

PENASCO VALLEY NEWS

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TO EASE THEIR HURT

A dramatic story from the VICTORY PLAYERS Script of the American Theatre Wing playlet by ESTHER M. HAWLEY. Conversion to prose by L. Louis Sheldon.

Chapter One (Continued From Last Week)

"THE BREAKING POINT"
MATTIE was becoming restless. "Sometimes you wouldn't know it," she said bitterly. Then added, "You know, Sarah, I really believe she enjoys this war. Enjoys all the excitement of collecting more paper or selling more War Bonds than anybody else. All she's doing is helping the war go on and on. All the killing and the horror."

"You mustn't talk like this, Mrs. Evans. You mustn't even think it. Nobody wants war. It's horrible to have such a waste of young men. But our boys are just being soldiers while they have to. We're not making war-minded fanatics out of them. They're still just kids that know there's a job to be done, that's all."

"It's easy enough to use a lot of big words but that doesn't change things, Sarah. Maybe Jim isn't a war-minded fanatic but just the same, whatever you call it, he's in the hospital."

"But that's not what matters most. They can fix his body, but if his soul were warped," argued Sarah. "Can't you see?"

"You sound just like Jane. How can you say it doesn't matter? Just thinking about it keeps me awake, crying, night after night."

The door opened and Jane stepped in the room.
"Hello, Sarah, I'm glad you're here," she greeted her friend, tossing her hat and coat over a chair.
Mattie glanced at her and said, "Oh, so you're back."

Jane disregarded the threat. She kissed Mattie and asked, "How's the head?"
"Mother Evans' been having foul headaches. Nothing seems to help them," the girl reminded Sarah.
"It's too bad. It's worrying about Jim," said Sarah.

Chapter Two THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

"I HEAR you've been noding up the neighborhood again?" queried Sarah.
"Sure, I'm the Number One Menace. Grown men run when I come in sight."
"How are you doing?"

"O. K., Sarah. I'm not through yet. I've another date at ten. You'll never believe it but I sold a hundred dollar bond to each of those two batty sisters in 231. It took me six bond drives to do it, but by golly, I nailed them."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Sarah. "They haven't found out yet that the first World War is over."
"Isn't it wonderful! Will you be an angel and make us some tea? I'd make it but I'm out on my feet," she asked her mother-in-law.

"Why, would you like some, Sarah?" asked Mattie.
Jane signalled yes to Sarah over Mattie's head.
"I'd love it," smiled Sarah inwardly. "If you're sure you feel all right, Mattie."

"I don't know why I didn't think of it before. I'm sorry," apologized Mattie, leaving for the kitchen.
Jane followed Mattie to the door and closed it. A frown came over her face.

"What's the trouble," asked Sarah, scenting trouble.
"I've been frantic all day. I don't know what to do," she replied. "I had a special from Jim this afternoon. He sent it to the office. It sounds awfully strange. Sort of sacred. We've been trying to see him, but the hospital wouldn't let us. But now, wait, I'll read it to you. He says, 'I'm an awful mess to look at, darling. I frighten myself, though they haven't let me see what I actually look like. But somehow I have a feeling that you won't mind so much.'"

"Of course, I won't," said Jane turning to Sarah. "It's the man inside that matters. Then he says, 'But Jane, darling, I can't see Mother. Not yet. Can you understand that? I love her very much, but I can't see her yet. She'd be so horrified and so shocked. It's bad enough to know it without seeing it in her face. She's old and she doesn't realize. It's different with you. Somehow, with you, no matter what happens, I always feel safe. Will you tell her, darling, and try to explain?'"

"How can I tell her, Sarah? She'll never understand. It will kill her. She's used to being taken care of, to being sheltered."

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed Sarah, throwing her arms in the air.
"I've got to go see him, Sarah."
"Sure you do, child. But you can't tell her Jim doesn't want her to come."

Jane stepped around the table. "I, I'm going crazy trying to think," she almost sobbed.
Sarah got an idea. "Wait a minute, I know. Can't you put it on the hospital? Make it seem as though they were the ones sending for you?" she asked hopefully.

"Do you think that would work?" eagerly asked Jane.
"I don't know, but it's the only thing I can think of. Just say they think Jim isn't strong enough—". She cut her words as Mattie's steps came towards the door.

"The kettle's on," she said. "It won't be—oh, did you get another letter?"
Jane put the letter away. "Yes; from the hospital. They're going to let me see Jim next week."

Mattie was excited. "Next week!" she shouted, a new joy in her attitude. Then she realized the truth. Weakly, she said, "Fou? Only you?"
"Yes, dear. Try to understand, Jim isn't strong enough yet to see more than one visitor at a time."

Mattie broke into tears. "But I should

be the one to go. I'm his mother!" The sobs rocked her slim shoulders.
"I know how you feel, Mrs. Evans," gulped Sarah, "but maybe the hospital thinks it would be better for Jim."
"How could it be better for Jim?" indignantly shouted Mattie between sobs.
"I just meant that it would be very hard on you, seeing Jim and, and everything," she stammered. "You might upset him. I mean, break down and show him what you were feeling."
"Of course, I'd show what I was feeling. I'm not an inhuman machine that goes on as if everything was wonderful in the world. I care what happens to my boy."

(To Be Continued)
U. S. Treasury Department

Glenn Menefee

Germany, April 18, 1945

Dear Ones,
Sorry I have waited so long to write. You can probably gather from the news from our fronts that we have been pretty busy the last month or so. Wish I could tell you just where I am now but it would be cut out.

How is all the family? I got a letter from Valera yesterday. It was the first letter I have had

for about three weeks. We are moving so fast they can't get the mail up to us. Rations and ammunition come first you know.

I am sure you remember hearing and reading about the German concentration camps and all that goes on. I had heard about them but didn't take much stock in the stories until a couple of weeks ago. Some outfit captured one and I made a point to see it for myself. It was the most horrible sight I have ever seen. The prisoners were Polish and Russian men who had been working in the factories. They were actually starved to death. Just before the Americans came in the Germans evacuated most of them and the ones who were too weak or crippled they shot and just left them lay out in the yard.

There was a small building in back where about fifty naked bodies were stacked like cord

wood. There wasn't even a blanket spread over them and you could see bruised places all over their backs and heads where they had been beaten. I also saw the big stick they use for the purpose.

They had a large incenerator near the graveyard where they burned the bodies. You could see the remains of a number of bodies scattered around that didn't burn completely. There would be a skull here, an arm and hand somewhere else; all around the place.

That is one sight I will never forget. People talk about being kind to them and teaching them to love God. It may be all right for some people but personally I don't see it that way. Mom, you sent me an article written by someone. I don't remember who, who said the Germans should be taught and handled with kindness. You asked me to please read and express my opinion. At the time I didn't care for his side and now I say he is all wet. These people don't need kindness. What they need is a gun in their belly from now on. That, of course, is my own opinion.

It is about time to go eat and go to work so I'll quit for now and try to write more often.

Love, Glen

Curtis Harrison

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Harrison received a long letter from their son, Curtis, who is serving in the U. S. Navy aboard the U.S.S. Taylor in the South Pacific. The Taylor began her career with a trip to Casablanca on convoy duty. After returning to the U. S. for repairs and supplies she started on the long voyage to the South Pacific which will eventually end in Tokyo. Curtis writes of seeing action at Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands and the Gilbert Islands. They also bombarded enemy positions in New Guinea and New Ireland. In closing Curtis says, "The advance of our troops on Zamboanga City was an outstanding sight to all of us. It makes one very proud of our soldiers to see them boldly advance against the enemy, armed to the teeth with the best equipment our country can provide. The Japanese have been unable to stop our advance toward their homeland but they have proved themselves to be stubborn and fanatical fighters."

Mr. A. J. Santo from Albuquerque was a visitor here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Ausgrave are moving into their new home this week.

Mr. Chester Schwalbe started shingling Walter Coates house this week.

Mrs. A. A. Smith was in from the Lee Glasscock ranch the last of last week.

Mr. John Hardin and Mary Jane and Mrs. Mary Hardin were Carlsbad visitors Tuesday.

Mr. Houston Teel is building the foundation for his home near Artesia this week preparing to move his home there.

The first cutting of hay is being harvested in the Penasco valley. It is a light crop. The heavy wind Sunday scattered the hay that had been raked. The price for the new cutting ranges around \$8 a ton or No. 1 hay.

Newt Teel returned to his home last week Saturday after being in the Roswell hospital several days.

Born to Mrs. Jean Horner Monday morning at 3 a. m., a 7 lb. baby boy who was named R. C. Horner. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Meador and family who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Buckner moved to Artesia Sunday.

J. F. Wasson of McDonald Flat spent the week end visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Buckner. Mr. Wasson has bought the Riddle residence.

The commencement exercises of the Hope High School were held last week Thursday. Dr. Hunt from the Silver City Teachers College delivered the address to the graduates. The members of the class were Donald Young, Valectorian, Charles Cox, Salutatorian, Mary Naomi Bates, Mary Elizabeth Cahape, Bobby Barley, Beth Schneider, Connie Harrison and Frances Weddige.

Imperative need for scrap paper was again dramatically brought to the attention of the people of Carlsbad this week as five men released from prison camps in the Philippines made an appeal from the stage of the Cactus Theater.—Carlsbad Current Argus.—Last week the editor of the Penasco Valley News tied up about 500 lbs. of old newspapers and on Monday took them down to Artesia where he supposed they had facilities to take care of old papers. The Chamber of Commerce informed him that Artesia was not interested in the collection of waste paper. He managed to find space at Wilson and Anderson's to store the old papers so he wouldn't have to haul them back to Hope. Seems as if might Lee of Carlsbad could help Artesia and Hope out in this matter of collecting and disposing of waste paper.

Hegari bundle feed for Sale. Bryant Williams, Hope.

For Sale—Home Comfort range cook stove. Coal or wood. Fiave shape.

Alvin Kincaid
For Sale—A New Perfection 5 burner kerosene range cook stove. Ben Marable, Hope

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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

Trophies of a Happy Marriage

The Cuppers are about the happiest married couple in our town. Comfortable off, too, after Dee's fifty years of honest work. But their two most prized possessions are an old beer mug and an 1890 Floradora hat.

When they were first married, Dee allows he couldn't stand the hat; while Jane turned her nose up (privately) at Dee's fondness for a friendly glass of beer from time to time. But each figured it was the other's right... so they lived and let live.

And as time went by, they

realized that the hat and mug had become important symbols in their marriage—symbols of respect for each other's rights and differences of opinion.

From where I sit, a lot of marriages would be happier if there were more funny-looking hats and old beer mugs in the background. Tolerance is a mighty good foundation for living happily together.

Joe Marsh

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"Along the Route to Tokyo"

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Truman Warns Japs to Quit as U.S. Shifts Weight to Pacific; More Civilian Goods to Come

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



Flags identify Allied forces occupying German territory in accordance with postwar plans. In addition to Russia taking over the east, the British the northwest, and the Americans the south, the French reportedly are to occupy the Rhineland.

ONE FRONT: Speedy Shift

Despite persistent reports of Jap peace feelers, America is going full speed ahead for an all-out war in the Pacific following Germany's unconditional surrender, bringing the European conflict to an end after almost six years of the bitterest fighting in history.

No sooner had Col. Gen. Gustav Jodl officially thrown in the sponge for Germany on orders of Fuehrer Karl Doenitz than the American high command geared itself for a shift to the Pacific, with plans calling for retention of an army of 6,968,000 and navy of 3,389,000; the transfer of many air wings to the east to supplement Super-Fort raids on Japan, and the shipment of almost 3,000,000 troops from Europe within a year.

At the same time, however, provision was made for keeping 400,000 American troops in Germany to occupy the southwestern part of the country while the French take over the Rhineland, the British the northwest and the Russians the east.

Way Out

Reading the handwriting on the wall even while Germany was still hanging on the ropes, Jap businessmen, seeing their industries being reduced to rubble even before the U. S. could throw her full weight into the fray, reportedly made indirect approaches for peace.

If such is Japan's intent despite the recent announcement of her government officials about a fight to the finish, Pres. Harry S. Truman was seen as offering the Japanese an opportunity to give up and still save face by his detailed definition of "unconditional surrender" in a V-E day statement. Then, the President said:

"It (unconditional surrender) means the end of the war. It means the termination of the influence of the military leaders who have brought Japan to the present brink of disaster.

"It means provision for the return of soldiers and sailors to their families, their farms, their jobs. It means not prolonging the present agony and suffering of the Japanese in the vain hope of victory."

In shifting U. S. strength to the Pacific, the services plan to ship some construction, supply and maintenance forces directly from the European theater, while moving the bulk over through this country.

Map Movements

Including some 1,000,000 troops with extended combat records, who are to be released along with the wounded and overaged, the army will bring 845,000 men home in the first quarter after V-E day; 1,185,000 in the second, and 807,000 in the third. Those who will be retained for the Pacific war will be given a 30-day furlough, then reassigned for duty.

Need for staggering the return of troops from Europe stems from the gigantic task of transferring equipment for the Pacific war. According to estimates, from 60 to 75

per cent of material in Europe will be fit for shipment to the Pacific theater.

More Goods

Though war production will continue to dominate U. S. industry until the Japs quit, civilian output should increase in proportion to the volume of material and manpower freed from army cut-backs. About 1,500,000 workers probably will be released by contract cancellations within the next six months, War Mobilization Director Fred Vinson estimated, with another 3,000,000 let out after that, but all should find ready employment in reconversion, expansion and basic industries.

Washing machines, vacuum cleaners, radios and furniture should be available in limited quantities within a year, Vinson said, and some automobiles should also come off the assembly lines, though not enough will be manufactured to meet demands until 1948. With textiles and leather continuing to remain scarce until the Pacific war ends, the government will push up production of low-cost clothing and non-rationed footwear.

With the nation's food stocks below requirements, rationing will be maintained, with meat, sugar and butter in the tightest supply. With civilian gas allotments up 100,000 to 200,000 barrels daily, "A" and commercial card holders may be allowed small ration increases. Though more tires may become available, an acute shortage will persist.

How Discharge Plan Works
 Over 100,000 men a month are to be discharged under the army's separation system based on vet's credit of 85 points, with 1 point for every month of service since September, 1940; 1 point for every month of overseas outside the U. S.; 5 points for every combat award such as the distinguished service cross, the purple heart or battle participation stars; and 12 points for every dependent child under 18 up to a limit of three.

A very good legal case might be made out supporting the thesis that Doenitz was not the authorized head of the German government and that government still existed in exile. Whether Hitler and Himmler are dead makes no difference. No proof can be adduced that Doenitz is the authorized successor to Hitler. There has been no recognized revolution which could be recognized first, de facto, then de jure.

We do not know that Hitler authorized Doenitz as his successor. We do know that he had publicly indicated certain successors.

I saw and heard him do it in the Reichstag meeting in the Kroll opera house in Berlin on September 1, 1939, when he announced that he was going to the front to join the army already invading Poland.

I saw him turn from the lectern and indicate, first Herman Goering, sitting high on the praesidium as his successor, if he failed to return and second, the tall and lanky Hess sitting in the first row on the rostrum.

There has never been any other official designation of succession by the German government. When Hitler made that pronouncement Doe-



Fred Vinson

Washington Digest

Old Pitfalls Stand in Way of Future Peace



Survival of German Myth, Desertion of Democratic Elements Would Weaken Postwar Security Structure.

By BAUKHAGE
 News Analyst and Commentator.

WNU Service, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

SAN FRANCISCO. — California sunshine is pouring down on the bay, a great white fog has begun to drape the distant, gray-green hills in the folds of its floating robe.

It has been a day of conferences and interviews where the great tragedies of little countries—Albania, Korea, Poland—and the little differences between great countries have been tossed at us, in vibrant earnest voices, in stiff and proper accents. It would be easy to lose sight of woods for the trees. But as I sit here leafing over faded notes of another such conference, I know that the tremendous goal for which these delegates have striven is so much higher, so much wider than all the little controversies that it still is just what the chambermaid in my hotel said it was.

She was gray haired. She had a son on Saipan, she told me, and when I asked her what she thought of this gathering she laid down an armful of linen and looked up. "I guess this is just about the most important thing that ever happened," she said, "trying to stop wars."

How important this meeting will prove to be depends on how well the world avoids the pitfalls which wrecked its last attempt to treat war as we treat disease; not as something that we irreverently consider as an act of God, like a tornado, but something to which mankind is exposed through ignorance and indifference and which can be prevented.

Why did the League of Nations fail? What are the pitfalls which the United Nations must avoid?

Germans Thought Armies Unbeaten

I have been talking over that Paris conference with a friend whom I met there—a quarter of a century ago. He lived with the League of Nations through its early uncertain days, on until its death of malnutrition. Together we agreed on certain fundamental mistakes made in the past which must be avoided if the result of the San Francisco conference is a success.

The object of the United Nations is the same as the object of the League of Nations: to stop aggression before it starts. Last time, efforts were directed specifically toward Germany as the one potential aggressor. Germany has been so utterly defeated that she cannot strike back for a long time but our conduct toward Germany after the last war can be related to all future attempts at aggression.

The first mistake made last time, namely, allowing the myth to grow up that the German army was not defeated, that other causes enforced capitulation, cannot be made again since the German army is now destroyed. But there is danger that another myth may grow which will encourage nazi-fascism elsewhere.

Even if the so-called German government headed by Admiral Doenitz formally capitulated to the Allies instead of having the various generals surrender separately, the Nazis might well claim that they themselves never did surrender.

A very good legal case might be made out supporting the thesis that Doenitz was not the authorized head of the German government and that government still existed in exile. Whether Hitler and Himmler are dead makes no difference. No proof can be adduced that Doenitz is the authorized successor to Hitler. There has been no recognized revolution which could be recognized first, de facto, then de jure.

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There has never been any other official designation of succession by the German government. When Hitler made that pronouncement Doe-

nitz played no role in the Nazi party—he was just another naval officer.

Therefore it would be easy for whoever claims official fuhrership to have moved into Norway while it was still in German hands, take a long-distance submarine and find asylum and support in some country which would conceal his identity and where sufficient sympathy for nazi-fascism existed, to carry on underground activities and foster the myth of the immortality of nazi-dom just as the myth of the German army's invincibility was kept alive.

That is one thing that apparently is not realized. It is important. It must be watched.

Now there are a number of other pitfalls which I might mention but I won't spend too long over these faded notes with fresh breezes from the Pacific reminding me that we are living in the land of tomorrow and not yesterday.

But alas, some of the dark shadows of yesterday have stretched down the years to today.

Selfish Interests Stunt Democracy

One of the great mistakes which the peace-loving nations of the world, as they now call themselves, made the last time was that they failed to help the democratic elements in Germany against the very reactionary or national elements which made World War II possible.

At present there is no question about elements in the German government for it is under Allied military rule. That problem is some distance in the future. But here at San Francisco and wherever the executive council or the assembly of the organization planned here may meet, the same question will arise.

We have a concrete example in the question of Argentina, not too important in itself, but interesting insofar as it reveals whose selfish political and economic interests affect world affairs.

Certain countries wanted to renew normal business relations with Argentina.

Great Britain has a great interest in Argentina because of her trade and Canada because the financing of many institutions there was handled through Canadian banks.

The representatives in the Mexico City conference yielded to this pressure and when they came to San Francisco could not reverse their position. Russia looked on, chortled, and said: Democracies aren't so democratic after all if they invite a fascist government to join up with them.

This is not too important but it is an example of what must be avoided if the United Nations really champion the cause of democracy throughout the world.

But the strong hope of avoiding the pitfalls of the last time lies in the interest, the participation of the people. The people of America.

As I sit here in San Francisco and see the earnest effort of these men of all creed and color, I feel they have the will to peace.

But their voices all cry in the wilderness unless the people support them.

I look over these gray-green hills and think—into thine hands, the hands of the people of America.

In order to provide agricultural information to servicemen and veterans of this war who are interested in agriculture, the USDA has arranged to place kits containing samples of available information in separation centers, hospitals, libraries and vocational guidance and retraining centers of the army, navy, air forces, and the Veterans administration.

In cooperation with Washington representatives of the various branches of the armed forces and the Veterans administration, these kits will be available for review in approximately 1,000 places in the continental U. S. and overseas. Accompanying each kit will be a supply of order blanks on which the veteran or serviceman can order from the department by a simple check mark, any item or group of items he may want.

Among the materials being offered are several general publications designed to help the agriculturally inclined serviceman or veteran decide whether or not he really does want to become a farmer.

THE CHEERFUL CHEER

I love the summer time so much—
 Outdoors is where I like to be.
 Reclining on the grass although
 The ants do sort of bother me.
 R.T. CANN



WNU Features.

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Persons now engaged in industry will not apply without consent of availability from the United States Employment Service.

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FARMS AND RANCHES

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 OWEN G. BALDWIN
 FSA Supervisor, Alamosa, et
 MAX ARNOLD
 FSA Supervisor, Monte Vista, Colorado

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WNU—M 20—46

Do you suffer from MONTHLY NERVOUS TENSION

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Red Raskall

By CLARK McMEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom. She escapes and is found by David North, her sweetheart, disguised as a gypsy to get a line on the activities of one Dr. Matson. Galt arrives on the scene and agrees to get Lark to Norfolk, but on entering the boat find Cony concealed in it. The two men fight, while the boat drifts back to the inn. Dr. Matson spares Galt's life at Lark's pleading, and later, while in a gypsy camp, Dr. Matson endeavors to identify David.

CHAPTER XIV

His face fell. "Your thoughts be ever on him, Lark," he said glumly, "and his but on his business. No, I don't think we can overtake him. Not tonight. 'Twill be all we can do to save our own skins."

"He's right," Ginko said. "Forget about David and get a quick start before the alarm goes out. Take the downhill path and work toward the beach. Matson, like as not, will think you've taken the highway to Norfolk and search that first."

For hours they raced their horses along the shore where the beach was fringed by the creeping tide. Red Raskall was by far the swifter of the two horses, and Galt had to shorten his stride so that the smaller black Dosta might keep by his side.

As the sun reddened the eastern sky, they reached Cockle Creek and the Black Narrows. Galt said he had fished all up and down this coast and knew every little bay and inlet. Here was a good place, he told Lark, to water their horses and rest till noon.

Gratefully they curled up in the sand and were soon fast asleep.

Lark awakened first and, rising on her elbow, lay watching Galt. How long he looked, lying there, how relaxed . . . how beautiful. What latent strength he possessed, what manliness, she thought.

In a moment he opened his eyes and smiled at her. "I'm hungry," he said, "simply starving. Looks like we'll have to find us some oysters. Lark, do you mind?"

"Anything would taste good." She sat up and shook the sand out of her hair. "Oh, Galt, it's so good to be alive, to be free. Do you think those men will come back? Do you think Matson will send out others?"

"I doubt they'll find us," Galt said sturdily. "We can make a race for it, if they do. Our horses are swifter than any of his, and now that we've found our freedom, both you and I, by God, we're going to keep it."

Lark thought, he said that not like sweating, but almost like a prayer.

Darkness found them skirting westward behind Gargathy Inlet. Once during the afternoon, they had seen a lone horseman and crept into the tangle of undergrowth till he was safely past them.

"There's a cottage yonder," Lark said. "Maybe we can get into it. It would be fine to make a fire in a fireplace and curl up on a dry floor in front of it."

Galt nodded and they circled the darkened cottage.

A shout from within stopped them. "Who's there?" A sleepy voice called roughly, and a man came out and stood under the gabled roof which protected the colonade, peering out into the night.

Lark and Galt crouched low in the tangled undergrowth, thankful that they had left the horses tied some little way off in the woods. The farmer stood for a moment listening intently as they clung close together, scarcely daring to breathe.

"I heard un," he shouted, "I heard un plain, poachin' and thievin', tryin' to find the ole treasure thet ain't here. I'll get un, swear to God, I will. I'll blast un sure!" He turned back into the house.

"We'd better make a run for it," Galt whispered. "If he gets his gun, he'll tramp about till daylight and find us sure."

They got to their feet carefully, pulling their woolen clothes from the thorn bushes, shaking the dried leaves from their hair. They crept out through the broken-down iron gate and ran across the patch of open ground that lay between them and the copse where the horses were tethered.

Galt said, "We'd best be off, Lark. The stars are clouding over and it looks as if we might have a smart shower of rain. I'll feel better if we put this place behind us soon." He deposited the knife and the coins safely in the pouch at his waist.

The rain caught them before they had gone many miles and forced them to seek shelter in a barn on the far side of Longboat Creek. They were drenched and shivering, but

crept deep into the hay and found what warmth they could.

Lark awoke next morning with chattering teeth and a hot flushed face. Her legs were cramped and her shoulders ached unbearably. It took all the strength she could muster to suck one of the handful of eggs which Galt found in the hay and to allow him to help her mount Dosta in the early gray of the bleak autumnal morning.

The long day's riding was complete misery and, except for Galt's kindly consideration, would have been unendurable.

That night they were lucky enough to come on a hunter's lean-to in the woods. Galt lifted Lark from the saddle and carried her tenderly inside the little shelter, piling what dry boughs and leaves he could find, for a couch. He laid a snare in the undergrowth and was fortunate enough to catch a wild rabbit. He slivered and whittled a branch into fine shavings with his cobby-knife, and, when he had started a fire with his flint and tinder, nursed it along with infinite care until it would take hold of a sizeable dry log he had been able to find in a corner of the lean-to.

For a time the hot strengthening meat seemed to put fresh life into Lark, but toward midnight her fever rose and the chills gripped her once more. Galt sat helplessly by, chaf-



Carried her tenderly inside the little shelter.

ing her cold hands and calling her name over and over again as she tossed and raved about the shipwreck, and about that first dreadful night on Ghost Island, when she had found Clink Swalters and had been unable to save him.

Next morning there could be no thought of their continuing their journey. Lark was dreadfully ill, that was plain to be seen, and Galt was in a frenzy of anxiety. His nursing was awkward, but tenderly loving. It comforted him considerably that in her raving she made no mention of David North's name.

When night came he knew he would have to have help if he were to save Lark's life. She seemed asleep for the time being, or else she was sunk in a dreadful, deep unconsciousness. He wasn't sure, but he had to leave her for awhile.

He had scarcely thought what story he would tell when the man of the house confronted him with the suspicious surliness accorded strangers in this section of the country.

"My wife is sick," Galt heard his own hurried voice mumbling those words, and knew in that instant that he wished they were the truth. "We're headed north from Norfolk toward Snow Hill Landing where her folks live. Can I buy a blanket and some food for you?"

"Un don't look old enough to have a wife," the man said consideringly. "Bring her here, now do." A kindly-faced small woman pushed up behind him and peered out at Galt.

"Now do! Listen to the woman!" The man grumbled. "How in land sakes do we know this boy ain't a thief? How do we know he ain't that very chap Sheriff told us to be on the lookout for, who stole a horse up Horntown-way? Fellow in town t'other day tole me to be on the watch. Come inside now, 'an let us get a good look at un." He held the door wide open.

Galt felt the red blood mounting into his unshaven cheeks. He took a

step back out of the light.

"Do I speak like a bound boy?" he said haughtily. "My wife and I are gentlefolk, both of us. If you have food and a blanket to sell . . ."

"What price un give me?" the man asked, his face lighting up with greed, his suspicions now evidently allayed.

"I'll pay you fair," Galt said. The woman said, "I've got an extra homespun blanket and plenty meal an' larded fowl, Tom. We could use a bit of cash money with the taxes coming due. . . . I could add a bottle of my root tonic. It's mighty good for sick folks." She smiled at Galt.

When Tom didn't answer her, but just stood there considering, she fetched the things and tied them in a bundle which she held out with some eagerness to Galt.

When the man, more slow-witted than his wife, still didn't say anything, Galt held out one of his coins. The woman smiled contentedly and passed him the bundle as Tom, suddenly coming to life, snatched the coin and slammed the door in Galt's face.

Her chills and fever ran their course for ten full days, and she was weaker than a new-born kitten by that time. Anxiously, Galt guarded her for another three or four days until he felt her now returning strength would make it possible for them to continue their journey.

At last, on the fifteenth day, she said, "Galt, I can make it now. Really, I think I can. Let me try." She stood up and took a few wobbly steps. His arm was around her, supporting her and giving her courage. He swung her up and into Dosta's saddle, steadying her for a moment as she swayed weakly and clung to him.

He patted her knee and spoke as if he were talking to a small child. "You're all right, Lark. You can make it, darling. It won't be very long now. Tonight will see us in the ferry. Tomorrow we'll be in Norfolk. David will be there, waiting for you."

"David!" Lark repeated the name slowly, stupidly. "David will be there waiting for me."

"David isn't here? He hasn't been here?" Lark asked anxiously. "Oh, I'm so dreadfully worried." She sat on the very edge of Mara Hastings' horsehair sofa in the prim parlor of the house set a little way back from the tree-lined street in Norfolk.

"David . . . Captain North is not here," Mara pursed her lips and tranquilly continued to net a small silk purse. "I thought I made myself quite clear on that point a few moments ago. I did not say he had not been here. You did not ask me that."

"I would have thought, Miss," Galt said, with obvious irritation, "that you would have volunteered the information when Lark first asked you."

"Captain North was here last week," Mara said. "He has gone back up the coast now."

"Looking for us, of course," Lark smiled at Galt. "Poor, dear David, I'm sure he was frantic with worry. I was ill, you see, Miss Hastings, and that delayed our arrival. . . ."

Mara smiled patiently, as if she were humoring an excitable child. "You needn't worry," she said with a slight edge to her tone. "Captain North did not go back to look for you, Miss Shannon. He went to Baltimore to attend to important business for the Cargoe Riske Company."

"Important business . . . Oh, I see," Lark said flatly. She glanced down dejectedly at her hands which she was twisting in her lap. She felt suddenly very tired and very weak.

"You will both want baths," she said, with her hand on the painted china door-knob. "I will have warm water sent to your rooms and will find some more suitable garments for you, Miss Shannon."

Lark glanced down in quick confusion at her tattered gypsy finery. "Oh," she said, "I'm so dreadfully sorry. We've disgraced you by coming here like this, haven't we? We didn't stop for a minute to think. We were so tired. . . . I've been so sick."

"I hope that no one saw you enter," Mara led the way up the narrow carpeted stairs. "I believe all the children were engaged in their classes and there are not many of my friends on the streets at this early morning hour. One does have to be careful of appearances when their school has as select a reputation as mine. You understand that, of course, Miss Shannon?"

Galt stopped stock-still a few feet below them on the landing. "Lark," he said, "since David isn't here, I'd say we tell Mistress Hastings good-bye and take our foot in hand."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

By VIRGINIA VALE

IT WAS three times and then out for a certain Hollywood jinx, for which actor John Dall thanks his lucky stars. Three successive occupants of a certain ill-omened house in Laurel Canyon, near Hollywood, came to unhappy ends, via a plane crash, suicide and murder at the hands of an unknown. Then John Dall moved in. A newcomer



JOHN DALL

to films, from the New York stage, he needed all the luck in the world. Two weeks later he was signed to make his debut opposite Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green"; now he's on the stellar list at Warners'.

The only case on record of an actor's being wounded by a cork in Hollywood occurred during production of Warners' "Escape in the Desert"; junior actor Blayne Lewis popped his popgun at a Nazi villain, caught Samuel Hinds in the left eye.

Eight-year-old Sharon Moffett did so well in "My Pal, Wolf," that RKO promptly began looking for the right story for a starring vehicle for her. It's been found in "Lend Lease for Penny," an original with a small-town background.

A new series, to be known as "High School Kids," will be produced by Sam Katzman for Monogram release; the films will be "jitterbug musicals," stories of modern youth, and contracts just signed call for four a year.

A special plane will fly Edwin Jerome to New York from Washington each Saturday, and back to the Capital late Sunday night. He has a part in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Now It Can Be Told," which deals with the way the FBI handled espionage agents. All his scenes are shot right in the office of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI. But Jerome has been a regular on "Crime Doctor" ever since it went on the air five years ago, and can't miss performances because of a picture assignment, hence the weekly plane trips.

When three-year-old Ann Marshall is twelve she'll choose her own middle name. Her father, Herbert Marshall, star of the air's "The Man Called X," who on June 12 takes over the Bob Hope spot during the comedian's vacation, agrees with his wife, Lee Russell, about that. So many children are kidded because they have unusual middle names, they say, that they'll let Ann choose her own.

A summary of 17 years of Academy Awards will be prepared as one of the Columbia Screen Snapshots for the current season. The reel will feature the 34 male and female stars who've received Oscars, starting with the 1927-28 awards to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings, and will present them in scenes from the pictures for which they won the awards. It'll end with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby.

Alexis Smith thought she was buying curtain material for her home when she bought a lot of marquisette some time ago. But when she was cast as an angel in the Jack Benny picture, "The Horn Blows at Midnight," she learned that the wardrobe department was having trouble finding sheer stuff for her costume. So she handed over her window coverings, hoping they could be salvaged for curtains later.

Every day is open house for servicemen at Basil Rathbone's home in Bel Air, Calif., with special emphasis put on entertainment during week ends. The star of "The New Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" has entertained about 50,000 men and women of the armed forces.

Gems of Thought

WE PROTRACT the career of time by employment, we lengthen the duration of our lives by wise thoughts and useful actions. Life to him who wishes not to have lived in vain is thought and action.—Zimmerman.

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.—Thomas Fuller.

It has been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues.—LINCOLN.

All things come to him who waits, provided he knows what he is waiting for.—Woodrow Wilson.



Maybe So
Teacher—John, what is the term "etc." used for?
John—It's to make people think we know a lot more than we do.

War Dictionary—Bulldoz: Top sergeant's chin with a motor in it.

There's the Rub
Teacher (sternly)—Jasper, why are you laughing?
Jasper (airily)—Laugh, and the world laughs with you!
Teacher—But you stay after school alone!

Not Red Riding Hood
The office boy was asked to ring up a number, and got the wrong one.
"Mr. Woolfe," came the reply.
"Who?" said the boy.
"Woolfe," replied the wrong number.
"Well, who's afraid of you?" asked the boy.

Precautious
"Isn't it about time baby called me daddy?" asked the proud father.
"I've decided not to let him know who you are until the little darling gets a bit stronger," replied his wife.

For the Dough
Workers at an office in the city were startled when this notice appeared:
"Bread is the staff of life, but that is no reason why the life of the staff should be one long loaf."

KILLS
Many Insects on Shrubs, 40 Vegetables and flowers
Black Bear
HELP for your Garden
Tobacco By-Products & Chemical Corp. Incorporated, Louisville 2, Kentucky

PAZO for PILES
Simple PILES
Relieves pain and soreness
PAZO IN TUBES!
Millions of people suffering from simple Piles, have found prompt relief with PAZO ointment. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment.
SUPPOSITORIES TOO!
Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO comes in handy suppositories also. The same soothing relief that PAZO always gives.
Get PAZO Today! At Drugstores!

When Your Back Hurts—
And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par
It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.
You may suffer nagging backache; rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.
DOAN'S PILLS

Weather Enters Big Business Field of World's Armies, Navy, Trade and Farms

By WALTER A. SHEAD
WNU Staff Correspondent.

There is one thing in which the nation's farmers and our military leaders have a common stake . . . an element which can upset the most carefully laid military plans and the most meticulously planned agricultural program—the weather.

The farmers' success in planting and harvesting and American combat success in combined land-sea-air operations can come only through close observance of the scientific predictions of the weatherman. For the weather is often used as a military weapon by our military strategists, and our farmers are dependent upon the vagaries of the weather to harvest a record production, or a crop failure.

No military operation—whether it is a minor sortie by a group of fighters, a bombing mission on an enemy city, naval bombardment of a Jap island, a ground attack in China, or a large scale invasion—is never blue-printed unless latest weather information is first consulted. Success of an attack is oftentimes dependent upon clear weather, though American forces have profitably exploited bad weather to make offensive strikes against the enemy.

Our military strategists were quick to recognize the importance of accurate meteorological data, and so have greatly expanded the network of observation posts, trained thousands of officers and enlisted men and adopted new technological devices to guarantee reliable forecasts.

Together, the AAF, the navy and the U. S. Weather bureau weather systems form a vast network of information, research, observation and forecasting reaching from the United States to all parts of the world. Observation units vary in size from two men occupying a hut on an isolated Atlantic or Pacific isle to a major research station with a full staff of specialists.

The AAF maintains several major research centers and more than 1,000 observation and forecasting stations reaching from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and its weather report system spreads and moves as rapidly as the fighting fronts. The nerve center of this vast, scattered weather force is in the Pentagon building in Washington where approximately 50 persons watch the weather in all regions of the world and prepare long-range forecasts and special studies to guide our high strategy planners.

Navy Maintains Stations.
The navy maintains about 1,400 observation and forecasting stations, including 14 major weather "centrals." In some instances aerological units may be aboard flagships or aircraft carriers, or on advanced island bases and the units may consist of one man on a small ship or a full fledged "central" with a full complement of 100 or more officers and men.

How the navy weather bureaus have grown since 1940 may be seen by the fact that in that year navy aerology under the bureau of aeronautics consisted of less than 200 officers and men in about 50 units, whereas today the personnel totals about 6,500 officers and men assigned to the 1,400 units. The AAF staff of weather specialists numbers 20,000 officers and men, and the force of observers alone has grown from 50 to 10,000.

Service provided by these thousands of forecasters in-



This photo shows the effect of weather on the soil on a south Pacific island. This truck is really mired.

cludes technical operation and interpretation of results recorded by radio-sonde, a small box containing a single-tube short wave transmitter. Sent aloft on a balloon, the transmitter gives temperature and humidity readings at various heights. There are also repair technicians schooled in the maintenance of delicate weather instruments, communications men who radio or teletype weather reports back to headquarters, and aircraft weather reconnaissance fliers, who observe conditions along the flying routes.

According to our military men information, the AAF and the navy weather forces have been made possible by the careful selection of men from the ranks to specialize in weather information, by intensive



Germany took advantage of bad, overcast weather, with rain and snow to make their counter-attack in the Belgian bulge in the Ardennes. Low visibility and cold kept our superior airforce grounded, until clearing weather gave us a break.

station training and by releasing personnel from the weather bureau for military duty and replacing them by new civilian recruits.

Weather Important Weapon.
According to our military men accurate evaluation of weather, plus the constant flow of up-to-the-minute meteorological information from all theaters of war, make it possible to use weather as an important weapon. Cited as examples of weather strategy is the Sicilian invasion. Plotting of prevailing winds and of the movement of cold air front over Italy indicated our invasion ships would encounter rough seas on the

journey from North Africa, but at the same time our forecasters predicted tranquil waters in Sicilian harbors, and the almost miraculous calming of the seas as our landing craft neared the Sicilian shores has become a military classic.

Admiral Halsey took advantage of the cover of a "zero-zero" storm after raiding the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. With visibility zero and ceiling zero, his ships, large and heavy enough to ride out the storm, were meanwhile safe from enemy air attack.

At Rabaul detail plotting of the upper air strata enabled our forces to lay down a smoke screen to blot out our vessels and our planes from Japanese ack-ack and dive bombers. Low wind velocity was required so that our screen would not suddenly veer and cover our target instead. Conditions were exactly as predicted and ordered.

Many other instances of the use of weather forecasts by our militarists are given, for instance in the Normandy invasion, weather was bad and the sea choppy, but the forecasts were that severe conditions would prevail for at least 21 days after the D-Day chosen.

Axis Are Weather Conscious.

Both Germany and Japan are extremely weather conscious and both have used weather, particularly bad weather, to screen their activities. For instance, Germany's battle of the bulge in the Ardennes was undoubtedly arranged to coincide with bad weather that would keep our superior air strength incapable of decisive blows, while German ground forces, numerically stronger at that point, smashed through. A clearing break in the weather came ultimately and our air power went into action to help stop the German offensive.

According to the navy, the Japs are not as far advanced in weather technique as either Germany or our own military. In at least one instance a Japanese plan of action did not work out as scheduled because of their weather miscalculations. They attempted to bring reinforcements to New Guinea under a storm front so that our planes could not spot their movements. An unexpected or miscalculated shift dissipated the storm front. The troop and supply armada was spotted by our reconnaissance planes. They were attacked and destroyed by the AAF in the famous Battle of the Bismarck Sea.

Methods used by various countries in weather forecasting vary. The AAF and the navy use the Norwegian theory of air masses and polar fronts and the long series of daily weather charts of the world prepared by the weather bureau as a basis.

Research Essential.

Almost endless research was necessary to code the world's weather data. Starting in 1942 the weather bureau, in cooperation with the military services, started in this task using all available weather information in the northern hemisphere for each day since 1899. This information was replotted and reanalyzed, transferred into a standard code and into a punch card system. In this way 30 years of weather were charted and analyzed within a year. From the areas studied by the army, high priority sections, where military action would most likely take place, a similar card system was evolved and total weather tabulations to date cover about 55 million cards. At present about 500,000 cards are recorded each month.



THE END IN EUROPE

The war started by a screwball with a screwball book and a screwball philosophy, fought under a screwball emblem in a screwball cause ended in a screwball manner. The German surrender was like a panic hour on an ant hill.

The goosestep became the gander-gallop and the rabbit-gavotte. It was the first surrender in military history that resembled a slide for home without touching second or third.

It was not so much an unconditional surrender as an unconditional dive.

The Junkers became Tankers.

As you watched the Nazis give up you were seeing one of the great circus acts of all times: The attempt of Superman to leap from a 10,000 foot platform into a row of empty beer steins.

It was the first time our side ever had to employ whirling dervishes to keep track of events.

There was never a finish like this, except the time the house flies fell into the egg-beater.

What a spectacle! The army that terrorized millions when it had the upper hand became strictly an aggregation of safety-firsters. They wanted but one new weapon: A non-skid army shoe.

The Wehrmacht went to pieces like a paper napkin in an electric fan.

Its only question was, "May we surrender with positively no waiting? Or must we phone and make a reservation?"

It was not a surrender. It was just a notice to us that we were to have unwelcome guests for dinner.

There was no dignity, no color, no manhood in the Nazi picture. The books all called for field marshals drawing up impressively and handing over their swords, with appropriate words and music. All that the Allied generals had to do was to tag the marshals as they came into the bag feet first.

For once there was no material for great paintings. There is no appeal in a picture of men turning into mice.

A LAST WISH

Let me go out in the hills of my boyhood. . . .
Amid the old fields and the homesteads. . . .
Breathing the air of my forefathers
Seeing the sun sink behind an old mill. . . .

Let me cross the great divide
As a crossing of familiar pastures,
Let the last scent be that of meadows. . . .
The last sound that of a whippoorwill. . . .

For in the end, having all, I have little. . . .
Nothing consuming me like the spell of boyhood. . . .
The love of farm and fireside and dear ones. . . .
Please God, let me go now as through an old lane!

CAN YOU REMEMBER—
Away back when a man was considered well fixed if he had money?
And when a man would face without protest a prospect of doubling his income for the year?

Noise Abatement Week has come and gone, and we fail to notice any permanent results. As we see it, noise abatement applies to the fellow who drives exclusively by electric horn, the apartment house vocalist, the stooge handclappers on the radio programs and the pest just back from a fishing trip who wants to describe it to you.

WHAT!!
("President Truman began cutting the budget"—News Item).
File the praise—
And don't begrudge it;
Someone somewhere's CUT a budget!

Bob Hannegan is becoming post-master general for \$5,000 less a year than he gets as head of the Democratic national committee. Yes, but think of the fun he will have at letter-carriers' outings.

The HOME TOWN REPORTS In Washington

By WALTER A. SHEAD
WNU Staff Correspondent

Something Is Cooking

THE momentous news of import which is coming these days pushes into the ground the day-to-day happenings of the routine of our government here in Washington. The however, is our government agencies must continue to function it is likely that in the next 10 days some flight news is expected to popping from the department of commerce.



Walter Shead

Former vice president Wallace, new secretary of commerce, has been ominously since he took over from Jesse Wallace thrives on action and not like him to remain in Clipped of his powers over the Reconstruction Finance Corp. the new commerce boss has quietly combing the multi-bered bureaus within his department with the assistance of a mittee of three outstanding commerce tick and to draw a program on what the department needs for revitalization. . . . juvination along the Wallace of government cooperation business . . . with especial emphasis on small business.

The rumpled-haired secretary occupies a fifth floor office, walnut paneling on the fifth floor of the two-long and block-wide gray building. It is a beehive of activity. Musty, staid, slow-moving files which line the maze of corridors are being given a thorough-going-over and house-cleaning. Wallace wants a department of commerce which can be a real helper a stable program to business not just an information and search agency. He is attempting to streamline the department for war action.

One of the first needs of business, he opines, in the post-war era is a return to what he calls character banking. . . . is, loans on a man's record of ability, rather than on his lateral assets. He declares that increasingly since 1913, the small banks of the nation have been operating under bank examining rules which make it possible for these small banks to make this type of loan. . . . and he further believes that when he terms as equity financing some modification of the government guaranteed loan plan of the FHA, should be provided for small business in this post-war era.

Closest to Wallace's heart, probably, is his bureau of foreign domestic commerce. "I am going to go all-out to the maximum of usage from ever powers may reside in the difficult bureau of foreign and domestic commerce to foster and develop trade here and abroad," he says. "I am going to use those powers to the maximum to get an increase in foreign trade." This means that Wallace will have developed a program based on removal of barriers because he believes that when this nation raised the tariff on our exports after World War I, "that is when the world really began with a vengeance."

Wallace likely will revamp completely the patent office which said to be a year and a half behind in its work. Civil Aeronautics administration will play a decidedly more important role under the Wallace regime. So important Wallace believe the air age will come after the war, he himself learned to fly. Ben Stern, blustery but efficient public relations director of CAA, has apparently made a good impression on Wallace and may be stepped-up in the reorganization.

Then May 1, Wallace took over, lock, stock and barrel, the huge job of surplus property disposal, some hundred billion dollars worth, from treasury procurement. This will throw him in closer contact with business, and he likely will make some changes, probably setting up state offices, instead of the regional branches as operated by treasury. Maritime commission is another department which looms important in post-war with our need for ship bottoms.



Released

CURRENT AN INFLATION TOO MUCH
major faction. In Washington attained a 7 billion dollar bill at over 2 and rapid was sufficient to provide with a billion our current mean between would have would not practical very dangerous is growing one-half billion a resumption of the people their savings the banks not have to question bonds with hold, or direct deposit. . . . people . . .

HOW AM AT PROS DURING
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MAIN S MORE
THE are far ble the State s can sto exchan familie streets ing thr seeing pass. ly-burly life of Main s



Excessive rain has caused a landslide on a military road somewhere on the Italian front.

GRASSROOTS

by
WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

CURRENCY IN CIRCULATION AN INFLATION DANGER

TOO MUCH CURRENCY IN circulation can be, and usually is, a major factor in the birth of inflation. In World War I our currency attained a high point, in 1918, of less than 7 billion dollars. Today it stands at over 25 billion, and is steadily and rapidly increasing. In 1918 there was sufficient money in circulation to provide each of 130 million people with a bit under \$50. Today if all our currency, and currency does not mean wealth, was divided equally between 130 million people each would have \$192. Such a difference would not seem to be dangerous, but practical economists realize it is very dangerous. It is a danger that is growing at the rate of about one-half billion a month. It is largely a result of the purchase of government war bonds by the banks. If the people would buy bonds out of their savings, and keep the bonds, the banks would not buy, and would not have the collateral against which to issue bank note currency. It is a question of whether the banks buy bonds with the savings deposits they hold, or the people do the buying direct with the savings they have on deposit. The safer way is for the people to buy.

HOW AMERICA LOOKS AT PROSPERITY

DURING 1933-34 and '35 JONES had an average earning of \$10 a week. He lived on that. During 1942-43 and '44 Jones' earnings increased to \$40 a week. In the same time living costs increased possibly by one third. Did Jones, or whatever name he may have, save the difference? The chances are that he did not. He has enjoyed, and will continue to enjoy, prosperity while it lasts. When the war is over and with peace comes an end to the flush time of war, as may be the case, Jones will be looking for a government shovel with a seat attached to the handle. Such improvidence creates its own difficulties, but we, as a people, have demonstrated to Jones that he need not think of the future, that the government will provide.

YOU HAVE KNOWN AND helped the improvident man or family who had trusted in the Lord to provide, and you have been God's messenger. You have continued to help until your own resources dwindled to a point where you could not go farther. So long as you helped you were their hero, a benevolent friend. When you quit you became to them all that was vile and unworthy. Uncle Sam has played the part of God's messenger to the nations and peoples of Europe. He rescued them when their own improvidence left them stranded. The day will come before long when his lack of resources will compel him to quit. Then he will again be, as he was following World War I, an unscrupulous villain.

TWENTY LADIES DIFFER WITH REPRESENTATIVE PATMAN

REPRESENTATIVE PATMAN of Texas said in a speech in congress that the housewives of America unanimously endorsed the action of OPA in cancelling the red and blue stamps the housewives had saved. The representative said that rather than resenting that OPA action the housewives approved it despite the fact they had been assured those points would be good for the duration. Shortly after Representative Patman made that speech I, as a lone male, accidentally broke into a woman's party in my home town. The one topic of conversation on the part of the some 20 ladies present was the incredible action of OPA. It was unanimously condemned. No one of them would ever again believe any promise the government might make. All would use their ration points as fast as they became good, regardless of family needs. Could it be possible Representative Patman's statement may have been a bit exaggerated? Were the 20 women I heard the only dissenters in the United States?

MAIN STREETS OFFER MORE THAN CITY STREETS

THE MAIN STREETS of America are far more interesting and sociable than are the Broadways and State streets. On Main street you can stop for a friendly greeting, an exchange of information as to the families. On the Broadways or State streets you are but one of a hurrying throng with no opportunity for seeing or greeting a friend should he pass. They contribute only the hurly-burly of night clubs to the social life of a people. I much prefer the Main streets.

Russian Break With Japs May Speed War's End

Chinese Ambassador's Wife Says Her People Are Optimistic.

By Pauline Frederick

When the code translator of the Chinese embassy in Washington brought Madame Wei Tao-Ming, wife of the ambassador, the first word that Russia had ended its neutrality pact with Japan, it was a kind of D-Day for her.

"For years we pursued the hope that the whole world would one day understand the aggression of Japan," she told me that same afternoon in the teak-wood furnished drawing room of the embassy at historic Twin Oaks. "Now that day is here."

"And what does it really mean?" I asked.

"Victory may come quicker," she said with spirit. "The Chinese people are very happy today."

Madame Wei had another cause for optimism. At eight o'clock that



MADAME WEI TAO-MING

morning she and the ambassador had learned of the fall of the Koiso government in Tokyo.

It was hard to believe that this diminutive woman in her black satin mandarin gown with a jade and diamond clip at her throat, presiding over a dainty tea table, was, at the age of 15, carrying bombs and dynamite in suitcases for the Chinese revolution from Tientsin to Peking. Or that a year later, with a belt of dynamite strapped to her body, she set out on a dangerous mission to kill a public official who was an enemy of the revolution. But the "rebellious spirit," as she calls it, that was born in her has ever been fanned into flames of action against the enemies of her country, both within and without. That's the reason she was largely responsible for China's refusal to sign the Versailles treaty . . . but that comes later.

Always Revolutionary.

Madame Wei has always been what she terms "revolutionary." When her feet were bound in the Chinese fashion, she removed the bandages. She drank tea with sugar and cream in it from a cup with a handle instead of plain, out of a little bowl. She wore a hat instead of going bareheaded. When she was betrothed by her parents to a man she had never seen, but about whom she heard things which led her to believe he would be unsuitable, she threw the strictest custom to the four winds and wrote him a note breaking the engagement. Her activities with the revolutionists are as exciting as fiction. She studied law at the Sorbonne where she met Dr. Wei, and they practiced together in China. She was the first Chinese woman lawyer, the first Chinese lawyer of either sex to practice in the French Mixed Court in Shanghai, the first woman magistrate in China, and the first woman to be president of a Chinese law college.

But to her burning interest of the day: "We have been fighting for the democratic way of life since 1911," she told me with the fierce conviction that dominates her. "Before this war we were fighting for national independence—now in this war we are fighting for the same idea. China is a peace-loving nation, but for 40 years the Japanese have been preparing to conquer us."

It was this latter belief that motivated her activity as a delegate to the Paris peace conference. She and her student friends became alarmed at the plan of the conference to permit Japan to entrench itself on the Shantung peninsula.

"We had little difficulty in persuading Dr. Koo and Dr. Wang not to sign the treaty," she said, "but Mr. Lou, the delegate from the north of China, was a different matter.

"GAY GADGETS"

Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

By NANCY PEPPER

TOWEL-TOPS

If you took a bird's eye view of a gang of highschoolers these days, you'd think you were looking at a corps of hospital nurses. Why? Because they're all women in white these days. Seems they're wearing mother's dishtowels on their heads and they're proud of it.



Double Header—Some girls cram a jeep hat down over the dishtowel that's tied under their chins. T'ain't purty, McGee!

Fancy Fringe—Edge your dishtowels with colored wool fringe. Left-overs from that last sweater you made look creamy. Aren't you glad you're a Knit Wit?

At Your Service—Service insignia look dee-gee sewn all over your white dishtowel. Hasn't it come a long way from the kitchen?

Button Bonanza—And while you're at it, try sewing assorted buttons all over your dishtowel. Hasn't it come a long way from the kitchen?

STEADY STUFF

The new name for those grewsome twosomes, for those who make a study of such things, is "Drac and Frank," short for Dracula and Frankenstein, the most grewsome twosome of them all! Here are some of the new customs of S. D.'s (steady daters).

Among Those Presents—We've told you about identification bracelets and cedar wood heart pins that a boy gives to a gal when she rockets him. The latest fad in steady gifts is a miniature animal

Minute Make-Ups

By GABRIELLE



Just a Minute there! Are you conserving, making pretty new things out of old, practical ones? For instance—cut lovely flowers out of old felt hats. Group them into a gay, multi-colored bouquet for your hair. Turn old leather belts into Glamour Girdles by sewing big jeweled buttons of different colors in a single row. Make last year's gloves exciting by three plaid bows on the wrist and a bow to match at your throat!

Ledger Syndicate.—WNU Features.

The night before the treaty was to be signed we discovered his hideout in a suburb of Paris and decided to call on him. When he wouldn't see us we decided to wait outside the house anyway. When we saw the secretary of the delegation go in with a brief case we were afraid we were being tricked. As he came out, the others frightened him and when he ran down the path I jumped out and pointed a stick from a rosebush at him which I had up my coat sleeve. He thought it was a gun and dropped his brief case. We stayed outside the house all night and at 10 o'clock the next day were admitted. We succeeded in talking Mr. Lou into our point of view—he didn't go to Versailles that day.

An Open Conference.

"What about the San Francisco conference?" I asked Madame Wei, whose husband is a delegate.

"That's different," she replied with animation. "At Versailles it was a conference of diplomats behind closed doors. At San Francisco the people are behind the conference. We have big hope that peace for the future of mankind will be started at San Francisco."

Madame Wei is not only an intellectual and a leader among Chinese women. She is also the hostess at an important diplomatic mission. But not all the cares that beset American housewives in these days of curtailed food supplies bother her. For example, she doesn't have to worry about making ration points go round. The reason—

"Chinese dishes," she smiled, "don't require much meat. We use many soy beans, vegetables, noodles, and rice—and, of course, they aren't rationed."

for her knick-knack shelf. How's your zoo these days?

Big Blow—If he gifts her with a windbreaker, just like his, you'll know they're Swingin' on a Star. Especially if she sews his fraternity emblem on the back.

Gag of the Week.

Tell someone to write anything at all on a piece of paper. Then tell him to stand on it and you will tell him without looking what is on the paper. He follows your instructions and asks, "Now you tell me what's on the paper." And, of course, being a Sharp Jackson, you say, "Your foot."

THAT LITTLE MORON AGAIN

He put plaster on the window because the glass was in pane. He ate gunpowder so he could shoot off his mouth. He sat up all night waiting for the sunset and finally it dawned on him. He thinks foul language is chicken conversation. Well, as one coffee pot said to the other, "Perk up—don't be a drip all your life."

USOs Help Disabled Vets to Recapture Old Zest in Living

"The most important thing which friends and relatives of disabled veterans can do is to treat them as normal men. Attention should not be forced upon them. These men are supersensitive. If they have lost an eye, or an arm, or a leg, they may feel that the bottom has dropped out of everything—but that isn't true. We all know men and women who have successfully overcome grave disabilities and have lived useful lives."

Guided by this statement from Maj. Gen. Norman T. Kirk of the army medical corps, civilians of Martinsburg, W. Va., have all helped to make the USO club in that city a popular center for men from the nearby Newton D. Baker general hospital. This is one of 527 USO clubs, financed by National War fund which serve ambulatory patients in hospitals caring for the wounded.

The club, which is directed by Mrs. Sallie Ailes, is always crowded with men in uniform. "These men are wonderful," she smiled. "Their acceptance of all that our club has to offer, and Martinsburg's acceptance of the men is all so perfectly normal that we never think of them as being 'disabled' or 'physically handicapped.' We are all so used to seeing men on crutches, men with arms in casts and slings, or men with a patch over one eye, that we are never conscious of any of these physical marks of war. We see such marked improvement in the men, over such short periods of time, that we can really comfort wives and families before they see their soldiers, when they come to Martinsburg to be near them.

"Men come into the club from early morning until late at night," she

Life's Like That

By FRED NEHER



"Let's have another soda and tell him about this being my birthday."

New Aircraft Compass Is Located on End of Wing

Have you ever been misled in the woods because you read your pocket compass when it was too near your axe or rifle? If so, you can understand why heavy metallic armor around fighter-plane cockpits made it necessary to adopt a kind of compass that could be located in a wing tip, or the tail, but read in the cockpit. Such a remote-indicating compass is now being manufactured by the General Electric company in its instrument factory in Lynn, Mass.

Such compasses offer other advantages in that one compass unit may have several remote indicating dials so the navigator or other members of the crew on large planes can have the same information as the pilot.

Alnico permanent magnets in the compass unit, placed in a wing tip or the tail of the plane far from the plane's disturbing magnetic effects, line themselves up with the earth's magnetic field. These magnets affect the electrical voltages in a wire coil so that corresponding coils in the one or more indicators in the cockpit move pointers over a dial in exactly the same directions as the compass.

Until this type of compass became available the problem of providing pilots with a compass dial which could be located where they could read it, and still be depended upon to guide them, seemed to be growing beyond practical solution.

continued. "They come to eat, to read, to dance, or to play ping-pong or billiards. Often they come in just to sit and talk. Nearly all of the young wives who have come to live until their husbands are either discharged or returned to duty, use the USO club as their home-away-from-home as freely and as happily as do the men."

Typical of the cooperation and the appreciation of military authorities is the following excerpt from a recent letter from Col. E. L. Cooke, commanding officer of the Baker hospital: "The USO has come to mean a helping hand and a place of warm welcome not only to the men at this hospital, but to all members of the armed forces who may come within its doors."



His left arm is temporarily out of commission, but that doesn't prevent S/Sgt. Ed Armstrong of Saltville, Va., from indulging his fondness for playing pool. Shown here at the Martinsburg, W. Va., USO club, as his wife looks on, the sergeant "accentuates the positive" with his good right arm. Wounded veterans from nearby Newton D. Baker hospital renew their civilian life contacts at the Martinsburg USO club, whose activities are financed by the National War fund.

Hedda Hopper:
Looking at
HOLLYWOOD

A COMMITTEE of connoisseurs in chic headed by Lady Mendt recently named Gene Tierney the best dressed girl in moviedom.

Just prior to that a national magazine listed Gene among the top four beauties of the screen, the others being Hedy Lamarr, Ingrid Bergman, and Linda Darnell.

And since 20th-Century-Fox's talent pool evidently puts her at the acting top—she's come off with all the best roles the lot has to offer in 1945—I thought it time to find out how Gene feels about life in general.

It's amusing to know that the next two Tierney releases will not display Gene's modern sartorial talents. When I came on the "Dragonwyck" set, where she was making a scene with Vincent Price, she was wearing the fashions of 1944. And in "A Bell for Adano," which is being shown in theaters this month, she's clad in the picturesque tattered demoralization of a peasant girl in a captured Italian town.

But not until "Leave Her to Heaven," which Gene begins in late spring, will she wear a chic modern wardrobe again—the sort of clothes that made "Laura" such a hit with women.

Take It From Me

Since nobody has gotten around to awarding Gene the medal for brains—such evidently not being included in obvious star assets—let me be the one to name her one of the most nimble minds in one of the steadiest little heads ever crowned by laurels. Designers love to create bizarre and extravagant whimsies to emphasize her intriguing face and rhythmic design. But in her private life and tastes Gene is conservative to a degree. Wears little or no makeup, and her shining brown hair is the precise shade nature gave her.

So, because she's young, super-lovely, mother of a 15-month-old daughter, Daria, and a happy wife, Gene's fans have come to think of her as a sort of high priestess of the modern theme. A girl of tomorrow. Nothing is farther from the truth.

"Hedda," she said, "sometimes I really think our fans believe we live in a sort of crystal and plastic dream world. But I'm not looking forward to jumping into a helicopter and landing on the studio roof instead of driving down the canyon each morning with good old Butch, my police dog, on the front seat beside me. And, aside from the fact in personal tastes, I'm really not looking forward to the day when television, all-out air transport, and chores done by robots in solar houses will be a reality. Think how much charm it will take from living.

Besides, few of the young things of today realize it will take years and years to develop such living. A lot of my friends seem to feel the post-victory year will be something worthy of Jules Verne's imagination.

I suggested she was probably influenced by the character of Miranda, the lovely heroine of Ernst Lubitsch's production "Dragonwyck."

Extremes Are Out

Gene has just as definite ideas about fashion, too. Although she has been named the best dressed woman in Hollywood, she frowns on extremes. Boiled down to a couple of essentials, her don'ts on dress come to:

"Don't be conspicuous. Conspicuous makeup, color, line, detail, and combinations violate the rules of good taste. The well dressed woman looks just right for the occasion—blends into the moment."

Gene is thrilled at playing the role of the evil sister in "Leave Her to Heaven."

"Ellen has acting quality, and that is what an actress should consider," she says. "The bad girls of fiction have given more opportunities to stars than the sweet young things."

I remember when Gene Tierney played half-castes, outlaw girls, Eurasians—for a time she was almost as typed in the sarong as Doty Lamour, or threatened to be. She didn't rise easily into the high place on the screen in which she now finds herself, although she is practically cameraproof, undoubtedly one of the best lens subjects in the industry today. She has graciousness and much personal charm, and a complexion of flawless beauty.



Gene Tierney

Pair Pool Loans To Build Home

First Ex-Service Couple to Take Advantage of 'G.I. Bill of Rights.'

RICHMOND, VA.—The first ex-service couple to buy a home with their combined government loans under the "G.I. Bill of Rights" are settling down in this city to stay—with rosy dreams of the future, says the Chicago Tribune.

They are Herbert and Florence Pugh, both former United States marines, who were married last November.

Now honorably discharged, they are moving into a home of their own, a white two-story house with green shutters.

Taking a step which soon may be emulated by thousands of marines, soldiers and sailors the Pughs contemplate a regime of sensible budgeting so that the house, in a section of promising land values, will be theirs outright in time.

"We didn't really plan to buy a house at first," Mrs. Pugh explains. "We thought we would live in a nice apartment and when the war was over build somewhere."

"Then we started looking for an apartment. There just wasn't anything to be found."

In desperation they took advantage of their prerogatives under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Now they're glad they did.

Two Loans Pooled.

They found that the government would guarantee loans to each of them up to \$2,000 and that they could obtain money under the G.I. terms with lower rates of interest. They pooled \$4,000 guaranteed by the veterans' administration to secure half of an \$8,000 loan from a savings and loan association with which to buy their house.

(The veterans' administration guarantees but does not grant the loans, which may be obtained from banks, private firms or individuals, or a federal lending agency. The veterans' administration does pay the interest on the loan for the first year. The loans, at 4 or 4½ per cent interest, are amortized over 20 years.)

Now the Pughs joyfully are addressing themselves to such considerations of home ownership as whether tuberous rooted begonias will grow in the hot Virginia climate; what kind of fertilizer to use on the lawns, and what they ought to hang over the mantelpiece.

Both like to read and will have ample shelves for books on their hobbies—gardening, dogs, hunting, decoration, art, homemaking and, for Mrs. Pugh, works on vocational guidance and psychology. Besides, there's a book which Mrs. Pugh's mother sent her—the first thing unpacked in the new home—on "The Joy of Cooking."

Wife Is an Artist.

An artist who has exhibited back home in Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Pugh is devoting much study to details of walls and furnishings. With their modest savings, which might otherwise have had to go toward buying the house, they have bought enough furniture to start with.

There are a living room, dining room, and kitchen downstairs, and 2½ bedrooms upstairs. The half room is just the right size for a nursery. It will be furnished with a crib and chest of drawers and "readied up" for an occupant next fall.

Adjusting back to civilian life has been no great problem to Florence Pugh, in the marines a year, or to her husband, a salesman, who served a year and a half.

"When you're in the marine corps there are just two states—dead and alive," reasons the ex-lady marine. "If you're alive, well, what do you have to complain about?"

More Careful Package Wrapping Asked by Navy

WASHINGTON.—The navy said: Please be a little more careful in wrapping packages for fighting men overseas.

It pointed out that a package addressed to a man in the Pacific gets a long and rough trip, perhaps lasting months, and possibly in half a dozen ships.

The navy made these suggestions: 1. Pack each article in shredded paper or something like it to prevent movement inside the package.

2. Tie the box with heavy cord, then wrap it in brown paper, tie it again with a strong cord, and print the address in ink. Don't use paper stickers which fall off if they get wet.

3. Inside each package put a list of the contents and the full address of the intended recipient. This will insure delivery if the package should become broken.



Cheaply Constructed Smoke House Useful

Building May Also Serve For General Storage Use

SEVERAL types of smoke houses are proving satisfactory. The kind of house to be selected will depend largely upon the volume of meat to be smoked, as well as off-season use that may be made of the house.

Where an "A" shaped smoke house is used, the wall or sides should be made of boards about 9 feet long, in order to keep the meat about 5 feet away from the fire. The sloping walls should be spread 7 feet at the bottom. The house 8 feet long is large enough for the smoking of a large number of hogs, as usually the Canadian hams, boneless butts and the hams or four weeks before the hams are ready to smoke.

Many use the barrel for smoking meat. The smoke should enter the barrel through a tunnel from a fire as much as 5 or 6 feet from the barrel.

For the other type of house illustrated, almost any material may be used for the walls. There should be some small openings or cracks at the top of the house. The house walls should be at least 7 feet high.



Smoke Houses for Every Purpose.

The floor dimensions may be as little as 4 by 6 feet.

Small one or two car garages have been used satisfactorily for smoke houses. The storm cellar or storage cellar may also be utilized.

It takes about 30 hours of continuous smoking to finish the job on hams. A small fire can be started every morning and allowed to die down during the afternoon, or the smoking can be done continuously.

King Tut Contributes Pest Resistant Pea



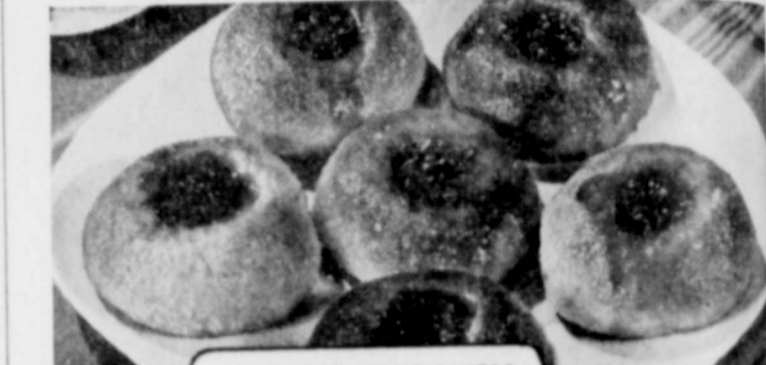
At the Air Forces Tactical center, Orlando, Fla., may be seen growing a new specie of pea, "King Tut."

The original seeds from which these vines sprang were placed by Egyptian priests in the tomb of King Tutankhamen, 3,300 years ago. When Howard Carter found the peas in the royal tomb of King Tutankhamen in 1922, he sent them to England. A few later found their way to America, finally coming into production at the AFTC in Florida.

The department of agriculture pronounces them as a specie previously unknown in this country, or any place else so far as could be determined. The remarkable thing about these plants, whereas the usual worms, lice and beetles continued to chew up surrounding vegetation, they spurned completely the Egyptian intruders.

ASK ME ANOTHER? A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>The Questions</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. When does a civil day begin in contrast to a solar day? 2. What does a "Darby and Joan existence" mean? 3. From what is citronella oil derived? 4. Did Fernando Magellan actually make the first voyage around the world? 5. Can the President of the United States wear one of his country's uniforms? 6. What is meant by drawing a long bow? | <p>The Answers</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. A civil day begins at night, a solar day at noon. 2. An uneventful but happy married life. 3. From a species of citronella grown in Ceylon. 4. No, he was killed in the Philippines. 5. Although commander in chief of the army and navy, he denied the right to wear his country's uniforms. 6. Making exaggerated statements. |
|---|---|



HINTS FOR HOME BAKERS

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Make them with Fleischmann's yellow label Yeast—the only fresh yeast with EXTRA vitamins A & D

- FILLED BUNS**
- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cakes Fleischmann's Yeast | 2 eggs, beaten |
| 1 cup lukewarm water | 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg |
| 1/2 cup shortening | Few drops lemon extract |
| 1/2 cup sugar | 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 9 cups sifted flour |
| | 1 cup jelly or jam |

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast in lukewarm water. Cream shortening, sugar and salt; add well-beaten eggs, nutmeg, flavoring and lukewarm milk. Add to yeast. Add 3 cups flour and beat well. Add remaining flour; turn out on floured board and knead lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place. Free from draft, until light, about 2 hours. Turn out on floured board and shape into round rolls. Dip in granulated sugar and set on well-greased baking pan 1/2 inch apart. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 45 minutes. Make an indentation in center of roll, fill with jelly or jam. Let rise again until light, about 15 minutes. Bake in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

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HOMES



Point—Some of our rationing has difficult to the family. ing to use a but all these as well as ple Humble me liver can be better.



You can stu with your fu dressing and vory tomato better.

If you ha easy on the always go tserts. Cre even though toppings are whites are j Fresh veg ters are id the table. snowy white ter of a plat slivered gr cups with ters. If it set your c melon (pre its center se a fruit gela on the plat apple moun grapes.

Hamburger
1 pound l
2 tablesp
1/4 cup mi
2 tablesp
crumbs
2 tablesp
4 cups g
2 tablesp
1/2 teasp
2 eggs, b
1/4 cup fl
2 tablesp
Combine milk and l and shape in hot fat.

Meat M meats wi and filling tizing and Bacon egg and t and serve course. Honeyc comes sa and bre Serve it tomatoes Ground flavor vi grilled fr to slices. Small stretch f bread, c dressing, gravy fo

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Extend the Meat With Noodles and Gravy
(See Recipes Below)

Point-Easy Patterns

Some of our homemakers feel that rationing has become so tight, it is difficult to set a tasty dish before the family. It's true we are learning to use a great variety of foods, but all these can be made delicious as well as pleasing as to appearance.

Humble meats like hamburger and liver can be dressed attractively and made to taste like high-point foods. Imagine eating golden brown, wafer-thin pancakes, filled with a well-seasoned meat mixture. Good? Of course, pass the seconds, please.

You can stuff small slices of liver with your favorite celery or onion dressing and braise them in a savory tomato sauce. There's little better.

If you have taken it a little bit easy on the main course, you can always go the limit with the desserts. Cream pies are luscious even though their whipped cream toppings are missing. Frothy egg whites are just as pretty and tasty. Fresh vegetables and fruit platters are ideal for adding color to the table. Try a freshly cooked snowy white cauliflower in the center of a platter and surround it with slivered green beans and tomato cups with golden corn kernel centers. If it's a fruit platter you've set your cap for, then you'll like melon (preferably cantaloupe with its center scooped out and filled with a fruit gelatin salad, and garnished on the platter with slices of pineapple mounted with fresh berries or grapes.

Hamburger Filled Potato Pancakes (Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 pound hamburger
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons fine, dry bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 4 cups grated raw potatoes
- 2 tablespoons grated onions
- 3/4 teaspoon pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3/4 cup flour
- 2 tablespoons milk

Combine meat, 1 teaspoon salt, milk and bread crumbs. Mix well and shape into thin patties. Brown in hot fat. Combine potatoes, re-

Lynn Says:

Meat Memos: Extend low-point meats with breading, garnishing and fillings to make them appetizing and point-saving.
Bacon can be dipped in beaten egg and bread crumbs, then fried and served as an appetizing meat course.
Honeycomb or pocket tripe becomes savory when given the egg and bread crumb treatment. Serve it with broiled bacon and tomatoes for flavor contrast.
Ground lamb patties take on flavor value when served with grilled fresh pineapple and tomato slices.
Small shoulder roasts will stretch further when stuffed with bread, celery, parsley or onion dressing. Make plenty of rich gravy for a fill-in feature.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- *Curried Shrimp with Noodles
- Slivered Carrots and Green Beans
- Fresh Pineapple and Strawberry Salad
- Corn Sticks Beverage
- Date-Nut Bars
- *Recipe Given

maining salt, pepper, eggs, flour and milk. Mix well. Remove meat from frying pan. Add more fat. Place a small amount of the potato mixture into hot fat. Top with meat patty. Then cover with more potato mixture (potato mixture should form a thin coating). Fry slowly until brown. Turn and brown on other side.

These Hamburger Filled Pancakes may be served with sauerkraut. Place the kraut in the center of a platter and arrange pancakes in a border around it.

*Curried Shrimp with Noodles. (Serves 4 to 6)

- 6 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 1 pound cooked shrimp
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 1/2 teaspoons chopped parsley
- 1/4 teaspoon rich meat flavoring
- 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
- 3/4 pound fine noodles

Make a cream sauce of the first five ingredients. Add shrimp, cleaned and cut in halves or quarters, depending upon size. Add seasonings, and lastly, cooked noodles broken into small pieces. Garnish with parsley and whole shrimp.

American Eggs Foo Yeung. (Serves 4)

- 1/2 cup cooked fish such as salmon
- 1/2 cup green peas, cooked
- 3 stalks raw celery, diced
- 1 onion, minced
- 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon seasoning sauce
- 6 eggs, beaten

Spicy tomato sauce or other well-seasoned sauce
Mix fish with peas, celery, onion and green pepper. Add seasonings, seasoning sauce and beaten eggs. Mix well. Have fat hot in skillet. Four small ladeful of mixture into skillet and brown on one side, turn cake and brown on the other. Serve with spicy tomato sauce.

Another good, light dish for supper fare is this omelet which combines point-saving foods with tempting goodness:

Mashed Potato Omelet. (Serves 6)

- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 4 eggs, separated
- Bacon

Mix heated milk with mashed potatoes. Add onion juice, salt and pepper. Mix in well beaten yolks of eggs. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased frying pan and cook on top of stove until bottom is brown. Brown top under broiler. Serve with crisply fried bacon.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

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

Lesson for May 27

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THE RETURNED EXILES AND THEIR WORK

LESSON TEXT—Nehemiah 8:1-4a, 5, 6, 8, 12, 9:1-3.
GOLDEN TEXT—Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.—Jeremiah 29:13.

God loves men and takes delight in blessing them and prospering them on their way. When He must punish them, it is a source of grief to His Father-heart.

That fact probably explains why the period of the captivity of the Jewish people is passed over in silence in the historical accounts of the Bible. We do know that prophets were sent to minister to them and to keep alive their hope of restoration to their own land.

When the Jewish captives were ready to return to their land, the silence of sacred history is broken, and we learn of their experiences in rebuilding the temple and the wall of Jerusalem from the books of Ezra and Nehemiah.

Ezra, the scribe, was God's servant in bringing the Word of God to the people. The elements of success for any revival are found here.

I. An Open Book (8:1,2).
The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword (Heb. 4:12). That mighty weapon does not need any apology or defense. It needs use. The soldier in battle unsheathes his sword or fires his gun. He does not send pamphlets to his enemies telling them what an effective weapon he has—he uses it and gets results.

There is a place for discussion and instruction regarding the authenticity and dependability of the Bible, but if we make it a substitute for using the Word, we are on the wrong track.

Era brought out the law of God and opened it to all the people. That is what we need to do today. Open up God's Word and let it do its powerful work.

II. An Attentive People (8:3, 4a, 5, 6).

The Word must be heard as well as preached. Good listeners are as important as good preachers. The open ear and the open heart complete the ministry of the open Book. Note the reverence of the people (v. 5). When the Book was opened, they stood up—a token of honor. We do not worship the Bible, but we should show far more reverence toward it and its message than is ordinarily the case.

Note the spirit of worship in verse 6. Be sure that any people coming to God's Word in that spirit will receive a blessing.

III. An Intelligent Ministry (8:8, 12).

There is nothing that any man can add to God's Word, but he can, by the grace of God and the illumination of the Holy Spirit, be used in opening up the meaning of the Word.

That kind of an exposition of Scripture is the very essence of real preaching. Topical discussions have their value. There is a place for book reviews and the presentation of social problems. But the pulpit should be primarily and always the place where God's Word is expounded.

Note that the law of God was read "distinctly" (v. 7). How important! That calls for preparation and prayer. That precludes the casual selection of a Scripture passage in the last minute before service.

Then observe that "they gave the sense, so that they understood the reading" (v. 8). That takes more preparation and much prayer. The teacher or preacher needs illumination so that the truth may be clearly understood and presented.

Everything was now ready for:

IV. A Spiritual Response (8:12; 9:1-3).

Revival came—and what a revival! Tears and laughter mingled. There was sorrow because of sin, and joy because of God's forgiveness. There was both fasting and feasting. God was in their midst, working through His Word as it was given out by His messengers.

It makes one downright hungry to read an account like this, hungry for a similar manifestation in our day of spiritual deadness. God is giving this kind of revival here and there where people are ready to go His way. The writer of these notes has only recently been in such revivals. Why not have them everywhere in our land? Yes, in your town or city?

AROUND THE HOUSE

Never hem a dress until it is completely finished even to the side fastenings. You're certain skirt will hang better if hem is left until last.

A housemaid's basket in which to keep all necessary cloths, small brushes and cleaning agents needed to do the morning's work saves steps.

Cocoa may be substituted for chocolate in cake recipes if a small piece of butter is added to the cocoa.

A small dish mop sprinkled with furniture polish does a good job of cleaning stairway railings.

Just before you start painting apply cold cream or vaseline to your hands. The paint that gets on your hands can then easily be washed off.

Leftover fish can be made into a dozen good dishes, so it is more economical to buy a good sized whole fish and to make it last for two days, rather than to buy a small fish that is just enough.

Pinwheel Medallion Quickly Memorized



EVERY crochet fan wants to make at least one heirloom cloth. This medallion is, ideal—suitable for either large or small pieces.

The pinwheel medallion is quickly memorized; inexpensive in string; joins beautifully for overall effect. Pattern 7008 has directions; stitches.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

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Australia's Bottle Tree Provides Food and Drink

Nature must have been in a playful mood when she designed the odd vase-shaped bottle tree, which grows in the tropical regions of Australia. One would never guess, from the tree's rugged appearance, that the inner part of the swollen stem is actually a nutritious food for both man and beast. The stem is also a reservoir for cool, sweet water.

Many a thirsty Yank soldier on duty in Australia has tapped this tree for its refreshing liquid. Largest specimens are 50 to 60 feet high, and the trunk is six or seven feet thick.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

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Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back
When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicines like these in Bell-some Tablets. No laxative. Bell-some brings comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all druggists.

SNAPPY FACTS about RUBBER

It is difficult to detect the ordinary "slow leak" in time to prevent destructive "roadside flats." The Office of Defense Transportation recommends an effective cure for stealthy leaks: (1) Make sure valve caps have been screwed on finger tight. (2) Before adding air be sure to test pressure in each tire. (3) Check variations in tire pressure—a marked difference in pressure indicates a slow leak, which should be repaired immediately.

To help relieve the critical need for military tires, men who work in a large rubber plant in Los Angeles (B. F. Goodrich) have sworn not to miss a day's work, and, like submarine crews, not to shave for 120 days.

In war or peace B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

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To the People of this Community

The 7th War Loan objective is four billion dollars in Series E Bonds. At this time last year Americans had oversubscribed two war loan quotas, each three billion dollars in Series E War Bonds. It is obvious your personal share must be greatest of any of the war loans. And yet it may be no higher than or even less than the combined amount you invested in bonds in the 4th and 5th War Loans.

Why should you continue to put every dollar above the cost of the necessities of living into extra bonds? 1. Uppermost you owe an obligation to your fighting men and women to back them to the limit as long as any enemy military strength remains. 2. Think about Iwo Jima for a moment—sacrifice on the battlefields is still a way of life for your relatives and friends in uniform. 3. The self-interest motive is at a new high. Civilian goods are now scarcer than ever before. Every dollar you spend for non-essentials works for higher prices.

THE EDITOR

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IN THE PROBATE COURT OF EDDY COUNTY STATE OF NEW MEXICO

IN THE MATTER OF LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of MARTHA A. COLE, DECEASED

No. 1217

NOTICE OF HEARING PROOF OF WILL

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that an instrument purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Martha A. Cole, Deceased, has been filed for probate in the Probate Court of Eddy County, New Mexico; and that by order by said court the 20th day of June, 1945, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m. at the Court Room of said court in the City of Carlsbad Eddy County, New Mexico, is the day, time and place set for

hearing proof of said Last Will and Testament and Petition of Robert L. Cole to admit the same to probate and for his appointment as Executor.

THEREFORE, any person or persons wishing to enter objections to the probate of said Last Will and Testament, or said Petition, are hereby notified to file their objections in the Office of the County Clerk of Eddy County, New Mexico, on or before the time set for said hearing.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the Probate Court of Eddy County New Mexico, this 16 day of May, 1945.

R. A. Wilcox
County Clerk
by Lucy Blanchard
Deputy

1st. pub. 5-25 Last pub 6-15-45

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