

The Robert Lee Observer

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VOLUME 51

ROBERT LEE, COKE COUNTY TEXAS

FRIDAY, Dec. 20 1940

NUMBER 25

XMAS TREE

Lion's and Garden Clubs are Sponsoring a Community Tree at Methodist Church

Monday Dec. 23rd at 7:15 p m
Every body invited to bring presents early and place on tree. Open your pocket books and heart and help make somebody happy. Christmas comes only once a year.

Methodist Church

We are having our Christmas program this Sunday evening at 7:15. The title of it is "Sing A Song Of Christmas" will consist of Christmas hymns, Scripture, shepherds scene, nativity scene, and story: "The Other Wise Man," told by Mrs. Marvin Simpson. Also will take our Christmas offering for Orphanage.

We cordially invite you
G. T. Hester

Band Notes

BY JACK TERRY DIRECTOR

Christmas will be here in less than a week. I am sure that several of you plan to begin on an instrument soon and play in the band next year.

Upon comparing our band with the recommendations of the committee on Industrall Affairs of the Supervisors' National Conference I find we need 21 more horns to have a 43 piece band next year.

1 flute, 1 E flat clarinet, 6 B flat clarinet, 1 alto clarinet 1 bass clarinet 1 soprano saxophone, 1 mezzo-soprano saxophone, 2 alto saxophone, 1 tenor saxophone, 1 bass saxophone, 1 French or alto horn, 1 trombone, 2 baritons, 2 B flat bass horns.

Please let me know if you plan to get one of these horns so that we will not duplicate any of these badly needed instruments.

Miss Eunice McClure received word that her mother Mrs. S. E. McClure at Hearne Texas, was very ill. Miss McClure left Thursday to be at her bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Russell are leaving today for Liberty Hill to spend the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Stubblefield.



Christmas Holiday's Means Much But Alas! How Indifferent we Are

We are preparing to celebrate one of the greatest events that ever come to this world. The birth of a child that proved from every evidence that could be calculated to be the "Christ, King of the Jews" and a Savior of all mankind, but when we take stock and look at worldly conditions, man made prosperity, wars and rumors of wars, we wonder why man in all his intelligence could not have changed his leadership for the good will of all humanity instead of destruction. It would behoove each of us to take stock and see if we have come up to the standard of human living for we will be held accountable.

Don't spoil your holidays with careless driving and cause grief instead of happiness. Enjoy the occasion.

Ariel Club

The Annual Christmas Dinner was given at Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Aliens.

The Club members entertained their husbands with a dinner and a Christmas tree. The entertainment, Club members versus husbands, in "Battle of Wits"

NOTICE

Self Service Laundry will be closed Dec. 24-25 for Christmas.
Paul Kil am Phone 20

BAPTIST W. M. S.

The W. M. S. met at the Baptist Church Monday, 3 p. m. After the devotional Mrs. B. M. Gramling conducted the Bible study. Mrs. J. C. Snead and Mrs. Victor Wojtek had charge of the social hour, playing Santa Claus with a real Christmas tree and gifts were presented. Refreshments were served to 23.

The W. M. S. will not meet again until Monday Dec. 30.

Four out of five Tenant purchase loans have been submitted to the Dallas office for confirmation.

Frigid weather finally moved in on Robert Lee last Monday morning, a heavy frost and plenty of ice.

Miss Evelyn Crowell will spend Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crowell at Hillsboro.

Miss Mcttie Russell will spend the holidays with her sister Mrs. R. D. Smith in Fort Worth.

Home Boy Makes Good

Winford Baze at Mt. Pleasant is coach in high school and scored the honor of leading his team to the regional championship.

He and his wife will spend their Christmas holidays here with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baze.

Census report shows that 3539 bales of cotton were ginned in Coke County from the crop of 1940 prior to Dec. 1st as compared with 1669 bales for the crop of 1939.

TOYLAND AT CUMBIE'S

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gartman Dec. 18th at 1 a. m. a 11 pound boy.

W. K. Simpson's Ambulance, brought Mrs. J. W. Turney and her daughter Mrs. Carl Faith from the hospital in San Angelo, to Turney Hall's home in Robert Lee to recuperate after a fall that Grandma Turney received several days ago.

Dr. Turney is reported to be doing very well.

Among the students making the honor roll at John Tarlton College for the second primary period was Claude Ditmore of Tennyson, Texas.

Pay your water bill by 10th of each month or have your service discontinued.
City Commission.

School Holidays

School will be dismissed for the Christmas holidays Dec. 20th, and resume work Monday Dec. 30

ALAMO THEATRE

"THE BEST IN SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT"

ROBERT LEE TEXAS

Friday and Saturday Dec. 20-21

Gene Autry—Jane Withers IN

"SHOOTING HIGH"

WITH Marjorie Weaver—Katherine Aldridge

Also Comedy

Sunday 2 P. M. Matinee Mon. and Tues. Dec. 22-23-24

Walter Brennan—John Payne—Fay Bainter IN

"MARYLAND"

Land of Beautiful Belles - - Thoroughbred Horses - - Brought

to the Screen in Glorious Technicolor

Also Cartoon and News

Wednesday only Money Nite Dec. 25 Xmas

Dorothee Lamour—Robert Preston—Lyne Overman IN

"TYPHOON"

Also Comedy

TEXAS THEATRE

BRONTE, TEXAS

Friday and Saturday Dec. 20-21

James Newell—Dave O'Brien IN

"Murder On Youkon"

Also Two reel short and News

Tuesday Only Money Nite Dec. 24

Fred MacMurray—Barbara Stanwyck IN

"Remember The Night"

Also Popeye

Wednesday-Thursday Dec. 25-26

William Powell—Myrna Loy IN

"I Love You Again"

Plus Home on The Range



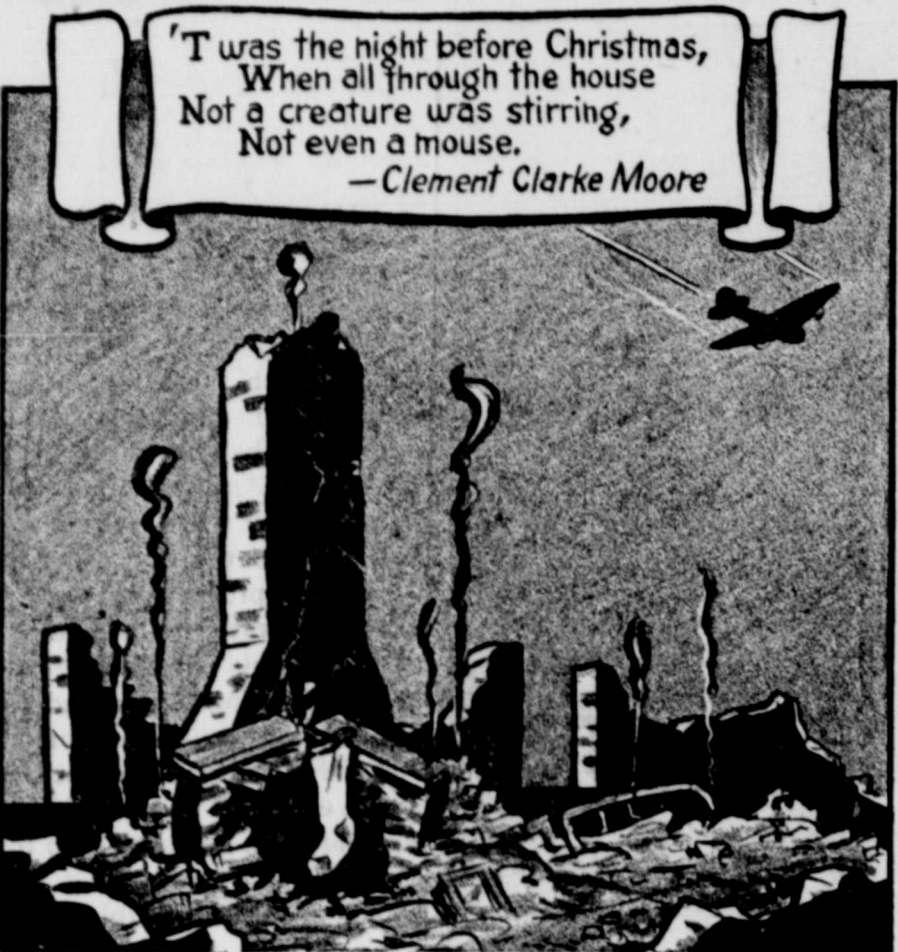
San Angelo Telephone Co.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

U. S. Isolationists 'View With Alarm' All Moves to Aid Britain and Greece; 'Bottlenecks' Worry Defense Leaders; Italian Drive Suffers New Reverses

(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.)



TAKING HAND: U. S. Steps In

While prominent isolationists "viewed with alarm" each successive step, it was evident that the United States was becoming daily a more vital factor in the various phases of World War II.

Summed up, these might be catalogued under (a) promised aid to Greece; (b) promised food credits to Spain; (c) placing aid to Britain even ahead of vital national defense; (d) preparations to place the navy immediately in shape to aid Britain in patrolling ocean lanes.

President Roosevelt's assurance to King George of Greece that material aid will come from this country, and immediately, was couched in terms that showed the nation ready to succor any and all peoples suffering from aggression.

At the same time that the state department and national defense council busied themselves with this problem, Ambassador Weddell approached the more ticklish task of aiding Axis-friendly Spain. The Spanish admittedly were in dire need of food to tide them over the winter.

Franco was unable to give immediate assurance of Spain's non-participation in the war, but while America apparently was willing to waive a definite pledge, a demand was made that Spain announce her principle of non-intervention.

The United States was anxious to give Spain food, partly from this country, partly from the Argentine, but equally as anxious that these provisions not fall into the hands of Axis belligerents.

In addition to huge American commitments to give Britain planes, tanks and war material of all kinds, the need for merchant ships was being met through the purchase here of 150 ships, more than 100 of them to be constructed by one shipyard alone.

NAZI SPEECH: Rival Worlds

In a 90-minute address to German war workers, Adolf Hitler, told them and the world that the current war was a fight between two worlds, one of "special privilege," in which he included the United States, the other a world of equality and freedom as represented by Nazi Germany. He indicated that Britain would feel more and more the might of Nazi armed force. Expressing supreme confidence in Germany's strength, Hitler promised his followers that the tempo of war would be stepped up until Nazi victory was assured.

LAGGING: Bottlenecks

Appropriating billions for defense production is one thing, getting the material another, as the U. S. defense leaders were finding out.

The headache—bottlenecks! Number One of these was Engines—Number Two, Aluminum; Number Three, Landing Gears; Number

Four, Machine Tools, and Number Five, Guns.

In spite of big increases in production at the Pratt-Whitney, Curtiss and Allison plants, facilities for making planes were still far ahead of the engines to make them go.

Those in the know admit that U. S. commitments to Great Britain are such that our plants will not be able to deliver engines in quantity to this country until around next September. After that time the Ford plants, it was said, will be geared up to make Pratt-Whitney engines in quantity, and the Packard factory will have the Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled motors in hand. These are essential for pursuit planes.

Two other auto factories are surveying their ability to turn out airplane engines, but even if they work out the problem, they won't be in production until late in 1941, well behind the Ford and Packard situation.

As to aluminum, the country is increasing its production of the raw material rapidly, but there is a long lag between raw material and the sheets and forgings necessary to make turrets, mounts and fuselages.

Next bottleneck was the landing gears, the shortage being in wheels, brakes and the air-compression cylinders necessary for the heavy types of bombers with retractable wheels. Factories are gearing up for these in mass production, but are far behind the plane factories.

Machine tools, starting point in all mass production, constituted the biggest headache among the bottlenecks. Knudsen and his associates started on the machine tool problem first, knowing it would be most vital, but the lag here has been even greater than expected.

One new machine tool, having to be built and turned out in mass production, may cause a lag of months in making airplanes on an assembly line basis.

The guns referred to are of heavier caliber than those we formerly used on our planes. Here, again, the defense leaders have realized that guns are not designed and built in quantity in a day, and concentrated effort is being made in this direction.

ITALY:

Unrest at Home?

Serious signs of Italian unrest at home matched continuing news of disaster at the Grecian front, although the lapse between occurrence and admission still was about ten days to two weeks.

The Italians have to wait at least that long before learning what has happened to their boys "over there" across the smiling Adriatic. At first there were reports of constant successes as the Fascist war machine smashed into Grecian territory, sweeping the Greeks ahead of them as the defenders marshalled their forces swiftly and sought defensible positions for men and guns.

Then the Evzones, those killed mountaineers, began striking and Italian gains became losses, and the invaders were swept back across the Albanian frontier into a retreat that was steadily continued.

Cues—Not Swords



NEW YORK.—This not being Albania, Greek and Italian cross billiard cues, instead of swords. The Greek is the former world's champion, Jimmy Caras (left) of Philadelphia, and the Italiati is William Mosconi (right) of New York City, an early leader in the national billiards tournament.

HEROES:

Sagas of the Sea

The 20,000-ton merchant cruiser Carnavon Castle took its place among sea heroes when it limped into Montevideo after telling of a "chase" fight of nearly 24 hours with an unidentified Nazi surface raider that has taken a heavy toll of British and neutral shipping.

Once more, as in the case of the Graf Spee, the battle took place in South Atlantic waters, tending to confirm the British belief that ports in that general neighborhood send out ships which refuel and re-provision the raiders.

The Carnavon Castle, undoubtedly lighter in armament and slower in speed than the German raider, reported that it left its antagonist badly hit astern, and afire. Carnavon's skipper expressed the opinion that the raider had not long to survive.

The merchant cruiser arrived in port hit a dozen times, with many killed and wounded, and listing heavily to port. Ballast tanks had been filled on purpose to accomplish this, and to lift her starboard side out of water, thus bringing huge holes at the waterline up out of the water, keeping the ship afloat.

REDS:

In School

An aftermath of Dies committee revelations occurred in New York, where the American Legion took cognizance of hints that Communist party members were teaching in New York classrooms, and the revelations were sensational.

No less than 24 teachers, many of them in Brooklyn college, a city-owned institution, were found in colleges, high and grade schools who were charged with being Red party members.

Instances of circulation of Marxist propaganda, also the teaching of Communist doctrines were uncovered, and the matter well-aired.

CRASH:

Another Tragedy

Perhaps a mite smug over their wonderful record of safety in passenger-carrying, the plane lines had a rude shock when a mainliner crashed in Chicago, with the loss of many lives.

Review of accident brought two things to the notice of investigators: (1) that Pilot Scott changed from one plane to another in Cleveland because he didn't like the sound of one motor when he "revved" it up prior to a takeoff; (2) He had to circle about for 28 minutes in a blinding snowstorm over the Chicago airport before he could land.

Six ships were "in line," stacked up at thousand-foot intervals as they took turns coming into the port. The possibility of snow-blindness was mentioned, as at the last moment the pilot radioed ground forces that he "had a good view of the landing field" and was coming in.

Suddenly a wing dipper and he crashed from 150 feet. Six died at once, and four later. Pilot, copilot and stewardess lost their lives.

FOREIGN JOTTINGS:

Berlin—Jan Kubelik, master violinist, was reported to have died in Prague at 60. Reckless of money, he died in comparative poverty and with his beloved Czecho-Slovakia crumbling around him. By his side was "Charles Dawson," a Hindu medical student who once heard Kubelik play, deserted his own life and studies to "stay forever" with "such a master."

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 22

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SHARING THE SHEPHERDS' JOY (Christmas Lesson)

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2:8-20. GOLDEN TEXT—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:14.

Tinsel and toys, snow and sleigh bells, crowded department stores and rushing throngs, gifts and greeting cards, Christmas dinner and fellowship with family and friends—is that all Christmas means to us? All these things are proper in their place—exciting and interesting—but they are not enough.

They have never been enough and certainly they will not do this year, with a world in chaos. We need not lose any of the thrilling enjoyment of Christmas by properly observing the day; in fact, we shall only enhance its meaning and bring out its real glory by keeping Christ at the heart of our Christmas.

The opening verses of Luke 2 tell us of the coming of Mary with Joseph to God's appointed place at His appointed time for the coming into this world of His Son to be made flesh and dwell among us (John 1:14). Our lesson tells us of

I. Good Tidings of Great Joy (vv. 8-14).

God had good news for the people of this world and He gave it, as was His custom, to those who were faithfully discharging their humble duties (cf. Judg. 6:11, 12; I Kings 19:19). God is still ready to reveal His glory and grace in the "office, kitchen, mill, barn school-room, and open field—places where people are at work on daily tasks" (Douglas). You need not be in the great church in a large city to meet Him on Christmas day. He will reveal Himself in all His beauty where you are, though you be in the humblest surroundings and at the most menial task. Look for Him!

Note that the army of heaven came to declare peace, not war; but only to those in "whom He is well pleased" (v. 14, R. V.). As long as men serve the devil and displease God, they will have no peace.

II. Great Faith and Consistent Action (vv. 15, 16).

The shepherds did not say, "Let us now go and see if this thing has come to pass," or "which we expect or hope will come to pass," but said, "which is come to pass." They went not to test God's word, but in the assurance that they would "see" what had come to pass. Blessed faith! Let us too believe God's word to us.

But "faith without works is dead" (James 2:17). The shepherds might have made many excuses for not going but "they came" and "found" the Saviour. Perhaps you who read these words have failed at that point; you have not come to Jesus as your Saviour. No more appropriate time could be found to come than right now. Believe, then act on your faith.

Some of us who are Christians need also to learn of the shepherds. We talk a great deal about our devotion to Christ. Especially at this Christmas season we render much "lip service" to Him. Let us make it real, and our lives virile and active for Him.

III. Good News for Meditation and Proclamation (vv. 17-20).

The gospel is literally "good news." What a blessed privilege it is to have such good news in a day of evil tidings, of darkness and despair.

There are two things we ought to do with the gospel of God's redeeming grace. We should make it known to the ends of the earth, but we should also do as Mary, "who kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." We know she had special reasons for doing so, but may we not suggest that you too make this Christmas a time when you will ponder in your own heart what God has done for you in Christ?

The shepherds also set us a Christmas example, for they "made known abroad" the coming of the Saviour. Will you tell someone else today? Will you, like the shepherds, be "glorifying and praising God" this Christmas? You will if you, like them, go to the manger and meet Jesus. If you go to this world's empty show of celebration, you will return empty (see v. 20).

May the blessed peace of Christ be yours this Christmas. That is my wish from the heart to you.

Gems of Thought

WITHOUT a Sabbath, no worship; without worship, no religion; and without religion, no permanent freedom.—Montalembert.

A bad custom is like a good cake, better broken than kept.—Old Proverb.

We shall never gather happiness if we try to retain it for ourselves.—Addison.

Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife, his only answer was a blameless life.—Couper.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—Sterne.

Hen, Rooster Motif For Tea Towel Set



No. Z9160

THE romantic story of a print hen and rooster, aided and abetted by Cupid in daisy form, is entertainingly told in motifs for a set of tea towels. Any bride, or matron, would welcome clever towels like these; there is one for each day of the week. The two extra motifs are for matching pan-holders to complete the set.

No. Z9160, 15c, brings the NUMO hot iron transfer giving these nine designs. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
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ST. JOSEPH
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢
ASPIRIN

Whom to Watch
Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us.—C. H. Spurgeon.

KENT BLADES
OUTSTANDING BLADE VALUE
10 for 10 CENTS
CUPPLES CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Spasmodic Joy
Joy, like the ague, has one good day between two bad ones.

YOUR EYES TELL
how you feel inside

Look in your mirror. See if temporary constipation is telling on your face. In your eyes. Then try Garfield Tea, the mild, pleasant, thorough way to cleanse internally... without drastic drugs. Feel better. LOOK BETTER, work better. 10c—25c at drugstores.

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For Prompt Relief
Headaches
Stomach
Spasms
FREE
Stamped, addressed envelope brings 6 FREE SAMPLES.
GARFIELD TEA CO., Inc.
Dept. 6
41st St. & 8th Ave.
N.Y.C.
See doctor if headaches persist

Live to Apply
To live is not to learn, but to apply.—E. Legouve.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF
COLDS
quickly use
666
LIQUID TABLETS
SALVE
NOSE DROPS
COUGH DROPS

NEW IDEAS
ADVERTISEMENTS are your guide to modern living. They bring you today's NEWS about the food you eat and the clothes you wear. And the place to find out about these new things is right in this newspaper.



BY HELEN TOPPING MILLER

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Virgie Morgan, widow, and owner of the Morgan paper mill in the Carolina mountain district, turns down a marriage proposal from Wallace Withers. He leaves in a rage. Branford Wills, a young stranger, who has been lost in the mountains for three days, finds his way to the Morgan home. He is fed and allowed to remain overnight. He identifies himself as a government employee, working with surveyors in the district. Wills develops pneumonia and is forced to remain in the household. Marian, Virgie's daughter, dislikes Wills. Trouble is developing as Withers meets Stanley Daniels, the mill's chemist. Virgie learns someone is attempting to obtain title to timber lands owned by Tom Pruitt, life-long friend of her deceased husband and part owner of the mill. She advises Tom to clear up title to his property. A love affair is developing between Daniels and Lucy Fields, Virgie's secretary. Withers attempts to bargain with Daniels to have him help in getting possession of the Morgan mill. Daniels refuses. Wills improves, and discovers he is in love with Marian. She is developing similar symptoms. Both keep it secret. Virgie offers Wills a job at the mill. Tom learns timber interests have sent men to look over his land. He takes a rifle and goes into the woods. His health greatly improved, Wills leaves the Morgan household to live in the village.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"In a rain-coat?" Marian gave Bry a pitying look. "When I elope it will be by moonlight, and the man will be lean and handsome. He won't look like you."

"What does it matter how he looks in the moonlight?"

"It doesn't matter. But it matters a lot when I look at him next day and discover what I've eloped with. And I wouldn't be thrilled at looking at you across a breakfast table, Bry, for years and years."

"I never get up for breakfast."

"The man I elope with has to get up. He'll bring me my toast and coffee, with a rosebud on the tray."

"You can't marry that fellow. He's married already. No weak-minded, angelic sap like that could possibly have escaped until now."

"It isn't weak to be gallant." Marian was abstracted because she had been trying to picture Bry across a breakfast table. His dampish hair and eyes full of things he had seen—things you didn't like to think about.

"Gallant and goofy," Bry finished for her. "Your forefathers hitched their women to the plow along with the ox. If they didn't pull a straight furrow they got the whip around their legs. I'll bet your great-grandfather sat by the fire in Scotland and smoked while his wife did the milking and brought in the wood."

"They didn't burn wood in Scotland. They burned peat."

"Well, whatever it was she had to carry it in. You're soft—all you women!"

"You," Marian stated, dryly, "aren't so hard yourself. If this car stalled in the mud right now, I've got more muscle to push it out than you have."

"I don't need muscle." He was complacent. "I've got brains. I know enough to give you good advice while you were pushing the car out."

"You make me sick with your conceit. I don't know why I came with you anyway. Turn around—I want to go back."

"Okay." He turned the car into a drive, without protest, backed it, and turned it, not looking at her.

CHAPTER VII

Virgie had spiked her old hat on the hook and given a flick across her desk with a feather duster, when Branford Wills walked into the office that afternoon.

"I made it." He grinned feebly. "I won't be an important asset to the pulp business for a day or two—not till my knees stop knocking together, anyway. But here I am."

Virgie grinned back. She liked this lean, clear-eyed young man with the trace of iron in the set of his mouth and chin. And she needed him. Days had passed and still Tom Pruitt had not come back. "Well," she said aloud to Wills, "it looks like I'm going to need some young bones in this business. My old ones are about worn out. Come along out with me and I'll tell the boys you're here. You better hang around and watch the process for a few days, ask questions, and get underfoot. You can't work in a pulp mill unless you know what it's all about. Oh, yes—this is Lucy Fields, Mr. Wills. I run the mill and Lucy runs me."

Lucy looked up and said, "How do you do?" swallowing nervously.

"I shall probably have to ask Miss Fields to boss me for a while," he said. "I'll be a sad tenderfoot, I'm afraid."

"I'll boss you," Virgie stated firmly, "and this plant can't afford tenderfeet. You have to cut your eye-teeth quick and cut them hard. Begin by stepping high over that steam hose if you don't want Jerry Shelton in your hair."

There was, to Virgie's eyes, only the customary reticence of the mountain man in the attitude of the old hands in the mill toward Branford Wills. They greeted him with the taciturn "Howdy" of the hills, looked him up and down, went on with their work.

"You show Wills how the drum-barkers work, Mank," Virgie ordered. "Start him in with the logs at this end and he'll come out with the pulp into the stuff chests, at the other."

But if she was satisfied with the calm of events at the mill, she was displeased when she went home at night, very weary.

The rain had stopped. The ground was freezing again and the wind was friendless and dreary. Lössie had not lighted the fire and the room that Virgie persisted in calling the "sitting-room" was cold.

The upper floor still smelled of camphor and alcohol and Ada Clark's starched, scorched uniforms. But it was very still. Lössie had cleaned up the sick-room and put a clean counterpane on the bed, very flat and white. It looked lonely.

Marian's room was empty, too, and Virgie felt irritated at that. You spent your best years raising young ones, you gave them the best of everything and all the freedom in the world. You were a good parent and what did you get? A cold house, empty and forlorn, nobody to talk to, nobody to give a darn if you dropped over from weariness or not pleurisy from dressing in a cold room.

Even in her own mind Virgie was only half aware of the real cause of her irritation, the pressing apprehension half ignored, which was her anxiety about Tom Pruitt.

She sat and stared gloomily into the fire, wondering what had happened to the old man and what he meant by wandering off, anyway, without a word to any one—the old mule-head! Sat, all unaware of the drama that had been enacted that day, on the cold slope of the ridge above Hazel Fork, a drama with only one witness. That witness was young Bill Gallup.

Bill Gallup had been driving the maintenance truck along a rutty mountain road.

The road followed the slash ribbon over the slope of a ridge where the steel towers and wires of a main transmission line linked up the eager plunge of mountain torrents with the deeper surge of the commerce of the world.

Through the low growing brush of the slash he saw a tall figure approaching—a man who carried a gun.

He slowed the truck and waited. Mountain men were sensitive for all their harsh exteriors and to pass on without stopping to pass the time of day might give offense that could bring down on a power concern the vindictive and sadistic enmity of a whole family connection.

Bill called, "Howdy, neighbor," and trod the brake. The engine instantly sighed, gurgled, steamed, and died. The man with the gun came nearer and Bill saw that it was old Tom Pruitt.

"Hello, Tom," he greeted. "What are you fixing to hunt up here, this time of year? That looks like a bear gun to me."

"Yeah," he said, "this here's a bear gun. I been totting it round over the ridge yonder. Thought I might maybe could see me a varmint. I was just shacking down to get me a bite to eat. You goin' back to that there lighthouse of your'n? I'll ride along and see if Jim Bishop's wife has got a cold pone in the stove."

"Sure, get in. You must have been out quite a while—you're pretty muddy and tired out, from the look of you."

"Slept out," Tom was laconic.

At the Bishop house Tom got out and went around to the back door.

Jim Bishop's wife was a girl from the village and Bill remembered that he had heard she was distantly related to Tom. Any kinship, to the most remote degree, was important in the mountains. Bill drove back to the plant, confident that Tom would be taken care of.

An hour later, as he went back to work after lunch, he saw Tom Pruitt again. Gun slung over his shoulder, Tom was slogging down the muddy road. His shoulders were slumped and his legs moved heavily as though he were very weary.

Tom turned off the road presently and struck directly across the ridge, following a dim trail through the crowding laurel. The path was steep and tangled, having been made by game. It crept beneath tall, knotty thickets of rhododendron, and skirted open places, keeping to the shelter of the undergrowth. It had been trodden out by creatures wishing to hide, and it suited Tom, for he had no desire to be seen.

Twice he rested, crouched on rocks, stretching his legs, his ears buzzing as his heart strained in the thin air. On the upward climb he did not bother to look about him, but toiled on, stooping, the gun heavy under his arm, his head down.

But once on the crest his manner changed, turned feral, cautious, his eyes glinting. He stalked silently, his old hat jerked down, the pocket of his overall jacket sagging from a double weight of cartridges.

The opposite slope of the ridge was very different from the brushy



"They was in my timber, Mis' Morgan. I was watchin' for 'em. I got one."

way he had just climbed. Ahead, as far as his eye could carry, was a great, untouched, majestic expanse of hardwood forest. Trees, vast and quiet, leafless and magnificent, in their aloof columnar austerity, covered the slow descent and a rolling expanse below.

Tom breathed heavily, air whistling through his teeth as he looked at them. His eyes, for a moment, were worshipful.

Taking a downward roundabout way, he advanced from tree to tree, carefully finding the moss underfoot, making no sound. A bunch of wild gooseberry bushes offered ambush and he dropped into them, parting the twigs soundlessly, lying still for a long interval, his gaze fixed on the slope below.

There was an indentation in the half-frozen ground and into this his elbow fitted easily, because in that place for two days it had rested.

The ground was cold and Tom's body ached after a half-hour in the cramped place, but he shifted his limbs, flexed his hands, and shrugged his collar up about his neck, always keeping his eyes on a spot far below between the tall poplars.

The light grew cold and thin, the trees stirred and worried as trees do when night begins to climb the mountains. A dry twig fell, a crossbill swung across a lighter space, stopped for an instant on the bark of a cedar, turned head down, and began its angry cry. All the frost-powdered drift of leaves stirred briefly, in a raw breath of wind, then was as swiftly still.

Old Tom tensed a little. For forty years he had been a woodsman. He knew all the signs. Something was abroad in this quiet winter forest. He had waited two days and a night and now his waiting was at an end.

He pulled himself up slightly, dropped his hat and rested his left arm upon it. The gun came up and was steady. The cool palm-worn stock and breech were smooth under the old man's hand. Its weight gave him the feeling of power and dominance that belongs only to kings. For a long interval he made no move.

Then in a flash the crossbill hurled itself to the top of the tree, screaming. Bark sifted down. And far down the slope Tom Pruitt saw what he had been watching for for forty long hours.

A car had stopped on the woods

road. Two men got out and walked up the rutty track and presently a third man followed.

The three began climbing the slope, stopping at intervals to study the trees. One was obviously the conductor of the expedition, making gestures, calling the attention of the others to the lifting majesty of the trunks, the spread of branches. Tom Pruitt followed this man with a narrowed eye, precise and remorseless, over the sight of the resting rifle.

They came closer. The leader moved ahead, turning back at intervals to direct the gaze of the others upon the lay of the land, the absence of underbrush, the ease with which this virgin stand could be timbered. As though he heard every word Tom Pruitt knew what this man was saying, though their voices reached him only as low murmurs through the forest stillness.

High in the tree the crossbill was agitated. Men born to the woods, Tom thought with scorn, would have known enough to look around, known that something watched below the crossbill's tree. But these men did not belong in places of watchful silences. They were outsiders. They had come to rob. And because they had no craft they were helpless.

Very slowly Tom's long forearm flexed, very slowly the muscles of his lean hand—his right hand—tightened!

The drama came home to Virgie Morgan at ten o'clock, when her ears had begun to ache from listening for Marian's return, and wild angers at the stark thoughtlessness of young people to possess her.

She heard a car stop, and sprang to her feet, grim-faced and reproachful.

"Well—did they close up all the other places?" She began sharply. But she stopped at the sight of Marian's white face. Marian's eyes were big and frightened.

"Mother—" she began—"Bry and I went to Sally Gallup's this afternoon when it stopped raining. On the way back we picked up Tom Pruitt. He's been up there—in the woods—for days. He's out in the car now—he's all muddy. Mother—Tom killed a man—over on Hazel Fork."

The sound Virgie Morgan made at Marian's announcement was half a groan and half a convulsive, absurd squeak. There was horror in it, but under that a terrible tragic resignation.

Somehow, for days, for weeks even, she had felt the pressure of this coming thing. The unrest and unhappy nerve twitches of impending change. She had decided in the morning, in spite of the apparent calm at the mill, that now her forebodings had come true—that something was beginning in the ruthless, inexplicable fashion with which life suddenly shifts to the sinister.

But even her stout spirit was not braced against such a fierce acceleration of tempo.

She stumbled up, gray-faced. "Where is he?" she demanded. "How do you know he killed a man? Killed who?"

Marian was steady, though her eyes were big and terrified.

"He doesn't know who it was, Mother. He shot somebody. They were trying to steal his timber over on Hazel Creek. Now he wants us to take him over to jail. Bry and I don't know what to do. Bry thinks Tom is crazy."

Lössie was standing, staring blankly at the door.

"Get my coat," Virgie ordered. "I'll talk to Tom. We're not in a big enough mess—he would have to do a thing like this!"

Marian protested. "It's no use to talk to him, Mother. He's so excited when he tries to talk it doesn't make sense and his teeth chatter. Bry doesn't want to drive way over to the county-seat tonight. Couldn't we telephone the sheriff?"

"We won't telephone anybody. I'll handle this. Bring Tom in here. He didn't kill anybody. Tell Bry to bring him in."

"I don't believe he'll come in. He didn't want us to stop at all. He said if we wouldn't take him to jail that he'd get out and walk."

"Give me that coat, Lössie. I'll fetch the old fool in here myself." Virgie fumbled into the sleeves. She was a strong woman but now she felt numb all over and her knees were fluid and cold. She walked out into the winter dark, holding her jaw grimly to keep her teeth from clacking. "What's all this, Tom Pruitt?" she demanded, as she came up to the silent car, standing there in the dark with headlights burning dimly. "What's all this foolishness?"

Tom seemed to heave himself up with an effort. His long, gaunt body straightened, in the shadows. His breath hissed over his teeth.

"They was in my timber, Mis' Morgan. I was watchin' for 'em. I got one. I'd ought to got them all. I would 'a got all of 'em but my old gun jammed. It hadn't ought to jammed, neither—I had it cleaned out good. Them cartridges Bryson sold me wasn't no good."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Debtor Set the Collector An Example in Conduct

Doublex is noted for his nerve, his shortness of temper, and his scarcity of cash. While seated at a lonely breakfast in his club one morning a debt collector stormed in, and presented his bill.

"Sir," said Doublex, glaring at him, "is this all you know of the usages of decent society? To present a bill to a man breakfasting? Do you know that you are an intruder? If you wish to talk business, go outside and send in your card."

The collector went out and sent in his card. Doublex picked it up and read it.

"Tell the gentleman," he said sweetly, "that I am not in."



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The Robert Lee Observer

S. R. YOUNG
Editor and Publisher

Entered the postoffice at Robert Lee, Coke County, Texas,
as second class mail matter, under an act of Congress
of March 3, 1879.

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Good Will Toward Men

One anniversary and one alone belongs to all the world. Each nation has holidays which celebrate its heroes and important events in its history.

But these are of human origin and are transcended by one event that is celebrated by all nations. Only once a year the whole earth echoes with tidings of joy sung by all peoples.

Ever since the Virgin Mother laid her baby in its manger bed in Bethlehem, Christmas has been God's gift to every home, the equal possession of all mankind.

The day comes this year to a confused world which will receive the greeting of a Merry Christmas with eager hearts. It is at this season that we renew the hope for "peace on earth, good will toward men."

Christmas brings within the reach of men and women everywhere the blessings which no change of time or circumstances can take away. It lifts the eyes of men from worldly trials to the vision of a Living Christ, newborn at this time; it lifts man's mind to the knowledge of God's love. It brings us to that neighborly love which the small town and rural community best typifies today.

This newspaper, which has served this community with neighborly tidings, extends to you all the sincere wishes for a very Merry Christmas.

Church Notes

| | |
|--|-------|
| METHODIST | |
| Church School | 10:00 |
| Preaching Service | 11:00 |
| Epworth League | 4:00 |
| Preaching Service | 7:30 |
| W. S. C. S. -- Monday | 3:00 |
| BAPTIST | |
| Sunday School | 10:00 |
| Preaching Service | 11:00 |
| B. T. U. | 6:30 |
| Preaching Service | 7:15 |
| W. M. S., Monday | 3:00 |
| Officers-Teachers Meeting, Tuesday | 7:00 |
| CHURCH OF CHRIST | |
| Regular Services | 9-30 |
| Preaching on First Sunday of each month. | |
| CHURCH OF CHRIST | |
| Young Folks Bible Study | 10:00 |
| Services each Sunday | 11:00 |
| Preaching 2nd and 4th Sundays. | |



City Drug Store
Headquarters for
SANTA

★ *Our daddies said tell you..* ★

★ **Merry Christmas** ★
★ *and* ★
★ **A Happy New Year** ★

"... and they said tell you we're glad you use 'lectric lights, and 'frigerators, and toasters and things because that's what makes jobs for them so we can hang up our stockings. Our daddies, you see, work for our West Texas Utilities. They 'preciate you and talk all the time 'bout ways to give you better service. They say it's because they work to find these ways that 'lectricity is so cheap and ev'rybody can use it. They say, too, it makes people happy and all our mammas don't work so hard any more since they got 'lectric servants in the kitchen.

"There are a lot of us West Texas Utilities children. It makes jobs for more than a thousand families, all because *you* use 'lectric things. And that's why we're wishing you A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!"



H. C. VARNADORE
Commissioner
Precinct. No. 1



D. L. Vestal
Blacksmithing and Welding



Sam Gaston
Commissioner Prct. No. 4



BRYAN'S DAIRY

★ **Our Local Offices** ★
★ **Will Be Closed** ★
★ **Christmas Day** ★

★ **West Texas Utilities** ★
★ *Company* ★



MRS. B. M. GRAMLING
COUNTY TREASURER



MCNEIL WYLIE
COUNTY JUDGE and Ex-Officio School Superintendent



S. E. ADAMS
Abstracts and Insurance



Robert Lee State Bank

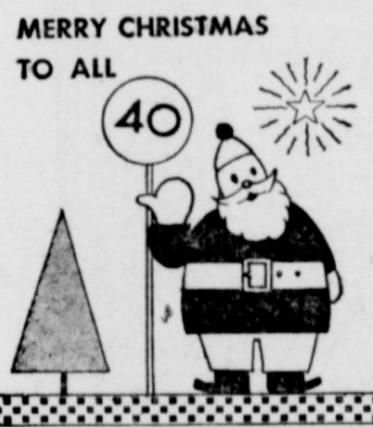
ROBERT LEE, TEXAS



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H. D. FISH
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES

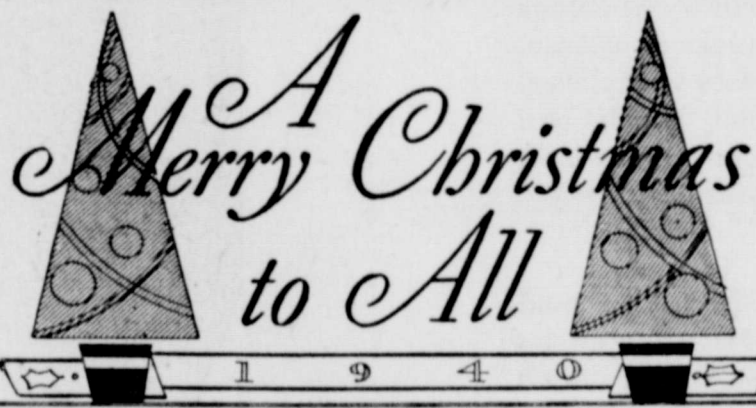
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County and District Clerk



FRANK PERCIFUL
SHERIFF and Tax Assessor-Collector



W.K. SIMPSON Co.

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CHRISTMAS



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GROCERIES AND DRYGOODS



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FRED ROE



H. E. SMITH

CHRISTMAS CHEER



YEAR AFTER YEAR

ALAMO THEATRE

Shepherds and Kings

AND she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

From near at hand and from distant lands there came visitors to Bethlehem. There were kings and there were shepherds. They followed the same star. Somewhere in the streets of the little town these columns met, and there was talk between the wise men and the shepherds as to the nature of their mission. They exchanged such information as they had about the birth of the King of Kings and where He was to be found.

One of the royal party leaned down from his camel to listen to a shepherd who said, "We were in the field watching our flock and suddenly an angel appeared. We were very much frightened. And the angel said to us, 'Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And then suddenly the sky was filled with a great light and voices sang, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

"And the light faded and we began to talk to each other and we decided to leave just one man with the flock and we went up to Bethlehem to see this thing which is come to pass and which the Lord has made known to us. And we were in great haste."

And the king who sat high above the shepherd got down from the back of his camel to hear the story more clearly, and the shepherds clustered around him to learn what signs he and his party had received which brought them from far countries to Bethlehem.

And the eldest of the wise men explained, "For us it was a star, a new star in the heavens, and it seemed to us that the star beckoned, and we gathered together treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh."

And he pointed to the great retinue behind him and the camels heavily laden with bales and bundles of precious stuffs. And the shepherds seemed ashamed and said, "We have

brought nothing. We came straight from the field when the angel spoke to us. And we were in great haste."

And all the shepherds were abashed in the presence of the three kings and their servants and their camels bearing the burdens of rich gifts. They could see and detect the place of their destination at the end of the street. The star shone directly on the stable. And because it was only a small place and the party of the kings was large the shepherds made as if to step aside so that these great men from a distant land might go first with their precious gifts for the King of kings. But the eldest of the wise men waved to the shepherds to join his servants and not to humble themselves.

"Whether it be from far or near," he said, "we are on the same mission. We should enter into the house together."

But the shepherds were still reluctant, and one of them answered, "First must come your servants with your precious gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. We have told you we bring nothing. We came straight from the fields, and even if we had not come in great haste there is nothing we possess fit to bring as a gift to the King of kings. We will linger and tarry here until you have given over your treasure."

The city was dark and still, but in this street there was a babble of voices and the sound of camel drivers calling to the great beasts to kneel so that they might dismount and unfasten the thongs which held in place the treasure chests and the sacks of incense.

And the cavalcade drew up before the door with clatter, noise and tumult. The shepherds were silent, for they had seen many wonders in a single evening, and not the least

of these were the kings of the East and their camel train. And in the street the servants opened cedar chests and revealed great bars of gold heavier than the stones which lay in the meadow where the flocks had been left to graze. And the eyes of the shepherds opened wide again as when they saw the light of angels and heard the voices from the heavens.

Through the narrow door and up to the manger itself strode the kings and great bearded men bearing treasure. The timid shepherds followed and ranged themselves in the back of the room against the walls of the stable, for they were affrighted to be in the presence of princes and of the King of kings.

The eldest of the wise men said, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the east and are come to worship Him. And we bring with us rich treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh."

And Mary, the mother, looked up at the great throng and paid no heed to the gifts of gold and incense but placed her finger upon her lips and said to the shepherds and to the kings, "The baby sleepeth." —By H. B.



ASK ME ANOTHER ? A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

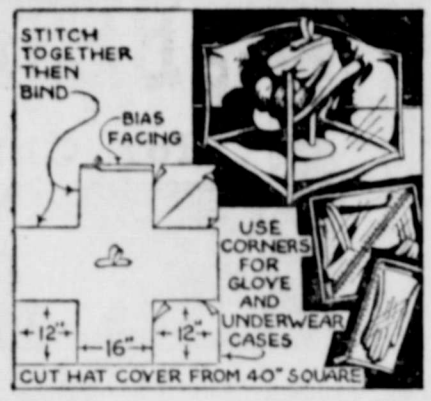
The Questions

1. Who delivered the famous Cooper Union address?
2. What great river has its flow controlled by the Assum dam?
3. In what year did Hitler become dictator of Germany?
4. What is the official language of Liberia?
5. An anodyne is a medicine that does what?
6. What person in fiction had the "Old Man of the Sea" clinging to his shoulders?

The Answers

1. Abe Lincoln.
2. Nile river.
3. In March, 1933, when the reichstag passed an act giving him absolute power.
4. English.
5. Relieves pain.
6. Sinbad.
7. From Quebec province to Alabama.

HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



ting and making the hat cover are given here in the sketch. The material from two corners made the square underwear case. The material from each of the other two corners was folded to make a glove or handkerchief case. Bright blue bias tape was used for seam binding and the bottom facing and loop handle of the hat cover; and colored zippers to match the bindings were used for the case closings.

THERE are fascinating new transparent materials on the market now. Luncheon sets and aprons and rain coats and closet accessories all take on new glamour when made of them, and you will find that every left-over scrap will be used for something that is attractive and worth while.

Today's article is typical of the economy short cuts that I like to plan for, homemaking budgeteers. There are complete working drawings for thirty-two homemaking projects in SEWING Book 6—enough exciting ideas to keep you busy all the rest of the winter. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
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Ol' Santa Claus Was Born in U. S. A.

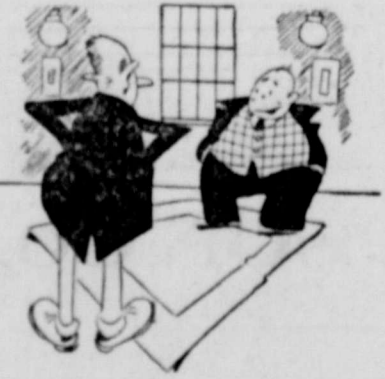
EUROPE brought Christmas to America, but America gave Santa Claus to Europe.

When the early Dutch settlers came to America, they had never heard of Santa Claus. Old St. Nicholas, who brought them presents each December 6, changed rapidly in the New world.

His name became abbreviated and altered to Santa Claus, and his external appearance underwent great changes. From a lean ascetic he was transformed into a jolly, fat old fellow. His pale face became the color of rosy apples. He laid aside his canonical robes, miter and pastoral staff to become clothed in

a cap and brilliant red suit, trimmed with ermine. The new Santa Claus traded his famous gray horse for a reindeer and sleigh. He also stopped giving presents on December 6, and started distributing gifts on the night of December 24. The changes in his outward appearance were reflected in his change of character. When he came to America he left behind his rod and bag of ashes with which he beat naughty children, and adopted an entirely lovable personality. Completely transformed, he again crossed the ocean to be welcomed everywhere from Scotland to Australia.


JUST THANKS



"Being a husband on Christmas reminds me of Thanksgiving."
"Why?"
"Because, about the only thing one gets is thanks."

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'd like to make friends with the squirrels and birds And write famous books about creatures I've known But I hate to intrude on their privacy much— They seem to prefer that I let them alone.



WNU Service.

Household News
By Eleanor Howe



IT COMES UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR . . . MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A CUP OF CHEER!
(See Recipes Below)

'Tis the night before Christmas and all through the house everybody's stirring except the wee people who are wandering in dreamland with Santa Claus. The little stockings have been filled to bursting, the last package has been tied up in tissue and ribbon, the Christmas angel has taken the tree under the shadow of its wings . . . and everybody's hungry!

So . . . when it comes upon the midnight clear—that glorious song of old—the family wish each other Merry Christmas and gather round the buffet table for a snack and a cup of cheer.

The bill of fare, on such an occasion, is as simple as the way it's served; a platter of cold meats, served with hot chili sauce; soft rolls or French bread or perhaps melba toast; and cookies for the sweet tooth are the perfect accompaniment to hot tea which quickens the Christmas spirit.

Or perhaps you'd like to serve bowls of creamy, old-fashioned oyster stew, with toasted hard rolls, a green salad if you like, and for dessert doughnuts with hot, spicy apple sauce.

Oyster Stew
(Serves 6 to 8)
1 quart oysters
½ cup butter
2 quarts rich milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Place oysters, strained oyster liquor, and butter in a saucepan and cook gently until edges of oysters begin to curl. Heat milk in a separate saucepan at the same time. (Caution: Milk should be thoroughly heated, but should not boil.) Add oysters to milk and season to taste. Serve immediately.

Stir-up Chocolate Cake.
(Makes 1 8-inch square cake)
1 egg (unbeaten)
½ cup cocoa
½ cup shortening
1½ cups flour
½ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup hot water
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Put ingredients in mixing bowl in order given. Stir or beat until the batter is smooth. Pour into greased cake pan 8 by 8 by 2 inches square. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees) for about 50 minutes.

Deviled Eggs.
6 hard cooked eggs
5 tablespoons mayonnaise-type salad dressing
2 teaspoons onion (minced)
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
Tabasco sauce
1 tablespoon pickle (minced)

Boiled Icing.
2½ cups sugar
½ cup light corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup water
2 egg whites (well beaten)
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Place sugar, corn syrup, salt and water together in a saucepan and

Feeding Father.
For the married folk you like to remember with an inexpensive Christmas gift, or for clever party favors, how about a copy of Eleanor Howe's cookbook "Feeding Father"? You'll find in it the recipes for the foods that men like best, tested recipes, too, for foods like Old Fashioned Navy Bean Soup, Baked Onions, Stuffed Pork Chops and Chocolate Cream Pie!

To get your copy of this clever book, send 10 cents in coin to "Feeding Father," care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

cook to the firm ball stage (250 degrees). Pour the hot syrup slowly into the well-beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Add vanilla extract and continue beating until the frosting will hold its shape when tossed over the back of a spoon. Should the icing become too stiff to manipulate easily, a very small amount of hot water may be added, or the icing may be remelted in the top of a double boiler. Spread on cake in swirls.

Buttermilk Rolls.
(Makes 3 dozen)

1 cake yeast
2 cups buttermilk (scalded and cooled)
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon soda
4 cups flour
2 tablespoons shortening (melted)

Sour Cream Doughnuts.
(Makes 3 dozen)

2 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 cup thick sour cream
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon soda
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Beat eggs until thick and light; add sugar and sour cream. Beat well. Sift remaining 5 dry ingredients together. Add to first mixture to make a soft dough. More flour may be needed if dough is very sticky and is to be rolled and cut immediately. If not used at once, chill overnight or several hours. Roll out dough, small portions at a time, ¼ inch thick, using as little flour on board as possible. Cut with floured cutter.

Preheat enough frying fat to 375 degrees Fahrenheit. Fry a few doughnuts at a time, turning them only once. When browned on both sides, remove from fat and drain on soft, absorbent paper. When cold, sprinkle with powdered sugar, if desired.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Pumpkin pies will have that rich brown tint if a tablespoon of molasses is added to the filling.

Airtight boxes or jars make handy containers for keeping cookies fresh. And waxed paper between the layers of cookies keeps them from sticking together.

Ammonia and water will remove red ink stains from white cloth.

Don't let any cabbage stumps remain over winter. They harbor pests.

Before squeezing the juice from your lemons and oranges, grate the peel. Wrapped in waxed paper these gratings will keep in the refrigerator for future use in making desserts, etc.

One pound of powdered or confectioner's sugar is equivalent to 2½ cupfuls; one pound of granulated sugar equals two cupfuls.

Use needles to pin down the pleats when pressing a pleated skirt. The needles will leave no marks when you remove them.

Helpful Laughter

Laughter is a most healthful exertion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles.—Dr. Hufeland.

Happy Hours Ahead

A gift to make many happy hours for pipe and "makin's" smokers is the Prince Albert Christmas package—one full pound of ripe, rich-tasting, mellow tobacco. Colorful holiday wrappers put these popular presents in gay Christmas setting—and a handy gift card is enclosed. Your regular tobacco dealer has the one-pound gift tin of Prince Albert on display. Remember! Prince Albert is the cooler-burning tobacco—the National Joy Smoke.—Adv.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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CHICKS! Assorted heavies, blood-tested. No cripples—\$3.90 No culls. 100 postpaid. Send Money Order for Prompt Shipment. Live Delivery Guaranteed.
ATLAS CO., 2651 Chouteau, St. Louis, Mo.

STOVE REPAIRS
REPAIRS For Stoves and Oil Stoves—Ranges and Boilers—Furnace Water Heaters Every Kind and Make at **A. G. BRAUER** ST. LOUIS - MO. *ASK YOUR DEALER OR WRITE US

Man's Worth
Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.—Marcus Aurelius.

For Busy Shoppers

Winning popular approval with busy Christmas shoppers are the two handsome gift packages of Camel cigarettes featured by local dealers. The regular Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—comes in a colorful, holiday dress. Equally striking is the gay Camel package of 4 "flat fifties."

FOR HEAD COLDS

Just 2 drops Penetro Nose Drops will instantly start you on the "open-nose" way out of cold-stuffed misery. Remember, free and easy breathing takes the kick out of head colds—helps cut down the time these colds hang on. So, for extra, added freedom from colds this winter—head off head colds' misery with genuine Penetro Nose Drops.

Dangerous Extremes
Extremes are dangerous; a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—Swinnock.

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!
Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard, cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues."
Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years relieving Pinkham's Compound has helped tens of thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need." Try it!

Friend or Foe
The man that makes the best friend will make the worst enemy.

The Better Way to Correct Constipation

One way to treat constipation is to endure it first and "cure" it afterward. The other way is to avoid having it by getting at its cause. So why not save yourself those dull headachy days, plus the inevitable trips to the medicine chest, if you can do it by a simple common-sense "ounce of prevention"?

WNU—L 51-40

Truth and Beauty
Beauty is truth, truth beauty.—Keats.

Miserable with backache?

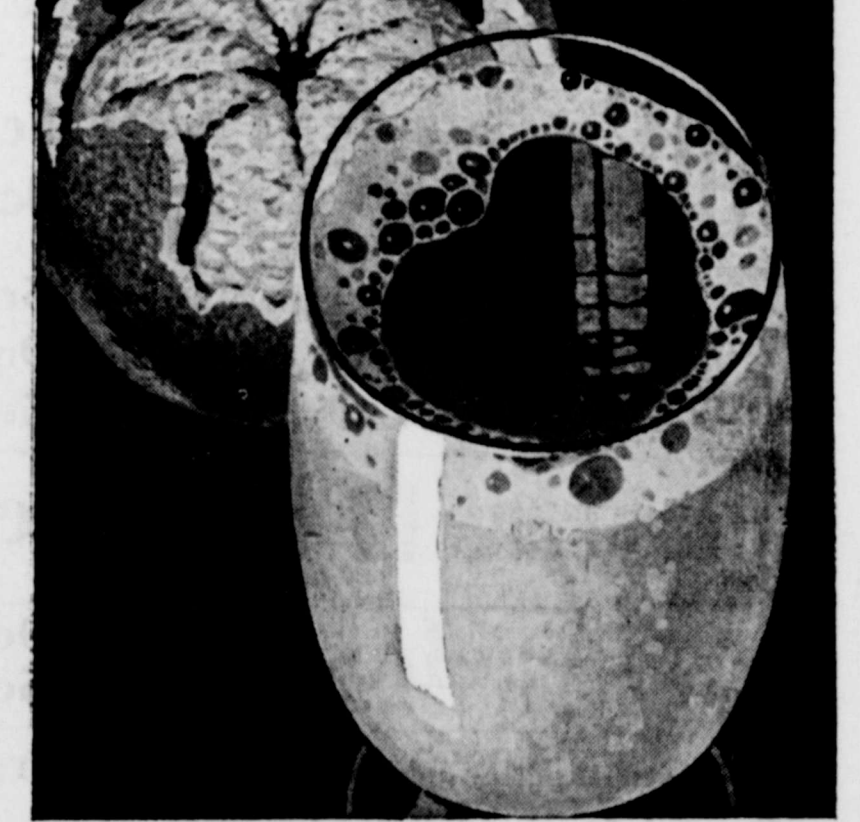
WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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the Soil...
and Science...

PUT THE "EXTRAS" IN CALIFORNIA ORANGE JUICE



Best for Juice — and Every use!

You see a deeper color—taste a richer flavor—enjoy more vitamins and minerals in California Orange juice. For California Oranges ripen in all-year sunshine. They draw on fertile soils fed and watered with scientific care. They are grand "eating" too—these seedless Navels. Easy to peel, slice and section for recipes. Those stamped "Sunkist" on the skin are the finest from over 14,000 cooperating growers. Buy several dozen for economy. Copr. 1940, California Fruit Growers Exchange

SEEDLESS
Sunkist
CALIFORNIA NAVAL ORANGES

IMPORTANT! RED BALL ORANGES
packed by the growers of Sunkist are a dependable grade of juice-full, richly flavored California oranges. Rely upon them to give full satisfaction. Look for the trademark on the skin or tissue wrapper.



PECAN PIES Really Good each **21c**

Layer CAKES Assorted 2 Layer Each **25c**

Stuffing BREAD Spices Baked in **10c**

SCHILLING 1lb. **21c**

COFFEE 2lb. **42c**
Two kinds Percolator and Drip

Sugar Powdered or Brown 2 lb. **10c**

Pitted DATES Fresh 2 lb. Package **33c**

Asparagus BEANS Large Can DelMonte **17c**

Marshmallow Cream pt. Jar **15c**

Coconut cello 1 lb Pkg. **15c**

RAISINS Sunmaid seedless or Seeded Pkg **9c**

Plain Olives Qt. Jar **39c**

Pumpkin Pickfair 2 No.2 **15c**

Swift's Jewel 4 lb crt **35c**
8 lb " **69c**

Log Cabin Syrup Table Size **15c**
Med. Size **29c**
Large Size **55c**

Pinto Beans 10 Lbs **39c**

Nugget Peaches No. 1 can **10c**
" 2 1/2 " **15c**

We are Featuring a large variety of Fruits, NUTS, Candies and all other Holiday Goodies.

| | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Sliced Bacon Wilson Corn King 25c | Lettuce 3 heads 10c |
| Chuck Roast Extra Nice 19c | Celery Crisp each 9c |
| Seven Steak Nice Tender 20c | Apples Winesap 3 doz 25c |
| Kraft Dinner each 17c | others 19c, 29c, 33c |
| Tabasco Catsup The finer Catsup 19c | Grapefruit Nice Size Dozen 19c |
| Pork Chops lb 19c | Tex. Oranges 3 doz 25c |
| Rump Roast From Fed Beef lb 23c | others 15c, 23c, 27c |
| Chilled Pig Feet 2 Jars 25c | SPUDS 10 lbs 15c |

Plenty of Fruit by Box

Place your Order for your Christmas Turkey or Hen now so you will get a -CHOICE BIRD-

CHANGE TO **M SYSTEM** AND POCKET THE CHANGE!



DISTRICT 7 NAMES

Eleven boys for region. All-Star Squad, Horace Scott is selected. Full regional meet at Abilene Thursday.



People of **COKE and STERLING Co.**
T. J. Gilmore



P LAINTER'S GIN CO.
JOE DODSON
MANAGER

NOTICE

The Planters Gin Co. Will Gin on Tuesdays.
The Robert Lee Gin Co Will Gin on Fridays
Watch for further Notice
Joe Dodson
Fred McDonald

JESSE LEE RADIO SERVICE

ACROSS FROM ANGELO ICE CO)
Satisfied Service on all Electric, Battery and Auto **RADIOS**

226 N.Chad. - Call 4800-3 - San Angelo

NOTICE

Beginning Dec. 1st I will buy furs and dead wool at the Robert Lee Gin Co.
Fred McDonald Jr.
adv.

H. D. FISH

Specials for Fridays and Saturdays

24 lbs 79c

48 lbs \$1.55

57 oz Grape Fruit Juice 2 for 28c

Raceland Salmon 2 for 29c

Tomato CATSUP per gallon 50c

Soup BEANS 3 lb 19c

HOME GROUND MEAL 10 lb paper sks 25c

Meal in Cloth Sacks 10 lbs 28c

Chuck Wagon BEANS 3 for 24c

40-50 PRUNES 3 lbs 25c

Light House CLEANSER 2 for 9c

1 lb CHUCK WAGON COFFEE 1 can Beans 17c

Jack Sprat Corn on Cob 15c

Mothers COCA 2 lbs 19c

Lard Cans 10 gal **69c**
8 gal **55c**

S. E. ADAMS

ABSTRACTS REAL ESTATE TITLE INSURANCE

FHA LOANS
buy, build, refinance

FIRE AND HAZARD INSURANCE

Specials for Friday & Saturday at

CUMBIE'S

R&W Fruit Juices Apricot Pineapple & Peach **3 3 23c**
12 oz

R.S.P. Cherries 2 No. 2 Cans For **25c**

R&W Cranberry Sauce 17 oz **15c**
R&W Grape juice Pt. **15c**
" " Qt. **29c**

R&W Fruit Cocktail 2 No.1 **25c**

R&W Coffee 1 lb. **23c**
2 lbs. **45c**

R&W Mince Meat 09c

Powdered SUGAR 2 No. 1 Pkgs **15c**

Flavo-O-Jell Any Flavor 3 Pkgs **10c**

R and W Sifted Peas For **33c**
2 No. 2

B&M Pickles sour Qt. **12c**

R&W Asparagus Style Beans No. 2 **17c**

CELERY 08c

LETTUCE Heads 04c

Grapefruit Dozen 15c

Deliveries prompt any Time

W. J. CUMBIE'S

The Red and White Store