

POOL

Christmas has come and gone. We hope everyone had a happy one. Here's hoping every one will have a happy and prosperous New Year.

and little daughter, Mary Lou and Billy and Henry Rowe. Mrs. Pool was able to be at home for the holidays.

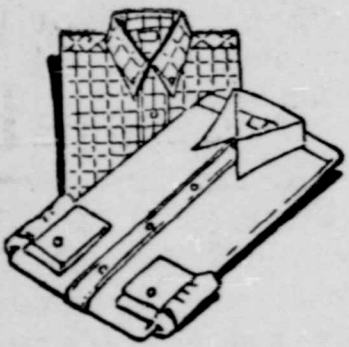
BIG TECH RALLY AT DALLAS JANUARY 1

DALLAS, Texas, Dec. 19.—Dallas ex-students of Texas Tech have completed plans for the largest pre-game football rally in the history of the college on the eve of the third Cotton Bowl Classic which matches Texas Tech against St. Mary's of California.

LYNCH HAT WORKS Master Hatter Hats Cleaned Blocked and Retrims. New Hats Made to Order. — Phone 769 1106 Ave. J. Lubbock, Texas

BLAIR'S BARBER SHOP Haircuts 25c West Side of Square

F H A LOANS On City and Farm Property Farm and Ranch Loans J. R. Cowser, Loan Dept. J. E. MURFEE & SON 202 Citizens Bank Bldg. Lubbock, Texas



We Can Wash Shirts Better

The most particular of husbands will be better satisfied with our fine work.

TRY US AND SEE BROWNFIELD STEAM LAUNDRY



WINTER TIME IS HERE

Condition Your Car With Prestone or Anti-Freeze FITZGERALD'S Service Station Phone 19

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

ENLARGEMENTS



Trimming and enlarging improve a picture. Both small and large picture here were made from the same negative. Any picture can be enlarged.

DO SOME of your pictures include too much — a lot of surplus background and material at top, bottom and sides that has little or nothing to do with the subject, and injures the picture effect?

camera, and showed up too large in the finished picture. The negative was "masked" in making the enlargement so that only the head showed. Result: a much better picture.

John van Guilder

Let us help you with your Photographic problem and equipment. Portraiture — film Developing — Photographic Equipment. LOWE'S STUDIO

SPORTS AND PLAY REPLACE POLICE AND JAIL IN CITY'S DRIVE TO SAVE YOUTH FROM CRIME



CHICAGO—Sports equipment instead of the policeman's club, and play areas in place of jails, comprise the newest approach to the problem of combating juvenile crime and general moral disintegration.

RUPTURE

SHIELD EXPERT HERE H. M. SHEVNAN, widely known expert of Chicago, will personally be the Hilton Hotel, Lubbock, Friday and Saturday, only, January 6 and 7, from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hartwick, Jr. of Houston, Texas were guests of Miss Velma McClish over the

Happy New Year



As we are about to cross the threshold of a brand new year, the Herald pauses to reflect upon and recall the genuine pleasure we have had in serving you, the people of Brownfield and territory, the past year and in years past.

May we also at this time, take this opportunity of wishing you, and you, and you, the brightest, happiest and most prosperous New Year!

THE HERALD



Recasting the Farm

Lost motion is costly whether it is in the factory or on the farm. There are times when an hour means more than day at some other time. Good farm management, like good factory management, implies getting the greatest results from the time and energy expended. This in turn calls for the elimination of unnecessary motions. It all adds up to the mathematical axiom that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points and arranging the set-up to use all the practical "shortcuts."

Factory managers employ the best engineering talent to lay out the plant for efficient operation and then follow each operation with a keen eye to learn how to perform it with the fewest possible

motions. The workman, by reducing the essential motions to the minimum, not only gets more work done, but is less fatigued at the end of the day. All of us have known people who always seemed to be in a hurry and yet got less work done than others who appear to go about the job in a leisurely manner. The difference is simply that the hurrier is probably making a lot of ineffective motions, wasting both physical and nervous energy, while the other sort of worker makes every motion count toward getting the job done.

Women, by recognizing their kitchens, have progressed more rapidly in the saving of steps and time than men have done in the barnyard and on the farm. The home, and especially the kitchen, is as much a part of the productive farm equipment as the plow and the barnyard, so perhaps that is the best place to start in stream-lining the farm for more efficient water, convenient fuel, and its stove, sink, worktables, etc., are compactly arranged the housewife not only gets her work done more quickly but does not wear herself out in the process.

This is a good season of the

year to study the farm and re-shape its arrangements as the women have done and are doing in their kitchens. Next summer, when the seasonal work is crowded, when every hour counts, is too late to do anything about sagging gates, roundabout routes to the field, water where the livestock can serve themselves, pastures which cannot be grazed for lack of fence and water, or somebody's time to drive the cows back and forth.

The ideal situation of course would be to start with the bare land and lay out the home and farm plant for convenience and economy of time as a modern factory is laid out. Most farms track back to pioneer conditions, however, and the more or less haphazard arrangements of their improvements which cannot be readily or economically corrected over night. This should not and need not prevent a gradual reconstruction and rearrangement for time and labor saving.

Perhaps the most time-consuming and thankless chore on the farm is drawing water for household, poultry and livestock. A hand pump is a long step forward, but a windmill or power pump, with reservoir and watering both energy and time, will soon repay their cost by saving both energy and time, besides paying off in better milk production, better health and growth in all animals and fowls on the farm. There is no better place to begin reorganizing the farm plant than with an adequate and efficient water supply system.

Our home economics leaders have shown that a very small plot of garden well watered can supply a large part of the family food and improve its health at the same time. Here again the water supply pays off, sometimes when drought destroys a garden which depends upon Providence.

GOP STILL HAS FEWER GOVERNORS THAN '32

Net Republican gains of governorships from Democrats in last Tuesday's election were 9, instead of 14 as was widely heralded. As against 12 captured from the Democrats, and Farmer-Labor parties in Wisconsin and Minnesota, they lost three Republican governorships to the Democrats in California, Maryland and North Dakota.

Including the seven lone governors the GOP had in the entire country prior to last Tuesday—an all-time low for either of the major parties—the Republicans still lack two of their number before the Roosevelt landslide of 1932. In 1928 they elected 30, lost eight in 1930, lost two more in 1931, 11 additional in 1932 and one each in 1934 and 1936. That left the irreducible minimum of seven. The GOP former strongholds had dropped so low that a bounce was inevitable.

Several states just regained by the Republicans have previously elected Republicans since 1932, including Kansas and Michigan in 1934, both of which elected Democratic governors in 1936. New Jersey elected a Republican governor in 1935, Maryland in 1934 and North Dakota in 1936. All are again Democratic.

Commenting on the gubernatorial

results, Chairman James A. Farley of the Democratic National Committee, said: "As expected, the election showed a falling off from the unprecedented pluralities of 1936. We lost several Democratic governors—a few more than we anticipated. There is no doubt that local considerations, rather than national, were the deciding factors in a number of states. That is particularly true in states where third party candidates contributed to the defeat of Democratic incumbents. The failure to heal intra party strife contributed to the defeat of the party in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Oregon. However, the outcome justifies the statement that the country as a whole is still strongly behind the humanitarian policies of President Roosevelt."

IF EVERY ONE—

If every one who drives a car could lie a month in bed, With broken bones and stitched-up wounds, or fractures of the head. And there endure the agonies as many people do, They'd never need preach safety any more to me or you.

If every one could stand beside the bed of some close friend, And hear the doctor say 'no hopes' before the fatal end, And see him there unconscious, never knowing what took place, The laws and rules of traffic I am sure we'd soon embrace.

If one could meet the wife and children left behind, And step into the darkened home where once the sunlight shined, And look upon "the vacant chair" where daddy used to sit, I'm sure each reckless driver would be forced to think of it.

If every one would realize pedestrians on the street, Have just as much the right-of-way as those upon the seat, And train their eyes for children who run recklessly at play, This steady toll of human lives would drop from day to day.

If every one would check his car before he takes a trip, For worn out tires, loose steering wheels, and brakes that fail to grip, And pay attention to his lights while driving roads at night, Another score for safety could be chalked up in the fight.

If every one who drives a car would heed the danger signs, Placed by the highway engineers who also mark the lines. To keep the traffic in the lane and give it proper space, Most accidents we read about could not have taken place.

And last, if he who takes the wheel would say a little prayer, And keep in mind those in the car depending on his care, And make a vow and pledge himself to never take a chance, The great crusade for safety then would suddenly advance. —By C. E. Weiser, Stamford Leader.

D. R. Holder of Conchas Dam, N. M. was a Christmas day visitor in Brownfield.

The Country Doctor

By Seth Parker

The kitchen stove was glowing warm, The oven door stood wide, The country doctor tilted back And put his feet inside. The wind around the low-set eaves, Was blowing with a roar, But it was nothing as compared, Unto the Doctor's snore.

Across the room the Doctor's wife Had opened up a book Of the trips that he had took, Some forty years ago that book Had been her hope and light, But that was forty years ago, And now it's nearly night.

When they were young and full of hope, And all the world seemed gay. They planned the gorgeous wedding trip That they would take some day. They didn't have the money then, But prayed the precious Lord, That this same book would bring the things They couldn't then afford.

Instead of tears, there came a smile, For forty years of life Had taught her what it meant to be A country doctor's wife. She gently shook him from his sleep, The book she had him take. She scolded just about enough, To make him keep awake.

'Here's Herbert Brown' she pointed out, 'You've seen him every day. Now how much do you really think You ought to make him pay?' The country doctor thought a mite And stroked his snow-white hair. 'We'd better charge him nothing, ma, 'Cause there's been sickness there.'

She had her pencil in her hand, 'Cause she knew what he'd say, And said it every day. 'Now here's Sam Hooper, he's been sick,

It seems like it was right To charge him just a little bit, You sat up all the night.' The country doctor shook his head, 'I'd charge him, ma,' he said. But that confounded gentleman's Been awful sick abed.' He thought another moment, And twisted in his chair, 'You'd better charge him nothing, ma, 'Cause there's been sickness there.'

'I'll charge him nothing if you say, But here's the Widow Bost, You ought to charge her plenty For all the sleep you've lost. Why she kept you arunning it, From morning until night, Let's see you make a little bill, 'And charge her just mite,' The doctor kind of weakened It seemed, as if he would, And then he hemmed and hawed a mite, And said he wished he could, 'I'd charge her in a minute, ma, If I thought that it was fair, But let's not charge her nothing now,

'Cause there's been sickness there.'

She kned he'd say it just like that. She scribbled out the name, For over forty years they'd played This understanding game. She'd read the names and he would try, To think perhaps 'twas fair, But he could never seem to charge When there'd been sickness there.

The wedding trip is long past due, For doctor and his wife. The book has grown from page to page, With credit due for life. But when he says those precious words, She doesn't seem to care: "You'd better charge him nothing, ma, 'Cause there's been sickness there."

—Dedicated to Dr. J. D. Moorhead.

Well, we are spoiling another good physician and druggist trying to make a farmer out of him. Dr. G. S. and Mrs. Webber, of the Palace Drug store are moving to their farm in the northern part of the county Jan. 1. The doctor says, however, that they might not stay out there a week.

J. A. Drennan of the Union community was in one day last week and renewed and had us send the Herald to his father, J. F. Drennan, McCaulley, Texas, one year, for a Christmas present.

George Lane came in last week from Newark, N. J., where he has been the past few years with the postoffice department, to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sig Lane and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Griffith of the Willow Wells section were in Wednesday, and called to renew for their Herald and Star-Telegram.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Graves and children of Muskogee, Okla., left Monday for their home. Mr. Graves is a brother of the late Dr. Geo. W. Graves and had been here spending the holidays with Mrs. Geo. W. Graves and family.

The many friends of Mr. J. D. Bailey will be glad to know that he is able to be up and around again after quite a serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker of the Petersburg section of Hale county recently sold out their business and other property, and were here Monday looking at Brownfield business lots, as well as some farm property.



For Those Last Minute Gifts

McSPADDEN FLORAL SHOP
Phone 294
(Home Owned and Operated)
Flowers Wired Anywhere

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jones of the Piggly Wiggly, visited his parents at Rising Star during the holidays.

Rev. Daniels, pastor of the Methodist church, was guest of Rev. John W. Hendrix, Tuesday.

Arnett Bynum, Odessa plumber, was here during the holidays visiting his family.

Mesdames Laura Butler and Ruth Taylor of Lubbock visited Mr. and Mrs. James Harley Dallas on Christmas day.

Jack Holt spent the Christmas holidays with his mother.




At the Stroke of Twelve
As the New Year officially comes into being and the Old Year makes its exit, let us be the first to say to you,
"Happy New Year"
C. L. Williams Hdwe.

EVERY DAY PRICES
Sets 25c
Shampoo and Set 50c
Permanents from \$1.50 to \$7.50
ROSE'S BEAUTY SALON



For Courteous Service and Dependable Products Trade at Herbert Ches-shir's Service Station on Lubbock Highway. Your Business Appreciated.

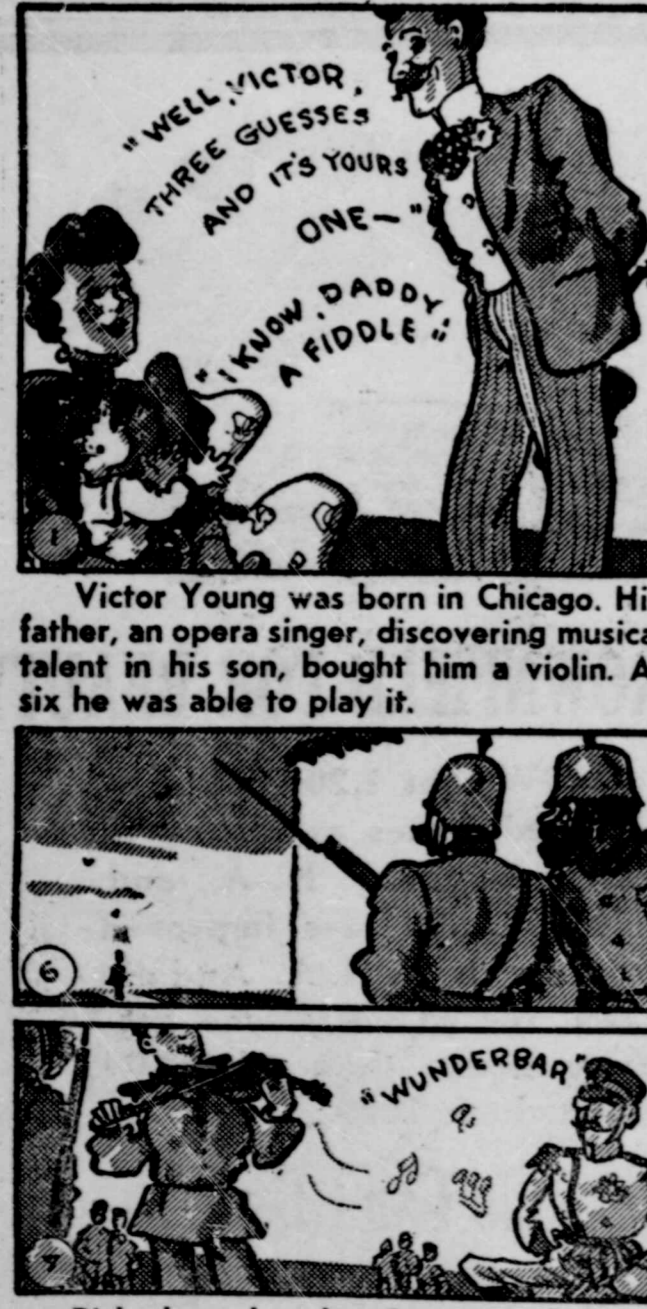
Here's How
Among the others, please include our wishes for a happy New Year.



CORNER DRUG STORE

GREETINGS
May Health, Happiness and Prosperity be yours during the year 1939.
Heartily thanking you for the business you have given us during 1938, and hoping for the continuation of same, we beg to remain,
Sincerely,
JARVIS NOWELL & MANGUM

"Sweet Sue—Just You"
By Victor Young
Will J. Harris



Victor Young was born in Chicago. His father, an opera singer, discovering musical talent in his son, bought him a violin. At six he was able to play it.

Four years later, Victor was sent to his grandfather in Warsaw to study at the Conservatory of Music, where his virtuosity earned him the Diploma of Merit and an appearance with the Warsaw Philharmonic orchestra.

He made his way to Paris, back to Chicago, and finally on to California, where he met his sweetheart and took a job in motion pictures, to help support his wife.

BIRTH OF A SONG
From ASCAP Files
By Joseph R. Fiesler and Paul Carruth



Victor toured the European capitals. The course of his life seemed shaped to a career of classical music. But, then, the world seemed destined to enduring peace.

War times found Victor playing in Kiev. Here he was detained by the Bolsheviks, but was aided to escape by a friendly officer who had heard him play.

He became a composer and arranger of popular music, and his first tune "Sweet Sue—Just You" is already on its way to becoming a classic.

The Blackstone Coffee Shop
with its expert waitresses and new chef, Huber (Curley) Kegler, formerly of Harden Hotel, Hobbs, is announcing a special offer of—
\$5.50 Meal Ticket for \$3.50
DEC. 10th to DEC. 26th INCLUSIVE
This Special will save you money and we will cordially welcome your patronage.
J. E. (Smokey) Taylor, Mgr.

Bronchial Coughs Need Creomulsion
Just a common cough, a chest cold, or a bronchial irritation of today may lead to serious trouble tomorrow. They may be relieved now with Creomulsion, an emulsified Creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a medicinal combination designed to aid nature in soothing and healing infected mucous membranes by allaying irritation and inflammation and by acting in loosening and expelling germ-laden phlegm.
The Medical Profession has for generations recognized the beneficial effect of Beechwood Creosote in the treatment of coughs, chest colds, and bronchial irritations. A special process was worked out by a chemist, for blending Creosote with other ingredients so that now in Creomulsion you get a good dose of genuine Beechwood Creosote which is palatable and may be taken frequently by both adults and children.
Creomulsion is one preparation that goes to the very seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ-laden phlegm. When coughs, chest colds and bronchial troubles—due to common colds—hang on, get a bottle of Creomulsion from your druggist, use it as directed and if you are not satisfied with the relief obtained, the druggist is authorized to refund your money. Creomulsion is one word, ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (A.C.V.)

Dr. William Morgan Copeland was born in Northern Arkansas, December 15th, 1864; died at Meadow, Texas, December 18th, 1938. He spent his youth in his native state, but after his marriage at the age of twenty-six he moved to what was then Indian Territory, where he lived for three years. Since that time, the family has lived in Texas, eleven years in Fannin county, five years in Mitchell county, other West Texas points, and finally the past eighteen years the home has been in Terry county.

For a period of some thirty-two

years Doctor Copeland led a highly useful life as a country doctor, being ably assisted in his profession by his wife, Mrs. Dr. C. A. Copeland who was also a practicing M. D. The past few years he retired from active practice, devoting his tireless energies to his many business and farming interests chiefly in Terry county.

On December 18th, 1890, Dr. Copeland married Miss Carra Annalu Stephens of Mountain Home, Arkansas. There were five children born to this union, only one of whom survives, namely: Mrs. J. N. Campbell of Dimmitt, Texas. The sympathy of their many friends is extended to the loved

ones: Mrs. Dr. Copeland of Meadow; Mrs. J. N. Copeland of Dimmitt; Paul C. Campbell, wife, and little great-grandson, Clarence Newton of Mercedes; Mrs. Jane Lee Copeland and Morgan, grandson; and others, including an only sister, Mrs. J. J. Shelton of Honey Grove.

Dr. Copeland was an Odd Fellow and Mason, but not actively at time of his death. About two and a half years ago, Pastor F. G. Rogers and Mr. K. W. Howell led him to trust Jesus Christ for the salvation of his soul. Since that time his chief interest in life has been the New Testament.

Dr. Copeland suffered a stroke nearly nine years ago, and from time to time since, having been practically helpless for nearly three years. Pneumonia was the immediate occasion of his death, which came at 2:30 Sunday afternoon.

back last spring, in opening his campaign for Attorney General at Tyler, Yarbrough declared: "It costs more to ship a box of manufactured goods from Texas to the North and East than it does to ship the same box of goods from the North and East to Texas. Conversely, it costs more to ship raw materials into Texas than it does to ship them out of Texas." Is it any wonder that the industrial development of our State has been retarded?

One by one, the landmarks disappear. A narrow, dingy office building on Fort Worth's Main Street recently was renovated and, in the process, a sign that had been on one of the upper windows was removed. It marked the former offices of an oil company that was organized—with scores of others—in the midst of the high hopes of the big Desdemona boom. Hogtown long since has relapsed into its ancient calm and the company passed into oblivion long, long ago but the sign lingered. Passersby who invested were reminded no doubt of what "might have been."

Olin Cooper, mechanical genius of Rising Star, has spent three years in building an "animated theatre." Forty-five thousand bits of wood (187 varieties from 27 countries) were used along with material salvaged from typewriters, threshing machines, row-binders, baby beds and other contrivances.

The theatre is seven feet high, the same width and nearly four feet deep, inlaid with landscape pictures and embellished with carvings, scrollwork and molding. Eighty-five little electric lights flood the theatre and, when a button is pushed, the curtains slowly part, disclosing a stage with 25 little figures (including an orchestra). The entertainers play instruments, sing and dance. Cooper even composed the music that is played.

He gained fame, some years ago, with his "Twelve Apostles Clock."

Every now and then, Jefferson receives tidings of a former citizen, M. L. Baugh, who set out, years back, to see the world, taking a guitar and a pushcart along. He has walked 20,000 miles, visiting 43 states, and is now on his way to New York City to attend the opening of the world's fair next June. He sleeps in the cart and earns his living by playing on the guitar.

"Oh, to be in England, now that Christmas is there," to paraphrase Robert Browning.

It may be the Charles Dickens' influence but this commentator has always thought that the Yuletide season in the "right little, tight little isle" was just a bit gayer than anywhere else—a big log crackling in the fire-place, the table laden with such delicacies as a whole roast pig, steaming hot, with a red apple in its mouth, and plum pudding. Then, of course, fragrant "Tom and Jerry"; snow covering everything and changed to bright silver by the moon; singers, all bundled up, going from street to street, singing "God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen"; an icy crunching underfoot; icicles dangling like crystals from every roof, and sleigh bells all a-jingle.

Well, anyway, pass the turkey. A year ago at the Cotton Bowl game, the governor of Colorado wagered Pike's Peak against the Big Bend Park. May we suggest that on Jan. 2, when St. Mary's meets Texas Tech, the California chief executive wager the Golden Gate and that Governor Allred bet an even bigger object than the Big Bend Park—the state deficit?

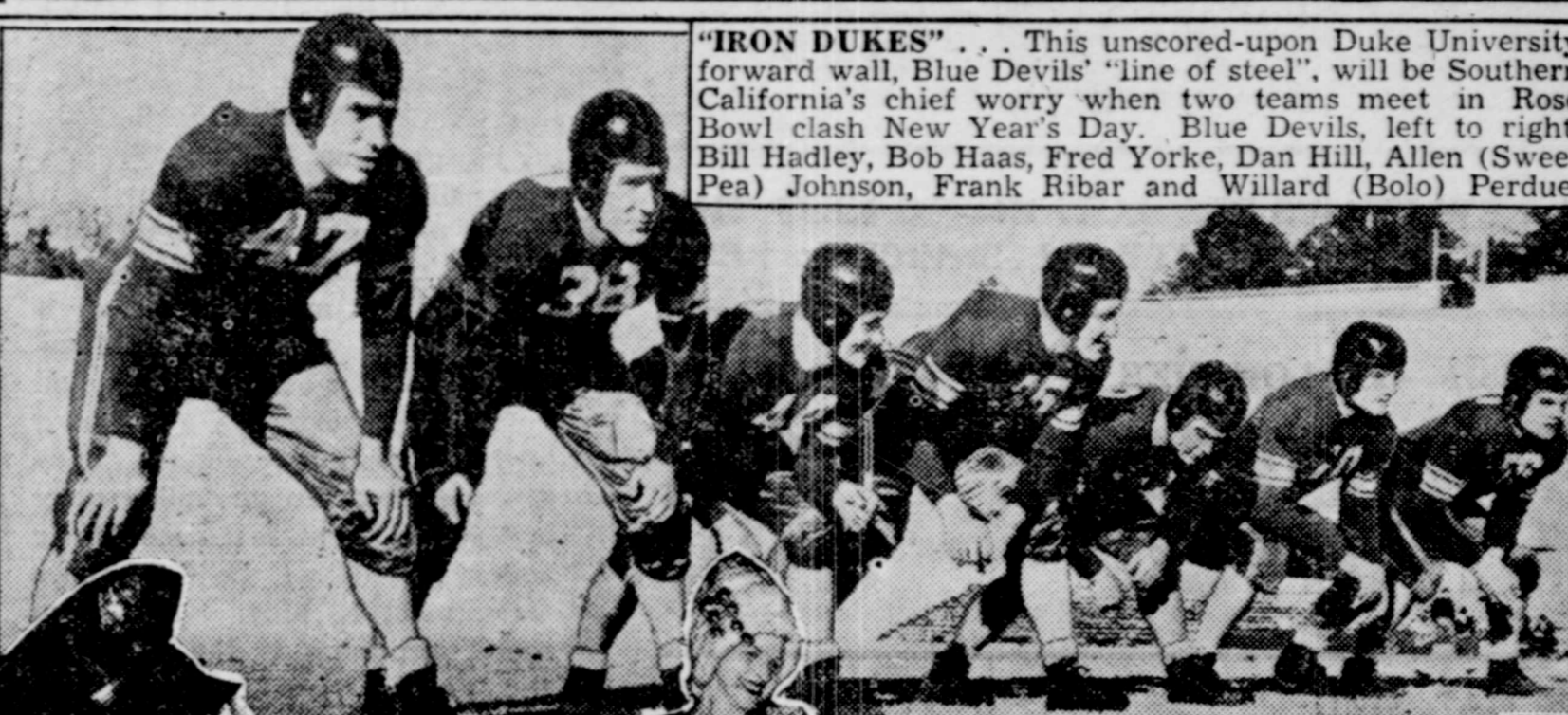
How about an "oldest joke" contest to determine the most ancient jest in the world? My nomination is the story of the farmer who saw a giraffe at a circus and declared, "There ain't no such animal."

Today's bit of philosophy: Mark Twain once said, "A certain amount of fleas is good for a dog; it keeps him busy and prevents him from broodin' over the fact that he is a dog."

Sometime, if I ever get around to it, I'm going to write a book on the "forgotten men" in American literature. Eugene Field, who wrote "Little Boy Blue" (and thereby contributed more in three stanzas than all the hundreds of poems by John Greenleaf Whittier) will be given a place. So will James Whitcomb Riley (you remember "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin" and "That Old Sweetheart of Mine") and there will be space for Frank L. Stanton (everybody knows "Mighty Lak a Rose") and those priceless lines:

"This world that we're a-livin' in Is mighty hard to beat; You git a thorn with every rose, But ain't the roses sweet." A favorite story of Senator Tom

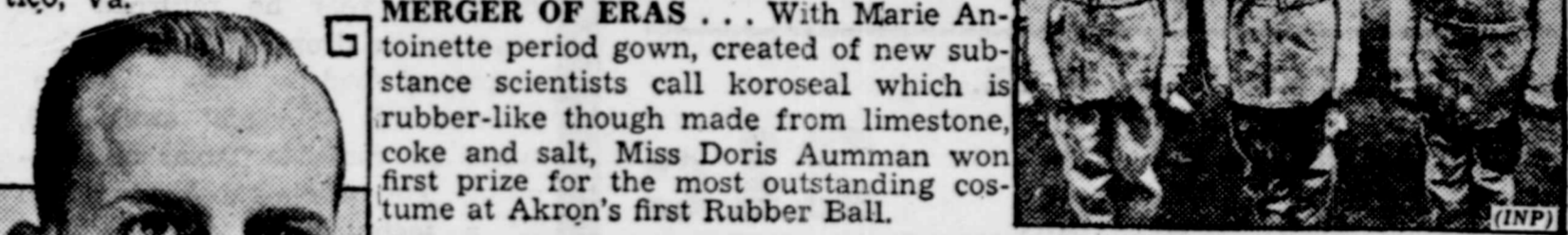
People and Spots in the Late News



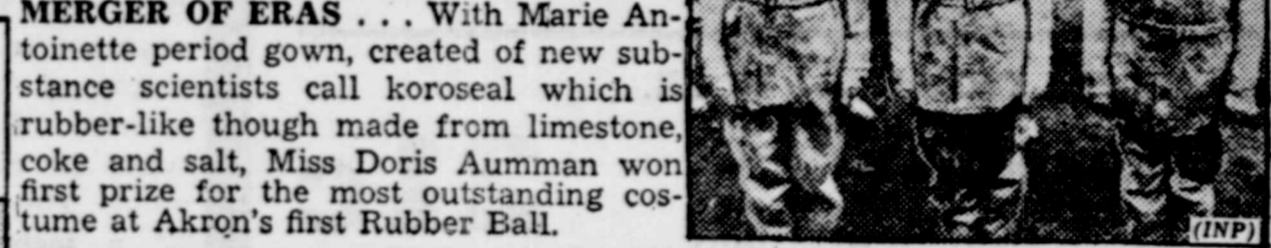
"IRON DUKES" . . . This unscored-upon Duke University forward wall, Blue Devils' "line of steel," will be Southern California's chief worry when two teams meet in Rose Bowl clash New Year's Day. Blue Devils, left to right, Bill Hadley, Bob Haas, Fred Yorke, Dan Hill, Allen (Sweet Pea) Johnson, Frank Ribar and Willard (Bolo) Perdue.



"MEN FROM MARS" . . . Anti-gas troops of General Francisco Franco's army (below), dressed in gas-proof clothing and gas masks, said to be efficient in protecting soldiers against all types of gas, are mute evidence that Spanish Civil War is being used as proving ground for defensive as well as offensive war measures.



LUCKY DOG! . . . Sergeant Major Jiggs, 3rd, bulldog mascot of Marine Corps, has situation well in hand (like all good marines) as he was admired by Mrs. Mary Richards at Philadelphia's 44th annual dog show which the "Sergeant", attended by numerous marines, visited from Quantico, Va.



MERGER OF ERAS . . . With Marie Antoinette period gown, created of new substance scientists call koroseal which is rubber-like though made from limestone, coke and salt, Miss Doris Aumman won first prize for the most outstanding costume at Akron's first Rubber Ball.

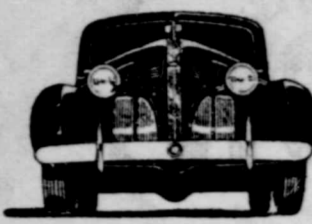


SPY SUSPECT . . . Federal authorities are believed to have uncovered well-organized spy ring with arrest and secret indictment by grand jury on espionage charges, of Karl Allen Drummond, 21, who is accused of attempting to sell important military secrets to Japan.



MARKS INDUSTRIAL SHRINE . . . Historical Society of Western Pa. honored aluminum industry's founders by placing plaque on Pittsburgh site where metal was first made commercially in tiny plant 50 years ago. Photo shows: Mrs. Alfred E. Hunt, widow of one of founders, and her grandson Richard, who unveiled plaque.

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NOW ONLY \$758*
AND UP
WELBORN PONTIAC COMPANY
Brownfield, Texas

I GIVE YOU TEXAS

By Boyce House

Wonder if the golden-voiced tenor is still in Nuevo Laredo? He went to Spain and sang in opera at Madrid but pined for his native land and returned to Mexico. He used to be in evidence a few years ago around the night spots in the city across the river from Laredo. We were introduced by a mutual friend and, upon request, he sang. The melody was "La Paloma" and, at the first notes, the dancers quit dancing to listen. Afterward, he accepted a glass of wine.

Much has been appearing in the papers these last few weeks about freight rates that discriminate against Texas. Judge Ralph Yarbrough of Austin "pioneered" in bringing this unfair situation to the attention of Texans. Away

"My Skin Was Full of Pimples and Blemishes From Constipation," says Verna Schlepp "Since using Adierka the pimples are gone. My skin is smooth and glows with health." Adierka washes BOTH bowels, and relieves constipation that so often aggravates a bad complexion.—Alexander Drug Co., Inc.

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- PICTORIAL REVIEW ----- 1 year
- *SOUTHERN AGRICULTURALIST ----- 1 year
- THE FARM JOURNAL ----- 1 year

* () Check here if you want Progressive Farmer, one year, substituted for Southern Agriculturalist.

My name is _____ Address _____

Town _____ State _____

each year. Out of the \$960 annual income an \$80 a month worker receives, he pays \$10.29 a month, or \$123.48 a year, in indirect taxes that have to be added to the cost of necessities he buys, such as food, rent, clothing fuel, light, recreation, insurance and dozens of other things—about 13 per cent of his income in this case. And the tax total increases as he earns more.

You are kidding yourself when you laugh about taxes. The less you earn, the harder they hit you from the indirect angle, for they increase the cost of every necessity of life you buy.

Miss Hilma Joyce of Colorado City was a guest of Miss Velma McClish on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Kyle Graves and Miss Sharleen spent the holidays in Stephenville.

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- Clip This Coupon and Mail Today

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Dallas, Texas
Gentlemen:

Herewith my remittance \$ _____ to cover subscription to The Dallas News (one year by mail) (six months by mail).

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DON'T KID YOURSELF

In commenting on the belief of many that they "pay no taxes" the Kansas City Star says: "The complacency of millions over taxes would be sharply upset if a few facts were allowed to sink in."

The Star then takes a survey of indirect taxes" made by a large life insurance company and shows what the man who thinks he "pays no taxes," actually pays in taxes

