

THE STRATFORD STAR

Volume 40.

Stratford, Sherman County, Texas, Thursday, December 19, 1940.

Number 11.

Military Funds To Pave U.S. 287 To Oklahoma

MILTON TATUM FUNERAL SERVICES FRIDAY AT 2 P. M.

Funeral services for Milton Tatum will be conducted at the Central Methodist Church in Dalhart Friday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock.



Milton Tatum, 27 year-old District Attorney of Dalhart, died Wednesday morning at 8:00 o'clock in a Denver, Colorado hospital. He had suffered a severe attack of influenza, and was taken to Denver Monday night by his mother, Mrs. Frank Tatum, and a friend, Elwert Wadkins, for a short rest.

The youthful district attorney, said to be the youngest in the state, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tatum, was born in Dalhart July 26, 1913. He graduated from Dalhart high school in 1929, attended Texas Military College in Terrell in 1931, took a pre-law course at the University of Texas in 1932 and 1933, and studied law at Southern Methodist University for four years, graduating in 1937.

He entered the practice of law with his father, pioneer Dalhart attorney, and was appointed District Attorney by Governor O'Daniel in January of this year.

Milton Tatum was married to Miss Margaret Davis, daughter of a prominent Clayton, New Mexico family May 2, 1940. He is survived by his wife, his parents, a grandmother, Mrs. S. A. Bull, Dalhart, four aunts and 3 uncles. The deceased was converted and joined the Central Methodist Church of Dalhart in his early youth.

County Committeemen Re-Elected For 4th Consecutive Term

R. C. Buckles, H. S. Hawkins, and W. A. Spurlock were re-elected County AAA Committeemen in an election held at the Courthouse Saturday for their fourth consecutive term of office.

Jim Ferguson and W. A. Sloan were elected alternates. The County Committee through cooperation with the producers of Sherman County originated the AAA program which has been adopted by several counties in four states.

Mrs. Homer Harrison Will Present Pupils In Recital Tonight

Mrs. Homer Harrison will present her pupils in a recital in the school auditorium tonight (Thursday) at 7:30. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The program will consist of more than 35 numbers of piano students and glee club members.

Rabbit Drive In East Part of County Monday Afternoon

An estimated 500 rabbits were killed in the rabbit drive in the East part of the county Monday in which about 35 men took part. The drive started at the Luther Browder home and continued over the land of J. B. Craig and Frank Blanks.

Christmas Tree Programs Planned

Christmas tree programs and the annual personal appearance of old Saint Nick is being scheduled for Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at each of the churches. Members of the junior divisions of the Sunday Schools will be featured in the programs.

CURRENT PROGRAM AT THE ROXY

Tonight, 'Tin Pan Alley,' with Alice Faye.

Friday and Saturday, 'Untamed,' with Ray Milland and Patricia Morison.

Sunday and Monday, 'I Love You Again,' with William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Tuesday, 'Christmas In July,' with Dick Powell and Ellen Drew.

Dec. 25-26, 'Knute Rockne,' with Pat O'Brien.

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. Please bring me a bicycle, and a doctor's kit.

Your friend,
Corrine Pleyer.

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good girl. I want you to bring me a doll and doll bed, a big ball, a pair of skates, and wrist watch. Don't forget to bring nuts, and candy.

Your friend,
Peggy Jo Koontz.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. I want you to please bring me a dark brown doll wig, a little trunk and a big ball. Please bring a doll house, if you can. Do not forget my brothers. Please bring lots of candy and nuts.

Your friend,
Marlene Brown.

Dear Santa: Christmas is coming soon. Please bring me a dy-dee doll, and a U. S. Flag.

Your friend,
Alice Weatherly.

P. S. Don't forget my brother, Jimmy, he has been a good boy.

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good girl. I want a doll with a long dress, I also want a nurse set.

Your friend,
Ula Faye Lowe.

Dear Santa Claus: I would like to have a blanket for my mother. I would like to have a desk for myself.

Your friend,
Wendoyln Flores.

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me a wrist watch, a B-B gun and a coat and a hat.

Your friend,
Lewie Kelp.

Dear Santa: I have been a good boy. I would like to have a wrist watch, train, and a new tricycle for I broke my old one.

Your friend,
Gene Ross.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. Please bring me a di-de doll, a desk, and some candy and nuts.

Your friend,
Doris Ann Mans.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl in the second grade. I want a big doll, a saddle, a pony, and a Bible. Don't forget my little sister, Julia Ann.

Your friend,
Martha Lynn Crabtree.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl in the fourth grade. Please bring me a big doll, a new saddle, and a new pony.

Your friend,
Zola Mae King.

Dear Santa Claus: I go to school at Kerrick. I want a doll, a desk, a clay set, and that is all. Do not forget, my little sister, Sue. She wants a doll and a cabinet and table. She is three years old. That is all she wants.

Your friend,
Virginia James.

Dear Santa Claus: I want an erector set.

Your friend,
Gail McDaniel.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. Would you bring me a nurse kit, a bicycle and a pretty doll. Please bring me all those things.

Lots of love,
Patsy Joann Chambers.

Dear Santa: I have been a good boy. Please bring me a boy's bicycle, a baseball and a water gun.

Your friend,
Dean O'Quin.

Dear Santa: I have been a good boy and Christmas will soon be here. I want a B-B gun and a bicycle, baseball and a baseball-bat, a Charlie McCarthy doll.

Your friend,
Stephen Wolfrum.

Dear Santa: I have been a good boy, I want a bicycle, a B-B gun, a pair of boxing gloves and a Gene Autry gun.

Your friend,
Alton John Blades.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. I have a baby brother. I call it Willie. Please bring me a boy's bicycle, and a water gun and bring my baby brother a rattler.

Your friend,
Georgana and Willy.

Dear Santa: I have been a good boy. I want 2 play trucks. I want one play wagon, a cap-gun and a tricycle.

Your friend,
Marion Brannan.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. Please bring my one little sister, a teddy bear, and I want a pretty baby doll. You can save the candy for some other little girl because I am afraid it will make me fat.

Your friend,
Gaynelle Pleyer.

U. S. 287 may be awarded a paving contract from the Sherman County line through Kerrick within 45 days if the \$350,000 bond election in Sherman County carries December 31. U. S. 287 has secondary priority military designation but it is the only military road in the Amarillo district which is unpaved. Texas Highway Engineers have gone to bat for U. S. 287 and at present it is virtually assured that funds will be available to let a contract for completion of the road from the Sherman County line to the Oklahoma line within 30 days after the passage of the \$350,000 bond issue in Sherman County to be paid by the 1c deferred state gasoline tax.

OPPONENTS FACE SECOND TEST IF BOND ISSUE FAILS TO PASS

Sherman County opponents of the bond issue are largely composed of those who believe that it may be possible the Legislature would fail to re-enact the Bond Assumption Law until the bond issue was paid off. Proponents and opponents of the issue will agree that the necessary 2/3 majority of votes necessary for passage of the bond issue will be decided by a margin of less than 25 votes. It is further agreed that most of the proponents of the bond issue are willing if it were necessary to pay additional taxes for carrying on the paving program.

In other counties of the state where bond issues were defeated, a road district election has been ordered. According to available information only a majority vote is required for voting the county into a road district, which allows the issuance of the required \$350,000 in bonds, but as this action would be too late to be included in the bond assumption law to be passed by the current Legislature, it will be necessary for property owners to pay the additional tax for retiring the road bonds for a period of from 5 to 8 years before they can be included in the state bond assumption fund.

County Commissioners' Court members will visit Austin this week end and a complete report of their findings will be published next week.

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. Nancy wants a new doll. Your raindeers are nice, Santa. Nancy and I want a Santa Claus doll. I have a nice bicycle. I want some tinkertoys.

Mildred Jean Bennett.
Dear Santa: I have been a good boy. I want an electric train and a bicycle.

Your friend,
Gary Parsons.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. I want a baby doll and some doll clothes.

Your friend,
Bennie Earle DuVall.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. I want a dia-dye doll and a picnic set. Ealon wants a doll, a doll bed, and a train. Jimmy wants a doctor kit and log cabin set.

Your friend,
Mary Nan Davis.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl four years old and I have tried to be very good this year. Please bring me a di-dee baby doll in a suitcase with some doll clothes. Please don't forget my baby sister, and mamma Mullican.

Your friend,
Carroll Ann Parvin.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl two years old. I am trying to be very good so would you please bring me a dolly and a buggy. Please don't forget my little cousins.

Love to you,
Bette Rae Folsom.

Dear Santa Claus: I am just a little baby girl four months old but don't forget me. Could you please bring me a panda bear. I have been a very good little girl.

Your friend,
Judith Gradine Parvin.

Dear Santa: I am a boy six years old. I want a pair of cowboy boots and some tinkertoys.

With lots of love,
Wood Craig.

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa Claus: Please bring me for Xmas an archery set, a double target game, candy, nuts and fruit. Don't forget all of the other little girls and boys in town. Thank you.

Love,
Gene Marshall.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little boy 7 years old. I have been good. And for Christmas I would like to have a cowboy suit, one like a real cowboy's. Another thing I would like to have is punching bag and platform. And a \$1 watch with the Lone Ranger on the back of it. And it is supposed to have a play gun to go with it. That is all. I will be very good, and hope you will bring the thing I asked for.

Good by - Good luck.
Alvin Englebrecht.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. Please bring me a doll, a cut-out book, and I surely would like to have a bicycle, Santa, if it isn't asking too much.

Your friend,
Patricia Ann Naugle.

Dear Santa: I have been a good girl. I would like for you to bring me a doll, a blackboard, a doll buggy, and a pair of skates.

You won't forget my other brothers and sister, will you?
Anita Kelp.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl two years of age. Will you please bring a baby doll to me and some clothes for it to wear? I will like anything you bring.

Thank you,
Donna Fedric.

Dear Santa: I am a little girl four years old. Please bring me a doll with sleepy eyes and anything else you want to. Please remember my two brothers.

With lots of love,
Twila Mae Craig.

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa: Please bring me a blackboard and a mechanical steam shovel and a neck and neck race set. I have been a good boy this year.

Your friend,
Bobby Lovelace.

Dear Santa: Please bring me a caterpillar tractor and a dump truck with mechanical sand hopper. Don't forget my baby brother. He would like a kitty that rolls a ball. I have tried to be a good boy this year.

Your friend,
Billy Wayne Lovelace.

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good girl this year. Please bring me a doll and doll bed, a set of dishes, a table and chair, skates, a cowgirl suit, and lots of candy and nuts. Don't forget my older brother and sisters.

Lots of love,
Dale McWilliams.

Dear Santa Claus: I have tried to be a good boy this year. Please bring me a cowboy suit, train, tractor set, truck with little men and all the candy and nuts I can eat.

Lots of love,
Donald McWilliams.

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good boy so please don't forget. I would like to have a B. B. gun, a baseball set, and lots of candy and nuts.

Lots of love,
Kirk McWilliams.

Dear Santa: Daddy says I have been a good boy, would you please bring me a Gene Autry Gun. Don't forget my brother in the Philippines.

Your friend,
Fred Lee Green.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl almost three years old. I want a dolly with hair also a piano and a little guitar. Don't forget my little brother, Wayne. He wants a tricycle, and wagon. We have both been real good.

Your little friend,
Ernest Jean Cummings.

Dear Santa Claus: I am a little girl three years old. Please bring me a little piano, also a set of dishes, a scooter and a dolly. I have been a good girl.

Your little friend,
Jean Beth Keener.

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good boy. I want you to bring me a tool set, a bicycle, a B-B gun, a desk, a chair, baseball, a baseball glove, a bat, boxing gloves, and waist watch.

Your friend,
Freddie Gene Mans.

Dear Santa Claus: I have been a good girl. I want a doll with a fur coat and all kinds of clothes. I want a set of dishes and a nurses kit. I want a watch.

Don't forget mother and daddy.
Your best friend,
Donna Jeanne Bryan.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a doll with hair and some clothes to come with her. A set of dishes, a doctor's kit and don't forget mother and daddy.

Your friend,
Marjorie Boney.

Dear Santa Claus: Here is what I want for Christmas: wrist watch, makinaw, foot ball suit, sweater, basket ball, soldiers.

Your friend,
Sam Grow.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a doll, a house coat, wrist-watch, some candy, a bicycle, and doctors kit. Don't forget mother, father, brother and sister.

Your friend,
Charlott Ann Wolfrum.

Dear Santa Claus: For Christmas I want, a doll bed, a table and chairs, a doll with real hair, a pair of skates and a box of glass dishes.

Your friend,
Patsy Jean Coffman.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a red rider B. B. gun, foot ball suit, a U. S. flag, a Texas flag, a desk, wrist watch; some soldiers, and a wood burning set.

Your friend,
Lloyd King.

Dear Santa Claus: Hear is a list of what I want: a tractor, a U. S. flag, some soldiers, and a wood burning set.

Your friend,
Bobby Lee Vandagriff.

Dear Santa Claus: I want a doll, a baby doll that has a little red trunk, please. I also want some cow boy boots and a pair of shoes too, please.

Your friend,
Mary Ellen White.

Dear Santa Claus: For Christmas I want a big doll, a bicycle and a Doctor's kit.

Your friend,
Patsy Ruth Green.

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR VISITORS SATURDAY

Christmas Treats Will Be Given The Children at 3:00 P. M. Stratford merchants are perfecting a Christmas party for the visitors in Stratford Saturday. Christmas treats for the children will be given away on Main Street Saturday afternoon at 3:00 P. M. A surprise party for adults will be staged at 4:30 P. M. Christmas presents of a more substantial value will be presented.

5 Gas Consolidation Agreements Filed With County Clerk

Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company representatives filed five gas consolidation agreements with Sherman County land owners this week. The agreement enables the company to complete its drilling contract by completing one well on each section of land. The agreements filed this week brings the total of gas consolidation agreements filed to 19. An estimated 50 have been signed by the ITIO with Sherman County land owners.

Agreements filed by ITIO this week were: section 406, Block 1-T, Mrs. Mattie Crowe; section 442, Block 1-T, Mrs. Mattie Crowe; sections 442 and 406, Block 1-T, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Baskin and F. H. Crowe; the south 1-2 of section 336, Block 1-T; Mrs. M. M. Keenan; section 415, Block 1-T, B. E. Seeley, et al.

TWO OIL AND GAS LEASES D. D. Harrington bought an oil and gas lease from W. E. Roberts on the north 99 acres in section 37, and the south 1-2 of section 38, Block 2 G. H. & H.

Clara Roberts and Bess Roberts sold an oil and gas lease to D. D. Harrington on the southeast 1-4 of section 11, G. H. & H.

Christmas Edition Will Be Published Tuesday Morning

The Christmas edition of the Star will be published next Tuesday morning. Contributors should place their copy with the newspaper not later than Monday noon to insure publication. Copy received later than this will be published the following week.

The deadline for advertising copy will also be Monday noon.

Funeral Services Sunday Afternoon For Mrs. L. Sellers

Funeral services were conducted at the Christian Church Sunday afternoon for Mrs. Lura Sellers, mother of Mrs. J. W. Garoutte, who passed away in St. Anthony's hospital in Amarillo Friday following a short period of ill health during which time her condition grew worse until the time of her passing.

Mrs. Sellers moved to Stratford about 6 years ago to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Garoutte.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Garoutte, and one son, C. L. Swancutt, of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Swancutt accompanied his mother's remains to Cody, Nebraska where interment was made.

Obituary Mrs. Lura Diana Sellers was born March 19, 1859 at Albany, Wisconsin. She departed this life December 13, 1940, at St. Anthony Hospital, Amarillo, at the age of 81 years, 8 months, and 25 days.

She leaves to mourn her passing two children, Claude Swancutt of Omaha, Nebraska, and Mrs. J. W. Garoutte of Stratford, five grandchildren, three great grandchildren and many friends.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our loved one, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Garoutte and Family, C. L. Swancutt.

There are approximately 3,000 cross-ties per mile of railroad track.

Condensed Sample Bond Election Ballot For Dec. 31

(Showing how to cast your ballot for the Bond Issue to pave U. S. 287 from Stratford to the Dallas County line and the Stratford-Gruber road from Stratford to the Hansford County line which will be paid by the 1c deferred state gasoline tax without cost to taxpayers.)

FOR the issuance of Bonds and the levy of Ad Valorem taxes in payment thereof.

em taxes in payment thereof.

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

SYNOPSIS

David Mallory, in search of newspaper work in New York, is forced to accept a job as switch-board operator in a swank apartment house, managed by officious Timothy Higgins. There David meets Miss Agatha Paget, a crippled old lady, and her charming niece, Allegra.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"One minute," Miss Agatha commanded. "I should really like to know how you ran across Kenneth Grahame."

Again I heard the elevator bell. "In books, Miss Paget." She marked the broad servility in my voice and the wrinkles about her alert eyes deepened.

"Then what," she asked, "are you doing in a job like this?"

"At present I'm keeping the elevator waiting. Excuse me."

The bell was silent when I reached the outer hall. I took the car down.

Eddie Hoyt was back. He frowned as I stepped from the elevator.

"Fella," he said, "when you take that thing up you're supposed to bring it back again. Miss Ferriter had to walk up!"

"Eddie," I said, "I've been ridden plenty."

"Bad as that?" he asked.

"Worse," I told him, "and listen: if that blood-sweating behemoth in the circus suit inspired your crack, ask him from me why he had the car skied for a half-hour while you were out."

"Oh ho," said Eddie.

"Oh ho, what?" I asked. He shrugged.

"Just oh ho. You called at the Sphere again, Dave?"

"I did. This morning. Once the answer was, 'No opening at the minute.' Now it's just, 'No opening.'"

"Tough," he sympathized. "Why don't you ditch it and go home? This ain't your sort of work, Dave."

"You're telling me," I replied. "I'll starve first, Eddie. And that may not be so far off either. Higgins is on the prod."

"Easy," Hoyt muttered and, as the signal buzzed, retired to the switchboard. Higgins, still in his borrowed plumage, came lurching in from the sidewalk. The coils of earlier wrath smoldered in his little eyes, and I felt my own anger revive as he paused before me.

"Mallory," he grumbled, "I want to talk to you."

I thought of my job and of the odd expression on the face of the girl, Allegra, when I had talked back to Miss Agatha and, though common sense muttered unheeded warning, I said: "Shoot."

My flippancy stung him.

"What I want to know," he said heavily, "is what you mean by that crack about 'doubling in brass.'"

"Simple," I told him. "A joke."

I pointed at the gilt trappings of the doorman's coat.

"Brass," I said. "Superintendent masquerading as doorman. Therefore doubling in brass. Begin to get it?"

Higgins looked dubious and then insulted.

"The trouble with you, me lad, is that you think you're too bloody good for your job. I'm—"

From the switchboard's alcove, Hoyt called:

"Hey, Mr. Higgins, Ferriter's line must be on the blink. They've left the receiver off or something."

"I'll tend to that presently," Higgins informed him. "What I want to tell you, Mallory, is—"

"Hey," Hoyt said tensely. "Hear it?"

Above someone screamed and I saw the red fade from Higgins' face. The sound ceased. It broke out again, louder, shriller, as though horror had abolished all self-control. It soared and fell and rose again like a siren gone mad. Higgins crossed himself. Hoyt babbling from the switchboard with the receiver still clamped to his ear:

"It's up in three B."

CHAPTER II

Higgins' rush thrust me aside. He slammed the door in my face as I reached the elevator. I ran for the stairs and took them three at a time toward the screeching that tore the pious silence of the Morello to tatters. I reached the third floor ahead of the ancient car.

Before the closed door of the Ferriter apartment, Allegra seemed to wrestle with Miss Ferriter. Nearer me, in the hall, someone in a maid's uniform hopped about, making silly sounds, and on the threshold of the Paget flat, a stout, older woman wrung her hands and gaped. I heard Allegra gasp as she tried to control the wrenching body:

"Ione! What is it? Answer me."

A new spasm shook Ione Ferriter. She began again those long-drawn bursts of screaming and over Allegra's shoulder I saw a white face, wide-mouthed, distorted, like a Greek tragic mask.

Hoyt came toiling up the stairs behind me. Higgins blundered from the elevator.

"Hey," he bawled. "What's all this—?"

Another shriek tore through his query. I caught Miss Ferriter's shoulders and shook her. She gasped. I shook her again.

"Stop it," I bade. "Stop it, do you hear? What's the matter?"

Beneath my hands, I felt her twitch and quake but the screaming

ceased. She made a feeble gesture toward the door.

"In there," her whisper rasped. "He's—"

Her body gave way. It grew so inertly heavy that Allegra and Hoyt and I had trouble holding it. Over the sagging head, I asked Higgins: "Can you get a key?"

He nodded but still stood, gaping and uncertain, till a competent voice spoke from the Paget doorway.

"Allegra, Bertha, Edward," it ordered. "Pick her up. Lay her on my bed, Allegra. Keep her head down. Annie, take some cognac to Miss Allegra."

Miss Paget sat on her threshold in a wheel chair. She trundled herself into the hall to make way for those who bore the senseless woman and looked from Higgins to me. The elevator bell shrilled frantically and frightened voices called in the air shaft.

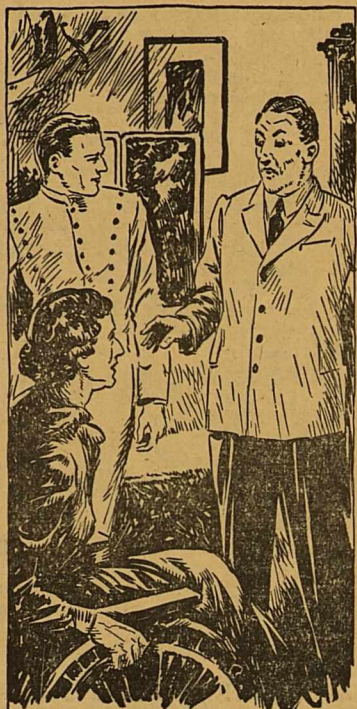
"Just what," Miss Paget asked calmly, "was all this about?"

Higgins answered in a husky voice, "Something's wrong in there," and nodded to the reticent door. There was an instant of silence. Then the old lady asked politely:

"What are you waiting for, Timothy? Or perhaps you two men would rather have me look?"

The superintendent fumbled in his uniform with a sickly grin. He looked at me with less dislike than he had shown all day.

"C'm on, Mallory," he ordered, and moved toward the door. He



"May I ask what you intend to do now?"

unlocked it but stood aside for me to enter.

The furniture sat in self-conscious, orderly rectitude. There was a trophy of arms above the fireplace—rapiers, claymores, sabers and less familiar blades, which shone coldly in the wintry light, and there was a long couch beside the hearth.

"Everything's oke," Higgins said more to himself than to me. "Maybe she's gone daffy; maybe she got bad news or something. She could've been stewed. Let's look around the rest of the place."

"Hold on," I told him.

"What?" he jerked.

"The phone," I said. It stood on a table between the couch and the wall. The receiver hook was empty. Something else was out of place. A fringed lampshade lay on the floor beyond the couch. I peered over the sofa's back into the space beyond and saw the lamp's overturned standard and beside it—

I heard Higgins' low moan. I felt his breath come and go upon my neck. I said:

"He's been killed."

"Who?" Higgins asked in a whisper.

A man lay on his back beside the fallen lamp. His head was tilted so that his black beard pointed upward like a charred stump at the telephone receiver dangling from the table. His hands were drawn up as though he had tried to clutch the lapels of his coat and the left side of his vest was glistening and sodden.

I answered, slowly, for my mouth was sticky.

"I never saw him before."

A low but steady sound came toward us. Higgins held his breath. I tiptoed toward the door as Miss Paget propelled herself into the room. She looked at us with a parental severity.

"Well?" she prompted. In relief we babbled our discovery. I began, but Higgins' heavy speech beat mine down and took command.

"Right over there, Miss Paget," he rattled. "Behind the couch where nobody'd be likely to see him. If you'll roll forward just a little—"

The old lady's calm voice sheared through his babbling. "No doubt," she replied. "May I ask what you intend to do now?"

Higgins stared.

"In such cases," she told him, "it is usually customary to notify the police, I believe."

The superintendent blundered toward the telephone, shrank back from the presence of the concealed body and, reaching across the couch came in. He picked up the instrument.

He waited, impatiently rattling the hook and then, with a grunt, set down the telephone.

"Nobody on the switchboard," he stuttered. "I'll go down meself," and rushed from the room. Miss Agatha called after him:

"Timothy. Be sure the door is locked behind you."

"Yes'm," he replied and we heard it slam. The old lady looked hard at me as I moved toward the hall.

"It might be well," I explained, "to look through the rest of the apartment."

She shook her head. I have seen few murderers, even at my age, but I understand it is best to do nothing till the police come. Usually, thereafter, they follow your example."

She sat quite still in her chair by the door and her eyes searched slowly through all the room.

After a moment she asked, nodding toward the concealing couch: "When did he come in?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I never saw him."

She leaned back in her chair, her hands folded in her angular lap, her eyes narrow with thought. She asked at length:

"When did Ione—Miss Ferriter—come in?"

"I think it was she who rang the bell while I was in your apartment. She had to walk up."

She appeared to turn this over in her mind. The clock ticked loudly. Miss Agatha emerged from what-ever inner communion she had held and looked at me again.

"You heard her screaming. What did you think of it?"

I did not answer for so long that she shrugged at last and said:

"That was a silly question. Forget it."

"No, it wasn't," I replied slowly. "It's just that I hadn't thought of it before. You mean there was something more than fright in the sound?"

"Do I?" she retorted.

I went on: "Well, I mean it then. She was frightened by finding a man dead on her floor. There was something else. A deeper terror perhaps."

Her gaze abashed me a little. I grinned and shrugged.

"That's probably all imagination," I told her. "Anyway, Miss Ferriter is a gifted screamer. She sounded like the Eumenides on the wing."

Her thin eyebrows arched. Again I felt that she regarded me as a curiosity and once more it irked me.

"They were surprised"—I grinned at that patrician, puzzled face—"when I spoke to the waiter in Greek."

She started to reply and turned her head sharply as the outer door opened. Higgins and a hard-breathing patrolman entered the room.

"Over beyond the couch he lays," the superintendent informed the policeman with a discoverer's pride. The fear that had been a bond between us was gone now. He stared at me and growled:

"Go downstairs, Mallory. Miss Paget, there'll be nobody left in here now till the Hommycide Squad comes."

Hoyt brought the car down and came to lean against the switchboard with a shaky grin.

"Whew!" he said. "That girl do it?"

I said "No," prompted more by a vestige of chivalry than knowledge. Hoyt glanced over his shoulder at the loiterers in the foyer, and strove to keep the secret that for a few minutes made him their superior. He mumbled:

"He had a black beard, eh? When did he come in? We'd 'a' spotted him, wouldn't we? A guy with a beard, hey? When did he get in? Tell me that."

"I can't," I said. I was shaky and I ached for another cigarette.

"Maybe he came in September and hid till he grew it."

"Aw," said Hoyt and stared toward the front door. The policeman on duty there had admitted a half-dozen men in civilian clothes and then had barred the way to others who strove to follow.

The intruders tramped down the hall toward us, satchel-laden, indifferent and unexpectant as the first half-dozen men off a suburban train. A man with reddish gray hair like embers and a stubborn freckled face, paused and said to Hoyt:

"Homicide Squad, Mac. Take us up."

Eddie obeyed. Lingering tenants, when I evaded their questions, wandered back to their apartments.

Higgins emerged from his basement apartment. He had doffed Wilson's regalia, evidently on the theory that one uniform at the door was all the house required. He squinted about the foyer and then ambled over to the switchboard. His breath was heavy with the fumes of a recent drink. I envied him.

Alcohol had softened him and something less apparent worried him. He bent confidentially toward me.

"Listen, Mallory," he said with the glossiness of rehearsal. "Maybe I was a mite hasty a while ago. We'll let bygones be bygones. Listen: They'll be questionin' all of us. See? There's none of us to be leavin' the buildin' till they're through. You do me a good turn, now. I was upstairs when Miss Paget came in. Sure I was. But I was on the roof, lookin' at the water tank. It's been leakin'. Will ye—"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for December 22

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SHARING THE SHEPHERDS' JOY (Christmas Lesson)

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2:8-20.
GOLDEN TEXT—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:14.

Tinsel and toys, snow and sleigh bells, crowded department stores and rushing throngs, gifts and greeting cards, Christmas dinner and fellowship with family and friends—is that all Christmas means to us? All these things are proper in their place—exciting and interesting—but they are not enough.

They have never been enough and certainly they will not do this year, with a world in chaos. We need not lose any of the thrilling enjoyment of Christmas by properly observing the day; in fact, we shall only enhance its meaning and bring out its real glory by keeping Christ at the heart of our Christmas.

The opening verses of Luke 2 tell us of the coming of Mary with Joseph to God's appointed place at His appointed time for the coming into this world of His Son to be made flesh and dwell among us (John 1:14). Our lesson tells us of

I. Good Tidings of Great Joy (vv. 8-14).

God had good news for the people of this world and He gave it, as was His custom, to those who were faithfully discharging their humble duties (cf. Judg. 6:11, 12; I Kings 19:19). God is still ready to reveal His glory and grace in the office, kitchen, mill, barn school-room, and open field—places where people are at work on daily tasks" (Douglas). You need not be in the great church in a large city to meet Him on Christmas day. He will reveal Himself in all His beauty where you are, though you be in the humblest surroundings and at the most menial task. Look for Him!

Jesus came as a Saviour. "The world did not want an adviser. The world had advised itself almost into hell. The world did not ask for a speculator. Everything that man could do had been done, and men sat in the darkness of their own wisdom. The world did not want a reformer, a man who could change his outward and transient relations, an engineer that would continually devote his time (for appropriate remuneration) to the readjustment of the wheels and the pulleys and the various mechanical forces of society. The world wanted a saviour" (Joseph Parker).

Note that the army of heaven came to declare peace, not war; but only to those in "whom He is well pleased" (v. 14, R. V.). As long as men serve the devil and displease God, they will have no peace.

II. Great Faith and Consistent Action (vv. 15, 16).

The shepherds did not say, "Let us now go and see if this thing has come to pass," or "which we expect or hope will come to pass," but said, "which is come to pass." They went not to test God's word, but in the assurance that they would "see" what had come to pass. Blessed faith! Let us too believe God's word to us.

But "faith without works is dead" (James 2:17). The shepherds might have made many excuses for not going but "they came" and "found" the Saviour. Perhaps you who read these words have failed at that point; you have not come to Jesus as your Saviour. No more appropriate time could be found to come than right now. Believe, then act on your faith.

Some of us who are Christians need also to learn of the shepherds. We talk a great deal about our devotion to Christ. Especially at this Christmas season we render much "lip service" to Him. Let us make it real, and our lives virile and active for Him.

III. Good News for Meditation and Proclamation (vv. 17-20).

The gospel is literally "good news." What a blessed privilege it is to have such good news in a day of evil tidings, of darkness and despair.

There are two things we ought to do with the gospel of God's redeeming grace. We should make it known to the ends of the earth, but we should also do as Mary, "who kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." We know she had special reasons for doing so, but may we not suggest that you too make this Christmas a time when you will ponder in your own heart what God has done for you in Christ?

The shepherds also set us a Christmas example, for they "made known abroad" the coming of the Saviour. Will you tell someone else today? Will you, like the shepherds, be "glorifying and praising God" this Christmas? You will if you, like them, go to the manger and meet Jesus. If you go to this world's empty show of celebration, you will return empty (see v. 20).

May the blessed peace of Christ be yours this Christmas. That is my wish from the heart to you.

Santa Comes to Pierre

By Jules Bevan

OLD MARIE didn't quite understand about Santa Claus, but her little Pierre did. Pierre went to school with the other boys while Old Marie sewed dresses in the sweat shop. It had been that way ever since Jacques died, two years after they left sunny France and came to New York.

"Mamma!" little Pierre would ask her at night, "Please, Mamma, will Santa Claus bring me the violin from Rubens' pawn shop this Christmas?"

Then he would stare expectantly while Marie tried to find an answer. She usually promised him Santa would, for little Pierre wanted the violin so badly. But as Christmas grew nearer the groceries and coal

and shoes used up all her savings—there was nothing left for Pierre's violin.

Marie was usually stolid, but she felt sad when she left the sweat shop Christmas eve. Little Pierre would be home waiting for Santa Claus and the violin. Pierre had seen it in the window at Sam Rubens' pawn shop only yesterday, a big five-dollar price tag tied around its neck. How sad he would be if this Santa Claus fellow forgot him!

Marie was swept along in the Christmas Eve traffic, downhearted. But despair gave way to triumph, for a plan suddenly came to her amid this confusion: She would beg for alms like her gran'pere had done back in Paris! These Americans—they seemed happy enough to help her on Christmas eve!

"Pleez, m'sieur, a penny!" she cried to the passers-by on Broadway. "A penny for my leetle Pierre's violin!"

Marie had collected seventy-eight cents before the big Irish policeman saw her.

"Here now, old gurrul!" he protested. "Don't yez know ye can't panhandle here? Come along now to th' station!"

A few minutes later old Marie was pouring out her story to the gruff desk sergeant. She was confused.

"Thees panhandling," she complained. "You say I cannot do it. But I only try to get money for the violin, so your Santa Claus weel come to my leetle Pierre. See?"—she held out her money—"I only need four dollars and twenty-two cents more!"

"Well, now, that's different," the sergeant replied. "Come boys"—he addressed the policemen gathered around his desk—"let's kick in the five dollars to buy a violin for Marie's leetle Pierre! Sure now, and where's your Christmas spirit?"

A few minutes later a grateful old Marie was hurrying down the snow-covered side street to Sam Rubens' pawn shop. But alas! Sam was just handing the violin to a well-dressed old gentleman as Marie stormed in.

"Pleez, m'sieur!" she cried. "You mus' not buy it. The violin, she is for my petit Pierre. See? I have five dollars!"

The white-crested purchaser was dumfounded.

"But madame," he answered. "I have just bought it for my grandson's Christmas."

"N'importe!" Marie protested, adamant now. "You mus' sell it to me. The policeman, they have given me the money, see? My leetle Pierre, he will be so disappointed!"

The old man looked at Sam.

"Have you another violin?"

"For seven dollar I got a better one." Sam's eyes lighted up. It looked like another sale.

"All right, madame," the gentleman spoke to Marie. "Here's your violin. Give me the five dollars."

"Merçi, m'sieur!" Old Marie cried. "My Pierre, he will be so happy!" With that she dashed out into the night, happy at last.

Pierre was asleep when she arrived home, but he found the violin on the table next morning. It glistened like new inside the weather-beaten case.

"Mamma!" he cried with glee. "Mamma! The violin! But how—where—who gave it to me?"

Old Marie's eyes filled with tears. "Santa Claus brought it, Pierre. Of course—Santa Claus. Then there was the policeman and the kind gran'pere . . ."

But Pierre didn't hear the last. He only knew Santa Claus hadn't forgotten!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)



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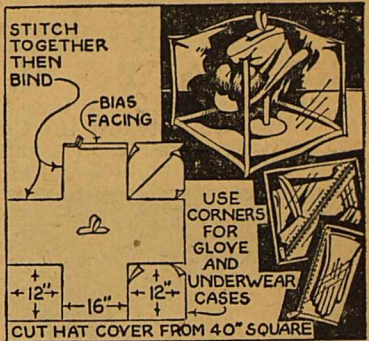
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

New and Fascinating Transparent Sewing

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THERE are fascinating new transparent materials on the market now. Luncheon sets and aprons and rain coats and closet accessories all take on new glamour when made of them, and you will find that every left-over scrap will be used for something that is attractive and worth while.

Less than 50 cents' worth of this window-pane clear material made the hat cover, underwear case and two glove cases like the one shown here. All the directions for cut-



ting and making the hat cover are given here in the sketch. The material from two corners made the square underwear case. The material from each of the other two corners was folded to make a glove or handkerchief case. Bright blue bias tape was used for seam binding and the bottom facing and loop handle of the hat cover; and colored zippers to match the bindings were used for the case closings.

Today's article is typical of the economy short cuts that I like to plan for homemaking budgeteers. There are complete working drawings for thirty-two homemaking projects in SEWING Book 6—enough exciting ideas to keep you busy all the rest of the winter. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for Book 6.
Name
Address

Happy Hours Ahead

A gift to make many happy hours for pipe and "makin's" smokers is the Prince Albert Christmas package—one full pound of ripe, rich-tasting, mellow tobacco. Colorful holiday wrappers put these popular presents in gay Christmas setting—and a handy gift card is enclosed. Your regular tobacco dealer has the one-pound gift tin of Prince Albert on display. Remember! Prince Albert is the cooler-burning tobacco—the National Joy Smoke.—Adv.

The Better Way to Correct Constipation

One way to treat constipation is to endure it first and "cure" it afterward. The other way is to avoid having it by getting at its cause. So why not save yourself those dull headachy days, plus the inevitable trips to the medicine chest, if you can do it by a simple common-sense "ounce of prevention"?

If your trouble, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, "the better way" is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. This crunchy, toasted, ready-to-eat cereal has just the "bulk" you need. If you eat it regularly—and drink plenty of water—you can not only get regular but keep regular, day after day and month after month! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

Whom to Watch
Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!
Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard, cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues." Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 40 years relieving Pinkham's Compound has helped tens of thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need." 27y 4d

"All the Traffic Would Bear"

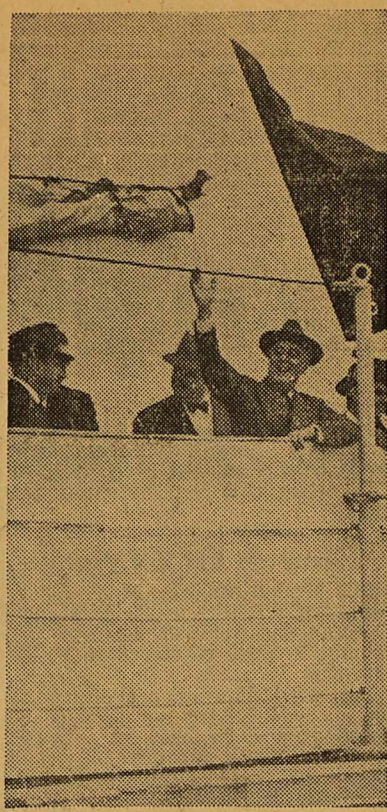
● There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.

They Seek 12,000 Flying Students



Lieut. W. Wittie Jr., assistant recruiting officer for the Philadelphia flying cadets, is shown (left) going over plans for the procurement of applicants with Lieut. Lawrence Semans, of the U. S. army air corps. Lieut. Semans is advance agent in a drive to get 200 Philadelphians to make up part of 12,000 flying cadets needed in the expansion program.

Off to Caribbean



President Roosevelt waves from the deck of cruiser Tuscaloosa at Miami, Fla., as he starts on his cruise to the Caribbean to inspect new military bases. He said the voyage was strictly for business.

23rd Recipient of Donor's Blood



Mrs. Leslie Watts cheers her mother, Mrs. Hazel Farmer, victim of staphylococcus septicemia, who will be the twenty-third recipient of the blood of Mrs. Rose McMullin, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Farmer, whose home is in Oklahoma City, was brought to Chicago to await the arrival of Mrs. McMullin, whose blood has saved the lives of 22 persons.

Here From Britain



Sir Frederick Philips, undersecretary of the British treasury, shown on his arrival in New York. He came to America to straighten out dollar exchange "technicalities."



F. D. R. VIEWS AID TO YOUTH
During the week before his Caribbean cruise, the President held a series of private conferences which were of prime importance in connection with his plans for the new congress. In them he disclosed that he is doing a lot of thinking about domestic problems along two lines—

1. Youth.
2. Old-age pensions.

Democracy can resist subversive ideologies, the President held, only by convincing youth that it does have a stake and a future in the existing system.

The President indicated that he had no particular program in mind. In fact, he asked for suggestions and ideas.

On old-age pensions, Roosevelt disclosed that he has made up his mind as to what he wants. His idea is to change the existing system of widely divergent state contributions to one of uniform federal pensions, beginning at a lower age than the present 65.

Roosevelt also voiced sharp criticism of the moguls of the social security board who have so vigorously opposed liberalization of the law. He declared that they have been a big obstruction to reform and that the time had come to overrule them. It was significant that the President had not discussed his plans with them and was proceeding independently.

Note—Since January 1, when the amended law became operative, 190,000 applications for old-age pensions have been approved by the social security board for a total outlay of \$4,109,000 a month. With the \$7,048,000 paid out in lump sum claims to survivors, the total old-age pension outlay so far is around \$28,000,000. The average pension is \$22 a month. In his conferences, Roosevelt talked of placing 5,000,000 oldsters on federal pensions within a year.

NO MASS PRODUCTION
One of the big complaints of defense chiefs is lack of machine-tool facilities. Yet there are many small plants of this type around the country that have been literally begging for orders and not getting them. One company with 150 lathes has been advertising for business in trade journals for months.

Also there is strong evidence of a lack of vision or initiative or both in making the best use of mass production facilities. The blame for this goes right back to high defense quarters.

The gigantic resources of the auto industry, for example, have been practically untouched for defense output. New plants have been ordered that will take months to build, when by a co-ordination of the great auto factories, parts of planes, tanks, guns, etc., could be turned out in carload lots daily and assembled at central points.

William Reuther, young official of the United Auto Workers, long ago proposed such a plan for a daily output of 500 all-metal pursuit planes of the most powerful type in the world, and at one-third their present cost. But the matter is still "being discussed."

Other industries could be used in the same way for similar short-cuts on other armament needs, but they are not. Meanwhile, defense output drags along, and precious weeks and months flit by.

BRITISH DAMAGE
Confidential military estimates of Nazi bombing damage to Great Britain are that British industrial production has fallen off about 30 per cent.

While this is a very serious crimp in the output of British planes, anti-aircraft guns and shells, it is not as bad as the pictures of shattered Bristol, Coventry, and Southampton would indicate.

Reason damage to British industrial production has not been greater is (1) that the British more than a year ago began scattering their plants in small units throughout Scotland and northern England, which are hard to locate and hard to hit after they are located; (2) that those big plants which do remain are protected with a virtual forest of anti-aircraft guns.

Far more serious is the damage to British navy yards. These cannot be broken up into small units, and they have been so heavily damaged that the repair of British shipping is very materially retarded. In many cases, British warships have been repaired at sea.

This, plus the tremendous increase in the sinking of merchant vessels, is what makes the British shipping plight so desperate at present.

CAPITAL CHAFF
Irony of diplomatic fate is that when Mussolini marched into Albania, the U. S. state department actually condoned it. Instead of registering a protest as in the case of other occupied countries, the state department dropped the Albanian minister from its diplomatic list. Meanwhile, the diplomatic representatives of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, still are listed. But if the Greeks keep on going they will win back Albania for the Albanians.



THE off-trails of football that rarely lead to the major headlines can take you into a country just as interesting as Minnesota, Stanford, Texas A. & M., Boston college and Tennessee.

For example, during the late World Series in Cincinnati I ran across a number of old-time football players who told me about a back by the name of Jackie Hunt of Marshall college in Huntington, W. Va.

"I played against George Gipp," one old-timer said, "and I'd rather have Hunt than Gipp."

Grantland Rice "I played against Cliff Battles," another reported, "and I'll take Hunt over Battles. He is just as good a ball carrier, a great kicker, a fine passer and a star defensive back."

When good football players tell you about a fellow who is better than Gipp and Battles you begin to take notice. So two months ago I crawled a trifle out on the limb for Jackie Hunt.

Being on the off-trail, away from the beaten pack, Hunt was hard to follow. But he was the big factor in beating V. P. I. and also in scoring 19 points against Wake Forest, a team good enough to beat North Carolina, 12 to 0. Picking up what I could here and there, (after all, there are over 400 college teams playing 200 games each week), I discovered Jackie Hunt was doing all right.

The next investigation discovered that he was the leading scorer of the country, well ahead of such people as Harmon and Kimbrough and the rest.

About Jackie Hunt
About this time I ran into Jock Sutherland, the Dodger mandarin. "I know about Hunt," Jock said. "We wanted him at Pittsburgh. He was the best high school back in America that year. Big, fast, passer, ball carrier and kicker, loaded with exceptional football spirit. But Hunt wanted to stay in his home town at Huntington with Marshall. He felt that Huntington was where he belonged. Even as a high school player he was an outstanding star."

More than a few leading colleges tried to explain to Hunt that he could take the headlines away from Harmon and Kimbrough, from Reagan and O'Rourke. Hunt wasn't interested in headlines. He loved football, but he wanted to play at home.

A 185-pound 10-second man who could do about everything, this West Virginian let nationwide fame roll by as he went on scoring three or four touchdowns in almost every game for dear old Marshall. This attitude was more important than all the touchdowns he scored, which led the nation.

Hunt and Snead
A few days ago I received a screed from a sport writing friend from West Virginia who knows his stuff.

"You may remember," he wrote, "that I've only slipped you one tip. Years ago I told you that we had a hillbilly by the name of Sammy Snead who was on his way up with the greatest swing in golf. That was before anyone knew anything about Sammy Snead. You printed what I wrote to you. Now I'm telling you that Jackie Hunt of Marshall college is a better football player than Sammy Snead is a golfer."

"I know his schedule isn't what Minnesota or Michigan faces. But I know what he can do. I'd like to see him, on equal terms, play against Harmon or Kimbrough, for I know he can do more things better with a football. He can run with either and outkick and outpass both. And you can't find a better defensive player."

"Hunt is in the same spot Dutch Clark once held. 'A great player,' they said, 'but no schedule.' Dutch Clark is still the all-time All-America quarterback in your book and almost every other book. Hunt is bigger and faster than Dutch Clark, and can do everything as well."

No Fake Ballyhoo
This is no fake ballyhoo for Jackie Hunt, whom I have never seen. But when Doc Spears, coach of Dartmouth, Minnesota and Oregon, now at Toledo, who has seen Hunt play two years, adds his testimony, you have to listen.

Doc Spears doesn't believe there is a better all-around back in America. And he has no exceptions.

"One of the greatest," is the Doc Spears tribute.

Hunt went to Marshall college knowing it would be almost impossible for him to make an All-America for this one reason—the schedule. The important question would be asked—"Hunt may look good against V. P. I. and Toledo and Wake Forest, but let him try to run against Big Ten teams. What then?"

There is something to this angle. But I know several pro coaches who would just as soon have Hunt, when he graduates, as either Harmon or Kimbrough—except for the matter of publicity and gate receipts.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

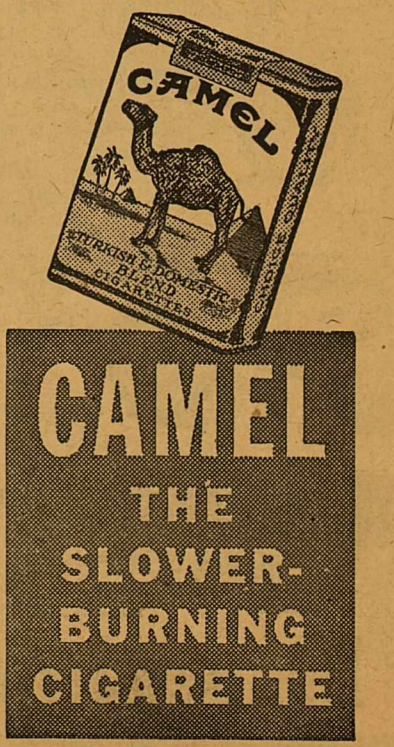
1. Who delivered the famous Cooper Union address?
2. What great river has its flow controlled by the Assum dam?
3. In what year did Hitler become dictator of Germany?
4. What is the official language of Liberia?
5. An anodyne is a medicine that does what?
6. What person in fiction had the "Old Man of the Sea" clinging to his shoulders?
7. How far do the Appalachian mountains extend?
8. What is a yashmak?
9. How many South American countries have no seacoast?

The Answers

1. Abe Lincoln.
2. Nile river.
3. In March, 1933, when the reichstag passed an act giving him absolute power.
4. English.
5. Relieves pain.
6. Sinbad.
7. From Quebec province to Alabama.
8. A double veil worn by Mohammedan women.
9. Two, Bolivia and Paraguay.



than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.



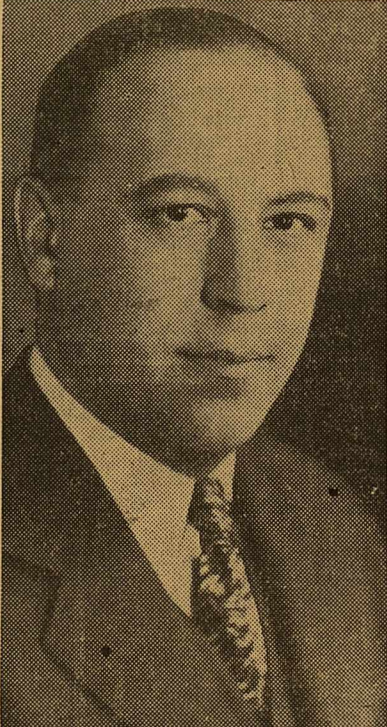
Pre-views

Select America's Champion Liar



Number 1 Liar of America will be proclaimed December 31 by the Burlington Liar's club, of Burlington, Wis. Lower left: President O. C. Hulet at his desk reading some of the 17,000 lies entered in the contest. Several club members seem a bit dubious as he swears on a stack of dictionaries that the tall tales are true. A medal is awarded the champ prevaricator.

Rail Prexy



William White, who succeeds John M. Davis as president of the Delaware, Lackawana & Western railroad on January 1, will be the youngest railroad president in the East. He is 43 years old.

AdAmAn Club to Scale Pikes Peak Again



To usher in the New Year properly 17 members of the AdAmAn club, which includes some of the nation's best mountain climbers, will scale the 14,109-foot Colorado peak on December 31, to set off fireworks. The club has been making this trip for the past 17 years, adding a member each trip (hence the name). Pictures show last year's "hike" and fireworks.

Scientist



Dr. A. F. Blakeslee, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, who is presiding at the annual meeting in Philadelphia—from Dec. 27 to Jan. 2.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Ida F. Wray and the students of Texas Tech, Lubbock, Misses Mildred Pendleton, Lorraine Ross, Roberta Wray, Baskin Brown, Jack Dettie, Oris Gamble, George Allen, are expected home Friday to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Peach Smith were visitors in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Grimes motored to Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Taylor and Mrs. D. R. Wilson were visitors in Amarillo last Wednesday.

Students from Texas A. & M. College, William Lee Pendleton, Alfred Pronger, James Arthur Ullom, are home for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. L. V. Schafer took her son, Delmer, to Amarillo Monday.

Mrs. Mary Brown, Amarillo, visited with friends here Monday night.

W. C. Martin and Talmage Abney, Texline, Texas, were in Odessa, Texas on business the first of the week.

L. M. Price was in Amarillo Wednesday on business. Mrs. Price accompanied him on the trip.

Miss Rowena McAdams, Amarillo, is here to spend the Christmas holidays with her mother, Mrs. Sallie V. McAdams.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Diehl left Tuesday for Big Spring, Texas on business.

Mrs. Hilma B. Cleveland, Amarillo, spent the week end with relatives in Stratford.

Hose Flores brought his wife and daughter home Saturday from Northwest Texas hospital in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Taylor visited with her parents in Ranger, Texas from Sunday until Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Foster and Peggy returned from Arkansas last Wednesday and visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Foster until Monday.

W. A. Ross was a business visitor in Amarillo Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wilson and son, Spearman, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Massie. Mrs. Wilson and son remained for a visit.

Misses Tommy Dee Bryan, Margaret Ritchie and Mary Woodford Kidwell, students of W. T. S. C. Canyon, are expected home the last of the week to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents.

Delmer Schafer, Louis Higginbottom, Jr., and Miss Betty Rhea Lee, students of Amarillo Business College, will spend the Christmas season with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Simons, Huntsville, Texas and E. W. Allen, Amarillo, will arrive Saturday to spend the holiday season with their

parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Allen. Gene Wilson transacted business in Amarillo Tuesday.

Pinky Plunk was a business visitor in Amarillo Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Taylor left Sunday to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents at Ranger, Texas.

Mrs. J. W. Elliott visited her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Crabtree, in Dalhart Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Keener and Mrs. Ernest Cummings were visitors in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cameron and daughter left Sunday for a visit with relatives in California.

Miss Ada Wre Handlin returned to Dalhart with her mother, Mrs. Keith Handlin, Monday for a short visit.

Mrs. Emelia Martin, Kerrville, Texas, arrived Saturday for a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Mabel Martin.

Mrs. Bessie Lee, L. V. Schafer and J. L. Higginbottom visited relatives in Amarillo Monday.

day 7:00 P. M.

Christmas music will feature the services Sunday. A ladies quartet composed of Mrs. Grow, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Plunk and Mrs. Cameron, will sing at the morning worship hour.

parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Crabtree, Friday night.

Newton James, Calvin Elms, and Joe Pete Taylor were in Amarillo Monday.

Walter Wilmet, Spearman, attended to business interests in this community Friday.

Lvall Murdock was a business visitor in Stratford Friday.

J. W. ELLIOTT
ATTORNEY
And Counsellor at Law
STRATFORD, TEXAS

Dr. E. U. Johnston
DENTIST
Dalhart Coleman Bldg.
Office Air-Conditioned
Phone 161

WANT ADS

FLOWERS: Call Mrs. H. M. Brown.

FOR SALE: Baled Alfalfa Hay, 7 miles northwest of Lamar, Colorado.—A. C. Ellenberger, Wiley, Colorado. 10-5tp.

CUSTOMERS CHECKS, numbered, \$4.75 per 1,000; Check Binders, \$1.25—Stratford Star.

GET MORE For YOUR OLD CAR And GET THE LOWEST PRICED SEDANS In AMERICA In ANY 6 or 8 Cylinder Car. The Big, Roomy, Beautiful, New 1941—

Studebaker Champion

SAVES YOU 10% To 25% ON GAS. Bring you more when you Trade It In! New slip-stream torpedo bodies—Stratoliner-style interiors—Lower mechanical upkeep—Restful ringing—Easy Handling.

TOC Service Station

Merit Feeds

MERIT MIXED FEEDS Get Results
EGG MASHES

CATTLE PELLETS on hand at attractive prices.

COTTON SEED CAKE

Millfeeds, Stock Salt and Mineral Mixture

Soybean Cake, Grains and Chops

NUT And LUMP COAL

Stratford Grain Co.

SEE WHAT

FORD Has Done FOR '41



Brand New Styling inside and out—Longer Wheelbase—An Entirely New Ride—Increased Vision—Wider Seats—Faster Acceleration—Many Other New Features.

Get the Facts—Get Our Deal—And You'll Get A Ford.

Lowe & Billington Motor Co.

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS TO DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING

We still have lots of Gifts to choose from:

Lovely UNDERWEAR for Girls & Women SOX, PAJAMAS, UNDERWEAR, Etc. for Men.

XMAS CARDS, SEALS WRAPPING PAPER And RIBBONS

LARGE VARIETY OF TREE DECORATIONS

Taylor Mercantile Co.

Pleasing Foods

Our daily menus include balanced diets of the season's choicest foods for all occasions. You will find the foods prepared in the most pleasing manner possible and served to you at very reasonable prices.

Special Sunday Dinners
Plate Lunches
Sandwiches

Palace Cafe
RUSSELL BEALL, Proprietor

HOLIDAY SPECIAL PRICES

On Shelton, Bonat, and Helen Curtis PERMANENTS

PHONE 17

Pioneer Barber & Beauty Shop
Dorothy Cooper and Virgie Green OPERATORS

Miss Ada Wre Handlin Honored With Pre-Nuptial Shower

At the home of Mrs. Joe Brown Monday afternoon, Miss Marjio Brown, Mrs. Gaines Teeple and Mrs. Homer Smith honored Miss Ada Wre Handlin (bride elect of James Arthur Foster) with a miscellaneous shower. Mrs. Keith Handlin, mother of the bride-elect, poured from a lace covered table, centered with cedar, pine combs and holly.

Miss Handlin received many beautiful and useful gifts.

Out of town guests were Mrs. Keith Handlin and Mrs. C. B. Lutes, Dalhart.

Golden Cross Society Meets With Mrs. Brown

The Golden Cross Society met at the home of Mrs. H. M. Brown last Wednesday at 2:30 in their regular meeting. The meeting was opened by our new president, Mrs. Earl Shirk. Songs were followed by prayer and Bible reading by the President. We had a very interesting business session followed by our special program under the direction of Mrs. Pronger. Mrs. F. B. Mullins gave a fine talk on the Methodist Orphans Home at Waco. Mrs. Pronger gave a good talk on the Orphans Home in Miami, Florida. This was followed by a special Christmas solo by Mrs. A. Ross.

Mrs. Brown served delicious refreshments to the following: Mesdames E. Shirk, Pronger, Dyess and son, F. B. Mullins, A. Ross.

We will meet January 8 at the home of Mrs. Roscoe Dyess.

Embroidery Club Meets With Mrs. Massie

Mrs. Myrtle Massie entertained the Embroidery Club with a Christmas party last Thursday. Gifts were exchanged among the members. The following were present: Mesdames Robinson, Buckles, Dorch, Ullom, Pendleton, O'Brien, Green, Calvird, Hunter, Shirk, Taylor Wheeler, Butler, Arnold, Kelley, and Massie. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Mammie O'Brien the second Thursday in January.

Palo Duro 4-H Girls Study Hostess Hints

Palo Duro 4-H club girls met last Wednesday with their sponsor in charge. All members were present except one. The lesson was how to be a good hostess.

Games and Christmas carols were enjoyed by all. We adjourned to meet with Miss Martin in charge.

SENIOR B. Y. P. U.
Subject: Fruits of the Spirit.
Part 1: Violet Chisum.
Part 2: Christi Jo Roberts.
Part 3: Leon Guthrie.
Part 4: Dale Blazier.
Part 5: Mrs. Brown.

Baptist Church To Receive Buckner Home Presents

The Christmas tree program at the Baptist Church has been announced for Tuesday, December 24, at 7:30 P. M. Ladies will be present at the church in the afternoon to accept gifts for the tree. They will also accept gifts for Buckner's Orphan Home in Dallas.

Methodist Church
(J. B. Thompson, Pastor)

Sunday School 10:00 A. M. The annual personal appearance of old Home will be taken at Sunday School. Make a liberal contribution.

Morning Worship 11:00 A. M. subject: "The First Christmas Service."

Epworth League 6:00 P. M.
Evening Service: 7:00 P. M., sermon by pastor.

Christmas Tree program: Tuesday

BARBER WORK STYLED TO PLEASE EACH CUSTOMER

We Appreciate Your Patronage

Turner Barber Shop

E. J. MASSIE

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
Electric And Acetylene Welding
DISC ROLLING
Located on South Main Street

INSURANCE

Farm and City Property. Also Business looked after for non-residents.

Arthur Ross
Stratford, Texas

Church Of Christ

Bible Study 10:00 A. M.
Morning Worship 11:00 A. M.
Communion 11:45 A. M.
Young Peoples classes 6:45 P. M.
Evening Worship 7:30 P. M.
Song drill Thursday evening at 7:30.

Services will be held at Lewie Brannan's home Sunday.

Mid-week services have been dismissed for this week.

The public is invited to any and all services.

KERRICK NEWS

The Home Demonstration Club met Wednesday with Miss Ida Crabtree. A demonstration on "cookie baking" was given after which a Christmas party with the exchanging of gifts was enjoyed. Refreshments were served to the following: Mesdames Woodson Wadley, W. K. Dunlap, Homer Matthews, Roger Crabtree, Ennis Clayton, Richard Williamson, B. R. Crabtree and the hostess, Miss Ida Crabtree.

Mr. and Mrs. Ennis Clayton were visitors in Amarillo Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Taylor were visitors in Boise City Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Crabtree and family, Dumas, visited with his

NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS
THE STATE OF TEXAS)
COUNTY OF SHERMAN)

TO THOSE indebted to, or holding claims against the Estate of H. C. King, deceased:

The undersigned having been duly appointed Executor of the Estate of H. C. King, deceased, late of Sherman County, Texas, by F. B. Mullins, Judge of the County Court of said County on the 18th day of November A. D. 1940, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement and those having claims against said estate to present them to him within the time prescribed by law at his residence at Stratford, Sherman County, Texas, where he receives his mail, this 18th day of November A. D. 1940.

A. L. KING,
Independent Executor of the Estate of H. C. King, Deceased.
Nov. 21, 28; Dec. 5, 12.

Contractor's Notice Of Texas Highway Construction

Sealed proposals for constructing 7.461 miles Grading, Drainage, Structures, Flexible Base and Base Preservative from the Moore County Line North 7.5 Miles on Highway No. U. S. 287, covered by Control 66-3-6, in Sherman County, will be received at the Highway Department, Austin, until 9:00 A. M., December 20, 1940, and then publicly opened and read. The wage rates generally prevailing in this locality, which are listed below, shall apply as minimum wage rates for those employees employed and paid by the Contractor, on this project.

Trade	Per Hour	Per Day
Carpenter	\$8.00	
Shovel Operator	3.00	
Crane Operator	8.00	
Powder Man	8.00	
Mechanic	8.00	
Crusher Operator	8.00	
Roller Operator	4.00	
Distributor Operator or Driver	4.00	
Tractor Operator	4.00	
Blade Operator	4.00	
Broom Operator	4.00	
Truck Driver (Over 1 1/2 tons)	4.00	
Finisher	4.00	
Air Hammer Operator	4.00	
Blacksmith	4.00	
Fireman (Asphalt Plant)	4.00	
Mixer Operator	4.00	
Compressor Operator	4.00	
Pump Operator	4.00	
Spreading Box Operator	4.00	
Steel Setter (Reinforcing Steel)	4.00	
Oiler	4.00	
Truck Driver (1 1/2 tons and less)	3.20	
Flagman	3.20	
Unskilled Laborer	3.20	
Teamster	3.20	
Dumper	3.20	
Watchman	2.80	
Water Boy	2.40	

Legal holiday work shall be paid for at the regular governing rates. Plans and specifications available at the office of Cooper Dewey, Resident Engineer, Stratford, Texas, and Highway Department, Austin. Usual rights reserved.

SANTA ARRIVES HERE FOR YOU



With Fountain Pens, Jewelry, Coffee Masters, Toast Masters, Electric Irons, Electric Clocks, Tinted Pictures in Frames, Pyrex Dishes, Coffee Brewers, Dresser Sets, Men's Sets, Bill Folds, Ladies Sets, Musical Powder Boxes, Perfumes, Toilet Water, Compacts, Kodaks, and many other GIFTS and Christmas Cards. We Gladly Wrap Packages for mailing.

YATES DRUG

Grain Is Our Business

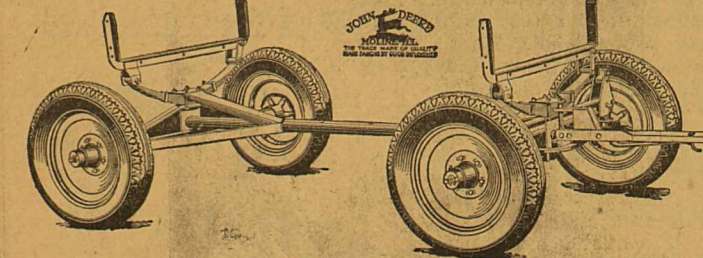
We are always glad to give you the best service we can in elevator requirements.

GRAINS OF ALL KINDS Bought and Sold

LARGE STORAGE FACILITIES
Your Business Appreciated

Riffe Bros. Inc.

Show Me That New John Deere Light Running TRAILER GEAR



We'll Be Glad to—and you'll be Glad too.

When you have a new John Deere Rubber Tired Farm Wagon running smoothly behind your car—when you use it in the field or on the highways—you'll be glad we introduced you to it.

As a trailer, it rides without the slightest whip or weave. New automatic Bendix brakes—Auto steer and no pole whip. Hauls big loads at new low cost.

Get our prices before your rush season begins.

Bennett Implement Co.

The Stratford Star
Published Weekly By
Brown Ross
Entered as second class matter at the post office at Stratford, Texas, under the act of March 3, 1879.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
\$1.50 Per Year in Sherman and adjoining counties. \$2.00 Per Year Outside First Zone.
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING:
10c per line per insertion; 7 1/2c per line subsequent insertions. Display rates on application.

Christian Church
(L. B. Chaffin, Minister)
Bible School 10:00 A. M., J. R. Pendleton Superintendent.
Morning Worship 11:00 A. M.
Junior Endeavor 6:00 P. M., Mrs. C. R. Bomer Sponsor.
Intermediate Endeavor 6:00 P. M., Mrs. S. J. Calyrd sponsor.
Senior Endeavor 6:15 P. M., R. C. Buckles Sponsor.
Evening Worship 7:00 P. M.
Choir practice Wednesday 7:00 P. M., Mrs. Frank Judd Leader.
Booster Choir Thursday 4:00 P. M. at the parsonage.

Miss Ruby Bryant Elected To Sorority
DENTON, Dec. 19.—Miss Ruby Alice Bryant, a Stratford High School graduate of 1936, was recently elected to Phi Upsilon Omicron, the national honorary professional fraternity for Home Economics students. To be eligible to this fraternity, in addition to having a high scholastic standing, a student must have unusual ability and must have a professional attitude toward her work.

SHOE REPAIRING
GOOD WORK
MODERATE PRICES
PROMPT SERVICE
W. P. Mullican

Miss Bryant is a senior at Texas State College for Women, Denton, Texas. She will receive her B. S. degree in Home Economics Education with a Smith-Hughes Certificate in June 1941. Her minor will be English and the physical sciences. She is also a member of Alpha Chi, national fraternity for high scholastic standing, and the Mary Swartz Rose Home Economics Club.

LETTERS TO SANTA
Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a good boy. I want for Christmas some boxing gloves, a B. B. gun, a foot ball, some skates and a cowboy suit. Don't forget mother and daddy and my brothers and sisters.
Your friend,
Tony Scott.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a pair of boots, a foot ball, a B. B. gun. Please bring me a lot of candy and nuts.
Your friend,
Glen Ray Goodman.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a Red Rider B. B. gun, a pair of boots and a wrist watch. That is all.
Your friend,
Garnett Bryan.

Dear Santa Claus:
Please bring me a wrist watch, a Red Rider B. B. gun, and a pair of leather gloves.
Your friend,
Jack Reid.

Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a good girl. I want

a doll with lot of dresses, a nurses kit and a set of dishes. Don't forget mother and daddy.
Your friend,
Mary Lee Luther.

Dear Santa Claus:
I would like two pair of boxing gloves, electric train, and lots of candy and nuts. I have been a good boy.
Your little friend,
David Horace Du Vall

Dear Santa Claus:
I have been a good boy. I want a bicycle, a football and two pair of boxing gloves, a soldier and some candy and nuts. Don't forget about my brothers and sister, mother and daddy.
Your friend,
Dean Brinkley.

Dear Santa Claus:
I want a bicycle and a Red Rider B. B. gun for Christmas. That is all I want now.
Your friend,
Bobby Bachman.

Dear Santa Claus:
I wish I had a doll buggy. Will you please bring me one? I would also like a story book. And it would certainly be nice if you had a little toy stove for me.
Thank you,
Letha Gail Fedric.

Dear Santa:
Since I have tried so hard to be a good girl, I am sure you will not forget to bring me a pair of skates, a desk, and chair, and a Baby doll with flirty eyes that says ma-ma, and pa-pa.
Your little friend,
Shirley Ann Lee.

Dear Santa:
I want a sled, a little wrecker, an iron motor cycle, and a little airplane, truck, arrows, gun and target that you shoot with a gun. I want a little farm with cows, horses, pigs, chickens, also a little step ladder and windmill, some candy and nuts.
Gay Parsons.

Notice Of Road Bond Election
THE STATE OF TEXAS)
COUNTY OF SHERMAN)
TO THE RESIDENT QUALIFIED ELECTORS OF SHERMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, WHO OWN TAXABLE PROPERTY IN SAID COUNTY AND WHO HAVE DULY RENDERED THE SAME FOR TAXATION:

TAKE NOTICE that an election will be held on the 31st day of December, 1940, in Sherman County, Texas, to determine whether or not bonds shall be issued by said County in the amount of \$350,000.00 for the purpose of the construction, maintenance and operation of macadamized, gravel or paved roads and turnpikes, or in aid thereof, and whether or not taxes shall be levied upon all taxable property within said County, subject to taxation, for the purpose of paying the interest on said bonds to provide a sinking fund for the redemption thereof at maturity, in obedience to an election order entered by the Commissioners' Court of Sherman County, Texas, on the 29th day of November, 1940, which said order is as follows, to-wit:

ORDER OF ROAD BOND ELECTION
THE STATE OF TEXAS)
COUNTY OF SHERMAN)
ON THIS 29th day of November, 1940, the Commissioners' Court of Sherman County, Texas, convened in Special Session, at the regular meeting place thereof, in the Courthouse at Stratford, Texas, the following members of said Court, to-wit:

F. B. MULLINS, County Judge.
SAM WOHLFORD, Commissioner, Precinct No. 1.
J. T. CARTRITE, Commissioner, Precinct No. 2.
J. A. LAYTON, Commissioner, Precinct No. 3.
E. E. HAMILTON, Commissioner, Precinct No. 4.

being present and participating, came on to be considered the petition of G. L. Taylor and Fifty-nine other persons, and which said petition is in words and figures as follows, to-wit:

PETITION TO THE COMMISSIONERS' COURT OF SHERMAN COUNTY FOR AN ELECTION TO AUTHORIZE THE ISSUANCE OF COUNTY ROAD BONDS.
THE STATE OF TEXAS)
COUNTY OF SHERMAN)
TO THE HONORABLE COMMISSIONERS' COURT OF SHERMAN COUNTY, TEXAS:

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, resident qualified property taxpaying voters of SHERMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, respectfully pray your Honorable Body to order an election to determine whether or not the bonds of said Sherman County shall be issued in the amount of THREE HUNDRED FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS (\$350,000.00) bearing interest at a rate of not exceeding FIVE PERCENTUM per annum, and maturing at such times as may be fixed by the Commissioners' Court, serially, or otherwise, not to exceed Twenty (20) years from the date thereof, for the purpose of the construction, maintenance and operation of macadamized, graveled or paved roads and turnpikes, or in aid thereof; said bonds to be issued more particularly for the purpose of the construction, maintenance and operation of the following roads in said County, to-wit:

dated that if the proposition for the issuance of the proposed bonds is approved by the necessary vote of the qualified electors of said County at such election, the bonds will be issued and sold and the tax levied in payment thereof when and only when the County receives from the State Highway Commission and the Board of County and District Road Indebtedness definite assurance that the roads hereinabove described will be taken over, acquired, or purchased by the State of Texas, and that the principal of and interest on said bonds will be paid out of funds lawfully appropriated or set aside for that purpose by the proper State Agency; provided, however, that nothing herein shall be construed as releasing the Commissioners' Court of any other county officials, from discharging and performing any and all duties devolved upon them by law in respect of the assessment and collection of the tax to be levied in payment of said bonds, in event the State of Texas should at any time in the future withdraw its aid to the County in payment of the principal of and interest on said bonds.

DATED this 29th day of November, 1940

WHEREAS, this Court has ascertained and determined that said petition is signed by more than fifty (50) qualified resident property taxpaying voters of said Sherman County, Texas; and

WHEREAS, this Court has also ascertained and determined that the amount of bonds to be issued will not exceed one-fourth of the assessed valuation of the real property of said Sherman County, Texas;

IT IS, THEREFORE, CONSIDERED AND ORDERED by the said Court that an election be held in said Sherman County, Texas, on the 31st day of December, 1940, which is not less than thirty (30) days from the date of this order, to determine whether or not the bonds of said Sherman County, Texas, shall be issued in the amount of \$350,000.00, in conformity with the Constitution and laws of the State of Texas, for the purpose of the construction, maintenance and operation of the following roads in said County, to-wit:

From the town of Stratford in an easterly direction to the county line, and

From the town of Stratford in a northwesterly direction to the county line

said bonds to bear interest at a rate not exceeding 5% per annum, and to mature at such times as may be fixed by said Commissioners' Court, serially, or otherwise, not to exceed Twenty (20) years from the date thereof; and whether or not an ad valorem tax shall be levied, annually, upon the property of said Sherman County, Texas, subject to taxation, for the purpose of paying the annual interest on said bonds and to provide a sinking fund for the redemption of said bonds at maturity.

THE SAID ELECTION shall be held under the provisions of the Acts of the Thirty-ninth Legislature, First Called Session, Chapter 16.

ALL PERSONS who are legally qualified voters of said Sherman County, Texas, who are resident property taxpayers of said County and who have duly rendered their property for taxation, shall be entitled to vote at said election.

ALL VOTERS desiring to support the proposition to issue the bonds shall have written or printed upon their ballots the words:

"FOR THE ISSUANCE OF BONDS AND THE LEVY OF AD VALOREM TAXES IN PAYMENT THEREOF."

And, those opposed to the proposition shall have written or printed upon their ballots, the words:

"AGAINST THE ISSUANCE OF BONDS AND THE LEVY OF AD VALOREM TAXES IN PAYMENT THEREOF."

THE POLLING PLACES and Presiding Officers of said election shall be, respectively, as follows:

COURT HOUSE, STRATFORD, TEXAS, Harry Ingham, Presiding Officer; RUBY SCHOENY HOUSE, Dan Foreman, Presiding Officer; LONE STAR SCHOOL HOUSE, J. B. Craig, Presiding Officer; and **TEXHOMA, TEXAS,** SCHOOL HOUSE, Rentie Hamilton, Presiding Officer.

A COPY of this order, signed by the County Judge of Sherman County, Texas, and certified to by the County Clerk, shall serve as a proper notice of said election.

THE COUNTY CLERK OF SHERMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, is hereby authorized and directed to cause said notice of election to be published once each week for three consecutive weeks, in some newspaper of general circulation that has been continuously and regularly published for more than one year previous to the date of this order, in Sherman County, Texas, and, in addition thereto by posting notices of such election at four public places in Sherman County, Texas, one of which shall be at the courthouse door of said County, for three consecutive weeks prior to said election.

The above order having been read and approved by Commissioner Hamilton and seconded by Commissioner Layton that same be passed and adopted. Thereupon, the question being called for, the following members of said Court voted "AYE": Commissioners Hamilton, Layton, Cartrite, Wohlford; and the following voted "NO": None.

PASSED AND APPROVED, this 29th day of November, 1940.

F. B. MULLINS,
County Judge, Sherman County, Texas.
SAM WOHLFORD,
Commissioner of Precinct Number 1.
J. T. CARTRITE,
Commissioner of Precinct Number 2.
J. A. LAYTON,
Commissioner of Precinct

Number 3.
E. E. HAMILTON,
Commissioner of Precinct Number 4.
(Seal) (Com. Court Seal.)
The above and foregoing NOTICE OF ROAD BOND ELECTION is issued and given by me pursuant to authority conferred by the above and foregoing order of the Commissioners' Court of said County, and I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above and foregoing is a full, true, correct and complete copy of the order of said Court, ordering said bond election, and also, the MINUTES showing the passage thereof.
WITNESS MY HAND WITH THE SEAL OF THE COMMISSIONERS' COURT OF SHERMAN COUNTY, TEXAS, affixed, this the 29th day of November, 1940.
(Seal) (Com. Court Seal)
J. R. FENDLETON,
County Clerk and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Commissioners' Court of Sherman County, Texas.
By Lelah Boney, Deputy,
Dec. 12, 19, 26.

J. W. Norvell, M. D.
Stratford, Texas

**GASOLINE
KEROSENE
DISTILLATE**

**DIESEL FUEL
MOTOR OILS
GREASES**

MOTOR OIL
MIDCONTINENTAL 100% PARAFFIN BASE
Made By One of the Largest Oil Companies
And Nationally Advertised
E. W. CARTER
Danciger Products — State License No. 123

**WATSON GROCERY
AND MARKET**

**CUSTOM BUTCHERING OF HOGS
AND BEEF**

BEGINNING THIS WEEK.
Hogs Butchered, Meat Cut, Sausage Ground, Lard Rendered, Complete Meat Curing Job for 2c a Pound.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS BUTCHERING.

COME IN AND SHOP FOR SPECIALS ON COMPLETE LINE OF Christmas Foods, Fruits, Nuts and Candy

Christmas Cards



Beautiful New Designs



Priced As Low As
25 for 45c
The Stratford Star

Personality Counts
Let Us assist you in your personal appearance in Barber Work.
Palmer Barber Shop

BUTANE GAS AND EQUIPMENT
NORGE STOVES AND REFRIGERATORS
VAN B. BOSTON
Dealer's License No. 453

**CALL
STRATFORD
TRANSFER**

For Any Kind of Work OR HAULING
Phone No. 4 at the Lumberyard
W. P. FOREMAN

SPECIAL

Friday-Saturday-Monday-Tues.

Our Special Will Run until Tuesday Night or until Our Stock is Exhausted.

We Will Be Closed All Day Christmas

BUY THE BEST FOR LESS

XMAS NUTS, CANDY, FRUITS And VEGETABLES

XMAS HAMS

SunRay 12 to 14 Lb. Whole or 1/2 Pound 21

PORK CHOPS End Cuts, Pound 13 Center Cuts, Pound 16

COTTAGE CHEESE Borden's 1 Pound Box 15

COFFEE Folgers 1 Pound Tin 23 2 Pound Tin 45

SPUDS Colorado Reds 10 Pounds for 15

PEACHES Del Monte Syrup Pack No. 2 1/2 Tins, 2 for 33

FRUIT COCKTAIL Brimfull Tall Can, 2 for 25

CHERRIES Brimfull Red Pitted No. 2 Tins, 2 for 25

PEARS No. 2 1/2 Tins 21

PINEAPPLE JUICE Del Monte 47 Ounce Cans 29

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE Del Monte 47 Ounce Can 21

PINEAPPLE Del Monte Crushed Gallon 59

CHERRIES Red Pitted Gallon 55

BLACKBERRIES Gallon 37

APRICOTS Gallon 35

WHEATIES 2 Packages for Will Give Away Wheaties' Electric Train Xmas Eve. 21

CHERRY CHOCOLATES 1 Pound Box 19

CRANBERRIES Mist Kist Fancy Washington Quart 17

CELERY Fancy Jumbo Large Stalk 10

LEMONS Sunkist 2 Dozen 27

MINCE MEAT WHITE SWAN 3 Packages for 25

CRACKERS Brown's SunRay 2 Pound Box 15

CRACKERS Salad Wafers 2 Pound Box 28

GREEN BEANS Marco Whole Pod No. 2 Cans, 2 for 25

CORN White Swan No. 2 Cans, 2 for 25

PEAS Brimfull No. 2 Tins, 2 for 25

CRISCO 3 Pound Can 46

PEANUT BUTTER Armour's Star 2 Pound Jar 25

FLOUR Gold Medal 24 Pound Sack 85

48 Pound Sack \$1.59

COCONUT Bulk Pound 21

If They're Any More BARGAINS We'll Have Them

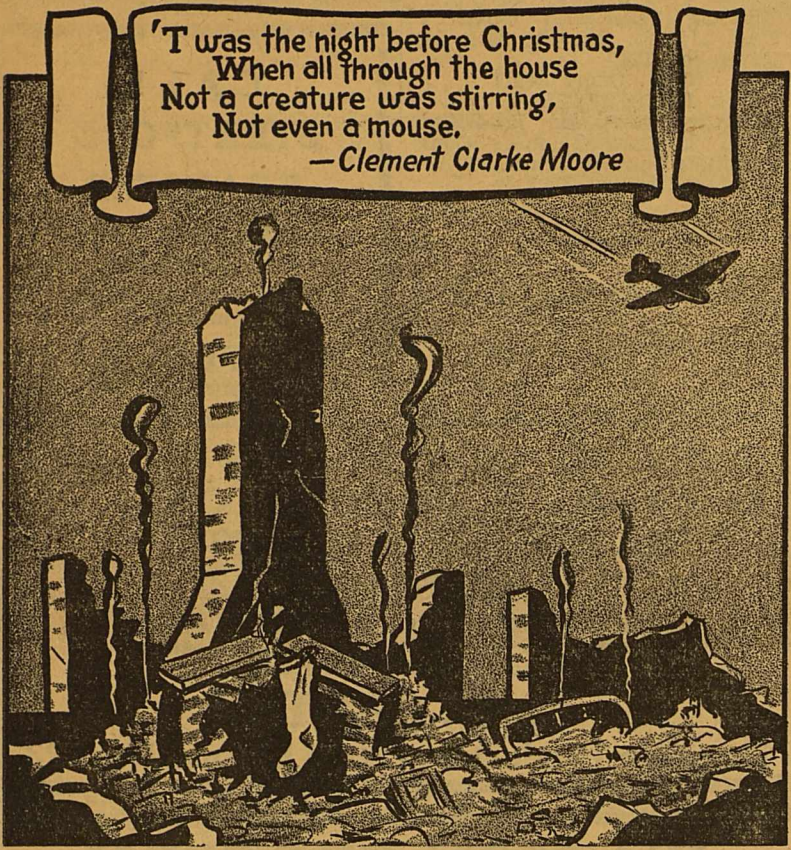
Albert's Grocery

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

U. S. Isolationists 'View With Alarm' All Moves to Aid Britain and Greece; 'Bottlenecks' Worry Defense Leaders; Italian Drive Suffers New Reverses

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)



'T was the night before Christmas, When all through the house Not a creature was stirring, Not even a mouse.
—Clement Clarke Moore

TAKING HAND:

U. S. Steps In

While prominent isolationists "viewed with alarm" each successive step, it was evident that the United States was becoming daily a more vital factor in the various phases of World War II.

Summed up, these might be catalogued under (a) promised aid to Greece; (b) promised food credits to Spain; (c) placing aid to Britain even ahead of vital national defense; (d) preparations to place the navy immediately in shape to aid Britain in patrolling ocean lanes.

President Roosevelt's assurance to King George of Greece that material aid will come from this country, and immediately, was couched in terms that showed the nation ready to succor any and all peoples suffering from aggression.

At the same time that the state department and national defense council busied themselves with this problem, Ambassador Weddell approached the more ticklish task of aiding Axis-friendly Spain. The Spanish admittedly were in dire need of food to tide them over the winter.

Franco was unable to give immediate assurance of Spain's non-participation in the war, but while America apparently was willing to waive a definite pledge, a demand was made that Spain announce her principle of non-intervention.

The United States was anxious to give Spain food, partly from the Argentine, but equally as anxious that these provisions not fall into the hands of Axis belligerents.

In addition to huge American commitments to give Britain planes, tanks and war material of all kinds, the need for merchant ships was being met through the purchase here of 150 ships, more than 100 of them to be constructed by one shipyard alone.

NAZI SPEECH:

Rival Worlds

In a 90-minute address to German war workers, Adolf Hitler, told them and the world that the current war was a fight between two worlds, one of "special privilege," in which he included the United States, the other a world of equality and freedom as represented by Nazi Germany. He indicated that Britain would feel more and more the might of Nazi armed force. Expressing supreme confidence in Germany's strength, Hitler promised his followers that the tempo of war would be stepped up until Nazi victory was assured.

LAGGING:

Bottlenecks

Appropriating billions for defense production is one thing, getting the material another, as the U. S. defense leaders were finding out.

The headache—bottlenecks! Number One of these was Engines—Number Two, Aluminum; Number Three, Landing Gears; Number

DOMESTIC SCENE

◀ **Miami**—President Roosevelt, after kidding newsmen that he was going into the Caribbean sea to visit Easter island and hunt Easter eggs, showed up at various naval bases on inspection.

◀ **Washington**—Dies committee probes say they knew sabotage had been committed on a pursuit plane of a type to be delivered to Britain some time before the plane crashed in a test flight.

Four, Machine Tools, and Number Five, Guns.

In spite of big increases in production at the Pratt-Whitney, Curtiss and Allison plants, facilities for making planes were still far ahead of the engines to make them go.

Those in the know admit that U. S. commitments to Great Britain are such that our plants will not be able to deliver engines in quantity to this country until around next September. After that time the Ford plants, it was said, will be geared up to make Pratt-Whitney engines in quantity, and the Packard factory will have the Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled motors in hand. These are essential for pursuit planes.

Two other auto factories are surveying their ability to turn out airplane engines, but even if they work out the problem, they won't be in production until late in 1941, well behind the Ford and Packard situation.

As to aluminum, the country is increasing its production of the raw material rapidly, but there is a long lag between raw material and the sheets and forgings necessary to make turrets, mounts and fuselages.

Next bottleneck was the landing gears, the shortage being in wheels, brakes and the air-compression cylinders necessary for the heavy types of bombers with retractable wheels. Factories are gearing up for these in mass production, but are far behind the plane factories.

Machine tools, starting point in all mass production, constituted the biggest headache among the bottlenecks. Knudsen and his associates started on the machine tool problem first, knowing it would be most vital, but the lag here has been even greater than expected.

One new machine tool, having to be built and turned out in mass production, may cause a lag of months in making airplanes on an assembly line basis.

The guns referred to are of heavier caliber than those we formerly used on our planes. Here, again, the defense leaders have realized that guns are not designed and built in quantity in a day, and concentrated effort is being made in this direction.

ITALY:

Unrest at Home?

Serious signs of Italian unrest at home matched continuing news of disaster at the Grecian front, although the lapse between occurrence and admission still was about ten days to two weeks.

The Italians have to wait at least that long before learning what has happened to their boys "over there" across the smiling Adriatic. At first there were reports of constant successes as the Fascist war machine smashed into Grecian territory, sweeping the Greeks ahead of them as the defenders marshalled their forces swiftly and sought defensible positions for men and guns.

Then the Evzones, those kilted mountaineers, began striking and Italian gains became losses, and the invaders were swept back across the Albanian frontier into a retreat that was steadily continued.

It was 10 days after the fall of Pogradetz, important northern base, before the Italians learned of it officially. Northern Italy learned of it through their Yugoslavian neighbors long before the press had it.

The news of the abandonment of Porto Edda and Argirocastro was similarly delayed. Reports of rioting inside Italy, especially in northern cities, was persistent but unconfirmed officially, as Marshal Pictore Badoglio, popular hero, was summarily set down for the failure of the Albanian invasion.

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Child Is Born Again

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



We know that in stupid blindness, we have been building Maginot lines and Siegfried lines of hatred and revenge in our hearts, and that the war fever is crossing the ocean to touch us and infect us with the madness that is reigning there. But still the miracle of the Christmas Child lives on. He is still near, with His eternal promise of peace and forgiveness and love.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

The best thing that we can say for the old world is that once in its history a Man was born who spoke strange, unbelievable, startling and unacceptable truths.

The reason we know that He said was true is that although for twenty centuries all sorts of brilliant and scientific men have been trying to prove that He was mistaken, still, in that tribunal that is the heart of the people, these words of His live on, and grow more and more brilliant with time, and for every voice that denies Him, a hundred other voices speak up loudly in His defense.

That fact is the one miracle that the world has known. All other miracles stem from it through the acts of His followers, or like wars and scientific discoveries and astronomical prophecies turn out to be no miracles at all.

It sometimes rather amuses me when young unbelievers challenge the Bible stories of miracles. The sick man at the pool was only a hypochondriac, they say, he could always have picked up his bed and walked if he had wanted to. The water made wine was always water only the wedding guests were in an amiable mood and thought it wine. The blind man was a fakir; he wasn't blind.

His Name Marches On.

Why, what more do these skeptics want than the living, blazing, unequalled miracle that Christ's name is today in our modern, whirling, mechanized world, in this country, whose simplest everyday fact was undreamed in His day? When as our first human landmark, we speak of the miracle that was—and is—the Master's eternally old and eternally new story, what episode in all history comes second? What other event deserves to be mentioned even in remotest connection with it?

For here was a baby born in poverty, reared as a carpenter's son in a small oriental town, growing to manhood unknown, His friends equally humble and obscure, His early death marking Him as a criminal.

No press, no influence, no powerful adherents to defend His name. No written word of His to live and justify him. And yet in America today large numbers of papers, printed daily, carry that name as their inspiration and reason for being, and it is safe to say that no daily journal ever is printed without that name.

Substitutes Love for Hate.

The law this Man laid down to a few idle villagers and fisher folk was a terrible law. It was terrible in its newness, its courage, its implications. For it stripped man of revenge and substituted forgiveness; it stripped him of self and substituted neighbor; it stripped him of hate and substituted love.

And man was afraid. Afraid, even in that simpler day, to follow the Master's law as he had followed the Master's feet. He is afraid today. Our churches will be crowded, this Christmas day, and such churches as are left amid the smoking blackness that once was beauty and activity and prosperity in Europe, will be crowded, too. There will be bewildered heartache here; there will be bitter sobbing there. But not anywhere will there be voices strong enough to preach His law. Forgive

CHRISTMAS

The approaching birthday of Jesus recalls His teachings to a forgetting world. Kathleen Norris believes that they contain the only cure for the terrible misfortunes which man endures today. She advises everyone to observe a sober Christmas, and forget about world affairs in a heartfelt prayer for love and charity toward our fellow men. She feels that the world will not have peace until it proves itself worthy of peace.

your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Render not evil for evil, but return evil with good.

There is a jungle story of monkeys who found a string of priceless pearls. Pearls naturally meant nothing to the monkeys, but their leader knew that something about the lustrous rope of shining white globes was rare. So through the tree-tops he went, waving his find, chattering and squawking, and after him came, chattering and squawking, his noisy people.

Just so man knew, even from the beginning, that what the Master preached was rare; that in those simple words lay the secret of life, the cure for all the world's disorders. He seized upon his prize and carried it down the years, calling to all who would listen that he had found something quite unique among the world's treasures.

But apparently man knew no more how to use it than the monkeys knew what to do with their pearls. If man HAD known there would never have been a war; there would never have been poverty and slums, with all that they breed of suffering and crime and sickness. There would never have been kings nor rulers, for the greatest among us would have been our servant, and it would have been the noble object of the leaders to see how humble, how helpful, how like the Master they might make themselves.

We know how different has been the world's story! We know that hate and greed and fear are reaching their fateful zenith today, and that in all Europe there are only a few nations left where one may dare voice even the name of Christ. We know that in stupid blindness, we have been building Maginot lines and Siegfried lines of hatred and revenge in our hearts, and that the war fever is crossing the ocean to touch us and infect us with the madness that is reigning there.

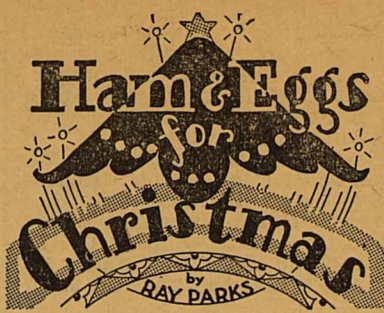
Pray for Guidance.

But still the miracle of the Christmas Child lives on. He is still near, with His eternal promise of peace and forgiveness and love. However full of mistakes the past, it can be wiped away by the simple prayer that brings to Him a child's heart and a child's trust. We don't know the way out of the darkness. We have lost faith in ourselves. But the way is always there. And the promise is always there; "ask and ye shall receive. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

A sobered Christmas, a quiet Christmas—not like our usual joyous holidays. But perhaps to prove someday the most fruitful of eventual good that the world has known since the first Christmas of all.

So I think our prayer this Christmas should be only a prayer for guidance. Not that dictators will die and guns will succeed and conquerors be humbled and ships be sunk. Not anything about great world affairs at all.

But that in each one of our hearts a new spirit will be born at that star-lighted hour when the Child Himself is born anew.



FRESH snow crunched under Dick Wright's shoes as he stomped into the waiting room.

Old Peter was still there, still minding his telegraph key as he had when Dick was a boy. But now it was Christmas; now Dick was home from the city, a successful young architect.

As he walked up to old Peter's grilled ticket window, Dick recalled the last time he stood in this station. Two and a half years ago, it was, the day after Jean had left for New York in search of a career.

"Just can't stand Marysville," she had told him. "You'll understand, Dick, won't you?"

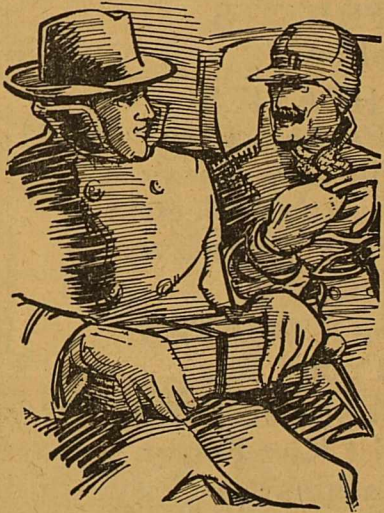
He had forgotten as best he could. Nothing in Marysville for him then, either. There had been a quick decision, a closing of half-open doors, a tearful good-bye to his parents and then—off to the city. It was odd how a blow like that could give a fellow determination. Today, just 30 months later, he was coming back home with a career already carved out.

Old Pete looked up from his sheaf of train orders.

"Well, Richard!" he cried. "Glad to see you, boy, and a Merry Christmas! Your folks know you're comin'?"

"Merry Christmas to you, Pete!" Dick answered. It was nice, at that, to see a familiar face. "Mind if I use your 'phone? I caught an early train and Dad wasn't expecting me until tonight."

A few minutes later the old family car was carrying him home. His Dad looked older, and a mite wor-



"Heard from Jean, son?" he asked.

ried. Something was on his mind.

"Heard from Jean, son?" he finally asked.

"No, Pop," he answered truthfully. The house loomed up ahead now. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just wonderin', son, that's all. Forget it. There's Mother waitin' at us up yonder!"

But Dick couldn't forget it. Marysville and Jean were like ham and eggs. He thought about her when he stopped at the drugstore that night—they used to drink sodas there.

Maybe Dick was looking for more of those memories next morning when he started out alone on skis for Murray's hill. They used to play there in the winter, he and Jean.

"Forget it, you imbecile!" he snapped at himself. "That's a closed chapter in your life!"

It was a couple of hours later that he saw her. Skiing down Murray's hill for the last time he rounded Horseshoe bend to find Jean directly in his path! There was a shriek, a thud, and then four feet sticking out of a snowdrift.

"Jean!" he cried, unstrapping his skis and running to help her. "Are you hurt?"

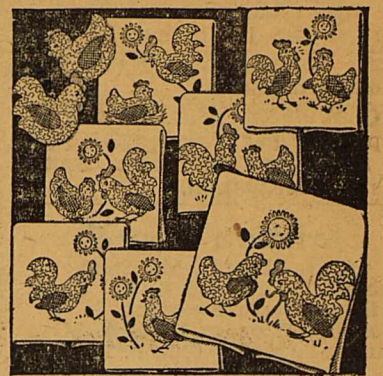
It was rather unromantic, perhaps, pulling her out feet first. But she laughed at him and fell down again, pulling him after her.

"You're going to get your face washed for that, Mr. Wright," she cried.

He came up sputtering to find her suddenly serious.

"Dick dear," she said, "I was wrong. Mother wrote that you'd be home for Christmas and—well, I had to come too. It's you and Marysville that I want, not New York. This morning when I saw you going past our house, I somehow knew that I should go with you. Not just today, Dick, but always!"

It was like ham and eggs, Dick thought, only the next day was Christmas—and Christmas meant turkey!
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)



No. Z9160

THE romantic story of a print hen and rooster, aided and abetted by Cupid in daisy form, is entertainingly told in motifs for a set of tea towels. Any bride, or matron, would welcome clever towels like these; there is one for each day of the week. The two extra motifs are for matching panel-holders to complete the set.

No. Z9160, 15c, brings the NUMO hot iron transfer giving these nice designs. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA Kansas City, Mo.
Box 166-W
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
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For Busy Shoppers

Winning popular approval with busy Christmas shoppers are the two handsome gift packages of Camel cigarettes featured by local dealers. The regular Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—comes in a colorful, holiday dress. Equally striking is the gay Camel package of 4 "flat fifties."

Both packages contain 200 cigarettes—easy gifts to get, perfect to receive.—Adv.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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REPAIRS To Fit Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges of all Makes and Kinds. Order through your DEALER. METZNER STOVE REPAIR CO. Established 1880. Kansas City, Mo.

PERSONAL

LONESOME? Join our Correspondence Club free. For fun and romance. Send description and self addressed envelope. Confidential. Box 491, MORAN, KANSAS.

Dangerous Extremes

Extremes are dangerous; a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—Swinnock.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

One Remedy

Against the superiority of another there is no remedy but love.—Goethe.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—H 51—40

WATCH

YOU can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

THE SPECIALS



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK.—Early in September, 1924, the League of Nations assembly was in session, on a sunny afternoon, with every garden in place on the lapel of its morning coat, with decorous murmurs mingling with the bird song and the hum of the bees, heard through the open windows. The impeccable and somewhat desiccated Sir Eric Drummond, who played closer to his immaculate white vest than any living man, was presiding watchfully against any untoward procedure, any solecism, any break in syntax or punctilio, or move toward any overt suggestion or act.

There arose among the delegates a great, shaggy bearded man who started the windows rattling with his booming voice. He said: "You are just blowing bubbles. Your talk is hot air. You have done and will do nothing for peace. You know that the Dawes plan is doomed. You know that all treaties are destined for the waste basket."

It was a long, masterful and punishing philippic, delivered in a finished Harvard accent. Sir Eric was almost a hospital case.

The Jeremiah was Bishop Fan Stylian Noli, of the Albanian Orthodox church, and it is Bishop Noli, now supposedly living in Boston, who is named in a London cable to the New York Sun, as the popular candidate for a liberated Albania. With the aid of the Greeks, the hope of Albanian liberation is warming up daily, here and abroad. The huge, ruddy warrior-bishop, a medieval man with modern ideas, never has been caught in the feudal tensions and confusion of Balkan politics. He is a genuine libertarian and democrat, recruiting Moslems as well as Christians in his long running fight for modern free statehood for his country. His League of Nations speech was shushed in Europe, but all of it finally filtered through to American newspapers. It was the voice of a major prophet, as startling as the little flickering cinema spot on the walls of Belshazzar's palace.

If the bishop should reclaim and redeem Albania, America would get an assist, if not a put-out. He was educated at Harvard university, entering in 1908 and finishing in 1912. In the former year, the peaceful religious revolution by which the modern Orthodox Albanian church was established was just getting under way, and it was in that year, that he was invested with the robes of its priesthood.

I got a glimpse of the bishop in the Commodore hotel in 1931, a keen-eyed, black-bearded giant, purposeful, alert and powerful in every aspect of his face and person. He had arrived just a jump ahead of certain dissident Albanian gunmen. On this and many other occasions, he blasted Albania's duke monarch, Ahmed Zog much as he had blasted the tit-tat-toe assembly of the league. But he changed hotels frequently and mysteriously, as for many years he has had death close on his heels. And it was in 1931 that he said that Premier Mussolini would snatch Albania when he got ready, and that Zog's government was all make-believe.

SIR PHILIP B. JOUBERT DE LA FERTE, British air marshal, has had a long and distinguished career in the army, and in all these years he has been a model of discretion and impeccable official behavior. Hence it was a most extraordinary slip when he broadcast to the world details of where German bombs had fallen. The ministry of information, of which Sir Philip is a member, had been clamping down the censorship lid and British papers were printing German communiqués, as the only news available. American newspaper men, sharply at odds with the censorship about getting news from Germany, are acclaiming Sir Philip for a fumble which they think was in the public interest. It seems to be his first fumble.

As a fier in the World war, he gathered both British and Italian decorations and was mentioned in dispatches six times. He joined the royal field artillery in 1907 and transferred to the royal flying corps in 1913.

He was in France in first two years of the war and in Egypt in 1916 and 1917. After the war he was R. A. F. instructor at the imperial defense college and commanded the R. A. F. staff college in 1930 and 1934. He was given command of the R. A. F. in 1937. He was educated at Harrow and Woolwich.

SPECIAL DELIVERY
(A CHRISTMAS STORY)

By Roger Wheeler

EDITH'S drab room overlooked a snow-covered roof. Not the clean, cheery snow like they had back home on the farm but a murky gray covering on which rested the soot of a thousand city chimneys.

"So this is Christmas," she moaned, leaving her chair to pace the floor. "Oh! What I'd give to be back home tomorrow!"

But then, Edith had two Christmas presents to which she could look forward. Today, Christmas eve, the mailman MUST bring her annual package from home. And tomorrow there would be Christmas dinner with Ken—dear Ken who was working so hard these days that he could hardly take time off to think about Christmas.



Edith heard the bell ring downstairs and she skipped to her door, opening it softly and waiting tensely while the old landlady, answered.

Yes, it was the mailman! And then came the shrill cry: "Miss Harris! Mail for you!"

Edith practically leaped downstairs, for there would be her package from home. Then her heart sank, for the landlady handed her only two letters, a greeting card from her friend Margie and (of all things at Christmas!) a bill from the department store.

Edith climbed sorrowfully back to her room and wept. Something was wrong, for Mother and Dad never forgot her at Christmas. She cried spasmodically the rest of the day, while downstairs she heard the other roomers shouting Christmas greetings as they arrived and departed.

But finally Edith consoled herself, for she could still look forward to Christmas dinner with Ken tomorrow!

He was due at two o'clock that day, and after church Edith hurried home to get ready. At 1:30 she was seated restlessly awaiting the doorbell.

She was still waiting at 2:30, for Ken did not arrive. And Edith was getting hungry.

Three o'clock passed, and Edith frowned.

"What could have happened to him?" she asked herself.

At four o'clock she cried. It was too much! First her family had forgotten, and now Ken had chosen Christmas day to tell her in this painful fashion that he didn't care!

At 6 p. m. misery began mingling with the pangs of hunger. Edith put on her coat and started to the corner restaurant. But she never got past the door. There she ran into a breathless Ken.

"Edith, dear!" he cried. "Sorry to be so late, but I knew you'd understand when you got my note."

"But—" Edith was confused, "I didn't receive any note, Ken."

"What? But I sent a special delivery message when the boss asked me to finish that laboratory experiment this afternoon. What happened to it?"

The blundering old landlady answered him.

"Please come in or go out, and close the door," she barked from the hall. Then—

"Incidentally, Miss Harris, I forgot to give you these things. They arrived this afternoon."

She handed Edith the missing special delivery letter—and a huge package from home! Edith tore into the Christmas box and found a note from Mother. They'd had a blizzard; couldn't get to town; she hoped Edith would get the package Christmas day.

A few minutes later a happy Edith sat across the table from her Ken in the little restaurant around the corner.

"And now, dear," he began very carefully. "How about your Christmas present for me?"

"But I gave you the fountain pen, Ken," she protested.

"Yes, silly one, and I appreciated it. But if you want to make me still happier, listen to this. The boss came in tonight and said I'd done such a fine job on that research project that he was raising my salary. Know what that means?"

"Not the faintest idea," Edith lied. For, after all, you can't take the words out of a man's mouth when he's about to propose!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Badger Feast

One of the strangest surviving Christmas customs is the badger feast held at Ichester, Somerset. It was started by poachers in Norman times, says the Montreal Herald, and has continued without a break. The lads of the village catch a badger, kill and dress it some time before the feast. On Christmas eve it is strung on a spit over a huge fire at the inn and cooked slowly. When it is ready the party attack it with fingers and pen-knives; no outlery other than this is allowed.

Star Dust
STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE March of Time has come to the rescue of all of us who have an interest in someone affected by the new selective service law. In "Army and the Men—U. S. A." we are taken inside training camps and shown how the young men in the nation's rapidly expanding citizen army live, what they learn, what they do for amusement, and how they are being welded into a defensive fighting force.

The film shows what has been done to provide comfortable living quarters for the young soldiers; it shows as well how the nation's industry is concentrating on orders for the gigantic defense program. It's a picture specially meant for all draft eligibles, their families and their friends.

When Howard Hughes finishes waving his magic wand over Jack Beutel we may have a new star on our movie screens. Beutel gets his chance as one of the leads in the new Hughes film, "The Outlaw." He hails from Dallas, where he had little-theater experience, and wasn't getting far in his ambition to succeed in Hollywood when he got the Hughes assignment.

Eleanor Powell has finally completely recovered from that operation that kept her on the sidelines all this time, and will start work soon in "Lady Be Good," which was



ELEANOR POWELL

a successful musical comedy years and years ago. It will co-star Ann Sothern (giving her a chance to get away from playing "Maisie" for awhile) and Tony Martin. Arthur Freed and Busby Berkeley, producer and director of "Strike Up the Band," will produce and direct, and the George Gershwin music will be used.

What old favorite do you suppose has been scheduled for a new appearance now? None other than "The Phantom of the Opera," with Broderick Crawford playing the "Phantom." But the real surprise is the girl who'll play opposite him—it's none other than Deanna Durbin.

She's always done comedy, and sung a few songs, superbly. But when she finishes "Nice Girl" she'll get away from all that temporarily, and appear in Universal's famous thriller.

Something new in casting has bobbed up at Paramount. Book reviewers on newspapers and magazines are to be polled for their nominations for players to appear in the screen version of the Hemingway novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Since book reviewers who know one motion actor from another are scarcer than hen's teeth it seems unlikely that their opinions will be of very great value.

Jill Esmond, a talented English actress whom you hear on the air as Emily Bronte, author and narrator in "Wuthering Heights," spent her last night before leaving England in a Liverpool air-raid shelter, reciting fairy tales for hours on end to keep a group of children entertained. If you haven't been listening to "Wuthering Heights" you're missing something; it sets a new high mark in radio serial drama.

Loretta Young unintentionally stole the show from Santa Claus the other evening. On her way to a radio rehearsal, she parked her car in a lot near the theater just as a Santa Claus parade was passing. Hundreds of mothers were holding their children high enough to see Santa Claus; somebody shouted: "There's Loretta Young!" and instantly burns were turned on Santa Claus while everybody gazed at Loretta.

ODDS AND ENDS—That new Sunday afternoon radio program, which has started off so well, changed its name just before the first broadcast—it's "The Pause That Refreshes," not "Music That Refreshes" . . . Gene Autry, of the CBS "Melody Ranch" and the movies, recently bought a number of antique music boxes, one for each guest room in his new ranch house . . . Bob Burns is vacationing right now, on a trip to New York which he and Mrs. Burns planned two years ago, but had to postpone because of an injury which she suffered. It is Bob's second trip to New York since he landed there jobless in 1935 and got a job on the air with Rudy Vallee

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

Washington, D. C.

DRAFT PRINCIPLES

The attempt to have all New York city policemen and firemen exempted from the draft, if successful, would weaken popular confidence in the fairness of the selective system. The underlying principle of the draft is that each man's case shall be considered on its own individual merits and under exactly the same rules governing the selection of all other men. If he has dependents, he is not exempted. He is merely deferred after establishing dependency in his particular case. Occupation deferments are determined in the same way. A man can be deferred for his occupation only if it is shown in each individual case, that he is indispensable to some necessary industrial enterprise.

Some particular fireman or some particular policeman might be shown to be indispensable to a city police or fire department, and so deferred, though it is difficult to see how. That is exactly the rule in New York city now, but it is not what New York's mayor wants. He wants to say to the national government: "You can't take any fireman or policeman." A man's badge ousts the board from even considering his case.

This is what is called a "blanket exemption"—automatically lifting out of the selective service systems two entire and very numerous classes of men. It couldn't be done without changing an established national policy of the draft. If it is permitted in New York, it must be permitted everywhere throughout the nation—in some cases with grotesquely absurd results.

This is old stuff. The first six months of the 1917 draft were a continuous battle to prevent the system from being discredited and impaired with "blanket" exemptions pressed for by some of the most powerful influences. This case of policemen and firemen came up first. Equally strong pressure was brought to exempt locomotive engineers and firemen, brakemen and finally all railroad employees as a class, for reasons here stated and, for another reason, we successfully resisted.

The other reason was that we feared that the creation of blanket exemptions would create loopholes as broad as boulevards for wholesale draft evasion. And so it proved, for finally we gave in on one case—a blanket exemption for the Emergency Fleet corporation.

DEFENSE PROGRESS

Recent promising official utterances giving dates when we shall have ready specific numbers of army divisions, navy ships and army and navy fighting planes are something like the earlier way of reporting armaments "on hand or on order."

Progress has been commendable. Most officials in the armament effort have done the best they could under present handicaps of faulty organization, planning and insufficient authority. But it is a mistake to make promises of performances so far ahead and especially to do so in terms of "airplanes," "divisions," or "men under arms." They are too general in their meaning. They do not paint the true picture to people who are not familiar with just what the words mean. They are apt to paint too rosy a picture.

A survey of all the utterances of the war department, for example, over the past few years, would generally indicate a continuing satisfactory state of affairs—at least up to the spring of this year. A glance at our present predicament, in comparison, would indicate how mistaken and misleading they have been.

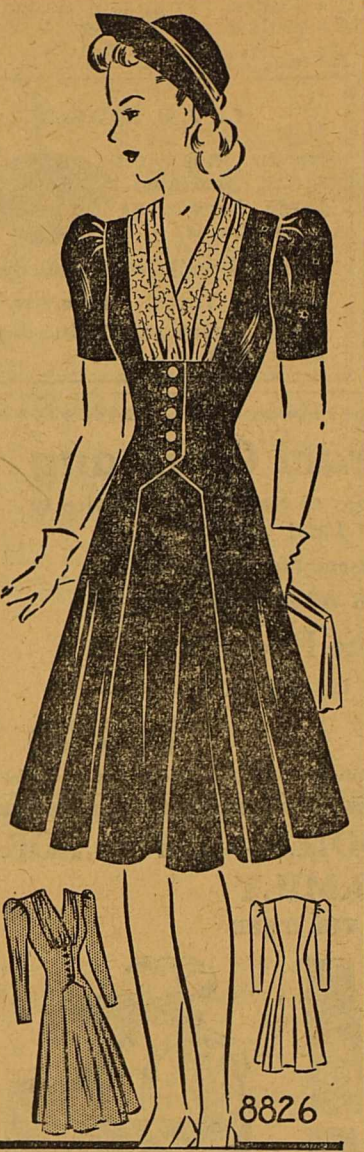
The phrase "5,000 army airplanes" in estimating future production is not very informing. It doesn't tell whether they are fighting planes or transport planes or bombers and that lack of specification is confusing enough. But there is an even greater confusion.

One airplane isn't a good unit of measure.

One airplane means at least one and sometimes three or four extra engines. It means a crew aloft of one or more highly trained pilots and sometimes as many as eight other more or less expert technicians. It means an adequate mechanical ground equipment and a ground crew of skilled mechanics as numerous as the flying crew and sometimes more numerous. Even more significantly it means armament—cannon, light and heavy machine guns, torpedoes, bombs and, for all these, sometimes tons of explosives and incendiary material in the racks or in reserve storage on the ground.

Of many of these things our present supply is a trifling quantity. Preparations are being pressed to get them on principal units. Some of the published reports and estimates are fairly clear. But of others, like cannon, trained personnel and ammunition, the difficulties of getting into production from a near-zero point of existing capacity have been so great that it is almost certain that they cannot be delivered in step with the air force that requires them without a time lag of from one to two years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT SEWING CIRCLE



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Pattern No. 8826 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires, with short sleeves, 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material without nap; long sleeves, 4 3/4 yards, 1/2 yard lace. Step-by-step sew chart comes with your pattern. Send order to:

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Laughter is a most healthful exertion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles.—Dr. Hufeland.

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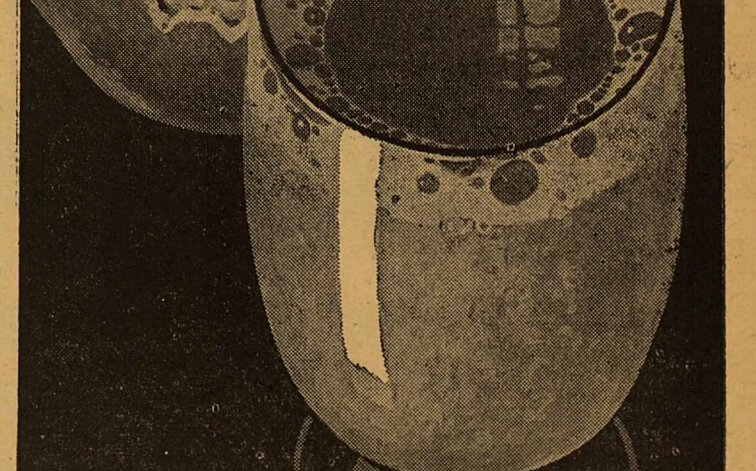
In Doing Right

Do the right and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself. Do the wrong, and your ideal of it breaks up and vanishes.—Martineau.



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Best for Juice — and Every use!

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They are grand "eating" too—these seedless Navels. Easy to peel, slice and section for recipes.

Those stamped "Sunkist" on the skin are the finest from over 14,000 cooperating growers. Buy several dozen for economy. Copr. 1940, California Fruit Growers Exchange

SEEDLESS Sunkist CALIFORNIA NAVAL ORANGES

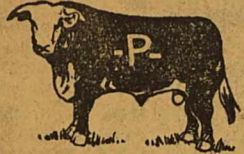
IMPORTANT! RED BALL ORANGES

packed by the growers of Sunkist are a dependable grade of juice-full, richly flavored California oranges. Rely upon them to give full satisfaction. Look for the trademark on the skin or tissue wrapper.

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Grand Champion Wheat Raised In Hansford County

COLLEGE STATION, Dec. 18.—A sample of Tenmarq wheat grown by J. D. Wilbanks of Hansford County, Texas, recently won first prize in competition with the entire United States and Canada in the milling and baking contest at the International Grain and Hay

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TOYS FOR THE KIDDIES — GIFTS FOR THE FAMILY
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Show at Chicago. In the same contest samples entered by three other Hansford County growers, W. F. C. Eling, George Stewart and

R. C. Chase placed 6th, 11th and 15th, respectively, according to J. M. Hutton, county agricultural agent.

THE DUSTER

DUSTER STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Jo Bryan
 Assistant Editor Selma Mullins
 Society Editor Joyce Ann Billington
 Sports Editor Eugene Harrison
 Senior Reporter Jim McCarthy
 Junior Reporter Ermalee Bonar
 Sophomore Reporter Pauline Keener
 Freshman Reporter Lenoir Alexander
 Sponsor Mrs. Nelle Alexander

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS
 School will be dismissed for the Christmas holidays on Friday, December 20, and will resume its activities on Thursday, January 2. This should give everyone time to have a grand and glorious Christmas and a very happy New Year's Day.

CHRISTMAS
 Isn't it better to have thousands of lights of all colors adorn our homes, store windows, streets, and churches — to have the head lights of our cars flash their beams down our highways carrying their occupants to places of memories and happiness than to shudder with fear and agony in the darkness of the terrible blackout—where death, agony, and hunger await the scream, crack and crash of the hated bomb?
 Isn't it better to exchange our gifts of love and affection than that of bombs and bullets? Isn't it better to see joy and happiness in the eyes of those we meet than to see suffering, despair, and fading hope in the eyes of those of the war torn world?
 While we may be praying for 'peace on earth, good will to men,' we must prepare, not for war but for peace defense. May God give us the strength, the spirit of sacrifice, and the courage of a nation to fulfill our destiny.

DUST AND DIRT
 I guess you noticed that I was no place to be seen last Thursday. Well, folks, I'm really sorry. I'll do my best to do better from now on.

Um, I just can't imagine why everybody's getting so good. I reckon they think Santa Claus will be pulling in almost any day now! I firmly believe in the old codger, (and I have been good!) but I am afraid he is going to forget me.
 I know Peggy Whetstone still believes in him. She mailed a two-page letter to him Monday morning.
 Better late than never, I reckon. The football squad ended the season with a bang—er, a banquet! More fun, I betcha, although I was not there, my hootie was—or was he? It was a supper and dance banquet! We think our coach should be mighty proud of his boys. They did great work this year.
 Um, more school activities—the dignified seniors were entertained Wednesday night by Mr. Tabor, Sponsor Coach Cleavinger, and Co-sponsor Mrs. Alexander. It was a Christmas party. Everybody brought a gift; the gifts were numbered and we drew for them.
 O boy, O boy! Christmas is wonderful, isn't it, children? Just

think a whole week of just doing nothing!
 Well, as they say in Denmark, I think I go now, but I'll be seeing you.

WEATHER PREVENTS DELTA KAPPA GAMMA PARTY
 Old man weather was the only guest at the party which the Delta Kappa Gamma members of Stratford had prepared on Saturday night for the Gamma Xi chapter. Everything was in readiness at the home of Mrs. Van Boston when the Dalhart members called that they were afraid to venture forth. Those elsewhere apparently felt the same way. Finally the hostesses decided it would be a shame to waste so much good food, and it is really a miracle (or a sign of iron constitutions) that five substitutes were not required on Monday morning.

THIS AND THAT
 The sophomores have been trying their luck with poetry this week, and we have several good poems. Among them are the following:

Trees—Robert Steel
 I love to watch the trees;
 To see them grow so fair,
 To see them spread their loving arms,
 And watch the birds build there.
 I love to watch the trees
 To see the branches blow,
 To see the dead leaves fall
 On to the ground below.

Lessons—Waylon Green.
 Algebra, English, history and shop,
 I get so tired of it I nearly pop;
 But I keep going every day
 And all I do is waste time and play.

Home—Leona Pigg.
 There is a house upon a hill
 Tho' it is old I love it still;
 From it I thought I'd never roam
 Because this place is home.
 There is a light in the window;
 For me it is burning low,
 And to this little house
 I often long to go.

Lessons—Tommy Grimes.
 I get my history with delight
 And try with all my might,
 But when it comes to algebra,
 I had rather take a dose of camphor.

YEA TEAM
 There was supposed to have been a game with Texline last Friday, but the weather was bad and the game was postponed until a later date. (The date is not known.)
 Anyway, Tuesday before last, Stratford shared honors with Garver. The Stratford girls were beaten by a score of 31 to 33 and the Stratford boys won by a score of 47 to 24. Gene Harrison was high point man with a total of 16 points. Bill Garrison made 8 points, Ira Guthrie and Dickie Buckles made 7 points each, Dwight Hester made 5 points, and Calvin Ely and Dee Brannan made 2 points each.
 There was a mistake last week in the Duster. It was that Dalhart played there December 17 and it should have been that Dalhart played here December 17. I am sorry about it, so please excuse me.
 There is no home game this Friday as the Stratford Elks journey to Spearman to beat them, and there are good reasons to believe that they will.

SPEAKIN' AND SNEAKIN'
 (By I. M. Peekin)
 D'ja ever window shop at a girls' slumber party? No, well, maybe you would hear something like this:
 Who spilled that dill pickle juice in my bed?
 Ouch!
 Well, I told you not to sit on me.
 Listen, I want to tell you all a joke I just heard—Hey! Do you want to hear it or not? Well, there were two—Get away from my candy! I'm going to eat it in a minute. Now where was I? Oh, yes, there were two men and one, no their names were not Pat and Mike. Anyways—
 Oh, I'm sleepy, finish your joke tomorrow.
 It is said that Mr. Graves walked into his classroom fifteen minutes late to find his class gone. The next day the students were severely reprimanded. Mr. Graves said his hat had been on the desk, and that had been a sign of his presence. Next day Mr. Graves again found an empty classroom. On each desk was a hat!
 There's safety in numbers, said the co-ed when she stepped out with the math prof.
 Winchell suggests this for an end to your next speech: "who is glad to live in a land where a presidential candidate means a button in your lapel instead of a bullet in your back."
 The man with a burning ambition is seldom fired.
 Criminal careers would be shorter if the sentences were longer.

FRESHMAN REPORT
 We had our class Christmas party last Wednesday night. Names were drawn before the party, so everyone had a gift on the tree. Most of the members of the class were present. Mrs. Brannan, our room mother, treated us to sundaes and candy. The refreshments served later were frosted coca-colas and candy favors. Everyone seemed to have a good time.
 This is the last week of school before Christmas. We're all finding it hard to stick to studying

with Christmas so near.

SENIOR REPORT
 The senior class had a Christmas party Wednesday night given by Mr. Tabor and the class sponsors, Mr. Cleavinger and Mrs. Alexander. We exchanged gifts, and I am sure that no senior will easily forget the Christmas party of '40'. We wish to thank our sponsors and Mr. Tabor for this gala affair.
 Thus far the lower classmen have been very inactive about aiding the seniors to select a gift for the school. After all it is the future senior of Stratford High who will profit most from this gift. We would like to ask all the classes to discuss this at their next meeting.
 Well, Merry Xmas to all from the Class of '41.

SEVENTH GRADE REPORT
 We all caught the Christmas spirit and drew names for gifts. Some wanted to have a party and some wanted a line party, but everyone finally decided on a party.
 Miss Eddie Cation received a spanking over the week-end and has been in a very bad humor since. Just a little bit on the spoiled side.
 Everyone has been working industriously on his booklets. Some are taking transportation, others textiles, and others different subjects.
 See you next week.

FIRST GRADE
 One of our number went to California; Retah Evelyn Cameron will not be home until soon after the first of the year. Twenty-nine little folks are here anxiously awaiting our room tree and for Santa Claus to come to school.
 Everyone is reading in review work Jo-boy, our basic text, for pretty soon promotion to High First will be here, and even Santa Claus will not keep us from making that grade.
 Each child will buy a gift for some other child, so everyone will be remembered at our tree.
 We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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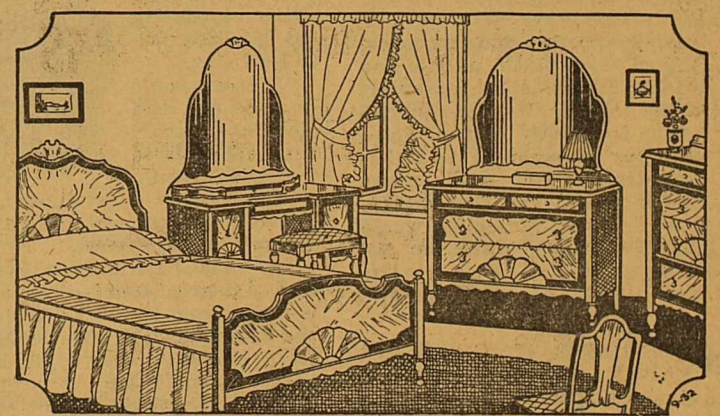
Gift Wrappings, Ties, Seals, Tags, Cards, Decorations, Tree Trimmings, Napkins, Tally Cards. Everything to make your Christmas more festive.

Don't forget to ask for your tickets on our Christmas Gifts we are giving away December 24th.

Ross Bros. Dry Goods

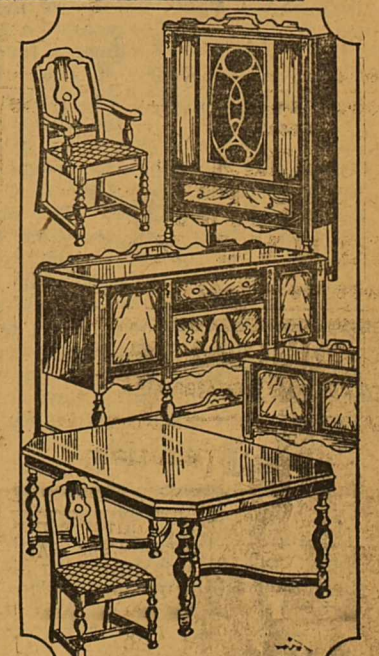
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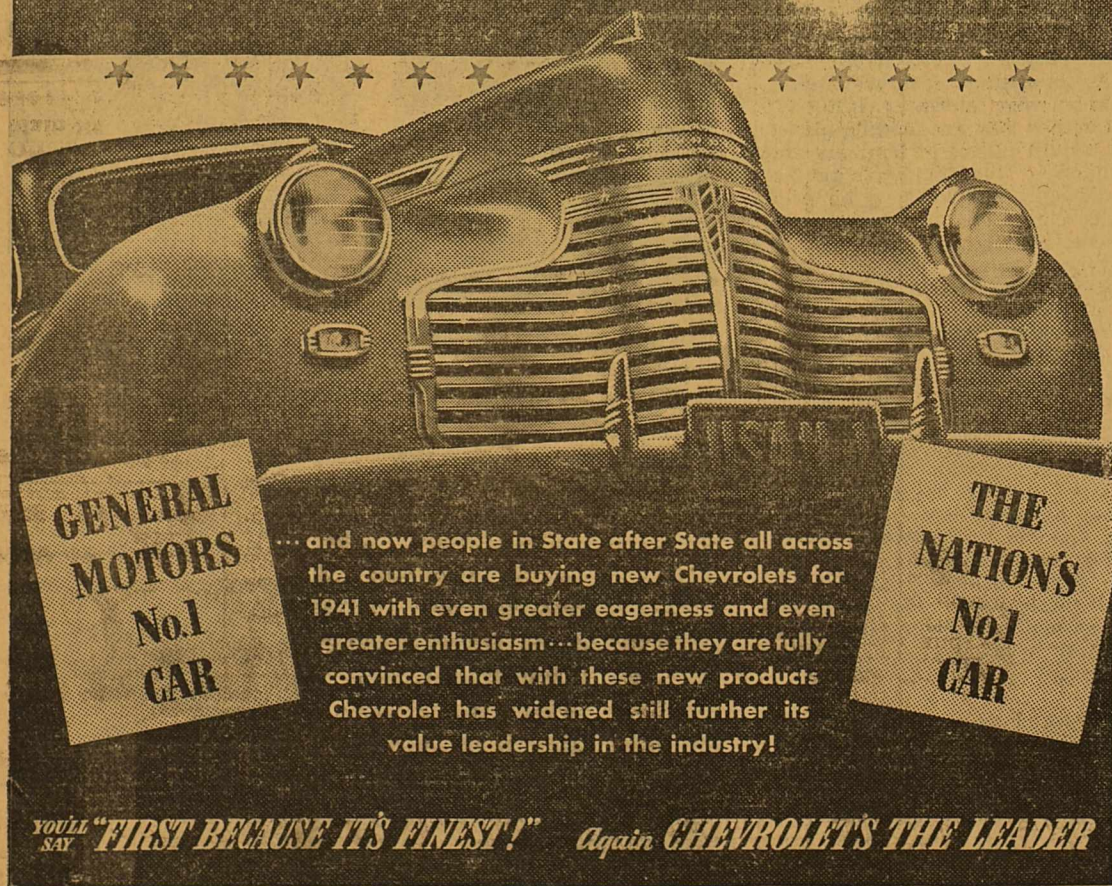
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