

WITH THE COLORS

The Hill News Review

Your Home Newspaper

Beginning Its 60th Year of Service to Hico and Community

VOLUME LX

HICO, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1944.

NUMBER 1.

HICO SOLDIER IN TEMPLE HOSPITAL TELLS SOME OF HIS BATTLE EXPERIENCES

Special to The News Review: McCLOSKEY GENERAL HOSPITAL, Temple, Texas, May 22.—"About the most exciting moments during my time in Italy was on the boat just off Salerno."

Fifth War Loan to Call for Best Efforts of All Americans

A state quota of 464 million dollars for the Fifth War loan, June 12-July 8, has been announced by State Chairman Nathan Adams of the War Finance Committee of Texas.

Hamilton County's quota in the Fifth War Loan has been set at \$365,000, according to announcement made from the regional offices in Fort Worth.

"It is going to be big and tough—the biggest and the toughest drive," Adams said in warning that all of the nearly seven million people of Texas must face the facts.

"Our victory volunteers must, of course, do a large part in cutting out the great Texas market," he said in praising the past efforts of the victory volunteers.

Army and Navy Get More Inductees From Hamilton Co.

The following men were inducted into the Navy recently from Local Board No. 1, Hamilton County, Texas: John D. Lively, Hico.

N. Y. Terral Offers Name as Candidate For Sheriff's Office

To the Voters of Hamilton County: After careful consideration I have decided to offer my name as a candidate for Sheriff of Hamilton County, subject to the Democratic primary election.

WFB reports that housewives will have to get along with short supplies of oilcloths for some time because of the war need for critical materials used in its manufacture.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Table with columns: Hico Elementary School, Class Roll, Program, Ushers from Seventh Grade.

U. S. Bombs Carve Victory Sign in Italy



This prophetic "V" for Victory was formed by a dislodged piece of masonry knocked down by American bombs while this Italian city was still in Nazi hands.

Hico School Winding Up This Week With Graduation Exercises

The commencement exercises for the elementary school were being held at the High School Auditorium Thursday evening, May 25, and a list of those finishing this department, together with the program, appears above.

SET STAGE FOR MAJOR POLITICAL GATHERINGS

It's Big Job to Prepare for GOP, Democratic Meets

While the country's attention has been centered on presidential possibilities, preparations for the major parties' national conventions in the Chicago Stadium have been quietly proceeding. Making the arrangements for the conventions is a large-scale job in normal times, let alone during wartime, and one whose magnitude escapes the average person—even the delegate who arrives on special trains, finds his housing reserved, and then goes to a big hall where all seating and decorations, etc., are in order.

Funeral Services for Pioneer Citizen Held Monday Afternoon

Funeral services for W. R. Hall, pioneer rancher and farmer of Hamilton county, where he had resided for 80 years, were held Monday, May 22, at 3 o'clock at the Methodist church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Floyd W. Thrash, assisted by Elder Stanley Giesecke, Church of Christ minister and lifelong friend. Interment was in the Honey Creek cemetery.

Services Conducted At Family Home for Mrs. E. S. Rhoades

Funeral services for Mrs. E. S. Rhoades were held at the family home, Tuesday, May 23 at 3 p. m., following her death on Monday, preceded by a long illness.

Neighboring Troops Visit Boy Scouts at Court of Honor

At the call of assembly by Scout Billy Jackson, a boy scout court of honor was brought to attention last Thursday night, May 18, at the local scout headquarters above the city hall.

WEATHER REPORT

Table with columns: Date, Max, Min, Prec. for May 17-23.

Joe Gish

JOE GISH KNOW, NOT LOOKS MIGHTY LIKE A HALO AROUND YER OWN KID'S HEAD, MEBBE LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY LIKE WORMS 'T' YER NECKHOLE.

Joe Gish



(Continued on Page 5)

Fairy

By Mrs. J. O. Richardson

We received about an inch of rainfall early Monday morning, which will delay harvest a few days. Only a small amount had been cut in this community. However, we were glad to have the sunshine and west wind which will soon dry the ground sufficiently to allow resumption of work in the fields.

Mrs. Curtis Wright and little son, Curtis Glen, returned home Monday after a pleasant visit in the home of her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wright and little daughter of Coleman.

Several friends and neighbors of Otlice Dansby came in with tractors Thursday of last week and put his crop up in shape. He and his family have been sick with the measles. We are glad to report them better at this writing. There were six men with tractors which took part in the work. They were Herman Sills, Leslie New, Marvin Mendzorf, Floyd Noland, Hersh Richardson, and Jess Fulton. We feel sure Mr. Dansby appreciated the work very much, as he also shears sheep and this will enable him to continue this work as soon as he has fully recovered.

A goodly number was present Sunday night for the baccalaureate services of the Fairy Seniors. Rev. Stanley Giesecke of Millersville, Church of Christ minister, delivered the sermon. There are nine of the Seniors this year, as follows: Dorothy Duncan, Elsie Lee Parks, Mella Fay Douglas, Otha May Grimes, Maxine Boykin, Charles Abel, Cleo Dennis, Cecil Blakley, and Elsie Lee Parks. We regret that we did not learn of these services in time to include the notice in our news items last week, and also we failed to make mention of the commencement exercises on Wednesday night, May 24. The school will close Friday with a program Friday morning given by the grammar school pupils, and a basket lunch at the noon hour. We did not learn just what the schedule was for the afternoon, but at least a get-together of friends and neighbors.

Mrs. Gladys Cox was in Gatesville last Saturday. While there she visited in the home of her sister, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Heyroth. Mrs. W. L. Jones accompanied her as far as Hamilton and enjoyed a visit in the home of her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Grogan.

We were sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Joe Rogers of Hamilton, who was buried Tuesday. We have not learned when he passed away. He lived in the Agee community for many years and moved last Fall to Hamilton after

selling his farm home, as his health had failed and he was unable to work his place. We extend sympathy to those bereft at his passing.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Noland of Salem and Mrs. Dovie Noland of Claiborne spent Sunday in the home of their brother and son, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Noland and family.

Sgt. and Mrs. Orrin Williford of Brownwood were recent visitors in the home of her brother, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Edwards and Betty Lou, also her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rice Edwards, who have moved recently to the Fred Rainwater place known as the Mack Keller place. We understood Mr. Edwards and his son, Wallace, have purchased the place. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Edwards back in our community, as they resided here many years before moving to Hico several years ago.

Howard Cunningham is here visiting his father, Ramond Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, also his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cunningham. He is in the service—sorry, but we do not have his rating. Howard spent several years here during his early childhood and if our memory is correct, he began his school work at the Fairy school. Glad to have him visit again. It has been some time since he was here.

Mrs. Frances Thomas returned Sunday morning to Moran, after spending the past week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Shields and other relatives. Also Mrs. John D. Stanford and children came down Thursday to stay until Sunday and be with her sister and visit her parents. Kathleen Shields returned home with Mrs. Stanford for a few days' visit.

Miss Daphne Hoover of Fort Worth spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hoover. She remained over Sunday night to be here for the baccalaureate services. She accompanied her father home by truck Monday morning.

Will those who send me items of news by mail please address me at Route 2, as I am a day later receiving it if mailed to Fairy. Thanks so much.—Mrs. J. O. R.

DEAD ANIMALS

Call us collect day or night for FREE pick-up of dead or crippled stock. Our army needs the vital material they contain for munitions.

PHONE 303 Hamilton, Texas HAMILTON SOAP WORKS

VITAMINS

FOR ADDED VIM, VIGOR, AND VITALITY!



You have the desire to be a happy companion to your children—but to have the physical energy that's necessary to keep up with them, it's essential that you have enough vitamin-units each day.

Consult your doctor, then come to see us!

We Carry a Good Selection —All Really Good Buys

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

To Select a Gift For That

GRADUATE

We have a number of suitable items in our stock, and would be glad to assist you in making a selection.

Corner Drug Co.

Prescription Headquarters

WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD To Entertaining the Public at the Celebration

of Our



Anniversary Saturday June 3rd

Entertainment for All and Free Gifts For Some

(Ask Us For Details)

REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL OF THE DIFFERENT DEPARTMENTS OF BURRUS FEED MILLS

Will Be Present.

If you have any feeding problems to discuss, they will be glad to consult with you during the day.

A Limited Quantity of Souvenirs If You Come Early

SPECIAL PRICES ON TEXO FEEDS

For the One Day Only

Watch Next Week's Paper for Detailed Announcements

A Complete Line of Feed ALL the Time

KEENEY'S

Hatchery & TEXO Feed Store



The Mirror

Published by Students of Hico High School

Editor Carolyn Holford

REPORTERS:

Senior Elva Jo Rainwater Sophomore Paul Wolfe
Junior Patsy Pinson Freshman Frances Angell

SENIORS' FAREWELL

We, the Senior class of 1944, are now leaving the school where we have spent most of the hours of our lives since we were six years old. Many times, when our studies have been tiresome, we have wished for this day. Now that it has come, we find there is a touch of sadness mingled with the joy. Our sentiments are well expressed by Louise Noland, our class poet, in her poem, "Memories," which follows this article.

We are indeed grateful to our teachers for their patience with us during the past four years. We want to take this opportunity to thank them for their unselfish and helpful attitude toward us in everything we undertook to do.

There are others who have worked willingly and tirelessly all year and have not, as yet, received the credit for their labor. The four who have reported regularly for The Mirror truly deserve recognition in this last edition, however. They have not complained when asked to work after school, and their work has been worthy of praise.

MEMORIES

By LOUISE NOLAND

Memories now are all we have of our school life completed this year. We are happy on this occasion—Still, there lurks a tear.

And speaking of memories, let's reminisce. All the years now gone forever; Remember that time in the sixth grade, kids. Now didn't we think we were clever?

Imitating O'Daniel and all of his gang. There was Pat and Mike and Molly. We had great fun preparing the skit.

But that day in assembly, oh golly! Then after a year in the seventh. Came a time of triumphant cheer. Marching down the aisle we felt awfully smart.

But even that won't equal this year. That autumn we marched up the high school steps thinking "We won't do what other freshmen have done—"

We won't walk barefoot through sticking thorns. We'll stick together, all for one. But in the end we went barefoot and wore pigstails.

As is the tradition, I guess. Then and since we've learned a lot. But we put up a good fight, nevertheless.

Then as Sophs we labored on. And that's the year, dear classmates. When hockey-playing seemed a fad. And, oh, very important, we were having dates.

As Juniors then, we studied hard. For Plane Geometry we had to learn. We were always glad when school was out.

But that year we were really glad to adjourn. Most of our boys marched away that year.

We were sad, though very proud. They're fighting for the freedom of the country we love. With that task they are now endowed.

And then the time for which we had waited so long. At last our Senior year. And yet where we thought there would be only joy.

It seems there's room for a tear. At the time of our graduation. Mingled with our tears and joys. We'll all remember because we can't forget.

Our valiant, courageous boys. And now, dear teachers, it's time for you. With your stern advice and a smile. We'll remember you through the years—Yes, we'll think of you over each mile.

And Juniors, we'd like to wish for you. A long life and breezes and flowers. And may your approaching Senior year. Be as happy and joyful as ours.

Now with our boys all away at war. And our Victory still to be won. Let's all hope we'll meet again. And good luck to you, happiness to you everyone.

The band room had been transformed into a night club and given a new name, "The Mirror Room," for this occasion. Roses and honeysuckle bordered the blackboards, which were covered with light blue wallpaper and mirrors. The room glowed with soft candlelight and colorful evening dresses.

Guests to Hico's most fashionable night club, and Jimmie Ruth Thompson gave a response in behalf of her classmates. Billy McKenzie reminded everyone how often Billy Jean Williamson had entered and left the class when he read the history of the Senior class. Things that possibly but not probably could happen to the graduating class in future years were revealed in a prophecy, written by Patsy Pinson and read by Carolyn Holford.

After Louise Noland read her poem, "Memories," Elva Jo Rainwater read the class will which was recently published in The Mirror. Paul Wolfe played several piano selections, after which the floor show began. This was composed of two groups of songs by several Junior girls; a duet by Clara Jean Thrash and Wilma Joyce Woodard, each playing a clarinet; a comedy poem, "Hats" by James Ray Bobo, and a skit, "The Rain Goes Pity-Pat" by Mildred Rellihan and James Ray Bobo.

Following the floor show, a delicious dinner was served by the Home Economics girls. The menu, cleverly named for members of the Senior class, consisted of Frosted Dixie Juleps, McKenzie Melange, Stuffed Pears a la Mary Nell, Devilled Shirley Eggs, Tomato Wedges, Inez Style, Wyvonne Wafers, Simmons Tea, Carolyn Parfait, Oakley Squares, and Cafe Noir.

After eating, everyone played several games of bingo, the prizes for each game being a favor from the table. Virginia Coston made a speech in honor of the boys from each class who would have been at the banquet, had they not been called to serve their country in the Army or Navy.

The Junior boys mentioned were J. D. Jones, J. W. Burden, Tommy Abel, and Wayne Houston; the Seniors were Currie Polk, Walter Ramsey, Raby Bruner, Donald Lewis, Fred Jaggars, Buck Meador, Rudy Serrett, Raymond Pittman, Claude Barnett, Doyle Nix, Moody Ross, Frank Ganoe, Wendell Grimes, and W. G. Cole.

To close this enjoyable evening of pleasant entertainment the boys and girls formed a circle with their teachers and sang "Auld Lang Syne," "School Days," and "Good Night Ladies."

BACCALAUREATE AT THE METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday at eleven o'clock the opening bars of the Processional broke through the waiting silence, and the Seniors of Hico High School marched down the church aisle to take their places on the two front rows of seats. A huge crowd of parents and friends had gathered to witness the Baccalaureate. The church was beautifully decorated, for which thanks are due to the Methodist women.

The Seniors also wish to express their appreciation for Mr. Green-slit's music and Miss Thoma Rodgers' solo. An inspiring message was delivered by Rev. Floyd W. Thrash, one of the graduates who long remember.

The following program was rendered: The Processional, Mr. W. H. Green-slit. The Doxology, choir and congregation. "O Worship the King," choir and congregation.

The invocation, Mr. H. E. O'Neal. "More Like the Master," choir and congregation. The Scripture lesson. Solo, "The Holy City," Miss Thoma Rodgers.

The sermon, Rev. Floyd W. Thrash. "I Need Thee Every Hour," choir and congregation. The benediction, Mr. J. R. Bobo. The recessional, Mr. W. H. Green-slit.

The theme of the sermon was contained in this appropriate and majestic extract from Ancient Sanskrit: "Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn. Look to this Day. For it is Life, the very Life of Life."

In its brief course lie all the Verities and Realities of your Existence. The Bliss of Growth. The Glory of Action. The Splendor of Beauty. For Yesterday is but a Dream and Tomorrow is only a Vision.

But Today well-lived makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness. And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this Day—Such is the Salutation of the Dawn."

JUNIOR NEWS

This has been a full and busy year for the Juniors. We have supplied members to the band, the football, basketball and track teams, and four of our number have entered the Service. We have helped collect donations for the Infantile Paralysis Drive and the Red Cross. We have sponsored two cakewalks, a party, a class play, and a Junior-Senior Banquet.

We do not list these, our achievements, in any sense of "tooting our own horn." We merely are taking inventory of our share in the making of a successful school session. Now that the final whistle has blown, we are somehow loathe to leave. The summer vacation stretches far ahead and after that our Senior year. And yet—we linger here a moment in the dear, familiar halls of H. H. S., yearning a bit for days that are gone and will never come again.

To the Seniors, a last wave of the hand; to the Sophomores and Freshmen, a beckon to return next September with fresher and brighter outlooks. To the teachers and school, goodbye until then.

SCOOPS AND SNOOPS

Lorene and Leroy have been voted the cutest couple at Carolyn's dance. How's the river, James B.? There is always room for more friendly relations between the Junior and Senior classes. What say, A. O. and C. G., M. N. E. and W. S.?

FRESHMAN NEWS

Well, we're still alive and kicking. This is our last piece of news before we become Sophomores (we hope), and we want to tell the Seniors we think they're a pretty swell bunch of kids. We wish them all the luck in the world, but we shall miss them terribly.

As we look over the Freshman room we find how each girl stands in the manpower situation. It seems that Betty M. is deeply in love and going steady. Tell us who it is, Betty. We're all ears. Dale H. is merely deeply in love, while Margie L. is going steady and Joyce T. is looking for a man. The queer thing is that none of the girls are uninterested in men. In case any of you girls read this, don't take it seriously. It's all in fun and done with ribbons.

Just one more thing. We want to say, "Goodbye, Seniors of '43-'44, and hello, Freshmen of '44-'45."

Altman

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Dickerson and family of Fairy visited Mrs. Ray King and family Sunday. Mrs. Jim Carter accompanied them home to visit this week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Reid and daughter, Lila, had as their weekend guests, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Reid and family of Kilgore. Mrs. Elmore and two little girls of Corsicana, and Mrs. G. A. Strickland and baby son, Joe Reid, of Bryan.

Several from here attended the Baccalaureate Service at the Carl-

ton school, held at the Baptist church Sunday night.

Mrs. John Moore and Janice visited her sister, Mrs. O. V. Graves, and family at Olin a while Monday morning.

Voyd Browning visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, this week.

Mrs. Patsy Partain visited her sister, Mrs. Ray King, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Cozy and little daughter, Waynell, were in Dublin and Stephenville Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Reid and daughter, Lila, were in Dublin Saturday.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS



Durable Exterior Paint
BARN and ROOF PAINT
Heavy-bodied, ready-mixed, oil-type exterior paint that brushes out easily. Bright Red now...
For roofs, sheds, barns and fences

Here's News!
DU PONT
self-cleaning
HOUSE PAINT
stays white!

Protects by Sealing
CEMENT & STUCCO COATING
Keeps out moisture and guards against unsightly cracks and streaks.
Give Longer Life!



Stains and Varnishes
Tufcoat VARNISH STAIN
Stains, varnishes with one application. Rich color, plus protection and durability of a glossy varnish finish.
An All 'Round Varnish Stain

1 Paint protection pays.
Because building repair materials are so hard to get now, it's all the more important to protect surfaces with the best of paints. Du Pont House Paint forms a beautiful, durable film—and effectively guards against rot, rust, and decay.

For Soft, Lovely Walls
FLAT WALL FINISH
A velvety-smooth flat, already mixed. Covers solidly. Easy to apply; easy to clean. No glare.
3 distinctive tints

2 Starts white, stays white.
Du Pont House Paint is made with that whitest of white pigments—titanium dioxide. That's why it will make your house glisten whiter than you've ever thought possible! Yes, and it will stay that way, too. Because...

Finest Floor Varnish
Supremis FLOOR VARNISH
A long wearing, pale, glossy varnish, thoroughly waterproof. Usually resistant to heel marks and foot traffic.
It's the best you can buy

3 It's self-cleaning.
All paints collect dirt on exposure. But, with Du Pont House Paint, "self-cleaning" starts after a few months of normal weather conditions. A fine white powder forms on the surface. Heavy rains wash this away, carrying the dirt with it—leaving the newly exposed surface clean and white again! (Unusual climatic or dirt-collecting conditions in extremely sooty industrial communities may, of course, delay this process.) Because this "self-cleaning" is gradual, the wearing qualities of the paint film are not abnormally affected.

Get Ready!
FOR SUMMER!
BUY A GOOD USED CAR FOR YOUR WAR-TIME NEEDS
● New cars have gone to war, and good, clean models like we offer are getting scarcer every day. See us now while we can sell you most miles for your dollars.
HOW ABOUT A TRADE?
Geo. Jones Motors
GOOD USED CARS

JOIN GULF'S "ANTI-BREAKDOWN" CLUB TODAY!
BEFORE THIS WAR IS OVER, there may be only two kinds of people in America...
1. those who rise to work. 2. those who walk to work.
If you want to be in the fortunate group who will still be riding to work in automobiles, join Gulf's "Anti-Breakdown" Club today. How do you do it? Just come in for Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan!
This plan was conceived by experts in car care. Gulf developed it because car maintenance is a most important civilian job. (8 out of 10 war workers use automobiles to get to work.)

Here's Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan...
1. Protects your car at 39 danger points...
2. Saves those bearings and piston rings...
3. Stretches your gas coupons...
GULF'S Protective Maintenance Plan includes Gulf's Registered Lubrication for 39 engine, chassis, body points. Six Gulf Lubricants reduce wear.
THE AMERICAN Petroleum Institute recommends changing oil regularly. It's equally important to use a good motor oil like Gulfbride, "The World's Finest Motor Oil," or Gulfube, an extra-quality oil that costs a few cents less.
AIR-FILTER and spark-plug cleaning, radiator flushing help give better mileage. A clean filter makes gas burn more economically; clean plugs add power; a clean radiator prevents over-heating.
GET AN APPOINTMENT To help your Gulf Dealer do a thorough job on your car, make an appointment. Phone or speak to him at the station. Then you should encounter no delay when you get Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan... 15 services in all!

In Peace or War—
WE STRIVE TO SERVE
BARNES & McCULLOUGH
"Everything to Build Anything"
HICO, TEXAS
DU PONT PAINTS
FOR PROTECTION THAT LASTS

Hico News Review PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY IN HICO, TEXAS



ROLAND L. HOLFORD Owner and Editor

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Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling attention of the management to the article in question.

Hico, Texas, Friday, May 26, 1944.

TANKS OF SUNSHINE

Sometimes we wonder if automobiles run on sunshine. For it is apparent, on every bright sunny day, that even the "A" card holders, who always seemed to be running out of gas in the colder months, find some way to get out on the road.

If it wasn't for that insatiable appetite for driving in nice weather, it seems quite possible that the government might relax rationing somewhat this summer. But, realizing the itch to drive which besets most of us during the warm months, they are probably afraid that if we are given an inch we would take a mile.

We heard of one man who, having no gas, backs his car out into his driveway every nice Sunday afternoon and just sits there. When Americans are that fond of automobiles it is apparent that gasoline rationing cannot be lifted entirely until the supply is practically unlimited.

MORE TELEPHONES COMING

Resumption of manufacture of civilian-type telephones to the extent of 200,000 sets per quarter has been authorized by WPB.

First deliveries are expected by fall. Approximately 100,000 new orders for telephones that cannot be filled because of lack of equipment are accumulating each month.

U. S. shipping employment increased from 63,000 in January 1935, to 1,722,000 in December 1943, and the 1943 merchant ship tonnage delivered was 16 times the amount delivered in 1941, according to the Secretary of Labor.

Wee Bits of GESTURE

[Opinions expressed in this weekly feature are the writer's, and not necessarily those of the News Review.—E.D.]

For the return of her lost Scotty dog, Dorothy Lamour, among queen of the movies, offers almost the most precious of feminine possessions. Now, hold on to your seats, ladies, and please wait for the signal. Give each other an even start. Here's the reward—two pairs of nylon hose! And here's your first clue. Her pet pooch's name is "Peanuts."

All ready? Well, stand up now, keep your toes this side of starting line, wait until you hear the—

There it is! Go! They're off! And what a prize! Two pairs of nylon hose! Why, they are more valuable than anyone's dollars, for you can't buy anything with money now anyway.

Miss Lamour sure made a wise selection in choosing this prize. Of course she knows that those of her own sex would do all the hunting for "Peanuts," for chances are most of us men folks couldn't keep our eyes off the "prize" long enough to hunt for anything. Well, I've always said that the Christmas season wasn't the only time that "well-filled" stockings were admired.

By the way! Come to think of it, there may be a couple of Hollywood stars standing in those prize nylons at this very moment. What am I waiting on? Out of my way! I'll be at the head of that hunt if I have to cut across the field on 'em.

Wow! I've forgotten that blooming pup's name. Oh, yes, how I remember. Here, Peanuts! Here, Peanuts!

—BY FRITTS A. NEWMAN.

DIVIDED THEY STAND

As far as we can see, both the officials of Montgomery Ward and the leaders of the CIO union were right in their claims about the extent of the loyalty to the union among the employees of that company.

When the election was held the union won out by a vote of 2,340 for the union as compared with 1,565 against it. But there were 4,737 employees eligible to vote, meaning that 832 did not express their opinion. It is obvious that most of those were not very strong for the union or they would have showed up for the election. Actually, the union therefore did not get the support of 50 per cent of the employees.

Of course, in an election of this kind, not much consideration should be given to those who are not interested enough either way to express their opinion. But the vote does serve to indicate a sharp difference among workers in the same plant over the benefits of membership in a union. We sometimes get the habit of thinking of all workers in a large plant as being devout union supporters. This example shows that there is almost as great a difference of opinion about unions among those in unionized plants as there is among the people as a whole.

Today and Tomorrow by DON ROBINSON

GARDENS . . . dividends

Victory Gardens of America, if thought of in terms of a large corporation in which each gardener is a stockholder, would tower head and shoulders above any other food company in the country so far as production is concerned.

That might be a nice thought to carry with you when you dig up that small plot of yours and wonder if the backaches and headaches are worth the effort.

Although figures on victory garden production can only be estimated, the most reliable estimates show that the 1943 production of Victory Gardens of America had a total value of approximately a billion dollars—an average of \$100 worth of produce for each of the 20,000,000 victory gardens which were planted last year.

I happened to see the 1943 total sales figures of the General Foods corporation—one of the largest companies in the food business—and their total sales for 1943 were about \$260,000,000. So your backyard corporation, together with its branches in 19,999,999 other backyards, did a business of almost eight times the amount done by this giant food corporation. And you collected your share of the dividends as soon as you got around to picking it off the bushes.

PROFIT . . . savings Probably the shortage of gasoline did even more than the threatened shortage of food to turn 20,000,000 families into gardeners last summer. Those who were on the fence about having a garden, fearing that it would interfere with vacations, with golf, with fishing and with other usual summer pastimes, decided to go ahead with the garden when they realized that the ban on driving would make it impossible for them to get to their usual summer hangouts anyway.

Consequently, golfers reluctantly put their clubs back in the attic and gathered together a set of spades, hoes and rakes, swimming enthusiasts put their bathing suits back in mothballs and bought dungarees; and fishermen tried to get the thrill from coaxing a earrot out of the ground that they formerly got from hooking a trout.

As a result, for the first time in their lives, millions of people got their usual summer exercise from a pastime which paid them money. One gardening enthusiast, who never has been able to see why people are determined to pay for exercise when they can get it at a profit in their own backyards, has compiled a set of figures to show that the Victory Gardeners not only produced two billion dollars worth of vegetables, but also saved an additional two billion by making gardeners their major summer sport.

INCREASE . . . lessons In 1944 it is expected that Victory Gardens of America will show a big jump in production over 1943.

In the first place, a large number of novices at gardening have now had a year's painful experience—now have learned that preparing the soil is important, that fertilizer does do some good, that bugs can find even the smallest garden plot and that vegetables and weeds don't get along together.

With these lessons learned—there is every expectation that the production per garden will be considerably greater this year. In addition, early orders for seed catalogues, for fertilizer and for garden tools indicate that there may be several million more victory gardens in 1944 than there were in 1943. Those who didn't have gardens last year, evidently felt that things this year, they intend to show their braggart neighbors how radishes and beans really should be grown.

After the war is over, when we are again free to burn up all the gasoline we want, the present interest in gardening may subside, but after two years of digging in the soil, there will be many a man who will be just as reluctant to put away his garden tools for good as he was to put aside his golf clubs and fishing rods in the spring of 1943. There's something about this digging and seeding that gets hold of you—and there will be many who won't let go.

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS

Memorial Day Messages



If ye break Faith with us who die We shall not sleep



PATRICIA DOW



Has Glamour Pattern No. 8515—There never has been such a dress, for glamour, as the dirndl! Today's model has that button front long bodice with a choice of two necklines—convertible or open and ruffled.

Pattern No. 8515 is in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 18, short sleeves, takes 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material; 1 1/2 yards machine made ruffling is required for square neck.

Form for ordering the dress pattern, including fields for Name, Address, Name of paper, Pattern No., and a note to send 15 cents in coin for each pattern desired to Patricia Dow Patterns, 900 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.



THIS AND THAT

By JOE SMITH DYER

DOLLS & DRUGS

The next time a doctor writes a prescription for you, find a dependable druggist to fill it, even if you have to take a taxi and drive a mile past the last cigar store. A prescription is not worth the paper it's written on unless it is properly filled. A badly filled prescription can do much more harm than good. If the old-time druggist could make a return and see how some so-called drug stores of today in the cities are selling chicken salad sandwiches, the department stores selling plasters and pills and the shine-boys filling pint bottles with liniment—well! I just wonder what his reaction would be. Selling dolls and drugs—filling a prescription with one hand and passing out lipsticks with the other—that is today's modern drug store.

Some day, perhaps, bankers will be selling hot lunches at the deposit window and theatres will be taking subscriptions to your favorite magazine or newspaper.

The other day a man walked into a drug store and asked for a quart of vinegar. The clerk replied: "I'm sorry, sir. You're in a drug store."

The man answered: "I know I'm in a drug store but I bought this can of talcum down at the grocery on the corner and I don't like to spend all my money in the same place."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Sgt. Forrest Vossler of Livonia, N. Y. was blinded by shrapnel over Germany and was offered the gift of a good eye by a Berkeley, California woman who read of his misfortune in a newspaper. Mrs. Pauline Vernard wrote to Sgt. Vossler's surgeon and said:

"I have two good eyes and could get along fine with only one, and it would make me happy to give one of my eyes to the soldier who gave his for his country." The soldier stuck to his guns even after things became only a blur, and then he asked to be thrown overboard so that the load of the bomber would be made lighter.

Mrs. Vernard is the wife of a Navy torpedoman and she said that when she read of the soldier losing his eye she wanted to do something for such a brave boy.

The soldier said: "I am baffled. It's the most generous offer I have ever known and certainly a huge sacrifice for someone who doesn't even know you."

Her offer may be accepted. It has not been decided yet.

TRIAL OF ADOLF HITLER

Michael Young has written a new book called "The Trial of Adolf Hitler" and even though it's uncanny prophecy, it is very interesting reading. So many people ask and wonder what we are going to do with Hitler and Mr. Young answers this question in his book.

There are countless people who wonder if this arch criminal will ever be brought to trial and if so, when and how and where will such a trial take place and who would preside at the trial and who will organize it?

These questions are all answered with intense realism and by Mr. Young's vivid imagination. Hitler is actually tried and it is a mythical "last witness" that seals his doom forever.

It is published by E. P. Dutton Co., New York.

When my mind is all made up to be miserable I remember that not the world nor the people in it but my own mind can make me miserable—or happy.

HOUSE AND HOME

By MARY E. DAGUE

One of the most useful adjuncts of a good garden during the spring and summer is a barrel of manure water. Keep it in a shady, out-of-the-way place where it can be covered with a cheesecloth screen to discourage mosquitoes.

When it comes to manure and if the fresh material isn't available, the dried product sold in bags by the garage stores will serve as a substitute. Fill the barrel with water and let it "steep" for about a week before using. Add water from time to time as you use the liquid in order to replenish the supply.

As a safe stimulant for plants of all kinds that need a little extra pushing along, there is nothing quite equal to liquid manure. When it comes to general, all-over fertilizing it pays to use a commercial fertilizer manufactured especially for garden use.

This fertilizer can be applied to the top soil and raked in a day or two before seeding or there are newer methods that tend to conserve the fertilizer by concentrating it where it will do the most good.

One way is to make two furrows, one on each side of the vegetable row. Make the furrows about six inches apart and two to four inches deep. Sprinkle fertilizer in the bottom of each furrow and cover with soil. Then plant the seeds in the center. The plant food is ready in the ground so that roots can reach it as they grow.

Another method sometimes used for both flowers and vegetables is to wait until the plants begin to grow and then give them a side dressing by scattering the fertilizer around or on each side of the plants. This is a good way to give a second application to leafy vegetables such as lettuce and spinach or to vegetables that are more tender when grown rapidly like radishes and peas. Be careful not to let the fertilizer touch the plants when using it this way.

There promises to be enough garden fertilizer for essential needs this year. Lawns and shrubbery gardens can be well taken care of. Since the analyses of fertilizers vary in different parts of the country due to government regulations, you will do well to follow the directions on the package or bag of the particular fertilizer you buy.

Whatever fertilizer you use and however you use it, don't plant seeds for your main crops until the ground is warm and dry and the nights have become warm.

Do you know the trick of putting lima bean seeds into the ground with the eye down? This tends to keep the seeds from rotting in the ground.

Hottest Pilot



Capt. Hubert Zemke, 36, leader of a group of U. S. Thunderbolt pilots in England. His group has downed 207 Nazi planes. Zemke himself has 11 to his credit.

"FIRST HOME EDITION" OF ANIGO CLUB BULLETIN SENT TO HICO MAN FROM ITALY

James W. Brown, who was recently awarded an honorable discharge from army service and now lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Brown, on Route 4, has received an interesting bulletin from Italy. The first copy, together with penned personal notes, was sent to Hico last week by Sgt. Herbert Miller, the editor, an old pal of the local man, and tells what's going on, and Brown considered it interesting, as did the editor. The letter follows:

In Sunny Italy April 12, 1944

The weather has been beautiful out here. Every chance we boys get we are out in our tent area playing volley ball. Everyone likes to play it and it is wonderful exercise. Our Group shower house of sturdy cement is now open for use, and will be very welcome for the summer days. It won't be long before we'll have trucks taking us to after-supper beach parties. And that will be a thrill, as well as mighty refreshing. Speaking of thrills, the other morning I saw a sight I'll never forget. It was early, at six a. m., when I looked out over the scene before me. The green, grassy farm land was covered with a light fog that absorbed a grassy scent. The distant hills were shadowy outlines, while quite visible through the fog were the early morning horses grazing across the roadway. That eerie gray atmosphere, the nearly motionless animals, that scented air that reminded me of walking in Chicago's Garfield Park Conservatory hothouse and the absence of a single human being or machine or any sign of modern life gave me the feeling that I was in the Chicago Museum staring at an artist's conception of a Prehistoric Scene. It took me a couple of hours to snap out of the spell cast over me, the sun clear and bright yellow and the fellows all walking about the area to the breakfast house and to work ending the trance.

We fellows are forming a Club for the Last Four Graders, or Pts. Pfc's, Cpl's and Sgt's. The first three Graders or Master Sgt's, Tech Sgt's and Staff Sgt's have a club. We elected a president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer. Each man gives ten dollars, and the Club will be in a large stone structure which we are taking over and cleaning out. We will have a liquor bar and a coffee and sandwich snack bar, card tables, reading tables, writing tables, radio, phonograph and maybe an available piano. The big event will be dances to be held often. Italian girls and WAC's will be invited. Every week a bulletin like this one is distributed among the members. The boys are enthusiastic and the club is sure to be a hit. We have had USO Shows recently which are simple yet appealing. These stage shows are held in our cave theatre. A jovial master of ceremonies introduces a girl of about seventeen who is pretty and who has an accordion strapped on, and soon plays for us. We sigh at her feminine form and personality and also cheer her musical ability as she finishes each of her encores numbers. A girl singer next makes her appearance and we go wild over her. Her music is good, too. Next comes a magician, and I already know he is going to pull out colored cloth of all types and cut them up and make them one piece again by saying Ali Baba. Always a great entertainment, though, no matter how many times you see the same magic trick. Movies we have three times a week. Jack London played last night and I was really stirred by his picture. I am going to move into my new stone hut with the other five members of our tent.

For over one hundred dollars you can get a cool, large stone hut with a cement floor. The regular tent top is used. Other fellows are planning to build theirs too. One fellow in my tent is going home and we all wish him good luck, especially as he plans to get married. We have matzos for Jewish Pesach. Goodbye, God bless you.

Onions, now back in plentiful supply, according to WFA, are, if eaten raw, a source of vitamin C and Thiamine.

Hollandia Hero



Herschel Wilson of Hawthorne, Calif., who brought in 17 Japs singly handed in the Hollandia area. Coming upon them by surprise, he held ed them ahead of his jeep.

Six-Inch Sermon

REV. ROBERT H. HARPER

Paul Encourages the Corinthians.

Lesson for May 28: II Corinthians 4:5, 16-18; 5:1, 5-8, 14-19.

Golden Text: II Corinthians 8:9.

In the first verse of the lesson, text Paul tells of things that mark a true Christian minister—he forgets himself, exalts Christ, and serves for Jesus' sake.

In verses 16 to 18, Paul contrasts the material with the spiritual. His words encourage Christians to face moment afflictions are but for a blessing. Things seen all will rust, decay, burn to ashes—only the unseen will endure. No man has seen electricity—only the shining track of the lightning and the lights in his home and city, but he cannot doubt its presence. No man has seen love itself, though blessed by it. Neither has he seen his own soul, himself, but he cannot doubt his existence. And through faith in his Lord he believes he will live forever.

For when his "earthly house" (II Cor. 5:1) in which he dwells will be "dissolved" in death, he will enter his eternal home "not made with hands." Surely the radiant hope of a blessed immortality is enough to encourage any Christian.

The love of Christ empowers men to work for Him. This is the love manifested on the cross. Paul writes he will no longer know Jesus as a man, but will exalt Him as Saviour and Lord. The world may profit by the teachings and example of Jesus, but it most needs Him as Saviour. So may we exalt Him, first of all, as the Saviour who confirms His sacrificial death by His resurrection and offers eternal life to all who believe in His name. Let the ground of personal hope and the chief theme of our preaching be that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." For God has committed unto us the "word of reconciliation."

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His Record Deserves a Second Term

Vote for KARL L. LOVELADY



Never Missed a Roll Call

Chairman of Committee on Education

FOR STATE SENATOR

21st Senatorial District

Composed of Bell, Boone, Coryell, Erath and Hamilton Counties

Subject to Action of Democratic Primary, July 22, 1944

JUST INSTALLED—

METAL TURNING

LATHE

With our other equipment, this machine will enable us to take care of your needs.

FARMERS—You can't buy the new machinery you need—let us help you fix up your present equipment in good running order so it will serve you.

L. J. CHANEY

Garage MACHINE SHOP Welding

Personals.

Mrs. Louise Angell visited Saturday in Dallas with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Turner of Addo visited friends in Hico Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hicks spent the week end in Stephenville with their daughter, Mrs. M. H. Johnson and family, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Crouch of Dallas visited here Sunday and Monday with his father, C. A. Crouch, and Mrs. Crouch.

Mrs. Nettie Meador returned home Monday from Kamay, where she had been visiting since last Thursday with her brother-in-law, R. Meador, and family.

Sgt. and Mrs. Sid Castles Jr. came in Monday from Lubbock for a few days' visit here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lusk Ranals.

Week-end visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Gandy were Mrs. Joyce Bruner of Galveston and Miss Rita Gandy and Granville Flowers of Fort Worth.

Mrs. Lucille Snyder returned home Sunday after a twelve-day visit with her sister, Mrs. I. D. Brand in Granbury, and with her brother, D. L. Wilson in Arlington, and with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Wall and son, Richard Lynn, of Abilene spent the week end here with her mother, Mrs. C. W. Shelton. They are returning to Brownwood to make their home and Mrs. Wall and son remained for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fallis of Fort Worth spent the week end here with her mother, Mrs. C. W. Shelton. Mrs. Fallis remained through Wednesday while her husband went on to Austin to attend the State Democratic Convention.

A little son, who has been given the name of Jerry Coleman, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Truman Littleton of Hico, on Sunday, May 21, at the Gorman Hospital. Friends are receiving announcements this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lambert and Mrs. Floyd Griffin of Dallas spent the week end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Lambert. They also visited at Fatty with Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Lambert and family.

Mrs. Grady Brown and baby of Houston and Mr. and Mrs. Winfrey Griffiths and children of Freeport returned to their homes last Saturday after a visit here with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Griffiths, and other relatives.

Mrs. Mary Edmondson left Monday for her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, after a month's visit here with her sister, Mrs. W. M. Hodnett, and in Mullin and Fort Worth with other relatives. This was the first meeting for the two sisters in nineteen years. She also visited another sister here, Mrs. J. T. Berkley.

ROSS SHOP, Jeweler. 45-tfc

Jack Wren came in Sunday from Abilene for a visit with his father. He said he brought the rain along.

Mrs. Webb McEver spent the week end in Abilene with her niece, Miss Betty Liljequist.

Buster Brown of Temple was in Hico last Saturday afternoon in the interest of his candidacy for State Senator from this district.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jameson and daughter, Kay, Mrs. D. F. Couch, Mrs. Winnie Smalley and daughter, Mrs. Jack Malone, were visitors in Fort Worth Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gengler and Mrs. M. L. Harris of Waco spent the week end here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Tudor Jr. They also visited Mrs. Gengler's mother, Mrs. S. B. Tudor, and Mr. Tudor.

Mrs. Bettie Ramey and children, Robert and Marie, left Wednesday for Clifton for a few days' visit with another son, L. D. Ramey, and family. L. D. left for the Navy on Thursday.

Kal Segrist brought his mother, Mrs. Sue Segrist, home last Saturday from Dallas, where she had been for a visit with him and his sisters, Misses Lucille and Loraine Segrist.

J. P. Owen carried his wife to the Gorman Hospital last Friday for a thorough examination. No further report had been received by the News Review at press time. Mrs. Owen has been ill for several months.

Sending in a renewal for the News Review. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Newsom of Stamford wrote: "We look forward to reading the paper each week. Although we have been away twelve years, Hico seems like home to us. We like to keep in touch with Hico and our many friends there."

Week-end and Sunday visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McCarty were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McCarty and daughter, Sylvia, of Monahans; Mr. and Mrs. D. F. McCarty Jr. and little daughter, Suzanne, of Abilene; Mrs. Charles Clark and Laura Jean and John Hobbs, Hillsboro; Mr. and Mrs. Azel Martin and daughter, Louella, Big Spring, and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. McDonald and daughter, Delinda, and May Baxter, all of Temple. The Raymond McCarty's remained for a longer visit during his vacation.

CARD OF THANKS
We are grateful for the numerous acts of kindness extended to us during our recent bereavement in the loss of our dear loved one and to all of those who were so thoughtful in expressing words of sympathy and in sending beautiful floral tributes. Only through such manifestations of interest and goodness are we able to bear our load, and we are under everlasting obligations to everyone who has helped us in any way.
E. S. RHOADES & CHILDREN.

The United States Employment Service placed more than 74,000 veterans of the current war in civilian jobs during February and March.

Church News

Methodist Church

May is Hospital Month throughout the Methodist church. During this month every Methodist congregation is expected to make an offering for the healing program of the church. This is done through the Golden Cross offering. At eleven o'clock Sunday the pastor will preach on "A Healing Ministry." The offering will be taken for the Golden Cross. Every member should be prepared and bring his contribution to the church Sunday morning.

"Being God's and Serving God" will be the subject of the sermon at 8:45. Plans are being made in preparation for the revival meeting which is from June 4-11. Committees will be appointed this week and these committees will be in meetings with Evangelist and Mrs. Flowers during the first four days beginning on Wednesday evening. Some of our planning will be done in the evening service Sunday. Come and help.

FLOYD W. THRASH, Pastor.

HELEN FOOTE MARRIED TO ENSIGN JOHN S. JUSTIN JR.

Miss Helen Foote, daughter of Mrs. Edith B. Reed of San Antonio and the late Robert L. Foote of that city, became the bride of Ensign John S. Justin Jr., United States Maritime Service, in a quiet ceremony on the 24th of May. She is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Meador of Hico.

Mrs. Justin is a graduate of the School of Business Administration of the University of Texas and for the past two years has been working as secretary to the commanding officer at the Army Air Base, Kelly Field.

Ensign Justin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Justin Sr., of Fort Worth, and attended both Oklahoma A. & M. and Texas Christian University. He just recently returned from a voyage to England and Iceland.

The couple will be at home in Galveston.

CONTRIBUTED.

David Battershell, who attends State University at Austin in the daytime and works after school hours for the State Department of Public Safety, was home for a visit last week end with his mother, Mrs. S. F. Battershell, and family.

Pioneer Dies

(Continued from Page 1)

Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Doty, Grand Prairie, and Mr. and Mrs. John Arnold and children of Sweetwater.

Sentiments expressed in the following letter received by his son-in-law are typical of the respect and love in which Mr. Hall was held by those who knew him:

Plano, Texas
May 22, 1944

Dear Tyrus and Wife:

It has been many a day since I suffered more shock and grief than that caused by the receipt of your card that Mr. Hall had passed on to that other world or life. Please, all of you children, accept my heartfelt sympathy in this great loss and time of grief, and may a serene peace and the knowledge that all is well with the soul of Wm. R. Hall, fill your minds and hearts and thereby lessen the grief which his passing brings to his family, for, if there is a God, and I believe there is, the soul of any man who has lived such a clean and upright life as did Mr. Hall, has winged itself into the best of any better life there is for mankind.

I shall always cherish the memory of my acquaintance with Mr. Hall and the visits I made to your home for talks with him, shall always be bright spots in the memory of my life during recent years, for his expressions were clean and worthy of emulation, and I know that I have been made a better man because of that brief but pleasant association, and your statement on the card that he loved me, only causes me to appreciate him the more.

I should so much like to come to pay a last tribute of respect to one of the best citizens who ever lived in Hamilton County, but it seems that I cannot come at this time and I shall explain some other time.

"Over our hearts and into our lives,
Shadows will sometimes fall,
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,
And Heaven is shadowless overhead,
And God is 'over all'."

Again I say, please accept my sincere sympathy and may a peace that passeth understanding, come to all of you who are so near and dear to him.

Sincerely and affectionately,
ALSEY ALFORD.

Clairette

By Mrs. H. Alexander

Mrs. John Golightly entertained the Home Demonstration Club members and their families last Saturday at her home.

Pvt. Conda W. Salmon of Camp Hico spent the week end here in the home of his mother, wife and children.

Hub Alexander made a business trip with other Erath county farmers to the Experiment Station at Denton last Friday.

Mrs. Homer Lee is at Longview visiting in the home of her son, Jimmie Lee, and family.

Rev. Greenwood was a dinner guest in the home of Mrs. Walter Wolfe Sunday.

Mrs. Earl Mayfield is in Gorman with her daughter, Mrs. Truman Littleton, who is the proud mother of a fine seven and one-half pound boy who arrived Sunday.

H. G. Wolfe made a business trip to Stephenville Monday.

Mrs. R. W. Sherrard and daughter, Mary, and Mrs. Hub Alexander visited Miss Lila Sherrard at Mineral Wells over the week end.

A storm hit in this vicinity early Monday morning, blowing down H. G. Wolfe's windmill, uprooting a cottonwood tree nearby, and do-

ing other damage, both to his garage and to his henhouse. Trees were also blown down and some large trees were topped at Hub Alexander's place. This was followed by rain.

The Busy Bee Sewing Club met last Thursday with Mrs. Hub Alexander. Besides the members, visiting guests were: Mrs. Lee Dowdy, Fort Worth; Mrs. Conda Salmon, Mrs. R. W. Sherrard, Mrs. Lura Hollingsworth, Mrs. S. O. Durham, Barbara Hazlett, Charline and Mary Sherrard, Patsy Jo and Monette June Salmon, Janet Sue and Mary Gail Head.

R. W. Sherrard made a business trip to Fort Worth the first of the week.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to our many friends for the sympathy and kind words during the illness and death of our dear Dad. Also for the lovely flowers and the nice food. May God be with each of you should sorrow invade your home.

THE HAIL CHILDREN.

Too Late to Classify—

WANTED TO LEASE: 500 to 1,000 acres of good grass land. See, write or call V. S. Joiner, Hico.

STRETCH HOG FEED WITH CHEK-R-PIGTABS



● Don't waste feed on wormy hogs. A Chek-R-Pigtabs costs the equivalent of only 4 pounds of feed, and may mean a saving of 140 pounds of feed for each hog marketed.

McEver & Sanders Hatchery PHONE 154

RATLIFF'S

2nd Birthday

NOT SO VERY OLD... NOT SO VERY BIG

But it affords us great pleasure to know we have been able to serve so many customers with Groceries, Meats, Fresh Fruits and Vegetables during the past two years.

● Two years ago we opened our grocery and market in Hico. Since that time it has been our pleasure to serve customers from over a wide territory. On this, our second anniversary, our most sincere wish is that your purchases have been as satisfactory to you as your patronage has been to us.

Thanking each of you for your trade, we are entering our third year with the hope that our offerings, our service, and our prices will continue to meet with your approval.

Our first two years have been spent in the midst of rationing, shortages, and handicaps to merchants and customers alike. But we've tried to keep a steady nerve, give a square deal, and work hard to supply you with a share of the things you need.

If this kind of service merits your best consideration, we will appreciate a continuance of your most valued patronage.

Come here for your needs — and keep on coming!

GREETINGS TO OUR OLD PARTNER!

● We have hung out our service flag for J. B. Ratliff, now in the Army, and with him are looking forward to the time when old "Dug" can be home again and at your service again.

MR. & MRS. WALLACE RATLIFF

Mrs. J. B. Ratliff Sherman Roberson
Bobby Ratliff John A. Leach

To Cherish For A Lifetime

The graduate cannot realize how dear today's photograph will be in years to come! Especially if it is taken in our studio — a charming, real and vivacious likeness!

So COME IN RIGHT AWAY

The Wiseman Studio

HICO, TEXAS

YOU CAN BE "Well-dressed" AND KEEP COOL TOO!

100% WOOL

Gulf Tone

TAILORED BY MERIT

Spells Comfort in Summer Clothes!

But "Gulf Tone" suits don't lock or hang like ordinary hot weather garments. That's because the fabrics, though light weight, are 100% wool and skillfully tailored by Merit to give them all the detailed perfection of heavier clothes. Wrinkle-resistant, moisture-repellant, shape-retaining — and best of all, the price is Way Down LOW.

\$26.95

INVEST THE DIFFERENCE IN WAR SAVINGS BONDS

J. W. Richbourg

DRY GOODS

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

—by Mac Arthur



CHAPTER XIII

Cherry Fyercroft, member of the Waifs, marries Simon Lindon after his wife, Denise, is presumably killed in a train accident. Later she discovers Denise's engagement ring in a dresser drawer, which seems to furnish proof that Denise might still be alive. Worried about this, and seeking more information, she dines with Jerry Miller, who was also in that train wreck. Simon meets them coming out of a cafe and is angry. Cherry then tells Simon about the ring. He is very bitter about it and they separate. During a 24-hour leave Cherry visits her cottage with several of her friends and discovers a jeweler's bill for the ring. She plans to go to the jeweler and show him the ring she has, to find out whether it was an original or a copy. On arriving she learns that the jeweler was killed in an air raid. A newspaper item gives her a new clue and she decides to follow it. She meets Simon, intending to take him to Dorking to run down the clue, and she checks her by saying he wants to get into active service.



The man took the case and opened it. He looked at the bill.

"No, of course, Simon, they can't refuse you," she said again. "Well, that's all there is to it. Except that this war seems to be boiling up rather unpleasantly. I don't want to be sticking at home in an office in Whitehall and occasionally being sent off on some perfectly safe mission."

"I see." Her voice was low and it shook a little. But the momentary panic passed. She wasn't going to be any less able to take it than all those other women. Of course, Simon, I see your point entirely. I think you're quite right, too."

It wasn't really what she wanted to say. She wanted to say, "Simon, darling, don't leave me. I'm going to be so scared all the time. I'll go crazy with anxiety. I don't think I've understood until this moment how terribly lucky I've been. Now, too late, I'm appreciating it." Then she knew that really, even if she were free to keep him at her side, she wouldn't do so, that whereas she'd always loved him deeply and fully, now there was pride added to that love. Oh, how he was right in following his own instincts. She wouldn't say a thing to deter him.

He looked down at her and their eyes met. "Bless you, my darling. I knew you would take it like that. And, Cherry—"

"What is it, Simon?"

He hesitated. "Perhaps we'd better talk about it after lunch. But my joining up is one of the reasons I particularly wanted to see you today."

Astonishingly quickly they reached the little country town, turning into the main street where they drew up outside the White Lion hotel. "Since you spurned Burford Bridge," said Simon, "I suggest we lunch here."

She got out and there was the shop facing her, almost next door to the hotel. "James Delroy, Jeweler." Her heart pounded against her side. She glanced at Simon. He was busily locking up the car. She said quickly, "I'll join you in the hotel in a minute. Simon. I just want to go into that shop."

She was gone before he could answer.

An elderly man was behind the counter. "I wanted to speak to Mr. Delroy, please," said Cherry. "I'm Mr. Delroy."

Cherry looked in her respirator. She found the ring and the bill. "I understand some things from your brother's shop in Blatton Street were sent down here before it was blitzed. I went there because I wanted to trace a piece of jewelry that he copied for a friend of mine. I found, of course, that the shop was gone, but I saw a postman. He handed him the bill and the little case containing the ring. "Oh, please, if you'd be so kind as to look up this bill if you have the ledgers of your brother's shop here. I mean so much to me. I want to know if that ring is the one he copied."

The man took the case and opened it. He looked at the bill. "January, nineteen thirty-nine. That's a good long while ago, isn't it? Yes, it's true I've got some of my brother's books here, but whether I've got any dating as far back as that I couldn't say. Still, if you'll just wait a minute I'll go and see for you."

Cherry waited, her heart pounding. There was a postman in her hand. In a few minutes Mr. Delroy returned, bearing a ledger in his hand. Cherry could hardly breathe. "Ah here we are! Yes, I believe this is it."

He turned the heavy red leather-bound book so that Cherry could see the entry. "One ring (copy of original) two pounds-ten, and beside it the name and address: Mrs. Simon Lindon, 43 Ashdown Mansions. But more important than all this, there was a drawing of the ring and against it an exact description of the stones. Tears sprang from Cherry's eyes. The relief was so overwhelming that she couldn't speak for a moment.

"Yes. Thank you." Oh, how absurd he would think her! She must pull herself together. No, of course she mustn't fling her arms round his neck and thank him. What ridiculous notions there were in her head these days! "Thank you," she said again.

"Don't mention it, Miss. Only too pleased."

But now he was speaking to an empty shop. Funny, he thought, it all back again. Still, it didn't do any good to be miserable about it. Some people were bright and happy enough. That was a comfort. That young lady who'd come in just now about that ring, for instance. . . . Upon his soul, he'd never seen anyone look so radiant!

In the hotel Cherry was trying not to blurt it out too suddenly. She must wait just a little while. Simon had said he wanted to talk to her particularly, indicated that there were things they must discuss. They had a drink in the lounge and then went to the dining room. Simon gave their order. He put down the menu with a smile as the waitress moved away.

"Not a very exciting lunch, I'm afraid. The usual roast beef."

"That'll be all right for me. It'll be a change from the cook-house lunch anyway. It was wonderful how she was keeping her voice steady. Inwardly she was bubbling with excitement. She felt breathless, eager. She was longing to tell him her news, and yet she was holding it back just a little longer.

Then Simon was saying, "You remember the last time I saw you, Cherry Pie?"

"Oh, yes, Simon. Of course I remember."

"I tried to put things right between us."

"Yes, darling, I remember."

"I'm afraid I did it terribly badly. I left out something of great importance."

She looked up and met his eyes across the table. "What was that, Simon?"

He hesitated a moment. "I should have apologized to you, Cherry. That day you told me there was a doubt that Denise was dead. . . . Darling, can you ever forgive me for the unfair way I took it?"

Her heart leaped. This was so unexpected. She put out a hand and touched his. "Darling, there's nothing to forgive. I—I understand how you felt."

"Do you, my sweet? But I was terribly wrong all the same. After all, you'd been willing to take the risk. You married me knowing what might happen, and what it would mean to you if it did happen. Oh, Cherry Pie, I've felt so badly about it all since! I've been wanting to tell you for a long while. And then that last time we met, you told me then that you couldn't go on. I just made up my mind that there was no way in which I could persuade you, that it was too one-sided to expect you to switch around again just because I'd come to my senses. It seemed to me that the only thing to do was to renew my efforts to find out something definite. I've tried, darling, I've racked my brains to think of something that would give us a clue. But I've thought of nothing. And now—"

Cherry opened her respirator. She handed him the ring and the bill. "I found something, Simon. I was at the cottage the other day. I found this bill. I didn't want to tell you until I knew for certain. Simon, dearest, everything is all right. That was poor Denise we saw that day. She'd had this ring copied. By mistake, I expect, when she went away she was wearing the copy. Oh, Simon, don't you see now there's no need to worry any further?"

Delroy people and made sure of this?"

"I went to that address in London and found the shop had been blitzed. It was by the merest chance that I discovered that the stock and the books had been moved down to Dorking. There's a shop of the same name almost next door to this hotel. "That's why I wanted to come to Dorking, Oh, darling. It's terrible to have one's happiness built on the proof of another's death, but we had to know. You were right the first time. We could never have been happy together until we did know. Poor Denise."

"Oh, my God!" The tone of his voice told her his feelings. They just sat there looking at each other across the table. After all their doubts and fears. . . .

The waitress removed their plates and asked, a trifle tartly, what sweet they would be taking. There was rice pudding and stewed apricots or boiled jam roll. Cherry shook her head. "I'm sure it's a very nice, but nothing, thank you."

"And you, sir?"

"I won't have any, either. I'll have my bill, please. And I want to send a telegram."

"Very good, sir. I'll send the hall porter to you."

"Who to, Simon?" asked Cherry.

"Mrs. Greene, darling. I thought we'd go straight down there. That is, if it's what you would like to do?"

Cherry smiled. She put her hand in his. "Oh, yes, it is! I was hoping you'd suggest it."

Cherry and Simon got there first. The head waiter came forward to greet them. He knew them both. It was one of their favorite restaurants. "I want a table for four, please," said Simon.

"Yes, sir." He showed them to one in a far corner. He drew a chair out for Cherry.

She sat down and loosened her coat. "This was a good idea of yours, Simon."

"Happy?"

"Terribly."

"So am I. Hello, here come the other two."

Simon rose to his feet as he spoke. Cherry turned to find John and Valerie threading their way through the tables toward them. "Sorry we're a bit behind you," said John. "We lost our way getting here. Can you beat that?"

"We were so busy talking," said Valerie. "John was telling me what he did to the fourth Messerschmitt."

"I wasn't. I was telling you what the fourth Messerschmitt did to me."

The waiter put cocktails before them. They toasted one another. They toasted John's miraculous escape. There had been a telephone message for Cherry the day they had lunched at Dorking and gone on down to the cottage. Mrs. Greene had come to them as they were sitting in the garden after dinner. "It's one of your young ladies, m'm, on the telephone. She said she thought you might be here, and she wants particularly to speak to you."

It had been Valerie who wanted her, with the news that John was safe. He had been picked up by a trawler that had only that moment put in to port. The news had been telephoned to the airframe. And now they were all dining together. "Tell Simon and Cherry what happened, John," Valerie said. John made a deprecating gesture. "It was nothing."

"Rubbish, that's just your modesty," said Valerie. "Actually, they already knew. Cherry suddenly set down her glass. It had struck her that John Harrap wasn't the only hero."

"Simon's joined up, you know. He's going into tanks. And what he's going to do to little old Hitler's army is going to make what John and the others did look like. . . . she hesitated and then smiled at John. . . . look like winning an egg-and-spoon race at a preparatory school. I just sort of know that he's going to be a hero."

(THE END)

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If you need binder or combine parts, order them right away. If your equipment needs servicing, our servicemen can take care of you. Give us a ring.

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HICO, TEXAS

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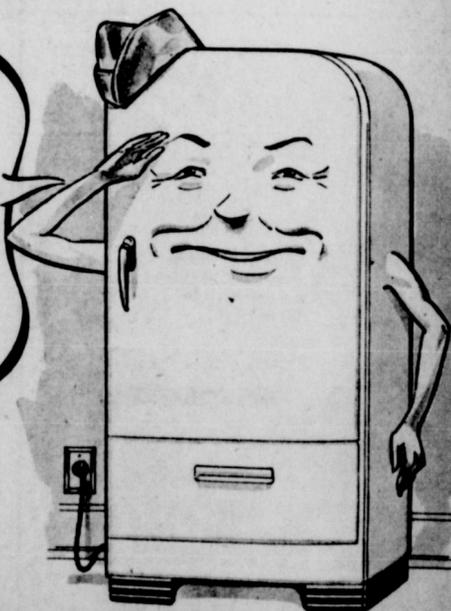
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GRADY HOOPER, Gulf Agt.

Ready for EXTRA DUTY on the home front

Warmer weather means your electric refrigerator must work longer and harder to protect your perishables and keep you supplied with extra quantities of ice cubes, cold drinks and frozen desserts. So give it the care and attention it needs to operate with maximum efficiency and economy. Keep unit compartment clean. Use fast freezing only when necessary. Defrost at least once a week. And if you have reasons to suspect mechanical trouble, call in a competent



serviceman NOW. Repairs take longer these busy wartime days and if you wait until something serious develops you may find yourself without refrigeration for a time just when you need it most.

COMMUNITY PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

BETTER CARE MEANS LONGER WEAR AND LESS REPAIR



Rationing Note: Under rationing regulations you're more likely to find during these summer months the new gas heating equipment you need for next winter's comfort.

Attend to Heating Needs this Summer



OPA certificates for the purchase of gas heating equipment are issued to those who can qualify on a monthly quota basis by districts. During winter months the number of applicants whose need qualifies them for certificate exceeds the quotas. During summertime, when heat is not needed, the monthly quotas are not used up. So we suggest to you who really need heating equipment that now is the time to buy. Circulating and room heaters are available.

There are no rationing restrictions on the sale of floor furnaces for homes or unit heaters for commercial establishments.

LONE STAR GAS COMPANY

WANT-ADS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

After the first insertion the News Review is not responsible for errors. Charge is made for only actual insertions on an ad killed before completion of its original schedule, at the rate earned by the number of times it has been published. Adjustments and refunds are not made after 30 days from publication date.

An error which affects the results of an ad entitles the advertiser to an adjustment for one week only.

Classified Rates

Words	1st	2d	3d	4th	Ad
1-10	.25	.35	.45	.55	.10
11-15	.30	.45	.60	.75	.15
16-20	.40	.60	.80	1.00	.20
21-25	.50	.75	1.00	1.25	.25

For Rent or Lease

FOR RENT: 3-room house on Stephenville Highway. Mrs. W. F. Gandy. 50-tfc.

Real Estate

FOR SALE: 153-acre farm, 1 house, good improvements, net wire fence, 3 mi. northeast Hico, on Hwy 220. Mrs. C. C. Waddill, Rt. 4. 51-2p.

IF YOU want to buy, sell or trade Real Estate, see D. F. McCarty. 11-tfc.

See Shirley Campbell for Farm, Ranch and City Property. 11-tfc.

Wanted

WANTED: More listings. For quick sale of land or any kind of property, list it with Shirley Campbell.

Insurance

LET ME INSURE your farm property. Shirley Campbell. 37-tfc.

Livestock and Poultry

FINE MILK COW for sale. J. D. Upham, Carlton, Texas. 52-2p.

For Sale: 2 young Hereford bulls. 1 mi. south of Hico on Fairy road. D. C. Beck, Route 3. 52-4p.

FOR SALE: Nice stocker cows with calves. D. R. Proffitt. 50-tfc.

FOR SALE: Registered Duroc Jersey pigs. McEver & Sanders.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The News Review is authorized to announce the following as candidates for the offices under which their names are listed for the nomination at the Democratic Primaries:

Hamilton County

For U. S. Congress, 17th District: R. M. (BOB) WAGSTAFF Of Taylor County SAM M. RUSSELL (Re-Election)

For State Senator, 21st District: KARL L. LOVELADY (Re-Election) BUSTER BROWN

For Representative, 94th District: EARL HUDDLESTON (Re-Election)

For District Judge: R. B. CROSS (Re-Election)

For District Attorney: H. WILLIAM ALLEN (Re-Election)

For Sheriff: HOUSTON WHITE (Re-Election) N. Y. TERRAL

For District Clerk: C. E. EDMISTON (Re-Election)

For County Tax Assessor-Collector: O. R. WILLIAMS (Re-Election)

For County Clerk: IRA MOORE (Re-Election)

For County Judge: W. J. HARRIS (Re-Election)

For County Treasurer: MRS. H. A. TIDWELL (Re-Election) MRS. B. F. WILLIAMS

For Commissioner, Precinct 3: R. W. HANCOCK (Re-Election)

Erath County

For County Clerk: ELMO WHITE (Re-Election)

(Political Advertising)

IREDELL ITEMS

by Miss Stella Jones, Local Correspondent

Mr. Tom Strange, who is in the Navy, is home on a furlough to his wife and daughter. He is stationed in California.

Miss Eudelle Horton was brought home Friday from the hospital. She is doing nicely.

Miss Nevada Houston spent the past week end with her mother. Tom Gregory of Smithville visited his family this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Golbo of Adicks, a son, May 20. Weight, 7 pounds. Was born in a hospital in Houston. Before her marriage, she was Miss Lorain Tidwell.

Mrs. Houston spent the past Sunday in the home of her son, Leonard. She stood the trip there fine, and enjoyed it very much.

Mrs. Norma Lee Everett Gray and baby returned Saturday from Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bowman and son came in Saturday from Arkansas to visit his parents.

C. R. Self Jr., who is in the Navy at Corpus Christi, is on leave here with his mother.

James Worrell returned to Waco Sunday where he will work. His parents took him and spent the day with their son, Ralph.

Mrs. W. H. Loader returned Thursday from Hart, Texas, where she visited her mother, Mrs. Youngblood.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Blue have received word that their son, Herman C. (Harry) Blue, arrived in Honolulu.

Mrs. Mayme Barrow of Waco visited her niece, Mrs. Pike, this week. They left Friday night for Houston to visit relatives.

Mr. Will Roberson and daughter, Mrs. Thelma Sowell, spent Saturday in Meridian.

Mrs. Agnes Weeks of Dallas spent the week end with Mrs. Fouts.

Miss Helen Stephens of De Leon spent the week end here.

Mrs. Hayden and daughter were in Dallas this week.

Pvt. Bill Bateman, who is in the Army, is here on a furlough to relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Perry of Midlothian spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Russell.

Ninety of the Iredell people went to Clifton Monday to donate a pint of blood.

Mrs. A. L. Harris celebrated her 86th birthday, May 28. She is confined to her bed. She received many nice letters, cards and gifts, including some beautiful flowers. It is hoped she will be well again and live to see many more birthdays.

James Phillips, who is in John Tarleton, spent the week end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Howell McAden and baby of Dallas spent the week end here.

Mrs. Josie Dacus spent the week end with her husband in Stephenville.

Bascom Mitchell Jr., who is in John Tarleton, spent the week end at home.

Mrs. Harry Blue and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. Clancy Blue and son, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Blue and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Blue, Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Lundberg and his mother, Mrs. Ida Lundberg, spent Mother's Day in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Blue. Some of these are children of Mr. and Mrs. Blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Loader and baby of Dallas spent the week end with his father, as his mother was gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Green of Midlothian spent Sunday with their cousin, Mr. Deering.

Mrs. Will Roberson was brought home Sunday from the Meridian Hospital. She is getting along fine.

Ben Cranfill is visiting one of his brothers in Hale Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Adkinson and son of Fort Worth spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. T. M. Tidwell.

Mrs. Edgar Sadler of Dallas spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Bryan.

Lieut. Keith Appleby visited his grandmother, Mrs. A. L. Harris, on Sunday. He was sent from Florida to California.

Mrs. Frankie Board of Dallas spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Harve Sawyer.

Mrs. Baker and baby of Amarillo, Texas, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Oldham, and other relatives.

Mrs. Lilly Simpson of Hico visited Mrs. T. M. Tidwell Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Keplin of Garland, Mrs. Thomas and daughter, Mrs. Patterson of Dallas, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Chewing.

Mrs. James Cavannes left Friday for Miami, Florida, to be with James who is in the Army.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bird of Matador visited here Wednesday.

Some of the Iredell people attended the singing convention at Meridian Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Martin of Fort Worth are visiting his sister, Mrs. T. M. Tidwell.

The Baccalaureate Service will be held Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock in the high school gym.

Sunday school will begin now at 10 a. m. as the days are much longer.

Pvt. and Mrs. McConnel, who have lived in Oklahoma City, spent Monday with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Willingham. She returned Thursday to remain with her parents for the duration, as her husband will be overseas.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Tidwell were in Fort Worth Thursday afternoon.

Those who enjoyed the birthday dinner with Mr. W. W. Locker and daughter, Miss Ila, on Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Jim Locker and three children and her mother, Mrs. O'Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Wellborn and son, Billy, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chaffin and four children, Mr. and Mrs. George Locker and baby, Mr. McCoy, and Rev. and Mrs. Willingham and daughter, Mrs. McConnel, of Iredell; Mr. and Mrs. Ebb Locker and three children of Walnut Springs; Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Wellborn and son, and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wellborn and two children, of Midlothian; Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Rhone and baby, and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Tipton and two children of Grandview; and Mrs. Anzell Carpenter and two children, of Clifton. Mr. Locker's children were all here except three. They had a fine time.

Mrs. McAdoo returned Sunday from McGregor, where she spent the week end with her daughter, Mrs. Royal. Mr. Hodges and Mae Marie Royal brought her home.

Iredell and community had a fine rain which started early Monday morning and continued till nearly noon.

Mrs. J. L. Tidwell left Sunday for Houston to visit Mrs. Joe Golbo and young son.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phillips spent Saturday night with her grandmother, Mrs. Smith.

Miss Kathaleen Hughes of Fort Worth spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hughes. She was accompanied by Miss Clemmie Lee Laxton, also of Fort Worth.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stephens and son of De Leon spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham.

TRY NEWS REVIEW WANT ADS

Salem

By W. C. Rogers

This community received a nice rain Monday morning, but the sun looked fine by afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Scott visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Holder, of Stephenville, Sunday.

Mrs. W. C. Rogers returned home last week from Haslet, where she had spent the past month in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George French and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Noland and children and Mrs. Dovie Noland spent Sunday at Fairy visiting Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Noland and children.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Koonsman and sons had as guests Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Koonsman and son, Delwin, of Unity; Mr. and Mrs. Jay Carrier and daughter, Beverly Ann and Janice, of Indian Creek; Mrs. Mattie Wolfe of Claiborne, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scott, and Miss Mary Koonsman.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Giesecke and son, Roney, of Millerville spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rogers.

Buddy Bruner and sister of Hico spent Friday night and Saturday with their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Eber McDowell.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Littleton spent Sunday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McEntire, where Mr. Littleton and Mr. McEntire were the honorees at a birthday dinner.

Miss Simpson of Fort Worth is spending this week with her father and brothers here at home while her mother is in the Stephenville Hospital recuperating from an appendix operation. We hope she will soon be home.

Mrs. W. H. Koonsman took her little son, W. H. Jr., to Gorman last Tuesday where he was treated for pneumonia. We hope the little fellow will soon be completely recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Daugherty spent Sunday with their sister and uncle, Mrs. J. C. Laney and Mr. Walter Hollis.

Mrs. J. H. Albright and children, Hugh John and Jenny Mae, of Stephenville spent last Friday visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Rogers. They also visited Mrs. M. E. Giesecke and son at Millerville.

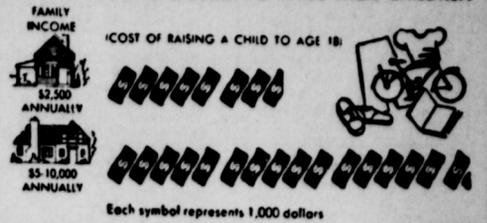
Mr. and Mrs. Paris Mayfield were dinner guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Mayfield and son at Duffau Sunday.

Lt. Edna Clark of Camp Hood visited her mother, Mrs. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McEntire Sunday, and enjoyed a birthday dinner honoring Mr. J. A. McEntire and Mr. Roy Littleton.

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS

TELEFACT

HIGHER INCOME FAMILIES SPEND DOUBLE TO RAISE THEIR CHILDREN



Fresh FRUITS and VEGETABLES

FRIDAY & SATURDAY SPECIALS

- CUCUMBERS 15c lb.
- TOMATOES 2 lbs. 25c
- SQUASH 2 lbs. 25c
- LETTUCE—Large Head 15c
- NEW SPUDS 2 lbs. 15c
- GREEN CORN each 5c
- AVACADO—Large, firm 15c
- ONIONS 1 lb. 10c
- GREEN BEANS 1 lb. 10c

ORANGES, LEMONS AND BANANAS

PLENTY OF ICE AT THE DOCK

Terry's Ice Service

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Terry

The Right Time and the Right Place

Is often a perplexing question!

In good times and bad we are maintaining a steady market for poultry raisers and dairymen of this section. We believe that the person who establishes and maintains a good flock of hens and a herd of milk cows will win out if he stays with them over a period of years.

Food is an important item these days — and there is no better food than good clean, well handled Poultry, Eggs and Cream.

LET'S HELP WIN THE WAR BY PRODUCING THESE FOODS

— SELL YOUR PRODUCE TO —

Knox @ Tulloh

Cash Buyers of
POULTRY ★ EGGS ★ CREAM
HICO, TEXAS

GOOD FEEDING

Will Pay DIVIDENDS On Your POULTRY, CATTLE AND LIVESTOCK

See Us for **KB** Feeds

BONDS OVER AMERICA

For years our government has worked to improve conditions for our citizens everywhere. Bonneville Dam in Oregon is one of hundreds of projects erected for our benefit.

Bonneville Dam



Keep in Step Buy War Bonds

In Russia the Soviets with the help of American Engineers harnessed the waters of the Dnieper River. Hitler's Huns marched in and the Russians destroyed their greatest work of this generation.

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"Fifty-Four Years In Hico"

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Producers . . .

If interested in contracting your Wool for future or spot delivery, see—

JACK LEETH
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SHIP BY TRUCK

Authorized Carrier
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE LIVESTOCK And Other Commodities
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E. C. ALLISON Jr.
PHONE 47

Palace Theatre
HICO, TEXAS

BUY WAR STAMPS AT YOUR THEATRE

THURS. & FRI.—
"THE WOMAN OF THE TOWN"
CLAIRE TREVOR
ALBERT DECKER

SAT. MATINEE & NITE—
"WESTERN MAIL"
TOM KEENE
JEAN TRENT

SAT. MIDNITE—
"JACK LONDON"
MICHAEL O'SHEA
SUSAN HAYWARD

TUES. & WED. (NEXT WEEK)—
"THE GHOST SHIP"
RICHARD DIX
RUSSELL WADE

THURS. & FRI. (NEXT WEEK)—
"A GUY NAMED JOE"
SPENCER TRACY
IRENE DUNNE

WITH THE COLORS
(Continued from Page 1)

late Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Flowers, long-time residents of Hico, and a brother of the late Alfred Houston Flowers, born here.

Harry F. Hodnett, son of Mrs. W. M. Hodnett of Hico, who is stationed at the Army Air Base at De Ridder, La., was recently promoted to Staff Sergeant.

Mrs. Jewell Russell has ordered the News Review sent to her brother, Clifford C. Herrington, MM 3/c, who trained at Camp Peary, Va., with the Seabees, but who now receives his mail in care of the Fleet Post Office, New York.

Cpl. and Mrs. Orville Ogle of Blackland Army Air Field at Waco and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lowery of Stephenville spent the week end here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ogle. Another son, Sgt. Cecil Ogle, has written his parents that he is now in North Africa.

Sgt. Doris Gamble of Fort Worth came in last Thursday for a visit here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Gamble. His wife, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Armstrong, all of Fort Worth, joined them here for the week end and they all enjoyed an outing at the Randa's camp.

Pfc. Elton Sanders, with the U. S. Marines in the Pacific, has written his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Sanders, Hico Route 1, that he has been seeing plenty of action, and that he has been considerably on the move, having crossed the equator once and got back. Although a Marine can't tell too much about what he's doing, young Sanders wrote after the Battle of Tarawa that he was there, but had been moved.

J. J. Smith returned home from Waco Sunday, where he went last Friday to meet his grandson, Bill D. Smith, home on leave for a visit with his mother and family. Seaman Smith's ship is in port at Boston after a trip to England and return, and he made the trip during the leave which allowed him to spend from Wednesday night to Saturday morning at home. He brought lots of souvenirs home from overseas, his granddaddy said, including hand-made linens from Ireland.

DRIVES TRUCK 100,000 MILES; SAYS ANZIO'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT NO FUN — WANTS HOME NEWS
Care of Postmaster
New York, N. Y.
May 8, 1944

Dear Holford:
I will take this opportunity to let you know how much I enjoy reading your paper. Although I don't receive it regularly, I usually get four or five at once, then have to wait a month before any more come. I got the March 24 issue today, and will probably get sort of caught up in the next few days.

Now to let you know what I've been doing for almost two years. I drove a truck, usually a GMC. In that time I drove over a hundred thousand miles, so you can see I wasn't bothered with gas rationing. The longest trip was a convoy of about a thousand miles across Africa. That one took five days, and if you don't think that it was work, just try driving a two and one-half ton truck with six tons on it for five days—through mountains and deserts.

I have quit that job for good—at least I haven't done any of it in three months. I wish you could be here some night when there is an air raid, and see the thousands of tracer bullets that fill the air. It is a beautiful sight if you don't stop to realize what it is all about.

I would gladly trade all the sights and experiences for a month back in and around Hico, and am really looking forward to the day when we will all be back.

Until that day, keep the old press going and let the boys know what is happening back home.

Your friend,
PFC. DEWARD SHIPMAN.

ENTERS "BOOT" TRAINING
Special to The News Review:
GREAT LAKES, ILL., May 24.—Dewey A. Derrick, 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Derrick, Route 7, Hico, Texas, is receiving his initial naval indoctrination at the U. S. Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Ill.

His "boot" training consists of instruction in seamanship, military drill, and general naval procedure. During this period a series of aptitude tests will be taken by the recruit to determine whether he will be assigned to a Naval Service School or to immediate active duty at sea.

His recruit training completed, the seaman will spend a period of leave at home.

WAC Pvt. Irene Stegall came in last Friday on furlough from Fort Myers, Va., for a visit with her sisters, Mrs. T. O. Gregory and Mrs. W. H. Hudson, and their families at Iredell. She was in Hico Thursday visiting with friends and hopes to get back for a longer visit before returning to her station. Irene has been with the War Department Service Group but has been transferred to the Army Service Forces at the same station.

Mrs. Alfred Burcham renewed the paper for her brother-in-law, Phillip Burcham, PHM 3/c, who has been stationed in San Diego, Calif., in the Navy. She said that he is now in the Marines and has been transferred to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif.

Mrs. Willard Leach, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wren, visited her husband, Private Leach, at Camp Wolters Monday night.

His Brother's Grave



On bended knee, Pvt. Ralph Forrester of the Canadian Seaforth Highlanders, prays at his brother's grave in an Italian cemetery.

HICO SOLDIER KEEPING A SCRAPBOOK ON THE WAR; SAYS HOME PAPER HELPS
Still in Italy
May 9, 1944

Dear Mr. Holford:
I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I was glad to read my letter concerning Joe Smith Dyer's "This and That." In fact, I wish I was able to keep all of his writings. I find them very interesting to read when I get homesick. All of the places that he has written about that I have visited are just like he describes them in his writings in the paper. Coach him to write more each week.

Do you ever see or hear from Dink? I wish that every soldier who enjoyed her writing in the paper before she left, would write and let her know that they would be glad for her to write every chance possible. All of the old writers that everyone enjoyed, besides Joe, has discontinued their writings. That sometimes makes me wonder what happens to them.

There is one thing that I always do, and that is to keep all of the clippings of boys from there that are missing, killed in action, and prisoners of war. That will be part of my scrap book of the Army. I have part of it now at home, dating with my stay in the States. By the time this war is over, I expect to have a large collection of articles concerning this war and my Army career. I will show it to you some time and see how you like it.

I will have to close now and do a little work.
As healthy as ever,
SGT. R. O. COLLIER.

Glad you mentioned some of our special writers, Billy. That's what we keep telling them down at the office—you boys like some kind of an antidote now and then for the editor's foolishness. And, just as you boys look forward to coming home some sweet day, the editor and staff look forward to the time when regular publication of a normal home newspaper can be resumed. Until then, bear with us, and don't fail to tell us what you want. We'll do our best to fill the request. And don't forget, you fellows are a big help to those who are meekly trying to serve to the best of their knowledge and ability. Come again.—ED.

Pfc. Walter R. Hanshaw is here for a visit with his parents and his wife and young daughter. He was recently transferred from Fort Ringgold, Texas, to Fort Riley, Kansas, and was given a furlough after he had been at his new station less than a week. On the way to Fort Riley, he said, he passed through Meridian on a train, and could have hopped off and hitchhiked home if they would have let him.

THREE POLK BROTHERS TELL NEWS AND WRITE MOTHER'S DAY LETTERS
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Polk last week received letters from all three of their sons in service. Two of them, Derwood and Wayne, are on the same ship. Derwood's rating is SF 1/c and Wayne's is FC 2/c. The youngest son, Cpl. Currie Polk, wrote from Camp Haan, Calif.

The letters follow:
USS
c/o PM, San Francisco
May 7, 1944

Dearest Mother and Dad:
We received two letters and are happy to hear that you are all well. Wayne and I are O. K., but a little tired for the past two weeks have been busy ones.

We have a few things to send home. I've got to build a box to put them in. Will let you know when we mail it.

Mother, we got the check and socks and boy, those socks really came in handy. What we need now is combs. We never have a chance to get any, and I can lose one every day—no strain. I have plenty of clothes, but am going to buy me a suit of tailor-mades when we get back to Heaven.

We had three good shows last night, and a community song. We really did sing, too.

Mother, I will probably be getting transferred soon, so I may be home before Wayne.

Daddy, how goes the dairy business? O. K., I hope. You know, it won't be long until we have a bunch of good cows.

Mother, I love you and Daddy very much.
Lots of love,
DERWOOD.

USS
c/o PM, San Francisco
May 5, 1944

My Darling Mother:
I know you will be surprised to hear from me, but I'm writing you to tell you how much I love you. I have never told you, even in my letters, that I loved you. I always thought it sounded kinda sissy-like, but since Mother's Day is near and I may not have too many more chances to tell you, I'm taking time right now.

I know I should write you more often, but it isn't because I don't love you more than anyone else could possibly love his mother—it's just that I hate to write so bad.

I know there is no other love like that of a mother. No matter what I might do, I know you could only see the best side of it and your love would never change. I know your love follows me wherever I go and I'm sorry for those people who do not have a mother.

There isn't anything like a mother when you're a kid, to advise you and help you. Even when you mash your hand or cut your foot, Mother always knows what to do. Just a few kind words mean a lot, and that's what a mother always has!

Most of the time, Mother, I always took your advice on things and of those that I didn't I was sorry afterward. I know you always knew best.

There are plenty of girls who say they love you, and even write every day, but sometimes they don't seem to mean it. But there is a place back in Texas where, no matter if with one leg or no legs, I would always be welcomed and loved and taken care of as if I were a sound man.

I remember when we were small you used to say you would be glad when we were men and gone. But I also remember when Derwood first left. Everything you did, you saw something that reminded you of him. You would cry about the empty place at the table—the family had started to crumple.

I don't forget the little things you've done, Mother, nor do I forget the large things. I know you worked hard for us when we were in school, but you would be glad to do that same work to have us back with you again. Well, some day we will all be back and then we can work for you and it will be a great pleasure to see you taking it easy for a change.

I guess there isn't anyone who appreciates and loves his mother as I do, that has said so little about it. I want you to know I love you above everything and I'm sorry for everything I ever did to hurt and worry you. I also want you to know I think of you every day and that I will be thinking of you more on Mother's Day.

That's about all I have time for at present. I'm sending all my love and best wishes for a happy Mother's Day.

Love,
WAYNE.

Camp Haan, Calif.
May 14, 1944

My Darling Mother:
Today is Mother's Day and I'm so happy I have you, Darling. I want you to know I love you more than anything on God's green earth. I owe my whole life to you. Dear, I can just remember when I was just a lad, when I had troubles of all kinds and when you were always there to take me away from it all. Darling, I know I have the best, sweetest, and most precious mother in all this whole wide world. I don't believe I could live if I didn't have you to come home to. That's all I live for now.

I know Derwood and Wayne and Dad all feel the same as I do, even though we didn't act as we should toward you in civilian life, we all know now what you really mean to us. No woman living can take your place in my heart. I may tell the girls I love them, but not like you, my darling. None will ever take your place in my heart—no, never.

Some day soon all your sons

will come home safe and sound—that's a promise.

Three other guys and I are here at Ma's. We're all writing our darling mothers. Ma is so nice and good to us all. We all feel at home here.

Well, Darling, there isn't much more I can say. I have a lump in my throat. If I were with you, I could express my love for you. I just can't tell you in a letter, but I want you to know you are the only true sweetheart I have. I love you, oh, so awful much!

Well, be sweet, Darling, and please don't work so hard.
Your loving baby,
CURRIE REAGAN.

WE HAVE NO SECRETS FROM OUR READERS, HERMAN— THAT IS, NOT TOO MANY!

Answering a personal letter from the editor (one of the very few in existence), S/Sgt. Herman J. Leach played a dirty trick on us—he marked his letter "Personal, not to be published." But just to show that Herman and the editor have no secrets, we are going to take the liberty of quoting some of the contents. Herman just oughtn't to be so modest—and besides that, the folks want us to share what little information we have about the guys and gals.

"Yes, Holford, I am surprised that you did write me individually," Herman said in the letter written May 7th from Italy where he is serving with a Signal Company Wing. "So thank you a million. I know you have many letters to write to the boys in the Pacific Theatre as well as over here. But some day when we return we will try in our meek way to show you and your staff just how much we enjoyed hearing from home."

"I guess you are right—every time you look up someone else has left. If a young fellow should walk up the street in a civilian suit, he probably would be the talk of the town."

"Say, who is buying Doc's and Grady's coffee now? Don't be a sucker all your life, Holford."

"Mutt Price finally broke down and sent that picture of him and his wife. I will sign off now and drop Ray Cheek a few lines, so if ever possible, drop me a few lines. As ever, Herman."

Now you ain't mad, are you, Herman? Folks back home want to hear from you boys just like you want to hear from them. And don't worry about the editor's being a sucker by putting out for coffee—he probably owes everybody in town a cup or two, and is a whole dinner behind on Grady Barrow.—ED.

Ray Halle, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Halle, Route 3, Hico, is now a corporal and is still stationed in Australia.

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