

Cherish the good things of faith,
and share them.
Appreciate human freedom and
defend it.
Look on all men as
brothers.

The Friona Star

Ignorance is the basis of
intolerance.
Knowledge is the Cure.

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY

Vol. 16

FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1940.

No. 15

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

It was rather crimping out on the street corner Monday morning. The wind was from the west and felt as cold as forty icicles, and, I have been told, did get a little below freezing, and I, with my thin summer attire, and no heavier to put on felt the pinching of it very keenly.

Realizing that "Uncle John" usually had a little fire in that little gas jet of his around at the Star office, I betook myself thither, so that I might at least escape the piercing of the wind.

When I entered the Star office, I found "Uncle John" ruminating audibly to himself about something he had read in the editorial columns of the Canyon News, and he was ruminating mentally along somewhat as follows:

I know it was a very high compliment paid me by the editor of the Canyon News, to even pretend that he thought me to be the author of the "Farmer John" article in last week's issue of the Star. Surely he did not mean it, for I well know that he does not consider me capable of producing any sort of an article so well written and of such high literary merit as was the article of "Farmer John," to which he referred. And furthermore, if the News editor has been reading the "Farmer John" column in the Star for the past several weeks, as closely as he seems to have read that last one, he should know full well who is the author of it, for the author, for several weeks, has had his name printed very plainly at the top of each of his contributions; thus, everybody who reads it should know full well who he is, and that is was not I who wrote it.

Furthermore, the News editor referred to me as "Editor White," which, in itself, is quite another compliment, since I have never claimed nor represented myself to be an editor, owing to the fact that I have never had the collegiate, nor even the high school, training necessary to fit me for the high calling of an editor. Neither can I feel that the editor of the News has ever classed me as such.

However, complimentary remarks and even flattery seem sweet to one like unto me, who throughout a long and almost wholly useless life, has had so little of either coming his way, that I felt loathe to give up this little bit mentioned above but the merit is not mine, and I cannot accept it unto myself at the expense of another, so I am leaving that matter up to "Farmer John" to take care of as he sees fit. It will be found on the opposite side of this page of this issue of the Star.

I once heard a preacher, when preaching on the "great evil" (?) of dancing, tell the story of a young lady, who was smitten with heart failure and died right on the ballroom floor. The devil at once stepped in and claimed her soul and was making away with it when he was accosted by an angel, who claiming that she had always been a member of the church and a good and faithful worker for the Lord. The devil replied: "Regardless of all that, she was found in my territory, and I shall claim her by right of possession."

On the same ground, I might claim the compliment of having written the "Farmer John" article, because it was found in my paper, but—

I have one of the best cows, I suppose, to be found in the country both as to gentle disposition and as a producer of milk and butter fat; but recently she began failing in her milk and I was unable to ascertain the cause, since I was feeding her the same kind, and, perhaps a little greater quantity of the same sort of feed that she had been getting. I had seen that the Santa Fe Gas company was advertising a new kind of feed, called "Vita-A-Way" so I went down and had Preach to fix up 50c worth of it for me, and I began feeding it to old "Percy Sue" (that's my cow) and she made an increase in her quantity of milk as the very next milking, and she is now about back to her normal flow.

This "Vita-A-Way" is said to contain mineral substances that the regular feed does not contain, and he considers these mineral substances as the key in producing their milk. I have a few sheep, hens, horses and poultry.

Bovina News

Mrs. Shorty Edwards is on the sick list this week.
Jewel Tate was a business visitor in Lubbock, Saturday.
Miss Bonnie Jean Belew, of Amarillo, visited here over the weekend with friends.
Coy Morris and family, of Hereford, visited here Friday.

Mrs. Clarence Smith and Mrs. Charles Ross left Saturday for Grand Chapter Eastern Star at Mineral Wells.

Mrs. Alma Vassey, after a long rest, is now working for the William's Mercantile again, in Mrs. Smith's absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Eberling and daughter, Condie Jean, visited in Canyon, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Turner and son, Don, visited in Dimmitt Sunday, with Mr. and Mrs. Herman Darsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Ward visited in Santa Rosa, N. M., with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Turner, and twins, the last weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stagner and daughter, Mary Elizabeth, of Clovis, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tidenburg, Sunday.

Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Holmes and daughter, Mildred, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Holmes, in Texico, Friday evening.

Mrs. Frank Pesch returned home, Tuesday, after staying with her sister, Mildred Osborne, who is recovering from an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Floyd and family spent Sunday with their son, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Floyd.

Mrs. A. R. McCutcheon and small son have just returned from a visit in Odessa, Texas, with her sister, Mrs. W. D. Birdwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dodge and two daughters, Betty Ruth and Carlene, of Cherokee, Iowa, visited in the Ezra Englant home, Wednesday and Thursday. Mrs. Dodge is Mrs. Englant's niece.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stagner, of Clovis, were visitors here, Friday.

Ivy Leake, of Dawn, was a business visitor here, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Darsey spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Otis Floyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Darsey and Glenn Riddling, of Dimmitt, visited here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin Bryant and small son, Jo Don, of Amarillo, visited Sunday in the J. R. Glover home.

Mrs. Charles Rury, of Friona, visited relatives here Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry, of Friona, visited here Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jefferson.

Floyd Smith transacted business here Sunday. Mr. Smith, formerly of Bovina, now resides near Dimmitt.

Miss Bonnie Jean Belew, Henry Green, Lady Gaines, Mrs. Green, visited relatives in Albuquerque, N. M., over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Eberling were business visitors in Amarillo, Tuesday.

Miss Gwendolyn Rhinehart, who attends school in Albuquerque, N. M., spent the weekend here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Rhinehart.

Clifford Leake was a business visitor in Amarillo, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Englant and his mother, Mrs. L. B. Englant, motored to Pampa, Tuesday, on business.

Mrs. Harry Jackson left Tuesday to spend the week in Amarillo with her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Lovelace spent Sunday in the Jewel Tate home.

Miss Dortha Hopingardner, who has been employed in the Tom Foster home, at Oklahoma Lane, is now at home where she is needed, due to her mother's illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Slim Ashcraft, who have been employed on the Jim Ellison farm, moved to Friona, Tuesday.

Cecil Roberson, of Farwell, visited friends and relatives here over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Chock Collins and sons, Billy Dean and Jerry Neal, of Hereford, spent Saturday evening and Sunday in the Jewel Tate home.

Mrs. Horace Darsey and Mrs. Otis Floyd were Clovis shoppers, Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Jefferson and daughters spent Sunday in Littlefield with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Roberts.

Joe Langer was a business visitor in Friona, Sunday.

Clarence Smith and son, Wayne, were Dimmitt visitors, Saturday evening.

A Hallowe'en Party

Aged Lady Passes Away

A mantle of sorrow was spread over our community, when it was learned that Mrs. Collier, known to her relatives and neighbors as "Grandma" Collier, had departed this life at about 3:00 o'clock, Monday afternoon.

The death of this good lady came as a result of a paralytic stroke which attacked her on Sunday, October 20th. Funeral services were held at the Methodist church, Tuesday afternoon, and the remains were taken to her former home in Oklahoma for burial.

A more extended obituary will be given next week.

THANKS TO DR. STOVER

We, the Cafeteria Committee of the Friona Parent-Teachers Association, hereby extend our sincere thanks to Dr. J. E. Stover for donating his services in giving the health examination to the young ladies who are assisting in the work at the school cafeteria.

Follow the crowds to the Congregational church basement, November 1st and enjoy a big chicken and dumpling dinner. Those ladies are splendid cooks.

HELEN LETA ELMORE

The remains of Helen Leta Elmore, who came lifeless into this world, were buried at the Friona cemetery on Tuesday of last week, October 22. She was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Elmore, of the Black community. The young parents have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in their sorrow.

BAZAAR AND CHICKEN DINNER TUESDAY

The ladies of the local Congregational church will hold their annual Election Day Chicken Dinner and Bazaar on Tuesday of next week, November 5th, Election Day.

There will be served a bounteous repast of chicken, dumplings, noodles, and all the other good things that go to make up a really appetizing chicken dinner.

The ladies will also have on display for sale many articles of needlework and other nice things suitable for Christmas presents, or presents for any other occasion.

The public is cordially invited to attend and patronize the ladies with their dinner and bazaar.

TRAIN TIME CHANGED

The time of the west bound Santa Fe train that has been reaching Friona at 3:24 p. m. has been changed from that to 2:55 o'clock.

Bill Johnson, Nolan Rhodes, Al Freeman and Marvin Wheeler, all of Bovina, visited here Sunday.

Remember you have a dinner date Tuesday—at the Congregational church. Chicken and all the fixin's.

THE 23RD PSALM (A Parody)

The politician is my shepherd. I shall not want any good thing during the campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake; he filleth my pocket with good cigars, my glass of beer runneth over; he prepareth my ticket for me in the presence of my better judgement. Yea, though I walk through the rain and mud to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse when he is elected, straightaway he forgetteth me; 10, when I meet him in his own office, he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over mine eyes all the days of my life.

(The above was handed to the Star with a request for publication, and it may serve as a solace to others.—Ed.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmet Crow, of Crossroads, New Mexico, visited relatives here over the weekend.

ATTENDED FAMILY REUNION

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson and daughter, Miss Mary Jo, drove down to near Muleshoe, Sunday, and spent the day with one of Mr. Anderson's nephews.

The occasion was somewhat in the nature of a family reunion, as a brother and two of Mr. Anderson's sisters, from Clovis, and another nephew, and their families, were also present, to enjoy the day and dinner together.

Work On New Club House Progressing

The contractor, who has the job of building the new club house, now being erected by the members of the Friona Woman's Club and the Junior Woman's Club, with his force of workmen, have been making rapid progress with their work, and the building bids fair to soon be ready for use.

It is a frame building with a veneer of red and gray stone, which, when completed, will make it one of the most picturesque buildings in Friona.

The ladies of these two clubs are deserving of praise and commendation for their diligence and untiring efforts in securing the funds for the construction of this nice home for their club activities and programs.

FRIONA CHIEFS DRUB SPRINGLAKE WOLVERINES, 23-6

By Joe Earl Wilson

In their game with the Wolverines, played here last Friday night, the Chiefs started out in the very first quarter to attempt to get their revenge for an 82 to 0 beating handed them by the Wolverines last year.

The Chiefs took the ball on the first kick-off and marched to a touchdown in five plays. Barker touched the drive with a beautiful 50-yard run, from his own 40 to Springlake's 10-yard line. Four plays later Johnson passed to Weis, who was just over the goal line, for the first score of the game. The Chiefs recovered a fumble on Springlake's 18-yard line. After two attempts to gain ground, Johnson got loose on an off tackle play for the remaining yardage, and another score.

Late in the second quarter, the Chiefs having possession of the ball on the Wolverines' 45-yard line, a fumble by Stevick was picked up by the big tackle, Manderscheid, who then outran all opponents for another score. Thus the half ended with the score, Friona 18, Springlake 0.

We will attempt to give you in a few words what took place during the half intermission. The Springlake band and pep squad were the first on the field, and they gave a very good number which everyone enjoyed.

The Friona band and pep squad then came on the field and gave a very pretty patriotic drill, or act. With the flag of our country fluttering in the breeze in the center of a group of pep squad girls, the musical section of the band played "God Bless America." Then a quartette of girls composed of Georgia Nell Coleman, Florence Baxter, Yvonne McFarland and Wynona Hill, sang the same song over the loud speaker. The lights were then turned off, and while the pep squad girls held flash lights on the flag, the band played the National Anthem, which was immediately followed by a display of fireworks. Everyone present enjoyed this pretty and patriotic presentation.

Back to the ball game.—In the third quarter the Chiefs scored fourteen points more, to make the score 32-0 at the end of the period read 32-0. Barker scored from the 1-yard line, and Johnson went over for the extra point. Johnson scored from the 5-yard line, and Weis passed to Lillard for the extra point.

In the last quarter, Johnson made a beautiful run of 40 yards to put the ball on the Wolverines' 5-yard line. In the next play he carried over for the last score for the Chiefs.

It was in this quarter that the Wolverines scored. The score came by a pass from Trull to Price, who went over from the 10-yard line for Springlake's only score. The final score was Friona 38, Springlake 6.

In the games that the Chiefs have played they have won five and lost two, scoring 131 points to 31 points by their opponents.

The next game will be with the Farwell Steers. This will be a conference game. The Chiefs have already beaten the Steers once, and I believe they can do it again. The Steers lost to Claude last week by a score of 45-6.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jenkins, of Brownfield, visited relatives here, Sunday.

FRIONA WEATHER

Just the same as last week, only seven days drier and a few degrees cooler. Wind mostly from the south, but sometimes west, and a few clouds visible some days.

Farmer John Sees Things

I am exceedingly sorry that I have caused condemnation to be brought on my good friend, Editor White. I had no thought that the opinions of a layman and farmer could be construed as material suitable to blast so tolerant and so conscientious a man as John White. Under no circumstances would he harm a human being unless by chance he thought he had found a New Dealer, posing in sheep's clothing, then, for patriotism's sake, he might swat him as an enemy to Democracy. If he thought the victim was capable of understanding, he might try to show him the error of his ways, even to the point of ridiculing or showing him up in an absurd light.

I am sorry the neighboring editor seems not to have caught the import of my criticism. I still believe, that if the country newspaper is worth its keep, or worth its cost to its community, it should be editorially just, fair and logical toward all public men, even to Wendell Willkie, although the candidate did borrow some of a New Dealer's phrases. I guess, maybe, I am sorry that I undertook to write concerning the Panhandle country press. There seems to be too many of them supporting Mr. Willkie.

This is the last column I shall have opportunity to write before election. I feel that I owe you, my farmer friends and neighbors of Parmer county, a candid statement of my judgement. I recognize that I could be wrong, but I assure you it is honest, earnest judgement.

You have honored me with the task of helping to organize and administer various Parmer county farm programs. I was on the first Wheat Committee. I have been connected with all the various efforts to improve agriculture in this community. I am at present serving on the County AAA Committee. I consider the interest of agriculture and the interest of the nation, are, for practical purposes, one and the same.

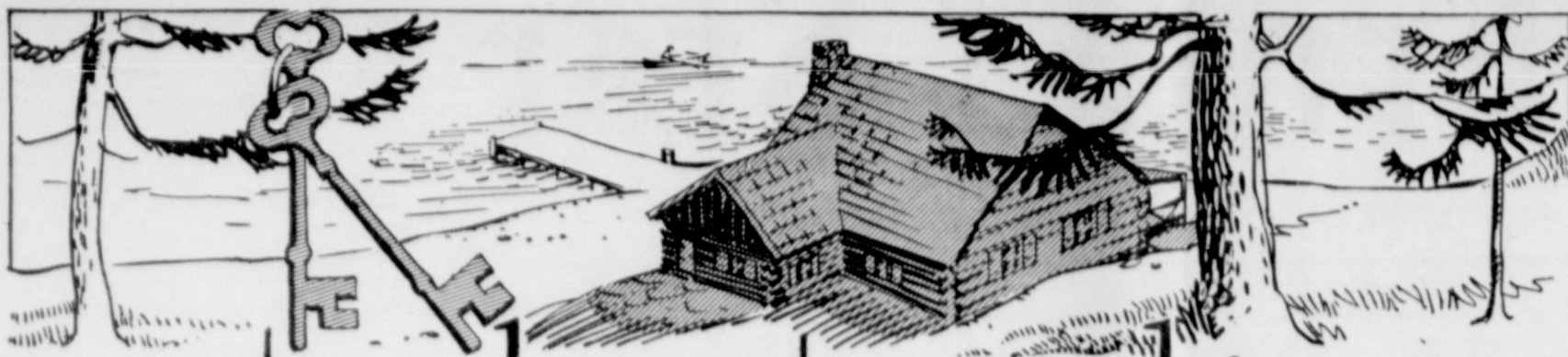
In my opinion the advertised motive of the various New Deal efforts are mostly worthy of praise, and did give some much needed emergency relief. But I am equally convinced that, at present, the program in general, is not leading us in the direction we want to go. I am convinced, and I suspect every other county and community AAA committeeman is convinced, that it is a physical impossibility to justly equalize and rationalize the present program among the many farmers. Each farmer's farm problems are just as varied as are the characteristics, dispositions, and physical condition of the various individual farmers. With a super-deluxe committee, you can't get away from stirring up envyings, jealousies and strife among neighbors. The only way the program can be made to even nearly work, is to candidly and forcefully regiment, regulate, and classify all farmers. And, of course, to pay them to consent to be operated upon in such a manner. But, I believe that nine out of ten farmers hold dear their liberty and individuality, to consent to such a plan, regardless of price. The average farmer believes that we already have too much governmental control. Many are bitterly chafing under what they call "disguised dictation," or "back-passing authority."

It is common knowledge that various AAA county committeemen have been canned because their ideas of administration were at variance with those in authority. Of course, there is some argument to justify that kind of proceedings. It is generally conceded that those who are paying should have some opinions about what the money is spent for. But it is plainly not a farmer-operated organization.

My sincere and best judgment is that the farmer's greatest benefactor would be a leadership that could and would lead us away from regimentation. Farmers should be free to own and operate their own work plant. I contend that a bonus or subsidy, for a family-sized and owner-operated farm has its merits. That kind of a plan would encourage a more stable and dependable rural citizenship. In times of both peace and war, it would be a bulwark to the nation. But any plan that, in any way, does regulate, or attempts to relieve the farmer of his rightful responsibility, is weakening and degenerating to the farmers. Therefore, it is undesirable from everybody's standpoint.

As for a farm commodity price, I am pinning my faith on the plan advocated by Charles L. McNary, and J. E. McDonald, candidate for lead Commissioner of Texas. I presume that all farmers, at this stage of the political campaign, are acquainted with the names of these two men.

(Continued on Page Four)



two keys to a cabin

BY LIDA LARRIMORE

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

The door opened before Debby reached it. John stood there, smiling, his face glowing with cold about the collar of the bear skin coat, his hat in his hand.

"Hello—" he said. The smile faded as his eyes moved questioningly about the room. "What's the matter?" he asked hesitantly. "What's going on here?"

Debby conquered her sobs. Her head lifted.

"Gay wants to take me back to New York with her," she said, "and Mother won't let me go."

"So you threw a tantrum." Over Debby's head John's eyes flashed a question at Gay. She tried to smile reassuringly but his expression, concerned and apprehensive, told her that she had not succeeded.

"I think it is wiser for Debby to remain at home," Gay said. John's eyes, lifted quickly to her son, were frightened, now, heard the shaken note in her voice.

"Wiser!" Debby's voice rose again to an hysterical pitch. She whirled from her mother to face John, standing grave and silent in the doorway. "You know why she won't let me go. You know that she doesn't approve of—"

"Go to your room, Debby," John's voice, cutting through her hysterical outburst, silenced Debby. She went past him out of the room, her head drooping again, her defiance crumpling beneath his stern, uncompromising expression. Sarah followed. The door closed.

CHAPTER XIV

"What is it, Mother?" John threw off his coat and walked to the hearth. "What started this? What is it all about?"

"I don't think we need to discuss it," Ann Houghton resumed her knitting. During the interval of silence which had followed the closing of the door, she had regained her composure. Her hands manipulated the amber needles steadily. Only the dull red flush that burned in her cheeks betrayed any inward agitation.

"I don't agree with you," John stood with his back to the fire, his glance turning from his mother to Gay, then back again to Ann Houghton. "I find Debby in hysterics, Sarah crying, and Gay obviously distressed. I should like to know, if you please, exactly what has happened."

Gay's hands tightened on the back of the chair behind which she stood. "It was my fault," she said. "I invited Debby to go back to New York with me."

"And you don't want her to go?" John's eyes, grave and concerned, turned again from Gay to his mother.

"I don't think it advisable. Unfortunately, Debby had her heart set on it. She was rude to me and inconsiderate of Gay. I did think she'd outgrown tantrums."

"I should have consulted Mrs. Houghton before I spoke of it to Debby. I'm sorry. It didn't occur to me that any objection would be raised."

"Why do you object, Mother?" Ann Houghton regarded her son with a studied deliberation which chilled Gay's sympathy, aroused her antagonism. As deeply as memories of her own turbulent adolescence had moved her to sympathy for Debby, she had pitied John's mother, too. Now, watching her manner with John, its effect upon him, pity crystallized into resentment. Debby's accusations had held a measure, at least, of truth. If she had not seen Ann Houghton's gesture in John's room this morning, if she had not had that revealing glimpse of the possessive passion which burned beneath her controlled and reasonable manner with her children, she might now be convinced that only wisdom motivated the decision she had made. But she had seen. She knew—

"You know how difficult Debby has been," Ann Houghton replied, her eyes holding John's troubled glance. "This year, especially. She's just beginning to show a real interest in the courses she's taking at the high school. I'm sure it would be unwise to allow her to make a break now."

"Perhaps you're right," John said doubtfully.

"I offered to have her tutored in the courses she's taking," Gay said, "or send her to a business school. It's quite probable that she might make more rapid progress with a tutor than in a class at the high school here."

"She had not meant to give an impression of patronage. But that, she saw, was the effect of her words upon Ann Houghton, upon John."

"That's very generous, Gay," John's mother said. "But quite unnecessary."

John gave a short laugh. "You aren't going to assume full responsibility for all of us, are you?" he asked. "I think we can leave Debby's education to Mother."

"I wasn't thinking of Debby's education," she said lightly. "I thought she would enjoy a visit in New York and that I would enjoy having her there. My motives, as usual, I'm afraid, were almost entirely selfish."

John looked at her, then, questioningly, pleadingly. She smiled and his face cleared.

"She would enjoy it," he said. "She's always been crazy about you. The idea of you before she met you. I suppose, now, after these past three days, she's your slave." He

turned to his mother. "Let her go with Gay, Mother. She isn't doing much here."

The distance between them narrowed. Gay's spirits lifted. It was as though he had come to stand beside her and taken her hand in his.

"I don't feel that it would be wise, John," Ann Houghton said reasonably, quietly. "Debby is impressionable and immature. It would be mistaken kindness, if you'll permit me to express myself frankly, Gay, to give her, at this time, a taste of something she can't have permanently. I'm afraid she would be more discontented than ever when she returned."

"Good Lord, Mother," John's voice held a note of irritation. "No body wants to eat fruit cake for every meal, but it's pleasant once in a while."

Ann Houghton smiled faintly. "I think that sort of fruit cake, just now," she said, "would be very bad for Debby. With this notion she has of singing on a radio program or in some place of entertainment, I'm afraid that being in New York with Gay would turn her head completely."

"I shouldn't allow her to do anything of which you would disapprove, Mrs. Houghton."

"I don't question that, but your life is so different from our life here. I'm afraid that the contrast—"

"You know Debby is a chameleon, Mother. She adapts herself easily to any environment."

"That's just why I don't—" she broke off, glanced quickly at John, at Gay. "I'm not presuming to criticize your mode of living, Gay, but I'm convinced that for Debby just at this time—if it were Sarah, that would be a different matter."

"I shouldn't think you would want her for a visit after the scene you've just witnessed. I feel that she, that I, owe you an apology."

"No, please, Mrs. Houghton. She was terribly disappointed. It was my fault. I should have consulted you. It's all right. I understand how you feel, but I'm disappointed too."

John made a restless movement on the hearth. "Then it's settled, isn't it? Debby doesn't go back to New York with Gay. Now may we talk of something else? Food, for instance. I'm starved. Did Huldah make chocolate doughnuts? Come out to the kitchen with me, Gay."

Ann Houghton rose from her chair. "If you please, John, I'd like you to go to Debby with me."

"Oh, let her alone. You know how she is when she's had a tantrum. Don't play up to her and she'll get over it."

"I don't think she's well. She's not been herself these past few days."

"You'll turn her into a neurotic if you don't stop coddling her."

"Debby is sensitive in a way which I think I understand better than you."

John turned to Gay in smiling exasperation. "What was the use of my spending four years in medical school and two years interning when mother, by instinct, knows more than I do about my profession?"

Again a faint chilling smile touched Ann Houghton's lips. "I should like you to go with me, John," she repeated. "Debby is nervously excited. She'll probably need a sedative to put her to sleep. The doughnuts will wait, and Gay will excuse you for a few minutes, I'm sure."

"Certainly, Mrs. Houghton."

"Back in a minute, Gay," John's eyes were pleading. His smile was strained.

"Good-night, Gay."

John went out of the room with his mother. The door closed. Gay stood leaning against the back of the chair, staring into the fire.

Gay did not turn when the door opened. She remained seated in the chair beside the hearth, looking up at the painting above the mantel.

"Were you asleep?" John asked, coming to the chair. "I'm sorry I've been so long."

"No, not asleep. I've been getting acquainted with the gentleman up there. It's your great-grandfather, isn't it?"

"Abner Houghton—yes."

"You don't look like him. In an hour of intensive study I haven't been able to find a trace of resemblance."

"I'm sorry it's been an hour. I wanted to get back to you." He bent to lift her hands lying in her lap. "Come over here where we can be close together. I haven't kissed you for three days."

"Has it been only three days?"

"Darling, have you been miserable?"

She drew her hands from his, sat looking down at them, silent.

"What is it? What are you thinking?"

"I want to go with you tomorrow."

"Into Portland? I meant to take you."

"And then on to New York—tomorrow."

"But Mary expects you to stay. And the kids. Not made me promise to bring you."

"That's dear of them, but—"

"Look at me, Gay."

She raised her head. Seeing his grave and troubled face, she gave a little cry. He bent toward her. Her arms went around his neck. Their lips met and clung. Presently he drew away, straightened, took her hands to pull her up from the chair.

"Did talking Debby to New York mean so much to you?"

"I should have enjoyed having her, but that isn't important."

"That act she pulled must have been unpleasant for you."

"It wasn't an act." She sat beside him on a sofa with a high back curled up on one end like a snail. "Debby meant every word she said."

He looked searchingly into her eyes. "Do you believe that, Gay?"

maternal devotion. Oh, is it important, John?"

"We are each of us the product of our separate environments," he said carefully, thoughtfully. "You had nurses and governesses. You were sent to camps, to schools, to the sea-shore in summer, to dancing classes. For your birthdays magicians were hired to entertain you and your guests. When you were sick there were nurses. Mother did everything for us. When we were sick, she couldn't afford to engage a trained nurse. There was no money for elaborate toys, amusement, entertainment. Mother made fun for us at home. She scrimped and saved to send me to college, to send Sarah. She managed it in ways you couldn't understand, hamburger instead of steak, never quite enough heat in the house, dried vegetables instead of fresh ones in winter, Sarah's dresses made over for Debby—"

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

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GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

Washington, D. C. WRITER'S FEUD

I think there is a new voice among political commentators in our country. It has not been silent in her fields. Clare Boothe has made herself felt importantly in drama, literature and as a publicist. Only in her indignation about the war hysteria of recent political outbursts has she taken to the hustings. She hasn't just taken to them. She has them. Her book, "Europe in Spring," is the most revealing on the fall of France.

It wasn't political. It was poignant, but the terrible experiences from which it was derived didn't suggest to the poised Miss Boothe that she drag her own country unnecessarily into that bloody shambles. When she got back to this country, to find that another foremost American woman writer of great heart and mind, Miss Dorothy Thompson, had completely blown up emotionally, Miss Boothe began analyzing psychology.

She showed from her correspondence in France that Miss Thompson had actually wangled permission from a French artillery battery to fire three shells at the Germans.

Miss Boothe was indignant. By all the laws of war, Miss Thompson was a non-belligerent, an American, a sniper in uniform—perfectly protected against reprisal. If any one was killed, it was murder, no less—such a deed as the intellectual Dorothy would never dream of in her normal mind.

That aroused Miss Boothe to make one of the most effective speeches yet delivered on our war hysteria. With no personal feeling whatever, she used this incident as an example of the mass madness into which we are being whipped.

ELLIOTT 'RESIGNATION'

As this column said, in criticizing Elliott Roosevelt's appointment, it is inconceivable to me that Elliott gave a thought to its destructive implications. Elliott resigned in order to register for the draft, giving as his reason the injurious effect of his appointment on the selective service program. In my opinion, that was a courageous and proper thing to do. It is harder to acknowledge an attempt to retrieve an error than it is to bull it through.

But it is much manlier and, in this case, more patriotic. I believe that the resignation was in good faith and that it relieves Elliott from any criticism except his original misinformed judgment.

Not so much can be said of General Echols' "refusal to accept" the resignation.

As a matter of law, Echols has no more to do with that than I have. A resignation goes to the appointing authority, who alone can accept or reject it. That authority is the President, here represented by the war department, not Echols.

The success of the draft depends absolutely on popular confidence in its administration. In this respect it differs from any other department of the war effort.

Experience has proved over and over again that you can't get away with conscription in an Anglo-Saxon country without an almost religious popular and patriotic faith and zeal.

I believe more blame is due to regular air corps officers in not properly advising Elliott in the first instance than to Elliott himself. That blame still continues in General Echols' rejection of the resignation "on my own responsibility." He has no responsibility. This rejection is pure bunk. It will fool nobody.

If these regular officers had a purpose either to serve or please the President in the original appointment or in this false move, they are doing the reverse of both.

Washington Highlights:

"Price chiseling" on materials for the defense program is under a broad investigation at the present time, according to word from Chairman Burton K. Wheeler (Dem., Mont.) of a senate interstate commerce subcommittee. The committee is co-operating with the national defense commission and the department of justice. The investigators would scrutinize the entire price field carefully and also check into the reasons for industrial bottlenecks that might eventually hamper the defense program.

Senator Wheeler says that there "isn't going to be any witch hunt though, and nobody who is co-operating need be afraid of it."

Renewed efforts to bolster America's defenses in the Far East were revealed by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox recently. He stated that the army has ordered substantial reinforcements, including two airplane pursuit squadrons, to the Philippine islands.

Meanwhile, preparations have been made to start work on the United States military base at Newfoundland. The base will be located somewhere on the southern coast, but its actual position will remain a military secret.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

To frost windows make a very strong solution of epsom salts and vinegar. Apply it with a paint brush and when it is dry go over it with white varnish if you wish it to remain on for good.

If the juice from an apple pie runs out into the oven, shake salt on it. It will burn crisp on the bottom of the oven and may easily be removed.

The color and flavor of roast beef gravy is improved when a tablespoon of brown or white sugar is added to it.

It is usually advisable not to store cookies or cakes in the same container with bread. The odors and flavors are likely to mingle. However, if you wrap a loaf of cake or cookies in several thicknesses of heavy waxed paper you will have no trouble.

Apples stuffed with mince meat and baked make a delicious winter dessert. Wash, peel and core the apples and stuff them an inch from the top. Bake as usual. Lemon sauce goes well with this combination.

A pastry brush is a very handy kitchen tool. You can buy one or use a small well-made paint brush. Use such brushes for glazing rolls and cookies, dusting baked fruits and vegetables and for "painting" fish, fowl and meats with savory sauces or melted fat. Wash the brush thoroughly after using and sterilize it for five minutes in boiling water. Wipe dry and hang up until next time.

Always add a little melted butter to uncooked frosting. It improves the flavor and also prevents cracking.

A small quantity of leftover pie crust may be rolled thin, cut into squares, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon and baked until crisp. These are very good served with lemon sauce for dessert.

Cookies and cakes in which honey is used need about two weeks for ripening. They improve with age, provided, of course, they are stored in covered jars in a cool place. Regular fruit jars with rubber rings make good containers.

The Pleasant Way to Correct Constipation

Why let yourself in for all the discomfort of constipation—and then have to take an emergency medicine—if you can avoid both by getting at the cause of the trouble?

If your difficulty, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, the "better way" is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. This crunchy toasted cereal—a natural food, not a medicine—has just the "bulk" you need. If you eat it every day, it will help you not only to get regular but to keep regular, month after month, by the pleasant means you ever knew!

Eat All-Bran often, drink plenty of water, and "Join the Regulars." Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

True Taste

True taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from its feet because it finds all ground holy.—Ruskin.

WOMEN IN "40s"

Read This Important Message!

Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 42)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS? Do you fear hot flashes, weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of attention other women get? THEN LISTEN—

These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start today and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 40 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities." One of the most effective "woman's" tonics. Try it!

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LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT IT

No Secret Poison Gases to Fear

Expert Says Development at Peak; Chemists Busy On Other Lines.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—Those who fear the present war in Europe may result in the development of new and more deadly gases may relieve their minds. Dr. James R. Withrow, an internationally known authority on chemical engineering, declares such fears are groundless.

Dr. Withrow, chairman of the department of chemical engineering at Ohio State university and three times director of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, asserts that the development of explosives and gases has already progressed so far that it is impossible to go much farther.

"What research chemists the world over are trying to do is find a means of producing the known materials in larger quantities and at lower costs," Dr. Withrow explained.

Three years ago Dr. Withrow lectured at the Leuna plant in Saxony, Germany's largest munitions factory.

"My audience was not half as interested in my talk on explosion investigations as it was in the operations of its plant," he said. "Even then the factory was running at full blast, turning out materials for war."

Prepare, He Warns.

Dr. Withrow does not subscribe to the theory that the peoples of the United States should sit idly by and hope that nothing will happen to upset their calm.

"We should be prepared for anything that may develop from Europe's war," he said.

"From coast to coast the United States is dotted with potential munitions plants," said Dr. Withrow. "All of the chemical plants, the nitro-rayon factories, any of the dye plants which include nitrations and sulfonations in their operations could switch from the manufacture of rayons and fertilizers to the making of materials of chemical warfare in from 30 to 60 days."

The drawback is a lack of adequate training centers to prepare men for chemical warfare work, the scientist asserted.

Dr. Withrow is enthusiastic about the recent assertion of a Washington man that liquid oxygen and a

finely divided carbon could be used as an explosive.

"A step in the right direction," he terms the suggestion. "Where dollars are now spent on TNT, the oxygen-carbon explosive would cost only cents," Withrow explained. "It has been used for coal mining in Indiana for some time. The oxygen can be taken from the air, the carbon made from natural gas. If the material could be delivered and made to work, it would supply a cheaper method of making high explosives for use in mining as well as in warfare," he added.

If the United States should ever go abroad to fight, it is Dr. Withrow's contention that carbon could be shipped from the United States to be combined with oxygen on the continent.

He pointed out that the United States is the only country in the world possessing an abundance of developed natural gas fields.

During the World war, Dr. Withrow had charge of the small scale manufacture of cyanide compounds for the research division of the United States army.

How Many Boys and Girls Here?



At first glance it seems that boy and girl are meeting their reflections in a mirror here. Actually, four people are in the picture—two sets of twins from one family. They are Johnny and Jimmy Ehmke, 12, and their sisters, Erma and Erna, 13, of St. Louis, photographed during the Twins convention held here recently. You can guess which pair is playing the reflection.



WHAT OL' MISTAH BUZZARD SAW

OL' MISTAH BUZZARD, looking down from high up in the blue, blue sky, was anxious. Yes, sir, Ol' Mistah Buzzard was very anxious. He wanted to do something, but he didn't know what to do, and so he just did nothing but float round and round up in the blue, blue sky, watching for something to happen.

"It's jes' bound to be something terrible," muttered Ol' Mistah Buzzard to himself. "It's jes' bound to be, and mah ol' haid am too thick fo' to think of anything to do to stop it."

You see, it was this way. Looking down that way from high up in the blue, blue sky, Ol' Mistah Buzzard can see all that goes on in the Green Meadows and much in the Green Forest, for his eyes are very keen. He had seen old Granny Fox lead Bowser the Hound straight over to the home of Old Man Coyote in the far corner of the Green Meadows, and he had seen Farmer Brown's Boy hurry over there with his terrible gun. Then he had seen him leave Bowser on guard and hurry home, only to return with his hands full of cruel steel traps. He had watched him take the greatest pains in setting those traps, one in each of Old Man Coyote's three doorways, and other in his private little paths. He had watched him cover them up so that not a trace of them was to be seen, and then start off home, sure that Old Man Coyote would be caught as soon as he tried to come out.

Ol' Mistah Buzzard was sure of it too, and it was this that troubled him so. If Old Man Coyote had been anywhere above ground he could have found him and given him warning. But he wasn't above ground. He was down in his house under ground. Mistah Buzzard knew, because he saw him go there just before old Granny Fox led Bowser there. And now there was no way of getting word to him. Mister Buzzard didn't dare drop down on the ground so as to stick his head in at one of the doorways and warn him because he was afraid of those traps himself. So there seemed to be nothing he could do but wait and watch.

Now, it wasn't because he had any special liking for Old Man

Coyote that Ol' Mistah Buzzard was so anxious and feeling so bad. It was because traps are such dreadful things no matter who is caught in them.

"Ah wouldn't want mah worst enemy to be caught in one of those contraptions! No, sah, Ah cert'nly would not," said he, shaking his head as he flew round and round. He was so worried that he quite forgot to eat. Late in the afternoon, just before jolly round red Mr. Sun started down behind the Purple Hills for the night, Ol' Mistah Buzzard's sharp eyes saw a movement in one of Old Mr. Coyote's doorways. "He's coming out now, and he'll be caught, sho' enough," thought he, and for a second he closed his eyes



So there seemed to be nothing he could do but wait and watch.

so as not to see. But somehow he just had to look, and when he did, what do you think he saw? He couldn't believe his own eyes. If he could have done such a thing way up there in the air he would have rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake and not dreaming.

What was it he saw? Well, sir, it was nothing less than Old Man Coyote his very own self just starting out across the Green Meadows and grinning as only that sly old rascal can grin. Ol' Mistah Buzzard had had his long worry for nothing. Old Man Coyote hadn't been caught and by the look of him he didn't mean to be caught in any traps that Farmer Brown's Boy could set.

© T. W. Burgess—WNU Service.

'Mussolini' Has Something Real to Squawk About Now

WEST ACTION, MASS.—Introducing the feathered wonder of Middlesex county—"Siamese" chicks.

Robert W. Creely, 14, became interested in freak chickens, so he took two fertile hen eggs, made a small hole through the pointed end of each and then grafted both firmly together with beeswax.

The eggs hatched. Two chickens were produced, joined at their tails by a strong web of cartilage.

Creely, ever resourceful, promptly christened "it" Mussolini and Hitler.

Hitler, the more energetic of two, spent most of the time pulling Mussolini around.

Finally, apparently by agreement, a compromise was reached.

Got Nowhere Fast

Ten years ago, J. J. Foley, San Jose, Calif., business man, dropped a bottle into the San Joaquin river at Stockton. A pair of silk stockings was to go to the finder. Shigeo Masuka, a Stockton Japanese, found the bottle recently, less than 20 miles from where it was dropped.

Tree Offers Lumber Enough for a House

MEDFORD, ORE.—A sugar pine log, scaling 5,038 board feet, enough to build a four-room house, was believed here to be the largest of its kind ever cut. The 16-foot log had a butt measurement of 9 feet 2 inches and a top measurement of 6 feet 9 inches.

University Boys' Lassos Rope in College Money

CHEYENNE, WYO.—After a summer of bull-doizin' and bronc bustin' Dean and Hyde Merritt are back at the University of Wyoming this year.

"They plan to keep on ropin' cattle during the summers and lassoin' textbooks in the winter until they end with a couple of college degrees in 1943—as well as fat purses from their summer activities.

Dean, 19, and Hyde, 18, are the sons of King Merritt, rancher, who has competed in rodeo events since 1933.

Both boys are taking agriculture courses, and their college expenses will be paid from earnings at calf roping in western rodeos.

Dean struck the jackpot at the Greeley, Colo., Spud rodeo when he caught and tied a calf in 16 seconds flat to capture the \$200 purse. His chagrined father came in second best in 19 seconds.

At the Cheyenne Frontier Days ill-luck struck the Merritt family and father and sons lost to more experienced cow-pokes.

"But we did as well as dad," commented the college-bred cowboys.

In their spare time they "ride the herd" over 150 horses and 300 cattle.

OFF THE FACE



"Snappy Sailor" is what Eleanor Powell calls her perky new fall bonnet. It is soft blue and has a tight-fitting head band of grosgrain ribbon falling into shoulder length streamers. The hat fits well back on the head, with slight shirring concentrated behind, where it fits into the dark blue streamers.

Antelope Refuge in Use As Nursery for Fawns

LAKEVIEW, ORE.—The Hart mountain antelope refuge east of Lakeview has been turned into a kindergarten for a group of more than 100 agile antelope fawns.

The fawns will be raised and then sent to Washington and Oregon game refuges.

They are fed canned milk from a bottle four or five times a day until they are large enough to graze for themselves.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—In 1933, young Nelson A. Rockefeller was handed a delicate job of commercial and cultural co-ordination, indeed a Rockefeller Well ment for a Qualified for His beginner in this field. It was to persuade the fiery Diego Rivera to x-out that head of Lenin in his murals at Rockefeller Center. He managed the affair with tact and restraint, undisturbed by the thunder from the left.

Now he has progressed to full-time work in that highly specialized field. He is co-ordinator of commercial and cultural relations between the United States and other Western hemisphere nations. Currently he is in the news as he appoints John Hay Whitney to his staff, to take care of motion picture details of the above co-ordinating.

I remember talking to one of his teachers at Lincoln school, New York. She said Nelson was good material for progressive education, as he had a way of getting on with people. He was a good student, too, romping so far ahead of schedule at Dartmouth that they gave him his senior year off. He devoted it to a wanderjahr, in which he went to India and had a long chat with Mahatma Gandhi, and studied photography. Taking up the rich man's burden, he devoted himself mainly to the family real estate, becoming president of Rockefeller Center, which, incidentally, is one of the most successful feats of commercial and cultural co-ordination in the world.

Mr. Rockefeller, born in Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1907, is tall, blond and reticent, an abstainer from alcohol and tobacco, always deeply earnest. With his manifold business interests he combines a careful and diligent trusteeship of the Museum of Modern Art. This department can't help but feel a bit doubtful about co-ordinating commerce and the arts—unless there is a John Masefield around to write a poem like "Cargoes."

KING BORIS of Bulgaria is doing the best he can for his little Cinderella kingdom, but things don't look so good. He reviews troops and shifts his tanks and

King Boris Would Rather Be 'Casey guns around Jones of Balkans' there is a hint that he is just making himself a lot of unnecessary trouble. As a king, he never did have his heart in his work.

He has a passion for trains and never misses a chance to drive a locomotive. Engines fill his life and his dreams. When his father, Ferdinand, abdicated in 1918, the young man insisted that he be allowed to go to America and be a railroad engineer, but his father forbade it.

Ascetic in appearance, always of seemly behavior, he moved immaculately through Balkan wars, revolutions and internecine dogfights. Ferdinand had apprenticed him to a versatile fighting man in 1912, when he was only 18 years old. He fought dutifully, but seemed always to be listening for the whistle of old 97, coming round the bend.

His wardrobe, one of the best in Europe, runs mainly to pinstripes. He is a nimble dancer, good at all such orthodox sports as boar-hunting and timber-topping, but aroused and eager only when he has his hand on the throttle of a locomotive.

In 1930, he married the Princess Giovanna of Italy. This alliance was regarded, among other dynastic ties, as a stabilizing and safeguarding influence for his kingdom, but now seems of small account. In 1934, internal stress led the king to set up a dictatorship, by a military coup. It didn't help much. About 80 per cent of the exports of Bulgaria continued to go to totalitarian countries, and it came more and more under their thrall. The king flirted with Russia for a while, with no gratifying results. He has been in frequent peril of assassination—and nothing seems to matter much, since they won't let him be a railroad engineer.

Daisy Hot Dish Mat An Appropriate Gift

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

IT WAS the flower handle of the tea-pot lid that suggested this daisy mat. I had been thinking of making a hot dish out of firmly braided strips of cotton cloth. I wanted it to be thick and sewn firmly like a rag rug, so that it would stand frequent scrubbing. The design had to be novel and gay so that it would be appropriate for a Christmas gift or would



attract attention if used to sell at a church bazaar. All the directions you need to make one are right here in the sketch.

Cotton flannel or heavy cotton knitted material are good to use for the braided strips. Cut the strips two inches wide if the goods is heavy or wider if light weight. Braid tightly and then use No. 8 white cotton thread to sew, as shown. A set of these mats are pretty on the table; and mats for oval dishes may be made by sewing two daisies together.

NOTE: There are directions for a hot dish mat made of cable cord in SEWING, Book 4. Books 2 and 3 also contain directions for many gifts and novelties. These booklets are a service to our readers and each contains 32 pages of illustrated directions for things to make for the home. Send order for booklets, with 10c coin for each copy desired, direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York. Enclose 10 cents for each book ordered. Name: Address:

Old Gent Didn't Suspect Child Was in Duplicate

A young wife was aboard ship, sailing from New York to Panama, there to join her husband. Just before the ship was to dock, she missed her little twin daughters and set out to hunt them.

"Have you seen my twins?" she asked a crusty old gentleman in a deck chair.

"Twins?" he repeated. "I didn't even know there were any on board."

She was just going to remark that it was odd he hadn't noticed, when she spied a pig-tailed head peeking around a corner. "There's one now," she told him.

"Oh, that child!" said the man. "I've seen her all over the place!"

"FOR TWENTY YEARS

I've found ADLERIKA satisfactory." (H. B. Mich.) When bloated with gas, annoyed by bad breath or sour stomach, due to delayed bowel action, try ADLERIKA for QUICK relief. Get it TODAY. AT YOUR DRUG STORE

To Forgive

Only the brave know how to forgive. A coward never forgave; it is not in his nature.—Laurence Sterne.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Downhill The human mind always runs down hill from toil to pleasure.—Terence.

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

NEW IDEAS

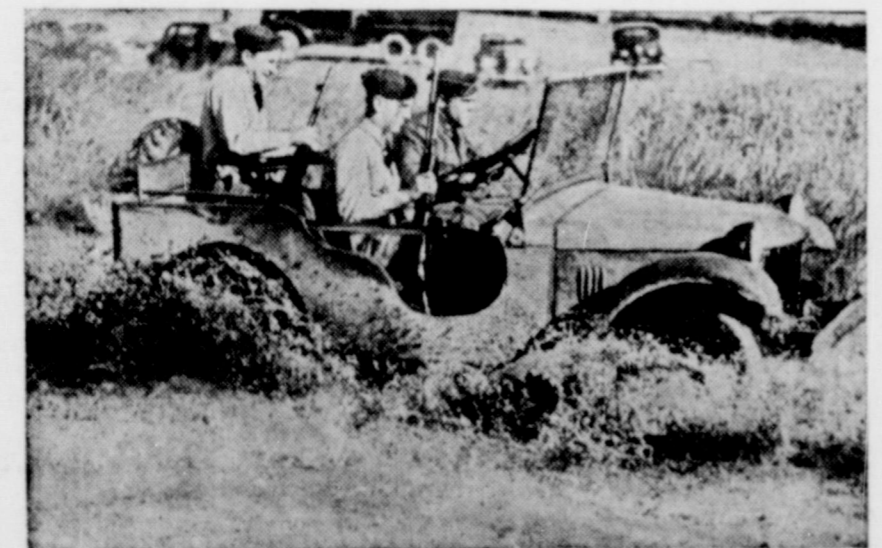
ADVERTISEMENTS are your guide to modern living. They bring you today's NEWS about the food you eat and the clothes you wear, the stores you visit and the home you live in. Factories everywhere are turning out new and interesting products. And the place to find out about these new things is right here in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read.

Minute Make-Ups



CLEVER young things are learning to sleep without a pillow. They know it helps keep shoulders flat and chinlines straight and youthful. You can easily get used to it, if you work up to it gradually. Use a smaller pillow each month, till you're perfectly flat—and comfortable. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Army Tests 'Gnat Tank'



This tough little midget armored car is undergoing rigid tests by the U. S. army. The machine will travel 60 miles an hour and carries three soldiers, a .30-caliber machine gun and 3,000 rounds of ammunition. It has four-wheel drive, seats like granite and oversized tractor-tread wheels.

SCIENTISTS DISCOVER TRACE OF LOST COLONY OF ROANOKE

ATLANTA.—Is the fate of the "Lost Colony of Roanoke," which has baffled historians for hundreds of years, at last going to be solved? That question is uppermost in the minds of scientists as they examine a chain of crudely carved rocks which have been found from North Carolina to Georgia.

Latest of these rocks to be discovered were five significant slabs located along the banks of the

tahoochee river 10 miles northwest of Atlanta.

Their message, translated by Dr. H. J. Pearce, president of Brenau college, is this:

Eleanor Dare, mother of Virginia Dare, first white child to be born in America, came to Georgia from South Carolina, where her husband and daughter were massacred by Indians.

She later married an Indian chief-

tain and gave birth to another child, also a girl.

One inscription indicated that Eleanor Dare arrived on the Chat-tahoochee banks in 1593.

Another reads: "Father, I beseech you, have my dowter go to Englande. Eleanor Dare, 1598."

Dr. Pearce, aided by other scientists, is now investigating the authenticity of the stones, along with others found in the Carolinas. He

is inclined to believe in them and thinks that in due time the complete story of the Dares and their ill-fated colony may be disclosed.

Back of the discovery is William Eberhart of Atlanta who found the first stone in South Carolina.

Since then he has worked hand in hand with Brenau officials in their efforts to locate other telltale stones. His hope now is to find the tombstone of Eleanor Dare.

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X-Ray - Colon Therapy. Other Valuable Equipment.
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Dr. C. O. Warriner, of Clovis, New Mexico, has installed the latest **ELECTRO MATABOGRAPH (Radionic) And Colon Therapy Equipment**
We Invite Inspection By The Public
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Have Served You for Thirty-Nine Years and are Prepared to Render Better Service than Ever.
PROMPT AMBULANCE SERVICE DAY or NIGHT
Prices Same as in Hereford, Call—
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FARM SALES
Live Stock, Real Estate, Merchandise, Furniture and Automobile Sales
Col. W. H. (Bill) Flippin Jr.
AUCTIONEER
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WE GIVE YOU A FIT
That is FIT to wear, when we measure you for a fit in a suit made from
OUR CHOICE FABRICS AND STYLES
Cleaning, Mending, Pressing, Just Good Tailor Work.
CLEMENTS' TAILOR SHOP
Roy Clements Proprietor

BOVINA NEWS
(Continued From Page One)
Mrs. C. R. Elliott, Mrs. Lester Rhinehart, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Barbee, also Inell, transacted business in Clovis, Monday.
J. R. Glover is confined to his home by pleuresy. He is reported some better.
Clyde Blalock, who has been employed at Morton, spent the past weekend visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hinton Blalock.
J. D. Wilkerson, who is employed at Hereford, visited his wife, Mrs. J. D. Wilkerson, formerly Miss Vila Mae Venable.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Englant were business visitors in Clovis, Monday.
Miss Myrna Hester, fourth grade teacher here, spent the weekend in Lubbock with friends.
Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Holmes left Monday afternoon for the bedside of their son-in-law, Truett Stovall, of Plainview.
Henry Jackson returned home Friday, after spending the past week in Denton at the bedside of his sister, who passed away Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Kennedy and children spent the weekend in the J. S. Potts home.
Laurence Rice, of Roswell, New Mexico, is visiting in the Horton home this week.
Mrs. Dollie Williams, Mrs. Joe Wilson and Mrs. Beale spent the weekend visiting in Canadian.
The small Hart girl, who has just had her tonsils removed, is now improving very rapidly.
J. Lowell Ponder, missionary of district 9, of Plainview, spoke the first three nights of this week at the First Baptist church, here.
Charles Crowell, of Canyon, spent the weekend visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oren Crowell.
Luther Holmes of Pampa, visited in the Jewel Tate home, Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Oren Crowell and daughter, Billy Jean, were Clovis visitors, Monday.
Glenn Stevick, of Friona, visited in the Byron Dial home the past week.
Mrs. J. D. Stevens is improving rapidly from a recent operation.

Bovina Businessman Passes Away
Tip Isham, 63, resident of the Pleasant Hill and Bovina communities for the past 30 years, died in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Willis Rogers, at 919 Mitchell, Clovis, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 23.
For a number of years, Isham was a prominent wheat farmer of the Pleasant Hill region. After leaving that community, he moved to Bovina, where he purchased considerable property.
Funeral services were held Friday afternoon, at 2:30, in Bovina. Rev. Goodnight, pastor of the Church of Christ, and Rev. Hester, of the Methodist church, were in charge. His body now lies in the Clovis cemetery.
Pallbearers were: Bill Venable, F. W. Ayres, W. S. Carmack, Wesley Quinn, C. L. Caloway, and J. T. Barnett.
Survivors are: Isham's wife, Mrs. Nellie Isham, three daughters, and four sons: Mrs. E. W. Rogers, of Clovis; Mrs. E. A. Fasholtz, Pleasant Hill; Mrs. R. R. O'Neal, Pleasant Hill; E. V. Isham, Bovina; C. L. and N. N. Isham, and a step-son, J. R. Glover, all of Clovis. Two sisters and brothers, who were here for the funeral, also survive. They are: Mrs. Mary J. Davis, Weatherford, Oklahoma; Mrs. Liller Shives, Clinton, Okla.; C. Isham, Blair, Okla.; and Gordon Isham, Fort Worth. Twenty-three grandchildren also survive.
The Steed Mortuary, of Clovis, was in charge of arrangements.

Celebrates 7th Birthday
Mrs. Annie Belle Free entertained in her home with a lovely birthday party for her son, Jimmie Free, on Sunday evening, October 27, when they celebrated his 7th birthday.
Many games were played and many snapshots were taken by Mrs. Free. Jimmie received many nice and useful gifts.
Refreshments of cake and punch were served and favors of the Halloween season added to the attractive table decorations.
Those present were: Laura Dell and Patricia Sue, Cherry, Jimmy Dean Womack, Jimmy Ware and small brother, June Gay Looney, Inell Elliott, Charlene King, Shirley Jean Dial, Barbara Jean Davison, Peggy Sue Starr, John Albert Steelman, Wanda and Jerry Newton, and Alma Lou Vassey.
The mothers present were: Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. King, Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Ware.

Received Broken Arm
Wesley Ayres, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ayres, received a broken arm, October 21st, while playing at school. He is reported much improved at this writing.
Local Man Receives Bruises
Ernest Woelffel had an accident late Monday afternoon while driving in his stock. The large Jersey bull charged at him, knocking him several feet, and leaving him badly bruised.

Rury-Rhodes Ceremony
Miss Myrtle Rhodes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Rhodes of Fort Worth, became the bride of Orland Rury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Rury of Friona, formerly of Bovina, on Sunday, October 13.
Orland was a graduate of Bovina high school in 1938. He is attending Abilene Christian College at Abilene. Mrs. Rury is an outstanding graduate of the Fort Worth schools.

School News
There will be a cooperative county-wide patriotic religious service in the Bovina school auditorium, Sunday evening, Nov. 10. All people of the county and all churches of the county are cordially invited to attend. The program will be under the direction of the American Legion.
The American Legion is sponsoring a county-wide demonstration celebration on Monday, November 11, which will involve a parade through Farwell, Bovina, and Friona. Various organizations and clubs will participate in the parade under the direction of the American Legion.
It is supposed that the school will be closed on November 11th, however, this is not definitely determined.

Halloween Carnival
On October 31, Thursday night, the Parents and Teachers Association is sponsoring a Halloween carnival at the Bovina high school. All are invited to come enjoy themselves.
Grade School Baseball Games
The fifth and sixth grade softball teams met on the local courts, Friday evening. The sixth grade came out victorious, while the fifth grades lost with a score of 21 to 15. The score for the sixth grades was 28-4.

FFA Boys to Canyon
The local FFA chapter was well represented at the field day held at Canyon, Saturday. A large group of local boys, accompanied by Dr. Wiman, agriculture instructor, made the trip in a local school bus.
Assembly Program
The student body witnessed a very interesting and entertaining program on Wednesday, October 23, in the weekly assembly program.
Sponsored by the parents of the students, the program was as follows:
Quartet, Mrs. W. E. Williams, Mrs. Bill Eberts, Mrs. John Wilson, Mrs. Hubert Ellison.
Reading, Mrs. J. C. Denney.
Piano solo, Mrs. John Wilson.
Poetry and readings, Mrs. Newman Carr.
Talk, M. Cherry.
Visitors are urged to attend the assembly program each Wednesday at 10:30 a. m.

Girl Scout Hike
The local Girl Scout troop went on tests.
At the next meeting, each member will wear a costume, as a party is planned. All members are urged to pay dues as soon as possible. Miss Ruth Bolton is Scout Master for the local troop.
County Clerk and Mrs. E. V. Rushing, of Farwell, were business visitors here, Tuesday.
Tea towels, aprons, napkins, table covers, pillow cases, pot holders, quilt tops, pillow and cushion covers. You'll find lots of them and many other useful articles at the Annual Bazaar given by the Ladies Aid of the Congregational Church, Tuesday, November 5.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS
UNION CONGREGATIONAL
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER is a SUFFICIENT TEST of fellowship and of Church membership.
The right of PRIVATE JUDGMENT and the LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE is a RIGHT and a PRIVILEGE that should be accorded to and exercised by ALL.

FRIONA METHODIST CHURCH
"The Friendly Church"
Weekly Calendar of Activities
Sunday
10 A. M., Church School.
11 A. M., Church Services
7:15 P. M., Group meetings for all ages.
8 P. M., Church Services
Monday
3 P. M., Women's Missionary Society.
Wednesday
8 P. M., Fellowship meeting.

BAPTIST CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS
Sunday Services:
Bible School 10:00 a. m.
Preaching Services 11:00 a. m.
B. T. U., 6:45, Evening.
Preaching Services 7:45, Evening.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday Evening, 7:30.
W. M. S., Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.
Joe Wilson, Pastor.

Why Not Try Going to Church for a Change? You'd Feel Better for Having Gone.

BUY FURNITURE NOW
Special Sale. Prices Cut To Bottom.
\$104.50 Bedsuite \$64.50
BLACKWELL Hdw. & Furn. CO

SLUGGISH? GAS? TRY QUICK RELIEF
If sluggish, have bloating gas from temporary constipation, get the famous Silver Color Bottle of Adierka that contains 3 laxative ingredients to give A MORE BALANCED RESULT and usually acts in two hours or less.
CITY DRUG STORE

WANTED—Stalkfield pasture for 70 head of cattle. Two mares and filly colt for sale; also one registered Hereford Bull, one yr. old. J. W. Marnell, Hereford, Texas, Ltd.

For Sale—160 acres good smooth land, 6 miles of Friona, Price, \$15.00 per acre. See us for bargains in farm and ranch lands.
M. A. Crum, Friona, Texas.

ENTERTAINED KINDERGARTEN CLASS
The members of the Kindergarten Class of the Sixth Street Church of Christ were entertained by their teacher, Mrs. P. E. McCown, from five to six o'clock, Friday afternoon of last week.
James Van, played and ice cream was served to the little guests. Those present were: Masters Dale Hinds, Jimmie Rury, Clayton Thompson, Carl Thompson and Dillie Hadley. And Misses Lettie Duke, Annie Louise Duke, Ruth Williams and Shirley Williams.

WOMAN'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE
The Woman's Society of Christian Service met, Monday, October 29th. Our study, "The Church Serving the Mirrants," was discussed by Mrs. Wright Williams, Miss Deloris Shaffer and Mrs. J. I. Shaffer.
Afterwards a song, "Work for the Night is Coming," was sung by the group. We were dismissed by Mrs. J. D. Hamlin.
Reporter.

NERVES?
Maybe they need Better Light for Better Sight



Better Light for Better Sight
DON'T LAUGH! It's true. Better light makes a big difference in the way you feel. See how a three-lite I. E. S. lamp (\$6.45 and up complete with shade and bulb) discourages grumpiness and sharp retorts.
See how much easier recipes go together and how work seems to fade away with the bright, cheery light of a Renewalite (only \$1.95 complete with bulb). It casts surprisingly little to have better light for old eyes and young.
Enough socket type units and I. E. S. lamps to completely light condition your home may be purchased for only 45c down and only \$1.00 per month, or eight months to pay the balance. No carrying charge, of course.

Texas-New Mexico Utilities Company

Dress And Coat SALE

LADIES:
Due to warm weather conditions, we are over stocked in our **READY-TO-WEAR** And we are giving you **REAL VALUES SO COME** And take advantage of these remarkable **VALUES**
\$7.95
Values In Dresses For
\$5.00
\$10.95
Values In Dresses For
\$7.95
Others Accordingly
Large Assortment In Juniors 11 to 17
And Ladies' Dresses
BIG REDUCTION IN HATS.
\$1.98 - \$2.98 - \$3.98
Pattern Hats Included.
Fashion Dress Shoppe
Hereford, Texas.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Colorful Incidents Surround Registration Of Nation's Manpower for Peacetime Draft

By JOHN L. NUGENT
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—America's first peacetime draft registration was marked with hundreds of interesting and colorful incidents as some 16,000,000 men between the ages of 21 and 35 listed essential information regarding themselves for use by military conscription authorities.

Good nature, lighted by the usual American wise-crack, coupled with an undertone of dead seriousness characterized the progress of the registration in all parts of the country. Minor crises arising from misunderstandings or errors cropped up in many sections, but all were swiftly ironed out. No acts of violence were reported.

The registration gave a panorama of life—a bit of the heroic, the dramatic, the comic and the routine. Below are presented some of the highlights and sidelights of the event that marked the first step toward raising the strength of America's armed forces through the selective service act.

Roy Beadle had to answer only one question when he registered in Portland, Ore. His wife was a precinct registrar. "I know all the answers to these other questions," she said, "but did you put the cat out?"

When two Chinese laundrymen, Wong Sam, and Chnio Ho, of Philadelphia, sat down to register, they presented a 100-page notebook to the registrar. It contained their histories in Chinese characters—just to be certain they could answer all the questions.

"Do you mean to say you don't know your wife's maiden name?" asked a Chicago registrar. The young man shook his head. "Nope," he answered, "I've never met her folks."

School teachers acting as registrars at Nehant, Mass., drew lots for the distinction of registering John Roosevelt, youngest son of the President. Miss Mary Shea won the honor.

Draft officials announced that some men between the ages of 21 and 35 will not be registered for several months or even years. Inmates of prisons will be registered on the day of release, but not before.

Two hours after registration opened, one lad rushed up to County Judge Jarecki in the Chicago election board's office with: "What do I do now, judge? I've already lost my card!"

What's in a name? One registrar complained that an applicant had scribbled so badly she couldn't read his name. "Can't help it," said the man. "First name's Ignatius. Never could spell it."

The first man to sign up in Superior, Wis., was Woodrow Wilson Franklin, 23, who said he was named after the World War President who proclaimed the 1917 draft.

The New York Giants football team were thrown for a loss when 25 of them entered a school to register. Marching in a body from their hotel, they were stopped by a line of anemic, narrow-shouldered clerks. Meekly they fell in at the end of the line.

Forty midgets from the New York World's fair had to stand on chairs to register. They all said they wanted to be airplane machine gunners.

Patriotism must be especially strong in Philadelphia. A 71-year-old man wanted to register . . . and a boy who was to be 21 on the following Saturday. First the registrar said, "Too old," then, "Too young."

One Oak Park, Ill., registrant demanded two cards, one for his Oak Park home and the other listing him as a resident of Wisconsin. "I'd like to use the Wisconsin address so I can get my fishing license as a resident," he explained. "It's cheaper that way."

Children acted as guides to draftees at a Philadelphia school. They showed the men the way to the various classrooms where registration was being held.

Several women reported to registration places in South Philadelphia, Pa., thinking they had to register, too.

Several 36-year-old New Yorkers found out they were only 35 and eligible for the draft. Their birth certificates were based on the Julian calendar of Russia, but the 13-day lag of the Gregorian calendar used in the U. S. made them only 35.

There is little doubt about the constancy of Charles H. Burkhardt's love for his fiancée, Florence Heywood. When he registered in Chicago he listed Miss Heywood as the one person who will always know his address.



Warren Pershing, son of General John J. Pershing, is shown as he registered in New York city for the draft. The son of one of America's greatest and most loved soldiers, young Pershing was one of 16,404,000 young men between 21 and 35 years of age who took their first step in military conscription plans by listing essential personal information for selective service officials.

Old memories were brought back for 10 Chicago registrants. Rushing into one of the classrooms when the school was opened, they squeezed themselves behind the little desks and sang "School Days," while looking attentively at the blackboards.

Registration was temporarily postponed in Evanston, Ill., when officials ran out of ink. One man had to drive to the city hall for another bottle before the work could be resumed.

A band played lustily in front of Indian Creek school near Aurora, Ill., when the first man reported to register.

Registration called out three of Minnesota's highest officials. Gov. Harold E. Stassen, 33, Lieut. Gov. C. Elmer Anderson, 28, and Senator-Designate Joseph H. Ball, 34, had to report to register.

Surprisingly few of the top-flight movie heroes were young enough to register. Some of the leading actors who were older than the draft requirement limit of 35 years were Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Coleman, Cary

Grant, Buck Jones, George O'Brien, James Cagney and William Boyd.

But prominent among Hollywood names registered were those of Robert Taylor, James Stewart, Cesar Romero, Orson Welles, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden.

Other movie registrants included Lew Ayres, Henry Fonda, John Payne, Don Ameche, John Carradine, Tyrone Power, Laird Cregar, George Sanders, Eddie Albert, Herbert Anderson, William Lundigan, Jeffrey Lynn, Dennis Morgan, Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Ray Milland, William Henry, Lee Bowman, John Carroll, Douglas McPhail, Tony Martin, Robert Young, John Garfield, Artie Shaw, Skinnay Ennis, John Mack Brown, Dick Foran, Franchot Tone, Lon Chaney Jr. and Noah Beery Jr.

A number of children grouped in front of one Chicago school and sang, "You're in the Army Now" so loud it could be heard for blocks.

Officials had a hard time writing in the name of one registrant who was born in the Philippine islands. His name is Hermonegildo Sobrevilla Pagulayan.

Here's Next Step in Conscription



Here are actual samples of the capsules used in the national lottery to determine order numbers for prospective conscripts under the selective service act. Number 258, as shown above, was the first number drawn during the wartime lottery in 1917. Numbers are printed on white cardboard and inserted inside the capsules.

Now that registration is over, 16,404,000 young men between the ages of 21 and 35 are asking, "What's next?"

For many of them, draft registration means the beginning of 10 to 15 years of obligation for military service. For many it may be months or even years before their "number" will be called, requiring them to fill out the detailed questionnaire and report for service.

More than 6,500 local draft boards throughout the country are preparing to give each man a number. Every registrant will be informed by mail of his number, but each local draft board will also print and post the entire list of names and numbers. Registrants are required to find out their number, even if they are not notified by mail.

Lottery Drawing.
The order in which men are to be called into service will be determined by the lottery drawing held in Washington between October 26 and November 2. Numbers are placed

Most U. S. Presidents Have Short Life Span
WASHINGTON.—Why would any one want to be President? The mere fact that there's only one living ex-President should be enough to scare anybody off.
From George Washington down through Calvin Coolidge, Presidents have lived for an average of 13 years after the date of their inauguration to the nation's highest official position.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Deletion of newsreel attack on Kelly-Nash machine a Chicago boomerang . . . All but one of leading Tennessee newspapers supported Willkie, despite TVA.
(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—Censorship is something wonderful in Chicago. The lads know all the ropes. They not only use censorship of movies and newsreels to suppress what they do not want, but they can give that famous old Boston board of elders cards and spades, because they know how to use censorship to advertise something they want boosted!

Everybody remembers what a grand deal the old Boston censors of a few years back gave certain salacious books, for one thing, and the articles of Henry L. Mencken was then writing in his magazine, for another.

Mencken worked the thing as a racket. He would call the attention of the censors, by some sort of publicity, to the audacity of something he had written in his magazine. Then the censors would bar the sale of that issue in Boston. Whereupon in every hamlet in the United States folks would read about this article that had caused the suppression of the magazine in the "Hub." Of course, everybody who read this was curious to know just what it was that had been suppressed, and some of them would actually buy the magazine to find out.

CENSORS BOOSTED SALES
But the publicity did not stop there. Mencken would thereupon induce some youngsters in Boston to sell the magazine on the streets in defiance of the censors' ruling. They would be arrested, and there would be another story. When you consider that the magazine Henry was then publishing was one of comparatively small circulation, it is not unlikely that several times he tripled its circulation merely by getting the censors to blacklist that particular edition.

There is no evidence that any of the publishers of salacious books used the same method, though it is certain that they profited by it whether intentionally or not.

The point of all this is that the Chicago censors a few weeks back suppressed for Chicago showing a movie in which close political friends of the organization here are interested. After a nine-day wonder, in which every newspaper in Chicago joined in the clamor, the movie was released—with more publicity than any movie had received in this area since "Gone With the Wind."

More recently the Chicago police censors deleted from a newsreel attacks on the Kelly-Nash machine here by Dwight Green, Republican candidate for senator, and by Wendell Willkie. This time they misfired a little. The resulting publicity caused an immediate restoration of the cuts!

WILLKIE SUPPORTED
It is rather interesting that the New Deal attacks on Wendell Willkie did not go to the merits of government versus private ownership of the electric industry, but confined themselves almost exclusively to the fact that Willkie companies fought the TVA, and in particular that they used questionable means and methods in fighting a public ownership referendum in the city of Chattanooga, Tenn.

It is also interesting that most of the details of these various fights did not seem to take these criticisms of Willkie very seriously.
In the state of Tennessee the eight outstanding newspapers, according to a recent survey by Time magazine, are: Memphis Commercial Appeal, Memphis Press-Scimitar, Chattanooga Times, Chattanooga Free Press, Knoxville News-Sentinel, Knoxville Journal, Nashville Banner, Nashville Tennessean.

Of these eight newspapers, all but one, the Nashville Tennessean, advocated the election of Willkie. It is interesting to note, also, that the Tennessean, the only one of the eight which is for Roosevelt, was in trouble recently, was aided by federal funds, and is now being run by Silliman Evans.

PROMINENT DEMOCRAT
Evans is a fairly young newspaper man who came to Washington from the Southwest shortly before the New Deal came into power. He was given a place as fourth assistant postmaster general under James A. Farley. Later, when the federal government began to have something to say about the operations of the Maryland Casualty Co., he was put in virtual charge of that Baltimore concern. Still later he became head of the Tennessean.

The whole point of this is that all the outstanding newspapers in Tennessee, which by any stretch of the imagination could be said to be uncontrolled by the federal government, were for Willkie, although this is the state in which most of Willkie's spectacular opposition to the TVA and government operation centered.

Cod Liver Oil For Treatment Of Skin Ulcers

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

JUST why some ulcers or sores in skin are so indolent or slow in healing is often hard to understand. Sometimes eating more of the foods containing lime or taking lime direct—calcium lactate, gluconate, and a specially prepared chloride—stimulate old ulcers to heal.

Vitamin D as it occurs in cod liver oil has been found effective in healing old or chronic bone inflammations—osteomyelitis. The bone is scraped out thoroughly and the cod liver oil fills in the hollow left by the removal of the diseased bone. It was only natural therefore that physicians, particularly skin specialists, should try using cod liver oil in the treatment of old or chronic ulcers of the skin.

Dr. James R. Driver, Dr. G. W. Brinkley and Dr. Maurice Sullivan, Cleveland, outline their method in the Urological and Cutaneous (Skin) Review.

"After experimenting with various formulas for application to indolent ulcers this one was found to be satisfactory:

"Commercial cod liver oil—88 per cent.
"White wax—12 per cent."

The wax prevents the too rapid absorption of the oil in the dressings and when the dressing is removed it usually clings to the dressing, thus making it possible to prevent injuring the healing surface.

A generous amount of ointment, usually one-fourth inch in thickness, is spread on gauze or muslin, then covered with oiled silk or oiled paper, and bandaged in place. A warm, moist chamber about the ulcer is thus produced.

Following the first application a marked activity (ulcer is no longer indolent) is generally set up, resulting in an increased amount of pus and the liquid part of blood. The ulcer soon assumes a ruddy, clear, healthy appearance and new surface skin can be seen growing in from the margins of the ulcer.

When this condition is noted, the dressing need be changed only every four or five days (instead of daily), and extreme care must be used to avoid injury, by wiping with cotton or gauze.

If any of the pus gets on surrounding skin it should be wiped off with soap and water.

Precaution to Be Taken.
Following the first application a marked activity (ulcer is no longer indolent) is generally set up, resulting in an increased amount of pus and the liquid part of blood. The ulcer soon assumes a ruddy, clear, healthy appearance and new surface skin can be seen growing in from the margins of the ulcer.

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Cause of Chills And Treatment

A PHYSICIAN walking along the street one morning felt some chills run down his back and throughout his body. He turned back home, removed his clothing, and climbed into bed. The family were astonished and naturally asked the reason for going to bed.

"I don't know what is the matter. I felt the chills and I find my temperature is up 2 degrees. I do not feel sick but something is likely attacking me and by going to bed instead of staying on my feet, I'll give my heart more strength to fight off whatever is coming.

A physician was called in, made an examination of heart, lungs, abdomen, but as there was no pain or other symptoms he was unable to locate any trouble aside from a little redness of the throat. The physician remained in bed almost a week as the heart rate was up to 120 most of this time. No definite ailment occurred.

When something is causing trouble inside the body anywhere, the blood from the surface goes to this point to fight it. This causes the chill or chilliness of the skin and is a distinct warning that some trouble—slight or severe—is present.

A chill, for instance, is usually a sign of a cold, of influenza, pneumonia or other acute ailments. The fever that follows the chill is really the effort of the body to fight off the ailment.

Bed, a hot drink, with hot water bottles at the beginning and end of the attack, is the best treatment. Don't neglect a chill. It may mean very little, but, on the other hand, it may be the first sign of a severe infection.

QUESTION BOX

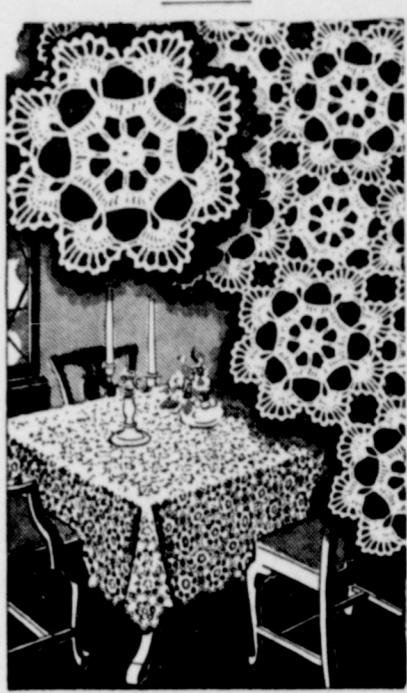
Q.—What is coronary thrombosis?
A.—Coronary thrombosis is a blocking of a blood vessel by a clot, or because the walls get thickened.
Q.—What causes excessive perspiration?
A.—Excessive perspiration is a natural condition in some families. May be due to nervousness, to certain foods or drugs, anaemia. Treatment is given according to the cause. In the meantime zinc stearate powder is helpful.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

STOVE REPAIRS
REPAIRS To Fit Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges, etc. Order through your DEALER. METZNER STOVE REPAIR CO. Established 1880. Kansas City, Mo.

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HOSTETTER'S BITTERS Your grandfathers used it. Get it at your local drug store.

Crochet Table Cloth Of Peacock Plumes



Pattern 6757.

BEGINNERS, make an impression with your handiwork! This medallion, Peacock Plumes, so easy to crochet, will make you as proud as the peacocks who inspired it.

Pattern 6757 contains instructions for making medallions; illustration of them and stitches; photograph of medallions; materials needed. Send order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
82 Eighth Ave. New York
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
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Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels

with herb laxative combined with syrup pepsin to make it agreeable and easy to take

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with good old Syrup Pepsin to make your laxative more agreeable and easier to take. For years many Doctors have used pepsin compounds, as agreeable carriers to make other medicines more palatable when your "taster" feels easily upset. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna, combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully its herb Laxative Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines, to bring welcome relief from constipation. And see how its Syrup Pepsin makes Dr. Caldwell's medicine so smooth and agreeable to a family gullet. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Senna at your druggist's today. Try one laxative that won't bring on violent distaste, even when you take it after a full meal.

Good Principle
My principle is to do whatever is right, and leave consequences to him who has the disposal of them.—Thomas Jefferson.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-laxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.
You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up at night, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—H 44—40

CREATING NEW WEALTH TO ORDER

Advertising creates new wealth by showing people new and better ways of living, and as it creates new wealth it contributes to the prosperity of everyone touched by the flow of money which is set up. In this way, don't you see, advertising is a social force which is working in the interest of every one of us every day of the year, bringing us new wealth to use and enjoy.

The Washington Merry-Go-Round

DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

WASHINGTON, D. C. GERMAN MORALE SUFFERING

U. S. observers acquainted with the morale of the German people are getting bullish about Britain, in view of the heavy R.A.F. bombings of Germany.

These officials point out that German conquests on land, even if they should be extended beyond the Balkans into Egypt or even to India, do not relieve the problem of the 80,000,000 Germans who must continue to take punishment from British bombing.

It has been proved already that the military genius of the Germans is in land movements. They have no strength at sea, and they have failed to gain complete mastery in the air, though at times they have come close to it. This leaves the British with an air force growing daily stronger by arrival of Canadian and American planes, to bomb the great German cities in an attempt to break civilian morale.

German conquests abroad do not relieve the distress of people in such heavily populated centers as Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Hamburg, and Munich. So long as these people must spend cold winter nights in the cellars, with no rest, there can be no real victory for Germany.

ROOSEVELT BORROWS

The other day Postmaster General Frank Walker called at the White House with William Knudsen and other defense commissioners to sell the President the first 100 new "National Defense" stamps, which come in one, two and three-cent denominations.

"This is a strictly cash on the line proposition, Mr. President," said Walker. "Have you got six dollars?"

Roosevelt reached for his billfold. It contained one five-dollar bill, no more. "Hmmm—short a dollar," he mused.

Borrowing, as Shakespeare said, may "dull the edge of husbandry," but on the other hand not everyone gets the chance to lend the President of the United States a buck. Everyone in the room grabbed for his wallet simultaneously. But Walker was the first to produce the dollar.

Grimacing, Roosevelt promised to repay Walker on "my next payday."

NEW ARMY TANKS

The United States army is now building a tank which will be the equal of any which the Nazis sent against France with their famous panzer divisions.

These new war monsters each will carry one 75-mm. gun. This is the famous field artillery piece which the French army used during the World war, and which the American Expeditionary force later adopted. It has now become the standard field artillery for more than half the armies of the world.

However, not until the German divisions rolled into Flanders, did modern armies conceive of mounting guns as heavy as this in tanks. But from now on, even the medium tanks built for the U. S. army will carry one French 75, plus a 37-mm. gun, plus four machine guns. This tank will weigh between 25 and 30 tons.

Note—It is impossible to estimate the cost of the mobile fortress carrying a 75-mm. gun, and the war department is not even troubling to ask for estimates. At least three of the companies will proceed with production on a "cost plus fixed fee" basis, and when the tanks begin to come off the assembly lines (which will not be before next May) Uncle Sam will pay the bill.

JEFF DAVIS VS. LINCOLN

Of all his predecessors, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson has chosen the portraits of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, and Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the martyred President, to adorn the wall facing his desk. Both Lincoln and Davis served as secretary of war.

Mr. Stimson sits at a great, flat carved red mahogany desk, which has been in the war department more years than anyone can remember, and which is ornamented by two round globe lights on either side, designed to burn kerosene in the days before gas and electricity. These have now been revamped for incandescent bulbs.

A grim note is Stimson's side table, a somber black piece used by Gen. Phil Sheridan as a court martial desk. This supports a huge silver cup, a tennis trophy won in previous years by Mr. Stimson, and a mantel clock, which is wound by a key, and strikes the hours and half hours in deep sonorous tones.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Proudest boast of Sen. Homer T. Bone of Washington is a bet he won over a Civil war maneuver during the Union army's siege of Vicksburg. Though his opponent was a participant in the action, Bone was right and won the wager.

George T. Summerlin, who gets \$9,400 a year as chief of the state department of protocol, saves \$91 a year by rolling his own cigarettes. His job includes entertaining visiting dignitaries.

'WHEN IN DOUBT'

By JANE OSBORN
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

SALLY was old-fashioned enough to feel that even when a girl found herself really in love, she had no business to propose. Her roommate in college had told her she was all wrong. They had talked the matter over before Sally had even met Tom Drew, when she hadn't any idea that she really would fall in love, at least in the unreasonable, headlong way that she had fallen in love with Tom.

Madelaine—that was Sally's roommate—had said: "It might happen that a girl fell in love with a certain man who hadn't fallen in love merely because he had never thought of it. In the old days girls often didn't fall in love until after some admirer had made love to them and in a way roused their latent feelings. After an honest-to-goodness proposal and a few kisses those old-fashioned girls were often terribly in love, got married and lived happily ever after. Well, there's no reason why the same thing mightn't happen with a man. Besides, it isn't at all honest or frank or up to date not to tell a man you like him terribly if you really do."

That is what Madelaine had said, and now that Sally had fallen really in love with Tom Drew she remembered it. But the idea of actually proposing to Tom or telling him she loved struck her as utterly preposterous.

She was turning over the situation in her mind as she sat propped up against the lounge pillows in the room she shared with Madelaine in the college dormitory.

Just then she heard Helen at the card table saying: "I haven't an idea of what to do. I am in an ocean of doubt—" Helen was, of course, referring to the way she should play her bridge hand, but the remarks so exactly applied to her own state of mind that Sally listened from her vantage place among the pillows.

"Only one thing to do," offered Madelaine at the table. "When in doubt—lead trumps."

And so the game went on, and as Sally sat there trying to study she kept thinking of that advice. "When in doubt lead trumps."

The next day came a letter from Sally's brother. He and Tom were passing through the college town on their way to some sort of business convention. They would get there the next Saturday and have time for luncheon and maybe a show that afternoon with dinner and a little dancing afterwards. Sally's brother asked Sally to provide a good looking girl for him and added: "You'll do for Tom, I suppose." No letter from Tom, nothing to indicate that he had thought much about the proposed visit. Still he was coming, and Sally was thrilled just by the thought of his arrival.

At luncheon that Saturday—Madelaine and Tom, Sally and Sally's brother—the conversation chanced to center about bridge.

"Speaking of bridge," Sally began cautiously, "what is Madelaine's trump suit? In other words, what should you say was Madelaine's strongest line?" Sally turned to her brother. "You told me to get a good-looking girl and of course she's that, but do you think that she is a really truly vamp, or terribly clever or awfully nice—or what?"

Madelaine was as much interested in the discussion as the others, and when Sally's brother concluded that being downright thoroughbred struck him as being her trump suit, she was perfectly satisfied.

"And what's my trump suit?" asked Sally.

"The gift of gab," said her brother, "with extreme simplicity thrown in."

Tom looked at Sally with a smile that made her blush a little.

"Your trump suit, I should think," Tom said, "was being what I call terribly nice—I should think so," he added, "though you have never been especially nice to me. Besides, you are pretty, I imagine—though I am not much of a judge of that sort of thing."

Sally made rapid calculations. "He doesn't think I'm terribly clever, or a vamp," she observed to herself, "or inspiring or tantalizing or anything like that—just nice. Being nice is my trump suit."

As they sat beside each other in the theater and later, at a pleasant little country inn, Sally suppressed any impulses she might have had to be very clever, or flirtatious or intriguing or mystifying. She was just supremely pleasant and what Tom called "terribly nice."

There was time next morning for a short call from the boys before their train left. Tom contrived to get Sally to show him a certain memorial tablet on the campus—a secluded spot on Sundays—and standing there he told her that he loved her.

"I don't believe I'd ever thought of it before yesterday," he said, "I don't believe I ever knew you before. I think I thought you were something of a vamp—terribly clever. But really you are—well, you're just yourself. I figured it all out last night. I know it is terribly sudden—it isn't quite fair springing it on you out of a blue sky—"

That was as far as he got with his proposal because by that time Sally had accepted.



A CASE IN POINT

The professor of economics had been talking steadily for more than an hour, and his class was becoming a trifle restless.

"Take any article, for instance," he droned on. "When it is bought it goes to the buyer—"

"What about coal?" interposed a weary voice.

The professor gazed over his glasses at his interrupter.

"Well," he snapped, "what about it?"

"When coal's bought doesn't it go to the cellar?" asked the youthful student.

Opportunity at Last

Mrs. Smythe-Browne was making the final arrangements for her elaborate reception.

"Bridget," she said to her old servant, "for the first 30 minutes after six o'clock I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they arrive." Bridget's face lit up.

"Very well, ma'am," she replied. "I've been wantin' to do that to some of your friends for years."

SURE SIGN



Mother—What makes you so sure that man is going to propose to Marie?

Father—I have told him the same story five times and he laughs at it every time.

That's Better

Little Mary was left to fix lunch, and when mother returned with a friend she noticed Mary had the tea strained.

"Did you find the lost strainer?" mother asked.

"No, mother, I couldn't," replied Mary, "so I used the fly swatter."

Mother was nearly swooning, so Mary completed it with, "Oh, don't get excited, mother, I used the old one."

Not Guilty

The inspector was examining the class.

"Who drove the Israelites out of Egypt? You," he said, pointing to a boy in the corner.

"Twasn't me, sir," replied the boy. "I only came back from the country last week."

'When in Rome . . .'

"Brown-Smith never comes to this club but he acts the fool."

"Very true sir, perhaps he believes in the saying: 'When in Rome do as the Romans do.'"

Good Investment

Company Promoter (at the end of glowing description of his new scheme)—There's millions in it!

Cautious Investor—And still you want my paltry \$100.

Duck, Men

Sergeant (on rifle range)—This new bullet will penetrate nearly two feet of solid wood, so remember to keep your heads down.—Montreal Star.

BIG BLOW



Willie—I hear your gettin' fired from school raised a big breeze at your house.

Tommy—Yes. It was what the yacht fellows call a spanking breeze.

He'll Learn

Visitor—Well, Johnny, how are you getting on at school?

Johnny (aged seven)—Fine! I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the wall.

Democratic

Lady—Have you been accustomed to having a housekeeper over you?

New Maid—Madam, we never speak of having people "over us." But I have had colleagues.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

SEWING CIRCLE



YOUNG as a giggle, gay as a football tea when the home team wins, this shorty coat and full skirt form a very important chapter in the school life of every junior who knows her fashions—and her public. And every junior who knows how to thread a needle can have two or three versions, inexpensively and easily, by making this new design (No. 8772) for herself.

And she couldn't choose a smarter style! The casual coat has an inverted pleat in the back, and is

trimmed with saddle-stitching. The collar turns back in becoming, pointed revers. Gathered onto a wide belt, the skirt is delightfully full. Corduroy, flannel, wool crepe and thin tweed are smart for this.

Pattern No. 8772 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material without nap for short-sleeved jacket; 1 1/2 yards for long-sleeved; 2 1/2 yards for bias skirt; 1 3/4 yards for straight. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
Room 1224
211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
Pattern No. Size
Name
Address

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What does Old Bailey mean to a Londoner?
2. What is the island where Columbus first landed now called?
3. What is a petard?
4. Does any law prohibit the total destruction of U. S. coins?
5. In ancient times what people worshipped Apis, the sacred bull?
6. How many different peoples claimed the discovery of America prior to the voyage of Columbus?
7. What insect is sometimes called the mud dauber?
8. What bird has been chosen as the "official bird" of seven states?

The Answers

1. The chief criminal court of England.
2. Watling island.
3. A firecracker.
4. No. There is a federal statute against cleaning and polishing coins because of the resultant abrasion.
5. The Egyptians.
6. Ten—The Arabians, Basques, Chinese, Danes, Dutch, Icelanders, Irish, Portuguese, Venetians, and the Welsh.
7. Wasps.
8. The meadow lark.

Certain Wealth

Not to be avaricious is money; not to be fond of buying is a revenue; but to be content with our own is the greatest and most certain wealth of all.—Cicero.

Strange Facts

Superfine Lines
Wind the Musician
Sealless Temples

! The finest ruled lines in the world are Robert's lines, made by diamond points on the glass plates used to test the power of microscopes. Some of the plates have more than 225,000 of these hairlines within the space of one inch.

! Fingal's cave on Staffa, one of the Hebrides islands off Scotland, is believed to be the only cavern in the world in which one may hear natural musical sounds. It was this "music," produced by the wind playing around the prism-shaped pillars, that inspired Mendelssohn to write his famous overture, Fingal's Cave.

! More than half of the people in the world worship in temples that have no seats and that prohibit the wearing of shoes within their doors.—Collier's.

Speak 'Pidgin' Eskimo

As the Eskimo language contains so many nouns and verbs that can be spoken and written in several hundred different ways, few traders or explorers have ever tried to learn it. Instead, they use a sort of "pidgin" Eskimo, which contains words from many languages including the Danish, Spanish and Hawaiian.—Collier's.

Apprehensions

Let us trust in God, and not fatigue ourselves with indiscreet and unwarrantable apprehensions. Let us depend on the divine assistance for the conduct and issue of our lives, and let us not yield ourselves up to disconsolateness and despair.—Pascal.

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A TABLET TO EASE PAIN OF NEURITIS FAST
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We feature the fact that Bayer Aspirin costs only 1c a tablet, to drive home the point that there's no reason even for the most budget-minded person to accept anything less than genuine fast-acting Bayer Aspirin.

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Leadership

One good head is better than a thousand strong hands.

USE FINE SWEDISH CHROME STEEL BLADES
IS FULLY GUARANTEED
7 Single Edge Blades
10 Double Edge Blades

KENT 10c

Cunning Fool

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.

This exquisite Spray Pin accents your charm and loveliness at a saving unmatched elsewhere

For only 35 cents and two labels from delicious Van Camp's Products you can own this beautiful 24-carat gold-finish Spray Pin, set with three brilliant-cut red stones; contrasting leaves finished in green gold. Just tear out and mail this order blank, today, with 35 cents and two labels from Van Camp's Products.



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TEAR OUT AND MAIL THIS ORDER BLANK, TODAY

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Dept. W, Box No. 144, New York, N. Y.
I am enclosing 35 cents and two labels from delicious Van Camp's Products. Please send me the exquisite Spray Pin as illustrated.

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AND TWO VAN CAMP'S LABELS

Frank Mirror

Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

Fair Gifts

Riches, understanding, beauty, are fair gifts of God.—Luther.

"WE'RE OUT OF THE WOODS ON TASTY, EASY-ROLLED 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES!"



EVEN FALL BREEZES DON'T SCATTER PRINCE ALBERT. THAT CRIMP CUT LAYS RIGHT AND ROLLS UP SMOOTH AS A GUN-BARREL

PA NEVER SMOKES HOT OR SCRATCHY. IT'S COOLER, MILD, RICHER, AND TASTIER IN EVERY PUFF—MELLOW!

Russ Hughes and 'Ray' Yaekel give Prince Albert a double-barreled cheer

Rollin' along with P.A.! The hunters bold pause for a happy spell with the prince of rolling tobaccos—Prince Albert. Says "Russ" Hughes (left) to "Ray" Yaekel (right): "P.A.'s a sure shot for trim, firm smokes that smoke smooth, even, and stay lit!" "P.A. saves a man money, besides," "Ray" comes back. (Ditto for pipe-smokers, too!)

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy tin of Prince Albert

In recent laboratory "smoking bowl" tests, Prince Albert burned 86 DEGREES COOLER than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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The New Food that Supplies The lacking Minerals.

Makes Cows produce Milk. Makes Sheep produce Wool and Lambs. Makes Hens lay Eggs. Makes Hogs fatten. Makes Horses and Mules strong.

Manufactured and Guaranteed By
TRANSIT GRAIN & COMMISSION COMPANY.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO GET READY FOR WINTER.

WINTERIZE WITH GENUINE PRESTONE

Conoco Station - On The Highway

For Roosevelt or Wilkie, whichever be your choice. Be your OWN and freely say it. By your vote, if not your voice. And when the voting's over, and your voice so husky grows,

Don't forget, that down at HOULETTE'S is the place to WASH your clothes. HOULETTE'S HELPY - SELFY LAUNDRY "We take the work out of wash." E. E. Houlette, Proprietor

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Proprietor

M. A. Crum spent the weekend visiting with relatives and former neighbors at Friona. Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson returned home Saturday from the Hereford hospital. She is greatly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Roberts, of Oklahoma Lane, attended singing here, Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Charley Lunsford and family, of Muleshoe, visited here, Sunday.

Edna Hyde, Jessie Barrett and Nick of Hereford, visited in Friona, Tuesday night. Miss Judy Jersig, of Bovina, visited her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Worth Weir, here last week.

"MORE ANON"

By Dr. A. P. McElroy
Two weeks ago the Star published a partial description, written by Dr. A. P. McElroy, of his visit to Washington and the Pacific Coast, last spring, and he closed his letter with the words: "More Anon." In this issue we are giving the "More Anon," which is as follows:

After crossing the Columbia River, from Portland Oregon to Vancouver, Washington, Highway No. 99 runs in sight of the river for several miles before turning north to Olympia, on Puget Sound. Nothing that a Texan would call "farming" is seen in this part of Washington.

Lumbering is the predominant industry here. Sawmills, sawmills, and more sawmills, mile after mile. One wonders what can be done with so much lumber.—Of course, I am talking about the Western part of Washington, west of the Cascades. From the Columbia River to the Canadian line, all is timber land. Much has been cut and much has been destroyed by forest fires; but with any reasonable system of re-foresting, the supply should be perpetuated.

The Puget Sound country has a bright future ahead of it. The cities of Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Bremerton and Bellingham, all have excellent deep harbors where ocean-going ships load at their wharves for all parts of the world. Immense sawmills, pulp mills, plywood mills, airplane factories, and ship-building plants, all supply a continual payroll. Also fish cannings and dairying are important industries. I was surprised to find that these cities on the Sound are 100 miles from the ocean. The rainfall here on the east coast of the Sound is about 30 inches per annum, while on the west part of the Olympic peninsula, it is over 100 inches a year. The temperature is most too low to suit me. The highest it got in July and August was 81 degrees. We had frost in the morning nearly every day. The nights were very cool. Only a few days was it warm enough to have the front and back doors open at the same time. Most forenoons were foggy and cloudy, but the afternoons were generally clear. When I left in September, the winter rains had just begun. The winters are mild but WET.

Cheap electric power will be an important factor in the Pacific Northwest. I think Washington claims to have already one per cent of its electric power developed. They probably claim too much. The Bonneville and Grand Coulee projects are just starters. At Everett the minimum rate was \$1.00 per month, and for your dollar you get 40 kilowatt hours of current. Over 200 kilowatt hours, the rate is one cent for kw. hour. This rate has since been reduced. Cheap power brings many blessings in its wake.

As I was going up to Washington, I took the Valley route to Portland. Coming back, when I arrived at Portland, I went west to the coast and came down to San Francisco by the Redwood Highway. At one point I saw several oil derricks out in the ocean; quite a way out, too. The big redwood groves are well worth seeing. They are hardly as big as I expected; but some of them would supply two carloads of lumber, and I suppose that is big enough. I cannot understand how they could ever get so big, considering that they are so close together. Those big trees are supposed to be the oldest living organisms on earth.

If it is well interest or entertain any of my Friona friends, I shall be well repaid for my trouble in writing it for you.

Seth Rollins, of Farwell, transacted business here Monday.

Pleads for Farmers



J. E. Donald, Texas Agricultural Commissioner, in a statewide broadcast Tuesday, explained that he will support the Willie McNary ticket because the Republican candidates offer the "squarest deal" for the farmers. For Willie McNary "two-price plan," he said, will provide an American market for American products and permit the sale of surplus products on the world market, allowing farmers to plant as they please, without dictatorial rules from Washington, as is the case under the Wallace plan.

AMERICAN LEGION NEWS

18TH DISTRICT CONVENTION

The Post Commander of the local Legion Post is expecting a large delegation to go from here next Saturday to the 18th District Legion Convention at Borger, Texas. He states that one of the biggest Legion conventions ever held will start that day.

The program consists of fun for all Saturday, and on Sunday the business sessions will be held. In these times of wars and rumors of war, it is the duty of every Legionnaire and his wife to attend and assist in formulating proper resolutions for this country's safety.

An outline of the program which will start at 1:00 p. m., Saturday, Nov. 2nd: Arrival of Wm. George Gilks, National Chaplain of the American Legion, Ed Riedel, State Commander of Texas, and Charles Morgan, State Commander of New Mexico, Mrs. M. H. Ehiert, State Auxiliary president, Fred Army, Grand Chef de Gare of the 40 & 8, and A. C. Jackson, Department Detachment Commander, Sons of the American Legion. There will be a stag party and floor show for the men and a Doe party for ladies only. Carlton Scales orchestra will play mellow music for the conventional dance.

On the Sunday program, November 3rd, is a Post officers breakfast, an auxiliary breakfast honoring the State president, Post service officers, and S. A. L. chairman schools. The business sessions will be presided over by J. M. Johnson, 18th District Commander and Mrs. Hupp Clark, 18th district president.

Wm. George Gilks, National Chaplain, will deliver the sermon at the morning church service and Ed Riedel, Department Commander, will give the principal address in the afternoon.

At noon Sunday will be the big chicken dinner. John L. Oliver, Commander of the Borger Legion Post, is expecting 3,000 Legionnaires and wives to attend.

A. A. A. NEWS

Due to the dry conditions which have prevailed during the wheat seeding period of the fall, there has been much confusion and many questions asked in regard to the necessity of planting wheat. Insofar as the Agricultural Conservation Program is concerned, there are two classes of farms into which this discussion of wheat seeding might fall. The first is the farm that has Federal Wheat Crop Insurance and the second is the farm that does not have this insurance.

Those farms on which an application for Federal Wheat Crop Insurance was filed should seed the wheat sometime during the fall. This insurance is not in effect until the wheat is seeded, therefore, if the farm is to be covered by the insurance it will be necessary to seed the wheat. County Crop Insurance Supervisor Clyde I. Magness, has written several letters to wheat farmers explaining the necessary steps to take to have the farm covered by insurance after the application has been made. These letters and the copy of the Insurance Regulations, which were mailed to the farmer, making application for insurance, should be reviewed. However, in short the requirements for the farms covered by insurance are: (1) The wheat must be seeded some time during the fall. This seeding in the present conditions should be when the operator thinks the wheat has the best chance to make; (2) The land on which the wheat is seeded must be properly cared for by the farmer in order to keep wind erosion at a minimum. In other words, the land must be cared for by the farmer just as he would care for the land if the wheat were not insured; (3) The county office must be advised when and if an inspection is desired on the wheat for the purpose of releasing the land for other crops.

The second type of farm is the farm on which no insurance application has been filed. On these farms it is left to the judgement of the farmer as to whether the wheat should be seeded or not. The allotment to the farm will not be lost unless the farmer has not seeded for three years straight. The allotment may be affected slightly by failure to seed, but not to a great extent under the present regulations. If the wheat is seeded and no wheat is produced, the yield on which the farm may be insured and on which ACU and Parity payments are made will be reduced one tenth and the premium rate in cost of insurance in the future will be raised.

The members of the county and community committees understand the situation which faces most farmers of the county. If any farmer has a doubt as to what should be done on his farm he should see his local committeeman immediately or contact the local ACA office.

By Garion A. Harper, Secretary, Farmer County A. C. A.

No Chain Is Stronger Than Its Weakest Link. Just so

No Automobile Is Stronger Than Its Weakest Impulse.

Be It Battery Or Magneto

WE MAKE THEM STRONG

FRED WHITE

Auto Electrical Service

At Fruit Building On Sixth Street.

Exide Batteries.

Delco Batteries

GENUINE PARTS FOR CAR, TRUCK OR TRACTOR

STRETCH YOUR FEED

By Grinding It, and thus add to Its Value

Have Your Seed Wheat Cleaned and Ready for Planting When the Rain Comes.

J.A. GUYER'S FEED MILL

NOTICE!

MODERNIZE Your HOME
With Standard Products

Basked by Responsible Manufacturers

TAKE NO CHANCE ON PEDDLERS

For Guaranteed BUTANE PLANTS

And Appliances, talk to "John" at

Johnson's Trading POST

Or drop Us a card and We will be glad to call on You.

A Train Load of Cannons

If such were to roll through Friona, it

WOULD NOT HELP OUR PEOPLE

One Whiff: But It WILL HELP YOU To BUY ALL YOUR FARM NEEDS

Such as Fuel Oils, Lube Oils, Greases, Tires, Tubes, Accessories, Machine Parts, and

Hundreds of Other Articles

From Us.

"SEE YOUR CONSUMERS FIRST"

Friona Consumers Company.

ELROY WILSON, Manager.

GET OUT

Next Tuesday, and Vote YOUR Patriotic Sentiments.

Then Come to OUR Office And Let Us Show YOU How Cheaply You Can Build

A HOUSE FIT FOR A KING

WE HAVE

Everything for the Builder

Rockwell Bros. & Co.

Lumbermen

O. F. Lange - Manager