

| THE VOICE OF THE |
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| UPPER RED RIVER VALLEY |

HERO FLED FLAME, CHERISHED LIFE PERHAPS the most interesting thing about this man Lawrence of Arabia ran away from fame.
Here was a man who gave the twentieth century a unique flareback to the age of chivairy that counted, he restored the worth of the lone individual. He took one little corner of a war in which machinery and swollen battalions were all-important, and made it a one-man show. And then, having done all this-having helped to remake the map of the world and written an epic of old-fashioned, knightly achievementhe voluntarily stepped out of the spotlight. He dropped out of the service of the British
colonial office and buried himself in the anocolonial office and buried himself in the ano-
nymity of an army enlisted man. He wrote one of the most absorbingly interesting books of modern times and withdrew it from circulation after it had paid his expenses-although it
might have made hundreds of thousands of dolmight have
lars for him.
He retired to an obscure country cottage and -at a time when newspapers and magazines would gladly have paid him fabulous prices for
anything he cared to write-put in four year translating the Odysse
down as man who could do all that can be set dhat doesn't begin to cover the ground.
What in
What is apparent when you think the matter over is that this Lawrence somehow learned something about life and the rewards it can
give a man which most of us never quite discover.
It is as if he had quietly told us that all the things we prize most highly-wealth, fame
high position, leisure, and the acclaim of high position, leisure, and the acclaim of our
fellows-do not, after all, amount to a pint fellow:
beans.
The things that make the difference between place inside a man, deep in the recesses of his are less than the dust
This, to be sure, is not a new discovery. Great
men of all times and places have usually reached the same conclusion, have discovered that if man can square matters between his own sou
and the mysterious, drives him forward, that is all that counts. suspicion of it. We want the outward, visible signs of success-even if these signs be no mor
than a fine home in the suburbs, or a 12 -cyli der car, or our picture in the newspapers.
That, to us, is what makes victor until a man like Lawrence comes along and tells us that we don't know what we're talking
about
 KATHARINE SEGIN HE KKUR
MICAEL HEATHEROL tom Fine", hater is rich and her topmother, BERTINE, Nathat
 hearted overhaern two detectives anking for Michael, addreen
 oft with antharine in hel car. Ho toll, her he lover her and to face the detetetiver ON WITH THE STORY
NOW GO ON Back $\underset{\text { Heatherve }}{\text { The }}$
 meniie hhal sbruged his broad shoulders. "I was born in IreWRaised at Bar.X ranch, five miles out of a town called Other had not spoken
 "Hold your horses, soung feller"" the heavier, taller of the
two intruders interrupted. "Wove orders to find a Michael Hoetheroe, aged 26, born to Franece Alieers Drayton Heatheroe awoll, Tye told you Fm hee. " sid Micha






Side Clances By George Clark
"It seems you can't depend on anything. I was counting on
that chain letter money to help out on my vacation."


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## The Democrat's Daily Page of All Star Comics

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SALESMAN SAM


By GRANE
WASH TUBBS
By SMALL

THEOY! NICE WORKK, (THANK YOU SUM I RECKON T WAS A CON GAME ALL RGHM,


BOOTS ANB HER BUDDIE:


TH RING !!!!!!!!

that childre


## FIGCKLES AND HIS FRIENDS





ALLEY OOP

- By HAMLIN


The NEWFANGLES (Mom 'n Pop)



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Binitit protect OwlsStopShamrock 17.5 setack

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