

Y. W. C. A. FILLING COMMUNITY NEED

(Editor's note: This is one of a series of articles concerning the various organizations operating in the Twin Falls Community Chest. The 1942 Chest campaign is now under way.)

A program that is adjusted to the individual and adapted to community needs makes the Y. W. C. A. an important factor in Twin Falls. This organization is one of the units participating in the Community Chest.

The Y. W. C. A. is a worldwide interdenominational organization which today serves 35 countries, and the local "Y" is affiliated with the national organization. The Twin Falls Y. W. C. A. has a comprehensive program which is designed to serve as large as possible a segment of Twin Falls population.

For example, the "Y" last year organized the Negro Women's Service club. This is the first of several racial groups the "Y" is expected to form. The Y. W. C. A. is one of the six organizations which make up the United Service Organizations, and is responsible for the selection of the present group chairman.

"Our board members have been active in the Community Chest and Red Cross drives," said a statement issued by the Y. W. C. A. board of directors. "Our girls have participated in community service projects such as selling for-profit-no-profit, defense stamps, tickets for the President's ball, and the collection of books for the USO."

"Through the Y. W. C. A. we have dealt with delinquency, transients and the unemployed. Housing problems, individual case problems and general welfare problems have been significant avenues through which our organization has been able to serve the community. Our rooms have been used extensively by the Red Cross for nutrition and first aid classes."

War has presented a new type of problem to the Y. W. C. A. The workers are aware of the special danger to adolescents, who are old enough to understand and be swept emotionally by the surge of the patriotic feeling, but too young for seriously thoughtful action. This organization is taking steps to help stabilize these fervent energies which the impact of the war stir up in teenage youngsters.

"Vital Friendships"

The "Y" feels a great responsibility about the sex delinquency and "character" casualties. Its program of lifetime friendship, which emphasizes friendship and health will serve to give youth a sense of responsibility and inner security.

"We feel that today, when the men are away at war, we have a definite responsibility to the women at home." Mrs. R. L. Reed, secretary, said today. "We can develop in her the spirit to relieve her loneliness, not only for herself but for humanity. It is her chance to share in the war effort. She can contribute and all the energy of her post-up heart to make war impossible for the world of tomorrow. We have organized two business girl groups this past week, and other groups are in the office. Many girls are using our rooms during the lunch hour for dining and relaxation, and we want every woman to feel free to use them."

SCOUT PLANNING CONFERENCE SET

The Snake river area council of Boy Scouts will hold a planning conference at 2 p. m. Sunday at the Twin Falls courthouse, Scout Executive Gordon A. Day announced today. The Scout program for six months will be adopted.

Attending the conference will be operating chairman, executive board members, district chairmen and scoutmasters and their staffs. About 80 Scout officers will attend. Day said.

The conference will open with a general meeting with Dr. R. W. Malone, Jerome, president of the council, presiding.

Following this meeting group sessions will be held with the following presiding: M. L. Powell, Twin Falls camp activities committee; Lambert Eppelkamp, Shoshone, advancement committee; Ralph Nye, Rupert, leadership training committee; Wilbur S. Hill, Twin Falls, finance committee; R. W. Carpenter, Twin Falls, health and safety committee; R. H. Snyder, Albion, community service committee; Charles Weller, Jerome, organization and extension committee; and Dr. Malone, district chairman and executive board members.

FELLOWSHIP OFFICERS NAMED

GOODING, Oct. 6.—Miss Ella Stone has been elected president of the Methodist Young Fellowship. Other officers chosen were: Christine Kornier, secretary, and Laine Campbell, treasurer. The officers assisted by Betty Robinson and Kenneth Thompson were named as a committee to arrange the program for the next three months. Plans were made for a hay ride on Friday evening.

HOLD EVERYTHING



As Community Chest Opened Campaign



Volunteer Twin Falls men and women began solicitation today for the 1942 Community Chest campaign, which seeks \$11,000 for support of relief, welfare and character-building agencies in this wartime year. Shown after the kickoff briefing were, left to right, Mr. Roy Evans, Chest President, F. C. Sheneberger (standing), Campaign Chairman O. P. Duvall, Gordon A. Day (standing), and Mrs. W. A. Van Engelen. (Staff Photo-Engraving)

Filer Corn Dehydration Plant Can Mean a Lot to This Area

Dehydration of food for shipping has become an old story. That's how the Filer dehydration plant, one of the globe are being fed. But Filer has a sort of dehydration plant about which little has been said, and which stands to be of considerable significance to Twin Falls county, the house of the Associated Seed company, of which F. M. Hudson is branch manager.

Sweet corn is rather a hazardous crop for this part of the country. It is the corn drier at the warehouse of the Associated Seed company, of which F. M. Hudson is branch manager. Sweet corn is rather a hazardous crop for this part of the country. It is the corn drier at the warehouse of the Associated Seed company, of which F. M. Hudson is branch manager.

With recent completion of a large drier at Filer, Hudson said today, it is now possible to grow virtually any variety of high-grade sweet corn in Twin Falls county and properly treat it so that the seed can be shipped and planted. This is done by shucking the corn before it has had time to mature on the stalk, in order to avoid killing the ears. It is then dried in the Filer drier, and it is good for seed to though it had lived out its natural life in the field. But it is good only for seed, Hudson warns.

It would not be good to eat it cooked after the early picking and drying operation, although this does

Unused Light Poles Will Go To Uncle Sam

Here is the story of "the light that failed," and then after some 20 years came to the aid of a country facing a grave emergency.

When the old Potomac Electric power company sub-divided what was known as the "Terrace eighty" north of what is now Addison avenue some two decades ago, ornate cast iron lamp-poles were installed along the street. They were made of the real estate promotion appear all the more imperative.

Along Buchanan, Plummer, Pierce and Lincoln streets those lamp poles have been standing for all those many years, but only those along Lincoln have ever had any light.

The others, never connected, and their globes long since destroyed by BB guns, have either remained as a silent reminder of plans that went astray, or have been removed from the parking at the request of individuals building new homes, who failed to appreciate the installations that they served their purpose.

Recently, a contribution to Potomac reminded the Times-News of the old lamp poles that are still standing. With a nationwide appeal for old scrap metal now at its height, the Times-News hit upon the idea of suggesting to the city that these old poles be dismantled and tossed into the scrap.

Officials Get Busy

"I don't see why not," said W. H. Edridge, city clerk, when the idea was called to his attention. "I'll take it up with Truman Greenhalgh, commissioner of streets."

Today C. P. Larsen, superintendent of streets, notified the Times-News that "we're taking 'em down."

Charley Larsen isn't sure just how much the old lamp poles will weigh, but he guesses they are "plenty heavy." And the 10 or 11 of them still standing along Buchanan, Plummer and Pierce streets should make a lot of shells, bolts and what not for Uncle Sam.

BRING US YOUR SCRAP!

Bring in your Scrap Iron Today... Your Government needs thousands of tons of it to build weapons.

ALL the scrap iron we buy is sold direct to the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. ... who in turn supply the raw steel to the Idaho Manufacturing Co., Magic Valley's War Contractors. Sell your scrap where it will do the most good... Keep Magic Valley's War Industries Humming... Bring us your Scrap today!

WE PAY HIGHEST CASH PRICES...

BASE SCALE...
Field Run Cast... \$12.00 TON
Field Run Scrap... \$6.00 TON

Base scale is the LOWEST YOU WILL RECEIVE—Selected Loads Run Proportionately Higher Per Ton! SEE US!

—HOW TO SELL YOUR SCRAP—
Weigh your truck or trailer at the City Scales... Deliver the Scrap, then Weigh back and present your weight ticket... WE PAY CASH!

Twin Falls Auto Wrecking
1/2 Mile East on Kimberly Road — Phone 137

Jerome Auto Parts
421 West Main — Jerome, Idaho

USED AUTO PARTS

FARM FOR SALE!
42 acres good soil, 2 miles from town. Good barn, house, and well. Also, some fruit trees, berries, grain, etc. Call for details. Phone 1210 or 1212.

BILL COUGHERLY
444 4th Ave. N. — Phone 421-B

WICKARD TO ASK SLASH IN EATING

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—Secretary of Agriculture Wickard today bluntly informed nation-wide Americans that he would propose a cut in consumption of a number of essential foods.

He related, in an address prepared for a meeting of the American meat institute, that the food demands of our armed forces, Great Britain, Russia and many folks at home were increasing, and added:

"Our civilian consumption can be cut quite a bit and America will still be the best fed nation in the world, but there are limits beyond which we cannot go. If we reach these limits and do not have enough left over to supply the essential needs of our allies, we will be in a bad fix indeed."

"The way to prevent this fix is to deal with our food situation realistically and speedily. We can reduce our consumption of a number of essential foods and still not interfere with health or comfort. I am sorry to propose this reduction and do all I can to see that this country stores up reserves for use against the time when farmers will not be able to break production records every year."

In an address before the national Catholic rural life conference at Prosser, Ill., Wickard advocated the migration of farm families from marginal soil to more productive lands as a "pressing wartime necessity," and estimated there were nearly 200,000 families who might take part in such a movement.

**GET YOUR FALL
PERMANENT WAVE**
at the
Eugene Beauty Studio
New Feather Bob—up on 43
Phone 68 125 4th Ave. N.

HARRY W. ROBERTS IN ARMY

JEROME, Oct. 6.—Mrs. Nellie Roberts, county superintendent of schools, has received word from her eldest son, Harry W., that he left Oct. 5 for Fort Douglas, Utah.

HEY-WHAT'S THE BEST WHISKY VALUE?



**OLD OSCAR
PEPPER!**

Old Oscar Pepper Brand—Bourbon Whisky • 40 & 50 proof • Cragg's Whiskies, 40° grain neutral spirits • Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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STANDARD TAKES BETTER CARE OF YOUR CAR!

STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA

The girls are with us now!



Don't be surprised, next time you drop in the station, if a pretty swell young lady steps up and says, "Standard's Supreme, Standard or Flight, Sir?" All it means is that so many of our young fellows in our stations have joined up with Uncle Sam, that we thought we'd give the girls a try.

I was a little skeptical myself at first, but they soon changed my mind. The girls are very serious about their work. Some of them have husbands in the armed forces, and this is their way of helping the country on the home front.

And the girls are anxious to have me tell you this: "Don't hesitate to ask us to do anything that you'd ask your regular service man to do. We're on this job because we like it—and we want to make good!"

OLD DOC PERKINS SEZ:

"This is Fire Prevention Week. Let's learn enough about preventing fires to last us 51 weeks more!"

Oil never wears out, but....

You've probably heard people say that oil never wears out. I guess that's very nearly true—but it may make you overlook an important point about motor oil. You don't change your oil because it's worn out, you change it because it's dirty. And, like a paper handkerchief, you throw it away because it's not practical to clean it. That's why, even the best oil (Meaning Thermo-Charged RPM) should be changed every 1000 miles.

Don't step too hard on a hill!

A lot of people have the habit of pressing the accelerator to the floorboards when they climb a hill. Unfortunately, that not only wastes gas but doesn't make you go up any faster. Working your accelerator slowly, and above all using the proper gear saves both gas and engine dilution.

At night... wear something white

Especially in dim-out areas, be careful of walking at night in dark clothes. It is a good idea to carry a spread out newspaper, or even to take out your handkerchief if you cross streets or highways at night. It makes a big difference in the distance at which drivers can see you.

THE TOWN PUMP

BY Stan

YOUR STANDARD SERVICE MAN

Michigan Set To Tackle Bierman Again

SERIAL STORY
OF BRIGHTNESS GONE
BY HOLLY WATTERSON

MRS. HARPER
CHAPTER XX
It had almost two years of private duty but she had nursed some thirty patients, Candace reflected, but there had been none quite the equal of this terminant of a little old woman, Mrs. Harper.

She was at the moment darning up the mess Mrs. Harper had made by throwing a glass of orange juice at the floor nurse, Miss Finch. She had just cleaned up Finch, too—as far as possible, that is, without the complete bath that was the only thing that really would do it.

Finch had orange juice all the way from her cap and hair down to her white brogans. Candace had felt sorry for her, she was so upset and so terrified, but though she had carefully controlled the impulse she had felt strongly like laughing, too.

Mrs. Harper demanded testily from her bed, "Just why are you smiling? Just what are you thinking about so funny?"

Candace straightened and favored the furious old lady with a most winning smile of candor. "Why, I was just thinking that the thing I really like about private duty is that one meets such nice people," she said.

"Meaning me, I suppose. Meaning I'm not nice. Young woman, you're impertinent!"

Candace opened her eyes wide, that you would have said me impertinent if I'd refused to answer," she pointed out innocently.

Mrs. Harper snorted. "You couldn't have told a polite lie, I suppose?"

"The never occurred to me," Candace said.

Mrs. Harper snorted again, but more mildly. "You are impertinent. But it's all right, you amuse me. I like people with a bit of gumption. That other little thing," she said contemptuously, "that comes practically crawling on her belly in her anxiety to please every time I ring."

"Finch hasn't been nursing as long as I have," Candace said. "She hasn't yet learned, like Alice, that a lot of the White Queens who go around yelling, 'Oh with their heads!' are nothing but old cards anyway. She's afraid of you. And you just rang for her to be unpleasant."

"Certainly I'm entitled to have 20 minutes in peace, for my dinner! You had just had your own dinner; you could certainly have waited until I got back. Finch is busy enough without your plaguing her with unnecessary things when you have your own special to do them for you. She knows you just do it to be nasty and it makes her nervous. No wonder she's awkward sometimes."

"SOMETIMES!" Mrs. Harper repeated scornfully. She added suddenly, "See here, young woman, are you suggesting that I'm a White Queen, nothing but an old card? You'll find I'm real enough, your head will come off fast enough if I complain about you to Dr. Patterson."

"I doubt if Dr. Patterson said calmly, 'I'm a good nurse, I have

a good reputation in this hospital. And you—!" She laughed a little. The wicked old woman really enjoyed her. "You've worn out about a dozen specials in two weeks. I think Dr. Patterson would know which of us was at fault."

Mrs. Harper sighed. "I'm afraid you're right," she admitted. Then she brightened. "As a matter of fact I'm thinking of letting my other specials go and taking you on for full-time duty."

Candace threw up her hands in genuine horror. "Human flesh couldn't stand it," she said with feeling.

The wrinkled old face looked hurt. "See here, I'm not really as bad as that. There are people who are very fond of me. Take my grandson Duffy for instance."

Candace frowned inwardly. Dr. Patterson Harper was in her opinion the worst plague ever visited on man—or rather, woman. But the old lady adored him, and there was no point in actually hurting her. She said, "Mrs. Harper, I should have told you before. I am asking to be taken off your case."

"What?" she exclaimed, aghast.

"Well, there's a gall bladder case that I've been from time to time," Candace explained, lying easily; "they're going to operate finally. I'd like to be with the case then. It's interesting to be able to follow one through like that."

Mrs. Harper said indignantly, "My case isn't interesting, I suppose?"

Candace grinned. "There are people going out working every day with things a lot worse than an already-healed wound on a finger where a benign tumor's been cut out," she said good naturedly. "You could be out and around if you wanted to be."

Mrs. Harper demanded, outraged, "Why would I stay here in this hole if I could be out of it?"

"I don't know," Candace said. "Unless you like the attention being thought sick earns you. Unless you like being fussed over."

"Well, I never," Mrs. Harper said. Then she smiled too, weakly.

"You win. You're right, partly at least," she admitted. "It's nice around you, that when I'm well I spend scarcely any time with me. If I'm sick he almost goes out of his mind, he can't do enough. He's really fond of me, you believe that, don't you?" she asked anxiously.

His devotion to his grandmother was in Candace's opinion the youth's one saving grace. She said warmly, "He is indeed."

His grandmother said happily, satisfied. "He's a good boy. Spoiled, maybe, but essentially good."

Candace thought ruefully. I wouldn't go that far. . . . But apparently no agreement was necessary to that.

Mrs. Harper settled herself into her pillows contentedly. "Now that we understand each other, could you stay? I'll make it worth your while."

"I'm sorry," Candace said. "The old lady set up sharply. 'Give me one good reason why not,' she demanded. 'My temper can't bother you. You're not afraid of me. It can't be that.' A sudden thought struck her. 'Has Duffy,' she asked, 'come home lately around? Is that it?'"

That was it. And exactly the right word for it, Candace thought grimly. She began, "Mrs. Harper, . . ."

She saw Mrs. Harper look toward the doorway, and she turned too, to see Duffy himself standing there. Her expression changed perceptibly.

He looked boyish and handsome and he was smiling broadly and laden as usual with flowers and packages. She would have liked to slip out, but of course the flowers had to go with her to be cared for. Duffy managed to touch her and to be a long time in passing them over.

There was a package in her pocket, she discovered, when she got outside. A small box, looking like something from a jeweler. She thought furiously, that does it, I'm going to Dr. Patterson right now. I've had enough of this. . . .

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY

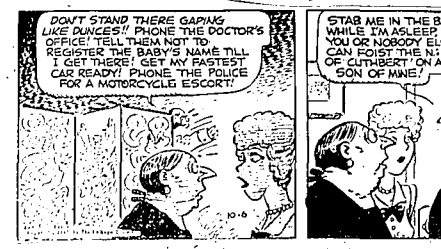
By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . MAJOR HOOPLE



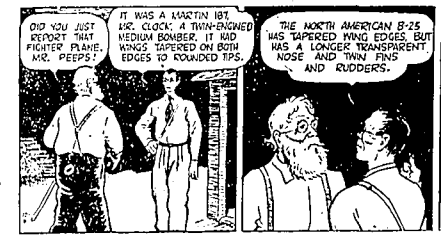
THE GUMPS

By GUS EDSON



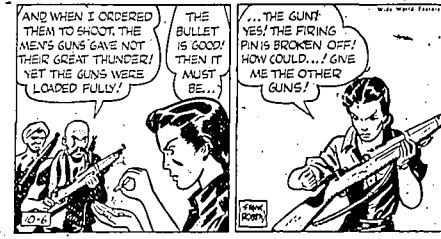
GASOLINE ALLEY

By KING



SCORCHY

By FRANK ROBBINS



WASH TUBBS

By ROSE CRANE

RED RYDER

By FRED HARMAN



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. HAMLIN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By EDGAR MARTIN



DIXIE DUGAN

By McVOY and STRIEBEL

THIMBLE THEATER

STARRING POPEYE

