

The Upton County Journal

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VOLUME VIII

RANKIN, UPTON COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, April 4 1935.

NUMBER 14

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

BY JULIAN CAPERS, JR.

Austin, April 1.—A lobbyists' paradise has been created in Austin by the dilatory tactics adopted by the Texas senate, obviously to retaliate against Gov. Allred for the barbs he threw during last summer's campaigns, many of which lodged under certain senatorial skins.

With only a month of the 120-day session left, the senate has more than 250 bills on its calendar, many unimportant, but some extremely important. Besides these bills, there is a steady flow from the house and from the senate committee of additional legislation.

Working at the rate it has during the first three-fourths of the session, the senate can not possibly act on half these bills.

Many of those coming up from the house are vitally important—as for instance the appropriation measure, only one of which has passed the senate. By a strange coincidence among the bills yet to come before the senate are included the public utility bill, the race track repeal bill, the gas conservation bill, and the common carrier pipeline bill—measures which form the heart of the governor's legislative program.

The race track bill is on the senate's calendar, but near the bottom of the list, with little prospect of getting a final hearing before adjournment. Strange enough, this bill and the public utilities measure are the ones the governor has most actively urged.

The legislature is undefeatable. No government can accomplish much without the aid of a majority of its members. The senate, apparently is successfully avenging any real or fancied slights the governor may have put upon it, when he called attention of the voters to the reluctance of members of that august body to disclose how they make their living. But the senate's spiteful attitude is costing the people of Texas thousands of dollars, and many additional thousands must be spent for special sessions to enact measures that cannot wait for another regular session.

This situation is made to order for lobbyists. Their business is to kill legislation. The easiest way to do that is to let the bills die on the calendar or never let them get out of committee. With the senate's legislative machinery clogged by petty politics, the lobbyists all say a little prayer of thanksgiving every night for a political system that, whatever its advantages, is neither efficient nor inexpensive, and provides long-suffering taxpayers to foot the bill.

Texas will have an intense interest in the working out of the national administration's strategic battle to hamstring Huey Long, the Louisiana Kingfish, because Dan Moody, brilliant ex-governor who fought corruption in his own state militantly and successfully, is the prosecutor and one of the chief actors in the Louisiana drama. The Washington strategists have outlined a plan of prosecuting the lieutenants of Long for income tax evasion.

Million Dollar Rain Floods Drouthy Area

Northern Upton Deep Test Drills to 4,200 Feet In Anhydrite

Humble Oil & Refining Co. No. 1 Pollock in the northeastern portion of Upton County, had drilled to a depth of 4,200 feet in anhydrite late Wednesday, according to reports of drillers on the well.

The test, located on the Pollock lease in Sec. No. 4, block M, E. L. & R. R. Ry. Survey, is being carried to a much deeper level than has heretofore been drilled in this section in search of Ordovician production between the Reagan county deep pool and the high am-structure of the Northwestern Upton county deep production in the Gulf McElroy No. 103.

Gulf No. 103 McElroy in Upton County, which has been the world's deepest test since passing 11,570 feet, had drilled to 12,191 feet in lime and chert, hard formations slowing progress. Location is in section 197, block F, C. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G. Ry. Co. survey.

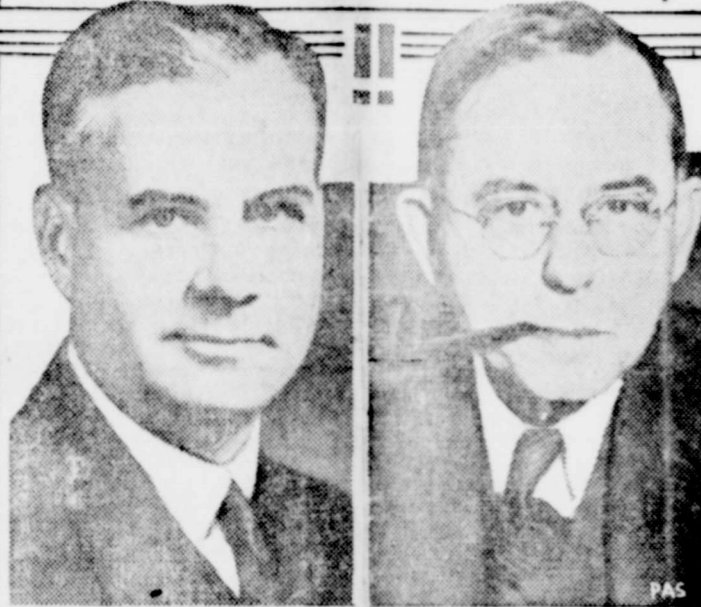
John I. Moore, Loffland Brothers and others' No. 1, L. S. McDowell, northwest central Glasscock County unit wildcat, in section 22, block 34, township 2 south, T. & P. Ry. Co. survey, had drilled to 3,800 feet in blue lime that continued to show thin zones of shale.

John M. Cooper's No. 1 Bert Page in Schleicher County, in section 40, block L, G. H. & S. A. Ry. Co. survey, had reached 6,025 feet in dark gray lime, carrying 2,500 to 3,000 feet of fluid.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kincaid, Sr., of Ozona were visitors here Monday. Mr. Kincaid was a court visitor.

L. P. Yocham, who has been attending to business interests in Quemado, returned the latter part of last week for a visit here.

In The Ohio Unemployment Relief Controversy



COLUMBUS, O. . . . Above, left, is Attorney-General John Bricker of Ohio, to whom Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, sent affidavits in support of his charges of "corrupt political interferences" in the administration of unemployment relief in Ohio. On the right is C. C. Stillman, FERA regional officer, who, upon the order of Administrator Hopkins, has taken over Ohio Federal relief.

West Counties Will Send 74 Boy Scouts to National Jamboree

Boy Scouts from 15 or more West Texas towns will cast their lot with the other 30,000 Scouts from all over the United States in the National Jamboree at Washington, D. C., Aug. 21 to 30. Dr. Hal P. Bybee, Jamboree chairman for the Concho Valley Council, revealed following the April 1 deadline for registration fees.

Tuesday's mail brought the last of \$25 fees for 74 Scouts, including the Iraan band of 35 Scouts. Twenty-two troops responded with from one to six Scouts' fees. The council quota is 80 Scouts, including Iraan's 35 band members.

Troops asking for extra Scouts are Fort Stockton No. 59, Rankin No. 56, Texon No. 55, Garden City No. 54, Sonora No. 19, San

Angelo No. 6, San Angelo No. 3, and San Angelo No. 2.

Actual fees reported by Doctor Bybee are Fort Stockton, 3 Scouts; Big Lake, 1 Scout; Rankin, 3 Scouts; Texon, 2 Scouts; Garden City, 2 Scouts; Ozona, 1 Scout; Iraan Troop and Sea Scout Ship, 2 Scouts; McCamey, 1 Scout; Ballinger Troops 29 and 30, 1 Scout each; Menard, 1 Scout; Brady Troops 23 and 24, 1 Scout each; Junction B, 1 Scout; Sonora, 6 Scouts; Eldorado, 2 Scouts; San Angelo 4, 1 Scout; San Angelo 3, 5 Scouts and 1 Sea Scout Patrol; San Angelo 2, 4 Scouts.

Choral Club To Present Easter Cantata Here Wednesday

The Bluebonnet Choral Club of McCamey will present an Easter Cantata in the auditorium of the First Baptist Church, Wednesday evening April 10.

Under able directorship, the club is considered excellent in the presentations, and the public is cordially invited to attend the musical festival to be presented here.

Grand Jury Indicts Barker-McNurlen In Upton County Cases

Indictments were returned against Houston Barker, "rifle-totin" convict who startled the countryside here recently when he blocked the attempts of more than a score of peace officers to arrest him for nearly twenty-four hours and his convict companion, Fay McNurlen, alias Ray Elmo for robbery with fire-arms and specifically against Barker with robbery and assault with intent to murder with malice.

The pair are held at present in the jail at Brownwood where they have been convicted by the district court jury in that county with robbery.

Sheriff W. C. Fowler left for Brownwood, Thursday to return the prisoners to this county to stand trial on the indictments.

McNurlen is charged with the robbery of an automobile belonging to Ralph Daugherty in McCamey recently. Both men are overdue on parole from the state penitentiary and have records that would do credit to a wider reputation.

Barker with twenty-six years already charged against his account must face charges in the Upton county district court and in an adjoining town be brought to trial in Bexar County for the robbery of a filling station in that section. McNurlen was also with Barker on the San Antonio job. Barker maintains that he had nothing to do with the robbery of the Grant Store in San Antonio, but that he and McNurlen were there the day the robbery took place.

District court was recessed Wednesday morning when Judge Claude Sutton will hear several civil cases to be tried before the court and will probably open his criminal docket either Tuesday or Wednesday.

The grand jury was still in session at presstime Thursday, and will continue through Friday morning appearing each week in this paper. It covers all the important national and world news, interpreted for you by one of the nation's best known news commentators. Read the WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW each week if you want to keep well informed on current events.

Rankin Area Recieves Hard Two Hour Down-pour Hail and Rain

A drenching of rain and hail that lasted for nearly two hours was chalked up late Thursday afternoon against the account of a large area northwest and southeast of the city, which has been many long months without much precipitation.

At approximately five o'clock a hard rain hit this city from the northwest, accompanied by hard winds and a smattering of hail. The rain increased as the shower continued, as did the hail, which in some instances assumed the size of much talked of "hen-egg" variety. Tops of the cars were pelted and torn in the fabric from the pellets on the main street here and north of the city. The storm continued its southeasterly direction increasing its volume and scope until the Reagan and Crockett county areas were thoroughly drenched.

The draws northeast of this city were running big water as late as Friday morning, doing considerable damage to fences and in some instances, chickens and sheep.

Thursday rain will insure weeds and start grass for impoverished livestock which have suffered from the drought.

An estimated 100,000 bushels of the territory reported to the northwestern county, ported, ed a ve

What Wrought Up!

Lions' worthwhile news out of a dozen in the world is still somewhat vague. of temper. Mr. Smith might have urst if he had read the

News Review

ARD W. PICKARD

appearing each week in this paper. It covers all the important national and world news, interpreted for you by one of the nation's best known news commentators. Read the WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW each week if you want to keep well informed on current events.

On the Gasoline Circuit — by A. B. Chapin



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GARAGE ONE BLOCK FROM HOTEL

THE AMERICAN **THE ANNEX**
7th & Market Sts. 6th & Market Sts.
Saint Louis, Missouri

House Votes Favorably On Gas And Oil Conservation Laws

Austin, April 1.—Virtually the full weight of the Texas House was thrown behind the movement last week to re-enact and re-fortify state oil and gas conservation laws.

Sponsors told the House an urgency existed to pass a bill drawn to insure continued stabilization of the State's vast oil industry.

"Unless oil control laws are re-passed immediately," Representative Sidney Latham of Longview said, "It is difficult to anticipate just what the condition will be September 1 when vital provisions of the present statutes expire."

The House responded quickly, almost unanimously. It voted by 112 to 1 to finally pass the anti-oil waste measure. The bill now is in Senate committee.

Under the conservation proposal, consideration of reasonable market demand in proration of production to prevent physical

waste would be permissive.

It was introduced two weeks ago as a friendly response to Governor James V. Allred's message to the Legislature. Representative Albert Walker of Vernon declared.

"Federal regulation of Texas' oil industry has been in danger of materializing several times in the near past," Representative Joe K. Wells of Corsicana pointed out. "It is the duty of the Legislature and the Railroad Commission to see that Texas runs its own business."

He declared that certain figures in the Washington set-up still were making a determined effort to create an arbitrary, absolute dictatorship over the oil business in Texas. A hearing will be held in Washington, April 16 on Federal oil control.

Representative H. C. Stanfield of Amarillo said that, "All Texas should be vitally concerned in extending the control laws, which would avoid a serious breakdown in the state's greatest natural resource market, and bolster considerably defenses against Federal invasion."

"If our laws are adequate, and

Fort D. A. Russell Of Marfa May Be Regarrisoned in Near Future

Marfa, April 1.—Prospects for regarrisoning Fort D. A. Russell at Marfa, abandoned in January, 1933, were considerably brighter tonight.

Three high ranking army officers, after an inspection today, expressed definite opinions that the fort would be regarrisoned under the increase in army personnel voted by Congress, to go into effect July 1.

The officers were Gen. George S. Simonds, deputy chief of staff of the United States Army; Maj. Gen. Johnson Hagood, commanding the Eighth Corps Area; and Gen. H. S. Hawkins, commanding gen. of the First Cavalry Division at Fort Bliss, near El Paso.

The ranchmen of the Big Bend section have worked incessantly for over a year to have Fort Russell regarrisoned. They believe that with soldiers stationed near that there would not be so many raids. Several ranchmen have reported heavy losses of cattle and sheep since the moving of the fort.

The oil producing fields are running peacefully, then there can be no possible reason for the Federal government stepping in.

Jess Lockhart and Sam Loader were business visitors in San Angelo, Monday.

Nine New Locations In West Texas Last Week Brings 1935 Total to 175

Locations for nine tests for oil were listed last week in six counties. This was two less than the number staked in a half dozen counties the week before. The 1935 total was increased to 175 in 24 counties. Jones county led with three locations, Upton county gained two and Ector, Howard, McCulloch and Ward counties one each.

Locations follow:
Ector—C. L. Peters No. 1 Connell, 330 from the north and east lines of the northwest quarter of section 12, block B-16, public school land.

Howard—Iron Mountain Oil Co. No. 6 Read, 330 feet from the south and west lines of sec-

tion 46, block 30, township 1 north, T. & P. Ry. Co. survey.

Jones—Robb & Brewer and others No. 1 Evans, 200 feet from the south and east lines of the north half of section 7, block 15, T. & P. Ry. Co. survey.

T. A. Shappell No. 1 Steele, 100 feet from the north line and 2,000 feet from the east line of section 10, block 15, T. & P. Ry. Co. survey.

Ungren & Frazier No. 1 Steele 1,450 feet from the south line and 200 feet from the west line of lot 8, block 10, Catherine Allen survey.

McCulloch—Cambrian Oil Co. (Brock & Seward) No. 1 McCall, 2,250 feet from the south line and 239 feet from the east line of John Ward survey No. 2 abstract 1404.

Upton—Gulf Production Co. No. 113 McElroy, 1,320 feet from the north and west lines of section 189, block F. C. S. D.

& R. G. N. G. Ry. Co. survey. Magnolia Petroleum Co. No. 3 Hughes, 400 feet from the south line and 380 feet from the east line of the lease in section 4, Wm. Teer survey.

Ward—Gulf Production Co. No. 42 Hutchins, 2,310 feet from the south line and 330 feet from the west line of section 3, block F. G. & M., M. B. & A. survey.

Gulf No. 103 McElroy in Upton county, the world's deepest test, had drilled to 12,189 feet in lime and chert. It is located in section 197, block F. C. S. D. & R. G. N. G. Ry. Co. survey.

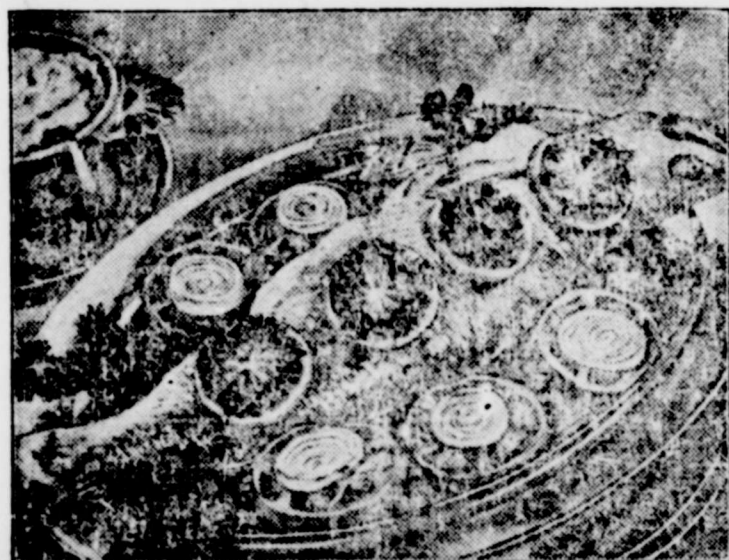
Humble No. 1 Pollock in northeastern Upton county, in the center of the northwest quarter of section 4, block M, E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co. survey, had drilled to 4,086 feet in anhydrite.

Miss Bess Owens who is now manager of Western Union in Cisco, spent last week end visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Young and baby were business visitors in San Angelo, Wednesday.

Yum-Yum! Fish with Nut Sauce!

By Jane Rogers



FISH for Lent is commonplace, but fish with nut sauce is an event.

The art of blending intriguing nut sauce flavors has been practiced and refined in Paris for years. At other crossroads of the world some noted chefs have artfully captured and popularized their own conceptions.

Not by chance is the meaty Brazil nut used as the basic ingredient, for it imparts delightful chewy substance, both to the stuffing and the sauce. Delicately hued, Brazil nuts blend well with other more stimulating flavors which enrich the natural juices of the seafood.

Quickly prepared, these recipes assure a delicious new taste sensation.

Baked Stuffed Fish

1 three-pound fish
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1/4 cup coarsely ground Brazil nuts
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
4 tablespoons melted butter
3 tablespoons lemon juice

3 small tomatoes
Salt, pepper
6 onion rings

Split and clean fish. Mix crumbs, nuts and seasoning, add two tablespoons of melted butter and lemon juice and mix well. Stuff fish with mixture, sew split edges together and place fish on oven-proof platter. Halve tomatoes, place around fish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and arrange an onion ring on each half. Pour remaining butter over fish and tomatoes. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees F., about fifteen minutes, until fish is tender. Remove from oven and garnish with sliced lemon and parsley. Serve either with or without the following sauce.

Savory Fish Sauce

5 tablespoons chopped pickle
2 tablespoons chopped olives
1/2 cup chopped parsley
2 tablespoons roasted Brazil nuts
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup sour cream
Mix all the ingredients together. Serve with fish, soft shell crabs or cold meat.

Death Investigated



PINEHURST, N. C. . . . Above is a recent informal photo of Mrs. H. Bradley Davidson, Jr., heiress to the Stetson hotel fortune, whose death from monoxide gas in the garage of her home here is being closely investigated.

Many Women Suffer Pain Needlessly

Scientist Perfects Remarkable Formula that Ends Nervous Depression and Headache

Many women are called on to suffer at certain times severe headaches, nervousness, pain, irritation and depression, yet tasks must be performed and work done and the family faced with a cheerful smile. A-VOL, a remarkable new prescription, now being prescribed by many doctors and nurses, quickly relieves all traces of pain and depression without in any manner depressing the heart or being harmful in any way.

Many factories, telephone offices, department stores and shops employing many women, use A-VOL daily through their doctors and nurses because they know it is safe, effective and harmless, does not depress the heart, is non-narcotic and non-habit forming and does relieve headaches, depression, colds, fever, neuralgia, and period pains.

A-VOL has been found especially effective as a relief for sleeplessness through its power to relax the nervous tension and permit a restful, natural sleep.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25 cents for trial package to D. P. C. Laboratories, Holton, Kansas.

New Trust Buster



ATLANTA . . . Miss Patricia Collins (above), has been appointed special attorney in the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice by Attorney General Cummings.

Oldest N. Y. Mason



WATERTOWN . . . Omar A. Hine (above), celebrates his 96th birthday this month and, on April 11, the 75th Masonic Anniversary. He is the dean of New York State Master Masons and still works a regular 8 hour day in business.



Mr. Smith Is Somewhat Wrought Up!

He's just finished trying to cull the worthwhile news out of a dozen dailies, and what is really going on in the world is still somewhat vague. That's the reason for his display of temper. Mr. Smith might have saved himself this emotional outburst if he had read the

Weekly News Review

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

appearing each week in this paper. It covers all the important national and world news, interpreted for you by one of the nation's best known news commentators. Read the WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW each week if you want to keep well informed on current events.

THE MOST Precious Beauty Aid

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Now Embodied in a Soft, Fluffy-Dry Face Powder

For centuries the world's leading skin specialists have encouraged the use of Olive Oil. Its healing, soothing and softening properties are praised by beauty experts everywhere.

Heretofore, it was necessary to use Olive Oil in liquid form to get its beneficial effects. But now this precious beauty-aid is blended in a soft, clinging face powder known to millions of users as OUTDOOR GIRL.

Because of its unique Olive Oil base, this powder frees the skin from dryness and roughness. Keeps its texture firm and supple.

Women everywhere are using OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder in preference to any other brand.

Try this different face powder today. Its 7 smart shades blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of purity and quality.

OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, dept. and chain stores in 3 sizes—10c, 25c and \$1.00. If you want to sample five of the most popular preparations, mail the coupon.



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I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling. Please send me your OUTDOOR GIRL "Introductory Sample" containing liberal trial packages of Olive Oil Face Powder—Light Face Powder—Olive Oil Cream—Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Lip-and-Cheek Rouge.

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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



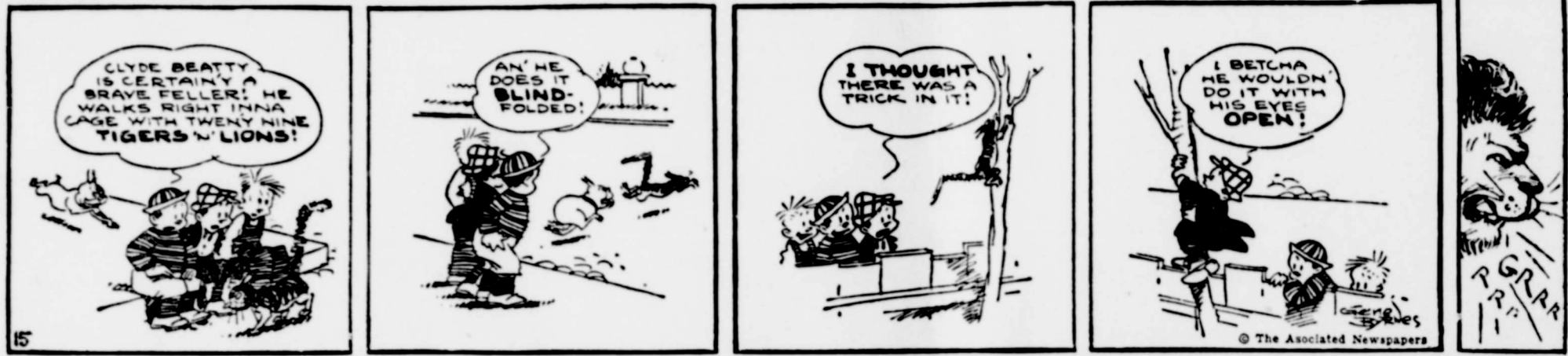
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



"REG'LAR FELLERS"

Hoodwinked



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

So That's All There Was to It



'SMATTER POP—

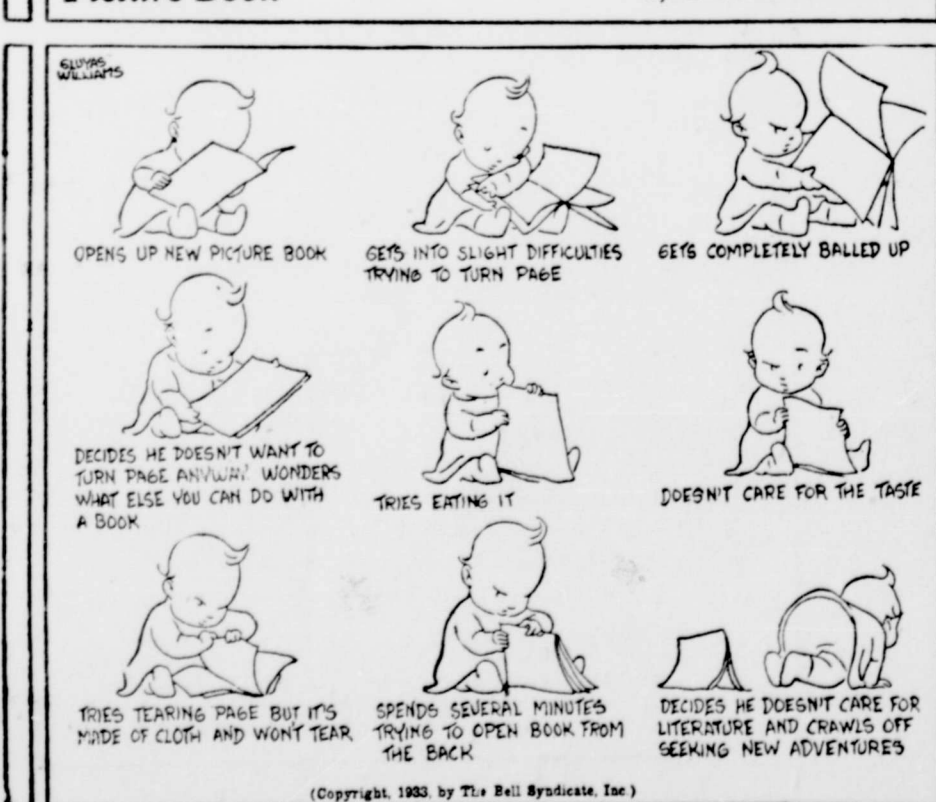
Ambrose Asks The Doctor For Further Instructions

By C. M. PAYNE



Picture Book

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



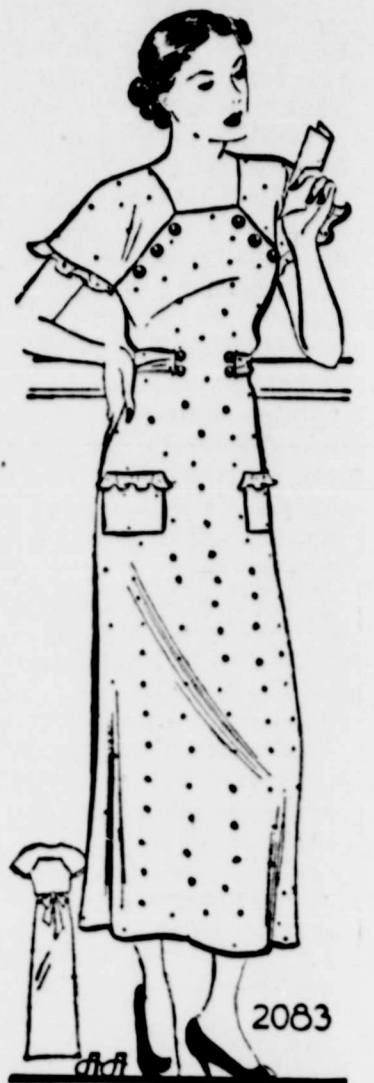
Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER



SIMPLE TO MAKE; EASY TO WEAR

PATTERN 2083



When a busy housewife finds a frock as pretty and as simple to make up as the one illustrated, she'll make several of them in different colors—that is, she will if she's very clever. There are only three pieces to the body of this dress, the back, the yoke—cut in one with the sleeves—and the front. Cut them out, sew them up, add the slimming half belt which ties into a perky little bow at the back, and the smart patch pockets, whip frills onto the sleeves and the pockets or omit them altogether—and in less than the time it takes to tell about it you'll have one of the daintiest house frocks you've seen in a long, long time!

Pattern 2083 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 takes 3 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE. Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth street, New York City.



REALLY SCARED

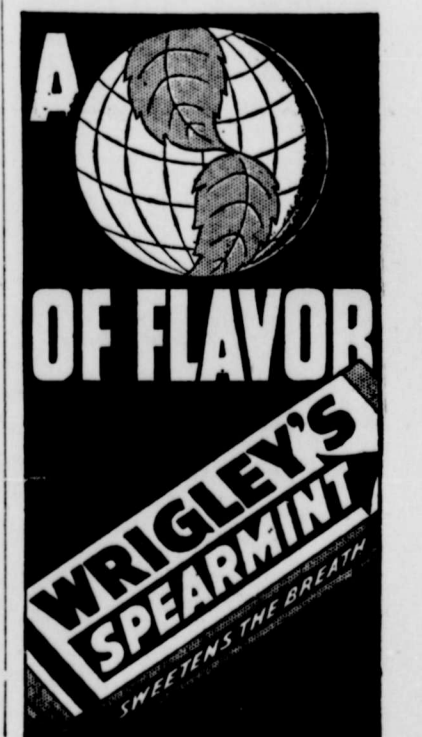
Rastus—Say, Sambo, what time in yo' life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worst?
Sambo—Once when Ah wuz callin' on a henhouse an' de farmer come in an' ketch me. Wuz Ah scared!
Rastus—How am yo' suah dat was de worstest yo' evah bin scared?
Sambo—'Cause de farmer grab me by de shoulder an' he say: "White boy, what yo' doin' here?"—Toronto Globe.

Early Aversion

Small Joan, saying her prayers, had asked blessings on her parents and various other members of the family, at her mother's suggestion. "Now ask God to make you a good girl," her mother added. "Please make me a good girl, Lord," Joan continued, "but not too fat, please, not too fat."—Exchange.

Anything to Please

"Call me a taxi!"
"O. K. You're a taxi."—Pearson's Weekly.



When Worlds Collide

CHAPTER X—Continued

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

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Tony looked at the breach of the tube and nodded.

"Journeying through space we will be a rocket that can be fired from both ends and from all around the sides of both ends."

"Even though the side firing is of less intensity. We have twenty stern vents and twenty forward, you see, and twelve around the circumference at each end," Hendron smiled. "It is very beautiful, our ship; and according to the laws of physics, by the release of more power, it will navigate space as surely as it hopped from the ground, when we required it to. We'll leave this world, Tony; and, I believe, we'll land upon Bronson Beta."

Tony stared at him: "And we'll live afterward?"

"Why not?" Hendron returned again. "We can count upon vegetation on Bronson Beta, almost surely. No, surely, I should say. Higher forms of life must have been annihilated by the cold; but the spores of vegetation could survive.

"We know too little about the lower temperatures; but what we have discovered indicates that the germinating power of micro-organisms and spores should be preserved at lower temperatures for much longer periods than at our ordinary temperatures."

"At least," Tony caught up his words. "You will not deny, then, that there may be a possibility of higher life surviving or capable of being revived—too?"

Hendron shook his head. "I have seen too many incredible things occur, Tony," he replied, "to deny any possibility—particularly under conditions of which no one on this world has had any experience. But I do not expect it. I do expect vegetation, especially vegetation that grows from spores.

"In the early days of this world, the great majority of plants did not reproduce by seeds, but by the far more resistant spores, which have survived as the method of reproduction of many varieties. So we will count upon a native flora which, undoubtedly, will appear very strange to us. Of course, as you know, we are taking across with us our own seeds and our own spores."

"I know," said Tony, "and even our own insects, too."

"Exactly. You've been talking with Keppler, I see. I put that problem entirely up to Keppler.

"Our first and most necessary unit for self-preservation proved to be the common honey bee, to secure pollination of flowering plants, trees and so on. Keppler says that of some twenty thousand nectar insects, this one species pollinates more than all the rest put together. The honey bee would take care of practically all of this work, as his range is tremendous. There are a few plants—Keppler tells me—such as red clover, which he cannot work on; but his cousin the bumblebee, with his longer proboscis, could attend to them. So, first and foremost among living things, we bring bees.

"We also take ants," Hendron went on, "especially the common little brown variety, to ventilate, drain and work the soil; and, as you have observed, Tony, angieworms also.

"Since we are going to take with us fish eggs to hatch into fish over there, we have to take mayflies. Their larvae, in addition to providing food for the fish, are necessary to keep the inland waters from becoming choked with algae and the lower water plants.

"In the whole of the Lepidoptera there is not, Keppler says, one necessary or even useful species; but for their beauty's sake—and because they take small space—we will take six butterflies and at least the Luna moth.

"And we must take one of the reputed scourges of the earth."

"What?" said Tony.

"The grasshopper—the locust. Such an insect will be vitally necessary to keep the greenery from choking our new earth; and the one best suited for this job is, paradoxically enough, one of mankind's oldest scourges, the grasshopper. He is an omnivorous feeder and would keep the greenery in check—after he got his start. Our first problem may be that he will not multiply fast enough; and then that he will multiply too fast. So to keep him in check, and also the butterfly and the moth, we will take parasite flies. We will have to have these—two or three of the dozen common Tachinidae have been chosen.

"We are bringing along vials of mushroom and other fungi spores. Otherwise vegetation would fall down, never disintegrate, and pile up till everything was choked. A vial of the size of your thumb holds several billion spores of assorted fungi—in case the spores of the fungi of Bronson Beta have not survived. They are absolutely essential.

"Also, we are taking bottles of stagnant pond water and another of seawater containing our micro-organisms such as diatoms, plankton, unicellular plants and animals which form the basis of our own biotic economy and would supplement, or replace, such life on the other globe.

"About animals—Hendron halted. "Yes, about animals," Tony urged. "There is, naturally, still discussion. Our space is so limited, and there is most tremendous competition. Birds offer a somewhat simpler problem.

"The matter of dogs and cats is the most difficult," Hendron said, closing the subject. Air pumps murmured somewhere within the ship, which

seemed half-alive. Electric generators hummed, and from somewhere came the high note of one of the electronic engines. Tony left Hendron and went from the ship.

That night the emigrants from the earth gathered again in the dining hall. Hendron addressed them, outlining the general final preparations, which were augmented by specific, printed instructions to meet such contingencies as could be foreseen.

After the meeting, the crowd moved outdoors and stood awhile, looking at the Bronson Bodies. As in their former approach their size had increased in diametric proportion during the last few days and nights, and they now dominated the heavens, Alpha eclipsed by Beta, which rushed toward the earth ahead of it, in the same position as that held by a planet in transit across the face of the sun. The spectacle was one of weird beauty, and one calculated to strike terror in the bravest. Bronson Alpha looked like the rising moon, except that it was much larger than any moon had ever seemed to be.

Already the desolate and wounded surface of man's world was stirring to their approach. Slight earthquake shocks were felt from time to time, and the very winds seemed to be moving in a consciousness of the awful cataclysm that was drawing near. All over the world, the tides—unnaturally absent since the shattering of the moon—rose again and licked up the sides of the fresh, raw shores; the people who huddled on mountains and prairie plateaus that night knew instinctively that this was indeed the end.

Tony sought out Eve. "Come walk with me," he said.

"I'd like to. It's so strange to wait, with everything done that matters. For it's all done, Tony; everything that we're to take with us has been prepared and put in place."

Tony was excited and on edge, with nerves which he tried to quiet and could not.

"Do you suppose," he said, "there'll be other ships starting from this side of the world tomorrow night and



he let her. In silence he kissed her again; then her lips, close to his, said: "Farewell to earth, Tony!"

"Yes," he said, quivering. "Yes; I suppose this is our last sure night." "No; we leave tonight, Tony." "Tonight? I thought it was tomorrow."

"No; Father feared the last night—if any one knew it in advance. So he said tomorrow; but all his calculations make it tonight."

"How soon, Eve?"

"In an hour, dear. You'll hear the bugles. He deceived even you."

"And Dave?" asked Tony jealously. Dave Ransdell now was his great friend. Dave was to be in command, except as to scientific matters, of the party in the second ship; Tony was himself second only to Hendron on the first ship; and Tony had no jealousy of Dave for that. Moreover, Eve would be with him; and he was saved, so would she be! And Dave might, without them, be lost. Tony had told himself that he had conquered his jealousy of Dave; but here it still held him.

"No," said Eve. "Father told Dave tomorrow, too. But we leave the earth tonight."

"So tomorrow," said Tony, "tomorrow we may be ourselves, with yesterday's seven thousand years." He held her again as he thought of his hour—the last hour of which he could be sure.

"Come away," he said. "Come farther away from me?"

"From what, Tony?"

"From everybody else." And he drew her on. He led her, indeed, toward the edge of the encampment, where the wires that protected it

knitted a barrier. And there, holding her, he heard and she heard a child crying.

There were no children in the encampment. There never had been. No one with little children had been chosen. But here was a child.

Eve called to the child, and it ceased crying; so Eve had to call again for a response that would guide her to it in the dark.

There were two children, together and alone. They were three and four years old. It appeared. They knew their names—Dan and Dorothy. They called for "Papa." Papa, it appeared, had brought them there in the dark and gone away. Papa had told them to stay there, and somebody would come.

Eve had her arms between the wires, and the children clung to her hands while they talked. Now Tony lifted them over the wires; and Eve took them in her arms. The little girl asked if she was "Mamma." Mamma, it appeared, had gone away a long time ago.

"Months ago only," Eve interpreted for Tony, "or they wouldn't remember her."

"Yes. Probably in the destruction of the First Passage," Tony said; and they both understood that the mother must be dead.

"He brought them here to us," Eve said; and Tony understood that, too. It was plain enough: Some father, who had heard of the camp and the Space Ships, had brought his children here and left them—going away, asking nothing for himself.

Clear and loud in the night a bugle blew; and Tony and Eve both started. "Gabriel's horn," muttered Tony. "The last trumpet!"

"Father advanced the time," returned Eve. "He decided to give a few minutes more of warning; or else he fooled me, too."

"You are carrying that child?" asked Tony. Eve had the little girl.

"Yes," said Eve. "You are carrying the boy?"

"Yes," said Tony. "Rules or no rules; necessities or no necessities, if I can take sheep and goats I guess we can take these two."

"I guess so," said Eve; and she strode strongly beside him into the

edge of illumination as the great floodlights blazed out.

The buildings were all afloat; and everybody was bustling. The loading of the two Arks long ago had been completed. The passengers ran back and forth, calling, crying, shaking hands, embracing one another.

They were all to go; every one in sight was billeted on the Space Ships; but some would be on one ship, some on the other. Would they meet again—on Bronson Beta? Would either ship get there?

Tony, hurrying to his station, appreciated how wisely Hendron had acted in deceiving them all—even himself—as to the night. Here he was, second in command of the first Space Ship, carrying a strange child in contravention of all orders. The chief commander's daughter also carried a child.

No one stopped them. Not Hendron himself. It was the last hour on earth, and men's minds were rocking.

The bugles blew again; and Tony, depositing the boy with Eve, set about his business of checking the personnel of his ship. Three hundred yards away Dave Ransdell checked the personnel of his larger party.

A third time the bugles blew. Tony completed his check of crew and passengers. Thrice he blew his whistle.

From off to the right, where the second ship lay, Dave Ransdell's shrill signal answered.

"Close valves and locks!"

There was no one on the ground. No one! All checked and tallied, thrice over. Yet as Tony left the last lock open to gaze out again and listen, he heard a faint cry. The father of the children!

Could he take him, too? One man more? Of course they could make it. Tony withheld the final signal.

The voice was faint and far away, and in its thin notes could be detected the vibrations of tense anxiety. It came from where the airplane field lay. Presently he made out syllables, but not their meaning.

"Hello," he yelled mightily. "Who is it?"

Back came the thin, shouted reply: "C'est moi, Duquesne! Attendez!"

Tony's mind translated: "It's I, Duquesne! Wait."

On the opposite side of the flying field a lone human figure struggled into the rays of the flood lights. It was the figure of a short fat man running clumsily, waving his arms and pausing at intervals to shout. Duquesne! The name had a familiar sound. Then Tony remembered. Duquesne was the French scientist in charge of building the French Space Ship that had been reported to him by James long ago.

He turned to the attendants at the airlock.

"Get Hendron," he said. "Tell him Duquesne is here alone." He operated the winch which moved the stairway back to the hull of the ship.

The short fat man trotted across the field, stopping frequently to gesticulate and shout: "Attendez! C'est moi, Duquesne!"

At last he scrambled up the steps of the concrete foundations to the ship. He rushed across the platform and arrived at the airlock. He wore the remnants of a khaki uniform which did not fit him. Protruding from the breast pocket of the tunic was the butt of a revolver. He was black-haired, black-eyed and big-nosed. When he began to speak brokenly, he first swore in French and then said in English: "I am Duquesne! The great Duquesne! The celebrated Duquesne! The famous Duquesne. The French physicist, me, Duquesne. This I take for the ship of Cole 'Endron—yes? Then, so I am here. Tell him I have come from France in three months, running a steamboat by myself almost, flying across this foul country with my plane, which it is broken down near what was Milwaukee, and to here I have walked by myself alone these many days. You are going now, yes? Tell him to go. Tell him Duquesne is here. Tell him I leave those pigs, those dogs, those cows, those onions, who would build such a foolish ship as this will break their necks in. I know this 'Endron ship would fly, so I have come to it. Bah! They are stupid, my French colleagues. More suitable for the motor-men of trans than for flyers in the outer space."

At that instant Hendron arrived at the top of the spiral staircase. He rushed forward with his eyes afloat. "Duquesne! By G—d, Duquesne! I'm delighted. You're in the nick of time. In forty minutes we would have been away from here."

Duquesne gripped Hendron's hand, and skipped around him as if he were playing a child's game. With his free fist he smote upon his breast; he shouted so that the entire chamber reverberated: "Am I a fool that you should have to tell me what hour was set for your departure? Have I no brains? Do I know nothing about astronomy? Have I never studied physics? Idiots, charming friends, glorious Americans, fools! Have I no brain? Can I not anticipate? Here I am."

Suddenly he let go of Hendron's hand and stopped dancing. He bowed very gravely, first to Hendron, then to Tony, then to the crew. "Gentlemen," he said, "let's be going. Let's be on our way."

Hendron turned to Tony, who in reaction burst into a paroxysm of laughter. For an instant the French scientist looked deeply wounded; then suddenly he began to laugh. "I am ridiculous, am I not?" he shouted. He roared with laughter. He roared with it.

"What about the ships that were being built in other countries in Europe?" Hendron asked him.

TO BE CONTINUED

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND—"

AUGUST 30, 1813. The morning sun was beating down on Fort Mims near Lake Tensaw in Alabama and its inhabitants knew they were in for another hot, sultry day. By and by a gentle breeze sprang up, but with the blazing sun overhead, it brought little relief to the 500-odd soldiers and settlers crowded together in the little fort.

Outside, the vagrant breeze swirled around the palisaded walls, stirring up the sandy soil and drifting it gently back and forth. There was no one on guard at the eastern entrance, so nobody noticed that the sand was piling up little by little in front of the heavy log gate which had carelessly been left open.

Maj. Daniel Beasley, commander of the fort, standing at the door of his quarters as the drums began to beat the noonday mess call, may have noticed it. But if he did, it didn't seem important. A moment later he saw another sight which chilled his blood. Speeding across the sandy field outside the fort straight toward that open gate, came a mass of "Red Sticks"—Chief Red Eagle's fierce Creek warriors, at least a thousand of them!

Shouting "Indians! Indians!" at the top of his lungs, Major Beasley dashed toward the gate. As the howling savages swarmed down upon him, he thrust his shoulder against the rough timbers and pushed with the strength of despair. It started to swing shut, then stopped. The drifted sand was holding it back. The major bent his back and pushed—pushed. It was too late. In that moment a Creek warrior sprang through the opening and tomahawked him.

"Little grains of sand"—because of them more than 250 men, women and children died under the scarping knife that day.

U. S. BECOMES "UNCLE SAM"

EARLY in the Nineteenth century Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson were large landowners and meat packers near Troy, N. Y. Well-liked by everybody, they were familiarly known as "Uncle Eb" and "Uncle Sam."

Soon after the outbreak of the War of 1812 New York and New Jersey militia were camped near Albany. Elbert Anderson, Jr. of New Jersey, was given the contract for supplying them with rations, including 2,000 barrels of prime pork and 300 barrels of prime beef in full-bound barrels of white oak.

Anderson appointed Samuel Wilson as an inspector to see that the meat was good and properly packed. On every barrel which he passed Wilson stamped the letters "U. S.—E. A.," signifying that it was supplied to the United States government by Elbert Anderson.

One day a soldier asked an Irish employee of Wilson's the meaning of these letters. "Why, that means Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," he replied. "Uncle Sam who?" his question persisted.

"Why, don't you know?" the Irishman said jokingly. "That means Uncle Sam Wilson. He owns all the land near here and he's feeding the army."

This remark was taken up and repeated by the soldiers and in a short time the use of the term became widespread. The Troy Post, in an editorial on September 7, 1813, referred to the hard luck which had "lighted on Uncle Sam's shoulders" and added a footnote. "This cant term for our government has got almost as current as John Bull." Thus an Irishman's witty reply to a soldier's question thrust unexpectedly upon Samuel Wilson and resulted in a personification which cartoonists made familiar throughout the world.

HARNESSED WIND

A YOUNG man twenty-one years old happened to see a bad railroad accident. "If the brakes had only held," the engineer said before he died. "I could have stopped in time." The young man's name was George M. Westinghouse and it is one of the universal names now. He invented the air brake.

With the courage of his convictions, he talked his way into the office of one of the most important railroad men in America. He began to tell this captain of industry what he had made that would insure the safety of passengers on the trains. The magnate laughed. "Do you mean to say you can stop a train with wind?"

"Why, yes," said the young man, "if you want to put it that way."

"I've got no time to waste on fools," was the railroad man's reply.

But soon afterwards, the official was present at a demonstration of the new-fangled invention. He saw a train coming at full speed down a clear stretch of track. Would the air-brake work? Only George Westinghouse knew that it would. But he was not prepared for the successful climax to the demonstration. The brake was applied too suddenly and the train stopped so abruptly that it jumped the track!

The air-brake made high speed rail-roading possible. It is one of the most tremendous trifles of the machine age.

Waters Newspaper Union.

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Mrs. C. A. Herring of 839 N. Owasso Ave., Tulsa, Okla., said: "I was all rundown, felt irritable, and suffered from headaches. I had scarcely enough strength to do my work. Less than one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was all that I needed to take to restore my health. Sold by druggists. New size, tablets 50 cents, liquid \$1.00. Large size, tablets or liquid, \$1.50."

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C. L. Burfess, Editor-Publisher

Entered as second-class mail matter December 15, 1927, at the post office at Rankin, Texas under the act of March 3, 1879.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or persons through the columns of this newspaper will be corrected, complaint being made to the publisher in person.

Editorial

It Won't Be Our War

The action of the Hitler Government in tearing up the Treaty of Versailles and openly announcing to the world that Germany intends to conscript a huge army and mobilize an immense fleet of military airplanes is the most serious threat to world peace since 1914. It is difficult to see how this can lead to anything but another European war.

For months the other European nations have been aware that Germany was secretly arming, in defiance of the provisions of the Versailles treaty. Negotiations were under way, indeed almost at the point of conclusion, which would have relieved Germany of most of the onerous restrictions imposed upon her by the Peace of 1919. But the Hitler Government, appar-

ently under the domination of the military element, was not content to wait.

It would be foolish to say that a new European war would not touch the United States. There is only the most remote possibility of our being drawn into the actual conflict, but such a war would inevitably affect our foreign commerce, which is beginning to pick up. It would put an end for all time, it is likely, to any lingering hope of getting back from the Europeans the money we lent them with which to fight the last war. Nor would there be the profitable business in supplying munitions to one side or the other which America enjoyed for nearly three years, before we actually entered the last great war, the years in which the DuPonts were selling gunpowder, Bethlehem Steel was building submarines, every

rifle factory in America was working overtime making weapons for the British and the Russians, and every American ship that would float, even though it leaked like a sieve, was under charter to carry food and war supplies to the Allies.

No European country can float a war loan in America a gain, as England and France did through the international bankers in 1914-15. We have more money than we had then, but we are not going to lend it on the doubtful security of national promises.

We probably would not and could not refuse to sell food and non-military supplies to any nation, war or no war—for cash. But as for financing their wars, or lending them money again for war purposes, the United States is through with that sort of thing.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Wheeler and daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Haz-l Yoeham and children were on an outing at Spring Creek, last Sunday.

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Judas Maccabaeus

Judas Maccabaeus' record falls between the Old and the New Testaments and is told in detail in the books which formerly were printed in the Bible in slightly smaller type and called the Apocrypha.

Alexander the Great was kind enough to conquer the world at one of the easiest dates to remember, 333 B. C. When he was asked, "To whom do you leave your kingdom?" he answered, "To the strongest." In the division which followed, Palestine was under the domination of Ptolemy, who ruled Egypt. He caused the Old Testament to be translated into Greek. The ancient Hebrew was no longer a spoken language and most of the Jews who could read at all read Greek.

In the subsequent redistributions of authority, Palestine passed under the domination of a Greco-Syrian dynasty. Antiochus Epiphanes endeavored to unify his little empire by instituting a kind of emperor worship, or worship of the state.

Many thousands of Jews accepted this bastard form of idolatry, including most of the priests

But there was one aged priest, Mattathias, who revolted and withdrew from Jerusalem, taking with him his five sons, Jochanan, Simon, Judas, Eleazer and Jonathan. Even that retired country village was not secure from the invasion of the new paganism. To his horror, the old priest saw one of his summer neighbors come to render the detested worship, a priest of God leading him in the new idolatry. Full of wrath, the old man killed both the idolator and the priest, and he and his sons fled to the mountains. There they rallied a band of revolutionists. They gathered strength until they were able to meet the armies of Antiochus in open battle, at first with no faintest hope of winning but only with the determination to die fighting for God and their country.

Never was a truly noble cause more valiantly defended. In 166 B. C. Mattathias died, but not until he had seen the struggle on the high road to success. He counseled his sons to make Simon their political leader and Judas their captain, and they did so.

What followed is brilliant indeed. In 164 B. C., Judas actually defeated the imperial armies

and captured Jerusalem. The Temple was cleansed and rededicated, and the worship of God reestablished. For more than thirty years the brothers fought their good fight, establishing again a Jewish dynasty in Jerusalem and making it possible for it to come to a people who still worshipped the God of Abraham. Judas was killed in battle in 161 B. C.

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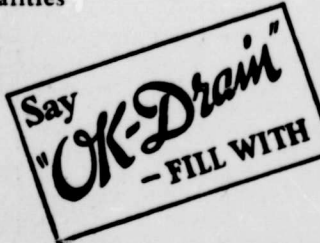
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"There Was a Little Trouble at First With Some of the Town Officials, but I Tipped Them Off to the Fish That Was Sure to Win."

SABERS IN THE SEA

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Every year, when the nights begin to lengthen and the great outdoors loses its lure, my old friend Cassidy turns up and proffers a request for ten dollars, more if he thinks I look good natured. So I was not surprised when I heard the familiar "Hey Bo!" behind me, and turning about beheld him standing in the door and regarding me appraisingly.

"Just a couple of vees," he said, as I swung around in my chair. "Just something to keep the wolf off the brownstone front till I find another lay. Me an' hard luck has been palling around as usual, but everything will be O.K. soon. I'd of been all right now if I'd of been able to guess what a fish was likely to do. But I don't believe anybody can do that, not even the fish himself. An'

an' I got to eat while I'm thinkin' up some new way to get the eggs an' bacon?"

"Tell me more," I said, with no movement toward my pocket.

"It was this way. I was down to one of them summer resorts south of the big town, conductin' a game of chance, but it seems that there's a prejudice down that way against loadin' dice an' markin' cards. Pretty soon I got a invitation from the chief of police to mosey along to some other resort before he felt it his duty to provide me with an iron room for a few months. It's bad luck to talk back to one of them fellers, an' I dusted out to another shore place that as yet had not enjoyed the pleasure of my acquaintance, an' where my reputation hadn't been spread abroad in high an' low society.

"Havin' a little money an' plenty of time while I was waitin' for somethin' to barge in an' make my fortune for me, I got a bayman to take me out swordfishin' one afternoon. I'm always willing to try anything once, an' since I seen a feller ketchin' a swordfish in a newsy reel I sort of hankered to try it. The guy that took me out knowed where the swordfish is parked, an' inside of an hour I'd hooked one of them. While I was fightin' him an' noticin' how he worked, an' how fast he was on his fins the idea come to me.

"Right away I put out my line, but this time I told the boatman not to kill the fish when I got him along side, but to run the boat ashore towin' him along behind, which he done. When he got in we hitched up to a pier the fisherman had in his back yard an' I went up to town an' had some printin' done. It looked to me at the time as the surest fire graft I had ever thought out, an' I was nervous for fear somebody was already workin' it along shore.

"The next morning me an' the fisherman built us a pen by the side of the dock—a pen about twenty yards square, an' we plopped our fish into it. Then we built us another pen, went out an' caught us another fish, and put him into it.

"After that I got busy distributin' my printin' an' inside of ten days there wasn't no talk in that town about anythin' but the big sword fish fight that was comin' off. They was crowds down to the place from breakfast time to sundown, sizin' up the fish an' considerin' their p'int, an' when some of the women's organizations began crusadin' to have the fight stopped on the ground of it's bein' brutal an' inhumane. I knew the show would go over with a wow. Of course there was a little trouble at first with some of the town officials, but when they come down to see what was doin' I tipped them off to the fish that was sure to win, on account of his weight an' form an' they just went back and got their money ready to bet.

"Of course I set the date back now an' then so as to give the news a

chance to get out around the countryside so we would have a good audience. The only thing I was afraid of was city reporters, but a big story had broke in Philadelphia a couple of days before, an' only the local correspondents was around. They was nice friendly boys, an' tickled to pieces with gettin' a good yarn an' it never seemed to enter their minds that I was givin' the show just to improve the breed of swordfish. Their papers circulated mostly in the farmin' towns 'round about, an' that was the kind of circulation I was lookin' for. You don't want mean suspicious city folks at a show of that kind. You want the sort that is used to takin' a lickin' now an' then, an' gets to like it, if they can get a run for their money.

"I didn't know nothin' about how to feed fish to make 'em game, but I got a half dozen barrels of herring or mackerel or whatever was the cheap fish around there, an' divided 'em up between our gladiators. I divided 'em up so's the one that we caught first, which was the fastest an' meanest lookin', had just enough to keep him in condition an' hungry, while the other one got all he could eat, an' didn't want to do much after dinner but lay on the bottom an' dream pleasant dreams. He was havin' the time of his life, an' I don't believe you could of chased him out of the place with a pike pole.

"When the day of the fight come around there was people swarmin' in with cars from back forty miles, an' others chuggin' up in a regular circus parade of motor boats. We'd had a temporary platform built out overlookin' the pen where the battle was to come off, an' before the gate was opened to let the two fish together in the arena there was boys sellin' space on the roofs of every house along shore. An' what kind of spoiled my enjoyment of the overcoat pocket full of bills I'd collected, was lookin' at a big ferry boat some crook had chartered an' anchored about a hundred yards away where all his passengers, an' there must have been two hundred of 'em, could get a better view of the comin' scrap than any of our customers could get. That made a lot of complaints, but I told everybody that the ferryboat was an official craft sent down by the state authorities to see that

everything was above board, and of course you couldn't keep officials from bringin' their friends along.

"Just at noon we run up the flag that announced that the fight was to start, an' ten minutes afterward we opened the alleys that led into the arena from the two pens. I had one eye on a little motor boat I'd chartered an' kept tied to the dock near me so if anything should go wrong I wouldn't have to stay there an' make it right, an' the other eye on the feller who was my bettin' commissioner. I expected to see the fight last about six or eight minutes, which would be time enough for the half fed fish to run the other so full of holes that he'd be too leaky to float more than a minute.

"But a feller that ain't brought up with swordfish don't know nothin' about 'em. My little litte wiry feller that I'd bet my roll on made one dash for the arena, swims a lap around it, sees the big loggy fish he could of killed in one jab, an' what does he do but jump clear over the net around the fightin' ring an' light out for blue water as fast as he could leg it.

"I turned around to find my stakeholder an' tell him to jump into the motor boat but he was a quarter of a mile out to sea an' goin' like a streak. The only reason I didn't feller him was because the crowd whose money he'd lit out with seemed to hold me responsible. What do you think of that?"

"Yeah. I spent a couple of weeks in the hoosegow, an' when they let me out they had to take me in the night to the town limits so the citizens couldn't reason with me about that money. You see I'd pointed out the wrong fish by mistake to the chief of police, an' he won on him an' thought I'd done him a favor. That's why I only served two weeks. Him an' the police judge fixed it up between them an' divided a pretty good pot.

"No, I ain't got no game I'm startin'. All I want's that ten spot. I guess I'm stowin' up at my job, an' I'm goin' to see if runnin' straight is as good a graft as some of them preachers say it is."

Dogs in Yokes

Yokes similar to those farmers use to prevent cows from jumping fences are now being attached to dogs to keep them from running away. The yoke is fastened about the neck and can be adjusted so it does not interfere with the animal when it walks or trots, but begins bumping his legs when he starts to run. It is useful in training dogs to obey commands, and the animal soon learns to stop when ordered, after which the yoke can be discarded.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

It All Depends

"How old would a person be who was born in 1897?"
"Man or woman?"

RECIPE FOR New Spring Loveliness

Winter winds have taken their toll on complexions both young and old and Spring is the ideal time for renewing them. *Gardensia Flour* offers you three reasonable aids for renewing old loveliness and achieving even greater charm.

(1) *Gardensia Flour Cream*—a cream that softens and cleans the skin, helping to abolish the harshness or flaky appearance so often caused by dry and cold winds. (2) *Gardensia Flour Powder*—a blend that goes on smoothly and naturally and stays on evenly and with a flattering effect for several hours. (3) *Gardensia Flour Berlese*—a scented, delicately fragrant that a drop will last an entire evening.

All three of these beauty aids in full size containers are yours for only \$1. Simply fill in the coupon and mail with \$1 to *Gardensia Flour*, Box 2264, Dallas, Texas.

SPECIALS During the month of April *Gardensia Flour* offers absolutely free a strand of genuine pearls with safety clasp to every new user. Mail your coupon to *Gardensia Flour* today. If you are not satisfied in every way, your money will be refunded.

Name

Box or street number

Town State

Shade of powder desired

FEASTING HALL USED BY STONE AGE MEN FOUND

A feasting hall used by men in the dim ages before history began has been found outside the entrance of Whangaroa Harbour, New Zealand. G. Fleming and L. Frear, both of Whangaroa, noticed a small crevice in a rock wall along the coast. They forced their way through into a rapidly widening cavern, as big as a dance hall. The floor of the cavern was covered to a depth of some inches with the dust of ages and the remains of past inhabitants. Although there were many skeletons, the cavern was apparently not used as a regular burial place. There were cooking and sleeping places and many signs of feasting. Bones of fish, birds, animals and human beings were mingled, and there were also what appeared to be bones of the extinct man, a bird often 14 feet tall. Wooden fishhooks with shell-tipped haris were found. It is by no means certain that the skeletons are those of Maoris, in view of the curling reddish hair found on some of the skulls. The Maori invariably has black, rather straight hair. If the skeletons are not those of Maoris, they must be those of the mythical people who inhabited New Zealand long before the coming of the Maori.

Post Office Classes

The class of a post office is determined by the receipts. Those taking in \$40,000 or more annually are made first class; between \$8,000 and \$40,000 are second class; \$1,500 and \$8,000 are third class, while the fourth class take in less than \$1,500. There are 1,122 first class, 3,425 second class, 10,485 third class and 32,675 fourth class post offices in the United States.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

All Have Weakness

Every man has some weakness and he doesn't want it harped on.

FIND 'EM EVERYWHERE

All subscribe to the Golden Rule; but there are chiselers of that, too



make your garden A SHOW-PLACE

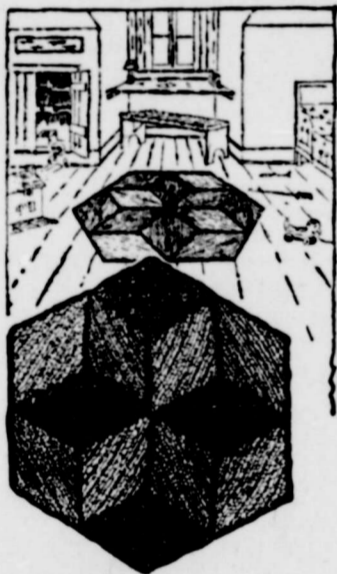
YOU may be sure your garden will be a real show-place if you plant Ferry's Purebred Flower Seeds. Like produces like, and Ferry's Seeds are selected from perfect plants whose forebears, generation after generation, have produced flowers of remarkable size and color. The Ferry Seed Display Box will help you to choose your favorite varieties.

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD STORE SELLS THEM IN FRESH DATED PACKETS—MANY ONLY 5c

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Keeps Hair Soft and Silky—Prevents Itching—Keeps Hair Clean—Wash with **FLORESTON SHAMPOO**—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug-gate. Hiseox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Crocheted Rug in "Cubes and Stars"

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This is another rug design that our readers will recognize as taken from the "Cubes and Stars" quilt design that is possibly a hundred years old. This rug measures thirty inches and requires about two pounds of material to crochet. It is made up of 12 diamonds and slip stitched together to form a star or block, depending on the way the color scheme is worked out. It is always an interesting rug to study (count the cubes) and well adapted for a child's room.

This is one of the twenty beautiful crocheted rugs shown in colors with directions in rug book No. 24. If this rug interests you send 15c to our Rug Department and get the instructions for making this rug and nineteen others.

Address HOME CRAFT CO., Dept. C., Nineteenth & St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

When writing for any information inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Economical—Use one LEVEL teaspoonful to a cup of flour for most recipes.

Dependable—Scientifically made by baking powder SPECIALISTS to produce best results.

KC BAKING POWDER

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25 ounces for 25c

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A full 10 ounce can for 10c
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IT TASTES LIKE MORE

WHAT A FLAVOR

WHAT A SAAVOR

ZIPPITY-ZOW—IT'S GRAND AND HOW!

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES

Once you taste Grape-Nuts Flakes, you'll cheer too! And it not only has a delicious flavor, but it's *nourishing*. One dishful, with milk or cream, contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. Try it—your grocer has it! Grape-Nuts Flakes is a product of General Foods.

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AND **COW BRAND**
BAKING SODA
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SODA
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To cleanse milk pails and milk cans use a boiling solution of our **Baking Soda** ... A warm Soda solution thoroughly cleans jelly glasses, preserve jars ... keeps the baby's nursing bottles wholesome ... makes your glassware radiantly clean and bright ... Our helpful Soda serves many purposes, keep two packages **2** one in the kitchen, one in the medicine cabinet ... order a supply today from your grocer ... Mail the coupon.

CRUNCH & DWIGHT CO. INC.
FF-20
PLEASE SEND ME FREE BOOK DESCRIBING USES OF BAKING SODA ALSO A SET OF COLORED BIRD CARDS (PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

Business established in the year 1846

Local Happenings

Misses Johnnie Weyerts and Margaret Worthy were shopping in San Angelo over last week end.

Mrs. Joe Conger returned last Thursday from Fort Worth where she has been receiving medical attention for the past two weeks.

J. D. Harris of Alpine is the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. D. Starnes, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Blanks of McCamey were business visitors in this city, Monday.

Miss Grace Roach had as her guest last week end, Miss Ellen Wright of San Angelo, a former teacher in the local schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cecil, who recently returned from Oklahoma City, visited friends here Saturday. They are now making their home in Odessa.

George Meither of Odessa spent last week end here visiting friends.

Mrs. Carrie Grimes spent the week end in San Angelo where she was the guest of her daughter and family, Mrs. H. E. Hays.

Mrs. J. F. Hale was taken to a hospital in San Angelo Wednesday where she will receive treatment for sinus trouble.

Mrs. Jap Taylor of Big Lake was a guest at a bride party here Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Trainer and children of Baton Rouge, La., arrived Wednesday for a weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hurst and family. Mrs. Trainer is the daughter of Mr. Hurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Clayton, Mrs. R. C. Harlan and Mrs. J. H. Pittman of Tulia who is visiting relatives here, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Axe of McCamey, Sunday night.

Mesdames C. G. Taylor, H. G. Seerest, R. O. White and Duke Hill were hostesses at a lovely shower at the home of Mrs. Hill for Mrs. E. C. Higday, Tuesday afternoon. Anna Maude White and Neva Rae Taylor entertained with a duet and La Verne Monroe played a piano solo. During the rest of the afternoon, games and contests were played. Delicious refreshments of punch and angel cake were served to a large number of guests.

Subscribe for the Journal

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that original letters of administration upon the estate of Zack Monroe deceased, were granted to me the undersigned on the 8th day of October, 1934, by the County Court of Upton County. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to come forward and make settlement, and all those having claims against estate are hereby required to present the same to me within the time prescribed by law. My residence and post office address are Box 94, Rankin, Upton County, Texas.

Mrs. Zack Monroe
Administratrix of estate
of Zack Monroe, deceased

The Methodist Missionary Society met at the Community Church Monday afternoon. After reports of the officers, delegates to the annual conference were elected. The delegates were Mrs. R. O. White and Mrs. Bill Nix. Their substitutes are Mesdames J. Collins, H. Carter and C. C. Childress.



We Invite Your Inspection
and Trial of this High Quality
Grocery Merchandise
Complete Satisfaction Is Guaranteed
S. E. Scott Gro. & Market



DISTRIBUTORS OF
MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

BANKS

Official Statement of Financial Condition of the
First State Bank, at Rankin,

State of Texas, at the close of business on the 4th day of
Mar. 1935, published in the Upton County Journal, a news-
paper printed and published at Rankin, State of Texas, on the
4th day of Apr., 1935.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, on personal or col- lateral security	\$231,989.16
Overdrafts	2,267.33
Securities of U. S., any State or political subdivision thereof	128,251.84
Banking House	10,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	2,500.00
Cash and due from approved Res. agents	99,948.21
Assessment Federal Dep. Insurance Corp.	524.58
Feed Account	1,409.50
TOTAL	\$476,887.62

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$25,000.00
Income Debentures sold	25,000.00
Total Capital Structure	50,000.00
Surplus Fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, net	9,035.17
Reserve for Retirement of Debentures	1,250.00
Individual Deposits subject to check, in- cluding time deposits due in 30 days	392,565.46
Time Certificates of Deposit	2,460.90
Cashiers' Checks Outstanding	1,576.09
TOTAL	\$476,887.62

State of Texas,
County of Upton

We, W. H. Holcombe as Vice President, and Dunn Lowery
as Asst. Cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear
that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge
and belief.

W. H. Holcombe, Vice President
Dunn Lowery, Asst. Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of Apr.
A. D. 1935.

J. D. Starnes

(SEAL) Notary Public, Upton County, Texas.

Correct—Attest:

J. P. Rankin
O. W. Parker
B. S. Taylor
Directors.

Protection

The least that may be done toward your family is to
insure complete protection against death loss.

The average cost of protective life insurance is so little
and the need is usually so great.

We should be glad to confer with you on whatever in-
surance plan you need.

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"All Kinds of Protection"

Representing
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NO DOWN PAYMENT...AND AS LITTLE AS 10¢ A DAY...BUYS A GENUINE FRIGIDAIRE '35

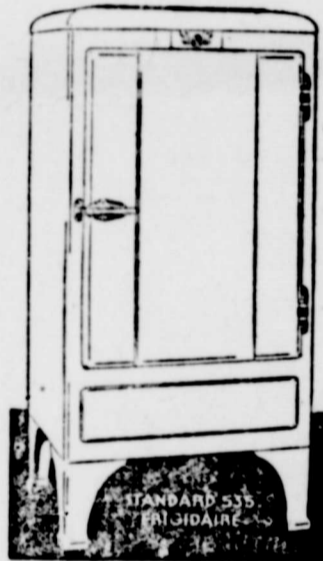
We've offered our customers some mighty attractive buys in
the past, but we do not believe we've ever offered anything
the equal of this!



The Frigidaire Koldibest is a genuine
Frigidaire, providing dependable refrigeration
to all those wanting a small refriger-
ator costing extremely little to operate.

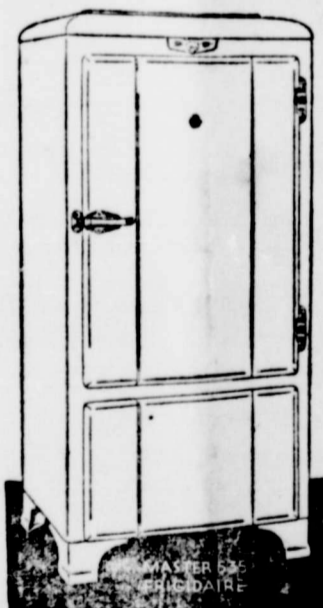
Think of it! You can have your Genuine
Frigidaire '35 delivered and installed
without paying a penny down. All you
do is drop the nickels and dimes it saves
each day into the handy little Meter-Ice
bank attached to the model you choose.

Isn't that the easiest, simplest, most
logical way in the world to get that
Frigidaire you want, RIGHT NOW?



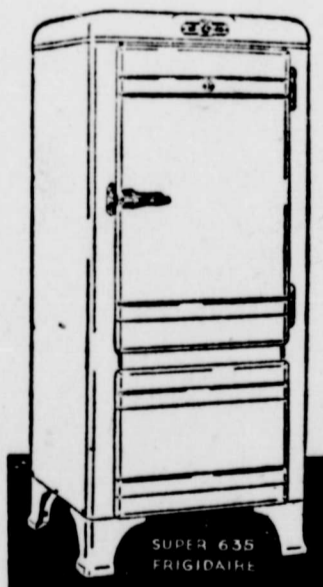
Combining low first cost with amazing
economy of operation, the Standard 535
illustrated above is representative of the
Standard Series Frigidaires—the world's
finest refrigerators at anywhere near their
prices.

Actually Your FRIGIDAIRE Costs You Nothing!



The Master 535 shown above is typical
of Frigidaire's Master Series, offering fea-
tures of convenience, utility and value
ordinarily found only in much higher
priced refrigerators.

—And the best part about this plan is
that it enables you to get your Frigidaire
without it costing you a penny! You
merely come in and select the model you
want. There's no down payment, and we
deliver it at once. Then you drop the
nickels and dimes it saves (national sur-
veys show the average savings of Frigid-
aire owners is more than 36¢ a day) into
the Meter-Ice each day. In a few short
months the Frigidaire is paid out and
these daily savings will be all yours—a
handsome dividend from a wise invest-
ment.



The Super 635, illustrated above, is rep-
resentative of the Super Series Frigidaires
—finished in Lifetime Porcelain and offer-
ing a wealth of vital features. Unequaled
in the field of fine refrigerators.

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Will Be Available for a Limited Time Only
So Select Your Frigidaire '35 Today!

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