

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — — A Community Institution

Vol. 43.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, July 4, 1946.

No. 27.

Rodeo Crowds Enjoy Two Days

Large crowds enjoyed the American Legion rodeo both days last week with every department reporting on schedule.

The big street parade with cowboys and their gals on fine horses was witnessed by lined sidewalks. Good natured applause greeted Earl Stubblefield, merchant dressed to represent Jeff Branson, the comic team of Muir and Mr. Stubblefield easily carried off first honors in his comic ride.

J. R. Glass, Legion commander and secretary of the rodeo, with other officials, expresses appreciation to everyone who assisted in making the affair a success.

Following are the winners of the events:

Friday Afternoon

Calf roping—Slim Emmert, Cecil Smith, Doyle Sparlin and Arthur Dyer.

Bronc riding—Ed Akridge, Bud Williams and Hugh Hull.

Ribbon roping—George Smith, Ed Barrett, Doyle Sparlin and Ed Hull.

Bull riding—Bud Smith, Jim Allen, Hugh Hull and Ed Akridge.

Friday Night

Calf roping—Olen Massay, E. Clifton, Siler Hopkins and Howard Shipley.

Bronc riding—Shine Bright, Earl Williams, Bill Agee and Ed Akridge.

Ribbon roping—George Smith, Bud Hines and Howard Shipley.

Bull riding—Ed Akridge, Pete Grady, Bud Smith and Hugh Hull.

Saturday

Calf roping—Slim Emmert, Pup Wells, Al Gibson, Siler Hopkins and Ed Barrett.

Bronc riding—Shine Bright, Bill Agee and Earl Williams.

Ribbon roping—Doyle Sparlin, Pup Wells, Paris Hess and Troy Whaley.

Bull riding—Ed Akridge, Bud Smith, Pete Grady and Hugh Hull.

Rodeo Finals

Calf roping—Slim Emmert, first; Ed Clifton and Olen Massay tied for second and third.

Bronc riding—Ed Akridge, Earl Williams and Shine Bright.

Ribbon roping—George Smith, Doyle Sparlin and Bud Hines tied for second and third.

Bull riding—Hugh Hull, Pete Grady and Ed Akridge.

Bullfighting—Hugh Hull and Bill Akridge.

In the old timers' contest, the oldest man attending was Uncle Ben Pierce, 88. The oldest lady was Mrs. G. W. Sullivan, 81. The oldest man who has lived in the Panhandle all his life was a Mr. Gray, aged 84. The oldest couple was Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jordan. Each of these winners received a \$500 prize.

NEWS FROM DENWORTH

The W. M. S. met in the home of Mrs. Charles Ivey during the month of June. At the last meeting refreshments of tea and cake were served, secret pals were revealed and gifts exchanged. Six were present.

W. L. Hobbs of Los Angeles, Calif., visited his daughter, Mrs. Vester Dowell, the past week. He also visited relatives at Corpus Christi and San Antonio, while on the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Meyers and children of Pampa visited in McLean Thursday. Mrs. Meyers and children spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Flesher.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bidwell, who were on vacation in Arkansas, were called to the bedside of his sister, who had to return to an Amarillo hospital following an operation.

Mrs. H. D. Hale underwent an operation at a Pampa hospital Monday.

Mrs. J. R. Fuzzell of Oklahoma City is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Cort Meyers, while waiting for her husband to get located at a camp in Colorado.

Miss Rheta Pearl Hale is home from school in Oklahoma City.

Mr. and Mrs. Vester Dowell and Fred Browning were in Keaton Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Johnston of Pampa visited home folks here Sunday.

OPA Ends; not Much Difference

Very little difference was noted here as price controls ended. Stores made no noticeable changes and no rental gouges were reported. Cafes were contemplating a few raises on some items, but most of them are in line with OPA prices.

One business man said he felt like he had been let out of jail, another said he feared the worst with controls lifted. The common man took it in his stride, glad to see another sign of getting back to normal.

Musicians at Methodist Church

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Heiny of Amarillo, assisted by Dwight Elliott, Misses Lenore Lengino and Mary Alice Wilson, will give an organ and song program at the McLean Methodist Church Sunday evening, July 7, at 8:00 o'clock.

Mrs. Heiny is organist for the San Jacinto Christian Church and Mr. Heiny is tenor with the Blackburn-Shaw quartet.

All lovers of good music are invited to this program consisting of organ solos, voice solos, duets and quartets.

EMERGENCY FOOD COLLECT

By Rev. F. E. Grady, Chm.

Due to the concentration of attention on the rodeo, and the lack of time for the solicitors to work, the house to house solicitation was cancelled last week.

That solicitation will be made tomorrow (Friday, July 5) by the merchants and professional men of McLean and their helpers.

The drive will begin at 4:00 p. m. and will end when every house has been visited. Our goal is one dollar for each person in the trade territory. Please have your gift of money or tin canned food ready when these volunteer workers call. If you cannot be at home, will you please take your gift to the bank, post office, or one of the three grocery stores near Main Street.

We are proud of McLean and her generous people, and we know you will help us make a real success of this "Christlike" enterprise.

BAPTIST JEEP TO RUN

The jeep sent out each Sunday morning by the Sunday school of the First Baptist Church will start its round at 9:15 a. m. and will follow the same route each week. You are invited to ride it to the high school for services and the return trip home.

Sunday school 10:00 a. m. Morning worship 11:00 a. m. Training Union 7:00 p. m. Evening worship 8:00 p. m.

Ercy O. Fulbright, son of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Fulbright, has been cast in the leading male role in the Phillip Barry play, "Holiday," which has been selected as the summer production of the dramatic department at Abilene Christian College.

Mrs. T. A. Langham and mother have returned from Pampa, where they have been at the bedside of Mrs. Langham's daughter, who underwent an operation.

J. A. Sparks has returned from several days visit with his daughters, Mrs. J. Frank Bidwell, of Albuquerque, N. M., and Mrs. R. A. Wood, at Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Hollingsworth and children of Amarillo visited the lady's mother, Mrs. J. W. Watt, Sunday.

Mrs. Billie Cash has had a wire from her husband, T/Sgt. Bill Cash, that he was to leave Guam last Sunday enroute home.

Roberts county gave \$52.47 and 345 cans of food to the EFC program.

Claude Gene Doolen is visiting his brother, Clint, at San Diego, Calif.

Mrs. L. L. Burris is visiting at Beeville.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Graham were in Amarillo last week.

Few Unemployed Listed Here

There are nine unemployed civilian workers and 50 unemployed veterans at McLean, according to figures released this week by the state unemployment compensation commission.

The veterans are receiving readjustment allowances under the GI bill of rights. It is said that in a few instances where the veterans refuse suitable jobs, their allowances have been stopped as provided in the bill.

McLean-Alanreed Men Commissioned

Among the men nominated by President Truman for permanent commissions in the regular U. S. army are 1st Lt. (Maj.) Nash O. Thompson, field artillery, of McLean; and 1st Lt. (Maj.) Burl E. Glass, Jr., air force, of Alanreed.

MRS. LAWRENCE ENTERTAINS W. M. S.

Baptist ladies met Tuesday with Mrs. W. R. Lawrence, with Mrs. Murray Boston leading a program on Missionary Education a Christian Imperative.

Gethers on program were Mesdames Hauer Aizette, R. L. McDonald, Geo. Colebank, T. N. Holway, W. R. Lawrence, Leo Gibson, Zora Kennedy, C. J. Montgomery and Luther Petty.

Miss Janice Lawrence sang a solo with Mrs. Lawrence accompanying at the piano.

Others present were Mesdames Leroy Williams, R. L. Appling, Bunia Kunkel, A. L. Rippy and J. T. McCarty.

The meeting next Tuesday will be with Mrs. Kunkel for Bible study.

LIONS HEAR REPORTS

Lions Kimmins, Davis and Meador reported their trip to the Lions district convention at Big Spring, at the regular luncheon held Tuesday.

Lion Kimmins announced the following committee appointments: Attendance—D. A. Davis, H. D. Butrum, O. M. Currey.

Constitution and by-laws—T. A. Landers, Joe Gordon, P. A. Pierson. Convention—Boyd Meador, Jack Mercer, Odell Mantooth.

Finance—Guy Hibler, Carl M. Jones, Fred Bentley.

Lions education—W. E. Bogan, D. A. Davis, F. E. Grady.

Membership—W. C. Meharg, Odell Mantooth, T. A. Landers.

Program and entertainment—Boyd Meador, W. C. Meharg, J. H. Kitzler.

Publicity—T. A. Landers, Guy Hibler, Fred Bentley.

Boys and girls work—J. S. McLaughlin, Emory Crockett, Jack Mercer.

Citizenship and patriotism—Joe Gordon, John W. Cooper, F. E. Grady.

Civic improvement—Emory Crockett, Guy Hibler, W. E. Bogan.

Community betterment—F. E. Grady, J. S. McLaughlin, R. T. Dickinson.

Education—R. T. Dickinson, Emory Crockett, H. D. Butrum.

Health and welfare—James H. Kitzler, Carl M. Jones, Fred Bentley.

Safety—Carl M. Jones, P. A. Pierson, John W. Cooper.

Food—John W. Cooper, D. A. Davis, O. M. Currey.

Rainbow Girls Initiate Member

The Order of the Rainbow Girls met Monday evening, when Lynna Dell Mantooth was initiated in formal ceremony.

Girls who attended the Grand Assembly in Amarillo and the Supreme Assembly in Oklahoma City reported on the things they enjoyed most.

Those receiving B certificates in Grand Assembly were Dorothy Clark, La Wanda Zhadid, Jerry Evans and Patsy Alexander.

Those receiving A certificates in Supreme Assembly were Betty Ann Wade, Mary Beth D'Spain and Leta Mae Hughes.

A birthday gift was presented the mother advisor, Mrs. Wade. Refreshments of punch and cookies were served by the Macons.

MISSIONARY PROGRAM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church met last Wednesday for a missionary program.

Mrs. J. B. Heubree, vice president, conducted a short business session in the absence of the president, Mrs. F. H. Bourland.

Mrs. Haskel Smith was leader for the following program: Prelude—Mrs. P. E. Grady. Prayer, poem, and scripture—Mrs. Smith.

The Home of Neighborly Service—Mrs. Andrew Watkins. Hints to a Spanish Tradition—Mrs. J. D. Asher.

Chinese Seeks U. S. Aid—Mrs. Hembree.

Rural Reconstruction in the Upper Sinau—Mrs. Cort Meyers.

Japanese American—Mrs. Smith. Missionary names and prayer—Mrs. Arthur Erwin.

The meeting closed with the Mizpah benediction.

Delicious refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by the hostesses, Mesdames F. E. Hambright, K. E. Windom and Erwin.

Present, other than above named were Mesdames C. E. Corts, C. O. Goodman, E. L. Sitter and Clyde Dwight.

C. S. RICE FOR J. P.

The News is authorized to carry the name of C. S. Rice as a candidate for Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 5.

Mr. Rice has been Justice of the peace in the past and is qualified for the office he seeks. He says he is for strict law enforcement and will appreciate any consideration given him by the voters.

Mr. Rice has just returned from a vacation trip and will endeavor to make an intensive campaign seeing as many of the voters as possible before the primary. However, if for any reason he fails to contact anyone, this is a respectful invitation for support.

The News is glad to present Mr. Rice's claims and bespeak careful consideration at the polls.

Mrs. Truman Perry and little daughter have returned to their home at Oakland, Calif., after a visit with the lady's father and grandmother, Charles Cousins and Mrs. J. W. Story.

Mrs. C. O. Huber and daughter of Amarillo and Mrs. Huber's mother, Mrs. J. L. Brooks, of Panhandle visited in McLean Tuesday.

Mrs. Ruel Smith and children visited their sister and aunt, Mrs. Ralph Caldwell, in Amarillo one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Alexander visited their former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Alexander, Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Lowry and daughter of Clarendon recently visited their mother and grandmother, Mrs. J. W. Story.

Born June 22 at a Shamrock hospital to Mr. and Mrs. Reed Grogan, a boy named Michael Reed.

C. P. Callahan and son visited their mother and grandmother at Childress Friday.

Baptist VBS Opens Monday

Vacation Bible School sponsored by the Baptists of McLean opens Monday, July 8, at the high school. This will be a ten day school, five mornings each week from 9:00 till 11:30. All children of the town between the ages of 4 and 10 are invited to attend.

The following leaders have been selected to head the various departments: Beginner, Miss Mary Lee Abbott; primary, Mrs. John Cooper; junior, Mrs. C. J. Montgomery; intermediate, Mrs. Murray Boston. A full corps of helpers will work in each department.

Registration for the school will open Friday July 5, at 9:30 a. m. at the high school.

BIRTHDAYS

July 7—Mrs. Zora Kennedy, Mrs. Nora Loveland, Modean Trimble, Don Howard.

July 8—John B. Rice, Ernest Dowell, Goldie Copeland, Mrs. Nolan Bunch.

July 9—Nell Bentley.

July 10—Emma Lou Carpenter, Mrs. A. C. Meier.

July 11—Mrs. R. F. Sanders.

July 12—Mrs. H. Billingslea, W. J. Billingslea.

July 13—Glenda Joyce Smith, Mrs. C. T. Chapman, Ronnie Dale Smith, A. J. Campbell.

LIONS CLUB UNIQUE MENU

By Rev. F. E. Grady

A famine lunch will be served to the members of the McLean Lions Club at the regular meeting next Tuesday. The club voted unanimously to share a starvation diet, out of sympathy with the millions who must exist or die on a menu similar to this:

1/2 cup thin beef soup.

1 1/2 oz. meat.

Thin slice of bread.

1 oz. beets.

1 oz. potatoes.

Coffee substitute.

The money saved will be placed in the Emergency Food Collection fund. Watch these men to see how good sports they are. Meals on the side are out. Will you follow the example?

REVIVAL CONTINUES

The revival in progress at the Assembly of God Church will continue through this week, according to R. F. Jones, pastor. Services are held each evening at 8.

Evangelist Lois L. Cox will hold a special children's service Friday evening at 7:30.

Regular Sunday services: Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. A. service 7 p. m. Everyone is invited to any or all services.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Bourland and children of Tulla visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bourland, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Corts, last week end.

Subscriptions this week: John R. Blackerby, HA 2/c; Glynn Pugh A. L. Rippy, Walter E. Rogers, F. E. Leech, Charlie Thut, Luther Stevens, Donald A. Beall, Mrs. W. S. Aiken.

Mrs. D. A. Beall and son have returned to their home at Luk City, Utah. They were accompanied by the lady's brother, Allen Wilson.

Polio Strikes Bob Stubblefield

Bob Stubblefield, 7-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Stubblefield, was stricken with polio Tuesday and was taken to a Plainview hospital for treatment.

The state health officer has been notified, and a representative of the office of the health department will be here within a few days to inspect sanitary conditions.

All sanitary requirements of the city and state health departments must be met. Stock pens and chicken yards must be cleaned up and kept that way. All stock not entitled to remain in town must go.

All citizens are urged to cooperate with the health authorities with the hope that the polio menace may be stopped right now.

BAPTIST W. M. S. HOLDS "DR. I. Q." PROGRAM

Members of the Baptist W. M. S. held a public program last Wednesday evening on the subject of Old Ministers Relief. The program was in the form of a "Dr. I. Q." quiz with Pastor W. R. Lawrence acting as interlocutor. Mrs. Murray Boston, program leader, served as Dr. I. Q.'s assistant.

At the close of the program an offering was taken for old ministers relief.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bourland, accompanied by the lady's mother, Mrs. Gulledge, visited their son, Laurence, and family at Tulla last week. They also visited relatives near Albuquerque, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Allison and children have returned from a visit at Atlanta, Ga., and other places.

NEWS FROM KELLERVILLE

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

A surprise birthday party honoring R. M. Holley on his 71st birthday was given Monday night, July 1, in his home.

Those attending: were Jack, Marie and Bob Boyd; Loretta Barker; Dee, Estelle and Doyle Johnson; Byron, Avanel and Ronney Holley; Ray, Crystella, Leona Ray and Kenneth Gisset; Joe, Jennie and Billie Harris; Luke and Pearl Johnson; Walter and Bea Foster; Lundy and Ina Marshall; Dick Sargent, Burette and B. B. Kinard.

Those sending gifts were Leslie, Paloma, Linda Sue and Robert James Holley of Pampa; Custer, Ruth and Patsy Lowary; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Higdon, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bruton.

Refreshments of cake and ice cream were served.

CECIL HARRIS

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Cecil of Gardena, Calif., announce the marriage on June 23 of their daughter, Doris, to Jack L. Harris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe W. Harris of Kellerville. The young couple was married at Las Vegas, Nev., and will be at home at Gardena.

Mrs. Harris formerly lived in Kellerville with her parents. Mr. Harris received his discharge in January after serving 23 months in the Pacific.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Davey and children of Kannapolis, N. C., are visiting the lady's sister, Mrs. C. H. Robinson.

C. H. Robinson is at Creed, Colo., on vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bedford of Sonora, Calif., visited in the J. W. Harris home over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Johnson and son, Doyle, visited Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Cooley at Verden, Okla., over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie McPherson and children are on vacation in Southern Oklahoma and West Texas.

H. Ernest West has returned to Texas University after a 10 day vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Shelby and son, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Murrell, Mrs. Susan L. Murrell, all of Mobeetie, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Murrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Douglas, Mrs. Walter Martin and Ella Jo of Anadarko, Okla., visited in the J. M. Bruton home Monday, enroute to Arizona.

Advice Is Where You Get It

By RICHARD A. McGIVERN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

"AND SO we can't get married?"
"Now, Jane, don't be like that. We can and will, but not now."
"Why not now?"
"I've told you a dozen times. We'll have to struggle along and perhaps never get on our feet. If we wait until I'm started everything will be easy."

"We are on our feet now. You have some of your mustering out pay and I've saved a few dollars. How much have we?"
"In cash, all together, about two hundred dollars."

"That's a lot of money to me. Plenty to get married. We don't need much. I've been thinking of you for two years. If we had any confidence in ourselves we would do it. Ma left me those two acres on the turnpike. We can fix up the shack there. I can keep working for a while."

"That sounds all right, and all through those months in the Army while the other guys were talking of going back to the bank, the store, or the post office, I kept thinking of the day I could begin an egg route. It's my dream."

She gripped his arm. "If that's what you want, go after it. It may not sound like much, nothing does at first. Just think, Pete, how lucky we are. There are so few egg men in this town, it ought to be easy. I bet I can get fifty regular customers in a couple of days."

Slowly they sauntered toward town. Pete sighed and grinned.
"Get, Jane, I can hardly wait! I can peddle butter and oranges and..."

"And I've learned to make swell jelly..."
"By fall we should be all set."

Though his voice was casual, it broke the spell.
"There are a lot of folks with hens around here. I'm sure they'd be glad to sell you eggs. And with a cart you could take them into town. It would be tough on your feet but you'd soon harden up. The doctors told you to walk a lot. You're not afraid of hard work?" The question was lightly put.

"No," he said. "It's us I'm afraid of. I don't want to look forward to hard times later. It's not my pride. I'll pull a cart if that's the test, but I'll not take a chance on two hundred dollars."

They neared the main street. Finally she spoke. "Let's ask a few people what they'd do. There must be a lot who have had the same problem."

Pete laughed. "Who'll be the first victim?"

Jane pointed at a couple. The man rested his hand on the door knob of a long shiny motor car. "Yep," said Pete. "They look likely. One of them probably inherited so much dough from a tightwad uncle that he never had to work a day. Try it if you like."

Flashing her best smile — which was very nice indeed — Jane said: "Tardon me, I wonder if you would do us a favor?"

The man opened the door of the car, looked at the dashboard clock and answered. "We're in a bit of a hurry but we'll be glad to help if we can."

"Will you answer just one question? How much money do you think a couple should have before marrying?"

The woman was about to speak. But the man answered again. He nodded toward his companion. "Ma and I got married on her dowry eighty dollars in American money. That paid our passage from Dublin to New York. In 1899 it cost thirty dollars for each. We landed with twenty-five dollars. Twenty of it was Ma's and five I earned on the way over. Twenty-five dollars was enough, young lady. That and Ma's faith in me." He smiled and patted the auto. "The rest came with hard work."

Pete cut off all further talk by saying. "That does it. Let's go home and tell our families that we're going to take the big jump." They rubbed off hand in hand.

The woman turned to the man. "Were you ever in Dublin?"

He was grinning. "No, lady," he replied. "I've never been out of this state. But if I owned this auto I'd soon fix that." He looked up the street. "You say this is my bus? Do you take it too?"

"No, I live on the other side of town."

"Then good day to you, madam. Don't worry. Those youngsters will be all right."

"Let us hope so. Good day to you, sir." She watched the bus disappear, muttering. "And I was just going to tell them what a time me and the other man had in Cork borrowing the money for our marriage license and passage over. Well, he'll laugh when I tell him." She opened the door of the car. "I'm glad he left the machine unlocked so I can wait in it."

Preventing Covered Smut Loss
Good insurance against reduced grain yields caused by covered smut is to treat winter barley or wheat seed before planting in the fall with an organic mercury dust. The cost of treating the seed amounts to about three or four cents an acre, a small price, compared with the loss of several bushels of grain per acre.

MUTT AND JEFF



POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
Subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

For Representative, 12th Dist:
R. L. TEMPLETON

For District Judge:
WALTER ROGERS
LEWIS M. GOODRICH

For District Attorney:
TOM BRALY

For District Clerk:
DEE PATTERSON

For County Clerk:
CHARLIE THUT

For County Judge:
SHERMAN WHITE
JOHN STUDER

For County Superintendent of Public Instruction:
HUELYN LAYCOCK

For Commissioner, Precinct 4:
ORVILLE W. CUNNINGHAM
WM. EARNEST BECK

For County Attorney:
BRUCE L. PARKER
B. S. VIA

For Tax Assessor-Collector:
F. E. LEECH

For Sheriff:
R. H. (Rufe) JORDAN
JAMES BARRETT
O. H. KYLE
JESS HATCHER

For County Treasurer:
OLA GREGORY

For Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 5:
T. A. LANDERS
C. S. RICE

For Constable Precinct 5:
D. W. (Buddy) WATKINS
W. L. HANCOCK
JIM SULLIVAN

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour.—Emerson.

All Forms of **INSURANCE**
No Prohibited List
All my companies have A-1 Ratings
PROTECTION PAYS
T. N. Holloway
Reliable Insurance

FLYING HORSEPOWER
for your car at the sign of the Flying Red Horse
Your car will show the difference in better performance.

MAGNOLIA Service Station
Andy and Bennie Watkins

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

STATE OF TEXAS
TO: Maud Eastwood, greeting:
You are commanded to appear and answer the plaintiff's petition at or before 10 o'clock a. m. of the first Monday after the expiration of 42 days from the date of issuance of this Citation, the same being Monday the 5th day of August, A. D. 1946, at or before 10 o'clock a. m., before the Honorable District Court of Gray County, at the Court House in Pampa, Texas.

Said plaintiff's petition was filed on the 24th day of June, 1946. The file number of said suit being No. 8328.
The names of the parties in said suit are: Ray Eastwood as plaintiff and Maud Eastwood a defendant.

The nature of said suit being substantially as follows, to wit: The defendant herein was guilty of improper conduct, and such conduct on the part of the defendant toward plaintiff has rendered their further living together insupportable.

If this Citation is not served within 90 days after the date of its issuance, it shall be returned unserved.

Issued this the 24th day of June, A. D. 1946.

Given under my hand and seal

TEXACO

Gasoline, Oils, Greases
Kerosene—the best the market affords.

Motorists, farmers and individuals all testify to Texaco's quality.

THE TEXAS CO.

EMORY CROCKETT
Consignee - - Phone 172

Vote for **CUNNINGHAM**

for **COMMISSIONER**

EXPERIENCED AND QUALIFIED

Two years district chief estimating engineer for U. S. Government on roads and buildings.

Your Support Appreciated

VOTE FOR

Bruce L. Parker

For Re-Election

AS YOUR COUNTY ATTORNEY

The duties of this office require all of my time so I shall not be able to see all of you personally. I invite you to check my record as your county attorney. Since entering this office I have almost doubled the number of fines and convictions. Only the man whose record is good should ask for reelection.

By Bud Fisher

The University of Texas has been pitched right in the middle of the race for governor. This is a crying shame that the biggest and wealthiest university in the South should be a political football because of the antics of politicians. However, if Homer P. Rainey is elected governor, we shall see a continuation of this political foolishness as long as he holds office. The only way to settle the problem is to eliminate the man who started the row—Homer P. Rainey.—Canyon News.

Mr. and Mrs. Mabry McMahan of Amarillo visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. McMahan and Mrs. J. H. Wade, over the week end.

Family Emergency

Accident, illness, doctor bills, hospitalization, death—all can be protected by insurance.

ARTHUR ERWIN INSURANCE

DRUGGED

They laid him out on the station floor, and the cop stood by while the doctor examined him. Finally the doctor arose and said, "That man's been drugged."

"The cop went white and shivered. That's right, sir. It's my fault. I drug him six blocks."

"Mrs. E. J. Windom and daughter, Marsalee; Mrs. Leo Gibson, Mrs. N. A. Greer, Mrs. J. H. Wade, Mrs. E. J. Windom, Jr., and son, Clyde Allen, were in Pampa Friday morning.

of said Court, at office in Pampa, Texas, this the 24th day of June, A. D. 1946.

DEE PATTERSON, Clerk,
Dist. Court, Gray County, Texas.
By LOUISE STUART, Deputy.
26-4c-BLP

"I beg your pardon, but what is your name?" asked the hotel clerk.

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest, who had just signed the register with a great flourish. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," replied the clerk. "That's what aroused my curiosity."

"I take a cold shower every morning."

"Why brag about it?"

"Gosh, that's why I take it."

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Ashby of Lubbock visited in McLean last week.

Don't Wait Until "Pyorrhea" Strikes

Look at your "GUMS," everyone else does. Are they irritated? Drugists refund money if first bottle of "LETO'S" fails to satisfy.

POWERS DRUG CO.

LET'S EAT!

RAVENOUS? Try one of our steaks!

JUST LUNCHING? Try one of dinner specials!

JUST HUNGRY? Try one of our tempting sandwiches!

NOT HUNGRY? Then just try a cup of our delicious coffee!

McLEAN CAFE

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. (Buddy) Watkins

CLAY TRANSFER

AND STORAGE

Local and long distance—Fully insured

Shamrock

Phone 556-W

COME IN FOR

BETTER AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

Your car will run smoother with Standard motor oils.

We strive to please.

STANDARD SERVICE STATION

Odell Mantooth, Owner

We are in there pitching to do our best to keep the cost of living down.

Visit our fresh food department for large assortment fresh vegetables and fancy fresh fruits—kept fresh by refrigeration.

Spuds fancy large red lb. 4 1-2c

Lettuce large fresh head 10c

BAKING POWDER Clabber Girl 25 oz. 19c

2 qt. jars
KRAUT fancy 35c

Mother's
OATS with premium 35c

CRACKERS
Premium 2 lb. 31c

WAX Cut Rite
PAPER 125 ft. roll 23c

Pecan Valley Mexican Style
BEANS 15½ oz. can 9c

PICKLES cross cut dill
quart jar 31c

ROAST Chuck fancy baby beef 1lb 30c

LIVER calf 1lb 29c

Cooper's Foods

ZERO LOCKERS

COMPLETE FOOD MARKET

Funny Man

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH
McClure Syndicate - WNU Features

WILDERS came right to the point. "You're slipping," he told Jeff. "Your gags don't go over any more. Maybe you do need a studio audience after all."

"No, I don't want one," said Jeff Jackson. "I got tired of seeing people laugh at me in vaudeville."

"They aren't laughing now," Wilders said between sips of his cigar. He opened a desk drawer and drew out a thick pad of letters. "Beefs—all of them about you," he said. "Jeff, you're a natural, with that backwoods dialect and that corny line of guff. I ought to know—I've been in this business for 30 years. But you're slipping. Jeff. What's eating you?"

Jeff Jackson wanted to lean over and twist his manager's nose right out of other people's business. He didn't mind the backwoods crack because that's just what he was—backwoods enough to resent a little pipsqueak snooping around property that wasn't his own. But twist Wilders' nose wouldn't help Rose Edith; and Rose Edith, sick as she was and the best sister any man ever had, needed all the help she could get.

"Maybe I'm just tired," Jackson said through a yawn. "This radio business is new to me."

"It'll be a perfect stranger if you don't come around," Wilders replied dryly. "I don't want to lose you, Jeff. So I've hired some writers for you."

"No!" Jackson said flatly. "I'm no trained seal to catch someone else's fish."

"Bestor's throwing fits, not fish," Wilders snapped. "Says we're not selling enough of his bread and he's threatening to take you off the air."

"My contract—" Jeff said sullenly.

"Paper, just to get you off that rube vaudeville circuit. What's it going to be—writers, or the front door?"

Sanatoriums were expensive. So were doctors and doctors. Rose Edith had him so worried now he couldn't be himself on the radio. And if his income were cut off—"All right," Jeff said. "It's writers."

A week of writing, arguing, hashing, rehashing and rewriting. A week of rehearsing, timing, cutting and padding. A few minutes at the microphone in the empty studio Jeff Jackson insisted on. Another blast of criticism from the letter-writing fans and another session with Wilders. "I don't know what to do with you," he growled at Jeff. "I've hired the best comedy writers in the business and still you flop."

"I'm sick of this 'Laugh Clown Laugh' act. It's my sister, she's more dead than alive, and you expect me to stand up before a microphone and make folks laugh," Jeff said.

Wilders gestured impatiently. "Why didn't you say so before? We'll get the best specialists. Don't worry about the bills, Jeff."

"I can take care of my own," Jeff said with contempt. "It's not money I'm worrying about; it's Rose Edith. You're a city boy, Mr. Wilders. You don't know how close families are down home. Pa's place was 'way back in the hills and we didn't have a chance to know many other kids, so Rose Edith and I just naturally had to play together."

Wilders was silent. "I see how it is," he said finally. "But how can you take care of Rose Edith if Bestor finds someone to take your place, Jeff? Who'll pay the bills?"

Wilders closed in fast. Here was a chance to sock money-spending John Q. Public right in the old tear ducts—a perfect sob story if ever there was one. "Instead of going through a comedy routine this week, tell the folks what you've just told me—they'll love it and will beg forgiveness for being so tough on you, Jeff. It's your only chance to hang on to that dough that Rose Edith needs," he warned, seeing the fire in Jackson's eyes.

The next Wednesday evening Jeff stood at the microphone without a script. Simply he told his millions of listeners about Rose Edith, about the childhood they had shared. He told them of the hardships at home and how he determined always to take care of her. He told of her illness, of the almost unbelievable number of doctors and nurses who were now caring for her. He closed with a brief, "That's my story, folks."

The studio telephones were jangling almost before he finished. Letters by the hundreds flooded the station the next day. And the essence of the response was found in a short paragraph taken from a radio column in a newspaper which the next day hit the streets a few hours after the doctors told Jeff that Rose Edith had passed the crisis, that she was on the long, long road to recovery.

"In answer to his many recent critics," the item read, "Jeff Jackson ably vindicated himself at the microphone last night, at the same time re-establishing himself as one of radio's most promising performers. In his familiar homey style, Jackson related the adventures and misadventures of his imaginary sister Rose Edith, one of the most uproarious and delightful characters he has yet created. He was never funnier."

Dream Rival

By RAE RESNICK
McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Features

DISGUSTED with his own cooking, George angrily pushed his chair back with his foot. If only Anna weren't such a strange little foreigner, he thought impatiently, his meals wouldn't be so tasteless, and the burden of keeping house, in addition to many of the farm chores, would fall on her instead of him.

With the odor of the barn still clinging to his clothes, he walked the short distance to the next farm to see Anna and speak to her cousin. Without knocking, he went into the living room.

The woman looked up from her mending indifferently, as if his visits were too frequent for him to be considered a guest. "Hello, George. You'll find Anna in the kitchen."

"Have you spoken to her yet, Mrs. Laud?" he asked.

"Well," Mrs. Laud said slowly, "I tried to, only she didn't seem to know what I was getting at." She paused thoughtfully. "Seemed more that she pretended not to."

"I see," he said wearily. "I did tell her what a fine, honest man you are. But her only ambition right now is to visit a fortune teller."

"A fortune teller?"

"Yes. Can you imagine? She believes in them. You see, in Europe a gypsy once read her palm. And Anna said that everything came true. Of course, I imagine little Anna helped out a lot by twisting everything that happened to her into the shape of that faker's prediction."

They talked a while longer about Anna, who was only twelve when the Germans invaded her country, and



"I want see fortune teller."

how Mrs. Laud managed to get her to Canada. George had often heard the story before. She went into the kitchen. He leaned against the wall, faded blue overalls sagging on his awkward thin frame; his long neck tipped forward, his blond, sun-dried hair hanging over dull blue eyes.

As Anna washed the dishes George could almost see the dreams in her large eyes—dreams of a modern knight riding in the wind with her, the long thick braids of her hair flying behind her.

Her eyes sparkled. "I want see fortune teller."

"What for?"

"I want find out who my husband be."

Suddenly he had an idea, and he was overwhelmed by his own cleverness. What had Mrs. Laud said a little while ago? "She believes in them... little Anna helped out a lot... she sure does swear by them now." His red face brightened with enthusiasm. After all, he thought, they would probably be married some day, anyway. No harm in hurrying things up a bit. "There's an amusement park fifteen miles from here," he told her.

On the bus Anna sat quietly in anticipation. George saw her lower her wide eyes modestly when she noticed the men staring at her shy loveliness. Failing to escape their glances, she took a white handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped away the lipstick with which her cousin had touched her mouth. "Maybe they don't look now," she whispered to George. Naive. Thank heaven she was, he thought. For his plans were all the likelier to succeed.

At the park she walked close to him, asking every few minutes where the fortune teller was located. They came to a row of booths under a huge awning and he bought a ticket. "Wait here a minute," he said. "I'll be back soon."

He told the fortune teller to describe him to Anna when she asked about her future husband. He handed her some money. "Don't forget Tall man, blond hair, blue eyes." Then he went out. "You can go in now," he told Anna.

While waiting for her, he laughed. Anna wouldn't doubt the oracle for a minute, he thought, amused. When she came out, she looked as if she were in a trance. Her large shining eyes were focused straight ahead. He fell into step beside her. "Well, what did she say?"

"Oh, she say wonderful things. She say I marry tall man. He have blue eyes with blond hair. And he be very good to me. I know he be the handsomest man in the world. And I wait for him," she said softly. "I wait for him forever."

REG'LAR FELLERS



By Gene Byrnes

Uncle Sam Says



There is something about Niagara Falls which symbolizes a strong happy future.

If we had been here a year ago, all our thoughts would have been about backing our fighting men. Americans bought as many war bonds as possible to help win the war. Today, your Government is still selling United States Savings Bonds. To you and every June bride and bridegroom I say with all my heart: Now Back Your Future.

Wisecracking Customer—How much are your four-dollar shoes?
Wisecracking Salesman—Two dollars a foot.

Avalon

Telephone 34
Admission (tax included)
Adults 35c, Children 9c

Weekly Program
Thursday and Friday

BADMAN'S TERRITORY

Randolph Ann Gus Gabby
SCOTT-RICHARDS-HAYES

Saturday

Return of Frank James
Henry Fonda, Gene Tierney
Sunbonnet Sue
Gale Storm, Phil Regan

Sunday, Monday

"Kitty"

PAULETTE GODDARD
RAY MILLAND

Tuesday, Wednesday

SINDERELLA JONES

Joan Leslie, Robert Aids

LANA TURNER JOHN GARFIELD

The Postman Always Rings Twice
AN M-G-M PICTURE

Lone Star

Admission (tax included)
Adults 35c, Children 9c
Friday and Saturday
Song of Arizona
Roy Rogers, "Gosby" Hayes

Blondie's Lucky Day
Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake

SMART FELLOW

Often we have wondered about this, and now a story in the Wall Street Journal throws a flood of authoritative light upon it. At a dinner party recently, a lady seated next to the chairman of a large corporation, asked him just what were the functions of a chairman. He replied:

"My dear madam, that is not too difficult. The functions of a chairman are the same as those of a piece of parsley on top of a baked fish."

She doesn't think of men all the time but when she thinks, she thinks of men.

Mrs. Jeff Baker has returned from a Pampa hospital.

For Lieutenant Governor



ALLAN SHIVERS of Jefferson County

Senator Allan Shivers is basing his appeal for promotion to lieutenant governor on service to his state and his country. Dean of the Texas Senate, he is rated one of the ablest and most active members of the legislature and, on his record alone, is entitled to be promoted to the rank of presiding officer of the Senate. He spent two years overseas as a soldier in World War II.

NEWS CLASSIFIEDS

Come in and — Call-I-I-I for Adtaker

SOLILOQUY

Bore—... and speaking of Africa, reminds me of the time

Bored One—Good gracious, you are right. I had no idea it was so late. Goodbye.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hunt of Skellytown visited here last week end.

FAMILY STYLE MEALS

50c
McDonald Boarding House

B. S. VIA for COUNTY ATTORNEY

Prompt and vigorous prosecution of all drunken drivers, parents that contribute to the delinquency of their children, and bad check writers—no compromise.

Your Vote Appreciated

FOR FULL EGG BASKETS

feed Mayfield's scientifically blended laying mash and pellets—they furnish the ingredients your grain lacks.

See us for feeds of all kinds, also poultry and stock remedies.

McLEAN FEED STORE

E. W. Sullivan, Manager H. L. Thomas, Owner

"A HOT TIP" FOR Cooling Drinks

Served iced or hot, you can be assured of complete satisfaction when you use these fine blends of high quality coffee and tea.

MODERN MARKET Phone 139

— FINE FOODS —	
Del Monte PUMPKIN No. 2 1/2	21c
Del Monte COFFEE 1 lb jar	29c
Del Monte BEETS Diced 1 lb jar	14c
Campbell's TOMATO SOUP 3 cans	25c
PEAS No. 2	25c
Armour's TREET	29c
LYE Hooker 4 cans	25c
Choice Cuts of Beef DRESSED FRYERS	QUALITY MEATS
Extra lean SAUSAGE lb	35c
FRANKFURTERS lb	33c
HERSHEY'S COCOA box	9c
BAB-O can	9c
CORN fresh each	4c
Good BRAN 100 lb sack	\$2.98
WAXED PAPER roll Snowdrift	19c
White or yellow CARROTS 2 for	15c
White or yellow SQUASH lb	6c
CUCUMBER lb	6c
Lucky Day FLOUR 25 lb	\$1.19
Del Monte COFFEE 1 lb jar	29c
Del Monte BEETS Diced 1 lb jar	14c
Campbell's TOMATO SOUP 3 cans	25c
PEAS No. 2	25c
Armour's TREET	29c
LYE Hooker 4 cans	25c
Choice Cuts of Beef DRESSED FRYERS	QUALITY MEATS
Extra lean SAUSAGE lb	35c
FRANKFURTERS lb	33c

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS
 vs. David Rice Haggard Coop, sometimes known as D. R. Coop, and the unknown heirs of David Rice Haggard Coop, Chas. O. Duenkel and Emma Duenkel, husband and wife, Paul H. Carmichael and Merle Carmichael, husband and wife, Edna M. Hogsett and the unknown heirs of Edna M. Hogsett, G. A. Haws and the unknown heirs of G. A. Haws, D. C. Houk and Ethel M. Houk, husband and wife, ORPETING:
 You are commanded to appear and answer the plaintiff's petition at or before 10 o'clock a. m. of the first Monday after the expiration of 42 days from the date of issuance of this Citation, the same being Monday the 29th day of July, A. D., 1946, at or before 10 o'clock a. m., before the Honorable District Court of Gray County, at the Court House in Pampa, Texas.

Said plaintiff's petition was filed on the 12th day of June, 1946. The number of said suit being No. 88311. The names of the parties in said suit are: Mima Buchanan as plaintiff, and Louis V. Buchanan as defendant. The nature of said suit being substantially as follows to wit: The defendant herein was guilty of improper conduct which consisted of extreme cruelty to this plaintiff and such conduct on the part of defendant toward plaintiff has rendered their further living together insupportable. If this Citation is not served within 90 days after the date of its issuance it shall be returned unserved.

Issued this the 12th day of June, A. D., 1946. Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Pampa, Texas, this the 12th day of June, A. D., 1946. DEE PATTERSON, Clerk, Dist. Court, Gray County, Texas. By LOUISE STUART, Deputy. (SEAL) 25-4c-BJP

Women can keep secrets just as well as men can, they say. The only trouble is, it takes so many of them to do it. A warning is all that is needed to tempt the average fellow.

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REG'LAR FELLERS



LET IT UP TO HER

A small boy, aged six, was invited by his aunt to a party she was giving to the youngsters of her family and friends. When he was ready to start, after being thoroughly scrubbed and properly dressed, his mother told him to behave and especially not to ask for a second helping when the refreshments were served. The aunt, after he had finished a liberal portion of ice cream, asked: "Laurence, won't you have some more ice cream?" After a moment of hesitation, he said: "Just use your own judgment, Aunt Lillian."

GOOD SPORT

They say the sergeant married her because her uncle left her a million bucks. But he says he'd have married her no matter who left it to her.

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE HAIL, etc. All kinds of life policies Representative Southwestern Life Insurance Company

Boyd Meador Insurance Agency

RIGHT SOLUTION

"How do you manage when the phone rings while you are in the bathtub?" asked Mr. Dough. "It's simple," replied Mr. Know. "I put off taking a bath until my wife calls one of her friends. Then of course, I have plenty of time to finish without being interrupted."

"If you're looking for my husband, he's gone fishing. Just walk down to the bridge until you find a pole with a worm on each end."

According to law the designs of coins of the United States may not be altered oftener than once in 25 years.

T. A. LANDERS

Candidate for Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 5, Gray County (Reelection, 2nd Term) Experienced - Qualified Your Vote Appreciated

NEWS CLASSIFIEDS GET RESULTS

ASK THE MAN WHO USES THEM

Notice

I am now located in Harris King's Shop. We are equipped to take care of your Ford. I invite all my old customers and new ones to come in and see me.

ERNEST McILROY

PUCKETT'S

FRIDAY SATURDAY SPECIALS

Flour All American 25 lb. \$1.39 10 lb. 60c

Baby Food Heinz or Gerber can 7c

Schilling Coffees 1 lb. can 29c 2 lb. jar 58c

Peas Mission No. 2 can 15c

Beans with Pork Sugar Loaf No. 2 can 10c

Pumpkin Del Monte No. 2 1/2 15c

Grapefruit 46 oz. can 33c

Juice No. 2 can 15c

Crackers Sunshine 2 lb. box 31c

Milk tall can—your choice 11c

Peanut Butter Armour's 24 oz. jar 39c

Tea Schilling 1-2 lb. 47c 1-4 lb. 24c

Heinz 57 Sauce 8 oz. 19c

Treet Armour's 12 oz. 35c

WE CLOSE AT 6:30—EXCEPT SATURDAY

Vote for **BEAUFORD JESTER** of Corsicana for GOVERNOR



Beauford Jester long has been an active worker for the better things in life—church, welfare, civic development, education, agriculture and athletics. He has served with distinction on the Texas Railroad Commission. His record as a citizen, public official and soldier justifies his promotion to the governorship of Texas.

Vote For **BEAUFORD JESTER** For Governor

AUTOMOBILE

BODY and PAINT WORK

Prompt — Satisfactory — Reasonable

Southwestern Motors

Chrysler Dealers

Pho. 2-4397 111 East 11th Amarillo, Texas

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF American National Bank in McLean, Texas

At the close of business June 29, 1946

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 274,940.33	Capital Stock	\$50,000.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	4,001.00	Surplus	25,000.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	2,250.00	Undivided Profits	17,856.21
Municipal Bonds and Warrants	\$ 23,000.00	Reserves	2,500.00
U. S. Government Bonds and Federal Land Bank Bonds	748,937.38	Deposits	1,332,793.14
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks	365,014.64		
	1,146,932.02	TOTAL	\$1,438,149.35
TOTAL	\$1,438,149.35		

CLIFFORD ALLISON, Cashier.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

J. L. McMurtry, President Clifford Allison, Cashier
 J. B. Hembree, Vice President Nora Cousins, Asst. Cashier
 J. L. Haas, Vice President Fern Boyd, Asst. Cashier
 T. A. Massey—Milton Carpenter—J. Alfred McMurtry

The above statement is correct.

SHADES OF HADES
 Outside a little church near Los Angeles, the following poster announced the Sunday sermon: "Do you know what hell is?" Underneath that question and in smaller type was printed: "Come in and hear our new soloist."—The Re-servist.

"I hate to think of my 29th birthday."
 "Why? What happened?"

Bring Your Appetite Here!

We know how to please it with a big assortment of delicious foods that "hit the spot." Come in and enjoy a meal SOON!

MEADOR CAFE
 On Highway 66

I Work for a Dame

By ETHELYN PARKINSON
McClure Syndicate WNU Features

I GUESS everybody's heard what my boss is this summer, but one's going to rib me. My boss has a cooler business head than any man in the contracting business. I know that—now.

Before school was out the gang began to brag about their vacation jobs. Jack was going to the railroad shops, eight-hour days at 85 cent per Jerry got in at the Main Street Tire and Battery. It was just my luck to have to work for a dame and my aunt at that!

I didn't have much choice. Dad in service—he was a captain in the first war. Mom's jittery about "bringing up" Sis and me alone. "I won't have to worry, Milton. You're under your Aunt Alice's eye."

"But, mom, how can I tell Mar-Ellen or the fellows that I'm working for a dame—a lady? And Aunt Alice calls me 'dear'! She doesn't know I've grown up since she rear Peter Rabbit to me. If you want me to learn the contractor's business there's Mr. Trathen. His offices are right across from Aunt Alice's. She could still keep an eye on me."

Mom got stern, for her "Milton" this is settled. You will work for Aunt Alice until she discharges you."

Aunt Alice had me running a mimeograph and the switchboard I was under her eye, all right. I guess I wasn't too smart, and I spent lots of time mooning across at Mr. Trathen's offices but Aunt Alice didn't mind.

Then Mr. Trathen advertised for a boy. I wished I could get Aunt Alice to fire me. One day I was thinking hard about that and suddenly I happened to make a little clicking noise with my tongue. Aunt Alice was bending over some papers and I saw her wince. I had it! I knew how to make her get rid of me!

I had a date with Mary Ellen that night, so I experimented. About the third time I clicked my tongue she blew up. "For goodness' sake, Milton, do you have to keep clicking that way? It's a terribly annoying habit."

I hoped so. I practiced a lot when I was alone.

On Sunday I went out to dinner with Mom and Sis. Almost without thinking, I clicked my tongue. Sis jumped on me. I was getting good.

Monday I started working on Aunt Alice. The first time I clicked in her office, I didn't look at her. The next day I clicked twice while she was busiest. She didn't look up but she said, "Milton, did you deliver the Branson blueprints?" It was working!

By Thursday I could see that I was getting on Aunt Alice's nerves. I wasn't surprised. Saturday, when she called me in "Milton," she said, "I promised your mother I'd see to you all summer. But I suspect you'd like to work for a man, and Mr. Trathen has asked for you. Would you like to go to work for him Monday?"

"Oh, boy!" She kind of winced, and I realized I'd clicked my tongue. "Of course, if you need me—"

"I want you to be happy, dear Mr. Trathen is high-strung. Irrascible at times. Don't let him frighten you."

Monday, Mr. Trathen's receptionist leered at me. "Funnest faces, in the newest places," she said. I was the fifth office boy in three weeks, she meant. But I wasn't working for her.

"Hey, boy!" Mr. Trathen yelled "run this through the mimeo." The machine was in the corner of his room and he was dictating. But all of a sudden he changed his mind about me. "Hey, boy! Miss Smith can do that. You take these reports across the river."

I really worked that day. My legs were too tired to take me on a date that night. I hoped I'd be in the office the next day—and I was, for a while. In no time Mr. Trathen stopped dictating and roared, "Boy! Miss Smith has some errands for you."

At the end of two weeks I was petrified. One Saturday evening Aunt Alice came over and asked me to show her my garden. Outside she put her arm around me. "Milton," she said, "would you like to come back to work for me?"

Suddenly I knew that was the only thing in the world I wanted. I'm over 16 and almost 6 feet tall, but I might as well be a baby, I was so glad. "But—Mr. Trathen—"

"Mr. Trathen came over to say it would be all right."

"He—did?" I gasped. "He—fired me?"

"Maybe," Aunt Alice laughed. "I know I've been preoccupied. But I'd have noticed if you had any annoying habits. Mr. Trathen's henny. He says you get on his nerves with some boyish mannerism—clicking your tongue. I believe he mentioned!"

Keep Track of Kiddle

Much worry over children's whereabouts can be avoided by keeping a small pad beside the door or telephone with the children understanding that when they go out they must write down where they are and the name of the friend they will be with.

Some Like Them Bold

By ARTHUR M. YORK
McClure Newspaper Syndicate WNU Features

WALTER GATES sat straight as a rod, although it was nearly four hours since he had started waiting to see the managing editor. He was poised hopefully on the edge of the chair, as if he expected each minute might bring back the copy boy with the news that Mr. Pool was ready to see him about the reporting job.

But, instead, the photographer came around the corner for the fourth time from the direction of the clacking city room. Walt stopped him. "You'll never get to see the old man sitting here. Matey," the photographer informed him. "He hates appointments. Funny that way."

"Then how does anyone ever see him?" Walt inquired. His forehead was furrowed deeply, up to the line of his thick blond hair. He explained he had had a little reporting experience before Army service. Now that he was discharged, he wanted to get back into newspaper work. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, proving to himself again that the artificial legs they pass out these days are no handicap.

The photographer stepped closer to Walt and spoke softly from the corner of his mouth. He suggested Walt break in on the chief. "But don't let on you know who he is," the photographer schemed. "I know a guy who got a job that way, only he didn't know he was talking to Pool, see?"

"But I couldn't do that," Walt protested.

"What's to stop you? Pool's a quiet guy, but he likes 'em bold."

Walt descended to the press room where the chief was, the acrid odor of the etching acid reached him. He had always thought it displeasing. But now he recognized it as part of the nostalgia every enthusiastic reporter has for a newspaper office. It was akin to the unkempt appearance of city rooms and the crippled typewriters about which the reporters always complain.

Walt casually observed the blur of newspaper threading through the presses and, pretending he belonged there, from the corner of his eye he hunted for Mr. Pool. All the mere wore the handmade boxlike caps which most pressmen fashion for themselves from a piece of newspaper—all except one.

Walt looked at him more closely. He stood with his hands behind his back, doing nothing but observing moaning machines. He fitted exactly the photographer's description of Mr. Pool. He wore large black-rimmed glasses and his gray hair was parted far to one side. Walt strolled casually up to him and they watched the presses together. After waiting for Mr. Pool to speak first, Walt ventured: "There's no end to the excitement of seeing the paper go to press, is there?" He had to shout to be heard. The man merely glanced at Walt coolly over the dark-rims of his glasses.

"I like the paper," Walt resumed. "It's a good solid paper. Lot of tradition behind it. But . . . here," where he took the photographer's cue. He searched self-consciously for ideas that were not his own. . . .

But I think the paper is too neutral."

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But I think the paper is too neutral. It never gets excited about anything. Know what I mean?"

There was still no remark from Mr. Pool.

"It ought to have definite policies. Ought to guide the thinking of its readers on important topics."

"Yeah?" The man looked sternly up and down.

"I think the Post needs new blood," Walt went on. "Young blood." He considered giving himself as an example, but decided against being too obvious. "Of course it's the men at the top who count where policies are concerned. Perhaps the Post needs a new managing editor." He was sorry as soon as the bold words had passed his lips. But his comments had brought the man's head around with a jerk.

But now, with Mr. Pool glaring at him in apparent anger, Walt could only add weakly, "What do you think?"

"I think you're batty as a loon. Walt felt his cheeks burn. He sought some way to escape as gracefully as possible. "But I wouldn't know," the man added. He brought his hands from behind his back and placed a boxlike paper cap on his head. "I'm only a pressman myself."

MICKIE SAYS—

WE JUST LOVE TO HAVE FOLKS BRING IN NEWS—WHEN IT'S NEWS, AN' BEFORE IT BECOMES SO OLD IT'S HISTORY!



CAFE PROFITS BEFORE OPA

I was sitting at a table in a small-city restaurant last night and while waiting for the girl to bring my order, I took notice of what was going on around me. Here's what happened in about five minutes:

An old man nearby ordered only a 5c bowl of soup, with which he received eight crackers. While wondering how the owner could make a profit on such a customer, he called the waitress and informed her he needed some more crackers, which she supplied—on that same nickel. At another table a young fellow ordered a cup of coffee, and when he finished it he asked the girl if she would mind "warming it up" for him, which she did. At the counter, I saw pa, ma and the two kiddies get started on four sandwiches. Daddy called for the ketchup and was given a full bottle of Heinz' excellent stuff. When they got through with the bottle it was almost empty. Another customer got through more than half his steak before he made up his mind it wasn't any good, and his squawk got him a new one. At that point it became clear why so many fellows who run restaurants go broke.

Walt descended to the press room where the chief was, the acrid odor of the etching acid reached him. He had always thought it displeasing. But now he recognized it as part of the nostalgia every enthusiastic reporter has for a newspaper office. It was akin to the unkempt appearance of city rooms and the crippled typewriters about which the reporters always complain.

Walt casually observed the blur of newspaper threading through the presses and, pretending he belonged there, from the corner of his eye he hunted for Mr. Pool. All the mere wore the handmade boxlike caps which most pressmen fashion for themselves from a piece of newspaper—all except one.

Walt looked at him more closely. He stood with his hands behind his back, doing nothing but observing moaning machines. He fitted exactly the photographer's description of Mr. Pool. He wore large black-rimmed glasses and his gray hair was parted far to one side. Walt strolled casually up to him and they watched the presses together. After waiting for Mr. Pool to speak first, Walt ventured: "There's no end to the excitement of seeing the paper go to press, is there?" He had to shout to be heard. The man merely glanced at Walt coolly over the dark-rims of his glasses.

"I like the paper," Walt resumed. "It's a good solid paper. Lot of tradition behind it. But . . . here," where he took the photographer's cue. He searched self-consciously for ideas that were not his own. . . .

But I think the paper is too neutral. It never gets excited about anything. Know what I mean?"

There was still no remark from Mr. Pool.

"It ought to have definite policies. Ought to guide the thinking of its readers on important topics."

"Yeah?" The man looked sternly up and down.

"I think the Post needs new blood," Walt went on. "Young blood." He considered giving himself as an example, but decided against being too obvious. "Of course it's the men at the top who count where policies are concerned. Perhaps the Post needs a new managing editor." He was sorry as soon as the bold words had passed his lips. But his comments had brought the man's head around with a jerk.

But now, with Mr. Pool glaring at him in apparent anger, Walt could only add weakly, "What do you think?"

"I think you're batty as a loon. Walt felt his cheeks burn. He sought some way to escape as gracefully as possible. "But I wouldn't know," the man added. He brought his hands from behind his back and placed a boxlike paper cap on his head. "I'm only a pressman myself."

Dust One

By ANEL C. JOHNS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate WNU Features

THE strawberries were shipped in early. They were flat, heart-shaped, pinkish red. The centers came out with the stem if Pattie wasn't careful.

Pattie shouldn't have bought them. But she couldn't resist. She had always brought home the first on the market since that time just after her marriage when Philip came home, smelling of gasoline. There was always hard grease on his hands and sometimes on his pug-nosed face. He stopped at the table as always, for a preview of what was cooking and said, "Shortcake Spring must be here. Spring, when a young man's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of love if he's married to a gorgeous dame like one Patricia."

But that had been four years ago. And strawberries always reminded her of the days Philip went away in the mornings and came back to her in the evenings. Never too tired to dance.

Pattie loved the way they moved in unison. Philip holding her a little tight, saying, "You're like the music, Baby. You make me know that, if I never have anything more, I've got everything right now. For you I clean carburetors, patch flats, Pump gas. Pour oil. There's a ritzy dame comes into the station about twice a week. She's a looker! But, Baby, you outlook her even in curls and cold cream."

Did Philip still feel like that? That she outlooked the lookers who danced with him at the USO clubs on his week-end leaves? The lookers who worked in canteens, doing their bit for the boys? The lookers who flirted?

He was sent with his crew to England and no doubt met new people with strange ways.

Pattie was glad she had been a camp wife. That she had followed her Philip around, put up in a jail for two weeks in Georgia because there were no rooms available. Even slept in the back seat of the car at a filling station when she arrived in a town too late to find quarters.

She was glad that she had been with him the night he was shipped. The sergeant had let her stay. She and four other wives who had little to say that they couldn't tell with the pressure of their cold fingers.

Philip had looked into her face, upturned in the moonlight, until the tears stood at her lashes and her throat hurt.

"You're beautiful, Baby. Even now. I hate going before he gets here but I can't be the chooser in this game. Be sure to send me a cable. It'll be tough over there, waiting. I know it'll be tougher here."

It was horrible back in their house-ghone. She tried having the wife of one of Philip's pals live with her. But the girl was morbid. She doted on horrors, especially those of the war.

Philip had said, "Don't sit around fretting about me. Worry is bad. I'll take care of myself. If I see a blockbuster coming at me I'll run like the deuce. I want to come home and find you just the same."

Well, she wasn't the same. She'd been in the maternity ward without him to stand by. She'd come through the measles and a hand that little Philip burned when he pulled the percolator off the stove. The neighbors helped her when she had a bad appendix that the doctor finally removed.

Philip said, "Don't ever forget me, Baby. I won't forget you. The going will never be so rough that that can happen. I'll think of you every day. All day. And dream of you at night. Everything I do will be for you and the little one."

But all of that had been so long ago. She couldn't bring Philip back as she used to. At first she could make him sit in his favorite chair. Could hear his voice above the radio talking without words. Just the rumble of his deep voice. But she couldn't hear his voice any more. She had forgotten how he looked sitting behind the evening paper.

Suddenly her hands trembled. She crushed a luscious berry between her fingers. She was frightened. If she couldn't recall here, where Philip had been, how could he remember her, where she had never been?

How could he keep in mind their simple pleasures when everyone worked to entertain him and thousands like him? Time blots out everything.

She had tried to keep her hold on Philip. She had sent him pictures of the baby every month. Anniversary pictures, she called them. And snapshots of herself too. Being careful to look her best; careful to smile with the wrinkles in her nose about which Philip had teased her.

Little Philip came in from outdoors. His pug nose was red with the cold of early spring. His hands were smeared with a red sucker and there was a ring around his rosy mouth where he had licked the stickiness. His cap was gone and his reddish hair was every which way.

"Tan I have one, Muzzer? Dust one?" the little boy pleaded, standing on tiptoe to see better. Pattie looked down. She had seen that face before. But it was older. She gave him the biggest berry she could find. "And one for Daddy," she whispered.

GIVE THEM FLOWERS NOW

Closed eyes can't see white roses, Cold hands can't hold them, you know; Breath that is stilled cannot gather The odors that sweet from them blow. Death, with a peace beyond dreaming, Its children of earth doth endow; Life is the time we can help them, So give them the flowers now.

Here are the cares and the tears; Now is the time to be soothing The frowns and the furrows and fears.

Wishes, to closed ears, are kind sayings? Wind, to flushed heart, is deep vow?

Naught can avail after parting, So give them the flowers now. Just a kind word or a greeting, Just a warm clasp or a smile— These are the flowers that will lighten

The burdens for many a mile. After the journey is over, What is the use of them? How can they carry them, who must be carried?

Oh, give them the flowers now. Blooms from the happy heart's garden, Plucked in the spirit of love; Blooms that are earthly reflections Of flowers that blossom above— Words cannot tell what a measure Of blessing such gifts may allow To dwell in the lives of many; So give them the flowers now.

Mrs. Velma Betchan is on a vacation trip to Dallas and Wichita Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Dyer, Jr., and son of Pampa visited relatives here over the week end.

Miss Jewel Glass of Amarillo was home for the week end.

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FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Slightly used Oxford, size 7. Johnnie Merritt Shoe Shop. 1c

FOR SALE—5-room house, 2nd door north grade school. Louise Stevens. 27-2c

FOR SALE—13 months old bone Poland China male. Mrs. J. A. Fowler. 1p

FOR SALE: 80 acres land, 70 in cultivation, no improvements, near McLean. 80 acres, 50 in cultivation, balance grass; no improvements, near Alameda. B. E. Ferrell, Box 31, Pampa.

FOR SALE—Studio couch, occasional chair, all-steel bed and springs. Phone 154. ttc

MISCELLANEOUS

I am taking orders for flowers during Verma's absence. Mrs. C. S. Rice. Phone 13 W. ttc

WANTED

WANTED—Sewing. Mrs. Fred Bones, 2nd door north of laundry.

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to be able to supply all our customers with a normal supply of finer printing on the quality paper you've always associated with any printing job from our plant.

However, printing paper still remains available in limited amounts only. Under this circumstance, we continue our practice of trying to supply all our customers with enough printing to cover basic requirements.

We know your demands are real and we are deeply appreciative of your continued patience and understanding.

THE McLEAN NEWS Serving McLean Since 1904