

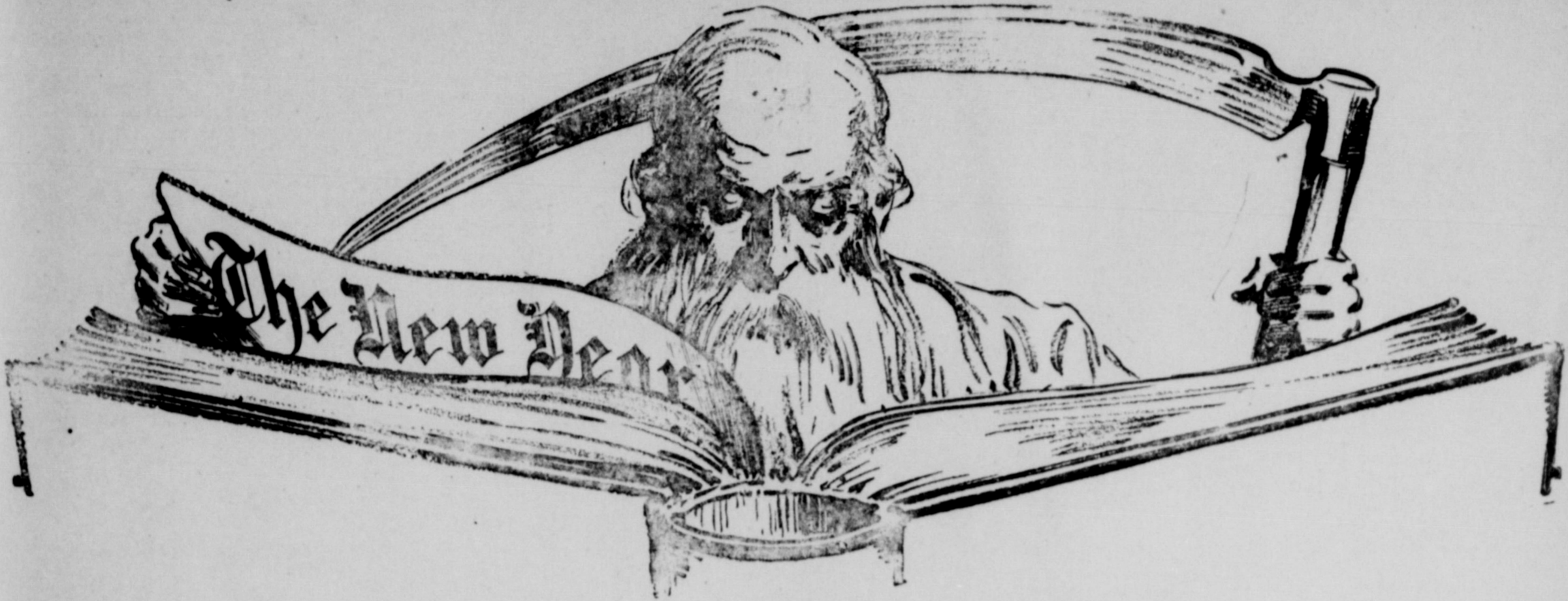
THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — McLean's Home Paper Since 1904.

Volume 29.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, December 29, 1932.

No. 52.



1933— A New Year of Hope — A New Year of Hard Work — A Prosperous New Year — A Happy New Year!

May all of these be yours, is the wish of THE MCLEAN NEWS.

Gas Company Lowers Rate to 30c

Merchants and Others Greet Readers

(Editorial)
This issue of The News contains the annual expressions of good will from the merchants and professional men, organizations and institutions of the town.

Everyone in McLean was given a chance to cooperate in giving expression of his good will toward his customers in this edition, and the results, despite the general conditions faced by all of us, have been most gratifying, proving the contention of the editor that home folks are not in business for profit only, but do think of their customers as neighbors and friends.

We all like to do business with firms who appreciate our business. We fight shy of the "take-it-or-leave-it" place just as we draw away from a cold austere individual—and where there is a choice, and there always is, we place our business with a friendly firm. And that McLean firms are friendly is amply evidenced by the expressions of good will in this issue of the home paper.

These advertisements are not calculated to bring business to merchants, but are solely expressions of gratefulness to patrons who are considered as neighbor and friend. The thoughtfulness of the organizations of the town can also be appreciated by all of us.

The News receives many compliments on this edition every year, and while this year's edition does not compare favorably with other years in the number of pages used, yet you will find most every firm represented in a space of some size. We hope our readers will be thoughtful enough to thank their favorite merchant for his cooperation in helping keep up the morale of the community by expressing his good will to us at this holiday season.

NEW GAS CO. AT TEXOLA

According to the Texola (Okla.) Tribune, at a meeting called by the mayor of that town, plans were made to organize a local gas company to furnish gas at a cheaper rate and no minimum charge.

Texola is now being served by the McLean Gas Co. at a 60c rate.

Frank Stockton and family of Bethany, Okla., visited relatives here during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Stubblefield visited in Groom and Amarillo during the holidays.

William Henry of Chicago, visited his mother, Mrs. T. W. Henry, during the holidays.

Annual Election Chamber Commerce Officers Monday

Monday night is the regular date for the annual election of chamber of commerce officers and every member is expected to be present at the city secretary's office at 7:30 to take part in the meeting.

Officers whose terms expire this year are: President, Reuben R. R. Cook; vice president, Carl O. Greene; secretary, W. E. Bogan; treasurer, Claude Williams; directors, Boyd Meador, M. D. Bentley, O. G. Stokely, Ralph Caldwell, Jesse J. Cobb and T. A. Landers.

WHEELER CO. TO VOTE ON CANCELLING BONDS

An election will be held in Wheeler county Saturday to determine whether \$200,000 worth of road bonds shall be cancelled.

This amount of bonds voted to have highways was not needed, and as they cannot be used for any purpose except what they were voted for, taxpayers must vote to cancel them.

WEBB SCHOOL HAS PROGRAM

The children of the Webb school entertained with a Christmas program Friday morning, Dec. 23, after which the P. T. A. served a delightful luncheon. The program was as follows:

Song, Hark the Herald Angels Sing—School.
—Scripture reading—Dorcas Williamson.

Prayer—Kenneth Browning.
Reading, At Bethlehem—Mary Virginia Hern.

Chalk talk—Miss Brown.
Reading—Herbert Cupel.

Song, Up on the Housetop—Primary.
Reading—Ruth Russell.

Play, The Bethlehem Star—School.

There were eighteen P. T. A. members present and six visitors. The next regular meeting of the P. T. A. will be held Tuesday evening, Jan. 3.

F. L. COSPAR DEAD

Just five weeks from the death of his wife, F. L. Cospar passed away at Marshall, Okla., Sunday at the age of 65 years, 3 months and 29 days.

Funeral services were held at the Lutheran church at Marshall Tuesday afternoon. Services were in charge of the Masonic fraternity at the cemetery, of which the deceased was a 32nd degree member.

Mr. Cospar was a brother of Mrs. Wm. Blaisdell of the Keweenaw Oil Co. near McLean. Mr and Mrs. Blaisdell were present for the funeral service.

Committees Report at Lions Club

Most of the regular weekly meeting of the Lions Club was taken up by committee reports, at Tuesday's luncheon held at the First Baptist Church basement.

C. S. Rice reported a number of Christmas toys repaired and distributed to needy cases.

Reuben R. R. Cook reported interest in the trades days, saying that next Saturday will be another regular bi-monthly trades day, to which all farmers and others are invited.

The Christmas social committee reported. Many expressed appreciation for the social, Lion Meador stating that it was one of the best affairs of its kind he had ever attended in McLean. Lions Greene, Davis and Landers, who composed the committee, gave credit to their wives for planning the entertainment features.

Secretary Reep Landers reported the regular zone meeting to be held at McLean, and it was voted to hold this meeting on the third Tuesday in next month.

President Reuben R. R. Cook of the chamber of commerce announced the regular annual election of officers of the C. of C. to be held next Monday night.

Lion Cook also made a talk explaining the affairs of the bank, by request of members present, following which it was voted that the treasurer of the club sign up with the rest of the community for the club's funds.

Second vice president Evan L. Sitter opened the meeting, due to lateness of arrival of the first vice president, Jesse J. Cobb, who presided in the absence of President G. C. Boswell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hutto of Amarillo visited in the T. J. Coffey home Sunday.

Fayette Springer of Roaring Springs visited his mother here the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Boeton visited in Hedley during the holidays.

Clifford Allison visited relatives at Clarendon Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dishman visited in Hedley during the holidays.

W. H. Ayer was at the bedside of his brother in Pampa last week.

J. Walsman visited home folks at Houston during the holidays.

Bob Sanders and family visited relatives at Lefors last week.

Schools not Affected by Bank Situation

According to school board officials, the local bank situation will not materially affect the school term at McLean.

The school has only the last deposit made tied up, and it is not thought that this will have any effect on the term in any way.

Patrons may rest assured, we are told, that the standard of education in McLean will be held just as it has in the past. Both schools will carry on just as usual.

MRS. FRANCIS FUNERAL TODAY

Funeral services will be held at the First Baptist Church this afternoon for Mrs. Mollie Catherine Francis, aged 77 years, 4 months and 25 days, who died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. E. James, at Alanreed, yesterday.

Mrs. Francis was the wife of C. E. Francis, who died here in 1925. She was a pioneer settler here, having moved to McLean with her husband in 1909.

Two sons also preceded her in death, George, who died in 1914, and Ernest in 1919.

Two sons and two daughters, R. H. of Perryton, R. M. of Gruver, Mrs. W. E. James of Alanreed, and Mrs. Luther Petty of McLean; a brother, Joseph O. Nelson, of Bunceon, Mo., 18 grandchildren, and other relatives are left to mourn her passing.

Active pallbearers will be: J. T. Blakney, O. N. Patterson, R. M. Gibson, W. J. Ball, J. A. Patterson of Alanreed, and Berry James of Groom.

Funeral services will be in charge of Pastor Cecil G. Goff of the First Baptist Church, assisted by Revs. Robert Mathis and S. T. Greenwood. Interment will be made in Hillcrest cemetery, Mortician C. S. Rice in charge.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bidwell visited the former's sister at Hedley Tuesday.

John Hales visited in Norman, Okla., last week end.

Mrs. Will Harlan of White Deer visited in McLean Thursday.

Henry Richardson of Hollis, Okla., was in McLean Friday.

C. C. Cook was in Shamrock Sunday.

Harris King and family visited relatives in Childress last week end.

T. C. Phillips and family of White Deer visited relatives here Sunday.

Final Day to Save a McLean Bank

Today is the final day to save a bank for McLean, according to advices from the national bank examiner for this district.

The American National Bank has been in the hands of an examiner for the past week, with a holiday granted from day to day to see if enough depositors will agree to sign up to allow their deposits to remain for a year.

Up to last night some \$77,000 of the \$102,000 had been pledged, which is not nearly enough, and if the required amount is not obtained today, we are advised that the bank will be placed in the hands of a receiver, collection forced on all due and past due accounts, and the bank liquidated. This plan will mean that depositors will receive only a fraction of their deposits, while the plan to sign up and the bank remain open will mean a good chance to obtain 100 cents on the dollar.

The examiner in charge states that one man refusing to cooperate may mean the closing of the bank.

Workers have been driving over the country appealing to neighbors and friends to assist in keeping the bank open and thereby keep from causing a calamity in the community, and intensive work will be done today to try and meet the examiner's demands.

The law is strict in matters of this kind and there is no alternative offered but the one proposed. It is not thought fair for a certain percent of the people to make it possible for others to get immediate action on their money, and such will not be permitted. There must be full cooperation by the depositors, or the bank passes immediately into the hands of a receiver, with the resulting delay and uncertainty of obtaining anything but a portion of the amounts deposited.

Nugent Kunkel and family of Amarillo visited relatives here during the holidays.

Born, Wednesday, Dec. 28, 1932, to Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Tampke, a 9 pound girl, named Lillie Fay.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Campbell of Pampa visited relatives here during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks left this morning for a short visit at Tucumcari, N. M.

A. W. Haynes spent Christmas with relatives in Oklahoma.

Mrs. W. L. Campbell left Monday for a visit with relatives in Oklahoma.

New Rate Announced by Gas Co.

New Rate Takes Effect with This Month's Bills

The McLean Gas Company announces a reduction in rates for domestic consumption in McLean, applicable to the bills for this month's service.

The new rate will be 30c per 1000 cubic feet of gas used, as compared with the previous rate of 50c.

The rate reduction is a voluntary act on the part of the company as a concession to the present financial situation in McLean and will be in effect until May 1st, next year, and longer if conditions justify.

According to Judge W. H. Penix of Mineral Wells, general attorney for the company, who was in McLean yesterday, this action has been arrived at without reference to the action now in the courts, and without reference to the Humphreys franchise.

The company is operating under the original franchise granted when the first company was organized here and they expect to continue operations under the original franchise.

The city council has made an effort to have officials of the company before them the past month, but so far no conference has been had; however, it is understood that company officials are willing to confer with the council at any time.

FLEMING-CROOKS

Married, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1932, at Clovis, N. M., Miss Edith Fleming and Mr. Clinton Crooks.

The bride is a daughter of Mrs. W. B. Gregory, a former McLean resident, and is a graduate of McLean high school. The groom is employed by the State Highway Department at Amarillo, where they will make their home.

Miss Jewel Glass visited relatives in Erick, Okla., last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Babe Smith of Glade-water visited here during the holidays.

Joe Turnbow of Childress was in McLean Saturday.

Roger Powers and N. H. Greer were in Shamrock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ince of Amarillo visited relatives here Sunday.

WAKNING

SALVE

No, this is not going to be a discussion on what caused the depression. Nor am I going to advise you how it can be dispelled. And for this restraint, I feel that I ought to be voted a resolution of thanks. Furthermore, I have no program of relief to offer, and for that I ought to get, at least, a pewter loving cup.

But I do have an opinion I should like to express about those oracles of optimism who have been telling the world that the suffering brought on by the depression is really a godsend to us; that we are spiritually the better for it because our morals had fallen so low through an overabundance of luxury and unbridled indulgence that, at the speed we were going, we would have been well on our way to perdition had not the depression fortunately come along just in the nick of time and put us into reverse.

It takes more than an ordinary sense of humor to see anything funny in this hocus-pocus about how much good the depression has been for our souls and how good its after-effect will be for our bodies. But it is funny, that is, funny in a negative sense, to think that most of those who have been writing preaching, and spouting about this sock in the belly being a blessing in disguise, have not missed a square meal at any time of their existence. Or are able to feel, even vaguely, what it means to stand for hours, freezing, just to get a cup of coffee and a sandwich to appease the gnawing at their empty entrails. Or what it means to keep a stiff upper lip and a clear head when you have helpless dependents looking to you for their existence.

When I hear these rapid vaporizations by well paid writers, by high salaried directors of public relations, by fulfilled preachers of a kind, by carpetbaggers and others of that ilk of opportunists who do not hesitate to make adventitious prosperity for themselves out of human misery, I begin to understand that in this kind of talk, rather than in the conditions that exist, lies the genesis of revolutions.

For the most part, these moralists find their horrible examples that are being transformed by want and suffering into paragons of virtue, among the women. And as the women have so great an influence over men, the men, in their turn, benefit doubly—they benefit by the fruits of their own distress as well as by the sufferings of their women.

It may be that this privation of the moment is for the betterment of the future. Indeed, there might be something in that. But betterment only in a material way with no relation to our morals—betterment possibly for our future bodily comfort, but not for the comfort of our souls. The days of self-flagellation for the good of the soul no longer exist.

Of course, we all know that optimism, in fair measure, revives our waning courage, as would a dash of water on one who had fallen in a faint by a hard rap on the bean. But the way we have been getting our revival from the professional optimists and self-appointed advisers, is like dropping the befuddled patient into the briny ocean. We want some optimism—we need it—but we do not want brine rubbed into our wounds. If we must drown, let it be in a calm soft-water lake.

If I were possessed of a magic power to wave a wand and make such changes among folks as I wished, my pet wish just now would be to pick out a cold, blustering night when I would wave my wand over every one of the aforesaid three-square-mealers and feather-bed sleepers who write and preach about how much good this depression has done us. And then I would fly over Times Square in New York City, and wave my wand over the thin clad breadline that gathers there nightly. And I would fly over all of the other breadlines and hunger areas throughout the country. And as I waved my wand, I would switch the thin clad breadliner, and others suffering from the depression, into the warm clothes and over to the bountiful tables and the featherbeds of those who have been telling them how fortunate they are to be permitted to suffer for the good of their sorry souls and for the bodily benefits to come. And of course, I would fill their places in the breadlines and other hunger sectors with none other than these moralists whom I would clothe in the habiliments of the former tenants, so that they would learn at first hand just what it means and how it feels to be hungry, hopeless and harried by disappointments, and have to swallow the platitudinous popcorn with which they fed those in whose places they now stand.

And I would watch particularly, the transformation—no, not of those whom I had switched to the breadlines, for they would be of no further interest, but of those whom I had switched from the breadlines and hunger sectors into sectors with featherbeds and food a-plenty. And my best bet

is that after they have had their fill and their sleep, these former breadliners and victims of fate would rise up, blessed and full to overflowing with ideas of morality, and they would hand out, gratuitously, the same salt-water salve that had been rubbed into their wounds at a time which they would now prefer to forget.

From all of which you might get the mistaken idea that I am a full-lititarian.—Delectus.

MICKIE SAYS—

DON'T BE TOO MODEST ABOUT WHAT YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ARE DOING, BECAUSE YOUR FRIENDS WILL ALL BE INTERESTED AND IT HELPS US GET OUT A NEWSY PAPER.



A DEPRESSION REMEDY

T. Bigsby Byers of the Beckville Merchandise Store blew a cloud of creamy indigo smoke from his Robert Spurns Havana (formerly five cents—now raised to two for a dollar to meet public demand), musingly rubbed at a worn place on his desk caused by the rough spot on the heel of his shoe during the days of 1932, and turned aggressively upon Typo P. Offset, salesman of printing.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Offset," Byers said, scratching the back of his ear with a diamond ring, "that we buy our printing on price. You want too d-d little to do that folder for us: another printing firm has offered to do the job for a little more—sixty-five dollars more, in fact—than your estimate. You can't blame us for giving him the work, can you, when we know that by charging us more he will make a good profit, and so will have more money to spend for our own merchandise?"

Although there were many orders to be filled, Mr. Byers did not, for a split moment, attend to them. Instead he ambled down an aisle of

his well known emporium and listened to the music of the tinkling cash registers.

"I'll take this hat at \$50," he heard a customer say. "The store down the way wanted twelve dollars less for a lid just like this one, so I came over here. Give me the store that makes a good profit."

Byers returned to his work, confident that the limousine he had bought during the morning would be waiting to take him home when day was done.

Just suppose such things were to happen and keep on happening. Suppose that the search for price kept up as in the past few years with the sole, yet important difference that all were looking for the highest rather than the lowest price.

How long would business lag? Guess if you can. A week? Two weeks? Possibly a month? What a scramble there would be to get prices up so that merchandise would move. Farms, mines, factories, wholesalers, retailers, all "hot and bothered" in producing, transporting, stocking commodities to sell at the new high prices. Money in fevered circulation. Credit expanding to care for multiplying needs. Men and women flocking back to work, spending new earned dollars and adding to demand. Profits in business springing up where only losses grew before.

What a fantastic dream—what a reversal of human nature—what change in natural traits and lifelong habit; yet from this weird idea we can and should find a truth and possibly an inspiration. If the seeking out of the highest price and a general insistence on moving it in all cases would bring about this sudden business millenium, is it not true that if we went only so far in this direction as to seek out and pay for the merely fair and profit-giving price for all purchases, we would take a long step toward return to normalcy?

If we, as firms and individuals, became as intelligently interested in paying a profitable price as we are in securing for ourselves a profit what a boom we would have.

Business must make a profit to succeed, to continue, or even to survive. Why should we as a nation continue in the ludicrous role of a man choking himself till he is black in the face? Why not loosen the grip on our own economic necks and breathe again normally? Let us be willing to pay a profit and be firm in demanding a profit, for this is the road to better times.—Southwestern Ambassador.

Coy Palmer, Mabel Ruth Crisp and Vida Dunkel of Alanreed, who are attending the West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon, are home for the holidays.

Leon Waldrop's subscription figures have been moved forward a year.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT

If I should die tonight, My friends would look upon my quiet face Before they laid it in its resting place, And deem that death had left it almost fair; And laying snow white flowers against my hair, Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness, And fold my hands with lingering caress; Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight, My friends would call to mind, with loving thought, Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought; Some gentle word the frozen lips had said; Errands on which the willing feet had sped; The memory of my selfishness and pride, My hasty words would all be put aside, And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight, Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me, Recalling other days remorsefully; The eyes that chill me with averted glance Would look upon me as of yore, perchance, And soften in the old familiar way; For who could war with dumb, unconscious may? So I might rest, forgiven of all, tonight.

Oh, friends, I pray tonight, Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow! The way is lonely; let me feel them now, Think gently of me; I am travel-worn; My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn, Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, I plead! When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need The tenderness for which I long tonight.

—Belle E. Smith.

BEST WISHES

for a
HAPPY NEW YEAR
Merle Grigsby
Tailor

The shop that made low prices possible.

NEW YEAR GREETINGS

Wide Way
Service Station
Texaco Products
J. W. STOTTS

Frank Frost asks in the Eskridge (Kans.) Independent: "Do you use stationery furnished by the jobbers and manufacturers of baking powders, tires, coffee, floor polish, spark plugs, laundry soap, overalls, roof paint, and a thousand and one other products? The stationery which bears the large advertisement of the product, and your own name in a less conspicuous line?" Mr. Frost then presents this incontestable argument: "Better let your stationery advertise your own business and your own affairs and your own personality, and buy it of your home printer, who will give you a better job at a lower price. He will not throw in any spark plugs, or baking powder, but he will give you a good clean job of printing which reflects your business and personality. The best advertisement you can give yourself and your business is to proclaim the fact that you are loyal to home industries, including the home print shop."

Daughter—"Daddy, may I have some money?"
Father—"You have a husband—why don't you ask him?"
Daughter—"Because I need the money."

LIFE

Ah! learn to make the most of life. Nor lose one happy day, For time will never return sweet joy. Neglected, thrown away, Nor leave one tender word unaid; Thy kindness sow broadcast— The mill will never grind again With water that is past!
—Sarah Dardney.

A stubborn husband is one whom wife has to argue all through the night to make him admit that she's right when she's wrong.

There's big news for you in the advertising columns.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Phillips 66
Service Station
L. L. Rogers, Mgr.

Best Wishes for a Happy New Year

You people who read this greeting have been good to us—good friends and good customers.

It is our sincere wish that you may have a New Year that will bring you health, happiness and prosperity.

Cobb's 5c to \$1 Store

Compliments of the Season

We trust the coming year will bring forth better business relations in Happiness and Prosperity.

McLean Chamber of Commerce

Reuben R. R. Cook, President Carl O Greene, Vice President
W. E. Bogan, Secretary Claude Williams, Treasurer
T. A. Landers, Jesse J. Cobb, Ralph Caldwell, Boyd Meador
O. G. Stokely, M. D. Bentley, Directors

ADVERTISING ANALYSIS

When the people get tax conscious they turn to the newspapers. When they want to know every 24 hours just exactly what the national financial situation is they turn to the newspapers. When they want to watch daily the rise and fall in the price of the stock market they turn to the newspapers. When they want to be economical in their household expenses they turn to the advertising columns of the newspapers. When they want to be truly informed on the actual fluctuations in the price of anything that they may have occasion to buy they turn to the newspapers. When they have an urge to satisfy their craving as to the truth or fallacy of a certain piece of gossip, however large or small in importance, they turn to the newspapers. When they want to know who came to the world today, who got married, who ran away from his wife and five children, who came to the home town to live, and who died, they turn to the newspapers. When they want to know what is going on in the great world outside, daily, politically, or in the general news, they turn to the newspapers. When they want their fill of social news, sport news, spot news, features, serials, telegraph news, continued series, or what not, they turn to the newspapers. When they want to read advertising without being bored by advertising, they turn to the newspapers. When they want the latest on fashion, art, the theatres, music and other cultural subjects, they turn to the newspapers. When they want honest expression on the controversial subjects of the hour and a chance to give expression themselves to their own ideas they turn to the newspapers. The American people live by and for the newspapers. They use them for their own information directly and provide much of the material that goes into them indirectly through their own private and public lives. The American newspaper was never so important nor so interesting to the average person as it is today. It is being given a more thorough reading today than ever before. There is so much advertising medium that is so close to the people in an intimate, social way as the newspapers. It is the only advertising medium that is paid for and welcomed daily through the front door. And yet—there are people in business who never stop to make an analysis such as is set forth in this article, and waste hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of dollars annually in useless and non-productive advertising. — Santa Cruz (Calif.) News.

SACRED HARP SINGERS

The sacred harp singers of Lufkin district will meet in their annual session at Lufkin Saturday. About 500 people are expected. Big preparations are reported by the Lufkin News, which goes on to say that the hospitality of the town has become an end appreciated all over the state. The homes of Lufkinites have been thrown open for the visitors, and baskets of food and donations of cash have been promised.—Jacksonville Progress. The date is near, the voices are in tune, and State Press would delight to be present when the sacred harp singers raise their voices in the opening chorus. If S. P. is not mistaken, the sacred harp singers continue to utilize the shaped notes, by means of which so much great music was composed and performed in the years when people sang for self-expression rather than for what they could make out of it. Since the modern notes, the round notes, came in, singing has become too high hat. Lots of us who have joy in our hearts and would burst into song through the motivation of simple exultation are inclined to keep mum for fear of being criticized. Artificiality has crept into all the arts, and the art of music, vocal and instrumental, suffers grievously from lack of soul. Soul provided the spontaneity characteristic of the old-time singers, but nowadays it is not the inner warmth that moves the song, but the tingle of the pocket nerve. The lute and psalter of King David's time were as heart's-ease to smooth the wrinkled front of war, not commercial instruments for coaxing the crowd into a show. The sacred harp artists in their convention at Lufkin will not sing dialogues in operatic fashion or use their voices as escalators to slide up and down from necktie tenor to waistband bass. They will raise their books, open their mouths and, like Deborah of old, exalt themselves and lift their comrades up.—State Press in Dallas News.

FALLING FOR FAKE SCHEMES

Never within the recollection of the present generation have as many fake schemes come to light as within the last two years. Almost every day papers in some part of the country are called upon to expose a new scheme. But, as a rule, the expose comes after the faker has gathered in the money and hid himself to other territory, where his game is still unknown. He manages to keep one jump ahead of the denouncers. This section has come in for its share of schemes and fakers, and its citizens have contributed their share of coin to the schemers. It has never been plain why local citizens will bite at something a home town citizen couldn't sell them in a thousand years. Along comes a perfect stranger selling advertising space on a time card, cook book, calendar, or some other fake scheme. He sells his space readily, in a form of advertising that usually isn't worth the paper it is printed on, pockets the money and is on his way. And then, when the advertiser fails to get results—as he does ninety-nine times out of a hundred—he goes around declaring that "advertising doesn't pay." The fact of the matter is such schemes are not legitimate advertising, and that is the only kind that ever did or ever will pay. There is something funny about human nature when it comes to these fake schemes. Nobody can understand why merchants and professional men will "fall for them" when they wouldn't buy a nickel's worth of space if a home town man was doing the soliciting. But a perfect stranger comes along and they bite—hook, line and sinker. It's a problem no one has so far been able to figure out.—Slaton Slatonite.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES.—One insertion, 2c per word. Two insertions, 4c per word, or 1c per word each week after first insertion. Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numbers count as words. No advertisement accepted for less than 25c per week. All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.



FARMS for lease, near McLean. Write Leo Stockton, Bethany, Okla 50-8c.

FOR SALE.—Hegari and cane bundles. T. A. Massay, Phone 260.

ADDING MACHINE ribbons and rolls at News office.

DUPLICATING sales books, etc each at News office.

MISCELLANEOUS

Feed grinding.—Bundles, cottonseed, ear corn, heads or threshed grain. Feed or cash toll. Hibler's Dairy, 11

SALE BILLS printed in McLean are labeled "The McLean News" at the bottom. 1f

HALF PRICE OFFER.—The Amarillo Daily News and The McLean News, both, one year for \$5.00; regular price, both for \$10.00. Subscribe at News office. 1f

POUND NOTICE.—I will sell at public auction Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1933, at 2 p. m. at the city pound, in McLean, Texas, one red yearling heifer, unless claimed by owner before that date. J. A. Sparks, City Marshal and Pound Keeper. 1c

The McLean News and Fort Worth Star-Telegram, both one year for \$7.00. Subscribe at News office. 1f

The McLean News and the Dallas Morning News both one year for \$7.00. Subscribe at News office.

INDIA INK, Stamp pad ink, show card ink and writing inks at News office.

WANTED

WANTED.—Wardrobe or streamer trunk. Must be cheap for cash. Spud Lynch. 1p

W. L. Litchfield has renewed for The home paper and the Amarillo News at our bargain rate.

Birl Glass and family of Alanreed visited relatives here Sunday.

Henry Kinard of Dalhart visited relatives here Sunday.

JUST ONE TROUBLE

"Yassar, dat hoss ob mine am de fastest horse in de worl! He cud run a mile in a minute if it warn't fo' one thing." "Whut's dat, brudder?" "The distance am too long fo' de shortness ob de time." Rastus, thoroughly married darky, was one day approached by a life insurance agent. "Better let me write you a policy, Rastus," he suggested diplomatically. "No, sah," declared Rastus emphatically. "Ah ain't too safe at home as it is." A lawyer is about the only man that gets anything out of fighting the other fellow's battles, comments G. M. Martin in the Iberia (Mo.) Gazette. "What's the best exercise for reducing?" "Just move the head slowly from right to left when asked to have the second helping." Housewife—"This morning my husband threw a biscuit at me. A biscuit I made myself." Neighbor—"The idea! It might have killed you!" "Did you have a nice long talk with Mr. Goldberg?" "Did I! When I left, his voice was so tired he could hardly lift his arms." Politician—"Congratulate me, dear, I got the nomination." Wife—"Honestly!" Politician—"Why bring that up?"

KEEP A NEWSPAPER FILE

Files of the local newspapers are almost as important for record purposes as are transcriptions of deeds, mortgages and other public documents. They should be kept in fire proof vaults. If the publisher is not in position to provide this protection, the authorities of the town should do so. In case the newspaper files are destroyed, it will take a lot of scratching around to fill in the gap in local history which their loss will entail.—Kentucky Press.

An Easterner stood on the veranda of a little western hotel and watched the sun go down.

"By George," he exclaimed to the native sitting nearby, "that's certainly a gorgeous sunset, isn't it?" "Not bad," was the answer. "Not bad for a little place like Hoopville."

The editor of the Texoma (Okla.) Times cannot refrain from smiling after reading the notice of a man's appointment to office in which the only thing that the editor can find to say regarding his qualifications is "that he is a staunch supporter of the party."

Rastus—"Ah's sho' advanced in de pa' couple ob years." Mose—"How's dat?" Rastus—"Well, two years ago ah was called a lazy loafer, and now ah's listed as an unfortunate victim ob de unemployment sitchee-ayshun."

"How is Cornbloom getting along with his farm this year?" "He has been greatly troubled with pests." "Really? Injure his crops much?" "No, they were city men who wanted to work at city wages."

Virginia Cecil admits in her Mount Vernon (Mo.) Chieftain that one disadvantage a woman editor has is that she can't prop her heels upon her desk and pull her hat down over her eyes no matter what happens.

Kazmerak—"Do you believe in kindness to animals?" Bratchle—"Why, certainly." Kazmerak—"Then why don't you take that face and give it back to the poor little monkey?"

"I can't sing. Both arms are sore." "But you don't need your arms to sing." "No, but I need them to protect myself."—Film Fun.

To avoid trouble and insure safety, advises the Peabody (Kans.) Gazette, breath through the nose; it keeps the mouth shut.

Tom Wells says that the Spanish bullfighter who recently gave up his profession to get married may know what he is doing, but doubts it.

A speakasy is a place where you speak easy when you go in and can't speak at all when you come out.

I AM THE FARMER

I am the provider for all mankind. Upon me every human being constantly depends.

A world itself is built upon my toil, my products, my honesty.

Because of my industry, America, my country, leads the world; her prosperity is maintained by me; her great commerce is the work of my good hands; her "balance of trade" springs from the furrows of my farm.

My reaper brings food for today; my plows hold promise for tomorrow.

In war I am absolute; in peace I am indispensable—my country's surest defense and constant reliance.

I am the very soul of America, the hope of a race, the balance wheel of civilization.

When I prosper, men are happy; when I fail, all the world suffers.

I live with nature, walk in the green fields under the golden sunlight, out in the great alone where brain and brawn and toll supply mankind's primary need. And I try to do my humble part to carry out the great plan of God.

Even the birds are my companions; they greet me with a symphony at the new day's dawn and chum with me 'till the evening prayer is said.

If it were not for me the treasures of the earth would remain securely locked; the granaries would be useless frames; man himself would be doomed speedily to extinction or decay.

Through me is produced the energy that maintains the spark of life.

I rise with the early dawn and retire when the "chores" of the world are done.

I am your true friend. I am the farmer. — Wright County Journal-Press, Buffalo, Minn.

ALMOST AS ROUGH

First Cowpuncher—"That last cayuse kinda bucked, didn't he?" Second C. P.—"Did he buck! You'da thought you was in a rumble seat!" —Prairie Farmer.

LOOKING AHEAD

Sweet Young Thing—"Basil says he worships the very ground I stand on." Rejected Suitor—"I don't blame him. A farm of that size is not to sneezed at."—Cornhusker Countrymen.

CRUDE, BUT OIL RIGHT

"Have you seen Al lately?" "Al who?" "Alcohol. Kerosene him yesterday. Hasn't benzine since. Gasolined against a fence and took a naphtha."

"You say that your boy is an adept at finger-printing? How nice." "Not so nice. He's forever getting finger-prints on our clean towels."

State Representative John Puryear of Wellington was in McLean today.

Emery Crockett of Pampa visited home folks here during the holidays.

Miss Pauline Crabtree visited in Pampa this week.

Jesse J. Cobb is in the Dallas markets this week.

ADVERTISING LIKE BUSINESS MUST BE CONTINUOUS

It is superfluous to say that commercial enterprises must be open every business day to be successful. Still, some merchants who keep their doors open figuratively, close them to a vast group of customers, whose index to buying is The McLean News columns, by not advertising weekly. Without advertising, that merchant's business is closed for the day to a multitude of potential buyers.

John Wanamaker once said, "Continuous advertising, like continuous work, is most effective. If there is any enterprise in the world that a quitter should leave alone, it is advertising. Advertising does not jerk—it pulls. It begins very gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day, year by year, until it exerts an irresistible power. To discontinue your advertisement is the same thing as taking down your sign. If you want to do business, you must let the public know it. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."

Though a person may seem to scan the ads weekly, he will be indelibly impressed with the ads that are "always in the paper." Selling is almost altogether a mental process. Purchases are oft made in the buyer's mind before the actual physical sale. The mental buying is of inestimable value to the professional advertiser when his name is associated with the article. This is the first step toward the sale. The value of being known and keeping it known is of utmost importance.

The McLean News

The Paper That's Read First

WARNING

THE McLEAN NEWS
Published Every Thursday
News Building, 210 Main Street
Phone 47

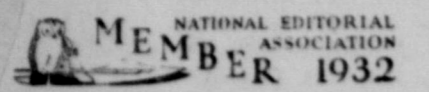
T. A. LANDERS, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Texas	
One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.65
Outside Texas	
One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.85

Day advertising rates, 25c per inch each insertion. Prepaid, 90c per inch.

Second class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.



To be truthful, the past Christmas season has been the worst in the history of the community, but there is a feeling that the coming year cannot hold as much grief as the one just past. There are many signs to support this belief and we have every right to face the new year with renewed hope.

A glance at the greetings advertisements in this issue of The News will prove that the morale of the community is in good shape. Merchants do not spend money for unnecessary things in times like these, and the fact that they are willing to spend money to thank their customers and friends proves that we are still neighbors and friends with the common thought of working for the betterment of conditions that will help all of us.

The spirit of cooperation in the bank crisis has been beautiful to see. The situation early developed into a question of community interest and it did not take much persuasion for the great majority of depositors to see that there was only one thing to do. The idea of personal benefit was lost in the thought of what was best for the community at large. And, as is so often the case, this was also the best for each depositor, as well as for the community.

"With malice toward none, and charity to all," holds true of the home town paper, perhaps, better than any other institution. Regardless of the opinion of its editor, the newspaper must stand for those things that tend to the betterment of all, friends and enemies alike. Nothing is ever intentionally allowed in its columns that would offend anyone. Many times news items are carried that we would be glad to omit, but there is no way of controlling news. Many things happen in the course of the years to sadden the community, yet it is the task of the newspaper to give the facts in the most possible. Editorial opinion is confined to those things of common interest, and not to pet ideas of the editor.

In looking back over the past year, the editor of The News is grateful to those whose friendship and cooperation made it possible to carry on under trying conditions. It is only with the cooperation of loyal friends that the task of community betterment can be accomplished. That the newspaper should play a large part in community enterprises is self-evident, but the fact remains that the newspaper cannot do these things alone.

We appreciate all those who have assisted us—advertisers, printing customers and subscribers—as well as those who have helped in other ways, have our thanks at the close of one of the worst years in our memory. May we all see the fruit

of our efforts in much better times the coming year.

Over a dozen citizens, some of them holding office, have complimented this paper's stand for published reports from tax-spenders boards. All of them agreed that some things would not have happened if such reports had been published as the law directs. One man told us that some people had criticized the editor, saying that the reports were wanted as a means of earning a little extra money for the paper, but this was unjust, as for six years of the time in question The News offered to carry all such reports free of charge.

Regardless of the opinion of the editor, the newspaper must stand for those things that tend to the best interest of the community. This item is one that is generally agreed to be of benefit, and the only objection that is ever expressed is on account of the expense of publishing. To tell the truth, if such things should be charged for, it is the best money any board can spend, from the standpoint of the taxpayer.

Time was when the taxpayer thought little about anything connected with spending the money, but in times like these most of us are thinking about how taxes, along with other expenses, can be reduced, and we have a keen interest in how our money is being used. This is as it should be, and should work to the common interest of all of us.

MUG-BOOK SCHEMES

One amusing observation easily made in any community is the way men fall for schemes.

Take advertising. Some business men, while they ignore the well established local newspaper, bite for any dangling bait that puts the promise of their names in print.

Mug-books, that print men's pictures and biographies—programs that are charity-directories that are never consulted—common books that tempt with profits—all in the name of advertising.

Only when local business men have first exhausted legitimate advertising media are they justified in pitching dollars into the sea.—Clayton Rand, publisher Gulfport (Miss) Guide.

D. E. Upham was in Oklahoma City last week end.

News from Alanreed

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Murry are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Reece.

Married, at Sayre, Okla., last Tuesday, Mrs. Essie Simmons and Mr. Lacy Herring.

Houlton Bell made a business trip to Hedley Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Miniard went to Clarendon Saturday.

Jim Bryant's folks are all sick with the flu.

Mr. and Mrs. Milburn Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Houlton Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Miniard, Mr. and Mrs. Houston Bell spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Moreman went to Wellington to spend the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Moreman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Herring spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Houlton Bell spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Miniard.

Miss Estelle Walker visited Mrs. White Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Easterling and daughters are spending the Christmas holidays at Clarendon with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Easterling.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pierce spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collie visited the Romain Pugh family Saturday night and Sunday.

Vester Hines, who has been in Dodsonville, is visiting home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Milburn Gibson and son spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Houston Bell.

Noble Fish and Miss Juanita Spradlen of the Whitefish community were married last week.

Mrs. Donley Hall went to Hedley Saturday night to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bell.

The Norcatur (Kans.) Dispatch makes note and compliments the Scandia merchant who recognized good advertising by taking a half page space in a local newspaper of that town to tell the folk he was sorry his eight clerks could not wait upon all the people that crowded his store the previous Saturday.

Frances—"I don't see what your first wife had against me."

Frances—"What now?"

Frances—"I just found out that before she died she asked you to marry dollars into the sea.—Clayton Rand, me."

Miss Idabel Newman, who is attending school at Amarillo, visited home folks here during the holidays.

News from Webb

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Cort Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Courts were Pampa visitors Thursday.

Miss Ethelyn Williamson, who is attending high school at Borger, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dever and children and Bertie Bell Turner went to Borger Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blaisdell left Monday morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Blaisdell's brother, F. L. Casper, at Marshall, Okla. Mr. Casper was a former resident of McLean.

His wife died just four weeks before his death. One son, Charles, survives.

Leon Forbes and Mrs. Mildred London spent Tuesday in Amarillo.

Mrs. Jake Flescher and daughter, Helen Myers, went to Borger Tuesday.

Eben Blaisdell of Blackwell, Okla., and friend, Miss Hazel Donahay, of Tulsa, Okla., spent the Christmas holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blaisdell.

E. G. Blaisdell left Monday with his parents for Marshall, Okla., to attend the funeral of his uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Kratzer, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kratzer were Pampa visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Carson and little son of Borger visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williamson, Sunday.

Miss Leota Brown is spending the holidays with her parents at Ada, Okla.

Miss Bennie Purnell spent the holidays with her sister at Mobeetie.

Miss Gertrude Courts is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Courts. Miss Courts is attending high school at McLean.

Miss Gorda Lou Haynes, who is attending school at Weatherford, Okla., visited her mother, Mrs. Callie Haynes, during the holidays.

Misses Charlotte and Rosalie Cousins of Amarillo visited relatives here during the holidays.

J. M. Jones of Hereford was in McLean Saturday.

News from Heald

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kramer and family are spending the holidays in Houston.

Raymond and Henry Bailey of Wheeler visited Ed Bailey Monday.

Miss Lydia Moore spent Saturday night with Miss Christine Hanner.

Misses Bill and Jean Lane and Juanita Closson spent Saturday night with Miss Sadie Brock.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Holder and son, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bailey and sons spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Corbie Jeffries.

Misses Sadie and Lou Cecile Brock, Fahoma Ladd, Juanita Closson, and Dwight Hoker spent Sunday in the U. G. Lane home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey and family, Cecil, Lovie, Jewel Ruth and Alta May McKinsey of Dumas and Alma Brock spent Sunday in the John Haynes home.

Misses Mary Ellen and Earlene Green of McLean visited their aunt, Mrs. Bill Bailey, last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chilton and family, Mrs. Ada Cates and family visited in the Pete Chilton home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bailey and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Phillips and family of Shamrock, Mr. and Mrs. Arvil Phillips spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Phillips.

Hubert Chilton visited D. L. Miller Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. Vernon Heinson took dinner in the Reneau home Sunday.

Misses Sadie Brock, Fahoma Ladd and Earl Lane called on Mrs. Walter Bailey Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Roach and family of Shamrock spent Sunday in the A. P. Rippey home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Phillips and little daughter, Leta Mae, and little Miss Shirley Johnston visited in Pampa Thursday.

News from Pakan

Misses Anne and Elizabeth Plak of Lubbock came in Friday night to spend the holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Plak, and brother, Paul. They will return to Lubbock after the holidays.

Misses Blanche and Nell Adams of Shamrock were dinner guests at the C. A. Linkey home Sunday.

Miss Vivian Gardner left Wednesday morning for Jackboro to spend the holidays with her parents.

There was a Christmas program given at the school house Tuesday night, which was enjoyed by a large crowd.

Miss Geneva Russell is ill with the flu at a Shamrock hospital. Her mother and brother of Sanger are with her. She is reported much better.

Dusan, Miro and Christina Pakan, Anne and Betty Plak, Louise Risan, Emily, Olga and Susie Hrciar visited in the Lumus home Sunday afternoon.

THANK YOU

for your patronage and may the NEW YEAR be a happy one for all of us. JOHN MERTEL

WE THANK YOU

for the nice business given us since coming to McLean, and we expect to merit your continued favor by selling high class merchandise at live-and-let-live prices. May the New Year bring you happiness and better business conditions. J. M. STUBBLEFIELD

WE THANK YOU

for your patronage the past year and wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR THE FAIR STORE

GREETINGS
and all good wishes for a
Happy New Year
E. W. BRAXTON
Plumber

Greetings
We appreciate the business accorded us during 1932, and we want to join you in striving for a better community, a better business and the spirit of cooperation that will bring success to all of us.
We extend best wishes to everyone for the coming year. May it be but the beginning of better times for us all.

FOXWORTH-GALERAITH LUMBER COMPANY
B. F. Gray, Manager

Happy New Year
The Andrew H. Floyd Post
the American Legion
appreciates the cooperation given by the citizens of this community in all efforts for community betterment.
We want to join others in expressing our best wishes for a Happy New Year.
C. O. Greene, Post Commander
Floyd B. Roberts, Adj. J. R. Glass, 1st Vice Com.
Byrd Jones, 2nd Vice Com. F. E. Stewart, Treasurer
Josh Turner, Service Off. G. W. Roachell, Chaplin
Reep Landers, Liaison Officer

GOLF GOSSIP

By D. A. Davis

Cheer up, you golfers, cheer up. It won't be long now before we all will be sitting on top of the world. I see in the papers where there is a movement on foot away back in the west somewhere where they have started up a fund to help all the poor professional golfers who are out of work. They are planning to collateralize their golf equipment and loan them money at a very cheap rate of interest, and in this way the figure bringing these professionals through winter in good shape so they will be ready for the golf tournaments which will be started up in the late spring and summer. If they can only get the reconstruction finance corporation, re-incorporated, interested enough to put this over, we golfers sure be sittin' all hunkadory. I mentioned this to our president and he will be sure and get an application in for a loan of a hundred bucks to help us out on reconstruction and refinancing program, which will be absolutely necessary for us to retain our social financial prestige which we are desperately in need of right at this particular psychological moment. Some of these words, folks, will be in your old dictionary, and if you study them carefully you will find a great meaning in each word and we golfers thoroughly understand that perhaps you other different kinds of folks don't know nothing about.

Well, I sure am going to have the best of luck this next year playing golf, and there ain't going to be nobody responsible for my good luck but Old Clayburn Cash. The old boy beat me down the other day and brought home a fine brand new 1933 calendar and told me he remembered about squawking this past summer about my giving me a calendar so I'd keep a lookout for the 13th of the month, so Old Brindleface or anybody else could slip up on my off day and beat me playing golf. And, I think I sure do thank you for your calendar, for I am sure going to start right in now and study up on my calendar so I will know weeks ahead what day to play all my golf games.

In addition to playing golf, I'm in the notion to get me a guitar and practice up a little and get a job somewhere singing over the radio, as I believe I could put on as good a performance, or a whole lot better than lots of programs that are on the air now. If I can just manage to get to advertise Dr. Blizzard's cough tablets or continual black burners, and call myself the "dodo" of West Texas, I could get up and see what a dodo and offer three prizes for the best answer as to why I'm a bald-headed dodo. I'll offer my driver for a prize, my brassie as second prize, and my spoon as third prize, and that way I'll get rid of three of my clubs I don't need; besides getting my photograph for one cash.

There are certainly a lot of folks around here who never understand nothing; for instance, I see quite a few people who wanted to know just what I was driving at week anyway. If I have to explain myself thoroughly, I certainly do it. What I was trying to do was to get down your throats (not into your throats) and see what a dodo and if you will refer to Mr. Webster's dictionary you will find the word "considerate" means having regard for others, prudent, thoughtful, and if you are too dumb to understand what prudent, careful and thoughtful means, just take the winter and look up and see what they mean.

If you want to know something, I've been studying my old dictionary a bit lately, and if you will do the same you will be a bit smarter and understand things better. For instance, what Old Man Webster say about "considerate", viz: A heap, mound, or rising ground beneath the surface of the earth; or at the mouth of a river; or at the mouth of a canal; or at the mouth of a banking company; in a game of chance, the fund lying on the table. Now there you see, folks, study banking a while and get off us golfers, and reach for a basket instead of a check.

Well, I've got to get something out of my chest this week regarding my chestnut ash tree and the property.

Local and Personal

Misses Vera Hibler, Sarah Ellen Foster, Fern Landers, Winnifred Howard, Charlie Mae Carpenter, Lella O'Neal, Lois Kirby; Messrs. Earl Breeding, Guy Hibler and Guyron Laycock, who are attending the West Texas State Teachers College at Canyon, are home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jordan and daughter, Elizabeth, of Amarillo; Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Orrill and little daughter of Perryton, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hutchison and daughter of New Kirk, Okla., spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Jordan.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Regal of Amarillo, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bidwell of Tucumcari, N. M., visited the ladies' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks, during the holidays.

O. G. Stokely and daughter, Mrs. Martha Hamilton, visited in Dallas the first of the week. The latter remained for a few days visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Regal, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bidwell motored to Shamrock Sunday afternoon.

T. H. Andrews hands us \$5.00 for The News and Amarillo News another year.

Mrs. J. W. Kibler returned last Thursday from Tempe, where she had been for medical treatment.

Mrs. Mary Sanford returned to her home at Cisco Monday after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Sam Kunkel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Haynes and children, Mrs. Roy Campbell and daughter visited in Shamrock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Chambers visited the lady's parents in Hollis, Okla., last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bentley and son visited relatives in Clarendon last week end.

Mrs. and Mrs. John Cooper and little son visited relatives at Canyon Christmas.

Misses Thelma and Sybil Young, Elizabeth Wilkerson and Eileen Neill visited in Shamrock Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kunkel of Cisco visited relatives here during the holidays.

Miss Leora Kinard of Pampa visited home folks here during the holidays.

Miss Mannie Abbott of Plemmons visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Abbott, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Shelburne visited relatives at Lone Wolf during the holidays.

Mrs. J. W. Kibler takes advantage of our bargain rate on The News and Amarillo News.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson of Shamrock visited relatives here during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Coty Bentley of Hereford visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Greer, last week.

Mrs. Etta Hudgins of Erick, Okla., visited relatives here Sunday.

Ben Critchlow of Santa Rosa, N. M., was in McLean for the holidays.

Mrs. E. J. Lander visited in Oklahoma City during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McFolk of Amarillo were in McLean Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McFolk of Amarillo were in McLean Tuesday.

With the Churches

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

S. R. Jones, Minister
Sunday school 10 a. m., J. E. Moore superintendent.
Morning service at 11.
N. Y. P. S. 7 p. m., Amos Williams president.
Evening service at 7:30. Congregational song service, good orchestra. Solo by Stella Roby Morgan.
Prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:30. The public is invited.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister
All our regular services will be held Sunday, both morning and evening. Come and worship with us.
J. O. Clark takes advantage of our bargain rate on The News and Amarillo News.

Miss Agnes Abbott of Norman, Okla., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Abbott, during the holidays.

Miss Sybil Ayer of Amarillo visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ayer, Sunday.

Miss Frances Wilson of Amarillo visited home folks here during the holidays.

B. F. Gray has renewed for The News and Amarillo News at our bargain rate.

Douglas Wikton and family of Pampa visited here during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Pannel of Amarillo are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Lewis Cooke.

Mackie Greer and Spud Lynch are visiting the former's sister, Mrs. Harold Clement, at Sudan this week.

Miss Pearl Grubbs returned to Dallas this week after a visit in the O. G. Stokely home.

Little Misses Marcella and Dorothy Campbell returned Sunday from a visit with relatives at Panhandle.

Miss Ida Douglas of Spearman was a guest of Mrs. J. T. Glass during the holidays.

Miss Irene Jackson of Pampa is a guest of Miss Joelle Vannoy this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Dunkle and little son of Hereford visited in the Byrd Gull home during the holidays.

Elmer and Miss Pearl Strong of Abra visited their sister, Mrs. Byrd Gull, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Brant and daughter of Panhandle visited in the Dr. W. L. Campbell home Sunday.

Dick Dickenson and family visited in Erick, Okla., Sunday.

Witt Springer visited his daughter at Spur the first of the week.

Sammie Waisman was in Amarillo Sunday.

Harold Clement and family of Sudan visited relatives here Sunday.

George Springer of Matador visited his mother here this week.

N. H. Greer went to Amarillo Wednesday.

Vester Smith was in Amarillo the first of the week.

D. N. Mas was in Shamrock Thursday.

Mr. E. L. Norman of McLean visited in McLean Friday.

THE WICKED RAFFLE

Of course Webster's unabridged and the federal laws make little distinction between a "raffle" and a "lottery."

Aunt Sally, president of the church ladies' aid society, couldn't be convinced of it. Aunt Sally bakes cakes and makes hooked rugs and things for the ladies' aid bazaars and they're "raffled" off for the home mission fund.

Aunt Sally, appreciating the power of publicity, calls on the church editor and says she thinks "it would be nice if he would run a piece in the paper about their bazaar and raffle."

"Well, we'll be glad to publish something about the bazaar," says the church editor, "but we can't mention the raffle."

"Why not, for pity sakes?" demands Aunt Sally.

The church editor hesitates, hunting for an euphemism, and then decides to come out with the blunt truth. "You see," he says blandly, "the government will exclude an account of a lottery. It's the law."

"Piffle," says Aunt Sally. "This is just a raffle—just a cake raffle to help the poor of Buffalo."

By this time the church editor is uncomfortable. "I'm awfully sorry," he says, "but the government doesn't make any distinction between church raffles and any kind of lotteries. It calls them gambling."

"I'll let you understand," she informs the blushing church editor, "that I'd have nothing to do with gambling. Gambling!" Aunt Sally is shocked.

It takes the church editor a long time to mollify her, and she leaves not entirely convinced that the young man couldn't help her if he wished.

But the federal government is firm in this respect. Following the indictment of Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania on lottery charges, extensive investigations are being pushed into many church raffles.

All of the Aunt Sallys may be comforted, however, in the knowledge that they are free from federal prosecution unless they have transported tickets from one state to another or sent them through the mails.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

THE OLDEST THINGS ALIVE

All of us have a hankering, I suppose, to see the Redwoods of California. A few weeks ago I stood for the first time in this great forest dwarfed beside these giants that stand in the mountains by the sea. Rocked in the cradle of the ages these oldest, largest living things have defied the ravages of time.

With little root to resist the wind, standing alone they could not live, but together, their combined strength has conquered the elements—and survived the centuries.

In all the works of nature I know of no such lesson on the spirit of cooperation.

What a stride my town would take, what commercial conquest, what civic achievement, if its people stood and stuck together—like the Redwoods.—Clayton Rand.

W. C. Collier of Amarillo visited in the J. A. Sparks home Wednesday.

Miss Thelma Young of Amarillo visited home folks here last week end.

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SPLIT INFINITIVES AND THINGS

The editor took a good deal of amusement from a tale told upon him recently. It was related to us that while reading an issue of this paper, a high school student whose specialty has been English, remarked to his parents: "There certainly is a use of very poor English in the press. Here is a split infinitive."

Newspaper writing is so instinctive to those who follow this profession that even those who operate much larger papers seldom stop to consider the demand upon them in a linguistic way. And probably the average reader who picks up so small a paper as this one never pauses to think of the amount of "copy" that must be written each week to fill the columns.

In the first place, newspaper material is of a different composition than any other style of writing. The properly written "story" must pack up "who, what, when, where and why" into the "lead" paragraph, usually not exceeding four to six lines. Then, in order of importance, salient facts of the story are related. They must be told as tersely as possible to conserve space, but still with sufficient exactitude to permit complete understanding. The less important facts of the story are written last, so that if it becomes necessary to shorten the item for lack of space, the final paragraphs may be removed and the most essential facts of the matter in question be retained.

Then, too, the news writer, and particularly those whose work is upon small papers, must be multitalented in every respect. On Monday morning he must be prepared with enough ideas to fill an editorial page, and upon his faculty of thought and treatment of the ideas he has garnered depends the extent to which that page is read by his circulation. From that he must dash with equal ease to the baseball games, the newest play, the municipal financing situation, a fire, a robbery, and a bridge party or church social. If he sees the hungry maw of the typewriting machine, he must dash these off with instantaneous thought, remembering whether the person of whom he writes, Mr. Smith, for instance, is John, Charles, George, Gus, or G. H., and whether he spells it Smith, Smythe, or some other way. He must have a million facts about the community filed in his brain for immediate use, for if he were forced to refer to a directory or the every time he used a name in order to be certain of the initials or spelling, he could never keep up with his production. He must know the foibles and fancies of every person in town, and woe betide the country scribe who fails to remember the names of every child in the family.

Under these circumstances a newspaper man can smile, a trifle grimly or hope, when some wise guy picks out a split infinitive or some other obvious grammatical error from the thousands of words that he must write in a steady stream each week, and each day of each week. And the chances are nine out of ten that the same critical reader, regardless of his ability in high school English, would be a physical and mental wreck at the end of the first day if he had to sound out the amount of reading matter that any newspaper writer accepts as a matter of course, instead of taking an hour to prepare a thesis or dissertation upon some abstract subject upon which he has had ample time to inform himself.

The marvel of the modern newspaper is not that an error should be made occasionally, but that so much material as is required to publish a newspaper should be rushed through under forced draft with so few errors. —(Clermont (Pa.) Press.

ADVERTISING AND RECOVERY

With "recovery beginning to be felt" and with the "trend decidedly upward," it is time to renew sales effort, to aggressively sell advertising in the daily and weekly newspapers of the country. Advertising will be a vital factor in the recovery of business; and the newspaper remains the powerful and primary medium for that advertising. The important place of advertising, and especially of newspaper advertising, must be emphasized. The selling job is that of every member of the Fourth Estate and can well again begin now.—The Oregon Editor.

SCHE KEPT THE 5¢ PIECE

A Missouri editor, reading the news from a foreigner, was surprised to find with the request to write me what you think of it.

CAUSES FOR TRADING AWAY FROM HOME

Some people just naturally rather trade away from home than anywhere else in the world, no matter if the goods are higher and of inferior value. They are just made up that way and can't help it. On the other hand, the great majority of people feel much rather trade at home with people they know, because they know that if anything isn't just right, their home merchant will make it right. But in the majority of small towns, the home merchant never has any news in the home paper about the new things or old things that he has. But the reader does see glowing ads in the nearby city papers, together with what appears to be bargain prices. The roads are good; they need an airing out anyway. Why not go to the city?

Once in a while the merchants in the larger cities notice the fact that the home town merchants are neglecting their field, and the city merchant takes advantage of the fact by sending ads to the small town paper to brace up his city advertising. Nearly all country weeklies will take this advertising, if it comes voluntarily. You cannot blame them. It really means bread and butter and clothing for the family of the small town publisher. Would the home town merchant turn down any business sent him from the city? Hardly, and he generally does not feel hard at the local publisher if he accepts out of town advertising, if he is a reasonable fellow.

To more forcibly present our point, we have in mind a Panhandle paper, one of the oldest in that section, gotten out by an experienced and good man. He never says ugly things about his home merchants, but always something nice about them and the little home town. Last week that editor carried just about 50 inches of space of all kinds, exclusive of want ads, for home merchants. In the same issue he carried 122 inches of advertising from Pampa merchants. Is there any wonder then, that the roads are kept hot with shoppers going to the BIG TOWNS to trade? We should face very much to see out of town advertising predominant in the Herald.—Terry County Herald.

THE PEDDLERS

Yes! Winter is here. Peddlers of whatever nature are here almost every day to palm off some scheme on the merchants that is not worth a whoop in hodes as advertising. But it will cost the solicitors good money, and who should benefit but them? Don't you know it is your solemn duty, Mr. Merchant, to buy a space in the scheme of each one of these solicitors? Don't you realize that you have been sitting around all summer while business was dull, awaiting the approach of better times this fall, and now that they have arrived, don't you know that you should divide what you make with these fellows that have blown in here from the four corners of the universe? Of course they will buy nothing from you and will take all the money they get out of town. But what look what nice, well dressed and well fellows they are. Why, it would be a shame to send them away empty handed. Of course they want the ad that they sell printed almost FREE of charge, but they must make lots of money while the sun shines. We offered to print one job this week for \$75, a reasonable price, but he said he could get it printed elsewhere for \$5. When will good, reliable business men quit biting at such fakes?—Terry County Herald.

Not many readers realize how much more difficult it is to publish a newspaper in a small town in times of business inactivity. One week, for instance, the Eskridge (Kans.) Independent carried some 540 inches of pure reading matter, either original with its own force or prepared for publication, and all of it set on one linotype. This number of inches is equivalent to twenty-seven columns of reading matter. Little thought is ever given of the labor involved in preparing that staggering amount of reading matter for publication.

A prominent showman of other days says he will again make the 200 pound chorus girl popular on the stage. Editor Stahlman, of the King City (Mo.) Chronicle, is of the opinion that the man who can make a woman fashionable will be the solver of the farm problem. He doubts the potential consumption of wheat, corn, butter and potatoes needed over night.

The Democrat observes that Memphians (Mo.) has had an unusual number of peddlers this past summer, some naming their price, others offering to do so. —Memphian.

BARNUM ON ADVERTISING

When you get an article which you know is going to please your customers, and that when they have tried it, they will feel they have got their money's worth, then let the fact be known that you have got it. Be careful to advertise it in some shape or other, because it is evident that if a man has ever so good an article for sale, and nobody knows it, it will bring him no return. In a country like this, where nearly everybody reads, and where newspapers are issued and circulated in editions of 5,000 to 200,000, it would be very unwise if this channel were not taken advantage of to reach the public in advertising. A newspaper goes into the family and is read by the wife and children, as well as the head of the house, hence hundreds and thousands of people may read your advertisement, while you are attending to your routine business. Many, perhaps, read it while you are asleep. The whole philosophy of life is, first "sow," then "reap." That is the way the farmer does; he plants his potatoes and corn, and sows his grain and then goes about something else, and the time comes when he reaps. But he never reaps first and sows afterwards. This principle applies to all kinds of business, and to nothing more eminently than to advertising. If a man has a genuine article, there is no way in which he can reap more advantageously than by "sowing" to the public in this way. He must, of course, have a really good article, and one which will please his customers; anything superior will not succeed permanently, because the public is wiser than many imagine. Men and women are selfish, and we all prefer purchasing where we can get the most for our money; and we try to find out where we most surely can do so.—P. T. Parnum.

Fred Naeter, editor of the Southeast Missourian, is firmly convinced that most of us make our own depression since noticing a young couple unable to meet their obligations when the husband was getting \$30 a week are now paying as they go and saving \$2 every week on half that sum. The young man sold his car and his wife returned to dealers the radio and luxuries of other sorts they had bought on the installment plan. The young man told Naeter they are happier than before. Deprived of the car they find time to do more around their home and to be on better terms with each other than when they were killing around the country, spending money like water.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Boyd and children visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, at Palaska last week end.

Glen A. Nicholson of Dalhart takes advantage of our bargain rate on The News and Amarillo News.

THE HOME TOWN PAPER

The journalism department of the University of Southern California has been delving into the buying habits of newspaper readers and has made some valuable discoveries. Subscribers to the home town paper buy from 12 to 21 per cent more merchandise from local stores than do non-subscribers. Of the people in neighboring rural or smaller communities, subscribers buy from advertisers from 9 to 35 per cent more merchandise than non-subscribers. This holds true, regardless of spending power. The local newspaper, it is estimated, makes one of the largest, if not the largest, contributions to volume of trade in the smaller cities of California, and doubtless in the other states. The relation of the newspaper to the business world is more vital today than at any time in the past decade. The investigators are convinced that retail business in the smaller communities would be from one-fifth to one-fourth below its present level without the push given it by newspaper advertising.

In such economic conditions as we have today," says the report, "the local newspaper is an inestimable asset to the entire community. Not only is it a reservoir of local and national information, but through its ability to increase consumption of local goods, it stands out above any other institution in community-building value. It can also be verified that without such advertising merchandise in itself would be less dependable in quality and price, to say nothing of the effect upon trade ethics and practices. For without advertising, there is no opportunity for the consumer to make comparisons of either goods or prices."

The local newspaper has to make quite a struggle against the big city competitor. If local citizens appreciated its value to them they would give it whole-hearted support.—Post-Bulletin, Rochester, Minn.

Among the things on which we might well declare a moratorium is home talent plays directed by "specialists" from out of the city, who, incidentally, get most of the proceeds. Let's make them home talent all the way through, writes the editor of the Kingfisher (Okla.) Times, and he adds: "We are also in favor of more church dinners and more holidays."

VIRTUE OF PATIENCE

One of the greatest aids to worth while accomplishment is the quality of patience. This applies to laying the foundation for a successful career in any profession or business. The person who depends upon short cuts and quick-action devices frequently meets with bitter disappointment, if not disgrace.

This is particularly true with respect to the accumulation of wealth, as many misguided individuals now behind prison bars can regretfully testify. Many men who go wrong through speculation with other people's money do not set out deliberately to make a "killing" and take the chance. They intend to replace the appropriated funds if they win, but they usually lose in the end. Some instances are related by a recent writer on thrift:

One man used money not his own in what he considered a sure-thing real estate deal. The venture failed and one more was added to the suicide roll. Another lost in playing the market, then stole from his firm, lost again, and went to prison. Innumerable cases like these might be cited.

On the other hand, the patient plodder, who builds upon a sound and honest foundation, frequently achieves success which is denied to the spectacular plunger. In fact, patience is generally one of the surest aids in the accomplishment of any worthy purpose.—Spirit of Jefferson, Charles Town, West Virginia.

Buy where you sell—it pays.

AMARILLO GREENHOUSE

605 Tyler St. Telephone 2-2339, Nights, 5426
We prepay delivery charges on orders of \$3.00 or more

NEW YEAR GREETINGS

FARMERS GIN
HOPE & LYNCH
J. E. Lynch, Manager

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Accept our best wishes for a better and happier New Year and a sincere expression of appreciation of patronage—past, present, and future.

PUCKETT'S GROCERY

GREETINGS

We appreciate the business given us the past year, and want to assure you of our best wishes for a

Happy New Year

W. E. BOGAN & SON
Insurance

M SYSTEM

Appreciation

We appreciate the business given us the past year and expect to merit continuance of the same by giving the best possible service with the highest quality merchandise.

May you have a Happy New Year

COLLEBANK Com. Curer
GRAHAM
Maplin



LUCKY

PA SAYS, IF MONEY TALKS, HE MARRIED A GOLD MINE

T.R. DETROIT

ARE YOU STILL AT HALE COLLEGE?

YES, I HAVE TWO CHAIRS NOW SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY -

BY THE WAY, BELLE, I MET MY OLD PAL BILL TODAY

DOES HE STILL TEACH AT HALE?

HE FILLS TWO CHAIRS NOW, SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

YOU'D BELIEVE IT, MA, IF YOU SAW HIM - I'LL BET IT TAKES THREE CHAIRS TO HOLD HIM NEXT YEAR!

EXPLOITS OF EVE ~ ~ By Wilfred R. Cyr



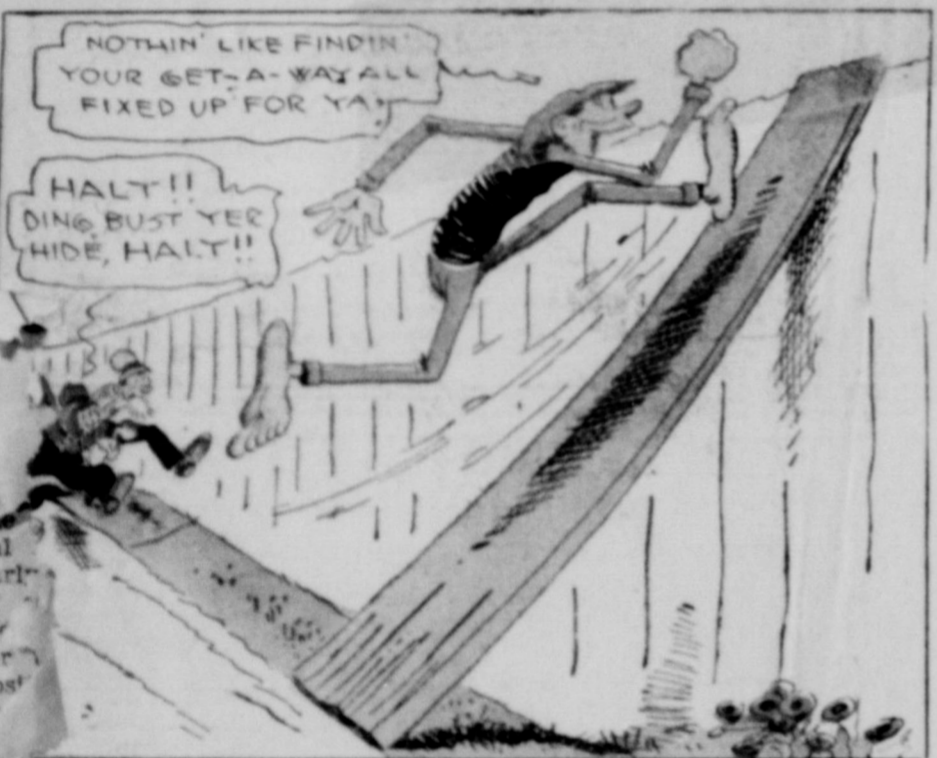
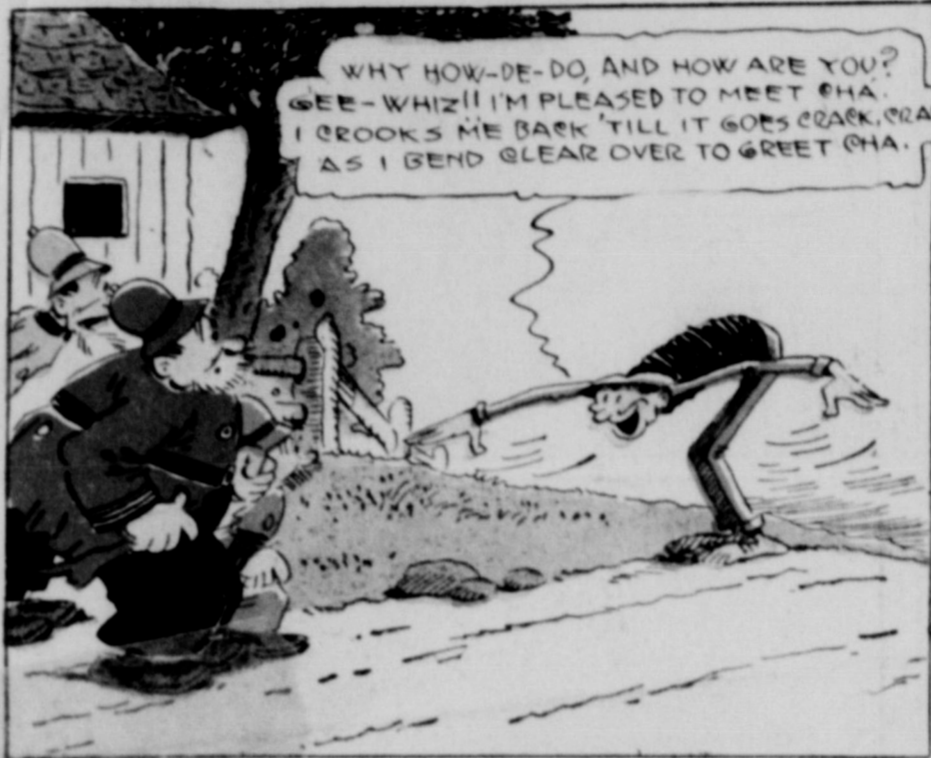
WARNING

COLORED COMIC SECTION

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — McLean's Home Paper Since 1904.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, December 29, 1932.



We have print scri ha ur