

The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND FARMER COUNTY

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No. 38

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

Well, I supposed that is settled satisfactorily, and, I hope, correctly understood, and I will now turn my attention from such weighty matters to those of lighter and more common import.

For several days I had been suffering from an attack of the meanest, most scurrilous, ignominious, despicable, abominable, no-account-est feelings throughout my entire system, that I had ever been afflicted with. I could not lay it to my innate laziness, for I have always had that, and have been able, most of the time, to bear up under it—in fact, it has become second-nature, so to speak, so that I do not notice it so much. But this other feeling was so much out of the ordinary that I thought for a while it was going to get me down.

In fact I felt so mean and worthless that I offered John Chronister ten cents if he would take down the alley and knock me in the head, in order to get out of it all. Now, John has frequently offered to do anything in the world for me that he could do, but he absolutely balked on me in this instance and positively refused to do it. It was one of those hot days, and John said it was "just too Darned Hot," to put forth that much extra exertion and Durned if he was going to do it, even for me.

Well, for awhile it seemed that I would just have to give up and melt down right in my tracks. I was aware that it was simply a physical indisposition from which I was suffering, for I am sure I was all right mentally, morally and spiritually, therefore I must look to some material or physical source for escape from my miserable feeling.

I then began to think of what I might do in order to regain my physical normalcy, and it occurred to me that in times long past I had found deliverance from similar physical conditions by the use of that good old family remedy—Hostetters Stomach Bitters, so I just oodled in to the City Drug Store and asked J. R. if he had any of it. "You bet," said J. R., and smiled blandly when he said it. And John D. Hamlin, who was present, just laughed heartily and audibly, when I asked for the remedy. I do not know how much he knows about Hostetter's Bitters, and it is none of my business.

As J. R. got the big brown bottle off the shelf, he remarked that I should read the directions, and I said I did not need to do that, for I already knew how to take it. It seems that, about fifty or sixty years ago, the formula for making this medicine was such that a man might drink enough of it at one time to make him "tight," as they used to call it, without suffering any serious effects otherwise, but apparently the formula has been changed, so that another effect of an overdose of it is noticeable.

It suppose you could still take enough of it to make you "tight," but DON'T YOU DO IT. For, although it may sound like a paradox, while it was making you "tight," it would also make you mighty "loose".

Anyway, I got the medicine and within a few minutes afterward I took a good liberal dose—a good tablespoon full—and within a surprisingly short time I was beginning to feel my accustomed physical normalcy returning, and I have been taking the prescribed dose three times each day, and I am beginning to feel like a cross-cut saw, and can handle an old 6-pound maddock for several minutes in succession, without feeling any ill effects, and I am giving Hostetter's the credit for it and I feel like I can truthfully recommend it.

Eut, just why is it that nearly all not be more careful in their driving, especially while upon the paved highway? One day last week some parties from Friona were en route to Clovis, and as they came to Bovina, a man drove out from the town and across the highway just in front of them, apparently without looking in either direction, and the driver of the Friona car was obliged to put on the brakes so suddenly that it threw some of the occupants of the car off their seats, this to avoid striking the car in front of them.

There was apparently no hurry on the part of the man to cause him to

INJURED IN FALL

On Sunday morning just after she had arisen and as she was coming down the stairs in her home, Mrs. John White met with a fall which produced a painful and perhaps, serious injury from a bruise sustained on her left leg just below her knee.

She had reached the next to the lower step when her foot slipped or tripped on something and she fell from there to the floor.

She did not at first experience anything serious from her fall, and pronounced a sentence on the injured lady of two weeks in bed six days of which she has served. She is reported as slowly improving.

She proceeded to prepare the morning meal as is her usual custom; but before the meal was over, the limb began swelling rapidly and the pain in it became quite intense, and Dr. Stover was called to attend her, who, on arrival and examination, pronounced no bones broken but a blood vessel in her leg had been ruptured producing hemorrhage among the muscles near the bone, which was causing the swelling and the pain.

The doctor stated that the injury may not prove to be very serious, but

SCHOOL WILL CLOSE NEXT WEEK

Friday of next week will mark the close of the present term of the Friona schools, and will be observed with the usual ceremonies and commencement address that is customary for such occasions.

So far as the Star has been able to ascertain, the past term has been marked as a pronounced success in all its varied branches, and the entire faculty has been reelected for the next term.

We do not know however, how many of our present teachers have accepted the election and will return to us next term, but it is understood that all, or nearly all of them will accept the proffered positions.

GUESTS IN WILKISON HOME

Mrs. Frank Warren and Mrs. C. E. Allen Moore, both of Los Angeles, California, arrived here on Wednesday of last week, May 1, and stopped for a few hours visit in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilkison.

Mrs. Warren is an aunt of Mrs. Wilkison and Mrs. Moore is her cousin, whom she had not seen for twenty-five years. They were driving home to California from Detroit where they had been to receive their new car. They were able to stop only for a short time.

FRIONA WEATHER

Saturday and Sunday were real summer days, with a rather unusual high temperature for this time of year, Sunday being called "hot."

Monday was not so hot, and clouds with some promise of rain came up in the later afternoon and evening, sprinkling just a little bit at Friona, but shedding a considerable shower about seven miles to the north and west, giving an estimated half inch of moisture in those localities, and a reported two inches farther north in the Messenger community, over in Deaf Smith County.

Tuesday was much milder and gave some indications of rain, but none came. Wednesday morning the wind came in from the northwest and was really cool with continued prospects of rain, with some rather heavy looking clouds rolling over us, but still no rain, but lending some hope but little faith for our people.

HAS COMPLETED CARPENTER JOB

Will Thomas, carpenter of the Hub community, reports that he has just completed a remodeling job on the home of Mr. Southward, southeast of Friona, which consisted of additions to both the interior and exterior of the house.

LIVE-AT-HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB

The Live-at-Home demonstration Club met on Wednesday afternoon, May 1st, with Miss Elvira Talbot. Our demonstrator, Miss Boyd, gave a demonstration on poultry diseases and control. There were nine members, eleven visitors, and Miss Boyd present.

The community also gave Mrs. Reed a farewell shower.

The club will meet next with Mr. H. R. Barrett, on May 15th.

M. A. Capps was a business visitor at Hazelard, Tuesday forenoon.

ELZEY SEEKS SEAT IN CONGRESS



TOM ELZEY

Tom V. Elzey of Perryton, Ochiltree county rancher, also widely known through his work with youth through the famous LZ boys' ranch, which operates eight weeks in the summer, is formally announcing his candidacy for congress to represent the 18th district and to succeed Marvin Jones.

For 15 years he has run a boys summer camp and has enabled many boys to get their first touch of ranch life, as well as give them a good influence.

Long an outstanding lay church leader, Elzey has been primarily interested in conservation of youth. It was as a young man in Kiowa County, Okla., while he was president of a county Sunday school organization that he met the young woman who is Mrs. Elzey today.

In order to devote his time to the congressional race, Elzey has turned the management of the ranch and of the boys camp this summer over to his son, Lawrence, who is also widely known in the Panhandle area.

Conservation of natural resources, conservation of soil, and conservation of youth are planks in his platform. He has been ranching nearly a quarter of a century in the Panhandle, and feels that he is thoroughly competent to talk the language of the people of this section in congress.

Issues Statement

Elzey issued the following statement in connection with his candidacy:

I was born in California and was reared in Texas. I came up the Chisholm trail as a little boy with my father from Limestone county to Greer county, then part of the Panhandle of Texas. When I was 14 years old I began to make my own way as a notion boy in a department store.

Since then I have served as a cashier in the same firm, ridden the line, and batched in a duzout on the Kiowa Indian Reservation, milked cows to pay for my board while at Polytechnic College, Fort Worth, entered the real estate and banking business in Oklahoma, and was elected county treasurer of Kiowa county in 1905.

I worked for the International Sunday School Association as secretary of the Louisiana and Alabama State Associations, and traveled the United States and Cuba extensively in following this work.

I was with H. J. Heinz Co. for 5 years as director of the Grower Service Department and as personal representative for J. H. Hines in United States and Canada. While with the Heinz Co. I was sent to Washington to have a special appropriation included in the agricultural bill then before the House of Congress. I got the job done in three days.

Taken Over Ranch

Upon the death of my brother I stepped from the Heinz Co. in order to take over the management of the LZ Ranch. On the way from Pittsburgh to the Panhandle I came through Washington and brought a message from the government to the Panhandle, urging the growers to produce more feed and food for the war.

The Panhandle Cattleman's Association organized a special commission for the promotion of Panhandle food and feed campaign. The commission was composed of Ben Masterson, Pat Landerin, Tom Coble, W. H. Puga, El Brainard, J. D. Hamlin, Tom Moody and others, and I was made director and manager of this campaign, without salary.

I served in this capacity until the (Continued on page four)

SOME LETTERS TO THE STAR.

The Star is in receipt of a few letters which we deem will be of interest to many of our readers.

One is from Mrs. E. B. McLellan, a former resident of Friona and a regular reader of the Star, who is now living at Hot Springs, New Mexico.

Hot Springs, New Mexico
May 3, 1940

Mr. White:

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for the Star. Sure would miss it. Don't want it to run out. Everything is fine here. Apts. all rented and fishing is good.

E. B. only missed six days last month, and last Monday he really caught a big one—cat fish, wt. 38 1/4 lbs. Just he and the pastor of the M. E. church were in the boat. Said it looked like a whale when they brought it into the boat. Come down to Hot Springs some time and go fishing. Best regards, Mr. and Mrs. Mc.

Mr. McLellan did not say whether they had to sit up with Ed that night or not.

A letter also was received from Mrs. Howard Wright, another former resident of Friona, who among many others received a card last week from the Star office, stating that the subscription had expired. But that, however, was not true in Mrs. Wright's case. Just another of our "bone heads" that we frequently "pull" here in the Star office. Her letter follows:

Barnard, Kansas,
May 2, 1940.

Dear Mr. White:

I got your card saying my subscription had expired. Mr. White, I sent you a dollar bill in a letter dated January 3rd, 1940, and you published the letter in the Star, January 12th, 1940. I have the paper. I wondered why you never marked my paper up and was going to write you about it, but so much has happened that I just let it slip my mind. Let me know if you remember it, because sure sent it.

Best regards to you and all.

Mrs. Howard Wright

Mrs. Wright is perfectly right. The joke is on us, and we are seeing to it that her subscription date is marked up as it should be. If any others of our subscribers have been incorrectly notified, just call our hand, and we will acknowledge the fault and make the necessary corrections, gladly.

And here is one from our good friend John Sigmund, down at Jewett, Texas. John owns some land out west of Friona, and makes occasional trips to our city to look after his land, and never forgets to pay us a visit here at the Star office. He has this to say:

May 4, '40.

Dear John:

Your card to Dallas was forwarded to Jewett. Sorry I delayed. You never did send my bill for the ad. You stopped it. I wished it to run until I hollered. I got a lot of inquiries on it and I do say your paper is a strong medium for advertising. The replies come from out of state and lots in Texas. Please publish this part. (Tell all of them.) Enclose check for paper and some on the ad. I don't know what the ad cost. Send bill. Best wishes.

John.

P. S. Having big rains down here in Dallas and around here, all day Sunday and Saturday night, and again Monday night.

We of the Star, appreciate getting such letters as those given above from our good friends and readers. Yes! We appreciate those telling us of our errors just as much as another, for we seem to persist in making these errors and many of them we would not realize if they were not mentioned to us, which gives us a chance to correct them. We do not make these errors purposely and you can help us by calling them to our attention.

We find that we had given Mrs. Wright credit on our filing card, but had failed to have the mailing slug changed to the correct date. So, come on, if you are being wrongfully blamed, and we will be pleased to make necessary corrections.

W. A. Scott was reported quite ill at the end of the week. Mr. Scott is in the real estate and insurance business here.

AMERICAN LEGION NEWS

Friona Post No. 206
The Last Call

Urging all you war veterans and buddies of the American Legion to attend the Plains Panhandle Association, Saturday afternoon, May 11th at Amarillo, and the 5th Division Convention Sunday morning, May 12th, and last but not least, the dedication of our hospital at 2:00 Sunday afternoon.

Yes, I said our hospital. That is what I mean. The hospital that the American Legion worked so hard to get here in the Plains country for the benefit of World War and other war veterans. So it does look like we could take off a little time and attend this dedication.

I would like to see the whole Friona Post and all war veterans who don't belong to our Post, to be in Amarillo at the most beautiful veteran's hospital in the U. S. A., Sunday, at 2:00 o'clock.

And don't forget our next Legion meeting next Tuesday night, 8:30, May 14th. Would like for all the members of our Post and all war veterans to be with us. We are going to have something different.

Commander, Friona Post No. 206.

FORMER FRIONA BOY MARRIED

Squire Meade has recently received a letter from Charles Fred Brownlee, a former Friona boy, who has, for the past few years, been employed at Hobbs, New Mexico, stating the fact that he was married some time last January, and is now living at Odessa.

Mr. Brownlee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brownlee, were among the original and pioneer settlers of this locality, and Charles Fred spent his boyhood here and attended the Friona public schools, and later worked here supporting his widowed mother, until going to Hobbs for employment in the oil field there. He is well and favorably known by many of the older settlers of this community.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE SUNDAY NIGHT

The baccalaureate sermon for the present term of the Friona High School will be held Sunday night in the Grade School auditorium, and the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. H. B. Naylor, of this city.

Rev. C. Carl Dollar, pastor of the local Congregational Church, departed Wednesday afternoon for Oklahoma City, to be in attendance at the State Conference of Congregational Churches of Oklahoma and West Texas. He will return Saturday.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY REPORT

The Woman's Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. J. E. Stover, Monday, May 6th, with nine members and one visitor present.

Lesson: "My Lord Calms Me." Call to Worship: "Steal Away to Jesus," solo sung by Mrs. Hill. Responsive Reading. Missionary Topic: "Christian in Deed and in Truth," by Mmes. Tom Lewis and Jane Williams. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," sung by the High School Chorus. Meditation: Corrine Jones. Prayer: Mrs. Jane Williams. Business.

We meet at the home of Mrs. Shaffer, May 13th. We thank the High School Chorus for rendering this Negro spiritual.

Advance agents of the Plainview Dairy Show and Rodeo were in Friona, Tuesday, advertising the show and the entertainment program.

FRIONA BOY HONORED

LEBECK—Paul Springs, arts and science junior at Texas Technological college, has been elected president of the American Chemical Society to serve during the next school year. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. P. I. Spring of Friona.

MRS. REEVE GUYER ILL

Mrs. Reeve Guyer, nee Miss Gladys Settle, became quite ill last week and has been confined to her bed ever since. The physician states that she will be required to remain in bed for four weeks.

Mrs. Guyer is proprietress of the Olds-Beauty Shoppe, in the W. H. Warren building. Mrs. Oble Sheets is in charge of the shop during Mrs. Guyer's illness.

The Political Situation

As Viewed by Floyd Reeve

Maybe it's because my origin dates back to the "horse and buggy" days; maybe it's because I am just plain "old fashioned," maybe the old adage that "Experience is a great teacher" is all haywire. But I am sure I am not alone when I cry out and warn with all the sincerity of my being: "We are allowing our United States to drift into a very dangerous position."

Nobody disputes that America has, in its lifetime, made the most spectacular development in the history of the world. She is today recognized as the most influential and civilized nation on earth. No country can boast of equal living conditions, as has the rank and file of Uncle Sam's children. We are exceedingly proud of our country and thankful for our American accomplishments. Even our unprecedented national debt does not down us. We believe that with American industry and ingenuity turned loose, we can and will repay the debt.

This country has surmounted bigger obstacles. To begin with, our forefathers faced a totally undeveloped country. They faced the raw country bare handed. They were totally unused to directing themselves. They were accustomed to being dictated to. They were as children in governing themselves.

But they had the seed of self-government and development in their veins. They had faith in themselves. They were optimists. They were red blooded men who believed that, as individuals working together, they could build a country after God's own heart. They proceeded to do just that.

But somehow, the last few years, we are calling "Calf Rope" "Help, O God! for a Government Clock!" I am not going to attempt to analyze the reason for such a condition in a land of plenty. I am not pointing my finger at anyone, or any particular influence and saying, "you are to blame" for such a pitiful psychology.

About the beginning of the present administration there appeared the shadow of a God Head, who was supposed to have the power and right to miraculously reach into people's treasure pots and get gold, wealth and money. That shadow fast developed into a reality—a political reality, with authority to reach to the future generations—to many future generations, and take their substance.

Now, to modify and to apologize for the simile; I do not know that any thinking person has really approved such methods of getting the money. But is there any doubt that about everybody (and without a veil over his face) has made a rush for the funds? The states, counties, towns and about all voters, have their hands out. Nobody doubts that we farmers have that degrading psychology—that "give me" attitude. I single out farmers, because we have always been looked upon as the backbone of the nation. The farmer's judgment, his stamina, his self-reliance, has always been relied upon.

It is that bulwark of stamina that is being shot at today. It seems easy for that "Shadow of God" to sling bait in the form of farm checks and every other conceivable form of government spending. Those who could not be bought were felled with propaganda of envy and jealousy toward the more fortunate citizenship. They were made unfit for cooperative, constructive effort. It is time to arouse ourselves. We are allowing the United States to drift into a very dangerous position.

A great portion of our citizenship has been soothed to sleep with friendly chats and promises of more government pay. The national problems have simply been pushed forward into what may become insurmountable obstacles. The picture is somewhat like Pat and Mike hunting in the beech grove. Pat was in the lead when they came to a low-hanging limb. The easiest way for him to get by was to push the limb ahead of himself till he had reached its length. When he turned it loose and it struck Mike full in the face, Mike's comment was—"Falth my friend, if you had not held the damned thing it sure would have knocked me down." The nation is bound to get an awful slap as a result of the New Deal foolishness.

The unemployment problems and hard times were with us eight years ago. The same problems are still with us. And added to these are the great accumulation of serious illness that is deeper than being just without

Continued on Page 4

Prologue to Love

By MARATHA OSTENSO

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CHAPTER X—Continued

Before Autumn was aware that there had come any change in the immobility of his posture, Bruce had seized her wrist and turned her about so that she stood facing him. 'I should like you to know, just the same,' he said. As he spoke, he drew her violently to him. For an electrifying instant, she knew that all her resistance had crumpled within her and that she was responding to his almost brutal kiss with a fierce and overwhelming joy. Then, with all the strength of her arms, she beat against him, striving to tear herself away from his crushing embrace. With a low laugh, Bruce grasped her shoulders and flung her from him, so that she reeled backward against the wall of the cabin. She stood, gasping in rage and terror, unable to speak, while he lighted another cigarette and lounged indifferently again on the table's edge. 'Now—you have the reason,' he said. 'You had better not come here again.' She looked across at him, unable at first to give place to the terrifying conviction that had come suddenly upon her. She had done more than cure him of his love for her—she had destroyed even his respect for her. In a moment she was out of the door into the blindness of a dying sky, a dying world, into a forlorn space that was hollow with the moan of death.

CHAPTER XI

Autumn had gone to the drawing room immediately after dinner and had seated herself at the piano. During the hour she had sat at the table with her father, she had done her best to bring him out of his solitary brooding. But her own frame of mind had been too desolate to make the task easy. She was sorry for him, inexpressibly so. For weeks Autumn had watched him fighting alone, retreating before the heartless bludgeonings of his own conscience, recovering himself again and beating his way back to a position of self-respect and renewed faith in himself. And always Autumn knew that his love for her was the one precious thing in his life. It was because of her, the daughter of Millicent, that he refused to give up the fight, and because of the memory of Millicent that lived in her. It was only natural, perhaps, that he should be blind to the fact that by his stubborn struggle he was drawing his daughter into the conflict. He had thought to avoid that by keeping her where she would never have known of it. Had she been content to remain in England, Jarvis would have fought through to the end and died in the comforting knowledge that she could at least begin her own life and live it as she pleased, without the unhappy heritage of the past. And now another evening was coming serenely to a close, as though the stars of the night before, when she had gone alone to see Bruce, had not shrunken out of the sky, as though all beauty had not become ashes in her heart. Jarvis had gone to his library after dinner, and Autumn sat at the piano, her hands lipping idly over the keys, her eyes inattentively noting the blue dusk that stole from the open window and made a strange, impalpable color of a great bowl of yellow roses. Presently her hands fell from the keyboard and lay listlessly in her lap. At a sound from the hall, she turned and saw her father standing in the doorway, his cigar in his fingers, his eyes fixed upon her with an unwonted tenderness. 'What was that you were playing, Autumn?' he asked after a moment. 'That was Grondahl's 'Serenade,' Da,' she told him. 'I've heard you play it before—and I've asked the name of it,' he said, 'but I can never seem to remember. Play it again. I like it.' He came into the room and went to a large chair that stood to one side of the French windows where he sat gazing out into the fitful light of the garden as Autumn played. When she came to the end at last, he did not speak, and Autumn got up and moved to the console where the roses stood. She caressed an opulent, full-blown, yellow bloom with thoughtful fingers. 'No more music?' Jarvis enquired at last, a wistful note in his voice that hurt the bruised part of her being. 'Perhaps—later,' she said quietly. 'Aye,' he said, 'I suppose one must be in the mood for it. But that bit, now—the one you just played—means something. It brings a light to one when he hears it.' Old Saint Pat ambled into the room and settled himself on a rug at his master's feet. Autumn left the roses and walked to a chair near her father's. 'Da,' she said gently, 'what would you say to my going back to Aunt Flo?' The Laird turned slowly in his chair and looked at her across his shoulder. She glanced at him insouciantly, almost without interest

in how he should respond to her question. She had really not meant it for a question so much as an announcement. But the helpless, almost childlike look of dejection that appeared promptly in his eyes gave her a moment's disquietude. He bent forward and clasped his hands. 'You wish to go, Autumn?' he asked, his voice grown wistful. 'Da,' she replied, 'one can't always do just what one would like to do—and I've managed to make a mess of everything since I've come. Jarvis sighed heavily. 'I'm sorry, my dear. It hasn't been your fault, either.' 'It's the fault of no one in particular,' Autumn said. 'It was just in the cards.' 'Aye. I know. You're still thinking of Geoffrey's son. Isn't that it?' 'I'm thinking—of everything,' she responded. 'I can't go on living here—with things as they are. I've done my best, Da—or my worst, perhaps, you would say. It will be easier for everyone concerned if I get back to the other side of the world.'

She got up again and went to stand before the window. There followed a long silence burdened with the impasse to which their emotions had come. She heard her father clear his throat with a deep rumble, and then she knew that he had risen and was coming slowly toward her. His hand lay for a moment gently upon her shoulder, but she did not turn to look at him.

'I'm sorry, my girl,' he muttered. 'I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I had hoped—somehow—that you might be happy here—after a time—in spite of everything. I had hoped for too much, it seems.' 'I had, too,' Autumn replied. 'But it wasn't to be.' 'I shall miss you more now than ever,' Jarvis said, and then, after a long silence: 'But you must not stay because of that, Autumn.' 'You are making it easy for me to go,' Autumn said, somewhat abruptly in spite of herself.

The old man went back to his chair. 'Autumn,' he said at last, 'don't be impatient with me tonight. I'm tired—and your music—' 'I didn't mean that, Da,' she said quickly and went to him at once. The Laird's head sank forward, his eyes staring out upon the garden. 'I'd be just as glad if I could make it easy for you to stay,' he said. 'Sometimes I think you—'

His voice stopped and he swept his eyes with his hand. Autumn threw her arms around him and pressed him close to her in silence. Presently he freed himself gently from her embrace.

'You think of your father as a coward, Autumn,' he said stoutly. 'I may have more courage than you know. Yesterday—when the boy came to see me—I thought I might tell him—tell him all that I told you one night upstairs there. I have my senses still, and I can see things still—with my own eyes. All your silly carrying-on this summer with that mad crowd of Elliot Parr's—it didn't blind me to the truth. I've known from the first what was behind it. I've spent days and nights thinking about it. And when the boy came—before he came to me, I thought—I thought—the right thing to do would be to tell him—so that he'd know—so that he'd understand. Then, I thought—he could do what he liked—and you could do what you liked—and I wouldn't raise a hand to stop it, one way or the other. But—there's no way of accounting for these things, it seems. He came to me—and he stood there as if he had been Geoffrey Landor himself—proud, insolent, careless—and I offered him money for the loss of his sheep. I don't think I expected him to take it—but his manner stirred something in me. It stirred the bitterness and the hatred and the pride that have filled me for twenty years—and I turned him out! He paused for a moment. 'And now—I am turning you out, it seems.'

'No, Da,' Autumn protested, 'it isn't so. You mustn't say that. I am going back—as I told you—because I think it will be best for us all.'

Jarvis Dean drew himself up. 'Have him over—tonight—in the morning,' he said. 'Bring him here—and I'll tell him. I'll tell him all I told you. When he has heard—'

'Father, please!' Autumn pleaded. 'That would only hurt him—and it would only hurt me. You would be doing that for me, and it would be quite useless. If I love Bruce Landor, it's only another of my silly blunders. I'll get over it—with the ocean between us it ought to be easy. I'm not so hopeless that I shall go on forever breaking my heart over someone who doesn't care for me.'

The Laird raised his head and looked at her. 'You mean—he—' 'I mean—he doesn't love me,' Da,' she said, smiling down at him. 'I know there's nothing so strange about that.'

'Jarvis was thoughtful for a moment. Then he got up quickly and stood looking at his half-smoked cigar. 'I didn't think he'd be such a damned young fool!' he said. Autumn laughed suddenly, but the

Laird looked at her sternly. 'It'll be as you say, then,' he said. 'It's better so. I'll sell up in the fall and join you.'

He patted her shoulder in awkward and inarticulate compassion, and turned away. She could hear his retreating steps on the polished floor, heavy and measured and pondering. To her defeated spirit, it seemed that those footsteps sounded the inexorable, iron stride of the past crushing down the present and the future.

She looked out upon the blurred garden with eyes dull in resignation.

During the days that followed, Jarvis Dean's spirits were lighter than they had been for months. To be sure, it was not pleasant to think that Autumn was leaving the place to which she had come such a short time ago, her heart swelling with anticipation of what the future held for her, her mind full of plans for the new life she was entering. He was sorry for her. And yet, the irking uncertainty of those weeks had been almost more than he could bear at times. Autumn's decision to return to the Old Country had relieved him of that, at least. His own resolve to sell everything and follow her as soon as it could be managed without too great a sacrifice had brought its regrets, its pang of loneliness, but that had

passed. He had a clear road before him now. He would leave behind him the past and all its burden of unhappiness and spend the rest of his days in a manner befitting a man of ample means whose declining years might easily be his brightest.



'I've done my best, Da—or my worst.'

It was some such feeling that possessed him as he looked at Autumn now, sitting opposite him at the breakfast table. He had ordered an early breakfast so that he might leave in good time on his journey into the hills to inspect his flocks and to take up some supplies to old Absalom Peek. Tom Wilmar had been making the trips back and forth during the summer, but Jarvis was in the habit of going himself at least once during the season. Besides, he had given instructions to have the young Irish lad, Clancy Shane, drive out the few hundred sheep that had been culled from the range and were being brought down to be sold. He wanted to spend a half hour with the boy and assure himself that everything was coming along as it should.

'You might make the trip in with me today, Autumn,' he suggested, 'if you have nothing else to do. It would be company for me and the drive would do you no harm.'

'I thought of it last night,' Autumn said. 'It will be my last chance to see the flocks before I leave.'

'Aye—that's so. Well, get yourself ready and I'll wait for you.'

'I'll change in a jiffy, Da,' she said, and left the table.

'Put enough lunch in the box for the two of us, then,' Jarvis told Hannah. 'We'll be back for dinner late.'

They were on the road before the day was more than a bright flame on the eastern hilltops and Autumn was guiding the car over the smooth trail at a speed that made her father grip the edges of the seat with both hands.

'The trail will be rougher higher up, Da,' she explained once when she glanced sideways at him and saw the grim set of his face. 'We'll make good time now and loaf later on.'

Noon brought them within sight of the small flock that Clancy Shane was bringing down from the upper ranges and Autumn waited in the car while her father walked down into the valley. Half an hour later he came back. 'I think I'll stay along with Moony,' he said. 'If you want to go along by yourself and pick a word with Absalom, you can pick me up on the way back.'

there in the back of the car and tell him I'll pick up myself maybe in a week or two.' Autumn started the motor and put her hand on the gear shift. 'Here, now—wait a bit!' Jarvis shouted. 'We'll eat first.' For a full hour, Autumn and her father talked and laughed together as they had not done since she was a child. When she got up to go to the car and leaned over to kiss her before she started away. 'So long, darling,' Autumn called as she put the car into the trail again. 'I'll be back before you know it.'

Jarvis stood shading his eyes against the mid-day sun, until the car vanished around a bend in the trail, and an inexplicable sadness came over him. He had been too happy for the past hour. He turned and picked his way slowly down into the valley.

It was not until Autumn's visit with Absalom Peek had come to an end and she was preparing to hurry away that she found the courage to tell him that she was bidding him good-bye for the last time. She had stayed with the old herder much longer than she had planned.

'You'll be comin' up again, like as not,' Absalom said as they strolled together toward Autumn's car. 'I'm afraid not, Absalom,' she told him. 'I'm never coming again.'

'Eh?' The old man looked at her in surprise.

'I'm going back again—to England, Absalom.'

'Now, now! What's wrong, eh?' 'There's nothing wrong, Absalom. I'm just—out of place here.'

Absalom thrust his fingers under his weathered hat and scratched his head.

'Well, well,' he said at last. 'It isn't much of a place for a young girl, I know. It'll go hard with the Laird, I'm thinkin', losin' you again just when he's got used to havin' you round.'

Autumn hesitated before she made her reply. After all, it would do no good to tell him that her father had decided to spend the rest of his days abroad.

'I haven't been much of a help to him, I'm afraid,' she replied.

'He's past help, that man,' Absalom said suddenly. 'Not but what he's been a great man in his day. But he's not livin', Miss Autumn.'

'Poor Da,' Autumn murmured. 'He hasn't had an easy life.'

'That's right enough. He hasn't. But he won't make it easier by packin' you off to that—'

'He's not sending me away, Absalom,' she hastened to assure him. 'I'm going because I want to.'

Absalom regarded her quizzically. 'There's more behind it than that, I'm thinkin'. Though I'm askin' no questions, mind.'

She was staunchly cheerful in her farewell to Absalom, but a hot mist came between her eyes and that unforgettable picture there on the hillside below them. And then, in a moment, she was gone and old Absalom had turned again to his solitary task.

Very late that night, when Autumn lay awake and allowed her mind to drift sleepily back over the journey into the hills, it seemed to her that what she had beheld in the cycle of that day had been sunrise and sunset on the moon, or on some bizarrely landscaped planet hitherto only a fantastic dream in the mind of man. Early morning had clawed great, long scars of black valley down the pale, colossal faces of the hills, frightening and thrilling in their report of what this land had been in ages gone. Noon had made substantial islands of the mountain tops, swimming in their mists as on the white lambency of some primordial sea. And in the twilight, the dark patches of pine that marked the valleys in that broad expanse might have been the spoor of creatures unthinkable, in an unthinkable chaos of the earth.

No more of that now! Back again to the official, the purposeless life she had known with Aunt Flo. Forget that there had ever been anything else. Forget the reverent somber brow of a mountain bared to the moon. Forget a star unfolding like a bloom of sweet loneliness in the luminous, unnameable color of a summer sky. Forget the drift of mountain rain in the spring, and the flamy torches of Indian paint brush on the gaunt hills. Forget Bruce Landor, and the curious, heartless, dear ways of love, forever.

CHAPTER XII

On an evening within a week of the time set for Autumn's departure, Florian Parr telephoned from Hector Cardigan's place and invited her to go with him to the Hospital Benefit Ball that night in Kamloops.

'Linda is here with me,' Florian said. 'I had to come up on business, but I see no reason why we shouldn't mix in a little pleasure with it. We brought our duds and we're all dolled up. We haven't seen anything of you for two weeks. I'll run out in the car for you if you say so. How about it?'

'I don't know, Florian,' she temporized. 'I'm not much in the mood for it.'

'Oh, come on!' he urged her. 'Where's your community spirit? The natives will never forgive you if you don't support the cause. Hector has promised to champion us.'

Florian laughed in a meaningless way that neglected her disproportionately. 'Even you think I ought to have someone to look after me,' she replied.



Just a Little Smile

ROYAL RED TAPE

Red tape, during the reign of Queen Victoria, reached its highest peak. So great was its power it was necessary for the queen to overcome it even in her own household. The following is a good example of the state of affairs at the time: The dining room was habitually cold, and one day the queen sent Baron Stockmer to see the master of the household. That worthy listened to the complaint of the Baron and when the nobleman had finished said: 'You see, Baron, properly speaking, it is not our fault. The lord steward only lays the fires, and the lord chamberlain lights them.'

His Work Done Henry persisted in saying, 'I have went,' despite his teacher's efforts to correct him. Finally, she insisted that he stay after school and write, 'I have gone,' 10 times on the blackboard. When he had finished, the teacher was nowhere to be seen, so little Henry wrote on the blackboard: 'Dear Teacher: I have wrote—I have gone—one hundred times, and I have went home.'

FINDING A PLACE FOR HIM



Mr. Willing—Will you marry me when you're free? Mrs. Triplewed—Not immediately. I'm already engaged to Mr. Multirox. But I'll put you on my waiting list.

Modern

The teacher was trying to get the pupils to understand the dreadful business of conjugating verbs. 'When I say 'I have, you have, he has,' she exclaimed, 'I am conjugating the verb 'to have.' Do you understand?' They did. 'Very good. Now listen carefully. I love, you love, he loves.' What is that?' Up shot little Tommy's hand. Tommy was a film enthusiast. 'Please, miss,' he said, 'it is one of them triangles when someone gets shot!'

Route Out

A Negro was standing an examination for the position of rural fre delivery carrier. Among other questions written for him to answer was the poser: 'What is the distance between the earth and the moon?'

His prompt but indignant reply was: 'See heah! If you's a'going to put me on dat route I quit right now.'

Employment Problem

'Your boy Josh says he's going to town to seek employment.' 'Yep,' answered Farmer Cortossel, 'I don't blame him. Every-body feels occasionally like gettin' away an' lookin' for work 'stid of stayin' where he knows it'll be waitin' fur him regular.'

CONGRESS FAME



'The representative from your section doesn't seem to have attracted much attention in congress yet.'

'No; but he's in great hope that charges of some sort will be brought against him before long.'

Plausible Answer

Father—You must study your English lesson diligently. Son—Why am I to learn English? Father—Half the world speaks it, thy boy.

Caught

She—Are you fond of moving pictures, Jack? He—Oh, yes; indeed. She—Then perhaps you won't mind bringing some down out of the attic for mother.

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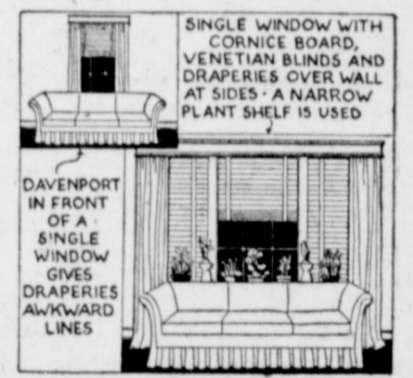
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Venetian Blinds to Simulate Windows

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS HAVE you ever tried placing your davenport on the side of the room where there was a single window? You probably found that it did not look well, because the back was just high enough to give the draperies an awkward cut-off appearance, as shown in the upper sketch. The lower sketch shows how a friend of mine solved this problem, and changed her living



room that had seemed hopeless, into an attractive, cheerful place. There are no windows under those lowered blinds. A painted box-like cornice board was made about 2 feet longer than the davenport, and was fastened to the top of the frame of the one window. The venetian blinds and the rods for the draperies were fastened inside this. A narrow shelf for plants just the length of the davenport back was fastened securely to the window sill. The flowers increase the illusion that there are three windows and add a cheerful note of color.

NOTE: Sewing Book No. 1 tells how to make this cornice board. Also how to make curtains and draperies for every room in the house from child's room to kitchen. All about slip covers. Dressing tables from boxes, tables and old mirrors. You will be delighted with it. Send order to:

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MODERNIZE

Whether you're planning a party or remodeling a room you should follow the advertisements in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read regularly.

Treasure Hunters Prepare to Dive for Spain's Sunken Loot

\$30,000,000 in Gold, Silver And Jewels Said to Be In Vigo Bay.

WASHINGTON.—In Vigo bay, Spain, a new installment in a centuries-old drama is in process, as treasure hunters prepare to dive for an estimated \$30,000,000 worth of gold, silver and jewels.

"The story, whose plot includes scuttled galleons, sunken treasure, two wars, and a widow, began in 1702, soon after the outbreak of the War of the Spanish Succession," says the National Geographic society. "The Spanish fleet, returning with gold and silver from the New world, encountered British and Dutch ships in the harbor of Vigo. Many of the Spanish galleons were sunk, their cargo taken. Others were scuttled with their treasure, according to some accounts, to prevent their falling into enemy hands."

"Today a flourishing port of northwest Spain, Vigo has seen various unsuccessful attempts to recover the sunken wealth of its bay. In 1936, the second war wrote another chapter in the story by halting the latest of salvage operations. In the Insurgent-Loyalist struggle the owner of the concession was killed. His widow is reported to be carrying on the work."

"Vigo's ancient and often turbulent history has been linked with many battles. The Romans, who knew the site as Vicus Sporum, drove out its early inhabitants, forcing them to take refuge on neighboring islands."

"More than a century before the harbor battle of the War of the Spanish Succession, the port was raided, on two occasions, by Sir Francis Drake. In 1719 it was captured by British forces. Early in the Nineteenth century, under the leadership of 'strong-man' Sergeant Morillo, Vigo was the first to break the hold of French invaders who had taken over the Galician region."

"Although Spain was not a belligerent in the first World war, Vigo, as a seaport, erected a monument to the merchant seamen of all nations who lost their lives in that conflict. Again neutral in the second European war, this port, because of its convenience to important sea routes, was one of the havens in which merchant vessels found temporary refuge after the war declarations of September, 1939."

"In the recent Spanish struggle, on the other hand, Vigo was less affected than many cities as a result of its situation far from the path of the major offensives."

"With some 60,000 inhabitants, Vigo is one of the leading ports of Spain engaged in transatlantic trade. Many lines plying between western Europe and Latin America operate out of the port. In the last half decade the city has nearly trebled its population and vastly increased its commercial activities. Its factories turn out such varied products as leather and flour, beer and soap, paper, sugar, and above all, canned fish. It is also a Spanish naval base."

"Famous for the scenic beauty of its mountain-framed harbor, modern Vigo rises above the old town in tiers of neat, white houses

that contrast vividly with a green background of luxuriant vegetation. Its old fishing quarter swarms with people as motorboats and sailboats unload their day's catch of sardines and tunny. Typical scene along its quays was once that of women at work skillfully decapitating sardines with their thumbs. Today mass-production canning factories dot the shoreline from Vigo south to Bouzas, several miles away."

'Don't-Give-Up-the-Ship' Home Is Almost Given Up

BURLINGTON, N. J.—The Burlington County Historical society is attempting to interest the navy department and patriotic organizations in saving the birthplace of Capt. James Lawrence.

The little brick house where the naval hero played as a boy apparently is doomed to be wrecked unless interested groups interfere. "Captain Lawrence became one of America's greatest heroes because of his dying plea, 'Don't give up the ship,' after H. M. S. Shannon defeated his craft, the Chesapeake, in June, 1813."

Maine Governor Wins 'Doughnut Duel'



Which state can claim honors for being the home of the inventor of doughnut holes? That question was decided in a doughnut-trying contest in Bangor, Maine, between Gov. Lewis Barrows of Maine, right, and Secretary of State Harry Jackson of New Hampshire. Barrows' claim that Hanson Gregory, a deceased Maine sea captain, invented the hole in the doughnut was upheld when he was declared winner of the contest. James Chute, hotel employee, dressed as the sea captain, stands in center.

Rude Bully Sparrow Plans to Choose Home in Old Orchard

By THORNTON BURGESS

ALL the rest of that day after Jenny Wren had told her neighbors in the Old Orchard of what Bully the English Sparrow had said to her when she asked him who he was and how he had told her that when he found which house suited him best he should take it even if somebody did happen to be living in it, there was a great deal of angry talk. Whenever any of the feathered folk happened to meet Bully as he flew about the Old Orchard they held their heads very high and pretended not to see him at all. At first Bully didn't mind this, but when Welcome Robin made an unkind re-



"It's a very nice place, and I think you'll like it, my dear," said Bully.

mark about strangers Bully suddenly darted up behind Welcome Robin and plucked two feathers from the back of his head before he realized what was happening.

After that the little people in the Old Orchard were very careful what

they said when Bully was near, but among themselves they said the very worst things they could think of about him. Some were for driving him away from the Old Orchard at once. They said that no one had invited him to come there, and that he had no business there. But others said that it would be better to wait until he really did something that would give them an excuse for driving him out. As yet he had done nothing but talk, and talk wouldn't hurt them. Perhaps when they knew him better they would find him a whole lot better than he appeared now.

So it was decided to wait, and meanwhile they would have nothing to do with this bold, untidy stranger. But if they left him very much to himself they watched him sharply, and every move he made was reported and talked over. You see, two or three were a little anxious because of that statement that when he found a house to suit him he would take it. Not that they were afraid. Oh, my, no! They just didn't want to have a fuss and get all muddled up, and that was bound to happen if he chose one of their houses. But the day closed without any sign from Bully as to where he proposed to live, and there were several sighs of thankfulness that night.

Very early the next morning, very early indeed, the Old Orchard was awakened by a pair of high-pitched voices talking in great excitement. Everybody hurried out to see what it meant. They were not long in finding out. Mrs. Bully had arrived! Yes, sir, Mrs. Bully had come to join Bully, and it was quite plain that he was telling her all that he had found out about the Old Orchard. She wasn't pretty, not a bit.

In fact she was quite as untidy looking as he and not nearly as well dressed. Those who had turned up their noses at Bully's looks turned them still higher when they saw Mrs. Bully.

Trim, neat, little Jenny Wren said that Mrs. Bully was a disgrace to the Old Orchard, and that nobody who took such little care of her own person could ever be a good housekeeper. There were others who thought the same thing, even though they didn't say so. But Bully and Mrs. Bully paid no attention to anybody else. They acted just as if there was no one else in the Old Orchard.

"It's a very nice place and I think you'll like it, my dear," said Bully. "There is plenty of room, and there are several very nice houses. I'll show them to you."

Mrs. Bully seemed rather cross. Perhaps it was because she was tired and hungry after her journey from the city. Anyway, she didn't seem to be paying much attention to what Bully was saying, and presently both flew over to Farmer Brown's henyard, where the chickens were being given their breakfast.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Minute Make-Ups

By V. V.



HOW do you replenish the powder in your compact? If you find the powder spills, keep one of those little glass spoons used for open salt cellars in your powder box. Three of these miniature spoons will often be the right amount for a small compact and will do away with a makeshift measure which spills the powder.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Ohio Mayor as Archer

New Rival of Robin Hood

VERMILION, OHIO.—When Leonard Osberg, mayor of Vermilion, aims at something he invariably hits his mark—because he is a crack archer.

He wings five arrows into a space no larger than a 25-cent piece at a distance of 40 feet. Robin Hood himself couldn't have topped that. There just isn't room for more than five arrows there.

"It is generally supposed," he said in discussing hunting, "that an animal shot with an arrow will wander through the woods with the arrow dangling from its side. Nothing could be further from the truth. Autopsies on game killed by archers show the arrow tip, cutting like a knife, kills much more humanely than a bullet."



GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON says:

MUZZLED BY NAVY

A retired naval officer has been ordered by the navy department to cease giving lectures on the war. An officer on the retired list is in a peculiar status. Having been disabled in service he is removed from active duty and not subject to orders in the usual sense. He gets, for life, what looks like three-quarters pay. Actually counting lost allowances, it is about half pay. Whether the navy department can legally muzzle him is a doubtful question.

Yet the navy doesn't shush up some retired officers who do not say acceptable things. The outstanding case is Smedley Butler. He has called his erstwhile marine employment the instrument of a racket.

The difference is that an obscure little lieutenant-commander (retired) could be sunk without a trace while a double medal of honor major-general super showman with a national reputation, a picturesque vocabulary and a voice like a foghorn—"old augur-eye" or "old gimlet-nose" or whatever "old" it is—



REAR ADMIRAL TAUSSIG—His voice is being "shushed" by the navy.

couldn't be sunk at all without a splash that would raise the tides on all the seven seas.

In times of peace, I can't see why there should be any shushing at all. Nine-tenths of this military secrecy business is the bunk. I was glad to read of Admiral Taussig's testimony, that the reason for the navy's insistence on fortifying Guam and increasing naval estimates at a cost of more than a billion is that we've got to fight Japan.

For this purpose, he wants to establish an "impregnable base in the Philippines" (which is not possible) "fortify the Island of Guam to make its capture impossible" (which is equally absurd) "and make an alliance with Great Britain, France and the Netherlands that will insure co-operation in the maintenance of the status quo in the area to the southward of Formosa."

The navy didn't attempt to shush Admiral Taussig. It merely said that his opinion was his own and contrary to its views.

But the navy is asking for exactly what Taussig is defending. It concedes that it wants to fortify Guam "to stabilize the political situation in the Far East."

Admiral Taussig was simply more explicit. He wants to check Japanese expansion in Asia and Malaysia which he says is "under way at present with the subjugation of China, the Philippines, Netherlands Indies, French Indo-China and Malaya are to be taken over in due course of time. Russia is to be driven westward of Lake Baikal."

It is a fair interpretation of the rest of the admiral's testimony that we have to fight a naval war with Japan to prevent all this and must get ready now.

I don't agree with Admiral Taussig. If we are to engage our strength and effort on distant and indefensible objectives half way across the world, we shall be duck soup for enemies much closer to our shores. We have no bone buried in Asia. But it is a wonderful thing to know that he could speak and still speak his mind.

It is unfair to the army, the navy and the country to tell them to prepare for war and not tell them what war—how, when and where. What is the foreign political, military and naval policy of the United States? That is our most important question. It needs to be debated and explored, and as to its military and naval aspects, professional military and naval men know the limitations. For the present at least, let's not shush any of them.

Sen. Bennett Clark wants to court martial Admiral Taussig for saying that naval preparedness plans are aimed at checking Japan in Asia and Malaysia. My esteemed co-columnar colleague, Raymond Clapper, writes: "The function of the armed forces is to carry out policy and not to make it." This is 100 per cent right. "We depend on military and naval officers to advise us as to the preparedness measures we should take for the national safety or to maintain given policies." O. K. as a theory, but it doesn't mean a thing in our practices.

Little Girl's Blouse, Pinafore, Panties

BUSY mothers with lively little girls in the 2-to-8 size range can solve several important problems with this one clever, very complete pattern (8674). It includes a puff-sleeved blouse with drawstrings, panties, and a pinafore frock that can be used, without the blouse, as a sunback outdoor fashion for summer play, too. The whole ensemble is adorable,



with a touch of quaintness that adds much charm to its simplicity. A linen or gingham pinafore, with mull or dimity blouse, will be pretty for general wear. Plaid or striped seersucker will be practical for the pinafore when she wears it as a sunback frock—can be tubbed so easily, and needn't be ironed. The step-by-step sew chart gives complete, detailed directions. Pattern No. 8674 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for pinafore and panties; 3/4 yard for blouse, 2 1/2 yards ribbon. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. Room 1324 211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size Name Address

Great Circle Course

When sailing between widely separated ports, most ships follow a Great Circle course, or an arc whose center is the center of the earth, because it is the shortest distance. For instance, the distance between San Francisco and Yokohama by direct compass bearing is 5,517 miles, whereas the Great Circle course is only 5,224 miles.—Collier's.

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If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor! DOAN'S PILLS

Churchill Key Man in British Cabinet Shakeup



Key men in Great Britain's new war cabinet are Winston Churchill, left; Sir John Simon, upper right, and Sir Kingsley Wood, lower right. In a dramatic cabinet shake-up, Churchill was named England's war czar, director of the nation's battle services. Simon, silent veteran of finance, will preside over the cabinet's economic policy committee as chancellor of the exchequer, and Wood heads the home policy committee, directing social and domestic problems, including food and agriculture. Chamberlain bowed to public clamor in making Churchill head of the vital service committee. He remains first lord of the admiralty as well.

DISCOVERY OF CARVED HORN AIDS ANTHROPOLOGISTS

WASHINGTON.—New light on the art techniques of the mysterious Hopewell people, the Mound Builders of the Middle West, comes from the accidental discovery near Kansas City of an almost intact specimen of the instrument with which they made their intricate geometric and other designs on pottery.

It is a deer horn, with notches cut in its elliptical bottom, so that it constitutes a roulette. By "rolling" this over the unbaked clay vessel the Mound Builder artist was able to produce easily designs which would have been very difficult to make with a stamp.

The find was made by H. M. Trowbridge of Kansas City and sent to the Smithsonian institution, where it was welcomed by anthropologists as the solution of a problem.

Dr. W. D. Wood of the Smithsonian staff, using the instrument in the laboratory, was able to duplicate almost perfectly the style of decoration found on pottery fragments recovered from the Kansas City area. This is on the periphery of the Mound Builder territory. Very singular markings, however, are found on artifacts recovered from sites of the highest development of these people.

The Hopewell people, represented in central North America the highest development of aboriginal civilization, comparable to that of the Maya in Yucatan and the Aztecs around Mexico City, although probably not so far advanced. Unlike the others, however, all traces of them are prehistoric. The Mayas, the Aztecs, and the pueblo builders of the Southwest were flourishing when the white man came, and their descendants in the direct line are still living.

The Friona Star

JOHN W. WHITE
Editor and Publisher

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Local reading notices, 2 cents per word per insertion. Display rates quoted on application to the publisher.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

- FOR SHERIFF & COLLECTOR: EARL BOOTH (Re-election)
FOR COUNTY JUDGE: LEE THOMPSON (Re-election)
FOR COUNTY TREASURER: ROY B. EZELL (Re-election)
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY: R. E. (BOB) MADDUX
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER: Precinct No. 4 O. M. JENNINGS (Re-election)

JODOK

(Continued from Page 1)
do this, for he whizzed his car across the highway and off the pavement and stoped it and sat there and laughed at the people in the other car.

Now, good people, why do you not learn to be more careful in such matters? True, YOUR life is your own, and you may do what you please with it, but you have no right whatsoever to jeopardize the lives of your fellowmen, simply for your own amusement, or because you cannot take time to use a little precaution in the way of forethought.

While I am thinking along the line of safe driving, I want to quote something that I found in the drawer of an old desk. I do not know who the author is, but it is entitled "The Safety Alphabet," and the reading of it may help some careless driver to be more careful in the future.

- A is for AUTHORITY, you should respect.
B is the bumps you should not neglect.
C is the crossings you should always heed.
D is the danger attendant on speed.
E is the emphasis placed on discretion.
F is the fault, that is called aberration.
G is for gas fumes you must not inhale.
H is for horn which never should fail.
I is the instinet the new driver lacks.
J is the judge who says "Fifty Smcks."

ELLZEY FOR CONGRESS

close of the war.
And in 1934 when the feed situation became so acute, I went to Washington with Jack Allen, now 64th district judge. We started in at Marvin Jones' office at 9:30 a. m. and by 6 o'clock that evening, the emergency feed committee in Washington had started loading 100 carloads of feed for the dust bowl of Texas.

The feed for Ochiltree county arrived in Perryton before Allen and I returned. Thereafter, I rendered service whenever possible in building the present farm and ranch program. In 1918 I was sent to Washington to secure a \$50,000 loan for the wheat growers of Ochiltree county and secured the loan in one day.

For Conservation
The conservation of childhood and youth, the conservation of the soil, the grass and all other natural resources are fundamentals of an enduring civilization. The fear of God, the love of one's country, and the respect and concern for one's fellow man are as necessary today as they were when a little boy, busy at his father's carpenter bench in Nazareth, wrought out a yardstick, the Golden Rule, which is the only yardstick by which an individual can square his life.

If we are going to use that yardstick, we are certainly obligated to provide security for old age with old age pensions. Shipping our boys to Europe, and to be fed to machine guns, bombs, and cannon, is not conserving our youth, and the mothers and the fathers of the nation and of the should be on their knees praying God to stay the horrors of war, but I believe that adequate means of defense and preparedness to the Nth degree are two of the major factors in keeping the United States out of war.

Praises New Deal
The New Deal has done more than any other program since the days of our Pilgrim Fathers to make possible the practice of the Golden Rule in everyday living. No one can deny that there are certain details of the New Deal program that should be modified and changed, but certainly it has saved the farmers and ranchers and therefore all other forms of business interests, in the 18th Congressional District.

Marvin Jones, through the New Deal, has done more for the farming and ranching interests than any other man that has ever set in Congress. No man can fill his place, but the need of the hour is to put a man in congress from this district who knows the farming and ranching business from actual experience.

who has talled up cows, worn out tractors, who, along with others, has kicked the wolf from the door with one foot and the sheriff with the other during these long years of drought and dust experience.

The world now faces one of the most critical and chaotic conditions that has ever existed in the history of our nation. No one dares prophesy what may happen in the next four years. For this reason it is imperative that we have as our representative a man who has had first-hand experience in and personal knowledge of the various interests of this Panhandle country.

We do not want to send men to congress who will take four to eight years to get ready to do their task. We need a man to go to Washington with the fear of God in his heart and courage to start to fight the day he arrives, to hold what Marvin Jones has secured for the rancher and farmers of this district.

care.
V is for vigilance everywhere.
W is for Windshield, which should be kept clear.
X is for Unknown that most of us fear.
Y is for youngsters, away from them draw.
Z is for zeal in obeying the law.

And neither should our carefulness all be devoted to our driving. There are many other ways in which our care should be exercised than in our conduct at the steering wheel.

Prudence—George Baker was telling me Monday about what he saw on the highway Sunday as he was enroute to Skellytown. His son was driving at about fifty miles an hour, and they were meeting a car driving at about the same speed, when suddenly the right-hand rear door of the approaching car flew open and the body of a small girl

was apparently jerked out of the car by the door as it opened, and was thrown with great force upon the pavement, and appeared to have been roled over a score of times at least.

Before they could stop their car they were some distance past the one they were meeting, which had also gone some distance before it could be stopped, and when they had backed up to it, the man that was driving had the little girl in his arms and her little body was perfectly limp and apparently lifeless, and George stated that he did not see how it could be otherwise. He felt sure she was dead.

The man asked which was the nearest town to a doctor, and they told him Canyon, and he placed the little body in the car, turned toward Canyon and was away before they could ask any questions for information.

The man and the lady, quite likely the parents of the child, were riding in the front seat, and the little one was, apparently occupying the rear seat alone. Just how the car door became unlatched will probably never be known. Probably the child was not killed. Let us hope so.

Continued From Pag 1
THE POLITICAL SITUATION

money.
We need a common-sense administration put on by realists, who really believe in the integrity and good judgment of the common man. This new administration needs to spring from the ranks of the common man; so that he may definitely and practically have faith that these common men can and will care for themselves and their government. The common men will also care with more heart for their unfortunate brethren than any government bureau.

This common man does not want government aid, he wants a set of fair and square rules and regulations under which he can cooperate with his fellow to the building of his country and his home. He wants a set of laws common to all, under which big men and little men, educated men and ignorant men can mix it for purposes of their own choosing, and have a chance to win.

Communism, socialism, and the whole bunch of isms we do not want. The parable of the "isms" gives us a picture of the things we don't want and the things we do want. The old American way, with the cow and the bull, under the competitive system, is good enough for us. I believe that ninety per cent of an awakened Americans want the old American way. We want no copy. Nobody's European ways of living together suits us. We believe ours is the best way there is yet in sight. It will take organized effort to beat the New Deal. It has an unprecedented vote on its payroll. It can do as it pleases with the Democratic party. It will nominate President Roosevelt unless a powerful opposition is in sight for the November election.

The only possible opposition or power is through the Reublican party. The New Deal has captured and hogtied the Democratic party. If we want to steer away from regimentation and ultimate dictatorship, we had better help build some equipment to steer our Ship of State. If we care what our country looks like we had better get in the fray and help shape the destiny and policies of the Republican party.

E. E. Taylor was in town from his farm home northwest of town Wednesday forenoon and stopped at the Star office for a few minutes to make arrangements for the Star to continue its weekly visits to his home for another year. Thanks, farsel.

The Texas petroleum industry alone now pays 45 per cent of all state taxes, exclusive of sales taxes such as the gasoline tax which are paid by the consumer.

was apparently jerked out of the car by the door as it opened, and was thrown with great force upon the pavement, and appeared to have been roled over a score of times at least.

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The man and the lady, quite likely the parents of the child, were riding in the front seat, and the little one was, apparently occupying the rear seat alone. Just how the car door became unlatched will probably never be known. Probably the child was not killed. Let us hope so.

But, I see such things occurring that is, children riding in the back part of open-ended trucks and pickups, some of them mere tots, with not a thing to keep them from falling out the rear end, and maybe getting killed, and their parents or whoever it may be in the cab could easily see them. And right there is one place where we should exercise more care.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION

The Young People's Union met May 7, at the Hub Church with eleven members present, each answering the roll call with a bible verse on faith.

The next meeting will be May 14, at 8:30. An invitation is extended to all young people to be there and enjoy the evening.

QUARTERLY TEA TUESDAY

The ladies of the Congregational Ladies Aid will hold their regular Quarterly Tea in the church basement, Tuesday evening of next week, May 14.

The patronage of the public will be appreciated.

VISITED PARENTS HERE

Mrs. Virgil Howard, nee Frances Drake, and small son, Josh Truman, of Monroe, spent last week here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Drake.

She returned home Sunday, accompanied by her parents and her brother, Arthur Drake. On the way they stopped for a few hours at the Buffalo Lake celebration.

Mahogany and Satinwood

Chippendale, it is generally agreed, was the first great worker in mahogany. It was a wood perfectly adapted to his needs. But few authorities have delved deep enough into the history of English cabinetmaking to discover in the records of the building of Harewood House (1772-1775), the additional fact that Chippendale and not Sheraton was the creator of the first lovely pieces of furniture in satinwood.

Language Lessons

"I hear you have adopted a baby!"
"Yes, he is two months old—a little French boy."
"Why choose a French one?"
"When he begins to speak, we shall have an opportunity of learning French."

Lengthy Visit

After six weeks stay, M'Nab grudgingly gave the hotel porter a shilling.
"Ye know, when I was in Paris tips cost me nigh on 10 shillings," he said.
"Were you there many years, sir?"

TESTING HER FAITH

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Graduation Gifts
We Are Offering You One of the Most Complete Stocks In The Country
From Which to Select:
Fountain Pens, Pencils, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes, Stationery, Hose, Ties, and many Others as Appropriate.
SEE THESE
Pretty, Useful, Attractive, and Selective Gifts
PLEASE TRY OUR STOCK FIRST
Two Registered Pharmacists in Charge
We Will Fill Any Doctor's Prescription.
City Drug Store
The Rexall Store

PLAY AT LAZBUDDY
The Star is authorized to announce that there will be a comedy play, presented at the Lazbuddy School building on Friday night, May 10th (tonight). The public is invited to attend.

BETTER THAN EVER
Prepared to take care of your Garage and Machine Repair Work
Since the addition to Our Force of Our competent Mechanic Mr. IRA PARKER.
If Your Tractor is ailing, just drive It up To Our Clinic
W. B. WRIGHT
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Phone 50 Friona, Texas

Measure All Cars, Regardless of Price, By "THE LEADER'S LINE-UP" and you'll know why Chevrolet leads all cars in sales
WHY PAY MORE? WHY ACCEPT LESS?
MODERN "ROYAL CLIPPER" STYLING
LUXURIOUS FISHER BODY BEAUTY
DYNAMIC VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE
LONGEST OF ALL LOWEST-PRICED CARS
EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-POWER SHIFT
GENUINE KNEE-ACTION RIDE
PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH
LOWER GAS, OIL AND UPKEEP COST
LOWER DELIVERED PRICES—PLAINLY MARKED—GREATEST DOLLAR VALUE!
"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"
REVEE CHEVROLET CO.

Getting What You Want WHEN YOU WANT IT
Always Pleases. And that is what You get when You buy PANHANDLE GASOLINE
Another Panhandle Product. We Deliver.
Friona Independent Oil Co.
Sheets Brothers, Proprietor

1940 never a better year to see the WEST



AND it's so economical to include all these grand travel experiences in a California trip, via Santa Fe, anytime during this great Exposition Year!

You can pause for a day or so at Arizona's glorious Grand Canyon—Santa Fe Pullmans to the rim.

Then to San Diego, Los Angeles, Hollywood . . . Yosemite Park in the high Sierras . . . and San Francisco's exotic Golden Gate Exposition.

For swift, comfortable travel, the Santa Fe offers this territory two famous trains—THE SCOUT, tourist sleeper and chair car economy train—THE GRAND CANYON LIMITED, providing accommodations in standard and tourist Pullmans and chair cars. Both trains carry lounge cars and cheery Harvey diners serving all meals. There is gay new streamlined service, too, between San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

For fares, schedules, and other information

Call Or Write
W. B. Stark H. C. Vincent
Agent, General Passenger Agent
Friona, Texas Amarillo, Texas

GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION
California's beautiful pageant of the Pacific on Treasure Island in the center of San Francisco Bay.

GRAND CANYON
Indescribable wonder of Nature, unparalleled throughout the world in grandeur and beauty.

YOSEMITE
A National Park of majestic mountains, waterfalls, and forest giants in California's high Sierras.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
The famous world over for its marvelous scenery, sun-splashed beaches, and a variety of recreations.

TOM ELLZEY FOR CONGRESS

In this issue of the Star will be found the announcement of Tom Ellzey, of Perryton, as a candidate for Member of Congress from this district, to succeed Hon. Marvin Jones.

We, of the Star, are not so personally acquainted with Mr. Ellzey, except by reputation, but he is a man who has taken an active part in the development of the Panhandle area or country for the past many years, and a man who has had a varied experience in many lines of public life—a man who has the reputation of "Going After Things," that our country needs, and of getting what he goes after.

His extensive travels and experience seem to have fitted him most favorably in preparing him to cope with the knotty problems of government, which he will be called upon to meet in the event of his election.

We have just been going over his platform and find it to contain some of the most commendatory features yet seen in a political platform. Mr. Ellzey believes in conservation of all useful things, even to that of the morals of our youth. His platform is worth your while to read.

WILL HOLD PAINT OPENING

S. H. Haile, of the Haile Hardware Company, has announced the fact that he has taken over the agency of a splendid line of paints, and has set Saturday of this week as his "Paint Opening."

His advertisement of the matter will be found on another column of this issue of the Star, and heralds are also out announcing the conditions and the very attractive features of the day at his store.

Want Ads

FOR SALE—One good car.

FOR SALE—Section of good grass land, 15 miles from Friona. Price, \$10.00 per acre. See us for bargains in Farm and Ranch Lands. M. A. Crum, Friona, Texas.

LOOK!
NAILS, Various Kinds,
3 ct a Pound
BLACKWELL
HW. & FURN. CO.

Leon Hart, living north of town, while in town Wednesday forenoon, stopped at the Star office for a few minutes and made arrangements for the Star to continue its visits to his home for another year. Thanks, Leon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Osborn of Hope, Arkansas, who have been here the past two weeks visiting their sons, Sloan and Claude, of this locality, and Jess, of Muleshoe, departed for their home in Arkansas, Sunday morning.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

UNION CONGREGATIONAL

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER is a SUFFICIENT TEST of fellowship and of Church membership. The right of PRIVATE JUDGMENT and the LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE is a RIGHT and a PRIVILEGE that should be accorded to and exercised by ALL.

Each Sunday:
Sunday Church School, 10:00 A. M.
J. M. W. Alexander, superintendent.
Morning Worship Service, 11:00 A. M.
C. Carl Dollar, Pastor; Mrs. F. W. Reeve, Music Director.
"Comrades" (young people) 6:30 P. M.
M. June Maurer, President.
Weekly:
"Comrades" Recreation Hour, Tuesday night.
Orchestra Practice, Monday night.
Choir Practice, Wednesday P. M.
Monthly:
Business Meeting on Monday night after third Sunday.

FRIONA METHODIST CHURCH

"The Friendly Church"
Weekly Calendar of Activities
Sunday
10 A. M., Church School.
11 A. M., Church Services.
7:15 P. M., Group meetings for all ages.
8 P. M., Church Services.
Monday
3 P. M., Women's Missionary Society.
Wednesday
8 P. M., Fellowship meeting.

BAPTIST CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday Services:
Bible School 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Services 11:00 a. m.
B. T. U., 6:45, Evening.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening, 7:30.
W. M. S., Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.
Joe Wilson, Pastor.

**Notice of Services
Summerfield Baptist Church**

Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching each second and fourth Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
W. T. Legg, Sunday school director.
Thurman Atchley, B. T. U. director.
Rev. H. B. Naylor, Pastor, Evangelist.

Lazbuddy Baptist Church

Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching services each first and third Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
C. Tiner, Sunday school superintendent.

SIXTH STREET CHURCH OF CHRIST

I. E. Carpenter, Minister
Bible Study each Sunday at 10:00 m.
Preaching each First and Third Sundays, at 11:00 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Young People's Training Class each Sunday evening.
The time of the Ladies Bible Class has been changed from 2:45 to 2:00 clock p. m.
Prayer Meeting and Training Class, each Wednesday at 7:15 p. m.
You are invited to attend all these services.

PENTECOSTAL CHURCH NOTES

Pentecostal Order of Services
Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Service each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.
Prayer meeting each Wednesday night. Young people's meetings each Friday night.
Rev. E. E. Houlette, Pastor.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

We, the Friona Girl Scouts, Troop II, have been improving our hut. We would like to tell you about the things we have done. We have put a linoleum finish out to the wall, made a bookcase in which we keep books to check out. We raised a shelf in our closet on which we put a rod to hang our wrapping; we made valentines for the ladies who helped us this year; we improved our chairs and tools. We had an "Easter breakfast" Monday, March 25. We have almost finished our Troop Badge.
LaVern Dukes.

Mayor F. W. Reeve was a business visitor at Parwell, Monday, he being there in attendance at a meeting of the County Board of School Trustees.

LAKEVIEW NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fairchild visited his parents in Oklahoma, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Harper are the proud parents of a baby daughter, Sandra Marie, born May 2, at the Hereford hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Melton, Deleane, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn York and baby spent Sunday in the Albert Cross home in Summerfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Parson of Rhea, and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Parson spent Sunday in the home of Rev. Alfred Routh and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Petty and children and Mrs. Tom Dodson have been ill for several weeks, is gradually improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pittman and children and Mrs. Alfred Routh were visitors in Hereford, Saturday afternoon.

M. and Mrs. Everette Sparkman, Delitha, Lilly and Harold spent Sunday afternoon in the C. A. Guinn home.

Mrs. E. B. Whitefield and Mrs. Eev Buchanan, Miss Wana Vestal and Mrs. Cecil Vestal were Hereford visitors, Saturday afternoon.

Boots Rule, Joe Pittman, Ralph Durstine, John Bradley and Fred Barker are among those who have recently purchased tractors in this community.

Prof. and Mrs. Seth Rollins attended the pie supper at Rhea, Friday night.

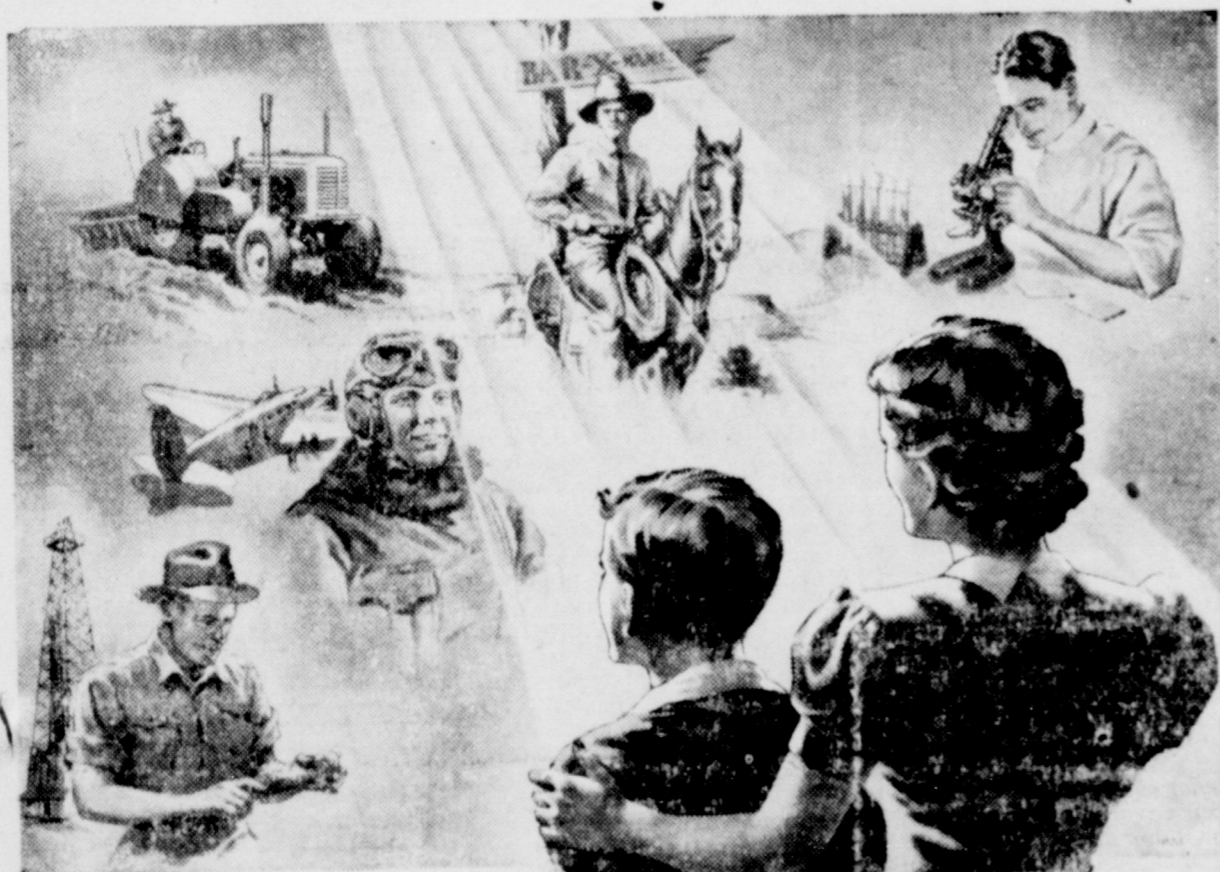
Mrs. E. H. Cummings, who has been ill for several weeks, is gradually improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Southward are having two new rooms added to their home and are also adding other improvements.

NOBODY HURT

A crash between a vegetable truck and a car occurred on the street here Monday afternoon, which damaged both the car and the truck considerably, but none of the occupants were hurt.

A truck parked on Sixth Street, failed to go when the driver was ready to go and he called to a friend to come and give him a push. The friend, in his rush to comply, hurriedly backed his car out from the curb, apparently without looking to see if anything was in his way, and backed directly into the front of the truck that was going south on Main street, which being on the correct side of the street, was directly in the way of the backing car.



WHEN Your Boy Grows Up!

ALL mothers and fathers want their children to have worthwhile employment when they grow up.

The Texas oil business is manned by Texans . . . the Texas boys and girls of yesterday. 225,000 of them earn good livings for themselves and their families—a yearly payroll of \$271,000,000.

Oil pays good wages . . . maintains reasonable working hours . . . and offers opportunity for promotion.

Old age retirement and unhampered development of the oil business will provide many new jobs each year for our young Texas workers.

But the growing tax burden is a serious factor in wages and employment, since the Texas oil industry now pays taxes equal to 36 per cent of its labor payrolls.

Unwise laws and excessive taxes can retard and stop the growth of this industry which means so much to the future employment of our boys and girls.

This Advertisement Paid for by Various Units of the Industry and Sponsored by

TEXAS MID-CONTINENT OIL AND GAS ASSOCIATION

Please Your Hens & Chicks
WITH ECONOMY
LAYING MASH AND CHICK FEEDS
AND THEY WILL PLEASE YOU
With Good Production And Growth.

We want Your Egg, Poultry, Cream, Hides

**FARMERS PRODUCE
NAT JONES, Propr.**

Phone, 39 0-0-0 Friona, Texas

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OUR NEW
AUTO NECESSITIES DEPARTMENT**



Big Savings for Motorists

Haile's Hardware

The Friona Star

JOHN W. WHITE
Editor and Publisher
Subscription Rates:
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Six Months, Zone 1 \$.80
One Year, Outside Zone 1 \$2.00
Six Months, Outside Zone 1 \$1.25
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Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Friona Star will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.
Local reading notices, 2 cents per word per insertion.
Display rates quoted on application to the publisher.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

- FOR SHERIFF & COLLECTOR:**
EARL BOOTH
(Re-election)
- FOR COUNTY JUDGE:**
LEE THOMPSON
(Re-election)
- FOR COUNTY TREASURER:**
ROY B. EZELL
(Re-election)
- R. E. (BOB) MADDUX
- FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY:**
A. D. SMITH
(Re-election)
- FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER:**
Precinct No. 4
O. M. JENNINGS
(Re-election)
Precinct No. 1
C. A. WICKARD
L. F. LILLARD
DAVID MOSELEY
- FOR COUNTY & DISTRICT CLERK:**
D. K. ROBERTS
CHARLES LOVELACE
SETH ROLLINS
J. M. W. ALEXANDER
- FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY:**
JOHN B. HONTS
J. D. THOMAS
MILTON TATUM
- FOR STATE SENATOR:**
MAX BOYER
CURTIS DOUGLASS
- FOR MEMBER OF LEGISLATURE:**
L. G. MATTHEWS
- FOR MEMBER OF CONGRESS:**
DESKINS WELLS
TOM ELLZEY

JODOK
(Continued from Page 1)
do this, for he whizzed his car across the highway and off the pavement and stopped it and sat there and laughed at the people in the other car. But why should any sensible man risk his own life and the life of those in the other car, just simply to have done it? And I frequently see just such actions occur here at Friona.

Now, good people, why do you not learn to be more careful in such matters? True, YOUR life is your own, and you may do what you please with it, but you have no right whatsoever to jeopardize the lives of your fellowmen, simply for your own amusement, or because you cannot take time to use a little precaution in the way of forethought.

While I am thinking along the line of safe driving, I want to quote something that I found in the drawer of an old desk. I do not know who the author is, but it is entitled "The Safety Alphabet," and the reading of it may help some careless driver to be more careful in the future. Surely no one wants to get hurt or to hurt anyone else, but your carelessness may do either or both. Here is the "alphabet":

- A is for AUTHORITY, you should respect.
- B is the bumps you should not neglect.
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- F is the fault that is called aberration.
- G is for gas fumes you must not inhale.
- H is for horn which never should fail.
- I is the instinct the new driver lacks.
- J is the judge who says "Fifty Smacks."
- K is the knock which tells something is busted.
- L is for lights, see they are always adjusted.
- M is for motor cops, they are your friends.
- N is for narrow roads, sound horns on bends.
- O is for oil, a supply you should carry.
- P is for puncture, you hate like Old Harry.
- Q is for quiet in hospital zones.
- R is for reason, which saves broken bones.
- S is for signals you always should give.
- T is for Traffic Rules, obey them and live.
- U is for Uniform, Courtesy and

ELLZEY FOR CONGRESS

close of the war.
And in 1934 when the feed situation became so acute, I went to Washington with Jack Allen, now 24th district judge. We started in at Marvin Jones' office at 9:30 a. m. and by 6 o'clock that evening, the emergency feed committee in Washington had started loading 100 carloads of feed for the dust bowl of Texas.

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If we are going to use that yardstick, we are certainly obligated to provide security for old age with old age pensions. Shipping our boys to Europe, to be fed to machine guns, bombs, and cannon, is not conserving our youth, and the mothers and the fathers of the nation and of the should be on their knees praying God to stay the horrors of war, but I believe that adequate means of defense and preparedness to the 19th degree are two of the major factors in keeping the United States out of war.

Praises New Deal

The New Deal has done more than any other program since the days of our Pilgrim Fathers to make possible the practice of the Golden Rule in everyday living. No one can deny that there are certain details of the New Deal program that should be modified and changed, but certainly it has saved the farmers and ranchers and therefore all other forms of business interests, in the 18th Congressional District.

Marvin Jones, through the New Deal, has done more for the farming and ranching interests than any other man that has ever set in Congress.

No man can fill his place, but the need of the hour is to put a man in congress from this district who knows the farming and ranching business from actual experience who has tilled up cows, worn out tractors, who, along with others, has kicked the wolf from the door with one foot and the sheriff with the other during these long years of drought and dust experience.

The world now faces one of the most critical and chaotic conditions that has ever existed in the history of our nation. No one dares prophesy what may happen in the next four years. For this reason it is imperative that we have as our representative a man who has had first-hand experience in and personal knowledge of the various interests of this Panhandle country.

We do not want to send men to congress who will take four or eight years to get ready to do their task. We need a man to go to Washington with the fear of God in his heart and courage to start to fight the day he arrives to hold what Marvin Jones has secured for the rancher and farmers of this district.

care.
V is for vigilance everywhere.
W is for Windshield, which should be kept clear.
X is for Unknown that most of us fear.
Y is for youngsters, away from them draw.
Z is for zeal in obeying the law.

And neither should our carefulness all be devoted to our driving. There are many other ways in which our care should be exercised than in our conduct at the steering wheel.

Printance—George Baker was telling me Monday about what he saw on the highway Sunday as he was enroute to Skellytown. His son was driving at about fifty miles an hour, and they were meeting a car driving at about the same speed, when suddenly the right-hand rear door of the approaching car flew open and the body of a small girl

Continued From Page 1 THE POLITICAL SITUATION

money.
We need a common-sense administration. We need an honest administration put on by realists, who really believe in the integrity and good judgment of the common man. This new administration needs to spring from the ranks of the common man; so that he may definitely and practically have faith that these common men can and will care for themselves and their government. The common men will also care with more heart for their unfortunate brethren than any government bureau.

This common man does not want government aid, he wants a set of fair and square rules and regulations under which he can cooperate with his fellow to the building of his country and his home. He wants a set of laws common to all, under which big men and little men, educated men and ignorant men can mix it for purposes of their own choosing, and have a chance to win.
Communism, socialism, and the whole bunch of isms we do not want. The parable of the "isms" gives us a picture of the things we don't want and the things we do want. The old American way, with the cow and the bull, under the competitive system, is good enough for us. I believe that ninety per cent of an awakened Americans want the old American way. We want no copy. Nobody's European ways of living top; their suits us. We believe ours is the best way there is yet in sight. It will take organized effort to beat the New Deal. It has an unprecedented vote on its payroll. It can do as it pleases with the Democratic party. It will nominate President Roosevelt unless a powerful opposition is in sight for the November election.

The only possible opposition or power is through the Reublican party. The New Deal has captured and hogtied the Democratic party. If we want to steer away from regimentation and ultimate dictatorship, we had better help build some equipment to steer our Ship of State. If we care what our country looks like we had better get in the fray and help shape the destiny and policies of the Republican party.

E. E. Taylor was in town from his farm home northwest of town Wednesday forenoon and stopped at the Star office for a few minutes to make arrangements for the Star to continue its weekly visits to his home for another year. Thanks, farsel.

The Texas petroleum industry alone now pays 45 per cent of all state taxes, exclusive of sales taxes such as the gasoline tax which are paid by the consumer.

was apparently jerked out of the car by the door as it opened, and was thrown with great force upon the pavement, and appeared to have been rolled over a score of times at least.

Before they could stop their car they were some distance past the one they were meeting, which had also gone some distance before it could be stopped, and when they had backed up to it, the man that was driving had the little girl in his arms and her little body was perfectly limp and apparently lifeless, and George stated that he did not see how it could be otherwise. He felt sure she was dead.

The man asked which was the nearest town to a doctor, and they told him Canyon, and he placed the little body in the car, turned toward Canyon and was away before they could ask any questions for information.

The man and the lady, quite likely the parents of the child, were riding in the front seat, and the little one was, apparently occupying the rear seat alone. Just how the car door became unlatched will probably never be known. Probably the child was not killed. Let us hope so.

But, I see such things occurring that is, children riding in the back part of open-ended trucks and pick-ups, some of them mere tots, with not a thing to keep them from falling out the rear end, and maybe getting killed, and their parents or whoever it may be in the cab could easily be miles away before they might notice them. And right there is one place where we should exercise more care.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION

The Young People's Union met May 7, at the Hub Church with eleven members present, each answering the roll call with a bible verse on faith.

The next meeting will be May 14, at 8:30. An invitation is extended to all young people to be there and enjoy the evening.

QUARTERLY TEA TUESDAY

The ladies of the Congregational Ladies Aid will hold their regular Quarterly Tea in the church basement, Tuesday evening of next week, May 14.

The patronage of the public will be appreciated.

VISITED PARENTS HERE

Mrs. Virgil Howard, nee Frances Drake, and small son, Josh Truman, of Monroe, spent last week here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Drake.

She returned home Sunday, accompanied by her parents and her brother, Arthur Drake. On the way they stopped for a few hours at the Buffalo Lake celebration.

Mahogany and Satinwood

Chippendale, it is generally agreed, was the first great worker in mahogany. It was a wood perfectly adapted to his needs. But few authorities have delved deep enough into the history of English cabinetmaking to discover in the records of the building of Harewood House (1772-1775), the additional fact that Chippendale and not Sheraton was the creator of the first lovely pieces of furniture in satinwood.

Language Lessons

"I hear you have adopted a baby!"
"Yes, he is two months old—a little French boy."
"Why choose a French one?"
"When he begins to speak, we shall have an opportunity of learning French."

Lengthy Visit

After six weeks stay, M'Nab grudgingly gave the hotel porter a shilling.

"Ye know, when I was in Paris tips cost me nigh on 10 shillings," he said.

"Were you there many years, sic?"

TESTING HER FAITH

Graduation Gifts

We Are Offering You One of the Most Complete Stocks In The Country From Which to Select:

Fountain Pens, Pencils, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes, Stationery, Hose, Ties, and many Others as Appropriate.

SEE THESE

Pretty, Useful, Attractive, and Selective Gifts

PLEASE TRY OUR STOCK FIRST

Two Registered Pharmacists in Charge
We Will Fill Any Doctor's Prescription.

City Drug Store
The Rexall Store

PLAY AT LAZBUDDY
The Star is authorized to announce that there will be a comedy play, presented at the Lazbuddy School building on Friday night, May 10th (tonight). The public is invited to attend.
Higher taxes and other increased costs for Texas oilmen caused a decline of 4.55 in the number of oil wells drilled in the State in the past two years, compared with the previous year.
Carl Maurer of the Maurer Machine Company, was a business visitor at Amarillo, Monday.

BETTER THAN EVER

Prepared to take care of your Garage and Machine Repair Work Since the addition to Our Force of Our competent Mechanic Mr. IRA PARKER.

If Your Tractor is ailing, just drive It up To Our Clinic

W. B. WRIGHT
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

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Measure All Cars, Regardless of Price, By "THE LEADER'S LINE-UP" and you'll know why Chevrolet leads all cars in sales

WHY PAY MORE? WHY ACCEPT LESS?

- ★ MODERN "ROYAL CLIPPER" STYLING The Style Hit of the Year
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- ★ LONGEST OF ALL LOWEST-PRICED CARS 141 Inches from Front of Grille to Rear of Body
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- ★ TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH For Smoother, More Reliable Operation
- ★ LOWER GAS, OIL AND UPKEEP COST A Six Costs Less to Run than an Eight
- ★ LOWER DELIVERED PRICES—PLAINLY MARKED—GREATEST DOLLAR VALUE!

No other car, regardless of price, combines all these Chevrolet quality features
No other car, regardless of price, can match Chevrolet in public demand

Eye It.. Try It.. Buy It!

"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

The 1940 Chevrolet gives higher quality at low cost!... Low Prices... Low Operating Costs... Low Upkeep.

No other motor car can match its all-round dollar value

REEVE CHEVROLET CO.

Getting What You Want WHEN YOU WANT IT

Always Pleases. And that is what You get when You buy PANHANDLE GASOLINE And Other Panhandle Products. We Deliver.

Friona Independent Oil Co.

Sheetz Brothers, Proprietor

1940 never a better year to see the WEST



AND it's so economical to include all these grand travel experiences in a California trip, via Santa Fe, anytime during this great Exposition Year!

You can pause for a day or so at Arizona's glorious Grand Canyon—Santa Fe Pullmans to the rim.

Then to San Diego, Los Angeles, Hollywood . . . Yosemite Park in the high Sierras . . . and San Francisco's exotic Golden Gate Exposition.

For swift, comfortable travel, the Santa Fe offers this territory two famous trains—THE SCOUT, tourist sleeper and chair car economy train—THE GRAND CANYON LIMITED, providing accommodations in standard and tourist Pullmans and chair cars. Both trains carry lounge cars and cheery Harvey diners serving all meals. There is gay new streamlined service, too, between San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

For fares, schedules, and other information

Call W. B. Stark Agent, Friona, Texas
Or Write H. C. Vincent General Passenger Agent, Amarillo, Texas

GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION
California's beautiful pageant of the Pacific on Treasure Island in the center of San Francisco Bay.

GRAND CANYON
Indescribable wonder of Nature unparalleled throughout the world in grandeur and beauty.

YOSEMITE
A National Park of majestic mountains, waterfalls, and forest giants in California's high Sierras.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Famous the world over for its marvelous scenery, sun-splashed beaches, and a variety of recreations.

TOM ELLZEY FOR CONGRESS

In this issue of the Star will be found the announcement of Tom Ellzey, of Perryton, as a candidate for Member of Congress from this district, to succeed Hon. Marvin Jones.

We, of the Star, are not so personally acquainted with Mr. Ellzey, except by reputation, but he is a man who has taken an active part in the development of the Panhandle area or country for the past many years, and a man who has had a varied experience in many lines of public life—a man who has the reputation of "Going After Things," that our country needs, and of getting what he goes after.

His extensive travels and experience seem to have fitted him most favorably in preparing him to cope with the knotty problems of government, which he will be called upon to meet in the event of his election.

We have just been going over his platform and find it to contain some of the most commendatory features yet seen in a political platform. Mr. Ellzey believes in conservation of all useful things, even to that of the morals of our youth. His platform is worth your while to read.

WILL HOLD PAINT OPENING

S. H. Haile, of the Haile Hardware Company, has announced the fact that he has taken over the agency of a splendid line of paints, and has set Saturday of this week as his "Paint Opening."

His advertisement of the matter will be found on another column of this issue of the Star, and heralds are also out announcing the conditions and the very attractive features of the day at his store.

Want Ads

FOR SALE—One good car, light plant, B. C. Day, Friona, Tex.

FOR SALE—Section of good grass land, 15 miles from Friona. Price, \$10.00 per acre. See us for bargains in Farm and Ranch Lands. M. A. Crum, Friona, Texas.

LOOK!
NAILS, Various kinds.
3 ct a Pound
BLACKWELL
Hdw. & Furn. CO

Leon Hart, living north of town, while in town Wednesday forenoon, stopped at the Star office for a few minutes and made arrangements for the Star to continue its visits to his home for another year. Thanks, Leon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Osborn of Hope, Arkansas, who have been here the past two weeks visiting their sons, Sloan and Claude, of this locality, and Jess, of Muleshoe, departed for their home in Arkansas, Sunday morning.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

UNION CONGREGATIONAL

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER is a SUFFICIENT TEST of fellowship and of Church membership.

The right of PRIVATE JUDGMENT and the LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE is a RIGHT and a PRIVILEGE that should be accorded to and exercised by ALL.

Each Sunday:
Sunday Church School, 10:00 A. M.
J. M. W. Alexander, superintendent.
Morning Worship Service, 11:00 A. M.
M. C. Carl Dollar, Pastor; Mrs. F. W. Reeve, Music Director.
"Comrades" (young people) 6:30 P. M.
M. June Maurer, President.
Weekly:
"Comrades" Recreation Hour, Tuesday night.
Orchestra Practice Monday night
Choir Practice, Wednesday P. M.
Monthly:
Business Meeting on Monday night after third Sunday.

FRIONA METHODIST CHURCH

"The Friendly Church"
Weekly Calendar of Activities
Sunday
10 A. M., Church School.
11 A. M., Church Services.
7:15 P. M., Group meetings for all ages.
8 P. M., Church Services.
Monday
3 P. M., Women's Missionary Society.
Wednesday
8 P. M., Fellowship meeting.

BAPTIST CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Sunday Services:
Bible School 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Services 11:00 a. m.
B. T. U., 6:45, Evening.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening, 7:30.
W. M. S., Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.
Joe Wilson, Pastor.

Notice of Services Summerfield Baptist Church

Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching each second and fourth Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
W. T. Legg, Sunday school director.
Thurman Atchley, B. T. U. director.
Rev. H. B. Naylor, Pastor, Evangelist.

Lazbuddy Baptist Church

Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching services each first and third Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
C. Tiner, Sunday school supervisor.

SIXTH STREET CHURCH OF CHRIST

I. E. Carpenter, Minister
Bible Study each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching each First and Third Sundays, at 11:00 a. m. and 7:15 p. m.
Young People's Training Class each Sunday evening.
The time of the Ladies Bible Class has been changed from 2:45 to 2:30 clock p. m.
Prayer Meeting and Training Class, each Wednesday at 7:15 p. m.
You are invited to attend all these services.

PENTECOSTAL CHURCH NOTES

Pentecostal Order of Services
Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Service each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.
Prayer meeting each Wednesday night. Young people's meeting each Friday night.
Rev. E. E. Houlette, Pastor.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

We, the Friona Girl Scouts, Troop II, have been improving our hut. We would like to tell you about the things we have done. We have put a (beautiful) finish out to the wall, made a bookcase in which we keep books to check out. We raised a shelf in our closet on which we put a rod to hang our scarves; we made valentines for the ladies who helped us this year; we improved our chairs and tools. We had an "Easter breakfast" Monday, March 25. We have almost finished our Troop Badge.
LaVern Dukes.

Mayor F. W. Reeve was a business visitor at Parwell, Monday, he being there in attendance at a meeting of the County Board of School Trustees.

LAKEVIEW NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fairchild visited his parents in Oklahoma, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Harper are the proud parents of a baby daughter, Sandra Marie, born May 2, at the Hereford hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Melton, Deleane, and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn York and baby spent Sunday in the Albert Cross home in Summerfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Parson of Rhea, and Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Parson spent Sunday in the home of Rev. Alfred Routh and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Petty and children and Mrs. Tom Dodson have been ill with measles.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pittman and children and Mrs. Alfred Routh were visitors in Hereford, Saturday afternoon.

NOBODY HURT

M. and Mrs. Everette Sparkman, Delitha, Lilly and Harold spent Sunday afternoon in the C. A. Guinn home.

Mrs. E. B. Whitefield and Mrs. Eev Buchanan, Miss Wana Vestal and Mrs. Cecil Vestal were Hereford visitors, Saturday afternoon.

Boots Rule, Joe Pittman, Ralph Durstine, John Bradley and Fred Barker are among those who have recently purchased tractors in this community.

Prof. and Mrs. Seth Rollins attended the pie supper at Rhea, Friday night.

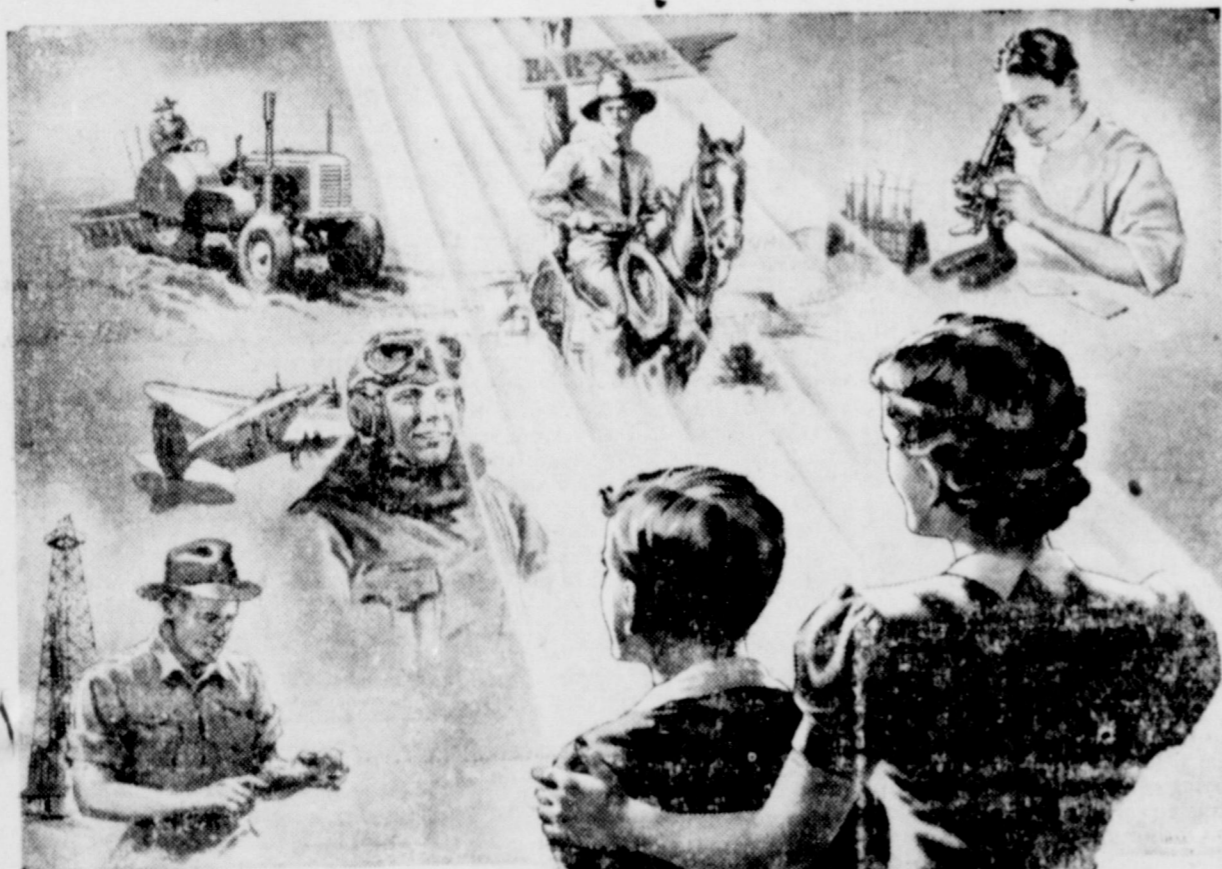
Mrs. E. H. Cummings, who has been ill for several weeks, is gradually improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard are having two new rooms added to their home and are also adding other improvements.

NOBODY HURT

A crash between a vegetable truck and a car occurred on the street here Monday afternoon, which damaged both the car and the truck considerably, but none of the occupants were hurt.

A truck parked on Sixth Street, failed to go when the driver was ready to go and he called to a friend to come and give him a push. The friend, in his rush to comply, hurriedly backed his car out from the curb, apparently without looking to see if anything was in his way, and backed directly into the front of the truck that was going south on Main street, which being on the correct side of the street, was directly in the way of the backing car.



WHEN Your Boy Grows Up!

ALL mothers and fathers want their children to have worthwhile employment when they grow up.

The Texas oil business is manned by Texans . . . the Texas boys and girls of yesterday, 225,000 of them earn good livings for themselves and their families—a yearly payroll of \$271,000,000.

Oil pays good wages . . . maintains reasonable working hours . . . and offers opportunity for promotion.

Old age retirement and unhampered development of the oil business will provide many new jobs each year for our young Texas workers.

But the growing tax burden is a serious factor in wages and employment, since the Texas oil industry now pays taxes equal to 36 per cent of its labor payroll.

Unwise laws and excessive taxes can retard and stop the growth of this industry which means so much to the future employment of our boys and girls.

This Advertisement Paid for by Various Units of the Industry and Sponsored by

TEXAS MID-CONTINENT OIL AND GAS ASSOCIATION

Please Your Hens & Chicks WITH ECONOMY LAYING MASH AND CHICK FEEDS AND THEY WILL PLEASE YOU With Good Production And Growth. We want Your Egg, Poultry, Cream, Hides

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NOW OPEN!
OUR NEW **AUTO NECESSITIES DEPARTMENT**

Big Savings for Motorists
Haile's Hardware



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK. — We heard that Wendell L. Willkie had 300 invitations to make public addresses. Across his big desk, which in its mountainous array makes a newspaper man feel at home, we asked Mr. Willkie about it. The report was all wrong. The number is something over 2,000. Also in the rack were enough pleas for magazine and syndicate articles to give Mr. Willkie writer's cramp for the rest of his life, if he took on even one-tenth of them.

Mr. Willkie, built like a guard, works like an end or a halfback. The range and agility of his mind is such that he might be a swing man, either in the line or the backfield. On his desk was a new book, the life of the Elder Pitt, about which he is writing a review; also a litter of papers having to do with pretty nearly everything from kant to kilowatts.

An hour's conversation covered a similar range. He talked rapidly and vehemently, sawing and hammering with his extended palm, when he told how the Commonwealth & Southern forced down rates, or challenged what he terms the unfair TVA bookkeeping; making hesitant or groping gestures when he touched on the intangibles of social origins and inducements. He is like that—assured and vehement on what he knows and thoughtful and explorative on what he merely thinks.

He doesn't want to kill the Securities and Exchange commission. He would merely put it under sound democratic controls.

Mr. Willkie has tremendous gusto and live, intellectual curiosity. He says all this talk of nominating him for President is incidental to the fact that he made a rock-and-sock battle on something he knew about—something which happened to be important and which perhaps helped to clarify certain basic issues. He says he never spent a dime on a personal build-up and never will. Almost his strongest emphasis was reserved for his observation that the run-of-the-mill citizen is a lot brighter than he's supposed to be, and that therein lies the hope for our continuing democracy. Out of its context, that might sound like the old homespun Indiana political hokum, but that's the last thing you could tag Mr. Willkie with.

IN 1914, Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, was riding the venerable destroyer Patterson up the coast of Maine. He said to young Lieut. Stark, *Navy Commander Has Talked Back To His Big Chief*. "May I relieve you for a while? I am an experienced navigator and I know this coast." The young lieutenant replied, "I am in command here and responsible for the ship. I doubt your authority to supersede me. If you can offer any helpful suggestions I should be glad to hear them."

It was said that Mr. Roosevelt liked that kind of sea talk. At any rate, last August, he jumped Adm. Harold R. Stark over 54 others who outranked him, to make him chief of naval operations, No. 1 post in the navy. White-haired and professorial, Admiral Stark continues before the senate committee on naval affairs his advocacy of an adequate navy, this time pointing up his argument with a reference to Japan's eight new dreadnaughts, supposedly under way.

Admiral Stark commands a force of 110,000 men, 11,000 officers, 18,000 marines, 550 ships and 2,000 fliers. Two of his outstanding policies are a belief that the navy should control and operate its own air fleet, and disbelief in "attrition" warfare. In other words he thinks the navy should be always in instant readiness for quick, hard hitting. His technical attainments advanced him in his earlier years and in later years his frank and outspoken formulations of broad navy policy. He is regarded by close observers of naval affairs as a fortunate combination of the "activist" tradition and studious and informed knowledge in the overlapping zone of naval and foreign policy. This becomes important in the latter-day urgency and delicacy of international affairs.

He is an inlander, born and reared in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. When the World War started he was herding five destroyers in the Philippines, so did they weren't supposed to go out after dark. However, he got them half way around the world and entered them in the main event. He is primarily a big-gun expert. In spite of all modern improvements in the big battle wagons, he thinks the decision is apt to go to the nation whose ships are able to display the finest assortment of the biggest and best guns. He's out for all he can get.

Increase in Acreage of Hybrid Corn Is Proving Profitable to U. S. Farmer

By JEROME MARKHAM
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

CHICAGO. — Hybrid corn, which produces bigger crops on a smaller acreage, has brought to agriculture, for the first time, the industrial technique of standardized parts and mass production.

Hybrid is a tough, pugilistic sort of corn. It battles storms and other vicissitudes of the weather successfully. It beats off the attacks of bugs and disease. But most important, it yields from 10 to 25 per cent more per acre than the old types of open-pollinated corn. Moreover, it is of superior quality.

Practically unknown to the average farmer five years ago, hybrid corn, it is estimated, will be planted on nearly 20,000,000 acres this spring. Most farmers who have grown hybrid are delighted with the results they have obtained. Few, however, know how or why it came about.

It all goes back nearly a century to an old monastery garden in Austria. There Gregor Johann Mendel, peasant by birth, monk and abbot of Brunn, devoted hours of patient research to plant breeding. In time he discovered the rules which govern the inheritance of characters and the way those characters can be separated by inbreeding. In 1865 he published a monograph entitled "Research on Hybridization." The paper attracted little attention. It was not until 1900, or 16 years after Mendel's death, that interest was kindled in his startling discovery.

Testing Mendel's Theory. Then scientists in this country began to use corn to test out Mendel's theories. G. H. Shull, at the Carnegie experiment station, E. M. East at the University of Illinois, and Donald F. Jones at the University of Connecticut, did the pioneer work. They found that by breeding a corn plant to itself ("selfing") by fertilizing the silks of a plant with pollen from the same plant) strains were developed that looked poor but did amazing things when crossed with another inbred strain.

Doctor Jones paved the way for the modern hybrid industry by suggesting, in 1919, the method now generally used for combining inbred lines into hybrid combinations known as "double crosses."

First step, as has been pointed



HYBRID WINS CROWN—C. E. Troyer of LaFontaine, Ind., whose hybrid corn won him the "corn king" title at last year's international livestock exposition, is congratulated by his friends.

out, is "selfing." The breeder starts with a good ear from some standard, productive variety. After planting, he covers the shoots with a paper bag before the silks are exposed. When the tassels start to shed their pollen, the silks are carefully fertilized and then kept covered so that no other pollen can reach them.

Result Is Amazing.

Next step is to cross these inbreds. The result of this "single cross" is startling. For some reason that science cannot yet explain, the offspring of these runty inbreds is an amazingly strong, vigorous and large plant.

Then the breeder takes two single crosses which tests have proved to be good and crosses them. This "double cross" is a combination of four inbred parents. Again the tedious process of trial and error is repeated until the breeder finally gets a combination that includes high yielding ability, strong roots, stiff stalks and a high quality ear with a mysterious vigor that results from

hybridization. Now the standard parts are available for marketing to the farmer as commercial hybrid seed. Mass production is the next step.

Fertilization Important.

One of the important results of the switch to hybrid is the change it has wrought in the attitude of many farmers toward fertilization. Statisticians have figured out that 50 bushels of corn (not a remarkably high yield as hybrids go) removes about 75 pounds of nitrogen from the soil. It takes out about 21 pounds of phosphorus and about 41 pounds of potash. Bigger yields naturally make even greater demands on the soil's fertility.

Thus, remarkable as hybrid seed is, it has to be accompanied by a well-rounded program of soil management and the use of fertilizer if results, in the form of high production, are to be maintained. Only then is there a satisfactory replacement of the essential plant food elements which hybrid corn removes from the soil.

Robot Observer Aids U. S. Weather Forecasters



UP SHE GOES—The radiosonde, a miniature broadcasting station, being sent aloft from the bridge of a Coast Guard cutter.

By WILLIAM NUGENT
WASHINGTON.—The famous remark uttered by Mark Twain has through the years become so traditional and so often repeated that most of us are inclined to agree that the weather is something we can't do much about. However, in our deep appreciation of the sagacity of the immortal Mark Twain we lose sight of the fact that the weather-robot observer is just about the bravest man in the world when he makes a forecast for tomorrow's weather.

Guess-Work Eliminated. He has about as much information to go on as the doctor who receives a telephone call from a man who says he "has a temperature" and wants the good doctor to tell him whether he has measles or meningitis. The weather forecaster's diagnosis must be based to a large extent upon the surface weather map, and this map gives comparatively meager information of the atmospheric conditions at the higher altitudes where most of our weather is produced.

Navy Man Piloted Plane

In First U. S. Air Flight
NORFOLK, VA.—Capt. Patrick N. L. Bellinger, commanding officer of the United States naval air station here, piloted the first airplane struck by bullets in combat. While flying over Vera Cruz during the Mexican trouble in 1914, Bellinger's Curtiss seaplane was hit by bullets fired by ground troops. Bellinger also is believed to be the first aviator to attack enemy soldiers from the air.



HERE IT IS—Here signals from the radiosonde are being recorded with special equipment aboard the cutter.

In recent years, however, much of the guess-work has been taken away. With the rise of aviation, the general interest in upper air conditions has increased and aircraft have made it possible to obtain upper air observations more frequently and in more localities than formerly with sounding balloons and kites. The radiosonde, a miniature broadcasting station with a parachute attachment which weighs less than two pounds, has come into quite general use for the recording of pressure, temperature and humidity in the upper atmosphere. This robot weather observer is sent aloft attached to a carrier balloon from the decks of floating weather bureau stations on two coast guard cutters in mid-Atlantic and from the grounds of six airports in the country. The radiosonde sends back signals which give the temperature, air pressure and humidity at all heights reached by the balloon.

Aids Weather Forecasts. The ocean observations, which began only recently, are of great value



THERE IT GOES—After weather observations are complete, they are immediately radioed to Washington.

to the weather bureau, especially along the Atlantic coast. Since last fall, when war broke out in Europe and ships of nearly every European nation ceased sending weather information, the bureau has been seriously handicapped in making forecasts of value to ocean commerce.

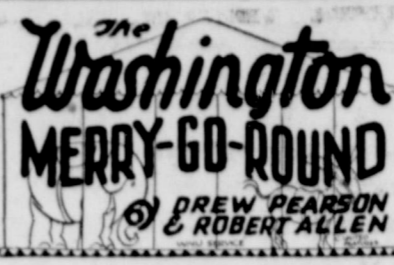
This observational work, which is gradually expanding into a network of observing stations, yields weather service for all types of uses. The basic observations are the same whether the specific forecast is for use of the aviator, the mariner, or the farmer.

Everett Mitchell, radio announcer on the National Farm and Home hour, has been telling the farmers of the nation that "It's a Beautiful Day in Chicago" every day for years and years, but they know his weather report is just a little white lie. The farmers, like the mariners and aviators, still look to the weather bureau for their authentic weather reports. Mark Twain, notwithstanding, there are few human activities which can boast complete indifference to weather, present or future.

Disappearing Sales Tax Tokens Present Real Mystery

DENVER.—What happens to all of the sales tax tokens in America? State Treasurer Charles Armstrong of Colorado has admitted that he couldn't solve the mystery in his own state, or in the nation. In circulation elsewhere—in Colorado alone there are 36,691,500 of the little aluminum discs, the treasurer said in a report. He pointed out that was 33.5 tokens for every man, woman and child in the state. They cost the state \$60,383

to manufacture and circulate. "I know that every man and woman in the state isn't running around with 33½ tokens jingling in his or her pockets," Armstrong said. "So what happens to them?" Some of the missing millions of tokens are in cash registers, Armstrong guessed, and quite a few have been taken into other states by tourists. He said he supposed a few thousand more were in the vest pockets of worn-out suits.



By DREW DEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

GUFFEY VS. LEWIS

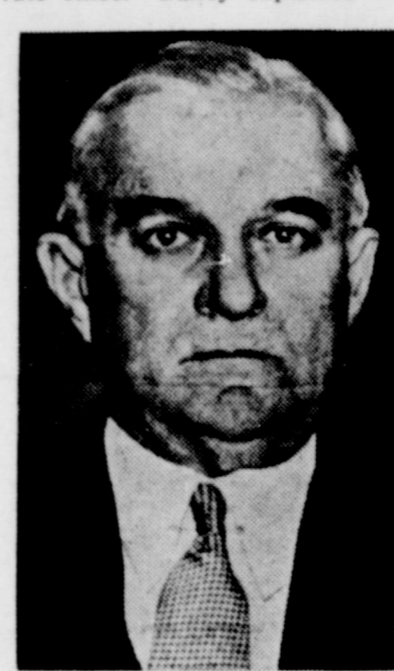
Sen. Joe Guffey scored a double victory in his decisive renomination vote. The Pennsylvania New Dealer not only defeated his opponent, Pittsburgh Oilman Walter Jones, but also handed a thorough licking to John L. Lewis.

This little-known fact was one of the most significant features of the election.

Before the primary, Guffey and the C. I. O. chief were on closest terms. Guffey sponsored the United Mine Workers' bituminous coal regulation act, and in 1933 unhesitatingly went out on a political limb for Lewis by supporting his candidate for governor over the bitter protests of most of the other Pennsylvania Democratic leaders.

If Guffey had ducked that fight he could have avoided personal trouble this year. But when he went to Lewis for help in the tough primary battle, John L. turned him down cold.

Only a few insiders know it, but the dramatic rebuff took place a few weeks before the election in Lewis' paneled, high-ceilinged private office. Guffey explained that



SENATOR GUFFEY—His victory was a licking for John L. Lewis.

he was up against a very serious situation and needed help badly. Lewis shook his head.

"We can't do anything for you, Joe," he said. "But why not? You put up plenty of money for Tom Kennedy (Lewis' gubernatorial candidate) two years ago."

"Yes, but we've got a new by-law now," replied Lewis. "We're not contributing in primaries." Chief reason for Lewis' coldness was Guffey's advocacy of a third term for Roosevelt. Guffey is a strong third termer and ran on that platform while Jones, who before he became a candidate had declared against a third term, pussy-footed on the issue.

Note—Director of Guffey's successful campaign was Dr. Luther Harr, former Pennsylvania university professor of economics, now an executive of the pro-New Deal Philadelphia Record and city treasurer of Philadelphia. Harr is slated to replace State Democratic Chairman Dave Lawrence, who although put in office by Guffey, backed Jones.

Scandinavian Desk.

One of the busiest men in the state department is the expert who follows the tragic fate of Finland, Norway, Denmark and Sweden. He is Hugh Cumming Jr., son of the former surgeon general of the United States, and one of Secretary Hull's able assistants.

The state department's system of keeping in touch is to divide the world into different areas, assigning an expert to study each area. Thus there is the European division, the Far Eastern division, the Latin American division, and so on.

Cumming has charge of the Scandinavian desk in the European division, and last summer was farsighted enough to take a trip through these countries. It was the last time he could have found their territory intact.

The minute Cumming came back from his Scandinavian tour, things began to break. His desk shows it. So do the maps strewn over his tables. He picks up the telephone. "Yes, Mr. Minister . . . Yes, sir, our latest reports indicate . . ." and he gives the diplomat a fill-in on the latest news. Already Cumming has a new map of Finland which shows its revised borders. He is wondering what will happen to other maps on the wall.

POLITICAL CHAFF

Democratic politicians are getting a big kick out of one Republican claim. Mayor William Fallon of St. Paul proclaims that he brought the New Deal's food stamp plan to the city and that it will be withdrawn unless he is returned to office. One of the casualties in the recent Nebraska primary was Charles Bryan, brother of the late William Jennings Bryan, who tried for a political comeback by running for congress. He was governor of Nebraska for several terms.

Practical Scottie and Overall Boy Cutouts

HERE are pictured two more new practical and decorative cutouts which we offer to you. These designs are to be traced on wallboard, plywood or thin lumber. Jig, coping or keyhole saw may be used to cut them out, and when painted they become attractive ornaments for your lawn. The 14-inch scottie comes on pattern Z9087, 15 cents. "Please



Use Walk" and "Keep Off Grass" signs are both given.

The overall boy is about 25 inches tall, and may be had by ordering Z9089, 15 cents. Select one or both of these clever cutout figures. General cutout directions, as well as specific painting suggestions come with each pattern. Send order to:

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

Pull the Trigger on Constipation, and Pepsin-ize Acid Stomach Too

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up fast that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach comfort, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how Pepsin-izing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!

Doubtful Living
He who lives for no one does not necessarily live for himself.—Seneca.

ADVISES YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD
Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them go "smiling thru" restless, moody, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years. WORTH TRYING!

Power in Forgiveness
To forgive much makes the powerful more powerful.—Publilius Syrus.

"Black Leaf 40" Kills Many Insects
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS • VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
4051 Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer.

Error in Haste
Too great haste leads us to error.—Moliere.

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STRUCTURAL STEEL PUMPS
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Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised
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FARM TOPICS

NEW DRUG AIDS WAR-ON PESTS

Kills Insects Without Injury To Animals.

Government chemists have developed and proved a new drug, known as phenothiazine, which will kill insects without injury to warm-blooded animals, including man.

Scientists who conducted the research said phenothiazine is "one of the most versatile chemical substances brought to light in recent years." It has not as yet been placed on the market.

As soon as manufacturers make application to the secretary of agriculture, phenothiazine will be released as a medicine for treating certain infestations of sheep, swine and horses which heretofore have resisted medication.

As an insecticide, phenothiazine has been specifically effective in controlling such pests as the codling moth, Mexican bean beetle and grape berry moth. It has not been effective against the boll weevil, tobacco hornworms and the Japanese beetle.

The drug has proved effective in the control of mosquitoes, but its use is somewhat limited because of the cost. But for rock garden ponds for example, enough phenothiazine to prevent mosquito breeding will not harm goldfish, nor is it harmful to wildlife that might drink at treated ponds.

Flexible Farm Lease

Cuts Moving Losses

More than four-fifths of the Farm Security administration tenant borrowers now have written leases, one-fourth of which are either automatically renewable or run for periods of more than one year, said Dr. Will W. Alexander, FSA administrator, in a recent report to the secretary of agriculture.

Favoring written leases is one of Farm Security's steps toward slowing down the movement of tenant farmers. In 1935 one-third of the tenant farmers—approximately 5,000,000 people—moved. Minimum cost of moving was \$50 per family, for the families involved. Landlords also suffered damage and depreciation. The nation lost by waste of soil encouraged by such tenure practices. "Oral agreements lead to disagreements and unnecessary moving," Dr. Alexander comments. A flexible farm lease form has been prepared by the Farm Security administration which can be fitted easily to needs of farmer and landlords in any part of the country. It provides that the lease shall continue in effect for several years, or that it shall not be terminated by either party without written notice to the other, several months in advance.

Best Churning Cream

Determined by Tests

The best test for cream to be churned into butter is about 29 per cent—at least from the standpoint of avoiding loss of butterfat with the buttermilk, according to trials of the Wisconsin agricultural experiment station.

Cream testing 29 per cent had a satisfactorily short churning time of less than 36 minutes. Cream with a test of 21 per cent churned in 28 minutes, and 25 per cent cream in 32 minutes, but the time and power saved with these lower testing creams did not offset the disadvantage of losing more fat in the buttermilk.

This work showed it is doubly desirable to avoid churning cream with a higher test than 33 per cent, because under such conditions there is not only a high loss of fat but also a tendency toward salty or oily body in the butter.

All these trials were carried out with cream standardized to a desired butterfat content, pasteurized at 150 degrees Fahrenheit for 30 minutes, cooled to 45 degrees, and held for 16 hours at that temperature, and then churned at 50 degrees in motor-driven churns operating at a fixed speed.

Fish Meal as Feed

Two per cent of cod liver oil in the chicken fattening ration or 2 per cent of best quality cod liver oil plus a 15 per cent level of high-grade fish meal, fed for a six-month period up to the time of killing, was without detrimental effect on the flavor of the meat, either fresh or stored. This was the finding with Light Sussex chickens in a test reported from the school of agriculture at Cambridge, England.

Bang's Disease

Failure to eradicate Bang's disease in dairy herds usually is due to three factors. First, farmers may fail to remove promptly all aborting cows from other cattle and to destroy the aborted material before it has infected other cows. Second, owners may introduce into their herds cattle carrying the Bang's disease organism. Third, owners may neglect to have the Bang's tests made at sufficiently close intervals.

Are Birds People? All You Have to Do Is Watch Them at Work or at Play; Then You'll Be Convinced Some of Them Are!

By ATHELENE WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

ARE birds "people"? Why not? For they work like real people and they fill almost as many professions.

The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker of the world of men become "the butcher, the weaver, the busy street-cleaner" in the bird realm. Birdland is a veritable Greenwich Village, for

scraps of yarn left over from a crocheted Afghan. Noon came and she left the yarn in a box while she prepared lunch. When she returned the yarn had disappeared as if by magic. A month later her small son discovered the thief. High in the branches of an elm tree a mother oriole sat proudly on a colorful nest decorated with the stolen yarn!

The hummingbird is an artist as well as a weaver for its nest is a thing of delicacy and beauty. The entire nest is about the size of a walnut. It is made of plant down and dried flower petals and held together by silvery spider's web covered with bits of moss. This dainty creation resembles a baby's silver-lined thimble.

There's an industrious fellow among birds who is an excellent carpenter. Nature has given the woodpecker family the tools of the carpenter's trade. Their strong beaks are shaped like chisels so they can easily bore into a tree trunk. Their long cylinder-shaped tongues end in a hard tip, barbed on both sides which can be pushed out underneath the bark of trees. Their legs are short and stout, their claws strong and sharp. Their stiff tail feathers end in sharp spines which can be pushed against the bark of trees to hold them upright as they hammer away at the trunk.

Equipped with these tools it is no trick at all to drill a neat, round hole in a tree and make a



BLUE JAY

butchers nest next to actors, carpenters, acrobats, divers and singers.

But who are these butchers and street cleaners? Do they exist? Yes, there really are birds which are aptly called by these names.

The northern shrike and the loggerhead shrike are called "butcher birds" because they impale their prey on thorns and barbed wire fences or hang them away in the cleft of a tree limb to be eaten later. The northern shrike looks like a masked bandit as it swoops down upon its victims, for it has a strip of black feathers extending from the eyes to the back of the head like a black mask. It flies low over the ground spotting its victims—grasshoppers, beetles, mice, snakes or even small birds. Then it turns, climbs upward before it hurtles down to the ground again in one last cruel pounce.

You may be sure that little Jenny Wren does NOT sing, "O, ma-ma, it's the butcher boy for me," for all of the small birds are filled with fear and run for cover when they hear the heavy rapid flapping of the shrike's wings. It is a curious fact that during the mating season the shrike is a very sweet singer, seemingly trying to whitewash the crueler side of its nature during the period of wooing.

And the street cleaner? Why, he's the noisy urchin of the bird family who chatters and quarrels on your roof every day—the English sparrow. He's a bold, selfish fellow with uncouth manners for he will crowd uninvited into a well-behaved robin's or bluebird's nest and drive away the real owner. He'll take possession of the house you built for Sir Christopher and Mistress Jenny Wren but in return he'll do one good deed, at least. English sparrows are city scavengers and they'll do a thorough job of street cleaning in front of your house or in an alley nearby.

Baltimore Oriole, the Weaver.
The weaver? That's the Baltimore oriole, a weaver by trade. Madame Oriole is a skillful artisan. She fashions a warp of strings fastened firmly around the forked branches of a tree.



DOWNY WOODPECKER

Through this she weaves plant fibers, horsehair, string and strips of bark to make a nest shaped like a pocket-like bag. Baby orioles are lulled to sleep by each gentle breeze in their hammock. Orioles are very fond of bright colors and they are not always as particular about property rights in their eagerness to gather material for a nest. A neighbor of mine was seated on the porch



ROSE-BREADED GROSBEAK

snug warm nest. In digging out these retreats, the woodpeckers go in horizontally to the center and then turn downward in an enlarged tunnel until the finished nest is the shape of a long, deep pear. The sawdust which falls while the drilling is going on makes a soft lining for the nest.

The Missus Dissents.
The woodpecker is a meticulous worker. It selects the site of its home with care. If the first attempt at excavation proves unsatisfactory, the bird abandons it and tries again. I watched a red-headed woodpecker hammering away one day at the dry limb of an apple tree. His mate, who was perched on a limb nearby, surveyed the work of her brilliant-headed spouse with a critical eye. Suddenly she darted near with a loud whining "char-r-r" and for a few seconds the air was filled with their angry cries. He evidently had the better of the argument for she flicked away with her brown feathers ruffled indignantly.



MEADOWLARK

I cannot vouch for the fact that she had pointed out a flaw in his work, but I do know that an hour later the red-head was chiseling away a few inches down the limb. After drilling in for two inches he seemed to change his mind and flew away in the same direction his mate had taken. When I examined the holes, I discovered that the limb was too badly decayed and a chip had come out, making a hole in the outer wall. In the second cavity the workman had again come too near the surface and scarcely more than the bark remained as protection from the weather. No doubt, the woodpecker's flaming head drooped with shame when his triumphant wife had her chance to chirp "I told you so!"

He's a "Swing" Addict.
Singing is, of course, the most popular profession among birds. The song sparrow is a "swing" addict. Their usual song opens with three high-pitched notes followed by complicated warbling trills but no two song sparrows sing exactly the same song.



AMERICAN CROW

The meadowlark thrills you with a clear, sweet "spring-o-the-year, spring-o-the-year" until he notices that he has a human listener. Then he will impolitely turn his back upon you to hide his conspicuous yellow breast from your prying eyes.

The rose-breasted grosbeak is the Beau Brummell of the songbirds but he is the soul of chivalry to his mate for he uses his rich whistling carol to entertain her during the nesting season. He is an example of what the well-dressed young bird is wearing for he has a handsome summer coat of black and rose. In winter he favors a duller suit of brown and rose.

Just as human singers specialize in certain fields of entertainment, such as radio, opera or vaudeville, so do the bird musicians develop their talents along one line. The mockingbird is the king of mimics. He not only imitates the voice of other songsters but improves upon the sound which he imitates.

Charlie McCarthy of Birdland.
The scarlet tanager and the wood thrush are both ventriloquists for they can "throw" their voices. I discovered this trick once when a sleepy-looking little owl in a mulberry tree apparently greeted me with a sharp "chipp-churr, chipp-churr." Then there was a flash of scarlet in a tree nearby and I found that a saucy tanager had used the owl as his Charlie McCarthy.

The blue jay has a cruder sense of humor and uses his power of mimicking to frighten small birds by imitating the scream of the red-shouldered hawk. This is in keeping with his role as the bad boy of birdland, a rogue and a bully who steals from other nests and "picks on" smaller birds.

Not all bird musicians choose a vocal career. The downy woodpecker prefers instrumental music. He's the drummer boy, the Gene Krupa of the bird world. For a drum he may use the stub of a dry limb about the size of one's wrist. The ideal "drum" has an outer shell that is hard and resonant with a heart-decayed gone.

The clumsy crow turns buffoon to entertain his fellow birds. He tumbles, hops, skips and turns somersaults as skillfully as any circus clown.

High-Diving Champion.
The belted kingfisher chooses water instead of land to exercise his athletic skill. He lives along ponds, lakes, rivers and small creeks for he depends entirely upon fish for food. He hovers over the water until he spies a flash of fins beneath the surface, then plunges after his prey with the accuracy of the butcher bird.

It is one of the fundamental instincts, mother love, which makes the bob white turn actress. If an intruder comes too close to her



LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE

nest this clever bird pretends to be lame until she has lured her sympathetic follower far from her young. Are birds people? I was never quite convinced until I found a catbird's nest in our orchard one spring. Held fast to the outside wall by interwoven twigs was a scrap of newspaper containing part of a poem. The title of the poem was a mute appeal "Don't Kill the Birds!"

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Army preparedness is hampered by lack of funds, generals tell the senate . . . Europe's quarrels will be reflected in United States elections.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON—Outside of airplanes and trucks, the industrial preparedness of this country as a result of war orders has been more or less a flop to date. Incidentally, the army has shown itself pathetically inferior to the navy in its strategy on Capitol Hill. Somehow the admirals are much more effective than the generals.

You don't catch the admirals, for instance, making speeches to the country saying that everything is fine—that the navy is in tip-top condition and could whip its weight in wildcats, or Nazis, or what have you. No, whenever you hear an admiral talking in public, or for that matter in private, he is bewailing the fact that the navy's battleships are getting pretty old, that at least three of them could not figure in a battle line because their big guns have not sufficient elevation, or that because of this or that reason the navy simply does not have enough money to spend.

GENERALS DO GOOD JOB.

The generals seem to do a pretty good job when they are talking to small subcommittees on Capitol Hill, in executive session. They even make converts in the senate and house who strive zealously to do things for the army. But the admirals go right to the public with their story, and are in no whit inferior to the generals when it comes to their committee appearances and their individual contacts with the national legislators.

Of course this time, and for the last two or three times for that matter, the army has been handicapped by the known difference in view between the secretary of war and the assistant secretary of war. This feud has run much longer than most of the spectacular feuds in federal administrations. Washington has expected for years that President Roosevelt would eliminate either Harry H. Woodring, the secretary, or Louis Johnson, the assistant secretary. There are lots of theories as to why he has not removed one or the other, but none seem completely satisfactory.

The navy, in this administration, has been aces from the first. The President himself was more directly interested, because of his life-long love of the sea.

MIX WAR AND POLITICS

With most Italo-Americans waiting to hear from Il Duce whether they are to be pro-Nazi, pro-ally, or continue neutral, and with a much larger percentage of German-Americans fervently pro-Hitler than most observers suspect, the presidential and congressional campaign now under way is precisely what certain statesmen back in 1920 dreaded if the United States should join the League of Nations.

It would seem as if this country is being torn internally by European quarrels almost as much as if it had joined the League.

Another surprise to some of the men who fought and beat American participation in the League is that apparently Woodrow Wilson was absolutely right, and the so-called reservationists absolutely wrong, about Article 10. It will be recalled that Article 10 was the one which provided that if any nation should attack another and refuse to submit the quarrel to arbitration of the League, all members of the League would be obligated to furnish troops or ships or both to bring the aggressor to terms.

IF IDEA HAD WON

But suppose Wilson's idea of the League had been carried out! There would have been no aggression by Japan in China. There would have been no conquest of Ethiopia by Italy. Albania would still be free. There would have been no Munich, and no European war.

That is not by any means to say that if the United States had ratified the Versailles treaty, without reservations, and become an active member of the League of Nations, all these aggressions would have been prevented. If Wilson's ideas had been carried out, yes, but there is plenty of doubt that the League would have been any more vigorous with the United States a member.

There might even be a fairly grounded suspicion that the United States would not have sent troops and ships to prevent the conquest of China, or Ethiopia, or Poland, if it had joined the League of Nations. After all, the United States conveniently forgot all about a solemn treaty it had with Korea when Japan annexed that country.



Secretary Woodring

Our Faults

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed, is modesty; to discover them to one's friends in ingenuousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride. —Confucius.



Speed housecleaning! Save hours of time. Polish as you clean!

Lady, you needn't tire yourself, waste hours of time cleaning and then polishing woodwork, furniture and floors. Instead, O-Cedar them; polish as you clean; do both at once so easily. . . for O-Cedar cleans the ugly dirty film of dirt and leaves instead a lovely glow, a soft and silken lustre. Ask for genuine



MOPS, WAX, DUSTERS, CLEANERS AND O-CEDAR FLY AND MOTH SPRAY

Small Pleasures

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undercurrent of small pleasures since very few great ones are let on long leases.—Aughhey.

SPEED SUITS ME IN A RACING CAR— BUT I WANT MY CIGARETTE SLOW-BURNING. CAMELS BURN SLOWER— GIVE ME THE 'EXTRAS' IN SMOKING PLEASURE—AND EXTRA SMOKING FOR MY MONEY, TOO!

BOB SWANSON
Midget Auto Racing Champion

WHETHER you smoke a lot or a little, you'll find several definite "extras" in the slower-burning cigarette. . . Camel. You'll find freedom from the excess heat and drying, irritating qualities of too-fast burning. . . extra mildness and extra coolness. You'll find a cigarette that doesn't tire your taste. . . for slower burning preserves the full, rich flavor of Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. At the same time, you'll be getting the equivalent of extra smoking from each pack!

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



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"STRIKE"

Is a Dreaded Word, When It Implies Hardship, Strife and Enforced Idleness of Men and Machinery, But, If You

STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

It becomes one of the greatest forces for the Good, both of Individuals and Communities. It is our purpose to always

STRIKE FOR THE BETTERMENT

Both Economic and Social, of All Our Friends and Patrons, In Offering to them THE BEST POSSIBLE SERVICE

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HEALTH NOTES

AUSTIN—"Especially where the young child is concerned, health conservation in recent years has represented a major interest not only of health officials and the medical profession but of civic groups also," Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer, states.

"Educational efforts, public health activities and the direct influence of the family physician have emphasized the value of prenatal care, protection against the childhood disease hazards, sound nutritional programs, and the removal of remediable physical handicaps in the pre-school child.

"The result is that today, as never before, the protection of child health occupies an important part in public and semi-public endeavors throughout the year," Dr. Cox pointed out.

"That children of Texas have an inalienable right to be well-born and healthy is self-evident to everyone. To deny the youngsters safeguards available through medical science would not only be unfair to the children themselves, but to the future of Texas. Healthy children set the stage for healthy adults and it is the healthy, vigorous, vital and clear-thinking adult of the coming years who must carry on when the leaders of today no longer are active.

In the child-health program, parental interest is vital. Physicians and public health officials may point the way through education and correction of physical defects. The direct concern of the parent, however, is to see that the children are protected against the communicable childhood diseases, that physical defects, if present, are discovered early and remedied, and that nourishing food is made available. Without this personal interest, intelligently and generally applied, the child conservation program cannot achieve its goal."

OIL INDUSTRY PAYS HEAVY TAX IN TEXAS

FORT WORTH—Granddaughter, daughter, and widow of an oilman, Leone O'Donnell of Ranger herself one of the few women oil operators in the world, told the story of a woman in the oil business to members of the Business and Professional Women's Club here recently.

"My grandfather was a drilling contractor, one of the first in America, and I grew up almost in the shadow of the Drake well which started the oil industry," Mrs. O'Donnell said. "My father worked with him as a driller in Pennsylvania, then drilled wells in California, Canada and Texas, including the first well at Ranger. I worked in Ranger oil offices myself, then married an oilman and helped him in the field with his business. When he died, I took over management of our producing properties and with the help of our many friends I have carried on.

"So when somebody asks how I happen to be in the oil business, I have four good reasons: I was born into it; I grew up in it; I worked in it and I married into it. My family has made its living from oil for three generations and my whole life has been built around it.

"The oil business is a fine, decent clean business: Its rewards are sometimes large, but more often are small and its risks are heavy. Particularly today with the present high taxes, its profits are likely to be meager. Take my own business, for instance. I pay three-sixteenths of my total income, or 19 percent, to the owners of the land upon which the wells are drilled. I get 91 cents a barrel for my oil, and taxes cost me 10 cents a barrel, or 11 per cent. The 11 and 19 per cent added total 30 per cent—almost one-third my income gone before I can pay my workers, operate my leases, set aside any reserves or figure any profit.

"My case is typical. How can any oil operator create more employment when he is hard put to pay the workers he already has? How can he expand his operations, branch out into other fields, or do more drilling if he can hardly pay the royalty owners and tax collectors, meet his payroll and operating expenses? The answer is, he cannot.

"So when high-tax advocates make wild and unfounded statements about oil escaping tax-free, as undoubtedly they will this year, please weigh carefully these facts against their fictions. For oil today is paying nearly 10 cents a barrel and \$70,000,000 a year in State and local taxes in Texas. That represents 45 per cent of the total State tax income, from all sources, excluding sales and poll taxes which the individual pays. Oil is also paying the cost of educating one-fourth of all the school children in Texas. And regardless of the line of endeavor which you may be in, oil has a vital effect upon every business in Texas. The oil industry is good for your community, your State, your Nation. Please don't kill it with taxes."

Elds Hart, who recently returned from Scottish Rites hospital at Dallas, seems to be making gradual improvement.

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And All This We Strive to Give in All the Service We Render.

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A. A. A. NEWS

Many farmers of the county have questioned this office in regard to use of "White Cane," "Atlas Sorgho," or "White African Sorgho," as a crop to be planted on non-depleting or "layout" land. We have recently received information from the State AAA office in regard to this cane. According to this information, this white cane is actually a sweet sorghum and will qualify as a crop to be grown on "layout land". However, the State AAA office advised that the use of this crop be avoided insofar as possible for the reason that in many cases farmers are sold other white seeded grains such as Kaffir when they think that they are buying white cane of Atlas Sorgho. Of course the seeds of the two are different and may be distinguished by careful observation. The thing to keep in mind is that if the farmer is sure he is buying white cane rather than some white seeded grain sorghum he is safe and the crop will be classed as "layout" if handled in the proper manner. However, if the farmer thinks he is planting white cane and this later is found to be some other grain which would be classed as grain sorghum, the land must be classed as depleting regardless of the farmer's good intentions.

At the present time, sudan, millet and sweet sorghums may be used as "layout" provided that they are not threshed. However, because of the fact that so many farmers have taken advantage of this to thresh these crops and thereby violate the regulations, the county committees of most of the counties of this area have recommended that any of these crops which are allowed to seed be classed as soil depleting. At this time it seems that such action will be taken. It is evident that if as much of these crops are threshed from supposedly "layout land" as has been done during the last few years that the privilege of planting any crops on "layout land" will be taken away.

By Garlon A. Harper, Secretary, Farmer County A. C. A.

GIRL SCOUTS TROOP II

In the last year the Blue Bonnet troop has progressed in many ways. We have brought many new members into our troop and made it more interesting for all the girls.

We have passed two badges and practically completed our second class. The two badges were Hostess and My Troop.

In the Hostess badge we learned how to be a polite guest, as well as how to be a good hostess. Greeting and introducing our guests, planning how to make your guest want to come again, and what you would do or have for entertainment for a week for a girl your own age were all necessary requirements.

My Troop badge required such things as furnishing one thing for your troop meeting place that is useful, writing a newspaper article telling what your troop has done during the year, telling about or dramatizing several incidents about the founding of Girl Scouts by Juliette Low and contributing or lending a book that would interest the girls. These and many other things were required.

In passing My Troop badge we passed almost all of our Second Class except for a few requirements.

We have improved our list with the money we have earned from selling Christmas cards, by buying tin-plate to go around the edge of our rug, making a brookcase, and fixing a place in our closet to hang our wraps.

We still have money in our treasury for anything that it might be needed for.

All the girls enjoyed working together and learning how to be a good Scout.

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Frank A. Spring Agency

The ground was all covered with snow one day, And two little sisters were busy at play; "But, along next May, we will go," said one, "To the Helpy-Selfy, to have our washing done."

HOULETT'S HELPY - SELFY LAUNDRY

"We take the work out of wash."

E. E. Houlette, Proprietor

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