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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The law hereabouts is hot on the trail of a pair of youths, who with malice aforethought, bamboozled pinball machines in the sister city to the south, and the one to the north. If and when caught, they will be punished, as by statutes provided, instead of receiving medals for outstanding and meritorious achievement.

Henry Ford, the billionaire auto maker, envisions after the war a "World Federation" of all nations, with no racial lines and knee-deep in peace and prosperity. This would be a Model T Utopia, bordering upon the millennium. All that is required to attain this happy state would be the discovery of a process whereby human nature could be made human.

F. Zimmerman of the Salem Capital-Journal sports page, wants to know "why in tarnation continue to bore homecoming football crowds with a ceremony that includes the introduction of politicians." Mr. Z. should know the politician never lets go of the political football.

Economists report the depression after-the-war, as they predict, will not be as rough and tough as the one from which the land thinks it has emerged. They even argue the 1932-37 depression, as depressions go, was not so bad. For only five years, the seat of the average man's pants were so thin, he could sit down on a dime, and tell whether it was heads or tails.

YELLOW PERIL

(Heppner, Ore., News)

"Bill Morgan, one of Heppner's amiable policemen, was busily engaged in painting yellow safety lines here and there on Main street Saturday when he happened to notice a 'lady' driver coming directly at him. At first he thought she would certainly turn but no; Morgan jumped, the lady driver struck the yellow paint bucket knocking it in the air and all over the cop who looked more like a 'safety lane' when she got through than the street. She disappeared so rapidly that her number was not taken."

The Russians have chased the Germans out of Rostov-On-The-Don, and then some. This is good news in Medford-On-The-Bear.

"A big bunch of red noses was brought in by a group of friends and presented to Mrs. Jones on her natal anniversary." (Allbene, Texas, Reporter). Anyway, the friends were not called fiends.

The Serbian guerrillas are raising merry hell with their nazi invaders, and are keeping three divisions more than busy trying to suppress them. Of all the conquered lands, they have shown the most contempt with bullets for the foe. Furthermore, they get results. Upon all—the fighting Finns, the brave Belgians, the foolish French, the nonchalant Norwegians, the durable Danes, and the poor Poles, America has poured sympathy and dollars. The handouts for the savage Serbs to date, have consisted of nothing more substantial than a few rousing cheers.

G. Averill of the B. Falls area, towned Thurs. He claims to have produced a turnip that measured 14 inches around the waist, and nearly choked the family cow to death.

Editorial Correspondence

New York City, Dec. 1—December opens with perfect winter weather,—sunny, cool and crisp—a sharp contrast to Washington, where summer is languidly lingering in the lap of winter, thus creating a climatic mesalliance.

Came up here for the week-end, via Philadelphia and the famous Army-Navy game, where the youngest,—no, next to the youngest!—member of the family met us after considerable maneuvering, which might deserve the hackneyed term of hectic. It reminded us both of the last time we gathered in the City of Brotherly Love, when the G.O.P. convention was in full blast. Philadelphia has a venerable reputation of being a sleepy metropolis, but certainly nothing in the young lady's experience to indicate as much,—a week at the Wilkie "CONVULSION," and the day of the Army and Navy conflict, would make a week-end on the slopes of Vesuvius appear soporific in contrast.

The young lady left from Bennington, Vt., and the "editorial we" from Washington, planning to meet at the Bellevue-Stratford, at 11 a. m. Saturday. At that hour the young lady was there, but ye editor was on a B. & O. football special, stalled on a bridge somewhere in the Philadelphia industrial outskirts. It then developed the special did not enter Philadelphia at all but was to be shunted directly to the Civic Stadium, about six miles from the Bellevue. Ergo, what is sometimes termed in high diplomatic circles a contretemps, developed.

The special finally reached the stadium, however, with Ye Editor alighting with three pieces of luggage, no red caps and a severe case of the jitters. After spending a priceless half hour trying to get the Bellevue via a temporary pay station, without even getting central, hailed a decrepit taxi and ordered the yegg on the front seat to step on it, until Broad street was in sight. Yes, we would pay the costs if a highway cop should be called in to adjudicate.

It was one of these unofficial taxis, a large, decrepit Packard, with a taximeter hooked on which did not work.

Well, Army-Navy football games only come once a year,—and Republican conventions only once in four,—so we didn't begrudge the driver's insistence upon charging all the traffic would bear. We got where we wanted to go, and only had to run the final two blocks of it.

Yes, we reached the Bellevue only 45 minutes late and not only met the young lady, but Eleanor Roosevelt alias "Lady Luck." For we had been able to get only one ticket to the game, the plan being to let the member of the family who had