

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — — A Community Institution

Vol. 43.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, October 31, 1946.

No. 44.

Miss Strandberg Weds Pampa Man

Miss Ruth Strandberg, daughter of Mrs. H. E. Franks of McLean, became the bride of Mr. William David Stockstill, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Stockstill of Pampa, at a 10:00 o'clock ceremony at the First Presbyterian Church, Monday, October 28.

Rev. Floyd E. Grady performed the ceremony in the presence of the families of the contracting parties, Mrs. Grady, Miss Frances Grady and a boy friend of the groom.

The young people will make their home on a ranch near Pampa.

Mrs. Rodgers Club Hostess

Mrs. Frank Rodgers was hostess to the Progressive Study Club last Thursday afternoon.

An interesting program was conducted by Mrs. Marvin Hindman on "Our Mental Institutions." Lovely refreshments were served by the hostess, Mrs. Bill Foster, a former member, was a guest.

Others present were Mesdames Dorothy Beck, Fern Hibler, Imogene Glass, Minnie Haynes, Mary Howard, Marietta McCarty, Tressie Mantooth, Naomi McCarty and Luella Stokes.

New Editor Next Week

Next week's paper will be published by the new owners, with Lamar Campbell in charge.

This week's paper is the last under the present management that took charge in 1921.

Editor Landers is retiring to private life.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mrs. Frank Wiggins and Mrs. R. D. Dunham honored Kent Wiggins with a party on his fifth birthday, October 25.

Many games were enjoyed by the children, after which they enjoyed looking at the gifts.

Refreshments were served to the following: Rex Back, Nathan Hale, Sylvia Bradfield, Howard Bradfield, Jeff Kivliehen, Philip Kimbley, Dickie Kimbley, Bobby McDonald, Marie Watson, James Parris, Gwynn Stewart, Gary Crowley, Jackie Bradfield, Patricia Ann Wiggins, Mrs. H. D. Hale, W. E. Ballard, W. L. Crowley, Jack Parris and LaVoy Stewart.

OPA BLANKS AT J. P. OFFICE

OPA blanks may be found at the Justice of the Peace office for the balance of the year, instead of the News office, as at present. Application and report blanks of various kinds are kept in the price panel member here to accommodate those who do not want to make a trip to Pampa for the blanks.

KING ADDS FURNITURE

Harris King is adding furniture to his store and has several new styles on his display floor.

Mr. King says he will deal in new furniture only and will have a full stock just as soon as shipments arrive.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gatlin

visited their daughter, Mrs. Siler Hopkins, and family in Pampa last week end.

Lois Jones of Amarillo

visited her parents and sister, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Jones and Mrs. Travis Baker, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Glaze

visited their daughter, Mrs. W. R. Lawrence, over the week end.

Mrs. Clifford Allison and son

accompanied by Mrs. Leon Walcott, were in Pampa Wednesday.

Charles Weaver was in Clarendon

on business Monday.

BIRTHDAYS

- Nov. 3—E. H. Kramer, Orville Cunningham, Mrs. Florence Hunt, Mary Ruth Holloway, Marie Watson, Wanda Joyce Curry.
- Nov. 4—T. A. Langham, Dewey Campbell.
- Nov. 5—Mrs. D. C. Carpenter, Mrs. Gladys Smucker, F. B. Landon.
- Nov. 6—Paul Meertel, Mrs. J. L. McNeal, J. L. Hess, Jean Rath, Mrs. C. A. Gatlin.
- Nov. 7—Jo Ann Howard.
- Nov. 8—Mrs. J. T. Glass, Tracy Meertel, Owendolyn Riddle.
- Nov. 9—Dorothy Origdy, Mrs. Perry Ruby, J. C. McCabe, Roy Campbell.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Finding somebody to sound off with a good word for OPA would be like it was once, trying to find a word to say at the funeral of the town's loafer and no-count. And the good word finally said for him was—to refresh your memory—Snider here, he was not as useless all the time as he was part of the time.

Proceed, says Henry. Well, I says, OPA has touched everybody where he lives—and in doing so it will maybe alert the nation, and get folks to wondering if all the other "do-good" and "uplift" schemes originating there in Old Spindville are as cockeyed. So, if OPA is a fizzle and everybody knows it, maybe voters will become dubious about TVA which is far away—and nobody paying much attention up to now. Also the 3A and UNO saying, eat less bread in June, and then in September saying, eat more. How about eating no bacon, all the time, says Henry. Don't interrupt, I says. And there is the railroads—as wages soar—losing dinero, day by day.

Mr. Edison said, "More than the army and the navy is too much for the Gov. to handle with good effect." If OPA and its tomfoolery has alerted the citizens to Sambo's lack of ability when it comes to business, then OPA had one good point.

Yours with the low down,
JO SEERRA.

NEWS FROM KELLERVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Smart and little daughter of Kermit visited the former's mother and brother, Mrs. L. P. Shelburne and Eugene Smart, over the week end. They also visited in the Leland Newbury home.

Sewing Club was held in the home of Mrs. O. T. Owen. Business meeting was held with Mrs. D. I. Blackerby in charge. Refreshments were served to Mesdames Chapman, Blackerby, Ray, Drum, West, Harris, Marshall, Gregory, Elliott, Knox; and two visitors, Mrs. B. McClellan and Mrs. Jack Harris. Next meeting will be held with Mrs. D. C. Ray.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford of Cranfield Gap are visiting their daughter, Mrs. R. A. Tindall.

Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Blackerby spent the week end with G. W. Blackerby, who is in a hospital in Oklahoma City.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Drum took Mrs. Drum's mother, Mrs. Mattie Baker, to Berger Sunday to visit her son, Allen Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Harris left Friday for their home in Torrence Calif.

THEATRE MAKES CHANGE

P. A. Pierson, manager of the Avalon and Lone Star Theatres, says he has made a change in the Lone Star program for Friday and Saturday. The same pictures will be shown at the Avalon on Saturday as are shown at the Lone Star Friday and Saturday. The matinee will be shown at only one of the theatres Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Pierson has a number of fine pictures lined up for November, and calendars are out on these.

Mrs. J. T. Glass and daughter, Miss Margaret, visited their granddaughter and niece Mrs. C. L. Purdy, in Pampa Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Dyer went Wichita Falls Thursday to bring their son, Odell, home from a hospital.

Rev. Dan Belts of Lefors was a business visitor in McLean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carnes and grandson, Jimmy Stewart, were in Clarendon on business Monday.

H. H. Lamb was in Pampa on business one day last week.

Leo McDonald of Shawnee, Okla., was home for the week end.

Assembly of God Church Improved

The Assembly of God Church has been redecorated and painted, making a much more attractive place.

Rev. R. F. Jones, pastor, says that everyone has a cordial invitation to visit the church and enjoy the new environment.

Regular services are as follows: Sunday school 10 a. m. Morning worship at 11. Christ Ambassador service 6:30 p. m., followed by evangelistic service at 7:30.

Beginning Thursday evening of this week, a series of Bible lessons will be studied each Thursday evening. This week's study will be taken from Genesis 1.

Rainbow Girls Entertain DeMolay

The party given Thursday by the Rainbow Girls, with the boys of DeMolay as guests, was reported to be a success. DeMolay members from Shamrock were also present.

Games were played and fortunes told, after which a line of march through town was formed, ending at the Masonic hall where refreshments were served.

Sponsors for the party were Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Butrum, Mr. Lee and Mr. Hughes.

LIONS HEAR SPEAKERS

Speakers from Pampa, including Judge Sherman White, told the Lions of the advantages of the number three amendment to be voted on next Tuesday.

Two of the Bolshevik members were armed with water pistols and kept the tall twister busy trying to quell their outbursts.

W. C. Meharg was elected second vice president, and Dr. R. C. McNett director, to fill vacancies in these offices.

Fifteen members and five visitors were present.

TIGERS LOSE TO ROCKETS

The McLean Tigers were hopelessly outclassed by the Wellington Skyrockets last Friday evening, losing 39 to nothing.

Most of the scoring was done in the first half of the game.

This week the Tigers will meet the powerful Lefors Pirates at Tiger Field.

O'BRIEN TO SPEAK

Frank T. O'Brien, Republican candidate for Congress, will be in McLean Saturday at 1 p. m. to speak to the people.

Mr. O'Brien is asking for Eugene Worley's seat in congress. See advertisement on back page.

A QUIET MONTH

Justice court spent a quiet month in McLean during October. Only two "lake" cases were filed, both entering pleas of guilty.

Mrs. J. H. Kisner, her daughter, Nettie, and niece, Nita Gail Marshall, of Amarillo visited their parents and grandparents Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Appling, last week end.

Mrs. Muriel McIlroy and girls visited their mother and grandmother, Mrs. L. E. Murphy, of Childress Sunday.

Mrs. Lola Lard and Mrs. Mildred Hazle of the OPA price control board at Pampa were McLean visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Freeman, their daughter and family of Skellytown visited in McLean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Abbott from California were McLean visitors Sunday night.

Mrs. Maude Powell visited her sister, Mrs. Ida Saunders, in Amarillo this week.

Mrs. Pete Graham was brought home Monday from a Oroom hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Back are moving to the home recently purchased from Mrs. J. B. Pettit.

Legionnaires to Move Building for Hut

Two Elections Next Week

Due to a clerical error, there will be two elections next week. On November 5, the general election will be held, and on November 7, another election will be held on a constitutional amendment that was dated wrong to be included in the general election.

Of the three amendments, the one freezing the gasoline tax for road use, with the exception of what is set aside for school purposes, is the more vital. The first one is to pay an old debt the state owes, and the second, if passed, will allow counties to set up a pension plan for officers.

NEWS FROM DENWORTH

SHOWER HONORS MRS. EARLS

Mrs. Bill Earls was honored at a pink and blue shower last week given by Mrs. Jess Roberts at the Roberts home, with Mrs. Ted Street as co-hostess.

Mrs. Joe Bidwell had charge of the entertainment, which consisted of baby games and contests. Mrs. Earls was presented a bassinet, filled with gifts.

Refreshments of jello cake and cocoa were served to the following: Mesdames Lester Crowley, Harry Stewart, H. D. Hale, Cecil Back, Milton Carpenter, Gene Lowe, Ed Kivliehen, Willard Warner, Bud Back, R. H. Bradfield, Vester Dowell, Frank Wiggins, W. R. Ferguson, J. C. Holloway; and the following children: Nathan Lee Hale, Jack Back, Mae Frances Lowe, Jeff Kivliehen, Kent Wiggins.

Sending gifts were: Mrs. W. L. Copeland, Mrs. Marvin Simpson, Iva Nora and Pauline Simpson, Mrs. Jack Parris.

Mrs. C. E. Coats is visiting her sister, Mrs. Roy Stewart, of Nowata, Okla.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lantz have moved back to the Denworth community.

Mrs. Vester Dowell was in Amarillo Monday for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe visited in Pampa Sunday.

Fred Orvil Browning is home from the service. He spent a year on Guam.

Mr. and Mrs. Plesher visited in Pampa Saturday.

LOCAL MEN GET BEAR

Ruel Smith and Earl Stubblefield have returned from a bear hunt near Cimarron, New Mexico. Each man got a bear weighing around 400 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Trimble of Berger visited the former's mother, Mrs. Correen Trimble, Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Anderson and children of Skellytown visited relatives here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Waldrop and Mrs. Brantley Brown made a trip to Canyon Saturday.

Misses Pauline Simpson and Jewell Cousins of Berger were home for the week end.

Tad Woods and family of Amarillo visited here over the week end.

W. M. Smith has returned from a visit with relatives at Fort Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Graham have returned from a visit to Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carnes and grandson made a business trip to Shamrock Saturday.

Clell Windom has returned from a trip to Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Glass of Alanreed were in town Saturday.

McLean Legionnaires will have one of the best huts in this section when they move the old officers' club building from the POW camp.

This building is 140 feet long and splendidly adapted to the use of the Legion members.

Mrs. C. A. Watkins has donated land just back of the Assembly of God Church for a location, and it is expected the building will be moved within a few days.

Earnest Beck, post commander, says that the new hall will be of much benefit to the Legion and the community at large.

New Manager Modern Market

Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Smallwood have assumed management of the Modern Market, succeeding Buddy Francis, who ran an announcement in last week's News.

The Smallwoods have been associated with the largest wholesale grocery firms in the Panhandle, at Amarillo. Prior to that time they had 15 years' experience in the retail grocery trade.

The new managers state that the store will be operated on a strictly cash basis with the savings passed on to the customer. See opening advertisement on another page.

A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

A Halloween party was given for Miss Frankie Tucker on Tuesday afternoon at the home of her mother, Mrs. Lucille Gaines.

Refreshments served were cake and cookies decorated in Halloween colors, Halloween candies and punch. The serving table was decorated in Halloween candies, colors and designs.

Those present were: Betty Ruth Dickinson, Carl Keller, Betty and Ricky Mantooth, Janice Lawrence, Sarah McClellan, James Dell, Mario Coleman and the honoree, Frankie Tucker.

A number of games were played, fortunes told, and a prize given. A good time was reported by all present.

CUNNINGHAM GETS DEER

Orville Cunningham, superintendent of the Samnorwood school, and party have returned from a hunt near Gunnison, Colo., where they killed a 12-point and two 6-point deer. The big buck, shot by Cunningham weighed in at 185 pounds dressed, the largest killed in that section this season.

ANOTHER FINE GARDEN

Another pretty flower garden may be seen at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harris King. This garden is a riot of color and well worth visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wright of Dallas visited Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Grigsby last week end.

Subscriptions this week: Paul M. Bruce, A. L. Hibler, Guy Hibler, Clyde Dyer, L. L. Rogers, Mrs. J. B. Pettit, Cadet Jerry Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hap Spencer of Amarillo were in McLean Monday.

Miss Shirley Glass of Amarillo was home for the week end.

F. E. Stewart has returned from a trip to Kansas.

LIBRARY NEWS

By Lady Bryant

Books that all America is reading:

Fiction: David the King, Deborah, Clementine, The Peacock Sheds His Tail, Black Rose.

General: Hard Time, Living Biographies of Famous Women, The Egg and I, Strange Woman Forever Amber.

All best sellers. An analysis on reports from leading book sellers in 22 cities in the United States.

Reich Barter Now Takes to Highways

Produce Now Hawked by Women and Tots.

NUERNBERG, GERMANY. — Lanes of barter and pilgrimage are the German highways of today. Farm wives and children stand by the roadside hawking produce, but they let you know at once that they are little interested in your allied marks, says the Associated Press.

Like their brethren in the bombed-out cities, they are looking for a straight trade for such items as chocolate, soap, cigarettes or wearing apparel. Thousands of wayfarers walk along with everything they have on their backs. This backwash of battle will go on until Germany is put again into some kind of productive order by her conquerors.

Sprightly, among the bent figures that plod dully along the road shoulders are a new war-created class — the painted ladies of the autobahns.

They are wayward German girls who have modernized the world's oldest profession.

Their beat, instead of a few city blocks, may stretch along a hundred miles of highway.

Their quarry are the soldier truck and jeep drivers.

German fields are heavy with harvest. Because of the shortage of farm equipment, whole families work together to reap the grain.

To scare away birds the fields are studded with scarecrows so dilapidated they would stir a wise crow to apoplectic caws of derision.

The clothing shortage is so acute in Germany it has hit even the scarecrows.

Cash Didn't Make Him Happy; Gave It Away

PITTSBURGH. — Charles A. Locke, lawyer, gave away \$300,000 recently because "all that money in the bank wasn't bringing me happiness."

"I'm just keeping enough for myself to prevent my ever becoming a burden to society," Locke said as he announced that the Pittsburgh foundation would distribute almost three-fourths of his fortune to the Young Men's Christian association, the Pittsburgh Protestant Episcopal diocese and the University of Pittsburgh.

Company Will Install Phones in Airplanes

WILMINGTON, DEL. — Hercules Powder company recently announced it is planning to install air-ground telephone service in its large transport plane.

Terming it the "first of its kind in the country," the company said the two-way service has been approved by the federal communications commission and will be installed as soon as equipment can be built.

The plane telephone will be similar to the ship-to-shore service by which ships at sea make radio connection with shore stations said the company. The radio telephone differs from a home radio set in that a home radio can pick up various wave lengths and frequencies while the radio telephone set can pick up only the ground frequency to which its crystal has been set.

Test for New Rations Is Planned for Army

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Troops in mountain training in Colorado will test two new army rations, the war department said. The rations are a new combat, or "E" ration, and a new type 10 in 1. The "E" consists of six cans, including two meat units, two biscuit, one bread and one fruit unit. An accessory package contains heat tabs for warming the meat. The new 10 in 1 includes five different menus, and substitutes a hot meal for the World War II "K ration" nonfeeding.

Jap Women Defy an Old Ban on Scaling High Peak

TOKYO. — Democratized Japanese women broke the 1,300-year-old ban against their sex on sacred Old Omine mountain and sealed the peak recently with an escort of three policemen to protect them from irate Buddhist priests.

The emancipated feminine climbers did not remain long on the sacred mountain top. The glowering priests, who for centuries had barred all women, watched but otherwise pointedly ignored them. The climb was to the Buddhists a desecration of their holy ground.

Six-Month Wagon Ride Tires Texas Couple, Mule

DAYTON, WASH. — Johnnie Light, 66, and his 58-year-old wife, Minnie, have completed a ride in a covered wagon pulled by a pair of old mules—a 3,000-mile ride that lasted six months.

The Lights journeyed all the way from Corpus Christi, Texas. Although tired and dusty, they stood up better than their mules. The animals wore out 14 pairs of shoes.

The Bum

By FREDERICK G. MEYER
WNU Features.

JAMES DEVENY and I slouched against the bar, our backs to it and our weight on our elbows. From there we could watch the couples at their little tables or sneer at others struggling on the night club dance floor. I wasn't out there because I wasn't interested; Jim wasn't out there because he had left part of his right leg on Iwo Jima.

A tall broad-shouldered man dancing quietly with a tall, blonde girl caught my eye. While the youngsters and some not quite so young jitter-bugged around, they moved gracefully and surely, making their own orbit.

He was one of those men who, even while young, looks successful and always manages to become so. The tall, blonde girl was strictly country club material.

I was still new to our town, so I nudged Jim. "They seem out of place."

Jim almost snarled. "I don't know her but he's not out of place. He's the biggest bum in town."

That only made me curious. "He sure doesn't look like one. What's the story?"

"We went to high school together. His name is Adrian R. Gulliver, the Third. Wouldn't that kill you! His old man owns the factory. We played football together. I did the playing and he got all the headlines because he was a Gulliver. Our last year we were tied for the confer-



A tall broad-shouldered man dancing quietly with a tall blonde girl.

ence scoring honor and in the last game we got the ball down about the two yard line.

"He was the quarter-back, but he was also our line-bucker. Everyone figured he could take it over. So what does he do but give it to me and I go around end for six points. And do you think that I got any credit for it? Hell, no! He gets a special award for being the most sportsmanlike player of the year or something like that. I still think his old man bought the thing," exploded Jim.

"That big bum is yellow, too. We were at a dance one night, long time before the war, and he was there with a girl that I went with once in a while. I cut in and talked her into taking a walk after the dance. Coming back we bumped right into him. I asked him if he wanted to make something out of it and he just shrugged. He asked the girl if she had a way home and that's all he did. And the big bum outweighed me by fifty pounds and he used to box on some team at college.

"Then the war comes along and he couldn't go in just like the rest of us. He enlists! I didn't hear about him for a long time but finally he comes home with a chest full of ribbons. Sure, he's in the air force and you know what he is when he gets out? Take a guess?"

"A Gulliver a captain! — He's a full colonel when he gets out. More damn politics. I'll bet his old man paid someone for the Silver Star and all the other things that he got. The bum!

"But just listen— I had made a break to get away but Jim grabbed my arm, 'just listen to what he pulls on me just after I get home. I'm coming along the Main Drag on my sticks and I'm still in uniform, and there he is. Maybe you remember how all those Big Shots came down here for some medal or something he was getting.

"Well, they were right out in front of the City Hotel. He sees me coming down the street and I could tell that he recognized me. But I figured that I could go right by him. But you know what the big bum does? He hollers out like a little tin soldier. 'Tenshun' and all those big shots stiffen up and give me a high-ball. The bunch of bums."

"I couldn't keep up with Jim. 'What's wrong with a salute?' It sounds pretty swell to me."

"Yeah, it would to you. The big bum knew I couldn't salute back. He just wanted to show his authority before those other officers. I guess the way I glared at him was the only reason he didn't bawl hell out of me right there.

"You know something," Jim was really snarling now. "The big bum was so damn mad about it that I'd swear I could see tears in his eyes."



Production Line Is Adapted to Farms

Mechanical Age Proves Benefit to Agriculture

The production line generally is considered to exist only in city factories but many farmers today have borrowed a leaf from industry's book by putting their grain handling operations on approximately the same automatic basis.

A by-product of the electro-agriculture age, a system of this nature is applicable to both small and large farms. Here's how it works: Grain-laden wagons are driven into the barn or adjacent to a building in which the produce is to be stored. Stationary or portable elevators,

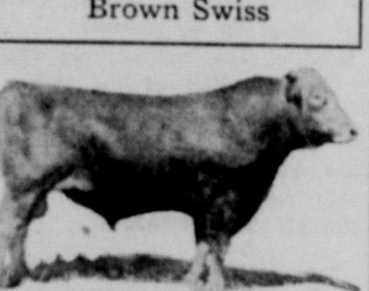


This blower-equipped hammer mill can be fed from overhead bins and later re-elevate the ground feed into adjoining bins, located over the mixer.

powered by electric motors as small as one-third horsepower (although one or, preferably, two horsepower motors are recommended by most agricultural specialists) raise the grain into bins located above the grinder and mixer. Electric hoists often are used to tilt up the front end of the wagon, allowing the grain to pour out of the end gate into the elevator hopper.

Unground grain flows by gravity through chutes to a blower-equipped grinder, which blows the ground grain back into another overhead bin, from which it again gravitates by chute to the mixer. Mixed feed is either fed out immediately, sacked, re-elevated into storage bins or blown directly into the feed lot. Tests show that one man can unload 40 loads of corn per day, or a load of grain in from two to three minutes, with an electrically operated elevator.

Know Your Breed Brown Swiss



First importation of Brown Swiss into the United States was in 1869. The breed is well adapted to intensive dairying conditions. Brown Swiss, due to their ruggedness and ability to consume large quantities of coarse roughages as well as their carcass value, are an ideal general farm breed.

The milk is white and the fat globules of medium size. The average test is 4 per cent butterfat. Brown Swiss are second only to the Holstein in size among the dairy breeds. Mature cows will weigh about 1,850 pounds. They are heavier muscled, blockier and more fleshy and angular than other dairy breeds.

Inoculate Soybeans To Get Ride of Weeds

The best way to help soybeans stay ahead of weeds is to inoculate the seed. The presence of large numbers of effective bacteria right from the start enables the young plants to draw nitrogen from the air for faster growth.

They quickly fill the row and shade the ground, preventing weed growth, conserving moisture, and lessening the need for cultivation. The effectiveness of soybean inoculation was demonstrated at an eastern experiment station. The inoculated test plots matured into a highly profitable crop due to better stands, aided by abundant supply of immediately available nitrogen.

How to Overcome Soft Corn Winter Problem

While putting whole corn plant in a silo offers the most satisfactory method of preserving maximum feed value. If silo capacity is insufficient, the ears may be snapped and made into ear corn silage which will keep well and produce about the same amount of beef. If the soft corn is not put in a silo, it will be advisable to use one of the improved artificial methods of drying the corn.

MR. MERCHANT SEE THAT SHE READS YOUR AD IN THESE COLUMNS



Before She goes SHOPPING

O, MAMA, I WILL NOT TAKE THE HOME PAPER DOWN TO THE POST OFFICE AND BUY A WRAPPER AND MAIL IT TO OUR SON, JIMMY— BUT I'M GOING TO DROP IN TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE AND SUBSCRIBE FOR JIMMY AND THEN HE WILL GET THE HOME PAPER EVERY WEEK.



Come in for better Automotive Service
MAGNOLIA Service Station
Andy Watkins

Pete the Paper Puppet



COLUMBUS SAID 'SAIL ON'— BUT WHEN OUR ADS SAY 'SALE ON'— THAT'S THE TIME TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS FOR THE BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Greer visited at Vinson, Okla., last week end. They were accompanied by Tom Royal and family of Amarillo.

WALDON E. MOORE
Registered Structural Engineer and Industrial Designer
Complete Building Plan Service for All Types of Buildings
512 W. Kingsmill Phone 1705 PAMPA, TEXAS

Pete the Paper Puppet



FOR RENT
FOR SALE
EMPLOYMENT

Excellent Food
served just the way you like it . . . for a regular meal or a short-order, try us.

McLEAN CAFE
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. (Buddy) Watkins

"OVER" 200,000 Daily

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN TEXAS

The Fort Worth Star-Telegram
Amon Carter, Publisher

COMPLETE LOCAL, STATE, NATIONAL, INTERNATIONAL NEWS AS IT HAPPENS — BEST WRITERS—MORE PICTURES FROM EVERYWHERE—MOST POPULAR COMICS—TIMELY FEATURES—FAST SERVICE—CLEAR TYPE.

These are some of the reasons why the STAR-TELEGRAM has more readers than any other Texas Newspaper.

THE ANNUAL BARGAIN DAYS REDUCED MAIL RATES ARE NOW IN EFFECT.

This year on account of the print paper shortage the offer is open only to RENEWAL SUBSCRIBERS.

We are very distressed that we cannot accept new subscriptions.

To renew bring your label to this newspaper office. This newspaper is an Authorized Home-town Agent.

SAVE MONEY ON Fine Foods

Select your favorite foods from our large stock of standard brands at a real money-saving prices.

- CELERY California med. bunch 12c
- Green Pascal bunch 12c
- SPUDS No. 1 Idaho Russetts lb 3c
- PEPPERS large Bell lb 12c
- SPINACH Hunt's fancy California 2 1/2 can 21c
- PEAS Black-eyed Brimfull fresh shelled No. 2 can 19c
- FRUIT COCKTAIL 39c
- Hunt's heavy syrup No. 2 1/2 can
- PEAS Hunt's Early Garden No. 2 can 19c
- COFFEE Admiration perc or drip lb 35c
- RAISINS Sun Maid Nectars 15 oz. 23c
- CHERRIES red sour pitted No. 10 can \$2.00
- KRAUT 2 quart jars 35c
- SPAGHETTI Castle med. can 10c
- with Tomato Sauce
- BLEACH W. P. 1/2 gal. 19c

THIS WEEK'S SPECIALS

25 lb \$1.62

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

PEACHES
Hunt's fancy Heavier Syrup Larger halves No. 2 1/2 can 32c

TOMATO JUICE

Sun Beauty Grown in cool Colorado 46 oz. can 25c

Cooper's

Butter Is Made by Germans From Coal

Product Is Tasty and Does Not Need Refrigeration.

BRITAIN, GERMANY. — A factory that makes butter from coal was one of the prizes discovered by the British in their zone of Germany, says the Associated Press. "It is excellent butter and I doubt if anyone ever would guess it was synthetic," said one British official who sampled it.

The factory, Imhausen & Co., located in this Ruhr city, has not been in this business since the end of the war but its management hopes to resume operations in about a month. Dr. Karl Imhausen, young manager, said the plant normally could produce 600 tons a month at a cost less than that of natural butter. The synthetic butter can be kept without refrigeration.

Coal is converted into butter like this: Coal is made into coke, coke into gas, the gas into paraffin. By a blowing process, the most difficult part of the operation, 80 to 90 tons of fatty acid can be drawn from 100 tons of paraffin. The fats are further separated by distillation under a high vacuum. Some are edible, some are not. From there on the recipe is: Add to the pure, synthetic edible fat 2 per cent water. Add carrot extract for vitamins and coloring. Add salt. Finally, inject something called diacetyl to give the odor of butter.

This mixture is whipped up in a machine and comes out the other end like a long sausage about eight inches in diameter. That goes into another machine from which pounds of butter come out, neatly wrapped, on a conveyor belt.

Most of the fats that don't go into butter are made into soap by an affiliate, also operated by Dr. Imhausen.

The residue, unsuitable either for butter or soap, is manufactured into a basic product for plastics, a softening material for rubber, an ingredient for varnish and into alcohol.

Wotje Natives Happy To Return to Island

KWAJALEIN — Lojolon, heir apparent to the throne of the western Marshall Islands, recently presented the navy \$50 and the Red Cross \$10.20 to express the appreciation of Wotje natives for having been returned to their island a year ago from Majuro. The Wotje natives had been removed for their own safety shortly after United States forces captured Wotje in February, 1944.

Babies Reunite Sisters Parted Since Infancy

CHICAGO. — Two sisters, separated since they were infants, were reunited recently in St. Therese hospital, Waukegan, because their respective husbands compared notes while awaiting arrivals of daughters. The two families had been living only seven blocks apart.

The sisters are Mrs. Mary Hibel, 2, of 717 10th street, North Chicago, wife of August Hibel, a welder, and Mrs. Antonette J. Griggins, 2, of 1332 10th street, Waukegan, wife of Anthony Griggins, steel company employee. Their daughters were born less than two hours apart.

After their mother died, Antonette, then three, was adopted by Mrs. Jennie Petrovic of 612 Fulton street, Waukegan, and Mary, then six months, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kutzler, 921 Commonwealth avenue, North Chicago.

The Griggins baby was named Carmella Jean, and the Hibel daughter Mary Louise.

Czechoslovakia's Army To Be Soviet-Equipped

MOSCOW. — A Soviet-Czechoslovakian communique made public here recently announced an accord by which the Russians will equip the Czechoslovak army on credit terms. Negotiations were concluded at the end of a week's visit to Moscow by the Czechoslovak premier, Klement Gottwald, a Communist.

The communique said the negotiations were carried on in a spirit of "hearty friendship and close alliance," and that, among other things, Russia agreed to turn over to the Prague government a large German-built chemical plant in Czechoslovakia and leave German machinery in other Czech factories which Russia might have claimed as reparations under the Potsdam accord.

2-Place Glider Soars 18,700 Feet to Record

ORLANDO, FLA. — A new altitude record for two-place gliders was claimed by Paul Tuntland, a civilian glider pilot.

He soared to 18,700 feet above the point of release from a tow plane at 12,700 feet above sea level. The present world record of 14,900 feet for two-place sailplanes was set by the late Maj. Lewin Barringer December 12, 1935.

A LITTLE PROMPTING

Jane (at one end of sofa to Elmer at other end)—Elmer, do you think my eyes are beautiful?
 Elmer—Oh boy! I'll say they are.
 Jane—And do you think my hair is the prettiest you've ever seen?
 Elmer—Gee whizz! I'll say.
 Jane—Do you think I have a perfect figure?
 Elmer—Gosh! You bet.
 Jane—And do you think my lips are like rubies?
 Elmer—Oh boy! I'll say they are.
 Jane—Are my teeth like pearls?
 Elmer—Uh huh!
 Jane—Oh, Elmer, you say the cutest things.

MAN OF IRON



Lifeguard—Why can't a big husky fellow like you swim?
 Suntuined—Too much iron in my blood.

Figuring Too Close

Down in the small southern town where he lives people are all so kind and indulgent with Uncle Mose that the ancient dorky has become a little spoiled. One day Uncle Mose presented a check for \$19.42 at the local bank. The old man took the money from the teller, counted it, then recounted it. He didn't seem to be satisfied.

"What's the matter, Uncle Mose?" the teller asked. "Isn't it right?"

"Yes," was the grudging reply. "but it jes' barely is."

Clever Girl

The girl was applying for a secretarial position and when asked if she had any special talents she replied that she had won several prizes in crossword puzzles and slogan contests.

"That's fine," replied the manager. "but we want somebody who will be smart during office hours."

"Oh, but this was during office hours," she said, sweetly.

A Growing Pile

Dean David of the Harvard school of business was addressing a group of executives.

"It's true that there is a great deal of knowledge at Harvard. The reason why there is so much knowledge at Harvard," the dean added, "is because the freshmen bring in so much and the seniors take out so little."

Tugging and Tooting

Young Husband—My dear, see that tug drawing all those barges? It's a perfect picture of life. The tug is like the man working and toiling while the barges like women are . . .

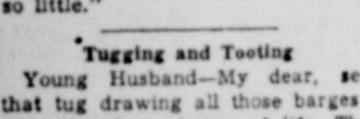
Young Wife—Yes, and the tug does all the blowing while the barges quietly bear all the burden.

Modern Interpretation

"What little boy can tell us the meaning of the expression, 'The quick and the dead?'" asked the Sunday School teacher.

Willie raised his hand high. "Please, ma'am," he said, "the quick are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles, and the dead are the ones that don't."

NEW APPROACH



She—John, you've been calling on me for several months, now.
 John—Why, yes, that's right.
 She—Well, have you ever thought of me as an income tax deduction?

There Are Limits

Young Mrs. Smith was beginning to put on a little weight. Telling her husband good-by as he left for work, I heard her ask him sweetly:

"Darling, will you still love me, even if I get fat?"

"Heck, no!" he muttered. "I promised for better or for worse, not through thick and thin!"

Tight Spot

Newlyweds were in a restaurant when a blonde smiled at the husband.

Wife—Dearest, who is that woman?

Husband—Don't bother me about who she is. I'll have enough trouble explaining to her who you are.

Swinging at the Air

Golf Pro—Now just go through the motions without driving the ball.
 Beginner—That's precisely the trouble I'm trying to overcome.

Louder Bump

"Why do you have such a high bed for your little boy?"
 "So we can hear him if he falls out of it."

Watching

By DOROTHY SAWYER
 WNU Features.

THE bank was cool and comfortable, and the morning hum of business was progressing at a moderate pace. The line at the Teller's window was as long as any line, and he was commencing to increase his activity.

His hands moved faster, and he figured repeating amounts aloud. A harassed expression flickered across his taciturn face, as if he were momentarily hard pressed.

At the other side of his window was someone who missed none of this, whose slightly narrowed gaze betrayed his attention, and whose eyes frequently slid over, and rested on an armed guard, pacing up and down the length of the bank.

Then, his eyes sullen, he looked squarely at the busy Teller, who seemed unconscious of his scrutiny. He shifted his weight, the woman standing next to him sighed, and he pulled himself erect.

Timing. Timing. Everything was timing. The light from a window focused on some money in the Teller's hands. The watcher looked out of the window beyond the executives' offices, and saw a thin, sal-low man, hat over his eyes, lift his gaze from a book in his hands and peer into the bank. Could he see him waiting there listening, rigid, one in all the hundreds of those who were, presumably, attending to business?

Now. His right hand strained toward his pocket. Someone in the waiting line dropped a book, and as she stooped to pick it up, the action brought her eyes around in the direction of that straining hand.

Watching

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

The hand hesitated, relaxed, and patiently he settled down to waiting.

If Miriam looked at him, now, she would be proud. "Listen, pal," she said often, in her slangy way. "When you don't know what to do—don't. That's the answer—don't. You will win in the long run. You will have everything you want, if you sit tight when the going is tough. Don't force the cards."

Of course, she had never been really hungry, so hungry that all the world was swallowed up in hunger. Hunger reminded him of the key word, the word he would use when the time came.

The shining hands of the great clock on the wall moved, he noted. They moved slowly, but eventually they twitched.

A pretty girl smiled at him. He felt a faint disgust. What were they to him today? Furniture, decoration, nothing more!

Eyes to the future. When hanging up the wash, pin one pillow slip to the line, open side up. Then when taking down clothes, put the small pieces into the slip.

Never explain—your friends do not need it and your enemies will not believe you anyway—Elbert Hubbard.

Complexion tells the tale. A fresh egg has a chalky rough shell, and a smooth shiny shell is a sign of old age.

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE HAIL, etc.
 All kinds of life policies
 Representative Southwestern
 Life Insurance Company
 Boyd Meador
 Insurance Agency

Hear America's favorite tenor



JAMES MELTON
 Every Sunday on the
HARVEST OF STARS
 with Howard Barlow
 and 60-piece Orchestra
 Lyn Murray Chorus
 Distinguished Dramatic Casts
 Special Musical Guests
 FULL NBC NETWORK • 1:30-2:00 P.M. CST
 INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

GOING UP?

It is said that inflation is here when the 25c meal for which you were paying 50c costs \$1.00

Imagination—something that stays home with the little woman on her husband's night out.

Enjoy yourself. It's later than you think—Chinese proverb.

Downhearted? Read Isaiah 30:15.

ARTHUR ERWIN
 wants to see you about the non-cancellable, income protection insurance contract

WOMACK AMBULANCES

McLean Phone 94 Shamrock Phone 94

New Furniture

We have added furniture to our line and have some Modern-Craft styles from Hollywood now on display.

We will have living room, dining room, bedroom suites and breakfast sets coming in right along. All will be brand new and of the most modern styles.

You will find our prices right, and we want you to come in and see the many new items.

Harris King



Building Ahead For Your Future!

Your future is bright . . . electrically. Electric refrigerators, ranges, fans, washing machines, mixers, irons and toasters all are coming back on the market.

And there are newer appliances, home quick freezers, dish washing machines, home laundry units, winning the approval of millions.

Low cost, reliable electric power is necessary for the proper operation of these appliances which will help you to better living—electrically.

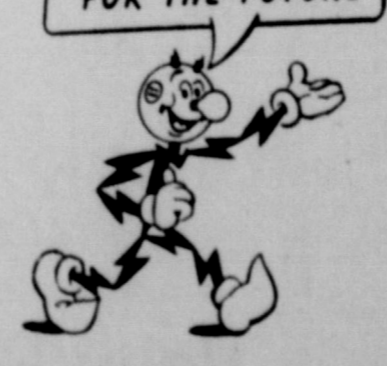
A pioneer in building ahead for the future, your Public Service Company is making sure that your future will be bright . . . electrically . . . by a 12 million dollar expansion program which will bring the advantages of electrical living to more and more people.

Another in a series of advertisements designed to help build this fast-growing territory in which we serve.

SOUTHWESTERN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

22 YEARS OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE

A PIONEER IN BUILDING AHEAD FOR THE FUTURE



THE McLEAN NEWS

Published Every Thursday
 News Building 210 Main Street
 Day Phone 47—Night Phone 147W

T. A. LANDERS
 Owner and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 In Texas

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.65

Outside Texas

One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.85

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

MEMBER
 National Editorial Association
 Texas Press Association
 Panhandle Press Association

Display advertising rate, 30c per column inch, each insertion. Preferred position, 35c per inch. Resolutions, obituaries, cards of thanks, poems, and items of like nature charged for at line rates.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same given to the editor personally, at the office at 210 Main Street.

Excuses are admissions of guilt.

This column is rather scattering this week, but we trust our readers will be generous with us.

Rotation in office is a fundamental democratic principle. Keeping a man in office for years tends to foster dictatorship.

The man who likes to hear himself talk is always present when the occasion arises, but others are not, if they know it in time.

Now they say there are so many hill billy records on the juke boxes because the music sounds the same after they are worn out.

This paper adopted a slogan, "On time all the time," some 25 years ago. Our readers can testify as to how well it has been kept.

We are going to miss reading the exchanges. And we will miss writing this column every week—perhaps the most enjoyable part of newspaper work.

Any man who can be insulted by honest criticism is giving evidence that he is more interested in his own reputation than he is in finding the truth and making friends.

Another record The News has made is that no tobacco or liquor advertising has been accepted for 25 years, disproving the theory that a home town paper must accept all kinds of advertising to survive.

McLean folks are going to like the new editor. If you want a newspaper that will be a credit to the town, give the editor your support in the advertising columns, where you get value for every cent invested.

Our readers should make sure they are giving news items to our reporters when asked for "news for the paper." Your items in the home paper are read by your neighbors in the only paper that cares anything about McLean.

A good school is a vital asset to any community and conversely, a poor one detracts from community welfare. The only way good teachers can be attracted to the profession is to pay them more money. The matter of teachers' salaries is becoming serious.

That McLean is a friendly town is evidenced by newcomers who remark about it. One newcomer was told this week that we treat a man as a friend until he proves different. He testified that

he was being treated like home folks before he had been here a week.

Pampa schools have the highest paid teachers in this section, ranking proportionately fifth highest in the state. Amarillo, Lubbock, Plainview, Abilene and Marshall have a much lower base pay than Pampa. With the agitation for better paid teachers, it is nice to know that some schools are doing something about it.

Many an editor has thought what he would like to say in his final column, but when the time arrives, he remembers only those who have given him such splendid cooperation. There is a small part of death in every parting that makes for a touch of sadness, but we hope to retain the good friends we have made over the years as your editor.

It has been said that an editor and a man with a tapeworm are the only persons qualified to use the editorial "we." This is the last week we can use it. Nobody knows why an editor cannot say "I" like other folks. One guess is that in the old days when militant editors had to enforce their opinions, the use of "we" might scare the other fellow into thinking that the editor was too strong for him to fight.

An old age pensioner was discussing with the editor a purchase involving a few hundred dollars, and when it was stated that monthly payments might be arranged, he said: "What is the difference? I have the money and I get more at the post office each month." This thing of expecting the government to furnish a living whether needed or not, must be stopped or we will bankrupt the nation. Pensions should be given only upon need, and not as a debt owed to one for living.

We appreciate the many kind things said to us the past week. They have ranged from one good woman's remark: "You are the biggest fool I ever saw to give up a good business and retire at your age," to another who called and said that the community owes its progress and its good reputation to the efforts of the editor. Somewhere between these extremes the truth probably lies. We have given the best we had to the interests of the community and any mistakes were unintentional. We will doubtless be at a loss for a while as we strive to surrender thought of community affairs and center them on living.

The amendment to be voted next week to protect the highway fund deserves to pass; in fact, there is no good reason to set any part of the gasoline tax aside for school purposes, but that once you mention schools you are on debatable ground. Motorists pay taxes for good roads, but the money has been used just anywhere else, which borders closely on taxation without representation.

The amendment to allow the state and county to go into the insurance and pension business should be defeated. We have too much paternalism in the national government to begin it anywhere else. The other amendment is to pay an old debt and probably should be passed.

Better slow down. Your trip might "last too quick."



REG'LAR FELLERS



VIRGIL



THE MODERN MARKET

is now under new management. Mr. Lafe Smallwood and wife of Amarillo assumed management Monday of this week. The Smallwoods have been connected with the Carlton-Florey Wholesale Grocery Co. of Amarillo, one of the largest firms of its kind in the Panhandle, for some time; Mr. Smallwood as salesman and Mrs. Smallwood in the office. Prior to that, they have had 15 years' experience in the retail grocery business, and intend to give fair, courteous service at all times.

The store shall be operated on a strictly cash basis, with the very best prices that can be made. They feel that they can make a substantial saving to the people of this trade territory by operating for cash, and will appreciate very much your inspection of the store and prices.

Limited Amount Shortening

Coffee Admiration 1 lb. can 33c

Flour Gold Medal 25 lb. \$1.59

BAKING POWDER CLABBER GIRL 19c

DIAMOND MATCHES 29c

KELL VARIETY 19c

CAGE'S EXTRACT 9c

PEACHES FANCY CALIFORNIA No. 2 1/2 can HEAVY SYRUP 27c

Butter Solids lb. 79c

Durox Bleach 10c

Steak English cut round lb. 39c

Tomato Soup Heinz 3 for 25c

Roast tender pork lb. 47c

Mission Peas 15c

PORK AND BEEF GALORE

Corn fancy whole kernel 18c

Baby Food Stokley 5c

Lettuce fancy large head 10c

Crackers 1 lb. 19c

Grapes fancy Tokay lb. 19c

We Pay Highest Prices for Eggs



TOO MUCH FRONT

Out of his travels in India, Mark Twain related his eye-witness account of the compositing of the Judge of the Bombay High Court. The Judge, whose bearing denoted that never for an instant could he forget his judicial distinction, was walking up and down the platform of a small railway station just before taking his seat in the train. A few minutes after the train had drawn into the station, a perspiring Englishman rushed on to the platform and said to the Judge: "Is this the Bombay train?" The Judge, looking over the head of the questioner, remarked coldly: "I am not the Station Master." Whereupon, the Englishman returned with considerable heat: "Then, confound you, sir, why do you swagger about as if you were?"

WALKOUT POSTPONED



After a few words, mostly spoken by the young wife, her hubby sprang to his feet. "You've gone too far!" he exclaimed angrily. "This is our last quarrel. I'm going right out of your life." "Oh, John, darling, where are you going?" she cried. "Where I'll never trouble you again," he replied, as he started to open the door. "I'll find a place where wild adventure will wipe out the memories of this moment—perhaps in the jungle—or on the stormy seas." As he spoke he opened the door, then closed it again and turned sternly to his wife. "It's lucky for you it's raining," he said.

Pretty Close

The young couple, as thousands of other New Yorkers, had at last acquired a country place in Connecticut. A kind-hearted native helped them get organized. "One thing," said the native as he surveyed the tall grass around the buildings, "you'll have to get a scythe." "Size?" asked the perplexed lady of the house. "No, not size, scythe!" "Well, what size?" continued the lady. "Please, lady," pleaded the harassed native, "not size—SCYTHE! It's a grass cutter." The lady nodded understandingly. The next day she proudly displayed a glass cutter to the amazed helper.

Looked Bad

Up on the New England coast there is a dangerous reach of land marked on the charts as Dolliver's neck. A violent storm was raging along the coast once just at the time that Senator Dolliver of Iowa was industriously campaigning for reelection. Among the electorate he was striving to impress was a large body of temperance advocates. Thus it came to pass that on election day the good senator picked up his newspaper and was shaken to the bottom of his soul by what he found there. For across the top of the front page in big, black, bold type there appeared: "Five Schooners Gone Down Dolliver's Neck."

PATIENCE!



"Who's waiting at this table anyway?" demanded the angry customer. "Madam," replied the busy waitress, "you are, until your turn comes."

Old Timer

Nervous Suitor—Mr. Smith, I—er—that is—I would like to—I mean—well, I have been paying attention to your daughter for six years. Mr. Smith—Well, what do you want a pension?

No Difference

"I say, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?" "Can't you tell by the taste?" "No." "Then what difference does it make?"

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS
TO: Lois Killien, GREETING:
You are hereby commanded to appear and answer the plaintiff's petition at or before 10 o'clock a. m. of the first Monday after the expiration of 42 days from the date of issuance of this Citation, the same being Monday the 16th day of December, A. D. 1946, at or before 10 o'clock a. m., before the Honorable District Court of Gray County, Texas, at the Court House thereof in Pampa, Texas.

Said plaintiff's petition was filed on the 29th day of October, 1946. The file number of said suit being No. 8495.

The names of the parties in said suit are: Gertrude Killien as plaintiff, and Lois Killien as defendant.

The nature of said suit being substantially as follows, to wit: Plaintiff alleges that the defendant has been guilty of cruel and inhuman treatment and their further living together as man and wife insupportable.

If this Citation is not served within 90 days after the date of its issuance, it shall be returned unserved.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Pampa, Texas, this 29th day of October, A. D. 1946.

DEE PATTERSON, Clerk,
Dist. Court, Gray County, Texas.
By LOUISE STUART, Deputy
44-4c-JG

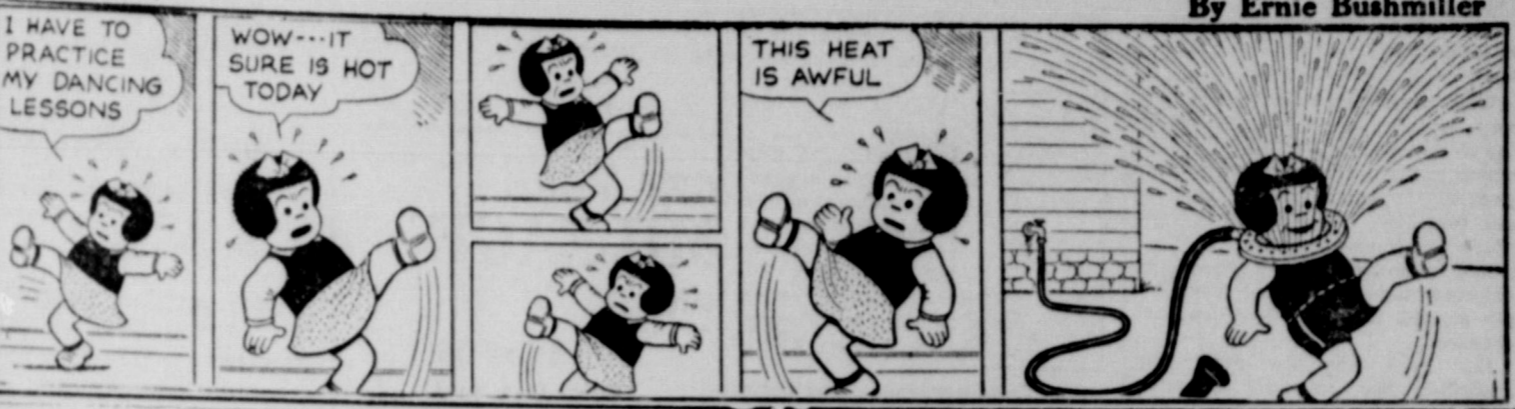
Everybody reads newspapers.

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

Asked to contribute to a missionary fund, Horace Greeley inquired what the money was to be used for. "To save millions of your fellow creatures from going to hell," was the reply. "I won't give a red cent," popped Greeley. "There ain't half enough of them going there now."

The liquor trade has done more injury to England than war, pestilence and famine all combined. —William E. Gladstone.

UNLUCKY SNAKES

The Jackson, Miss., rat extermination campaign was too efficient for I. E. Bennett, manager of the zoo. He can no longer find rats to feed his snakes.

Intemperance is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good.—Buxton.

Don't Let "Gums" Become 'Repulsive'

Are your "GUMS" unsightly? Do they itch? Do they burn?—Druggists refund money if first bottle of "LETOS" fails to satisfy. POWERS DRUG CO.

COMING IN PERSON



AVALON THEATRE
November 8

BUY AT BILLS DON'T WASTE MONEY ON IMITATION ADVERTISING TRADE WITH TOM

A Carload of Coal



WILL BE HERE THIS WEEK

We are back in the coal business and will be glad to take care of your fuel needs.

May we suggest early buying?

CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.

CARL M. JONES, Manager

OUR GOAL OVER \$3,000,000.00

BURIAL INSURANCE IN FORCE During 1947

Serving McLean with a Truly Complete Service

WOMACK BURIAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

"It requires a large membership to have a strong Association to stand the test of time."

Key to the Cabinet . . .

Of the several keys your pharmacist carries with him at all times, there is one in particular he guards more carefully than any other. It's the key to a cabinet in his prescription department . . . a cabinet that holds his stock of narcotic drugs . . . opium, morphine, codeine, and others.

These drugs are among the most important in pharmacy, for they are the ones your physician prescribes to provide relief from the torments of insufferable pain. Their quieting, comforting, pain-relieving action is truly a blessing to mankind.

But, unfortunately, these drugs are also a scourge to society when wrongly used. If they fell into the hands of unprincipled "dope peddlers" they would become part of an illegitimate traffic which wrecks lives of countless addicts each year.

Great is the pharmacist's responsibility in safe-guarding society through the careful control of narcotic drugs and enviable is his high record of performance in living up to his responsibility.

Powers Drug Co.
Roger Powers, Manager

A MESSAGE OF INTEREST to all who await deliveries of new Chevrolets

We want you to know that everything possible is being done to speed deliveries to you; but production still lags far behind schedule—even though Chevrolet has built more cars and trucks than any other manufacturer from January through September 1946

WE REALIZE how eagerly you are awaiting delivery of the new Chevrolet you have ordered from us, and we want to pass on to you the latest information received from the Chevrolet Motor Division, even though that information isn't too encouraging at this time.

It is true that Chevrolet leads all other manufacturers in total production of passenger cars and trucks from January through September 1946, despite the fact that Chevrolet was out of production entirely during the first three months of this year. It is also true that Chevrolet has continued to maintain its lead in total production during the third quarter of 1946. And yet production is still running far below desired levels, with the result that Chevrolet's output of cars and trucks through September 1946 was only 38.7% of the number produced during the corresponding period of 1941.

This means it may take many months for the Chevrolet Motor Division to reach peak

production of new Chevrolets—even longer to fill the unprecedented demand for this product of BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST—and, for the present at least, "there just aren't enough Chevrolets to go around," much as we wish there were.

However, we want you to know that new Chevrolets are leaving the plants in the largest numbers possible today. The Chevrolet Motor Division tells us it is doing everything it can, in the face of continued suppliers' strikes, material shortages and manpower problems, to step up shipments to us and to all dealers, in accordance with a predetermined distribution plan assuring each dealer of his fair allotment, based on 1941 passenger car sales. And we, in turn, are doing our best to deliver new Chevrolets to our customers as rapidly as they are received and in the fairest possible way. We are too appreciative of your loyalty and goodwill—too grateful for your patience and understanding—to do anything less than continue to serve you to the very best of our ability.



KEEP YOUR PRESENT CAR RUNNING

Meanwhile, the most important car of all to you is the car you are driving now. May we suggest that you keep it in top running condition until you secure delivery of your new Chevrolet, by bringing it to us for skilled service now and at regular intervals. Remember—cold weather is hardest on old cars. Please see us for a complete check-up today. . . . And, again, thank you!

Cooke Chevrolet Co. McLean, Texas

Only Cowards Change

By VICTOR DI CASTRI
WNU Features.

MRS. FEATHERHUGH looked over the brick wall of her pink terrace into the sunken garden below and as the sun played on the clumps of purple and yellow flowers she resolved again, that no matter what, she would make that Mary Smith realize that although Jim had only been Pfc. in the army he was still a Featherhugh and a Featherhugh had no business marrying a nursing sister called Mary Smith under any circumstances.

Well, it wouldn't be very long now. Any moment a car would stop in the driveway at the foot of the lawn which rolled away from the rock garden. It would take courage to put her son's wife in her proper place the moment she arrived but it had to be done. Mrs. Featherhugh believed it was all in the way people started their relationships that counted.

But here was the car. She smoothed her carefully groomed gray hair nervously and as the car came to a stop she steeled herself for the test she knew was imminent.

In a matter of seconds a girl with dark hair falling to her shoulders and wearing a blue coat with large



She steeled herself for the test she knew was imminent.

white buttons, stepped out, looked about her and then up the flight of flagstone steps that lead to the terrace. The girl waved.

After what seemed to be an eternity her son slowly got out of the car and as he got to his feet he reached for his wife's arm and then he steeled himself with a cane.

Mrs. Featherhugh wanted to run to him but with an iron will she restrained herself. He couldn't be seriously wounded or he would have told me, she told herself. Besides, if he thought so much of the girl down there that he married her without my approval, why should I fall all over him now? I'll stay right here till they come up.

Mrs. Featherhugh hoped she wouldn't cry. Everything within her wanted her to rush towards her son and take him in her arms but that girl with him was an impossible barrier. "No, I won't do it. I won't do it," Mrs. Featherhugh screamed silently to her heart.

She watched anxiously as the girl whispered something to her husband and then while he just stood there she ran up the steps.

"I'm Mary," the girl said, and held out her hand.

Mrs. Featherhugh reluctantly admitted that Mary was even prettier than her picture, but this was no time for comparisons. "How do you do?" The words were brittle.

Mary was obviously taken back as she repeated, "I'm Jim's wife, Mary." "Yes?" "You're his mother, aren't you?" "Yes." "Well, don't just stand there. Say something," Mrs. Featherhugh's eyes narrowed. The girl had spirit.

For a moment the two women just looked at each other and then Mary said calmly, but with obvious bitterness, "I see. You've got all this." With a sweep of her hand Mary took in the gardens and the huge stone house behind the terrace. "I've got nothing. I'm nobody. Well, that's where you're wrong, Mrs. Featherhugh. People in love have everything and they're very important people. They can't add it up and tell you what it is or who they are but—"

Mary turned, took a step towards her husband, and then changed her mind. She faced her mother-in-law and said quietly, "Mrs. Featherhugh, Jim is very anxious to see his mother again. He remembers you as a very special sort of mother. He has told me about you dozens of times. I thought I knew you so well that I was sure that when we met I would feel as if I had known you all my life. But I guess you've changed."

"War changes everyone."

"Only cowards change, Mrs. Featherhugh."

"How dare you?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Featherhugh, but we can't keep Jim waiting down there forever. He's come home to see the mother he left behind. That's the only one he's going to be able to see for a long time."

"Jim has had a partial blindness for some time. It's improving and with proper attention," she smiled and added, "of course, there's more than a chance. But you and I have got to pull together."

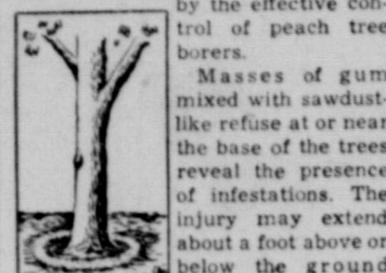
Jim couldn't see that his mother had her arm around his wife, but in a little while he heard Mary call, "Here's your mother, Jim!"



Peach Tree Borer PDB Control Urged
Pest Biggest Peach Problem in America

By W. J. DRYDEN

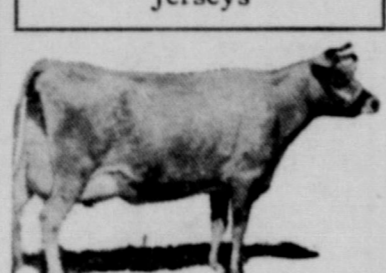
Fall is the time to forestall the 1946 peach borer. Material increase in the average productive life of peach trees can be brought about



by the effective control of peach tree borers. Masses of gum mixed with sawdust-like refuse at or near the base of the trees reveal the presence of infestations. The injury may extend about a foot above or below the ground line.

Best control is obtained by applying powdered crystalline paradichloro-benzene (PDB) to the ground in a ring around the tree as shown in the illustration. The ring should be mounded with three to five spadefuls of earth.

The amount of PDB to be used will depend upon the age of the tree. For trees 1 year old, use 1/2 ounce; 2 years old, 1/4 ounce; 3 to 5 years old, 3/4 ounce, and for older trees, from 1 to 2 ounces.



Know Your Breed Jerseys

Originating in the Island of Jersey, the Jersey breed of dairy cattle first was imported into the United States about 1850. Jerseys are said to be more evenly distributed in the United States than any other breed. They possess to a great degree those qualities ideal for dairy types. Alert, clean-cut, angular and refined in conformation they still have large barrels.

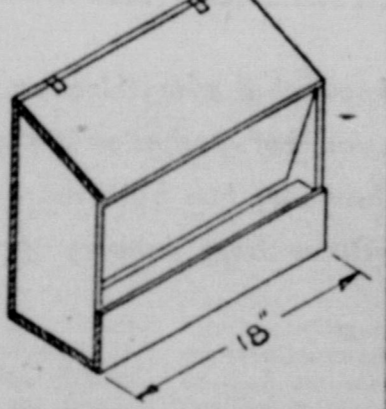
Their milk test is right and cost of butterfat production is low. Average butterfat content is 5.35 per cent, highest of all breeds.

Fall Versus Spring Fertilized Pastures

It is becoming increasingly evident from tests at New Jersey station and other states that except on very sandy soils fertilizers containing nitrogen for grassland and pasture sods, may be applied in late summer or early fall.

Fertilizers containing phosphoric acid and potash only, such as the mixtures usually recommended for alfalfa and Ladino clover fields, can be even more efficiently applied in the fall than in the spring.

Mineral Hopper for Hens



Laying hens and growing chicks need a constant supply of calcium in form of oyster shell or limestone. This hopper may be hung on the wall of the chicken house.

Conquering Flax Wilt By Resistant Strains

During the early 20th century the flax industry was faced with a serious problem. "Flax-sickness" was making the industry unprofitable. It was found that "flax-sickness" was the result of a flax disease called wilt. This wilt fungus was introduced into the new soil when cropped to flax, where it lived and multiplied ready to attack later flax crops. The remedy was the introduction of new wilt-resistant varieties of flax.

Double-Cross Corn Is Unfit for Reproduction

All plants in a field of corn planted with hybrid seed of a given strain are related—first cousins. The seed coming from such a field is definitely inbred and should not be saved for seed, points out the USDA. Reduction in vigor and grain yield is always the result of inbreeding in corn. The alternative is to plant each year the freshly crossed seed of tested strains of hybrid corn.

THE MAN COUNTS

Many an able man has failed because he was not a man before he was a merchant, or a lawyer, or a manufacturer, or a statesman; because character was not the dominating influence of his life. If you are not a man first, if there is not a man behind your book, behind your sermon, behind your law brief, or your business transaction, if you are not larger than the money you make, the world will expose your pretense and despise and discount your success. History will cover up the memory of you, no matter how much money you have—Jungle Rumbles.

Everybody reads newspapers.

GET MORE MILEAGE

with Phillips 66 Poly Gas and Phillips 66 Motor Oils

Phillips Petroleum Co. J. R. Glass, Consignee

TRACTORS

Implements, Repairs Parts Accessories Used Cars

J. S. McLAUGHLIN John Deere Tractors and Implements

Plymouth and DeSoto Cars

PERSONAL SATISFACTION

You'll be pleased as anything at the grand appearance of the clothes you send in to us for cleaning and pressing.

For every-day quality work we're still giving the best.

MERCER CLEANERS



Telephone 34 Admission (tax included) Adults 35c, Children 9c

Weekly Program Thursday, Friday

In Old Sacramento Wm. Elliott, Constance Moore

Hallow'en Preview, 11:30

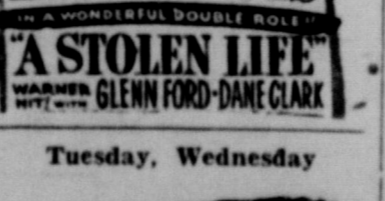


Saturday Also Friday and Saturday at the LONE STAR

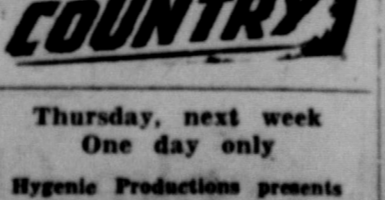
Fighting Texan Little Miss Big

Fay Holden, Beverly Simmons

Sunday, Monday



Tuesday, Wednesday



Thursday, next week One day only Hygienic Productions presents

MOM AND DAD

A home owner, wearing his oldest clothes, was mowing his lawn when a woman in a fine car stopped and asked him: "What do you get for mowing lawns?" "The lady who lives here lets me live with her," replied the home owner. The lady in the car, without comment, drove away.—Des Moines Register.

Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them; power flows to the man who knows how.—Fra Ebertus.



Better Service Better car performance at the sign of the Flying Red Horse. Your trade appreciated.

Shoop and Patterson

Mules that are used for house wear were originally called mulus by the ancient Sumerians. And who cares anyhow?

If he won't tell what he is worth, he has much. If he tells what he is worth, divide it by two.—Robert Quillen.

W. A. GAINES

District Manager

AMERICAN NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.

FORD TRACTORS Sales and Service

BENDIX HOME LAUNDRY Electric Appliances

Car and Tractor Parts - - Accessories General Auto Shop Repairs

HARRIS KING

120 N. Main St.

PUCKETT'S

Specials Friday-Saturday

Flour Puckett's Best 25 lb. \$1.49 50 lb. \$2.98

Coffee Chase & Sanborn 1 lb. jar 39c

Coffee Folger's 1 lb. jar 44c

Peaches Heart's Delight in heavy syrup gallon \$1.07

Kraut No. 2 1/2 can 15c

Raisins Sun Maid 15 oz. pkg 27c

Spinach Hunt's No. 2 1/2 can 19c

Cherries sour pitted No. 2 can 37c

Orange Juice Adams 46 oz. can 54c

Beets Empson's cuts No. 2 1/2 can 15c

Ovaltine large size 68c

Purex quart bottle 15c

Cocoa Hershey's 1-2 lb. box 10c 1 lb. box 19c

Fruit Cocktail Sunkist No. 2 1/2 can 39c

Tamales Delgado's 17 oz. 21c

Apricots R. Best in heavy syrup No. 1/2 can 34c

Will Be Closed All Day November 11th

The Champ From Waterloo

By RAYMOND T. DAVIS
WNU Features

ELMER ACKLEBERRY'S long legs made crunching sounds on the gravel path leading to the white Hendrick residence. He reached the door and lifted his hand to knock, but it remained in midair. The same hand assailed him again. What if Max Hendrick didn't give him the order?

Elmer sighed and knocked, timidly, hoping nobody was home. But the door was swung open after a moment by a pompous fat man with curly cheeks and a broad smile. "You're Elmer?" he said. "The game company's pool shark?" Elmer hesitated, finally replied, "Yes, Elmer—the insurance salesman."

Mr. Hendrick grasped Elmer's arm and hauled him into the house. "Your boss didn't tell you, did he? He has been phoning for weeks to sell me insurance," he told Elmer as he led him through one room and down a thickly carpeted hall. "Then he discovered I'm an unbeatable pool player. Says he's got a new salesman who will put my ears back. That's you, eh?"

Elmer scowled. So that was it! That was why the Chicago office had summoned him all the way down Waterloo. Not because of his sales record. It was his pool-playing they wanted. Elmer had the urge to run straight back to his room and pack up.

"I told your boss I'd give you the order if you can lick me," Hendrick



He already could picture Mary Ann's forgiveness.

rumbled on happily. "Nothing like a good contest, is there?" They turned into a large room, brightly lit, with two shiny new tables in its center.

Hendrick sprinkled some talc on his palms and briskly rubbed them together. "Hope you are a good loser, Elmer," he said cheerfully.

Elmer hurriedly peeled off his hat and rolled up his sleeves. "I'm a better winner," he said curtly, and selected a cue-stick from the nearest rack.

"How about a little wager, too," urged Hendrick, "just to make it interesting. Say a dollar a game."

Elmer thoughtfully fingered the two dollars in his pants pocket and shook his head. "Ten cents is enough for me."

"A dime, then, but doubled each time. Okay?" Elmer absently agreed with a nod and the play was started.

The game was over in exactly five minutes. Hendrick was really good, Elmer reflected. He rarely missed a shot that could be made; he knew how to freeze his opponent and succeeded consistently.

But the champ of Waterloo was better. Elmer found himself able to do tricks that were impossible on the ancient tables back home.

"You were just lucky, Elmer," Hendrick declared goodnaturedly. "Now I'll bear down hard on you."

He seemed almost pleased that he had been beat and that competition was tough.

The next games were fast and close, but Elmer won each, sometimes by only a miraculous shot, while Hendrick's big smile faded and Elmer's expanded.

It was fourteen games later, almost three hours, when at last they ended the tournament. Both men were exhausted, but Elmer had won every single game.

Hendrick wiped his perspiring brow with a towel and then mixed drinks. Later, he brought out a pad of paper and his check book. "You win the insurance order—just mail the policy to me," he directed as he wrote. "Best commission you'll ever make, I bet."

"The last, too," Elmer murmured, recalling again how the company had tricked him into leaving home—and Mary Ann. "I'm going back home. Maybe the commission will be enough for a down payment on a little farm." He could already picture Mary Ann's forgiveness at the news.

Hendrick folded a check and there was a strange soberness in his expression as he eyed Elmer and handed it over. "My check—don't forget the little wager we made, Elmer."

Elmer lifted a hand and backed away. "The commission is plenty, Mr. Hendrick," he protested. "Let's forget the wager."

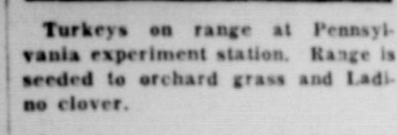
Hendrick forced the folded check into his hand. "Use it for your farm," he insisted. "Remember—we played a dime a game, doubled each game. Figure it out. It amounts to \$1,638.40."



Confined Turkeys May Be Profitable

Many Advantages Seen For This System—But!

Excellent turkeys may be raised in confinement. Better control can be secured. The method is well adapted for growers with small-sized flocks, for late-hatched birds that are not ready for range before fall weather begins, where there is danger of soil contamination, on high-priced land or on farms with limited acreage. Also the problem



Turkeys on range at Pennsylvania experiment station. Range is seeded to orchard grass and Ladino clover.

of predators, etc., may make it advisable to grow turkeys confined.

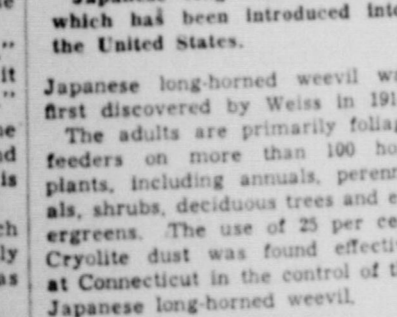
Acreage, topography, drainage and texture of the soil are other important factors that H. H. Kauffman of Pennsylvania state college recommends be considered when ranging turkeys.

Labor, expense of equipment, overhead expenses, etc., are often smaller when large flocks are reared on range than in confinement.

In hilly country the turkeys should be moved to the valleys in the fall, as they reach maturity and the season of stormy weather approaches.

Japanese Long-Horned Weevil Invades U. S.

Another native insect pest of Japan may prove a menace to American if not destroyed in time, says Harry B. Weiss, chief of the N. J. bureau of plant industry. The



Japanese long-horned weevil which has been introduced into the United States.

Japanese long-horned weevil was first discovered by Weiss in 1916.

The adults are primarily foliage feeders on more than 100 host plants, including annuals, perennials, shrubs, deciduous trees and evergreens. The use of 25 per cent Cryolite dust was found effective at Connecticut in the control of the Japanese long-horned weevil.

Fertilize Your Apple Trees During October

Late September, October and November is the time for making a fall application of fertilizer on bearing apple trees.

The nitrogen which gets into the trees this fall is an insurance that the trees will get off to a good start next spring, believes D. S. Brown of the University of Illinois.

For trees of good vigor, an application of sulfate of ammonia, or its equivalent in another nitrogen carrier, at the rate of from one-fourth to one-half pound per year fourth of tree age may be used. The fall application should be followed by another at or before time of bloom in the spring.

Partition for Calves

When calves are placed in the barn for feeding, complete partitions should be erected in order that each calf secures its proper amount of food. Proper growth cannot be accomplished when calves of various ages and sizes are allowed to compete for their daily ration.

Outbreaks of European Red Mites in Orchards

Because of the fact that DDT does not kill European red mites but does destroy certain of the insects that prey on this pest, the increase of the mites in orchards is of vital concern.

While the feeding of the insect during September and October will have little effect upon the fruit crop, they do injure the tree permanently. A dinitro spray, D-4, or summer oil spray is effective.

I'LL BUY THAT SHOT-GUN NOW! I SOLD SOME STUFF FROM THE ATTIC WITH A WANT AD

Sell "White Elephants" Buy What You Want!

Mrs. Jessie King of Lubbock and Mrs. Lizzie Cavot of Oklahoma City are visiting their niece Mrs. J. R. Phillips, this week.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day and at last we cannot break it.—Horace Mann.

Table cloth will wear and look better if, after washing it, you occasionally rub it with liquid wax.

CEMETERY MEMORIALS

MONUMENTS, MARKERS COVERS and CURBING SURFACE VAULTS

S. R. JONES
MCLEAN, TEXAS

66 SERVICE STATION

Where Courtesy Is Our Motto — and your patronage is appreciated

Let Us Service Your Car

W. L. COPELAND, Owner

HELP WANTED

HIS POOR CHAP WOULD LIKE TO ADVERTISE FOR THE U.S. MARINES! IF YOU NEED HELP, TRY OUR WANT ADS!

DR. J. E. HEWETT

Optometrist

Glasses Fitted

Broken Lens Duplicated

For Appointment Phone 9934
Amarillo, Texas, 107 E. Fifth

All Forms of INSURANCE

No Prohibited List

All my companies have A-1 Ratings

PROTECTION PAYS

T. N. Holloway
Reliable Insurance

Tantalizing

and chuck-full of wholesome goodness . . . that's the kind of food you get when you dine with us. A trial will convince you.

MEADOR CAFE

Thanks to Our Friends

for beautiful flowers, cards, letters, air conditioner, groceries, cash love offering, and all the many kind things you have done for us since March 16. Words cannot express our appreciation. Last, but not least, your prayers are deeply appreciated.

Happy to say I'm able to sit up now and hope to walk some day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Shull and Neal

If God were to call you, Daddy,
Or take our Mother dear
And in deepest grief and sorrow
Leave us linger here
And in our darkest hour of sorrow, grief and woe,
Where could we, Daddy, go?
Because we love you dearly
We would want you to have the best
For we will remember always
How our loved ones were laid to rest.
Perhaps, Daddy, they might tell us
Upon that mournful day
That the one we loved so dearly
Had thrown his chances away.
We now can get Womack burial protection
And our minds could be at consolation
And when the shadows of sorrow fall
Give our loved ones the very best.
And could cost so little
To have this peace of mind,
So, Daddy, please get protection
While yet you have the time.

From
Womack Burial Insurance Association

Business—what, when you don't have any, you go out of.

LAUNDRY SERVICE

Pick up and Deliver
Phone 102

Blue & White Laundry

E. C. Bragg, Owner

TEXACO

Gasoline, Oils, Greases
Kerosene—the best the market affords.

Motorists, farmers and individuals all testify to Texaco's quality.

THE TEXAS CO.

EMORY CROCKETT
Consignee - - Phone 172

Pampa Texas Phone 934

Borger Texas Phone 192

Expert Moving—Careful Handling
Van Service - - Nation-wide Service

BETTER CARS

are coming, but while you are waiting for a new one, let us service the one you are driving. Better service for better performance.

STANDARD SERVICE STATION

Odell Mantooth, Owner

Come to See Us!

We are new in McLean right now, but we don't want to stay that way very long. Come in to see us. You will find us friendly and we want to meet everyone in the community.

We want to take part in every worth while community effort and will be glad to carry our share of everything.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. and Mrs. Lafe Smallwood

Don't Miss?

Stubblefield's

Coat and Dress Sale

Friday, Nov. 1 to 10

3 GROUPS 3

1/2 OFF - 1-3 OFF - 20% OFF

See these values before you buy.

AINES
anager
ATIONAL
CE CO.
Y
ssories
RS
day
\$1.49
\$2.98
9c
4c
07
5c
7c
9c
7c
4c
5c
8c
5c
10c
19c
9c
1c
4c

Romantic Men

By FRED GORDON
WNU Features.

"THIS is certainly a fine home you have here, George," I said. "A neat cozy little place." I smiled at George's wife, Mrs. Wallace, and said: "I'll bet you're in love with it." She gave me an agreeable smile, an agreeable nod.

George walked over to a tall maple cabinet and took out some prized liquor. "Here y'are, Harry. A little appetizer." He filled two small glasses and gave me one. I raised mine and touched it to his.

Our glasses tinkled against each other. "To Mrs. Wallace," I toasted.

"To the girl who stood on the street corner in the rain," he returned.

We downed our drinks and a warmth, a comforting heat, spread inside of me. "You son-of-a-gun," I laughed, sitting easily in a plush chair, "picking up a girl on a street corner, in the rain, and making her your wife! Good old George Wallace—always the romantic man!"

His eyes were fastened to the jumping red tongues of the fire. "Was raining like it never rained before," George began. "One of those nights, you know. It just seems to rain and rain until you think it'll never stop."

"That night must have been back a good many years, Harry. More years than either of us old codgers would like to recall. Still, every little thing about it is as plain to me today as it was then, when it all happened."

"Some fellas will tell you about Love, how it comes, about mutual understanding, and all that. Don't



"It must have been a lucky star that made you two meet on the street corner in the rain," I chuckled.

believe it, Harry; when it hits you, I can tell you—yes, even for the old duck that I am—when it comes, you know it. And when it comes, it stays."

He watched his cigarette smoke climb to the ceiling.

"When it hits you it stays." He spoke the words as if they were new to him, first proving their truth.

"I was standing on that street corner, shivering in the rain, when I saw her. We stood there, saying nothing, for a minute—just looking and feeling something happen. A million thoughts came to me then, crazy things, and I start building dreams—real castles—before I even heard her speak, or before she even spoke to me. Maybe she thought I was batty, I don't know, just standing there getting drenched, and looking at her."

"What was it I said first. Oh, yes, 'Little wet out,' I said. When I heard her voice I knew. It was music, music."

I smiled, satisfied. "You're just a romantic guy," I said.

"Well, sir," George went on, oblivious of me. "We got on a streetcar and rode up and down the line that night. Crazy kids we were, hour after hour—talking to each other on a streetcar, looking out into the rain and dreaming. . . . I'll always remember it, Harry: every little word we said. . . ."

Suddenly he stood up, crushed his burning cigarette in an ashtray, and gave a long, hearty yawn. "You're right," he said to me.

"What do you mean?"

He laughed deeply. "I'm just a romantic, sentimental, old fool. . . . How's about some of that delicious cooking? How's the dinner coming, honey?" he called.

"All set, boys. Come and get it." We sat at the table chatting lightly. "This is really some dinner, Mrs. Wallace," I said. "Roast supreme!"

"It's lucky I came back to the kitchen on time," she said. "I just saved it."

He smiled. "Well, it certainly was beautiful."

Harry said aloud to them. "With meals like home like this—well, it been a lucky star that made you two meet on the street corner in the rain, eh?" I chuckled, contented.

"Street corner? In the rain?" Mrs. Wallace returned, half-smiling. "Why George and I met at a party!" She beamed on George.

"Didn't we, dear?"

"George said, 'That's right. I'll never forget it.'"

Crazy for Money

By ERNEST MILES
WNU Features.

BACK for the "Crazy for Money" program, Bud Watson was on the platform waiting to go on the air.

If you listened to the show two weeks ago you will remember Mart Ringlearly, the Master of Ceremonies, introduced Bud. He told how Bud had just been discharged from the army and had volunteered for any stunt asked of him. Bud was to go out to Roscoe's Mammoth Carnival in the Fair Grounds, and to act as a spicler for Captain Billy's Bathing Beauties.

And now the program was on the air and Mart Ringlearly was saying, "Hello! Hello! Hello! Tonight we are going to hear what happened to Bud Watson, who two weeks ago went out to the Carnival to be a spicler on Captain Billy's Bathing Beauties show. Captain Billy is here, too, and I see he has brought a very pretty blonde with him. We'll start with you, Captain. But first, who is this lovely girl?"

"Oh, this is my daughter, Dora, who got herself involved in the stunt so I brought her along, too."

"This sounds mysterious, but tell us first what you did with Bud."

"There was a big crowd of folks who had heard your broadcast and they come out to hear the fun. They began calling for Bud so I brought



"I got along fine with Dora."

him onto the platform. That big, red-headed six-footer just stood there tongue-tied. However, I managed to get him going and he did pretty well so I sent him inside to announce the events."

"Then you would say Bud was a success and deserves the money?"

"He did all right but he was still paying more attention to my daughter than to the show. It ended up by my having him thrown into the tank of water."

The audience was screaming as Mart asked, "You mean to say the evening ended with you in the water, Bud?"

Bud stammered a bit. "Well, as the Captain told you, we went out to the show and I was to listen and learn from him what to do. But that girl in the ticket booth set my head in a whirl and I just couldn't concentrate on what the Captain was saying."

"The crowd laughed at me and Captain Billy said, 'Get going kid, so I did the best I could.'"

"But," asked Mart, "how in the world did you get thrown into the tank three nights later?"

"Oh, I was crazy about the girl in the booth and went back each night, determined to make her like me. I hung around but she wouldn't talk. Captain Billy got madder and madder and tried to chase me away. On the third night he had a couple of fellows throw me into the tank."

"I was certainly wet and just as I got out of the tank Dora came back with the cash and tickets. When she saw what had happened she let out a yell and chased those fellows out. Then she turned and gave Captain Billy a tongue-lashing I didn't know until then she was his daughter."

"Ha, ha, romance seems to have bloomed," said Mart and "let's hear what Captain Billy has to say."

"I didn't like it at first because Dora is only 18 and I've been both father and mother to her. Her mother died when she was three. But Bud is a persistent guy. I could see Dora had fallen hard for him."

"She got him a job so he'd be able to marry her?"

"She certainly did. Bud is now my chief assistant and doing a swell job. When the season is finished they plan to get married and I'll still have my daughter, plus a darrin fine son."

By now the audience was standing, cheering. Mart finally broke in: "It just goes to show you never know what will happen on this show. Bud, here is the other half of that \$100 bill. Good luck to both of you."

"Thank you very much, it has been a wonderful experience," said Bud and passed the bill over to Dora.

"There," said Mart. "It's the woman who wins. Tell us, Dora, what are you going to do with that money?"

"Well, Mr. Ringlearly, Bud promised it to me towards the finest trousseau a girl ever had, but Bud is the best prize of all, a real Valentine."

"I'm sure you will be happy," said Mart. "and Bud may have been crazy for money but he certainly is wise in his choice of a wife."

Pete the Paper Puppel



HERE'S YOUR PAPER AN DON'T FORGET TO COME IN AN' RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sherrod and son, Bob, of Alanreed were in town Monday.

Mrs. Amos Thacker was in Pampa Friday for the funeral of Mrs. J. S. Searcy.

Babe Smith of Amarillo visited his mother, Mrs. J. T. Smith, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bruce of Alanreed were in town Thursday.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES—One insertion, 2c per word. Two insertions, 3c per word, or 1c per word each week after first insertion.

No advertisement accepted for less than 20c per week. Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numerals count as words.

All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.

FOR SALE

For Sale and Possession: 6 room dwelling and out buildings near Baptist church.

5 room dwelling, out buildings and 7 lots; also 5 room dwelling, out buildings and 25 lots near high school.

5 lots near city plant T. N. HOLLOWAY

6,000 good kaffir and cane bundles. Mrs. W. E. Kennedy, phone 81J. 1p

IF INTERESTED in 20% cattle cubes, truck or carload, call 117 Shamrock, collect. H. L. Thomas

FOR SALE—Excellent business, garage and service station, including all equipment, located on U. S. 86. Good section land, located near McLean; 200 acres cultivation, fair improvements priced at only \$22.50 for quick sale. Contact W. H. Walker, Shamrock, Texas. 1c

FOR SALE: One large 6 room house near Presbyterian church.

One 5 room house near high school.

One 6 room house with acreage adjoining city limits.

One 4 room house with acreage.

One 5 room house 4 blocks from school.

One 6 room house near high school.

BOYD MEADOR

SOMEBODY will get a bargain. It would cost upwards of \$25,000 to build a house like mine today. (Ask your carpenter). Will trade for a house that can be moved, at a fraction of that cost. Make me an offer. T. A. Landers.

FULLER brushes and Fuller products. Mrs. S. R. Jones, phone 110W. 44-3c

FOR SALE—1 3-piece bedroom suit, inner spring mattress, heavy coil springs, 1 9x12 congolem square. Mrs. Dolph Burrows. 1p

FOR SALE OR TRADE—1 a. land in McLean. Phone 465W or write P. O. box 164, Shamrock. 44-3p

FOR SALE—Maple living room suite: divan, 2 chairs, lamp table, coffee table. Call 140 W. 1c

WANTED

WANTED.—Small office safe. T. A. Landers.

WANTED.—50 White Leghorn or White Rock pullets. See Marvin Hindman or call 92. 1p

WANTED.—One or two-room apartment for young man, unmarried. Inquire at News office.

MISCELLANEOUS

LIQUOR—Our public enemy number one. Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink. Hab. 3-15. A Neighbor, t/c

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Eldridge were in Groom last week at the bedside of their daughter, Mrs. Pete Graham.

Roy Lasswell and Richard Simmons have moved to Albuquerque, N. M., where they have employment with an electrical concern.

Unbiased person—someone who has the same bias as you.

Mrs. Clara F. Hill of Los Angeles, Calif., was in McLean Friday.

Emmett Powell and family visited in Amarillo Saturday.

Jeff Guthrey of Pampa was in McLean visitor Thursday.

Arlie Carpenter of Lefors was in McLean Thursday.

Ruel Smith was in Groom Sunday for medical treatment.

B. F. Cadenhead of Brownwood was in McLean Thursday.

Jim McMurtry of Clarendon was in McLean Friday.

Mrs. W. A. Glas of Alanreed visited her mother, Mrs. C. A. Watkins, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Bidwell went to Amarillo Saturday, the former receiving medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wilson of Amarillo visited here last week end.

Miss Inez Shaw of Amarillo visited her parents here last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Purdy and baby of Pampa visited here last Thursday.

Mrs. T. R. Langham of Amarillo spent the week end with Mrs. T. A. Langham.

Mrs. Estes of Dodson visited Mrs. Velma Betchan, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Shaw visited in Amarillo last Tuesday.

Frank Stewart went to Lubbock Saturday.

FRANK T. O'BRIEN

The Fighting Conservative Candidate for CONGRESS

Will Be in McLEAN

SATURDAY

1:00 p. m.

to Address Voters

BE ON HAND!

Farewell

Words fail to express our thoughts at this time when we must tell our readers farewell. Certainly, we would not forget to say "thank you" to our hundreds of friends and customers who have so faithfully stood by us over the years. We have been privileged to share in your joys and sorrows, and claim many close friends who date from the time we moved to McLean 36 years ago to some we have just met within the past few days. We have tried to carry our share of community burdens and appreciate the help you gave us.

We hope to have more time for friendship now, and trust that we will not be entirely forgotten by the good people of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell are our kind of folks, and we hope you will give them the same kind of cooperation. Anything you can do to assist the paper helps the whole community and the new editor will be found giving full cooperation to all things that stand for community betterment.

Gratefully yours,

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers