

## EDITORIALS

**A PROUD FATHER**  
Appearing on this page under the headings of "Left Over From Last Week," and "Our Town" are two articles which more closely resemble columns. They are referred to as columns in that the writer is given free reign to write on his subject and as such oftentimes ends variety and diversification to a newspaper.

It is not unusual to find a publisher exerting his personal beliefs and opinions upon his readers to an extent which in our opinion makes for a one-sided and dull newspaper. For our money, we like a system of balance—a middle of the road attitude—if you wish. Occasions do arise when we slip in our objective and allow ourselves to be wafted away on a tangent.

Realizing this, we focus our Cyclopean eye on other sources of balancing wheels. For the most part, we have always been fortunate in uncovering youthful and promising writers, and the same applies to those who display their abilities along the mechanical side of a newspaper. We like to help them and they help us. Their ideas, and methods aid us in keeping our own thoughts in line.

Thus, our two columns appearing today are written by "newcomers" in journalism. Our friend Bill Spurgeon has penned the "Our Town," while the other writer prefers to remain anonymous for the present. Actually, it is a first attempt at writing, and in this sense we can understand the shyness and timidity. However, we think you will agree with us that "Left Over From Last Week" is new, different, refreshing, and embodies some possibilities.

We hope you will like these samplings, and we have our fingers crossed in hopes of getting these two writers to "give it another spin" in the near future.

Now, we've let you in on the secret of how a column is born.

## Left Over From Last Week...

OCTOBER . . . henpecked husbands dutifully hanging storm windows . . . small fry frolicking in piles of summer weary leaves . . . teen-agers heating long sticks from which project the aroma of a hot dog . . . middle-aged father attempting an end run with the kids in the vacant lot next door . . . gust of wind removes hat and dignity of the town's social leader . . . housewife digging up treasures but forlorn looking plants for winter hibernation . . . business men slanting the conversation in the direction of the frigid winter ahead . . . mighty trees in the height of their regal glory . . . small shrubs competing in various colors . . . Sunday motorists strolling leisurely along the highway before the nice weather flees . . . OCTOBER.

October is like 'opening night.' The summer dress rehearsal was fine and there was lots of work to be done. Now the big moment in all its colorful array has arrived. After the last leaf has received praise for its autumn costume and the critics have written their glowing accounts, the curtain of snowuckles come down until another season—another performance.

October is also like a little child. Just one more trick before bedtime, and so we have Halloween.

However, to other people and in other times, this month of October meant more than a colorful prelude to winter. It is on October 12 that we commemorate the discovery of America by Columbus in the year 1492. Just 300 years and one day later the cornerstone of the "White House" in

## LAFF OF THE WEEK



"Hey, I thought you and I made a gentleman's agreement last year!"

Washington, D. C., was laid. Such remarkable progress has always been and shall continue to be our proud heritage.

John Adams, who was destined to become the second president of the United States, was born in October. Our other presidents born in this month were Rutherford B. Hayes, Chester A. Arthur, and Theodore Roosevelt.

As it must to all, death came to some of our great citizens in this tenth month of the year. Many of us can remember October 18, 1931 when death claimed Thomas A. Edison at the age of 84. One of America's great authors of western adventures, Zane Grey, died at the age of 84 on October 23, 1939. The "Hopalong Cassidy" of yesterday, Tom Mix died on October 12, 1940.

On October 10, 1845, the Naval School was established at Fort Severn, Annapolis, Maryland. Five years later it was renamed the United States Naval Academy.

The great "Chicago Fire" making 98,500 homeless occurred October 8, 1871.

On October 17, 1933, Dr. Albert Einstein, refugee from Germany, arrived in the United States and settled in Princeton, New Jersey.

October 1, 1938, Nazi troops crossed the Czech border.

October 16, 1940 United States registered 17,000,000 for selective service.

October 13, 1953 Italy declared war on Germany.

Those were just a few of the many highlights of October in the past.

To others who are more poetically inclined, October furnished material for poems and stories. The pungent odor of the bonfires lingers after the twilight, and there is talk of weiner roasts and football games. The box office window is now open, the tickets are free, so let's enjoy the show!

On June,

And flowers of June together Ye cannot rival for one hour October's bright blue weather.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

(1831-1885).

On the brighter side — we have new construction on all sides of us — the new water tower in the south part of town.

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