am shocked and deeply saddened to learn of General Stilwell's death. The whole Army joins me in grieving the passing of this able, valiant soldier, whose devotion to duty was a constant inspiration to all privileged to serve with him. Please accept my deepest sympathy in your great loss."

Dean of Newspapers

In connection with the 200th anniversary of the Maryland Gazette, some old copies of that newspaper were exhibited. The news and advertisements of the early days were naturally quite different from what is found in current newspapers, as they reflected the customs of their time.

One of the stories from Vienna told of the burning of several persons convicted of witchcraft, among them "a midwife who had baptized 2,000 children in the name of the devil." A local item related the experience of a

negro slave who struck a white man in an argument over a dog fight. The negro was sentenced to have one of his ears cut off "pursuant to the law in such cases."

Among the advertisements was one announcing the arrival of a cargo of "about 200 choice slaves, which will be exposed for sale on Thursday the 22nd of this instant."

In its issue of October 21, 1762, the Maryland Gazette published news of the birth of a son to the British king and queen, which had occurred on August 12. The story bore the headlines: "Great Joy to the Nation! A Prince of Wales is Born. God Save the King." This was the dissolute and notorious character who afterwards became George IV.

The Maryland Gazette was frequently suspended for varying periods, but is credited by the Librarian of Congress with being "the dean of present day American newspapers."

Sidelights

We find ourselves in full agreement with the person that has advanced the idea of the ages of man being three in number: school tablet, aspirin tablet, and stone tablet.

We wonder if you, too, have noticed that all antique chairs are uncomfortable. No doubt that is the reason they are antiques—comfortable chairs would have been worn out years before.

The information comes to us that a certain beauty salon has prepared the following sign for display in front of the establishment: "Don't whistle at a girl leaving this shop. She may be your grandmother."

The news is out. Clark Gable is going to lose his papilloma. Yes, for some time now his papilloma has been worrying the famous actor even more than some of his ardent fans, who often get in his hair. Gable has hesitated for some time, it is revealed, over giving up his papilloma, but his physician has assured him that there is no need for worry—one snip, and it's all over. Gable's papilloma is a wart way back on his tongue.

The food situation apparently has reached an alarming condition in Omaha. At least, Chas. H. Maney, 74, of that city, has added an indigestible morsel to his diet. Complaining of a sharp cutting pain in his stomach, he was taken to a hospital where an X-ray revealed that he wasn't kidding. Maney, a retired farmer, was told that a single-edged razor blade was lodged in his intestines. Mystified with the discovery, Maney vowed that he didn't even remember nibbling on a blade.



Mrs. Harper Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., as president of the United Council of Church Women, representing most of the larger Protestant denominations in the United States, has called upon all Protestant women to "work together and pray together for the success of the United Nations." One of the major tasks of the Council this year, she says, "is to arouse the church women of America, regardless of race or creed, to an awareness of their stake and their children's stake in the molding of a future world order based on the principles of Christian brotherhood." The Council will hold its biennial assembly in Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 11 to 15. Committee recommendations to be acted on by the assembly include opposition to peacetime

compulsory military conscription; creation of an international body to control the use of atomic energy; and continued agitation for the enactment of a federal anti-poll tax law.

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

For Sale—Cook stove; good for use in wash house. Inquire at The News office if interested.

DO IT WITH Ballots

In this country ballots take the place of bullets. If you don't like the way things are going in this country, speak up at the polls on November 5 and get yourself a new set of officials who will run the country as you want it to be run. That is your right—your duty—as an American.

Under our Constitution the people of the country are expected to express at the election booth their wishes as to government policy. If they fail to do so, they fail to do their duty by their country and themselves.

If you are against the idea of having veterans homeless, if you are against food shortages and high living costs, if you want lasting peace, high production, and the privilege to live your own life your own way,

VOTE Republican

ON NOVEMBER 5

A MESSAGE OF INTEREST to all who await deliveries of new Chevrolets

We want you to know that everything possible is being done to speed deliveries to you; but production still lags far behind schedule—even though Chevrolet has built more cars and trucks than any other manufacturer from January through September 1946

WE REALIZE how eagerly you are awaiting delivery of the new Chevrolet you have ordered from us, and we want to pass on to you the latest information received from the Chevrolet Motor Division, even though that information isn't too encouraging at this time.

It is true that Chevrolet leads all other manufacturers in total production of passenger cars and trucks from January through September 1946, despite the fact that Chevrolet was out of production entirely during the first three months of this year. It is also true that Chevrolet has continued to maintain its lead in total production during the third quarter of 1946. And yet production is still running far below desired levels, with the result that Chevrolet's output of cars and trucks through September 1946 was only 38.7% of the number produced during the corresponding period of 1941.

This means it may take many months for the Chevrolet Motor Division to reach peak

production of new Chevrolets—even longer to fill the unprecedented demand for this product of BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST—and, for the present at least, "there just aren't enough Chevrolets to go around," much as we wish there were.

However, we want you to know that new Chevrolets are leaving the plants in the largest numbers possible today. The Chevrolet Motor Division tells us it is doing everything it can, in the face of continued suppliers' strikes, material shortages and manpower problems, to step up shipments to us and to all dealers, in accordance with a predetermined distribution plan assuring each dealer of his fair allotment, based on 1941 passenger car sales. And we, in turn, are doing our best to deliver new Chevrolets to our customers as rapidly as they are received and in the fairest possible way. We are too appreciative of your loyalty and goodwill—too grateful for your patience and understanding—to do anything less than continue to serve you to the very best of our ability.



KEEP YOUR PRESENT CAR RUNNING

Meanwhile, the most important car of all to you is the car you are driving now. May we suggest that you keep it in top running condition until you secure delivery of your new Chevrolet, by bringing it to us for skilled service now and at regular intervals. Remember—cold weather is hardest on old cars. Please see us for a complete check-up today. . . . And, again, thank you!



BREWER CHEVROLET CO.
PHONE 18R2 - BROADLANDS, ILLINOIS

WHAT MADE LUTHER GREAT?



Hundreds of biographies of the great Reformer have been written—in English, Latin, German, French, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Polish, Lithuanian, and other languages.—Why?

Says Monsignor Jos. McMahon: "In studying the life and work of Martin Luther, we must recognize frankly that he was one of the greatest personalities in the history of the human race." Or to quote Preserved Smith, noted historian: "Among the great prophets, the last of world importance, Martin Luther, has taken his place."

Or to repeat the words of the great English divine, Alexander Maclaren: "There were three men in the past who reach out their hands to one another across the centuries, St. Paul, St. Augustine, and Martin Luther."

But what was it that made Martin Luther "an Atlas who lifted the world upon his shoulders and carried it over into another age," as one historian describes him?

It was nothing but Luther's rediscovery of the Christian Gospel! Or, as another writer puts it: "Luther's first claim on our gratitude consists in this, that he took the truth from the shelves where it had reposed, dust-covered, through centuries, that he lifted the truth from the casket in which it had lain, smothered with sacerdotal garments, and called with a loud voice, 'I say unto thee, arise!'"

Luther taught nothing new! He taught no doctrine which Christ had not taught. But he did insist that men must teach and believe everything that Christ had revealed to them.

He insisted that all religion must be based on the Bible alone. 2 Tim. 3:16. He insisted that man is saved by grace alone, that salvation is 100% a free gift of God's mercy. Rom. 11:6. He insisted that man becomes a partaker of this free salvation alone by faith in the Atonement of the Savior. Gal. 2:16. And he insisted that the individual Christian has direct access to the father-heart of God through Jesus Christ without any human intermediary. 1 Tim. 2:5; 1 Pet. 2:9.

That was the secret of Luther's greatness. He had rediscovered the Gospel of Christ, which St. Paul had said was "the power of God." With that power on his side, the success of his tremendous undertaking was assured.

Headline Blues

By BILL DOWSETT
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

CHIC LANE nodded approvingly as Dixie Lee, with a flourish of the baton, brought to a close the soft music of her Dixie Belles. "The sweetest band that ever lipped a mouthpiece," Chic boomed enthusiastically. "It's big-time swing and I'm the lad who'll put you there to swing it."

Dixie's eyes narrowed as she pushed back a refractory blonde curl, studied the angelic grin that creased the boyishly blunt features of her press agent and asked "When?"

Chic drew a deep breath and explained that radio advertising executives were auditioning musical and novelty acts for Fall programs. "A publicity push and you're in," he bubbled confidently. "Headlines like 'Orchestra Leader Elops With Press Agent.'"

Dixie's eyes spanked Chic's enthusiasm. "What a perfectly gruesome way to fame," she drawled sweetly.

An hour later, in the oriental atmosphere of the Golden Cat Tea Room, a deflated Chic stared sourly at the leaves in the bottom of his teacup. A turbaned figure moved to his side. By courtesy of the management, he, the Maharajah of Panio, Prince Rahee, would gaze into the future. Chic, with a dejected wave of limp fingers, dismissed the prince.

Suddenly the fingers stiffened, waggled, and the prince flowed back. Chic talked. A dollar a day to the potentate to be temporarily, and for publicity purposes, engaged to Dixie Lee. His imperial majesty, in throaty tones—accent Brooklyn—accepted.

Chic, armed with pictures and a cherubic expression of unworldly innocence, invaded the editorial rooms of the Daily Journal. City Editor Wolfe Barton looked up and scowled.

Mournfully Chic admitted, before reformation, having slightly exaggerated the facts of a story or two but now, in truthful and humble atonement, he was offering a scoop. "And, Wolfe," he coaxed, "think of the headlines. 'Maharajah Lays Heart and Fortune at American Beauty's Feet.'"

Wolfe thought and licked his lips. "Because I'm a sucker," he finally snapped, "I'll print the tale. But if this is one of your gags—and I find it out—brother, you'd better leave town!"

In the following days Chic dwelt in a press agent's paradise. He bathed in a shower of desirable publicity and basked in the sunshine of Dixie's smiles. He coyly toyed with tempting contracts and allowed the belles to audition for two of the best.

Then his majesty became mercenary. Royalty, he'd decided, should not work for a miserable pittance. He demanded a double fee.

In Dixie's apartment Chic prepared matrimonial suggestions. The telephone jangled and Chic lifted the handset. He listened and paled. Wolfe Barton in no uncertain terms demanded Chic's immediate presence at the Journal.

Wolfe was buying at a copy boy as Chic slipped up to the desk. Wolfe whirled. "That prince of yours is a phony!" he howled. "Come in offering his history and your story for fifty bucks. Well, chum, your story I'm buying and printing. I'll have you and that band laughed out of town!"

Chic folded into a chair. "Wolfe," he begged tearfully, "think of Dixie and her belles!"

"May they toll for you," Wolfe growled heartlessly. "But," he added slowly, "there might be a way."

Chic gulped, wiggled and sputtered. "Whatever it is, I'll do it!" Wolfe explained that he'd thought of some headlines himself. "Dixie Lee Jilts Royalty. Marries Press Agent" would, he declared, make very nice reading. Also, he'd fix the sheik and serve as best man at the ceremony. What did Chic think?

So an hour later, perched on Dixie's divan, Chic poured out the tale of the barricades that lay on the road to fame. "Don't worry," he cheerily told Dixie, "we'll still fool that newshound. I know a ham actor who'll play parson for five dollars. Boy, am I clever!" He called the actor, then dialed Wolfe. Arrangements were complete for nine a. m. the next day.

In the morning Chic pushed into Dixie's apartment. The actor, properly garbed, had arrived. Between gowned Dixie, Chic gave last minute instructions. Then, in answer to the bell, Chic swung open the door. Two men walked in. Wolfe, and the man he introduced to the bug-eyed Chic as the Reverend Hapenworth. "I'm furnishing the license and minister," Wolfe announced. "Of course, pal," he eyed Chic and his actor narrowly, "I didn't think you'd run in a ringer."

Chic wobbled into the kitchen and leaned weakly against the door jamb. The sound of a soft feminine laugh filtered into the room and he peeked into the parlor. Dixie, standing close to Wolfe, was smiling at the parson. "It's a terrible shock to the poor darling," she whispered to Wolfe. "I hated to call you, but I simply couldn't stand a fake wedding." She kissed Wolfe's lean cheek. "And unless I finished this business quickly, he might have had me marrying the garbage man tomorrow!"

For Sale—Late fries. White Rocks. \$1.00 each. Mrs. John Bahlow.

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TO THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY

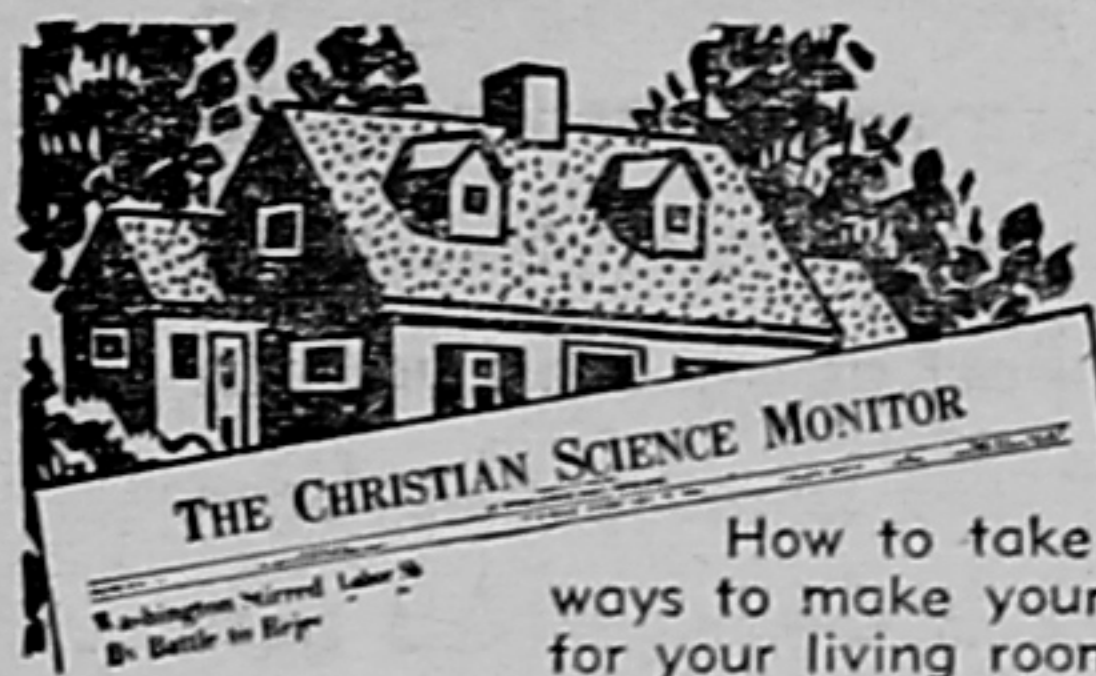
Highly qualified: wide knowledge of government, history, economics; top honors man in the U. of I. Law School; a practicing lawyer, enthusiastic worker among under-privileged youth, the veterans, and consultant on the housing problem.

VOTE FOR
Charles "Jim" Simpson

We invite you to help us celebrate the birthday of Martin Luther in a special service, November 10th, at 7:30 P. M.

Immanuel Lutheran Church

P. E. Kerkhoff, Pastor.



New Ideas

for YOUR home

How to take the ruts out of your breakfast routine... ways to make your kitchen "homey"... what color to choose for your living room... These are just a few of the intriguing new ideas furnished daily on the Women's Page of THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR. These helpful ideas are "plus value" in this daily newspaper for the home that gives you world news interpreted to show its impact on you and your family.

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Friendship—Three Thousand Miles Apart

Ever play chess? It's a great game! One of the strongest friendships I know of started with a game of chess—between Dad Hoskins, in our town, and a man named Dalton Barnes, in England.

They've never seen each other, never met. But for the past eight years they've been playing chess by mail together—Dad puzzling over Dalton's latest letter, while he sends a chart of his next move to England.

Dad always thinks best with a mellow glass of beer beside his

chessboard. And the Englishman writes him that he does the same. "You know, it's almost as if we shared a glass of beer together, too!" says Dad contentedly.

From where I sit, you can talk about diplomacy and foreign policy, but it's often those little things—like a game of chess or a glass of beer—that can make for tolerance and understanding... between people of all nations... between neighbors here at home!

Joe Marsh

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Will Your Veteran Get His Bonus

That is for YOU to decide. You and Your Veteran and all his family and friends. You will decide it at the election next Tuesday, November fifth.

YOUR VETERAN— your son, your husband, your brother, or your boy friend, or your neighbor's boy—and every man or woman who served in the armed forces from Illinois will be eligible for a cash bonus under the Illinois Veterans' Bonus laws. The money will be paid him next year if you vote for the bonus November fifth.

Governor Dwight H. Green recommended the bonus to the Illinois General Assembly. It was adopted almost unanimously by the legislature. Veterans' organizations everywhere, including the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the American Veterans of World War II, endorse it. Now all that is required is your vote next Tuesday.

The Republican party of Illinois is making this campaign for the bonus. Every Republican candidate for state office; for Congress, and for county offices, is working as hard for the bonus as for his own election. **YET—**

The Bonus may be defeated for two reasons. They are:

1. The State Constitution provides that the bonus bonds cannot be issued unless a majority of all voters voting for members of the General Assembly vote Yes on the bonus. Therefore, every voter who fails to



mark the separate bonus ballot (service recognition ballot) in effect votes against it.

2. An organized campaign is being waged to defeat the bonus.

Don't Be Fooled By This Trick

Opponents of the bonus are trying to scare the voter by telling them that if the bonus wins, real estate and personal property taxes will be raised. Here are the facts and those who are paying to spread this rumor know them:

The bonus measure provides special taxes on cigarettes and race-track betting to pay the cost of the bonus.

Every Illinois state bond issue contains the property tax provision, required by the constitution but no state property tax has been levied in Illinois for twelve years and millions of bonds have been paid off. Governor Green has pledged that no property tax will be levied to pay the bonus bonds.

If you are worried about taxes, don't worry about the bonus plan. Vote Yes on the Bonus and Vote for your Republican candidate for Congress who is pledged to reduce income taxes twenty per cent.

THE ILLINOIS BONUS PLAN PROVIDES

For every man or woman from Illinois who served in the armed forces in World War II:

Ten dollars a month for each month served in the United States.

Fifteen dollars a month for each month served abroad.

A minimum of \$50, a maximum of \$900, and an estimated average of more than \$400, for every Illinois veteran.

Nine hundred dollars for the next of kin of every Illinoisan who died while in service.

feat the bonus. That campaign is financed by men who made fortunes at home while our boys were fighting at the front. It is being helped by selfish men who are unwilling to make a small sacrifice for the veterans who risked—and made—the supreme sacrifice for their country.

They have trumped up a lot of phony arguments. (Take the one answered in the box at the left.) Their chief hope, however, is that YOU and YOUR VETERAN and all the people who want him to have the bonus, won't bother to vote for it.

So, if you want YOUR VETERAN to have his bonus, be sure to vote the bonus ballot which is marked "Service Recognition Ballot" and

Vote Yes for Your Veteran

Also Vote for the Candidates who are Fighting for You

VOTE Straight REPUBLICAN

Nation Near Goal Of Sixty Million Jobs

Those sixty million jobs are here! More people are at work in the United States now than ever before in peace-time.

Census bureau figures show civilian employment approaching the celebrated 60,000,000 mark, used by Secretary of Commerce Wallace and others as a slogan for post-war full employment.

Since the end of the war, approximately 10,000,000 veterans and 15,000,000 released from war work have returned to peace-time pursuits. Yet unemployment has held at the lowest peace-time figures in many years.

Moreover, the "help wanted" sign is out on the gates of many plants as American enterprise reaches for new high levels of production and employment.

Guaranty of Faith

By CHARLES W. PURVIS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

"SO YOU think it can't be done? How much says no?"

"Fifty bucks," Hunk Dawson dug into his trousers' pocket and produced a roll of bills. "Fifty smack-ers say your boy don't stay 12 rounds with Mike."

"O. K., I'll take it," agreed Grant Logan. "Joe Steck can hold it."

In the gym Logan watched George Hill dig his gloved fists into the canvas surface of the heavy bag. "Got a fight for you Friday night with Red Mike Croseau," he announced in a matter-of-fact way.

"What do we get out of it?"

"Peanuts," blandly said Logan, examining his nails.

"Then what're we takin' it for? We been through enough prelims and semi-finals to land something decent now. Maybe I need a new manager!"

"Hold it!" snapped Logan. "Red may be eight years older than you, but he's in good shape and he can pin your ears any day. And the smart money lads know it, especially since you lost that last one to Kennedy."

"I wasn't feelin' right for that one, but I'm in top shape now."

"Top shape, huh? Do you think two hours a day in the gym and the whole night in joints keeps you in shape?" Hill sucked in his breath as he took a long step toward his manager.

"Skip it and listen to me. We can beat this game if we use our heads. I've just bet 50 bucks on you to win, even money, with Red's manager."

"It's a cinch," assured Hill. "That's what I want them to think—that I'm sure you can win. But we're going to bet our shirts on Red. We know you're going to lose!"

"I'm going to what?" yelled Hill, closing the distance between them.

"Look, George," placated his manager. "Mary's a nice girl and a real looker, too. She won't wait forever. And, besides, there's that old shell wound in your shoulder. I'm really not sure that you can win. But I know that you can lose! I can raise about five grand and we should get better than even odds on it if we shop around a bit—on Red, I mean."

Hill searched Logan's face. Finally he nodded.

At the ringside Mary Varner watched the last preliminary bout. Blue-black curls looping from under a small hat contrasted oddly with the blue eyes.

At the opening bell for the main event both men came slowly from their corners. Croseau's chin was well hidden behind his upraised left shoulder. Hill circled his half-crouched opponent, blocked a left jab and countered lightly. Suddenly there was a sound like a wet dish rag slapping the flat surface of a wall. The blow had been short and vicious. Croseau teetered and fell. As the referee's arm came down for the 10th time he was still making awkward efforts to rise to his knees.

Logan stared in slack-jawed disbelief. As his right hand was being raised, Hill waved the other excitedly at Mary.

Logan thrust people savagely aside and entered the dressing room. He glared at the grinning boxer stretched on the rubbing table. "Hill," he ground out, "you're through—finished—washed up. Do you hear me? I thought that girl of yours would talk some sense into you! She crossed me," he fumed, his voice rising. "That simon-pure objection of hers about not wanting you to lay down, and then finally giving me the O. K. because she didn't want Red to flatten that pan of yours! I should have known better. But there is one thing I do know—you are through!"

Hill leaped off the dressing room table and seized both lapels of Logan's coat in his left hand. "I'm through, all right, Logan, because I'm quitting. I didn't know you propositioned Mary about your rotten deal or I'd have bashed you long ago. Fifty bucks guaranty of faith! That was a laugh. Since when have you cared what the fans think of your little deals so long as nobody can pin anything on you? You knew that I could whip Red. And after that spiel of yours I knew that you knew it. I bet on myself to win—and at better than three to one odds. And I'm goin' out like a man, not like a washed-out punk. Beat it while I'm feelin' good." His shove sent his ex-manager thumping into the closed door.

As they walked in the direction of Mary's home, Hill frowned. "Mary, Logan tells me that he spoke to you about some dirty business that he wanted me to do."

"He did, darling, but I wanted you to decide for yourself. You may not have known it, but our future together was at stake."

"I did know it," came the equally sober reply. "One other thing. I can't see Logan tossing 50 dollars away to Dawson even to whitewash his crooked business."

"Remember where I work, darling? The county clerk's office. A month ago I filed an agreement about the management contract of a boxer—one Red Mike Croseau. It was signed by Logan and Dawson—a 50-50 arrangement. That 50 dollars bounced back to Logan like a rubber ball. But I'd like to see both their faces now."

The Twerp Turns

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

LUCIUS STEEMS stretched his frail spindly frame on the porch swing and sighed heavily. He was tired of being picked on. His wife, his employer—oh, especially his employer!—his fellow workers, bus drivers—they all dished it out to him. Lucius knew why, too. He was a weak-kneed sissy—and looked and acted it.

He didn't even have enough gumption to order his youngest, Johnny, and that Rodney kid from down the street to take their argument elsewhere. They were around the side of the house, noisily squabbling, ably abetted by their yelping dogs. Lucius wanted a little peace and quiet before returning to the office for the afternoon.

Mr. Ralston had called him down in front of the whole office again that morning simply because he had posted the right sums in the wrong ledger. Mr. Ralston had a peculiar way of bawling out people. He smiled and uttered wisecracks—but he wasn't kidding.

"Steems, you funny-looking little twerp," Mr. Ralston said, banging the ledger down on Lucius's desk. "I ought to make you eat this!" And after Mr. Ralston had wisecracked Lucius into red-faced humiliation, the big, bluff owner of Ralston's Pickle Works stalked away and left his billing clerk to writhe under the smirks and winks of the other employees.

Slowly Lucius rocked the swing, blinking his watery blue eyes. If he were only half a man—he sighed again, and dozed off.

"What a laugh!" The sharp words made Lucius's eyes pop open. It was that Rodney kid. "That funny-looking little shrimp couldn't lick a flea!"

"Say that again!" That was Johnny, and the vigor with which the youngster snapped out the challenge made Lucius's heart bump. Could—could it be that he had a champion after all? "You just say that again and I'll show you who can lick who!"

"I said he's a funny-looking little shrimp and can't lick a—ow!"

The brawl was on, and Lucius peered over the swing in time to see Johnny pursuing the Rodney kid down the street, both bellowing at the top of their lungs. Lucius bounded to his feet. By George, this was just what he needed—a champion, someone to back him up! He'd had no idea little Johnny would take up so fiercely for him. That put the old starch in the backbone, all right.

Lucius felt like a new man—a whole one. He paraded across the porch, jerked the screen door open and snatched his old felt hat from the hook. "Doris!" he cried in a sort of scratched roar. "Doris, I'll be home at five-thirty and I want supper on the table." He had read that in a book once, and it sounded swell. "Hear me? Five-thirty!"

Mrs. Steems thrust her head around the living room doorway in amazement. "Are you talking to—"

"To you," Lucius said, so angry that he trembled. He had to justify Johnny's raita. "I'm tired of being treated like a hired man. Five-thirty—and don't forget it!"

Lucius tingled with triumph. But what if he were still asleep in the swing? He pinched himself and it hurt—and he was glad. His confidence swelled as he rode downtown, and by the time he reached the office he was nearly bursting with the new spirit he had found through Johnny.

He went directly to Mr. Ralston's office. "Mr. Ralston," he said politely but positively, "You've got to stop insulting me before the whole office. I make mistakes—everyone here does. But I work hard, too, and not everyone here does that. If you don't like my work, get rid of me. But," and here Lucius shook his finger at ogle-eyed Mr. Ralston, "I won't take any more insults from anyone."

He stood back, waiting for his employer to say something—and Lucius really didn't give two whoops what it was. But it was good. "Steems," Mr. Ralston said finally, "it's about time you showed some spirit. I deserved that calling down—and I'll raise you 25 bucks a month just to show you there's no hard feeling."

"Yes, sir," Lucius went back to his desk. But, before he sat down, he elaborated on his little speech to his fellow workers. And no one talked back or even smirked.

It was a wonderful day, the happiest for Lucius in a long, long time. And he knew he owed it all to his Johnny. So perhaps it is just as well he never learned of the conversation between his wife and Johnny after he came home that afternoon. Never demonstrative in his affection, he simply patted the boy on the head, noted that supper was on the table and went upstairs to wash.

"Johnny," Mrs. Steems whispered anxiously, "Johnny, what's happened to your father all of a sudden? Do you know what's got into him?"

"Huh? Dad? Shucks, he seems the same to me," Johnny said lightly. "He's O. K., isn't he? Say, Ma," he added indignantly, "you know what the Rodney kid said to me today? He said my dog was a funny-looking little shrimp that couldn't lick a flea. Boy, did I paste him!"

U. S. Industry Sets New Output Records

Given the chance, American industry can deliver the goods in record-smashing volume.

The tremendous productive capacity of American enterprise, demonstrated in World War II, is exhibited again in the production of civilian goods to meet unprecedented peace-time demand.

Since the ending of disruptive strikes in steel, coal, copper and rail industries last winter and spring, many industries have achieved new peace-time peaks in output in civilian goods.

Radios, washing machines and many types of electrical household goods are among items from re-converted industries being produced in larger volume than before the war. Steel, electric power and other basic industries likewise are producing in record peace-time volume.

Uninterrupted production at these peace-time peaks is the best assurance of supply to meet pent-up demand and to ease the pressure for higher prices.

For Sale—A few purebred Poland China male hogs. O. P. Witt, Broadlands, Ill.

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Bus Baldwin Broadlands

Americans Fail to Appreciate Persimmons

The persimmon is one of the sweetest fruits grown in this country, being nearly one-third sugar, and in sugar count being second only to the date. The fig has half as much sugar as the persimmon and the peach only a fifth as much.

The early explorers in this country seem to have appreciated the persimmon more than most present-day Americans. DeSoto in 1557 and Jan de Laet in 1558 both praised the persimmons they found in the New World as "delicious little plums." It was John Smith, however, who de-

scribed the characteristic of this fruit which has held back its development and caused much of its neglect. He wrote: "If it be not ripe, it will draw a man's mouth awrie in torment."

Persimmons must be fully mature and ripe to lose their puckering astringency. Unfortunately, this fact has not been understood generally, and the mistaken idea has persisted that persimmons are unfit to eat until they have been frosted. Actually, freezing is bad for persimmons as for any other fruit.

The News is \$2.00 per year.

ELECT JOHN F. KEELER

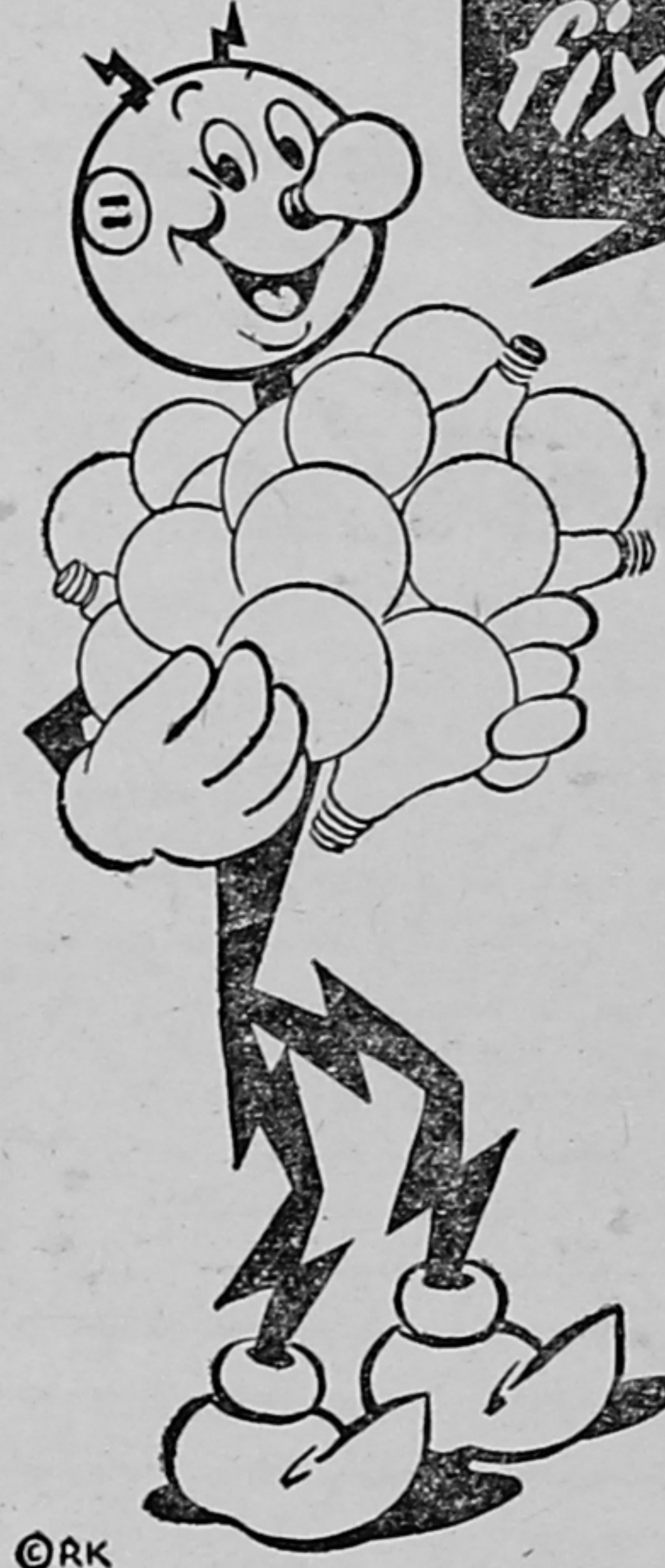
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ELECTION NOV. 5

For honesty, efficiency, and law enforcement to all

Gem Theatre Villa Grove - Illinois

Thursday & Friday Oct. 31, Nov. 1

Peggy Ann Garner, Randolph Scott, Lynn Bari, Dean Stockwell, Connie Marshall, Jas. Gleason, in

Home Sweet Homicide

Saturday, Nov. 2 Double Feature

Wild Bill Elliot, Bobby Blake, Bob Steele, Alice Fleming, Peggy Stewart, in

Sheriff of Redwood Valley

Also: Al Pearce, Pinky Lee, Jerome Cowan, Shemp Howard, in

One Exciting Week

Mat at 2:00; Eve at 6:30-8:42

Sun., Mon., Nov. 3-4

An Outstanding Musical Romance—In Technicolor Starring Walter Pidgeon, Jose Iturbi, Roddy McDowall, Llonna Massey, Xavier Cugat, Jane Powell, Hugo Haas, in

Holiday In Mexico

Shows at 2:00-4:35-7:10

Tues., Wed., Nov. 5-6

John Hodiak, Nancy Guild, Lloyd Nolan, Richard Conte, in

Somewhere In The Night

Thur., Fri., Nov. 7-8

Drama—Starring Dorothy McGuire, Guy Madison, Robert Mitchum, Bill Williams, Jean Porter, in

Till The End of Time

HOMER THEATRE

Always A Good Show

Fri., Sat., Nov. 1-2

Jimmy Wakely

Riders of The Dawn

with Lee "Lasses" White

Sun., Mon., & Tues., Nov. 3-4-5

Wallace Beery, Margaret O'Brien in—

Bad Bascomb

with Marjorie Main and J. Carrol Naish.

Wed., Thur., Nov. 6-7

Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, Brian Donlevy in—

Our Hearts

Were Growing Up

Five little bullets guard the lives of 14 hunted people in—

The Last Chance

Fri. & Sat., Nov. 8-9

Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys and Trigger in

Rainbow Over Texas

with George (Gabby) Hayes and Dale Evans

Time Table (CST)
C. & E. I.

Northbound	10:28 a. m.
Southbound	1:33 p. m.
Star Mail Route	
Southbound	6:45 a. m.
Northbound	4:25 p. m.

Lodge Meets Next Monday
Broadlands Lodge, No. 791, A.
F. & A. M. will meet next Monday night at 7:30.
Howard Clem, W. M.
Harry Archer, Sec.

Illinois State Capitol News

There were 388 diphtheria cases reported in Illinois during the first nine months of this year, compared with 121 in the similar period in 1945. The upturn is in line with a general increase in prevalence of diphtheria throughout the United States, particularly in the East.

Wolf Lake park, located in Cook county, and the first state park to be established inside the Chicago limits, was dedicated Oct. 13. Gov. Green took part in the ceremonies. The park, purchased by the state, contains about 600 acres, and will provide public hunting and fishing, as well as facilities for boating, swimming and picnicking.

Calling attention to complaints being received from various parts of the state about hunters who leave farm gates open and even cut farm fences, L. E. Osborne, state director of conservation, reminded sportsmen that the Illinois game laws provide they must have permission from landowners before hunting or fishing on property. He added that conservation officers have been instructed to see that the law protecting the rights of property owners is enforced.

Gov. Green has announced that the state of Illinois will purchase the 20-story Burnham office building at 160 N. LaSalle street, Chicago, for six million dollars. 27 State offices now in various Chicago locations will be housed in the building, which is regarded as large enough to accommodate all state agencies in the city except the unemployment compensation and the free employment services, which are in the Merchandise Mart. The Governor says the state is at present paying more than half a million dollars yearly for rental space in the Chicago loop.

Coal From Murdock Mine Starts To Market

The coal mine at Murdock has the main shaft down to the coal and it is being taken out of the mine for market. Some of the coal is being exhibited in Tuscola and is of good quality. The mine is 206 feet deep and has a six foot vein which is said to be able to employ 600 miners. This should bring a large number of people to Douglas County, and as the mine is so near to Tuscola it may help to locate other industries here.

Hugh Shears, foreman of the B. and O. Railroad with a gang of men are building track from the mine to the main track and when completed it will resemble a small railroad yard.—Tuscola Review.

Uncle Sam Says



Any number of my young nephews today dream of banging the ball out of the park in a World Series. A big league baseball career is a fine future for any American boy, but so is a career as a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer or some other profession. The big leaguers among dads know that it costs money to give their sons the opportunity for a great career. By investing every pay day in United States Savings Bonds, any dad can give Junior a good start in life. Yes, Savings Bonds are in the big league class. Buy an extra Savings Bond today. U. S. Treasury Department

The News is \$2.00 per year.

LOOKING AHEAD
BY GEORGE S. BENSON
President—Harding College
Stearcy, Arkansas

Ship Ahoy

Up-stream from Niagara Falls a short distance, the weather-beaten hulk of a wrecked yacht lay for years in mid-channel. I saw it once, clinging precariously to the rough, stone river-bed while the swift current lashed violently at its decaying sides. A Canadian, native of Welland County, told me the story of the derelict, a thriller if I ever heard one, and worth repeating. Several miles up the river, this comfortable little craft rode at anchor one night in quiet water. The skipper and some guests were sleeping peacefully on board when, by some unexplained circumstance, the boat came loose from her moorings. Nobody waked for a long time. The boat drifted with the current, which was not fast at first but gradually gained speed as it neared the falls.

Start Investigation.

The keel was grinding on the nodulated rock bottom before the boat's unsteady motion roused any of the sleepers. Then they all got active at once. Most of them had no idea what to do first. Some actually began accusing one another and trying to fix the blame for losing the anchor—this, with the thundering cataract in plain hearing, destruction only a few seconds away.

The skipper was a man of action and presence of mind. While his guests suffered panic, he went below and blasted a hole in the hull with dynamite. The crippled craft took on water fast and settled to bottom in the swift stream. Then it lodged! Days like months passed before the handful of frightened people could be brought ashore but no lives were lost. Quick action saved them.

Paying the Price

Certainly the skipper loved his boat and hated to sacrifice it. He wished something might have waked him a mile up stream where life and property both could have been saved, but he paid the price of survival. America's ship of state is, this very day, drifting down a channel toward a cataract, the same channel through which Italy, Germany, France and England passed before us.

Numberless weak vessels have plunged helplessly over Niagara to a destruction nobody ever has lived to describe. Just so, many helpless peoples have been swept through revolution to dictatorship because they could not help themselves. Even recently England blasted the sturdy keel of a self-governing nation. The people are safe but their long-cherished liberty is damaged. Figuratively, England's freedom hangs precariously in rough current.

We Can Save All

The United States of America has drifted far but our engines are still in condition and the boat is not out of control. Still there is time for our leaders to save, not only our people from revolution, but the personal freedom our forefathers fled monarchs and despots to obtain and fought desperately to keep. The way to ruin is via central planning, government-management, -direction, -control -ownership.

Government ownership is full concentration of authority—a pretty name for despotism. The trend is unmistakable, the tragic course is familiar. It is time to turn back under power toward individual liberty: freedom of faith, freedom of speech, the right to own property and the right to buy and sell. While we have the only seaworthy yacht on the river, it's time for quick action.

Rising Exports Aid Farmer And Business

United States exports have been climbing this year toward a record peace-time annual total of about \$10,000,000,000.

This recovery in foreign trade, and prospects of further gains as the supply of goods increases, is one of the strongest props for a high level of production and employment. Exports of farm products, particularly, are holding at high figures.

Favoring a continued high level of exports is the \$30,000,000,000 in foreign exchange already available or in sight for needy countries from such sources as the United States credit of \$3,750,000,000 to England, loans from the Export-Import Bank of Washington and the funds turned over by the United States and other countries to the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

During the four war years 1942-45 United States merchandise exports reached the unprecedented total of \$45,000,000,000, reports the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. That total was equal to the combined value of exports in the previous 14 years.

For Sale—A few purebred Poland China male hogs. O. P. Witt, Broadlands, Ill.

Place your news items in our mail box.

For Sale—Late fries. White Rocks. \$1.00 each. Mrs. John Bahlow.

Livers of female sharks have a far greater content of vitamin A than the male.

If one should follow precisely the needle of a compass he would travel an irregular curve leading eventually to the north magnetic pole, though not usually by a "great circle" route.

RE-ELECT

Rolla C. McMillen
Republican Candidate for
Congress

—has a practical knowledge of grain farming and stock feeding through giving his personal attention to the family farms.

—as a lawyer is able to analyze pending legislation and know its effect.

—his experience in past years in Congress has strengthened his ability to work and decide on the vast program to be faced in the next Congress.



RE-ELECT

Rolla C. McMillen
to Congress Nov. 5, 1946
EXPERIENCE INCREASES ABILITY

ELECT
Joseph T. Clancy
Sheriff
of Champaign County



Veteran World War II.
Born in Tolono township 36 years ago.

Live in Homer.
Graduate Champaign High School.

Graduate University of Illinois.

Married and have two children.

Former Lieutenant Illinois State Police.

Member American Legion, Amvets and V. F. W.

There is no substitute for experience.

Election Nov. 5, 1946.

Vote Republican!

Champaign County Republicans Offer These Qualified Candidates

Congressman:
Rolla C. McMillen

State Representatives:
Ora D. Dillavou
Charles W. Clabaugh

County Judge:
William Springer

County Clerk:
Harry A. Little

County Treasurer:
Ralph Rose

Sheriff:
Joseph T. Clancy

County Supt. of Schools:
Ernest M. Harshbarger

We are at the Crossroads....
....Make a Turn to the Right
VOTE REPUBLICAN

Election Day---Nov. 5, 1946.
Polls Open 5 A. M. to 6 P. M.

See your Republican Precinct Committeeman for further election information.

REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

To The People of Champaign County



As this campaign nears a close, I want to express my appreciation for the friendliness which so many of you have shown toward me throughout the county. I thank all of those who have been active in my behalf and I am grateful for the interest you have shown.

This is the second time this year I have come before the electorate of Champaign County.

I have sought at all times to conduct a clean campaign without reference to personalities. I pledge the best efforts of which I am capable, to be a County Judge for all the people without regard to politics, creed, or race, and to administer this office with courtesy, fairness and impartiality.

Sincerely,

William Springer

Highest Cash Prices Paid For Dead Horses and Cattle

(exact price depending on size and condition)

WE ALSO REMOVE DEAD HOGS

DANVILLE DEAD ANIMAL DISPOSAL CO.

Danville, Illinois - Phone: Danville 878

or

URBANA RENDERING WORKS

Urbana, Illinois - Phone: 7-2067

TELL OPERATOR TO REVERSE CHARGES

Housewife's Sense

By E. M. PARKINSON
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

THE Lane account was well worth going after. Mr. Hopkins took Mrs. Hopkins with him on the trip. A letter was sent ahead to the Lane office, so that he would be expected. Still, there was a disappointment.

"I'm so sorry that our buyer, Mr. Porterfield, was called out of town," the secretary told him. "But Mr. Porterfield recognized your name."

Mr. Hopkins broke in. "Don't tell me it's Roscoe Porterfield!" "It is," she smiled. "He wants you at his home for dinner tonight. He'll arrive on an evening train. You know Mrs. Porterfield?"

"Oh, yes! And so does Mrs. Hopkins, who is with me." "That's fine! I'll let you in on a secret," the woman said. "Mr. Porterfield is a great family man. A chatty evening with Mrs. Porterfield and the girls will just about cinch the sale."

He went back to his hotel, and told Mrs. Hopkins. "It's a devoted family dear. We must be tactfully flattering. And—er—you'd better let me handle it." He laughed nervously. "After all, you're a housewife, with housewife's sense—lots of it. A good thing, but—er—different from business sense."

"Quite," said Mrs. Hopkins, who'd heard that speech many times. "And at that, Jenny Porterfield and I will have lots in common. Both housewives."

"Wait a minute," Mr. Hopkins was staring. "Did you say Jenny? Her name is Lorna." "Lorna?" Mrs. Hopkins looked astonished.

"Lorna, certainly. Jenny was Roscoe's girl in Northville. A little dark girl. She was lame. Lorna was the tall beautiful blonde from Lake City."

They were perplexed. They did not know which one was Roscoe Porterfield's wife.

A tall blonde young girl met them at the Porterfield door. "Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins? Do come in. We're so sorry that Mother had to see a guest off. The train's a little late, and Daddy's coming on it so Mother's waiting."

When she disappeared to call her sisters Mrs. Hopkins whispered, "We're on a spot, dear. We've got to be careful."

"Nonsense," Mr. Hopkins laughed. "That tall blonde girl is surely Lorna's daughter."

"Suppose she introduces three or four little dark sisters?" "She won't."

He was right. She returned with three tall blonde young girls, and Mr. Hopkins gave Mrs. Hopkins a triumphant glance. "Well, gals," he said, "I must say you take after your beautiful mother—"

"In many ways," Mrs. Hopkins broke in hastily. "We knew your father and mother when we weren't much older than you are now."

"Oh, do tell us about those days!" the girls begged. "You're the first old friends of Mom's and Daddy's we've met. Did you have fun?"

"Did we!" Mr. Hopkins sighed. "Parties, picnics, dances. . . . And let me tell you, the star of those dances—"

"Excuse me, dear," Mrs. Hopkins broke in. "I'm so interested in that lovely picture. Come look at it, dear."

It was a nice painting, hung rather high. The top of the frame was dusty. Mrs. Hopkins raised her eyebrows and moved on. Mr. Hopkins squirmed. If she would only forget for one moment that she was a housewife!

"As I was saying," he began, "when we used to dance, there was no one like—"

"Now, now, don't boast, dear," Mrs. Hopkins interrupted. "See this lovely vase on the mantel." She gave him a meaningful glance, and her eyes dropped. He saw that the top of the vase was dusty. She turned and said sweetly, "Are you real old-fashioned home girls?"

"No, I guess we're not," the oldest admitted. "We're all athletic. And with school and everything, we're not very domestic."

"Was Mom a home girl when she was young?" another asked. Mr. Hopkins was nervous as a cat. Lorna—tall, blonde Lorna—a home girl!

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Hopkins said. "She was held up as an example to all the other girls. Their mothers always said, 'If only you were clever about the house like little Jenny!'"

The door bell rang and one of the girls flew to admit Mr. and Mrs. Porterfield. "Mom," she said, "Mrs. Hopkins is the sweetest thing! She says you were wonderful when you were a girl and that all the mothers wanted their daughters to be just like you. Of course we knew it, but it's nice to hear it from someone else."

The Porterfields, Roscoe and Jenny, came in beaming.

The order was all but signed when Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins left. Mr. Hopkins wiped his brow. "Honey, you saved my life. Those blonde girls made me so positive it was Lorna. How did you know it was Jenny?"

Mrs. Hopkins patted his arm. "Housewife's sense," she said complacently. "You see, the low furniture was shining. So I knew the high surfaces were dusty only because the housewife couldn't see them. She had to be the short gal—Jenny!"

Local and Personal

Edgar Moser of Chrisman was a business caller here Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Fisher were dinner guests in the Arch Walker home, Sunday.

Mrs. Elsie Starkey of Pesotum spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cook.

Mrs. Leanna Miller returned Saturday from a ten-days' visit with relatives in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lewis spent the weekend with the former's parents at Fostoria, Ohio.

Mrs. Ray Gordon is convalescing from a heart attack which she suffered recently.

The Republican meeting held here Saturday night was well attended.

Mrs. Arch Walker and Mrs. Fuller Freeman visited in the R. C. Hammond home at Martinsville last Friday.

Ora Miller and family attended the funeral of the former's father at Wesley Chapel, east of Scotland, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Grace Griffin, bookkeeper at the Brewer Chevrolet Co., has been confined to her home by illness the past three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Potter had as dinner guests, Sunday, Ernest Potter, Mrs. Allie Cable, Mrs. Essie Shultz and son, Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Fisher and Mrs. Arch Walker attended a wiener roast in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fay Fisher at St. Joseph, Sunday evening.

Misses Evelyn Seider and Elvira Biesterfeld, who are attending Beauty School in Champaign, spent the weekend here with their parents.

Walter Jones Post, V. F. W., Villa Grove, will stage an old fashioned square dance on Thursday night of each week, beginning, Thursday, Nov. 7. Admission, 50c per person.

Rev. P. E. Kerkhoff assisted with the ordination and installation of Rev. Norman E. Klatt in Good Shepherd Lutheran congregation at Hoopston, last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Kerkhoff, Frieda, Patricia and Larry also attended the service.

Those from Broadlands attending the wedding dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Simmons at Ramsey on Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Simmons, Inez, Lucille and Charles Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Simmons. The dinner also celebrated the birthday of Mrs. Lucy Miller, of Ramsey.

The Men's Fellowship meeting which was held in the Longview Methodist Church on Friday night of last week proved to be one of the best meetings the organization has ever had from the standpoint of interest and entertainment. Lieutenant Colonel Ralph Allen of Allerton was the speaker of the evening and his talk was enjoyed by all those present. Miss Marion Dohme gave a reading which was also enjoyed.

Statue on Capitol
The 19-foot bronze female figure which surmounts the capitol of the United States is the "Statue of Freedom." Originally named "Armed Liberty," it was modeled in Italy by Thomas Crawford from plans approved by Jefferson Davis, who was chairman of the committee on public buildings in 1850. The plaster model was shipped to this country where it was cast in bronze. At the base of the statue a wide circular band is inscribed: "E pluribus unum" ("From many, one"). The statue was set in place on December 2, 1863.

Longview News

(Thelma D. Kraft, Reporter)

Mrs. J. C. Deere is improving her home with white shingles.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hutton and family spent the weekend with their parents in Charleston.

Merton Parks substituted on the route three days due to the illness of E. C. Hagerman.

Chas. Warnes spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Cleoh Dollahan of Pekin.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Brown of Danville visited Mr. and Mrs. Sam Norman, Sunday.

Mrs. Stella Hiler of Villa Grove spent Sunday with Mrs. Grace Parks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Swick and daughter of Sidell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Guthrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stevens of Urbana, and Juanita Compton of Allerton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jess Gillenwater.

Mrs. O. D. Struck returned home Sunday after a major operation 10 days ago in Mercy hospital. She is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dowden of Bloomington, Ind., and Hiram Campbell of Villa Grove visited Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Flood, Sunday evening.

Mrs. Clifford Dobbs returned home Friday from the County hospital where she underwent a major operation ten days ago. She is up around the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kincanon and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kincanon spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Walsh, at Champaign.

World Communion day will be observed at union services Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. in the Christian church, with Miss Ada Paine as chairman.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Green

and son and Mrs. Levi Driver spent Sunday afternoon with Henry Wall who is in the county hospital at Newport, Ind., suffering with a badly mashed hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Keefe, Larry Keefe, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cler and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keefe were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Keefe.

Mrs. Alice Hanley returned home Sunday after several weeks visit with her son, Cletus Hanley and wife of Lovington. Mr. and Mrs. Hanley accompanied her.

Mrs. Ella Eckerty was hostess to the Stitch & Chatter club on Thursday afternoon with ten members present. Mystery pals were revealed. Miss Ada Paine won the contest given by Mrs. Chas. Dyar. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Lester Hood, president; Mrs. Ella Eckerty, vice president; Mrs. Glen Hood, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. John Peden, assistant; and Mrs. Chas. Dyar and Ada Paine, flower committee.

Uncle Sam Says



All of us are familiar with quizzes about this and that. Let's take this question: What is the strongest, economic family asset in America? Millions of you could win the jackpot prize for the correct answer. U. S. Savings Bonds, of course. Ownership of U. S. Savings Bonds is now part and parcel of our American way of life because Americans know that Savings Bonds help to build a better, firmer future. Americans know that they yield a good profit at no risk at all to the principal.

ONE MORE ROW TO HOE



The boy from the farm is on foreign soil today! Instead of overalls, he's wearing his country's uniform. He's standing watch over the hard-won peace. He's safeguarding your future.

At heart he's still that farm boy. His laughter sounds the same—when he can laugh. He still goes for cokes and cakes—when he can get them. And he still gets mighty homesick when he has nothing else to do but think of home.

Your USO has one more row to hoe. Another round of laughs to plant. Another crop of cheer.

Your USO needs your help, as much as ever. For millions of American boys still need the USO. They need the camp shows and clubhouses—the hours of relaxation and entertainment—a place to hang their hats and loosen their belts.

They need to know that the folks back home are still thinking of them—are still willing to pitch in and make their task a lighter one.

Tell the farm boy you're with him—every step of the way. Say it through the USO. Say it with dollars!

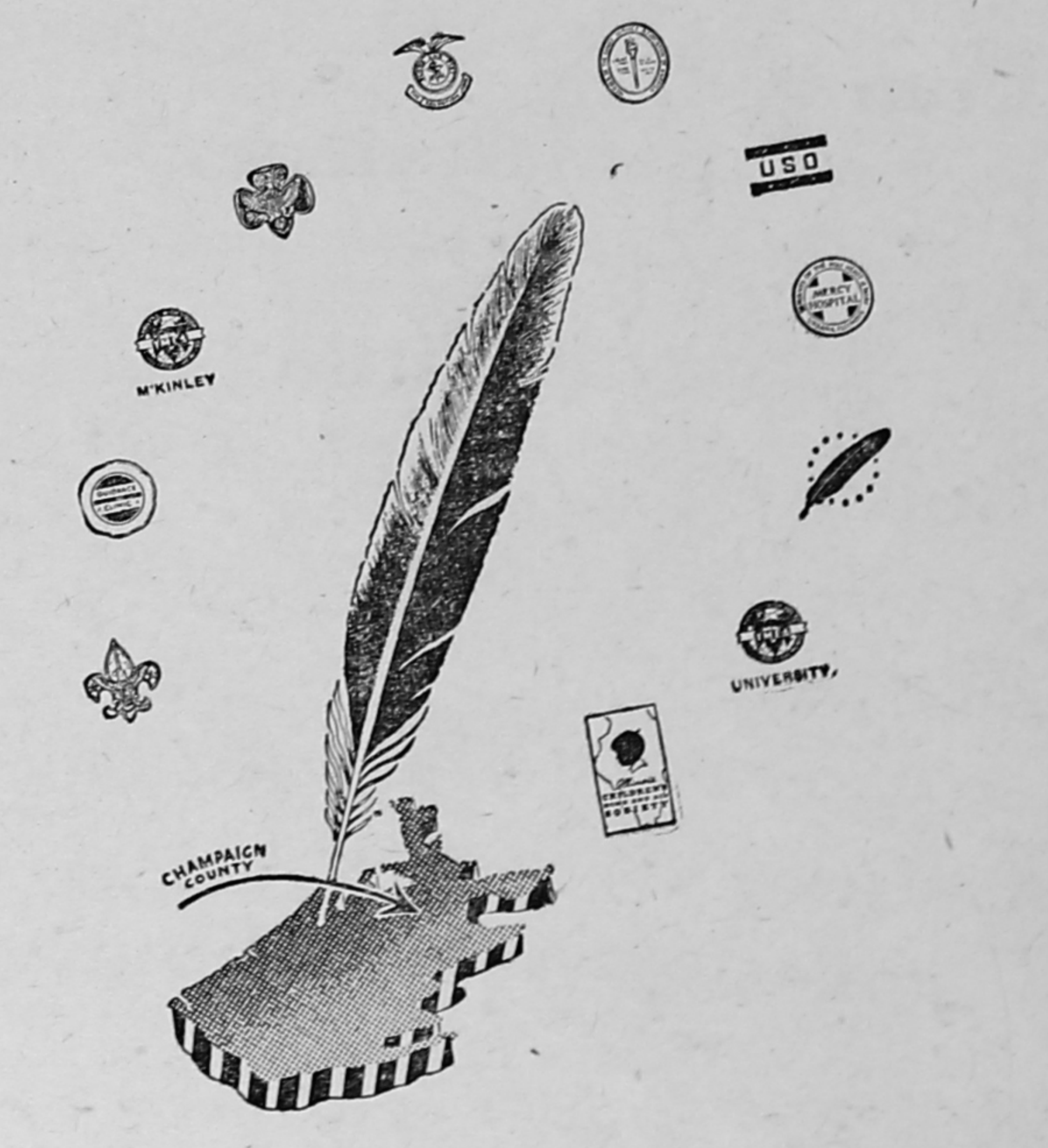


Keep It Up . . .

Don't Let Them Down!

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