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Brownfield, Texas

ACID TREATED KEROSENE

Home acid treated Kerosene doesn't char the wicks, the acid treatment takes out everything but the kerosene. Home gas fires quicker and smells less. Compare our oils and see for yourself that Home oils are hard to beat.

PHONE 5

HOME OIL COMPANY

BROWNFIELD



The field for Poultry Raising hasn't been scratched yet, for never has there been such a demand for chickens as right now. Why shouldn't every farmer get a share of the profits? Nature's incubator—the sitting hen—is too slow to meet the present world-wide demand for poultry. On the other hand, a good Incubator, properly managed turns out a multitude of strong, healthy chicks and is as important about the modern farm as a planter, cultivator or a Ford car. If you haven't time to attend to it, buy one for Mother and the Girls and let them get a little of the immense profits in Poultry raising. The Jersey Incubator which we handle is one of the very best makes on the market; easy to operate and sure to give satisfaction. This is the best season of the year for artificial hatching. Come in at once and talk it over with us.

Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the financial condition of the Brownfield State Bank, at Brownfield, State of Texas, at the close of business on the 21st day of February, 1921, published in the Terry County Herald, a newspaper printed and published at Brownfield, Texas, the 5th day of March, 1921.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	\$311,752.33
Overdrafts	1,580.00
Bonds and stocks	5,360.75
Real estate (Banking house)	22,309.00
Other real estate	1,415.00
Furniture and fixtures	6,222.39
Due from other banks and banker and cash on hand	\$1,094.74
Interest on depositors' guaranty fund	2,367.04
Assessment depositors' guaranty fund	297.71
Acceptances and bills of exchange	2,404.26
TOTAL	\$408,546.48

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits, net	6,061.03
Due to banks and bankers, subject to check, net	11,407.61
Individual deposits, subject to check	212,940.28
Time certificates of deposit	12,938.81
Cashier's checks	10,154.22
Bills payable and rediscounts	98,704.42
TOTAL	\$408,546.48

State of Texas, County of Terry.—We, W. H. Dallas, as president and E. C. Roberts as assistant cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

W. H. Dallas, President
E. C. Roberts, Assistant Cashier
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of Feb. 1921.
A. J. Stricklin, Notary Public, Terry County, Texas
Correct—Attest: Morgan L. Copeland, W. M. Copeland and Jno. S. Powell, Directors.

HARRIS HAPPENINGS

By Sand Bar.

Mrs. J. R. Hill returned this week from Goldsmith, to which place she was called some time ago on account of her mother's illness.
Mrs. Wade preached at the Harris school house last Sunday evening.
Misses Stella and Gertrude Taylor are visiting at Meadow.
Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Fitzgerald spent Friday night with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor.
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alberding visited at J. M. McMillian's one day this week.
J. E. Fitzgerald, who recently went to Fort Stockton for his health, is improving rapidly.
The Harris S. S. recently purchased new song books, entitled, "Temple Songs." We all met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. French Sunday night to practice the songs.

Christian Endeavor Program

For Sunday evening, March 6th at 8:15 o'clock.
Lesson Topic.—How to get patience and how to use it.—Jas. 1:4.
Leader.—Mrs. Shelton.
Song.—Prayer.
A letter from a Disciple.—Otho Flippin.
An Object Talk.—Jack Dumas.
Question on patience and answered by the Society.
Song.—Mary Shelton.
Collection of dues, Benefaction.
Births: To Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cartwright, of Seagraves, a boy on the 27th inst. Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gamble, a girl on the 28th inst. To Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Yeager, a girl March 1st. To Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Walker, of Seagraves, a boy Feb. 28.
If you want any sewing done, take it to Mrs. T. A. Fawcett.

THE NEGRO ISSUE

Editor of the Herald.—
Early this year an immigrant bro't the first negroes to Terry county. Most of the citizens of the community when the man settled objected in fact most of the citizens of the county protest against their presence. We notice in last week's issue of the Herald a letter from a Lubbock citizen praising the immigrant, and advocating bringing the negro to this country. We regret that letter was published, for it naturally calls for an answer, and a reply might by some be deemed agitation. Such is not the intention of this article; still a citizen of Terry county is morally bound to offer a word of defense in its honor.

The Lubbock citizen is well known to the most of us personally, as an honorable man. We also know that he has been away from East Texas for about 15 or more years. The immigrant's standing and character has not been assailed. He may be all his friends claim. But the people here look at it this way:

That many of us came before the county was organized; many at the beginning and early in its history. We endured the labors in the birth of a new county; we braved the hard ships, inconveniences and isolation incident to pioneerage of a new country. We have stood the droughts and faced the storms for 20 years; we have borne our loneliness while the Easterners laughed; we broke the ice and smoothed off the rough, and developed this county with white help alone. Now that our endurance, hard work and patient struggling has developed the county into place worth while; a decent place to live in, and beginning to enjoy the fruits of years of our labor, the reward of a lifetime, then to have negroes suddenly thrust into our midst, we'll confess doesn't listen good to us.

The keeper may be endeared to his subject; one has the right to choose his company, or live with whom he wishes, but may we not offer a defense for the man who left his home and relatives east, came to a deserted place in the county, and has built a home in the county, and has kept it clean these many years, now he does not want his threshold darkened. It is well known that all women and children fear the negro, though harmless he may actually be. We have endured the past to be away from them; our society is pure and clean; we are happy, hospitable and peaceful. We don't want our children to have to go about in constant fear and dread of walking darkness. We have advertised to the world, and it has been our pride for years that we "have no negroes" and many good people have since located their homes here with that principal reason. Are they not entitled to consideration? Yes, Terry has a score of other reasons to keep the negro away, but our "all white" population is the thing that makes our glory in the state; the brightness of our light and we don't want any dimmers.

Were we to go to some county already stocked with the sons of Ham, and ask for their removal, we might justly be termed gally. Or were we to ask for exclusive preference in some place or time, when other things were more equal, we might meet with consistent argument, but coming here at the time, and as we did; built our homes and the county with the future safety and cleanliness in view, to now usher the negro among us, looks like following us up and rubbing it in.

Lubbock's experience with the negro is our freshest argument against their coming. It may be true these particular darkies are harmless and under control at present. Lubbock negroes may be harmless. The next that come, and they are sure to come if these remain, may be harmless, even for years to come, but the history of all counties with that dark complexion reveal to us, that some time, somewhere down the line some buck rags loose from "control" and the dastardly crime is committed upon some white man's child, would be better off dead, and maybe is, then we will want to rise up en masse, perform a horrible act, drive them ALL out and destroy their property, possibly by people who are now living here. Isn't it better to avoid all this in advance? It is better for him not to come at all, than to come and later loose all. It is better to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen if we tolerate the first, how can we draw the line on the next that comes? If we never take the first drink, we'll never get drunk. Our protest is not against these particular individual negroes, but we believe it best for all to stop the beginning at the commencement. Why take the risk, why assume the chance? Just so some man or a few men can try to get rich raising cheap cotton? Or help beat down the price of white labor? Cotton and negroes, they are the only two things where white and black blend. Personally, I think the least we have of either, the better off we are.

Let the county that wants to risk its society in this way, to gratify its avarice for cotton, have its way, but let old Terry, where one child is of more value than all the cotton ever baled, go its way in peace.

The people are going to abandon large cotton crop; farm labor is coming back; the great emergency is over; there is soon to be no necessity for that class of labor. Terry Co. don't want negroes.

This is not intended nor expected to agitate disorder. On the contrary I have requested my neighbors to re-

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Bring us your Cream and Eggs
We guarantee you the best market price.
We have the best equipped Cream Testing plant in the Southwest.

A. B. COOK & SON
"The Store of Quality and Service"

Phone 15

Brownfield

THE COMING OF "HAPPY JACK"

Rev. Jack Conkin, of Clayton, N.M., will begin a revival meeting at the Methodist church, Sunday March 6. "Happy Jack" is a preacher of the manner of Sam Jones, and everyone in reach should hear him.

All church people are invited to cooperate in the meeting. A sweeping revival is expected.

J. W. Baughman.

A Six O'clock Dinner

Miss Lois Brownfield entertained with a six o'clock dinner Thursday evening, Feb. 26th, the guest of honor being Mrs. Phoebe K. Warner, of Claude, Texas.

Miss Lois very graciously served a three course affair to Mesdames Warner, W. C. Smith, Downing, Randal and Miss Dauberty.

FOR SALE: Good seed potatoes and also bundle cane. Phone or see A. M. Crews. Long and Short on No. 519.

Train from unlawful acts, but I deem it no harm to suggest, that a good and just way to settle any controversy is for one to show some respect for his neighbor's wishes.
Respt.
Geo. W. Neill

Charter No. 11415 BANK STATEMENT Res. Dis. No. 11
Report of the condition of the First National Bank at Brownfield in the State of Texas, at the close of business on February 21, 1921.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts including rediscounts	\$122,970.31
Overdrafts (unsecured)	319.52
Bonds owned and unpledged	50.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	1,650.00
Equity of banking house	14,945.35
Furniture and fixtures	4,191.19
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	7,738.63
Cash in vault and due from other National Banks	13,970.29
Net due from other banks, bankers and trust companies	5,925.92
Checks on banks in same city as reporting bank	40.14
Checks on banks located outside city of reporting bank	187.29
TOTAL	\$172,349.80

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	5,000.00
Less current expenses and taxes paid	2,479.72
Interest and discount collected and credited in advance	2,611.51
Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies	2,310.66
Certified checks outstanding	20.09
Cashier's checks on bank outstanding	4,861.92
Individual deposits subject to check	105,046.99
TOTAL	\$172,349.80

State of Texas, County of Terry.—I, W. A. Bell, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
W. A. BELL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of March, 1921.
(Seal) A. J. Stricklin, Notary Public
Correct—Attest: R. M. Kendrick, D. J. Broughton and Fred Smith, Directors.

THE GREAT QUESTION

How to reduce the cost of living? Simply adopt the cash system. Buy your goods for less money. When once accustomed to this plan, you will like it.
We will sell for cash only. Free delivery to any part of town.

Koen's Cash Grocery
ON WEST SIDE
Brownfield, Texas

Phone No. 4

THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD
Published Every Friday at
Brownfield, Texas
A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.

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Any reflection upon the standing,
or reputation of any individual, firm
or corporation, will be gladly amend-
ed if brought to the attention of the
publisher.

Editor Dow, of the Lubbock Av-
lance, attended the thoroughbred
hog sale at Lubbock, last week, and
in gazing upon the heavy porkers, he
got heavy himself and caved in the
grand stand. But it seems he got the
worst of the collapse.

J. E. Craft, night agent of the Santa
Fe was held up and shot at the pas-
senger station at Lubbock, last Fri-
night, and died an hour later. No
money was obtained as the robbers
fled when the shot was fired. Three
young men of Lubbock were arrested
and as feeling was running so high
the prisoners were spirited away to

another town. We understand that
Judge W. R. Spencer has called the
grand and petit jury in session and
the hi-jackers will be given a speedy
trial.

All the Dallas postoffice bandits are
in the toils of the law or the hands of
the officers. There are eight in the
gang. Three were given twenty-five
years of penal servitude in the federal
penitentiary; one died when his
auto went into a ditch on the Nine-
Mile bridge road; four were captured
in Houston and San Antonio. Now
the "master mind" and the thug minds
are behind the bars. Federal and the
state officials made a clean roundup
of these hijackers who robbed a sub-
station of the Dallas postoffice and
shot to death an inoffensive citizen.
Justice in this case, or instance, did
not travel with a leaden heel.—Fort
Worth Record.

The members of the church and the
Sunday School of the Church of
Christ have decided to meet each
Sunday afternoon at 3:30 to study the
Bible, and will take up the book of
the Acts first. All are cordially in-
vited to meet with them who feels so
disposed.

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

(Copyright, 1930, Little, Brown & Company)

SYNOPSIS

PROLOGUE.

In the little town of Glitchapolla small
Dan Felling dreams boyish dreams, tinc-
tured with melancholy over his supposed
physical weakness. There, years later,
he meets Destiny.

BOOK I—REPATRIATION.

CHAPTER I—Warned by his physician
that he has not more than six months to
live, Felling sits despondently on a park
bench, wondering where he should spend
those six months. A friendly squirrel
practically decides the matter for him.
His blood is pioneer blood, and he decides
to end his days in the forests of Oregon.
Memories of his grandfather, Dan Felling,
love for all things of the wild help him
in reaching a decision.

CHAPTER II—In a large southern Ore-
gon city he meets people who had known
and loved his grandfather, a famous fron-
tiersman. He makes his home with Silas
Lennox, a typical westerner. The only
other members of the household are Len-
nox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snow-
bird." Their abode is many miles from
"civilization," in the Umpqua divide, and
there Felling plans to live out the short
span of life which he has been told he
has. His extreme weakness in the face of even
a slight exertion convinces him that the
doctor had made a correct diagnosis of
his case.

CHAPTER III—From the first Felling's
health shows a marked improvement, and
in the companionship of Lennox and his
son and daughter he finds the life he
wishes for. He is as happy as a lark. By
quick thinking and a remarkable display
of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his
own when they are attacked by a mad
coyote. Lennox declares he is a rein-
carnation of his grandfather, Dan Felling.
In whose name a woodsman is a household
word.

BOOK TWO—THE DEBT.

CHAPTER I—Dan, now thoroughly
proficient in woods lore, learns from Len-
nox that an organized band of outlaws,
of which Bert Cranston is the leader, is
making trouble in the vicinity. Landry
Hildreth, a former member of the gang,
has been induced to turn state's evidence.
On his way to the city Hildreth is way-
laid by Cranston, shot, and left for dead.
Cranston, however, overlooked the fact
that Hildreth might have documentary
evidence on his person, and is satisfied
that his enemy will never reach the city
to tell what he knows of the operations
of the gang.

CHAPTER II—A cougar, on a personal
hunting expedition, finds Hildreth in a
thicket, where he had crept after being
shot by Cranston. The cougar fin-
ishes Cranston's work, and in striking
down the man becomes a forest outlaw.
Felling, on his way home from a visit
to "Snowbird's" lookout station, comes
upon Cranston in the act of attacking
a forest fire. The men quarrel and fight.
Felling is no match for the sturdy moun-
tainer and is saved from death only by
the intervention of "Snowbird," who
drives the outlaw from his victim by
threatening him with a revolver.

CHAPTER III—Cranston greatly insults
the girl Felling promises her he will
punish him when he has fully recovered
his strength, and the girl looks on the
promise as a compact. A few days later
Silas Lennox, while chopping wood in the
forest, is pinned under a falling branch
and badly hurt. "Snowbird" finds her
father and gets him safely to the house
and to bed.

CHAPTER IV—The girl sets out across
the divide in the darkness, to bring a
physician. She has a sense that she is
being stalked by some animal, and be-
comes uneasy. Dan, who had been shoot-
ing, arrives home and finds Lennox. Both
Lennox and Dan fear for "Snowbird's"
safety, and Dan at once sets out to over-
take her. The animal stalking the girl is
the cougar which had finished Hildreth,
now become a hunter of man. Felling
arrives only just in time to save the girl's
life, and in that manner pays part of the
debt he owes her. As evidence of Dan's
returning strength he strangles the animal,
which, though wounded by a revolver
shot from "Snowbird's" weapon, was a
most formidable enemy.

The snow began to fall in earnest at
midnight—great, white flakes that al-
most in an instant covered the forest.
It was the real beginning of winter,
and all living creatures knew it. The
wolf pack sang to it from the ridge—
a wild and plaintive song that made
Bert Cranston, sleeping in a log-cabin
on the Umpqua side of the divide, swear
and mutter in his sleep. But he
didn't really wake until Jim Gibbs,
one of his gang, returned from his
secret mission.

"They wasted no words. Bert flung
aside the blankets, lighted a candle
and plucked it out of the reach of the
night wind. His face looked seaward
and deep-lined in his light.

"Well?" he demanded. "What did
you find?"

"Nothin'." Jim Gibbs answered ruti-
turally. "If you ask me what I found
out, I might have something to an-
swer."

"Then—" and Bert, after the man-
ner of his kind, breathed an oath—
"What did you find out?"

"His tone, except for an added note
of savagery, remained the same. Yet
his heart was thumping a great deal
louder than he liked to have it. Realiz-
ing that the snows were at hand, he
had sent Gibbs for a last search of
the body, to find and recover the evi-
dence that Hildreth had against him
and which had not been revealed either
on Hildreth's person or in his cabin.
He had become increasingly appre-
hensive about those letters he had
written Hildreth, and certain other
documents that had been in his posses-
sion. He didn't understand why
they hadn't turned up. And now the

I am going to Lewis Bros. & Co. After my watermelon seed.

They have TOM WATSON, HALBERT HONEY and KLECKLEY SWEET. They also have seed pota-
toes, Onion Sets and Spanish Peanuts. FRESH Vegetables twice a week. They will have a car of PEACE MAK-
ER FLOUR next week.

Begining March 1st, we will change our present system of bookkeeping to coupon books. You will favor us
by making arrangements for your book by the 1st.

Lewis Brothers & Company

NIGGERHEAD COAL NONE BETTER

Buy it while you can and save money. We predict much higher prices and coal shortage.

CICERO SMITH LUMBER COMPANY

BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

NOTICE!

I wish to announce to the good peo-
ple of Brownfield and Terry County
that I have leased the Santa Fe Hotel,
formerly known as the Jackson-House
from Gus Randolph, and I would be
pleased to have you stop with me if
in Lubbock. Good meals, good beds
and courteous treatment.

MRS. ROSA WIRTZ
Lubbock, Texas

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If you are in the market for a Ford
or for Ford Parts and supplies, we'll
be tickled to supply you. There is not
much about a Ford that we cannot sup-
ply right off the reel, and we want the
gas and oil business of the careful buy-
er. Try our repair department.

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BROWNFIELD TEXAS

LIST YOUR PROPERTY

During the dull season of the land
business we want to get in touch with
every individual in Terry and adjoining
counties that has property for sale.
See us when in town.

SHELTON-COOK LAND COMPANY
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Brownfield Transfer and Drayage Company

Wants your hauling. Call on us when you want
to move, or when you have freight or express.

Let us get your baggage. We are "rearing" to
go at a moments notice.

Phone 121 for SERVICE

G. C. SHAFFER, Prop.

Just Service

Our intention and every endeavor
is to please our customers, and to do
this, we furnish them in the choicest
meats at reasonable prices: full weight
and measure and prompt and courte-
ous treatment. What more can you
ask.

THE CASH MARKET
W. S. Daniels, Prop. Brownfield

snows had started, and Jim Gibbs had
returned empty-handed, but evidently
not empty-minded.

"I've found that the body's been un-
covered—and men are already search-
in' for clues. And moreover—I think
they've found them." He paused,
weighing the effect of his words. His
eyes glittered with cunning. But that
he was, he was wondering whether the
time had arrived to leave the ship. He
had no intention of continuing to give
his services to a man with a rope
noose closing about him. And Cran-
ston, knowing this fact, hated him as
he hated the buzzard that would claim
him in the end, and tried to hide his
apprehension.

"Go on. Blast it out," Cranston or-
dered. "Or else go away and let me
sleep."

It was a bluff; but it worked. If
Gibbs had gone without speaking, Cran-
ston would have known no sleep
that night. But the man became more
fawning.

"I'm tellin' you, fast as I can," he
went on, almost whining. "I went to
the cabin, just as you said. But I
didn't get a chance to search it—"

"Why not?" Cranston thundered.
His voice re-echoed among the snow-
wet planks.

"I'll tell you why! Because some-
one else—evidently a cop—was al-
ready searchin' it. Both of us know
there's nothin' there, anyway. We've
gone over it too many times. After a
while he went away—but I didn't
turn back yet. That wouldn't be Jim,
Gibbs. I shadowed him, just as you'd
want me to. And he went straight
back to the body."

"Yes?" Cranston had hard work
curbing his curiosity. Again Gibbs's
eyes were full of ominous specula-
tions.

"He stopped at the body, and it was
plain he'd been there before. He went
crawling through the thickets, lookin'
for clues. He done what you and I
never thought to do—lookin' all the
way through the trail and the body.
He'd already found the brass shell you
told me to get. At least, it wasn't
there when I looked, after he'd gone.
You s'pose he thought of it before?
He's found somethin' else a whole
lot more important—a roll of papers
that Hildreth had chucked into an old
pine stump when he was dyin'. It was
your fault, Cranston, for not gettin'
them that night. This detective stood
and looked 'em on the trail. And you
know—just as well as I do—what
they were."

"D—n you. I went back the next
mornin' as soon as I could see. And
the mountain lion had already been
there. I went back lots of times since.
And that shell ain't nothin'—but all
the time I s'posed I put it in my
pocket. You know how it is—a fellow
throws his empty shell out by habit."

Gibbs's eyes grew more intent. What
was this thing? Cranston's tone, in-
stead of commanding, was almost
pleading. But the leader caught him-
self at once.

"I don't see why I need to explain
any of that to you. What I want to
know is this: why you didn't shoot
and get those papers away from him?"

For an instant their eyes battled.
But Gibbs had never the strength of
his leader. If he had, it would have
been asserted long since. He sneaked
in his breath, and his gaze fell away.

OUR CREED

To court and deserve the fullest measure of confidence; to
protect the costumers' interests in every way that lies within
our power—handling with scrupulous care all matters intrusted
to us—to render service in keeping with the best traditions of
the banker's calling—always remembering that our existence
is for public service.

THIS IS OUR CREED
"The Bank of Personal Service"

BROWNFIELD STATE BANK

"Brownfield - Texas"
"Safety - Courtesy - Service"

rested on Cranston's rifle, that in
some manner had been pulled up
across his knees. And at once he was
cowed. He was never so fast with a
gun as Cranston.

"Blood on my hands, eh—same as
on yours?" he mumbled, looking down.
"What do you think I want, a rope
around my neck? These hills are big,
but the arm of the law has reached up
before, and it might again. You might
as well know first as last I'm not going
to do any killin's to cover up your
murders."

"That comes of not going myself.
You fool—if he gets that evidence
down to the courts you're broken the
same as me."

"But I wouldn't get more'n a year
or so, at most—and that's a heap dif-

ferent from the gallows. I did aim at
him."

"But you just lacked the guts to pull
the trigger."

"I did, and I ain't ashamed of it.
—But besides—the snows are here now,
and he won't be able to even get word
to the valleys for six months. If you
want him killed so bad, do it your-
self."

This was a thought indeed. On the
other hand, another murder might not
be necessary. Months would pass be-
fore the road would be opened, and in
the meantime Cranston would have a
thousand chances to steal back the
accusing letters. He didn't believe for
an instant that the man Gibbs had
seen was a detective. He had kept
too close watch over the roads for
that.

"A tall chap, in outing clothes—
dark-haired and clean-shaven?"

"Yes?"

"Wears a tan hat?"

"That's the man."

"I know him—and I wish you'd
punctured him. That's Felling—the

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Copyright, 1930

He Weeps a Few Crocodile Tears

STOP MY PAPER
RUINED!

YER ALWAYS BOOSTING
FER IMPROVEMENTS US
TAXPAYERS HAVE TO
SETTLE FER

WERE TAXPAYERS
TOO

JEST GIVE US
ONE MORE
CHANSY 'N WE'LL
TEN TO GO
BETTER

MEBBE
I WILL

ANY TIME THERE'S
SOMETHIN' IN 'YR PAPER
YOU DONT LIKE, JEST BRING
IT IN AND WE'LL TAKE THE
OFFICE SHEARS AND
CUT IT OUT

