SECKATARY HAWKINS CLUB

THE CLUB GETS A PRESENT

By Seckatary Hawkins

There came a sudden sound from outside—the single bark of a dog. We rushed to the door and yanked it open and ran out onto the porch. There, below us on the river bank, stood the little thin man whom we had taken to the stonewall house the day he was delivering a bunch of fox-hounds to Doctor Drago. He grinned up at us. He had one fine looking dog on a leather leash, and the dog looked up at us and wagged its tail.

"I just thought I'd say hello to you boys," sang out the thin man. "You know, you did me a good turn when you showed me the way to Doctor Drago's house the other day. I just left there a few minutes ago."

"What!" I exclaimed. "You mean you've stayed there in that house ever since—"

BIRTHDAY CLUB

Jackie O'Brien, 2330 Sixth street south, is 10 years old.

Russell Trzinske, West Grand avenue, is 12 years old.

Irene Treml, Auburndale, is 13 years old.

Donald Van Asten, Rudolph, is 11 years old.

"No, sir, not me. I don't like such places. You don't catch me hangin' around there long. Too queer for me. And that doctor—oh, baby! Not for me! I wouldn't ever go back there if I didn't have to, but I had to go up and fetch this hound back—Doctor Drago bought all the others I had in the string but he didn't like this one. He didn't like this one at first sight. Seemed like he shied away from him. Said it wasn't a good hound. But I know hounds, and Indiana is a prince. He paid for him anyway, so I didn't worry, even if I did have take him back—and I happened to think that since you fellows were so nice to me when I first showed up around here, I would make you boys a present of Indian. So here he is."

He handed me the leather strap. And without waiting for us to thank him for the dog, he tipped his hat and with a grin walked swiftly away, disappearing behind the bushes that line the river path.

"Well," I said to the other boys, "we've got a dog."

"You mean you've got him," said our captain. "You're the one he gave him to, Hawkins. This club isn't going to be responsible for what happens—"

"Why, say, Dick," I broke in, "we're all going to be proud to own this dog for a mascot of our club. You've never owned yourself such a fine blooded hound. We'll use him when we go hunting next fall. And such a fine name he has—Indian! Oh, boy—come here, Indian."

The hound came over and licked the back of my hand and then looked up at me. There was something in his eyes that looked very gentle—yet behind the gentleness I could see steadfast courage and determination. Here was a dog that any boy could be proud of, could rely upon, a dog that would give his life, if necessary, for the master he served.

"I'll take care of him, sir," said Perry Stokes, taking the leash out of my hand as he petted the hounds sleek head. "I like dogs, Hawkins."

"Hold on, Perry," I said, "I kind o' like Indian pretty well myself. I'll take care of him today, anyway. Let me have him for a while. I want to get acquainted with him."

"I'll bet he can't swim the river," said Jerry Moore, picking up a stick and starting for the water.

"I'll bet I'm not going to let him," I said, holding back the dog. "That water's too cold for this time of the year. I won't treat my dog any way that I wouldn't want to be treated. Indian belongs to our club now, and I'll tell you this, you'll never find a better friend than your dog, if you treat him right."

(Continued tomorrow)

If you sailed directly north from Hawaii, you'd strike Alaska.

Night for the Morrow

By Robert D. Lusk

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PROLOGUE: A Colorado farmer, looking for some strayed calves on a September evening in 1919, comes upon a sick stranger who burdens him with an important written message. Seeking help, the farmer falls and knocks himself out. When he revives both stranger and message are gone. No one believes his tale.

THE STORY: The Ku Klux Klan visit Jan Mesrik, Czechoslovak. They set his barn on fire.

* * *

AN IMPRESSIVE VISITOR

IX

The wind quickly spread the fire to the barn. It caught under the eaves. The flames raced up the shingles of the roof.

The dancing in the yard stopped. All stared at the rapidly mounting blaze. Then the hooded, sheeted ranks broke. Most of them headed for their cars, dousing torches as they ran. But a few remained.

"Water! Where's the water?" someone cried.

Old Jan was down from the house, pulling open the barn door. Water, he knew, would do no good. He must get the horses out of the barn. He disappeared inside. In a few moments he was back leading a frightened animal. He turned it loose in the yard. The horse made a lunge for the door from which it had just come. Jan headed it off.

"Keep 'em from getting back inside," he yelled at one of the Klansmen, "while I get 'em out."

The Klansman obeyed as Jan rushed back into the barn. By the time the farmer had rescued two more horses, the barn was filled with smoke.

"I'll have to blindfold 'em," he said to the Klansman at the door. "Give me that hood."

The Klansman stood there. Old Jan reached toward him, grabbed the hood and jerked it off. He saw the frightened face of Jimmy Norberg.

The blindfolding of the horse took minutes, it seemed. It was all that Jan could do to haul him out of the barn. There would be no returning for the three still in their stalls.

Finally, the blindfolded animal was on the outside, safe. Jan looked around him. He was alone. The Klansman had fled. He watched the barn burn to the ground.

* * *

If Judge McNamara had called on grandfather within the week following the burning of the barn, he probably would have found Old Jan more anxious to follow his suggestion. Grandfather was pretty bitter about the affair, although he did little outwardly to show it.

School was out and I was back on the farm for the summer. Old Jan began immediately to rebuild the barn, and this added to the excited feeling I always had when starting another season on the Mesrik place. Lumber arrived from town on big trucks A couple of carpenters came out. They were friendly, wisecracking, and it was fun to climb around the growing building, watching them, running errands for them.

The carpenters ate their noon meal with Old Jan, the hired man, and me. My grandfather talked little except on the construction of the barn. Although it was apparent even to me that the Klan visitation was bothering him deeply, the only remark that Old Jan made about the affair in my presence during that time came out after dinner one day when the carpenters had returned to work and Tom Horgle, the hired man, had left the house.

"Those carpenters are swell fellows, don't you think, Old Jan?"

"Sure, sure," he replied. "They're fine fellows. Probably both of 'em were out here the night the barn was burned.

But as the barn neared completion, Old Jan's spirits rose.

"Bigger and better," he said proudly one day. "That's the way we builds 'em. Eh, Little Jan?"

"You bet," I said enthusiastically.

"Yeah," he went on, "bigger and better, even if it breaks us."

It wasn't breaking him, I know now, but it was taking up about all of the reserve that he had accumulated during the good years of the war and those just following.

* * *

Malcolm McNamara was the older judge of the circuit court in our part of Colorado. He was a man about the age of my grandfather. He had been on the bench for many years and held the respect of everyone as intelligent, fearless, and fair. He was regarded as a rock of integrity. Early one evening, about a month after the burning, he made his unexpected visit to the farm.

"I am Judge McNamara, good evening," said the dignified gentleman as my grandfather met him in the yard.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Old Jan warmly. "It is nice to have you call. We don't have so many visitors. My grandson and I get sort of lonely out here."

"That so? But you do have visitors sometimes, I understand, and that is what I came to talk to you about."

"Oh, that. That was quite a while ago. Look, Judge," he said, waving his arm toward the big, new building now nearly ready for painting, "that's a lot better barn than I had before."

"That's a lot of eyewash, and you know it," cut in the judge. "Where can we go to talk?"

"On the porch, if you want to."

"But what about the little boy?"

"Oh, him, why he's my partner," laughed Old Jan, walking toward the porch.

When they were seated the judge asked my grandfather to tell him all about his trouble with the Klan, to tell him exactly what happened during his encounter with Jim Norberg in town, the incident which apparently had precipitated the Klan visit. Old Jan carefully told the story while I sat listening, my attention somewhat distracted by the fascinating presence of the impressive visitor.

(To Be Continued)

Pittsville

Pvt. Robert Waldo, son of the Elmer Waldos, who has been attending an army school at Washington and Jefferson college in Washington, Pa., for several months, graduated March 28, leaving there for an unknown destination.

The sum of $847.07 was contributed in this city for the 1944 Red Cross drive. The quota was $750.00. Town of Wood contributed $248.41.

Pvt. Robert Haeni, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Haeni, who entered the armed forces April, 1943, arrived overseas in October 1943. Bob is now in England. He is a member of the military police, having received his basic training at Fort Custer, Mich.

Leonard Giese, A.M.M. 3/c, has been transferred from Hutchinson, Kan., to San Francisco, Calif. Mrs. Giese and baby, who are in Milwaukee plan, to join him if he is detained there for any length of time.

John McNamee was admitted as a fireman at the regular meeting of the Pittsville fire department Monday night.

Mrs. C. A. Salter, Mrs. Nick Kleifgen, Mrs. D. M. McKee and Mrs. Oliver Stenerson visited friends and relatives at Wisconsin Rapids Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Moser have purchased the farm on which they have resided the past several years which is located on county Trunk C. northeast of the city.

Mrs. Mayme Haumschild, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ott and family of Wisconsin Rapids, Mr. and Mrs. Merlin Schooley and family of Seneca Corners were Sunday visitors at the John Redmond home.

OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . MAJOR HOOPLE

Q—What is the name of the Canadian army newspaper corresponding to our Stars and Stripes?

A—Maple Leaf.

* * *

Q—What important source of oil do the Russians threaten to gain from the Nazis in Rumania?

A—The Ploestic fields.

* * *

Q—What two South American nations are at odds with U. S. policy?

A—Argentina and Bolivia.

* * *

Q—What new road from India toward China is replacing the Burma road?

A—The Ledo road.

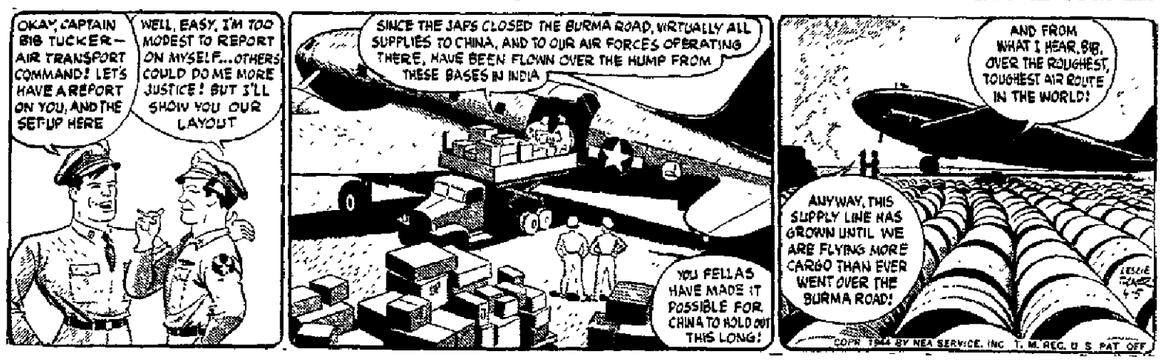
* * *

Q—About how many chaplains are serving in the Army?

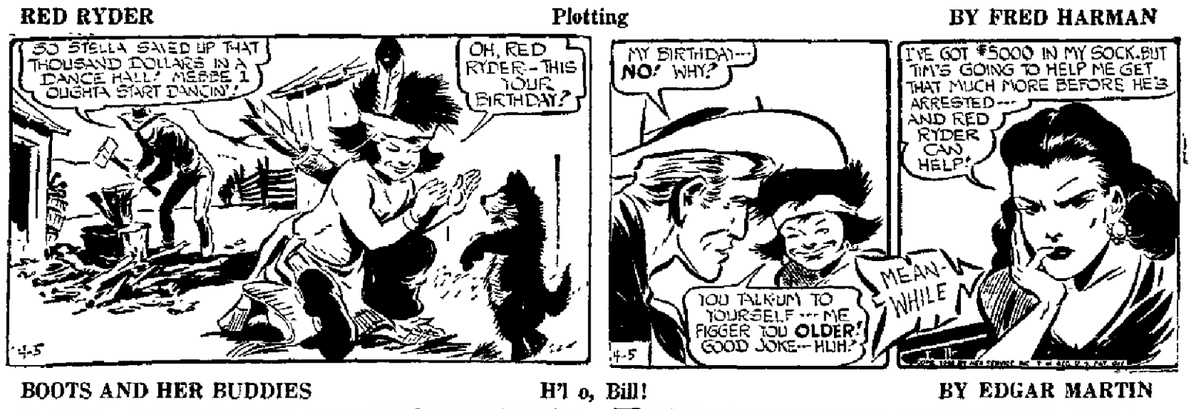
A—At the end of 1943 there were 6998.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — An Old Friend — BY MERRILL BLOSSER

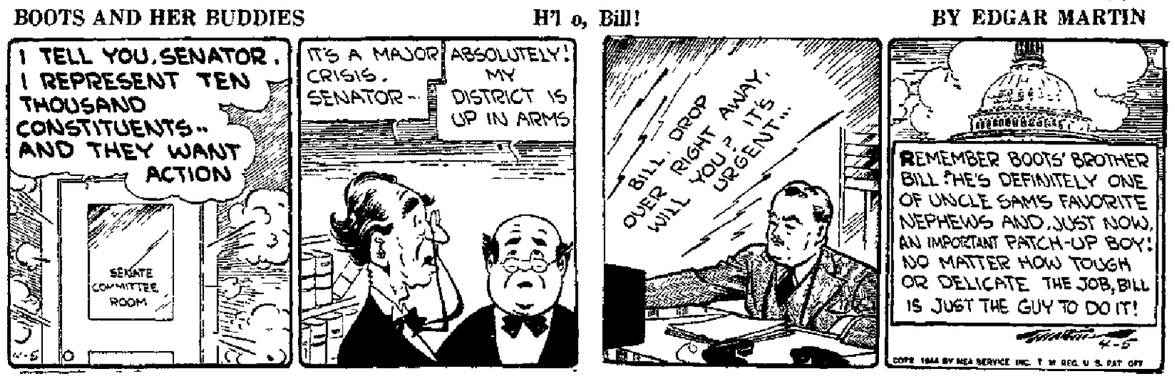
WASH TUBBS — Report on the ATC — BY LESLIE TURNER



RED RYDER — Plotting — BY FRED HARMAN



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — H'l o, Bill! — BY EDGAR MARTIN



ALLEY OOP — Very Much Alive — BY V. T. HAMLIN

FUNNY BUSINESS — BY HERSHBERGER

"I just give him an extra large soup bone to bury when I want one dug!"

SIDE GLANCES — BY GALBRAITH

"Well, you ought to be worried about your daughter! She wants to be a lawyer, and it was a spring moonlight night like this that wrecked my ambition for a career!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD — BY WM. FERGUSON

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

Mixed Pair Event Has Many Entries

BY WILLIAM E. McKENNEY
America's Card Authority

The mixed pair event in the Eastern Tournament again proved one of the most popular of all the contests. Seventy-six pairs turned out for this two-session event, and the final scores showed Mrs. Benjamin M. Golder and Charles J. Solomon of Philadelphia out in front. Behind them in second place were Mrs. Louis W. Noel and Pvt. Tobias Stone of New York. Mrs. William E. McKenney and Joseph E. Low were in third position.

With the opening lead of the diamond king, Mrs. Golder's contract on today's hand would have been easy; but with the spade opening, the play became much more difficult. The first trick was won with the queen of spades in Mrs. Golder's hand (South), then followed by the two high spades in dummy.

In order to protect his diamonds, West let go two hearts. So Mrs. Golder cashed the ace of hearts, took the heart finesse and cashed the king of hearts, leaving three diamonds to the ace in her own hand and three diamonds to the jack in dummy. West held the king, queen and ten of diamonds. A small diamond was led toward the jack. Thus West was able to take only one trick.

North: ♠ A K 4 3 ♥ A 7 ♦ J 9 6 4 ♣ Q J 5

West: ♠ J 10 ♥ 8 5 4 ♦ K Q 10 8 5 ♣ 10 7 6

East: ♠ 9 8 7 6 5 ♥ Q 10 3 2 ♦ 2 ♣ 9 8 2

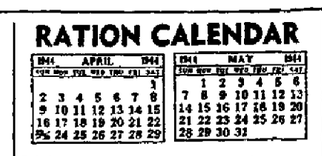
South (Mrs. Golder): ♠ Q 2 ♥ K J 9 6 ♦ A 7 3 ♣ A K 4 3

Dealer: North. Duplicate—None vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♦	Pass
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠	Pass
2 N T	Pass	4 N. T.	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	6 N. T.	Pass

Opening—♠ J 5

RATION CALENDAR



MEATS, FATS, ETC.—Book Four red stamps A8, B8, C8, D8, E8, F8 H8 and J8 now valid and remain good indefinitely. Red stamps K8, L8 and M8 will be valid April 9 and good indefinitely. For purchase of meat, butter, cheese, fats, evaporated milk and canned fish.

PROCESSED FOODS—Book Four blue stamps A8, B8, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, H8 and J8 now valid and remain good indefinitely. Blue stamps K8, M8, N8, P8 and Q8 will be valid May 1 and good indefinitely.

SUGAR—Book Four stamps 30 and 31 valid for five pounds indefinitely; Stamp 40 good for five pounds for home canning through February 28, 1945.

SHOES — Book One Stamp 18 valid through April 30. Book Three airplane stamp 1 good indefinitely. A new stamp becomes valid May 1.

GASOLINE—In northeast and southeast, 9-A coupons good for three gallons through May 8. Elsewhere, 11-A coupons good for three gallons through June 21. B-2, B-3, C-2 and C-3 coupons good for five gallons everywhere.

FUEL OIL — Period four and five coupons valid in all areas through Sept. 30. All coupons worth 10 gallons a unit, with most coupons worth several units.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, taxis were carrying 1.2 passengers per trip, while today, due to the scarcity of private transportation facilities, the average has risen to around 3.3 persons.

Car owners worrying whether their automobiles would last for the duration will be glad to learn that the production of new automobile parts has increased 59 per cent within the last year, and that materials for parts are no longer so difficult to secure.

HOLD EVERYTHING

"Shouldn't they be in bed?"

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