

THE MCLEAN NEWS

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

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, November 28, 1940.

No. 48.

Vol. 37.

Lions Luncheon Tuesday Noon

H. W. Finley was the principal speaker at the Lions Club luncheon Tuesday noon, reading a paper on "The Fight on Cancer."

Stablefield reported stork committee appointed to promote attendance. Executive Israel spoke on the program.

Present were: Rev. and Mrs. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Greene, including Ralph R. of Pampa. Minister Jack W. C. Shull and Mr. ...

FAMILY HOLDS ANNUAL REUNION

Annual Thanksgiving reunion of the S. A. Cobb family was held Thursday, when a turkey dinner was enjoyed.

Present were: Rev. and Mrs. Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Greene, including Ralph R. of Pampa. Minister Jack W. C. Shull and Mr. ...

KINS FAMILY HAS DINNER

Thanksgiving dinner Sunday at the home of Mrs. C. A. Watkins and family.

Present were: Everett Watkins and family, Tommie Watkins and family of Amarillo, Dr. Lear M. and family of Lubbock, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Watkins of Borger, Harold Watkins of Austin.

GINNING REPORT

According to R. H. Wilson, special ginner in Gray from the top prior to Nov. 14, as compared with 682 bales to Nov. 14.

Oscar Davis, pastor of the church of God at Iowa Park, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, spent Thanksgiving Day in the A. J. Worthington home.

Mrs. Geo. Bailey and daughter, Dorothy, and Mrs. Porter attended the funeral of W. R. ... at Canadian last Thursday.

Mrs. E. L. Sitter and family visited their daughter and sister, Dorothy, at Columbia, Mo., last week.

Mrs. David Boston have returned to McLean from Hereford last Friday.

Doris Nell Wilson of Amarillo visited here Friday and Saturday.

Cunningham of Pampa was in McLean Friday.

Mrs. N. A. Greer and son in Shamrock Friday night.

Laura Lee Howard visited in McLean over the week end.

BIRTHDAYS

- 1—Mrs. T. A. Boyd, Vernon
- 2—Mrs. Pauleen Gething.
- 3—Mrs. Walter Bailey.
- 4—Bernie Bell Bailey, Mrs. Bell, J. S. Morse, C. C. Bogan.
- 5—Claude Gene Doolen, Harry J. Alton Moore.
- 6—Ercy Glen Fulbright.
- 7—Elaine Brooks.
- 8—Frank P. Wilson, Mrs. June

THE FIGHT ON CANCER

By Dr. H. W. Finley

Cancer is a peculiarly personal problem. It cannot be checked or controlled by scientists or medical men alone. In its conquest every man and woman has a place to fill and a duty to perform. The story of man's increasingly successful fight against cancer has lately become an inspiring one. It stretches over centuries with a strange, sinister quality of uniformed fear which makes it unique. Man has had to be patient, however, for until the last forty years there was almost no progress. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, however, conditions have changed and today tens of thousands of lives formerly doomed are being saved.

Successful treatment of cancer rests upon accurate and prompt recognition of the type and location of the cancer which is to be treated. The most skilled and best trained specialists who have seen thousands of cancer cases can, by inspections, do a reasonably good job of recognizing cancer where it is advanced and where its location is on the outside of the body. Even the best, however, do not distinguish by mere inspection in early cancer, or the nature of the internal masses or lesions.

The only sure way to make certain of cancer is through a microscopic examination of the suspected tissue by a trained specialist. The ignorance of the public has allowed a wrong point of view to persist and has nourished one of the most dangerous elements in the whole cancer problem—namely, quacks.

The history of quacks in cancer is a long and evil story and it includes the story of men and women who are obviously crooks, and also those who honestly, but mistakenly, believe they have a successful cure. The effect on the patient is the same in both cases, and may be summed up as misinformation, disillusionment, expense, and death.

What, then, is cancer, since it is not a disease of the ordinary type? Cancer is merely an uncontrolled growth of one or more cells or tissues of the body. Is cancer catching? No, for there is no evidence that cancer is catching. Efforts have been made in the laboratories to find a germ, or germs, responsible for cancer, but they have not been successful.

Death because of cancer is not referable to any one cause in all cases. Many times it is largely a mechanical matter, as in the obstruction of some vital passageway by the rapidly growing cancer mass. At other times, the cancer may grow to such a size that the blood vessels which bring it food cannot nourish all of it. Part of the cancer then deteriorates, dies, and causes blood poisoning.

The reason that cancer kills is that it occurs in the body where capacity to feed, house and support an area of unrestricted growth is limited. For this reason the final outcome of untreated cancer is always fatal. People of all ages are not equally vulnerable to cancer. Nor is the kind of cancer the same for all ages. The United States Bureau of the census for 1936 reported 142,538 deaths from cancer. It is likely to occur at any age, and there are many kinds of cancer. However, the death rate is the highest between the ages of 40 years and 70 years.

We should always keep in mind that the chances for success in the treatment of cancer are greatly increased by early diagnosis. This is possible only when a person is alert and aware of the signs or symptoms that may mean cancerous or precancerous condition is present. The signs and symptoms are easy to remember. Consult your doctor for these signs: mouth, lip or tongue when there is any sore that does not heal within ten days or two weeks, or any lump or local thickening on the tongue, or persistent white areas, especially in cases of smokers. In the throat, difficulty of swallowing, or hoarseness lasting more than two weeks which cannot be explained by a cold or other direct cause. Stomach and intestines: distress following eating, especially in those of middle age or older, who have not been previously aware of such a condition. Sudden or marked loss of weight without any recognized cause. Or a distaste for meat. Also, where there are alternate periods of constipation and diarrhea with no particular change in diet to account for it. In the lower

(Continued on back page)

NEW MINISTER



JACK HARDCASTLE

who, for the past three years has been minister of the Church of Christ in Palestine, Texas, has moved to McLean and preached his first sermon as minister of the local church last Sunday. Mr. Hardcastle is not a stranger to West Texas, having conducted meetings over much of the South Plains and Eastern New Mexico. He also worked as local evangelist for the Amherst and Sudan Churches of Christ several years ago.

SHAMROCK WINS FOOTBALL TITLE

The husky Shamrock Irishmen beat the gallant McLean Tigers 13 to 6 at Shamrock last Friday night, which tied them with Clarendon for the district title.

At a meeting of executives in Wellington the first of the week, Shamrock was declared winner, since they had defeated Clarendon once this season. The Irishmen had played the limit of ten games, and had the decision been otherwise they would have been out of the running.

The Tigers are through for the season, as no more games are scheduled.

ONE WEEK QUAIL SEASON

The executive committee of the Gray County Game Preserve met Tuesday and canvassed the mail vote on closing the season on quail. The vote resulted in allotting an open season for one week, beginning Dec. 1 and closing Dec. 7.

This does not prevent any land owner from keeping the season closed on his property. No one will be allowed to hunt on property in the Game Preserve Demonstration without written permission from the owner.

JOHN CARPENTER, President.
J. A. ASHBY, Secretary.

VACANT HOUSE EXPLODES

A small vacant house in the east part of town exploded Monday, thought to have been caused by escaping gas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carpenter returned Sunday from Amarillo, where Mrs. Carpenter had been in a hospital.

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

Born Nov. 20 to Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Dyer, Jr., of Goldston, formerly of McLean, a 7½ pound boy named Thomas Bert.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stockton of Bethany, Okla., visited here over the week end.

Earl Evans of Devine was here last Thursday for the funeral of his father.

Miss Mildred Williams spent last week end visiting in Fort Worth and Waxahachie.

Vester Lee Smith, Jack Bogan and Bill Cooke of Lubbock visited home folks here over the week end.

Mrs. J. S. Howard visited her son, Ben, and family at Sunray last week.

Miss Wilda Joyce McMullen of Shawnee, Okla., visited home folks here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Troy Hinton of Kingsmill were visitors in McLean Friday.

Miss Shirley Johnston of Denton visited home folks here last week end.

With the Churches

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

John W. Myrose, Minister
Sunday school at 10 a. m., Mr. Alton Howard, supt. Classes for all ages.

Morning worship at 11. Sermon, "The Miracles of a Gift."

Senior and junior Christian Endeavor societies meet at 6:15 p. m.

The pastor will preach at Denworth at night and there will be no evening service. Regular evening service next week at 7 o'clock.

Junior choir after school Wednesday, and senior choir immediately after the fellowship supper Wednesday night.

The covered dish supper is Wednesday at 7. This will be the last supper before Christmas. Enjoy this fellowship with us.

PENTECOSTAL HOLINESS CHURCH

W. R. Maxwell, Pastor
All our church services as usual throughout the week.

Work is progressing on the stuccoing of the church building as the weather permits.

The district Bible conference, also the regular district quarterly conference, will meet with the local church in February, the date to be announced later.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Troy A. Sumrall, Pastor
Sunday school 9:45 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Training Union 6:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting 7:15 Wednesday.
Choir practice 8 o'clock Wednesday.

A study course will begin next week which all officers and teachers of the Sunday school are urged to attend.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Leroy M. Brown, Minister
Sunday school 10 a. m., C. O. Greene, supt.

Morning worship at 11.
Evening worship at 7.

CHURCH OF NAZARENE

W. E. Bond, Pastor
All our Sunday services as usual. Everyone cordially invited to attend all our services.

LIBERTY COMMUNITY MISSION

S. R. Jones, Minister
Sunday school 11 a. m.
Evening service at 7:30.

METHODIST W. S. C. S.

The Methodist W. S. C. S. met in the basement parlor of the church Tuesday afternoon at 2:15. Mrs. S. A. Cousins led a Thanksgiving program with Mrs. J. L. Andrews bringing the devotional from 2 Cor. 6:16. Mrs. J. W. Story led in prayer.

Mrs. Cousins gave "Things We Forget," and Mrs. C. P. Hamilton told a story, "In Time for the Holiday." Mrs. Story offered the closing prayer.

Present, other than above-named, were: Mesdames H. C. Rippey, Roger Powers, J. M. Noel, A. B. Christian, S. J. Dyer, W. E. Bogan, J. H. Wade, J. B. Pettit, C. A. Cryer, Callie Haynes, L. S. Tinnin, J. L. Hess, J. A. Sparks, C. O. Greene, C. M. Carpenter, S. W. Rice and Leroy M. Brown.

The W. S. C. S. will meet at Wellington on Dec. 6 for a Harvest Day meeting.

Mrs. S. J. Dyer visited her son, S. J., Jr. and family at Goldston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Gray returned Sunday from Amarillo, where the former received medical treatment.

Clint Doolen, Jr., of Stillwater, Okla., visited home folks here this week.

Miss Joellene Vannoy of Crowell spent last week's Thanksgiving holidays with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Johnson of Shamrock were McLean visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston were in Shamrock Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary E. Harlan has our thanks for a subscription renewal.

PIONEER STUDY CLUB THANKSGIVING DINNER

Thanksgiving as it was observed by the Pilgrims was the theme used at the 8 o'clock dinner given last Tuesday evening at the basement of the First Presbyterian Church, by members of the Pioneer Study Club, honoring their husbands.

A huge table was arranged with the horn of plenty, an ample supply of corn, pumpkins, squash, and a variety of fruits and autumn greenery. The outstanding feature of the decorations was the bare table boards.

The guests, wearing caps and collars, were seated in the Pilgrim custom, men on one side, ladies on the other. After singing thanks, Dr. C. B. Batson and W. E. Bogan served the plates with generous helpings of turkey, dressing, gravy, potatoes, peas, hominy, cranberry sauce, celery, pickles, rolls, pumpkin pie and coffee.

They were assisted by Misses Leta Mae Phillips and Dorothy Sue Young, dressed in Puritan costume.

A ladies' quartet gave a song of thanks, "Rev. Brewster" preached a lengthy sermon, "Gov. Bradford" read a poem on Thanksgiving Miles Standish, John Alden and Priscilla, the Indian chief in his war bonnet, and all the Pilgrim men and women of importance were present, including Mrs. Brewster and her ten children.

One of the maidens was brought before the governor, charged with enticing a man by wearing lace frills and painting her cheeks. She was admonished not to do so again.

At a late hour the guests departed with thanks to Mrs. Jim Back for the program and to Mesdames J. B. Hembree, Bob Black and June Woods, social committee, for the arrangements.

Those attending were: Messrs. and Mesdames W. E. Bogan, Creed Bogan, C. B. Batson, C. A. Cryer, Eric Cubine, C. O. Greene, F. M. Shawver, A. W. Hicks, June Woods, Bob Black, Roger Powers, Carl M. Jones, C. M. Carpenter, S. A. Cousins, H. W. Finley, Bob Thomas, C. J. Magee, Boyd Meador, T. J. Coffey.

Mesdames Jim Back, J. B. Hembree and T. A. Massay.

C. OF C. MEETS MONDAY

Monday night is the regular monthly meeting of the chamber of commerce, and President Davis says that a full representation of the business men and others is urged to be present.

TIGER SQUAD HONORED

The Tiger football squad and the coaches were honored with an elk steak supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Cooke, Tuesday evening of last week.

Misses Lorene Winton, Agnes Finley and Eunice Stratton attended the Golden Jubilee convention of the Texas Baptist Training Union in Dallas last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Bodine and daughter of Borger visited the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bodine, Thursday.

R. L. and Miss Ermadel Floyd of Lubbock spent the week end with home folks here. R. L. was enroute to Brownwood to enter army training.

N. Neill of Mineral Wells visited his mother, Mrs. Henry Neill, and other relatives here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Campbell and son of Canadian visited here last Thursday.

Miss Opal Thacker of Lubbock visited home folks here over the week end.

Clyton Wilkerson of Oklahoma City visited home folks here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks visited their daughter, Mrs. Lena Regal, and children in Amarillo Wednesday.

Mrs. C. J. Cash, Mrs. Pete Fulbright and daughter were in Pampa Tuesday.

Billy Cash of Dumas visited home folks here Thursday and Friday.

Miss Mona Meier of Amarillo spent the week end with relatives here.

Plenty of Rain Falls Here the Past Few Days

According to the official rain gauge at the city hall, 2½ inches of rain fell here from Saturday until Monday.

The thermometer hovered just above freezing, with a trifle below Sunday morning, when trees were covered with a coating of ice that melted away during the day. At no time was the rainfall heavy, but a steady drizzle wet the ground to a nice degree.

Other communities were not so fortunate, Pampa and Amarillo suffering much damage from the ice.

Amarillo was without lights and water for about three days. No newspapers were printed there during the "blackout," trees were ruined, telephone and power lines were broken with the load of ice which did not begin to melt until Tuesday morning.

Pampa reported many fine trees ruined, but had no trouble with light and power; however, both cities suffered interrupted telephone, radio and telegraph communication.

It is estimated that some twelve thousand poles were down over the Panhandle in the path of the storm. Some 700 telegraph poles along the Rock Island Railroad between Lark and Amarillo were down.

Outside of the sloppy streets, the rain was a welcome visitor here and caused no unnecessary discomfort.

DAN SHELburne IN MOVIE CONTRACT

Little Dan Shelburne, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Shelburne, former McLean residents, now in California, is under a movie contract at a salary of \$100 a week.

Dan was one of the models for the winning TB Christmas seals now on sale, and is a promising young dramatic and musical student.

GROCERY BARGAINS

News readers have a chance to save money on groceries this week. Three stores have advertisements in the News this week, offering foods at real bargain prices. Don't fail to read the ads and take advantage of the savings offered this week end.

FARMERS TO MEET

According to Wheeler County Agent Jake Tarter, a meeting will be held at Heald Friday night, Nov. 29, for the purpose of explaining the 1941 farm program and cotton marketing quota. Mr. Tarter and other speakers will be present.

ATTENDING THE CONCERT OF THE PANHANDLE CIVIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION

Attending the concert of the Panhandle Civic Music Association to hear Fritz Kreisler, world famous violinist and composer, were the six McLean members of the association, Mrs. Willie Boyett, Mrs. Mattie Graham, Robert Gibson, Misses Nona and Jewell Cousins and Mary Lou McIlhenny.

Arthur Lee Howard, Misses Laura Lee, Howard and Ruth Strandberg visited their brother and uncle, Ben Howard, at Sunray Thursday.

Paris Hess of College Station is visiting home folks here this week end.

Ruel Smith made a business trip to Borger this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Stablefield visited at White Deer Sunday.

READ THE ADS

DON'T WALK ALL OVER TOWN LOOKING FOR BARGAINS

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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

Air and Naval Raiders Harass British As Greeks Hold Off Italian Invasion; Hitler-Molotov Talks Yield Little News; Dies Asks Funds for 'Sabotage' Probe

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

GRECO-ROMAN: Round One to Greece

There seems little doubt any longer that the Greek victory over Italian forces has been as nearly complete as any action could be so early in a war.



DICTATOR METAXAS Rough going for Italy.

ing a crashing blow to Fascist morale that she sent big bomber squadrons to Taranto and smashed a goodly part of Italy's fleet.

Italy denied much damage except to one ship, so British sent over observation planes, took pictures, and reported the details.

Stories of the Greek successes over the Italian forces further were borne out by the tone of Italian broadcasts and dispatches, telling of "reorganization" of the Italian drive; appointment of a new commander; also the Greek reports of attacks inside Albanian territory.

Credit for the Greek victory was given to several factors: Greek knowledge of the terrain; enterprise of guerrilla bands; skill with the bayonet, and surprise machine-gun and artillery attacks on enemy columns in difficult mountain passes, plus sudden onslaughts of bad weather; also Premier John Metaxas has been watching fellow-dictator Mussolini for some time.

Add to this stories from prisoners that they had no heart for the war and had been promised a relatively bloodless invasion, and one got a pretty good picture of the opening of the Greco-Roman war.

There were no surface signs that Italy was quitting, however, but might be steaming ahead for a more determined effort.

BRITAIN:

Feels Heavy Blows

The war has become more bitter for England, with Germany heavily increasing aerial attacks on cities, raining bombs on London and industrial centers like Coventry.

British, ever frank in admitting losses, reported Coventry in ruins, thousands slain and wounded. London damage was said to be terrific.

Losses at sea are staggering, and a raider on the loose in mid-Atlantic smashed into at least one large convoy. Germans first announced entire convoy sunk, along with Rangitiki, armored merchantman, and Jervis Bay, an auxiliary cruiser, which were protecting other ships.

Apparently this claim was made when numbers of SOS signals were heard and then news of convoy suddenly ceased. But British finally came through with the news that of 39 ships, 9 were missing, and later two of them showed up.

Naval hero was the commander of the Jervis Bay which boldly steamed to meet her stronger enemy, forcing raider's fire on herself, and permitting convoy to scatter.

Scandinavian skipper in convoy was so stirred by such bravery that he refused to flee to any great distance, returned to scene hours later.

The British used 2,000-pound aerial torpedoes in sinking the vessels of the Italian fleet at Taranto, they reported. The planes fly low to the water, drop the torpedoes pointing at the ships. It's a dangerous job.

Americans returning from occupied France report bribery, gasoline bootlegging and the existence of a "black bourse" for dealing in foreign exchange.

er, and had pleasure of picking up 65 survivors, many wounded. Jervis Bay went to the bottom of the ocean with her gallant commander, who had one arm shot away during the engagement.

Over England, German bombers are using a new technique, making more difficult still the task of anti-aircraft fire and the work of fighters. They fly over the country in waves, traveling single file, which Indians discovered centuries ago was a good defensive formation.

First raider drops its bombs, and succeeding ships get a view of scene below in the glare of the first explosions and see better when and where to let go. Flying is done at 30,000 to 35,000 feet.

In many cases, however, British report bombing is done on "time tables" when there are cloud formations, the bombers flying certain mathematical distances from flying fields and then letting their cargoes go without any aim whatever.

That Britain is generally feeling the pinch was seen by reports of further restrictions in rationing. However, nothing as drastic was reported as the apparently authentic dispatch from Berlin that dog meat was made legal human fodder.

DIPLOMATS:

Home and Abroad

Diplomats, both domestic and foreign, came into their own as far as the spotlight was concerned.

In Berlin they buzzed about the capital like flies; Molotov, (for whom bombs have been named) arriving with 33 guards and associates; lessor lights from Italy and the Balkans hovering about the outskirts of the main Hitler-Molotov talks, with even a sprinkling of Japanese lurking about where they wouldn't have to rub elbows too closely with the "hated Russians."

It was another case of the mountain laboring and bringing forth a mouse—at least as far as the dispatches went, though there may be,

Mr. Dies, however, asking a million dollars of government money for a full probing of the situation, said he was going to publish a "white paper" giving names, addresses and full details of all the foreign consular agents, Russian, Japanese, German and Italian who are engaged in subversive activities, and whom he blames by implication for the chain of occurrences of damage and disaster to industry.

He recalls other events, like the war department fire which nearly destroyed the U. S. code books, and promises that he'll follow the smoke and find the fire.

Friends of the Dies committee pointed to the logical character of his hypothesis, that the Axis powers and partners would be very glad if disaster should overtake U. S. defense preparations, seeing that Mr. Roosevelt has promised Britain a fifty-fifty share in the whole job.

He and probably is a lot under the surface.

Out of it all has come to the public eye only the broadest platitudinous pledges.

Germany (with her Italian axis partner somewhat in the background) promises various powers that, if they are good, they will get something.

Germany and Italy will rule Europe.

Russia will get expansion room anywhere she wants as long as it doesn't interfere with European situations. Diplomats took this to mean at least a part of India and also perhaps Iran and portions of Turkey if she misbehaves.

Japan will get the rest of Asia, at least the southeastern part, and Russia and Japan are urged to get together at once about the rest of it.

In this country two diplomatic names stood out. Kennedy and Bullitt. The former was surrounded by a halo of rumors that he would resign following his "talk out of turn" in Boston. While denying much that was in the Globe interview, he continued to preach along about the same general lines, omitting his references to the death of democracy and the advent of national socialism in the United States.

Bullitt was being as signally rumored as Kennedy's successor. All he would say was that he wanted to resign to "speak and write" about conditions, and that the President had asked him to remain in public life, and that he was considering the matter.

British moves to get extension of U. S. credit for war purchases were started in this country, with every evidence that the effort will meet with the approval of the administration.

The duke of Windsor, in first of 14 interviews with Adela Rogers St. John, purporting to tell the story of his abdication and his love for the duchess, blames President Wilson for the present war, saying that a ruler of a country cannot compete with foreign diplomats. Wilson, he said, should not have attended the making of the Versailles pact.

LABOR: Green 'Collecting'



JOHN L. LEWIS Mr. Green 'collects'.

The American Federation of Labor quarrel with the C. I. O. was rapidly reaching its climactic stage with the President of the United States announcing that the achieving of a permanent labor peace as an aid to the defense program would be one of the first agenda of his administration's third term.

William Green, collecting the spotlight as a result of his championship of the Roosevelt candidacy, immediately responded that he was willing to make a peace sans Lewis.

John L. Lewis was given a roaring demonstration as the C. I. O. unionists gathered for their third annual convention in Atlantic City. At the opening of the meeting he told delegates he was "stepping down" as their leader and he urged a "new unity" for the organization. Lewis had declared he would resign if President Roosevelt were re-elected.

All commentators agreed, however, that labor peace would be a very good thing if and when it could be achieved.

SABOTAGE:

And Mr. Dies

Three explosions shattered powder plants in one hour; a crane fell over in a shipyard; a bridge fell apart on the West coast; fire attacked other plants, and the cry of "sabotage" was raised in the land.

The G-men, private and public detectives and Dies committee investigators have been running around at full speed trying to make miniature Black Toms out of each of these, or trying just as hard to disprove that they had anything to do with foreign agencies.

Mr. Dies, however, asking a million dollars of government money for a full probing of the situation, said he was going to publish a "white paper" giving names, addresses and full details of all the foreign consular agents, Russian, Japanese, German and Italian who are engaged in subversive activities, and whom he blames by implication for the chain of occurrences of damage and disaster to industry.

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

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

Score One for England With Hertzog's Quitting

NEW YORK.—It probably isn't safe to score the runs, hits and put-outs of this war too definitely, but it looks as though the retirement of scraggly old Gen. J. B. M. Hertzog from South African politics could well be put down as a count for England.

The former premier, a stubborn hold-out against war aid or closer alliance with Britain, relinquishes his leadership and resigns from the reunited Nationalist party.

He had formed this party early in the war, to unite dissident elements after his bitter political enemy, the durable Gen. Jan Smuts, had wrested the premiership from him on the issue of closer adherence to the British empire and its war aims.

The issue was fairly close and he recruited formidable opposition. His withdrawal appears to make this particular outpost of empire much safer for the British.

He would have made a good breaththit county feudist, with a quick trigger-finger and a long memory. He fought like one, in the hills and the veldt in the Boer war and of his ragged mustache and handscreable white beard an interviewer once said: "His whiskers bristled when I mentioned England."

Calling himself a "loose associationist," he has sought to make the tie with Britain looser and looser. He has been no apologist for Chancellor Hitler, but most of his views and attitudes have been those of a believer in the authoritarian state. He vigorously has opposed votes, beer and property for the blacks and has elaborated, with great intellectual facility, a scheme for a disciplined state, in which the supremacy of white culture is the keystone.

He is a Johannesburg lawyer and politician, brilliantly educated, the son of a Dutch clergyman. A stern old pietist, with the sharpest tongue in the commonwealth, he scolds the burghers for their unseemly behavior.

In the spring of 1929, the current high kicking and low thinking stirred him to an atabillous outbreak in which he said all this foolishness would be punished in a few months by the worst crash the world had ever known. He advised all hands to hide or bury anything they might have. Similar predictions have given him somewhat the role of a prophet in South Africa. "Old Jeremiah was right," they are apt to say.

With the equally tough and bell-cose old General Smuts he has engaged in much bare-handed political milling for many years, although they once were allies. General Hertzog became premier in 1933 and General Smuts never ceased firing until his victory last fall.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, the more internationally than nationally famous architect, sees the doom of the big city and the main hope for happy days in a generally de-centralized cosmos. Having heard him lecture several times, I cannot help thinking there is much wistful thinking in his prophecy.

Trapped in any big city, Mr. Wright should soon be a hospital case. Ever since he came from the prairie town of Richland Centre, Wis., he has had a feud with the big towns. He now finds a new ally in the imminence of bombing.

One of the world's great innovators, if not rebels, in architecture, he has won far more acclaim in other countries than his own. His greatest achievement was the Imperial hotel, in Tokyo. His unique blend of aesthetics and utility, passionately expounded in a wide philosophical context has stirred controversy, but always seized attention. In person, the unrelenting foe of the city is a big-town citizen, custom-made from tip to toe, easy and assured, but not urbane, because he's too displeased with cities.

HEADING the U. S. government's new flying wedge against Nazi propaganda in Latin-American countries is the genial James W. Young, chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. Mr. Young is chairman of the newly formed committee on communications, with \$3,000,000 to spend. Mr. Young was the first experienced business man to head the above bureau. At the age of 42, he had retired with a comfortable fortune as chairman of the board of the Lane Publishing company of Chicago.

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 December 1

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education, used by permission.

AN EXACTING DISCIPLESHIP

LESSON TEXT—Luke 9:49-62. GOLDEN TEXT—No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.—Luke 9:62.

Weak-kneed, watered-out, and "sickly" religious philosophies and activities have no right to call themselves Christian. Following Christ is not just a sweet sentimental impulse expressed in smooth words and formal religious exercises. It is a vital, virile, sacrificial faith which leads the true follower of Christ to be willing not only to die for Him, but also to live for Him in the face of opposition, hatred, yes, "through peril, toil and pain."

Let us put away these insipid imitations of Christianity which so often masquerade under its name and face our time with a call to discipleship which demands every fine, noble, manly and womanly quality. The lesson for today reveals that following Jesus (and please remember you are not ready to live for Him until you have been born again) calls for

I. Co-operation (vv. 49, 50).

The placing of the little child in their midst (vv. 46-48) and Jesus' words concerning true greatness revealed to John that he had been wrong in condemning the one who was working for Christ but who was not of their party. The true disciple recognizes that the man who truly loves and serves Christ is to be accepted in His name. We may not like his appearance, or his language, or his methods, or his friends, but we ought to love him and co-operate with him. Let us begin to practice that as well as to say we believe it.

II. Humility (vv. 51-53).

Gross discourtesy, evidently inspired by national hatred (the Jews and Samaritans had no dealings with each other), was shown toward the Lord Himself. His reaction gives us an example of humility, for He said not a word against them. The true follower of Jesus should expect such treatment from a hostile, devil-inspired world and emulate his master by showing love and

III. Patience (vv. 54-56).

The disciples wanted to show their power and authority by bringing the fires of destruction upon the enemies of Christ. That spirit has persisted in the church, the desire to call the fires of heaven (and possibly of hell) to destroy those who hinder or oppose us. Such is not the spirit of our God and His Christ, for He is "long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

IV. Sacrifice (vv. 57, 58).

The writer dislikes to use the word "sacrifice" in connection with our life and service for Christ, for in reality we sacrifice nothing which is not more than replaced (read Matt. 19:29). But at the same time it is true that God does call upon us as Christians to hold nothing dearer than our devotion to Him.

Following Christ is more than singing glibly or carelessly, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord." The one who starts out with Him is to count the cost (Luke 14:28-33). He must expect the same treatment as Christ (II Tim. 3:12) and be willing to take it gladly (John 15:20; I Pet. 2:21). We ought to make this plain to professed believers. Tell young people the truth and you will see that they are ready to respond to it. They are willing to give themselves sacrificially for causes of this earth—why not for Christ?

V. Devotion (vv. 59-62).

It has been said that Christ is either Lord of all or He is not Lord at all. Even the demands which love may present on behalf of our aged father must not be permitted to stand between the Lord and His disciple. Christianity is considerate and courteous, and our Lord is not here suggesting any neglect of the duties or amenities of life. The point is rather that the Lord must have first place whatever else may call for second thought.

The blight on the life and service of most Christians is that almost anything and everything else is allowed to take first place and the Lord must be satisfied with second or third place. Sometimes one wonders if He is given any real place at all in some lives. No one who puts his hand to the plough in God's Kingdom and then wants to defer following through until a more convenient season, or who wants to go back to "bid farewell" to someone who for the moment is more important than the Lord, is fit for His service. The way of joy and usefulness is the way of full and unconditional yielding to Him.

In Spite of Imperfections He brought me forth also into a large place: he delivered me, because he delighted in me.—II Sam. 22:20.

The Main Issue Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—Proverbs 4:23.

Accessory Set for Sports or Campus

SPORTS accessories like this are much in vogue among smart young things, not only for sports, but also for campus and runabout. Design No. 1265-B includes runabout, calot and chunky mittens, all of which you can easily make for yourself—all, of course, except the



feather in the calot! The waist is drawn in to a tiny waistline by back-fastened side belts—just like its masculine prototype; all three gay little gadgets are trimmed with stitching.

Choose felt, flannel or suede for the set, and make it not only for yourself, in different colors, but also to tuck away for gifts. Step-by-step sew chart with pattern.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1265-B is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Corresponding bust measurements 29, 31, 33 and 37. Size 13 (31) requires 1 yd. of 54-inch material; 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material to line. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. Room 1224 Chicago 111 W. Wacker Dr. Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size Name Address

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Wasted Advice Who gives advice to a fool, beats the air with a stick.

HANDY Home Uses MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

In Quietude I have need to busy my heart with quietude.

Isn't This Why You Are Constipated?

What do you eat for breakfast? Coffee, toast, maybe some eggs? What do you eat for lunch and dinner? White bread, meat, potatoes? It's little wonder you're constipated. You probably don't eat enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat. It's a kind of food that forms a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a movement. If this is your trouble, may we suggest a crunchy toasted cereal—Kellogg's All-Bran—for breakfast. All-Bran is a natural food, not a medicine—but it's particularly rich in "bulk." Being so, it can help you not only to get regular, but to keep regular. Eat All-Bran regularly, and drink plenty of water. Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

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calot! The waist
a tiny waistline by
side belts—just like
prototype; all three
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art with pattern.

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ULSION
st Colds, Bronchitis

nd Advice
advice to a fool
with a stick.

ne Uses
LINE
OLEUM JELLY

quietude
to busy my heart

This Why
Constipated?

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Kellogg's in Battle
condition is chron-
consult a physician.

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THE TIGER POST

Contributors for this week:
Cobbs, Joyce Dowell
Reporters

Wilson, Jimmie Holland
Burrows, Naomi Hancock
Hudnitz, Mary Alice Ledger-
Billie Cortis, Hazel Smith
Reneau, Joyce Fulbright
well, Pat Cobbs, Oran Back
Paul Bond
Typists
Goodman, Cleo Shelburne
Mas Wade, Ercy Glen Ful-
and Bobby Campbell

**Editorial
AFTER SCHOOL DAYS**

By Hazel Smith
After year we come and go
from school forgetting that
school days will be over.
will go into the world to
our place among the many
in the business world.
our senior year comes we
to the fact that if we had
our future years ago and
toward that goal we would
much better fitted for our
in the world.
we were freshmen we didn't
that we wanted, when we were
sore we didn't care, when we
sore we were too busy, but
we are seniors and must make
the best of it.

When we entered high school
we never intended to go to
so we took easy subjects and
along. Now, when our high
days are almost over, we de-
want to go to college, and
lack the required subjects.
ation like this is far from a
age, but we have only our-
to blame. The only answer is
year in high school or some
college, and we hate the
of either.

We liked school when our
was there, but to go back
year with the under class
thing even the best of stud-
n't like to think of.
comes the day when we have
down a good job because
no college education. At a
like this we think of our
s, and the thoughts we think
any too pleasant.

DUROY OUTFITS POPULAR

Appling, Frances Sitter and
Little may be seen strolling
in their new red, tan and
corduroy skirts; while Evonne
and Ruth Humphreys may be
in their red corduroy jackets.
as though the whole school
be in for corduroy, so this may
be a "fall for corduroy."

THE MYSTERY STORIES?

Patricia Wentworth builds such a
of foreboding and impending
in "The Blind Side" that the
is carried right into the thick
mystery. Inspector Lamb of
Yard has his work cut out
in this investigation, with
disclosure of Ross Craddock's
ble character. The character-
s are Patricia Wentworth at
est-lovable, old-fashioned Miss
placed among the smart, so-
ated young Craddocks is price-
"The Blind Side" moves so
and swiftly the reader will
at that answer neck and neck
Inspector Lamb.

Inspector Lamb, in an
air-spun setting has the mys-
tale, "Special Agent," but the
famed section of the United
Department of Justice, whose
his real-life detective work is
his most potent aid against
especially against the keen
frightened criminals whose de-
can be broken down by super-
ation and the aid of the most
the-minute discoveries of mod-
science. James McCarthy, the
doesn't picture Philip Miles
master-mind detective. He is a
fully human, intelligent, level-
operative of the kind who has
such glamor and prestige to
wards "Special Agent of the
Bureau of Investigation." The
is an accurate and fascinating
out of the workings of the al-
man machines in the FBI
division.

SNOOPER

Under why Melvin Bailey is so
anted in where that cute little
and from Lela lives?
Phillips hurries home every
s. Could it be those letters
Port D. A. Russell?
is Oleta Cunningham plan-
as big on graduation? Could
region have anything to do with

Miller has a habit of going
sore. Why?
do high school students have
their courting in public places?
grade school stuff!

Juanita Campbell and Jack Harris
are at it again.

VISITS DURING HOLIDAYS

The following teachers and stud-
ents visited in other towns during
the Thanksgiving holidays; Mr. Gwinn
Cumby; Miss Beaty, Abilene; Miss
McIlhenny, Amarillo and Wheeler;
Miss Cousins, Amarillo; Mr. Cryer,
Port Worth; Miss Hall, Goodwell;
Jess Ledbetter, Marvin Grigsby, Ida
Mae Stockton, Bonnie Cumble, Earline
McPherson, Shamrock; James and
Emma Reneau, Clinton; Robert Gib-
son, Amarillo; Duella Wood, Claren-
don; Frances Sitter, Columbia, Mo.,
and Illinois; Frances Hardin, Duncan,
Okla.

"RISERS" FOR BAND

The band had some "risers" built
for them that elevate the second and
third rows of the band. They are
built so that they may be used in
the band hall, for park and auditor-
ium concerts and for football games.
They are built large enough to ac-
commodate more band members that
might join the band.
The band concert that is to be
given at a later date is to include
classical and popular numbers. There
will be several solos on the program.
This promises to be a very interest-
ing concert.

I NEVER KNEW TILL NOW

"I like to wear cowboy boots, lots
of lipstick, and chew gum. I don't
like people who do not have a sense
of humor, or that are always nose-
ing into my business. Most of all I
hate for a baldheaded man or a lady
with a red turban on to sit in front
of me in the theatre.
"Baloney and chilli are my favor-
ite dishes. I like ranch life best
and hope to own a ranch in Mexico
some day. My ideal man is tall,
dark and handsome. Airplanes fasci-
nate me and I like aviators best.
I hope to be as good in typing and
shorthand as Miss Beaty, and my
happiness will be complete when I
know my English as well as Miss
Cousins."
Elva Blakenhip was born in Soper,
Okla., June 20, 1924. She has attend-
ed school at McLean and Almarred.
Her favorite song is "San Antonio
Rose" and her nickname is "Sherry."

EX-STUDENTS VISIT HOME

The ex-students who were home
from college for the Nov. 21 Thank-
sgiving holidays are as follows:
Opal Thacker, Jeff Coffey, R. L.
Floyd, Ermadel Floyd, Bill Cooke and
Vester Lee Smith, from Texas Tech
at Lubbock; John Byrd Guill, Robert
Wilson, Eula Fay Foster, Mary Alice
Patterson, Mabel Back and Norman
Trimble from West Texas at Can-
yon; Donovan D'Spain, James Ful-
bright and Bernice McClellan from
A. C. C. at Abilene; and Julia Mae
Morris from Clarendon Junior Col-
lege.

The students that are attending
Draught's Business College at Okla-
homa City got out Saturday, as
Oklahoma observes Nov. 28 as Thank-
sgiving Day. Those who are home
from there are Marie Eadey, June
Blackerby and Clytton Wilkerson.

McLEAN LOSES LAST GAME

The McLean Tigers lost their last
conference game to an inspired Irish
team last Friday night at Denver
Field in Shamrock.
In losing this all-important game,
they lost all chances to win the dis-
trict championship. Shamrock, loser
of one conference game, has been
declared district winner, although
Clarendon has only lost one game.
All scoring in last week's game
came within two minutes of play.
McLean scored first when Lee ran
fifty-five yards with an intercepted
pass to cross the Shamrock goal line
standing up. Braxton failed to con-
vert. On the first play after the
following kick-off, Simms, Irish right
half, raced 59 yards to score for the
Irishmen. The try for extra point
was blocked.
The Tigers received the Irish kick-
off and after two ground plays
punted. The kick was blocked and
during the ensuing scramble for the
ball, it was knocked across the
Tiger goal and covered by the Sham-
rock center. The game ended 13-6
in favor of Shamrock.

A WAR GRIMACE

By A. T. Wilson
Said the British trooper to the
German snooper:
"If you're such a rover, why don't
you come over?"
Said the German snooper to the
British trooper:
"There's no field of clover between
here and Dover."
See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th.
Advertisement 1c

Library News

By Mrs. Lady Bryant

Books are friends, come let us read.
Read in the library your free period
art, crafts, fiction, history, hobbies,
science, and travel.
"Christ in Concrete" is a powerful
lyrical piece of writing. These peo-
ple do not wink or glance at life,
they do not dilute their sins, joys
or shortcomings. They are a vital
part of their world, taking life in
their own hands and conquering or
being conquered in its struggle.
Leave a list of modern book titles
you would like to read, at the desk
in the library to be ordered from
time to time.
Anyone wishing to contribute to
the book fund may do so by drop-
ping your pennies in the bank on
the librarian's desk. This contri-
bution is used for the purchasing of
new books only.
There have been three fiction books
and a Lincoln Library added to the
collection.
Open hours at the library are from
12 to 5 p. m. except on Sundays and
legal holidays. Visit your library
today.

News from Heald

A birthday social was given at the
church Friday night.
Mrs. Eula Hart of Little Rock,
Ark., visited her brother, Cleed God-
win, and family this week.
Miss Beatrice Garmon, who is
attending school at Canyon, spent
the Thanksgiving holidays with her
parents here.
Mr. and Mrs. Arbie Lankford and
son, Billy, spent Sunday with Mr.
and Mrs. Kester Rippy.
Several from this community at-
tended the McLean-Shamrock foot-
ball game at Shamrock Friday night.
The Home Demonstration Club met
Tuesday with Mrs. Jack Bailey. Of-
ficers were elected for the following
year and plans were made for the
Christmas party. The roll call was
answered with "What I want for
Christmas." Those present were Mes-
dames Bill Bailey, Loula Ladd, Kes-
ter Rippy, Nida Green, Frank Bailey,
Andy Nelson, Tom Harlan, Glynn
Pugh, Grandma Rogers, and the
hostess, Mrs. Jack Bailey.
Paul Kennedy visited in this com-
munity Friday.
Frank Bailey and Glynn Pugh were
in Lefors Friday.
Mrs. H. C. Nelson and children
of Dimmitt have returned home after
several days visit with relatives here.

**Neglect May Invite
Pylorrhea**

An astringent for superficial sor-
ness that must please the user or
druggists return money if first bottle
of "LETO'S" fails to satisfy. CITY
DRUG STORE.

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We serve good food in a
pleasant, homey atmosphere.
Meals are delightful here.
Particular people are pleased
with our service. Eat with us
often.

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**EMERGENCY
PHILOSOPHY**

Be ready for any emergency
by creating a reserve physically,
financially, morally and spirit-
ually, for if you don't, when
it comes somebody who has will
have to tail you up, and even
he may not be able to do so;
for instance, the five foolish
virgins.

A. T. Wilson
At the Hermitage

**Household
Hints**

By
Mrs. Arreva
D. French

who conducted
The News'
Happy Kitchen
Cooking School



If paper sticks to package of
raisins, place in oven for few min-
utes and the wrapping may be re-
moved easily. It will also cause
the raisins to separate and fall apart.
Add a little baking powder to the
flour in which you roll your chicken
or other meats before frying. This
insures a fine crisp outer covering.
To reheat rolls or biscuits, put
them in a wet paper bag, tie up
tightly and heat in oven.
To keep a loaf or layer cake fresh
after cutting, wrap a large slice of
fresh bread with it before putting
away. The bread will dry out, but
the cake will remain moist and
tasty.
Apple sauce placed on biscuit
dough, baked and served with cream,
is a hearty dessert and one suitable
for children.
A delicious salad can be made by
stuffing peeled, chilled tomatoes with
crab or shrimp salad.

EAT IN COMFORT

amid pleasant surroundings and an
atmosphere of relaxation.
We pride ourselves upon the qual-
ity of our foods, cooked and served
in a way you enjoy.

**MEADOR CAFE
On Highway 66**

**EXPERT
LUBRICATING
SERVICE**

for the Car Owner Who Cares
Winter driving demands the
best in lubrication. You can
safely entrust your car to us.
We use Phillips 66 oils and
greases. Phillips 66 makes
your car run better.

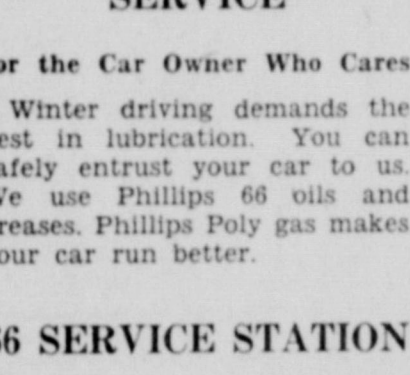
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H. N. HODGES

66 SERVICE STATION

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CHEVROLET for '41
HAS A 90-H.P.
ENGINE!**

**AGAIN CHEVROLET'S
the LEADER!**



Remember, when you buy your new car
this fall, that what you are really buying is
power to travel!
And power to travel—far, wide and hand-
somerly, at low cost—is the envied specialty
of this big, beautiful, bullet-like Chevrolet
for '41.
It's the most powerful of all the biggest-
selling low-priced cars... the only one with
a 90-h.p. engine... the only one with a
Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine—the type
that holds all world's records for perform-
ance on land, sea and in the air.
Get more power at low cost—more beauty,
more comfort, more luxury, too—in this
newest edition of America's biggest-selling
car. See it at your Chevrolet dealer's—today!

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LOW-PRICED CARS**

**ONLY
CHEVROLET for '41
HAS A 90-H.P.
ENGINE!**

**AGAIN CHEVROLET'S
the LEADER!**

Eye it •• Try it •• Buy it!

* THRILLING NEW BIGNESS * NEW LONGER
WHEELBASE * CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS—Dush-
ing New "Aristoyle" Design * LONGER, LARGER,
WIDER FISHER BODIES with No Draft Ventilation * DE
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VALVE-IN-HEAD "VICTORY" ENGINE * ORIGINAL
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT at no extra cost * SAFE-
T-SPECIAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES * Plus many more
outstanding comfort, safety and convenience features.

Cooke Chevrolet Co. McLean, Tex.

MISSED HIS SCHOOLING

Pa—It's a terrible thing I sold
my car and mortgaged my house and
land, just to send my son to the
university. And all he does there is
smoke, dance and take girls out to
parties.
Neighbor—Oh, so you're regretting
it, eh?
Pa—You're dern tootin'. I should
have gone myself!

MISLEADING TITLE

Customer—Have you a book called
"Man, the Master of Women"?
Salesgirl—The fiction department is
on the other side, sir.
Buy printing in McLean.

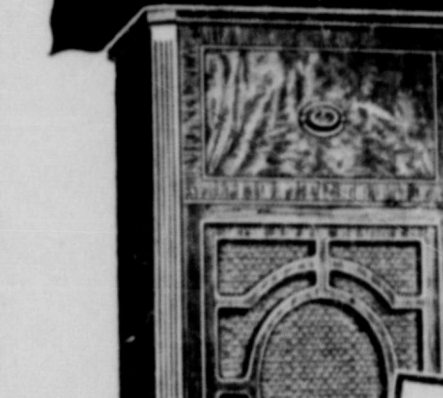
**DON'T SLEEP WHEN
GAS PRESSES HEART**

If you can't eat or sleep be-
cause gas bloats you up, try
Adlerika. One dose usually re-
lieves pressure on heart from
stomach gas due to constipation.
Adlerika cleans out BOTH
bowels.

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Longer!
• And You Get All the
Beauty in the Record!

PHILCO 609P (above) Heppelwhite Design.
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available as optional equipment at moderate extra cost.

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Eye it •• Try it •• Buy it!

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WHEELBASE * CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS—Dush-
ing New "Aristoyle" Design * LONGER, LARGER,
WIDER FISHER BODIES with No Draft Ventilation * DE
LUKE KNEE-ACTION ON ALL MODELS * 90-H.P.
VALVE-IN-HEAD "VICTORY" ENGINE * ORIGINAL
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT at no extra cost * SAFE-
T-SPECIAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES * Plus many more
outstanding comfort, safety and convenience features.

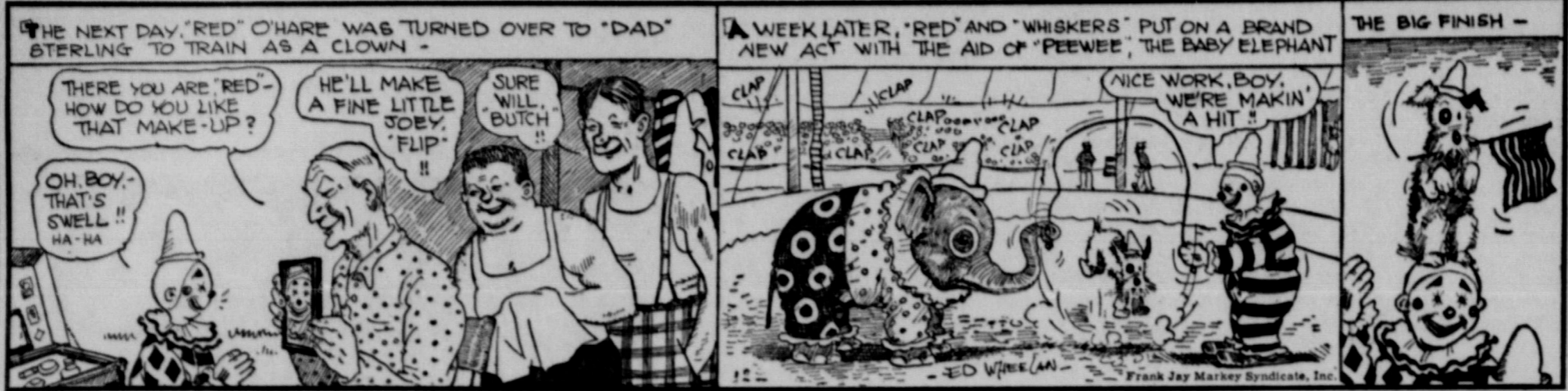
Cooke Chevrolet Co. McLean, Tex.

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Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

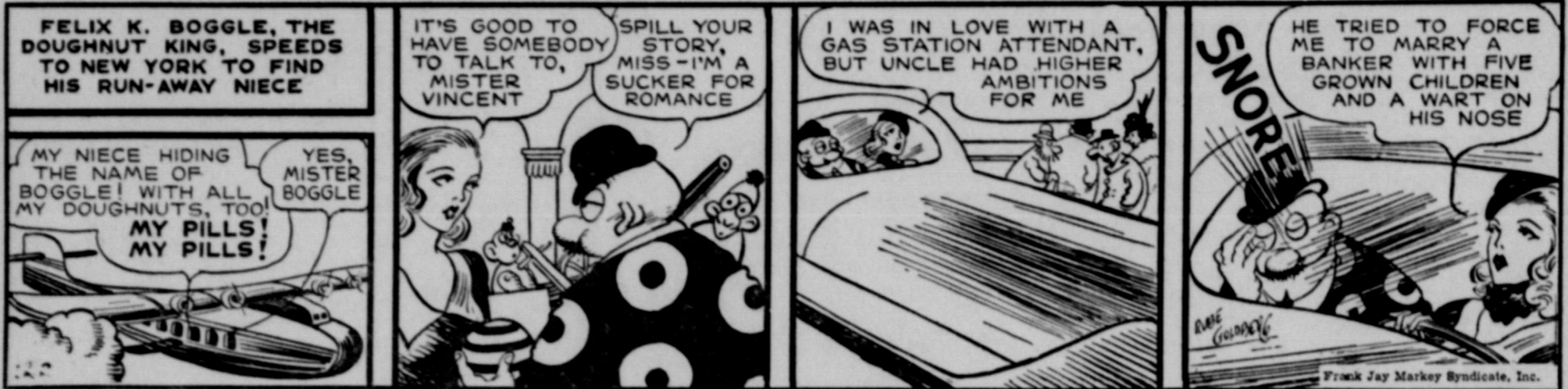
BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA —A Bad Listener

By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP—"No Comment on the Chow, Soldier," Says Maw

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

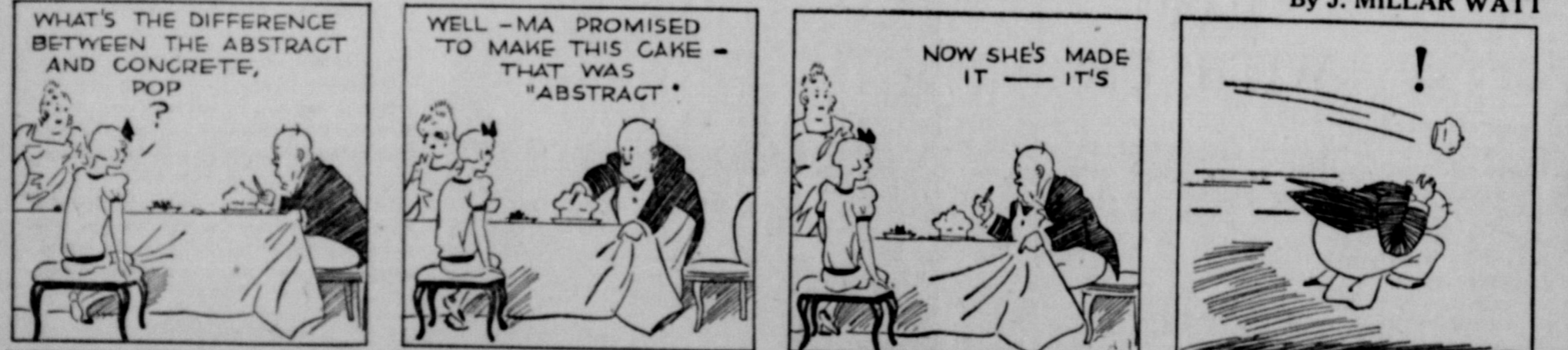
By S. L. HUNTLEY

Not the Forward Type



POP—Hard to Say, Moreen

By J. MILLAR WATT



THE SPORTING THING BY G. LANG ARMSTRONG



NEW SHOES

By G. L. WILLIAMS



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Pop Up — for the day and the night

PHOTO FINISHING

ROLLS DEVELOPMENT
8 prints and 2-1/2" enlargements of 16 prints

Set of Shelves From Spools and Can Lid

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE other day I went to the Hobby Show and there, hanging on the wall with a blue ribbon pinned on it, were the shelves from SEWING Book 20. Of course, I searched out the girl who had made them, and she told me that she had also made the end table of spools that is



Book 5. I felt most as proud as she did. All her friends are saving spools for her and her need at the moment was, "something to make for Mother Christmas."

Here is my suggestion. An adaptable set of three corner shelves made of a lid from a tin can box, one from a cracker can and a coffee can put together with wire, spools and two beads. The shelves were painted cherry red and hung up with a brass hook to hold salt and pepper shakers, vinegar cruet, and other things for making salads. Any homemaker will think of a dozen places where this handy set of shelves could be used. All the directions are here in this sketch.

There is time to make the hanging shelves in Book 3, or the end table in Book 5. Before Christmas, if you mail your order for these booklets today, send for:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 19 New York
Bedford Hills
Enclose 20c for Books 3 and 5.
Name
Address

"Stopped Eating Things I Liked"

because of gas, sour stomach and heartburn. ADLERKA relieves me. Now I eat anything I like. (J. M. Ark.) If spells of constipation upset YOU, try quick-acting ADLERKA today.

AT YOUR DRUG STORE

From the Sword
The next great task of humanity is not deliverance by the sword, but deliverance from the sword.

"DISAPPEARS"

... is the word that describes Penetro's action as it vanishes in skin surface. Get after colds' miseries by rubbing throat and chest with stainless white Penetro. Rub tonight for greater aid from rest, one of Nature's greatest colds fighters. Economical 10c, 25c sizes.

PENETRO

Fox and Geese
When a fox preaches, beware of your geese.

WOMEN IN "40's"

Read This Important Message!
Do you dread those "trying years" (35 to 45)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS? Do you fear hot flashes, weight gain, or other women's ills? THEN LISTEN! These symptoms often result from functional disorders. So start today and take Famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm nervous and lessening annoying, "female" irregularities. One of the most effective "women's" tonics. Try it!

BARGAINS

—that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants.

IN THIS PAPER

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Enforcement of Texas liquor laws given fresh impetus on several fronts in September.

The first time in San Antonio, a jury gave a liquor law violator 90 days in jail besides a fine.

The result of investigations by the Big Spring district, approximately 40 supplemental beer licenses were surrendered for cancellation on the action, the commissioner said, in part.

Spring News said, in part: "The general public certainly appreciates the efforts of liquor control boards are now making to clean up honky-tonks along our highways. Honky-tonk citizens would make it a point to visit a small number of worst offending honky-tonks on Saturday night they would be appreciative of the efforts the board is putting forth to force the operators to obey the law or get out of business."

In the same time in Dallas, Inspector of City Detectives Will Fritz said 500 taverns and cafes there would be put under police surveillance for the next few months to determine whether these places were being operated in an orderly fashion or whether they were being used as hang-outs for animals and law violators.

Fritz said evidence accumulated by men would be presented to the court control board.

Throughout the 17 enforcement districts, inspectors filed 250 cases in September and reported 175 convictions against only three acquittals and 19 dismissals. Fines totaled \$12,175.60, and there were 11 jail terms.

Inspectors also made 186 non-criminal cases involving licenses and permits during the month, and reported the capture and destruction of 43 stills.

In Bowie county a moonshiner was captured after firing a rifle at inspectors who seized his still, and another still-site in the same county was shot up.

A Corpus Christi, inspectors found stills after a leaky burner on the had set the moonshiner's house fire.

Besides the still, which had a cubic capacity of 2,437 gallons, inspectors destroyed 7,210 gallons of mash and 4 1/2 gallons of contraband liquor confiscated 11 cars and made 53 arrests.

Destruction of the stills prevented the potential evasion of \$40,324.80 in state taxes.

YELLOW FEVER

Paradoxical as it may seem, the mosquito which causes yellow fever is responsible for the geographic extension of the United States.

When the British took possession of Florida and garrisoned the territory with troops, Great Britain felt that she had obtained an excellent base of ground for colonization.

Many hundreds died of yellow fever. Great Britain withdrew her soldiers—defeated by the mosquitoes—and Spain took over her former possession.

Mosquitoes continued their attacks on Spanish troops, and they, too, perished, having been depleted by paths from yellow jack. Consequently Spain was only too glad, in 1819, to sell Florida to the United States.

France owned Santo Domingo and Haiti. The natives rebelled against French rule and Napoleon sent an army of 25,000 fighting men to put down the revolt. A yellow fever epidemic broke out among the men and 22,000 Frenchmen died.

The return of this decimated and debilitated body of troops had a most depressing effect upon the French nation and Napoleon. The little corporal had in mind, after the landing of soldiers in Louisiana, to make a drastic effort to acquire the territory in the American continent.

The fact that Louisiana was at that time a hotbed of yellow fever, prompted Napoleon, who also feared the British, to sell this entire region to the United States in 1803.—W. E. Cunningham, M. D.

A sailor, after placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of incense on a nearby grave, and asked him: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat the rice?"

The old Chinaman, smiling, replied as follows: "Same time your friend comes up to smell flowers."

When friendship is settled, you must trust; before it is formed, you must pass judgment.—Seneca.

HUMOR ON THE FARM

Some scientist has discovered that farmers seldom laugh. He has also discovered why they are not given to outbursts of mirth.

His theory is that their environment makes them sober minded. Working alone in the open fields, face to face with nature, he thinks, naturally makes men serious.

But a farmer friend of ours does not agree with this scientific chap. He has another explanation for the peculiarly which the professor thinks he has found in tillers of the soil. This is what he has to say concerning it:

"He may be right in spots, but communing with nature ain't what keeps me from laughing. It is that darned old red steer that gets in the garden at exactly the wrong time; that old spotted cow that kicks when you milk her; that blamed white mule that can jump the moon; along with forty million cockle-burs; fourteen thousand chores, besides trimming the hedge fence and cutting the sprouts out of the new grounds. And, too, a four months drought in growing time and a fourteen inch rain at gathering time don't hatch grins very fast.

"Take that old white mule, for instance. Put him in the barn and when you come back he's in the pasture. Put him in the pasture and when you come back he's in somebody else's pasture.

"When we got ready to start to town last week I said to the old woman: 'I'll stall that dratted mule for once.' I put him in the smoke house and nailed up the door. There's just one window in the smoke house and it is ten feet from the door.

"When we came back that blasted mule was in the middle of Johnston's corn field—with that window sash around his neck.

"Now a town man would have laughed his fool head off about it, but by the time I got four hired men to help me run that beast across four fields and corner it and had paid Johnston four dollars, there wasn't a grin on my face as big as the wrinkle on an egg shell.

"No, sir, the reason there ain't no laughter on the farm is because there ain't no call for it."—N. C. Ball.

See Mr. Scroggs, Friday the 13th. Advertisement 1tc

HELP WANTED

Male or Female

Bring the butcher and the baker, Bring along the undertaker, Bring the dry goods man, the clothier and the draper, Bring the preacher and the knafer, Bring the teacher and the chauffeur, Let them come and tell us how to run this paper.

Why, sure; anyone can do it. It's a cinch. There's nothing to it. It's a pudding—even easier than that. It's a simple proposition. That requires no erudition. And experience isn't worth a rap.

So trot out the clerks and brokers, Bring the engineer and stokers; Bring the politicians loafing on the street, Bring the doctor and the drummer, And we'll have 'em tell us how to run this sheet.

Won't it be a great convention; 'Twill attract world-wide attention. What suggestions. What monitions. What decrees.

But—for fear there'll be confusion, Let us mention in conclusion That we'll run the thing exactly as we please.

—N. C. Ball.

And in the world, as in the school, You know how fate may turn and shift; The prize be sometimes to the fool, The race not always to the swift.

Who misses or who gains the prize, Go, lose or conquer as you can, But if you fall or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—Thackeray.

See Mr. Scroggs, Friday the 13th. Advertisement 1tc

Mrs. T. A. Landers visited in Amarillo the first of the week.

BITTER PRESCRIPTION

Recently a tightfisted old man who was very ill asked a friend to recommend a physician. The friend named a certain specialist, noted not only for his professional skill, but for his wit.

"Does he charge a lot?" asked the sick man.

"Not exactly," said the friend. "He'll charge you \$5 for the first visit and \$2 for every call thereafter."

The old fellow soon afterwards trudged into the office of the physician named by his friend. He had thought of a plan to save some money. Upon being admitted to the consulting room, he laid down \$2 remarking: "Well, doctor, here I am again."

The physician calmly picked up the money and put it into a drawer, which he locked securely. The sick man looked on, expectantly awaiting and next move.

"Well, I'm ready to be examined," said the old miser impatiently.

"I don't think it's necessary," replied the shrewd specialist. "There's no need to do it again. Keep right on taking the same medicine. Good day, sir!"

What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself.—Frank Crane.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Henley of Fort Sumner, N. M., visited here over the week end.

BACHELORS, LOOK OUT!

Mrs. Neighbor—I've been looking for my husband for two hours. Spinster—That's nothing. I've been looking for one for twenty years and haven't found him yet.

There was a little lawyer man, Who gently smiled as he began. His dear husband's will to scan. And, thinking of his coming fee, He said to her quite tenderly, "You have a nice fat legacy." Next morning as he lay in bed With plasters on his broken head, He wondered what he had said.

—ScCoSan Piper.

An editor is a guy who feels so gully whenever he takes a vacation that he writes long daily articles home about it to save his conscience and annoy his readers.—Hutchinson (Kan.) News.

THINKING OUT LOUD

It's remarkable how those filling station people know exactly where to set up a pump and get gas!—A Magazet.

Give work rather than aims to the poor. The former drives out indolence, the latter industry.—Tryon Edwards.

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

LESLIE JONES DAIRY

Sanitary Barns - - T. B. Tested Cows

Pure Whole Milk at Your Grocer's or Delivered to Your Home

PHONE 14

STAR Bargain RATES

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

1941 WILL BE one of the most eventful years in the world's history. The war spreading throughout the world and our own national defense program affect the lives of every man, woman and child in the United States. It affects every phase of agriculture and business. Next year—of all years—you will want The STAR-TELEGRAM which will reach you first, with all the news and pictures from everywhere. A COMPLETE STATE DAILY NEWS-PAPER with features for your entire family. Take advantage of the special low rates that enable you to keep fully informed of fast-changing events as they happen in 1941.

DAILY WITH SUNDAY
Regular Price \$10.00

YOU SAVE \$2.55 \$7.45 BARGAIN PRICE 7 DAYS A WEEK

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
Regular Price \$8.00

\$6.45 BARGAIN PRICE 6 DAYS A WEEK

YOU SAVE \$1.55

Good Until Dec. 31

For a short time only the mail subscription price is reduced. SAVE BY BRINGING YOUR ORDER TO THIS OFFICE.

Latest WAR NEWS by RADIO & CABLES

Lots of PICTURES LOCAL and by WIRE

Complete MARKETS Stocks, Grain Livestock etc.

DAILY FULL PAGE COMICS 12 Colored Pages Sunday

BEST EDITORIALS Columnists & Cartoons

Society WOMAN'S PAGE Fashion Recipes Serial Stories

PUCKETT'S Friday Saturday

--- Specials ---

Sugar 10 lb. cloth bag not sold alone **45c**

CRISCO 45c 3 lb can

OXYDOL 19c 25c box

Coffee Schilling's 1 lb can 23c 2 lb can 45c

MILK Armour's 7 small cans 25c

Hominy No. 2 can 5c

CHERRY CHOCOLATES 1 lb box 19c

Salad Dressing a Big 4 qt. value **14c**

BEANS RANCH STYLE 3 for 25c

Corn Del Monte No. 2 10c

Peaches gallon 32c

Prunes gallon 29c

SUGAR POWDERED 2 pkgs. for 15c

Jell-o asst. flavors 5c

Dog Food Ideal 2 for 15c dozen 85c

Bacon Rex sliced lb. 20c

Oleo MOR per can lb. 10c 19c

Hams half or whole lb. 19c

Pork Roast lb. 17c

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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PAPER

I GET CUSSED

I am the weekly newspaper. I make no effort to cover national news or state news unless it has direct bearing on the people in my community. Sometimes I get cussed out for not carrying this news. And sometimes when I do, I get cussed out for it.

I try to avoid editorializing in my news columns. I take the "lovely" from in front of the "refreshments." I take the "beautiful" from in front of the "bride." I state facts in funeral stories, rather than print some flattering material which may or may not be true. I always get cussed for this.

I try to serve the people of my town and its trade territory, try to cooperate in what I think is worthwhile. When I cooperate in something which someone does not like, I get cussed for it.

I have to be "manufactured" every week, but some people can't realize it. They insist on bringing in some week-old item just before press—then wonder why it doesn't "get in the paper," or why it contains some error made in the rush. I get cussed for this.

I give worlds of publicity to various activities—some very good activities, and some not so good. If I don't give publicity, I get cussed for it.

I publish little personal items, mainly because most everyone likes to see his name in the paper. I have to rely on these people to tell me where they have been, or who visited them. If I don't carry their visitings, I get cussed for it. If I do, I sometimes get cussed for it. And if I happen to spell their names wrong, or say they went where they didn't, I always get cussed for it.

I have to depend on revenue from advertising for my upkeep. Many merchants appreciate their ads, and know they are paid to advertise. Others are benefitted indirectly and don't realize they are benefitted by the ads—and I get cussed for it.

I have to support other types of advertising—such as those on posters, books, programs, and the like—advertising which does me no good. If I don't support them—I get cussed for it.

I go into the hands of my subscribers once a week. If something happens to me on the way to the subscriber, if I am lost or misplaced in the mail, if any of a number of things keep me from getting to my subscriber, I get cussed for it.

I have one great privilege, however. I can print what I want to print in this editorial space. I can say what I want to say because this is a democratic nation. I can be of great benefit to my country by helping keep this nation from becoming a dictator-controlled nation. I am the first line of defense.

I am a weekly newspaper.—Memphis Democrat.

FOR COMFORT

The following precepts for those who wish to cultivate calmness and self-possession, to live longer and enjoy life more fully, were recently published in the Masonic News of Montreal, Canada:

Learn to like what doesn't cost much.

Learn to like reading, conversation, music.

Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking.

Learn to like fields, trees, woods, brooks, fishing, rowing, hiking.

Learn to like life for its own sake.

Learn to like people, even though many of them may be as different from you as a Chinese.

Learn to like to work and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done.

Learn to like the song of the birds, the companionship of dogs, and laughter and gaiety of children.

Learn to like gardening, carpentering, pattering around the house, the lawn and the automobile.

Learn to like the sunrise and sunset, the beating of the rain on roof and windows, and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day.

Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by things and the opinions of others.

Roger Babson says: "I shall emphasize the great economic loss to the nation in income, taxes and permanent growth, for which the liquor traffic is responsible. I shall show how that for a few hundred million a year in taxes our nation annually is wasting several billions, increasing the crime bill greatly. After deducting all taxes received from the liquor traffic our country is suffering a net loss of nearly five billions of dollars a year."

Hokum—Why is it that the eagle, the bison and the Indian are shown on our coins, although they are all practically extinct?

Jokum—I suppose it is to carry out the idea of secrecy.

MORE DEADLY THAN BOMBERS

When a bomber of a warring nation destroys important industries and kills helpless people, it causes public consternation and determination to correct the evil.

Minor news items in Oregon in two days reported death and destruction by fire which puts the average bomber to shame. For instance, three children were trapped and burned to death in an upstairs bedroom in their home and a neighbor was injured in attempting their rescue. Fire swept through and virtually destroyed a logging community comprised of homes and an abandoned sawmill. Another blaze destroyed a seed experimental plant and canned milk to the value of \$150,000. A fourth fire swept through a railroad siding at a cost of \$75,000. A fifth fire burned a sawmill at a cost of \$40,000, leaving 80 employees jobless.

That's better than the average record of death and destruction caused by a modern bomber, and yet it is simply the report of the fires in one sparsely settled state for two days. Multiply that record by 48 states and increase it in proportion to population, and you have an idea of what the enemy, fire, is costing this nation. If bombers caused as much damage, the loss would be blazoned in the headlines across the land.

While insurance covers some of the material loss from fire, it cannot replace the 10,000 lives that it wipes out annually, or the thousands of jobs that are destroyed, loss of business, or priceless possessions.

As every citizen pays in some way or other when fire strikes, every citizen should be vitally interested in fire prevention. Every effort should be made to eliminate fire hazards and control fire.—Industrial News Review.

ROUTE TO ACHIEVEMENT

A young man looking for the secrets of success might as well give up the search. The secrets have been discovered many years ago and every one of them put into print dozens or hundreds of times. The thing for the ambitious young man to do is to select several well known truths and follow the route to town with these markers constantly in mind.

Diligence will attain a certain amount of material success in life and give an untroubled old age as sure reward. But to the more ambitious, the two most likely to give a good measure of wealth and real satisfaction are concentration of purpose and willingness to accept responsibility.

The world eventually steps aside for the man who knows where he is going. In some strange manner an intent purpose that does not even have to be patently intent, becomes transmitted to fellow workers and superiors and the way becomes progressively easier. Thus, concentrating on a single purpose gives a double advantage: it builds up increased knowledge and skill along a particular line and it opens up the way ahead.

But no amount of concentration or desire will get a young man very far unless he is willing to accept responsibility. Most business executives understand the element of uncertainty in most decisions and, most actions and can easily forgive a mistake in judgment. But it is impossible for them to give responsibility to a young man who turns it right over to someone else or hands it right back to them.—CAPS and lower case.

A rustic saw a lady artist sketching a landscape in which she had given prominence to the sky, took a respectful interest in the work.

"Ah," said the artist, "perhaps to you, too. Nature opens her sky-pictures, page by page. Have you seen the lambent flame of the dawn leaping across the livid East—the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in lakes of fire in the West—the ragged cloud at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the man—"not since I gave up drinking."

"A free press is the protagonist and preserver of all rights, and the foe and destroyer of all tyrannies. It insures every good cause a hearing and every false doctrine a challenge. It is a servant of religion, philosophy, science and art; the agent of truth, justice and civilization. Possessing it, no people can be held in intellectual bondage; without it none can be secure against any form of enslavement."—Edmund Travis.

The only way to keep your health is to eat what you don't want, drink what you don't like, and do what you'd druther not.—Mark Twain.

See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th. Advertisement 1fc

GREEN & YELLOW VEGETABLES

Eating vegetables according to a color-scheme, green and yellow, is a good idea when diets are too low in vitamin A. Surveys made by the Federal Bureau of Home Economics show that these two colors in plants generally indicate the presence of carotenes—pigments that are transferred into vitamin A in the body.

Green, leafy vegetables such as kale, spinach, and different kinds of greens, are excellent sources of carotene. In leafy head vegetables, cabbage and lettuce, the greener the leaves the richer they are in vitamin A. Good yellow vegetable sources of the vitamin are yellow carrots, yellow-fleshed sweet potatoes, and Hubbard squash, as well as apricots and peaches or other fruits with yellow flesh.

While pointing out that vitamin A is necessary for good nutrition at all ages, Jennie Camp, specialist in home production planning for the A. & M. College Extension Service, says including this element in the diet need not be a strain on the family pocket-book where these yellow and green vegetables are grown at home.

Numerous rural families in Texas are providing vitamin A in the family diet through frame gardens in those parts of the state where wind, sand, shortage of moisture, and extreme cold make field gardens impractical. In many sections of the state some of the green and yellow vegetables such as lettuce, mustard, spinach, parsley, Chinese cabbage and carrots can be raised through the winter months in frame gardens with little or no expense other than time and effort.

WAY OUT

His horse had cast a shoe, and, with a grunt of disgust, the farmer turned into a wayside smithy. Patiently he waited while the blacksmith did a very elaborate piece of work.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fifty cents," replied the blacksmith.

"I've never paid more than a quarter, and I never will," retorted the farmer.

"Fifty cents," said the blacksmith, firmly.

"Keep the darned horse," the farmer snapped, and strode away.

EXCELLENT QUALIFICATION

"Are you an expert accountant?" asked the prospective employer.

"Yes, sir," said the applicant.

"Your written references seem all right, but tell me more about yourself."

"Well, my wife kept a household account for thirty days. One night after dinner I sat down and in less than a hour found out how much we owed our grocer."

"Hang up your hat," directed the employer. "The job is yours."

HE WON

A Scot and a Yorkshireman were talking in a railway carriage. The Scot talked long and loud about what he and his country could do, until at last the Tyke got exasperated.

"That's been opening the mouth wide," he said, "about what that can't do, and ah'll do it for thee."

"Weel," replied Scotty, "Ah canna pay ma fare."—Springfield Republican.

LOGICAL

Pat, a truck driver, stopped suddenly on the highway. The car behind crashed into the truck and its owner sued the Irishman.

"Why didn't you hold out your hand?" the judge asked Pat.

"Well," he said indignantly, "if he couldn't see the truck, how in hivin's name could he see my hand?"

HARD ON THE EARS

The fond mother was showing off her small daughter's ability to play the piano, and the little girl was doing rather indifferently.

Mother—She makes a few mistakes, of course, but she plays only by ear.

Visitor—Unfortunately, that is the only way I hear.

Man (to small son of one of his workmen who has met with an accident)—When will your father be able to work again?

Boy—Can't say for certain; but it will be a long time.

Man—What makes you think that?

Boy—Cause compensation has set in.

Wife—All men are fools.

Husband—Yes, dear. We were made fools so the girls wouldn't all be old maids.

Odell Worley of Dumas spent the Thanksgiving holidays with home folks here.

RECOGNITION AT LAST

A clothing dealer had to go downtown to see about his insurance, and he left the shop in charge of his son, Joey.

"You understand the price marks, Joey?" he said. "Five dots for \$25, six dots for \$30, and so forth."

"Sure, father, sure," said Joey.

When the man returned, his son said:

"I had pretty good luck, father. I sold three pairs of \$5 pants and six of them \$5 suits."

"But look here, Joey, we ain't got no \$55 suits. Our \$35 suits is the highest."

"Then the marks is wrong, father."

The clothing dealer lifted his eyes and hands solemnly heavenward.

"Joey," he said, "God bless the flies."

GOOD AT RAISING

"I came in to ask if you could raise my salary."

"This isn't pay day."

"I know that, but I thought I would speak about it today."

"Go back to your work and don't worry. I've managed to raise it every week so far, haven't I?"

"Can you type?"

"Well, I use the Columbus system."

"What's that?"

"I discover a key, then land on it."

PLANT TREES NOW

Right now is the right time to place orders for trees and shrubbery for this season's planting. We will be glad to landscape your place and furnish all materials needed, at reasonable prices.

Bruce Nursery

Trees with a Reputation

Alanreed, Texas

LYNCH'S SECOND HAND STORE AND PIPE YARD

Phone 9502 East of Post Office

Lefors, Texas

Water well casing and pumping equipment, windmill towers, tanks, cattle guards, oil field supplies, pipe straightening, bending, shopping, general welding. Cash paid for all used goods, for lumber, for pipe, pipe fittings, heavy machine and shop equipment, sheet and scrap iron, metals, etc., etc.

TRANSMUTATION

Teacher—Can anyone tell me what causes trees to become petrified?

Bright Student—The wind makes them rock.

See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th. Advertisement 1fc

TEST OF FRIENDSHIP

We only need to face the when we realize the price of "an unchanged friend."

C. A. Watkins takes advantage of our bargain rate on the News. Amarillo News.

Here's the gift for a Merry Christmas



IES Lamps
Make pleasing Christmas Gifts

because they make seeing so much easier and faster.

Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company

Stock Removal Sale

Howdy, folks! We have consolidated the two grocery stocks and find we have too many groceries. So here is the chance for you to buy groceries right the next few days. There will be different specials every day next week. See us every day for your food needs. We also want to take this opportunity to thank you for bearing with us while we were moving, but now we are in a better position to serve you than ever before.

Coffee FOLGER'S regular or drip grind 1 lb. 25c 2 lb. 48c

Peaches DEL MONTE sliced or halves 2 No. 2 1/2 cans 29c

Del Monte Goods

PINEAPPLE Juice 47 oz. can	25c
TOMATO Juice 3 tall tins	20c
PUMPKIN No. 2 can	9c
PEARS No. 2 1/2 can	22c
PRESERVES asst. (ex. berry) No. 5 can	55c
PINEAPPLE No. 2 1/2 can	19c

Real Buys

PRESERVES assorted 2 lb	39c
BEANS Ranch style 3 for	25c
VEGALL 2 medium cans	25c
K. C. 50 oz. can	34c
MACARONI 3 boxes	10c
GREEN BEANS and new potatoes No. 2 can	9c

PICKLES C. H. B. sweet, sweet mixed, bur gerkins, sweet dill party mix—large 21 oz. jar only 29c

COMPOUND VEGETOLE 4 lb. 33c 8 lb. 65c

Tempting Fresh Foods

LETTUCE 3 crisp heads	10c
BANANAS dozen	12c
GRAPEFRUIT dozen	25c
WALNUTS per lb	23c
APPLES fancy Winesap 2 dozen	35c

Finest Meats

ROAST Baby Beef Chuck per lb	19c
CHEESE Kraft's 2 lb box	49c
HAM ENDS tender cured whole per lb	13c
BACON Gold Crown sliced per lb	21c
SAUSAGE pure pork 4 lb bag	59c

City Food Store

Phone No. 9

McLean, Texas

Starvation Diet

By ELEANOR HART
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

SALLY turned the contents of the housekeeping purse out into her blue and white checked gingham lap. Three dollars and ninety-one cents lay under her gaze, in bills and coins. That was food money for the week. It must last until Bill went to the bank on Saturday morning, as was his custom now while he was out of work, and withdrew just enough to pay their way through another week. And this was Monday morning.

Three dollars and ninety-one cents was enough for their food. Sally was a good cook, a good manager. She and Bill were young, with healthy appetites. They really lived very well, and had to take long, beautiful walks—Sally couldn't help being glad she and Bill were having this time together with Bill at home so much—to keep from gaining weight on what they called their starvation diet.

So, with Sunday out of the way, three dollars and ninety-one cents was quite enough for them for the rest of the week. Sally sat down to plot out meals for the next six days.

"Let's see," she said to herself. "We could have spaghetti with chopped meat and tomato and onion sauce for dinner. And browned parsnips. And lettuce with french dressing. And stewed strawberries and crackers and cheese. Coffee. Strawberries—three quarts for twenty-nine cents. We'll have them fresh in their hulls for breakfast and I'll stew and jam the rest. Let's see what else's a bargain." And she ran her finger and eye down the advertising column of her grocery store in the morning paper. Both eye and finger stopped suddenly, just before they came again to the strawberry ad. Her eye had wandered to the date line at the top of the paper. It was Bill's birthday date. They had agreed not to celebrate, with gifts or other outward semblance, any anniversary this year. But really—it was a shame not to have a birthday dinner.

Her eye and finger switched across the pages to the butcher's advertisement. "Broilers," it read. "Splendid Bargain, 27 cents a pound."

And back to the grocer's ad: Asparagus, twenty cents. Green peas, two pounds for a quarter. New potatoes. Russian caviar. Olives stuffed with baby onions and cloves.

"Well, why not? Why not spend it all, and charge some more, for one good dinner? A birthday dinner for Bill!—I'll do it!"

Sally ran to the telephone, scattering her horde of money as she went. "I'll keep it for the meat and odds and ends," she thought. "But I'll telephone for the groceries and vegetables and charge them."

So Sally telephoned. She was one of Stratford's old charge customers and her charge order was welcomed by the clerk.

"Phillips must have a job again," he said to another clerk. "Mrs. Phillips is ordering again."

Then Sally set about planning the best dinner she had ever served. She'd pick flowers before it got hot, and make the house look its prettiest, and then go for the turkey.

She filled vases with iris and roses, her choice early blooms, she got out her very best Italian linen table cloth, and pressed the wrinkles out that long standing had printed in it. She and Bill entertained friends now and again at dinner, but spaghetti and stewed fruit does not call for the more formal table furnishing demanded by caviar and turkey.

Then the telephone rang. Sally pulled out the plug of the flatiron, and answered it. It was Bill.

"Sally," he said, excitement in his voice. "I think I've landed something—something good, really. I don't know for sure, though."

And after she had listened enthusiastically to him, and made a few encouraging remarks, Sally said: "Home to dinner, Bill?"

"Of course. And Sally, maybe it'll be our last starvation dinner. Not that they aren't good. They're swell. But won't we celebrate? Sally, I want to take you out for our first fast-breaker. We'll go to the best place we can think of and bust the bank. Have that spaghetti stuff tonight, will you—with the meat chopped up so little you can't see it without a magnifying glass? For my birthday dinner? I've got a sort of superstition about it. Unless you've ordered—"

"Oh, no," Sally lied bravely. "Sure we'll have it. I haven't ordered yet. Good luck, Bill."

Sally hung up. In a minute or two she took off the receiver again and she gave the grocer's number. She canceled her order. "But take a substitute," she said. "One package of spaghetti and a pound of white onions, a loaf of yesterday's bread, and three quarts of those strawberries you're advertising."

Later in the day she walked to the butcher's for a half-pound of chopped beef. And at six, on a table spread with a drawn-work Italian linen tablecloth, with a silver bowl of tea roses in the center, she was ready to serve the substitute dinner.

Then she sat down on the front porch—a great jar of iris making a lovely splash of color in front of her white linen frock, from the street, though she hadn't thought of that;

and looking up at the sound of approaching voices she saw Bill and an older man swinging up the flagged walk.

In the next five minutes Sally went through so many sensations that she stopped trying to sort them out. The man, it appeared, was Mr. Robert Clothier Clark, the great Mr. Clark. When he was introduced to Sally by a slightly flustered Bill he explained that, commuting on the same road that Bill used, to a station farther on, he had accepted Bill's invitation to stop for dinner. His own family was away, and a telephone message to the house would set things right. Might he use the telephone? And while he telephoned Bill explained, as best he could, to Sally. He'd landed a job—almost sure—with Clark, the publisher. Still talking on the train when they reached Bill's station. So, what could he do?

"Of course," said Sally. "But, oh Bill, why didn't I get that turkey?"

"Turkey?" Bill looked shocked. "Turkey—we'll have that when we celebrate. What we've got's sure to be good enough for anybody."

So they sat down, the three of them, to the simple, inexpensive meal served by Sally herself, on her best Italian cloth. And if Sally went through agonies of mortification because of the meal's simplicity, nobody else seemed to mind.

Later they talked, of this and that, in Sally's pleasant living room. And then Bill drove off to the station with Mr. Clark.

"Landed!" he burst out, as he dashed into the kitchen when he came back, to find Sally putting away the last bit of china. "And you did it—you and your starvation dinner. It seems Clark's on a diet—no rich food. No soups or pastries and very little meat. And he's going to ask you if you'd tell his wife how to serve such a dinner. Says he hasn't enjoyed anything so much for five years. He wonders if their cook could learn to make that spaghetti stuff, and the job's mine."

Bill seized Sally round the waist, danced into the living room with her, held her in one arm while he turned the radio on to some music, and then, kicking the rugs back, danced with her, in silence, until they were both tired.

"Why, Sally," he said, as he looked down on her when they stopped. "You're crying?"

"Am I?" laughed Sally. "But I'm just happy, Bill."

PLATONIC

(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

"AND what are you hoping dear little Donald will be when he grows up?" asked the garrulous Mrs. Simpkins.

"That is what troubles me," sighed little Mrs. Warrenner, almost as plump, quite as black-eyed and fully as healthy as the baby sleeping at her side. "I should like him to be an engineer—civil engineer—but I once heard of an engineer who fell off an embankment. Then, he might be a doctor, only I'm so afraid getting up at all times of the night and being interrupted at meals might interfere with his digestion. Of course it is good to be a minister. She sighed and put a fond hand over the sleeping baby, pulling up his tiny covers tenderly.

Mrs. Simpkins shook her head. "I know just how you feel," she said. Mary Warrenner sighed again.

"His head is very like Mr. Mason, the lawyer. I'd like him to be a lawyer right well, but I heard of a lawyer who was shot at by his client."

"What about a good business, like a grocer, or something like that?" suggested the visitor lighting the lamp under the tea-kettle. It was mid-afternoon and the tea-wagon stood by Mrs. Warrenner's bed.

"He hasn't got a face like any grocer merchant I've ever seen. He's more like the bust of Plato at the high school than anything I ever saw. And he was a great philosopher."

The platonic nerves being somewhat soothed, the downstairs door was heard to close gently.

"Isn't Tom a lamb? He never forgets baby might be asleep. I wish he could think of some way—some perfectly safe way—by which the darling could earn his living when he grows up."

"What's that? What on earth are you talking of, Mary?" asked the merry-eyed husband entering the room and kissing his wife and baby.

"Baby's future," sighed his wife, taking a pensive bit out of a plum jam sandwich made by Mrs. Simpkins.

"Good Lord! At it again!" and her husband shook with kindly merriment. "Let's see. How old is the youngster now?"

"Now you're teasing me, Tom. You know perfectly well he's two weeks old Saturday. It isn't too early to begin to plan."

"Let's see. Why don't you try the old game, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor—"

"Stop!" cried the little mother, "you shall not, even in fun, say that darling might be a thief."

At that moment the predatory fingers of his first-born gripped fast a falling plum from the sandwich.

"That decides it. Thief or junk-dealer," shouted his delighted father.

"I think you're quite horrid," pouted Mary. "It just shows he is extraordinarily intelligent. Just like Plato."

Nazi Bombs Hit London Orphanage



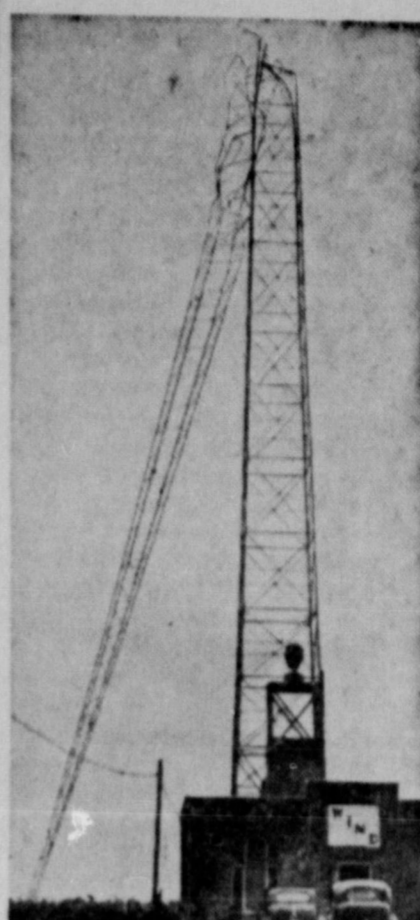
The top age is three at this London orphanage which was recently hit by a Nazi bomb. The bomb exploded only 10 feet from the babies' dormitory, and, very fortunately, there were no casualties. The children are here pictured playing in the shadow of the orphanage ruins, quite unaware of their narrow escape from death.

Argentina Asks \$50,000,000 Loan



Photo shows members of an Argentine delegation to Washington for the discussion of a \$50,000,000 loan regarded necessary to sustain the increasing flow of exports to Argentina, which are much heavier than Argentine exports to the United States. L. to R., Dr. P. Fréchet (Central Bank of Argentina); D. Espil, Argentine ambassador; Sumner Welles, U. S. acting secretary of state; E. Grumbach (Central Bank of Argentina); C. Prado, of the Argentine embassy, and R. Verrier (Central Bank of Argentina).

Gone With Wind



The \$15,000 radio tower of station W-I-N-D, which was broken in half by the terrific gale which did millions of dollars of damage in the South and Midwest.

Tagged



Under navy department plans for a 24-hour watch over defense secrets employees were photographed for identification card, as above.

Ask Me Another

● A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Which of the following is an oblate spheroid—an egg, the earth, or a baseball?
2. According to tradition what great author of tragedies was killed by a tortoise, which an eagle let fall on his head?
3. George Washington's estate was valued at a sum that would now be how much?
4. What Greek philosopher was nagged by his wife Xanthippe?
5. Pilate's words "Ecce Homo" are translated to mean what?
6. What is mulled wine?
7. What is a blucher shoe?
8. What ship started for America with the Mayflower, but had to turn back?
9. Is "Arab" the designation of a person of any particular race or religion?
10. Has every state a National Guard?

The Answers

1. The earth. (Flattened or depressed at the poles.)
2. Aeschylus.
3. \$5,000,000.
4. Socrates.
5. "Behold the man!" John 19:5.
6. Wine that is heated, sweetened and spiced.
7. One in which the quarters extend forward to the throat of the vamp.
8. The Speedwell.
9. "Arab" is a loosely applied word as it is not a designation for a person of any one race or religion, the 35,000,000 Arabs in the world today being of numerous creeds and colors and native to a score of countries.
10. Every state in the Union, as well as each federal territory or district, has a National Guard or its equivalent, all of which may now be summoned to a year's active training duty by the President.

Education's Effect

Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature; under which name I include, not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and living desire to move in harmony with laws.—Huxley.

ST. JOSEPH'S

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

ASPIRIN

He and I
If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved my friend, I find it could not otherwise be expressed than by the answer, "Because he was he; because I was I."—Montaigne.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS

quickly use

666

LIQUID TABLETS
SALINE NOSE DROPS
COUGH DROPS

Underground Stream
The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.—Carlyle.

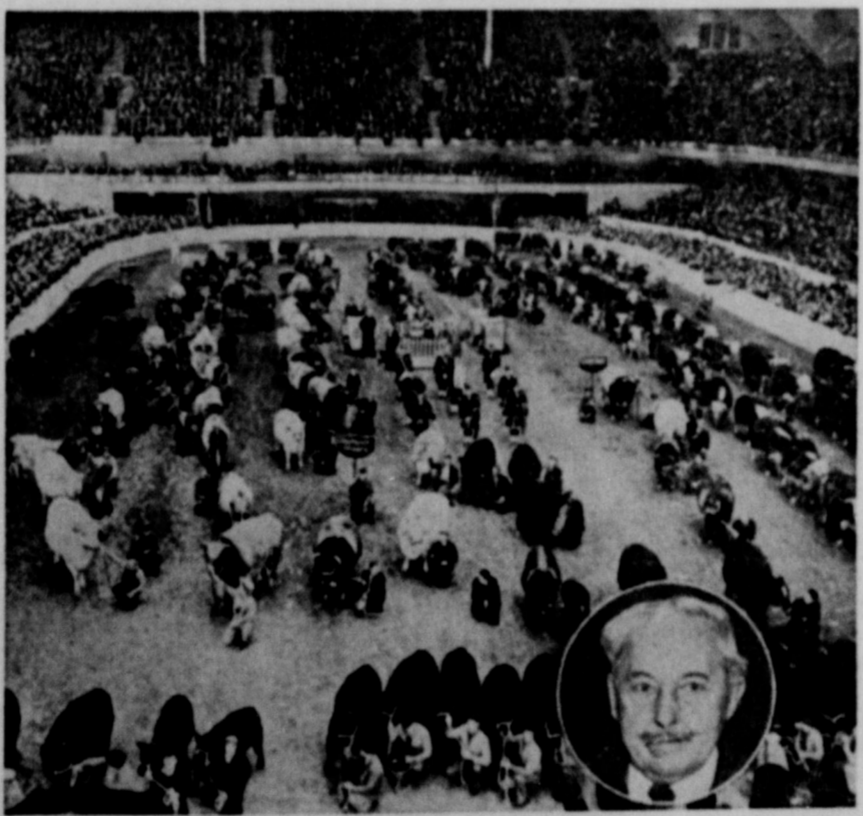
KENT BLADES

10 Double Edge or 7 Single Edge 10¢

We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

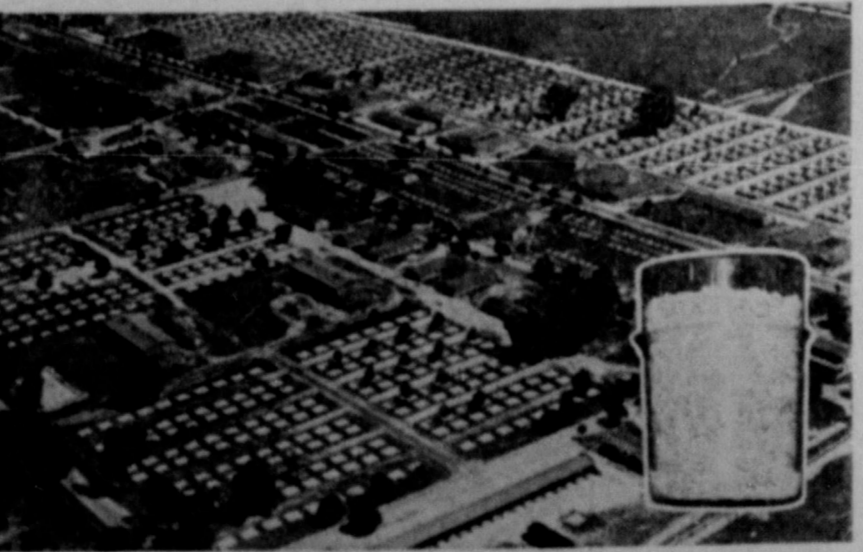
- In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.
- It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.
- When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

Live Stock Show Opens



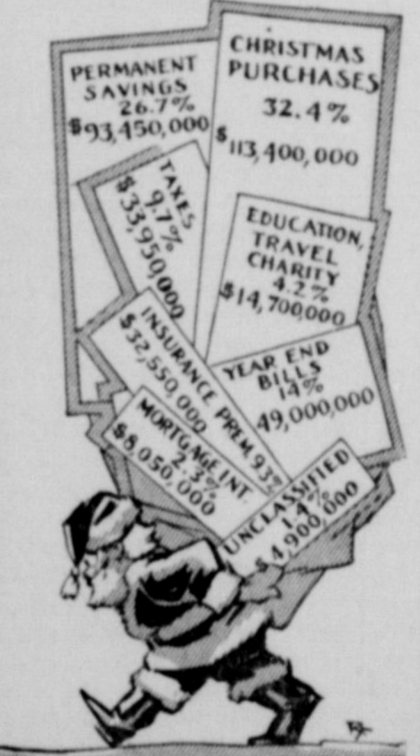
Largest agricultural show in the world, the International Live-Stock Exposition and Horse Show, will be held in Chicago from November 30 to December 7. Above is shown a scene from last year's show, which was attended by 450,000 persons. B. H. Heide (inset) is secretary-manager of the exposition.

From Fishbowl to Army Camp



A construction race rivaling those of World war days will end December 1 when the vast Fort Dix, N. J., training camp is completed. Draftees whose numbers were drawn from the fish bowl (inset) will find Fort Dix ready for them after that date. The camp will have facilities for 22,000 officers and men. Many were trained at this site during the World war.

Santa Pays Off



On December 2 the Christmas clubs of the nation will distribute probably more than \$350,000,000 among about 7,000,000 members. The 1939 average was \$48.80 per member.

Mexican President



Gen. Manuel Avila Camacho will be inaugurated president of Mexico Nov. 30 to succeed Lazary Cardenas. Gen. Juan Almazon, unsuccessful candidate, protests the election.

THE McLEAN NEWS

Published Every Thursday
News Building, 210 Main Street
Day Phone 47 - - Night Phone 147

T. A. LANDERS
Owner and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: Subscription Period (One Year, Six Months, Three Months) and Rate (\$2.00, \$1.25, .65 for Texas; \$2.50, \$1.50, .85 for Outside Texas)

Entered as second class matter May 8, 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress.

MEMBER

National Editorial Association
Texas Press Association
Panhandle Press Association

Display advertising rate, 25c per column inch, each insertion. Preferred position, 30c per inch.

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

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

McLean is only a few miles below the caprock, but what a pleasant difference it made during the recent storm.

The needs of the American Red Cross are greater than ever this season, and every citizen can help by joining during the roll call.

The loss of trees during the recent storm is perhaps the greatest loss, inasmuch as other property can be restored at once, but it takes many years to grow a tree.

If you don't write to or call on your friends, they are apt to forget you. It is the same with business; a firm must write to its friends, the public, by advertising or be forgotten by many.

Today is Thanksgiving Day for most of the people in this country. The day is too steeped in tradition and practice to be anything else to the older ones of our population. A movement to change the date of Christmas would have about as good a chance for universal observance for the present as the attempt to change Thanksgiving.

See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th. Advertisement t/c

CENSORSHIP

One man's meat, we are told in an old proverb, is another man's poison. It's a little like that with censorship. Ask any man whether he believes radio or press ought to be censored. Ninety-nine out of 100 will say, "No!" But a lot of them mean, "No, except for the things I'd like to have cut out."

Letters to the Federal Bureau of Communications Commission show to perfection this quirk of the human mind. A constant stream of letters demand that this or that political candidate, this or that comedy team, this or that commentator, be barred from the air forthwith. Of course the commission replies that it has no power of censorship, and tries to forget it.

The odd thing is that probably not one in 10 of those people realizes that he is advocating censorship. To him, censorship means barring the things he wants to hear. Barring the things he doesn't like is—well—why, good gosh, that's censorship, too, isn't it?—Daily Journal, Antigo, Wisconsin.

I believe it to be a responsibility of American citizenship to oppose the efforts of any group bent on destroying a legitimate private industry through tax-free, government-subsidized competition, because if one group can succeed in doing this to one industry, then the same kind of group and the same tactics can be used to destroy all free enterprise.—Paul B. McKee.

"You just can't trust anybody, nowadays. Why, my own grocer gave me a phony quarter in change this morning."

"Let me see it."
"Oh, I haven't got it any more. I gave it to the milkman."

Buy printing in McLean.

MUST FIGHT FOR FREE PRESS

Every once in a while, some public official, who has deserved the criticism of the press gets the brilliant idea that he would like to place it under his thumb. Like an inked Charlie McCarthy, he would have it mimic his thoughts and dispense only such information as he would like for the public to know.

It is common knowledge among newspaper men that any man who will not discuss a subject of vital public interest, who attempts to hide that information from the public or to twist the truth, has something to hide which the public ought to know.

Many of the greatest news stories which have helped to develop this country were discovered because some egotistical individual commanded a newspaper to keep its mouth shut.

"Don't you print that!" has become a red flag in the face of all conscientious newspaper men the country over. They have a respect for confidences, but they also have a keen respect for the freedom of the press and will flare up to the last man when any man or group of men, no matter what their station or influence, attempts to coerce them.

We, as one of these newspapers, believe with all the sincerity traditional with true American journalism that the public is entitled to know what is going on. This is especially true when that issue affects the public.

As long as our "hired hands" remain our hired hands, they are capable of filling their offices to our satisfaction. When these men or women begin to look on the public as their own servants, it is time to change horses.

There is not enough importance even in a United States Senator or President, for that matter, to give him the right to throttle the press, to control free speech, to usurp the freedom of radio or to put his thumb on the motion picture.

The men who operate these enterprises are capable enough to recognize propaganda and to care for it. They are trained to do it.

It is a known fact that much of our morale during the last war was kept because the press printed the truth of the war just as it was. The American people would not have had it any other way.

Most of us, if we are to be kicked in the pants, want to know it. We can put a little padding in the spot where it's going to hurt most.

These are just some of the reasons why all thinking citizens should resent the remarks made recently in the United States Senate, by Oklahoma's own junior senator, Mr. Lee.

In substance, Mr. Lee stated that he favors government control of the press, radio and motion picture during war times.

That was an insult to the intelligence of every man who reads his newspaper. Does the senator believe any true American would not remain loyal to his nation no matter what happened in war? This honorable political leader did not remind his fellow senators that such a technique was the chief bulwark of dictatorship and of totalitarian government. He did not remind them even of the reflection such a statement would make on the President himself because of Lee's strong support of the commander of the Democratic party.

There may be some man, party or individuals able to tell us what to print and when to print it some day. We may have some two-by-four lame-brain, who never saw a slug or fed a folder or put in 15 minutes studying "the game," or the people we serve, telling us that the people have no right to know anything about what is going on.

They may some day whip us and whip the freedom of religion and the freedom of speech on which America was founded.

But you can bet your last horse-collar it'll be after the biggest batch of ink slinging this country ever saw. You can bet your Uncle Rube's false teeth there'll be a bevy of blisters rubbed on the hides of political leeches who would perpetuate themselves in power by such methods.

And after it gets to that point, mark out a spot in your pet concentration camp for us. We believe such a place would be far more honorable than its alternative.—Herbert J. Pate in the Johnston County Capital-Democrat, Tishomingo, Okla.

To Hitler must go the credit or the blame for the reelection of President Roosevelt. Not even Roosevelt could have hurdled the third term obstacle had not the war been on, and the threat of the dictator nations been so eminent in the United States. Hitler may chalk up this as one of his outstanding accomplishments, whether he likes it or not.—Canyon News.

Miss Mabel Back of Canyon visited home folks here over the week end.

THE LIVING SUFFER

The late Will Rogers, who had an astonishing gift for touching on the foibles and weaknesses of us humans, once wrote this: "If a man doesn't believe in life insurance, let him die once without any. That will teach him a lesson."

All of us have observed what happens to the families of men who have tried that. In a tragically large number of cases, the result is want and privation. Widows must work when they should be enjoying a happy old age. Children must go without adequate education. Homes are lost—and long-laid plans for the future are irreparably destroyed.

For most of us, life insurance offers the only certain means of leaving an estate. Die without it—and the living we leave behind are the great sufferers.—Industrial News Review.

That charity is bad which takes from independence its proper pride, and from mendacity its proper shame.—Scoutney.

See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th. Advertisement t/c

As a newsman we've never been short on asking questions, but as yet we have never worked up the courage to ask the why of the squirrel tails on car radiator caps and radio aerials. First we think of squirrels, then of nuts.—John E. Dowell, in Adrian (Mo.) Journal.

Girl Friend—Did any of your friends admire your engagement ring?
Bride-to-be—Admire it! Two of them recognized it!

C. A. Watkins was in Alanreed Tuesday.

Mrs. Witt Springer of Albuquerque, N. M., visited here this week.

HATS

Cleaned and Blocked
Old Hats made to look like new.

ROBERTS
the Hat Man

Peb Everett, McLean Agent

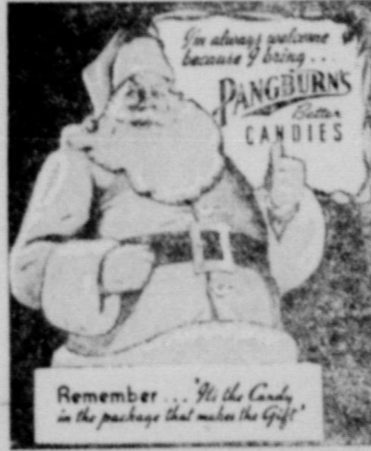
DR. A. W. HICKS - - Dentist

Office Hours 8:30-6:00 Phone 250

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE—a Service by DUENKEL-CARMICHAEL

Phone 400 - - - Pampa

Dependable, low cost burial policies—
See Arthur Erwin - - - McLean



Remember... 'It's the Candy in the package that makes the Gift'

CHRISTMAS will soon be here

and you can make gift selections from our large stock right now and use our lay-away plan if it is most convenient for you.

Look over our fine array of gifts—you will be pleased.

CITY DRUG STORE

"More Than a Merchant"
Roger Powers, Manager

LOGIC

"How could you swindle people who trusted in you?"
"But, Judge, people who don't trust you can't be swindled."

The age of discretion comes when you are too young to die and too old to have any fun.—Sanatorium Outlook.

Curley Crockett has returned from a business trip to El Paso.

CARD OF THANKS

May we express our sincere thanks to all our friends and neighbors extended to the family so many words and deeds of helpfulness the illness and death of our dear one. For all this and the flowers, we thank you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W. T. Burr and family
Mr. J. N. Burr and daughter

Everybody reads newspapers.

the favorite of well-known demonstrators and millions of housewives who know from experience they can depend upon the high-quality and efficiency of

KC BAKING POWDER

Double Tested - Double Action
Combination Type
MANUFACTURED BY
BAKING POWDER SPECIALISTS WHO MAKE NOTHING BUT BAKING POWDER
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

TRIMBLE'S

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS

Table listing flour, cane sugar, macaroni, crackers, tomatoes, milk, baking powder, cake flour, and corn with prices.

MEAT DEPARTMENT

Table listing OLEO, SLICED BACON, and BLOCK CHILLI with prices.

DON'T MISS THE RIDE SENSATION OF THE YEAR!



Have you tried the ride that's the talk of '41? Don't buy any new car till you do try it! It's more by far than an "improved" ride. It's a wholly new Ford ride... a soft, quiet, level ride that took not only increased wheelbase and springbase... but also a dozen vital changes in Ford springs, shock absorbers, frame, stabilizer. It's a ride that tells its own story better than words ever could. Try it today. Come in and meet the biggest Ford car ever built... the roomiest bodies among this year's low-price leaders... the ride that took the world by surprise. Let's talk "trade" now on this really great new Ford!

Get the facts and you'll get the

BIG NEW FORD!

TOM BOYD, INC. McLean, Texas

SEE YOUR FORD DEALER FIRST FOR LOW-COST FINANCING

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

SYNOPSIS

David Mallory, in search of newspaper work in New York, is forced to accept a job as switch-board operator in a swank apartment house, managed by officious Tim Higgins. There David meets Miss Agatha, a crippled old lady, and her niece, Allegra. One day, talking in the lobby, David is alarmed by Higgins in the lobby. David finds a piercing scream from the Ferriter apartment. He comes from the Ferriter apartment, and the Ferriters in the room. He is helping Agatha, and her sister, Shannon. He is helping Agatha, and her sister, Shannon. He is helping Agatha, and her sister, Shannon.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"The fine old Mallory luck still holds," I said. "You're about three hours too late."

I told of my discharge by Higgins and the life-line Miss Paget had thrown me. Cochrane heard me through his pink face quiet, but his eyes were narrower when I finished.

"I don't know why you're balking," he said. "You're sitting pretty in a family that lives across the street from the Ferriters, a family that's taking care of the girl tonight and that hires one of the brothers."

"I felt better, but I was still bothered," I said. "This old lady has been more than white to me. If I throw in with you, I'm double-crossing her."

"You think maybe the Pagets had a hand in it?" he asked softly and at stung me.

"Why—" I began, so hotly that he grinned and looked like a rowdy seerub.

"All right, all right," he soothed. "Then if they're in the clear, how are you crossing them? Mallory, this town is paved with good newspapers men who would give one hand for your chance. Better take it."

I nodded agreement at last. For a moment I had the good feeling aside that at last the breaks were going my way. Then I said:

"I don't know why you think they're still so hot, after Lyon Ferriter's pinch."

"What!" he said as though I had struck him. I repeated what Fineman had told me.

"Holy, suffering martyrs," he cried beneath his breath and moved back his chair. "And here I've been sitting. Shannon's been holding out again, the dirty tramp—long, fella. Wait. I'll see you—right here. Right here. Three tomorrow, G'by."

He rose, thrust his check at the cashier and vanished with a wheeze from the revolving door. I ate a piece of pie and then another before I allowed him.

Mrs. Shaw was suspicious when she answered her doorbell, but after had paid a week in advance for the room I had used during my first month in New York and had redeemed my trunk as well, she was glad to see me back.

I took all my things from my trunk. I thought, as I hung them up, of Allegra Paget and the ghostly uniform in which she first had seen me. I should have dreamed her that night, by all standards of romance and Freud, but I didn't. I was too tired to dream of anything.

I took a long time dressing. My shoes had to be shined and my hair combed cutting.

I had barely time for a cup of coffee and arrived a little out of breath before the Morello where Higgins, once more arrayed in mason and gilt, glared at me.

"I'll trouble ye, Mallory," he growled, "for the key of me flat upstairs. And I told ye to move your things last night."

I gave him the key and told him I would call for the suitcase later. He meant to call him by my manner and I must have for he turned red and muttered something about upstairs and "that old so-and-so upstairs." I grinned.

"Miss So-and-so to you," I said, and went on in.

The patrician gloom of the Morello had been proof against yesterday's upheaval. Hoyt beamed at me as he took me upstairs, and muttered congratulations. Shannon, emerging from the Ferriter flat as I stepped from the elevator, was not cordial. He followed me into the apartment.

"I thought on the opposite white-washed wall of the air shaft filled with Agatha's dining room with a reflected cheer. The sun had been no more visibly marked by the morning before than the old lady herself. She sat in her wheel chair at the table's head, white-haired and wrinkled. Grosvenor, sullen from lost sleep, looked far less competent.

"Good morning, David," Miss Agatha said precisely. "Captain Shannon, one more call and I'll have to ask your intentions."

"Amusement softened the policeman's face.

"I'll not tell 'em before we go," said he. "I'd like to see you Ferriter a minute if you

Grosvenor set down his cup with a clatter.

"Miss Ferriter," the old lady replied with ever so slight a stress on the title, "left twenty minutes ago. Her brother Everett called for her. They are going to stay at a hotel until tomorrow—the Babylon, I believe."

"That's where Lyon is hanging out," Shannon growled.

"Possibly," Miss Agatha agreed, and nodded at the paper folded by her plate. "Then he hasn't been arrested?"

Her question made the Captain angrier. His thick neck bulged over his collar.

"He has not. We took him in for questioning, that was all. He's told the truth as far as we can prove it. He ate at Mino's and washed up beforehand at the Grand Central, like he says. We have nothing to hold him on. Before we were through with him, his lawyer sprung him. I'd like to know who tipped off the papers last night. I would indeed."

I looked across the air shaft at a window of the Ferriter flat. There was movement behind it, where Shannon's subordinates still searched for the missing weapon.

"Someone," the Captain said in a surly voice, "killed that man. That's why I want to see Ione Ferriter."

Color crept into Grosvenor's handsome face. He blurted:

"Ione of all persons. What utter rot!"

Miss Agatha's eyebrows twitched. Her nephew crumpled his napkin in

his fist. Shannon, angry and thwarted, welcomed opposition.

"Is it?" he asked nastily. "Who found the corpse? Who is the only one we know was in that flat, besides the dead man? Ione Ferriter, me lad. Make what you will of it."

Grosvenor's voice shook.

"I know what you dumb cops do, first crack," he shrilled. "If you're too thick to understand a thing, you try to pin it on a woman. Why don't you accuse my aunt? She lives here too. Ione Ferriter knows no more about this thing than you do."

He choked and water slopped from the glass in his hand. He drank with hot eyes still fixed on Shannon. Miss Agatha said dryly:

"I'd suggest, Grove, that you pull yourself together and get on downtown. If you will dance all night, you're bound to be jittery in the morning."

The lad hesitated, rose and flung himself out of the room.

Shannon asked without expression:

"It's the Babylon they're stayin' at, Miss Paget?"

Miss Agatha looked at him with studious care.

"It is," she said at last.

He let his eyes rest on me a second, nodded and left the room. Miss Agatha pushed her wheel chair back from the table and propelled it toward the hall.

"Somehow," she said half to herself, "an outburst at breakfast makes me feel young again. It's as if my own dear father still were alive. In here, David."

We entered the chamber into which I had carried her yesterday. She pointed to the paper-laden desk.

"In the top drawer," she said, "you'll find my outline for a first chapter, together with Everett Ferriter's bowdlerizing expansion. When you've read his work, you'll know how I don't want the book written. The dossiers of the Pagets from the first Calvert—who incidentally got a baronetcy under Charles II for double-crossing the Protectorate—are there. You might read them, too. It'll be a long day's work, I said it would be, didn't I? If there's anything you want, there's a call-bell on the desk's edge."

She nodded briskly and wheeled her chair about with deft hands. As she rolled toward the door, she said over her shoulder in a mild scathing voice:

"Mr. Ferriter is still too shaken by yesterday's happenings to work. I suppose if Captain Shannon calls at the Babylon, he will have another relapse."



"You think maybe the Pagets had a hand in it?" he asked.

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I thought I heard her chuckle as she trundled away.

All morning I plowed through the uncensored annals of the Paget ancestry—quotations from innumerable books, excerpts from court records, old letters and the like—all compiled, no doubt with frequent shudders, by Everett Ferriter, genealogist.

When someone moved in the hall, I found my eyes jumping from the scandalous annals before me to the open door. My heart would pound and then, when nothing happened, I would swear and bend again to my work.

Once, in midmorning, I heard Allegra laugh in the dining room. Toward noon Miss Agatha rolled herself in.

"Well," she asked, "do you begin to see why I wanted a newspaper man to write it?"

"I begin to see," I told her, "that a book like this would sell."

She lit a cigarette, blew smoke through her nose and shook her head.

"I know," she said. "One of those literary strip dances. I'm a sinful old woman, David, but I'm not selling the bones of my ancestors, no matter what I think of their owners. This book will be a family affair. Allegra and I are going out to lunch and you better, too."

I thought of my date with Cochrane and shook my head.

"I had a late breakfast. I'll slip out later. There's a lot of reading still ahead of me."

"If you can't finish today," she began, but I cut her short.

"If I'm not in the way, I'll stay till I've finished. Then we can talk it over tomorrow morning and get to work."

"You're an obstinate person, aren't you?" Miss Agatha asked, and grinned.

"Aren't you?" I asked her. She chuckled and turned her chair. Her warmth almost made me halt her and confess my arrangement with Cochrane, but I hesitated and then she was gone.

Later I saw Allegra push her aunt's wheel chair past the door. She did not look toward me and I took my mind by the scruff and jammed it back into its job so thoroughly that it was ten minutes past the time appointed when I recalled my tryst with Cochrane.

He beamed as I took the seat opposite him.

"I'm glad to see you, accomplice. We beat the town for one edition on Lyon's getting pinched."

"And got him unpinched again," I added, and told of Shannon's anger that morning, his squabble with Grosvenor, and the Ferriters' retreat to the Babylon. That pink and chubby mask through which he peered did not stir. He gave me an envelope.

"Confirmatory letter from Milligan," Cochrane explained, "and a week's pay in advance. There's an expense account on this job, too, if you need it. How far along have you got?"

"As far," I told him, "as Selah Paget who died in the odor of sanctity and foreclosed mortgages in 1737."

"Not that"—he grinned—"this killing."

"Nowhere."

"You and me both," he answered. "Let's order and then solve it."

While we ate, we groped among the scant unrelated facts, making crazy guesses, building theories and pulling them down. There were only the dead man—still, Cochrane said, unidentified—and the guttural voice I had heard over the telephone. Except for that, he might as well have been struck by lightning. No finger-prints, no weapons, no purpose in the killing, no clue to the slayer, no proof, beyond the phone call and the body, that anyone had been in the Ferriter apartment.

"I'm laying off mention of that voice on the phone," Cochrane said, sawing away at his steak. "Shannon is sitting on it and so am I. No use tipping off the gifted murderer to all we know."

"Gifted is small praise," I told him. "We're tinkering around the perfect crime."

"Hokey," he snapped. "Perfect crimes are as rare as perfect thirty-sixes, my lad."

I liked his mind—quick and daring yet solid—and it whetted mine. The long hand of the white-enamelled wall clock circled its face while we talked and I forgot Miss Agatha and the waiting records of the Paget family in a spell that was half puzzle, half hunt. Cochrane said at last:

"What have we got? We know who had keys to the flat. All right, one of the Ferriters or your friend Higgins did it. Let's not kid ourselves. One of them did. Yesterday noon, while you were away, and Higgins may have been downstairs, and the other guy—this Hoyt—may have been upstairs with the elevator, is the only time Blackbeard and his able assassin could have got in. All right again. Then it wasn't a planned murder because they couldn't have known that luck would leave the way clear. But it wasn't unintentional, at that. For they walked upstairs. As soon as the killer knew they hadn't been seen he began to design slaughter. Right?"

"As far as you've gone," I agreed

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Elegance of Fabric, Fine Furs Achieve New Style Distinction

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



UNDoubtedly the most outstanding characteristic of smart winter fashions is the elegance and superiority of the materials employed in their making. Women of discriminating taste find their fondest hopes realized in the high distinction imparted to costumes by choice fabrics styled with classic simplicity. Add fur opulence and you have sounded the keynote to which the better part of the present style program tunes into uncertain terms.

Especially in the matter of woolen weaves have all previous records been exceeded with versatile textures, gorgeous colorings and fascinating novelty. Never before in the annals of textile history has there been such a superb showing in fabric output. The existing vogue for three-piece costume suits, and the style prestige accorded the new soft-styled dressmaker coats have intensified spontaneous enthusiasm and interest in handsome sterling quality woolens.

Above in the illustration is presented a stunning coat with the dressmaker look. Softly styled as a dress is this new type now coming into prominence. The patrician model here shown has a nice sort of formality partly because of its softly sculptured lines and partly because of the fine 100 per cent wool and forestored mortgages in 1737.

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and measures up to the test of long wear.

The fur accent that distinguishes this coat deserves special comment. In the huge beaver-covered button lies a stroke of real styling genius. The single fur button fastening has already made widespread fashion appeal. This simple little touch of fur makes fine excuse to add a hat of matching fur and a huge muff which ensembles the costume most attractively. In the way of fur trims this season, something of fur always matches something else of fur in the costume, thus establishing a relationship that resolves the composition into a perfect unit.

The inimitable styling given the winsome dress of sheer woolen shown below to the right in the group is recognized at a glance. This most attractive model is an Eisenberg "original" and augurs well for the supremacy of American designers in the field of costume styling. Shirred ruching typifying superior workmanship forms giant pockets on bodice and hip. The straight sleeve gains interest from its unusual side closing fastened by three widely spaced buttons. For the lively touch so essential in this winter's costumes there are jeweled flower buttons and a contrasting satin ascot.

As you see below to the left, tab pockets distinguish a sophisticated jacket of Fromm pedigreed silver fox. A grand and glorious fur of this type will set off to perfection any cloth costume with which it is worn throughout winter. The skins are so cleverly marked and worked that the marking of the fox itself outlines the pockets as well as forming a yoke at the shoulders. A tiny standing collar, elongated lapels and pocket tops are of stitched taffeta—a combination of unusual chic that sets off the full silver-bright beauty of the fox. The wool hat has a great choux of coq feathers.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Trotter Derby

Here is an instance where the camera catches Dame Fashion in the very act of having appropriated for her very own the time-honored Derby hat pictured in the family album worn by revered ancestors in the early sixties or thereabouts. At any rate the "trotter derby" is smart this season, especially if you feminize it with a bewitching veil, face its wee brim with flattering black velvet and wee bows of velvet ribbon in cunning pose at the back.

Hats, Gloves Add Color to Costume

When you buy a new hat, buy a new pair of smart leather gloves to match. That's fashion's favorite idea for putting color spice into this year's costumes and American leather glove makers are playing right into fashion's hands with an array of colors such as you've never before seen.

There are two smart ways of matching gloves and hats—either match the gloves to the hat itself or to the trimming. Matching the trimming is a good idea if the hat is black with a contrasting feather, facing, ribbon or veil on it.

Or, better still, when you get a hat with contrasting trim, choose two pairs of gloves—one to match the hat and one to match the trim. Then when one pair of gloves is being washed (and most American-made gloves can be washed) you have another harmonious pair to wear.

This hat and glove combination is an unbeatable idea for making one costume look like more, particularly if the main costume is black, dark brown, gray or beige. All of which can use hats and gloves in several different colors.

Frog Fastenings

The fact that frog fastenings are again in use comes as good news. Not only are "frogs" made of braid "a la militaire," but the newest note is to form them of cordings of the same cloth as the dress or coat. They serve in a utilitarian way admirably, and designers are developing the theme from the decorative point of view.

Masculine Influence

The masculine influence in women's fashion reflects in the new derby hats feminized with prettily frivolous veils, and flannel long-sleeved shirts that are topped with jackets cut and tailored in man fashion. Long wool knit socks and striped ties are campus favorites.

Beautiful Afghan Is In Easy Puff Stitch



HERE'S how the smart woman adds beauty to her home or makes a lovely gift—she crochets these squares in easy puff stitch and double crochet and soon has enough to join into this rich afghan.

Pattern No. 2834 contains directions for afghan; illustrations of it and stitches; color schemes; photograph of square; materials required. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

3 Simple Steps SPEED UP COLD RELIEF

Action begins in a short time. No long hours of painful discomfort.

Follow Directions in Pictures



3. Check Temperature.
If you have a fever and temperature does not go down—if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor.

This modern way acts with amazing speed. Be sure you get BAYER Aspirin.

At the first sign of a cold follow the directions in the pictures above—the simplest and among the most effective methods known to modern science to relieve painful cold symptoms fast.

So quickly does Bayer Aspirin act—both internally and as a gargle, you'll feel wonderful relief start often in a remarkably short time.

Try this way. You will say it is unequalled. But be sure you get the fast-acting Bayer product you want. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name when you buy.

GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN

World Goes Round
The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.—Disraeli.

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels

with herb laxative, combined with syrup peppermint to make it agreeable and easy to take

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with good old Syrup Peppermint to make your laxative more agreeable and easier to take. For years many Doctors have used Syrup Peppermint, an agreeable carrier to make other medicines more palatable when your "taster" feels easily upset. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Peppermint. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna, combined with Syrup Peppermint. See how wonderfully its herb Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines, to bring welcome relief from constipation. And see how its Syrup Peppermint makes Dr. Caldwell's medicine so smooth and agreeable to a touchy gullet. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna at your druggist's today. Try one laxative that won't bring on violent distaste, even when you take it after a full meal.

ASSURANCE

The buyer's assurance is the advertising he or she reads in the newspaper. That is the buyer's guide. It tells the price one must expect to pay. Let the seller who tries to charge more beware!

IF THANKS
our sincere
and neighbors
family so
of helpfulness
death of our
his and the
k you.

arr and family
rr and daughter
da newspapers

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n demonstration
of housewife
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FOR 25

UR GOVERN

\$1.35
53c
10c
13c
19c
11c
19c
29c
15c
9c
17c
19c

CANCER

(Continued from first page) Intestine or rectum, cancer symptoms are the appearance of blood as a rectal discharge, or in the stools. In the breast it may be found by a lump, lack of smoothness, a persistent soreness, or a colored discharge from the nipples. In the uterus by any irregular bleeding at any time during life. In the skin by a lump or sore that does not heal in a reasonable time, or by a mole, wart or wen which develops tenderness, changes its texture or begins to grow. Many of these conditions will turn out not to be cancer, but the difference between these growths that are not cancerous, and those that are can only be determined by careful physical examination. Generally, such examinations should be checked by a microscopic examination. It is always best to play safe, for cancer is often, if not usually, painless. Surgery, X-ray and radium treatments are the only accepted treatments for cancer by the leading physicians of all nations.

HOW SLANDER SPREADS

Literary experts tell me that the New Testament story of the Prodigal Son is the world's prize short story. Reading it the other day, I saw where the elder brother charged the prodigal with spending his father's fortune with harlots. I wondered how he knew. He had not seen the wayward boy in company with bad women in that far country. He had not seen anybody who had seen him in that sort of disreputable society. So how did he know? The truth is he did not know and unblushingly announced that suspicion as a fact. In our recent hectic political scramble we have seen that same human weakness shamelessly illustrated. Somebody suspected that one of our presidential candidates was the tool of some far-off money monopoly, suggested his suspicion, and 1,000,000 voices were ready to take it up and publish it as a fact, and that without even asking for proof. On the other hand, somebody suspected that the opposing candidate had some root of secret foreign commitments, which he would inveigle us into war. Once the idea was broached, another 1,000,000 voices from that side, without the slightest actual proof raucously heralded it as a fact. Now that it is over, may I ask my fellow citizens on both sides to step a while and blush at the shameless way in which two high-class citizens, both of them honorable men, were decided and on mere suspicion, most of it utterly groundless, were accused of conduct and motives that would put them on the level with common liars and hypocrites?

The tragedy of it is that we knew all the time that one or the other of these men would be our next President and yet, we were willing to sow the seeds of scandal, based mainly on groundless suspicion, that would poison the minds of multitudes of people and undermine their confidence in the integrity of the Nation's Chief Executive, whoever he might be. It is said that an Englishman happened to be in this country during one of our presidential campaigns. Returning home, he gave his impressions of America. Among other things, he said that, while he liked much he saw, he was utterly unable to understand why, when they nominated men for their highest office, Americans chose the vilest men in the entire country. But these reflections are not confined to politics. They apply in all the walks of life. All of us are too prone to take up and publish as a fact a mere suspicion. Many a man, and especially many a woman, has been hurt irreparably by a charge of moral lapse solely on suspicion. A rigid application of the Golden Rule would shut many a mouth just ready to start a scandal based entirely on "they say" evidence. Hereafter, just before starting to peddle a suspicion concerning another, whether man or woman, suppose we seriously ask ourselves the question: "How would I like to have that story circulated concerning me?" Before joining the army of scandal-mongers, suppose we at least wait long enough to know that the story is true.—Jeff D. Ray in Star-Telegram.

A friend called upon a guest at a hotel, knocked, and asked him to open the door. "Can't; door's locked!" the voice within answered. "Well, unlock it!" the caller requested. "Can't; lost the key." "Great Scot, man! what will you do if there's a fire?" "I can't go."—Boy's Life.

He is happiest, he be king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

DEBUNKING FALSE PROPHETS

The country's self-appointed reformers have been telling us that advertising raises the cost of living. Let's see. Let's take an example that everybody is familiar with.

Cast your mind back to what you knew or what your parents knew of the automobile of the first few years of the century. Then a big, heavy, unreliable gas eater could be bought, without top, windshield, horn or spare tire for from \$2,000 to \$6,000. Few people bought this expensive luxury.

But automobile makers saw a victim, a nation on wheels. They advertised persistently. More people bought. As production went up, the cost to make each car came down. Part of the saving was put into improvement. Part went into continued advertising. Part went to the public in lower prices. Again more people bought these better cars for less money.

And so it went, year after year. Continued advertising, production and value up, cost and price down, until you find today an infinitely better, more efficient car, complete, for less than half of the lowest price of a few years ago.

The same is true of the refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, washing machine, oil burner, radio, electric light bulb, of packaged foods, clothes and many another product that will come to your mind as you think this over. Advertising, says Nation's Business, has helped mass selling and made possible mass production, which cuts the cost and brings the price within the reach of the average family.

GIFTS OF JOY

Give a boy a pocketful of pennies. Watch his spine grow straight and firm and tall; He will walk as proudly through the nation

As any man at all. Give a girl a ring upon her finger. Watch her face grow radiant with mirth; She will be as regal in elation

As any queen on earth. Give a man a home where he can gather. His quiet dreams and work for their increase. And you have moved the earth one short step nearer

To universal peace. —David Ray.

HOW DULL

How dull My pupils seemed The day that I forgot To look at them with kindly eyes And smile.

And yet On other days When I was glad and matched My zest for life with theirs, they seemed So bright!

—Marie Hays Spence.

VAST DIFFERENCE

"Father," said the minister's son, my teacher says that 'collect' and 'congregate' mean the same thing. Do they?"

"Perhaps, my son; perhaps they do," said the clergyman. "But there is a vast difference between a 'congregation' and a 'collection'."

ORDINARY INDIFFERENCE

Firpo—The horn on your car must be broken.

Jake—No, it's just indifferent.

Firpo—Indifferent! What do you mean by that?

Jake—It just doesn't give a hoot.

WISE AND FOOLISH TONGUES

There is as much difference between wise and foolish tongues as between the hands of a clock—the one goes twelve times as fast, but the other signifies twelve times as much.—William Feather.

"Daughter," asked the father, "is that young man serious in his intentions?"

"Guess he must be, dad," she replied. "He's asked me how much I make, what kind of meals we have, and how you and mother are to live with."

Mrs. Pat McMullen is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Floyd Cash, at Shawnee, Okla. Mrs. Cash recently underwent a major operation, from which she is recovering nicely.

Earl Gossage was brought home from a Pampa hospital Wednesday in a Rice ambulance.

A college education—Something that enables a man to get a job from a man who never went to school.

THE MAN WHO WORKS

The man who does not work for the love of work but only for money is not likely to make money nor to find much fun in life.—Charles M. Schwab.

"When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years."—Mark Twain.

A man reviving from an anesthetic was being very sentimental. The wife nearby said to the nurse: "I have not heard him talk like that since our honeymoon; where do you buy the dope?"

Mr. V.—Our George will be in the hospital a long time.

Mrs. V.—Why? Have you seen the doctor?

Mr. V.—No, but I have seen the nurse.

Mrs. Andy Word and daughter of Alaneed were in McLean Friday.

Herman Lee of Kermitt was a visitor in McLean last week.

Nugent Kunkel and family of Amarillo visited in McLean Thursday.

Miss Ruth Hart visited relatives at Corsicana over the week end.

See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th. Advertisement t/c

Mr. and Mrs. Trullit Stewart have returned from California.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Anderson visited in Amarillo Thursday.

John Fulton of Lefors was in McLean Tuesday.

M. W. Banta was in Amarillo last week.

Mrs. Andy Word of Alaneed was in McLean Tuesday.

Ralph R. Thomas of Pampa was in McLean Monday on business.

A. W. Haynes of Pampa visited here Wednesday.

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.—Complete farm outfit: outbuildings, fences, teams, cows, 24 head livestock, chickens, canned goods, feed, household goods, etc. Will sell all or any part. M. G. Koen, 2 miles east, 1/2 mile south McLean. 1p t/c

MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to me for produce, etc., are asked to call and settle before all accounts are turned over to an attorney. M. G. Koen. 1p t/c

SHOE REPAIRING.—All work guaranteed. John Mertel. t/c

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS 60c each; portable 40c. News office.

MERCHANTS SALES PADS 5c each at News office.

CASH REGISTER rolls at News office.

Illustration of a man and woman with text: "No, sir! I NEVER BUY OF PEDDLER" and "NOT WITH SUCH FINE BARGAINS IN OUR HOME NEWSPAPER!"

TRIFLES

"Why keep worrying about the children?" "I can't help it." "But, my dear, you are hurting your bridge game."

"Oh, Walter," she said. "Dad's going to give us a check for a present!" "Good! Then we'll have the wedding at noon instead of 2 o'clock." "But why, dear?" "The banks close at 3!"

Daughter—Daddy's lying in the hall unconscious with a piece of paper in his hand and a large box at his side.

Mother (Joyously)—Oh, my new hat has arrived!

"I won't get married until I find a girl like grandma married." "Huh! They don't make them like that these days."

"That's funny. He only married her yesterday."

The first indication of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.—Montclair.

Mrs. H. J. Pettit has returned from a visit with relatives at Hereford.



NEW MONEY FOR YOUR OLD THINGS Your Discarded Furniture, Piano, Radio, Bicycle, Tools, Ice Box, can be sold with A WANT AD IN THIS NEWSPAPER

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends for their words of sympathy and deeds of kindness in the passing of our beloved father. THE EVANS CHILDREN.

"Ah, so you are the man who is giving my wife lessons in elocution," said the long-suffering husband. "What kind of a pupil is she?" "I find her very apt, to say the least," said the teacher.

"Strange," came the reply. "I always find her very apt to say the most."

The people who tell us the truth are our best friends—but not for long.

A good man happy is a common good.—Chapman.

See Mr. Scrooge, Friday the 13th. Advertisement t/c

JUST A LIL' AC TO GET YOUR ATTENTION WHILE WE PUT IN A 'PLUG' FOR OUR SUPER-SUPER-TERRIFIC JOB PRINTING!



RIGHT THIS WAY LADIES To The BEST BARGAINS in TOWN In Our ADVERTISING COLUMNS

YOUR CHARM DESERVES ATTENTION

... and our beauty experts know just the kind of attention that will make your beauty bloom. Consult with us on the proper care of your complexion, hair styling, permanent wave needs, or other beauty problems. Our services are never expensive ... yet always satisfy.

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