

VILLAGE — NEWS —



VOL. NO. 13 - OCT. 29, 1933.

EDITED BY NO. 13.





TO LIVE IN GLENSIDE

IS AN EXALTATION SERENE.

AN EXPERIENCE WORTH

YEARS OF WAITING AND

LONGING. THE FULFILMENT

OF DESIRES. WE WISH THAT

EVERYONE MIGHT KNOW THE

MEANING OF LIVING HERE,

WHERE EACH SEASON BRINGS

ITS IRRESISTABLE CHARM-UNIQUE.

WE ARE ONE WITH IT. WE

ARE CONTENT.

GLENSIDE THE BEAUTIFUL!

PRE-ELECTION STATEMENT.

November 7th 1933 - (Election Day) is now within hailing distance. But whether the weather is hail or snow it will be election day just the same.

For some strange and intangible reason there seems to have been a complete absence of candidates for the office of Mayor of Glenside. Your humble servant, the present incumbent, is anxiously waiting for some announcement to be made by the various political parties as to who their candidates will be. But each party seems to be waiting to spring a dark horse on the innocent and unsuspecting public.

The only hint of this seems to come from No. 1 cottage. Geo. Tillson has been seen about the village in new riding togs, and it is rumored about that he is grooming the dark horse.

In the absence of candidates for the office your humble servant presumes that he may be called upon to remain in the chair until a special election can be held. If it is necessary for him to do this it must be realized that it is only because of his public spirit and not because of any desire to keep the honor of this high office from falling on the shoulders of some other deserving and able citizen.

At the former election certain planks were laid in the political platform, none of which have been carried out. A few questions and answers as to the

accomplishments of the present administration may help in bringing out new candidates for the office of Mayor of Glenside.

Question:- What party elected the present Mayor?

Answer:- None.

Q:- How many pre-election promises has he kept?

A:- None.

Q:- How many public improvements has he made?

A:- None.

Q:- Has he helped to reduce unemployment?

A:- No.

Q:- Has he paid any political debts, -taxes or tennis dues?

A:- No.

Q:- Has there been any "dirt" in connection with his administration?

A:- Some - but he has swept the city hall clean several times.

Q:- What will he do for the community if kept in office?

A:- Nothing.

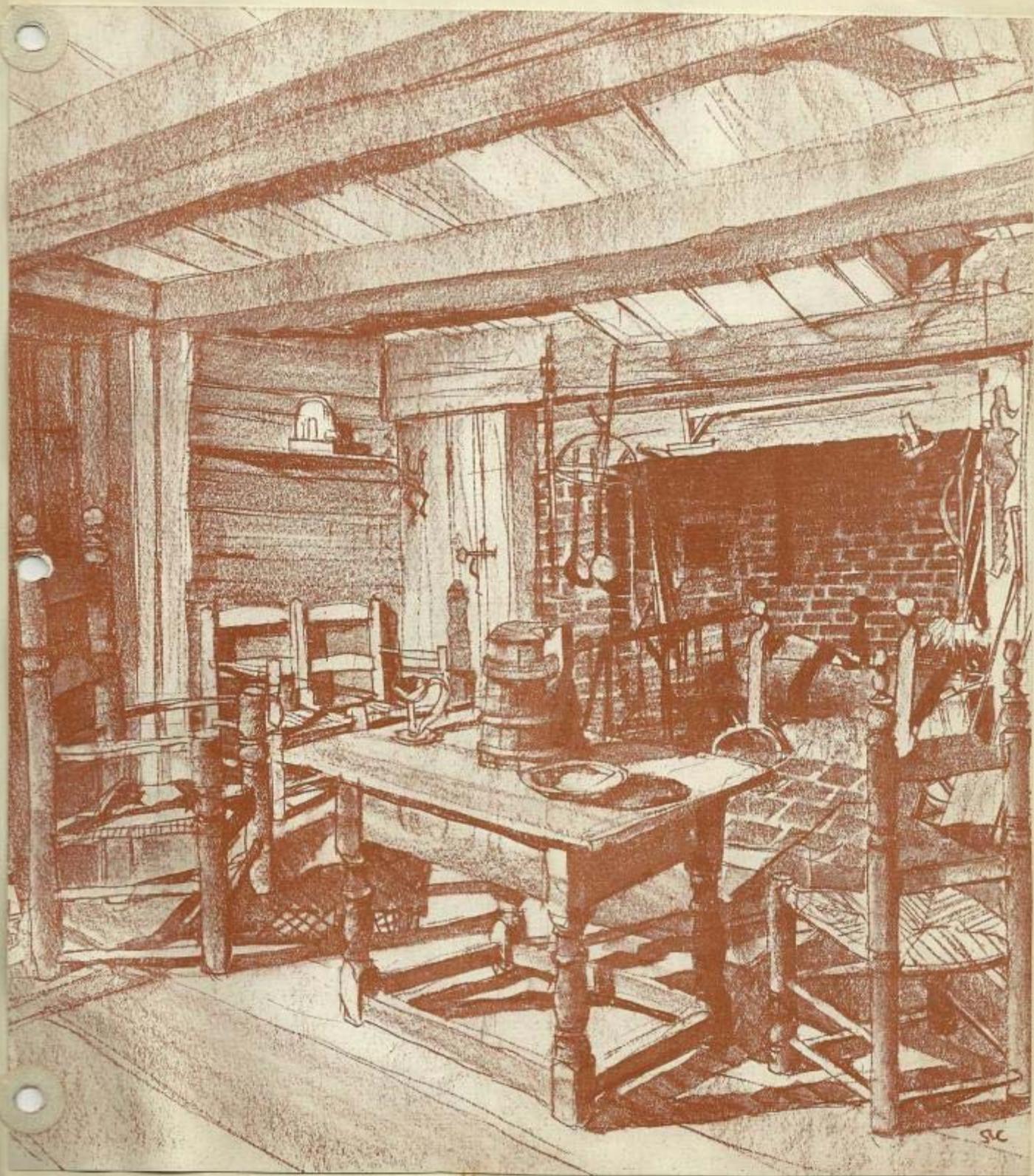
FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE THINGS
THAT WILL NOT BE ACCOMPLISHED UNLESS YOU

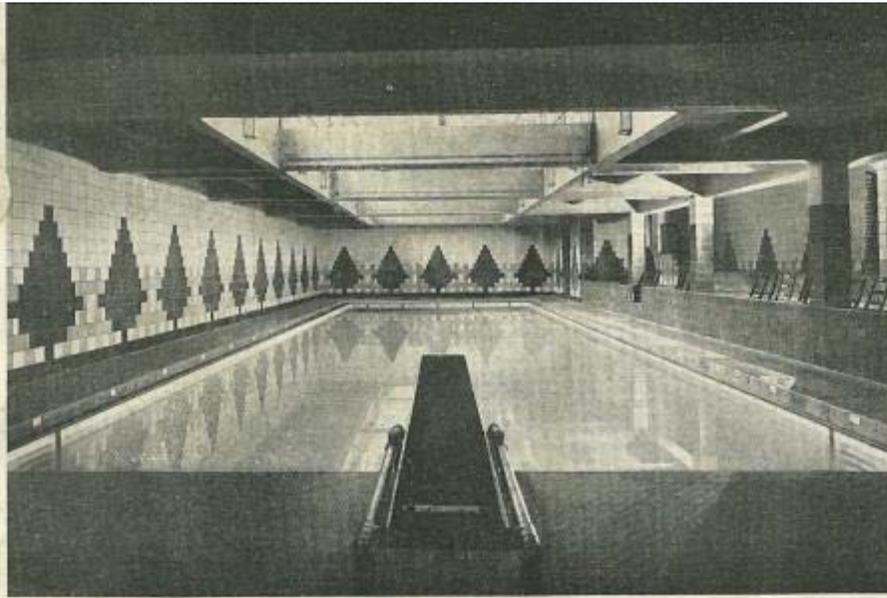
ELECT A NEW MAYOR!!!

YOURS FOR

A NEW DEAL. - M.D.

Under the present administration the Drake cottage will not be fixed up like this for the next Village Party.





A NEW DEAL
would probably convert
the pool in back of
Fritz cottage into
a modest little swimming
pool like the picture
at the left.

The present
Mayor will
not advocate
rebuilding the
grand stair-
case in City
Hall. He claims
openly that the
scheme was
developed by
Roger Eastman &
Wm Sherman in
order to create
work for them-
selves. Privately
he admits that
it's hard enough
to keep the
present City Hall
stairs clean.



A NEW ADMINISTRATION WOULD-

Install open air showers like those for the comfort and enjoyment of the ladies after a strenuous set of tennis, a long hike, or for use after making a pastoral call on our beloved "Fritz."

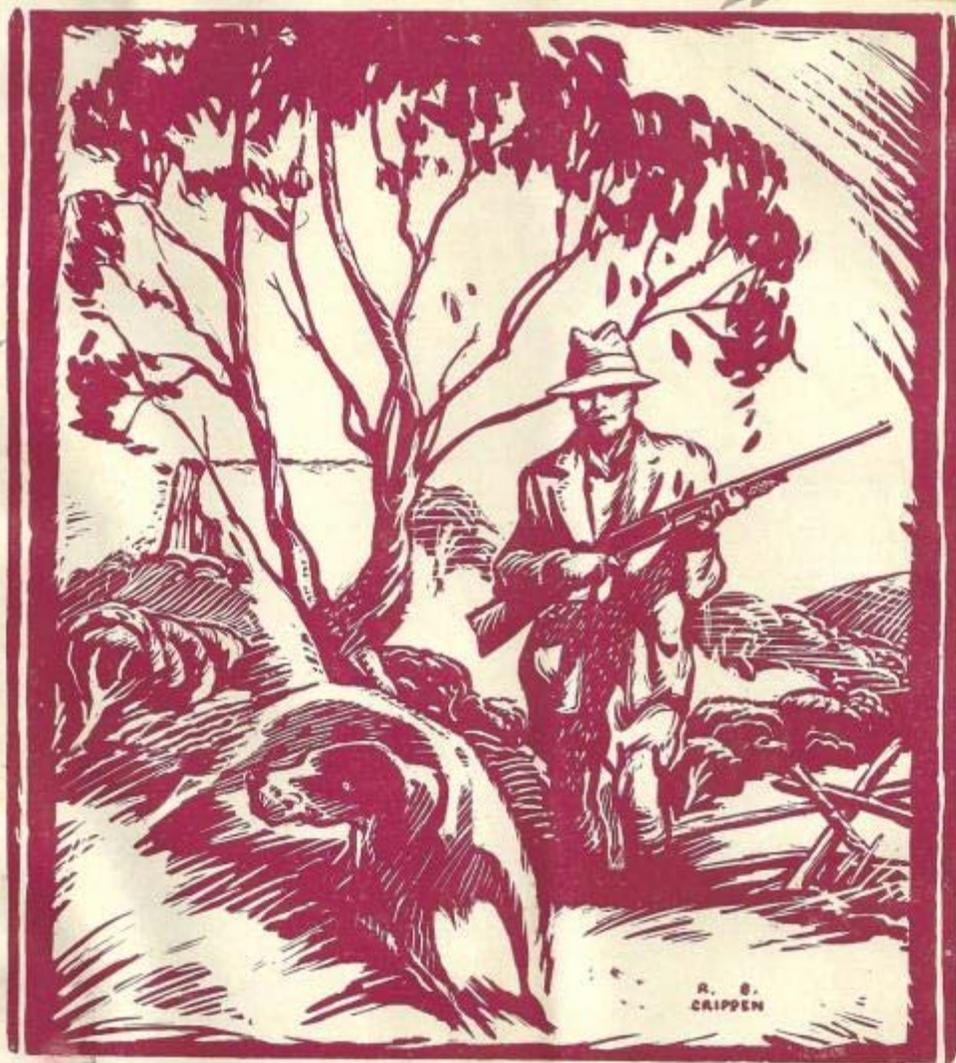


AND

It would install these fine lounging chairs for the men

to use while sipping their high-balls when waiting for the ladies to finish their showers. Please note the convenient drawer for holding their lunch in case of an unusually long wait.





A
NEW
DEAL

would
probably
tear
down
the
signs
prohibiting
hunting.

ALSO

Gardeners from the C.C.C.
would be sent into Glenside
and would make everybodys'
barnyard (I mean doorway)
look similar to the illustration
at the right.



GO TO THE
POLLS
NOV. 7 - 1933
AND
ELECT
A
NEW MAYOR

THE ABOVE ADVERTISEMENT PAID FOR OUT OF FUND NOT COLLECTED.
(30% GRANT MADE BY N.I.R.A.)

Roads to Music Appreciation

To those who think in terms of music, our Glenside offers a constant symphony. The themes we find are great and varied and easy to translate into the different movements of a symphony: the andantes, largos, the scherzi and on windy nights the big finale written as "Presto molto". Perhaps these themes are more interesting to some as they glow in colors. If Mr. Wilfred could transmit the tones of our autumn woods and use them for his clavilux what a sensation his color organ would create!

Since there is a definite law governing the relation of tone and color perhaps this is more interesting to consider, not as poetry but as physics.

Art has made excursions into the field of science and new sounds and rhythms is the results and it is intensely interesting to invert this thought and consider how science-mathematics for instance- has evolved from music. (Pathagoras, I believe will substantiate this.) It is said that the Parthenon was erected upon an absolute system of geometry evolved from musical proportions.

In the world of art today the painters colors are tuned to the pitch of the musician's chromatic scale and our chemists have the same scale as the musician and the painters. Does not this prove that in principle the natural shades of light and sound are one- therefore the colors of the solar spectrum and the tones of the musical scale have the same ratios of vibration, hence both color and tone can be scaled. This would be interesting to follow, leading who knows where? Possibly to an appreciation to the music of the spheres.

WE are accustomed, however, to think in terms of sound regarding music. Surely there is a wealth of opportunity in this enchanting spot.

Cyril Scott, in his chapter on Debussy in his book "Influence of Music" says "Those who listen to the piping of birds, to the murmur of the breeze among the foliage, and try to catch their illusive harmonies must realize that the key note to nature's music is its extreme subtlety. All is enchantingly indefinite between the notes, varied, yet in a sense charmingly monotonous. If one thinks of the opening phrase of Debussy's, "Afternoon of a Faun" the same subtlety is noticeable: all is subdued, delicate, and nebulous." It was his, Debussy's, mission to echo the music of the gnomes and fairies, the spirits of the water and the music of the clouds. "The Afternoon of a Faun" is an orchestral composition based upon Mallarm's poem, which is exquisite in itself, but Debussy has transfigured it. It is music of the most inveterate subtlety and refinement, yet it grips and abides."

The clouds, the sea, are other orchestral examples of nature impressions and among the piano pieces are the tone poem; "Gardens in the Rain", "Reflections in the Water", "Mists", "Dead Leaves" and others.

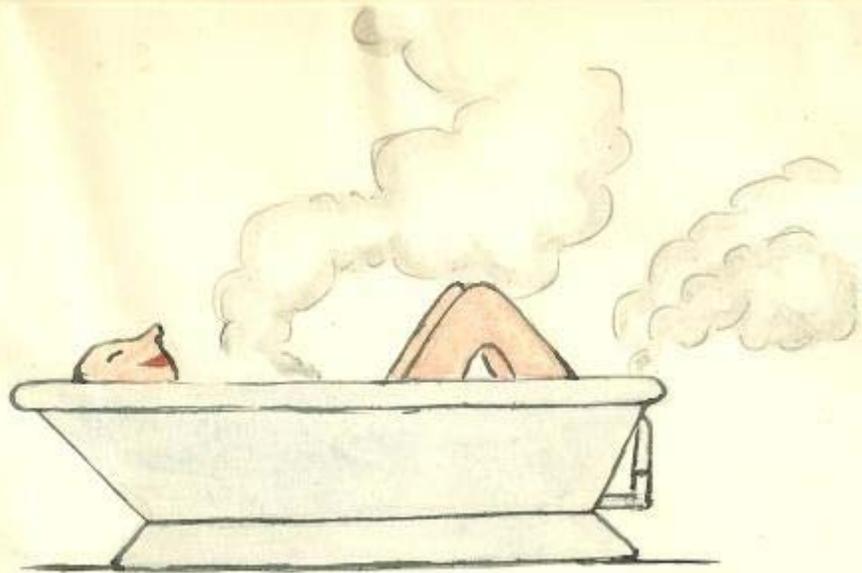
Cyril Scott goes on to say "There is an inner song made by every movement of the leaves, of the butterfly's wings, of even the flower petals as they open to the kiss of the sun, and it is this which Debussy has reproduced as far as it has been possible with our present day instruments." By the way- have you ever heard of the little instruments- something like an audiphone, by means of which you may hear the heart beats of a rose?

May I remark just here that this appreciation of nature, this revelation of something so fine, so psychic, might open a new road to music appreciation? Especially if we take into consideration that all this is not just poetic phraseology, but may have a real tonal value.

With all nature teeming with hidden life- and it must be audible were we sensitive enough to hear it + for according to Pythagoras everything has its tone, its keynote - what a symphony must arise on a summer morning, when every precious little instrument in this great cosmic orchestra is playing a hymn to the rising sun.

BY

D.S.



WE RECOMMEND THIS SATISFACTORY
WAY OF KEEPING WARM — BEFORE
THE FURNACE FIRE IS GOING STRONG.



SOON WE EXPECT
YOUNG WINNIE WILL BE DELIVER-
ING FISH —.

ADVENTURES IN GONGWONIA

by Dr. Karl James

Being an account of a newly discovered land with savage rites, diabolical laws and pagan worship and of a people the lewdness of which is almost beyond believe. Fully described by the Author.

Chapter the Second

In which our friends are, like Joseph, cast into a Deep Pit.

Chapter 2. The Prison

(In his first article Dr. James told how Sir Alfred Mund, a prosperous maker of rubber goods, finances an expedition to Gongwonia, an unexplored land beyond the upper Amazon. Dr. James organizes the expedition. Sir Alfred is to accompany it. In addition to these there are Dr. Mark Constable, geographer; Henry Driskin, zoologist and Miss Elfreda Todd, botanist. After traveling far into the Amazon basin, they have a skirmish with a native tribe. While trying to make their way around a rapids, the tribe attacks. Many of the expeditions canoe men are killed, and Dr. James and his four companions are forced to flee on foot through the forest. After great hardships, they see ahead of them the edge of a lofty plateau which they believe to be Gongwonia. In attempting to follow a stream which winds down from the plateau through a narrow canyon, they are captured by a group of Indians wearing copper breastplates and leather helmets decorated with parrot feathers.)

Dr. James' story continues:

We were each shoved upward along the canyon path by a warrior walking close behind, while the gigantic leader swung ahead and three additional men brought up the rear. After the first shock of the capture, I regarded our situation almost with relief. The long days and nights of uncertainty and fear between the battle at the rapids and our ascent of the Gongwonian canyon had produced a mental fatigue of which I was only now aware. Whatever our ultimate fate, for the time being, at least, we did not have to scheme or think. We had only to follow where our captors led. Perhaps in time would come release or slavery or even death. At least we could expect a better chance among these people than among the savage jungle Indians who take a fiendish delight in torturing to death every enemy that falls into their hands.

My brain was much too tired to weigh future possibilities. My vague thoughts turned to my companions. What was going on in their minds? Strung out as we were I could not see their faces. Involuntarily my gaze fastened upon the back of the Indian ahead of me. Fascinated I drank in the shape of his leather helmet, the padded shirt beneath his copper armour, the kilt ornamented all over with downy tufts and the knotty muscles of his bronzed calves.

After a half hour of walking during which the canyon widened out and the path became more broad, we rounded a curve and saw before us a stone fort. One side was fastened to the canyon wall. The other dropped sheer to the stream below. The path before it had been torn away so that entrance could be gained only by a drawbridge.

The leader shouted. Above the band of red and blue reliefs which marked the parapet heads appeared. A gong sounded. After a moment the drawbridge was lowered, a gate swung back and we were marched over the bridge and through the tower into a court yard beyond. Two dozen soldiers gaped. A man came forward. There was an excited interchange of words and we were led into a tower room. At the back on a low dais flanked by two guards sat a venerable old Indian wrapped in a yellow feather robe. We were lined up by our captors. The leader of the party which had captured us stepped forward and spoke at length indicating us several times with gestures. I glanced at my comrades. Sir Alfred was staring intently at the chief. Henry Driskin and Miss Todd seemed very pale. Dr. Constable stood next to me.

"Remarkable discovery", he hissed without turning his head, "It will make a sensation."

A guard turned and scowled. The chief seemed to be asking a question, but I could not understand a single word he said. I shrugged and shook my head.

"Don't understand," I said in the dialect of the jungle Indians. The chief spoke to a guard. Presently another warrior entered. He was a large man with a shrewd face. After an interchange of words with the chief, he questioned us indicating by his hand as he did so the way by which we had come.

"Wahwahtassisach", I said at length hoping that he would understand that we had come from that direction. He spoke to the chief repeating as he did so "Wahwahtassisach". The chief again spoke to us, and when he finished, he struck the ground with a carved staff. We were led from that room, taken across the courtyard and thrust into another. The door was not shut, but two guards were stationed at the door.

"Well, what now?" exclaimed Henry Driskin as soon as we were inside.

"Remarkable discovery," exclaimed Dr. Constable, "a highly civilized people. Metal, stone buildings, military organization--- all unknown to science. What a sensation the report of this will make!"

"Do you really think," said Miss Todd, "that we will escape from here?"

"I wish we could get these ropes loosened," said Sir Alfred.

"They're so tight that my hands are numb."

Presently his wish was granted for the second officer and two men entered. We were searched. Our hunting knives, hatchet and frying pan were examined minutely and then thrust into a bag. The revolver aroused more curiosity. The soldier thrust it at Sir Alfred with questioning words. Evidently he wished to see how the revolver worked.

"I could let him have it; one shot would probably frighten all of them."

"And where would we go to? Down the trail? Those three cartridges would not last long," I replied.

Sir Alfred turned to the Indian shook his head and returned the gun. The warrior again looked at it and thrust it into the bag. Henry Driskin gave a sigh. Into the bag also went Sir Alfred's splendid silk shirt in its oilcloth package. My device for obtaining head measurements likewise aroused curiosity, but the soldier had evidently concluded that he could get no explanations

from us, so after a look he dropped it into the bag without comment. Then a tray of corn bread and boiled beans was placed before us. The Indians gathered up the bag and departed.

After our meal, we waited but no one appeared. The two guards each armed with spears and short broad-bladed swords continued to stand at the door eyeing us at intervals.

"I suggest that we sleep if we can. We had no rest last night you know," suggested Sir Alfred. Suiting his actions to his words, he stretched out in a corner on the earthen floor. We all followed his example. At first sleep seemed impossible, but the strain of the last few days had told on me more than I knew, and presently I began to drowse.

It was about noon when we were aroused by voices at the door. Several men entered and our hands were again bound. We were lead out into the courtyard. Six llamas and many soldiers were waiting there. Three of the beasts were loaded with bags. A column formed about us; we marched out the back gate and along a road six feet wide well paved with flat stones. We were soon out of the canyon and traversing a comparatively level land. By the road the canyon streamed still flowed, but here it was a placid brook. The soldiers laughed and sang, and when we began to talk among ourselves they gave no sign.

"Almost all the land is under cultivation," declared Dr. Constable "I've seen corn, beans, squash, tobacco and some other plants that I do not recognize."

Miss Todd gave a peculiar shake to her head.

"My glasses keep slipping down on my nose; would you mind, Henry, if I shoved them against your shoulder."

"Not at all," said Henry.

"The trouble with you, Mark," I said in a low tone, "is that you're so impractical. I don't want to alarm the others, but you've been all over the world, and you ought to realize that we're in a very tight place. In fact I've never been in a situation that looked more dangerous."

"You mistake me," Dr. Constable replied, "I realize our predicament as much as you do. I've never been in a worse one, except, perhaps, the time I was captured by Mongolian bandits. But there's nothing we can do at the moment except march and look about. So I'm going to look about. We may not have another chance. Moreover we must keep up the courage of the others."

"True, true," I retorted, "but if you have any ideas bearing upon our safety let me know."

"Of course I will. But don't expect anything. We'll have to depend on luck to get us out of here."

We continued to march. The road was level, straight and smooth, and the Gongwonians set a lively pace. We passed through several villages. As soon as some one saw us in the midst of the soldiers a shout would be raised, and heads would appear along the street. The streets were lined with huts built of adobe brick with broad thatched eaves. The men wore short skirts reaching to the knee, a loose shirt and sometimes a long shawl with fringed ends very similar to those used by the Indians of Peru. The women wore

longer skirts, waistes and voluminous shawls. The children were dressed as miniatures of their parents. One and all stared wide-eyed as we passed.

We soon learned that the use of the wheel was known to the Gongwonians for we passed a great cart loaded with a block of limestone and drwn by six donkeys. In the middle of the afternoon we reached what was apparently a courier post where troops were stationed. The post contained a stable for animals and an inn for the refreshment of men. Here we were unbound and given a chance to rest and to eat. When we resumed our journey, the guards after some words among themselves, did not bind our hands. Evidently they believed that the distance from the frontier made this permissable. When the sun was low in the sky we came to another post. There we were given a substantial meal. Afterward we sat around the fire. Our guards seemed more friendly. They felt of our garmets and allowed us to examine their armour, their clothing and even their weapons. When the fire died down, straw was shaken on the floor, and we were given blankets to roll up in. In spite of the friendliness of the Indians I noticed that two soldiers attached to the post sat alert and armed at the door throughout the night.

In the morning Miss Todd complained of blistered feet. Calling the head man I pointed first to Miss Todd's feet; then I limped about. The chief of the party nodded. He placed Miss Todd astride a llama. I might say that for the average llama the burden of a human being would have proven too great, but the llamas of Gongwonian, through long domestication, have been bred to a remarkable size.

We continued our journey for three days. At regular intervals we stopped at military posts. Evidently the road was not free to all for several times I saw peasants stopped by an official until they gave over to him a number of curious leathery leaves. Evidently these were paid by way of toll.

During the third day's march the villages became more numerous. There were more travelers moving along the road which increased in width to twenty feet. We passed wheeled carts loaded with corn, wood, cattle and other commodities. At length we could perceive a walled city. Behind the wall could be seen high buildings of stone from which arose columns of smoke. When we at length reached the town we found the walls to be at least fifty feet high built of great blocks of stone nicely fitted together. At intervals towers, similar to those of the ancient cities of Europe and Asia, were built along the wall.

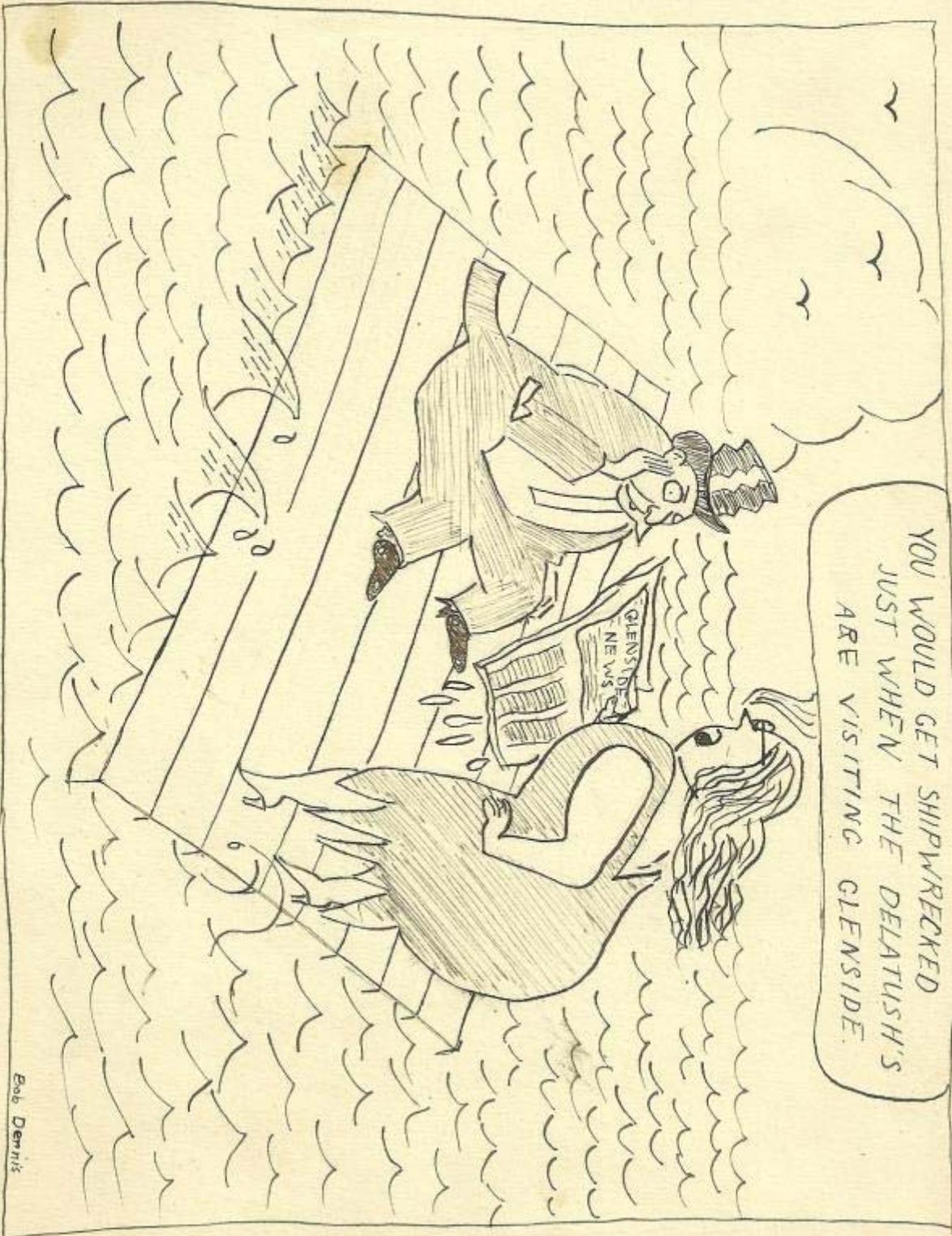
A guard challenged our party as we came up to the great gates. Our leader stepped forward to speak. As they did so each placed a hand upon the other's shoulder. Later I learned that this was the Gongwonian equivalent of a handshake.

The surprize I experienced on entering the city I shall never forget. The streets were broad and well paved. The buildings of smooth dressed stone were of three and even four stories. The ground floors, open like arcades, served as shops in which were displayed blankets, meat, fruit, copper basins, silver mirrors, jewlery and little sandals of colored leather ornamented with tassels, golden bangles or tiny shells. At the corners fountains played, and graceful Indian girls carried away water in gayly colored jars.

We did not have long to enjoy these sights, however. We passed a short distance down the street, made a turn to the left and came up before a huge facade of inscrutable stone. A massive wooden gate opened and we were within the walls of this fortress-prison. We were led before the governor, a functionary younger but more severe in appearance than the chief of the frontier post. The commander of the guards who had brought us upon our long journey stepped forward and made a brief report.

After hearing him through, the governor of the fortress, whose sitting mat was laid on a raised platform, leaned far back upon his hams and delivered a long harangue alternately violent and reassuring. My one attempt at interruption was stopped by the guard who dropped the butt of his spear upon my great toe. At the end of his address the commander seemed to expand with self-satisfaction. He then spoke gruffly to the guard, and we were led out. Miss Todd, in spite of her protests and even tears, was separated from us, and we were thrust down a flight of steps into a long low room lit only by narrow slits high in the walls. Perhaps fifty exceedingly filthy Indians were sprawled about. Some were asleep, some in violent altercation, some merely stared passively at the floor.

Why was Miss Todd separated from the others? Does some fate "worse than death", to use a quaint Victorian phrase, await her? Read next fortnight of the manner in which Dr. James learns the language and of the strange fate that awaits them when ONCE THE PRISON DOOR SWINGS BACK. Don't miss it in the next issue of the Village News.



Bob Dennis



LET'S LAUGH

Galeger: "Would it be proper, my dear, for me to kiss your hand?"

Natalie: "Well, of course, some might think it a bit out of place."

Peter was careless about his personal effects. When Katty went upstairs and saw clothing scattered about on chair and floor, she gently inquired, "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam."

Verna: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?"

Bob & Gene: "I did. It was half past ten."

Butcher: "I can't give you further credit, Mrs. Your bill is bigger now than it should be."

Louise: "I know that. Just make it out for what it should be and I'll pay it."

Spray: "Was that sandwich quite fresh that you sold me just now?"

"Quite, sir. Each one is wrapped in transparent air-tight paper."

Spray: "I wish I'd known."

Acquaintance: "How do you afford such long vacations?"

The Seatons: "Easily, one month on the sands and 11 on the rocks."

After the party, George T. was still full of sleep when he yawned, walked over to the table, and reached for the hand mirror. His fingers grasped the hairbrush instead.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed in amazement. "I certainly need a shave this morning!"

G. Miller the head of the house was reading a newspaper article very carefully. Presently he remarked to his wife: "Do you know, dear, I think there is something in what this article says--that the cleverness of the father often proves a stumblingblock to the son."

Fanny heaved a sigh of relief, "Well, thank goodness," she said, "our Winnie, Frankie, and Arthur won't have anything to fall over."

Mrs. Crow on the telephone: "I ordered that crab meat three hours ago and it hasn't come yet."

Grocer: "We expected a fresh shipment this morning and I've been waiting for it."

Mrs. Thompson: "But my ^{husband} ~~son~~ is here complaining because his dinner's not ready."

Grocer: "But you wouldn't want to serve an old crab, would you?"

G. Pfouts: "That fellow made a fortune selling antifreeze solution last summer."

C. Ewertz: "Antifreeze in the summer!"

G. Pfouts: "Yeah. He sold it to banks."

"Sir," said Dorothy to the postoffice employee, "I wish to send this package by parcel post at the second class rate."

"Nothing is more simple, madam, if your package is open at both ends."

"Well, it is, sir; it is a pantaloon."

"Mr. Jones," began timid Trow., "er-ah-that is, can-er-I-will you--"

"Why, yes, my boy, you may have her," smiled the girl's father.

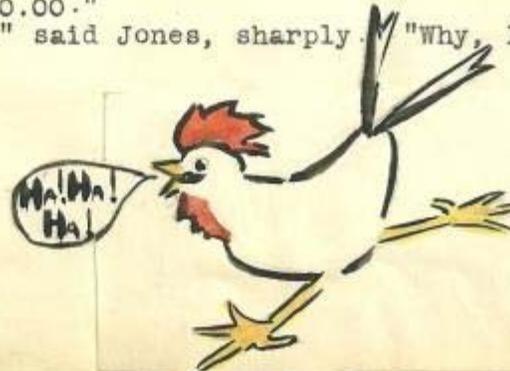
The young man gasped.

"What's that? Have whom?" he asked.

"My daughter, of course," replied Jones. "That's what you mean. You want to marry her, don't you?"

"Why, no," said the timid Trow. "I just wanted to know if you could lend me \$10.00."

"Certainly not," said Jones, sharply. "Why, I hardly know you."



"Now I'm
schoolgirl complexion
all over"



Wise Mother... she uses
her own mild Palmolive
for baby, too

PALM OLIVE... the Soap of Youth

Remember

Remember the day you kissed me there
Under the fragrant flowering pear?
You said my blue eyes were the sky,
My breasts two white doves poised to fly.

Remember you kissed my chestnut hair
That day in the orchard's perfumed air?
Long you laid looking up at me,
Long ling'ring hours beneath the tree.

How strange that today you would not care
To meet me under the flow'ring pear!
Strange when my eyes are just as blue,
Strange when my thoughts still turn to you.

C.M.S.

CURRENT EVENTS

From Cottage No. 14

Went to a party last night, got home in the wee hours this A.M. Got up this morning a wiser if not a better man.

Took down netting on south side of cottage, that is finished the job the wind had well started.

Squirrels have decided to winter between our upstairs walls. Wish they wouldn't start a bowling game with nuts just as I'm trying to get that last hour's sleep in the morning.

Crept home about midnight through a bad ground fog. Almost ran by the gate cottage before I saw it. Suggest the "Council" instruct the "mayor" to have a red light put up at the crossroads.

Have you happened to tune in on the Jeddo Highland radio program of "The Three Musketeers". What memories that brings back. What were the books you used to read over and over again when youth was young? Mine were "Ivanhoe"- "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Three Musketeers".

What a thrill our then carefree minds got imagining we were "Tom Sawyer", "Richard the Lion Hearted", the gentlemanly "Athos" the Swaggering "Porthos".

When you edit "Ye Olde Village News"
And but few contributions peruse,
Are you wondering then
Will I do it again?
If you aren't, then this bet dear, I lose

10/29/33

G.L.T.

LIMERICKS!

No. 8 was greatly concerned
When from a trip they returned;
The mustard was naught
And little they thought.
At no. 9 it sojourned.



Did you hear that the Shermans
may leave?
For the winter they'll go I be
believe
We'll miss them 'tis true
But dont be too blue
We have only 'till springtime
to grieve.

I heard of a girl named Ray
Who in Philadelphia did stay;
Now while she was gone
Her husband went wrong
And out to the movies did stray.



Now Griff came out hear one day
In the finals of tennis to play
When the hour came 'round
Griff could not be found
Say how does that guy get that
way?

GOSSIPY GLIMPSES OF GLENSIDE.

XEEMA Speaking-

A few of our inhabitants are doing their best to preserve the last vestiges of the warm season, but no longer can we kid ourselves, fellow citizens, that there remains a bit of the summer-not when we plow through heaps of fallen leaves, play tennis in sweaters while blowing on our hands and huddle around wood fires to keep warm. No, it is time to dig in for the winter, bring out the heavy things and make up your mind that there is just as much joy in cold weather; good stiff hikes, skating parties, tobogganing, etc.

During the last two weeks some of the most gorgeous coloring imaginable surrounded us on all sides and we hope all of the inhabitants drank it in. Many visitors have stopped off to feast on the exceptional views. But it could not last forever. The heavy wind storm last Tuesday evening just about wiped the most brilliant part of the picture off the canvas.

Speaking of kidding ourselves that we can still do the same things that we did in the summer, among the most stubborn die-hards is G.P. and his family. The P's large and small, are still sleeping outside and your reporter, who knows the family pretty well, heard the following conversation when they were preparing for bed K.P. was speaking. "Now, B., are you sure you are not cold sleeping on the porch." "Oh, no, Mother. I have on two bath-ropes besides a pair of Daddy's woolen socks and three blankets and a quilt over me." "Well, I guess you should be warm. How about you, P?" "O.K. a heavy dressing gown, a pair of Daddy's socks and ----" "Say!" breaks in G.P., "How does everyone get that way, wearing my socks. I won't have any when I need them." The conversation continues without any notice of the interruption. (It would seem that great men are without honor at their own fireside.) "---plenty of covers. I was a little cold last night. No, guess it was in the morning, but I just rolled into a ball." K.P., "Well, I suppose it is all right, but let me know if you are too cold." "We will--sure--whoops," and off the children dash with a banging of doors and shouts and tumble into bed out on the porch. A little later K.P. turns to G.P. "Are you ready for bed? Oh, do hurry, G. I am not going to get into bed until you do. It's too cold. Do hurry. Is my hot water bottle ready? Yes, I am going to wear my bath-robe and a pair of your socks. Oh, I forgot, will you go down to the kitchen and fix the cat. Now hurry. G. oh G look at the pan under the ice-box, and you might glance at the fire in the stove. What? I can't hear you. Did you say something. Well, do hurry. Its about time. Are

you ready? One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready and----OH, OH, oh, oh, its c-c-c-cold. The sheets are icy. Quick, where is the hot water bottle. Are you sure you put it in. My feet are frozen. Well, I can't find the hot water bottle and I don't believe you put it in. You'll have to warm my feet; I am going to put them on you. Oh, G., what was that you said. Well--all right, if you feel that way. GOOD-night."

It seems definitely decided that the B.S's are going to leave us for the winter. They will be greatly missed but we are glad that it will be only until warm weather.

We understand that the G.M's want to sell their fine collection of fish. Here is a chance for some patriotic citizen to step forth and do the village a good turn. With such a rapid decrease in population it seems a shame to let the fish get away, also. We wonder if G.M. is making this move because of any criticism in connection with his appointment as Commissioner of Water by the Mayor. It was suggested that some of the fish might become unmanageable and slide into the water. If some unsuspecting citizen or citizeness suddenly encountered a strange fish in their morning tub or splashed a handful of gold fish into his face, it might go hard with the Commissioner; and if someone should quaff a tumbler of nice refreshing porgies--well draw your own conclusions. (Oh, dear, oh, dear--We have just been advised on reliable authority that G.M. has no intention of disposing of his collection as a unit but piece-meal. That is, not for a meal, but separately for a price)

We were, indeed, sorry to hear that Eunice, who helps the A.S's and has become an institution in Glenside, has left us to attend the funeral of her sister. It is not known whether she will return, but we hope so.

As a wood-chopper, T.T. is a crack tennis player. Thursday evening while doing some chores he suddenly visualized the net and a ball coming across full tilt and hell bent. Tightening the grasp on his racket he smacked the old ball right back with all his strength and, wango--!!!*****-stars-moons and more stars. T.T. discovered that he was chopping wood and the piece he had just soaked carried a punch and had socked him right between the eyes. The result was a nasty cut that had to be treated, but he is better now. And the night before he had smashed his thumb. If anything else happens to T.T. we will have to ask the Mayor to appoint a bodyguard.

The first opportunity to function found the local members of the S.P.C.A. falling down on their job. A beautiful brown setter followed P.P. home from school and he roamed all over the village for several hours. When it was dark the G.P.s took him in and K.P. telephoned the police, as he had a license tag. The Law said they would soon put in an appearance because the dog's loss had been reported and they knew where he belonged. Several more hours of playful waiting ensued; a nice little, domestic pet, that setter, first on your lap with all seventy-five pounds and then licking an ear to show his appreciation. Then the appearance of Judy, the cat. What to do? No police, no place to keep the dog and the S.P.C.A. gone to bed and all filled up with cats anyhow. Another call to the police, and K.P. was advised that the Chief, who attended to all such important matters, was very busy with a church festival after which, they thought he had a date at the drug store and would K.P. kindly keep the dog until morning. K.P. would but not very kindly. Well, the Mayoress offered to open up City Hall, but it was decided that a temporary S.P.C.A. committee would have to be formed and see that the visitor got home. The chairman of the proceedings was D.D., and accompanied by K.P. and G.P., she loaded the dog into one of the many cars outside of City Hall and carted him over the hill. Stopping at what was thought to be the dog's home, an impressive mansion in a large estate, many feet back from the road, K.P. and G.P. approached with some misgivings. No one seemed to be about, but with the supporting fervor of a just cause, G.P. tried to arouse the occupants, without much success. About this time it was discovered that doggie had disappeared and, as it would be rather embarrassing to awaken the owner of the house in order to return the dog and then not be able to present the cause of all the excitement, a hasty and silent retreat was called for and executed. As the self-appointed committee drove away with a partial glow of a duty well done, the setter was discovered on the porch of a nearby house, undoubtedly his real home.

Much of the Village was deserted Saturday evening as many of our neighbors descended into the lowlands to attend Halloween parties given by the plainmen. The G.T's, D's, O's, B.S's and G.P's were all more or less celebrating intensively, but as there were no accidents on the mountain during the night evidently everyone got home safely and in good condition. We mountaineers are a hardy lot!

Speaking of dogs, a real addition has been made to our group of domestic pets by the R.E's in the form of Juno, a beautiful spaniel. He is a dandy little fellow that you should lose no time in meeting.

The K.S's had as guests Sunday, October the 29th, Doctor and Mrs. G. Clare Bishop, friends from Almont, Michigan, the S's "Old Home Town."

There is great activity these days at the R.E. menage. R.E., himself is very chipper and has started an ambitious undertaking, weaving rugs and tapestry. Send in your orders early, citizens, because the products are going to be very artistic and beautiful and in great demand.

G.M. has been transferred to the Reforestation Camp for the winter. He will not leave Glenside, however, as he will be in charge of that organizations work in Watchung Reservation.

R.E. has also become an authority on the weather, and, as we have needed someone for a long time to keep us posted on this phase of our existence and try to get on the right side of Old Man River, we suggest that the Mayor appoint R.E. official weatherman and prognosticator

Well, fellow citizens, we dislike to advise you that the Tennis Tournament is finished and the championship has been awarded to the team of I.O. and G.P. by default. All preparations to play the finals were made but at the last minute it was necessary for M.G. of the team of B.D. and M.G., to return to New York. Both teams came through to the finals without the loss of a game and a very exciting match had been anticipated. Speaking for the team of I.O. and G.P. we are sure that they would have very much preferred to win or lose in competition. But this was not to be.

So long folks

X-E-E-M-A signing off.

Back on the air for a minute, folks, to give you two last moment items.

The reason the Village has been so quiet during the past few days is due to the fact that G.C. has been away. He has been to Boston again. That bird thinks no more of taking a ride to New England than the average citizen does of slipping over the hills to Elizabeth.

There has been a sudden influx of population into our metropolis and with it has come a great increase of beasts and birds, cows, chickens, bees, etc. Our rural district is growing and may have a decided affect on the election returns. The Gate House is now occupied by a family of two adults, seven children and a miscellaneous menagerie Here's hoping.

XEEMA

Reclining Female Who Sleeps



CHILDRENS



PAGES

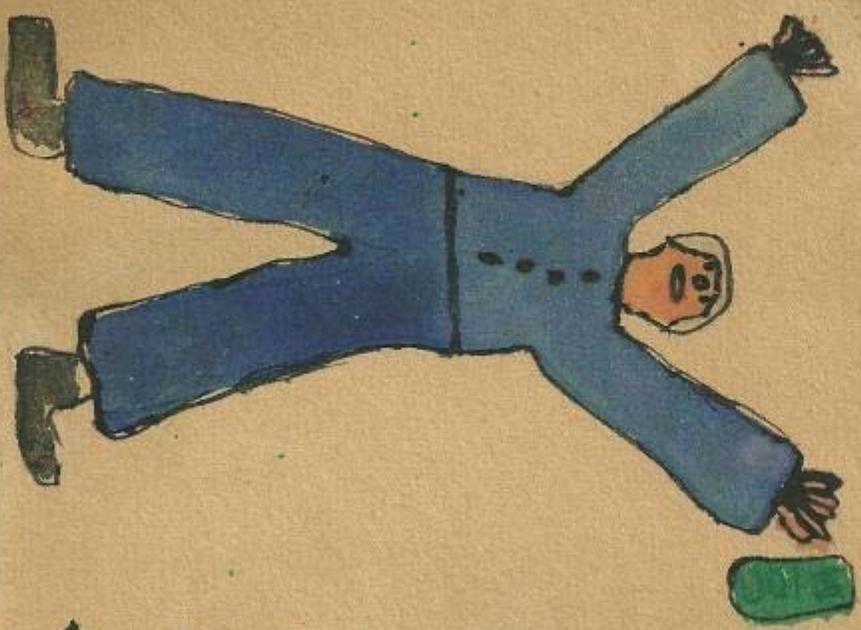


P.P.

I'm a witch on haloween night
I scare the children out of my sight,
My broomstick and I ride through the dark ~~night~~ sky,
On holoween night the lanterns we spy.

Becky Pfouts

16-16



I have a hundred
 dollars,
 Atunah Atunah Atun-
 nah,
 Then I think I may
 spend it all today.

P.P.

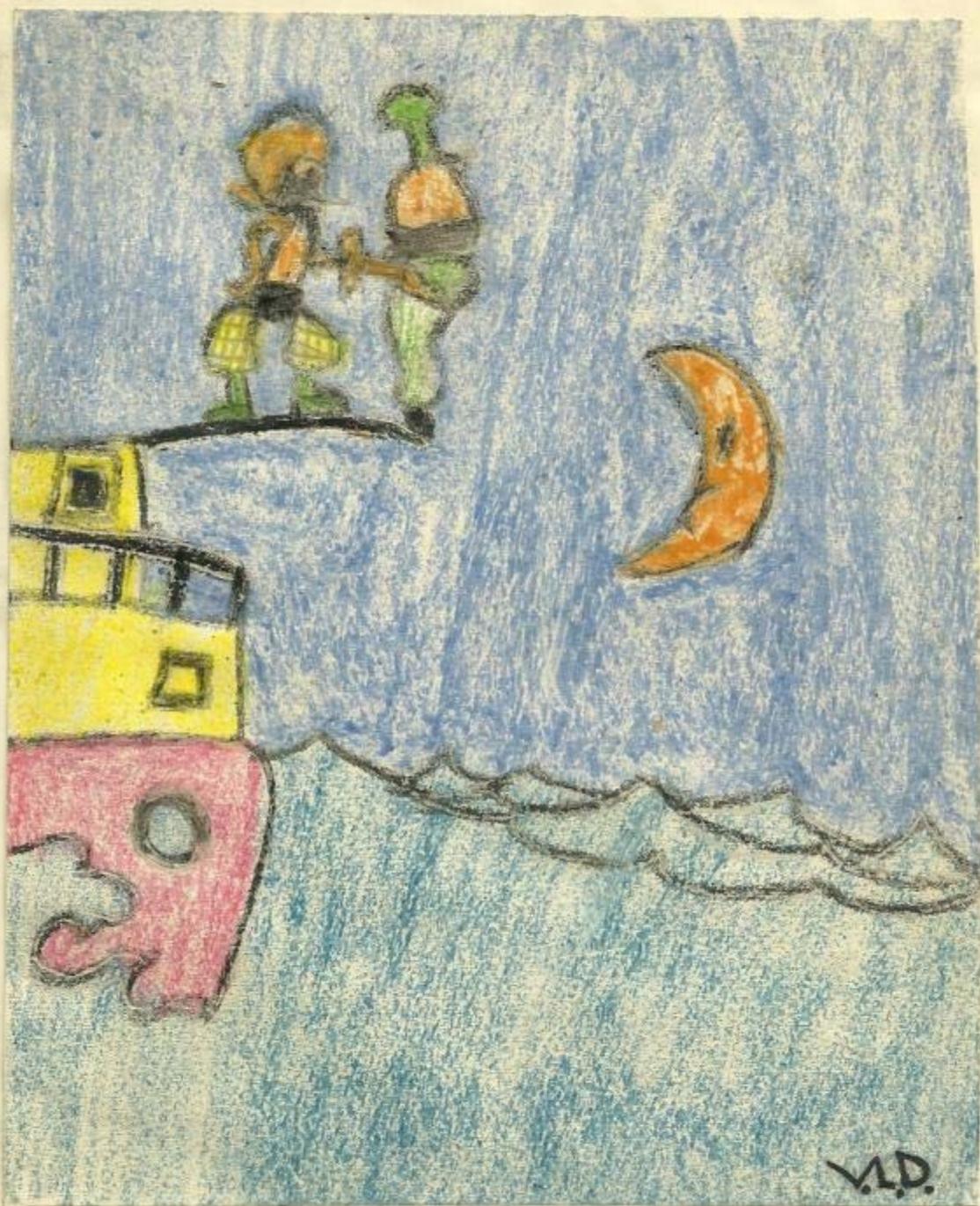


B.P.

Halloween night.

Here comes the ghostly shadows,
Ariding in the night,
They ride and ride right through the trees
Until there out of sight
Now guess what these dark things could be
That scare you all the night.

Becky Pfouts.



GLENSIDE  **B**OOTBLACK.

PEDAL TEGUMENTS
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED AND
ARTISTICALLY LUBRICATED
FOR THE INFINITESIMAL
COMPENSATION OF TEN CENTS
— PER OPERATION —

K.C.P.

CONTRIBUTED BY BILLY SHERMAN.

Please Sign Here.

Paper Received

Paper Passed On.

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|---|------------------------------------|
| 1. ----- | 1. ----- |
| 2. <i>Nov. 14 1933</i> <i>WHERE 'N' ELL</i>
<i>'AVE IT BEEN! ?</i> | 2. <i>Nov 15 1933</i> |
| 15/3. <i>Nov 16 - 1933 - Thought it would</i>
<i>be '35</i> | 3. ----- |
| 4. <i>Nov. 19, 1933</i> | 4. <i>Nov. 20, 1933</i> |
| 5. <i>Nov 20th 1933</i> | 5. <i>Nov 21st 1933</i> |
| 6. ----- | 6. ----- |
| 7. <i>Nov. 24</i> | 7. <i>Nov. 25</i> |
| 8. ----- | 8. ----- |
| 9. <i>Nov 2, 1933</i> | 9. <i>Nov 7, 1933</i> |
| 10. <i>Nov 1, 1933 V.G.</i> | 10. <i>Nov 7, 1933</i> |
| 11. ----- | 11. ----- |
| 12. <i>Nov. 4 1933</i> | 12. <i>Nov 5, 1933</i> |
| 13. ----- | 13. ----- |

Am

RETURN
TO
No 9.