

## MARKTOWN ON THE PARTY LINE

Well, as I live and breathe! Have you seen Mike Shea in his new bathing suit? What a treat girls—the line forms to the right, please!

Ruth Cornell is in Pittsburgh where she has had an operation performed. We hope by the time this Bulletin is issued, Ruth will be back in Marks

fully recovered and her own jolly self again.

We manage to have at least one Blessed Event a month. The honor this time goes to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burque of Oak Street, who have announced the arrival of a baby girl.

If you know a good way to remove rust in a hurry, please notify Smitty. The poor chap has been trying for three years to remove the rust on his car. Our only suggestion, Smitty, is to scrap it, or sell it to some museum.

Roy Cornell is the super-umpire. He is so good he can call the play while the ball is half-way between the pitcher's mound and home plate. What an umpire! ! !

The dictionary says:—"Ant"—A small social hymenopterous insect or wasp. We Marktowners don't agree. Our definition is:—"Ants"—Pests! ! ! They may be social but not as far as we are concerned. Who has the best and quickest remedy?

Bicycles to the right of us, bicycles to the left of us, bicycles sneaking up behind us—I still believe we have more dogs in town than bicycles and there are between 25 or 30 bikes.

We sometimes wonder which baseball team Jack (Tarzan) Osman really belongs to because he seems to play every time there is a game.

There is one thing about these Summer nights, (provided it isn't too hot), one can always be put to sleep with music from at least three different programs. If we lived any closer together, we would be one big (happy?) family.

Marion and Hazel Corrigan, of St. Paul, have been visiting Mrs. Walter

Hunt, of Spring Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Keith, of Grove Street, had a birthday party for their daughter, Nita, who was five years old July 28th. Twenty-four guests attended the party.

Mary Gertrude Mitchell and her sister, Martha, of Johnstown, Pa., have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. C. M. Stewart, of Prospect Street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gibbs, of Grove Street, have returned home after spending two weeks in Birmingham, Alabama.

Some of the young girls in Mark would be perfectly willing to become acquainted with the chap who is living at the Mark Hotel and drives a Packard—so we hear.



Well, folks, presenting the Johnson Twins, Rita and Ross. Who wouldn't be proud of them?



This young lady is the daughter of Ken Winegard, Main Office. Patty is only five years young, but can she dance?



Elois Caryl Hough, aged four, daughter of Mrs. Hazel Hough, formerly Hazel Hart, of the Inspection Department but now working in the Tin Mill Office.

## MARKTOWN

### On The Party Line

Around 8 A. M. if you hear something that sounds like a huge circus wagon r'iding on cobble stones, don't get excited because it will be the antiter pushing that "Noiseless" wheel harrow down your street. Have a Hart-Man—and oil that contraction or else get a rubber tire for it. Peace and quiet we must have—Oh Yeah!

George (ia) Southern stood the gaff pretty well when he was discovered at a baseball game with clothes pins protruding from his hip pockets. He would have been everybody's pal if he would have had something else on his hip.



Little Nancy Helen Scott, daughter of Forrest Scott, Second Helper in the Open Hearth. This picture was taken when Nancy Helen was five months old.



Who would ever think that the cute little fellow could grow to be such a cute big fellow? Guess!!!! None other than Walter (Dutch) Holland, opera...



Someone told Mike Gormak he looked like Tarzan, so he donned a bathing suit.



Now that Smitty is spending his spare time cycling around Marks, his friends fear he never will have time to learn how to play pinocle.

On July 25th, we were inexpressibly shocked by the sudden passing of our Heater Foreman, Joe Schlossman. His death was caused by the terrific heat and occurred within a few hours of his leaving the plant at four o'clock. He had been a member of the Coke Plant force ever since is beginning and as a consequence was well known, not only in his own department, but in others as well. His only son, Leon, is also an employee of the Coke Plant and to Leon and Mrs. Schlossman we extend our deepest sympathy.



## MARKTOWN ON THE PARTY LINE

The Subdivision was quite thrilled when Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson announced the arrival of their twins, Rita and Ross. Was George ever proud—it's a good thing the facial muscles are elastic, otherwise I'm afraid our George would have been disfigured, ear from ear.

Mr. Donaldson must have a vivid imagination to mistake a tumbleweed for a man.

Mrs. Reed is thinking quite seriously of starting a nudist colony in Michigan and if she does, Mrs. McArdie, Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Southern will be charter members.

Anyone wishing some lawn fertilizer, please leave your orders at the Subdivision Office. Bert, our painter and plaster, has this business as a sideline.

The chimney on the apartment building was raised a few feet several years ago to protect tenants against invasion from the stork, but you can't fool that wise old bird because he made his entry double sure when he left the Johnson twins. Are you going to add a couple more feet to that

chimney, Mr. Hartman? If you do, look out for triplets next time.

We wish there was some way of letting tourists driving through Marks know what they are missing if they do not stop and enjoy the delicious meals served by Mrs. McGilla.

Bill Wall, Chet Huff and Harry Hiska have mentally thumbed their noses at Old Man Depression and bought new cars.

"Smitty" surely would appreciate it if someone would teach George Taylor how to play pinochle.

We wonder if Ken Moore is still going around the golf course in 65.

Have you noticed that Mr. and Mrs. McGeath have gone to live with the aristocracy on Riley Road?

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Luther spent a week at Waupaca, Wis., visiting Mr. Luther's grandfather who has been seriously ill.

Harold Nelson, the would-be lion tamer, has gone in for rats in a big way. The other night he caught nine rats on Lilac and Grove Streets. Rats to you, Harold!

Just what are the true facts about Harold McGuire's automobile wreck? There have been so many different versions that we really don't know whether it actually happened to Harold or to two other fellows.

Another home town boy has made good. Bob Duerr, our full-fledged lawyer, has opened an office in the Harbor. Good luck and lots of success, Bob.

We are glad to see Dickie Holland out at play again. Dickie was a mighty sick little fellow for several weeks.

If Al Danner doesn't soon get his bonus check from Pennsylvania, we fear he will have apoplexy or else murder his mailman. Patience, Al, all



*This, folks, is "Fire Chief" Jim Bruner, of the Mark Site Junior Fire Department. Jim, in case you haven't already recognized him, is Bill Cannon's ambitious young grandson. Bill is No. 2 Farnace Fireman. Well, Jim, there's a lot of money in some "Fire Chief" jobs these days. Keep it up!*



*This is a snapshot of Shirley Luedke, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Luedke, of Marktown.*

Mr. Ira Deiotte positively insists that he owns the one and only car. He claims it will do anything but talk and he has hopes of overcoming that drawback soon. He is working on a radio set which he will apply on the "one and only" car so as to enable it to talk.

P. S.—Mr. Deiotte is noted for his broad experience in the radio line.



**On the Party Line**

Don't be indignant or alarmed if you feel a hot breath against your neck over in the grandstand at the ball games these evenings—it will only be one of the numerous dogs from Marktown who have gone base-ball-minded. Between the dogs and the kids to distract our attention, we manage to see about every third play.

During the recent strike threat on June 15th someone turned the street lights on Prospect Street on for the first time in several years and the day after the flurry was over the same kind soul came and removed them again. We just wonder what kind of a threat we people on Pros-

pect Street might think up that would make the turning on of those two lights permanent.

If Pry's dog continues to collect stones, they ought to be able to build themselves a field stone house one of these fine days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Donaldson had a real swell party June 23rd. The neighbors who weren't invited seemed to have as much fun as the ones who were invited—so we heard!

We are all glad to hear that Mrs. John Morgan is well again, after her long and extremely painful illness.

We are also glad to see Mrs. H. E. Boyd back in town again and feeling better.

About the nearest thing to a sieve is Charlie Carroll's car in a rain-storm.

Mrs. Nick Radovich, 505 Grove Street, has returned home from a visit in Tulsa, Okla.

The stork has put in his appearance again. This time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Griffin, where he left a baby boy, June 13th.

Are we surprised at Ella Weh-meyer going in for milk to such an extent that it is a source of embarrassment to the various tavern keepers throughout the Calumet District.

Poor Mrs. Lane can't even make a bid in pinochle with a hundred aces in her hand.

We wonder why Bob Hanrahan doesn't play ball with his electrical team. Is it because of the excess baggage you are carrying around, or is it because you can't take the raspberries when you strike out, Bob? Or is it that you would rather sit back and chew that huge wad of tobacco?

So Harold MacGuire had to have Cy Higgins tow in his new Ford. Alibi, Harold?

Can you imagine Catherine Holzbach, who wants to acquire a slim girlish figure, going down to Tommy's and ordering a pie with two large scoops of ice cream? Some will power, eh!

John Trainer could give us some of the Marktown chatter, if he only



*Three guesses who this little fellow is. You are wrong—it is our up and coming politician, Larry Hunt!*



*This is Jerry Jackson Conrad, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Conrad of Spring Street.*



*The pride and joy of Margaret and Horace Winegar, none other than Janice, age 5.*



## MARKTOWN ON THE PARTY LINE

On March 24th, forty-six of the young people held a party at the schoolhouse, the large number being due to the fact that refreshments were being served. Comments heard since the party seem to indicate that Frances Hiers and Dick Dougherty are "that way" about each other.

The Tap Dancing Club composed of Dorothy Hunt, Rita Mae Mullally, Dorothy Nolan, Julia Stewart and Betty Hunt hold a social meeting every Friday night at their respective homes.

After an accident to his car, Charlie Edwards took it to a garage for repairs and upon hearing the cost of the damages had a terrific rush of words to the mouth, and such words! The poor garage man was agast but finally got a few words in which practically floored our Mr. Edwards. He said, "Say, you talk just like a barber!"

If Catherine Holabach keeps on doing the Carioca, she won't have to worry about excess weight; she can shake it off.

In athletics they say once out of the sport you can never come back. Well, that certainly doesn't hold good when it comes to the families who move out of Mark—because they DO come back. We natives know what the attraction is, too, don't we?

Who is the young lady carrying pies to Mr. Ossman?

It will soon be time for Fred Galloway to start tearing up the baseball field practicing his iron shots.

On March 28th Larry Morphis was visited by his fiancée, Miss Flavin Martin of Nashville, Ten. Bet there were plenty of the neighbors standing behind their curtained windows.

The two Marktown reporters accidentally walked into the formation of a new club at the Fellows' home March 28th. This club is composed of young ladies around the age of 15. They chose as their name "The Crazy Eight" and from the din emitting from the parlor, we thought the name very appropriate.

We don't mind a heavy snow so much when a big election is due in the Spring. How the City cleaned our streets off this last snow is just something to take our breath away. Oh well, a vote is a vote and who's afraid of a big bad snow plough.

Betty Luther entertained the "Etta-Ket Club" at her home March 28th.

The P. T. A. held a card party at the School April 11th.

We hope that the people who criticized the officers of the PTA during the past year were out to elect their choice for the coming year. If you ever want to be put on the pan, just hold an office in the PTA.

The height of dignity is Andy McCann peddling his son's bicycle to and from the Harbor with the daily groceries. Wonder when the next six-day bicycle man is?



Three of Marktown's local boys who are now working at the steel plant. Left to right — Boy Shy, George White and Tommy Weir.

Ira Diette came into the office yesterday looking very pale. He said his tongue felt like an old paint brush. He said he licked \$25.00 worth of trading stamps and pasted them in a book for his wife. Every time Ira looks at that new electric iron, or whatever she gets for those stamps, he'll have a bad taste in his mouth.

Pete Classen made another addition to his machine shop at home. He's going to buy a new electric ice box; he already has a new radio. I guess we'll have to get him a card in the electricians union.

A surprise party was given in honor of Florence Hiers on March 8th, at her home, 421 Lilac Street, Marks, in honor of her Birthday. Bunco was played with Jane Morrow winning first prize, second prize being won by Gladys Ried. A lovely lunch was served and Miss Hiers was the recipient of many beautiful gifts.

Archie Wilson, our Ace Mixer operator, has been studying chemistry lately and is now experimenting with a certain mixture, of which Graphite is one of its ingredients, and if used as a Shampoo for a certain length of time will restore hair on a bald spot. Any one interested please get in touch with Archie.

Lester Sayger visited in Chicago recently. He found a new cure for colds and it isn't crab-apple juice.

The latest reason "why girls leave home". Frank Pinsak and the Cord—or the Cord and Frank.



## MARK TOWN ON THE PARTY LINE

Mrs. Ira Stead has gone back East to visit for six weeks. Hope Ira doesn't get too lonesome.

Feggy Luther is recovering nicely from her appendicitis operation.

Now that house cleaning time is here again, it wouldn't be a bad idea to return the books you borrowed from your neighbors during the Winter.

We wonder who had the crust to throw the empty tin cans in the vacant lot on Spruce Street.

The stork will be flying over Mark during May with several blessed events.

If new cars are an indication that the depression is over, well, it is ancient history to some of our natives.

Well, well, well, Spinks have another baby!

The Subdivision has had Mary Gildersleeve and Johnnie Hall married off and on for quite some time but this tip is correct—Johnnie and Mary are going to tie the knot in June.

We wonder if there isn't some way to make the children understand that the flowers growing in Mark are not growing there for the sole purpose of being destroyed by them. Perhaps if every child had a little flower garden of his own he would develop the admirable trait of preserving instead of the spiteful one of destroying that which does not belong to him.

Miss Alice Haro, one of our local girls, who is a student nurse at St. Catherine's Hospital, has been seriously ill for the past few weeks. We hope by the time this Bulletin comes out that Alice is well on the road to recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Setty celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary, April 25th. They entertained forty guests.

Annabel Higgins had a pleasant birthday party April 27th.

It must be wonderful to be able to sleep as soundly as the Donalson's.

Mary Gildersleeve was given a miscellaneous shagger May 1st.

One of the big mysteries of Mark is what Lawrence Roberts, of Grove Street, finds to amuse himself for days at a time in his basement.

Bet Shorty Rohl did some celebrating when he became a Grandpa.

I want to take this opportunity to thank the Commissary and Janitor Departments for their kind expressions of sympathy at the recent death of my mother.

(Signed) F. H. Schmidt

### IN MEMORIAM

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy and consolation to Mr. Fred Schmidt, for the loss of his mother, who passed



James Canan Braver, age 4, son of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Braver. Isn't he a cute youngster?



Phyllis Hartman at the age of 4. Phyllis is a young lady now and an accomplished pianist.



Dickie and Bee, the pride and joy of Chas. McArde, of the Testing Department. Dickie looks as though he could take care of a few boats down at his Grandpa's Ore Docks.



Our own Johnnie Muldoon



This is Harold Wilson, Marktown's star hockey player. Harold is captain of the Whiting Macks.



Tommy Hazel and Dick Joyce in 1925.

Understand Walter Campbell was quite a dirt farmer last year, too. How goes it this year, Walter?



## MARKTOWN ON THE PARTY LINE

### Let There Be Light

Between the dark and the daylight,  
Among the Marktown bowers,  
Comes a time in the days occupation  
That are known as our darkest hours.

They turned off all of our street lights  
Out here in the townsite of Mark,  
And left all the good Marktown people  
To go stumbling around in the dark.

The tourist riding by on a journey  
Between Whiting and the Harbor will  
say.

"I wonder what big graveyard this is.  
With Tombstones so big and so gray?"

It is good old Marktown they're  
passing  
Away out there in the night,  
With its big gray concrete houses  
And never a sign of a light.

There is a verse in the Bible,  
Where the Lord said "LET THERE  
BE LIGHT",

But the Lord does not run East  
Chicago,  
So we're still in darkness tonight.

Bob Hiers.

If Mayor Lewis expects to swing  
the votes in Mark next Spring, he had  
better see that our street lights are  
turned on so we can see his platform.

Mrs. John Trainor has returned to  
her home on Spring Street, after  
spending quite some time in Lima,  
Ohio. Mrs. Trainor was quite ill with  
Pleurisy while in Lima.

### "Famous Questions We Hear"

Catherine Holtzbach: Do you think  
I'm getting any fatter?

Bess Luther: Do you know any  
dirt?

Windy Paulson: Do you think we  
are going to have a war with Japan?

Milly Holland: Did I tell you that?

Mrs. White: Did you hear about???

### "ALWAYS BELITTLE"

\* People who hunt for rottenness in  
others, generally use that as a mask  
to hide themselves.

If the passing cars don't soon stop  
dropping into our fountain unexpect-  
edly, we are going to charge them  
for parking.

Hubert Vax certainly is a pal to  
Eddie Fritz, our handy man. It  
doesn't matter what time of the night  
or morning Hubert picks Eddie up he  
never asks him where he has been.  
He doesn't have to—wise boy, he  
knows the answer and so do we. Are  
you suffering from insomnia, Eddie?

We haven't discovered yet whether  
all the celebrating in Marktown New  
Year's Eve was to help forget all the  
troubles of 1933 or to brace them-  
selves for the plunge into another  
year.

## "WOULDN'T WE BE SURPRISED"

—If Cy Higgins wore spats, a derby  
and carried a cane?

—If we went out some night and  
found the street lights on?

—If Walter "Dutch" Holland won a  
prize for being the smallest man in  
town?

—If Mr. White was really and truly  
kidnapped sometime?

—If we ever got a bargain at the  
People's Drugstore?

—If George Johnson couldn't think of  
a snappy comeback?

—If Charlie Stewart would ever for-  
get his corn-cob pipe?

—If Hartman would have the vacant  
lots flooded when it was cold enough  
for the water to freeze?

—If everyone had a good word to say  
for his neighbor?

—If license plates could be purchased  
at Goldblatt's?

## BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Scott, of  
Marks, are the proud parents of a 7½  
lb. baby girl. Nancy Helen was born  
10:30 a. m. Friday, January 19, 1934,  
at St. Margaret's Hospital, Hammond,  
Ind. Forrest is a third helper at  
the O. H. We extend our congratu-  
lations and are glad to hear that  
everyone is getting along very nicely.

## IN MEMORIAM

The Boys in the Tube Mills  
were shocked by the news that  
their Old Friend and Fellow  
Worker "Jack" Patton had pas-  
sed away suddenly. Jack had  
been laid up since New Year's  
day when, in an accident, he  
fractured his leg. While his  
brother Joe and a friend were  
visiting him at his bedside, he  
suddenly slumped over with a  
heart attack from which he  
never recovered. Employees of  
the Campbell Works Tube Mills  
will remember Jack as the ge-  
nial furnace welder who trans-  
ferred to the Harbor Tube Mills  
in 1924. We shall always re-  
member Jack as a confirmed op-  
timist, a happy-go-lucky chap  
who never complained and  
laughed often.



## MARKTOWN ON THE PARTY LINE

Every Friday night the young people chaperoned by one or more of the parents hold a dance at the school house. This is a splendid idea as it gives the youngsters at least one night of diversion a week and creates a social atmosphere among them. We hope the whole Subdivision can see the advantage of this and not try to interfere with it.

If you ever want to make an appointment with Mildred Holland, you had better make it with her mother to insure her turning up at the correct time. Poor Milly is suffering from a case of "Forgetitis".

One night Walter Wagner joined a club known as "The Dogs" and the next morning he discovered he had someone else's socks. In fact, they were so full of holes Heinie couldn't find enough sock to cover his own dogs. Some club—it certainly sounds doggy.

The Girl Scouts held a card party at the school house February 23rd, sponsored by Esther Hardwick and Velma Clark, who have charge of Troop 9. The scouts did their good deed by trusting the home folks to pay for their tickets the day after the card party, which was payday. Which goes to prove that if you don't want to be a good scout don't have any social affairs a day or two before payday because you'll simply have to trust your friends and neighbors.

We wish some of the folks would get a few cats for a change; since we have to be kept awake by the dogs at night we might just as well have a little variety in our nocturnal chorus.

Some towns may have their tag days but Mark has its tag months—February, March and April during which time one may see our front and back doors decorated with the brightly hued placards denoting that old demon disease is in our midst again for its Spring visit.

One of the prize souvenirs of the World's Fair belongs to our local grocer, George Johnson. It is a feather which George snatched from Sally Rand's fan. Drop into the store sometime and hear the details which are certainly worth listening to. He might even show you the feather.

Alice White is recovering nicely from her appendicitis operation.

Comic valentines were conspicuous by their absence this year. Milly Holland didn't get her usual one about an old maid and Jess Stewart didn't get one about a gum chewer. What's the matter Cy and Heinie—losing your sense of humor?

Nelda Macguire, one of our prominent younger set, had a delightful party February 17th.

Valentine's Day was also Rosemary Wagner's birthday and she was given a very pleasant surprise party. We can just hear Rosie, when she realized she was having a party, say to her 'old brother' — "Abolish yourself, Junior!"

Depend on Margaret Winegar to do the unusual. When she entertained her club recently, after an evening of bridge, she took them to the "Duck-Ins" at the Harbor for a chicken dinner.

Eleven of the Girl Scouts from Troop 9 spent the week end of January 20th at their Winter Camp at the Dunes.

When it comes to ballroom dancing, you should see Andy McCann and Agnes Larson do their stuff.

Emerson Penny, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pennv. has been confined to his home with Scarlet Fever.

We are all glad to hear that Mrs. L. C. Nolan, of Prospect Street, has returned to her home from the sanitarium, where she has regained her health. Good luck and Good Health, Mrs. Nolan.

We're swamped with inquiries about Mr. Chuck Crossman's new tax service. The Blast Furnace Walkathon Fans want to know if he is going to operate a bus service to and from the Walkathon.

Chuck Crossman requested that we run this ad.

Wanted: 1 pair of slightly used leggings, 1 money changer and a good second hand taxicab meter.

We have more butchering news from Byron Boyd—He shoots his swine while they're asleep now. Small potatoes—we call it, Byron.

Chas Carroll, of the Testing Dept., fell into an ore pile and re-colored his corduroy pants.

Nate Sewell is casting covetous eyes on the concrete font on the Village Green of the Marks Subdivision. He wants it for a bird bath but it will have to be delivered to his back yard and set up.

Mack Wallace is quite concerned about the foreign invasion in his neighborhood. Five chinks starting a miniature farm are the reason for the Manchurian aspect.

The wife and two daughters of Ralph Stormer, Coke Plant electrical foreman, were injured while alighting from a street car recently. We extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Jim Mackin was struck by a street car and injured while on his way to work. We don't know who got the worst of the deal, but Jim lost three days and the street car was in the barn for two weeks. You call the winner.



How many of you remember this young lady? She is Dorothy Muldoon, daughter, of "Doc" Humphrey of the Yard Department, who, several years ago, worked in the Main Office. These are her lovely daughters, Patricia Anne, eight months old, and Carol Jean, four years old.



Someone sent in a picture of Worth Kinkade and his little daughter with no comments attached. We are not going to make any except to say that the child is cute.





I'm looking right smack at you, folks,  
Says Bert Smith with expression.  
This was some job, let me tell you  
And to me was some lesson.

I fussed around with this and that,  
My suit it needed pressing,  
I couldn't find my Sunday hat,  
My necktie, had me guessing.

I started out to shine my shoes,  
And found we had no dressing,  
Now what on earth was I to do  
These problems had me guessing

Well, finally the jobs were done  
And I felt quite at ease,  
Until that picture man stepped up and  
said,  
"Just watch the birdie, please."



Do you remember away back when real  
football was played? If you don't remem-  
ber the name of Kenneth Winegard in  
the All-American line up, you probably  
have forgotten those receiving honorable  
mention. If you are wondering how he  
kept those white stockings clean, don't  
forget that Penn State had a scrub team.



These two boys, Larry Hunt and Fred  
Galloway, started out one fine day, back  
in 1925, to hunt Indians out at Lake Eliza.  
Now, your first guess is wrong, they had  
no fire water, and didn't find the Indians.  
But to get even they crowned themselves  
and that's better than being scalped.



This is Ira Dieotte of the Electrical  
Department.



These two huskies belong to Fred Jay  
and Fred Galloway—Dick Jay on the left  
and Bob Galloway on the right. From all  
appearances they should be able to stand  
up and take everything that comes along.

## CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas  
tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree  
and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree  
and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand  
solemn and white,  
Christmas where corn fields stand  
sunny and bright  
Christmas where children are hope-  
ful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient  
and gray,  
Christmas where peace like a dove  
in his flight  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick  
of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas  
tonight!

## NO STOCKINGS TO WEAR

A little boy in our street, I will not  
tell his name,  
Goes barefoot, though a rich man's  
son—now isn't that a shame?

He says he hasn't got a single stock-  
ing left to wear,  
And yet, last week his mamma bought  
him half a dozen pair.

And the silk ones grandma sent him  
for his best—that makes two  
more;  
And there were five or six, at least,  
that he had long before,

Then why does he go barefoot?—  
you'll laugh, I know you will—  
He has hung up all his stockings for  
Santa Claus to fill.

## SHAME MEN—SHAME

I just hate men, yet, they take  
me everywhere, to parties, to  
dances, to roadhouses.

After they get me all lit up,  
they press and squeeze me  
And lift me to their lips.

They drag the life out of me,  
they get all the enjoyment the  
cab,  
And then they throw me aside.

Many times the police get ahold of  
me,  
And bring me to the station,  
And there I am treated no better.

Why should they call me all kinds of  
names,  
It seems that I am in  
Everybody's mouth.

I will burn them, even though  
I am just a CIGARETTE.

## MY WIFE

She touches up her hair,  
She touches up her hair,  
She touches up her face,  
Her folderols and lace;  
She touches up her thumbnails,  
Her fingers, one two three;  
She touches up her dimples—  
And then she touches me!



ON THE PARTY LINE

Say, folks, if you haven't any use for your old papers or rags save them and the Boy Scouts will collect them every two weeks. They are doing this in order to buy equipment for their camp next summer.

We wish someone would invent knuckle protectors so that when we turn the back door knobs we won't leave our skin attached to the door frame.

About the most low-down trick of the month was the stealing of Rosemary Wagner's graduation pictures from the Wagner car while parked on Michigan Avenue in the Harbor.

Excitement reigned supreme December 27th, when Evon Homer's house caught fire. Bet all the new Christmas hankies will be initiated by the curious ones who stood around half clothed.

The Christmas party for the children at the Mark Hotel was one of the best parties that has ever been given for the youngsters. The committee is certainly to be congratulated.

Slim Brock of the restaurant gave the old town a treat by turning out to the card party at the hotel.

The girls, Ida, Fern, Loretta and Winnie still hold their hot pinochle parties every week and how these girls do play for the prize. Your deal!

If you don't know where your husband is, try dropping in at the little store at the foot of the viaduct. Business is picking up—who'll treat next?

Wedding Bells drowned out the jingle bells during December. Emerson Bell and Betsy Slusser took the fatal leap followed by Eleanor Helgren and John Heim.

If East Chicago continues to keep us in the dark we are going to have a charge of the Light Brigade. Something has to be done about this light situation!

George White had his car stolen December 22nd, while shopping in the loop. The car was returned the 27th minus a spare tire and all the packages the boys had placed in the car.

Herman Miller of the Machine Shop bowled a 675 total in a three game series the night of December 12th. More power to you, Herman, that's cuttin' down the mahogany. Course, guess Neiman would say he beat that back in Monessen, Pa., once. That's the town where Neiman says "Dead Center" Green walked a tight-rope with a cook-stove on his back.

Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Heidrick spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. Heidrick's sister at Monticello, Indiana.

Mr. John Young is back after a few days vacation at Apollo, Pennsylvania, where he visited with his mother, during Christmas.

A fine boy arrived December 22nd to say "Merry Christmas" to his proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam DeArmond. Mr. DeArmond is from the Inspection. He also has two other lovely youngsters. Donald, age 9—Jeanette, 7. Mrs. DeArmond and son are doing nicely.

Ed. Slusser and son, Buck Lawrence and brother, Jim, went down to Buck's father's farm to hunt rabbits. Slusser said the grass was knee deep, that the rabbits were so plentiful that when they jumped you could only see the little white spot under their ears. Were they running backwards, Ed? Well, the boys came back with four rabbits and only used five boxes of shells. Sam Kessler says he is going next time and show these boys how to bring them back alive.

The following girls attended a dance at the Trianon on December 14th: Florence Hiers, Esther White, Lucille Patricia, Dorothy Morrow, Marie Such, and Marie Primich. All had a nice time.

Nick Novosel has hired our Pete Classen to build partitions in that sight seeing bus he is going to buy.

Keep your eye on Tommy Small. He will be coming out next spring with his own Baseball Nine.



"Fat" Brown in a playful moment.



The Plymouth Twins  
Ralph Stormer and Al Murray—low calm and collective men—never known to go to pieces, but their cars, well! Ralph has had a little differential trouble, while Al's has been body trouble. Watch these men jerge ahead—on a Shore Line Bus.