

### Schoharie and Central Bridge Journal

PILOT AND NAVIGATOR  
H. G. VON LINDEM

### Schoharie

#### BARNYARD GOLFERS NAME BADGLEY

Warren B. Badgley was named president of the Schoharie Horseshoe Pitching club at its 1935 organization meeting held at the engine house.

Robert Fain was named secretary and treasurer. Assessment for the year will be 75 cents to each thrower. Followers of the game voted to renovate the club grounds on Grand street before opening the season. The pitching area will be carefully leveled, sanded and rolled for professional work. Last season's club developed two county champions when Johnny Keyser and his brother, Leiland, both assumed prize brackets in the annual Schoharie county tournament held in conjunction with the Cobleskill fair.

#### AT THE PLAYHOUSE

May 17 and 18, Richard Dix in the first western hero in years, "West of the Pecos" from the Zane Grey novel. If you like westerns the way I do your absence will be noted, particularly at the box office. If you go for westerns this is a good one. Action, romance, riding and shooting.

May 21 and 22, James Barton and Helen Westley in "Captain Hurricane." It's back this as my idea of a swell show. A darn lot more to it than the tith and meringue of the average picture. News and shorts.

#### ALONG MAIN STREET

Mr. Editor you've got to come right over in Schoharie county and do something about this. The other afternoon I was telling the most beautiful brunette you can imagine about the first time I ever saw her and looking at your poor correspondent she observed with cold, aloof exasperation: "Honestly, Winchell, you can lie faster than I can think." Us unfortunate, down-trodden men, say ye correspondent.

Well, till you see that knave of flowerdom, Pat Wood, blossom out with the rest of the crocuses, daffodils and pansies in his new all white rain beach suit, or the white coat, black hat, excuse please, trousers, black tie and black hanky. And as he straggled by his tie and his shoulders in the new coat you could tell by the wistful look on his Euphrosyne pan that he was thinking, "Gosh, I wonder if she'll love me now?" Practically certain, my boy, practically certain.

You'd be surprised if I revealed the identity of those three Mainstreeters who were fishing at Margerville road the other night. They claimed when they got back to the car that no lights responded when they turned the switch. Of course I personally think they were tampering with the windshield adjuster with the idea that it was the headlight switch. Anyway the three of them took turns setting on the front bumper all the way home and holding out an oil jateju like Paul Revere and his ride, to light the driver, along "that terrifically winding road." Yeah, I guess they got in time to get the morning milk peddler by the skin of their teeth and the grade of a tent.

"That column of Winchell's is terrible," said a widely known Main street business man and one of my best friends, the other afternoon. "He ought to be shot for writing such stuff." After all you, know he can write good stuff when he wants to but the darn fool persists in writing that dirty "You read it then," the correspondent asked in innocent surprise. "Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "Hm, he pays to read it and I get paid to write it, and yet I'm the fool. Well, well, world, are you upside down or am I?"

Your Correspondent Says: "You can talk like a politician. About the middle of May he starts shaking hands with everybody and kissing all the babies."

Matt Mereness and his cigar claim they parked that straight eight Hupp down on Fair street the other night which we do not doubt. But we do doubt they they parked it near the Boyce residence. Instead of the Yoder family home where we expect Mereness could have been thinking, especially of blondes, brunettes and what so redheads? Anyway, Matt and the cigar returned a couple hours later—where had he been and why? Sigh, stop your noise, he claims at Boyce's like that with a grain of salt, and found the lights on and the battery down. The cigar and Mereness claim they left the lights off and that somebody turned them on. Sure, I know her, Matt, it's the devastating brunette, she's so sour she's particularly curled because you haven't even offered to take her out in what she called "That lovely big car with the obscene manny." That was the time opportunity knocked and Matt and the cigar didn't answer the door.

"What's the matter with you," demanded Claude B. Mayham the other morning, "you haven't even said hello yet." "I'm speechless, stumped, hobbled, paralyzed and numb at the atrocities of mankind," I admitted, glancing up from the front page of the morning paper. "Humph," growled the lovable Schoharie barber and applying a match to his cigar retorted: "Anybody that can hold you speechless for 30 seconds has done a kindness to humanity and performed a miracle at the same time." No, what did he mean by that?

The city editor of New York's foremost upstate daily will probably never know that he published a pair of obituaries well ahead of time recently for a solidly supercilious pair of "highly beautiful blue eyes." As I read the story it seems that an all-time news writer was basking in the glory of indifference to time and when the picture came in was radiant maiden whom

the angels call Lenore," as Poe opined. The alleged reporter indifferently shrugged his shoulders when the deaths were mentioned—He was quite content, it seemed, that it was not he who had died while such divine damels yet walk the earth in mortal shoes. "Ooh," the young lady said with stinging sarcasm, "so you won't print that obituary until after the funeral, eh?" "Aw, go lay an egg," somebody felt like telling somebody but still under the intoxicating influence of blue eyes the alleged reporter retrieved his hat and sneaked hastily away into the hinterlands. P. S. Both obituaries were published the following morning, long before either funeral.

That was Warren L. Bouck strolling down along moonlit River street in Middleburgh the other night with that

### Will Rogers Picks A Story For This Spot

By WILL ROGERS

I RECKON it's been mentioned before that women are peculiar. It's even been noticed that they have a funny way of making things miserable for other women. Another thing, though—You know no woman ever wants to wear anything that's exactly like anything that any other woman wears. It might be a little bit like, but it can't be just the same. Almost every husband knows how something has got to be done about it if the wife sees another woman with a hat like hers.

Well, there was two families that was great friends, in Chicago. One-day Jones come home, and his wife was feeling terrible. "That new hat I got is no good," she says. "Mrs. Smith has got one exactly like it."



"That's too bad. You'll have to get another one." "But that didn't satisfy the wife at all. She felt terrible all evening. Next day when Jones come home from work, his wife was singing all around the house. "Did you get you a new hat?" says Jones. "No, not yet. Tomorrow will do all right for that. But I fixed Mrs. Smith, all right. I ain't unhappy about it any more."

"How's that? You ain't gone and bawled her out, have you?" "Not a bit. That's a man's way of doing. What's the use bawling her out and making her sore at us? No, I just give my new hat to Mrs. Smith's cook."

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cute Keyser girl Marjorie. How do I know why?

Your Correspondent Says: "Wives and automobiles must be a lot alike; both of them a pain in the neck at times."

I hear that Dutch Weldman went way to Sharon Hill the other night to investigate reports that his Little Rose of Picardy was browsing about the country with a mysterious, dark man whose influence in the Weldman-Schell romance might yet be deadly, shattering, devastating, in fact. Love is a lot like a hoe handle, don't lean too heavily on it until you're sure it'll hold, says Winchell.

### Central Bridge

John Schaeffer has taken a job with the filling station at Old Central Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Van Aulken have returned to Gloversville after visiting Mrs. Edna Batehols. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wiles and Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Collins and Miss

Helen Collins of Scotia spent Sunday at the W. W. Wiles home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Lester Frost, Jr. of Albany and Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Pike of Schoenectady spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Earl DuMont. Mr. and Mrs. Van Turl Schaeffer has returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holley at Walton.

### New Salem

Mr. and Mrs. Hanford Joslin called on Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McMillen and mother, Mrs. Barber.

Mrs. Nettie Hurst and Mrs. Susan Smith called on Mrs. Barber and daughter, Mrs. F. D. McMillen, Thursday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Winne and Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McMillen attended the church supper at Unionville, Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coon of Breakabeen have reined their farm here to a party from Albany.

The Ladies Aid will hold an all day social at the home of Mrs. Olin Sisson

on Thursday, May 23. A covered dish luncheon will be served at noon.

Henry Stook of Schoenectady spent Sunday with his sister-in-law, Mrs. Barber, and son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McMillen.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Sisson and son, Kenneth, and Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Rivenburg and son, Junior, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. William Rivenburg, at Preston Hollow.

### Harry Fredendall

Funeral Director

—Phone 11—  
ALTAMONT, N. Y.

## "No Trespass" Signs

New York State's new trespass law will keep out everybody if you so desire; but your lands must be properly posted in order to take advantage of the new law. "No Trespass" signs, of the proper size, and properly printed—will give you protection during the hunting season.

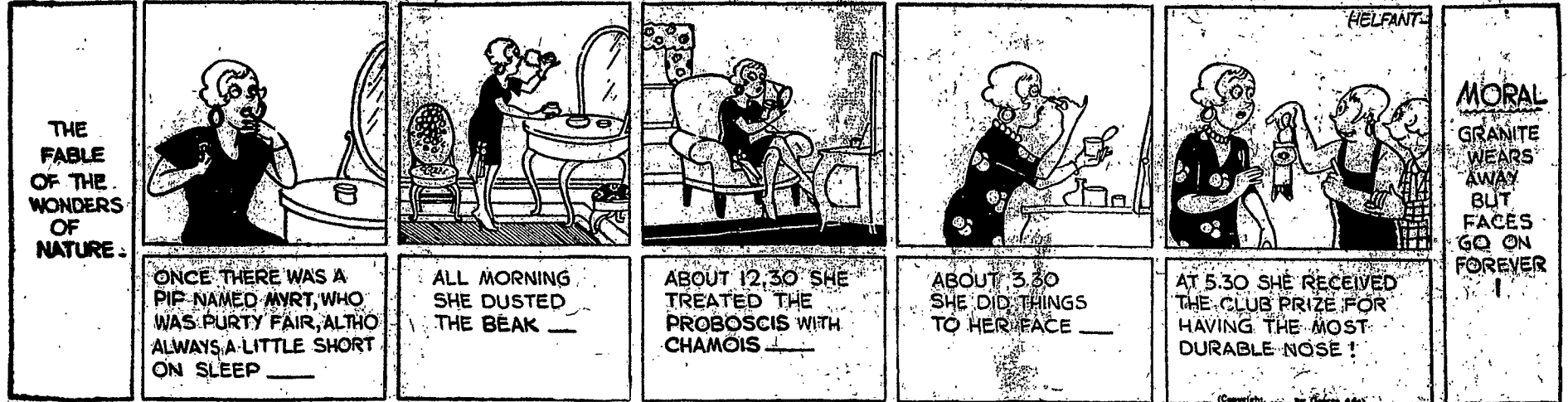
THE ENTERPRISE HAS PRINTED HUNDREDS OF "NO TRESPASS" SIGNS

Let us print yours—if you wish your land posted.  
PHONE ALTAMONT 17—OR CALL AT OUR OFFICE

### FABLES IN SLANG

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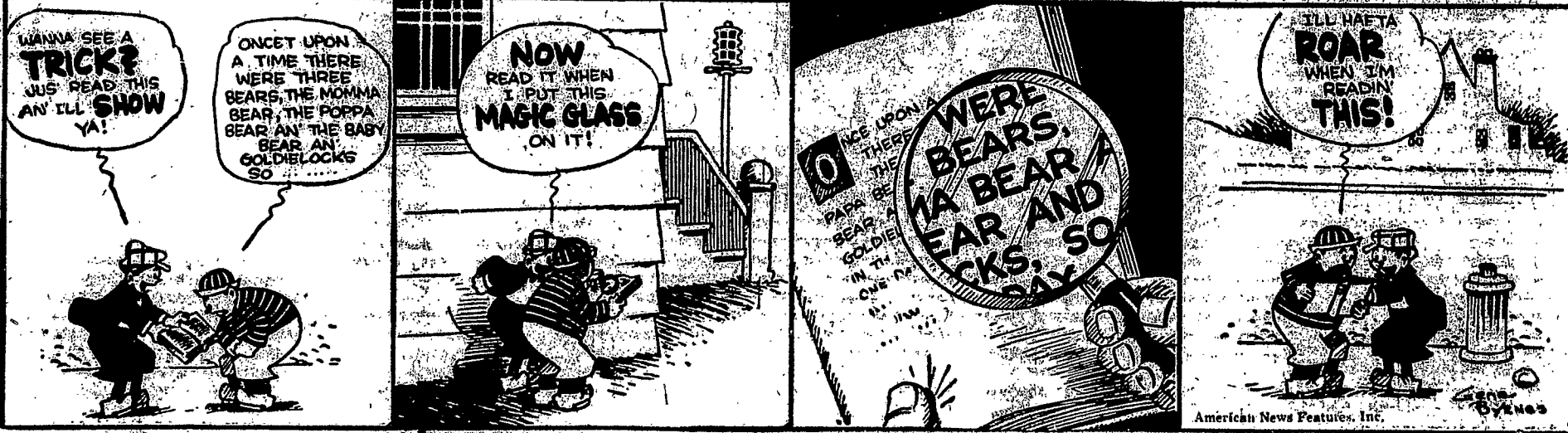
By GEORGE ADE



### RÉGLAR FELLERS

They'd Better Keep Away From Headlines

By GENE BYRNES



### THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur



### Enjoying a New House

By Charles McManis



### DOROTHY DARNIT

By Charles McManis

