

20th ARMISTICE DAY

ANNIVERSARY

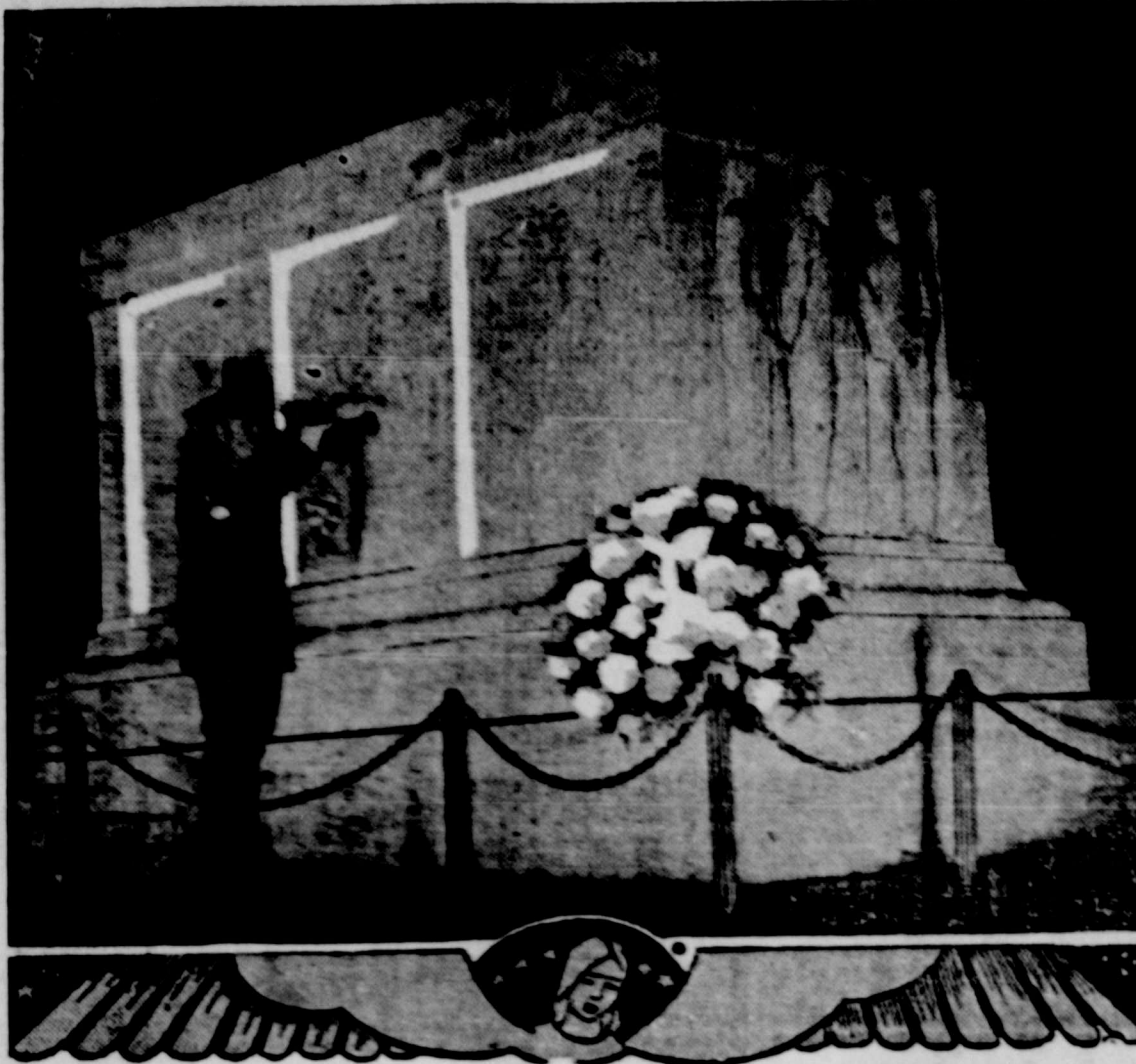


COST OF U. S. WARS

Revolutionary War	\$175,000,000
War of 1812	\$165,810,000
Mexican War	\$234,790,000
Civil War (Union)	\$11,412,220,000
Spanish American War	\$3,065,928,000
World War	\$33,276,615,126
Or all in all the staggering total of	\$48,329,991,126

Think of what this sum would accomplish if spent for health and education in America instead of devastating war.

The First Armistice Day to Be Observed As A NATIONAL LEGAL HOLIDAY



Twenty years ago the joyful news of the Armistice rang around the World. To most of us the time has passed quickly. It seems only yesterday that we proudly watched our returning heroes marching home. The cheers and tears of joy are still vividly with us. But what long, lonesome years they have been to those mourning Gold Star Mothers. . . . What tortuous years they have been to those shell-shocked, blinded, maimed and crippled martyrs, many of whom are merely marking time to the relief that will be theirs when taps are finally sounded. What Price Glory, if they be denied on this, the Twentieth Armistice Anniversary, a dedication of Remembrance.

HICO HONOR ROLL

LEST WE FORGET THEIR PART IN THE GREAT WAR WHICH ENDED TWENTY YEARS AGO. THE FOLLOWING NAMES ARE PUBLISHED:

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| JUNIUS NASH | EARL LYNCH |
| CLARENCE SWILLINGS | HOMER MARTIN |

This Armistice Day Page Sponsored by
JUNIUS NASH POST AMERICAN LEGION
The Following Business Firms and Citizens
PAY HONOR TO OUR DEPARTED COMRADES:



TWENTY YEARS OF PEACE

for America . . . may we have many more twenty-year periods of Peace. There is no tribute that can recompense our lost ones for what they have contributed. But we can manifest to them today that they are not forgotten. They died for Peace, not War. We must keep the faith. We must dedicate to them our everlasting thought and energy to insure for their posterity the goal they sought and the sacrifice they made TWENTY years ago.

Russell Hotel
Hico, Texas
All New, Modern Rooms and Conveniences
— GOOD EATS —

Palace Theatre
— HICO —
Nov. 10 & 11—
"SING YOU SINNERS"
Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray

Ab Little Service Station
Ab will appreciate your business.
MAGNOLIA GAS & OIL

Randals Brothers
"If it's good to eat, we have it—
If we have it, it's good to eat."

Porter's Drug Store
(The Rexall Store)
We will appreciate your business.

Linch Shoe Shop
For
BOOT & SHOE REPAIR

Magnolia Service Station
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Mobilgas and Mobiloil
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STAPLE & FANCY
GROCERIES

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Specialize in Permanents
Why not let us fix you up for the Holidays?

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\$1.00 Per Year
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Corner Drug Company
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Phone 108

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GROCERY
And
MARKET
Everything Good to Eat

TEXACO
In Hico
M. E. WALDROP, Consignee

Community Public Service Co.

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Hico, Texas Phone 36

L. J. Chaney Service Station And Wrecking Yard
Firestone Tires & Tubes
All Kinds of Auto Repairs

John & John Barber Service

Hico Bakery
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Mother's Bread
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Day and Night Service
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Roy French Garage
Agent for
JOHNSON MOTOR FREIGHT LINE

Brown's Dry Goods & Ready-to-Wear
Hico, Texas

Barnes & McCullough
WALL PAPER
Late Patterns
Phone 42

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J. EARLE HARRISON
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GEO. POWLEDGE
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Bailey's Cafe
Honor the Dead!
Encourage the Living!
That's why we support the Hico Bakery 100 per cent.

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GROCERIES
And
VARIETY GOODS
"It Pays to Pay Cash"

Ragsdale's Market & Grocery

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It Pays to Look Neat
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"HOME FURNISHERS"

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The Entire Family

Bell Ice & Dairy Products Co.
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ROY L. WELBORN,
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Lane's Service Station And Cafe
Day & Night Service
Hico, Texas

Higginbotham Bros. & Co.
"BUILDING MATERIALS"

The Wiseman Studio

Rapture Beyond

by KATIE NEWLIN BURT

Fifth Installment

SYNOPSIS
 Jocelyn Harlowe, raised in a French convent, at the age of 18 joins her mother, Marcelia, in New York. Worried about her safety, because she is unfamiliar with the modern world and has developed into a beautiful woman, her mother's first wish is to get her safely married. Attending her first ball, Jocelyn meets Felix Kent, rich, handsome and nineteen years older than herself. Encouraged by her mother, she and Felix quickly become engaged. Alone in her apartment one night, a cripple, Nick Sandal, enters by the fire-escape confides in her that he is her father and that her real name is Lynda Sandal. Uncertain about whether she wants to get married so quickly, Jocelyn becomes irritable with Felix one night and decides to go talk things over with her mysterious father. As Lynda Sandal she goes to his house, climbs three flights of stairs and enters a room where he is sitting with several men in the midst of a card game. Later, when both Felix and her mother are away, Jocelyn returns to have a second visit with her father.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"There's only one besides this two if you count my bath. By all means explore. Excuse me if I don't play courier. I've got some figures to read over, and you'll find me at leisure for daughterly confidences when you return. Love, Lynda! If you knew how odd I feel to be the father of a tall lovely thing like you."

Lynda paused at the closed inner door and smiled.

"Do you think I'm really lovely?"

"I seem to. I'd like to see you in your ballgown with your smooth hair and your pearls. Were the real pearls, Lynda?"

"No, I think they were just cheap pearls that went with the costume. Mother bought it for me."

The bedroom, which contained one full-size bed and one narrow cot against the wall, was the most untidy and unattractive apartment Lynda had ever been allowed to enter. Its one dirty window looked out on a blackness of sordid yard and passageways. On Nick's dressing table there were no photographs, no knick-knacks; there were no pictures on the walls. The one shallow closet held two threadbare suits and some hat-tored-looking shoes. In his drawers the underwear shocked Lynda. Tattered, she would bring her sewing kit and mend his clothes. On top of a tall chest of drawers, however, a set of clean toilet articles had been neatly arranged and there was a great picture of a dog, one of those magnificent canine heads which, loyal, brave, unselfconscious, have a nobility greater than humanity's. A setter, listening, looking, the eye deep with devotion, with a sort of ecstasy.

"Tell me about your dog, Father." was the girl's first question when after a brief inspection she came back into the outer room.

"He's such a beauty!"

"It isn't my dog. It's Jock Ayleward. The animal's dead now I imagine. Jock's boast before Jock met with other beasts less beautiful. Jock keeps a sort of corner here with me."

"It's not his home, then?"

"Bless the child! Home!" He clocked his tongue a dozen times his eyes laughing at her. "No, this is not his home. Look like a home to you? Jock is what you might call a bird of passage."

"A salesman?" suggested Lynda.

Nick checked. "Well, yes. You might call it that. He's a sort of hunter, too. Tonight he's after big game—against my express advice. Dangerous hunting. If I'm touchy tonight, Lynda, that's the reason."

"When will you be married?"

"That is one of the things I must talk to you about, Father. They—they're planning an earlier date for my wedding. Easter week."

Nick whistled. "So soon! Well, why not have it over? The sooner it's over the sooner to weep!"

"Oh, Father, I don't want to weep!"

She looked at him so humbly and so wistfully that he put a hand across her eyes.

"Tell me then just this: Shall I like being married, Father?"

"I wish you'd call me Nick."

"Oh, wouldn't that be horribly disrespectful?"

"thing I crave, O dauntless old age, is respect. Oh, please do anxiously, some one is on the stairs."

Nick, alert, rigid.

"K. please. Before Jock comes."

"You know his step, you?"

"It sounds like him. I like being married."

"Use not, you little sim."

This opened with a sort of violence and Aylewardly attired in evening dress in, shut the door and drew arm about Sandal's

old belly-acher, what's next time will you card-handler?"

Ahe was pulling from his pockets great handfuls of money which he shoveled's eyes and then to the air so that they fell in room like dead leaves.

"Jock! Here's Lynda!"

Agreed it upon Nick's startled in grim fixation and began to collect; for surely they must Lynda, some sort



"I must talk to you," said Lynda.

f from salesmanship! Vhem bundled together he them what was ft thing and put the hoass into a drawer hided. Then he turned o ge

"Yare tonight, Jock," fckled with an under- meing. "Lynda can put p wood for you to talk o a liewoman once in a lue

Obout with a sullen air e at a distance from he his near the central abling up a pack of ards there began to shuffle abedly but with a skill idened Lynda's gaze.

"Oh I could do that!"

"C' here and I'll teach ou," with impersonal ruse a big schoolboy to a smi

Jod up his coat sleeves and a long and limber hand—artist's hands, houa, but stronger, may- be, through a dazzling serietredy in which cards seemft and dance and climbe room at will.

"Come, will you, Jock" said Benly. "I'm done and she d be getting back to wherims to belong."

Lyghter went away. Her ed pale and blank.

"Obr, Nick—"

"B'what he tells you to, Miss He's a bad man to disoblil you! Come on, I'll tumblo a taxi at the corner. I Nick. I know you want Le dope. Don't make off wswag while I'm out, will you right back."

6 relieves COLDS first day HEADACHES AND FEVER Liquids due to colds Salveops in 30 minutes Try "Tism"—A Wonderful ointment

In selectionment to mark the last place of one who has passed'll want a design of dignity, wrought with precise and workmanship. Such a stigo down through the years of permanence in a work of art, the names of those who stood for worth-while thing their lives.

Now, with the holidays approaching we suggest that you come to our yard and select one beautiful design we have made up.

Dalton & Hofheinz
 Two Blocks West of Square On Perry Street
 HAMILTON, TEX.

You're on the stage anyway, aren't you?"

"Why, n-no, Mr. Ayleward."

"You talk like an actress somehow. Your r's or something. I like it awfully."

She stiffened. "I am going with you," she said with her pale as air, "because I want to learn something about my father. You understand that, don't you, Mr. Ayleward? It is not desire for your companionship."

"Oh, I see. I hadn't really analyzed the situation. All right. Here we are, Miss Sandal."

He helped her out and gave a number or name, some open sesame at a grilled door under a flight of marble steps. Lynda then found herself seated on a bench against a wall, Jock opposite her across a bare small narrow table. It held one shaded light, Jock ordered supper food. Mechanical music was playing. The floor was filled with dancers. Others drank and ate.

Lynda drank the black coffee Jock had ordered for her. Jock was watching the dancers.

"I ought not to let you do this for me," said Lynda suddenly. "I ought not to let you, I mean, give me a good time. That wasn't what I meant to do. You see of course I don't know you well and I may change my mind but it seems only fair to tell you that—that—her cheeks were hot with the effort of such a statement, "that I don't really like you at all yet, Mr. Ayleward."

"That's O. K. with me," he grinned, glancing at her and then away.

"I did not suppose it would matter to you but I felt that I just ought to be honest with you. And we shall probably be running into each other now and then. Women usually like you, I understand."

"You understand? Who told you that tale?"

"Nick did. Want to dance?"

"But I came here to ask you—"

"Want to dance?"

She rose. He took her into his arms so tightly that she could hardly breathe.

"Don't. I can't dance . . . that way—please."

"Oh, I forgot. Let me see. Sure. This is the way, isn't it?" And he moved with her out on the floor, dancing with the ease, the pride and the smoothness of a gentleman. And he danced beautifully.

"Where did you pick it up?" he asked her.

"A Frenchwoman came to the convent to teach me. The nuns did not really approve of my mo—but they had orders."

"You mean you were educated in a French convent?"

"Yes." She was annoyed. It was no part of her intention to tell anything of her own life as Jocelyn Harlowe to this young man.

"Aren't there some very queer sort of people here tonight?" asked Lynda.

"Are there? I hadn't noticed it."

"Look now, that big man with a white scarf dancing with the woman in—in—shoulder straps."

"In and out of 'em, eh? Well,

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Gulf States Telephone Co.
 HICO, TEXAS

yes, you might perhaps call him queer. He's Toni Padrona. Just out."

"Of the hospital?"

"From up the river. He got off two years."

"O. I can't stay here, Mr. Ayleward. I can't stay in a room with—"

with criminals."

"Hullo!" said Jock. "Go easy. If Mr. Padrona heard you he might resent it."

He gave her a queer long glance and took her back to the table silently. He called for his check. Lynda was distressed.

"I haven't asked you . . . you've told me nothing about Nick."

"Maybe you'd better leave it to him. He would like to tell you himself perhaps. It seems a queer question but I gather you are a queer family—how long have you known your father?"

"Only since one night a few weeks ago."

"You live here in New York all alone?"

"No. With my mother."

Jock's eyes opened. "You mean Nick's got a wife here in New York?"

"They have been divorced for very long. I do not know their history."

"Nor do I, Miss Sandal, believe me. I did not even know his wife was living nor until I met you there that night, that he had any child."

"You won't dance just once more?"

Lynda was tempted. "If you will promise not to let me touch that man."

"Not touch the jailbird, eh?"

Gordon
 By MRS. ELLA NEWTON

John K. Myers, who works in Dallas, is home for a while. He injured his hand and is unable to work for a while.

Mrs. Fannie Sawyer visited Mrs. Rachael Harris Thursday and Friday.

Lewis Smith spent Saturday night with the Perkins children.

Mr. Oscar Walker and son Denale of Morgan are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Walker and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Wince Perkins and children were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Mize and family Sunday.

Willie Mae Perkins spent Sunday with Mrs. Ella Newton and Mrs. Ima Smith and son Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Smith and son John D. visited Mr. and Mrs. Homer Whitley of Spring Creek Gap Sunday.

Look over these **PAINT SAVINGS!**

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The Fairies

Editors: Daphne Hoover and Katharyne Cunningham

Know Thyself
Let each man learn to know himself.
To gain that knowledge, let him labor—
Improve those failings in himself which he condemns in his neighbor.
And if you meet an erring one whose deeds are blamable but thoughtless,
Consider ere you cast a stone, if you yourself are pure and faultless.

Or in self-judgment, if you find your deeds to others are superior, to you hath Providence been kind, as you should be to those inferior.

Example sheds a gentler ray—
A light that men are apt to borrow.
Let's first improve ourselves today and then improve our friends tomorrow!

They Say That
Nowadays, a proposal of marriage is a formal declaration of love usually made by the man—if the girl doesn't beat him to it.
It is hard for a man to believe that the devil he puts on the train for Reno was once the angel he took to Niagara Falls.
Don't try to win sympathy from others. The amount you give yourself is sufficient for all of your needs.
When it comes to making a man resolve to lead a better life, no sermon is equal to a terrible thunderstorm.

Queen Crowned
The carnival was a howling success and when I say howling, I mean howling! Everyone in the community was either there or sent a representative. Costumes by the dozen, all decorated until it was hard to recognize anyone, were everywhere.
The high point of the evening came when Margie Lee Hutton was crowned Queen. In a colorful pageant, including the duchesses, the dukes and the ladies, she was presented the crown.
Prizes were awarded for the best costume. Mr. Horsley, in knee breeches and a beret, received one. For her impersonation of a witch, Myrtle Duncan received the other. Special mention must be given to Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Donnie Wolfe, Mrs. Oran Willeford, Oran Columbus, and Mrs. Horsley.
Many people had their fortunes told. Nearly everyone stayed to see the magician perform his tricks.
In the race in high school for our contest, the votes were as follows: Margie Lee Hutton (Senior), first; Lula Mae Coston (Freshman), second; Frances Cable (Sophomore), third; and Josie Mae Parks (Junior), fourth.
The ladies made about \$10.00 on the foodstuff sold that night. They plan to buy new saws with a part of it. I'm sure the first and second grades are very glad.

Seniors
Are we excited? Are we thrilled? And didn't we tell you we could? We knew Margie Lee could be a beautiful queen, and we just had to prove it to the community. And wasn't Abie a handsome king? Honestly, we are so proud of them it isn't even funny. We are sorry all the classes couldn't have felt this thrill, but we believe that we earned it. Right here and now we want to thank everybody who voted for our duchess and especially those who never lost faith in our winning. Every penny helped and we are thankful for your aid.
The Seniors sponsored the magician from Ireland. We made about \$1.65. That will help our business a lot.
We noticed that Quata and Norma Ruth were out here last night. Gosh, kids, we're glad Fairy still has a claim on you. Hico can't have everything! We are always going to count you one of us.
Now if we can gather our scattered mind, we'll try to quit quizzing. Can we help it if we sound like the cat that ate the canary?

Sophomores
Dearest Aunt Addie: We are still alive and the spoons didn't get us or scare us to death. We had two books at the carnival. They were "Guessing At Beans" and "Fishing." Our duchess came in third in the race for queen. Your friends,
THE SOPH CLASSES

Stout Lady to Little Boy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?"
Little Boy: "I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

Mike: "I wonder why a woman always tells everything she's told."
Ivan: "You mean she can't keep a secret?"
Mike: "Sure."
Ivan: "That's an easy one. A woman has only two views of secrets—it's either too good to keep or it isn't worth keeping."

Fifth and Sixth Grade
We all are talking about the carnival and what a good time we had. We had a school exhibit and Onita Shenherd, Nelda Joy Cunningham, Patay Ann Hoover, Elsie Lee Parks, Clovis Grant, Mary Alva Jackson, Alta Mae Arrant and Jimmie Ruth Thompson had papers and notebooks in the exhibit.

Seventh Grade
We are glad to have Gladys Little back with us, but we are sorry she is going to move in a few weeks.
The Seventh Grade is working

hard in History as we want to make good grades—because next week is test week.

Cleo: "I just bought a new suit with two pairs of pants."
Elsie Lee: "Well, how do you like it?"
Cleo: "All right. Only it's rather hot wearing both pairs."

Freshmen
We were all proud of Margie Lee at the carnival because she was crowned queen. Of course, we would have liked for our queen to be crowned at the carnival, but after all we are proud of Margie Lee.
We're trying to learn how to do experiments in Science. We're having one every day now.

Notice
If the news seems scant, disconnected and we used bad grammar, we'll just offer the excuse the reporters gave. "We also went to the carnival."
THE EDITORS.

Gilmore

By DORIS JOHNSON

J. R. Jenkins and family were in Fredell Sunday afternoon visiting with Charlie Pettit and family.
Guests in the Bob Thompson home Sunday night were Luther Thompson and wife of Prairie Springs and Hardy Parker and family of Greyville.
Horace Todd of Olin spent Saturday night with his cousins, Harold and Jack Todd.
Mrs. S. S. Johnson and sons, Frank and Kenneth, were visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Jordan, at Hico Saturday afternoon.
Misses Mable Jordan and Imogene Patterson of Honey Creek community were visitors in the E. B. Thompson and Forest Todd homes awhile Tuesday.
We are glad to report Mrs. Bob Thompson rapidly recovering. She is now able to be up some.
S. S. Johnson and family and E. B. Thompson and wife were at Duffau Sunday visiting the ladies' brother, Alva Deskin, and family.
Mrs. Clarice Hicks and children were visiting awhile Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. J. H. Hicks at Greyville.
Mrs. E. B. Thompson accompanied her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Tolliver, of Clairette to Walnut Springs Tuesday for a visit with Charlie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tolliver.
M. H. Johnson and Alvin Hicks were business visitors in Fort Worth Sunday night and Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Connally and sons were guests of his brother, Ralph, and wife at Black Stump Sunday night.
Si Johnson and Luther Boyett were attending to business matters at Hamilton Wednesday afternoon.
Mrs. Anna Hanshaw and daughter, Margie Anna, of Black Stump were visiting her sister, Mrs. Hollis Connally Tuesday.

Hog Jaw

By OMA ROBERSON

Mrs. Clayton Lambert and children spent the week end with her grandmother, Mrs. Prater, of Hico. Miss Erma Mae Burgan of Duffau visited her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Roberson, and daughter, Billy Wynne, during the week end.
Mr. and Mrs. George Christopher of Hico were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie McFadden Sunday night.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Glover of Millerville visited in the home of J. G. Howerton Sunday afternoon.
Mrs. Arthur Lambert of Clairette spent Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Lambert.
Mrs. P. E. McChristal, who has been ill for some time, is still not improved.
Charlie Russell, Bud and Skeet Roberson were in Gatesville Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Elkins and son of Stephenville visited recently with Mr. and Mrs. Merion Elkins.

Flag Branch

By HAZEL COOPER

Mrs. Jennie Graves and little son, Doyle, spent Wednesday evening with Mrs. Mollie Graves.
Mr. and Mrs. Alton McCoy spent Wednesday in the John McCoy home near Paluxy.
Mrs. Susan Cooper spent awhile Thursday morning with Mrs. Lillie Craig.
Bud Dotson and family and Will Flanary were visiting in the J. A. Flanary home near Rainbow Tuesday. Will Flanary remained for a longer visit.
Mr. Ben Thornton has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Mamie Edwards a few days this week.
Jess McCoy and wife and Miss Dessie McCoy attended the show at Hico Wednesday night.
Mr. and Mrs. Wick Simpson and family and Mr. and Mrs. Wash Mings spent a white Thursday night with Mrs. Sherman Garris.
Mrs. Rosemary Hanshaw and little son, J. W., visited Mrs. Altha Burks Friday.
Troy Cooper and wife and daughter, Beverly Ann, from Houston spent Sunday in the John Cooper home.
Mr. and Mrs. Jess McCoy spent Sunday night in the J. M. McCoy home near Nunnigan.
Several from around here attended the home coming at Fredell Sunday.

News of the World Told In Pictures

U. S. and Japan Cement Friendship



Surrounded by governmental celebrities and Japanese children in native costume, Kaname Wakasugi, Japanese Consul General, lays the cornerstone of the New York World's Fair Japanese Pavilion. Watching the climactic act are Edward J. Flynn, United States Commissioner General to the fair; Grover Whalen, president of the World's Fair, and Yakihiro Suma, Counselor of the Japanese Embassy, all of whom took part in the ceremonies stressing the friendship existing between United States and Japan.

"Home of The Range"

Oh, give me a home

"Chinatown, My Chinatown"



ALTHOUGH he was born in Budapest, and spent most of his life in America, he wrote, strangely enough, many Irish songs; such as "Bedelia," "My Irish Molly-O" and "Mr. Dooley." "Chinatown, My Chinatown" was more in his genre, since he spent the early years of his life on the lower east side of New York, not far from "Dreamy Chinatown" where the lights are low.
He went to school at night, working during the day to help support the family. He scoured the neighborhood for pianos on which to practice. He worked as an office boy in a cigar factory, as a bookkeeper's clerk; he was cashier in a Turkish bath, an errand boy in a department store. He never lost his desire to compose.
He landed a job with a publishing firm finally, at half the salary he was then earning. While there he met the late William Jerome, and they formed a songwriting team. It was not until three years after they had written "Chinatown, My Chinatown" for a legitimate production that the song was made famous by the vaudeville team of Mathews and Ashley.
He has been a songwriter for forty years. He is a prominent member of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, and resides at present in Hollywood where he is composing new tunes for radio and pictures.
His name is
HARRY 'AM' PIARD
(A Piano Syndicator)

Farmers Who Have Never Seen Farms

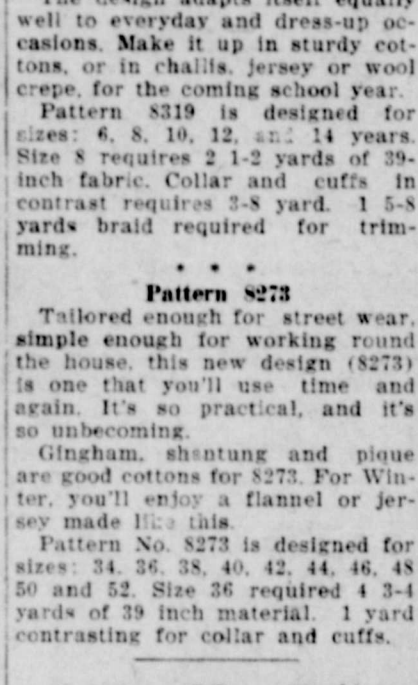


BROOKLYN, N. Y. . . Never having seen farms, these youngsters did their farming in the heart of the city. Boys and girls producing the best vegetables in each garden received medals. Here Miss Margaret Rielly, garden instructor, inspects the products of three medal winners. Left to right: Miss Rielly; James Di Mizzio, 13; Mary Hayden, 10, and Salvatore Guerrieri, 15.

Very Latest



MOST CHARMING
Pattern 8319
Full skirt; snug waist; round collar; shirred middle; reticulate pockets; they all add up to piquant youthful chic. This design has just the lines most becoming to girls. The design adapts itself equally well to everyday and dress-up occasions. Make it up in sturdy cottons, or in challis, jersey or wool crepe, for the coming school year.
Pattern 8319 is designed for sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch fabric. Collar and cuffs in contrast requires 3-8 yard. 1 5-8 yards braid required for trimming.



Pattern 8273
Tailored enough for street wear, simple enough for working round the house, this new design (8273) is one that you'll use time and again. It's so practical, and it's so unbecoming.
Gingham, shantung and pique are good cottons for 8273. For Winter, you'll enjoy a flannel or Jersey made like this.
Pattern No. 8273 is designed for sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 36 required 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. 1 yard contrasting for collar and cuffs.

Corrigan Meets Ford



DEARBORN, Mich.—"Wrong way" Douglass Corrigan (right) pays a visit to Henry Ford who acted as his host and driver as he was escorted by the motor magnate around the plant and Greenfield Village.

A Future Miss America?



McKEESPORT, Pa.—Mrs. John Mustacchio, the former Henrietta Leaver, who was Miss America of 1935, shown with her talented daughter, Patricia Lee, whom the mother will take to Hollywood presently in hope of a career.

Mrs. Chamberlain — Symbol Of Peace



LONDON, England . . . Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, the wife of the Prime Minister, who was acclaimed almost as widely as her husband in London peace celebrations, after the four-power conference which averted a general European war, still is cheered by throngs when she appears on the streets.

Dodgers Pick Manager



NEW YORK CITY . . . Larry McPhail, Business Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, (left) is shown with Leo Durocher, Captain and shortstop of the Dodgers this season, who has been promoted to manager. Durocher succeeds Burleigh Grimes.



THE WRONG KIND OF GAS

Marriage Makes Career Says Woman Conductor

By Daniel I. McNamara



received its first performance as the final event of the bi-annual convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs at Boston in 1929.
Her elaborate choral work, "Youth of the World," a cycle for chorus of women's voices, has been acclaimed not only for its musical qualities, but for its implications of cooperation for world peace, a theme dear to her.
She has been guest conductor of the performance of this work in London and in Chicago, where it was performed to the accompaniment of the Chicago Women's Symphony Orchestra.
Miss Branscombe is organizer and conductor of the Branscombe Choral, made up of seventy New York business women with whom music is an avocation. They are a standard radio attraction.
Miss Branscombe is an active clubwoman, vice president of the National Association of Conductors and Composers, a member of the Musicians' Club and of the New York Altruists Club. She was National Chairman of American Music in the General Federation of Women's Clubs from 1930 to 1935, and for two years was president of the Society of American Women Composers.
Of her three daughters, her namesake and first, Gena, is carrying on the musical tradition. She was the first American student to win the Poir scholarship in composition at the Royal College of Music in London. Vivian is an honor student and prize winner at Cornell University School of Medicine. Beatrice is president of the Junior class at Barnard.
Although born in Canada, Miss Branscombe is of ancient New York lineage, dating from 1640. She has an attractive summer home on the ancestral acreage in Mahopac Falls, Putnam County.
Her "Pilgrims of Destiny," a large work for solo chorus and orchestra.
(Music Features & Photo Syndicate)

