

21 Years A Booster For The O'Donnell Area

O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has the Cotton, Grain Poultry, Cream

Vol. 22, No. 24

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, Feb. 9, 1945

\$2 Per Year

Local News

We are glad to see L. T. Brew-up and around after several weeks of the flu.

Mrs. Luther Ellis, sister in law of an Ellis, has been ill.

The Goughly family have word at their son, R. D. Goughly, who is now fighting in the Philippines coming home some time in April. D. has been overseas for more than three years and has seen action in several theatres of action in the Pacific war.

Charles Kirkland and wife of Calmar are visiting relatives here a week. Charles is in the Navy and will be remembered as having worked for the Whitsett Drug when he was here. He has seen considerable sea action in the Navy.

Mrs. Thelma Angel, sister of Mrs. Gregory, and of San Diego, is visiting her mother, Mrs. R. Turner.

Kenneth Schooler, son of Mr and Mrs. F. E. Schooler, and Jimmy Schooler, son of Mr and Mrs. S. L. Schooler left Tuesday for the Army.

Survival "Spec" Eubanks of the in the South Pacific sent his mother, Mrs. Frank Eubanks, an active bracelet fashioned from Australian coins. Spec wants some real hits as he is really in the jewelry business.

Weekend guests of Mrs. Constance were Mr and Mrs. Stanley and children of Melrose, N. M. Madames D. J. Bolch, Virgil and Dallas Vaughn returned from a Cristoval Saturday night after spending a week there.

Gene Reed of Ardmore, Okla. left last week end with his parents and Mrs. G. T. Reed.

Mr and Mrs. Felix Jones returned from San Antonio Monday night. Mrs. Jones' father, returned with them.

Waline Garner left Sunday for home where she will attend TSCW. Garner is the daughter of Mr. Mrs. Lee Garner.

Miss Morrison left Monday for Dallas, N. M. to visit N. B. Cathey who is returning to Los Angeles. He will visit Jack Lynn and his sister, Miss Josephine. Mrs. Bernie Pralin spent last week end in Crosbyton with her mother, Mrs. Campbell.

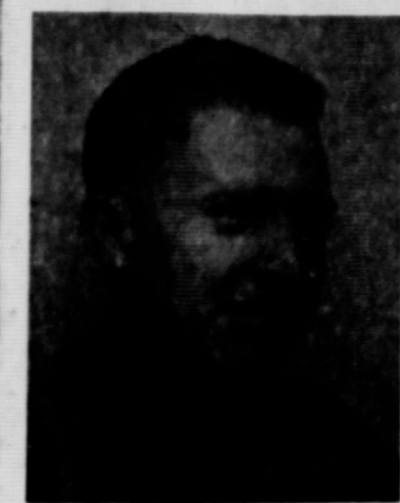
Worship Supper
The ladies of the Methodist church held their fellowship supper Monday at the Church. About seventy attended and had an enjoyable time of fellowship.

SP-5 officer 1-c Beryle Hooten returned to the West Coast after visiting here with relatives and friends.

S. Anglin will leave Monday for Hawaii where he will be a civilian. H. S. is one of our business men and we can rely on him to the Government as well as his votes and amps. Good night.

Want Ads
FOR SALE: FOUR WHEELER. O'Donnell Implement Co.
FOR SALE: ONE 4-Row Case TRACTOR to sell at ceiling price. Shape, W. L. Gardenhire 26p
FOR SALE: GAS COOK STOVE. See at Line and Lambert. Mrs. Jesse H. Lane, Rt. 1

Fighting In Germany



Pvt. Wesley Doyle Mensch

Pvt. Wesley Doyle Mensch was inducted in the Army, March 29 of last year. He received his basic training at Camp Hood, Texas which included 17 weeks. He was then sent to Ft. Mead, Maryland prior to going overseas Sept. 1st, 1944. He was in England, then France, Belgium, and later Germany. While in Germany he was placed with the First Army and was one of the group that was pushed back into Belgium. He had the above picture taken while he was in Belgium because he said that there wasn't any cameras in the foxholes of Germany.

He has sent money, Christmas and New Year's Cards home. He also says that the families in Belgium are very nice to them and that he and his buddy from Tyler has visited in several homes where they played the piano and guitar for them.

He is the son of Mr and Mrs. S. A. Mensch of L'vay and husband of the former Lois Fay McKee.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Nothing can so stir the heart as to contemplate what Christ is to us and to the World. Of Himself, he said, "I am the light of the World." As the coming of morning discloses what the night has hid, so He makes plain the mysteries of God. He said: "I am the door." Through Him, we enter in. That door is always ajar to admit the humble, penitent sinner, who comes by Faith to seek an entrance. He said: "I AM THE WAY" by Him we arrive. Not by any merits of our own, not by any goodness we possess, not by any virtue of who we are, but by HIM. He has commissioned His Church to proclaim these truths about Himself so that man, who is lost in the dense darkness of sin may find his way to the Christ and receive of Him redemption, forgiveness, and adoption into the Family of God. The Father, belongs to Him, His Church and the Kingdom of God.

It is our only desire and purpose to so present Him in all our services that all people for who He gave Himself might find Him precious to their immortal souls. There are SIX Churches in O'Donnell whose doors are open to everyone in this community and worship. All these Churches have two services every Sunday. Find your way to one of them Sunday, morning and evening, February 11, 1945. Go to the one of your choice and pray and worship God, and you will be blessed.

Our Revival Meeting which will be led by Evangelist and Mrs. R. L. Flowers, is scheduled for March 7 to 18th.
Edward H. Crandall, Pastor

Lynn County Second In Texas In 1944 Cotton Production

O'Donnell Ginned More 20,000 Bales

Lubbock county has a chance for the honor of being the top cotton producing county in the state according to a report from the Dept. of Commerce, thru the Bureau of Census showing ginnings in Texas prior to Jan. 16th. That county's total of 86,924 bales on that date was 5.3 per cent ahead of the 1943 total of 82,335 bales up to the same date.

Lynn County maintained a firm grip on second place in the state, the report showed, having ginned 79,275 bales from the 1944 crop as compared with 69,567 bales in 1943. Dawson county is fifth in the state to date with a total of 49,925 bales of the 1944 crop.

Wells News

Mrs. Homer Simpson, reporter

Mr and Mrs. Lonnie McKenzie just returned from Austin from a visit with her sister.

Mrs. Joe McLaurin is home from the hospital. Now she is doing just swell.

The Wells parsonage will be finished soon, we all hope. They are working on it this week. We invite every one in the community to do their part. Come lend a helping hand.

Mrs. W. A. Cass and son have made their home in Lamesa.

Mrs. D. J. Bolch has returned from a two weeks rest and treatment in Christoval.

Mrs. Mary McMullin and daughter of Lubbock spent the week end with Mr and Mrs. L. J. Barrett.

We cordially invite everyone to come to church Sunday at Wells. Classes begin at 10:00 a. m. and services are at 11:00 a. m.

Miss Vonie Lee Simpson spent Sat and Sunday with relatives in Lamesa.

Mr. Calvin Gallion was a visitor in the Wells community Monday.

Billie Warren Tucker of Lubbock visited with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jordan over the week end.

Mr. W. A. Simpson is very ill with pneumonia in the Baylor hospital at Dallas.

ACE HI BRIDGE CLUB

Miss Margaret Garner was hostess to members and guests of the Ace Hi Bridge Club last Thursday Evening when she entertained at the home of her parents, Mr and Mrs. Lee Garner. At the conclusion of the games, high score award was won by Mrs. J. T. Middleton, Jr. with low and bingo prizes going to Mrs. James Rowles.

Pimento cheese sandwiches, pickles, potato chips, olives, cakes and cookies were served to the following guests: Mesdames Mack C. Bradley of Hobbs, N. M. and O. G. Smith, and the following members: Mesdames L. E. Robinson, Jr., J. L. Adams, Middleton, Rowles, Milford McMurtrey, and Miss Lometa Robinson and the hostess.

City Improves Streets

We congratulate Mayor Stark, Tom Vandell and the rest of the City Dads this week on their project of cleaning the city's gutters and grading numerous city roads and streets. One good deed well done was the filling of the mud puddle at the alley entrance between the buildings housing Max's Cafe and the Crescent Cafe. Because of the acute labor problems last fall the city has not been able until lately to secure labor for city maintenance.

The O'Donnell Water Department has two new water wells that are awaiting equipment before being tested for production. There is little chance that manufacturing companies contacted can supply pumping equipment before late 1945 if then.

Tom Vandell stated that school taxes are more than 99 per cent in and city taxes are over 95 per cent in.

WILLIAM TAYLOR PRATHER

William Taylor Prather was born in Tarrant County, Texas on Feb. 2, 1877 and died Feb. 4th, 1945 being 67 years, 11 months and 29 days old.

He leaves to mourn his passing: his wife, Mrs. W. T. Prather, two sons, Lewis of Lamesa and Eswell of Morton and one daughter, Mrs. Zelma Rhodes of Morton.

Mr. Prather lived for a number of years near O'Donnell moving to Lamesa in 1921. He had been in ill health for a number of years. He was a very devoted member of the Church of Christ. Funeral services were conducted by O. H. Taber, minister of the Lamesa Church of Christ. Burial was in the O'Donnell Cemetery.

Johnny Smith, son of A. T. Smith left Monday for his final examination for the Navy.

Mr and Mrs. Dee Bingham were in Ft. Worth last week end where he enlisted in the merchant marines. They were accompanied by J. C. Swinney.

R. P. Tomlinson and wife of Post were transacting business in O'Donnell last week.

Mrs. George Pierce was called to Chelsea, Ark. last Friday because of the serious illness of her mother.

Cpl. Col Wilson, now stationed at Victorville is visiting with his brothers G. C. and Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. C. H. Cabool left Sunday for a visit with her parents at Borger.

Mrs. C. J. Beach underwent a major operation in a Lamesa hospital Friday. We wish for this good lady a speedy recovery.

REX

Theatre

Evening Show
Opens 7:00—Starts 7:15
Matinee 2:00—Starts 2:15

Sat. Nite Only Feb. 10th
Constance Moore - Brad Taylor in
Atlantic City
Also Selected Shorts

Sun. - Mon. Feb. 11 - 12
ANN SOUTHERN in
Maisie Goes To Reno
Also Fox News - Comedy

Tuesday, Feb. 13
Gloria Jean - Henry Stephenson
Reckless Age
Also Selected Short Subjects

Wed. - Thurs Feb. 14 - 15
Katherine Hepburn in
Dragon Seed
Also Paramount News - Comedy

Fri. Nite - Sat. Mat.
Feb. 16 - 17
Bill Elliott as Red Ryder in
Sheriff of Los Vegas
Also Black Arrow No. 11
Cartoon

A Nice Selection

Clarence Garcia, a Spanish-American farmer living east of Lamesa, was arrested this week and held for investigation concerning alleged possession of stolen goods. Sheriff Buck Bennett of Dawson County made the arrest. Garcia is undergoing investigation by Dawson peace officers and he will later be investigated by Lynn officers. The Index understands that Garcia is wanted for investigation by four other South Plains counties. How as picked up while trying to sell some of the items. According to Drew Story, Garcia had in his possession sewing machines, blankets, fur coats, cedar chests, saddles and other items too numerous to mention. This is one of the largest collections of loot seen in many years.

Mr. Story is seeking to trace or locate tires and wheels stolen from a truck in O'Donnell among the loot.

BABY ESCAPES INJURY IN FIRE LAST FRIDAY

Last Friday morning a small fire in the kitchen of the W. D. Sult's home west of town caused considerable damage to the room. The Sult's four month old baby was in the room at the time and if not promptly rescued in the nick of time would have been doubtless inured by the dense smoke.

It was thought that a connection to the stove caused the fire. The burning composition side walls of the room filled the room with a dense smoke. Mr. Sult's operator a dairy just west of the junction of the bypass and the highway.

DINNER PARTY ENJOYED

Mrs. Guy Bradley entertained with a dinner party Monday night honoring her daughter, Mrs. Mack C. Bradley of Hobbs. After a delicious dinner was served, several games of bridge were enjoyed by the following: Misses Lometa Robinson and Margaret Garner, and Mesdames J. L. Adams, Teck McLaurin, J. T. Middleton, Jr., L. E. Robinson, Jr., Margaret McMurtrey, Chas. Cathey, Johnnie Billingsley, James Bowlin and O. G. Smith, Jr. and the honoree and hostess.

Mrs. W. C. Gooding subscribed for the home paper to be sent to her son, Willie Lee Gooding who is a fireman 1-c in the Navy Submarine Service. Willie entered the service Oct. 14th 1941. He is now teaching in a submarine school where he assists in supervising a trainer submarine.

Miss Lometa Robinson spent the week end with friends in Crosbyton.

Mrs. L. E. Robinson and Mrs. C. H. Cabool were shopping in Lubbock Wednesday.

Harry Clemage is a business visit or in Dallas this week.

Mrs. J. Mack Noble, Jr. and children spent Saturday with her parents in Lamesa.

Little Helen Jean Hoffman was brought home from a hospital in Lubbock last Saturday. Helen suffered a painful facial injury last Tuesday at school resulting from a fall.

Mr and Mrs. C. N. Hoffman, and Helen Jean and Mrs. Hal Singleton, Sr. are visiting relatives in Oklahoma this week.

Sgt. W. C. Reavis of Brooks Field is spending a 15 day furlough with his wife and other relatives here.

Harmony News

MRS. JENNE LANE
Donald Street was a recent visitor in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Street.

Mr and Mrs. Harlan Austin and daughter, Frances of Hobbs, N. M. were visiting relatives over the week end.

Mr and Mrs. Claude Fyron and children visited relatives in Hamlin this week. Her brother, Joe Meeks, is home on furlough after being across for almost three years.

Mr and Mrs. Ben Moore, Sr. and Mrs. Ben Moore, Jr. and children were Sunday visitors of Mr and Mrs. G. C. Aten.

Jack Smith has been ill this week. Levin and Laron Davis were visitors with Mr and Mrs. John Reagon Sunday.

Mrs. I. M. Davis, Mrs. Dean Davis and Mrs. Carl Cockerham were shopping in Lubbock Monday of last week.

Doyyle and Leland Lane visited their Grandmother, Mrs. E. A. Gleg-horn Saturday.

Aaron Rogers of Comanche was a visitor with J. H. and R. O. Lane this week.

Mr and Mrs. G. C. Aten were in Lamesa Saturday.

Miss Irene Beckham, former teacher of Harmony but now teaching in Crosbyton, was in O'Donnell Saturday night.

Doyyle Lane spent the night with Geno Jones in O'Donnell Wednesday night.

Sandra, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Browning is ill with flu.

Ira Page, local blacksmith and repair mechanic, has been o. k'd in his physical exam and will leave soon for service. He is the son of Mr and Mrs. F. M. Page.

We understand that the N. E. Boothe home here was sold to Bill Allen. Mr and Mrs. Allen are of the Draw Community.

Weldon Hancock Is Home On Leave

Weldon Hancock, Water Tender, 3-c arrived here Monday to spend a well earned 30 day furlough with his parents, Mr and Mrs. Homer Hancock.

Weldon has seen 17 months of active service in the Pacific on a destroyer. Weldon has ribbons indicating patrol action in the Marshalls, New Guinea, Gilberts, Blak, Mortal, and the recent Philippine Invasion. He finished high school here in 1941. While in New Guinea Weldon visited with G. C. Burdett.

O'Donnell is glad to have one of her sons home again and know his furlough will be pleasant.

NO LACK OF EXCITEMENT IN THE "FLATS"

Sunday afternoon Daisy Alexander is said to have cut and seriously wounded another negro woman, Mert Galloway. The Galloway woman received severe cuts on her right shoulder and is in the Hobbs hospital. The Alexander woman is held in the county jail under \$1,000 bond for investigation of the grand jury. Mr. Story made the arrest.

SISTER DIES AS RESULT FIRE AT EDEN

As a result of burns received trying to rescue her mother, Mrs. J. E. Smith, who was burned to death, her daughter, Mrs. Jim Arnold of Eden died last Thursday. The funeral was held last Friday with services and interment at Eden. Those surviving Mrs. Arnold and Mrs. Smith are: Mrs. J. L. Curry of Eden, Mrs. May Manly of Iola, and Mrs. J. L. Taylor of O'Donnell. Lee Smith of Eden, Ed of Oyster, and Bill of Balingger.

Our deepest sympathy go to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and the family. Grief from this double tragedy resulted in Mrs. Taylor being too ill to attend the funeral of her sister.

ROTARY HEARS QUARTET

The regular weekly meeting of the Rotary Club was held Tuesday at the O'Donnell Hotel.

The members were entertained with several Gospel songs by the Pierce Quartet. Rev. Edward Crandal spoke on "Service Above Self", the theme of the Rotary. Bro. Crandal cited instances where the good works of Christian Missionaries are bearing fruit in the form of kindness shown our fighting men in the Pacific.

Sgt. Ray Grider, son of Judge G. C. Grider of Tahoka, is home and really enjoying his leave. Ray spent a long tour of duty in the South Pacific and later spent three months at McKinney in the Army Hospital there. Ray said he would report to Hot Springs, Ark. at the end of his furlough.

Pvt. Jerry Noble, son of Mr and Mrs. Levi Noble was home on leave this week. Jerry is stationed at an Army Hospital in Kansas.

Mrs. Mattie Shook of Lubbock was visiting her mother, Mrs. M. E. Pierce and her many friends here the first part of the week.

Mr. L. L. Busby's brother in law, B. C. Christensen of Meshow, Washington spent several days with him this week.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends for their comfort and kind words of sympathy during the past tragic days of losing our beloved mother and sister. J. L. Taylor and wife

Announcing -

That I have recently leased the

Phillips Cafe

Your Continued Patronage and Good Will is solicited.

Come in visit with us.

E. C. Pace

DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING CONVERSATION? COME IN

Sonotone Hearing Center

O'DONNELL HOTEL O'DONNELL
Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1945
10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

I will gladly make an audigram of your hearing. In 20 minutes you can see how much your hearing has slipped and whether or not you need a hearing aid. There is no obligation. It's free.

E. W. Carr,

Certified Sonotone Consultant

New Shipment of AUTO PARTS

For the Wholesale and Retail Trade

Mud Chains, Speedometer Cables
Hot Patch Clamps, Spot Lights, Fog Lights, Horns, Rings, Pistons Ford Inserts and many other parts

Hardware Suggestions

End, Box and Stiltson Wrenches
Box-end Pliers
Barb Wire; Chicken Wire; Hog Wire
Comodes, Lavatories, Sinks and all Kinds of Plumbing Goods.
Brass Windmill Cylinders

Come In and Look at our Stock of Car Accessories

Singleton Appliance

Most Complete Stock in West Texas

Announcing

WE HAVE PURCHASED THE IRA PAGE BLACKSMITH & WELDING SHOP

WE INVITE YOU TO COME BY AND VISIT US.

WE DO ALL KINDS OF FARM REPAIR WORK AND GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

Olle Tucker is our blacksmith

We Are Fully Equipped To Take Care of All Your Welding Needs.

Farmer's Repair Shop

Bill Allison Ed Hill

Sulfa-Dango, a New Hope for Many Scalp And Skin Disorders

This amazing new scientific preparation contains one of the powerful germ killing "Sulfas" together with a soothing penetrating agent in liquid form.

SULFA-DANGO gives relief the very first application to Itching, Scaly, Dandruff.

It is also highly recommended in the treatment of ACNE, ECZEMA, PROLAPSA, IMPETIGO, INSECT BITES, BURNS, SUNBURN, and other skin irritations. Simply apply this non-staining solution several times daily--no bandaging is required.

A generous full treatment sells for only \$1.00, on a Money Back Guarantee at--

and All Leading Drugists in Texas.

CORNER DRUG STORE

Jet Propulsion Drives Planes

War Department Authorizes Full Description of This New Engine.

WASHINGTON. — The war department has permitted a full description of the engine of the American jet propulsion plane, now in use by our air forces. It was perfected by the General Electric company, starting with the English model. It is mainly a supercharger that has grown up, says the Chicago Tribune.

Superchargers are compressors that suck in the thin air of high altitudes and compress it enough to keep an engine running. Without them, planes could not fly at high altitudes.

They were made with no thought of either jet or rocket planes. Yet when the problems arose, the superchargers were the answers.

In the engine's nose there is an air compressor, spun by a small motor. The flow of air thus started passes to a fire box, where it mixes with fuel—gasoline, kerosene, the kind makes no difference — even brandy would do well.

This fuel burns, and the tremendously expanding hot gases pass out of the box to blow across the little blades of a turbine. The turbine spins at high speed, and once started, keeps both itself and the air compressor turning.

Gases Shoot Into Air. All this has nothing really to do with the drive of the plane. Up to this point the engine merely is making hot, burned gases.

After passing through the turbine, these gases shoot out into the air, through a nozzle leading to the rear. This escape of the gases is what drives the plane. Nothing else is involved, no moving parts, no other power.

The expansion of the gases is so tremendous that they exit in a continuous roar. They drive the plane at speeds faster than any gasoline propeller plane. They do not yet enable the jet plane to reach the speed of sound, but the performance described here is that of some of the first models. Improvements are counted on.

Early difficulties with this simple engine were lack of alloys to stand the heat and lack of knowledge in building the turbines.

The supercharger furnished the answers to both problems. The General Electric company already had developed a turbine supercharger, which got so hot that alloys had to be developed to keep its vanes from melting.

No Warming Up. Many of the basic principles of this turbo-supercharger were similar to those of the turbo jet engine.

This turbo jet engine doesn't have to warm up. It starts the plane down the runway 30 seconds after contact. There is little vibration. At high altitude the jet uses much less fuel. This ship stands much closer to the ground, because it does not have propellers, and so can use lighter weight landing gear. The weight of this particular gear has been one of the limiting conditions to building larger multi-engine ships.

The jet plane is easy to control. Any experienced pilot is said to be able to fly one. The controls are fewer. Repairs are easier.

The jet engine weighs much less than a gasoline engine. So the jet plane can carry a bigger load.

On the other side of the picture, the jet at present cannot fly as far as a propeller plane of the same weight, on the same amount of fuel. The jet consumes more per pound of weight.

Eerie Fire Balls Pace German Planes in West

NIGHT FIGHTER BASE, FRANCE. — American fighter pilots engaged in flying night intruder missions over Germany report the Nazis have come up with a new "secret weapon." They are mysterious "balls of fire" that race along beside their planes for miles like will-o'-the-wisps.

Yank pilots have dubbed them "foe fighters" and at first thought they might explode, but so far there is no indication that any planes have been damaged by them.

Some pilots have expressed belief that the "foe fighter" was designed strictly as a psychological weapon. Intelligence reports seem to indicate it is radio-controlled from the ground and can keep pace with planes flying 300 miles an hour.

Lieut. Donald Meiers of Chicago said there are three types of "foe fighters"—red balls of fire that fly along at wing tip, a vertical row of three balls of fire that fly in front of the planes and a group of about 15 lights that follow the plane at a distance, flickering on and off.

Nurses Are Calm During Heavy Buzz-Bomb Attacks

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM. — Army nurses are weathering the heaviest buzz-bomb attacks of the war with a calmness that causes soldiers to think twice before ducking every time they hear a V-1.

Dozens of bombs are falling in some areas day and night, yet the nurses go about their duties as though they were working in a hospital back home.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Many a lad wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam owes his life to a rabbit. The pneumonia serum used by the army and navy comes from the blood of rabbits. The army medical corps finds rabbits an invaluable aid in its work. The chemical warfare division uses rabbits in a manner that means increased safety, and perhaps life, for our fighting men. Without rabbits, hospitals, military and civilian, would be greatly handicapped. This and much more, I learned during a half hour chat with Ted Steele. Yes, I mean Ted Steele, the musician. He's well known in musical circles and has been since he was a mere youngster. He and his orchestra are now heard on the air five times a week. Nevertheless, he holds that rabbits, and to a slightly lesser degree, cavies, are his career. So each Friday midnight, he leaves for his farm, which is half in Pearl River, N. Y. and half in Park Ridge, N. J., where he raises rabbits and cavies, which are more commonly called guinea pigs.

Before Pearl Harbor, there were no big commercial breeders of rabbits in the United States, Steele told me. At the time of the sneak attack, he had about 50 breeders on his farm. Hospitals were dependent on casual sources of supply, and from friends, often received out-grown pets. In all, there were only about 500 rabbits available for government work. So Steele, a director of the American Rabbit and Cavy Breeders association, was appointed to coordinate the rabbit situation for our armed forces. He increased his stock to the point where he now has 3,000 breeders. Also, in just about every state in the union, he has 50 "sub-contractors" to whom he supplies a pair or a trio of breeders and buys their offspring. At present, he supplies 130 hospitals, government and civilian, the army medical corps, the chemical warfare division and the navy through the Brooklyn Naval hospital.

The value of rabbits to medical science lies in the fact that rabbit blood in composition and structure is nearer to that of the human being than any other animal with the exception of monkeys and an adequate supply of monkeys is not available. Steele's breeders are New Zealand whites and heavy-weight chinchillas. The New Zealand white didn't originate in that country but originated in California and was given a fancy name. The chinchillas are a cross developed by breeders. The rabbits are fed on hay and grain which Steele grows on another of his farms in Bucks county, Pa. Once a week, as a conditioner and not as food, each rabbit is given a carrot and thus a blow at the story book tradition that rabbits live largely on carrots.

Another illusion Steele dispelled was the rapidity with which rabbits increase. Rabbits don't multiply — that is, they don't multiply and thrive. So at the Steele rabbitry, where each rabbit must be in top condition, the rabbits are restricted to three litters a year. The litters are reduced to six each, so a total of 18 rabbits a year for each pair. A rabbit matures at eight months and may live as long as five years. Their life cycle is limited to three years by Steele. Now, 60 per cent of his rabbits go to the government and 40 per cent to the public health service. After the war, he plans to raise rabbits commercially and for their fur; rabbit fur, which can be readily disguised as everyone knows, being a valuable commodity.

The Steele rabbits pass their entire lives within a steel enclosure totaling eight square feet. Unlike the wild rabbit, especially the jack rabbit of the plains, the domestic rabbit is not built for speed. Instead of aiding them, exercise actually causes them to deteriorate. So there is no great need for space. To maintain their perfect health, not only is there a strict diet but also the most strict sanitary precautions. Steele, through experience, has found that fire is the only sure germicide. So a flame thrower is an essential part of his equipment, the quarters of his rabbits receiving a thorough fiery going over once a month.

Love of animals caused Steele, who was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1917 and who began playing the piano when he was four, to take up rabbit raising. In addition to the rabbits and cavies, he has two huge St. Bernard dogs and a whole flock of cats on his farm. His wife, whom he married four years ago, acts as manager of his orchestra and thus he is relieved of business details. They have two little girls.

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

1,500 U. S. Airmen Held in Switzerland

WASHINGTON. — Some 1,500 United States airmen forced down during bombing missions to Germany have been interned in Switzerland.

A total of about 95,000 refugees of 20 nationalities have been admitted to Switzerland. The American airmen were among 16,000 military internees.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Is Absent Husband Still the Boss?

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



"I am a nurse and do part-time duty in the hospital—"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"HOW much should the wishes and opinions of a man who is overseas influence his wife here at home?" demands Anna Sawyer of Seattle. "I am 23, have been married six years and have two little boys," her letter goes on. "My husband has now been away for almost two years. We had been making payments on a house when he went away, but it was not a house I had ever especially liked. It is too large for us, and stands on too small a lot; it has never seemed home-like to me. Tod's father found it for us and made the first payment.

"About eight months ago I had a good offer for it, and I sold it, beginning again to make payments on a far more attractive one-story house, which was not too much for me to manage. I am a nurse, and do part-time duty in the hospital. My boys, four and three, are in school from nine to four. For this I pay \$70 a month; they love their school, are safe and happy, and it is a chance for me to do my bit of war work.

"Last month I was offered a handsome rent for my house, which I decided to take, moving in with my stepmother, who is also, incidentally, my husband's aunt. We met in her house. Tod loves his aunt, and is glad we are friends, but he writes me angrily that he thinks I made a terrible mistake combining households. He says it never works, with two women. He doesn't want the boys to be in that expensive school, he resents my selling the house, says he has no interest at all in the new house, and that as he feels now he'd just as soon not come home; wife working instead of caring for her children, home sold, and family moved in with his aunt.

Directions for Afar. "Now what I want to ask you," the letter goes on, "is just how much right a man has to send directions home from the war zones. Aren't we wives entitled to use our own judgment and live in our own way, while the men are gone? Wouldn't it be ridiculous for Auntie and me to write him obediently that because he disapproved of me I had changed all our plans? We love each other; she is a widow of 38, has a boy of 15, teaches school, and loves me and my children. Her home is comfortable and spacious, with plenty of playground and garden.

"A letter received from my husband today ends with this remark; 'please write me at once that you have abandoned all idea of combining households with Auntie, have given up your nursing and taken the boys out of that expensive school. Otherwise I will feel very differently about this war that we are supposedly fighting to protect the homes we left behind us.' What shall I write in answer?"

My answer, Anna, is that Tod is taking a most unfortunate and unjustifiable position. In plain words, it's none of his business what you decide to do while he is away. Men are totally incapable of visualizing

A WIFE'S DECISIONS

While her husband is away at war, Anna has had to manage the home, making her own decisions as well as she could. She has two sons, four and three years old. Recently she sold the house at a good price and has moved in with her husband's aunt. The boys have been placed in a private school. This arrangement seems quite satisfactory to everyone except Anna's husband, Tod.

Tod writes from overseas that he doesn't like it at all. He didn't want the house sold; he doesn't want the boys to be in such an expensive school. Lastly, he fears that his wife and his aunt will eventually quarrel — that no household is "big enough for two women."

what these lonely, strange war years mean to women, and consequently can't imagine why women do what they can to make home conditions bearable.

Go straight ahead as you are going, and don't make any explanations or excuses in your letters to Tod. Continue to write him cheerful, gossipy letters full of the children's affairs, news of his old friends, with clippings from newspapers and magazines that are of interest to him. Don't argue the matter at all, or excuse yourself.

Wiseest Course. It seems to me you are acting very wisely. You are helping with the great need of nurses; you are certainly saving money; you have worked out an excellent solution for the boys, and have found yourself a congenial comfortable home and a beloved companion. If every woman in your predicament could solve her problems as simply there would be much less straightening out of tangles to face after the war.

Of course, always keep on the note that when Tod comes back you will be together again with the boys, and with nobody else, for house-mates. Meanwhile consider your home problems as much your own affair as war problems are his. You are not writing him directions as to what hours to keep, what friends to make, what food to eat. You know that the dread machine of war has gripped him, and that until it lets go he must do the best he can, and like all the rest of us get through these awful years day by day, with whatever philosophy we can muster.

Certainly we want to write the boys good news, to keep them from whatever distresses them, to assure them that while they are doing their job so magnificently, we are handling ours courageously, too. But to suppose take directions affecting your personal life from a man thousands of miles away, a man who naturally has no idea of what is meant by shortages of gas and domestic help, butter and shoes, transportation, living quarters and commodities generally, would be to show yourself too weak a woman to be of any use in the heroic postwar world we must so soon construct. And you don't sound like that sort of a woman.

Sink of the Future.

A prominent plumbing manufacturer is asking the women of America to make suggestions for the kind of sink they want for the war is over. Some of the questions asked are: Should faucets be hand operated or knee operated or have foot pedal control? Is an exposed swing faucet or a pull-out rubber hose with spray preferable? Should there be a built-in rubber covered drain rack, an electric towel dryer, a pull-out bin for pots that would raise to table level during working hours?

Bet on the APO

By MARION TAYLOR

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

I DON'T know by what stroke of fortune three boys who grew up together in the same little town of Prairie Junction, Iowa, should land in the same flying outfit in the Pacific, but here we are. And one of us has become an ace with more knocked-out enemy planes to his credit than any other Yank in this theater. That's Roger Barnes. But Tom Norris still has the handsomest face and the most devilish eyes and the most broken hearts along his trail of all men on our island. That is, he did until Roger's fame and daring made headlines in most of the American newspapers.

Roge is a big fellow, awkward and shy as a newborn colt. That's why he never even had a girl back in the old home town, I guess. Although I know plenty who would have been glad enough to step out with him, if he'd given them a chance. Especially Polly Meacham. And Roger was plenty fond of Polly, too. But the only time he ever scraped up enough nerve to ask her for a date, she already had one with Tom Norris. And he was too darn bashful ever to ask her again.

For weeks Tom had been bragging about getting the most letters from dames of all the guys in our gang. On the other hand, Roge probably got the least mail of all of us. But after all those high-powered



"Dearest Roger," it said.

write-ups about Roge and his bravery, and his Gary Cooperish face appeared in all the newspapers and magazines, things sure changed.

Of course the fellows in our tent weren't slow to let Tom know that there was one guy in the outfit getting more mail from dames than he was. Tom bet Roge two hundred dollars that, given a month's time, he could still be top man so far as such missives were concerned. Roge took him up, stipulating that everything must be on the up and up or the wager would be off.

I offered to help Roge with his answers, and didn't spare the roses. I described the moonlight and the wide sweep of sand and said how lonely I was, and how I wished they were here beside me, and we signed Roge's name. And the results were good.

But the strangest thing was that letters started pouring in by the bucketful for Tom, too. He let us examine them, and they all seemed to be the McCoy.

The worst of it was that there was a letter to him from Polly Meacham. Beside those she sent poor old Roge, it sizzled and scorched.

Things went on like this for a while, with Tom gradually nosing Roge out.

I dropped a personal note to Polly, telling her about the bet and how Roge really loved her and asking her please to do a little sleuthing about Tom at her end.

Two days before the month ended, Roge sat on his bunk reading a long letter from Polly with smiles chasing themselves all over his face. And, after he had finished, he handed it to me with a wide, bashful grin.

"Dearest Roger," it said. "Yes, I'm going to begin my letter that way because I've been in love with you almost forever, and I think you care a little about me."

"But I have another important thing to take up with you first. The bet you made with Tom Norris."

"About a month ago a letter came from Tom, asking me to marry him. Naturally I was flabbergasted. But men are pretty scarce here, and your notes were pretty stiff and formal, so I wasn't too definite in my refusal. I—well, I thought I'd stall a bit."

"One afternoon at the Red Cross Lucy Beemis came in, her face shining like a Christmas candle. 'Girls,' she shouted, 'I'm engaged to Tom Norris and I want you to be the first to know it.'"

"Like heck you are," glared Gertie Simons. "He just proposed to me via air mail, and I accepted him."

"There were ten girls in that one group Tom had proposed to by A.P.O."

"So, Roge, you really win. You can tell the boys that Tom violated the terms of the agreement by asking more than fifty girls to marry him just to beat the bet on the A.P.O. . . ."



CHEST COLD TIGHTNESS
QUICKLY When chest muscles feel "tight" and sore, due to a cold, rub on Mentholatum. Two vital actions bring quick relief: (1) Mentholatum stimulates surface circulation—helping to "loosen" the tight muscles. (2) Soothing medicinal vapors comfort irritated mucous membranes of nose and throat. Get Mentholatum. Jars, tubes, 30¢.

MENTHOLATUM

RELIEVES DIAPER RASH
MOROLINE
WHITE PETROLEUM JEL'Y

HEAR CURLEY BRADLEY ON THE
KC Jamboree
On your favorite N. B. C. station every Saturday morning
10:00 A. M., C. W. T.
KGNC WFAA-WRAP WOAI
9:00 A. M., M. W. T.
KTNM

GOT A COLD?
GET GROVE'S COLD TABLETS for QUICK RELIEF

ACTS ON THE KIDNEYS
To increase flow of urine and relieve irritation of the bladder from excess acidity in the urine

Are you suffering unnecessary distress backache, run-down feeling and discomfort from excess acidity in the urine? Are you disturbed nights by a frequent desire to pass water? Then you should know about that famous doctor's discovery—DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT—that thousands use gives blessed relief. Swamp Root is a carefully blended combination of 15 herbs, roots, vegetables, bismuth, K. Kilmer's is not harsh or habit-forming in any way. Many people say its marvelous effect is truly amazing.

Send for free, prepaid sample TODAY! Like thousands of others you'll be glad that you did. Send name and address to Department E, Kilmer & Co., Inc., 1212, Standard, Corner Outer East End at 66th. All druggists sell Swamp Root.

To relieve distress of MONTHLY
Female Weakness
(Also Fine Stomachic Tonic)
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous for relieving painful pain and accompanying nervous weakness, tired-out feelings, which are the functional monthly disturbances.

Take regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up weakened systems with refreshing, rejuvenating Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—of all ages and conditions—and is the kind of medicine that helps women feel better.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

HEALTH
Protect It and Your Profits Against Rats
Dixie Rat Killer
GUARANTEED TO KILL RATS
50¢ Old \$1.00
HARMLESS to Humans, Animals and Poultry
Sold by all Good Grocers—Kilmer's, Harry Hardaway, Wyatt's, Clever Farm Stores and Sears.
DIXIE DISINFECTING CO.
905-06 S. Harvard — Dallas, Texas
Est. 1911. R-1064.

Keep the Battle Rolling With War Bonds and Scrap

HOW WE CAN HELP IN WAR

Your Government needs and asks its citizens in this 166th week of the war to:

1. Employ special nurses only when you are critically ill.
2. Keep on saving your wastepaper. Collections are lagging, but the need remains critical.
3. Write overseas by V-mail. It is fast, sure, and private. V-mail saves cargo space. Frequent V-mail letters are profoundly welcomed.

REMINDERS

Meats, Fats — Red stamps Q5, R5 and S5 expire March 31st. T5, U5 V5, W5 and X5 expire April 28th.
Processed foods: Blue stamps X5, Y5, Z5, and A2, B2 expire March 31st. Stamps C2, D2, E2, F2, and G2 expire on April 28th.
Sugar — Stamp 34 expires Feb. 28th. Stamp 35 expires June 2nd.
Shoes — Airplane stamps 1, 2, 3 in book three good indefinitely.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH

(B. M. A.)
 Preaching — 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
 Sunday school every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.
 The Church building repairs have been completed and you are invited to attend services at this Old Time Missionary Baptist Church. T. M. Popkin will preach the second Sunday, Feb. 11th. In this month.

TIRE QUOTAS AGAIN REDUCED

Passenger car tire quotas for the month of February have been cut by the Office of Price Administration to 1,600,000, the lowest since last October, and are 200,000 fewer than last month and 400,000 fewer than December. The reduced passenger car tire quotas again point up the vital importance of prompt recapping and tire repairs. Quotas of tires for tractors and implement use remain unchanged at 50,000.

Car Owners Face Hardest Period

Owners of passenger cars, trucks, and busses in 1945 will face the hardest period since the war began with 1,500,000 more passenger cars breaking down during the year; with gasoline and tire supplies remaining critically short; and with the serious shortage of lead necessitating greater public conservation of batteries. Key facts of the passenger car situation: No production of new cars in 1945; a 1,000 car a day disappearance from the highways; the dwindling stock of new cars remaining in the ration pool (12,000 on Feb. 1st) estimates that it will take from two to three years to fill the pent-up post war demand for 12,000,000 to 15 million new motor cars.

ASSEMBLY OF GOD

Sunday School—10 a. m.
 Morning Worship—11 a. m.
 Evening Worship—7:30 p. m.
 Thursday Prayer service—7:30 p. m.
 R. T. PEEK, Pastor.

NEW CAR PLATES

The Texas Highway Commission has passed an order stating that the legal motor vehicle registration insignia for the 1945 registration year will consist of one full size metal license plate to be attached to the rear of all series of vehicles with the exception of truck tractors, which are to have the plate attached to the front. All plates have black numerals and letters on a gold background.

PROMOTED

Cpl. Charles Letser Vaughn has been promoted to Sgt. and is stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vaughn.
 Mrs. F. M. Vaughn of O'Donnell left Sunday for Tucson, Ariz. to visit her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Gentry.

O. K. BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 11 a. m. Preaching at 11:45 a. m.
 Evening service at 7:30 p. m.
 Public invited.
 Rev. E. P. Kilburn, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday School: 10:30 to 11:30
 Morning Worship: 11:30 to 12:30
 Evening Worship: 7:30 P. M.
 God said it; Jesus did it; We believe it; That settles it.
 J. M. HALE, PASTOR

Miss Betty Simpson visited in Clarendon over the week end.
 Mr. and Mrs. Albert Flowers and Frank Eubanks were in Lubbock on business.

Mrs. L. D. Parker of Big Springs is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Vaughn.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School 10:30 a. m.
 Morning Service 11:30 p. m.
 Evening Service 7:45 p. m.
 You are welcome
 Edward H. Crandall, Pastor

CHURCH OF THE NAZARINE

Sunday Bible School 10:30 a. m.
 Young People's Service 7:15
 Morning Worship 11:30 a. m.
 Evening Service 8:00 p. m.
 Wednesday nite prayer 8:00 p. m.
 Rev. J. T. Crawford



HELLO! You bet we can take care of you. Anything you need in farm equipment help is right down our alley. Sure we have parts—a big stock of genuine IHC parts. And if we're out of the one you need we'll get it quick.
 What day do you want your work done? O.K., that's a deal. We'll get it out on time for you. When you can let us know ahead we'll always schedule the job to suit you.
 Farmalls? Yes, they're beginning to come in faster now. Mostly the "H" and "M" models. We'll be glad to work out a proposition with you. Anytime we can help on tractors or any McCormick-Deering equipment we'll do our best. Farm equipment is our specialty. Stop in and we'll get down to cases. Glad you called.

Feed mill, Cream Separator, Oil, Tractor Repairs, Lister Points Planter Repairs. Come in & call for what you need

We are always Glad to see you and help you
O'Donnell Implement Co.

Northern Star Cotton

IS STORMPROOF

- Is Early Maturing
- Has 1 Inch Staple
- It Cleans Out
- Has High Lint Yield

Can Be Mechanically Harvested
IT STAYS IN THE BOLL

Distributor

Henningsen Feed Department

Lamesa, Texas

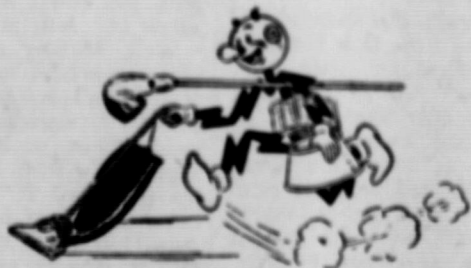
"Our Electric Cleaner Never Lets Us Down!"



A swish over the rug and the cleaner picks up dust and lint in a jiffy, just as it did five years ago when the family first bought it. No one dreamed there'd come a day when electric appliances would be hard to find.

Nearly three years have passed since the shortage of vital materials and manpower needed for the war effort stopped the manufacture of electric cleaners and dozens of other electric appliances used every day in the average home. Yet many of these appliances bought long before the war continue to do their daily jobs, saving the time and energy of busy mothers.

Most electric appliances were made to last for a long time. Now that appliances can't be readily replaced, the ones you have should get extra care and attention to make them last. Keep them clean and be careful they don't drop. When repairs are needed, take them to an electric shop that specializes in appliance repair work.



HOW TO GET BETTER SERVICE FROM YOUR ELECTRIC CLEANER

- Oil the motor regularly with the type of oil recommended by the cleaner manufacturer.
- Take care of the electric cord. Don't let it become frayed or kinked, if possible, and when wear does occur, use black friction tape to wrap the worn places.
- Pick up hard objects, such as hair pins, buttons or other things that might damage the cleaner mechanism or clog the brush.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

C. E. CAMERON, Manager

PRIZE QUALITY CHICKS

Come In Today and See our Wide Selection Baby CHICKS

All Breeds of Chicks and all Blood Tested

Feeders, Fountains, Flex-O-Glass Kerosene Oil Brooders and other items
We Carry Red Chain Chick Starter & Growing Mesh. These feeds are really GOOD!

B. & O. CASH STORE

Buy More War Bonds

Bring Us Your Produce

Gives His Life To Save Buddies

Medal of Honor Awarded To Hero Who Faced Hail Of Fire to Help Pals.

WASHINGTON—S/Sgt. Arthur F. DeFranzo, Saugus, Mass., infantryman who gave his life to clear a blazing path through concentrated enemy fire, and in so doing spared the lives of scores of his comrades, has been awarded, posthumously, the medal of honor, the war department announced.

The action was among the deadly hedgerows of France last June 10. Details gathered since reveal his act to be one of selfless heroism and calculated sacrifice. In the words of his officers and comrades in the First infantry division, "... he knew he would draw enough fire to kill off a battalion, but could save the lives of most of his company."

The action is described by the commander of the company, Capt. William E. Russell. "He started forward to help a wounded scout and it was impossible that any man could advance under that fire without getting hit," the captain related. "The machine guns and rifles all opened up on him."

"But he went through it, his rifle blazing. He picked up the wounded scout and carried him to the shelter of a hedgerow that paralleled our advance. There an aid man was able to dress the scout's wounds and at the same time he noticed that Staff Sergeant DeFranzo was wounded. But with a grin, and a gesture of refusal with his arm, he was off again."

Heads Into Hail of Fire. "He entered the field and led an advance himself."

While the infantrymen of his company took up the advance, they watched the slender figure ahead continue to charge directly into the rim of enemy fire.

"One by one the emplacements became silent," Captain Russell's account continues. "His advance was marked by enemy dead."

"But he was not invulnerable to the hail of enemy fire. Several times he was hit and his loss of blood was great."

"At one point he fell and his arm was waving in a forward gesture as he went down. His squad saw no more of him until they reached a point 20 yards from where he had gone down."

"Then, up he came, limping and stumbling, but with his rifle blazing—and once more he was out in front. The intensity of the fire was too much and spirit could no longer carry the body. He was struck again but his final efforts were expended in an achievement of great importance to his company."

"He staggered a last few yards and as he fell he threw several hand grenades into a machine gun nest firing on him, destroying the weapon and crew."

The official citation reads:

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life, above and beyond the call of duty, on June 10, 1944, near Vaubendon, France. As scouts were advancing across an open field, the enemy suddenly opened fire with several machine guns and hit one of the men. Staff Sergeant DeFranzo courageously moved out in the open to the aid of the wounded scout and was himself wounded but brought the man to safety."

"Refusing aid, Staff Sergeant DeFranzo re-entered the open field and led the advance upon the enemy. There were always at least two machine guns bringing unrelenting fire upon him, but Staff Sergeant DeFranzo kept going forward, firing into the enemy and one by one the enemy emplacements became silent. While advancing he was again wounded, but continued on until he was within 150 yards of the enemy position and even as he fell, he kept firing his rifle and waving his men forward."

"When his company came up behind him, Staff Sergeant DeFranzo, despite his many severe wounds, suddenly raised himself and once more moved forward in the lead of his men until he was again hit by enemy fire. In a final gesture of indomitable courage, he threw several grenades at the enemy machine gun position and completely destroyed the gun. In this action Staff Sergeant DeFranzo lost his life, but by bearing the brunt of the enemy fire in leading the attack, he prevented a delay in the assault which would have been of considerable benefit to the foe, and he made possible his company's advance with a minimum of casualties. The extraordinary heroism and magnificent devotion to duty displayed by Staff Sergeant DeFranzo was a great inspiration to all about him, and is in keeping with the highest traditions of the armed forces."

Remarks: Bob Burns notes that in the good Old Testament days it was a miracle for an ass to speak—now it's nothing short of a miracle to keep one quiet. . . . Phil Baker says that faster than a friend who give you the shirt off his back is the laundryman who will bring your own shirt back. . . . Most Larceny Lane characters are like processed coffee—97 per cent of the active ingredients have been removed from the bean. . . . Bob Hawk defines divorce as the hash made from domestic scraps.

Addenda: One of this department's scouts stopped for luncheon in a big cafeteria with a fancy name, over in Brooklyn. No sugar was served with her coffee, so she asked for some and got a spoonful. Then she asked for cream and got that. Noting that there was no spoon, she made a third request. "Sorry," returned the girl behind the counter, "but we don't serve spoons with coffee at luncheon—too many customers steal them."

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

British Service Women Will Be Sent Overseas

LONDON.—The government has decided to post members of the women's ATS (Auxiliary Territorial service) overseas. This was announced by James Grigg, war minister, in the house of commons. ATS women will, however, be sent to Burma or West Africa and to India only as volunteers. Volunteers under 19 years or those with children under 14 will not be accepted.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Manhattan Scene: Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa (Mrs. Allen) hurrying through Rockefeller Plaza, their pace accelerated by a lusty gust of wind. . . . Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia being driven somewhere and working with a bunch of papers as his car proceeds along Fifth avenue. . . . Skippy Homeier, youthful stage and motion picture actor, looking at a display of men's shirts in the window of a haberdashery possibly looking forward to the time when he'll have aged considerably more than his 14 years. . . . In the next block, wearing her usual dead pan, another youngster who has made good on the stage in a big way, 16-year-old Lenore Lonergan who is such a standout in the latest Broadway hit, "Dear Ruth." . . . Maggi McNellis with a new hairdo that makes her look even more alluring than ever. . . . Capt. Frank H. Farrell, once a newspaperman himself, but now a captain in the marines just back from the Pacific area, strolling along Fifth avenue.

Cuff Notes: As a result of winning the Motion Picture Daily radio editor's poll, comedian Alan Young is being sought to remake some of the old Harold Lloyd films. . . . Incidentally, Young can go on record as being the most widely sought comedian of the season—MGM, RKO, Warner Bros., Universal Pictures and Sam Goldwyn are dickering with his manager, Frank Cooper, for a long-term deal. . . . Gilbert Mack is catching up on his radio work now that "A Bell for Adano," in which he appears, has settled down for a long run. . . . Al Pearce observes that it's a wise man now who can tell on which side his bread is buttered. . . . Advice from Milton Berle: Save your pennies. Morgenthau will take care of your dollars. . . . A serious war-time problem the gals are facing is selecting a gown that will look well with either a soldier or a sailor.

About the Town: Radio actress Charlotte Manson playing backgammon with Jim Moriarity in the Barbary room—she's readying herself for the state championships. . . . Carl Brisson, the Danish singer known as "the dowagers' Frank Sinatra," on his way to the Versailles probably for a rehearsal. . . . Edgar Sisson, who, as editor of Collier's and other magazines "discovered" many unknowns who later became well known in the writing field, chatting with friends at the Park Lane. . . . Blonde Phyllis Povah, now the mother in Broadway's new hit, "Dear Ruth," doing a bit of window shopping on Fifth avenue. . . . William Shirer, back from the European front, stopping for a few words with a friend on Madison avenue before going on to the CBS studios. . . . Julia McCarthy of the Daily News, one of the town's top reporters, engaging in a search for a new (or old) alarm clock.

Graceful Gesture: Members of the cast of Ika Chase's "In Bed We Cry," in which she stars, at a time when they were looking bleak for the play, assembled in her dressing room, informed her that they all love her and that it was fun working with her. . . . Then they presented her with a jewel casket in which was a set of liquor glasses, each engraved with a letter, and the set spelling out, "In Bed We Cry." . . . A lot of gentlemen who are suffering with stomach ulcers have discovered that canned baby food (meat, vegetables etc.), makes a very comfortable diet. . . . Besides that, it is plain free. . . . Furthermore, a soup, meat and two vegetables cost a total of only about 20 cents.

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Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

Looks in Liquor Shop;

40 Line Up Behind Him
WALLACE, IDAHO—Word got around that the liquor store had received a big shipment, so a customer decided he would look in three hours ahead of opening time. He tried the store door, peered through a window to see if any one was working and turned to leave. A crowd of 40 people had lined up behind him.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Grin and Bear It

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



"These babies of yours are better off with a neglectful yet friendly and gay mother, and their grandmother's daily visits, than they would be in an institution."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THERE are times when there is no immediate cure for an intolerable situation; times when we simply have to grin and bear it. There is no use arguing about justice and reason; they have nothing to do with it. Things are all wrong and they are going to stay wrong, and we have to wait for the long months or years to bring about the change.

Such a case seems to be that of a lieutenant who writes me from Florida; his wife and two babies live in Worcester, Mass. They can't go to him, for it is impossible to find living quarters where he is, and he gets home to visit only now and then.

"My wife is extremely pretty," says his letter. "She is 10 years younger than I, which means she is 24. Our children are a girl of 5 and a boy of 4."

"Betty is gay and friendly, she loves a good time, and—well, in a word, she is unfaithful to me. She goes about with a fast crowd, stays away nights, neglects the children, runs into debt, and is altogether unsatisfactory. If I reproach her for an untidy home, crying children who always have colds in their heads, unpaid bills, and affairs with other men she only laughs. She doesn't deny anything. Desperately, when I was last at home, I accused her of having lovers, and she answered boldly, 'I'm not asking you any questions, and while you're away I don't think that what I do is any of your business!' Any of my business what my wife does!"

Going Overseas. "Of course," concludes the letter, "this sort of action on her part and this attitude have somewhat destroyed my old love for her. But what I want your advice about is, what can I do? My mother is dead; I have no sister. Nursery homes for babies of those ages are too costly, and although Betty's mother is living, and goes in daily to do what she can for the children, she is not strong enough to assume full care of them. I am shortly to be sent overseas. It is unthinkable to me that I must tolerate the ignominy and discomfort of this state of affairs. Can you recommend to me any society that cares for cases like this, and might help me find a place where I could put my babies?"

No, Don, I don't, and if I did I wouldn't recommend it. This is a miserable problem for you, and you have my heartiest sympathy. To have to go away to the battlefield under these circumstances is a real martyrdom, and the bitter thoughts that are seething within you will do nothing to strengthen your arm or quiet your nerves when the hour of crisis comes.

But at the same time, those babies of yours are better off with the neglectful, yet "gay and friendly" mother, and with the daily visits of the grandmother, than they would be in any institution, or under any care you could buy for them now. All the kindly, older women who used to care for little charges in comfortable homes are out in the world now, driving rivets, nursing wounded, packing overseas food and clothing.



"She loves a good time. . . ."

UNDUTIFUL MOTHER

A lieutenant, soon to be sent overseas, asks Miss Norris where he can find a nursery for his two children, aged four and five. Their mother is not dead, nor even sick; she is just too busy enjoying herself to be bothered much with her babies. What care they do receive comes from their maternal grandmother. This young army officer feels that he must take his children from their mother and put them in a home so that he will be assured that they will be cared for while he is away.

Miss Norris advises him to make the best of a bad situation and to leave the children with their mother. This is best for everyone, Miss Norris advises. Even a neglectful mother is better than an institution, she says. When the war is over, this young woman may have matured considerably. She may be quite happy to settle down to the responsibilities of married life.

It would be much wiser for you to endure what you can't, at the moment, cure. Write Betty as pleasantly and affectionately as you can. Trust her as if it had not occurred. You will find that she has cooled down, too, and will be glad to resume relationship on the old basis. When you are away, send her a present now and then, if you can. In other words, make the best of a bad situation, and wait until the war ends to come to another understanding.

No Code of Decency. Sheer decency should have kept Betty from these excesses, of course. Sheer decency on the part of certain national leaders would have prevented this war, and you would be at home still, in your normal occupation, able to protect your wife and children.

But where code and honor don't exist, or where a weak, easily-influenced woman is left too much to her own devices, wretched crises like these do occur, and they have to be faced like the abnormal problems they are.

It might be that, in anger, Betty exaggerated her escapades, just to provoke you. It might be that when you come home, in a year or two, you will find a different sort of wife. Don't attempt to find any solution now; leave it to time.

It is hard to reach the understanding of a girl like this. One reminds her of "duty, character, code, fitness, moral law." She never heard the words! Her only law is that of pleasure, and she hasn't had any guidance even to show her what pleasure is safe and what is dangerous. Prayer and grace would save her; nobody has ever taught her what grace is, or how to pray. Her whole argument and creed and belief and law are covered by the one expressive phrase: "So what"?

HOME MADE FURNITURE

If the man of the family is just reasonably good at carpentry, the chances are he can do as well or better than some of our pioneer ancestors. They used the wood at hand, the tools available, what skill they had. The secret of their success was that they didn't attempt something fancier than they could execute. And it is this very forthright utilitarianism of their furniture that makes us prize such antiques today. There was honesty and usefulness in every line of them.

Battle Jacket

By EDWARD YEWDALE

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

JOHNNY MULFORD'S first approach to the girl was direct. He went straight up to her in the subway station and said, "Gee, you're the most beautiful thing I ever saw."

The girl gave him a look that was (1) startled, (2) contemptuous and (3) mad. She said, "On your way."

Perhaps if she had known Johnny's long build-up before he found the courage to do what he did she would have been a little more receptive. It was like this: He had come back from the wars and gone to work for the Mulcahy Contracting Company on his old drawing board, after two months' loafing. He couldn't get through his red head that this building stuff was of the slightest moment. He couldn't, at first, get back to work. He couldn't get his mind on the beam.

After wandering around the house, worrying Mom to death, picking books out of the bookcase and reading a page or two, then putting them face down on the coffee table, the piano, the floor; after whitewashing the cellar and pruning the trees, he finally gave up and went into the office. The battle jacket with the shoulder patch embroidered with the "1" and "Guadalcanal" hung in the closet. He had never worn it since the day he got home.

He saw the girl the first day he went regularly to work. She boarded the bus at Poplar Street. She carried herself with a quiet dignity that became her. Her eyes, she was alone always. The girl's eyes reminded Johnny of the deep blue of the Pacific, and it seemed as if this was the girl he had been waiting for all his life. But the girl appeared to know nothing about that.

After a few weeks of long-distance admiration Johnny met Kline Harkins and, wonder of wonders, Kline knew something about the girl! Kline had only been acquainted, things might have been settled one way or another right then. But Kline only lived near the girl, and she wasn't given to distant noddings. But Kline had a lot of dope. Her name was Hermance Taylor, she was twenty-two and worked in the Great American Insurance Company's office; her father was a dispatcher for the bus company. There was no boy friend in sight.

Six weeks passed. Once Johnny had the opportunity to give Hermance his seat in the bus. She said a cool "Thank you," and sat down. After that Johnny ceased to exist.

After his rebuff in the subway station Johnny braced Kline Harkins to try to meet the girl through neighbors on Poplar Street, but Kline was too diffident and bashful himself for that. Anyway, Johnny calculated, Kline would like to meet the girl or his own account. This seemed a rocky reversal of the "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Pocatontas thing.

Johnny just subsided into eying the girl, drinking in every detail of her appearance, noting the sweetly grave expression in the deep blue eyes, the just-right details of her modest dress, the graceful walk and superlative carriage.

Things at the office didn't go so well. He couldn't concentrate on the layout of the Kilmer Radio Company's machine shop at all. Mr. Mulcahy was swell; he reminded Johnny that Rome was neither built nor destroyed in a day. "Take your time," he said. "This stuff will seem trivial for a while yet. Work only when you feel like it, Johnny. We're with you—we know what you can do."

"Wait till I meet Hermance," he said to himself. "Then I'll start to go to town. We'll see movies two nights a week, and we'll hold hands in the dark. On Saturday nights we'll go to the American Legion dances, and the boys will look at Hermance and gnash their teeth. After about a year I'll touch Dad for a loan and we'll think about buying a house, and from then on it'll be bills and mortgages and maybe a little Hermance and Johnny. And will I love it!"

Early on Johnny's Saturday off, Mr. Mulcahy called him up. "Johnny," he said, "Mr. Henderson is here from Milwaukee. He wants to go over the machine shop layout with us, and I don't know a thing about it. Will you come in?"

Well, Mother had sent his only civvy overcoat to the cleaners, and it wouldn't be back until night—a special concession at that. Mother said, "Put on the battle jacket, John. It's mild out. You ought to wear any part of a uniform somehow, but there was nothing else to do. It was too cold for his suit, and as yet he possessed no topcoat. He sallied forth in the battle jacket.

Hermance hopped on the bus at Poplar Street. Her eyes passed Johnny with their cool impersonality and looked out the window. Something brought them back again, and they settled on the shoulder patch of Johnny's jacket, on the "1" and the "Guadalcanal."

In the subway station she came swiftly up to Johnny and said, "Pardon me, but I always wanted to shake hands with a man from Guadalcanal. I hope you won't think I'm forward."

Johnny grinned and said, "No. I don't think you're forward. I think you're swell."

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Red Raskall

By CLARK M'VEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shannon, whose horse, Madoc, was sold to clear a debt when her father died, sails from England for America. David North, whom she loves, was to make the trip with her but sails the night before. Lark's ship goes down, but she reaches land and Galt Withe, a bond servant, finds her on an island and helps her but refuses to bring her to the mainland. The two manage to huddle Lancer, a fine horse who had escaped from the sinking ship and on which a price of 100 pounds has been offered. After some time Galt returns to the island with Cony, who plans to hold her for ransom to David North's firm. They reach the inn and Lark finds herself being carefully watched.

CHAPTER IX

Mag had gone indoors now and Cony returned to his oyster shucking. He was, for the moment, on the far side of the mound, raking the shells with his long wooden fork. Surely she could slip away for a few minutes, Lark thought. Surely she could!

Slowly she edged toward the corner of the inn and stood there in its shelter for a moment, watching, holding her breath. Nothing happened; nothing at all. With cautious deliberation she slid past the outhouses and, still slowly, sauntered toward the bridge. She gained the bridge and crossed it, was in the woods now and started to run after the four who were in sight just ahead, their bright garments glowing like exotic tropical flowers among the shadowed undergrowth.

Lark had time to call out and the satisfaction of seeing the gipsies turn and stand waiting expectantly before the sound came to her. The baying of Old Dog, the rush of his padding feet on the swinging bridge, the drying rustle of his paws in the dry grass behind her; it frightened her terribly. She screamed and drew back into the bushes.

It was less than a minute till he found her and fastened his teeth in the fabric of her skirt.

She stood prisoner there till Cony came up on the ledge. "I seed un," he panted, "I set Old Dog loose to learn un not to go sneakin' off. Never seed no Roms afore, did un? I seed that boy an' gal smile at un." He nodded sagely. "I wuz a-ppyin' on un from 'hind the oyster-shell all the while." He threw back his huge yellow head and laughed uproariously. "I didn't tell Mag, sweetmeat, but she'll hear Old Dog bay an' know what-for."

Lark glanced in the direction of the gipsies and called out to them. They shrugged their shoulders with a yawn or feigned indifference and, when Cony made threatening gestures toward them, continued on their way.

Cony broke a switch off a nearby bush and pointed toward the inn. When Lark started back without comment, he ordered Old Dog to release her dress and followed along behind, flicking the switch vaguely in her direction.

Mag was waiting for them in the courtyard. "Go up-attie," she ordered. "No dinner for un this day, girl!"

She came behind Lark up the steep and narrow steps and shut the heavy door quickly, turning the key in the lock on the outside and stamping down without any more words.

It was then that she realized her luck in having Galt's spy-glass hidden under her straw pillow. It was still there. She was thankful Mag hadn't thought to rummage round.

Lark focused the glass eastward toward Ghost Island. How she wished she could see Red Raskall hidden in the dip where the grass was so green and the rock-basin held the water like a cup. She could imagine him there so clearly, awaiting, like herself, his hour of freedom.

She turned the spy-glass then toward the castle. She could distinguish the glint of its red roof among the trees. She could see the gipsy camp below it, spread out on the plateau; the tents, bright patches among the trees, the figures of the men and women moving about in the open space where the cooking fires smoldered like dusky jewels.

David was there somewhere among them, Lark thought. It was a thing scarcely to be believed, that, almost, she could reach out her arms and touch him.

Lark drew back, her eyes blazing in fury. Mag's hand fell to her side. "Go back up-attie," she ordered, "an' see to it that un stays there. I'll soon up an' lock un in. Un's more hinder than help, cozening up to every male-crittur in sight."

Lark was afraid that if she made a scene it would be Galt and not she, herself, who would suffer from it, so, under Mag's sharp urging, she went up to her room again.

It was not long till Lark heard the crowd gathering in the room below. Snatches of song and rough loud talk came up to her. She strained her ears to hear David's voice among the others. Finally, she crept from her room and stood at the top of the darkened stairway, bending down, trying to peer into the big room.

She couldn't see the entire group from where she crouched and so, after a moment, edged lower, step by cautious step. Here, from the shadowed corner of the landing she had a good view.

The bright scarfs of the group of gipsy folk splashed color in the far corner of the dim-lit room. They stood a little apart from the sailors. Lark saw the white haired woman was there, and Dosta and Chal and Ginko. The men's arms were woven around the women's waists and they were swaying and twisting to the tune which Ginko was playing on his fiddle. Their feet moved in an intricate, hypnotic cadence.

It was impossible to tell whether or not David was among the group. Several had their backs to Lark and a few were hidden by the dark shadow of the Dutch dresser.

It was at this moment that some quick dispute flared by the oak set-



The sailor crumpled in a heap on the dirt floor.

tle which banked the fireplace. Lark's eyes shifted to the sudden movement there and discovered Matson, still wrapped in his long black cape. Lark saw at once why Mag had spoken of him as the Spanish Cat. The nickname was an apt one, she realized, as he stepped from the darkened corner.

He stood now, electric with anger, glaring haughtily at the black-bearded sailor who had knocked the tray from Galt's hands a few moments ago. Presumably the man had taken some liberty with him which he resented deeply. Almost more quickly than Lark's eye could follow the swift motion, a rapier was gleaming like a silver streak in the air; gleaming one moment and buried deep out of sight the next, as, with a groan, the sailor crumpled in a heap on the dirt floor.

Matson drew a silk handkerchief neatly down the rapier's blood-stained length as he stood, smiling a little, like a dancer, poised beautifully on the balls of his slim feet.

"Pick him up," he said softly, "throw him out into the courtyard. The dog's ready for the dung-pile." His summoning gesture brought two gipsies from the group. With utter unconcern they tossed the dying man into the yard.

Galt was bending over the man, holding a cup of water to his lips. Lark whispered his name so softly that when he turned it was as if he had sensed her presence, rather than heard her. He followed her quickly to the shadows of the trees.

"Galt!" Lark's cold hands clung to his. "Oh, Galt, I'm going to the church. I'm going to try to get there, to the cross-roads. If you could go with me, Galt—"

He shook his head, glancing back fearfully. "They'd miss me," he said, his voice less than sound. "Run, Lark! Once you get away from here you can find help. It's better for you, without me. Past the church you'll—"

He stopped, darted away from her, stood still as Cony opened the door, peering out. Lark slipped away among the trees and out-buildings, running now, making for the dunes

and the direction of the church, running faster than she had ever run in her life.

After a time the terrified beating of Lark's heart quieted a little. The very effort it took to walk through the loose sand calmed her. She was out of breath now and gratefully sucked the cool, damp night air down deep into her lungs. Presently a new strength seemed to enter into her.

Though she was still deeply perplexed and frightened, that last glimpse of Galt had been a comfort to her. She felt it had taken a certain courage which she had not known him to possess to be aiding the dying man. A craven would not have done that thing.

Galt would know her whereabouts at the parson's and would get word to her somehow. Their two fates were linked together. Lark knew that and it renewed her own courage.

Lark pushed forward. It was good to thrust her feet deep into the sand and let it seep through the rough sandals. She could feel it under her toes, damp and firm, packing hard under the arches of her feet.

She was strong and young. The tug of the sand was, as yet, no impediment to her. Walking fast and free like this, she felt the night wind behind her, urging her on.

Not far ahead of her Lark could see the church, four-square and white-steepled. The parsonage must lie behind it, just out of her present vision. Lark wondered if the man of God would be angry, being wakened in the middle of the night. Maybe he was deaf, sleeping on his good ear as her father used to do to try and give himself a good night's rest.

She tried the door of the church but found it locked. She crept through the little cemetery where the tombstones stood all awry until she came to the parsonage beyond.

Lark stood for a moment, looking. Then, as the moon came out from behind the clouds, a feeling of desolation and fear came over her. The paling fence was broken and falling away. The windows of the house were gaping wide, and the doorway was a hollow open shell.

Behind Lark there was a sound, a step, quick, pursuing.

She swung round and called out, "Who's there? Galt, is it you?"

The answer came, not in Galt's voice, but in David's.

"Lark, child, what in the world are you doing here?"

In an instant she was in his arms, clinging to him, sobbing out all her fright and dismay. She knew only that David was holding her; David, whom she had loved ever since she was a little girl.

He was holding her close now, as if she were still that little girl, needing the comfort of his protecting care.

"Don't cry that way, Lark," he said gently. "It makes me feel real bad. There isn't anything to be scared of. I'm here with you."

"But, David, you wouldn't speak to me last night. I kept thinking all day you'd come to me and you didn't."

"I couldn't speak to you last night. You shouldn't have called out to me."

"I'm sorry, David. But I was so glad to see you." Lark tried to calm herself now, to take some assurance from David's reasonable tone. His arm was still about her, holding her shivering body against his own. He was so warm, so safe, so strong.

"David, you knew about the Tempora?"

"Not till after I saw you yesterday, Lark. Then somebody told me of the shipwreck."

"It was horrible. I still wake up in the night dreaming about it."

"But you're safe now. You were one of the fortunate ones."

"When I was out there on that dreadful island I didn't feel fortunate. When Clink Swalters, the mate, died and left me, I almost wanted to go with him. I would have wanted to if it hadn't been for the thought of you, the hope I still held onto that we might be together again, be . . . be . . ."

"Be married, Lark? Was that it? We will be married some day, after a bit, when I've got this business with Matson straightened out. I'll be rich then, and safe. Now it's too risky a thing."

"What is it, David? Tell me about it. I don't understand the least little bit. I was so unhappy and confused when I got your note."

"I tried to send you a message by Mother Egypt this morning," he said, "but she had no chance to deliver it. Chal and Dosta said you attempted to follow them. That wasn't wise, Lark."

"But I had to know, David. I wanted to talk to you, and now you won't tell me anything!"

"Darling, I'm ready to tell you everything. What was it specially?"

"Why didn't you come with me, David? Why didn't you keep your promise?"

"Business," David said, "I told you that, honey. My company sent me over to catch Matson who has been black-birding slaves in for years, insuring them for a good round sum and then claiming he loses nearly half on every trip. He sneaks in those he makes the false claim on after his ship has been cleared and hides them away at his castle up the hill till he can dispose of them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

DREW PEARSON

Washington, D. C.
STORY BEHIND MONTGOMERY BRADLEY COMMAND SHIF
There is significant background behind the appointment of British Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery to command two American armies, thereby taking away most of the command of Lieut. Gen. Omar N. Bradley. There are also interesting reasons why it was kept such a hush-hush matter from the American public.

General Bradley has now been awarded the bronze star by Eisenhower and congratulated by Churchill to take the sting out of his loss of the First and Ninth armies. The idea that Bradley made the transfer himself also has been publicized. Despite these maneuvers it is known inside the war department that highest U. S. war chiefs opposed the transfer to Montgomery and that it was put across by General Eisenhower anyway.

Background of the reshuffle goes back to the landing in Normandy last summer when Montgomery was given Caen as his objective, while Bradley was to take Cherbourg. Bradley reached his objective ahead of schedule in a new type of offensive fighting, in which U. S. troops did not wait for supplies to come up nor for snipers to be wiped out.

Montgomery, using more conservative, slow-moving, old-fashioned tactics, sat with his army at Caen and either could not or would not break through until long after schedule, and until Bradley, ignoring Montgomery, smashed the Nazi lines to the south and started the lightning dash to Paris.

'Montgomery Demoted.'

Afterward, the Stars and Stripes carried a story that Bradley was being promoted to the rank of full general and would supersede Montgomery. The Stars and Stripes being an official army newspaper, the story naturally was true. But publication in London caused such a furor among the British that the British broadcasting company went on the air with an emphatic denial. After that the shift of armies was held up for a while, until Montgomery could be made a Field Marshal to appease both him and British public opinion. Bradley then took over command of all the American armies under Eisenhower, and Montgomery was left only with the two British and Canadian armies in Holland and Belgium.

Since then Monty has been waiting for his chance to stage a comeback. His friends of the British press—of whom he has many—have been doing the same. So immediately following the German breakthrough, he began pressuring Eisenhower to give him the American First and Ninth armies.

Montgomery is a superb defensive fighter. When his back was to the wall at El Alamein just a few miles from Cairo, he did a great job. When given offensive jobs as in Sicily, at Caen, and at Arnhem he failed to make the grade.

How much of Eisenhower's decision to put Montgomery in command of the two American armies depended upon his ability as a defensive fighter, and how much on British pressure is not known. It is known, however, the transfer of commands was opposed in the war department and was carefully hushed-up for two weeks and not even all of the top-ranking executives in the Pentagon building knew about it.

Also it is a significant fact that Eisenhower is answerable to Churchill as well as Roosevelt. He cannot be removed by Roosevelt without Churchill's O.K. and he has to get along with both. That is an important point not realized by many. But not to be forgotten.

Note: Rivalry among high ranking generals exists in every war, probably worse in the last war. General Pershing and Gen. Peyton March, U. S. chief of staff, were hardly on speaking terms. General Pershing also sent Gen. Clarence Ransom Edwards of Boston, hero of New England, home from France because of clashing personalities.

CAPITOL CHAFF
At the dinner of the Washington radio correspondents, President Roosevelt smoked cigarettes without a holder, while Assistant Pres. Jimmy Byrnes used a long black holder.

In London they tell Americans, "You've got to understand our Winston. He believes in government for the people, not government by the people."

The bobby sox brigade has invaded the sacred halls of congress. Dozens of youngsters crowded the corridor outside the office of Helen Gahagan Douglas last week, hoping for a glimpse of the comely congresswoman from Hollywood. Her admirers were acquainted with all the roles she had played with the title they were in diapers.

Frederick Woltman of Roy Howard's New York World-Telegram, is releasing a series revealing the highest U. S. army posts have been taken over by communists. This will be news to Joe Stalin.

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ASK ME ANOTHER? A General Quiz

- The Questions
1. What is the difference between a mosquito and a Mosquito?
 2. A barleycorn was once used as a measure of length. How long was it?
 3. Since 1775 how many years has the United States been at peace? At war?
 4. What is the only magical instrument represented on a national flag?
 5. Is a Brahman a Hindu of the lower caste?
 6. Which is the highest rank, a captain in the U. S. army or a captain in the U. S. navy?
 7. Absolutely pure gold is said to contain how many carats?
 8. Who was the first person to be portrayed on a U. S. coin while still alive?
 9. What is the meaning of sans pareil?
 10. What are the three main types of twins?

- The Answers
1. A mosquito is an insect; a Mosquito is an inhabitant of the Mosquito coast of Central America.
 2. One-third of an inch.
 3. One hundred forty-eight years of peace; 21 years of war.
 4. The harp on the Irish flag.
 5. No. He is of the sacred or priestly caste.
 6. A captain in the navy.
 7. Twenty-four.
 8. Calvin Coolidge. The Sesqui-Centennial half dollar issued by the mint in 1925 shows George Washington and Coolidge.
 9. Without equal.
 10. Identical, fraternal (unlike), and Siamese.

Which of your two husbands is coming home tonight . . .

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Harmony News

MRS. JESSE LANE (Delayed from last week) A nice shower fell here Friday night followed by spring like weather Saturday.

Mrs. Dayton White of Hobbs, N. M. visited with her sister, Mrs. F. E. Gleghorn and family Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs. Deen Davis and children have returned from Denver, Colo to make their home in Lamesa. B B Street was in Tahoka Monday on business.

Mrs. Rudolph Furlow and baby daughter are at Bosque visiting her parents.

Mrs. Jesse Gillespie is recovering from an attack of strept throat.

Mr and Mrs. Oscar Furlow and family have moved into our community and now live where A. B. Furlow lived. A. B. has moved to the place formerly occupied by Rudolph Furlow.

Price, young son of Mr and Mrs. L. D. Parker is sick with strept throat.

Jackie Gleghorn spent Friday night with Leland Lane.

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LADIES and GENTS SPRING AND SUMMER

Suits and Slack Suits

O'Donnell Index-Press

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Entered as second class matter at the post office in O'Donnell, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1879.

The Country Editor

Two or perhaps three commented on our last week's editorial. One man missed the point altogether. For this we apologize for our apparent lack of concise writing.

We restate our point that it is FUTURE business improvement and not immediate civic improvement that is the bee in our bonnet. It is our considerate opinion that O'Donnell is doing pretty well on all problems of a city and civic nature. War time is a difficult time for everyone and our City Dad's, our Lion's Club, Clubs have civic and city problems and our Churches and our Women's pretty well before them and in hand.

We are thinking about another subject. Since before Pear Harbour business here and over the nation has been par-excellent. Last year, using our home town bank statement as an index and the postal statement as another, we prospered richly and far better than at any time in recent years. Right today business is very GOOD.

BUT... the time to insure a house is BEFORE the fire. The time to prevent business erosion is BEFORE the wind blows, before the downpour falls, BEFORE our valued business migrates to other pastures—whether the pastures are greener or just LOU-ER greener, it's the same difference.

For some five years I worked with the Soil Conservation Service in the Western States as a soil surveyor. On one farm in the Dust Bowl of Colorado that I was mapping at the time, I was accompanied by the farmer. Talking of the history of one abandoned, blown, hummocky field, the farmer stated that he had lost two feet of rich top soil before he became alarmed—and then he was too late. What a tragic thing. It would take Nature's grass a man's lifetime or longer to heal the wound while it took only three years of wind storms to do the damage. Business erosion or social erosion is as active as wind erosion and can be as a thief in the night.

Since the end of World War I there has been a "normal" tendency for folk to migrate to cities—for big towns to grow bigger and small towns to grow smaller. Since Dec. 7, 1941 our economic life or growth, has been frozen. When the ice breaks and the Post-War Era opens, we will face our crisis. NOW an organization of home town business can be a tool toward meeting changes that are CERTAIN to come. We may win or we may lose—but we will have at least tried! Think it over!

NEWMORE H. D. CLUB NEWS

The Newmore H. D. Club met Monday, Jan. 29 at 3:00 p. m. in the home of Mrs. Hubert Welch. Miss Dixon was present and demonstrated the pruning of grape vines. Coca, sandwiches, and salad were served. Miss Dixon also demonstrated a green, pink and yellow salad that was delicious. Our next meeting will be Feb. 21. Everyone invited.

Let a "Want Ad" be your silent salesman. 2¢ a word and no ad taken for less than 25¢. We have a wide sworn circulation in this 3 counties area. Ask our advertisers if they get results.

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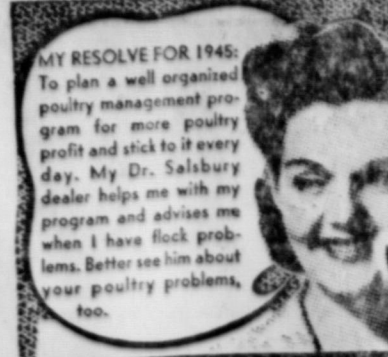
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STOP IN AND TALK OVER A PROGRAM OF SOUND MANAGEMENT

CORNER DRUG

ACE HIGH BRIDGE CLUB

Mrs. James P. Bbwin was hostess to the Ace High Bridge Club last Thursday evening when she entertained members and guests at the home of Mrs. J. P. Bowlin. Spring flowers were used as decorations. At the conclusion of the games, high score was by Mrs. J. L. Adams, low score prize was won by Mrs. Waldo McLaurin, Jr., and Bingo was won by Mrs. J. T. Middleton, Jr.

WANT ADS

FOR SALE: Three Barner Oil Stove, and one Tom Turkey. See J. J. Holmset.

FOR SALE: Steel hydraulic dump bed for truck. See Frank Eubank.

LOST: Schaffer Fountain Pen. Reward. See Billy Schouler.

HAND SAWS Sharpened and set for 75 cents. See Bill McMillan or leave saws at Fr. Campbell's office, 20p.

WANTED TO BUY: WASHING MACHINES, ANY MAKE. SEE THE O'DONNELL HELP UR SELF LAUN DRY IMMEDIATELY

PERSONAL: IF YOU want to get married write Box 358, Julietta, Idaho. Send Stamp. No.

PRESCRIPTIONS filled by W. M. Blakemore, graduate and registered pharmacist at O'Donnell Drug Store.

FOR SALE: SUDAN SEED, re-cleaned and sacked. No Johnson grass. S. M. CLAYTON, JR. 25p.

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The New Berry Sensation Created by Luther Burbank. Delicious fruit, large as boysenberry, Raspberry flavor. Vines grow vigorously, often extending 20 feet, loaded with giant berries. Bears prolifically the second year.

Thrives in wide range of soils. Begins ripening in May. Ships well, brings top prices, disease resistant... Guaranteed to please.

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3 plants \$2.50; 25 plants \$6.00 or 50 plants \$11.00

FREE -- Wolfe's 32 page color catalogue featuring the famous Frost Resistant Frank Peach; Everbearing Fig; Paper Shell Pecan and other valuable varieties of Fruit trees, Nut trees and Ornamentals.

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Low Interest Rate

C. J. BEACH, O'Donnell

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I want your Milo Maize, Kaffir and Hegira. Top prices.

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CONSTRUCTING 100-OCTANE AVIATION GASOLINE PLANT FOR PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY.

Transportation furnished enroute to job. Top wages—long time job—Now working 60 hours a week—Time and one half after 40 Hours.

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Hiring to comply with WMC regulations. Seasonal Agricultural workers accepted in compliance with WMC & Selective Service regulations.

Protect Yourself and Loved Ones With A **Higginbotham Security Burial Policy**

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Office: **Higginbotham Funeral Home**
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Great Way
to relieve stiffness, invite
Sleep
if nose fills up
Tonight

It's wonderful how a little Va-tro-nol up each nostril relieves stuffy transient congestion. Also relieves distress of head colds! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

SNAPPY FACTS
ABOUT
RUBBER



The day is not far distant when packages of fruit, vegetables, other foods and perishable materials will be sealed with flexible materials in the form of lacquers, adhesives and plastics.

Few sources of substitutes for natural rubber have been overlooked by U. S. scientists. In 1942 more than 2,000 varieties of plants were tested for their rubber possibilities.

Rubber-tired vehicles have been mainly responsible for the development of America's 3,000,000 miles of roads and highways—the largest and finest highway system in the world.

James Earl

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Olivia de HAVILLAND, star of the Warner Bros. picture, "Snowbound," recommends **CALOX TOOTH POWDER** for teeth that shine.

—Buy War Savings Bonds—

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE. Kills lice on feathers. OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A **COLD** USE **666**. Cold Preparations as directed.

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KISSING WON'T MAKE IT WELL! Watch out for those cuts and bruises! Even apparently minor ones may lead to more serious conditions if neglected. The wise way is to keep time-tested Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Oil on hand in the medicine chest always. Formula of a long-experienced railroad surgeon... it soothes, eases, and tends to promote natural healing processes. Good for minor cuts, bruises, burns, sunburn, non-poisonous insect bites, chafing. Use only as directed. In 3 different sizes at your drugstore.

The GROVE LABORATORIES, INC. ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI. Makers of GROVE'S COLD TABLETS



Red Raskall
By CLARK M'CEEKIN



THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shannon, whose horse, Madoc, was sold to bear a debt when her father died, sails from England for America. David North, whom she loves, was to make the trip with her, but sails the night before. Lark's ship goes down, but she reaches land and Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. The two manage to hobble Lancer, a fine horse, that had escaped from the sinking ship. Lark finds herself a prisoner at the inn, run by Cony and Mag, who plan to hold her for ransom to David North's firm. She tries to run away but Cony catches her and she is locked in the attic. She escapes again and is happy to find that her pursuer is David. She falls into his arms.

CHAPTER X

"And that's why you masqueraded as one of the gipsy band and sailed on the Runnymede? Suppose he finds you out?"

"I'm not supposing that," David said, "when I'm this far along. If I can get a copy of his log-book and accounts that will stand up in a law court and win the case for us—"

"It was Galt that found me on the island, David, and saved me. We captured Lancer and hid him safely there."

"Lancer?"

"He's a horse that was on the Tempora, a dream horse. Red Raskall, we call him. He belongs to Squire Jarrod Terraine of Greatways Plantation."

"He's the horse that they've offered a reward for?"

"Ssh!" David's arm tightened about her shoulders as a figure grew discernible through the night and crept toward them, stopping every step or so to listen and peer forward into the dark.

As the moon came out from behind a cloud David stood up, pushed Lark back into the deeper shadow, and drew his dagger from its sheath. After a moment Lark's tight-drawn breath eased and fluttered.

"It's Galt," she told David, and called the name softly.

He came to them. "I feared you'd get lost, Lark, or scairt."

"I was scared, till David came. I thought a parson lived in the manse."

Galt nodded. "Like a fool, I never thought till you'd gone that you mightn't know the folks here never could get another parson, after—"

"You sent David to me," Lark said warmly. "You helped so much, Galt."

"I'd a sent anybody I thought could help you," he said shortly, "bein' I had no chance just then to go with you. No need my stayin', now."

"Wait, Withe," David said. "You've served us well. We can still use you."

Sensing his hurt, Lark said, "Galt, you've been so good. I can't thank—"

"I wonder," David broke in impatiently, "if you'll get Lark to Norfolk for me? I'll naturally be glad to make it worth your while."

"You don't aim to take her there, yourself?" Galt asked blankly.

"David has to get Matson's records," Lark said in quick defense. "He'll meet us in Norfolk. . . . If you and I could get the Raskall some way—"

"Cony's yawl is tied at the Horn-town jetty for caulking," Galt said thoughtfully. "We might could use it and leave it tied down-coast somewhere."

"I'll care for Lark," Galt turned his back on David. "If we're goin', let's go while we can. You get your papers. I'll see after Lark."

"Thanks, lad," David was impervious to Galt's surliness. "I'll follow down-coast as soon as I can. You are responsible for Lark. . . . Lark, tell Mistress Mara Hastings that I sent you to her, that you are my little friend and neighbor whom I've spoken of so often."

They stood together for a moment, not saying anything. And then a sound came to them, a baying far off, that sounded at first like the cry of a wolf, and then changed, as it came nearer, to a more familiar, but equally horrible note. The bell-like bay of Old Dog. There could be no doubt of it.

Lark and even Galt shuddered as David stepped in front of them, drawing out his pistol. "Silence," he said, quietly. "Keep back there in the bushes, you two!"

For a moment, beyond the church where they had climbed the low stone wall from the parsonage, Old Dog lost the trail, but almost immediately he picked it up again and came directly at them, his thunderous snarling enough to wake the sleeping dead in the small adjacent cemetery.

David took his stance and waited. Almost, he waited too long. Lark cried out to him in terror, and, at the same instant, his shot rang out and the huge hound leaped convulsively in the air, and rolled over, dead.

David said, "It's all right, Lark. Don't cry, darling!"

"Quick, Galt, let's go," Lark kissed David once more and started across the church yard with Galt following her. Before they reached the highroad, it began to drizzle. They settled into a long steady pace. Galt began to talk now. He said more words than Lark had ever heard from him. She knew he was trying to comfort her and distract her.

"You talk like a poet, Galt," Lark said. "You've almost forgot your Guinea speech. When you have been

telling me all these things, you've been speaking as your father must have spoken."

"I've been alone so long with Guinea folk," he said, "I've most forgot the proper words I used to know. Knowing you has changed me, Lark. Your belief in me has changed me from a low-down boy into a man. Though 'round here you oughtn't to trust nobody fast as you trusted me."

In the dawning light she could see the quick grateful smile that he gave her. They were nearing the town now. Galt pointed out the Shepherd's Inn at the cross-roads ahead and the half-finished Welbourne Mansion with its arched loggia and fine pointed roof. The sleeping town lay around them.

Galt skirted it and led Lark directly to the deserted jetty. Here she noticed a copy of the handbill for Lancer posted and, in spite of Galt's urgency, stopped for a moment to read it.

"Suppose Lancer isn't there," Lark said, watching Galt at his slow business of unfurling the sail. "Suppose somebody else has already found the Raskall on Ghost Island?" Her voice was apprehensive.

"He'll be there right enough," Galt said comfortingly. "I don't doubt that. I saw him there only



Galt dropped the helm and swung for him.

yesterday afternoon. I ain't worried about him one little bit."

"I wish David could have come with us, Galt, that we could all three have gotten away together."

Galt said, "Wind's shifted now, it's right hard to pick her up and push beyond the tide."

"Galt, don't you wish David was with us? Wouldn't you feel less anxious about him, if he already had those papers?" Her voice was pleading with him for some assurance.

Galt let go the helm, suddenly angry and thoughtful. He took a step toward Lark. "He's your man," he said, "ain't he? Take those blue beads of mine off from about your neck!"

"Why, Galt! I love my blue beads. I treasure them!" She put her hand to her neck where they were hidden under her dress. "Were they your mother's?"

"And my grandma's, before that."

"I've never seen any like them," Lark said, "the curious little gold clasp . . ."

"They ain't worth much," he said, "no more'n I am."

She slipped them off over her head and held them in her cupped palm, admiring them. "They're beautiful," she said, "the most beautiful things I've ever had." She laid her hand on his arm.

He looked at her long and thoughtfully. "I know David North's your man," he said humbly, "but I'd like mighty much to kiss you, Lark Shannon."

As she leaned toward him there was a slight movement under the pile of tarpaulin in the stern of the boat. Their frightened eyes saw it.

Lark whispered, "Galt! It moved. I saw it. Somebody's there!"

Galt said, "Steady now!" and with a quick step leaned over and gave the tarpaulin a sudden jerk.

Cony was lying there. His face was mean and mischievous. He was shaking with laughter. His great red mouth stretched wide in vindictive glee.

"I caught us," he said, rising to his feet. "I caught us clean, sweetmeat, for sure I did!"

Lark said, wildly, "Galt's been bound to you for six years, Cony! You know that's too long for indentured service. And you certainly know you've no right of any kind to hold me! Haven't you got any decency?"

Cony kicked Galt again, and, dazedly, Galt got to his feet, stumbled toward the stern, took the tiller, and righted the course of the boat.

Once or twice, in the short and miserable trip to the Inn Cove, Galt tried to veer the course of the yawl out to sea, and each time Cony threatened and cursed him. To Lark's surprise, he tried it again, and this time Cony pulled himself up and walked to Galt and kicked him viciously.

And then Lark realized that he wanted to draw Cony to him, because he stood taut until Cony drew back his heavy foot for another kick and then Galt dropped the helm and swung for him, knocking the pistol out of his hand, across the boat, and into the water. The boat dipped and bobbed wildly, and Lark dodged the flying boom, her heart pushing into her throat as Galt and Cony went down, rolling and struggling, into the bottom of the boat.

Once the sail fouled them, and Cony got his great unnaturally long arms around Galt in a hideous bear-like embrace, forcing the younger man back and back until his very spine-bone was bowed to the breaking point. Lark flew at Cony, trying to pull him away, beating at him with her fists, tearing at him. She could see Galt's face contorted with agony, could feel and hear the pull and protest of muscle on muscle, the ominous cracking sound that might mean Galt's back was gone—

Then, somehow, Galt was doubling over, fling Cony up and over his head with a tremendous, terrifying effort. Cony struck the deck full force, turned, tried to get up, was met by Galt, Galt throwing himself on him, beating him, hammering his fists into Cony's face, straddling him, pinning the big form down, beating his chest, his head, his face, beating and beating him as if he couldn't stop, as if all the hate of years was unloosed and couldn't be glutted.

Galt caught the single-mast, reeled, and righted himself.

"I beat him," he said stupidly to Lark. "I got the best o' Cony. I never thought to do that. But I got the best o' Cony."

"I'm glad," Lark said fiercely. "But you wouldn't want—"

She stopped, suddenly aware of the nearness of the shore, of people staring, calling out to them. The yawl had been circling derelict in the wash of the tide. It was close in now, kept off shore only by the push of the river current. Sailors from the Runny, gipsies, and the big Negro men who had poled the barge last night lined docks and platforms.

Lark saw Mag there, wringing her hands, shrieking and moaning. Some sailors were putting out a davy boat, rowing toward the yawl with swift sure strokes. They grinned up at Lark.

"The bound lad won, did he?" one of them shouted.

Then they were boarding, reaching for the big landing paddle, bringing the yawl in with expert neatness, settling her in her accustomed berth, talking about the fight, laughing, winking at Lark, looking scornfully at the whimpering Cony.

In the group along the platforms Lark saw the black-clad figure of Matson. He stood there, looking amused and a little out of place with his graceful cape and exaggerated sweep of pheasant feather in his wide-brimmed felt hat.

"I'll kill un, Galt!" Mag pushed forward, trying to clamber into the boat. "I'll kill un for this!"

The sailors pushed her aside rudely, laughing. One of them said, "What's boiled you up, Mag? Cony be all right. He be just blubberin'. Never know you to set such store by him."

Cony raised his head, saw the circle of grinning faces, and began to groan heavily. Galt still stood there holding the mast. Lark stooped and tore a square from her petticoat, mopping the blood from his face. One of the sailors lifted her, then, to the platform flat. Mag glared at her malevolently.

"Give un a beatin' right, didn't he, un Cony?" A thick-featured sailor asked, guffawing.

"Drew — drew a knife on me," Cony gasped as if he were dying of a mortal wound, "the dirty sneakin' killer. Crept up on me and sought to murder me. I'll kill him, I'll lash e'er piece o' skin from his back. I'll beat him to death, by God, the dirty murderer."

Lark felt the sick cold fury well up unbearably in her.

"Galt didn't try to kill him," she said steadily. "He didn't draw a knife on him or creep up on him. Cony had a pistol pointed in Galt's face. He kicked him—I can show you the bruises, and Galt only did what any man here would have done. He tried to take care of himself—with his fists. If there was any unfairness, it was Cony's."

"Tried to cheat me by runnin' away from four years o' service," Cony's strength was returning, now that he was protected. "Tried to kill me. Let me get at him!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

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Button-Front Frock

YOU'LL look pretty at your household tasks in this fitted button-front frock. The smooth lines and action back are designed for comfort and freedom.

Pattern No. 1244 comes in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36. Size 24, short sleeves, requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 38 inch material; 1/2 yard contrasting material for collar.

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AN ADORABLE little frock for the two-to-six miss. It has her favorite swinging skirt and long torso waist. It will be lovely for parties or "dress-up" in dainty floral print with lace edging—or for school or play in tiny checks or gay plaids with ric-rac trim.

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SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
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Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.
Pattern No. Size
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Baking Powder



"SORRY, BOSS, BUT I FEEL A HUNDRED TODAY"

-DUE TO MUSCULAR PAINS!

SORETONE
soothes fast with **COLD HEAT ACTION**

in cases of **MUSCULAR LUMBAGO OR BACKACHE**

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"and McKesson makes it"



Though spotted with tubercle bacilli, Soretone is safe to use. It is the most powerful remedy of blood in the area and induces a glowing sense of well-being.

The EAGLE SCREAMS

VOL. 6

FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1945

No. 6

The EAGLE SCREAMS is published weekly except in June, July, and August by the Journalism Club of O'Donnell High School.

Editor: Carl Barton
Co-Editor: G. W. Jones
Society Editor: Johnnie Etter and Edna Edwards
Sport Editor: Erwin Gilliam and Horace Henley

STAFF REPORTERS:
Gene Fralin, Dorothy Ritchey, Wanda Blalock, Ruth Davis, Harold Mires, Cynthia Bagar, Odette Salen, La Quita Roberson, Wanda Huffines, Billie Harris, Sarah Archer, Wynia Gilliam, and Wayne Vandiver

SECOND GRADE HONOR ROLL

In the second grade to make the honor roll in reading we must be present every class and not miss a word in oral reading. Those who made the honor roll last week are: Jerry Inman, Bobby Griffith, and Slaton Harris.
On Wednesday we spell our words orally in the order that we find them in the speller and without their being given out for us. This is our way

EDITORIAL

The O'Donnell High School expects to have a few improvements after the war. Most of all we would appreciate a gym. This would make everyone become more interested in athletics and have a desire to play more. Then we have to manage to overcome some of these cold and chilly days and go ahead and play. We feel as though we might be able to have one some day and we think the student body will back us 100 per cent as well as the patrons.

PLANT A VICTORY GARDEN — FOOD WINNERS

of reviewing our words that we had Monday and Tuesday and we find it to be fun. Those who made the Wednesday Spelling Honor Roll the last two weeks are: Joyce Pearson, Joy Barnett, Edmund Hobdy, "Fay Hancock," Jerry Inman, Belva Graham, Janet Ray, and Rex Stokes.

— Rex Stokes, reporter.

GRAMMER SCHOOL NEWS

A new pupil entered the 7th grade and his name is Roy Poe. He is 13 years of age and entered in school Feb. 5th. He is from the Woody School in Dawson County.

Bobby Joe Proctor has been sick this week with the flu.

The 4-H girls will meet on Feb. 13th.

We wonder if Eunice and Thomas had a fun this week and what about? Trula Harris gets around at these parties lately, eh, boys??

Peggy Peach sure was walking up and down the aisles in the show last Saturday night. I wonder who she was looking for? Could it have been Harold Gene??

Evelyn, Carolyn, Leah and Leon Taylor were given a farewell and birthday party at Jane Thompson's on Feb. 2nd by La Quita, Susie, Jane and Wanda Jean. Leah and Leon were 14 years old. There were 25 present. Refreshments of sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, cookies and birthday cake were served. Those present were entertained by Mr. Wright who played for them, also games were enjoyed.

The following pupils in the First Grade made the Honor Roll in reading: Sylvia Gatlin, Wendell McCleendon, Travis Pearce, Kay Platt, Donna Jean Hobdy, Delilah Gilliam, Juana Rhea Heath, Roky Jean Felts, Henry Gantt, Ginger Cowger.

THIRD GRADE NEWS

Wanda Joyce Eason won first place in a reading contest for group no. 1. Lloyd Poe and Kenneth Flowers tied for second place.

In the race for Tokio nine third graders have learned to spell 200 words this week. Seven pupils learned 150 new words and two learned 50 words. They work by themselves and test each other to see if they get to go on a bombing mission.

Jerry Greenwood is sure small to be talking about another Jerry Fairley.

FOURTH GRADE

Those making the honor roll in arithmetic, spelling and reading are: Lola Johnson, Peggy McKee, Billy Joe Mahurin.

We have three new pupils in our room: Bonnie Browlow, Mary Ella Schooler, Wayne Davis.

FIFTH GRADE

Joe Brumfield entered the grade from Artesia, N. M.

SIXTH GRADE

The Sixth grade is proud of their new pupil, Kenneth Wilson, who is from Union.

Etta Sue reports she is going to be in the recital. All the sixth grade boys had better come. Homer Don Vaughn says he wants to say a poem on the program.

Good Buys In Real Estate

220 acres Southeast of O'Donnell, 210 in Cultivation; 110 acres grass; all tillable. Fair improvements, \$42 per acre. \$4,000 cash, balance long term, possession.

80 acres on pavement, 6 miles O'Donnell, no improvements. \$42.50

10 acres near town. Four rooms and bath, garage, chicken house, well and windmill. \$16.50

House to be moved off Lots. Four rooms and bath.

354 acres red sandy land, north of Morton 20 miles; new 6 room modern house, outbuildings, plenty good water, one mile off pavement. Price \$10 per acre, \$3,000 cash, balance long term, possession if sold soon.

B. M. Haymes

This 'N That

Cynthia went to Lamesa Sunday nite and it seems to me she was with Red Gats.

Lavena surely seems to get all the service men home on leave. Now it is G. W.

Who was it Carl Barton went to Rock Canyon with Sunday? Eh! Heene? Patsy and Pace couldn't have been with them?

Well, Gene finally went with Carroll, even if she did want to go home all night.

Billie Frank went with Gene Pearson Wednesday nite 7:30? "B. J." was seen with Bob Clark Sat. nite. Some girls just will rob the cradle.

Who was it Bill and Hubert went after Thursday night when Eva J. and Edna didn't go. You know the old saying: "If at first you don't succeed..."

What's this we hear about Peggy Sue and Doyle Lane

Wasn't that Maxine Simpson and Thelma Mate we saw in the car with Hubert, G. W. and Joe Saturday nite

Betty James is wearing someone's basketball. It couldn't have been Browlow's, or could it???

We noticed that Wynia was with Gene.

We notice that Jeanie was in the Car Sunday afternoon with a boy named Jerry.

Marcia Delle seemed sorta blue Monday; probably because Wayne was leaving. We think it is Mary Louise's place to be blue.

Who was Billie Lightner with Friday night? Couldn't have been Wayne Birdwell.

Eagles To Go To District Meet

The Eagles will go to Denver City to play for district on Feb. 8 and 9th. Seven teams will enter the meet: Tahoka, Denver City, Post, O'Donnell, Slaton Seminole, and Seagraves.

The Eagles will meet Slaton for the first game Friday evening at 2 p. m. We haven't played any of these teams except Tahoka and Post, losing one game to Tahoka.

If the Eagles are in the final game it will take place at 8:00 p. m. Saturday night. Let's all back them and put them in the final game.

EAGLES PLAYER LAAP

Last Friday night the Eagles went to Tahoka where they met the Lubbock Army Air Force. Our B squad lost their game to the LAAP by a score of 23 to 16. Lane was high point man for our B squad, and the A squad won by a score of 25 to 12 with Browlow being high point man for the A squad.

ENROLLMENT INCREASE

The O'Donnell High School enrollment has increased. We now have Billy Bradshaw from Union, Texas who has enrolled in the freshman class. Also Billy Gunter from Morton, Texas has enrolled in the Sophomore class.

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" 1 Cor. 3:11.

Today men are trying to lay foundations or beliefs to suit their own fancy just as they did in the days of the apostle Paul.

The one and only foundation that we have to stand upon is not Church membership or the name of the church but the essential foundation is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God thru our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also knowing that tribulations worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.

"And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. For when we were yet without strength in due time Christ died for the ungodly" Romans 5: 1-6.

Again the apostle Paul speaks. "But I fear lest by any means as the serpent beguiled Eve thru his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted by the simplicity that is in Christ." 2 Cor. 11:3. Yes, the plan of salvation is so simple that the fool need not miss it. Let us all go to church Sunday. Go to the Church of your choice. J. T. Crawford, pastor

CHURCH OF CHRIST

The attendance last Lord's Day was above the average. We have about 100 active members and the attendance last Sunday for Bible Study was 103. It is very encouraging to see such fine interest manifested. Arrangements have been completed and the date set for a spring meeting here beginning March 18th

thru the 28th. O. H. Tabor of Lamesa will be the Evangelist. We are looking forward to a good meeting and we urge you to keep this date in mind and be prepared to attend each service. Make your plans now to attend the worship services of the Church next Lord's Day. We will be very happy to greet you.

Bible Study 10:30
Preaching 11:15
Communion 12:00
Young People's meeting 6:45
Evening Service 7:30
Ladies Bible Study Tues. 2:30
Midweek Service Wed. 7:30
Garnie Atkisson, Minister

Word from Pfc. Melvin Thompson of the Signal Corps states that as the date he wrote it was really snowing and cold. Melvin has been considerable action in France and Germany



1 man in 8,745 has them... but today we all must have 3 cars!

You can see in an instant why your one and only car really needs to be "triplets." Let's just check...

✓ You started with a pre-war car.

✓✓ It became your wartime car.

✓✓✓ But now it's still got to be your postwar car—because even if 1945 sees unbelievable new car output, the chances of getting delivery before 1946 or '47 are way against you.

That's why today the cry is, "Conserve your car!" But you want real sure help... And here's what Conoco Nth motor oil will actually do for car life by surfacing your engine's insides with OIL-PLATING.

OIL-PLATING assures distinct extra defense—at trifling extra cost. Topping every advantage that an oil can get from Nature and latest refining, Conoco Nth oil also brings its unprecedented man-made ingredient. And this bonds protective OIL-PLATING to the fine inner finish that's really the life of your engine!

With durable OIL-PLATING, plus durable liquid oil film too, you have every defense against excess wear. And that's the basic defense against carbon, sludge, and battery drain. What's more, even corrosive engine acids—always present—can't freely bite into OIL-PLATED surfaces! So there you plainly get safety of every sort—simply by changing to Nth oil at Your Mileage Merchant's Conoco station. Do it today. Continental Oil Company

NOTE: New car prices will be up. You'll want the best trade-in. Conoco Nth oil helps keep your car shipshape.



Auction SALE

Monday Feb. 12th. Sale At 1 p. m. at J. V. Bristow

9 miles east Tahoka; 1 mile north and 3-4 mi. East. This is a big sale

- 1 - John Deer Tractor, Good Condition
- 2 - GOOD FOUR-WHEEL TRACTORS with good rubber
- 1 DISK TERRACING MACHINE
- 1 - THREE ROW STALK CUTTER
- 1 THREE ROW SLIDE COMPLETE
- 1 - SET OF KNIFE ATTACHMENTS FOR HEAD
- 1 - JOHN DEER TRACTOR GUIDE
- 1 - SIX ROW COTTON SPRAY WITH ALL EQUIPMENT
- 200 POUNDS ARSENIC
- 1 - SECTION HARBOR
- 1 - GOOD JERSEY COW, SPRINGER
- 1 JERSEY COW, A GOOD MILKER
- 1 - JERSEY HEIFER, 18 MO., BRED
- 2 - STEER YEARLINGS
- 2 - CHICKEN HOUSES 10 FT. BY 12 FT.
- 60 WHITE LEGHORN HENS, EXTRA GOOD AND CULLED
- ONE - 500 CHICK BUTANE HEATER, IT'S REALLY NICE
- 1 - GOOD POLAN CHINA SOW BRID
- 1 - BRED GILT HOG
- 1 - FAT HOG, READY TO GO
- ONE POLAN CHINA BOAR, A GOOD ONE. SEE HIM
- 500 BUNDLES OF HEGARI
- 10,000 LBS. OF MARTIN MAIZE, PURE SEED
- 75 BUSHELS OF COTTON SEED, SECOND YEAR MOCA
- ANYONE ELSE HAVING ANYTHING TO SELL BRING IT

G. C. Grider, Auctioneer

JUST ARRIVED...

- Little Boy's Overalls,
- Flock Dott Ninon
- New Rayon Anklets
- Panties
- Pictures & Picture Frames
- New All Wool Materials
- Metal Zippers
- Jergens Twin Make Up

There's Always Something New At
Boydston Variety Store
MRS. W.E. HUFFHINES, Manager

We Advertise What We Sell—We Sell What We Advertise
Watch Our Ads In The Index-Press

SEE US FOR

AYRES

SUPREME FEEDS and BETTER

Baby Chicks

R. O. P. Males Head Our SUPREME MATING

They are from 280 to 328 egg stock

RAY C. AYRES & SON

102 N. 1st Street, Lamesa, Tex

Auction SALE Wed. Feb. 14th

At D. C. Turner: Sale at 1 p. m.

2 miles east and 1 mi. south Grassland

- F. 20 FARMALL TRACTOR, 4-ROW LISTER AND PLANTER
- 1 JOHN DEER COMBINE 12A 1946 MODEL WITH FEEDER
- 4 ROW KNIPING ATTACHMENT WITH KNIVES
- ONE - TWO ROW GO-DEVIL
- 1 - MC CARMICK DEERING FEED MILL WITH BILT
- 75 BUSHELS OF HIGH-BRED COTTON SEED
- 1 - THREE YEAR OLD SADDLE HORSE WITH SADDLE
- 1 - WORK MARE
- 5 - FEEDER SHOATS
- ONE ANVIL, VICE AND DRILL
- ONE TWO WHEEL STOCK TRAILOR
- ONE HAMPSHIRE GILT SUBJECT TO REGISTER
- ONE HAMPSHIRE BOAR, A GOOD ONE
- FIVE FEEDER SHOATS
- ONE MC CARMICK DEERING CREAM SEPARATOR
- ONE DURHAM COW — A HEAVY SPRINGER
- ONE DURHAM COW WITH CALF, MILKING
- ONE DURHAM HEIFER WITH CALF
- ONE MIXED COW, A HEAVY SPRINGER
- ONE GOOD WHITE DURHAM BULL, 2 years old
- 4 STOCKER CALVES; SEE THESE CALVES
- THREE JERSEY COWS, HEAVY SPRINGERS
- ANYONE ELSE HAVING ANYTHING TO SELL BRING IT

G. C. Grider, Auctioneer

STARS IN SERVICE



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