

Cherish the good things of faith,
and share them.
Appreciate human freedom and
defend it.
Look on all men as
brothers.

The Friona Star

Ignorance is the basis of
intolerance.
Knowledge is the Cure.

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY

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FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1941

No. 38

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

I suppose I am a sort of "philosopher" about my home town, but I don't know. I hear something in my mind, and I think it that it is not good. I don't know if it is a little, or if it is a big thing, or if it is "Guts my guts up."

Well, maybe that is all right, but it sometimes gets me to thinking. I don't know if it is just all right, or if it is a little, or if it is a big thing, or if it is "Guts my guts up."

I have often said, and I stick to it, that we have as fine a group of men and ladies in our business establishments here at Friona, as can be found in any town or city in the country; but, of course, they are not all perfect, no matter how hard they try to be and wish to be, especially in the estimation of some of the people, and they may sometimes, accidentally but not intentionally, get the better of a bargain when dealing with their fellowmen. But I have dealt with them now, for a quarter of a century, and if any of them have "licked my skirt a little too clean," I have not known it, and another saying is—"What you don't know won't hurt you." So I have no reason to register a kick.

But every now and then, when one comes along and gets to thinking about how much cheaper one may buy things in our neighboring towns than they can at Friona, and how much more they can get for their money at other towns than they can get here, it just makes me feel a little sore. But since I almost never buy anything away from Friona, and, therefore, do not know what stuff may cost me away from home, I am not in a position to call on other fellow to account for his statements, and just have to "grin and bear it."

But, sometimes, I do get away from home, and, without making any special effort to do so, I have an opportunity to compare prices in other towns with what I have to pay at Friona, and I have just about come to the conclusion that this great variance in prices is mostly imaginary, although it is true that on some articles there may be a variance of a few cents one way or the other.

At one time I bought a pair of trousers here at Friona, and paid \$4.95 for them, the price that was marked on the goods. Within a few days I was in another city and saw some of the same kind of pants, even better to color and stripe, and they were marked \$5.00. On another occasion, near Christmas time, I saw in another city a box of pretty handkerchiefs, which I thought was marked at a very reasonable price, so I bought a box of them to use as a Christmas gift for some relative or friend. The next day, while in a store at Friona, I saw identically the same sort of handkerchiefs in the same kind of box and the same number in the box, only they were marked 19 cents cheaper than I had paid for them in the other city.

Not so long ago I had the pleasure of being in a distant city and went into one of the meat food stores and found in this part of the country, and I learned that the management was paying 18 cents per dozen for which I was living around actually average, while I had received 19 cents per dozen that same day at Friona. I remember hearing, at one time, a Friona citizen talking to one of our local merchants about a certain article of merchandise in the war.

He said it was exactly like the one he had bought at a neighboring city. He said it was so cheap—the dealer there had knocked off a couple of dollars from the regular price the state are volunteering to take—and he just bought it for \$15.00. He had in organizing the commissions was not much, so he just bought it. "My dear friend," said the local dealer, "I have never asked but \$10.00 for that article, and I would have delivered it right to your home." The Friona citizen was deeply chagrined at employees of the street, fire, or police that statement, for he thought he was getting a bargain and had, in fact, paid five dollars more for the article than he had cost him here at home, and he had paid the freight in the bargain. The local dealer had his price marked on the article, so there was no chance of his having used any subterfuge in the matter.

The fact of the matter is a whole lot of us do not really know the prices of many of the articles that we buy. I don't know what a...

CONNALLY SEEKS ACTION TO HALT LABOR STRIKES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Rising to the floor of the Senate last week, Senator Tom Connally urged his colleagues to give heed toward halting labor shut-downs in national defense plants. Connally emphasized his interest in getting immediate legislation passed on the problem.

"It seems to me," said the Texas Senator, "that fundamentally there is a difference between the employees going on and producing and the employees refusing to produce and actual production. So, if I could say anything about it, I would like to see a provision directing or authorizing the President, through the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy, to take over any plant which has a contract for the production of essential national defense articles, arms or munitions, where there is a dispute between the employer and the employees, or other labor disturbances, are impeding and delaying production."

Law exists now for the government to take over plants when they refuse to cooperate in the production of essential national defense articles, and should be amended to permit the Government to take over in cases where employees refuse to cooperate and tie up the defense production.

"There is a law against striking against the United States," remarked Senator Connally. "If the government should take over a plant as I am talking about, the War or Navy department boards would determine in each particular factory what is a fair wage and what are fair working conditions."

Connally's legislative record has long been considered as friendly to the laborer at the present time he considers "the Union of the United States as Union Number 1 in the country, which is superior and paramount to any other union."

EASTER SUNDAY AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

The Congregational youth people will begin Easter Sunday with a service, held on the knoll southeast of Friona, about five miles from town. After the service they will go to the homes of the shut-ins and sing Easter cards.

Church school will meet at the usual time, ten o'clock, and after the classes have assembled and made out their records, there will be a short program of music and readings on the Easter theme, given by the pupils, under the direction of Mrs. C. C. Maurer. The program will begin about 10:20.

The morning church service of worship will be an Easter service, followed by the baptism of applicants, \$4.95 for them, the price that was marked on the goods. Within a few days I was in another city and saw some of the same kind of pants, even better to color and stripe, and they were marked \$5.00.

"We are looking forward to a great day," says the pastor, the Rev. C. Carl Decker, "and we hope that everyone will attend church services, which I thought was marked at a very reasonable price, so I bought a box of them to use as a Christmas gift for some relative or friend. The next day, while in a store at Friona, I saw identically the same sort of handkerchiefs in the same kind of box and the same number in the box, only they were marked 19 cents cheaper than I had paid for them in the other city."

SCRAP IRON FOR BRITAIN

Back yards and farm lots all over the Texas are to be rummaged for scrap iron of all kinds. An movement started by Fred McDiff of Oklahoma to 19 cents cheaper than I had paid for them in the other city.

"D. G. Soper, of Dallas has been appointed State Chairman for Texas and is seeking to organize the entire state for the systematic collection of scrap iron, abandoned and usable iron articles, while I had received 19 cents per dozen that same day at Friona. I remember hearing, at one time, a Friona citizen talking to one of our local merchants about a certain article of merchandise in the war.

The first carload of scrap iron for the Sherman Iron Club and dealer there had knocked off a couple of dollars from the regular price the state are volunteering to take—and he just bought it for \$15.00. He had in organizing the commissions was not much, so he just bought it. "My dear friend," said the local dealer, "I have never asked but \$10.00 for that article, and I would have delivered it right to your home." The Friona citizen was deeply chagrined at employees of the street, fire, or police that statement, for he thought he was getting a bargain and had, in fact, paid five dollars more for the article than he had cost him here at home, and he had paid the freight in the bargain. The local dealer had his price marked on the article, so there was no chance of his having used any subterfuge in the matter.

do at least something for the vital cause of Britain and to do it with practically no expense," said Mr. Soper. "Nothing is more important to England's defense than iron. No movement yet projected gives every person in the land a mass blowing opportunity to do his bit. Just bear in mind that 110 pounds of scrap iron, which can be picked up in a few minutes' search, can make a...

APPENDECTOMY PATIENTS IMPROVING

Lee Springs, who was reported last week as being in a hospital at Lubbock recovering from an appendectomy, and Ray Landrum, who was in a Friona hospital suffering from the same ailment, are both reported as rapidly improving.

Ray was able to be returned to his home here on Thursday of last week, and is now able to be up a part of the time. Lee is reported as being on near recovery that he was returned home on Wednesday of this week. The acuteness of the stage of Lee's ailment when the operation was performed required that he remain under the physician's care much longer than is ordinarily required.

WENT TO HOSPITAL LAST WEEK

H. C. Wells, of this community, was taken to a hospital at Lubbock on Wednesday of last week, where she underwent a major operation on Tuesday.

Best reports received at the Star office were to the effect that she is making satisfactory improvement.

YOU ARE INVITED TO SUNRISE SERVICES

The Comrades, the young people of the Congregational Church of Friona, will have a sunrise service on Easter morning. They will meet at the church long enough before sunrise to enable them to drive about five miles to a hill top for the sunrise service. The service will be in the form of a vesper. After the service, the group will visit the homes of the older people and shut-ins and sing some Easter songs.

We would be very happy to have other young people share this experience with us," Miss Jacquelyn Wilkinson said when telling us of the service. "The church bell will ring to remind us to gather at the church for sunrise, and we hope many others will join us," she added.

WENT TO SEE THE BALL GAME

Among those from this locality who went to Amarillo, Wednesday to witness the ball game between the Chicago White Sox and the Chicago Cubs, were: F. S. Truitt, Ed White and Elmer Euler.

Each of these gentlemen are enthusiastic baseball fans, and especially is this true of Ed White, who it is reported, cannot be lured away from Friona on any other pretext. Ed has been away from Friona for the last five years, but it is certain that he will be back here in a few days, having accompanied the Cubs to all games as his reporter.

VETERINARY TO BE HERE APRIL 12

We plan on having a veterinarian in this community on Thursday, April 12, 1941, to test cows for Contagious Abortion (Bang's Disease). If you have cows you want tested, please let me know before that time. I will be interested. Prices, forty-five cents per head.

FRIONA GIRL HAS POSITION

Miss Kathlene Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson of Friona, who recently completed a general business course at Drexel's Business College, Lubbock, has accepted a position with McIlhenny Dairy Products, Lubbock, Texas.

AMERICAN LEGION NEWS

8th District Commander:

Canadian, Texas, March 28th, 1941.

To all Post Commanders, Zone Commanders, Adjutants and Buddies, 8th District:
To All Newspapers, 18th District:
Dear Buddies:
By virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution and by-laws of The American Legion, Department of Texas, I, J. M. Johnson, 18th District Commander, hereby call the Spring Convention of the 8th District to be held at Amarillo, Texas, Saturday and Sunday, April 19th and 20th, 1941.

Business of this Convention will consist of the election of a delegate and alternate to the National Convention, reports from all District committees, and any other business that may come before the convention. There are various delegates and alternates to the Department Convention to be held in Fort Worth this summer, would like list of names of those whom are sure they will be going to the Department Convention, so that the District can be sure of being represented on all committees.

Please elect your delegates to this District convention and have their names on form I am enclosing. This form has formula for computing number of delegates your post is entitled to according to your 1941 membership. Each Post please have delegates elected that are going to be present at convention. Would like to have each Post represented at this convention.

Amarillo has arranged program starting with Saturday afternoon, registration at Legion Home and at Amarillo and Herring Hotels. There will be a 40 & 8 luncheon at noon, wreck in the P. M., dance that evening. Sunday morning there will be commanders and Adjutants Breakfast on any buddies who care to attend, at your own expense. Service officers will be provided over by George Betts, state service officer, assisted by Granville Routh and Service Officer Palmer. Son of The Legion meeting presided over by Dave Peters, 18th District S. A. L. chairman, 11 a. m., church of your choice, 12 noon to 1 p. m., lunch served by Amarillo post. Joint meeting with the Auxiliary 1:30 p. m. to 2:00 p. m. 2:00 p. m., business session.

Sam Page, chairman of Convention Committee for Amarillo Post says they are taking registrations now, \$1.00 Legionnaires, 50c ladies. Sam says send in your checks and names, he is waiting on them.

Buddies, this call will reach each of your Posts by the first meeting you have in April, so don't overlook electing your delegates at this meeting and have a large delegation at Amarillo on 19th and 20th of April. Be time there for all. If you miss coming you will have missed out on a good time.

With best personal regards, sincerely yours for the good of the Legion,
J. M. Johnson.

There will be a meeting held here Saturday, in the office of the Rev. C. Carl Decker, for the purpose of instructing the farmers of the locality in the proper filling and executing their Farm Plan sheets. All farmers of the locality are asked to present some time during the day to receive this instruction.

GOT LEG BROKEN

Walter Lovelless, one of Friona's highly esteemed citizens, met with a very serious injury near his home here Monday, which resulted in the fracture of one of his legs, when it was run over by his tractor.

From the best information obtainable, it seems that Mr. Lovelless was doing some repair work or adjusting on his tractor and was sitting or lying on the ground at the rear of the machine, when it became necessary to have the motor started.

He called to his son, who was with him, to crank the motor, which the son did, and the engine being in reverse, started backing and passed over Mr. Lovelless' leg before it could be stopped.

THREATENED WITH APPENDICITIS

According to reports reaching the Star office, C. E. McLean, cashier of the Friona State Bank, was taken to a hospital at Amarillo, Monday, threatened with appendicitis.

REVIVAL IN PROGRESS

The Revival Meeting at the Baptist Church is going good. The Evangelist, Rev. C. C. Griffith, is doing some wonderful preaching. You who are not attending are surely missing something worthwhile and it is for you. We are again urging one and all to attend these services. The Evening Service begins at eight o'clock. The Morning Service at ten. Good crowds are in attendance. Why do YOU not attend? The meeting closes with the Sunday night service. Why not come and SEE? There will not be anything but gospel preaching and surely you need the gospel. Come and be thou with us and we will do thee good. We are hoping to have 225 in Bible School next Sunday morning, April 13. Why not make your plans to be in that service? Not merely for the sake of making the number 225, but because you need to be there. Come over and HELP US.

Yours in His service,
Joe Wilson, Pastor.

PARMER COUNTY DEMOCRATS INSIST AGAINST STRIKES

The following article copied from the Amarillo Daily News, of Tuesday, April 8, shows plainly the attitude of the Parmer County Democratic organization, relative to the strikes now prevailing in places National defense equipment is supposed to be manufactured. The article follows:

"Parmer County Democrats don't like the labor strikes in national defense industries and they are letting their congressmen know about it. The Democrats there, this week sent the following telegram to Rep. Eugene Worley and Senators Tom Connally and Morris Sheppard: 'Public opinion supports hundred per cent strike, definite action against strikes and communism. Do not let us follow footsteps of France. Industry cannot survive and war won't be won on 40-hour labor week. We ask repeal or modification of Wagner labor act and the wage-hours law. The President has asked the country to 'put out for defense.' Now we ask the President to make the same contribution.'"

The above sentiments ring good to the ears of the Friona Star, and our hats are off to those who have had the conviction and the courage to express them.—Ed.

THE SCHOOL ELECTION

The annual school election held here on Saturday last week for the election of three trustees for a period of three years, passed off very quietly with a comparatively light vote, only about 100 votes being cast. There were six candidates for the office with but three to be elected, and the returns showed that the three retiring trustees were reelected by a goodly majority. They were Messrs. J. Crawford, J. D. Buchanan and Lonnie McFarland. The defeated candidates were: Messrs. Elmer Euler, Roy T. Slagel and Giles Cobb.

Mayor F. W. Reeve was unanimously re-elected as a member of the County Board of School Trustees.

ATTENDING LUMBERMAN'S CONVENTION

O. P. Lange, popular manager of the Rockwell Bros. & Co. lumber yard here, departed Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Lange, for Galveston, where they will be in attendance at the State Lumbermen's Convention, which is in session at the city this week.

Mrs. Lange expresses herself as having enjoyed a very heavy load of her city.

RETURNED FROM CHICAGO LAST WEEK

Mrs. O. P. Lange, who has been visiting with her daughters in Chicago for the past several weeks, returned home on Thursday of last week.

THREATENED WITH APPENDICITIS

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Farmer John Sees Things

By F. W. Reeve

How much do we want good government? Do we care what form our government takes? Does our craving for security justify our drift or trend toward socialism? Dr. Paul F. Cadman analyzes the situation thus:

"The socialism of Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini presents a wholesale demonstration of two logical conclusions, which the social theist did not anticipate. First, the arbitrary character of any government which exercises the power of control, and second, the dependence of the people who have learned to look to the State for support. The promise of security has lured men from the initiative, self-reliance and independence, which has given to society its finest qualities. Men have sold their personality or their souls for the illusion that the State is a God who will provide all their needs."

If socialism advocated the abolition of private property, ownership of industry by the State, collectivistic farming, and dependence of the people on the State for leadership, financial assistance and subsistence, then socialism is indeed in operation today in our own country.

Rugged individualism is operating still, it is true, but who can expect the two systems to run side by side for long? One must inevitably give way to the other. The apparent fact is, the country is in the midst of a revolution. The outcome of which can be decided by the business judgment of the people. The national policies, formulated in Washington, cannot be influenced by the home folks. The farmers still have a chance to choose their destiny. They can head their course towards private ownership and control of their property, or they can continue to stampede towards socialism.

The question is, shall they own and operate their own farms, or shall they cry "Calf Rope"? Shall they say, "Mr. Government, manage it, but please let us have the honor of some kind of title." We would appreciate an occasional conservation and patri-

check. We feel that if we organize you should see to it, Mr. Government, that we get as much or more money than does organized labor. We will agree to always "Hurrah," at your rallies and say, "Yes, yes, to your propaganda if you will promise to keep us off WPA and speak of us as the backbone of the nation."

Of course, this vivid irony looks easy to the farmer with eyes only for the AAA checks. But the most ardent supporters of the program must agree that there are many disagreeable and dangerous features to government control of agriculture.

Under the provisions of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, of 1938, the Department is now planning to hold a national referendum among wheat growers on wheat marketing quotas. Farmers will be asked to vote upon themselves and the nation, just one more rule of control. With the keen hush the farmer is reminded that unless he does his best, his great Uncle will make no more wheat loans.

This great, vital citizen is assured that he will be left to the mercies of the heartless, insensate monopolistic speculator if this business of farming is not given to some good political bureaucrat in Washington. It is asserted that without government control, the price of wheat surely must sink to a new low.

But there is no explanation of the historical fact as to why each time the government has attempted to alter the price with either pegged, can, or threat, the price has a habit of slipping. It would seem that the laws of economics simply won't work to suit the socialistic planners.

After the bugs and discrepancies are sifted out of the planners' propaganda, there seems to be just one good reason for voting wheat quotas. It fits in perfectly with planned economy of State socialism. I grant you, that if the farmers and the rest of the nation want to live by and with the AAA, then the marketing quotas must be voted. Otherwise, the farmer should sell his senses to get out of the hood, for his property rights and his very life as a free man.

To a true lover of the soil, to a man nurtured in the spirit of independence and self-reliance, socialism can be but offensive. In the last analysis, socialism in its most drastic form of man's ambitions and selfishness, is the purest form of labor. We can have little hope of socialism terminating life only in America, then it is across the water. To my knowledge it seems time for the farmers and all American business men to elect the CIO of 1941. I am not a fan of the realistic of the truth, stability and safety of the American economy is at stake.

The Strumpet Sea

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER I
-1-

To sign a crew is one thing; to keep all hands aboard till sailing time is another. At dusk, Captain Keen moved the Sunset from the wharf out into the stream to wait for the morning tide. She was a full-rigged ship of three hundred and forty-seven tons burden, bound for the Fiji Islands to load with sandalwood for Chinese and Indian ports; but she was under charter to the Mission Board to carry certain freight and passengers from San Francisco to Honolulu and to the Marquesas, on the way. "I want to give the men overnight to sober off before the missionaries come aboard, Mr. Chase," Captain Keen told the mate as the ship swung to her anchor. "And another thing. As long as they're with us, I'll have no going ashore at Honolulu, or at the Islands, nor any native girls coming on the ship at all."

The Reverend John Gale and Mrs. Gale were returning to their post in Micronesia after a year's leave at home; and the Reverend George McAusland went to serve his apprenticeship with them. McAusland was not a young man as years go, but his training for the ministry was only just concluded. He was rather small, and decidedly thin. He was, actually, thirty-eight years old. John Gale, since they met a day or two before, had studied his new assistant. He had some misgivings. McAusland seemed full of a restless earnestness; but the old minister knew that too much zeal could be as dangerous as too little.

Aboardship, Mrs. Gale went to her cabin to settle her belongings there; but John Gale and McAusland stayed on deck to watch the business of departure.

"What decided you to become a missionary?" Gale asked.

"Why, sir, at the Seminary I read a great deal about the mission to the Sandwich Islands, and I want to be like the men who led that work. They did so much, and everyone loved them." McAusland added humbly: "I want to help people, and—to be loved. I'm pretty clumsy about it, though; about making friends."

The other suggested: "The trick is to like people. People like a man who seems to like them." He asked: "But what turned you toward the ministry, at your age?"

McAusland answered frankly: "I'd killed a man, in Nevada City, in the mines. There may have been surprise in the older man's quick glance, and an unspoken question, for the other explained: "I suppose I don't look like a—man of violence; but I lost my temper. He was drunk, and shooting at me, and I threw a pickaxe at him. It hit him in the head."

John Gale thought he would have to readjust his estimates of this young man. "Wasn't that—just an accident?" he suggested reassuringly.

"I suppose a man is responsible even for his accidents," McAusland insisted. "He had no family. There was nothing I could do directly; but I wanted to find some way to—stone."

Captain Keen, one eye on his ship, joined them with some casual word. McAusland walked forward to watch them cat and fish the anchor, and John Gale looked after him, and after a moment he smiled and asked the Captain:

"Would you take that young man for a"—he hesitated, used McAusland's own phrase—"a man of violence?"

The Captain said wisely: "There's never any knowing. The quietest little man I ever knew killed four Malay pirates with a caps'n bar."

"He and I are going to work together, these next years," John Gale explained. "I'm trying to find out what sort of man he is."

Captain Keen said: "You'll find out, presently. Being shut up on the same ship with a man, you come to know him. The sea strips him down, wears him down till what's inside him shows through."

The old minister nodded; and during the days that followed, while the Sunset took her peaceful way across the peaceful sea, he sometimes thought that McAusland was no more than an enthusiastic boy. The first morning at sea, he himself came on deck to find the other bare-footed, his sober black trousers rolled up his thin shins, pushing a holystone up and down the planking under the instruction of the sailor with the parrot. The sailor's name was Corkran; and the two were laughing together at McAusland's awkwardness. The parrot watched George too, its head cocked, and presently it nipped Corkran's ear and said wheedlingly:

"Mighty pretty. Mighty pretty!"

Corkran laughed and clapped McAusland on the shoulder. "There, Reverence!" he said. "That's Pat's way of saying he takes to you."

The friendship between these two developed rapidly. Corkran was an able seaman, above the level of his fellows in the fore-castle; and he did his work so cheerfully and completely that he had certain tacit privileges. Whenever he was on deck, he and George were apt to be together. McAusland was intensely serious about ship's business. He

worked under Corkran's instruction to learn the knots and bends and hitches, and how to seize and splice and serve.

John Gale, observing the friendship between McAusland and Corkran, tried to understand its basis. He saw that when they were together, George was always the listener.

The mate called Corkran to some duty; and George, turning, saw John Gale near them, and stopped beside him. "Corkran's a strange man," he said, and he colored in a slow way. "Most men are ashamed of their vices, but he brags about his. He's simply an animal."

The older man suggested: "You can't always judge men by the way they talk, George."

"I suppose not." McAusland laughed uncertainly. "And—I like him, in spite of what he is," he admitted. "I don't know why."

One late afternoon, George, under Corkran's instruction, was learning to put an eye-splice in a discarded piece of eight-inch cable when the matehead man sighted the first distant peaks above Honolulu. George laid down spike and maul and swarmed aloft to see for himself; and when presently he descended,



She looked after him, her eyes sobered by hurt.

dropping from the ratlines the last six or eight feet to the deck, he stepped on the marlinspike where he had left it. It rolled under him; and the result was a severely sprained ankle. John Gale bandaged the hurt; but in the morning when they were anchored McAusland was too lame to walk. The Sunset would lie in harbor overnight while Captain Keen lightered off the freight consigned to the Honolulu mission but Mr. and Mrs. Gale went to lodge with friends ashore, and they urged George, despite his lameness, to come along. When George decided to stay aboard, Mrs. Gale thought he was shyly relieved at having a valid excuse for avoiding a casual meeting with many strangers.

Ashore, she and her husband found that two other passengers would board the Sunset here. One was Joseph Neargood, a tall young Marquesan convert trained in the college at Oahu, going now to take his place in the native mission at Fatuhiva. The other was Mary Doncaster. Her father and mother had established themselves twenty years ago on one of the smaller northern islands of the Marquesas group, which Ephraim Doncaster called Gilead. Mary was born there a year later, and lived there till when she was ten years old they sent her home to New Bedford to school. Now she was returning to them; and John Gale, when he had talked with her, approved Mary mightily. He and Mrs. Gale agreed between themselves that it would be good for McAusland to have the girl's company aboard the Sunset during the rest of the voyage to Gilead. When they were all rowed out to the ship next afternoon a little before sailing time, the old man looked forward to watching McAusland's face light with pleasure at first sight of Mary; but George was not on deck to greet them, and John Gale found him in his bunk with a slight temperature, presumably from the pain of his hurt.

George did not come to supper, so he did not see Mary till next morning. John Gale had told him she was aboard, but—afraid of saying too much—he said only: "She's the daughter of Ephraim Doncaster, the missionary at Gilead." George miffedly expected Mary to be like a younger edition of Mrs. Gale. Mrs. Gale was pretty as paper flowers under a glass case, with a pale and delicate beauty that would not disturb a man; but Mary was mightily disturbing, beautiful not with youth alone but already ripely. The ship's carpenter had fashioned a crutch for George out of a mop-handle and a block of timber cut to fit the minister's shoulder socket. When George hobbled out into the cabin, the others were already at table, Mary sitting with her back to him; but John Gale greeted George as he appeared, and

Mary turned to look up at him. The sun from the skylight fell full upon her countenance as she turned, and George stopped like a struck man, shaken and trembling. She thought he would fall, and she rose quickly to help him, slim and yet warmly round in her tight bodice above loose full skirts of sober stuff. The button at her throat was unfastened; and George as his eyes fell before hers saw her smooth white throat. She touched his arm, steadying him; and John Gale spoke her name and his, and she said:

"Here, I'll help you. Sit here."

George said defensively: "I'm all right." He freed himself and sat down; but his arm where she had touched it burned long after her fingers were removed. He sat beside her at the table with Captain Keen at the head, but he could not look at her. He ate briefly, a little, with trembling hands, silent, so that his silence oppressed them all. Afterward he took refuge in his cabin again; and when next day, his ankle quickly healing, he was able to hobble on deck, he walked himself behind an intense dignity.

But if he was afraid of Mary, he was attracted to Joseph Neargood. The Marquesan was youthfully impressed by his own consecration to the Mission work in which he would presently assume a place. McAusland, his own life committed to lead the Island people to Christianity, saw in Neargood a fine example of what could be done in that direction.

The Sunset was five days out of Honolulu; and the day was lovely and serene, with a light steady breeze and a long easy swell so that the breast of ocean rose and fell as sweetly as the bosom of a sleeping woman. Two sailors on a stage slung over the side forward were scraping and painting, and Mary Doncaster and Mrs. Gale stood by the rail above the catheads, idly watching the men and watching the porpoises under the bow. Now and then as they talked together the sound of Mary's laughter rang out pleasantly. Captain Keen, near the two missionaries aft, cocked his head that way and chuckled.

"We'll be sorry to say good-bye to Miss Doncaster," he remarked. "The girl has an honest, friendly sound in her laughing."

Mary and the others were coming aft toward them; and George, always apt to avoid Mary, went forward along the other side of the deck. She looked after him, her eyes sobered by hurt; and a moment later, when Mrs. Gale and Joseph Neargood had gone below, she smiled and said to John Gale:

"I saw you talking with poor Mr. McAusland."

He chuckled. "Now I wonder why you call him 'poor.'"

"But isn't he? He might have so many things, but he's afraid to take them."

"Afraid?"

"Well, at least sort of ashamed, and shy."

"Ashamed of what?" The old man watched her with a lively interest.

"Ashamed of—life, perhaps." The girl's cheeks were bright. "Don't you know people like that? Old maids who insist that there's something sinful in loving and marrying? People who persuade themselves that the things they want to do and don't dare do are really wrong and who think everyone else is wicked for doing them?"

He spoke in an affectionate amusement. "So wise so young!"

"I'm not so awfully young," Mary assured him. "I'm nineteen. Remember I lived on Gilead till I was ten, and the Island girls start having babies when they're not much older than that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Exciting"
is the word for
BEN AMES WILLIAMS'
New Serial
"THE STRUMPET SEA"
★ Here is a story so vivid and real that it will fairly lift you aboard the home-bound whaler, "Venture," where things are happening thick and fast.
Read It in This Paper

FARM TOPICS

CHICKS SELECT FEEDING NEEDS

'Cafeteria Method' Is Found Very Satisfactory.

By G. T. KLEIN
(Extension Poultryman, Massachusetts State College, Amherst.)

Cafeterias for chickens may sound a little queer to the average poultryman, but it is one of the newest feeding methods now in vogue. By the new system, Biddie has her choice of feeds and believe it or not, she can make a much more intelligent choice of what she needs than can some poultrymen.

In three separate feeders there are whole oats, whole or cracked corn, and laying mash. Biddie's appetite may vary from time to time, but during the year her diet will consist of 41 per cent corn, 30 per cent oats, and 29 per cent laying mash. The ration has been balanced at 12.9 per cent protein over a year's period, although individual birds vary from 11 to 15 per cent.

It is very important that every bird in the poultry flock has a chance to eat grain or mash at any time, and hoppers must be large enough to take care of all of the flock. Hopper requirements are 20 linear feet, feeding from both sides, for every 100 birds, or about five inches of feeding space per bird.

Feed consumption is increased by adding fresh mash frequently, running the hand or fingers through the mash often, and placing the hoppers in well-lighted positions. Hens like to see what they're eating as well as humans.

Although whole wheat is not used extensively in this cafeteria feeding system, it is a good practice to throw some into the litter as a scratch feed. This helps to keep the litter in a dry fluffy condition.

Because of the small quantity of mash used in this system of feeding, the vitamin D carrier must be increased in the mash.

There has been no tendency for a flock well bred for production to become too fat on this system of feeding. The large proportion of grain that is used makes this system economical and also cuts down labor requirements. Cannibalism has not been too excessive since it is held in check by the large quantities of oats that are fed and the scattering of wheat in the litter.

Good Fence Should Last Seven to Twelve Years

Good wire, properly strung between strong, well-braced posts, should make a farm fence last from 7 to 12 years, says H. M. Ellis, extension agricultural engineer of N. C. State college. There should be a good coating of galvanizing or zinc on the wire to protect it against the elements, he says.

"Some copper in the wire will add still more years of service to the fence," Ellis stated. "The copper content should not run less than 0.2 of 1 per cent, which is usually spoken of as '20 point' copper. The quality of the wire is the main consideration in building fences; it isn't good economy to buy cheap wire."

Ellis also says that for a good, long-lasting fence the quality of the posts and the workmanship in erecting the fence must be of the best. The posts must be big enough, properly spaced, well planted, and well braced. If durable wood is not available, soft timber may be treated with creosote or otherwise to make the posts last as long as the wire.

"It is wise," the specialist declared, "to build your fence on paper before you start cutting posts and buying wire. Farmers spend much money every year maintaining fences that are not essential."

Grinding Roughage Not Very Advisable

Farmers are fooling themselves and not their cattle when they grind up corn fodder and starchy hay so fine the animals are unable to separate the good material from the bad, according to R. R. Snapp, professor of beef cattle husbandry at the University of Illinois college of agriculture.

"It is true that a given amount of ground fodder will go somewhat further than it would if it were fed whole. However, the unpalatable roughage tend to dilute good feed, making for less palatability and digestibility for the ration as a whole," Snapp explained.

Controlling Lice

Lice can be controlled on calves and heifers without recourse to dips and other "wet" preparations. Excellent results can be obtained with a mixture of one part sodium fluoride and two parts of ordinary flour.

This is dusted lightly over the backs of the animals from a perforated can and worked into the base of the hair with the fingers. One application is usually adequate. Sodium fluoride is poisonous and should be handled carefully.



NEW SHOES ONLY

Practical Lady—I want to buy a pair of shoes, young man.
Polite Shoe Salesman—Yes, madam. And what kind would you prefer?
Lady—I want them good and stout.
Clerk—Here is a strong shoe that will give excellent wear. It has been worn a lot this season—
Lady—Why, man, I don't want any shoes that have been worn this season or any season. I want a brand new pair!

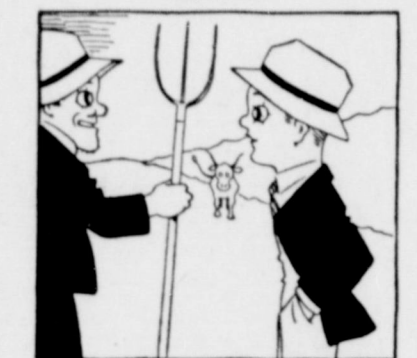
Life Saver

A member of a club had the habit of partaking of his soup in a noisy and boisterous fashion. The noise upset the other members, but they were too courteous to protest.

One day, however, when the offensive sounds were at fortissimo, a young and nerveless member strode toward the culprit and said: "May I help you?"

"Help!" retorted the diner. "I don't need any help."
"Sorry, sir," said the youngster. "I thought perhaps you might wish to be dragged ashore."

BIG PROFITS



Summer Boarder—What's making all that noise? Surely you are not running a thrashing machine at this time of the year.

The Farmer—No, the boys are figuring up the profits from our boarders on our new rapid calculating machine.

Wanted a Start

"Give me a start!" begged the auctioneer. "I have here a genuine Queen Anne sideboard, the only piece of its kind known to the world. Give me a start!"
"Ten cents!" said some one obligingly.

The auctioneer nearly fell from the rostrum. "I asked for a start," he said contemptuously.

"Well, you got it, didn't you?"

Real Husbandry

Sandy—Here's a ticket to the magician's show tonight, Maggie.

Maggie—Thank ye, Sandy.

Sandy—And Maggie, dear, when he comes to that trick where he takes a teaspoon o' flour and one egg and makes 20 omelets, watch very close.

Customer Is Right

Bride (buying stove)—Please, sir, I'd like a little oven.

Salesman (accommodatingly)—Er—pardon me; but not while your husband's along.

Simple Matter

"Pardon me, but does this train stop at Tenth street?"

"Yes; watch me and get off at the station before I do."

Needs Pep

"You sold me a car two weeks ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

IMPORTANT WORK



"What are the principal activities of the official position Jones occupies?"

"Those involved in holding on to it."

Doctor Is Certain

Patient—Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia and the patients die of something else.

M. D. (with dignity)—When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia.

Overhead Expenses

Husband (looking over household accounts)—"What is this item of \$3 for overhead expenses?" Wife—"Oh, that's a new umbrella I bought. I left my old one on a bus."



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK—Our old friend Ben Lucien Burman, the author who became the leading impresario of rivers, is off by clipper to take a **River Impresario** look at West African deserts, for a **Had Nickel Placed** change—on **On Career, Won** his gaudiest writing assignment. One of his most exciting traveling adventures was promoting five cents for the subway ride which started his writing career. Mr. Burman will be with General Wavell's army and with the De Gaulle forces, accredited by a magazine and a syndicate.

Mr. Burman's first river book, "Steamboat Round the Bend," became the last film in which Will Rogers appeared. After that he did a stretch at Hollywood, and then got under way with some more river books and magazine stories, riding not only rivers, incidentally, but camels, in this same desert country toward which he is heading now.

On this trip, Mrs. Burman, who is Alice Caddy, the artist who illustrates his books, is going with him, to supply a black-and-white obligato for his stories. Mrs. Burman scores heavily in both his traveling and arriving, as disclosed by the story Mr. Burman once told me.

"I quit my job as a reporter on the Morning World to write stories. I wrote plenty of them and they kept on making extraordinarily quick round trips to the publishers. One day I was fondling and caressing my last dime when I passed a baker's shop, with some freshly baked buns in the window. I am instinctively a plunger. The dime went for four buns.

"After the banquet, I sang 'The Star Spangled Banner' and went home, pondering various plans for making a fresh start in life. There was a letter from the Pictorial Review, saying they liked my story, 'Minstrels of the Mist,' and would print it.

"My dime was gone, and while the buns had bucked me up a bit, I was too weak to walk to the magazine office. There just wasn't that much mileage in four buns. Then I thought of a pretty girl I had seen going in and out of her near-by Greenwich Village studio. I called on her, told her my story and suggested that she invest a nickel in my gilt-edged career.

"She said it looked like a good bet, but she, too, was short on liquid assets—but she had six cents in stamps which she would be glad to risk. I converted the stamps into a five-cent piece at a stationery store, and bought a subway ride. The magazine people gave me a check for \$600. Of course he went right back and married the girl.

Mr. Burman was badly wounded in the World war and walked with a cane and crutches for several years afterward. He returned to Harvard, and was graduated in 1920.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, British economist and philosopher, has been building a bridge of ideas between Britain and the U. S. A. for **British Heavy-Duty** quite a few years. Now, **Thinker Foresaw** as parliamentary secretary to the ministry of shipping, he comes over to help build a "bridge of ships." News from Washington is that he will be a powerful councillor in devising ways and means to run the gantlet of German submarines and keep goods moving to England. This isn't his specialty, but he is one of Britain's heavy-duty thinkers.

When he delivered the Jonathan Peterson lecture in New York, five years ago, he stirred some sharp criticism in the American press on the ground that he was assuming too much about our fraternal co-operation with Britain. He urged this country to join other nations in fending off war and insisted that we could do this without dangerous entanglements or commitments. Our intellectual elite of banking, finance, foreign policy and economics heard and applauded, but were not so perturbed as the somewhat gloomy Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur is a shrewd, wary, grim little man. He is short, muscular, vigorous and alert, and endowed with a skeptical mind which has enabled him to score heavily as a prophet. However, he is of the intuitive or "hunching" school of statesmanship. When he feels inspiration stirring, he goes swimming and floats on his back, looking up into the sky—preferably in the sunshine. This seems to have the effect of disjoining rigid cause-and-effect sequences and enhancing his "extrasensory perception," the gift of all good "hunch" men.

Nazis Prove Bar to Feeding Europe

Subdued States Could Feed Selves if Permitted, Expert Declares.

WASHINGTON. — A report prepared by Dr. Frederick Strauss, economist of the agriculture department, gives facts and figures to show that the conquered nations of Europe could feed themselves under war conditions if permitted.

But Germany, which now needs fats and will be hard put to maintain her meat ration in the future, is not permitting them to do this. Instead she is taking food and transportation facilities from them for her own needs and gearing their economies to the requirements of the Nazi war machine.

Germany's intensive preparations for war between 1934 and 1939 had only partial success as far as the food problem went, according to Dr. Strauss' report. The changing over of the people's food habits to fit expected wartime supplies was more successful than the attempt to expand farm production. The soil is considerably depleted of phosphate content. There is an acute shortage of farm labor; farm machinery cannot be fully utilized because of the shortage of gasoline.

The Nazis will have enough bread, potatoes and sugar from their domestic production for next year at least, according to Dr. Strauss. But they are beginning to need fats today and may need meat soon.

From the Danubian countries Germany got less than she expected this year. Only in Bessarabia were harvests favorable—and Bessarabia was taken by Russia. At any rate, normally the Danubian basin can furnish only bread and feed grains, small quantities of fruits and animal products.

The Soviet Union is more of a mystery. But it cannot offer much food, the report makes clear, unless it is willing to deprive its own people of needed supplies to feed the Germans.

The Danes and Norwegians, the Netherlands and Belgians and French, could feed themselves, even though their markets and sources of supply were cut off by the British blockade, says Dr. Strauss. Their normally large imports of rye and wheat, barley, oats and corn, oilseeds and oilcake, were mostly fed to their live stock and turned into export surpluses. Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands and Belgium had prepared for the expected war,

though they had hoped to be able to remain neutral, by storing large quantities of food.

They had expected to lose their overseas markets and thus to have to slow down their industry. This would have meant the consumption of less food than if all were working. They could have provided their citizens at least with the German "normal adult" food ration. Even pre-war production of wheat and rye, potatoes and sugar beets would have furnished the five conquered nations with enough of these essentials.

As regards meats, no problem would have arisen during the first year or two, according to Dr. Strauss, since many cattle and more hogs would have had to be slaughtered because of diminished feed supplies.

In Poland only those members of the Polish "lower race" working on essential war industries for Germany have something like an adequate diet. The meat supplies taken from Denmark would have fed the people of Denmark and Norway combined for two years. From Norway the Nazis took fish, butter and even potatoes. Hundreds of carloads of fresh vegetables have been shipped to Germany every week from the Netherlands.

Last Hike Across Panama



Men of the 14th Infantry hike along the clearing of the new trans-isthmian highway in Panama as they cross the isthmus for maneuvers. With the defense highway scheduled for completion this year, army officials believe this will be the last time that mobile force soldiers will have to make the trans-isthmus crossing on foot.



STRIPED CHIPMUNK HAS A SECRET JOKE

OF ALL the little meadow and forest people none is brighter-eyed, merrier, or more beloved than Striped Chipmunk. He likes best the edge of the Green Forest where the old stone wall separates it from the Green Meadows, and there the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind go to play with him every day. He dearly loves the sunshine, and it seems as if he must have some secret way of taking it right into his small self, for he is so sunny-hearted that he brightens even the gloomiest day. No one can have a long face when Striped Chipmunk is about. Yes, sir, it must be that he has some secret way of taking in the sunshine. You know, he is very fond of secrets and has some of the very nicest ones. He keeps them, too. No one can keep a secret better than Striped Chipmunk. That is because he keeps it wholly to himself—doesn't tell even so many as one, which is the only way to keep a secret.

If you tell one and he tells one Your secret's known by three. But just one more will make it four; It can no secret be.

On this particular morning Striped Chipmunk was in the best of spirits. He whisked in and out between the stones of the old wall, raced along the top, chased his tail, and did other foolish things, just to show how happy he felt. Farmer Brown's Boy, throwing sticks up in the chestnut trees to knock down the nuts, stopped two or three times to laugh at him, and, though Farmer Brown's Boy didn't know it, Striped Chipmunk laughed back. Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel heard them both laugh and they scowled. Yes, sir, they scowled. Then they said things, unpleasant things, to Striped Chipmunk and Farmer Brown's Boy. They scolded as fast as their tongues could go.

Farmer Brown's Boy didn't mind. In the first place, he didn't know that they were scolding him, and if

he had he wouldn't have cared, because he is so much bigger than they that the dreadful threats they made would only have tickled him if he could have understood them. And Striped Chipmunk didn't mind. Bless you, no! He only chuckled and laughed the more as he listened to his two angry cousins.

"What are you laughing at and having such a good time about?" asked one of the Merry Little



Striped Chipmunk laughed harder than ever.

Breezes. "Tell us, so that we can laugh, too."

"It's a joke, the best joke ever, but it's a secret joke," replied Striped Chipmunk.

"Don't Chatterer and Happy Jack know it?" demanded the Merry Little Breezes.

Striped Chipmunk laughed harder than ever. "They don't know it is a joke," said he. "They think it isn't, but it is. Really it is."

The Merry Little Breezes laughed just because Striped Chipmunk did. They just had to. "Has Farmer Brown's Boy anything to do with that joke?" asked another Merry Little Breeze.

Striped Chipmunk nodded as if he were trying to nod his head off. "He's all of it!" he cried.

The Merry Little Breezes looked at Farmer Brown's Boy very hard, but they couldn't see any joke. He looked to them just as he always did. Then they gave it up, rumbled Striped Chipmunk's hair, and raced over to help Farmer Brown's Boy get the brown nuts by shaking the tops of the trees. And when they did that Striped Chipmunk laughed harder than ever and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel scolded harder than ever.

Famous Yosemite Pine

Thrives Without Soil
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIF.—Occasioned by the questions of tourists, a study of a lone pine tree that grows out of a solid rock surface high above the Yosemite valley has been made by the National Park Service.

Naturalists said the tree, which is 80 feet tall, grows out of a fissure in the granite face known as El Capitan. Its food is manufactured in its leaves from water and carbon dioxide, and such minerals as it requires may be obtained from the rock. Its supply of moisture apparently is gained from winter rain and snow.

Thus it thrives without soil.

Chester the Pup

By GEORGE O. HALLORAN



MACTAVISH and I went along with Pitcher-puss this afternoon to look for mushrooms. He knows less about mushrooms than an Australian fish hawk knows about the Einstein theory, but we didn't have any trouble picking a big pail full. On the way back to the car Mac and I chased a squirrel up a hickory tree, so Pitcher-puss thought he'd take a few nuts home with him. Then he climbed up the tree and while swinging back and forth through the branches he managed to gather a half dozen nuts before he missed a branch and fell out of the tree like a last year's hornet nest. So we picked up the pail of mushrooms and went home. Charlene says she never saw such a lethal bunch of poisonous food stools in her life. So she threw them in the furnace and we had fried onions on our steak instead.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Sure to Pass Nazi Plane

Production by September
LONDON.—Sir Walter Citrine, general secretary of the British Trades Union congress, told a press conference that American and British production of planes and war materials would surpass Germany's output by September.

Sir Walter, who has just returned from a tour of the United States, said, however, the peak of American production would not be reached until the middle or end of 1942.

He said he believed that Americans failed "to approach the problem of training workers in the right way" and explained there was "no real national effort of training in the same sense as ours."

British Gobs Can't Sign

Love and X's Any More
LONDON.—British sailors no longer may sign letters to their girl friends with the traditional "Love and X X X." Regulations ban the crosses on the grounds they might be employed by spies for code messages.

Parliament Members

Serve British Army
LONDON.—One hundred and sixty-six members of the house of lords and 116 members of commons are serving in Britain's armed forces.

Of the total, 225 are in the army, 31 in the navy and 26 in the Royal Air force. These figures are exclusive of members serving with the Home Guard.

Now, however, he said the army doesn't have to maintain a fresh supply of pigeons in the front lines. He added that military officials have been conducting large-scale experiments to develop two-way flights with success.

"The whole theory of homing pigeons has been revolutionized by these two-way flights," he said, "and as a result we won't have any more 'lost battalions.'"

Bobby—A He-Man

By ALICE DUANE

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IT WAS an exciting day for Bobby Boynton when his father came home. Bobby was standing in the middle of the roadway in front of Grandmother's house, lifting with the sturdy strength of an eight-year-old the frail body of little Mary Lou, and swinging her high over his head, while she shrieked with delighted yells. A breath-taking man in a khaki uniform with a shiny wide brown belt and a hat with a shining visor and something silver on the front swooped him up in strong arms and called loudly: "Louise! Louise!"

Then Mother came running out with a funny crying sound, and Bobby jumped up and down, yelling, "My Father's a captain in the army. He's just come home."

After that they went to the Fort to live. Mary Lou, who was a sort of second cousin of Bobby's and whose Daddy was only a lieutenant, went there to live, too. One night, when he was lying awake, Bobby heard his Father mentioning his name to his Mother.

"It's a shame, Louise," Father was saying, "the way you've been bringing that boy up to be such a sissy! Why, he doesn't know how to swim, or play football, or anything a boy his age should be able to do! He just plays hour after hour with a three-year-old baby—and a girl, at that!"

Mother's voice was low, and Bobby couldn't hear her answer, but Father said, "Well, I'll take hold of him and teach him to be a regular he-man!"

It was the next Saturday that Bobby's father took him to the riding hall and began to give him lessons in horsemanship. Bobby went without question or comment, but he understood that this was the beginning of his training to become a "regular he-man." He watched wistfully for every sign of approval from his hero, his sober face breaking out into a delightful smile when Father would look down from his horse, Fetter, and say briefly, "Good!"

All summer Bobby worked hard at his riding. And finally, he was allowed to ride Jerry, and to learn to jump. And only when Father had gone away from the Fort, did he swing Mary Lou over his head, or play tag with her.

He felt a little guilty about his actions toward Mary Lou. She was such a plucky little sport about it. When he saw her playing all alone on her front porch (she was the only child at the Fort under seven) he felt like a deserter. But he hardened his heart. He knew his Father wanted him to ignore girls to become a "regular he-man."

At the end of the summer there was a big horse show. Bobby's father's eyes shone as he told Bobby about it. "Look here, Son," he said, "if you get to be a really good horseman, I'll let you ride with me in the Pair Jumping!" And when it came time for the entries there were their names posted together: "Pair Jumping: Captain Brown, Captain Folwell; Lieutenant Vicker, Miss Fiandreau; CAPTAIN BOYNTON, ROBERT BOYNTON."

Day after day they put Fetter and Jerry over the fences, over the post and rail. And it was up to Bobby to win, really, for of course, Father would easily be the best! Up to Bobby to win, for his Father!

Everyone at the Fort came out to the Horse Show. When the six horses in the Pair Jumping came into the ring, everyone applauded and shouted, especially when they saw Fetter and Jerry up. Bobby sat proud and intent.

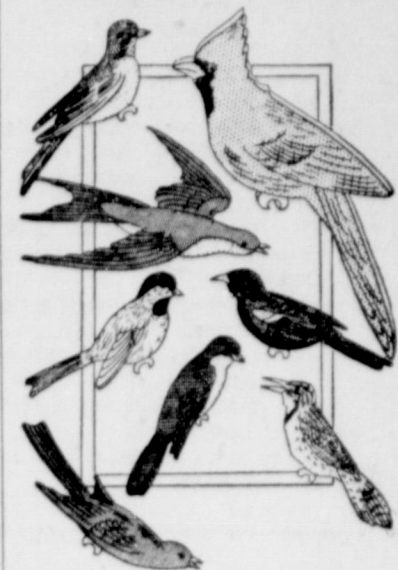
They had to take four jumps, two going away from the wide open door that led to the street, two going back toward it. Riding easily side by side, they cleared the first! The second! It was just as they turned to face the door that Bobby, his eyes for a moment lifted from the course, saw through the open door Mary Lou come dashing down the street, clinging wildly to the mane of a running pony! Just as they came opposite the door, the pony gave a lurch, and Mary Lou spilled in a little white heap on the road.

Bobby's mind was working wildly. He would lose the race for Father! He would be a sissy to stop being a he-man to pick up a baby! The crowd gasped to see Bobby Boynton's horse make a sudden smooth dash for the door.

Without pausing in his stride, Jerry reached the still figure in the road, hesitated just long enough for Bobby to dismount and gather the limp Mary Lou in his arms, mount again. Then Jerry went off at a smooth canter toward the Fort hospital.

Twenty minutes later Bobby Boynton came slowly out on to the hospital steps to face his Father. He had not heard the Doctor say: "Five minutes later, Captain Boynton, and it would have been too late to operate. Your son . . . Only, raising his brown eyes bravely to face the consequences, he was surprised to see tears in his Father's eyes, and to hear an unsteady tremble in his Father's voice, as he grasped his hand, and said, "I'm proud of you, Bobby. You won a race that shows you are a regular he-man, my son!"

THINGS for You to Make



Transfer No. Z9272

A CARDINAL, robin and barn-swallow join with the red-wing, chickadee, meadow lark, bluebird and indigo bunting in bringing color to your lawn or garden. They come in natural size on this transfer, ready to be traced to plywood, wallboard or thin lumber. Cut them from the wood with jig, coping or keyhole saw and paint according to suggestions on the pattern. Then place them in trees or on bushes to brighten the out-of-doors.

General cutout directions are on transfer Z9272, 15 cents. Send for!

ANUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Gilt picture frames can be restored to brightness by rubbing with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

Drain all boiled vegetables as soon as tender. They become soggy if they are allowed to stand unstrained after cooking. The water drained off may be saved for soup stock.

Paint piazza and garden chairs now so that they may be thoroughly dried before you wish to use them.

If using icebags in a sickroom, instead of shaving ice each time you wish to fill a bag, to save time shave enough to fill a quart pitcher and keep it in the refrigerator.

Save all celery tops, wash and dry them and place in the oven, turning them now and then. Store the leaves in an airtight tin. Use them for flavoring soups, salads, etc.

MINOR SKIN IRRITATIONS 5¢ AND 10¢ MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Great Character
Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.—Emerson.



With the Brave
Join the company of lions rather than assume the lead among foxes.—The Talmud.

At "Wichita's Best Address" WICHITA'S LARGEST HOTEL

High standards of comfort, service and hospitality. 350 modern, luxurious rooms; many air-conditioned. Air-Conditioned Coffee Shop, famous throughout Southwest for its food. Sample rooms. Banquet facilities and meeting rooms. Convenient location. Garage. Fireproof.

Single with bath from \$2.50
With running water from \$2.00

HOTEL LASSEN

HOSTS First Market at North Street
HOTELS WICHITA, KANSAS

Minute Make-Ups

By V. V.



ADD luster to the natural healthy glow of your eyes by giving your brows and lashes a minute of care each day. Stroke them gently with lash oil—or just plain vaseline. This gives them sheen and keeps them silky. Incidentally, the oil serves as a grand base for mascara.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Boston Terrier Gets Confidential



Even though he was declared best of breed in a dog show at Bloomingdale, N. Y., "Skippy," toy Boston terrier, would rather forget the whole thing. He seems very interested in little Katheline Nolan, a youthful admirer who probably shares his desire to get out and play.

HOMING PIGEONS GIVE RELIABLE ARMY COMMUNICATIONS

PITTSBURGH.—The homing pigeon is the only form of military communication that can survive blitzkrieg tactics, in the belief of Maj. John K. Shawvan, head of the army's pigeon service.

Major Shawvan is directing the work of "drafting" thousands of homing pigeons from their fanciers all over the United States, and training the birds in two-way flights. During the World war homing pigeons

were taught to fly only one way. "The principle of the blitzkrieg, as developed by the German army, is to drive a spearhead in the enemy lines, then fan out in all directions and demoralize the enemy by cutting communications and isolating the different units," Major Shawvan explained.

"That is what happened in the Low Countries and in France, and the only answer to it is the homing

pigeon. It is the only form of communication which cannot be cut by the blitzkrieg. It will hop right over it."

Major Shawvan pointed out that the experience of the last war demonstrated that, even though the pigeon remained when all other forms of communication were cut, it was still possible for a unit to be cut off because pigeons were trained to fly one way only.

The Strumpet Sea

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

CHAPTER I

To sign a crew is one thing; to keep all hands aboard till sailing time is another. At dusk, Captain Keen moved the Sunset from the wharf out into the stream to wait for the morning tide. She was a full-rigged ship of three hundred and forty-seven tons burden, bound for the Fiji Islands to load with sandalwood for Chinese and Indian ports; but she was under charter to the Mission Board to carry certain freight and passengers from San Francisco to Honolulu and to the Marquesas, on the way. "I want to give the men overnight to sober off before the missionaries come aboard, Mr. Chase," Captain Keen told the mate as the ship swung to her anchor. "And another thing. As long as they're with us, I'll have no going ashore at Honolulu, or at the Islands, nor any native girls coming on the ship at all."

The Reverend John Gale and Mrs. Gale were returning to their post in Micronesia after a year's leave at home; and the Reverend George McAusland went to serve his apprenticeship with them. McAusland was not a young man as years go, but his training for the ministry was only just concluded. He was rather small, and decidedly thin. He was, actually, thirty-eight years old. John Gale, since they met a day or two before, had studied his new assistant. He had some misgivings. McAusland seemed full of a restless earnestness; but the old minister knew that too much zeal could be as dangerous as too little.

Aboardship, Mrs. Gale went to her cabin to settle her belongings there; but John Gale and McAusland stayed on deck to watch the business of departure.

"What decided you to become a missionary?" Gale asked.

"Why, sir, at the Seminary I read a great deal about the mission to the Sandwich Islands, and—I want to be like the men who led that work. They did so much, and everyone loved them." McAusland added humbly: "I want to help people, and—to be loved. I'm pretty clumsy about it, though; about making friends."

The other suggested: "The trick is to like people. People like a man who seems to like them." He asked: "But what turned you toward the ministry, at your age?"

McAusland answered frankly: "I'd killed a man, in Nevada City, in the mines." There may have been surprise in the older man's quick glance, and an unspoken question, for the other explained: "I suppose I don't look like a—man of violence; but I lost my temper. He was drunk, and shooting at me, and I threw a pickaxe at him. It hit him in the head."

John Gale thought he would have to readjust his estimates of this young man. "Wasn't that—just an accident?" he suggested reassuringly.

"I suppose a man is responsible even for his accidents," McAusland insisted. "He had no family. There was nothing I could do directly; but I wanted to find some way to—stone."

Captain Keen, one eye on his ship, joined them with some casual word. McAusland walked forward to watch them eat and fish the anchor, and John Gale looked after him, and after a moment he smiled and asked the Captain:

"Would you take that young man for a"—he hesitated, used McAusland's own phrase—"a man of violence?"

The Captain said wisely: "There's never any knowing. The quietest little man I ever knew killed four Malay pirates with a caps'n bar."

"He and I are going to work together, these next years," John Gale explained. "I'm trying to find out what sort of man he is."

Captain Keen said: "You'll find out, presently. Being shut up on the same ship with a man, you come to know him. The sea strips him down, wears him down till what's inside him shows through."

The old minister nodded; and during the days that followed, while the Sunset took her peaceful way across the peaceful sea, he sometimes thought that McAusland was no more than an enthusiastic boy. The first morning at sea, he himself came on deck to find the other bare-footed, his sober black trousers rolled up his thin shins, pushing a holystone up and down the planking under the instruction of the sailor with the parrot. The sailor's name was Corkran; and the two were laughing together at McAusland's awkwardness. The parrot watched George too, its beak cocked, and presently it nipped Corkran's ear and said wheedlingly: "Mighty pretty. Mighty pretty!"

Corkran laughed and clapped McAusland on the shoulder. "There, Reverence!" he said. "That's Pat's way of saying he takes to you."

worked under Corkran's instruction to learn the knots and bends and hitches, and how to seize and splice and serve.

John Gale, observing the friendship between McAusland and Corkran, tried to understand its basis. He saw that when they were together, George was always the listener.

The mate called Corkran to some duty; and George, turning, saw John Gale near them, and stopped beside him. "Corkran's a strange man," he said, and he colored in a slow way. "Most men are ashamed of their vices, but he brags about his. He's simply an animal."

The older man suggested: "You can't always judge men by the way they talk, George."

"I suppose not," McAusland laughed uncertainly. "And—I like him, in spite of what he is," he admitted. "I don't know why."

One late afternoon, George, under Corkran's instruction, was learning to put an eye-splice in a discarded piece of eight-inch cable when the masthead man sighted the first distant peaks above Honolulu. George laid down spike and maul and swarmed aloft to see for himself; and when presently he descended,



She looked after him, her eyes sobered by hurt.

dropping from the ratlines the last six or eight feet to the deck, he stepped on the marlinspike where he had left it. It rolled under him; and the result was a severely sprained ankle. John Gale bandaged the hurt; but in the morning when they were anchored McAusland was too lame to walk. The Sunset would lie in harbor overnight while Captain Keen lightered off the freight consigned to the Honolulu mission but Mr. and Mrs. Gale went to lodge with friends ashore, and they urged George, despite his lameness, to come along. When George decided to stay aboard, Mrs. Gale thought he was shyly relieved at having a valid excuse for avoiding a casual meeting with many strangers.

Ashore, she and her husband found that two other passengers would board the Sunset here. One was Joseph Neargood, a tall young Marquesan convert trained in the college at Oahu, going now to take his place in the native mission at Fatuhiva. The other was Mary Doncaster. Her father and mother had established themselves twenty years ago on one of the smaller northern islands of the Marquesan group, which Ephraim Doncaster called Gilead. Mary was born there a year later, and lived there till when she was ten years old they sent her home to New Bedford to school. Now she was returning to them; and John Gale, when he had talked with her, approved Mary mightily. He and Mrs. Gale agreed between themselves that it would be good for McAusland to have the girl's company aboard the Sunset during the rest of the voyage to Gilead. When they were all rowed out to the ship next afternoon a little before sailing time, the old man looked forward to watching McAusland's face light with pleasure at first sight of Mary; but George was not on deck to greet them, and John Gale found him in his bunk with a slight temperature, presumably from the pain of his hurt.

George did not come to supper, so he did not see Mary till next morning. John Gale had told him she was aboard, but—afraid of saying too much—he said only: "She's the daughter of Ephraim Doncaster, the missionary at Gilead." George inattentively expected Mary to be like a younger edition of Mrs. Gale. Mrs. Gale was pretty as paper flowers under a glass case, with a pale and delicate beauty that would not disturb a man; but Mary was mightily disturbing, beautiful not with youth alone but already ripely. The ship's carpenter had fashioned a crutch for George out of a mop-handle and a block of timber cut to fit the minister's shoulder socket. When George hobbled out into the cabin, the others were already at table, Mary sitting with her back to him; but John Gale greeted George as he appeared, and

Mary turned to look up at him. The sun from the skylight fell full upon her countenance as she turned, and George stopped like a struck man, shaken and trembling. She thought he would fall, and she rose quickly to help him, slim and yet warmly round in her tight bodice above loose full skirts of sober stuff. The button at her throat was unfastened; and George as his eyes fell before hers saw her smooth white throat. She touched his arm, steadying him; and John Gale spoke her name and his, and she said:

"Here, I'll help you. Sit here." George said defensively: "I'm all right." He freed himself and sat down; but his arm where she had touched it burned long after her fingers were removed. He sat beside her at the table with Captain Keen at the head, but he could not look at her. He ate briefly, a little, with trembling hands, silent, so that his silence oppressed them all. Afterward he took refuge in his cabin again; and when next day, his ankle quickly healing, he was able to hobble on deck, he walled himself behind an intense dignity.

But if he was afraid of Mary, he was attracted to Joseph Neargood. The Marquesan was youthfully impressed by his own conversion to the Mission work in which he would presently assume a place. McAusland, his own life committed to lead the island people to Christianity, saw in Neargood a fine example of what could be done in that direction.

The Sunset was five days out of Honolulu; and the day was lovely and serene, with a light steady breeze and a long easy swell so that the breast of ocean rose and fell as sweetly as the bosom of a sleeping woman. Two sailors on a stage slung over the side forward were scraping and painting, and Mary Doncaster and Mrs. Gale stood by the rail above the catheads, idly watching the men and watching the porpoises under the bow. Now and then as they talked together the sound of Mary's laughter rang out pleasantly. Captain Keen, near the two missionaries aft, cocked his head that way and chuckled.

"We'll be sorry to say good-bye to Miss Doncaster," he remarked. "The girl has an honest, friendly sound in her laughing."

Mary and the others were coming aft toward them; and George, always apt to avoid Mary, went forward along the other side of the deck. She looked after him, her eyes sobered by hurt; and a moment later, when Mrs. Gale and Joseph Neargood had gone below, she smiled and said to John Gale:

"I saw you talking with poor Mr. McAusland."

He chuckled. "Now I wonder why you call him 'poor.'"

"But isn't he? He might have so many things, but he's afraid to take them."

"Afraid?"

"Well, at least sort of ashamed, and shy."

"Ashamed of what?" The old man watched her with a lively interest.

"Ashamed of—life, perhaps." The girl's cheeks were bright. "Don't you know people like that? Old maids who insist that there's something sinful in loving and marrying? People who persuade themselves that the things they want to do and don't dare do are really wrong and who think everyone else is wicked for doing them?"

He spoke in an affectionate amusement. "So wise so young!"

"I'm not so awfully young," Mary assured him. "I'm nineteen. Remember I lived on Gilead till I was ten, and the island girls start having babies when they're not much older than that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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★ Here is a story so vivid and real that it will fairly lift you aboard the home-bound whaler, "Venturer," where things are happening thick and fast.
Read It in This Paper

FARM TOPICS

CHICKS SELECT FEEDING NEEDS

'Cafeteria Method' Is Found Very Satisfactory.

By G. T. KLEIN
(Extension Poultryman, Massachusetts State College, Amherst.)

Cafeterias for chickens may sound a little queer to the average poultryman, but it is one of the newest feeding methods now in vogue. By the new system, Biddie has her choice of feeds and believe it or not, she can make a much more intelligent choice of what she needs than can some poultrymen.

In three separate feeders there are whole oats, whole or cracked corn, and laying mash. Biddie's appetite may vary from time to time, but during the year her diet will consist of 41 per cent corn, 30 per cent oats, and 29 per cent laying mash. The ration has been balanced at 12.9 per cent protein over a year's period, although individual birds vary from 11 to 15 per cent.

It is very important that every bird in the poultry flock has a chance to eat grain or mash at any time, and hoppers must be large enough to take care of all of the flock. Hopper requirements are 20 linear feet, feeding from both sides, for every 100 birds, or about five inches of feeding space per bird.

Feed consumption is increased by adding fresh mash frequently, running the hand or fingers through the mash often, and placing the hoppers in well-lighted positions. Hens like to see what they're eating as well as humans.

Although whole wheat is not used extensively in this cafeteria feeding system, it is a good practice to throw some into the litter as a scratch feed. This helps to keep the litter in a dry fluffy condition.

Because of the small quantity of mash used in this system of feeding, the vitamin D carrier must be increased in the mash.

There has been no tendency for a flock well bred for production to become too fat on this system of feeding. The large proportion of grain that is used makes this system economical and also cuts down labor requirements. Cannibalism has not been too excessive since it is held in check by the large quantities of oats that are fed and the scattering of wheat in the litter.

Good Fence Should Last Seven to Twelve Years

Good wire, properly strung between strong, well-braced posts, should make a farm fence last from 7 to 12 years, says H. M. Ellis, extension agricultural engineer of N. C. State college. There should be a good coating of galvanizing or zinc on the wire to protect it against the elements, he says.

"Some copper in the wire will add still more years of service to the fence," Ellis stated. "The copper content should not run less than 0.2 of 1 per cent, which is usually spoken of as '20 point' copper. The quality of the wire is the main consideration in building fences; it isn't good economy to buy cheap wire."

Ellis also says that for a good, long-lasting fence the quality of the posts and the workmanship in erecting the fence must be of the best. The posts must be big enough, properly spaced, well planted, and well braced. If durable wood is not available, soft timber may be treated with creosote or otherwise to make the posts last as long as the wire.

"It is wise," the specialist declared, "to build your fence on paper before you start cutting posts and buying wire. Farmers spend much money every year maintaining fences that are not essential."

Grinding Roughage Not Very Advisable

Farmers are fooling themselves and not their cattle when they grind up corn fodder and stemmy hay so fine the animals are unable to separate the good material from the bad, according to R. R. Snapp, professor of beef cattle husbandry at the University of Illinois college of agriculture.

"It is true that a given amount of ground fodder will go somewhat further than it would if it were fed whole. However, the unpalatable roughage tend to dilute good feed, making for less palatability and digestibility for the ration as a whole," Snapp explained.

Controlling Lice

Lice can be controlled on calves and heifers without recourse to dips and other "wet" preparations. Excellent results can be obtained with a mixture of one part sodium fluoride and two parts of ordinary flour. This is dusted lightly over the backs of the animals from a perforated can and worked into the base of the hair with the fingers. One application is usually adequate. Sodium fluoride is poisonous and should be handled carefully.

A Few Little Smiles

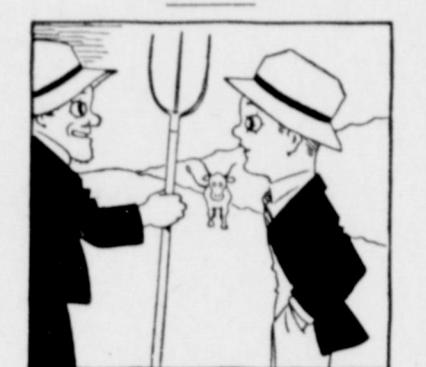
NEW SHOES ONLY

Practical Lady—I want to buy a pair of shoes, young man.
Polite Shoe Salesman—Yes, madam. And what kind would you prefer?
Lady—I want them good and stout.
Clerk—Here is a strong shoe that will give excellent wear. It has been worn a lot this season—
Lady—Why, man, I don't want any shoes that have been worn this season or any season. I want a brand new pair!

Life Saver

A member of a club had the habit of partaking of his soup in a noisy and boisterous fashion. The noise upset the other members, but they were too courteous to protest.
One day, however, when the offensive sounds were at fortissimo, a young and nerveless member strode toward the culprit and said: "May I help you?"
"Help!" retorted the diner. "I don't need any help."
"Sorry, sir," said the youngster. "I thought perhaps you might wish to be dragged ashore."

BIG PROFITS



Summer Boarder—What's making all that noise? Surely you are not running a thrashing machine at this time of the year.
The Farmer—No, the boys are figuring up the profits from our boarders on our new rapid calculating machine.

Wanted a Start
"Give me a start!" begged the auctioneer. "I have here a genuine Queen Anne sideboard, the only piece of its kind known to the world. Give me a start!"
"Ten cents!" said some one obligingly.
The auctioneer nearly fell from the rostrum. "I asked for a start," he said contemptuously.
"Well, you got it, didn't you?"

Real Husbandry
Sandy—Here's a ticket to the magician's show tonight, Maggie.
Maggie—Thank ye, Sandy.
Sandy—And Maggie, dear, when he comes to that trick where he takes a teaspoon of flour and one egg and makes 20 omelets, watch very close.

Customer Is Right
Bride (buying stove)—Please, sir, I'd like a little oven.
Salesman (accommodatingly)—Er—pardon me; but not while your husband's along.

Simple Matter
"Pardon me, but does this train stop at Tenth street?"
"Yes; watch me and get off at the station before I do."
"Thank you."

Needs Pep
"You sold me a car two weeks ago."
"Yes, sir."
"Tell me again all you said about it then. I'm getting discouraged."

IMPORTANT WORK



"What are the principal activities of the official position Jones occupies?"
"Those involved in holding on to it."

Doctor Is Certain
Patient—Doctor, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia and the patients die of something else.
M. D. (with dignity)—When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia.

Overhead Expenses
Husband (looking over household accounts)—"What is this item of \$3 for overhead expenses?" Wife—
"Oh, that's a new umbrella I bought, fear. I left my old one on a bus."

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Our old friend Ben Lucien Burman, the author who became the leading impresario of rivers, is off by clipper to take a **River Impresario** look at West African deserts, for a **Had Nickel Placed** change—on **On Career, Won** his gaudiest writing assignment. One of his most exciting traveling adventures was promoting five cents for the subway ride which started his writing career. Mr. Burman will be with General Wavell's army and with the De Gaulle forces, accredited by a magazine and a syndicate.

Mr. Burman's first river book, "Steamboat Round the Bend," became the last film in which Will Rogers appeared. After that he did a stretch at Hollywood, and then got under way with some more river books and magazine stories, riding not only rivers, incidentally, but camels, in this same desert country toward which he is heading now.

On this trip, Mrs. Burman, who is Alice Caddy, the artist who illustrates his books, is going with him, to supply a black-and-white obligato for his stories. Mrs. Burman scores heavily in both his traveling and arriving, as disclosed by the story Mr. Burman once told me.

"I quit my job as a reporter on the Morning World to write stories. I wrote plenty of them and they kept on making extraordinarily quick round trips to the publishers. One day I was fondling and caressing my last dime when I passed a baker's shop, with some freshly baked buns in the window. I am instinctively a plunger. The dime went for four buns."

"After the banquet, I sang 'The Star Spangled Banner' and went home, pondering various plans for making a fresh start in life. There was a letter from the Pictorial Review, saying they liked my story, 'Minstrels of the Mist,' and would print it."

"My dime was gone, and while the buns had bucked me up a bit, I was too weak to walk to the magazine office. There just wasn't that much mileage in four buns. Then I thought of a pretty girl I had seen going in and out of her near-by Greenwich Village studio. I called on her, told her my story and suggested that she invest a nickel in my gilt-edged career."

"She said it looked like a good bet, but she, too, was short on liquid assets—but she had six cents in stamps which she would be glad to risk. I converted the stamps into a five-cent piece at a stationery store, and bought a subway ride. The magazine people gave me a check for \$600. Of course he went right back and married the girl."

Mr. Burman was badly wounded in the World war and walked with a cane and crutches for several years afterward. He returned to Harvard, and was graduated in 1920.

SIR ARTHUR SALTER, British economist and philosopher, has been building a bridge of ideas between Britain and the U. S. A. for years. Now, **Thinker Foresaw** 'Bridges of Ships'

retary to the ministry of shipping, he comes over to help build a "bridge of ships." News from Washington is that he will be a powerful councillor in devising ways and means to run the gantlet of German submarines and keep goods moving to England. This isn't his specialty, but he is one of Britain's heavy-duty thinkers.

When he delivered the Jonathan Peterson lecture in New York, five years ago, he stirred some sharp criticism in the American press on the ground that he was assuming too much about our fraternal co-operation with Britain. He urged this country to join other nations in fending off war and insisted that we could do this without dangerous entanglements or commitments. Our intellectual elite of banking, finance, foreign policy and economics heard and applauded, but were not so perturbed as the somewhat gloomy Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur is a shrewd, wary, grim little man. He is short, muscular, vigorous and alert, and endowed with a skeptical mind which has enabled him to score heavily as a prophet. However, he is of the intuitive or "hunching" school of statesmanship. When he feels inspiration stirring, he goes swimming and floats on his back, looking up into the sky—preferably in the sun-shine. This seems to have the effect of disjoining rigid cause-and-effect sequences and enhancing his "extraneous perception," the gift of all good "hunch" men.

Nazis Prove Bar to Feeding Europe

Subdued States Could Feed Selves if Permitted, Expert Declares.

WASHINGTON. — A report prepared by Dr. Frederick Strauss, economist of the agriculture department, gives facts and figures to show that the conquered nations of Europe could feed themselves under war conditions if permitted.

But Germany, which now needs fats and will be hard put to maintain her meat ration in the future, is not permitting them to do this. Instead she is taking food and transportation facilities from them for her own needs and gearing their economies to the requirements of the Nazi war machine.

Germany's intensive preparations for war between 1934 and 1939 had only partial success as far as the food problem went, according to Dr. Strauss' report. The changing over of the people's food habits to fit expected wartime supplies was more successful than the attempt to expand farm production. The soil is considerably depleted of phosphate content. There is an acute shortage of farm labor; farm machinery cannot be fully utilized because of the shortage of gasoline.

The Nazis will have enough bread, potatoes and sugar from their domestic production for next year at least, according to Dr. Strauss. But they are beginning to need fats today and may need meat soon.

From the Danubian countries Germany got less than she expected this year. Only in Bessarabia were harvests favorable—and Bessarabia was taken by Russia. At any rate, normally the Danubian basin can furnish only bread and feed grains, small quantities of fruits and animal products.

The Soviet Union is more of a mystery. But it cannot offer much food, the report makes clear, unless it is willing to deprive its own people of needed supplies to feed the Germans.

The Danes and Norwegians, the Netherlands and Belgians and French, could feed themselves, even though their markets and sources of supply were cut off by the British blockade, says Dr. Strauss. Their normally large imports of rye and wheat, barley, oats and corn, oilseeds and oilcake, were mostly fed to their live stock and turned into export surpluses. Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands and Belgium had prepared for the expected war,

though they had hoped to be able to remain neutral, by storing large quantities of food.

They had expected to lose their overseas markets and thus to have to slow down their industry. This would have meant the consumption of less food than if all were working. They could have provided their citizens at least with the German "normal adult" food ration. Even pre-war production of wheat and rye, potatoes and sugar beets would have furnished the five conquered nations with enough of these essentials.

As regards meats, no problem would have arisen during the first year or two, according to Dr. Strauss, since many cattle and more hogs would have had to be slaughtered because of diminished feed supplies.

In Poland only those members of the Polish "lower race" working on essential war industries for Germany have something like an adequate diet. The meat supplies taken from Denmark would have fed the people of Denmark and Norway combined for two years. From Norway the Nazis took fish, butter and even potatoes. Hundreds of carloads of fresh vegetables have been shipped to Germany every week from the Netherlands.

Last Hike Across Panama



Men of the 14th Infantry hike along the clearing of the new trans-isthmian highway in Panama as they cross the isthmus for maneuvers. With the defense highway scheduled for completion this year, army officials believe this will be the last time that mobile force soldiers will have to make the trans-isthmus crossing on foot.

Bobby—A He-Man

By ALICE DUANE
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IT WAS an exciting day for Bobby Boynton when his father came home. Bobby was standing in the middle of the roadway in front of Grandmother's house, lifting with the sturdy strength of an eight-year-old the frail body of little Mary Lou, and swinging her high over his head, while she shrieked with delighted yells. A breath-taking man in a khaki uniform with a shiny wide brown belt and a hat with a shining visor and something silver on the front swooped him up in strong arms and called loudly: "Louise! Louise!"

Then Mother came running out with a funny crying sound, and Bobby jumped up and down, yelling, "My Father's a captain in the army. He's just come home."

After that they went to the Fort to live. Mary Lou, who was a sort of second cousin of Bobby's and whose Daddy was only a lieutenant, went there to live, too. One night, when he was lying awake, Bobby heard his Father mentioning his name to his Mother.

"It's a shame, Louise," Father was saying, "the way you've been bringing that boy up to be such a sissy! Why, he doesn't know how to swim, or play football, or anything a boy his age should be able to do! He just plays hour after hour with a three-year-old baby—and a girl, at that!"

Mother's voice was low, and Bobby couldn't hear her answer, but Father said, "Well, I'll take hold of him and teach him to be a regular he-man!"

It was the next Saturday that Bobby's father took him to the riding hall and began to give him lessons in horseback riding. Bobby went without question or comment, but he understood that this was the beginning of his training to become a "regular he-man." He watched wistfully for every sign of approval from his hero, his sober face breaking out into a delightful smile when Father would look down from his horse, Fetter, and say briefly, "Good!"

All summer Bobby worked hard at his riding. And finally, he was allowed to ride Jerry, and to learn to jump. And only when Father had gone away from the Fort, did he swing Mary Lou over his head, or play tag with her.

He felt a little guilty about his actions toward Mary Lou. She was such a plucky little sport about it. When he saw her playing all alone on her front porch (she was the only child at the Fort under seven) he felt like a deserter. But he hardened his heart. He knew his Father wanted him to ignore girls to become a "regular he-man."

At the end of the summer there was a big horse show. Bobby's father's eyes shone as he told Bobby about it. "Look here, Son," he said, "if you get to be a really good horseman, I'll let you ride with me in the Pair Jumping!" And when it came time for the entries there were their names posted together: "Pair Jumping: Captain Brown, Captain Folwell; Lieutenant Vicker, Miss Flandreau; CAPTAIN BOYNTON, ROBERT BOYNTON."

Day after day they put Fetter and Jerry over the fences, over the post and rail. And it was up to Bobby to win, really, for of course, Father would easily be the best! Up to Bobby to win, for his Father!

Everyone at the Fort came out to the Horse Show. When the six horses in the Pair Jumping came into the ring, everyone applauded and shouted, especially when they saw Fetter and Jerry up. Bobby sat proud and intent.

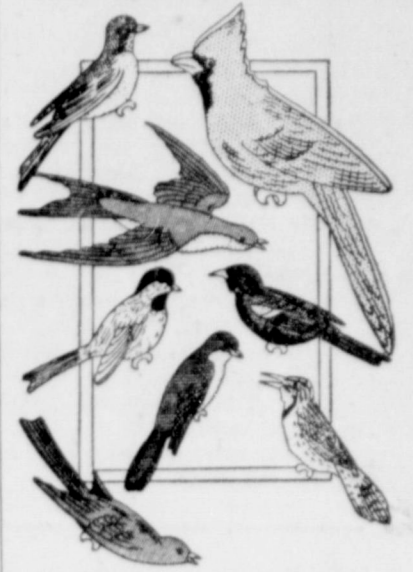
They had to take four jumps, two going away from the wide open door that led to the street, two going back toward it. Riding easily side by side, they cleared the first! The second! It was just as they turned to face the door that Bobby, his eyes for a moment lifted from the course, saw through the open door Mary Lou come dashing down the street, clinging wildly to the mane of a running pony! Just as they came opposite the door, the pony gave a lurch, and Mary Lou spilled in a little white heap on the road.

Bobby's mind was working wildly. He would lose the race for Father! He would be a sissy to stop being a he-man to pick up a baby! The crowd gasped to see Bobby Boynton's horse make a sudden smooth dash for the door.

Without pausing in his stride, Jerry reached the still figure in the road, hesitated just long enough for Bobby to dismount and gather the limp Mary Lou in his arms, mount again. Then Jerry went off at a smooth canter toward the Fort hospital.

Twenty minutes later Bobby Boynton came slowly out on to the hospital steps to face his Father. He had not heard the Doctor say: "Five minutes later, Captain Boynton, and it would have been too late to operate. Your son . . ." Only, raising his brown eyes bravely to face the consequences, he was surprised to see tears in his Father's eyes, and to hear an unsteady tremble in his Father's voice, as he grasped his hand, and said, "I'm proud of you, Bobby. You won a race that shows you are a regular he-man, my son!"

THINGS for You to Make



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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Gilt picture frames can be restored to brightness by rubbing with a sponge moistened in turpentine.

Drain all boiled vegetables as soon as tender. They become soggy if they are allowed to stand unstrained after cooking. The water drained off may be saved for soup stock.

Paint piazza and garden chairs now so that they may be thoroughly dried before you wish to use them.

If using icebags in a sickroom, instead of shaving ice each time you wish to fill a bag, to save time shave enough to fill a quart pitcher and keep it in the refrigerator.

Save all celery tops, wash and dry them and place in the oven, turning them now and then. Store the leaves in an airtight tin. Use them for flavoring soups, salads, etc.

MINOR SKIN IRRITATIONS 5¢ AND 10¢ MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Great Character
Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.—Emerson.

Black Leaf 40
KILLS APHIS
One ounce of "Black Leaf 40" makes six gallons of effective aphid spray. Use "Black Leaf 40" on aphids, leafhoppers, leaf miners, young sucking bugs, white-bugs, mealy bugs and most thrips, wherever found on trees, shrubs, plants or garden crops.
TOBACCO BY-PRODUCTS & CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Incorporated • Louisville, Ky.

With the Brave
Join the company of lions rather than assume the lead among foxes.—The Talmud.

At "Wichita's Best Address" WICHITA'S LARGEST HOTEL

High standards of comfort, service and hospitality, 350 modern, luxurious rooms; many air-conditioned. Air-Conditioned Coffee Shop, famous throughout Southwest for its food. Sample rooms. Banquet facilities and meeting rooms. Convenient location. Garage. Fireproof.

Single with bath from \$2.50
With running water from \$2.00

HOTEL LASSEN

North Street at First Street
HOTELS WICHITA, KANSAS

SECRET JOKE by Thornton W. Burgess

STRIPED CHIPMUNK HAS A SECRET JOKE

OF ALL the little meadow and forest people none is brighter-eyed, merrier, or more beloved than Striped Chipmunk. He likes best the edge of the Green Forest where the old stone wall separates it from the Green Meadows, and there the Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind go to play with him every day. He dearly loves the sunshine, and it seems as if he must have some secret way of taking it right into his small self, for he is so sunny-hearted that he brightens even the gloomiest day. No one can have a long face when Striped Chipmunk is about. Yes, sir, it must be that he has some secret way of taking in the sunshine. You know, he is very fond of secrets and has some of the very nicest ones. He keeps them, too. No one can keep a secret better than Striped Chipmunk. That is because he keeps it wholly to himself—doesn't tell even so many as one, which is the only way to keep a secret.

If you tell one and he tells one Your secret's known by three. But just one more will make it four; It can no secret be.

On this particular morning Striped Chipmunk was in the best of spirits. He whisked in and out between the stones of the old wall, raced along the top, chased his tail, and did other foolish things, just to show how happy he felt. Farmer Brown's Boy, throwing sticks up in the chestnut trees to knock down the nuts, stopped two or three times to laugh at him, and, though Farmer Brown's Boy didn't know it, Striped Chipmunk laughed back. Chatterer the Red Squirrel heard them both laugh and they scowled. Yes, sir, they scowled. Then they said things, unpleasant things, to Striped Chipmunk and Farmer Brown's Boy. They scolded as fast as their tongues could go.

Farmer Brown's Boy didn't mind. In the first place, he didn't know that they were scolding him, and if

he had he wouldn't have cared, because he is so much bigger than they that the dreadful threats they made would only have tickled him if he could have understood them. And Striped Chipmunk didn't mind. Bless you, no! He only chuckled and laughed the more as he listened to his two angry cousins.

"What are you laughing at and having such a good time about?" asked one of the Merry Little



Striped Chipmunk laughed harder than ever.

Breezes. "Tell us, so that we can laugh, too."

"It's a joke, the best joke ever, but it's a secret joke," replied Striped Chipmunk.

"Don't Chatterer and Happy Jack know it?" demanded the Merry Little Breezes.

Striped Chipmunk laughed harder than ever. "They don't know it is a joke," said he. "They think it isn't, but it is. Really it is."

The Merry Little Breezes laughed just because Striped Chipmunk did. They just had to. "Has Farmer Brown's Boy anything to do with that joke?" asked another Merry Little Breeze.

Striped Chipmunk nodded as if he were trying to nod his head off. "He's all of it!" he cried.

The Merry Little Breezes looked at Farmer Brown's Boy very hard, but they couldn't see any joke. He looked to them just as he always did. Then they gave it up, rumbled Striped Chipmunk's hair, and raced over to help Farmer Brown's Boy get the brown nuts by shaking the tops of the trees. And when they did that Striped Chipmunk laughed harder than ever and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel scolded harder than ever.

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

Famous Yosemite Pine

Thrives Without Soil
YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIF.—Occasioned by the questions of tourists, a study of a lone pine tree that grows out of a solid rock surface high above the Yosemite valley has been made by the National Park service.

Naturalists said the tree, which is 80 feet tall, grows out of a fissure in the granite face known as El Capitan. Its food is manufactured in its leaves from water and carbon dioxide, and such minerals as it requires may be obtained from the rock. Its supply of moisture apparently is gained from winter rain and snow.

Thus it thrives without soil.

Chester the Pup

By GEORGE O. HALLORAN



MAC TAVISH and I went along with Pitcher-puss this afternoon to look for mushrooms. He knows less about mushrooms than an Australian fish hawk knows about the Einstein theory, but we didn't have any trouble picking a big pail full. On the way back to the car Mac and I chased a squirrel up a Hickory tree, so Pitcher-puss thought he'd take a few nuts home with him. Then he climbed up the tree and while swinging back and forth through the branches he managed to gather a half dozen nuts before he missed a branch and fell out of the tree like a last year's hornet nest. So we picked up the pail of mushrooms and went home. Charlene says she never saw such a lethal bunch of poisonous toad stools in her life. So she threw them in the furnace and we had fried onions on our steak instead.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Sure to Pass Nazi Plane Production by September

LONDON.—Sir Walter Citrine, general secretary of the British Trades Union congress, told a press conference that American and British production of planes and war materials would surpass Germany's output by September.

Sir Walter, who has just returned from a tour of the United States, said, however, the peak of American production would not be reached until the middle or end of 1942.

He said he believed that Americans failed "to approach the problem of training workers in the right way" and explained there was "no real national effort of training in the same sense as ours."

British Gobs Can't Sign Love and X's Any More

LONDON.—British sailors no longer may sign letters to their girl friends with the traditional "Love and X X X." Regulations ban the crosses on the grounds they might be employed by spies for code messages.

Parliament Members Serve British Army

LONDON.—One hundred and sixty-six members of the house of lords and 116 members of commons are serving in Britain's armed forces.

Of the total, 225 are in the army, 31 in the navy and 26 in the Royal Air force. These figures are exclusive of members serving with the Home Guard.

Minute Make-Ups

By V. V.



ADD luster to the natural healthy glow of your eyes by giving your brows and lashes a minute of care each day. Stroke them gently with lash oil—or just plain vaseline. This gives them sheen and keeps them silky. Incidentally, the oil serves as a grand base for mascara.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Boston Terrier Gets Confidential



Even though he was declared best of breed in a dog show at Bloomingdale, N. Y., "Skippy," toy Boston terrier, would rather forget the whole thing. He seems very interested in little Katharine Nolan, a youthful admirer who probably shares his desire to get out and play.

HOMING PIGEONS GIVE RELIABLE ARMY COMMUNICATIONS

PITTSBURGH.—The homing pigeon is the only form of military communication that can survive blitzkrieg tactics, in the belief of Maj. John K. Shawvan, head of the army's pigeon service.

Major Shawvan is directing the work of "drafting" thousands of homing pigeons from their fanciers all over the United States, and training the birds in two-way flights. During the World war homing pigeons

were taught to fly only one way.

"The principle of the blitzkrieg, as developed by the German army, is to drive a spearhead in the enemy lines, then fan out in all directions and demoralize the enemy by cutting communications and isolating the different units," Major Shawvan explained.

"That is what happened in the Low Countries and in France, and the only answer to it is the homing

pigeon. It is the only form of communication which cannot be cut by the blitzkrieg. It will hop right over it."

Major Shawvan pointed out that the experience of the last war demonstrated that, even though the pigeon remained when all other forms of communication were cut, it was still possible for a unit to be cut off because pigeons were trained to fly one way only.

Now, however, he said the army doesn't have to maintain a fresh supply of pigeons in the front lines. He added that military officials have been conducting large-scale experiments to develop two-way flights with success.

"The whole theory of homing pigeons has been revolutionized by these two-way flights," he said, "and as a result we won't have any more 'lost battalions.'"

The Friona Star

JOHN W. WHITE
Editor and Publisher

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Six Months, Outside Zone 1 \$1.25

Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Friona Star will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Local reading notices, 2 cents per word per insertion.

Display rates quoted on application to the publisher.

JODOK

We buy almost daily at our home stores, and if we are not careful when we buy away from home, we are likely to pay too much freight. And this philosophy will apply whether we live at Friona or at some other town. It just occurs to me that these big variances in prices as between one town and another, are largely imaginary, after all.

I recall another incident which came under my notice not so long ago when a citizen of Friona territory was telling a stranger about just such things as I have just mentioned, and among other things he mentioned a matter that was not to his liking and for which he blamed the Friona Chamber of Commerce. But I happened to know that the local chamber of commerce had not a thing to do with, nor a word to say in the matter he had mentioned. I did not know whether the matter was as objectionable as it had been made to appear, but I did happen to know that the chamber of commerce was not to blame for it, so I just summoned up the temerity to break in and make the necessary correction. I just wanted the stranger to get it straight so far as I was able to enlighten him.

I realize the fact that stores in the same town have little different prices on some articles, some selling the article for a few cents less than the other. Take smokin' tabacker, for instance. I like to smoke "Velvet", whenever I can afford it. I have to buy the cheapest tabacker I can get, and get it at the store where I can get it the cheapest, and then it is a hard job for me to keep myself in tabacker, for John Silvertooth's pipe holds about three times as much as mine does, and when he fills out of my can he gets about three times as much as I do when I fill out of his can, so I have to be careful where I buy. Therefore, when I buy "Velvet", I go to the stores where I can get it the cheapest, and that is how I happen to know that different stores have different prices on some things, right here at Friona. But I do not pay any freight.

I was reading "Deck's Didactics," in Deskins Wells' paper, "The Wellington Leader", and he mentioned an editorial that was written by Mr. Ed. Bishop, editor of the "Dalhart Texan," and Deck had printed the editorial in his editorial column of the Leader, and asked his readers to turn to it and read it, which I did.

It was a most worthy editorial and breathed forth fervent patriotism in every line, and is worthy to be read by all really patriotic Americans, and is just such an editorial as should be written by all editors of all American newspapers.

I have mislaid the paper and am therefore unable to quote the editorial here, else I should be glad to do so. But there were two expressions in the editorial which I could not make dovetail. One was the expression of the inference that the emergency is so great that the President has been given almost unlimited power to act as he sees fit, and later on in the editorial the writer made the expression that, under the present condition of strikes in the plants that are, or are supposed to be, manufacturing war materials for our defense program, that the President's hands are tied so far as curing the situation is concerned, and it was also inferred that congress was also impotent to do anything to help the situation, by producing legislation that would empower the President to act.

It occurs to me that congress has conferred upon the President every power and authority he has ever asked for, and is it possible that this is the only power he has not asked for, and has it been withheld by congress simply because he has not asked for it? Then why has he not asked for it? Is it because he does not wish to have such a power conferred upon him, because he does not wish to use it? And if it were conferred by congress without his asking for it, would he see fit to use such a power after it had been conferred? Maybe the President does not want such a power given him. Maybe

Go To Church Sunday

Church-going people are happier people. Let's make Sunday a day of rest and worship

WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

The two Circles of the Woman's Society of Christian Service met with Mrs. Tom Lewis for a social, Monday afternoon, April 7th.

After a short business meeting, conducted by the president, the meeting was turned over to Mrs. Ralph Smith.

First, the song, "Let The Lower Lights Be Burning," was sung, then the program, "I Trace the Lines of the Horizon," was discussed by Neva Raybon. The devotional was led by Frances Key.

Punch and cake were served to: Mmes. Bulls, Williams, McFarland, Crook, Smith, Jones, Shaffer and Hill and Misses Neva Raybon and Frances Key, and the hostess.

OKLAHOMA LANE JUNIOR 4-H CLUB

On April 1 we had a called meeting to get ready for the meeting with Miss Cunningham on April 2. We also had reports on the money that was made from the Stuttering Sam show. Our share of the proceeds amounted to \$40.45. Miss Cunningham met with on April 2, and gave us our yearbooks. She also explained them to us. We have the following new members: Billie Jean Roach, Bonnie Foster, Bobby Lou Ford, Betty June Hughes, Lovysa Hurst, Louise Rundell, Wilma Atchley, Wilma Dell Doshier.

FRIONA SENIOR 4-H CLUB

The Friona 4-H club met on April 7 in the Friona high school building. Those present were Mrs. Neva Raybon, our sponsor; Miss Cunningham, the county agent, and eight members.

Miss Cunningham gave talks on "Good Looks for Girls" and "Are You Growing Gracefully?" One goal is to be completed by each girl by the next meeting, which is to be the first Monday in May.

RECEIVED DAIRY SHOW CATALOG

The Star office is in receipt of a copy of the Fourth Annual Panhandle-Plains Dairy Show Catalog and Premium List.

The show will be held at Plainview, May 6th-10th.

Rev. L. L. Hill, pastor of the local Methodist church, drove to Amarillo, Monday. His son, Lester Lee, who had been spending the weekend there with a cousin, returned home with him.

I would not want it either, if I were president. But I am not, in any sense, criticizing Mr. Bishop's editorial. It is one of the best I have ever read. I am just asking these questions for information. Maybe these conditions have already been arranged for, and the only matter is, that I am so densely dumb that the fact has never accomplished penetration.

I surely approve of the attitude of the Farmer County Democratic organization in sending the terse, not to be misunderstood, telegram to our Congressmen and Senators, signed by Mr. Anderson, the county Chairman. I have no doubt but that the sentiment expressed therein will meet the approval of all who may read it, but it is encouraging to know that someone has the abdominal contents to express it.

And here is something that came in one of Boyce House's letters. It would be nice if the Star could print all of Mr. House's letters, but Uncle John says he just does not have room for all of them. But I feel sure all our people who have not already read this little poem will enjoy reading it. Mr. House says the author is unknown to him, so I guess it is not copyrighted; so please read it for your own enjoyment.

I hate to be a kicker. I always long for peace. But the wheel that does the squeaking.

Is the one that gets the grease.

It's nice to be a peaceful soul. And not too hard to please.

Put the dog that's always scratching.

Is the one that has the fleas.

I just to be a kicker. Means nothing in a show.

For the kickers in the chorus. Are the ones that get the dough.

The art of soft-soap spreading. Is a thing that palls and stales. Put the guy who wields the hammer.

Is the guy that drives the nails.

Let us not put any notions. In our heads. Let the baby that keeps pulling.

Be the baby that gets the feed.

Nothing is so common as to find. P. Wade's Jayson Chronicle.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

FRIONA METHODIST CHURCH

"The Friendly Church"
Weekly Calendar of Activities

Sunday
10 A. M., Church School.
11 A. M., Church Services.

7:15 P. M., Group meetings for a week.

8 P. M., Church Services Monday

3 P. M., Women's Missionary Society.

Wednesday
8 P. M., Fellowship meeting

BAPTIST CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday Services:
Bible School 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Services 11:00 a. m.

B. T. U., 8:45, Evening.
Preaching Services 7:45, Evening

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening, 7:30.

W. M. S., Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.
Joe Wilson, Pastor.

SIXTH STREET CHURCH OF CHRIST

Sunday Services
Bible Study, 10:00 a. m.
Communion Services, 11:45 a. m.

Young People's Training Class, 7:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting each Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

UNION CHURCH (Congregational)

"The Church of Wide Fellowship"

Sunday Services:
Church School 10:00 a. m., Otho Whitefield, Superintendent.

Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m. C. Carl Dollar, Minister.

Young People's Society, 7:00 p. m., Miss Jacquelyn Wilkinson, President.

"This church practices union. Has no creed.

Seeks to make religion As intelligent as science.

As appealing as art. As vital as the day's work.

As intimate as home. As inspiring as love."

WILL INSTALL LOCKER

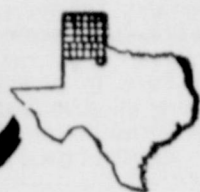
In an interview with Mr. T. J. Crawford, of this city, he stated that he has definitely decided to install a cold storage locker in connection with his mercantile business.

This locker will be for the use and good of the entire community and will be one of our most progressive innovations.

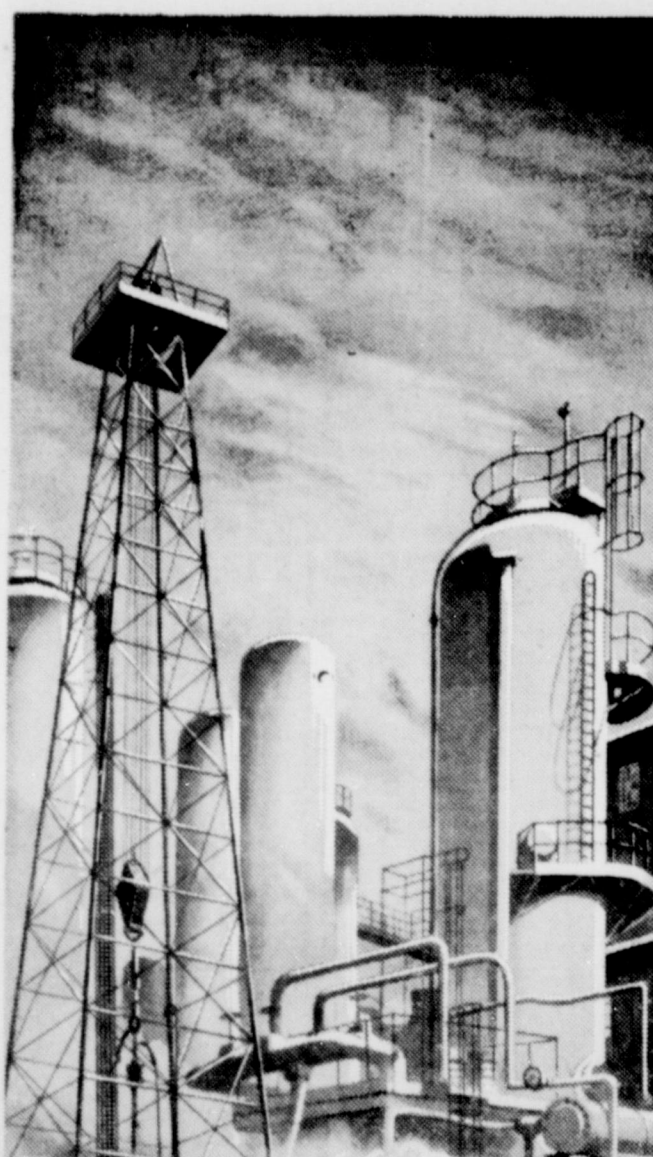
Dollar Day April 12.

IF YOU LIVE IN

the Panhandle



YOU'RE IN THE OIL BUSINESS

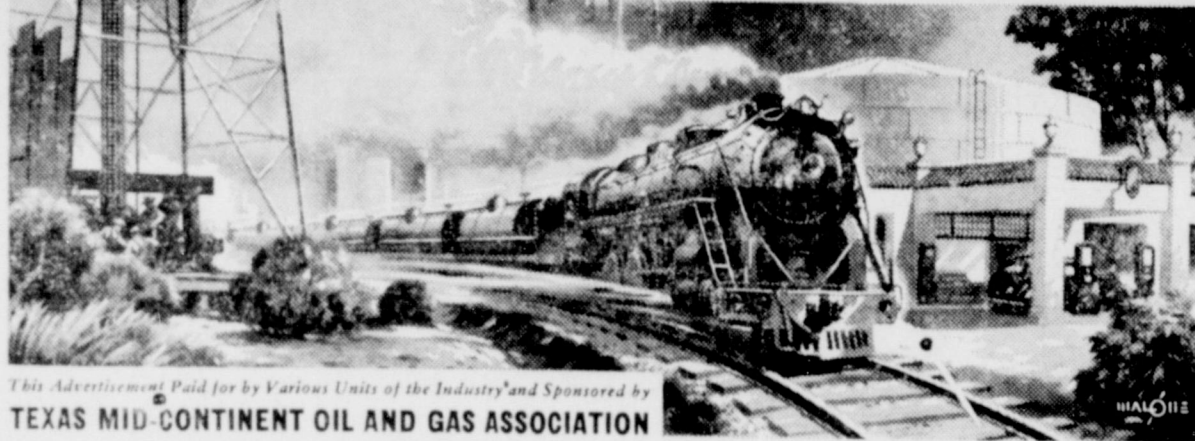


There are nearly 65,000 like us, including oil workers and our families, in the Texas Panhandle. We get our entire living from oil and gas. The wage earners of our group receive over 19 million dollars a year.

My Dad is a rancher. He gets nearly one-fourth as much from his lease and royalty payments as he does from his cattle and crops. Over four million acres of Panhandle lands are now under lease and nearly 1 1/2 million produce oil or gas.

The oil and gas industry spends in our Panhandle area 50 million dollars a year. This money, paid to workers, ranchers, farmers, tax collectors and others, is spent and re-spent until every merchant, business and professional man—in fact everyone—in our section gets his share of it.

You and I and our families and our community have a very important stake in the oil and gas industry and its future in Texas.



This Advertisement Paid for by Various Units of the Industry and Sponsored by TEXAS MID-CONTINENT OIL AND GAS ASSOCIATION



You'll be SURPRISED WHEN YOU SEE...

What a lot you get for a little

See these SENSATIONAL BARGAINS Today

1941, Special Leach Tourer, \$630.00

1939, Master Leach Tourer, \$475.00

1942, Chev. 1-2 ton truck, \$625.00

1939, Chev. 1-2 ton Pickup, \$550.00

1938, I. H. C. Pickup, \$250.00

See US and save on New and Used Cars.

Reeve Chevrolet Company.

Dr. R. J. McReynolds
Announces
The Opening Of His Office
In Warren Building
Friona Texas

HOME DEMONSTRATION NEWS

One of the household articles that has suffered most from these dust storms this spring is the sewing machine. Like other pieces of machinery, the sewing machine needs a general overhauling about once a year. The Home Demonstration clubs of Farmer county plan to make this possible this year through two sewing machine clinics.

Miss Elsie Cunningham, home demonstration agent, says the Singer Sewing Machine company has agreed to send the manager from Lubbock, Mr. McKnight, and the sewing teacher, Miss Davis, to render this service.

The first clinic will be held April 29 at the Oklahoma Lane school building. The Oklahoma Lane club will be hostess to the clubwomen of the southern part of the county that day.

One week later, May 6, the second clinic will be held for the convenience of those living in the northern part of the county. The Live-at-Home club will be hostess and will secure a centrally located building in Friona for the meeting.

Anyone having a machine they want put in order is invited to attend these clinics. More information will be given next week. Watch your paper.

Miss Elsie Cunningham, Home Demonstration Agent, and Mr. Jason Gordon, County Agent, will attend a meeting at Muleshoe Saturday, April 12. Officials from College Station will be present to set up plans for a national defense program on growing feed and food. Agents from Bailey, Farmer, Castro, Cochran and Lamb counties will attend.

Home Economics trained women of Farmer county are requested to meet in Farwell, April 22, 7:00 p. m., at Miss Elsie Cunningham's apartment for the purpose of forming a County Home Economics Association.

Miss Cunningham says the American Home Economics Association is asking home economics workers to form similar units throughout the United States with the view of being ready for any help which they, as professional people, may be able to give in the total defense program.

Miss Elsie Cunningham, Home Demonstration Agent, announced this week that the AAA office had turned to her 414 applications which had been approved for cotton mattresses. She stated that Mr. Garlon Harper, ACA secretary, had informed her that cotton and ticking had been ordered and they expected the materials to be delivered sometime this month.

OKLAHOMA LANE HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB

"Panning your wardrobe" was the subject of a demonstration by Miss Elsie Cunningham to the Oklahoma Lane home demonstration club in the club room, Friday, April 4.

A round-table discussion on the essentials of a well-dressed person was followed by a showing of how a plain black dress could be entirely changed by using different accessories, such as collars, necklaces, clips, pins, hats and bags.

The club made tentative plans for an exhibit for National Egg Week, May 1st-8th inclusive. Watch for announcements and posters.

A sewing machine clinic will be held in the club room, April 29th.

Those present were: Miss Elsie Cunningham; Mesdames Lee Thompson, E. R. Barry, J. R. Caldwell, Clyde Perkins, A. B. Wilkinson, R. L. Henson, S. H. Sides, Thad Watkins and Alta Roberson.

RHEA CLUB

A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by the members of the club in the club room, Tuesday, April 1st. Arrangements for the spring clothing were made for the club's adopted orphan, Ruby Miller, at Portales. Each member will donate some article of clothing. A fine demonstration was given by our agent, Miss Cunningham, on clothing. Lots of the finer points were brought out and discussed such as simplicity, becomingness, quality, harmonious colors, style and fashions and individual taste.

Mrs. C. L. Calaway was elected Land Use Committee representative from this community. Those present were: Mesdames Charlie Rogers, Ralph Simpson, Robert Calaway, Boye Taylor, Russell Harrington, Tom Hurst, Chas. Schlenker, Kenneth Houlette, Ralph Wilson, Floyd Schlenker, Louie Hoffman, Herman Shuculer, Henry Reynolds, Charlie Calaway, Travis Brown, and Miss Elsie Cunningham. Club will meet April 15th in the club room with the clothing demonstrator, Mrs. Charlie Rogers, in charge. Everyone is urged to come and bring large scraps of material, as a demonstration on "Beaming Colors" will be given.

Ladies, to this advice give heed—

In controlling men:

If at first you don't succeed,

Why, cry, cry again.

Diner: There isn't a bit of turtle in this turtle soup.

Waitress: Well, we have cabinet pudding, but you wouldn't expect to find Harold Ickes in it, would you?

Lady: Have you tried to cure this parrot of swearing?

Pet Shop Owner: H--- yes, lady, but the d--- fool bird keeps getting worse.

Legal Notices

Citation by Publication — Tax Suits
THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Farmer County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Paul Pudwill, deceased, and his widow, Katherina Pudwill, Jacob R. Pudwill, Paul J. Pudwill, David S. Pudwill, Harold Pudwill, Katie Pudwill and her husband, if married, Anna Donner, and husband, T. T. Donner, John J. Pudwill, and wife, Rose Pudwill, Lydia Herr, and husband, August W. Herr, whose residences are unknown, Theo. Pudwill, and wife, Ida Pudwill, whose residence is Danzig, McIntosh County, North Dakota, Sophia Meidinger, and husband, John R. Meidinger, William J. Pudwill, and wife, Christine Pudwill, Emma Anderson, her husband, Anthony Anderson, all of whose residences are unknown, and Unknown Owner or Owners, and Unknown Heirs of the said above named and described parties and of said Unknown Owner or Owners of the herein described land by making publication of this Citation once in each week for two consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in a newspaper in an adjoining county, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court, 69th Judicial District of Farmer County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in the Town of Farwell, Texas, on the 2nd Monday in July, A. D. 1941, then and there to appear and defend the suit filed in said court on the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1941, in cause numbered 1122 wherein the State of Texas and the County of Farmer, of said State, are plaintiffs, and Paul Pudwill, deceased, and his widow, Katherina Pudwill, Jacob R. Pudwill, Paul J. Pudwill, David S. Pudwill, Harold Pudwill, Katie Pudwill, and her husband, if married, Anna Donner, and husband, T. T. Donner, John J. Pudwill, and wife, Rose Pudwill, Lydia Herr, and husband, August W. Herr, whose residences are unknown, Theo. Pudwill, and wife, Ida Pudwill, whose residence is Danzig, McIntosh County, North Dakota, Sophia Meidinger, and husband, John R. Meidinger, William J. Pudwill, and wife, Christine Pudwill, Emma Anderson, and husband, Anthony Anderson, all of whose residences are unknown, and Unknown Owner or Owners, and the Unknown Heirs of the said above named and described parties and of said Unknown Owner or Owners of the herein described lands are defendants.

The taxes for Lakeview, Common School District No. 7, are collected by the Tax Collector of Farmer County, Texas, and are here included.

That suit has been brought by the plaintiffs for the collection of delinquent taxes for the years 1932 to 1939 inclusive for the following amounts exclusive of interest, penalties and costs, to wit: \$63.24 for State

taxes and \$172.15 for County and District taxes, together with interest penalties and costs allowed by law. Said taxes are due upon the following described lands/or lots situated in Farmer County, Texas:

All of the West one-half (W 1/2) of the South three hundred and twenty (S 320) acres of Section No. eight (8) Township Five and one-half (5 1/2) South, Range Five (5) East, Farmer County, Texas, being a part of Capitol League 512 and containing 160 acres of land in Farmer County, Texas.

Plaintiffs allege a prior and constitutional lien upon said land for said taxes, interest, penalties and all costs allowed by law, and pray for the foreclosure of said lien and sale of said lands for the satisfaction of the same.

Each party to said suit shall take notice of, and plead and answer to, all claims and pleadings now on file and hereafter filed in said cause by all other parties therein.

Herein fail not, but have you before said court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court in the Town of Farwell, Texas, this the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1941.

D. K. ROBERTS
Clerk of the District Court
Farmer County, Texas
By DEALVA WHITE
Deputy

Issued this the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1941.

D. K. ROBERTS
Clerk of the District Court
Farmer County, Texas
By DEALVA WHITE
Deputy

Want Ads

FOR SALE—Short Horn bull calf, 10 months old. See Foister Rector, five and a half miles south of Friona. 1td.

G.E. Ironing Board
And Iron.
\$14.50 Value, \$9.95

BLACKWELL
Hdw. & Furn. CO

FRIONA JUNIOR 4-H CLUB

The Friona Junior 4-H club met at the grade school building, Monday, April 7.

Papers entitled "Good Looks for Girls" and "How to Make a Sewing Box" were handed out to the girls present. Miss Cunningham told how to make a sewing box and the things needed for it. The girls are going to make a sewing box. Each chose to make an apron, a dresser scarf, a bonnet, or a luncheon set.

Bobbie Jean Breeze was elected as song leader. Murna Loy Welch was elected as secretary.

After the business session, games were played.

Those present were: Virginia Lee Appel, Bobbie Jean Breeze, Tommie Lou Turner, Elwanda Strickland.

Irene White, Murna Loy Welch, Edna Earl Talbot, Lunell McFarland, and Miss Elsie Cunningham.

NOTICE TO ALL AUXILIARY

To all your Auxiliary members who so willingly signed your registration papers, I sincerely thank you. Please come to our next Auxiliary meeting on April 8. We have some business that must be taken care of. And don't forget the 18th district spring convention, April 19 and 20, held at Amarillo.

Your Auxiliary President.

A total of 51,729 persons are employed in 12,970 Texas schools and colleges to teach 1,464,802 pupils.

1901 1941

E. B. BLACK CO.
Furniture and Undertaking
Prompt Ambulance Service

We now offer \$150.00 cash burial insurance at low cost.

Hereford Texas

OUR BEST WISHES

For A Happy Easter

And Calling Your Attention To Our Stock Of
EASTER CARDS AND CANDIES
OUR NEXT

One-Cent Sale

Will Begin Wednesday, April 16th and continue through Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

Be Prepared To Take Advantage Of The Bargains That Will Then Be Offered.

One Registered Pharmacist in Charge
We Will Fill Any Doctor's Prescription.

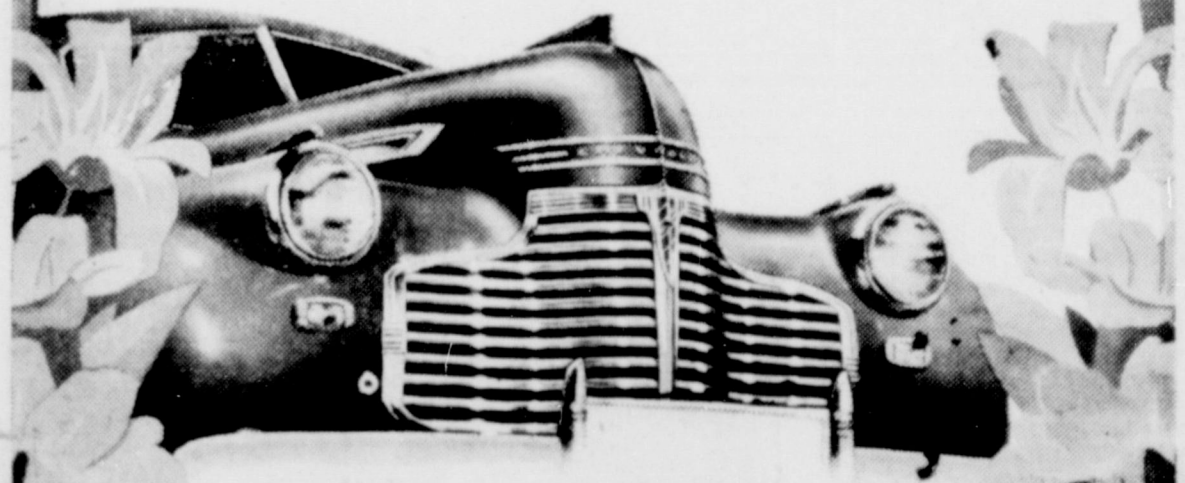
City Drug Store
The Rexall Store

CHEVROLET

Presents A Great Spring

"COLORCADE"

of the world's leading low-priced cars
by the world's leading motor car builder



NEW CHEVROLET FLEETLINE . . .

ALSO NEW 1941 SPECIAL DE LUXE MODELS

in the most beautiful, most modern color harmonies

SPECIAL SPRINGTIME "BLUES" AND "GREENS" WITH
MATCHING BODY AND UPHOLSTERY COMBINATIONS

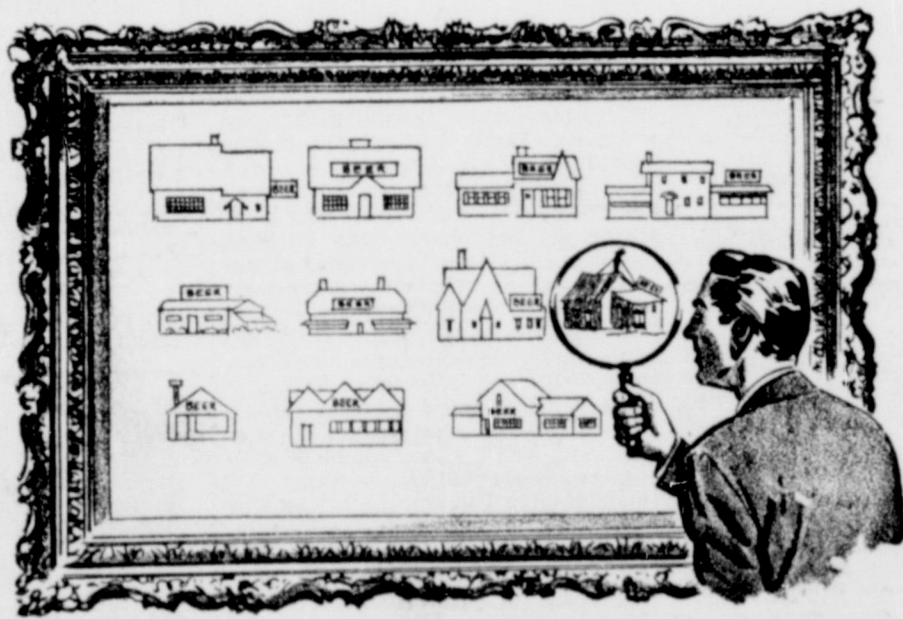
10 different and distinctive color selections . . . 4 beautiful two-tone combinations. . . Come in and see the most stunningly styled and tastefully decorated group of motor cars ever presented in the low-price field

YOU'LL SAY, "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!"

REEVE CHEVROLET CO.

THE RECORD . . . Facts That Concern You

No. 26 of a Series



ARE YOU SEEING ONLY PART OF THE PICTURE?

The great majority of beer retail establishments are clean wholesome places.

Yet it is the once-in-a-while exception—the anti-social, law-violating tavern that everybody notices

Such undesirable retailers give beer a bad name it doesn't deserve. Furthermore, by arousing public indignation, retailing abuses endanger your right to enjoy good beer, the beverage of moderation. They also endanger the benefits that beer has brought to Texas—31,165 persons employed since re-legal-

ization, an annual payroll of \$22,076,182 and \$2,273,968.64 taxes paid last year.

While it is the brewers' responsibility to brew good beer and the retailers' responsibility to sell it under wholesome conditions, nevertheless the brewing industry wants anti-social retailing eliminated entirely.

You can help us by (1) patronizing only the legal and reputable places where beer is sold and (2) by reporting any law violations you may observe to the duly constituted law enforcement authorities.

BEER...a beverage of moderation



The Friona Star

JOHN W. WHITE
Editor and Publisher

Subscription Rates:
 One Year, Zone 1 \$1.50
 Six Months, Zone 1 \$.80
 One Year, Outside Zone 1 \$2.00
 Six Months, Outside Zone 1 \$1.25
 Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
 Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Friona Star will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher. Local reading notices, 2 cents per word per insertion.
 Display rates quoted on application to the publisher.

JODOK

We buy almost daily at our home stores, and if we are not careful when we buy away from home, we are likely to pay too much freight. And this philosophy will apply whether we live at Friona or at some other town. It just occurs to me that these big variances in prices as between one town and another, are largely imaginary, after all.

I recall another incident which came under my notice not so long ago when a citizen of Friona territory was telling a stranger about just such things as I have just mentioned, and among other things he mentioned a matter that was not to his liking and for which he blamed the Friona Chamber of Commerce. But I happened to know that the local chamber of commerce had not a thing to do with, nor a word to say in the matter he had mentioned. I did not know whether the matter was as objectionable as it had been made to appear, but I did happen to know that the chamber of commerce was not to blame for it, so I just summoned up the temerity to break in and make the necessary correction. I just wanted the stranger to get it straight so far as I was able to enlighten him.

I realize the fact that stores in the same town have little different prices on some articles, some selling the article for a few cents less than the other. Take smokin' tabacker, for instance. I like to smoke "Velvet" whenever I can afford it. I have to buy the cheapest tabacker I can get, and get it at the store where I can get it the cheapest, and then it is a hard job for me to keep myself in tabacker, for John Silvertooth's pipe holds about three times as much as mine does, and when he fills out of my can he gets about three times as much as I do when I fill out of his can, so I have to be careful where I buy. Therefore, when I buy "Velvet", I go to the stores where I can get it the cheapest, and that is how I happen to know that different stores have different prices on some things, right here at Friona. But I do not pay any freight.

I was reading "Deck's Didactics," in Deskins Wells' paper, "The Wellington Leader", and he mentioned an editorial that was written by Mr. Ed. Bishop, editor of the "Dalhart Texan," and Deck had printed the editorial in his editorial column of the Leader, and asked his readers to turn to it and read it, which I did.

It was a most worthy editorial and breathed forth fervent patriotism in every line, and is worthy to be read by all really patriotic Americans, and is just such an editorial as should be written by all editors of all American newspapers.

I have mislaid the paper and am therefore unable to quote the editorial here, else I should be glad to do so. But there were two expressions in the editorial which I could not make dovetail. One was the expression or the inference that the emergency is so great that the President has been given almost unlimited power to act as he sees fit, and later on in the editorial the writer made the expression that, under the present condition of strikes in the plants that are, or are supposed to be, manufacturing war materials for our defense program, that the President's hands are tied so far as curing the situation is concerned; and it was also inferred that congress was also impotent to do anything to help the situation, by producing legislation that would empower the President to act.

It occurs to me that congress has conferred upon the President every power and authority he has ever asked for, and it is possible that this is the only power he has not asked for, and has it been withheld by congress simply because he has not asked for it? Then why has he not asked for it? Is it because he does not wish to have such a power conferred upon him, because he does not wish to use it? And if it were conferred by congress without his asking for it, would he see fit to use such a power after it had been conferred? Maybe the President does not want such a power given him. Maybe

Go To Church Sunday

Church-going people are happier people. Let's make Sunday a day of rest and worship

WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

The two Circles of the Woman's Society of Christian Service met with Mrs. Tom Lewis for a social, Monday afternoon, April 7th.
 After a short business meeting, conducted by the president, the meeting was turned over to Mrs. Ralph Smith.
 First, the song, "Let The Lower Lights Be Burning," was sung, then the program, "I Trace the Lines of the Horizon," was discussed by Neva Raybon. The devotional was led by Frances Key.
 Punch and cake were served to: Mrs. Bulls, Williams, McFarland, Crook, Smith, Jones, Shaffer and Hill and Misses Neva Raybon and Frances Key, and the hostess.

OKLAHOMA LANE JUNIOR 4-H CLUB

On April 1 we had a called meeting to get ready for the meeting with Miss Cunningham on April 2. We also had reports on the money that was made from the Stuttering Sam show. Our share of the proceeds amounted to \$40.45. Miss Cunningham met with on April 2, and gave us our yearbooks. She also explained them to us. We have the following new members: Billie Jean Roach, Bonnie Foster, Bobby Lou Ford, Betty June Hughes, Loyssa Hurst, Louise Rundell, Wilma Atchley, Wilma Dell Doshier.

FRIONA SENIOR 4-H CLUB

The Friona 4-H club met on April 7 in the Friona high school building. Those present were Mrs. Neva Raybon, our sponsor; Miss Cunningham, the county agent, and eight members.

Miss Cunningham gave talks on "Good Looks for Girls" and "Are You Growing Gracefully?" One goal is to be completed by each girl by the next meeting, which is to be the first Monday in May.

RECEIVED DAIRY SHOW CATALOG

The Star office is in receipt of a copy of the Fourth Annual Panhandle-Plains Dairy Show Catalog and Premium List.

The show will be held at Plainview, May 6th-10th.

Rev. L. L. Hill, pastor of the local Methodist church, drove to Amarillo, Monday. His son, Lester Lee, who had been spending the weekend there with a cousin, returned home with him.

I would not want it either, if I were president. But I am not, in any sense, criticizing Mr. Bishop's editorial. It is one of the best I have ever read. I am just asking these questions for information. Maybe these conditions have already been arranged for, and the only matter is, that I am so densely dumb that the fact has never accomplished penetration.

I surely approve of the attitude of the Farmer County Democratic organization in sending the terse, not to be misunderstood, telegram to our Congressmen and Senators, signed by Mr. Anderson, the county Chairman. I have no doubt but that the sentiment expressed therein will meet the approval of all who may read it, but it is encouraging to know that someone has the abdominal contents to express it.

And here is something that came in one of Boyce House's letters. I would be nice if the Star could print all of Mr. House's letters, but Uncle John says he just does not have room for all of them. But I feel sure all our people who have not already read this little poem will enjoy reading it. Mr. House says the author is unknown to him, so I guess it is not copyrighted, so please read it for your own enjoyment.

I hate to be a kicker.
 I always long for peace.
 But the wheel that does the squeaking,
 Is the one that gets the grease.
 It's nice to be a peaceful soul,
 And not too hard to please.
 But the dog that's always scratching,
 Is the one that has the fleas.
 I hate to be a kicker,
 Means nothing in a show.
 For the kickers in the chorus
 Are the ones that get the dough.

The art of soft-soap spreading
 Is a thing that palls and stales,
 Put the guy who wields the hammer
 Is the guy that drives the nails.

Let us not put any notions
 That are harmful in your head,
 Put the baby that keeps smiling
 Is the baby that gets the fat.

Let us not put any notions
 That are harmful in your head,
 Put the baby that keeps smiling
 Is the baby that gets the fat.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

FRIONA METHODIST CHURCH

"The Friendly Church"
 Weekly Calendar of Activities
 Sunday
 10 A. M., Church School.
 11 A. M., Church Services.
 7:15 P. M., Group meetings for a week.
 8 P. M., Church Services
 Monday
 3 P. M., Women's Missionary Society.
 Wednesday
 8 P. M., Fellowship meeting

BAPTIST CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday Services:
 Bible School 10:00 a. m.
 Preaching Services 11:00 a. m.
 B. T. U., 8:45, Evening.
 Preaching Services 7:45, Evening
 Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening, 7:30.
 W. M. S., Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.
 Joe Wilson, Pastor.

SIXTH STREET CHURCH OF CHRIST

Sunday Services
 Bible Study, 10:00 a. m.
 Communion Services, 11:45 a. m.
 Young People's Training Class, 7:30 p. m.
 Prayer Meeting each Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

UNION CHURCH (Congregational)

"The Church of Wide Fellowship"
 Sunday Services:
 Church School 10:00 a. m., Otho Whitefield, Superintendent.
 Morning Worship, 11:00 a. m. C. Carl Dollar, Minister.
 Young People's Society, 7:00 p. m., Miss Jacquelyn Wilkison, President.

"This church practices union.
 Has no creed,
 Seeks to make religion
 As intelligent as science,
 As appealing as art,
 As vital as the day's work,
 As intimate as home,
 As inspiring as love."

WILL INSTALL LOCKER

In an interview with Mr. T. J. Crawford, of this city, he stated that he has definitely decided to install a cold storage locker in connection with his mercantile business.

This locker will be for the use and good of the entire community and will be one of our most progressive innovations.

Dollar Day

April 12.

IF YOU LIVE IN

the Panhandle

YOU'RE IN THE OIL BUSINESS



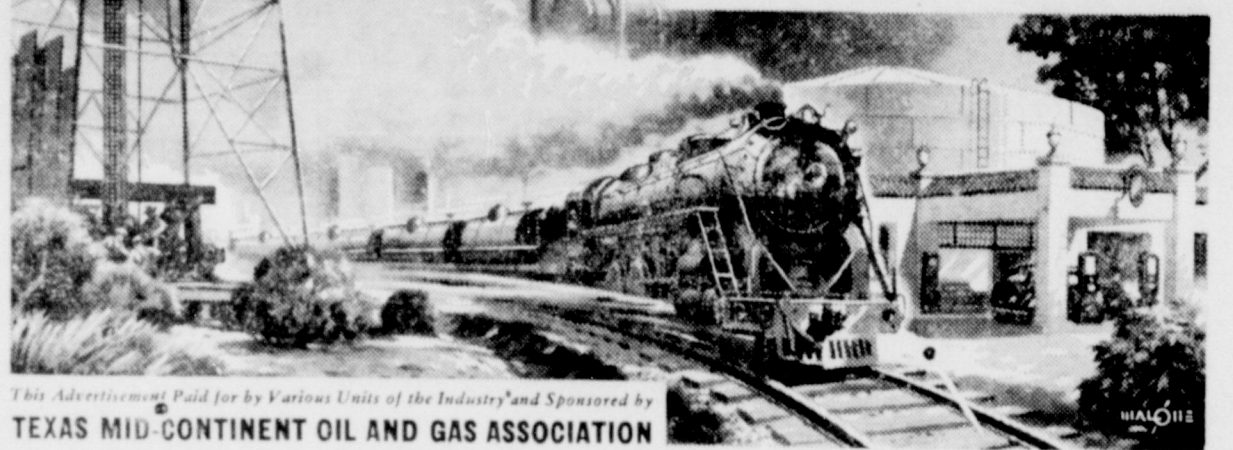
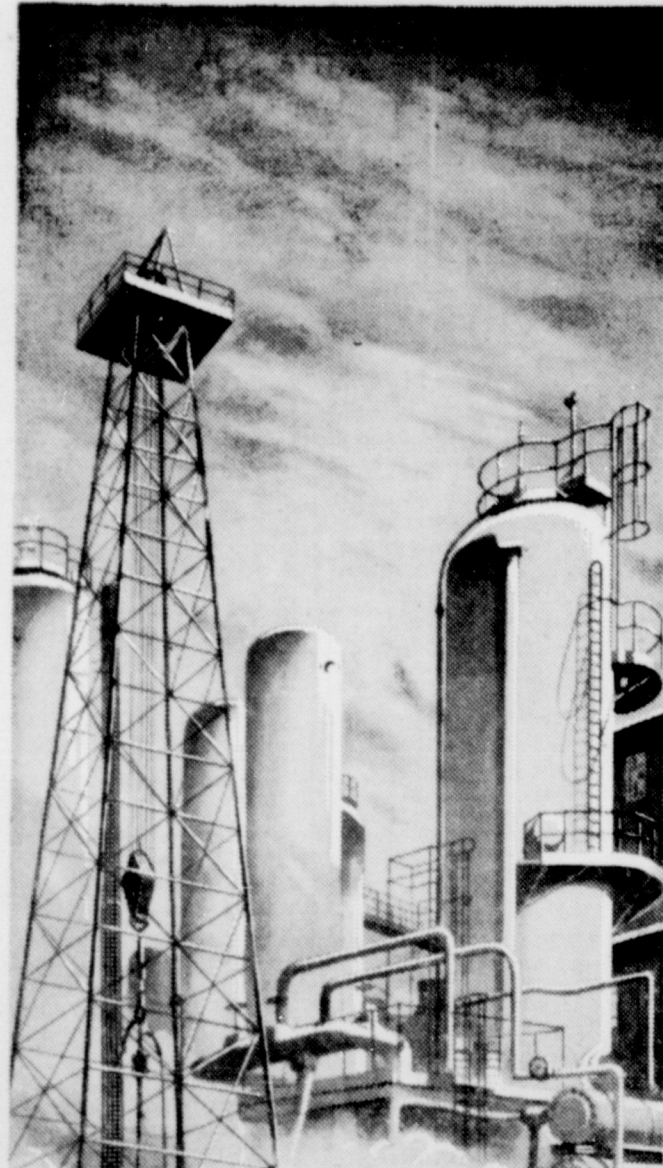
There are nearly 65,000 like us, including oil workers and our families, in the Texas Panhandle. We get our entire living from oil and gas. The wage earners

of our group receive over 19 million dollars a year.

My Dad is a rancher. He gets nearly one-fourth as much from his lease and royalty payments as he does from his cattle and crops. Over four million acres of Panhandle lands are now under lease and nearly 1 1/2 million produce oil or gas.

The oil and gas industry spends in our Panhandle area 50 million dollars a year. This money, paid to workers, ranchers, farmers, tax collectors and others, is spent and re-spent until every merchant, business and professional man—in fact everyone—in our section gets his share of it.

You and I and our families and our community have a very important stake in the oil and gas industry and its future in Texas.



This Advertisement Paid for by Various Units of the Industry and Sponsored by TEXAS MID-CONTINENT OIL AND GAS ASSOCIATION



You'll be **SURPRISED** WHEN YOU SEE...
What a lot you get for a little
 See these **SENSATIONAL BARGAINS Today**

1941 Special Deluxe Tourer \$630.00 1939 Master Deluxe Tourer \$475.00
 1940 Chev. 1-2 ton truck \$625.00 1939 Chev. 1-2 ton Pickup \$550.00
 1938, I. H. C. Pickup \$250.00 See US and save on New and Used Cars.

Reeve Chevrolet Company.

Dr. R. J. McReynolds
Announces
The Opening Of His Office
In Warren Building
Friona Texas

HOME DEMONSTRATION NEWS

One of the household articles that has suffered most from these austere storms this spring is the sewing machine. Like other pieces of machinery, the sewing machine needs a general overhauling about once a year. The Home Demonstration clubs of Parmer county plan to make this possible this year through two sewing machine clinics.

Miss Elsie Cunningham, home demonstration agent, says the Singer Sewing Machine company has agreed to send the manager from Lubbock, Mr. McKnight, and the sewing teacher, Miss Davis, to render this service.

The first clinic will be held April 29 at the Oklahoma Lane school building. The Oklahoma Lane club will be hostess to the clubwomen of the southern part of the county that day.

One week later, May 6, the second clinic will be held for the convenience of those living in the northern part of the county. The Live-at-Home club will be hostess and will secure a centrally located building in Friona for the meeting.

Anyone having a machine they want put in order is invited to attend these clinics. More information will be given next week. Watch your paper.

Miss Elsie Cunningham, Home Demonstration Agent, and Mr. Jason Gordon, County Agent, will attend a meeting at Muleshoe Saturday, April 12. Officials from College Station will be present to set up plans for a national defense program on growing feed and food. Agents from Bailey, Parmer, Castro, Cochran and Lamb counties will attend.

Home Economics trained women of Parmer county are requested to meet in Farwell, April 22, 7:00 p. m., at Miss Elsie Cunningham's apartment for the purpose of forming a County Home Economics Association.

Miss Cunningham says the American Home Economics Association is asking home economics workers to form similar units throughout the United States with the view of being ready for any help which they, as professional people, may be able to give in the total defense program.

Miss Elsie Cunningham, Home Demonstration Agent, announced this week that the AAA office had turned to her 414 applications which had been approved for cotton mattresses. She stated that Mr. Garlon Harper, ACA secretary, had informed her that cotton and ticking had been ordered and they expected the materials to be delivered sometime this month.

OKLAHOMA LANE HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB

"Panning your wardrobe" was the subject of a demonstration by Miss Elsie Cunningham to the Oklahoma Lane home demonstration club in the club room, Friday, April 4.

A round-table discussion on the essentials of a well-dressed person was followed by a showing of how a plain black dress could be entirely changed by using different accessories, such as collars, necklaces, clips, pins, hats and bags.

The club made tentative plans for an exhibit for National Egg Week, May 1st-5th inclusive. Watch for announcements and posters.

A sewing machine clinic will be held in the club room, April 29th.

Those present were: Miss Elsie Cunningham; Mesdames Lee Thompson, E. R. Barry, J. R. Caldwell, Clyde Perkins, A. B. Wilkinson, R. L. Henson, S. H. Sides, Thad Watkins and Alta Roberson.

RHEA CLUB

A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by the members of the club in the club room, Tuesday, April 1st. Arrangements for the spring clothing were made for the club's adopted orphan, Ruby Miller, at Portales. Each member will donate some article of clothing. A fine demonstration was given by our agent, Miss Cunningham, on clothing. Lots of the finer points were brought out and discussed such as simplicity, becoming quality, harmonious colors, style and fashions and individual taste.

Mrs. C. L. Calaway was elected Land Use Committee representative from this community. Those present were: Mesdames Charlie Rogers, Ralph Simpson, Robert Calaway, Boye Taylor, Russell Harrington, Tom Hurst, Chas. Schlenker, Kenneth Houlette, Ralph Wilson, Floyd Schlenker, Louie Hoffman, Herman Shuculer, Henry Reynolds, Charlie Calaway, Travis Brown, and Miss Elsie Cunningham. Club will meet April 15th in the club room with the clothing demonstrator, Mrs. Charlie Rogers, in charge. Everyone is urged to come and bring large scraps of material, as a demonstration of "Becoming Colors" will be given.

Ladies, to this advice give heed—

In controlling men:

If at first you don't succeed,

Why, cry, cry again.

Diner: There isn't a bit of turtle in this turtle soup.

Waitress: Well, we have cabinet pudding, but you wouldn't expect to find Harold Ickes in it, would you?

Lady: Have you tried to cure this parrot of swearing?

Pet Shop Owner: H--- yes, lady, but the d--- fool bird keeps getting worse.

Legal Notices

Citation by Publication — Tax Suits

THE STATE OF TEXAS
To the Sheriff or Any Constable of Parmer County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Paul Pudwill, deceased, and his widow, Katherina Pudwill, Jacob R. Pudwill, Paul J. Pudwill, David S. Pudwill, Harold Pudwill, Katie Pudwill and her husband, if married, Anna Donner, and husband, T. T. Donner, John J. Pudwill, and wife, Rose Pudwill, Lydia Herr, and husband, August W. Herr, whose residences are unknown, Theo. Pudwill, and wife, Ida Pudwill, whose residence is Danzig, McIntosh County, North Dakota, Sophia Meldinger, and husband, John R. Meldinger, William J. Pudwill, and wife, Christine Pudwill, Emma Anderson, her husband, Anthony Anderson, all of whose residences are unknown, and Unknown Owner or Owners, and the Unknown Heirs of the said above named and described parties and of said Unknown Owner or Owners of the herein described land by making publication of this Citation once in each week for two consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in a newspaper in an adjoining county, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court, 69th Judicial District of Parmer County, to be held at the Court House thereof, in the Town of Farwell, Texas, on the 2nd Monday in July, A. D. 1941, then and there to appear and defend the suit filed in said court on the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1941, in cause numbered 1122 wherein the State of Texas and the County of Parmer, of said State, are plaintiffs, and Paul Pudwill, deceased, and his widow, Katherina Pudwill, Jacob R. Pudwill, Paul J. Pudwill, David S. Pudwill, Harold Pudwill, Katie Pudwill, and husband, if married, Anna Donner, and husband, T. T. Donner, John J. Pudwill, and wife, Rose Pudwill, Lydia Herr, and husband, August W. Herr, whose residences are unknown, Theo. Pudwill, and wife, Ida Pudwill, whose residence is Danzig, McIntosh County, North Dakota, Sophia Meldinger, and husband, John R. Meldinger, William J. Pudwill, and wife, Christine Pudwill, Emma Anderson, and husband, Anthony Anderson, all of whose residences are unknown, and Unknown Owner or Owners, and the Unknown Heirs of the said above named and described parties and of said Unknown Owner or Owners of the herein described lands are defendants.

The taxes for Lakeview, Common School District No. 7, are collected by the Tax Collector of Parmer County, Texas, and are here included.

That suit has been brought by the plaintiffs for the collection of delinquent taxes for the years 1937 to 1939 inclusive for the following amounts exclusive of interest, penalties and costs, to wit: \$63.24 for State

taxes and \$172.15 for County and District taxes, together with interest penalties and costs allowed by law. Said taxes are due upon the following described lands/ or lots situated in Parmer County, Texas:

All of the West one-half (W 1/2) of the South three hundred and twenty (S 320) acres of Section No. eight (8) Township Five and one-half (5 1/2) South, Range Five (5) East, Parmer County, Texas, being a part of Capitol League 512 and containing 160 acres of land in Parmer County, Texas.

Plaintiffs allege a prior and constitutional lien upon said land for said taxes, interest, penalties and all costs allowed by law, and pray for the foreclosure of said lien and sale of said lands for the satisfaction of the same.

Each party to said suit shall take notice of, and plead and answer to, all claims and pleadings now on file and hereafter filed in said cause by all other parties therein.

Herein fail not, but have you before said court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court in the Town of Farwell, Texas, this the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1941.

D. K. ROBERTS
Clerk of the District Court
Parmer County, Texas
By DEALVA WHITE
Deputy

Issued this the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1941.

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Parmer County, Texas
By DEALVA WHITE
Deputy

Want Ads

FOR SALE—Short Horn bull calf, 10 months old. See Foister Rector, five and a half miles south of Friona. 1td.

G.E. Ironing Board
And Iron.
\$14.50 Value, \$9.95
BLACKWELL
Hdw. & Furn. CO

FRIONA JUNIOR 4-H CLUB

The Friona Junior 4-H club met at the grade school building, Monday, April 7.

Papers entitled "Good Looks for Girls" and "How to Make a Sewing Box" were handed out to the girls present. Miss Cunningham told how to make a sewing box and the things needed for it. The girls are going to make a sewing box. Each chose to make an apron, a dresser scarf, a bonnet, or a luncheon set.

Bobbie Jean Breeze was elected as song leader, Murna Loy Welch was elected as secretary.

After the business session, games were played.

Those present were: Virginia Lee Appel, Bobbie Jean Breeze, Tommie Lou Turner, Elwanda Strickland

Irene White, Murna Loy Welch, Edna Earl Talbot, Lunell McFarland, and Miss Elsie Cunningham.

NOTICE TO ALL AUXILIARY

To all your Auxiliary members who so willingly signed your registration papers, I sincerely thank you. Please come to our next Auxiliary meeting on April 8. We have some business that must be taken care of. And don't forget the 18th district spring convention, April 19 and 20, held at Amarillo.

Your Auxiliary President.

A total of 51,729 persons are employed in 12,970 Texas schools and colleges to teach 1,464,802 pupils.

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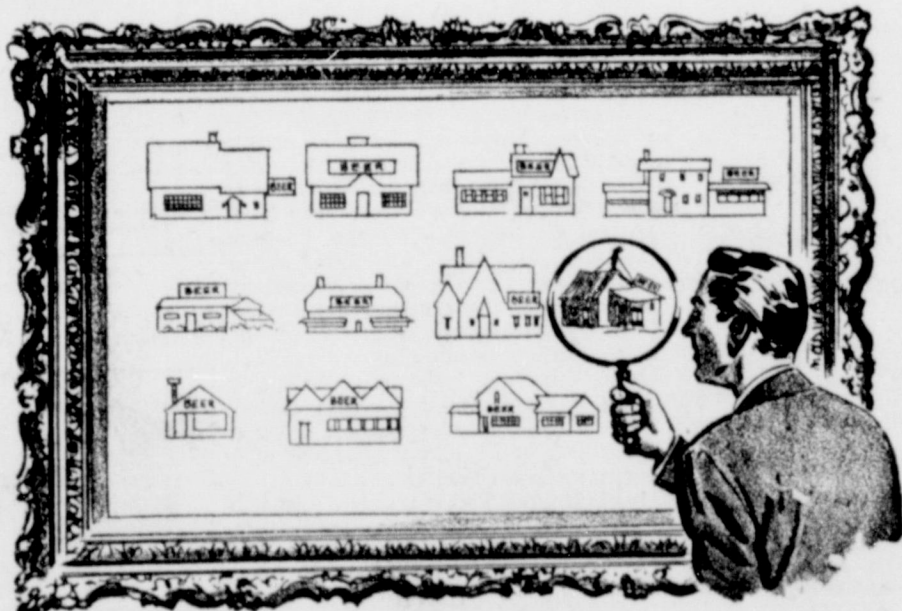
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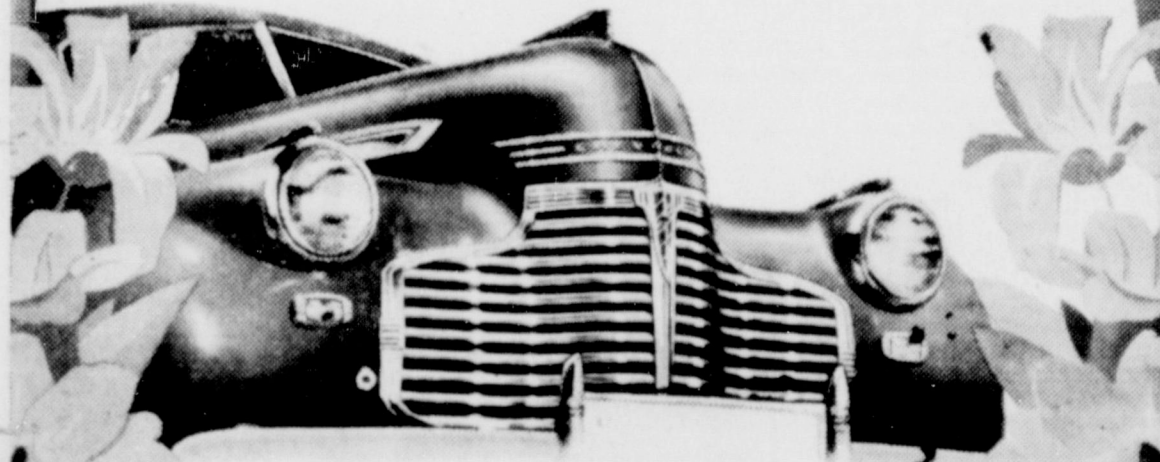
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REEVE CHEVROLET CO.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Civil war "expert" reveals Hitler as great military strategist... Reducing food production in U. S. seems unsound under present circumstances.

WASHINGTON.—There were people in Britain, France, and the United States in 1939 who hoped for peace, and based part of their hope on the notion that Hitler would not willingly produce a situation which would lead to his own shelving.

The theory was that, if war came, the German army would at once become supreme, and that its commanders would tolerate no interference.

The new British ambassador, talking to officials here, has pointed out several times that there is no intelligence in underrating Hitler's ability—that he is one of the great military strategists of all time.

This hitherto unrevealed side of the Nazi leader was brought back to Washington long enough ago to have warned us, for it was well before the war broke out at the end of the summer of 1939.

The story was brought by Albert W. Fox, one-time crack newspaper man and now Washington lawyer. Fox is one of the self-educated "experts" on American Civil war strategy. If you have ever heard of no such experts debating whether Stonewall Jackson took too much of a risk in his flank movement at Chancellorsville, or whether Lee should have taken Longstreet's advice instead of going to Gettysburg, you will know the breed. Suffice it to say that Fox is one of them, and that fellow experts admit that he is good.

VERSED IN CIVIL WAR

Early in 1939 Fox was in Germany. He had mutual friends who brought about a meeting with Hitler for him. What had been planned as a short greeting expanded to virtually an all-day session. Why? Because Hitler said something about the Civil war, and before any of his aides could say "Jeb Stuart" it was not Hitler who was snared—it was Fox. There was no escape. Not that Fox wanted to escape. No Civil war expert ever wants to retreat until the other expert has admitted all his errors.

On his return to Washington, Fox told a good many of us that he recognized his superior in Hitler.

"That man knows more about any given Civil war battle than I do," said Fox. Which statement, by the way, you will not appreciate, unless you know one of these experts and have seen them in action. "What is more," said Fox, "I never met anyone who knew so much about our Civil war campaigns."

Britain, U. S., Err In Food Production

Apparently the U. S. government is making the same mistake in delaying a start on increased food production that the British government is now so bitterly regretting. At the outbreak of the present war, in September, 1939, a survey by the London Times showed that there were 3,000,000 acres less under cultivation than had been producing food at the end of the last war.

The Scotch sheep raisers, for instance, were greatly discouraged over the obvious eagerness of the government to increase British consumption of Argentine beef. There were very sound economic reasons for increasing Argentina's ability to purchase British manufactured goods, but from a military standpoint they were very unsound.

It is a long sea haul from Buenos Aires to any British port, and, preparing for war in other days, the British government overlooked the fact that in wartime they might not be able to spare the bottoms to bring this food, not to mention the possibility that German submarines, raiders, mines and bombers might make it impossible to get the ships through at all.

U. S. POLICY SIMILAR

There is not the same element of gambling with danger in the mistaken policy the United States has been pursuing, and apparently will continue to pursue for some months, at least, to come. But economically it is just as cockeyed.

The department of agriculture, with the enthusiastic approval of congress, is still working on the idea that it is sound business to pay the farmers NOT to raise food. The idea, of course, was always to hold the price up.

But the administration is struggling to hold ALL prices down. It doesn't talk about holding farm prices down, but obviously a rise in the cost of food would boost the cost of living, and hence tend to produce more labor troubles.

U. S. Develops Great Generals In Every War

Gen. Marshall Heads Army As Nation Watches World Conflict.

By ROGER SHAW

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WASHINGTON.—Every American war, or war in which America was interested, has turned out a general, or two, or three. In the Revolution there were George Washington and Nathaniel Greene, of first rank. Strangely enough, the general who won that war's primary victory, Saratoga, was not of first rank by any manner of means. His name, still unpopular in army circles, was Horatio Gates. Gates disliked Washington, and the "Gates" triumph over Burgoyne was really won by such subordinates as Benedict Arnold and Dan Morgan.

The War of 1812 was perhaps the American army's most dismal episode. It turned out traitors, pot-smokers and phonies. But it also produced bucolic Gen. Andrew Jackson, of the same tough Scotch Irish stock as Dan Morgan's riflemen. Jackson won the concluding battle of New Orleans, after his countrymen had met defeat at Detroit, Queenstown, and up and down the long Canadian border.

In the Mexican war there were two of them: Zach Taylor and Winfield Scott. Scott was "old fuss and feathers" to the boys in blue. Taylor was a political general from the slave-South, while Scott was a regular. Both men were amiable and efficient, especially Scott, who had learned his tricks as a youngster back in 1812. The exploits of this twain, with tiny forces far from home, were almost epic.

In the Civil war we have a double set-up: North and South. The northern all-stars were the usual big three of Grant-Sherman-Sheridan, the latter originally a cavalry chief. Sherman was the best of the three, and the best in the whole war, according to the world's leading military critic, B. H. Liddell Hart of England. The southern team was Lee-Jackson-Forrest. Stonewall Jackson was killed in mid-war.

Five Generals Became President.

In the Spanish war there were generals and admirals and what-nots, but a lieutenant-colonel named Teddy Roosevelt ran away with the show. He commanded the rough riders at San Juan Hill, and rode himself into the White House, in good company. The company was as follows: Washington, Jackson, Taylor and Grant—a general from each war, who became President.

That brings us down to the so-called second World war. In this war there have been very few generals of note. England's Gort and Ironside were kicked upstairs after Dunkirk. France's Gamelin, a nice fellow like Gort, is more than in the doghouse. Generals Petain and Weygand, in this man's war, are political generals rather than front-fighters. Finland's Mannerheim and Greece's dead Metaxas were dictator-generals who combined business with pleasure, when it came to their particular Russian and Italian phases of Armageddon II. Germany's air chief, Hermann Goering, is a purely political general, while Keitel is a desk general who does a job like our own Henry Stimson. Manfred von Brauchitsch is the top German field general, but not well



known, while Guderian is the tank expert who overran the west. When it comes to Italian generals—are there any, and if so, where? Badoglio, the Caesar of Ethiopia, went the way of Gort and Gamelin. And Marshal Graziani, Libyan defender, "resigned" because of his many reverses.

That leaves America. At this moment, America's Washington-Jackson-Grant of the second World war is George Catlett Marshall, chief of staff and commanding general. He is a remarkably nice fellow. He has light blue eyes, and did not go to West Point. In army politics there is a good deal of feeling against the Pointers, so this is in Marshall's favor. Instead, he went to the little Point of the Southland—Virginia Military institute at Lexington in the Shenandoah valley. V. M. I. also turned out Stonewall Jackson,

is attached to the Arlington national soldier's cemetery. The likeable Marshal Marshall gets up in the morning at 5:30, which is more than the privates have to do. He likes to ride his horse for an hour or so before breakfast. He gets to his office in the war department around 7 o'clock, though the department does not open, officially, till 8:45. He reads all his own morning mail—close to half a hundred letters per diem. Most of the long morning he bickers with congressmen, reporters, aides, or White-Housers. He has lunch, betimes, on the desk in his office—a luncheon of pie and milk, or perhaps a chocolate bar. All afternoon he labors and does all that he has to do: bickering anew, confabs, hasty decisions, long-term plans. It's all in good hands. He takes home-work home with him and studies till far into the night hours, brushing up for the morrow. It's not an easy routine.

Marshall is a "Pershing" man, in the army lingo. He was a Pershing aide up to 1924, has Pershing ideas, and a Pershing background. In the same way, in France, Weygand is a Foch man, while Gamelin was a Joffre man, and Napoleon a Carnot man. This, in army circles, is for Marshall, and also against him. Pershing has always been something, perhaps, of a controversial figure. Marshall, however, is not. There is very little controversy about Marshall. This is very fortunate in the year of grace, 1941.

Knows How to Compromise. Marshall is patient, likes order, dislikes chaos, and knows how to compromise if-or-when he has to.

Marshall's original purpose was a comparatively small, highly trained, perfectly equipped force of regulars, capable of attempting anything. After the fall of France, last June, came conscription and untrained masses of raw material. Marshall had to change his plans to conform to an emotional public opinion. A good many of the regulars have not cared for this. Their slogan has been "business as usual." Marshall himself is basically an infantry general, not a warped faddist on tanks or air. Every army unit, today, is half to three-quarters composed of mere recruits, but Marshall cannot help that. He has had to accept the draft, whether he liked it or not. Presumably, he does, but some of his officers, presumably, do not. They put little faith in mere numbers, and prefer quality to quantity. All this is debatable, and remains to be seen. Our military future appears to be in good hands, though, of course, the Anglo-French thought the same of Gort and Gamelin.

Marshall's first wound came at V. M. I.—a bayonet wound in a hazing accident. Let's hope he suffers no more knifeing—no more wounds—from the political hazing that sometimes strident bedlam, the fleshpots of Washington intrigue.

General Marshall lives at one of Washington's show places—Fort Myer, just outside the District of Columbia. This is the fortress that

the "right arm" of Robert E. Lee. Staff-chief Marshall, however, hails from that hotbed of Quakers and generals and Quaker generals: Pennsylvania.

Extremely Hard Worker.

Marshall has a likeable personality. He is not technical in his phrasing, but human and understandable. He has never been a publicity hound, but he does like to talk. He likes to expound his ideas, and he has plenty of these without a doubt. He is an extremely hard worker, and of a restless turn of mind and body. Since he got the high command, he has flown nearly 30,000 miles about the countryside, on trips of inspection. He has another aspect—one that every great general through history has husbanded. He sticks by his old soldiers through thick and thin, and they have direct access to him at any time. Caius Julius was that way, and so were Wellington and Napoleon, and so was Ludendorff, who unfortunately stuck by an ex-corporal named A. Hitler.

General Marshall lives at one of Washington's show places—Fort Myer, just outside the District of Columbia. This is the fortress that

Points to the Northwest. Sun Valley is the only resort I ever visited that really looks like you expected it would. It's a movie set in real life, from the spacious, expensive Lodge, to the quaint Tyrolean village with its wide-eaved roofs and its statues of sculptured ice.

There is a ski-shop run by a Swiss refugee, who works Indian patterns into twentieth-century practicalities. There is a night club called "The Ram," which looks like a Tyrolean drinking place. There are Austrian ski instructors, Bavarian skaters, Prussian waiters, Czechoslovakian hangers-on!

Noted several well-known persons—including young Studebaker—in wheel-chairs being pushed about by nurses. These invalids are coming down! One of the importations from Europe pioneered in Sun Valley is the chair type of ski-lift. It is known as the Chairway to the Stars, and is a little over two miles long. It ascends a vertical height of 3,200 feet, on 9,200-foot Baldy mountain. This lift (160 chairs) cost a quarter million dollars to build.

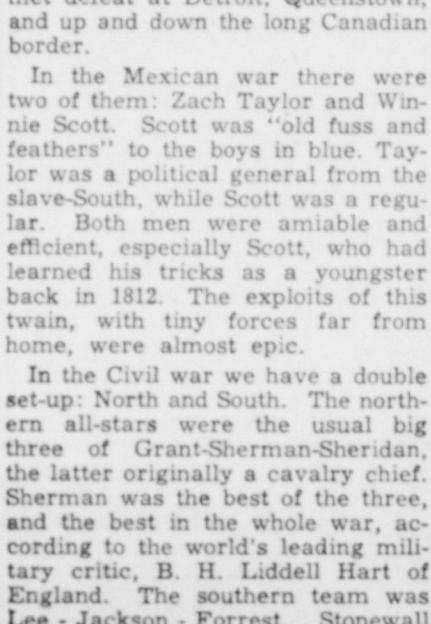
Off at noon for Twin Falls, Idaho. Dined en route at a Japanese lunch counter in Shoshone, 33 miles south. The waitress was a dainty little Jap, not quite five feet tall, called Susie Nakata. She had been born 24 summers previously on a nearby ranch, and had lived all this time in and around Shoshone, a town of not over 1,500 inhabitants. Susie had never been to Sun Valley, or Twin Falls; once to Salt Lake City!

Left next noon and drove 200 miles to Idaho Falls, to address the Knife and Fork club there. Was followed by Maj. George Fielding Elliot. Afterwards on to Publisher J. F. McDermott's delightfully comfortable house, and his charming guests. Caught a midnight day-coach for Pocatello. Chatted en route with brilliant J. A. Nelson, traveling freight adjustment agent of a railroad in the West. Changed trains in Idaho's metropolis, where Idaho potatoes are now selling at 40 cents a hundred pounds, to the Portland Rose. Ten hours' sleep in a Pullman. Off next afternoon at Pendleton, Ore., the city made famous by the roundups. My car met me here and we left immediately. Three hours later pulled into Lewiston, for the night. Earlier in the afternoon the hotel basement had been afire. Interested in press report that Idaho tops U. S. in healthiest recruits at army camps. Only 3.2 per cent of its draftees have been rejected!

Then on to Moscow, and the Idaho State university. Twenty-four per cent of the students here are women. Men study chiefly forestry, mines, law. Learned Moscow is not named for the Russian city, but is an Indian derivative, such as Bosco, Wasco, Tako, etc.

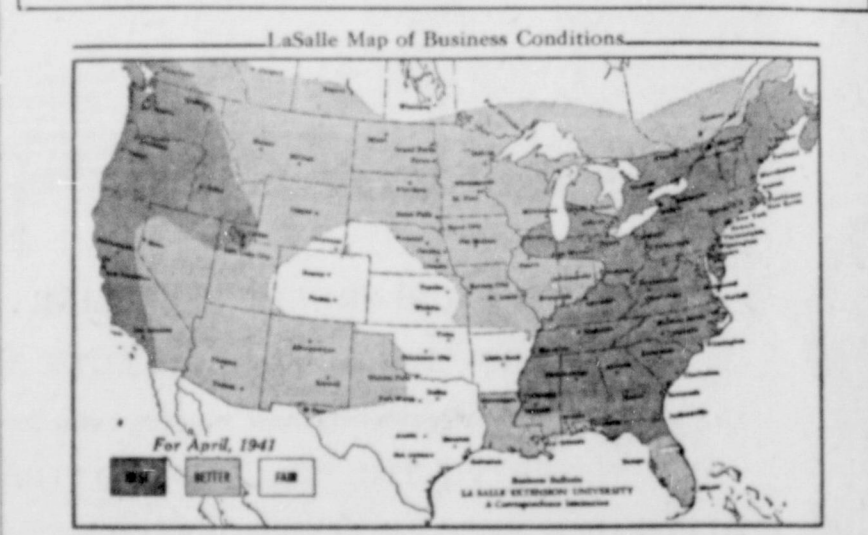
Received the following letter from Bill Parker, written in Cannes, Alpes-Maritimes, Occupied France: "Having been a Reuter's correspondent in the Sino-Japanese war and a civilian observer in this war of Europe, I don't think much of wars or the people who conduct them. I came over here at the outbreak, on the first American freighter to go through the British contraband control, and with the determination of enlisting in an American volunteer regiment, believing that it represented a Great Cause. The American regiment did not materialize, and I was a volunteer with an American ambulance unit. Unquestionably I saw more of the war than many other American writers. And I debunk war as much as you debunked American society in your 'Farewell to Fifth Avenue.' I was brought before a summary court martial as a German spy-suspect in a French village where nobody spoke English, and was saved by German shells falling on the roof of the peasant's house where I was being tried. I was the only American eye-witness of an actual big battle between the French and the Germans, as far as I can determine. I was trapped by the Germans in another little village and was among them for six weeks. A great many humorous as well as tragic things happened. I was in the exodus from Paris, which I still think was the silliest and most inexcusable flight in all history.

SEEING THINGS: In Walla Walla, Wash., passed a "Pantorium" which presses, cleans, sponges pants. In Pueblo, Colo., saw a "Locketeria" which specialized in fitting keys to odd types of locks. In Mount Vernon, Wash., saw a Norwegian farmer with a 1918 Model T drawing a plow across a field. Upon questioning found he came from Narvik in 'nineties—Puget Sound climate more comparable to it than any other he knew. Imagine current European history-in-the-making has greatly changed his homeland.



GEN. GEORGE MARSHALL

Income Rises to New High

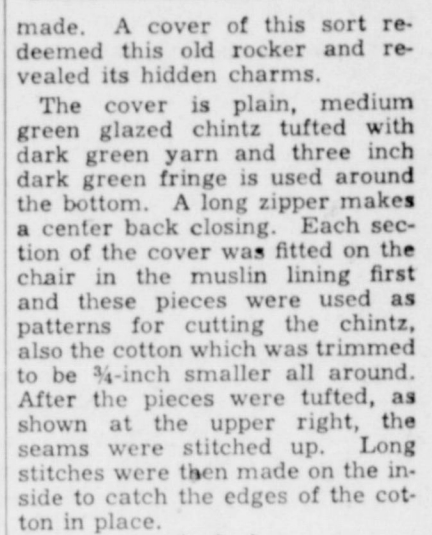


Business and agricultural conditions in the U. S. during April are indicated on the above map. The outlook is favorable, with national income expected to reach a new high. Rising income will probably be somewhat offset by higher costs.

favorable. The total acreage which farmers are planning to plant is about the same as last year. Some shifts are being made among the different crops because supplies of export farm commodities, such as cotton, tobacco, and wheat, are large, while the foreign demand has been much below normal. Farmers are trying, insofar as possible, to concentrate their efforts on producing those products that are used mostly in domestic consumption. The market outlook for these is most favorable.

NEW IDEAS For Home-makers

DO YOU remember how old-fashioned comforters used to be tufted? They were made of two layers of fabric with cotton between and every four inches or so in rows the three layers of material were caught together with a stitch of wool yarn double which was then tied twice and clipped to make a fluffy tuft. Well, that is exactly the way many of today's smartest chair covers are



made. A cover of this sort revealed this old rocker and revealed its hidden charms. The cover is plain, medium green glazed chintz tufted with dark green yarn and three inch dark green fringe is used around the bottom. A long zipper makes a center back closing. Each section of the cover was fitted on the chair in the muslin lining first and these pieces were used as patterns for cutting the chintz, also the cotton which was trimmed to be 3/4-inch smaller all around. After the pieces were tufted, as shown at the upper right, the seams were then made on the inside to catch the edges of the cotton in place.

NOTE: Are you planning to make slip covers this Spring? Mrs. Spears' Books 1 and 3 tell you exactly how. Book 1 gives directions for fitting and finishing slip covers for chairs and daybeds. Book 3 shows you how to make a pattern first; also how to arrange openings in covers for chairs of unusual types, and how to anchor slip covers so they will stay neatly in place. Books are 10 cents each. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS, Bedford Hills, New York. Enclose 20 cents for Books 1 and 3. Name, Address.

INDIGESTION may affect the Heart

Get trapped in the stomach. Indigestion may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress smart men and women depend on Doan's Tablets to get you free. No laxative but made of the latest scientific medicines known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST DOSE doesn't give relief, get better, return bottle to us and receive 100% MONEY BACK. 26c.

Help to Relieve Distress of FEMALE PERIODIC COMPLAINTS

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help relieve periodic pain, headaches, backache and ALSO calm irritable nerves due to monthly frictional disturbances. Pinkham's Compound is simply marvelous to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." Famous for over 60 years! Hundreds of thousands of girls and women report remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING!

DOAN'S PILLS

Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

Washington, D. C. ITALIANS BITTER AGAINST DUCE

Official and uncensored U. S. reports from Italy tell an amazing story of resentment against Mussolini. It is so strong that, according to U. S. observers, the present Fascist regime could not remain in office without the support of German troops.

Most significant of all is the fact that most of the Italian army is heartily out of sympathy with Il Duce, and Field Marshal Badoglio, ex-chief of staff, does not even attempt to conceal his criticism. Apparently Badoglio is so popular that Mussolini cannot touch him, for no attempt has been made to jail or exile him.

The sentiment of the Italian army explains in large part the recent failures in Albania and North Africa, where thousands of Italians have surrendered. On the other hand, fighting in Ethiopia has been just the opposite, with the Italians putting up a fierce resistance. This is explained by the fact that the Italian army in Ethiopia has not been in touch with conditions in Italy.

There are now more Gestapo officers (German secret police) in Rome than in Berlin. Together with about 136,000 Nazi troops, the Gestapo are also stationed in every other key city in Italy.

It is the Gestapo which has been particularly active in isolating the American embassy, with the result that Ambassador Phillips at present is able to see few people. If found talking to Phillips, his old Italian friends are warned, then arrested. Even other foreign diplomats in Italy have received Gestapo warnings not to communicate with American diplomats.

Americans, however, are extremely popular with the Italian people, who remember the efforts of President Roosevelt to prevent the war in the first place, and to keep Italy from entering the war. Also, the state department has facilitated the passage of certain Italo-Americans back to Italy. Their work has been effective.

Meanwhile, food scarcity in Italy has increased to the point where even the upper classes feel the food pinch. Poorer people are starving. All the reports indicate that when the break finally does come in Italy, it will be an explosion of major proportions.

AAA CORN BATTLE

Inside the agriculture department a savage row is raging between AAA advocates of acreage control and apostles of larger farm production. This time the battle is over corn.

A referendum has been set for May 31 to permit farmers to vote on wheat marketing quotas, and the dispute is whether to conduct a similar election on corn. Some of Claude Wickard's boys say corn is threatened with a price decline due to the loss of export pork markets in embattled Europe, but experts contend that pork is in for a big boom under the defense and lend-lease programs.

Inside fact is that Secretary Wickard has just about decided to call off a plebiscite among corn-hog farmers, unofficially scheduled for next fall, despite the loud demands from Triple-A boss Rudolph M. Evans, that one should be held. Evans, spokesman of the big "cash-income" farmers, has been arguing that it is just as important to control corn as wheat.

For a time he seemed to have Wickard convinced. Up to a month ago, Wickard was planning to slap a 10 per cent curb on this year's corn crop by declaring marketing quotas, with stiff penalty taxes on excess production. The matter was to be put up to corn-hog farmers in a referendum next fall.

However, Wickard now takes the position espoused by small farm champions, particularly Milo Perkins, aggressive chief of the Surplus Marketing administration, that rising meat, poultry and dairy prices will prevent a surplus this year, since farmers always fatten up their stock when prices justify it.

Also, it is certain that a considerable portion of the huge 700,000,000-bushel carryover of corn from last year will be bought for foreign shipment under the lend-lease program. The Commodity Credit corporation, which owns, or has under loan, about 500,000,000 bushels of the carryover, is strongly banking on this.

So it looks as if Evans, who has been warning farmers of a corn quota election this year, will have to eat his words.

DIVIDENDS VS. WAGES

More altruistic than most big business leaders is Dollar-a-Year Man Edward Stettinius, chairman of the giant U. S. Steel corporation, which maintains cordial relations with SWOC, a C.I.O. union. Last year U. S. Steel paid stockholders \$100,000,000. This year it should pay about \$156,000,000.

But now the Steel Workers union is demanding a wage boost.

Stettinius wants to pay the additional dividends. Labor wants to get the additional pay.

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



GOOD TIDINGS FOR THE EASTER BREAKFAST (See Recipes Below)

EGGSTRAORDINARY!

With the passing of winter and the arrival of spring comes the joyful Easter season, bringing with it new life and new hope. Why not express these good tidings in the traditional Easter Sunday breakfast?

Make your Easter breakfast the No. 1 breakfast of the year—the time when the whole family, and guests, too, perhaps, gather leisurely 'round a gaily decorated table laden with their favorite early-morn dishes.

Let color-splashed eggs be the centerpiece. You can use those that the children have "discovered" in their traditional pre-breakfast egg hunt.

Pile them high in the center of a grass-filled Easter basket. Then, to complete the scheme, mark each person's place at the table with an egg caricature—Uncle Sam, an Indian Chief, Mr. Rabbit or even a pert young lady.

"While they're still 'oh-ing' and 'ah-ing,' serve 'eggs in nests'—just to keep the theme in mind. To complete your menu, you'll of course want glasses of cold fruit juice, crisp ham slices or bacon curls and steaming popovers. It's taken for granted that you'll make plenty of hot coffee. They couldn't ask for more!

*Eggs in Nests.

(See picture at top of column)

- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Butter
- 5 bread sticks

Separate egg, placing white in small, deep bowl and retaining yolk in one of the half shells. Beat egg white until stiff and slightly dry (when dry, it will have a slightly coarse appearance). Pile egg white in oven-proof cup or dish in which 5 bread sticks have been arranged. Drop yolk into depression made in center of egg white. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.) until bread tips and egg white are delicately browned (about 15 minutes). Season with salt, pepper if desired, and a lump of butter dropped on yolk. Serves 1.

Just in case you're wondering how the bread sticks are made, here are directions. Because of their dainty arrangement in the serving dishes, I call them Bread Buttercups:

Remove the crusts from a loaf of uncut bread. Cut lengthwise slices from the loaf. Trim the slices so that they are about 1 1/2 inches wide and the ends pointed. Brush with an egg and milk mixture and arrange in baking cups. It is best to brush the tips with a little melted butter so that they will brown more readily.

*Pop-Overs.

- 2 eggs, beaten
 - 3/4 cup milk
 - 1 cup flour
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon melted fat
- Combine eggs and milk. Pour over sifted dry ingredients. Beat with a rotary beater until smooth. Add butter. Beat. Pour batter into hot greased muffin pans, filling one-third full. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 35 to 45 minutes. Dry in oven about 10 minutes with

LYNN SAYS:

Eggs join with other foods to fill your needs and produce your health. They are among our best sources of the muscle building proteins. They are high in iron which is needed to build good red blood. They supply phosphorus which forms a part of every active cell of the body.

When "peeling" hard-cooked eggs, crackle the shells, then start the peeling at the rounded end of the egg. Holding the eggs under running cold water or dipping in a bowl of cold water helps to ease the shell off, leaving a smooth, unbroken surface of white.

THIS WEEK'S MENU

EASTER BREAKFAST

- Chilled Pineapple Juice
- *Eggs in Nests
- Ham Slices
- *Pop-Overs
- Jam
- Beverages
- Jelly

*Recipes given. heat turned off. Yield: 10 large Pop-Overs.

And now a word about the cleverly decorated Easter eggs that appear in the basket above.

You'll agree that even the most aristocratic rabbit should be proud to claim these original eggs. Decorating them is both easy and inexpensive. You'll need large white eggs, a package of dyes from the Five and Ten, a spoon-shaped wire hook with an end to use as a handle (for dipping eggs into the dye), rubber cement and stickers.

Buy gold and silver stars, dots in various colors, small red hearts, linen reinforcements that are really meant for loose-leaf notebooks, flower seals such as tulips, and red and blue legal seals. Most of these come in several sizes, but the small ones are the easiest to glue on a curved surface.

After the well-known hard boiling process you use your imagination about covering the eggs with stars and dots. Then try arranging hearts in four-leaf clover patterns, or turn the points outward and stick them around a center dot, as flower petals. All-over designs of blue legal seals and stripes of the red ones, pasted so closely that they overlap a bit, are quite effective. There are endless arrangements, and you have the advantage of being able to soak off and replace designs until you are pleased, without wasting an egg.

What to do with the Easter supply of hard-cooked eggs? I'm coming to that. Coarsely chopped or sliced hard-cooked eggs in superbly seasoned cream or white sauce become CREAMED EGGS. They will give luncheon and dinner menus a lift when served on crisply fried cornmeal slices, potato cakes, or waffles.

With eggs and cheese such boon companions, and cheese a prime favorite, too, ESCALLOPED EGGS and CHEESE is another use for Easter eggs—after Easter.

Creamed Eggs.

- 6 eggs, hard cooked
 - 4 tablespoons butter
 - 4 tablespoons flour
 - 1 1/2 cups milk
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Dash of cayenne or nutmeg
Melt butter, add flour and stir until smooth. Add cold milk. Cook and stir constantly until thick. Remove from fire and place over hot water. Add seasonings and sliced eggs, cut lengthwise. Stir carefully. Serves 4.

Escalloped Eggs and Cheese.

- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter
 - 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1/4 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/4 teaspoon paprika
 - 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 cup soft bread crumbs
 - 3 tablespoons melted butter
 - 1/2 cup grated cheese
 - 6 to 8 hard cooked eggs
- Prepare a sauce of butter, flour, milk and seasonings. Arrange in greased casserole in layers using three-quarters of the crumbs, the sliced eggs, cheese and sauce. Top with remaining one-fourth cup of crumbs, mixed with the melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven, (350 degrees F.) until sauce is bubbly and top nicely browned, about 40 minutes. Serve plain or with tomato sauce. Serves 4 or 5.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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line, opens in the front to show the crisp frill and buttons that trim the frock, with a charmingly soft, somewhat formal effect.

Pattern No. 8886 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 39-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of ruffling to trim the dress. Send order to:

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At Least Stern Parent Had Son's Rapt Attention

Father had decided that he must administer a strict lecture to his six-year-old son. The boy had been naughty, but did not seem to appreciate the fact, and it was with some reluctance that the parent undertook a scolding.

He spoke judiciously but severely; he recounted the lad's misdeeds, and explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, while his wife sat by, duly impressed.

Finally, when the father paused for breath, and, incidentally to hear the culprit's acknowledgment of error, the lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said: "Mother isn't father interesting?"

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RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES

EASY TO MAKE...
ECONOMICAL
... DELICIOUS!

★ Tested and proved in thousands of homes. Ideal as a confection... a dessert... a treat for youngsters' lunch boxes.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

OVER POPPED MILK WITH SUGAR
SALT AND WAFFLE FLAVOR

QUICK-AS-A-WINK RECIPE
ON SIDE OF RICE KRISPIES BOX

Contagious Example
Nothing is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or great evil which does not produce its like. We imitate good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the depravity of our nature, which shame would keep prisoner, and example sets at liberty.—La Rochefoucauld.

Baking Success is no secret—Use

CLABBER GIRL

BAKING POWDER

To bake that Tasty Easter Cake

Waters Return
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.—Longfellow.

What Is Right
It is not who is right, but what is right, that is of importance.—Huxley.

FERRY'S DATED SEEDS

For flower PLEASURE

Fuller MEASURE

BUY THEM FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER

Might of Moral Courage
Moral courage renders a man in the pursuit or defense of right superior to the fear of reproach, opposition, or contempt.—S. G. Goodrich.

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AND **28%** LESS NICOTINE

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MEAT-MILK POUNDS
Better Lamb and Calf
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Ask the man who feeds this
All Purpose, Richly fortified
Mineral Product containing
Vitamin and Glandular
Activating Agents.

IT'S THE MODERN,
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LAZBUDDIE 4-H CLUB

The Lazbuddie 4-H club girls met in their regular session, April 3rd, in the Lazbuddie school.

Miss Cunningham gave a talk on "Good Looks for Girls"—how to develop correct posture, and how to develop a sound, healthy body. She also talked on "Care of Your Clothes."

We now have our new year books and we are very proud of them.

We had fifteen members present, including a new one, and one member absent. Those present were: Laura Seaton, Billie Rae Knight, Bobbie Briscoe, Pauline Rink, Beatrice Tarter, Billie Rae Treider, Lillys Treider, Wenonah Thorn, Mary Helen Havhurst, Iris Reed, Clara Treider, Joy Elaine Daniel, Naomi Cantrell, Betty Joe Tarter, Bobby June Treider, Mrs. Coddell, our sponsor, and Miss Cunningham. Our next meeting will be May 1st.

"The Student Prince," the most popular Broadway play ever presented in the auditorium at the State Fair of Texas, will most likely be one of the ten operettas in the Opera Under the Stars season to be presented beginning Friday, June 20, at Fair Park Casino by the State Fair of Texas at Dallas.

HEALTH NOTES

AUSTIN—Thousands of children and adults die every year from diseases carried by the fly. Typhoid fever, tuberculosis, summer complaint, cholera, intestinal diseases, and frequently death follow closely on the trail of the common house fly.

"Control of the fly menace comes at the top of the list of necessary public health measures which should be applied by every city and individual in the State," urges Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer.

"Most effective measure for control is to prevent breeding," he said. "Flies breed in filth, and about eight days are required to complete a life cycle. During her lifetime of several months, one housefly lays from 600 to 1,000 eggs. Thus it can easily be seen that in a season, which usually begins in the spring of the year, the descendants from one fly number countless thousands.

To eliminate flies, breeding places must be destroyed. Manure piles, garbage, and other organic filth furnish the requirements of warmth, moisture, and food necessary for the propagation of the fly. The flies should be kept from contact with food or drink or utensils in which such food and drink are prepared and served. Likewise, they should be kept from access to privy vaults where they pick up the infections which they later spread to humans by contact with food and drink and by unwashed hands and utensils. See that your windows, doors, and porches are screened so that the stray fly from some careless neighbor will not molest your family. Also, see that your grocer keeps his meat, vegetables and fruits free from flies.

"Organized health measures to destroy the breeding places, control of flies' access to your home and food, and established standards of cleanliness in your community will eliminate the fly. The number of flies is an index to the cleanliness of any community, and they can be entirely eliminated."

SANTA FE CARLOADINGS

The Santa Fe Railway System carloadings for the week ending April 5, 1941, were 20,366 compared with 17,361 for the same week in 1940. Received from connections were 7,000 compared with 5,406 for the same week in 1940. The total cars moved were 27,456 as compared with 22,767 for the same week in 1940. The Santa Fe handled a total of 26,486 cars during the preceding week of this year.

Mrs. Belle Maurer, Mrs. Minnie Goodwine, Miss Lola and Clyde Goodwine, were dinner guests of Rev. and Mrs. Carl Dollar, Sunday.

Preposterous!

Girl's Father—But how can you support my daughter? Twenty dollars a week won't pay the rent.
Suitor—You don't mean to say you'll charge Roth and me rent do you?

YOUR OWN NAME
From the Uvalde Leader-News
Contributed by Mrs. E. R. New

Write your name on a piece of paper and look at it for five minutes. It is the most precious thing you have. It is connected with all you are and hope to be. Your name carries the life history of hundreds of men and women.

Your father gave it to you. He had, in his youth, many temptations to soil his name, but he wore it ever, like a white plume over his heart.

One day your father went and offered his name to a beautiful young woman. She blushed and hesitated. Then her father and mother inquired if the name he offered was a good one.

Finally your mother accepted your name, and she did not wear her engagement ring with half the pleasure that she did your name.

Then they gave that name to you. Your name was sung into your baby ears on the music of your mother's cradle songs. It was taken to the throne of God on the white prayers and hopes of your sweet mother. It is forever sacred.

Your father looked into your pudgy little face and breathed a sigh of pride as he thought, "Now I have given my name to a human soul!"

More than all earthly possessions is an untarnished name. Yet, how easily a good name is lost. It is harder to regain than it is to find the lost gold in sunken ships.

How do you treat your name? Is your local merchant glad when he sees your name on his account book?

How does the banker feel when you induce him to loan you some money? Will he have to discount your paper, because your name is not worth 100 per cent?

If your pastor of your little church ever wrote a line after the names on the church roll, what would he put after yours?

The Bible says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

A decrease of 77,000 farms in Texas occurred from 1930 to 1940, according to census figures. In 1930, a total of 495,489 farms were tilled in the state, and ten years later there were only 418,002 farms being cultivated.

Impossible!

"Adam couldn't have been a poet."
"Why not?"
"Because, poets are born, not made."

Coincidence

Mrs. G.—My baby is the prettiest in the town.
Mrs. R.—Why, what a coincidence! So is mine!

Certain Proof

Her Mother—Do you think his intentions are serious?
Young Widow—I'm sure they are. His attentions are so ridiculous.

Sage Advice

"What did the editor say when you took him your story entitled 'The Wishing Rug?'"
"He told me to beat it."

YOUR HAPPINESS

And Prosperity, Depend, To A Large Extent, On The Service You Get From Your Magneto, Battery And Lights. **OUR BUSINESS IS TO MAKE THEM SERVE YOU PROPERLY.**

FRED WHITE

Auto Electrical Service

At Truitt Building On Sixth Street.

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GENUINE PARTS FOR CAR, TRUCK OR TRACTOR

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During The Past Year

Life Insurance Companies

Paid American Families An Average Of More Than **SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS**

Each and Every Day. This means that Americans have Greater Protection than any other people in the world. **LET US HELP YOU TO KEEP YOUR INSURANCE PAID** And Your Policies Up To Date.

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FOR

THE BEST FUELS LUBRICANTS TIRES

When You Buy

Panhandle Products

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Mansfield Tires

AT OUR PLACE

Also a good line of parts common to all makes of Cars, Trucks and Tractors.

Friona Independent Oil Co.

OUR COMPLIMENTS

For The Easter Season

Which will soon be followed by Bright Warm Days

Bringing Flies

Prepare NOW to guard against them and keep them from your home, with **OUR Screens and Screen Materials.**

"Everything For The Builder"

Rockwell Bros. & Co.

Lumbermen

O. F. Lange - Manager

Now Open

With A Complete Line Of **HARDWARE & IMP'S.**

We Invite You to Visit Us. First Door South of Telephone Office.

See Us for **KELVINATOR** Refrigerators, **OLIVER TRACTORS & IMPLEMENTS** Bargains in Used Tractors. Phone 13

Friona Hardware

J. J. Williams, Propr.

While Checking On the Dollar Day Specials, Don't forget to call at

Maurer Machinery Co.

And see the big Values we have in Secondhand Machinery.

OUR SPECIAL!

1 Year-old, 14-in. John Deere Hammer Mill \$90.00 Value, Saturday Only, \$75.00

WE WISH YOU A

Joyous Easter

And It Should Be Really Joyous If You Select

YOUR EASTER DINNER

From Our Shelves.

Everything For The Diner.

T. J. Crawford Grocery

We Deliver

Friona

Texas

A Joyous Eastertide

Should Be Yours. If You Buy Your **FUEL OILS AND TIRES** Accessories, Machine Parts and Other Farm Needs **FROM US.**

"SEE YOUR CONSUMERS FIRST" **Friona Consumers Company.**

ELROY WILSON, Manager.

When Easter dawns all fair and bright, You'll want your clothes all clean and white; This can be done, if you'll just hurry, And bring them to us, and cease your worry.

HOULETTE S HELPY - SELFY LAUNDRY

"We take the work out of wash."
E. E. Houlette, Proprietor

We Wish You A Joyous Easter

And It Will Be More Joyous If Your Car, Truck and Machinery Are Repaired And Adjusted At

OUR GARAGE

W. B. Wright's Garage

Dollar Day Specials!

10 lbs. Assorted Bolts, \$1.75
10 lbs. Nails or Staples, \$.50
50-ft. Length Garden Hose; \$2.45

Two Hours Auction

In The Afternoon, April 12th. See Our Stock of Bulk and Package Garden Seeds.

Haile Hardware