

Announcements From The Churches



METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday Program—
Men's Bible Class 9:30
Sunday School 9:45
Morning Worship 10:50
Youth Fellowship 7:15
Evening Worship 8:00
Womans Society of Christian Service meets each Wednesday Afternoon 8:00
Men's Brotherhood Social every second Thursday afternoon at the church.
Cordial welcome to all.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

The Rev. H. E. Moreland
Evening Services, second Sunday each month 8:00
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
Sunday School 10:00
Morning Service 11:00
Evening Preaching 8:30
Training Union 7:30
Mid-week Service and Choir rehearsal, Wednesday 8:30
Brotherhood, first and third Tuesday 8:30
W. M. U. each Wednesday 8:30

Methodist - Baptist Churches Hold Yule Musical Program

Mrs. J. W. Hull was soloist and Mrs. E. D. Shurley was director and pianist when the Methodist and Baptist Churches held their annual Christmas services at the Methodist Church Sunday night, December 19. Carols and an anthem were sung by the choir after which the Reverend F. L. Meadow of the Methodist Church read the scripture and was assisted by the Reverend J. E. Eldridge of the Baptist Church.

Other participating on the program were Mmes. A. E. Prugel, J. C. Stephen, H. L. Lackey, S. M. Loeffler, O. L. Richardson, W. H. Dameron, C. A. Tyler, Preston Prater, Eldridge, W. E. Caldwell, O. G. Babcock, Fred Wright and Misses Janie Rodgers and Elizabeth Caldwell.

Also Mssrs. Edwin Sawyer, Fred Wright, S. M. Loeffler, O. L. Richardson, H. L. Lackey, J. C. Stephen and E. D. Shurley.

Miss Marie Watkins, former public school piano and voice teacher here who now has a studio in San Angelo, spent Christmas Day and the first part of this week here, visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Babcock and family.

Mrs. Eldridge Hostess At Yuletide Party

Mrs. J. E. Eldridge honored the young people's department of the Baptist Sunday School Monday night with a party at the parsonage.

A Christmas tree and Christmas colors were used in decorating the room. Games were played and carols were sung after which gifts were distributed from the tree.

Those present were Pauline Allen, Betty Faye Glasscock, Edith Eldridge, Jack Christie, Charlene Hull, Margaret Smith, Betty Gene Rankhorn, Frances Jo Lancaster, Frances Jane Drennan, Mary Lou Neuberger, Erma Lee Eldridge and the Reverend Eldridge.

Burleson - Davis Wedding Told

An announcement has been made by Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Davis of Eldorado that their daughter, Ida Alice, was married December 6, to Jack Burleson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Burleson of Sonora. The ceremony took place in Sonora at the home of the Baptist minister.

Mr. Burleson was attending school in Sonora at the time of her marriage. Mr. Burleson is employed on a ranch near Sonora where the couple will make their home.

Theater, Birthday Party Honors Diana Wood

Diana Wood was honored on her tenth birthday with a theater party by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Wood, Sunday afternoon. After the show the guests were served cake and hot chocolate in the Wood home.

Guests included Carnie Sue Wyatt, Lois Lu Lomax, Inez Chalk, Betsy Ross, Nancy Neill, Mary Elaine Stringer, Darlene Lovelace, Joe David Ross, Billy Bryan Savell, Jimmie Morrow, John Stanley Hamby and Tommie Wood.

Buy War Stamps and Lick The Other Side!!!

THE WOMAN'S PAGE

Clubs · Parties · Features

PAT REILEY, Editor

Sonora, Texas, Friday, December 31, 1943 The Devil's River News

Mrs. Saunders Honors Brother With Dinner

Mrs. H. C. Saunders entertained with a Mexican dinner Monday night, in honor of her brother, Wallace Davis, who visited here Monday and Tuesday.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis and Rodney, Mrs. Victor Gentzler, Miss Jean Saunders, Edgar Saunders and Miss Pat Reiley.

Mr. Davis flew here from his ranch near Kerrville Monday afternoon, and while here took several people for plane rides. Tuesday morning he returned by plane to his ranch. He is also the brother of G. H. Davis and W. L. Davis, both of Sonora.

Blue Monday Club Meets With Mrs. Labenske

Mrs. Lee Labenske was hostess and Mrs. John Cauthorn was co-hostess when the Blue Monday Club met Wednesday night.

High score for guests was held by Mrs. Sam Hull and high for members was won by Mrs. O. G. Babcock.

Members present were Mmes. W. E. Caldwell, Elmo Johnson, Joe Berger, J. W. Trainer, George Trainer, Sr., T. W. Saandherr, Rose Thorp, O. C. Ogden, Harvey Morris, John Bunnell and Babcock.

Guests included Mmes. B. C. McGilvray, J. H. Brasher, John Kring and Hull.

SCHWIENINGS HAVE GUESTS

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Schwiening, Sr., for Christmas Day, were the following; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Schwiening of Junction, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones and Jan of Ozona, Mr. and Mrs. Curt Schwiening and children, and Mrs. Dayton Cain.

Arriving here Thursday of last week for the holidays were Mr. and Mrs. Aldwell Nisbet of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to visit his father, John Lee Nisbet, his sister, Marjorie Rebs, and other relatives. Mr. Nisbet until recently has been engaged in work in a defense plant. He went to San Antonio this week to be inducted into the Navy and expects to be called sometime in January.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank the many kind friends who sent flowers and expressions of sympathy and performed acts of thoughtful friendliness during my recent illness.

John Lee Nisbet.

Back The ATTACK With BONDS

Savells And Hunts Entertain With Annual Christmas Day Open House

Mr. and Mrs. Theo Savell, Mr. and Mrs. Miers Savell and Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Hunt held their annual open house Christmas morning for friends from ten until twelve o'clock.

The living room was decorated with red berries, and the mantle was banked with holly. Red candles were used in lighting. Santa Claus was exhibited in the fire place with his reindeer. On the piano was a Christmas scene of a miniature town with Santa Claus coming to visit it.

Used in decorating the dining room were mixed flowers and gold candelabra holding red tapers.

Those attending were Messrs. and Mmes. Frank Bond, Charles Davis, Lloyd Earwood, A. C. Elliott, L. W. Elliott, Thomas Espy, W. J. Fields, Jr., B. M. Halbert, Jr., John Hamby, W. P. McConnell, Jr., L. E. Johnson, W. L. Miers, O. C. Ogden, J. T. Penick, H. C. Saunders, Sr., Collier Shurley, E. D. Shurley, Fred Simmons, H. V. Stokes, John Ward, Jr., Jeff Haynie of Abilene, Duke Wilson, Aldwell Nisbet of Baton Rouge, La., and Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Howell and Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Boughton.

Mmes. Mack Cauthorn, R. E. Duncan, Thersa Friend, Josie McDonald, Stella Keene, Kermie of Del Rio, Dorothy Norris, Belle Steen and T. A. Williams of San Antonio.

Messrs. S. H. Allison, Raymond Barker, John Fields, Cleve Jones, J. D. Lowrey, W. A. Miers, Billy Shurley, Richard and Alan Boughton, S. H. Stokes, Sgt. Web Elliot, Lt. Harrel Espy, Lt. T. A. Williams, Jr., and Curtis Norman of Brady.

Also Misses Marjory Reba Nisbet, Sammie Jeanne Allison, Doris Keene, Martha Jo Moore, and B. M. Halbert, III, Georgia Sue Norris, Nancy Beth Wilson, Tom Elaine Espy, Billie Bob Ellingson, David Shurley, Frankie Bond, Tommy Bond, Ernest Carroll Stephen, Billy Bryan and Vicky Jo Savell and James Theodore and Nancy Hunt.

FOR SALE: Very choice Holstein, Guernsey and Ayshire heifers, \$25 each and up. Shipped C. O. D., if desired. Bull free with 5 heifers. Homestead Farms, McGraw, N. Y. 5tc

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Chronic bronchitis may develop if your cough, chest cold, or acute bronchitis is not treated and you cannot afford to take a chance with any medicine less potent than Creomulsion which goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes.

Creomulsion blends beechwood creosote by special process with other time tested medicines for coughs. It contains no narcotics. No matter how many medicines you have tried, tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough, permitting rest and sleep, or you are to have your money back. (Adv.)

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Thank You,
Joe Oberkamp

THE OLD JUDGE SAYS...

"The men overseas don't mince any words about the way they want to find this country when they come marching home... do they, Judge?"

"They certainly don't, Herb... and they shouldn't. They're doing a masterful job fighting over there to protect our rights and they have good license to expect us to protect theirs back here at home. One thing they're mighty clear on is their stand on prohibition."

"I saw in the paper just the other day the results of a poll taken among American service men in England by the British Institute of Public Opinion. They asked hundreds of men point blank how they would vote on prohibition. 85% of them stated, in unmistakable terms, that they would vote against it. There's no doubt about it, Herb... the men overseas don't want any action taken on that subject while they're away."

"And they're 100% right, Judge, because I know how I felt when I came home after the last war—only to learn that we had been over there fighting for so impractical a thing as Prohibition."

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SONORA, TEXAS

361 Shopping Days Before Christmas

Choose Your Gifts For The Entire Family Now

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The Ratliff Store



49 Years Ago

Born on Thursday, December 27, 1894, to Mr. and Mrs. Al Haley, a girl.

Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Jones and son, Leslie, are spending the holidays with relatives at McKavett.

Attend the ball at the Court House Monday night and dance the old year out and the new year in.

Frank Franklin, boss of Dr. J. B. Taylor's ranch, was in Sonora for the holidays.

The Sonora Christmas races were a success in every respect, except, of course for the losers. In the 400 yard race there were four entries but only three started. It was a pretty race from start to finish. W. Warner's bay horse entered by Abe Mayer finished half a length ahead of George Morris' Sonora colt and Charles Coupples' sorrel mare from Rock-springs was only a length behind. There were three starters in the 200 yard race and it was hard to tell which was which between Abe Mayer's bay and J. T. Cooper's gray. The bay won by a head. A great many other races were run and a considerable amount of money changed hands.

There will be more racing in Sonora on New Years Day.

M. R. Calhoun and Mr. Walker, sheepmen from Beaver Lake, were in Sonora Saturday.

Married on Wednesday, December 26, 1894, at the residence of

the bride's parents in West Sonora, Mr. James Gillespie to Miss Annie Stephenson, the Reverend W. G. Coker, Methodist minister officiating. The Devil's River News wishes Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie much happiness.

Captain A. C. Green and beautiful wife were in Sonora this week from their ranch in Edwards County 40 miles below Sonora.

Married in Sonora, Texas, on Thursday, December 27, 1894 at seven o'clock P. M., at the Methodist Church, Mr. C. S. Green of Edwards County to Miss B. L. Richardson of Bath Summerset-shire, England. The Reverend W. G. Coker officiated. The groom is a well-known and successful stock-raiser and the bride a beautiful and charming young lady. The News extends congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

A delightful hop was given at the Court House Thursday night in honor of the bride and was largely attended.

Miss Laura Foote of Lampasas arrived in Sonora Monday on an extended visit to her brother, Mr. S. D. Foote.

Pat Murphy, editor of the San Angelo Standard, spent Christmas in Sonora with his mother, sister and brothers.

Protein Situation Discussed At TSGRA Meet

Following are excerpts from an address on the "Protein Situation", made by A. L. Ward, of the educational service of the National Cottonseed Products Association, Inc., before the Texas Sheep and Raisers' Association convention in Fort Worth on December 8.

After being confronted with a protein shortage, the Commodity Credit Corporation of the Department of Agriculture has given to Texas and the Southwest most excellent cooperation and support in meeting the situation last season, as well as the present season. Reviewing briefly, you will recall that the Educational Service of the National Cottonseed Products publicly reported that between January 1 and July 31, 1943, which belongs to the 1942-43 season, the Commodity Credit Corporation shipped into the Southwest approximately 220,000 tons of Northern soybeans. Of this amount, approximately 170,000 tons came to Texas. The Texas supply of cottonseed cake and meal plus some small importations from the Northern soybeans enabled the Southwest to get by last season. It is true, of course, that the holdings of cake and meal in the Southwest were

reduced to practically nothing; and it is true, also, that many herds of dairy cattle were disposed of and there was some culling on the ranges.

Our presentations of the facts were accompanied with the statement that Texas would need approximately 17,000,000 bushels of Northern soybeans to supplement the protein expected from cottonseed, peanuts and flax produced in Texas. Seventeen million bushels of soybeans will produce approximately 404,000 tons of soybean cake and meal. Our estimate of cottonseed meal and cake for the season 1943-44 was based on a Texas cotton crop of 2,825,000 bales which will yield, we believe, approximately, 440,000 tons of cottonseed cake and meal.

The official government reports show the production of cottonseed cake and meal in Texas for August through October was 157,185 tons. I estimate that Texas mills produced 75,000 tons during November which would bring the total cottonseed cake and meal up to 132,185 tons for the period August through November. Adding to this the imported soybean production we have approximately 250,000 tons of protein produced in Texas the period August through November.

There was on hand at mill crushed October 31 this year See Protein, p. 4

Wherever you meet people who know Sonora, be it in West Texas or farther away, you will find that Sonora is known as a hospitable town, and that its citizens and Sutton Countians are known as friendly, generous people. And it is no accident that the Stockman's Paradise and its people have that reputation. Generations of good people, courteous people, have made that name for our community. Yet, to a traveler coming through here, one act of rank discourtesy can undo what good citizens have done, can give Sonora a "black eye."

We know this, because a prominent West Texas judge stopped in a Kerrville filling station not long ago and said to the attendant, "Fill it up—put in all the gas it will hold, so I won't have to stop in Sonora for more gas."

This same man had formed a poor opinion of Sonora because of the gross discourtesy shown him when he stopped here several days before for gasoline. After leaving Sonora, he stopped a few miles up the road and discovered that the cap from his gas tank was missing. Fearing that he would lose a good deal of gas by going on to the next town without the cap, he drove back to the station here and said to the man in charge, "I believe you forgot to replace my gas tank cap."

"I didn't do it," was the prompt and rude reply, and the attendant walked away.

The man looked around, and then said, "What are you going to do about my situation?"

"Well, if you're so—— short, I'll just give you a cap," the filling station employee snapped.

At that the customer got in his car, drove to another station and bought a cap, then left Sonora declaring that he would never even come through here again if he could avoid it. And our community had lost a friend.

—(*&\$½lb ?*½&—

Following are excerpts from "I Am Private Enterprise," written by Benjamin DeCasseres and published first in the March of Events, a column in the New York Journal-American.

I am the Spirit of Private Enterprise. Wherever I have existed freedom of mind and body have existed. Wherever I have been murdered by collectivist laws and governmental strangulation freedom of mind and freedom of body have died.

I was the physical lever of Athenian civilization. I died in the collectivist feudal ages.

I, Private Enterprise, have brought more men of the same countries and men of distant countries close together in friendly intercourse than all the Socialistic and Communistic doctrines combined.

I am the expression and sustainer of all that is lordly in the human soul— Self Reliance, the Adventurous Spirit, emotional and mental Initiative, Ambition and Inventive Resourcefulness.

I, Private Enterprise, built America.

If she is a giant today in production it is I who have made her a giant. I cleared her forests. I built her railroads. I tunneled her mountains. I erected her factories, dug the coal and ore in her mines, and sent out her ships on the Seven Seas.

In my brain was born every creature comfort you enjoy.

I am the hope of Europe and Asia.

I, Private Enterprise, am the working classes, the middle classes, and the well-to-do classes.

I am the butcher shop, the bank, the news-stand, the great department store, the giant furnaces of Detroit and Pittsburgh, and the electric light.

I, Private Enterprise, am Edison, Ericsson, Goodyear, Wanamaker, Westinghouse, Fulton, Whitney, Morse and the Wright Brothers.

It is I, Private and Free Enterprise, that is winning this war for Russia, England, China and the U. S. A.

I, Private Enterprise, am the power behind your son, your father, your brother fighting for you in Africa and the Pacific.

I am the minute man of Uncle Sam.

I am America.

I am the very essence and body of Jeffersonian democracy, for I am Private Property and Personal Liberty.

—(*&\$½lb ?*½&—

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LET'S START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT!

A brand new start . . . a new year that promises to bring us closer and closer to Victory each day. So don't let the sands of time slip by unnoticed. TODAY is the time to give that pint of blood, buy that War Bond. This can be a great year in world history, if we all give our best, NOW.

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Both Horned and Polled, a few of which are coming 2-year-olds.
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AND SALT
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SUGAR—Stamp No. 29 in book four is good for 5 pounds through January 15.
SHOES—Stamp No. 18 in book one is good for 1 pair. Stamp No. 1 on the "Airplane" sheet in book three is good for 1 pair.
FUEL OIL—Period 1 coupons are good in all regions through January 3. Period 2 coupons are good through February 7 in all areas except the south, where they are good through January 24. Period 3 coupons, now valid in the middle west and south, remain good through March 13 in the middle west and through February 21 in the south. Period 3 coupons become valid in the east and far west on January 4.
MEATS, FATS—Brown stamp L, M, N, P, and Q are good through January 1. Brown stamp R is good through January 29. Brown stamp S becomes good January 2 and remains good through January 29. Spare stamp 1 on the first page of war ration book four is good for 5 points for the purchase of pork through January 1.
PROCESSED FOODS—Green stamps D, E, and F in book four are good through January 20.

The Devil's River News

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CLAY PUCKETT . . . Editor and Publisher
ANY ERRONEOUS REFLECTION upon the character, standing, or reputation of any person, firm or corporation will be gladly corrected if the matter is brought to the attention of the publisher.
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and pianist
and Baptist
annual of
Methodist
December 1.
were sung by
the Reverend
the Methodist
scripture
Revere
Baptist
Of
gram
J. C. Stephens
Miss Jamie
NTSTC, Den
Mrs. J. W. T.
of friends at
the holiday
afternoon
and a few
and sister
family.

Miss M.
public school
teacher here
in San Antonio
Day and
week here
Mr. and Mrs.
family.

Consult us thousands, millions—billions of dollars of profits—on paper.
Nisleggers—parties—automobiles—more silk shirts—new suits—refrigerators, real estate, diamonds, rings, boots, hats.

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1929 and the crash again.
ry, Mr. Jones—more marriage—we'll have to sell you out
Dear Mr. Jones—unless you send us a check to cover two unpaid installments on your furniture—Dear Sir—in hands of our attorneys unless—mortgages unpaid—worry—worry—sorry Jones, better look around for a new job—no help wanted.

THE down at the heels. And the undernourished—crying—and "the lost generation"—ome? How did we get that? Why did it happen it couldn't happen

look back—let's see happen.
en't good enough for savings banks weren't exciting as broker's offices.

We were trying to compress our ves—to squeeze the juice of three ore years and ten into a decade.
wanted for next to nothing things our fathers had worked ed and saved for.
clothes had to be bet- more expensive than and her jewelry, too.
a thousand dollars? So what? I'm spend- n hundred on mine. (On

ad say—looka my new radio, enty-two tubes, three loud akers, record changer, home order, and three short-wave ands.

The old one? Oh, I traded it when I bought the new one—and he new refrigerator, and the dining room furniture—slick, eh?— "modern", they call it.

"The men such? Whats the differ- about the Twenty-four payments country whe dollars instead of sixty- do they, Judg! never miss it.
"They certa minute, brother... shouldn't. Th "miss it" in the early fighting over Did we "miss it" when tect their ben million men walked these street—camped out—lived in profits and shacks and lean-tos? Did "a "miss it" while brave women the rubbed and scoured and patched mended until their finger tips raw, their hands rough—and hearts dull with the pain of

abandoned hopes?
Hold on once more....
This time chances are we won't bounce back again. Many people now realize what a close shave it was the last time, how desperately near we were to chaos and national ruin.

Must we come with another crash? Must we ignore, not one, nor two, nor three—but the dozens of lessons taught us by history? Must we head straight along the road-to-ruin we took last time?
It's what's beginning to happen, right here—now—in our country. People are making more money than they ever did before and spending it faster than they ever did before.

The old "short-life-but-a-merry one" story is back with us. But how merry is it?
Where's the money coming from—"prosperity"? No—war. From the Business of Death we've been forced into. From things made to kill other people so they won't kill us.

Win, lose, or draw, the war will end some day. No war has lasted forever.
Then what?
Those same war-factory wheels will again slow down and stop. Men will walk out of factories and hear the gates grind closed behind them—many of them to stay closed.

And maybe the green grass will grow between the stones of factory courtyards before the men will come back to work again—slowly—a few at a time.
The same as the last time? And the time before that?
Well, it shouldn't be, but it will be even worse—unless we use our common sense now.

There's no special Providence watching over this country, in spite of all our songs and slogans.
We're people—just like any other people.
Luckier, yes. Our land is fairer—endowed with more riches than any other lands. And we've worked hard—or used to, anyway. Nobody knows how much is left of American spirit and guts—yet. We think it's greater than before. The Japs and Germans will find that out.

But listen, Mister.—
Don't fool yourself. The time's going to come when you'll need those dollars you're throwing around now.
If hard times catch up with you, it isn't that night-club proprietor who's going to return the money you spent in his place—no, not any part of it.

And all the unnecessary gimmicks and gadgets you think you need now won't be worth a dime on the dollar then.
And when your pockets are empty it won't be because you're being taking money out of them—but because no money will be going into them.

How about those bright kids of yours? Will they have to work instead of going to high school or college?
And those beautiful rings you bought your wife? Supposing you lose your job—how long can you last before pawning those taubles for a fraction of what they cost you?
So look—
When you want to spend money or buy something new, just imagine you are spending your next-to-the-last-dollar.
Don't ask how happy you'd be with what you get for your money.

That's the only test. Otherwise you're kidding yourself. Lighting matches to ten-dollar bills you're going to need—sure some day.
What? Oh, you're making money? Then save more—don't spend more.
Because the money we all save now will play a tremendous part in the after-war economy of our country. The money we save now will be a cushion of buying power—these sorely-needed dollars

EDITORIALS AND FEATURES

Protein

1,463,429 tons of cottonseed compared with 1,607,949 tons last year. The equivalent production of meal and cake from the uncrushed seed this year is 658,543 tons compared with 723,577 tons last year.
But how about next year, the season 1944-45? Do you realize that in about two months Texas will begin planting cotton for the 1944-45? Our industry has already written many articles and prepared many releases pointing out the fact that the Southwest does not now produce sufficient protein to maintain its present livestock population. Texas sheep and goat raisers, Texas and Southwestern cattle raisers and our educational institutions owe it to themselves to study the situation carefully and determine what can be done to insure a more adequate supply of protein. If it is found that we cannot produce more protein, it is then time for some planning to be done. It is time for revamping our livestock program. We cannot expect to continue to receive a sufficient tonnage of protein from the North, under the conditions that exist in the Corn Belt States, on the Atlantic Seaboard and the New York Milkshed during the present war period.

the view of many that the world does not need more cotton. I believe that when this war is over the people of the world who have been awakened to so many new things and new needs will be hungry for cotton and merchandise made from cotton and cottonseed products.

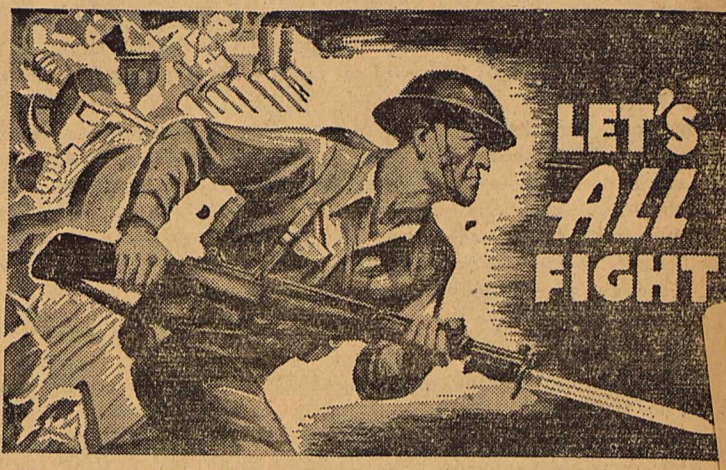
of protein in whatever form you want. We are willing to join with you in making the grasses of Texas ranges more productive and more efficient. We are willing to cooperate with you in maintaining Texas as the leading cattle, sheep and goat state of the United States. We are unwilling to go backward, or even stand still, we prefer to go forward.

Words cannot express our appreciation for the many acts of kindness, the words of sympathy and the beautiful floral offerings made at the time of the loss of our loved one.
John Lee Nisbet and family,
Mrs. W. L. Aldwell and family.

Here are a few facts that we must review and study. In the year 1930, Texas harvested over 16 million acres of cotton. It is estimated that Texas will harvest less than 8 million acres this year. On January 1, 1930, Texas had on its farms and ranches 6,500,000 head of all cattle and 6,387,000 head of sheep and lambs (I have no official figures on goats). On January 1, 1943, Texas had on its farms and ranches 7,518,000 head of all cattle and 10,677,000 head of sheep and lambs.

When this war is over the cottonseed crushing industry of the cotton producing states will do all in its power to reach out as far as competition will permit in all directions in the United States, or wherever oil-bearing seeds are grown, and bring the oil-bearing seeds to the mill or the slab cake to the mill so they can make available to you an adequate supply

Back The ATTACK With BONDS



BUY WAR BONDS

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A HAPPY & VICTORIOUS NEW YEAR

FLOUR 25 LBS. K. B.	PRINT BAG	\$1.29	25 LBS. GOLD MEDAL	\$1.39
K B MEAL, 5 lb Bag		29c	K B MEAL, 10 lb Bag	49c
K. C. Baking Powder, 25 Oz. Can		20c	CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder, 25 Oz. Can	22c
P & G SOAP, 4 Giant Bars		19c	SOAP, 4 Giant Bars	19c
KARO SYRUP, 1/2 Gal. Can		43c	KARO SYRUP, Gal. Jar	79c
WOLF'S - NO. 2 CAN			PINK SALMON, 16 Pts. Can	28c
CHILI, 5 Pts.		38c		

BEANS CHOICE RECLEANED	10 LBS. 20 POINTS	79c
CHOCOLATE FLAVORED HEMO, Can		53c
TRELLIS NO. 2 CAN PEAS, 18 Pts.		14c
RINSO, Large Box		25c
GRAPE NUTS, Box		15c
Raisin Bran, 2 Boxes		23c
"BOSCO" Chocolate Syrup, Jar		30c
APPLE CIDER, Qt. Jar		27c
DUZ, Large Box		25c
CHEERIOATS, 2 Boxes		25c
LARGE PRUNES, 2 lb Box 8 Pts.		36c

Shortening 4 LB. CARTON 79c - 8 LB. CARTON \$1.58

C H B Cocktail Sauce, 6 Pts.	22c	AVALON PEARS, No. 2 1/2 Can	28c
ALL KINDS CIGARETTES, Carton	\$1.65	BULL DURHAM, Carton	95c
WHITE GRAPE FRUIT, Doz.	49c	CALF RIBS, 4 Pts. lb	25c
TEXAS HAMLIN SEEDLESS ORANGES, Doz.	25c	7 STEAK, 7 Pts. lb	35c
SMALL WINESAPS APPLES, Doz.	29c	CHUCK ROAST, 7 Pts. lb	32c
IDAHO NO. 1 SPUDES, 10 lb	39c	MEAT LOAF, 6 Pts. lb	35c
Carrots - Beets, 2 Bunches	15c	COUNTRY SAUSAGE, 4 Pts. lb	33c
BELL PEPPER, lb	19c	CALF TONGUES, 3 Pts. lb	19c
GREEN BEANS, 2 lb	35c	FRESH SHRIMP, No Pts. lb	54c
		12 OZ. CAN Treet or Red Seal, 5 Pts.	39c

PIGGLY WIGGLY

LOMAX and TRAINER



When you know something of interest about a member of the armed force from the Sonora area, write or telephone us. We'll appreciate it and the men in uniform will be glad to hear about their friends and buddies in other parts of the world. This feature page will act as a clearing house for the activities of the service men, many of whom receive the News.

Captain E. B. Tipton, First Pilot on a -26, writes his wife who is living here, the following from England:

"We had another early morning briefing yesterday, and I had to get up at four A. M. After we had dressed and eaten, we came down to the operations office. About the first thing that we found out was that we were to bomb an ---- in ----. It was cold and the cockpits were iced over something fierce, so that we could hardly see anything even after we got in the air. We didn't realize at the time how important it was going to be for us to see well, before the day was over.

"I was riding co-pilot with Frank Harris and we were in the lead ship of our squadron. His co-pilot wasn't feeling too well and all of my crew had been on a mission just a few days before, so he took his crew with the exception of his co-pilot. Since his aircraft was hit by flak and wasn't ready to go, we took my plane on its first mission and as it turned out finally, its last.

"We got over the target alright and dropped our bombs. Just before we turned onto the bombing run, we started getting some flak and it was getting closer and closer as the batteries got our range and height, but still it was not as heavy as some I have seen. About that time, I spotted the first of the Jerry fighters--there were Folkes-Wolfes high on our right, and I called them out on the interphone to our gunners, who had already seen them. About that time I saw some up on our left, and suddenly I began seeing them all around us. You are probably wondering where the Spitfires were all this time, and I was wondering too; however, you'll understand when I tell you that we were

flying in the last box of the formation and were the last of the seventy-two airplanes that started out, so the Spits were plenty busy keeping them off the front planes and just didn't have time to come back where we were.

The anti-aircraft fire kept getting heavier and heavier. Then suddenly it stopped altogether, and the fighters came in and there wasn't anything timid about them either. Some of them came so close to us--each one taking his turn--that we could look right into the cockpit. They came up mostly from behind us, attacking the plane flying directly behind us. They'd open up with their tracers and .303s to get the range and then started using their cannon. The incendiary bullets and tracers were whizzing past us like hail, and I was really trying to hug the armor plate on the back of my seat. We got a hit in our right engine and could feel the ship shudder, but the engine kept running alright. Then one of the gunners called me to say he thought they had got our number four man, since he was losing altitude and could no longer keep up with the formation.

"Finally one of them (F. W.) came right up under the nose of our plane so close you could have hit him with a rock--so close, in fact, that the gunners couldn't depress their guns far enough to shoot at him. Our waist gunner shot one down and the tail gunner got a shell right through his tur-

rett sometime during the fight, but he couldn't remember when it happened. Just about that time the Spitfires came back to where we were and chased them off. I saw one sight I'll never forget. There were some Spits on the tail of a 109, off to our right and a little below us. We could see the guns on the Spit winking like little lights as he was shooting, and the 109 turned over on his back and went into a spin. The last I saw of him he was still spinning, so the Spit got him for sure.

"Some of the airplanes that we saw were silver with black crosses, but most of them were a pale green on the bottom with the top part a little darker green. They (the pilots) were really anxious to get in a lick at us, and they were as good flyers as I've ever seen. Finally the Spits got rid of them, and we held a hurried council of war to try to see what our damage was, but we couldn't see anything that looked especially serious. We were feeling pretty good about everything, except nobody could locate the ship that the fighters were working on. We found later that he came on across the channel losing height on one engine at every jump, with the Spitfires around him. He crash-landed on the coast. All of his crew were alright, with the exception of one of his gunners, who got a shell through his right hand. The airplane, needless to say, was shot to pieces and they finished it up when they landed. After we got back to the field, we circled a little and then started in to land.

In The Service

Home From The War



2 COAST GUARD

the Navy, writes:

"I hope you will forgive me for waiting so long about writing. When you can't write about the things around you, there isn't much to write about.

"As you probably know, I am trying to learn how to be a baker. I like the job fine and am planning to make a rate in the next four months, I hope.

"It is summertime here now and just about as hot as the summers at home.

"Although I am enjoying my work, I would like very much to be back home, going to school and to all the dances and parties again. You don't know how much fun you are having, until you get out of school and are 'on your own'.

"Tell everyone 'hello' for me and to write me all the news".

A letter received from F/O Alan W. Saunders, who is stationed in India with the Air Corps, states:

"How was Thanksgiving? We really had a swell dinner here. We had turkey (canned), dressing, peas, corn, creamed potatoes, asparagus tips, cranberry sauce, nuts, cake, fruit and white bread. I sure ate a lot and really enjoyed it a lot.

"Last night for supper in China I ate eight eggs (fried), and for breakfast the next morning I ate four more. They have the best fried eggs I ever ate over there. About all we get here is duck eggs".

A later letter reads in part: "We have had a change in the weather, finally. It is regular fall weather--overcast and real cool. It is snowing in China, and the mountains are all getting snowed over. This is the kind of weather that makes me want to go hunting. As

Ensign Sam Logan, stationed with the Navy at New Orleans, La., was here on leave from Monday until Thursday morning, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe F. Logan.

Charles Moore, naval aviation student in the Navy's V-12 training program at Louisiana Institute, Lafayette, La., was here over the Christmas holidays visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Moore.

soon as I get some film, I am going to get a 3-day pass and go up into the hills and try trading with the natives for some things to send home. I have been getting my cigarette rations to trade with.

"I watched some natives thresh rice today out in the jungle near here. You should have seen it. They were beating the rice off by walking oxen over the rice stalks which were piled on the ground in front of their hut. Can't say that it was a very sanitary method, but at least it gets the job done."

A letter from Pvt. Isidro P. Virgen, who is stationed overseas, writes the following letter to his family:

"I have been sitting here wishing that I could spend this Christmas day with you. I can remember all the many happy hours that we spent to gether. Maybe by next Christmas all of the boys over here will be able to be at home again. Anyway let's hope so.

"I have just arrived safely in North Africa, but at the present there isn't much to write about. I can say that I have seen lots of country and traveled many a mile.

"My regards to everyone at home. Merry Christmas and a happy new year to all!"

Lost: Two Ford V-8 keys on keyring with Luckenbach Hwyl. Co., Menard, Texas, printed on it. Return to Auldie Garrett, Camp Allison.



208 ARMY



39 NAVY

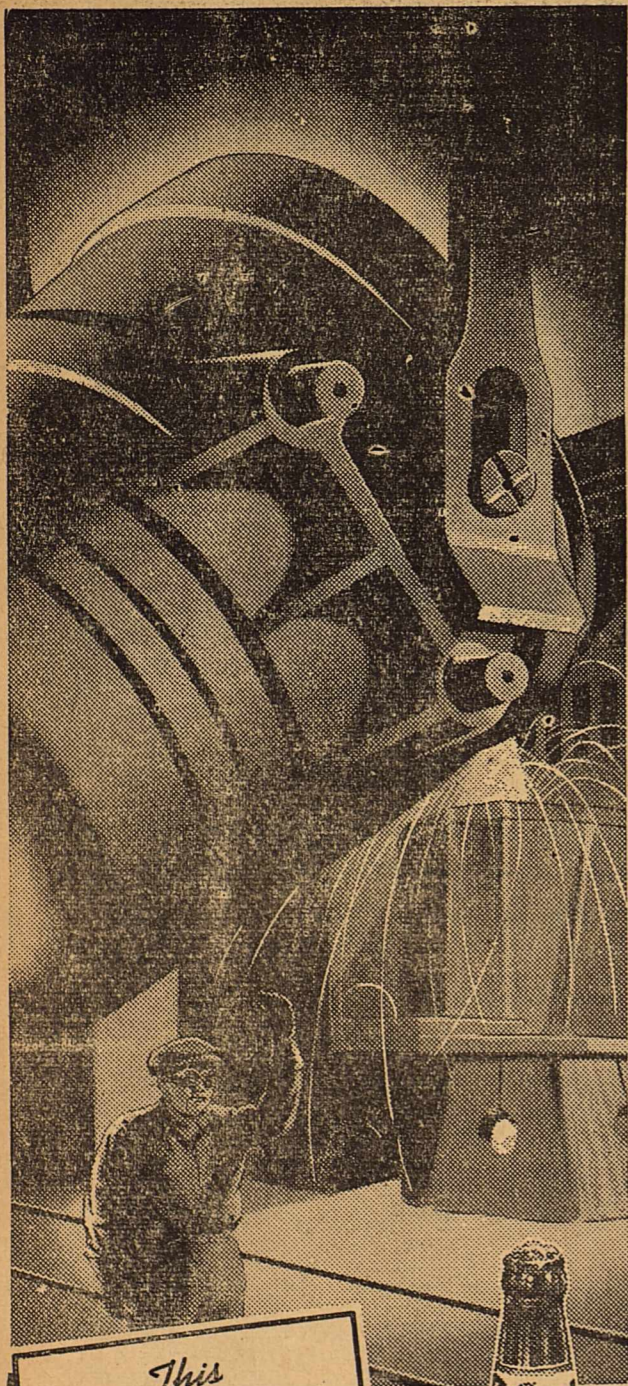


12 MARINES

Making it HOT for HITLER and HIROHITO

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A wager was made that it was a New England peculiarity to answer one question by asking another. A Yankee was interrogated, "I want you to give a plain question."

"I kin do it, Mister," the native said.

"Then why is it that New Englanders always answer one question by asking another?"

"Do they?"

The war will end "sooner than the Allied high command anticipates", said the Lieutenant Governor in a speech in Fort Worth. In other words, Roosevelt, Churchill, General Marshall and General Eisenhower are wrong; they don't know what they're talking about and the Lieutenant Governor of Texas knows more about the war than all of them put together. I doubt it.

The man in responsible public position who makes irresponsible statements, whether to get his

name in a newspaper headline or for any other motive, is creating over-confidence that could result in slowing down the war effort and thereby unnecessarily prolong the war and cost the lives of American soldiers and sailors. If a speaker can't say something that will help win the war, there is no law requiring him to make a speech at all.

Judge Bean, in conducting a marriage ceremony, would say: "By the authority of the Constitution of the United States, the State of Texas and the Law West of the Pecos, I Roy Bean, hereby pronounce you man and wife. May the Lord have mercy on your souls."

Happy Birthday

Saturday, January 1—

Mrs. I. B. Boughton
 Vernon Cook
 Beamon Speed
 John Lee Nisbet
 Mack Cauthorn

Sunday, January 2—

Mrs. George E. Smith
 P. J. Taylor
 Giles Hill

Tuesday, January 4—

Mary Sue Blanton

Wednesday, January 5—

I. B. Boughton

Thursday, January 6—

Belle Glascock

Friday, January 7—

Jack Mann



READING & WRITING

BY Edwin Seaver AND Robin McKoun

LEST we forget: May 10, 1933, the Nazis burned the books of the world's greatest writers to signalize the death of culture. Today, in the U. S., the Council on Books in Wartime says "Books Are Weapons in the War of Ideas" and commemorates the day by working for the widest possible distribution of the world's best books.



MAC KINLAY KANTOR

It looks as if the small town is coming into its own again. It wasn't so many years ago when books that expressed the frustration of living in a small town—books like "Winesburg, Ohio," "Babbitt" and "Spoon River Anthology"—were all the rage. Now the picture has changed. We're learning there are a lot of fine things about life in a small town; that, in fact, the small town way of life is what our

country is fighting to preserve. We have only to take a look at some of the recent books to see how true this is. Berry Fleming's novel, "Colonel Effingham's Raid," and William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy," both featuring typical small communities, have been extremely popular Book-of-the-Month Club selections. And no doubt "Colonel Effingham's Raid" will be as successful a movie as "The Human Comedy" has proved.

Another book of this trend, soon to be a motion picture, is "Happy Land" by MacKinlay Kantor. This is a simple and beautifully told story about a typical small town, and about Lew Marsh who ran the town's most popular hangout—Marsh's Drug Store. Lew's son, Rusty, joined up with the U. S. Navy early, and he was one of the first casualties. When Lew Marsh learned his son was dead, he brooded about it. Why? he kept asking himself, why had it happened to Rusty? It wasn't fair.

Then one day he had a caller. The caller was his own grandfather, and he was most unexpected, since he had been dead for twenty years. Grampa, a Civil War veteran, had come back for the purpose of talking a little understanding into his grandson. And it was through him Lew realized that "As long as kids can play Indian in the corn . . . as long as American boys can be Boy Scouts, as long as they can eat ice cream, as long as they can do a good turn daily, as long as they can play football, or have a picnic in Briggs' Woods . . . it'll be worth while."

A good gift for a soldier friend is "As You Were," a pocket-size volume of some of the best in American prose and poetry, edited by the late Alexander Woollcott. It's a wise idea for a soldier to carry a book around with him when he's on leave, Woollcott counsels. He discovered that in the last war. It seems that the M.P.'s in Paris were always accusing the soldiers of being A.W.O.L. On one memorable occasion, however, Woollcott spent a whole evening in Paris without being stopped. He was carrying a book under his arm. After that he always carried one, and was never stopped again. It was apparently unthinkable to an M.P. that a bookish soldier could be on the loose.



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