

CAROLINE SANBORN VISITS THE STUDEBAKERS.

Never had my garden looked gay-er, my funny little white house more inviting than on that fresh June morning, just half way between May and July. Never had I so longed to stay at home and be lazy and leisurely, monarch of almost all I surveyed. But the afternoon before, a telephone message had come for me, an imperative message—"South Bend—early tomorrow morning—new cars—would very much like to have you there—"

I admit that I am, by nature, curious. I knew that Studebaker had been "doing something," and that it was an interesting something. To the motor world, June is not a matter of brides and college commencements. It is a month of activity, of trade secrets, of automobile mysteries. I had heard rumors of new lines and new colors. I wanted to be in on the excitement, so I said good-bye to my house and my garden, and set forth for Indiana.

Arrived on South Bend, we—there were three of us—paid our respects at the Studebaker administration building, and a few minutes later were driven through the town and out along the concrete ribbon of highway leading to the proving ground—that great tract of land shut off from the passing world by a wire wall. I knew the proving ground to be a marvelous outdoor laboratory of straight, fast roads and wandering by-ways, a secluded corner of the earth where thrilling feats were performed day in and day out—all those tests and secret experiments that contribute to the perfection of Studebaker cars. I wondered what new adventures lay ahead of me.

We rolled through the gateway, turned to the left and headed for the "shops," within whose unassuming walls are hidden the secrets of today and the hopes of tomorrow. The hot June sun glared down at us and cast a haze of heat over the placid meadowlands. I sighed for the cool, green shade of my happy—and suburban home, and stepped from the car. Then I knew.

There stood a group of cars—proudly shining new cars, whose gleaming surfaces seized the rays of the sun and tossed them back in a blaze of glory. Maroon and silver—green and silver—blue of dusk and blue of summer skies—they flashed before us.

"But—but—are these really Studebakers?" I asked, incredulous. "They seem so much lower—so much longer and just look at those radiators!"

I hurried to the nearest car and stooped to examine the emblem. There, sure enough, were the wheel and slanting "Studebaker" of yesterday, but with what a difference. Black and white enamel—fine silver lines—a smart new pattern—I was entranced. Here, indeed, was an old friend, but all dressed up in a chic new frock—I suspected something, too, in the way of face-lifting, but of course, I'd never be guilty of broad-casting it.

My glance traveled up over the radiator—sensed the presence of straight, slender lines where once were curves—took in a neat little radiator cap flaunting a gay silver wings flying back from glittering cowl lights and headlamps—long, clean cut hood lines.

I straightened up and gazed around. There they were, all the members of the Studebaker clan, each with a silver monogram across its bosom—an "S" for the President—an "S" for the Dictator—an "E" for the Erskine, youngest of the family—and a "World's Champion Car" plaque for the far-famed Commander. Well mannered cars, I knew. Good looking cars, all of them.

Across the way stood a Commander sedan. I was anxious to inspect the new summer wardrobe of the world champion, so I tore myself away from "Presidential Row," and went over to call upon him. I had run out of adjectives, but I still had my eyesight. Tan, the hue of the sand of Deauville, was the color chosen for the car on exhibition, with a delightful leaf green for the spokes of the wire wheels and slender body stripings. I peered inside. Once again, all the perfections of detail. I turned to one of my companions.

"Why don't they forget something once in a while?" I asked. "There's nothing left to complain about. It must be the millennium. Terrible situation for a carping, captious female."

Up the short—down the longer slope—across a field. The bumps in the road were ironed out before they reached me—I tried to remember the poet who sang of a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Faster and faster we sped, the President and I. Here was power that had been taught obedience. Strength and security beneath my fingers.

"And the speed bowl?" Again a courteous someone beside me.

The President and I nodded approval. We leapt forward over the roads that are the color of maple caramels, down to the paved stretches of the bowl.

A sweep of concrete ahead. The curve. Faster and faster. Never a qualm. The speedometer climbed upward. Once upon a time I had shivered as we neared those banked

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curves. Now I knew better. Here WAS a car. On and on we tore. The scenery flew past us. This was pure ecstasy.

Regretfully we returned to the shops. Regretfully I bade farewell to my new-old friends, after I'd taken a trip with each of them in turn.

It wasn't until I had driven away from the proving ground that I remembered how warm and dusty the world seemed but a short time before. A shimmer of bright colors and brighter silver had taken the place of my longing for a cool, green garden, and I was pleased as Punch to be a part of the feminine world for which those cars had been planned.

All of the models over which Miss Sanborn goes into such ecstasies can be seen today on the floors of the Beezer Garage, Bellefonte.

While a trip to South Bend would be interesting, anyone can see and try any of these smart new models of wonderful performance right here in Bellefonte and Mr. Beezer or any of his salesmen will welcome the opportunity to show them to you.

—Henry T. Noll and W. A. Hite, of Pleasant Gap, with two Waco 9 airplanes, spent the Fourth of July week at Van Metre flying field, near Winchester, Va., and did a good business taking up willing citizens who wanted to get a glimpse of Mother Earth from the air. Henry has achieved a reputation as a safe and sane commercial flier and has never had a serious accident.

—For some time past Benjamin Bradley has had his eye on a trout that stuck close to one spot near the old nail works bridge, and night after night he tossed him one enticing fly after another without success. But he stuck to it and on Tuesday evening the trout struck and Ben hooked and landed him. It was fifteen inches long and a perfect specimen.

### Service Men Should Make Known Their Needs.

Concerted action to bring together every veteran organization in the State in a united program for the benefit of all American service men has been started by department commander James E. Van Zandt, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States.

Veterans in this section and throughout Pennsylvania have been urged to forward to the State Americanization Bureau, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, an outline of their needs and problems. A meeting of the department commanders of the various groups of service men will be called by commander Van Zandt. At that time the suggestions and ideas of the individual veterans will be given consideration and a definite program of action decided upon by the united commission.

The plan was conceived at the recent state encampment at Harrisburg of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. It was offered by captain Robert G. Woodside, of Pittsburgh, former deputy auditor general and now controller of Allegheny county. Since that time it has been approved by the United Spanish War Veterans at their state convention and it will be submitted for consideration of the American Legion, the disabled American Veterans and the various divisional and regimental associations throughout the State.

"Only through a concerted movement," explained captain Woodside in presenting the measure, "can the service man be assisted by the State of Pennsylvania. The members of the Legislature are favorable to the veterans but no definite program has been suggested to them. Every organization of service men should join in the movement.

Commander Van Zandt in broadcasting the plan to veterans throughout the State of Pennsylvania clearly

defined its purposes as entirely non-political in character.

"Service men have only themselves to blame," he declared, "if the State of Pennsylvania has adopted no set program for the benefit of the veteran. The Legislators cannot help the service men if they do not know what the veterans seek. By united action we will be able to present sane and worth-while suggestions to the lawmakers for their consideration and action. We will be only too glad to receive the thoughts and ideas of the individual veterans throughout the Commonwealth and for that reason we urge them to send their views on the subject to our Americanization Bureau at 1729 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, so they may be given serious consideration at the joint conference of the leaders of all veteran groups."

—James Horvath, of Westmoreland county, convicted of second degree murder in 1924, for killing his father-in-law, Louis Frenock, and who has been studying mining engineering under State College professors during his confinement at Rockview, was granted a pardon by the State board of pardons, on June 29th. The official papers arrived in time for his release from Rockview on July 2nd, when he returned to his home in Westmoreland county.

—C. A. Rosevear, of State College, has been elected assistant chief of police of Philipsburg, to serve during the leave of absence granted Leo Boden, recently appointed county detective by Judge Fleming. The selection has not met with the approval of Philipsburg people, generally, not because of anything personal against Mr. Rosevear but for the contention that a resident of the town should have been given the job.

Old Mrs. Flint: "And what should a polite little boy say to the lady who has given him a half penny for carrying her parcels?"

### 20,000 PERSONS KILLED YEARLY IN INDUSTRIES.

Hartford, Conn.—According to a recent survey by The United States Employees' Compensation Commission, more than 20,000 persons are killed in industrial accidents each year.

The mishaps that result in that great toll of human life from our "industrial wars" and the lesser injuries that also occur cost the people of the United States approximately ten million dollars annually.

Just as preventative measures are being advocated constantly to outlaw war and thus have a tremendous loss in life so can preventative measures be taken to reduce industrial accidents, the survey pointed out. A research by The Travelers Insurance Company into more than 70,000 industrial accident cases disclosed that 98 per cent. of the total were preventable.

"The recognition and application of sound accident prevention principles would make possible within a few years a 50 per cent. reduction in the industrial accident frequency in this country and an estimated saving of five billion dollars annually," the research report said. Eighty-eight per cent. of the causes of industrial accidents are said to be supervisory and 10 per cent. physical, both within the power of the employer and employees to correct. This analysis shows that unavoidable accidents constitute only 2 per cent. of the industry's wasteful toll.

In addition to the 20,000 killed yearly, there are 1,627 permanently disabled, 100,000 with permanent partial disability and 2,500,000 temporarily disabled, the research revealed. The total days lost have been estimated as 246,846,000, which means that the whole country has to share the enormous losses in life, limbs, time and money because of industrial accidents.

That industrial accidents can and will be controlled in a large degree by employers is proved by the experience of many concerns. Only a few months ago the shops of the Chicago and Great Western Railroad at Oelwein, Iowa, established a

record of 468 days without an accident occurring to 1,130 men employed in the repair department of the shops. One of the works of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation only recently completed 60 days operation without a single disabling accident to any of its employees.

In one widely-known manufacturing plant in this country where an analysis was made into the accidents, it was discovered that in one year there were 14,191 mishaps, involving 47,004 lost hours of the employees injured, and that the total loss by the company in unearned paid wages was \$61,839.

Blindness resulting from industrial accidents is costing the country ten million dollars a year and is responsible for 15 per cent. of the blind population, according to the National Research Society for the Prevention of Blindness. This is despite the fact that experience of many plants proves that most industrial eye accidents are preventable.

The seven basic causes of accidents under the heading of "super-vision" have been listed as faulty instruction, inability of employee, poor discipline, lack of concentration, unsafe practices on the part of employees, mentally unfit and physically unfit employees.

### Lakes and Streams in Ohio Get Lake Erie Fish by Truckloads.

Columbus, Ohio.—Fourteen car loads and sixteen truck loads of matured fish, taken from Lake Erie have been distributed throughout the State of Ohio recently according to the State fish and game department.

Before the distribution is complete every county will have been reached. This is the largest program ever undertaken by the department.

The department has also announced that 6,000 pheasants have been hatched at the Wellington game farm, in the Roosevelt game preserve.

Eight thousand eggs will be set each week until 30,000 in all have been set. It is expected that 23,000 will be hatched. Distribution of the birds will begin in September.