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And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you: and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh.
Ezekiel 11:19.

One Nation

Americans will choose a president today just as they have every four years, in peace time and war. Tomorrow, again just as always, Americans will remove the campaign buttons from their lapels and once more become citizens of the United States, not Democrats and Republicans.
This discarding of campaign buttons is always symbolic, for we discard most of our animosities with them. The storm of political feeling is swept away, with only a few disappointed die-hards still grumbling like distant thunder.

They're Hard To Fool

This was the year, the statisticians told us, when the women voters could swing the elections. Well, maybe they could and maybe they couldn't. It would take a nationwide check of registration to tell. But the very threat of such a possibility should have shocked the candidates into a complete revision of campaign strategy and tactics.
It didn't, of course. Electioneering followed the old traditional pattern, and there's nothing to be done about it now. But wait till next time, as the Brooklyn Dodger fans are in the habit of saying. The women voters will still be with us, and the wise office-seeker will start right now to build an entirely new system of political fences.

Now this, we contend, is a fundamental truth which is true in politics as well as magic. Politicians have ignored it since the 19th Amendment was passed. But the fact remains that women in general don't want to be fooled.

They also tend to confuse a diplomatic silence, maintained in the interest of domestic tranquility, with a wifely submission to the lord and master's suggestions on how to vote.

The Need Continues

Military medical men have learned much about the life-saving properties of blood plasma since the war began. And one of the lessons is that speed and quantity are often of highest importance. By a newly-developed technique, many patients are now given four bottles simultaneously, with plasma being fed into both arms and both legs.

It has been comforting to think that a pint of our blood will save a soldier's or sailor's life. Perhaps it does sometimes, but we know now that one pint often will not do the job.

Economy

Let's have an end to all this talk about inflated government payrolls and extravagant bureaucracy. The War Production Board has just dispensed with the services of five-dollar-a-year men.

That's America!



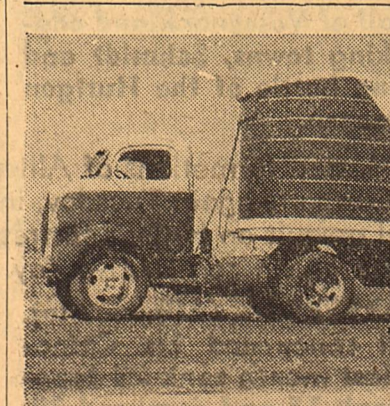
Million Texans Surge To Polls

By The Associated Press
A million Texans, men and women, faced Democracy in the voting booths Tuesday.
They surged to the polls, motivated by one of the bitterest campaigns in the state's history and by the necessity of choosing a president. The choice, with the grim backdrop of a world war, was more serious than ever before.

The closing moments of the campaign were punctuated with predictions of victory from all sides. The Democratic electors on the ballot will support Roosevelt; the Republican electors are pledged to support Dewey, but for the first time in history, one section of the electorate cast votes Tuesday for presidential electors who have not said for whom they will vote. These are the Texas Regulars.

The original copy of the Declaration of Independence is now in marble and bronze shrine in the Congressional Library in Washington.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666
Cold Preparations as directed



Local and Long Distance
BONDED Moving INSURED
Clothes Closets In Every Van
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THE WAR TODAY

By DEWITT MACKENZIE
Associated Press War Analyst
Marshal Stalin's declaration that Germany is 'on the verge of inevitable catastrophe' is good to hear, but it would have been great if he could have told us 'when' the catastrophe is likely to claim its own.

Stalin points out that the main problem of the moment is to 'crush Hitlerite Germany in the shortest possible time,' and says the 'key to victory' is 'to continue holding Germany between two fronts.'

The oldest Abyssinian churches were hewn out of rocks. Their modern churches are mostly round or conical buildings, thatched with straw and surrounded with pillars of cedar.

Brothers Are In Opposing Camps

By The Associated Press
It's every man for himself, brother against brother, and may the most votes win the battle royal of Texas' own private fight in Tuesday's national election.

Clubwomen have booed and hissed. The Bronx cheer—with Southern accent—developed at Houston. Political tensions generally are as tight as in the good old days when General Sam Houston bared and beat his breast, without benefit of radio.

At Marshall the brother against brother angle, but peaceful, is exemplified by Horace Blalock, an elector for the Anti-Roosevelt Texas Regulars, and Myron Blalock, national Democratic committeeman for Texas.

Horace, a businessman, is directing the campaign for the Regulars in the Marshall section. Myron, a lawyer, directs from Dallas the state drive for election of Roosevelt and Truman.

Invasion Film On Lions War Effort Program

Citizens of Midland who attend the war effort show at the High School Auditorium at 8 p. m. Wednesday being sponsored by the Lions Club and the Midland County Civilian Defense Corps will have a better conception of the immense preparations which were necessary before Europe could be invaded.

The picture includes some captured Nazi films which depict something of German fighting tactics. High points of the film are the scenes of fighting in Normandy.

Hoover Carried Texas In 1928 Election

By The Associated Press
If Texas votes any way but Democratic Tuesday, it will be the second time since the state came back into the union after the Civil War that any other party's electors prevailed.

In 1928, Hoover won by 367,936 votes to Al Smith's 341,032.

Four Millions In War Bonds Allocated By Education Group

AUSTIN—(AP)—A \$4,000,000 purchase of War Bonds out of the permanent school fund during the December bond drive was authorized by the board of education at its meeting here Monday. This brings the school's holdings to \$22,000,000 in both government and general bonds.

An outlay of \$1,700,000 was authorized for the purchase of free textbooks for the coming school year.

Final draft of this bill, said Mrs. Link, will be made here Nov. 13 by representatives of the TSTA. It will include: removal of the per capita ceiling to permit schools to make use of all funds appropriated and available (other than the permanent school fund); a minimum salary of \$1,200 for all teachers, both permanent and temporary.

Texas Has Greatest Voting Strength Now

AUSTIN—(AP)—Texas now has the greatest voting strength in its history.
It was estimated by Comptroller George Sheppard at Austin as 1,567,143, based on 1,563,733 paid poll taxes plus exemptions. Secretary of State Sidney Latham estimated the federal absentee soldier vote to be 80,000.

CHEAP STEEL SUBSTITUTE

A revolutionary substitute for structural steel columns is stronger and cheaper than steel, light as aluminum and composed chiefly of concrete. It will conserve iron ore reserves, reduce building costs and be especially useful in rebuilding war-torn cities in Europe.

Advertisement for Tasty Grill restaurant. Features: TRY OUR Delicious LUNCHES 11:30 to 2 50c Also Same Fine Steaks Home Made Chili Basket Burgers Tasty Grill 305 W. Wall - Phone 9531

Advertisement for Folger's Coffee. Text: YOU ARE INVITED TO TASTE THIS RICHER KIND OF COFFEE SO RICH in flavor we urge you USE 1/4 LESS coffee per cup. Includes image of a coffee cup and a jar of Folger's coffee.

Large advertisement for the 6th War Loan Drive. Text: If you've got... that's American... to your future... you'll get as many of these as you possibly can! on your shoulders... LET'S GO! THE 6TH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS ON TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

YOU GOTTA THINK QUICK

By Stanley Paley Copyright, 1944 NEA Service, Inc.

THE STORY: Leo Kabatek, lately broke, is in the money now that his prize leg has been traded to racketeer Virgil Boggio. He has just moved into the swank Columbus Towers. Boggio's best friend, Ginger, announces she is coming over for a house-warming. Boggio is out of town. Ginger makes a play for Kabatek but he's not having any. She bounces out.

It wasn't until I was shaving next morning that I decided what to do. I could have kicked myself for having been such a damned fool. Who was I to take that hoier-than-thou attitude? That statement about remaining good friends was about the dumbest thing I could have said to a woman like Ginger.

Immediately after her departure I'd been pretty sore. I'd shifted all the blame on her. Why did she have to bounce out like that merely because I'd hinted we were beginning to tread on dangerous ground? Was that an insult? Couldn't she have taken it in the spirit that it had been said? And then I'd started pacing back and forth, trying to figure out how I could have handled the situation. I wasn't only annoyed because of the unpleasant taste the whole thing left in my mouth, but also because I don't like to feel I've made a mistake.

The sight of the remains of our dinner and the empty champagne bottle had irritated me so I'd sent for the waiter. He must have been surprised to find me alone, but didn't show it. He merely inquired if everything had been satisfactory. I don't remember what I barked at him, but he wheeled the cart out in a hurry. My entire evening had been spoiled. All the joy of moving was gone.

But this morning, with the sunshine streaming in through the bathroom window, things began to look different. When a fellow's shaving it's a good time for him

suddenly come up in the world, this was the appropriate moment. Now, more than ever, I'd wish to remain in Boggio's good graces. It was all so simple that a child could have reasoned it out.

But the strange thing was my own frame of mind. I'd never thought of Ginger as being accessible to me and I try to avoid desiring that which is inaccessible. But now the situation had changed. She'd practically thrown herself at my head and the reason I'd bungled was because I'd been taken unawares.

I HEARD the bell at the end of the line ring and ring, and I was beginning to think Ginger wasn't in when she finally answered. Her voice was thick with sleep. "Hello."

"Oh, hello, Ginger. How are you?"

She grunted something that could be construed any way I pleased. I let it go and continued in my most cheerful manner. "Hope I didn't wake you up, Ginger. Maybe I'm calling a little early."

"Virgil's not here. He's still out of town."

"I know, Ginger. I don't want to talk to Virgil. I want to talk to you."

"You needn't bother."

"Come now, Ginger. Don't tell me you're still mad."

"I'm not mad. I'm just not interested."

If the telephone line was sensitive to a drop in temperature it would soon be snipping in half a dozen different places.

"Now listen, Ginger, I only wanted to tell you—"

That's as far as I got. She hung up on me. I waited for a few moments, then asked the operator to get the number again. The phone rang for what seemed to be an eternity and at last the operator cut in.

"There's no answer."

"That's all right," I said. "Keep on ringing."

At the end of the line the receiver was suddenly yanked off the cradle. Still no answer.

This was going to be harder than I thought.

(To Be Continued)

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY America's Card Authority

I received today's interesting hand from Jack Kushner of Springfield, Mass. Jack has always been interested in promoting the TTT system of bidding. He is one of Springfield's outstanding players, and is quick to recognize a nice hand.

He failed to give me the bidding on the hand, yet you can see that it was not difficult for South to get to a six-diamond contract. The opening lead was won in dummy with the ace of clubs, a club was trumped, dummy was entered with the spade king and the heart finesse was taken. The ace of hearts was cashed and a heart ruffed in dummy. Another club was ruffed, a spade led to dummy's ace and the fourth club ruffed. South cashed his diamond ace, which left East with three trumps to the queen. A spade was led, throwing East in and forcing him to lead into dummy's king-nine.

Hand description: ♠ AK5, ♥ 105, ♦ K987, ♣ A952. West: ♠ J82, ♥ J763, ♦ 2, ♣ J106. East: ♠ Q98, ♥ K82, ♦ Q543, ♣ K73. Dealer: South. Opening: ♣ Q.

As Jack points out, East could have defeated the contract by dropping his spade queen under the ace or king, and by under-ruffing the fourth club. Then he could not be thrown in and would be bound to make a trump trick.

Man Shortage in Washington Still

By NEA
The shortage of "available men for single girls in Washington still prevails as an angry group of young ladies at one of the government dormitories will testify.

It seems the girls lined up a Saturday night dance and arranged with the Navy to send a couple of busloads of sailors in from a nearby station.

Came the night, and the bus drivers somehow got on the wrong road—and ended up at a different housing unit.

The girls there thought that was a wonderful idea, though, and talked the boys into sticking around. So the bewildered girls in the other dorm had a maleless dance and didn't find out until the next day what had happened.

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Veterans Administration One Of Few Washington Bureaus Without Trumpets

By JACKSON S. ELLIOTT
WASHINGTON — In a day of high-powered, fast - talking, belted agencies, the old-line Veterans Administration is whistling along at a swift clip over one of the bumpiest of legislative roads. Bitt if it were VA's say-so, few would know it was even in the running.

Most objective viewers believe that VA is doing a pretty good job with perhaps the biggest lending program in the history of the nation. Potentially, every serviceman will be entitled to a loan for a home, farm, or new business. VA will handle the bulk of it. And there have been no particular complaints about its other work — compensation, hospitalization, guardianship, insurance and a multitude of other chores, many affecting veterans of wars as far back as the Spanish-American.

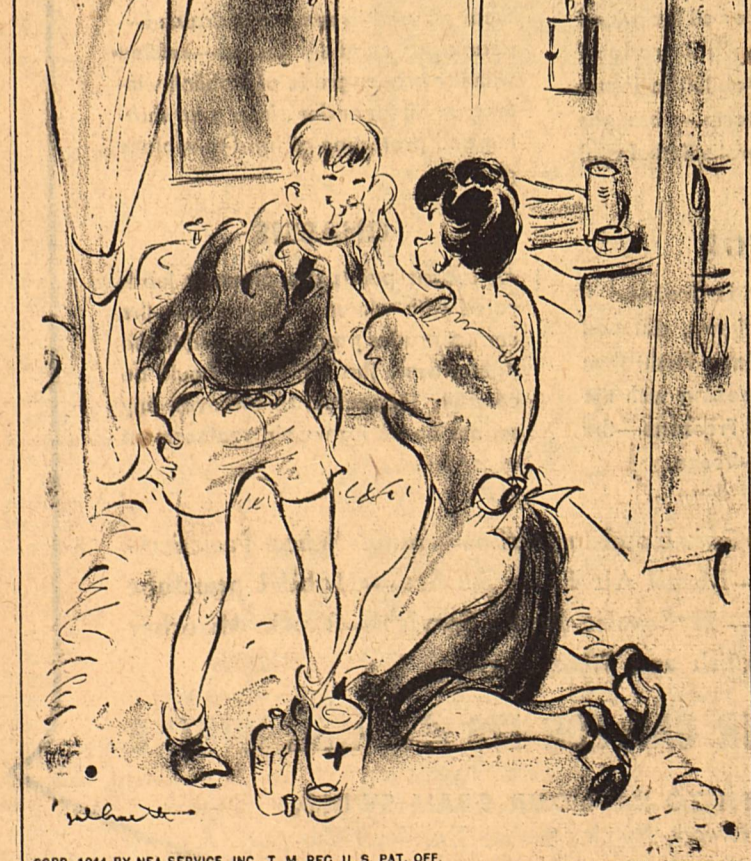
But in Washington today such a bureau is a rare avis. About its only bow to the times is its gear-up to present-day veteran's problem — a scattering of barelegged or hobby-sox girl clerks, an automatic drinking fountains in the corridors of the 35-year-old building.

Texan Lands Crippled Bomber On Two Wheels With Full Bomb Load

By AUSTIN BEALMEAR
A U. S. NINTH AIRFORCE MARAUDER BASE IN FRANCE — "Don't worry — I'm bring her in all right," Lt. Rufus Wilson, a 23-year-old Marauder pilot, radioed the control tower as he circled this field with a full crew and bombload but no nose wheel.

Officers in the tower smiled grimly at the coekiness of the young pilot whose home is Corsica. They knew, perhaps better than he that handling a B-26 medium bomber without a nose wheel is a tough job.

SIDE GLANCES



"I don't know who was to blame. Mom—the argument broke out all of a sudden while we were discussing how to preserve peace!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

PETRIFIED TREES

IN SOUTHERN UTAH, BURIED IN THE CLIFFS FOR CENTURIES, NOW ARE HELPING WIN THE WAR. THE ANCIENT HEARTS OF THESE STONE TREES YIELD UP TO 50 PER CENT URANIUM, USED ON ANNUOUS INSTRUMENT DIALS.

Quiz Corner

Follow the story in each issue. Answers are given in each issue.

Private Elmer

WHERE'S ELMER?

IN DENVER, COLORADO, THERE IS A TAILORING FIRM THAT MAKES UNIFORMS FOR NAZI OFFICERS! OFFICERS INTERNED IN AMERICAN PRISON CAMPS.

ANSWER: Domremy, France, about 125 miles southwest of Paris.

The Gift Only You Can Give - - - Your Portraill

Christmas photographs should be made now!
Make an appointment to be sure of Christmas delivery

THE MIDLAND STUDIO

210 W. Texas Phone 1003

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY

—By J. R. WILLIAMS

BOYS, MEET THE MAJOR'S LONG-LOST TWIN BROTHER FROM GHANGRI-LA! I STOOD HERE TALKING TO THIS DECOY FOR 10 MINUTES BEFORE I CAUGHT ON IT WAS A FORGERY WHOSE CORNY IDEA WAS IT?

IT TAKES THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING TO FALL ON ME, BUT I GET IT! — THIS TROJAN HORSE WAS HIS BIG IDEA. HE STUCK AT THE PLANT ON GUARD AT THE PLANT WHILE HE ROAMED THE TOWN — BUT HOW'D IT GET HERE?

MANOEuvre THE DUMMIES GOT WORKS IN IT LIKE A CLOCK, AND I JUST WALTZED IN HERE!

LISTEN — LISTEN! DON'T TURN IT INTO A SPORT — IF YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR QUAIL AND RABBITS, GO OUT IN TH' COUNTRY!

GOOD SHOW, LEANDER!

HUNTIN' GROUND

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By EDGAR MARTIN

NOW YOU BOYS BE GOOD OR I'LL SHOW YOU SOME MORE TRICKS THEY TAUGHT ME IN THE ARMY!

WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS, ROSIE? WHO IS IT?

ROONEY RUGGLES! FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

WELL, HE SAID HE WAS COMING TO SEE ME, BUT REALLY!

buy MEAD'S fine BREAD

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By MERRILL BLOSSER

STANDING HERE IS POOR PSYCHOLOGY, LARD! IT MAKES YOU APPEAR TOO ANXIOUS!

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF POLITICIANS KISSING BABIES TO INFLUENCE VOTES? — WELL, I FIGURE I'M A CHINCH TO LOSE THE ELECTION — I'M KINDA LIKE A DROWNING MAN!

I GO AROUND GRASPING AT STRAWS!

VOTE HERE

WASH TUBBS

—By LESLIE TURNER

WHILE JAP TROOPS SCOUR AN AREA FAR TO THE WEST FOR LINK'S GUERRILLAS...

WOT A TRIP SARGE! REACHED OUR KALINGA FRIENDS AFTER MIDNIGHT... THEY AGREED TO FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUCTIONS...

THEY FOLLOWED 'EM, PETE, AND HOW! RAIDED THAT JAP GARRISON BEFORE DAWN... TOLD A NIP PATROL THEY'D SEEN CAPTAIN EASY GOIN' WEST!

JUAN SAYS MOST O' COLONEL JALOP's FORCES HAVE LEFT WENDAO ON THE WILD GOOSE CHASE. WE PLANNED FOR 'EM!

I GETTA LAUGH OUTA TANA TRYIN' TO FOOL MARIA-ASKIN' HER TO TRACE TH' CAPTAIN!

WHEN MARIA TIPPED US OFF TH' CAPTAIN SMELLED A JALOP'S SENT JUAN TO FIND HIS HIDEOUT... SENT JUAN TO TANA AN' STEERED TH' OLD BUZZARD IN TH' WRONG DIRECTION!

WE CAN'T WASTE TIME PATTIN' OUR BACKS, FELLAS — THE TOUGHEST JOB IS YET TO COME!

RED RYDER

—By FRED HARMAN

YOU MADE ME LOSE MY MONEY, RIDER!

THAT'S NOT EXACTLY RIGHT, MOLLY!

ME GRAB-IM GUN, RED RYDER!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

BOOM

ALLEY OOP

—By V. T. HAMLIN

WELL, C'MON, AZRO!

RIGHT WITH YOU, COMRADE!

WELL, HOW'D YA LIKE THAT?

WE RISK OUR NECKS TO GET HIM OUT OF A MESS — ANY THEN HE JUMPS RIGHT BACK IN IT AGAIN!

AND ALL BECAUSE OF AN OLD STONE AX!

IF THAT'S TH' WAY HE WANTS IT, THAT'S TH' WAY HE CAN HAVE IT!

OKAY, OOOLA! GIVE 'ER TH' GUN! SO LONG, DOPE!

WELL, MY FRIEND, WE'RE BACK WHERE WE WERE! NOW HOW DO YOU PLAN TO RECOVER YOUR PRIZED AX FROM A HOSTILE CITY? AND BROTHERS, IT'll BE HOSTILE!

AW, DON'T WORRY, AZRO — WE'LL MANAGE IT SOMEHOW!

