

WE NOW KNOW

ROCK SALT IS BEING SHIPPED FROM RETSOY, N.Y. TO AFRICA BY PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS WORKING WITH THE AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND. THE SALT IS USED IN WATER-SOFTENING TO REGENERATE ZEOLITE, THE CHEMICAL WHICH TAKES MINERALS OUT OF WATER.

AN AIRPLANE BETWEEN 10,000 AND 11,000 PARTS. AS AGAINST THIS THERE ARE ABOUT 7000 PARTS IN AN ENTIRE CAR.

WITH THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE IMAGES MORE THAN 40,000 TIMES THE SIZE OF THE SUBJECT.

KEEP YOUR CAR BELOW 40 AND KEEP YOUR TIRES LONGER.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

GOOD NEWS FOR JAPS?
AMERICA CANNOT LOOK FOR A SUBSTANTIAL RUBBER PRODUCING GUAYULE CROP UNTIL AT LEAST 1946.

QUOTING ODDS
BAD NEWS FOR JAPS MORE SCRAPHORN FOR TOKYO... VIA DOOLITTLE?
IS KNOWN AS DOOLITTLE GAA, THREE LEAVED IVY, MERCURY, BLACK MERCURY, MARKWEED AND BIKRY.

POISON IVY
A CATS MUSTACHE IS ITS WHISKERS? ... E. J. CANTONWINE, Hills, Oregon.

Mozart Festival Cancelled

ASHEVILLE, N. C. (U P)—Although not yet made officially, it was learned here that directors of the annual Mozart Festival in Asheville, usually held in the last week in August, will shortly announce the cancellation of this event for 1942. Cancellation will be due to the fact that many of the participants, drawn from all sections of the United States, are in the armed services.

Install Radio in Buggy

LITTLETON, N. H. (U P)—Keeping step with the times, Corlies Fitch and Arnold Fournier have swapped their automobile and mounted a radio on the buggy dashboard.

Several Changes Will Be Made In Laws On Hunting

AUSTIN, Tex. —Because the Legislature and not the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission, makes regulations governing hunting and fishing in Texas, there will be several changes in the new Game Law Digest now being prepared for publication about September 1, the Executive Secretary of the Game Department announced today.

SERIAL STORY BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

THE STORY: Christie Colton has been a badly injured young man to a hospital. She was feeling a burning resentment against the letter-writers. What terrible things people could do in the name of patriotism.

Well, she wouldn't let them do this to Jan!

She picked up the little French phone on her desk and dialed quickly. Miss Lancaster answered.

"This is Christie Colton, Miss Sarah," Christie said, coolly. "I think you are old enough to know what patriotism is—it hasn't anything to do with intolerance and petty punishment."

"Well!" Miss Lancaster exclaimed. "I don't know what the world is coming to when young people start insulting their elders. And don't you remind me of my age, Christie Colton."

"What some of you are doing is going to leave a scar on Jan as long as she lives," Christie continued. "I'm ashamed of you, Miss Sarah."

"I'm ashamed of myself," came Miss Sarah's voice. "I have been ever since I sent that note. I think you are a pretty brave girl, and I'm coming over as soon as I can get into my best dress. Anything else I can do for you?"

"You can call about a dozen people for me."

"Give me the names, but I think I know them already."

SOMEONE caught Christie by the shoulders and whirled her around. "Hey, young sprout!"

"Bart—LIEUTENANT!" Christie cried.

"Thought I'd surprise you. Like the wings?"

Christie could only nod, but her expression seemed to please Bart.

"Think you could live on a Lieutenant's salary?"

"I know I could," Christie breathed, her voice electric with happiness. "You're volunteering for domestic service, this time, Bart. It might not be so exciting."

"Even K. P. would be exciting if you were in the kitchen," he glanced about. "Gosh, what a place to propose—and be accepted. Will you meet me in the library, later, so your fiancé can kiss you properly?"

"I'll slip away at 11," Christie said, happily.

Here and there, Christie could see some of those Miss Sarah had swung into line—"flu patients," and others who had been "out of town."

Somebody broke on Christie, and she saw Bart heading for Jan. Around 11, Christie managed to ditch a dance partner and made her way to the library.

The library was quiet, but some-

one had preceded her. A stranger. As he turned, Christie saw that he was not a stranger, but the young man of the plane trip—Jan's friend, Stephen.

"Hello, there," he was smiling. "The first time I saw you things were sort of hazy."

"I remember," Christie answered. "I'm so glad you got well."

"I never did get to thank you for the buggy ride. I had a few conscious moments, and I think I asked a nurse to find you."

"She did. You thought I was Jan, didn't you?"

"Yes. You're so much alike—but very different, too. I would never make the mistake, again."

"I couldn't imagine how the nurse knew my name," Christie said. "I should have figured it out, but—"

She broke off, because the young man had taken both her hands. "Names don't matter. After Jan told me her twin sister had been my pilot, I never thought of you as 'Christie.' It was more fun to think of you as my rescuing angel."

Definitely, he was a young man who must be put in his place. Christie withdrew her hands. "An angel," she laughed. "I gave up my wings when I promised my fiancé not to fly any more."

He surveyed her soberly. "I always suspected I'd be too late for heaven. When I was a kid, I used to have a nightmare. All about St. Peter slamming the gate just as I got there."

"You're extremely—" Christie's voice broke, half in indignation and partly in amusement—"silly," she ended lamely.

Christie—Bart was standing in the doorway. Jan was with him. In a quick glance, Christie saw that Bart was amazed and none too pleased to find her here with a tall, blond stranger. As for Jan... she thought Jan looked tired. All the glow had gone.

"She saved my life," Stephen said to Bart. He smiled at Christie. "This is the first time I've seen her since."

"I remember about it," Bart spoke casually. "Christie happened to be the only person at the airport who could pilot a plane."

"That's about the story," Stephen Marsten's voice matched Bart's in coolness. "Funny thing, when I looked up at her, I thought she was Jan."

"Oh, Christie always manages to get there first," Jan said.

Christie flashed a quick look at her sister. Jan's voice and sound was queer, different. And for a fleeting moment, her eyes had looked hard and cynical.

(To Be Continued)

HART FOR SHERIFF

Just to thank my friends for their splendid work and interest in my race for Sheriff.

I am asking that we continue to wage a clean fight, and especially demand that any circular put out in my behalf be signed by myself or some responsible person—and on "Clean, white paper."

"Clean in politics and Clean in office," is a good slogan.

JOHN HART

TRY A WANT AD - IT ALWAYS PAYS!

WE, THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS

OVERWHELMINGLY ENDORSE AND WILL VOTE FOR

ALLEY OPP

I'M GETTING NERVOUS AS HECK, I AM... SLEMPIN TELLS ME WE'RE IN A JAM!

GREETINGS, GENTLE-MEAL... MICHIEY GLAD TO SEE YOU... COME UP AND MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE INTEND TO DO GIRL WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THIS ISLAND?

WE'RE AMERICANS... WE'VE ONLY BEEN HERE FOR A SHORT TIME, AFTER DAYS ON A RAFT. WE WERE RESCUED BY THE NATIVES.

IS THERE ANY EVIDENCE TO SUBSTANTIATE THIS CHAP'S CLAIMS?

WELL, SIR LIEUTENANT, WE FOUND A RAFT DOWN THE BEACH A WHILE AGO.

JAPANESE RAFT!

RED RYDER

THANKS TO THE DINNER RYDER! ... I'LL BE BACK TO OUR SHINY CAMP NOW!

GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU! I'LL DROP OVER TO THE JAIL AND SEE BIGBOY BEFORE PULLIN' OUT FOR MAVERICK!

I'AIN'T GOT NOthin' TO SAY TO YOU, RYDER!

NOR TO YOU!

HSST... HEY, RED!

PATCHY! GREAT GUNS! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

THEY CLAIM I'M CRAZY! I GOTTA STORY TO TELL, RED, BUT NOBODY'LL LISTEN!

HARMAN

OH, LARDIE—THIS IS SO SURE... IS IT—IS IT A M-MARRIAGE LICENSE?

A MARRIAGE LICENSE?—HECK, NO! THIS IS A WAR SAVINGS BOND I BOUGHT WITH THE MONEY I SAVED THIS SUMMER!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING AND THERE'S NOT A SOUL AROUND HERE BUT US!

IT'S BURNING RIGHT THERE!

SOMEONE CARELESSLY TOSSED IT AWAY!

NOT SO CARELESSLY! LOOK!

THERE'S A MATCH FASTENED TO IT, AND WHEN THE CIGARET FLAME REACHED THE MATCH, THERE'D BE A FIRE!

IF THESE WOODS CAUGHT FIRE, IT WOULD SWEEP THE MOUNTAINS! THINK ITS SABOTAGE?

IT SURE IS A REASONABLE FACSIMILE!

HAMLIN

OH, LARDIE—THIS IS SO SURE... IS IT—IS IT A M-MARRIAGE LICENSE?

A MARRIAGE LICENSE?—HECK, NO! THIS IS A WAR SAVINGS BOND I BOUGHT WITH THE MONEY I SAVED THIS SUMMER!

TOO MANY KEYS FORGOTTEN

CLEVELAND, (U P)—From now on Clevelanders who lock themselves out of their homes won't find patient fireman with hook and ladder rigs to let them in. Fire Chief Jems E. Granger said it has been happening too often, so "lock-out" nuisance are "out". However, the department will continue to rescue children who lock themselves in the bath room.

PIERCE BROOKS

FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER (UNEXPIRED TERM)

PIERCE BROOKS, The Businessman Candidate, polled a plurality of more than 64,000 votes over his nearest opponent in the July Primary. In the previous primary he polled 420,000 votes. Texans unanimously acclaim Pierce Brooks as the man qualified and entitled to serve as Railroad Commissioner.

Hear Brooks' address Monday Night at 8:30 p. m. over Radio Station WBAP... and Texas Quality Network (820 KCS.)

VOTE FOR

PIERCE BROOKS

FOR Railroad Commissioner (UNEXPIRED TERM)

