

THE MCLEAN NEWS

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

Volume 36.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, July 27, 1939.

No. 30.

Plans to Elect Club Pianist and Sweetheart

A meeting of the Lions Club was held following the regular week-end luncheon held Tuesday. It was held to select a club sweetheart and pianist for the song services each week.

O. Greene, W. W. Boyd and W. W. Dorn were appointed to work on the selection.

Plans for the year were discussed. A major activity of buying new books for 20 underprivileged grade school children at an estimated cost of \$100.00 was one of the things mentioned by the directors.

The luncheon, Lon Hicks had charge of the program, giving an interesting talk to the members present. County Agent Ralph B. Thomas and Thomas Montgomery were present as visitors.

Lon Meador presided, and members were reported absent Secretary Davis.

BASH-ROGERS

Reba Merry Bash, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Bash of Rosebush, Calif., became the bride of Mr. S. Rogers of Los Angeles, at the home of Mrs. E. A. Rogers of McLean, W. P. Rogers of Plainview, at Pueblo Oratoria Wedding Chapel, Pueblo, on Saturday evening, July 22, at 8 o'clock.

W. L. Martin, pastor of Wilshire Methodist Episcopal Church, officiated at the wedding ceremony in the presence of 85 guests.

Mr. Q. Mills, at the console, led softly preceding and during the ceremony. The bridal party entered to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March.

The bride wore a frock of dusty blue crepe with accessories of pink and white. She carried a bouquet of pink gladioli and purple orchids, and was surrounded by sweet peas and gardenias, was out.

Following a wedding trip through Texas and Northern California, the bride has been at home since July 22 at the Normandie Apartments, 8 Normandie, Los Angeles.

The News editor is indebted to W. Barker of Lakewood, Ohio, for a copy of the Lakewood Post, which their semi-centennial celebration is advertised. The celebration will continue for a week, and old-fashioned covered wagons will be one of the features in the grand parade which will be held in Lakewood, a city of 75,000 and one of the greater Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim White of New York City visited in the S. R. Kennedy home Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. White is a niece of Mr. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Stout of Pyote, former pastor here, was in McLean Sunday.

Mr. Crawford was in Pampa the first of the week on business.

BIRTHDAYS

July 28—Thomas Dale Reagor.
July 29—Dr. C. B. Batson, Mrs. A. Myatt, Jerry Bill Shadid, Mrs. L. Tibbels.
July 31—D. E. Upham, Rev. J. P. Darline Shadid, Mrs. E. L. K. W. Hambricht, Mrs. Glenn Parks.
August 1—Mrs. J. R. Phillips, Mrs. H. Wade, James Everett.
August 2—Mrs. Chas. L. Anderson, W. B. Swin, Doris Simmons.
August 4—Mrs. Thurman Adkins.
August 5—W. T. Wilson, Rev. S. R. Cecil Dyer.

MASTER FARMERS OF TEXAS



Mr. and Mrs. Guy Beasley of McLean were named Master Farmers at the Farmers Short Course held at College Station July 13. Pictured are the 1927, 1928, 1929, 1937 and 1938 winners present for the course.

EASTSIDE CLUB SOCIAL FRIDAY IN BURR HOME

The Eastside Club members and their families enjoyed a social Friday night in the home of J. N. Burr and daughter, Miss Hettie.

The children played outdoor games while the adults played 42, chinker check and sticks.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Lively and daughters, Mrs. J. F. Ledbetter and daughters, Mrs. J. H. Wade and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hambricht and sons, all of McLean; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hardin and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Olen Davis and children, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myatt and children, Andy and Troy Corbin, J. W. Lively, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Peaty and daughters, J. N. and Miss Hettie Burr.

METHODIST W. M. S.

An Outlook program was given by members of the Methodist W. M. S. Tuesday afternoon, with Mrs. C. O. Greene, president, as leader.

Mrs. W. B. Swin led the opening prayer, and Mrs. W. E. Bogan gave the meditation from the subject, Oneness in Christ.

New Horizons of Home Mission Service was given by the leader.

Mrs. A. W. Hicks offered the closing prayer.

Next Tuesday Mrs. J. L. Hess will lead a lesson on Christian Social Relations.

Present were: Mesdames C. O. Greene, W. E. Bogan, J. W. Story, J. M. Noel, J. H. Wade, S. J. Dyer, S. W. Rice, J. B. Pettit, W. B. Swin, J. A. Sparks, Thos. Ashby, A. B. Christian, L. S. Thindin, A. W. Hicks, J. E. Kirby, S. A. Cousins, J. L. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Weatherby of Shamrock visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Andrews, last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vaughn and daughter, Mrs. Henry Loter and son of Pampa visited the lady's mother, Mrs. Lula Young, Sunday.

Mrs. C. B. Batson and sons returned Saturday from a visit in Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Eulan Daniels of Mangum, Okla., visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Delbert Daniels, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman of Shamrock visited the lady's daughter, Mrs. O. L. Graham, Sunday.

Mrs. Delbert Daniels was in Mangum, Okla., the first of the week to attend the funeral of her aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Greene visited at Amarillo and Estelline over the week end.

Miss Juanita Wade has returned from Dallas, where she has been attending beauty school.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McCracken of Alanreed were in McLean Thursday.

Miss Fern Landers has returned from a visit with relatives in Oklahoma City.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Decker made a business trip to Amarillo Monday.

MRS. HAYNES HOSTESS 1934 SEWING CLUB

Mrs. Callie Haynes was hostess to an all day session of the 1934 Sewing Club Friday of last week, with a covered dish luncheon at noon.

The club will meet with Mrs. T. N. Holloway the first Friday in next month.

GOOD CROWDS AT MEETING

Good crowds are attending the Gospel meetings now in progress at the Church of Christ, Evangelist Yater Tant leaves no doubt in the mind of his hearers of his stand on scriptural matters, and Prof. Clyde Horrell is leading the song services in a fine way.

Lee Starnes, local minister, says that everyone, regardless of religious belief, has a cordial invitation to attend all the services.

STREET WORK ACCEPTABLE

Residence streets in McLean are being graded this week, an acceptable piece of work from the motorist's viewpoint, as some streets could not be negotiated without changing gears.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin, accompanied by their niece, Miss Elsie Murphy of Colony, Kan., visited Monday in Amarillo, at Palo Duro Canyon and the Historical Museum at Canyon.

A wire from Rev. Troy A. Sumrall, pastor of the First Baptist Church, indicates a great meeting of the Baptist World Alliance at Atlanta, Ga.

Little Miss Marilyn Bogan has returned from a visit in New Mexico. She was accompanied by two aunts, who visited here a few days.

Mr. Henley and family of Fort Sumner, N. M., visited his daughter, Mrs. Herman McAdams, and other relatives here last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirby visited their daughter, Mrs. A. B. Turner at Wheeler Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Mathis and baby went to Oklahoma City Sunday for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Greer and son of Amarillo visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holloway and Mrs. Ralph Caldwell were in Pampa Thursday.

Mrs. J. A. Meador and son Harold, were in Shamrock the first of the week.

Mrs. D. B. Veatch and daughter Miss Maybelle, of Shamrock visited here last week.

Mrs. Walter Bailey and daughter, Miss Glyndora, were in Pampa last Thursday.

Billy Grant White of Pampa is visiting relatives here.

Earl Stubblefield made a business trip to Dallas the first of the week.

YOUNG PEOPLE ATTEND CONFERENCE, CETA GLEN

A number of the young people of the Christian Endeavor of the First Presbyterian Church are at Ceta Glen attending the ninth annual Panhandle Presbyterian Young People's Conference, July 21-28.

The seven days are being filled with varied activities, including fun, study and worship, under the leadership of some of the most outstanding Presbyterian ministers of this section of the country and leaders of young people of neighboring states, and even from far away Alahabad, India.

Those attending are Misses Doris Nell Wilson, Dorothy and Frances Sitter, Margarette Kramer, Maxine Goodman and Olive Louise Atwood; Messrs. Jeff Coffey, Jr., Bill and Joe Joe Cooke, Earl Humphreys and James Finley.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

W. A. Erwin, Minister Sunday school 10 a. m. Morning worship at 11. Christian Endeavor 7:30 p. m. Evening worship at 8:30.

The pastor will preach at the morning hour, and at the evening worship the young people will give a report of the conference at Ceta Glen.

A large crowd attended services at the First Methodist Church last Sunday. Miss Mary Evelyn Foster sang a solo at the morning service. In the evening, Dr. Frank Turner, president of McMurry College at Abilene, preached and Mrs. James Emmett Cooke sang a solo.

Mrs. Ray Singleterry and son of Hereford visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Newman, last week.

Roy Loftin of Pauls Valley, who is visiting his mother, Mrs. S. R. Loftin at Shamrock, was in McLean Saturday.

Mrs. W. L. Borden visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Johnson, at Lefors last week.

J. F. Corbin and sister, Mrs. Anna Glass, and daughter, Miss Jewel, visited in Erick, Okla., Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Brown of Denworth were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Worley Saturday.

Mrs. Bill Smith of Memphis visited her grandson, Dr. A. W. Hicks, and family, last week.

J. J. Jones of Matador visited his nephew, D. L. Jones, and family over the week end.

Mrs. Leonard Huff was in Shamrock Saturday.

H. R. Trimble made a business trip to Canyon this week.

Mrs. S. A. Cousins has returned from a visit at Clarendon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lowe of Lefors visited in McLean last Sunday.

Miss Laura Bumpas visited in Amarillo and Lubbock last week.

City Buys Masonic Temple, Will Move Offices September 1

RECREATION PROGRAM ASSISTANTS ADDED

The recreation program in charge of Prof. Orville Cunningham has been enlarged and two assistants added to the supervising force.

Mrs. Leslie M. Green is in charge of the girls' program that meets at the same hours as the boys', 9 to 11:30 each day except Saturday and Sunday. The girls' program began this morning (Thursday), and all girls between the ages of 6 and 13 are invited to attend and take part free of all cost.

Clifford Ledbetter will assist as referee in boys' play.

Prof. Cunningham is doing all the coaching in boys' play, and a new department of handcraft, with a separate room for this work, has been added.

The Friday tournaments are attracting a number of visitors, and Prof. Cunningham says that visitors are always welcome at any time.

CAMP MEETING AT LEFORS

The Pentecostal Holiness camp meeting which opened at Lefors last Friday night, is being well attended by McLean people. A large number are camped on the grounds and many others are motoring to the services.

The camp meeting and conference is an annual affair at Lefors, and this year's delegation is larger than any previous year. People are gathered from Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma and all parts of the Panhandle.

MCLEAN TO MEMPHIS

McLean will be represented at the Memphis celebration this week, according to action of the chamber of commerce directors in session Tuesday afternoon with Vice President W. W. Boyd in charge.

It was voted to pay the car expenses of two carloads of delegates to Memphis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray McCabe visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl McDonald, at Amarillo Sunday. Their daughter, Billie Jean, who had been visiting there, returned home with them.

Miss Agnes Reynolds of Wheeler transacted business in McLean last week end and visited her nephew and niece, Dick Stanley and Mrs. Spencer Sitter.

Some 30 people from the McLean Baptist Church attended the B. T. U. zone meeting at Alanreed last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Adrian visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Thompson, in Amarillo last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pugh of Sherman visited in the S. R. Kennedy home Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Pugh is a sister of Mrs. Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon McMullen and baby have returned from a visit to New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hugg of Alanreed visited the lady's sister, Mrs. Laverne Kunkel, Saturday.

Mrs. Paul Kennedy and daughter of Skellytown visited relatives here last week end.

Misses Sarah Ellen and Eula Fay Foster of Canyon visited home folks here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Franks and daughter, Ruth Strandberg, are on a vacation trip in California.

Miss Olive Louise Atwood visited in Canyon Friday.

J. N. Phillips is visiting relatives at Lubbock and nearby places.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pettit visited in Clarendon the first of last week.

A deal was consummated this week whereby the City of McLean became the owner of the Masonic Temple on North Main Street.

It is expected that it will take until September first to secure possession and make changes necessary for occupancy.

It is planned to have the city offices in the front of the ground floor, with a chamber of commerce and meeting hall of good size, a council room and rooms for water and gas supplies.

It is understood that the Masons will lease the hall and kitchen on the top floor and continue the use of same; however, there are two apartments on the second floor that will be at the disposal of the city.

The building is located just across the street from the city waterworks and other property that will make for economical use.

The building was erected in 1927 and is of brick construction, 25x115 feet.

While nothing definite has been done at this time, it is rumored that the city will complete the sidewalk on the north side and otherwise bring the premises up to modern conditions.

EASTSIDE CLUB FRIDAY

The Eastside Home Demonstration Club will meet Friday afternoon, July 28, at 2 o'clock, in the home of Mrs. H. M. Roth, instead of all day as previously announced.

The county agent, Mrs. Julia E. Kelley, is expected to be present and give a demonstration on refinishing furniture.

All women interested are invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Massey of Amarillo visited in the home of the lady's sister, Mrs. A. J. Worley, Saturday. They were enroute to Shamrock and points in Oklahoma. They were accompanied by Mrs. Worley. They returned Sunday evening for a short visit in the Worley home.

L. D. Clark of Shattuck, Okla., was a pleasant caller at the News office Monday. Mr. Clark was looking for a location to put in an auto wrecking store, and said he liked the prospects here.

Rev. C. W. Sargent, pastor of the Kellerville Methodist Church, was a pleasant caller at the News office Saturday. Rev. Sargent's name has been added to our list of readers.

Perry Everett, genial manager of the Elite Barber Shop, has renewed for the home paper for himself and his mother, Mrs. J. E. Everett, of Amarillo.

Born, July 19 to Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, a 10 pound boy named Francis Daniel. Mrs. Scott will be remembered as Miss Viola Blue.

Mrs. Ralph Caldwell and children have returned to their home at Liberal, Kan., after a visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Heasley went to Shamrock Saturday, the lady receiving medical treatment.

Mrs. Ona Lee Bidwell and daughter of Pampa visited here over the week end.

O. G. Stokely made a business trip to Oklahoma City the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hayter and baby of Kellerville have moved to McLean.

O. L. Graham made a trip to Pampa Wednesday.

M. H. Lasater made a trip to South Texas this week.

Mrs. Clell Windom of Los Angeles, Calif., is visiting relatives here.

Thurman Adkins of Shamrock was in McLean Friday on business.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Charge Pittman Embargo Bill Constitutes Admission by U. S. Of Japan's Belligerent Rights

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
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CONGRESS: Neutrality

First guesses after the senate foreign relations committee tabled the Bloom-Hull measure held that neutrality was a dead issue this session. Not counted upon were Sen. Key Pittman's enthusiasm and the White House's insistence. Because President Roosevelt evidently feared a European war after the harvest season, he demanded that neutrality legislation be passed this session. Nor would congressional objection avail much; filibusters are a handy weapon for stalemating legislation, but the President's special session threat made it seem more desirable to act now than be called back from vacation.

The President's program: (1) retention of the munitions board; (2) barring of American ships from combat zones; (3) restriction of American travel in such zones; (4) transfer of title of goods sold to belligerents before shipment; (5) continued restrictions on loans and credits to warring nations; (6) regulation of fund collections in the U. S. for belligerents.

Though all inclusive and apparently carrying more tenacity with which American isolationists fear the U. S. might become involved abroad, the President's program carries far less potential dynamite than Senator Pittman's measure. Under this bill, the President would be forced to declare a munitions embargo against any nation violating the 1922 nine-power Chinese non-aggression treaty. The obvious target: Japan.

But what Mr. Pittman apparently forgot is that such declaration would constitute American admission that a state of war exists in China—a fact Japan has never admitted. Japan would thus gain belligerent rights in China and U. S. interests would have to flee the war zone. Thus America's entire Oriental position would be toppled, and the embargo would have little effect unless Great Britain follows the unlikely course of adopting similar tactics.

Most vital from a White House viewpoint is immediate repeal of the existing arms embargo, which the President and Secretary of State Cordell Hull believe gives encouragement to Dictators Hitler and Mussolini, who know that in event of war with Britain and France the ban on U. S. arms shipments must be invoked against all belligerents. Isolationists, admitting this, think it would be a good idea.

AGRICULTURE: More Trouble

On July 1 the U. S. looked forward to a wheat crop of 716,655,000 bushels, comparatively small beside last year's 930,801,000 bushels and the 10-year (1928-37) average of 752,962,000 bushels. Obviously, wheat is not a source of worry for Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace this year. But a job with more than its just quota of worries has produced three others to take the place of wheat:

Tobacco. Last year growers voted to remove strict marketing control provisions of the farm law, resulting in a big expansion of acreage this year. As of July 1 the tobacco forecast for this year was 1,654,622,000 pounds, compared with an average crop of 1,360,400,000 pounds. If estimates materialize, some experts believe prices will be depressed 25 per cent below last year; also that—under law—another referendum must be held on tobacco quotas. If approved the quotas would not become operative until the 1940 crop started to market.

Corn. Forecast now is a crop of around 2,570,795,000 bushels, compared with the 10-year average of 2,309,674,000 bushels. Reasons: (1) unusually favorable weather in June; (2) a sharp increase in plantings of high-yielding hybrid corn. With a surplus of about 450,000,000 bushels from previous seasons already on hand, experts predict some

governmental action will be necessary to forestall undue price depression. If marketing quotas result, approved by two-thirds of corn-belt farmers, growers would be required to store their share of the excess supply or pay a penalty tax of 10 cents a bushel.

Cotton. With 14,350,000 bales of cotton hanging over his head, Secretary Wallace persuaded congress to give him \$928,000,000 for curing the surplus problem. Of this, a large part will go to cotton, distributing it among U. S. relief families and offsetting losses in selling cotton to foreign buyers at cut-rate prices, i. e., government subsidy. But in New York the Cotton Exchange service moaned a few days ago that cotton exports this season may be the smallest in more than 50 years, not in spite of, but because of government aid. The factors:

"First—American cotton has been priced roughly at one cent a pound above competitive relationships with foreign growers that can be readily substituted for American cotton. This, in turn, being due to the fact that American cotton prices have been largely pegged by government loans.

"Second—For several months foreign users of American cotton have not dared to make normal forward purchases of the American staple because they have not known to what extent the price of American cotton abroad will be lowered by the prospective subsidy payments on exports by the U. S."

POLITICS: Yes or No?

One good way of ruining an opponent is to give him so much rope he hangs himself. When Indiana's one-time Gov. Paul V. McNutt returned from his \$18,000-a-year post as governor general of the Philippine islands, he became the nation's No. 1 outspoken seeker after 1940's Democratic nomination. What amazed onlookers was that he boldly walked into the lion's mouth, conferring with President Roosevelt and his traditional enemy, Postmaster General James A. Farley. What amazed them still more was Paul McNutt's appointment a few days later as \$12,000-a-year head of the newly created U. S. security agency. What did it mean? Was Paul McNutt the President's choice for 1940? Or was Mr. Roosevelt craftily plotting the political suicide of this ambitious Hoosier, thus insuring his own renomination for a third term? The pro and con:

Buildup? "Liberalism" is a much worn-out word denoting the New Deal's objectives. The last few months it has been succeeded by "humanitarianism" as the keynote for 1940. Not to be forgotten is the "humanitarian" scope of Paul McNutt's new job, where he has charge of social security, the office of education, National Youth administration and Civilian Conservation corps,



MANAGER McHALE
Coming along fine.

all strong talking points a smart politician can use to further his own cause. Neither should Paul McNutt's travel opportunities be forgotten; as head of the security agency his chances for speeches and political contacts are practically unlimited and he is expected to make the most of them.

Breakdown? The security post is not all roses. Keen observers know Paul McNutt is in the limelight where both Democrats and Republicans can take pot-shots at him between now and nomination day. They also know that his new job may be a good place to build a man up personally, yet "humanitarianism" should have nothing to do with politics; therefore Mr. McNutt must be discreet.

Meanwhile, in Indianapolis, McNutt Manager Frank McHale could figure his campaign to date had been a success. His candidate, like young Lochinvar, had come out of the west after 2 1/2 years in Manila, where he could make no embarrassing entangling alliances. More important, he had returned to get what Frank McHale termed the President's endorsement as a candidate for 1940.

HOUSING: Political Vogue?

Periodically there arises a David who slays the wicked giant Goliath. Usually it sets a fashion until, last rapture again catches hold. Last year New York's racket-busting States Attorney Thomas E. Dewey became a David, captured public fancy, inspired radio programs and placed wicked politicians on the defensive. The public obviously wanted reform and no more rackets.

When Tom Dewey began looming as a 1940 G. O. P. presidential possibility, reformation sounded like good strategy for any aspiring politician or party. By early July, Attorney General Frank Murphy had behind him an excellent record of smashing corrupt political machines (like Kansas City's Tom Pendergast) and tracking down income tax



RACKET BUSTER DEWEY
Everybody's doing it.

evaders. This was the signal for Scripps-Howard Columnist Raymond Clapper to charge that Frank Murphy was trying too hard to win the vice presidential nomination.

Meanwhile there was arising another administration racket-busting program under guidance of the justice department's Thurman W. Arnold. Its aim: To drive trust practices, price-fixing and collusion out of the U. S. building industry. The day Mr. Arnold told his plans to the temporary national economic committee, Chicago Daily News' William H. Fort wrote from Washington that this was "obviously the New Deal's most ambitious trust-busting venture in its attempt to push young Tom Dewey's New York activities into the shade."

Designing or not, Thurman Arnold's drive bids fair to accomplish something. With 140 lawyers and an enlarged appropriation, the justice department expects to uncover plenty of reasons why a metropolitan dweller runs into trouble when he wants to build a house. Alleged monopolistic devices: (1) fixing of prices by producers of building materials and trade associations; (2) use of joint selling agencies; (3) control of sales and limiting of quantities.

TRADE: Penalties

It is no coincidence that the world's topmost aggressive powers, Italy, Germany and Japan, must force exports to maintain a balance of trade. One primary reason is that peace-loving nations would sooner trade elsewhere; another, goods for which foreign markets are available must be kept at home to guarantee self-sufficiency in case of war and to build military machines.

Therefore no deliberate anti-Nazi gesture was involved last spring when the U. S. began levying countervailing duties on goods imported for Germany. Though this move coincided with the Reich's absorption of Czechoslovakia, treasury and state departments pointed out that Germany customarily forces exports through subsidy, thereby giving its manufacturers an unfair advantage.

Similar reasoning was behind the countervailing duties recently imposed on Italian silk exports to the U. S., which treasury officials discovered were being subsidized.

Skipping next to aggressive Japan, the U. S. is investigating complaints from domestic textile manufacturers that Nipponese cotton goods makers are being given government subsidy, boosting still further their natural world trade advantage they gain by low operating costs. Result: Observers predict countervailing duties will soon be imposed on cotton imports from Japan.

Trend

How the wind is blowing . . .

LABOR—Oregon's Supreme court has held constitutional the famous "anti-picketing" law adopted by referendum last November, confining picketing to bona fide disputes between employers and a majority of employees, prohibiting boycotts and outlawing minority strikes.

BABIES—Since both 1937 and 1938 found France's deaths exceeding her births, Premier Edouard Daladier has announced decrees to reward large families and thus stimulate the birth rate.

BUILDING—Major U. S. engineering construction awards for 1939's first half reached the greatest volume since 1930.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—News of the approaching retirement of Brig. Gen. Harley B. Ferguson is a reminder that it was he who supervised the raising of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor for the U. S. government in 1910 and 1911.

Retiring General Could Regulate Flow of Afton—In the service for 42 years in the engineering corps, he probably has won more shirt-sleeve battles against all the disasters of the Anglican litany than any other army officer with a gift for achieving the impossible. He will be 64 years old on August 14 and there is talk that he may be upped to the rank of major general before the bell rings on his finish fight against the elements.

He is the Hackenschmidt of flood grapplers, winning one fall after another against the Mississippi. He has been president of the Mississippi River commission since 1932; member of the board of rivers and harbors since 1930 and is also a member of the St. Lawrence Waterway board.

Back in the days of "manifest destiny," starting in 1897, the young second lieutenant got his first practice workouts in the mud and miasma, floods and elemental and human catastrophe in the Philippines and Cuba, and with the army swamper tiding up China and providing relief after the Boxer uprising around the turn of the century. If the "destiny" involved getting things shipshape in a hurry, he always made it a lot more manifest than it might have been otherwise. He was chief engineer of the China expedition.

He started fighting floods in Montgomery, Ala., in 1907 and through the years commanded army engineering works, defensive and aggressive, at Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Pittsburgh and Norfolk, Va.

In the World war, he was chief engineer of the second army corps in France. He went to West Point from his home town, Waynesville, N. C. His son is a commander in the navy. He has two daughters.

DR. PAUL POPENOE, geneticist, biologist, and student of family relations, who has given much of his interesting career to clinical studies of home life, discovers that women are aggressive proposers and that 70 out of 85 get their man. This is his finding in his survey of this hitherto unexplored field of statistics.

Dr. Popenoe is director of the court of family relations at Los Angeles. A specialist in the daily squabbles of married life, he has been effective in settling many of them. He says it is a good idea to write down all your wife's faults, check them against your own, and then burn the paper. You should keep the family budget straight, refrain from nagging, and keep yourself and everybody else around the house interested and never bored. As a geneticist, he thinks it is a fair bet that we will become a race of "super-idiots," whereas we could be super-Einsteins if we could use collectively the sense that God gave geese.

He is a native of Topeka, Kan., educated at Occidental college and Topeka university. He was a newspaper reporter in Pasadena and Los Angeles before he became a biologist and sociologist.

BIG, ruddy John M. Carmody, known as "Powerhouse John," takes over 2,500 PWA employees under the new arrangement by which he assumes a load, compared to which Atlas would be just totting a tennis ball. Leaving the Rural Electrification administration, he heads the new Federal Works agency, which takes in both the PWA and the FWA; also the bureau of public roads, the building operations of the treasury, the U. S. Housing authority and many other Herculean endeavors.

He is a rip-snorting Irishman with a booming voice, employing section boss technique in getting things done. He was for many years an editor of the McGraw Hill Publications, making his career in industrial engineering. In earlier years, he managed coal companies, factories and steel mills.

He has been with the New Deal six years, first with the NRA and later with the NLRB. He has a Pennsylvania farm background and attended Columbia university. (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Breath of Doom"

HELLO EVERYBODY: John A. Kollins of Decatur, Ill., is a refrigerator repairman, and he knows the ins and outs of mechanical refrigerating systems and can tell you just what makes them go.

John learned that business with an eye to making his bread and butter out of it. But there came a time when he had to use every doggone bit of the knowledge he had acquired—save his life.

But, in the end, it was a penknife that saved the day. With out it, all of John's technical skill would have been of little use in the battle against the icy breath of doom which he and his helper found themselves fighting. John's knowledge told him what not to do, but knowing what not to do isn't enough when death is clamping down and slowly wringing the life out of you.

It all happened in Springfield, Ill. On March 31, 1938, John Kollins was called over there to make some repairs in the refrigerating plant of the Morris Fish Market. He got there early in the morning with his helper, and they worked hard all day on the job.

The market had several cooler rooms carrying below-freezing temperatures and one room, called a sharp fish freezer, that went down to 10 or 15 degrees below zero when the machinery was working.

Evening was coming on, and still their job wasn't finished. The market had closed and every one had gone home before John finally got the machinery working properly. He still had to test it, though, and he turned the controls on full and he and his helper climbed out of the basement and went up through the big, empty market to the sharp freezer room to see how rapidly the machine was bringing the temperature down.

Find Catch Broken on Freezer Door.

When they got to the freezer door, John noticed again that the catch was broken. There was an old pair of ice tongs hanging nearby, to open it in case it stuck. He had seen that before, and



Then, suddenly, the big blade of the knife broke!

made a mental note of it. He had even told his helper to be careful in closing that door behind him. But now, as John walked in, his helper, following behind him, gave the door a thoughtless bang.

Locked in! And in a small, cramped room whose temperature was rapidly going down! Going to 15 below zero! Not even an Eskimo could live through a night in the open at such a temperature, and John and his helper, dressed in ordinary working clothes, knew that they'd be frozen to death long before morning.

"My heart almost failed me right then and there," says John, "but if it hadn't been for my knowledge of the structure of this freezer, we might have died before we even had half a chance to try to get out. My helper was all for taking a big block of ice and trying to ram the door down, but I knew better than to try it. The door was too strong, and, if we failed to get out on the first try, it would be the end."

"I had built this plant eight years before. I knew the ammonia coils would not stand much jarring without springing a leak. And once the ammonia got in, we'd have choked to death before we had a chance to freeze."

No—that was out. The only thing those two lads could do was cling to straws. They MIGHT just possibly be alive in the morning.

Only Tool Is Two-Bladed Penknife.

John asked his helper if he had any tools in his pocket. The only thing the helper had was a small penknife with two blades.

John told him they'd have to try digging their way out with that knife. Anything to keep their minds off the death that was clutching at them—one degree at a time. They started hacking away at the plaster that coated the walls, cutting a hole about eight inches in diameter. It didn't take long to cut through the plaster. It was only half an inch thick. But back of that was eight inches of cork.

"We took turns digging," says John, "and made progress little by little. But, all this time, the machine was running in the basement and the temperature was going down. It went from five—to ten—to fifteen below, and our hands became numb as we worked. Then, suddenly, the big blade of the knife broke."

John Feels He Is Nearing End.

"I sat down and wrote a few words to my wife on the back of one of my cards. I was feeling mighty sleepy, and I knew I was nearing the end. And then out of a clear sky, my helper shook me and said he had a small hole through to the outside."

It was just a tiny hole. The one they originally started had narrowed down almost to a point. It did them mighty little good, but John's helper thought they might try shouting for help. To please his helper, John agreed to try—but he knew there was no one in the building, and knew that the chances of any one hearing them from the outside was mighty slim.

For an hour they kept up their intermittent shouting. John was yelling "Police," and his helper was just crying "Help!" It was almost 10 o'clock by that time, and John had lost all hope. And then, suddenly, they got an answer.

"Where are you?" A man, parking his car in the alley beside the market, had heard them.

The fellow broke in a window, found the freezer, and used the old ice tongs to pry open the door.

"He didn't know what to do about us," says John, "until I, in my delirium, began yelling 'Police!' again. He thought that was a good idea and called the cops."

The police arrived and gave the two men stimulants. Before it was over, the newspaper photographers had arrived and they had to go back into that freezer again to pose for pictures. But that time they made darned certain that the door wouldn't slam shut on them.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Virtually All Beach

Although Denmark is less than one-third the size of Florida, this kingdom has no less than 168 bathing resorts. The temperature of the waters in summer is about the same as that off the south of England, it is said. The North sea side of Jutland—the mainland of Denmark—is virtually one continuous sand beach. The Baltic side of Jutland and all the islands also are dotted with bathing places.

Korean Headdress

Korean women can carry their wardrobes in their hats. The head coverings, worn by these women, are tent-shaped and so large they completely cover the wearer to the waist. Upon occasion they can be used as baskets. Hats and pocket-books are combined by the women of the Igorrote tribe of the Philippine islands. Cigarettes, money, and cosmetics are carried in the pockets of these girls' hats.

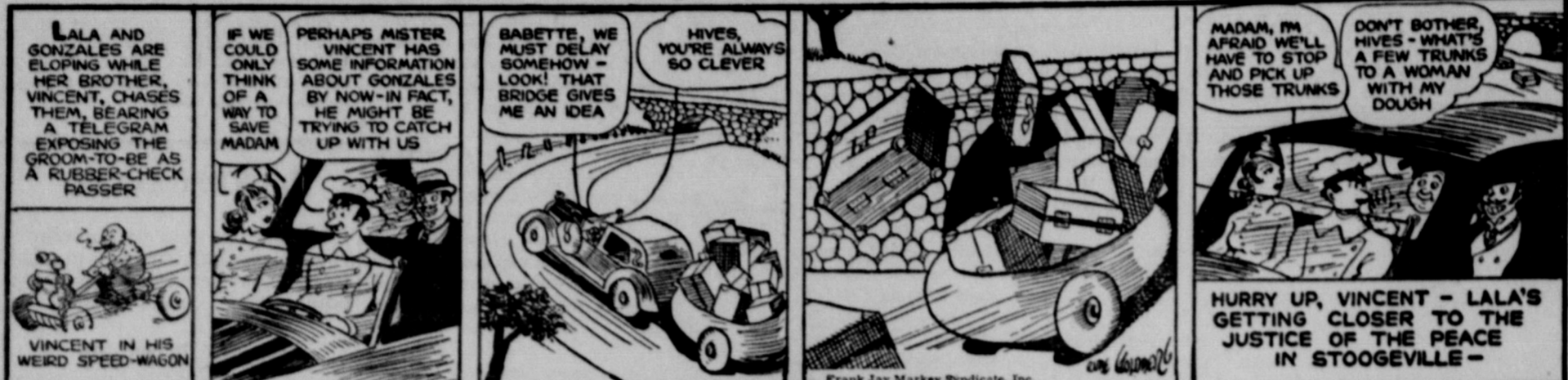
BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA — We Can Almost Hear the Wedding Bells

By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP — Right Out of a Clear Sky!

By C. M. PAYNE



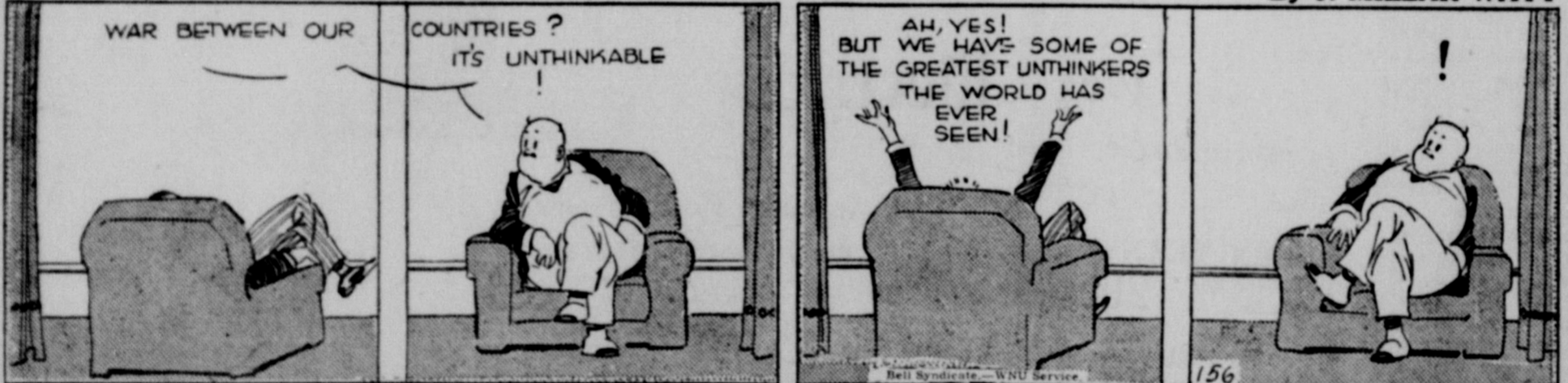
MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

Someone Overlooked a Good Bet



POP — Why There Are Wars

By J. MILLAR WATT



'KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES' — Eddie Is All Set Now

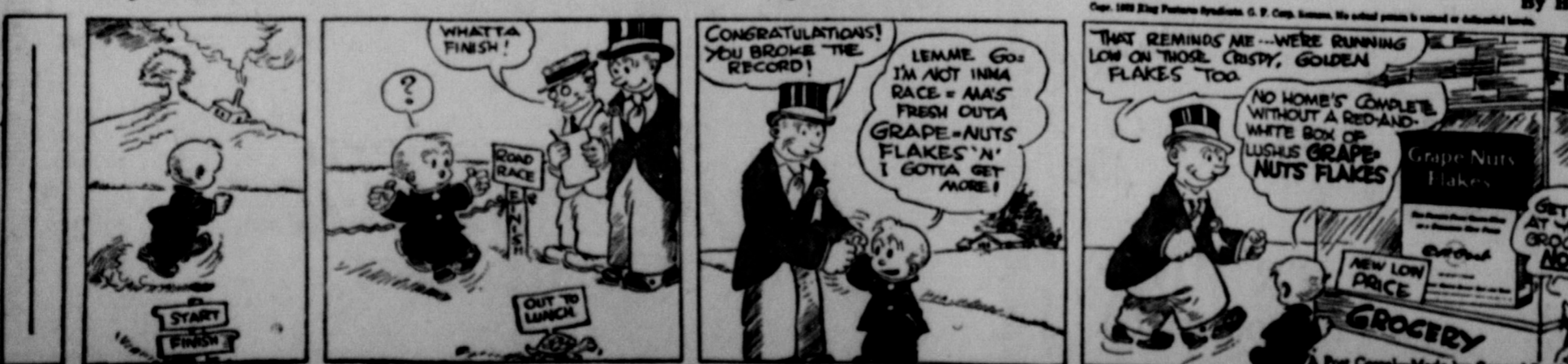
By POP MOMAND



Jerry on the Job!

Speed Demon!

By HOBAN



YOUR PRESERVES NEED TIGHT SEALERS SO DEMAND PE-KO AT YOUR DEALERS



If your dealer cannot supply you send 20c with your dealer's name for a Trial Package of 48 genuine PE-KO Jar Rings; sent prepaid

PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

United States Rubber Company

Multiple Saving Save a man and you save a man save a boy and you have a multiplication table.—John Wanamaker

There Are Two Ways to Get at Constipation

Yes, and only two ways—before and after it happens! Instead of enduring those dull, tired, headache days and then having to take an emergency medicine—why not KEEP regular with Kellogg's All-Bran? You can, if your constipation is the kind millions have—due to the lack of "bulk" in modern diets. For All-Bran goes right to the cause of this trouble by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat this toasted nutritious cereal every day—with milk, cream, or baked into muffins—drink plenty of water, and see if your life isn't a whole lot brighter! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

Greater Heritage Time, the great destroyer, only enlarges the patrimony of literature to its possessor.—D'Israeli

COOL-WEATHER COMFORT FOR THOSE HOT-WEATHER SKIN MISERIES of prickly heat, sunburn, chafing irritations. Medicated comfort for you and baby, too.

MEXICAN HEAT POWDER

By Deeds An upright minister asks, what recommends a man; a corrupt minister, who.—C. C. Colton.

FOR BOILS A wonderful aid for both where a drawing agent is indicated. Soothing and comforting. Fine for children and grown-ups. Practical. Economical.

GRAY'S OINTMENT 25¢

Leave to Work Get leave to work in this world, 'tis the best you can get at all.—E. B. Browning.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 35 to 45), who loses she'll lose her appeal to men, who suffer about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells. Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vitality to enjoy life and assist in relieving jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Brief Happiness The happiness of the wicked flows away as a torrent.—Racine.

FEET HEAVY? PENETRO If feet feel tired, irritated—massage with Penetro for quick relief. Try it!



Hotel PENETRO St. Louis

Smart Hand-Crocheted Dress Good Style the Year Round

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



OH, FOR a dress that is cool to wear on hot sultry days, warm and "comfy" to wear on cool days, a dress that somehow or other possesses the magic of fitting into the scheme of things, whether it be going places about town during the active hours of the day or doing more or less of a society stunt at informal bridge party or tea in the afternoon at the club.

The answer? Well, here it is right before your very eyes in the accompanying illustration—dresses that are hand-crocheted of mercerized cotton. Yes'm, a dress like either of the models pictured will prove a friend in need and indeed at any time of the year. As to solving the mid-season problem of something to wear that tides over the gap between fashions old and fashions new, you'll find a hand-crocheted dress gives the perfect answer. Such a gown is correct and likable to wear this very minute and for the girl who will be faring to school in the early autumn days.

The best way of putting to the test all we have been saying about the crocheted theme is to make such a dress for yourself. Just a few leisure moments devoted here and there, that would otherwise be wasted, to the crocheting thereof and in an unbelievably short time you will be the exultant possessor of a dress that will prove a treasure in your wardrobe, the whole year round.

Want to try it? Well, here's how!—go to your nearest fancy work shop or department. There you will find oodles of mercerized crocheted cottons in adorable colors. How-

ever, that once done, together with the acquiring of exactly the right size crocheted hook, not forgetting to ask for a pamphlet of instructions as how to make, which is always available where you buy yarns.

There's good news for crocheters this year in that the idea of styling is being played up for all it is worth. For the first time crocheted has been treated like fabric. The result is a collection of crocheted dresses unmatched for smartness, wearability, fit and individuality.

Most important is the way in which the newer crocheted frocks fit and mold the figure. Dressmaker touches are also stressed. Padded shoulders are emphasized, zipper closings are used, skirts swing gracefully, with a view to achieving the young look so much exploited this season.

Typical of the new crocheted fashions is the casual, neat-as-a-pin dress as shown to the left in the picture. A decorative zipper down the front, closing at the throat with two pompons, high-placed pockets and a wide contrasting belt give it the dressmaker touches. Even the belt is crocheted. Worked in lustrous mercerized crocheted cotton, the entire outfit is simple to make.

The hand-crocheted dress to the right has the stylish look. Its lines are fluid and soft with the shoulders slightly exaggerated to slenderize the silhouette, making it graceful for the more mature figure as well as for the slim and svelte young woman. The stitch is open and lacy—delightfully cool to wear throughout the summer. Later on you will find this type gown an ideal starter for the fall wardrobe.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

TRIPLE IMPORTED By THAYER WALDO (McClure Syndicate—WNU Service)

FIBERG nibbled the end of a pencil and shook his head dolefully. "To me it don't sound so good. I'm thinking maybe Joe Dreyfuss ain't so smart to sign this Shikat woman up before anyone else even has a look."

Garrison gestured impatient dissent. "Listen—if Joe says she's good, that ought to be enough. He's never bonered, has he?"

"No, but always there's a first time. Seven years now he's our European scout, and never before does he pull this kind of a stunt. . . . What'll we do with her, anyhow?"

"Do?" Why, star her, of course—make her the year's biggest sensation. Everything's ripe; there hasn't been a first class importation for a long time."

"Ah—but what a difference! How do you expect me to star a name our public never heard of?"

"Doesn't mean a thing. All this dame needs is a wildfire build-up. And I'm just crawling with ideas for it. Leave the whole thing to me, J. L.; you won't have a worry."

"So?" Fiberg's tone was cautious. "Let's hear about it."

"Okay—get this: Three sheets in every big city for a month. The first one just says, 'WHY IS HUNGARY HUNGRY?—JETTA'S GONE!' Then the next week it's, 'WHO HAS HOLLYWOOD HYPNOTIZED?—JETTA SHIKAT!' How's that?"

"Well, not bad—not bad. What else?"

Garrison sensed victory and grinned.

"Never mind. If I told it all at once the excitement would kill you. This is a natural and I'll play it wide open."

"Starting when?"

"Right now—today. But the real high pressure stuff won't begin till next Saturday when she gets in from New York. Let me meet the train and take care of her."

Fiberg shrugged his resignation and conceded:

"So why not? She looks like a pink elephant on our backs. If you think you can make her useful, go ahead."

"Useful—nothing!" Garrison snorted. "Man, this is going to be a gilt-edge wow!"

Ben Morris squinted through fog at the clock on the depot tower. It showed twelve past five. He shivered and began again to pace the station platform, grumbling: "A swell hour your rave picks to arrive—just when civilized people are hitting the hay."

Garrison chuckled.

Then from far down the track came an engine whistle's thin screech. He sprang forward and seized the other's arm, shouting: "Quick—get your stuff set up!"

Unhurriedly Morris went toward a bench on which lay camera case and tripod. Anxiously the publicity man scanned the car windows as the train pulled in.

Another moment and passengers were swarming to the platform; Garrison found himself engulfed. With nothing but an instinct for the type to go on, he began a scrutiny of women's faces. Five minutes of it netted him only dirty looks. Then Morris was calling:

"Hey, Louis—your freight's up here."

The photographer was heading for the train's front end, camera on shoulder. Garrison followed and shortly saw, ahead of Morris, a man and a woman in traveling clothes obviously of European make. The publicity man asked:

"How do you know that's her?"

"Herd 'em give the name to the porter."

Hastening on, Garrison came abreast the couple as they reached the baggage car. A quick glance showed him that the woman's face was pretty and vivacious, but nothing more.

He stifled disappointment and stepped up to her, inquiring briskly: "Mademoiselle Jetta Shikat?"

Eager nods and a torrent of unfamiliar language came from both.

The man thrust something into Garrison's hand; it was a trunk check.

"What's this for?" the publicity man asked, bewildered. Again the dual cataract in foreign tongue. At last the bleak truth came to him. Neither spoke English.

Morris approached. Garrison pounced on him, saying:

"For the love mike go find me an interpreter—pronto."

The other set down his camera and started back toward the depot.

"Fiberg's gonna love this," he jeered; "six months in school before she can even start a picture. What a laugh!"

After giving a red cap the baggage check and instructions, Garrison took a more leisurely look at Jetta Shikat, now seated with the man on a nearby bench. The exotic quality he had counted on was definitely absent. Still, there might be possibilities.

Suddenly it occurred to him that the man's presence was unexplained. Thought of what the answer might be produced a sinking sensation. A husband simply wouldn't fit the scheme of things.

He caught her eye and started making signs again, pointing from her to the man and indicating query. Seeing his meaning, she beamed happily and held up her left hand. On its fourth finger sparkled a diamond-set band.

Garrison cursed softly, but returned her smile.

Down the platform Morris was coming, a bulky, sallow fellow in soiled apron at his side.

The publicity man went to meet them.

"Found him in a Hungarian restaurant down the street," Morris explained; "he'll handle your job for ten bucks."

"Sold!" said Garrison, and turning to the interpreter, went on: "First tell her who I am—here's my card—and say that all Hollywood, and Zenith studio in particular, extends her a cordial welcome. Make it sound very nice. Then tell her she and her husband will have to go to different hotels—and that needs to be very firm. Get the idea?"

The pasty-visaged man grunted assent and ambled over to the actress. In a raucous voice that never seemed to need breath-pause, he commenced to shout at her. For a moment there was no response; then, with every appearance of anger, she commenced jabbering back at him. Garrison grimaced, muttering:

"Yeah—I was afraid of that."

The interpreter turned to him with an impotent gesture.

"Never mind," the publicity man snapped: "I got the drift. Tell her it's just too bad—that the American public doesn't want her to be married. Tell her this is part of her contract. Tell her—"

His words died as the woman leapt up and made a sudden dash toward the depot. Turning, he beheld a glamorous vision in picture hat and orchid gown. Just outside the station door she stood, hand on hip, a little impatient frown darkening her lovely oval face.

Wonderingly, Garrison went forward. The superb creature eyed him with disdain.

"If you're quite through," she drawled in nearly flawless English, "with my secretary and my manager, may I have them again? Sitting in this waiting-room is hardly the reception I expected."

He just stood still and stared, jaw quite slack. Then, at sound of Ben Morris' derisive snicker, he whirled on the man in the greasy apron, demanding:

"What's the idea of making me think you—"

Frantically the other waved conciliatory palms.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "You wouldn't listen when I'm trying to tell you I and her don't spikking de same langvitch."

Pointing at the photographer, he added:

"It's all a mistake because dot schlieml don't asking kvestions. Alongside my partner I'm running a Hungarian kosher restaurant, but he's de Hungarian. See?"

English Prison Issues
Books to All Inmates

Wandsworth prison in England has 800 inmates, mostly of "low mentality"; only 2 1/2 per cent of them have what is called "very good education"—that is, of the secondary school standard. A prisoner of university training is "exceptional." Apart from textbooks used for classes, the prison library consists of 15,000 volumes; the book stacks are supervised by the chaplain and a dozen inmates help him. A correspondent of the London Times describes the manner in which the books are issued:

On entering the prison each prisoner receives two books in addition to his religious books, one standard fiction and one educational. After four weeks an additional book is issued, and after a further eight weeks each man gets four books a week. In addition to these, a prisoner may at any time obtain one or more technical volumes.

Among the books most in demand are those of Edgar Wallace, Sinclair Lewis and W. J. Locke. In one habit library patrons in jail do not differ from library patrons out of jail, for there is a tendency to mutilate and disfigure books. The men who do this are usually short-term prisoners who seem to delight in creating disorder. Bibles are often mutilated, and an interesting fact is that from one out of every two or three Bibles the last few chapters of Revelation are missing. The psychologists may have a word for this.

After a man has been in the prison for three months he may obtain a large notebook and pencil. Many ask for these, but nine out of ten men abandon note making after using two or three pages of their books. Prisoners attending classes may have exercise books, atlases, and the like in their cells, and it is not unusual to see 10 or 20 books on a cell shelf. This evidence of interest must not be too readily accepted as final; many men think "the extent of their learning and knowledge can be measured by the number of books in their possession." A prisoner condemned to death may have any book or periodical, and if he wishes may play chess with a warder. However, this is not compulsory on the prisoner. The type of book called for by prisoners is improving.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for July 30

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JEHOSHAPATH: A LIFE OF OBEDIENCE

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 17:1-4, 9-12. GOLDEN TEXT—But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness—Matthew 6:33.

Obedience is one of the old-fashioned virtues which has been pushed aside in our present mad rush of self-expression. It needs to be revived if we are to have a happy, contented, and useful people. The lesson for today affords an excellent opportunity to give class members a right perspective. Many regard obedience as something which is exacted by those who desire to have authority over us, but as a matter of fact it is a principle established by God for the right and orderly conduct of life, the observation of which results in blessing and prosperity, and the ignoring of which brings chaos, fighting, bitterness, and disappointment. Obedience to parents, to the law of man, and to the law of God should be taught and exemplified by us, even as it was by Jehoshaphat. Obedience in his life made him

I. A Good Son (vv. 1, 3, 4).
He followed his father Asa and his forefather David insofar as they had followed God. Apart from God and the influence of the Christian faith, the tendency is quite the other way. Frequently we see that a father who came up from poverty by his own diligence and ability will have a wastrel son who amounts to nothing, or even worse, one that ruins himself and others. Blessed is the son who has a godly father and who has sense enough to follow in his steps in obedience to God.

II. A Capable Administrator (vv. 2, 5, 12).
Jehoshaphat faced real problems. The nation was prospering, but there were many difficult questions of foreign relations and in domestic affairs. Especially was he concerned about their fellowship with the sister nation of Israel. Idolatry was still common in the land, new territory had to be consolidated and fortified.

The man who is obedient to God's law and whose heart is lifted up toward Him may expect that all his faculties will be stimulated, and that, furthermore, he will have the guidance of God in the discharge of his duties. This is true not only of kings and national leaders, but of each one of us. If we trust in God and are obedient to His guidance, He will bring about astonishing results in the lives of any one of us.

III. A True Worshiper (vv. 3, 6).
He walked in the ways of his forefathers in his obedience to God. A man does not need to be a blind worshiper of the good old days to realize that America could profit by walking in the ways of those of our forefathers who daily walked with God.

Note also that Jehoshaphat had a real personal spiritual experience of his own. "His heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord" (v. 6). Spiritual exaltation makes a man better fitted to live in the daily round of life where he must keep his feet on the ground. There is a dearth of new personal spiritual experiences in our time. How long is it since you and I have felt our souls strangely warmed? God is ready and willing to do this for us now, as He was in the days of Jehoshaphat.

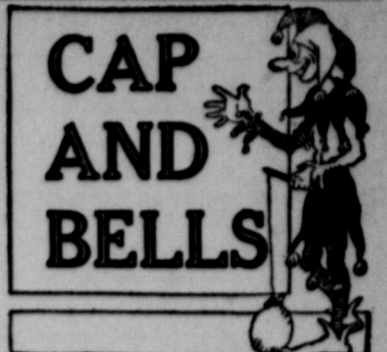
IV. A Wise Educator (v. 9).
Here was a real program of religious education. A wise teacher knows that it is not enough to remove the bad, he must replace it with the good. Jehoshaphat tore down the places of heathen worship, but he substituted the teaching of the Word of God. That kind of a program of nation-wide Christian education would be tremendously worth-while in this year of our Lord 1939 and within the confines of our own beloved country.

Read verses 7 and 8 and you will note that most of the leaders in this teaching campaign were laymen. The priests were evidently for the most part not interested. This has all too often been so, but let not that deter the layman from going ahead in God's name.

V. A Respected Ruler (vv. 5, 10, 11).
His own people gave him the recognition of love and loyalty (v. 5). The jealous nations around him were afraid of him, for they knew that God was with him (v. 10). This was what would be in our day regarded as a rather unusual means of national defense, but note that it was tremendously effective. Would that America were a nation united in loving obedience to God's law. Then would our enemies be afraid because God's hand would be upon us for good.

Wisdom in All
I know God is wise in all; wonderful in what we conceive, but far more in what we comprehend not.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Strength for Need
Our strength is proportioned to our need, in God's service, day by day.



CAP AND BELLS

AMAZING!
Two college boys sat in a theater watching a play being enacted. Toward the close of the first act one of the fellows turned to his companion. He pointed to the stage. "It's very amazing," he remarked. "That actress up there—the one who plays the heroine—looks exactly like my aunt. It's most amazing."

"What are you talking about?" demanded the other. "You have no aunt?"

The first lad nodded. "I know," he admitted. "That's what makes it so amazing."

Best Way Out
The sentry challenged the uniformed figure that had entered the camp. "Major Jones," came the reply. "Sorry, sir," said the sentry. "Fraid I can't let you proceed without the password." "Drat it, man, I've forgotten it!" snapped the other. "But you know me well enough." "Can't help it, sir," persisted the sentry. "Must have the password." "Don't stand arguing all night, Bill," came a voice from the guard tent. "Shoot 'im!"

GEOGRAPHY—ZERO



"Why, Johnny, you don't know your lesson. Denver is no where near New York city." "Yessum, it is. I get Denver on 29 and turn my dial to 30, and there's New York city."

Why Not Aunt Emma?
"Those poor little boys next door have no mama or daddy and no dear Aunt Emma," said a mother to her little son. "Now, wouldn't it be nice to give them something—just a little present?" "Yes, indeed," he replied, quickly. "Let's give them Aunt Emma."

Hey, That Man's in Again!
Suburban Resident—It's simply grand to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside your window. City Man—It's all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing the grass moan.

System
"Surprises are bound to occur in politics," said the observant citizen. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "but the managers are getting it down so fine that the few delegates who get away can't interfere with the program."

Wisdom on Tap
Assistant Poultry Editor—Here's a subscriber wants to know why they whitewash the inside of chicken houses. Editor—Tell him it's to keep the chickens from picking the grain out of the wood.

Soon Enough
Mother—Susie, little girls mustn't talk all the time at the table. Susie—When will I be old enough to, mother?

TIRESOME SCENE



"What a tiresome landscape." "Yes—even the chasm yawn."

Ill-Advised Frankness
Do you expect people to believe all that you tell them in your speeches? "No," answered Senator Sorghum, "and on the other hand they mustn't expect me to tell them all that I believe."

Early to Bed
"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "tells you 'you mus' go to sleep wif de chicken' an' I'm willin', but de folks dat owns de chickens ain't sufficiently trustful."

Designer Visions Coming Fashions

Quoting Edith Head, top designer of clothes for Hollywood notables: "The reign of the popular simple frock or suit is over. Everything indicates that the fall and winter styles will be lavish in fabric and extremely romantic and flattering. Clothes will doubtless cause social functions to increase in formality and it will be, all and all, a dressy season."

"I am sure," predicted Miss Head, "that there will be no certain or definite skirt, sleeve, or coat lengths in the coming trend. Women will dress strictly to their own individuality, getting away from the 'sheep' fads and crazes which made all of us look alike for the past several years. At least feminine fashions will assume something else than 'all poured of the same mold.'"

"The high note of the new trend," said the designer, "will be magnificence of material. Silks, brocades, velvets, and embroidered fabrics will be abundant and tailored, all-purpose models will bear a definite death knell."

Rich Silk Fabrics For Coats, Suits

It is with an eye to the future that women are buying the smart new coats now showing in the mid-summer collections, made of rich silk fabric. A costume of the handsome bengalines and such will carry through until the "frost is on the pumpkin." The appeal of these handsome suits is not to be withstood by best dressed fashionables.

Red Dots White



Still the rage for polka dots goes on. In the picture it is white silk chiffon with red polka dots that fashions a most captivating evening dress. For country club wear and city roofs in the air here is the with music in the air here is the gown ideal. The halo hat in tones of red matches the kid belt which is of red matches the fabric bow. The bracelet is the new-type bubble glass that glitters in prismatic colors.

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MEMBER

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

A little weed cutting on vacant lots and alleys could be appreciated at this time of the year.

Spending for spending's sake has always proved a flop. A try at economy usually produces the right kind of results.

With hitch hikers robbing, killing and kidnapping victims each week, it seems strange that any motorist would take a chance on giving a stranger a lift.

A few years ago chain stores were in great disfavor; now many people are claiming them a national asset. However, independent stores still do 75% of the business.

Every town should have the best building code possible and see that it is enforced. It is much simpler to build a structure of safe materials than it is to maintain heavy fire fighting equipment, and in most cases the first cost is little more.

In the eight poll tax states, only a small per cent of the population votes, giving a government by minority, a thing that is opposed to democratic principles. It is high time that Texas discarded the poll tax amendment as a requirement for voting.

Some 200 tons of live bees were handled by one shipping agency in a three-month period recently. The bees were shipped from seven southern states and represent only a small part of the big business honey makers are engaged in. Only a few years ago honey was still found in "bee trees" and little was thought of a world market.

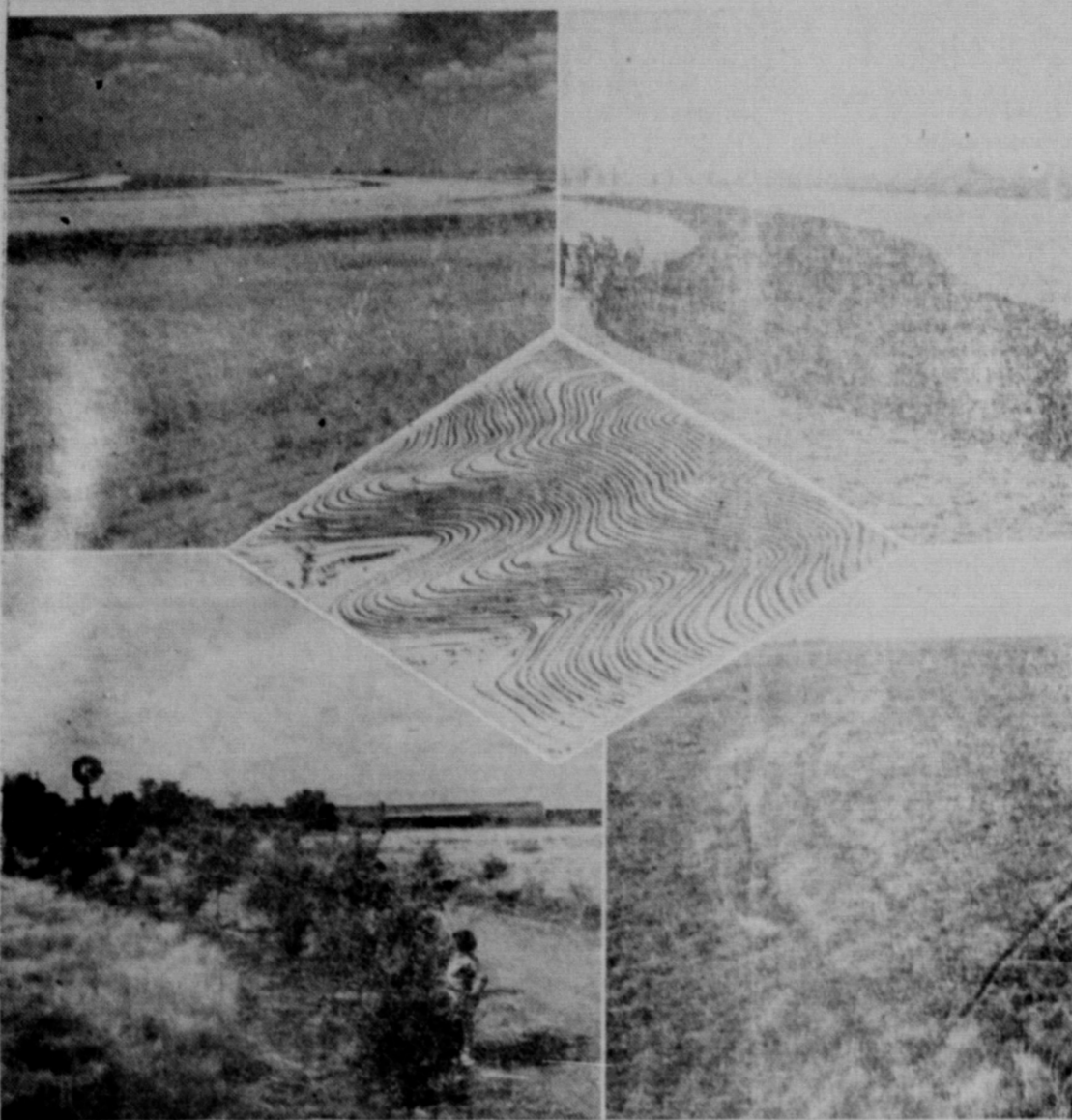
According to a report of the United States Commissioner of Education, one-teacher schools are disappearing at the rate of seven a day; however, there are now some 132,000 such schools in this country. It is hoped to reduce the number to around 50,000, as a matter of efficiency and to give the pupils better facilities in larger schools.

There is little chance for the revival of a sales tax effort in Texas when the people learn just what it would have meant for them. It is a "soak the poor" proposition. A monthly grocery bill of \$30 would provide a monthly tax of 60c, or \$7.20 a year, adding millions of dollars to the grocery bills of Texas alone. Naturally many of the big corporations would favor such a bill to escape further taxes on natural resources, but the common man, who is much in the majority, should oppose all efforts to shift the tax burden to the poor.

"Egotism is the anesthetic which nature gives to weak souls to compensate for the pains of inferiority."
—Ann.

A man is no bigger than the things that annoy him.

Streamlined Farming Replaces Straight Rows



Streamlined farming—farming around the slopes on the level instead of up and down the hills is being used more and more by farmers in the Southern Great Plains who are seeking to conserve their soil and moisture and to prevent erosion. Terraces and strip crops (upper left) hold practically all the water on the land where it falls. Where terraces are not necessary, fields are being plowed on the contour (upper right). Furrows on the contour hold water on grass land and are proving highly successful in improving the range (lower right). Some farmers are finding that placing roads, fences and tree sites on the contour fits well into their conservation program (lower left). Contour furrows, winding about pasture slopes like ribbons, are shown in the aerial view in center. All of these practices and many others can be viewed on Soil Conservation Service erosion control demonstration areas.

Field and Garden

By J. Lee Brown
Landscape Architect
Oklahoma A. and M. College

IT'S MULCHING TIME AGAIN

Several weeks ago in this column I emphasized the need for conserving moisture in the soil by loosening the top layer in the shrub and flower beds just as soon as possible after a rain. Since then another rainy spell has come and gone, to be followed by genuine summer heat. Several days ago the leaves of the philox began to curl and before I realized it, cracks were appearing in the soil in the flower border. With surprising suddenness, my bounteous supply of moisture had disappeared. I learn something more about Oklahoma weather every year.

Fortunately, we townspeople have recourse to the garden hose in times like these. If we didn't we'd be more careful about cultivating at the proper time. But, anyway, you can guess that I lost no time in getting the soil soaked again. Then I watched it carefully. Twenty-four hours later I actually found it dry enough to cultivate, so I broke up the surface layer, and was gratified to find that it was again loose and easy to work. The weather report brought no promise of rain or cooler weather, so I decided to give my beds an additional protection. I discovered that my neighbor had thrown his grass clippings in the trash barrel, so, with his permission, I recovered them and, adding them to my own, spread them generously over the soil. My neighbor had smiled tolerantly when I asked him for the grass clippings.

"Sure," he said, "you may have all I get from now on if you like." But yesterday when he came over to remark about the heat, I dug down under my grass mulch with my hand and brought up loose, moist soil. He stared at it incredulously. When he went home I could see that he was doing plenty of thinking, and I guessed that I would no longer have the extra supply of grass clippings he had promised me.

SOUNDS FISHY

A friendly soul of Passaic, N. J., was fishing for tuna when suddenly his upper plate of false teeth fell into the ocean. Later, while cleaning a 15 pound catch, he found his teeth reposing in the fish's stomach. That's his story, anyway, and so far as we are concerned, he's stuck with it.

THEN AND NOW

"What do you think is the trouble with farming?"
"Well," replied Farmer Benover, "in my day when we talked about what we could raise on 60 acres, we meant corn—not loans."

"Samba, I don't understand how you can do all your work so quickly and well."
"Ah'll tell you how it is, Boss. Ah sticks de match of enthusiasm into the fuse of energy and then Ah jest natcherly explodes."

C. S. Rice and daughter, Miss Verna, accompanied by Miss Elsie Gibson, were in Shamrock Sunday night on business.

Young Bride—Now, dear, what'll I get if I cook a dinner like that for you every day this year?
Hubby—My life insurance

Mrs. Laverne Kunkel, Mrs. John Poge and son visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, at Albreed Sunday.

Electric Welding
Don't throw away a broken part. Electric welding can save you money.
Lathe work, repairs on cars and tractors of all kinds.

George Hervey
Pontiac Co.
Machine Shop and Garage

THERE IS
CONTENTMENT

When you have finished a hearty meal at
MEADOR CAFE

Bring the whole family and enjoy the cool, air-conditioned room.

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

KODAKERS!

Leave your films here for prompt developing service.

Careful and expert work insures best results.

ERWIN DRUG CO.

Constipated?
"For years I had occasional constipation, with gas bloating, headaches and back pain. American always helped right away. Now, I eat sausage, bananas, pie, anything I want. Never felt better." Mrs. Mildred Schott

ADLERIKA
City Drug Store

When emergency arises your call receives immediate response, regardless of the hour.

The same dependable service since 1916.

C. S. Rice
Funeral Home

Day Phone 42 Night Phone 13

Quick! Easy! Spick-And-Span Shaves 'With This New Gillette Blade



At 1/2 Price!

Gillette Alone Can Make, And Sell At Such Low Price, A Top Quality Blade Like This

4 for 10c 8 for 19c

YOU get one comfortable, good-looking shave after another with the Thin Gillette Blade. And at only 10c for four, you save real money! Made with edges of a new kind... different and better... Thin Gillette protect your skin from the smart and irritation caused by misfit blades. Buy a package from your dealer today.

Thin Gillette Blades Are Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

5 for 25c

THIS IS FRIENDSHIP

Relatively few reports of the personal incidents which occurred during the world war came back with the boys. One of these stories concerned a private who returned to his lines after a German attack and discovered that his pal was still "out here." He asked permission to return into No-Man's land to bring him back, but his superior officer said, "If you go, you go at your own risk, and chances are all against your coming back."

The boy went out, found his pal badly hurt, gently picked him up and started back, but was himself shot. By the time he reached the lines again, his pal had died, and the young rescuer did not last much longer. The officer said, "It's just as I warned you. Was it worth the price?"
"Yes, sir," the dying soldier answered. "He said he knew I would

THE LOAFER

"I wish I lived in Greenland."
"What for?"
"With a night of six months ahead of you, it must be great to think that there is nothing to do until tomorrow."

DECEPTION

"So you deceived your husband?" said the judge gravely.
"On the contrary, Your Honor, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town and he didn't go."



JOHN DEERE
Tractors & Implements
The Quality Line
Genuine John Deere
Repair Parts
McLEAN IMPLEMENT CO.
J. S. McLaughlin
D. C. Carpenter

Thirsty Days Are Here!

Warm days when the thermometer climbs upward calls for cooling drinks—time to

VISIT OUR SANITARY FOUNTAIN!
All kinds of refreshing drinks, ice cream, ices and sundaes.
Light lunches served also.

CITY DRUG STORE
"More Than a Merchant"
Roger Powers, Manager

All the Frozen Malt You Can Eat

for **10c**
SATURDAY, JULY 29
until 9 p. m.

FRESH PEACH ICE CREAM

Try This Delicious Flavor This Week
EAT WITH COMFORT IN OUR AIR CONDITIONED CAFE

OUR ICE CREAM IS MADE FRESH EACH DAY IN THE FOLLOWING FLAVORS

- Vanilla
- Chocolate
- Strawberry
- Orange-Pineapple
- Butter-Pecan
- Banana-Nut
- Coffee-Karmel
- Fresh Peach
- Orange Sherbet

Hibler's Cafe
Air Conditioned 24 Hour Service
McLean - - - Texas

CHILD OF EVIL

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
WNU SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR

Beautiful, young Kay Forrest has been employed by Christine Maynard, photographer, to pose for a series of pictures, the background of which will be the exquisite Cathedral Gardens, famous Southern resort. Unknown to them, one Jeff Butler, mean, unscrupulous "swamp angel," has led a friend to spy on the two women. Kay, of necessity, is scantily clad while posing for the camera. Kay frequently stays with Mrs. Ruth Hamilton, her son Barney, of whom Kay is very fond, and her daughter Margaret. Mrs. Hamilton, a remarkable woman, conceived the idea of the Gardens following the death of her husband. One night, after a local dance, Kirk Reynolds, a ne'er-do-well gambler of her husband's resort town, and Kay go for a ride. Kirk's car collides with that of Harvey Jackson, and during the ensuing argument Kirk whips out a gun and kills the young, popular engineer. Kay is completely stunned by the tragedy. Kirk threatens to drag her into the thing if she tells even her father. Terror-stricken, she agrees to remain silent. However, the next time she goes out with Barney, he realizes something is wrong. She tells him nothing. Mrs. Emma Forrest, Kay's mother, is firm, positive and demanding. Her father is exactly the opposite, kindly and unassuming. While at home Kirk Reynolds calls for her, and she is forced to go with him despite her family's protests. He tells her the circumstances make it necessary for her to marry him so she cannot be forced to testify against him if he is accused of Jackson's murder. They drive to a neighboring town and are married. The next time they are together Kay tells Barney she loves him, but he promises to try to understand. Meanwhile, Miss Soles ("Babe") Henkel, Beverly beauty operator of questionable morals, and intimate friend of Kirk Reynolds, berates him for marrying Kay. Jim Owenby, landscape engineer in love with Margaret Hamilton, discusses the affair with her. He is sure Kirk has married Kay so she cannot be brought into the case. But he is afraid of what might happen if he and Barney confront Reynolds. Barney decides to discharge Jeff for drinking.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"I can't have that sort of man around here," Ruth Hamilton looked up at Barney who had come from the house and had caught the end of the conversation. "My son," she explained, "not without pride."

Barney said, "It's about time, Mother. I'll go down and pay Jeff off."

The idle white boatmen were reclining against the wall of their cabin, awaiting calls. They were a lackadaisical lot, notable for their inertia.

Two or three of them nodded to Barney, but without waste of effort . . . though their eyes narrowed slightly when he inquired for Jeff Butler. They indicated direction with lazy jerks of their heads.

Mr. Butler looked up sullenly from the foot of a live oak. His watery eyes were clouded with liquor, his attitude sullen and resentful. Barney's voice was pitched low. He said, "You've been drinking again, Jeff."

"Well, what if I have?"

"You know that doesn't go around here."

"The man's voice was whiney. 'You-all ain't got no right tellin' a feller what he can an' can't do.'"

"I suppose not. But we can tell him whether he's got a job here. And you haven't."

"What?" Mr. Jefferson Butler uncoiled himself. His bony figure towered over Barney's adequate height, and his voice took on an unpleasant edge. "You ain't firin' me?"

"I'm doing precisely that. You scare your passengers half to death. You've done it before. But you're not going to do it again."

"Ain't no man goin' to tell me what I can do."

"I believe you made that remark before. Here's the money I owe you. Now—get out."

Mr. Butler's dignity had been ruffled. He suspected that his companions on the other side of the log-cabin could hear the conversation. He said, "I'll git out when I'm good an' ready."

"So?" Barney's laugh was hard. "You'll get out damned quick."

"And if I don't?"

The young man's gray eyes were cold. "I'm advising you to get out, Jeff. That's all."

So far as being deprived of the privilege of daily labor, Jeff did not really mind. He had for some time resented the necessity of reporting for work every day, of being subjected to the task of paddling awe-stricken tourists through glades which were to them incredibly beautiful, but which—to him—were a lot of dawg-gone foolishness. For one thing, his role placed him (or so he thought) on a definitely lower social plane, and Jeff was fond of declaring (though not actually believing) that he was as good as anybody that walked.

Now he was fired. Cast out. Discharged. He had been spoken to sternly by that no-count kid . . . that uppity Barney Hamilton. He had been insulted, degraded and otherwise rendered more than slightly ridiculous. His resentment mounted as he traversed the miles into Beverly. It became deep and bitter after he had borrowed a ride from a colored man who was driving a battered old flivver and who was afraid to refuse Jeff's request.

Arriving in Beverly, Jeff Butler let himself down without a thank-you at the depot. There he encountered a friend of his, a gentleman of similar ilk, to whom he related his troubles. It appeared, according to Jeff, that he had personally built Cathedral Gardens, and that he had been pitched out without rhyme or reason.

Two other denizens of Big Moccasin Swamp joined the group, ostensibly to sympathize with Jeff's woes, but actually to share his corn liquor. Throughout the balance of the morning and well into the afternoon they discussed the affair. Occasionally Jeff went off into a portentous silence. On each such occasion he made gestures and announced that if he wanted to tell everything he knew, the whole dawg-bit county would be tore up by the roots. He said this so frequently and so earnestly that he was eventually (though not immediately) believed. His cronies urged him to divulge this devastating information, and Jeff—being instinctively a lover of

the dramatic—withheld his tidings . . . and so successfully that his three companions pooled their cash resources and invested in another quart of corn, price fifty cents.

The afternoon wore on. Jeff and his three friends sat on the railroad right of way and debated social problems.

Eventually the four gentlemen—all more or less intoxicated—became hungry. Jeff Butler, drunk and expansive, and having in the pockets of his ancient corduroy trousers the money which Barney Hamilton had given him . . . created a sensation by inviting those present to join him at Mac's Bar-B-Q place for sandwiches.

Mr. McCants was not particularly glad to see them. He observed that they were none too sober and risked insult by demanding cash with the order.

Mac's Bar-B-Q was a Beverly institution. It perched on the side of the street leading from the Square to the railroad station, and attracted all classes. Mr. McCants, a sad-looking gentleman with a long face and melancholy eyes, at times resented the popularity enjoyed by his establishment. Customers demanded service and speed and effort, to none of which was Mac addicted.

The four swamp angels were conversing. The tall one, Jeff Butler, was doing most of the talking. Mac tried not to listen. Much gossip flowed across his counter and toward all of it he tried to maintain an attitude of professional aloofness.

"And this heah thing I been a-tellin' you about," Jeff Butler was stating, "it's terrible."

"Sho' is, Jeff. 'Splain it."

"It's all on account of them Gardens. They're the work of the Devil, sho' nuff."

"Uh-huh. An' what else, Jeff?"

"You wouldn't believe—not hardly."

"You tell us."

"Well," Jeff choked down the last colossal mouthful of hamburger. "What would you-all say was I to tell you that in the early mawnin' out yonder, they's wimmin runnin' around 'thout any clothes."

There were exclamations of shocked surprise and very considerable interest.

"No?"

"You ain't truthin'?"

"Yes I am. I seen it with my ve'y own eyes."

"How many?"

Jeff did some swift thinking. It would have been pleasant to exaggerate, but he feared to lose dramatic power. He said, "One!"

"Which one?"

"You wouldn't believe—"

"We sho' would, Jeff. Which lady is it?"

"Kay Forrest!"

Mac's face was red, but he said nothing. He heard indignant comment. "That gal!" "She's a shame an' a disgrace."

"Wouldn't put nothin' past her?"

"All the things she's done! Married Kirk Reynolds. Most likely helped kill Harvey Jackson."

"Ought to be tarred an' feathered. That's what she ought."

"But she's a dawg-gone purty gal."

Mr. Butler, vastly pleased by the interest he had aroused, elaborated on his story.

Then Jeff—not wishing to relinquish the spotlight—went into greater detail.

"Bet that gal sho' is pretty?" commented one man.

They were absorbed in their discussion, so absorbed that they did not see the door of the diner open.

It did not notice the startled look which appeared on the face of Jerry McCants. They heard—and Barney Hamilton heard—Jeff Butler's comment.

"Kay Forrest purty! Boy! She is! Mawnin' after mawnin' I seen her git out on one of them islands."

Jeff was jerked from his stool. He had a fleeting glimpse of a blond, boyish face . . . and a pair of eyes which were hot with fury.

Then Barney's fist exploded against Jeff's mouth. It wasn't a slap. It didn't invite hostilities. It started the battle formally and efficiently.

Mr. Butler crashed to the floor. His three friends rose, and Mr. McCants vaulted the counter brandishing a heavy iron poker. Mac said, "You-all keep out of this."

Jeff blinked, squirmed and looked

up at the young man. Barney had not spoken. It was obvious that he did not intend to turn this affair into any part of a debate.

A great fury overcame Jeff Butler. He had been insulted, discharged and attacked. Corn liquor gave him a courage which he did not naturally possess. He said several very profane things, clambered to his feet, and lurched forward.

Again Barney's fist found his face, but this time Jeff was prepared. He wrapped long sinewy arms around the young man's body and they crashed to the floor together. Hands groped for holds, legs flailed; there were sighs and grunts and the heavy thud of fists on flesh.

It was a brief but epic battle. And when it was over Mr. Butler lay on the floor—more nearly sober than he had been in twenty-four hours, but with his countenance considerably the worse for wear. Barney Hamilton leaned against the counter, mouth open, left eye badly bruised. He still had not spoken, and he did not speak as the three swamp angels helped their fallen brother out into the street. Then Barney became articulate. He said, "Thanks, Mac."

Kay was frightened. From the window of her bedroom she had seen Barney approach the house from the parking-space. At first she had felt an inexplicable sense of relief at his return.

And then she felt herself grow cold. She saw now that he was walking none too steadily and that

he was dabbing at the corner of his mouth with a handkerchief which was stained with blood. He circled the house and entered the front door. Kay heard him mount the stairway; heard him pass the door. She was frightened. She stood motionless, still holding her negligee about her slim figure. Then, impulsively, she turned away and crossed the hall to Margaret's room. She needed someone to reassure her. Margaret was not there, and she sat down, emotionally exhausted.

She turned quickly as the door opened and closed again. But it was not Margaret. Instead, Barney stood there, coatless, his shirt open at the throat; smiling somewhat painfully with lips which were bruised and puffed. He was gay . . . making light of whatever it was that had happened to him. He said, "How now, honey?"

He crossed the room and she forgot everything save the fact of his presence. She moved to meet him and his arms were about her. She clung to him and tried—oh, so hard—not to cry. She heard him talking. Bantering . . . though with a nuance of seriousness which was gloriously unmistakable. And she was sobbing then and saying things which she had not meant to say. She was saying, "Oh! Barney, I was so frightened . . . and I love you so."

He pressed bruised lips against young eager ones. He looked down at her—infinately feminine and appealing—beautifully young and youthfully beautiful. And because he, too, was trembling, he tried to be gay. He said, "Snap out of it, sugar."

"I—I'm trying . . ." She looked up at him. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Please tell me." Her eyes widened. "Was it Kirk Reynolds?"

"No. Forget that lad, can't you?"

"But you were in a fight."

"An affair of sorts. But not romantic, my dear."

"You'd say that anyway. And I'm still scared."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not." And she tried not to be. She said, "Dad came out here again today."

"What's unnatural about that? He's a pretty swell egg and he wants to be sure that you're happy."

"I know . . . But he's worried, too. He wants to do things."

"What sort of things?"

"He wants to see Kirk Reynolds."

"So do I."

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"So do I."

NEW FOREST FIRE POSTER DISTRIBUTED

Wichita Falls, July 26—A new fire prevention poster is being distributed by the Prairie States Forestry Project in Northwest Texas. This fine colored poster was created by James Montgomery Flagg at the request of the American Forestry Association. They have been sent all over the country by the organization as an educational measure to help develop fire prevention consciousness in vacationers touring through forested areas.

The recent catastrophic forest fires in Yellowstone, Colorado, the Black Hills and other parts of the West bring home the message displayed by this poster. A father of the Great Outdoors is showing his son the heritage he is leaving him in GREEN FOREST as against a burning background of flaming forests left by some careless tobacco smoker or camper. The conservationist slogan of "Prevent Forest Fires—It Pays" is a mute but trenchant word picture to all outdoor lovers if we are to retain our forested areas for the children of today who are the men of tomorrow.

The new poster is being distributed in McLean by R. L. Buskirk, of the local forest service station.

HOOBS-DYER

Miss Helen Hoob of Shawnee, Okla., and Mr. Clyde Dyer of McLean were married Sunday, July 23, at Wewoka, Okla., by a Methodist Minister.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Dyer of McLean and is employed by Smith Bros. Refinery Co. They will make their home here. The brides' parents live at Shawnee.

Little Miss Ann Bogan is spending the week with Mrs. Paul Kennedy at Skellytown.

Ruel Smith made a business trip to Borger and Pampa the first of the week.

B. Hill of Abilene was in town Thursday.

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-face type at double rate. Initials and numerals 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

FOR SALE—Good second hand electric refrigerator, at a bargain price. City Drug Store. tfp

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOE REPAIRING—all work guaranteed. John Mertel.

BUY Texaco products for better motor performance. Harris King. ttf

WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS at News office.

Mrs. R. C. Pinkerton and grandson of Electra are visiting the lady's daughter, Mrs. Walker.

Leonard Brawley has returned from Perryton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hicks made a trip to New Mexico this week.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Batson and sons are on a tour in Colorado.

Mrs. Sherman White of Pampa visited in McLean Monday.

Miss Ruby Swin is attending school at Boulder, Colo.

Oscar Goodman made a business trip to Pampa Thursday.

Tom Jack Wade has returned from a trip to Dimmitt.

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

W. H. Bragg visited in Pampa one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stanton of Lefors visited here last Sunday.

Miss Bernedene Brunner of Groom visited friends here Friday.

Mrs. F. H. King returned Saturday from a visit in Oklahoma.

Miss Maxine Johns visited her uncle Ernest Jones, at Dumas last week.

Sheriff Cal Rose of Pampa was in McLean Monday.

Buford Reed of Oklahoma City was in McLean Sunday.

Dwight Stubblefield visited in Groom Sunday.

Mrs. Lee Atwood visited at Borger over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Newman were in Pampa Friday.

HAMBURGERS SANDWICHES, COLD DRINKS CURB SERVICE
Your Trade Appreciated
WIMPY'S CAFE
On Highway 66
Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tinnin Managers

SPECIAL
Monday, Tuesday
Wednesday, each week
for a limited time
\$1.00 OFF
on all permanents
LANDERS
BEAUTY SHOPPE
Phone 149

SERVICE and QUALITY First
That's the slogan that has built our business.
PHILLIPS 66
gasoline, oils and greases
prolong the life of fine motors and add more miles to the gallon.
PHILLIPS 66
Service Station
Boyd Mander, Prop.

GRAHAM'S SPECIALS

COFFEE Star State 1 lb can	25c
with 15 oz. can Star State Pinto Beans FREE	
TOMATOES 3 No. 2 cans	24c
SLICED PEACHES Del Monte large can	18c
WHITE HOUSE RICE 2 lb pkg.	14c
WHITE SPUDS Colorado per lb	2 1/2c
MUSTARD Red Boy quart	16c
BANANAS per lb	6c
CRISPY COLD VEGETABLES	FRYERS
MARKET SPECIALS	SLICED BACON per lb
CHUCK ROAST per lb	17 1/2c
HAMS, tendered, 1/2 or whole, 10-12 lb av.	per lb 21c
MINCED HAM 1 lb	23c
BOLOGNA 1 lb both for	23c
Phone No. 94 - - - We Deliver	

Business Has Learned

to properly appreciate the value of consistent advertising and the importance of good printing. It has also learned the necessity of getting the most in return for every dollar spent for advertising and printing. The quality of advertising and printing is reaching new heights, and as a result only advertising matter of outstanding merit can hope to impress itself on the prospect's mind with sufficient force to stimulate action and get results.

This period of greater appreciation and discrimination in matters of advertising and printing has found us well prepared. Long ago we saw the coming demand for the best and have qualified ourselves in every way to supply only the best.

The highest quality printing is less expensive in the end because it will be read, and advertising matter must be read to get results.

THIS YEAR THOUSANDS HAVE COMPARED AND SWITCHED TO FORD V-8!



THEY COMPARED BRAKES and found the Ford hydraulic brakes the biggest ever used on a low-priced car. Greatest in total braking area. The only ones with 12-inch drums.



THEY COMPARED RIDES and found Ford levelst in starts and stops and on the turns and over rough going. Its passenger ride-base, on transverse springs, is much the longest at the price.



THEY COMPARED ENGINES and found the Ford V-8 fastest, most powerful, and the best all-round performer at the price. It's the only low-priced V-8 in the world.



THEY COMPARED COSTS and found the 85 horsepower Ford V-8 gave more miles per gallon in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite run than any other leading low-priced car.



THEY COMPARED CHASSIS and found Ford the steadiest riding because it's the only car at the price with Torque-tube Drive and 4 radius rods for fully stabilized ride.



THEY COMPARED QUALITY and found Ford alone at this price using valve seats on all valves, semi-centrifugal clutch, and a lot of other things that spell fine car engineering!

For low-cost transportation at its best—now as always

FORD V-8

The McLean News

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