

Harvey's Lake Chief Wishes He Were In Corps

(Continued from Page 1.)

Since there were 12 other children in the Stevenson family, he figured he wouldn't be missed. So far as he knows they didn't even know he was gone until they got a letter from him postmarked Hong Kong nearly two years later.

After about three months of stiff training, he was assigned to sail on the U. S. S. Columbia, one of the fastest and best cruisers of that time. Leaving an American West Coast port on a torpedo boat, he boarded the "Columbia" in "No Man's Land," or rather "Water," as a corporal's guard. "She was a beautiful ship," says the Chief, "drew 32 feet and was good for 30 knots an hour. The song, 'Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean,' must have been written about her. She was launched in 1898, and just last year the Navy rebuilt and renamed her in Philadelphia. Now, after 40 years, the old ship is again seeing service. I wish I were aboard right now."

No Furloughs

Stevenson never had a day's vacation or a furlough for four years—only 24-hour passes in foreign ports. "We didn't touch a home port for the duration of the war," he says, "but I wasn't homesick a bit... only seasick. One time, during an eight-day storm at sea, I think the whole crew, nine hundred strong, got seasick. We had to be assigned to special places at the rail in order to trim the ship."

The "Columbia" sailed all over the Pacific, but the Chief claims the most beautiful spot it touched in all its travels was the Hawaiian Islands. "Bombing a place like that is sacrilege."

Although he was in none of the major battles of the Spanish American War, Stevenson saw a lot of action in guerilla fighting on the Philippine Islands. He served with a Marine expedition searching for Aquinaldo, leader of the rebel Philippine forces. Now that the self-same insurrectionist is once again an enemy of the U. S., in cahoots with the Japanese, the Chief wishes he had been able to get a hot shot at him 40 years ago.

Served At Bataan

Stevenson saw service on the Bataan Peninsula, where the American forces are entrenched now, and "would give all the buttons on his shirt" to be there again. "Any man who could face the big knives and jungle tactics of the old Insurrectos ought to be able to stand up against anything the Japs can do."

After the war was over, Stevenson was mustered out with a medal for good behavior and a "Discharge Excellent". He gave his uniform to his father, who was in much demand as a fiddler back in those days and thought the Marine outfit would add considerable tone to

Sacrament Of Baptism At Dallas Methodist

The sacrament of baptism will be administered at the morning services of Dallas Methodist Church on Palm Sunday. The sermon topic will be the "Triumphal Entry". There will be special music by the choir and for the first time the chancel choir under the direction of Mrs. Arline Rood will appear gowned.

Evening worship will be devoted to the reception of new members on confession of faith. Holy Communion will be administered to those taken into the church fellowship.

Stan Evans Left Pearl Harbor—But Pals Die

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By December of that year, Stanley was in service on the Hawaiian Islands and enrolled in the mechanic's school at Hickam Field. His experience as a mechanic in an Edwardsville garage helped speed his progress there, and at the end of a year's service he had a First Aircraft Mechanic's rating. Just before his accident last summer he was an acting First Sergeant in a combat unit, and had also gained a gunner's rating. On his return to this country, however, army regulations caused his extra ratings to be temporarily withdrawn.

When he's on active service, Stanley's job, as an enlisted man mechanic, is to keep the motor of the ship to which he is assigned in perfect running order, ready for immediate use. On the Hawaiian Islands he serviced, at different times, P-26, P-36 and P-40 pursuit ships, and one of the planes he worked on has already emerged victorious in four clashes with the Japs.

Stanley likes the army life well enough, but after two and a half years of it, he's sort of glad to be home again. The very first night he spent in his old room, he set the alarm for 5:45—just so's he could shut it off and go back to sleep.

Smoke Park is the one place in the U. S. Naval Academy where informality reigns at all times.

A marine and a bluejacket alternate in always guarding the tomb of John Paul Jones at the Naval Academy.

his performances. A brother of the Chief still has the uniform, but is willing to ship it up from Butler anytime Stevenson wants to use it again.

Maybe his chance will come. At least he has to sign up in the next Selective Service registration. In the meantime, there better not be a Jap invasion at Harvey's Lake.

'Salvage For Victory'

The following articles are suggested as contributions to the "Salvage for Victory" clean-up week which will be held here next month.

From Your Attic

Brass or iron bedsteads, electric cords, electric appliances, hardware, kitchen utensils, lighting fixtures made of brass, copper or iron, metal ornaments, porch and garden furniture made of metal, metal radio parts, brass or copper screens, sleds, ice-skates, roller-skates, metal vacuum cleaner parts.

From Your Cellar

Old coal stoves, fireplace equipment, fire extinguishers, radiators, furnace parts, iron and nickel parts of old gas stoves, pipes of iron, brass or copper, plumbing fixtures, refrigerator parts, old tools, etc.

Yard or Farm

Farm tools, logging chains, wire fencing and metal fence posts, motors and motor parts, playground equipment, ploughs, wheel-barrows, other old metal articles.

Rev. Morgan's Services From

Baptismal services with special music will be held in the Kunkle, Alderson, Noxen and Ruggles Churches on Sunday. William Morgan will deliver the junior sermon. Good Friday services will be conducted at Noxen with Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at 7:30. Special music, reception of new members and rededication of old members will be a part of the service in all churches on Easter.

Roadwork To Resume

Work on the new three-lane Dallas-Harvey's Lake highway, which has been completed as far as the Castle Inn, near Idetown, will be resumed week after next, it was announced yesterday by officials of the Central Pennsylvania Stripping and Construction Company.

Men's First Aid Course

Don't miss this chance to take this work with Dr. Hayden Phillips and Mr. R. D. Currie. If you have not already registered for this course, phone Titman's Store, 135 or Halls Drug Store, 278 or Mrs. Allen Trafford 480 or Mrs. John Henninger, 340 or Mrs. Mae Townsend, 357.

Women Mobilize For Emergencies

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Three spatulas or pancake turners, 3 or 4 cloth coffee bags, 2 can-openers, 2 water pails, 6 dish cloths, a dozen and a half dish towels, 4 paring knives, 3 large forks, 2 measuring cups, 3 bread boards, 2 vegetable brushes, 3 or 4 sandwich hampers, one knife sharpener, kitchen scissors, hot pads, soap powder, wood matches, 2 large spoons, one hammer and one quart measure.

Since there are no funds available to the Canteen Unit, it must

be equipped through the resources of its members and the help of public-spirited women who wish to aid in the work of the Red Cross. Its job is to feed refugees, other homeless folk and workers in times of emergency.

Formed two months ago, at the conclusion of a Red Cross canteen course here in Dallas, the Unit comprises fifteen members and has its headquarters in the Dallas Methodist Church. Officers include Mrs. Himmler, general chairman, Mrs. Mae Townsend, chairman of service, Mrs. Mildred Johnson, R. N., chairman of sanitation, Mrs. Burt Lewis, chairman of planning, and Mrs. A. R. Dungey, chairman of preparation.

Pillar To Post

(Continued from Page 1)

turtle was bad enough in all conscience without the addition of turtle-fodder that was apt to hatch over-night and go crawling off under the sink; that we could have all the ants we needed and more than we wanted by throwing a log into the fireplace and applying a match. About every third log in the basement harbors an astounding number of large black ants which come boiling out on the slightest provocation.

P. C. said that these ant-eggs were warranted not to hatch. Did I think she would be carrying them around in her compact if they were alive? Well, then. The man at the Pet-Shop had advised her that ant-eggs constituted a balanced diet for a young and vigorous turtle.

After dinner, P. C., decided that Otto looked droopy, and that he doubtless needed exercise and a change of scenery after his long confinement. She therefore laid out a pasture on the card-table, fencing in one side with "Webster's Collegiate Dictionary", a second with "Gone With the Wind", a third side with my Christmas copy of "Storm", and closing the gap with an expensive Atlas purloined from Tom's stamp-desk. In the pasture thus enclosed, she turned Otto out to grass, piling a moist and unpleasant heap of ant-eggs in the right-angle between "Storm" and Tom's "Atlas" in case he needed a little snack. She urged him to race back and forth across the Parade Ground, using a tooth-pick as a prod, but he was unco-operative, withdrawing into his shell in acute and sullen boredom.

So P. C. went for a walk. Upon her return she inspected the card table. There was the field, enclosed within its four-volume wall, but the field was as bare as

her hand. Otto was nowhere in sight.

P. C. assisted by anxious relatives, started turning over the furniture piece by piece, and looking under the rug. She stirred up the ashes in the fireplace, but found no charred remains.

Just then Willie ambled in, wearing a peculiarly well-fed expression. She seated herself comfortably upon the upholstered footstool, hiccupped slightly, and started dreamily washing behind her ears.

P. C. regarded her with horrified suspicion. Then she reminded herself that a turtle wears a coat-of-mail which is all but impervious to claw and tooth. The whole matter seemed to hinge on whether Otto had had time to retreat into his castle before Willie turned loose with a blitz-krieg. If Otto had been caught napping, there was very little hope. If Otto had had time to dash within, taking with him the welcome on the mat, the chances were about even that Willie had batted him under a radiator or down the cellar steps, and that Otto would eventually emerge, coated with dust but otherwise intact.

With that hope as an incentive, P. C. gave the living-room a cleaning to end cleanings. She brushed out every corner with a little hair-broom before using the oil-mop, she moved every bit of furniture to the middle of the floor, she went over every square-inch of territory with a fine-tooth-comb. She even sifted the ashes in the fireplace, trickling them down the chute by the tea-spoonful.

The suspense is about over. Otto disappeared a week ago, so we are forced to conclude that Willie et him, shell and all. She showed no signs of acute abdominal distress, but after all a cat that is accustomed to bringing in small rabbits on the hoof and leaving no slightest trace of fur to tell the tale, ought to be able to polish off a turtle by way of hors d'oeuvre without blinking an eyelash or curling a whisker.

P. Christopher has given up. This

afternoon she came walking into the house with another paper container swinging from her hand, holes punched in the lid to let in the fresh air, small stone island in the center, half a cup of water strewn with ant-eggs. Two of them this time, Oscar and Oswald, both with landing-gear retracted, both un-easily slobbering about in their cramped quarters, both wearing the malevolent expression peculiar to turtles.

Here we go again. Sic 'em Willie.

12,000 Carcasses On Road In One District

Reports compiled by one engineering district in the Department of Highways shows that last year Department employees removed nearly 12,000 dead animals and birds from the road.

The report compiled by District Engineer S. W. Jackson, of Franklin, has been sent to the State Game Commission.

Rabbits lead the list of dead animals and birds removed by Department forces in the district with 8728. Next were 1748 dead skunks.

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FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!

1. A LAD NAMED LOUIS CLAUD ONE DAY STARTLED OBSERVERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL BY CLIMBING TO THE SOUTHERN SPIRE FROM THE OUTSIDE HANGING FROM GARGOYLES AND OTHER ORNAMENTS (AND AT TIMES ONLY FROM CREEVES IN THE STONEWORK) AS HE ASCENDED... NOT CONTENT WITH THIS AMAZING ACHIEVEMENT, HE REPEATED THE PERFORMANCE ON THE EASTERN SPIRE.

2. UNDER GYPSY LAW, A MARRIAGE IS PERFORMED WHEN THE MAN AND WOMAN DRINK WINE FROM THE SAME GLASS UNDER A TREE IN THE PRESENCE OF THE TRIBAL CHIEF... DROVING IS JUST AS SIMPLE, THE CHIEF DRINKING A BRANCH OVER THEIR HEADS, SAYING: "YOU ARE FREE"... A JUKO-SLAVIAN GYPSY IN ZIRUNGE SET UP A RECORD OF 63 MARRIAGES IN TWO YEARS.

3. GREAT BRITAIN'S FIGHTING "TOMMIES" WEAR HELMETS WHICH ARE MADE OF NON-MAGNETIC MANGANESE STEEL.

4. CORRECTION PLEASE! IT'S A FACT—JUST ASK ME! STRICTLY SPEAKING, NONE OF US IS COMPLETELY MALE OR FEMALE... WE ALL POSSESS CHARACTERISTICS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX, HOWEVER SMALL.

By Bob Dart

DETECTIVE RILEY

GOOD NIGHT!
GOOD NIGHT, MISS SHAW! THANKS FOR A GRAND EVENING!

IT AGGRAVATES ME SO... HAVING TO BE NICE TO THE VERY PEOPLE WHO SUSPECT BOB OF MURDERING JOSH'S DAD!

IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO BE NICE TO THEM... THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE!

SAY, JOSH! CAN YOU GET A PICKAXE AND A SHOVEL?

WELL, YES! BUT YOU'RE NOT KIDDING ME, ARE YOU?

I WAS NEVER MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE... NOW, GET SOME OLD CLOTHES ON... WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

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SOCKO THE SEADOG

YOUR STEAK, SIR

TANK YOUSE SET 'ER DOWN!

WAITER!

THIS STEAK IS MORE LIKE CEMENT! I CAN'T EVEN CUT IT! TAKE IT BACK AN' BRINGS ME ANOTHER PIECE!

SORRY SIR, I CAN'T TAKE IT BACK NOW!

By Teddy

NAPPY

UNKNOWN TO IT'S RESIDENTS, THE POPULATION OF MIDDLETOWN HAS JUST BEEN INCREASED-- THE ADDITION BEING A FAMILY OF THREE, KNOWN AS "THE GILHOLEYS... LITTLE PATSY GILHOLEY SEEMS TO BE A DEAD RINGER FOR OGLETHORP

THE GILHOLEYS LOOK OVER THEIR NEW HOME.

CLASSY TRAP! AIN'T IT, BOITHA??

OH MY, YEAH!!

NERTZ! I STILL LIKE SLUGVILLE!

Y'WAN' US T'TAKE DE FOINCHOOR IN NOW, LADY?

YES! TAKE IT RIGHT IN, LITTLE MAN!

OKAY! V'DON'T HAFTA GIT SO HOITY-HOITY, FATTY!

ACME MOVING STORAGE CO.

MERVIN!! THAT BRUTE CALLED ME "FATTY"!! SLUG 'IM OR I'LL SLUG YOU!!

NOW, NOW, BOITHA, ME ANCHEL!! DON'T GIT EXCITED--

MOVIN'!! HAW! DAT'S A LAFF!!

ACME MOVING CO.

WHY DON'TCHA QUIT CALLIN' ME MOVIN'??

Y'KNOW ME NAME'S MIKE!!

TWEET TWEET

By Irv Tirman

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