

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — — The Paper That's Read First

Volume 34.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, August 5, 1937.

No. 31.

Baptist Revival Services Begin Sunday Morning

According to previous announcement, revival services will begin at the First Baptist Church Sunday morning.

Services will be in charge of Rev. D. D. Sumrall of Dallas, who is expected to arrive Monday. The Sunday services will be in charge of Rev. Thomas Cobb of Plainview.

Rev. Sumrall needs no introduction to McLean people, as he conducted the revival for the local church last summer.

The revival committee consists of Murray Boston, C. H. Leeds, Mrs. Homer Abbott and Mrs. Geo. Colebank, and an invitation is extended to everyone in the community to attend the services, both day and night.

BIRTHDAY PARTY HONORS OUT OF TOWN GUEST

A birthday party was given in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lamb Monday afternoon, honoring the 8th birthday of their guest, Adelle Barber, of Winslow, Ariz.

Games were enjoyed by those present. A birthday cake with attractive decorations was presented the honoree, together with several nice gifts. Cookies and coolade were served.

Those present were: Betty June Franklin, Gloria Jean Gunn, Dixie Jones, Nanene and Wanda Sue Campbell, Maudie Dale Woods, Wynema Lamb, Will Woods, Billy Eudey, Cleve Barber and Rondal Lee Barber.

Mrs. Lamb was assisted by Mrs. Charlie Barber of Winslow, Ariz., and Mrs. Ted Woods.

NICHOLS INFANT FUNERAL

Funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church at Alanreed Tuesday, Aug. 3, for Jerry Wayne, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Nichols.

Services were conducted by Rev. S. T. Greenwood, Thomas Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. Ruel Smith and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Smith and Mrs. Kate Everett returned Tuesday from a vacation trip to Washington, Canada, Mexico, Colorado and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kennedy and son, Steve, are visiting in Idaho and Canada. They will return by way of Dallas to visit the Pan-American Exposition.

Mrs. Carl Ince and daughter, Rosale Cousins, of Amarillo visited their mother and grandmother, Mrs. A. A. Christian, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rippey and daughter and Miss Lola Ruth Stanfield returned Sunday from a visit to Colorado.

Miss Cressie Turner of Post City visited her sister, Mrs. Kid McCoy, over the week end.

Miss Irene McCoy of Amarillo visited home folks here over the week end.

Pete Chilton and family visited in New Mexico last week.

Miss Alice Hommel of Dallas is visiting Miss Margaret Kennedy.

have you met—

THE WIMPUS FAMILY?

The hilarious yet delightfully human adventures of Pop Wimpus and his hard-to-handle but lovable sons in this comic strip which appears regularly in this newspaper.

Never a Dull Moment in the Lives of These Real Kids

Make the acquaintance of Pop Wimpus and his hard-to-handle but lovable sons in this comic strip which appears regularly in this newspaper.

S'Matter Pop

COLUMBIAN LEADS BALL TOURNAMENT

The second round of soft ball is being dominated by the Columbian. Carbon Plant from Magic City. The Smith Plant made them hustle last Monday night, the final score being 8 to 7. Meador Cafe has not been defeated, but have not played as many games as the Carbon boys.

The field has been changed so that the sun will not bother the players. Plans are being made to play all the games at the regular field rather than play on the Smith field. Games on the schedule that are listed for 6:30 will be called on the regular field at that time.

The team percentage through Monday night's games is as follows:

Team	Played	Won	Lost	%
Columbian	3	3	0	1000
Meador Cafe	1	1	0	1000
Pakan	0	0	0	1000
Smith Plant	2	1	1	500
Canton	2	1	1	500
City Drug	2	1	1	500
Skelly	2	1	1	500
Smith Lease	2	1	1	500
Phillips	3	1	2	333
Magnolia	3	0	3	000

The schedule for the rest of the second round is as follows:

Thursday, Aug. 5—Skelly vs. Canton; Columbian vs. Pakan; City Drug vs. Meador Cafe (6:30).

Friday, Aug. 6—Meador Cafe vs. Smith Lease; Canton vs. Columbian.

Monday, Aug. 9—City Drug vs. Smith Plant; Skelly vs. Columbian.

Tuesday, Aug. 10—Smith Lease vs. Phillips; Magnolia vs. Pakan; Smith Plant vs. Meador Cafe (6:30).

Thursday, Aug. 12—Canton vs. Smith Plant; Smith Lease vs. Columbian.

Friday, Aug. 13—Canton vs. Meador Cafe; City Drug vs. Pakan; Skelly vs. Phillips (6:30).

Monday, Aug. 16—Smith Lease vs. Smith Plant; Phillips vs. Pakan.

Tuesday, Aug. 17—Skelly vs. Smith Plant; Columbian vs. Meador Cafe; City Drug vs. Magnolia (6:30).

Thursday, Aug. 20—Phillips vs. Meador Cafe; Canton vs. Pakan; Skelly vs. Magnolia (6:30).

Monday, Aug. 23—City Drug vs. Phillips; Skelly vs. Pakan.

Tuesday, Aug. 24—Magnolia vs. Meador Cafe; Smith Lease vs. Pakan.

Thursday, Aug. 26—Smith Lease vs. Magnolia; Smith Plant vs. Pakan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Methvin and son of Chickasha, Okla., visited the lady's father and sister, M. F. Corbin and Mrs. Anna Glass, Monday. They were returning from their summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Andrews visited their son, Clyde, and wife at Amarillo Sunday. Their daughter, Myrie, of Canyon also visited in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith and daughter, Betty Ann, were in Whitcomb last week, the former undergoing an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Jack Gray and children of Dumas visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston, over the week end.

The News editor attended the Landers family reunion at Granbury Sunday.

Wm. Valey of Fort Sam Houston is visiting his uncle, L. D. Langley, and Z. T. Jones and family.

Miss Jewel Glass of Amarillo visited her mother, Mrs. Anna Glass, over the week end.

Mrs. Luther Petty and children left Monday for a week's stay at the Baptist encampment near Miami.

Mrs. C. L. Barber and children of Winslow, Ariz., are visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lamb and daughter, Wynema, visited in Pampa Sunday afternoon.

Roy Sherrod of Alanreed was in McLean Friday.

Mrs. H. W. Pinley visited at Mangum, Okla., Thursday.

M. T. Wilkerson of Plainview was in McLean Monday.

Earl Stubblefield was in Dallas the first of the week.

Mrs. F. L. Bond of Vernon is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bob Thomas.

Nazarene Church Revival Begins Friday Night

Revival services will begin at the Church of the Nazarene Friday night of this week and continue until Sunday, August 22, according to Pastor W. E. Bond.

Rev. R. L. Holder will conduct the revival, while Mrs. Holder and daughter will be special singers.

A special program is scheduled for the opening night by the young people of the Wellington zone.

Night services will begin at 8:15 o'clock, and everyone has a cordial invitation to take part in the services.

H. D. CLUB WOMEN ATTEND COUNTY PICNIC

By Mrs. Luther Petty
The McLean Home Demonstration Club was represented at the county demonstration club picnic at Lefors Tuesday, when a bountiful dinner was served at the noon hour and a program given in the afternoon.

Mesdames J. H. Wade, C. E. Hunt and Luther Petty gave a one-act play, "A Little Bit of Blue Ribbon."

Three 4-H club girls, Bennie Mae Wade, Zora Idabel and Nora Isabel Petty, gave stories of their club work.

Other visitors from McLean were: Miss Ozella Hunt, Francis, Herman and Harold Petty.

FOOTBALL PRACTICE TO BEGIN AUG. 16

According to Bill Allen, McLean high school athletic coach, the fall training of the football squad will begin August 16.

Coach Allen states that part of the training will include a week in camp in Colorado.

All boys interested in making the team should get in touch with the coach soon.

With the Churches

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Morning service at 10:50.
B. T. U. at 6:45 p. m.
Night service at 8. Rev. Thomas Cobb will preach, at both services.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Jim H. Sharp, Pastor

All Sunday services at the regular hours.

Bro. Coppage from Shamrock will preach at the morning hour, and Bro. J. W. Story at the evening hour. The public is invited.

LADIES BIBLE CLASS

A most interesting program planned by Mrs. Pete Fulbright on "Communion," was enjoyed by the ladies' Bible class of the Church of Christ Tuesday afternoon.

After a short song service led by Mrs. E. O. Dennis, and opening prayer by Mrs. W. B. Andrews, Mrs. M. M. Ruff gave scripture readings on the "Institution of the Lord's Supper." Mrs. W. L. Campbell gave "Who Is to Partake and in What Manner," and Mrs. J. A. Jarrell read scripture references and discussed "When and How Often Are We to Partake." Mrs. Fulbright gave a brief summary and added a few remarks on the Holy Institution, after which all engaged in general discussion. The closing prayer was by Mrs. J. A. Jarrell, after the class had been turned back to Mrs. W. B. Andrews, teacher.

Those present, other than already mentioned, were: Mesdames Herman McAdams, Roy Ghoslon, Jack Mercer, Walter Cash, Aubrey Rennison, B. H. Morris, and R. F. Sanders.

Mrs. Roy Barker taught a class of 12 children.

T. H. Andrews, Homer Abbott and J. L. Andrews were in Amarillo last Wednesday.

C. M. Carpenter and family visited relatives at Wichita Falls over the week end.

J. A. Sparks made a business trip to Pampa Tuesday.

Bob Lynch and family visited relatives at Claude Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Davis have returned from a trip to East Texas.

Gas Bonds Carry Here Nearly 3 to 1

GREENE AND SPRINGER REPORT CHICAGO TRIP

C. O. Greene and Witt Springer made a report of their trip to the Lions International convention in Chicago, to McLean Lions assembled at the Meador Cafe for their weekly luncheon Tuesday.

Lion Greene exhibited a picture of President Roosevelt shaking hands with the president of Lions International, with Governor Alford and Witt Springer as interested spectators. Some of the more skeptical Lions doubted the authenticity of the picture, but no trickery could be discovered. Lion Springer even admitting that the necktie was the one he wore to Chicago.

Both Lions gave interesting side-lights of the convention and the various entertainments offered by Chicago Lions. Among the statistics quoted was that there are 43 nations represented among the residents of Chicago, including 240,000 negroes.

District Governor Elmer Elliott of this district headed the long line of district governors who marched to the stage at the beginning of the convention, in the Chicago Civic Opera House. Gov. Elliott made the first talk before the microphone when the district governors were recognized.

It was stated that the McLean club is credited with 19 "key" members by the international office, a record for clubs of the size.

Lion Tamer W. E. Bogan presented County School Superintendent W. B. Weatherred and County Agent Ralph B. Thomas as visitors.

H. D. CLUB TO MEET FRIDAY

The Home Demonstration Club will meet Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock with Mrs. L. N. Mitchell, on the Fowler place. Mrs. Kelley will be present to give a demonstration.

Miss Jewel Pace of Frederick, Okla., visited in the H. C. Rippey home Saturday. Mrs. Stella Pace, who had been visiting here, returned home with her.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wilson of Pampa visited in the Dewey Wood home Saturday. They were enroute to the bedside of the former's mother in Clarendon.

Carl Wood, R. S. Jordan, A. T. Wilson and J. S. Howard attended a farmers' meeting at Amarillo last week.

Rev. J. H. Sharp returned Sunday from Mississippi, where he had been assisting his brother in a revival meeting.

Mrs. A. Stanfield and daughter, Miss Lola Ruth, are visiting relatives at Frederick, Okla.

Mrs. T. H. Andrews and daughter, Mrs. H. C. Weatherby, were in Pampa one day last week.

Mrs. G. H. Aldous of Shamrock visited her mother, Mrs. C. C. Cook, Friday.

Master Earl Kelsey Gilbert from California is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Puckett.

J. H. Taylor of Frederick, Okla., visited relatives here last week.

G. C. Nicholson was in Pampa the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Everett visited at Wichita Falls Sunday.

Mrs. J. S. Heasley is visiting in East Texas.

Mrs. C. S. Rice visited in Pampa the first of the week.

V. B. Reagor of Amarillo visited home folks here Tuesday.

Jim McMurry of Clarendon was in McLean Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wharton of Pampa were in McLean Saturday.

FUNERAL SERVICES W. M. BOYD, MONDAY

Funeral services were conducted at the First Presbyterian Church Monday afternoon for W. M. Boyd, aged 84 years, 7 months and 21 days, who died at his home in Whitesboro on July 31, 1937.

Services were in charge of Pastor W. A. Erwin, long time friend of the family.

Burial was made in Hillcrest cemetery, Rice Funeral Home in charge.

Palbearers were: J. R. Clark, W. L. Hancock, Boyd Reeves, Homer Abbott, Frank Reeves and C. H. Bennett. Flower bearers were: Mesdames Homer Abbott, C. H. Bennett, Frank Reeves, Boyd Reeves, W. L. Hancock, and Miss Juanita Hancock.

Mr. Boyd was president of the Seventy Club of Whitesboro, and father of Bill Boyd of McLean. Other children include Arthur Boyd superintendent of the Whitesboro schools; Jess Boyd and Mrs. I. T. Wright of Dallas. All of the children were present for the funeral services except Jess Boyd, who is ill at his home.

GOFFS HONORED WITH BASKET SUPPER MONDAY

Rev. and Mrs. Cecil G. Goff were the honorees at a basket supper served at the First Baptist Church Monday evening.

Following the bountiful meal, the honorees were presented with several nice gifts, the pastor and wife responding with talks of appreciation.

Rev. and Mrs. Goff left Tuesday for their new pastorate at Iraan.

G. V. Landers, manager of the securities department of the Southwestern Investment Co. of Pampa, Amarillo, and Borger, was in McLean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks visited their daughter, Mrs. D. C. Regal, and family in Amarillo Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Bidwell of Tucumcari, N. M., also were present.

Mrs. Ed Morris of Dill, Okla., visited her sister, Mrs. Buck Glass, last week. She was accompanied by her niece, Misses Christine and Jo Ann Osborn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Windom and children, Jerry and Marcia Lee; Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Yell and children are on a vacation trip to New Mexico, Colorado and Yellow Stone Park.

Mrs. T. J. Coffey and son, Jeff, and niece, Marian Thompson, have returned from Boulder, Colo., where the young people have been in school.

Mrs. J. H. Sharp and son, Wilbourne, returned Sunday from Dallas, where the latter underwent an operation.

Mrs. Ida Porter of Shamrock visited her daughter, Mrs. R. T. Dickinson, and family Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Dickinson and daughter visited in Shamrock Sunday.

Mrs. J. P. Dickinson, Mrs. R. T. Dickinson and daughter were visitors in Clarendon Friday.

Mrs. H. C. Weatherby of Shamrock visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Andrews, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rodgers of Pampa visited the lady's mother, Mrs. Callie Haynes, the first of the week.

Rev. W. A. Erwin left this morning (Thursday) for a week's vacation at Wichita Falls and Seymour.

Judge Toll Moore was in Pampa Monday.

Frank Price was in Borger last week.

W. T. Wilson made a business trip to Pampa this week.

The \$69,000 bond issue to buy or install a municipal owned gas system for McLean carried with 80 votes for and 29 against, with one mutilated ballot, in the election held last Saturday.

Only 110 votes were cast, the lightest vote to be recorded in a city election here for many years.

It is not known just what the next step in acquiring the system is, but Mayor Smith is understood to have the matter well in hand and an announcement will doubtless be made in due time.

C. OF C. HEARS REPORTS AT MONDAY MEETING

President C. O. Greene of the chamber of commerce brought a report on the progress of securing a CCC camp for McLean, at the regular monthly meeting of the body held at the city hall Monday night.

The local committee has done everything asked for toward securing the camp, and definite word as to the establishment of a camp here should be forthcoming in the near future.

Prof. Martin Murdock, recreational director, had his financial report in the hands of the president, which showed expenses being met promptly as due.

PARTY HONORS BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Frank Hambricht was hostess at a party Saturday, honoring the 7th birthday of her son, Ercy Eugene.

Games were played and the honoree received several gifts. Ice cream and cake were served to the following: Lavon and Don Nicholson, Donna Lee, Evelyn, Wanda May and Curtis Jones, all of Clarendon; Lola and Clifford Yeldell, Jerry and Marcia Lee Windom, Marie, Rosie Lee and Doyle Jones, Ercy Eugene and K. W. Hambricht, and Mrs. E. J. Windom.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Upham, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Powers left Saturday for a vacation trip to Red River, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Conrad and son, Robert Dean, of Crescent, Okla., Mr. and Mrs. Thos. M. Conrad of Clinton, Okla., visited the gentlemen's sister, Mrs. J. F. Corbin, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sammie Cubine and son visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cash, at Shamrock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Phillips and daughter, Leta Mae, were in Pampa Thursday, the latter having her tonsils removed.

Miss Frances Springer has returned from a visit to Austin, Galveston and Dallas.

Judge and Mrs. Sherman White and son of Pampa were in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Rogers and son from California are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Zack Cummings and children of Lockney visited in the R. T. Dickinson home Saturday.

Mrs. A. C. Meier and daughter of Midland visited relatives here Saturday night and Sunday.

Mrs. E. G. Wood, accompanied by Mrs. Kenneth Wood of Pampa, was in Sayre, Okla., Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Upham were in Pampa Friday.

Mrs. Walter Cash visited in Pampa Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Good of Pampa were in McLean Saturday.

J. A. Brawley made a business trip to Shamrock Friday.

Mrs. Walter Smith and Mrs. Cleo Heasley were in Pampa Friday.

News Review of Current Events

CONGRESS READY TO QUIT

Senate Shelves Court, Farm Bills . . . Spanish Conflict Reaches Crisis . . . Fighting Continues in North China



Sen. Harrison (right) congratulates Sen. Barkley.

Edward W. Pickard

SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

'Aw, Let's Go Home!'

WITH Supreme court bill recommended to the senate judiciary committee, a new substitute bill for reform of only the lower courts due to be reported out of the committee, and a new senate majority leader selected to take the late Senator Robinson's place, the overwhelming sentiment of the members of the seventy-fifth congress was to pack up their bags and get as far away from Washington as possible.

Even measures which President Roosevelt had insisted bear the "must" label were being shoved aside with dispatch, as Vice President Garner sought to heal the party wounds inflicted during the bitter court battle and salvage as much of the President's legislation as he could. The first to be buried was the new AAA and "ever-normal granary" bill; the senate agriculture committee shelved it until the next session. The committee authorized James P. Pope, Idaho Democrat and co-sponsor of the bill, to prepare a senate resolution to lay the plans for regional hearings on a comprehensive farm program during the remainder of the summer and report back in January.

It seemed certain that the President's legislation for governmental reorganization would be left over until next session when the record of three months' hearings by the joint congressional committee was made public. It was revealed that committee members have not even come close to agreement on any of the main points involved.

Majority Leader Barkley said that the White House still wanted the wages and hours bill, and the Wagner low-cost housing bill and a judiciary bill passed, as well as legislation to plug tax loopholes. The Wagner bill, meanwhile, was reported out of committee, and it was expected the senate would act upon it quickly. It would set up a federal housing authority with power to issue \$700,000,000 in bonds over three years to make loans for "low-cost" housing construction.

'Glory Be to God!'

DYING for weeks, the scheme to add to the number of justices of the Supreme court finally choked its last gasp and left this world. On a roll-call vote the United States senate voted to recommit the Robinson substitute for the President's original bill to the judiciary committee. The vote was 70 to 20, the most crushing defeat the President's legislation has yet suffered at the hands of a house of congress.

In an agreement made at a session of the judiciary committee earlier, it had been decided to let the opposition senators write their own bill, an innocuous measure for "judicial reform" not dealing in any way with the Supreme court. Senator Barkley, the new majority leader, attempted to save the President's face by having the bill left on the calendar, but he never had a chance. When the roll-call came, even Senators Ashurst of Arizona and Minton of Indiana, two of the Supreme court bill's chief supporters, voted to recommit.

"Glory be to God!" said Sen. Hiram Johnson (Rep., Calif.) when the results of the roll call were made known. The applause that belled forth from the senators and gallery alike left no doubt that the veteran from California had voiced the sentiments of the great majority.

Madrid's Most of Blood

THE Spanish government was defending Madrid against the insurgent forces in the most terrible battle of the entire civil war and the most important. It couldn't last; it was too furious. The whole loyalist cause apparently rested on resisting this, the most vicious attack the rebels had yet made. Gen. Francisco Franco's army, under his

personal supervision, was making advances, but at such loss of men that the cost might be too great.

Insurgents stormed loyalist entrenchments directly in the face of point blank machine guns. Losses were so terrible that thousands of wounded lay without food or water among thousands already dead and decaying in the hot sun. Infantry, tanks, cavalry and artillery were supplemented by airplane bombers.

In one salient 250,000 men were fighting, including the cream of both armies. The loyalist position was admittedly the most serious of the whole war, and upon the government's ability to withhold against the attack rested the fate of the best units in its army. It was reported that 20,000 Italian troops had joined the rebels for the battle.

While the Madrid conflict was in full sway, the insurgents sprang a surprise air attack on Barcelona. In the early dawn advance planes dropped flares which lighted up the city. Then came additional planes, dropping bombs on the easy target and turning machine guns on citizens who attempted to flee. At least 65 persons were killed and 150 injured.

Is This the Beginning?

AS JAPAN brought airplanes into action for the first time since the new Sino-Japanese crisis developed, and threw all available strength into a campaign against the Chinese Twenty-ninth army in North China, it was feared that the expected long Japanese military offensive had begun. While it was difficult to assimilate many conflicting and confusing reports, there was good ground for the belief that all attempts at a truce had failed, for a while at least.

The Japanese airmen rained bombs upon Chinese military barracks around Peiping, and pressed infantry and artillery attacks along the Peiping-Tientsin railway and the highway to the sea. Entrance of 200 Japanese marines into the Chinese Chapel district of Shanghai sent 20,000 men, women and children fleeing into the international settlement in search of protection. It was rumored a Chinese mob had killed a Japanese sailor, provoking Japanese reprisal.

Meanwhile the threat of real war continued to hover as the Chinese army refused to leave positions in and near Peiping, in what Japan considered violation of the Tientsin peace agreement.

Barkley, 38; Harrison, 37

SEN. WILLIAM H. DIETERICH of Illinois changed his mind at the last minute and today Alben W. Barkley, hard-bested, blustering senator from Kentucky, is the majority leader of the United States senate, succeeding the late Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas. The vote was 38 for Barkley to 37 for Sen. Pat Harrison of Mississippi.

The conservative Democrats in the senate had been assured of 38 votes, enough to elect Harrison, on the eve of the secret election. But that night Dieterich, apparently under pressure from the Democratic party organization in Illinois, begged Harrison to release his pledged vote, in order that the President's personal choice might head the party in the senate.

The slim victory by no means patched the obvious party rift. Even the administration admitted that the President's Supreme court bill was virtually dead even then. Vice President Garner visited Sen. Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, leader of the opposition forces, and invited the opposition to write its own bill.



Vice President Garner

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



'The Closest Call'

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, everybody: Well, sir, for a long time I've been warning young fellows to stay off of side door Pullmans. I've seen so many adventure yarns about lads who have come to grief beating their way on freight trains that I'm pretty well convinced it's a dangerous pastime. But here's a lad I can't very well warn to stop riding freight trains.

In the first place, that was his job. In the second place, he's reformed and isn't working on the railroad any more. And in the third place, he knows all about the hazards of railroading. He probably knows a doggone sight more about it than I do.

If those aren't enough reasons, I could probably think up some more. But here comes today's distinguished adventurer—Edwin F. Eckdahl, of Young, Saskatchewan, Canada—another fellow who has come a long, long way to join our club. And here's the story:

Ed started railroad work in the early part of the century, braking on the Pennsylvania. His run was out of Logansport, Ind., and those were the days when the men had to contend with the old style link-and-pin drawbar and when air brakes were few and far between. There might be a few air-braked cars on every train, but most freights consisted principally of "jacks" or hand-braked cars.

Ed says every brakeman tried to get a few air-braked cars up at the head of the train, where they'd help a lot in holding back the other cars, but some of the old die-hard conductors wouldn't allow that. "There are brakes on top," they used to say, "and the brakeman is getting paid for braking them. Let him work for his money." It was one of those conductors that Ed was working for—and it came near costing him his life.

Proving That It Pays to Be Careful.

It was one day early in 1906 that that happened. Ed's train pulled out of Chicago about 10:30 on a cold winter night with a light train of meat and merchandise. "We had a nice string of air-braked cars," he says, "but they were behind about ten or twelve 'jacks' and the conductor said 'nothing doing' when the rear-end man and I wanted to switch them. It had rained in Chicago and the tops of the cars were covered with a coating of thin ice, and my first job was to go over the tops



His feet shot out from under him.

and chip that ice from the running boards on the ten or twelve cars I was to use for braking."

Ed had ice clips on his shoes to keep him from slipping. They were pretty dull, but he thought they'd last him one more trip. He worked his way along until he was about ten cars back of the engine and then, near the I. C. crossing at Riverdale, the train hit a slight curve. Ed was unprepared for it. He lost his balance and was forced to step off the flat running board onto the sloping, ice-covered top of the car.

The instant he did his feet shot out from under him. He started sliding off the top. "I was on my back," he says, "but when my legs were over the side I managed to turn over on my stomach—and, as luck would have it, a nail that had worked up from a board in the car top caught in my coat. I was so far over the side that there was more of me in the open than on the roof. I was just able to keep part of my chest and arms on the car. And there I hung.

There Wasn't Any Prospect of Aid.

"I knew if I slid off I wouldn't have much of a chance. All I could do was hang on—and get back on top if that was possible. It was cold weather and the position I was in was tiring me out. The longer I stayed there the worse it would be."

Ed knew he couldn't look for any help. The engineer would think he was in the caboose and the conductor would think he was in the engine. His lantern had shattered and gone over the side when he fell and he couldn't signal with that. He tried pulling himself forward with the flat of his hands against the car top, but they slipped on the smooth ice.

"I tell you it kept me busy," he says. "I didn't know how long that nail would hold me, or how long the cloth of my coat would stand the strain. But believe me, I stuck tight with all the strength I had."

Ed Runs Into Unexpected Difficulties.

But now Ed noticed something that was working in his favor. The heat of his palms as they pressed against the top of the car was melting the thin coating of ice. In one spot his hands were beginning to take hold. He began to move his palms forward to melt the ice up ahead.

It was a long, slow process. "By wriggling my body as a snake would," he says, "I was able to bring it forward a little. I had to melt quite a bit of ice to get myself in a fairly safe position and even then the wind and the swaying of the car threatened to throw me off at any minute. And then I ran into another obstruction."

It was that nail which had caught in his clothing. In the beginning it saved his life. Now it was holding him back, keeping him from moving any farther forward. Ed didn't dare move a hand to free it. And there he was, fastened to the car, unable to move any farther and not knowing when a low spot or a curve in the track would shake him off.

He began to get a bit panic stricken then. He clawed at the top of the car with futile hands. And suddenly his groping palms struck on another nail worked up out of the boards like the first one.

"I caught hold of it by a thumb and finger," Ed says, "and only then did I dare to move the other hand down and loosen the nail that was caught in my coat. I wriggled back on the top and when I reached the running board I was covered with sweat and my hands and face were full of slivers. All I did was lie flat on my face and pant."

The train was pulling into a station and the engineer whistled for brakes, but Ed didn't move. "Of course the train ran past the station," Ed says, "and I was in line for a bawling out. But when I told the engineer what had happened he had to make his excuses for not seeing my lantern disappear. I've had lots of close calls in railroading, but that was the closest one."

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'Yankee Doodle' Abroad in 1814

In 1814 the Americans met the English to arrange terms ending the War of 1812 in Ghent, Belgium, and the city of Ghent asked the American envoys for the tune of the chief American song in order to play the English and the American national music together. But it appeared that none of the Americans was musical, so Henry Clay, one of our ambassadors, called his servant and the musical negro whistled them "Yankee Doodle," the notes were copied down, and "Yankee Doodle" was first played as America's national song abroad.

Learning Life's Lessons

In the midst of bewildering misfortunes, it is well to remember that every mountain must have its valley, and every oasis its desert, and every island its lonely sea, and every rainbow its storm cloud, and every day its night. But never has an oak tree grown without weathering the storm, and every Calvary has its resurrection. Life's lessons are never learned without heroic self-discipline. This is the acid test of character. Nothing is gained by brooding. Peace and happiness are not if we debate life rather than live it heroically.—The Uplift.

What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

Semi-Nude Fashions.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—

Clothes may not make the man, but leaving them off certainly makes him foolish. And that goes double for the women.

Whence arises the present-day delusion that going about dressed at half-mast enhances the attractiveness of the average adult? Our forbears of the Victorian era wore too much for health or happiness or cleanliness. But isn't it worse to offend the eye all through the lingering summer by not wearing enough to cover up the blotches, the blemishes, the bulges

and the bloats that come with maturity? Sun baths should be taken on a doctor's prescription, not at the corner of First and Main. Women old enough to know better are the worst offenders, seems like. If only they'd stop to consider that the snail, which is naked, would lose in any beauty contest against the butterfly, which wears all the regalia the traffic will stand!

But even though it's for their own good, you can't tell 'em. If somebody started the fad of going at the game while practically nude, inside of two weeks mumblepeg would be the national pastime—until somebody else thought up a game to be played by folks without a stitch on. Or anyhow, just a stitch here and there.

Doctoring Movie Scripts.

USUALLY they lay these yarns on Mr. Sam Goldwyn, who thrives upon them and goes right on turning out successes, his motto being, "What's grammar as between friends so long as the box office shows results?" But, for a change, this one is ascribed to another producer, who proudly describes himself as a self-made man, which, according to his critics, is relieving the Creator of a considerable responsibility and putting the blame where the blame belongs. They also say no self-made man should stop with the job only partly finished. But then Hollywood is full of parties trying to push Humpty Dumpty off the wall.

Strikes Versus Wars.

DID you ever notice how like a war is a strike? The operator and his operatives are the shock troops that suffer the heaviest casualties. The owner risks his profits and perhaps his market and sometimes his plant. The worker gives up his wages, frequently his job, occasionally his life.

Stockholders see dividends vanishing and investments shrinking. Citizens see their communities disrupted. Women and children go on short rations, many a time go actually hungry. For, as in a war, the innocent non-combatants bear most grievous burdens. Those who really garner in the spoils—professional agitators; financial buzzards; eager to seize on bankrupted industries; lawyers with their writs and their injunctions; imported thugs masquerading, for one side or the other, as honest mechanics—these might be likened to stay-at-home diplomats and profiteers and hired mercenaries who induce friendly nations to turn enemies so they may gain their own selfish ends.

After it's over, we realize that almost any strike might have been averted had common sense and common justice ruled, rather than greed and entrenched stubbornness and fomented hate. And the same is true of almost any war. For every real benefit to humanity came out of peace and arbitration, not out of battle and destruction.

And here's the final parallel: Ultimately the supposed victor finds himself the actual loser. Tell me which army won any great strike—or any great war—and I'll tell you who won the San Francisco fire and the Galveston flood.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Crater Lake in Oregon

Crater Lake in Oregon has the most romantic geologic history of any lake in the United States. Its rim was once the base of a volcanic mountain which collapsed and sank into the earth. Later it cooled, springs came out of the sides, snow collected and it filled with water. It is 6 miles in diameter and contains the bluest water known to exist naturally today. There is no outlet and no streams running into it and yet the water is always fresh.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for August 8

GOD FEEDS A PEOPLE.

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 16:11-20. 17:1-4. GOLDEN TEXT—Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh from the Father, James 1:17.

PRIMARY TOPIC—When God's People Were Hungry. JUNIOR TOPIC—God Feeding His People.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How God Provides for Our Needs. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—God's Supply Adequate for a Nation's Need.

Israel, led by God, is on a journey to the promised land. But to reach their goal they must pass through the wilderness. Not only are there weary miles to travel, but there are privations to be endured. Life is like that.

"People may be strong and hopeful at the beginning of a project, and most effusively and devoutly thankful at its close, but the difficulty is to go manfully through the process. Israel was in the desert, and never were spoiled children more peevish, suspicious, and altogether ill-behaved. If they could have stepped out of Egypt into Canaan at once, probably they would have been as pious as most of us; but there was the weary interval, the inhospitable wilderness! So it is in our life. Accept it as a solemn and instructive fact that life is a process . . . more than a beginning and an ending" (Joseph Parker).

Note how elemental are man's needs in the final analysis—bread and water. The very things we take almost for granted as we concern ourselves with life's weighty interests and profound problems become, if lacking, the only things that have any real meaning. And who is it that can provide them? No one but God Himself.

I. Bread from Heaven. (Exod. 16:11-20).

Observe first of all that this was a divine provision. There are responsibilities in life which we may bear—and must bear, but in the ultimate meeting of our real needs we must look to God.

Secondly, we note that it was a daily provision. What forehanded folk many of us are, and no doubt rightly so, for God puts no premium on improvidence. But once again we must recognize, as did Israel in receiving the daily manna in the wilderness that ours is indeed a moment by moment existence. We plan bravely for the next decade or the next generation, but as a matter of fact it can only come to pass "if the Lord will." Read James 5:13-17.

Finally, it was a limited provision—enough for the day and no more, except for a double portion on the sixth day, and none at all on the Sabbath. These provisions were made clear to Israel, and yet there were those who attempted to lay up for the morrow, and some even went out to seek manna on the Sabbath day.

We marvel at their stubborn obtuseness, but are we not often just like them. Some there are who are always expecting that the laws of both God and man should be set aside for them, but mark it well, they ultimately come to grief. The spiritual application is obvious, and most serious. God has provided a way of redemption, and has made clear how man should and must relate himself to it. Folly it is to ignore God's plan.

II. A Rock in the Wilderness. (Exod. 17:3-6).

"And the people thirsted"—for the daily manna was not enough—they must have water. Needy, yes, constantly needy are God's children. God always provides. There is a rock in the wilderness. But what pleasure does a murmuring people find in a rock when they famish for water? It is God's delightful custom to meet our needs in unexpected ways and by means which we do not understand. Even our physical necessities come from unthought of sources.

III. The Bread and the Water of Life.

Let us make certain that we do not miss the spiritual truth of our lesson which is revealed by Scripture itself. Paul speaks in I Corinthians 10:1-4 of this very incident in the experience of Israel, and says that they "did all eat the same spiritual meat and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ." See also John 4:14.

Hungry and thirsty soul, you who are still unsatisfied after tasting all that life apart from Christ has to offer, will you not, just now, take him who is the living bread, and come to the Rock which flows with living water?

How to Keep Quiet

Character is revealed by small things; it is also hidden by small things. Speech often hides it, and again distorts it, for those who brand themselves by the pettiness of their conversation have sometimes unsuspected depths within; but the surest revealer of character is silence—intelligent silence.

Progress

No man who feels the worth and solemnity of what is at stake will be careless as to his progress.

News from Denworth

There were 82 present at Sunday school last Sunday. We hope many who were absent will be back next Sunday.

Mrs. R. L. Marshall's sister, Nora, of Sannorwood spent the week end here. Her daughter, Theone, accompanied her.

Mrs. Otto Gross and Jackie are spending a three weeks' vacation with relatives in Hoboken, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clark and Alice Dowell were in Pampa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Carpenter and children, Gwynne and Jimmy, went to Wichita Falls Friday to attend a reunion of the McMurtry family. Mrs. Carpenter's relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reed and Mr. Reed's mother went to California Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Stonecipher have moved back to our community from Miami, where they have been living the past few months.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Blue and children visited their son, Carl, at McLean Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Railsback, Jeff Railsback, LaVoy and George, accompanied by Iona Hale, went fishing near Caandian Monday.

A group of friends and neighbors met at the home of Ernest Dowell Tuesday evening for an ice cream social. Games were played and refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to 43 people.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hale entertained a group of friends at an ice cream supper at their home Thursday evening.

Mrs. J. R. (Chief) Gray underwent an operation at a Shamrock hospital last week. She returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Crockett and son, Joe, of McLean are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Back, this week.

News from Pakan

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Smith were visitors in Lefors last Sunday. They were accompanied back by the latter's sister, who visited them until Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. George Dolak and son, George, and daughter, Anna Ruth, of Massillon, Ohio, arrived Thursday to visit a few days with the lady's mother, Mrs. Christine Pakan, and family.

Paul Stauffer attended a farmers' meeting in Amarillo Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Jones were business visitors in Pampa Friday.

The Pakan Bachelors defeated the Lone Star soft ball team Sunday by a score of 15 to 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Macina and son, Robert, and Miss Christine Pakan were business visitors in Amarillo Thursday.

EARTH COLORS

I cannot wear Thy colors, Lord. Here on the earth. But there awaits extravagance With never dearth. Of changing color hung for me, Lord, in Thy house. No drab, nor dun of mole. No gray of mouse. But apple green and morning pink. Sea blue, sun red. The smoky purple of the hills. Gold of bee-bread. In ranks and rows! No paradise It were, unless Thou give Thy children color for Their daily dress! —Sunshine Dickinson Ryman.

A visiting teacher in Canyon points out the deplorable fact that there are more school trustees in the nation than there are school teachers. A large percent of the trustees have no special qualifications to serve in the important place to which they are elected. Many of them are definitely unqualified, and are a great hindrance to the schools which they represent. The school business is the third largest function of the government. Perhaps more money has been wasted under the guise of education than through any other method, largely because of ineffective handling by trustees unqualified for their jobs. Consolidation of schools is the order of the day. Better schools for less money may be secured in most instances when the people take some interest in the management of these institutions.—Canyon News.

Neither beauty nor Brilliance may ever be bought On a bargain bench. —Margie B. Boswell.

Witt Springer, Miss Frances Springer and Paul Dowell were in Amarillo Monday.

George Saye made a trip to New Mexico last week.

Ferry Kinard and family have returned from a visit to California.

News from Liberty

Mrs. J. W. Lively spent the first of the week in the Caleb Smith home in the Pakan community.

Orville Cunningham of Bushland spent a few days with home folks here this week.

Mrs. Earl Lee Elliott and daughter, Jo Ann, of Chillicothe spent the first of the week with the lady's sister, Mrs. Olen Davis.

Freddie Earl Brock of Kingsmill visited Kenneth Davis Saturday.

J. F. Myatt returned to his home at Slaton Thursday to attend the funeral of his son, C. B. Myatt, who died at Wichita, Kans. Tuesday.

A. L. Morgan, J. M. Ziegler, Howard Hardin and Floyd Lively were in Pampa Thursday.

Miss Nora Lee Morgan returned Saturday after several days visit at Dallas and Port Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. Lew Smith and daughter of Woodward, Okla., spent Saturday night in the Howard Hardin home.

Mrs. H. M. Roth and children were in Shamrock Tuesday afternoon.

Jim Bill Curry of Pampa visited his parents here Sunday.

Mrs. Jim Tedder of Kellerville visited her sister, Mrs. Olen Davis, and family Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dorsey visited in the Lively home Saturday evening. Mrs. Noah Cunningham of McLean visited Mrs. H. M. Roth Thursday.

Mrs. H. M. Smith and son, James, moved to Pampa Tuesday, where Mr. Smith is employed.

ADVERTISING GRAFTERS

For the information of merchants who bought ads on a football placard this week, the "salesmen" were not employees of The Shamrock Texan, and we know nothing at all about their deal except that they employed two local young ladies who were innocent of the gyp plan, to go around with them and introduce them to the merchants. They received 10% of the amount of advertising sold.

If the promoters represented to you either the Irish pep squad or the football team was receiving a commission on the advertising, they were untruthful, as a checkup by Bedford Harrison at the chamber of commerce office revealed this was not the case. The local young ladies believed the advertising was legitimate and that the prices were fair, and they are not to be censured.

The time for merchants to check up on so-called advertising grafts is BEFORE you buy an ad. A few did investigate this scheme and consequently saved small contributions. This particular scheme didn't cost very much. The young ladies received about \$5.00, we understand; the printer will charge around that for turning out the job (\$5.25 was our bid), and the promoters will get about \$40.00. Won't you call the chamber of commerce the next time a transient tries to sell you "advertising," and have the advertising committee check his scheme carefully?

The men who sold this "advertising," incidentally, publish a mimeograph sheet at Chillicothe and are working this racket in all towns in the Panhandle where they find "aggressive merchants who believe in the power of advertising."

If any of the merchants who bought "advertising" on the 1937 Irish football schedule graft will notify The Texan, we will write the out-of-town promoters that you wish to be released from your agreement. Two firms have told us the promoters left the impression they were employed by The Texan, while others have told us they thought the pep squad or the football team was receiving the revenue from sale of the ads. Under such circumstances you could not be held to your agreement. In the event the deal is called off, we will personally guarantee that the local young ladies who innocently assisted in the sale of the advertising will not lose the \$5 commission they were paid.

Incidentally, we wish you would read an editorial we are reprinting today from the Childress Index, telling about the same kind of a deal the same promoters worked in Childress.—Shamrock Texan.

FINDER

Mrs. Charles Caulfield of East Orange, N. J., lost a bunch of keys. Attached to them was a metal tag bearing her name and address and a request that the finder return the keys. The finder returned the keys when she was away from home, used them to enter her apartment and steal diamond rings and cash.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Davis of Lone Wolf, Okla., visited the former's sister, Mrs. S. D. Shelburne, Sunday.

Mrs. Earl Stubblefield and children, visited at Clarendon Sunday.

Uncle Jim Says



"Drastic flood losses can be reduced by controlling stream flow at its source with the help of adequate cover crops, pastures, terracing and contouring."

Following recent heavy rains in the Panhandle, numerous county agricultural agents reported that land which had been listed on the contour retains the rainfall which fell on the land and that in many cases water stood in the rows for from 12 to 24 hours after the rains.

In nearby fields not contoured or terraced the rainfall ran off quickly and contributed to flood waters which gathered after the rains. Some damage resulted from the flood water.

It is clear that land protected by terraces and contours, or by adequate crops, results in a double benefit to the public. The individual farmer retains more rainfall for subsequent crops, and runoff water from his farm does not contribute to flood damage.

Under the Agricultural Conservation Program farmers receive grants which practically repay them for expenses incurred in planting cover crops and constructing terraces. Increased farm income and lessened flood damage are only part of the benefits which revert to the public through this type of work.

Miss Robbie Hefner of Frederick Okla., visited relatives here over the week end.

For Your Flower Needs

PHONE 348

RIBBLE'S

Shamrock

CENTENNIAL FLAGS

Flags! Texas Flags! How they sway and swirl! How they billow and they furl In the summer breeze! Cherished symbols these, Our Flags!

Flags! Texas Flags! How they shimmer as they rise To salute the azure skies, Far adown the avenue While we pass them in review. Beautiful Flags.

Flags! Texas Flags! Our own Lone Star and the Fleur-de-Lis

With the flags of the Confederacy, The Stars and Bars and Mexico Ever waving 'em and fro. Gallant Flags.

Flags! Texas Flags! Those of France and those of Spain, Then our loved Lone Star again. All of these in silken sheen, Of which Old Glory is the queen. Wonderful Flags.

Flags! Texas Flags! Each one as it appears Marks its place among the years. Each of these a part did see In our wondrous history. Cherished Flags!

Flags! Texas Flags! In your exquisite beauty, you seem To far surpass an artist's dream. One for almost every age You constitute our heritage. Our beloved Flags. —Julia Beaumont Hensley.

Judge Sharp—Just where did the defendant's auto hit you, Miss? Sally—Well, Your Honor, if I had been wearing a license plate it would have been badly damaged.

BARBER SERVICE

Try Our

XERVAC

treatment for baldness.

A modern and scientific method.

We use soft water.

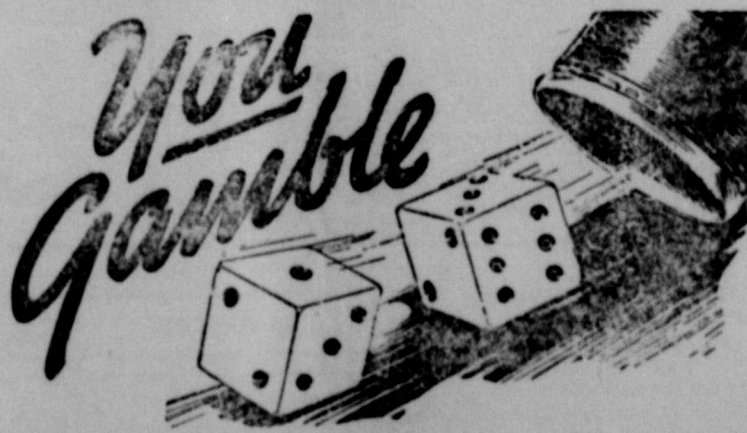
ELITE BARBER SHOP

When Sickness Strikes

When sickness strikes the home you need a good physician. He needs the aid of a good druggist. This store exemplifies the latest and best in the professional side of Pharmacy. We cater to the best with the best Drug Store service.

CITY DRUG STORE

More Than a Merchant Witt Springer, Prop.



WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

Games of chance may be all right in their place—but why risk your money when you buy razor blades? Ask your dealer for Probak Jr.—produced by the world's largest manufacturer of razor blades. Here is known quality—a double-edge blade that gives you one excellent shave after another—and sells at 4 for 10¢! Ask your dealer for a package of Probak Jr. blades today.

PROBAK JUNIOR BLADES

A PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BLADE MANUFACTURER

PAYMENT

Fifty years ago, Gottlieb Liar was married in Eustis, Neb., but he had not the money to pay the Rev. H. Loekner for performing the ceremony. Liar promised to pay him later. Last week at a golden jubilee celebration in St. Johns Lutheran Church in Eustis, Liar paid Loekner \$20.

GARDENERS

The patrolmen of Chicago's Irving Park police station had labored long with their station house garden. But the weeds were beginning to ruin it. Whereupon, Capt. Herbert Burns ordered that every day each one of his 125 policemen pluck one weed on his way to work and hand it over to the desk sergeant.

ECTASY

The flowering peach tree bears no fruit; It only has a flower; But, oh! what joy to give the world Such beauty for an hour! —Minnie Roberts Dreesen.

CARRIE SAYS

I had sum mitey strong idears about a matter a long time ago. I gess I culd still get all workt up about it if sum of my idears hadnt kinder crawled off —shi beck.

B. Roberts of Amarillo was in McLean Monday.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of expressing our sincere appreciation to our friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy to us during the recent illness and death of our dear father. May the good Lord bless and keep each of you, is our prayer. THE BOYD FAMILY.

Dr. C. L. Fields of Groom and Dr. C. W. C. Norwood of Alcord visited Rev. W. A. Erwin and W. B. Upham Saturday.

Mrs. C. T. Calvert of Blackwell, Okla., visited relatives here over the week end.

Miss Nora Lee Morgan returned Sunday from a trip to Dallas and Fort Worth.

James Willis White and sisters of Spearman visited their aunt, Mrs. Ella Cubine, over the week end.

Billy Cash of Shamrock was in McLean Saturday.



City Drug Store

DR. A. J. BLACK

— EYES EXAMINED —

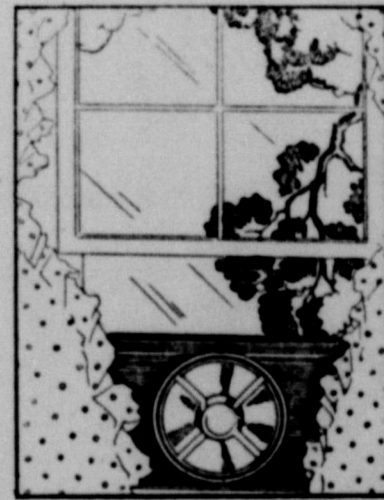
GLASSES SCIENTIFICALLY FITTED

103-A Rule Bldg.

Amarillo, Texas

For Appointment, Phone 2-1797

Another Way to Keep Cool



Everybody talks about the weather and nowadays most everybody does something about it. One uses air filtering, heating, cooling, humidification, or dehumidification as may be necessary for perfect scientific comfort. Another finds that attic ventilation gives his home a mountain breeze atmosphere.

And now one of our customers tells us an ordinary electric fan will do wonders in a kitchen window blowing outward. The sash is then pulled down flush with the fan. All outside doors and windows are kept closed except in the room occupied, and here the windows are left open.

You should try this idea. If you have an electric fan it will cost nothing. Perhaps it will make your bedroom surprisingly comfortable and restful.

Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company

RESURRECTION RIVER

By William Byron Mowery

© William Byron Mowery.
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Warren Lovett, thirty-three, junior partner in the powerful Wellington, Parkes & Lovett, Incorporated Mines of Chicago, which engages in questionable transactions, plans to make a secret coup in the Canadian Arctic, where a few years before a rich but inaccessible mining field has been discovered in Resurrection river, which flows into Dytamite Bay. Patricia, high spirited and beautiful daughter of crusty old Jasper Wellington, who is engaged to Warren, decides to accompany him. They go by plane. Pat meets "Folcon," a French-Canadian prospector, who tells her there are only 200 prospectors in the field and that because of the difficulties, they are hanging on by a thread. Pat is disturbed when Warren will not disclose what his secret mission is. He meets Sam Honeywell, a friend of Folcon's. Moved by the plight of Bill Fornier, a prospector, who, though fatally ill, struggles to hold his claim, Pat decides to help him. Informed by Lupe Chivawaghtini, half-breed retainer of the company, about Pat's befriending the prospectors, Warren tries to dissuade her. He tells her that Craig Tarleton, with whom she had once been in love, is now deputy mining inspector for the Resurrection river area. A brilliant geologist, he had resigned in disgust from her father's company because of its devious methods. Later she meets Craig, but he is cold, inferring that she is merely feigning interest in the prospectors. Her compassion for the hapless prospectors grows, Pat decides to build a huge community house or Den. When Warren refuses to advance her a loan to aid the prospectors, she moves her tent across the river near the Den. She learns now of Warren's plan. He hopes to starve the prospectors out and make them sell their claims for a song. Pat tells the prospectors of Warren's plan. Still attentive to Pat, Warren wages a subtle campaign to get the claims. Just before Christmas, Craig returns suddenly and Pat is overjoyed at his changed attitude. He brings her a present of furs and apologizes for his former suspicions. Concluding that she cannot ever marry Warren, Pat returns her engagement ring. It reveals that Craig Tarleton is already married.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

On one of his trips to the stove, to thrust in fresh wood and pour himself a cup of coffee, he scraped the rime from a window pane and looked out into the storm. It had reached its worst at last; had settled to the steady, full-lunged roar that marked its peak. In the blind seething swirl he could see nothing except the nearest pines—a drove of huge black animals tossing, pawing and rearing. One tall pine that stood near his cabin was so doubled over by the screaming gale that its top was beating upon the roof.

He thought it fitting that Bill Fornier, Arctic born and bred, should be passing in this storm—riding away in the fury of the worst that the Arctic could unloose.

When he went back to the bunk, Bill was awake. More clear-headed than at any previous time, he was also weaker, so weak that his voice was gone and he had to whisper.

"Those claims of mine, Craig—I didn't get the work done on 'em. Lea will be left without—"

"Bill, now listen to me. I'm taking care of those claims. I spotted 'em for you in the first place, and I'll see that you—that Lea gets 'em in the end. That's a promise."

Bill's lips moved. "If you promise, then everything's—all right."

His eyes closed and he lay still. The expression that came over his face, the unwanted peace and quietude, startled Craig. He leaned down, felt for a pulse beat, found none.

"Bill!" He shook Fornier's shoulder. "Bill!"

After several minutes he gently straightened out Bill's arms and drew a blanket up over the bunk.

On New Year's day, Craig started across the river to see Warren.

For an entire week—since Christmas—he had kept to his cabin, secluded from everybody, thinking, mapping a new course for himself. The slowly gathering forces which had been at work in him for many months had at last won out. The death of Bill Fornier merely marked the end of the old epoch and the beginning of a radically different one.

Warren received him courteously, drew a chair near the desk, held a match for his cigarette.

"Warren"—Craig went straight to the point—"I've been thinking about this deadlocked fight between your company and these men. I'm wondering why you and I can't work out some agreement whereby they'll get substantial justice and the company will make a good profit on its undertaking in this field."

Warren tapped the ashes from his cigarette. "You have some specific agreement in mind?" he inquired.

"Yes. Instead of buying these claims outright, your company would buy a part interest. Two thirds, let's say. That way the men wouldn't be left out entirely, later on, when the actual mining begins; and still your company would be getting the big cut."

"Your suggestion," Warren said dryly, "is a fine one—for these men. But from the company's viewpoint it isn't so fetching. Let me correct you about one thing: This fight is not deadlocked. In the last week I've bought 60 claims. The stampede that I've been waiting for has begun. Within a month I'll own this gold. Why, then, should I stop short of my complete program?"

"You mean, why should you be content with two thirds when you can get it all?"

"If you wish to put it that way, yes."

"Why, damn it, Warren, because of the human justice involved! Doesn't the welfare of 300 men count for something? Most of them are married, have families—"

"The company," Warren cut him short, "has no responsibility toward them or their families."

Craig was little disappointed by Warren's cold refusal to arbitrate, for he had expected it. He had come across the river merely because he did not wish to throw away any hope, however faint, of settling this struggle peacefully.

"So you don't recognize any responsibility," he mused. "Well, that's hardly a surprise. The house of Wellington, Parkes & Lovett wasn't founded on consideration of others, as I well know. The history of their deals with prospectors and operating mine companies would read like a slaughter-house story."

Warren drummed impatiently on his desk. "I've heard that same line before, Tarleton—from people who haven't got any money themselves."

"If you're aiming that remark at me, why, I made and threw away two fortunes, friend, while you were grubbing around after your first one." He paused, to let that fact sink in; and then he went on: "Old Jasper Wellington belonged to a generation whose ideal was to capture the timber and land and mines and oil and finances of a nation, and wield a power as tyrannical as any old feudal baron ever wielded. But men like him won't be tolerated in the boat any longer, to scuttle the welfare of whole large groups and play havoc with honest business companies. It's your good luck and mine, Warren, that we belong to a generation which has thrown out that old plunder-lust philosophy and is groping toward something nobler—"

Warren shoved back his chair. "Listen, Tarleton—I don't care to hear a lecture on political economy of the prophetic sort. And I'm not interested in your proposition about these claims. Did you have anything else to say?"

Craig got up. "Only this: I offered you a deal, Warren, and you wouldn't take it. We could settle this fight peacefully, but you refuse. Now we'll have to settle it on the basis of might. We'll battle it out."

"That suits me very well," Warren returned. He came around from behind the desk. "By the way, Tarleton, there's a private matter I'd like to mention to you before you go. Now that you too have declared war, you'll likely be joining with Patricia. I can't stop that, but—"

Under the circumstances, I must ask you not to associate with her personally in any way whatsoever."

"What circumstances are you referring to?"

"The fact that you have a wife."

"Hmmp! So you dug that up. You've told Patricia, I suppose?"

"Don't you think she ought to know?"

"I don't consider it of much importance."

"Good heavens! It's a sheer technicality. Besides, if the occasion ever arises, I myself will tell her about this misadventure."

"The whole story?"

"Quite. Far more, in fact, than you've uncovered."

Warren followed him to the door. "I think you're treating this Rosalie matter too lightly, Tarleton. It may turn out to be more important than you think. If you won't take my warning, you'll take the consequences."

"Don't be so mysterious, Warren. What's up your sleeve?"

Warren started to say something, but checked himself and nodded a curt good-by.

As Craig went back across Resurrection, he wondered whether that ugly word "consequences" was a poker-faced bluff or a genuine warning. He didn't know, didn't much care. For he was looking ahead to his battle against Warren and the company; and an exultation was pulsing in his veins. It felt good to be on the warpath again, gunning for powerful enemies; good to be back in action, in the thick of a fight once more. A surge of unlocked energy ran strong in him, like a river at break-up.

At Patricia's cabin no one answered his knock; and he went over to the community house.

It was the first time that he had entered the Den. With curious eyes he looked around at Patricia's handiwork as he passed through the gear-cluttered entrance-way and stepped inside the main room.

Although the Den was comfortable and cheery, it was a rough and rowdy place, truly the den of 75 rock-hogs. As Craig looked around the big room, he thought of the Wellington North Shore mansion, where he first had met Patricia; and he wondered how on earth she, a girl and a blue-blood besides, could endure the uncouth manners and ways of these heavy-booted miners. It took something more than sympathy. It took courage,

took a fighting heart and a deep conviction of righteousness.

Not glimpsing her anywhere in the room, he asked a prospector, "Where's Miss Wellington, Dave?"

"Over in the office," the man informed, pointing at a niche beside the huge fireplace on the west side.

Craig stepped over. The "office" proved to be a little six-by-eight cubbyhole, fitted into the fireplace angle and boarded off so as to shut out the bedlam of the main room.

At his knock a girl's voice demanded: "Who is it? I'm busy. What do you want?"

"It's Tarleton. I'm sorry to've disturbed you. I'll come back some other—"

"Craig! Wait!" He heard her chair slide back hastily. The door flung open and she stood before him. "Please don't go. I'm not busy, really; it's just that these men come trooping to me all day long with all sorts of troubles. I'm getting to growl and bark like a sergeant-major."

In her belted corduroy suit she looked so winsome and girlish that Craig smiled at the idea of her growling and barking.

He stepped into the office. "I'd like to have a talk with you, Treeshia."

Her cheeks colored. He wondered why.

"I was just glancing about at 'the house that Pat built,'" he remarked. "It's really fine, Treeshia. You can be proud of it."

Patricia's face clouded over at his mention of the Den. "The men like it a lot, I guess," she said listlessly, turning toward him. "But—"

Craig noticed, then, that her eyes had a suspicious redness about



"I'd Like to Have a Talk With You, Treeshia."

them, as though she had been crying.

"Something's gone wrong, Treeshia. What is it?"

"Nothing, except that—I—I'm sunk!" she quavered. Two big tears gathered in her dark eyes. "Every-thing has—has gone to pot in the last few days. I'm broke, I haven't a penny left. I can't keep the Den running any longer; and these men are cracking wide open. Warren is buying claims right and left, and—I don't see any way to turn—or anything to do—"

She slumped down into her desk chair and buried her face in her arms.

"Gracious heavens, girl! Why didn't you tell me about all this?"

"I didn't suppose—you cared much—what was happening," Patricia sobbed, without looking up.

"But I do care!" Craig asserted, bending down, patting her shoulder. Sorry for the black days that she had gone through, he reproached himself savagely for not helping her sooner.

As he bent over her, with his lips so near her hair, a disquietude struck him, and Lovett's warning about his associating with Patricia in a personal way went jiggling across his mind. Until that instant he simply had not imagined the possibility of such an association. But now he did imagine it, with something of a shock.

It came home to him that he once had loved Patricia Wellington passionately; that in the God's lake days she had been to him a living pagan poem; that in his thirty-one years he had never loved any other girl. All the bitter things which he had later thought about her and which had made him try to forget God's lake; all his harsh judgment of her as a worldly creature without ideals or courage—she had given the complete lie to them by her valiant battle for these men.

"Treeshia," he said gently, "this is as much my fight now as yours. I'm not returning to the barrens. You've been all alone so far, but now I'm going to take part of the burden of your shoulders."

CHAPTER VIII

Craig's first step, that same afternoon, was to give Patricia his entire worldly fortune—\$900 of accrued salary—to keep the community house afloat.

That evening and all the next day he talked and pleaded with the disheartened prospectors, till he finally checked their rising wave of despair and swung them back into line.

He also wrote to the bureau at Ottawa and resigned. He hated to sacrifice his job, but this move would give the men three months of grace, for it would take that long for his successor to reach the Bay and begin inspecting the claims.

With these preliminary steps out of the road, he tackled the big crucial problem, the necessity of raising a lot of money quickly. The men had to have clothes, outfits, equipment; and to feel the power of money behind them. They had lived on hope till hope was burned out.

He estimated that he had to raise at least a hundred thousand dollars.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have formed a corporation among the owners of the richest claims and sold a portion of the stock to a financial house or operating company. But this field was so remote that investment houses were not interested; and mining companies everywhere were reefing their sails instead of putting on more canvas.

A good gold deposit would turn the trick. Gold was at a high premium among the metals; and down in the city country, low-grade mines which had been closed for years were running full blast. A silver deposit, or copper, or even platinum, would not do. It took gold, or possibly radium. But so far—or at least so the special government geologists had reported—no gold at all had been discovered in the Resurrection field.

From a little cardboard box on a shelf Craig picked out seven carefully labeled hunks of gray-rock, one evening, and laid them on his work table, and sat looking at them while he smoked a thoughtful pipe.

"Hmmp!" he muttered, once or twice. "No gold on Resurrection. Hmmp!"

Those seven hunks of rock came from a range of hills, the Wolf Lairs, about 50 miles northeast of the Bay. Last spring a city rusher called Phil Kessler had gone prospecting through those hills and had brought back a sackful of ore specimens. In that collection—mostly ores of yellowish mica, or fool's gold—Craig had spotted seven odd-looking fragments of a gray gneiss. Sticking one carefully under the microscope, he was surprised to find that it contained wire silver.

Interested then, he ran an assay. The test brought out not only cobalt and silver in paying quantities but a heavy gold content—\$200 to the ton.

Kessler had no idea where he had picked up those seven hunks of gray-rock. A greenhorn at prospecting, he had wandered hither and thither all over that range, knocking off samples from any formation that took his eye and dumping them helter-skelter into his bag, without numbering them or keeping any records whatever.

With a host of duties on his hands, Craig had thought no more about the lost strike—till now.

He looked thoughtfully at the seven hunks, looked at his original assay sheet and at his careful re-check on it. Gold ore, \$200 a ton, with enough cobalt and silver to pay all mining and milling costs—that was a prize deposit, a sure money-maker. If he could locate it and if the deposit was not a mere pocket, any operating company would jump at the chance to buy an option or part interest.

Sitting up all that night, he made a thorough study of the chemical and crystalline structure of those gray gneiss fragments.

This structure, he found, was rather distinctive. He did not remember encountering it anywhere else in the Resurrection field.

Somewhat encouraged by this possible clue, he went up to the Land-Office storage building; got out a bulky packet of notes and charts which he had made on a survey of the Wolf Lairs two summers previously.

A three-day study of these old notes, charts and fragments brought him a surprising discovery. None of his samples showed any traces of gold; but he found that this gray gneiss with the odd chemical and crystalline structure was rather common in the Wolf Lairs. A sizeable stratum of it, with a green dolomite on top and a brownish granite beneath, ran the whole length of the range.

Though the gray-rock outcropped at other places in those hills, he figured that the chances were a dozen to one that the gold deposit occurred somewhere along that principal gneiss stratum.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense of Caution.

A sense of caution seems to be a part of the wisdom that comes with the years. Or, to look at it another way—maybe the older people are more cautious simply because—if they were not—they would never have survived to become older.

Sew, Sew, Sew-Your-Own



requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1326 is designed for sizes 12-20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1228 is designed for sizes 11-19 (29 to 37 bust). Size 13 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material. With long sleeves 4 3/4 yards are required.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

TO MAKE you the girl of his dreams (and to keep him always dreaming), that's the happy ambition behind these newest creations by Sew-Your-Own. One of these frocks to enhance your beauty, and an evening to spend in that romantic lane of Moonlight and Roses—isn't it quite likely that you will become the girl of his dreams?

Luncheon for Two.

When he takes you out to luncheon you should be the very essence of chic. A two piece like the one at the left will bring the sort of eye-compliments you like, and you'll find it a great boon to comfort if the date is to be soon. You will probably want it made of the season's hit material, sheer crepe. The vestee is smart in a contrasting color.

When It's Dancing.

He'll be very Scotch about giving away dances when he sees you in your copy of the frock in the center. It was really born to dance. The tucked skirt has all the thrilling sophistication of a gored one, and it's much easier to sew. Little touches of grosgrain, and pretty puff sleeves add the kind of quiet elegance that makes this your choice for those happy hours of dancing under the stars.

End of Summer.

The season, like romance, rolls swiftly. But you still have time to do a few summery things in a summery frock such as the one at the right. In dimity or swiss it will make you more youthful and charming than many a more ornate style (and after all the girl of his dreams must be young and charming). A good suggestion might be to cut a carbon copy, while you're about it, in sheer wool with long sleeves. Then there'll be nothing to worry about when a cool evening happens along.

Pattern 1288 is designed for sizes 14-20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16

Young-Looking Skin at 35—Now a Reality For Women!

THOUSANDS of women now keep the allure of youthful, dewy-fresh skin at 35-40 and even after! Now a modern skin cream acts to free the skin of the "age-film" of semi-visible darkening particles ordinary creams cannot remove. Often only 5 nights enough to bring out divine new freshness—youthful rose-petal clearness and luminosity to your face, neck, hands, freckles. Ask for Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today at any drug or department store... or send 50c to Golden Peacock Inc., Dept. L-315, Paris, Tenn.

To the Ideal

Keep in your heart a shrine to the ideal, and upon this altar let the fire never die.

666 checks MALARIA in three days COLDS first day

LIQUID TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Thim"—World's Best Liniment

Irksome

It was Aristides whose reputation was so good that nobody liked him.

It's "Filter-Fine" MOROLINE SNOW-WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Hot Weather is Here— Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calotabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pack twenty-five cts. At drug stores. (Adv.)

Next Best

If you can't choose your lot in life, try to make it comfortable.

Late Regret

A hundred years of regret will not pay a farthing of debt.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

MANY LETTERS Addressed to You Personally

THINK of the advertisements in this paper as so many letters addressed to you personally. That's what they're intended to be, and, actually, that's what they are. This newspaper is, in effect, a mail-bag which brings you news of events and news of the best merchandise at the fairest prices.

You don't throw away letters unread. You don't read three or four letters carefully and skim through the rest. Treat the "merchandise letters" in this newspaper the same way. Read them all. Read them carefully. One single item will often repay you for the time it has taken to read them all.

Many good housewives have formed the habit of reading their newspaper with a pencil and paper, ready to jot down the articles they wish to look at when they start out on their shopping tour. Try this method. It saves time, and saves money, and provides you with the pick of the day's merchandise.

EVERY ADVERTISEMENT HAS A MESSAGE ALL ITS OWN

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	.95

Outside Texas

One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50
Three Months	.85

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1906, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

MEMBER
National Editorial Association
Texas Press Association
Panhandle Press Association

Display advertising rate, 50c per column inch each insertion. Preferred position, 30c per inch.

Resolutions, obituaries, cards of thanks, and items of like nature charged for at line rates.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same being given to the editor personally at the office at 210 Main Street, McLean, Texas.

It takes time to acquire true friends, and when acquired they should be guarded like jewels, for they form one of the most valuable relationships of life.

While much intolerance is still practiced in the name of religion, the world owes the matter of tolerance to the influence of religion. The man who has caught the true vision of the teaching of the lowly Nazarene is tolerant in his opinions and has no desire to force them on anyone.

Wild grape production in this section should convince the most skeptical that this is a grape producing region. Several years ago the local chamber of commerce put on an educational campaign on grape production and several small vineyards are the result, but if a large acreage could be put in grapes here there would be no market problem and the vines would make more money than anything in the way of feed or cotton.

For the first time in the past 32 years the Higgins News is printed without the names of L. D. and Mollie Shaw at the masthead. John Merriman of Santa Rosa, N. M., formerly of Booker, is the new owner. Newspaper folks over the Panhandle will miss the timely editorials of the Shaws, whose genial philosophy has been read in many offices during the time they controlled the destinies of the Higgins paper. Mr. Merriman starts off with an increased line of advertising which, if continued by the Higgins merchants, will insure a good paper in the future.

PANTS AND POSIES

Ever since they first made men make room in the barber shop, women have been striding ever farther in almost every field. By now, their rivalry is more or less accepted, and we believe it's a good thing. If the gentler sex can accomplish certain things as well as or better than men, it should do it, but it shouldn't crowd men out.

A case of crowding out came to light last week at the first annual convention of the Men's Garden Clubs of America. It seems that women have for years dominated amateur gardening in this country and the men are ready for a battle to keep some spot among the posies for themselves.

This is no unimportant fight and we wish the men well. It is true that the rose cannot be made into a loaf of bread; the dahlia is not an effective substitute for an ear of corn. But a world without roses and dahlias would be as intolerable as a world without bread and corn. If the women are better fitted to cultivate the nation's gardens, let them go ahead and do it. But we have a strong suspicion that their touch is no more necessary to gardening than the male touch is to running a business or doing scientific research.

Let the men have their places in the gardens and let them hold it against all counter-assaults. Nothing should be able to dismay them—or almost nothing. We can think of only one weapon which women might use to drive the men entirely away

Follow the Thrill Trail with

FLOYD GIBBONS

IN THIS NEWSPAPER

The fast-talking ace of war correspondents and headline hunters is in a class by himself when it comes to finding adventure and telling about it in a stirring and entertaining manner.

You have heard FLOYD GIBBONS over the radio. Now read his thrilling tales in your own home newspaper

The tales you will read are true stories of adventure in every-day life . . . stories of adventure that has come to people just like yourselves, in towns just like the one in which you live.

Gibbons has challenged the fiction writers of the world to invent more thrilling adventures than those which happen every day in the ordinary lives of men, women and children.

The stories with which he is backing up this challenge are to appear in this paper. Watch for them in

FLOYD GIBBONS' ADVENTURE CLUB

from gardening—that would be back-seat driving technique applied to the hoe.

It would call for the man bending and sweating in the searing sun, the woman leaning her dainty chin on the fence, the man finally straightening his aching back while he permits himself a complacent smile, and the counter-assault—a musical feminine voice cooing: "John, don't you think the hedge could be trimmed just a wee bit more?"

Then, but only then, would we feel the men justified if they despairingly quit and threw in the towel.—Pathfinder.

THE TAX-EXEMPT PARASITES

"There is growing up a new class, which, by the ownership of government securities, has more privileges and less responsibility than any royalty the world has ever known. They live on the taxes of the people, while they themselves enjoy many tax exemptions," says Arthur Huntington in Public Utilities Fortnightly.

It is probable that not one person out of ten realizes that government borrowings are exempt from taxation. In other words, the man who buys \$1,000 worth or \$10,000 worth of government bonds, is in the privileged class that is not taxed on the income he derives from these bonds. Also, the businesses which the government develops with the money derived from the privileged tax-free bonds, are wholly or largely tax-exempt.

In the state of Oregon, for example, if private electric companies had gross income of \$20,000,000 a year, the total taxes they would pay today in support of schools, roads, police protection, army, navy, etc., would be nearly 20% of that sum or \$4,000,000 annually. If the government's hydro-electric projects now being developed on the Columbia River should earn \$20,000,000 from the sale of electricity, this income would be practically tax-exempt under existing policies.

The privileged holder of tax-exempt bonds dodges his tax obligations, which the masses have to pay. The government's subsidized tax-exempt industries dodge the taxes which all other business has to pay.

Is it any wonder that the cost of government, and taxation of the common people rises as the tax-exempt government borrowings increase, to build bigger and more tax-exempt experiments in all parts of the United States?

Think it over and see where the system will lead our country.—Industrial News Review.

Mrs. Mark Huseby and daughter of Mobeetie were in McLean Tuesday.

E. J. Jr. and Johnnie Windom are visiting in Clovis, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Glass of Alanred were in McLean Tuesday.

ADVERTISING RACKETEERS

The following letter, sent to Childress merchants by Jerry W. Debenport, secretary of the chamber of commerce speaks for itself:

Using two exceptionally nice, well-known young ladies of prominence and unquestioned integrity, two advertising promoters yesterday "sold" 16 Childress merchants advertising space for \$2.50 and \$5.00 each. The advertising sold is to appear upon a placard bearing the schedule of the Bobcats during 1937!

These out-of-town men told the young ladies that The Index job shop would print the placards, but The Index job shop knows nothing, absolutely, about a contract for printing these placards. Neither does Franklin Givens of the Givens Printing Company, nor does Kenneth Pink of the Childress County News.

So the out-of-town advertising promoters, out of town and absent from Childress today, have no contract to print the placard in Childress.

A. W. Adams, superintendent of the Childress public schools; Charles Dameron, principal of the Childress high school; and Coach Joe Gibson refused to sanction this worthless advertising scheme even to the extent of refusing to give them the Bobcats' schedule for 1937! They strongly disapprove of selling "racket" advertising in the name of the Childress schools; so they consistently and constantly tell the chamber of commerce.

We do not state nor imply that these placards, for which Childress merchants have already paid IN CASH, around \$40 for, will not be printed as contracted for (apparently not in Childress, however)—but we do emphatically state that Childress merchants have "popped" off forty bucks for worthless "racket" advertising.

Why, oh why, don't you refuse to buy or donate for group advertising unless your chamber of commerce has fully investigated each and every project? Start this practice now!—Childress Index.

HONORED GUEST

Burn the forest, drain the rivers, Plow the meadows, melt the shores, Every field and every hillside Stake with barbs for human snares. Use the firebrands caught from woodlands.

Raze our homesteads, light the piers, From the throbbing hearts of mothers Blend a toast of blood and tears.

Line the highways, start the preview, Prance the Colonels up and down, Kill our Youth on cross-beamed timbers,

MARS, the god, has come to town! —Ruth Bransford.

Mrs. Frank Shahan and little daughter of Hobbs, N. M., visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Geo. Skinner last week.

IN DEFENSE OF GAPING

Unless you have lived in a big city at one time or another, you may find it difficult to understand the seriousness of a recent court case in New York City. A man named Thomas Farrell, Jr., had charged the watchman at a subway construction job with felonious assault. Mr. Farrell told the court that he had been placidly leaning against a wooden railing, watching the men at work, when the guard sought to drive him from the scene by hitting him over the head with a lantern.

There is more here than mere felonious assault, but not everyone may recognize its significance. It was not only assault upon Mr. Farrell but a deliberate attack upon one of the most hallowed of big city occupations—goggle-eyed gaping into excavations. Generations of excavation-watchers have given the practice a dignity and a standing which we should hate to see lost. In addition, the attack on Mr. Farrell now makes the occupation an inalienable right—like free press and free speech—having been fought and bled for.

This is not purely an urban fight. We think the residents of many small towns should be interested if only because of their own traitions—like watching the train go by or listening in on conversations over party lines.

Big cities have never had these pleasures. If excavation-watching were to be outlawed, there would be

left only the less soul-satisfying pastimes of standing in long queues to get into the early-morning movies or gathering in small groups to watch a traffic policeman dress down an offending motorist.

If Mr. Farrell wants to take his case to the Supreme Court, we'll be right with him all the time, our mouth open and neck craned, rolling our eyes at the spectators and justices, and peering over his lawyer's shoulder to gape at his notes.—Pathfinder.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Payne and daughter visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. L. E. West, at Pampa Sunday.

INSURANCE

Life Fire Hail

I insure anything. No prohibited list.

I represent some of the strongest companies in the world.

T. N. Holloway

Reliable Insurance

Relieve Dizzy Spells or Money Back

She gives wonderful advice to women passing thru those 40 to 50 "critical years."

Mrs. L. B. writes: "I'm going thru change of life and been having hot flashes, blood rushing to head. Also such sweats, perspiration would run from my body. After first few days of taking Kruschen I noticed a difference in my head, after I finished the first bottle, the flashes were getting further apart and the night sweats less. I and my friends swear by Kruschen."

If you want to help avoid headaches, dizziness, smothering spells, weakness, fits of depression—if you want to keep feeling more healthy and happy—up and about your work—take a third teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing every morning.

Kruschen is a superb blend of 6 mineral salts, each with its own special work to do—kidneys, liver, gall bladder and bowels are helped kept functioning normally and when important body organs are working properly you may be sure there will be less constitutional agitation. It crabs but little and if it doesn't help you wonderfully in a month—money back. CITY DRUG STORE

FINE FOOD

cooked by a competent chef and efficiently served.

Eat your next meal with us.

MEADOR CAFE

"Always Something Good"

Every Family Has a Right to Choose

Regardless of any clause in your Life Insurance Policy, the law gives each family the right to select the Funeral Director who shall serve them in time of need.

C. S. RICE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Office Phone 42 Residence 13

Life — Auto — Casualty

CREED

BOGAN

Insurance

Fire Hail Tornado

McLEAN, TEXAS

LANDSCAPING

Rock Garden Materials

Evergreens, Shades, Shrubs

Fruit Trees, Vines, Plants, etc.

Bruce Nursery

Alanred, Texas

Trees with a Reputation



Gasoline - Oils - Greases

mean satisfactory, economical service for your car.

Drive in your nearest Phillips Station

Boyd Meador, Agent

WHY . . .

be embarrassed by dull, faded hair? Why look years older than your age because of graying hair? Let us tint your hair the modern way, using

Super-Blend Shampoo

a scientific preparation that revitalizes, tints and cleanses in one operation.

Phone 149

LANDERS

BEAUTY

SHOPPE

1 block north of P. O.

WE HAVE MOVED

to our new location on North Main Street

Ask your grocer for our products, baked fresh every day, right here in McLean

HOME TOWN

BAKERY

Bill Rupe, Prop.

A Coat o' Tan

reflects health, to be sure, but then who wants to acquire it painfully? Before venturing out in the sun's burning rays, apply a cool soothing lotion for protection. We have your favorite brand.

ERWIN DRUG CO.

Specials

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

SUGAR

10 lb in cloth bag 53c

COFFEE

Schilling's 1 lb 28c

SPUDS

15 lb 29c

MILK

Armour's 6 small or 3 large 20c

MACARONI

or SPAGHETTI 3 for 10c

TOMATOES

3 No. 2 23c

PEAS

Kuner's 2 No. 2 25c

PEACHES

Mission No. 2 1/2 16c

APRICOTS

Mission No. 2 1/2 20c

PRUNES

gallon 34c

TOMATO JUICE

No. 2, 3 for 25c

SALMON

Pink 2 No. 1 25c

TOILET TISSUE

Linen Soft 3 for 10c



3 lb can 59c

COMPOUND

8 lb carton \$1.09

RICE

Water Maid 3 lb 20c

JELLO

all flavors 5c

ROYAL GELATINE

all flavors 5c

SUNBRITE

Cleanser 2 for 9c

OXYDOL

medium size 20c

MATCHES

carton 17c

CATSUP

14 oz. bottle 10c

OVALTINE

large size 59c

HOMINY

3 No. 2 1/2 25c

PUCKETT'S

GROCERY and MARKET

Matching Lace Trims Silk Sheers

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NO MATTER how much your taste and the general tenor of your life may call for practical tailored and sports-type clothes, none other than a really and truly dress-up dress will answer to occasion. If anything more apropos can be found than either of the stunning models pictured in the way of dressiest-dress gowns that tune graciously to afternoon functions, garden parties and such, pray tell where is it?

The illustration presents exactly the type of dresses we have in mind. Here you see two gowns that are one hundred per cent voguish. They are modern up to the instant, and they are fascinating in regard to nicety of detail and they carry that air of sartorial elegance which every woman of discriminating taste covets. Make it yourself, have it made, or buy it ready made as you will, a dress of the type of either of these handsome frocks will give you endless satisfaction, for no matter what comes up in the way of social affairs unless extreme formality demands ultra full-dress attire, gowns such as pictured class their wearers as among the those-present in the best dressed group.

This gesture of dying lace in exact match to the silk sheer it trims is proving a most exciting venture to designers in that it invites such free play of imagination. Then, too, the lace being the identical color enhances the dress without making

it look too fussy or overdone—gives it the exclusive accent that many covet but few attain.

Current collections include both dark and light sheers with matching lace trims. A costume done in monotone color scheme of either, the very fashionable spruce green or beetroot red would be outstanding. Grays in the pastel shades are greatly stressed, also rose-beige.

As to swank styling the redingote theme prevails since it offers such excellent opportunity to introduce border effects with lace insertions after the manner shown in the charming dress to the left in the picture. This redingote gown is a most fetching style for the cocktail hour. It is made of gray silk marquisette tastefully laced. The huge red straw open-crowned hat worn with it plays up in dramatic contrast to the demure gray of the dress. It is flower-trimmed and has black streamers that tie under the chin.

The other young woman seeks and finds midsummer coolness in a gown of beguiling rose-glow silk marquisette trimmed with insets of matching lace. The huge red straw open-crowned hat worn with it plays up in dramatic contrast to the demure gray of the dress. It is flower-trimmed and has black streamers that tie under the chin.

© Western Newspaper Union.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Fun-Loving Emir.
NEW YORK. — At the entrance to the main reception chamber of the palace of Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordania is a Coney Island mirror. A visitor, salaaming to royalty, perhaps with constraint and self-consciousness, sees his person wildly and ridiculously distorted. The Emir smiles and puts his guest at ease.

He explains that this is merely his way of breaking stilted routine and getting on a basis of friendly understanding. Rollicking old Gomez, late dictator of Venezuela, used to play jokes on important visitors, but he was just mischievous, while the Emir is philosophical.

Ruler of the nearest pure Arab state to Palestine, the Emir approves Britain's tri-partite division, with the Arab section added to his Trans-Jordania. From his palace window, he looks out across the desert to the mountains of Moab, where Moses surveyed the Promised Land. It's a long view back into the centuries, and it seems to induce in the Emir both disillusionment and patience.

His attitude is important, in the political backwash of the British cabinet's sudden decision, and it seems quite probable that they sounded him out before announcing it.

Since the death of his brothers, Feisal and Ali, he has been a unifying power in the three Arab states of Trans-Jordania, Hejaz and Iraq, comprising many millions of Arabs. He also is a powerful leader of the Pan-Islamic movement, started by old Sultan Abdul Hamid, II, fifty-two years ago.

He is the Abdullah of Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert," campaigning brilliantly against the Turks, and then finding Winston Churchill and Sir Herbert Samuel long on promises and short on fulfillment—historic recreation which caused Lawrence bitterly to reject royal favor and hide himself away as "Aircraftman Shaw."

The Emir, too, was embittered, but he is a realist. He knows the power of England and scrupulously maintains the synthetic post-war status quo. England, of course, has a tremendous political stake in Islam as a buffer to India, but there are even more tangible factors which the Emir weighs and appraises and cannily uses. Those three Arab states have cotton, rubber, tobacco, mineral and oil lands and developments which have supplied the Emir with an ace card in dealing with European nations.

He has been deliberately hostile and resistant to Mussolini and Italy's radio blast across 1,000 miles of desert. "I wish I could be the first Arab to enlist to defend Ethiopia," he said when Il Duce started his African adventure.

England pulls the strings for all three Arab states and none has complete autonomy. The Emir is reconciled. He says wise men compromise until they can command.

He is of medium stature, with a neat goatee, restless, searching black eyes and strong white teeth — a man of culture and charm. He wears a gold-embroidered silk robe, with a gold-sheathed dagger hung from his waist. Sometimes he wears the "kufflich" or white veil and sometimes the traditional sheik's head dress. Next to the picture of his father, the hard-fighting old King Hussein, hangs a picture of a particularly ferocious bengal tiger.

"I like to keep them together," he says. "They look so much alike."

Victorian Idol.

AT THE turn of the century, Mrs. A. Patrick Campbell was described by interviewers as "haughty and world-weary." At seventy-two, still playing, she is disclosed as genial, humorous and friendly. Lyric legends of the theater crowd in as she rehearses for a revival of "The Thirteenth Chair," at Milford, Conn.

The Late-Victorian idol of two continents, sharing Olympus with Duse and Bernhardt, she has been on the stage for more than fifty years. She was Beatrice Stella Tanager, the daughter of a London merchant. She played Shaw, Piner, Barrie, Wilde, Ibsen and Maeterlinck and some of these dramatists wrote plays for her. Broadway remembers her best as Eliza in Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Her first husband, Major George Cornwallis West, died in the Boer war and her son, Allan, in the World war. She was in the films from 1934 to 1936, departing with the remark that no longer would she be a "jackanapes in Hollywood."

Censor of Burlesque.

Sam A. Scribner, New York's new seventy-eight-year-old censor of burlesque, once dramatically resisted censorship. When he was a lad at Carnie's seminary in Clarion, Pa., his music teacher rapped his knuckles for playing chopsticks instead of scales. He floored the teacher with a round-house swing and walked out and got himself a job in a blacksmith shop.

Then he joined a small circus and later bought a small Pittsburgh booking office.

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Ask Me? Another

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. How often does the United States gain one in population?
2. Was Sir William Blackstone successful as a lawyer?
3. Do baseball or football players receive more injuries?
4. How fast must an object travel to escape from the gravitational attraction of the earth?
5. Does an elephant eat as much as a mouse in proportion to its size?
6. Was the United States Supreme court ever closed for a period more than one year?

Answers

1. There is one birth in the United States every 14 seconds, one death every 22 seconds, one immigrant every 15 minutes, and one emigrant every 14½ minutes, making a net gain in population of one person every 35 seconds.
2. Sir William Blackstone (1723-

1780) whose fame as England's greatest jurist is based on his "Commentaries," actually possessed only the vaguest possible grasp of the elementary conceptions of law and was considered a failure as a lawyer, jurist and parliamentarian, according to Collier's Weekly.

3. Baseball players receive more minor injuries, but fewer permanent injuries and fatalities.

4. It must have a speed of 6.95 miles per second.

5. If an elephant ate the same amount proportionally as a mouse it would consume 10 tons of food daily. Actually it eats only about 100 pounds.

6. Rushed through congress in 1801, a measure directing that the Supreme court should meet only once a year, on the second Monday of February, closed the court for 14 months, until February, 1803.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Washing Handkerchiefs—Discolored handkerchiefs will regain their whiteness if a few drops of peroxide of hydrogen are added to the last rinsing water.

For Lighter Potatoes—A small amount of milk added to the water in which potatoes are boiled will make them lighter and fluffier when mashed.

Oilcloth for Shelves—Oilcloth, if white, can be used to line the shelves and walls of dark cupboards. It will lighten them considerably. If placed on the last step of a dark cellar staircase, it will make the descent easier.

Cracker Sandwiches—12 cream crackers, 3 bananas, 2 ounces cream cheese, pinch of salt, and a dash of pepper. Beat the cream cheese, pepper and salt together and spread half the crackers with this mixture. Slice bananas thinly and spread over cheese mixture, and cover each with a cracker.

WNU Service.

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Before leaving on your vacation trip, join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Standard Tires—today's top tire value. See your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store Now!

PRICES AS LOW AS \$6.40

FIRESTONE AUTO RADIO 6 All-Metal Tubes — or Dynamic Speaker. Save up to \$20.00. \$39.95 Includes universal control head Custom Built Dash Mounting Available	SEAT COVERS Coupes \$1.69 up Coaches & Sedans \$3.69 up	BATTERIES ASK ABOUT OUR "MANGROVER" PRICE HOME FANS 9" — 4 Blade Fan \$1.29
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DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON THIN WORN TIRES DO YOU KNOW

THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 38,000 men, women and children?

That a million more were injured!

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?



At right is a section cut from a smooth, worn tire, with no skid protection worn off. Tires in this condition are liable to punctures, blowouts and skidding.

At left is section cut from a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick, non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. Come in and see by actual demonstration.

Firestone STANDARD FOR PASSENGER CARS

4.50-20 \$8.70	5.50-17 12.50
4.50-21 9.05	5.50-18 12.95
4.75-19 9.55	5.50-19 13.10
4.75-20 9.85	6.00-16 13.95
5.00-19 10.30	6.25-16 15.05
5.25-17 11.00	6.50-16 17.25
5.25-18 11.40	7.00-16 18.70

Firestone SENTINEL

4.40-21 \$5.05	4.75-19 \$6.70
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4.50-21 6.35	5.25-18 8.00

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4.40-21 \$5.43	4.75-19 \$6.37
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Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Sponable. Mandates overtop any National N. E. C. Red Network

JOIN THE Firestone Save a Life Campaign To-Day

SMART SHEER WOOL

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The midseason dress problem when it is too warm to wear this and too cool to wear that need no longer set any woman into a worry and flurry for the answer has been found in the new sheer wools that are the very thing to don at the first hint of autumn's approach. Pictured is a stunning dress that will bridge from summer to fall perfectly. This distinctive tailored frock combines sheerest wool weave in attractive dusty rose coloring with chic accents of snowy pique. Pleated-in sleeves and an intriguing pleated skirt convey early style messages. Note the high crown in her smart fall felt. As the new season advances crowns keep going higher and higher.

MANY COLORS SEEN IN COATS FOR FALL

Coats of many colors have been featured so extensively in Paris that they are expected to be early fall fashion successes in this country. All of these coats are very brief and are made of elegant fabrics or of ribbons, thus indicating their place with evening dresses.

One French designer has introduced a little jacket made of two-inch velvet ribbon sewn together in vertical strips, the ribbon combining shades of apple green, old blue, chamois, pink which has a blue cast and an orchid-purple. This is worn over a gown of black Chantilly lace. Another jacket is made of red and blue grosgrain ribbon interlaced to suggest a woven pattern.

Matching Headdress and Heels Offer Gala Touch

Matching headdresses and heels are providing a gala touch to simple summer outfits worn by attractive young spectators at smart midwestern country clubs. Dusty pink frocks combined with beige turbans and ostrich skin pumps with beige-colored built-up heels are a popular combination. On many of the smartest white ensembles, effective accents are furnished by paisley print headbands and heels.

Tailored Jersey Suit Is Made With Loose Jacket

Chanel's tailored suits in jerseys and wools are made with loose jackets that are cut somewhat like box coats. Blouses are finished with round collars or jabots, which are worn outside the jackets. The short and comfortably full skirts often are trimmed with hip pockets.

Parma Violet Undies
Parma violet underwear! They are doing it in Paris, featuring the violet as well as the more delicate mauve and orchid tones in georgette and satin negligees.

NEWSPAPERS AND EDITORIALS

After the last presidential election many people thought that newspaper editorial columns had lost their power. The declaration was made because so many papers fought the reelection of President Roosevelt.

Despite these assertions, the power of the editorial columns has not diminished. Only recently the state traffic safety committee appealed to newspapers to use their editorial columns to aid in cutting down the number of preventable accidents. Most newspapers have, and still are fighting the accident problem consistently in their editorial columns. And although there are many accidents, percentage figures show that there are fewer accidents, because an increasing number of people are driving and becoming subject to accidents.

Newspapers which use their editorial columns wisely and take the sensible attitude are still being heard. Although many of the things which newspapers are fighting for still remain to be achieved, you will find that the continual campaign they are waging is certainly not a failure. Nation-wide polls show that war brought on by emotions, is overwhelmingly unpopular. Newspapers have for the past few years painted graphic pictures of the folly of fighting. There are many other ideals which editorial columns are continually striving for, and although they can't be achieved in a day, a definite period of time will show progress.—Cleburne Times Review.

MY MAN

My man is a quiet man,
Loving his home,
But I have a restless heart;
I long to roam.

He wants a little house
Down in a glade,
I dread the thought of it—
Too much shade.

He thinks an apple tree
Right for the door,
I choose windy pines
And great ocean's roar.

But, O my love's a true man
And dear is my home—
My heart stays with him,
While my wild dreams roam.
—Elsie Parker.

THESE THINGS I ASK

A little band upon my finger,
A little home in which to linger;
Two little tots upon the floor,
A friend and neighbor right next door.
A little money laid away,
A little dream from yesterday,
A little joy, a little sorrow,
A little hope for dim tomorrow.
To be a mother and a wife
Is all I ask of you, O Life.
—Edna Brewer Abbott.

HELPFUL

Thomas Linden was having a hard time starting a new car in Newark, N. J., when a stranger walked up and asked him what the trouble was. Linden replied that he had no ignition key. "I know you haven't," said the stranger. "This is my car. Push over, son, I'm a cop." Linden was booked for grand larceny.

PARAGON

First prize in a Dukaszy, Poland, lottery is a boxer named Wysipka. Advertised as 36, handsome, home-loving, fond of children and a teetotaler. Wysipka claims to be the perfect husband, says he will marry the winner unless she is a blonde. He can't bear blondes.

A man who can (1) direct an orchestra, (2) coach athletic teams, (3) talk and understand Spanish, (4) act as Boy Scout sponsor, and (5) supervise student teachers, has a job waiting for him. Harry E. Elder, placement bureau director for ment of Commerce reported last week. Haute, Ind., has an application from a school in the Southwest for such a teacher. Elder thinks he will "have to look around a bit."

The air-conditioning industry is threatening water supplies in many large American cities, the Department of the State Teachers College at Terre In at least 38 cities with over 100,000 population, steps have already been taken to curtail water-supply air-conditioning machinery. The report stated that such machinery now in use requires more than 700 billion gallons of water a year, or 100 gallons per horsepower unit per minute.

Utah farmers are worried about the sickness of ladybugs. Some of the farmers clubbed together and bought 10,000,000 of the insects for \$1,000 to combat aphids destroying the Utah pea crop. Now the ladybugs are wandering off to work on the crops of farmers who didn't enter the agreement.

MICKEY IN SCHOOL

New York school children entering the second and third grades next fall have a treat awaiting them. Among the old familiar figures they will meet in their reading classes will be a newcomer. He is Walt Disney's world-famous Mickey Mouse.

Mickey's debut in schoolbook form followed a decision of Dr. Harold O. Campbell, New York superintendent of schools. Last week, presses were turning out a 102-page book brightly illustrated with 60 four-color pictures by Disney. The book will go on the recommended elementary reading lists.

Commenting on the innovation, Dr. Campbell pointed out that Mickey had long ago gripped the imagination of school children. Because of this, he thinks Mickey will improve interest in reading in the schools next year.

HE LOVED BEAUTY

My father loved all flowers,
He spaded the soil, planted the seeds,
With hose supplied the showers,
Carefully tended, cut out the weeds.

The small green shoots came up
at last,
Lifted their heads to the sky,
Love made them grow so fast,
With promise of bloom by and by.

He sleeps now 'neath the sod,
Roses bloom o'er his lowly bed,
He loved all nature so, O God,
I cannot think of him as dead.
—May Stevens Isaacs.

To add color and flavor to summer beverages, freeze fruit juices in the mechanical refrigerator, then add the frozen cubes to the beverage just before it is served.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Nicholson and son have returned from a visit in Kansas.

Mrs. Buck Cooke of Vega is visiting her sister, Mrs. Perry Everett, and other relatives.

Mrs. Cleo Heasley and Mrs. Walter Smith were in Pampa Monday.

Mrs. M. M. Newman is in a Pampa hospital for treatment.

Mrs. E. J. Windom and Mrs. T. E. Yekell were in Pampa Monday.

Karl Estes of Pampa visited home folks here last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Sutton and baby moved to Pampa Saturday.

Chas. E. Cooke and family have returned from a trip to New Mexico.

HEAVY RAIN FALLS

What amounted to a young waterspout fell for a few minutes in McLean Wednesday evening; however, the rain fell on a narrow strip only a few miles wide.

Mrs. C. C. Mead and Miss Marie Landers of Miami visited home folks here Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Laura Robinson went to Frederick, Okla. Saturday to visit her aunt Mrs. Mattie Taylor.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES.—One insertion, 2c per word.
Two insertions, 3c 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-faced 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.

FOR SALE

ADDING MACHINE paper and ribbons, at News office.

MERCHANTS SALES PADS — 5c each, at News office.

FLOOR SWEEP sold in any amount from 10c up, at News office.

TYPEWRITER ribbons, 60c; portable, 40c, at News office.

NOTARY and corporation seals, badges, rubber stamps, etc. Order at News office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT.—Apartment house, Geo. W. Sitter, 1014c

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOE REPAIRING—All work guaranteed. John Mertel, 11c

LOST AND FOUND

STRAYED, Sunday.—Small heifer calf. Notify L. E. Tampke, 1c

Charme Beauty Aids

FACIALS—
A good "clean up" - - - - 50c
with Pack - - - - - \$1.00
Plastique Masque - - - - \$2.00
Give Your Face a "Treat"
Orchid Beauty Shoppe
Mrs. S. M. Hodges
Phone 120



**One for All
and
All for One**

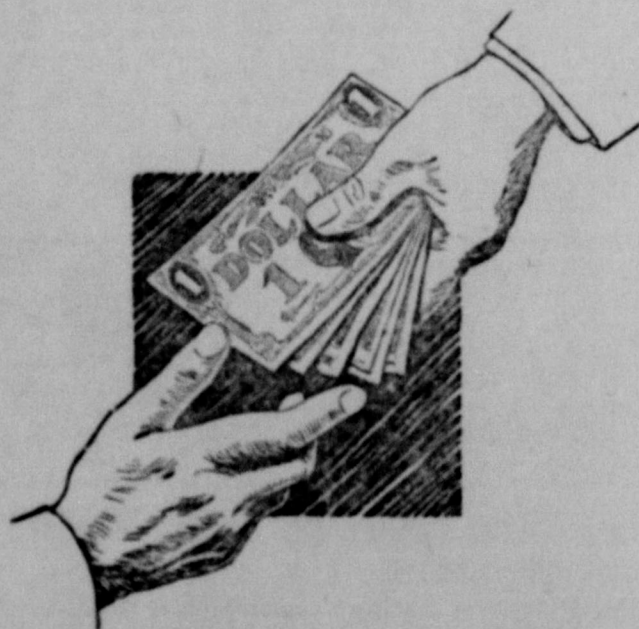
Everywhere people are coming to realize more and more how interdependent we are upon each other. The only individual who is self-sufficient is a hermit.

The keynote—the foundation of civilization—is the family. We all concede that. And we're rapidly coming to realize that our home town is a home town family—simply the family unit a little bit extended through neighborly cordiality, friendship and pleasant social intercourse.

Common good will and recognition of our human obligation is a deeper currency than any money system ever invented. But it is also our advantage on the material side of life—it redounds in better practices, living conditions, more generous impulses. It makes McLean a better place to live.

Let's make our home town unit closer knit. Let's be generous with our good will—realizing that the prosperity of the individual is directly reflected in an added prosperity to our community. May we have your cooperation?

*May we give you
six dollars?*



NOT in cash, of course. We're speaking of its equivalent. But here is something for you to consider:

Every year this newspaper brings you at least three outstanding novels in serial form. Purchased as books each would cost not less than \$2, making a total expenditure of at least \$6 per year.

Like yourself, we could find plenty of uses for that \$6. Some member of the family is always in need of a new pair of shoes or some other necessity. But at the same time your requirements for good reading material must be met. By accepting these three novels each year we feel you are treating yourself to real enjoyment, at the same time giving your purse a substantial boost.

These novels are a source of constant pride to us. Every year we select them from the season's most outstanding best sellers, offered in serial form by a large newspaper syndicate organization. We'd like to feel that you—as a subscriber—always look forward to reading the coming installment in the next issue. It gives us a great satisfaction to know that here is another reason why our paper is popular in the home.

You are invited to begin reading our novels now. These regular brief visits to fictionland will prove a delightful interlude from your work-a-day activities. And it will make us happy to know that you are getting enjoyment from them.



The McLean News

A Community Builder for 32 Years

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