

'We Fight Our Country's Battles,' Sing Marines; Combat Correspondents Tell How They Do It

Leatherneck Scribe Dodges Ack-Ack, Mans Waist-Gun

(The following story was written by Technical Sgt. Harry Bolser, Louisville, Ky., a marine corps combat correspondent.)

I admit now that I wiped beads of perspiration from my brow a few seconds after I was told that I would fly that night in a United States Army Liberator bomber on a mission deep into Japanese territory.

A trifle nervous, I quit my typewriter and gathered up my flight gear. Two hours before the designated take-off time I was walking restlessly from one wall map to another in the operations hut of the squadron on Guadalcanal to which I had been assigned.

It was near midnight when a corporal called across the room: "Lieutenant, here's the marine sergeant who's going with you."

The slender army officer, slightly grayed at the temples, crossed the room and extended his hand.

"I'm Jerry," he said in an informal, matter-of-fact manner. "Glad to have you with us. You'll work the starboard waist gun."

I gulped once and felt a lump form in my throat. My fingers squeezed

Lieutenant Crume explained to me that the crew decides before each bombing hop whether they will go down in their parachutes or make a forced landing.

Will Land in Water.

The decision that night was that if we get hit we would try to make a water landing. I concurred in the decision.

Jerry said he felt we would have a better chance to survive if we made a water landing and remained together in the rubber boat with which our bomber was equipped. He explained that the jungle surrounding the target was practically impenetrable. We would stand little chance to survive if we parachuted into the wilderness.

I listened intently to the discussion, but all the time I was saying to myself: "These guys think of the most pleasant topics."

Suddenly the chatter was smothered by the crack of one plane motor backfiring as it was started. In a few minutes we were deafened by the noise of all four motors.

Lieutenant Crume poked me and shouted in my ear: "All aboard."

I followed the crew as they crawled through the belly door. I was the last aboard. The others crowded forward. I found myself standing on the catwalk between the bomb racks. They were loaded to

capacity with their lethal charges.

Jerry raced the motors for the usual test. In a few minutes we were rumbling down the strip on the take-off.

I felt I was in a precarious spot. I could only hope that the giant Liberator cleared the coconut trees at the end of the field. I was relieved as I felt the wheels leave the metal strips on the field and rise into the darkness over Henderson Field. We gained altitude. Soon we were heading toward our target.

Out over the water I was told to go aft to my station. I examined my machine gun. (The marine corps public relations section of which I am a member was trained in aerial gunnery before leaving the States.) Then I fixed the communications set on my head and plugged in for a test. Jerry, at the controls, was singing.

I looked at my watch. We still had a lot of flying ahead of us.

Turn on Oxygen. At 12,000 feet Jerry called over the 'phone suggesting that we start using oxygen. I welcomed the word for I was beginning to feel groggy from lack of heavy air. I also felt the bite of the cold at that height and wriggled into the fleece-lined leather suit.

"Bolser," Lieutenant Crume called over the 'phone, "just wanted to let you know that when I say 'bombs away' you might take a look down and see how my eye is tonight. Jerry will bank just after I let 'em go and you should get a pretty good look."

Thirty minutes away from the target Jerry called back to prepare the waist guns. The other waist gunner and I opened the windows. I fed the ammunition belt into the gun and charged it. It was ready for action as I poked it through the window.

The temperature at our height was so cold that my fingers were stiff by the time I had adjusted my gun.

A few seconds later I got the scare of my life. To the right of the plane a ball of fire burst. At the same time came Jerry's voice: "We're just about over the target."

I caught myself shying away as a second burst of fire came nearer our plane. Jerry didn't have to tell me we were nearing the target. The Japs were spewing anti-aircraft shells up at us.

Two lights split the sky and

crossed. We were caught between two Jap searchlights.

The co-pilot yelled: "They've got us in the lights."

I looked out the window just as another shell burst to our starboard side. The Jap searchlights blinded me and I jumped back, certain that I had been seen. A second later I felt silly.

Enemy anti-aircraft fire was bursting all around us. It was my first trip aboard a heavy bomber on a night mission. Yes, I was a little scared.

"Bombs away," Lieutenant Crume yelled.

I leaned out the window and looked down as Jerry banked the plane. The sky was illuminated by the searchlights and the anti-aircraft fire. It seemed only seconds before the first cluster of bombs landed squarely in a Jap bivouac area.

The Louisville bombardier's eye was keen that night. Bomb after bomb landed on the target.

Perfect Fasting. I was unmindful of the shells bursting around our plane as I poked my head out of the window. The temptation to watch those bombs as they hit was too great. A feeling of pride engulfed me as each cluster found its mark. Here I was in the air watching a Louisville boy pasting the Japs. And he was doing a perfect job.

As Lieutenant Crume cut loose with the last clusters I could see huge fires burning below.

We didn't lose any time leaving the target after our bombs had been spent. Several miles away from the scene the Japs were still sending up anti-aircraft fire. But we had escaped. Later I learned from the rear gunner that two anti-aircraft shells burst just under the tail of our B-24.

Most of the crew slept on the return trip. When we landed long after dawn that morning, I gave Lieutenant Crume a lusty pat on the back and said: "You can bomb for my money."

And as we walked into the medical dispensary near the squadron's operations hut, I said: "Lieutenant, I don't suppose a marine has ever admitted the army is hot, but I want to say you boys have plenty on the ball."

I left Lieutenant Crume a few seconds later. I know he and his crew are still giving the Japs hell in the midst of the new Allied offensive in the Solomon Islands.



In this jungle cemetery under blue tropical skies, these marines who made the supreme sacrifice find peace. Comrades in arms bow their heads while the chaplain reads the funeral rite. (Official Marine Corps photo.)

lightly on a lighted cigarette. I turned in a circle and picked out a comfortable chair in front of a desk. The corporal who had introduced me to the pilot apparently had detected the sudden change in the color of my complexion, because he chuckled and shoved a map under my nose.

"Here," he said, "you can compose yourself by studying tonight's target."

I said nothing, but I certainly didn't appreciate his humor.

Thirty minutes later I was shaking hands with the crew members of our big four-motored bomber. There were the co-pilot, bombardier, navigator, and four other gunners.

From 'Old Kentucky.'

One of the gunners inquired: "Where you from, Sarge?" When I replied "Kentucky," the diminutive, wiry bombardier shoved his hand out and said: "Boy, give me five. That's where I'm from, too. Louisville's my home."

And so again, I was shaking the hand of the bombardier, Second Lieut. Jesse W. Crume, U. S. Army, from Louisville. We eased away from the group, sat on the steps of the operations hut and talked of mutual acquaintances back in Louisville until we boarded the truck for the field.

As we rumbled along the bumpy road toward Henderson Field, where our plane awaited us, Lieutenant Crume assured me Jerry was an excellent pilot and that he would bring us back safely.

"But what about the Jap ack-ack?" I asked.

"Well," shot back Lieutenant Crume, "there's not much Jerry can do about that. We can only hope the Japs don't get us in their searchlights tonight."

In 45 minutes we were to take off.

Speaking to me, Lieutenant Crume said: "Bolser, we have a fine group of boys in our outfit. They're regular guys. And you can see how they feel about this thing. There are only two things they give a damn about now. One is bombing hell out of the Japs, and the other is getting the war over as quickly as possible."

Jerry addressed the group. "What'll it be this morning?" he asked. "Will we bail out or stay together and make a water landing?"

How Devildogs Stormed a Hill in Battle of Bairoko Harbor

"We had already fought for five days on Vangunu Island, when we were rushed north to join in the Battle of Bairoko Harbor. We were 200 yards from the Jap ridge, when snipers forced us to take cover."

The story of the squad's last 25 yards was disclosed, at a rear base rest camp, by Corp. William J. Haines. He told Staff Sgt. Samuel Stavisky, marine combat correspondent.

"But we were ordered to keep

driving ahead. So we kept at it, and my squad got within 25 yards of the top, when all hell broke loose.

"Corporal Strauss was hit bad, through the chest. We picked up his tripod and ammunition and kept on."

"We almost made it. Only five feet to go, when Thornburg, an ammunition carrier, and Shipp, who was bringing up the gun, were hit. Thornburg was killed outright.

"Hacker grabbed up the machine gun, and stuck it behind the cover of

a banyan tree. We turned to give Shipp first aid. I was reaching into my pocket for the morphine, when a sniper's bullet pierced my helmet, but it only scratched my head.

"I still wasn't sure whether or not I'd been hit, but there I was, still on my feet, so I pushed up to the top of the hill with Hacker, and we got the gun in position, and fired a belt of ammunition before things quieted down. Then we got word back on our situation."

Americans Advancing Across the Voltorno



Despite strong German defensive action, Allied forces pushed across the Voltorno river in their steady northward march over Italy. Top: American infantry troops tow themselves across the strategic river on a rubber pontoon. Bottom: A group of American soldiers pitch a steel pontoon bridge across the Voltorno while a sentinel guards against snipers.

Hundreds Die Daily in India Famine



A dying Indian family is pictured on the streets of Calcutta where 250 persons perished daily in the worst famine to strike India for decades. This scene was typical of the condition in India as appeals were made for Allied assistance in the form of "mercy ships" bearing food. The famine was reported to have killed 25,000 in Bengal within four months.

Test for Army, Navy Training Courses Will Be Given Nov. 9

The Army-Navy College Qualifying Test (A-12, V-12), which will be held throughout the nation on November 9, will provide means for tens of thousands of young men to become immediately available for training for responsible assignments in the armed forces as technicians, specialists and officer candidates.

The November 9 test will be open to those who have graduated from high school or are in their final term and who will be 17 but not 22 years of age on March 1, 1944.

Many young men are now in college under the army and navy programs. Many of these were high school seniors last spring when they took the first test on April 2. Those who failed to qualify on the April 2 test are also eligible for the test on November 9 provided they have not enlisted or been inducted in the armed services.

Those between 17 and 20 years of age on March 1, 1944, who designate navy preference and qualify in the test may be selected for the navy college program. They serve on active duty, in uniform and under military discipline and receive the pay of the lowest enlisted grade.

Seventeen-year-olds who designate army preference and qualify in the test are offered military scholarships in the army specialized training reserve program.

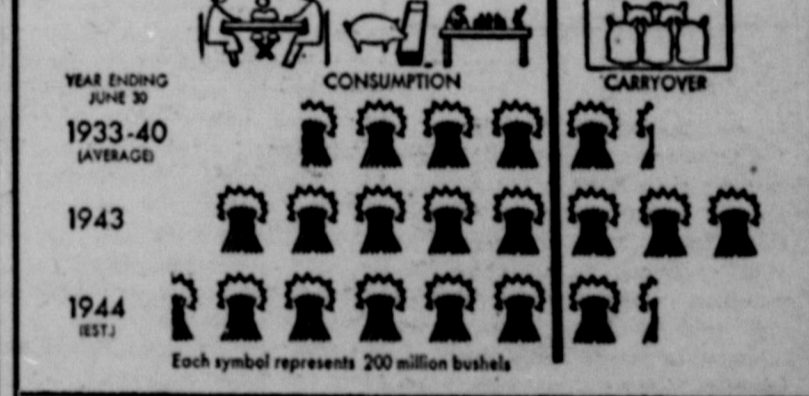
Those between 19 and 22 who qualify and designate army preference are earmarked for special consideration for the ASTP after induction.

Detailed information on the army specialized training program, the navy college program and the qualifying test on November 9 has been prepared by the army and navy and forwarded by the U. S. Office of Education to high school principals, who will provide prospective candidates with the booklet, "Qualifying Test for Civilians."

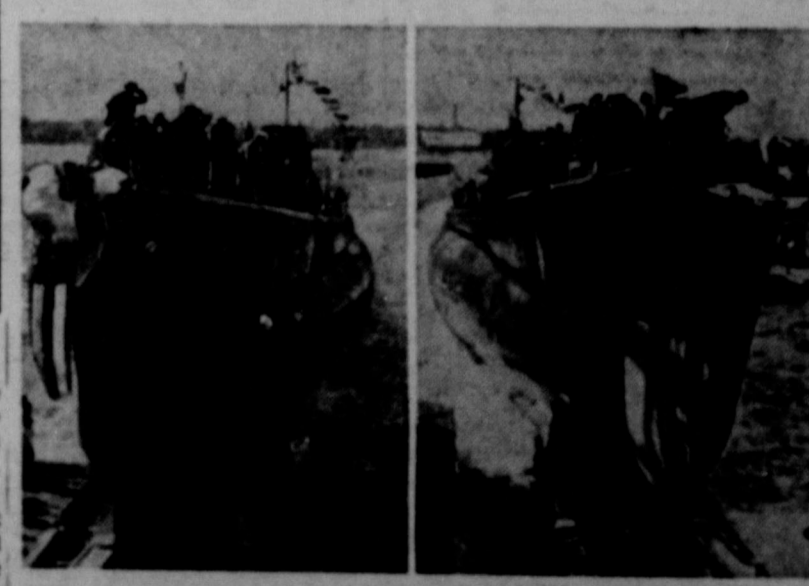
TELEFACT



WHY U. S. WHEAT ACREAGE IS BEING INCREASED

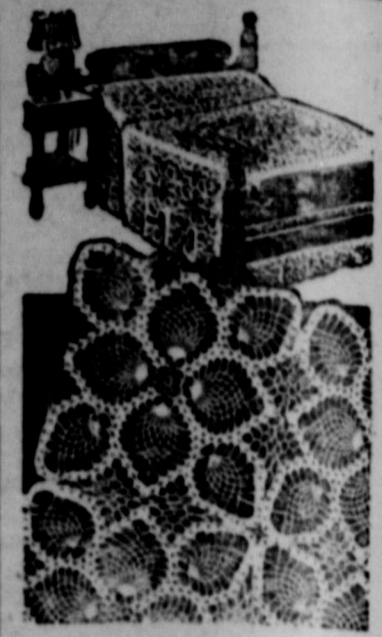


Twin Submarines Named Shark and Bream



The twin submarines Shark and Bream were christened at the Electric Boat company, Groton, Conn., in the first double launching in the history of the company. They were sponsored by Mrs. Albert Thomas, wife of Congressman Thomas of Texas, and Mrs. W. G. Chapple, wife of Commander Chapple, navy submarine officer.

Things to do



No. 7488

YOUR home should definitely express you! And there's no lovelier way of showing your sense of beauty than by making this lacy crocheted spread. The pineapple design, gracefully arranged in squares, lends itself equally well to cloth or smaller accessory.

Pattern 7488 contains instructions for square; illustrations of stitches; materials needed.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
564 W. Randolph St. Chicago 24, Ill.
Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No.
Name
Address

GRANDMA KNEW ABOUT COLDS

She used mutton suet shoe medicated, to relieve cold-coughing, muscle aches. Mothers today simply rub on Penetro. Modern medication in base containing old reliable mutton suet. Relieves such colds distress. 25c. Double supply 50c. Get Penetro.

Saw Both Sides

Four years ago, the passengers in an airliner, arriving at the New York Municipal airport, watched their landing in a television set installed in the plane, thus enjoying the unique experience of having both an outside and an inside view at the same time.

Beware Coughs That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Bananas 3,000 Years Ago

Bananas, one of the world's oldest cultivated crops, were mentioned in Chinese writings of more than 3,000 years ago.

To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made especially for women to help relieve periodic pain with its weak, tired, nervous, blue feelings due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Here is a product that helps nature and that's the kind to buy! Famous for almost a century. Thousands upon thousands of women have reported benefits. Follow label directions. Worth trying!

Help Tots Grow Up Husky!

Give good-tasting tonic many doctors recommend. Valuable Scott's Emulsion helps children promote proper growth, strong bones, sound teeth! Contains natural A and B Vitamins—elements all children need. So Mother—give Scott's daily the year 'round. Buy at all druggists!



THE TIGER POST

Editor for week: Pauline Simpson
 Reporters: Martha Howard, Pauline Simpson, Iva Nora Simpson, Cleo Simpson, Zeke Gibson, Zella Marie West, Freddie Johnson, Joe Johnson, Dorothy Goodson, Irma Ruth Fulbright, George Savage, Juanita Barles.
 Typist: Dean Grigsby.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

Editorial by Jeanette Autry
 Every year one week in October is set aside for Fire Prevention. All high school students are asked to write themes or make posters. Fire prevention week this year we believe will be the biggest and most interesting yet.

This year we have the United States Army and the United States and Dominion government officials, helping the Office of Civilian Defense. The Army knows that goods burned on the home front are lost to the war effort just the same as if the enemy had destroyed them.

In war plants, fire protection is of vital importance. If great pains were not taken, more fires would occur in war industries. Just think what would happen on the fighting front if one bomber plant should be destroyed by a plane somewhere over there a plane could not take off with enough bombs to bomb the enemy. If some smarty threw a cigar on dry grass near an ammunition factory, it would probably be demolished completely. Somewhere a soldier wouldn't have enough ammunition, just because someone was careless back home.

We must be careful not only in war industries but also in our homes, small stores, and war stores. If a grocery store, war house or cannery should go up in flames many more people would starve in some parts of this war-stricken world. Also, our boys over there want a home to come back to, not blackened ruins.

Are you doing your part to help keep fire hazards down? When did you last check your electric wires inside and out? Do you have a gas leak? Where do you keep your oily rags? Are your attic and garage clean? Say, do you have an old electric cord that shocks you every time you use it? You do? Well, Mister, you'd better get rid of it. You can't buy another one, but you can't build new houses very easily now, either.

The next time you see someone getting careless with fire, tell them the chances they are taking. Don't be afraid they'll knock you down. Maybe they don't know the danger. One reason we have fire prevention week is to explain to everyone how dangerous a fire can be. It is a help to everyone.

Do your part now and help us to make this the greatest fire prevention week we have ever had in America.

COL. WHITNEY SPEAKER AT HIGH SCHOOL

Colonel Whitney of the McLean prisoner of war camp was guest speaker at the high school Friday. His subject was "Life on the Philippine Islands," which was very interesting to the student body and the faculty. The seventh and eighth grade students, also Miss Roach, Mrs. Huber and Mr. Lawrence, from grade school attended the assembly.

We give our sincere thanks to Col. Whitney for his much appreciated talk.

Although meat is high and scarce, we are so glad we don't have to eat dogs, as do the Filipinos.

MEET THE SENIORS

Russell Blackerby was born May 20, 1927, in Duncan, Okla. During his school terms he has attended three schools: Hopkins No. 2, Kellerville, and McLean. He came to McLean during his freshman year. Russell has been a member of the Commercial Club one year, in which time he served as reporter.

His hobby is badminton and his likes are all kinds of foods. Russell has no dislikes.

His ambition is to be a pharmacist. Russell may you have speed in securing knowledge for this ambition.

SADIE THE SNOOPER

I'm back again with some very hot news. And I do mean hot. Well! Well! Freddie Johnson from Kellerville really gets around. Doesn't she, George Johnson? Don't Montgomery and "Pool-proof" Brooks really make a cute couple.

I don't mind, really, kids, but won't you please turn off your lights next time? Of course, we are speaking of Pat Ballard and Johnny Chilton, Frank Simpson and Ruth Franks.

Brilla Willis and Bob Evans haven't quarreled yet. What's she got that I haven't? Mainly Bob Evans. Oh, shut up!

Belva Abbott, how did you get Ex-senior Joe D. Pogram? Gee! I'm getting jealous. To say nothing of Theima Willis and Ann Wilson.

Wonder who will be the lucky girl to hook Jack Harris while he is here on furlough?

I guess Kenneth Goodman has gone with nearly everyone. Well-nearly everyone. Betty Ann Rayford is the latest.

Say, who is this Jud Henley that Pat Ballard has been seen with lately? Does she get around? Oh, my!

We wish a certain "St. Bernard" would make up his mind about blondes. For instance, Betty Ann Rayford and Zella West.

We saw Wanda Rae Allen and Troy Bass Saturday night together in the movies.

Joe Turner was with Carol Nan Smith Friday night after the game.

It seems Gloria Gunn and Bill Carpenter are getting up quite a little romance these days. Cute couple, no?

Pat Ballard seemed to be the lucky girl to have gone with Ernest West the past week he was here. They were together every night of last week.

Did anybody but me see the beautiful necklace Ruth Franks has been wearing lately? Boy, it is really a honey. Anchors Aweigh!

Loyce Thacker and Bob Sherrod still have that lovely steady romance going. How long do you think it will last?

Belva Abbott and Joe D. Pogram had up quite a case while he was home until the last night; then it seems as if something happened. Will things be patched up soon, Belva? We hope so.

I wonder why we never see a girl with that handsome Donald Dowell. Is it you, Donnie, or just a girl you can't find?

Bill Reeves and Wanda Pugh are getting up quite a case. How's it going, kids?

Bernard McClellan and Zella Marie West make a very cute couple. Their romance is going very strong.

Who was the soldier we saw Miss Gadberry with last Thursday? Better watch out, Miss Gadberry.

We are all wondering if this growing romance between James Hinton and Bill Thacker started in band? They sure do make eyes at each other out there.

I wonder why we never see Billy Pete Hughes with any girl except Merlene Johnson? They seem to be going steady. How about it, Billy Pete?

I saw Ruth Franks with Frank Simpson after the game Friday night. Nothing serious, I'm sure, because no one can take Troy Isom's place.

I wonder why Johnnie Cubine doesn't go with that beautiful girl, Rheta Pearl Hale? It seems since last year they haven't gotten together again. Come on, Johnnie, you better get to work.

Betty Ann Rayford, our new blonde, was with Gayle Montgomery Saturday night and Kenneth Goodman Friday night. She is really stepping out, eh, Betty?

When the girls of M. H. S. saw Marvin Jones in his Marine uniform they all swooned. Was it the uniform or you, Marvin?

Who was the phone call from Saturday, Kenneth (Goodman)? (Folks, he started after Betty Ann Rayford and got a phone call and didn't make it). We were just wondering who it was to change your mind, Kenneth.

Jeanette Autry and this soldier (Wayne Kite) seemed to be going pretty strong before he left for the army. How about it, Jean?

Billy Ferguson is really crazy about Alice Billy Cortis. What's she got that we other girls haven't got, eh, Billy?

Wonder why Joe Cooke hasn't been seen around lately? Has Borger beaten your time, Ruth Strandberg?

Ruth Franks, Pat Ballard, Frank Simpson, Johnny Chilton and Raymond Smith were really having a time advertising the carnival Friday afternoon. Ruth and Pat certainly would make good traffic directors, eh, girls?

What has happened between Lou Ann Wall and her soldier friend? Are you losing your strokes, Lou Ann?

W. J. Hanner has our thanks for a subscription renewal this week.



MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

The man who came to dinner is moving away. He is, as almost everybody knows, Harry Hopkins, a former New York social worker. Mr. Hopkins dropped in at the big white house at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. one week end in May, 1940. His host, an old acquaintance named Roosevelt, is supposed to have remarked in that casual way, one has with week end guests who always theretofore have departed with normal promptitude: "Come on, Harry, send for another suitcase and stay on."

Harry did. Week after month he lingered. He courted from his temporary abode, was married there, and his wife moved in. Three years passed, and four months, and five days. Then, at last, it became known that Harry had hired a home of his own in Georgetown and was going to move out.

Well, so long, Harry. Come again. It's really our house, you know. We keep it in repair and pay for its upkeep. We let your host live there so he will be near his work. We enjoyed having you with us. Do come again, when we have another war.—Pampa News.

NEWSPAPERS KEPT FAITH

One of the significant stories connected with the invasion of Sicily was the account of the secret protection by more than 100 American and British newspaper men General Eisenhower evidently believed the correspondents could report day by day happening more intelligently to the people at home if they were told of the invasion plans. So nearly a month in advance he told them approximately when the invasion would come, and where it would hit.

If the general had not had implicit confidence in the integrity of the press he would not have taken the chance. He knew that his confidence never had been betrayed and that it would not be betrayed. His attitude was justified by events. There was no leak. His action was as spectacular an endorsement of the patriotic loyalty of the newspaper profession as ever has been given.—Kansas City Times.

Inside New Dealers don't believe that a fourth term draft will be anything like as complicated as the fathers' draft.—Kansas City Star.

Mrs. E. Reece of Anaheim, Calif. is a new subscriber to The News.

BLIND NEGRO RAISES COTTON

Jim Reynolds, 77-year-old negro who has been blind for 32 years, has a one-acre cotton crop at Marlin. By feeling along rows with his hands the old negro does the planting and cultivating. He also plants a garden and has a small orchard, does his own house-keeping and has potted plants around his home. He expects to pick a bale from his acre of cotton.

MOTOR OIL

is the lifeblood of your automobile engine. Keep plenty of fresh, dependable motor oil in your car's crankcase. We have your favorite brand.

BARR SERVICE STATION

Standard Products Service Round the Clock

PROTECTION

for your family when they need it most. An ordinary life insurance policy will cost less than you think.

Arthur Erwin
 Great Northern Life Ins. Co.

In Your Post War Plans

—Take into consideration the time required to replace your present Electric Appliances. New production on Home Appliances of all kinds will probably start soon after peace is attained but it will be quite a while before they will be available to every American household. Consider NOW the service you must expect for the duration from old appliances. Keep them running by giving regular care to their upkeep, oil regularly and properly handle carefully all pull cords, keep extra fuses of proper amperage on hand at all times, and above all else, don't overload the refrigerator, motors, and elements.

In the meantime, buy War Bonds for post-war security, and the things you hope to own after the duration.

Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company

THE USE OF POWER

You can make a very accurate estimate of the character of a man by noting the use he makes of whatever power he commands.

Every man in the world wields some power over other men, or over animals under his control.

Mark well the man who is mild and considerate toward those he commands. His orders are more like requests for favors than an exercise of authority. He never tries to make others realize that it is in his power to cause them pain or humiliation. Strict he may be in seeing that his directions are obeyed, he still wears a glove on the iron hand, and gives no unnecessary pain.

Mark also the man who is loud, harsh and violent in his manner toward his inferiors in rank. He sees to it that everyone realizes that he is in charge, and recognizes his authority. He delights in seeing others cringe before him.

He is the man who jerks the reins of a tender-mouthed horse; who kicks the dog; who is an ogre to his children.

Thank God, Lions Clubs have almost none of this second class, but are literally crowded with men who are considerate of others. That is why they are Lions—their kind would not be invited to join a Lions Club, and if one were admitted he would feel out of place and would soon resign—that—or the example and influence of true Lions would make a better man of him.

Be careful how you use your own power.—The Lion.



The urgent need for manpower in war production is emphasized in the above photo showing a young lady in a training school for welders.

WANT SUN TIME AGAIN

The board of directors of the San Antonio chamber of commerce have sent a resolution to President Roosevelt asking for a return to sun time this fall. They declare investigation shows that business men believe no benefit has been derived from the use of war emergency time.

Irven Alderson renews for The News and Amarillo News at our bargain rate.

Avalon
 Weekly Program

Thursday
 "DU BARRY WAS A LADY"
 Red Skelton, Lucille Ball

Friday, Saturday
 "DOUGHBOYS IN IRELAND"
 Kenny Baker, Lynn Merrick

"A MAN'S WORLD"
 Wm. Wright, Marguerite Chapman

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
 "STAGE DOOR CANTEN"
 48 STARS 48
 including such favorites as Judith Anderson, Kenny Baker, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy

Also 6 Popular Bands

Wednesday, Thursday
 "HEAVEN CAN WAIT"
 Gene Tierney, Don Ameche

MAKE YOUR MEAT POINTS Go Farther AT CITY FOOD

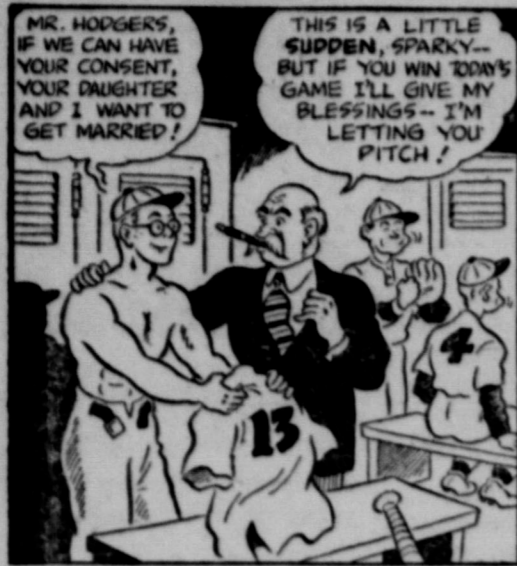
Before you surrender meat points, be sure you are getting a high quality product and the most for your money. A wide selection of choice meats is offered in our meat department and we are always glad to assist you in making the best purchase possible. Regular customers buy with confidence at City Food because they have learned that at no other place can they make a better or wiser expenditure of money and points.

"TAKE A TEXAN'S PART" in the War Fund Drive

City Food Store
 Quality Service Satisfaction

Fun for the Whole Family

SPARKY WATTS



By BOODY ROGERS

LALA PALOOZA—Where Are They Taking Her?



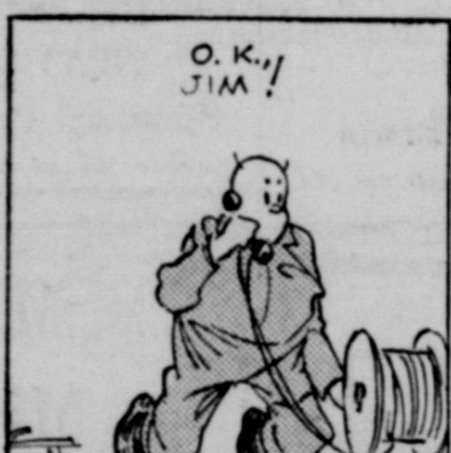
By RUBE GOLDBERG

REG'LAR FELLERS—Height of Realism



By GENE BYRNES

POP—It's a Date



By J. MILLAR WATT

RAISING KANE—A Bit of Precaution



By FRANK WEBB



CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FEATHERS WANTED

FEATHERS WANTED NEW OR OLD ship or write to Hocking Feathers Company, 900 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri.

EDIBLE NUTS WANTED

NUTS PECANS & BLACK WALNUTS WANTED—SMALLE OR UNWELLED Send Samples—We Pay Top Price KRISPHY NUT CO. 2828 FINNEY AVE. ST. LOUIS 12, MO.

FARM FOR SALE

On account of going into government work will sell my highly improved 320-acre irrigated stock farm in the heart of the potato and onion district at Harwood, Texas, for \$75 per acre. For full particulars, contact OTIS L. WILLIAMS, Amarillo, Texas.

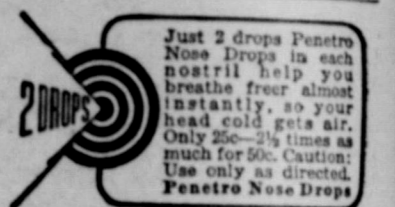
LAMP, STOVE, PARTS

COLEMAN PARTS AND SUPPLIES ARE AVAILABLE TO COLEMAN DEALERS

See them for Parts and Supplies or Service on Coleman Products. Mail us a postcard today for Free Booklet—"HOW TO KEEP 'EM WORKING".

COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO. 250 North St. Francis St. WICHITA 1, KANSAS

Firing at the Sun A bullet fired from a gun and keeping its peak muzzle velocity would require seven years to reach the sun.



Vanilla From Mexico Mexico is now supplying the vanilla which we used to import from Madagascar.

Happy Relief When You're Sluggish, Upset



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "innards", and help you feel bright and chipper again. DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take. MANY DOCTORS use pepain preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin. INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even finicky children love it. Caution: take only as directed on the label.

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GROVE'S COLD TABLETS

WNU—T 44-43

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For You To Feel Well 24 hours every day, 7 days every week, never stopping, the kidneys that waste matter from the blood. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove surplus fluid, excess acids and other waste matter that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole system is upset when kidneys fail to function properly. Burning, stinging or too frequent urination sometimes warns that something is wrong. You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, thirst, pain, getting up at night, swelling. Why not try Doan's Pills? You will be using a medicine recommended by the country over. Doan's stimulates the action of the kidneys and help them to flush out poisonous waste from the blood. They contain nothing harmful. Get Doan's today. Use with confidence. It's all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove



Cattle Select Most Nutritious Pasture

Instinct Leads Them To 'Greenest Grass'

That "the grass is greener on the other side of the fence" for the cow is more than bovine fancy.

When the cow will risk injury from barbed wire in order to get out on the grass on the other side, surely there must be some compelling force responsible, Dr. William A. Albrecht, chairman of the department of soils, University of Missouri, asserts.

"Perhaps farmers have never thought that animal instinct and soil fertility are at the basis of what may be wrongly considered just so much 'crazy cow' psychology," said Dr. Albrecht. "In this adage about animal behavior, there is given to us a significant suggestion for making our shortage of labor more effective and the farm business more profitable. Recent soil studies using animals as means of measuring soil fertility are pointing out that animal choices represent more effective gains by them, better animal health, along with more regular and more prolific reproduction.

"Lime treatments on the soil, for example, are the areas commonly selected when cows graze lespedeza in one part of the field in preference to another, as numerous farmers testify. Hogs acted similarly toward corn left in the field. The corn was



BABY BEEF CHAMPION—This Hereford calf won the grand championship at the Quad County 4-H show at Clinton, Iowa, and the Pillsbury Medal for his proud owner, 16-year-old Benjamin Greve of Bryant.

left untouched where no lime was used even though the hogs passed to and fro through it. Barley has been grazed out first where 200 pounds of fertilizer was applied in contrast to that with only 100 pounds. Grains, such as corn, in the self-feeder, have been selected by hogs according to the soil treatment where the crop was grown. Guinea pigs have selected various grains with differences in choice according to the fertility of the soils growing them.

"Yes, 'the other side of the fence' is sought by the animal because its better judgment as to its nourishment, and therefore its better health, better growth, and more efficient reproduction are involved. The cows usually break out on to the highway or railroad right-of-way where crops have grown annually but have not been removed. Crops have not carried away the soil fertility. We have been alarmed about the danger that some valuable meat or milk producer might be killed by traffic. Instead, we should be recognizing the fact that by means of the more fertile soil on the other side of the fence our efforts and the animal's time can be used more effectively.

"The cows have been pleading with us to give soil improvement some needed attention but we have turned them a deaf ear. We may well profit by using these animal assays of our soil fertility as well as by calling on the chemist for soil tests.

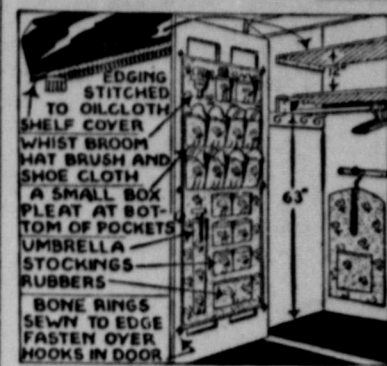
"How can we best accomplish the job of soil replenishment? There are a number of ways. Liming is beneficial because it helps both the plants and the animals to get their needed calcium, more than because this soil treatment fights soil acidity. Calcium in limestone, or even in gypsum, phosphorus in the acid, or raw rock forms; potassium as salts; and all the other nutrient elements included on the soil fertility list, need our attention as soil treatments to make the grass greener on our own side of the fence."

Agricultural Notes

Sorghum syrup is not a good sweetener for fruits. Its flavor is apt to crowd out the delicate fruit flavor.

To render fat, cook it over very low heat until it is melted. Do not let fat smoke. Strain it through cheesecloth or old muslin. Cover the strained fat and keep it cool until used.

Closet Accessories to Make as Gifts That Are Useful and Also Different



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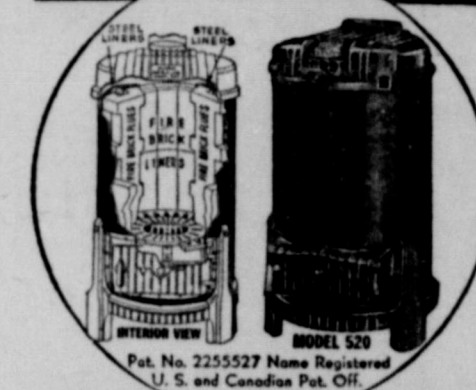
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When U. S. troops landed in North Africa in November, 1942, their baggage included 110 tons of military maps. During the three months which followed, they received an additional 400 tons of maps. Military maps are made in a closely guarded building on the outskirts of Washington, D. C. (exact location cannot be published). Output of this plant is more than five million military maps a month.

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STOP THIS TANK

3 1/2 tablespoonsful of used kitchen fat contain enough glycerine for a pound and a half of gunpowder. Turn in for war use every drop of fat you can't eat.

growing there in the midst of the fiery hell, and there were still peaches on it. He tried to sneak into the tree, but the enemy's bullets found him. He was carried behind the lines. Just as the stretcher bearers laid him down, an enemy shell exploded in the center of their little group and none of them were ever seen again.

This happened at exactly ten o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918—one hour before the Armistice was signed.

Next to the Bugler, I suppose the battery clerk has the goldbricker's job in the battery. You could cut his pay to ten dollars a month and he'd still be defrauding the government.

Just watch the battery clerk for a while and you start wondering why he's in the Army, when he's so evidently cut out to fit the leaning end of a WPA shovel. While the rest of the battery is earning its daily bread with sweat, the battery clerk sits in the orderly room hob-nobbing with the powers that be, typing the daily worklist with original spellings for all the names and wondering how long it is until lunchtime.

Our battery clerk is a beardless youth named Howard Miller. I tripped over him yesterday evening on my way back from a hard day's work and stopped to chew the conversational fat.

"Junior," I asked him, "how does your conscience feel about this six-day goldbricking—schedule every week? Don't you feel a twinge on payday?"

Corporal Miller made a move to draw himself up indignantly, but decided it wasn't worth the effort. "If you're insinuating that I don't have to work you're off your bean, sonny. I do two or three times as much work as you happiness boys."

I yawned and sat down. "After listening to Ussery shooting off his mouth fifteen hours a day, I can take yours. Go on with your fantastic story."

"Boy," said Miller, "the responsibility is enough to kill an ordinary man. I'm a one-man information bureau for the whole battery. I have to know who everybody is, where everybody is, where everybody's going and how long he's going to be there.

"I have to know the answer to every dumb question you guys come popping up with. Where's my mail? When do I get my furlough? Where are we going to be sent when we get shipped out of here? Why didn't I get a weekend pass? Why was I on KP again today? Every sort of question you could imagine!"

"Quit popping your guns, laddie," I told him. "That's no grind for you. You use the same answer on all the questions: 'How the hell would I know!'"

He was quiet for a while and I thought he had gone to sleep again. I was all primed to hum "Chow Call" to wake him up, when he stirred and sighed heavily.

"All right," I prompted him, "so you're the one-man information bureau. So what do you do in the line of actual work?"

"Work!" he shouted. "That's what I do—work! Why, I have to write all the letters and keep all the files and keep duty rosters up to date! I have to make thousands of rosters of the battery every month."

"That," I suggested, "should take at least two or three hours every day. What do you do to while away the other tedious hours of the day?"

He was quiet again for about a minute. Then he arose. "I've got a pretty hard day ahead of me tomorrow," Hargrove, he said. "I hope you won't mind if you excuse myself. You have to get plenty of sleep when you have a job like mine."

"When you have a job like yours," I growled, "you can sleep night and day."

The top sergeant stuck his head out of the supply room and beckoned with his arm. "Come 'ere, you!"

I dropped my stable broom in the battery street and hastened toward him, as one always does when summoned by the top kick.

"Well, Private Hargrove," he said, "this is a red-letter day for you."

"You mean you're going to let me go out and drill like the other fellows?"

"Noooo, Private Hargrove," he said. "I mean I'm going to let you turn in all your equipment. You are no longer to be a rookie, Private Hargrove. You are going to be an important working cog in the great wheel of national defense. You are leaving us."

"What's the deal?" I asked.

"Where do I go and what do I do?"

The sergeant chuckled and leaned back in his chair. He sighed ecstatically twice. "Would you really like to know, son, or would you rather put it off as long as you can?"

"Well," I said thankfully, "you can't be sending me out as a cook, because I don't know anything about cooking."

The sergeant sat back and drummed happily on the table. "Great good!" I shouted. "I'm not going to be a cannoner, am I?"

"No, Private Hargrove," he said after another long pause, "you're not going to be a cannoner. We're going to give you a job where you can use your natural talents."

There was a distinctly sadistic tone in his voice. I waited.

"You're going to be a first cook, Hargrove," he said fondly. "Not just a plain cook. A head cook! A king in your own kitchen, a man of responsibility. Ain't that lovely?"

"You can't do this to me!" I roared, when my breath returned. "It's against every decent human law! I don't know anything about cooking! I want to be a cannoner!"

Sergeant Goldsmith's eyes wandered guiltlessly to the ceiling. "You don't know anything about cooking, huh? That's bad, boy, that's bad! Why, you're supposed to be on shift right now."

"Sergeant," I said, "I couldn't fry an egg right now if it had directions on the package."

"You're in the cooks' battery, ain't you? You've been going to cooking school and you've been sent to a kitchen for all these weeks. You're supposed to be graduated any day now. What have you been



doing in the kitchen I put you in?"

"Making jerk-ade," I explained, "chopping celery, peeling onions. They say I get in their way. They say I keep spirits too high and production too low."

"I feel for you," the sergeant said. "I deeply sympathize. You're going to be a mighty unpopular little boy in your new home. If that supper tonight don't melt in them boys' mouths and send them clamoring for more, they'll either massacre you or run you over the hill. That's one thing the boys won't allow—burn cooking!"

"Sergeant Goldsmith, sir," I implored him. "Can't somebody else go in my stead? Somebody who can cook? Look at me—a digger of ditches, a mopper of floors, a scrubber of kitchens, a ministering angel to undernourished grass plots, but a cook never! You don't know what you're doing to me!"

"Son," he said, "you're going to make a perfectly breath-taking Horrible Example!"

Then he rose and walked back into the supply room. "Thomas," he said, "check in this yardbird's equipment."

Sergeant Israel looked up from his Form Thirty-Two records. "Don't be like his equipment!"

"Check in everything but his clothing," the top kick said. Get a truck to take him to Headquarters Battery, FARC."

Sergeant Thomas W. Israel looked up in faint amazement. I looked in sheer bewilderment.

"They had to figure some way to stop his cooking career and save the morale of some battery as would get him as a cook," said Sergeant Goldsmith. "So he's being palmed off to Center Headquarters as a public relations man."

The word "buddy" hasn't come into popularity yet in the new army. I suppose that if there were such things, Maury Sher would be mine. Sher and I occupied adjoining bunks when I was in Battery A.

Private Sher is a smart and likable Jewish boy from Columbus, Ohio. He went to school at Southern California, until he learned that all the world's knowledge doesn't come from the intellectual invalids who usually teach the 8:30 class. Then he went back to Columbus, had an idea patented, and built himself a restaurant shaped like a champagne glass.

Came the fateful Sixteenth of October and Sher enrolled for the Selective Service System. His application was accepted last July and, since he had been the successful proprietor of a restaurant, he was classified as a promising student for the Army cooking course.

The two of us got together when he was sent to the Replacement Center here. We started an acquaintance when I topped all his Jewish jokes and began teaching him how to speak Yiddish. I was attracted by his native intelligence, his pleasant personality, his sense of humor, and the similarity of his likes and dislikes to mine, his subscription to PM, his well-stocked supply of cigarettes (my brand), and the cookies he constantly received from home.

So we became more or less constant companions. We made the rounds here together, went to Charlotte together, made goo-goo eyes at the same waitress in Fayetteville, and swapped valuable trade secrets in goldbricking.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER IX

By this time, the evening bull session have worn themselves into a very definite routine. If Corporal Ussery is there, he lectures on how he'd run the Army; if it's Private Terrence Clarkin, he tells how he used to direct the intricate traffic affairs of Radio City Music Hall when he was assistant chief doorman there. Unless Private Henri Gelders is stopped, he'll start a violent argument among the butchers over how to cut a steak.

McGlaudia will talk for hours about the beauties of the lakes in Minnesota. Grafenstein will deliver discourses on how he would run the Wisconsin football team; Pappas, about Alabama's Crimson Tide. Maciejewski will sermonize on the utter baseness and treachery of womankind.

Lately, however, the sessions have come more and more under the sway of Private Merton Hulce, a mad Irish lad from Muskegon, Michigan. Private Hulce apparently didn't stop at kissing the Barney Buns. He must have stolen half of it to carry with him.

Hulce's chief topic of conversation is his mother's fabulous family, the Smiths, all of whom seem to get enmeshed in every war that comes along. His grandfather, who was a captain in the Coast Guard at the outbreak of the last war, was transferred to duty at guarding munitions dumps and such for the duration of the war.

According to Hulce, one of the munitions guards with his grandfather's detail was approached late one night by an officer of the guard. "Halt!" shouted the sentry, and the officer halted. "Advance to be recognized!" said the sentry, and the officer advanced. The sentry forgot to order "halt" again and the officer came within a foot of him.



In the midst of this fiery hell he saw a peach tree with peaches growing on it.

Suddenly the officer reached out and snatched the rifle from the guard's hand.

This was an exceedingly uncomfortable position for the guard, especially in that time of war. He might even have been sentenced to death. The officer stood there just looking at the guard for fully a minute. "What would you have done," he asked in a terrible voice, "if an enemy had got your gun like that?"

The guard trembled for a moment and recovered. "I would have snatched it back, sir," he said, "like THAT!" And the officer stood there, empty-handed.

Hulce's grandfather, who told that story, is now about sixty-five, his grandson says. He was asked to come back into the Navy three months ago as a captain. Being a Smith, he's back. With him in the armed forces today are two of his sons and two of his grandsons.

Merton had two uncles in the last war, both of whom fared exceedingly well when you take a practical view of it. Neither tired himself out. The first crossed the ocean three times playing the clarinet in a ship's band. The Germans surrounded the boat once and the uncles in the side were stuffed with mattresses. Hulce's uncle rode back to port, still playing his clarinet. That was the goldbricking uncle.

The other uncle served as a bayonet on the trip across. Carrying a bayonet several times by a person he soon grew to loathe. Eventually the wrath of the Smiths rose to boiling point. Uncle Smith lifted the tray high overhead and wrapped it around the heckler's neck. He spent the rest of the war in confinement.

Then there was the cousin, grandfather's sister's boy. Serving in the front-line trenches, he grew suddenly lazy one morning. Looking out of the trench, he saw a peach tree

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 News Building 210 Main Street
 Day Phone 47 Night Phone 147-W
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
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Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same given to the editor personally, at the office at 210 Main Street.

Labor dictatorship is just as obnoxious as any other kind of dictatorship.

It is a seller's market now but the merchant who sits back and refuses to advertise on that account, will wake up some day and discover that a more aggressive competitor has taken his business away from him. There are no slack seasons for the need of advertising.

One thing the war has done is to give household servants a chance to make some money in other lines. For some unknown reason, servants have been kept at starvation wages while other lines have paid good money. Many a person holding down a good job has paid his servants only a pittance. There is no servant problem now, for there are no servants. It is to be hoped that from now on they may be treated as other persons and paid what they are worth.

"What's wrong with the medical practice?" is the subject of an article in the American Mercury for November, that is especially timely in view of the current trend toward group hospitalization. "The kind of medicine practiced in large areas of the country is no better than the kind grandfather knew. There is still too much chest thumping and listening to internal gurgles and swishes. It is about time the old wheeze, 'medicine is an art as well as a science' went the way of the high-wheel bicycle and bustle. We want more science and less art in medicine," says the writer. Medical practice always improves after the knowledge gained in war, and we should see an improvement after this war. There is no place for medical hokum among an educated people.

A GOOD EDITOR
 A Minneapolis newspaper once defined a good editor as follows: "A good editor is one who has never made a mistake, who never has offended anyone, who is always right, who can ride two horses at the same time he is straddling a fence with both ears to the ground, who always says the right thing at the right time; who always picks the right horse as well as the right politician to win, who never has to apologize, who has no enemies, who has words of prestige with all classes, creeds and races."—Oklahoma Publisher.

We must admit that the war has done some good things for us. It has been some time since we have stepped on a wad of chewing gum.—Macoupin County (Ill.) Enquirer.

Ed Swafford of Pampa was in McLean Monday.

J. H. Bodine made a business trip to Pampa Monday.

NEWS FROM HEALD

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chilton returned Wednesday from Plainview, where they went prospecting for a new location.

Mrs. Isaac Kuykendall and baby Harold, of Texline visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Reneau, over the week end.

Mrs. Wanda Nell Roberts of Dalhart visited her mother and other relatives here over the week end.

Mrs. J. T. Litchfield is rejoicing over the return of her nephew Henry Ivey, from Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reneau and daughter, Mrs. Kuykendall, were in Shamrock on business Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stauffer and daughter, Miss May Ruth, visited Mrs. Charles Miller at Erick, Okla. Sunday afternoon.

George Reneau took Mrs. Kuykendall and Mrs. Roberts to Wheeler Sunday morning to return to their homes at Texline and Dalhart.

Miss Rheta Pearl Hale of Bael spent the week end with Miss Ivy Bell Rippey.

Mrs. Louisa Ladd spent Monday with Mrs. W. J. Chilton and helped in the conservation of food by tanning greens.

Mrs. Geo. Armstrong left last week to visit her daughter, Mrs. Beulah Webb, at Bridgeport.

Price Rogers of Springer, N. M. and son, Forrest, are visiting their father and brother, Howard, also their mother and grandmother, Grandma Rogers.

Mrs. W. J. Chilton received word Monday that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Anna Burkner, of Winters has passed away. She and Mr. Chilton left immediately for the funeral which was held Tuesday at the Winters Methodist Church.

NOW COFFEE TO BURN

Is there no middle ground? Must there always be a feast or a famine? Such seems to be the coffee situation. Less than two months ago you couldn't buy a pound of coffee without a ration stamp, nor could one have a second cup in a restaurant for love nor money. Now coffee is about to be dumped in New York Harbor or burned because there is no room to store it. Coffee importers are pleading with South American shippers to stop shipments which have been arriving in such quantities that the country has at least a four or five-months supply on hand.—Claude News.

HALLOWEEN VANDALISM

Boys should refrain from vandalism on Halloween. This is a relic of the dark ages when the destruction of property was considered to be a smart thing. There is too much destruction going on in the world today. There is too much worry on the part of the citizens over the destruction of life and materials. They should not be harassed by petty larceny on the part of thoughtless boys and girls who are under the false impression that they are having a good time when destroying property. Parents and teachers should tell the children that Halloween is no longer a time for destruction of property.—Canyon News.

LAW AGAINST RATS

Mayor Roy Coale of Beaumont has asked the city attorney to prepare a city ordinance which will make it illegal for householders and property-owners to have rats on their premises.

Miss Opal Thacker of Lubbock visited home folks here last week end.

She Fights in Battle for Food



Mrs. O. A. Carden pauses in her job of picking up sweet potatoes to take a drink of water. Mrs. Carden and her husband are Alabama farmers, cash renters. They have two boys and one girl. Their 1943 food crop consisted of corn, peanuts, truck crops, and sweet potatoes. Also they have milk cows, hogs, and laying hens helping to produce the food that "fights for freedom."

WHERE DO YOU FIT?

Where do you fit in this world of ours?
 With its hustle and bustle and work;
 Are you one of the throng that helps it along—
 Or are you with those who shirk?
 Do you hit the job with a smile or frown;
 Do you carry a grudge all day;
 Are you one of the flock that watches the clock;
 Are you workin' for more than pay?
 Is your job man-sized and worth the while,
 When you've talked up your score;
 Are you keepin' fit and doin' your bit,
 And perhaps a wee bit more?
 Are you one of the average just drifting along;
 Are you listed as Profit or Loss;
 Are you stallin' for time or startin' to climb;
 How much are you puttin' across?
 Just pull in your slack and count up your score,
 Locate what you're aimin' to hit—
 Don't waste ammunition and all your ambition,
 But find out just where you fit.
 —Frank A. Collins.

BIBLE STOLEN IN JAIL

When a Houston preacher laid his Bible down in the jail during a sermon, somebody stole it. He was preaching about the evils of stealing and the dope habit.
 Freshman—Where do jailbirds come from?
 Sophy—They are raised from larks, bats and swallows.

BONDS OVER AMERICA

Early in the 19th century a storekeeper and gristmill operator at Henderson, Kentucky, took to studying birds as an antidote for ennui and added much to man's knowledge of ornithology. His name is a byword to this day. It is John James Audubon.

John Audubon

Only the knowledge of despotism, destruction, killing, maiming brings one to the surface of Nazism. It has no place for gentle souls; only Himmlers, Schleichers, von Papens, Heydrichs.

Keep On Backing the Attack With War Bonds

SUCCESS STUFF IS THE BUNK!

A friend of mine is a very successful executive. He draws a five figure salary. Visiting him in his office one day I mentioned a new book on the philosophy of success which I had found inspiring.
 Suddenly my friend slammed his fist on his desk and exclaimed: "Success stuff is the bunk!" Then sitting back in his chair and relaxing he went on: "There was a time when I read all the books on how to succeed that came from the press. One day I woke up to the fact that if I spent as much time actually trying to succeed as I do as I did reading success books I might actually get somewhere. When I came to think about it I couldn't remember that Ford or Edison or any other big men had spent much time reading about how to become successful. They were too busy succeeding! They had one supreme obsession—their jobs. So I stopped dreaming and reading success psychology and concentrated all my energy on doing the things I knew I ought to do to be successful in my work. That decision was the turning point in my career."
 Here in a nutshell, it seemed to me, was the simple answer to how to succeed. And my friend was living proof that his plan worked. As I rose to leave I remarked: "You may not read success stuff, but you've just helped me write some." As he reached for his paper-weight I ducked out the door.

Customer—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.
 Clerk—Married how long?
 Customer—Ten years.
 Clerk—Bargain counter to the right.



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We deeply appreciate the many expressions of kindness and friendship extended to us during our recent sorrow, and to every one of our friends and neighbors we express our heartfelt thanks.
 Mrs. Buck Cooke and Relatives

INFORMATION

I am not a veteran of foreign wars but a battle scarred veteran of a 30 year domestic war in which I met my Waterloo and was badly defeated. I am now sojourning on St. Helena and the chances of escaping are very remote and highly speculative.

A. T. WILSON at the Hermitage

Quality Foods

Just think of the quality, and service with a smile. People eat with us from many a mile!

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 All my companies have A-1 ratings

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THE TOWN LIBRARY

A library is one of the things a town can point to with pride. Nearly all respectable towns have some sort of public library where the school boy or girl can get a book for outside reading, where a housewife can get a novel while watching her children, or a stranger can pass away an hour or two reading books or magazines. The town library, like the schools and churches, is essential to democratic society. No one wants to go back to the dark ages when books were the privilege of a few monks and education was confined to those who could pay for it.—Tullahoma (Ill.) Chief.

NO SHORTAGE THERE!

Yes, newspapers are short of editors, ad men, operators, printers, pressmen, and most everything else, but they are not short of the determination to keep a free press in America. Editors are turning into operators, carriers into pressmen, society editors into press feeders. Other transformations are taking place, but, out of it all, keeps coming the American newspaper, the greatest institution that was ever constructed for a front line defense against slavery and despotism.—Colorado Editor.

C. M. Carpenter made a business trip to Pampa Monday.

LIFF INSURANCE

Protection when needed.
 Safe, Sure, Economical.

Boyd Meador

Representative
SOUTHWESTERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Mighty Good Food

"Just look at that steak! See that fine food! Oh, boy! Those hamburgers. Sure do smell good!"

Bennie's Cafe

Pauline McMullen and Mrs. M. E. Thomas

GIVE US A BUYER'S MARKET... ANY TIME

Not so long ago we used to think of Paradise as a seller's market... no speculation, no overhead, no overloaded shelves, no returns, no jobs, no red ink.

But a war was forced on us, and in order to protect our people and the principles they stand for, our government went into a monumental production program that made a seller's market inevitable.

And from the very beginning we hated this seller's market; for it was the result of a world tragedy. And to bring back righteousness we were all asked to make sacrifices. Certainly, since we gave our sons and brothers, we should not complain about giving up a few material things.

So, among other and more important things, merchandise becomes scarce... for both you and us. And if you are unable to fill all your commitments, it is because we—and other people like ourselves—are unable to fill all our commitments. So here we are, torn by conflicting emotion; sorry we can't fill all your mounting demands for merchandise; and glad because we are all paying a price so Uncle Sam can deliver where it counts most for all of us.

So let's be thankful for what we both receive... the amount we are rationed, and the allotments this rationing enables us to pass along to you. And if we continue to make the necessary sacrifices (how small they are in comparison with the sacrifices our boys are making) the war will be over that much sooner.

And we'll be just as happy about it as you will be... for we've seen enough of this seller's market to feel that anybody who likes it is living in a fool's paradise... and we don't want any part of it, because we are conducting our business under the same principles and ethics we did before the war. And for a mighty good reason; we're not trading our future with you for any fleeting present... nor are we sacrificing the bonds of friendship, cemented with years of integrity, for any silly delusion of holding the whiphand over anybody.

PUCKETT'S

Do not allow...
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 To make a...
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 PUCKETT'S

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Have all old leather from high-top shoes for mending leather shoes, mittens, overshoes. It is soft and pliable.

Do not allow cover-crops in the vegetable garden to attain too much top growth before digging under, as then decomposition is then very slow.

Dates filled with cheese, nuts or peanut butter make a good sweet top off lunch. Serve them with crackers.

These extra unused paper dollies will stay clean and wrinkle-proof if rolled up and placed inside a mailing tube. Tie paper or cloth over each end.

In ironing cuffs, collars, lapels, or any other part of a rayon garment that requires pressing on the right side, remember to use pressing cloth between the fabric and the iron.

To make a convenient platform scrub pail, or other cleaning equipment that has to be moved from room to room, simply attach rollers to a piece of board about 18 inches square. It saves a lot of lifting and makes cleaning easier.

Best-Known For Externally Relieving Miseries of Baby's Colds

Mothers, when a young child catches cold—be modern—and relieve distress without dosing, without upsetting the stomach. At bedtime rub Vicks VapoRub on the throat, chest and back. It is what most young mothers do because VapoRub works direct two ways at once—and keeps on working for hours to bring relief—ease coughing—relieve muscular aches or tightness—and invite restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone! Try it tonight.

When you see how VapoRub relieves distress of children's colds you should understand why it is the best-known home remedy of its kind in the world. It's just as good for grown-ups, too. Time-tested.

VICKS VAPORUB

Illuminated Nest
The brilliant sparkle of the nest of the baya bird of India at night is due to the fact that it weaves shavings into it.

SKIN IRRITATIONS OF EXTERNAL CAUSE

On pimples, bumps (blackheads), and any broken-out skin. Millions relieve skin irritations with simple home treatment. It works at once. Direct action aids healing, works the antiseptic way. Use Black and White Ointment only as directed. 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. 25 years success. Money-back guarantee. **Dr. Vital** in dressing is good soap. Enjoy famous Black and White Skin Soap daily.

Skyzazer
The sloth, clinging to boughs, spends a lifetime looking skyward.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

To maintain the nation's essential motor transportation system, the American rubber industry will be called upon to make 30 million synthetic passenger car tires in 1944. The synthetic rubber program is being geared to permit such an output without hindering the military needs for rubber.

More than 65 per cent of the war materials reaching factories in Michigan travel on rubber-tired trucks, and 67 per cent of the finished products move out by truck. Proof that our national economy is closely bound with rubber.

Jerry Shaw

In war or peace

F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Shorter Lengths, Bigger Sleeves, Is the Important Fur Coat News

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



in bas-relief. Note the felt flower ear-muff trimming on the tiny coat.

The ultimate in glamour is achieved in the lovely new natural wild mink in golden honey tone, as centered in the trio. For this 34-inch coat the skins are worked on narrow ribbon to give extra suppleness. It has saddle shoulders and the new highly favored tuxedo front. The quiet elegance of this coat and its simple graceful lines are typical of the better models.

The coat to the right is treated with new and original dressmaker details that make for style distinction. The coat of muskrat (an all-around fur that can take it) is especially interesting in that it is here worked in two tones. At the throat, double loops of the darker fur tie adroitly in a big bow effect. This flattering bow fastening is an innovation that is giving coats a refreshingly new look this season. The swag pockets are also chic. The deep bell cuffs make news in that they serve as a muff when the hands are brought together. There is a drawstring arrangement in an undersleeve that snuggles about the wrists, giving no chance for breezes to penetrate.

Mink, seal and Persian lamb are the three outstanding staple furs and the greatest of these is mink. It outnumbers all others. News about Persian lamb coats is that there is a tendency toward fitted Chesterfield types that is very smart.

One of the highlights of this season of unusual fur coats is the matching fur hat that accompanies many coats. A seal coat, a seal hat, a Persian lamb coat with a hat to match, and so the news goes on and on. The fur handbag, especially the drawstring type, also enters into the scheme of things. Two new youthful furs exploited are white lamb and bleached raccoon.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

To begin with, fur coats done in the 1943 manner broadcast the news of shorter lengths. Note that full-length is out. "Last word" models are short. Then too, sleeves bring a newsy message in that they have gone generously large, are made wide at the wrist and have added deep cuffs. Even the fastenings are being dramatized with use of novelty buttons and what is newer still, frog fastenings. There are other endless enhancing points that reflect a daring play of imagination.

The models pictured show up modern fur "coatology" in its newest aspect. Gray Bombay lamb goes into the making of the dashing double-breasted coat, to the left in the group. It is a 32-inch length, and is a style that is going over big with the younger set. The deep reversed collar is precision tailored to a nicety. The loose easy-fitting sleeves have the very new turn-back cuffs. The buttons are replicas of coins with Miss Liberty's head

Bows Galore



Bows everywhere! That's the reaction that comes to one when making a sightseeing tour through neckwear displays. There's a new dickey out that makes bows its theme. The fabric used for the dickey is also an important talking point, being a nubby matelasse crepe as shown at the top. The other neckwear item is a little magic maker, and inexpensive, too. This small collar and bow of course it would have a bow, is of a drop-stitched satin in frosty white. Try wearing it with a suit, or that basic dress that takes so kindly to pretty neckwear.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for November 7

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THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:13; Matthew 5:21-22, 28-45.
GOLDEN TEXT—Whoever hateth his brother is a murderer.—I John 3:15.

Human life is sacred—and there is a very important reason why that is true. It is not because of any law of man, but finds its foundation in the fact that God created man in His own likeness and image. Because that is true, no man has any right to take the life of another for any cause except at the direct command of God. Only by the orderly process of law for the protection of society and in accordance with the Word of God may there be any such action by man toward man.

Both of these truths are declared in Scripture in God's covenant with Noah (Gen. 9:5, 6), which was made possibly a thousand years before the Ten Commandments were given to Moses.

One cannot deny that human life is held rather cheaply in many places today. War helps to create that attitude on the part of nations which makes them count boys and girls, yes, mere babies, as "war material."

But not only in war is life carelessly destroyed. We decry the "slaughter of innocents" on the highway, unnecessary death in industry, yes, even in the home.

I. The Prohibition of Murder (Exod. 20:13)

The word "kill" in this commandment is one which means a violent and unauthorized taking of life, and is therefore more properly translated "murder."

Not all killing is murder. A man may kill another entirely accidentally, or he may be the duly constituted legal officer carrying out the law of the land in taking the life of one who has forfeited his right to live because he has slain another.

There is also the right of self-defense, be it individual or collective as in war. But these are the only exceptions; let us not attempt to justify any other.

Murder is more prevalent than most of us suppose. Some years ago we were told that there was a murder every forty minutes in our land. With the general increase of crime, and of drunkenness (which so often incites murder), the current figures would probably show an increase.

Do not forget the deaths, the destruction of life, by avoidable automobile accidents. Some of these were really murder because the one responsible drove with defective brakes, dangerous tires, or while he was intoxicated. Add to these the deaths in industry caused by failure to provide proper safeguards or healthy working conditions, and by the exploitation of child labor, and we say that we should cry aloud, "Thou shalt do no murder."

II. The Provocation to Murder (Matt. 5:21, 22)

Murder finds its provoking cause in the heart of man. Our Lord was concerned about correcting the desires rather than to apprehend the offender after the act had been committed. It is the better way, and the more effective one.

In this matter of murder, Jesus cut right through the outward aspects of the matter and pointed out that an angry hatred in the heart is the root of all murder. If we hate, we have murder in our hearts. Circumstances may hinder its fulfillment, but the danger is always there until we remove the cause.

Just being angry—calling our brother "raca" (the modern equivalent of which is "nobody there"), and calling him "thou fool," which classifies him as "morally worthless"—these are the three dreadful downward steps to murder. And they begin in anger.

May God help those of us who have strong feelings that we may not yet yield them to the devil in such anger against our brother!

III. The Prevention of Murder (Matt. 5:23-26, 38-45)

Prevention with God means more than putting up a barrier to keep us from killing. He deals with the heart, and thus puts the whole life right. It is not even a question of how we may feel against our brother. If he has sought against us we are to do all we can to win him. He may be unreasonable, grasping, and unfair. However, the spirit that will win him is not that of retaliation or sullen submission to the inevitable, but rather a free and willing going even beyond what is required.

It is clear from other scriptures that our Lord does not mean that wicked and unscrupulous men are to be permitted to defraud and destroy God's people. At the same time, we must be careful not to explain away the heart of our Lord's interpretation of this great commandment.

We who believe in Christ are to be in deed as well as word the sons of our heavenly Father (v. 45), loving not only those who are kind to us, but even our enemies.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



1867
1-5 yrs.
Circle Yoked Frock

Maoris Wedding Is One Of Fuss and Feathers

Weddings among the Maori natives of New Zealand are a lot of fuss and feathers, principally feathers. The bride and bridegroom look like huge birds with human heads when they are decked out to "plight their troth." The man's garb is made of kiwi, pigeon and parrot feathers; the girl's entirely of kiwi feathers.

Just in case anyone objects to the union, the bridegroom totes as a weapon a pole of hard wood, decorated with a carved head and wild dogs' hair.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1867 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2 dress, 1 1/2 yards 35 or 39-inch material, panties 1/2 yard, 2 1/2 yards ric-rac to trim.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
530 South Wells St. Chicago

Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. Size

Name

Address

NOTHING CAN DO MORE FOR YOU

In the entire field of aspirin than St. Joseph Aspirin. None faster, none safer. The world's largest seller at 10c. Also sold in economy sizes—36 tablets, 20c, 100 tablets, 50c. Demand St. Joseph Aspirin.

like muffins?

You'll love these tempting "Honey Muffins"!

All-Bran "Honey Muffins"

3 tablespoons shortening	1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
1/2 cup honey	1 cup flour
1 egg	1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup butter-milk	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda	

Mix shortening and honey. Add egg and beat until creamy. Add milk and All-Bran; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift dry ingredients together; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans 2/3 full and bake in a medium-hot oven (400° F.) about 25 minutes.

Crisp! Delicious! Nutritious! Remember, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is a rich natural storehouse of "protective" elements—protein, the B vitamins, phosphorus, calcium, iron. Make them with **Kellogg's ALL-BRAN**



CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

Send Your Scrap to the Salvage Pile

NEW EDITION
FAMOUS FLEISCHMANN'S "BREAD BASKET" OF RECIPES REVISED FOR WARTIME. FREE!

QUICK ROLLS FOR BUSY DAYS

SUGAR-SAVER DESSERT SNOW BISCUITS WITH JAM

CEREAL BREAD USES LEFTOVERS

FRAGRANT HOT WHEAT ROLLS IN A JIFFY

FREE! New, revised Fleischmann's "Bread Basket" of recipes for rolls, breads, sweet buns. Includes complete section devoted to recipes specially planned to help make your war-time baking problems easier! Economical! Time-savers! Delicious! Book contains forty pages... full color. All recipes made with Fleischmann's yellow label yeast... the only fresh yeast with both Vitamins A and D as well as the Vitamin B Complex. Write Standard Brands Inc., Grand Central Annex, Box 477, New York, N. Y.

SERVICE

Like the utility which supplies us with light, power, heat or water, the newspaper is rendering a public service. But, like the utility, it must also be a successful commercial institution or it cannot perform the functions of a service institution for people of the community in which it is published. Those who profit or receive a benefit from its operation must pay the cost.

The newspaper serves the community in many ways, some of which may not be recognized by the general public. It makes of its people a homogeneous whole. It promotes community interest, and creates and maintains community pride. Its operations enhance real estate values. It attracts to the town, people of the surrounding sections, which means increased patronage for town merchants. The fact that it has a voice which can be, and is, heard in the interest of people of the community protects them from unwise expenditures of community funds.

The personal items it prints are one of the services rendered by the newspaper. Those items create and maintain the interest of one in another. They make of people of the community an ever-widening family, with common interests. They establish community loyalty, and attract patronage to the local stores because of that loyalty. People unconsciously read these things into those personal items.

To the newspaper can be credited town and community improvements. Its report of a new home being built creates a desire for more homes. Its little stories of the planting of a tree, of a new coat of paint on a fence, the building or repairing of a sidewalk, are all services to the community. It is such things which keep the community moving forward. They cause it to tick.

It is the newspaper which promotes the institutions of a community. It creates and maintains interest in the churches, service clubs, Red Cross chapter, schools—all of the social and cultural institutions. It makes the town a social and cultural center, as well as a market place.

When the newspaper solicits subscriptions and advertising, that is not done as a means of seeking charity, but as a means of maintaining a community service. For such financial support, the newspaper is giving full value, and more. To the life and growth of the community, it is as essential as is any other service-rendering institution.

People, including the merchants owe more to the newspaper than is generally realized. For the dollars they pay, they receive more than the mere reading matter the paper contains, or the advertising space the merchant has purchased as a means of making his business announcements. Those dollars are maintaining a public service for the community.

REPETITION

A lawyer who had been in the habit of winning his cases was asked to what he attributed his success. He replied: "First, I make the jury understand the case. Then I tell them what I am going to tell them. Next, I tell them. And then I tell them over and over again what they have just been told."

The power of repetition is obvious. Newspapers, magazines, and radio daily carry millions of dollars worth of repetition in advertising. A successful safety record may be frankly attributed to the same thing.

THE HITLER RAT

For some time I've been intending to express my opinion of that so-called news commentator in the North who wrote a slur on the young ladies belonging to the WAC. He reflected upon their honor and the result was that enlistments slowed down. That is what Hitler likes to see. The rat who wrote the slander on American womanhood had already been handed an Iron Cross by the President in recognition of previous service that he had rendered against the United States and for the Axis.—Boyce House.

Mistress—Dora, has my husband been very unhappy while I was away for a month?

Servant—Well, ma'am, at first he was in fine spirits, but toward the end of the time he got less cheerful, and by yesterday he was really sad.

Whether or not it's bad luck for a cat to follow you depends upon whether you're a man or a mouse.



"Can't we be patriotic and turn the light out? Tell your Pa there is a bad shortage of kerosene these days."

MAD HATTERS?

Each year we think we have seen everything in the way of hats but again this season in Claude we are again wordless in amazement. Men don't change their hats much from felt to straw and from plain hat band to faintly figured silk or maybe just a wee little feather. But look at what the women are doing with their headgear this fall. If you want a change of scenery! There are those things they call snoods that hang to the shoulders and are like big nets—now they are fastening them full of flowers and bows. Look at the little skull caps with enormous bunches of flowers or birds perched on the top to sway and nod and even almost chirp, behind the lady's pompadour. And the veils are loose and full and flowing or tied in big bows and caught tightly under the chin. But our ladies, God bless 'em, are still pretty as a picture.—Claude News.

ISMS

- Socialism**—You have two cows and give one to your neighbor.
- Communism**—You have two cows—the government takes both and gives you some milk.
- Fascism**—You have two cows—the government takes both and sells you the milk.
- Nazism**—You have two cows—the government takes both and shoots you.
- New Dealism**—You have two cows—the government takes both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away.
- Capitalism**—You have two cows—you sell one and buy a bull.

ANGRY AT STALIN?

President Roosevelt, at Toronto, said he was "everlastingly angry" at those who poke fun at his "four freedoms."

In Russia they will not stand for two of them—freedom of expression and religion. Maybe he had better speak to Stalin about it.—Daily Oklahoman.

Miss Venda Busey of Shamrock came last week for a visit with her aunt, Mrs. Nath Franks.

Mrs. Walter Bones of Campo, Colo., visited in the J. I. Bones home this week.

Jimmie Holmes of Amarillo was in McLean Saturday night.

Miss Miriam Wilson and sister of Pampa were in McLean on business Saturday.

Miss Mary Lee Abbott of Canyon visited home folks here over the week end.

Mrs. Pauline McMullen and daughter went to Breckenridge Sunday for a few days' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Creed Bogan and daughter of Berger visited relatives here last week end.

Mrs. Mattie Graham returned Thursday from a visit with her daughter at Forney.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis visited their son, Marvin, at an Amarillo hospital Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Shaw made a business trip to Pampa last week.

Miss Jamie Lee Watkins of Phillips visited home folks here over the week end.

Miss Colleen Burrows went to Amarillo this week to enter business college.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vincent and baby visited relatives at Spearman over the week end.

MICKIE SAYS—

THE HOME NEWSPAPER HAS THE SOUNDTEST FOUNDATION IN THE WORLD—TH' FRIENDLY INTEREST THAT FOLKS HAVE IN EACH OTHER—THEY BUY IT TO READ ABOUT THEIR NEIGHBORS



DON'T PITY NURSES; THEY LIKE G. I. SHOES

New Caledonia—Don't pity the army nurse who out here is wearing the square-toed, low-heeled G. I. (government issue) shoes like those worn by soldiers. She likes them—and you can take the word of Lieut. Esther Boyer, Army nurse, for that.

"All the newspaper stories point out that the nurses who wear G. I. shoes are something of heroines," she declared. "Don't believe it, for the truth is we soon get used to the square toes and low heels, and right then we stop complaining about our feet being cramped, and the heavy leather protects our toes."

DON'T ASK US

Since John L. Lewis is not our favorite hero, we are not in his confidence, and since he refuses to keep us fully informed, we are unable to give the low down on the controversy revealed when the Alexandria rationing board called upon John L. to explain how he got the gasoline he used on a recent motor trip to Springfield, Ill. Probably he never will tell us what it is all about. We may never know just why the king of the coal diggers failed to get him one of these global cards which authorize the possessor to crank up a bomber and make a round trip journey to Australia and New Zealand and points intermediate. It can be done, you know. And how!—Daily Oklahoman.

A jest's popularity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Huber and daughter were in Amarillo Monday. They also visited Mrs. Huber's mother and sister near Panhandle.

Miss Margaret Glass made a business trip to Shamrock Tuesday.

Sammie Cubine has returned from Altus, Okla., where he has been employed for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Alderson visited at Clarendon Sunday.

C. P. Callahan made a business trip to Shamrock Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirby were in Clarendon Saturday.

W. C. Collier of Amarillo was in McLean Saturday night.

Buy printing in McLean.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES—One insertion, 25¢ per word. Two insertions, 35¢ per word. Three insertions, 45¢ per word. Each week after first insertion, 15¢ per word. Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numerals count as words. No advertisement accepted for less than 25¢ per week. All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Good farm 160 1/2 mile east of Heald school house. See H. W. Lovell, Ashola, Tex. 44-8p

FOR SALE—4-room house, fully redecorated, and 1 lot, AAA barred rock chickens, 14 brooder house. Haskell 6m 43-3p

WANTED

WANTED to buy feed crop stalk field, any size. Boyd Mead

MISCELLANEOUS

NO INCREASE in price of the sweep at News office.

WE HAVE CALLS every week for rooms, apartments and houses. Advertise your rentals here.

WE CAN ACCEPT a few new subscriptions at the News office.

BOXED STATIONERY at News office. Printed at small additional charge, if desired.

NEW MONEY FOR YOUR OLD THINGS
Your Discarded Furniture, Piano, Radio, Bicycle, Tools, Ice Box, can be sold with A WANT AD IN THIS NEWSPAPER

Would You Buy It Again?

All merchants—nearly everybody who makes a living by selling something—can be divided into two distinct groups:

GROUP ONE:

The merchant whose goods give so little value that he, like the old-time vendor of gold-bricks, cannot expect "repeat" orders. He must make all his profit from the first (and only) sale. Then he must seek buyers not yet familiar with his goods or reputation.

GROUP TWO:

The merchant whose goods are sold in the hope of winning the purchaser's continued patronage. He can expect only a moderate profit. Thus, one sale per person is not enough. Each article must be good enough to make the buyer want to buy it again.

The merchants who advertise in this newspaper belong in **Group Two**. They could not stay in business unless they earned "repeat" orders—unless they gave you honest value for every dollar you spend with them.

That is why each article they sell you must be so thoroughly satisfactory that you would later answer "yes" to this, the most important question a merchant can ask a customer: "Would you buy it again?"

BONDS OVER AMERICA

Santa Claus' Post Office

Less than 100 people live in Santa Claus, Indiana, but each year the postmaster sends out more than half a million Christmas cards and packages. Nearby is a granite statue of Santa Claus, dedicated to children of the world.

In the Nazi slave countries of Poland, Greece, Jugoslavia little children starve to death, the older and stronger ones are sold into slavery where they can live but a few sad years at the most.

Keep On Backing the Attack With War Bonds

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