

Local Pictures!
Local News!
Local Editorials!

THE CISCO DAILY PRESS

Combined With Cisco Daily News and Cisco American and Round-Up November 1, 1937

In an area of benevolent climate, blessed with an abundance of the purest lake water, possessing the best in recreational facilities, situated on the Bankhead, all-weather route, with three railroads and many highways, Cisco is the best place in Texas to live and to work.

CISCO, TEXAS, MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1940 NUMBER 263

DUCE PLUNGES ITALY INTO WAR TODAY

Through the Editor's Spectacles
By GEORGE

The hideous scheme of the dictator begins to unfold itself. Italy has taken the hour seems logical to insure a sweeping victory over a softened France. Italy has divided the British empire by stopping up the Mediterranean, separate eastern forces of the army from their western counterparts, sweep the continent of opposing allied arms then proceed to the defeat of the British empire by invading and degrading its nerve center, the British Isles. France, pressed between powerful enemies, greatly outnumbered and confronted by terrible forces in airplanes and fighting equipment, seems doomed. The first line of world democratic defense is near to broken. The second line? There is no doubt where it lies! Should there be any doubt as to what should be done?

The above pessimistic view of the situation in which the modern civilized earth finds itself, is prelude to a long and bitter struggle, its principal theater transferred from the fields of northern France to the fields of land and sea scattered throughout the world. The tactics of the aggressors are the same as those of the wolf pack. They are trying to destroy the old order for the division of the spoils it will mean. What is among themselves and after the old order is destroyed would be another bloody chapter in strife. It is doubtful if any amicably agreeing themselves after the fact that resort would be made to the sword to re-establish the conquest, many races and languages are involved in a peaceable division and afterwards.

There is one phase of this struggle which is not getting attention now but which will be conducive of tragedy and catastrophe beyond imagination. Hitler has prepared to deal with the problem of minorities and subject peoples and languages which arms have brought into the circle of the reich, if we judge by what happened to the Jews, the Poles and the Czechs. The greatest migrations in history certainly follow a Nazi policy. Subject peoples will only be moved from their homes, intermingled with others of differing traits and languages in an effort to destroy racial distinctions and national characteristics. The people, regarded as inferior to the German races, will literally be crowded into the most barren areas of the empire to be starved in slow extinction or near extinction, while their conquerors exploit the lands.

The Return From Flanders Fields



Lying on a stretcher on the quayside of an English port, after being carried out of the inferno of Flanders, one of the more severely wounded British soldiers is given a drink by a comrade.



Happy was the homecoming of the B. E. F. troops rescued from the Flanders trap, despite the fact that many, like the two pictured above, stumbled ashore wounded and weary.

RED CROSS IN APPEAL TO DOUBLE GIFTS

A stirring appeal to all chapter executive members of the American Red Cross to double the war relief quotas asked for the chapters has been made by manager Wm. M. Baxter, Jr., of the Red Cross.

The Cisco chapter is within \$50 of having doubled its quota already, and Mrs. Charles Sandler, in charge of the appeal, today urged that voluntary subscriptions be made quickly to equal this sum. If there are those who wish to contribute but who do not have ways of bringing the contributions to the First National bank or to her, she will call for them if notified, she said.

Following is the letter from Mr. Baxter:

Dear Chapter Executive Committee Member:

You are so great in number—more than fifteen thousand—that I am compelled to address you collectively, although my message is personal to each of you, and most urgent.

You represent the leadership of your individual local communities, and, together, represent the leadership of the Red Cross in the central section of our country. The Red Cross today needs your leadership, also your personal participation in its war relief fund appeal in your chapter. The magnitude of our task is such that I do not hesitate to personally ask your assistance.

Modern Design to Replace First Nat'l Interior

Remodeling of the interior of the First National bank with installation of the latest design in lieu of "friendly" fixtures, of two-tone marble will be under way within a few weeks, President Alex Spears said today.

The marble, in panels of white with a trim of verd antique, is now being cut. Installation will be done at night, Mr. Spears said, with the bank doing business as usual during the day.

Present lighting fixtures will be replaced with fluorescent units in round chandalebra effect. Offsets in the counter will be replaced with straight wainscoting. There will be flanking offsets of white straight wainscoting. Above the green trim there will be another band of white marble, into which the tellers' wickets will be recessed. Above this band will be a finishing band of narrow glass. The old cage style grill will be replaced with aluminum wickets in these recesses. Heads of the customers and bank officials and employees at business at the cages will be above the partitions, thus giving the design its name.

It will be two or three weeks before the installation can be started, Mr. Spears said.

UNION SERIES TO BE HELD THIS SUMMER

The congregations of the First Christian, First Methodist and First Presbyterian churches will join in a series of union services on Sunday evenings during the summer, as last year, it was announced yesterday afternoon.

The services will be held on the lawn of the Methodist church and the ministers of the three will take turns at preaching. The services will be held only on Sunday evenings. Services will begin at 8 o'clock. Sunday June 23, will be the first date.

All churches in the city who desire were invited to cooperate. H. C. Henderson was named general chairman of the laymen's organization to conduct the services. George Boyd was chosen vice chairman and James McCracken secretary-treasurer.

The following committees were selected:

Finance—J. P. McCracken, chairman, J. G. Rupp, Guy Ward and J. E. Proctor.

Ushers—Ed Huestis, chairman; C. B. Powell, J. D. Lauderdale and Kent Word.

Music—Mrs. Troy Powell, chairman; S. E. Hittson, Neil Lane and Mrs. Lonnie Shockley.

Publicity—L. A. Warren, chairman, Troy Powell and H. C. Henderson.

NAZI FORCES NOW 35 MILES FROM PARIS

Parachute Troops Dropped in Advance of Blitz Legions

PARIS, June 10 (AP).—The Germans, rushing mechanized blitz troops to a region but 35 miles northwest of Paris, launched a "massive" parachute attack on the open Champagne country to the northeast of the capital Sunday, where French troops were reported to have surrounded them promptly in the region north of Vouziers.

Combining aerial tactics with the titanic land offensive of 1,900,000 men, the Nazi command for the first time in the battle of France dropped large numbers of air infantry into the fields. These units joined the overland divisions smashing southward in what Generalissimo Maxime Weygand of France proclaimed was "the last quarter hour."

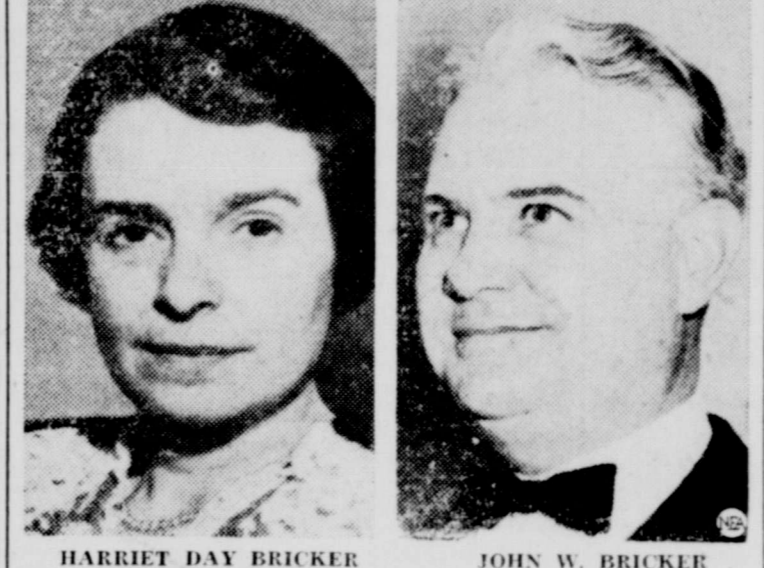
German panzer divisions, pushing along the Ardennes valley, reached the outskirts of Rouen on the Seine, and penetrated into Pont de L'Arche and in the Lepte valley town of Gisors, but 35 miles northwest of Paris. (Two lines censored.)

A double tank column, rampaging through the French west flank, made spectacular advances into the suburbs of Rouen and toward Gisors.

The Germans' push in the center of the front slackened Sunday from severe setbacks and losses, but later their offensive was going again in full blast around Soissons, to the northwest of the capital.

A new offensive, spreading the campaign farther east to the Argonne forest, in which the Germans threw 600,000 fresh troops and 3,500 more tanks, were reported checked, despite German use for the first time in this battle of parachute troops.

Heading for the White House?



HARRIET DAY BRICKER JOHN W. BRICKER

The BRICKERS of Ohio

This is the first of a series presenting the republican families that may occupy the White House after next January. Democratic presidential possibilities and their wives will be carried later.

At 46 John William Bricker has enjoyed for two years the realization of his ambition to become governor of his native Ohio. Now he is talked of for president because of his economy administration and firm dealing with critical relief situations; but the steel-gray haired, heavy-set, one-time Mt. Sterling farm boy takes the talk calmly.

Bricker ran for governor in 1936, lost, but led the republican ticket. When elected in 1938 he promptly cut 4500 persons off state payrolls, slashed bills \$10,000,000.

The governor graduated from Ohio State University in law, started his career as city solicitor for Grandview Heights, suburb of Ohio's capital, Columbus. He stepped to state counsel for the Public Utilities Commission, later became a member of the commission. In 1932 he was elected state attorney general against a democratic landslide, was re-elected in 1934.

Bricker was a first lieutenant in the World war, but saw no foreign service because of a heart trouble which he still pooh-poohs. He met his wife, Harriet Day, as he stepped off a troop train in Columbus to visit a cousin. They have one son, John Day, 10.

The governor, 6 feet 2 inches, handsome, athletic, loves sports, plays ball with his boy in the executive mansion. But he works hard, expects staff to do likewise.

Dark-eyed Mrs. Bricker is quite, hospitable, but leaves the spotlight to her husband. She has campaigned with him, but prefers not to leave son John for more than a day or two.

NEXT: The Deweys.

Largest Invitation Tourney Expected

Prospects are bright for the fastest and largest field of competition in the history of the club when the Cisco country club holds its ninth annual invitation golf tournament beginning Friday, June 14. H. H. Monk is general chairman of arrangements.

Capacity Crowds Attend Revival

The meeting at the church of Christ is drawing capacity crowds, with visitors from Monahan, Crane, Woodson, Throckmorton, Stamford, Eastland and Altus, Okla., present at the services yesterday.

JOINS HITLER IN WAR UPON DEMOCRACIES

Mussolini Announces Fateful Step in Bombastic Speech

ROME, June 10 (AP).—Italy tonight took the plunge into war at the side of Germany. Premier Mussolini made the announcement in a bombastic speech from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia before a wildly cheering crowd of fascists.

Italy's declaration of war, Mussolini said, had been handed to ambassadors of France and England.

The fateful step was made as German troops were pressing on toward Paris.

"I wish to declare," Mussolini said, "that Italy does not wish to drag into conflict other people—neighboring and friendly people. The neutrality of these nations will be severely respected."

"Tried in Vain"

He said that Italy had tried in vain for peace. He declared that the Allies should have accepted the proposals of Adolf Hitler before the Polish campaign.

Mussolini's voice rose several times to the breaking point as he drove his points home.

"In the memorable meeting at Milan I declared that friends will always help each other," he said, apparently referring to the Rome-Berlin axis. "In this great historic event we turn our thoughts to the king-emperor."

"This king of Italy has always interpreted the soul of Italy as wanting to join her soul with that of Germany."

"Totalitarian and fascist history for the third time is on its feet ready to strike."

"The order of the day binds all to the same cause."

"We will give a new era of peace to Italy, to Europe and to the world."

"People of Italy, run to your arms. Take up your cause, all your valor." Mussolini spoke about 14 minutes.

Il Duce's speech was the climax of a long preparation for war, intensified to urgent speed during recent weeks. For months, Italy has been going increasingly on war footing.

France's Reynaud Now Almost One-Man Cabinet

By WILLIAM McGAFFIN (AP Feature Service)

PARIS, June 10.—Dapper little Paul Reynaud—a sharp-eyed man from the mountains—sits in a big chair in Paris wielding more legal power than any Frenchman since Napoleon III.

France picked Reynaud at the zero hour to stop Hitler's charging blitzkriegers. Like Britain's Churchill, he'd been sharpshooting France's defense and financial policies through the years.

France found the little fellow was right. France made Reynaud premier—and more. He's almost a one-man cabinet—premier, minister of war and national defense, and foreign minister.

Then Came Action

France got action. In came Generals Weygand and Petain, who believed in beating the enemy to the draw. Ont went General Gamelin and others who believed in waiting behind strong defenses. Out, too, a little later, went Daladier, who had been foreign minister after Reynaud's

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Call 608—Mail it in, or Give to Any Member of the Force—Rates: 3 Days for 4c Per Word—6 Days, 6c Per Word—Month, 20c Per Word.

FIBER SEAT COVERS for title as \$1.95, installed. Easy SURE. Goodyear Ser- 256-267

Only 4% per cent Inter- on HOLO homes! Easy payments that compare with as little as 10 cent cash, and NO extra fees, and taxes included in price. Connie Davis, Tele- 198.

RENT'S Southeast, one-room th. \$10. Bills paid. 510 th. 234-1fc

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SALE—Second-hand seven- Waltham pocket watch. case. Good condition. \$5.00. 47 West 9th. Phone 344.

FURNISHED cool south room and apartment. Bills paid. Walking distance to town. 251-1fc

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An Eye For a Gal-- (Continued from Page Two)

sick and tired of it, and like it or no the Tolliver's always did think your pappy was tied up with the ambushing of them two Tolliver boys the past Christmas, even after the big camp meeting. So there was this here meeting to draw lots who would take care of your pappy in case trouble started--

"Meeting! How you know there was this meeting?"

"I got it straight, bub! Straight from somebody that knowed."

"How you know they knowed?"

"My lordy, fool! If you got to know, they was there!"

"You mean somebody that was at this meeting actually told you that this was the way of it? That they drew lots to kill my father?"

Hogg's eroded face lighted up with a hard grin. "Bub, you finally got wit enough to figger out what I'm telling you? That's exactly what I'm trying to ram down your throat. I ain't at liberty to name no names. But I'd swear to the truth of this on a stack of Bibles a mile high. They drew lots that night who was to kill your pappy, and this Sock Tolliver was right there, and he drew the name, and the game came along and he beamed your daddy!"

"My--my heaven!" Rossy said, his eyes narrowed. The firelight played into the depths of them.

"Now you see how it was? Of

course, Sock Tolliver done it that way so's to make it seem a accident. Now and then somebody does git his brains busted out in a ball game. So to kiver things up from the start, he pretended to be wild. They always said of him he was a great pitcher when he was off, he was wild as a fool.

"That day he was wild. But when he wanted to kill your daddy, he knew where to put that ball!" He stopped, panting with a wrath and hatred that startled Rossy, who was used to passion among his people.

Rossy banged his fist on the table. "Don't believe a word of it."

Hogg partly raised himself from the chair. "You calling me a liar?"

"I'm calling the feller that told you that a liar!"

Hogg sank back, and his grimace of fury changed to a nasty grin. "All right, you don't believe it! It's a lie. Well, it happens not to be. I know for a fact that what I tell you is so. I can't prove it now, but just the same it's so."

"I wouldn't believe it even if you said you was there."

HOGG shook his head sadly. "They sure got you roped in. Dr. Tolliver and that silken wench of his sure have you tied to a tree. They give you a soft bed and soft soap to lather your gills with, and now you gone back on your kin-folks. Gone back on all you ever had, all the name of McAfee ever stood for. You air ruint, that's all."

"I'm civilized. Or trying to get that way."

"Yah--civilized. From the way you talked to Hanner Shridner you shore are civilized!" He got up sadly and made ready to go.

"Goodby. Reckon you'll stay over the week-end, and then you'll have to rush back to lay up in

your soft bed and wash down your gruel of soft soap."

At the door he turned. Rossy just sat there looking at him in the firelight. "You don't have so much choice after all, I reckon, because if you believed Dr. Tolliver was the one who killed your own pappy, you would have to get your eye for eye and tooth for tooth, like you vowed; and you'd rather have your soft soap and soft bed."

"Get out!" Rossy said, and if his cousin had not slammed the door, Rossy would have slammed him with a stick of firewood.

HIS mother came in as Rossy was putting on his hat. "Where you going, son?"

"A walk."

"Was you and Steve fussing again?"

"Some time I aim to take that feller apart and see what makes him so mean." He lingered a moment while his mother smoothed her skirt and gray hair and took down her cob pipe. Then he came and leaned against the mantel.

"Maw, just how come does Cousin Steve have all that land that used to belong to our family? Wasn't that piece of a mountain paw's at one time? Don't I seem to recollect that he timbered some off it away back at the edge of my time as a baby?"

His mother took a couple of puffs, supporting the fire coal on top of the tobacco until the bowl glowed.

"They was a time, son, when I thought it belonged to your paw. But after he was killed in the ball game, we found papers that showed Steve's maw really had claim to it, and when Steve's pappy died not so long after your own pappy went, Steve took the thing to court in Judge Jesse Leverage's court and got the land and timber."

Rossy stood there looking down

at his mother, and then into the fire. "I see," he said slowly. "Papers. Do you recollect what kind of papers?"

"Just papers. Jesse Leverage seen em and said they was in good law, and he would know. I reckon Steve still has 'em."

"I see," Rossy said, and put his hat back on and went into the night.

It was clear, star-glinted darkness. Rossy walked through the light, loving the crisp chill of early spring. He kept walking until he came to the timbered region which was not only the place of dispute about the feud hog, but was now owned by Steve Hogg, instead of Rossy McAfee.

He walked the line fence be-

tween Steve's land and the Tolliver family. Beyond the cornfield was cow-tramped and hog-torn. The path was dim, and little used, now that Hannah was down in the valley country trying to make a college career. But there was a time when Rossy and Hannah had tramped this dim way, seeing each other almost daily.

Rossy remembered the feeling he used to have when a day had passed without his seeing Hannah. Now, for no reason at all, he was glad the high-tempered girl was not on hand to complicate his emotions.

He stood there in the starlight, recollecting the day his daddy had been buried. It was at this big white oak that he had made his resolve to kill the man who had

killed his father. If Dr. Tolliver was "Sock" Tolliver, the ball pitcher that tragic day, then his duty was clear. He had to have proof, that was all.

Now he faced the Mosaic doctrine of a life for a life. The only thing he could not accept was the evidence his Cousin Steve offered him. Yet, Steve was so evidently

convinced himself that conviction was hard to escape in his own soul.

He turned at a strange sound. A dark figure was coming through the half gloom toward him. He breathed:

"Hannah! What on earth! What are you doing here?"

(To Be Continued)

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He turned at a strange sound. A dark figure was coming through the half gloom toward him. He breathed:

"Hannah! What on earth! What are you doing here?"

(To Be Continued)

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Short Orders, Cold Drinks and Good Bar-B-Q.

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For best performance use PHILLIPS 66 Oils and Greases. Give your car the care it should have by bringing it to us for washing and lubrication.

We have the most modern equipment and our work is guaranteed. A complete line of Lee Tires, Leeland Tires and Tubes, Phillips Batteries and Gates Fan Belts.

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Complete living-room furniture, two-piece mohair suite, two white chairs, one occasional chair, one occasional table, one coffee table, one broad loom rug, draperies, Free to purchase.

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LANE BURIAL ASSOCIATION

Wanted: A few more members for the burial association.

We need 500 members--We lack just a few having this number which is necessary to get our charter. If you would like to be one of the members of this association call LANE BURIAL ASSOCIATION (Phone 167) or see Mrs. Leon McPherson--1300 Ave. L, our local agent.

We sincerely believe when you have investigated this association and find what it offers you and at a rate so reasonable that practically everyone can afford to carry the protection you will not hesitate to join. Ages 1 month to 80 years. Operating under approval of the board of insurance commissioners of Texas.

300 West 9th Cisco, Texas

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OLD PATRONS, FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED TO VISIT US AT OUR NEW LOCATION

Special Plate Lunch 25c

Short Orders, Juicy Steaks, Soft Drinks.

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Eliminate red tape when you build. Use our popular "One Stop Service." Let our years of building experience save you money.

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Second-hand seven- Waltham pocket watch. case. Good condition. \$5.00. 47 West 9th. Phone 344.

Political Announcements

The Cisco Daily Press is authorized to announce the following as candidates for the offices under which their names appear, subject to the action of the voters in the democratic primaries of 1940.

For Congress, 17th District of Texas: OTIS (Oat) MILLER, Anson, Texas. C. L. (Clyde) GARRETT, (Re-Election) THOMAS L. BLANTON SAM RUSSELL

For the State Legislature, 10th District: OMAR BURKETT (Re-election)

For State Senate, Dist 24-- JOHN LEE SMITH, Throckmorton County

For Legislature 106th District-- (Eastland County) J. M. WILLIAMSON

For County Tax Assessor--Collector CLYDE S. KARKALITS

For County Clerk-- R. V. (Rip) GALLOWAY WALTER GRAY

For Sheriff-- LOSS WOODS (Re-election) WALTER EVANS W. J. (Pete) PETERS

For County Judge-- W. S. ADAMSON (Re-election) R. L. RUST C. S. ELDRIDGE

For County Treasurer-- GARLAND BRANTON (Second Term)

For District Clerk-- JOHN WHITE (For Second Term)

For Criminal District Attorney-- EARL CONNER, JR.

For County Comm'r, Precinct No. 4 ARCH BINT (Re-election) L. H. QUALLS W. L. (Roy) PIPPEN JOE DONAWAY

For Constable, Precinct 6: R. L. (Tub) WILSON J. J. HONEA (Re-election, second term)

For Justice of the Peace, Pre. 6: HENRY S. STUBBLEFIELD R. W. H. (Judge) KENNON W. E. (Bill) BROWN

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ONE million Texans would have to find other means of livelihood if the Texas petroleum industry were to shut down tomorrow.

Steady employment, good working conditions, reasonable working hours and fair wages are the industry's responsibilities to its workers and their families—a million Texans in all.

It must maintain production, find and develop new fields, meet competitive markets for its products and pay its total expense bill of 750 million dollars a year, which includes payrolls.

The Texas petroleum industry now has to pay 97 million dollars a year in taxes to Federal, State and local governments before it can consider wages and employment.

When expenses must be cut to satisfy increasing tax demands, employment suffers—and with it the buying power that employment creates in our State.



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