

EDITORIALS

Wool from Welks

It is reported from Rome, that a process has been patented by the Italian authorities for making wool from Welks, or at least for making a material that is regarded to have all the characteristics of wool. This is one more sign of the times, though hardly of better times, either for the welks, who will presumably lose more than its wool, or for the world at large, which has already as much wool as it can wear.

to his intention to the full-time job of putting his automobile over the roads again.

Just Anything Would Be Alright

So goes a plea for a little cheer from an impoverished home.

For many of us who have always had Christmas happiness and are looking forward to it this year, it is hard to realize that Christmas to millions will be only a day of disappointment and heartache.

More About Movies

We Americans are too good natured. Apparently we don't care which way a film points—forward or rear—so long as it is entertaining. The statement is made by Meyer Levin a movie reviewer.

Stop Light Signals

In trying to get from one side of the street to the other before the light shows red pedestrians must sometimes wonder how the length of the time signal is determined.

Open Your Hearts

This is the season of the year when extravagance becomes a virtue. Extravagant words, extravagant decorations, and extravagant generosity combine with love and selfishness to bring brightness to the holiday season.

Parade of the Sleds

Before there are any fatalities with the great white sleds sliding down hill into danger zones (nonsportsmen might rope certain streets where the children can slide to their heart's content).

Highway Distractions

The trained driver rarely moves his head when driving—he moves his eyes when necessary, but especially in heavy traffic his attention should ever be straight ahead.

Parade of the Sleds

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Even though it is not posted against public use any privately owned wild land area in northern Michigan operated as a shooting club or game preserve, may come under provisions of the Horton-Tripps law as long as it is frequented by even a single strand of wire.

The Road of the Transgressor

By NANCY RHODES

THE youngest reporter slumped in her Pullman chair and pulled the article she was writing, on crime from her bag. With the check that she hoped to bring from some out-of-state editor she planned to buy a new coat. Of course the article was still in its swaddling clothes, as it were.

She glanced around the car, hoping to spot a criminal type that would start the fount of inspiration bubbling. But the car was filled with the middle-aged ladies who looked as though they might be the past presidents of their local women's clubs.

"There are a good many wasted years behind us," he agreed pleasantly.

"Police is the dirtiest game in the world," stormed Mrs. Locke, pouncing angrily up and down her mauling and taupe living room, whose western windows overlooked the mill city of Mechanicsville.

"Deny it!" raged Mrs. Locke. "You can't deny a thing until you're openly accused, child. It would smack of a guilty conscience if you did and spread the tale any further."

"The way of the transgressor is hard," quoted the reporter bromidiatically. "Peter Hinman will be punished."

"The way of the transgressor is a bed of roses, compared with the lot of a woman who tries to get anywhere in Mechanicsville on a clean platform. Why let me tell you—"

LOCALS

George Middlewood was taken to Pontiac General Hospital on Saturday morning for the removal of his appendix. He is recovering nicely.

"We'll do this," began Mrs. Locke, her fat cheeks purpling with excitement as she laid her scheme. "There will be a parade of both parties in the city hall that night. Mrs. Locke and Peter Hinman would be on the stage with all their satellites. The hall would be filled at the psychological moment."

"Gosh," she moaned to herself, "here I am with 50 miles of a cinderly train ride ahead of me and an interview with a funny old woman who's running for mayor of a funny old town on a clean-up plank or platform, or whatever it is they run on. And I can't say boo to the only good looking person on the train simply because it is not conventional."

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Double-Eight Club enjoyed a dance at the West Point Park Community House on Thursday evening.

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bro-weeks visit in Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph DeVrient report brief visits with Mr. and Mrs. Pat Gaffney of Novi, who are wintering at their home in Naranja, and with Mr. and Mrs. Rue Van Every of Redford, who live at Crystal River.

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