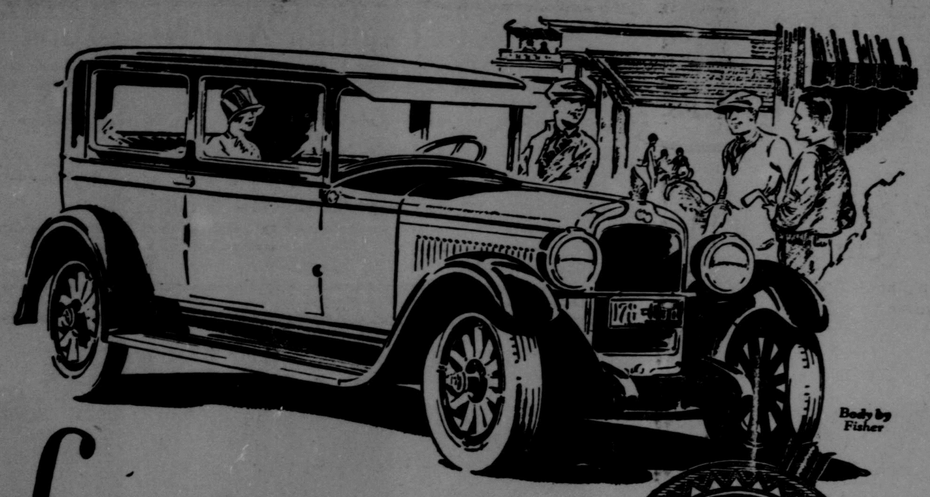


Lower Prices on a Finer Pontiac Six

2-DOOR SEDAN $745

Recently announced at lower prices, today's Pontiac Six combines six-cylinder performance and Fisher body luxury at the lowest cost in history. And it offers, in addition, all those improvements in design which have been added since the original Pontiac Six flashed into the field.

Come in today! Study and drive this finer, lower priced Pontiac Six. Then you will know why so many call it the world's best buy among the low-priced sixes—and why it continues to enjoy such spectacular success here and all over the world!

New lower prices on all body types (Effective July 15)

Coupe	$745
Sport Roadster	$745
Sport Cabriolet	$795
Landau Sedan	$845
De Luxe Landau Sedan	$925

The New Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan.

EAST END GARAGE

Arthur V. Blizzard, Prop. Westminster, Md.

The New and Finer PONTIAC SIX

The Great Hagerstown Inter-State Fair

WILL BE HELD

October 11, 12, 13, and 14, 1927.

The Greatest Fair ever held in the State of Maryland was that of the Great Hagerstown Fair of 1926, and this year will be equal if not better.

Remember the dates OCTOBER 11, 12, 13 and 14, and come to this Fair. Your friends will be there, your kin, cousins, and customers will be there. The Boys and Girls will be there and You Must be there.

This Fair will be the Greatest Show of Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Horses, Poultry and Farm Products and Farm Implements and Machinery exhibited in the East.

Harness and Running Races Daily and a Horse Show.

Four Big Days and Four Big Nights of Free Acts and a Prize Fight Wednesday night.

PLEASANT VALLEY

Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock. Holy communion and confirmation at 10 by the Rev. W. E. Saltzgiver, pastor. You are welcome at these services.

Members of the Union Sunday school are rehearsing for Rally Day which will be observed October 23, at 7:00 P. M.

The Misses Alice Heltibridle and Patricia Kain, Maryland Classical Delegates of the Girls' Missionary Guild of St. Matthew's Reformed church have returned to their homes after attending a three-day conference of the Reformed Women's Missionary Society of the Potomac Synod which was held at Chambersburg, Pa. last week. Mrs. J. Wm. Bowlus and Miss Heltibridle represented the local societies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Heltibridle, Taneytown, and Mrs. Lydia Stremmel, New Windsor, visited their sister and brother-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Heltibridle and family on Sunday.

Miss Mary Crawford Hanover spent several days with her cousin Samuel Kauffman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Myers recently entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Penn, Union Mills; Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Myers, son Gordon and daughter, Blanche, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Clatchey, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Geiman, daughter Rozella, sons David and Paul, "Mohican Farm."

Yingling and Myers, who recently purchased the apple orchard from William Myers, Kemp farm, have named it "Sunny Side Orchards" and will use that name on all bill heads and checks, which is very businesslike.

Mr. Samuel Crawford Hanover and Mrs. Samuel Kauffman spent one day last week with the latter's sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Jenkins and family, Winfield.

Mrs. John H. Brown was able to attend church on Sunday for the first time since July 4th.

A very pleasant day was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lozier, when they recently entertained at dinner in honor of Mrs. Lozier's mother, Mrs. John H. Brown. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Humbert, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown and daughter Eva, Mrs. Mary Bittle, Margaret Brown, Derris Troxell, Robert George, Luther Neiman and Stewart Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brown and family spent a day recently with Norman Wantz and family, Northern Carroll.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Heltibridle and daughter Betty, Northern Carroll, were entertained to supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Eckard.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Dutterer and daughter Ruth, Northern Carroll, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of John H. Brown and family.

Little Ruby Alice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest D. Myers, is a victim of whooping cough.

Relatives of Miss Mary E. Heltibridle, Missionary to Japan, received a very interesting letter from her since the landed which will be published in another column of this paper.

Some of the farmers have finished cutting corn and are busy with the seeding.

The boys are so much interested in agriculture so they will consent to attend the corn huskings.

FALL ROSE PLANTING HAS MUCH IN ITS FAVOR

The fall planting of roses after the bushes have become dormant has much to commend it in most sections of Maryland, says County Agent L. C. Burns.

By the latter part of October or the early part of November the plants should be properly ripened and should continue to make root growth being transplanted until severe freezing weather. The beds, of course, should be prepared well ahead of the time of planting and a rather heavy mulch for the first winter will be a distinct advantage.

Observation and experience bear out the opinion that rose beds protected by a wall or hedge from the cold drying winter winds come through the winter months in better condition than those fully exposed, says Mr. Burns. Protected plants, therefore, start off more vigorously in early spring.

If roses are not to be planted until spring, the dormant plants should be obtained in the fall and buried in a well drained spot so that they will be at hand as soon as the ground in early spring is in shape for working.

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY

Miss Mary Heltibridle, a missionary to Japan, daughter of George F. Heltibridle, Northern Carroll, sends interesting letter to her friends back home, and we are sure all will be interested in reading her letter.

On Board S. S. President Cleveland,
September 9, 1927.

Dear Folks:

We are now just about two days and three nights away from Japan. We expect to dock at Yokohama early Sunday morning, Helene's sister, Martha and some of the missionaries are going to meet us there and take us on to Tokyo. After nearly twelve days of water, it will be good to see land again. This letter will be put on another boat when we reach Japan, and sent back to America. Did you get the letter from Victoria, Canada? We got in there at four o'clock the afternoon of the first day, and were told we would be there until six. Helene and I were in our room trying to clean away the paper and strings that had been wrapped around our steamer packages, when we heard a knock at the door. We saw there a man who introduced himself as Rev. Jensen the Lutheran minister in Victoria. Rev. Bremer had sent him a wire telling him that our boat would stop there. He took us a short auto ride to show us something of the city, and then took us to his home for tea. It was the first time either of us had ever been on any land outside the United States. But that parsonage seemed like home, because about the first thing I saw there was a copy of "Lutheran Woman's Work." When we left, Mrs. Jensen gave us a package of English biscuits.

Naturally, Helene and I were very much excited that night reading our letters, and taking another look at the gifts we had opened earlier in the day. I was so tired that I slept very soundly, but the next morning Helene was doubled up in one corner of the room, and I in another. We each found that we had a pain somewhere, and decided we had eaten too much the day before, and that we didn't want any breakfast. Just about then we were concious of the rolling movement of the ship, and at the same time, the gateway to our stomachs were thrown in reverse. Oh, it is the funniest feeling to be seasick. We wanted to die, and we were sure that if we did live, we would not want to eat any more food. Of course we ate just to pass the time away. It is one of the funniest sights ever to see someone who is seasick, so we all had a good time laughing at each other. I was in bed most of the time the second day, but that was probably because I was so tired out. I was sick a great part of Sunday and Monday. The sea was quite rough, and we had cloudy weather most of the time. Sunday it rained all day, and the waves were higher than ever. But on Monday, the sea was more calm, and since then everything is lovely.

I am going to send you some of our menus, so you can see what kind of food we had. Our meals are included in the price of our ticket, and we have a big time ordering just what we want. There are six at our table, the two girls from Biblical Seminary, (one going to China, and the other to the Philippine Islands) the young minister and his wife from Harrisburg (also going to the Philippines) and Helene and myself. We are about the noisiest crowd in the dining room. The other four are Presbyterians, and knew each other before; and I met one of the girls at seminary, and heard a lot about the other, so it was quite natural that we form a group of our own. We all have our chairs together on deck, too, and two Catholic priests (also going to the Philippines) have the two chairs next to mine. One of the other passengers calls us "Doxology Row." One of the priests has lived in Westminster.

Helene and I are not in any danger of candy. We have had a lot of candy given to us, besides a whole cake, a big bag of peanuts, a basket of fruit, and the English biscuits.

Now that the sea sickness is over, we eat heartily in the dining-room. Aside from that, beef tea and crackers are served on deck, every morning at ten o'clock, and there is always an afternoon tea.

The next morning came quickly, and with it our first sight of the land that is to be our home for the next five years. I don't know which interested me most. Mt. Fujiama with its snow-covered peak and cloud-shrouded base, or the row of white sailed junks which were anchored in the harbor. A number of smaller boats came out to meet our ship. First came the pilot boat, bearing the man who was to guide our ship into the harbor. Some custom officers and medical inspection men came next; and we were all lined up on deck for inspection, chiefly to see if any of us had leprosy or any contagious diseases. Our passports were examined too, and then our steamer trunks, and all our hand luggage. All this, including breakfast, took less than two hours, but it seemed like a half day, and we were so anxious to land that we wanted to push the boat.

Because our ship docked just a bit before schedule time, there was no one on hand to meet us, and we waited nearly an hour before the girls came. But that was a very busy hour because we were seeing so many new and strange sights, the Jinrickishas, buildings, real U. S. autos, (but every horn has just the same kind of honk). The streets, the odors, the people, and just everything. But all at once Helene spied her sister Martha and just then there was a great collision. The others who came to meet us were Mrs. Nielsen, Mr. Bach and Grace Beers. Custom and baggage affairs came off just fine. Neither one of us had to pay a cent of duty, neither did we pay any extra freight on the ship.

Let me introduce you to the members of our family. First, there is Martha Harder, Helene's sister, next is Grace Beers, from near Pittsburgh, Pa. These girls came out last fall, Martha as a music teacher and Grace as nurse. They have had one year at language school, and are quite wise about things Japanese. Helene and I are the ignorant infants. Just now we are living in a very fine apartment very much like the modern

The Bunka Apartments,
Tokyo, Japan.
September 12, 1927.

Dear Folks:

We have arrived, and not only have we come from one continent to another, but we seem to have come from winter to summer. When we were in Victoria we saw women wearing fur coats, and men wearing overcoats, and coming across the ocean I was bundled in a winter coat and a steamer robe most of the time.

On Sunday, the day before we landed, it suddenly became uncomfortably warm and sultry. Everybody including the officers, blossomed out in summer apparel. Saturday night, for the first time on the whole trip, I began to be excited. That was the night of the captain's dinner, and of course we all went down to the dining room dressed in our very best. Prizes were awarded that night, and Helene and I each had a box of chocolates for the originality prize for our Topsy and Eva costumes we wore at the masquerade ball two nights before. When we went up on deck, we saw a big yellow moon making a wide path of light across the dark sea, and far off in the distance someone spied a gleam from a lighthouse. As Helene and I stood by the side of the deck watching the gleam come nearer and nearer, I wondered more than ever just what Japan was going to mean to me.

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Japanese politeness is all that it is reported to be, plus a great deal more. In the railway station down in Yokohama I saw two men saying "good-bye" to each other. They each raised their hats and smiled and bowed. Then they backed away a few steps and raised their hats and smiled and bowed again. When they came up for air, they did the whole performance over again. I was beginning to think they might miss their train, but they finally completed the ceremony, and I breathed easier. The girls have been instructing us as to how to behave when we are introduced; all we need to do is to smile and bow, and keep on bowing until the other person stops bowing. But if the other person speaks English, and a great many do, then we usually shake hands and try to be polite enough to understand the English they speak. We are told that they are very considerate, and very forgiving if they feel that we really wish to learn their ways. Oh, it is worth a lot to have the waitress give us a friendly smile, and to know that she understands. The waitresses bow to us when we leave the dining room, and the first time I saw it being done, I thought somebody had dropped something.

As for ever knowing the language it seems hopeless. Yesterday Martha went down stairs to ask for the key to the cellar, when our trunks are stored. Nobody knows what she said, or tried to say, but the janitor came up to the door of one of our rooms, got on a chair, and tried to crawl through the transom to unlock the door from the inside. Meanwhile, one of the maids was running around trying to find the key, she thought we had lost. This morning when the grocery boy came, Grace wanted to order a squash, but neither she nor Martha knew the word for squash, so we are going to have something else for our dinner tonight.

Language school opens September 20th, so I reckon Helene and I will soon have some troubles of our own.

If one wishes to travel from one place to another it may be done in various ways. If you are a little baby, you are strapped upon your mother's back; if the distance is not far you walk, or if you have lots of money, you hire a jinrichisha and let a man pull you. If you are very wealthy, I reckon you might have an automobile. I have not seen any of our latest models here, but I have seen a number of Ford trucks. I can't vouch for the truth of this, but I've been told that a license costs $100. The ordinary way of hauling things is by buffalo or horse cart. The cart is rather low, with big wheels, some times two, and some times four; and is drawn by a horse or an ox. The driver never rides, but always walks and leads the horse.

Some times we see boy or men pulling heavy loads. This morning we saw a small boy drawing a load of lumber and one log. Bicycles are quite common, and sometimes they have trailers fastened to them. Japanese trolleys and trains are quite up-to-date and are just about as fast as ones at home.

Now I know how a deaf and dumb person feels when he wants to talk. I have been sitting in my room writing, all alone, with the door open. Helene was in the room across the hall, and the other girls were up on the roof, also writing letters. I was suddely aware of a noise at the door, and I turned around and saw a man bowing very politely. I got up, and proceeded to bend my own back, whereupon this man handed me a card, a bottle of milk, and started to tell me—goodness knows what. I only knew two words, please and thank you, but neither one seemed to suit the occasion. All that I could do was to smile and bow, and shake my head both ways at once. But each time I bowed he bowed and I had to bow [illegible] weren't making any [illegible] Finally we both [illegible] and I called Helene, [illegible] to the roof to call [illegible] soon as that milk- [illegible] Helene and I learned [illegible] ease," and the next [illegible] that while we call [illegible] deep.

[illegible] that men wear con- [illegible] everything or noth- [illegible] me that the men [illegible] thing they can find, [illegible] find anything, they [illegible] wear anything.

[illegible] I saw a man with a [illegible] of rubber boots and [illegible] great many wear [illegible] but it does not [illegible] if the shirt tails [illegible] outside the trousers. [illegible] think that the [illegible] garters is outside [illegible] they will be sure [illegible] ary wear a kimona [illegible] gloves and no [illegible] footwear at all. It [illegible] to see an Ameri- [illegible] hat with the na- [illegible] clogs are just [illegible] stilts, with a little [illegible] tween the big toe [illegible] They are quite [illegible] on these muddy [illegible] much more precise [illegible] They wear the [illegible] brightly colored [illegible] The elderly women wear [illegible] wear their hair [illegible] tightly with a knot [illegible] one of the other [illegible] women wear their hair in great big [illegible] either one or two [illegible] their hair so that it [illegible] sy and stiff. Be- [illegible] so much hair they [illegible] wear any sort of hat. They [illegible] and aren't the [illegible] if they haven't [illegible] the regular Japanese [illegible] compliment for [illegible] stockings are [illegible] would not be very

(Continued on opposite page.)

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