

THE MCLEAN NEWS

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

Vol. 38.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, May 22, 1941.

No. 21.

MCLEAN PRECINCT TO REMAIN IN DRY COLUMN

McLean will remain in the dry column, according to the will of the voters registered in the election held last Thursday, some 209 dry votes being cast to 78 wet.

Some confusion resulted in the voting, due to the fact that wrongly printed ballots were furnished, the ballots being intended for wet precincts trying to vote dry, but outside of some six dry voters who reported voting wrong, it is not known that the vote would have been materially changed with proper ballots used.

Very little interest was manifested in the election, which was called upon a petition signed by 72 names.

With the Churches

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

John W. Myrose, Minister
Sunday school 10 a. m., Alton Howard, supt.
Morning worship at 11. Sermon, "The Presbyterian Church."
Evening worship at 8. Sermon, "Spiritual Strength."
The junior and senior societies meet at 7:15 p. m.
Daily Vacation Bible School begins Monday morning at 9 o'clock. All children from 4 to 14 are invited to attend.
The ladies meet at the church Tuesday at 2:30 p. m.
Choir practice Wednesday, 8 p. m.

PERKINS JOINS LIONS

Thomas J. Perkins was accepted as a member of the McLean Lions Club and presented with a lapel emblem at the regular luncheon held Tuesday.

There being no program, County Agent Ralph R. Thomas was called upon for a story, responding with an old story on "Friendship."

Mrs. R. A. Wood of Amarillo came Thursday after her children, Janet and John Regal, who had been visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks. She was accompanied by Mrs. Milton Webb and little daughter.

Mrs. V. B. Reager and son, Tommy, of Amarillo visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers, Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Bond of Spearman attended high school commencement exercises here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Decker and one of Skellytown visited relatives here Monday.

Mrs. Geo. Colebank and daughter, Mrs. John Cooper, were visitors in Amarillo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cheney, Mrs. Thomas Ashby and daughter visited in Pampa Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Addie B. Penson and grandsons, Kenneth Graham, visited in Shamrock Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benson and sons of Shamrock visited here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Johnston left Sunday for a few days' visit at Arlington, Plano and Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ames Shankle visited the lady's brother, Tom Clark, at Pampa Monday.

Miss Ruby Cook was an Amarillo visitor Friday.

Sam Hodges made a trip to Pampa Saturday.

BIRTHDAYS

May 25—Mrs. A. W. Brewer, Mrs. Ed Woods, Mrs. W. K. Wharton.
May 26—Mrs. Wheeler Foster, Mrs. Joe Dodson, Mrs. Bill Allen, Z. T. Jones, A. C. St. Clair.
May 27—W. W. Boyd, Ted Ruff, Clyde Richard Brown, Lois Hunter.
May 28—John Clayburn Cubine, Thomas Stokes, Dannie Hill, Frankie Bush.
May 29—John B. Vannoy.
May 30—Ruth Strandberg, Mrs. Shankle.
May 31—Maxine Goodman.

SMITH REFINERY SELLS STOCK TO HANLON

The following has been handed The News for publication by an official of the Smith Bros. Refinery, Inc.:

"A majority of the stock of Smith Brothers Refinery Company, Inc., has been acquired by the Hanlon interests of Tulsa, Okla. It is not anticipated that there will be any substantial changes in the personnel or operation of the company, which will be conducted from McLean as heretofore."

YOUNG McMULLEN PROMOTED

Fort Bliss, Texas, May 1, 1941. Mrs. Eula McMullen, McLean, Texas.

It has recently been my good fortune as Commanding Officer of the 8th Cavalry, to promote your son, Roy A. McMullen, to the grade of Corporal in Machine Gun Troop, 8th Cavalry.

Your son has gained this deserved promotion by his outstanding soldierly abilities and attention to duty, some of which are:

Exceptional ability in computing machine gun fire data and use of fire control instruments.

Exceptional capability in training young horses so that they may be used in the work that is vital in maintaining an excellent force in the field.

It is hoped that this is only the first step in a series of promotions for your son, and that he will continue to be a credit to a fine organization. Indeed, your son has won many friends because of his fine character.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN K. BROWN,
Colonel, 8th Cavalry, Commanding.

McLEAN BOYS TO GRADUATE

J. L. Rice, A. L. Christian and F. E. Kennedy, graduates of the McLean high school, will graduate at the Texas A. and M. College this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Watkins visited their daughter, Mrs. W. A. Glass, near Alanreed Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bozeman of Fort Worth are visiting the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reep Landers.

Mrs. Blackie Hill has returned to Amarillo after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Greer.

Mrs. Lee Wilson and daughter have returned to Tucumcari, N. M., after a visit with relatives here.

Mrs. Glen Nicholson and children of Ashland, Kan., visited relatives here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Barker were Pampa visitors Saturday.

Jim and Oscar Sullivan of New Mexico were in McLean Saturday.

Curtis Switzer of Middle Water is visiting his brother, Forrest, and family.

Miss Edith Mae Duncan visited in Shamrock Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sparks were Shamrock visitors Monday afternoon.

Mrs. H. O. Beyerly visited her daughter at Amarillo last week end.

Mrs. Lula Young is in Pampa on business this week.

Hugh Riemer of Canyon visited in McLean Sunday.

Mutt Graham was in Clarendon Saturday night.

Mrs. Marvin Hall of Alanreed visited in McLean Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Duke Shaw of Nocona visited relatives here last week.

Mrs. M. T. Powell of Ramsdell was in McLean Friday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Kinard and son of Lubbock visited here last week.

VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Daily Vacation Bible School of the First Presbyterian Church will open Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

All children between the ages of 4 and 14 are invited to attend. There will be classes for beginner, primary, junior and intermediate groups.

The school will run Monday to Friday for two weeks, closing each day at 11:30.

Shawver Distributor Fluorescent Lights

F. M. Shawver has been appointed factory distributor for the Lite-King Fluorescent Lighting and is prepared to give a free demonstration to anyone interested.

This new light is the most modern made and will give a cool light on lower current cost than any other system; in fact, it can be proven that you can have better light at only one-third the cost of lamps of conventional design.

Mr. Shawver says there are no installation costs; the lights are adapted to both home and business use and can be bought in any amount. A single fixture may be bought to use in any light socket and added to as the need develops. See advertisement in another column.

CLUBS TO HAVE PICNIC

Gray County Home Demonstration Clubs will have their annual picnic at Lake McClellan next Thursday, May 29, from 2 to 6 o'clock. Members are invited to bring their families and guests.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Phillips and daughter, Miss Leta Mae; and Mrs. C. J. Cash visited in the Walter Cash home at Pampa and T. C. Phillips home at White Deer Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Carver of Hominy, Okla., are visiting the lady's father, T. C. Landers, and other relatives here.

Mrs. E. J. Windom and children visited at Spearman Sunday, the daughter remaining for a longer visit.

Alvis Woods and brother of Amarillo visited here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. White of Pampa visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Upham, over the week end.

Misses Florene Mullen and Beatrice Winsell visited in Amarillo and Canyon Sunday.

Miss Inez Shaw of Amarillo visited her parents here the first of last week.

I. D. Shaw, Jr., and family of Grady, N. M., visited relatives here the first of last week.

Mrs. Vester Smith and daughter, Mrs. J. T. Hicks, were in Amarillo Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Saye and son of Clayton, N. M., visited here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Allison took their son to Amarillo Friday for medical treatment.

Mrs. Leo Gibson and sons and Mrs. E. J. Windom were in Pampa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Clark were in Pampa Friday, the lady receiving medical treatment.

Little Miss Nita Gail Mitchell of Plainview is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Appling.

E. J. Windom, Jr., visited at Spearman Sunday.

Mrs. Ernest Kramer and son visited in Amarillo this week.

Roy Campbell has our thanks for a subscription renewal this week.

Pat Carmichael was in Amarillo Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Dyer are on a vacation trip to Oregon.

Master Bobby Dyer left Monday to visit his father, Clyde, at Orange.

Library News

Beginning May 29 there will be one hour, one day a week, devoted to story telling. Children are invited to meet at the park from 4 to 5 Thursday of each week, if weather permits. Story telling and other amusements are being planned for the children during the summer months.

Watch the library window for a notice of the shipment of new books. Donations: Mrs. S. R. Jones (magazines) Life, Farm and Ranch; Miss Mannie Wilson (juvenile fiction) Pinocchio and Adventures of a Brownie.

1934 Sewing Club with Mrs. Landers

Members of the 1934 Sewing Club met at the home of Mrs. T. A. Landers on North Cedar Street last Friday for luncheon and a social session.

Besides members present, the following guests registered: Mrs. A. B. Turner and baby of Wheeler, Mrs. Jennie Chapman of Pampa, Mrs. Mildred Grigsby and children, Dean, Richard and Jo Ann; Misses Jewell Cousins and Eunice Stratton.

The next meeting will be held June 6 with Mrs. D. A. Davis.

SCHOOL AWARDS PRESENTED

At the commencement exercises of the McLean high school last Friday evening, the award for the student making the most progress in public school music for the year was presented to Bernard McClellan.

The Balfour award signifying scholarship, loyalty and achievement was given to Miss Beth Evonne Floyd.

Mrs. Haskell Stotts and children of Sunray visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Nicholson, over the week end.

Luther Hunt of New York City visited his mother, Mrs. Hannah Crawford, Friday night.

Alvis Woods and brother of Amarillo visited here Friday.

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SPECIAL AWARDS TO WARD SCHOOL PUPILS

In addition to the regular awards given at the ward school promotion exercises held last Thursday evening, the following special awards were given:

The American Legion award to one boy and one girl for scholarship, character, etc., were won by G. F. Baker and Dorothy McKeever.

Music awards were presented to: primary and intermediate grades, Jo Ann Grigsby and Clyde Mounce; sixth and seventh grades, Gloria Jean Gunn and Harold Meador.

Perfect attendance certificates were awarded to Kathryn Brooks, Claude Mounce, Sally Ann Ledbetter and Dorothy McDaniels.

EASTSIDE CLUB MEETS

Eastside Club members met Friday in the home of Mrs. Jess Ledbetter. During the business session, plans were made to attend the annual picnic at Lake McClellan Thursday, May 29. It was requested that members get their antiques to Mrs. Kelley's office by Saturday, May 24.

Those present were Mrs. C. A. Myatt, Mrs. Luther Petty, Mrs. Elton Johnston and Mrs. J. H. Wade.

The next meeting will be in the home of Mrs. Floyd Lively the first Friday in June.

LEAGUE ICE CREAM SUPPER

The Epworth Leaguers are sponsoring an ice cream supper at the First Methodist Church Thursday evening, May 22, at 8 o'clock.

The League hopes to send one or two delegates to the summer assembly at Abilene, June 2 to 6.

Mrs. Fred Armstrong and daughter and Miss Marjorie Sample of Tulla visited here last week. They were accompanied home by Miss Frances Armstrong. Miss Sample is a granddaughter of the late W. H. Bates, who lived here some years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Perkins visited in Clarendon Sunday. They were accompanied home by the lady's mother and sister, Mrs. A. C. Hartzog and Mrs. Minnie Both, of Bovina.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. White of Pampa visited the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Upham, over the week end.

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Master Bobby Dyer left Monday to visit his father, Clyde, at Orange.

Miss Nellie Mae Graham and Mr. J. C. Amerson were married Saturday night at Wheeler, by the Baptist pastor.

They were accompanied by the bride's mother, Mrs. Luke Graham; and the groom's uncle, Cecil Amerson. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Graham. The groom, whose parents live at Tulla, is employed with the state highway department.

MORNING COFFEE CLOSES CLUB YEAR

A morning coffee in the home of Mrs. C. O. Greene last Thursday, May 15, closed the year's activities for the Pioneer Study Club.

Mrs. S. A. Cousins held a business meeting. Mrs. Boyd Meador conducted a quiz on the constitution and a review of the year's programs.

Mrs. Will Bogan presented the retiring officers with corsages and installed the following officers for the new year which begins in September: President—Mrs. C. A. Cryer. Vice President—Mrs. Bob Black. Secretary-treasurer—Mrs. Carl M. Jones. Parliamentarian—Mrs. F. M. Shawver.

Reporter—Mrs. Roger Powers.

Present were Mesdames Creed Bogan, Ercy Cubine, F. M. Shawver, C. M. Carpenter, Clyde Magee, C. A. Cryer, Boyd Meador, Carl M. Jones, Bob Black, S. A. Cousins, C. B. Batson, J. B. Hembree, Roger Powers, Bob Thomas, June Woods, W. E. Bogan and Leroy M. Brown.

HEAVY RAIN TUESDAY

According to W. W. Boyd, official rain gauge keeper, 1.35 inches of rain fell in McLean Tuesday, in addition to .1 of an inch that fell Sunday afternoon, making the total rainfall for the month of May, up to Wednesday afternoon, 4.94 inches. The total for the year amounts to 13.39 inches, some .77 inches falling in January, 1.19 in February, 2.08 in March, and 4.41 in April.

GRAHAM-AMERSON

Miss Nellie Mae Graham and Mr. J. C. Amerson were married Saturday night at Wheeler, by the Baptist pastor.

They were accompanied by the bride's mother, Mrs. Luke Graham; and the groom's uncle, Cecil Amerson. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Graham. The groom, whose parents live at Tulla, is employed with the state highway department.

The young people are at home at the Sparks apartments.

Mrs. D. E. Johnson left Wednesday for a visit to Mt. Pleasant. She was accompanied by her son, Luke, and wife of Kellerville.

Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy A. Landers of Washington, D. C., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Landers.

Mrs. George Graham and baby came home Thursday from a Pampa hospital.

Herman Holland of Oklahoma visited A. T. Wilson one night last week.

Mrs. Porter Smith and son, Bobby, visited the lady's brother, Roy Franklin, in New Mexico last week.

Miss Fern Landers, who has been teaching in the Sudan school, is home for vacation.

Mrs. A. C. Meier and daughter of Amarillo visited relatives here Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Sparks visited her niece, Mrs. E. L. Norman, at Pampa Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Ballard and little daughter were in Pampa Saturday.

Little Miss Mary Beth Steph went to Byers Monday to visit her Grandmother Steph through the summer.

Walter Foster of Pampa was in McLean Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Newman visited in Shamrock Sunday.

J. R. Phillips made a business trip to Pampa Monday.

Charlie Winters of Wellington was in McLean Saturday.

J. A. Ashby visited in Pampa Sunday.

C. M. Carpenter made a business trip to Pampa the first of the week.

Pedestrian Is Today's "Vanishing American"



The pedestrian, unless he mends his ways, bids fair to become the twentieth century's "Vanishing American," according to a new booklet on highway safety just issued.

"When the white man first set foot on our shores," the booklet says, "he was beset by many perils, not the least of which were the resentful Indians. Many a Pilgrim chest was pierced by an arrow winging its way apparently cut of nowhere and many a skull was split by an unseen tomahawk. Yet the white race survived to dominate in America. Why? Because the white man recognized danger and strove to meet it. He learned to walk with the stealth of his red brother, to avoid open spaces in the forest, to sharpen his senses, to move quickly and surely. Then he taught these precautions to his children.

"Something of this Pilgrim spirit and fortitude is needed among pedestrians today. All around them are dangers, but pedestrians heed them not. Instead, they cling to the outdated idea that they can use the street's when and how they please, disregarding the fact that their ranks are thinned by many thousands every year."

The booklet points out that 12,500 pedestrians were killed in 1940 and more than 290,000 others were injured. Of the pedestrians killed, more than 34%, and of those injured, 51% were crossing streets against the signal, crossing between intersections, or coming into the street from behind parked cars.

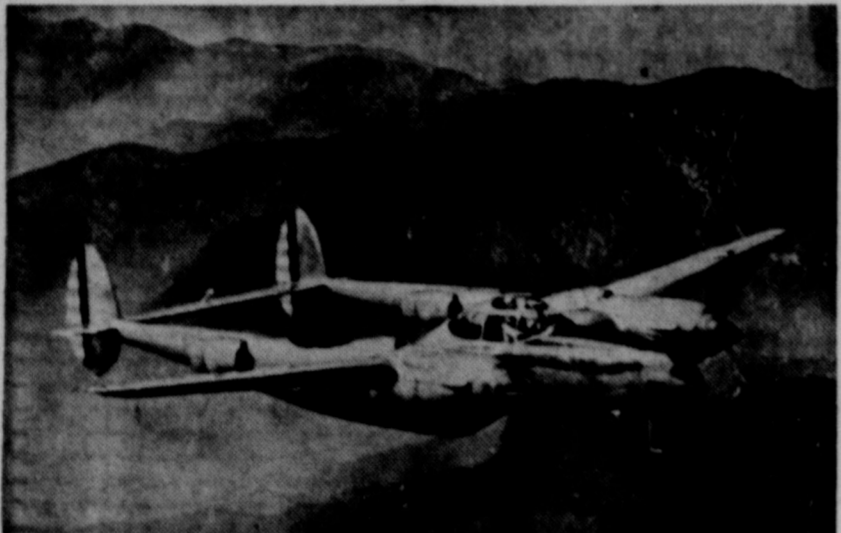
Such figures point out once more to the major role that human carelessness plays in the sad drama of the highways. They shout the need for caution to those who travel afoot.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

Battle for Control of Ocean Shipping Overshadows Other Phases of War; Flight of Rudolf Hess to Great Britain Brings Flood of Rumor, Propaganda

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



Well named is this Lockheed "Lightning" otherwise officially known as the P-38 Interceptor-Pursuit, shown here in flight over the mountains near Burbank, California. This sleek, bi-motored craft is said to be the fastest plane in existence. The first batch of P-38s is now rolling off the production lines for the U. S. and British air forces.

FLIGHT: From Germany

Following the dramatic flight from Germany to Scotland by Rudolf Hess, No. 3 Nazi deputy fuhrer of Germany, world capitals buzzed with rumor and gossip regarding the reasons behind his fantastic exit. An official British government announcement did not at first specifically state that Hess had deserted the Nazi regime but the inference was plain that he was believed to be sane when he dropped by parachute near Glasgow, Scotland. The first statement from the home of Winston Churchill at 10 Downing street told that Hess was under treatment in a Glasgow hospital for a broken ankle suffered in floating down from his German Messerschmitt fighter plane.

Before it was reported by England that the high ranking Nazi official had landed by parachute in Scotland, Berlin had announced that Hess was missing and was believed to be lost in an airplane crash following an unscheduled and unauthorized flight. He was said to have left behind a letter which indicated that he was suffering from some traces of mental disorder and was a victim of "hallucinations."

WAR TEMPO: Steps Up

There was a general stepping up of the tempo of the war with arrival in England and in North Africa of considerable and growing amounts of American aid. Apparently Hitler's Nazi legions, fearing that American entry into the war was imminent, and that this entry might possibly turn the tide against him, was anxious to bring every effort to bear to knock Britain out as swiftly as possible. Indeed, this seemed the only hope of a German victory, because all other enemies of the Reich had crumbled before the blitz technique, leaving only England, and though the United States was strongly allied with the British effort, it had not yet reached the point of actual full participation in the war. There was little doubt but that Germany was well-informed of the setups of American war production, and that the Germans realized just what the sum of American aid would eventually mean. If it should mean British supremacy in the air, it might be that Germany's hope of victory would be doomed, for Nazi air supremacy was still evident, not only in the Grecian campaign, but in the battle of the British Isles as well. Thus most observers believed that the world was seeing the maximum effort against the British in England, and that the world would soon see the maximum effort to end the North African campaign, and to push the Asia-Minor campaign so that Suez and Alexandria and Malta might fall. The facts bore out the premise that the war was highly stepped up, however. British sources claimed dropping as many as 40 planes in a single night, yet still did not claim anywhere near 10 per cent of those over Britain.

CONVOYS: Important Phase

While convoys continued to occupy much of the time congress was allotting to debate, President Roosevelt had postponed what was believed to be a forthcoming public statement on the issue. It was announced that he was too ill to make a scheduled radio address and so for the time being his opponents as well as his supporters were forced to speculate as to what his words might be.

It was a blow to Republican opponents of convoying when Wendell L. Willkie said he favored it. Senator Nye and other non-interventionists leaped on the former Republican standard-bearer and belabored him as a "turncoat." It was evident that Lindbergh, bell-wether of the anti-administration flock, realized that he was treading close to the point where the issue would be so sharply drawn that the "aid-to-Britain" forces would have to take some action that would silence their opponents. Indeed, Lindbergh said: "As long as free speech is permitted I feel obligated to continue to speak in behalf of a negotiated peace." He said he did not want a German victory, but that he honestly believed a British victory impossible, and that in the interest of peace, the war should be ended on the best terms possible "or our children and our children's children will be obligated to fight Europe's wars."

This was, of course, merely the anti-administration line of attack, but it was backed up by Landon, 1936 G.O.P. nominee, who also showed the peril in which free speech was standing. The issue was back to World war days, when speech freedom went by the board for the duration of the war—but only after the U. S. was in it. The issue being so sharply defined now made many believe that U. S. entry into the war was only a short way off.

DIPLOMATIC: Outlook Dark

Back, around and on top of the actual warfare were waging the diplomatic battles, rightly characterized by Anthony Eden as of equal import and difficulty as the battles on the field, and meeting much the same result. The loss of the Balkan campaign weakened Britain's diplomatic position, and made it just that much harder to hold Turkey and Syria in line.

Reports from Turkey that she was anxious to mediate in the Iraq war was far from a pleasant outcome for the British, who wanted the Mosul oil and not mediation which might weaken her position. In fact, Ankara advised the British that the demand on the part of Iraq, before peace would be made, was that Britain withdraw all but 2,000 of her troops, not leaving even enough halfway to police the Kirkuk-Halfa pipeline.

Reports from Iraq were conflicting, the Germans naturally being glad to circulate reports that her troops were on Iraq soil, and reporting British reverses. The British, however, most of whose reports had so far been basically accurate, even though colored somewhat with propaganda, said the Iraq campaign had degenerated into largely a pursuit of the Iraq troops in the desert north of Habbaniyah airdrome.

But Suez was not free from menace, and Axis raiders were dropping bombs on the canal, and harassing shipping there. Meantime all Britain was wondering what the Russian situation was, and whether the Russian bear was going to sit idly by and watch Nazi infiltration into Asia Minor.

The general opinion was that Stalin would be guided entirely by expediency, and that even a German-Italian-Russian-Japanese alliance was not impossible if America should openly enter the war.

Wartime Rules Invoked to Guard Capitol



Capitol police begin checking articles carried by visitors, for the first time since World War I days, when a time-bomb exploded in the senate reception room. Fourteen officers are stopping all visitors at the seven entrances to the building, and relieve all sight-seers of bundles, cameras, umbrellas and other articles.

Australian Prime Minister Arrives



Robert G. Menzies, prime minister of Australia, and companions, pictured as they arrived in New York, from Europe, on the Pan-American Dixie Clipper. Left to right: Menzies; Frederick Sheddon, secretary of Australian-British defense co-ordination department; and John Storey, member of Australian-British aircraft production committee.

Home Legionnaires Sign Up



A group of army mothers who attended the organization meeting of the Home Legion in New York city, signing a huge post card which was mailed to the President by those pledged to do all in their power to make the lot of the soldier in camp a happier one. The Home Legion is composed of wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of draftees.

North Star Returns From Antarctic



After thrilling experiences in the Antarctic, 36 hardy adventurers arrived in Boston on the North Star. Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, already in Boston, was on hand to greet them. In above group are, L. to R., Dr. Paul Siple, commander of the Little America base; Mrs. Siple; Admiral Byrd; Mrs. F. Wade, and F. Wade, senior scientist.

Fights Polio



At the invitation of President Roosevelt to take treatment for polio, Higinio Moringo Jr., son of the president of Paraguay, arrives at Miami airport with his mother and Maria Carmen Pena, four, en route to Warm Springs, Ga.

Gift From Red Cross



John G. Winant, United States ambassador to Great Britain, handing over a check for 70,000 pounds to Lady Reading, chief of the Women's Volunteer Service, in London. The money was sent from the American Red Cross.

Proof of Sabotage



First picture of damaged machinery aboard Italian liner Colorado, being examined by J. C. Mahon, from coast guard cutter Unalga at San Juan, Puerto Rico. The FBI is investigating charges that the damage was caused by the crew.

Reich Mouthpiece



Otto von Reinebeck, German minister to Central America, at Guatemala City, who, it is alleged, is also head of the German intelligence service in Central America.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK.—Back in the days of Sockless Jerry Simpson and the Populists and the rock-and-sock battle between Wall Street and the Corn Belt, there was a prairie healer and evangelist named Slater who scolded the farmers for their intemperate talk about the New York bankers, and said that when the millennium came they would be brothers again.

The evangelist might have been locked up had he predicted that within four or five decades the board of directors of the New York Stock exchange would hire an Illinois farmer, with no experience in securities dealing, to be president of the exchange.

These things came to pass, in the Rev. Mr. Slater's scriptural parlance. By unanimous vote of the board of governors, the \$48,000-a-year exchange job is offered to Emil Schram, operator of the Hartwell Farms at Hillview, Ill., and head of the Reconstruction Finance corporation since July, 1939. As this is written there is word from Washington that Mr. Schram will accept the post.

The tall, baldish, urbane, deep-teamed Mr. Schram has been esteemed in Washington for his bilingual accomplishments. It has been noted that he can talk to New Dealers and business men in their own language.

Under the tutelage of Jesse Jones, who brought him into the RFC, and whom he succeeded as its head, he has served not only as a liaison between business and government, but between agricultural and industrial interests. Shrewd onlookers in Wall Street are interpreting his call to the big board as a protective measure by the governors. The idea is that he might be a shock absorber as war tension brings more governmental regulation.

Of the third generation of German immigrants, Emil Schram finished high school in Peru, Ind., and took a job as a roustabout and handy man in J. O. Cole's lumber and coal yard.

By the time he was twenty-one, he was the bookkeeper for the business. Several years later, his employer took over 5,000 acres of swamp land on the Illinois river. He assigned his young bookkeeper the job of draining and developing the large tract of land.

Within a few years, the yield from the land was run up from 6,000 bushels of corn per year, to 140,000, with other crop increases in proportion. Young Mr. Schram acquired a substantial interest in the project, which became the Hartwell Land trust. Twenty tenant farmers have been on the reclaimed land for more than 25 years.

Mr. Schram's first contacts with the federal government came in later years as he became active in community drainage and reclamation projects, requiring federal co-operation. As chairman of the board of directors of the National Drainage association, he had dealings with the Hoover administration, when the Illinois river was messing up farm lands in this vicinity, and loans for flood control and reclamation were needed. The astute Jesse Jones made him chairman of the drainage, levee and irrigation division of the RFC.

He later was a swing man in various government activities, including the presidency of the Home and Farm authority, a TVA subsidiary. He made it pay. Recently Edward R. Stettinius "drafted" him as assistant priorities administrator, to allocate raw materials for defense purposes.

Mr. Schram is 48 years old, the grandson of a woodworker. He is a Democrat, but he has never been active in politics, and has never been a candidate for office.

William M. Martin Jr., the "big president" of the Stock exchange whom Mr. Schram will succeed, quit his lucrative job for \$21 a month as a private in the army. His term of office had been a good investment, but not solely because of the \$48,000-a-year salary. To take the exchange presidency, he had to sell his seat, for several hundred thousand dollars. Today's sales of exchange seats at \$20,000, the lowest since 1898, reveal young Mr. Martin as having played in luck, regardless of salary. Much of the same is Mr. Schram.

TESTAMENT OF A REPORTER

I saw Jack Dempsey knocked out of the ring in Atlantic City and come back to win.

I saw Ben Jody, knocked down three times, climb back on his feet and land a haymaker.

I saw Pope Ortiz tossed on the horns of a bull, land on his feet, and, running blood, wave his toreros aside to make the kill himself.

I saw the coal miners of Herrin, Ill., walk unarmed into the barking guns of the militia, fall in heaps of dead, and win their strike.

I saw Blackie Weed stand on the gallows and spit in the sheriff's face, laugh when they tightened the rope around his neck and go through the trap still guffawing.

I saw Joe Gans riding in an ambulance to his death bed with his fists still clenched and twitching and his chin still tucked down against Bat Nelson.

I saw Chris Haggarty of the AP climb an icy telegraph pole in the Dayton flood, tap out his last message: "Dayton, Ohio—AP everywhere"—and slide unconscious to the earth.

I heard Huga Haase stand up in the first National German assembly at Weimer and proclaim: "I am a German who believes the might of guns will only win for us an ignoble place in the human family. If this is treason, kill me." They killed him on the Reichstag steps in Berlin.

I saw Lou Gehrig bat out his last homer with his spine tied in a knot.

I saw Jesus Maria Lopez, before the firing squad in Chihuahua, smoke his last cigarette, grin at the leveled rifles and say: "Your bullets, my friends, will have no effect on the thoughts in my humble head. They will continue in other humble heads."

I saw Teddy Roosevelt, shot by an assassin, stand up that night in a Milwaukee auditorium and with a bullet still in his midriff, deliver the finest oration of his career. If anything happened to him as a result of the morning's accident, he cried to the throng, he hoped their mourning would be tempered by the memory of what a hell of a good time he had had out of life.

I saw Ben Welch, blind as a bat, come prancing out on the Palace theatre stage and crack jokes that convulsed his audience.

I saw Eugene Debs, the Socialist leader, come out of the Atlanta jail and say: "America is the greatest country in the world with the brightest future. I only hope nothing happens to dim that future."

I saw George Gershwin writing his best tunes for the Goldwyn Follies with a brain tumor driving an ice pick through his skull.

I saw Billy Petrolle, twice beaten, come back in his old Indian blanket in Madison Square Garden and whale the daylights out of Jimmy McLarnin.

I saw garment workers in Chicago march singing into a double wall of mounted police, get trampled to death and win their strike.

I saw a survivor of the Titanic, a servant girl from Galway, who told me how her friends in the steerage had died. Unable to find places in the lifeboats, they had crowded into the forbidden but now deserted precincts of the first-cabin saloon, taken possession of the elegant piano, and played and sung Irish tunes as the ship went down, themselves with it.

I saw Bill Heywood on the night he shipped bail and fled from his native U. S. A. to die in Russia. He was under sentence as a radical. I met him in the gallery of a burlesque theatre. He had been touring the town having a last look at the country he loved. "They put on a great show here," he said, chewing on a bag of peanuts. "I always like to come to places like this just to watch those burns in the audience laugh."

I saw an AEP soldier on a hospital cot with both legs off and a fake jaw fixed to where his face had been, move his mouth stiffly and squeak like a mama doll: "We won."

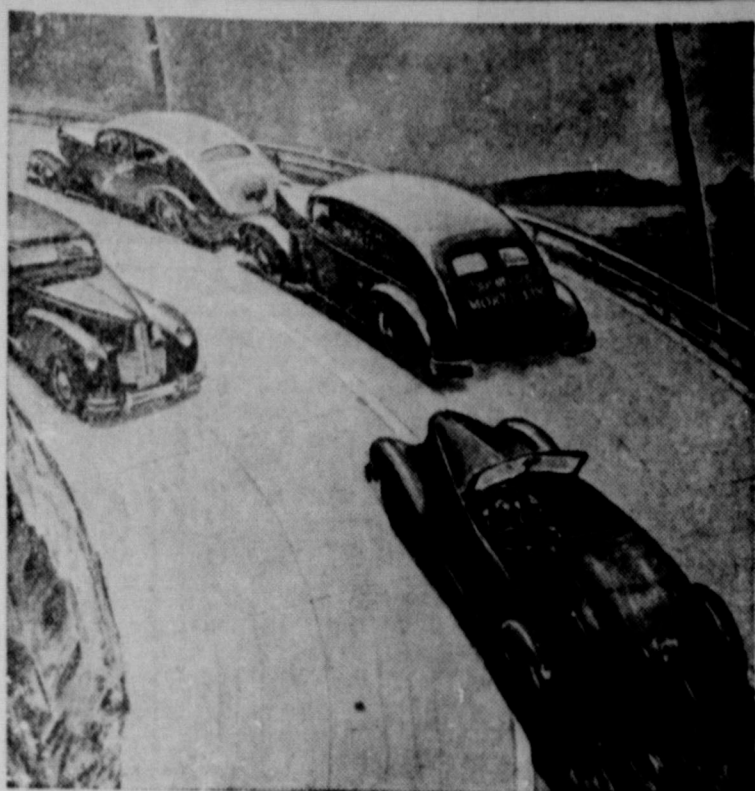
I've seen these things and many things like them.

Along with the endless saga of misfortune that hits the eye of the reporter he gets to see the queer stamina of little people in big troubles. He is given a privileged look at the undaunted moments that are the soul of human history. He sees a lot of disaster and wreckage, but he keeps his eyes open he usually gets a look at the flag of man still flying above some corner of the globe.

I've seen this flag a hundred times when it never belonged. I've seen it come out of the many big and little holes in the hearts of people and watch it ripen in victory. And I'll see it again. I'll see England win—Hecht in PM.

No book to read is not the one that makes you think, but the one that makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that. —McCosh.

Overtaking the Undertaker



There is another name for the little game of repeatedly flouting the speed laws. It might be called "overtaking the undertaker." Certainly there is ample statistical evidence that habitual players in this lottery lose everything.

Of the 85,000 persons killed in traffic accidents last year, 24,000 met death through some reckless or illegal action on the part of a driver, according to an analysis of 1940's accidents which has just been released. There are a dozen such illegal actions mentioned, but standing out

boldly at the top of the list and coming close to being equal to all the others added together is the one item: "Exceeding the speed limit." No less than 9,600 speeding drivers caught up with the undertaker in 1940, and almost a quarter of a million others caught up with an ambulance.

As long as the records have been kept, the analysis shows, exceeding the speed limit has led the list as the major cause of traffic accidents in the U. S.

News from Heald

Mrs. Elmo Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Phillips of Amarillo visited in the T. F. Phillips home Friday and attended the graduation exercises at McLean Friday night.

The Heald school children enjoyed a picnic at Lake McClellan Friday.

They were accompanied by Miss Williana Garmon, Mrs. Myla Holder, Mrs. Orlie Phillips, Mrs. Eva Rutledge, Mrs. Frank Bailey and children, Mrs. Sallie Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Vaughn and children of Alanreed, Mr. and Mrs. Glynn Pugh, Misses Wanda Lane, Jewel Lane, Billy Mae Bailey and Iona Price.

Little Mike Garmon returned to his home at Groom Friday after a visit with his grandfather and aunt, W. Garmon and Miss Williana.

The Heald school children gave an interesting program at the school house Wednesday night. The play, "The Raggedy Tag Man," was enjoyed very much.

A shower was given at the church house Monday night, honoring Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Kuykendall. Many nice presents were given the couple. Refreshments were served and games were played afterwards.

Melvin Bailey left Saturday morning with the McLean seniors for a trip to Carlsbad Caverns.

Dwight Holder, who is employed at Amarillo, spent the week with his wife and children here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleod Godwin and children visited at Lefors Sunday. Many from this community attended the opening of Lake McClellan Sunday.

SO MUCH AND SO LITTLE

We need so much in the flush of youth When the heart is pulsing with life's rich tide;

We long for beauty and love and truth

With a hunger and thirst unsatisfied.

We toil for fame and we grasp at power.

Our souls are attuned to the world's mad strife.

All Heaven and Earth seem our rightful dower—

For we need so much in the rush of life!

We need so little when life is done And the spirit soars from its chrysalis;

From our careless fingers, one by one Drop the useless treasures we shall not miss.

The glitter of gold, the hoarded heap Of prizes and praises so hardly won.

We will barter them all for a dreamless sleep—

For we need so little when life is done.

—N. Y. Sun (1897).

Notwithstanding the imperative need of spending colossal sums for national defense, no effort has been made, either by Congress or the administration, to reduce non-defense spending, to eliminate waste and extravagance now existing in governmental expenditures—Harry Flood Byrd.

CIGARETTES AND CITIZENSHIP

A wise man said, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." He might also have said: "Tell me what you do with your cigarette stubs and I will tell you what kind of a citizen you are."

When driving your car, do you throw your stub out of the window? If so, you aren't a good citizen. Your stub may land in some leaves or rubbish by the roadside and start a fire. The place for such a stub is the ash tray provided in your car.

When you are smoking in the house and you leave your stub in an ashtray, do you make sure it is actually out before you leave it? Women are said to be among the worst offenders in this respect. Cigarette stubs smolder on the edge of an ashtray, and sometimes drop off. That is how many house fires begin.

When you drop your stub in any public place, do you step on it, hard? You should. It might set fire to the clothing of some passer-by. The best plan is never to drop your stub on any floor at any time, but use the receptacles provided for smokers.

Good citizenship is simply intelligent consideration for your fellow

men. According to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, now celebrating its 75th anniversary, one test of a good citizen is whether he puts cigarette stubs only in a safe receptacle, and, even then, makes sure they are completely extinguished.

SPANKED BY WIRE

Austin—Good-bye to the old-fashioned woodshed and hairbrush—dads can now do their spanking by telegram!

A husky, 175-pound messenger boy recently presented Frank O. Murray, University of Texas freshman, with the following telegram from his father:

Western Union, Special Service, Austin, Texas.

Please call on T. U. freshman Frank Murray, 407 27th Street, and administer spanking for not writing home.

Frank R. Murray. The next afternoon Mr. Murray, at

home in Panhandle, got an answer to his wire:

Frank has been duly spanked. It hurt him more than us, we can assure you. He did the writing today. Regards.

Western Union.

HE'S RIGHT!

Quillen paragraphs this casual observation: A catchy display of colorful fishing flies will catch fewer two-pound bass than 200-pound bass fishermen!

A GOOD MEAL

every time you eat here.

We use and serve soft water,

adding to the flavor of all food and drinks.

MEADOR CAFE

On Highway 66
24-Hour Service

CUT FLOWERS

Two hints—a bouquet for your hostess . . . or, flowers to lend color to the festive spread.

Shamrock Floral Co.
Shamrock, Texas



DRY

PHILOSOPHY

McLean is to be highly commended on the stand which they took in the recent election, in placing civic righteousness above filthy lucre. I venture to say that there is not enough money in the coffers of the brewers and distillers of America to buy the dry votes of McLean. Bootleggers, beware.

A. T. WILSON
at the Hermitage

An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come.

"I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

At this point an old lady in the gallery stood up.

"Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth."

"Madam," roared the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

If you confer a benefit, never remember it; if you receive one, never forget it.—Chilon.

GREAT NORTHERN LIFE INS. CO.

Announces the Appointment of T. N. HOLLOWAY Local Agent

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OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE

Vapor Baths Colonic Irrigations

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(Sc. M., D. C., N. D.)

Drugless Physician

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Modern Spectacles bring your eyes up to date . . .

See F. W. HOLMES

Optometrist and Jeweler Sayre - - - Oklahoma

LANDSCAPING

Anything from rock gardens to complete home plans. Get our estimates. We know local conditions.

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WYNCH PIPE & TANK YARD

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AGAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER!

You'll find that Chevrolet's

- FIRST IN ACCELERATION . . .
- FIRST IN HILL-CLIMBING . . .
- FIRST IN DRIVING EASE . . .
- FIRST IN RIDING EASE . . .
- FIRST IN ALL-ROUND ECONOMY among all biggest-selling low-priced cars—just as it's
- FIRST IN SALES among all cars, regardless of price, for the tenth time in the last eleven years

DRIVE IT ONCE and you'll DRIVE IT ALWAYS

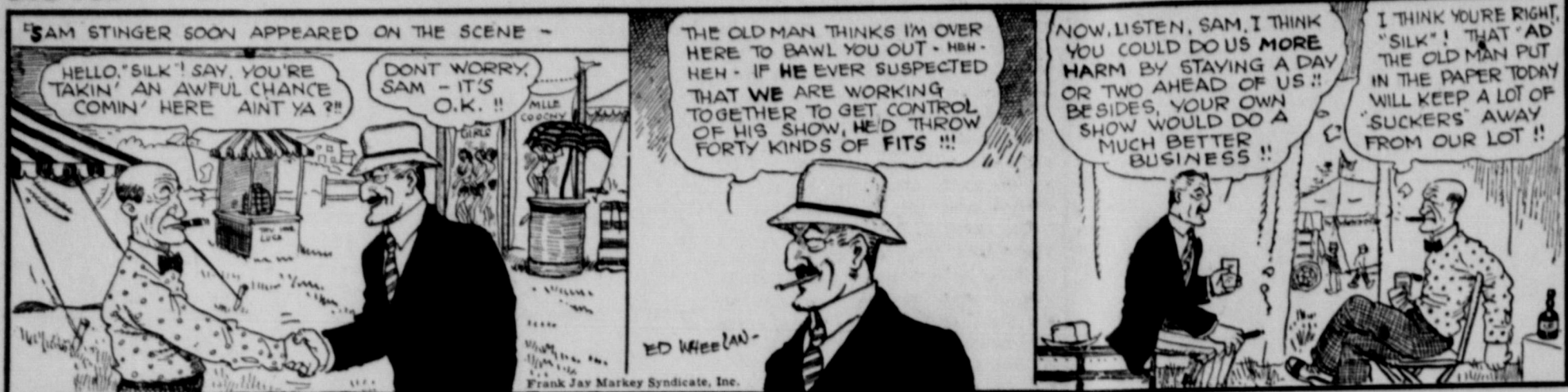
Seems FERRYBOD'S Saying FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST!

Cooke Chevrolet Co. McLean, Tex.

Fun for the Whole Family

BIG TOP

By ED WHEELAN



LALA PALOOZA

Vincent Fixes It for Lala

By RUBE GOLDBERG



S'MATTER POP - War Style Change - Bite Enemy, if Necessary

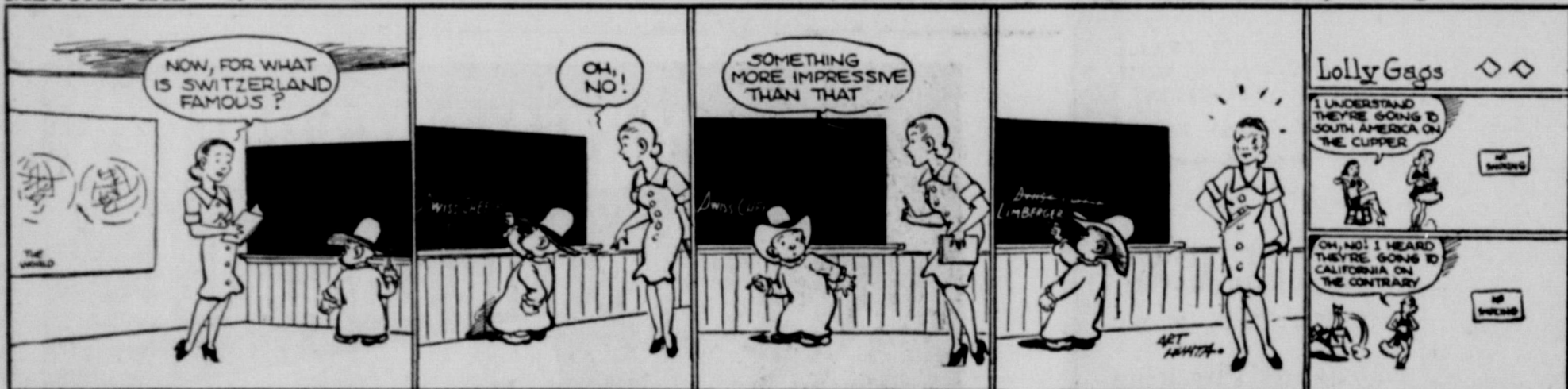
By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

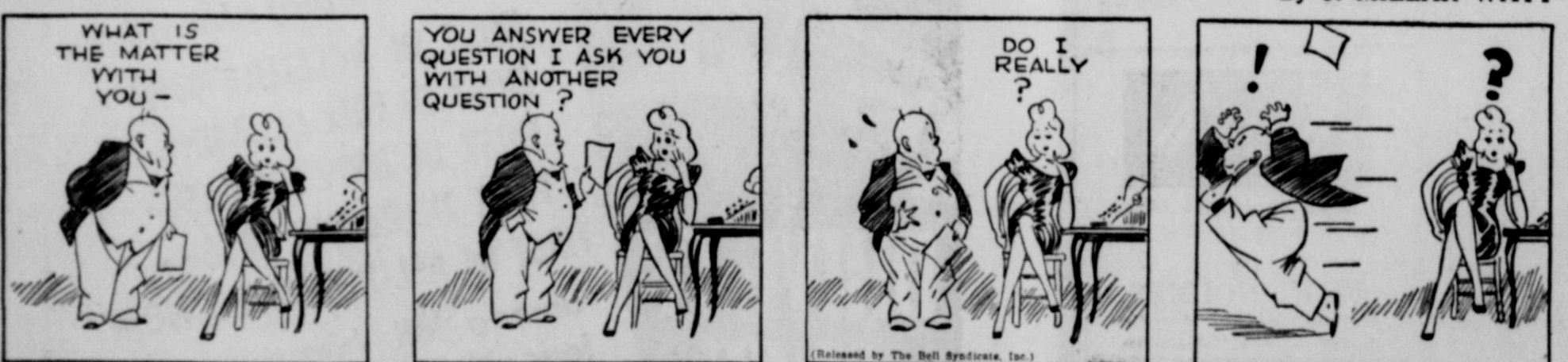
By S. L. HUNTLEY

A Pretty Strong Statement



POP - Dash It All!

By J. MILLAR WATT



THE SPORTING THING

By LANG ARMSTRONG



"Now think hard, Mike. What was it you did wrong on that slide?"

Suburban Heights

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Easy to Reduce Weight When You Limit Calories



A TRUE slimming story! And a really happy ending, too, when a stout woman diets the calory way.

By limiting food calories to around 1,200 a day, she not only loses—as much as 24 pounds in three months—but feels radiantly younger. And the lovely part is that while reducing you eat as much as ever!

Have a graceful, girlish new figure—soon! Our 32-page booklet gives 42 tasty low-calory menus, a newly enlarged calory chart. Also tells how to gain. For a copy, send your order to:

READER-HOME SERVICE
635 Sixth Ave. New York City
Enclose 10 cents in coin for your copy of THE NEW WAY TO A YOUTHFUL FIGURE.

Great Thoughts

What makes a great thought is when a thing is said which reveals a great number of others, and which enables us to discover suddenly that for which we could not hope except after long study.—Montesquieu.

KILLS APHIS

Spray with "Black Leaf 40." One ounce makes six gallons of effective aphid spray. Use "Black Leaf 40" on aphids, leafhoppers, leaf miners, young sucking bugs, lace bugs, mealy bugs and most thrips, wherever found on flowers, trees or shrubs, or garden crops.

Released by McLean Syndicate.

Dreaming vs. Reality
Some people merely dream of being something; others keep awake and are something.

INDIGESTION

Gas trapped in the stomach or small intestine may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress, smart men and women depend on their own Tablets to get the gas out. No inactive but made of the finest scientific medicine known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST TABLET doesn't give relief—better, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE MONEY BACK.

True Mirror
Her husband's eye is the truest mirror an honest wife can see her beauty in.—John Tobin.

FEET CAN BEAT HEAT

Give feet wings of coolness. Sprinkle Mexican Heat Powder in shoes. Relieves tiredness. Little cost. Lots of comfort.

Self-Powered
A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.—Emerson.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMEN

38-52 yrs. old
NEED THIS ADVICE!!
Thousands of women are helped to go smiling thru distress peculiar to women—caused by this period in life—when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially for women—has helped thousands to relieve such weak, nervous feelings due to this functional disturbance. Try it!

WNU-T 21-41

Error's Realm
Obscurity is the realm of error.—Vauvenargues.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work and are no longer intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Dr. Cass's Pills have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation and are recommended by grateful people in every country.

DOANS PILLS

Variety of Laces Introduced Into Summer Fashion Picture

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



LACE, a favorite material down through the centuries, is this season soaring to new heights in the fashion domain. Lace nowadays is being used in more ways than was thought possible in yesteryears. It is entering into every phase of fashion.

This could not be so were it not for the amazing variety of laces now being manufactured—laces so versatile that they can be used as dependably and satisfactorily as any fabric.

It challenges the imagination to realize that the usefulness and adaptability of lace has been made to cover such vast scope. Today this fabric is being fashioned into every kind of apparel—bathing suits, redingotes, hats, gloves, and most significant of all, stunning tailored jackets. Lace used for suits looks as if it might be a choicely patterned open weave mesh, but it isn't. It's sturdy. Next time you go on a shopping tour, look at these new meticulously tailored suits. You will see them in white or colors, and in navy and black.

There seems to be no end to the enchanting fashions that are being made of lace. Citing a few of the newest lace entries, there is the long evening coat of pastel Alencon lace over a matching sheer dress, also the practical-to-wear daytime redingote of fabriclike cotton lace, and lace capelets and stoles that are newer than jackets to wear with sheer summery dresses.

To look your radiant best at daytime summer occasions wear a simple frock of lace in a delectable color. The two frocks shown in the foreground of today's photograph illustrate this idea. The fact that the skirt of each model is pleated means

that lace and pleats are continuing to play a charming duet in the new summer style picture.

The model to the left is a slimming dress in a sheer lace. The bodice has a low V-neck in a flattering line. Shirring at the waistline gives it easy fullness. The skirt whittles the figure into slimmest of its stitched pleats. Imagine this lovely model in any color you like, for it is available in all the newest shades.

To the right in the picture a lace dress for the fashionwise woman is shown. It is a type that may be worn to bridge parties, afternoons at the club and so on. It is a classic for the woman who would dress becomingly and tastefully. The skirt is knife pleated. The bodice is detailed with a grosgrain cord bow tie at the neckline. The dress is made of a delicate looking lace, softly feminine and very practical.

Centered in the picture is a jacket dress in lace. The dress with a jacket can be worn on formal or less gala occasions. It is always a welcome fashion, especially if it is lace. This model, in a dainty flower-patterned lace, has a mite of a jacket entirely scalloped with a tiny collar and puffed sleeves. The cunning jacket is wearable with other gowns. It would be especially effective worn with a black net evening gown or with a flower print that repeats the jacket color.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Middy-Type Dress



For you who sew it is easy to keep in style by using good fabrics and simple patterns. Just now middy-type two-piece dresses are very much in the fashion picture. It is dresses of this sort that require dependable materials. One of the perfect "finds" this season in the white goods collections is serg-a-hed. It launders beautifully, is amazingly inexpensive and is wearable. It is just such simple frocks as this that young girls want most this season.

Vegetable Jewelry

Out California way vegetable jewelry is quite the rage. CBS Star Heien Wood strikes a new style note with a necklace of corn kernels. Almost the only item that hasn't as yet made its appearance on milady's neck is a string of potatoes. These necklaces are made of various gaily colored seeds and pods, with alternate brass beads and coral chips. Best of all, they're both light on the neck and pocketbook.

Paris Fashions Turn Masculine in Style

New suits in today's Paris fashion parade are finished with masculine precision, but a saving feminine touch is introduced by organy blouses with frilled fronts and field flower bouquets for mannish lapels.

Closely fitted redingotes in patterned wools and silks, fine-striped wools and pencil-striped dark fabrics are among the collections. One house features tailored silk suits in checked surah and double-breasted models with horizontal stripes.

Loose backs in plain and printed crepes have full skirts shirred to hip yokes. Some are trimmed with linen, while others have linen boleros, with paillettes.

White pique trims frocks and coats, and sailor hats.

For young girls there are checked silk dresses to be worn with linen redingotes and bolero suits of checked wools embroidered with white souchet.

Silhouettes reflect the masculine line above the hips. Shoulders are natural and waists slim, and slim hips are emphasized.

Crisp Lace-Trimmed Blouses Worn With Cotton Dresses

From all indications the cotton evening skirt worn with a lingerie blouse is going to be a leading summer fashion. The one liked best is the full peasant type, made of a bizarre flower print topped with a wispy lace-trimmed snowy white blouse. Very attractive skirts are being made of gay plaid gingham, also of colorful sheer, crinkled cottons. Skirts of cotton lace, with dark jersey fitted bodices, or long-torso middies of jersey seem to please the young smart set. The 'teen age also has a yen for skirts made of flowered glazed chintz.

Lower Heels

Good news! It is interesting to know that shoes are being built for comfort as well as smartness. The latest models are made of indescribably soft leather, and the heels are much lower.

CAT CLUE

By JAMES FREEMAN
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

INSPECTOR Will Hatch climbed the last of four flights of dirty stairs and paused. His chief aide, Detective Jed O'Brien, followed, puffing and blowing like a steam engine.

Will grinned. "That's the last, Jed. Catch your breath and let's go."

O'Brien chose not to reply. Silently, like a faithful dog, he followed his superior to a door.

Will knocked on the door, and then opened it without waiting for a reply. A man had partly risen from a table in the center of the room. A man's hat and coat were thrown across the bed. A soiled shirt hung over the back of a chair. There was an ashtray on the table, a half-filled bottle of milk, a glass and a box of crackers.

The man was in his shirt sleeves. He must have been under thirty. His features were dark and swarthy. He watched Hatch from black, close-set eyes. His attitude was that of suspicion.

"Hello," said Hatch, easily. "Your name Volkoff? Leon Volkoff?"

"Well, what if it is?" The man at the table scowled and stood up to his full height, which wasn't a great deal.

Hatch advanced across the room, studying the man. His expression was not hostile, though he was wondering how difficult Volkoff was going to be to handle. For he was sure the man was Volkoff. The description fitted in perfectly.

Behind Hatch, O'Brien leaned heavily against the door casing.

"What about it?" the man repeated darkly.

"I'm looking for a man named Volkoff," he said. "Wanted for murder."

"A man was sitting on the bed. He looked up, startled."

"Start proving," said Hatch, "or put on your coat."

The man's eyes left Hatch's face and moved about the room, coming to rest at length on O'Brien, standing at ease by the open door. A tom-cat had come in through the door and was stretching himself just inside the room. With a sudden display of savagery, the man picked up the ashtray and flung it at the cat, missing by inches. The cat looked at the man in sudden alarm, turned and fled from the room.

"I hate coppers," the man repeated, turning back to face Hatch, "and cats." He paused, studying Will's face with hatred in his black eyes. "I ain't trying to prove nothin' to a copper. I'll talk to the judge; prove who I am."

Hatch shrugged, his face expressionless. "Suit yourself, feller. Get your coat."

The man stood up and walked over to the bed. Hatch watched him. O'Brien, standing by the door, watched him, too.

Presently the man was ready. They descended the stairs. On the second landing they paused. Hatch produced a pair of handcuffs and clamped them on the man's wrist. He told O'Brien to wait. Then he began ascending the stairs again. The man shouted a protest, but O'Brien silenced him by clamping a hand over his mouth.

Hatch came back up the stairs softly. He crouched before the door a moment, listening. Then stepped inside.

A man was sitting on the bed. He looked up, startled. He was small, compared to Will. His features were dark and swarthy. His eyes were black and close-set.

Hatch said, "Come on, Volkoff. You're wanted for murder!"

O'Brien was puzzled about it. Hatch had to explain. "Murder is serious business," the inspector said. "In the first place, the man took it too lightly. He didn't want to get away. On the contrary, he wanted us to take him in. That wasn't natural. There must have been another reason. I figured he wanted to get us out of

the room. It was the cat made me sure I was right."

"The cat?"

"Sure. Cats don't come into strange rooms and stretch and act like they lived there unless they expect a welcome. The man didn't own the cat, or it wouldn't have acted like that. The answer must be that Volkoff liked cats and owned one."

"What was the other guy doing there?"

"The other guy was a stall. Volkoff kept him there in case we came after him. When he heard us on the stairs, Volkoff hid under the bed. The other guy got us out of the room by posing as Volkoff and letting us arrest him. When Volkoff was well away, the other guy would prove who he was, and we'd have to let him go."

Hatch threw away the butt of his cigar and thought of Volkoff's white, frightened face.

"Murder," he said musingly, "is serious business."

Ultra-Violet Light Assists Fight on Potato Ring Rot

Because an ultra-violet light happened to be delivered upon a certain day, potato growers throughout the world were given a powerful weapon to fight bacterial ring rot of potatoes, a disease which has spread throughout the nation in 10 years.

The accidental discovery was made at Montana State college, Bozeman, Mont., by Dr. V. E. Iverson and Dr. H. C. Kelly. Iverson, a horticulturist, was searching for a quick and positive means of identifying ring rot in seed potatoes. His search was prompted by the rapid spread of the disease within Montana. Within two years it had spread throughout the state, causing a large percentage of rotted potatoes in the field and heavy storage losses capped by further shipping losses.

Iverson believed that a quick and positive means of identifying the disease was the key to the situation. If seed potatoes could be examined quickly, ring rot infected potatoes could be discarded and only disease free stock planted. The only means of identifying the disease was the old gram stain test. To use this test meant a laboratory, a high power microscope and plenty of time. One man could test about 200 potatoes a day, altogether too slow for a disease that spread so rapidly and it was impractical for use by seed producers.

Dr. Iverson started, with the aid of Dr. Kelly, a physicist, to explore the possibilities of X-ray identification of the disease. This failed. While the two men discussed the failure, Kelly unpacked an ultra-violet lamp his department had just ordered. Obeying an impulse, Iverson cut the end off a potato and thrust it under the light. The result was unmistakable. The ring rot area of the potato fluoresced brilliantly.

Since then the two scientists have tested this light under every condition and it detects ring rot or any tissue breakdown accurately. The light is the H-4 type ultra-violet black lamp of 100 watts. In use the operator cuts the end of the potato, holds it under the light and if it fluoresces, the potato has ring rot or some tissue breakdown. If it does not fluoresce its tissues are unaffected.

The use of this means of identification has spread to a number of states and is used by several commercial seed growers in Montana now. Instead of 200 potatoes a day, an operator can test nearer a ton a day. Anyone can use the lamp with a few minutes practice and its low cost puts it within easy reach of seed producers.

Dr. Iverson points out however that the ultra-violet light is only one part of the fight against ring rot. The disease spreads rapidly by infection so every sanitary precaution must be taken to prevent infection.

Rice for Third Population

Rice is one of the oldest known foods, is mentioned in Chinese records dating 2800 B. C. It is native to India, which grows some 60,000,000,000 pounds annually. China, largest consumer of rice, issues no data on annual production.

Rice is a member of the grass family, grows best in warm and moist regions. Usually rice fields are flooded during the growing season, but in some districts such irrigation is not required.

The cultivation of rice began in United States in the Carolinas about 1700. Today the annual U. S. yield amounts to 50,000,000 bushels. Louisiana, California, Arkansas and Texas are the chief centers of rice production in America. The wild rice of North America's swamps, while not adaptable for cultivation, provides an important food for wild ducks.

Rear-end Collisions

Grades often are the scenes of rear-end collisions at night because they tend to increase the normal differences in speed, particularly between automobiles and trucks, according to the National Automobile club. For protection against accidents of this kind, the association suggests one should be on the watch for changes in grade, keep a wide margin of safety in the distance between his car and the one ahead and have brakes and lights always in good condition. There would be many less traffic crashes, the organization claims, if drivers refused to leave anything to chance when approaching or driving through intersections.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



8936

infinitely better than slips not made to your measure. Pattern provides for strap style as well as built-up shoulders. Included in this design are slim-hipped panties.

Pattern No. 8936 is designed in even sizes 36 to 52. Size 38, built-up shoulders, 4 1/2 yards 36-inch material. For this attractive pattern, send your order to:

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Various Wishes

Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; and pride, two bent knees.—Richter.

1st St. Joseph ASPIRIN 10

Good Are Few
The good, alas! are few; they are scarcely as many as the gates of the Thebes or the mouths of the Nile.—Juvenal.

KILL ALL FLIES

DAISY FLY KILLER
Floods swarms, Daisy Fly Killer strikes and kills them. Guaranteed, effective. Non-toxic, convenient—cannot spill—without interfering with your work. Lasts all season. 20¢ in all drug stores. 100 in bulk. Write to: 1201 W. Main Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

For Your Health
Gladden, Temperance and Respite slam the door on the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

Kool-Aid

Makes 10 BIG THIRST QUENCHERS
Kool-Aid

Scornful of Little Things
He that contemneth small things shall fall little by little.—Ecclesiasticus.

FAST PENETRO NOSE DROPS

Peace With Reason
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

FOR SAFETY IN BAKING—USE

YOU ARE AN INFLUENTIAL PERSON

The merchant who advertises must treat you better than the merchant who does not. He must treat you as though you were the most influential person in town.

As a matter of cold fact you are. You hold the destiny of his business in your hands. He knows it. He shows it. And you benefit by good service, by courteous treatment, by good value—and by lower prices.

THE McLEAN NEWS

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

T. A. LANDERS
Owner and Publisher

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In Texas

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Six Months	1.25
Three Months	.85
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One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.50
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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.

Shooting off one's mouth requires little ammunition.

The uplook is usually good, regardless of the outlook.

We are glad that President Roosevelt has seen fit to change Thanksgiving back to the old date, following this year. The experiment was an admitted failure as far as improving retail business, and most people will approve the return to the traditional date.

The continued wet weather will mean an epidemic of house flies, if stock pens in the city are not kept in a sanitary condition. It takes only eight days to complete the life cycle of the fly, and one house fly lays from 600 to 1,000 eggs during her lifetime of several months. The number of flies is an index to the cleanliness of any community, and they can be eliminated altogether by destroying their breeding places.

Statistics show that three-fourths of all persons killed or injured while riding bicycles were disobeying a traffic law at the time of the accident, and that one out of every four of the bicycles involved was in defective condition. These facts should cause every parent to check up on his child's bicycle and knowledge of traffic rules. Cyclists in McLean ride on the wrong side of the street, turn in the street, ride on the sidewalks, etc., every day in the week. It is too late to train the child after the accident; he must be taught before anything happens. However, children are not the only ones who violate traffic laws. Some local motorists turn in the street, back around corners, and make other flagrant violations, due to rank ignorance, or carelessness of their own and other people's lives.

HAWK WAS VERY HUNGRY

A hawk which was so hungry it would not give up its prey, a mockingbird it had killed, until it had been fired at three times by a state game warden using a shotgun, is reported to the Austin office from South Texas. The warden and his captain were patrolling when they saw the hawk flying into an oak mott with a bird in its talons. The warden captain walked into the mott, fired two shots at the hawk. One was a hit, but the hawk flew to another mott. The captain followed, peppered the hawk with another load of shot and it was only then that the hawk gave up its prey. The hawk was a sharpshinned.

Most hawks are considered beneficial, killing many rodents. However, four hawks are not protected by state laws in Texas. They are Cooper hawk or blue darter, sharpshinned, godhawk and duck-hawk.

Mrs. Duff—I always feel a lot better after a good cry.

Mrs. Jawson—So do I. It sort of gets things out of your system.

Mrs. Duff—No, it doesn't get anything out of my system, but it does get things out of my husband.

Youthful and Aged Play Saddest Accident Roles



Saddest roles in America's tragic highway accident drama are played by the very young and the very old, according to an analysis of the 1940 accident record recently issued.

When a baby under four or an elderly person over 65 is killed by an automobile, the chances are greater than six out of ten that it will be a case of being struck down by a modern jehu. True, death strikes often in every age group, but the gruesome picture of this slaughter of usually innocent pedestrians is one to give every motorist pause.

The 5 to 14 age group are split about equally between pedestrians and operators or occupants of vehicles. Almost as many children in this group are killed in bicycle accidents as in smashups involving two cars.

THE NAGGING WIFE

An impression that has carried down all the way from the Garden of Eden is that nagging is a characteristic trait in woman. I do not propose to be drawn into a discussion on a subject so heavily loaded with explosives, but regardless of whether or not this impression is based on fact, there is little doubt that for every nagging woman there is a lazy, good-for-nothing man. Nor is there any doubt but that many a man, naturally lazy and good-for-nothing had attained a measure of success because of a nagging woman.

Having now squared myself (I hope) with the women, we can get down to cases. One outstanding case that comes back to me, is of a nagging woman and her lazy spouse who lived in our old town. The woman did laundering for the neighborhood and her husband mended pots, pans, umbrellas and what-nots for folks within easy walking distance. It was a common sight, on our way to and from school, to see them in the back yard of their hovel, the woman vigorously scrubbing at the washboard and at the same time scolding her husband who was seated nearby, smoking contentedly and contemplating the several items that awaited his mood for repair.

"Here it is Monday already," she scolded as she scrubbed, "tomorrow is Tuesday and the next day is Wednesday—half the week gone and you lazy, good-for-nothing ain't even started on them repairs."—Heavy Stuff.

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned through success, but through misadventure.—A. Bronson Alcott.

There was a man
Who had a clock,
His name was
Matthew Mears,
And every day
He wound that clock
For eight and twenty years.
And then one day
He found that clock
An eight-day clock
to be,
And a madder man
Than Matthew Mears
You would not care to see.
—John A. Taylor

Disgusted Boss—Many of my employees are like processed coffee—98% of the active ingredients have been removed from the bean.

INSURANCE

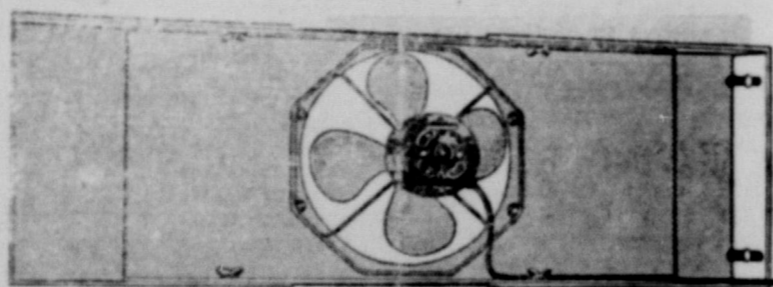
Life Fire Hail
I insure anything. No prohibited list.
I represent some of the strongest companies in the world.

T. N. Holloway
Reliable Insurance

GOOD FOOD

Properly selected, appetizingly cooked and served in pleasant surroundings.
Eat with us often.

ELSIE'S CAFE
Elsie Gibson, Manager



OUT OF THE WINDOW GO SMOKE, FUMES, ODORS

KITCHEN VENTILATING FAN

A new aid to kitchen comfort. Removes smoke, fumes, and cooking odors... quickly and quietly. Fits in kitchen window. Easy to install. Window may be closed in usual way when fan is not in operation. Get yours, today, and enjoy modern kitchen ventilation at low cost!

PRICE ONLY \$6.50

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Southwestern PUBLIC SERVICE Company

THEM AS HAS AND THEM AS HAIN'T

Jim Smith used to sit on a fish-boat passed out millions a day. He'd tell what he'd do with his money. If things was a-coming his way, He'd give a fine park to the city. An' build a fine City Hall, An' dredge out the crick over yander. Till nobody'd know it at all. He'd git us a lot of grandpas. Regardless of any expense, An' make it a regular Venice. Where visitin' ladies an' gents Would come fr'm all over to see it. With everything free as the air, With lemonade plenty as water. An' bands that would play every-where.

An' alwus when Jim was a-spendin' Harry Hawkins, th' tinner, would say. How them as has money, they keep it. An' them as hain't, give it away. An' after he'd spent so much money. There wasn't a cent left to spend, He'd berry a pipe o' tobacco. From me or some other old friend. An' sigh with a heart full o' sorrow. An' say with big tears in his eyes. That his wife ort to hev a new wrapper. But he couldn't berry th' price.

An' then he'd complain of th' system. On which this old earth seemed to run. When them as won't spend it has money.

An' them as is libral has none, An' wish that he had a few millions. An' berry a quarter from me. To pay the grocer for somethin'. He had to take home to his tea.

An' alwus when Jim was a-dreamin', Hamp Hawkins, the tinner, would say. How them as has money, they keep it. An' them as hain't, give it away. —Woman's Home Companion.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful, for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—Addison.

DENNIS REYNOLDS

Attorney-at-Law
McLean, Texas
Practice in All Courts

SONG BOOK ADVERTISING

The song of a song book advertising saleswoman turned to a whine here Wednesday. A young woman from a town some 200 miles away sold some advertising on a song book for a neighboring town, and was questioned by law officers. She admitted she didn't live at the Hall county town at all, but far away. And that she had sold some \$15 worth of ads on song books and (strange as it may seem) collected in advance, making the local merchants believe she was a local girl. She returned the money and got out of town hurriedly.

The local chamber of commerce has been trying to protect the merchants of Memphis against this gyp advertising, and agrees to furnish song books FREE to any community in need of them. It has reached the point where it looks like local people would quit falling for these gyp schemes, and communities would quit being a party to them.—Memphis Democrat.

ALWAYS HELD TO ACCOUNT

Doctors can kill patients, take fortunes from them with ineffective treatments, and sometimes even break the law, and few are ever called to task, even before their own ethical tribunals. Lawyers can mess up cases, aid in law evasion, or even break the law, with little risk to reputation. But a newspaper—is every word before the public—is held strictly to account. Let one newspaper slip, or pervert its news columns, and the press baiters indict all newspapers as inaccurate or venal.—Lee Hill in the New York Press.

Sen—Say, Pa. what's chaos? Pa—I don't know exactly, but it's something they're always bringing order out of.

SUMMER MOTORING

Let us service your car with Phillips 66 gasoline, oils and greases. You will enjoy your summer driving with these quality products in your car.

66 SERVICE STATION



You Can't Tell 'Em Like This - Use A Want Ad

Better Lights for Less Money

The annual savings in current cost will pay for new fixtures. Fluorescent Tubes give you better light at one-third the cost. It makes a cool, soft light that is easy on the eyes.

Why not investigate this modern lighting system? You can buy one tube or fit every socket with the new lights. A demonstration gladly given... no obligation, of course. No installation costs.

F. M. SHAWVER Distributor
Estimates Given



Where's the best place to choose your new car?

ON THE ROAD!

WE'LL MATCH the "showroom value" of the Ford with anyone... but if you want to know how great a car this is, take one out on the road!

TEST THE PERFORMANCE... IN ACTION. There never was another low price engine like this 90 horsepower Ford V-8. Take it out in traffic—then step out on the open road—challenge the toughest hills. Draw your own conclusions!

TEST THE RIDE... IN ACTION. Ride on the pavement, then ride the roughest road you know. You'll find the new Ford ride is the kind of ride you like. Smooth where the going's good. Soft and steady over the bumps.

TEST THE ROOM... IN ACTION. Measurements show

this Ford greatest in its whole field in actual passenger space. A ride will show what this means. Bigness counts and here it is!

TEST THE VALUE... IN ACTION. Stop with the biggest hydraulic brakes anywhere near the price. Rest your toe on the pedal of a fine-car type of semi-centrifugal clutch. Flick through the gears with the easy, silent kind of finger-tip shift that high-priced cars use.

GET THE FACTS AND YOU'LL GET A FORD!



FORD HAS THE QUALITY FEATURES

V-8 POWER—90 smooth horsepower. There never was a low price engine like this before.
NEW BEAUTY—When you look at the smooth flowing lines you see one of the new cars with really up-to-date styling this year.
A NEW RESTFUL RIDE—On the new Ford "Slow Motion Springs." A soft, quiet ride wholly new this year.
EXTRA VALUE—New ease of control with positive mechanical, fine-car type shift—extra-big hydraulic brakes—and the famous Ford semi-centrifugal clutch.



FORD GOOD DRIVERS LEAGUE. Boys and girls here is your opportunity to win one of 98 University Scholarships for skilled driving. For details, write Ford Good Drivers League, Dearborn, Mich., or see your Ford Dealer.

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY W.N.U. Release

INSTALLMENT 10 THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built up a vast string of ranches in the West. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, was determined to avenge his death in spite of opposition.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

But now the scar-mouthed man spoke suddenly; from his position at one side he had dared flick his eyes to the door. "Walk, look out! Don't turn! Watch this buzzard, but wheel back and stand by me!"

Into the front of the bar two men had come; they came striding back the length of the room; their spurs ringing brokenly. Roper did not see their guns come out. But suddenly the weapons of both of them appeared in their hands, smoothly and easily, from no place.

The two men were Lee Harnish and Tex Long.

Tex Long's .45 clicked in the palm of his hand as it came to full cock. He said, "Howdy, Bill. A spic girl just brought us word. Dave Shannon and Hat Crick Tommy are up the street. And Dry Camp Pierce."

"Gosh," Lee Harnish said, "we've been hunting you for two months! You want us to blast these Indians, boss?"

CHAPTER XIV

The tribute implied by the re-gathering of the wild bunch leaders was one of the most extraordinary things that had ever happened in Bill Roper's life. There was not much to their story. Driven out of Texas on the eve of Bill Roper's victory, for a while they had gone their separate ways. But gradually they had drifted together again, in the Indian nations, at Dodge, in the northern cow camps. With Cleve Tanner broken in Texas, and the roots cut from under Ben Thorpe's organization by the loss of his breeding grounds, the outlaw riders found themselves unwilling to leave their work unfinished. So at last they had come looking for Roper—and had found him.

The first thing was to get them out of there. He named as rendezvous a lonely shanty on Fork Creek.

Roper himself was the last to ride out of Miles City. Seasoned night riders though these men might be, with names now famous the length of the trail, most of them were youngsters still. No one of them could be trusted not to get a skinkful of liquor, and go gunning for Lasham's men on his own hook.

Roper was relieved, therefore, upon riding into the Fork Creek rendezvous in the dreary February twilight, to find his Texas men already waiting for him there. They were eating fresh beef, but not their own, as Roper came into the little cabin, stamping the snow off his boots.

Lee Harnish looked sheepish. "Say, I forgot something. I got a letter for you here."

Roper took the worn envelope and stood turning it over in his hands. The date showed it to be three weeks old—no great age, everything considered. But what took hold of him, so that for a full minute he dared not break the seal, was that the letter was from Jody Gordon.

Roper ripped open the envelope. The whole note covered no more than half a page; but as he folded it and put it into a pocket, his hands were shaking in a way that would have shocked him his life if he had been walking into a gunfight then. There was a long silence.

With a visible effort, Roper pulled himself together. Briefly he told them what his new wild bunch had done.

"But we haven't even scratched the surface," he finished. "Unless we hit Walk Lasham quick and hard, Thorpe will get his balance again, and reach his roots back into Texas; and all the work we did down there will go for nothing."

"Me," Tex Long said, "I aim to swing with you, and try to finish up what we begun. But, way I see it, the layout up here is terrible bad, for our style of work."

"There isn't any profit in the way I figured," Roper admitted. "I've been taking a pasear up along the Canadian border; I figure it's an easy drive. If you criminals are willing to come on and take one more crack at Thorpe and Lasham—"

"There's no one beyond the border that's needing any stock," Dry Camp Pierce said gloomily.

"Dry Camp," Bill Roper said, "I'm thinking of the tribes." "There was a moment's silence. "Granting that Canada's full of war paint," Tex Long said; "how the devil—"

"I've talked to Iron Dog."

Every one of them, each in his own way, pricked up his ears at that. Iron Dog was a famous warrior chief of the Gros Ventre Sioux. Slagged and starving, his decimated band driven far out of their home country, Iron Dog no longer was the stubbornly resisting force which had once made his name. But though he was broken and helpless now, remnants of his leadership re-

mained; his influence extended over many bands, and more than one tribe.

"I don't hold with dealing with red niggers, much," Dave Shannon said. "These bucks are forced out of their ranges without any deal made whereby they get fed," Roper said. "Half of them are in as pitiful a state of starvation as you ever saw. A big part of the blame for that is on Walk Lasham. Now I aim to square the deal."

"I already made us a rendezvous with Iron Dog, before I knew you were in on this," Bill Roper told them now. "Inside of a month Iron Dog will be camped on the Milk River with anyway seven or eight bands."

"Seven or eight bands!" Tex Long shouted at him. "My God, there'll be worse than a thousand Indians on the Milk!"

"A thousand, hell!" Roper said. "If there aren't that many buck warriors alone, I'll eat the beef myself!"

The men in this little cabin were not easily surprised, and less easily shocked or awed; but their usually unrevealing faces now gave them away.

"God Almighty!" Dave Shannon said. It was almost a prayer.

"He's done it now," Hat Crick Tommy said slowly. "You know



"Now I aim to square the deal."

what happens when you throw that many loose Indians together? You got a war on your hands, by God! They'll come whooping down Montana—they'll tear the country wide open! The whole frontier will go up in a bust of smoke. Nothing'll ever stop 'em, once they get together like that!"

"One thing will."

"What will?"

"Grub," said Roper. "That might be so," Dave Shannon admitted. "I never yet see an Indian go to war on a full stomach . . ."

A tenseness had come into that dark cabin; they were realizing now that they stood in the shadow of events of a magnitude they had not dreamed. In the quiet, Bill Roper's hands kept creasing and recreasing the letter from Jody Gordon. A faint dampness showed on his forehead, but his fingers acted cold and awkward.

"There's five of us here," Tex Long said. "You expect us to just suddenly feed every Indian in creation?"

"I've got twenty-seven riders waiting to throw in with us at the first word."

"Twenty-seven riders? Where?"

"All over Montana. What do you think I did all winter? Holed up like a she-bear?"

Silence again, while they all studied Roper.

"How many you figure to move?" Tex Long asked at last.

Roper's voice was so low they could hardly hear his words. "Between twenty and thirty thousand head."

Tex Long threw his hat against the roof poles in a gesture of complete impatience. "Dead of winter," he said; "maybe having to fight part of the time; why, thirty-four cowboys couldn't drive—"

"We don't have to handle this stock like fat beef," Roper reminded him. "We don't have to pull up for quicksand, or stampee losses, or high water. If a hundred head get swept down a river, what the hell? Some different Indians will get hold of 'em downstream. Working that way, hard and fast, thirty cowboys can move every head in Montana!"

"We're terrible short of time," Tex Long said.

"I know it; in another couple of

ride 500 miles to warn him. Walk Lasham, manager of Thorpe's holdings in Montana, saw Roper sitting alone and unarmed in a saloon one day. Gun in hand, Lasham prepared to kill his hated antagonist who was leading the rustler's war.

months their chuck wagons will be heading out, and the deep grass will be full of their riders. We have to move and move quick."

"It might be," Dry Camp Pierce declared himself, "it just could be done." A hard gleam was coming into the rustler's wary eyes. "And if it can—great God! There's never been nothing like this!"

The others seemed to have had the breath knocked out of them by the unheard-of scope, the bold daring, the headlong all-or-nothing character of the plan.

"This is bigger than the Texas raids," Tex Long said wonderingly. "This is bigger than anything has ever been!"

Suddenly Dave Shannon smacked his thigh with his huge hand. "By God, I believe it'll bust 'em!"

Over the pack of outlawed youngsters had come a wave of that fanatic enthusiasm which sometimes sways men as they face the impossible, but Roper, strangely, was unable to share it. The great raid he had planned all winter now seemed futile—a plan senseless and cold.

"Bill," said Lee Harnish, "what's the matter with you? You got chills and fever, or something?"

Roper spoke to Harnish alone, as if he had forgotten the others. "That letter was from Jody Gordon," he said.

"Bad news, son?"

"I don't know. She wants me to come to Ogallala."

"When?"

"Now—right away."

"What for? Does she say?"

"She says she needs me; she says she needs me bad, and right away. I guess she does, all right. If she didn't, I don't believe she'd ever write to me."

The faces of the wild bunch riders were expressionless, noncommittal; Roper knew they wouldn't have much to say. They were youngsters still—all except Pierce; but their faces were carved lean and hard by long riding, and a lot of that riding had been for him.

He stood up, shaking his shoulders. "Catch up your ponies."

"We pulling out? Tonight yet?"

"You bet your life we are. Ought to make Red Horse Springs by midnight."

"And after that," Harnish said slowly, "what is it, Bill? Is it Ogallala?"

Once more the silence, while they waited for Bill.

"It's the raid," Roper said.

CHAPTER XV

Lew Gordon came stumping across the corral of his little Miles City house, his spurs ringing at every stride. His big hands, rope-hardened and thickened at the knuckles, swung loose at his sides; but his face had the look of a man beset.

Opening the back door of the house he sent a great roar through the walls—"Jody! Jody, where are you?"

She answered him, and Lew Gordon went to find her.

"What's the meaning of this?" was his greeting as his daughter came running to him through the house. "You were supposed to stay in Ogallala!"

Jody threw her arms about his neck and pulled his head down to kiss him; but Lew Gordon was not to be put off.

"That horse wrangler just brought me word that you was here," he said. "There's a pretty kettle of soap, when some horse wrangler knows more about where a man's daughter is at than he knows himself!"

"Dad, will you please sit down? I tell you, I want to talk to you!"

"Oh, all right," Lew Gordon flopped into a chair, jabbed his spurs into the floor at long range, and tore off another huge mouthful of beef.

"There are two pieces of bad news," Jody said now. "First thing, Ben Thorpe has cut under us in the bidding for the government contracts, at Dodge."

A spark leaped into Lew Gordon's eyes; under the pressure of the last two years he had turned edgy and garrulous, as if his mind had become hasty on the trigger, now that his hands were idle. "I might have known it!" his big voice boomed. "Those infernal—"

"The loss of those contracts is going to hurt," Jody said; "I've brought the books up into fair shape, and it looks to me as if King-Gordon is starting the worst year in history. If the losses go on piling up the way they are—"

Jody Gordon came and sat on the arm of her father's chair. "There was a man rode up to Ogallala from Dodge City," she said. "He brought some very peculiar news, and I don't like it at all."

"If that renegade Colorado outfit think they're going to—" Lew Gordon began.

"This was a Bill Roper man," Jody said.

Lew Gordon checked as suddenly as if he had been struck across the face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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 May 25

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BROADENING CHRISTIAN HORIZONS: PETER'S VISION

LESSON TEXT—Acts 11:5-18.
GOLDEN TEXT—Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons.—Acts 10:34.

"The best argument for Christianity is a Christian" (Henry Drummond). Peter presented just such an argument when, early in the history of Christianity, there arose a difference of opinion regarding his ministry to a Gentile and his family. The stumbling stone of offense became a stepping stone to higher things, leading to the place of broader horizons. Peter, instead of appealing to his apostolic authority or asserting his position, simply related what God had done. He presented the best proof that God had actually been at work; namely, a redeemed soul.

We may learn from this lesson that the way to broadened horizons and greater usefulness for the church is by

I. A Vision of God's Plan (vv. 5-10).

All men are equally precious in God's sight. God taught Peter very effectively that, whether Gentile or Jew, the Lord is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (1 Pet. 3:9).

When God speaks we do well to give heed to His message, even though it cuts across our ideas and prejudices, as it often does. It is not our plan that is important; it is God's plan and purpose. As we walk in that way we shall have

II. An Experience of God's Power (vv. 11-15).

The Holy Spirit had fallen on the Gentiles and they actually had been saved. Is it not singular that in the early church they could hardly believe that a Gentile could be saved? Now we are astonished if a Jew is saved! Why will we in our unbelief limit the Holy One of Israel?

The all-powerful gospel of the grace of God is still saving men and women, Jews and Gentiles, from their sins. Have you seen it happen? It is a great inspiration to faith and service. God is ready so to encourage us—He is the same today as He was when He sent Peter to Cornelius. Are we willing to run His errands, proclaim His message? To do so we need

III. An Appreciation of God's Word (v. 16).

The best way to learn the meaning of God's Word is to use it, live it, obey it. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God" (John 7:17). Peter had learned anew that God's Word meant just what it said. We who are God's servants should believe His Word and act on it in faith.

Observe that Cornelius had gathered a group in his household to hear the Word of God (Acts 10:27, 33). Could we not do the same? "Cannot each calculate with exactness some time and place where the gospel is to be preached, and is it not possible to bring thither one's relatives and friends? Secondly, when present in a place of worship, cannot each be prepared to say, 'We are all here present'—all, family and friends, mind as well as body; 'in the sight of God'—not to be seen by others, not conscious so much of others as of the presence of God; 'to hear all things'—not to be amused or to sleep; 'that have been commanded thee of the Lord'—not to listen to human conjecture or the exploiting of doubts, but to receive a positive message which is delivered in a reverent spirit and with the prophetic formula: 'Thus saith the Lord.' What would happen were all Christian churches filled with such audiences?" (Charles R. Erdman).

IV. An Understanding of God's Love (vv. 17, 18).

God's love is for all people. Since He has not raised any barriers of race, creed, color, class, or social position, it is not for His followers, and assuredly not for His servants, to set up hindering restrictions which He does not countenance. If God intended to save Gentiles, Peter wanted to be an instrument in His hand, not a hindrance in His way. One of the needs of our day is that those doing God's work should not withstand Him and His love. He who is the same yesterday, today, and forever, is ready to work as powerfully today as He did in the days of Peter and Paul, or of Finney and Moody. Let us give Him liberty to work in and through us, not as we may wish, but as He desires. Who are we that we should withstand God?

Goal of Life

Oh, yet we trust that, somehow, Good will be the final goal of ill, That nothing walks with aimless feet, That not one life shall be destroyed, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God has made the pile complete.—Tennyson.

Gifts of Personality Linens



Z6321, 15 cents, is a pattern which gives you intriguing embroideries for personal linens. These would make grand gifts for a bride. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

SOOTHES CHAFED SKIN MOROLINE

FIVE delightful pairs of motifs are distinctively either His and Hers or Mr. and Mrs. Guest towels and pillow slips—even tea towels (the smart corner monograms are suggested for this use) will benefit from the application of these unusual designs.

Exposed Defect
Let a defect, which is possibly but small, appear undisguised. A fault concealed is presumed to be great.—Martial.



Two Escapes
At each minute we are obliterated by the idea and the sensation of time. And there are only two ways of escape from this nightmare, of forgetting it: pleasure and work. Pleasure amuses us. Work fortifies us. Let us choose.

Best for Juice

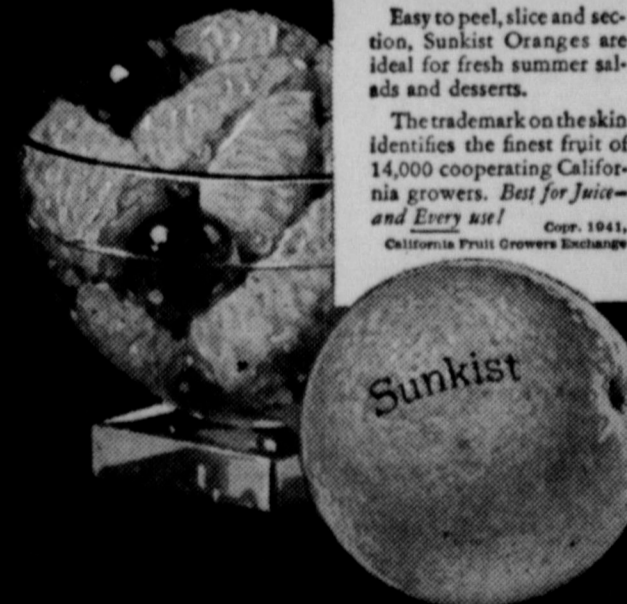
There's a wealth of rich juice in individually-inspected Sunkist Oranges!

And it's a natural source of vitamins. Eight ounces gives you all the vitamin C you need each day to feel your best. Helps you with vitamins A, B, and G; calcium and other minerals!

and Every use!

Easy to peel, slice and section, Sunkist Oranges are ideal for fresh summer salads and desserts.

The trademark on the skin identifies the finest fruit of 14,000 cooperating California growers. Best for Juice—and Every use! Copy, 1941, California Fruit Growers Exchange



Sunkist CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Hedda Hopper's Hollywood—CBS, 6:15 P. M., E. S. T.—Mon, Wed, Fri.



WHY THE SERMON WAS LONG

The most common fault that we find with some of our preachers is that they make their sermons too long. That is probably why the preacher who can pack a full sermon into a short period attracts popularity, especially with the younger element. But occasionally the preacher finds that the length of his sermon is dependent upon conditions beyond his control. As that of the new preacher in our church whose first sermon, which clocked ten minutes flat, boded well for his popularity. There was a bit of disappointment, however, when the next Sunday he ran to fifteen minutes. But on the third Sunday when he preached for an hour and a half, there was such consternation among the young folks that a group was formed to devise a way which would bring him back to a sermon of reasonable length. A committee was appointed who made what was ostensibly a social call during which the subject of long sermons was tactfully broached.

The preacher understood and appeared glad to explain. "You can understand," he said, "that at my first sermon I was nervous—so nervous that I had to cut it short. By the next Sunday my nervousness had disappeared and I would have preached a half hour, which I believe is just about as long as a sermon should run, except that my false teeth troubled me, and I had to stop after fifteen minutes." Although the visitors appeared attentive, the preacher observed that they expected a further explanation. He walked hesitantly to the kitchen door and closed it softly. "I suppose," he said, "you are wondering why my sermon to-day lasted an hour and a half." His voice fell to a whisper. "A funny thing happened," he continued. "I was a little late getting up this morning and in my hurry, I put in my wife's teeth by mistake and—well, I just couldn't stop talking."

MAKE BLACK EYES BEAUTIFUL

"Black eyes" in this case meaning telephone poles, nudist garages and like unsightliness.

Has your home site sprouted a telephone pole smack in your best view? Hide it by planting a tall-growing tree in front of it. Boileana poplar, columnar tulip tree or columnar sugar maple, a tall palmetto.

Let a non-flowering vine take care of that clothesline pole. An evergreen vine such as Boston ivy or climbing fig, clematis trumpet, or Engelmann ivy.

Now that big window, perhaps only two feet above the ground. Plant a dwarf shrub that won't take everlasting pruning to keep it down. Use evergreen hemerocallis, blue holly-turf, or if it's in the shade, plant aspidistra.

Does your garage (or other out-buildings) stand naked and gaunt? Soften these harsh lines with a few tall-growing shrubs at the front; a tree at the back; and a vine along the edge of the roof.

If your house sits on the ground on one side but exhibits a sizeable "midriff" of foundation on the other side where the ground slopes away, clothe that midriff and tie the house to the ground with shrubs. Or you might use a vine such as climbing fig—Better Homes & Gardens.

DON'T TRY GUESS WORK

The actual amount of life insurance a man has may be far less important than the kind he carries. The total face value of his policies is not the decisive arbiter of protection. The whole trend of life insurance in recent years has been to devise more and more forms of policies to meet as many individual needs as humanly possible. The policy that perfectly fits the circumstances, the plans and the ambitions of the man next door, might be entirely wrong for you.

One needs expert advice when it comes to deciding the type of life insurance to buy today. Such advice from an unprejudiced source is indispensable to a sound life insurance program in which an insured may not later be greatly disappointed.

PORCUPINE OFFERED AS TAX

The Associated Press reports that Phillip M. Traston, tax collector of Portsmouth, N. H., recently found a porcupine and a note in his car. The note read: "I owe you 20c for a poll tax. The nose of this porcupine, according to state law, is worth 20c. Take the nose off, turn it over to the state, collect the 20c, and we will be even." The article explained that New Hampshire pays a bounty on porcupines.

It is almost necessary to live a lifetime to know how to live, and then, alas! it is too late.—Van Kirk.

Auto-Suggestions



Tommy, the tail-light is a backward sort of fellow but he doesn't mind. He knows how important his part is in accident prevention and he's glad to show his red face at night. Tommy knows that as long as he keeps on the job he's warning approaching cars away from the rear of his own vehicle, and he also knows that as soon as he's allowed to burn out or go dead, his careless owner is asking for a sound swat in the rear. He reminds drivers that his face glows an even brighter red when his driver is slowing down or stopping. Tommy, quoting the 11th annual safety booklet, says that 110 fatal accidents and 5,560 non-fatal accidents last year were caused by a tail-light that was out or obscured.

DUCKFISHING

You can imagine the sensation of a fisherman, making a long cast over behind an old log, feeling a vigorous strike—then watching his catch sail off through the air!

C. E. Cade, Jr., of Caldwell has a mounted greenhead mallard drake on his mantel. That's nothing unusual for a sportsman, but the method by which Cade got possession of the duck is something else.

The Caldwell angler was fishing near that city in water which contains much brush and heavy logs. The bass were not striking, although he could see several large ones in the water. Finally, Cade eased up behind a large log, tossed his plug into the water and heard a splash. "A strike at last!" the angler muttered, setting the hook. And then a mallard drake flew up with the plug hung securely in its mouth.

Cade "played" him in, and since the season was open on ducks, had his trophy mounted. "Duckfishing" we call it. You got a better name?

Mrs. Roger Powers is visiting her parents at Byers this week.

Randy Mantooth of Amarillo visited home folks here over the week end.

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—1 living room suite, wool rug 9x12 with mat, heater, and end table, all for \$60.00; 1 solid oak dinette suite and 7x9 linoleum, for \$12.50; 1 bedroom suite, springs and Beauty Rest mattress for \$45.00; 1 Vesta Range stove, \$25.00; 1 Servel Electric, 6 ft., \$135.00; 1 extra chest, 1 bed, springs and mattress all for \$14.50. All furniture good as new. See W. F. Shelton, Jr., Kellerville, Texas. 1p

FOR SALE—P-30 Farmall tractor, good shape; 14-hole grain drill, fair condition; International pickup; two good used cream separators; International and Farmall tractors and equipment. Hibler Truck and Implement Co. tfe

PLANTS—Maryland sweet potatoes, Bradley yams, tomatoes, cabbage, pepper; now ready. Will Warren, Wheeler, Texas. 20-1p1fc

FOR SALE—Bowling alley with all equipment, only \$150.00 if taken now. Mrs. J. W. Kibler, McLean, Texas.

LAUNDRY shirt boards, 40c per 100. Indelible marking ink, 35c. News office.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment with garage, Frigidaire, private bath. Bills paid. \$4.00 per week. S. A. Cobb. 1p

APARTMENT for rent to adults. Furnished or unfurnished, newly papered. Bills paid. 3 blocks east Pentecostal Church. Mrs. A. J. Worley.

FOR RENT—4-room modern house Phone 193. 20-2p

A FILIBUSTER

Foetus—Sambo, how come yo' all dresses up these days? Yo' miss' hab a job.

Sambo—Big boy, I see got somethin' better'n any job. I see got a profession. I see a orator!

Rastus—What's dat?

Sambo—Man, don't yo' know what a orator is? Let me explain. Ef yo' was to walk up to a ordinary man an' ax him how much was two an' two, he'd say "for." But ef yo' was to ax one of us orators dat question, we'd say: "When in de course of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination an' add it to de figger two, I says unto yo', an' I says it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result invariably am for." Dat, mah frien', am a orator.

The young man who had been called up explained firmly that in his case there was no need for a medical examination.

"I'm fit and I want to fight! I want to go right over on the next boat! I want to go right into the front line, but I want to have a hospital close so that if I got hit no time will be wasted in taking me where I can get mended right away, so that I can get right back to the line without losing a minute! Pass me in, doctor! Don't waste any time on me! I want to fight and keep fighting!"

The doctor, however, insisted, and when he had completed his examination he reported a perfect physical specimen.

"You don't find anything wrong with me?" asked the man.

"Nothing."

"But, doctor, don't you think I'm a bit crazy?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Clifton of Amarillo were in town Saturday.

SPECIALS

Friday and Saturday

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS

\$1.19 value 89c

1 lot \$1.50 value 98c

Men's Khaki Pants \$1.00

Sanforized shrunk

Boys' Dress Pants 89c

1 lot

All Ladies' Hats 69c

value to \$2.00

LADIES' SILK HOSE

69c value 49c

\$1.00 value 89c

NYLON HOSE 98c

Brooks Dry Goods and Tailor Shop

Avalon

Thursday, May 22 "THE BAD MAN" Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore

Friday, Saturday, May 23, 24 "RAGE IN HEAVEN" Robert Montgomery, George Sanders

"HERE COMES HAPPINESS" Mildred Coles, Edward Norris

Prevue, Sunday, Monday May 24, 25, 26 "MR. AND MRS. SMITH" Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery

Tuesday, May 27—Family Night "FLORIAN" Robert Young

Wednesday and Thursday May 28, 29 "THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT" Humphrey Bogart, Sylvia Sydney

LONE STAR Friday and Saturday Double Feature "MONSTER AND THE GIRL" Ellen Drew, Robert Paige

"ROBBERS OF THE RANGE" Tim Holt

6th chapter of "WHITE EAGLE" with Buck Jones

Maybe we don't sufficiently appreciate all the good things we have and enjoy in this country. What if you had to buy practically all your dairy feed from abroad, instead of going out into the field and harvesting it? says the Jersey Bulletin. You can even stand right beside your U. S. rural mail box and yell your criticism of things in government, whether anyone stops to listen or not, and not get socked into the hoosegow. But if you advocate the overthrow of the government, your neighbor is morally justified if he kicks you right into your front parlor.—Daily Times, Martin's Ferry, O.

Miss Juanita Mayberry visited relatives at Estelline Saturday night.

Mrs. R. S. Thompson and son, Fred, were in Clarendon Saturday.

J. B. Pettit made a trip to Plano and other points this week.

Buy printing in McLean.

The Luther Petty family attended graduation exercises at Wayland College, Plainview, Wednesday. Their son and brother, Herman, accompanied them home.

R. L. Cayton of Amarillo was a guest in the home of Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Huber Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruel Smith were in Amarillo on business Thursday.

Neal Wilkins made a trip to Pampa Saturday.

James Everett of Amarillo visited home folks here over the week end.

Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Huber returned Tuesday night from Birmingham, Ala., where they attended Southern Baptist Convention.

The high school senior class returned Wednesday from their trip to Carlsbad Caverns.



How to Look Lovelier

It's so easy . . . and even on a budget! Come in once a week, you'll like our work.

Permanents Manicures Phone 149

Landers Beauty Shop

PUCKETT'S Friday Saturday Specials
McLean, Texas

- Spuds 10 lb. mesh bag 22c
- Carrots 3 bunches for 10c
- Coffee Folger's 1 lb. 27c
- Compound Advance 4 lb. carton 50c
- Kraut Del Monte No. 2 1/2 10c
- Salad Dressing Miracle Whip qt. 31c
- Tomatoes No. 2 can 2 for 15c
- Hominy No. 2 1/2 3 for 25c
- Matches 6 box carton 15c
- Green Beans cut 3 No. 2 25c
- Pineapple Juice 46 oz. can 28c
- Pickles sour or dill 2 quarts 25c

FREE! WHILE THEY LAST!
ICED TEA GLASSES
LIPTON TEA

- 4 WITH 1 LB. 89c
- 2 WITH 1/2 LB. 45c
- 1 WITH 1/4 LB. 23c

Jell-o 5c

IN THE MARKET

- Butter Gate City solid lb. 35c
- Cheese 2 lb. Kraft 51c
- Pork Roast lb. 19c
- Bacon White Label sliced lb. 24c
- Oleo lb. 12 1/2c

Vol. LIONS CLUB OFFICE
The Lions Club committee consists of C. O. and Creed I. for new officers. The regular meeting is the 1st of each month. President—First vice—Second vice—Third vice—Secretary—Treasurer—W. C. Shull, Lion Tame, Tail Twister, Stubbsfield. Directors—Winfred Mass, Boyd and T. The following: LeRoy A. D. C. Dr. We, Pampa, Happy. EMBROIDERED
The annual centennial Em... last Friday. A. Massay, J. G. Gull and... Special guest of children... Mrs. Will... Mr. and... The regular... held May... M. Jones... A very pleas... needle work... Mess served... James Hen... Lt. Massay... penter, Th... oy.
BAPTISTS
Members of... treated... O. Huber, at... stoned poun... ing. Many nice gift... sent, after... get supper... ent.
H. W. F... Mo. Wedn... nation exerc... James Edwi... class.
B. Reagor... C. O. M... ni visited in... Sunday.
W. Wheeler... hter of P... ts and gru... J. B. Pett...
Miss Ma... 2nd of C... ng their gr... O. G. Stok...
and Mrs. I... daughter, C... relatives at...
and Mrs. I... and the forn... the week en...
T. N. H... ster at Ker...
art Gibson...
Tinnin and...
BIRTH...
1—Billy C...
2—Jo Ann...
3—C. O. C...
4—Edwin J...
5—Mrs. J...
6—A. L. H...
asley, Mrs...
7—Ruby C...