

THE STRATFORD STAR

Volume 40.

Stratford, Sherman County, Texas, Thursday, November 21, 1940.

Number 7.

Rain, Sleet And Snow Isolates Panhandle

ITIO Signs Gas Consolidation With 14 Land Owners

Fourteen gas consolidation agreements signed with the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company by land owners were recorded in county records this week. The agreement allows the oil company to fulfill its drilling agreement by completing one well on each section of land.

Those signing were Adolph Hitz and wife, section 451, Blk. 1-T; D. L. Buckles and wife, the east 1-2 of 452, 417, Blk. 1-T; J. W. Stewart and wife, et al, section 383, Blk. 1-T; Orvella Vickery, et al, the northeast 1-4 of section 371 Blk. 1-T; T. F. Baskin, Jr., and wife, section 450, Blk. 1-T; W. A. Sloan and wife, the east 1-2 of section 418, Blk. 1-T; D. L. Buckles and wife, the north 1-2 of section 440, 1-T; R. C. Buckles and wife, the west 1-2 of section 370, 1-T; T. F. Baskin, Jr., and wife, section 443, 1-T; Sam E. Wohlford and wife, northeast 1-4 of section 315 1-T; J. G. Clark and wife, south 1-2 of 371, 1-T; Mrs. Clara Schilb and husband, and Mrs. Annie Baer and husband, west 1-2 of section 315, 1-T.

Two Royalty Conveyances

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Bradley sold Walter Powell 3-32 interest in the mineral rights on the south 1-2 of 375, and 1-32 interest in the mineral rights on the north 1-2 of 375, Blk. 1-T.

Stratford Star Turns Primitive for Publication

The Star turned to primitive methods for publication this week as modern electric equipment was useless. Readers and contributors should feel badly if certain news stories fail to appear. It was not the intention of the paper to slight any one, it just ran out of old fashion hand-set type.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to our many friends for their kind deeds and words of sympathy during our recent bereavement and for the beautiful floral offering.

Children of Mrs.
D. D. Spurlock

BAPTIST CHURCH

(J. H. Dean, Pastor)
Sunday School 10:00 A. M.
Morning Worship 11:00 A. M.
Subject: "Christmas For Christ."
Training Union 6:00 P. M.
Evening Worship 7:00 P. M. Subject: Christ Is Supreme.
Please notice the change of time for the evening services.

CURRENT PROGRAM AT THE ROXY

Will resume program when high lines are completed to furnish electricity.

Care for Damaged Trees

(By E. Goule)
The first question we must answer when we start work on the tree is what trees are worth treating? No one can decide better than the owner whether a tree is worth the expenses of trying to save it because the value of an ornamental or shade tree depends on its use as valued by the owner. Those trees badly damaged by the freeze which we desire to save, should be pruned severely immediately. Some equipment that we would probably need to handle this job would be a good-sized saw with teeth so set as to make a wide cut and a good pruning knife. The small branches that are to be cut should be removed with a sharp knife, cutting upward making a smooth cut close to the main branch.

A large limb can be moved by a single saw, cut from the upper side without injury by splitting. In case it is necessary to cut a limb from the upper side, in order to complete the work more rapidly, a bace should be set under the limb so when it falls, it will split the edge of the branch rather than down in the trunk of the main tree. Sometimes the splitting of a tree might be avoided by first sawing upon underside of the limb until the limb falls. If this method is used, the limb should be sawed off six inches or a foot from the trunk of the tree and

then the stub removed by sawing close to the trunk of the tree. Probably about the best thing we can do at this time with our trees is to cut off the main branches that are damaged just below where they are broken and leave until spring in order to see where the strong buds will appear.

In the spring, the end of the stub may then be removed with a slanting cut starting just above the bud running back and across at a 45-degree angle. The developing bud or shoot must be at the peak of the slanting cut. All scars and cuts should be treated immediately with some kind of disinfectant. A number of disinfectants have been used satisfactorily such as shellac, a mixture of 4 parts asphaltum and one part of paraffin applied warm, or a mixture of creosote and coal tar using about 1-4 or 1-3 creosote, applied warm. The treatment should be applied immediately after a cut is made in order to protect the wound from injury of the cambium layer or infection.

Care should be taken that waterproof or airproof covering is not applied to the surface of uninjured bark adjoining the wound or injury may result.

Farmers bulletin Number 1726, available at the County Agents office, has much practical information on the treatment of trees.

Approximately 3 Inces Of Moisture Falls Over Territory

Rain, sleet and snow falling over the Panhandle since last Tuesday shut off electricity and communication lines Saturday evening in Stratford. High-lines were repaired and gave service until 11:30 A. M. Sunday. Shortage of poles will probably hinder completion of electric service before Saturday or Sunday, Chester Guthrie announced Tuesday. Forty 65 foot poles on the highline feeding Stratford in the city limits of Dalhart are down. Some of the cross-arms on the poles crashed through house tops.

Local damage has been mostly confined to trees damaged by heavy ice, telephone lines, a few electric wires, and merchandise carried by local merchants requiring electric refrigeration.

Moisture was reported heavier in the south and east part of the county where as much as 1 1/2 inches of moisture fell during the early part of the wet season which broke a short dry period and improves chances for good wheat crops in 1941. In Stratford the moisture was officially gauged at 2.87 inches. Sleet and ice gathering on trees and wires was the heaviest to be recalled by residents, the ground did not freeze and very little wind was experienced.

Stratford Schools were forced to close as the steam heating system requires electric pumps.

Demonstration Club Tour Postponed

Sherman County Home Demonstration Club ladies have indefinitely postponed their achievement day tour planned for November 29, due to the condition of country roads.

Russel in Plane Factory

Russell Boney reported for work last Monday in the sheet metal division of the Beechcraft airplane factory at Wichita, Kansas.

West Texas Utilities Assures Water Supply

Stratford will have an adequate water supply to last until water can be pumped. It was shut off for a short time Wednesday morning to allow West Texas Utilities employees to tie-on the water mains directly with surface tanks. Electric pumps have been still since Sunday.

MISS MARGARET RITCHIE SELECTED FOR PART IN COLLEGE PLAY

CANYON, Nov. 27. —Margaret Ritchie of Stratford, a freshman at West Texas State College, has been selected to take a part in a one-act play entitled "Three's A Crowd." Miss Ritchie is a member of the Dramatics club which is presenting the play. Professor James Butler of the speech department is sponsor of the organization. The club will soon begin their study of character make-up.

LEGION MEETING AT HAPPY

The Happy Post of the American Legion will be host to the 18th District Convention of the American Legion and Auxiliary at Happy-Tuesday, December 3. Chicken dinner will be served at 7:30 P. M. by the Happy Post. A short program of piano and ban numbers will follow the dinner before the district business meeting will be opened by Judge Nelson of Amarillo. W. L. Cotton of Dalhart, District Community Service chairman will have a short program on community service.

Mrs. Lavake's Brother Dies

Mrs. Ed Lavake received a message last week that her brother, Jim Breur, 71, passed away at Lakota, Iowa, following six months of ill health.

Christian Church

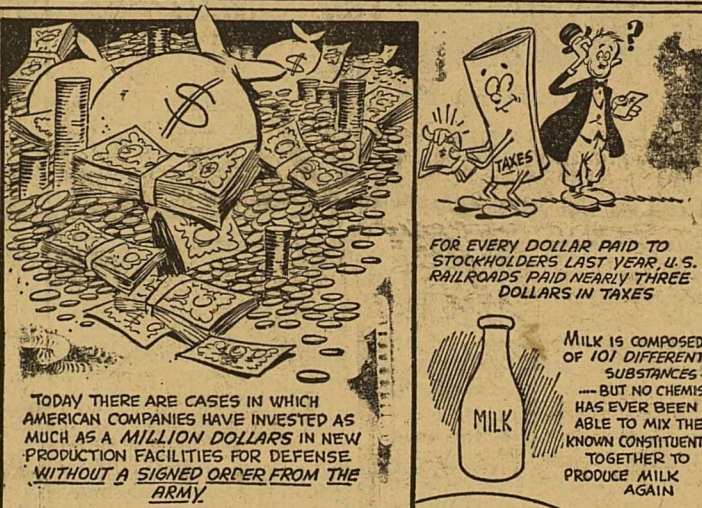
(L. B. Chaffin, Minister)
Bible School 10:06 A. M., J. R. Pendleton Superintendent
Morning Worship 11:00 A. M.
Junior Endeavor 6:00 P. M., Mrs. C. R. Bomer, Sponsor
Intermediate Endeavor 6:00 P. M.
Mrs. S. J. Calvird Sponsor.
Senior Endeavor 6:15 P. M., R. C. Buckles, Sponsor.
Evening Worship 7:00 P. M.
Choir Practice Wednesday 7:00 P. M., Mrs. Frank Judd, Leader
Booster Choir Thursday 4:00 P. M. at parsonage.

CALIFORNIA MAN WRECKS

CAR ON BRIDGE

A California tourist wrecked his car on U. S. 54 south of Stratford Saturday night when he lost control of the car on the ice covered pavement and side-swiped the concrete railing with the right side of the car.

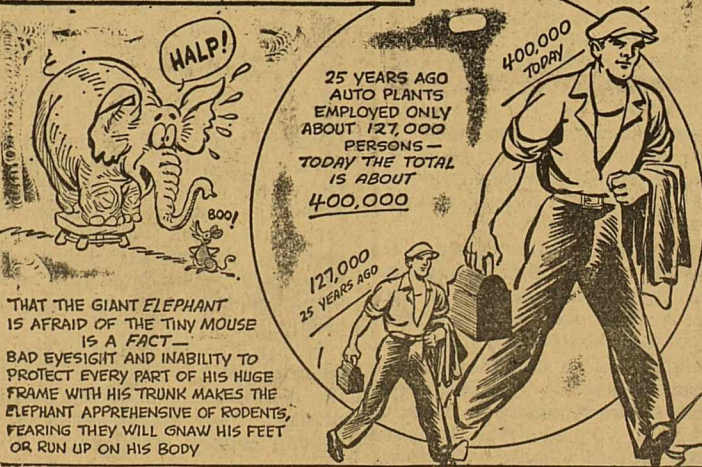
THE POCKETBOOK OF KNOWLEDGE BY TOPPS



TODAY THERE ARE CASES IN WHICH AMERICAN COMPANIES HAVE INVESTED AS MUCH AS A MILLION DOLLARS IN NEW PRODUCTION FACILITIES FOR DEFENSE WITHOUT A SIGNED ORDER FROM THE ARMY.

FOR EVERY DOLLAR PAID TO STOCKHOLDERS LAST YEAR U.S. RAILROADS PAID NEARLY THREE DOLLARS IN TAXES

MILK IS COMPOSED OF 101 DIFFERENT SUBSTANCES—BUT NO CHEMIST HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO MIX THE KNOWN CONSTITUENTS TOGETHER TO PRODUCE MILK AGAIN



25 YEARS AGO AUTO PLANTS EMPLOYED ONLY ABOUT 127,000 PERSONS—TODAY THE TOTAL IS ABOUT 4,000,000

127,000 25 YEARS AGO

4,000,000 TODAY

WHAT THE GIANT ELEPHANT IS AFRAID OF THE TINY MOUSE IS A FACT—BAD EYESIGHT AND INABILITY TO PROTECT EVERY PART OF HIS HUGE FRAME WITH HIS TRUNK MAKES THE ELEPHANT APPREHENSIVE OF RODENTS, FEARING THEY WILL GNAW HIS FEET OR RUN UP ON HIS BODY



The FASHION FROCK Of The Week

THE HOOD IS GOOD

As Worn in Hollywood by Wendy Barrie

Charming Featured Player of the Films

Straight from the World's fashion centers, hooded dresses have blazed a style trail from New York to Hollywood, from the Gulf to the border. This week's feature is a popular adaptation in a very handsome plaid with a detachable hood that makes the dress doubly practical. It buttons on in the back under a simple little collar. It can be worn hanging in a cowl collar effect at the back. Notice the other big fashion note—the novel treatment of the dress pockets. They are doubled over, forming a flap nearly as large as the pocket itself. Little bone and metal buttons trim the frock from collar to waist. The skirt is a bias and swings gracefully—very smart when walking. Miss Barrie has hers in a cocky green plaid. It also is fetching in Vineyard Red.

As worn by Wendy Barrie

MAIL ROUTES

CONTINUED IN MUD

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hankey and Dae Blazier have continued their

service over rural routes although they have experienced being stuck in the mud several times.

CARMEN OF THE RANCHO

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN © Frank H. Spearman WNU Service

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

But only when their fears had grown groundless, when it became evident that not a living soul was within sight or hearing, did Bowie and Carmen realize that a fountain of water close to the plaza was gushing with a roar into the air and running like a river over the potrero.

They looked at the church but did not recognize it. It dawned on them that the tower was gone. They hurried to the house. Their knocking brought no response. They turned to the door of the church; it was still barred. With the earth shuddering every few moments under their feet, they shouted together, called the names of the two padres and their own names. Slowly and cautiously the church door was unbarred. Padre Martinez opened to them. Every soul—men, women and children—of those at the mission were on their knees, sending supplications up to heaven for help. Carmen, breaking into tears, joined them.

CHAPTER XVIII

It was days before Santa Clara Valley recovered from the shock of its mighty earthquake. Gradually news from the neighboring ranchos reached Rancho Guadalupe, and the excitement died when it was learned there had been no human casualties.

The earthquake was past; but Bowie's most troublesome problem still confronted him—the squatters.

He resolved to act at once.

"There's nothing to be gained by temporizing—much may be lost," he said to Don Ramon energetically. "The quake has demoralized them—couldn't help but do it. Anyway, I'm going after them in the morning."

"As you think best, señor. Take care of yourself. To lose you would be to lose the whole battle for the rancho."

Carmen listened to the decision with uneasiness and anxiety, but there seemed no alternative. She, too, only begged Bowie to be careful.

Scouting about among the squatters the day before, Simmie had learned that some half dozen of them, chastened by the fright of the tremor, had decided to seek other regions for their abode. But these were the milder mannered of the invaders. The hard cases remained.

At daybreak the next morning Bowie took Pardaloe, Simmie and Pedro with him. Crossing the river, he directed his men to ask the squatters to come out for a talk. When six of them had straggled from their shacks Bowie, on his horse, explained his mission.

"I've called you together for a plain talk, boys," explained Bowie, addressing the six squatters and their following of twice as many scraggly-looking men. "You are claiming land here that doesn't belong to you. Hold on! Don't let me get to you. Wait till I get through and you can have your say. You've squatted here on a rancho without leave from the owner, without asking leave."

"You are killing the rancho cattle about as you please. You claim it's to feed yourselves; you claim that the owner's got more cattle than he needs and you haven't got any. But you don't say a word about his cattle that you've killed and sold in Monterey, do you? Not a word about his beef quarters and hides that you've traded for whiskey there. You don't say a word about raiding the rancho storehouse and helping yourselves to flour and grain and wine. That has happened twice."

"Now, all that's going to stop. I say nothing more about old scores; about your trying to burn the mission night before last and your demanding that the Indian women be sent out to you."

"But take notice: You're headed, one and all, to get off Guadalupe Rancho and off the mission lands in twenty-four hours or to stand your ground with rifles and shotguns. For tomorrow morning I'll be here to clean this whole mess up and it'll be done. That's my say. Now you talk."

Deaf Peterson did talk, and he talked loud and long. "We stand on our rights as bony fidey settlers and citizens of the United States of America," he shouted finally. "You can't scare us 'n' we don't surrender our homesteads for you nor for all the greasers in California. Capt'n Blood'll be here tomorrow, boss. Talk to him if you want to. 'N' if you're looking for a fight you can get one right here now where you're horsin' around."

"You've had your warning, boys," retorted Bowie evenly; and without further parley he and his companions rode away.

After supper that night there was a council at the quarters of the Guadalupe vaqueros. Bowie had assembled Pardaloe, Simmie, Pedro, Felipe and three of the hardiest of the cowboys for a conference. The plan of an attack on the squatter stronghold was discussed. The suggestion of a daylight assault was abandoned since it was almost certain to result in more casualties than would be likely in a night raid. It was no part of Bowie's plan to shoot any squatters, but the rancho

must be rid of their trespassing and their increasing depredations.

No fixed plan was arrived at that night. The men chosen were only told to look to their arms, their ammunition, their mounts, and to hunt up a few knots for torches.

Bowie understood the value of suspense to worry defenders of a post and made no move to leave the rancho until the next day had passed. It was after midnight when he called together his men and rode quietly away for the river.

Carmen had refused to go to her room until he started. She was un-nerved by the situation and the danger, and she stood with him at midnight in the patio until the last moment. Tears glistened in the moonlight as she lifted her face to the stars in prayer when he rode away.

The raiding party made a wide detour in their approach to the squatter quarter. They forded the river well above it and came slowly down through the hills on the farther end of the settlement.

The moon was high but the chaparral along the river near the Melena afforded some protection as the horsemen wound their way through it.

In the silence after the next half-hour one man, Bowie, emerging from the shadows, stepped to the ramshackle door of the nearest shack. It was built with a patch-work of boards picked up wherever found and dragged by lariat, behind a horse, to the camp site; willow poles chopped from the Melena swamp had been added, together with strips of condemned sails picked up from the water front of Monterey.

Bowie knocked with the butt of his pistol on the flimsy door. "Hello! Inside there, boys! Hello!" he called.

A second and louder summons brought a tardy and profane response. "Get up," said Bowie sharply. "I want to talk to you."

There was some moving and fumbling about inside with more profane questions.

"We're friends," said Bowie, answering a question, "provided you behave yourself. Open the door."

"Open it yourself," came the truculent challenge from within. Bowie kicked the door open and sprang to one side. At the same moment a pistol shot rang from within the shack.

"What are you shooting at?" asked Bowie casually. "Why waste your ammunition? There are twenty men out here. If you hit one you'll be shot or hanged in ten minutes. We're going to fire your shack. If you want quarter, come out now, while you've got a chance."

A tall, gaunt and dirty specimen of the American outlaw frontiersman of his day slowly emerged from the interior darkness into the clear moonlight that shone into the doorway. He was rigged in a loose ragged shirt and loose ragged trousers. He cursed and growled; swore he knew nothing of any summons, had been in Yerba Buena for three days, and ordered the midnight trespassers off his premises. Bowie made no effort to appease him. He repeated bluntly, "Get your belongings out of this shack if you don't want 'em burned up."

The squatter flew into a rage—apparently a planned one, for he ended it suddenly by pulling a pistol, hidden under his trouser band where his shirt hung loose, and firing it straight into Bowie's face.

It was not quite fast enough. Bowie knocked the barrel aside and laid the butt of his own pistol heavily across the squatter's head as the man sprang to clinch him. He slammed the squatter aside just as a second man sprang like a panther through the doorway, knife in hand. It was a knife with a long blade. Bowie, taken somewhat by surprise, confessed next day it looked a yard long. He ducked to one side, but the second squatter, a smaller and quicker man, got the knife point into Bowie's left forearm before the latter could escape it. The stab served only to enrage the Texan, and the wiry squatter took a fast beating from the pistol butt while Pardaloe and Simmie threw and bound the tall fellow.

"This buck is a wildcat," exclaimed Bowie, turning his smaller captive over to Pedro. "Look for his knife, Pedro. It's here somewhere on the ground. Felipe, fire this shack. No matter about the belongings. These fellows don't deserve any consideration. But first make sure there isn't someone drunk and asleep inside."

Felipe, with lighted pitch pine, hurried into and out of the empty cabin. The next minute it was ablaze. The two squatters were dragged away and left bound in the chaparral to work themselves free. "Move fast, boys," counseled Bowie as he galloped with his men down the river. "The whole nest will be awake after that shot."

A quarter of a mile brought them to the second cabin. It was sounded, searched, found empty, and burned. "Guess some of the boys skeddaddled," suggested Pardaloe. "How's your arm, Henry?"

"All right."

"Bleeding?"

"Not much."

"Got it tied pretty well?"

"Good enough for tonight. Come on."

"There's another shack," said Pardaloe suddenly. "Look out!"

A burst of gunfire flashed from the chaparral next the river. Slugs whistled through the air, Felipe was hit but not badly. "Charge 'em!" shouted Bowie, and he spurred at the thicket. They rode down the ambush before the three men within it could reload. Short work was made. Two of the men were stopped and bound. The third, dodging rapidly through the brush, was pursued by Simmie out of the jungle, jerked from his feet by a lariat, and finally trussed up with his companions. Their rifles were hunted up in the thicket, found and thrown into the river. Shack after shack of that group was challenged and emptied. Each squatter was allowed to save what he had. The ranch horses they had stolen were claimed by Pedro, but Bowie quickly repaired his tactical error in claiming them.

"Where can a man get to on foot in this country, Pedro? We want 'em to travel fast and far. Give 'em the horses."

At a point where the river, fed by confluents, broadened, and along the slope running up toward the hills, lay some of the choicest field acres of the Guadalupe rancho. Here Blood, as squatter chief, had fixed his own abode. With the airy assurance of a squatter he had re-

solved to take all he wanted for himself and had sworn he would defend himself.

Profiting by the absence of resistance from Don Ramon during his long illness, Blood had built upon his claim a rough attempt at a stockade. It stood on the brow of rise that overlooked the river for miles. The spot had been well chosen for defense and would prove, Bowie realized, a troublesome obstacle to the cleanup.

When they rode up in the moonlight to Blood's place Bowie gave orders to his scouts and vaqueros. "Take no chances here. This man is tough. He will shoot to kill; don't let him beat you to it. Scatter now. Work around by the Melena. Don't expose yourselves any more than you have to."

He had hardly spoken when the scream of a woman surprised everyone. A second scream followed; then a succession of moans, growing fainter.

Bowie's mind worked fast. He passed his rifle to the nearest vaquero. "Spread out and charge 'em, boys. A fight inside is our only chance," he shouted. "Scatter."

Spreading into a fan, they dashed forward. A second surprise greeted them at the stockade—a burst of gunfire. A vaquero was knocked from his saddle; a horse went down. Bowie and his two Texans galloped through the flimsy stockade to find themselves facing five fighting men.

They emptied their pistols, sprang from their saddles and rushed the squatters, who, clubbing their rifles, laid hotly about them. But they were dealing with men familiar with every trick of frontier fighting, and the knives of the quick-footed Texans turned the tide. One of the squatters went down, out. Two of them ran for the cabin, and the remaining two threw up their hands. Pricking them significantly, the Texan pushed them as unwilling shields toward the shack. A gunshot flashed from the cabin. The squatter hostages yelled to the defenders not to shoot and, leaping to the shack door, Pardaloe crashed it in and jumped aside.

There was no further fire from within. The vaqueros came up with loaded rifles, torches were lighted, and the men followed their leaders inside.

An Indian woman, strapped and gagged, lay on the floor. Pedro cut her bonds. She had been kidnapped from the mission. Two men, she told them, had bound and gagged her when she had tried to escape. Who were they? Where were they? Bowie tried to learn. He flung open the back door. The moonlight streamed in. A rifle shot rang out and tore into the lintel above his head. It was from the woods and, as Pardaloe shoved a screaming squatter into the doorway, a second shot came from the woods.

"Hold on, Ben," protested Bowie, pulling the squatter victim away.

"Do you want to murder the fellow?"

"Just want to see how many there is up there shooting," said Pardaloe amiably. And without hesitation he stepped into the doorway himself. No shot greeted him. "Jus's I thought; jus' too uv 'em there. Look here," he said, shaking the squatter savagely, "who's up in the woods?"

"Must be Deaf Peterson 'n' the captain," the squatter mumbled.

"Jus's I thought, Henry—Blood and Peterson," commented Pardaloe.

"Get to the horses," exclaimed Bowie. "We'll see how much fight there is in those fellows. Pedro, look after the woman. Burn the shack and ride after us. That timber is thin; not much chance to hide. Go!"

The run, with Pardaloe and the long-bearded Simmie at Bowie's heels, was across an open meadow that exposed the riders to rifle fire. This was held back until the three men were fair moonlight targets. But the beads were drawn on men spurting hard and heading straight at the enemy.

The squatter rifles blazed. Blood, especially, was accounted a dead shot, but the odds that night were against marksmanship from the wood. Pardaloe's horse stumbled. His knees crumpled, and Pardaloe took a cropper. Man and beast rolled violently along the ground. Simmie took a flesh wound under his right arm. Bowie, riding faster, reached the timber before the squatters could reload.

Blood and his companion made no stand. Bowie caught sight of the two dashing through the trees on horseback and gave chase to the one closest. Simmie, more enraged than seriously hurt, took after the other. It chanced that Peterson was Simmie's quarry; Bowie was chasing Blood.

The squatters rode the fresher horses; they were more familiar with the country. And their pursuers, not able at every moment to keep their eyes on the chase and dodge among the willows and laurels, found their hands full.

Bowie succeeded in chasing his man out of the timber to a stretch of open country. Both horses, despite the desperate spurting of their riders, were showing the grueling pace, but both held out till day was breaking.

In the stillness of the early dawn, with Bowie straining every effort to keep his man in sight, the chase, mile after mile, went on; only the flying rhythm of the horses' hoofs broke the silence ushering in a peaceful day. And where nature offered every possible beauty to calm the heart of man, two men thundered in deadly enmity across a field of poppies that turned the dull brown of the cropped grass for miles into a glory of golden blooms.

The Texan with straining eyes held his man against the distant horizon. No thought of relenting, no thought of mercy, restrained him. The insolence and invasion of a squatter might be forgiven. But the Texan's thoughts were set on the cold-blooded murder of an unoffending Indian. That murderer must be held and punished, and his pursuer meant he should be.

With a sharp jerk of the bit Blood wheeled suddenly to the right, away from the poppies and toward the Melena. It was a desperate move for refuge, but if the murderer could gain the swamp far enough ahead of his pursuer he could turn on Bowie and pick him off his horse from hiding.

It was a ten-mile run to the great swamp. Mile after mile fled under the drumming feet of the straining ponies. Yet Blood, even on the fresher mount, could gain but little on his grim pursuer. Every glance backward from the murderer's saddle lessened his hope of a chance to reload for a shot after gaining the swamp, for Bowie, alive to the trick, was bent on defeating it.

Sooner than seemed possible, the two men, racing on narrowing grass of the Melena border, Blood, glancing back over his shoulder, yelled a defiance and, halting on the very edge of the morass, whipped out a pistol and threw a shot at his pursuer.

It was an impossible shot, made from the saddle on a restive horse at more than fifty yards, yet the slug went home, tearing into Bowie's already pricked right forearm and shattering it between the elbow and wrist.

With an impatient curse the wounded Texan, crouching in his saddle, spurred headlong at his enemy. But Blood did not wait for the attack. Bowie knew that the squatter must have a second loaded pistol or he never would have fired so wild a shot—a shot with which he could at best only have hoped to hit the horse. But Blood did not know that Bowie had thrown away his empty pistols and now carried only a knife. The squatter wheeled and plunged into the bog, Bowie racing after him.

When Blood, hotly pursued by Bowie, dashed into the swamp a feathered scream rose from a myriad of birds in their sanctuary, rudely invaded. Slinking cats scampered madly from under the plunging hoofs of the two horses. The Melena woke in panic.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 1

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

AN EXACTING DISCIPLESHIP

LESSON TEXT—Luke 9:49-53. GOLDEN TEXT—No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.—Luke 9:62.

Weak-kneed, watered-out, and "sickly" religious philosophies and activities have no right to call themselves Christian. Following Christ is not just a sweet sentimental impulse expressed in smooth words and formal religious exercises. It is a vital, virile, sacrificial faith which leads the true follower of Christ to be willing not only to die for Him, but also to live for Him in the face of opposition, hatred, yes, "through peril, toil and pain."

Let us put away these insipid imitations of Christianity which so often masquerade under its name and face our time with a call to discipleship which demands every fine, noble, manly and womanly quality. The lesson for today reveals that following Jesus (and please remember you are not ready to live for Him until you have been born again) calls for

I. Co-operation (vv. 49, 50).

The placing of the little child in their midst (vv. 46-48) and Jesus' words concerning true greatness revealed to John that he had been wrong in condemning the one who was working for Christ but who was not of their party. The true disciple recognizes that the man who truly loves and serves Christ is to be accepted in His name. We may not like his appearance, or his language, or his methods, or his friends, but we ought to love him and co-operate with him. Let us begin to practice that as well as to say we believe it.

II. Humility (vv. 51-53).

Gross discourtesy, evidently inspired by national hatred (the Jews and Samaritans had no dealings with each other), was shown toward the Lord Himself. His reaction gives us an example of humility, for He said not a word against them. The true follower of Jesus should expect such treatment from a hostile, devil-inspired world and emulate his master by showing love and

III. Patience (vv. 54-56).

The disciples wanted to show their power and authority by bringing the fires of destruction upon the enemies of Christ. That spirit has persisted in the church, the desire to call the fires of heaven (and possibly of hell) to destroy those who hinder or oppose us. Such is not the spirit of our God and His Christ, for He is "long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

IV. Sacrifice (vv. 57, 58).

The writer dislikes to use the word "sacrifice" in connection with our life and service for Christ, for in reality we sacrifice nothing which is not more than replaced (read Matt. 19:29). But at the same time it is true that God does call upon us as Christians to hold nothing dearer than our devotion to Him.

Following Christ is more than singing glibly or carelessly, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord." The one who starts out with Him is to count the cost (Luke 14: 28-33). He must expect the same treatment as Christ (II Tim. 3:12) and be willing to take it gladly (John 15:20; I Pet. 2:21). We ought to make this plain to professed believers. Tell young people the truth and you will see that they are ready to respond to it. They are willing to give themselves sacrificially for causes of this earth—why not for Christ?

V. Devotion (vv. 59-62).

It has been said that Christ is either Lord of all or He is not Lord at all. Even the demands which love may present on behalf of our aged father must not be permitted to stand between the Lord and His disciple.

Christianity is considerate and courteous, and our Lord is not here suggesting any neglect of the duties or amenities of life. The point is rather that the Lord must have first place whatever else may call for second thought.

The blight on the life and service of most Christians is that almost anything and everything else is allowed to take first place and the Lord must be satisfied with second or third place. Sometimes one wonders if He is given any real place at all in some lives.

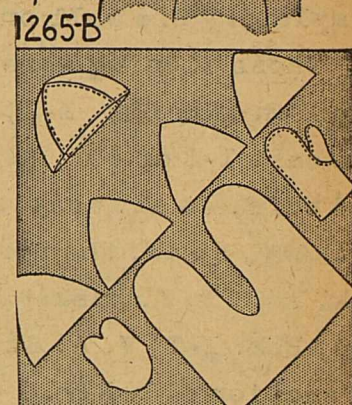
No one who puts his hand to the plough in God's Kingdom and then wants to defer following through until a more convenient season, or who wants to go back to "bid farewell" to someone who for the moment is more important than the Lord, is fit for His service. The way of joy and usefulness is the way of full and unconditional yielding to Him.

In Spite of Imperfections

He brought me forth also into a large place; he delivered me, because he delighted in me.—II Sam. 22:20.

The Main Issue Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.—Proverbs 4:23.

Accessory Set for Sports or Campus



SPORTS accessories like this are much in vogue among smart young things, not only for sports, but also for campus and runabout. Design No. 1265-B includes weskit, calot and chunky mittens, all of which you can easily make for yourself—all, of course, except the feather in the calot! The weskit is drawn in to a tiny waistline by back-fastened side belts—just like its masculine prototype; all three gay little gadgets are trimmed with stitching. Take a brief glance at the diagram, and you'll see how easy they are to make.

Choose felt, flannel or suede for the set, and make it not only for yourself, in different colors, but also to tuck away for gifts. Step-by-step sew chart with pattern.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1265-B is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Corresponding bust measurements 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 (31) requires 1 yard of 84-inch material; 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material to line. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. Room 1324 211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size Name Address

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels

with herb laxative combined with syrup pepsin to make it agreeable and easy to take

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with good old Syrup Pepsin to make your laxative more agreeable and easier to take. For years many Doctors have used pepsin compounds, as agreeable carriers to make other medicines more palatable when your "taster" feels easily upset. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna, combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully its herb Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines, to bring welcome relief from constipation. And see how its Syrup Pepsin makes Dr. Caldwell's medicine so smooth and agreeable to a touchy gutlet. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna at your druggist's today. Try one laxative that won't bring you violent distaste, even when you take it after a full meal.

Our Humility

Humility is a means of progress. When we realize how little we know we shall yearn and strive to know more; when we feel how imperfect is our character, and not till then, we shall make earnest efforts after our improvement.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS OR SALV. NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

BARGAINS

—that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants

IN THIS PAPER

Nazi Bombs Hit London Orphanage



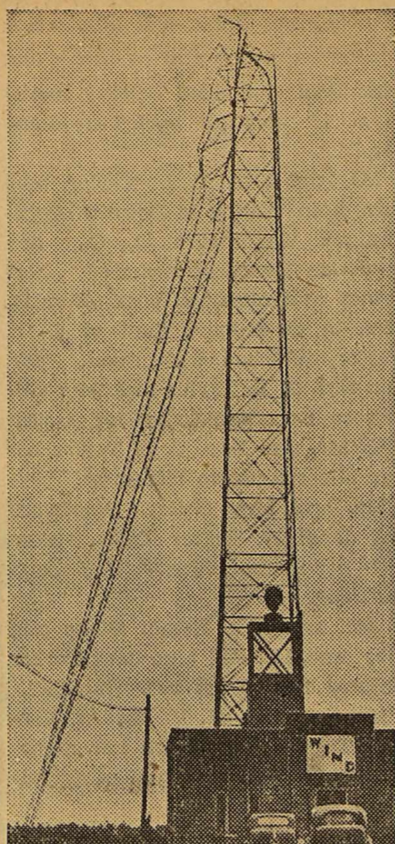
The top age is three at this London orphanage which was recently hit by a Nazi bomb. The bomb exploded only 10 feet from the babies' dormitory, and, very fortunately, there were no casualties. The children are here pictured playing in the shadow of the orphanage ruins, quite unaware of their narrow escape from death.

Argentina Asks \$50,000,000 Loan



Photo shows members of an Argentine delegation to Washington for the discussion of a \$50,000,000 loan regarded necessary to sustain the increasing flow of exports to Argentina, which are much heavier than Argentine exports to the United States. L. to R., Dr. P. Prebish (Central Bank of Argentina); D. Espil, Argentine ambassador; Sumner Welles, U. S. acting secretary of state; E. Grumbach (Central Bank of Argentina); C. Prado, of the Argentine embassy, and R. Verrier (Central Bank of Argentina).

Gone With Wind



The \$15,000 radio tower of station W-I-N-D, which was broken in half by the terrific gale which did millions of dollars of damage in the South and Midwest.

FORAGE NEEDS HEALTHY SOIL

Pastures on Poor Land Lack Nourishment.

By PROF. W. A. ALBRECHT
(Soils Department, University of Missouri.)
Sick soils will not produce healthy plants. Sick plants will not nourish healthy live stock. Mal-nourished live stock will not yield the farmer a profitable income. So what shall it profit us, then, if our frantic search for a foolproof grass to grow on abused soil is successful?
We have become conservation conscious in recent years. We have come to recognize the threat to civilization from soil erosion. In many cases we have embraced the obvious solution—protective covering to heal the scars of wind and water, to hold the remaining surface and fertility.
But suppose we do succeed in getting the sick land back to grass? Suppose we do find plants that will exist? They will hold the surface, which is desirable, but will they restore the land to useful production? Only if they are reinforced by vitally necessary nitrogen, phosphorus and potash can they assist in repairing the damage that has resulted from years of mining the soil of its fertility.
An increasing number of cases of animal malnutrition, animal irregularities and animal disease have been traced to soils that have lost their fertility. Chemical studies have been made of the soil and of vegetation it produced that ailing animals consumed. When these chemical studies are related to animal case histories, they show that the trouble lies in the absence from the soil of plant nutrients essential for the plants and required in larger amounts by the animals.
Mining our soils of their fertility is bringing us face to face with the simple fact that plant factories are not running as efficiently for feed production as they once were.
We should try to balance the plant diet for better results in the plant factory, just as we try to balance the animal ration for better output by the meat or milk factory.
Plant rations are much simpler than animal rations. Lime and phosphorus treatment to soil are usually the first requisites in the light of plant and animal needs, because calcium is about eight times as plentiful in plant ash and 40 times so in the animal body as in the soil. For phosphorus the corresponding figures are roughly 140 to 400, according to the United States department of agriculture.
Remedying the plant ration by lime and phosphorus additions mainly to the soil will relieve us of remedying the animal ration in many cases, and will be much more simple than tinkering with animal physiology, which is infinitely complex.
A simple soil treatment, like liming, can do much for the animal's sake in terms of higher content of minerals and protein in the forage part of the ration. Lime applied to lespedeza has demonstrated its effect in many places. In one case it increased the lime content almost one-fifth. It was instrumental in helping the plant to rustle enough phosphorus out of the soil to increase the concentration of this nutrient by one-fifth. It enabled the plant factory to pack more than one-fourth more protein into each pound of hay, to say nothing of the yield increase per acre in all these items.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK.—It probably isn't safe to score the runs, hits and put-outs of this war too definitely, but it looks as though the retirement of scraggly old Gen. J. B. Hertzog from South African politics could well be put down as a count for England. The former premier, a stubborn hold-out against war aid or closer alliance with Britain, relinquishes his leadership and resigns from the reunited Nationalist party.
He had formed this party early in the war, to unite dissident elements after his bitter political enemy, the durable Gen. Jan Smuts, had wrested the premiership from him on the issue of closer adherence to the British empire and its war aims. The issue was fairly close and he recruited formidable opposition. His withdrawal appears to make this particular outpost of empire much safer for the British.

He would have made a good breathy county feudist, with a quick trigger-finger and a long memory. He fought like one, in the hills and the veldt in the Boer war and of his ragged mustache and handsomely white beard an interviewer once said: "His whiskers bristled when I mentioned England."
Calling himself a "loose associationist," he has sought to make the tie with Britain looser and looser. He has been no apologist for Chancellor Hitler, but most of his views and attitudes have been those of a believer in the authoritarian state. He vigorously has opposed votes, beer and property for the blacks and has elaborated, with great intellectual facility, a scheme for a disciplined state, in which the supremacy of white culture is the keystone.
He is a Johannesburg lawyer and politician, brilliantly educated, the son of a Dutch clergyman. A stern old pietist, with the sharpest tongue in the commonwealth, he scolds the burghers for their unseemly behavior.

In the spring of 1929, the current high kicking and low thinking stirred him to an atabillous outbreak in which he said all this foolishness would be punished in a few months by the worst crash the world had ever known. He advised all hands to hide or bury anything they might have. Similar predictions have given him somewhat the role of a prophet in South Africa. "Old Jeremiah was right," they are apt to say.
With the equally tough and bellicose old General Smuts he has engaged in much bare-handed political milling for many years, although they once were allies. General Hertzog became premier in 1933 and General Smuts never ceased firing until his victory last fall.

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, the more internationally than nationally famous architect, sees the doom of the big city and the main hope for happy days in a generally de-centralized cosmos. Having heard him lecture several times, I cannot help thinking there is much wistful thinking in his prophecy.
Trapped in any big city, Mr. Wright should soon be a hospitable case. Ever since he came from the prairie town of Richland Centre, Wis., he has had a feud with the big towns. He now finds a new ally in the imminence of bombing.

One of the world's great innovators, if not rebels, in architecture, he has won far more acclaim in other countries than his own. His greatest achievement was the Imperial hotel, in Tokyo. His unique blend of aesthetics and utility, passionately expounded in a wide philosophical context has stirred controversy, but always seized attention. In person, the unrelenting foe of the city is a big-town citizen, custom-made from tip to toe, easy and assured, but not urbane, because he's too displeased with cities.

HEADING the U. S. government's new flying wedge against Nazi propaganda in Latin-American countries is the genial James W. Young, chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. Mr. Young is chairman of the newly formed committee on communications, with \$3,000,000 to spend. Mr. Young was the first experienced business man to head the above bureau. At the age of 42, he had retired with a comfortable fortune as chairman of the board of the Lane Publishing company of Chicago.

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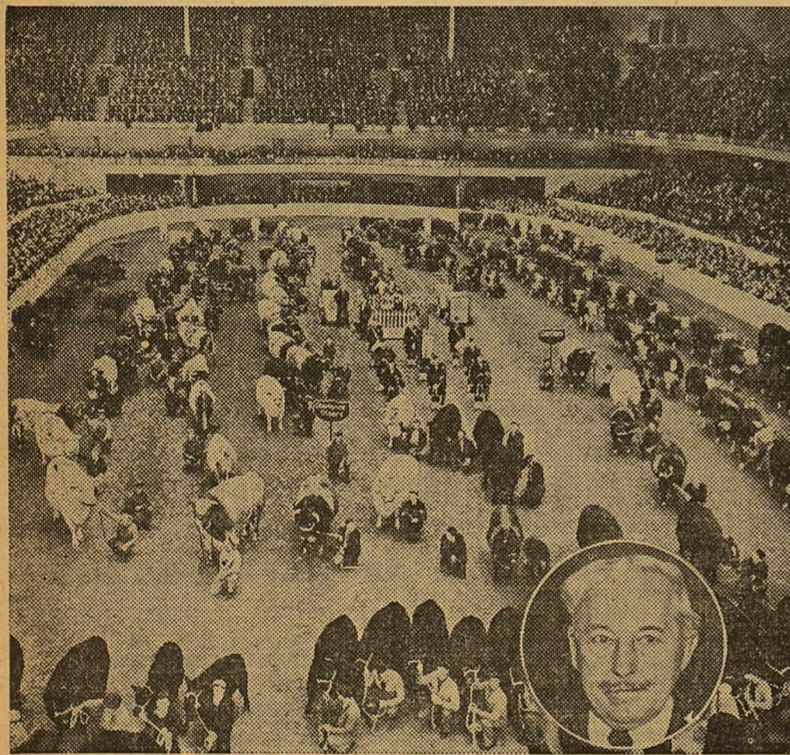


BARBARA R. COX

Under navy department plans for a 24-hour watch over defense secrets employees were photographed for identification card, as above.

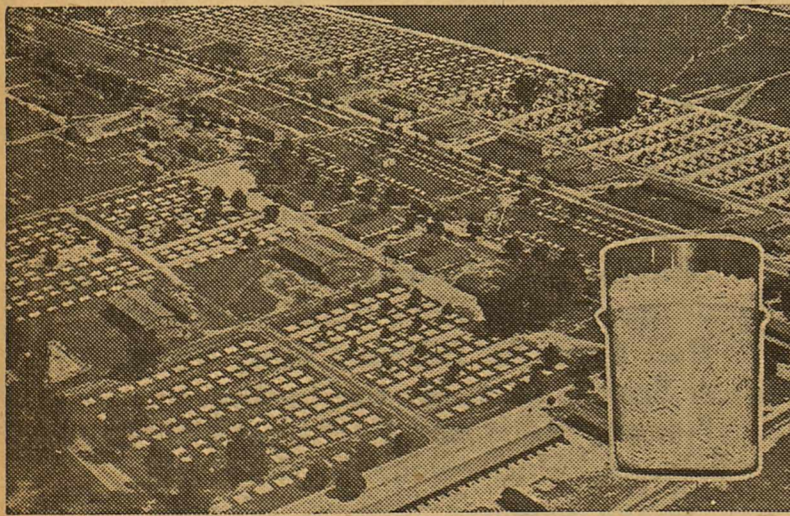
Pre-views

Live Stock Show Opens



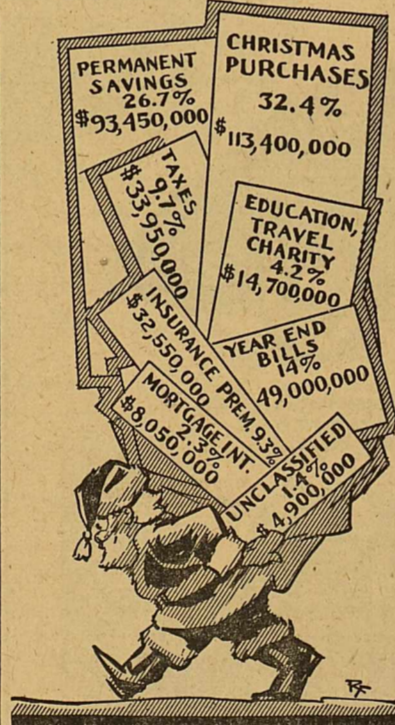
Largest agricultural show in the world, the International Live-Stock Exposition and Horse Show, will be held in Chicago from November 30 to December 7. Above is shown a scene from last year's show, which was attended by 450,000 persons. B. H. Heide (inset) is secretary-manager of the exposition.

From Fishbowl to Army Camp



A construction race rivaling those of World war days will end December 1 when the vast Fort Dix, N. J., training camp is completed. Draftees whose numbers were drawn from the fish bowl (inset) will find Fort Dix ready for them after that date. The camp will have facilities for 22,000 officers and men. Many were trained at this site during the World war.

Santa Pays Off



On December 2 the Christmas clubs of the nation will distribute probably more than \$350,000,000 among about 7,000,000 members. The 1939 average was \$48.80 per member.

New Market Found for Potatoes, Skimmed Milk

In their search for new ways to use dairy by-products, scientists of the U. S. bureau of dairy industry have devised a new food article from two surplus products, skim milk and cull potatoes.

The potato and skim-milk mixture, with a little salt added, is made into wafers, chips, sticks, or croutons, oven-dried to crispness.

These products contain no cooking fat and consequently keep indefinitely without becoming rancid. Food specialists have found the wafers, chips or sticks, desirable for use with soups and for serving with light luncheons, in much the same way crackers and potato chips are used.

Agricultural News

The number of workers in a colony of bees may vary from 10,000 to 75,000.

Skilful culling is one way for poultrymen to reduce labor and feed costs without severely reducing labor income.

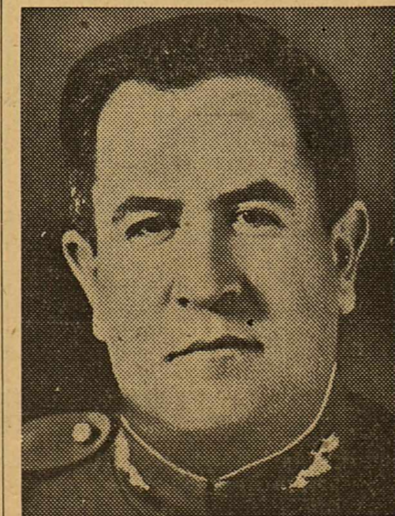
Steering a tractor over gravel roads may be made easier by taking off the skid rings on the front wheels and replacing with old auto tire casings over the wheels.

Forty per cent of the American population lives on farms and in rural towns.

The farm population of the United States totals more than 32,000,000 persons, an increase of approximately 2,000,000 since 1930, according to the latest census figures.

Dr. Ernst Berl, a Pittsburg chemistry professor, has perfected a process that will turn out high-grade gasoline from molasses in two hours at a reasonable cost.

Mexican President



Gen. Manuel Avila Camacho will be inaugurated president of Mexico Nov. 30 to succeed Lazary Cardenas. Gen. Juan Almazan, unsuccessful candidate, protests the election.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

REMEDY

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS
Pep Up —for the day and the strenuous times ahead.

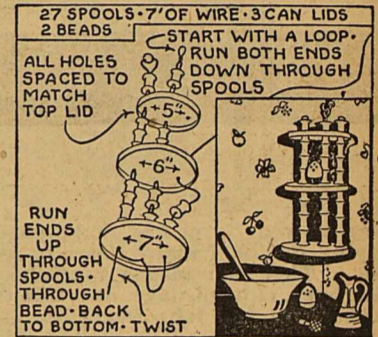
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REPAIRS To Fit Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges and all Makes and Models
Order through your DEALER
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Set of Shelves From Spools and Can Lids

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THE other day I went to a Hobby Show and there, hanging on the wall with a blue ribbon pinned on it, were the spool shelves from SEWING Book 3! Of course, I searched out the proud girl who had made them, and she told me that she had also made the end table of spools that is in Book 5. I felt most as proud as



she did. All her friends are saving spools for her and her urgent need at the moment was, "something to make for Mother for Christmas."

Here is my suggestion. An adorable set of three corner shelves made of a lid from a tin candy box, one from a cracker can and a coffee can put together with wire, spools and two beads. These shelves were painted cherry red and hung up with a brass hook to hold salt and pepper shakers, vinegar cruet, and other things for making salads. Any homemaker will think of a dozen places where this handy set of shelves could be used. All the directions are here in this sketch.

There is time to make the hanging book shelves in Book 3, or the end table in Book 5, before Christmas, if you mail your order for these booklets today. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10 New York
Bedford Hills
Enclose 20c for Books 3 and 5.
Name
Address

Relief At Last For Your Cough

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

Wasted Advice
Who gives advice to a fool, beats the air with a stick.

"Stopped Eating Things I Liked because of gas, sour stomach and heartburn. ADLERIKA relieves me. Now I eat anything I like." (J. M. Ark.) If spells of constipation upset YOU, try quick-acting ADLERIKA today.
AT YOUR DRUG STORE

Fox and Geese
When a fox preaches, beware of your geese.

WOMEN IN "40'S"

Read This Important Message!
Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS? Do you fear hot flashes, weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of attention other women get? THEN LISTEN!
These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start today and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities." One of the most effective "woman's" tonics. Try it!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Read the advertisements. They are more than a selling aid for business. They form an educational system which is making Americans the best-educated buyers in the world. The advertisements are part of an economic system which is giving Americans more for their money every day.

PERSONAL

Chester Guthrie transacted busi-

Careful GROOMING IS IMPORTANT

NOT JUST FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS BUT FOR EVERY DAY.

You will like our Modern Ideas And Fair Prices

PHONE 17

Pioneer Barber & Beauty Shop

Dorothy Cooper and Virgie Green OPERATORS

ness in Dalhart Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Grady Mullican spent the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mullican. Wade Turner, Amarillo barber school student, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Turner. E. K. Short, Bosque, New Mexico, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lowe. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Green and children, Hereford, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Kelp. Mrs. M. B. Green returned home with them. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Jackson and son, Nell, spent the week end with relatives in Lubbock. C. W. Cowdrey transacted busi-

ness in Amarillo Monday. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Etheridge and son spent the week end with relatives in Stephenville, Texas. Claude Fedric, Jim OQuin, and J. R. Marshall, NYA sheet metal students at W. T. S. C. in Canyon, returned home Monday night when and gas was shut off at the college. Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Robinson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bohrer and son, Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brewer and daughter, Oseola, Texas, and Mrs. Ellis Williams and daughter with a Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Judds baby boy is sick with pneumonia. L. M. Price was called to Oklahoma City Monday by the serious illness of his sister, Miss Leah Price. Mrs. Melvin Wall and children, Shamrock, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Guthrie Thursday night. Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie and

children returned home with them Friday and remained until Sunday. Dr. J. W. Norvell reports the birth of daughters to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Jacobs Saturday, and to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Audyddell Sunday morning. Mothers and babies are doing nicely. Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Taylor, who have been visiting in Detroit, Michigan and Washington, D. C., and points in Kentucky returned here Friday and remained until Sunday. Mrs. V. O. Gilbert, aunt of G. L. Taylor, returned with them. Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Taylor took Mrs. Gilbert to Canadian today for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Taylor before she returns to Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Grant Woodward and daughter, Beaver, Okla., visited with her mother, Mrs. J. P. Roberts Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Homer Blake and baby, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Parker motored to Dalhart last Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Holden, Vernon, Texas, visited with her mother, Mrs. W. W. Smith an other relatives last week end. Miss Maurine Reeder spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Reeder in Perryton. Misses Mary Woodford Kidwell and Tommy Dee Bryan, Canyon, spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kidwell and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Bryan. Misses Lorraine Ross and Mildred Pendleton, Lubbock, spent the week end with homefolks. Mrs. Ada Lovelace returned to her home in Nashville, Tennessee Thursday after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lovelace and children. J. R. Pendleton and Walter M. Pendleton were visitors in Amarillo

Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brewer and daughter left for their home in Oseola, Texas last Monday after a

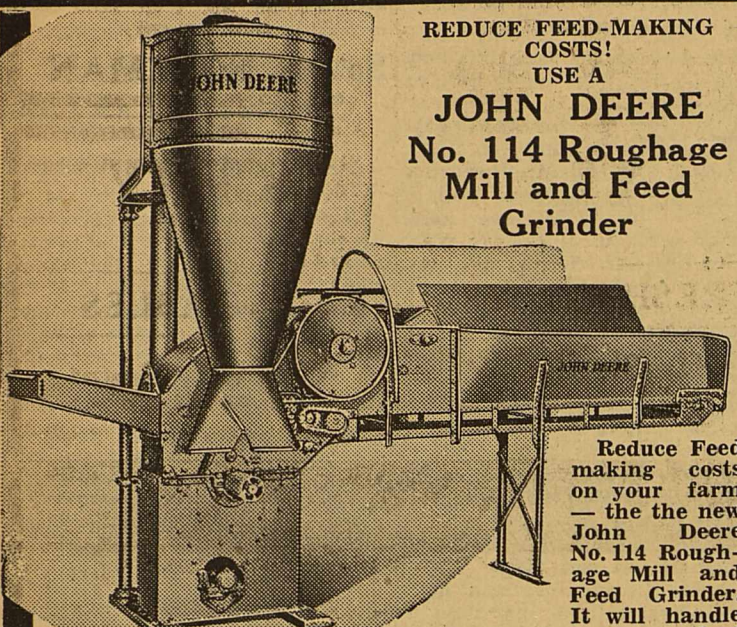
visit with Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Robinson.

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STRATFORD, TEXAS

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DENTIST
Dalhart Coleman Bldg.
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FLOWERS: Call Mrs. H. M. Brown.
FOR SALE: Well grained Maize Bundles 3 cents. Large cane bundles 4 cents in the shock. —W. W. Steel. 7-2tc
CUSTOMERS CHECKS, numbered, \$4.75 per 1,000; Check Binders, \$1.25.— Stratford Star.



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USE A
JOHN DEERE
No. 114 Roughage Mill and Feed Grinder

Reduce Feed making costs on your farm — the new John Deere No. 114 Roughage Mill and Feed Grinder. It will handle every feed

crop on your farm and make palatable feeds from roughage—paying for itself many times in savings gained during its long life. This four-in-one machine chops hay, grinds grain, chops roughage, cuts ensilage, and fills the silo. Speedy, efficient, and economical, the John Deere No. 114 Mill and Grinder is the ideal for you—you need its money-saving advantages in preparing your home-grown feeds. Come intoday and see the outstanding features that this machine offers—and you'll agree it's the one for you. Molasses Pump available for this Mill.

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Our daily menus include balanced diets of the season's choicest foods for all occasions. You will find the foods prepared in the most pleasing manner possible and served to you at very reasonable prices.

Special Sunday Dinners
Plate Lunches
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Studebakers

FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY
GIVE THE FAMILY A REAL GIFT AND PLACE YOUR ORDERS NOW

Satisfactory Automotive Repair Service
Protective Lubrication Cuts Repair Bills
Let Us Test Your Anti-Freeze Solution
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Merit Feeds

MERIT MIXED FEEDS Get Results
EGG MASHES

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COTTON SEED CAKE

Millfeeds, Stock Salt and Mineral Mixture

Soybean Cake, Grains and Chops

NUT And LUMP COAL

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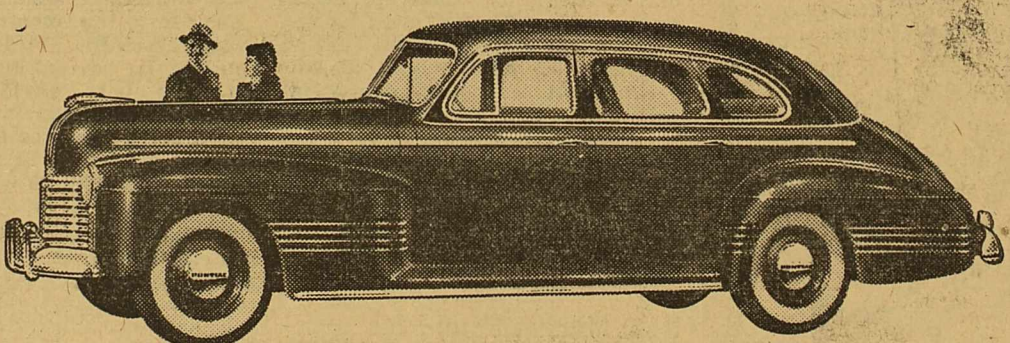
In Three Great Divisions the
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Three entirely new lines . . . Every one a "Torpedo"! Your choice of a Six or an Eight in any model. Prices begin just above the lowest.

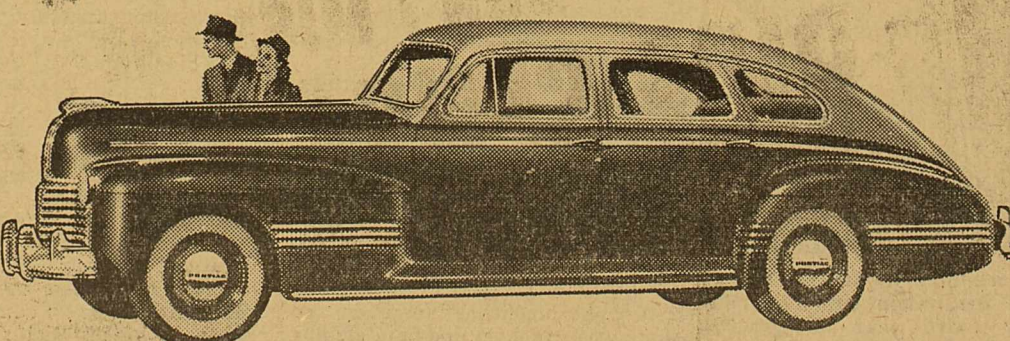
IN THE GREATEST YEAR in its history, Pontiac presents its greatest line of cars—the 1941 Pontiac "Torpedoes"! Three entirely new lines of cars—every one a "Torpedo"—and every model offering you a choice of a Six or Eight engine! And they're led by a new De Luxe "Torpedo" any new car buyer can afford!

Bigger? Yes! More powerful? Yes! Easier to handle? Yes! More comfortable? Yes! Yet they give you the same record economy that made this year's Pontiacs such a sensation!

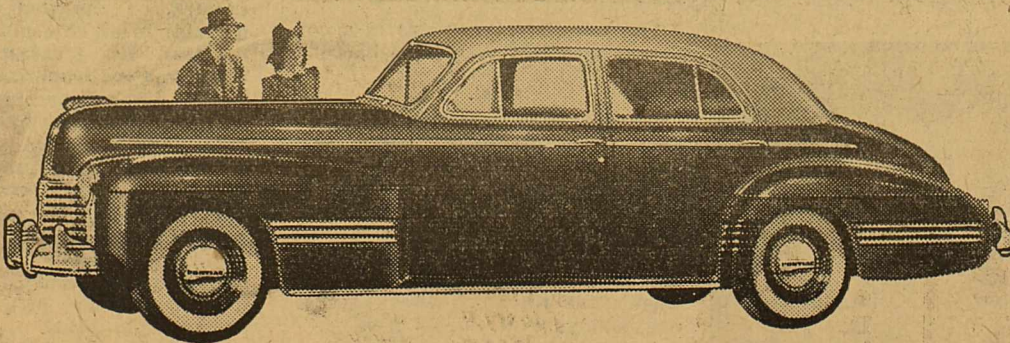
See these new Pontiacs today. Then you'll know why we say, "It's Another Big Year for Pontiac!"



PONTIAC DE LUXE "TORPEDO." Low-priced leader of the greatest line in Pontiac history! 119-inch wheelbase—over-all length increased 3 inches. New concealed running boards. Available in five models.



PONTIAC STREAMLINER "TORPEDO." A new streamlined version of Pontiac's famous "Torpedo" styling. 122-inch wheelbase—7½ inches greater over-all length. New concealed running boards. Offered in the Four-Door Sedan and Sedan Coupe.



PONTIAC CUSTOM "TORPEDO." The aristocrat of the line! 122-inch wheelbase—over-all length increased 4 inches. Available as a Four-Door Sedan, Sedan Coupe and Station Wagon.

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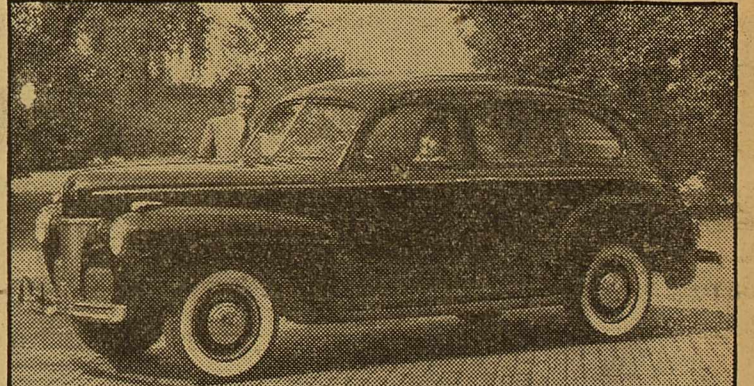
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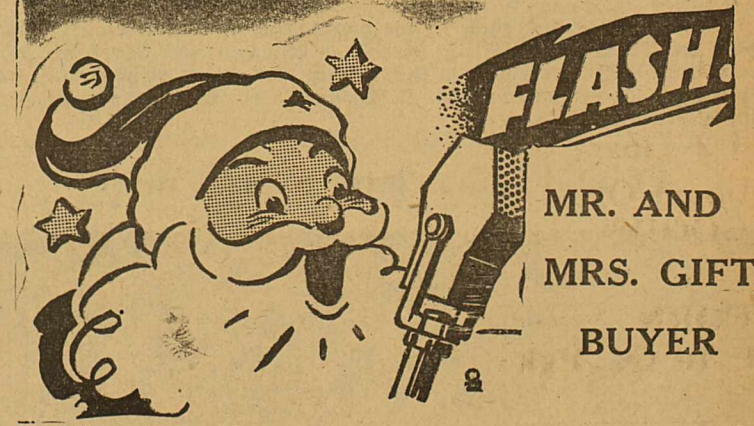
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Published Weekly By
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**LONE STAR 4-H CLUB
ELECTS OFFICERS**

The Lone Star 4-H club held its regular meeting at the Earl Reynolds' home Novembe 16. New officers were elected for the coming year. They are as follows: President, Wortha Fern Reynolds; Vice-President, Winnie Eubank; Secretary-Treasurer, Jewell Holt; Reporter, Colleen Holt. Game leader, Earlene Reynolds. Song leader, Betty Eubank.

Miss Martin checked on goals and asked us about the program for the coming year.

Delicious refreshments were served to Miss Martin, two guests and six members.

The next meeting will be November 30 at the home of Sherman Holt.

SPECIAL

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
BUY THE BEST FOR
LESS

FLOUR
Lights
Best
24 Lb.
Sack 75c



48 Pound Sack \$1.39

LETTUCE
Nice Firm Heads 2

BANANAS
6 Pounds for 25

COFFEE
Folgers
1 Pound Tin 23
2 Pound Tin 45

WHEATIES
2 Boxes for 23

Ask about Wheaties' Tickets for the Electric Train.

O A T S
Bar B-Q
48 Ounce Package 15

PEANUT BUTTER
Amour's Star
2 Pound Jar 25

TABLE SALT
10 Pound Bag 17

PORK & BEANS
Van Camps
1 Pound Can, 4 for 25

**GREEN BEANS And
NEW POTATOES**
No. 2 Cans, 3 for 23

Early June PEAS
No. 2 Tins, 2 for 19

CORN
Vacuum Pack
12-Ounce Can, 2 for 19

**MARCO
GREEN BEANS**
No. 2 Tins, 2 for 25

**PEACHES OR
APRICOTS**
No. 2 1-2 Tins, 2 for 25

**Assortment Of
CAN GOODS**
6 For 25

POP CORN
Pop-It, 10 Oz. Pkg.
3 Fo 25

DUTCH CLEANSER
2 Cans for 15

**QUICK ARROW
SOAP FLAKES**
25c Box 15

If They're Any More
BARGAINS
We'll Have Them

Albert's Grocery
AND SERVICE STATION
PHONE 15

**CHRISTMAS SEAL
SALE SOARING**
AUSTIN, Nov. 27.— With usual generosity, Texas and Texans are responding whole heartedly to the 34th annual Christmas Seal sale which finances the fight against tuberculosis in every county and hamlet in America. Dr. Z. T. Scott, managing director of the Texas Tuberculosis Association, declared today.

Already the Christmas Seal Sale launched last Monday is birgning gni a heavy mail from persons in every walk of life om children orphaned by the disease to the highest figures in church, business, government and professional life.

individual freedom in Europe for—no one knows how long. And if the idea of the value of the individual is to be kept alive it must be here in the United States. Armies, navies, airplanes are all very well and essential for protection in these frightful days. But the great thing that America can do for the world is to protect the spark of liberty and to continue to function on that "tripod of freedom" which is composed of representative democracy—civil and religious liberties and— free private enterprise.

Only by clinging to these can we continue to guarantee each of our citizens the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which is the very essence of the Freedom the whole stricken world will value again some day.

Read Star Ads — It Pays

**Election Vote
Is Analyzed**

An analysis of the election statistics produces some highly interesting facts. Most obvious of those facts is that Mr. Roosevelt's tremendous Electoral College majority gives no indication whatsoever of the closeness of the contest. Measured in popular votes, this was the closest election since 1916, when Wilson and Hughes were the standard bearers. With a total vote of close to 50,000,000, the President's plurality was under 5,000,000. The vote cast for Mr. Willkie

was the largest ever given a Republican candidate. The President's percentage of the total vote was about 54.5 per cent; which is a comparatively slim margin, inasmuch as he needed 52 per cent to win, because of the excessively heavy majorities the Democratic ticket always rolls up in the South.

What this means is that for the first time the President has met real opposition. As Time put it, "Beside a great victory, Roosevelt also had the greatest vote of no confidence that any President ever received." That is not a carping, spoil-sport observation; it is simply the fact. The President

J. W. Norvell, M. D.
Stratford, Texas

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NOTICE TO DEBTORS AND CREDITORS

THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF SHERMAN)
TO THOSE indebted to, or holding claims against the Estate of H. C. King, deceased:

The undersigned having been duly appointed Executor of the Estate of H. C. King, deceased, late of Sherman County, Texas, by F. B. Mullins, Judge of the County Court of said County on the 18th day of November A. D. 1940, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate to come forward and make settlement and those having claims against said estate to present them to him within the time prescribed by law at his residence at Stratford, Sherman County, Texas, where he receives his mail, this 18th day of November A. D. 1940.

A. L. KING,
Independent Executor of the Estate of H. C. King, Deceased.
Nov. 21, 28; Dec. 5, 12

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STYLED TO PLEASE EACH CUSTOMER
We Appreciate Your Patronage
Turner Barber Shop

**STAR
Bargain
RATES**

**FORT WORTH
STAR-TELEGRAM**

1941 WILL BE one of the most eventful years in the world's history. The war spreading throughout the world and our own national defense program affect the lives of every man, woman and child in the United States. It affects every phase of agriculture and business. Next year—of all years—you will want The STAR-TELEGRAM which will reach you first, with all the news and pictures from everywhere. A COMPLETE STATE DAILY NEWSPAPER with features for your entire family. Take advantage of the special low rates that enable you to keep fully informed of fast-changing events as they happen in 1941.

Latest
WAR NEWS
by RADIO
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PICTURES
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MARKETS
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Fashions, Recipes
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**DAILY WITH
SUNDAY**
Regular Price \$10.00

YOU SAVE \$2.55
\$7.45
BARGAIN
PRICE
(7 DAYS A WEEK)

**DAILY
EXCEPT SUNDAY**
Regular Price \$8.00

\$6.45
BARGAIN
PRICE
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YOU SAVE \$1.55

Good Until Dec. 31
For a short time only the mail subscription price is reduced. SAVE BY BRINGING YOUR ORDER TO THIS OFFICE.

When you need money
... you go to a Bank

When you are sick
... you call a Doctor

so when you need to
SHIP and TRAVEL

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Santa Fe Agent

• Your Santa Fe Agent... as fundamentally a part of your community as your banker and your doctor... is thoroughly familiar with the transportation problems peculiar to your locality, and is eager to serve you.

• When you have freight to ship, be it a hundred pounds or a carload, or a trip to make, just call your Santa Fe Agent.

THIS BUSINESS OF

There stood on the platform before us—a woman, like the rest of us—yet different. For she had taken part in one of the most terrifying dramas the world has ever known. That explained the look of lasting sadness on her face and the emotion behind her low voice, as she spoke of her experiences in Europe this past year.

She was in Warsaw when that ancient city was bombed and told us what it is like to exist under that kind of attack. She was in the Balkans during several weeks of the winter in a hotbed of international intrigue. She was in Holland when the holocaust descended upon the unprepared Dutch. And when the great German war machine swept through the low countries to Sedan—and victory—she was in Paris.

Those days, she told us, were the worst in her whole life, as she waited with the rest of that great city for—they knew not what—hearing wild rumors about what was happening to their armies in the north. Then came her flight from Paris along with hundreds of thousands of other refugees—the slow progress on the crowded roads—the hunt for food—the weary weeks in Bordeaux where for nights she slept on the floor. Then the final agony when old Marshal Pétain announced the surrender of France.

Having told us all she could of this tragedy of Europe which she had seen with her own eyes and felt with her own heart, she began to speak of the future and of our responsibility as a nation.

No matter what happens now, she said, there is little chance for

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GOOD WORK
MODERATE PRICES
PROMPT SERVICE
W. P. Mullican

**DON'T MISS THE
RIDE SENSATION
OF THE
YEAR!**

• Have you tried the ride that's the talk of '41? Don't buy any new car till you do try it! It's more by far than an "improved" ride. It's a wholly new Ford ride... a soft, quiet, level ride that took not only increased wheelbase and springbase... but also a dozen vital changes in Ford springs, shock absorbers, frame, stabilizer. It's a ride that tells its own story better than words ever could. Try it today. Come in and meet the biggest Ford car ever built... the roomiest bodies among this year's low-price leaders... the ride that took the world by surprise. Let's talk "trade" now on this really great new Ford!

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BIG NEW FORD!**

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See Your Ford Dealer First For Low-Cost Financing

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

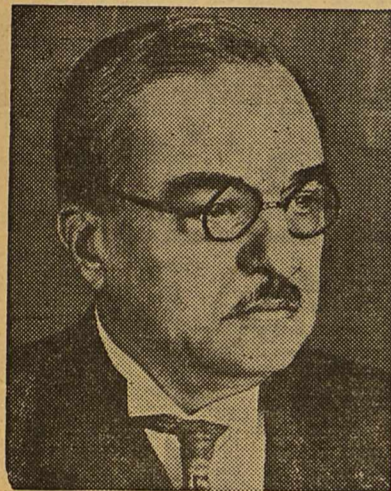
By Edward C. Wayne

Air and Naval Raiders Harass British As Greeks Hold Off Italian Invasion; Hitler-Molotov Talks Yield Little News; Dies Asks Funds for 'Sabotage' Probe

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

**GRECO-ROMAN:
Round One to Greece**

There seems little doubt any longer that the Greek victory over Italian forces has been as nearly complete as any action could be so early in a war. Fascist forces were reported fleeing from Koritza, setting fire to their supplies in this, the main base of the central attack. Italian stories that only 362 men were killed in the campaign hardly gibe with eye-witness reports by reputable correspondents of two things—huge piles of bodies in the mud of the Pindus mountain passes—huge concentration camps filled with Italian prisoners of war who are being widely quoted. Their reports of Italian attitude toward the war so encouraged England with the opportunity of deal-



DICTATOR METAXAS
Rough going for Italy.

ing a crushing blow to Fascist morale that she sent big bomber squadrons to Taranto and smashed a goodly part of Italy's fleet.

Italy denied much damage except to one ship, so British sent over observation planes, took pictures, and reported the details. Two capital ships apparently permanently put out of action, four other smaller ones.

Stories of the Greek successes over the Italian forces further were borne out by the tone of Italian broadcasts and dispatches, telling of "reorganization" of the Italian drive; appointment of a new commander; also the Greek reports of attacks inside Albanian territory. Credit for the Greek victory was given to several factors: Greek knowledge of the terrain; enterprise of guerrilla bands; skill with the bayonet, and surprise machine-gun and artillery attacks on enemy columns in difficult mountain passes, plus sudden onslaughts of bad weather; also Premier John Metaxas has been watching fellow-dictator Mussolini for some time.

Add to this stories from prisoners that they had no heart for the war and had been promised a relatively bloodless invasion, and one got a pretty good picture of the opening of the Greco-Roman war.

There were no surface signs that Italy was quitting, however, but might be steaming ahead for a more determined effort.

**BRITAIN:
Feels Heavy Blows**

The war has become more bitter for England, with Germany heavily increasing aerial attacks on cities, raining bombs on London and industrial centers like Coventry. British, ever frank in admitting losses, reported Coventry in ruins, thousands slain and wounded. London damage was said to be terrific.

Losses at sea are staggering, and a raider on the loose in mid-Atlantic smashed into at least one large convoy. Germans first announced entire convoy sunk, along with Rangitiki, armored merchantman, and Jervis Bay, an auxiliary cruiser, which were protecting other ships.

Apparently this claim was made when numbers of SOS signals were heard and then news of convoy suddenly ceased. But British finally came through with the news that of 39 ships, 9 were missing, and later two of them showed up.

Naval hero was the commander of the Jervis Bay which boldly steamed to meet her stronger enemy, forcing raider's fire on herself, and permitting convoy to scatter.

Scandinavian skipper in convoy was so stirred by such bravery that he refused to flee to any great distance, returned to scene hours later.

Foreign Jottings . . .

Four Nazi vessels, heavily loaded, sailed from Tampico, Mexico, for European ports. Only one was heard from. She was the Phrygia, which "committed suicide" by scuttling rather than surrender to British and Canadian war vessels. She was hardly outside Tampico when caught. The other three were said to have headed back and to be lurking outside the harbor bar.

er, and had pleasure of picking up 65 survivors, many wounded. Jervis Bay went to the bottom of the ocean with her gallant commander, who had one arm shot away during the engagement.

Over England, German bombers are using a new technique, making more difficult still the task of anti-aircraft fire and the work of fighters. They fly over the country in waves, traveling single file, which Indians discovered centuries ago was a good defensive formation.

First raider drops its bombs, and succeeding ships get a view of scene below in the glare of the first explosions and see better when and where to let go. Flying is done at 30,000 to 35,000 feet. In many cases, however, British report bombing is done on "time tables" when there are cloud formations, the bombers flying certain mathematical distances from flying fields and then letting their cargoes go without any aim whatever.

That Britain is generally feeling the pinch was seen by reports of further restrictions in rationing. However, nothing as drastic was reported as the apparently authentic dispatch from Berlin that dog meat was made legal human fodder.

**DIPLOMATS:
Home and Abroad**

Diplomats, both domestic and foreign, came into their own as far as the spotlight was concerned.

In Berlin they buzzed about the capital like flies; Molotoff, (for whom bombs have been named) arriving with 33 guards and associates; lesser lights from Italy and the Balkans hovering about the outskirts of the main Hitler-Molotoff talks, with even a sprinkling of Japanese lurking about where they wouldn't have to rub elbows too closely with the "hated Russians."

It was another case of the mountain laboring and bringing forth a mouse—at least as far as the dispatches went, though there may be,



AMBASSADOR KENNEDY
Talk out of turn?

and probably is a lot under the surface.

Out of it all has come to the public eye only the broadest platitudinous pledges:

Germany (with her Italian axis partner somewhat in the background) promises various powers that, if they are good, they will get something.

Germany and Italy will rule Europe.

Russia will get expansion room anywhere she wants as long as it doesn't interfere with European situations. Diplomats took this to mean at least a part of India and also perhaps Iran and portions of Turkey if she misbehaves.

Japan will get the rest of Asia, at least the southeastern part, and Russia and Japan are urged to get together at once about the rest of it. In this country two diplomatic names stood out. Kennedy and Bullitt. The former was surrounded by a halo of rumors that he would resign following his "talk out of turn" in Boston. While denying much that was in the Globe interview, he continued to preach along about the same general lines, omitting his references to the death of democracy and the advent of national socialism in the United States.

Bullitt was being as signally rumored as Kennedy's successor. All he would say was that he wanted to resign to "speak and write" about conditions, and that the President had asked him to remain in public life, and that he was considering the matter.

Everything Seems Ended.
Here is a typical letter:
"My dear Mrs. Norris," writes Helene, from Knoxville. "When I first began reading your weekly articles my three girls were small children, and my problem was that of a busy and distracted young mother. In 15 years I think I have not missed a dozen articles, and many a time they have helped me. Those years have taken me from 31 to 46. And I find myself at 46 with a frightened sense that everything is over. What terrifies me is that there is no reason for my feeling that way even though life is not just what it was. I have a good, steady, if not particularly thrilling mate; we own our home; our faithful Signa has carried all domestic responsibilities for

Kathleen Norris Says:

Melancholia May Be Just Selfishness

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



In a sort of panic she realizes that youth and bloom and love affairs and beauty are all dying, and the combination of miseries really does bring some women close to the verge of mental breakdown.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

ONE of the unmistakable marks of approaching insanity, or incipient insanity, or mental disturbance of any serious sort, is what the scientists call the egocentric attitude.

Egocentric, of course, means "centered in self." A woman whose interest is not centered in herself will not lose her mind.

Insanity doesn't seem to be my usual topic. The questions I answered in this column are usually the normal obvious questions of girls unhappily in love, girls who suppose themselves unpopular, girls who want to shine in Hollywood, or all the varying phases and angles of marriage problems.

But for every letter that I answer here I answer a hundred personally, and destroy unanswered, for one reason or another, a hundred more. Either because they were not written in good faith or because the answer has been given a thousand times, or because they are simply kind and appreciative and I have to leave them unacknowledged for sheer lack of time and energy.

Don't Center Interest in Self.

And in every hundred letters there are three from women who are either going into melancholia, or are afraid of it, or who have had some relative who went insane, and when I answer these letters I always remind the writers of the truism with which I opened this article. A woman whose interest is not centered in herself will not lose her mind. That is, unless some serious physical condition exists. And usually, with the women who write me, it doesn't.

They are women who are tired, bored, losing youth, losing their old close hold over their child or children, losing their keen affectionate interest in the man of the family, and perhaps approaching that time of physical change whose effects have been so much exaggerated, whose slight and unimportant discomforts have been built up into an actual tradition. Expecting to become fretful, nervous, suspicious, sensitive, jealous, lonely, restless, disagreeable at this time, many a woman sinks into the role almost willingly. The experience comes just at the wrong time, when in a sort of panic she realizes that youth and bloom and love affairs and beauty are all dying, and the combination of miseries really does bring some women close to the verge of mental breakdown.

Effecting a Cure.
So first see that your insides are in order. Then walk two miles a day. Then eat a very light dinner, and wind up with two big, raw apples, eaten slowly while you read or listen to the radio after dinner.

Secondly, ignore tomorrow and forget yesterday. Live each hour for that hour. The oldest man alive has no more. The youngest baby only has that hour. Perfect it and polish it like a jewel. Make your expression pleasant. Don't answer the telephone as if speaking from the tomb. Be a bearer of good tidings. Realize that you are going through a change, amuse yourself, take life easily. Forget slights, disappointments, fears—forget yourself. Instead try living, in your mind, your husband's life for a day. See just how much fun and peace and pleasantness the old man is getting.

MELANCHOLIA

Women who consistently suffer from melancholy have only themselves to blame, according to Kathleen Norris. She explains that a continually depressed feeling is not natural. This state of mind results only rarely from physical deficiencies; almost always it is caused by centering too much interest in the self. She advises women who suffer from chronic melancholia to develop outside activities, because they offer the only cure.

many years. Now my oldest daughter is married and a mother at 22; my second shocked us all by an elopement last Christmas; my youngest is in college and we see her only occasionally.

"With the world in the state it is I ought to be deeply grateful for peace and security, I know that. I am not ill, except in spirit. My married daughter lives near and my granddaughter is a darling. But I am so BLUE. Tears are always near my eyes; nothing seems worth while; I don't sleep well. To be told to busy myself with charities and gardening and club work merely maddens me. My appetite is poor; and I look 60 years old. If my husband suggests a movie or a walk my inclination is to strike out at him, to tell him to shut up and leave me alone!

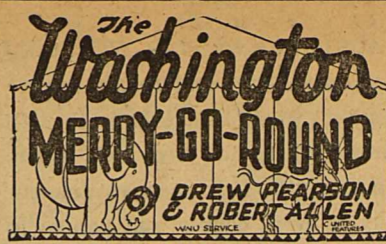
Fears It's in the Blood.
"The real trouble is this. My mother's brother died in an institution for the feeble-minded, and my father's two first cousins were genuine cases of melancholia. So you see it is in our blood. Do you know any physician who handles cases like this; I would travel anywhere to find a cure."

Yes, I do know a Physician whose treatments never fail in cases like this. You don't have to travel anywhere, physically, to find Him; you may have to make something of a spiritual journey. But I'll come to that later.

Just now what you have to realize is that a generation ago all families had their mental cases, because women dressed idiotically, never exercised, knew nothing of hygiene and ate three times too much. Your Victorian relatives used to shut themselves up in unadorned houses, among fringes and upholsteries and bead portiers, and drink chocolate and nibble "bon-bons" when they felt blue. No wonder they went melancholy mad! One woman I knew used to boast that she was always bilious and used to cry for an hour every morning.

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**WASHINGTON, D. C.
BUNDISTS EMPLOYED IN DEFENSE PLANTS**

Dies committee agents have secretly warned government authorities to be on guard against an outbreak of sabotage in defense plants on the West coast.

According to the Dies-men, biggest U. S. danger spot is Los Angeles, where Nazi and Communist fifth columnists have been unusually active of late. The Los Angeles area contains one of the largest concentrations of defense work in the country.

One reason for the D-men's fear was their discovery of a secret mailing list of 2,500 names in a raid on the Los Angeles headquarters of the German-American Bund. Herman Schwinn, West coast Bund fuhrer, admitted, under questioning, that the list consisted of Nazi sympathizers who regularly attended Bund meetings.

A check-up of the names revealed the startling fact that 800 of them are employed in airplane plants, shipyards, oil refineries, auto factories and other key defense industries.

SPANISH BRIBE

The career clique of fascist-minded appeasers inside the state department has dwindled in size and strength since Europe's tragic history proved the fallacy of their course in Spain. However, they are still strong enough to urge a loan (or gift) of \$100,000,000 from the Export-Import bank to General Franco, dictator of Spain.

Furthermore, it may be that the career clique will get away with it.

They urge that the hundred millions be advanced to Spain in order to keep Franco from coming into the war against England. They claim that if Spain has enough food, the country will remain neutral. And it is the British, whose fumbling in Spain was even more responsible than ours for the present danger to Gibraltar, who now want the United States to bail them out with a hundred million dollars.

Confidential military reports from Spain, however, indicate three things: first, the Spanish people are so fed up with three years of bloody civil war that they won't fight in any foreign war not of their choosing; second, Spain is so badly defended that her harbors would be easy targets for the British fleet; third, the Spanish people actually are near revolt, which is the secret reason why Franco wants the hundred million. Without food, the old Loyalist government might come back again.

In other words, it looks as if the career clique inside the state department is still trying to keep in power the man they secretly backed during the Spanish civil war.

CRACK IN THE SOUTH

The Solid South was cracked in the recent election, but not by a Republican. It was the work of a Nashville, Tenn., Democrat, in the only hard-fought congressional battle in the entire South.

Hero of the saga was J. Percy Priest, crack newsmen of the Nashville Tennessean, who, running as an Independent, unseated two-term Rep. Joseph W. Byrns Jr., son of the late speaker of the house of representatives.

Priest defeated Byrns although the district hadn't elected anyone but a regular Democrat since the Civil war, and although he committed the faux pas of failing to register so he could vote.

Priest, however, had other strong advantages on his side. For many years he has been his paper's "good will" reporter, attending barbecues, fairs, graduations and civic gatherings. Practically everybody in the district knows "Percy" Priest personally. Also, Byrns, first elected as a New Dealer, had chalked up a near perfect anti-Roosevelt record.

Priest also made much of the fact that Byrns' speech against the draft bill had won thunderous applause from the Republicans. Nashville generally is strong for national defense and FDR. So while Byrns won renomination, he found a real fight on his hands when Priest threw his hat into the ring as an Independent.

Byrns sent out a frantic SOS to house colleagues and Rep. Sam Hobbs dashed up from Alabama to stump for him. But it was no go. Byrns was defeated in the only Democratic upset in the entire South.

Note—Priest's constituency is known as the "Hermitage district," because it was the home of President Andrew Jackson, patron saint of the Democratic party. The new congressman is 40 years old and unmarried.

EXIT JOE KENNEDY

Intimates of Ambassador Joe Kennedy are offering bets that he will not return to the Court of St. James's. While publicly Joe has expressed his willingness to go back, the inside fact is that Kennedy tried to resign at his last conference with the President. Roosevelt refused to consider it.

Several very tempting business offers have been made to him. He has made no final decision, but returning to London definitely seems the last thing he intends to do.

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Follow Directions in Pictures



If you have a fever and temperature does not go down—if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor.

This modern way acts with amazing speed. Be sure you get BAYER Aspirin.

At the first sign of a cold follow the directions in the pictures above—the simplest and among the most effective methods known to modern science to relieve painful cold symptoms fast.

So quickly does Bayer Aspirin act—both internally and as a gargle, you'll feel wonderful relief start often in a remarkably short time.

Try this way. You will say it is unequalled. But be sure you get the fast-acting Bayer product you want. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name when you buy.

GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN

Work Is Noble
All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble.—Carlyle.

Isn't This Why You Are Constipated?

What do you eat for breakfast? Coffee, toast, maybe some eggs? What do you eat for lunch and dinner? White bread, meat, potatoes? It's little wonder you're constipated. You probably don't eat enough "bulk." And "bulk" doesn't mean the amount you eat. It's a kind of food that forms a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines and helps a movement. If this is your trouble, may we suggest a crunchy toasted cereal—Kelllogg's All-Bran—for breakfast. All-Bran is a natural food, not a medicine—but it's particularly rich in "bulk." Being so, it can help you not only to get regular but to keep regular. Eat All-Bran regularly, and drink plenty of water. Made by Kelllogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

WNU—H 48-40

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GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

MEXICO RECOGNITION
 Washington, D. C.
 This administration has just recognized the election and government of General Comacho in Mexico. It could not have properly done otherwise. A great many people believe that General Almazan had a majority in the election, but it isn't our business to judge the legality of a Mexican election, although for some time it was not our policy to recognize Latin-American elections, or at least changes of government "achieved through force."

It worked pretty well to decide the incumbency of Mexican presidents, but it did not work to cement good feeling across the border. It didn't fit with the President's Good Neighbor policy—which is among his best. It resulted in a lot of secret diplomacy, both here and abroad, the reasons and results of which have never yet been made clear. It also resulted in our engaging in two "undeclared wars" on a neighbor—Funston's expedition at Vera Cruz and Pershing's punitive expedition into Chihuahua. Both were fiascos.

Boiling it all down to a couple of ultimate results of which I do feel confident, I believe two things—that Mr. Roosevelt is right in keeping our nose out of there and that the Mexican situation is too different from ours and too complex to be judged by any American rule of thumb. It is probably true, as many say, that no Mexican government can live without American support, but it is also true that we cannot condition that support on interference with native institutions.

Mexicans are largely Indians. Their traditions go back not to thousands of years of Anglo-Saxon traditions, but to an Aztec tradition as old and, in many ways, as well-proved and satisfactory to them. As Indians, they believe in common ownership of property. Not in the Russian sense—not personal property—but in the waters, minerals and even the land.

What is at the bottom of American opposition to the Hull policy today? Because he represents the Indian tradition. American dismay at the election of Comacho is partly because he represents the Indian tradition. Similar motives and misunderstanding were partly responsible for Wilson's two unfortunate forays—Funston's and Pershing's.

Hull's position admitted the right of expropriation of the oil properties, but insisted on compensation. Mexico admitted that duty. The great oil companies with Mexican wells split on the settlement offered. One great group opposed it, and tried to monopolize the negotiation for compensation. It appointed the negotiator, but being dissatisfied with the result, and believing that our government could be persuaded to interfere, broke off negotiations. The other group, learning of this, broke the so-called "united-front," sent its own negotiator and arrived at an amicable settlement satisfactory to it.

The other group's strategy, which came within a hair of success, introduced a bill in congress, embargoing Mexican oil. It almost passed. It apparently emanated from sources somewhere in the state department, but it was contrary to Mr. Hull's wishes and might have wrecked Mr. Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy.

From both the angles of foreign and domestic policy this obscure situation needs a thorough airing.

POWER OF PRIORITIES

In war, and in the highest national interest, we cannot ration scant supply to the longest purse. It must go to the most necessitous use, regardless of the highest bid. We are in a sort of siege. We are a wasteful people—we must ration what we have—and it is plenty—so that nobody hogs anything. That is a very simple process. Our World war system is a model. I am for immediately putting in the hands of the President a power of priorities.

That is an easy thing to do. It doesn't deprive anybody of anything. It merely says that whatever needs are greatest—whether in power, labor, materials, or finance—what the nation needs for defense shall come before what any of us needs for our pleasure, and no higher price offer will get anybody anything.

On the other angle—fear of the value of money—Mr. Morgenthau is right on one thing. The debt limit should be taken off the treasury immediately. We haven't even begun to spend. Total defense may cost us as much as 50 billions more—but we've got to have it.

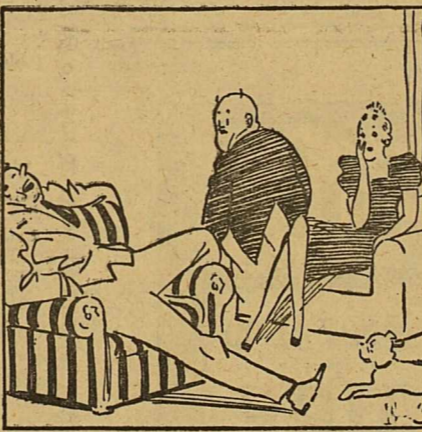
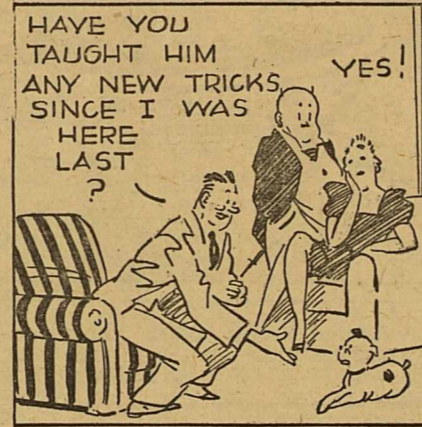
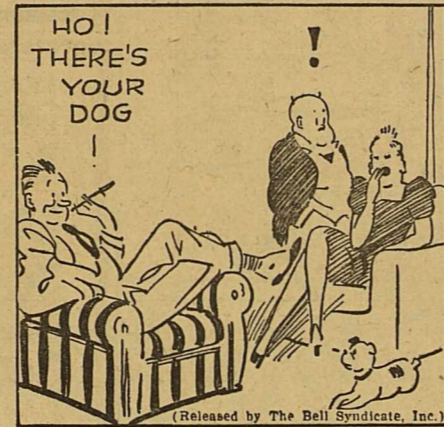
But I think he is wrong on his other point. We can't pay that now by taxes. What we most want is enough for everybody to eat, to wear and to enjoy at prices that they can pay. As the President once wisely said, taxes lie as a burden on production. What we need now is production to the utmost. They are going to appear in higher prices in the grocery or clothing bill of every family. The idea that they will check inflation (high prices) is ridiculous. The higher taxes go, the higher prices will go.

OUR COMIC SECTION

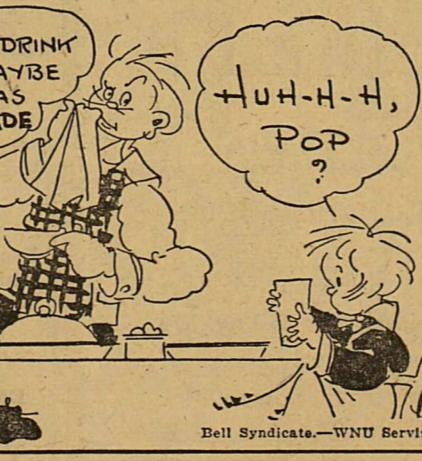
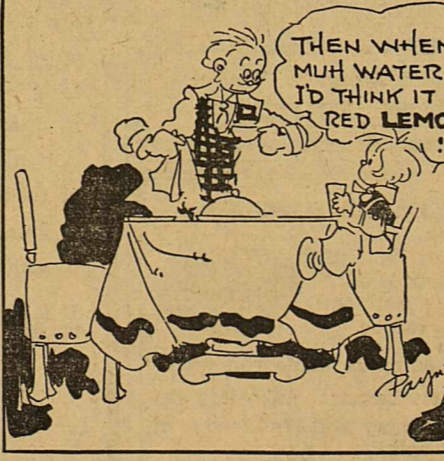
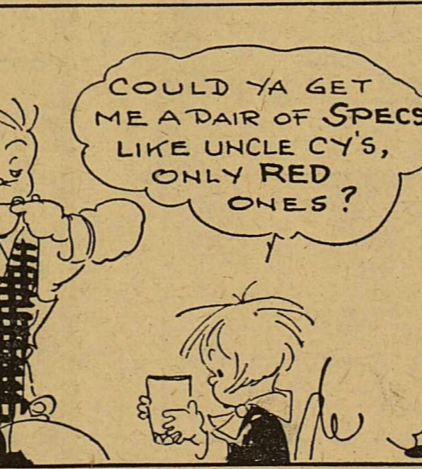
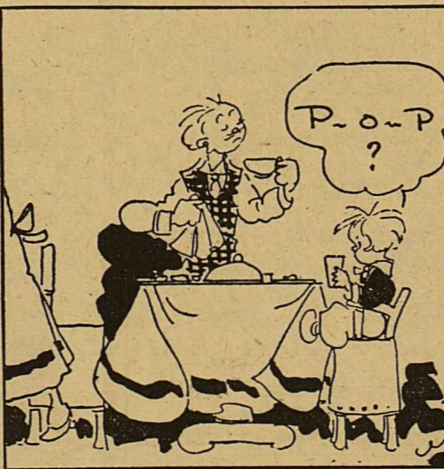
Events in the Lives of Little Men



POP
 By J. Millar Watt
 WNU



S'MATTER POP
 By C. M. Payne
 WNU



'We'll Miss You'
 A young man, after eight years' absence abroad, alighted at his home station and, despite his expectations, there was no one there to meet him. He then caught sight of the stationmaster, a friend since boyhood. To him at least he would be welcome, and he was about to extend a hearty greeting, when the other spoke first.
 "Hello, George!" he said. "Goin' away?"

A SUITABLE OCCUPATION
 Bug—I hear you have a new job.
 Firefly—Yes, I'm the cigar lighter in the Bugs' hotel!

Making Certain
 Simpson had suddenly become keen on fishing.
 "One day as he was preparing for a few hours on the river bank he turned to his wife and said: "Maud, I hope you remembered to put the cooking outfit in my bag. I'll want to fry some fish I catch for my lunch."
 She nodded.
 "Oh, yes, dear," she replied, "and you'll find a tin of sardines in there as well"

Sportlight
 by GRANTLAND RICE

DETROIT—Hurry-up Yost is still wearing the same old Will Rogers grin. The man, who came to Ann Arbor as head coach with Willie Heston 40 years ago, today as athletic director looks at Tom Harmon, one of the greatest running backs of all time.
 Forty years ago Wolverine supporters, chanting "The Yellow and the Blue," looked upon Willie Heston as the nonpareil. Today the sport-loving city of Detroit can't believe that Heston was another Harmon.

As long as both belong to Michigan football history, Yost merely grins. "What about an all-time Michigan backfield," he asks, "with Benny Friedman at quarter, Heston and Harmon at the halves and Johnny Carrels at full? What other all-time college backfield could ever equal that bunch? Name one."

The closest we could think of included Thorpe, Calac, Guyon, and Hudson or Mt. Pleasant at Carlisle—or Gipp, Savoldi, Eichenlaub and Carideo or Dorais of Notre Dame, not overlooking Marty Brill.

The Michigan collection still leads.

The Harmon Case

When you get right down to the facts in the case, Tommy Harmon of Michigan has already proved his place in the football roundup.

In the 21 or more games of his career he has been a star at almost every start. They have checked him and there as Bob Zuppke did a year ago. But don't forget that even



TOM HARMON

the brilliant Red Grange knew games where he failed to pick up two first downs. I saw one against Nebraska.

Football has known too many great backs to offer you any complete list—it had known some even before the days of Snake Ames at Princeton, one of the best, around 1889.

Heston, Eckersall, Thorpe, Coy, Mahan, Tryon, Gipp, Nevers, Grange, Nagurski, Joesting, Stevens, Dutch Clarke, Whizzer White and a long list of others have led the parade at one time or another. Don't believe for a second that all had nothing but big days. They have all known dark days on one or more occasions.

Grange Stopped

I still recall the day when I traveled with "Our Town" Frank Craven, the football loving actor, to Urbana to see Red Grange run against Nebraska which had a tackle by the name of Weir—a 220-pound hurder. That day we failed to see the famous Redhead cross the scrimmage line.

Frank Reagan made over 300 yards against Princeton—but only six yards at ball carrying against Michigan.

Fritz Pollard at Brown was a star back, but Colgate stopped him colder than two dead mackerel.

No one can keep running forever. There were few backs the equals of Eddie Mahan, the Harvard Scythe but Cornell arrested his march at the line of scrimmage one afternoon.

There is a big argument now under way from Berkeley to Cambridge, meaning the Pacific and the Atlantic, as to where Harmon belongs in the galaxy of stars. Many of them will tell you Evashevski made him. Harmon will say so.

Self-Made Back

Evashevski is one of the best blocking backs of this generation. A grand football player. But he didn't make Tommy Harmon.

Harmon made Harmon. When Evashevski went out in the Penn game and his substitute entered, Harmon picked up even more ground.

Great backs make themselves—not their blockers, who can certainly help. But the main job is still up to the outstanding ball carrier, given any sort of a chance to get in motion.

The point is that Harmon has been a star since his first game—a star from his first game in 1938 to his last charge against Pennsylvania.

When he ran wild against California, starting his last college season, scoring 28 points, they all said the Golden Bear was only a fuzzy kitten. But the Golden Bear came back to beat St. Mary's, the team that beat Fordham, and to hold Washington to a 7-6 decision after Washington had played Minnesota practically to a standstill. So California must have had a few good football players on the field.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Which of the following is an oblate spheroid—an egg, the earth, or a baseball?
2. According to tradition what great author of tragedies was killed by a tortoise, which an eagle let fall on his head?
3. George Washington's estate was valued at a sum that would now be how much?
4. What Greek philosopher was nagged by his wife Xanthippe?
5. Pilate's words "Ecce Homo" are translated to mean what?
6. What is mulled wine?

The Answers

1. The earth. (Flattened or depressed at the poles.)
2. Aeschylus.
3. \$5,000,000.
4. Socrates.
5. "Behold the man!" John 19:5.
6. Wine that is heated, sweetened and spiced.

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 More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.



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CAMEL THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE

Indications are that the total payments, will be about \$8,900,000, cash farm income in the nation five percent more than the income for 1940, including government in 1939.

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The United States is the only major agricultural country in the world without an agricultural

museum, so the Agricultural History society has set up a committee to study the need for a museum of this kind.

Church Of Christ

Bible Study 10:00 A. M.
 Morning Worship 11:00 A. M.
 Communion 11:45 A. M.
 Young Peoples classes 6:45 P. M.
 Evening Worship 7:30 P. M.
 Song drill Thursday evening at 7:30.

All services will be held in the court room at the courthouse in Stratford.
 The public is invited to any and all services.

We are having fine interest in our mid-week meetings but due to lack of heat in the court room, we will meet at the home of E. R. Pig Thursday night for song drill. Everyone invited to attend if you like good old gospel singing.

More than 6,000,000 farmers, op-

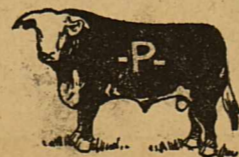
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erating 82 per cent of the crop-land of the United States, are participating in the AAA farm program this year.

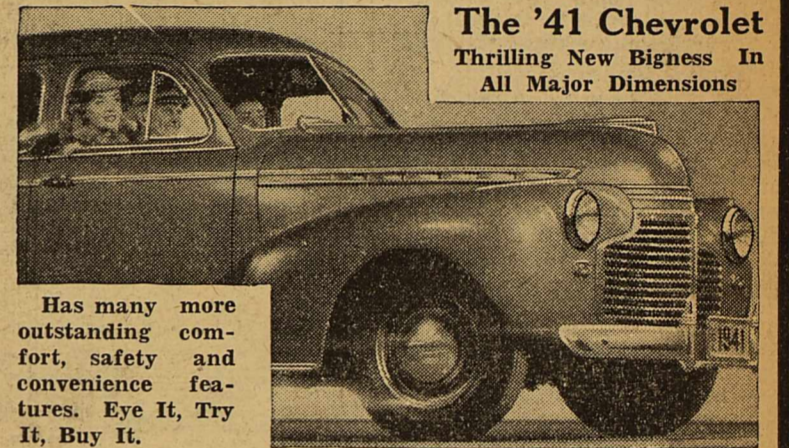
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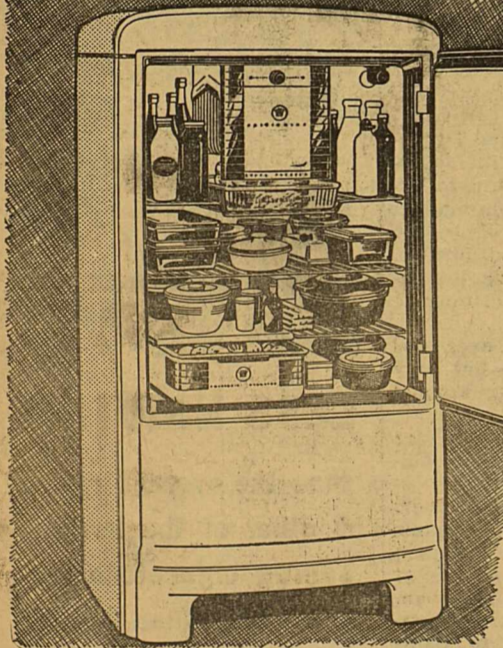
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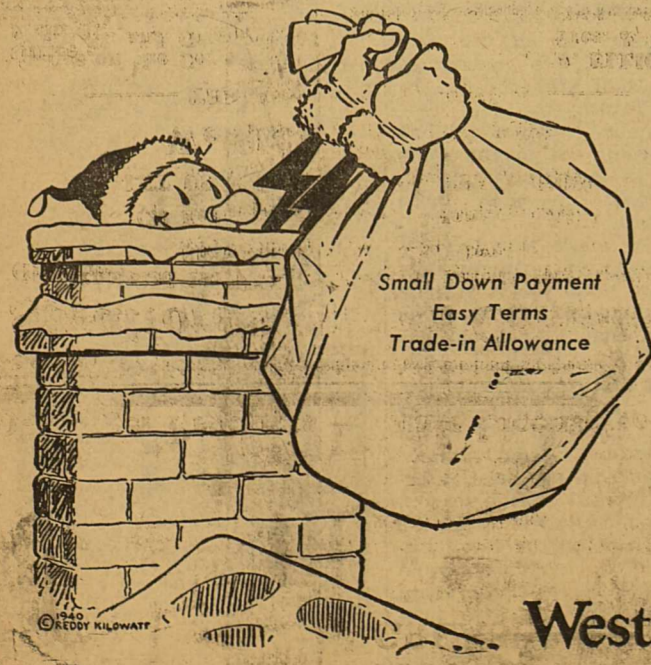
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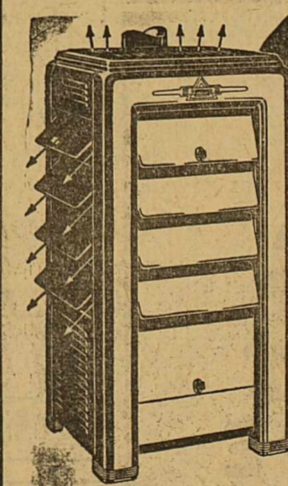


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