BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885
LESLIE W. McCLURE, Editor and Publisher

WALTER R. WINTERINGHAM, Business Director and Foreman

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION MEMBER

ILLINOIS PRESS ASSOCIATION

Published every Thursday afternoon at Barrington, Illinois, and entered as Second-class matter at the Barrington post office under Act of March 8, 1879.

All communications should be addressed to the BARRINGTON REVIEW, 110 W. Main Street, Barrington, Illinois. Cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence, obituary, poetry, memorials, and all notices of entertainments or society and church sales and parties given for pecuniary benefit will be charged for.

TELEPHONE, BARRINGTON NO. 1

THE TAX EXEMPTION FALLACY

The surest way to achieve tax reduction would be to spread the burden evenly, based on the capacity to pay—without exemptions.

Tax exemption for persons with incomes in the lower brackets has long fooled a substantial part of the public into believing it is not taxed at all. It creates the idea that the cost of government is being borne by wealthy individuals and by big businesses.

No idea, no belief, could be less justified. There aren't many wealthy individuals—and there aren't that many big businesses. The great part of the cost of government—federal, state, county and municipal—is paid by the people who think they are tax exempt. Instead of paying their money directly to the tax collector's office, they pay it indirectly to higher rents, more expensive food, clothing and entertainment and everything else. That big business which is so highly taxed, for example, is the business you patronize when you buy groceries or shoes or insurance or transportation or something of the kind—and the cost of the commodity or service includes the taxes the business pays. In other words, the business simply acts the middleman—it collects money from you and passes it on to government.

Today the tax problem is an intensely personal issue to every American. It stands in the way of employment, of wage increases, of industrial expansion, of productive investment. It is a barrier to recovery. It is going to become a bigger problem every year until the millions of wage-earners realize how vital its solution is to their well-being and their future.—Republican-Leader, Salem, Ind.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN WASHINGTON

(Courtesy The United States News)

The Huey Long tactics are beginning to be taken seriously by political folk. One report is that he intends to go into the Georgia primaries next year against Mr. Roosevelt. The Louisiana senator is astute. To business friends who approach him, he points to the man in the white house as the real radical and asks them to look over his own record and see whether they can find any public ownership in it or competition with business.

Hundreds of rural families who were taken off relief rolls last year and placed on farms by the FERA assistance have already repaid their debt to the relief administration in full. Reports show that a large proportion of the 125,000 families included in the rural rehabilitation program have been placed on a self-sustaining basis.

Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell under secretary of agriculture, on five occasions during the past year is said to have offered his resignation to President Roosevelt and each time has been persuaded to hold on.

Iowa leads all other states in the number of local improvements completed with the assistance of public works administration loans and grants. It has completed 11,124 PWA projects.

The belief that inflation of an acute character cannot be avoided in the next three years or so is beginning to take hold in financial and business quarters to an alarming degree.

In the senate, there are members who like to egg on Senator Long in his fight against Postmaster General Farley.

HOME EDUCATION

"The Child's First School Is the Family"—Froebel

Issued by National Kindergarten Assn. 8 W. 40th St. New York

Golden Rule Tactics With Our Children

If we expect consideration on the part of our children when we have company, surely they are entitled to the same show of courtesy from us when they are filling positions of host or hostess to their playmates. I wonder if we do not often create an unpleasant atmosphere during this portion of their education. So often we supervise their playing until much of the joyfulness is taken out of the occasion for them. We should resent one of our own age telling us how to entertain our guests. Even husband would be accorded an icy stare should he attempt to dictate, but how much more trying we should find it if grandmother attempted to direct our procedure! Children, no doubt, feel irritated in much the same way when we too obviously interfere with their plans.

To be sure, the education of a perfect host must be started at a very tender age, but the foundation can be laid gradually and happily. Probably the very first item on this schedule would have to do with the sharing of toys. No child can be a successful host until, by experience, he understands the pleasure of bringing out his choice playthings for a guest to enjoy, and considering this comrade's wishes in the matter of games. With some youngsters these are difficult lessons to learn and sympathy and encouragement are needed on the part of the teacher.

As the child grows older in years and experience it is a good idea to make casual suggestions from time to time that may bear fruit later. For instance, when you teach him a new game you might mention that "it would be nice to try that sometime when Edward comes to see you." Gradually you can help him understand how much pleasure there is in thinking up different ways to make our friends happy when they visit in our home. Soon you will notice that he, himself, begins to think up ways of entertaining. When he gets to the age when he clamors to invite several children over, you can begin to put their entertainment into his hands. What he would suggest playing would probably be more agreeable to the youngsters than what you would have in mind.

Of course, when he gets this far along he will have reached the age where he realizes he cannot play boisterous games indoors because others in the house have rights, also. And so long as he keeps this in mind, it is wise to let him conduct the amusements to his own taste. If the games run low, and some one comes to you for suggestions, it is then your turn to be helpful. Perhaps you may even have to take part in a game that some one else has suggested, but that is not too much to ask when these little sacrifices have such far-reaching effects.

It is often a great temptation to serve refreshments—children do so enjoy a simple unexpected treat—but, of course, this should not be indulged in unless the other parents have been consulted beforehand. To have the privilege of extending an occasional invitation to stay and share the regular meal, after a telephoned request to the right person, is a delight your child should not be denied. Each such undertaking, well carried out, will help him to grow to be hospitable minded and will give him a foretaste of the happiness of becoming a perfect host.

Property Owner Submits Sewer Problem Opinion

(Re Viewpoints)

The following letter, concerning a Barrington property owner's viewpoint for the local proposed sewer improvement, was received by The Review during the past week. The letter is printed in full.

Barrington, Ill., March 4, 1935.

To the Barrington Review:

I sit here this morning and think about the days ahead. It looks bad for me. Some years ago I sold my farm near Barrington at a good price. I bought some real estate bonds and what I thought was good stock with my money. Interest and dividends came in fine.

Then our town got the idea to lay a new sewer system and to pave the streets. My neighbors and I all had a good income from our investment or our jobs. We wanted the improvements. They were put in. The village engineers wanted us to put in two sewer systems, one for the toilets and the other for the rain water. But the town board felt that that cost too much and they put in one system, running rain and toilet drains all in one. The country people kicked about it and we got into a court scrap with them. It has cost us a lot of money, and the court has stood against us.

As this went on, the big crash came. My stocks and bonds went all haywire. No money came in and I had to quit paying my taxes and the assessments on the sewer and on the streets. I have a hard time now scraping enough together to keep alive. And there are many others in town that have to live the same way. They cannot pay their assessments. You will see by checking up the village books that more and more people every year are not paying their assessments. It can't be done when you haven't got the money. They say the town would be bankrupt now if they did not have the water department to loan the money.

And why should you and I pay assessments and court costs and all that and more when everything in town finances is in a big muddle? They tell me that there is a $150,000 suit against the village on forged, or overissued or duplicated or what-not village paving bonds. They tell me that there is a suit against the closed State bank or its directors for some $40,000. There is a suit, they tell me, with a township school board, that means the same taxpayers are fighting each other and before they get through with it, all they will have left is worth as much as my old suit which is falling to pieces. There is plenty of other argument the town lawyer has to have with other lawyers to clean up the mess that the village is in. That all costs money and we don't know how much it is costing us. Can you blame me for not wanting to give my money to the town when they are in such a mess, if I did have the money?

They even put in a sewer without a special assessment, they say, and is not paid for yet. They say the fellers that might pay for it to be good sport have not been asked to pay for it. Maybe the rainbow will shine yet in somebody's heart and make me feel as I used to feel when I saw the moon shine over the old cowshed where I used to milk the cows and where I wish I was now.

I wish you would look over our town and look into the town books. You will find there a lot of things that will open your eyes. Maybe if the government knew, too, they would not be so ready to give us that PWA money that the town board has been fishing for. I like to get money from Uncle Sam for our town but how can I help pay it back to Uncle Sam when I ain't got any and can't see any ahead. I cannot even pay the town what I owe and can you blame me for not paying if I did have it to pay my paving? I am sick and tired from paying for my town's squabbles and what not.

I asked a contractor friend the other day about that PWA plan the village is figuring on. He tells me that it will not make the country gents satisfied. It is for the reason that many people in town are using old time sewers for their toilets; and they are the sewers that the town board wants to use to haul the rain water into Flint creek, so they say. Why don't they clean up what they have and make us all tie to the new sewer that we built a few years ago, first; and that we are trying to pay for first. Let us clean house first and then build some more if the courts say we must do it to please the country gents that bought our farms; don't you agree with me on that? I have worked hard all my life until I moved to town and I don't want to throw any money to the dogs if I get some ever from my bonds and stocks.

That contractor friend tells me too that the PWA plans are so crude that no one can tell just what the town board wants us to pay for. Do they figure to pay for all the change that we have to make in our properties if they change the sewer all around? I say, and so do a lot of others, that we have paid more than we should have paid, for the sewer that we put in a few years ago—I guess we were pretty nearly all riding balloons them days. Can you blame us for not wanting to pay for it again? I think I am quite right in thinking that you will have a hard time in getting paid back the PWA loan if Uncle Sam ever gives it to you, and I mean the town board now. Maybe a few of us will be glad to pay 16 to 18 dollars a year to empty into the town sewer, something I never was used to doing on the farm. But if the rest of us don't pay, who will pay? And who can make us pay? The state gives us the right to empty into the sewer and cannot shut us off. So why should we pay? Just to please a few country gents? Oh no, not now. Take in Chicago they have sewers that won't be as good as ours when the PWA gets through with them; that's what they tell me. I say we might have pleased our country gents a few years ago when we built our sewer and then many of us would have worked with them; but we had nothing to say about it then. So can you blame us now for not wanting to pay to make right something that somebody did wrong, even if we of the old farm gang had the dough?

That contractor friend tells me too that the state or some one state office got the O.K. on the sewer that we built. Then the country gents came at us and we took up the fight with them and are still fighting. Can any one tell me why the state cannot step in and take the blame for the sewer that we got if anything is wrong with it? Why don't the state help us, when it gave the O.K. in the first place? Why don't the state say to us and the country gents: here the Barrington sewer is O.K. It is an Imhoff system just like Chicago hopes to get, they say. All you have to do is to put some chlorine in that water from the sewer and that will kill the germs and kill the smell and that should be good enough to run through anybody's land. If the state tells us to do that, then I will be glad to pay for that if I can. But to tear up our streets and to run a long sewer pipe through the wide open God's country just to please a few country gents, that I don't want to help for. But if the government wants to give the money and put that in and then forget about it, that ought to be fine.

After all, I think that if your and my village board wants to be sure to get the PWA money back to Washington if Uncle Sam loans it to us, the board had better first ask all the people in town, property owners, to vote on the thing before the village board makes any contract to build something that probably won't even satisfy themselves after they are off the board, and that will have to be another piece of mess. And if the village board gets all that money it has asked Uncle Sam for, why doesn't it have all the property owners pay an even share and not just load most of it on the ones who have toilets. I respect our town board and love it and that is the reason why I am writing you, editor of the Barrington Review, to warn the town board to play safe in this deal that it is trying to put over the poor people.

Don't get me wrong. If we all had lots of money like we had when the big crash was still not here, then we would not kick about doing something to make the country gents happy. I want to wait until I can and when I can, I want to do it right. Many an old brother in town sides with me on this.

An Old Property Owner.

Town Has Two Sunsets

There are two sunsets at certain times of the year in the town of Leek, England. The sun disappears behind one flank of a hill and reappears beyond the other.

Few Egyptians See Canal Ships

The Suez canal lies well to the east of the inhabited part of Egypt and few Egyptians see the ships going through.

The MAN from YONDER

15th INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER X

THE rifle bullet had passed so close above Ben's head that he had felt its breath even before he was aware of its whine.

A bullet . . . here . . . . for him! A hunter? But what would a hunter be shooting at here? That bullet was designed for him and had missed by inches. And he was pitching forward, simulating a fall, letting himself go limp. It was the only protection he could conjure.

He saw nothing, no movement, even; heard nothing. He was a-tingle, scalp creeping with an odd sensation as he waited for another bullet from these heights to the eastward.

But no other come. Ben lay there until deep dusk had fallen. Then he rose to his hands and knees, watching, listening. After a moment he stood still. Then, resolutely, he left the road, wallowed through the deep snow, crossed the railroad track and toiled up the heights. He went on, through the snow to the first fringe of trees. Then he spoke, in a light hail: "Hi!"—and immediately dropped behind a stump.

After a moment he rose, went forward again and entered the shadows boldly. No one was there, for certain, but before he had gone more than a few paces he came on that which he sought: a snowshoe track, visible in the gloom because of the softness of the snow. Whoever had gone that way had sunk deeply.

He followed this out of the thick timber to a little clearing. The trail was not visible in the darkness so he struck a match and holding it cupped in one hand, bent low.

The flare showed the track of a long, narrow shoe plainly and as he moved the tiny torch along toward its tip he stopped all movement. The match burned out. He moved on to the next track and lighted another. He examined several of the imprints made by the shoe. Then he went as rapidly as possible back down the slope to the road and started on to camp.

After supper Ben called Bird-Eye Blaine to one side.

"I'd like to have you harness the supply team and spend an evening in town," he said.

The little barn boss cocked an inquisitive eye.

"Just in town, Mister Elliott? Or fer somethin' special?"

"Something special . . . But no one else is to know. What I want to find out is this: Who is wearing a pair of Canadian snowshoes with the webbing in the top torn so it makes a hole about this shape."

Quickly he sketched a rough outline on a leaf of his notebook. Bird-Eye scanned it and nodded.

It was after midnight when Ben Elliott roused from his sleepless bed to hear Bird-Eye speaking to his team outside. He crawled out of his blankets and opened the office door to let the other in, but before he asked any questions lighted a lamp.

"Well, how about it?"—as he replaced the chimney.

Bird-Eye looked at him narrowly.

"I found th' shoes," he said with an emphatic nod. " 'Nd I found out who's they be! They're the property av a wan Red Bart Delaney, a celebrated killer from somewheres in Canady!"

From the second small bedroom separated from the office by a board partition a bed creaked sharply. Elliott did not hear it.

"So that's it!" he said softly.

"Yis! That's it! Th' prisence av a rattlesnake lolke Red Bart in th' community don't forecast nawthing but th' hottest kind av trouble! Ye've heard av him, ain't it?"

"Yes, I have. He was mixed up in that spruce war on the Zhingwauk. A hired killer."

"Killer is rolight! 'Nd what may be he a-doing in these parts?"

Elliott did not reply to that question.

"What else did you find out?" he asked.

"Well, he brought his stinkin' prisence into Tincup Wednesday nolight on its own two stinkin' feet! He's favorin' Joe Piette's hotel. Ye' snowshoes was in th' office 'nd it come up so's I didn't have to seem curious to found out whose they was. He'd been lookin' for them, he says. But it gives a body a lot av bother wonderin' what his rale reason might be. Lyin' 's as natural as breathin' to th' lolkes."

"I can tell you," Ben said. "He's gunning for me, Bird-Eye."

"Yis . . . I thought wt. I did! Ah, me b'y—"

"Yes, he started today. I was shot at with a rifle two miles up the road just at sundown. The man who shot at me wore a snowshoe with the web broken. He couldn't be landing his snowshoes."

Bird-Eye stood motionless and silent for a moment before he spoke. "This th' sooner we give him both barrels av somethin', th' safer ye'll be, Mister Elliott! He's a hard chunk, him. It's Nick Brandon's work, who's tried everything else 'nd who'll not refuse to try murder to get yo down, Benny b'y!"

"Likely you're right," Ben said and rubbed his chin with a knuckle. "But we'd have to prove that, first. There's nothing to worry about, now we know the man's here to get me. Likely he thought he got you too. Still there, was he? Um. . . . Well, that's something to think over, Bird-Eye. You better hit for camp, and get some sleep. I may call you in the forenoon."

Bird-Eye sniffed and twisted his head gravely and after adding impressions on Nicholas Brandon and warning Ben to stay close to the office, departed.

He could be heard unhitching his team and climbing into the sleigh; and when the frosty runners screamed in departure sounds came from that second bedroom behind the partition, the door opened and John Martin stood looking out. His dark eyes held on Ben Elliott, anxious and troubled.

"I couldn't help hearing," he said simply. "Do you mind?"

"Of course not, John. Looks like lively times!"—with a grin.

"It's none of my affairs Elliott, but I'm an older man than you. I've seen trouble . . . a-plenty." His voice dropped significantly, as though old wounds were being opened. "I've heard of Delaney. I can't help but think Bird-Eye's advice is good. Swear out a warrant for him the first thing. This is a time for caution. It'll do you no good to take risks."

"I'll not walk into any traps, but if Brandon thinks he can make me hunt my hole—"

"Oh, Brandon!" The cry was bitter and Martin threw his arms wide in a gesture of helplessness. "You've got to watch him as you've never watched a man in your life. Why, son, you don't know, you don't dream, of the ends he'll go to!"

"But I thought you didn't know him," Ben said, puzzled. "I thought you said you were a stranger to this country."

"Yes. But stories travel. And isn't your experience today enough to convince anyone of the man's ruthlessness?"

"Oh, sure," Ben agreed, but still wondering at Martin's mood. "You're right. He'll stop at nothing, not even murder. And I agree with you that he's got to be watched. But if I run into my burrow or didn't try to get at the bottom of this thing, he'd gain part of what he's after, you see. No, that can't be done."

He rose and began to pace the floor.

"And it's not only the Hoot Owl, now, that's at stake. He's mixed up in more important matters than just property. He caught me fool where it hurt . . . hurt!" Martin, following him with his eyes, winced. "He's used a woman to come between me and the finest girl that ever walked the earth!" Martin looked away as Ben coughed from him, almost as one will avert his face from a painful sight. "Lastly he brings a hired killer to polish me off. Darned if I know what to expect next. But one thing he can bank on: I won't run. I'll drive him into the open if I can by hook or crook, but I won't run!"

"No, I know you won't. But I wish . . . Oh, how I wish you'd counsel with some one else, with Abe or anyone. You're young, you're in danger. . . . And this matter you just mention: Can't you think of Dawn a little? If you love her can't you see that she has a right to believe that you will protect yourself?"

The man's voice had fallen to a broken whisper. He held out both hands in appeal and tears sprang into his eyes. This man, this mature, quiet gentleman, this stranger to Ben Ronfry, begging him with tears in eyes and voice to consider Dawn McManus struck Ben dumbfounded.

"Oh, it's only that you've shown yourself to be so decent," Martin said after a moment, emotions under better control. "I hate to see you putting yourself in danger."

"I won't stick my head into any noose," Ben replied. "Lord, it's late. We'll need clear heads to meet this situation. Better get into the old blankets."

But he did not sleep at once. He lay awake a long time, thinking of Red Bart Delaney and Brandon and wondering how he could prove their relationship. . . . And speculating on Martin's outbursts, the man's keen hatred of Brandon, whom he probably had never seen, his intense interest in Dawn McManus. . . . Something strange and unnatural was there, Elliott told himself. Still, he added, you could stake your last hope on a man like John Martin.

* * * * * * *

Early the next forenoon the merchants and traders and loafers in the village, began to see something to nip their attention.

Ben Elliott came driving into town at a spanking trot, his team of alert drivers coated with frost. This was nothing unusual. But when he brought them to a crunching halt before the bank building, over which Nicholas Brandon worked and lived, jumped out, threw blankets over their backs and tied them to a post, a few necks were craned.

Throughout the evening before Brandon had gorged himself on a sense of relief. At eight he had passed Bart Delaney on the street. None had been about to notice that

Continued on page 9

Church News

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
421 E. Main Street

9:30 a. m., Sunday school.
10:45 a. m., Sunday service.
Subject: "Man."
Golden Text: Psalms 37:23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.
Wednesday evening meeting at 8 p. m.
The reading room, 114 E. Station street, Lipofsky building, is open to the public from 2 to 4 p. m. each week day and from 7 to 9 p. m. on Saturday.

ST. ANNE

Sunday, Low Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m.
Week day, Low Mass, 7 a. m.
Devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, first Friday of each month. Mass at 8 a. m.
Confessions, Saturday, 8 p. m.
Baptism by appointment.
REV. J. A. DUFFICY, Pastor

ST. JAMES' Dundee

Holy Communion at 8 a. m.
Choral school, 9:30 a. m.
Choral Eucharist at 11 a. m.
A. E. TAYLOR, Rector

SOUTH CHURCH (Sutton Bible Church)

Penny road between Bartlett road and Sutton road
2:30 p. m., Bible school. Classes for all ages.
7 p. m. Young people's meeting.
8 p. m. Gospel meeting.
Thursday nights, 8 p. m., Cottage prayer meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

9:30 a. m., Sunday school. Classes in all departments. W. D. Dotterrer, superintendent.
10:40 a. m., Morning worship service, assisted by choir music.
6:45 p. m. Epworth league devotional services.
REV. H. L. EAGLE, Pastor

ST. MATTHEW EV. LUTHERAN (Missouri Synod)

Cor. Coolidge Ave. and Lill Street
9:30 a. m. Graded Sunday and Adult Bible class.
10:15 a. m., Confessional service.
10:30 a. m. Morning worship with celebration of Lord's supper
7:45 p. m. Confessional service.
8:00 p. m. Evening worship with celebration of holy communion. Theme: "Isaac, a Type of Christ."
Wednesday, March 13
8:00 p. m. Midweek lenten service. Text: Luke 22, 54-62
Theme: "Simon Peter."
REV. A. T. KRETZMANN, Pastor

FIRST BAPTIST

9:30 a. m., Bible school.
10:35 a. m., Morning worship
6:45 p. m. Young People.
7:30 p. m. Evening service.
At the morning worship we are giving the center of our attention to the Bible school, although all are invited. The subject is "Three Steps." In the evening the pastor will use for his theme: "You Have a Gift."
C. R. DRUSSEL, Pastor

SALEM EVANGELICAL

9:30 a. m., Sunday school. E. W. Plagge and Donald Landwer superintendents. Classes for all ages.
10:30 a. m. Divine worship. The pastor will begin a series of lenten services.
6:45 p. m., Young people's meeting.
7:30 p. m. Evening preaching service. Sermon "Building a Personality."
REV. P. H. BEUSCHER, Pastor

ST. PAUL EVANGELICAL

9:30 a. m., Bible school.
10:35 a. m., Morning worship
Thursday, March 7, 2 p. m. Monthly meeting of the Women's Union. 8 p. m.—Monthly meeting of the Senior league.
Wednesday, Mar. 13, 7:45 p. m.—Midweek lenten service, Brotherhood night.
REV. H. E. KOENIG, Pastor

Mixing the First Paint

It is unknown who first mixed and used paint since paint has been employed from a very early period. White lead was mentioned by Theophrastus, Pliny and Vitruvius, who described its manufacture from lead and vinegar. Yellow ocher was used by the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. Pots of it were found in Pompeii. Naples yellow has been found in the yellow enamel of Babylonian bricks. Verdigris was familiar to the Romans. Indigo has been employed by the East Indians and Egyptians from an ancient time.

Farrel's Law

Farrel's law is to the effect that if a body moves in any direction on the earth's surface, there is a deflecting force arising from the earth's rotation which deflects it to the right in the Northern hemisphere and to the left in the Southern hemisphere.

Bronchos

Pirates Triumph in Final Contest by 20 to 17 Score

Loss of Two Men Via Foul Route Weakens Bronks in Final Minutes

Palatine's Pirate cagers blasted Barrington Broncho hopes for an undefeated record and an undisputed title by winning the conference finale 20 to 17 last Friday night, after a hard-fought battle on the Palatine court. The Bronchos had previously won 11 straight games but Friday's defeat dropped them to a co-championship with Palatine in the Northwest heavyweight circuit. Both teams finished with records of 11 victories and one defeat.

The local high school quintet led the Pirates for the first three quarters of the game but weakened in the final period to drop the decision. Too many fouls spelled disaster for the Bronks as they lost both Workman and Conn in the final minutes of the game. The Bronks committed 16 personals to Palatine's eight and the Pirates capitalized to sink 10 free tosses to the Bronks' five, a winning margin as the local team scored the most field goals, six to their opponent's five. At no time did the Bronks approach their usual good form and it was obvious that the loss at Latta at center weakened the team. The tenseness of the situation caused the game to become rather rough as it progressed.

The insertion of Harvey Helms, who had been sick, into the Pirate lineup late in the third quarter was the turning point of the game. The Bronks were leading 14 to 8 at this point but Helms counted two long shots and two free throws to run the Pirates ahead. Eddie Hahnfeldt led Palatine in scoring with nine points while Grabenkort, Etters, and Conn garnered 15 of the Bronks' 17 points.

Lineups:

Bronchos, 17—	FG	FT	PF
Grabenkort, f	2	1	3
Etters, f	0	0	4
Conn, f	2	2	4
Workman, g	0	1	4
Mollenkamp, g	0	1	1
Overhue, f	0	0	1
Wichman, g	0	0	1
Wallace, c	0	0	0
Totals	6	5	18

Palatine, 20—			
Reuse, f	0	1	2
Helms, g	2	2	1
Mauser, f	0	2	2
Hahnfeldt, c	2	5	2
Engelking, g	1	0	2
Kruse, f	0	0	1
Perry, f	0	0	0
Totals	5	10	8

Missed free throws: Bronks 6; Pirates 8. Referee: Soucheck and Hobes. Score by quarters:

Bronks	4	8	14	17
Palatine	6	6	12	20

Red Caps Display Many Talents in Beating All-Stars

The highly touted Chicago Red Caps more than lived up to advance notices in defeating the Church All-Stars by a score of 45 to 38 at the school gym last Thursday night. Although they arrived three-quarters of an hour late because of motor trouble, the stellar colored cagers quickly make amends for this delay by displaying some of the fastest and trickiest passing ever seen on the local floor. The ball changed hands so fast at times that it was hard to keep track of it.

Dazzled by the Red Caps' brilliant performance, the local All-Stars pulled themselves together after a poor start and played good ball in the second half. Wichman with 13 points, and Tate and Reese with four baskets each, led the All-Stars.

The two preliminary games also ended disastrously for the home teams. Elgin Foxes defeated Bischele's Specials 34 to 30 in an interesting scuffle and Lake Zurich's girls' team overwhelmed the local girls, 18 to 2.

Copper Known Since 1524

Copper has been known in this country since the year 1524. The Indians wore beads of copper. The first copper mine was established in 1771 on the Ontonagon river, near Lake Superior, and the venture proved very successful. There was an attempt to mine copper at a mine called Keweenaw in 1761, but with little or no commercial success.