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**The Brainerd Daily Dispatch**
(Continuing the WEEKLY DISPATCH Founded in 1881)
Published every evening except Sunday in Brainerd, Crow Wing County by the Brainerd Dispatch Newspaper Company
W. D. JUNKIN, Publisher
H. F. McCOLLOUGH, Business Manager
CLIFFORD D. SIMAK, Editor
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Carrier—15c per week; 65c per month. In advance—$7.00 per year. By Mail—Inside Minnesota, $4.00 per year; $1.25 for three months. Outside Minnesota—$6.00 per year.
Single copies 5c. Extra copies more than six days old 10c.
Official Newspaper for the County of Crow Wing
Entered as second class matter at the post office in Brainerd, Minn.
MONDAY, DECEMBER, 20, 1937

## Views From the Editor's Desk

### SETTING THE BRAKE ON ALIEN MEDDLING

The New England town meeting is one of the oldest existing vehicles of democracy—as old as the United States government itself.

So when a New England town meeting comes into head-on collision with the ultra-modern phenomenon of Nazism, what happens ought to be worth watching.

It happened, the other day—in Southbury, Conn. The German-American Bund, a Nazi outfit, had bought 178 acres of land within the town limits of Southbury, and was preparing to build a camp there. The sturdy Yankees of Southbury had scant use for such goings-on, and cast about for a way to stop it. Hence the town meeting.

The townspeople debated the matter for a couple of hours or so. On the one hand, they faced the fact that this is a free country and that there is no law to keep a private organization from maintaining a summer camp if it chooses to do so; on the other hand, there was the equally obvious fact that Yankee democracy has no use whatever for a goose-stepping, heil-Hitlering Nazi outfit in its midst.

In the end, the townspeople adopted a zoning ordinance making it illegal for the Nazis to build cabins or hold drills on their land. And there the matter rests, with the Nazis apparently checkmated.

Now Southbury is a small town, and what happens there may not seem to be of very great moment as far as capitals like Washington and Berlin are concerned. But there was a good deal of significance in this town meeting, for it grappled with a problem that is peculiarly difficult for Americans to handle—as well as increasingly important.

That problem has to do with the treatment which we are to give to semi-political organizations, inspired by foreign propagandists and aiming ultimately at the complete denial of everything we understand by Americanism. The Nazis are one such group; the Communists are another. Each looks forward to the abolition of democracy, each scoffs at freedom—and yet each is quick to take advantage of our democratic freedom in order to carry on its program in our midst.

What are we to do in such cases? Our laws guaranteeing freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and so on, are extremely precious to us. Yet it is not pleasant to see those laws used as a protective cloak by the very people who would immediately destroy them if they should get in power.

The Yankee ingenuity of the Southbury town meeting found one answer. A zoning ordinance may be a queer weapon with which to fight a potential dictatorship, but apparently it is going to do the job the Southbury people want it to do.

A more comprehensive answer is needed, however. We have a right to protect ourselves. Evolving a method of applying that protection within the framework of our free institutions calls for some earnest thinking.

* * *

### RADIO AND FACTS

A radio company the other night staged a "re-enactment" of af famous cop-killing case that stirred Ohio and the rest of the middle west a dozen years ago. It presented a bandit with a strange hypnotic eye, and showed him hypnotizing his way from one crime to another, overpowering coppers and ordinary citizens alike with his uncanny power—until, at last, a dauntless police chief who was immune to hypnotism caught up with him and jugged him.

Now this writer, as a reporter, happened to cover that case; there was no hypnotism in it at all; it was simply a case of a tough gunman shooting his way out of a scrape, fleeing by automobile, and landing at last in a police trap. It was dramatic and exciting enough—but it bore not the faintest resemblance of the fantastic radio "re-enactment."

If a radio company wants to dramatize cases, why not show at least a bowing acquaintance with the facts? We expect newspapers and magazines to stick to the truth, in such cases. Is the radio to be exempt from the same requirement?

* * *

### REFUGE FOR INDIANS

There is a measure of real justice in the recent government order marking off 5,000,000 acres of western land as a "last frontier" where the Indian may go it on his own without the slightest interference from white men.

The lands involved are to be barred to paved roads, and motor traffic is to be prohibited. They who wants to go in will have to go on foot or on horseback.

This is no more than fair. A culture like that of the Indians cannot exist if it rubs elbows constantly with a motorized, mechanical civilization like ours. We have room enough in this country to permit some of our red-skinned wards to have a place of their own, safe from the encroachments of tourists, traders, and general busy-bodies.

* * *

**Dr. Einstein lost his son-in-law by divorce, the more practical students thereby assuming that relativity remains a theory.**

## Games for the Long Winter Evenings

## SO THEY SAY

If these boys, at such a young age, are starting out on a life of crime, it might be best if they were put away.
—Magistrate Creevey, of Philadelphia, speaking of five boys, 14 to 18 years old, held for thefts.

* * *

The United States leaves to the two European democracies (Great Britain and France) the task of confronting the totalitarian states on the field of arms.
—Benito Mussolini.

* * *

Whatever business men may think about the superiority of private enterprise over government-regulated and controlled enterprise, the fact remains that today government is in business.
—Ernest Weir, head of National Steel Corp.

* * *

I've read of people committing suicide because they're despondent. Nothing like that for me. I'm going to beat this thing.
—June Irwin, 21, said to be doomed by paralysis.

* * *

I want you to know that I was lucky to beat him.
—Babe Ruth, who says he has beaten John Montague, "wonder" golfer, four times.

Potato growers of Ireland, Scotland and Cornwall use seaweed as fertilizer on their crops. The tubers benefit markedly by this application.

## LOST KINGDOM

by OREN ARNOLD, Copyright 1937, NEA Service, Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
ROBERT BARRY—hero, explorer.
MELISSA LANE—heroine, Barry's partner.
HONEY BEE GIRL—Indian; member of Barry's party.
HADES JONES—pioneer; member Barry's party.

* * *

Yesterday: Bob begins his exploration of Defiance Castle, drops down over the overhanging cliff and is unable to get back again! He must do something quickly.

CHAPTER V

TO the three people below, Robert Barry looked like a toy doll, a puppet, dangling on the end of the rope stretching 600 feet or more above them.

"What in tarnation's he tryin' to do?" shrieked Hades Jones. Hades was jumping around and chattering more excitedly than either of the two girls. Mary Melissa looked enthralled.

"Oh, I don't know! It's awful, Mr. Jones. Can't you make him stop? Is it necessary to risk his life this way?"

Bob was going through some sort of queer contortions now. He appeared to have looped the rope around his foot, and to be starting a motion of "pumping" as a boy would do in a swing.

But he gathered momentum slowly. He seemed first to swing the wrong way—parallel to the cliff dwelling ledge, rather than toward it—and he had to slow down, then start anew.

He stopped and heaved, struggling for the pendulum motion again. The arc of his swing grew slowly—in-and-out, in-and-out—to and from the red rock. The cliff was so jagged and rough that it appalled Mary Melissa to think of what might happen. In her semi-hysteria she envisioned her business partner slipping, striking the rock and sliding down its steep slope.

The great cliff in which Defiance Castle nestled was really a concave surface, overhanging at the top and curving quickly inward to the "mouth" or cave which had been chosen as a homesite by the ancient builders. Below this niche, which was big enough to hold a three-story building, the granite-like wall curved gently outward again, progressing in drops of 20 to 30 feet, broken by vicious-looking points and knobs. Occasional scrubby gnarled plants clung precariously to the wall, although where they found soil for sustenance was a mystery.

On the day when they first saw the cliff, Mary Melissa had commented that it was a fine, theatrical backdrop for a great drama. The ancients had farmed the flat valley, where this modern exploration party had set up camp. The ancients must have known work and danger and love and excitement and happiness and death there centuries ago. The life drama of a kingdom!

The white girl thought of this in a flash again, and instantly realized that she was seeing another dramatic moment here. Only—this one was not in retrospect, not for calm historical study. It was tremendously near and real.

She strained to see Bob Barry. The arc of his swing was incredibly large now. And he was still "pumping."

Suddenly she knew his plan. She realized what he hoped to do.

"No! Oh no!" She breathed it almost as a prayer. The distance seemed much too great.

In that instant, Mary Melissa knew that it mattered terribly.

* * *

SHE knew that it mattered to her, personally, and irrevocably. She didn't phrase it, even to herself, as love. But she knew. The tightening within her, the actual physical pain in her heart, was keener than it would have been if she saw a casual acquaintance in danger.

In the latter circumstance, she would have screamed. She might have run, and shouted advice, anything in her high alarm. But—this feeling was different. Deeper, somehow. In the strain of the moment she touched something divine—and prayed to it, mumbled her petitions without restraint or shame.

More given to physical action in such emergencies, old Hades Jones had abruptly disappeared, running. Frankly, he had no idea what he would accomplish, but he hastened toward the trees at the foot of the great cliff. At least he would be on hand when Bob Barry fell.

Honey Bee Girl, being of a less demonstrative race anyway, had uttered no words. She just waited.

But what of Scott Holliman—he who had accompanied Bob to the cliff top and let down the rope?

It hadn't taken his employer long to disappear over the edge of the cliff. Holliman had warned him to be careful, but in Bob Barry was the supreme confidence of young physical strength.

Holliman could see nothing after Bob disappeared. The rim curved precariously for six or eight feet before the edge was reached, and he dared not try to peer over at Bob. He had just let the rope out slowly as instructed, then held it, mubbed, when it was almost gone.

* * *

IT occurred to him that he hadn't been told when to pull his boss back up. He wasn't sure he could pull him back anyway. The cliff edge was of sharp jagged rock. It would cut into the rope, maybe sever it.

This thought suddenly startled Holliman.

He made sure that his end of the rope was tied, then went as close to the edge as he dared.

"Mr. Barry?" he called.

No answer. Holliman yelled it, but still got no reply. Then he, too, realized that the wind was whipping the sound away. Sudden alarm struck him. He couldn't see Barry, nor communicate with him.

He did peer over far enough to see Hades Jones running. And the two women were moving about and pointing up. But he was unable to deduce anything from that.

He noticed motion in the rope, and quickly grabbed it.

There were slight regular jerks for a bit. Then a swaying pull, first right then left. In alarm he looked at the rocky edge where the rope disappeared. The fiber was indeed beginning to fray!

Holliman strained to pull it up to a fresh spot, lest it be sawed apart. But Barry was a heavy man, and friction at the rock was too great. "Good Lord!" Holliman growled, genuinely alarmed now. He looked desperately around him.

The man felt peculiarly helpless. He did quickly decide to let out a few inches more of rope—there wasn't very much left—and so put a fresh place on the sharp rock edge. That lessened one danger, he felt.

He shouted again and again, but no answer. The alternate tightening of the rope indicated a swinging or swaying. Holliman's alarm mounted.

Then suddenly the rope slackened. Holliman fell back prone with the sudden give of it. He held it then, limp in his hands, and stared at it.

"Uhnnnnh!" he literally groaned in despair, pulling the loose rope up a few feet. Quickly he turned to go back toward their horses.

(To Be Continued)

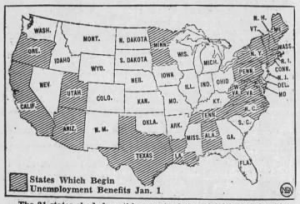
# Today's News in Pictures

## Slick Way to Do Xmas Shopping Early

Maribel Vinson, nine times American and twice North American women's figure-skating champion, gives a couple of marooned pedestrians a cue to safe footing on ice-covered sidewalks of Cleveland, where the slender Boston miss co-starred with Karl Schaefer in a touring skating ballet.

## Teacher Ousted, Students Strike

While students of Kalamazoo College staged a strike demanding his reinstatement, Dr. Carey K. Gatsong, professor of economics at the Michigan school, is shown above as he discussed his request for a public airing of "inefficiency" charges upon which his dismissal was based.




States Which Begin Unemployment Benefits Jan. 1

The 21 states shaded on this map (and the District of Columbia) will begin receiving the benefits of their unemployment insurance laws. Noting that most of the large industrial states are among those who passed their laws in time to be eligible now for benefits, government leaders are interested in how well the payments will cushion the shock of business recession. The other states will come in for similar benefits later.

## Stamp News

PHILATELIC history is made with the release of Panama's Fire Department Jubilee series (Jubileo Cuerpo de Bomberos). The stamps commemorate the department's founding a half-century ago. The issue includes six regular postage and three airmail values. All are printed in brilliant colors.

* * *

First day covers clearing through San Juan, Puerto Rico, on day of sale of the new island commemorative totaled 244,054. The San Juan postoffice sold 483,577 stamps. Philatelists spent $14,507.31, the Postoffice Department reported.

* * *

Retaining the same design and color, the Australia-to-England airmail stamp of 1934 has been reissued in Australia on a chalky surface, multiple watermarked paper. The postoffice department has announced no other stamps will be added to the present set of five values honoring the new British king and queen.

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Seizure by Japan of the Chinese postal organization in Shanghai induces speculation that either Japan may issue Chinese stamps overprinted or offer new Japanese stamps, overprinted for local use.

* * *

Announcement from Russia reveals that in late January a set of four values will be issued commemorating the conquest of the North Pole by the Soviet Union. These will be airmails. Recently issued were four values in recognition of last summer's non-stop flight of three Soviet airmen via the North Pole to the United States.

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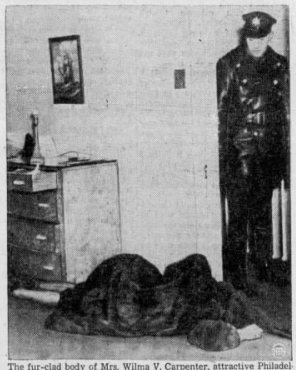

The fur-clad body of Mrs. Wilma V. Carpenter, attractive Philadelphia widow, sprawls on the threshold of the bedroom from which she was fleeing when felled by three bullets from the gun of a youth who attempted to attack Mary Griffin, her maid-servant and companion. Miss Griffin said the killer forced her to watch him bathe before he fled.

## BORROWED DEFENSE

Dave Kerr, the New York Rangers' goalie, No. 1, had 100 per cent coverage when he grabbed the leg of Herbie Lewis, No. 4, when that Detroit player fell into the net as the Red Wings attempted to score at Madison Square Garden. Art Coulter of the Rangers, No. 2, rapidly starts off in pursuit of the puck. The men of Manhattan won, 3-1.

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