

CASS CITY CHRONICLE

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EIGHT PAGES.

SAYS MARKETING IS A GROUP PROBLEM

M. S. C. Speaker Tells Audience About Advantage of Co-operative Marketing.

While efficiency in production is a most important factor in reducing cost an equally valuable factor in solving the farmers' problem is the marketing of his products, said R. V. Gunn, of the extension department of Michigan State College, in an address on "Cooperative Marketing" at the Rotary Club meeting Tuesday noon. Mr. Gunn spoke to an audience of 45 men at the Hotel Gordon, each Rotarian having invited one or two farmer friends as guests.

Dr. I. D. McCoy led the company in several favorite songs at the dinner after which President Frederick Pinney expressed the pleasure of the members of the club in having their friends as guests.

Production is an individual problem with the farmer, said Mr. Gunn, but marketing is a group problem. He told of the several steps in cooperative marketing in Michigan in years past and said the rapid growth of the movement had been most noticeable in the last 15 to 20 years. One-third of American farmers sell about one-fourth of all the farm products of the United States through their own organizations, he said.

Mr. Gunn reviewed the cooperative efforts of creameries, elevators, milk producers, live stock associations and fruit and potato growers of the state and said the Great Lakes Fruit Industries, Inc., represented the extreme in the cooperative movement in this part of the nation as that organization not only sold its fresh fruit, but canned part of the fruit grown by its members.

Cooperative marketing, said the speaker, gives producers a more orderly control of distribution, builds up a certain amount of bargaining power and quite often results in a materially improved quality of products.

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURER SPEAKS TO HIGH SCHOOL

Ray Mereola, who claims the distinction of being the youngest member of Admiral Bird's Antarctic Expedition, was the speaker at the high school assembly Tuesday afternoon and related some of his experiences of the trip to the south-polar regions.

Mr. Mereola, now 20 years of age, is a graduate of a Chicago high school, and left that city on a trip to New Zealand with the intention to secure a place, if possible, with the exploring party. Arriving at New Zealand, he learned that 17 of the crew of one of the supply boats had quit and he shipped as a sailor after agreeing to serve for a penny a month, that he would not take a camera with him and that his relatives could file no claims in event of injury in accident.

Mereola told his audience he had traveled 200,000 miles. He speaks on Chautauqua programs for the Red-path Bureau.

BARBERS BANQUETED AT MINDEN CITY

Barbers and their wives, hair dressers and beauty parlor operators of the Thumb district met at Minden City Thursday evening for the regular monthly meeting of the Thumb Barbers' Protective association. A banquet was served at eight o'clock after which talks were given by Carl Click, Detroit, president of the State Cosmetology board, and Henry P. Masterson, Port Huron, president of the state board of examiners of barbers. They urged the barbers to strive for higher standards of service.

Miss Hoppe, Detroit, conducted a demonstration of facial massages, hair dressing and hair cutting. Latest improvements in barber shop and beauty parlor equipment were displayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bailey and Mrs. Clifford Secord from Cass City attended the meeting.

1931 HEALTH DRIVE BEGINS THIS WEEK

With better health for all Michigan as their goal, millions of tiny coaches, each drawn by a quartet of diminutive horses, will journey across Michigan between Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.

The tiny horses and coaches are part of the old-time coaching scene on the 1931 tuberculosis Christmas seals which will be sent out this week by the Michigan Tuberculosis Association and affiliated local societies. The seal design also includes a cheery "Christmas Greeting" and the double-barred cross, emblem of the anti-tuberculosis movement.

Christmas seals provide tuberculosis protection and prevention for the communities in which they are bought. Among the health services financed from the sale of seals are: clinics to discover active cases of tuberculosis, nurses for special tuberculosis work, education in the prevention, symptoms and treatment of tuberculosis, and activities for betterment of child health.

The Christmas seal sale is conducted through the mails and by voluntary representatives in a number of Michigan cities and towns. For the following Tuscola county communities the sale will be directed by a local manager, representing the Michigan Tuberculosis Association: Cass City, L. D. Randall; Fostoria, Joseph E. Russell; Akron, C. H. Bush; Fairgrove, Francis Ode; Silverwood, L. P. Temple.

40 CASES ON DEC. COURT CALENDAR

1 Criminal, 18 Civil, 9 Chancery and 12 Divorce Cases Are Listed.

Circuit court in Tuscola county will open on Monday, Dec. 7, with the following cases on the calendar:

Criminal Cases.
The People vs. James Kinaz, manslaughter.

Civil Cases.
Rodney Parks, administrator of the estate of Allie Parks, deceased, vs. Wilfred Neaveu, garnishment.

In the matter of the estate of Wm. R. Conley, deceased, appeal.
Ella Brown vs. John Pratt, assumption.

Miller and Walser, a co-partnership vs. Fred E. Reed, trespass.
In the matter of the estate of August Haske, deceased, vs. Julius Haske, appeal.

In the matter of the estate of August Haske, deceased, vs. Richard Haske, appeal.

In the matter of the estate of William Henry Barrett, deceased, petition.

The Morris Plan Co., vs. Luke M. Ryan, assumption.

Jackson Fence Co. vs. George N. VanTine, assumption.

Anna Kile vs. Grand Trunk Western R. Co., a Michigan corporation, et al.

Frank Kile vs. Grand Trunk Western R. Co., a Michigan corporation, et al.

Charles Strohauser vs. Peter Roman, trespass on the case.

In the matter of the estate of James D. Brooker, deceased, appeal.

Fred Mohr vs. John Mayer and Mahelda Mayer, assumption.

E. L. Patterson vs. Isaac Tedford, appeal.

Harry Kohler vs. Will Leball and Alice Leball, trespass on the case.

Frank Morris vs. Edward A. Rohlf, trespass.

Seeley McIntyre vs. Harry W. Owen, writ.

Chancery Cases.
Andrew Borgwelt vs. Wm. and Lizzie Opperman, to quiet title.

James Berry, administrator of the estate of Franz Blasius, a missing person, vs. Chas. Bellamy, assumption.

Furstenberg Bros., a co-partnership, vs. Stephen Doutré et al, foreclosure.

Wm. H. Niswonger vs. Walter A. Boyne et al, accounting.

Cornelia Peterhans vs. Bertha Lawrie, set aside deed.

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FREE DOG AND PONY SHOW HERE SATURDAY

Educated Animals in Free Performance in Open Air Stage on Street Here.

Van's Dog and Pony Show will give a free exhibition on Saturday afternoon, November 28, at three o'clock, on the streets, under the auspices of the business men of Cass City. This free performance is being paid for by the business men of Cass City, for the enjoyment of their many customers in this vicinity.

Everyone will be interested in the antics of the dogs and ponies, and the open air stage will give all a chance to see the show without cost.

Mr. and Mrs. Van, who have been in circus and vaudeville acts many years, are reported to have a high class show that has pleased audiences in many cities in the United States.

"We have a clean little show and you will see what time and patience can do in educating dumb animals," Mr. Van said Tuesday.

Cramped Location.
He—Dearest, when you are away I carry your picture in my heart.
She—Oh, Jack, how small you make me feel.

LOCALS SCHEDULE 8 HOME GAMES

H. S. Basketball Team Play Gagetown in Opening Game Here Dec. 11.

Having put Bad Axe away by a 20-0 score, brought the local football season to its close with the Maroon and Gray winning seven out of eight contests; the total score being Cass City 190, opponents 26. During the entire season one touchdown was made from scrimmage against the locals and that as a result of the old "sleeper play."

Turning from football to basketball, the Maroon and Gray squad will be working out next week in preparation for their opening game here with Gagetown. Gagetown has promised to make this a real battle this year as they have a veteran aggregation which has been working out for some time.

Due to graduation the center position and one guard position are open, and several new men will be groomed to fill these vacancies. With Ruhl, Warner and Kelly as the nucleus around which to build this year's team, prospects are bright for a strong aggregation. Some of the outstanding candidates for regular positions this year will be: Pinney, Simmons, Crandell, Schenck, Hutchinson, Vyse, Morris, Wallace, Kercher, Dunn, and many others of last year's second team.

The schedule is as follows:
December 11—Gagetown here.
December 18—Alumni here.
January 5—Caro here.
January 8—Pigeon here.
January 12—Harbor Beach here.
January 15—Sebewaing here.
January 19—Fairgrove here.
January 26—Bad Axe here.
February 5—Caro there.
February 9—Fairgrove here.
February 12—Unionville here.

Locals

Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Allured and two sons left Thursday morning to spend Thanksgiving with Mr. Allured's mother, Mrs. R. A. Allured, at Ewart. They expect to return home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Wallace entertained a number of friends Wednesday evening of last week. A turkey dinner was served after which the evening was spent in playing bridge.

Sharley VanWinkle entertained a number of her friends Saturday afternoon in honor of her eighth birthday. Various games were played and a delightful birthday supper was served. A cake with eight candles held an important place on the table.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Robinson, Mrs. Joshua Sharrard and daughter, Marjory, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. McConkey and daughter, Janice, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Patterson and Miss Edna Robinson in Pontiac.

A very delightful evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merchant, when a company of about sixty friends and neighbors gave a shower in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Martin. Games were played and refreshments of sandwiches, cake, pickles and coffee were served. Mr. and Mrs. Martin received a number of beautiful and useful gifts.

Charles Bigelow, who has been attending the live stock exposition at Kansas City, Mo., with Harry Crandell and son, Harry Jr., returned to Cass City Sunday. Harry Jr. returned home Wednesday, but Mr. Crandell left Kansas City with part of his flock of sheep for California. The remainder were shipped to Chicago where they will be shown at the International Live Stock show in that city.

Three operations were performed at the Morris hospital Monday. Mrs. Gondo of Gagetown underwent an operation for acute appendicitis. Robt. Bond of Cass City and James Decker of Deckerville had tonsils removed. Mrs. James Marshall of Uby is a patient at this hospital. She is 80 years old and in a fall down the cellar stairs at her home recently she sustained a hip joint fracture.

Last week the Chronicle printed a story about John May knowing every crook and turn on the road from Cass City to Bay City inasmuch as Mr. May had travelled the highway for nearly a month, night and morning, in serving on the traverse jury in federal court. Saturday, a Chronicle reporter was stopped on the street and the story James Tennant told sort of spoiled the reputation the newspaper had conferred upon John. According to Jim, who accompanied the juror to Bay City one day, they made a detour on the way back because of highway construction and Mr. May drove to Quinacasse twice before he completed the homeward journey.

IMPORTANT AND TIMELY COMMUNITY SUGGESTION

In the efforts all good citizens are now making to increase employment and restore prosperity and happiness to our community—

Nothing is of more vital importance than to see that our buying—particularly our Christmas buying—is done here.

Money spent elsewhere is of no benefit to our community, but money spent here—

Benefits every adult and child, every business and professional man and woman, every firm and corporation, and every school, club, and church in our community.

Whether it be a spool of thread or an automobile
BUY IT HERE!

CANVAS TUBES USED TO IRRIGATE CROPS

Method Developed by Michigan State College Cuts Cost of Watering Plants.

The old timers who used to say that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear would be somewhat astonished to inspect the irrigation system developed by the agricultural engineering department at Michigan State College, in which the pipes carrying the water are made of ordinary 8-ounce canvas cloth.

This method of irrigation has several distinct advantages in a state where the rapidly changing weather conditions may make the ownership of an expensive system an unneeded luxury. The water-conveying tubes used by the College are strips of 8-ounce duck with the edges brought together and double stitched. The cost of material enough to make pipes for one acre is less than 10 dollars, and this cost could be greatly reduced by quantity production.

The tubes can be bent to follow the contour of the ground or to carry water over hills. Water pumped into the tubes gradually oozes out and saturates the soil for strips a rod wide on each side of the tube. Tubes which were 60 rods long have been successfully used in the College experiments.

The water escapes from the tubes so slowly that none is lost through surface runoff and the soil is not eroded as occurs in surface irrigation. The tubes are placed on the soil surface, and the water can be turned off and the tubes moved to another location at any time.

Potatoes which were irrigated in Michigan this year with this system yielded 128 bushels more per acre than those getting only rainwater.

STUDENTS HOME FOR THANKSGIVING VACATION

From Central State Teachers' College, Mt. Pleasant—Mildred Karr, Blanch Stafford, J. C. Blades, George Bohnsack, Frederick Brown, Caswell Hunter.

Michigan State College at Lansing—Pauline Sandham, Deloris Sandham, Virginia Day, Harriet Tindale, Mabel Crandell, Catherine Hunt, Donald and Esther Schell, Barbara Taylor, Evelyn Robinson, Margaret Landon, Vernita and Lucile Knight, Helen Knight, Clifton Heller, Marshall Burt.

Cleary College at Ypsilanti—Marjorie Boyes.

FINE GAS STATION OPENS AT IMLAY CITY

The Thumb Hi-Speed Gas Corporation of Imlay City are using space in the Chronicle this week to announce the opening of a new station at the junction of M-21 and M-53 at Imlay City. This building is said to be one of the finest of its kind in Eastern Michigan. It has separate lubricatoriums for cars and trucks with both hoist and pit service, luxurious private and public offices and conveniences and a 24-hour service. A restaurant in connection with the station serves regular meals and lunches.

Old Lady (to tramp)—"Why don't you work. Hard work never killed anyone."

Tramp—"You're wrong, lady. I lost both of my wives that way."

—Bennington Banner.

Chop Suey Supper.

Division No. 4 of the Methodist church will have a chop suey supper and sale of Christmas gifts in church basement, Wednesday, December 2, beginning at 5:30. Menu:—Chop suey, rice, mashed potatoes, gelatine salad, rolls, pickles, coffee, cranberry sauce, pumpkin and apple pie. Price 35c and 20c.—Advertisement.

Advertise it in the Chronicle.

BOY OF 10 KILLED WHILE HUNTING

Mayville Lad Met Death Instantly When Gun Accidentally Discharged.

While hunting on the farm of his grandfather, Wm. Cottrell, in Dayton township, on Saturday afternoon, John William Cottrell, 10 years old, was killed instantly when a gun was accidentally discharged. The accident happened two and one-half miles north and two miles east of Mayville. Cottrell was hunting with his cousin, George Smith, 13, of Mayville. The youth was carrying a 22-calibre rifle. Leaning the gun beside a bush with the muzzle pointing toward him, it was accidentally discharged, the bullet entering the head at the mouth and passing clear through.

Funeral services were held at the home of the boy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cottrell, at Mayville on Tuesday afternoon. Besides his parents, he leaves two sisters and one brother and his grandparents.

GROVER C. ROSS KILLED IN AUTO CRASH

Grover C. Ross and Raymond C. Wetherford, both of Detroit, were instantly killed Sunday when the car in which they were riding overturned four times after it had collided with another car at Verner Highway and Garland avenue, Detroit. Lawrence Goldberg, a passenger in the second car, suffered a fractured skull.

Mr. Ross was well known here a number of years ago having married Miss Bertha Zinnecker of this place.

Deaths

Mrs. Nelson Simkins.

Funeral services for Mrs. Nelson Simkins were held from the family residence at Holbrook on Tuesday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Herbert Hickens, pastor of the Holbrook M. E. church, and interment was made in the Uby cemetery. Mrs. Simkins passed away very suddenly at Pleasant Home Hospital here on Sunday at 1:30 a. m.

Elizabeth Marie Caroline Umbach was born May 5, 1889, at Shenandoah, Pa. At the age of 17 years, she moved with her parents to Cleveland, Ohio, where she was united in marriage with Nelson Simkins on Sept. 16, 1907. They lived in Cleveland for six months and then moved to Holbrook, Sanilac county, where they have since resided.

Mrs. Simkins was a member of the Holbrook M. E. church where she was an efficient and enthusiastic worker. She will be greatly missed in church circles as well as by friends and relatives.

She leave to mourn their loss, her husband and six children, Charles, Gerald, Russell, Helen, and Bertha Estella, all at home, and John Simkins of Cass City; her parents and two brothers, Fred and Martin Umbach, all of Cleveland; and two sisters, Mrs. Sophia Zirkle of Cleveland and Mrs. Catherine Engleburger of Florida.

Mrs. J. C. Corkins.

News of the death of Mrs. J. C. Corkins came as a great shock to her many friends and relatives. She passed away at the Morris Hospital early Sunday afternoon after a very short illness.

Lena Elizabeth Muck was born at Cass City, July 9, 1883, and spent her entire life in this community. On March 20, 1912, she was united in marriage with John C. Corkins, who remains to mourn her untimely departure, with five children as follows: Maxine Elizabeth, Jack Calvin, Jean Lewis, Hazel Mae, and Shirley Leone. Since her marriage to Mr. Corkins, a widow with three small children of the ages of five and six years, she performed the duties of mother and helped to guide them along life's path, until they reached the years of their majority and now she leaves them too to mourn their loss. They are: Helen J. Corkins of Detroit, Ivan W. Corkins of Pontiac and Lucile F. Hewens of Ypsilanti. Mrs. Corkins also leaves three sisters, Mrs. W. F. Joos, and Mrs. E. W. Kercher, both of Cass City, and Mrs. R. E. Graham of Caro; also a host of other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Corkins was a kind and loving wife and mother and was winning in her ways so that friendship's circle was to her a large one.

She was an attendant at the Evangelical church and Sunday School whenever health permitted and was also a member of the Ladies' Aid where she was always a willing worker and will be greatly missed.

Funeral services were held at the home Wednesday afternoon conducted by Rev. C. F. Smith. The bereaved

family have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their great sorrow.

The following from distance points were in attendance at the funeral: Miss Louise and Albert Gassner of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. George Striffler, J. L. Muck, Mrs. Loren Muck and daughter, Gloria, all of Lockport, New York, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hewens and two little sons of Ypsilanti, Miss Helen Corkins of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Corkins and little son of Pontiac and other relatives and friends from Detroit and Ypsilanti.

Wm. Q. Rawson.

William Q. Rawson passed away Friday, Nov. 20, at his home in Cass City at the age of 63 years. While Mr. Rawson has not been well for a few years, he was in his usual health during the week. Coming in from the garden Friday morning, he complained of severe pain and passed away within a half hour.

Funeral services were conducted at Turn to page 4.

FIGURES SHOW LOSS FOR LAND IN FARMS

Michigan Decrease Seems to Be Mainly Shift From Poorer Types of Soils.

A reduction of 1,914,010 acres, 10 per cent of the land in farms, occurred in Michigan in the decade between 1920 and 1930, according to figures released by the farm management department at Michigan State College.

The decrease was not uniform for all sections in the state and the farm management department believes that most of the loss was in marginal lands which will not grow profitable crops except in years of high prices. Figures from the same source show a lower number of acres of land planted to crops and a larger number devoted to pasture.

Michigan farms now have larger average size than in the years preceding 1920. The shifts in farm lands and in land ownership apparently have resulted in an increase in holding of the farmers who have remained on the land.

Plantings of corn, oats, rye, sugar beets, potatoes, and wheat decreased during the period; while barley plantings and seedlings of alfalfa increased. Nearly one-third of Michigan farm land now grows hay; oats is the next most popular crop; and others, named in the order of their ranking in acres planted, are wheat, potatoes, barley, rye, and sugar beets.

NEWS OF THE NEARBY SECTIONS

Happenings Here and There Garnered from the Chronicle's Exchanges.

Dedictory services for a new organ were held Sunday at the German Lutheran church at Caro, with Rev. A. W. Wilkens, Unionville, the principal speaker. Professor Paul C. Umbach, instructor in the Lutheran school at Bach, delivered a concert of sacred music on the new organ before the start of the services. Rev. A. W. Trinklein delivered the dedicatory address. The girls' choir sang. The organ is of the grand choral type, with 414 stops and is electrically driven. Mrs. Rose Hadaway, Fairgrove, is organist.

The engine on the Caro run of the Michigan Central R. R. tied up at Saginaw beginning Monday instead of remaining in Vassar overnight as in the past. The engine will come to Vassar from the Saginaw yards in the morning in time for the trip to Caro. This will relieve one car repair man and two watchmen from the Vassar yards.

Through the efforts of the officers and members of Atkinson Post of the American Legion of Vassar, Raymond Carlyle, father of Allen Carlyle, who died last week, was able to attend the funeral Thursday afternoon. A jail sentence was meted out to this war veteran some two weeks ago in Federal court in Bay City which still has sometime to run before it is fulfilled.

Thanksgiving Dinner.

The ladies of the Fraser Presbyterian church will serve dinner on Thanksgiving Day at the church dining room at Old Greenleaf. Serving starts at twelve o'clock.—Advertisement.

Modern and Old Time Dancing.

At Doerr's Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 27. Admission—gents, 50c; ladies, 25c. Music by Cass City Orchestra.—Advertisement 1.

LOCAL CONTRACTOR AWARDED PAVING JOB

E. B. Schwaderer's Bid of \$76,855.83 Was Lowest of Nine on 3 1/2 Miles of M-81.

Eugene B. Schwaderer was the successful bidder on the grading and paving of the 3 1/2 miles of highway on M-81, between Cass City and the junction point of M-81 and M-53, four miles east of Cass City. The job was let for \$76,855.83.

Nine contractors submitted bids which were opened at the office of H. W. Hagaman, division engineer, at Port Huron, on Tuesday. Mr. Schwaderer's bid was approximately six thousands dollars less than the next lowest bidder.

Directly after the contract is approved by the state administrative board which will probably be done next week, Mr. Schwaderer expects to commence at once on the work of grading the 3 1/2 miles. The contract provides that one-half of the grading work be done before April 1. The highway will be open for traffic all winter while the winter grading program is in progress.

Mr. Schwaderer, the contractor, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Schwaderer of Cass City, was graduated from the local high school, and has spent a greater part of his life in this community.

Church Calendar

Argyle M. E. Church—Mrs. Clara-bell Peterhans of Caro will give a lecture on "Gandhi of India" at the Argyle M. E. church next Sunday evening, Nov. 29, at eight o'clock. HERBERT N. HICHENS, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Paul Johnson Allured, minister. Sunday, November 29.

Morning worship, 10:30. Worship theme: "The Christian Home". Sermon: "The Boyhood of Jesus." Church School at noon. Adult lesson: "Paul's Letter to Philemon." Joint evening service in this church 7:30. A new stereoscopic lecture sermon on "The New Day in Korea." Thursday, Dec. 3. Devotional study of Christianity and hard times in Korea and in our own country.

First Methodist Episcopal Church—Sunday November 29. Class meeting 9:30.

At the ten o'clock service, the pastor will speak on the subject: "Religious Education For Our Youth a Necessity." Our young people are especially invited to hear this sermon.

Sunday school at 11:15. Last Sunday we had the record attendance at school for this Conference year. Do it again.

At 6:30, the Epworth League will meet for their devotions and study period. Miss Elynore Bigelow is the instructor.

At 7:30, union service at the Presbyterian church. See Presbyterian church news for program.

Tuesday evening Dec. 1st at 7:00, there will be a pot-luck supper in the parsonage for all officers, teachers and adult members of the Sunday school. Every member is urged to be present.

Thursday 7:30 prayer meeting, 8:30 choir rehearsal.

Saturday at three o'clock the junior class will meet in the pastor's study for religious instruction.

Bethel Church—Sunday school 11:00. Preaching 12:00.

REV. T. S. BOTTRELL, Pastor.

Evangelical Church—Sunday School at 10:00 a. m. Sermon at 11:00. Theme, "He Shall Prosper." Senior and Junior Leagues at 6:45 p. m.

The W. M. S. mite box at 7:30 p. m. is under the direction of Mrs. C. J. Striffler.

Prayer service Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

C. F. SMITH, Pastor.

Baptist Church—Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30. Theme, "The Eternal God Is Thy Refuge."

Sunday School at 11:45. Cecil Brown, superintendent. There will be no evening service in this church, owing to the County Brotherhood meeting at Caro. Rev. Bottrell of Cass City will deliver the message at 4:00 o'clock. Song service and devotional meeting. It is hoped that all may go. It will be our pleasure to again hear a sermon from Rev. Weigle, who was in the Cass City union revival.

We are pleased to see the interest in our church work, and the joy that seems to be in the life of all.

WM. R. CURTIS, Pastor.

Nazarene Church—Services will be held in the afternoon as follows: Sunday School at 2:00 p. m. Preaching at 3:00. The sermon will be taken from Matt. 24:37, "But as the days of Noe were so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

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DEFORD

Several from here tried their skill hunting deers in the northern wilds the past week. Some have not returned at the time of this writing; others have returned disappointed. Those who were fortunate in the hunt were Geo. McIntyre, Rev. John Mellish, and Ben Hicks. Mr. Hicks secured a rare specimen, a fourteen prong deer weighing two hundred fifty pounds. He was accompanied by his son, Ben Hicks, Jr., of Flushing and Mr. Dish, also of Flushing. Their find was in Iron County, Michigan, entering by way of Wisconsin. Their trip in all exceeded a thousand mile drive.

The Farmers' Club met on Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Stewart. A good attendance, and the usual good time was evidenced. The December meeting will be held at the Howard Retherford home.

Dr. and Mrs. Merriman have transferred their location from Deckerville to Applegate. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Patterson were Sunday visitors of the Merrimans in their new home.

Mrs. Laura Locke went to Pontiac on Thursday for a week's visit at the

Winter Driving

Let us get your car ready for winter driving. We have a complete line of

Winter Oils and Greases

Alcohol and G. P. A. Glycerine

Eveready

Prestone

Chains and Electric Defrosters

CASS CITY OIL AND GAS CO.

Stanley Asher, Manager

For Christmas



An 8x10 Photograph in Oil Colors or Plain FREE

With one dozen photographs retailing at \$10.00. With the 8x10 photograph which is given free in the above offer, the customer receives without any extra charge his choice of an easel frame in silver, gold, platinum or polychrome. This offer expires Dec. 12.

Another suggestion for Christmas gifts is our

Framed Pictures

All these pictures are in the new direct color process, suitably framed. Also etchings and pastels, all framed and ready to hang.

Maier's Studio

Phone 11-F4 Cass City

home of Mr. and Mrs. Seeny.

Mr. and Mrs. L. VanderKooy entertained on Sunday, her father, Fred Green, of Kingston and sisters and their husbands, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Taylor of Wilnot, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shoemaker of Highland Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Palmateer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kilgore, and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Malcolm attended on Friday evening the evangelistic services conducted at the Baptist church at Caro by Dr. C. E. Weigle.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sherk drove to Ann Arbor Sunday afternoon and expect to return on Tuesday.

Clarence Chadwick is drilling wells near Midland at present.

Mrs. Charles Kreiner of Detroit spent from Thursday until Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Seth Spencer.

Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Kennedy entertained on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Roy Colwell of Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Spencer were Sunday visitors at Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Sole had as dinner guests on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sickler and family of Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hunt of North Branch, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barrions, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Tedford were dinner guests Sunday of Mrs. Chas Tedford.

Wm. Bentley spent from Tuesday until Sunday at the home of his children, Mr. and Mrs. Bemis Bentley, at Lapeer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barrons entertained on Sunday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Wilcox of Marlette.

Sunday visitors at the Wm. Bentley home were Mr. and Mrs. Newell Bentley of Flint, and Mrs. Helen Fitch of Lapeer.

Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Spencer of Oxford were Sunday visitors at the Ella Spencer home.

H. P. Woolman and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Woolman were week-end visitors at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. John McArthur and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McArthur.

Rev. L. D. Welton of the Novesta Baptist church, moved Friday and Saturday to the Eldon Bruce house, one and one quarter miles east of Deford.

Louis Retherford has been spending the past week at Detroit.

Mrs. Pearl Silverthorn and Mrs. Bertha Cooper were visitors Thursday and Friday at Deford at the F. B. McCain and Orson Valentine homes.

Mrs. Carrie Lewis entertained Tuesday to Thursday her uncle, John McCrea, of Cass City.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Alva Palmateer on Thursday, Dec. 3, at two o'clock. A Christmas program will be given. An invitation is given to all to attend.

William Collier of Saginaw and Mrs. Hazel Broddock and little daughter, Dorothy, of Owosso spent Sunday at Archie Hick's.

Mrs. John Field and Mrs. R. E. Bruce visited the Townline school on Wednesday where Mrs. Field's daughter, Caroline, is teaching.

Roy Courliss, on Saturday, entertained his cousins, William and Louis Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanBlaricom of Pontiac were week-end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sadler.

Mrs. Rolland Bruce was pleasantly surprised Tuesday, Nov. 17, when Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Bruce and family and Mr. and Mrs. James Sangster and family came with well filled baskets to celebrate her birthday.

Turning Back the Pages

Items from the files of Cass City Newspapers of 1896 and 1906.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

November 30, 1906.

John C. Laing, who has been in declining health for several months, passed away at his home here on Tuesday. He entered the mercantile business here in pioneer days and figured prominently in political affairs of the township and county. He held the office of judge of probate for two terms.

E. H. Pinney, who established the Exchange Bank at Cass City on Nov. 1, 1886, is now admitting his son, Edward, the present efficient cashier, in partnership with him.

Bert Mead was the successful contestant in the silver medal contest conducted by the W. C. T. U. at Deford Nov. 23.

Tyler Lodge, F. & A. M., elected the following officers Saturday evening: W. M., Edward Pinney; S. W., Chas. H. Travis; J. W., P. A. Schenck; Treasurer, E. H. Pinney; Secretary, I. A. Fritz.

On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 28, at the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Delong, their daughter, Miss Rosa, was united in marriage with Ernest Reagh.

Daniel McKenzie passed away at his home on Sunday morning, after an illness of two years' duration.

Walter and Jacob Anthes arrived home from Caron, Sask., N. W. T., Tuesday evening.

Tyler Lodge, F. & A. M., received word this week of the death of one of its oldest members, Edwin Doying, at Battle Creek.

Thirty-five Years Ago.

A Thanksgiving dinner was served

in the basement of the M. E. church and received quite a liberal patronage. The profits amounted to about \$14.00.

Mrs. Andrew Armstrong and two children leave this morning for Pittsfield, Mass., to visit her sister, Mrs. Whitney. Her husband will join her the first of the week and the following Saturday they expect to sail from New York for Dumfries, Scotland, where they will remain some months with Mr. Armstrong's parents.

The Epworth League has elected the following officers: Pres., C. H. Wood; first vice pres., A. A. P. McDowell; second vice pres., Miss Mary Fisher; third vice pres., Miss Carrie Fenn; fourth vice pres., Miss E. A. Wright; sec., Lou I. Wood; treas., C. W. Campbell; organist, Miss Hattie Wood; chorister, Miss Flossie Brown.

Spelling school has commenced in School No. 1, Grant, which will do a benefit especially to those who do not attend any school. Thursday is the evening set for the present.

H. McConkey, our hustling hustler, took a fine load of fowls to Bay City this week consisting of about nine hundred pounds of turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens which were dressed, and about one hundred live chickens.

A. Saigeon, proprietor of the elevator at Kingston, reports having purchased this fall about 25,000 bushels of apples and up to date over 5,000 bushels of beans.

ARGYLE.

The following is a copy of a letter that was authorized by the official board of the Metropolitan Methodist church in Detroit to a young man,


Charles J. Brooks, who lived at Argyle, Michigan for many years. Mr. Brooks came to Detroit several years ago and this letter from Fred A. Todd, chairman of the gymnasium committee, speaks for itself: "At the last meeting of the official board of the Metropolitan Methodist church I was requested to write to you a letter expressing the appreciation of the board for the services you have rendered as leader of our Wolf Cubs for the last several years. Every father and mother of the boys who have been in your organization is well aware of the fine piece of service you have been rendering in this leadership, and I wish it were possible for everyone to know the care and patience that have been evidenced in your association with these young lives. The official board wishes to thank you sincerely for your service and to assure you that any assistance they can render to make your contacts with the boys more effective will be gladly given."

Stood On His Rights.

Little Frank while being reprimanded by his teacher for some misdemeanor sat down, leaving her standing. She reminded him that no gentleman should seat himself while the lady with whom he was conversing remained standing. "But this is a lecture," said the youngster, "and I am the audience."

Differentiated.

A Wall Street philosopher says that a speculation is an investment so risky that no investors want it, and an investment is a speculation so safe that no speculators want it.



Coal Coal Coal

Daniel Boone Coal has won so many friends that we can be proud to say it is one coal that has given our customers complete satisfaction.

Telephone your order now and join the happy family of Daniel Boone users.

Delivery anywhere in town now fifty cents per ton.

Farm Produce Co.

Phone 54

Advertise it in the Chronicle. Advertise it in the Chronicle.

THUMB HI-SPEED GAS CORP.

GIANT WIRE

To the Public---

GRAND OPENING

WHEN YOU PURCHASE HI-SPEED GYROL GAS you get the very latest development in motor fuel, giving you a substantial

Increase in Mileage more efficient performance and the

Highest Anti-Knock Rating Gasoline on the market, because of the special Patented Gyro process of refining this 100 per cent pure Petroleum Product.

HI-SPEED GYROL GAS is sold at over

500 Hi-Speed Gas Stations in Ohio and Michigan at the prices of ordinary Gas, which is a

Saving of 3c per gallon

Also saves repair bills, carbon troubles and has no offensive odor.

You are cordially invited to attend the opening of the Hi-Speed Gas and Oil Station, located at the Junction of M21 and M53, Imlay City, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, November 28 and 19, 1931. This location is headquarters of the Thumb Hi-Speed Gas Corporation, which will eventually have Gas Stations throughout all sections of the Thumb of Michigan. This building in itself is conceded one of the finest structures in Eastern Michigan and as a Super Station features particularly, its easy approach from all roads to its three sets of pumps, its separate lubritoriums for cars and trucks affording both hoist and pit service, also its luxurious private and public offices and Comfort Stations of the most modern type.

All departments of this station are operated day and night, Twenty-four hour prompt and courteous service.

Our fine Restaurant in connection is now open to the public, under the efficient management of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peters, both of whom have had a wide experience in serving the public. Regular meals and lunches served at all hours, day or night, moderate prices; also candy, cigars, ice cream and fountain service.

As an appreciation of your attendance during our Opening Days, we are offering a beautiful household necessity, as a premium, namely Six Chip Proof Water Glasses, to be given ABSOLUTELY FREE to each purchaser of One Dollar's worth of Gyrol or Ethyl Gas. These glasses are well packed in a carton to prevent breaking. Attend this opening, get a set of these glasses, fill up your car with Hi-Speed Gyrol Gas, and be convinced that it is the most powerful all-around quality Motor Fuel obtainable.

Yours for business,

THE THUMB HI-SPEED GAS CORPORATION

Imlay City, Michigan

Remember the Dates—Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28 and 29.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Clare Bailey of Midland spent the week-end at his parental home here.

Miss Beatrice McClorey spent the week-end with relatives in Rochester. Mrs. Neil McLarty and son, Neil, Jr., spent last week with relatives in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Landon spent the week-end with friends in St. Joseph.

Mrs. P. S. Rice was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frutchey at Saginaw last week.

Miss Cressy Steele spent the week-end as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Little.

Mrs. Andrew Barnes spent from Wednesday until Sunday with relatives in Pontiac.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hagler of Pontiac were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Sharrard.

Donald and Miss Esther Schell, students at M. S. C., East Lansing, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schell.

Mr. and Mrs. Mike Dennis and son, Anton, of Wyandotte spent last week with friends here.

Miss Frances Hamilton of Saginaw spent Sunday night and Monday with Miss Eunice Schell.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Sharrard left Wednesday to spend a few days with relatives in Pontiac.

Walter Schell, daughters, Winnifred and Eunice, and son, Carl were callers in Saginaw Sunday.

Mr. Collins of Orion came Friday to spend several days as the guest of Miss Geraldine Reed.

Division No. 4 of the Methodist church will meet Monday evening with Mrs. Ben Kirton.

Mrs. C. W. Clark and daughter, Emily, of Caro were Sunday guests at the Lester Bailey home.

Mrs. A. Doerr, Mrs. Willis Campbell and Mrs. Herman Doerr were Saginaw visitors Thursday.

W. O. Stafford spent last week with his sister, Mrs. Edward Kanause, in Perry and with relatives in Flushing.

Mrs. S. A. Striffler spent Sunday and Monday with relatives in Petoskey. Her mother and sister, Mrs. O. Y. Schneider and Miss Elizabeth Schneider, returned home with her and are spending the week here.

Mrs. A. A. Jones, Miss Lura DeWitt, Mrs. B. F. Benkelman, Jr., and Mrs. Warren Wood spent Tuesday in Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Holman of Lapeer were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Sharrard Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Walker and son, Harold, of Hay Creek were entertained Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Helwig.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Striffler of Detroit were guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Striffler Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donnelly and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paul attended the funeral of Mrs. William Welch at Caro Wednesday, Nov. 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Webber, who have spent some time with relatives in Caseville, returned last week to their home on South Seeger Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Korte, daughter, Charlotte Anne, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tate and children visited relatives and friends in Caro Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. William Sturm of Detroit were callers in Cass City Thursday morning on their way to spend Thanksgiving with relatives in Pigeon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Striffler and son, Delmar, were entertained Sunday at the home of their daughter and sister, Mrs. George Southworth, in Elkton.

Mrs. George Huffman was called to Ann Arbor last week because of the serious illness of her husband, who was a patient in a hospital in that city.

Alfred West and Miss Alta Boughner, both of St. Clair, came Wednesday evening to spend a few days with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George West.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. McConkey entertained a number of friends at their home Thursday evening. Bridge was played at four tables. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McNamee visited relatives in Chicago over the week-end. Mr. McNamee returned Monday, but Mrs. McNamee spent a few days the first of the week with friends in Lansing.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Benkelman and little son, Alvin, Jr., of Lansing spent from Wednesday until Friday of this week with Mr. Benkelman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Benkelman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Douglas entertained the Bridge club at their home, on South Seeger street, Thursday evening. A pot luck supper was served at 6:30 p. m. and the evening spent in bridge. Prizes were won by Mrs. C. L. Graham and John West.

A miscellaneous shower was held Thursday evening at the home of Delbert Hutchinson near Gagetown in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Hutchinson. Forty-eight were present and enjoyed a social time. Refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson received many gifts.

Clarence Bigham of Pontiac spent from Wednesday until Sunday night with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bigham. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Truhm and children, Russell and Sarah Ann, all of Pontiac, were guests at the Herbert Bigham home from Friday until Sunday evening.

Neil Donnelly of Saginaw, Floyd Donnelly of Pontiac and William Donnelly of Durand, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Donnelly of this place, spent last week hunting at Shingleton. The party went Saturday afternoon, November 14, and early Sunday morning, William shot a fine buck.

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GREENLEAF.

The Nutrition class will meet in the basement of the church Thursday afternoon, Dec. 3, at one o'clock.

Miss Mae Ballagh spent the week-end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ballagh.

Miss Viola Fox is spending a few weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fox.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas King of Pontiac spent the week-end at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Willis.

Mrs. Archie McLachlan entertained a number of ladies last Saturday afternoon. Three tables of 500 were played, prizes being given to Mrs. Fred Dew, Mrs. Archie Gillis and Miss Mary McEachern.

Mrs. John McCallum and daughter, Eleanor, Mrs. Wilbur Dove and daughter, Mary Lou, and Alex McCallum were in Bay City Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cleland of Minden City were callers at the Ross homes on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCallum spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. X. A. Boomhower in Bad Axe.

Mrs. Aaron Turner was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Little on Thursday. Mrs. J. D. Turner and daughter, Donna, and Mrs. Hannah McKim were afternoon callers.

Mr. and Mrs. Rinerd Knoblet and daughter, Charlotte, visited the latter's mother and sister, Mrs. Fred Klemmer, and daughter, Hulda, at Elkton Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelley and sons were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Kelley at Deford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Goodall and Miss Madeline Burse spent Saturday in Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Delong spent Friday night at Brown City where they attended a party in honor of Mrs. Wesley Fetter who was recently married. Mrs. Fetter and Mrs. Delong are sisters.

Mrs. Mack Little and son, Keith, and Mrs. D. E. Turner visited at Elkton Friday afternoon.

Kent Parrott spent Saturday and Sunday in Sandusky.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrington of Akron were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Knoblet.

Mrs. Wm. Jackson spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Little.

Mrs. John Goodall and children and Mrs. Ed Gooding and children called on Mrs. J. H. Goodall Friday afternoon.

ELMWOOD.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Root of Saginaw were week-end guests at the Warren O'Dell home.

Martin Flynn of Detroit was a Sunday guest at the John Grey home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Leishman had a Sunday dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sutherland and children of Argyle and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Beardsley and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wright and son, Louis, were Sunday visitors at the Roy Wright home in Cass City.

Leota Seeley spent the week-end in Unionville at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Orson Hiser.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson of Caro were entertained on Thanksgiving day at the Wm. Jackson home.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren O'Dell and son, Clare, left Tuesday to spend the rest of the week at Mancelona.

Mrs. Aaron Turner and Mrs. Wm. Jackson spent Thursday of last week with Mrs. Mack Little in Novesta.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rondo entertained for Sunday dinner Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Metcalf of Ellington.

Several of our deer hunters are home, a few bringing game.

Stop

Night Coughing

Night coughing is almost always caused by an irritated, inflamed throat; so is almost all coughing. Ordinary cough syrups do not reach these conditions, but Thoxine, a prescription exclusively for throat troubles, does. It relieves the irritation and the cough stops within 15 minutes. And Thoxine goes further too. It eliminates the internal cause which many times develops into serious illness.

A swallow of Thoxine before retiring absolutely prevents night coughing and insures a good night's sleep. It gives the same speedy relief for sore throat too. It contains no chloroform or other harmful drugs and children like it. Relief is guaranteed within 15 minutes or money back. 35c, 60c, and \$1.00 bottles. Sold by Burke's Drug Store and all other good drug stores.—Advertisement 1.

What is a Bladder Physic?

A medicine that works on the bladder as castor oil on the bowels. Drives out impurities and excess acids that cause irritation which results in getting up nights, frequent desire, burning, leg pains and backache. BURET'S (5 gr. Tablets) is a pleasant bladder physic.

Get a 25c test box from your druggist. After four days if not relieved go back and get your money. You will feel good after this cleansing and you get your regular sleep. L. I. Wood & Co., Druggists.—Advertisement B-43.

RESCUE.

The Komjouny S. S. class will meet at the Arthur Elliott home on Friday evening, Dec. 4.

Proceeds from the chicken supper, bazaar and fish pond at the Grant church Friday evening were around \$80.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mellendorf of Caro were Saturday guests at the Joseph Mellendorf home.

A short time ago the neighbors and friends surprised Mr. and Mrs. George Hartwell on their fortieth wedding anniversary and gave them a sum of money. A good time was enjoyed by all.

A miscellaneous shower was held at the church basement for the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mellendorf. They received some lovely presents and all had an enjoyable evening.

The following invited guests were entertained for dinner Sunday, Nov. 22, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Taylor to celebrate their first wedding anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Taylor and daughter, Euleta, Mr. and Mrs. David Young and sons, Harold and David, Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Parker and daughter, Fredia.

Directory.

SHELDON B. YOUNG, M. D.
Cass City, Michigan.
Telephone—No. 80.

I. D. MCCOY, M. D.
Surgery and Roentgenology.
Office in Pleasant Home Hospital.
Phone, Office 96; Residence 47.

DENTISTRY
I. A. Fritz, Resident Dentist.
Office over Burke's Drug Store. We solicit your patronage when in need of work.

P. A. SCHENCK, D. D. S.
Dentist.
Graduate of the University of Michigan. Office in Sheridan Bldg., Cass City, Mich.

E. W. DOUGLAS
Funeral Director.
Lady assistant. Ambulance service. Phone 42-F4.

A. McPHAIL
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Lady Assistant.
Phone No. 182. Cass City

E. W. KEATING
Real Estate and Fire and Automobile Insurance.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

R. N. McCULLOUGH
Auctioneer, Cass City.
Dates may be arranged with Cass City Chronicle office, Cass City. Phone 134-F5.

TURNBULL BROS.
Jim Auctioneers Bill
Age, experience — Youth, ability
We sell anything anywhere. If you don't employ us, we both lose money. Write for dates and instructions to Deckerville, Mich. Phone 56-15.

William Parker and daughters, Veta and Verena, and John MacAlpine of Bad Axe, Harold Parrish of Kinde, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Helwig and daughter, Lenora of Elkland, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mellendorf of Caro, Mrs. Etta Jarvis and daughter, Ardis, Mrs. Caroline Ross, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mellendorf and daughter, Dorothea, and sons, Norris and Perry.

The Loudest
The poorest wheel on the wagon is the one that makes the most noise.—Florida Times-Union.

It's time for a

New Watch

and certainly this is the time to buy it. Be "on time" this year with an up-to-date and accurate watch.

A. H. HIGGINS
Jeweler and Optometrist.

Cass City

Authorized Dealer Cavalier Coal.

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CASS CITY CHRONICLE
Published Weekly.
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Outside Michigan — In United States, one year, \$2.00. In Canada, one year, \$2.50.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter Apr. 27, 1906, at the post office at Cass City, Michigan, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
H. F. Lenzner, Publisher.



Local Happenings

Mr. and Mrs. Glen McClorey and baby were guests of Pontiac relatives over the week-end.
Mrs. Edward Hoener and son of Detroit were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Kelsey.
Mrs. A. A. Ricker, Miss Alice Lamers and Miss Ruth Erskine were callers in Flint Saturday.
Miss Kittie Ross of Detroit came Monday to help care for her mother, Mrs. Catherine Ross, who is ill.
Miss Olive Root returned last week from a five weeks' visit with relatives and friends in places in New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wanner and family are moving into the Zemke house, corner of Houghton and Leach streets.
Mr. and Mrs. Morton McBurney have moved into the Jacob Spencer house on the corner of West and Third streets.
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fulcher and little son, Keith, of Pontiac spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Giles Fulcher.
Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McCullough of Big Rapids came Tuesday evening to spend the week with Cass City relatives.
Miss Bernice Hitchcock of Detroit came Wednesday to spend the remainder of the week at her parental home here.
Mrs. Sophia Striffler, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Weaver, in Flint, returned to Cass City Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Paul entertained at dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Robert Milligan and family and Walter McIntyre.
Mrs. Alex Henry, Miss Vera Schell, Walter Schell and Miss Winnifred Schell attended the funeral of Mrs. Dawson in Saginaw Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Houghton and family of Detroit spent from Thursday until Saturday with Mr. Houghton's sister, Mrs. Harriet Dodge.
Mr. and Mrs. N. Merion and daughter, Carolyn, of Detroit visited Mrs. Merion's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Hitchcock, Friday and Saturday.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hall and son, Frederick, of Imlay City, Thomas Hall and Mrs. Anna Patterson were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hall Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Proctor, and son, John of Ferndale and Miss Josie Proctor of Detroit were Sunday and Monday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Proctor.
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sandham visited relatives in Detroit from Friday until Sunday. Miss Pauline Sandham, a student at M. S. C., Lansing, returned home with them and is spending the week here.
Elmer and Wesley Wilsie of Caro spent Sunday at the home of their sister, Mrs. John Bearrs. Mr. and Mrs. William Bearrs and grandson, Myrtle Beardsley, of Cedar Run were also callers at the John Bearrs home Sunday.
Mrs. Walter Mann and Mrs. M. B. Auten entertained a number of friends Saturday afternoon at a bridge luncheon in honor of Mrs. F. D. McIntyre of Detroit, who is spending some time with her father, P. S. McGregory. The luncheon was given at the Mann home.
Mr. and Mrs. James McQueen and family of Hay Creek and Mr. and Mrs. George Haig and daughter, Virginia, of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hower. Miss Hazel Hower, who had spent two weeks in Detroit, returned to Cass City with Mr. and Mrs. Haig.
Jackie Moore and Vera Motz of Greenleaf spent the week-end with their grandmother, Mrs. William G. Moore. Other Sunday guests were Mr. and Mrs. Claud Moore and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Homer Motz of Greenleaf; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Fader and son, Harlan, and Ernest Ertel of Colling.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Colwell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steers, Harry Zeitlin and Mrs. Mary Gekeler attended the South Novesta Farmers' club meeting Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Stewart. A miscellaneous program was given. It was decided to hold the next meeting Friday, December 18, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Retherford. A roast chicken dinner will be served.

Mr. L. I. Wood spent last week with relatives in Detroit.
Caswell Hunter of Mt. Pleasant spent the week-end at his home here.
William I. Moore is spending two weeks in Uby where he is employed.
Mrs. G. A. Tindale and Mrs. J. A. Sandham spent Tuesday in Lansing.
Miss Evelyn Doerr left last week to spend some time with relatives in Pontiac.
Curtis Hunt of Center Line visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Schwaderer, over the week-end.
William Welsh of Caro came Wednesday to spend several days, with his sister, Mrs. Henry Paul.
Mr. and Mrs. Giles Fulcher are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Morris in Pontiac.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Colwell spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Alvey Palmateer at Deford.
Albert Striffler and Edward Mark spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Pontiac and Royal Oak.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newton of Pontiac were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Doerr, Sr.
Mrs. Edward Pinney and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pinney spent Monday in Mt. Clemens and Detroit.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Blades, son, Howard, and Mrs. J. S. McCrea were visitors in Saginaw Saturday.
Mrs. E. B. Schwaderer of Center Line spent a few days the first of the week with Cass City relatives.
Editor and Mrs. Roland Meredith of Minden City were callers at the Chronicle office Saturday afternoon.
Ward Law of Cass City and Frank Agar of Ann Arbor spent last week near Alpena. Each returned home with a fine large deer.
The Misses Katherine Crane and Laura Bigelow spent Sunday and Monday in Petoskey.
Mrs. F. W. Lyman of Pigeon spent a few days the first of the week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Elliott.
Mrs. Robert W. McConkey left Thursday of this week to visit her daughter, Mrs. Grant Smith, in St. Clair.
Miss Margaret Muntz and Park Zinnecker spent the week-end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Muntz, in Bad Axe.
Dr. and Mrs. Willard Dickerson left Wednesday to spend the remainder of the week with relatives and friends in Grand Rapids.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newton of Pontiac and Mr. and Mrs. James Doerr and family of Sandusky were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Doerr.
Mrs. Mose Karr and daughters, Iva and Meade, of Gagetown and Mrs. Ward Law will spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. John MacKichan in Pontiac.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Suprenant and daughter, Shirley, of Detroit spent the week-end with Mrs. Suprenant's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Keenoy.
The latest reports received here by friends regarding the condition of Robt. Edgerton, a patient in a Lansing hospital, are that there has been practically no change. Mr. Edgerton was seriously injured by a hit-run driver as he was about to enter an automobile on a Lansing street early Sunday morning, Nov. 15.
The Presbyterian Missionary Society will meet at the home of Mrs. C. L. Robinson Thursday, Dec. 3, with Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. G. C. Hooper as hostesses. The prayer service will be conducted by Mrs. J. L. Cathcart. The leaders are Mrs. Edward Pinney, Mrs. J. E. Leed, Mrs. A. E. Goodall and Mrs. Wm. Ware.
An enjoyable and interesting meeting was held by the Woman's Study club Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John May. "Cabin Day" was the theme of the program, planned by Mrs. A. D. Gillies, Mrs. George C. Hooper and Mrs. Levi Bardwell, all of whom appeared in old-time costumes. The program included pioneer reminiscences by Mrs. E. P. Smith and Mrs. A. J. Knapp; old-time songs by Miss Veda Bixby, accompanied by Mrs. I. D. McCoy; old-time fiddling selections by Roy Allen, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Knapp and Mrs. Frank Dillman; a dance, "Minuet," by Elaine Kirtan, Coral Wyse, Frederick Auten and Eddie Doerr, all in costume, under the direction of Mrs. Charles Day. The responses to roll call were old settlers' stories. At the close, appropriate refreshments were served.

Iron Keeps Trees Green
Trees threatened with a disease called chlorosis, which produces a loss of green in the foliage, can be kept healthy by treatment with solutions of iron salts. The salts may be injected through an iron tube, inserted into the tree trunk and sealed up, or they may be placed in a narrow trench around the base of the tree.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Half and Half
The sexes are usually about equally represented in litters of tigers which vary in number from four to six. When there are only two in a litter, invariably one is a male and the other a female.

Historic Flagpole
Visitors to Battery park, New York, marvel at the height of the flagpole that stands near the seawall. Among New York flagpoles it is historic, for it was once the mast of an American's cup yacht.

40 CASES ON DECEMBER COURT CALENDAR
Concluded from first page.
Bojana Stoit vs. Anthony Zotowowski, Bridgeport Core Sand Co., a Michigan corporation.
Flora Adell Buck vs. James Wesley Towns, a widower, et al, mortgage foreclosure.
Wm. Massoll vs. William Techlin, Herman Techlin and Fred Techlin, to set aside bill of sale.
Chas. Fishell vs. Chas. Reid et al, to quiet title.
Divorce.
Frank Drain vs. Helen Drain, desertion.
Lucile M. Parsell vs. Ethan A. Parsell, cruelty.
Martha Telfor vs. Wm. Telfor, extreme and repeated cruelty.
Edgar L. Turner vs. Genevieve Turner, extreme and repeated cruelty.
Jessie Simmons vs. Loron Simmons, desertion.
Margaret Bond vs. Charles Bond, cruelty.
Ida Wissmiller vs. Edward L. Wissmiller, cruelty.
Louis Habbas vs. Walter Habbas, non-support.
Esther Wisenbach vs. Edward Wisenbach, cruelty and abuse.
Steven Barber Wait vs. Jennie Wait, desertion.
Matilda E. Fostin vs. Alfred H. Fostin, cruelty.
Mabel Hall vs. Harry Hall, extreme and repeated cruelty.

M. E. S. CLASS SURPRISED TEACHER WEDNESDAY
A most enjoyable time was held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, when the members of the M. E. class of the M. E. Sunday School surprised their leader, Mrs. I. A. Fritz, at her home on South Seeger St. The occasion was a celebration of Mrs. Fritz's seventh anniversary as teacher of the class. A seven o'clock pot luck supper was served and a cake with seven candles adorned the table.
Games and stunts were enjoyed during the evening. Alex Henry, president of the class, presented Mrs. Fritz with a basket containing seven beautiful chrysanthemums. Rev. Bottrell gave a short talk, speaking of the number seven being used in so many ways in the Bible.
Mrs. M. D. Hartt was elected president of the class and Mrs. Wilson Spaven secretary and treasurer for the coming year.
The following song was written by Mrs. Frank Hutchinson and all joined in singing it to the tune of "There's a Long, Long Trail a Wind-ing."
We've a loyal teacher waiting
Inside the M. E. church door,
She would like to see us coming
As in days of yore;
Little Fritz we love you dearly
May we loyal be and true,
And next Sunday you will find us
In the M. E. class with you.

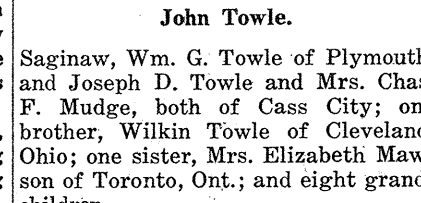
WORLD WAR BY "YARNS" LIEUT. FRANK E. HAGAN

"Those Crazy Americans"
One day in July, 1917, a working party of the Eleventh engineers, one of the first units of the A. E. F. to arrive overseas was busy building a road for an advance of British troops. Busy with pick and shovel they had left their rifles some distance behind them.
Suddenly a strong force of Germans, all heavily armed, burst upon the scene and, seeing this small force of unarmed laboring men, swept forward to what they believed would be an easy victory. But they didn't know that these were men of a corps of the United States army whose motto is "Essays," French for "Let's Try."
To the surprise of the Germans, these unarmed men instead of taking to their heels, rushed forward yelling and brandishing picks and shovels. American fists crashed into Teuton faces and sent their owners sprawling. Rifles were jerked out of the astonished Germans' hands and turned against them. All in all, it was a fine rough-and-tumble affair. Within a few minutes the engineers had routed the enemy with heavy loss, suffering only a few casualties themselves.
Thus early began the experience of the Germans with "those crazy Americans," who didn't know when they were licked. As time went on their first impression of the Yanks, gathered from this contact with the engineers, included also the infantry and the artillery. In September, 1918, it was reported from the French front that "many of the Boche prisoners, when asked what they think of the American troops, speak somewhat as follows: 'They aren't soldiers; the infantry is drunk and the artillery is crazy.' They don't care for the way the American infantry goes out and collects hostile machine guns and they think batteries which fire for 24 hours a day have lost their reason entirely."
"An important German officer who was captured was asked if he wanted particularly to see anything. 'Yes,' said he, 'I want to see your automatic artillery.' The captors were puzzled until it developed that the American 75s had been firing so fast that the Germans thought they were new inventions that worked like machine guns."

True Virtue
It is to be a truly virtuous man to wish to be always exposed to the view of virtuous people.—La Rochefoucauld.

DEATHS
Concluded from first page.
the home Sunday afternoon by Rev. Paul J. Allured and interment was made in Elkland cemetery.
Wm. Q. Rawson was born Sept. 8, 1868, in Burnside township, Lapeer county, the son of Rev. Wm. T. Rawson and Mary Ann Rawson. At the age of 16, he moved with the family to Marlette. On Feb. 26, 1890, he married Miss Effie Ronald. Four children were born to this union: Eward R. Rawson, Wm. Audley Rawson and Mrs. Elmer Bearrs, all of Cass City, and Glenn R. Rawson of Chicago.
Mr. Rawson for several years held the position of field man for the condensary at Cass City, after retiring from his farm northeast of town.
Besides his widow and four children, he leaves one sister, Mrs. Sarah Ingersoll, of Alma and 14 grandchildren.
Friends and relatives from a distance who attended the funeral here Sunday were: Mrs. Sarah Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. Arza Andrew, and daughter and Mrs. Geo. Isham, all of Alma; Mr. and Mrs. John Ronald, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Waite, all of Flint; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ronald, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ronald, Mr. and Mrs. Arch McTavish, Mr. and Mrs. John Harris, Mr. and Mrs. David Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyne, Mr. and Mrs. Bert R. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Neumann, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Neumann and son, Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Clare Hollenbeck, all of Marlette; Mrs. McAlpine, all of Marlette; Mrs. M. Ronald and Mrs. W. A. Neumann and sons of Royal Oak; Mr. and Mrs. John Stienburg of Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. John Watchburg of Lapeer; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Hillier of Saginaw.

John Towle.
John Towle, who has been a resident of Sanilac county since 1888, passed away at his home in Evergreen township on Nov. 18, after illness with carcinoma. He had been ill about a year. Funeral services were conducted at the family residence on Friday afternoon by Rev. Wm. Richards of Belleville, an old friend of the family. Interment was made in Elkland cemetery.
John Towle was born in McGillivray township, near Park Hill, Ont., on Feb. 3, 1860. On Dec. 2, 1879, he was united in marriage with Miss Sophia M. Walker, at Albia, Ont. They moved to Ohio where Mr. Towle was employed as a brickmaker. In 1888 they came to Sanilac county from Canton, Ohio, and Mr. Towle engaged in farming in Evergreen township. He served the community as township treasurer and school district treasurer and was a member of the Orange Lodge.
Mr. and Mrs. Towle celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on Dec. 2, 1929.
Besides his widow, he leaves four children, Mrs. F. L. Chambers of



John Towle.
Saginaw, Wm. G. Towle of Plymouth, and Joseph D. Towle and Mrs. Chas. F. Mudge, both of Cass City; one brother, Wilkin Towle of Cleveland, Ohio; one sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Mawson of Toronto, Ont.; and eight grandchildren.

Relatives and friends from a distance who attended the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Chambers and family of Saginaw, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Towle and family of Plymouth, Wilkin Towle and son, Marvin, of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cook of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Smith and daughter, Donna Mae, and Al Smith of Bad Axe, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Macey and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Macey of Sandusky, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mudge of Pontiac, Mr. and Mrs. Clare Mudge and son of Detroit, Mrs. Ezra Bremer of Columbiaville, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Chambers of Clifford, and Mrs. John Jordon of Plymouth.

William Curtis officiated. Burial was at Bay Port.
Besides his wife, he leaves three children, Melvin, Vera and Irene, all at home; his mother, Mrs. Simeon Huffman, and one brother, Charles Huffman, both of Elkton, and one sister, Mrs. Gertie Grosch of Stratford, Ontario.

ELKLAND.
Louis Chaffee was chosen as delegate from the Bethel Sunday School to represent the Older Boys' conference held at Ann Arbor Nov. 27, 28 and 29.
Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Helwig, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Profit and daughter, Bernice, were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. LaVigne at their home in Detroit.
The Bethel Home Furnishing club will meet at the home of Mrs. John Marshall, Wednesday, Dec. 2.
Miss Evelyn Doerr is spending some time at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Leslie Parrish, in Detroit.
J. Crawford and family of Brookfield were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Muntz.
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Blair of Standish spent Thanksgiving with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Crawford.
Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Root of Saginaw were Sunday guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Root.
A number from this vicinity attended the funeral of Wm. Rawson held in Cass City Sunday afternoon.
Clifford Wright of Pontiac is spending the week at the John Doerr home.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Profit and family, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Profit and daughter, Jeanne, were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Russell.
Mrs. Alton Mark spent last week at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Vickers, of Uby.
Robert Edgerton has many friends in this vicinity who were very sorry to hear of his misfortune in being so seriously injured and wish to extend to him and his parents their sympathy and sincere wishes for a speedy recovery.

KINGSTON.
The Woman's Study Club met Monday evening with Thelma Jones. Margaret Heineman gave a paper on "Antique Furniture."
Mr. and Mrs. John Jeffery, Jr., of Birmingham spent Sunday here with relatives.
Mrs. Ingersoll was called here by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Wilson.
Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins of Bear Lake will spend Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. Alex Marshall, and family.
The W. C. T. U. will meet Friday at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. Mary McCormick.
Mrs. Madge Model and two children of Germania spent Saturday here.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Reamer and family of Pontiac spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Reamer.
Mrs. Wilson of Saginaw, who has been very sick at the home of her mother, Mrs. Albert Smith, is improving.
Mrs. George A. Jeffery was brought from Marlette hospital to her home here on Thursday.
Mildred Everett spent from Wednesday until Friday with Majorie Denhoff in Caro.
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ruggles have returned from their wedding trip to Niagara Falls.

Pastime Theatre
Cass City

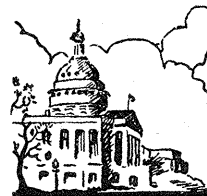
Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28.
TOM TYLER in
"Partners of the Trail"
A thriller of the west
Added 2 reel Comedy and Cartoon.
Sunday and Monday, Nov. 29-30.
LOWELL SHERMAN in
"HIGH STAKES"
Story of a woman who thought her past was something to forget about—She almost fooled the world.
Added 2 reel Comedy, News and Cartoon.
Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 1-2.
"WICKED"
with
ELISSA LANDI and VICTOR McLAGLEN.
Was she "wicked" because she was kind to men, or "wicked" because men were cruel to her?
Added—"Red" Grange in "The Galloping Ghost."
2 reel Comedy and Cartoon.
Tuesday and Wednesday, of each week
"Sinclair Oil Night"
A ticket from the Cass City Oil & Gas Co., on any station served by them, and 10c will admit you on Tuesday or Wednesday of each week.



Dick Manley Makes a Cat Aquarium
DICK MANLEY, of Venice, Calif., veteran glass worker, exhibited recently a glass globe in which were four gray kittens. On a dare, with a side bet as a prize, Manley took a large glass tube and sealed one end, then placed the kittens inside. Speed was necessary and in three minutes he had blown a 26-inch globe with the kittens inside. The kittens were not even scorched when the globe was finally completed and sealed except for a tiny hole for air to enter. Dick calls it his "Cat Aquarium."

QUALITY	SERVICE	PRICE
WE DELIVER.		
Independent Grocery		
M. D. HARTT		Telephone 149
From Nov. 28 to Dec. 5		
K. B. FLOUR	24 1/2 lb. sack	59c
COOKING MOLASSES	1 qt. can	15c
SEEDLESS RAISINS	2 lb. pkg.	19c
OLIVES, STUFFED	quart jars	69c
CHEESE (Frankenmuths)	None better, per lb.	19c
COFFEE	a good bulk	19c
FELS NAPTHA SOAP	10 bars	49c
COOKIES, Special assorted for Thanksgiving trade		21c
FRUITS		
CRANBERRIES	Eat-more brand, per lb.	12c
JERSEY SWEET POTATOES	4 lbs.	10c
RADISHES	fresh and crispy	5c
ORANGES, SUNKIST NAVALS	doz. (288's)	23c

<h1>Grist Screenings</h1>		
ELKLAND ROLLER MILLS	TOLD BY ROY	
You Must be Satisfied. -: Published Every Friday.		
Vol. 7.	Nov. 27, 1931.	No. 21.
Published in the interest of the People of Cass City and vicinity by the	enjoy life and get the most out of it.	the account, we always find that there are many more good things than bad things, no matter how rough the traveling may be.
Elkland Roller Mills	—	—
Edited by Roy	And we are thankful to be in the milling business, where we can make ourselves useful to this community.	—
—	—	So, we're wishing you all a happy Thanksgiving with lots of good things to eat, lots of friends, and lots of pleasant thoughts.
The Elkland Roller Mills are thankful.	At least, we like to think we are useful!	—
—	—	It's a pretty good world after all!
We are thankful for health—thankful that we can enjoy our "three squares" every day and sleep well at night.	As a matter of fact, isn't it a good idea to sit down with ourselves at this Thanksgiving time and list a few of the things we ought to be thankful for?	—
—	—	And it's high time we get ourselves sold on that idea.
We are thankful for our friends—for those who say "Hello" to us on the street or drop in to pass the time of day.	If everybody would do that, we have an idea there would be more happiness and much less complaint.	—
—	—	Elkland Roller Mills
We are thankful because we live in Cass City where we have every opportunity to	When we balance up	Phone 15 Cass City



Looking at Washington

President Hoover, busily engaged in the preparation of his message to Congress, finds himself confronted by two very pressing problems, upon which his views are awaited with interest. Facing a terrific deficit during the present fiscal year, and millions of unemployed, the Chief Executive must make some recommendations to Congress which will outline what he thinks should be done at this time.

That the President's message will contain any startling suggestions along radical lines is to be doubted. He will probably stress additional legislation to stimulate bank credits and urge the creation of a home loan mortgage bank system. He outlined his ideas on this a few weeks ago. The indications are that he will advocate the broadening of the eligibility rules of the Federal Reserve Act and, possibly, some additional assistance to the Federal Land banks in an effort to provide more and easier credit facilities for farmers.

While these steps may be considered by some as only indirect attacks upon the unemployment situation, the President attaches great importance to them and favors the coordination "of individual effort" under some agency rather than outright Federal assistance. The ailing budget is a problem upon which it is not possible at this time to give any very clear statement. The Administration's economy program will be stressed, with every effort to hold down governmental expenditures.

The plain fact is that the administration realizes that new tax levies are necessary, and plans to make them. While Uncle Sam can run behind for a year or so, sooner or later the Treasury must have funds, and the deficit now looming indicates that the time has arrived for something to be done.

It is said that higher levies upon larger incomes, with a selective sales tax on certain selected articles, will be recommended. That this is reasonable certain appears from recent declarations of Sen. Smoot, who thinks it will be necessary to raise around \$1,200,000,000. He favors a 40 per cent tax on incomes over \$100,000, which is double the present rate, and a sales tax on certain articles, mentioning automobiles and radios. Senator Watson, of Indiana, who had opposed the idea of new taxes, also declared, after conferring with the president, that new levies were "inescapable."

While most experts regard a general sales tax as one that is fair to all classes it would contain administrative difficulties and arouse considerable political opposition. For that reason it is thought, a tax on a limited number of selected "luxuries" would be the best step at this time.

Democratic leaders continue to consider the party program with some indication of divided opinion. Representative Garner says there will be no truce with the Administration so far as accepting without question its measures. He believes that his party should present measures to decrease the budget deficit and modify the Hawley-Smoot tariff act. Some leaders believe, however, that it would be better to postpone tariff tinkering even if it might be necessary to revise some schedules which they consider "glaring inequalities."

Admiral William V. Pratt, Chief of Naval Operations, recently outlined our naval policy. This does not contemplate building up to the strength fixed in the London Treaty, but rather "an up-to-date, standardized fleet," with construction arranged to avoid the danger of simultaneous obsolescence. The Admiral says he wants to find the eventual strength at which the Navy will be fixed and "then build steadily up to that strength, replacing annually a few vessels, so that in the end, we will always have in service the right number of modern ships of all types."

Illustrating his "orderly" program, the Admiral explains that under the Treaty the United States is allowed 150,000 tons of destroyers. As the average "life" of a destroyer is 16 years, the ideal building program would include six to seven destroyers a year. In other classes of ships some scale of the same kind would be provided.

Another economy, as explained by the Admiral, is the maintenance of parts of the fleet in reserve commission, which means laying them up with only one-fourth crews, the captain and certain key officers aboard. Such a status, he says, is cheaper than de-commissioning the ships because of the expense necessary to put them back into active service in an emergency. The reserve ships, says the Admiral, would be given regular periods of sea duty and would probably participate in annual maneuvers.

Just what is the position being taken by the United States in the

Sino-Jap embroglio is not clear at this writing, although it may be more clearly apparent by the time this column is in print. Last week there were intimations that the League felt that this nation was relaxing its firm stand in the Far East. Coupled with the fear that Soviet Russia might move positively following the Japanese advance in the Russian sphere the tendency of the League to softpeddle was plain.

However, Secretary Stimson, in a statement, declared that the attitude of the United States had not changed. While he had urged that only peace means be employed no commitments, either express or implied, had been made to either China or Japan. However, this attitude may be altered by the striking Japanese military triumph and the new statement of Japan's desires in Manchuria. These would make that province a Japanese protectorate.

In Paris, however, Ambassador Dawes, in a statement, mentioned the nine-power pact, signed at Washington in 1922, under which Japan, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Portugal agreed to respect the territorial and administrative integrity of China, to give a free hand in effecting a stable government, to maintain the equal commercial opportunities of all nations in China and not to take advantage of conditions to seek special rights and privileges in China.

The fact that Great Britain has empowered its Board of Trade to levy up to 100 per cent import duties on manufactured commodities from abroad and that such duties will not apply to the dominions interest American exporters. It is, however, a limited power to be used for six months, before the end of which time a British tariff law is expected. This will probably mean much to Canada which exports many commodities in competition to the United States. It may cause a renewed establishment of American branch factories in Canada, a process which has been going on steadily since 1930.

Minister Grandi's visit to this country reveals a popular Italian figure at his best, ready to talk freely upon almost any subject with reporters as well as officials. In his conversations with Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson the right hand man of Mussolini, speaking with full power of his government, came out for cancellation of war debts and reparations, to which the administration is opposed. General agreement was evident upon disarmament, a question in which the three statesmen were deeply interested.

ELKLAND AND ELMWOOD TOWN LINE

Miss Lorene McGrath spent Thanksgiving at her parental home here.

Harold Evans and Will Simmons are in Northern Michigan looking for deer.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Karr attended the funeral of Wm. Rawson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Livingston of Caro were callers at the E. A. Livingston home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Laurie spent Sunday in Uby.

Wanda Seekings is ill with liver trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burgess and daughter and Mrs. Jean Turner spent Sunday at the Chas. Seekings' home.

PINGREE.

Very nice weather for this time of year.

Many from this vicinity attended the funeral of John Towle Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman W. Cooke and three children of Ingster visited at the Chas. I. Cooke home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clare Mudge and family of Detroit visited with Mr. Mudge's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mudge, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Crocker and two daughters spent Sunday with relatives in Harbor Beach.

Several deer have passed here on hunters' cars since the season opened.

Louis Crocker purchased a horse from Robt. Craig recently.

Arnold Copeland is assisting Wm. Gardner with the fall work.

James McTavish is working for Joe Towle.

Owing to the opportunity the fall weather has given the farmers, much fall plowing has been done.

Church Calendar

Concluded from first page.

days of the Son of Man be." Theme: "Is the world getting better?" You are invited to attend this service.

E. R. FERGUSON, Pastor.

Decker M. E. Circuit—Shabbona church—Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Morning service at 11:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m.

We expect that this will be the closing day of the special revival services, but will make definite announcement at the Sunday services.

Decker church—Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Morning service at 11:30 a. m.

Elmer church—Morning service at

10:00 a. m. Sunday School at 11:00 p. m. Prayer service at 8:00 p. m. J. H. JAMES, Pastor.

St. Pancratius Church—Services at 10:30 every second and fourth Sunday of the month. The remaining Sundays at 8:00. Sunday school immediately after the services.

Rev. William X. Fitzpatrick, Pastor.

Tuscola County Brotherhood—Next Sunday afternoon, the Brotherhood will meet in the Baptist Church of Caro, at 4:00 o'clock. Song service will be led by the principal of the high school of Vassar. The inspirational message will be delivered by Rev. Bottrell of Cass City. Then a meeting of testimony will follow. At 6:30, a luncheon will be served by the women of the church free. Evening service begins at 7:30, and the sermon will be preached by Rev. Weigle.

Free Methodist Church—Wilmot—Sunday school, 10:30 a. m. Preaching 11:30 a. m.

Hay Creek—Sunday school, 10:00 a. m. Song and praise service, 7:30 p. m. Evangelistic service, 8:00 p. m.

Revival meetings which have been in progress for the past week will continue with services each evening except Saturday, at 8:00 p. m. All are cordially invited.

A. H. HAZZARD, Pastor.

Mennonite Church—G. D. Clink, pastor.

It has not yet been definitely decided if the revival meetings now in progress will continue longer than Sunday night. Miss Hollenback of Jebba, Northern Nigeria, West Africa, is assisting in these meetings. Attendance and interest are on the increase.

Sunday morning services will be held in the usual order with preaching at Riverside at ten o'clock and at Mizpah at eleven-thirty. The evening service at Mizpah will be lifted in favor of the evangelistic campaign being waged at the Riverside church.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

Arthur Englehart was able to leave the hospital Monday for his home south and east of Cass City.

Mrs. Louis Horetzki of Grindstone entered the hospital Friday and underwent an operation Saturday morning.

Walter Way of Uby entered Friday and submitted to an operation Saturday.

Mrs. Clarence Boulton of Cass City was brought to the hospital Friday and was operated on Monday morning.

Mrs. William Mitchell of Cass City entered Saturday for a minor operation. She was able to leave Monday.

Mrs. Nelson Simkins was brought to the hospital Wednesday morning seriously ill and passed away late Saturday night.

COLLEGE HAS TESTED WINTER HARDY WHEAT

A new wheat variety which shows exceptional resistance to winter killing has been developed by the plant breeding work carried on at Michigan State College to find the best crop varieties for State farmers.

The new variety, Bald Rock, has a long stiff straw and has no beards. It has yielded well in the tests made during the past several years at Lake City and Augusta. It is a red wheat with good milling qualities.

Red Rock, one of the parents of Bald Rock, yielded only about one-half bushel more than the new variety in 14 tests made in the past two years. Red Rock is grown by many Michigan farmers but some object to it because of the beards; Bald Rock has the same yielding, and quality characteristics, is more winter hardy, and is not bearded.

In 1928, when a great deal of winter killing cut down wheat yields, Bald Rock yielded twice as much as Red Rock. The new wheat seems to yield equally well in good years and is much superior in harvests which follow damaging winters.

Another wheat variety tested at the College, Berkley Rock, is resistant to both loose and stinking smut and is also winter hardy, but this wheat has a weak straw which causes it to lodge more easily than other varieties. The Berkley Rock will be used in plant breeding work in an attempt to develop a variety which has smut resistance and other desirable characteristics as well.

Think It Over
Not what you do, but how you do it, is the test of your capacity.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

Nov. 25, 1931.	
Buying price—	
Wheat No. 2, mixed	52
Oats, bu.	23
Rye, bu.	44
Peas, bu.	140
Beans, cwt.	205
Light red kidney beans, cwt.	350
Dark red kidney beans, cwt.	450
Barley, cwt.	90
Buckwheat, cwt.	80
June Clover, bu.	575
Butterfat, lb.	27
Butter, lb.	25
Eggs, doz.	30
Hogs, live weight	4 1/2
Cattle,	3 5
Calves	7 6
Hens	10 14
Broilers	11 15
Geese	10 15
White ducks, 5 lbs. and up, lb.	10 12
Turkeys	21

NOVESTA.

Still the spring like weather.

Ralph Young of Flint spent the week-end at his home here.

Arthur Englehart is reported as doing fine since the second amputation of his foot. First time was below the ankle and the second a few inches above.

Mr. and Mrs. Park Wagg and son and Dorothy Henderson, of Pontiac spent the week-end with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Woolman and H. Woolman of Detroit were week-end guests at the John and George McArthur homes near Deford.

Miss Thelma Henderson of Bay City and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith of Elkland were Sunday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips entertained on Thursday of last week Mrs. J. J. Emlaw, mother of Mrs. P., and Mr. and Mrs. J. Topping, Miss Mable Samson and Nelson Chne, all of Port Huron.

South Novesta Farmers' Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Stewart near Wilmot on Nov. 20, about 35 being present. Program consisted of several readings, solos and a lively discussion about the relative values of beet and cane sugars, the gentlemen taking the stand that the difference was imaginary and the ladies contending that the cane variety had it over the beet. No definite decision was arrived at and no one's opinion was changed. Next meeting will be held at the Howard Retherford home for twelve o'clock chicken dinner on the third Friday of December.

A REAL MAN!

Boys and young men, who are ardent admirers of Col. Charles Lindbergh, would do well to follow his example set before the youth of the world. Wines and liquors were served at every dinner and function given in Japan for the world famous flyer, but not a drop of liquor, in any form, passes Col. Lindbergh's lips. No matter who serves Col. Lindbergh, this day's greatest hero in eyes of youth, does not drink. Does anyone think his hosts think any less of him because he is true to his principles? No, admiration becomes stronger.

SATURDAY SPECIALS

PUMPKIN large can	10c
MARACHINOS small bottle	8c
MINCE MEAT per pkg.	10c
MOTHER'S OATS Quick or Regular	26c
CORN 3 cans	25c
TOMATOES 4 cans for	25c
CHRYSTAL WHITE SCOURING POWDER	4c
CHRYSTAL WHITE SCOURING POWDER, 2 pkgs.	7c
10 bars FELS NAPTHA for	49c
LIGHT HOUSE COFFEE	35c

COFFEE DEMONSTRATION

On Saturday, Nov. 28, we will have a Light-house Coffee Demonstration at our store. We extend a cordial invitation to you to attend.

FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Cranberries, Head Lettuce, Celery, etc.

Alex Henry Phone 82.

Morale...

It wins wars

It beats depressions

It lays the firm foundations for prosperity

AMERICA is engaged in a mighty enterprise of morale building. In one month—October 19th to November 25th—every city and town in the land will raise the funds that will be necessary to banish from its borders the fear of hunger and cold.

Just one month, and our biggest job will be over. Just one month, and we shall have met the worst threat the Depression can offer: and we shall have won!

You can help. Give to the funds that your community is raising. Give generously.

Feel the thrill that comes with victory. Go forward with America to the better days ahead.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORGANIZATION ON UNEMPLOYMENT RELIEF

Walter S. Gifford Director
WALTER S. GIFFORD

COMMITTEE ON MOBILIZATION OF RELIEF RESOURCES

Chairman
GIVEN D. YOUNG

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

Chronicle Liners

RATES—Liner of 25 words or less, 25 cents each insertion. Over 25 words, one cent a word for each insertion.

FINDER of auto license plate No. 971-347 kindly return same to Chronicle office. 11/27/11

LOST—A sum of money Saturday night on Main st., Cass City. Finder please return to Chronicle office and receive reward. O. O. Grubbe. 11/20/12

FOUND—Commercial auto license plate No. 1-582-685. Owner call at Chronicle office. 11/27

CELERY—Get a crate of that nice crisp celery. Only \$1.00. F. D. Wright. 11/27/1p

RADIO SERVICE—We can service your radio, any make. Call 146-F23 or Corpron's Hardware. Kenneth Churchill. 11/18/4p

A BAKE SALE and Bazaar will be held by the 4-H Clubs of the Starr School, at the Herdell Store, Argyle, on Saturday, December 5, beginning at two o'clock. 11/27/2

FOR SALE—80 acres 1 mile north 4 miles west, one-half mile north of Deford on Sam Bell farm, 7 room house, basement, granary, large barn 34x90 and other out-buildings. Gravelly soil. All under cultivation. Price \$1,800, half cash or will take some good cattle in as cash. A bargain for quick sale. Make me an offer. 11/13/4p

WE BUY cream, eggs and poultry at our store on East Main St. M. C. McLellap. Phone 6. 2-27-ft

FOR SALE—Purebred Oxford ram lambs at \$12 each. Also some ewes and ewe lambs. Bert M. Perry, Colling, Mich. Eight miles west of Cass City. Phone, Caro. 10/2/tf

ELLIOTT MOTOR LINES Schedule—Bus leaves Cass City for Pontiac daily at 8:00 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., fast time. Bus leaves Cass City for Bad Axe at 12:00 p. m. and 5:00 p. m. On Sunday, (one bus each way), leaves Cass City for Pontiac 4:05 p. m. and leaves Cass City for Bad Axe at 10:45 p. m.*

CEMETERY MEMORIALS—Monuments, markers, grave or vault covers. See or call Chas. Mudge, R3, Cass City. Phone 35-F23. Representing A. B. Cummings, Caro, Michigan. 12-19-tf

HEART OF THE NORTH

By

WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

(WNU Service)

Copyright by William Byron Mowery

to break the silence between them he began telling her of these last weeks—his trip to Edmonton, his providential luck in meeting Buzzard, the prison charges that stood against them, their flight back north, their escape from Haskell's trap, his gladness when he saw her running down the path.

As she listened, thoroughly alive to the danger and hardships he had gone through, Joyce felt a profound gratitude, for she knew Alan had done this largely for her sake. When he mentioned the prison charges facing him, she experienced a moment of panic; and imagined herself testifying in his behalf, fighting for him as he had fought for her.

A little later, after they had discussed plans for closing in upon the bandits, Alan rose up and gave her his hand to rise. He said:

"I've got to go down river a few miles, Joyce. Bill cached some supplies near that sand where you and I got upset that day and had to swim for it. I want to bring them up here this evening."

He waited a moment for some hint that she might wish to go along with him. None came. He suggested:

"It'd take only a couple hours. If you'd care to, I'd like for you to go."

"I'd better stay, Bill and Mr. Feathererof will be awake before long. I'll have supper ready when you get back."

"I can help you with that—if you'll go."

Joyce hesitated. She was aware that Alan deeply wanted her company. After all he'd done for her, it seemed cruelly ungrateful to refuse. And she herself wanted to go. But bitter wisdom whispered a warning. Since that morning when she turned his letters and picture and gifts to ashes, there had been no looking back. There must be none now. She had strength and courage to talk with him calmly and to act toward him as though they had never been more than good friends; but she dared not presume too far on that new-born strength. To be alone with him two hours on a twilight river, with their talk inevitably drifting to former times—it would be unbearable.

With gentle firmness she said: "I'd like to go Alan. But I'll have to run back to the post. There's so many things to do." She tried to smile. "I don't want to be a neglectful hostess to Bill and Mr. Feathererof."

As she started up the river trail, her thoughts brooded on several things Alan had said in the course of his story, especially on his occasional references to Elizabeth. Not that he had said anything derogatory about Elizabeth. But his tone, his manner.

Was he becoming a little disillusioned?

Defects Faulty Glass

Defective glassware now can be detected before it leaves the factory by tests with a light which shows up the faults. The lamp produces polarized light which reveals the defects in the glass.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

the Big Butt Shingle

20 Years

On a "good roof" policy, one administration for twenty years has maintained the quality of Winthrop Tapered Asphalt Shingles. No other asphalt shingle has the tapered shape—due to a thick butt that doubles the wearing thickness. No other shingle is made more carefully nor of higher grade materials. Come in and examine these exclusive shingles and look over their superb colors. There are twenty—solid and blended.

Winthrop Tapered Asphalt Shingles

Michigan Bear Co.

Cass City Deford Greenleaf

"Where you can trade with confidence"

Was he seeing Elizabeth Spaulding not as the sister of his dead partner Curt, not as a girl to be cherished and shielded, but as a selfish, calculating person? Was he dimly foreseeing what his married life with her was going to be?

Joyce checked herself sharply from hoping or even thinking that Alan might break off his engagement, or from extending him anything more than grateful friendship. She was glad, profoundly glad, that his words had caused no resurrection of hope, no tremor of emotion. The discovery of her strength suffused her with a kind of pride. But for all that, she felt a great sorrow for Alan. He was bitterly unhappy, and she knew it. What was his situation now? Police work, his life in the North, comradeship with his old friends—everything that he had cherished was stripped away from him, and he was going into a marriage reluctantly and forcing himself into a life that was alien to his whole nature. When Joyce thought of all that, her sympathy, tender and compassionate, went out to him wholeheartedly.

Returning at deep twilight with the drums, Alan found Buzzard cleaning fouled spark plugs on the plane engine.

Candles were already lit in the trading store. Alan looked up the path, expecting to see Joyce's figure in the lighted doorway. He hoped to have an hour or two alone with her this evening. But all day the conviction had grown upon him that a talk would be worse than useless. If only God's truth didn't sound so preposterous; if only he could tell Joyce that he had become engaged to Elizabeth, had expected to marry Elizabeth, and yet all the time, in his deepest longing, had wanted not Elizabeth but her.

"If we're going to get away from here first thing in the morning," Buzzard broke into his thoughts, "we ought to put in a couple hours' work after supper on these alleron leads. They're pretty bad frayed around the pulleys."

Alan knew that Buzzard was asking him to help with that job. But he did not answer. He wanted this evening with Joyce. Unless he took circumstances into his own hands tonight, he and Joyce would drift across a continent from each other in a few days more. Torn with uncertainty of her affections for him, he was debating about this evening. After the incidents of today—his picture gone, her coldness, her refusal to go with him—he was wavering, undecided.

He tossed his cigarette out on the water. "Maybe we'd better go up and help Joyce what we can."

Buzzard did not stir. For several minutes he had been glancing uneasily at Alan. Finally he screwed up courage to speak.

"It's strictly none of my business, Alan, but—but . . . You're engaged to a girl there at Endurance, but you bought Miss MacMillan that rainbow scarf with your last dollar and you talked a lot about getting back here and helping her."

Alan was loath to speak to Joyce, even with a partner. He tried to say quietly: "We've been good friends for several years. She's one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. You've met her now. You'd naturally want to help her, wouldn't you?"

"Of course. But—but . . . See here, I may be imagining things; you can tell me to shut up if you want to—but it seems to me there's something wrong between you and her."

Alan repeated, rather shortly: "We're good friends. There's nothing more than that."

Buzzard knew different. He had had a vague suspicion of it ever since Alan first mentioned Joyce MacMillan's name at the cafe in Edmonton. As he remembered the incident of this noon, he wondered at the Spartan courage Joyce had shown and at the passion behind such an act. Surely some bitter unhappiness lay between her and Baker.

He said reluctantly: "If that's true, if you're merely friends and



"What!" Alan whirled on him, gasping. "Burn Up That Centure Flechee!"

nothing more, what made her burn up that scarf you brought her?"

"What!" Alan whirled on him, gasping. "Burn up that centure flechee!" He half-rose. "You say that's what she did? You're sure about that? You didn't make a mistake?"

For a moment, groping about to retrieve his blunder, Buzzard hardly knew what to say or do. There had been no mistake; he had seen that incident with his own eyes when he glanced through the window to find

where Alan was. He debated whether to draw back from his statement or to plunge ahead and tell the rest of it—Joyce's momentary battle, the shudder that swept her whole body when she put the scarf into the stove, and the quick blinding tears that she dashed away.

He thought: "Better not get any deeper into this. I'd only blunder again. Better back out entirely."

He stammered: "I might have made a mistake. I might—uh—it might have been the wrapping paper. I just merely saw her put—uh—something into—and I jumped to conclusions. Must have been the wrapper. Why would any person want to burn up a gift like that? Let's forget it."

His tones carried no conviction. He realized it himself. Alan disbelieved him; Alan knew Joyce had burned the scarf he gave her.

Cursing himself hotly, Buzzard looked out across the purpling river. He had meant only the best, and he had dealt Alan a savage pitiless blow. After a little time Alan said to him: "You'd better go up, Buzzard; she may be waiting for us."

"Aren't you going?"

"No—not now; I don't much care. . . . I don't want supper."

Something in his voice warned Buzzard not to urge him. As he turned away, Alan said, in the tones of a man who has made some hard and abiding decision:

"When you've had supper, come back down here; I'll help you with that work; we'll do it now, so we can get away early. I was thinking—for this evening—something else. But that's out—now."

At three o'clock the next morning Buzzard lifted the plane out of the Big Alooska. With Alan directing him, he headed due north.

One hundred and thirty miles away, nearly four hundred miles from Fort Endurance, a small tribe of Tinnehs lived along the western fringe of the Thal-Azzah. They were a timid, skulking, inoffensive band, shouldered into a region where other tribes scorned to live. Dave MacMillan had been their friend and they brought him their furs; and Alan, during his years at Endurance, had sent a protective patrol to them twice a year.

Joyce had found out where they were spending this summer; and Alan had a mission with their old headman, Mugwa-Ethten.

When the timbered country began yielding to lakes and semi-muskeg, he got out his glasses and started searching ahead for their camp. At a height of five thousand feet he could sweep a region of more than two hundred thousand acres. The eyes of an eagle, the wings of a bullet-swift curlew, and that big-barreled Browning machine gun—through luck and driving purpose and a faith in his dubious plan, he had smashed through obstacles till now he held the power and heavy odds over those bandits.

The sure knowledge of this was about all that was left to him. His work in the Mounted, his life here in the North, were both gone; and Buzzard's cataclysmic words last evening had showed him that his secret hope towards Joyce had been a fool's hope, a fool's wishful thinking.

How low he must have fallen in her esteem, that she should burn his gift to her! At first it had seemed a little cruel of Joyce to do that. But then he looked at the incident with relentless honesty, and he could not blame her. Once he and she had planned to marry. People had spoken of it; it had been generally accepted along the River. She had liked him, loved him. What must her feelings have been as she watched his relations with Elizabeth, and saw him engaged to another girl and coming no more to the Big Alooska? She must have felt shame, a burning shame, at being lifted Month after lonely month of that—it had been an outrage to her girlhood. Nothing she could do to him could be so heartless as what he had done to her.

Through the propeller disk he at last sighted the Indian camp, a cluster of brown leather tents beside a lake where the band was passing the summer near their fish weirs. Buzzard roared over the camp and banked to alight. Old Mugwa-Ethten, a gnarled and wrinkled old savage, stalked up and gravely bade them welcome.

After this flood season of heavy rains, Alan knew there were a few areas in the watery wilderness of the Thal-Azzah where a party of men could camp. He himself had only a hazy idea where those areas lay; but this old headman, Mugwa-Ethten, Who-Follows-the-Caribou, had lived his life along the border of that great marsh and knew it better than any man alive, and could probably give him a pretty definite idea where to look.

Very wisely, Joyce had kept from letting the nomad bands know anything about the police defeat. The Shagalahsa maintained order in so huge a territory largely through their reputation of never failing, and the news of their stinging defeat would do incalculable harm. Joyce had not even told old Mugwa-Ethten.

After pledging the headman to silence, in guttural Tinnah Alan began sketching the story of the robbery and battle. As he told of the bandits escaping up the Alooska, he noticed that the old chief suddenly became all interested.

Alan looked at him keenly. "Something's up," he thought. "I've stumbled onto something." He demanded: "When I wa-wa two three breaths ago you start like hit buck, Why?"

Drawing a crude map of the Thal-Azzah with his bony forefinger, the old headman sprang his astounding news.

Ten suns ago, he said, Tukeok and another young buck had gone west-

ward into the Land of Many Waters to locate rat colonies for autumn trapping. One evening they heard the boom-boom of fire-sticks far away southwest. Slipping up, timid, cautious, they saw some strange men shooting waxies for food. They saw a tent, a camp on an island. . . .

For several minutes, fighting down a wild elation, Alan forced himself to crouch there, asking questions, fixing that map and that spot unforgettably in his mind.

At the wigwags he rejoined Bill. "Come on! Let's be getting into the air! An hour and a half from now we'll be saying it with a machine gun. When we flew up here we brought our luck along!"

From his height of three thousand feet, reading the country spread below him, Alan could follow the crude finger map without once being in doubt. . . . That should be the great blue-water lake which Mugwa-Ethten had described. It should have islands in the center of it. On one of the islands near the north edge of the cluster the bandits should be camped, if they had not moved on.

"Swing north!" he shouted at Buzzard. "Those islets there to themselves. . . ."

The machine swerved and thundered closer. One by one Alan started to search the five. On the first one, nothing. On the second, nothing. But on the third . . . He started suddenly as he caught that center one in clear focus. Below them on that center island, conspicuous to their sky patrol, stood a solitary dirty-white tent.

After a few moments Alan had presence of mind again. He leaned forward and shouted instruction: "Drop down to a thousand feet. Fly over that island again. Slow. Want to study it carefully before we start things."

Buzzard dropped down, swung around. As the plane sailed over a second time, Alan drew the island up to him studying the tent sharply, he saw a movement of the flap-front and distinguished a man's face, upturned, peering at them.

One bandit there at least! But the others? . . . A guess shot into his mind: those others had probably gone hunting for caribou over east at the foute.

As though that watcher there below realized what this ominous circling meant and had become panicky, a puff of white, a single puff, burst from the flap-front. Confident—the man was alone and the others were gone, Alan decided to take this bandit alive. He needed information about the others, and information about that pack of furs to clear Dave MacMillan.

While Buzzard circled at a safe distance, he tore a page from a memo book and printed a message: "If you shoot again, we'll splatter you and that island into the lake with our machine guns. Stand out in the clear. No weapons on you. Don't try any crooked move after we light."

He wrapped the message around a monkey-wrench and handed it to Buzzard. From wartime practice of dropping "eggs" on ammunition dumps and second-trench Flammenwerfer, and camouflaged batteries of Krupp 70's east of Verdun, with no aerial sights except two miles and a string along the fuselage, Buzzard was a good judge of speed, altitude and the right split-instant to release. Whirling over the island, a few hundred yards up, he planted the missile within a dozen paces of the flap-front.

As they looked back they saw the man run out to it, read the message, hesitate a moment, and then raise his left arm, waving something white.

A pistol-shot off the island the plane lighted. Buzzard stayed in the machine. Alan and Bill got out the canvas canoe, slipped automatics into their pockets, took rifles prominently in hand and went ashore.

While Bill searched the bandit for a hidden revolver, Alan looked at him curiously. He was a strange character to find in this country. Slant-eyed, his skin olive, he looked as though he had oriental blood in his veins. The rag he had waved in token of surrender was a sling. His right arm dangled limp at his side.

Alan demanded, "Are you the fellow we hit in that fight?"

"Chink!" Woolley nodded.

"Are those other men out hunting?" Alan asked. "Or where?"

Woolley batted his eyes slowly, as though taking thought. "Huntin', yes," he manged.

"Which way?"

"North-east."

"That probably means they went southwest," Alan remarked, and his short laugh was not pleasant. "You're natural and easy-like, but it won't get by with us. We've nailed too many liars in our time. I want to know who this party of yours is, where they came from, how they got into this country, how they know their way about in it. I want to know how that pack of other pelts got into Trader MacMillan's storage shed. I want to know the man who killed Jimmy Montgomery there on the Midnight Sun. Now get busy."

He clicked the safety on his automatic and brought his elbow up against his side.

Chink Woolley trembled, his knees shook, he wilted. He guessed that this man must be the Baker fellow, the sergeant terrible, whom Mett Andre always mentioned in lowered voice. Those hypnotic gray eyes seemed to be boring through him. That heavy automatic was tilted to make his next lie the last. And if he turned king's evidence, he might escape the noose.

It was a strange story that Alan and Bill listened to, there on the island in the heart of Many Waters. . . .

Eighteen months ago, on a whaler

in Beaufort sea, the five whites, excluding the half-breed Andre, whom they picked up later, had "run a buck" under Jensen's instigation, but were overpowered by the captain and rest of the crew. Flung ashore with the skipper's sulphurous good wishes at bleak Demarcation point on the Arctic coast, they made their way across the Romanoff's to the new placer fields in the Kayukuk headwaters. They came too late to get worthwhile claims; and they discovered, too, that "hawking" in the perpetually-frozen subsoil was even harder work than whaling.

It was Jensen, brooding over their predicament, who conceived the idea that it was easier to find gold which already had been found than to thaw a hole thirty feet down to black sand and bedrock and then maybe get nothing. It was Jensen who allayed their fears and dangled the golden lure in front of their eyes till their mouths watered and they were ready for anything he planned.

Andre the half-breed was a find. He fitted into the party like a key into a lock. They were crassly ignorant of the country; they were tyros when it came to traveling, hiding, living in the bush. But Andre the breed was bush-wise as a weasel and water-wise as a muskox mink, and he knew the whole north country from Roes Welcome to Point Barrow as he knew the palm of his hand.

It was Andre who had brought the party into this strange country, by back rivers and untraversed trails, avoiding all sight of men, so that they seemed to have dropped from the sky. It was Andre who suggested the place of attack on the Midnight Sun, and the Thal-Azzah as a place to hide in after the swoop and robbery. And it was "breed" Andre's sharp-speaking Savaze that drilled Jimmy Montgomery through the heart.

Alan Baker breathed a little harshly. He ordered, "Describe that breed." And he added, "So there will be no mistake when I meet him."

Woolley described his meti confederate. Alan nodded curdly. After a few moments' silence, he spoke again: "Now about Trader MacMillan. How did that pack of furs get in his shed?"

"Jensen put it dere."

"Why?"

Woolley did not know all the details, but from hints Jensen had dropped he was able to piece the story together pretty well.

Several years ago at Hershel's land, that gathering place for whalers, Indians, traders, Eskimos and Arctic explorers, Jensen had run afoul of Dave MacMillan. He had come ashore from a whaler, hungry for drink and hungry for woman's company after eight months of following the herds. He had found the drink, and in a whisky haze had started to make rough love to fifteen-year-old Joyce MacMillan.

Dave MacMillan fell upon him. For years now Jensen had been nursing his hairy chin reminiscently where MacMillan's hard fist had caught him; and his ears still rang with the derisive jeers of those who saw him dog-whipped down across the swells and over the shingle to the whaler.

He had never forgotten the MacMillan girl nor the incident of that snowy October day. The incident had smoldered in his vengeful soul; and when his party passed the trading post, it had flared out. It was a neat stroke, putting that comparatively worthless load of furs in the shed of the man who had dog-whipped him. He had counted on the trader discovering them, wondering about them, innocently calling the attention of the police to them, and getting into hot water when he failed to explain how they got there.

The revelation of Dave MacMillan's complete innocence was no surprise to Alan but merely a proof that his and Joyce's instinctive belief had been correct. Now he could know that in buying out of service he had saved the reputation and possibly the very life of Joyce's father. Under Haskell's tyranny he could never have vindicated Dave. In his own way he had planned, and had fought through to this partial triumph.

Writing down the essential points of the confession, he forced Woolley to make his mark on the paper, with himself and Bill as witnesses. He made a second copy for Bill, in case something happened to Bill or him. Then he demanded of Woolley:

"You say those other men went hunting. When are you expecting them back?"

Woolley did not know. He seemed strangely hesitant. Fidgeting uneasily, he would glance up at Alan and then away, as though he had something to tell but was afraid to tell it.

Alan saw his agitation. He demanded: "What're you stumbling over? Cooking up some lie?"

The man wetted his dry twitching lips. "You'll not kill me if I tell you de truth—where dey went? You may be can git back dere on de Alooska in time to save de girl."

"On the Alooska—in time to save the girl"—Alan jerked as though a bullet had sung past his throat. His face went suddenly pale. "You mean Joyce MacMillan? What about her? Tell it, or by G—d I'll choke it out of you! Open up. What about her? What do you mean—in time to save her? I'll not kill you if you tell."

Woolley stammered: "Dey went down de Alooska to git her. It's Jensen's idee. He's aimin' to take her along de escape and keep her for himself. He's all burnin' about dat girl."

His shaky voice trailed off. He shrank back in quivering dread from the expression that had come into Baker's eyes.

For a little while, a few moments only, Alan stared unseeingly out

across the waters of the great blue lake. To wait here, until the bandits came back? Not that; they'd be three days and nights on the return trip. . . . Joyce would be helpless all that time, in the power of the man who was "all burnin' about dat girl." They had left only thirty-odd hours ago. He stood a chance of beating them to the trading post. . . . Whirling on Bill he ordered:

"You stay here. You attend to this end of it. Buzzard and I will attend to the other. We'll go after them in the plane. There's a chance we can get to the trading post before they do. You'll have a rifle extra. They're in—"



"I'll Not Kill You if You Tell."

tending to come back here after the loot. If anything happens to Buzzard and me, you'll be left, you'll have a chance at them. It'll be all up to you."

He turned on his heel and ran down to the canoe and skirled out to the waiting plane.

"Get back to the Alooska, Buzzard! To Joyce's home!" He pleaded hastily. "For G—d's sake make it straight and fast!"

No one appeared at the doorway of the trading store. No one, with hair shimmering in the sun, came running down the path to greet them.

Their shouts at the landing brought no answer from a girl's lips or from old Pence. In some measure prepared, Alan called Joyce's name as he strode into the trading hall. He called but once; he looked but once into her room.

Buzzard came running to him with a piece of paper in his hands. His face was lit with elation.

"Alan! Alan! Luckiest thing in our whole d—d lives! Look here, read this! Joyce and old Pence had left! Weren't here when that pack came! Went after caribou! Almost too good to be true!"

Alan grasped the note and read. It was in Joyce's fine swift handwriting. No doubt about that. It stated that she and old Pence had gone to Black Timber lake thirty miles north to get caribou and would be back in two days, in case a patrol happened past.

Alan studied the note for half a minute. His face did not relax.

"Yes, too good to be true," he commented slowly. "Don't you see?—this note is addressed to Constable Larry Younge. Why did Joyce do that? She knows Larry is not patrolling, knows he is at Endurance all shot up; and she knows we know it. Don't you see what she tried to do? It was her only way of telling us that something was wrong. She had to write this note as they dictated it, but she tricked them."

"It's so, it's so," Buzzard agreed. "She tricked them under their very eyes, and counted on us to understand."

From room to room—Joyce's room, her father's, the kitchen, the trading hall, the ground outside—Alan went carefully, noting signs, reading the story of what had happened.

Nothing about the post was disturbed. There were no signs of a struggle or fight. Joyce's light rifle still hung on a peg in her room. Its barrel inside was clean and shiny; the weapon had not been fired. Joyce must have been surprised and overpowered without a chance to fight back.

At the clearing edge Alan found a trampled spot in a thicket where five men had lain and watched. Kneeling down, examining the broken twigs, the wilted leaves, the crushed nettles, he read that all this had happened three hours ago and that the criminals were thirty of forty miles up the spruce-buried Alooska, with Joyce their prisoner.

About the whole post there was only one telltale sign of something dark and sinister. In their hurry to get away, the bandits had overlooked that sign. Beside a stump in the sunlit clearing, Alan picked up old Pence's story-stick. Once or twice he had wondered what they had done with that old white-haired wail. They would not burden themselves with him, nor would they turn him free, to report and bring the police hot on their trail. How had they dealt with old Pence?

As he picked up the stick, he saw a brownish-red stain on one end of it, a crimson splash already turning dark; and a few hoary-white hairs clinging to the wood. And this story-stick which old Pence had been whittling at, carving clumsy bas-relief scenes from his own life—scenes of mining camps, of the fur-path and lonely gold trails, of dog teams and pack-trains of broad-shouldered men bent under heavy portage loads and of women with a crude beauty of face and figure

—this story-stick of his life, from its rounded handle to its tapering end, was completed now.

CHAPTER XI

How to Damn an Enemy

A Takudah brought word to Endurance of a strange happening at En traverse lake. He had been fishing there at an inlet for barbutes, he said—half-asleep that morning, with the fish line tied around his big toe. A thundering sound in the sky had roused him; and looking up he had beheld a fearful thing come out of the southern horizon and roar out over the lake.

The sight of it, said John Afraid-of-his-Squaw, had nearly tumbled him from his boat. It had lit down on the water, he said, near Goose point. And behold, a few minutes later it rose and started across the lake for the south shore. He had watched it no longer, but scurried to the bank and crawled, in among some rocks; for the dreadful thing might have been hungry and questing for food. . . .

Frank Pedneault listened very thoughtfully to the Indian's story, and then began drawing some conclusions of his own. To him this Indian's shiny monster was a possible key to many puzzles. To the best of his recollection he had never yet seen Alan Baker throw down a job merely because it was tough. And he knew that Baker had been heart and soul determined to wipe out that first stinging defeat and save Joyce MacMillan's dad. Bill had intimated that Alan had gone after those bandits; without violating his oath of secrecy, he had dropped a few broad hints to that effect.

Pedneault drew a conclusion: "Alan went out and got himself a flying machine to hunt them men out of the Thal-Azzah or make that Inconnu trip. He and Bill arranged to meet somewhere. He picked Bill up and now they're over there together on the rousingest trick in a coon's age!"

As he stood in the barracks door gazing wistfully across the Mackenzie to the distant hills, he felt all deserted by his comrades. "And they left me out in the cold. Didn't tell me one d—d thing about it. To h—l with 'em both! But Lord! I wish—on a trick like that—oh Lord, I wish . . ."

Not absolutely sure of his conclusions, he started out along the grassy terrace toward Mrs. Drummond's flower garden where Elizabeth Spaulding was reading. He was pondering, in vague outline, a trick of his own. It was a serious matter, and he wanted to be certain of his guess before he cut loose with a scheme like that. Elizabeth no doubt knew all about Alan's plans, since she was waiting here for him to return and marry her.

Elizabeth did know the story. Haskell had let her know. Not daring to go to her himself, he had employed Whipple to casually tell her that Baker had stolen valuable government property at Edmonton, had broken several flying regulations, and was certain of arrest and imprisonment the hour he showed up in civilization. No longer a policeman, and having no authorization of any sort, Baker might even be charged with second-degree murder if he killed any of those bandits.

The news affected Elizabeth very little. Superintendent Williamson and Colonel Steele were both good friends of Alan's and both had power in high places. If his venture

In, slipping into the wheel seat, he stuck a pipe between his teeth, jammed his hat low over his eyes, yanked the starter chain and swung out upon the broad river.

A little puzzled by these preparations and all this haste, Haskell stepped outside his cabin. As he stood there, watching Pedneault's demoniac driving, watching the scarlet-and-gold launch vanish in its own spray down the Mackenzie, he heard a feeble shout up the terrace behind him; and he turned and looked at the hospital.

At that moment Larry Younge, leaning forward in his padded chair, was shaking a fist out the window and emitting a weak—

"Yee-ow! Three whoops for Ped!"

It was Haskell's intention, as soon as Pedneault came back with the launch, to take Whipple and make a trip up the Big Alooska. Baker would probably use the MacMillan trading post as a maneuvering base against the bandits. By muffling the motor over the last few miles the launch could slip up quietly. They would not be expecting him to strike a second blow; they likely would be up at the trading store; and at best it would take them ten full minutes to rise out of the narrow cramped river.

But as he sat there in his cabin, planning this blow, Haskell doubted if he was to succeed. A kind of fatalism had laid hold of him. In his feud with Baker he had been successful in the main, but what did all his triumph mean, when he had lost Elizabeth Spaulding? His victory had been a barren one. He saw that she was going to marry Alan Baker. In these last weeks the prophetic knowledge of that marriage had been a waking nightmare. Day by day it was marching closer and he was powerless to halt it.

When four hours passed and Pedneault failed to return with the launch, Haskell began to get suspicious. Five hours, six—and Pedneault still absent. Haskell finally went across to the hospital and demanded of Larry Younge:

"What were you and Pedneault talking about before he came to my cabin?"

Larry never smiled. "I don't exactly mind, but I think we were talking about the weather. Ped said he hoped it ain't going to rain any more."

Haskell snarled: "You're laughing in my face. You hatched some deviltry with him." He threatened viciously: "I'll fix you, constable. You're to be invalidated out of service. I've got something to say about the terms. When you're hobbling around, trying to live on a few dollars a month, you won't be quite so d-d chipper!"

In a seething fury he turned away. Pedneault had tricked him, stolen the launch, and joined Baker's venture!

Unable now to go up the Alooska and smash that plane, he found outlet for his bitterness in avenging plans, vengeance against Alan Baker and those men. At Williamson's coming visit he could deal them some terrible blows. His enemies had played into his very hands. Baker had bought out under suspicious circumstances, had made a criminal of himself, had taken the law into his own hands and turned justice to private ends. Pedneault had given a false report and absconded with police property. Bill Hardsock had stolen supplies and subverted to his own uses, had gone a. w. o. l., had aided in a criminal enterprise, and to crown it all, had deserted.

Knowing Williamson's foibles pretty well, Haskell foresaw the superintendent's anger when he learned those blunt facts. They violated every tenet in the stern old officer's code, for he was a stickler for discipline. He would soak Hardsock and Pedneault to the limit. He would turn thumbs down on any leniency toward Baker. The ex-sergeant would be branded with disgrace, if he escaped the pen. And if he did get those bandits, he had awaited him the news that Trader MacMillan, whose innocence he had championed, for whose sake he had done all this and whose vindication had been his great purpose—that Dave MacMillan, broken by shame and bitterness, was lying dead, a suicide, at Resolution.

Haskell saw that his only real difficulty lay in overcoming Williamson's earlier prejudice and winning his personal liking. That called for shrewd psychology, but on that point he knew he could make Alan Baker look like a stammering farm boy.

The next evening, when Williamson arrived, Haskell first of all took him on an inspection tour of the post. Finished with that, they stopped and talked together on the slope, a little distance from the barracks. A respectful distance behind them Corporal Whipple waited, note paper in hand, ready to scrape and salute if they glanced his way or asked for any figures.

Haskell was elated, he was secretly exultant, at his success so far in "working" his superior officer. Williamson was openly pleased with the inspection. Barracks, cabins, dog teams, canoes, guns—everything was in capital shape.

This auspicious beginning was all well enough, Haskell felt, but his trouble with Baker was the all-crucial thing. It was going to make or break him. The whole outcome depended on Williamson; depended on whether the division commander would believe his story or Baker's. As yet he did not know what Williamson thought. The superintendent had heard a few of the bare facts on his way down the Mackenzie, but he had left headquarters before Baker's buying-out papers had reached there for his signature.

Haskell decided that the old officer had been favorably prepared for the story now; and he led into it grad-

ually, shrewdly. Starting with the Midnight Sun robbery, he gave a detailed account of this last month, down to the hour when Pedneault stole the launch and joined Baker's venture.

"What hurts me the worst, sir," he added, with a consummate show of real sorrow, "is the refusal of these men to operate with me or let me help them. Maybe I'm at fault; I don't know. But by way of example, sir, if Corporal Hardsock had told me about needing gas and oil, he could have had every drop at the post. But he wouldn't tell me; he st— I mean, he took it. An Indian brought me word about him waiting at En Traverse lake for Baker. I figured Baker might need extra supplies or help, so with Whipple I went down there right away. We tried desperately to get in connection with Baker. Even shot signals for him to wait. But he scorned our offer."

"When I got back here," Haskell went on, "I planned to go up the Alooska and take him supplies. I wanted to put everything I had at his disposal. He's the best man-hunter in the country, and I felt he would get those criminals if anybody could. I didn't give a d—n—if you'll pardon me, sir—about him being so hostile to me personally. All I cared about was to help him run down those bandits. If they escape, it will be a blot on the splendid record here at Endurance. But, as I explained, Pedneault told me a lie about some trouble at an Indian camp, and ran off with the launch."

As he watched his superior's reactions, Haskell smiled to himself. His generous praise of an enemy was having its calculated effect. He was doubly damning Baker by praising him. He was gaining Williamson's sympathy, his approbation. He had beaten down the old officer's former prejudice against him, and had instilled a subtle hostility against Baker and the two deserters.

For moments afterwards Williamson made no comment. Surprised and alarmed at discovering this bad blood here at an important post, the old officer gazed silently down upon the purpling river.

His gray eyes, which through forty years of self-sacrificing service, had looked upon human weakness and hardships and heroisms, were filled with a profound sorrow. What cut him to the quick was this blow at his



What Cut Him to the Quick Was This Blow at His Faith in Alan Baker.

faith in Alan Baker. He had always liked Alan, had trusted him as he trusted few men; and had fought for his promotion. He, who had given forty years of his life to the service at a miserable salary; who with his brother officers of the old guard had unselfishly watched other men of their generation carve out fortunes in timber, ranches, land and mines in the developing West—he had thought of Baker as of one to carry on that tradition and spirit of loyalty to the Force.

Now, according to Inspector Haskell's account, Baker had quit because his commission last fall had not come. At the beck of a higher salary he had tossed aside loyalty and his invaluable work here in the North. He had made a miserable failure of a patrol, had imbued the other men with insubordination, and then bought out.

Stern and impartial, Williamson could not help feeling that Haskell, though a newcomer and not fully experienced yet, had been fair, and more than fair, in this trouble with Baker and these other men. Baker had certainly had a fearful moral lapse from the man he used to be. Without doubt his failure to get commissioned had set him brooding and had worked a pernicious harm on a once-superlative man.

As he looked thoughtfully at Haskell, Williamson considered it very creditable of him to praise a man who had done him so much injury. And he thought it showed exceptional stuff in the inspector to remain in service, to stick with his hard thankless work here in the North, when he had come into a large inheritance and might be leading a pleasant life in Ottawa. Playing no favorites whatsoever but trying to give every man his just dues, the old officer felt that his former uncharitable opinion of Haskell had been entirely wrong, as wrong and misplaced as his faith in Alan Baker.

Presently, in slow decisive tones, he said: "You did right to demote Baker after that patrol. It was foolhardy of him to split his detail. Constable Younge over there will pay the price of that mistake for the rest of his life. And about those other men, I think the rough sledding you've had

with them is easily explained. Baker was in charge before you came; he was rather lax on discipline so long as the work got done. One of the things urged against him when he was up for commission was the fact that he was too familiar with his subordinates. When you came and insisted on stricter discipline, I presume they resented it. The faults is theirs, not yours. I'm backing you to the limit against them and against Baker, too, if he tries to stir up any further trouble."

Haskell drew a deep breath. His story had gone across handsomely. In half an hour of skillful talk he had accomplished more than Baker could match in a month of labor and heavy expense and danger.

For Alan and Featheroff there at MacMillan's trading post after their discovery of the catastrophe, the waiting was the worst of it—the long hour after hour of grim, self-enforced delay.

"We've got to let them get out of timber country into the open 'Thal-Azzah,'" Alan spoke to Buzzard, who was looking to his experience and leadership in this fraught crisis. "There we can be sure of sighting their canoes. They'll have no shelter there, when we drop down on them. We'll make ourselves give them a fifteen hour start on us."

It was his cold man-hunting wisdom that spoke; but all his being clamored to start instantly, flinging himself against those men and tearing Joyce away from them before twilight fell.

He forced himself to go up to the trading store and cook a meal, for they had eaten nothing since dawn.

He remembered the little automatic Joyce always carried; remembered the hard bulge of it that time he lifted her down from the window. Knowing her spirited pride, her passionate nature, he had fearfully imagined her choosing a proud escape from her horror.

When he and Buzzard had forced themselves to eat supper and were putting the things in order again, as though for Joyce to come back and find, they heard a far-away drone miles down the Big Alooska. A breeze whipped the faint sound away for several minutes. When they caught it again, the sound was clear and unmistakable. They once had heard that same low throaty drone approaching across En Traverse lake to destroy their plane and stop their venture.

Alan rose up, with an expression on his face that frightened Buzzard.

"It's Haskell. He's coming to smash us. He didn't quit with that one attempt. I don't think—even if he knew that you and I are all that stands between Joyce and a horror—I don't think he'd hesitate a second. Buzzard, you stay here. I'm going down to the landing. I don't want you to be involved in—I suppose it'll be called murder."

He went out through the trading hall and down to the landing, and crouched there behind the machine gun. With his hand on the spade grip, training the weapon down river, he waited.

But, as he listened to the launch tearing wide open up the treacherous Alooska, he grew convinced that Whipple never would or could drive it at so demoniac a clip. Frank Pedneault was the man behind that wheel.

Uncertain, in a dilemma, he reasoned: "Haskell might have forced him to make the trip. But Ped would never throw himself into it like that, he'd never risk his life that way, unless it was something he felt like putting all his heart into."

Lifting the binoculars, he focused them on the first bend below. When the launch came tearing into sight and thundered on up toward the post, he saw at a glance that it carried but one man—a man with his hat jammed low on his eyes and a dead pipe in his teeth.

Swinging the launch around in mid-stream like a toy, Pedneault gently nosed it in beside the plane. "Thank Lord, you're here, Alan. . . . Was afraid you'd be gone—"

"Ped! What are you doing up here? You're on some patrol?"

"Patrol h—l!" Pedneault panted, breathless and excited. "I caught onto your idea. Elizabeth told me about it, too. She's aching for you to win out. Larry and I talked it over. I said, 'By Lord, I'm going, Larry! I'm going to be in on that with Alan and Bill!' So I euchered the launch away from Haskell, pitched off, and streaked for here. Brought you some extra gas if you need any."

Alan was staggered. "Good Lord! And you've deserted, too, Ped!"

"But I couldn't miss out on a trick like this, could I?"

Alan winced. Here was Pedneault mixed up in his trouble. Like an eager wolf-hound whom his master has left behind, Ped had chewed his collar and come along on the hunt.

"Where's Bill and Joyce?" Pedneault's face grew long, his eager excitement sobered down. He decided it was better to say nothing just now about Dave's suicide. Alan had enough anxiety preying on him.

"I'm thankful for that gasoline," Alan said. "And for you throwing in with us, Ped, at the price you'll pay. But I don't see how you can help. We can't carry a third person on this trip. I'll have to have room to work the machine gun—"

"Then I'll go in the launch."

"You can't make it. Above the Alooska forks there's twenty miles of low water that you can't get through."

"I can make it now. I know what the launch can do. After all these heavy rains, draining down that left fork from the Thal-Azzah. . . . Look there—" he pointed at the water stage on a pier—"that's eighteen inches

higher than when we made our first patrol after them. I can get through; and once I'm in those deep-water channels of the Thal-Azzah—"

"All right," Alan agreed. "You'll be a mighty big help. If they put us out of it, you'll be in position to carry on with them. Let's go up to the post and make our arrangements. You'll be leaving ahead of us."

Meeting Buzzard in the trading hall, he introduced Pedneault and explained. They went on back to the kitchen and worked out their plans.

Pedneault was to leave at dawn in the launch. Then the plane would leave at ten o'clock. Passing Pedneault just inside the Thal-Azzah, the plane would fly on ahead, locate the bandits and bring them to bay. The two craft would thus close in together for the battle.

There was but one hitch in the plan. All three men were aware of it, but no one mentioned it. Those bandits had Joyce with them; they could and would use her for protection. How could they be swept with a machine gun's deadly spray when she was with them?

It was something which had to be left to luck or fate.

Alan gave final instructions: "If anything happens to the plane, don't try to fight those five men by yourself, Pedneault. Swing wide of them, go on east to that big lake I mapped for you, and join Bill there. Then the two of you fight them to a finish."

"One other thing. I don't want Buz-

zard or myself to be charged with murder. You're in service, Pedneault; you'll not only be on a legitimate patrol, but you have the power to deputize us as special constables. We'd better put that down in black and white."

It seemed strange to Pedneault, who had sworn in half-breeds and Indian scouts and dog-team drivers on emergency occasions, to be swearing in his former officer commanding in so lowly a capacity. He wrote out the formal authorization. James A. Featheroff; status, special constable temporary; capacity, aviator. Alan McCleod Baker; status, special constable temporary; capacity, scout and machine gunner.

At the earliest hint of dawn they went down to the landing, inspected the launch and lashed Joyce's light canoe on the stern half-deck. Pedneault shook hands with them, slipped into the wheel seat, and set out alone, a solitary figure, up the Big Alooska. Waiting, nervous and jumpy, as both had waited for zero hours in France, Alan and Buzzard stalked about the unutterably lonely post.

At nine o'clock, drawn down to the landing, they went over the plane for the third time, and Alan mounted the machine gun in the cockpit. When their zero hour came, he towed the craft out into midstream, held it there while Buzzard warmed the spluttering motor; and then, sending the canoe spinning with a kick, he sprang up

into his seat. Buzzard lifted the plane out of the river, climbed to five thousand feet, and headed into the northeast.

To be continued.

Advertise it in the Chronicle.

Notice of Hearing Claims Before Court.—State of Michigan, the Probate Court for the County of Tuscola. In the matter of the

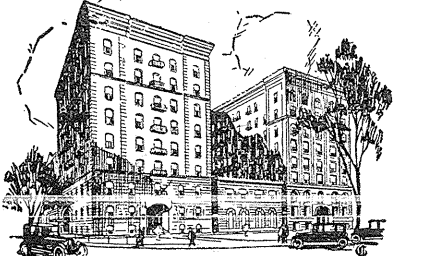
Estate of Eva Maharg, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that 4 months from the 18th day of November A. D. 1931, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the Village of Caro in said county, on or before the 18th day of March A. D. 1932, and that said claims will be heard by said court on Friday the 18th day of March A. D. 1932, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated November 18th A. D. 1931. GUY G. HILL, Judge of Probate.

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Hotels MADISON and LENOX DETROIT

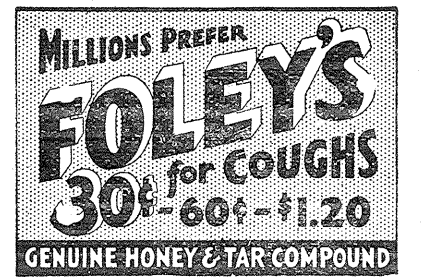


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THE ski-jumper is a glorious picture of vital energy. Mark the ease and grace of that poised figure. And know that every nerve, every muscle, is adjusted for that magnificent leap.

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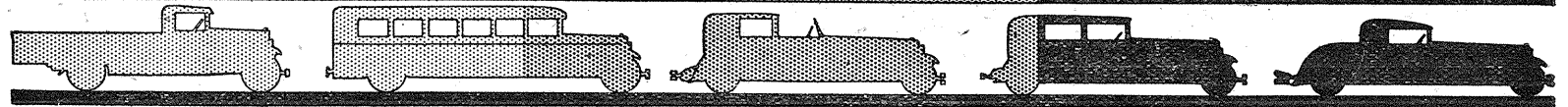
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Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our maker, still provides
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

THANKSGIVING GUESTS.

Miss Doris Bliss of Crosswell spent Thanksgiving at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Korte and family spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Korte's parents in Caro.

Mrs. Ed Knight and family were entertained Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Rose at Caro.

Mrs. Charles Wilsey entertained for Thanksgiving Stuart Wilsey of Battle Creek and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Auten and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Colwell were guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Claud Shaw, at Decker for Thanksgiving.

Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Lane and son of Port Huron and Mrs. R. D. Lane of Bad Axe were guests at the home of Mrs. Robert Cleland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hooper had as dinner guests Thursday Mrs. and Mrs. A. Doerr and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Doerr and family.

Dr. and Mrs. P. A. Schenck and daughter, Miss Florence, spent Thanksgiving with Dr. and Mrs. M. M. Wickware in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Parrott and family were Thanksgiving dinner guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Watson and family of Royal Oak.

Thursday guests at the C. W. Heller home were Mr. and Mrs. James Heller, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Heller, son, Clifton, and daughter, Carol.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Krug entertained Thursday Mrs. Catherine J. Harder of Bad Axe, Chris Krug and children of Greenleaf and Mrs. Grace Krug.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tate and children and Al Kitchen were guests of Mrs. Tate's mother, Mrs. Maude Leeson, at Brown City for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Graham and family were guests at the home of Mrs. Graham's sister, Mrs. E. O. Kohlhaas, for Thanksgiving, returning home Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Milligan entertained for Thanksgiving Walter Milligan and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Milligan and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Milligan and four children.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Turner entertained on Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Turner and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Clare Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Turner and three daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Mack Little and son.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Striffler were Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Striffler and two sons of Dearborn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Orr and family of Pigeon, Miss Mary Striffler and Maurice Heimbecker of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Benkelman, Sr., son, Dorus, of Cass City, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Benkelman and son of Lansing and John Benkelman, Jr., of Detroit were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown at Pigeon for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bailey and daughters, Misses Catherine and Lucile, were entertained at the R. M. Taylor home for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Houghton and family of Detroit and Mrs. Ethel Rambo and family of Marlette were guests Thursday of Mrs. Harriet Dodge.

Thanksgiving guests at the I. W. Hall home were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Vyse and three sons, J. C., Lloyd and Ronald, of Flint and Walter McIntyre of Cass City.

Mrs. Grant VanWinkle, son, Richard, and daughters, Georgene and Sharley, spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. VanWinkle's sister, Mrs. H. E. Jewett, in Flint.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Asher, Mr. and Mrs. Manley Asher and family, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Asher and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Asher at Caro Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. John McLarty, Mrs. Zora Day and son, John, of Cass City and Miss Virginia Day of Lansing were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herl Wood at Flint Thursday and Friday.

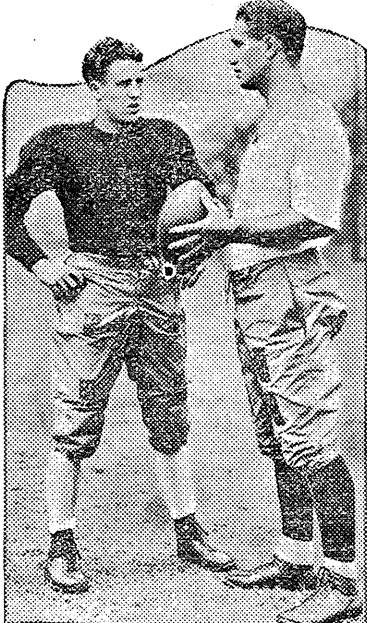
Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Morris and family were Thanksgiving guests at the home of the doctor's brother in Battle Creek, John Morris, who is attending Hillsdale college, was also a guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Striffler had as guests for Thanksgiving Mrs. O. Y. Schneider and daughter, Betty, of Petoskey, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner of Akron, and Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Striffler of Cass City.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Croft entertained for Thanksgiving Mrs. H. Croft and daughter, Miss Bessie, of Bad Axe, Mrs. Minnie Wilkinson and daughter, Edythe, of Farmington and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wallace and family of Cass City.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cross entertained at Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clute and son, Ray, of Royal Oak, Mr. and Mrs. George Kacy and son, Robert, Mrs. Edith La Gorse and son, William, of Detroit, Miss Ella Cross and Mrs. Dorothy Dorland of Birmingham and Mr. and Mrs. John Tewksbury. The table was beautiful with a miniature snow covered church and pilgrims walking up a path amid flakes of snow falling from the lights above.

'Albie and Benny



Albie Booth, sensational lightweight back of the Yale team and present captain, conferring with Benny Friedman, coach of the team, before a game. Friedman was the famous all-American back on the Michigan team several years ago.

REVIVAL MEETINGS AT GAGETOWN NAZARENE CHURCH



Rev. Fred T. Fuge.

Revival meetings will be conducted at the Church of the Nazarene at Gageton, Nov. 29 to Dec. 13, by Rev. Fred T. Fuge, who has been a missionary among the Zulus for sixteen years. He is a nationally known preacher and a mighty man of God.

Rev. Fuge will illustrate his work among the Zulus by lantern slides. Special musical number will be given each evening.

Services—Sunday School, 10:00 a. m. Preaching, 11:00 a. m. N. Y. P. S., 7:00 p. m. Preaching, at 8:00 p. m. Services week nights, 7:45 p. m. You are personally invited. Come and bring your friends.

E. R. Ferguson, Pastor.

GAGETOWN

Contractor Has Busy Year—Geo. Munro, local contractor, reports a busy season thus far in 1931, having erected more barns this season than in any of the ten preceding years. He is now engaged in building a barn for Chas. Williamson to replace the one destroyed by fire.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCarthy and James Doll of Detroit visited with Mr. McCarthy's mother, Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan of Bad Axe visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnston Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Roberts and son, Junior, were week-end guests of Miss Bridget Phelan and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Seurnyk.

Mr. and Mrs. LaBelle and Mrs. Williams of Detroit were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Thiel.

Miss Mary Tencer of Saginaw visited her sister, Mrs. Steve Schwartz, Sunday.

Miss Genevieve Wills is employed in the Unionville Bank.

Robert Wills and daughter, Roberta, visited in Millington Sunday.

The Gageton high school football team played the alumni Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Secor and daughter, Mary Margaret, of Alpena spent the week-end with John Weiler at Alphonso Rocheleau's and Frank Lenhard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rocheleau and son, William, spent Sunday in Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Freeman and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Freeman spent the week-end in Detroit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Freeman's son, Alvin Freeman.

Miss M. E. Burleigh spent Thanksgiving with her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. Soldan, at North Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Munro entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. Burdon, Sr.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Burdon, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Burdon and family on Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Hunter and son, Paul, Mrs. Theresa Wald and Miss Mary Wald ate turkey at Mr. and Mrs. H. Oehring's at Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Hemerick spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Hemerick's sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Snody, at Onaway.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Purdy were entertained Thanksgiving Day at the home of their daughter, Mrs. D. Wilson, at Elkton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rocheleau and daughter, Catherine, spent Thanksgiving in Saginaw.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Lenhard entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. Weiler and family at Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Freeman's guests on Thanksgiving included Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Freeman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Freeman and daughter, Beatrice, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Freeman and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Bliss and family, F. Bliss and daughters of Cass City.

Mrs. Margaret Bliss is spending a few weeks in Pontiac and Detroit visiting relatives.

J. L. Purdy is able to attend to business after his recent operation which confined him to his home for nearly two weeks.

J. E. Lehman was confined to his home for a few days on account of illness.

Harry McCullough of Detroit is spending a few days with his brother, Rev. Fr. McCullough.

Miss Irene Dupree was called home the past week on account of the illness of her mother.

Miss Mildred McDonald spent Thanksgiving with her mother and sisters at Mt. Pleasant.

L. C. Munro and Delos Wood attended the football game between U. of D. and Michigan State at Detroit Saturday.

Sunday dinner guests at the L. C. Purdy home consisted of C. T. Purdy and mother, Mrs. Eurista Purdy, of

Caro and Mr. and Mrs. P. Fritz and family of Pigeon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weiler entertained at dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. F. Lenhard and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Rocheleau and daughter, Catherine, and Mr. and Mrs. Al Secor and daughter, Mary Margaret, of Alpena.

BEAULEY.

We have been enjoying the beautiful days. The meadows are soon ready to bloom and several have had fresh raspberries in their gardens. Michigan is good enough for us.

The annual supper at the church

here was well attended and the proceeds of the evening were over \$80.00.

Miss Mildred Reader returned from Detroit Friday where she had been visiting the past week.

Mrs. Margaret McDonald has gone to Owendale to spend some time with her son, Millington, and family.

Mrs. Millie Martin is planning on spending the winter in Denver, Colo., with her sister, Mrs. Olivia Wilson.

The people of this community were saddened to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. John Corkins of Cass City and extend their sympathy to her husband and family.

A large number from Grant attend-

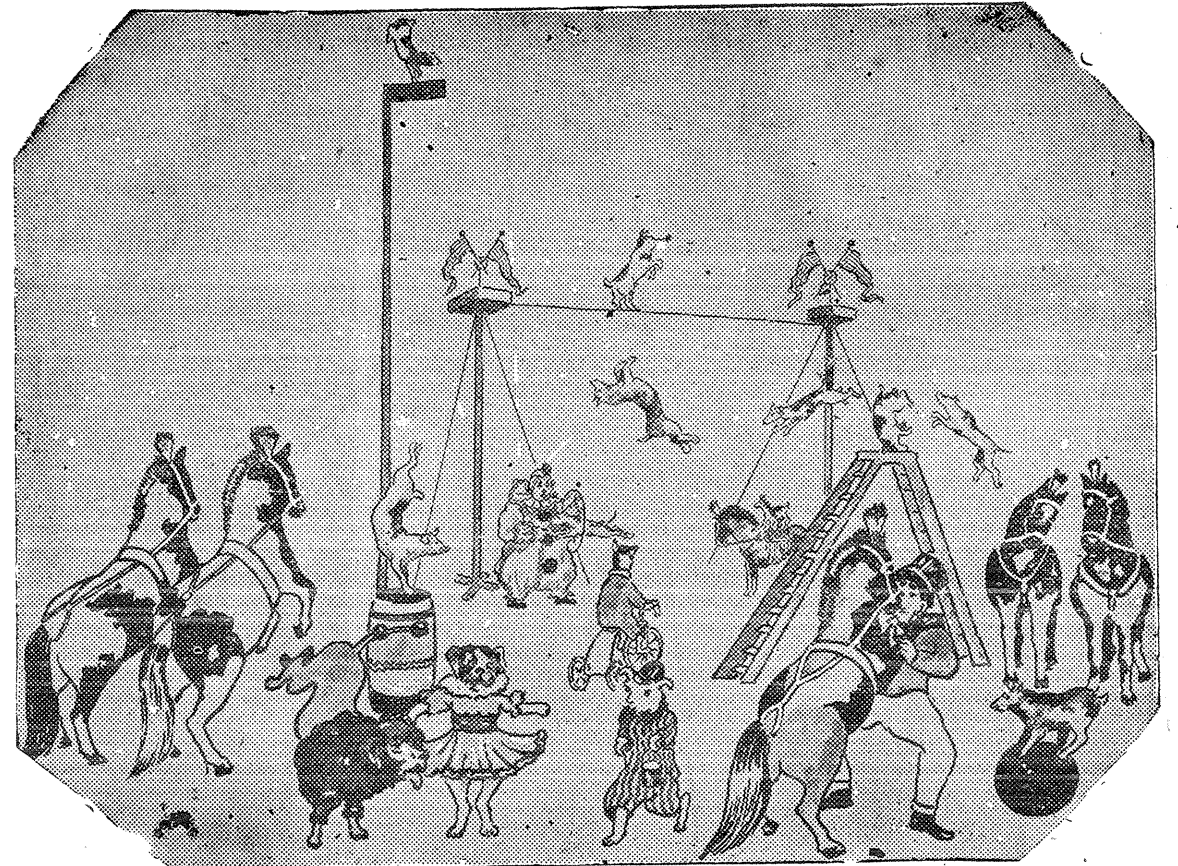
ed the funeral of Wm. Rawson Sunday in Cass City. Mr. Rawson had many friends in Grant, who will mourn his demise.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Wallace and daughters of Owendale, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wallace and Jean were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hartsell.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert McAlpin spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reader.

Miss Elva Heron, who is a patient in Bad Axe hospital, is reported as gaining slowly. Her friends are wishing her a speedy recovery.

Little Harriett Biglow spent the week-end with Marion Hartsell.



FREE EXHIBITION SATURDAY P. M. ON THE STREETS OF CASS CITY

The Business Men of Cass City have arranged with Van's Dog and Pony Show to give a Free Exhibition on a large platform erected on the street.

Don't Miss This Treat—There Are No Charges and No Strings

Come to Cass City on Saturday, Nov. 28—Enjoy this Show as our Guests.

3:00 p. m.

THAT'S ALL

3:00 p. m.

ROMANCE AND REALITY

SOMETIMES, when you turn the pages of a book, your mind is seeking romance. You long to leave a too-familiar world—to travel with the speed of thought to far-off purple lands—to bathe in tepid, lotus-scented surf.

But your local newspaper finds you in a more practical mood. Interested in real people, in the facts of the day. Looking for news of things that you may buy and enjoy—HERE AND NOW.

You may find in the advertisement just what you want in the way of a better breakfast food, or a new radio, or an improved face powder. If the thing fits into your living, is practical and possible and promising—you are vitally interested. Because you are reading about yourself!

Today, a great many things that were romantic dreams only ten years ago are common realities. Life has more color, more charm, more adventure. And the things that give it all these may be found in the advertising columns.

Advertising discusses realities—romantic ones often enough—but actual articles you can have for your own, new joys for your family, stepping stones to your happiness.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS PAPER ARE WRITTEN FOR YOU. THEY ARE REAL. THEY ARE RELIABLE. TAKE THEIR ADVICE.

CASS CITY CHRONICLE



ENNA JETTICK

SHOES FOR WOMEN

YOU NEED NO LONGER BE TOLD THAT YOU HAVE AN EXPENSIVE FOOT

\$5 \$6

AAAAA to EEE Sizes 1 to 12

It's no trouble getting fitted perfectly in ENNA JETTICKS

We always have your exact size, in a variety of the season's smartest styles.

Listen to ENNA JETTICK Melodie Sunday Evenings Coast-to-Coast Broadcast over WJZ and Associated Stations

Uhlman's Caro