

Just Little Hunks Of Real Stuff!!

Don't feel bad if friends tell you your handwriting is illegible. Some of Shakespeare's work never has been definitely deciphered. Several of Hawthorne's manuscripts remain unpublished today because no one has been able to read them. And Napoleon's letters were almost in a class by themselves, some of them being mistaken for maps of battlefields . . . Sign in front of clergyman's house in Salem, New Hampshire: "We marry you in your car. Please turn off the motor." . . . Wild orchids, contrary to popular belief, do give off an odor. As a matter of fact, the odor changes during the day, smelling like heliotrope in the morning, carnation during the day, and lilac at night.

Ever wonder about the origin of the red and white barber pole? It seems that it started in the Middle Ages when the art of surgery and that trade of the barber were combined. Blood-letting was then the great cure-all. A vein in the arm was opened and the patient was given a stick or pole to grasp tightly, thus making the blood flow more freely. When not in use, the stick was hung outside the shop, with a white bandage wound around it in a spiral ready for use—indicating that a surgeon was available. Now you know.

Ditties: Definition of intoxication: To feel sophisticated and not be able to pronounce it . . . A bore is a fellow who opens his mouth and puts his feats into it . . . He took misfortune like a man—blamed it on his wife . . . A woman should hold on to her youth, but not when he's driving . . . The extreme penalty for bigamy? Two mothers-in-law . . . Gossip columnists are the spies of life . . . The wife of a Hollywood scenarist was granted a divorce because she objected to jingles he wrote dedicated to her. To wit:

When you're away, I'm restless,
lonely,
Wretched, bored, dejected;
But here's the rub, my darling,
dear,
I feel the same when you are here.

Actual history contradicts Longfellow's poetic version of the Midnight Ride of Paul Revere. It seems that before Paul

MOVIE SCHEDULE For February

January 31—**GOVERNMENT GIRL** — Olivia de Havilland, Sonny Tufts, Anne Shirley.

February 7—**ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS** — Gary Grant, Jean Arthur.

February 14 — **CAPTAIN FURY** — Brian Aherne, June Lang.

February 21 — **TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM** — Ann Miller, The Three Stooges and a cast of stars.

February 28 — **FALCON IN DANGER**—Tom Conway, Jean Brooks.



completed his ride of warning, he was captured; and a fellow by the name of William Dawes finished the ride to Concord and gave the warning message . . . Science has proved that people do not have the same senses of taste. Paper treated with phenylthiocarbimide proves the point. To some it will be tasteless; to others it will be bitter, sour, sweet or salty.

Expect to get a terrific shock the next time a policeman lays the law on you. Electric gloves, insulated to the wearer's hand, provide police with an effective means of subduing criminals who resist arrest. A small battery and spark coil, carried on the hip, produce high voltage; and a touch with the glove itself paralyzes temporarily, but—unlike the policeman's club—leaves no after effects . . . George Bernard Shaw said it: "Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

SHREWD QUESTION

During his first campaign for mayor of New York City in 1929, La Guardia charged the popular Jimmy Walker with all sorts of corruption and Walker never answered a single charge. "Why should I make his campaign for him?" he said. "I won't build him up. It would be fun, though, to ask him one question—what was he doing in Waterbury on September 19, 1937? Of course, I doubt if he has ever been there, but a lot of suckers would believe there was something very fishy about him and Waterbury?"

Chickens should be dressed and chilled thoroughly to prevent discoloration and off-flavor from developing in storage, says T. T. Brown, Extension Service poultryman.

Old Words

By DOROTHY BOICOURT

These are old words we speak,
worn smooth and thin
With usage, like a cherished wedding ring,
Whose soft, dull beauty passes anything
The shops can offer. We will not begin
To coin new phrases for an old delight.
We will content us that our fathers knew
Waves of the tide that runs between us two.
Time has sufficed to make the wording right.
Yet there is newness in the casual phrase,
As you have said it—it is young,
As every Spring is young. The essence stays,
A sweet enchantment captured by the tongue—
And yet, the words, "I love you", seem to start
Fresh and alive, unpatterned from the heart.

Now Is The Time To:



Read.
Eat popcorn.
Repair that chair.
Buy a new linoleum.
Hang up that new calendar.
Cut that other fruit cake.
Put ferns in north windows.
Avoid getting spring fever.
Open a jar of cucumber pickles.
Replace wornout washing machine rolls.
Catch up on overdue correspondence.
Enjoy the lapse between holidays.
Plan your dinner for Valentine's Day.

GOOLSBY CLEANING

By JOHN H. GOOLSBY

Well, today we are on the first few miles of a new adventure—down the highway of time—road number 1946. I sometimes wonder if we realize the many detours we may encounter and the bad places that might hold us up. No, we won't be held up because we are not going to take this journey alone. We know that we can reach our destination alone. We at Ecusta have always traveled together. With our faith in the future and the faith we have in our able leader we will reach our appointed goal just as we have on six different trips before.

When we use the road map of good fellowship, confidence and understanding, which means cooperation, and with everybody watching the road, we can't get lost.

Now, each year we look forward to this course to be charted and each year we attain that goal. We can do the same in 1946 if we use the roadmaps of mutual understanding and cooperation with everyone striving toward the goal of wealth and prosperity and happiness for all.

Now, I don't think it's right to have something on your mind and not let anyone know about it. I can't help but think that the most wonderful Christmas party we have ever had was the one this year. I often wonder if you folks that helped to make up that program realized just how far reaching it went—there was undoubtedly lots of time and money spent in arranging such a wonderful program, but the smiles it put on the faces of the men, women and those little children was something that any time you might have spent was worth every minute of it. To Mr. Straus, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Eversman and all the rest of the cast, your efforts will live in the memory of those that attended for a long time and the happiness that you spread can not be measured in words. Truly, those little children that came to the Christmas parties will be the enthusiastic Ecustans of tomorrow.

Well, here is a story. A boy from the mountains heard that a job was open for a watchman on a railroad crossing, so down he went to see the man about it. The man in charge said, "I will have to give you a little examination first." "Ask me anything," chirped the mountain boy. "O.K. Suppose you are at the crossing and two trains are coming at 70 miles head-on, what would you do?" "Waall, I'd blow my whistle." "Yes, but your whistle was out of order." "Waall, I always wear red flannels. I would rip off a piece and flag her." "Suppose this happened at night." "Then, I'd swing my lantern." "But suppose you didn't have any oil in your lantern." "Well, I live right over yonder and I would call my Ma." "Your Ma, what for?" "I'd just holler and say, 'Ma, come on down and see the goldurndest scramble of railroad injuns you ever seen in all your life!'"

I would like to close with this remark—author unknown—"There is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one small candle."