

# The Black River Democrat

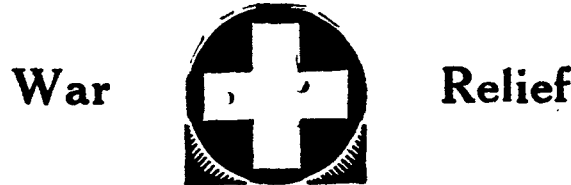
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1942

## RED CROSS



Have YOU Given?

## Editorial

### A DUTY AND A PRIVILEGE

One of the admirable qualities of the American public is warm-hearted generosity. There, in these trying times abundant opportunity to exercise it. Certain appeals cannot and will not be ignored. There must be some outlet for the passionate desire that all true Americans have to serve their country. Among many worthy organizations it is perhaps the Red Cross that opens the greatest number of doors in the fulfillment of the desire of our citizens to help immediately along practical lines.

The Red Cross is appealing for \$50,000,000 to aid our own citizens who are victims of this war. Surely America will give to their relief.

Money has but one use today; to serve the country that is ours. Those who are in active service must have everything necessary to alleviate their suffering. To give for that purpose is the privilege as well as the duty of every man, woman and child in this country.

### "BLOW, BLOW YE WINTRY WINDS"

The Associated Press heralds a new fashion note which seems chiefly to concern men. The recent cold spell may do much to resign the public to the proposed innovation. Winter underwear of the long legged variety is no longer a pleasant nostalgic dream. It is here in quantity. The boom which started several months ago with the army and navy is gathering momentum and soon mankind: office workers, miners, farmers will go about their daily tasks properly protected from below.

To be sure the "longies" of this enlightened age are according to reports beautifully designed, streamlined and scratchless. No inhabitant of this northern section will be surprised to hear of the growing popularity of these ankle-length garments. The only drawback at present is the price which seems too high even for this increased amount of material.

## The Weekly Sermon

By Rev. Walter L. Bennett, Rector Trinity Episcopal Church, Lowville

### Spendthrift Sons and Miserly Fathers Are Relatives

Babson, the financial statistician, informed us some years ago that only 17 per cent of rich men's sons hold on to the family fortunes. It would be interesting to study the lives of the fathers of all these sons, the 83 per cent who are spendthrifts, and the 17 per cent who continue to hold the family fortunes. Many of the spendthrifts became such because of their disgust at the lives of their fathers. One extreme often follows the other.

In a French school-book of 50 years ago, the story is told of a rich old miser who was miserly even with his apples. He loved to hoard them. He would go down cellar and handle them, and look at them gloatingly. When one decayed a bit, he would sadly eat it. His little grandson visited him one day with a group of his schoolmates. In the absence of the old man, they ate up all the fine, perfect apples that looked so rosy and inviting. When the grandfather arrived and learned of what had happened, he flew into a violent rage. Whereupon his little grandson, looking up at him in great surprise, said, "Why, grandpa, we left all the rotten ones for you!"

The little child revealed to the old man his real nature. He was a miser. He loved to possess the apples. His love of possession destroyed his ability to enjoy them. It is just so with lovers of money. They give many excuses for hoarding it up, but their sons determine never to handle their inheritance as their miserly fathers did. Spendthrifts realize one fundamental quality of money, namely, it is no good unless it is spent. The fact that the spendthrift son wastes what the miserly father hoarded, does not alter the fact. They seem to be

superficial to be the exact opposites of one another, but to the wise, they follow in a natural sequence.

Like father, like son, is true even in this strange contrast of miserly father and spendthrift son. You ask, How are they alike? They are alike in this, that neither of them know what money is for. Both are failures. Both are despised by their fellow-men. In the case of the money-lover, he is despised even by his own son. This attitude is shown by the fact that the son determines not to follow the example of his father.

Moreover everyone with a noble heart and a benevolent soul agrees with the spendthrift son. How proud John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s boys are of their dad! They are holding the family fortune because they know how to spend it. The boys love and admire their dad. The world loves and admires that dad also. The young Rockefeller boys do not want the family fortune dissipated. They ardently wish to see it increase that they may glorify their father on earth, and their Father in heaven. They know that all material things are but a trust given to them by God to use for God's glory.

It is not so hard to be loved. Do not permit yourself to believe that people, in the long run, are jealous and envious. It is not so. "After a long time," says our Lord Jesus, "the Lord of those servants cometh." God does not condemn us quickly. He gives us lots of time, years and years. Then He comes to demand what we have done with what He entrusted to us. And "after a long time," the world gets our measure. Snap judgments are reversed. As time marches on, our true nature is revealed. Jesus had to die before they understood Him, but He died young. In due process of time, the world got His

## Looking Backward

JANUARY 22, 1937

Three boys following the trail of a fox in the Tug Hill section led to the discovery of the body of Irwin Van Schoik, 21, Iliou hunter missing since Nov. 4. After the autopsy, Van Schoik had been frozen to death after being rendered unconscious by a fall. No marks were found on his body to indicate foul play and there were no fractures. The coroner's decision, as reported to District Attorney Dwight N. Dudo, was that death was accidental and due to exposure.

Corporal Gerald Thorpe, state police, yesterday said that the case of the disappearance of Herbert Goodheart, town of Pinckney farmer, is closed and probably will not be reopened unless more evidence of foul play is discovered. The investigation, according to Corporal Thorpe, was reopened primarily to satisfy residents of the vicinity. Goodheart, 41, mysteriously disappeared from his home near Barnes Corners in May. Nothing has been heard of him since.

New York Mills took a decisive beating from the academy team last Friday with the final score of 40-27. The game was the first in the Black River league for the Lowville tossers. Christensen, who led the attack for the local team, made 15 points, with Sweet and Matuszczak following with 11 each.

JANUARY 22, 1932

Joseph E. Bowman, 73, died Monday at his home in Black River. He was born in the town of Lowville and spent all his life here until he moved to Black River a few weeks ago.

A call has been issued by Miss Lucy J. Johnson, superintendent of Lewis County General hospital, for people wishing to supply blood for transfusion purposes at the local hospital. There have already been some cases at the new hospital requiring blood transfusion and the institution finds it necessary to keep a record of those who are qualified to furnish blood for such purposes.

JANUARY 22, 1922

There are a few individuals in this village who squeeze a dollar until they can hear the eagle scream. This class of people will be against the forming of a board of trade, and it is best for the organization that they are opposed to the proposition. The board of trade will need real honest-to-God men who are willing to take an active part in the affairs of the organization to help bring Lowville out of the Slough of Despond or Sleepy Hollow, where she apparently has been buried during the past years.

Thomas E. Williams, for many years a well-known business man of Lowville, died at the home of his son, Dr. Maurice M. Williams in New York Wednesday night after an extended illness. He was engaged in business here for many years until retiring five years ago.

JANUARY 22, 1882

Great activity is manifest in the spar and pile business about these days. Some very fine taper sticks as smooth as ever grew, and 80 feet in length, are passing our office door daily. Some of the finest sticks come from here.

Last Saturday night, Charles Lee, a resident of Martinsburg, well known throughout the county for his habits of "conviviality," narrowly escaped being killed by a railroad locomotive. He had been spending the evening at Glendale and started for home. His horse stopped on the tracks, with Lee in the cutter. The train ran upon the horse, cutting him clear from the cutter and hurling him down a culvert 300 feet away. Lee, in a muddled condition, sat in the cutter as calm as ever, and complained to the locomotive engineer that he was going home but "I don't know where my horse is."

Lewis county will hereafter assist to pay for enacting and maintaining costly armies and for equipping and sustaining the National Guards in the principal cities, but will receive nothing of the expenditures back, by reason of having a military organization within her own limits. As the companies mustered out claim their clothes and equipment, new ones will have to be produced by the state, at the taxpayers' expense.

True measure. So, my friend, before you get too old, the world will have weighed you up.

"Your road will be the road you made; All that you gave will be repaid."

Trust God. Do good. If you have money, learn before you die, learn before you make your son a spendthrift or a miser like yourself, that all we have and all we are belongs to our Father. If Mr. Babson would give me a list of the rich men's sons who continue to hold the family fortunes I could point out to you that a majority of them were the Christian sons of benevolent fathers, even as our Lord Jesus was the loving son of God.

"While we have time let us do good unto all men." Soon, too soon, it may be too late. God will be calling for an accounting.

## The Alley Cat



### FATHER DIRECTS THE FIRST BLACKOUT DRILL

Lights out! Now let's all be calm. Our house ought to get the palm.

Run and fetch the blankets, Teddy, Mother's driven the nails already. All we need is just two pairs

Come now—hurry down those stairs. No, you mustn't throw them. Wow!

What's that damn child doing now? Are you bleeding? No? Just ink?

Well, come on out to the sink. Mother, mother, bring a candle.

Drat that door. Where is the handle? No you must not press that button

How you can be such a mutton Head, I surely cannot see.

Well, we'll let the inkspots be And go hang the blankets up.

Now you've gone and kicked the pup! Stop that noise, and bring a chair.

Wait now, help me—steady—there!

Hand that safety pin here, Mother. Now I've dropped it. Get another.

All gone? Well of all the — Say! That's the "all clear" anyway.

## Editorial Comment

### WHY IT WAS BURNED

The President and the Prime Minister . . . walked together into the house the British once burned. —Associated Press dispatch.

Few, very few, American histories—and practically none of those used in the grammar grades of state schools—tell the complete story of why a detachment of British soldiers, under orders, burned the White House, along with the Capitol and department buildings, Aug. 24, 1814, during America's second war with England.

Trévelyen's "British History" gives the incident two lines. Recalling various raids on the American seaboard, Professor Trévelyen says: "The public buildings of Washington were burned, in reprisal for the burning of Toronto, then called York."

The American-published "New Larned History" calls the incident at Washington "a piece of pure, unmitigated vandalism, deliberately committed by high officers in the British service." This is the tone generally adopted by American histories. On a previous page, however, Larned describes the capture of York by the Americans and adds: "The Americans, contrary to the articles of surrender, shamefully burnt the town."

Now that the chief hope of the free world rests on good British-American understanding, it would be well to recall who started the burning—or better, wipe up the slate clean.—Christian Science Monitor.

### BIGNESS IS NOT SAFETY

We are a big nation and we have come to admire bigness for itself. We have prided ourselves on having the highest skyscrapers, the biggest railroad terminals, the biggest factories. We have even fallen into the habit of thinking that bigger is almost a synonym for bigger. That is well enough in peacetime, but the lessons of this war have all been against placing too many of one's eggs in one basket. Small targets are the hardest to hit and dispersal is one of the best defenses against air attack.

It is a lesson which should be taken into account by those who are planning our military and industrial war effort. Yet until recently our planning has been directed toward bigger battleships, bigger airports, bigger munitions factories, bigger aircraft carriers. We have been proud of aircraft factories and tank arsenals which contain 30 or more acres under one roof. They stick out like sore thumbs all over the country, easy targets for enemy bombers, vulnerable to bombs because they are so large and so visible.

The fact that our heavy industry is centered around Pittsburgh, our automotive plants around Detroit, and our aircraft plants along both coasts, is a natural development. However, now that there is a real danger of air attacks upon our coastal areas it becomes important to pattern our construction of new buildings in those areas with that danger in mind. President Roosevelt's announcement that decentralization of the west coast aircraft industry is under consideration indicates that he is aware of our industrial vulnerability. But we go on building bigger and bigger military airports when it is known that one of the reasons why the Luftwaffe was unable to destroy the Royal Air Force was that the British had foregone bigness and relied on small airbases widely scattered.

Let us by all means have bigger and better guns and planes and tanks but let us try to build them in smaller factories and by them from smaller bases.—New York Times.

### A FIGHT NOT YET WON

The nation, and New York City and state more than other sections, were reminded again in 1941 that the war on infantile paralysis is not yet won. A new epidemic caused a sharp rise in the number of cases—9,056 new cases in the country, 1,174 in New York state. This, the third epidemic in three consecutive years, brought the total of new cases for that period to 26,000. And yet enough progress in fighting the disease has been made to offer hope for ultimate victory. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis appropriated \$807,000 in 1941, the greater part of it for virus research, studies of nutrition and after-effects research, including the work of Sister Elizabeth Kenny, whose success in combating the cruel effects of the disease in Austria has attracted world-wide attention.

The 1942 drive for funds is now on and will culminate in the benefits which for the ninth year will mark the President's birthday on Jan. 30. New York's quota is \$550,000. A million coin-holding cards have been mailed. If one comes to you, fill it with dimes and mail it, wishing-well booths in stores and places of entertainment, Mile o' Dimes booths in prominent places in the city are for the convenience of givers. Or contributions may be mailed, properly designated, to President Roosevelt at the White House or to the offices of the Birthday Celebration Committee of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, 50 East Forty-second Street, New York City.—Herald-Tribune.

### FOR THE STATE'S PROTECTION

New York state has often before provided leadership for the nation. Governor Lehman's message on civilian defense now shows how New York's war precautions organization can become a model for other states to copy and, very likely, a model for the entire national set-up.

Governor Lehman proposes that each county and city have a local Office of Civilian Protection directed by a full-time salaried official and operating 24 hours a day. In an emergency the local director of the OCP would become commander-in-chief of all local volunteer and professional agencies, including the fire and police departments.

The message contains a host of supplementary ideas, but this is the heart of it. Civilian defense, too, needs a single commander and fixed responsibility. An air raid generates enough problems. There's no excuse for adding the confusion and delay that come from divided authority.

And civilian defense needs a core of full-time, salaried executives before emergency strikes. It's impossible to get the most out of volunteered energies—as the British have learned—without providing professional direction.

We recommend that Governor Lehman's suggestions be adopted as soon as possible. We urge, furthermore, that New York City (which is excluded from the state plan) be provided with a similar apparatus.—New York Post.

## DOC JONES SAYS--

"Life Begins at Forty," so Professor Pitkin says. And there's no doubt but what, where it's planned that way and things break right, the years from 40 on can be the most productive and the happiest of a lifetime for a lot of folks. But what I was thinking: there's something else usually begins at 40 or pretty soon after that—

## LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES

A Michigan service station has erected a giant thumb-pointing sign. Weary hitch-hikers are invited to attach notices of their destinations, then rest on nearby benches until the right motorist comes along.—United States News.

### A Bit of Advice

Mr. McPherson gave some advice to his wife when they were expecting friends to tea. "Just mind, Jeannie," he said, "to put the sugar-tongs in the basin, and not a spoon." "But we have no lump sugar in the house," she expostulated. "We've only granulated." "I was mindin' that!" said McPherson.—Christian Science Monitor.

### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

(Gold Cereal Division) (From "The Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin) His heart melted, his breast was filled with a white fire, an unsurmountable pain. Her hurt plucked at the chords of his soul. He hesitated, his gaze averted. His voice was low. "Have you had breakfast?"—In the New Yorker.

### PRISONERS

Down the Rabbit Hole From the German prison camp designated as Stalag XX a British soldier wrote to his small daughter: In a burrow like a bunny father has his little lair, Sleeps and eats and reads and lazes, sometimes coming up for air; Puts his head beneath a trickle when he wants to have a wash, Bumping into other bunnies cause there's something of a squash, Every morning he is counted, every midday he is fed, And they lock him in his burrow when it's time to go to bed. If he wants to go out walking, lots of beefy men with guns Say they'd like to come out with him just, you see, in case he runs. Many, many times I've wondered what it would be like to go Down dark, damp and draughty tunnels like a bunny—now I know! —Time.

A long-termer who lately escaped a western prison in a laundry wagon was returned this week with the flat work.—Utica Daily Press.

### All Going There

Grandson—Tom and I have arranged our holiday. We're going to hike. Granny—It's wonderful how popular that place has become. Everybody seems to be going there.—Answers.

Hotel clerk (to guest from the country)—Of course, you'll want running water in your room? Guest—Why? Do I look like a trout?—Safe Driver.

Daze. In Cleveland a swain telephoned his girl from a drug store, found when he hung up that the store was closed for the night. He phoned police, who released him.—Time.

South Carolina! The (P) reports on complete misanthropy in Charleston: An applicant for Charleston dog catcher listed his qualifications as follows: "Color, white; age, 28. I dislike dogs; little dogs, big dogs, cute dogs, shaggy dogs, ugly dogs and even hot dogs." The application was taken under consideration.—American Mercury.

Juzwik, a straw-haired, red-faced 185 pounder, standing 8 feet 5 1/2 inches, is a smashing, hard running back who played no small part in Notre Dame's success this year.—San Francisco Call-Bulletin. Game little runt.

Blackout Stops Stork 17 Times on One Trip Waukegan, Ill. (P)—Robert Carlson wondered today how he lived through last night's Lake county practice blackout without blacking-out some defense warden's eyes. He and his wife, Marie, started driving from their home at Grayslake, 20 miles away, to Waukegan when the arrival of the stork appeared imminent. Seventeen times along the way police and defense wardens stopped them for ignoring the lights-out order, but they won the race to the hospital.—New York Post.

The Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn Heights, New York City, concludes its newspaper announcement of services with the footnote: "No mention of Hitler on Sunday mornings."—Reader's Digest.

Breakfast Food Every morning I will try it— Though I can't identify it. —Merrill Chilcote in The Utica Daily Press.

Confidence The man, hearing of a position open in another city, wired the following message, direct and collect: "Am on way to accept the position stop deduct cost of this telegram from my first week's salary." He got the job. —Christian Science Monitor.

No Water Hotel clerk (to guest from the country)—Of course, you'll want running water in your room? Guest—Why? Do I look like a trout?—Safe Driver.

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## Paging Pegasus

### Who Shall Know England?

Written for the Christian Science Monitor.

I have seen England in beauty, and England in sleep, Lying carelessly with her flowers, her downs, and her sheep; With her little churches, her cathedrals, and old worn stairs. I have seen her hurried and harassed and full of cares; I have seen her machines going, night and day, And her tired workers, and her workers when they are gay; I have seen her seas by Tintagel's shore. All this I have seen, and more.

Who can tell me how beautiful England is? Her beauty is a delight: The moon shining over the channel on a clear night; The larks singing in her meadows; The meadows in hay; The sun rising over the copse, bringing in the day.

But what is England now? I have not seen, I cannot see her for the mist in between; I cannot see her for the day that is dying; No, I cannot see England in the seas where she is lying. I can feel England; I can feel the thought-throbs of her heart, Through the long days, I can feel how they stop, and start; Through the long nights, I can hear them like the sounds of her sea; But what are they saying? Can they tell that to me?

England, have I known you? Or shall I ever know Any more about you than that the snow Is still, in the winter, on your mountains; that the spring Shall come in beauty; that your birds still sing? This I know, and this I know, and hold it to my breast, That until you find rest, England, the world shall not find rest. —A. Jacqueline Shaw.