

PENASCO VALLEY NEWS

AND HOPE PRESS

A Democratic Newspaper Published in the Interests of New Mexico, Eddy County and The Penasco Valley

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Published Every Friday

OIL BULLETIN

The J. P. Parks test well (formerly the Mc Auliffe-Coates test well) located in the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 3, Tp. 18, Rg. 23, is now being reorganized with the view of completing the test. The hole is drilled to a depth of about 1000 feet but was closed down because of shortage of funds, so it was said.

Frank Toms who is drilling a test well in Sec. 19, Tp. 20 Rg. 23, near the old Shelton well 18 miles south of Hope, drilling below 75 feet.

The test being put down by M. E. Young, of Casper, Wyoming, in Sec. 24, Tp. 18, Rg. 23, with Paton Bros., of Artesia, drilling contractors, drilling below 900 feet. Contract calls for 2000 feet unless oil is encountered before that. This test is near Antelope Lake a few miles south and east of Hope.

The Artesia Drilling Co., in Sec. 14, Tp. 17, Rg. 24, drilling below 1095 feet. A heavy flow of gas was struck here at a depth of about 985 feet. This test is located near the Hope highway south of the Elzi Swift ranch.

Prospects for several more test wells in the Hope territory is good but locations can not be announced at the present time. Before 1940 is over several test wells will be spudded in south and east of Hope.

Mr. John Hardin spent a few days in Hope this week. His little daughter, Mary Jane, returned to the ranch with him.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Smith who have been at the Lee Glasscock ranch the past few weeks spent a few days in Hope returning to the ranch Tuesday.

Several dogs have been poisoned in Hope the past week.

The recent rain has been ideal for road building west of Hope.

Receives Appointment

Miss Marjorie Johnson has been appointed Registration Clerk at Carlsbad beginning June 3d.

WEED ITEMS

The elements are still unsettled; showers today, Tuesday.

Congratulations Hope! The dam will certainly be an asset to the entire section.

Mrs. John Grisak, nee Miss Elta Sowell, is reported quite ill at their ranch home several miles out from Weed.

L. L. Bass was in Weed on business Monday from his home near Cloudercroft.

D. W. Lewis and daughter Miss Allie, were business visitors in Alamogordo Saturday.

Miss Ida Cox returned to her home on Bluewater Canyon Tuesday morning from Mimbres, N. M., where she has been for several months.

Miss Kathleen Newman of Artesia is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pat Riley and family on their fox farm west of Weed this week.

It has been learned that Richard Jones former resident of the Pinon community had the misfortune of losing an eye recently. Mr. Jones and his family are now living near Arrey, N. M., and the injury was received while working on the farm; a limb some way striking his eye, which caused the loss.

It has been announced that an all day service is to be conducted in the Sacramento Methodist Church Sunday. Rev. Sperling delivering a sermon at eleven and one in the afternoon and lunch served on the premises.

Mrs. Mabel Patterson entertained the school faculty Tuesday evening with a picnic supper at the old ranger station location two miles west of Weed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Anderson,

Mrs. J. F. Nichols and little daughter Ina Bess of Alpine, Tex., visited in the Boyce home Friday and Saturday. Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Nichols are Mrs. Boyce's sisters.

A worker from Roswell office of the Anti-theft Association was here recently procuring memberships of stock farmers.

Principal J. E. Houston returned from Reserve, N. M., Saturday accompanied by Mrs. Houston, Jim and Jane, who have been at Reserve during the school term.

Pat Riley and E. E. Morris report a splendid crop of pups on their fox farm, almost an average of four to each vixen.

Car salesman Collins of Alamogordo was here Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Boyce honored the teachers of the Weed school Saturday afternoon with an afternoon tea at their home. The citizens of this section as a whole are justly proud of the excellent school and appreciate the efforts put forth by the teachers.

Sponsor W. E. Fickel with the sophomore class enjoyed a weiner roast Friday evening.

Little Bobby Patterson has been on the sick list but is able to be out again.

D. W. Lewis is preparing the foundation for his adobe house, having the adobes about completed.

Mrs. J. B. Clark presented her piano pupils in a recital Friday evening at her home in Weed. The following pupils participated: Alvaree Jernigan, Lavon Johnson, Norma Jean and Frances Clark and Maidie Wasson. Tommy Pickens who has been taking lessons in Carlsbad, but at home here now, participated in the program also.

Coleman Johnson of Hobbs spent a few days last week visiting his aunt Mrs. A. W. Boyce here.

Quite a crowd assembled at the gymnasium Sunday at eleven to hear the baccalaureate sermon delivered by Minister Allen Johnson of Artesia.

DUNKEN ITEMS

Howdy Folks

Every thing is purty quiet around Dunken seen as how these Dunkenites are just sitting back and enjoying the rain I guess they be thinken how fat their lambs will be this fall whut with all the all the good grass they be havin now.

Ed Watts was in Roswell a few days last week under the care of a doctor, we're glad to report he's improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond McGuire were business visitors in Roswell and Artesia last Saturday also visiting Mr. McGuire's brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McGuire of Artesia.

Saw Mr. Austin Reeves and son, Loren, in Dunken last week they has been over doing some work at Mr. Reeves' ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Watts left Monday to visit their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie

Hardin and daughter, Elma Lois, of Engle.

Mr. and Mrs. Dad Parker made a business trip to Artesia last week.

Mr. Ralph Lewis and Mr. Gene Lewis are visiting in their home on Crow flat this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Helms taken their small daughter, Genell to a doctor at Roswell last week. We're are glad to hear it was nothing serious.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McGuire and family, Edwina, Oma, and Janice and Mr. W. F. McGuire attended the eight grade graduation at Avis Sunday where Evangelist Allen Johnson of Artesia conducted the services.

Mrs. Tobitha Beverage is now staying at the Ed Watts ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Watts and children sonny and Jodean were in Artesia on business Monday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leston Daniels of Roswell were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGuire and sons Sunday all going to Cloudercroft Sunday evening for supper.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Jernigan and Mr. and Mrs. Alvie Jernigan made a business trip to Roswell last Monday.

Mr. Edward McGuire made a trip to Roswell last week to bring out a race horse to the Ed Watts ranch.

Mrs. Earl Netherlin and son Earl Lewis have moved back to their home on Four mile. Mrs. Netherlin has been living at Elk sending their son to school.

Miss Edwina McGuire left to day with the seniors on their trip on Pikes Peak.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hepler made a business to the valley last week.

Seen as how it be getting purty late guess I better be going.

The senior class left on their annual trip Thursday. They will go to Pikes Peak, Colorado.

The National Geographic Magazine for June features an article entitled, "Seeing Our Spanish Southwest" with forty-two illustrations. With the magazine is also a colored wall map of the six southwest states.

Million Dollar Rain Covers Penasco Valley

Rain clouds gathered over the Penasco valley Tuesday afternoon and early in the evening rain began falling continuing during the night and Wednesday. In the Pecos valley there will be some loss as there was considerable hay down but to the stockmen the value of this moisture can not be estimated. Both John and Pete Cassabone, John Pete Cauhape, Joe Clements, Lee Glasscock, Coffin Bros., all have been wearing a smile and you can not blame them. Let'er rain.

Wednesday and Wednesday night the Penasco river was running bank full, Eagle Creek was over flowing as was also Four Mile. The first dip west of Artesia was a raging torrent Wednesday night and delayed traffic several hours. This all goes to show that we really had some rainfall.

R.E.A. meter readers expect to be in Hope the 25th.

The "Dipsy Doodle" Cafe has been wired for electricity the past week.

Miss Edna Wood is recovering from a appendix operation which she underwent last week.

Mr. Nobel Harbert is ill at the home of his sister, Mrs. Calvin George.

Mrs. A. G. Bumgardner and daughter and Miss Bly Miller of Los Angeles, Calif., who have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Miller returned to their homes on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Coates returned Saturday from Kerns, Tex., where Mrs. Coates has been for some time because of ill health. Her many friends are very happy to see her improved in health and able to be home.

Courtesy of The News - New York's Picture Newspaper



Crop Control--European Model



"I'M FOR THE NEW DEAL BUT I'M AGAINST IT"

PLATONIC

By VERDA JENSEN

HERE are some men, you know, whom no woman ever completely wins, and for whom all women instinctively do things . . .

The two women stood facing each other. For a moment neither of them spoke. The clock on the mantel struck out the midnight hour in twelve rapid exclamatory strokes. Shelia Davenport, the younger woman, gestured towards a chair.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked casually, apparently the complete master of the situation.

Her guest, a heavy, richly dressed woman, was obviously disturbed; and as she spoke her voice was marked with the thickness of overwrought emotion and excitement.

"No. I'd rather stand." Shelia shrugged her shoulders in a deprecatory gesture and reached out a white arm, taking a cigarette from the box on the fireplace.

A log rolled over and snapped out a shower of sparks. Shelia tapped her cigarette on the back of one slim hand; lighted it. The older lady loosened her huge fur wrap.

Shelia's eyes lifted in casual interrogation: "Mrs. Netherby, is there anything I could . . ."

"I've come to bargain with you," Mrs. Netherby began, a bit uncertainly but with the distinct air of a woman whose mind is made up to see a thing through.

"That's interesting, of course. Won't you tell me a bit more?"

"You insist on making this dreadfully hard for me, don't you, Shelia Davenport? It is hard for me to talk against your indifference, your hauteur . . ."

"Perhaps I can help." Shelia's voice was decisive.

Her eyes were narrowed to peer through the thin veil of cigarette smoke which hung between them.

"It's about your husband, naturally."

"Yes. Yes, Roderick . . ."

The woman sank into a huge chair and Shelia poised herself almost birdlike on the edge of a divan.

"Do go on," Shelia urged.

Mrs. Netherby set her lips in a determined line, and when her words finally came they sounded automatic, stilted—as though perhaps rehearsed many times before.

"In all my life, Shelia Davenport, I have been completely and irrevocably in love with only one person. And that is the man who married me twenty years ago. And now you are taking him away from me, as subtly, yet as surely as . . ."

"Oh, I assure you . . ." Shelia interrupted, graciously, flicking a bit of ashes into the grate.

"I'm dreadfully sorry; but then you see I rather like the man, myself."

"But you don't love him as I do. You couldn't. You aren't capable of . . . that. You . . ." Mrs. Netherby stopped, a bit winded and at loss for words. "You see I worship him."

"Oh, my dear. No man deserves that."

Mrs. Netherby ignored her and continued a bit wildly, "I'm not a coward in anything but this. Nothing in the world frightens me except the thought of losing Roderick. He's all I want; probably because I've never completely had him. If you really loved him I'm not so sure I couldn't let you have him . . ."

"Perhaps," commented Shelia dryly, without lifting her eyes from the fire.

"But you don't really love him. You only enjoy overpowering him. Fascinating him. Winning him from me because you know I want him."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Netherby. Let's not over-estimate my ability," Shelia remarked straightening her slim shoulders.

Her visitor ignored her attempted levity.

She plunged on, "So I have come to bargain with you. I'll do anything within reason, or without it, to keep him. Anything . . ."

Characteristically her fingers fumbled with the clasp on her purse. Shelia smiled.

A tense moment of silence caught between them. Mrs. Netherby watched Shelia's slender figure as she leaned towards the grate to toss away the end of her cigarette. Her eyes ran over the sleek flat waves of black hair; the lovely profile; the even pallor of her skin; her level brows. A perfect lady of the world, this Shelia Davenport . . . And somehow, envy her as she did, the older woman could not quite despise her as she felt in her heart she ought to do.

Mrs. Netherby broke the silence. "A trip abroad, perhaps?" she suggested warily.

"If you really feel that way about Roderick . . . yes," Shelia answered quietly. "But with one stipulation."

"What is that?" Mrs. Netherby asked eagerly.

"You must tell him quite frankly what you have done. I'd not like Rod to think I'd left him deliberately, you see. I've my pride, too, in a sense, to take care of . . ."

"On my word of honor, Shelia Davenport, he shall know that I have bought you off."

Mrs. Netherby rose to her feet and Shelia stood quietly watching her count out a roll of bills. Shelia took them and casually dropped them on the desk. "Good night, Mrs. Netherby," she called as the older woman left the apartment.

"Good-by, Shelia Davenport."

A limousine awaited Mrs. Netherby at the curb, and as she stepped into it a man leaned forward from the dark recesses of the car and took her hand.

"Well . . .?" he asked.

"I got rid of her for you, Roderick. And cheaply, too," Mrs. Netherby announced, sitting beside him.

"Good old Marylin," Roderick murmured appreciatively. "Did she throw a scene?"

"No. It was perfectly simple. I staged a neat little drama and it went off beautifully."

"My lord, I don't see how you manage them so easily, Marylin. When I try it I always mess things up and they get hysterical and ruin my lapels."

Mrs. Netherby sighed; her husband continued talking musingly: "Well, anyhow it's great that you're such a sport. Even though you haven't been in love with me for a dozen years. You're a brick to stick around and help me out like this. I guess I'm lucky you've never fallen for anybody else since you stopped loving me . . . Or did you ever start?"

His wife started to answer, but Mr. Netherby's spirits were up and he felt talkative.

"Did you tell Shelia I was sick and fed up with her? Or how did you handle it?"

"Oh, I just told her the plain truth," she answered calmly.

"Thanks, old girl. It didn't hurt her much to know I was fed up, did it? You're great, Marylin. People would probably never guess you didn't give a damn about me, would they?"

"No, I guess they wouldn't." And as the car passed under an arc lamp a glimmer of tears shone in her eyes.

X-Rays of Old Paintings Help in Detecting Frauds

An exhibit of specialized X-ray films at Harvard university shows that several paintings, traditionally attributed to the Flemish master, Rembrandt, may really have been the work of his pupil, Ferdinand Bol.

On one disputed picture, a portrait of "Saskia," the underpainting is weak and experts believe Bol may have done that part of the work and Rembrandt finished it. The shadowgraphs show that Bol's underpainting usually was cruder and less decisive than the master's.

Harvard has more than 3,200 X-ray studies of paintings and they are expected to help in detecting forgery, determining authorship of pictures, and discovering whether they have been touched up.

One study reveals that the "Vision of a Monk" was painted about 1700, but that years later a pillar and an angel were added. An angel also was added to the Fifteenth Century picture, "Annunciation to the Madonna of Her Approaching Death."

The X-rays also reveal how artists change their minds while painting—rearranging figures or changing the pattern of the work-in-progress.

Electron Experiments Are Useful in Physics

The experimental demonstration of the wave nature of electrons in 1928 was a matter of far-reaching importance in modern physics. Unlike so many of the developments or discoveries in physics, however, the possibility of using this discovery as a practical research tool was realized almost immediately. The similarity between electron and X-ray diffraction suggested that electrons might be as useful as X-rays in studying crystalline solids.

Since 1930 electron diffraction methods have been applied to a wide variety of problems by investigators in this country, Europe and Japan, writes H. R. Nelson in the Journal of Applied Physics. Of the several hundreds of papers which have appeared during this period, nearly half have treated rather fundamental if not altogether practical problems of metallurgical interest. Most of this work has been done in university laboratories often, however, with the assistance and co-operation of interested metallurgists. At present there are at least three metallurgical laboratories in this country in which electron diffraction is in continual use as a research tool.

Gems of Thought

WHAT men need today in this time of trouble is not a way out so much as a way of high and manly living within.—Sir Wilmott Lewis.

The merit belongs to the beginner, should even the successor do better.—Arab Proverb.

A word of kindness is a seed; oft dropped by chance, it grows into a flower.

Do not anxiously hope for what is not yet come; do not vainly regret what is already past.—Chinese Proverb.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—Thomas Fuller.



A Bit Hasty

"So Tom took a course in first aid. Is he good at it?"

"Well, a man was nearly drowned yesterday, and the first thing Tom did was to throw a glass of water in his face."

Really Missed

Choir Boy—What made you resign from the choir?

Ex-Choir Boy—I was absent one Sunday and some one asked if the organ had been mended.

Keeping Time

"What's the idea—only two weeks till you get a thousand," said the orderly, "and then you know the war lasted five years all but ten weeks."

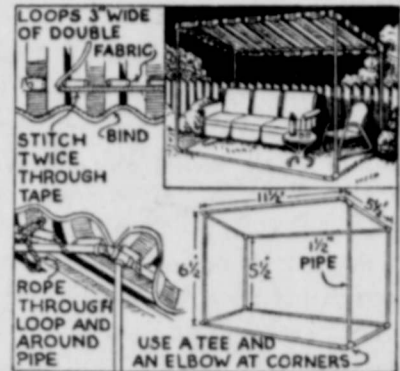
Cutting Remarks

"Hurry up, Harry! I simply must go out and show off my new dress."

"Wait a minute. I simply must cut the frayed ends off my coat sleeves."

HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

MR. AND MRS. NEWHOUSE looked out over their backyard and were in no mood to plant an acorn and wait for it to grow up to give them summer shade. Mr. Newhouse bought some second-hand pipe for a song and made a sketch for the frame of a shelter like the one I have shown at the upper right. He had a



plumber cut and thread the pipe so it could be put together easily.

Mrs. Newhouse wanted the shelter to be as cool as a dell, so she avoided all the hot red and orange colorings. The pipe frame was painted bright blue. Then she selected green and white striped awning material for the top. This material was 30 inches wide and 12 yards were needed. About 15 yards of bright blue bias binding were used for the scalloped edge. The method of fastening the awning to the frame is illustrated. The fabric loops were made of the

awning material stitched in place through heavy woven tape.

Whether you have a new home or an old one, 10 cents to cover cost and mailing charges on Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book No. 1 can save you many dollars. In it are complete directions for slip covers, curtains, bedspreads, dressing tables and many clever and original things that may require the aid of Friend Husband to drive a nail or two. Write today and ask for Book No. 1. Address:

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Strange Facts

'Realistic' Paintings
Suicide Excursion
Fire Ruins Granite

Many medieval Russian artists, when painting a holy personage on an icon, used an odd method to make each figure "realistic." They would first paint the skeleton, then the body organs, then the flesh and, lastly, add the clothes.

During Japan's last suicide wave, which occurred between 1933 and 1935, 313 persons succeeded in jumping into the volcano on the island of Oshima. Of the 1,208 others who were foiled by the guards at the crater's edge, 29 managed to jump off the boats on the way back to the mainland.

Although the diplomatic mail of the United States is free of inspection in all countries through a reciprocal agreement and is delivered to our embassies and legations by American couriers, each pouch is equipped with a special lock that records the number of times it was opened on each trip. If this number does not check with the schedule, an investigation is made.

Although granite, like marble, is noted for its hardness and durability, granite buildings have been known to crumble and fall in devastating fires that have only scratched marble surfaces.—Collier's.

Fur-Clad Island

Its name is Possession, and it can be found on the charts of South-West Africa. Seen from the sea it almost blinds you, because of the white guano which covers it, but a hundred years ago a Captain Morrell, who wrote a book, "Narrative of Four Voyages," said that when he arrived off Possession he found it clad in fur. The whole island was covered with the bodies of fur-seals, their skins still on them. He believed the seals had been overwhelmed and suffocated by one of the terrifically hot whirlwinds which sweep out to the ocean from the desert coast.

Captain Morrell may have been right in his theory, but the same hot winds blow from the land today and yet the seals do not meet a similar fate. Another of the sea's mysteries.

SPEED'S OKAY IN BASEBALL, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTE SLOW-BURNING. CAMELS BURN SLOWER AND GIVE ME THE EXTRA MILDNESS I WANT—EXTRA SMOKING, TOO



GEORGE CASE—leading base-stealer of the major leagues

GEORGE CASE, Joe DiMaggio, "Bucky" Walters, Johnny Mize . . . so many of the top-flight players in America's favorite sport prefer America's favorite cigarette—Camel.

They have found—and you will find—that Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos and Camel's slower way of burning mean several important "extras" in steady smoking pleasure and in actual amount of smoking per pack (see below, left).

FOR EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR—

CAMELS SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



**Penasco Valley News
and Hope Press**

Entered as second class matter Feb. 22, 1929, at the Post Office at Hope, N. Mex., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879.

Published weekly. Democratic politically. Devoted to the best interests of Hope - Penasco Valley

Mountain and Valley Circulation
Pinon—Weed—Penasco
Dunken—Mayhill—Elk

W. E. ROOD, Publisher

Subscription Rates - 1 year \$1.75

Since the news was broadcasted that the \$10,000 needed for the Hope Retard Dam had been raised, prospects for Hope and the Penasco valley has gone up several points and still is climbing.

The Mayor of Hope and the Town Board went over to the jail Saturday morning and swept, scrubbed and dusted the interior and hung the bedclothes out on the fence for a good airing. We wonder who they are expecting to entertain.

It don't make any difference for what position he runs for this fall, John J. Dempsey should receive a 100 per cent unanimous vote from the Hope precinct, just to show him that we sort of appreciate his efforts in our behalf.

For the past thirty years Governors, Representatives, Senators, government officials of all kinds and description have said that they would get a dam for Hope but they all failed but John J. Dempsey. He's the man that brought home the bacon for Hope and the Penasco valley.

We believe that Congress should appropriate a million dollars for the purpose of rooting out all the traitors that are living in this country ready to sell us out to Nazism or Facism or some other ism when the time comes. We wouldn't be a bit surprised that a large number of these isers are now on relief, but when the time comes, will bite the hand that is feeding them and furnishing them and their families with clothes to wear. Our readers would be surprised if they knew just how many of these traitors there really are.

To those who predicted that just in a few years Hope would dry up and blow away and to those who sold out for a song and moved to greener pastures we offer our sincere sympathy. With electricity, Retard Dam, and possibly an oil well, Hope is going to come back better than it ever was in the past. To those that had the back bone to stick it out, that had faith and brains enough to know that a country with the soil and the possibilities for water could not be kept down forever, we extend congratulations. The future never looked brighter for Hope and the Penasco valley.

Feathers Form Owls' "Horns"
Tufts of feathers form the "horns" of horned owls.



**The "Old Timer"
Drops in for a Chat**



How be ya today? I come down ta help all ya fellers down yere ta celebrate. I done heerd that with tha help o Artesia ya be able ta raise tha ten thousand ta match the fifty thousand put up by tha government. It sure looks purty favorable now fer a Retard Dam on tha Penasco. It be a goin ta be tha makin o Hope an this hull valley. It even be a goin ta help us fellers up in tha mountins. I wanted ta tell ya that weuns took a straw vote last week at a pie supper up on Squawberry Flat an tha result be that Johnny Miles got a 100 per cent vote fer reelection. I claim that be purty good. In one o these yere papers that ya git from all over tha state I be a read-in where some "Cuckoo" commentator said that with a strong draft Tingley could breeze into tha Guvnors mansion an leave Miles behind. Sure he'd leave Miles behind (sittin in tha Guvnors chair) because if Tingley ever got as far as tha Guvnors mansion he'd (Tingley) jest blow into tha front door an out thru tha back.

I been a livin yere a long time an I know that Tingley ain't a goin ta beat Johnny Miles fer tha job as Guvnor specially after that thar spectacle that Tingley made out o himself down at that thar road celebration south o Carlsbad, he jest made a laughing stock out o himself. Wal I guess by this time all ya folks in Hope are beginnin ta appreciate tha lectricity. An ta think that some o tha folks was a knockin that fer all they could. Some folks believe that what was good nuff fer their folks be good nuff fer them. Wal I got ta be a goin. See ya next week, maybe. Goo'by.

Has Three Concentric Walled Wards
Hue, capital of Annam, in French Indi-China, has three concentric walled wards: the Capital city, the Royal city and the Forbidden Purple city for the exclusive use of the royal family.

Many Ballots to Elect Officers
The Ohio senate of 1848-49 elected its officers after almost two weeks of balloting. To choose a speaker, sixteen ballots were taken; to choose a clerk, 121 ballots were required, and a sergeant-at-arms, 69 ballots.

Spider Monkeys Are Thin
Spider monkeys get their name because they look thin and spidery, seem to be all legs and tails. Most spider monkeys have no thumbs, use their paws only as nooks while climbing. The glory of the spider monkey lies in its tail. In zoos, spider monkeys stretch their tails out between the bars to pick up peanuts lying on the ground that they cannot reach or pick up with their fingers. Brazil is the native home of spider monkeys.

Cougars Known as Pumas
Cruel, friend to no other animal, cougars, more widely known as pumas, nevertheless have a strange affinity to humans. Easily tamed, they seldom attack, never unless provoked. Though daring to tackle larger beasts, they often stand trembling and whining, allow men to kill them. Deep, however, is their hatred for dogs, which even tame ones will attack. They range farther than any other American mammals, living from Canada to Patagonia. Great jumpers, a 20-foot leap into a tree is easy for them. Over ground they can cover almost 40 feet.

Methodist Church

Rev. T. H. Norris, pastor
Church School, 10:00 a.m.
Morning Worship, 11:00 a.m.
Epworth League 6:30 p.m.
Evening Worship, 7:00 p.m.

**GROCERIES
GAS and OIL
HARDWARE, DRUGS
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS**

Boyce Mercantile Co.
Weed, N. Mexico

If you want to buy a new typewriter, if yours needs cleaning or repairing, if you need a new ribbon, see W. E. Rood at the News office. He is local agent for the Roswell Typewriter Co.

Katy's Cafe
Specialize in Steaks,
Chops & Fried Chicken
Roswell, N. Mex.

When in Artesia have your Shoes Shined or Dyed at
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Now Located in
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We buy Hogs, Cattle, Hides and Wool

Artesia, ON THE CORNER 27 YEARS New Mexico

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ROSWELL

Roswell, New Mexico

Serving Southeastern New Mexico Since 1890

J. E. Moore, Cashier

Jas. F. Hinkle, President C. Hobbs, V. President

Bank with a Bank you can Bank On

You will find the going easier
with your account in the

First National Bank

Artesia, New Mexico.

Ask your grocer for "VALLEY BRAND"
products. The best on the market

PECOS VALLEY PACKING CO.

We Buy One or a Truck Load

ROSWELL NEW MEXICO

Hamills Grocery

It Pays to Trade at Home

Drug Sundries Farm and Ranch Supplies

For Sale!

A 1 h. p. Gasoline Engine, good as new,
used about 4 months. \$45.00 Cash

Penasco Valley News
Hope, N. Mex.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY ROGER SHAW

Nazi Drive Into Low Countries Is Marked by Terrific Fighting; Churchill Replaces Chamberlain

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
Released by Western Newspaper Union

THE WAR:

Bigger and Worse

Domestic, presidential politics were driven, pro tem, into second place by the march of Mars. The Germans added Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg—the three little Low Countries—to their list of victims, which now includes Czechs, Poles, Norse, and (according to some) the Austrians.

Against the Dutch and Belgians, Hitler used much of the Norse blitzkrieg buildup. This included the big Junkers air transports (20 men per ship), parachute jumpers all armed to the teeth, aerial bombardment of "enemy" air fields and concentration centers, and mass movements of infantry, against the frontiers, by land. The French came to the assistance of Belgium, as in 1914, and the English crossed the channel to Holland—that same channel that Hitler himself would so much like to cross, for a poke at John Bull's midriff.

"Toujours La Guerre!"

Luxembourg did not resist (again like 1914), but Belgium and Holland did. The Belgian army was considered fairly good, but the Dutch troops did not carry so high a ranking. Nevertheless, the Belgians and Dutch put up a stiff fight against the masses—29 divisions—of oncoming Field Grays, and the aerial hit-and-run tactics up above. The Dutch anti-aircraft shot down close to a hundred Nazi airplanes, almost at the first volley, but poor, peaceful Brussels took a bombing that killed or wounded more than five score citizens.

Simultaneously with the German-Netherlands invasion, came aerial bombing by the Nazis, of French airdromes, railways, coal mines, and factories. The Dutch East Indies interned all Germans over 16 years old, and seized German ships there. Japan—with surprising decency—announced its respect for the oriental status quo—at least, in that Dutch quarter. Dutch colonies include nearly a million square miles,



GENERAL GAMELIN
"For France . . . courage, energy, confidence!"

and more than 60,000,000 natives, beautifully administered. Dutch East Indian Java and Sumatra are excessively rich in tin, rubber, oil, and other badly needed raw products.

SO THEY SAY:

What They Said

Hitler said, about it all: "The fight beginning today decides the fate of the German nation for the next 1,000 years. Do your duty now!"

Gamelin, French generalissimo, said: "For France and all her allies: Courage, energy, confidence!"

Roosevelt said: "The American people are shocked and angered by the tragic news from Belgium and the Netherlands and Luxembourg."

Sweden's leading newspaper said: "Highly civilized countries, whose love of peace is unquestionable, were brutally thrown upon the sacrificial altar."

The Red Cross said: "\$10,000,000 needed."

The N. Y. World's fair said: "We feel that we will have a happy, care-free crowd at the fair, on opening day." (Opening day was the second day of Netherlands chaos.)

U. S. DEFENSE:

Yankee Speedup

No sooner had the Germans plunged ruthlessly into the low countries than Washington was bombarded by demands for an American armament speedup. At the top, Secretary of War Woodring (after a cabinet meeting) asked for it. Plans included a congressional grant



SECRETARY WOODRING
He asked for a speedup.

of perhaps \$400,000,000—to equip a force of a million Yankee regulars and reservists.

The aircraft factories were to be speeded up, by more shifts of workers, for example. Instead of two shifts, three or more were proposed. Small manufacturers were to be stimulated. Some 25 S-class submarines, now at the Philadelphia navy yard, in fairly good condition, were (perhaps) to be reconditioned. But—"there just is no change in the plans for the fleet." So spoke a high admiral. Congressmen, too, called for quick action all along the arms front. Their comments ranged from the calm objectivity of Senator Thomas of Oklahoma to the florid blasts of New York's Representative Sol Bloom. Senator King of Utah talked about "foulest crimes" and "wickedest assaults" and "democratic peoples."

Roosevelt said in a speech that it was a "mistaken idea" to believe that we Americans were safe from would-be conquerors because of 3,000 miles of comfy geographical distance. Roosevelt surprised some of his listeners by calling himself a "pacifist."

ENGLAND EXPECTS:

Better Luck, Perhaps

Nice old Chamberlain finally got the gate in England, umbrella and all, and the loud-speaking Winston Churchill, navy lord in the last war and this one, too, got the prime ministry. Chamberlain, highly capitalistic in his outlook, never could get Labor support, in peace or war. Churchill, though a diehard Tory, for some reason has the affection of Laborites. Other Chamberlain men went into political "exile" as the Undertaker from Birmingham (supposedly Churchill's quip) fell. In France, a couple of extreme conservatives, with semi-Fascist views, were taken into the Reynaud cabinet to broaden the coverage and tighten things up. The British Labor party remains excessively important, not because of its numbers in parliament, but because of its myriads of highly organized trade-unionists in the munitions factories, and in other war industries. British Liberals also endorsed Churchill.

OUR YOUNG DEWEY:

And His Rivals

Tom Dewey, the young presidential go-getter, who sometimes seems to have few friends but many, many votes, got back home to New York from his transcontinental trip. He received Idaho's eight votes, and Maryland's 16 votes for the Republican national convention. Down in Maryland, Senator Tydings (whom Roosevelt once tried to purge) "gained an even stronger position of power in Maryland Democracy." Roosevelt beat Garner by six to one out in California, but Garner won down in Texas by something like 20 to 1. Speaker Bankhead got endorsed as the Alabama Democrats' favorite son!

Hawaiian Plebiscite to Focus Attention On Forty-Year Struggle for Statehood

By ROBERT McSHANE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THOUGH the 48-starred flag of the United States has remained unchanged since Arizona and New Mexico were admitted to the Union in 1912, a determined attempt is being made to add another star to its constellation. Hawaii—as at least part of its population claims—wants to become the forty-ninth state.

Culminating more than forty years of effort to secure full rights as an integral part of the nation, the Territory of Hawaii will hold a plebiscite next November to record by popular vote the aspiration of her people for statehood.

The plebiscite will be included in the general elections in the territory November 5. It will have no direct bearing on the granting of statehood, other than to focus national attention on the issue. Its sponsors hope to expedite action by congress on a bill providing for statehood now pending before the house committee on territories.

To many people of the islands, the issue is crucial. Statehood to them represents the fulfillment of a hope that was born nearly a hundred years ago and has been ardently cherished since Hawaii was annexed in 1898. Activated by a group of American colonists in the islands, a move for the annexation of the then Kingdom of Hawaii was almost consummated in 1854. The death of King Kamehameha III put an end to treaty negotiations that were almost completed.

Sentiment Kept Alive.

Nearly a half century passed before the matter again arose with sufficient decisiveness to bring it to an issue. But sentiment for annexation was kept alive by the growing number of Americans settling in the islands and by the constantly greater integration of American institutions into the body politic.

When annexation finally came, Hawaii would have much preferred that it be as a state. Those who worked for annexation, however, were of the opinion that the United States would follow its established policy and advance her to statehood when she had demonstrated her fitness. Present day advocates of Hawaiian statehood insist that it was upon this understanding that she surrendered her sovereignty and became a United States territory.

Now, Hawaii feels, she has been kept waiting overlong; it is just 40



Hopeful citizens of Hawaii have added a forty-ninth star to the United States flag in anticipation of the day when that country will be admitted to statehood. However, the extra star is just an experiment, and the flag won't be used until the issue has been decided.

Japanese residents, 148,972.

Within the territory, the civil and political structure closely parallels that of a state. The governor, secretary of state, and the higher judiciary are appointed by the President of the United States. The legislature and major local officers are elective. The territory is divided into counties which have the same home rule as those of a state.

As a territory, however, the parallel ends there. Her people cannot vote in national elections for the President and vice president, and they have no senators or representatives in congress, but are represented at Washington only by a single delegate who has no vote.

This, to the people of Hawaii, is contrary to American tradition. To them it means taxation for representation. They point out that up to the middle of 1937 a total of \$155,858,707 had been contributed by Hawaii in federal internal revenue.

The people of Hawaii pay the same federal taxes as the people of the states. Tax figures show that Hawaii has consistently paid more into the federal treasury than have 14 to 19 of the states.

Carries State Responsibilities.

She is subject to the same laws. She would be included in compulsory military service in case of another draft, as she was during the first World war. In short, she carries the same responsibilities in every respect as those of a state.

As a state, Hawaii would be entitled to two senators and one

Hawaii has chosen the plebiscite to be held next November. The matter is non-partisan; both the Republican and Democratic parties in the islands are sponsoring the plebiscite and urging the people to vote. So general and wholehearted is the support being given to it in the islands that it is freely predicted the affirmative votes will be virtually unanimous.

Other fears for Hawaii's chances of eventual statehood center around the islands' military importance. Hawaii is America's first line of defense in the Pacific ocean—the bulwark which stands between the states of Oregon and Washington, with their totally inadequate facilities for warding off an enemy, and invasion by the fleet and air armada of a foreign belligerent.

Army, Navy Oppose.

Hawaii is a Gibraltar-like element in the nation's national defense scheme, and because of that a barrier to its statehood arises. Both the army and navy departments of the United States have expressed strong opposition to any change in the islands' form of government.

Uncle Sam has spent millions for the fortification of the islands, and indirectly to protect the mainland of the United States. California, with extensive fortifications, is considerably better equipped to fight off an enemy invasion than either of the two states to the north.

Pearl Harbor, United States naval base situated in the island of Oahu, eight or ten miles from Honolulu, is the center of the elaborate network of defense. It is the snug and secure anchorage where the whole fighting fleet of the nation can lie at anchor; on its shores are a navy yard, a submarine base, a powerful radio station, fuel tanks, dry docks, barracks and other military necessities.

Because of this, army and navy executives are hesitant to approve of any measure which would change the islands' form of government. They fear that a change might, by the greater independence of statehood, interfere with future development of the United States' mid-Pacific stronghold.

Norwegians Given Credit for Weather Forecasting System

SAN FRANCISCO.—To Norway belongs the credit for having originated the system of mass analysis in making weather forecasts, according to Charles L. Mitchell, senior forecaster of the United States weather bureau. That system is now used in the United States.

"While there has been something of a revolution in weather forecasting since the World war," he said, "nevertheless it was the Norwegians who, during the World war, originated the system of mass analysis now in use."

Schools Maintained.

"This is now so much part of the work that we maintain schools in both Chicago and Washington, where weather forecasters can take a three-month course in this part of the work."

"Before the war forecasting was largely by reckoning from high and low depressions as shown on the weather map."

"During the war, however, weather forecasters were unable to get reports from ships on weather conditions, for the reason that these reports are valueless unless the precise positions of the vessels are known."



Although Hawaii is better known to the layman as an ideal vacation spot, it is known to military experts as one of the most closely guarded island groups in the world. This lone guard, standing beneath tropical palms, is symbolic of the U. S. army's heavily fortified Hawaiian area.

years this year that formalities were completed which established her as a territory.

Racial Problem Overdrawn.

Hawaii claims that the one frequent argument used against statehood—her racial problem—is one that has been greatly misunderstood. According to census figures she has a lower percentage of alien population than the city of New York, and it is declining yearly. Many who have visited the islands declare that nowhere have citizens two or three generations removed from immigrant ancestry developed a more united loyalty or a stronger feeling of Americanism.

Based upon 1935 calculations (and Hawaii's population has increased considerably since that time) the distribution of population by race was estimated to be as follows:

Hawaiian, 21,710; Caucasian-Hawaiian, 18,742; Asiatic-Hawaiian, 17,236; Chinese, 27,264; Korean, 6,668; Filipino, 54,668; Portuguese, 20,550; Spanish, 1,267; Puerto Rican, 7,368; other Caucasian, 50,258; and

representative in congress, with a second representative upon the addition of less than 40,000 people to her present population. (Hawaii claims a 1940 population of 414,000, which either exceeds or compares with the population of nine states.) Hawaii's gross assessed valuation is more than \$425,000,000, surpassing that of nine of the states. This figure, records show, exceeds the gross valuation in any state at the time of its advancement from the status of a territory.

Sugar production is the biggest industry of the islands, accounting for 80 per cent of the world's supply. Vacationists and travelers annually spend upwards of \$20,000,000 on her shores. With completely modern public utilities, large financial and commercial institutions, splendid highway system, inter-island transportation by water and air, her progress puts her on a par with other sections of the United States.

Plebiscite Is Non-Partisan.

Now, as a dramatic way of registering her claim for statehood,

FARM TOPICS

HIGH-GRADE HAY SAVES FEED COST

Fertility Value of Legumes Is Also Beneficial.

By W. B. NEVENS

(Professor of Dairy Cattle Feeding, Illinois College of Agriculture.)

Producing and feeding high-quality hay is one of the best ways to lower live stock feeding costs.

To make the present conservation program of growing more acres of soil-building legumes and fewer acres of soil-depleting cash crops more effective, high-quality hay for live stock feed and the poorer grades for bedding, which can be returned to the soil in the form of manure, should be used. On most farms material savings in the cost of producing live stock and live stock products result from feeding more high-quality hay and less grain for each animal unit.

Then too only high-quality legume hay sells for more than the value of the phosphorus, nitrogen and potassium it contains. The fertility value of alfalfa, clover and soybean hay is \$8 to \$9 a ton. This means that a profit is possible only on the highest grades when one is raising hay for market.

Quality in hay really means feed value. The factors which affect quality include maturity or ripeness, percentage of leaves, color, foreign material such as weeds mixed with the hay, soundness or condition, size and pliability of the stems, and the aroma.

From the standpoint of the chemist who analyzes hay samples, quality in hay refers mainly to its protein, carbohydrates, mineral and vitamin content. From the feeder's standpoint, the extent to which these nutritive elements are present is represented by the quality factors, such as maturity, leafiness, and green color, that can be judged by examining the hay.

New Cheap Treatment Preserves Fence Posts

Farmers in the past have been forced to shy away from pine, poplar and some of the common hardwoods when they selected trees for fence posts, but Parker O. Anderson, extension forester, Minnesota university farm, says that a new "tire tube" method of treatment is going to change all that.

It has been known for many years that if preservatives were used, posts would last much longer. Former methods of treatment were slow, awkward and expensive, however, and never received popular approval.

The new plan involves the use of a cheap preservative, zinc chloride, which is applied to green posts through inner tubes tightly stretched around the large ends of the posts. The preservative is measured and poured into the tubes while the posts lie at an inclined angle. Eight to 24 hours are needed for the chloride to seep into the wood and replace the sap.

Cheap, practical and efficient—the new method is bound to prove a big source of savings to farmers, says Anderson. By using it, abundant, fast-growing trees may be converted into posts that will last about as long as cedar. Cost of the materials used will vary with the variety of wood, also the size and condition that it is in, but for ordinary posts it averages about six cents each.

Wild Game on Farm Can Be a 'Pay' Crop

Farmers who support game on their farms are just as much justified in expecting some return from it as for their crops of oats, beef or corn, says Donald Hatfield of the University of Minnesota. He suggests farmer-sportsman cooperatives to protect the farmer against trespass abuse and to give the hunter more land to shoot over.

Michigan, Ohio and Iowa are some of the states where cooperatives have been set up. By this plan, the farmer furnishes the land and grain and the sportsman contributes cash either directly to the farmer or toward increasing the game supply.

The best plan, says Hatfield, is for several farmers to form an association aggregating not more than 4,000 acres in a solid block. Post the area and make rules regarding the number of hunters per unit of area. From one to three hunters for each 50 acres probably is the best number to start with. Keep the price low but high enough to support improvements.

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 May 26

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JEREMIAH ANNOUNCES THE NEW COVENANT

LESSON TEXT—Jeremiah 31:31-37. GOLDEN TEXT—I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people.—Jeremiah 31:33.

God's law written in the hearts of all men—surely that is the ultimate goal of all of our efforts, and therein we will find the solution of all of our problems. Jeremiah the prophet, in the midst of a despairing people with only captivity and sorrow before them because of their sinful rebellion against God, gives a prophetic foregleam of the day when all Israel and Judah should know God. Sin was to be forgiven, fellowship restored, and men over all the earth were to know God. Obviously, that prophecy is still future for Israel, but in the meantime God has permitted us to enter into the enjoyment of our covenant of grace.

I. The Old Covenant (vv. 31, 32).

The promise of a new covenant at once raises the question, "What was the old covenant?" We do not have space to make any complete study of it, but we note that while God did make a great covenant with Abraham, founding the nation of Israel (Gen. 17:1-14), the reference by Jeremiah is evidently to the covenant with Moses (Exod. 20-23). We observe that it was

1. National (v. 32). The old covenant was made with Israel only, and could bring blessing to the other nations of the earth only indirectly, as they might share the peace and prosperity which would have come to Israel had they been obedient to God. God was here dealing with a chosen nation for whom He had a specific plan and purpose.

2. Limited (v. 32). The blessing of the old covenant was limited not only in the sense that it was national, but also in that it was conditional. God's promise hinged on His word in Exodus 19:5: "Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people." In other words, the fulfillment of this covenant was dependent on the faithfulness of the people. We know that they failed.

3. Broken by Israel (v. 32). God was like "an husband" (v. 32) unto Israel. He was patient, tender, forgiving, always trying to restore them to Himself. He used His great power on their behalf as He "took them by the hand," and yet we read "my covenant they brake" (v. 32). Human failure in spite of God's promise and goodness, that is the history of man under law. Now, however, we turn to the new covenant of grace.

II. The New Covenant (vv. 33-37).

Jeremiah looked forward to the day when there was to be a covenant that is

1. Personal (v. 33). The reference here is not to a law written in a book, which may be neglected or forgotten, or broken because there is no power in man to keep it. This new law is to be written in the hearts of men. It is personal—not something which he shares as a member of a great nation.

2. Universal (v. 34). From the least to the greatest, every man shall know God. That promise awaits its future complete fulfillment to Israel (and remember that God has not forgotten His people). Even now, however, we have the spiritual fulfillment of the promise in the Church. It is true now that, regardless of nationality, education, wealth, or position, the grace of God is made manifest in the hearts of men and women everywhere.

3. Assured by God (vv. 35-37). The old covenant of law failed, for it hinged upon the faithfulness of unrepentable man—"If ye will" (Exod. 19:5). But the new covenant of grace rests upon the "I will" of God (v. 34; see also Heb. 8:10-12). This is indeed "a better covenant, which was established upon better promises" (Heb. 8:6). It is an "everlasting covenant" (Heb. 13:20).

Be Satisfied

I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Compare thine estate with others.—Robert Burton.

ASK ME ANOTHER ?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. Rome was built on how many hills?
2. How is the temperature of a Centigrade thermometer reduced to Fahrenheit?
3. Why did Lady Godiva ride through Coventry?
4. What is a salaam, a fish, a salutation, or a small coal bucket?
5. To win the Democratic presidential nomination a candidate must receive—a majority of the votes in the party convention, two-

thirds of the votes, or four-fifths of the votes?

6. Why are rats used extensively in biological research?

The Answers

1. Seven.
2. Multiply by 9/5 and add 32.
3. To help the people escape heavy taxes.
4. A salutation.
5. A majority.
6. One chief reason: Owing to their size they require a minimum amount of testing substances.

Bertha Wished to Know Punishment—Just in Case

"Don't fidget!" snapped mother. Little Bertha stopped toying with the lid of her chocolate box and endeavored to concentrate upon the play. But it was a dull affair.

In two minutes her small fingers were busy again.

"Now, Bertha," exclaimed her mother, "I warn you."

When her mother spoke like that she was not to be disregarded. Glancing doubtfully at the dull stage, and then at the tempting lid, Bertha whispered:

"Would it be a hairbrush, mummy, or just your hand?"

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Hope, N. Mex.

North Side Sunny Side
The sunny side of a house is the north side in New Zealand.

Founder of Swedenborgian Theology
Emanuel Swedenborg, Swedish scientist, philosopher and founder of Swedenborgian theology, was born in Stockholm, January 29, 1688, and died in London March 29, 1772.

Use of Adobe Brick
The use of adobe bricks, distinctive to buildings in the American Southwest, is said to have developed independently in North Africa.

Bats Do Not Fancy Hair
The idea that bats have an affinity for human heads is entirely erroneous. No bat would ever become tangled in the hair of a person, if it could possibly avoid it and there is no flying creature which has such amazing accuracy in flight as a bat.

PENASCO NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Runyan were Artesia visitors Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Oris Cleve and daughter, Mary Helen, visited Mr. and Mrs. Boyde Williams, Sr. Sunday evening.

Miss Noley Stephens and school children entertained the Community with a musical program Thursday night as the closing of the the school year.

Mr. Ernest Harwell was visiting in Lubbock, Texas, last week. The Elk school children and patrons had an all day picnic at the Cleve farm Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Powell and son, Bobby, of Artesia, visited Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Powell and family Sunday morning. Mrs. Powell was rushed back to Artesia to the Memorial Hospital and underwent an appendectomy.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Martin and family of Artesia visited Mr. and Mrs. Tom Runyan one day last week.

Mrs. Ralph Hooten and little son, Edgar, of Mayhill, are spending this week with Mrs. H. J. Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harwell and son, Tommy, attended the show in Artesia Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Culbertson and Miss Bebe Culbertson attended the show in Artesia Sunday.

Mrs. Leslie Bates came home Friday from Artesia where she has been under the care of a doctor for the past week.

Miss Edwina McGuire returned to her home at Duncan, after spending the past school year with Mr. and Mrs. Loren Reeves.

Mrs. Amos Malar and Robert were in Artesia Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Longbatham entertained were a picnic dinner at her ranch home Sunday for

Baby Chicks & Started Chicks

Now is the time to get your baby chicks to put with those setting hens which are coming off soon or are just broody.

Also We Have Started Chicks
2 to 3 weeks old now for sale. All chicks are from blood tested flocks. They are fine, big, fluffy, sturdy chicks hatched to live and grow. Hatches coming off every Monday and Thursday. Come in NOW for Your Supply.

Pecos Valley Trading Co's Hatchery

Roswell, New Mexico

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harwell and Tommy, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Parks Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy and three children, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Miller of Hope, Mrs. Lula Davis and two grandchildren and Miss Mary Davis of Roswell, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bumgardener and Betty Joe and Miss Bly Miller of Los Angeles, California and Mrs. James Heald (nee Virginia Longbatham) of Lubbock, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Edsil Runyan were Artesia visitors during the week end.

The Lower Penasco school had a picnic at Walnut Grove Friday. They certainly appreciated the treat from Clardys Dairy of Roswell.

Mrs. Tabathia Beverage is home from Mrs. Ed McGuire's of Duncan where she has been staying for the past few weeks.

Miss Rachel Powell underwent an tonsilotomy at the Carlsbad Clinic Tuesday.

Mr. George Gage and daughter, Thelma and Eginton Gage of Artesia, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Longbatham Saturday night.

Where Donkey Was Domesticated
The donkey was probably first domesticated in the valley of the Nile, where it was known and used for centuries in advance of the horse. It found its way into ancient Greece through Asia Minor, but is mentioned much less frequently than the mule by Homer and other early writers.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD JONES DOWN!

Ma's running a shackle bungalow court to make end meet... and it's running the whole family ragged, but they're having the time of their life!

THE JONES FAMILY
—IN—
"On Their Own"

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A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The merriest of all their pictures!

MARKED MAN

By
H.C. WIRE

Harold Channing Wire's Greatest Western Story!

Action spiced with mystery—plus just enough romance—that's "Marked Man," a red-blooded, fast moving story of old Nevada. The scene is the C C ranch, to which Walt Gandy is summoned one day by his old range partner, Bill Hollister. Gandy, on arrival, finds a mysteriously silent ranch, a murdered man and a smoldering range war. What follows is a story of two-fisted action as Gandy and Hollister attempt to defend the ranch against the attacks of a mysterious foe. Who was the murderer? Who is back of the range war? Why doesn't the C C fight back? These are only a few of the problems which the redoubtable Gandy has to solve. With a taut climax that leaves your ears ringing with the thunder of six-guns, "Marked Man" is an unusual narrative, colorful, he-man's reading from start to finish.

SERIALLY IN THESE COLUMNS

MARKED MAN

By H. C. WIRE

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WNU Service

CHAPTER I

WHERE the gray Nevada desert rose in one tremendous sweep to form a bench against the Emigrant Mountains, Walt Gandy came upon the first water that he had seen in thirty-six hours. Three iron troughs were arranged stair-fashion on the slope of a hill cove. Water fell from an inch pipe and dripped from the end overflow of each trough into one lower, making cool music in a land that for a hundred miles had been dry, barren and desolate.

Halting, Gandy looked about. In this heat of noontime, cattle should be here, drinking or lying under the palo-verde brake that fringed the hill above. There were none.

Sunspot, his pale gold horse, turned bright eyes upon the water; an eager ear flicked back toward his master. Walt Gandy moved on and dismounted at the highest trough. He loosened his cinches, slipped off the bride and hung it on the saddle horn. Then he slapped a gloved hand on the pale gold neck.

"Fill up, old beer keg!" he said. The palomino nibbled at the water and thrust his muzzle in thirstily; but the man stood scanning the far reach of bench over which he had come. He was young, under thirty, lean, hard-bodied and brown, with steady dark eyes that took in all they looked at, gave nothing back. In this watchful moment he was something more than just another cowpuncher on the move.

His chaps were smooth leather, undecorated, made for work. He wore short black boots and a blue cotton shirt. His thin war bag, rolled in a blanket, was tied behind his saddle.

Turning from his sweep of the desert, he drank from the iron pipe, then went back to where his palomino, full of water, was having a contented doze. He took down the bride and held it out. But as the bit chain rattled, the pale gold ears flattened. The horse clamped his teeth. His eyes remained closed.

Walt Gandy looked at him. "You know," he said sadly, "one of these days I'm going to kill you."

At that the bright eyes opened and Sunspot thrust his head out for the bit. It was not until Walt Gandy was in his saddle and had reined from the trough, that with a start he discovered the other horse.

Walt Gandy considered. He was a stranger in this country. Only one man knew his purpose here. Better that he ride on now, investigate later; but then it came to him that this hidden horse and its secretive rider might have much to do with a trouble toward which he had been pushing for the greater part of two weeks.

He touched up Sunspot and rode on only until a ridge slope dropped him out of sight of the spring.

"Stay here, you!" he told the palomino, swinging off.

Crawling back up the slope he reached the ridge top and looked over . . . full view into the face of someone crouched on the other side!

Walt Gandy's gun was in the bottom of his war bag. Why should he come riding into Nevada armed like Billy the Kid? Yet he blinked now with a sudden cold certainty that even if his border service thirty-eight had sagged there at his belt, he would have been fairly beaten in the draw.

Beaten by a girl with a rifle. Walt grinned at her. "I will be darned!" he said fervently. "You must have practiced that some!"

"And I've practiced hitting what I aim at," said the girl. "Put your hands up!"

Gandy put his hands up only as far as his shirt pockets. He drew out tobacco and papers and began to roll a cigarette. Licking the paper edge and shaping a perfect brown cylinder, he studied the surprising person before him. She was more than surprising. She was a wonder! That conclusion came immediately.

Undecorated brown chaps as work-scarred as his own covered her slim straight legs. Her short boots had the look of being fitted to a stirrup through many a day of long riding. She stood a little spraddled, like a boy, her small, neat body as lightly balanced as a fighter's ready in the ring. But then Walt Gandy caught the terror hidden deep within her face, and he flipped away his cigarette, unlighted.

"Who are you?" she demanded suddenly. "And what are you doing here?"

There was a momentary urge to tell her who he was, offer her his help. His name was known well enough among men who patrolled those red and broken hills down along the Mexican border. "Walt

Gandy" might even mean something to her. Walt wished suddenly that it did. All at once he wanted to explain himself to this girl, find some common ground of talk that would draw him into her friendship.

He did not explain. Steadily for these two weeks he had been lamming his palomino pony north across the deserts, answering a one-time partner's urgent summons. It was best that for a little longer he keep himself unknown.

But then with a queer feeling he heard the girl say: "I'll bet anything I know who you are!"

Still covering him, she took a quick step to the top of the gully and glanced down at his horse. She came back.

"A palomino!"

"For a fleeting moment the terror seemed eased from her face.

"Your name is Walt Gandy! You're the man Bill Hollister sent for!"

Then she moved in close to him, tipping her brown head back to look into his face, and once again he felt an amazing wonder at this girl.



"Hold on there!" said Gandy.

Savagely her rifle barrel poked his ribs. Something more than terror flashed into her eyes.

"Listen!" she said. "If you ever tell a soul, anybody, that you saw me here today, I'll have to shoot you! Don't you even mention it to me!"

"But," Walt began.

She prodded him with the gun. "I mean it! Every word! Are you going to promise?"

Her look was unwavering, desperate. Until he knew the meaning of this, there was no argument. Gandy nodded.

The girl stepped back. "Thank you," and in those two words, spoken huskily, was more than a moment's gratitude. "I suppose you're headed for the CC ranch," she finished. "It's three miles due north. Now you'd better ride." Still she continued to look at him, and Gandy waited; and her next words he knew were definitely a command. "Don't leave the bench top. When you reach timber, pull into it and keep north."

He turned from her; turned back again to give himself a lasting memory of this dark-eyed girl, as she stood on the bank above him, the sunny hills behind her, a rifle glinting across her body.

Then upon Walt Gandy's brown face came a slow, disarming grin. "You've got me sidestepping, all right; backed clear off the lot! And I don't even know your name."

Her voice came quietly. "You will."

He stopped on a pivoting boot heel. "We'll meet again?"

"Yes," she answered. "Soon."

CHAPTER II

GANDY loped north. If he had had reason to keep his palomino relentlessly on the prod these past two weeks, he had cause now to reach the end of his trail at once. That girl knew him. Then others might know him. She even knew that he had been sent for by Bill Hollister. She knew too much!

Walt Gandy was off his own range, unfamiliar with the land and only guessing vaguely at the trouble which had brought him here. A partner had sent for him, and the very fact that Bill Hollister's letter had been brief, without details, had jerked him instantly into the saddle.

Those men who, two by two, ride the border patrol, facing the daily curse of bitter winds or blasting sun, or the more certain unpleasantness of a sniper's bullet, come in time to know each other well indeed. It is not a matter of their spoken words. What they have talked about in endless night camps is passing. But in action each has measured the other everlastingly. Give any two men three unbroken years of it, and they will come through like axes back to back.

Bill Hollister and Walt Gandy had been like that; Hollister, the older and more steady one, backing up young Gandy's less cautious play. Three years . . . they could hold long conversation with the glance of an eye or the turn of a head; thought was telegraphic. They were two men whose teamwork was as smooth and sure as the drawing of their guns.

They had separated only because of an offer that any man would be a fool to turn down. Both were ranch born and both knew inwardly that some day the urge would come when they would seek an unfenced rangeland, build there and take root.

That homing urge had settled upon Bill Hollister first. Up here in Nevada he had done well; Hollister was foreman of the CC now, right-hand man to the mighty Cash Cameron, and running a bunch of his own white-faced Herefords with the CC's.

Gandy also, in this matter of getting along, had nothing to kick about. He had left the service and picked up good money as a feeder and livestock broker. There was a little game of thinning down Mexican cattle on a dry diet, so that when they were weighed, crossing the border northward, the duty was small. On U. S. soil they could be quickly fattened again . . . and the profit was Walt Gandy's. He knew cattle, and he knew men, but he missed something—lank Bill Hollister to cuss him out occasionally.

Almost imperceptibly he was being lifted into an atmosphere of a clean, bracing sharpness, that after his days on the heat-heavy lowlands, was as potent as wine. The land continued its gentle upward slant, and now from an eminence of the bench his glance swept far over the new country, and his cattle-man's eye approved of what it saw.

He passed slantwise through a gap in the red hills, crossed a meadow with grass underfoot that had not been nipped by fall, came to a running stream and then timber. Sunspot splashed through the water, his hope unchecked. They moved on beneath a dark canopy of the forest.

So engrossed was Gandy in discovering the line points of this new country, that for a time he rode forgetful of existing trouble, which was his real reason for being here. It came back to him abruptly—for the second time today he was looking into the muzzle of a gun.

"Now then," he said under his breath, "you'd better wake up!"

The palomino pony of his own accord had swerved left upon a beaten trail and had followed a wire fence that went snakewise from trunk to trunk of the pine trees. Now a split pole gate blocked the path, one end hinged against a high post into which had been burned the name of this ranch—CC.

Gandy drew sudden rein before the threatening gun. Here was the end of his two weeks' riding. In a clearing below him, less than a quarter of a mile away, the CC ranch buildings sprawled irregularly, forming in a haphazard fashion a rectangular compound. Yet instantly, before details were clear, he was aware of a desolation about the place. Next moment the reason was clear. Corrals were vacant. A bunk shack door gaped half open. No sign of life showed in the yards nor around any of the buildings; over the CC ranch hung the emptiness of complete desertion.

Then more strange than that discovery, was the silence of this man who had stepped into the trail, rifle leveled. He had given no order. It was as if a gray shadow had suddenly appeared there. But there was nothing unreal about the threat of his gun.

Hands on his saddle horn Walt Gandy stared down, bringing his eyes to bear upon the man after their quick shift over the CC layout. What he saw held him rigid. Back in the tangle of hills he had passed through a brake of weather-distorted junipers, the bare red trunks and uplifted branches looking like grotesque human shapes. Here before him was one of those things come to life.

The man had been big once, for the bones that made the size of him now were huge and hard and the joints were like hammerheads. But something had happened. His back had collapsed and twisted to the left, and both his left arm and leg had shriveled. He was old. Gray hair lay against his bony head as tight as a skullcap. His eyes were gray, sunken, with the cold intensity of a desert hawk's.

"Hold on there!" said Gandy. "Just a minute, old-timer. Look here . . ." He broke off, for he saw then that the man was deaf.

The cold gray eyes blinked. Words came up gasping and winded. "Get out!" The gun jerked.

Walt Gandy shook his head and made a sign of not understanding. He considered the warped piece of humanity. Not crazy. But the man would shoot. There was no mistaking the glare of those gray eyes. They were filled with suspicion. Of him? Once more he looked beyond the gate.

That sense of staring at a deserted ranch came again as his glance swept the array of sheds, corrals, the long low house, yet found no sign of life. A windmill clanked in a creek bottom. On the bank above it was a garden patch. Under the high sun details stood out clearly, and there seemed mute evidence of something in the way a saddle had been left on the ground near the open bunk-shack door. With a queer feeling he saw a child's swing close to one end of the main house, the long ropes looped from a pine tree branch. Life had been here, not long ago . . . Suddenly Walt Gandy froze with the chill of an unwanted thought. He had come too late!

He bent his head and shouted down at the man. "What's happened here?"

For the first time the distorted face showed understanding. Yet the winded voice gasped up only, "Get out!" A bent thumb pulled back the rifle hammer.

Gandy yelled. "Wait, you! Where's Bill Hollister, foreman of this place. Where is he? Hollister knows me."

The unblinking gray eyes continued to drill him.

Gandy waved toward the house, mutely questioning. And then the man said, "Gone. They've gone to the inquest at Emigrant."

At the word inquest Walt Gandy started in his saddle. He leaned low to shout again but the gun whipped upward into his face. Then a sudden tremor shook the twisted body, and the old man stood rubbing at his tightening throat.

Hoarsely he managed, "There's been a killing here! You get out!"

CHAPTER III

A KILLING! Hollister dead? Gandy refused the thought. Lank old Bill was too cagey an animal to be snapped off like that. They'd have to catch him in the dark with his hands tied. Well . . . ? Was it maybe that kind of a country? Walt hedged. They hadn't got Hollister.

Emigrant was unusually populated for a Wednesday afternoon. He swung his palomino along the first block where hitch racks were crowded solid. All riding stock of the range seemed to be in here today. More horses stood tied to brush clumps out on the open flat behind store buildings. The second block was jammed with buckboards and spring wagons, and to Walt Gandy, hunting for a tie spot, it looked as if there could not be a man, woman or child left out upon the ranches. They were all here in town at the coroner's inquest over a killing.

He wheeled into the wide maw of a livery barn and rolled from his saddle.

An attendant sprang to take the palomino pony by the bridle, a gaunt man, stooped, pale-eyed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)
Marked Man—1

- THRILLING
- MYSTERIOUS
- EXCITING

Walt Gandy's first visit to the CC ranch in Nevada was enough to tell him that things were decidedly wrong. Even Bill Hollister, his old range partner who summoned him to the CC, was close-mouthed and taciturn. Two murders and a mysterious foe made the CC a desolate place. Gandy's trouble-shooting talents solve a baffling range-land mystery and make "Marked Man" one of the most entertaining Western stories you've ever read! Follow it serially in this paper.

MARKED MAN by **H. C. WIRE**

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Earthworms are beneficial to the soil in which they live and no effort should be made to remove them. If considered troublesome, lime water will bring them to the surface.

To remove lime in a teakettle boil a little vinegar in it.

After peeling onions rub the hands with a little dry mustard, then wash in the usual way.

To remove ink from carpets, wash the stain immediately with skim milk.

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TLAXCALA, Hidalgo, Oaxaca, Sonora—all the romance of Mexico comes to mind as you embroider these new tea towels. Palm trees, cacti, and the brightly costumed Pablo and Conchita afford opportunity to use every vital



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WNU—M 21—40

Early Fear
Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.—Burke.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

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At The Movies

By Nancy Jane

El Brendel played yookey from school—and wound up in the movies.

Which may or may not be a warning to other schoolboys, according to El. It took years and years of extra hard work before he ever saw the inside of a studio.

Brendel, comedian who specializes in Swedish characterizations for the movies and who is doing his latest hit performance with Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean in Universal's "If I Had My Way" at the Ocotillo Theatre, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, couldn't keep his mind on mathematics when there was a movie house in the neighborhood of the school. And the lure proved irresistible when he discovered that he could earn pocket money by singing in the early nickelodeons. Later he added a line of jokes and a few sleight of hand tricks to his re-

pertoire, and he was off to a flying start as a performer.

Considering himself a full-fledged professional, he joined a wandering medicine show, a step which led to vaudeville, and vaudeville took him to New York's Broadway. On Broadway he worked harder than ever, eventually catching the eyes of the Shubert's who engaged him for such productions as "Cinderella on Broadway" and "Spice of 1922."

Then he went back to vaudeville, but now he was on the "big time." With his wife Flo Bert, he toured the country for twelve years.

Brendel is now famous as a Swedish comedian but he avers, scientists could find but a trace of Swedish blood in his ancestry. He's Scotch-Irish mainly, with a small percentage of Swedish on his mother's side.

"If I Had My Way" is produced and directed by Davie Butler, who gave Brendel one of his finest screen roles in the early days with Shirley Temple in "Curly Top." Butler saw in Brendel just the type he was seeking for the role of Bing Crosby's chum and fellow steelworker in the current picture.

First Wine to White House
Jefferson brought the first wine to the White House, \$10,000 worth in eight years.

Steel Stronger in Alloy
Steel chains seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, when alloyed with nickel and molybdenum are three times as strong as unalloyed chains of the same size.—Scientific American.

State Capital Notes

Santa Fe, May 14, 1940—Gov. John E. Miles has called upon the heads of the state's institutions of higher learning to cooperate with him in drawing up a plan permanently to remove the institutions from political influences. The plan agreed upon he said, would be submitted to the legislature for enactment into law.

With the letting of highway contracts advertised for May 24, the state will have awarded 243 miles of blacktopping this year, according to State Highway Engineer Burton G. Dwyre. Already 124.3 miles have been let and the next letting will include 98.4 miles more. The biggest oiling project on which bids are to be opened then is to cover 51.0 miles on U. S. Highway 81 between Santa Rosa and Fort Sumner with an extension to the Alamogordo dam.

With the registration lists for nine counties already completed secretary of State Jessie M. Gonzales is rushing work on the remainder. The three machines in her office used for this purpose are clattering continually, operated by three eight-hour shifts of three girls each. The lists are being prepared to comply with the law which requires that they be furnished to the chairmen of the dominant parties before the election, to permit purging.

PINON ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. McLean have gone to Cloudcroft to spend the summer.

Miss Elizabeth Tidwell who has been attending high school in Artesia returned Monday for summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gage and son John David, and Mrs. J. W. Withers and two little daughters attended this baccalaureate services in Weed Sunday.

Mrs. Delbert Ivans and Miss Rozell Kimmons visited relatives in Hope Friday and Saturday.

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Use of Adobe Brick
The use of adobe bricks, distinctive to buildings in the American Southwest, is said to have developed independently in North Africa.

Finnish Lapland
Finnish Lapland is an extensive, thinly peopled domain, in which waste lands, desolate plateaus, enormous forests, wide bogs, and swift rivers alternate for more than 300 miles. There are fewer lakes there than in southern Finland.

The Original Petticoats
Petticoats were originally what their name implies—little coats worn both by men and women for warmth of the upper part of the body. But fashion, which is apt to turn everything topsy-turvy, soon transformed them into exclusively feminine garb.

Where Donkey Was Domesticated
The donkey was probably first domesticated in the valley of the Nile, where it was known and used for centuries in advance of the horse. It found its way into ancient Greece through Asia Minor, but is mentioned much less frequently than the mule by Homer and other early writers.

First Engineering School
The first school of engineering in the United States was the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, founded at Troy, N. Y., by Stephen van Rensselaer in 1824, as a school of theoretical and applied science to furnish instruction in the application of science to the common purposes of life.

Connecticut's Boundary
The north boundary of the state of Connecticut has a curious deviation from a straight boundary known as the Southwick jog. The reason for it is that in adjusting errors in the boundary line between Connecticut and Massachusetts as previously run by compass a long, narrow strip of land was given to Connecticut, and the Southwick jog ceded to Massachusetts was intended to be an equivalent area.

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