



BRITISH SEARCH HOSPITAL FOR RAID VICTIMS—British sources say this is wreckage of a London hospital which was hit during a mid-morning air raid, Oct. 9. Air raid precaution workers are digging in the debris for victims, described by British as men and women 80 years old or older. (Associated Press Photo by cable from London to New York.)

Conservation Parleys Are Scheduled

Meeting At Lomax Friday Evening Is First Of Series

When the board of supervisors for the Martin-Howard County Soil Conservation district opens a series of intra-district meetings at Lomax Friday evening, it will have one good project to hold up as an example.

It is the two-section joint soil conservation demonstration immediately north of Big Spring, being undertaken in cooperation by 13 landowners, the soil conservation and extension services.

The board has planned a series of meetings in the district to explain the program and give any desired information. Ranchers and farmers are urged to attend the Lomax meeting, which starts at 7:30 p. m. Members of the board are J. Pollock, and M. L. Koonce of Martin county, Gordon Stone of Glascock county, and E. T. O'Daniel and E. N. Adams of Howard county.

Observers believe that the board would have something to show in its preliminary work on the local joint demonstration.

Dudley Mann, soil conservation service, said that soil maps, based on borings with soil augers, had been prepared and showed about 60 per cent of a mixed sandy loam. Most of the remainder, concentrated on the northwest corner of the rectangular area, was of blow type sand.

A thorough map, it carries symbols such as 7A17, which, in order, would indicate (7) soil, (A) slope, (1) erosion factor and (7) gully extent.

Recommendations include 26.4 miles terraces with 36 to 40 foot bases and 20 inches high. These would be narrow at the northeast corner and spread more than a mile over most of the southern section. Terraces will be arranged to funnel water into the blow sand area on upper reaches and spread uniformly over the lower reaches.

This factor alone, the soil conservation service estimated, would control all water flowing over the area. This being true, it would eliminate the need of a \$9,000 diversion dam contemplated by the city above the cemetery as a flood control measure, and would offset costly damage to the cemetery and northern part of the city.

While the sandy loam section would be controlled by terraces, contour tillage and crop arrangement would be carried out on blow sand areas which have shown pronounced tendencies to migrate steadily southward in recent years.

Invasion Ports Blasted By RAF; Longer Assault Made On London; Rumanian-British Break Foreseen

Documents Are Destroyed As Nazis Move In

Bucharest Government Makes No Guarantee Of Relationship

BUCHAREST, Oct. 10 (AP)—British legation officials began destroying secret documents today, apparently indicating a break in diplomatic relations with Rumania, as German troops filtered into the country.

High ranking German officers arriving in Bucharest took over choice suites in the leading hotels and rushed from conference to conference making preparations for garrisoning Nazi soldiers soon to be stationed throughout the country.

British authorities said they had no new information concerning the arrival of German troops in Rumania, but one official said he had personally seen Italian army officers at Galatz, on the Danube river, about 100 miles from the Black sea.

An official announcement said German-Rumanian economic talks would begin in Berlin Oct. 18.

The German language press opened a violent anti-British campaign and said Britain was considering setting up opposition "Rumanian government" in London.

Sources close to the British legation said departure of British citizens from Rumania "appears to be only a matter of a few days."

A Rumanian war council presided over by Premier General Ion Antonescu was authoritatively reported to have voted vital measures designed to strengthen the nation militarily and prepare it for possible air attack.

It was announced that German and Rumanian negotiators who will meet at Berlin Oct. 18 will discuss the banning of all exports except to Germany, Italy and countries friendly to the axis, as well as the immediate shipment of 15,000 pigs, 5,000 cattle and 5,000 cars of lumber to Germany.

Although reluctant to abandon their \$300,000,000 investment in the rich Rumanian oil fields and their most important "latching post" in the Balkans, the British admitted they were apprehensive of being trapped by the advancing Nazis if they hesitated too long.

Britain's War Casualties Put Officially At 38,077

LONDON, Oct. 10 (AP)—Britain's army, navy and air force have lost a total of 21,367 men dead, missing or captured and 16,710 wounded—altogether 38,077 casualties—since the war began, according to official lists released today for publication.

No one of the three services announced casualties so great as the civilian toll marked up in the German air siege.

Prime Minister Churchill announced Oct. 8 that about 8,500 civilians had been killed and 13,000 wounded up to Oct. 5.

Here is a breakdown of the announced service casualties:

Army—killed and fatally wounded, 3,457; wounded, 13,502; missing, 3,267; died, 512, and prisoners, 1,441.

Navy—killed and fatally wounded, 3,077; wounded, 1,898; missing, 4,841; died, 78, and prisoners, 29.

Air Force—killed and fatally wounded, 2,191; wounded, 723; missing, 2,207; died, 467; and prisoners, 300.

The week's service reports showed a sharp reduction in casualties. There were fewer in all England than London alone suffered in its worst week or two.

Cathedral Is Damaged In Night Attack

Ceaseless Waves Of Nazi Bombers Rake British Capital

LONDON, Oct. 10 (AP)—Germany's night raiders rode back to London tonight on relentless schedule to spread the work of devastation already wrought throughout the city.

Bombs began falling in the suburbs as compact groups of raiders worked their way through a tremendous screen of anti-aircraft shells. It was the 34th straight night attack.

LONDON, Oct. 10 (AP)—Destruction of the high altar of St. Paul's cathedral was announced by the British air ministry today as Nazi warplanes returned to the attack on London early this forenoon after the longest night assault of the war.

The forenoon raid was brief. It was followed by two others in the afternoon. In the first of these a bomb hit some houses, wounding a number of persons.

The other alarm lasted only a short time and persons in central London could hear light gunfire in the distance.

St. Paul's, famous for centuries as a London landmark, is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, 17th century English architect, and contains the tombs of Wellington and Nelson, two of Britain's greatest fighting men.

A single German bomb, missing the great dome already menaced many times in the past two months, plunged through the roof at the eastern end and, with a terrific roar, smashed to dusty fragments the altar where generations of Englishmen had worshipped. The choir stalls, the air ministry said, were undamaged.

No date was fixed for the destruction, but it was disclosed that See BOMBINGS, Page 3, Column 3

Others damaged jetties and buildings in the old French sea-plane base.

The planes which made this raid were Albatrosses of the fleet air arm. The ministry said these are newly attached to that branch of the service and their performance is still a secret. They are three-seaters, designed primarily as spotter and reconnaissance ships.

Again reported bombed were the big Krupp munitions works at Essen, an oil plant at Cologne, and sundry factories, supply depots, railway yards, barge concentrations and shipping.

(Berlin declared that little damage was done by British raiders last night and that some were forced to turn back from western Germany.)

ACTOR DIES NEW YORK, Oct. 10 (AP)—Berton Churchill, 64, veteran stage and screen actor, died today of uremic poisoning, a day after he had been found lying unconscious in his hotel room.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10 (AP)—Selective service headquarters advised men today against flocking to defense industries for jobs in the hope of evading the draft.

"The chances for such men being selected for military training will be increased rather than diminished," said Maj. Joseph F. Battley, "because one of the first things a local board will want to know about a man claiming occupational deferment is how long he has been on his current job."

"My advice is for men to stay on their present jobs and not flock to defense industries merely for the sake of seeking to avoid selection."

Battley, just back from a 15-day round of conferences with state advisors on occupational deferments, said the army did not want to conscript any man if his removal from a civilian job would interfere with an industry's productivity, regardless of whether it was engaged on defense orders or not.

In that connection, he said in his opinion there would be no need for any disruption of industries because he believed the army would have no trouble in filling the "great bulk" of the first conscription quota of 400,000 men from the ranks of those who already have signified their intention of volunteering in order to get the mandatory year's service behind them.

IL DUCE SILENT AS HE REVIEWS TROOPS FADU, Italy, Oct. 10 (AP)—Premier Mussolini witnessed a great military demonstration on this historic plain today—a show which some observers believed might be the prelude to a new axis thrust—but refrained from any speech or hint of axis intent.

It had been expected that Il Duce might choose the occasion of his review of 20,000 young fascist soldiers to deliver an address. The newspaper Il Piccolo called the parade "a prelude" to undisclosed events to come.

DYKSTRA DISCUSSES DRAFT JOB—Dr. Clarence A. Dykstra (right), president of the University of Wisconsin, said following a White House conference that President Roosevelt had discussed the post of draft administrator with him, but that he would have to do "some considering" before saying whether he would accept. Dr. Dykstra was accompanied to the White House by Secretary of War Stimson (left).

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Work Order Issued On REA Project

Work is to start on construction of 100 miles of rural electrification lines in Howard and Martin counties within a week, O. B. Bryan, district supervisor, said Thursday.

He added that the R. W. McKinney Construction Co. of Nacogdoches had been given a work order covering its \$97,000 contract and that construction was to be underway not later than Oct. 17. The contractor will have an allowance of 110 days.

Bryan said that costs such as \$4,000 for meters, operation and maintenance expenses for a year, equipment and other things would just about care for the \$144,000 allotment by REA for the project.

From Washington came word to the Caprock Electric Cooperative, said Bryan, that its "B" project application covering 180 miles of lines in southern Howard and Martin counties had been received and was under advisement. An allotment had been tentatively earmarked for the "B" job.

Several hundred dollars were in sight, but F. E. Kenney, finance chairman, was counting no chickens until they hatched. He was confident that the major portion of the quota would be raised by the time reports are in this afternoon.

Sixty-seven men turned out for the workers breakfast at the Crawford which preceded the drive, and no individual had more than half a dozen prospects to contact. The Lions club won attendance honors by having every one of its 18 workers present, and the American Business Club was a close second.

At the breakfast Walton Morrison gave a brief history of scouting in Big Spring, pointing out that the program had been operative since 1911, one year after it was chartered by congress. W. C. Blankenship, school superintendent, listed contributions scouting made the community in higher ideals and definite citizenship training. Ray Ogden, with Mrs. J. Kirkpatrick at the piano, led in songs and Dr. J. O. Haynes, First Methodist pastor, gave the invocation. Kenney gave last minute instructions.

The number participating was by far the largest ever to take the field here in support of the Boy Scout activity. While bulk of the work was due to be completed today, it will be carried on through Friday and clean-up will be staged next week.

TWO INJURED OKLAHOMA CITY, Oct. 10 (AP)—Dr. Roland Knox, Wichita Falls, Tex., received severe injuries and his wife was less seriously hurt today when their automobile collided with a truck near Newcastle, Okla.

LOUISIANA PRISON DAMAGED BY FIRE ANGOLA, La., Oct. 10 (AP)—Fire raged for three hours early today on the grounds of the state penitentiary, destroying the canteen and seriously damaging the sugar refinery, but officials said there was "absolutely no disturbance" among the more than 3,000 convicts.

No one was injured. The fire apparently broke out in a chemical laboratory on the second floor of the refinery. Unofficial estimates of the damage ranged from \$25,000 to 100,000.

BATISTA BECOMES CUBA'S PRESIDENT HAVANA, Oct. 10 (AP)—Fulgencio Batista, 39-year-old ex-army sergeant, was sworn in today as president of the Cuban republic. Gustavo Cuervo Rubio was sworn in as vice president.

Representatives of 34 nations watched the ceremony which gave the reins of government to Batista, who had been Cuba's real leader for more than six years as a military "strong man."

Nazi Troopships On The Danube

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia, Oct. 10 (AP)—Six German troopships, flying the swastika banner, passed down the Danube river by Belgrade tonight.

Yugoslav officials expressed the belief the troops were enroute to Rumania.

The steamers kept to midstream, but uniformed soldiers could be seen aboard from the shore.

U. S. Citizens Leave Tokyo

TOKYO, Oct. 10 (AP)—An exodus of American women and children in response to state department advice gained momentum tonight amid the growing conviction that the zero hour in Japanese-United States relations is approaching.

No panic was discernible, but there was a nervous tension as households were rapidly broken up, furniture packers overwhelmed with orders and banks crowded with foreigners attempting to transfer funds.

A partial survey showed that about 250 Americans either had booked passage from Japan or applied for reservations.

Intense speculation was aroused by United States Ambassador Joseph C. Grew's two-hour conference yesterday with Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka, their second in three days.

Official quarters maintained rigid silence. The lone authoritative comment was, "the conversations were not confined to any single issue." Observers expressed belief that a powerful effort was being made to ease the strain and deflect any acute crisis.

Weather Forecast

WEST TEXAS—Decreasing cloudiness north central portion, partly cloudy with showers elsewhere tonight. Friday generally fair except partly cloudy southeast portion. Colder tonight and over southeast portion Friday.

EAST TEXAS—Cloudy with thundershowers north and west portion tonight. Friday local thundershowers and cooler in interior. Fresh and occasionally strong southeast and south winds on coast.

LOCAL WEATHER DATA Highest temperature yesterday 89.9. Lowest temperature today... 63.3. Sunset today at 6:29 p. m.; sunrise Friday at 6:47 a. m. Rainfall, 26 inch to noon.

Grid Tickets Sell Rapidly

Sensing a "classic" in the offing, Big Spring football fans Thursday quickly bought up an entire section of reserved seats for the Odessa-Big Spring football game at Steer stadium Friday night.

By noon only about a score of tickets remained out of the section between the 50 and 40 yard lines on the Big Spring side in the west stands. One man grabbed 26 tickets for his party. Sales during the morning were well above 300.

Two more sections in the west stand are still available, but fans were urged to make reservations early because there were indications that the initial demand would keep up. Odessa has a block of 1,100 tickets out.

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Bund Leaders Are Indicted

NEWTON, N. J., Oct. 10 (AP)—The Sussex county grand jury today indicted Wilhelm Kunze, national German-American business leader, and eight others for "promoting hatred against people of the Jewish religion" at the Bund's Camp Nordland, Andover.

Kunze and Matthias Kohler, state bureau treasurer, were indicted for making and permitting speeches promoting racial hatred. Indicted with them for making such speeches were Wilbur V. Keegan, West New York, bund attorney, and Leonard D. Clark, New York, writer for the bund's magazine, "Free America."

Kunze was indicted with the Rev. John C. Fitting, state bund secretary, and Richard Schiele, Paul Schmarzmidt, Carl Schipperhorst and George Neuppert, trustees of the bund auxiliary, owners of Camp Nordland, for permitting the speeches.

Nurse A Heroine

LONDON, Oct. 10 (AP)—Gwen Davis, a nurse in the East Anglian hospital, was credited today with rescuing singlehanded six women from the wreckage of a home for refugees destroyed by a German bomb.

It was feared the death toll from the blast last night might reach 12.

The Road To Shani Lun

Chapter One DANGEE IN CHINA Lynn Britton, dressed in an old tweed suit, slouch hat, and loose-swinging overcoat belonging to her half-brother, strode along the path beside him like a slender, clear-eyed boy. Her eyes were dancing with excitement. She lifted her face to the sharp, wintry breeze sweeping down out of the Mongolian plateau. They were crossing a field of winter wheat which separated the squalid Chinese village from the walled park of the temple-monastery on the hillside above.

"This Temple is a replica of the one in Shani Lun," Dick Britton explained. "It was built centuries ago to commemorate the marriage of the Mongolian prince to a Chinese princess."

"Three Joyous Reasons" she repeated. "Dick, that is perfect! I declare right now that it shall be my marriage motto—Three Joyous Reasons."

Her half-brother's eyelids flickered and he regarded her with an odd, sidelong glance that frightened her for a moment. She wished she knew him better. This was their first meeting in fifteen years. Dick Britton, a slight, middle-aged man, had the thin, yellow face and cloudy eyes of an opium smoker. He had mislaid too many boats. "Here in the Orient," he said, "girls do not make the terms. That is managed by their elders."

"Thank heaven I am an American!" Lynn exclaimed. Her gaze sought the western horizon beyond the dragon sands of the Gobi Desert, where lay that mysterious country they were headed for on the morrow—the Mongol Principality of Shani Lun. Recently from See THE ROAD, Page 3, Column 2.

City Reserve Fund Is At Low Level

General fund reserves were at a new low ebb as of Sept. 30, the monthly financial statement of City Comptroller H. W. Whitney showed when approved by city commissioners this week.

The balance had dropped off to \$1,985, a decline of \$2,673 for the month due to continued demands for capital outlay items.

As the city surveyed the record for the first six months of the fiscal year, it was noted that expenditures had totaled \$144,848 for the period, an excess of \$5,848 over budget estimates.

Coincidental with the statement, the commission approved the 1940 tax roll which showed \$6,612,420 valuations, an increase of \$308,890—mostly in personal property for new business stocks. Total levy will be \$112,411.14 or a gain of \$5,250 over last year.

Water billed to consumers during September amounted to \$12,478.91, a decline of \$1,413.43 from August and \$1,164.77 less than for September a year ago. Consumption was reported at 32,997,000 gallons, all pumped from the Powell Creek lake.

For September general fund revenues aggregated \$23,322, including \$1,247 in delinquent taxes. Expenditures were \$25,969, including \$863 transferred to the interest and sinking fund and \$10,355 for capital outlay items such as paving, flood control, sewer extensions, airport and NYA project.

According to an appended statement, delinquent paving accounts stood at \$28,844 at the end of September.

Interest and sinking fund disbursements for last month were \$4,885, bringing the total to date to \$28,506 (\$15,500 bonds, \$2,000 warrants and \$21,000 interest and exchange), leaving a balance in the fund of \$29,490.

The swimming pool and park system funds showed revenues of \$296 and expenses of \$556, leaving a balance of \$511. The cemetery fund gained ground, resources totaling \$40 against disbursements of \$9, boosting the balance to \$1,921.

For the six months period the water department showed a \$1,137 excess, principally due to a \$12,000 capital outlay requirement, the sewer \$2,063 due to extensions and the park \$1,980, also due to improvements. Other excesses were slight.

Curiously enough, with the commission attributing the general fund decline to lack of paying payments, the street department was shown to be operating \$3,750 under its budget allotments.

Big Guns Again Shell Dover

FOLKSTONE, England, Oct. 10. German long-range guns on the French coast near Cap Gris Nez started a new bombardment of the Dover area at dusk tonight.

Flashes of the guns lit up the French coast around the batteries as they fired.

After about a quarter of an hour the German guns fell silent.

MAGDA LUPESCU'S JEWELS SEIZED

BUCHAREST, Oct. 10 (AP)—Police today confiscated large quantities of jewels owned by Magda Lupescu, red-haired friend of former King Carol II of Rumania, who fled with the abdicated monarch into exile.

Officials said the jewels, along with more than \$10,000 in Rumanian lei and 375 bottles of champagne had been dug up in the gardens of Madame Lupescu's brothers. The brothers were arrested.

Three Joyous Reasons" she

Ivy League Is Close To Reality

NEW YORK, Oct. 10 (AP)—The Ivy League, an informal but influential group of eastern colleges that has been playing football longer and often better than any other in America, appears closer than ever to becoming a regular circuit.

Although seven of the ten schools that are generally considered to belong in this group are members of the eastern intercollegiate football and baseball leagues, they always have fought shy of forming an iron-bound football circuit. They come as close as conditions permit to having the same scholastic standards and eligibility requirements and they can escape a lot of the dangers of "high pressure" football because their ancient prestige attracts boys who can play well and still measure up to other standards.

Now, the schedules show that Army, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Navy, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale, have just about formed a closed corporation to play among themselves.

This week, for example, only two of them are playing outside the "league" while the others pair off this way: Cornell vs. Army, Yale vs. Penn, Dartmouth vs. Columbia and Princeton vs. Navy.

FORMER LIQUOR MAN, TRIED FOR MURDER, ADMITS BEING DRUNK

GAINESVILLE, Oct. 10 (AP)—J. Kelly Hooper, on trial here on a charge of murder, told the jury yesterday he had not been drinking before his automobile was in a collision in which three persons were killed last April 7. The charge was filed in connection with the collision.

The defendant, former district supervisor for the state liquor control board at Plainview, testified two bottles of wine found in his automobile after the crash had been taken from two liquor establishments in Wichita Falls to be analyzed.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Kidneys may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

COFFEE and COFFEE Attorneys-At-Law General Practice in All Courts

Enjoy Them Now! WAFFLES Delicious and Full of Goodness! MILLER'S PIG STAND 24-Hour Service

HELP STOP FIRE'S DESTRUCTION A large percentage of fires are caused by carelessness and lack of proper safeguards. Observe Fire Prevention Week by making sure your properties are safe.

SPORTS ROUNDUP

By EDDIE BRIETZ

NEW YORK, Oct. 10 (AP)—Well, ladies and gents, now that baseball is over, we can get down to the serious business of football. . . . Who was it said Notre Dame would murder Georgia Tech Saturday? . . . We don't believe it—we think those engineers from the deep south will give the Irish one of their toughest battles of the season . . . and don't forget, your Uncle Charlie picked those Reds in six or seven games.

Today's Guest Star: Tom Meany, New York P. M. "Of all the Dodgers who had such high hopes in the spring, Jimmy Ripple was the only one to get into the world's series, except as a spectator. . . . And he made it by way of Montreal."

Series aftermath: After all, it's asking a lot of any pitcher to win three games in a world's series, but that big Newcomer almost made it, didn't he? . . . Most amazed guy in the Reds dressing room after the final was young Mike McCormick. The kid couldn't bring himself to believe he was on a world's championship team. As the telegrams poured in, Mike could only mumble: "Geez, I'm getting wires from fellows I haven't seen or heard from in ten years. Say, this is a great life, ain't it?"

Tommy Bridges, the Detroit pitcher, who went to school at U. of Tennessee, received many fine twirling pointers from Maj. Bob Neyland, Tennessee's great football coach, who was quite a pitcher himself during his West Point days.

Hank Gowdy, the Reds' coach, has a necktie he calls his power tie. . . . He first wore it the day the Red Sox put the crusher on the Dodgers for the National League napkin. . . . He next wore it last Thursday when Bucky Walters hurled the Reds back into the series. . . . Hank forgot to take it to Detroit, but he had it on Monday and you can bet your life he was strutting around in it Tuesday morning.

Today's True Story: One of the brightest stars on one of the North Carolina's big football teams had to take a history test to be eligible the next Saturday. . . . The Prof. asked him one simple question, "What is the capital of North Carolina?" "Pikeville," replied the guy. "Well," said the academic, "if you had answered correctly you would have had 10,000. Since Pikeville is only 15 miles from Raleigh, I will give you 85 and pass you." . . . Two days later the fellow toted the mail, as usual.

Texas Teams Roam Land

By the Associated Press Texas college football teams really go in for travel this week. Here's how three of them will see the country:

St. Mary's goes to Grand Forks, N. D., to play North Dakota university. West Texas State meets Fresno State college at Fresno, Calif. The week's schedule: Friday: North Texas State vs. Arkansas A. and M. at Denton (night), Southwest Texas State vs. Southwestern at San Marcos (night), Howard Payne vs. Austin college at Sherman (night). Saturday: Stephen F. Austin vs. East Texas State at Commerce (night), Sam Houston vs. Texas A. and I. at Huntsville (night), McMurry vs. Texas Wesleyan at Fort Worth (night), Trinity vs. Abilene Christian college at Abilene (day), Randolph Field vs. Daniel Baker at Brownwood (night), Hardin-Simmons vs. Texas Mines at Odessa (day) Texas State vs. Fresno State at Fresno, Calif. (night), St. Mary's vs. University of North Dakota at Grand Forks, N. D. (day).

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS 1. Undermine 2. Hueses 3. Cut off 12. Mountain 13. Frigorous 14. Biblical king 15. Ovens 16. Type of locomotive 17. Turn to the right 18. Secure 19. African antelope 20. Vase 21. Celestial body 22. Market 23. Vagabond 24. Slang 25. Solemn promise 26. Anger 27. Alarm whistle variant 28. Exclamation 29. Myriad 30. Tribunal 31. Shelter 32. Proceed 33. At home 34. Small opening 35. Black mineral in a play 36. List of actors 37. Cheery and kindly 38. Statute 39. Large marine mammal 40. Edible seed 41. Copy 42. Keenly astute 43. Sea eagle 44. River bottom 45. City in Kansas 46. Cereal grass 47. District in London 48. Kind of horse 49. Bearing of the body 50. Street urchin 51. Press 52. Swamp 53. Second largest known bird 54. City in Massachusetts 55. Smoothly connected; music 56. Baking chamber 57. Partly-colored 58. Notation of the beautiful 59. Dike 60. Whimsical dog 61. Dish of eggs 62. Imitate 63. Series of combs 64. Ancient gallery 65. Book of oars 66. Stairs 67. Young hog 68. Express in words 69. Matted fabric 70. Kind of concrete 71. Professional 72. Evergreen 73. Shrub of tree 74. Was visible 75. Transgression 76. Post of a staircase 77. Broad thick piece 78. Binding fabric 79. Small valley 80. Kibernal; poetic 81. Narrow road 82. Dried grass 83. Gled by



Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

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JARRIN' JAWN IS DUE TO PLAY SATURDAY DESPITE ILLNESS

DALLAS, Oct. 10 (AP)—Jarrin John Kimbrough will rise from his hospital bed here today, or possibly tomorrow, and plane it to the Pacific coast to catch up with the Texas Aggies, due for a Saturday afternoon date with U.C.L.A. at Los Angeles. . . . The iron-legged All-America fullback, barring unexpected setbacks, will play.

The big fellow dropped off the train when the team passed through Dallas and settled down for treatment to a throat ailment and a bruised leg. . . . Rumors flew over Dallas that Kimbrough was seriously ailing. . . . He wasn't; the Aggies were just taking no chances.

Crash Injures 3 Mustangs Stiff was the blow Southern Methodist took last night upon departure for the Pitt game when fleet Fowler Elder, aided to open at quarterback Saturday, received serious injuries in a car crash. . . . The crafty signal caller and blocker who muscled into the starting crew with fine work against U.C.L.A. and North Texas, is out for the season. . . . A fractured pelvis bone and other injuries. . . . Clinton McClain, star halfback, and Bill Thomas, sensational scout back who just drifted in a few weeks ago and asked for a tryout with S.M.U., were in the crash but will join the Methodists for the Pitt game. . . . The lads, along with Pete Bostick, a tackle whose injuries were keeping him at home, missed the train when the team departed and were en route to a nearby village to join the team.

Betty Jameson To Stay Amateur Demure Betty Jameson of San Antonio, for two years now the women's National golf champion, has definitely chilled reports that she would turn professional. . . . Texas girls laughs off the rumors and answers by giving her 1941 tournament schedule—the amateur way.

Champion Rodeo Performer Hurt Down in a Beville hospital, in serious condition, is a giant of a man who gave countless thousands of the biggest thrills of their lives. . . . Dick Shelton, former world's champion bulldogger and perhaps the most colorful rodeo performer of two decades, came out of retirement the other day for a farewell appearance in the same rodeo ring in which he started 21 years ago. . . . Dick swung from his horse, grabbed a steer's horns. . . . His horse failed to team with him, crowded him into a fence post. . . . The veteran cowboy's head struck the post—and the career of a man who rode down steers at Garden, Ore., Madison Square Garden, England, Canada, Mexico and the famed Fort Worth rodeos, was over.

Strangely, and rather sadly, the team with the weakest passing attack in the Southwest conference is a team that only a year ago was still riding as the "passingest team in the nation." . . . Arkansas. . . . Texas University, with its assorted collection of backs, is leading the league in total yards gained from passes and runs—something over 700 yards in two games.

MEXICAN MINERS TO OPEN WAGE STRIKE MEXICO CITY, Oct. 10 (AP)—The miners union announced that 4,300 employes in the Mexican Zinc company's mines at Nueva Rosita, Coahuila state, would strike today. . . . Representatives of the union and the company were unable to reach an agreement yesterday. . . . An annual wage increase of 2,000,000 pesos was demanded.



TEXAS' OWN SUGAR - SUPPORTS TEXAS' OWN FAIR

What Texas makes, makes Texas. That's why it's good business for Texans to support Texas institutions. The State Fair at Dallas, October 9-20, is an important Texas institution. It portrays to the people of Texas and of the nation the great progress made by our state. As a Texas industry, the Imperial Sugar Company wholeheartedly supports the State Fair. . . . by giving extra prizes to winners in the Fair's culinary contests. . . . by purchasing booth space in the Fair's Foods Building. . . . by newspaper and radio advertising. As a Texas industry, Imperial Sugar Company is helping build Texas' industrial prosperity. As a Texas you will be helping to build your state by demanding Imperial Pure Cane Sugar. . . . the only sugar refined in Texas.

IMPERIAL SUGAR Pure Cane Sugar

Uncle Sam's Selective Service

REGISTRATION—The Actual Procedure.

1. Q—What, exactly, will the registrant have to do on October 16?

A—He will report to his local polling place between the hours of 7 a. m. and 9 p. m. on Wednesday, October 16, 1940, to answer questions on a registration form which will be asked by the registration officials.

2. Q—How long will this registration take? A—The registration for each individual will require about 20 minutes.

3. What questions will be asked? A—The registration form includes questions on the registrant's name, age, mail address, telephone number, employer's name and address, the place and date of birth, the citizenship, and the name of a close relative of each of the registrants.

4. Q—Is a physical description required on the registration blank? A—A brief physical description will be made by the registrar noting the race, height, build, color of hair and eyes, complexion, and obvious physical defects of each registrant.

5. Q—Will the registrant swear to his answers? A—Yes. After the form is filled in, the registrar will read the answers back to the registrant who will sign the registration form with the declaration that his answers are true. The registrar will also sign the form.

6. Q—What proof will an individual have that he has registered? A—After the form is filled in, each registrant will be given a certificate showing that he has already registered.

7. Q—Will it be necessary to keep these registration certificates? A—Yes. The registration certificate must be carried at all times so that it can be presented on demand to law enforcement or selective service officials. The registrant also must notify his local board immediately of any change of address.

REBELS SURRENDER MEXICO CITY, Oct. 10 (AP)—The ministry of national defense reported today a band of 200 rebels had surrendered to federal troops near Juamave, Tamaulipas state, after several days pursuit through rugged countryside.

Fairview News

Fairview Sunday school took a donation Sunday for the Buckner Orphan's Home.

Mrs. J. Meeks and children and Helen Haggard visited in Stanton Sunday.

Mrs. W. I. Reed visited her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reed last week. Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid, Bunn and Ernie Brummett and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Reed of Big Spring visited with Mrs. Reed this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gabra Hammack and sons and Robble Jackson have returned home after visiting relatives in Greenville.

Walker Reed is convalescing from a burn on his hand received from a blow torch. He is employed by Cosden Refinery.

Guest in the W. A. Langley home recently was Mrs. Cagle of Abilene.

J. T. Vernon and Billie Langley were visitors in Abilene Sunday.

Erma Nee Wooten, student at Hardin - Simmons, attended the Rose Festival in Tyler over the weekend.

The Home Demonstration club met with Mrs. T. M. Bailey Thursday with six members present. Refreshments were served.

Lida Frances Johnson was a weekend guest in the home of Frances Bigony of Big Spring.

Mrs. Julia Cox of Elbow visited Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Grissom Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Grant and Lucille attended the Cake Walk at Richland Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Henderson and Nina Ruth spent Saturday night with relatives in Big Spring.

Women of the Fairview church canned 46 cans of vegetables in the home of Mrs. J. W. Wooten recently. A covered-dish luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Thurman of Big Spring were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Grant, Jack and Lucille, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Grant of Big Spring Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Smith have moved to Big Spring to make their home.

LOUISIANA TOWN SHAKEN BY BLAST

OIL CITY, La., Oct. 10 (AP)—A heavy dynamite blast shook this town early today, blew several persons down but caused no injuries of consequence.

The dynamite, which was stored in a small room adjacent to a negro dwelling, was set off when fire destroyed the building. The blast occurred a few minutes after occupants narrowly escaped from the burning dwelling.

Elbow Couple Given Shower

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Phillips were given a shower Friday night in the Elbow auditorium. The host and the hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Low; and the co-hosts and co-hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. Dave Low, Mrs. Bart Low, Mrs. Jeffrey King, Mary and Virginia Gregory, Lynn Faye Dunlap, Charline Grissam, Opal Massey, Vernon Low, R. J. Low, Bill Horton, and Sonny Beebe.

Mrs. Phillips is the former Eva Lou Low.

Lynn Faye Dunlap, Charline Grissam and Opal Massey entertained with games and just before the gifts were presented the game of "Going Out On Our Honeymoon" was played. Gifts were presented and punch and cake were served.

Mary Gregor presided at the register and the guest list included Mrs. Nora Gregory, Mrs. Dan McRae and Dannahel, Mrs. Pearl Cauble and James Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Asbury and Benny, Mr. and Mrs. John Coleman and Robert and Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shortes and Larry, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Box.

Marie and Patsy Ruth Ramsey, J. B. Ramsey, Mrs. J. F. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Lipscomb and Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Phillips, Jr. and son, Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Phillips and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Overton and Jesse Louis, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. John Schafer, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Colter and son, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. King and Dorothy, Nell and Betty, Miss Clemmie Lee Lorton, Mrs. G. W. Overton, Mrs. Tom Adams.

State Legislator Given 3-Year Term

EL PASO, Oct. 10 (AP)—State Representative Harold Hankamer of El Paso was given a three-year term by a district court jury which convicted him last night of conversion of \$4,413 in funds from the Priscilla Hoehne estate, for which he was administrator.

The jury deliberated about an hour and a half. Hankamer, who wept when he testified, received the verdict calmly.

Give your family a flavor thrill. Oats Ovenized 12 hours at the mill. National 3 Minute Oats. OVENIZING gives National 3-Minute Oats a FINER FLAVOR that makes them a real family treat!

GET MORE For Your Money SHOP LINCK'S FIRST FLOUR PILLSBURY'S BEST 24's 82c 48's \$1.49 GOLDEN GRAIN 24's 65c 48's \$1.10 SARDINES No. 1 Tall 10c 3 For 25c Can YELLOW ONIONS No. 1 Pound 2c MOTHER'S OATS Large Package 25c Premiums HOMINY No. 300 Can 5c Garden Fresh Vegetables Fancy Iceberg Lettuce 3c Large Head Turnip Tops 4c Bunches Bell Peppers, lb. 5c Mustard Greens Bunch 3c Carrots Bunch 3c Cabbage 1 1/2c CORN No. 2 cans 8c 2 for 15c PORK 'N BEANS 16 Oz. Can 5c No. 5 Can Texas Grape Fruit Juice 18c Fancy Cream MEAL 20 Pound Sack 43c 11 oz. Can Del Monte Pineapple Juice 8c 2 for 15c MUSTARD 32 Ounce Jar 10c Baking Powder 17c Cranberries New Crop Fresh Lb. 19c PICKLES 32 Ounce Jar 10c 9's MEAT Weather! Rath's Ham Whole or Half Lb. 19c Baby Beef Roast, lb. 16c Longhorn Cheese, lb. 14c Picnic Hams Tenderized Pound 17c Best Loin Steak, lb. 24c

Linck's Food Stores No. 1-3408 Highway 3008 Big Spring Owned and Operated No. 2-119 E. 2nd

Hudson Horse Is Palomino Champion

Lane Hudson is back from Abilene where his four-year-old Palomino, Sobro, won the grand championship of the all-Palomino horse show conducted as a part of the West Texas fair.

It was the second grand championship for the beautiful stallion. He walked away with the top rating at the Mineral Wells Palomino show.

Another local horse was in the final judging, El Lemon del Sur, owned and shown by Roy Davis, who ranches 20 miles southwest of here, having won the two-year old class. El Lemon made an impressive showing in the final judging.

Hudson said Thursday he was considering retiring Sobro from further show competition. The horse has been entered in two shows, and has won as many grand championships. In both shows, competition has been unusually keen since Texas is recognized as having some of the nation's best Palominos.

Southwest Conference Takes Over Operation Of Cotton Bowl Game

DALLAS, Oct. 10 (AP)—The Cotton Bowl game, New Year's Day post-season football classic held in the vast Cotton Bowl at Dallas, will be sponsored by the Southwest conference.

Formal announcement was made here today by Dan D. Rogers, chairman of the Cotton Bowl Athletic Association executive committee, and, also, the Athletic Council of Texas Christian University.

The champion of the Southwest conference will be "urgently invited" to represent the conference against outside competition in the Dallas spectacle, Rogers said. No definite commitments, however, have been obtained from the seven member schools.

"Ground work for the game has been established," said Rogers, "and there will be a Cotton Bowl game on Jan. 1, 1941, with a Southwest conference team participating."

Consumation of the deal was virtually completed when a custodian committee, consisting of Dallas business leaders who obtained all rights to the game from J. Curtis Stanford, former promoter of the classic, agreed to sign over all contract rights to the Southwest conference.

The Cotton Bowl Athletic Association, as reorganized, consists of a directorate of 26 members, including three representatives from each conference school, and an executive committee of five, also including a representative from each school, appointed by the governing bodies of the respective institutions.

Lease of the Cotton Bowl stadium through Jan. 1, 1941, rights to the name and the capital stock of the association were obtained from Stanford by the custodian committee, a group including Fred F. Florence and R. L. Thornton, bankers, and Freeman Burford, oil man.

Here 'n' There

Local folks are not selling the Big Spring Steers short in the game with Odessa here Friday night. Moreover, you can find plenty fans who stick the Midland-San Angelo and Lamesa-Odessa games last week who venture Big Spring has an excellent chance to come out ahead in the district this year.

Old timers referred to the light precipitation here Thursday as a "strange phenomenon." It has been just about that long since a rain has fallen here. It's no news that generally the soil is its driest possibly in 30 years.

Ford dealers in this territory gathered around a Settles hotel conference table yesterday noon for a lengthy business session with factory officials and Texas representative of McCann-Erickson advertising agency. Sitting in on the meeting, which had to do with Ford Motor's outline of operations for their new car year in general, were Carl Sewell, Odessa; Vernon Stell, Crane; Gladden & Williams, Midland; Guy Eiland, Stanton; R. W. Boyd, Lamesa; Rogers Healey, Sterling City; J. E. Fort, Big Spring; W. B. Strange, sales manager for the Dallas branch of Ford Motor company, N. E. Gordon, local zone manager, and Dan Gillean, McCann-Erickson's representative, all of Dallas.

Herschell Fowler, who works in the Adams filling station at Coghoma, is one of the "models" in the womanish style show sponsored by the Eastern Star there Friday evening. He's about decided on a riding habit over a play suit, on account of "I'm a shade too bow-legged." The play suit fit a little too snugly around the chest for modesty's sake, Herschell thought.

"It's 'durking season, again," says Mead's bakery, as that firm's doughnut machine starts clicking out coffee's popular companion. The name, buyers will remember, is Mayflower Donuts, which made their first appearance on grocer's shelves here last fall. Featured at World's Fair for several seasons, the Mayflower process is now nationally known for uniformity and quality.

A letter has been received here telling of the marriage September 8th of Jeanne Suits and Bryce Engle of Wichita, Kas. Mrs. Engle was formerly society editor on the Big Spring Herald going from here to Amarillo News-Globe. Engle is on the editorial staff of the Wichita Beacon. The marriage took place in Plainville at the home of the bride's relatives. After a week in New Mexico they returned to Wichita where they are at home at 532 South Market, Apartment 201.

This was adding insult to injury. A certain gentleman, after being released for a night's sojourn in the city jail, found his car tagged for overnight parking. Judge Tracy T. Smith, on hearing his plea that he was unable to leave the jail, even for long enough to move the car, decided the man had a legitimate excuse.

Livestock

FORT WORTH, Oct. 10 (AP) (USDA) — Cattle salable 2,100; calves 1,600; bulk common and medium beef steers and yearlings 6.00-8.50; load good steers 9.25, and about three loads 1207 lb. weights 9.75; short load choice yearlings 10.50; medium and good fat cows 4.75-6.00; bulls 4.25-5.75; good and choice killing calves 7.50-8.50; some creep fed heifers to 9.25; common and medium calves 5.25-7.25; good and choice stock steer calves 8.75-10.00; and stock heifer calves 7.50-8.75.

Hogs salable 900; top 6.25; good and choice 185-200 lbs. mostly 6.10-6.20; good and choice 150-180 lbs. 5.40-6.05.

Sheep salable 1,700; fat lambs 7.00-8.00; good woolled yearlings 7.00; clipped yearlings 6.25 down; shorn 2-year-old wethers 4.50; shorn aged wethers 3.25 down; feeder lambs 6.25 down.

ELECTION EVE ADDRESS

NEW YORK, Oct. 10 (AP)—The democratic national committee announced today that President Roosevelt would address the nation in a radio broadcast election eve, probably from his Hyde Park home.

Aunt Abby says

Hetty gets so wore out over Fall cleanin', she has to let the house go for weeks to get back her strength. Seems like she's still restin'.

I'm mighty hard to please about some things. But when I'm settled in my rocker, sippin' a good cup of LIPTON'S TEA, and lettin' that grand, spicy-like fragrance please my nose—you jest couldn't find a happier woman!

When they made the only eligible bachelor in our town census taker, several single ladies looked worried wonderin' how they'd answer about age!

Anyway, there's one luxury Cousin Mae doesn't have to apologize for to her stingy husband. She kin always tell him that even as grand a tea as LIPTON'S IS the cheapest thing they can drink except water!

The reason for Lipton's matchless flavor? 70 years of blending skill... combining choice teas (each selected for non-p. distinctive quality) with those notable teas grown in Lipton's own Ceylon gardens.

LIPTON'S TEA "world-famous for flavor"

Bombings

(Continued from Page 1)

a famous church was hit shortly before midnight last.

The westerly gale which whipped the channel yesterday was still raging today, with intermittent periods of heavy showers and bright sunshine when the first waves of German planes moved against England.

The first alarm sounded only a short time after the last of the night raiders had gone. The alarm was brief.

The Royal Air Force, with the tremendous job of defending London through day and night, carried on its usual defensive work and actually increased the extent of its counter-attack, the air ministry said.

Senseless waves of Nazi warplanes participated in the night-long assault, penetrating the city's inner defenses and loading a rain of incendiary and high explosive bombs which made the raid one of the worst the capital has experienced.

More than 50 districts were hit, but the government said first reports indicated the casualty list would be "small." Heavy raids also were carried out against Wales and southwestern, northeastern and northwestern England but they did not compare in violence with the smashing attack on London.

Most of the damage in London, was inflicted before midnight. One of the city's oldest hotels, a promenade known the world over, hospitals and several internationally known buildings were struck.

The government said fires in the city and in suburban areas were promptly dealt with and all were brought under control. At several points houses were hit and some industrial premises were damaged.

Bombings

Three burglaries were filed with Justice of Peace John C. Ratliff against Wallace Bly, Jr., 17, and J. W. Gaskins, Jr., 13, as well as a car theft charge against the same pair. Marlin Shaw, 16, was charged as an accessory since he was alleged to have accompanied the other two in the car with stolen goods.

Ratliff set bond at \$500 for the Shaw boy, who was absolved of complicity in the burglaries and car theft by the other two.

The Bly and Gaskins youths were charged specifically with theft of an automobile from Jack Douglas, and with burglaries of the Miller Nichols, Riley Knightstep, H. F. Rallsback and M. O. Pugh homes at Knott, Morris Zimmerman, Martin county sheriff, said a fifth burglary complaint would be lodged in Stanton.

The three were arrested in Pecos Tuesday night on information from local officers.

Government Loan Plan Assailed

DALLAS, Oct. 10 (AP)—Emmett F. Connelly, president of the Investment Bankers Association of America, today attacked proposals to establish government lending agencies to meet credit requirements of the relatively small business.

Speaking before the Dallas Salesmanship club, the ex-officer of Detroit likened the taking over of investment banking functions by the government as akin to the procedure "practiced in the dictator countries."

Connelly was in Texas to speak to the National Association of Security Commissioners convention.

FD Confers With State Dept. Heads

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10 (AP)—President Roosevelt scheduled a conference with Secretary Hull and Under-Secretary Welles today, presumably on the foreign situation, as he strove to clear his head prior to leaving the capital tonight on a trip through Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Stephen Early, press secretary, said the state department chiefs had asked for the appointment.

Asked whether the United States and England were conferring on the troubled situation in the Far East, where Japan has announced an alliance with the European axis, Early replied:

"I don't know. I think the president said some time ago that the discussions were almost continuous."

Trotsky Slaying Linked With OGPU

MEXICO CITY, Oct. 10 (AP)—Albert Goldman, attorney for the late Leon Trotsky, today accused Alfaro Siqueiros, charged with "intellectual" responsibility for a machinegun attack on Trotsky's Coyoacan home May 24, of being directly connected with the OGPU, Soviet Russia's secret police.

Trotsky escaped injury in the May fusillade, but was killed in August by Frank Jackson, mysterious foreigner now also being tried by Judge Carranca Trujillo.

Russian Forces Hold War Games

MOSCOW, Oct. 10 (AP)—The Russian army and navy are holding war games along the Black sea coastal region, vital in any developments in the troubled Near East.

Air raid defense exercises are being held by naval units in the strategic Crimean port of Sebastopol, Red Fleet, the organ of the navy, announced today.

In the nearby Odessa military district army maneuvers have been reviewed by Marshal Semenov, M. Rudansky, vice-commissioner of defense.



DIRECTOR OF PARADE at Lamesa this afternoon, celebrating the staging of the fourth annual Dawson County Fair, is Conway E. King. He had his colorful 72-piece high school band heading the parade, which included floats, old cars and horse-drawn carriages, and a host of mounted riders.

Three Youths Face Charges

Six charges were lodged against three Knott youths Thursday as the sheriff's department considered a wave of burglaries in that area solved.

Four burglary counts were filed with Justice of Peace John C. Ratliff against Wallace Bly, Jr., 17, and J. W. Gaskins, Jr., 13, as well as a car theft charge against the same pair. Marlin Shaw, 16, was charged as an accessory since he was alleged to have accompanied the other two in the car with stolen goods.

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The three were arrested in Pecos Tuesday night on information from local officers.

James Roosevelt Will Be Called Into Service

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 10 (AP)—Another "Capt. Roosevelt" Jimmy, the president's eldest son—soon will join Brother Elliott in active military service.

Roosevelt, busy promoting "slot machine movies," is an officer in the 22nd battalion, marine corps reserves, on "stand by" order for active duty.

Elliott Roosevelt recently was made a captain in the army air corps procurement division, stationed at Dayton, O. He began his duties there today.

Workers Laid Off

WPA workers assigned to city paving and airport projects were off Thursday and will not report back until Monday, it was announced. The man-hour allotments for the period have been exhausted, it was explained.

Now I'm unaware of underwear!

"Yes, sir... wearing HANES middleweight Winter Sets you hardly know you've got them on! You're warm outdoors without sweating indoors. Easy to pull on and take off. All-round Lestex waistband. And I like the gentle athletic support of the HANES-KNIT Crotch-Guard."

Your HANES Dealer will be glad to show these garments to you.

HANES WINTER SETS

50¢ to \$1

THE GARMENT Wear a sleeveless or short-sleeved shirt with one of the WINTER SET styles. All cotton (combined) or cotton-wool mixtures. HANES BRAND WINTERWEAR.

CHAMPION, \$1. Heavyweight Champion, \$1.50.

Crested Guards. Heavyweight Champion.

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY Winston-Salem, North Carolina



EAT WITH WACKER'S

today... your friends do! Good food, well prepared...

Complete BREAKFAST 15c to 25c

Plate LUNCHES with 3 vegetables and salad 25c

Mexican Dishes Properly Prepared 30c

Good Folger's Coffee Served All Day... Open 7 a. m. 'til 7 p. m.

WACKER'S Lunch Department Miss Hedge Street, Mgr.

Eastex Field, World's Largest, Celebrates Its Tenth Birthday

KILGORE, Oct. 10 (AP)—The world's largest oil field was decked with flags today as its 1,016 owners paused for a three-day birthday celebration.

The giant of the petroleum world, which has yielded more than 1,500,000,000 (billion) barrels of oil, has about 26,000 wells and as evidence of its greatness on its tenth anniversary. And Kilgore, with surrounding communities joining in, opened a three-day celebration of that day a decade ago when C. M. (Dad) Joliner, now of Dallas, uncovered the prolific Woodbine sand.

Oil men who had gathered were relating a few statistics as compiled by geologists. These include:

The field has already produced enough oil to cover its entire 136,000 productive acres with a foot and a half of oil. The ultimate recovery, now estimated at 5,000,000,000 barrels, would submerge the entire field under four feet of oil.

Under its prorated production schedule, the field now could operate 24 days and provide enough oil to supply all the annual demands for all branches of the United States military forces for fuel and lubrication.

At one time—under early production—the field was producing 22 per cent of the world's total, three-eighths of the U. S. total, and three-fifths of the Texas output of petroleum.

Defense Fund Bill Signed By FD

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10 (AP)—President Roosevelt signed into law today a \$23,132,013 appropriations bill which contains approximately \$170,000,000 for agencies contributing to the national defense program.

The measure contains \$40,000,000 for the development of not more than 250 public airports, to be selected by a special board, in connection with expansion of the military air forces.

Among the larger items are \$80,500,000 for the office of education for vocational training of prospective national defense workers; \$32,500,000 for the National Youth administration to use in employing students while they are receiving vocational training; \$12,000,000 for the coast guard; and \$8,127,000 for deepening harbors.

Public Records

Building Permits
C. I. Driver to re-roof and repair house at 1207 Johnson street, cost \$300.

West Texas Advertising Co. to erect a sign board in College Heights addition, cost \$200.

Home Owners Loan Corp. to re-roof house at 2200 Runnels street, cost \$500.

New Cars
D. M. Bardwell, Foran, Chevrolet coupe.
W. H. Mann, Chevrolet sedan.
E. W. Hall, Oldsmobile sedan.

Britain to Hold Reserve of Wool in the U. S.

LONDON, Oct. 10 (AP)—The British and United States governments have agreed that Britain will hold a reserve of wool in the United States to be available for purchase by the United States "in the event of an emergency," the ministry of supply announced today.

The ministry said the reserve could consist of 250,000 pounds from the Australian wool clip which has been purchased by Britain.

The arrangement will not interfere with ordinary commercial purchases of wool from Australia or elsewhere by American importers, it added.

Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, rooky, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any drug store.—adv.

Hospital Notes

Big Spring Hospital
T. W. Seay, Odessa, underwent an eye operation Wednesday.

Mrs. C. R. Long and infant son, Route One, Big Spring, returned to their home Wednesday and R. N. Palmer of Colorado City was able to return to his home Wednesday.

A Three Days' Cough is Your Danger Signal

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

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

BUY BETTER WHISKEY * BUY CALVERT

Why do so many men praise Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending?

CALL FOR **Calvert** AND SEE

BUY BETTER WHISKEY * BUY CALVERT

BLENDING WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof (since October 1, 1940)—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72.5% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BOYS! GIRLS! Are You Patriotic?

WATCH FOR **LEW LOYAL**

\$10,000

IN CASH PRIZES! MORE TOMORROW!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EAT WITH WACKER'S

today... your friends do! Good food, well prepared...

Complete BREAKFAST 15c to 25c

Plate LUNCHES with 3 vegetables and salad 25c

Mexican Dishes Properly Prepared 30c

Good Folger's Coffee Served All Day... Open 7 a. m. 'til 7 p. m.

WACKER'S Lunch Department Miss Hedge Street, Mgr.

2 Smash-Value Hits! Sensational Week-end Event!

DOUBLE-BARRELED SALE

Our Chance for Huge Savings!

These Spectacular Prices End Saturday!

UTILITY TOWELS 6c

Bright Rainbow Border Style! 15x30 Size! Amazing Values!

Here's a towel value we'll stack up against all comers! It has the weight, looks, and WEAR you won't believe possible at this low Ward price! What's more, it comes in the handy 15x30 utility size that saves laundry bills—and your best towels! 36c piles up a half dozen!

Quantities limited, so hurry!

CHENILLE HOUSECOATS 266

ALMOST 1/2 PRICE! ALL \$5 VALUES!

Save 1/2 and get a better robe! Featherlight, yet there's more cotton chenille! More flattering fit—slender "V" waistlines, sweeping skirts! New designs—contrasting borders and medallions! Gorgeous colors! French blue, raspberry, dusty rose, and white!

SIZES FROM 12 TO 44.

Montgomery Ward

221 West Third St. Phone 628

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 30 JOHN'S PLAN

Pedro would have to be at the first barn, she thought. He watched them approach, soberly, smiling gently at John, and treated Constance with the courtesy of a ranch manager's son for the owner's daughter.

Constance hated him. She felt a primitive desire to scratch at him, force his attention until he either fought back or left, vanquished. Instead, she prattled about ventilating systems, fodder, and the necessity of protecting dairy cows from hired hands.

Pedro, like a blind guide, took them through each barn; those occupied, those waiting for the new herds. He took them into the laboratory, introduced John to Pedro's chemist, waited until he had seen a test run, then gravely escorted him on.

And Constance followed, seething inwardly. Pedro was playing up to John for some reason. And John was falling for Pedro's act.

Thoughtfully they rode back to the ranch house.

"Mind if I take a look at your books, Constance?" John asked, as they neared the stables.

"I'm too proud of them, John," she confessed. "Maybe you had better look at them and find some fault."

"Twilight came in as John sat studying the figures, making computations on a pad, asking questions which Constance found readily answerable."

And then John put the books and pads aside and sat in deep thought for a few moments.

"Chita," he said at length. "Chita, I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. Only twice before in my life have I found the desire to possess so strong that I let common sense go by the boards. I haven't been sorry."

"I put my business in good hands in the east. I'm free. You need someone here who can handle the family, as well as the ranch. You can't."

"Frankly, I do not like the Taylor. I distrust that bluff, hearty attitude of the old man, and the young one you call Pedro is too smooth."

"I'm going to buy them out. I'm going to make them such a good offer they can't refuse . . . without disclosing their hand. And if they refuse, we fight. Chita, you and I, we'll fight them clear off of El Cabrillo ranch."

Constance found grace in the twilight. John couldn't see her eyes; couldn't read in them what was in her heart.

"We fight the Taylors." The Taylors were to be "bought off."

Constance felt the sustaining earth of El Cabrillo Rancho quiver beneath her.

John was assuming possession of El Cabrillo, as he had assumed possession of her.

And El Cabrillo was as powerless to fight him as she had been. She was bound by the fifty-thousand-dollar investment he had made in her.

El Cabrillo was bound by the three Cabrillos who could out-vote her decision, for her final word lay only on the sale of the land.

"What do you think of it?" Constance was glad there were no electric lights. John couldn't press a switch and find the answer in her face. She must have time; time to find the answer.

"I don't know, John," she answered carefully, and her eyes were narrowed. "You have been on ranch property only a little more than twenty-four hours and you find its fascination driving you to possession. How do you think the Taylors who have lived here for more than fifteen years must feel?"

"Do you think money can buy them off? Don't you believe, with me, that this land holds something deeper, something with a spiritual value which transcends profit?"

"Ummn," murmured Raskthorne. "No, I wouldn't say that. Constance, to men who have only a few thousand dollars, an increase on those dollars is bound to count."

"Men, my dear, are child-like in their security. If they can't find it in land belonging to someone else, then they expect their investments to provide it."

"And every man has his price!" Constance thought. "And every man has a woman can buy. I bargained with you, John. I sold my right to love for that."

She didn't say it. She wondered why she had waited. And now it was too late. John, alert, confident, eager, had said he was going to dress, they'd discuss this matter and he'd see Taylor at once.

I guess, after all, I'm a woman. It's difficult to face things like a man. I guess I made a mistake coming."

"Come here," Constance approached him slowly.

"What is it?" demanded Taylor. Constance waited for a long time. Behind her the fire crackled; behind her the mantel clock ticked off the moments.

"I can't do it, Peter," she sighed. "I . . . I'm trying to be loyal to too many people. . . . I only wanted you to promise me that if you were called upon to make a decision, you would be true to yourself. I mean you—"

"Come here, Mike," he patted his knee. "Haven't had a pretty girl perched on me for forty years. Now listen. I'm not a sissy. I know what I want and I know what I'm going to have. And hell, I'm high water aren't you?"

Constance sat rigid.

"You're so explicit," she murmured. "All right, you want me to be true to myself. Well, listen, young Michael Mahoney, you do that. Don't tell out. Understand?"

Constance leaned forward, took the white head in her hands and kissed Peter Taylor on the brow. "You old son-of-a-gun," she whispered. "I hope they string you from a good tall Eucalyptus."

"Necks too touch," he chuckled. "Go on down and eat your supper and get a good sleep. You look like one of these here swooning movie stars. I like my girls up and coming."

Constance sped down the hill like a shadow, wondering why Pedro hadn't taken after his father.

Dinner was a quietly merry affair. Everyone, including Constance, was in good spirits.

There was a station wagon in the beachport, it would be ready for delivery the next day. Don reported. Don was "high," Donna said. He'd found an amazing reception in the coast city.

"The Cabrillos rate here," he opined. "Why, say, even the electric company said they'd have men out to the morning and would do their best to have the house wired and a temporary line run in to carry us over the week end."

Donna had a "date" with Pedro. She'd accidentally run into him in the patio. "He was looking for you, sis," she conceded. "Wanted to ask for some blanks, but—"

Did she smile triumphantly, "he didn't discuss them with me."

Nadine Cabrillo was interested in the ranch house. She had made a tour, accompanied by Juliano and maids, to the guest rooms. "Major Pinkard is coming," she explained, cheeks pink. "He . . . he's very appreciative of old things."

John heartened them with his remarks of the ride and his confidence in the ranch.

"Ride, tenderfoot, ride," belated the plump business man who seemed responsible for keeping the parade in line.

"The last of the vaqueros," Pedro doubled over his saddle and looked at Pedro.

Then, somehow, Constance caught the spirit of the parade, the spirit of the fiesta. It was fun, this riding on a dancing horse. Pancho appreciated his role. His wide amber eyes picked every beauty in the crowd and gazed, while the audience roared approval and Constance tried valiantly to keep her dignified seat.

"Michael," Pedro's voice was full of mischief. "Who loves you?"

"You don't," said Constance. "I can't afford palominoes for engagement presents," chuckled Pedro.

Constance dug her heels into Pedro's flanks, and the horse arose in astonished indignation, waved his forefeet at Pedro's mount and returned to the pavement.

The depot was ahead. A train was coming down the grade. A mantilla-covered head was thrust out of the engineer's window; moment of triumph.

Pancho didn't like trains. He'd heard a few of them while he was browsing on his golden acres. He'd probably hoped that some day he could show them exactly what he thought of them.

Pancho chose this moment for his demonstration.

Constance was securely seated in the saddle one minute, the next she thought surely she had been transferred to Pegasus. This could have happened. He also had heels. He showed his heels to the approaching engine, and then he put his wings into play.

Constance, hitting the saddle at intervals, went down the track of the Longhorn Pacific. When Pancho thought he had proven his contempt he stopped. But then, he was on the edge of the pier, and nothing lay beyond. Behind lay nothing but space; empty space, two miles of it, and one lone rider with a mount carefully picking his way across the ties.

crowds milling; people in costume; men dressed in prospectors' outfits, a thousand women emulating Mrs. West; a thousand more in full Spanish skirts, tight bodices and lace mantillas. Men in tight velvet breeches, long silk hose, and jockey caps with dancing velvet pompoms. Flat hats with pompoms jiggling.

Constance found herself greeted with a roar of approval. Judge Frank stood her on a table and announced in a stentorian voice: "Michael Mahoney!"

John had disappeared. Somehow she found herself in a city stable confronting a bewildered Pancho, who tossed his head and neighed his disapproval of the trappings with which he was decorated.

"Don't take it so hard," whispered Constance. "I don't like this any better than you do."

Someone led Pancho to the street. A long line formed behind them. "Go along Main street to the water-front, along the water-front to the railroad track, and back up that street to the crossing," ordered a man in a Stetson.

Constance slipped through the crowd jammed at the front doors, and went to her room to change. She stepped inside and found a black-laced fury: Donna, cheeks scarlet, eyes flashing with anger.

"That was a nice trick for one sister to play on another," she raged. "And believe me, those lumbermen are furious. They plan everything, have motion picture cameras sent up from San Francisco; everything staged for my entrance into Beachport to meet the parade; and what happens?"

Constance looked at her in mute consternation.

"I'll tell you what; my very own sister, who is so jealous of a cow-hank, puts on such a show that the parade turns and follows her clear out to a pier a mile away, and there I am . . . in my engine . . . with . . . with . . . no parade."

"Donna," Constance wondered whether she should laugh or cry. "I couldn't help that. Pancho has never had to face an engine before. If you couldn't ride him across a mud-hole, you can imagine what it was like trying to keep him in line with the crowd shouting, hands playing, and that engine roaring down the grade."

"Oh, no," Donna wiped her eyes. Pedro got out of it that easily. Pedro told me that you handle a horse better than any woman he has ever seen and better than most men. You did that deliberately. It was your pay-off for not being chosen to bring the train into town."

"Now it's my turn, and I'm going to pay you off if it's the last cent I do."

The heavy door slammed behind her. Constance would have liked to sit down and digest what Donna had said, but there wasn't time. One glance out of her window proved that every hand on El Cabrillo was in costume and serving the guests in one capacity or another.

A sweat shirt and blue jeans, heavy sport shoes, and a kerchief under her chin, and Constance slipped out through the kitchen to race up to the barns.

It was dark when she returned. She had barely seen Pedro. He'd worked in another barn, but he'd rubbed down and blanketed Pancho and returned to the house as safely home.

Reaching her room, Constance found it filled with girls, two occupying her bed as they drew gossamer stockings over slim legs.

"Who looked startled, as Constance came in, said one. "Oh, hello," said one. "Oh, you're Donna's sister, aren't you? Was there something you wanted?"

Constance looked at the opened bags; at strange bottles, jars and make-up kits on her dresser. Donna was beginning her pay-off. She had given this room to guests.

Chapter 31
MORNING AFTER

"I just wanted to pick up some personal things," Constance said, quietly.

She thought, as she put gown, robe slippers and fresh clothing in her bag, that she couldn't very well insult guests by demanding her room. She'd reach an understanding with Donna later.

Stopping at the office, she put her books into the bag, then threaded the crowd that seemed to think she was dressed in a costume, and went up the hill.

Meg was in the kitchen. "Heaven preserve us," she greeted. "What brings you here?"

"May I sleep on the couch in your room? It's a mad-house down there."

"That you can. Had your supper?"

"Constance shook her head. "Peter will be glad to accompany me. Pedro is going down to the party, so it'll be the two of you, alone."

Constance perched on a chair behind the wood stove, heels caught on the top rungs, chin in hand, watching Meg make dumplings for the Irish stew. She was thinking, "If I were the right sort I'd be down there, mixing with the crowd, having a good time . . . and," she admitted, "counting the cost of every bottle of wine, every sandwich, and worrying over the men not getting to bed so they'd be ready for their work in the morning."

"In my way, Meg," Pedro shouted from the door. Constance put a finger to her lips as Meg looked from her to the departing Pedro.

every riding horizontal. They'll use every foot of their film, where they'd only use a single shot of the affair that was planned; best advertising in the country."

"Oh," said Constance weakly. "Then . . . then they know I didn't do it on purpose?"

Peter Taylor studied her a moment with wise old eyes. "Not," he spat. "Any man who'd throw a leg over a saddle would know you didn't have a chance to hold Pancho. They count it a miracle and damn good horse-manship that you were still on top when Pancho reached the quay."

"And," he added, "don't let anyone tell you differently."

After dinner Pedersen came in and the three of them sat before the fire discussing ranch problems.

"How long is this going to keep on, Constance?"

"Isn't there any way we can control the men?"

"Queer Biped?"

"Well," mused Taylor, "I could, I mean I could demand they stick to their jobs but," and he shook his head, "we wouldn't have dependable workmen. You see, they don't want the place turned into a dairy farm in the first place. The Cabrillos are indifferent to the success of the place, evidently, and allow Juliano full control. It's what the old reprobate has been wanting."

"But I thought that Miss Cabrillo here was in charge. And she is a Cabrillo."

"No," corrected Taylor, "she isn't. She's a throwback. She's one of these queer bipeds who can't enjoy themselves until all of the bills are paid." He chuckled. "She was in charge as long as the rest of the family didn't care enough about the ranch to interfere."

"But don't let that worry you, Constance. A few months of this and I'll own the place."

Constance stood up. "Peter Taylor, you're . . ."

"Rather I'd play under-cover. Michael?" he asked.

"No," she returned carefully. "I don't. But you haven't won yet. And I'm going to see this through. Good night."

But instead of going to Meg's room she slipped out of the house, went down to saddle Pancho and rode out across the ranch. Even here in the hills you could hear echoes of the revelry below, see the lights shining as though a bit of the milky way had dropped to splash its scintillating glory on El Cabrillo.

The moon came up as she crossed the summit, and enchantment, lonely enchantment lay over the inner valley.

Only Carozze was at the out-riding's post. With faulty Spanish and many gestures, Constance made it clear she intended to sleep in Maria's guest room, and Carozze, candle in hand, led the way and bowed her into it.

Constance crept into the goose-feathered ticking, and sat, hands clasped about her knees, watching the wavering silhouette of Eucalyptus leaves on the wall.

Carefully she went over the principals in this drama of hers: Pedro, John, the Cabrillos, Peter and Pedersen. Not one of them was with her. Pedro wanted the place the easy way . . . her mind insisted this was so, denying the crying plea of her heart. John wanted the place, he did not want her to have it unless he was in charge. The Cabrillos would skin the cream of her efforts and depart, leaving her nothing. Peter expected to gain the place through her failure. Pedersen didn't care who had it, as long as he was left to solve the problem of its efficiency.

And what did El Cabrillo want? What would she give the ranch, its indolent home spread over the coast? What had John said of it, months ago? "A profligate rascal, romantic, inconsistent, a veritable Don Juan."

It was! And Pedro was its incarnation. Everyone touched by the charm of either the ranch or Pedro, wanted possession.

No one could yet claim either Pedro or the ranch. And, forgetting Pedro, what chance had she of winning the ranch?

Pedersen wanted four men; four men at fifty dollars a month and keep. Two hundred dollars and a housing problem.

Young Michael Mahoney bargained with tradition. Four former El Cabrillo riders must go. She needed their cottage. Taylor had the authority to fire them. It would serve as a warning to the others.

Angry Turnout

She thought of other things, the young fields responding to plough, seed, rain and sunshine in wanton fashion.

"Bumper crop," Pedersen had said. "Our feed bill will be cut in half this winter."

Constance rode with Pedro. Constance saw them at all hours and laughed whenever she saw them. Donna had to maneuver to meet Pedro, to arrange meetings, but Constance understood. Pedro was smart. He wasn't going to let Donna know what he wanted, as he'd let her know.

Her scene with John was the most difficult because John was kind and understanding. It was almost impossible to be cruel to kindness.

John came to her office one afternoon, face set.

"You're refusing to be bought out in any way," he stated.

"I'm not surprised," Constance returned, and wished, for the millionth time, that she had said nothing to Taylor that night.

"I suppose you're pleased," John flashed.

"Yes and no," Constance answered. "I'm glad because I know what you want and it's easier to fight conditions you know. I asked you for the right to give my place on my own ability. Had Taylor sold out and you stepped in as manager, I'd have had very little to say about the place."

"You believe I would fight you?"

"No, John, you don't fight. You take. You're like the Cabrillos; you accept everything as your just due. Only, unlike the Cabrillos, you pay for it. You'd pay my part too, and I don't want that."

Chapter 32
FIELD OF SCARLET

"You're sorry, in a way, that Taylor didn't sell?" asked John.

"I'm sorry because, aside from me, no one wants this ranch as passionately as we do. Yet, I'd sooner lose it fighting, than have someone else save it for me."

Constance said.

Raskthorne shook his head. "There's only one like you, Conchita. All right, dear, I'll stand by. Good luck."

Constance talked to Meg that afternoon because she had telephoned the commissary that she must have butter "immediately."

Not boy being present, Constance took it to the manager's house, carefully going to the kitchen door.

"Come in," ordered Meg fretfully.

She was making cinnamon rolls. She flattened the raised dough of the pie, dusted it with sugar and cinnamon, then began dotting it with butter.

"I have to find something that fool boy will eat," she complained. "Off his feed he is, for the fairer time since his mother died."

Constance sat on a high stool as Meg rolled the dough. "Hope you'll look in on Peter while I'm away," she said.

"Where are you going?"

"San Francisco," answered Meg. "Didn't you know? Pedro is driving your sister down. I go along as chaperon."

Constance clutched the stool. The kitchen was spinning around dizzily. The stove stood on its floor, the ceiling was where the floor should be. Pedro had asked her to go to San Francisco once . . . with Meg as chaperon, for three days which must elapse between filling of intention to wed and the wedding.

"H-how long," stammered Constance, "will you be away?"

Meg slapped the ribboned rolls into a pan. "Three days," she said. "I'll be coming home alone on the train. If you're to be in Beachport that day, I'm hopin' you'll pick me up."

In the time it took Meg to put cinnamon rolls into a pan and slide them into the oven, Constance reviewed her future. One weighted down with his kindness, passively accepting with his unwilling spirit curled within his coat, an emaciated spindly, brightly coy, selling dove-cotes to prospective newly-weds.

"There, now," Meg straightened up from the oven, dusted her hands and smiled at Constance. "I'm going to wash my hands and put on a fresh apron. I'll put the coffee pot on, and we'll have a hot roll before you go."

Constance sat because she thought her limbs wouldn't hold her upright. The tea kettle chuckled. The kitchen clock ticked, and Constance lived a lifetime.

defeated her.

She had left the dinner table abruptly, pausing to say, "I didn't plan it. Anyone who knows anything about horses knows that. However, Donna; you tried to cheat me out of my place, and cheating always acts as a boom-sprung."

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Chapter 33
TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO

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Constance arrived at the barns; saw, very, very bright, and mouth liberally crusted with sugar and cinnamon. It was a glorious world.

Pedro, watching the patrol of cows ambling into the barns after being brushed; inspecting Manu-elo and Francisco, Bobo and Carlos; Pascal, Luis and Labarta; and finding them immaculate, though rebellious, he turned to Constance. "Washer wash your face," he advised.

Constance was too happy to be relieved. She felt she had received an eleventh hour reprieve. She pushed a napkin-wrapped cinnamon roll at him. "Meg's," she said.

Pedro accepted the roll, his eyes lighting.

Constance came back from the washroom, her face really clean. "Now that's your face," she advised him in her own tone, and whisked into the barn.

Pedro, Donna and Meg departed for San Francisco. Constance and John watched them off, waved to them as they went down El Camello Real, Meg's plumed hat bobbing. Meg sat in the rear; good Meg even. Donna couldn't work fast with the stout Irishwoman watching her.

Despite Juliano's black looks and the address of Dolores, Constance was happy. With new men to handle the work, she would be relieved and could give more time to figuring ways and means of stretching the money to meet the costs.

"If I can get through this first year," she reasoned, "the others will be easy."

She was already half way through. The herds had adapted themselves to the ranch with patience and good food, care and comfortable quarters. They were repaying with rich milk.

El Cabrillo, stirred from centuries of slumber, was producing food for both the cattle and the people.

The Cabrillos were already heavily in debt, but that wasn't Constance's concern. When Beachport realized that John Raskthorne only paid grocery and gasoline bills, they'd be more careful of the credit it gave.

Constance watched the sunset of that "third day." Pedro was due in soon. Tomorrow the hay would be cut. Tomorrow night when she looked down, that golden field would be silver stubble; and there would be sheeps picked up by the gleaner, and the feed barn and silo would have the first of their home-grown fodder.

"Serves You Right!"

John was standing by as he had promised. She felt his presence like a shadow cast across her sun. When she had refused to listen to her, he had tried to tell her she should never marry him. Now she tried again.

"No, Chita, don't say it. You will, in time. I know it. You don't wait this long without winning out. Go on with your ranch; I'll help you win it. If you run short of money, you know where you can find more."

MEMORY OF THE MOON

by Jeanne Bowman

sense like an antenna that picks things out of the air."

Constance spent more and more time with Peter Taylor, trying to make up in a measure for the absence of his son.

Sometimes it seemed to her that the only pleasant parts of the summer were the spasmodic absences of the family and John. John was joining them in their visits to neighboring ranches; to the south, and to Lake Tahoe.

"There's nothing I can do around here, Chita," he explained the first time, "and I can't just follow you around. It isn't normal."

Constance couldn't suggest that he return east.

"Three years of shadowing would be too much to expect of anyone," she conceded.

"If more than one is necessary," John quickly countered.

She knew what he meant. That summer had been costly. She didn't see how she could pull through another year like this. She could only hope the family would demand a change of scenery and perhaps, if they left, some sort of discipline could be enforced, and next year's crops might be saved.

Pedersen was speaking of a winter crop, if he could find the necessary man-power.

The family was home when the final blow struck. They'd been home a week, restless, irritable, even John was out of sorts.

"I have to get away from them," Constance thought, but delayed going until she had completed her office work.

When she went out to saddle Pancho, the horse was gone, and the stable boy one of a few who had remained loyal to Constance, was near tears.

"Senor Don," he explained, "he would take him. He saddled him. I didn't, senorita." And he crossed himself to prove his honesty. "I didn't!"

Constance felt too tired to be angry. She found a cool spot in the willow, settled in a patch of high branches and tried to reason. Reason was difficult. It wouldn't surmount the lonely ache in her heart. Like Peter Taylor, she found life without Pedro a sequence of days without motive.

She heard a car drive in and, peering through the leaves, saw the insignia on the door with only a faint shock. The county health officers inspected the ranch at regular intervals.

Scurrying down she met them. They were nice men, friendly, interested, and of late concerned over her venture.

"We'll start with the upper pasture and work down," suggested Doctor Wing.

Constance sat on a fence rail as they went through the procedure. The sun was less warm today, this first of September. In another month the leaves would be turning on the mountain tops; then snow.

She looked down on the pastures, and suddenly she stiffened and looked back at Doctor Wing and his assistants. There was a cow in the herd below which didn't belong there, didn't belong on El Cabrillo. She knew. She knew the markings of every single one of them.

"All right, Miss Cabrillo, shall we go on? our Guernseys are down a little in weight, but they'll probably pick up with the cool weather."

"Doctor Wing, Constance didn't know why she was troubled. "There's a cow in this next pasture which doesn't belong there. She doesn't belong to me at all. Will you test her first?"

They heard the dry racking cough, as they crossed the stile and Constance saw the quick exchange of glances between the two men. Even before they ran a test they knew and she knew.

A tubercular cow had been planted in the herd.

Chapter 34
Confidential Conversation

Constance heard herself pleading. "The cow wasn't there last night, I know. Lamson, my very own man, watches this one." Dr. Wing shook his head. "You know the law," he said.

Constance sank down on the edge of a trough. She knew. Slaughter of all diseased cattle. Loss of the herd. A check on the outflow of milk from El Cabrillo Dairies until a test had been run on the entire place . . . and even then the stigma.

"Doctor Wing, there's a good chance they didn't contract it in this very short time, isn't that?" Michael Mahoney had never bargained more eagerly. "Give them a chance. Let me have the whole herd driven to the inner valley. We can isolate them for the period of quarantine. It isn't just the money and the reputation of the ranch, it's—" She looked at the nearest cow regarding her with patient eyes. "Oh, I like the look of that one. I just can't have them slaughtered for nothing."

Doctor Wing thought for a few moments. "You've been having a lot of subversive activity lately, haven't you, Miss Cabrillo? I came here on a tip telephoned the office. I'd like to find out who's doing this. Call your man and we'll see about it."

Lamson came forward. "See anything unusual about that herd?" Doctor Wing asked him.

Lamson looked them over, then turned to Constance. "Hi, say, he burst out, "ow did she get in here?" And he cut the stranger from the herd.

Wing was satisfied. "Remember, Miss Cabrillo, this quarantine means dry cows. Is it going to be worth the feed?"

"Yes!"

"All right, I'll stay with the drive. But first let me telephone for some men. They might as well be disinfecting you'll need all

the old cattle barns."

Pedersen took Wing to the telephone, then came back to Constance. "I won't be able to learn anything from anyone," he said with the slow anger of his race. "There's something queer about this place. It seems to close in against strangers. To keep on means eternal vigilance, and—"

Constance knew what he meant. Pedersen was beginning to wonder if it was worth it. So was she, with the best-producing herd on the place in quarantine.

Slowly she went back to the ranch house, stepped into the patio and stopped short. Julianna was dressing a gash on Don's cheek. Nadine was crying softly and Donna was hysterical. "That damned horse of yours," shouted Don.

Constance wheeled and ran to the stable. A high shrill whinny greeted her. And then the stable boy ducked out of the stall, tears streaming down his face. "He's bad hurt," he sobbed. "your brother was mad at him . . . see . . . this leg here."

Constance saw the leg and other marks—"Get Doctor Wing, he'll be at Barn Three. Tell him to hurry."

She soothed the horse, ran a caressing hand down his neck and along the flanks where muscles twitched, and when he quieted she leaned her head against him. Don had tried to break Pancho. . . . He had broken her. When her enemies struck at her through defenseless animals, she was whipped.

The Key Turns

"Nasty gash on his leg here, and some other nasty things," Doctor Wing pronounced after his examination. "Whoever did this ought to be horse whipped."

Constance nodded. But who would do the whipping? Neither Don nor Donna had ever been corrected for any wrong they had done.

Doctor Wing looked at her quizzically, cleared his throat and grumbled, "You need me, so help here now. I need men, so put Pancho in a trailer and take him to my place. Tell the wife to give him that box stall on the acre lot. He needs the quiet he'll have there. Stay with him until he feeds."

Constance sent the boy for her car keys while she blanketed Pancho, led him to the trailer, and tacked on the canvas cover. Only his amber eyes were visible. They looked at her trustfully.

She drove out of El Camino Real slowly. She didn't want to see the family until she could control her anger. Then they would talk. She would bargain with them. How? What had she left to offer?

Marrriage to John Raskthorne if he would leave them all go east. She could leave the ranch with Pedersen.

There was one other solution. She could admit defeat, and turn the place over to John to sell. The Taylors would buy in. Pedro would come home to Peter.

She had a little money left over, she could offer it to the family if they would leave. She'd find work some place where she could board Pancho nearby.

Pedro had said Michael Mahoney wouldn't give up until he'd been thrown in the Bastille and the lock had been turned on him, and even then he'd hope his luck would turn at the zero hour.

Constance, leading Pancho to his new quarters and coaxing him to eat, felt she was in the Bastille; the key had turned, but she had no hope. There simply wasn't any way out.

Dr. Wing's farm lay on the opposite side of Beachport. Reaching town again, Constance remembered she had had no lunch. She didn't feel like dining with the family or Peter Taylor, but where in Beachport could she go looking, as she did? The little waterfront cafe?

It was early. She went through to the last booth and drew the curtains of dull green balsa. She had just given her order when she felt the shock of someone sitting down in the opposite booth; a heavy, tired body.

And then she heard voices, and from her seat, defeated, poised, sat up alert. Pedro and John Raskthorne were in the next booth.

At the sound of Pedro's voice, Constance found her unruly heart picking up its beat. Pedro, in Beachport. She hadn't known where he was. By mutual agreement, his name hadn't been mentioned to her at the Taylors.

And now he was here in the booth next to her; only a thin sheet of laminated wood between them. But he was with John Raskthorne.

"All right, Raskthorne," Pedro's voice was incisive. "Why do you want the ranch to fail?"

John laughed easily. "It isn't the ranch I want to fail, Taylor. But, man to man, would you want to marry a girl who was more interested in the percentage of butter fat in milk than she was in you?"

"I wouldn't marry a girl who loved land better than me," snapped Pedro.

"I waited for Constance for six years," Raskthorne went on. "At first I thought it was the ranch that lay between us; a psychological rival, something she couldn't understand. And then quite by accident, she let me know she looked upon the ranch as a means of keeping her family in funds so they wouldn't be dependent upon the man she married; namely, myself."

"That's why I backed her; gave her a chance to put it over."

"Of course," he admitted, laughing. "I'd made a pretty thorough investigation of it before I turned the money over. I'm not in the habit of backing the losing horse."

"I see."

Constance wondered exactly

what Pedro saw that made his voice so crisp, so . . . so contemptuous? She wondered that she could sit there, listening, when she felt as she felt, or was it that the day had given her so many shocks she was numb?

"You found," Pedro went on, "that Miss Cabrillo's interest in success had passed the point of providing for her family, and that if she succeeded you would never be able to separate her from the ranch."

"Something like that," John conceded. "I felt if I could get her away, knowing she couldn't run the place herself, she'd be a little less . . . independent."

"And so," suggested Pedro, "you stirred up an insurrection among the loyal Cabrillo employees; the men who were steeped in Cabrillo tradition; children who liked to lay in the sun and let the Cabrillos provide their food and shelter and occasional wine."

John Raskthorne's answer came in a voice like a silver of ice. "I have done nothing of the kind."

"Didn't you," pursued Pedro, "when you knew the intense feeling over the discharge of the first employee, say in the presence of Julianna that the loss of the hay would cripple Miss Cabrillo?"

"Didn't you say it was lucky there were no electric storms here to set fire to it?"

"And haven't you right along suggested everything that has happened, even to telling, last Sunday, about a ranch that was forced to close down because tubercular cows were found among the herds?"

"You have an excellent imagination, Mr. Taylor. Are you sure that you were not the one to make these suggestions?"

"Quite sure," retorted Pedro, "because I have the word of someone present on each occasion, that you spoke as I said."

Constance clung to the edge of the bench. John had wanted her to lose. John who had first protected his investment so that he couldn't lose. And he wanted her to marry him, expected her to.

"I didn't know you had been seeing Miss Donna right along," offered Raskthorne genially. "Midnight rendezvous?"

Constance didn't hear Pedro's reply because . . . because she knew, suddenly, that Donna had been seeing Pedro; Donna, excited, mysterious, had been slipping out of the house at night. And that was that.

"Personalities will not help us," Pedro was saying, "suppose we stick to business. You want to rid Miss Cabrillo of the ranch, and I want to buy in."

"Can we compromise?"

Chapter 35
VISITORS

"Can we compromise?" Pedro was saying to Raskthorne. "The ranch, once it is rid of Cabrillos, can be made to pay well. It will give your . . . your fiancée's family twice the income they have had. They should be able to live well on that."

"As it has increased in value, I can't offer to buy it outright, but I still have the fifty thousand waiting. I want to buy the controlling interest."

Constance stood up. She could stand no more. She waved the waiter away, handed him a bill and started out.

She stopped at the next booth. Face white, eyes like dark sapphires as she faced the two men.

"I've heard all you've said. I hope I never see either one of you again."

She fled, between tables, aware of the startled diners, of voices calling to her from different parts of the cafe, and above these, two voices; one saying, "Chita!" The other, "Michael!"

She had difficulty pulling away from the curb. The empty trailer was awkward, and by the time she had made the street another car was pulling out and those same voices were trying to stop her with their "Chita" and "Michael!"

She laughed hysterically as she struck the coast highway. Way back, some ago, Mrs. MacKelvey had said, "If you ever want to know anything, come in here and let the other fellow do the talking."

She had. She knew too much now.

The other car was close behind her, horn raucous. She stepped on the accelerator. The road curved sharply. She knew too late, she had forgotten the swing of the trailer. She felt the wheels of the car strike the rough sea grass, and she laughed. What did it matter? They'd all win this way.

The earth opened beneath her and her head struck something.

Queer, lying here suspended between heaven and earth with an awful stillness about her, even the waves were sibilant whispers . . . low tide . . . nothing but rocks to catch her when she dropped to.

Now a white light was shining on her. She wondered vaguely if this were death, and if death would loosen that tight band about her head.

"God, you can't do that. You'll be killed with her." A voice so hoarse it couldn't be identified.

"If she is, I want to be," faintly the voice came. "I've waited."

Constance slipped from the white light into an abyss of darkness. There was no shock, no crumbling of the car on the rocks, no wash of waves as the tide came in. Someone was with her. She wasn't going into that next adventure alone. Perhaps it was Michael, old Michael Mahoney, leaving his choice seat in the hereafter to give his throwback a hand.

And then there were hands, hands lifting her, hands bathing her, hands thrusting a little tube into her mouth; and brutal hands hurting her, then soothing the hurt.

Next came voices. "Oh, shut up."

To be continued.

she said irritably.

Silence was abrupt.

"She'll live," came in a hysterical giggle from Donna.

"Michael," someone kissed her left hand.

"Chita," someone kissed her right hand.

"And me with a . . . perfectly . . . good pair of lips," Constance whispered. "Where's Peter Taylor?"

"Hrrrrumph!" Peter Taylor announced himself, and three days' growth of whiskers bruised her skin as the old man kissed her.

Chilling Blast

"Now," whispered Donna, "I can run down the hall and tell mother to get over her heart attack; no one will have time to baby her."

Constance slept to awaken and find her eyelids no longer heavy. She could open her eyes. She was in a hospital. The walls were buff. A nurse sat under a night lamp, reading.

Memory returned to Constance like a chilling blast.

Someone had risked his life to haul her back from that fall to death. There'd been something said about not waiting for help. The trailer had caught on a boulder, but the engine would hang only until the coupling gave way.

Which one of the two had it been? "I've waited—"

John Raskthorne, John who had played his quiet game to defeat her because he loved her. What queer kind of love was that?

She turned her face to the pillow. The nurse heard her.

"Awake? Some hot milk?"

"No," moaned Constance, "don't bring me anything that comes from a cow. Nurse," she studied the kindly face, "why am I here? Have I been ill, or injured?"

"Mostly shock," the nurse answered. "You struck your head on the steering wheel. Nothing serious; you'll be out in a day or so."

Constance remained quiet until she returned with ponched eggs and hot tea. "And I won't have to have company?" she pleaded.

The nurse hesitated. "Several persons are waiting, but no, not unless you want to see them."

"Later I'll see Meg Donahue and Lamson and maybe Peter Taylor, senior; none of my family . . . nor anyone else."

She had plenty of time to think. She lay looking out of the hospital window at the bay, watching the lights and shadows, and sometimes thinking bitterly. "What a throwback! Poor Michael Mahoney, I'll bet his seat in the hereafter is uncomfortable at having an offspring like me."

And then everything came into focus.

She had failed. There was no use doing the fact. And she had failed because she was a woman and women could be ruthless only when they were fighting for their children, or their men.

Michael Mahoney would have whipped the family into line, or cut them off shrewdly. He'd have foreseen their interference. She had excused them.

"Miss Cabrillo," the nurse said anxiously. "I wish you would see to talk to you about something. It's going to be a shock to you to see him, but you're strong."

"All right," sighed Constance. She'd have to face him some time. She faced him and nearly fell out of bed.

"Donald Cabrillo," she cried, "were you in a wreck?"

Don, who had sidled through the door, one eye closed, the other looking like a winter sunset, grinned sheepishly with the side of his mouth he was able to use.

"Sort of," he confessed. "Had some sense beat into me. Friend of yours thought it was time."

Constance thought of John and sighed again. Why hadn't he done something like this years ago.

Whirling Around

"Sis," Don said beside her, "he made me see what a fool I'd been. We didn't understand. You know, you always just walked in and walked off with things without . . . well, without putting over to us what you were trying to do. Oh, I guess you tried but . . . well, that's all over."

"Now I'm stepping in to take your place. Running a ranch is no business for a woman."

Constance grasped the edge of the bed. It was whirling around.

"And I have to know what kind of a deal you made with John Raskthorne. Pedro wants to buy in, and John says he won't sell to him until you and he are married."

Constance sat up straighter.

"John has nothing to say about who buys in," she stated emphatically. "He can control nothing about the ranch . . . except me."

She frowned in concentration. No, there had been nothing in their contract relating to anyone buying in; but what effect, if any, would that have with their agreement?

It would mean that unless Don and Pedro could pay off the yearly interest and pay the principal in twenty years, John could demand payment of his note . . . from her alone.

She would have to give her consent to sell . . . however, if Don didn't want to sell, and Don was always able to sway his mother; and sister, there would be three votes against her own . . . and El Cabrillo wouldn't be sold.

John had been shrewd, but he had counted on that vacillating human element. He had counted on the three Cabrillos backing him.

And somehow . . . maybe she'd talk someone into building skyscrapers she could sell . . . she'd make that fifty thousand before the twenty years were up. She'd keep her end of the bargain.

"All right, Don, I'm going to tell you the whole story."

RETURNING...

For Her Third Consecutive Year



Mrs. ARREVA D. FRENCH

West Texas' Favorite Homemaking Authority!

FOR THE HERALD'S ANNUAL Free Cooking School OCT. 21-22-23

MRS. ARREVA D. FRENCH, well known to hundreds throughout this territory, will bring to Big Spring homemakers the newest innovations in meal planning and cookery . . . Her wide experience, coupled with her pleasing personality, places her in position to conduct an entertaining as well as educational school . . . You won't want to miss a single session—so plan now to be on hand for the three-day course . . . FREE ADMISSION, FREE PRIZES DAILY!

BIG SPRING DAILY HERALD

Editorial

New Technical Schools

America's extensive preparedness program has brought a "boom" in—among other things—specialized schools devoted to training of mechanics and skilled workers to take their place in the production line.

young man (he must have something, himself) and 'hey are not guaranteeing jobs. All they are doing is what any other educational institution does—giving training to individuals by efficient instruction and practical demonstration.

Washington Daybook

By Jack Stinnett

WASHINGTON—(Questions arising from selective service are as thick as grasshoppers in a swarm. Following is further effort to answer some of them.)

largely eager to have these boards made up of men of high standing who are representative of labor to the board. Those in charge of selective service at national headquarters here are particularly eager to have these boards made up of men of high standing who are representative of the community they serve.

Cotton Moves More Rapidly

Effects of what promises to be a good harvest were felt here Saturday as ginning totals approximated 2,000 bales on the current crop.

Road Projects Progressing

Road and street work by the county and city continued to show satisfactory progress Monday with particular speed being noted on two road projects.

TEXAS COTTON CROP SHOWS A DECLINE

AUSTIN, Oct. 9. (AP)—Conditions on Oct. 1 indicated a Texas cotton crop of 3,300,000 bales, a decline of 2.8 per cent of 89,000 bales under the Sept. 1 forecast, the agricultural marketing service reported today.

Draft Boards For Counties Are Appointed

Names of local draft board members, whose task will be that of carrying out the selective service training program, were announced Wednesday as preparations were completed for registering men from 21 to 26 years of age next Wednesday.

Man About Manhattan

By George Tuck

NEW YORK—Larry Nixon, who has been telling people for five years how to take a vacation (American Traveler, Vagabond Voyaging, and his latest, See Canada Next) is going to take one himself soon—his first in seven years.

He began his "travels" when he went to work in the circulation department of the Birmingham News traveling around the immediate section for \$12 a week and \$1 a day expense.

Catholic Women Of Big Spring District Win Trophy For Work

Big Spring district won the trophy for half year's work at the National Council of Catholic Women's meeting held in Amarillo Sunday and Mrs. W. E. McNallen was named vice president during a business session.

Are You Listening?

Comic strip titled 'Are You Listening?' featuring a man and a woman in a conversation. The man asks 'What I'd like to do tonight is go to a real, old-time, vaudeville show.' The woman replies 'I just had a long letter from Mr. Jackson and he says he's coming next month.' The man says 'Golly! What shows we used to see—Joe Jackson and his bicycle—I used to laugh my head off at Joe.' The woman says 'I'll be sure to direct the orchestra with his E. F. Brown's.' The man says 'It's been years since I've seen Aunt Carrie.' The woman says 'And Ohio sale in his rural character sketches—there was a great artist—in a class by himself.' The man says 'She'll be with us three weeks, I'm so excited.' The woman says 'Then there was Bert Williams and Fay Wren and Elsie Janis—it's a shame, vaudeville went out.' The man says 'She's such a darling.' The woman says 'Say, do you ever hear from your Aunt Carrie?' The man says 'No.' The woman says 'I'll be sure to direct the orchestra with his E. F. Brown's.' The man says 'It's been years since I've seen Aunt Carrie.' The woman says 'And Ohio sale in his rural character sketches—there was a great artist—in a class by himself.' The man says 'She'll be with us three weeks, I'm so excited.' The woman says 'Then there was Bert Williams and Fay Wren and Elsie Janis—it's a shame, vaudeville went out.' The man says 'She's such a darling.' The woman says 'Say, do you ever hear from your Aunt Carrie?' The man says 'No.'

Advertisements for Dairyland (I Like Dairyland Best), Club Cafe (Eat at the Club Cafe 'We Never Close' G. C. Dunham, Prop.), and Printing (T. E. Jordan & Co. 113 W. First Just Phone 488).

Hollywood Sights And Sounds

By Robbin Coons

DALLAS, Texas (And Points West)—Well, it's been a grand trip. Everybody here? Boy, could I use some sleep!

some sleep—and does he need it? Matter of fact, if anybody on this junket needs some rest it's these movie people. That Gary Cooper's his own best endorsement. Didja see him lead the Conga at that charity ball last night?

Large comic strip featuring a man and a woman in a conversation. The man says 'Kind of swampy lagoon making off from the river and what's that light thing striking up—boats, mast, or dead tree? I'll look!' The woman says 'Huh?! My audience deserted! Oh! No wonder! My rival, Gracie Giddings is making a speech, too!' The man says 'Put Laura in the TV hall.' The woman says 'Right after this meeting, boys, I'll give free conga lessons to all of you!' The man says 'Hooray for Gracie! Atta girl!' The woman says 'Well—I guess I'll go over and see what she's got to say.' The man says 'Fellow citizens, new Topia is in the greatest danger of its long and glorious history! An enemy lurks within our gates!' The woman says 'Boy! This ought to be good!' The man says 'Huh?! My audience deserted! Oh! No wonder! My rival, Gracie Giddings is making a speech, too!' The woman says 'Put Laura in the TV hall.' The man says 'Right after this meeting, boys, I'll give free conga lessons to all of you!' The woman says 'Hooray for Gracie! Atta girl!' The man says 'Well—I guess I'll go over and see what she's got to say.' The woman says 'Fellow citizens, new Topia is in the greatest danger of its long and glorious history! An enemy lurks within our gates!' The man says 'Boy! This ought to be good!' The man says 'You mean you think Homer is staying in town—at a hotel—and isn't living up here at all?' The woman says 'And havin' a high old time for himself!' The man says 'Figure it out! It's a perfect set-up! No phone here—he knows you can't phone and check up—free as a bird!' The woman says 'I don't believe it!' The man says 'Well, there's one way to prove it!' The woman says 'How?' The man says 'Stay up here and wait for him tonight! You'll find the old boy won't show up!!'

The Big Spring Herald

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Trust Suits Put Damper On Oil Trade

TULSA, Okla., Oct. 10 (AP)—Some oil executives declared today they feared an attempt might soon be made to establish wholesale prices for crude oil or its by-products.

Such a plan was proposed during the old NRA days, but it was tabled.

The industry continued to show concern over the anti-trust suits. "Coming strangely at a time when minds of so many were taken up with concern about the results of the national election November 5, the suits against 22 major firms and 300 subsidiaries and the American Petroleum Institute have almost completely stopped initiative in the Mid-Continent and adjacent areas," asserted Paul S. Hedrick, oil editor of the Tulsa World.

"Discouraged at the psychological effects the suits have had, and compelling the industry to again defend itself under trying circumstances before courts and juries not familiar with the wide ramifications of petroleum, it leaves the oil man in a disgusted frame of mind."

Some oil men also say they have heard that wage-hour rules for the industry may be more rigid in the near future. They pointed out that the industry so far has encountered less labor trouble than most of the other large businesses in the nation.

Mid-Continent executives privately admit to being somewhat gloomy over the present situation. New development appears to be slackening somewhat, some of it waiting on clarification of legal details.

Oklahoma and Kansas production has been benefiting by the drop in Illinois production but Illinois producers hope that the Trenton lime may bring about another drilling play to test it.

In the crude picture, the Corpus Christi area of Texas has received two downward revisions, while in North Texas new buyers have obtained special allowances to obtain more oil.

For many years people have been taught to cover their mouths and noses when they cough or sneeze, but today for the first time three scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., demonstrated the actual necessity for it to prevent diseases of the nose and throat from leaping from one individual to another.

In a report before the American Public Health association Dr. Clair E. Turner, Dr. Marshall W. Jennison and Dr. Harold E. Edgerton demonstrated in pictures that the droplets of a sneeze or a cough spread through the air at the rate of more than a mile per minute and have a range of 30 feet or more.

A second hazard, in addition to the actual bombardment of germs and viruses from one person to another is the delayed action of tiny droplets which hang in the air for several minutes and become a hazard for anyone who walks into them with his mouth open or is drawing a breath.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology determined the speed and range of the disease bullets by photographing sneezes and coughs with a high-speed motion-picture camera capable of taking pictures at the rate of 6,000 per second or "still" pictures with an exposure of only one millionth of a second.

Germs, Viruses Shown To Travel At Dizzy Speed

By STEPHEN J. McDONOUGH Associated Press Staff Writer

DETROIT, Oct. 10.—The germs and viruses of the common cold, influenza, infantile paralysis and other diseases travel at mile-a-minute speed from one person to another.

For many years people have been taught to cover their mouths and noses when they cough or sneeze, but today for the first time three scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., demonstrated the actual necessity for it to prevent diseases of the nose and throat from leaping from one individual to another.

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OIL WELL MUST WAIT ON GAME

FALLS CITY, Neb., Oct. 10 (AP)—A little thing like bringing in an oil well can't be allowed to interfere with a football game.

Operators announced they would not acidize the Kickhoff well near here until after they attend the Nebraska-Indiana game at Lincoln Saturday.

and dunking them for breakfast, for lunch, for parties and snacks.

Donuts so light and tender and "coaky" they blend perfectly with fruits and ice cream for dessert!

AN ANALYSIS OF THE WAR DEVELOPMENTS

By DeWITT MacKENZIE
There are very positive signs of axis worry in the fact that Signor Mussolini's newspaper, Il Popolo d'Italia, has taken our Uncle Sam up into a high mountain, shown him the kingdoms of the world and offered him a princely bribe if he will "remain neutral until the destruction of the British empire has been effected."

Specifically Canada, Newfoundland, the Bahamas, Bermuda and Jamaica have been dangled before Sam's eyes. He might also get Australia and New Zealand.

That offer was made yesterday. Just so there wouldn't be any misunderstanding, Il Duce's paper the day before announced that Germany, Italy and Japan were prepared to go to war with America if we rejected the triple alliance offers and "threw down the gauntlet."

I doubt if the three musketeers really believe Uncle Sam would knifed for gain. However, their threats and overtures indicate their anxiety over England's increasing strength — admittedly due in no small degree to the material assistance which the United States is giving.

It also is significant that these moves of the triple alliance are coincident with a sudden display of amicable gestures among Russia, America and Britain — with Britain's strategically situated at hand, Turkey, also waving a friendly hand to the Muscovites. Active collaboration by Washington, London and Moscow is the last thing the alliance wants.

It is understandable that the axis should have particular concern over the situation at this precise time, since indications are that Messrs Hitler and Mussolini are on the verge of launching a new great offensive against Britain — quite likely in the Mediterranean theatre. It is imperative from the standpoint of their prestige both at home and abroad that they succeed in this new venture in view of the Nazi failure to crush England by direct assault on the British Isles.

Gasoline Fumes, Tared Highways Health Menace

CLEVELAND, Oct. 10 (AP)—Gasoline fumes and tarred highway surfaces present a new threat to the lives of motorists, the American Academy of Ophthalmology and otolaryngology was told today.

Dr. Chevalier Jackson and Chevalier L. Jackson of Philadelphia — father and son — asserted in a report before the academy there is "some evidence that gasoline fumes and tarred roads may have a part in the increase in incidence of cancer of the larynx."

Tar particles in dust can act as an irritant to produce the throat cancer and caused death in experiments on animals, the surgeons asserted. Gasoline fumes act similarly, they said.

Oil in tobacco smoke was another suspected cause of this type of cancer, described as "fatal if not treated early — otherwise 85 to 95 per cent curable."

Mitchell Co. Stock Show Plans Talked

COLORADO CITY, Oct. 10 (Sp)—Plans for the annual Mitchell County Fat Stock Show were set in motion this week at a meeting of the fat stock show committee of the Colorado City chamber of commerce. The show will be held some time next March.

Contests To Be Sponsored By Coffee Firm

Theres Happiness Ahead . . . for the housewives of Big Spring. Today's Herald announces the opening of the first of ten weekly contests to be sponsored by the roasters of Admiration coffee.

There will be a new contest each week with a first prize of \$100 cash, second prize of \$40 cash, third prize of \$20 cash, and twenty cash prizes of \$2 each. The contest is simple: You merely write in 25 words or less "why you prefer Admiration Coffee."

It was pointed out that this contest should have special appeal to the housewives of Big Spring in that it is restricted to the southwest. Unlike national contests where your entry is pitted against many hundreds of thousands, this contest is largely local and hence affords you an extremely good chance of winning a prize.

Moreover, you may submit as many entries as you wish in each week's contest.

The \$3,000 contest is but a part of the Admiration fall and winter advertising campaign which is reputedly the largest and most extensive campaign in Southwest coffee merchandising history.

The campaign is being answered to induce more Southwest coffee lovers to try Admiration and learn for themselves why Admiration is the Southwest's favorite coffee.

Although the campaign will be supported by outdoor advertising, radio announcements, and attractive store display material, the bulk of the advertising will be carried by approximately 150 Southwest newspapers.

Striking advertisements in The Herald each week throughout the fall and early winter will carry to the housewife the selling story on the deliciousness of Admiration coffee.

Willkie Goes After Votes In New England

By The Associated Press
In another strenuous stretch of campaigning, Wendell L. Willkie appealed for New England votes today with a series of scheduled speeches in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

The republican presidential standard bearer hit the trail again after telling a demonstrative assemblage at New Haven last night that there was need for revitalizing small businesses as "the backbone of America."

Willkie charged that the "new deal has put a brake on production," and promised, "I intend to put my foot on the accelerator."

While Willkie spoke in Connecticut, Attorney General Jackson took to the air waves from Washington with a speech asserting that republican party had nothing to offer America and that Willkie's campaign proved it.

Jackson called Willkie's foreign policy "confused" and said the republican candidate debated "with himself, taking both sides of every issue."

The campaign brought fresh announcements of transferred political allegiance.

Albert S. Goss, former land bank commissioner and a previous supporter of President Roosevelt, came out for Willkie, saying he thought Mr. Roosevelt was leading the country into both war and bankruptcy. He registered opposition to a third term.

Gifford Pinchot, former republican governor of Pennsylvania, called at the White House to pledge Mr. Roosevelt his support, saying "this is no time to put a green hand in charge of the ship."

Mrs. Isabella Greenway King, an intimate friend of the Roosevelt family said she was opposed to a third term and would back Willkie whom she praised for a "sound and courageous program."

Two Convicts Make Escape

PURCELL, Okla., Oct. 10 (AP)—Two long term convict musicians, who broke from the county jail here yesterday while awaiting hearing for a capital offense committed to aid in their escape from guards watching the McAlester prison band play at Maud, were hunted in southern Cleveland county today.

The convicts, Jack Leaser, serving 25 years for an Oklahoma county armed robbery, and a man named Douglas, under a 20-year sentence for a similar crime in Pottawatomie county, were recently captured in El Paso, Tex.

They fled to the Texas city after holding up C. L. Beauchamp of Ada in southern McClain county during their flight from Maud, robbing him of his automobile and leaving him bound and gagged near Rosedale.

The two were returned to McAlester penitentiary, then brought here to face a charge of armed robbery, subsequent offense, which carries a death penalty.

On the eve of their preliminary hearing on the charge, the pair tore down the door of their cell made their way into the jail run-around, locked other prisoners there in cells and fled to the messroom.

Jailer D. E. Phillips, suspecting something was amiss, went to the messroom.

Leaser stepped from behind the door, armed with a butcher knife Douglas closed in from one side brandishing a pipe wrenched from water fixtures.

Together, they forced Phillips to give up the keys to the jail, then locked him in a cell and fled.

Describe A New Test To Detect Rickets In Babies

DETROIT, Oct. 10 (AP)—A new test to detect rickets even in newborn babies was described today before the annual meeting of the American Public Health association.

The disease, due to too little vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, causes malformation of all the bones of the body and results in retardation of growth.

Dr. Don J. Barnes of Harper hospital, Detroit, told members of the association it is possible to discover the earliest cases of the disease by measuring the amount of phosphatase in the blood of children.

It is an enzyme, or organic chemical which decomposes other substances, such as bone, by making them absorb water. A small amount of it is necessary for proper body functioning but too much causes disintegration which may sometimes not show up until late in life.

The administration of vitamin D in sunshine baths or by the use of cod liver oil, tuna fish oil or vitamin D will cause a reduction in the amount of phosphatase and a corresponding increase in the absorption of the bone-building elements to correct the condition before permanent damage has been done.

To Relieve Misery of COLDS Take 666 LIQUID TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

Check COLD DISCOMFORTS
At the first sign of a cold, make up your mind to avoid as much of the sniffing, sneezing, soreness and stuffy condition of your nostrils as possible. Insert Mentholatum in each nostril. Also rub it vigorously on your chest. You'll be delighted with the way Mentholatum combats cold misery and helps restore comfort.

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THE TASTE THRILL OF MILLIONS AT TWO WORLD'S FAIRS!

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TRY THIS FOOD SENSATION OF THE NATION... THE AMAZING DONUTS THAT YALE UNIVERSITY PROVED ENERGIZABLE (ENERGY-GIVING! DIGESTIBLE!)... A TASTE THRILL FOR GROWN-UPS AND YOUNGSTERS.

CERTAINLY, you've heard about Mayflower Donuts. If you visited either the San Francisco or New York World's Fairs, you probably tasted them — and wished you could buy such donuts from your own grocer.

Well, now you can!

Just imagine donuts made from the finest flour, pure eggs and milk... donuts you can let the youngsters enjoy to their heart's content... donuts so tempting and delicious you'll be munching

Best of all, Mayflower Donuts are energizable (energy-giving and digestible). Yale University proved it. Even young tummies can enjoy them dozens. Serve them plenty — and often.

MEAD'S DONUTS

"More energizable"

Made by the bakers of MEAD'S fine BREAD

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| No. 1 White Potatoes 10 lb. ... 9c | Lemons DOZEN 15c | Oranges DOZEN 15c | Bananas DOZEN 15c | Seedless Grapes 5c | Large Grapefruit 3c | Fresh Tomatoes 4c | Fresh Krip Lettuce 4c | Shortening 4 lb. Ctn. ... 35c | New Crop Yams 10c | Sugar 10 lb. Bag 49c | Meal 5 lb. Bag 12c | |
| Crackers 2 lb. Box 15c | Matches 2 Boxes 5c | Pinto Beans 3 lb. Celo Bag 10c | Fresh Made Veal 28c | Choice Fed Beef Roast 16c | Lean Boneless Stew Meat 15c | Choice Loin Steak 25c | Fresh Water Cat Fish 25c | Fresh Dressed Fryers 39c | Dressed Fat Hens 59c | Choice Lamb Chops 23c | Extra Lean Sli. Bacon 21c | Lean Fresh Side Bacon 12c |
| NATIONAL 3-MINUTE OATS HIGH IN THIAMIN (VITAMIN B1) Per Package 9c | Bestyett Salad Dressing Pints 15c Qts. 25c | Sweet Cream Butter lb. 25c | Fresh Whipping Cream 3/4 pt. 10c | Spiced Buttermilk Qt. 8c | Admiration Coffee lb. Can 25c | Light Flour 45c | | | | | | |

SHE TRADED FROWNS FOR KISSES!

Excite... and Hold His Admiration—AVOID Hectic Breakfast Scenes—Serve Admiration Coffee!

"And his frowns turned to kisses." Fantastic? Not at all! Admiration is easy to have... when you're careful to satisfy that man of yours... when you're wise enough to let delicious Admiration Coffee guard the intimacy of your breakfast time together! Frowns—or kisses... the choice is yours!

So don't you risk it—ever. Don't be known as a poor coffee maker... don't expect just any coffee to satisfy any more than you would expect just any size shoe to fit. Avoid dissatisfaction... avoid hectic breakfast scenes—serve Admiration Coffee! It's foolproof. Remember... more Southwestern housewives use Admiration than any other coffee. Admiration is so dependable!

GUARDS YOUR BUDGET—Because Admiration is prepared from only the world's finest, rich and full-bodied coffees, it goes much further than many ordinary coffees. A valuable protection for your budget.

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WILL GIVE \$3000.00 IN CASH FREE

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RULES:

- Using a plain sheet of paper, tell us in about twenty-five words why you prefer Admiration Coffee.
- Print plainly on official entry blank your name and address and the name and address of the dealer from whom you buy Admiration. Attach one Admiration coupon, or facsimile, and mail with your contest entry to Admiration, Department C, Box 2079, Houston, Texas. Admiration coupons are packed with every can, jar, and package of Admiration Coffee.
- Send in as many entries as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an Admiration coupon or facsimile.
- Judges will award prizes to the entries which, in their opinion, give the most appropriate reasons for preferring Admiration Coffee. The decision of the judges will be final. No contest entries will be returned and all become the property of the Duncan Coffee Company.
- Anyone may enter except employees of the Duncan Coffee Company, their advertising agency, and their families.
- Entries are eligible from any place where Admiration

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and your dealer's name and address:
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