

Here's Evidence That A. G. Jungman Is A Hunter As Well As A Taxidermist

A. G. Jungman, well known farmer and taxidermist who resides in the Pep community, last week replied to an article which appeared in a recent issue of the Lamb County Leader in the column "The Snooper Says."

The Snooper paged Mr. Jungman, wanting to know if he ever went hunting for big game, after a picture appeared in the Lubbock paper, showing Mr. Jungman with some Lubbock business men and their trophies from an elk hunt in Colorado. Mr. Jungman mounted the elk.

He sent the picture, which is published herewith, in his letter to the publishers of the Leader, as follows: "Mr. Drake, this all brings back very pleasant memories for the past several years I have had the pleasure of going on big game (DEER) hunts, in the Big Bend country and other places in Texas.

Hunted In New Mexico

"However, last year I went for my first time, to hunt in the mountains of New Mexico, and I am going to tell you a bit about this wonderful hunting trip.

"On November 2, leaving home about 1 a. m., a party of four, Charles Burt, Norman Demel, Adolphus Jungman, and the writer, started for the mountains of New Mexico. That night we pitched camp in a beautiful canyon near a ranch home, about 20 miles southwest of Magdalena, N. M. Next morning, bright and early, we were off to the mountains, and after a hard day's hunt, we had no luck, as there had



... "And the big one got away" from these hunters from the Pep community, pictured above. The picture was made last fall in the mountains near Magdalena, N. M., where they bagged two 8-pointers, one of

been too many hunters the first two days of the season, and the deer were rather wild. For several days we had the same story to tell when we reached camp at night all worn out, as we traveled over rough country, packing big rifles.

"But this did not discourage us. Neither did the snow on the night of November 9, or the five below zero weather of the morning of the 10th. We had been seeing plenty of small deer each day, sometimes

15 or 20 in one herd, but we were after the big fellow. By that time we had bagged some splendid buck, and to prove my story, I am enclosing a picture of our party, and the three fine black-tailed bucks bagged!

"They were two 8-pointers, one of them having a 24-inch spread. The other was a 12-pointed. Useless to say that all three heads have been mounted, and are now practically ready for delivery.

"Large Collection of Mountings
"Taxidermy, of course, is my hobby, which I have followed since 1910, and Mr. Drake, you 'hit the nail on the head' when you said that I had mounted many animals killed by hunters of this section and brought from various parts of the United States. I have mounted hundreds of deer heads, and several full life size. Also several buffalo heads. But the large elk head you mentioned that was killed in Colorado was the largest I have ever mounted.

"I extend you an invitation to come over and visit my display of mountings, which I believe is the largest individually-owned collection on the South Plains.

"Respectfully,
A. G. Jungman."

Olton Teachers Are Re-Elected For Next Year's Term

At a recent meeting of the Olton school board, all of the teachers were re-elected for the 1941-42 term.

Members of the faculty are:
High school: Carol M. Jones, principal; J. E. Jones, coach; Loyd Hunt, history; Chas. R. Lawson, science; Truitt Sides, agriculture; Miss Eunice Graham, homemaking; Miss Birdie Cleo Crabtree, English and typing; Miss Orlena Bandy, English and Spanish; Miss Mary Alma Wells, English; and B. O. Wilson, band.

Grammar school: Miss Mattie Devin, primary; Miss Emma Lou McKinney, primary; Miss Beatrice Mealer, second grade; Miss Johnnie Mae Short, second grade; Miss Winnie Sluder, third grade; Miss Bessie Moore, fourth grade; Miss Willie Hampton, fifth grade; Miss Flora Morris, girl's physical education; Miss Florence Dickinson, English and librarian; Fred Gordon, arithmetic and shop; Travis Dickson, boys' physical education; L. B. Harden, public school music.

Why Not Dig Up Your Yard, There May Be Minerals There

SAN ANTONIO, Tex. —(UP)—Growing production of airplanes has put a new kind of "prospector" in the field in West Texas, searching for aluminum ore.

Scientists with test tubes have asked ranchers to bring in samples of prairie clay.

These will be received by an organization known as the San Antonio defense group. The idea, said C. C. Leel, group secretary, is to survey prospects for setting up an

aluminum plant in or near San Antonio.

Leel believes the area has the "necessary raw materials". Analysis of the clay samples will tell.

Chairman Carl Pool of the defense group said the possibilities of aluminum production here have been outlined to the national defense advisory commission. Aluminum experts have been invited here to "see for themselves."

41 NYA YOUTHS RECEIVE PRIVATE EMPLOYMENT

LUBBOCK, Texas, May 8—During the past month 41 boys and girls have left the National Youth Administration Projects for private employment, according to Jennings T. Lewis, area director of the National Youth Administration. The NYA jobs left open by these youth going

into private employment are being filled from waiting lists of other boys and girls who are employed; between the ages of 18 and 24 inclusive; out of school; and in need of work experience provided by NYA projects.

Lewis said the jobs which these

youth obtained ranged from house-keeping to truck driving and from farm labor to professional basketball.

In the group from this area receiving private employment are included J. B. Hastings and Mary W. West of Lamb County.

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These Three Loves

by Louis Arthur Cunningham

CHAPTER VIII Synopsis

Beautiful Gillian Meade, niece of Anselm Meade, wishing to restore the rapidly dwindling fortune and to provide for her mother, Deborah, promises to marry Jon Hillyer. Then, she meets Simon Killigrew, best friend of the late Jaffry Clay, young poet whom Gillian had been engaged to. First Simon blames Gillian for Jaffry's death; later falls in love with her—and Gillian with him. Gillian goes to Montreal to see her trousseau and Simon to make wedding plans. Later, Gillian keeps a dinner appointment with Jon.

will make out all right. With you beside him I don't see how he could fail." Jon drove Gillian to the station. He said, as they came in sight of the station, "I hate to think that this is the end, Gillian. It hurts so much to let you go." They had come to the station now. He drew her to him and looked long into her eyes, as if that gazing must serve him the rest of his days. He kissed her then, and touched her hair. She did not speak. She could not. She hurried into the station, almost stumbling, bumping into Simon and Deborah before she knew

But after that kiss, they were very businesslike. Simon, while waiting for the delivery of Jaffry Clay's manuscripts, had lined up several novels and a number of children's books. So many things to do that it seemed each day should have a few extra hours. "But we're getting there," said Simon when the first novel had come off the press. "What a thrill!" "Like sending out little ships on the sea, isn't it, Simon? You wonder how many will make port. Oh, hope they all do. I hope we may send ten thousand after them, and ten thousand after them!"



"Come on, Gillian, what are you waiting for? Darling, don't you see—"

them. "It's—it's done," she said. "It was hard." Simon pressed her hand. "It's time for the train, Gillian." Deborah walked on ahead.

Simon's kiss was one of love and possession and promise. She said, "It's all right with Jon if I go to work with you, Simon. He thought it was rather a good idea. I'm going to talk to Anse about it. I'll see you very soon." She followed Deborah into the train.

Under the bright stars they walked up the lane from the bus. In the dark mass of Rydal House only one light burned, Anse's green shaded lamp in the library. They walked quietly in on him. Deborah saluted briskly: "I have to report, Brigadier, that the last battle is won and the whole campaign is a howling success. The enemy capitulated this afternoon. Anyway, Anse, she's told Jon Hillyer it's all off and advised Simon it's all on."

"My dear Gillian. I feel this is the greatest victory ever won. I'll have a whiskey and soda to celebrate." "That's good, because you need to be prepared for a shock: I'm going to work — I'm going to take a job in the publishing house with Simon Killigrew."

"Gillian! That's splendid. That means you'll be going to Montreal to live. And Deborah will be at that ladies' seminary for another year and I—" he shook his head. "Look here, I can't stay at Rydal alone. You know I have a chance to rent the place." "Consider it done, Anse," said Gillian, and Deborah nodded her consent.

Every morning at nine o'clock, Gillian went to the printery. Simon would be waiting for her. Simon's good morning kiss would begin the day just as Anse's good night kiss would end it.

"Publisher's dream," grinned Simon. "Just the same, I feel we are going to do well. What we want is a book—a big book—and I have an idea that we'll find it among the writings Jaffry left behind him."

The day the wooden box came from Jaffry Clay's aunt, Gillian and Simon were downstairs in the reception room. "It's come at last. Think of it, Gil, that box may be worth its weight in gold, yes, many times over."

Simon was telling the men to take it upstairs and put it in his office. A messenger boy came in and handed him a telegram. He glanced at it and turned to Gillian with a bright wonder and triumph in his eyes.

"We've done it! It's the book of the month, Gillian—'Westward the Tide.' They're wild about it. I have to go to New York at once. I'll fly. You'll come with me. We'll be married there or here or anywhere. Come on, Gillian, what are you waiting for? Darling, don't you see—"

"Simon!" She saw him through a mist of tears. "Wait, Simon. I can't. I mean we'd better wait until you come back. There'll be so many things for you to do in New York. I want a honeymoon, not a business trip."

"Perhaps you're right, Gillian. I can speed things up down there. I can be back tomorrow—and you will be here waiting for me and—oh, it's hard to realize—"

"I'm still trying, Simon. But you had better get going, my dear. You have only a little time." "Dash it! And I must leave poor Jaffry's stuff till I get back. I tell you, you dig into it and look it over and wire me if there's anything there, anything big."

"You—you really want me to open the box?" "You're my partner, aren't you?" He tilted her chin, and kissed her gravely on the nose. "Of course I do."

She rode to the airport with Simon. "I'm so proud, Simon," she said, her eyes never leaving his face. "Proud and happy to think you've done it."

"We've done it, you mean. It was your being there always at my side that pushed me along. I couldn't have brought it off without you. It means our happiness. When I come back—"

"I'll be waiting, Simon." It was late afternoon when Gillian returned to the office. With something in her heart that was more than a prayer, she went up to Simon's room.

"There's nothing—nothing of what I feared," she assured herself eagerly as the box swiftly emptied. I might have known he would not—Oh!"

It was the last thing in the box.

A large manila envelope, sealed and labeled in bold writing—"Journal of my Loves," and dated a few weeks before the day of his death. Gillian stared at it, put out her hand, drew it back. "I can't," she whispered. "I can't and yet I must." She picked up the envelope and tore it open. She carried it to Simon's desk, drew out the manuscript and laid it on the blotting pad.

Without stopping, she read on and on. Slowly in that room she began to vision the swift destruction of something that had been noble and good, something godlike and splendid. Almost she could see Simon Killigrew's face, see the pain, the disillusionment, the horror, and she knew that he would never completely recover from these things. Something would go out of life forever, after he read these pages.

"He shan't read them," she said softly, tonelessly, evenly. "He shall never see them. I am the only one now who knows they ever existed. Simon will never know!"

She moved quickly now, in a panic. She could not bear to look for a moment longer at that sad and damning record that Jaffry Clay had left. She had to put it out of sight, hide it, destroy it and forever after pretend that it had never been.

But she was afraid. Perhaps the book would be a tremendous success, perhaps it would be a sensation—in fact, she was pretty sure it would be.

She hurriedly put out the lights and left the building.

She was sitting with the half-empty tea cup when Anse came in with a load of books.

"Here," he said, "is something . . . Why my dear, you look tired out to death. What kept you so late?"

She moved her shoulders as if shaking off some oppressive weight, then stood up and walked to the window and gazed out on the lights of the city. She said, "I'm sorry to bother you, Anse. Don't think I'm unhappy. I'm not. Certainly not on my own account. This is just—something. It will pass. When Simon comes back we are going to be married. I am going to call Deb tomorrow and tell her to come and help me buy my trousseau. This time I'm going to buy it."

She turned from the window. "They say the third time does it—eh, Anse?" She laughed softly. "I had three lovers, Jaffry, Jon and Simon. Sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? Jaff is dead. Jon is done with—there's only Simon. It is a riddle. Anse—it's a peach of a riddle." She said good night then and kissed him and went to bed.

At the Printery there was a telegram from Simon. The success of his negotiations with the book club officials had more than come up to expectations. He would be back in Montreal at five that afternoon. Would she meet him at the airport? And here was love for her.

Gillian could find little happiness in the day. She had so often to pass that locked cupboard where, deep hidden beneath the reams of musty paper, there lay the story that Jaffry Clay had left.

In the joy of seeing Simon, tall and smiling, his eyes searching the crowd for her, she forgot her troubles. He held her close to him, and laughing, crying, she clung to him and said, "Oh, Simon, it's been so long!"

"Darling! I was hoping you'd say you did miss me." Simon had no chance to continue that. It was an age for me too. And until they were seated in the taxi.

"I thought there'd be a wire from you, Gillian. Did you go through Jaffry's manuscripts?" "Yes—yes, Simon. I—I'm afraid there is nothing very wonderful there. I told you not to build so

much on the hope that there would be a masterpiece, because I—"

Simon was frowning, his lower lip caught in his teeth. This had been a blow to him. "I—I can't understand it," he said at last. "I had hoped so much—"

"I know, Simon. I'm sorry. But there are other things. There will be other books, greater ones. And you have enough of Jaff's material for a couple of volumes. They should do well."

"Yes—well, we'll have to be content with that. You're all that matters to me, Gillian. Oh, I forgot," he fished in his waistcoat pocket. "The most important thing—and I forgot it."

He brought out a cream colored box and opened it and held it before her eyes.

"An emerald!" She gazed at it, enraptured—"I love it, Simon — love it!"

"I'll put it on your finger now and kiss you and think you're another step nearer to belonging to me." She drew back. "I—wait until tomorrow, Simon. Do you mind waiting until then? It—it's just that today I don't—"

"Why, what is it, Gillian? I—you know I could not get this before, but you also know I'd set my heart on it. I want to see you wear it. Still, you must have your reasons. I'll submit. But I'll have the kiss."

"As many as you want, Simon. I love you."

TO BE CONTINUED

Cream Buyers Discuss Quality Improvement At Recent Meeting

Cream buyers of Littlefield and surrounding territory attended the Cream Quality Improving meeting at the Littlefield Hotel Dining room Friday night, May 2. Viggo Peterson, manager of the South Plains Creamery, presided at the meeting. Guest speakers were Prof. T. K. Penner and Prof. Mart Pederson, both of the Dairy Dept. of Texas Tech, Lubbock. Other guests were V. F. Jones of Amherst county agent, and T. J. Jones, local vocational agriculture teacher. Approximately 20 persons attended the meeting.

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Baptist Women Entertain With Mother's Day Party

One of the most delightful affairs of the spring season was the party given in the dining room of the First Baptist Church Friday afternoon, when members of the Friendship Class and Mrs. Allan Crowley's class, entertained their mothers and friends with a Mother's Day program.

The room was beautifully decorated with roses, iris and spirea.

As the guests arrived, they were greeted at the door by members of Mrs. Crowley's class, who were dressed in formal gowns. They were seated from a tea table covered with a lace cloth over pink, with a centerpiece of a large bouquet of roses on a reflector, surrounded by Mrs. Bill Pass presided at the service, assisted by Mrs. Cal Hulse.

Mrs. Dewey Hulse was chairman of the program committee.

The "Program of Songs" was presented in a very unique manner. J. L. Fitzgerald read "That Sweetheart of Mine", by James Atcomb Riley.

"The Wedding Dress Parade" was presented by several women, who wore either their wedding dresses

or those belonging to their mothers, as a women's chorus sang.

As the chorus sang, "Mother and Memories", Mrs. L. W. Jordan appeared on the stage, dressed as an old mother, who had lost her husband, and feeling that there was nothing left in life for her. As she sat in the old rocking chair, she started day-dreaming, and her dreams were acted out in pantomime and songs by groups of members of the two classes.

Songs were: "School Days", "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles", "Let Me Call You Sweetheart", "I Love You Truly", "Blue Heaven", "Baby's Prayer at Twilight", "Side by Side", "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella", "Baby Your Mother", and "When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver".

The grand finale was the entire group singing, "God Bless America". A reading, "A Mother's Prayer", was given by Mrs. Glenn Gainer.

Gifts were presented to the oldest mother present, Mother E. Mueller; the youngest mother present, Mrs. Cloise Foust; and the Mother who reared the largest family, Mrs. Emma Bates.

The benediction was offered by Rev. Roy Shahan.

Those attending were: Mesdames V. S. Cassel, F. E. Yohner, Alice Henderson, W. O. Hampton, Roy Rhoden, Eugene Johnson, J. H. White, Glenn Gainer, M. W. Brewer, J. L. Fitzgerald, H. N. West, Lula Miller, Carroll Beall, E. V. Griffin, Ray Nix, R. T. Badger, E. C. Ross, J. W. Pickens, A. F. Jones, Cloise Foust, G. D. Yarbrough, Alice Maddox, J. F. Kelley, Earth, Emma Bates, Fred Nix, S. E. Fletcher, J. B. Johnson, Doc Lichte, J. W. Kelsay, Amherst, C. R. Harrell, C. W. Roberts, C. J. Lewis, M. J. Wilson, E. E. Bates, J. W. Garrett, James Garrett, M. E. Wilf, Acree Barton, A. S. Bolton, Henry Banks, Minerva Terrell, M. B. Welborn, Mae Renfro, Frank Rone, Charlie James, Frank James, Roy Shahan, J. L. Spirling, G. C. Pass, J. H. Jarmon, Jeff Perkins, G. C. Weigle, J. W. Brown, Paul Vause, W. E. Jeffries, M. E. Lowe, Floyd Brown, E. Mueller, H. Harvey, Spade, C. P. Smith, E. E. Alexander, Ollie Scott, F. M. Brewer, W. T. Brawley, F. W. Lichte, Chas. Hawk, Charlyne Hawk, David Glazner, Rural Weaver, John D. Harmon, Vernon Roberts, Allen Crowley, O. S. Sullivan, M. L. Ivie, B. B. Ivie, E. Whisenant, Dewey Hulse, Viggo Peterson, Bill Pass, Carl Smith, C. E. Cowan, G. C. Vought, Cal Harvey, and L. W. Jordan, and Rev. Roy Shahan, J. H. White, J. W. Garrett, and Mrs. J. H. Lanier of Crowley.

Dr. Thos. B. Duke, who is taking the rest cure at his home, is feeling improved.

Carl's Cafe Moves To New Location

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Simon, operators of Carl's Cafe have leased the building formerly occupied by Carden's Grocery, next to Eddins Food Store, and are moving this week to their new location.

The building has been completely remodeled and redecorated—the color scheme is white with touches of black, and new equipment has been added. Additional booths, a modernistic horseshoe counter will render this eating place more convenient and comfortable for its patrons. Dainty linens on the tables will be especially pleasing to the lady customers.

Mr. Simon announced Tuesday that Carl's Cafe would be open in the new location Friday morning for business; and that coffee and doughnuts would be served free all day Friday.

This cafe specializes in plate lunches, and always serves special Sunday Dinners, including delicious southern fried chicken. A new Nick-eloden will please the "music minded".

Mr. and Mrs. Simon have been residents of Littlefield for the past two years, coming here from Amherst where they had lived about ten years.

They invite all of their patrons and friends to visit them in their new location.

Olton Girl Is Named Secretary of Young People

O. O. Schade of Lubbock was elected President; Miss Lilly Nafzger of Olton, Secretary; Godfrey Cadra of Lubbock, vice president, and Miss Irene Sachs of Farwell, treasurer, of the Panhandle Lutheran Young People in a zone rally of the organization at Tech Gym, Lubbock, Sunday. The young people's society of the Reeder Lutheran church of Lubbock was host.

Schade, Miss Nafzger and Miss Sachs were reelected to their posts. Approximately 350 young people from the various Lutheran churches of the Panhandle attended the rally.

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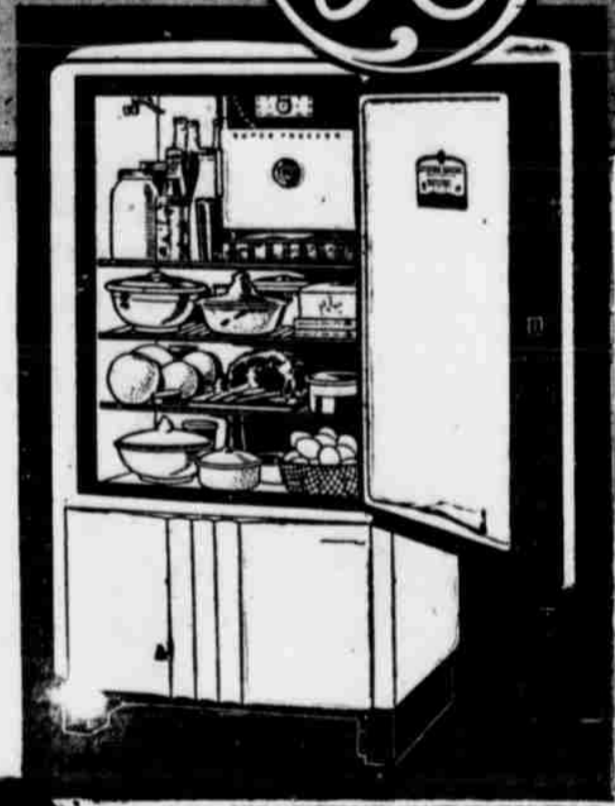
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Main Street — Littlefield

Local People Attend Convention at Galveston

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith Jr., left Wednesday for Galveston where they are attending the 36th annual convention of the American National Insurance company, in session there this week end.

Mr. Smith, Sr., has been a representative of the company for the past eight years, and each year he has exceeded his allotment for insurance sales, and has been awarded the trip to the annual convention.

SEE US
BEFORE YOU DISPOSE
OF YOUR

SCRAP IRON

LITTLEFIELD

Iron & Metal Co.

OFFICE — BEHAM GIN — HIGHWAY 84
Littlefield, Texas

WANT ADS GET RESULTS

Do your window screens or screen doors need repairing? If so, Call 112. Cicero-Smith Lumber Co. 7-1tc



For greater prosperity in this section and the entire South Plains, we would do well to give cotton products the preference in our buying. . . . greater consumption of cotton products increases the demand for the fleecy staple and improves the price.

Cotton is our "Money Crop" — and the future of cotton determines the future of the South Plains.

UNION COMPRESS & WAREHOUSE CO.