

BAPTIST CHURCH NEWS

MACCABEE NEWS

There was a potluck luncheon held at the home of Mrs. Ruth Good on Chatham Avenue, on Friday, November 13, with six tables of Bunco following.

Mrs. Ila McDonald will be hostess at another luncheon on Friday, November 20, starting at 12:30 with Bunco to be played in the afternoon. All Maccabees and their friends are invited.

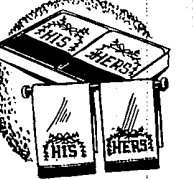
A regular meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Fred Becker on Thursday evening, November 12. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Goodfield of Randall Avenue on Monday evening, November 23. There will be a social hour following with games and refreshments.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Printed Table Cloths 59c - \$2.98 Table Cloths and 6 Napkins \$2.50

Small Luncheon Sets with 4 napkins \$1.69 - \$1.98 Linen Table Cloths \$12.95 Napkins to match, doz. \$12.00



A Nice Line of Fancy Towels Fred L. Cook & Co. Adolph Nacker

Items of Interest to WOMEN

THIS WEEK AT YOUR LIBRARY

HOURS: Wednesday—11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m.—3:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m. Saturday—2:00 p. m. to 9:00 p. m.

Landfall—A Channel Story—Newell Shute. Against the grim background of England at war, the romance of Jerry Chambers and Mona Stevens stands out like an unexpected spring day in the midst of a brutal winter.

Jerry is a flying officer in the R.A.F. and as the story opens, completely fed up with the routine of the coastal patrol off Portsmouth. At the hotel which is the hangout for the officers in the various services, he sees Mona. They are both young, both lonely, ingenious, innocent and groping.

It might have turned out to be just another wartime romance, but Jerry's job got him into serious trouble from which there seemed to be no escape and from which there might have been no escape if it hadn't been for the loyalty and wisdom of Mona Stevens.

A warm and heartwarming book. Arrive Tomorrow Rachel Field. In this book Rachel Field combines that nostalgia for the past, which lends new meaning to the present, with as heart-warming story as has ever been written. The story of Emily Blair, and the reconstruction of her life. The personal tragedy which befell her on the eve of her marriage to the young man with whom she had seen so passionately in love and known such unshared joys and sorrows. In the events that follow she learns what few people do—why people like her; those who remain loyal and those who desert when misfortune strikes.

She sees into the hearts of human beings and personal relationships. Rachel Field is also the author of "All This, and Heaven Too," "Time-Out of Mind," etc. "Nevada"—Zane Grey. One of those real Western thrillers that have made Zane Grey so popular with the young and old adults.

With the avenging of a woman's death, Jim Lacy had to "die" and "Nevada" was born. The mystery of his whereabouts, and the dazzling gallantry of those years form the heart of this exciting new romance.

Ben Ide and his family are saved from ruin through "Nevada's" efforts but his love for Hetty is turned to tragedy through his two accomplices, and in spite of himself he is once more an outlaw. The action, never letting up for a moment, sweeps over mountains, plains and deserts. This story of "Nevada's" fight to regain honor and happiness is one of Zane Grey's finest stories.

Mystery of the Mahteb—Lide and Johansen. A story of thirteenth-century Ethiopia, the Land of the Burnt-Face People. At that time the tribes were waiting for the sign of "that which was lost" to place once more the rightful line upon the throne of royal Axum.

Bronze-skinned Amlak, of noble blood but living in poverty, gave his promise to the dying Ras to seek for the sign, though only high priests knew its secret. With only faithful black Gages, he braves the fierce tribes, the desert's heat, the treachery of one-eyed Shefru and the danger of his mission becoming known. Amlak wondered what his future could be when buried alive deep in the tombs of the ancient kings. But there, beneath the dusty bones of the royal dead, Amlak finds, "that which was lost"—the sign he had taken oath to seek upon. How to use it now with the water nearby gone, the torch nearly out? How Amlak's fate and the

How To Relax and Sleep



Rest is all important in beauty care. Relax in a peaceful room and cover your eyes with cotton pads soaked in good quality witch hazel.

With more hot weather ahead and plenty of war work, which means added nerve strain, special attention must be given to resting the nerves. So get the most rest you can out of your sleep.

Here are a few useful hints:—Relax by wriggling your fingers and toes and rotating your head in a circular motion. —Splash yourself all over with good quality witch hazel and leave the skin moist. —Brush your hair back, cream your face and remove the excess

with witch hazel which acts as a mild astringent and tones the skin. —Be sure your sheets and pillow cases are smooth. A single pillow is best and helps keep the head and neck cool. —Have a bowl of ice cubes and separate cotton pads with good quality witch hazel, after chilling them on the ice cubes, and then place them over your eyes. —Lie quietly and relax completely and you'll drift quickly into sleep.

growth still alive belongs in the group. It is important that such plants are not smothered by a mulch which shuts out air, since this usually results in rotting. In such cases, corn stalks, evergreen boughs, pruned stems or even an upturned basket should be used as a mulch, anything that will shade out the sun and yet not smother the plant.

Plants, whose tops disappear entirely during the winter, may be mulched with leaves, straw or manure. But when plants are well established they do not need a mulch. It is when they are newly planted in fresh turned ground that the heaving action does the most damage. This is especially true of bulbs that have not been planted deep enough. After the plants are firmly established the roots will provide ample anchorage. A rule which should never be forgotten, is that you should apply mulches until the ground is well frozen.

A WORD TO THE WAVES Hello there—do you like to sit in a depot and watch the people around you? Is there that guy who really gets a reaction of life from the lowliest to the highest?

Where are they going to or coming from—what was or is their mission—happiness or sorrow? Those are some of the things I always wonder about. On the bench across from me is a little old lady, shabbily dressed and all alone. What fates have brought her down here? Is she waiting for someone or going to someone?

Down a little ways is a man, dressed in a uniform, with several friends to see her off. Her's must be a happy trip, there is no unhappiness on her face. But over there, sitting by themselves, are a young couple—husband and wife or sweetheart—he in uniform. Talking so earnestly, so many things to be said at the last minute—Be careful—I love you—I'll remember, be waiting—oh so many things.

There is an old man, looks forlorn and lonely, walking slowly and aimlessly, back and forth. Wonder what he is doing here? Down by the gates—alone or in groups—people waiting. Some being very noxious, making their goodbyes brief and happy. Others trying hard not to cry and a few openly giving way to their grief.

It is never pleasant at any time to say goodbye. But nowadays things move so swiftly that it's hard to tell what might happen before we clap the hand of that friend or loved one again. Morbid thoughts? I don't think so—just stark reality. As a rule the majority of people face facts as they are—though it does take a strong character. Withful thinking or avoiding issues never helps, although it's a trait we humans often fall back on. Living each day to its fullest is the best advice anyone can follow, in these uncertain times.

I wonder how many of you have

the same childish habit I have (a blessing because it's an escape and a curse, because it's an admission of childish behavior). When my parents are here I feel like a little girl again, they should

the responsibilities make the decisions and do the worrying—I'm free of care. But when they passed through that gate to the train that would take them 200 miles from me—I felt all alone, the weight of the world was on my shoulders. I was responsible again, I had to make the decisions.

But that feeling quickly passed away when I came home to my family—they needed me and were depending on me. I was glad to take up the reins again. Life must go on, there is never any turning back. The week-end my folks came down are glorious interludes—but it always takes me a few days to get over the empty feeling I have when they go home. Isn't it funny the loves a woman can have in her life—her parents, her husband, her children. None can take the others place.

Without a doubt a person who never cares very deeply for anyone or anything leads a more even-tempered life. They never know extreme happiness or sorrow. But to me those people have never really lived—they have just skinned the surface of life. Bye now.

THIS AND THAT—To some this weather is Indian Summer, others call it Squaw Winter. To me it's nothing more than an advanced showing of what Mother Nature will do about four months from now.

Peanuts are like sleep—the more you get, the more you want. Rev. Schultz, are you going to have Christmas music over your loud speaker this year? We need it this year.

Don't look now—but it's only five weeks till Christmas. Better get your lists made out. And your shopping done. The stores are really crowded and I mean really.

Surely the army isn't using all the stores? Haven't seen any in the rationing for weeks. Because it's those hoarders again.

Fruit cakes and Christmas Cookies are apt to suffer with the absence of rain and dates wonder how chopped up prunes would do?

Recent investigations indicate that there are 12 different types of nerve cells in the eye's retina.

Some 3,000 persons are burned to death in fires on American farms and in rural communities each year and the total loss runs to approximately \$20,000,000.

W.S.C.S. NOTES

The Women's Society of Christian Service held their regular meeting on Thursday, November 19, at the church. The luncheon at 1 o'clock was in charge of Mrs. Ralph Auten and Devotions were led by Mrs. Emma Damon. There was a lovely solo sung by Miss Ernestine Pierce. Reverend Howard Busching was speaker at the meeting with the subject being, "Stemming the Flood of Alcohol."

Members of the W.S.C.S. with Mrs. Burnett as chairman, served a dinner for the Rebeccas on Monday evening, November 16.

NUT BREAD COMPLETES THE HOLIDAY MEAL

No holiday meal is complete without Nut Bread. That's about the only time lots of us make it and it is a shame, because it is so nice to serve for luncheon or tea. Here is a recipe I always use, taken from my old school cook book.

- NUT BREAD 4 cups flour (1 use half white and half gramam) 4 tsp. baking powder 1 cup brown sugar 2 cups milk 1 egg—well beaten 1 cup chopped nuts Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk to beaten egg and combine mixture. Add nuts and beat thoroughly. Put into greased bread pans and let stand twenty minutes to rise. Bake in a moderate oven 45 to 60 minutes.

Potatoes The 1942 commercial early crop of Irish potatoes is estimated to be 48,753,000 bushels. A 15 per cent increase over the 1931-40 ten-year average of 42,393,000 bushels.

Mail to New Mexico in 1938 Daily mail service between New Mexico art centers points was established in 1938.



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TUES, WED, THURS.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE WITH THE R.A.F. MICHELE MORGAN PAUL HENREID Also Baby Face Morgan



BUY WAR BONDS

LET'S ALL FIGHT