

TWO SHOT DOWN BY UNKNOWN MAN

Wealthy Pioneer and Former Mayor of Carbon-dale, Ill., Killed

CARBONDALE, Ill., Dec. 13.—(AP)—J. C. Hundley, wealthy pioneer and former mayor of Carbon-dale, and his wife were shot to death shortly before last midnight by a burglar in their home.

Hundley, who was 76 years old, was shot in the head as he undressed for bed. The intruder, who apparently had lurked in the bedroom, fled downstairs and chased Mrs. Hundley up a back stairway.

Neighbors, awakened by the shots, entered by a back door and found Mrs. Hundley dead and Hundley unconscious. He died shortly afterward. Mrs. Hundley, his second wife, was 67 years old.

Revenge Theory—A killing of nearly 40 years ago suggested itself to police as a motive for Hundley's slaying. He once killed a music teacher, they recalled, for holding a tryst with his first wife. He was acquitted, pleading the unwritten law. His first wife, who obtained a divorce soon after the killing, now lives in Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. Hundley was shot, police believed, because the slayer feared she might recognize him. Her pocket book was found near the front door as if dropped by the slayer in his haste to escape.

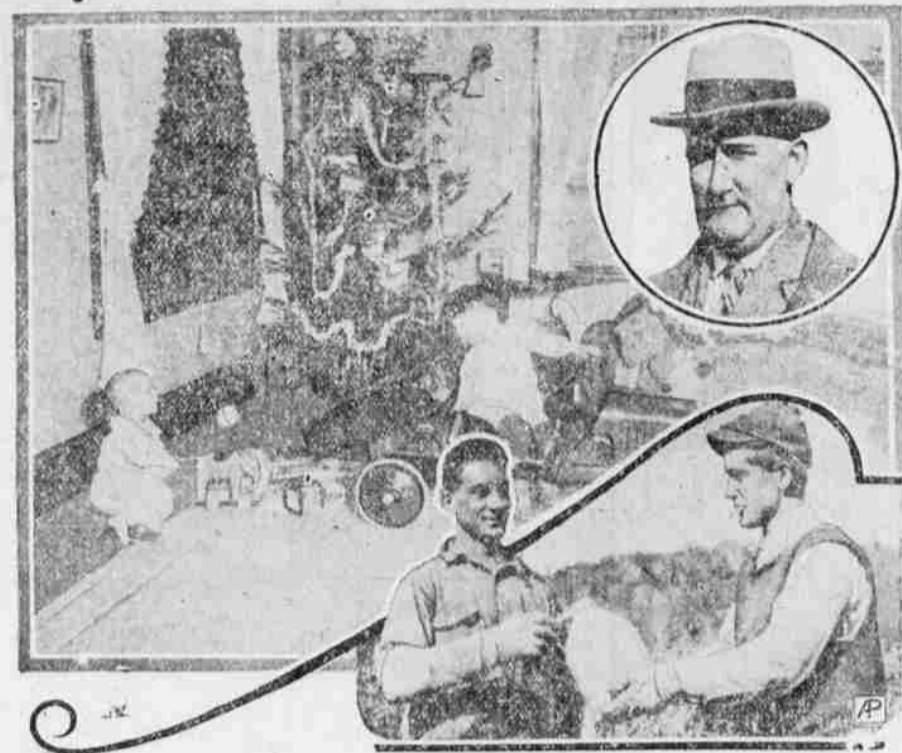
Hundley's watch, which he held when shot, was not taken, and his pocketbook was untouched.

It was the slayer's failure to take any loot from the wealthy couple that strengthened police belief in their theory of revenge.

Woodhounds Used—Bloodhounds from East St. Louis aided police today in their search for the slayer. The Hundley home, probably the most pretentious in the city, was in a well-lighted district two blocks from the center of town.

V. A. Hundley, the pioneer's only son, is the sole heir to the family estate. Although he lived two doors away, he was not awakened by the shooting.

CHRISTMAS TREE ARMY STARTS PARADE TO FIVE MILLION HOMES



Five million Christmas trees are moving to market. Gangs of choppers such as those below have been working since September to prepare the nation's Christmas tree crop, which later will gladden the hearts of millions of such children as those above. William J. Pheasant, "Christmas tree king" of Ludlow, Vt. (inset), is one of the nation's shippers of these trees.

LUDLOW, Vt. (AP)—Down from the forest-clad hills the army of Christmas trees is starting on its first and last parade.

The little trees will find their way into 5,000,000 homes in America this Christmas, will bask a few days in the glory of tinsel and colored lights, and then pass on. But they will have achieved immortality in the glowing Yuletide memories of millions of youngsters.

Since September theylvan supremacy of a thousand axes has rung through the forests of northern New England. Now the green hosts are being marshalled at rail-

way shipping points. By the second week in December all must be on their way to market.

The Green mountains of Vermont are, perhaps, the greatest single source of Christmas trees. Five million trees are cut yearly for the Christmas market, according to federal forest service estimates. Two million of these, the Vermont forest service reports, come from the green mountain state.

Virtually all conifers or evergreens can be used as Christmas trees, but the most popular are fir and spruces. Fragrant balsams

crank next and in some sections are prime favorites. Even pines and cedars are cut in parts of the country where harder trees are not available.

The Christmas tree business, highly speculative, is in the hands of a few big shippers in Vermont. They maintain a skeleton force of experienced men, depending upon hired crew managers are financed in the most productive districts, but mostly they buy their trees at local loading points.

Cutting crews usually work in groups of four—two choppers, a

MUCH INTERESTS NEW FIRST LADY

Mrs. Herbert Hoover Is Neither Ultra-modern Nor Old-fashioned

By Ruth Finney (Written for NEA Service) PALO ALTO, Cal.—There has, perhaps, never been in the White House a woman of such varied accomplishments and interests as the new First Lady-elect, Mrs. Lou Henry Hoover.

For instance, she wanted a quiet visit with her father, a few years ago. So she set out with him in an automobile and drove him all the way from Washington to California. But that is only a small part of the picture.

This woman, who, in her college days, majored in geology because she liked it and spent her leisure moments delving into ancient Latin in order to translate a book on geology that moderns did not possess, is an unusual sort of person.

You may find her engrossed in a children's party, or reading an abstruse book, doing fancy work, or talking politics or world affairs. You may find her deep in household matters or equally deep in public work, the sort of thing she does for girl scouts. But whatever she is doing at the moment, she is doing it well.

Keynote That, probably, is the keynote of Mrs. Hoover. She is capable and she is assured. She has done many things and she has done them easily and confidently, and looks forward to doing what the future holds for her in the same manner. Life, no matter how complicated, is no trouble to her. She knows what to do—and does it.

This, perhaps, is a family trait, for she, as well as the rest of the world, takes it for granted that whatever Herbert Hoover starts to do, he, too, will accomplish.

A few days before election a friend asked Mrs. Hoover if she were not nervous. "Oh, not at all!" she answered, smiling. "I have lived with this young man for twenty-six years."

A Real Companion In a very real sense, Mrs. Hoover is confidante and companion of this man who is to be president. Yet it is scarcely accurate to say that her husband confides in her. She simply is a part of everything he says and does. Nothing goes on in the Hoover family without her. Back in college days, this companionship began with the translation of that ancient work on geology. They did it together. In all the years since they have done everything together.

And so the Hoovers are a very friendly family. They are not demonstrative, for that is not the Quaker way. But it is very easy to see that they like to be with each other. Parents, sons, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, are all good friends. And over them all, Mrs. Hoover presides, plans, directs. And plays with them. When her own grandchildren are not about, her backyard in Washington is often filled with youngsters from nearby families.

"Such a nice bunch of children out here. I want to see what they are doing," she will say. And the party is on.

It is impossible to classify Mrs. Hoover as a type. She is not a "modern woman" nor an "old-fashioned" woman in the sense in which those terms are used. She is a woman who would in any time and place stand out as a distinct personality. Yet definite and forceful as her personality is, she is a woman who has learned the difficult art of subordinating herself to her famous husband.

Though she is a part of what ever goes forward in the Hoover family, she is an unobtrusive part in matters over which her husband is presiding.

Calls Him "Bert" She, by the way, calls this famous husband "Bert." Throughout the campaign, with its slogans and catch words, the public is led to hit upon this nickname for its new hero. But it is the one she uses.

Mrs. Hoover has fluffy white hair which was never bobbed. She has keen blue eyes, observant, and intelligent. She dresses very simply. She has no jewelry. With the money with which she might purchase precious stones she buys beautiful pictures.

On the most momentous night of their lives, when election returns were coming in, the Hoovers kept open house for their California neighbors and the quiet simplicity of that night was indicative of the

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smoker and a tree. The smoker is usually a novice who drops the trees from under the choppers' axes to the tiny platform where he piles the trees in a semicircle.

The tree works in the center and piles his bundles on the open side. He is the artist of the crew and upon his judgment in selecting the best for each bundle and his skill in tying them depend the quality and marketability of the forest.

The bundle piles are covered with evergreen branches to keep them fresh until the shipping season. Snow enough to keep the trees cool and damp is the wish of every dealer.

Late November brings the treacher from the mountains to the railroad stations. Here every bundle must be carefully inspected by federal agents to guard against the spread of spruce budworm to the state. This procedure adds almost 10 per cent to the price of every bundle.

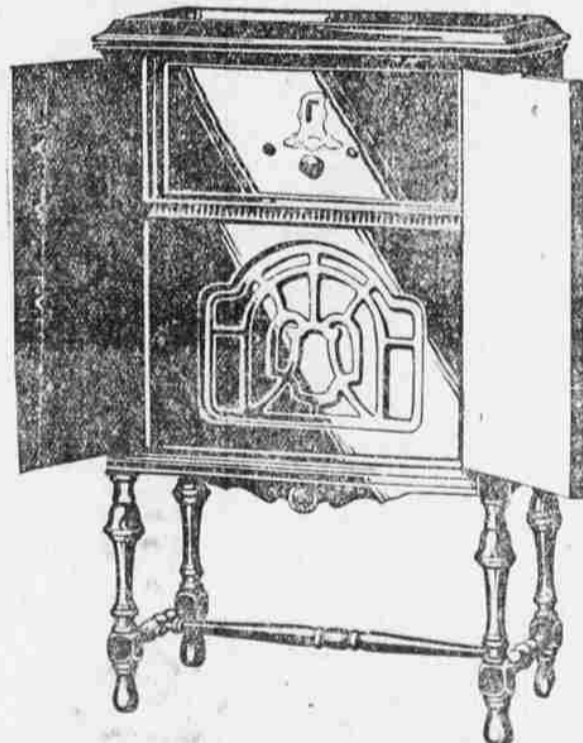
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