



BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET
**Brainy 'Possum Hound Outwits
Sequatchie County Jewel Thief**

By BILLY ROSE

A few days ago I got the following letter from a Mr. Jake Withers of Sequatchie county, Tennessee:

Dear Mister Billy Rose,
In some recent issues of the Nashville Tennessean I noticed the columns you wrote about educated animals—dogs that could add and subtract, and horses that could figure out cube roots—and so I figured you might be interested in hearing about the smartest four-legged critter in the history of Sequatchie county.

To begin at the beginning, there's a truck farmer down here by the name of Lem Albright who owns a "possum hound which is as black as the inside of a tar barrel. Lem calls him "Einstein" and, to hear Lem tell it, the dog has more brains than a passel of professors—and after what happened the other night at our smoked-ham supper and square dance, most everyone in Sequatchie is inclined to agree.
Here's what happened:



Billy Rose

A COUPLE of weeks ago, Mrs. Will Purdy's mother, who lived across the line in Grundy county, passed away, and when the family gathered for the divvying up, Will's wife got a gold brooch set with eight diamonds, three of them genuine. Needless to say, she wore the brooch to the smoked-ham supper and square dance, and needless to recount, it got more attention than a team-of-four with their tails trimmed.

Everything went smooth as molasses at the social until right in the middle of a "swing your partner" when Mrs. Purdy let out a screech and fainted dead away. And when they brought her around, she began hollering for someone to lock the doors because her brooch had been stolen from right off her chest.

Fortunately, our sheriff was on hand, and after he banged the lid of the piano to get people quiet he said, "Don't nobody leave this room. I hate to say it, but there's a low-down, thievin' crook in our midst, and I'm a-goin' to search every man-jack until I find Mrs. Purdy's brooch."

"Sheriff," said Lem Albright, "I don't think that'll hardly be necessary. My hound Einstein, as you know, is the best-behaved ani-

mal in Sequatchie county, but the one thing he can't abide is to have a thief scratch his belly. So, sure as shootin', the minute he feels the fingernails of the fella we're after, he'll start in to yowl, and we'll have the thief in no time a-tall."

SOME OF US began to laugh, but the sheriff took Lem to aside, talked to him a minute, and then banged the piano lid again.

"I don't rightly know whether Lem's notion is going to work," he said, "but there ain't no harm in givin' it a try. I'm goin' to ask him to take Einstein in the next room, and then I want all of you to get in single file and come in one at a time and scratch the hound's belly."

Everybody, including the jidders, did as told, and sure enough, 20 minutes later the sheriff pointed at a farmhand as he came out from seeing the hound and said, "It worked, like Jake said—there's the criminal."

When the man was grabbed and searched, the brooch was found in his pocket, and so, on top of a smoked-ham supper and square dance, there was a running-out-of-town party to top off the evening. And all in all, it was easily the most successful social in a long while.

Next day, when Lem was interviewed by the editor of our paper, he didn't brag much about his hound. "To tell the truth," he said, "the sheriff and me, we wasn't too sure Einstein could spot the criminal, so we helped out a mite. I rubbed a little soot from the stove on the hound's underside, and every time anyone came out of the room the sheriff looked at his hands. The first person with clean hands figured to be our man, because the thief was a cinch to make believe he was scratchin' Einstein without really touchin' his belly a-tall."

Yours truly,
Jake Withers.

The Bumbling Blather of McCarthy

The irresponsibility of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy is astounding—not only in his serious accusations but in protecting his own credibility.

Senator McCarthy has announced for some time that his case against Owen Lattimore—in fact his whole case against the state department—would stand or fall on one key witness. He has now named Louis Budenz, former managing editor of the Communist Daily Worker, who quit the party some five years ago, joined the Catholic church and became a lecturer at Fordham university.

Budenz is quoted as saying, "I have not seen Senator McCarthy in my whole life. I have never talked to him. I don't know him."

That a man in a high position of a senator would make accusations against the state department and others and base his reputation on second or third-hand rumors without checking up on them is almost beyond belief.

Budenz does know about the Communist party and its workings in America. He has been vigorous in his denunciation of the party and has offered his services for the government to uncover agents, and has testified in several instances. Budenz' knowledge does make good "fishing",

but McCarthy has gone far beyond the "fishing" stage.

To date, the whole thing has been an unfortunate mess, highlighted by McCarthy's irresponsibility and incompetence. There may be "secret agents" in the state department, but McCarthy has made it much more difficult ever to spot them, and by his smears he has not only injured the effectiveness of the department but discouraged competent persons from entering the service.

McCarthy has rendered a dis-service to his country by his bumbling blathering on a problem that needs competent investigation and evaluation. Oregon Journal.

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Why Be Afraid

Have you ever been afraid? Certainly fear is the one emotion that is not coveted. Psychologists have termed it as one of the major disruptive forces in life.

To be sure it would take no great amount of persuasion to convince anyone that fear is a hard master. And yet we continue to let him reign.

Men are no longer men, and women have lost the strength of their character when fear takes the controls of their lives. How much greater the tragedy when fear controls a community. The ink is hardly dry on history's pages that remind us of dictatorships that gained their very power from fear. We need not travel such a distance, however, to record similar cases in fear's great kingdom.

Whenever citizens are afraid to speak their convictions and beliefs because of possible pressure from certain groups we have lost our freedom. If you are of the belief that community improvements should be made speak your belief. If your concern is over the welfare of your children, express your concern. If your convictions are in harmony that the community should operate the community then for goodness sake stand for your convictions.

If such a stand removes your name from the "400" then affiliation with such a group is not worth your time. Such a remark implies simply this: fear has and will wear many disguises. The call to the citizens again is: Why Be Afraid?

Roses To You

In case you like a variety in your garden, here are some roses.

For whom you ask? I'm thinking especially of the people who attempt to better the community for our young people. The thought of some type of recreational center for our young people is not a new one and people who have made contributions in the past must take their share of the flowers.

When the city council and school board recently made their suggestions to set such a plan in operation they too fell in line for their share of praise.

It behooves every citizen that has any interest in tomorrow to investigate the possibility of a place where our young people will find clean and wholesome recreation. A place that would be designed and maintained for them.

If the old grade school would best answer that purpose then everyone should certainly enter into the movement with all the support they could give. If such an expenditure would be a poor investment, then the call will be to join forces to raise a new building for tomorrow's citizens.

Whenever a community has an interest in the young people, they have an interest in the safest investment in the world. Again we say, "Roses to those who have made and will make a contribution to the welfare of our young people."

Speed Takes Toll

One of the sorriest symbols of our times is America's automobile accident record.

The summing up for 1949 has just reached us from The Travelers Insurance companies who each year publish an almanac of crash data. Of all the facts about auto accidents in their booklet, the most significant, it seems to us, is this:

More than 400,000 casualties in 1949 were the direct result of speeding. One out of every three Americans who lost their lives in last year's wrecks were killed because someone was driving too fast.

Speed has been causing a greater percentage of accidents year after year. In 1949, speed was a greater factor in traffic casualties than at any time in history.

Traffic laws and law enforcement are part of the answer. Engineering will help some. But with perfect roads and perfect police work, the man behind the wheel can still exceed the limit if he wants to or if he isn't thinking.

Keep this in mind when you drive. Stay within speed limits and KEEP YOUR CAR'S BRAKES IN PERFECT MECHANICAL CONDITION and you'll be doing your full part in a crusade to reduce automobile accidents by one third.

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|--|----------------|
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| RICE, M. J. B. Brown or California White, 2 lb. pkg. | .29 |
| OVEN BAKED BEANS, R & W, 28 oz. tin | .25 |
| BROWN BREAD, R & W, 1 lb. tin | .19 |
| CRISCO, 3 lb. tin | .79 |
| PEACHES, R & W, Fancy, sliced or halves, 2 1/2 | .27 |
| LIBBY'S CORNED BEEF, 12 oz. tin | .39 |
| TOMATO HOT SAUCE, R & W, 8 oz. tin | .05 |
| CATSUP, HUNT'S or DENNISON'S, 14 oz. bottle | .15 |
| MARASCHINO CHERRIES, 4 oz. bottle | .15 |
| KITCHEN KLEANSER | .05 |
| ASPARAGUS, Fresh Medium, 2 lb. jar | .33 |
| CELERY HEARTS, Bunch | .23 |

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DETROIT

By MRS. J. A. WRIGHT

Easter Sunday was a beautiful day adding to the success of the egg hunt sponsored here by the Eagles lodge and auxiliary. About 150 children joined in the fun. Hunts were conducted at both the grade and high schools and several prizes given. Later ice cream and cookies were served.

Mr. and Mrs. John Estey spent Saturday and Sunday at the Willard Booker home in Holley. Norman Booker was also a guest of his parents from Camp Stoveman, Calif., where he is now stationed after recently re-enlisting with the army for a three-year period. He served with the army in Germany during the last war. On the way home the Esteyes stopped at the Bud Ellis ranch at Seio.

Mrs. Jenny Thompson, mother of Mrs. Ray Johnson has been ill for the last 10 days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wright expect to be at the Marion Motel, Salem, at least until April 18 where Joe is recovering from major surgery, performed by Dr. R. P. Andersen of Stayton, at Salem Memorial hospital on April 4. He was dismissed from the hospital on the 11th. His condition is fair.

FRIENDS AT DETROIT

I wish to gratefully acknowledge and thank you for your kind expression of sympathy.
MRS. FRANK WILSON

**LITTLE ILLS
MAKE
BIG BILLS!**

• True, that "little illaers" you've been mentioning in an offhand way, may not seem to amount to much—just a few faint symptoms. But, neglected, these "little ill" can lead to big bills for doctors, medicines, etc; not to mention needless suffering and loss of precious time. Consult a Doctor now—you'll save by it in the end. And, of course, we hope you'll bring his prescription to us for careful compounding.

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IT COULD HAPPEN IN AMERICA

Would you like to live in a socialistic America? Most Americans would not. But there's a real danger that they will whether they want to or not.

The experience in England demonstrates that the main road to socialism is government ownership and control of important businesses and professions. The electric light and power business is one sought to be taken over by government. Other types of businesses will follow one by one, as they have in England, if the people do not call a halt to this process all along the line.

Most of the people who speak for more government control over American life don't want a socialistic nation. They have other reasons for government control.

But when government, moving step by step, controls enough things, they'll have a socialist government whether they want it or not. Then, instead of individual freedoms, they'll have government control, not only of business but of churches, schools, homes—their whole lives.

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