

THE McLEAN NEWS

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

Hirohito is not a god any more. If any other man in the world thinks he is a god, it is high time he got wise to himself. Slowly the world comes to learn the hokum of those leaders who bolster their reigns by claiming to be God appointed.

The personal need for an office is no qualification. A man should be qualified for the office sought. Voters will office he seeks. Voters will have a nice field to pick from this year and they may have a difficult time arriving at who is the best qualified candidate in some cases, but they should make the effort before marking their ballot.

The tide has turned. Communities are voting down bond issues, two such propositions being refused within the past week in Panhandle towns. For the past several years any kind of bond issue was certain of passage, but maybe voters are beginning to see the long road ahead of them, paying taxes for mountainous public debts, and do not want to add any more to the tax burden.

One hundred and ninety million dollars were spent in newspapers for advertising last year. Many people will think only in terms of newspaper income, but the fact is that advertising is the life blood of the community. A town without any advertising merchants is dead with no hope of a future. While advertising is intended to help the man who pays for it, there is no escaping the fact that he helps the whole town every time he attracts customers to his store, for those same customers will trade with others while in town. Non-advertisers who wait for the overflow trade owe much to those who are consistent advertisers.

Bulls are no more sensitive to red than there are to any other color.

Adults tend to grow more conservative as they grow older.

Don't look afar FOR BARGAINS

YOU CAN FIND THEM HERE READING THESE ADS

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS.
 To: Johnnie Reese, GREETING:
 You are commanded to appear and answer the plaintiff's petition at or before 10 o'clock a. m. of the first Monday after the expiration of 42 days from the date of issuance of this Citation, the same being Monday the 27th day of May, A. D., 1946, at or before 10 o'clock a. m., before the Honorable District Court of Gray County, at the court house in Pampa, Gray County, Texas. Said plaintiff's petition was filed on the 8th day of April, 1946, the file number of said suit being No. 8228. The names of the parties in said suit are: Jewell Reese as plaintiff, and Johnnie Reese as defendant.

The nature of said suit being substantially as follows, to wit: Plaintiff sues defendant for divorce and alleges that on account of the cruel and harsh treatment by the defendant towards the plaintiff their further living together is insupportable; and also sues for the legal custody of their minor child.

Plaintiff prays for divorce and for custody of child.

If this citation is not served within 90 days after the date of its issuance, it shall be returned unserved.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Pampa, Texas, this the 8th day of April, A. D., 1946.

DEE PATTERSON, Clerk, Dist. Court, Gray County, Texas
 BY LOUISE STUART, Deputy. (SEAL) 15-4p-SW

Texas leads the nation in aircraft registrations. California is second.

A person's emotions can be judged better from his mouth than from his eyes.

George W. Post, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon

Goldston Building
 Clarendon, Texas

Office Hours 9-12 and 2-5
 Any Time by Appointment

Office Phone 404, House Phone 261

MUSIC WITH MEALS

I wish something could be done about people who like loud music—with their meals. Isn't there some way they could be segregated while dining, so the rest of us could eat in quiet? Are they really in the majority or is this another evidence of minority rule? And what is to be done to protect the defenseless in such a matter?

Eating out is bad enough for several reasons, but when you lunch or dine with a few friends, hoping for a real visit, the chances are you will land in some spot where the juke boxes go full blast or an orchestra rends the air.

In such surroundings pleasant conversation is out. People never give up trying, of course. They sit in strained positions with fixed smiles on their faces. They pretend to understand the comments from across the table. The effort to keep up that pretense and to make sensible replies finally turns them into knife and

fork jugglers. They soon begin to toss the tableware around. Anything to cover up their frustration.

And what could be funnier than the tag ends of conversation heard above the din during a sudden musical lull, as they are screamed against the general uproar. By the time the meal is over your throat aches. For as the clashing or crooning goes on, the conversation reaches crescendo both in volume and speed, until everybody is dumb from sheer vocal fatigue.

The soft strains of far-away music are said to be an aid to

digestion, and contribute to the pleasures of dining. But we don't have music; we have noise.

I wouldn't go so far as to say we should forbid juke boxes by law, but is there justice in a situation that offers any guy with a nickel the right to flood the public eating places with horrific uproars, while other people with

nickels can't drop a coin and get such a contest between customers, the fellow with a fair share of noise gets all the breaks. That's fair!—Mrs. Walter Ferguson, Fort Worth Press.

Common sense is not inherited but acquired.

TIME TO CHANGE

Why not bring in your car now and have the satisfaction of knowing it is ready for summer driving conditions?

Let us drain, flush and lubricate your car.

STANDARD SERVICE STATION
 Odell Mantooh, Owner

GOLDEN GRILL CAFE

Bring the Family and Enjoy a Meal with Us

ROY WILLINGHAM, Owner

66 SERVICE STATION

Where Courtesy is Our Motto — and your patronage is appreciated

Let Us Service Your Car

W. L. COPELAND, Owner

LET'S GO OUT TO DINNER!

A happy invitation to excite the whole family, especially when you take them to

BENNIE'S CAFE
 NORMA McCRACKEN

CEMETERY MEMORIALS

MONUMENTS, MARKERS COVERS and CURBING

S. R. JONES
 McLEAN, TEXAS

INSURANCE

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All kinds of life policies Representative Southwestern Life Insurance Company

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J. S. McLAUGHLIN
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 Plymouth and DeSoto Cars

CLAY TRANSFER AND STORAGE

Local and long distance—Fully insured
 Shamrock Phone 556-W

MAYTAG

Owners' Service Clinic
 May 7 and 8

FREE INSPECTION
 FREE ESTIMATE

For two days a Maytag factory-trained service expert will be at our store to help you with your Maytag service problems.

If your Maytag engine is in need of service, bring it in and we'll repair it for you.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF GENUINE MAYTAG PARTS NOW AVAILABLE!

M & M Appliance and Service
 McLean, Texas

McLean Spring Clean-Up

APRIL 29 THROUGH MAY 11

The Mayor and City Council are asking all McLean citizens to clean up their premises, placing all cans and rubbish in the alley or at street curb where it can be conveniently reached by a truck, and it will be hauled to the city dump grounds free of charge to the property owner.

All citizens are requested to cooperate in this effort to prevent disease and maintain sanitary and beautiful surroundings.

Be sure and get your premises cleaned up by Monday, May 6th, as the city trucks will start hauling on that date.

If you fail to clean up your premises during the above dates, you will be requested to clean up and remove rubbish at your expense.

Mayor and City Council

The Persuader

By E. M. PARKINSON
McClure Syndicate
WNU Features

UNDER ordinary circumstances everyone in the club would have expected Irene Smythe to be the delegate to the northern states annual convention. Irene was our secretary and certainly expected the appointment. And Mary Dixon, president, stubborn and contrary as she is, is a stickler for convention. So when most of us agreed that little Elsie Latham ought to be the delegate, we knew Mary would never see our way.

"It's a shame," Madge Leigh declared. "Did you notice the wistful light in poor Elsie's eyes when she announced that the convention was to be in Detroit? All Elsie's people live there, and she hasn't been able to go back in the fifteen years she's been married. Of course she's never held a club office or asked for one, but she's been a hard worker."

"Who's going to make Mary listen to that?" I demanded.

"I am!" Anne Herrick said firmly. "Anne's fairly new in town."

"You don't know Mary," Madge said with a rueful laugh.

"I know what stubborn, contrary people are like," Anne said grimly. "I've been married to one of them a good many years, and I've become quite a psychologist, if I do say so."

"But Mary will argue that Elsie's shy and retiring and a little dowdy."

"Don't worry," Anne said briskly. "I'll persuade her, provided that you'll let me have my way. Not one of you is to say a word to Mary about it."

Madge phoned me the next day. "Anne's gone right to work on Mary. I saw them having coffee at Kaap's. Anne was doing all the talking."

"How did Mary look?" I asked skeptically.

"Stubborn and contrary as ever," Madge admitted.

Madge and I met Anne on Saturday. "Have you persuaded Mary?" we demanded.

"Not yet. But I will."

"But she makes the appointment Thursday—the convention's only two weeks off."

Thursday, I was relieved when Madge told me that Elsie Latham would not be at the meeting. "Elsie says she has a cold, but I think she just can't bear to hear Irene Smythe appointed."

At our meeting that afternoon the air was tense. Anne's expression told us nothing. Mary seemed contrarier than ever, if possible. And Irene Smythe looked very smug. Mary called the meeting to order, and we hurried through the other business. At last Mary rose to "discuss the convention."

"As you know," she said sweetly, "the delegates are appointed by the club presidents, according to past records and suitability. Now, we have a secretary who has been faithfully at her post at every meeting this year. She knows the club history, and its aims."

Madge poked me. "I'll never trust Anne Herrick and her psychology again."

Anne, in the front row, leaned forward as Mary went on. "Then we have a member whose home town is Detroit. A very faithful member who, in her quite way, has done a great deal for us. Elsie Latham is not here and so I feel at liberty to talk freely, for I know that she won't be embarrassed."

"You'll all give me credit, I believe, for being fair-minded. You know that I like to look at both sides of a problem and that I do not make my decisions hastily."

"Or change them, once they're made!" Madge hissed.

Mary continued, with her sweetest smile. "We all love Elsie Latham, of course, and we know that Elsie is a bit on the retiring side. She would be first to admit that she can't make a speech, while our efficient secretary, Irene Smythe, has addressed many groups and can represent any club in a manner of which it can be proud."

Someone clapped. Irene smirked. Anne Herrick just listened.

Mary went on. "You'll grant that experience is—well, experience. Irene Smythe has traveled widely and is equal to any occasion. However, there are some provincial and sentimental folk who feel that it is more fitting that a member who hasn't even held office should be appointed the delegate—partly as a reward for faithfulness and partly, I suppose, to give her a trip back home."

Mary paused with a little shrug. Madge squeezed my arm. But Anne Herrick—who knows how to handle contrary people psychologically—never changed expression.

"Well, I'll confess that I'm one of those provincial and sentimental folk—and that's why I'm appointing little Elsie Latham as delegate," Mary concluded.

The moment the meeting adjourned we found out how Anne had persuaded her. Mary went straight to Anne and said sweetly, "I do hope you'll understand, Mrs. Herrick. I can't help being sentimental. But I know you're practical. Gosh, and I realize that you were setting conscientiously when you tried to hard to convince me that Elsie wouldn't do at all."

MICKIE SAYS—

ANY TIME YOU GET TIRED OF WRAPPING UP THIS PAPER 'N TAKING IT TO TH' POSTOFFICE FOR YOUR SOLDIER, WE WILL BE GLAD TO TAKE TH' JOB OFF YER HANDS—REG'LAR RATES, AND NO CHARGE FOR FOREIGN



USE PLAIN WORDS

In the local news we observe that "another young abecedarian had obfuscated all competitors by giving correct orthography to acquiescence and sacrilegious." In short, the boy had won a spelling match.

This reminded us of a "piece" that was spoken in school many years ago, and no doubt our fathers and grandfathers spoke it in their boyhood days. It must have been written more than 75 years ago. The author cannot be identified. In the anthology in the Rochester public library the selection is classed as anonymous. The "piece" follows:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency, and concatenated cogency. Eschew all the conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous desiccations and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, pistaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and valloquent vapidty. Shun double-entendres, purulent jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang, don't put on airs, say what you mean; mean what you say. And

DR. J. E. HEWETT
Optometrist
Glasses Fitted
Broken Lens Duplicated
For Appointment Phone 345
Shamrock, Texas

Electric Goods

Just What You Have Been Waiting for

- IRONS HEATING PADS
- TOASTERS MIXERS
- COOKERS HEATERS

See our display while it is complete

FLOOR SANDING

and floor finishing done to your satisfaction. Ask about this service.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

Carl M. Jones, Mgr.

MUTT AND JEFF

By Bud Fisher



VIRGIL

By Len Kleis



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



REG'LAR FELLERS

By Gene Byrnes



don't use big words."—Rochester Institute of Technology Typographer.

Flourescent ink has been developed so that papers can be read without other illumination.

Texas has large peat bogs located in Gonzales, Lee, Milam, Robertson and Leon counties.

The Flying Red Horse



Mobiloil, Mobilgas and complete lubrication service. Let us help keep your car going.

MAGNOLIA Service Station

Andy and Bennie Watkins

Rome was not built in a day, but someone must have started it in a day.

Our life is what our thoughts make it.—Marcus Aurelius.

SELL We write and Print Your Ads YOU GET THE MONEY

10 Day Specials

Oil Fliter Replacement Cartridges, John Deere, Ford, International and many other Tractors - - - - 75c
Popular Cars - - - - - 75c

Radiator and Engine Cleaner - - - - - \$1.50
Guaranteed—money back if it fails

Radiator and Block Weld—guaranteed to repair cracks in valve ports. Special price - - - - - \$1.75

Battery Cables and Ignition Sets for all Tractors and popular Cars - - - - - SPECIAL PRICE

Hastings & American Hammered Rings - - - - - DEALERS WHOLESAL PRICE

Water Pumps for popular Cars - - - - -
WHOLESALE PRICE during this special
Water Bags—the old desert bag—special - - - - - \$1.00

Casite - - - - - WHOLESALE during this special

Fan Belts and Radiator Hose - - - - -
WHOLESALE during this special

New Case 2-row Tractor

Harris King

McLean, Texas

Phone 17

Luck of Larsen

By BOB SINGLETON

McClure Syndicate.
WNU Features.

"LUCKY" LARSEN sat in the cockpit of his party boat, gazing morosely at the waters of the inlet as they shimmered in the sunset. "Snowball!" he suddenly roared. The coal black head of his mate appeared from the galley. "Snowball, I was sittin' here thinkin' why they call you 'Snowball'."

"All you got to do is look at me, and you knows right away, Mister Lucky." Snowball grinned.

"That's just what I was cogitatin'. They call you Snowball for the same reason that they call me Lucky."

"Yassir, Mister Lucky, I sure reckon you got somethin' there all right. Just today di'n we sit right between Cap'n Judy and Cap'n Frank. Cap'n Judy caught 80 weaks. Cap'n Frank hauled in 90, and we got 15."

"Darn Captain Judy and Captain Frank." Lucky glanced at the remaining can of chum. "We'll be laughin' at them come this time to-morrow. Come on, now, take the lead out of your pants and get my supper up here; the tide will be comin' in soon."

Snowball went below without comment and busied himself with the evening meal. He knew from sad experience that it would do no good to question Lucky further, but he still couldn't figure out why he was sitting in the cockpit throwing occasional handfuls of chum overboard. Those shrimp would be perfectly good for Mr. Burke's fishing party booked for the next day, and there must have been at least five dollars worth left.

Another roar from Lucky: "Snowball, start her up!"

"Doan' you wan' to eat? Supper's mos' ready, Mister Lucky," Snowball called.

"Start her up, supper will have to wait."

As the twin motors roared their protest, Lucky gave orders. "Go as slow as you can and still hold stearage. Head for Governor's Cove."

Under Snowball's expert guidance the 50-foot "Paylin" barely crept the two miles. Lucky kept his place in the stern, still throwing out chum at regular intervals. In about an hour they anchored and ate supper.

"I sure doan' know what you're doin', Mister Lucky, but I suppose you do," Snowball ventured. "Why you-all jes' set there and throw chum away is mos'n I can figger out."

Lucky grinned. "You'll be a-seein' tomorrow mornin'. But if you go tellin' what you've seen tonight I'll wring your neck." With that he dumped the remaining bait overboard. Snowball gasped.

"Doan' you worry, Mister Lucky. I ain't seen nothin'. I remember what you told me to tell—the port motor blowed a gasket and we had to lay out to fix it."

"That's right, and don't you forget. We can head in now. Be aboard at five, we're sailin' early."

"I'll be there, doan' fret." Snowball started getting things shipshape as Lucky took the wheel. He hummed to himself—he'd be in in time to see Mandy after all.

Mr. Burke and his party were on time in the morning, and the Paylin cast off promptly at 5:30, a good half-hour before the other boats. Lucky headed directly for Governor's Cove instead of the inlet where the weaks always lay, and where the other boats would go.

"What's the matter, Larsen, why not the inlet?" Mr. Burke asked as they dropped anchor in the cove. Snowball was already starting the chum over.

"You want weaks, don't you, Mr. Burke?" Lucky answered. "Well, I aim to get you some." He said a fervent prayer under his breath. "O. K., if you produce," Burke said.

The broad stern of the Paylin accommodated four lines, and they were all over in a few moments. Sure enough, the weaks were biting; they were getting strikes faster than Snowball could haul them in. The light reels and the flexible rods of the weakfish tackle were singing and bending gaily. Suddenly something hit Burke's hook like a sledge hammer. "All lines in!" Lucky called.

The fishermen started reeling in as fast as they could to give Mr. Burke free play, but two more lines were hit before reaching the boat. All three rods were bent practically double, all three reels were smoking. Before Lucky could cut the lines all three rods had been pulled out of the men's hands and were heading out to sea.

"What the devil was that?" Mr. Burke managed to ask.

"What the devil was that, he asks!" Lucky raved. "Are you fishermen or runaways from the Old Ladies' Home? Can't you even hold an oversized weakfish?" He watched a hundred dollars' worth of fishing tackle disappear.

He never did tell the answer, which he knew all too well. The chum that he had put out the night before to lure the weaks from the inlet to the cove had also lured a school of large bonitos which had been feeding just beyond the breakwater.

"Yassir, Mister Lucky, you sure have lived up to your name again," Snowball said, starting the motors to head for the inlet.

THE LOW DOWN
from
HICKORY GROVE

You know, you don't find anybody much, who is concerned or excited about Socialism. It is seeping in at all the cracks but nobody alerts himself. Talk to 'em about it and they will look out the window—or fiddle with the blotter on their desk, and change the subject. But they will pound the table about England going into coal mining and putting politics in as cashier of the banks. Also, about France and her taking over the gas works and electricity. But they won't stay awake if you tell 'em the U. S. A. is headin' for the same kind of mess.

Susie and I, we just been on a little trip to the city. I scurried around—visited with a lotta people—and like it was there in Rome just before they finally burned down the town, everybody had a pocket-full of dinero, and the fun was on—nobody gave a hoot beyond "what is the next dance."

And from our trip I deduct that there is nasty weather ahead of us—for big and little—if we don't get over the notion that socialism is something for the other guy to stew about—not us. It will not be just the big people who will be elbowed around by an over-size and socialistic government—nor just the little people. It will be ALL the people.

What this country needs is a new Paul Revere. And ridin' with him, he should have a pulchritudinous Miss Bathing Brevity. That would alert us—100%.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

The reason Cupid makes so many bad shots is because he's aiming at the heart and looking at the hosliery.—Lt. J. F. Winkle.

Phonograph companies call juke box records "nickel grabbers."

Pete the Paper Puppet



Noted Magician
Coming Next Week

High School Announces Novel Attraction for Thursday Evening, May 9th

Hold on to your pocketbooks and be sure there are no rabbits up your sleeve, for Ambrose "The Magician," the famous magic man, is coming. He will present his ever popular program under the auspices of the high school at the high school auditorium Thursday, May 9th, at 8:00 p. m.



"Ambrose and Charley"

Ambrose "The Magician," is an unusually clever performer and presents in his program odd mysteries which he has secured from all over the world. "The Chinese Rice and Water Mystery," "The Steel Rings of Chee Woo," "The Vanishing Cage and Canary," are only a few of the bewildering mysteries which he will perform.

This performance is open to the public. A high degree of interest has been manifested, and a record breaking attendance is anticipated.

MICKIE SAYS—

WELL, TH' GUVNMENT SEZ US NEWSPAPERS ARE IMPORTANT Y WAGING THE WAR, N' GIVES US PRIORITIES ON WHAT WE NEED. BUT I AINT HEARD OF THROW-AWAY ADVERTISING SHEETS GETTING PRIORITIES!



A Los Angeles woman won a divorce and over \$1,000,000 in property on the ground that her husband never talked to her.

Miss Wanette Simmons of Lubbock visited her parents here last week. She was accompanied by a girl friend.

Opportunity is often unrecognized because it is disguised as a hard job.

Avalon

Telephone 34

Admission (tax included)
Adults 35c, Children 9c

Weekly Program
Thursday and Friday

Vibrant with Suspense!
DOROTHY MCGUIRE
GEORGE BRENT
ETHEL BARRYMORE
The Spiral Staircase

Saturday

Lawless Empire
Charles Starrett, Tex Harding

An Angel Comes to Brooklyn
Kaye Dowd, Robert Duke

Saturday Night Prevue, 11:30

I Love a Bandleader
Phil HARRIS, ROCHESTER, Leslie BROOKS

Sunday and Monday

"The VIRGINIAN"
in Technicolor
J. McCrea, B. Donlevy, S. Tufts

Tuesday and Wednesday

Franchot TONE
Susanna FOSTER
David BRUCE
Louisa ALLORBITTON
That Night with You
with Bufus Keaton, Jacqueline de Wit

Thursday, Friday Next Week

ROBERT WALKER
JUNE ALLYSON
The Sailor Takes A Wife
M-G-M PICTURES

Lone Star
Admission (tax included)
Adults 35c, Children 9c

Friday and Saturday
The Haunted Mine
J. M. Brown, Raymond Hatton

Tell It to a Star
Ruth Terry, Robert Livingston

UNIVERSITY FORGIVEN

The University of Texas has been forgiven by the Southern Association (union of college profs). The University of Texas is the biggest and richest of the group, and naturally there is much jealousy among the members of the big school. Maybe the former board of regents that fired Homer P. Rainey was unwise in some of its actions. The present board has corrected some of its predecessor's rash acts—but Rainey is still the deposed president—and is looking with longing eyes toward the governorship of Texas. His pleas for so-called academic freedom has not caught with the rank and file of the people of Texas. Too many of the voters do not care a hoot when a board of regents fires a college professor, or even a university president who makes a jackass of himself. Texas would probably be better off if other boards of regents would follow the example by firing more

of this type of professors.—Canton News.

Texas has produced more cotton than any other area in the world, in the past century.

Fifty-three U. S. liberty ships carried the names of Texans during the war.

Texas' Lower Rio Grande Valley sold a \$50,000,000 citrus crop in 1945.

China was once a strong nation until her best soil was used

All Forms of INSURANCE
No Prohibited List
All my companies have A-1 ratings
PROTECTION PAYS
T. N. Holloway
Reliable Insurance

LEARN MUSIC

Hawaiian Guitar
Spanish Guitar

Lessons by Appointment at Grade School

Panhandle Conservatory of Music

See Mr. Beats at School, 1:00 to 4:00

PUCKETT'S

FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SPECIALS

Fresh
WIEGELTANBILIE
Specials



Celery Green Pascal large size 15c

Lettuce large head 7 1-2c

Cabbage fancy medium size lb. 6c

Onions Crystal Wax large size U. S. No. 1 lb. 7 1-2c

Flour Puckett's Best 50 lb sack \$2.04

25 lb sack \$1.04

POST'S RAISIN BRAN pkg. 10c

Coffee Yuban 1 lb. glass jar 35c

BABY FOOD Heinz, Gerber's or Clapp's 4 1/2 oz. can, 3 for 19c

Tomato Juice House of George No. 2 can 10c

PUMPKIN No. 2 1/2 can 15c

Milk Armour's 3 tall cans 28c

CRACKERS Premium 2 lb box 27c

Grapefruit Juice 46 oz. can 29c

COCOA Our Mother's 1 lb box 10c

IN THE MARKET

Roast AA grade chuck lb. 28c

Butter Armour's Cloverbloom lb. 54c

Cheese Velveeta 2 lb pkg. 74c

1/2 lb pkg. 23c

Stew Meat AA grade lb. 18c

WE CLOSE AT 6:30 p. m. EXCEPT SATURDAY

Buzzards

By FAYE McGOVERN
McClure Syndicate,
WNU Features.

THE late summer sun beat down on Old Yuan's narrow bent shoulders as he sat in his paddy fields. The rice in his paddy fields turned into fat yellow kernels, but Old Yuan found no pleasure in it. His only son, impatient at working in the fields when there was fighting to be done, had shouted defiance at him and gone off with the others to join Chiang Kai-shek's army, leaving Old Yuan to harvest it alone—an impossible task for one old man.

A burly figure appeared, running along the raised path between the rice paddies, continually looking over its shoulder as if in fear for its life. Seeing Old Yuan, it loped up the incline and threw itself at the old man's feet. "Hide me, good father, I implore you!"

Old Yuan's grip on the hoe relaxed as he recognized the overgrown lad as the simple-minded but cheerful worker who had been conscripted from a neighboring farm. "From whom would you hide yourself?" he demanded severely.

"The men who took me away. They made us shoot firesticks that will not kill. I run away from them, I pray you!"

Old Yuan's wrinkled face tightened. Was it possible the conscription officers had not seen that this lad was different from the others? Surely the gods had taken pity on an old man's plight and sent this lad that his rice crop might be saved. The sound of an approaching motorcar cut short his conjectures.



"I look for a farm lad called Lun-ko."

"Quick, into the straw crib!" he commanded. Scarcely had he latched the rickety door when a touring car containing two uniformed men drew up on the dusty road. One of them alighted and came swiftly along the path. "I look for a farm lad called Lun-ko," he announced, his keen black eyes sweeping the surroundings. "Come he here?"

Old Yuan trembled within himself. Surely this soldier in shiny boots was not one to be easily outwitted. But, summoning his courage and praying that the gods who had already been so charitable would continue to approve, he gestured toward a large bird that soared lazily over his fields. "As you can see, there are only myself and the buzzard."

The officer, instead, brought his gaze to rest on the straw crib. "Dreamed you such an ugly creature could have such grace?" Old Yuan cried hastily. Then, pointing excitedly, "See, it lights."

The officer turned and looked at the ungainly crimson-wattled bird settling itself awkwardly on a stump.

"He appears quite fierce but he is not," Old Yuan pursued eagerly. "He helps me by catching mice and grasshoppers that destroy my grain." Then timidly he asked, "Have you not known like men with strong bodies but no heart for fighting?"

A sneeze from the straw crib caused Old Yuan's heart to contract and brought the officer's attention around sharply. But instead of striding toward it and demanding officiously to look inside, he merely stared at it intently. Then he again turned toward the rice fields that glistened pale gold in the sun, stirred by a gentle breeze. "Just you and the buzzard, eh?" he said finally.

Old Yuan's head sank to his chest. Now he would be manacled and taken to jail for harboring a fugitive. His fields would wither and rot, and many would go hungry.

"In America where I once studied," the officer said, "I read of a general who stated, 'An army marches on its stomach.'" He added, nodding thoughtfully, "He was a great man."

Old Yuan could only blink at him uncomprehendingly.

The man took a deep breath of the warm fragrant air, squinted up at the cloudless sky, then looked at Old Yuan and smiled broadly. "I congratulate you on your bountiful crop. I'm sure you can harvest it—with the help of your buzzard." Then with a brisk salute he marched off toward the waiting car.

Tears of relief trickled slowly down Old Yuan's wrinkled cheeks and his fatigue fell away as if it had never been. Aye, with such understanding men in the world there would be an end to war some day.

Uncle Sam Says



About this time of year, we hunger for a sight of green sprouts and the first signs of a plentiful fall crop. I am visiting my nephew, Farmer John, in Iowa. John's seeds produce the golden corn we all love. John is also planting financial seeds. These seeds are United States Savings Bonds. Savings Bonds grow to golden hue. Every city worker also can plant and nurture these seeds.

INSURANCE
for each member of your family
—Life, Accident, Health,
Hospitalization.

ARTHUR ERWIN
INSURANCE

We Texans have the biggest, the best and the most of everything, including murder.

Two of our towns, Dallas and Houston, each had more murder last year than Chicago did.

If the murder rate in Chicago in 1945 had been as high as it was in Dallas, Houston and San Antonio, Chicago would have had 819 slayings instead of a mere 80. That's nine times as many.

Major crime in Chicago is up 11% over 1944. In Texas it's up more than 25% and spreading like a prairie fire.—Col. Homer Garrison, Chief of the Texas Rangers.

Juvenile delinquency is where the children act like their parents.—Quail Echo.

The cost of constructing terraces is relatively small compared with the benefits received.

A typewriter small enough to fit into a waistcoat pocket has just recently been patented.

GET MORE MILEAGE
with

Phillips 66
Poly Gas and
Phillips 66
Motor Oils

Phillips Petroleum Co.
J. R. Glass, Consignee

Old Sowell Avery of Montgomery Ward & Company, who had to be thrown out of his office by the United States Army to make effectual President Roosevelt's seizure of the company's plant in Chicago, is an unsung hero of world war 2. One man, that is to say, withstood a high-handed, illegal and unjustified act of the most powerful government in the world. The President and his soldiers took the plant, but when the voice of justice finally had its say, the courts declared that there was no shadow of legal authority for the seizure.—Dallas Morning News.

AUTOMOBILE and TRACTOR

Parts, Supplies and Accessories

McLEAN AUTO SUPPLY
GUY HIBLER

CARD OF THANKS

I shall always remember with gratitude your sympathy and helpfulness, which meant so much to me, and that proved your friendship in a most wonderful way when I needed you most.
MARTHA McCOMBS.

T. W. Gilstrap of Amarillo was in McLean Friday on business.

To prosper in a hick town, you must learn to keep on working without offending loafers who want to talk.—Robert Quillen.

Don't Let "Gums" Become "Repulsive"
Are your "GUMS" unsightly? Do they itch? Do they burn?—Druggists refund money if first bottle of "LETOS" fails to satisfy.
POWERS DRUG CO.

BETTER CROPS

and

BETTER GARDENS

are made from better seeds. We have what you want in grade and variety for for bigger field and garden crops.

Plenty of MAYFIELD feeds, too.

McLEAN FEED STORE

E. W. Sullivan, Manager H. L. Thomas, Owner



DRY Cleaning
MODERN Efficient

Let us settle all of your cleaning problems.
Our modern well-equipped cleaning plant can give you the kind of service that you need. Call on us for prompt courteous service.

MERCER CLEANERS
Dependable Service

POWER POWER POWER POWER

AND MORE POWER FOR THIS AREA!

This territory is on the move—and it has everything it takes for more industry, more and better business, better and more modern farming and better living in the home. The aggressive people are here, the natural resources are here—and also plenty of low-cost electric power.

Our vast expansion program which includes a complete new power station, additions to others and miles and miles of new transmission lines, proves that we have faith in the future of this area. We'll continue to do everything within our power to help in its sound development for many years to come.

No. 17 of a series of advertisements designed to help build this fast-growing territory in which we serve.

SOUTHWESTERN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
OF SPIRITS OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE

Fresh Foods

GREEN BEANS	lb.....	10c
NEW POTATOES	lb.....	6c
LETTUCE	nice large firm heads.....	10c
SQUASH	nice yellow lb.....	7½c
CFLERY	fancy bleached large bunch.....	19c

Picnic Snacks

CHICKEN SPREAD	7 oz. can.....	32c
TURKO SPREAD	can.....	20c
SPAM	regular can.....	39c
POTTED MEAT	reg. can.....	6c
PIMIENTOS	4½ oz.....	18c
RITZ BUTTER CRACKERS	16 oz.....	23c
PICKLES	sour cut quart jar.....	34c
WONDER DRINK	Grape-Pineapple-Orange ½ gallon.....	35c

Plus 10c deposit on bottle

Clean Up

Shine up! Spruce up!

BETTA KLEEN	Miracle Paste 24 oz. jar.....	65c
WINDEX	The All purpose cleaner makes your windows shine large size.....	29c
BAB-O	regular can.....	10c
VANISH	you'll like it.....	23c
PERFEX	the concentrated cleanser.....	23c
LIQUID WAX	Johnson's quart.....	89c
PASTE WAX	Johnson's 8 oz.....	30c

A brand new Johnson floor polisher to rent at a reasonable charge.

Cooper's Foods
ZERO LOCKERS COMPLETE FOOD MARKET

Mental Hazard

By BERT R. FERRIS
McClure Syndicate.
WNU Features.

VALERIE hummed softly as she spooned the coffee into the silex and plugged it in. She was thinking—thinking hard. She knew what was wrong with Monte, but she didn't know what to do about it. The sports writers were calling him a hoary veteran, and the arm they had so short a time before proclaimed as the "greatest" in baseball, they now glibly referred to as "Monte Cleveland's six-inning flipper."

Monte crumpled the paper and strode angrily about the room. "So I've got a six-inning flipper, have I?" he snarled. "Leo is a softhearted old woman for starting me today, is he? Just wait until this afternoon, I'll show 'em a six-inning flipper! And I'll let 'em look at it for a full nine frames, too!"

Valerie was careful that no hint of sympathy should creep into her voice when she said quietly, "I'll wait, honey. And I'll be right there when you show them."

"Atta girl!" He caught her to him in a quick hug of appreciation. "It will help a lot just to know that you're in the stands pulling for me. I'll meet you at the south gate after the game. You'd better be early, though, there'll be a mob out to watch this play-off. You don't go for that junk, do you, Val?" he asked. "You don't believe the old soup bone is gone . . . that I'm washed up with the game . . . that Leo is a softhearted old . . . ?"

"I don't even read it," she interrupted with a lie. "You know your arm is still good, Leo knows you are still a starting pitcher, and after today the sports writers will be telling the world about it."

"You're mighty well right they will!" Monte said between clenched teeth. "What do those guys expect



Monte read the few lines.

a ball player to do when he reaches 38, hang up his glove and collapse into a wheel chair?"

But Monte Cleveland knew he was whistling in the dark. Even now there was a painful twinge in his shoulder. And he knew that after two or three innings his arm would be numb. By the end of the sixth he would be tossing them up so any school kid could find them.

As Monte walked toward the mound, Valerie waved her little blue hat at him from the first row in the upper stands.

He pitched carefully. At the end of four innings only 12 batters had faced him. His own team had batted twice through the order and were out in front 2-0.

In the fifth he was forced to bear down all the way, and as he walked to the bench he felt that every ounce of strength had left him. His shoulder was thumping and his arm hung like a piece of lead pipe.

"Here's a note your wife sent down," the coach said, handing him a torn piece of score card.

Monte read the few lines, ripped the paper into bits and flung them away. His eyes were stormy. He looked into the stands. The blue hat was gone. He pulled the peak of his cap low, stepped in on the rubber and sent his famous fireball sizzling across the inside corner.

Monte got set for the next pitch. "Goin' into the sixth and she pulls out to have a cocktail with a friend!" he muttered to himself. "That's O. K. with me!" The crashing impact of his delivery rocked the catcher, Gabe Hart, back on his heels. Monte stabbed the ball out of the air, wound up and whipped a vicious outside hook past the batter for the third strike.

In the last three innings Monte made but 11 pitches—pitches that brought a hundred thousand fans to their feet to scream themselves hoarse.

Valerie was waiting alone at the south gate, and Monte stopped short, astonished. "Where's your friend?" he asked. "You missed a good game."

"Oh, Monte," she said softly, coming close to him. "I'm so happy! I . . . I think I'm going to cry."

"What's the idea of running out on me?" he demanded. "I'm out there biting my tongue out with every heave, and you . . ."

"I didn't run out on you, sweet-heart," Val said. "I only moved to the lower stand and took off my hat. I sent you that note to make you fighting mad. You see, honey, as I watched you through the first innings, it occurred to me that the sixth had come to be a bad mental hazard for you, and I felt sure that if you were to get downright mad . . . oh, darling, you were wonder-ful!"

NEWS FROM LIBERTY

Church and Sunday school each Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan visited relatives in Clovis, N. M., Easter Sunday.

Troy Torbin is in an Amarillo hospital for a tonsillectomy.

Kenneth Davis of Canyon visited his parents here over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myatt, Mrs. R. C. Gibson and daughter were in Pampa Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Leasure and children have returned to their home in Fort Smith, Ark., after several weeks' visit with the lady's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Roth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan visited Mrs. George Humphreys in McLean Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Stokes and Mrs. I. P. Sullivan of Amarillo, Mrs. Ed Lewellyn of Burkburnett, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stokes and son of Shamrock, Mr. and Mrs. Travis Stokes and daughter of McLean and Roy Stokes of Calumet, Okla., visited their mother and grandmother, Mrs. Kate Stokes last week end.

Miss Elsie Walker of Amarillo is visiting her sister, Mrs. Zack Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Glass and children of McLean visited Mr. and Mrs. Olen Davis Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pickett of Heald visited Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Myatt Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Mark Mitchell and children of Twitty visited her sister, Mrs. B. L. Stokes, and family over the week end. They all visited in the Abra community Sunday.

C. A. Myatt was in Shamrock Friday afternoon.

Mrs. A. L. Morgan visited Mrs. Everett Dorsey Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Stokes of Pampa visited their sisters, Mrs. Ella Stewart and Mrs. Kate Stokes Sunday. They all visited in the R. L. Stokes home at Shamrock Sunday afternoon.

Misses Annie and Cleo Jones were Sunday dinner guests of Miss Sue Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Boston of Canyon visited relatives here Sunday.

Nath Franks and Rev. R. F. Jones are on a fishing trip in New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Perkins are in Clarendon on business this week.

Jack Carpenter has returned from an Amarillo hospital.

Mrs. J. L. Hess, Mr. and Mrs. Tyde Magee were in Amarillo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Francis were in Pampa the first of the week.

R. R. Hamill is home from Manila, and has his discharge from the service.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Tyson and son of Higgins visited relatives here last Thursday.

Mrs. W. M. Rhodes has returned from a visit with relatives at Littlefield.

Miss Fern Landers is visiting in Amarillo, Plainview and Lubbock this week.

Peb Everett has the editor's thanks for a couple of Philippine Island stamps.

Miss LaVaughn Watkins underwent an appendectomy at Pampa Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stevens were Pampa visitors Tuesday.

Bennie Watkins was in Shamrock Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Willingham were in Shamrock Tuesday.

Eugene Greer visited in Amarillo over the week end.

George Van Huss of Pampa was in McLean Saturday.

Miss Ann Bogan of Canyon was home for the week end.

Charlie Back of Dumas was in McLean Friday.

Ben Overton was in Canyon last week.

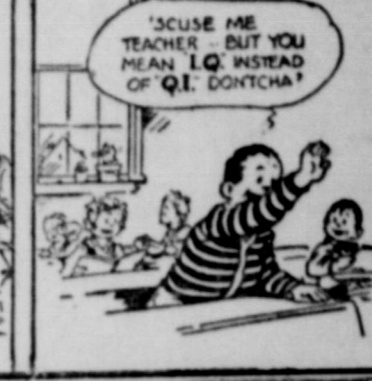
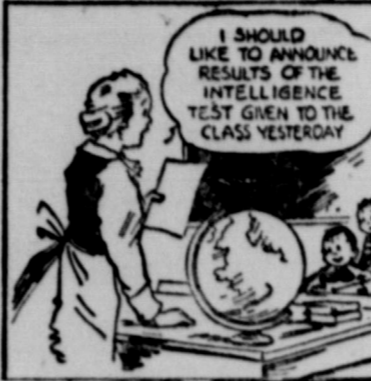
Mrs. George Humphreys returned Sunday from a Pampa hospital.

VIRGIL



By Len Klein

REG'LAR FELLERS



By Gene Byrnes

Miss Jewelene Langham of Amarillo visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Langham, over the week end. She was accompanied by her friend, Robert Reel.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Coffey, Jr. and daughter of Amarillo were in McLean Wednesday.

Buddy Watkins was in Pampa last week at the bedside of his wife and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

Gov. Ellis G. Arnall of Georgia says: "Texas is the dynamo of Dixie."

The state of Texas leads in the production of fresh fruits and vegetables for distant markets.

Joe Hindman made a business trip to Crowell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

The McLean Lions Club met in regular session Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

Mutt Graham of Clarendon was in McLean Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Callahan were in Shamrock Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

Mrs. R. F. Smith was in Shamrock Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

More men become victims of insanity than do women.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Blackman and little daughter of Pecos have moved to McLean.

Pete the Paper Puppal

COLUMBUS SAID "SAIL ON" BUT WHEN OUR ADS SAY "SALE ON"—THAT'S THE TIME TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS FOR THE BEST BARGAINS IN TOWN.

FOOD VALUES

Bring the family and enjoy a meal with us.

We Never Close

McLEAN CAFE

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. (Buddy) Watkins

Friendly Thoughts

By Womack

Rules of life are but memorandums of the deeper significances we feel. Our judgment is more closely attuned to what we should not do, than any published restriction can state. A man feels things to be right or wrong that are not described upon the statute books or the court's calendar. Conscience remains our safest guide.

In a spirit of sympathetic helpfulness we tender our professional services.

Womack Funeral Home

J. M. CLEGG, Licensed Embalmer

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

1 LINE—One insertion, 20 per word.

2 LINE—Two insertions, 30 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

3 LINE—Three insertions, 40 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

4 LINE—Four insertions, 50 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

5 LINE—Five insertions, 60 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

6 LINE—Six insertions, 70 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

7 LINE—Seven insertions, 80 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

8 LINE—Eight insertions, 90 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

9 LINE—Nine insertions, 100 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

10 LINE—Ten insertions, 110 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

11 LINE—Eleven insertions, 120 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

12 LINE—Twelve insertions, 130 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

13 LINE—Thirteen insertions, 140 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

14 LINE—Fourteen insertions, 150 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

15 LINE—Fifteen insertions, 160 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

16 LINE—Sixteen insertions, 170 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

17 LINE—Seventeen insertions, 180 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

18 LINE—Eighteen insertions, 190 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

19 LINE—Nineteen insertions, 200 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

20 LINE—Twenty insertions, 210 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

21 LINE—Twenty-one insertions, 220 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

22 LINE—Twenty-two insertions, 230 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

23 LINE—Twenty-three insertions, 240 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

24 LINE—Twenty-four insertions, 250 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

25 LINE—Twenty-five insertions, 260 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

26 LINE—Twenty-six insertions, 270 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

27 LINE—Twenty-seven insertions, 280 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

28 LINE—Twenty-eight insertions, 290 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

29 LINE—Twenty-nine insertions, 300 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

30 LINE—Thirty insertions, 310 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

31 LINE—Thirty-one insertions, 320 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

32 LINE—Thirty-two insertions, 330 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

33 LINE—Thirty-three insertions, 340 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

34 LINE—Thirty-four insertions, 350 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

35 LINE—Thirty-five insertions, 360 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

36 LINE—Thirty-six insertions, 370 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

37 LINE—Thirty-seven insertions, 380 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

38 LINE—Thirty-eight insertions, 390 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

39 LINE—Thirty-nine insertions, 400 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

40 LINE—Forty insertions, 410 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

41 LINE—Forty-one insertions, 420 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

42 LINE—Forty-two insertions, 430 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

43 LINE—Forty-three insertions, 440 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

44 LINE—Forty-four insertions, 450 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

45 LINE—Forty-five insertions, 460 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

46 LINE—Forty-six insertions, 470 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

47 LINE—Forty-seven insertions, 480 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

48 LINE—Forty-eight insertions, 490 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

49 LINE—Forty-nine insertions, 500 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

50 LINE—Fifty insertions, 510 per word, or 10 per word each week after first insertion.

FOR SALE

SUDAN seed for sale. W. A. Spangier. 1p

FOR SALE—8 good weaner pigs. Homer Wilson. 1c

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—New Coolerator ice box, new Automatic electric washing machine. McLean Auto Supply.

CERTIFIED cotton seed. McLean Gin, S. R. Jones, Mgr. 1c

MILK COWS for sale. R. O. Cunningham. 1p

FOR SALE—Good planting seed, black hull kafir, sudan, half and half cotton. M. H. Patterson. 2p

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR BULLDOZER work, soil conservation dams, spreader dams, all kinds dirt work, in or out of town jobs; yardage or hourly basis, call A. B. Huggins, phone 44, McLean, Texas. 15-8p

WANTED

WANTED to buy or rent house in McLean. W. C. Meharg. Phone 158. 1p

LOST

LOST, between Lela and Texola, on 66 Highway, 2 Kisko circulating fans. Reward. Notify Dr. J. M. Deering, 419 Austin St., Hot Springs, N. M. 1p

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

For District Judge: WALTER ROGERS LEWIS M. GOODRICH

For District Attorney: TOM BRALY

For Representative, 122nd Dist: R. L. TEMPLETON

For Commissioner, Precinct 4: ORVILLE W. CUNNINGHAM WM. EARNEST BECK

For County Clerk: CHARLIE THUT

For Tax Assessor-Collector: F. E. LEECH

For Sheriff: R. H. (Rufe) JORDAN JAMES BARRETT O. H. KYLE

For District Clerk: DEE PATTERSON

For County Treasurer: OLA GREGORY

For Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 5: T. A. LANDERS

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CONSUMERS SUPPLY

Wholesale and Retail

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We have in stock 750x20 and 700x20 10 ply

Gasoline, Oils and Greases

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We are equipped to service your appliances.

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Amarillo, Texas

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TEXACO WARM WEATHER LUBRICANTS WOULD BE BETTER!

Emory Crockett, Consignee

Phone 172

Let Us "POWER" Your Farm with TEXACO PRODUCTS