

MARKTOWN—On the Party Line

By Jessie Stewart

Condolences

Our deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Al Kelley, whose sister died December 27. Mrs. Kelley has taken her deceased sister's three children to raise.

Also to Mrs. Guy Robey do we extend deepest sympathy for the loss of her father, who died unexpectedly January 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hazel are proud to announce the birth of a baby boy January 10. The baby has been named John Ryan. Congratulations and then some!

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barnett of Prospect Street are the proud parents of a baby girl born January 16. This young lady has been named Sandra Lee. Congratulations!

We are delighted to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Art Moore are rapidly recovering from their siege of pneumonia. Loads of good health is our wish to you both, Daisy and Art.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. H. E. Boyd is still seriously ill.

If you are interested in buying a canary, please call on Mr. and Mrs. George Hart of 3012 Oak Street. The

house isn't hard to find, as you can hear the canaries from the street. Fifty well trained singers are for sale.

We can't figure out whether Johnnie Muldoon is trying to add insult to injury or not by his 1937 calendar. With all the dogs already in the Subdivision, Johnnie's calendar has a picture of a different dog for each month. At least we can be sure that there will not be more than twelve dogs in each house where these calendars are. We only wish we could be as sure of the live mongrels.



Three of Marktown's popular young people—LeRoy, Rita and Jimmy Mullally.



Our genial Hot Mill Millwrights, Ed. Frazier and Mrs. Frazier. Ed must have caught Mrs. in one of her weak moments, for we cannot understand how she could have ever said "yes", knowing Ed as well as we do.



The shick of the Payroll about eight years ago. Step up and take a look, girls; what nice wavy hair and such a grand smile. Well, if it isn't Howard Vezev, the Ping Pong Champ.



Billie Wall and Marty Marcovich, a fast stepping little team of tappers, who entertained at the Black Plate party held at the Geneva House.

MARKTOWN

By Jessie Stewart

The 24 cub scouts of Marks entertained a record-breaking attendance at the P.-T.A. meeting on Feb. 10. The program lasted an hour and consisted of a one-act play entitled "The Haunted House," songs, recitations, musical solos, minstrels and an Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy sketch. The concluding number was a short talk on "Cubbing" by J. F. Thompson, President of the Boy Scout Council.

This same program was lengthened somewhat with a few necessary changes made and presented again for all the residents of Marks on Feb. 18. The admission was a Smile and really we never realized before how many smiling faces there are in our little town. The Cubs are progressing rapidly and marvelously under the leadership of Cubmaster, Fred Paulsen.

We wish to compliment Mrs. Harry Draine and her able assistant, Fred Paulsen, on the arranging and directing of these clever programs.

A very successful dance, including barn and ballroom dancing, was held at the Scout Hut in Riley Park on Feb. 26 for the Cubs. The gathering was enormous and everyone had an enjoyable evening. The Cub Mothers, who sponsored this dance, wish to thank you for your grand cooperation.

John Gallagher of Emporia, Pa., is spending several months in town visiting his daughter, Mrs. Ira Stodd.

The ingenuity of some people is amazing. Now take Frank Dempsey; why, what that fellow can accomplish with a hot water bottle is just nobody's business.

Our sympathy is extended to Denver Sasser, whose mother died recently. We are also sorry to see a Scarlet Fever sign on the Sasser door.

The officers elected for the Dramatic Club are Paul Rogers, president; Bell Donaldson, vice president; and Louis Brownley, secretary-treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stoop of 409 Prospect St. are happy to announce the arrival of a baby girl Feb. 25. Congratulations!

Beverly Barnett of Prospect St. entertained 15 of her little friends on her fifth birthday, Feb. 5.

The fellow who pulls on the oars doesn't have time to rock the boat.



This is the family group of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bardsley. Their son, Richard—top row, extreme right—has left for Texas in a house trailer in a final effort to regain his health. Rich had been an employee of the Company for many years, serving in the Yard Department as a foreman, and in the Open Hearth as a Helper and just recently a foreman. During his employ here he made many friends and his being totally disabled has been keenly felt by those who knew and admired him. Mrs. Bardsley accompanied Dick on the trip. Our sincere wish is that he will regain his health and return to his many friends.



Going a little Spanish are Clarence Sinton, Glendora, Paulene and Bill Fischer.



This smiling youngster is two-year-old Lawrence Lee Wier, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wier of Marktown.



irby

Leo B. Heimert

LEO B. HEIMERT

Leo has been with the Company 26 years. He is a clerk in the Social Security Department. He was graduated from Mayville High School in 1911 and entered the employ of the Mayville Iron Company in October of the same year. Leo served with the 18th Machine Gun Battalion, Company D, 6th Division, during the World War and was over seas 10 months. He was transferred to South Chicago Works in 1920 and to Indiana Harbor Works in 1923. Leo lives at 513 Spring St., East Chicago, and is the father of two children, Carol Jean and Robert. His favorite sport is bowling and his hobby is reading. He likes to read geographies, histories and biographies.

WASHINGTON

Washington stands among the greatest men of human history, and those in the same rank with him are very few. Whether measured by what he did, or what he was, or by the effect of his work upon the history of mankind, in every aspect he is entitled to the place he holds among the greatest of his race.—Henry Cabot Lodge.

LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was at home and welcome with the humblest and possessed a spirit and a practical vein in the time of terror that commanded the admiration of the wisest. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

What this country needs now more than anything else is fewer bills passed and more bills paid.



The man shown here on the 1915 model bicycle is Eddie Fassor, Stripper Crane-man in the Bessemer Dept. This picture was taken when Ed was a crane foreman at the American Steel Foundry about 24 years ago.

YOUR LITTLE WIFE

Who plans to make your future bright?
Your little wife!
Who cooks to tempt your appetite?
Your little wife!
Who tells her women friends that you
Are one grand husband through and through?
Who's the best girl you ever knew?
Your little wife!
Who pats your cheeks when you get home?
Your little wife!
Who smooths the thin hair on your dome?
Your little wife!
Who looks at you, her brown eyes clear,
And snuggling to you, extra near,
Says, "This is pay-day, ain't it, dear?"
Your little wife!



This baby-buggy-pushing dog is the pet of Clara Dowell. The dog's name is "Tippie" and on occasions causes Clara quite some trouble. There is a nice little doghouse on the front lawn at Clara's home in the Subdivision, and we couldn't learn whether the doghouse was for the pup or the boy friend. Anyway Tippie is shown above in an unusual snapshot.

It Is Hard

To forget
To forgive
To apologize
To take advice
To admit error
To be unselfish
To save money
To be charitable
To avoid mistakes
To be considerate
To keep out of the rut
To make the best of little things
To shoulder blame
To keep your temper at all times
To begin all over again
To maintain a high standard
To keep on keeping on
To think first and act afterwards

But It Pays

AN ANCIENT PRAYER

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;
Give us all in th' struggle and splutter
Our daily bread and a bit o' butter;
Give us health, our keep to make
An' a bit to spare for poor folks' sake;
Give us sense, for we're some of us duffers,
An' a heart to feel for all that suffers;
Give us, too, a bit of a song.

An' a tale, and a book to help us along,
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove how grief's a blesmin'.
Give us, Lord, a chance to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise and free,
Our goodly best for ourself, and others,
Till all men learn to live as brothers.
(This prayer was found on the wall of an old inn in Lancashire, England.)

Harry Calloway and his fiancee have set the date and the place: June 17, Presbyterian Church, Indiana Harbor. Harry says the event is to have all the pomp and circumstance befitting such an occasion. We should have a big story for our next issue.

We understand William Canan, Foreman at No. 2 Furnace, is recovering from his recent accident rapidly and will report back to work very soon.

AL LUTHER IS EXPERT ON ACTION PICTURES

When it comes to taking action pictures, Al Luther, South Chicago Coke Plant employee and a resident of the Subdivision, is right on the job.

Through his camera lens, Al has brought many excellent photographs to readers of The BULLY. Many of the activities of the Subdivision residents have been photographed by Al.



Howard Miller sewing a run for the Mark Triangle Soft Ball Team.

The accompanying photo shows an action shot of Howard Miller scoring a run for the Mark Triangle Club Softball Team at the Subdivision playground.

Al spends considerable time at his photographic hobby. He is a member of Whiting and East Chicago Camera Clubs. At the annual Spring Exhibit of the Camera Club of Whiting held at the Community Center, Al was awarded second prize. His pictures were displayed in the window of Barker's Furniture Store in the Harbor and Miller's Restaurant in East Chicago by the East Chicago Camera Club.

Al does all his own developing and printing and is so adept that he can take clouds from one negative and put them on another and if there are telephone poles which he considers objectionable, when the picture is developed the poles aren't there. Where they go is a mystery—or an art.



"The Smith Brothers"

Howard, age 8; Thomas, age 7; Alfred, age 5. These are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Smith of Mark sub-division.



With warm weather here and school classes forgotten, children in the Subdivision are having fun all day long. Above are some photos showing their activities. Upper photos show a hot baseball game in progress at the Subdivision playground. In the center left photo are Sandra and Bobby Boyd together with Billy Dale Snyder and Clifford Barrett, taking it easy on the front lawn. Next photo shows Paul Dewey, Bud Diotte and Bob Hiers "cutting up" while Paul tries to cut the grass. Cooling their feet in the lower left photo are Francis and Marguerite Griffin, while Debra Stack, Pinky Stack, and Clyde Taylor look on. The other photo shows a group of tennis players who paused from their game long enough to look into the camera lens.

YOUR BOY

Got to understand the lad,
He's not eager to be bad;
If the right he always knew,
He would be as old as you.
Were he now exceeding wise,
He'd be just about your size.
When he does things that annoy,
Don't forget he's just a boy.

Could he know and understand,
He would need no guiding hand;
But he's young and hasn't learned,
How life's corners must be turned.
Doesn't know from day to day
There is more in life than play;
More to face than selfish joy,
Don't forget he's just a boy.

Being just a boy, he'll do
Much you will not want him to;
He'll be careless of his ways,
Have his disobedient days,
Willful, wild, and headstrong too,
Sometimes he'll exasperate you,
Things of value he'll destroy,
But reflect he's just a boy.

Just a boy who needs a friend,
Patient, kindly to the end;
Needs a father who will show
Him the things he wants to know;
Take him with you when you
walk,
Listen when he wants to talk,
His companionship enjoy,
Don't forget he's just a boy.

Pretty soon there will be plenty of space in the parking lots—if you have anything to park.

The automotive industry is producing the equivalent in value of 15 million automobiles a year

Fred Donnersberger did not howl quite as loud as usual. Reason? Wife and daughter were present. Chas. Chester will no longer be remembered as the "General". He acquired the name of "daddykins" at the party. Isn't that the nuts tho? Herman Miller and A. Johnson were singing Swedish songs.

The Tale of "E"

E—Said to be the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger, and in hell all the time. All of which is true. Still, it is never in war, always in peace, and always in something to eat. It is at the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease, and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no heaven. It is the center of home-life, and always in love. It is the beginning of encouragement and endeavor, and the end of failure.

By Jessie Stewart

The Mark Triangle Club held a successful Card Party on Saturday, April 1. A good time was had by all. There was a nice selection of prizes, one for each table, also a grand prize for highest score. This was the third victory for the Triangle Club, and much credit should be given to the splendid cooperation of the members.

Mrs. Victor Williams of Broad St. wishes to thank her many friends and neighbors who made her weeks of being a shut-in, due to an automobile accident, so very pleasant by their visits and courtesies.

Beatrice Reid's engagement to Harley Ohlfs was announced March 18 at a party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Loyce of Gary, Ind. Bea is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clem Reid of Mark. Mr. Ohlfs is the son of Mrs. Dora Ohlfs of Ladysmith, Wis., and is employed at the U. S. Steel, Gary.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Omer Glass who celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary May 8.

And to Viola Poskin and Al Pollack, who were married May 29, we extend our very best wishes with the hope that they, too, will celebrate their 25th anniversary 25 years from now.

We are glad to see Albert Morris back to work again after his sick spell.

We sincerely hope that Andrew Smith, William Canan and Clarence Klosky will soon be home from St. Catherine's Hospital and well on the road to recovery.

Also best wishes for a speedy return of health to Mrs. Herman Miller who underwent a major operation at St. Margaret's Hospital in Hammond during April. We are all pulling for you, Ann.

Thelma Dye entertained a group of friends and playmates at a party on her twelfth birthday, April 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Van Dervort wish to take this opportunity to sincerely thank their friends and neighbors for the very kind and thoughtful expressions of sympathy extended to them at the time of the death of Mrs. Sophia Scott, grandmother of Mrs. Van Dervort.

To our friends and neighbors, we wish to acknowledge with grateful appreciation your many kindnesses and invaluable assistance during the time of our recent bereavement.—Mrs. Small and Children.

Mrs. Gene Fortney of Steubenville, Ohio, sister of Mrs. Alfred Van Dervort, is in town for a several months' visit.

IN MEMORIAM

Steve Martinov

Steve Martinov has gone. Yes, that was his name, "Steve," and he discouraged any attempt to make it "Stephen." He passed away at 6:30 p.m. on Thursday, April 20. Steve had been ill for several months.

To say that Steve is and will be missed is but a part of it. There was more than that. He was a man of sterling qualities; adored by his family, loved by his friends. He enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his employers and the respect of all who knew him for what he was. To quote from the immortal Ingersoll, "There was, there is, no manlier manly man."



Steve Martinov

Born in Serbia 57 years ago, Steve came to this country as a young man, quickly acquired citizenship and was an exemplary American citizen. He was devoted to his church and the Serbian Society, St. George No. 104.

Steve had served as Captain of Police for the Company 22 years and was always "on the job." His consideration for those in trouble was proverbial but always with a keen consideration of the sense of justice.

He leaves his widow, Bertha, a stepson, Clifford Grody of Hammond; a stepdaughter, Mrs. Dorothy Sadler, of southern Indiana; two daughters, Mrs. Mary Moore and Miss Anna Martinov, and a son, Steve, Jr., of Hammond.

ENCOURAGEMENT

If times are hard, and
You feel blue, think
Of the others worrying, too;
Just because your
Trials are many, don't
Think the rest of us
Haven't any. Life is made
Up of Smiles and Tears,
Joys and Sorrows, mixed with
Fears; and though to us
It seems one-sided, trouble
Is pretty well divided.
If we could look in every
Heart, we'd find that
Each one has its part, and
Those who travel
Fortune's road sometimes
Carry the biggest load.

—Anon.

Albert J. Pollack, of the Tube Mills, and Viola Poskin, of East Chicago, obtained a wedding license at Crown Point during the week of April 17. What burns us up is the fact that Al did not report this to us personally. He would have put one over on us if it hadn't been for the fact that one of our "special news hunters" (no, Junior, they do not resemble head hunters) noticed it in the local newspaper.

Mr. Pollack, shame on you—double shame—to think that you would have the heart to withhold from the BULLETIN a newsworthy bit of news such as this. However, Mr. Pollack, in order to show you that we hold no hard feelings because of your willing neglect, we want to congratulate you and wish you and the "boss-to-be" all the luck and happiness possible.

Upon checking up on this information, it was disclosed by Mr. Pollack that definite wedding plans have not been made. Perhaps, by the time this is in print, Al and Viola will be "settling down" to a quiet married life. We would be very pleased to receive a picture of you two lucky people.

Jim Cooney, our 85-year-old Car Repair Foreman, is to be envied because of the exciting experiences he has had. His life has not lacked adventure and excitement, for he can recall the last days of the Indiana, post-Civil War days, the Chicago Fire, and other interesting experiences.

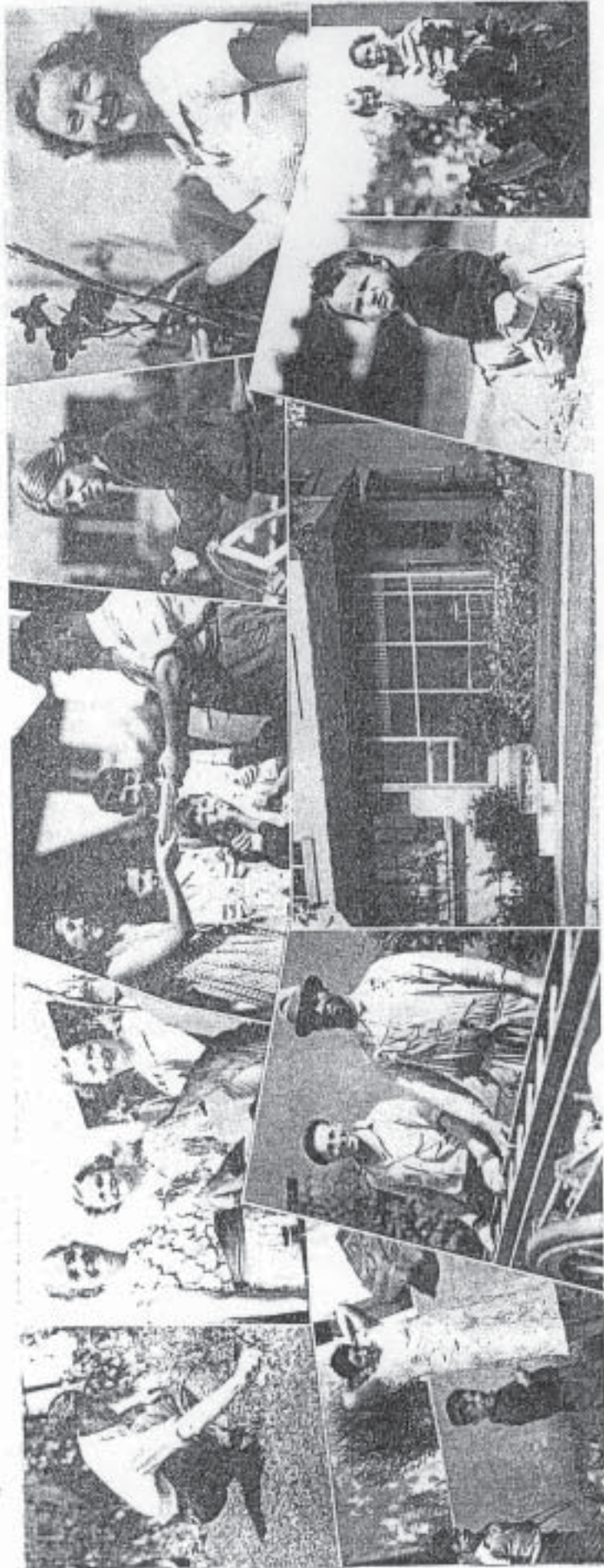
One of his experiences took place during the years of 1896 and 1900. For 18 months during this time, Jim and a friend were in Alaska in the Klondike country, looking for gold. Their travels took them along the Yukon River from Dawson City to within a short distance of the Bering Straits.

Jim said that ever since that time he has not been able to look a salmon in the face, for, due to the condition of the ice in the river, it became necessary to live wholly on salmon until the ice went out, making it possible to cross the river safely.

I don't doubt that, even though they found only \$60 or \$70 worth of gold nuggets, they enjoyed every minute of their thrilling experiences.

Chas. McArdle has the steady job of a guide for all visitors to our plant. Recently he had an occasion to conduct several of the fair sex and a few weeks later they again asked to be conducted by the same individual. We wonder what it is that brings them back.

"The World," Dwight Morrow once wrote to his son, "is divided into people who do things and people who get the credit. Try, if you can, to belong to the first class. There's far less competition."—Harold Nicolson in "Dwight Morrow."



When it's Springtime or Summer in the Subdivision, here are some of the scenes you may see. These pictures were taken by Photographer Walter Baris. Upper left is Allen Curtis cultivating the flowers in the beautiful garden at his home, 401 Lila St. Lillian St. Allen's hobby is caring for his flowers. Next is Mrs. Jones Gray, her daughter—Mrs. William Taylor, and Mrs. Leo Krasse advising the canoe hires at their home. Mrs. Taylor lives in Jonesboro, Tenn., and was visiting her mother when this picture was taken. The man in the next photo is Raymond Baker, a dairy salesman, distributing his products. Children in the group are Harold, Clyde, Jean and Betty Small, Donna Fellows, who is quite a bicycle fan, is shown in the next photo. On the right is a closeup of Mrs. Leo Krasse advising her flowers. My, my, Mrs. Krasse, what did the photographer do to draw a smile like that! Lower photo on the left shows Mrs. Edvard Loftus just trying to tidy up a bit before the cameraman took her picture, but Mrs. Loftus was about thirty seconds too late. Melvin Blad and Eddie Fritz, Building Maintenance men at the Teconville, are in the next photo. The home pictured is that of Rex Simpkins, Tin Mill employee, who prides the flowers around his home. The girl in the snapshot is Judith Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson. She stews to be put out with the cameraman because he interrupted her play. In the next photo are Mrs. Hugh Bell and her granddaughter, Marion Jean, who plays center field for Indiana Harbor Works Baseball Team.

MARKTOWN

By Jessie Stewart

Words seem futile at a time like this, but to each of the three bereaved families, whose homes were invaded by death in March, the entire Subdivision extend to you our deepest sympathy:—

Anne Draine, five year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Draine of Riley Road, who died March 7 after a very short illness.

Mrs. Edward Vasser of Liberty St., who died in St. Catherine's Hospital March 19, after a long and serious illness.

Mr. Thos. Small of Oak Ave., who died very unexpectedly at his home March 25.

Betty Ann Burd entertained 22 guests at her birthday party March 25. Betty Ann was nine years old.

The sale of cookies by the Girl Scouts and Brownies March 25 was very successful.

Why not come out in the street and ride your bicycle "La Bess" where all can witness your mastery of the two-wheeler—or is the concrete too hard in case of a forced landing?

March winds and shifting sand—a forerunner of what we may expect this summer unless something is done about it. Too bad, after all the care and attention the lawns received the last couple years.

To our neighbors and friends, we wish to acknowledge with grateful appreciation your very kind and thoughtful expression of sympathy.—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Draine and Family.

Fire Inspector George Boyd and Anna Davis slipped away recently and were married. The happy couple are staying with his mother and sister in the Subdivision while they are looking for suitable quarters for themselves. We wish them a long and happy life.

Captain Steve Martinov went to the hospital again for a few days' observation, but we are happy to announce he is again back on the job. Steve says he is going to eat whether the doctors want him to or not; he's plum tired of living on dry bread and lettuce without salt. Most anyone would be.

DID YOU KNOW—

The annual cost of medical care for all the people in the United States is estimated at \$3,477,000,000 and the average loss from illness at one billion dollars.

In an average 2½ hour moving picture, the eye sees 200,000 separate pictures.

The human heart moves 1500 gallons of blood a day.

Broadly speaking, the two great causes of dishonesty are ignorance and selfishness.

Man can get along without food for 64 days, without water

IN MEMORIAM

Jerry Mongeon

Employees of the Indiana Harbor Works were grieved over the passing of Jerry Mongeon, Accounting Dept. Weighmaster, who died March 21, at St. Margaret's Hospital after a long illness.

He was born in Winoski, Vt., and received his education at Anson, Maine, where he lived many years. He came to this region in 1922 and took a position with the Company as a timekeeper in the Accounting Dept. Since that time he has served as a weighmaster in many other departments of the plant.

He leaves a host of sorrowful friends as he possessed the valuable trait of being able to make and keep good friends. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth, a son, Earland, and two daughters, Marjorie and Geraldine.



Here is a happy family. Mabel Nolan has a reason for being proud of her son, Bill, and daughter, Dorothy.

THE GOLDEN RULE

Now Safety First is the Golden Rule

We didn't learn that back in school,
But here where danger reigns supreme
Let Safety First be our only theme.

A simple slip, a month in bed
Ten months more to get ahead,
Never able to get things that you need
'Cause the Golden Rule was not your creed.

The Billet Yard ranks high in fame
It's first because, there, they play the game,
Knowing their job and doing it fast
Where one mistake might be their last.

Swinging chains and shifting steel
Laughed at dangers that are real
Ugly gashes and scratches small
These, too, can take their costly toll.

But nimble feet and simple sense
Make accidents unusual events
In the Billet Yard, that modern school

My Husband Took Me Through the Mill

By An Employee's Wife

What makes a steel mill, here to there

Ore, coal, coke and air.
That's just the start as you will see

I've had it all explained to me.
My husband took me through the mill

And somethings I remember still;
Just push a little button here
And then make haste, get in the clear.

Loads of red dirt from mines afar
Are dumped into great bins
And also coke and limestone,
What a tale, my poor head spins.

Red dirt and all the other things
Go up in little cars,
They dump it at the furnace tops
Which seems to reach the stars.

They tap a furnace over there
And out a red hot river flows,
The kettles catch it at the brink
I catch it on my face and nose.

We'll follow to the open hearth
He says, and so we chase
The little locomotive puff,
Kettles follow at a merry pace.

Those kettles fill a mixer,
He points out with a glow,
A mixer means one thing to me—
A place to knead the dough.

The mixer turns, the kettles fill
And out again they go;
A line of giant cooking stoves
They fill and stoke and stow.

To the back of the cook stoves
now we go
To see what happens there;
And what we see when the cooking's done

Is a rabbit fiend's nightmare.
Cranes clang madly in the air,
Hooks move up and down
Hot steel pours into kettles there
And I'm done to a brown.

The crane lifts up the kettles
And then into the moulds they pour,
They sizzle and shoot golden sparks
As I run from that floor.

Pit furnaces are next, says he
As the locomotives smoke
They pull the moulds from red hot cakes
And put 'em in to soak.

Then they go to the blooming mill
And do they work them there,
Back and forth, up and down.
Noise to make a preacher swear.

Whistles, bells, the hiss of steam,
I still of mighty engines dream;
And every time I stir the soup
Those steel mills knock me for a loop.

Then to the finishing mills we go
Bars and sheets and pipe
The sheets are nice and shiny
With a duster need no swipe,
They're galvanizing over there

He says, and all is briny,
They dip things in a box and then
They come out bright and shiny.
I think of kettles of hot steel,
Big vats of acid and boy I feel
If I stirred pots of stuff like that
I wouldn't be so big and fat.

87

Walter Bourque, who recently underwent an operation, is getting along fine. He will probably be back to work again when this is seen by the public.



You'll see this group of employees in the Tin Mill Warehouse and Shipping Office at most any time. Their safety record is 1007 days without a lost time accident as of March 31, 1939. Back row, left to right—N. Hansen, M. Potis, J. Kwiatki, E. Robinson, J. Malecki, H. Nichols, W. Roth, A. Krull. Second row, left to right—S. Roltowicz, G. Fata, K. Iversen, J. Dienes, A. PavCleave, J. Rokas, C. Forwald, S. Veda. Front row, left to right—D. Ellinwood, F. Hale, G. Reed, Lois Wood, Bertha Clark, Gladys Key, F. Collins, W. Pieske, M. Veda.

WHY DO I LIVE?

I live for those who love me;
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hope left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The nobles of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season—
By gifted minds foretold—
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,

To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,

THE MAN INSIDE

There's a man inside of the man
that you are,
And he's bigger than you, yes,
bigger by far;
And he's checking you up in every
way,
And for each transgression he
makes you pay;
And for each good deed he will
pay to you
A reward far beyond the price
that is due.
So be good to him and respect
this man,
Believe in his judgment, nor
fear his ban.

There's a man inside of the man
that you are;
If you listen to him you will
travel far;
So listen and heed; don't be a
fool.
And do what you do by the
Golden Rule,
And build the man as you would
a ship,
Sturdy and true for life's serv-
ice trip;
And trust him well, he's your
compass and guide,
And ever respond to the man
inside.
—Jamie Heron

THE NEEDED LITTLE

A little more of friendship and
a little less of sneering;
A little more of trusting and a
little less of doubt;
A little more of cheering and a
little less of jeering,
And we'd have more contentment
and less to fret about.

A little more of sharing and a
little less of grasping;
A little more of loving and a
little less of hate;
A little less of bickering and
voices harshly rasping,
And we should all be stronger
when the need for strength
is great.

A little more of charity and less
of selfish dealing;
A little more of willingness an-
other's need to see;
A little more of wisdom, both of
knowing and of feeling,
And life would be the joyous
thing it really ought to be.

Food for Thought

The cheapest, stupidest and
easiest thing to do—Finding
fault.

The greatest trouble maker—
One who talks too much.

The greatest stumbling block
—Egotism.

The most ridiculous asset—
—Pride.

The cleverest man—One who

always does what he thinks is
right.

The most dangerous person—
The liar.

The most disagreeable person—
The complainer.

The meanest feeling of which
any human being is capable—
Feeling bad at another's success.

The greatest puzzle—Life.

The greatest thought—God.

The greatest thing, bar none, in
all the world—Love.

And it was Lincoln who put into words the American method of doing things, a method that has made us the most productive nation on the face of the earth. He said:

"Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

It is also appropriate this month, and particularly in these times, to quote the thoughts of Abraham Lincoln, as portrayed in his Presidential message of December 3, 1861:

"There is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in these States, a few years back in their lives, were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beginner in the world, labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just, and generous, and prosperous system, which opens the way to all—gives hope to all, and consequent energy, and progress, and improvement of condition to all.

"No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost."

And while we pause to consider the American principles for which these two great Presidents stood, we recall the immortal words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:

"Four score and seven years ago our father brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The principles Washington and Lincoln stood for remain as effective and important today as ever. It is this—not the mere fact that two great men were born in a single month—that we should remember.

MARKTOWN On the Party Line

By Jessie Stewart

A very successful dance was held by the Triangle Club on Feb. 11.

"Slim" Boyd finally got his call through to "Bryant 709"—he and Annie were married Feb. 21. Best wishes!

Dorothy Poskin had a Surprise Party on her 12th birthday, Feb. 25.

Mrs. Thomas Small and family wish to take this opportunity to sincerely thank their friends and neighbors for the help extended to them during the recent illness of Mr. Small. We are glad to report that Mr. Small is home and doing very nicely.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Lee Wier, whose mother died Feb. 20 at age 97 in New Castle, Pa.

Sick List

Margaret (Tootie) Bruner is confined in St. Catherine's Hospital with pneumonia. Also Ralph Fellows in St. Catherine's with pneumonia. Mrs. Fick is home recuperating after being in the hospital. Mrs. William Herr, Frank Hazel, and Mrs. Andy Holzbach are also recovering from recent illnesses. Joanne Krieter has diphtheria and is quarantined at home.

The long awaited Branch Library is going over splendidly, and we extend our thanks to the P. T. A. for this accomplishment. Now, when do we get the sub-station?

The "Brownies", a group of small girls not yet old enough to join the Girl Scouts, has been organized with Mrs. Ken Wingard and Mrs. Chester Huff in charge.

The Girl Scouts gave a repeat performance of their play at the March meeting of the P. T. A.

Jim Wilson, is still climbing steel at the Tin Mill, looking for bum rivets, and things. Watch your step Jim, you're not as young as you "uster be."

DID YOU KNOW?

That only 10 per cent of every gallon of gasoline is actually used in the forward motion of an automobile?

The human heart performs one-third the total work of the human body. Often the heart beats 2,800,000,000 times without a single stoppage?

Mount Ararat, on which Noah landed the Ark after the Great Flood, is now more than three miles above sea level?

Kangaroos, at birth, have small hind legs and large fore-legs?



The lion and the lamb weather legend, St. Patrick's Day, blustery wind and showers, Spring and all the other things for which the month of March is famous, are depicted in the above pen and ink sketch drawn by Eddie Schneck.



"Laugh and the world laughs with you" might be the title of this interesting candid camera snapshot. It shows Mrs. Laitinger and Mrs. Reid of Marktown. Maybe if we knew what they were laughing about, we would laugh, too.

A. A. Houchin, of 408 Tyler Ave., Gary, Ind., father of Mrs. Joseph Anton, of Marktown, passed away Feb. 12, at the age of 84. He came to this country from England 28 years ago, and worked in the Electrical Dept. of the Gary Mills. We wish to extend to Joseph and Mrs. Anton and the relatives, our sympathy in their loss.

When anything is free, one will see Crossman and Nieman on hand. They were in one of Hammond's department stores recently walking through the "Magic Eye". They walked through several times trying to win \$5 merchandise certificate; however, their efforts were futile.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sutton who were married recently. Lots of luck to both.

Yes, if some of the boys don't snap out of it, Miss Taylor has

The Tongue

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater horse,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."
The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue, an early death,"
Or sometimes take this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."
"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "Outstrips the steed."
While Arab sage does this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
From Hebrew wit the Maxim sprung,
"Though feet do slip, never let the tongue,"
The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue, does keep his soul."
—Author Unknown

In the early days of the Standard Oil Company, the late Mr. Rockefeller visited one of the refineries and stopped to watch the intricate machine that was soldering on the tops of the filled oil cans. Presently it developed that he was counting the drops of solder used by the machine on each can: 39 drops exactly.

Mr. Rockefeller inquired whether anybody had tested the adjustment of the machine to make sure exactly how much solder was needed. No, nobody had. Then and there a test was made. It was discovered that 37 drops were not quite enough, but that 38 drops would hold the can cover as securely as 39. That one drop of solder was worth to the Company some \$50,000 a year!