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The Hico News Review

Hico Strives to Serve the Needs of the Dairymen, Poultrymen and Farmers of This Vast Community.

VOLUME 50.

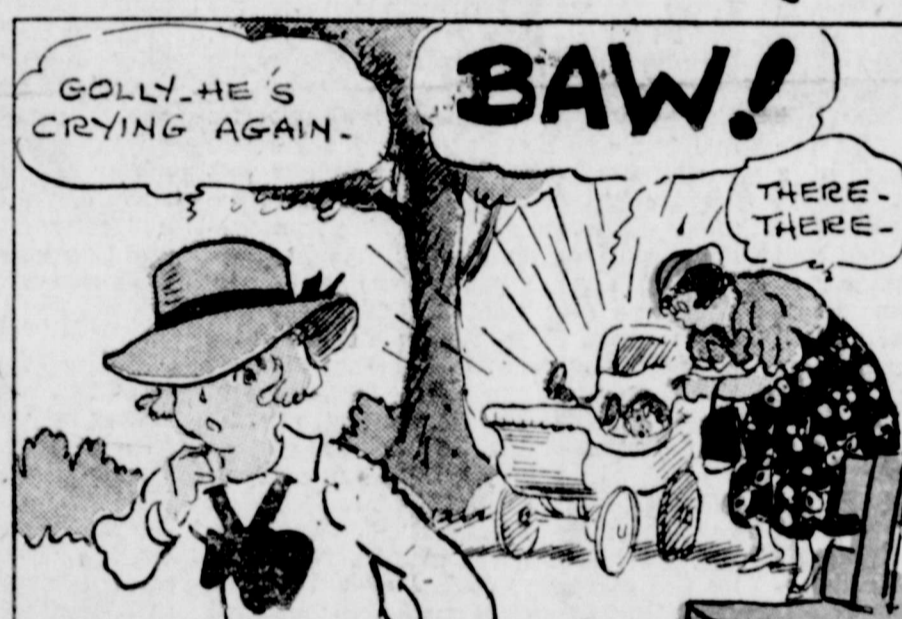
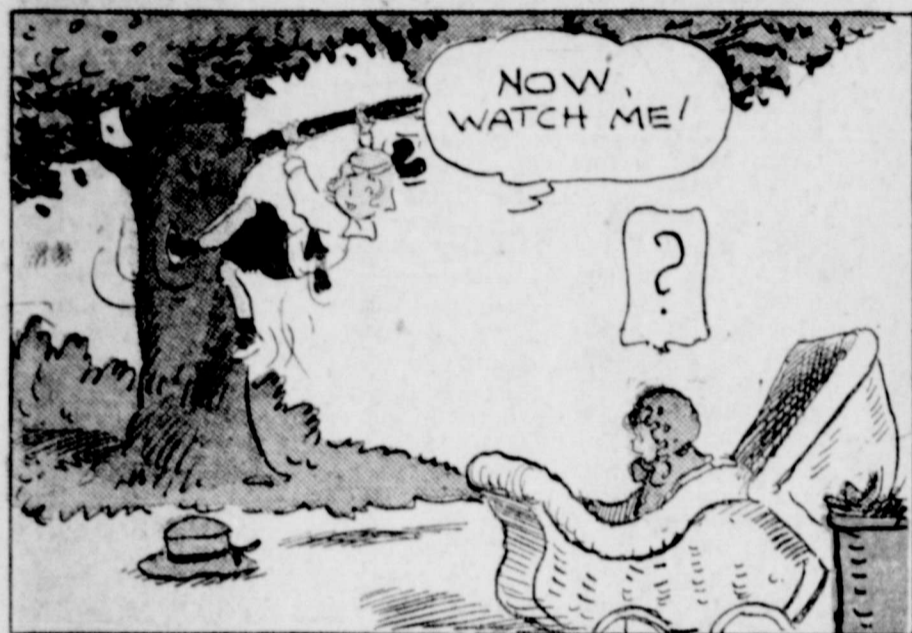
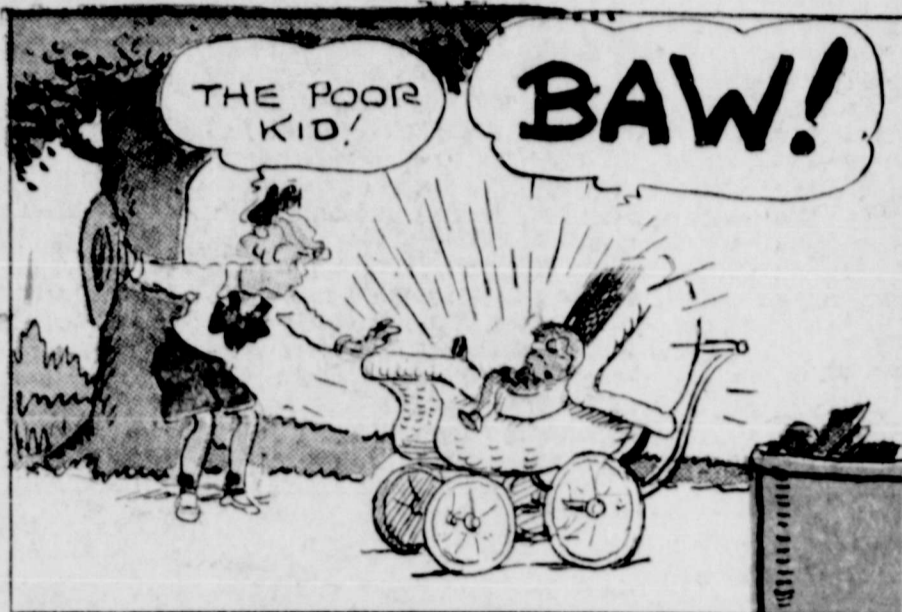
HICO, TEXAS, AUGUST 10, 1934.

NUMBER 12.

Little Mary Mixup
BY R-M-BRINKERHOFF



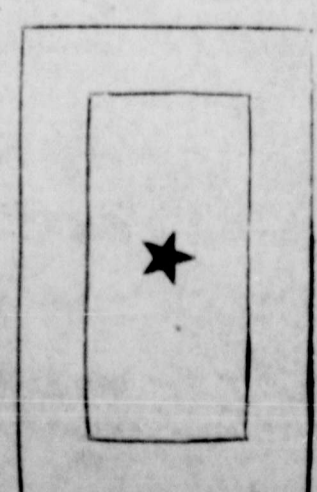
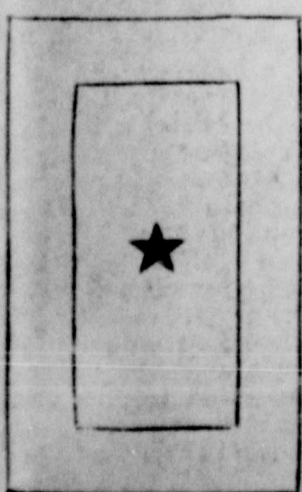
I GUESS THE PARK IS THE ONLY COOL PLACE THERE IS



LITTLE DAVE

Just a Little Older!

By Gus Jud





Seventh Installment
SYNOPSIS—Three weeks after a cream colored roadster had been wrecked in the sea at the foot of a cliff, a girl calling herself Anne Cushing appears at the desert town Marston. She has bought, sight unseen, a ranch located thirty miles away. Barry Duane, her nearest neighbor and his man, Boone Petry procure a reliable woman for her and in Barry's car, loaded down with supplies, they start across the desert. In Marston her reticence has aroused suspicion. Barry and Anne become more than neighbors and when Anne is lost in the hills and rescued by Barry, each realizes that something more than friendship exists between them.

They were married at Trail's End. It was the quietest of weddings, with only Martha Larrabee and Boone Petry there, and the minister from the larger town beyond Marston. Wild flowers banked the fireplace and nodded from the old table. Martha was blinking the tears back and thinking that she had never seen the child look so lovely. Barry was a little nervous.

In another hour everyone but Martha had gone.

"It does seem queer, never a line from friends, or folks, even when she's getting married. And the tags cut off her coat and things. It beats me—but nobody can tell me there's anything wrong about her, anyway. I've lived with her."

Barry was pacing slowly up and down the long veranda; Anne was dressing for their first dinner at home.

Her one evening dress was there, a supple, shimmering thing in pale gold.

Voices drifted up to her from below.

"You'd better go in to Marston tomorrow morning and see if there's any mail, Petry. I'm expecting a letter."

"Sure will, I was going to slip off anyway, first thing." Petry's voice sounded apologetic. "Got to own up to somethin', I guess. You gave me a letter to mail pret' near a week ago, and it must've slipped down behind that old rug on the back seat and I never missed it when I picked up the others."

"Oh! I see." There was a perceptible pause. "Well, it can't be helped. You'd better put an air mail stamp on it, and I'll have another note ready to explain the delay."

Anne adjusted a shoulder strap, patted her hair and surveyed the result in the mirror.

Fingers beat a light tattoo on the door. Barry came in. He said "Whew!" softly.

"Is this what you dazzle me with, Nancy, before I've been married three hours?"

"Nancy!" She looked startled.

"You never called me that before."

"I don't know any better time to begin. It suits you better than Anne. You're sweet, Nancy."

The soft notes of the going were sounding through the house. Barry tucked her arm in his. "Come on, Mrs. Duane, and sit at the head of your table."

Petry did not start for Marston until late afternoon. It seemed to be one of those days when one thing after another goes wrong, and he insisted on attending to them himself.

The evening meal was over before Petry came tramping up the veranda steps.

"Tire blew out on the way back," he explained. "Here's a telegram for you, Barry. It come in just before I left town."

Barry opened the telegram, and his face clouded with sudden anxiety.

"I'm sorry." He looked apologetically at Anne. "I'm afraid we shall have to shorten the honeymoon a little. My mother wires me that she hasn't been well. I'm afraid we'll have to start for home in a day or so."

"Home!" Her heart was ice. But Barry, I thought this was home!"

"It is, for half of every year, and I've lived here so much that this seems more like my home than the real one. That is back East, about an hour out of New York. Perhaps I ought to have told you before, but I was keeping it for a little surprise. Why Nancy, you lovely little thing! Do you think I married you to let you be buried here in a lonely mountain valley from one year's end to the other?"

"But I love it here!" Her voice was edged with a sharp fear. "I thought we were going to stay here and work out your plans for the Junipero! Aren't you going on with that, Barry?"

"Of course, darling." He looked surprised at her vehemence. "But going back East is really a part of it. It's the biggest part, for that is where I'm trying to raise the money. Why Nancy—aren't you glad?"

"Why—of course I'm glad. But you did surprise me. And I thought you were letting all your plans go."

"Isn't it silly that I never thought of you as having a family somewhere? I mean a near-relations family, beside the uncle who died. Suppose they don't like me?"

"What a funny baby you are! Suppose the sun rises in the west? The immediate family isn't very big, just my mother and me."

The palms of her hands were wet. Barry was an only son, she had taken him away from his mother.

"I am sorry your mother isn't well," she said slowly. "Of course we'll go. Does she know that we are married?"

She saw a dark flush come under the tan. "Why no, I wrote as soon as it was settled, but my letter got mislaid. But of course I'd written to her about you before."

So that was it! Barry had written home about her, and his mother was trying to get him away from here before he became involved with some strange girl who ran a grubby little poverty-stricken ranch.

"It's too bad," she said quickly. "I mean about the letter. You must tell me about her. Be a lamb and get my coat, and we'll sit out here for a while and talk."

Barry would hate scandal, or any kind of notoriety for his wife. She knew that. So, no doubt, would this mother who was urging him to come home. But perhaps nobody would know her. Only an hour from New York!

A night letter lay on the neatly arranged tray which held Mrs. Schuyler Duane's morning mail. The tray was of silver and old, and a collector would have sighed with delight over it.

She opened the night letter deliberately, with no doubt that it would contain, however reluctantly exactly what she wished. There were two air mail letters on the tray, but she merely gave these a glance.

The night letter was curiously worded. "Well!" Mrs. Duane stiffened.

She read it a second time, with thin, set lips. Then she reached slowly and stiffly for the air mail letters.

Barry was married! Without even telling her. Outraged dignity and thwarted hopes brushed aside the explanation in the second note. And his wife—his wife—was some appalling creature from a poverty-stricken ranch!

She went back to the first letter with a scornful impatience which was slowly congealing to a chill dislike.

"When you meet her, you will be proud of your daughter-in-law."

"Proud of her!" The hand on the letter shook. "He is infatuated and this woman has hurried him into a marriage before he could come to his senses. Barry Duane, who might have had his choice of a dozen, and retrieved everything that we have lost!"

An elderly man servant appeared at the door.

"Miss Pendleton, M'am."

"Show Miss Pendleton in, Matthews."

"It is very pleasant to see you again Cleo. You are always thoughtful, my dear. When did you return?"

"Last night. Everybody got bored to death with everybody else. How have you been, and how is Barry?"

Cleo was the only child of an enormously rich father, but even outside of this useful consideration she liked Cleo. She was herself a woman of ability and strong will, and she respected the determina-

tion and cleverness under that soft exterior.

"I have a letter from Barry this morning." Mrs. Duane answered the last question.

"Is he still playing cowboy? Can't we do anything to cure him? Mrs. Duane smiled faintly.

"I am afraid he is past curing. Barry was married last Monday."

After all, the Duanes were the Duanes. Barry's mother made the announcement smoothly.

"Married! Barry married!" It was not often that Cleo Pendleton could be startled from her confident poise. "And we've all been saying for years that he was girl-proof. Who is she? Do I know her?"

"No. She is a stranger to—all of us. Someone he met out there. It was very sudden."

Perhaps Mrs. Duane felt that this much was due to Cleo, but she made her explanation with dignity.

"Dear Mrs. Duane, how hard for you!" Cleo's voice was sweetly impulsive. She laid her cool young fingers over the older woman's hand, and for an instant Mrs. Duane returned the pressure.

"My dear, I do not question my son's choice. But I must admit that I had other hopes for him."

"I'm sure it will be all right. Are they coming back here?"

"Next week."

"Oh, how nice! But it's a pity we couldn't have had a chance to get acquainted before, isn't it?"

Cleo's hard little smile came back. "Oh well, we can have some dinners and dances and things, in honor of the bride. Call on me if I can help, won't you? I must run along. Goodbye."

Mrs. Duane rang for Matthews. "Matthews, Mr. Barry was married a few days ago and will be home next Wednesday. Please see that the west wing is made ready for me."

"The—the west wing, Ma'am?"

"Certainly, Matthews." In five minutes the news was buzzing in the rear of the old house.

In the seclusion of her own quite luxurious suite the sole heir of the Pendletons was behaving badly.

From her petted babyhood, Cleo had her own way. And now—Barry Duane was married. Barry Duane was the only man she had ever really wanted.

"I hate her!" she thought furiously. "I'll make him ashamed of his ranch girl. Sweet simplicity, what'll she look like in Granleigh? I'll make him wish he'd never seen her. I'll give Barry Duane six months or less, to be sick of his bargain."

Every day of their homeward journey had been reminding Anne that instead of a struggling young ranch owner she had married a man of assured social position.

"Almost home, Nancy."

That was from Barry. Except for the deep tan he was scarcely recognizable as the same Barry Duane she had first seen, coatless, dusty and cheerfully informal.

The train was slowing down.

"There's John on the platform. He doubles as gardener and chauffeur, but I do my own driving."

Barry nodded at one man, moved his hand in careless salute to another, raised his hat to a woman. Anne knew that several heads had turned. Evidently everybody who counted knew everybody else in this pleasant old town.

The car swept away from the station and down a wide, well-kept road. They were passing a high stone wall, about midway of which a wide gateway indicated a drive. As they came abreast a car shot out of the opened gates, a swift roadster, and cut in ahead of them. There was a girl at the wheel. She half turned her head as she shot across their path, with

an impudent little grin and a swift wave of one hand.

"Reckless little devil!" Barry half frowned, and then laughed.

"That's Cleo Pendleton. She's an imp. Does pretty much as she pleases—her dad's the richest man around here, except one, and she's the only child. You'll like her."

"She's pretty." Anne reserved comment about liking Cleo Pendleton. It had seemed to Anne that wide baby eyes had swept her with a stare as cool and efficient as blue steel.

The car was turning into a shaded drive which curved toward a wide, old house. It was not as pretentious as most but it was older and mellower.

A tall, spare woman with beautiful hands and an emotional face was waiting to greet them.

Barry said "Here we are, Mother!" with just a touch of nervousness. He bent and kissed her, and drew Anne forward with one arm.

"I don't need to tell you who this is, Mother, except that she is just as lovely as she looks, and I am a proud husband. Nancy darling, this is my mother, and yours."

Whatever surprise Mrs. Duane may have felt as she looked at the "ranch girl" she was far too well trained to show it. What had such a girl been doing in a desolate place like this Marston—unless perhaps she had deliberately followed Barry there?

She had not intended to kiss her daughter-in-law, but she did. It was a chill salute, but it answered.

Continued Next Week

VISIT THE REUNION

And Our Lumber Yard

Lumber, wire nails, glass, paint, cement, wall paper, builders' hardware--these are only a few of the items you'll find in our stock.

Every building need is anticipated in our purchases.

Feel free to inspect our offerings and prepare to buy at low prices.

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & CO.
M. E. Bell, Local Manager

THE TRUCK THAT COSTS SO little to run

now costs as much as **\$50 less to buy**

New Chevrolet Valve-in-Head Six, Largest Selling Truck in the World

Now offered at Greatly Reduced Prices

TO the savings effected by Chevrolet's great economy, rugged construction and outstanding dependability has recently been added a saving of as much as \$50 in the purchase price. You can now obtain a big, fast Chevrolet truck for every purpose at prices among the lowest for which Chevrolet trucks have ever been sold. And these low prices bring you the same features that have made Chevrolet trucks so popular in every hauling field—the valve-in-head, six-cylinder engine—the sturdy bodies—the exceptionally heavy frame, axle, and transmission. Your Chevrolet dealer will gladly show you how Chevrolet trucks can help to reduce your hauling costs, and how easy they are to buy at these new low prices combined with convenient G.M.A.C. terms.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms with a General Motors Value

MODEL	NEW REDUCED PRICES	AMOUNT OF REDUCTION
Utility Long Chassis . . .	\$515	\$50
Dual Long Chassis . . .	535	50
Utility Chassis and Cab . .	575	50
Dual Chassis and Cab . . .	595	50
Utility Long Chassis and Cab	605	50
Dual Long Chassis and Cab .	625	50
Utility Panel	750	50
Dual Cab and Stake Body . .	680	50
Dual Long Cab and Stake Body	740	50

These are list prices of commercial cars f.o.b. at Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

DEALER ADVERTISEMENT

Welcome

TO HICO'S 52ND ANNUAL REUNION

August 9th, 10th & 11th

Again it is our pleasure and privilege to add our individual invitation to the others extended by Hico institutions to the people of this territory to attend Hico's Annual Reunion.

While here, make yourselves at home at our office . . . Come in and cool off . . . And command us when we can make your visit more pleasant in any way.

COME TO HICO FOR ALL THREE BIG DAYS

ANSWERING THE CALL FOR SERVICE **TEXAS LOUISIANA POWER COMPANY** **ELECTRICITY GAS-WATER TRANSPORTATION**

CHEVROLET

6 CYLINDER VALVE-IN-HEAD TRUCKS

Blair's Chevrolet Sales & Service

HICO, TEXAS

Local Happenings

Mrs. W. A. Cox of Seminole is here visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Audine McLarty of Fort Worth is here, guest of her cousin, Miss Lois Boone.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Blair and Mrs. C. L. Lynch spent last Thursday in Waco.

George Dudley has returned home from Tulsa where he visited his son, Claude and wife.

Max Gandy of Coleman is here visiting his grandfather, Mack Phillips, and other relatives.

Mark Workman of Fort Worth was in Hico Tuesday, guest of Miss Mary Ellen Adams.

C. G. Masterson, H. E. McCullough and H. N. Wolfe were business visitors in Dallas Tuesday.

The many friends of J. H. Good are glad to see him in town again after an illness of several weeks. He is improving nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pientge of Oatesville were in Hico Tuesday in the interest of the candidacy of Mr. Pientge for District Attorney.

John M. Aiton will preach at the Church of Christ in Hico Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The public is invited.

Joe Harrison of Osceola was through here Saturday for a short visit with his brother, Earl Harrison.

Mrs. J. Frank Hobbs of Abilene is spending a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McCarty.

Rev. L. J. Vann, daughter, Mrs. Ralph W. Hall, and grandson, Joe Ivy, of Mullin, came over Monday and spent the day with another daughter, Mrs. Forgy. Mrs. Hall and Joe Ivy remained for the week, and Rex Ivy who spent the past few days here, accompanied his grandfather back to Mullin that afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Duncan and daughter of Dallas were weekend guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Guyton.

Luther Bell spent the past several days in Temple doing special work for the Bell Ice & Dairy Products Co. He is manager of the cheese department of the local plant.

LET'S SWAP
I will take in exchange for first class Dental work, any kind of livestock, feed stuff or anything of value. What have you?—DR. V. HAWES, the home dentist, Hico.

Murray Cole of Dallas spent a part of the week here visiting his uncle, M. A. Cole and wife, and also friends here.

Mrs. George Martin and Mrs. R. M. Everett of Waco spent Saturday and Sunday here with Mrs. W. G. Smith and family.

Miss Jewel Smith returned home Saturday from Fort Worth where she had another examination on her eye. An operation will be performed a little later. He is improving rapidly.

Miss Saralee Hudson has returned home from Houston where she visited relatives. She also visited Dr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Bauknight at Ganado, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Pirtle and daughter, Peggy, were in Fort Worth last Thursday, guests of Miss Marie Pirtle, who is in training at Harris Hospital.

Miss Juanita Jones of Lampasas is here spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Hurshel Williamson, and uncle, Johnnie Farmer and wife.

Sanger A. Clark of Clifton, division merchandising manager of Texas-Louisiana Power Company, was in Hico Tuesday on business. Mr. Clark has many friends in Hico, having acquired them when he was manager of that company in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McCullough and daughters, Mary Ella and Norma Frances, spent the week end with their parents in Goldthwaite.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Leeth and son Thomas Dale of Hamilton were here Sunday, guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Leeth and other relatives.

Mrs. C. D. Richbourg, Mrs. F. M. Richbourg, Mrs. Charles Shelton and Misses Quata and Hanel Lee Richbourg were visitors in Glen Rose Saturday afternoon.

R. J. Driskell returned home Saturday from Fort Worth where he had another examination on his eye. An operation will be performed a little later. He is improving rapidly.

Mrs. W. T. Benton and children of Fort Worth came over Wednesday after her mother-in-law, Mrs. J. E. Benton, who has been here for the past two weeks visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. G. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fairley, son, Curtis, and daughter, Miss Marguerite, returned home last Friday night from Houston where they spent the past three weeks with Mrs. Fairley's parents and other relatives.

S. E. Blair, Jr., is spending two weeks at Palacios, Texas, at the National Guard encampment. He was sent as corporal. S. E. is one of Hico's young men who will make good at whatever he attempts. He received several promotions while attending John Tarleton College at Stephenville the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alexander of Wichita Falls are here spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Aycock.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Stewart and son, Howard, of Waco, are here visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Russell. Mr. Stewart is recovering from a major operation performed in a Waco Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Coleman and Mrs. F. E. Ragsdale accompanied members of the B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist Church to Alexander Tuesday night to attend the encampment of that organization.

Mrs. Harry Roddy and children of Yorktown are spending a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Alford, and sister, Mrs. Benn Gleason and family in the Fair community.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Farris of Waco were here Sunday visiting her sister, Mrs. Hurshel Williamson and family, and brother, Johnnie Farmer and wife. They left the first of the week for Junction to spend a few days. Mr. Farris is on his vacation.

J. P. RODGERS, SR., ILL
Having missed the presence of J. P. Rodgers, Sr., on the streets and about town for the past few days, friends of his have been most solicitous as to that young man's health and well-being. Reports from his home the middle of the week are to the effect that he is confined to his bed by a slight indisposition. While his vitality was low at that time, old-timers around Hico know that in his eighty-odd plus years Mr. Rodgers has learned how to overcome such a condition, and hope to see him back on his regular schedule again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver Rosamond and daughter, Pat, of Dallas came in for the past week end to visit her mother, Mrs. Anna Driskell. Mrs. Rosamond and Pat remained for the week.

Mrs. Annie Canutson of Clifton is here spending the week with her sister, Mrs. C. P. Coston and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Oliver Rosamond and daughter Pat, of Dallas, are here spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Anna Driskell.

PHARIS COMPANY OFFERS NEW FIRST LINE ROADGRIPPER TIRE

Among the leaders to offer the public a tire designed specifically for speedy modern driving with its fast starting and quick stopping is the Pharis Tire & Rubber Company, Newark, Ohio, with its new First Line Roadgripper.

This tire combines the new-style broader, deeper, flatter non-skid tread with well known Roadgripper safety features, such as the cushion capped carcass and antimony shock-cushion. These special features retained from previous design have proved their worth on the Indianapolis speedway where they have enabled the Pharis first-line Roadgripper to establish world records for stock-tire speed with safety under A. A. A. Contest Board supervision at speeds of more than 100 miles an hour.

Now, the new Pharis first-line

Roadgripper adds the additional advantage of a tread that means additional safety and longer wear under the added stresses and strains that the newer faster cars put upon tires.

The Pharis company is so confident that their new tire represents the best in modern tire manufacture that they offer a challenge that NO existing tire at any price, at any place, at any time, under any conditions, on the same car, front tire for front tire, or rear tire for rear tire, can outwear the new Pharis First-Line Roadgripper.

Along with their first-line tire Pharis offers the dealer the Pharis Roadgripper (Comrade Type) and the Pharis Longdrive in the lower price brackets.

Pharis dealers are proudly displaying the new modern Pharis Tires in all grades.

WHITE SERVICE STATION
J. A. Hughes, Prop. Hico, Texas

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Having purchased the Langston Tin Shop and completed the details necessary to the change, I have engaged the services of an experienced plumber and tinner and have reopened the shop.

MR. VERNON HILL

—is in active charge of the business, and can take care of your needs in this line.

We want to figure with you on any job—large or small—and guarantee service and satisfaction.

Shelton's Tin & Plumbing Shop

Charles Shelton, Proprietor

Watch For Your Coupons

THEY WILL BE REDEEMED BY

RANDALS BROTHERS

LEVER BROTHERS, MAKERS OF LIFEBOUY SOAP—LUX SOAP—RINSO—AND LUX FLAKES—WILL MAIL YOU A COUPON ENTITLING YOU TO ONE BAR LIFEBOUY SOAP—ONE BAR LUX SOAP—ONE BAR RINSO—AND ONE BOX LUX FLAKES.

You do not have to buy anything, but will receive these four packages without ANY COST to you.

Randals Brothers



MELLOWED 80 MILLION YEARS

While brutes were hatched from eggs in OKLAHOMA

THEY were born, they lived and they died—these strange brutes. And yet the span of time from the first to the last of them covers only a small part of the history of the Cambro-Ordovician oil pool in Oklahoma—a history which includes millions of years of mellowing and filtering.

Cambro-Ordovician crude, piped from the oil fields to the great Sinclair refineries, and carefully blended after the refining process, becomes the Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil of today—a product averaging 80 million years of filtering and mellowing.

An important part of this refining process includes de-waxing (carried on by most refiners) and removing the petroleum jelly (carried on by few except

Sinclair). To eliminate non-lubricating petroleum jelly, Sinclair chills the oil down to as low as 60° F. below zero. At this low point the petroleum jelly congeals and is removed by separating machinery. Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Opaline according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication Index. Notice how quietly your engine runs. Then, at the next draining period examine the used Opaline. Observe how it still holds its rich lubricating body—how little oil has been used up!

REMEMBER: Sinclair offers you your choice—Sinclair Opaline, made from the oldest Mid-continent crudes, or Sinclair Pennsylvania, made from the costliest Pennsylvania grade crude.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

Agent Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)
F. M. Richbourg
Hico, Texas

See the Big Dinosaur At the Reunion

See the Big Dinosaur At the Reunion

HANG OUT THE . . . "WELCOME" SIGN



. . . and
Strike Up
the
Band!

WHEN flags flutter to the breeze; when lively band music quickens the pulse; when a great city is in holiday attire; when streets are filled with a merry throng, . . . it is then that the pride of citizenship in that particular town or community swells within the heart and one feels, . . . "it's great to belong." But

THIS SPACE

Which is part of our stock in trade, is donated to the business and professional men of Hico, who have been so loyal to the home paper in the past.

It is dedicated to their best interests in the hope that they may receive some benefit from same, directly or indirectly, and with the knowledge that in the same degree they prosper, just so will the home paper in for its share of patronage when there are advertising dollars to be spent.

In these days of reduced budgets, think carefully before spending money for advertising, and in line with the message on this page, give your home paper first consideration.

how many who have been a part of or witnessed such city, town or community activities have ever stopped to consider the source of that commonwealth's ability to put across progressive programs which make for the popularity and growth of the town?

The source, the origin . . . the very beginning of that town's ability to do things and grow was in the spirit of cooperation of its citizens . . . its business men, its civic leaders. They stuck together—and they did things. They helped each other to help themselves. They saw to it that when one of their citizens invested his money, his time and his ability in honest home effort that he was supported that he received in return for all that he was giving,—to make a better town in which to live.

A town is no bigger than its citizens make it. Likewise, a town is just as big as its citizens make it. All of which brings us down to the question, "how big do we want Hico to be?" Are we satisfied with our town? Are there improvements we should like to have and enjoy . . . in civic life . . . in church life . . . in the schools . . . in our homes . . . in our business? Neither town nor individual can stand still . . . They must either go forward or slip back. Citizens of Hico with investments in homes and property most surely do not want the town to slip back—to see their earnings and savings fritter away . . . and be lost.

Then support the home merchant; support home industry in every manner; keep jobs open and citizens employed; help yourself by helping your town, its business men, its civic leaders. Every dollar taken out of Hico, to be spent in the shops of city stores . . . or with mail-order houses, is a dollar gone forever so far as the development and growth of Hico is concerned. Trade at home . . . Boost Hico,—hang out the welcome sign and, strike up the band.

Help Yourself by Helping Hico . . . Trade at Home!

