

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, MARCH 28, 1941

No. 36

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

I have just been hearing quite a bit about people "slipping." I do not mean slipping in the mud or on the ice, or on banana peelings, but "slipping" mentally, or physically. That is not so good either way as they used to be.

I have frequently heard the expression about some old person, that "he is slipping;" but I had always thought that applied to very old people, who were, perhaps, along in their "eighties", or older, and considered it to mean that, on account of their age, they were not so bright mentally, nor so agile physically, but I had never suspected that the term could apply to me.

But, after hearing two of my good friends, Mayor Reeve and Harvey Meade, colloquizing with each other in my hearing, and just frankly owning up that they were "slipping" because they had forgotten just how many years they have lived in the Panhandle. The Mayor said he was "slipping" just because he had told someone recently that he had been here 34 years, when the fact of the matter is, he has been here but 31 years. Harvey was apparently "slipping" because he had never figured up just how long he had been here, but on a little consideration he decided he had been here 32 years, since he arrived here in 1909. And neither one of them are "eighty."

Now, if such little matters as that are to be considered as "slipping" I most surely am "slipping" for while listening a few weeks ago to the Mayor and my pastor, C. Carl Dollar, discussing just how long they had owned their watches, and the Mayor stated that he had owned his 41 years, and Brother Carl said his father had owned a watch just about that long.

Well, talking about old watches, I had sort of prided myself that the watch I have was just about the oldest one in the country, and I told them that I had carried it for 42. But on sober reflection later, and a little mathematical figuring, I found that I had carried this watch for 48 years, on the 20th of September, 1930, and if I can be able to carry it another year and a half, I will have carried it for just half a century, and I was no "Spring Chicken" when I received it as a gift from my brother.

And I have never taken it into consideration that I am growing old, either, but if forgetting the little matter of a few years in a date, is "slipping", and this "slipping" comes as a result of old age, then I suppose I may as well own up.

Farmer John, in his column in the Star last week, referred to me as an "Eighty-five-year-old boy." If he is right in his calculations, then I must surely be getting up in years, and if I should "slip" just a little, the Mayor should not hold it against me too much.

Well, I heard my good friend Harvey say, just a few minutes ago, that he was getting old, simply because he had a slight crick or stitch in his back when he arose from his seat, and when asked how old he was, he stated that if he lives until a certain day in July, this year, he will be 66 years old, and I had the sagacity to imply that he was a "mere spring chicken." And Harvey remarked that he had always heard it said that a man is just as old as he thinks he is, but after a man has passed the age of sixty, he is old whether he thinks so or not. So, it just occurs to me that Harvey and the Mayor are in a way, frankly admitting that they are "slipping" either mentally or physically, and it sort of makes me shudder, when I look at myself from either standpoint.

But, "be that as it may," as my good friend, Judge Elmpson, used to say to me, whether we three be "slipping" or not, will be of no consequence, so far as this nation is concerned, for when either or all three of us have passed over the Great Divide, the ramblings of this old mundane sphere will be just as they would have been had we never been born, and our retirement will be noted about as much as a man sticking his finger into a glass of water, then drawing it out and looking for the whole.

But it occurs to me, there is a tendency of a "slipping" that will make a great difference as to the ramblings of old "Mother Earth" and her occupants; and that is, if all reports are to be taken as the truth.

(Continued on Page Four)

County "Meet" Here Friday And Saturday

REVIVAL SERVICES

Friday night, April 4, we will begin a series of revival services at the Baptist Church in Friona. The Rev. C. C. Griffith of Oilton, will be with us to do the preaching. Bro. Griffith is a successful pastor, a good preacher, and comes to us with the hope that our efforts together may result in a revival. Our own people need a revival. Our own people need a revival. We are persuaded that you need a revival, so we are extending to one and all a cordial, urgent invitation to attend these services. Bro. Griffith cannot bring us the much needed revival. Such comes to us in answer to prayer on the part of God's people. God says, "If my people, which are called by name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." Brother Christian, I am sure that we as God's people need to come now, as God says to come, and do as God says to do, that we may receive from Him this MUCH NEEDED HEALING. So come over and help us.

Joe Wilson, Pastor.

The Messdames W Brookfield and Dobbys were shopping in Amarillo, last Wednesday.

Mr. E. R. New who spent several days last week in Dallas, Texas, returned home Saturday evening.

Mrs. Edna Redfern departed for Santa Fe, New Mexico, Tuesday. She will remain there indefinitely.

List Of Donors Given

FRIONA VOCAL STUDENTS WINNERS

The Competitive Festival of the Texas Federated Music Clubs held its Seventh District Contest in music events in Amarillo, last Saturday, March 22nd.

A large number of entrants from various towns and clubs in the district entered in several events.

Four students from the Mattie Mac Swisher Studios of Singing, won high ratings, as follows: Mary Nell Fuiks, superior; Nancy R. Shackelford, superior; John Lee Weis, excellent; Selba Welch, excellent.

Miss Shackelford and Patsie Sanders, of Hereford, tied for double honors. The Chamber of Commerce of Hereford, offered \$10.00 to the two making the highest percentage, and Miss Swisher arranged for the two making the highest percentage in grades to sing on the Pine Arts program, Junior Day, April 19 at Dallas. These girls are the winners of both honors.

All four of Friona's winners will proceed to Dallas for the final contest, April 19th, at 9:00 a. m., at Hotel Adolphus.

FRIONA DRAFTEES ACCEPTED

Word has been received from Dr. Wilbur Meade, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Meade, to the effect that he had passed his examination and had been inducted into the U. S. Army.

Dr. Meade left home on Friday of last week in company with Ernest Osborn, a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Osborn, who had also received his call to the service as a draftee, and it is understood that he, also, passed the test and was inducted into the service.

FRIONA BOY BECOMES A WRANGLER

Lubbock, Texas, March 21.—Roy Roden, freshman Arts and Sciences student at Texas Technological College, recently became a member of Wranglers, men's social organization.

Jim Ray is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Roden, of Friona.

FORMER BANKRUPT STOCK AT ESTIMATE

The Star has just printed 2500 bills, announcing the sale of a large stock of general merchandise at Establine, which was recently purchased by S. H. Halle at bankruptcy sale.

This stock of goods will be sold at auction on Saturday of this week, by the Friona Sales Company. Our local auctioneer, Col. W. H. (Bill) Pittman, Jr., will do the selling.

Students and teachers from all over the county combined in a mad scramble to add finishing touches to entries for the Parmer County Inter-scholastic League Meet, which will be held at Friona on Friday and Saturday.

Literary events, track and field, and tennis aspirants will show their wares this weekend, with the volleyball meet being held at Bovina on Tuesday night.

Since there is no district competition for grade school track and playground ball, or choral groups, these phases are being postponed until a later date, the county organization has decided, and are not on schedule for this weekend.

Literary events will be held in the Friona school buildings during the entirety of Friday, with the one-act play contests, held in the grade school auditorium that evening, being used as the finale for the day.

Tennis for junior and senior entrants from high school will begin early Saturday and continue through the last stages of elimination. Track and field performances will begin around 7:30 Saturday evening, it was thought here, under the lights on Clefain field. The public will be assessed a slight fee for admittance. No County Championship.

This year, no county-wide championship cup will be awarded in either grade or high school, it has been voted. Instead, each activity will be a separate unit, with winners being named, but no points given.

All winners will receive ribbons symbolic of the various events. First and second place winners in track and field contests will participate in the district, while in literary and tennis activities, only first-place en-

The Friona Chamber of Commerce and all others who participated in arranging the Parmer County Junior Boys Fat Stock Show, held the past weekend at Friona, today extended thanks to contributors who made possible the prizes given at the show. The complete list of donors follows:

- Friona**
Friona State Bank, City Drug, Frank A. Spring Agency, G. B. Buske, Buchanan Imp. Co., L. R. Baxter, Clyde Magness, Smiley's Cafe, H. T. Magness, Bert Chittwood, Blackwell's Hdw., Ralph Miller, Roy Clements, Rushing Jr. Dept. Store, F. L. Spring, Reeve Chev. Co., Halle Hdw., Dr. McReynold, Friona Poultry & Egg, Rockwell Bros. & Co., Clyde Seamount, A. A. Crow, Smokey's Barber Shop, Wayne B. Stark, Friona Cons. Co., Bert Shackelford, W. B. Wright, Friona Ind. Oil Co., Fred White, J. W. White, Rev. C. C. Dollar, F. S. Truitt, Truitt and Landrum, T. J. Crawford, Joe Wilson, Cash Way Gro., M. H. Sylvester; Brookie's Service Station, E. R. Day, Shorty's Cafe, Sinclair Serv. Station, J. P. Wilson, Ouanda's Drive Inn, Wright Williams, Santa Fe Grain, C. D. Holmes, Maurer Mach. Co., Jack Anderson, Premium Produce, E. E. Houlette, Pioneer Cafe, Friona Wheat Growers, J. J. Williams, Sloan Osborne, J. W. Davidson.
- Bovina**
Stacey Queen, F. L. Carson & Son, C. W. Rhinehart, Clifford Leake, J. R. Glover, Gaines & Elliott, Consumers Gro., Bill King, Gordon McCuan, Bovina Beauty Shop, Stites Cash Gro., Chas. Bridgord, W. E. Williams, Fred Henry, Bovina Cleaners; Swisher Cream Station, Kimbrough Feed, Cranfill Store, H. C. Jackson, Fred Store, S. E. Cone Grain Co., Davis King, Smiling Dial, M. H. Martin, Bovina Wheat Growers, Inc., Cicero Smith Lbr. Co., Aubrey Brock, W. M. Berggren, Ernest Edgiant, Fair-O-Dice Cafe, W. M. Norton, Consumers Fuel Assn., Earl Richards, J. S. Jersig, Reagan Looney.

- Farwell**
Aldridge & Aldridge, Jason O. Gordon, Capitol Freehold Land Trust, D. K. Roberts, Carl Hill, Frank Seale, A. D. Smith, Roberts Seed Co., Ernest P. Lokey, State Line Tribune.
- Lazbuddy**
Otto Treider, Red & White Store, W. M. Sherley.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Drake and Mr. Arthur Drake were business visitor to Clovis, Monday.
- Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Malone and family, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, visited friends and relatives here over the weekend.
- Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Venable and family, of Bovina, visited here Sunday.

Auto Wrecked By Locomotive Stock Show Winners

A LETTER FROM FATHER AND MOTHER PEARSON

Last week the Star received a letter from Father and Mother Pearson, of Garden Villas, Houston, Texas. The Rev. Samuel Pearson, or Father Pearson, as he was better known here, was for two or three years pastor of the local Congregational Church, and he and his good wife, Mother Pearson, were well and favorably known throughout the entire community.

Realizing that all who knew Father and Mother Pearson will be pleased to hear from them, and the further fact that their letter is intended for all their friends here, we will give the letter here for their pleasure. The letter follows:

102 Dillon, Houston, Texas.
Mr. John White,
Editor, The Friona Star,
Friona, Texas.

Dear Friend:

We enjoy your weekly digest of news, and Jodok and the Parmer. Also seeing the wise use the merchants and professional men have been making of the Star to reach the consumers in the trade territory and community of Friona.

It pleases us much to note the growth and loyal support of the good people here of all the institutions of Friona, regardless of individual preferences. Especially do we enjoy learning of the friendly and prosperous church and civic organizations and youth activities.

You may see from a paper being sent that we have at last really retired from active service, after 55 years. On the 15th of February we handed over this inviting parish work to another able minister, to carry on this expanding work, for we felt unequal longer to do the job as it ought to be done.

Mother's eyes must be cared for, and while this will still be our home and address, we may go East when spring is really here, for treatment. Otherwise, we keep as usual.

We send greetings to yourself and family, and to all who may remember us as neighbors, and wish for all a happy issue out of War's Alarms. Of course, the RIGHT will prevail. We blindly think the British will with our now assured help, triumph. Anyway—

"There standeth One within the shadows,
Keeping watch above His own."
Affectionately
Father and Mother Pearson,
March 17, 1941.

The paper referred to above was duly received at the Star office, and contained a very interesting sketch of the "Incurable Pioneer"—Ed.

THE RAIN CAME

During the past ten days the Friona territory has been experiencing the sort of weather that seems to be getting with the highest approval of all our people.

The temperature has been mild or at least, not cold enough to produce freezing, and on Friday of last week, a light drizzling rain began falling, which continued at intervals throughout the day and night and throughout most of the day Saturday, producing an estimated inch of moisture, which had fallen slowly that none of it was wasted, it all being absorbed by the soil as it fell.

Sunday was partly cloudy and mostly clear, as was also Monday, but on Monday night or the early part of Tuesday morning, a heavy fall of rain began which continued in heavier showers throughout the day Tuesday, giving us at least three inches of moisture within the week with about two inches of snow during Tuesday night.

Robert Fleschek and Dortha Hooper, together with Wanda McKinney and Howard Denney and Murlene Harten and Ilvius Rhodes, all of Friona, visited here Sunday night.

"The best quality that we have ever had in a Parmer county show," was the cryptic way County Agent Jason O. Gordon summed up the display of fat calves and swine shown at the Parmer County Junior Livestock Show in Friona, Friday and Saturday of last week.

In all, twenty-two fat calves and twenty-six sows and pigs, belonging to 4-H and FFA club boys over the county, were on display in the school barn of the Friona school from Friday morning through the middle of Saturday afternoon.

Despite the first mud this county has seen in several months, attendance at the show was good all weekend, officials reported, with all visitors in high good humor from the sun and the show room being well-lit at all times.

Alex Bateman, former Parmer county agent, but now of Hereford in Deaf Smith county, acted as judge of the beef calf division of the show, rating the animals by classification, as "prime", "choice", and "good." Jonroe May, of Bailey county, did the ranking in the swine division.

The top five calves of the show were also selected by Bateman, being listed as follows: C. L. Calaway Jr., Rhea 4-H; Perry Barnes Jr., Lazbuddy 4-H; A. V. Warren, Friona Jr. 4-H; Durwood Kimbrough, Lazbuddy FFA; Jimmie Seaton, Lazbuddy FFA.

Lee Roy Wilkerson carried off the grand champion award of the show, a swine division, with Jerrell McGlothlin's entry being listed as he reserve champion.

Cash donations from merchants and businessmen of the county made up the prize list, with all boys receiving at least \$1 for their entry, regardless of whether or not they placed in the top prize money.

A total of \$100.25 was awarded to 22 exhibitors in the calf division as follows: all prize animals, \$7.95 each; choice calves, \$4.75 each; good stock, \$5.25 each.

All fat pigs were sold at the show, bringing top Kansas City market prices to their owners, while the majority of the calves were loaded up to the Junior Boys Fat Stock Show, held in Lubbock the first three days of this week. Agent Gordon accompanied the boys and their entries to the Lubbock show.

Following is the complete prize list for the show:

- SWINE DIVISION**
Fat Litter
Walter Schuler's Rhea 4-H, 1st. 7.
C. L. Calaway, Rhea 4H, 2nd. \$5.
Truitt Johnson, Friona FFA, 3rd. \$3.
- No division of breeds, all competing as one class.

- Fat Pigs**
Wayne Manderscheid, Friona FFA 1st. \$4.
Vilo Weis, Friona FFA, 2nd. \$3.
Clarence Veazy, Lakeview 4-H, 3rd. 2.
C. L. Calaway, 4th. \$1.
All breeds competing.

- Bred Gilts**
Duroc—Verlin Talkington, Friona FFA, 1st; Wayne Manderscheid, 2nd. Hampshire—France Welch, Friona FFA, 1st; Webster Johnson, Friona FFA, 2nd; Artis Fallwell, Friona FFA, 3rd.
- All breeds competing, best four:
Welch, 1st, \$4; Talkington, 2nd, \$3; Manderscheid, 3rd, \$2; Fallwell, 4th, \$1.

- Open Gilts**
Duroc—Jerrell McGlothlin, Friona FFA, 1st; Charles Jones, Friona FFA, 2nd.
Hampshire—Doyle Cummings, Friona FFA, 1st; Doyle Stephens, Friona FFA, 2nd.
- All breeds competing, best four:
McGlothlin, 1st, \$4; Cummings, 2nd, \$3; Stephens, 3rd, \$2; Jones, 4th, \$1.

- Sows**
Lee Roy Wilkerson, Bovina FFA, 1st. \$4.
Tilden Slagle, Friona FFA, 2nd. \$3.
Floyd Retcor, Friona FFA, 3rd. \$2.
Tilden Slagle, 4th. \$1.

- Sow and Litter**
Truitt Johnson, Friona FFA, 1st. \$5.
Clayton Taylor, Friona FFA, 2nd. \$4.
Burl Beene, Friona FFA, 3rd. \$3.
Charles Simpson, Friona FFA, 4th. \$2.

- CALF DIVISION**
Prime
C. L. Calaway Jr., Rhea 4-H; Perry Barnes Jr., Lazbuddy 4-H; A. V. Warren, Friona Jr. 4-H; Durwood Kimbrough, Lazbuddy FFA.
- Choice**
Charles D. Julian Jr., Lazbuddy 4-H; Jimmie Seaton, Lazbuddy FFA; Glenn Hightower, Billie John Thorn.

On Sunday afternoon, a car belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Claude C. Boren, was totally wrecked by an east bound freight train, on the Santa Fe Railroad near the depot in Friona.

Mr. and Mrs. Boren had driven up to the depot platform on some matter of business, and in backing out so as to head north on Main Street, Mr. Boren missed the crossing and got his car across the track at the east end of it, the rear wheels being on the south and the front wheels on the north side of the track.

The rain the day before had made the ground soft and rather slippery, so that the wheels were unable to either back or go forward over the rails, and a long, east-bound through freight train was coming down the grade west of the station.

Finding their efforts futile to get the car from the track, both Mr. and Mrs. Boren climbed from the car and she ran westward along the track trying to flag the train down. The brakes ground and screeched, and the whistle yelled and shrieked, but to no avail; the momentum was too great to be overcome in so short a space, and the engine struck the car, hurling it across the side track, and several feet to the south of the main track. So complete was the wreck that it is said the only part of the car which was not bent, mashed or broken in the debacle, was the window in the rear of the top or body.

The train was brought to a stop about three blocks east of the station, and the engineer stated that he knew he could not miss hitting the car, and his great fear was that Mrs. Boren would not get off the track in time to avoid being struck by the engine.

Fortunately, neither of the occupants of the car were at all injured, and further, they had another and better car at home, so they are not left entirely afoot.

Mr. Alford, of a Dallas, was a business visitor in Friona, last week.

Mr. Dewey Ferguson, of Clovis, New Mexico, was a Friona visitor, Thursday.

FORMER FRIONA GIRL WEDS

Mrs. Claude Higgins, 406 Madison Street, is announcing the marriage of her daughter, Betty Jean Walker, to Ralph Rusk, of Los Angeles, California.

The marriage was performed at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Vaughn, in Hereford, Monday, Rev. Redford, of the Hereford First Christian Church, officiated.

Mr. and Mrs. Rusk left here yesterday for Los Angeles, to make their home.

(Taken from the Amarillo Daily News.)
Mrs. Rusk was a former Friona girl. She is the daughter of Homer T. Walker, and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, formerly of Friona but now of San Angelo, Tex. The Star joins with Mrs. Rusk's many friends in wishing for this young couple a long, happy, and prosperous life.

FIRST CENTIPEDE OF THE SEASON

Billy Ray Raybon, son of Mrs. Neva Raybon, brought to the Star office the latter part of last week what is, perhaps, the first centipede of the season, which he found while assisting his grandmother, Mrs. Nat Jones, while renewing her flower beds for the season.

The centipede, which Billy Ray brought in in a small glass jar, and which is still to be seen in the Star office window, is a giant of his kind, measuring more than five inches in length, and is rather a formidable looking specimen.

With less than six per cent of the world's land area and less than one per cent of the world's population, the United States has about 36 per cent of the world's railway mileage.

Mr. E. R. McCune of Lubbock, was a business visitor in Friona, Wednesday.

Mr. Jim Martin, of Farwell, Texas, was seen in Friona last Wednesday.

R. B. Seaton, Lazbuddy FFA; J. W. Gammon, Lazbuddy FFA; Jack Jarrell, Bovina FFA; J. W. Gammon; Billie John Thorn, Lazbuddy 4-H.

Good
John McFarland, Friona Jr. 4-H; Stacey Queen Jr., Bovina 4-H; Johnny Barnes Jr., Lazbuddy 4-H; A. V. Warren, Friona Jr. 4-H; Durwood Kimbrough, Lazbuddy FFA.



CARMEN OF THE RANCHO

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN © Frank H. Spearman WNU Service

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

But only when their fears had proven groundless, when it became evident that not a living soul was within sight or hearing, did Bowie and Carmen realize that a fountain of water close to the plaza was gushing with a roar into the air and running like a river over the potters.

They looked at the church but did not recognize it. It dawned on them that the tower was gone. They hurried to the house. Their knocking brought no response. They turned to the door of the church; it was still barred. With the earth shuddering every few moments under their feet, they shouted together, called the names of the two padres and their own names. Slowly and cautiously the church door was unbarred. Padre Martinez opened to them. Every soul—men, women and children—of those at the mission were on their knees, sending supplications up to heaven for help. Carmen, breaking into tears, joined them.

CHAPTER XVIII

It was days before Santa Clara Valley recovered from the shock of its mighty earthquake. Gradually news from the neighboring ranchos reached Rancho Guadalupe, and the excitement died when it was learned there had been no human casualties.

The earthquake was past; but Bowie's most troublesome problem still confronted him—the squatters.

He resolved to act at once. "There's nothing to be gained by temporizing—much may be lost," he said to Don Ramon energetically. "The quake has demoralized them—couldn't help but do it. Anyway, I'm going after them in the morning."

"As you think best, senior. Take care of yourself. To lose you would be to lose the whole battle for the rancho."

Carmen listened to the decision with uneasiness and anxiety, but there seemed no alternative. She, too, only begged Bowie to be careful.

Scouting about among the squatters the day before, Simmie had learned that some half dozen of them, chastened by the fright of the temblor, had decided to seek other regions for their abode. But these were the milder mannered of the invaders. The hard cases remained.

At daybreak the next morning Bowie took Pardaloe, Simmie and Pedro with him. Crossing the river, he directed his men to ask the squatters to come out for a talk. When six of them had straggled from their shacks Bowie, on his horse, explained his mission.

"I've called you together for a plain talk, boys," explained Bowie, addressing the six squatters and their following of twice as many scraggly-looking men. "You are claiming land here that doesn't belong to you. Hold on! Don't all try to talk at once. Wait till I get through and you can have your say. You've squatted here on a rancho without leave from the owner, without asking leave."

"You are killing the rancho cattle about as you please. You claim it's to feed yourselves; you claim that the owner's got more cattle than he needs and you haven't got any. But you don't say a word about his cattle that you've killed and sold in Monterey, do you? Not a word about his beef quarters and hides that you've traded for whisky there. You don't say a word about raiding the rancho storehouse and helping yourselves to flour and grain and wine. That has happened twice."

"Now, all that's going to stop. I say nothing more about old scores; about your trying to burn the mission night before last and your demanding that the Indian women be sent out to you."

"But take notice: You're headed, one and all, to get off Guadalupe Rancho and off the mission lands in twenty-four hours or to stand your ground with rifles and shotguns. For tomorrow morning I'll be here to clean this whole mess up and it'll be done. That's my say. Now you talk."

Deaf Peterson did talk, and he talked loud and long. "We stand on our rights as bony fidey settlers and citizens of the United States of America," he shouted finally. "You can't scare us 'n' we don't surrender our homesteads for you nor for all the greasers in California. Capt'n Blood'll be here tomorrow, boss. Talk to him if you want to. 'N' if you're looking for a fight you can get one right here now where you're horsin' around."

"You've had your warning, boys," retorted Bowie evenly; and without further parley he and his companions rode away.

After supper that night there was a council at the quarters of the Guadalupe vaqueros. Bowie had assembled Pardaloe, Simmie, Pedro, Felipe and three of the hardest of the cowboys for a conference. The plan of an attack on the squatter stronghold was discussed. The suggestion of a daylight assault was abandoned since it was almost certain to result in more casualties than would be likely in a night raid. It was no part of Bowie's plan to show any squatters, but the rancho

must be rid of their trespassing and their increasing depredations. No fixed plan was arrived at that night. The men chosen were only told to look to their arms, their ammunition, their mounts, and to hunt up a few knots for torches.

Bowie understood the value of suspense to worry defenders of a post and made no move to leave the rancho until the next day had passed. It was after midnight when he called together his men and rode quietly away for the river.

Carmen had refused to go to her room until he started. She was unnerved by the situation and the danger, and she stood with him at midnight in the patio until the last moment. Tears glistened in the moonlight as she lifted her face to the stars in prayer when he rode away. The raiding party made a wide detour in their approach to the squatter quarter. They forded the river well above it and came slowly down through the hills on the farther end of the settlement.

The moon was high but the chaparral along the river near the Melena afforded some protection as the horsemen wound their way through it.

In the silence after the next half-hour one man, Bowie, emerging from the shadows, stepped to the ramshackle door of the nearest shack. It was built with a patchwork of boards picked up wherever found and dragged by lariats, behind a horse, to the camp site; willow poles chopped from the Melena swamp had been added, together with strips of condemned sails picked up from the water front of Monterey.

Bowie knocked with the butt of his pistol on the flimsy door. "Hello! Inside there, boys! Hello!" he called.

A second and louder summons brought a tardy and profane response. "Get up," said Bowie sharply. "I want to talk to you."

There was some moving and fumbling about inside with more profane questions.

"We're friends," said Bowie, answering a question, "provided you behave yourself. Open the door." "Open it yourself," came the truculent challenge from within. Bowie kicked the door open and sprang to one side. At the same moment a pistol shot rang from within the shack.

"What are you shooting at?" asked Bowie casually. "Why waste your ammunition? There are twenty men out here. If you hit one you'll be shot or hanged in ten minutes. We're going to fire your shack. If you want quarter, come out now, while you've got a chance."

A tall, gaunt and dirty specimen of the American outlaw frontiersman of his day slowly emerged from the interior darkness into the clear moonlight that shone into the doorway. He was rigged in a loose ragged shirt and loose ragged trousers. He cursed and growled; swore he knew nothing of any summons, had been in Yerba Buena for three days, and ordered the midnight trespassers off his premises. Bowie made no effort to appease him. He repeated bluntly, "Get your belongings out of this shack if you don't want 'em burned up."

The squatter flew into a rage—apparently a planned one, for he ended it suddenly by pulling a pistol, hidden under his trouser band where his shirt hung loose, and firing it straight into Bowie's face. It was not quite fast enough. Bowie knocked the barrel aside and laid the butt of his own pistol heavily across the squatter's head as the man sprang to clinch him. He slammed the squatter aside just as a second man sprang like a panther through the doorway, knife in hand. It was a knife with a long blade. Bowie, taken somewhat by surprise, confessed next day it looked a yard long. He ducked to one side, but the second squatter, a smaller and quicker man, got the knife point into Bowie's left forearm before the latter could escape it. The stab served only to enrage the Texan, and the wily squatter took a fast beating from the pistol butt while Pardaloe and Simmie threw and bound the tall fellow.

"This buck is a wildcat," exclaimed Bowie, turning his smaller captive over to Pedro. "Look for his knife, Pedro. It's here somewhere on the ground. Felipe, fire this shack. No matter about the belongings. These fellows don't deserve any consideration. But first make sure there isn't someone drunk and asleep inside."

Felipe, with lighted pitch pine, hurried into and out of the empty cabin. The next minute it was ablaze. The two squatters were dragged away and left bound in the chaparral to work themselves free.

"Move fast, boys," counseled Bowie as he galloped with his men down the river. "The whole nest will be awake after that shot."

A quarter of a mile brought them to the second cabin. It was sounded, searched, found empty, and burned. "Guess some of the boys skeedaddied," suggested Pardaloe. "How's your arm, Henry?"

"All right." "Bleeding?" "Not much." "Got it tied pretty well?" "Good enough for tonight. Come on."

"There's another shack," said Pardaloe suddenly. "Look out!"

A burst of gunfire flashed from the chaparral next the river. Slugs whistled through the air. Felipe was hit but not badly. "Charge 'em!" shouted Bowie, and he spurred at the thicket. They rode down the ambush before the three men within it could reload. Short work was made. Two of the men were stopped and bound. The third, dodging rapidly through the brush, was pursued by Simmie out of the jungle, jerked from his feet by a lariat, and finally trussed up with his companions. Their rifles were hunted up in the thicket, found and thrown into the river. Shack after shack of that group was challenged and emptied. Each squatter was allowed to save what he had. The ranch horses they had stolen were claimed by Pedro, but Bowie quickly repaired his tactical error in claiming them.

"Where can a man get to on foot in this country, Pedro? We want 'em to travel fast and far. Give 'em the horses."

At a point where the river, fed by confluents, broadened, and along the slope running up toward the hills, lay some of the choicest field acres of the Guadalupe rancho. Here Blood, as squatter chief, had fixed his own abode. With the airy assurance of a squatter he had re-



Held his man against the horizon.

solved to take all he wanted for himself and had sworn he would defend himself.

Profiting by the absence of resistance from Don Ramon during his long illness, Blood had built upon his claim a rough attempt at a stockade. It stood on the brow of rise that overlooked the river for miles. The spot had been well chosen for defense and would prove, Bowie realized, a troublesome obstacle to the cleanup.

When they rode up in the moonlight to Blood's place Bowie gave orders to his scouts and vaqueros. "Take no chances here. This man is tough. He will shoot to kill; don't let him beat you to it. Scatter now. Work around by the Melena. Don't expose yourselves any more than you have to."

He had hardly spoken when the scream of a woman surprised everyone. A second scream followed; then a succession of moans, growing fainter.

Bowie's mind worked fast. He passed his rifle to the nearest vaquero. "Spread out and charge 'em, boys. A fight inside is our only chance," he shouted. "Scatter."

Spreading into a fan, they dashed forward. A second surprise greeted them at the stockade—a burst of gunfire. A vaquero was knocked from his saddle; a horse went down. Bowie and his two Texans galloped through the flimsy stockade to find themselves facing five fighting men.

They emptied their pistols, sprang from their saddles and rushed the squatters, who, clubbing their rifles, laid hotly about them. But they were dealing with men familiar with every trick of frontier fighting, and the knives of the quick-footed Texans turned the tide. One of the squatters went down, out. Two of them ran for the cabin, and the remaining two threw up their hands. Pricking them significantly, the Texan pushed them as unwilling shields toward the shack. A gunshot flashed and shattering it between the elbow and wrist.

With an impatient curse the wounded Texan, crouching in his saddle, spurred heading at his enemy. But Blood did not wait for the attack. Bowie knew that the squatter must have a second loaded pistol or he never would have fired so wild a shot—a shot with which he could at best only have hoped to hit the horse. But Blood did not know that Bowie had thrown away his empty pistols and now carried only a knife. The squatter wheeled and plunged into the bog, Bowie racing after him.

When Blood, hotly pursued by Bowie, dashed into the swamp a feathered scream rose from a myriad of birds in their sanctuary, rudely invaded. Slinking cats scampered madly from under the plunging hoofs of the two horses. The Melena woke in panic, pulling the squatter victim away.

"Do you want to murder the fellow?"

"Just want to see how many there is up there shooting," said Pardaloe amiably. And without hesitation he stepped into the doorway himself. No shot greeted him. "Jus' I thought; jus' two uv 'em there. Look here," he said, shaking the squatter savagely, "who's up in the woods?"

"Must be Deaf Peterson 'n' the captain," the squatter mumbled. "Jus' I thought, Henry—Blood and Peterson," commented Pardaloe.

"Get to the horses," exclaimed Bowie. "We'll see how much fight there is in those fellows. Pedro, look after the woman. Burn the shack and ride after us. That timber is thin; not much chance to hide. Go!"

The run, with Pardaloe and the long-bearded Simmie at Bowie's heels, was across an open meadow that exposed the riders to rifle fire. This was held back until the three men were fair moonlight targets. But the beads were drawn on men spurting hard and heading straight at the enemy.

The squatter rifles blazed. Blood, especially, was accounted a dead shot, but the odds that night were against marksmanship from the wood. Pardaloe's horse stumbled. His knees crumpled, and Pardaloe took a cropper. Man and beast rolled violently along the ground. Simmie took a flesh wound under his right arm. Bowie, riding faster, reached the timber before the squatters could reload.

Blood and his companion made no stand. Bowie caught sight of the two dashing through the trees on horseback and gave chase to the one closest. Simmie, more enraged than seriously hurt, took after the other. It chanced that Peterson was Simmie's quarry; Bowie was chasing Blood.

The squatters rode the fresher horses; they were more familiar with the country. And their pursuers, not able at every moment to keep their eyes on the chase and dodge among the willows and laurels, found their hands full.

Bowie succeeded in chasing his man out of the timber to a stretch of open country. Both horses, despite the desperate spurring of their riders, were showing the grueling pace, but both held out till day was breaking.

In the stillness of the early dawn, with Bowie straining every effort to keep his man in sight, the chase, mile after mile, went on; only the flying rhythm of the horses' hoofs broke the silence ushering in a peaceful day. And where nature calmed the heart of man, two men thundered in deadly enmity across a field of poppies that turned the dull brown of the cropped grass for miles into a glory of golden blooms.

The Texan with straining eyes held his man against the distant horizon. No thought of relenting, no thought of mercy, restrained him. The insolence and invasion of a squatter might be forgiven. But the Texan's thoughts were set on the cold-blooded murder of an unoffending Indian. That murderer must be held and punished, and his pursuer meant he should be.

With a sharp jerk of the bit Blood wheeled suddenly to the right, away from the poppies and toward the Melena. It was a desperate move for refuge, but if the murderer could gain the swamp far enough ahead of his pursuer he could turn on Bowie and pick him off his horse from hiding.

It was a ten-mile run to the great swamp. Mile after mile fled under the drumming feet of the straining ponies. Yet Blood, even on the fresher mount, could gain but little on his grim pursuer. Every glance backward from the murderer's saddle lessened his hope of a chance to reload for a shot after gaining the swamp, for Bowie, alive to the trick, was bent on defeating it.

Sooner than seemed possible, the two men, racing on warbling grass of the Melena border. Blood, glancing back over his shoulder, yelled a defiance and, halting on the very edge of the morass, whipped out a pistol and threw a shot at his pursuer.

It was an impossible shot, made from the saddle on a restive horse at more than fifty yards, yet the slug went home, tearing into Bowie's already pricked right forearm and shattering it between the elbow and wrist.

With an impatient curse the wounded Texan, crouching in his saddle, spurred heading at his enemy. But Blood did not wait for the attack. Bowie knew that the squatter must have a second loaded pistol or he never would have fired so wild a shot—a shot with which he could at best only have hoped to hit the horse. But Blood did not know that Bowie had thrown away his empty pistols and now carried only a knife. The squatter wheeled and plunged into the bog, Bowie racing after him.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for March 30

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CHRIST'S COMMISSION

LESSON TEXT—Luke 24:36-53. GOLDEN TEXT—Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you.—Luke 24:49.

Calvary and the darkness of the tomb gave way to the glory of the resurrection morning. Jesus had appeared to the two on the Emmaus road, and when they hurried back to Jerusalem to tell the eleven disciples, who were gathered behind barred doors, they found that He had already appeared, not only to the women, whose story they did not believe (see v. 11), but also to Peter (v. 34). While they were excitedly discussing this great wonder, apparently torn between belief and unbelief, joy and sorrow, suddenly Jesus appeared, coming through the barred door and greeting them with a blessed message of peace.

I. A Risen Christ for Fellowship (vv. 36-43). The disciples were bewildered and slow to believe. Perhaps we would have done no better.

Note how patient and gracious He was in dealing with these frightened—and, in a sense, stupid—disciples. He might have been so discouraged by their unbelief as to be short and sharp with them, but He was not. We need to learn of Him. There are weak brethren even in the church of Christ who need our tender and patient consideration (see Rom. 15:1; I Thess. 5:14). Christ died for the weak brother too (I Cor. 8:11).

What a blessed time of fellowship the disciples and the Lord had together. Such times are greatly needed for our mutual encouragement. Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together (Heb. 10:25). In a day of need and trial those that fear the Lord should speak often with one another and with the Lord (Mal. 3:16; I John 1:7).

II. A Dependable Book for Guidance and Instruction

(vv. 44-46). Jesus gave His own endorsement to the Old Testament as a dependable record of the prophecies concerning His person and His work of redemption. The critics of God's Word must face the fact that their man-made theories are in conflict with the testimony of the Son of God. Of the two, we know whom we will believe!

Notice that an important part of the Lord's fellowship with His disciples was devoted to opening their minds so they could understand the Scripture. The word "opened" might be translated "disentangled." He took out the prejudices, the wrong ideas, and set them free to understand and appreciate the Scriptures.

III. A Great Message for Proclamation

(vv. 47-49). Fellowship with Christ and a knowledge of God's Word which does not result in an aggressive witness for Him is quite useless. We meet Him and learn His truth that we may carry it out to all nations, not forgetting (note it!) to begin at the wicked Jerusalem which is right at our doorstep.

The business, and the only business, of the Church is that witness. We need to renew our commission, get it clearly in mind, and then proceed to carry it out. "But," someone may say, "we are not able for this great task." Of course not; but He is able, and will enable us.

"Power from on high" is the portion of God's witnesses. This world worships power—mechanical, political or military power. The greatest power of all is spiritual power, and God is ready to give it to His faithful witnesses.

Note that the message is one of repentance and remission of sins "in His name." The gospel of Christ is the primary need of men and women, boys and girls, in your community and mine; yes, and to the very ends of the earth.

IV. An Ascended Lord to Worship

(vv. 50-53). The ascension of Christ is not often made the subject of a sermon or message in the church, but it is an important doctrine of Scripture. It marks the completion of the work of Christ, and His return to the place of honor at the right hand of the Father. There, before the Father's throne, He is the advocate of every believer, the pledge and assurance of a perfect and eternal fellowship between God and believing man.

The worship which the disciples gave to Christ as He ascended went on as they returned to their appointed place of witness, for they continually praised Him. Such should be the attitude of every true believer. In the temple of his own heart there should always be the joy of the Lord as He is there worshiped and adored.

Now we have completed our study of Luke, but we cannot stop here, for the Gospel, according to Luke's own statement in Acts 1:1, was only the story of what Jesus "began both to do and to teach." The continuation of that account is found in the book of Acts, which we begin to study next Sunday.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Collapse of opposition to 'Lend-Lease' Bill due to attitude of Senators' constituents . . . Statement of Britain's war aims helpful only to Hitler.

WASHINGTON.—Most people out in the country think that the opposition to the lend-lease-Britain bill conducted a long-drawn-out filibuster. There is a surprising amount of sentiment that the delay in the passage of this measure was inexcusable.

Putting to one side the merits of the opposition, the fact remains that the crumbling of the opposition, the sudden collapse which permitted the final passage of the bill by the senate on March 8, was a surprise and totally unexpected. Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, spearhead of the opposition, had been so confident in January that he was sure he could hold off a final vote until June! He missed his guess by three months.

The question is WHY? There was no lack of filibustering power. The debate could have been indefinitely extended.

Innumerable amendments could have been proposed, and each one of the opposition senators could have talked to the limit of his physical capacity on each one of them. There was no other plan than to do precisely this when the debate opened. What caused the abandonment of this fierce resolve on the part of Wheeler and his colleagues?

WATCH 'HOME' SENTIMENT

To find out why the filibuster collapsed one has to look outside of Washington, and outside of New York. The simple answer is that the men conducting that filibuster, for that is what it started out to be despite all the denials, did not like what they heard from back home about the reactions.

A man doesn't get to be senator, except at rare intervals, without knowing a good deal about politics; without knowing just what a political organization can do and what it cannot do. Voting the way a particular constituent wants you to vote on some particular issue does not mean that he will vote for you next time you come up. But when you vote AGAINST what that constituent wants, particularly if he happens to think that particular issue is the most important thing in the world, is very apt to make him vote against you the next time you run regardless of everything else.

Too many people, in too many states, thought this lend-lease bill and its bearing on the war the most important thing in the world. Lots of them did not bother to write letters, but every senator has plenty of listening posts. In a nutshell, that's the answer.

President Roosevelt Opposes Statement of 'War Aims'

Nothing is so annoying to President Roosevelt and his lieutenants in the field of war activities as the frequently repeated demand of many so-called intellectuals and commentators that the British government state its war aims.

"It reminds me," one very close and trusted advisor of the President stated, "of two men grappling in a death struggle. Each has almost reached his opponent's jugular vein. A casual passerby shouts for one of the men to stop and state what he is fighting about. As though he could stop and face the fact that in that pause his enemy would almost certainly kill him."

There is no secret about this view of such demands in the administration. Authorized spokesmen in high positions are saying it to small groups in off-the-record talks every few days. They are doing their best to make the country understand, without coming right out and saying so, that nothing in the world would serve the purposes of Hitler much more successfully than to have a statement of British war aims right now.

POLICY IS UNSOUND

It takes only a few moments' consideration of this problem to see why. Years back President Coolidge was fond of saying to inquirers about a certain policy: "I will tell you what I have decided to do, but not the mental processes by which I reached that decision. You may agree with the decision, but you might not agree with the mental processes."

Take a look back at the last war. Obviously a majority of the people of the United States were in favor of going into it.

A strong minority, consisting of most of the German-Americans and pacifists, were opposed. But suppose that the eventual terms of the Versailles treaty had been announced at that time! Then remember how many national groups in this country were bitter against Wilson in 1920 because of those terms!

On the other hand, what would be gained by a statement of war aims at this time? Whom would it please, save the Nazis and a few critics, most of whom have been opposed to U. S. aid for Britain anyhow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Britain Fights Hijacking of Food

Scotland Yard Is Kept Busy Hunting Receivers of 'Hot' Foodstuffs.

LONDON.—Scotland Yard reports increasing activity by organized gangs of food "hijackers" and "boot-leggers" and moved swiftly to hunt out receivers and distributors dealing in "hot" foodstuffs.

Detectives said the hijackers apparently were well-organized. In many instances, stolen food trucks were found empty and abandoned within an hour after being seized in tactics reminiscent of the Al Capone days in Chicago.

Latest theft reported was that of a lorry laden with cases of eggs valued at \$1,400. The empty lorry was found shortly after it was reported missing.

Scotland Yard's ace sleuths reported that the hijackers shadowed their quarry to learn the movements and habits of the driver. As soon as the truck was left unattended for a moment, the hijackers raced away with it.

They rushed the stolen goods to a hideaway where the cargo was transferred to another truck, or to a secret depot, or sometimes directly to the food "fences."

Cut for Hijackers.

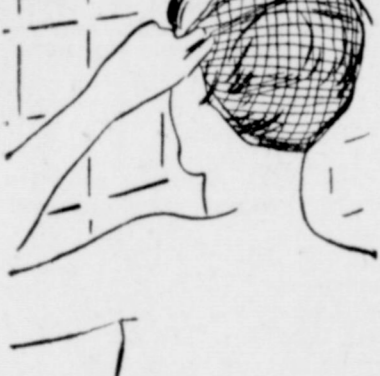
Detectives said that the hijackers took a cut of 50 per cent of the value of the "hot" food. Hijacked beans, biscuits and bacon, they said, usually were distributed by "fences," among hole-in-the-corner shops and small cafes, whose owners were willing to run the risk of dealing in illicit goods.

One suspected restaurant, detectives said, offered a menu of steaks, chops, lamb, bacon, oxtail and eggs, while neighboring cafes could find no legal supplies of such popular delicacies.

One truck carrying \$720 worth of groceries was "snatched" from a locked garage. A van loaded with 1,400 pounds of vegetables was whisked away while the driver was making a call. Three such robberies were reported within a single week.

Soldier Imprisoned.

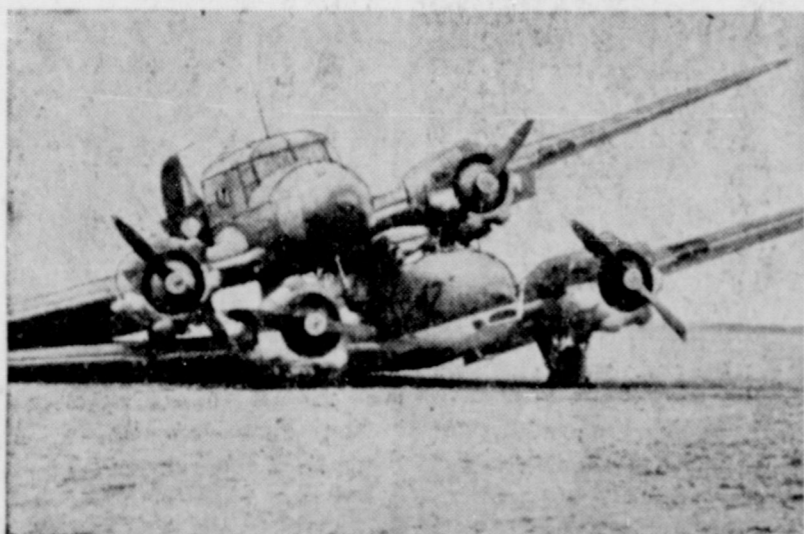
Even the army has been victimized. Lance Corporal Harold O'Sullivan was imprisoned recently for stealing 107 pounds of sugar from



A CERTAIN very attractive swimming champion gives as a valuable tip. Before putting on your rubber cap (either for swimming or shower) pin a hairnet over your neatly arranged curls. Then even if a little water seeps in, your hairdo will be kept in order. It serves as a wave set.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Planes Land Pick-a-Back



Pilots of these two Canadian planes escaped unhurt after they collided in midair and were brought down to a safe landing. The pilots were students in training near Macleod, Alberta. A similar accident occurred in Australia a few months ago with two bombing planes. Crews of both planes also escaped unhurt.

DESIGN ALL-PLASTIC PLANES TO TRAIN FLIERS IN CANADA

OTTAWA.—Prospects are good for the production in Canada soon of all-plastic elementary and intermediate training planes.

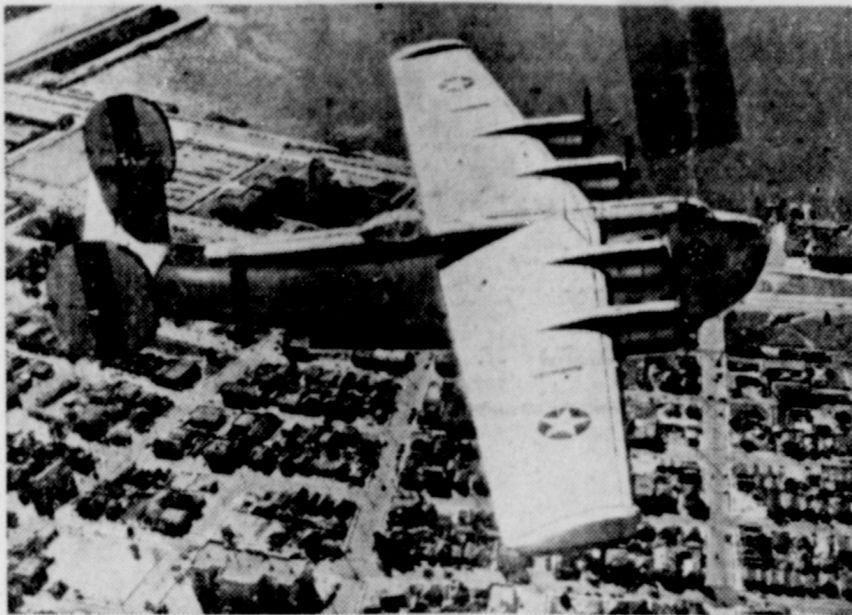
Announcement is expected momentarily of the establishment near Toronto of a plant for the manufacture of plastic "noses" for Avro-Anson bombing trainers, samples of which were successfully test-flown in Canada recently. The plant will be a Canadian branch of an American

company which has made considerable progress in experiments with plastic fuselages. A large order for plastic Anson noses will be ready for this company, and the expectation is that production of entire fuselages and wings will soon follow.

Canadian aircraft manufacturers have a \$50,000,000 order for twin-engine Avro-Anson bombers for use in the empire air-training plan. Because of the necessity of redesigning this aircraft, and for other reasons, production has been long delayed, and the circumstances are reported to be such that important reorganization will be necessary in the procurement set-up.

But the plastic experiments have been proceeding without delay and a number of manufacturers are experimenting, both in Canada and the United States.

Powerful Bomber Joins Navy



One of the greatest fleet of four-engine bombers in the world, now being built by Consolidated Aircraft corporation, joins the U. S. navy. Known as the PB2Y this is the largest and most powerful airplane in navy service.



SAMMY JAY LEARNS WHAT A BAD NAME MEANS

SAMMY JAY started out very hopefully to make himself right with his neighbors. You see, he had made the mistake of telling as a fact something that he only thought was a fact. He had spread the news all over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest that Old Man Coyote had given up his home and gone away, and there had been great rejoicing among the little people who fear Old Man Coyote.



"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog in his deepest voice.

Sammy had really thought it true when he had told that story, but it wasn't, and now everybody knew it and would have nothing to do with Sammy. So he had thought and thought until at last an idea had come to him for making himself right with his neighbors. He would tell them some good news that was true—that he knew was true. Then they would be glad and would forget about his mistake the other day.

So straight to the Smiling Pool flew Sammy Jay and tried not to see that all who were there turned their backs on him when they saw him coming. "Say," he cried as soon as he reached the big hickory tree on the edge of the Smiling Pool, "I've got some news you'll all like to hear, and it's really, truly true!"

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog in his deepest voice.

"It's a very pleasant day, isn't it?" said Jerry Muskrat to Billy Mink.

Billy nodded. "It isn't exactly Jay weather," said he.

"Chug-a-rum! Ha, ha, ha! Chug-a-

rum!" Sammy Jay turned his head quickly to look at Grandfather Frog, but Grandfather Frog was gazing up at Ol' Mistah Buzzard sailing round and round, way up in the blue, blue sky, and looked as solemn as if he didn't know how to laugh. Sammy swallowed hard to get rid of a lump in his throat.

"It's about Farmer Brown's Boy and his traps—he's put 'em away. Anyway, he's taken up those he set for Old Man Coyote and thrown them in a corner just as if he didn't intend to use them again." Sammy was trying to be wholly truthful.

There was a little Jay who found it didn't pay "To tell a tale we know wasn't true, true, true. For one who will deceive We will no more believe; He fooled us once and that'll have to do, do, do."

It was little Joe Otter who said this. "But I didn't mean to fool you. It was all a mistake. I thought it was true. Truly I did," said Sammy miserably. "Anyway, this about Farmer Brown's Boy and his traps is true because I saw him with my own eyes take up those traps and carry them home and throw them in a corner."

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog quite as if talking to himself. "A bad name is like a burr—it is easy to get, and once got it sticks. Those who steal or tell things which are not so are—"

"Oh, I know. You needn't finish it. Because they have made mistakes they are never again to be trusted," interrupted Sammy bitterly. "I thought you folks would be glad to know that Farmer Brown's Boy has thrown his traps in a corner, and so I came over here to tell you. I wish I hadn't. I wish I wish he would come set his traps all around the Smiling Pool, so there!" Sammy spread his wings and prepared to fly back to the Green Forest.

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

Don't take my WORD for it!
FRANK COLBY
SOUND YOUR 'A'

Words ending in -ative are found to be a stumbling block by many a speaker and lead to frequent and embarrassing errors.

It is natural, though erroneous, to reason: If it is correct to say "executive," then "spec-U-lative" is correct; if "FIG-urative" is right, "OP-erative" likewise is right.

But it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule for pronouncing -ative words. In some, as speculative, operative, imaginative, initiative, co-operative, it is best usage to sound your "A" and say "SPEC-u-LAY-tive, OP-er-AY-tive, im-AJ-i-NAY-tive, in-ISH-i-AY-tive, co-OP-er-AY-tive," while in others, as comparative, conservative, demonstrative, superlative, imperative, there is but one accent and the "a" becomes obscure as in sofa: "com-PAR-uh-tive, con-SER-vuh-tive, dee-MON-struh-tive, su-PER-luh-tive, im-PER-uh-tive." There is nothing to guide us but the dictionary. To be safe, look up each individual -ative word of your vocabulary. You will receive more than one surprise.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

100-Mile School Unit Is Headed by Woman

MARATHON, TEXAS.—A woman, Mrs. Roy Stillwell, is president of what is believed to be the largest independent school district in the United States.

The district in which Marathon schools are located is roughly 100 miles square and includes a vast section including the proposed Big Bend National park.

German Teach a Lesson To Children of Brussels

BRUSSELS.—Numerous chalk inscriptions "R.A.F." appeared recently on walls, billboards, and sidewalks throughout Brussels.

As a result school children were by order of the burgomaster, compelled to write in their copybooks as follows:

"The German authorities several times have warned us they will not tolerate repetition of certain chalk inscriptions, whose authors generally are the pupils of Etterbeek schools. Those inscriptions were made on school walls, private house walls and sidewalks. We must declare that the German authorities will take serious measures against children as well as parents if the facts complained of continue to occur."

Chester the Pup



CLARA'S UNCLE BUSHWACK is here visiting us for a couple of days. He's a professor of history at some university, and I guess he used to be a pretty decent guy, but the way they've been changing the map of Europe lately has been making uncle a little bit punchy. He's so skinny that when he bends down he looks like a lead pencil with a hinge in it. Having Uncle Bushwack around getting in your hair is bad enough, but he also brought along Buzzer, his pet monkey. That undersized gorilla swings through the house by his tail, and when he starts to chatter the noise he makes is terrific. It sounds like bank night at a shooting gallery. He's begging for a punch in the nose. This afternoon I was taking a nap and Buzzer sneaked up and nearly pulled my ear off, but before I could grab him he was snatched by the draperies.

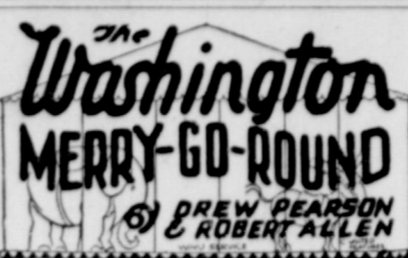
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Sioux in Infantry Are Kin of Custer Enemies

FORT LEWIS, WASH.—Sioux braves whose fathers and grandfathers participated in the Custer massacre at the Little Big Horn in 1876 are in the army now. They are attached to Company B 163rd National Guard. All but about 10 of the company's 88 men are Sioux. Three of its four officers are Indians. Commander of the company is an Indian who rose from the ranks.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

There are many wags in the state department, but only one who wears the name—Alfred Wagg III. He handles refugees. Colorado's Rep. Edward T. Taylor, 83, is the wordiest man in the Congressional Directory. His personally penned biography, over 650 words long, takes up almost an entire page. Unlike 84-year-old Sen. Carter Glass, who does not give the year of his birth, Taylor makes no secret of his.



Washington, D. C. BIGGEST CROP BUYING PLAN YET

During debate on the lease-lend bill, Senator Murray of Montana came up to the vice president's dais and whispered in Henry Wallace's ear. The bill, he said, ought to contain a provision whereby Britain would buy or borrow farm products as well as armaments.

Vice President Wallace replied that he thought so, too, but had not felt it necessary to "spell it out" in the bill. However, he mentioned the matter to Senate Floor Leader Barkley, who offered an amendment to the lease-lend bill.

This was the simple mechanics whereby the biggest farm purchase plan since the last war was started.

Most people don't realize it, but the lease-lend act makes the United States not only the arsenal for Great Britain, but also her granary, packing house and slaughter house.

A total of \$1,300,000,000 has been allocated out of the seven billions for British defense—all of which will bring sorely needed help to the farmer. So while industrial regions have prospered in this war, the farmer so far has not.

In the last war not only England, but France, Italy and the Scandinavian countries, even Russia needed wheat and cotton. Farm prices zoomed. But in this war all these areas except England have been cut off from American markets by the British blockade.

As a result, farm prices are low and surpluses mounting. We have a corn carry-over four times normal, or 700,000,000 bushels. The wheat carry-over is 400,000,000 bushels; while the government has 11,000,000 bales of cotton under loan or wholly owned, plus 372,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 2,735,000 pounds of surplus butter, 3,609,000 dozen surplus eggs, 37,000,000 pounds of surplus vegetables and 25,000,000 pounds of surplus fruit. In other words, the ever-normal granary is not normal at all. It is full and running over.

Sales—or loans—to England will be chiefly in live stock products such as canned pork, dried eggs, evaporated milk, lard and cheese, which England once got from Poland, Denmark and Holland, but doesn't any more.

Agriculture department experts who have been studying the question don't expect the British to ask for wheat or corn. England gets all its needs from the Dominions. But they figure that British purchases of live stock products, such as pork, will greatly help the price of corn and be a great boon to the corn belt.

Whether or not the British will pay for this later or make some kind of a swap, has not been decided yet. The matter is entirely up to the President, and he has kept completely mum on the subject.

Note—Man at the head of the farm-products-for-Britain program is Milo Perkins, a dynamic young Texan, who as administrator of surplus marketing already is an expert on getting rid of Uncle Sam's perpetual excess crops.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Bottlenecks may be snarling some phases of defense construction, but not the two-ocean navy. Inside fact is that battleships, cruisers and destroyers—the "big three" of the ship-building gallery—are being turned out months ahead of the schedules laid down when congress approved the naval expansion last year.

Two new battleships, the North Carolina and the Washington, originally slated for commission late this year, will join the fleet in June, increasing the number of "battleships" to 17. Fifteen others are under construction.

Naval chiefs estimated that the top number of destroyers to come off the ways this year would be 12. But actually 17 will be completed in the next nine months, bringing the destroyer fleet up to 176, a large part of them super-craft of the latest design.

Here's the present status of the whole fleet:

Ships on hand—15 battleships; 18 heavy cruisers; 19 light cruisers, 159 destroyers, including 74 over-age; 105 submarines, including 68 over-age; and 6 aircraft carriers. Total combat ships in commission—322.

Ships being built—17 battleships (including the North Carolina and the Washington); 14 heavy cruisers; 40 light cruisers; 204 destroyers; 80 submarines; and 12 aircraft carriers. Total ships being built—367.

The 204 destroyers will be completed by 1945; 17 this year, 45 in 1942, 86 in 1943, 52 in 1944, and four in 1945.

NEW IDEAS For Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

HOUSES of glass are realities today and, if you want to give any house a modern air, try to make the windows seem important. One way is to frame them in a group by covering the wall and leaving the glass exposed. A comparison of these two sketches shows that this may be done even though the windows are unevenly spaced. The cream colored walls, glass curtains and window shades are the same in both and the same two-toned green rug and the same lamp and pictures are used. The



NEW BOOK SHELF LAMP SHADE AND GAY CHINTZ AND THIS CHANGE—CURTAINS HANG OVER WALL FROM THE PICTURE MOLDING

WINDOWS SEEM SMALL AND ROOM LACKS COLOR

couch and cushions are also the same but the covers are new. An inexpensive chintz with gray-green ground and a flower pattern is used for draperies and to trim the couch cover of heavier gray-green cotton material which is also used for the cushions. The glass curtains are hung on rods suspended from the picture moulding with picture wire and hooks. The side drapes are unlined but the valance is made over buckram. Both are tacked to pine strips and are hung with picture hooks. One end of the book shelves is closed in to make a head for the couch. The outside is painted gray-green and the inside dark green. The parchment lamp shade has green bindings.

NOTE: All types of curtains and draperies are clearly explained with cutting and making directions in Mrs. Spears' SEWING Book 1—draw curtains, lined draperies, pinch pleated curtains, cornice boards, valance boards, as well as standard and period type curtains. Directions for modernizing a couch, various types of chairs, and a fascinating assortment of other useful homemaking projects are contained in Book 5. Copies are 10 cents each. Send order to:

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How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

FEMALE PAIN WITH WEAK, CRANKY NERVOUS FEELINGS—

Women who suffer pain of irregular periods and are nervous, cranky due to monthly functional disturbances should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound simply marvelous to relieve such annoying symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women to help relieve such distressing feelings and thus help them go smiling thru such "difficult days." Over 1,000,000 women have reported remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING! Any drugstore.

Labor's Power Labor has the power to rid us of three great evils—Boredom, Vice and Poverty.—Voltaire

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

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As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—
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CARMEN OF THE RANCHO

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN © Frank H. Spearman WNU Service

CHAPTER XVII—Continued

But only when their fears had proven groundless, when it became evident that not a living soul was within sight or hearing, did Bowie and Carmen realize that a fountain of water close to the plaza was gushing with a roar into the air and running like a river over the potter.

They looked at the church but did not recognize it. It dawned on them that the tower was gone. They hurried to the house. Their knocking brought no response. They turned to the door of the church; it was still barred. With the earth shuddering every few moments under their feet, they shouted together, called the names of the two padres and their own names. Slowly and cautiously the church door was unbarred. Padre Martinez opened to them. Every soul—men, women and children—of those at the mission were on their knees, sending supplications up to heaven for help. Carmen, breaking into tears, joined them.

CHAPTER XVIII

It was days before Santa Clara Valley recovered from the shock of its mighty earthquake. Gradually news from the neighboring ranchos reached Rancho Guadalupe, and the excitement died when it was learned there had been no human casualties.

The earthquake was past; but Bowie's most troublesome problem still confronted him—the squatters.

He resolved to act at once. "There's nothing to be gained by temporizing—much may be lost," he said to Don Ramon energetically. "The quake has demoralized them—couldn't help but do it. Anyway, I'm going after them in the morning."

"As you think best, señor. Take care of yourself. To lose you would be to lose the whole battle for the rancho."

Carmen listened to the decision with uneasiness and anxiety, but there seemed no alternative. She, too, only begged Bowie to be careful.

Scouting about among the squatters the day before, Simmie had learned that some half dozen of them, chastened by the fright of the temblor, had decided to seek other regions for their abode. But these were the milder mannered of the invaders. The hard cases remained.

At daybreak the next morning Bowie took Pardaloe, Simmie and Pedro with him. Crossing the river, he directed his men to ask the squatters to come out for a talk. When six of them had straggled from their shacks Bowie, on his horse, explained his mission.

"I've called you together for a plain talk, boys," explained Bowie, addressing the six squatters and their following of twice as many scraggly-looking men. "You are claiming land here that doesn't belong to you. Hold on! Don't all try to talk at once. Wait till I get through and you can have your say. You've squatted here on a rancho without leave from the owner, without asking leave.

"You are killing the rancho cattle about as you please. You claim it's to feed yourselves; you claim that the owner's got more cattle than he needs and you haven't got any. But you don't say a word about his cattle that you've killed and sold in Monterey, do you? Not a word about his beef quarters and hides that you've traded for whisky there. You don't say a word about raiding the rancho storehouse and helping yourselves to flour and grain and wine. That has happened twice.

"Now, all that's going to stop. I say nothing more about old scores; about your trying to burn the mission night before last and your demanding that the Indian women be sent out to you.

"But take notice: You're headed, one and all, to get off Guadalupe Rancho and off the mission lands in twenty-four hours or to stand your ground with rifles and shotguns. For tomorrow morning I'll be here to clean this whole mess up and it'll be done. That's my say. Now you talk."

Deaf Peterson did talk, and he talked loud and long. "We stand on our rights as bony fidey settlers and citizens of the United States of America," he shouted finally. "You can't scare us 'n' we don't surrender our homesteads for you nor for all the greasers in California. Capt'n Blood'll be here tomorrow, boss. Talk to him if you want to. 'N' if you're looking for a fight you can get one right here now where you're horsin' around."

"You've had your warning, boys," retorted Bowie evenly; and without further parley he and his companions rode away.

After supper that night there was a council at the quarters of the Guadalupe vaqueros. Bowie had assembled Pardaloe, Simmie, Pedro, Felipe and three of the hardest of the cowboys for a conference. The plan of an attack on the squatter stronghold was discussed. The suggestion of a daylight assault was abandoned since it was almost certain to result in more casualties than would be likely in a night raid. It was no part of Bowie's plan to shoot any squatters, but the rancho

must be rid of their trespassing and their increasing depredations. No fixed plan was arrived at that night. The men chosen were only told to look to their arms, their ammunition, their mounts, and to hunt up a few knots for torches.

Bowie understood the value of suspense to worry defenders of a post and made no move to leave the rancho until the next day had passed. It was after midnight when he called together his men and rode quietly away for the river.

Carmen had refused to go to her room until he started. She was unnerved by the situation and the danger, and she stood with him at midnight in the patio until the last moment. Tears glistened in the moonlight as she lifted her face to the stars in prayer when he rode away.

The raiding party made a wide detour in their approach to the squatter quarter. They forded the river well above it and came slowly down through the hills on the farther end of the settlement.

The moon was high but the chaparral along the river near the Melena afforded some protection as the horsemen wound their way through it.

In the silence after the next half-hour one man, Bowie, emerging from the shadows, stepped to the ramshackle door of the nearest shack. It was built with a patchwork of boards picked up wherever found and dragged by lariat, behind a horse, to the camp site; willow poles chopped from the Melena swamp had been added, together with strips of condemned sails picked up from the water front of Monterey.

Bowie knocked with the butt of his pistol on the flimsy door. "Hello! Inside there, boys! Hello!" he called.

A second and louder summons brought a tardy and profane response. "Get up," said Bowie sharply. "I want to talk to you."

There was some moving and fumbling about inside with more profane questions.

"We're friends," said Bowie, answering a question, "provided you behave yourself. Open the door."

"Open it yourself," came the truculent challenge from within. Bowie kicked the door open and sprang to one side. At the same moment a pistol shot rang from within the shack.

"What are you shooting at?" asked Bowie casually. "Why waste your ammunition? There are twenty men out here. If you hit one you'll be shot or hanged in ten minutes. We're going to fire your shack. If you want quarter, come out now, while you've got a chance."

A tall, gaunt and dirty specimen of the American outlaw frontiersman of his day slowly emerged from the interior darkness into the clear moonlight that shone into the doorway. He was rigged in a loose ragged shirt and loose ragged trousers. He cursed and growled; swore he knew nothing of any summons, had been in Yerba Buena for three days, and ordered the midnight trespassers off his premises. Bowie made no effort to appease him. He repeated bluntly, "Get your belongings out of this shack if you don't want 'em burned up."

The squatter flew into a rage—apparently a planned one, for he ended it suddenly by pulling a pistol, hidden under his trouser band where his shirt hung loose, and firing it straight into Bowie's face.

It was not quite fast enough. Bowie knocked the barrel aside and laid the butt of his own pistol heavily across the squatter's head as the man sprang to clinch him. He slammed the squatter aside just as a second man sprang like a panther through the doorway, knife in hand.

It was a knife with a long blade. Bowie, taken somewhat by surprise, confessed next day it looked a yard long. He ducked to one side, but the second squatter, a smaller and quicker man, got the knife point into Bowie's left forearm before the latter could escape it. The stab served only to enrage the Texan, and the wiry squatter took a fast beating from the pistol butt while Pardaloe and Simmie threw and bound the tall fellow.

"This buck is a wildcat," exclaimed Bowie, turning his smaller captive over to Pedro. "Look for his knife, Pedro. It's here somewhere on the ground. 'Felipe, fire this shack. No matter about the belongings. These fellows don't deserve any consideration. But first make sure there isn't someone drunk and asleep inside."

Felipe, with lighted pitch pine, hurried into and out of the empty cabin. The next minute it was ablaze. The two squatters were dragged away and left bound in the chaparral to work themselves free.

"Move fast, boys," counseled Bowie as he galloped with his men down the river. "The whole nest will be awake after that shot."

A quarter of a mile brought them to the second cabin. It was sounded, searched, found empty, and burned. "Guess some of the boys skeddaddled," suggested Pardaloe. "How's your arm, Henry?"

"All right."

"Bleeding?"

"Not much."

"Got it tied pretty well?"

"Good enough for tonight. Come on."

"There's another shack," said Pardaloe suddenly. "Look out!"

A burst of gunfire flashed from the chaparral next the river. Slugs whistled through the air. Felipe was hit but not badly. "Charge 'em!" shouted Bowie, and he spurred at the thicket. They rode down the ambush before the three men within it could reload. Short work was made. Two of the men were stopped and bound. The third, dodging rapidly through the brush, was pursued by Simmie out of the jungle, jerked from his feet by a lariat, and finally trussed up with his companions. Their rifles were hunted up in the thicket, found and thrown into the river. Shack after shack of that group was challenged and emptied. Each squatter was allowed to save what he had. The ranch horses they had stolen were claimed by Pedro, but Bowie quickly repaired his tactical error in claiming them.

"Where can a man get to on foot in this country, Pedro? We want 'em to travel fast and far. Give 'em the horses."

At a point where the river, fed by confluents, broadened, and along the slope running up toward the hills, lay some of the choicest field acres of the Guadalupe rancho. Here Blood, as squatter chief, had fixed his own abode. With the airy assurance of a squatter he had re-

turned, with Pardaloe and the long-bearded Simmie at Bowie's heels, was across an open meadow that exposed the riders to rifle fire. This was held back until the three men were fair moonlight targets. But the beads were drawn on men spurring hard and heading straight at the enemy.

The squatter rifles blazed. Blood, especially, was accounted a dead shot, but the odds that night were against marksmanship from the wood. Pardaloe's horse stumbled. His knees crumpled, and Pardaloe took a cropper. Man and beast rolled violently along the ground. Simmie took a flesh wound under his right arm. Bowie, riding faster, reached the timber before the squatters could reload.

Blood and his companion made no stand. Bowie caught sight of the two dashing through the trees on horseback and gave chase to the one closest. Simmie, more enraged than seriously hurt, took after the other. It chanced that Peterson was Simmie's quarry; Bowie was chasing Blood.

The squatters rode the fresher horses; they were more familiar with the country. And their pursuers, not able at every moment to keep their eyes on the chase and dodge among the willows and laurels, found their hands full.

Bowie succeeded in chasing his man out of the timber to a stretch of open country. Both horses, despite the desperate spurring of their riders, were showing the grueling pace, but both held out till day was breaking.

In the stillness of the early dawn, with Bowie straining every effort to keep his man in sight, the chase, mile after mile, went on; only the flying rhythm of the horses' hoofs broke the silence ushering in a peaceful day. And where nature offered every possible beauty to calm the heart of man, two men thundered in deadly enmity across a field of poppies that turned the dull brown of the cropped grass for miles into a glory of golden blooms.

The Texan with straining eyes held his man against the distant horizon. No thought of relenting, no thought of mercy, restrained him. The insolence and invasion of a squatter might be forgiven. But the Texan's thoughts were set on the cold-blooded murder of an unoffending Indian. That murderer must be held and punished, and his pursuer meant he should be.

With a sharp jerk of the bit Blood wheeled suddenly to the right, away from the poppies and toward the Melena. It was a desperate move for refuge, but if the murderer could gain the swamp far enough ahead of his pursuer he could turn on Bowie and pick him off his horse from hiding.

It was a ten-mile run to the great swamp. Mile after mile fled under the drumming feet of the straining ponies. Yet Blood, even on the fresher mount, could gain but little on his grim pursuer. Every glance backward from the murderer's saddle lessened his hope of a chance to reload for a shot at gaining the swamp, for Bowie, alive to the trick, was bent on defeating it.

Sooner than seemed possible, the two men, racing on narrowing grass of the Melena border, Blood, glancing back over his shoulder, yelled a defiance and, halting on the very edge of the morass, whipped out a pistol and threw a shot at his pursuer.

It was an impossible shot, made from the saddle on a restive horse at more than fifty yards, yet the slug went home, tearing into Bowie's already pricked right forearm and shattering it between the elbow and wrist.

With an impatient curse the wounded Texan, crouching in his saddle, spurred headlong at his enemy. But Blood did not wait for the attack. Bowie knew that the squatter must have a second loaded pistol or he never would have fired so wild a shot—a shot with which he could at best only have hoped to hit the horse. But Blood did not know that Bowie had thrown away his empty pistols and now carried only a knife. The squatter wheeled and plunged into the bog, Bowie racing after him.

When Blood, hotly pursued by Bowie, dashed into the swamp a feathered scream rose from a myriad of birds in their sanctuary, rudely invaded. Slinking cats scampered madly from under the plunging hoofs of the two horses. The Melena woke in panic.

"Hold on, Ben," protested Bowie, pulling the squatter victim away.

"Do you want to murder the fellow?"

"Just want to see how many there is up there shooting," said Pardaloe amiably. And without hesitation he stepped into the doorway himself. No shot greeted him. "Jus' I thought; jus' two uv 'em there. Look here," he said, striking the squatter savagely, "who's up in the woods?"

"Must be Deaf Peterson 'n' the captain," the squatter mumbled.

"Jus' I thought, Henry—Blood and Peterson," commented Pardaloe.

"Get to the horses," exclaimed Bowie. "We'll see how much fight there is in those fellows. Pedro, look after the woman. Burn the shack and ride after us. That timber is thin; not much chance to hide. Go!"

The run, with Pardaloe and the long-bearded Simmie at Bowie's heels, was across an open meadow that exposed the riders to rifle fire. This was held back until the three men were fair moonlight targets. But the beads were drawn on men spurring hard and heading straight at the enemy.

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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for March 30

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

CHRIST'S COMMISSION

LESSON TEXT—Luke 24:36-53. GOLDEN TEXT—Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you.—Luke 24:49.

Calvary and the darkness of the tomb gave way to the glory of the resurrection morning. Jesus had appeared to the two on the Emmaus road, and when they hurried back to Jerusalem to tell the eleven disciples, who were gathered behind barred doors, they found that He had already appeared, not only to the women, whose story they did not believe (see v. 11), but also to Peter (v. 34). While they were excitedly discussing this great wonder, apparently torn between belief and unbelief, joy and sorrow, suddenly Jesus appeared, coming through the barred door and greeting them with a blessed message of peace.

I. A Risen Christ for Fellowship

(vv. 36-43).

The disciples were bewildered and slow to believe. Perhaps we would have done no better.

Note how patient and gracious He was in dealing with these frightened—and, in a sense, stupid—disciples. He might have been so discouraged by their unbelief as to be short and sharp with them, but He was not. We need to learn of Him. There are weak brethren even in the church of Christ who need our tender and patient consideration (see Rom. 15:1; I Thess. 5:14). Christ died for the weak brother too (I Cor. 8:11).

What a blessed time of fellowship the disciples and the Lord had together. Such times are greatly needed for our mutual encouragement. Let us not forsake the assembling of ourselves together (Heb. 10:25). In a day of need and trial those that fear the Lord should speak often with one another and with the Lord (Mal. 3:16; I John 1:7).

II. A Dependable Book for Guidance and Instruction

(vv. 44-46).

Jesus gave His own endorsement to the Old Testament as a dependable record of the prophecies concerning His person and His work of redemption. The critics of God's Word must face the fact that their man-made theories are in conflict with the testimony of the Son of God. Of the two, we know whom we will believe!

III. A Great Message for Proclamation

(vv. 47-49).

Fellowship with Christ and a knowledge of God's Word which does not result in an aggressive witness for Him is quite useless. We meet Him and learn His truth that we may carry it out to all nations, not forgetting (note it!) to begin at the wicked Jerusalem which is right at our doorstep.

The business, and the only business, of the Church as that witness. We need to renew our commission, get it clearly in mind, and then proceed to carry it out. "But," someone may say, "we are not able for this great task." Of course not; but He is able, and will enable us.

"Power from on high" is the portion of God's witnesses. This world worships power—mechanical, political or military power. The greatest power of all is spiritual power, and God is ready to give it to His faithful witnesses.

IV. An Ascended Lord to Worship

(vv. 50-53).

The ascension of Christ is not often made the subject of a sermon or message in the church, but it is an important doctrine of Scripture. It marks the completion of the work of Christ, and His return to the place of honor at the right hand of the Father. There, before the Father's throne, He is the advocate of every believer, the pledge and assurance of a perfect and eternal fellowship between God and believing man.

The worship which the disciples gave to Christ as He ascended went on as they returned to their appointed place of witness, for they continually praised Him. Such should be the attitude of every true believer. In the temple of his own heart there should always be the joy of the Lord as He is there worshiped and adored.

Now we have completed our study of Luke, and we cannot stop here, for the Gospel, according to Luke's own statement in Acts 1:1, was only the story of what Jesus "began both to do and to teach." The continuation of that account is found in the book of Acts, which we begin to study next Sunday.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Collapse of opposition to Lend-Lease Bill due to attitude of Senators' constituents... Statement of Britain's war aims helpful only to Hitler.

WASHINGTON.—Most people out in the country think that the opposition to the lend-lease-Britain bill conducted a long-drawn-out filibuster. There is a surprising amount of sentiment that the delay in the passage of this measure was inexcusable.

Putting to one side the merits of the opposition, the fact remains that the crumbling of the opposition, the sudden collapse which permitted the final passage of the bill by the senate on March 8, was a surprise and totally unexpected. Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, spearhead of the opposition, had been so confident in January that he was sure he could hold off a final vote until June! He missed his guess by three months.

The question is WHY? There was no lack of filibustering power. The debate could have been indefinitely extended.

Unnumbered amendments could have been proposed, and each one of the opposition senators could have talked to the limit of his physical capacity on each one of them. There was no other plan than to do precisely this when the debate opened. What caused the abandonment of this fierce resolve on the part of Wheeler and his colleagues?

WATCH 'HOME' SENTIMENT

To find out why the filibuster collapsed one has to look outside of Washington, and outside of New York. The simple answer is that the men conducting that filibuster, for that is what it started out to be despite all the denials, did not like what they heard from back home about the reactions.

A man doesn't get to be senator, except at rare intervals, without knowing a good deal about politics; without knowing just what a political organization can do and what it cannot do. Voting the way a particular constituent wants you to vote on some particular issue does not mean that he will vote for you next time you come up. But when you vote AGAINST what that constituent wants, particularly if he happens to think that particular issue is the most important thing in the world, is very apt to make him vote against you the next time you run regardless of everything else.

Too many people, in too many states, thought this lend-lease bill and its bearing on the war the most important thing in the world. Lots of them did not bother to write letters, but every senator has plenty of listening posts. In a nutshell, that's the answer.

President Roosevelt Opposes Statement of 'War Aims'

Nothing is so annoying to President Roosevelt and his lieutenants in the field of war activities as the frequently repeated demand of many so-called intellectuals and commentators that the British government state its war aims.

"It reminds me," one very close and trusted advisor of the President stated, "of two men grappling in a death struggle. Each has almost reached his opponent's jugular vein. A casual passerby shouts for one of the men to stop and state what he is fighting about. As though he could stop and face the fact that in that pause his enemy would almost certainly kill him."

There is no secret about this view of such demands in the administration. Authorized spokesmen in high positions are saying it to small groups in off-the-record talks every few days. They are doing their best to make the country understand, without coming right out and saying so, that nothing in the world would serve the purposes of Hitler much more successfully than to have a statement of British war aims right now.

POLICY IS UNSOUND

It takes only a few moments' consideration of this problem to see why. Years back President Coolidge was fond of saying to inquirers about a certain policy: "I will tell you what I have decided to do, but not the mental processes by which I reached that decision. You may agree with the decision, but you might not agree with the mental processes."

Take a look back at the last war. Obviously a majority of the people of the United States were in favor of going into it.

A strong minority, consisting of most of the German-Americans and pacifists, were opposed.

But suppose that the eventual terms of the Versailles treaty had been announced at that time! Then remember how many national groups in this country were bitter against Wilson in 1920 because of those terms!

On the other hand, what would be gained by a statement of war aims at this time? Whom would it please, save the Nazis and a few critics, most of whom have been opposed to U. S. aid for Britain anyhow.



H

Britain Fights Hijacking of Food

Scotland Yard Is Kept Busy Hunting Receivers of 'Hot' Foodstuffs.

LONDON.—Scotland Yard reports increasing activity by organized gangs of food "hijackers" and "bootleggers" and moved swiftly to hunt out receivers and distributors dealing in "hot" foodstuffs.

Detectives said the hijackers apparently were well-organized. In many instances, stolen food trucks were found empty and abandoned within an hour after being seized in tactics reminiscent of the Al Capone days in Chicago.

Latest theft reported was that of a lorry laden with cases of eggs valued at \$1,400. The empty lorry was found shortly after it was reported missing.

Scotland Yard's ace sleuths reported that the hijackers shadowed their quarry to learn the movements and habits of the driver. As soon as the truck was left unattended for a moment, the hijackers raced away with it.

They rushed the stolen goods to a hideaway where the cargo was transferred to another truck, or to a secret depot, or sometimes directly to the food "fences."

Cut for Hijackers.

Detectives said that the hijackers took a cut of 50 per cent of the value of the "hot" food. Hijacked beans, biscuits and bacon, they said, usually were distributed by "fences," among hole-in-the-corner shops and small cafes, whose owners were willing to run the risk of dealing in illicit goods.

One suspected restaurant, detectives said, offered a menu of steaks, chops, lamb, bacon, oxtail and eggs, while neighboring cafes could find no legal supplies of such popular delicacies.

One truck carrying \$720 worth of groceries was "snatched" from a locked garage. A van loaded with 1,400 pounds of vegetables was whisked away while the driver was making a call. Three such robberies were reported within a single week.

Soldier Imprisoned.

Even the army has been victimized. Lance Corporal Harold O'Sullivan was imprisoned recently for stealing 107 pounds of sugar from

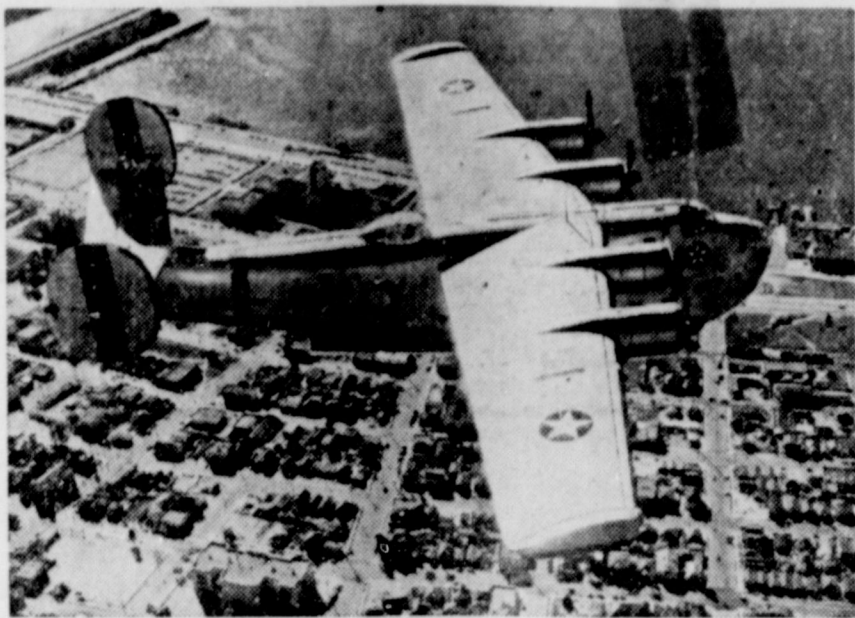
the army supply depot at Aldershot. It was estimated that \$200,000 worth of cigarettes and tobacco had been stolen in recent months. At one place in the London area thieves masquerading as A.R.P. workers used axes and crowbars to enter premises.

Other large hauls were made at night, indicating that "finger-men" spot deliveries in advance of hijacking.

At Liverpool, during the trial of four dock workers, the prosecution charged that since the start of the war 600 men had been arrested in one police division for stealing from docks. The thieves broke open cases, removed the contents, re-filled them with rubbish and nailed them up again.

There has been looting of bomb-damaged premises, but Scotland Yard said that was largely the work of individuals rather than gangs. Sir Gerald Dodson, recorder of Old Bailey, said that looting appeared to be on the decrease.

Powerful Bomber Joins Navy



One of the greatest fleet of four-engine bombers in the world, now being built by Consolidated Aircraft corporation, joins the U. S. navy. Known as the PB2Y, this is the largest and most powerful airplane in navy service.



Sammy Jay Learns What a Bad Name Means

SAMMY JAY started out very hopefully to make himself right with his neighbors. You see, he had made the mistake of telling as a fact something that he only thought was a fact. He had spread the news all over the Green Meadows and through the Green Forest that Old Man Coyote had given up his home and gone away, and there had been great rejoicing among the little people who fear Old Man Coyote.

Chug-a-rum!

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog in his deepest voice. Sammy had really thought it true when he had told that story, but it wasn't, and now everybody knew it and would have nothing to do with Sammy. So he had thought and thought until at last an idea had come to him for making himself right with his neighbors. He would tell them some good news that was true—that he knew was true. Then they would be glad and would forget about his mistake the other day.

So straight to the Smiling Pool flew Sammy Jay and tried not to see that all who were there turned their backs on him when they saw him coming. "Say," he cried as soon as he reached the big hickory tree on the edge of the Smiling Pool, "I've got some news you'll all like to hear, and it's really, truly true!"

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog in his deepest voice.

"It's a very pleasant day, isn't it?" said Jerry Muskrat to Billy Mink.

Billy nodded. "It isn't exactly Jay weather," said he.

"Chug-a-rum! Ha, ha, ha! Chug-a-

rum!" Sammy Jay turned his head quickly to look at Grandfather Frog, but Grandfather Frog was gazing up at Ol' Mistah Buzzard sailing round and round, way up in the blue, blue sky, and looked as solemn as if he didn't know how to laugh. Sammy swallowed hard to get rid of a lump in his throat.

"It's about Farmer Brown's Boy and his traps—he's put 'em away. Anyway, he's taken up those he set for Old Man Coyote and thrown them in a corner just as if he didn't intend to use them again." Sammy was trying to be wholly truthful.

There was a little Jay who found it didn't pay to tell a tale we know wasn't true, true, true. For one who will deceive we will no more believe; He fooled us once, and that'll have to do, do, do.

It was little Joe Otter who said this.

"But I didn't mean to fool you. It was all a mistake. I thought it was true. Truly I did," said Sammy miserably. "Anyway, this about Farmer Brown's Boy and his traps is true because I saw him with my own eyes take up those traps and carry them home and throw them in a corner."

"Chug-a-rum!" said Grandfather Frog quite as if talking to himself. "A bad name is like a burr—it is easy to get, and once got it sticks. Those who steal or tell things which are not so are—"

"Oh, I know. You needn't finish it. Because they have made mistakes they are never again to be trusted," interrupted Sammy bitterly. "I thought you folks would be glad to know that Farmer Brown's Boy has thrown his traps in a corner, and so I came over here to tell you. I wish I hadn't. I wish I wish he would come set his traps all around the Smiling Pool, so there!" Sammy spread his wings and prepared to fly back to the Green Forest.

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

100-Mile School Unit Is Headed by Woman

MARATHON, TEXAS.—A woman, Mrs. Roy Stillwell, is president of what is believed to be the largest independent school district in the United States.

The district in which Marathon schools are located is roughly 100 miles square and includes a vast section including the proposed Big Bend National park.

As a result school children were by order of the burgomaster, compelled to write in their copybooks as follows:

"The German authorities several times have warned us they will not tolerate repetition of certain chalk inscriptions, whose authors generally are the pupils of Etterbeek schools. Those inscriptions were made on school walls, private house walls and sidewalks. We must declare that the German authorities will take serious measures against children as well as parents if the facts complained of continue to occur."

Whether or not the British will pay for this later or make some kind of a swap, has not been decided yet. The matter is entirely up to the President, and he has kept completely mum on the subject.

Note—Man at the head of the farm-products-for-Britain program is Milo Perkins, a dynamic young Texan, who as administrator of surplus marketing already is an expert on getting rid of Uncle Sam's perpetual excess crops.

Two new battleships, the North Carolina and the Washington, originally slated for commission late this year, will join the fleet in June, increasing the number of "battleships" to 17. Fifteen others are under construction.

Naval chiefs estimated that the top number of destroyers to come off the ways this year would be 12. But actually 17 will be completed in the next nine months, bringing the destroyer fleet up to 176, a large part of them super-craft of the latest design.

Here's the present status of the whole fleet:

Ships on hand—15 battleships; 18 heavy cruisers; 19 light cruisers, 159 destroyers, including 74 over-age; 105 submarines, including 68 over-age; and 6 aircraft carriers. Total combat ships in commission—322.

Ships being built—17 battleships (including the North Carolina and the Washington); 14 heavy cruisers; 40 light cruisers; 204 destroyers; 80 submarines; and 12 aircraft carriers. Total ships being built—367.

The 204 destroyers will be completed by 1945; 17 this year, 45 in 1942, 86 in 1943, 52 in 1944, and four in 1945.

There are many wags in the state department, but only one who wears the name—Alfred Wagg III. He handles refugees.

Colorado's Rep. Edward T. Taylor, 83, is the wordiest man in the Congressional Directory. His personally penned biography, over 650 words long, takes up almost an entire page. Unlike 84-year-old Sen. Carter Glass, who does not give the year of his birth, Taylor makes no secret of his.

Within a short time it is expected that a complete plastic Anson fuselage will be ready for test flights and it is planned to have two or more American-made plastic elementary training planes among a group of 15 trainers to be demonstrated here.

The advantages of using the plastic material are that it is light, durable and much less expensive than metal.



Washington Merry-Go-Round

Washington, D. C. BIGGEST CROP BUYING PLAN YET

During debate on the lease-lend bill, Senator Murray of Montana came up to the vice president's dais and whispered in Henry Wallace's ear. The bill, he said, ought to contain a provision whereby Britain would buy or borrow farm products as well as armaments.

Vice President Wallace replied that he thought so, too, but had not felt it necessary to "spell it out" in the bill. However, he mentioned the matter to Senate Floor Leader Barkley, who offered an amendment to the lease-lend bill.

This was the simple mechanics whereby the biggest farm purchase plan since the last war was started. Most people don't realize it, but the lease-lend act makes the United States not only the arsenal for Great Britain, but also her granary, packing house and slaughter house.

A total of \$1,300,000,000 has been allocated out of the seven billions for British defense—all of which will bring sorely needed help to the farmer. So while industrial regions have prospered in this war, the farmer so far has not.

In the last war not only England, but France, Italy and the Scandinavian countries, even Russia needed wheat and cotton. Farm prices zoomed. But in this war all these areas except England have been cut off from American markets by the British blockade.

As a result, farm prices are low and surpluses mounting. We have a corn carry-over four times normal, or 700,000,000 bushels. The wheat carry-over is 400,000,000 bushels; while the government has 11,000,000 bales of cotton under loan or wholly owned, plus 372,000,000 pounds of surplus butter, 3,609,009 dozen surplus eggs, 37,000,000 pounds of surplus vegetables and 25,000,000 pounds of surplus fruit. In other words, the ever-normal granary is not normal at all. It is full and running over.

Sales—or loans—to England will be chiefly in live stock products such as canned pork, dried eggs, evaporated milk, lard and cheese, which England once got from Poland, Denmark and Holland, but doesn't any more.

Agriculture department experts who have been studying the question don't expect the British to ask for wheat or corn. England gets all its needs from the Dominions. But they figure that British purchases of live stock products, such as pork, will greatly help the price of corn and be a great boon to the corn belt.

Whether or not the British will pay for this later or make some kind of a swap, has not been decided yet. The matter is entirely up to the President, and he has kept completely mum on the subject.

Note—Man at the head of the farm-products-for-Britain program is Milo Perkins, a dynamic young Texan, who as administrator of surplus marketing already is an expert on getting rid of Uncle Sam's perpetual excess crops.

Bottle-necks may be snarling some phases of defense construction, but not the two-ocean navy. Inside fact is that battleships, cruisers and destroyers—the "big three" of the ship-building program—are being turned out months ahead of the schedules laid down when congress approved the naval expansion last year.

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The advantages of using the plastic material are that it is light, durable and much less expensive than metal.

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

HOUSES of glass are realities today and, if you want to give any house a modern air, try to make the windows seem important. One way is to frame them in a group by covering the wall and leaving the glass exposed. A comparison of these two sketches shows that this may be done even though the windows are unevenly spaced. The cream colored walls, glass curtains and window shades are the same in both and the same two-toned green rug and the same lamp and pictures are used. The



NEW BOOK SHELF, LAMP SHADE AND GAY CHINTZ MAKE THIS CHANGE. CURTAINS HANG OVER WALL FROM THE PICTURE MOULDING.

WINDOWS SEEM SMALL AND ROOM LACKS COLOR

couch and cushions are also the same but the covers are new.

An inexpensive chintz with gray-green ground and a flower pattern is used for draperies and to trim the couch cover of heavier gray-green cotton material which is also used for the cushions. The glass curtains are hung on rods suspended from the picture moulding with picture wire and hooks. The side drapes are unlined but the valance is made over buckram. Both are tacked to pine strips and are hung with picture hooks. One end of the book shelves is closed in to make a head for the couch. The outside is painted gray-green and the inside dark green. The parchment lamp shade has green bindings.

NOTE: All types of curtains and draperies are easily explained with cutting and making directions in Mrs. Spears' SEWING Book 1—draw curtains, lined draperies, pinch pleated curtains, cornice boards, valance boards, as well as standard and period type curtains. Directions for modernizing a couch, various types of chairs, and a fascinating assortment of other useful homemaking projects are contained in Book 5. Copies are 10 cents each. Send order to:

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Need of Patience
How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees—Shakespeare.

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WITH WEAK, CRANKY NERVOUS FEELINGS—

You women who suffer from irregular periods and are nervous, cranky due to monthly functional disturbances should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound simply marvelous to relieve such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women to help relieve such distressing feelings and thus help them go smiling thru such "difficult days." Over 1,000,000 women have reported remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING! Any drugstore.

Labor's Power
Labor has the power to rid us of three great evils—Boonedom, Vice and Poverty.—Voltaire.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS

quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE PLETS COUGH DROPS

Facts of ADVERTISING

ADVERTISING represents the leadership of a nation. It points the way.

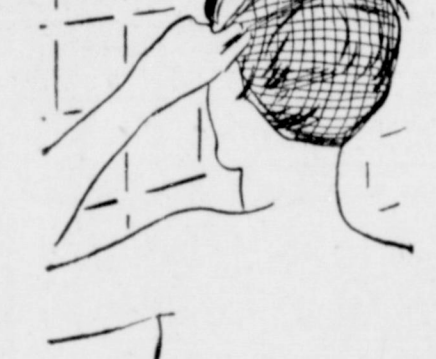
We merely follow—follow to new heights of comfort, of convenience, of happiness.

As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—

of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

Minute Make-Ups

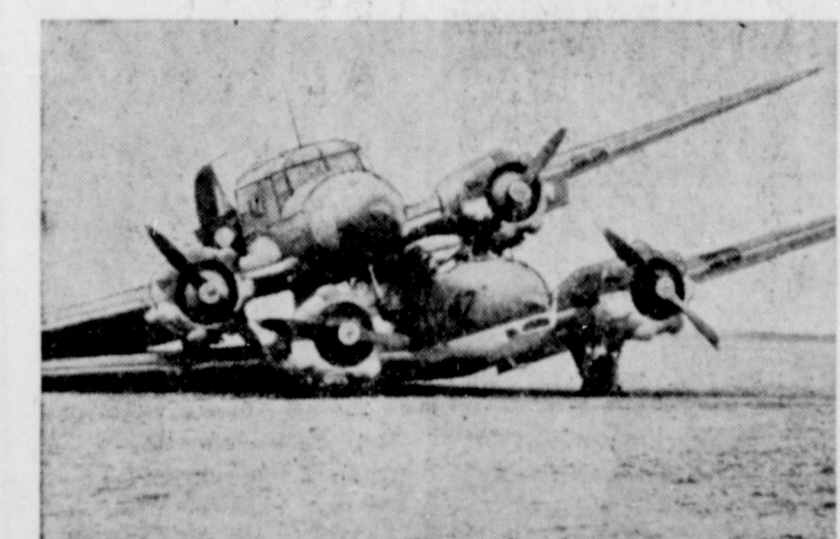
By V. V.



A CERTAIN very attractive swimming champion gives as a valuable tip. Before putting on your rubber cap (either for swimming or shower) pin a hairnet over your neatly arranged curls. Then even if a little water seeps in, your hair will be kept in order. It serves as a wave set.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Planes Land Pick-a-Back



Pilots of these two Canadian planes escaped unhurt after they collided in midair and were brought down to a safe landing. The pilots were students in training near Macleod, Alberta. A similar accident occurred in Australia a few months ago with two bombing planes. Crews of both planes also escaped unhurt.

DESIGN ALL-PLASTIC PLANES TO TRAIN FLIERS IN CANADA

OTTAWA.—Prospects are good for the production in Canada soon of all-plastic elementary and intermediate training planes.

Announcement is expected momentarily of the establishment near Toronto of a plant for the manufacture of plastic "noses" for Avro-Anson bombing trainers, samples of which were successfully test-flown in Canada recently. The plant will be a Canadian branch of an American

company which has made considerable progress in experiments with plastic fuselages. A large order for plastic Anson noses will be ready for this company, and the expectation is that production of entire fuselages and wings will soon follow.

Canadian aircraft manufacturers have a \$50,000,000 order for twin-engine Avro-Anson bombers for use in the empire air-training plan. Because of the necessity of redesigning this aircraft, and for other reasons, production has been long delayed, and the circumstances are reported to be such that important reorganization will be necessary in the procurement set-up.

But the plastic experiments have been proceeding without delay and a number of manufacturers are experimenting, both in Canada and the United States.



LET HIM PLAY

But when he is through, be sure there is plenty of hot water for that bath, by using an Automatic Storage Gas Water Heater

WEST TEXAS *Gas* COMPANY

CARS IN COLORS GIVE TOUCH OF SPRING

With the approach of spring, a color-conscious America is becoming increasingly aware of the contribution of the motor makers to the brightening of the American scene. For few sights are as cheerful as a modern highway with its splashes of rainbow hues that bedeck the modern automobile.

Yet it was only a matter of decades ago that the highway was a somber place indeed, with a rare navy blue car serving to abate some of the gloom of the all-inclusive black in which motor cars first appeared. Gradually the motoring public has shown greater and greater preference for colors, according to William E. Holler, general sales manager, Chevrolet Motor Division, who pays tribute to women drivers and their influence as auto buyers upon the manufacturers.

"As soon as the public was ready," Mr. Holler said, "the manufacturers were delighted to heighten the appeal of their products by employment of new and attractive colors—and

lately color combinations not only exterior but interior."

To point up this comparison of modern days against the youth of the auto industry, Mr. Holler cited the new 1941 Chevrolet convertible cabriolets, produced in seven striking colors, with a wide range of color contrast in tops and interior trim. The cabriolets, he said, may be obtained in black with black or tan top and red or tan leather trim inside; in ruby maroon with black or tan top and red leather trim; two shades of gray are available with black tops and red trim; the blue cabriolet has a tan top with harmonizing blue trim; tan top and green trim brighten the green cabriolet, and Chevrolet's smart cream convertible is offset by black top with red trim.

"With new color accents in modern costumes, and everywhere throughout modern living, the motor car has finally come into its own, not merely as a utilitarian device providing transportation, but in addition has attained new pinnacles of beauty as it has climbed over the rainbow. The new Fleetline Chevrolets



You'll be **SURPRISED** WHEN YOU SEE...

What a lot you get for a little
See these **SENSATIONAL BARGAINS** Today

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| 1940, 1 1-2 ton Truck, 6 new Tires | \$625.00 | 1938, Master DeLux, Town, | \$380.00 |
| 1938, I.H.C. Pick-up, | \$250.00 | 1936, Chev. St'd. Town Sedan, | \$175.00 |
| 1939, Chevrolet Pick-up, | \$325.00 | 1937, Plymouth F-door, | \$265.00 |
| 1939, Chev. Town Sedan, | \$475.00 | 1936, Ford Coupe-Heater, Radio, | \$250.00 |

All Other Prices in Line With These.

SALES

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SERVICE

Reeve Chevrolet Co.

NEW
Big Clearance Assortment
25c Each
BLACKWELL
Hdw. & Furn. CO.

illustrate the trend of the industry toward beauty, style, color combinations and utility."

FRIONA COMMUNITY SINGING

The Friona Community Singers will meet at the Methodist Church this Sunday afternoon. This is a fifth Sunday singing.

This is, as the name implies, a Community Singing, and all persons in the community who enjoy good singing, are invited and urged to attend. It is held twice each month, alternating among the various church buildings.

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—From the High Egg Producing strain of the Coombs White Leghorns. Select eggs from this famous strain of White Leghorns for ten cents above the current market price. See Ed White, Friona, Texas.

FOR SALE—Two sections of grass land in Deaf Smith County. A part of this is good farm land, but is all in pasture. Price, \$12,000.00. Can give some terms. See us for cheap farm and ranch lands. M. A. Crum, Friona, Tex.

WANTED—Sewing to do. Any kind. See Mrs. Odie Settle, Friona, Texas.

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We invite You to visit Us. First Door South of Telephone Office.

Kelvinator Refrigerators.
OLIVER TRACTORS & IMP'S.
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NEW CHEVROLET TRUCKS



60 MODELS -- 9 WHEELBASES
ALL OF THEM "POWER LEADERS"
IN THEIR FIELD!

These new Chevrolet trucks for 1941 have the most powerful truck engines in the entire lowest-price field. . . . They out-pull all others, and they also out-value all others. . . . That's why many owners say they're the best money-saving trucks you can possibly buy—"The Thrift-Carriers for the Nation!"

OUT-PULL ··· OUT-VALUE ··· OUT-SELL

174 FOOT POUNDS TORQUE

90- HORSEPOWER STANDARD ENGINE

192 FOOT POUNDS TORQUE

93- HORSEPOWER HEAVY DUTY "LOAD-MASTER" ENGINE (Available at extra cost on Heavy Duty models)

TRUCKS WITH PASSENGER CAR STEERING EASE

NEW SPACIOUS CABS WITH MORE LEG ROOM for greater comfort and safety

WORLD'S LEADING TRUCK BUILDER

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MEAT

for AMERICA'S MILLIONS moves via



Efficient, smoothly regulated stock trains deliver, daily, thousands of live animals from farms and ranges to centrally located stockyards for marketing.

Modern Santa Fe Refrigerator Cars operating on swift schedules deliver to all parts of America choice meats and meat products produced from Southwest livestock.

• The Southwest is an important producing part of America's great meat industry and Santa Fe provides transportation vital for connecting this vast territory to stockyards and meat packers, and for far-flung distribution of meat products to the tables of millions of Americans.

We are proud of our service to the livestock and meat industry, and equally anxious to serve other Southwestern freight shippers, large or small. For complete information on Santa Fe Freight Service — CALL . . .

Your Local Santa Fe Agent





WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK.—Field Marshal Alexander Papagos, chief of staff of the Greek army, is a professional soldier, singularly free from any political context whatever, domestic or foreign. With the passing of the late Premier John Metaxas, he becomes possibly the most important single individual in the kingdom, so far as immediate issues are concerned. From all that can be gleaned from Athens dispatches, he has made up his mind and, by all accounts, his is a mind that stays put. Greece will keep on fighting. There will be no separate peace.

The scholarly, gray-haired, trim-rigged soldier, smartly tailored in multi or in uniform, has been occupied quite steadily with military strategy, both in study and practice, since 1912.

After his graduation from military academies and cavalry schools in Athens, Belgium and Italy, he fought in the Balkan war of 1912 and 1913, rising from a lieutenant to a captaincy. In the World war, he fought against Bulgaria and Germany and, in the campaign of 1920, had a staff assignment in Asia Minor. He was made minister of war in 1935 and chief of staff and chairman of the supreme war council in 1936.

If he uses ammunition as carefully as he uses words, he should be a supremely effective fighter against all comers. Most characteristic is his reserve, his calm precision in action and his capacity for swift decision. Also characteristic is his long aloofness from intrigue and politics, during changing regimes. He has opposed and bested the brass hats of the army in modernizing Greek fighting forces. His calm, expert judgment no doubt weighs heavily in the royal councils today.

AS DIVING airplanes reach a speed of 600 miles an hour, they're processing pilots through depression chambers like the sand-hogs. Milo Burcham, record-holder for upside down flying, is rare laboratory material for the army air corps, whamming a 1,100 horsepower Lockheed plane through power dives which might finish him if he hadn't had a half hour in a decompression chamber. It prevents paralysis.

Mr. Burcham, test pilot for the Lockheed corporation, conditioned himself for his hazardous career by nailing a chair upside down on the beam of his kitchen, and spending a lot of his time sitting head downward as he coached arteries, nerves and vision for a topsy-turvy life. That was in 1933 when he decided to make a try for the upside-down flying record.

His record flight of 4 hours, 5 minutes and 22 seconds was just like an afternoon of pleasant lounging in the old kitchen chair. He had been a sand-lot flier on Long Island before going to California, to get a new orientation on an also topsy-turvy world. He is thirty-seven.

NELSON D. ROCKEFELLER'S friendly overtures to South America hit a hot maxixe rhythm and a mezzo-voce moaning. Hollywood Aiding back to Brazil in brilliant technicolor Carmen Miranda, the Latin lallapalooza who has been hopping up the good neighbor spirit in these parts for nearly two years. The new film, "That Night in Rio," opening here, with Senorita Miranda singing "Chica, Chica; Beorr, Chic," looks like a better attention-getter than anything the Export-Import bank might work up in the way of hemisphere cartelization. All this was premeditated, as Hollywood is definitely in on Mr. Rockefeller's new up and down flux of trade and culture. The beautiful Brazilian chanteuse was born in Portugal and was taken to Brazil by her parents at the age of two.

Her real name is Maria do Carmo da Cunha, her stage name having been taken from her mother's maiden name. Still in her early twenties, she has made nine concert tours of Brazil and other South American countries, and her more than 300 recordings top all sales in the Western hemisphere. When she made her debut here in "Streets of Paris," in June, 1939, North and South America began to realize they had much in common. Her "Samba" rhythm seems to be indigenous to both continents and ought to help to keep good neighbors in step.

War Front Moves to North Atlantic Sea As Nazis Unleash Bombers, Submarines

By ROGER SHAW
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
NEW YORK.—This is a funny war, but no longer a phoney war. The phoney phase, if any, passed with the Norwegian campaign of a year ago. Since then, things have been grimmer and grimmer. Various fronts have evolved. There are the Balkans. There is Gibraltar. There is North Africa, and East Africa, and Albania. There are the fifth columns all over Europe that favor German rule, and the opposition fifth columns that detest German rule—the treadmill of the Nazi military boot.

Then, there is the hammer and the anvil phase. England is the sturdy anvil. Germany is the vengeful hammer. The Spitfires and Hurricanes and Heinkels and Messerschmidts fight it out in the third dimension, on an aerial front such as mortal man never saw before. There are Coventries and Hamburgs and all manner of hapless atrocities. But are these aviator antics decisive? Apparently not, to date. London may be gutted, but it still laughs and goes to the movies and sings "There'll Always Be an England." In Berlin, only 500 houses have been damaged, according to recent reports. British factory power has been slowed up, but the "arsenal of democracy," so-called, is gaining momentum and hastening replacements to the scenes of insular carnage. The life-line of empire no longer runs up the Mediterranean and on to India. Instead, it runs across the North Atlantic, from Roosevelt to Churchill, and back again.

Most Important Front.
This is where the most important front comes in, as this is written. It is the watery U-boat front. The purpose of the U-boat is to cut the new life-line of empire, nullify the American "arsenal," and leave the damaged British factories to shift for themselves as they face the hideous hammer of Thor. It is also intended to cut down on foodstuffs, and thereby loose still another of the terrible horsemen of the vaunted apocalypse. In the minds of many critics, the U-boat threat outweighs the Balkans, North Africa, the late lamented battle of France, and even the airplanes. It is, as they say, of the essence. All this remains to be seen, but the weather is getting better—which means that things may be getting worse.

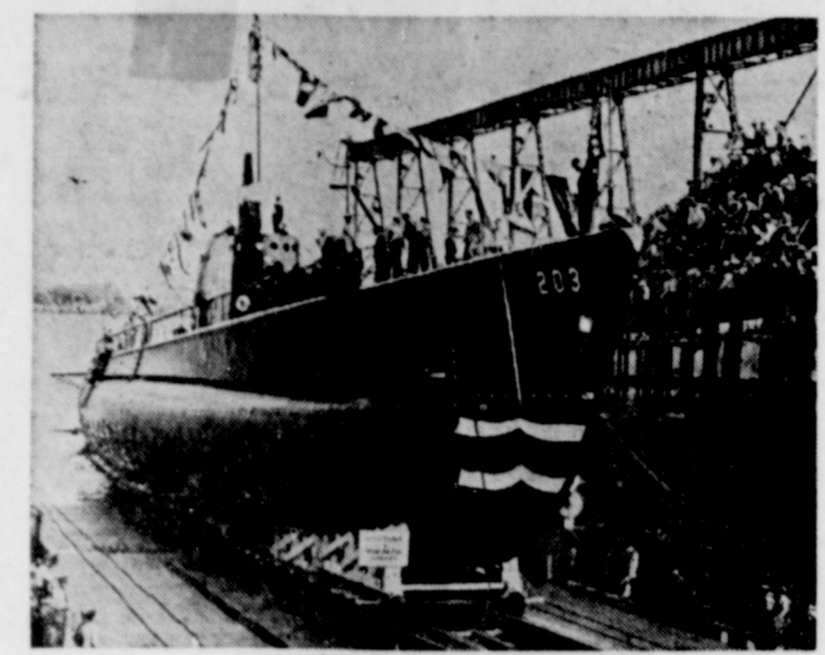
The high point of the U-boat threat in the first World war was April, 1917. It was the same month in which America entered the conflict. There was a connection between these events. But in those days, the active U-boats were not too numerous. Seldom were there more than 30 at sea, at any given time. They operated only from such limited spots as Cuxhaven and Kiel in Germany, Ostend in Belgium, and Austria's old Adriatic ports, for the Mediterranean trade. In 1914, Germany started the war with less than 30 submarines, and perhaps 10 more in the process of building. In the course of the war, there was something like 700 laid down.

Long Training Needed.
It takes a long time to produce and train a good U-boat commander—some critics say all of five years. Despite the hundreds of German submarines between 1914 and 1918, half a dozen experts accounted for no less than 70 per cent of the Allied ship losses. Naval statistics verify this astonishing fact.



Winston Churchill recognizes the true state of affairs. His cry is ever for sub-fighters, destroyers, for convoys.

Coast Guard to Convey Migrating Pacific Seal Herds
SEATTLE, WASH.—Ten Coast Guard cutters will soon convey Pacific seal herds as they migrate from warmer waters off the coast of the United States toward their summer homes near Alaska. When the seals congregate in numbers off the coast of Oregon and Washington, the patrol will get under way. They will accompany the herd as far north as the Aleutian islands to protect them against poachers.



Germany isn't the only nation conscious of the submarine's power. Another new addition to America's large submarine fleet is shown being christened by Mrs. Wilhelm Friedell at Vallejo, Calif.

In this war, the Germans have an air fleet schooled to co-operate 100 per cent with the subs. Of these, in 1939, there were about 60 to 70. What the figure now is, nobody accurately knows. It's on the up and up, for fast streamline production has been introduced in the German shipyards, and in interior-located factories. U-boats can easily be shipped about on railroad flatcars—even up over the Alps, like Hannibal's elephants. Further, most of the British navy is now busy in the Mediterranean. In the last war it was based on Scotland, and therefore in a far handier position than is now the case. The French coast is a great basic convenience to Hitler's Admiral Raeder, and so are the north-reaching Norwegian fjords. The Kaiser



Germany's outstanding submarine hero is Captain Guenther Prien who steered his craft into Scapa Flow in 1939 to sink Britain's Royal Oak. In the first World war 70 per cent of Allied ship losses were attributed to only six such experts.

didn't have such an advantageous frontage. The Royal air force is constantly bombing German U-nests along the vast coastal stretch, when they might better be hammering German factories in the interior. This costs men, planes, explosives, time and money. Meanwhile, the Germans have been concentrating on small submarines. These can be built more quickly, they cost less, and they are just as effective for short trips around the British Isles and west of Ireland. Another very important factor is this: They require much smaller crews, and submarine crews are singularly hard to train. When it comes to U-tactics, Germany may be more pressed now for U-men than for U-boats. As for sub commanders, to date there are no outstanding individuals except the well-known Gunther Prien—the Perriere of the second world war. Even Churchill admires Prien, and has said so.

Small Craft Needed.
What the British need is small craft to hunt the subs. They have produced a sort of "corvette"—a type modeled on the fast little "chasers" that professional whalers use today.

The British have lost heavily in shipping, in the past year and a half. They had never made up their losses from the last war, and the fresh inroads cut seriously into the sum total of his majesty's tonnage. The British shipyards, at Newcastle and Glasgow and elsewhere, are trying to speed up production as best they can. But it's far easier to sink ships than to build them, and in some cases the shipyards

are under aerial bombardment, to boot. At night there are blackouts, and these delay loadings and un-loadings in the ports. The ports, too, have taken a terrific hammering from Herr Goering, and in some cases their dock facilities are badly damaged, or even closed up. No longer may floodlights be used to hasten a 24-hour schedule. In short, the German planes dovetail "nicely" with the U-boats and the French and Scandinavian ports, to produce an all-round picture of ill omen. Churchill has a clear naval head. He recognizes the true state of affairs. He relegates subs, Balkanics, and Africandering to second or third place. His cry is ever the same: For the new "corvettes," for destroyers, for convoys, for submarine detection devices to catch the U-boats "sitting." Meanwhile, in the German naval ranks, two or three small submarines are taking the place of any single big one of the "1918" type. The mutinous mermaids will soon be learning of mass production at its deadliest, and in its most sinister form. The no-man's land of 1941 is the billowy north Atlantic, and its dough-bills are old salts. Watch it. It's the presentday "Hindenburg Lane."

Aluminum Utensils May Be Restricted By Defense Needs

KINGSTON, N. J.—If homemakers have their hearts set on buying aluminum pots and pans in all the shapes and sizes they want, they're going to find it a little difficult, especially in the next few months to come. And if papa decides the family needs a new radio about two months hence, he's liable to discover he's out of luck. It appears that civilian consumers in this country will have to stand back for a little while and watch the shiny, strong, light metal shaped around airplanes, put into military motors of all kinds, fixed into place in innumerable parts of ships. As for pots and pans—the army and navy will need plenty of those, and will come first.

A spokesman for the Aluminum Company of America, at the moment the only producer of virgin aluminum, estimated that the bottleneck made by the defense demands will probably be opened within 120 days. Retail distributors have a much gloomier outlook. Radio manufacturers seem plainly scared, and one manufacturer says openly that he thinks a shortage of the useful metal will utterly disrupt radio production.

Defense needs can stop the production of radios, for you see, aluminum is a requirement for condensers, and other parts in a radio. Manufacturers of ordinary aluminum household utensils have been informed that all future orders will require at least eight weeks for delivery. Heretofore, the metal could be picked up almost immediately.

A houseware buyer in New York reports that, although the stocks of pots and pans appears to be adequate for a few weeks, there is already a shortage on delivery of certain items—mainly the 7-inch frying pan.

The spokesman for the Aluminum Company of America estimates that nearly 600,000,000 pounds of aluminum will be produced by that organization in 1941. Defense needs are expected to total some 350,000,000 pounds, which is about what the entire output was in 1939, leaving 250,000,000 pounds for civilian use.

Sometime in March the new Lister, Ala., plant of the Reynolds Metals company—the expansion and development of which has been aided by government money—undertook to manufacture some 40,000,000 pounds additionally. By the spring of 1942, the output will be upped to 60,000,000 pounds. Eighty per cent of this will go to the government at all times. The Reynolds company also is preparing to construct a second manufacturing plant in the Pacific Northwest, which, by the end of this year, will manufacture another 40,000,000 pounds of the metal.

Shaking Liver Good Exercise For Mind, Body

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

A FRIEND asked me to look at an "exerciser" for which he had taken the agency. It consisted of a square box on which he asked me to sit or stand. I stood on the box he touched a button and immediately the box and I began to vibrate.

I told him that this was the same idea as the mechanical horse found on shipboard or in a gymnasium which "shook up" the whole body. What about these mechanical seats or horses? Can they help the body?

There is no question but that the vibrating of the entire body in this manner is helpful. Movement of all kinds is stimulating which is just what many business men and others need after sitting for hours at a time at their desk.

For a long time I wondered how these men with country estates kept as well physically as they did, despite the fact that they were often very heavy eaters. It was only when I remembered that so many of them did a lot of riding that I found the answer. The jogging of the horse was just what was needed to stir up their liver, empty the gall bladder, and stimulate bowel action.

For years it was believed that exercise that shook up or squeezed the liver would make the bile flow and this was proven a few years ago by research workers at McGill university. In fact, I recently came across a rhyme in a little book, "By-ways to Health" by Wood and Dansild, as follows: "A jaundiced young gent in an attic Once thought he had trouble hepatic (liver) He bought him a flivver Which shook up his liver And now his mentality's ecstatic."

For those that are unable or unwilling to ride, and for those who are unable to take active exercise, anything that will shake up the liver will help them mentally and physically.

For the vast majority of the middle-aged who do not play golf or other games, a daily walk at a brisk pace, some bending exercises with knees straight, and not eating heavy meals should keep liver and bowels active and the mind free from depression.

Vaccines of Value In Preventing Colds

SOME years ago a survey was made from the northeast to southwest part of the United States (from Maine to California) to see just what effect the weather had on causing colds. Taking a strip of territory some miles wide, it was found that at certain seasons of the year, fall and winter, the number of colds in California was as large as in Maine.

Now it is not as cold in California as in Maine, so that cold weather, in itself, is not a cause of the common cold.

On returning from summer cottages it is the "usual" thing for many individuals to develop head colds. It is agreed that it is the leaving of the outdoors to live indoors whether in Maine or in California that is the cause of a great number of colds. It is not only losing the outdoor moist, fresh, "sunshine" air, but breathing the still, dry, dust laden air of the indoors that irritates the lining of the nose, throat, sinuses and bronchial tubes.

You are reading and hearing more about getting vaccinated against getting smallpox, hay fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever. What about the vaccines for colds? Will they prevent colds?

Dr. L. D. Bristol, New York, in the American Journal of Public Health, gives results of treatment of standard stock (cold) vaccines, in six different groups of factory workers (totaling more than 19,000). The time over which this treatment against the common cold was available varied from 17 months to five years.

"On the whole the study shows an apparent reduction in the severity of the attacks, their length, and complication arising from colds." It would appear then that as a "part" of the treatment for colds vaccines have some value.

QUESTION BOX
Q.—Is the presence of sugar in the body waste always a positive indication that one is suffering from diabetes?

A.—Sugar could be found in the water of everybody at one time or another. However, if you carry excess weight or there is a history of diabetes there is always the possibility of developing diabetes. It would certainly be wise to be guided by your physician who would, of course, know best how to treat your particular case.

THINGS for YOU TO MAKE



Pattern No. Z9034.

ALL padded and preened are Hattie, the hen, and her proud rooster hubby. They've plain-colored wings, tail feathers and combs—and not one ruffled feather on their 13-inch print-material bodies.

Pattern Z9034, 15c, enables you to make both hen and rooster into delightful cuddle toys for the kiddies. Send order to:

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly on them for any length of time.

Wire and iron bed-springs that become rusty should be given a coat of paint.

Put your white wash on the sunny side of the line and keep the colored clothing in the shade.

Put small cooked hamburger cakes between two hot biscuit halves and top them with a brown savory gravy or well seasoned white sauce. You'll like these.

Meat should not be seasoned until it is partially cooked.

A strong railing to prevent falls and plenty of headroom are two important necessities for any safe cellar steps. When the steps are in a dark place, several coats of white paint applied to the steps will make for greater safety.

Delicious for healthy appetites—energy for workers... saves time and trouble for cooks—economical. Order, today, from your grocer.

Van Camp's Pork and BEANS
"Feast-for-the-Least"

Believing Ill
Men are much more prone (the greater the pity) both to speak and believe ill of their neighbors than to speak or believe well of them.—Thomas a Kempis.

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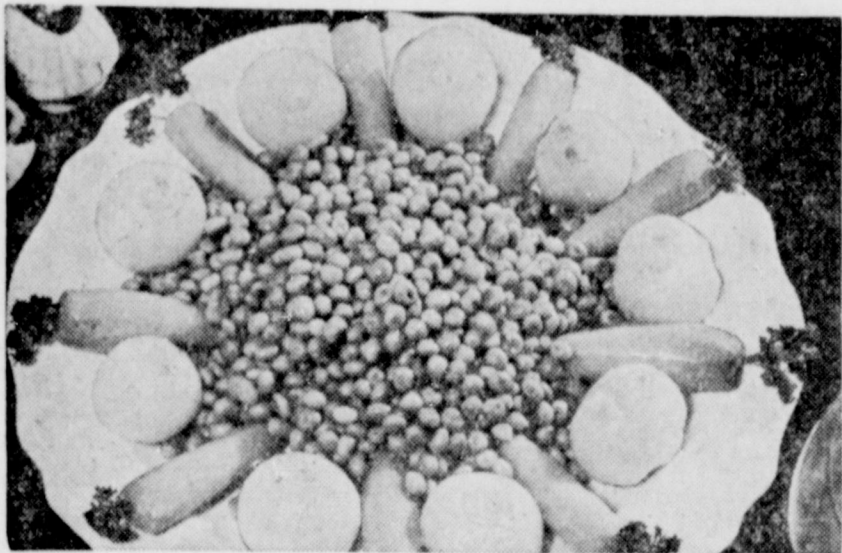
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WNU—H 13—41

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Household News

By Eleanor Howe



DOES LENT CHALLENGE YOUR COOKING ABILITY?
(See Recipes Below)

SPEAKING OF LENTEN VEGETABLES

Yes, speaking of Lenten vegetables reminds us that the Lenten season has again returned—that season when Lent challenges us as good cooks to produce something new and different—something which will entice the appetite of the family—something that will perchance become so great a family favorite that it will remain a "must" on our recipe list all through the year.

Such is the list of new ideas for cooking vegetables as contained in this column today. Not only will you like these new ideas for cooking vegetables—but also equally as much I think you will like some of the ideas for serving them. Note the canned peas as shown in the photograph above. Look good enough for any company dish, do they not, yet all that was done to dress them up was simply to surround them with onions and carrots and the carrots were garnished with tiny sprigs of fresh parsley.

Thus it is that everyday foods—foods full of nourishment and of food value become new favorites. Please from time to time, try each one of these recipes—you'll like all of them, I know.

If you've strange guests coming for dinner and don't know what vegetables they like, cover your confusion by letting them choose their own from this attractive arrangement of canned peas, onions and carrots.

French Fried Onions.

Use Spanish or large Bermuda onions. Peel and cut in slices 1/4 inch thick. Separate slices into rings, soak in milk for a few minutes. Drain and roll in flour. Fry in deep fat, which has been heated to 360 degrees F., hot enough to brown a cube of bread in 1 minute. When onions are golden brown, remove from fat and drain on absorbent paper. Serve very hot with broiled steak.

Vegetable Rice Ring.

- 1 cup rice
- 2 cups peas
- 1/2 cup tomato puree
- 1 teaspoon celery salt
- 1/4 teaspoon curry powder
- 1/2 teaspoon paprika
- 1/4 cup butter

Cook the rice in boiling salted water until tender and drain. Place in ring mold and dry slightly in oven. Heat peas. Remove rice ring from mold and heap peas in the center. Cover with sauce made of the tomato puree, seasonings and melted butter. Serve very hot.

Orange Sweet Potato Baskets.

Cut large navel oranges in half and scoop out centers. Cube the pulp and fold in hot mashed sweet potatoes. Fill the orange shells and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for approximately 10 minutes. Then top each half orange with a marshmallow and continue baking until marshmallow is puffy and golden brown. Remove from oven and serve at once.

Baked Tomatoes and Shrimp.

5 fresh medium-sized tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons diced green pepper
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 No. 1 can shrimp—diced

Hollow out tomatoes. Melt butter in frying pan and add diced green pepper, onion, and shrimp. Brown mixture very lightly and fill tomato shells. Sprinkle with buttered cracker crumbs and bake until tomatoes are tender.

Stuffed Baked Onions.

3 large onions
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1/4 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
4 slices bacon, minced and cooked
Buttered bread crumbs

Remove the outer skin of the onions and cut in half horizontally. Cook in boiling salted water, un-

Want to Learn Some New Household Tricks?

Of course you do—and it's the simple easy way of doing things—as ferreted out by millions of homemakers that have been compiled in this book, "Household Hints"—a book that literally every homemaker should own.

To get your copy, to learn the household tricks that for some reason or other you just haven't thought of before—send 10 cents in coin to Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois—ask for the booklet "Household Hints."

ered, until onions are almost tender (approximately 20 minutes). Take care to preserve shape of onions while cooking. Drain, and arrange cut side up in a buttered baking dish. Remove the center of each onion and chop fine. Mix with the soft bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and bacon. Fill onion halves and top with the buttered bread crumbs. Cover bottom of the baking dish with water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until onions are tender and bread crumbs have browned, approximately 1/2 hour.

Cauliflower a la Parmesan.

- 1 head cauliflower, cooked
- 3 tablespoons grated cheese
- 1 cup white sauce
- 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Place cauliflower in greased casserole. Pour white sauce over cauliflower, and sprinkle with cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 30 minutes, or until crumbs are delicately browned. Serves 6.

Spinach Nut Ring.

- (Serves 6)
- 3 cups cooked spinach
- 3 eggs (beaten)
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 3/4 cup nut meats (cut fine)
- 1/4 cup bacon fat
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Chop the spinach and add the beaten eggs and other ingredients in the order given. Turn into a greased ring mold and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) about 30 minutes, or until it is firm. Turn out on a hot, round platter.

Savory Glazed Carrots.

Cook until onions are tender:
2 tablespoons onion, chopped
2 tablespoons butter

Flour carrots and saute with onions and butter for 10 minutes: 9 or 10 whole carrots, scraped (5 to 6 inches long)

- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Then pour on:
1 can consommé, diluted with 1/2 cup water

Cover tightly and cook until carrots are tender. Sprinkle with chopped parsley just before serving.

Corn Souffle.

- 4 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2 cups canned corn
- 1 tablespoon chopped pimientos
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped celery
- 4 egg yolks
- 4 egg whites, beaten

Melt butter and add flour, salt and milk. Cook until very thick sauce forms. Stir constantly. Add corn, seasonings and egg yolks and beat three minutes. Fold in egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

Brussels Sprouts

Select light green, compact heads. One quart will serve six. Remove wilted leaves and soak for 15 minutes in cold water. Drain and cook uncovered for 20 minutes in boiling water. Add salt the last 10 minutes. Drain and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

PATTERNS

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ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. Who has charge of the Great Seal of the United States?
2. How does the size of an electron compare with that of an orange?
3. Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee are characters in what story?
4. Who was the first king of the house of Windsor?
5. Can eclipses of the sun occur in any month of the year?
6. What does a caryatid represent?
7. What American city is called "The Queen City of the Lakes"?
8. What is a serape?
9. How many states of the United States border on the Pacific coast?
10. What does it mean when a defendant in a criminal case makes a plea of nolo contendere?

The Answers

1. The secretary of state has charge of the Great Seal.
2. If an electron and an orange could be magnified equally until the orange was as large as the earth, the electron would still be too small to be visible to the unaided eye.
3. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."
4. George V. The name of the British royal family was changed to Windsor in 1917.
5. Eclipses of the sun, visible at some parts of the earth's surfaces, have been recorded in every month of the year.
6. A woman (a woman's figure used as a column in architecture).
7. Buffalo, N. Y.
8. A blanket worn as an outer garment by Spanish-Americans.

Before the Facts

Sit down before every fact as a little child. Be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses Nature leads, and you shall learn nothing.—T. H. Huxley.

Had Hen but Been Long on Legs and Short on Neck!

The landlady glanced round the table at her twelve hungry boarders before starting to carve the rather sad-looking chicken.

In rapid succession she asked each which part of the fowl he preferred. Ten of them decided on legs.

The carver dropped her knife with a clatter on the dish.

"What do you imagine this is?" she said, sarcastically, pointing to the chicken. "A centipede, or what?"

"Oh, no," replied the boarder who had been served. "Judging by the piece of neck I've got, I should imagine it was a giraffe."

Real Necessities

Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by.—Cromwell.

TIPS to Gardeners

CHOOSE BEANS WISELY

THE gardener should be well acquainted with the many available varieties of stringless beans, if he is to get the most from his bean crop.

If earliness is the principal interest, the gardener should select either Bountiful (green-podded) or Golden Wax (yellow). Bountiful is excellent for use when small, in shoe-string size. It is also a good choice for home canning, for it produces abundantly.

The gardener interested in yield over a long season should select both a bush bean, and a pole bean. The pole beans begin producing when the yield from the bush beans tapers off.

Kentucky Wonder is one of the best all-purpose pole beans. It provides good quality snap beans. When past the snap stage, the pods may be cut up, and cooked southern style. Later, this bean may be used in the green shell stage. In the more mature stage the beans may be used in baking or in soup.

Man's Power

It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried in a thousand years, the power of man over matter . . . O that moral science were in a fair way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human knowledge would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity!—Benjamin Franklin.

BAKE DELICIOUS CAKES WITH

CLABBER GIRL

BAKING POWDER

The Perfect Leavening Agent

Supporting Misfortunes which actually happen, than in anticipating those which may happen in supporting the misfortunes to us.—La Rochefoucauld.

FERRY'S DATED SEEDS

SELECTED FOR YOUR LOCALITY

Get them from your local dealer

Overcautiousness He that is overcautious will accomplish little.—Schiller.

Trouble's Interest Worry is interest paid on trouble before it is due.—Dean Inge.

HOW "WISE" ARE YOUR EYES?



TOBACCO PACKAGES CAN SURPRISE YOU, TOO—THE P.A. POCKET TIN IS GOOD FOR 70 "MAKIN'S" SMOKES

● Prince Albert's "crimp cut" packs down in the tin—packs smoothly and evenly in your papers. Rolls fast, easy without fuss, fumbling, or spilling. Smokes grand—smooth, mild, good-tasting from first smoke to last. (Same in pipes, too!)

● The post that's furthest away looks largest, doesn't it? But get out your ruler and measure all three. You'll agree that the posts are exactly the same size!

"SMOKING JOY AND LOTS OF IT!" says Jim Sellers

PRINCE ALBERT LAYS RIGHT—ROLLS SO EVEN. NO BULGES, NO THIN SPOTS. FASTEST ROLLIN' AND MILDEST SMOKING I KNOW—AND WHAT MELLOW, RICH TASTE!

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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

A. A. A. NEWS HEALTH NOTES

Faulty Thinking

Is Responsible for the Mess in which the World Finds Itself Today.

RIGHT THINKING and RIGHT ACTING
Is the only Cure, and that is what WE are striving to do To Our Patrons

The BEST Market and the Best in EQUIPMENT and SERVICE
In handling Grain and Supplying Feeds.

Santa Fe Grain Co.

There will soon be available to farmers of the county Farm Plan Sheets, which are to be worked out in connection with planning for the 1941 Agricultural Conservation Program. For several reasons, this is the most important paper that any farmer will be called to fill out during the year. These Farm Plan Sheets will contain a summary of the allotments to the individual farm, a schedule of the estimated payments for full compliance, and a guide for carrying out soil building practices on the farm. At the time these "plans" are executed by the farmer, he will be given a copy of the map of the farm. This map may be used to a very good advantage by most farmers in planning their planting in such a way as to not be overplanted on any crop. There will also be given to the farmer a blank sheet which contains blank spaces for entering allotments to the farm, actual crop yields, AAA normal or payment yields, and a space for entering the date and amount of AAA payments.

AUSTIN—The annual spring upswing in measles prevalence is evident from reports to the State Health Department by more than 300 city and county health officers throughout the State.

The prevalence of measles was 338 per cent higher than the normal prevalence for last week, figured on a seven-year median, according to Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer. There were 1,416 cases reported for the eleventh week of the year, ending March 15, and the median number of cases for the week over a seven-year period was 420.

Since measles is a disease which should always be given careful nursing, with isolation of the patient to protect others against the disease, and since it is characteristic of the disease that it usually becomes more prevalent in the spring season, the State Health Department issues this warning to the parents of Texas children—guard your children against measles, and if they contract this disease, put them to bed immediately call your family physician, and see that cases are promptly reported to the local health officers, and that your home is properly placarded.

The stage of measles preceding the eruption is frequently mistaken for a common cold, and as the disease is highly communicable at this stage the germs are widely spread because, as a rule, we take no common-sense precautions either in treating or protecting others from a common cold. Measles causes a congestion and inflammation of the respiratory tract, the delicate membrane that lines the eyelids and the accessory sinuses—these conditions make complications of the disease fairly common. Complications may take the form of bronchitis, pneumonia, and acute inflammation of the middle ear.

This disease is particularly dangerous in the very young children. It is a serious mistake to expose a small child to measles so that he will have it before school age, because the mortality rate for measles and its complications is much lower among children of school age than younger children.

The very young children who have recently recovered from respiratory diseases or who are undernourished should be given the opportunity for protection if they are exposed to measles. Prevention or modification of measles is a very successful procedure if the physician is given opportunity within a short time after exposure to the disease.

The plan for executing these Farm Plan sheets is to hold community meetings in each community of the county. In these meetings the local committeemen will be in charge. Working with these committeemen will be several men who have been selected from the community. In this way those farmers who come to the meeting to sign and execute a Farm Plan Sheet will be able to promptly fill out the form and there will be very little confusion and waiting. Again we want to stress the convenience and importance of these Farm Plan Sheets. Any farmer who works out one of these forms will have before him at all times in his own home the exact allotments to the farm. He will know just how much money to expect from the AAA program for the year. And he will have a map of the farm which will enable him to accurately plant within the allotment to the farm. Another item of importance regarding the Farm Plan Sheet is that the local committeeman will be able to advise the farmer just the exact steps to take to earn the full soil building payment to the farm.

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

SANTA FE RAILROAD NEWS

The Santa Fe's net railway operating income for February was \$1,594,861, according to a statement released by President Edward J. Engel today. This is an increase of \$1,556,515, compared with February 1940. Gross for the System was \$13,878,465, an increase over February 1940, of \$2,793,640, or 25.20 per cent. Operating expenses were \$10,464,165, an increase of \$1,046,706, or 11.11 per cent over the same month of 1940. Railway tax accruals were \$1,967,110, an increase of \$311,648, or 6.43 per cent.

Richard W. Robbins, stockman, of Belvidere, Kans., was elected a director of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company at the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors held in New York City recently.

Robbins, born in Kingman County, Kans. is 48 years old and graduated from Yale University in 1913. Later he attended Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, Pa.

A member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Robbins was for a number of years a manufacturer and industrial engineer at Pittsburgh.

He served from 1930 to 1935 as president of the Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc. In November, 1940, he was appointed chairman of the Kansas Industrial Development Commission. Recently he was named chairman of the Executive Committee of the Midwest Defense Conference.

TENANT-PURCHASE LOANS ARE AVAILABLE NOW

(From State Line Tribune)
Tenant-purchase loan applications were this week opened to Farmer county farmers, Frank Seale, supervisor of the county FSA office, which administers the program, said Monday. The deadline on such applications has been set as April 30th.

The program this year will operate in much the same manner as the one during 1940, Seale stated. Eligible applicants include any tenant farmer, share cropper, or farm laborer.

Following the final date for receiving applications, the county committee will go into a huddle in selecting the choice applications of the group, and final transfer of papers to the regional office is expected by July 1.

No County Quota
"We are rushing the work this year," Seale stated, "in view of the fact that no county will be allotted a set quota. Money for the program will be available on July 1st, and after that it will be a matter of 'first come, first served'. Farmer county applications will be ready by that time, in order that our county may receive its share of T-P loans."

Last year, this county was given a quota of five, but due to the slowness in turning in some applications, money for the work was exhausted before the fifth loan was approved. "We are trying to get things in shape so that this will not be the case this year," Seale said emphatically.

Loan applications will be closed on April 30th, after which a month will be devoted to making up family histories in the local office, it was announced. During June, the county advisory group, composed of W. H. Gammon of Lazbuddy, Olan Schlueter of Farwell, and Charlie M. Rogers of Rhea, will be in session choosing the applications to be selected to the regional office.

Must Make New Loan
Seale went on to state that any person who made an application for the loan in 1940, who was not chosen in the final five, would necessarily have to make a new application for consideration in the 1941 program.

SANTA FE CARLOADINGS

The Santa Fe Railway System carloadings for the week March 22, 1941, were 18,585 compared with 17,570 for the same week in 1940. Received from connections were 7,352 compared with 5,191 for the same week in 1940. The total cars moved were 25,937 compared with 22,761 for the same week in 1940. The Santa Fe handled a total of 25,638 cars during the preceding week of this year.

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Against ALL Road Hazards, on Size - 600 X 16 for \$6.00

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A Better Tire, - 2 For the Price of 1 plus \$1.00

You cannot afford to miss these OPENING Sale Bargains.
TIME LIMITED-

Reeve Chev. Co.

The rain did come and the mud is here, And our clothes are looking most awfully queer, All spattered with mud, but what care we, We can get them well cleaned at the Helpy-Sel-fee.

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"We take the work out of wash."
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Has Shown That,

LIFE INSURANCE,

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Furniture and Undertaking
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We now offer \$150.00 cash burial insurance at low cost.

Hereford Texas

RHEA 4-H CLUB

The club met March 18 with our sponsor, Mrs. Alderson. The house was called to order by the president, Eleanor Schuler. The roll was called by the secretary, Billie Jo Anne Walker. Each answered with a joke. We talked on hobbies. Some had very interesting hobbies. Closed by several songs.

MIDWAY H. D. CLUB

The Midway home demonstration club met Thursday, March 20, at the home of Mrs. Cecil Wiley. There were seven members present: Mesdames Joe Jesko, Walter Fangman, B. N. Koelzer, Roy Karr, Cecil Wiley, Paul Hicks, Travis Galloway. We are always glad to get new members in our club. We welcome Mrs. Paul Hicks. Refreshments were served. Ladies, the next club meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Joe Jesko, at 2:30, April 3. Everyone is welcome.

MIDWAY 4-H CLUB

The Midway 4-H club met on March 6. The president called the house to order. Mrs. Joe Jesko, our sponsor, and the girls talked about hobbies. Miss Cunningham told about some of her hobbies, and those of her friends. Miss Cunningham showed us some of her hobbies that she got from Old Mexico and from all tribes of Indians. She showed us some things her friend had as a hobby. It was a very interesting talk and all the girls enjoyed it very much.

ATTENDED COMMISSIONERS CONVENTION

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Moseley spent 11 of last week visiting relatives and friends in parts of Oklahoma and Texas. Dave and wife also attended the County Judges' and Commissioners' district convention in Wichita Falls, returning home late Saturday evening.

'SOAK THE RICH'



"Why are you always rubbing it in on rich people?"
"They deserve it."
"Yes, but we can't all be poor, you know."

Died of Heartbreak
"I shall die," throbbed the suitor, "unless you consent to marry me."
"I'm sorry," said the maiden kindly, but friendly, "but I will not marry you."

So the fellow went out West and after 62 years, 3 months, and 1 day, became suddenly ill and died.

Fatal Mistake

"Why did you fire that new boy?" asks the partner of the strawberry merchant.
"Didn't you see what he was doing?" answers the other. "I told him to fill those boxes with berries and the gawk was filling the bottoms instead of the tops."

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It is a "Bear Cat," and we are now prepared to give our customers the BEST to be had in the line of FEED GRINDING

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Thousands of communities will soon inaugurate their Annual Clean-up Campaigns, which should also include a

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Well! If You Ever Do OVERHAUL Your Car Or Tractor Motor,

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