



**THE BIBLE SPEAKS**  
 International Uniform Sunday School Lessons  
 By DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN

SCRIPTURE: Daniel 7; Revelation 1; 4:8, 11; 11:15-19; 15:2-4; 21:22.  
 DEVOTIONAL READING: Revelation 7:9-17.

**God's V-Day**  
 Lesson for December 26, 1948

EVERYBODY loves a fight, they say. But the underdog does not love it, and nobody loves one that goes on and on and seems to have no end. The longest war in history is the war that mankind wages against everything that is out to destroy him. It is the war between man at his best and man at his worst, between the angel and the devil in man himself. We seem to be the underdogs—and how tired we grow of it!

**God's Fight**  
 THE Bible shows us that this fight is not one in which we human beings are left to defend ourselves alone. We have an enemy, Satan; and we have an ally, God. Whenever a man lines up against anything that is wrong, hateful, deceitful, destructive, and on the side of what is creative, just, brotherly and true, he finds that this is not a private fight, it is not even the struggle of mankind alone. It is a cosmic conflict.

God's universe is not a neat garden in which only flowers grow; he has to work cutting down the weeds. His universe is not a realm at peace, with no need even for police; treason is abroad, rebellion breaks out here and there.

The Greeks used to think that the gods never went to any trouble, they ruled without effort. But the Christian Bible tells of a God who does have troubles, who meets opposition and fights against it.

**Bright Books for Dark Times**  
 TWO books in our Bible bring this out in a startling way: Daniel and Revelation. We have been thinking through three months now about various kinds of literature in the Bible. The kind represented by these two books is called "Apocalyptic." Scholars have discovered a number of similar books, but these two are incomparably the greatest and were the only two to be admitted to the Bible. One feature of all apocalyptic literature is that it always appears in dark times, and its first readers are people down at the bottom of the heap, people beyond all human hope.

Daniel, long before the time of Christ, and Revelation, two generations later than Christ, came as lights in a very dark world. The first of these books circulated when the Jews were hard pressed by Syrian persecutors, and when the other came out, the Christians were about to be crushed out of existence by cruel Roman emperors.

Observing what went on in those days, you might have thought the Jews, or the Christians as the case might be, had no prospects of surviving. But these books brought a brighter message: Have courage! God will not lose!

**A Code in Pictures**  
 DANIEL and Revelation are both hard to understand, and for the same reason. Their messages are framed not always in plain language but in symbols. Hidden meanings abound.

This had to be so; if one of these books fell (as sometimes they did) into the hands of the persecuting agents of the Syrian or Roman governments, it would not get the owner into trouble, for the agent would hardly be able to interpret the strange language.

All sorts of weird creatures and events move through these mysterious pages, and they often probably refer to persons or events known to the writers and the first readers: beasts with iron teeth and horns with eyes; a flaming throne set on a river of fire; golden vials filled with the wrath of God; a red dragon sweeping the stars down with its tail.

**God's Victory**  
 WE NEED not be distressed now at not being able to unlock all the code in which these extraordinary books are written. We can read them for their sheer beauty and force of imagination, for one thing, and we cannot miss their main truth. The bright picture of the New Jerusalem in Rev. 21, 22 is one of the loveliest and most comforting passages in the entire Bible.

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**THE BROADLANDS NEWS**  
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**One More Look**  
 Because Navy Ensign Leslie R. Johnson of Minneapolis, navigator of a plane searching for possible survivors of an Army C-54, lost in the Pacific, begged his pilot to have "one more look," 33 lives were saved.

The search plane, with others, had been cruising several hours in the vicinity where the missing transport had been reported lost. It was beginning to get dark, and the search pilot decided to return to land, as it seemed useless to search further at that time. But Ensign Johnson asked the pilot to make one more circle of the area, and the pilot agreed. Six minutes later their chief machinist's mate sighted the men on two life rafts lashed together almost directly under the plane.

Word was flashed to the aircraft carrier Rendova, a few miles away, and in a short time she picked up the 33 survivors, about 39 hours after their plane had crashed in the sea, before daylight Sunday morning. Four men had perished before the rescue.

All who participated in the difficult and thrilling rescue deserve the highest credit, with special praise due ensign Johnson, who induced his pilot to try "just one more look."

**Wright Plane Is Home**  
 Friday marked the 45th anniversary of the first flight of an airplane carrying a passenger, on Dec. 17, 1903, when Wilbur and Orville Wright made their first successful flights, one of 12 and another of 59 seconds at Kitty Hawk, N. C.

Other inventors were working feverishly on various aircraft designs at the time, the one who came nearest to beating the Wrights to success being Samuel P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and one of the leading scientists of his day. Langley's machine was wrecked on the second attempt to launch it, nine days before the Wright's successful flights.

Ten years later, after Langley's death, his old machine was overhauled and fitted with a Curtiss motor and controls. It was then actually flown for short distances, to show that Langley had been near success. This gave rise to a controversy over who had built the first plane that would fly, the Smithsonian attempting to unjustly give the credit to Langley by placing his machine in its museum, labeled to indicate his priority.

As a result, Orville Wright—after his brother Wilbur's death in 1912—refused to place their Kitty Hawk plane in the Smithsonian, and sent it instead to the Science Museum in London, where it was given its proper recognition.

Before Orville Wright's death this year, the Smithsonian had reversed its position regarding priority of flight, and he gave his permission for the plane to be returned. It arrived last month, and on the 45th anniversary of its historic flight it was formally received by the Smithsonian Institution, where it should have been all the time.

All Americans will be glad to know that justice to the Wright brothers has at last been done, and that Orville Wright lived to see full recognition given by the Smithsonian.

Anything moving at 60 miles an hour travels 88 feet per second. Gold can be extracted from the sea, but the cost is greater than the value of the metal.

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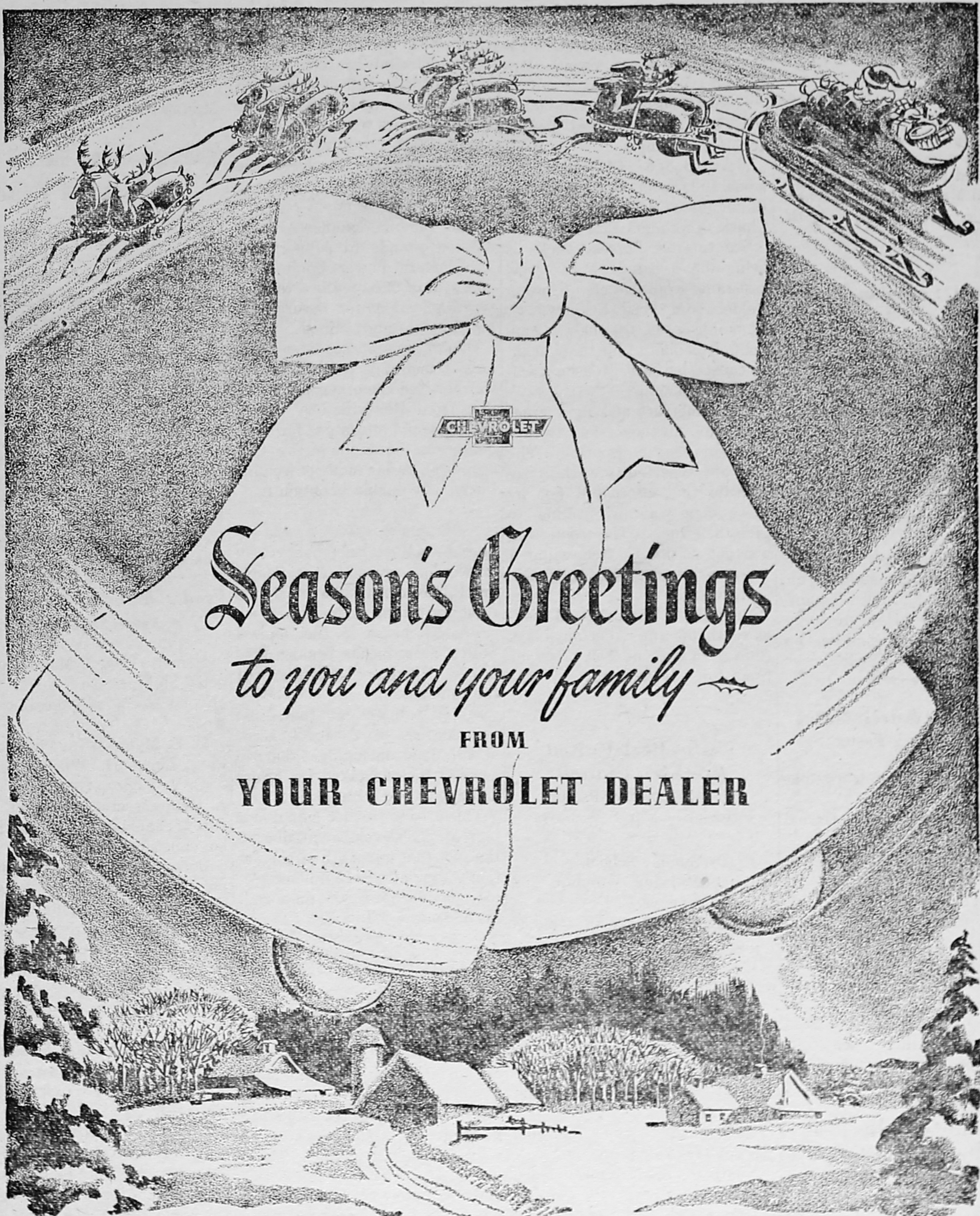
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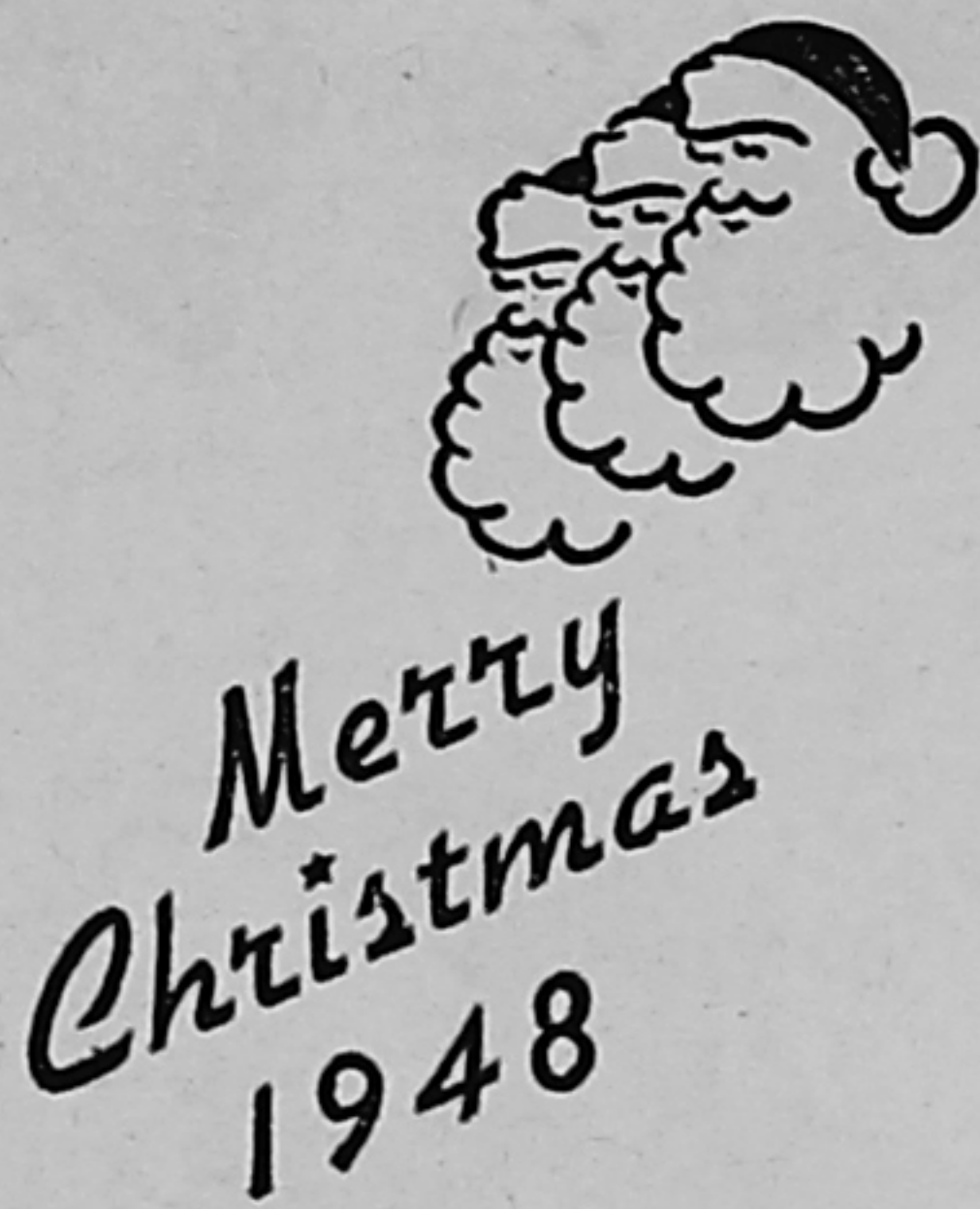
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MAY THIS  
CHRISTMAS SEASON  
BRING YOU MANY  
BLESSINGS AND  
MUCH JOY  
AND HAPPINESS.

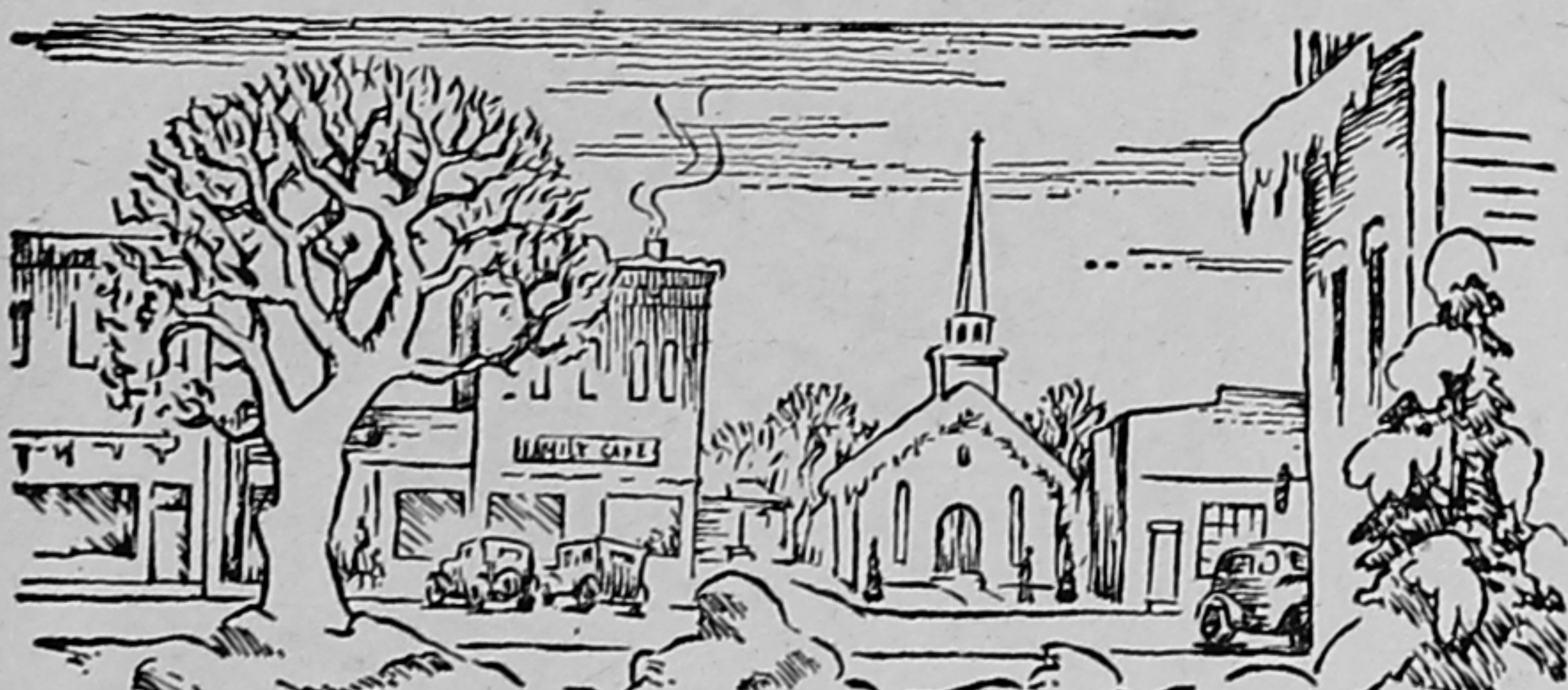
STRUCK BROS.



A triple wish for all  
of you is ours:  
Good Cheer! Good Friends!  
Good Health!

Broadlands Grain  
& Coal Co.

F. A. Messman, Manager



Merry Christmas 1948

Christmas is an old-fashioned holiday, a time for reliving childhood days and for recalling old times, old friends.

May all the peace and tranquility of the season be yours in full measure.



Baldwin's Garage



IT WAS three nights before Christmas and Margaret was packing to go home. Contrary to traditional sentiment, she was not happy about it, for she had planned to stay in New York with Ralph. With considerable forethought she had even planned the day; church in the morning, Christmas dinner with Amy and Bill, a walk down Fifth avenue at twilight, a snack of supper, and the theater.

But Ralph had been invited to a "swell house party in Philadelphia." Margaret slammed down the top of her suitcase. She could have borne up under a Christmas with a lonely mother, or a widowed sister. "What about me?" she had longed to cry out, but she had, instead, smiled and said that it was just too marvelous, wondering meanwhile if Mr. Johnson would let her have an extra day off. Ralph had only to go to Philadelphia, two hours away, while she had no one within 500 miles!



Several hours later she stood on the porch of a white frame house.

Now she was ready, bag in hand, for the midnight train. As she waited for the taxicab, she smoothed her black tailored woolen frock over her slim hips. If New York hadn't been particularly kind to her, it had at least taught her how to dress!

She couldn't sleep on the train. Closing her eyes, she saw the cluttered desk which she had left at Roswell's Advertising agency, and Mr. Johnston's kindly face when he had told her to go home for Christmas. She saw Ralph's desk in the manager's office, Ralph dancing in Philadelphia, Ralph opening Christmas gifts — and just Ralph, with whom she would never again share good times.

There was a three-hour wait for the local train at Pittsburgh, but Margaret was too tired and depressed to leave the station. After buying a magazine featuring an article on men, and an astrological delineation of her birthsign, she settled herself into the practical task of trying to determine her future in this most unpredictable world. Several hours later, not much wiser but much more weary, she stood on the porch of a white frame house.

The door opened and Margaret blinked.

"I win!" shouted Ralph triumphantly. "She came on the midnight train!"

Mrs. Brown rushed out to the hallway and enfolded her daughter in an ample, motherly embrace. "Margaret! Why child, you're a sight! Your face is as black as coal."

Margaret withdrew herself from her mother's arms and looked at the two of them coolly. "Well, if it isn't asking too much, just what is this? Not a weekend in Philadelphia, I believe!"

Ralph took her bag and magazine and helped her out of her coat. "Don't be like that, Margaret! I bet your mother a box of candy against a mince pie that you'd come down on the midnight train."

"And what, exactly, are you doing here?"

"Margaret!" chided her mother. "I invited myself. A surprise for you, and then I wanted to talk to your Dad about something . . ."

Ralph was awkwardly turning the magazine in his hands. "Jumping fishes!" he exclaimed. "Look at the little red book!" He opened it to a center page, and read: "The natives of this sign are more than likely to have short tempers."

"Give it to me!"

Ralph held it tantalizingly out of reach and Margaret stamped her foot. "Ralph Wells," she said, "I come home for a rest and the first thing you do is make fun of me. If I have a complete breakdown it's your fault. Give me that book!"

"There, there," comforted her mother. "You go upstairs and get washed. You'll feel better."

Margaret started up the stairs, then turned in sudden remembrance. "Are you staying over Christmas?" she asked Ralph.

"I had expected to."

"You might as well. There's a dance Christmas Eve."

At the top of the steps she turned again. "And don't forget, half of that pie is mine. After all, I did the coming home!"

"Okay."

"She's tickled to death to see you," whispered Mother Brown cautiously. She patted his arm, and Ralph understood.



KATE YARROW had so often heard neighbors remark that she would be an old woman before her time, that she had begun to think of herself as quite middle-aged. Actually she was not quite 30, nor had her full days as mistress of the Yarrow household turned her hair gray or her cheeks wan.

Sometimes, since she had taken her mother's place, Kate did think she was imposed upon. But she blamed no one. Her father was generous enough with the money, and she had Martie in the kitchen and old Sam for outside work. But five inconsiderate younger brothers and sisters, a preoccupied father and a grumbling grandfather made a household that required supervision.

For the past two years, Kate thought, there had really been no Christmas. But this year would be different. The brothers, all in boarding school or college, had accepted invitations to spend the holidays with room-mates. One sister was visiting an aunt, and the other had gone south with her exacting but youthful grandfather. And Kate's father was spending the season with a thoroughly capable widow who, it had been whispered, he was considering as a possible second wife.



Bill did not neglect his privilege.

So as soon as the last member of her brood had faded down the driveway, Kate told Martie and Sam to take a two-day vacation — and then settled back to spend Christmas by herself. She ran into the capacious living room and with a completely undignified leap planted herself sprawling upon the divan. Every one but Kate sprawled on that divan. Kate never had time. Now she would begin the Christmas holidays by staying there for hours.

Before dinner-time she donned her best red evening frock and over this her smock. Then she went down to the kitchen to make herself a meal, admitting for the first time that it was rather lonesome in the old house. She heard loud rappings on the old brass knocker, and went to open the door rather timidly.

But her timidity gave way to annoyance. There was her older brother, Tom, who had started that morning ostensibly to pass the holidays with a group of bachelor friends. And here he was, back with five young men in tow! They were heavily laden, turkey feet protruding from one of the bundles.

"Well, we began talking it over," Tom said, "and decided Christmas at the club would be a frost. So I asked the fellows to come home with me. I was afraid you wouldn't have things for the feast, so we stopped and got what we thought you'd want. Bill, here, even got mistletoe, though I told him there'd be no pretty girls!"

Then, turning to one of the young men whom Kate had never met, the tactless brother went on. "Bill, this is my sister. Now I'll run along and get the car in the garage. And, sis, you might take the fellows up and show 'em where you want 'em to sleep!"

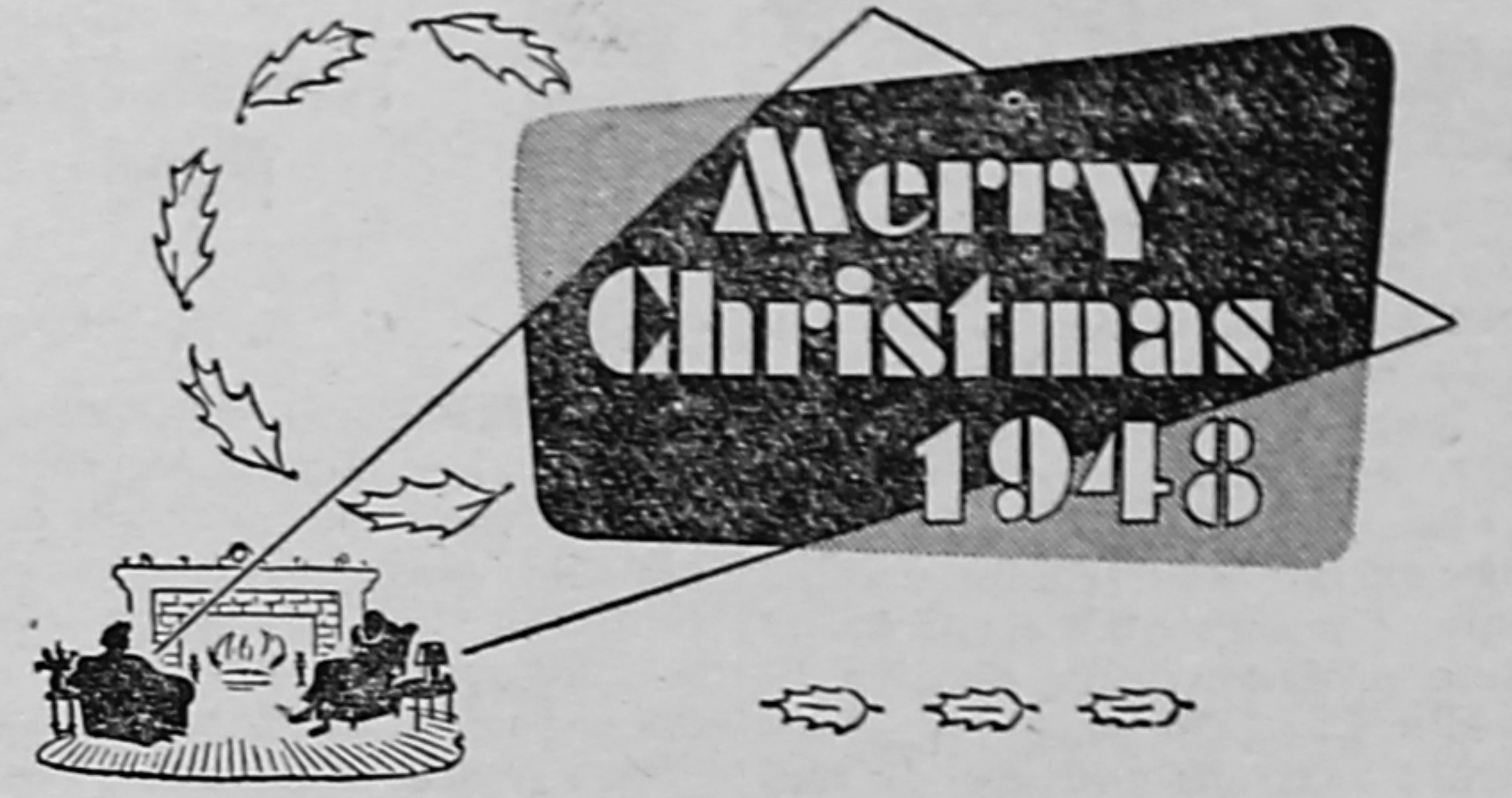
Bill alone of the young bachelors noted the look of disappointment on Kate's face. Later, after she had prepared an impromptu Christmas Eve supper and laid aside her smock, she heard Bill say from the other end of the table: "I thought Tom said there would be no pretty girls here. Boys, let's drink a toast to Sister Kate!"

It was past midnight that night when Kate left the kitchen. The boys had helped with the dishes under Bill's orders, but there would be pies and puddings to make for the next day and Kate knew she would have her hands full. She was up early to prepare the festive breakfast, and all day she worked in the kitchen.

It was late Christmas night when she had finished the last work in the kitchen. As she passed through the hall, Bill stood waiting for her. There, above them, hung the mistletoe — and Bill did not neglect his privilege.

"It isn't just because of the mistletoe," he told Kate, holding her still close to him. "I loved you when I first saw you. It has been outrageous for us to impose on you this way."

"It's all been worthwhile, Bill," Kate replied, "because I've made myself believe that I was doing it all for you — alone!"



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with all the contentment  
possible during this  
holiday season.  
We're stopping  
by with a cheery  
greeting.

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pleasure to  
extend these greet-  
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blessings of that first  
Yuletide be yours today—  
'Peace on Earth  
Good Will Toward Men.'

1948

DICKS BROS.



# Rendezvous

LAURETTE was dining alone in her apartment, while outside the tempo of a New Year's Eve celebration grew in intensity.

It was quiet, sitting there by candlelight, a beautiful moment to reflect back over the 12 months just ending—except that tonight was so crucial! Tonight the vigil would end, the problem would resolve itself. But which way?

It was a strange thing they had done. Just a year ago tonight, while all New York was going mad welcoming the New Year with raucous gaiety, they had been sitting in this very room—yes, Harry over there in the big arm chair and she, Laurette, in the very chair she occupied at this moment. "Laurie," he used to call her; not "Laurette," the name everyone else used, but "Laurie," the convenient abbreviation he had invented.

"I'm a failure, Laurie," he had said. "Five years on the same job with nothing to show save a thinning head of hair and an almost empty bank account."

Laurette remembered how she had tried to comfort him, and then the bombshell: "No, honey," he had said flatly. "It's no use. We can't be married, for I'd merely be fastening a millstone around your neck. I'm leaving—leaving you right now!"

She had cried, protested, and then he had agreed to make a game of it. His parting words, still vivid, were:

"If you'll wait a year, Laurie, dear—a year from tonight. If I've succeeded, if I've made something of myself by then, I'll be back. A year from tonight. If not, well, probably you'll never see me again."

She still remembered the firm set of his shoulders as he walked out the door that night, bound he knew not where.

She remembered the questions their friends had asked. Where was Harry? Away on a long trip she had replied, at first. Then she had ceased to offer excuses, and of course the friends stopped asking questions.

Only once had there been word of him, and then only very indefinite news.

"I saw him getting into a cab on Market street," Bill Collins had told her upon returning from a trip to San Francisco. "At least I think it was Harry. Saw him only an instant, though, and I couldn't be sure!"



Midnite came, and the noise reached a mighty crescendo.

So tonight she was waiting. Only God and she and Harry knew how important was this New Year's Eve. Bill Collins had asked her out for the evening but she said, no, she wasn't feeling well and would stay home. Then he asked if he might drop around to her apartment and she begged off. Bill had given her a puzzled look, but only God and she and Harry knew. . . .

Laurette washed the dinner dishes, brushed her hair and straightened up the living room, because Harry used to enjoy sitting in front of the hearth with his pipe.

At eleven o'clock there was a knock at the door, and Laurette's heart jumped. But it was only the lady next door, pausing long enough to extend the inevitable "Happy New Year!"

"What's happy about it?" Laurette wanted to ask her.

She picked up a book and tried to read, but it was no use. Midnight came, and outside the noise reached a mighty crescendo. At that moment Laurette suddenly realized that Harry had failed her; New Year's Eve was over, and he hadn't kept the rendezvous!

Then the telephone jangled and Laurette leaped to answer.

"San Francisco calling Miss Windsor," said the operator. Then a long silence, while Laurette held her breath. Hadn't Bill thought he'd seen Harry in San Francisco? Finally the operator came back: "I'm sorry, Miss Windsor, but our lines have apparently gone out somewhere. I'll have to call you back."

Then Laurette had an idea. "Operator," she asked, "was that call addressed just to Miss Windsor? Wasn't there a first name?"

"Why, I guess so," came the reply. "Yes, here it is—to Miss Laurie, L-a-u-r-i-e Windsor. That's you, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is!" Laurette shouted gleefully. "But only one person in the world ever called me that!"

## SHORT STORY

### The Master Mind

By G. K. Heintzman

SAM SHAPIRO was down to his last two bits. As he walked away from the poolhall he tilted his hat down over one eye and muttered unkind words about all poolplayers and their descendants down to the third generation. Into Sam's fertile mind came the 64-dollar question: How was he going to hoist the two bits into a decent roll?

Sam didn't know exactly. Yet somehow he had always managed to stay in the dough, right from the days when he used to shoot marbles with the boys until later in life when he graduated to the poolroom. Sam attributed his success to his great ideas. He also held the firm opinion that everything in this world was a racket.

Sam pushed up his hat and scratched his noggin. Idea No. 1 was to drop over to Joe's lunch room and meditate on ways and means. Idea No. 2 was to put whatever he ate on the cuff.

Sam smiled. He took the quarter from his pocket and began flipping it in the air. Just as he passed the Banker's Trust building he missed a catch and the coin fell. Before he could recover it a strange hand darted out from one side and picked it up. Sam turned quickly and saw a pleasant-faced beggar with a tin cup, sitting on the bank steps. "You missed the cup, sir," the beggar said smilingly, "but I don't mind reaching—not for a quarter."

SAM'S EYES popped. He stared at the quarter. Only a fool would try to snatch two-bits from a beggar's tin cup on a busy street. He wished it was dark.

Sam scratched his noggin but all was quiet. The beggar's cheery voice spoke again. "You seem to be thinking, son," he said. "Will you tell me your name?"

"Sam Shapiro," Sam snapped. He hadn't thought of an angle on how to get his quarter back. He was mad.

"Sam Shapiro is a nice name." There was a strange quality about the beggar's voice. But Sam was not one to appraise matters like that. He even failed to notice that the beggar had produced a check book and fountain pen and had started to write. He tore off a check made out to Sam Shapiro \$100. He handed it to Sam. "Don't ask me the reason, son," he said. "Just walk into the bank and cash it. It's good."

Sam took a squint at the check and his eye riveted on the signature. He saw idea no. 3 right there in that signature. Everybody knew that E. Wilson Dodds was presi-



Sam was mad. He hadn't thought of an angle.

dent of Banker's Trust. And already Sam could see Mr. Dodds' face when he informed him that a screwball beggar was outside handing out checks with Mr. Dodds' signature. It should be good for a five-spot at least.

INSIDE the bank, Sam stepped up to a cage marked "Paying Teller" and held out the check significantly. "I'd like to see Mr. Dodds about this."

Mr. Dodds is out," said the teller. He took the check with a courteous smile. "It won't be necessary to see Mr. Dodds about this," he said. "If you can identify yourself I'll cash it for you."

Sam gasped. He couldn't figure out the game. Nevertheless they weren't going to catch him napping. "I'm not trying to cash this check, pal," he said. "I'm only trying to inform you that there is a screwball outside writing checks with Mr. Dodds' signature on them."

The teller laughed out loud. "It's quite all right, sir. That was Mr. Dodds! He often wondered if there was such a thing as charity in this modern world. So today he put on that disguise and decided to give \$100 to the first 10 people to have pity on him. . . . And let me congratulate you, sir. You are the first person to cash a check."

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Village Inn



OUR TRADITIONAL WISH FOR YOU IS ONE OF JOY-FILLED DAYS DURING THIS HOLIDAY SEASON.

O. P. WITT



We echo the world-wide greeting to all of you, friends and neighbors.

1948

Harold O. Anderson



Greetings to all our friends this Christmas Season.



MARY MIKE COOPER



At Christmas-time we want you to know we're grateful for your patronage.



Nola Donley

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WE HOPE YOUR HOLIDAY OVERFLOWS WITH YULETIDE JOY AND HAPPINESS.

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| MOTORISTS! EXTRA CAUTIOUS DRIVING SPEEDS TO OVERCOME WINTER'S EXTRA HAZARDS—TREACHEROUS VISIBILITY, BAD TRACTION, AND POOR PEDESTRIAN MANEUVERABILITY. | PEDESTRIANS! EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY CROSSING STREETS. NEITHER YOU NOR MOTORISTS CAN SEE OR MANEUVER WITH NORMAL RELIABILITY. |
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Wishing you the merriest Christmas possible.

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Allerton and Homer

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We Will be Closed Christmas Day

## ROY HURST

PHONE 27 BROADLANDS

**Smile Awhile**

How long have you been working here?  
Ever since the boss threatened to fire me.

Mummy, asked the little boy, how long is it since daddy died?  
He didn't die, darling, his mother sighed, he joined a golf club.

Was Mary a success at the beach?  
Oh, yes. She got along swimmingly. In fact, she managed to outstrip all the other girls.

Isn't it strange, the modern co-ed's hair looks like a mop, but that doesn't seem to bother her at all.  
No. She doesn't know what a mop looks like.

About this girl you want to marry; has she good connections? asked a proud mother.  
Well, she never came apart when I was with her, replied the sailor.

Sailor—Don't bother me. I'm writing to my girl friend.  
Marine—But why are you writing so slowly?  
Sailor—She can't read very fast.

Social Outcast—Say, doc, do you remember last year when you cured my rheumatism? You told me to avoid dampness.  
M. D.—That's right. What's wrong?  
S. O.—Well, can I take a bath now?

Two little Negro boys were loitering on a corner when one said to the other: How old is you?  
Ah's five, was the reply.  
How old is you?  
Ah don't know.  
You don't know how old you is?  
Nope.  
Does women botha' you?  
Nope!  
You'se fo.'

**Interesting Notes**

Columbus discovered America on October 12, 1492.

Modern refrigeration was invented in 1861.

Crayon drawings are known as pastels.

Parcel Post was established in the U. S. in 1913.

The largest single military fortification of ancient times was the great wall of China.

Dating time from the birth of Jesus Christ was first conceived in 527.

John Cabot, a Venetian, was the first man to cross the Atlantic ocean under the English flag.

Alderney, Guernsey and Jersey are islands off the coast of France famous for their cows.

Siberia is separated from European Russia by the Ural mountains.

Cro-Magnards used colors in drawings on cave walls in southwestern Europe 30,000 years ago.

Mt. Everest, 29,302 feet above sea level, is the highest mountain in the world.

France owns more square miles in Africa than any other European nation.

Count Pulaski was the famous Pole who officered American troops during the Revolution.

"Bill of Rights" is the first 10 amendments to the U. S. Constitution.

A small classified ad will sell that article you no longer have any use for.

**Field Seed Prices**  
Quoting Premium Quality:

|                     |         |
|---------------------|---------|
| Med. Red Clover     | \$35.00 |
| Mammoth Clover      | 35.90   |
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| Alfalfa, Kansas     | 36.60   |
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One of the finest examples of Norman architecture in Scotland, is the magnificent 12th century nave of Dunfermline abbey.

**Depth of Ocean Plants**  
Ocean plants are not found deeper than a quarter of a mile from the surface of the water. According to the World Book encyclopedia, this quarter-mile represents the limit of sunlight penetration.

**Bear Hunting in Idaho**  
Best possibilities for successful bear hunting in Idaho is in the Idaho primitive area, especially in the Chamberlain basin region.

**Planning for Canning**  
It is wise to make a plan for canning. The plan should include approximate quantities of each fruit and vegetable to be preserved and may be based on the family's needs, storage space and garden.

For Sale—One 3-gal. jar, and two 1-gal. jars. See at The News office.

Spray painting contractor; floor finishing. — Courson Hardware, Allerton.

Kenneth Dicks Broadlands  
Forrest Dicks Allerton  
**Dicks Bros. Undertakers**  
Ambulance Service

**Just A Good Place to Eat!**  
Home Cooked Meals  
Short Orders  
Borden's Ice Cream  
You are always welcome  
**VILLAGE INN**  
Phone 21R4 Broadlands, Ill.


Here's cash for you, my farmer friend, Take it, it's yours to save or spend, The carcass, you can leave to us, We save you bother, work, and fuss.  
**CIRCO**  
We come for all, large or small; cattle—horses—hogs—sheep.  
Phone Tuscola 13

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**Ford Tractors do well without much servicing but . . . like other machinery . . . they appreciate a little extra care. It pays to see us for a tractor check-up once in a while. Then you'll get full benefit of the performance for which the Ford Tractor is famous.**  
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Have your shoes repaired.  
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4 Lanes of Bowling  
**Broadlands Bowling Alley**  
SANDWICHES and DRINKS  
Chet Whitfield, Mgr. Broadlands, Ill.



**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.**  
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**New Beauty - More Light**  
  
**with excitingly stylish FLUORESCENT**  
There's added beauty for your home in the new type fluorescent lighting fixtures. On the practical side, fluorescent lamps banish glare, eliminate shadows, give you much more light and more pleasing light for easier seeing, greater eye comfort. In addition to permanent ceiling fixtures, there is a wide selection of styles for placing over davenport or beds, above mirrors, hidden behind window valances, over the kitchen sink or range, above work counters in the kitchen or laundry. These portable lighting units plug into the nearest electrical outlet. They're economical—give you more illumination for the same current used.  
IMPORTANT—When you buy fluorescent ceiling fixtures be sure they are large enough to do the lighting job you have in mind. Cipsco Lighting Engineers can advise you.  
AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE OR DEALER  
**CENTRAL ILLINOIS PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY**  
LOW COST ESSENTIAL SERVICE TO INDUSTRY, BUSINESS AND HOME

THERE'S A FLUORESCENT FIXTURE FOR EVERY ROOM IN YOUR HOME. SEE THEM TODAY



From where I sit... by Joe Marsh  
**Dutch Miller's Back In Uniform**  
After ten days in the city, Dutch is back in uniform. I don't mean Army khaki or Navy blue—but a different uniform, that's every bit as patriotic and American.  
Blue jeans and a denim shirt, for work around the yards and barns; stout boots for tramping through the fields; and a straw hat when the sun gets high—a uniform you see from Maine to Texas, Iowa to Alabama.  
It's the uniform of an army—the great army of American farmers who, by their productivity, are helping to keep this nation strong—bolstering the forces of democracy that guard our freedom.  
And in their way of life, too, they are champions of freedom. Temperate folk who enjoy a moderate glass of beer—but never quarrel with those who prefer cider. Tolerant people who fight to the bitter end against oppression and intolerance. From where I sit, a credit to America!  
Joe Marsh  
Copyright, 1948, United States Brewers Foundation

Christmas Seals Fight TB



Your Champaign County TB be at work every day in 1949 to Association assures you that your give you and your family more Christmas Seal contributions will protection from tuberculosis.

GEM THEATRE VILLA GROVE, ILL.

Thur., Fri., Dec. 23-24

Comedy—with Charles Winninger, Marsha Hunt, William Lundigan, Gail Patrick, in

The Inside Story

Saturday, Dec. 25, 2 Features

Your Xmas Holiday Show  
Comedy with Joyce Reynolds, Robert Hutton, Janis Paige, in  
Wallflower

Evening Shows Starting at 6:00 p. m.

Sun., Mon., Dec. 26-27

Excellent Drama—In Technicolor—with Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson, in

Three Musketeers

Shows Starting Sunday at 2:00—4:30—7:00—9:30

Tues., Wed., Dec. 28-29

Drama—Starring Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, in

The Unsuspected

Thurs., Fri., Dec. 30-31

Comedy—with Dana Andrews, Lilli Palmer, Louis Jourdan, Jane Wyatt, in

No Minor Vices

Don't Forget the Kiddies' Xmas Free Show, the Morning of the 24th, at 10:00 a. m.

When you want better than ordinary printing---the kind that satisfies, and you want it to cost you no more than necessary --- and you want it to impress all those who see it, and to bring the desired results---come to The News Office.

Local and Personal

Local stores will be closed on Christmas day.

Relatives here received word of the death of Arthur G. Cole, of Urbana, Tuesday.

Miss Jane Anderson of the U. of I. has arrived to spend the holiday vacation with home folks.

George Orndorff of Casey spent the past week with his son, Louis Orndorff and family.

Mrs. Fuller Freeman returned Friday of last week after a month's visit in the G. E. Harden home in Chicago.

Jack Moore of Blackburn College, Carlinville, has arrived to spend the holiday vacation with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shahan and Jimmy were supper guests in the Louis Orndorff home on Tuesday.

Dickie, small son of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Miller, has entered Lake View hospital for a series of blood transfusions.

Pfc. Montelle Maxwell, stationed at San Angelo, Texas, arrived Monday to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wiley jr. and daughter, Mrs. Betty Johnson and daughter of Champaign, arrived Saturday for a few days visit in the P. O. Rayl home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyal Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Cummings of Danville, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Zantow were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Emma Zantow.

Joe Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith, underwent an emergency appendectomy at Lake-view hospital, Danville, Thursday night.

Walter Brandt has just received an announcement from Nebraska of the birth of a daughter, Alma Margaretha, to his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David McCullough.

Dogs, dogs, and more dogs! Dogs are about to take the village and many complaints are heard about them. Seemingly another dog catcher like the late James Handley is needed.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Thennis and daughter, Katherine, of Champaign, were Tuesday evening guests in the Harold McGarigle home, Allerton. Special guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Leo, of Lovington, New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cable and daughter Mary Alice of Terre Haute, Ind.; Mrs. Anna Field-binder of Longview; and Mrs. Alice Cable were dinner guests in the Lloyd Cable home Sunday. Mrs. Alice Cable returned to Terre Haute with Kenneth to spend the ensuing week.

Corporal J. P. Rayl arrived on Monday night from Grand Rapids, Mich., where he has been a patient in the hospital. He had been serving with the armed forces in Korea and Japan before he arrived in Michigan a few weeks ago. He is on furlough until Jan. 5.

The News is \$2 per year.

MAKING CHRISTMAS LAST

Christmas comes but once a year. Christmas Seals, too, come only once a year. But the work they support goes on 52 weeks a year. When we buy and use Christmas Seals we are contributing to a year-round fight against tuberculosis, a disease which kills 50,000 Americans a year.

Buy and Use Christmas Seals

Longview News

(Thelma D. Kraft, Reporter)

Mrs. Grace Parks has returned from an extended visit with relatives in Missouri.

Mrs. Lillian Smith entertained her pupils at a Christmas party Tuesday night.

Winston Churchill and D. A. Smith were guests of the Sidney Farm Bureau at a meeting held in the town hall Monday night.

Everett Green returned Friday after a week's vacation in Atlantic City, N. J., on a farm bureau tour.

Mrs. Merton Parks entertained her Sunday School class at a Christmas party on Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Dazell returned Sunday from Burnham hospital where she had been a patient for three weeks.

Merton Eddy, driver of the Marathon tank wagon has resigned, and Charley Kraft of Sidney has taken charge.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed Hales were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hoyne Hales at Danville, Saturday evening.

John Wingle has purchased the property of the late Perry Kidwell. As weather permits it will undergo extensive repairs.

Friends have received word from Champaign that Mrs. B. C. Paine has suffered another light stroke.

Mrs. Russell Smith and daughters and Mrs. Daisy Daniels were shopping in Champaign, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Green and son, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Warnes were Tuscola visitors, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Blaney entertained the Holzinger families on Sunday at their annual Christmas dinner with 30 present.

Mrs. Thelma McDaniel and sons and Edward Wiseman attended a pre-Christmas dinner in the Robert Fidler home at Paris, Sunday.

Mrs. Wallace Warnes was hostess to the W.S.C.S. Wednesday afternoon with 17 members present. Mrs. Roy Williams of Philo was a guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Hales entertained Miss Sara Sue Dicks of Broadlands, and Marion Young of Newman, at supper on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lyman Mohr was hostess to Loyal Workers of the Christian Church on Wednesday afternoon with eight members present. A gift exchange was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Parks and daughter, and Betty Dobbs left Monday for an extended visit in Oklahoma. They hope for relief from asthma suffered by Marilyn.

Mrs. Ethel Hedrick and daughters Barbara and Jean attended installation of officers of Homer Chapter, O. E. S., as guests of Mrs. Clara Hedrick who was installed as worthy matron.

Mrs. Ethel Hedrick, Ralph, Delores, Barbara and Jean attended a birthday dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hedrick of Charleston, given in honor of the latter's mother, Mrs. Cora Hedrick on her 79th birthday. There were 28 present.

Mrs. Lawrence Keefe was hostess to the L. S. L. club Thursday afternoon with fourteen members present. Mrs. Mildred

Redfern of Oakland was a guest. Mrs. Don McQueen and Mrs. Wayne Warnes were assistant hostesses.

The following and their families attended the annual turkey dinner given by the Moose in Villa Grove on Sunday evening: Messers and Mesdames Roy Wendling, John Wingle, C. R. Bergfield, Raymond Lloyd, Lawrence Keefe, Henry Keefe, Clarence Kraft, James Guthrie, J. T. Arwine, Frank Holzinger.

The monthly meeting of the Farm Bureau was held Wednesday evening with a potluck supper and program. During the business meeting Everett Green was elected unit director, and Merton Parks, secretary. The group sang Christmas songs with Mrs. J. J. Mathews at the piano; Marjorie Wiese gave a reading; Alicia Crain a tap dance; Gene and Brenda Nonman, two tap dance selections; Sandra Woolverton sang two solos.

STOP TB

Tuberculosis, which causes the deaths of more people between 15 and 44 than any other disease, can be prevented. A communicable disease, it is spread by persons with "open" TB. Unfortunately, tuberculosis has no symptoms in its early stage, when it is easiest to cure. But, fortunately, it can be detected early by means of a chest X-ray.

The 3,000 associations affiliated with the National Tuberculosis Association, which are engaged in a year-round campaign against tuberculosis, urge every adult to have a chest X-ray at least once a year. If this were done, the estimated 250,000 cases of tuberculosis unknown to health authorities could be found. When all cases are found and treatment provided for the individuals, the danger of the spread of this disease will be prevented.

Christmas Seal funds help support X-ray services to find unknown cases of tuberculosis. Buy and Use Christmas Seals

Highest Cash Prices Paid For

Poultry, Eggs Hides

O. E. ANDERSON

Broadlands Illinois

HOMER THEATRE

Always A Good Show

Fri., & Sat., Dec. 24-25

Roy Rogers, Lynn Roberts in—

Eyes of Texas

Sun., Mon. & Tues., Dec. 26-27-28

Judy Garland, Fred Astaire in—

Easter Parade

in Technicolor

Wed., Thur., Dec. 29-30

Margaret O'Brien in  
10th Avenue Angel

Fri., Sat., Dec. 31, Jan. 1

Double Feature

Allan "Rocky" Lane and his stallion, Black Jack in  
Oklahoma Badlands  
Hal Roache's Comedy Carnival—

Fabulous Joe

Gala Midnight Show  
New Year's Eve

On Our Merry Way

All Midweek Shows Start at 7:30. 7 on Saturday. Continuous, 3 to 11 on Sunday.

SHORT STORY

Nancy, Don't Fret

By ELLIS K. BALDWIN

I HAD just put little Caroline to bed, hoping she'd sleep through until morning when shuffling down the sidewalk came Gus Olsen. I saw him before my young doctor-husband did. Gus was the first half of a patent medicine testimonial before the great transformation. His face resembled a cathedral gargyle. His stomach ailment was known all over town, still he swore he would never go to a doctor. "Not one of them would be able to help me," he boasted.

When Gus retired from the railroad he took up his post on his porch, hailing every passerby to discuss his symptoms.

Panicky, I realized if Charlie should prescribe something that didn't cure, Gus with his porch lectures would spoil the doctor's chances for building a practice.

"Charlie," I said breathlessly, "I'll tell him you have an emergency. Go out and hitch up Dinah." I'd

stopped counting the times Charlie harnessed the horse to roll out of the yard like he was headed for a fire. "It's exciting for the neighborhood kids," Charlie would chuckle. It didn't mean a thing. The doctor was just putting on an act. Half an hour later you'd hear the crunch of the wheels on the driveway.

Charlie was saying, "I'm fed up with whirlwind buggy rides. Besides, the neighbors are starting to wonder where I go."

GUS was walking slowly, hunched over, hand on his stomach. I found myself clinging to Charlie's hand like a drowning woman.

"Let go of me, darling," the doctor said almost angrily. "I must greet our new patient."

I whispered desperately, "Darling, you just can't face this old gossip."

Suddenly the doctor was calling out, "Good evening, Mr. Olsen. Won't you come in?"

It took Gus a long time to tell his story. I heard the doctor clear his throat a number of times while he let Gus recite his history. Then Charlie began using those long technical terms he'd been boning up on these nights when he held office hours and no one came in. "All of a sudden, I heard Gus shout angrily, "Listen here, Doc, you can't tell me that." Goose pimples popped out on my arms. Charlie couldn't afford to get Gus down on him.

Then Charlie's voice droned on seemingly unperturbed by Gus' shouting. From where I sat I couldn't make out what he was saying. It seemed hours before the office door swung open.

"You're kind of young," Gus was



"You've got me flabbergasted," Gus said.

telling the doctor. "Nothing seems to have helped me. Figured you couldn't put me through any more agony but what you've just said has got me flabbergasted."

Gus moved off into the night. The doctor didn't say anything. I stood it as long as I could. "Charlie, what did you give him?"

"It's a tough case," the doctor grunted, employing the deep bass notes he was learning to use.

"Absolutely nothing. If you must know, I told him he was a hypochondriac. Told him there was absolutely nothing wrong with him but if he didn't stop glutting himself with all these patent medicines he shortly would turn into a medicine bottle."

BUT all that was years ago. Now the impatient honking of a motor horn brought me tobogganing back down the years. Out at the curb was Caroline, a grown woman now, ready to drive her father down to his office in the medical building. The office would be jammed because Gus Olsen, rocking steadily on his porch during the years, repeated proudly again and again to his passing friends, "I'm a hypochondriac, yes sir, a hypochondriac."

Invariably he'd add, "If you got any bad symptoms and you want to know quickly what they are, there's a young doctor down the street..."

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