

THE PAMPA NEWS

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Y' Pays Fer d' Perfection, See? An ugly, black-visaged, insinuating chap leans across the counter of the little store.

Up From The Depths A war always produces its share of those stories which are stranger than fiction.

Power For Defense "When there is a big job to be done, it is logical and sensible to assign it to hands that are willing, ready, able, and experienced," writes S. B. Williams, editor, Electrical World.

Behind The News The Pampa News Washington Correspondent WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—Interior Secretary Ickes, to whom no set-up is ever quite perfect, is making another stab at getting the Forest Service away from the Department of Agriculture.

Common Ground By R. C. HOILES

This column contends there can be no satisfactory program until we measure the abilities of each man by the common yardstick of the God-given equal right to create and enjoy anything anyone else has a right to create and enjoy.

THE PRESIDENT'S ATTITUDE TOWARD WAR The president made some statements in his Sunday night address that seem to me to be entirely contradictory. In the first place, he said that there can be no peace made with the Axis powers.

Up From The Depths A war always produces its share of those stories which are stranger than fiction. But surely no stranger, more weird story has come out of the war than that of the submarine Thetis, resurrected from a watery grave.

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'BANSHEES, PERHAPS'



Around Hollywood

By PAUL HARRISON NEA Service Staff Correspondent HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 7.—Nothing is more fleeting than a mood in Hollywood, where this morning's avowal of young love is this afternoon's bitter battle in divorce courts.

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People You Know

By Archer Fullingim Open letter to Mrs. Kate Heiskell, her son, Grover Lee, and Ed Tarr-l, forwards on the Harvesters basketball team: This column being a listener on the all-request hour over KPBN heard your dedication to this one to "Take Me Back To Oklahoma Fer To Stay," and this writer was well aware of the implications of that dedication.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM LATEST BOOKS

TWO BOOKS BRING BACK AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIER Maybe you'd like to sit down some evening to a bit of American history without embroidery. If you would, there are two new books which should be just your meat.

TEX'S TOPICS

By Tex DeWeese ASCAP would like to have radio listeners believe that the radio stations are boycotting and will not use ASCAP music on the air.

COME AND GET IT

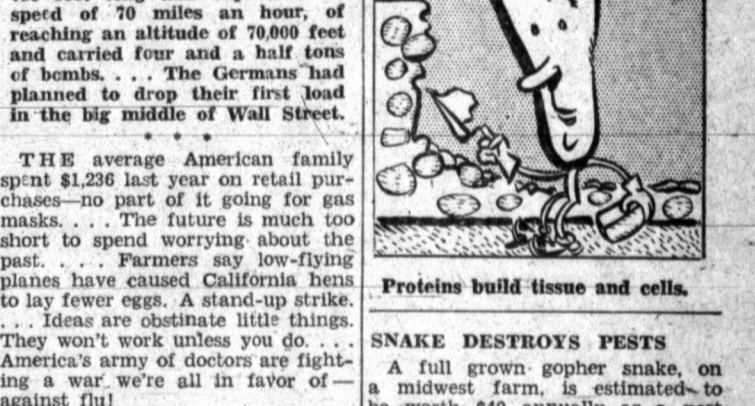
What to Eat in Winter—and Why (Mr. duBois, a former food chemist for the government, is a nationally recognized authority on diet.)

So They Say

I don't object to seeing my favorite team lose occasionally, but to see it beaten by four different teams in the same afternoon is a little too much.

IDE GLANCES

By GALBRAITH I hear she can tell him off more picturesquely than he yells at us.



Cranium Crackers

From prehistoric times, wild mammals have furnished meat to man. Mallards, in domestication, are important in the food supply of China, and other populous countries.

Proteins build tissue and cells.

Protein requirements of a sedentary person will be supplied amply by this plan. In case of heavy work, these amounts may be doubled with safety.

Snake Destroys Pests

A full grown gopher snake, on a midwest farm, is estimated to be worth \$40 annually as a pest destroyer.

Trains Stopped by Insects

Train locomotives sometimes run over armies of caterpillars crossing the tracks. The crushed bodies of the caterpillars make the rails so greasy that traction is lost and the train brought to a stop.

Clay Pies

British authorities once attempted to persuade the people to substitute clay for pastry in the bottom crust of pies, because of the wheat scarcity between 1793 and 1814.

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SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: Martha Marshall had been engaged to Paul Elliott for two years before she met Bill Marshall, Paul's school chum. And she had married Bill less than a month later. Now, still a bride, she and Bill make a handsome couple. Come registration for draft, Bill is in Class I, since Martha is a housewife and her work is not essential to defense. When one day, there is a letter for Bill. He has been drafted.

CHAPTER II

SHE seemed to hear him saying it again. "I've been drafted." And the room was still swimming around her. "Honey, Bill pleaded. "Darling, don't look like that. It's nothing. If I have to go, I have to go." Martha steadied herself. Her husband's face suddenly lost focus. She saw his crisp dark curls, the tightened line of his lips. Her fingers went up, to pat his cheek. So he had been conscripted, after all. There was nothing they could do to change it. He would go away. For a whole year. His country needed him. The United States of America. "Lots of men enlist," Bill was saying softly. "Lots of men join the army for a career." His arms were around her. He kissed her. "I'll only be like—like having a job out of town, Martha. You could come up to camp week-ends. I'll be home on leave sometimes."

"Why, Bill, you talk as if you're used to it already." He was accepting it. He was not rebellious. Something stabbed at her heart as she realized that almost this might be an adventure for her. A change. Something different. Perhaps, he even welcomed it. Bill was like that. He had curiosity and a boundless thirst for excitement. Marriage had not settled him. "THEY waddled out into the street. Peg, so rusty and dispirited, so contrary, was suddenly doing "it's a good thing we have Peg," she said. "I can drive up to see you." "Yes, if the camp's not over 10 miles away. I wonder—where do they send the men from this vicinity?" He added thoughtfully, "Funny, how you never see the army a thought, I bet I can't name two forts, off hand. And what I remember from ROTC drill in high school, you could stick in the eye of a needle."

Separation. She looked at him hungrily. She must remember the line of his jaw, the blue of his eyes, the way his hands were big and capable on the wheel. She bit her lip. They had never been separated, not even for a night, since the night she had said the solemn words over them. And now, they'd be apart for a year. A whole year. It stretched before her, barren and endless. "In case I never told you, I love you, Martha." "In case I never told you," she whispered, "I love you, Bill Marshall."

AT the Air Transport plant, Martha said, "I'll ask for time off. I want to stay with you every minute, until you leave." She stumbled as she got out of her car. The blood pounded in her ears. It seemed to her almost as though she was saying farewell to the gay and careless life they had known until now. Saying farewell to the laughter and dancing and the irresponsibility. The country had given her husband a stern duty to perform; and she, as his wife, had her part in it, too. She'd have to stay home, alone and waiting. She'd have to come to this office every morning. Not as before, simply because it made things easier—but because

Suddenly she was clinging to him. "Bill! Oh, Bill, darling." "Don't cry, honey. I'll be thinking of you every minute." He shook hands with Paul. "Take care of her, boy. I'm depending on you."

now there'd be her own living to make. Duty, it was a big word. Strangely, an unfamiliar word. Martha Marshall thought, as she walked into the sunny office where she typed specifications for airplanes, that perhaps their generation—hers and Bill's—had heard all too little of duty until now. It had never been a stern taskmaster to be reckoned with. No one had preached its necessities, it had had no part in their lives. Paul Elliott raked his strong fingers through his hair when she told him Bill had been called. "Nice mess! I thought they'd use some discretion. First crack out of the fishbowl, they hook a married man." He held her to go right home. "I'll fix everything."

IT all happened so swiftly. She could hardly believe it when she woke one morning to the sound of Bill's shower running, the sun streaming in the windows, and the voice in her brain saying, "This is the last day. He goes tonight. Tonight!" At breakfast, he said, "I'm actually liking the idea. I was getting fed up at the store. Felt like a mule on a treadmill. Same old customers, buying the same old junk. Asking them, got a job, how much you make, how much can you pay a week?" "I didn't know you weren't happy." "Sure I was happy." He was almost impatient. "But things get monotonous after a while." They'd gotten monotonous in New York. That's why he came here, she remembered. Paul rang their doorbell half an hour before train time. "I should have brought flowers," he said. "But I got this." It was a compact kit, leather, with comb and mirror and razor and chromom and toothpaste, shaving cream. "Say, that's swell!" Bill grinned. "A pint would have been useful, too." The three of them piled into the front seat of the old car. Bill slung his suitcase in the back. A dejected butch, leaping in behind them, sniffed unhappily and asked in low growls what was wrong. "Look," Paul said, as they

turned into the station drive. "The parking lot's jammed." Laughing girls, and girls who weren't laughing, and men carrying suitcases, and older women clutching handkerchiefs, were getting out of the other cars. "I'm not the only one who's being left behind," Martha said. It was cold comfort. Inside, the station was crowded and noisy. As they pushed their way toward the gate, Paul said, "Reminds me of a scene from a newsreel. Kissing the boys goodbye." Martha's eyes stung, her lips quivered. But she had promised herself she would send Bill away with a smile. "You'll write to me, Bill? Every day?" Bill set his suitcase down. "Well, this is it, honey." His arms reached for her, and suddenly she was clinging to him. "Bill! Oh, Bill, darling." "Don't cry, honey. I'll be thinking of you every minute." He shook hands with Paul. "Take care of her, boy," he said gruffly. "I'm depending on you."

MARtha stood there, a girl of stone, as Bill mounted the little steps into the train. His face appeared at a window, over someone else's face. She picked up the corners of her lips and smiled. She waved to him. A voice cried, "All aboard! All aboard!" There was the rising snort of the engine, the deepening rumble of wheels. The train began to move. Martha waved frantically. Suddenly she was running, trying to keep up. "Bill! Bill!" Paul said, "Martha, don't." She scarcely heard him. She was running along beside the train, her eyes on Bill's face. "Goodbye, darling, Goodbye." But she wanted another moment of seeing him. She ran as if, somehow, she could keep up. As if, somehow, she could prevent being left behind. But inexorably the train moved faster. Martha's face was drawing away. Then it was gone. Her arm dropped to her side. "He's gone. I'm alone." Paul was running toward her. All at once, she was laughing. "Paul," she cried hysterically. "Paul, I'm a conscript's wife now." (To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with MAJOR HOOPLI



OUR BOARDING HOUSE with MAJOR HOOPLI



RED RYDER And Hurry Up



And Hurry Up



ALLEY OOP So That's How It's Done, Eh?



So That's How It's Done, Eh?



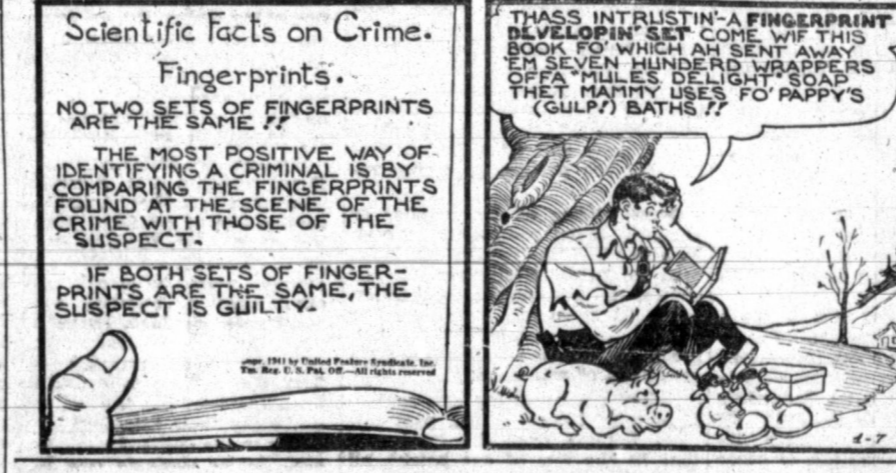
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Chance Of A Lifetime



Chance Of A Lifetime



L'L' ABNER Fools Rush In !!



Fools Rush In !!



WASH TUBS What Next?



What Next?



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES Home, Sweet Home



Home, Sweet Home



Canadian School Founded In 1838

CANADIAN, Jan. 7.—The Canadian High school was elected to membership for 1941 at a recent annual meeting in Memphis, Tenn., of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. This nomination was carried in a commendatory letter from J. W. O'Banion, chairman of the state executive committee of the state department of education, Austin, to Superintendent John Mead Carpenter. The present schools of Canadian are the outgrowth of the one held in two rooms in 1838, with 19 pupils, the teacher, Miss Mary Bratford, recently arrived from New York state. A room was added, as need required. As the number of pupils increased, space in the old frame courthouse, then on the east corner of the court house block, was made for several grades. A four-room cement block building on East Main street was ready for opening of school September, 1897. Isaac's First Teacher The brick high school building was erected on Kingman street in 1911; the grade school later named for Judge B. M. Baker erected in 1925; and the junior high school, named for Canadian's first school teacher, M. B. Isaac, occupying the center of a block on East Main, was dedicated in October, 1930. Ferman N. Sawyer came to Canadian schools as superintendent in 1929 and it was largely through his efforts that the local high school became a member of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in 1930, a place which it still holds. An agricultural building near the

Patrolman's 'Meow' Breaks Up Gambling

BOSTON, Jan. 7. (AP)—Patrolman Michael Griffin's ability to "meow" like a kitten brought about the arrest of 10 men on gambling charges. While fellow officers stationed themselves around a building, Griffin "meowed" plaintively at the rear door. A kind hearted gambler opened the door to let the "cat" in out of the cold. The police broke in and broke up a card game.

FUNNY BUSINESS



"Quick! Order some cold remedies!"

