

SHORT STORY
Headline Hunter
By H. N. Ferguson

LATE afternoon shadows crept slowly up the sides of the buildings and the sun bathed the rooftops with a mellow, golden softness as cub reporter, Tod Seburn, stepped from the door of the Daily Argus into the dusk of the canyon-like street. Tod was young and bored; it had been a quiet day. The frosted glass door of a neighborhood lounge beckoned invitingly and he pushed it open, easing his lanky frame into the perpetual dimness of the interior. There were few customers at this hour and Tod slumped into a booth against the wall. The juke box blinked its garish red and blue light as it blared a worn-out tune. It was too loud. "Man, that was a sight—all of 'em stretched out there cold and dead; all the fight gone out of 'em!" The voice, harsh and rasping, came from the booth behind. Tod set his glass carefully on the table. The reply, when it came, was high-pitched, tense. "Yah, but you couldn't 'a done it without Big Boy and the Cisco Kid." The infection was shifty, like a man talking out of the side of his mouth. "Umm," agreed the raspy one. "And don't forget Pluggin' Shorty."



The infection was shifty, like a man talking out of the side of his mouth. The juke pitched to a twanging roar. Tod's eyes widened in wonderment. Curious remarks, Trigger men, maybe. He pushed the idea aside. The tense voice spoke again. "Things were gettin' pretty hot out there for awhile." Tod raised an eyebrow, pursed his lips. There was silence for awhile from the back booth. Tod wiped his forehead. An idea, forming in his mind, seemed to reflect itself in the polished table top. He was seeing headlines, big, bold: "REPORTER CATCHES CRIMINALS." The music ground on. Nice guys to meet in a dark alley, thought Tod. "Blue Suede Shoes" swelled into a crescendo and Tod fretted. "That racket could cost me my story," he muttered to himself. Over at the bar a bland unsmiling face heard orders for drinks and automatically tossed them together. The place was filling up. Boisterous laughter and loud talk jarred through the thick curtain of tobacco smoke. But none guessed the drama unfolding in those two back booths—thugs, their tongues loosened by drinks, spilling the lurid details of a crime to the listening ears of the press. Tod was bubbling inside. These were wanted men; dope runners probably. Most likely members of a Chicago gang hiding out in this winter resort area. Those names! He hadn't heard 'em since Damon Runyon's Guys and Dolls. "Man, that was a fight... but we got him, didn't we? That boy won't see the cool green anymore!" Ah, a robbery job. Tod nodded his head. "It all figures," he mumbled softly. Someone dropped another coin in the juke box. For a moment the tinny music drowned out the voices. Tod shuddered. For a moment he thought of getting scared. Criminal madmen! Suppose they realized he was listening! The headline took a gruesome turn: "REPORTER DIES GETTING STORY." Then he heard them yell for their check. Tod quickly signalled for his, also. Trying to be nonchalant, he slid out of the booth and eased along behind the two. They were dressed in baggy pants, rumpled sport shirts and floppy hats. At the cashier's cage Tod paid and dismissed the change, hurrying after his quarry. In the darkening twilight of the street, he watched the gangsters approach a battered, mud-splattered car. They pushed some rods aside as they got in. Then Tod saw the victims—six bass and trout—bedded in a box of crushed ice. As the car pulled away from the curb, gravel voice held up a barbed lure. "Good ol' Pluggin' Shorty!" he chortled triumphantly.

OUR COUNTRY AMERICA—GOD'S PATTERN NATION

America is God's beacon to light the way
For all of the nations on earth to-day—
That so many different peoples are happy here.
Is an object lesson for all, on this hemisphere.
Ours is a pattern nation, the papers all say—
(The 48 States are a working example to-day!)
But, for ages, here, the voice of man was not heard,
And, the only music was the song of the bird.
That she would be a Leader was predicted long ago—
(That truth, many intelligent person know!)—
The Lord of this planet has planned a new race,
The birth of which shall here take place.
"We can well afford to be generous", many say;
For, here we are happy; and, prosper, day after day;
Such a thing as famine never visits our land;
So we live, as it were, out of God's hand.
The New Jerusalem shall be here, experts say;
(That is why our people prosper to-day!)
At no other place do so many strangers you see
As in God's great Wonderland—America.
True to prophecy, all peoples flock here—
(Thousands, from everywhere come each year!)
They have built the east and the golden west,
And have made this country one of the best.
God expects us to act in a princely way—
(To help needy nations from day to day);
We all belong in His Great family they say;
So, He is constantly sending His sons this way.
The early Christians were brothers, in their day;
So, they shared with each other, the Scriptures say;
And, that is the way God wants things to be
In this long hidden country, called America.
Our plan antedates by 20 centuries the Russian way—
(Their leaders ignor God, the papers all say!)
But, from the very beginning, it has been God's plan
To establish here the brotherhood of man.
The greatest fault in Russian Leaders, I find,
Is, to forget God and neighbors, they are inclined;
For, from what I read, it is God's plan
To make the whole earth on heaven for man.
To-day some of our Leaders worship the golden calf—
What they do is obnoxious to some, makes others, laugh!
But, such conditions must cease to be
In this "Home of the brave and Land of the free."
A temporary paganism pollutes our heart to-day;
But, idolatry, they tell us, shall soon pass away;
For, when Truth returns all of our people shall know
How God intends all of His many sons shall go.
Conditions are as we find them on earth to-day
Because man still continues, to do things his way;
But a day is coming when all on this sod
Shall learn of their folly; and, listen to God.
A Leader shall arise in our midst some day—
(A mouthpiece of Jehovah, the Savants say!)
And men shall follow him, because they know
What he says is true; and the right way to go.
Yes, God shall send us a Leader to show the way
Which leads to Paradise and the endless day;
And, a man like Moses, that Leader shall be;
For, not far ahead is another "Red Sea".
There are still some Paroachs on Earth to-day
Who make slaves of people, and want their way;
But, all such nonsense, they tell us, must cease
For our earth is nearing an era of peace.
Our Leaders must be men who never fail
To listen to God, and who look behind the veil;
For the Canaan we seek is not far away—
We can now see the dawn of the Promised Day.
I have written these lines to let people know
How God intends we all shall go;
And, as I have said, just so things shall be
In this great El Dorado, "The land of the free."
This is not our first visit to Mother Earth;
You, too, were once an alien through another birth;
So, it maybe that you once lived over there;
Why then, refuse others some pleasure to share?
When Time shall end, and no longer be,
When we walk in the light of Eternity,
Our greatest delight shall be to hear others say;
"You are the one who showed me the way!"
So I say: "To the emigrant, give a welcome hand!
Don't refuse to sell him a few feet of land!
For, in ages to come, that fellow may be
A life-long friend in Eternity."

DAVID THOMAS REINDOLLAR,
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Governor Theodore R. McKeldin of Maryland has requested all pedestrians and motorists to observe the Fourth of July by going forth on the "FOURTH" with a determination to walk and drive in a courteous - cautious - careful manner, and to obey all traffic laws in an effort to make this holiday an enjoyable one. Safety is a commodity which we cannot afford to be without. The continuous rise of fatalities, due to automobile accidents, throughout Maryland makes it imperative that we put forth every effort to curtail this tragic mounting death toll. REMEMBER! The primary causes of death on our highway are - excessive speed - under influence of alcohol - and negligence. Will you be guilty of these crimes against humanity? The answer rests with you.

TANEYTOWN ORGANIZATIONS

Taneytown Chamber of Commerce meets on the 4th Monday in each month in the Municipal building at 8:30 o'clock. Merwyn C. Fuss, Pres.; 1st Vice-Pres. M. S. Ohler; 2nd Vice-Pres. Carl L. Wantz; Secretary, Robert Feaser; Treasurer, Chas. R. Arnold.
Taneytown Fire Company, meets on the 2nd Monday each month, at 7:30 p. m., in the Firemen's Building. President, Stanley King; Vice-President, Maurice Parish; Recording Secretary, Robert Boone; Financial Secretary, David Sneak; Treasurer, David Smith; Trustees Richard Miller, Eugene Eyer, Birnie Staley; Chief, Wilbur F. Miller, Jr.
The American Legion - Hesson-Snyder Post No. 120 meets third Thursday of each month at 8:00 P. M., in the Legion Home. All service men welcomed. Commander, John E. Myers; Adjutant, Stanley W. King; Treasurer, Clarence A. Harner; Service Officer, Francis E. Lookingbill.
Monocacy Valley Memorial Post 6518, Harney, Md., meets on 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month in the V.F.W. Hall, Harney, Md. Commander, George E. Kootz; Adjutant, Roy Overholzer; Quartermaster, Ralph Vaughn.
The Taneytown Junior Chamber of Commerce, Taneytown, Md., meets the 4th Monday of each month in the Legion Home. President, Robert Boone; 1st Vice-President, Earl Lookingbill; 2nd Vice-President, John Myers; Secretary, Robert Waddell; Treasurer, Harry B. Dougherty, Jr.
Hesson-Snyder Unit 120, American Legion Auxiliary meets the first Thursday of each month at 8 p. m., at the Post Home. Pres., Mabel Shamm; Vice Pres., Doris Lookingbill; Rec Sec., Gladys Haines; Cor. Sec. and Treas., Marie Smith; Chaplain, Helen Kidd; Harterian, Cathryn Hull; Sergeant-at-arms, Bernice Rodkey.
All other Fraternities and organizations are invited to use this directory, for the public information it carries. Cost for one year only \$3.00.

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