

What our reporter saw yesterday was an unusual sight. The idea of a government official finding time enough from his regular routine of public duties to go out and coast down the boulevard in the middle of the afternoon is a strange one indeed. Such, however, was what our reporter witnessed when he observed Postmaster Gundersen astride a little express wagon joyously wending his way down the cement walk in front of his residence property on the main street. It seems that Ole made some kind of a dicker with the kids so that he obtained possession of the little red wagon and started up the hill like a

little major. The reporter thought at first he was going out to play threshing, but it was not long before the object of his maneuvers was made manifest when the wagon came rolling down the incline and the postmaster gave warning of the approach of his vehicle by a continual "toot," "toot" alternately interspersed with a "honk," "honk," so pedestrians cleared the track and the stamp cancellor rolled happily down to where the kids surrounded him and forced him to surrender the automobile.

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As a last word of advice, let us say—Patronize Local Industries.