





Lawrence Daniell, wife and the two boys visited in the home of the Herald family Sunday afternoon. Mr. Daniell is the Chevrolet dealer in the city of Amhurst, but states he is having a hard time getting cars.

G. G. Gore was in the city the last of the week on business.

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**RED GOOSE—THE OJIBWA INDIAN BOY**

An Indian Story for Boys and Girls  
By Carlyle Emery

A white trader, with a party of six, came into the Ojibwa Village to trade guns, bullets, iron, and knives for furs, ponies, and buffalo hides. The Ojibwa Chief had nothing to trade with and asked the trader to trade him, whereupon the trader said: "I take pay, not palaver. Get outa my way, Indian." Now go on with the story.

When the trader told Red Eagle to get out of his way, Red Goose was so angry, he shouted:

"You touch my father, you never move again, Trader!"

The trader, who was a coward at heart, called out: Hey, men! Come here quick! These Indians are going to kill me!"

The rest of his party, as rough and tough a group of men as you ever saw, came in a hurry and with a grin of satisfaction, the trader jeered:

"Now, you dogs! One move out of either one of you and my men will shoot!"

"Father, this man puts shame on us," sobbed Red Goose.

"Never mind, my son," answered the Chief quietly, "our time will come you see." Then addressing the trader again, he asked, "You will not take Ojibwa promise, Trader?"

"I take promise from no one," was the scornful reply. "C'mon, men! Lets go! We gotta make the Fort by night. And as the trader gave these instructions, the party strated on the move again and left the Ojibwa Village.

"They go laughing at us," said the Ojibwa boy bitterly, "and our people will slave through long winter with out guns and bullets to kill meat. Sioux come, too, and we will be helpless."

"Come, my son, we go catch fish in great river. Get Little Beaver to come, too. We eat and sleep. Then make plans." There was wisdom in the words of the courageous Chief. He wanted to forget his great humiliation, so he could think clearly, and a little fishing expedition would help Red Goose forget his angry, too.

So, a few hours later, the little party of three came to a good fishing place near the falls.

"We camp here tonight, my son. You catch fish in great river now. Little Beaver will stay here with me and get to cook fish dinner." As Red Eagle spoke, he pointed to a likely looking fishing place, and without a word Red Goose turned and started away to do his father's bidding.

Little Beaver busied herself with preparations for dinner, but when over an hour went by without Red Goose coming back, she looked anxiously at Red Eagle and said:

"Red Goose gone long time!"

"Yes," agreed the Chief, "Too long. Come, we go look for him."

"Red Goose swims like a muskrat, he couldn't drown," said Red Eagle, as he and Little Beaver approached the river bank. He had to speak pretty loud because they had made camp close to the falls that tumbled down over many rocks into the great river.

"Look Red Eagle!", exclaimed Little Beaver. "See! There is blanket left by Red Goose, and his eagle feather, too!"

"Wait, I call," suggested the Chief and in another moment the long drawn, wavering cry of a wolf echoed through the valley. It was the special call always used by Red Goose and his father when they wanted each other.

But the only answer was the roar of the falls and the thunder of the great river jumping over the rocks.

Then suddenly they both saw something that looked wild and live in the river.

"What is it?" asked Little Beaver excitedly.

"It is my son, Red Goose. He is swimming to land," was the answer.

And Red Eagle was right. Red Goose was in the middle of the river, close to the falls, using every bit of his energy to swim back to shore.

Now his feet were on bottom and as he started to wade ashore, there was a light of great happiness and excitement in his eyes.

"I bring news, Father!" he shouted jubilantly, "much news!" And as he threw his warm Indian blanket over his shoulders, he continued:

"Red Eagle, Little Beaver, I have big fish on line and fall in river over there where water is deep. I hit head on rock and bad spirits hold me, but I fight bad spirits and swim. I swim under big falls, and back of falls I find great cave. I find treasure in cave, Red Eagle, much treasure!"

"You speak wild words, my son," said Red Eagle gravely, "maybe bad spirit still holds you."

"No! I speak true words, Father. Come, follow me. It very easy to swim under falls Dive deep in water over there and swim."

As Red Goose spoke, he threw off his blanket and started toward the spot where he had fallen into the river.

"Look out for rock. Dive here," he said, and if you had happened to pass the spot a minute later, you would have seen nothing but a beautiful waterfall spilling noisily over many rocks into the river below.

When Red Eagle and Little Beaver dove into the river following Red Goose, they swam directly under the falls and almost immediately found themselves in a great cave. Red Goose was waiting and greeted him eagerly.

"See, Red Eagle! See, Little Beaver!" he said. "Did not Red Goose speak true words? Is this not big cave. Look at treasure! Many guns and powder in kegs!"

Red Eagle could hardly believe his eyes, for not twenty feet from the spot where he stood, was indeed the treasure of which his son had spoken.

"Red Goose spoke true!" he exclaimed. "And see, Great White Father's flag," he added, as he noticed a large American flag draped over a packing case.

"Let's see what is inside," suggested Little Beaver, and soon the Ojibwa Chief and his son were prying the case open.

"Ahhhh, Blue coats for soldiers!" As Red Goose spoke, he lifted out several heavy winter army coats.

Red Eagle said nothing, but seemed to be thinking very deeply.

"Guns, powder, coats, all belong to great White Father." It was Little Beaver who made this remark, and perhaps you should know that the Indians in those days called Uncle Sam the Great White Father.

"They have been stolen from Fort. Thieves bring them here where nobody comes." Red Eagle was about to continue speaking when he noticed a tiny shaft of light in a far corner of the cave. Red Goose saw the light at the same moment.

"Light comes into cave from hole in ground," he volunteered. "Thieves come into cave through hole and hide treasure here."

"Shhh, Be quite, my son," Red Eagle warned. "Men come! Many men!"

At the same moment they could hear quite a commotion evidently going on near the hole in the ground. Wagon wheels creaked and jingling bells mixed with voices of many men.

"The white trader!" gasped Red Goose. "I know voice! He is thief!"

"Yes," answered Red Eagle softly. "White trader and his men are coming here to get guns and powder."

"What shall we do?" whispered Little Beaver, as the noise grew louder, and it was evident the white men would soon enter the cave.

(To be continued)

**REV. J. B. (BART) VINSON IS GONE**

It seems so strange that our dear brother Vinson is to be with us on earth no more; His days work is done and he has gone home.

Rev. J. B. (Bart) Vinson was born in Calhoun county Ala., March 11th, 1862. He was converted in young manhood and joined the Baptist Church. A few years later he surrendered to preach and for more than forty years he was a preacher he was a faithful preacher of Our Dear Lords glorious gospel. Brother Vinson was a preacher of the old school, he belived the Bible doctrine of sin and salvation, of heaven and hell, of grace and glory and preached Christ as the only hope for a lost world.

Brother Vinsons cheerful sunny disposition won him friends by the hundreds in all walks of life, and he held them as with hooks and steel He loved all men but he especially loved his preacher brethren. Jealousy found no place in his big warm heart. He was one of the hardest workers as a pastor that this writer ever knew he literally wore himself out in the service of humanity. If he had a fault at all, it was his generosity, time and again he has given his last dime he had on earth to those who were in need. He was the most loyal supporter that any preacher ever had. I have said again and again that I wish I had fifty old preachers in my church like Bro. Vinson.

Although Bro. Vinson was nearly seventy-three years old at the time of his death, he was one of the most active pastors in our association, until his noble heart stopped to rest Dec. 21st last. He sleeps today in God's acre the city of the silent but his loving memory will be cherished forever in the hearts of those of us who knew him best. Oh to be more like him!

His Pastor, J. Matt Hale

**HUDGENS GROCERY COMPANY**  
**FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS**

- Meal 20 lb. Bag 68c**
- Syrup, Sugar Cane & Corn, 1/2 gal. 30c
- KRAUT, 2 1/2 lb. can 12c**
- PICKLES, 26 oz. sour 15c**
- Soap P & G 4 Bars 17c**
- CRACKERS, 2 lb. Saxets 18c**
- Tomato Juice, Campbells, 50 oz. can 26c**
- PRUNES, 25c pkg. 21c**
- K C Baking Powder 25 Oz. 18c**
- 2 bars Lana Oil Toilet Soap with cup and saucer 17c**
- PEAS, Mission Brand, No. 2 can 14c**
- PEACHES, Heavy Syrup, 2 1/2 lb. can 18c**
- Oats Crystal Lg. Wedding Pkg 20c**
- HOMINY, 2 1/2 lb. can 10c**
- REX JELLY, 5 lb. pail 35c**
- PRESERVES, Sunkist, 25c size 22c**
- Bananas Doz. 19c**
- APPLES, Winesaps, dozen 21c**
- ORANGES, dozen 21c**
- LETTUCE, fresh and krisp 5c**

- MARKET**
- Bacon, Sugar Cured, We Slice It, lb. 28c**
  - BARBECUE STEW, lb. 12 1/2c**
  - RIB ROAST, lb. 8c**
  - BRICK CHILL, lb. 17c**
  - HENS, full dressed, lb. 20c**
  - OYSTERS, select quality, pint 38c**
  - FRESH WATER CATFISH—DRESSED**

**Forrester Items**

A large crowd was present at Sunday School Sunday. All the people that have moved in are invited to our Sunday School.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Washmon and family (old time settlers of this community) have moved to Gomez we sure hate to see them leave.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Chambers and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Grover Zachery Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Thompson and Mr. Thurman Ragsdill made a business trip to Quemado, Friday returning Tuesday.

Mr. Curtis Hulise visited Mr. Cleve Chambers.

Sunday night is our regular singing night, we invite all singers and lovers of singing to come.

Mrs. Wells of the Wellman community died of double pneumonia Sunday night, and was buried in the Forrester cemetery Monday afternoon. The bereaved family have our sympathy.

Messers and Mesdams C. C. Warren, H. D. Miller and C. D. Hester of Wellman, Miss Prebbie Thomason of Brownfield and Gladys Webb of Lohay, visited Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Thomason and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Carson are moving to Willow Wells. We regret very much to see them move away. Little Tommie Hollifield is very sick with pneumonia.

Mr. Lee Hulise had the misfortune of injuring one of his ankles Sat. Mr. Elma Mathis is on the sick list.

A large crowd of people from this community went to Gomez to sing Sunday afternoon.

Rev. A. D. Moore filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

A large crowd gathered in the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Chambers Saturday night and Sunday. Visitors were there from Brownfield, Hunter, Willow Wells and Wellman.

Several hundred readers have renewed for the Herald during and since the holiday, but there is still need of many renewals. Some of our readers are getting badly behind, and we'll be forced to cut them off. We have been very patient with you. Won't you now reward our patience?

No hope no effort.

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WFAA—WOAI—KPRC—TUES., 6:15-6:45 P. M.

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**New Beauty and Comfort Zone Riding**

**THE new Ford V-8 for 1935 is here!** It is not only new in appearance—with new streamlined body and luxury fitted interior. It introduces a new motor-ing experience—*Comfort Zone Riding*.

The body of this new car is mounted on a new Full-floating Springbase. All passengers are cradled in the *Comfort Zone* between the springs. As a result even back seat passengers now enjoy "front seat riding comfort!"

Notice the many other new features of this Ford V-8 for 1935. More body room, with seats up to 5 1/4 inches wider. Safety glass all around at no extra cost. A luggage compartment in back of the rear seat. Bigger tires. New easy-acting brakes, and a clutch that will delight every woman who drives.

Remember—when you buy a Ford you get the basic advantages of a powerful V-8 engine, an all-steel safety body and the most economical car to operate Ford has ever built.

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**AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS OF THE SOUTHWEST**

ON THE AIR—FORD SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Sunday Evenings—FRED WAREING, Thursday Evenings—COLUMBIA NETWORK

**STRINGENT LAWS, NOT DESTRUCTION IS NEED**

If race opponents would concentrate upon the passing of drastic laws to eliminate the evils of gambling in Texas, rather than concentrate upon the destruction of a legitimate industry, their program would be something of a constructive nature.

What will it profit Texas to stop in its infancy the comeback of the feeding and breeding industry by repealing legislation making this possible?

It will profit Texas nothing. The bookie still will be with us. Sixteen other American States already have pari-mutuel races. The bookie will continue to prosper by booking races at the various meets in those States.

The only result will be that Texas will have gravely retarded a needed industry will have lost practically a million dollars a year in revenue, and will have assisted nobody except the lawless bookmaker, from whom it never has and never will receive a dime in taxation. —Thorobreding.

Henry Chisholm was in one day last week lamenting the trails and tribulations of the poor farmer. We finally convinced him that the "poor" farmer was getting his full share of help from our good uncle up at Washington, while the poor but honest home owner in town did the best he could.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**

The services next Sunday should be of special interest to every member. 9:45 A. M. The teaching service of the church. We urge you to be on hand. 11:00 to 11:20 A. M. Song service, please co-operate with your brethren in making this a great service.

11:30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, the subject will be: "The likeness of our relationship to Christ, to that of a Wife to the Husband." You will not soon forget this message. Be with us.

6:30 P. M. All B. T. Us. will meet Let us have 150 present, remember there is a place for every member.

7:30 P. M. Ordination service. We are to ordain five new deacons. We should have every member of our church at this service. COME!

Our church will be assisted in this ordination service by several visiting preachers and deacons.

J. M. Hale, Pastor

**CHALLIS CHATS**

The boys basketball team went to Lahey last Friday and defeated that team 13 to 5

Mr. Quillard Hall who has been working at Big Springs the past year, surprised his folks by coming home, and bring with him a bride one day last week.

Mrs. Ada Howze visited with Mrs. J. H. Howell Monday.

Mrs. Fred Hinson has the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of her brother, Ernest Mitchell, who died Saturday at Meadow.

Mrs. Dillard Graham and children of Brownfield visited with Mrs. George Henson and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kruger visited with Mr. and Mrs. Money Price Sunday.

Bro. Horn of Meadow will preach at 3 P. M. Sunday everybody invited to come.





