



The Private Papers of a Cub Reporter:

It is supposed to have happened during Churchill's last visit. . . . A youthful War Dept aide was rushed over to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue one hot Sunday dawn with confidential news of military importance for the President. . . .

Breathlessly, he retold the news to Churchill, whose huge, round face was all he could see imbedded in four or five pillows. The celebrated cigar smoldering in the semi-darkness. . . .

"I'd like you to understand," said Mr. Churchill, "that my daughter is not accustomed to staying out until 3 in the morning!"

And then, getting out of bed in his white sack-like nightgown, England's Commander-in-Chief, cigar between his teeth, strode off hurriedly down the White House corridors in his nightie.

Over at the British Embassy they enjoy telling the one about the pair of Gurkhas (noted as India's bravest tribe) who volunteered for the Indian Army's sky-troops. They asked the British officer: "From what height are we supposed to jump?"

"Five hundred feet," they were informed.

"Nothing doing," one complained, "that's too high. Can't we try from 300 feet, old chap?"

"No," said the officer, "from such a low height there is great danger the parachute won't open in time."

"You mean," they exclaimed, "That we get parachutes?"

In Albuquerque, this ageless gag is convulsing the citizens. About the New York go-getter, who spotted an Indian chief lazing near his tepee. . . . "Why don't you," asked the stranger, "get yourself a job in a defense plant?"

The Injun intoned: "Why?" "Oh, fergoodnessakes," said the exasperated bore. "With a big bank account you could retire. And never work any more."

Sally in Our Alley: In Reuben's last night a pair of stage veterans recalled when John Barrymore was going through the soul torment of Hamlet when he thought he detected a small riot in the second row. . . .

New Yorkers Are Talking About: The mad between Hildegarde and Jacqueline Susann, who lit a match at the Persian Room during the singer's blackout number. . . .

These two-week leaves don't substitute in the fliers' mind for a trip back to America. That's all they live for. That's what they talk about most of the time. A goal is what anyone over-

Beaverbrook's former editor on his London Standard is editing a one-sheet newspaper for Mountbatten. . . . His name is Frank Owen. . . .

With Ernie Pyle at the Front

How a B-26 Bombing Crew Spends Its Working Hours

Fighting an Air War Means Routine; Men 'Work' About Two Hours a Day

By Ernie Pyle

A B-26 BASE IN ENGLAND.—"My crew" of two officers and three enlisted men have been flying together as team in their B-26 bomber since before leaving America more than a year ago.

Every one of them is now far beyond his allotted number of combat missions.

Every one of them is perfectly willing to go through another complete tour of missions if he can just be home for a month. I believe the same thing is true of almost everybody at this station. And it's a new experience for me, because most of the combat men I've been with before wanted to feel finished forever when they went home.

Every one of "my crew" has the distinguished flying cross and the air medal, with clusters. They have had flak through their plane numerous times, but none of them has ever been hit. They expect it to be rough when the invasion starts, but they're anxious to get it over with.

In the past they have usually flown one mission a day over France, with occasionally two as the tempo of the spring bombings increased. But during the invasion they will probably be flying three and sometimes four missions a day.

They will be in the air before daylight and they will come home from their last mission after dark. They will go for days and maybe weeks in a frenzied routine, eating hurriedly between missions, snatching a few hours of weary sleep at night, and being up and at it again hours before daylight to shuttle back and forth across the Channel. They and thousands of others like them.

Fighting purely an air war—as this one here has been up to now—is in some ways so routine that it is like running a big business.

Usually a B-26 crewman "works" only about two hours a day. He returns to a life that is pretty close to a normal one. There is no ground war to confuse him or disturb him or even inspire him with its horror. His war is highly technical, highly organized, and in a way somewhat academic.

Because of this it is easy to get bored. An air crewman has lots of spare time on his hands. Neither the officers nor the enlisted fliers have any duties whatever other than flying.

When not flying they either loaf around their own huts, writing letters or playing poker or just sitting in front of the fire talking, or else they take leave for a few hours and go to the nearby villages. They can go to dances or sit in the local pubs and talk.

And every two weeks they get two days' leave. That again is something new to us who have been in the Mediterranean. Down there, fliers do get leave to go to rest camps, and even to town once in a while if there is a town, but there's nothing regular or automatic about it. These boys up here get their two days' leave twice a month just like clockwork. They can do anything they want with it.

Most of them go to London. Others go to nearby cities where they have made acquaintances. They go to dances and night clubs and shows. They paint the town and blow off steam as any active man who lives dangerously must do now and then. They make friends among the British people, and they look up these same friends on the next trip to town.

They do a thousand and one things on their leave, and it does them good. Also, it gradually creates an understanding between the two peoples that the other is all right in his own peculiar way.

After a certain number of missions a crew is usually given two weeks' leave. Most of them spend it traveling. Our fliers often tour Scotland on these leaves. It's amazing the number of men who have been to Edinburgh and who love the place. They have visited Wales and North Ireland and the rugged southwestern coast, and they know the Midlands and the little towns of England.

Crewmen Include Student, 'Old Cowboy From Arizona'

The radioman-gunner is Sgt. John Siebert of Charlestown, Mass. He learned to fly before the war, although he is only 23 now. He had about 800 hours in the air as pilot. Yet because of one defective eye he couldn't get into cadet school.

seas needs—a definite time limit to shoot for. Naturally it isn't possible right at this moment to send many people home, and the fliers appreciate and accept that fact. But once the invasion is made and the first period of furious intensity has passed, our veteran fliers hope to start going home in greater numbers.

Lieut. Bill Collins, who goes by the name of Chief, is what is known as a "hot pilot."

He used to be a fighter pilot, and he handles his Marauder bomber as though it were a fighter. He is daring, and everybody calls him a "character," but his crew has a fanatical faith in him.

Chief is addicted to violent evasive action when they're in flak, and the boys like that because it makes them harder to hit. They've had flak through the plane and within a foot of them, but none of them has been wounded.

When they finished their allotted number of missions—which used to give them an automatic trip to America, but doesn't any more—Chief buzzed the home field in celebration of their achievement.

He got that old B-26 wound up in a steep glide, came booming down at the runway, leveled off a foot above the ground and went screaming across the field at 250 miles an hour—only a foot above the ground all the way. And at the same time he had to shoot out all the red flares he had in the plane. They say it looked like a Christmas tree flying down the runway.

Chief used to be a clerk with the Aetna Life Insurance company back in his home town of Hartford, Conn. He is 25 now and doesn't know whether he will go back to the insurance job or not after the war. He says it depends on how much they offer him.

Lieut. Jack Arnold is the one they call Red Dog. He is only 22, although he seems much older to me. He enlisted in the army almost four years ago, when he was just out of high school. He was an infantryman for a year and a half before he finally went to bombardier school and got wings for his chest and bars for his shoulders.

He figures that as a bombardier he has killed thousands of Germans, and he thinks it is an excellent profession. He says the finest bombing experience he has ever had was when they missed the target one day and quite accidentally hit a barracks full of German troops and killed many of them.

Red Dog is friendly and gay and yet he is a fundamentally serious man who takes the war to heart. The enlisted men of his crew say that he isn't afraid of anything, and that the same is true of Chief Collins. They are a cool pair, yet both are as hospitable and friendly as you could imagine.

The plane's engineer-gunner is Sgt. Eugene Gaines of New Orleans. He is distinct from the rest because he married a British girl last December.

They have a little apartment in a town eight miles from the field. Every evening Gaines rides his bicycle home, stays till about midnight, then rides back to the airfield. For you never know when you may be routed out at 2 a. m. on an early mission, and you must be on hand.

It takes him about 45 minutes to ride the eight miles, and he has made the round trip nightly all winter, in the blackout and through indescribable storms. Such is the course of love.

Gaines is a quiet and sincere young man of 24. He was a carpenter before the war, and he figures that will be a pretty good trade to stick to after the war. But if a depression does come he has an ace in the hole. He has a farm at Pearl River, La., and he figures that with a farm in the background you can always be safe and independent.

Gaines wears a plain wedding ring on his left hand. I've noticed that a lot of the married soldiers over here wear wedding rings.

Sgt. Kermit Pruitt, whom I spoke of the other day, is the tail gunner in "my crew." He's an old cowboy from Arizona.

Garbage Wilts Morale of Japs

U. S. Flier Tells of Cook as 'Guest Bomber' Dumping Kitchen Refuse.

NEW YORK. — Four army air force fliers, whose combined actions include the bombing of Mount Casino Monastery, raids on industrial centers in Germany and forays against the Japanese in the New Guinea and Solomon islands areas, related their experiences here recently.

Just returned to this country with a record of 300 hours on combat duty, Lieut. Abraham Hellman told a tale of the elevation of his squadron cook to the title of "slop bombardier."

The tall, wiry lieutenant said his crew was assigned recently to keep the Japanese at Cape Gloucester airdrome awake nights preceding daylight bombing attacks.

"Several times," Lieutenant Hellman said, "our cook whom we knew as 'Nick the Greek,' begged to be taken along on harassing raids, and we finally consented. While we dropped small bombs, hand and rifle grenades and anything else that would make a noise, Nick crouched grinning at an open gun port and laded out garbage that he had accumulated for several days.

Made Japs 'Lose Face.' "Nick was aware of the Japanese fear of losing face and thought that the dropping of refuse would serve as a greater morale breaker than bombs."

Despite 52 combat missions in a B-24 Liberator and many raids on strong Japanese positions in the Rabaul area, Lieutenant Hellman was never wounded. He holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal.

The other officers in the group were Capt. Louis A. Van Zutphen, 22 years old; Lieut. Richard E. Rylands, 23, and Lieut. Norman R. Cohen.

Captain Van Zutphen, who has received the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Purple Heart, completed 63 missions in the southwest Pacific, 20 of them in fighter planes.

The most memorable of his experiences, he declared, occurred when he was flying tail position to his squadron over New Guinea. His engine froze, he said, and he dropped from 12,000 to 4,000 feet before he was able to open the cockpit and bail out. He was rescued after nine days in the jungle by Australian "diggers."

Hit by Flak over Germany. Lieutenant Rylands, wounded twice in 25 missions as a bombardier over Germany and occupied Europe, holds the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal and the Purple Heart. His worst experience was encountered, he said, over Oschersleben January 11, while serving as a volunteer tail gunner. A piece of flak struck his ammunition belt and a 50-caliber bullet pierced his left leg.

Serving as navigator on a Liberator bomber, Lieutenant Cohen participated in the bombing of Mount Casino monastery, February 15. "That bombing trip was a gratifying experience," he said, "because it was the first time I took part in a bombing that directly helped the infantry in the front lines. We heard later that our bombs hit the target and that our soldiers pumped from their trenches to cheer us as we sped by."

Lieutenant Cohen said his squadron bombed German targets on three occasions and also struck at the Grenier Pass. On the latter raid, he said, the gas supply of his ship ran out just as the wheels hit the landing strip of an emergency field far from his home base.

Traffic Violators' on Plane Carriers Fined

ABOARD AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC—A "wave-off" costs a fighter pilot on this ship 50 cents.

A "wave-off" is the signal of the deck officer guiding a pilot to a landing that his approach is unsatisfactory. The pilot is waved away from the ship and must start approaching all over again.

The fine is levied by the fighter squadron, which also has an involved set of financial penalties for pilots who cut into the traffic circle of planes while awaiting orders to land, for those who overshoot slightly on landings and run into deck barriers and even for those who have serious accidents in taking off or landing.

One pilot, who turned a plane on its back on the deck a few days ago, escaped with only a sprained finger. But his squadron mates, in solemn session, assessed him four dollars in fines, which hurt him worse than the finger.

\$150 Becomes \$6,245 In Savings Account PORTLAND, MAINE.—A sailor's savings account of \$150 deposited back in 1857 has provided an unexpected windfall for his heirs.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Fathers: There was a passenger in the taxi but the meter was not registering because the flag hadn't been pulled down. In other words, the driver was "high flaggin'" an offense on which the hack bureau frowns severely. At Seventy-second street, the shrill whistle of an officer caused the driver to pull over to the curb. He was plainly nervous—his license would probably be suspended for a week which would mean no earnings in that time. The officer advanced with slow and heavy tread, his summons book in his hand. "I forgot the stick," stammered the driver. "I was thinkin'" —the officer didn't try to conceal disbelief—"about my son. He's down in the Pacific with the marines and he's been wounded bad. Here's the letter I just got tellin' me about it."

The cop read the letter. The summons book went back into his pocket. "On your way, Mac," he growled, "I got a boy in the South Pacific myself."

Surprise: Bell boys in New York's hotels are a sophisticated lot and it takes the most unusual to give them pause. Nevertheless, a Waldorf-Astoria bell-hop, when he entered a room to deliver some medicine the other afternoon, all but turned and fled. There was ample reason for the lad's perturbation—he found himself face to face with Hitler, Goebbels and Goering, brown shirts, swastika arm bands and everything! Though the resemblance was so startling they would have caused a riot had they gone out into the street, the unholy trio were merely Hollywood actors, principals in the Paramount film "The Hitler Gang," in town for the premiere of the picture. The makeup was for interview purposes and for pictures for a weekly magazine. The surprise of the bell-hop, however, wasn't so great that he left without a tip.

Sick Knowledge: War has caused the University of Canton to move here and there in free China; work at times has been carried on under actual bombardment; the fall of Hong Kong wiped out its entire assets. Nevertheless, instead of being crushed, the university today has the largest enrollment in its 18 years of history, a total of more than 5,000 students. So said Dr. Chen-Piang Chan, president of the university, who is in the United States on a mission for his government. The university is now located at Kukong, a city in northern Kwantung, and has branches in Macao, Toishan and Kweilin. It really extends all over free China. Students who have completed their courses go out and impart to others the knowledge they have acquired. Undergraduates in the free time, visit villages and give elementary instructions to children and even the elders.

Untrue Love: In the Hotel Astor's Columbia room is a table reserved for the special use of the "Brush Off Club." This organization is composed of servicemen whose sweethearts back home have given them the old "go-by" while they were serving their country overseas. The table has a number of occupants at present and indications are that there will be more in the future because it has already been spoken for by dozens of "members" who want to get together after the war and swap stories of how they readjusted their love-lives. Well, the other day, the table was stormed by eight young women who insisted they had a right to sit there—they didn't explain what kind—and defied the management to remove them. The upshot of the matter was that not only were they served but "on the house" at that—because Bob Christenberry liked their spirit.

About Manhattan: June Walker eating borscht at the Chateaubriand—beauty and the borscht! . . . A few tables away, Eric Blore, the movie butler, sitting with a pretty girl—a lass and a lackey . . . Xavier Cugat doing a rumba with a cutlet at La Conga while Lionel Stander wrestles through a rumba on the dance floor . . . His Royal Shyness "Prince" Mike Romanoff munching a bourgeois lobster at Sea Fare-Sutton place . . . The Lord and Lady of Swat—by popular vote—Mr. and Mrs. Connie Mack, away from home base, dining at Schraff's . . . A musician in Morton Gould's orchestra, who recently became the father of quadruplets, met another musician at the hospital just after the big event . . . "Is it a him or a her?" asked the friend . . . "Neither," replied the father, "it's a them." . . . At the 1-2-3 club, a group was discussing the high cost of living, taxes, etc. . . . "At least," shrugged one, "air is still free." . . . "But," butted Roger Stearns, "it costs more to be able to breathe it."

Food in Axis Europe Is Declared Insufficient NEW YORK, N. Y. — Germany's food rations are sufficient for average requirements, but health and efficiency suffer because of insufficient food in the Baltic states, Slovakia, France and Italy, according to a League of Nations report distributed by the Columbia university press. Continental Europe's agricultural production has declined steadily since the outbreak of the war, the report said.

Suits They'll Love Are Easy to Make



A SUNSUIT for sister, giving the sun a chance, blossoms out into a sunflower, and brother goes mannish with its chu-chu bits in gay color. The tots will love them!

Pattern 831 contains transfer pattern of 2 bibs, necessary pattern pieces for sun in sizes 1, 2, 3 or 4 (all in one pattern) directions.

Form for Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept. with fields for Name, Address, and other details.

Find Help For Itch of Simple Skin Rashes

When torturing itch of simple skin rashes stings and smart, get quick relief with Mexazna, the soothing, medicated powder with ingredients often used by many specialists. Sprinkle on tender irritated skin and enjoy cooling, soothing relief. Big supply costs little. Get Mexazna.

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COOLING, SOOTHING, ANTISEPTIC DRESSING for MINOR BURNS and NON-POISONOUS INSECT BITES

LIQUID and POWDER For quick relief on MOSQUITO BITES and SUNBURN

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With a Medicine that will Prove Itself! If you suffer from rheumatic pain or muscular aches, buy C-2223 today for real pain-relieving help. 60c. Caution: Use only as directed. First bottle purchase price is refunded if you are not satisfied. Get C-2223.

CARBOIL A Soothing ANTISEPTIC SALVE

Used by thousands with satisfactory results for 40 years—six valuable ingredients. Get Carboil at drug stores or write Spurlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

FLIES ARE 'STUCK' ON IT

ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA Says THE FLY ACTS AS INTERMEDIATE HOST FOR DISEASE GERMS

WHICH DEVELOP IN ITS BLOOD TO THE POINT WHERE THEY ARE VIRULENT

WHEN INTRODUCED INTO THE CIRCULATION OF MAN OR BEAST

DON'T TOLERATE FLIES!

Catch 'em with TANGLEFOOT FLYPAPER

It's the old reliable that never fails. Economical, not rationed. For sale at hardware, drug and grocery stores. CATCHES THE GERM AS WELL AS THE FLY. NOW Reduced Price 12 SHEETS 25c



I remember from school.

I once had to do a composition about the world's greatest invention being wheels. Just think of gear-wheels, water-wheels, and especially all the wheels for transportation! But right now the greatest thing of all, I'd say, is to keep wheels going; keeping your car in service, for instance. There's this and that to help you. There's one motor oil and another. Now from what I know, the explosions in any engine must produce acids, which brings up the bright idea of safely OIL-PLATING your engine's insides with Conoco Nth motor oil. You want to prevent damage from acids... internal corrosion! Some things are especially good at fighting corrosion, and OIL-PLATING comes in that class. Even chromium plating, just for comparison, couldn't stay closer to working parts than this protective OIL-PLATING. It battles corrosion, so as to help you preserve your transportation as soon as you switch to Conoco Nth oil.

CONOCO Nth MOTOR OIL

Cotton Prospects Look Rosy

A local ginner remarked to us Saturday that he expected cotton to be worth from a cent to a cent and a half or more per pound this season than last.

It is pretty certain that cotton seed will bring \$60 or more a ton this year, and things are looking pretty rosy for the cotton farmer. Increased production, due to war needs is called for and farmers in this area are responding mightily well to the slogan of "produce more in 1944."

Field Seed again, still good. bad and worse, most of them worse
Sauls Feed and Seed Store

WANT ADS

NO. 2 CANS for home canning at bargain price at Eubanks Fruit Stand.

REGISTERED Poland China boar, 16 months old, \$30 if sold by June 12.-J. J. Hodnett. 40

FOR SALE--Saddle horse, 4 years old; will work. Also cabinet model Philco radio, 6 volt battery set.-S.A. Mensch, Rt. 2, Tahoka. 40

FOR SALE--Summerour's Hybrid cotton seed, first year, cleaned, treated and sacked. See S. M. Clayton Jr. 40

LOST--Food Ration Books, two No. 3 and one No. 4. Return to Mrs. J. E. Wagner, O'Donnell.

FOR SALE--Locker calves and milk cows. See W. R. Gibson.

Spread The Alarm

At 5 a. m. Tuesday when the invasion news reached this city, the O'Donnell fire boys did their part to spread the tidings throughout the town. They trundled out the fire wagon, and lit out--up one street and down another, with the siren going full blast. Many thought there was a fire, but upon second thought realized that D(istress) day had finally arrived for the Axis.

Attention Hog Raisers!

The hog situation has cleared up some. I can buy your hogs now. Top hogs will bring you 13c. Bring them as usual on Friday and Saturday.

LEE BILLINGSLEY,
Phone 238 Lamesa, Tex.

Iowa Bulletin D-58, issued by Dr. John M. Exaard says: "Three and four-fifths pounds of Mineral saves 174 pounds of grain." Leading nutritional authorities say that supplementing home-grown grains properly with a well-balanced Mineral Mixture makes grain go 25 per cent further in producing meat milk and eggs.

I also have Phenothiazine Wormer for your Hogs and Sheep.
G.H. Gardenhire
811 North 1st, LAMESA

Political Announcements

This newspaper is authorized to announce the candidacy of the following persons, subject to the action of the July Democratic primary:

- For Congress: GEORGE MAHON re-election
- C. L. HARRIS
- For State Senator: STERLING J. PARRISH
- ALTON B. CHAPMAN
- For Representative: GEO. W. NEILL
- JACK DOUGLAS
- PRESTON E. SMITH
- For District Attorney: ROLLIN McCORD
- CALLOWAY HUFFAKER
- For County Judge: TOM GARRARD
- G. C. GRIDER
- For Tax Assessor-Collector: R. P. WEATHERS, re-election
- For Sheriff: SAM FLOYD (re-election)
- For County Clerk: W. M. (Walter) MATHIS (re-election)
- For County Treasurer: MRS. LOIS DANIEL re-election
- For County Commissioner, Prec. 2: LEWIS KENLEY
- JOHN A. ROBERTS
- For County Commissioner, Prec. 3: JNO.A. ANDERSON re-election
- Dawson County Candidates**
- For County Commissioner, Prec. 2: G. C. ATEN, 2nd term.
- R. L. (Bob) BUTCHEE (re-election for second term)

COTTON FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM...

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE - GROW MORE COTTON!

Cotton serves on every front: it protects our fighters in the arctic, the tropics and on the desert... on land, sea and in the air. Our soldiers, sailors and marines wear it, eat it and fight with it. Over 11,000 articles used by the armed forces contain cotton in some form or another.

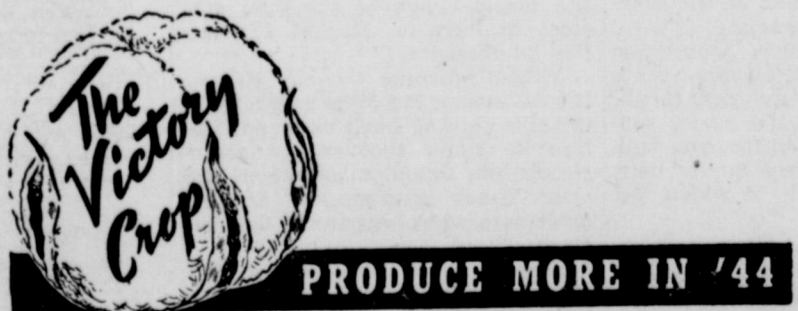
COTTON IS A WAR CROP!

From cottonseed we get essential fats and oils for food. Cottonseed meal and cake are an essential protein concentrate feed for producing more meat and milk; cottonseed hulls are roughage, and cotton linters make munitions.

COTTONSEED IS A FOOD AND FEED CROP!

There has not been enough cotton grown in the past few years to supply needed protein and oil. More COTTON grown in 1944 would balance farm programs in the South. More COTTON production will strengthen the war effort and help shorten the war.

PLANT MORE COTTON IN '44. IT'S THE VICTORY CROP.



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- J. H. Jordan Gin

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Water Bags, Lawn Chairs, Rockers
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REX

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Evening Show
Opens 8:00--Starts 8:15
Matinee 2:00--Starts 2:15

Sat. Nite Only June 10
John Carradine,
Margo in
Gangway For Tomorrow
Also Selected Shorts

Sunday and Monday
June 11-12
Olivia DeHaviland in
Government Girl
Fox News--Comedy

Tuesday, June 13
Humphrey Bogart
Dead End Kids in
Crime School
Also Selected Shorts

Wed.-Thurs. June 14-15
Johnny Weissmuller in
Tarzan's Desert Mystery
Also News, Memphis Belle

Friday Nite and Saturday
Matinee, June 16-17
Wild Bill Elliott in
Overland Mail Robbery
Also Serial and Comedy

Poultry Wanted!

Fryers, 2 to 3 lbs. 31c
Broilers, 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. 25c
No. 1 Heavy Hens 20c No. 1 Light Hens 25c No. 1 Turkeys 20c
No. 1 Old Toms 25c. Guineas ea. 27c
We buy Eggs.
We have a complete line of Chicken Feed

302 South Houston, Lamesa
HEATH BROILER PLANT LOCATION
J. O. WHITE, Manager

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To advances in supplies and taxes we are compelled to advance the prices on a few articles.

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You're Always Welcome At--

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The Home of Fine Chili, Tasty Sandwiches, Short Orders, Hot Cakes, Hamburgers, Hot Dogs.

Real Coffee, Cold Drinks
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Water Well
Drilling
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Landing Craft Lead Invasion

Graceful Little Ships Used To Land U. S. Troops on Hostile Beachheads.

NEW YORK. — Off the icy shores of Kiska, the coral reefs of Tarawa, the shell-raked sands of Nettuno, a flotilla of sleek, graceful, little ships spearheaded the landings of American troops on the hostile beachheads.

Looking more like corvettes than landing craft, the LCI (L)—landing craft infantry (large)—are, in truth, complete ships, long in cruising range and power, maneuverable and able to fight.

Down their twin ramps, a shipload of 200 fully equipped infantrymen, transported without escort from a home base, or ferried from an offshore transport, can be discharged in a matter of minutes.

The story of these new landing ships, dating back to April, 1942, has been released, with navy approval, for the first time.

The LCI (L), a 157-foot, all-steel, all-welded ship of modified Hacker type, has a 23 foot, 3½-inch beam and displaces 246 tons, according to the Todd Shipyards corporation, whose New Jersey Shipbuilding corporation yards are turning out the craft on an assembly-line basis.

Lines of a Yacht. Trim as a yacht, her bow rides high, her stern low in the water. Just aft of midships a combined pilot house and signal tower gives the appearance of a large funnel.

Divided into two decks, this "bridge" holds a wheelhouse and chartroom below the open signal and observation tower. Below decks, an emergency steering gear is ready for use should enemy action incapacitate the topside wheelhouse.

Sleeping quarters for the 27-man navy crew and their soldier passengers are insulated for comfortable rest in arctic or tropic climates. Troop quarters are amidships, where motion is slightest, and fitted with four-decker bunks.

The large crew and troop mess forward is supplied from a galley in the after section of the deck house. Ship's stores, including water, are sufficient for an ocean voyage. In the center section is an officers' wardroom.

The main deck forward is protected with a solid armor rail—cover for disembarking troops.

Strategic need for the new craft was outlined in a dispatch from Britain in April, 1942, the Todd corporation revealed. Preliminary designs were completed and contracts let within a month.

The New Jersey Shipbuilding corporation was formed under Todd management to build the craft. The problem was where. Neither time nor materials were available for an expensive plant. Nor was there a vacant waterfront site within the New York supply area.

Assembly Line Setup. At Barber, N. J., surveyors found an asphalt plant, shut down by wartime shortages, spread over 34 unpromising looking acres. It had no convertible plant, no tools or machinery which could be turned to shipbuilding.

Within three months the asphalt pits had vanished and a shipyard was building, planned to use for the first time the assembly-line technique fathered in the automobile plants and turned by war to plane production.

Four months later, two ships were off the ways.

On rolling flatcars, the LCI(L)'s are put together from the fabricated parts of 23 subcontractors and the yard itself.

Hull sections are lifted by crane to cradle on the way—inched into perfect union for the welders.

Deck houses, fabricated in the yard, are hoisted aboard at assembly position No. 2. At No. 3 the pilot house is lowered aboard. Welders, machinists, electricians and other craftsmen take over at the next stop, and from position 5, the LCI(L) is ready for launching.

What Cook Eats When He Fares Forth to Dinner. CHICAGO.—Here's what the cook eats when he goes out to dinner. Members of the Chicago Restaurant association at their annual dinner dance ate:

Consomme Royale with croutons; celery and olives; boneless supreme of Long Island duck Cumberland (which means a special gravy sauce); chateau sweet potatoes candied; fresh string beans saute in butter; hearts of romaine (lettuce); Georgia peaches flambeau (which means flaming peaches); petit fours (fancy cookies); mignardises (merely assorted cookies).

Window Washer Bans 'Dirt,' Spurns Job. CLEVELAND. — A housewife called a window washing firm recently.

"Are the windows very dirty, lady?" she was asked.

Soldier Cheered By \$60 Phone Call

Family Glad to Pay to Hear Corporal in Pacific.

NEW YORK. — "That will be \$60," the operator said "six minutes at \$10 a minute."

An expensive telephone call? The family of Corp. Stanley Goglia doesn't think so at all. For on a recent Sunday afternoon Papa Lawrence Goglia, older sister Mary, brother Louis, four other sisters, a sister-in-law and "the girl friend"—nine in all—had spoken to Stanley across the thousands of miles separating them, says the New York Times.

Mama Goglia, who doesn't speak too well over the telephone, just stood by while joyous tears misted her eyes.

On an island in the Pacific Corporal Stanley was hearing the voices of his loved ones for the first time in more than two years. He had been stationed in the Pacific since a month after Pearl Harbor and had seen plenty of action in the invasions of Makin and Tarawa.

His letters of late were filled with the same wish—if he could only hear the voices of those at home, he'd feel better.

Mary decided to do something about it. She called the overseas service operator, gave her Stanley's APO number and found that he was on an island with which telephonic communication was possible. There followed a complicated process of hook-ups and connections and at 2:55 o'clock Sunday afternoon contact was established between "an island in the Pacific" and the Goglia home in Belleville, N. J.

The father was the first to talk. He was followed by the others. Stanley said "Hello, how are you," to each, said he felt "fine" and asked about his four other brothers in the service.

"We will all chip in to pay for the call," the Goglias said. "It was the best money we ever spent."

Army to Train Retired Dogs for Civilian Life

WASHINGTON. — The army intends to de-bite the dogs of war before they are sent home.

Outlining the procedure for returning dogs to their civilian masters at the end of the war, the war department has announced each dog which served in the K-9 corps of war dogs would be given an honorable discharge certificate.

"To assure the return of all K-9 corps war dogs to civilian life in the proper state of mind and assure their welcome as members of communities from which they enlisted," the department said, "A 'reprocessing' routine has been made an important part of the discharge procedure."

"The routine is the exact opposite of that followed to fit the dogs for war service. They are petted and become friendly with all the men on a post, rather than the few to whom they were officially detailed in the performance of combat or other war duties."

Dogs released from the army are given a thorough physical examination before being sent home and thus are not only in good condition but, "because they retain the rudiments of their military training, they are better equipped to be family pets than ever," the department said.

Aircraft Minus Engines Startle Doughty Gurkhas

WASHINGTON. — The gliders the American air force used to take in the first wave of the British airborne invasion of Burma were something new for India's Gurkhas, the tough fighting men who went along on the expedition.

Col. John Allison, one of the organizers and commanders of the American air force that flew the troops in, tells this story:

"The British practiced loading and unloading (the gliders) over and over.

"One of a detachment of Gurkhas told a British officer: 'We aren't afraid to go; we aren't afraid to fight, but we thought we ought to tell you that machine doesn't have any motor.'"

American Dare Ignored By Nazi Fighter Fliers

LONDON. — American airmen, trying unsuccessfully to lure German fliers into combat over France recently, hit on a novel challenge to the Luftwaffe.

With vapor trails, they wove a perfect figure eight over enemy hangars in northern France, representing the Eighth Air Force.

The maneuver, however, failed to provoke the Germans, who continued to hug the ground. The Americans returned lazily to England—masters of the sky.

Color-Blind Yank Finds Defect Has Its Uses

CAMP ELLIOTT, CALIF.—Marine Pvt. Warren B. Garrott may be color-blind, but this defect has served him in good stead, his instructors at the scouts and snipers school will testify.

Camouflage which would fool another man is easily penetrated by Garrott. He can spot movement in brush and rough wooded terrain, even at great distances, with the aid of field glasses.

Kathleen Norris Says: Be Careful When You Give Advice

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"A WOMAN friend wrecked my marriage," writes a Los Angeles woman. "She meant it well, of course; she was indignant because she thought I had been badly treated and talked me into divorce. But it ruined my happiness just the same.

"I had been married about seven years," the letter goes on, "when things began to go wrong between Phil and me. We never quite got together on the question of money; I had been raised without any training in managing my affairs, and I know now that while I wasn't an extravagant wife, I was slipshod in money matters, and kept him resentful and uneasy. I hated budgets, and if Phil asked me to sit down and go over our accounts and expenses, I always pulled away. My attitude was, 'I do the best I can and for heavens sake don't nag me.

"Now I see that I was wrong. Perhaps he was impatient and exacting with an inexperienced housekeeper, but I was wrong, too. Money leakage and waste keep many a good husband worrying and uneasy, and giving him the feeling that financial responsibility is a burden shared, would end the difficulty.

Woman Disrupts Happy Home. "We had two small boys, and I had a good kitchen helper when I met the woman I'll call Vera. She had been my mother's friend; in a way she seemed to take my mother's place. I confided in her, and she always sided with me. She thought I ought to have more amusement, pleasure, more frocks and luxuries, without ever asking me just how near Phil could come to paying for them. At the time he was helping care for a widowed sister who had small twins to raise; Vera was indignant over that, and she somewhat infected me with the same resentment. If we went downtown shopping together she would make me select a smart new hat or bag; sometimes paying for it herself, sometimes charging it to Phil—either proceeding made him furious.

"The boys were sick and I got the flu from them; Vera moved in to nurse me. It made me very uncomfortable even though it really did help. Afterward Phil said he hoped we could drop her and he quarrelled; he was in money difficulties, one thing led to another, and finally I found Vera urging me to ask for my freedom. Then, she said, Phil couldn't ride me about the way I spent my money; he couldn't come home drunk and frighten the boys—which he did twice—and I would have my children and my home to possess in peace.

"In an evil hour, instead of thinking how tired and burdened and harassed he was, and how justifying in resenting the presence of this officious older woman in his home, I did apply for divorce, on the grounds of mental cruelty. I secured it, and had my freedom. It is not too much to say that I have not had an hour of true happiness since. Even my joy in my children doesn't seem the same, for I have cheated them of home and father, and done them irreparable injury. Vera lived with me for a few months; we parted and have never seen each other since, and that was three years ago.

"Phil came to our town, as a commander in the navy, a few weeks ago. He wanted to borrow my boys for a few weeks; under our divorce agreement he has the right. He has married a fine, gentle girl, has a baby girl of his own. We talked like two ghosts of what might have been. He went away with the boys—and here I am, staring out into a spring night and wondering what craziness possessed me when I threw my life away."

Work and Happiness Ahead. Well, to a certain extent, Marjorie, we all throw our lives away. We all make mistakes and miss opportunities. Your tragic error was in believing that a detached, idle woman, with nothing to do but try to steal a part of your life, could possibly give you wise advice. But cheer up; you are not 30 years old yet. In getting into some hard necessary activity, and not only helping physically to bring nearer the time when a better day will dawn for us all, but also fitting yourself mentally for the needs of the new world, you will find healing. There is work and happiness ahead for you; life isn't over. The years ahead of us are going to be the most thrilling in the history of the world, and with two sons to build for, you will soon become absorbed in the new plans and new ideals to which we all must grow.

Make the boys' characters as sane, simple, strong as you can. Lose yourself in service; war-production service, service at home with your sons, Red Cross service, service to all the organizations that are holding civilization together; boy and girl scouts, war chests, community chests, entertainment of service men, canteens, there are a hundred avenues of useful and fascinating work open to you. You can't tell what fate has still in store for you: what you do know now is that marriage is a sacred matter, that it concerns two persons alone, and that however well-meant, outside advice and interference always make trouble.

Women Improve Factories. Here are some of the constructive by-products of the employment of women in war plants that may be expected to carry over into the post-war industrial plant, according to the National Metal Trades association:

"Establishment of better lighting, heating, sanitary and similar conveniences; more pleasant surroundings and better housekeeping; greater provision for safety; increase in conveniences for handling materials in process."

"Instead of thinking how justified he was in resenting the presence of this officious older woman in his home, I did apply for a divorce."

DONT INTERFERE

No matter how well-intentioned advice is, it may do untold harm. Miss Norris tells how a meddling older woman wrecked a young wife's home by constant criticism of the husband and finally by urging the wife to seek a divorce.

What started as small arguments over budgets and extravagance developed into bitterness as the wife thought she was being abused and restricted. Then when the husband fell into financial difficulties during the depression and took to drink, the wife decided that she could not go on. All the time she was under the influence of this older woman, a friend of her mother's.

When she took the fatal step and obtained a divorce on grounds of mental cruelty, she was following the advice of this "friend." No sooner was she "free" than she began to regret her hasty action. "I have not had an hour of true happiness since," she confides. "Even my joy in my children doesn't seem the same, for I have cheated them of home and father, and done them irreparable injury."

All this because of the bad advice of a busybody!

into a spring night and wondering what craziness possessed me when I threw my life away."

Work and Happiness Ahead.

The Runaway

By DEE CAMPRELL

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

It was ten minutes past midnight when Big Mike Condon saw the boy in the dim glow of his big truck's headlights. Immediately his large foot pushed on the brakes. The boy wore the white hat and blue pea-coat of a sailor. Big Mike had a friendly feeling for bluejackets; his kid brother was one.

The truck smoothed to a stop. "Hop in, Mac."

The sailor leaped into the seat, placing at his feet the small bag he carried and tilting his hat to the back of his curly brown head.

Big Mike gave him a quick comprehensive glance. "Pretty young to be in the navy, aren't you, Mac?"

"I'm seventeen," the sailor answered shortly.

Big Mike kept his eyes on the gray concrete ribbon that retreated dizzily beneath the hood. "Cigarette?" He turned and offered his pack.

"Thank you — I — I — don't smoke." There was a moment's pause and then the boy went on hastily, "Of course I really do smoke — it's just that — I don't want one."

"I think I know what you mean," Big Mike said meaningly. Then he changed the subject. "How's the new treating you?" His keen eyes didn't miss the way the boy's mouth stiffened stubbornly. "Not exactly 4.0, huh?" Big Mike probed.

"No," the boy replied emphatically. "No, it's not! I —" His eyes held a frightened look.

The zipper of the bag had jammed halfway and through the opening Big Mike could see a jumble of socks, unfolded dungarees and skivvie shirts. It had obviously been packed in a hurry. He said quietly, "So you're running away — or as you boys say, you're going 'over the hill'."

The boy swung around. "Yes," he said defiantly, "for good!"

"Well," Big Mike began, "that's a pretty big thing to do —"

The sailor interrupted. "There's no use trying to stop me, either! I know the line about serving my country and being patriotic! Well, I'm sick of it! I'm sick of standing watches and being bawled out and not seeing my folks!" He swallowed hard and went on, "Anyway Dough tried to tell me all that — Dough's my buddy back at the base. He thought he'd talked me out of it too — but I waited until I was sure he was asleep and took out. So you see," he turned back to Big Mike, "nothing you can say will make any difference!"

Big Mike turned to him with a little smile. "That's exactly what I wanted to find out. How would you like a job? It'd be safe enough. You'd do all your work at night — like me, see, driving a truck."

The boy looked at him straight. "Hauling what?"

Big Mike grinned knowingly. "Well — you know, Mac — what you were talking about — all this nonsense about patriotism and so on? Well, I feel the same way. So when this scrap started I figured there was ways of making it pay off — and there is! Know what I got back there? Tires — new rubber tires. I'm making big dough! Sometimes I haul — beef. Ever hear of the black market? Yeah? Well, that's the racket."

"So you're running a black market? I've heard of them — sure I have!"

"I'm offering you a chance, kid. And right now is the time to look out for yourself. Oh, yeah, I know you hear that stuff on the radio about the fighting men needing food and rubber for jeeps and planes — so what? I'm looking out for myself and not a bunch of rum-dum soldiers in Italy or Alaska! It's me I'm interested in!"

Without warning the boy swung. His fist struck Big Mike squarely on the chin jerking back his head. Before he could recover the sailor struck him again, this time in the eye. "Black market, eh? So you don't care what happens to our soldiers —"

The big truck swerved and left the road. Big Mike jammed the brakes and it lurched to a stop. "O. K., kid," he panted. He was trying to ward off the blows and manage the wheel at the same time.

The sailor got out. "Anyway you showed me something," he said grimly. "Guess I never knew there really were people like you!" He took his bag. "I'm heading back to the base in case you're interested."

Big Mike looked at him. "I'm interested," he said. There was an odd look on his face. "Here's something I want to show you."

He took out his billfold. The sailor stepped close to look. Then he gasped. "Why, that's Dough's picture!"

"Sure," Big Mike grinned. "My kid brother. You see, he didn't fail to stop you. He knew that I carry defense material every night and so when he saw you pack your bag he just gave me a ring before I started. He figured I'd be along in time to pick you up. Things worked out fine too, except," he rubbed his chin, "Dough didn't say anything about that right wallop you pack!" He opened the door. "Get in, sailor," he said. "I'll drive you back to the base."

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

BAKERY FOR SALE

Bakery Business—Fine bakery with best of location, 1943 volume \$56,000. Price \$28,000 for it in less than year. For cash or terms. A. H. HESSE, Agent, Daltari, Texas.

CATTLE

MUST SELL AT ONCE. 50 four-year-old Hereford cows and calves, 50 young plain cows and calves, 100 three-year-old steers, 6 bulls, 25 heifers, registered Herefords, 23 young males, 10 cow ponies, 800 acre ranch.

O. D. HEATH, Madisonville, Tex. Phone 85

FOR SALE—300 big dehorned Hereford cows, 50% calves on ground and balance with calves, price \$200. 25 registered cowboys, 25 registered cowboys, 25 registered cowboys, 25 registered cowboys, 25 registered cowboys, price \$100. EMMETT LE FORT, P. O. Box 1837, Pampa, Texas. Phone 106

FOR SALE—Registered Polled Hereford bull yearlings and calves. Grain and ELO MICHAELIS, Wingo, Texas.

FARMS AND RANCHES

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES. Farms, ranches, city properties and business opportunities, large and small, here and elsewhere, including lotteries. Contact THE OWEN W. SHERRILL AGENCY, Georgetown, Texas.

BEST RANCH COUNTRY HOME in Coryell County for sale. 2,600 acres, 10 miles from Gatesville on new military highway. Well watered, fenced and cross fenced. This is no shabby cinder block proposition but a well paying ranch with beautiful site for a country home.

J. D. BROWN, JR., OWNER, Gatesville, Texas.

FOR SALE—Good black land farm, 243 acres, more or less, 127 in cultivation, 116 pasture, located 13 miles east of Hamilton, Texas, 10 miles from Jonesboro, in a good community, good improvement, well watered. Write O. E. BOWLES, Route 1, Cranfills Gap, Texas.

FOR SALE

WELL PAYING cafe-drive-in tourist camp and service station. Old established business. Located on busy highway, has surrounding town and local patronage. Owner in bad health. Manager going to army. SEE OR WRITE R. J. KELLY, 107 E. Ave. K, San Angelo, Texas.

FARM MACHINERY

FOR SALE—One 30 Caterpillar tractor, three Model D John Deere tractors, one 15 ft. Oliver combine, canvas new, one 10-hp. Case grain separator, one stationary gasoline hay press, one 6-ft. angle one way, one large hammer mill, almost new, one 10-hp. Coleman gasoline cook stove, 100-cow section seed from 1st yr. planting, \$1.50 bu. S. M. JUDD, Vernon, Texas.

FOR SALE—ONE NEW CATERPILLAR #6 Grader, call for details.

J. W. Robertson, Springtown, Tex., P. O. M.

HELP WANTED

WANTED FOR VITALLY ESSENTIAL work. 2 men mechanics, 1 automobile painter, 2 body men, 1 automobile trimmer, 1 paint blender. If you have experience in one or more of these trades, apply. I have jobs that will pay wages comparable to war industries. Living conditions are at a minimum, hours available (morning), and a permanent job with the best working conditions available. Write me personally.

MOHR CHEVROLET CO., 1909 Bryan, Dallas, Texas.

AUTOMOBILE MECHANICS

WANTED BY NEWEST FORD DEALER IN FORT WORTH WEEKLY SALARY GUARANTEE and excellent bonus arrangement. If you are not now employed in essential activity for agriculture, then bring your tools, start to work, part or full time. See Mr. Williams.

TEXAS MOTORS

Successors to Clarence Kraft Motor Co. 1101 West Seventh, Phone 7-322.

ESSENTIAL INDUSTRY PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT

FOR 25 EMPLOYEES. No experience necessary. Salary \$20 to \$40 per week. Opportunity and advancement for good workers. Apply BEN H. ROSENTHAL PACKING CO., 1505 E. St. 8, Dallas, Texas. Catch Trinity Heights street car, get to Rosenthal Packing Co. See Mr. Rosenthal.

Wanted—Ten Good Buick and Chevrolet Mechanics

Opportunities to earn \$65 to \$100 per week (piece work). Ideal working conditions and plenty of parts. In essential work. See Mr. Blackwell or write to: SANFORD WEBB MOTOR CO., "32 Years Your Local Buick Dealer" Phone 2-6201.

1022 Lamar, E. MOIR, Ft. Worth, Texas.

WANTED. Men who are mechanically inclined to learn to tune, tune and other engine operators, essential industry, working 48 hours per week, excellent conditions, over 40 hours, old established company. Apply Mr. Hawley, Phone 4-4227.

FOR FORT WORTH STEEL MACHINERY CO., Fort Worth, Texas, 3500 McCall.

WANT TO EMPLOY expert Bear machine operator; qualified motor tune up; experienced ator, starter, and repair man; experienced wash and steam cleaning operator; expert engine motor rebuilding mechanic. Good conditions, good salary, excellent working conditions. Phone 4644. DICKINSON MOTOR COMPANY, Lubbock, Texas.

PERMANENT WORK FOR Welders, Fitters, Machine Operators and Helpers. 3 months Good working conditions, 63 hours week. DALLAS TANK & WELDING CO., INC. 201 W. Commerce St., Dallas, Texas.

PETROLEUM ENGINEER—University degree required. Not over 40. Give full information, including experience and previous salary received. No application considered unless salary desired is given. Our employees informed concerning this vacancy. Write Box 2819, Dallas, Texas.

MAKE-UP MAN, FLOORMAN, needed at once. Good pay, excellent conditions of defense. Wire or phone. THE DAILY PROGRESS, Jacksonville, Texas.

HORSES

AT STUD—3 outstanding Registered Tennessee Walking Horses: Wilkeson, Echo, Wilkinson's White Allen, and Stride-way Allen. Fee \$25, with return privilege. Cross them on Western Marbles for a small cow horse. All age horses for sale. Highland Farm, Rt. 8, Box 407, Ft. Worth, Texas.

INSTRUCTIONS

ELECTRIC OUTBOARD MOTORS can be built from available parts with our 7 page working drawings and step-by-step instructions. Price \$1.00. SILVER CREEK PRECISION CORP., 2 Mechanic St., Silver Creek, N. Y.

SPRING PIGS

REGISTERED DUROCS. SIRE "SENIOR'S RED WAVE" Rogan-Feltos Breeding Hydo, Oklahoma. DR. E. B. BRANNAN, T-3-3192, Dallas, Texas. LARGEST HERD IN DALLAS COUNTY.

Thanks to that O'Donnell farmer who last week said: "When you need anything for your JOHN DEERE you can always get it at GAINAT'S. They keep it in stock. I've never been disappointed."



Keep It Rolling!

These are busy days in Lynn county and John Deere tractors are doing their share towards producing bumper crops this fall. And their merry tune will be heard all summer and fall in every community in the county.

When we recall the many John Deere tractors now in use in this section we realize more deeply our responsibility to the owners of these tractors--the necessity of keeping in stock ample replacement parts. This we have done, and the expression of our good farmer friend last week makes us feel good. Yes, we have the parts, and if you should need GENUINE John Deere parts, you'll find them here, along with our usual courteous service.

OUR REPAIR DEPARTMENT will be glad to give you fast, dependable service. Overhauling John Deere Tractors is our specialty. Come to see us.

D. W. GAINAT

TAHOKA, TEXAS

There's Satisfaction In A JOHN DEERE--Speed And Power Too

Local News

Joyce Edwards and Glenda Faye Mires are attending the summer session at Hardin Simmons in Abilene.

Bill Hays, old home boy in the U. S. Army, is now stationed at Camp Steward, Ga.

Mrs. R. O. Stark was a visitor in Tahoka Tuesday.

Miss Frances Little is here this week from Santa Rosa, N. M., guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holcomb.

Mrs. Harry Clemage, after making recent merchandise purchases in Dallas for the O'Donnell Bargain Store, is now visiting in Kansas City.

Field Seed again, still good, bad and worse, most of them worse. Sauls Feed and Seed Store

John Lee Simpson, with the Seabees, arrived last week from Camp Parks, Calif., for a visit with his family in this city.

Mrs. O. L. McClendon was among Tuesday's visitors in Tahoka.

Mrs. Georgia Lou Moore, of Yuma Ariz., and Mrs. Mary Lou Page, of Norman, Okla., returned to their homes last week after a visit with their parents. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Lindley.

Mrs. W. A. Tredway, formerly of O'Donnell, was here from Amarillo this week, visiting friends and relatives.

After a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Smith in this city, Mrs. C. R. McCarty and children left Friday for their home in Ontario, Calif.

Harold Line and Jerry Fairley were visitors in Lamesa last Saturday.

Billie Frank Gibbs left last week for Dallas, where she will spend the summer and study music.

Mrs. W. D. Stubblefield was a guest Monday of Mr. and M. S. Roy Self in Lamesa.

Jim Ward spent several days at Possum Kingdom Dam last week on a fishing trip.

John Ellen Beach, who has been attending Hardin-Simmons at Abilene, returned last week for the summer vacation.

Miss Lida Smith, of Chillicothe, is a guest this week in the home of her sister, Mrs. O. L. McClendon.

Mrs. Dorothy Ruth Hays is visiting with friends in Balinger this week.

Judge Tom Garrard was greeting friends here Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Ervin L. Jones and son were visitors in Tahoka Tuesday

THESE WOMEN!

By d'Alessio



"I'll have to ACT glamorous tonight. I LOOK a wreck!"

HARD OF HEARING?

Do You Have Trouble Understanding Conversation?

Come In

Sonotone Hearing Center

O'Donnell Hotel, O'Donnell, Texas

Wednesday, June 14, 1944--10 a. m. to 4 p. m

I will gladly make an audiogram of your hearing. In 20 minutes you can see how much your hearing has slipped and whether or not you need a hearing aid. There is no obligation. It's free.

E. W. CARR, Certified Sonotone Consultant

Now is a good time to

Paint

Give that roof a good paint job with a good standard brand of paint. Don't be misled by cheaper brands.

B. P. S. Paint has stood all tests as to quality

It pays to buy the best--time will prove that quality materials will give the best results and save you money. Let us help you with your paint problems.

CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.

Don Edwards, Mgr.

WAR BONDS in Action



U. S. Coast Guard Photo

A wounded Jap prisoner learns about American medical care as he is swung aboard a U. S. Coast Guard transport at Makin. Our medical standards are highest among all armies of the world. Buy more War Bonds and keep 'em that way! U. S. Treasury Department

Dr. C. W. Merrell M. D.

Announces the opening of his office next door to Proctor Barber Shop for the practice of medicine Specializing in Women's Diseases

The Axis Stops at Nothing. Don't stop your War Bond Payroll Savings at 13%. Every soldier is a 100 percenter. Figure it out yourself.

Put every dollar above the necessities of life into War Bonds. Payroll Savings is the best means of doing your best in helping your sons and friends on the fighting fronts. Figure it out yourself.

Farmers Feed Store

Come to

When in need of Stock Or Poultry Feed and Remedies

Also Large Stock of Field Seeds

G. H. CALLAWAY

Third Door North of First National Bank LAMESA, TEXAS

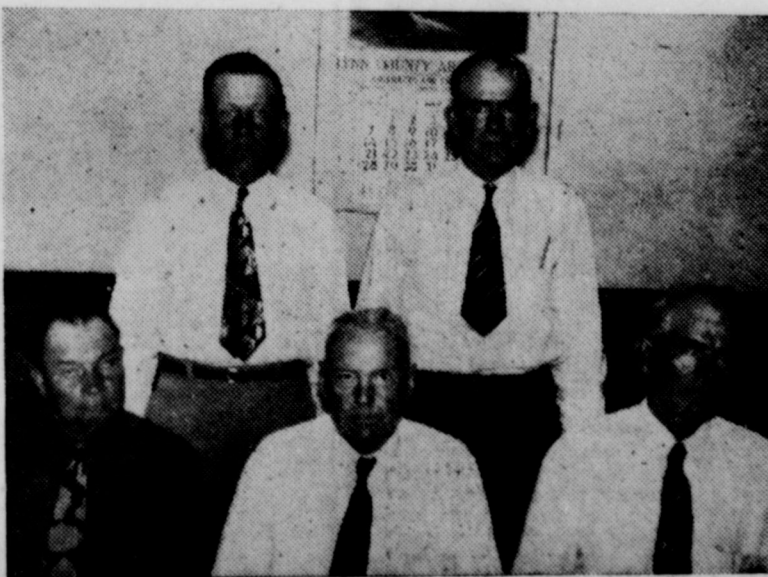
If the product you buy from us is good, tell your friends--if not TELL US and get your money back!

BACK UP YOUR BOY Increase your payroll savings to your family limit



FDR says: Originally we asked for 10 percent in bonds; now we need considerably more.

Our Lynn County Commissioners



Left to right, front row: Lonnie Williams, County Judge Tom Garrard, Jno. A. Anderson; back row, Leon Jennings, Pat Swann.

Vanilla Ice Cream
19c
Pint
Corner Drug

BERNIE FRALIN

Started Chicks

Straight Run and Pullets

Hatches Off Each Tuesday and Friday

Calvery Hatchery

PHONE 51 - TAHOKA, TEXAS

To the People of this Community

This is a home front communique on the most vital war action now in progress in every community of the land—the Fifth War Loan.

We are advancing on our objective. However, we must make certain that we reach and pass our goal by July 8. This can be done if every one of us puts something extra of ourselves into the fight.

No one needs to remind you that it is an American trait to go into a sprint with the goal in sight.

We started this push June 12. Reports from every city and town in America tell us that the number of individual buyers of extra War Bonds today has reached an unprecedented total. We all know that in addition to numbers we need fire power. Your extra War Bond is absolutely essential. The greater the stockpile of War Bonds, the easier it will be for us to get this war over.

This very moment our boys are waging a life-and-death struggle. Every additional War Bond you buy will play its part in the outcome. Last month's War Bond, last week's War Bond, yesterday's War Bond are already in the embattled foxholes. Today is another day for the home front just as today is another day for the boys on the battlefronts.

THE EDITOR

Soothe your irritated eyes with Murine



Originated by an eye physician, Murine brings soothing relief to eyes that are tired, burning or smarting. Just two drops in each eye and Murine starts at once to soothe and refresh. Murine contains seven ingredients... is used in thousands of war industries and first-aid kits. Safe, gentle... soothing. Use it yourself!

MURINE
For YOUR EYES

HEADACHE IS SUCH A BIG LITTLE THING



ALL SET for a good full day's work when a nagging headache sneaks up on you. You suffer and so does your work. Ready for an evening of relaxation and enjoyment—a pesky headache interferes with your fun, rest, enjoyment or relaxation.

DR. MILES

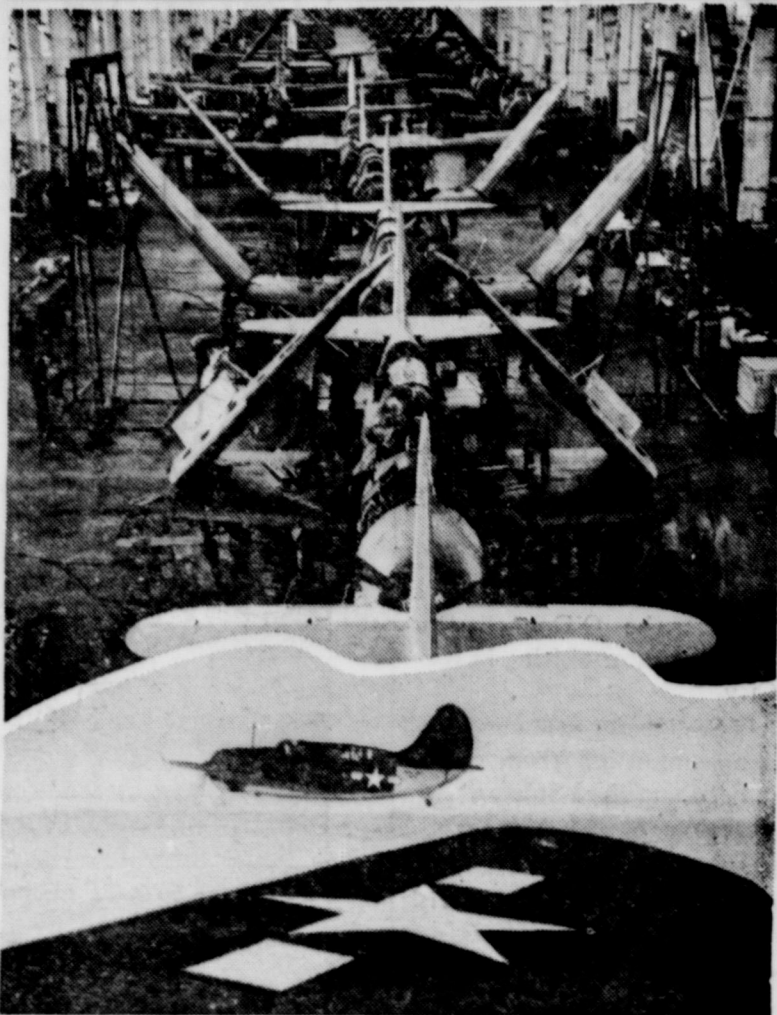
Anti-Pain Pills

usually relieve not only Headache, but Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains and Functional Monthly Pains. Do you use Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills? If not why not? You can get Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills at your drug store in the regular package for only a penny apiece and in the economy package even cheaper. Why not get a package today? Your druggist has them. Read directions and use only as directed. Your money back if you are not satisfied.



KEEP ON Backing the Attack! WITH WAR BONDS

Canada Aids U.S. Plane Production



HEAVIEST and largest dive bomber used by any of the American forces, as fast as a fighter and extremely manoeuvrable, the Curtiss Helldiver is being produced in Canada for the United States Navy to the tune of one-fourth of its total production. One of the two Canadian plants producing this heavily armed plane is the Canadian Car and Foundry Co., Ltd., at Port William, employing 5,500 workers. Top picture shows bay of plant with camera's eye directed along long line of nearly-completed Helldivers.

U. S. Flier Saves An Avenger With One Bomb Loose

Navy Officer Risks Life to Take Plane Up, Shake Missile Into Sea.

WASHINGTON.—The navy has just revealed the story of how one of its airmen risked his life to save a \$150,000 plane—and perhaps many lives and a large part of an airfield—after a live 500-pound bomb had broken loose in the plane's bomb bay at the Jacksonville, Fla., air station.

A student pilot had brought the Grumman Avenger torpedo plane in after a training flight on Sunday afternoon, October 10. Lieut. Comdr. Thomas W. McKnight, USNR, the squadron's operations officer, peered through a port in the side of the plane and saw the bomb lying on the closed bomb bay doors, its nose close to a heavy crossbar.

Ready to Go Off on Contact. The release lever somehow had been pulled when the bay doors were closed, and the bomb was ready to go off on contact. It contained enough explosive to wreck the hangar near which the plane had stopped, destroy the other planes there and kill scores of officers and men working nearby. The bomb would have dropped and exploded had the doors been opened while the plane was on the ground.

Commander McKnight immediately ordered the area cleared, climbed into the cockpit of the Avenger and cautiously taxied the plane to the take-off surface.

"He put the brakes on hard, and revved up the motor," the navy account said. "The vibration might set off the bomb, but Commander McKnight had decided to fly the plane away from the hangar area, and he had to be sure the engine would take the airship off the ground. He pushed the throttle forward, and the plane began her run, every bump threatening to set off the bomb. However, the tail came up smoothly, and the torpedo bomber lifted gently off the runway.

Shakes It Loose. "Commander McKnight headed out over the open sea to open the bomb bay doors. He could have bailed out, letting the plane crash, but refused to concede the loss of a valuable plane.

"He reached for the lever, and the bomb bay doors swung open. But the bomb did not drop; one of its fins had caught in the door. Commander McKnight could not close the doors again. Nor could he land the plane. He almost gave in to an impulse to jump. He opened the hood, unhooked his safety belt and checked his parachute straps.

"Then he hesitated. He still could not bring himself to throw away a \$150,000 plane. He fastened his belt, closed the hood, and pushed the throttle forward. Then with a sharp snap, he rocked the plane from right to left. The bomb began to move. Its fin stuck for a moment, then suddenly slipped free, and the bomb plunged down toward the sea.

"Commander McKnight snapped the wing out of the bomb's path. Seconds passed, then the flash of an explosion on the water wrote the end to a story of courage that did not need a battle front to assert itself."

Field Seed again, still good, bad and worse, most of them worse. Sauls Feed and Seed Store.

Firebugs Garner Rich Reward in Wake of Trucks

CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—Kids here have found that following the fire trucks can be profitable as well as fun, if the fire is in the right place. Answering a hurry-up call at a laundry, firemen arrived with the usual crowd of youthful onlookers and discovered that accumulated lint in a waste pipe was blazing. When the pipe was removed an assortment of pennies, dimes, and quarters as well as other odds and ends showered down. The children swooped on the treasure and did a rapid job of collecting. Apparently the coins had been drawn from the pockets of clothing cleaned at the plant.

Four-Year-Old Boy Gets Two Birthday Parties

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Mrs. Chloe Harrington invited friends from a wide area to celebrate at a birthday party for her son, T. R. Harrington III, aged four.

Just as the guests started to cut the birthday cake, Mrs. Harrington's mother-in-law telephoned: "Chloe, you ought to know more about your child's birthday than this." The birthday was still ten days away.

So another party was planned for the proper date. Meant another cake, too.

'New Kind of Bomb,' Army Foot-Powder Can

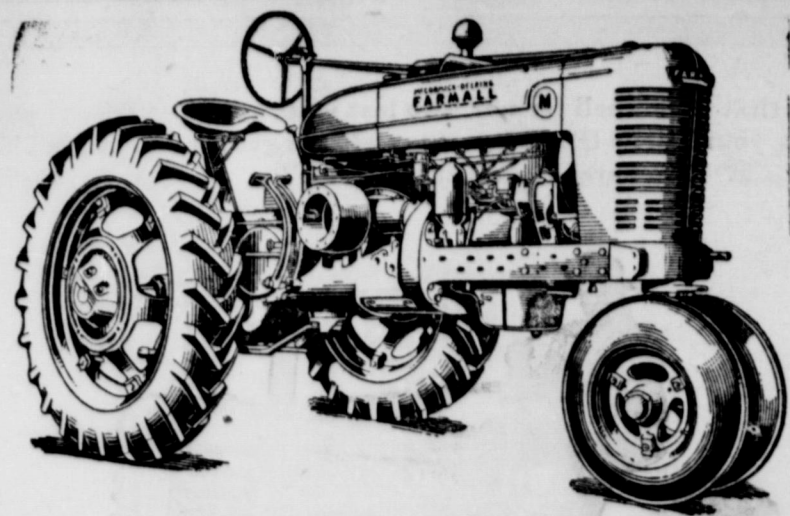
AN AMERICAN BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND.—Lieut. Leonard F. Dawson of Lawrence, Kan., armament officer of this Fortress base, answered the telephone. An excited English voice said: "I say, I think we've found a new kind of bomb in a field."

Dawson went to the scene in a jeep. There stood a rural constable guarding a roped-off area. In the middle of it lay a small green tin can—an empty United States army foot-powder can.

WAR BONDS in Action



Signal Corps Photo Leaving blazing enemy installations behind them, our troops advance on the island of Kwajalein. It takes many dollars to clear away the debris of battle so that our own installations can be set up in these Pacific areas. In order to supply these men, Buy War Bonds and Hold 'em! U. S. Treasury Department



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Just Received Grain Tank for No. 42 McCormick-Deering Combine to replace grain sacker attachment

WE wish to announce the appointment of Mr. Harvey Morris as our shop foreman. Mr. Morris has had 18 years of experience on IHC tractors, trucks and all types of automobiles. We have four experienced mechanics and one mechanic's helper to serve your needs. Come in and meet Mr. Morris and discuss your needs with him. We will move into our new shop building in a few days and will be able to better serve your needs.

WE also wish to announce the addition of Mr. Jim Ward of O'Donnell, to our parts department staff. We have one of the largest stock of parts in West Texas for your convenience when needed. We either have it in stock or can get it if it is to be found.

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Buy Bonds Regularly

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY

© WHITE by H. L. White W.M.U. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Lieut. Col. Frank Kurtz, pilot of a Flying Fortress, was shot down on that fatal day when the Japs were killed while fleeing for shelter, and was killed on the ground. After escaping to Australia, what is left of the Fortress flies to Java, where they go on many missions over the Philippines and the Java sea. The Japs learn the weakness of the E model Fortress, but the boys stick a .50-caliber gun in the navigator's compartment. Kurtz senses the danger in Java and one night awakens at the glare of a flashlight. The hand that held it also held a dagger. The would-be assassin gets away.

CHAPTER XVII

We dreamed and prayed for this as a matter of fact the Navy made an attempt. An aircraft carrier was loaded with P-40's and sent out from Australia. But what happened was just what was feared. The P-40's were in crates stacked on her decks, so she had to go clear in—through skies the Japs were ruled. She went down with her entire crew and those crated on her decks. She was at the southwest of Java—but I'm sure the Navy was doing the best it could for us at that time.

Of course it gave our morale a kick in the belly. Late the next afternoon young Jack Dale (he'd been his spurs in the Philippines on the 17th Pursuit) came in from a personal mission from Major Bud Sprague. When he'd finished it he stayed a few minutes.

The next night a Navy man who had just got in from our little fleet told me what had happened to the battleship and the Houston, those beautiful cruisers which had been the nucleus of our Asiatic Fleet in the Dutch and Australian waters of Java. With the rest of the fleet they'd been out in the Java sea. When they sighted a Jap reconnoitering about noon, they went in for trouble. They had no carrier, of course, which would send a fighter up to shoot it down. He said the Jap bombers presently came over them from their bases in Borneo and the Celebes in three waves, spaced about half an hour apart. By skillful maneuvering they dodged the bombs of the first two waves. But the third, which crippled them, caught them at sundown, and chewed their superstructures into steel spaghetti.

In the darkness, they were able to crawl away out of range, and the battleship eventually got back to the States.

"But troubles of our own were coming ahead. The boys in Navy patrol Wing 10 came in with the report that their planes on reconnaissance had sighted a force of Jap transports and five warships headed toward Bali Strait, which divides Java from Bali. They were near the Den Passar airdrome on our last stepping-stone—having already occupied the airfield at that time. This was, as maybe you now know, a war of airdromes—Mark Del Monte, Kendari, Samarang, Kupang, all of them lost in the United Nations' decesses, and now Den Passar. Next it would only be Malang, KNILM, Gnom and Madiun—all we had left on the island. Seldom in this war did the Japs make a brutal assault; always it was the skillful surgeon's technique— isolate and occupy the airdromes and then you have the country. It was a game we knew all too, but you've got to buy chips before they will deal you a hand, and we didn't have the equipment.

"All I can say is the Dutch and Americans were ready to defend all with what we had. Our little force navies moved in that night to give them a glancing blow on the island, as they'd done at Macassar Strait, and our submarines did a grand job in the moonlight. The command sent his Fortresses out and sent 5,000, to paste them from the air. We left two transports trailing in the moonlight, and a crippled cruiser.

"Next morning it was up to the Force alone, because the Navy is too tiny to venture out by day. The Forts went over, of course—in everything we had, to smash those Jap transports as they were thirty thousand troops on the beach at Bali. The P-40's were by Bud Sprague himself. That morning he got his commission as lieutenant colonel. He paused just before the take-off to scrawl his name on his papers, but he didn't have time to pretty himself up in new silver leaves; I guess he was satisfied to die in his old gold. Because what they desperately needed was dive bombers, and all they had was P-40's—a stable platform to launch an attack from. But all right, there was to do, and so Bud climbed to the cockpit.

"How many passes at the target are we going to make?" someone asked.

"Depends on how many wild things I'm sprouting when we get there," says Bud with a grin, and they were off.

He led them cold pigeon into that barrage over the Bali beach—back here, the people don't know that boy ever did a thing out there—and the other boys saw him

go down on his run—and never come up again. Yet his boys—what are left of them—still like to hope maybe he succeeded in landing on that Bali beach, which looks so nice in the travel folders, and will turn up grinning some day, telling them what a social success he was with the natives.

"But it was pitiful. We lost almost all our dive bombers there, and about half our P-40 fighters. Of course Bud and his gang made the Japs pay ten to one for taking that airfield—but the Japs had it to pay.

"With the Japs holding that Bali field, they could send bombers and fighters into every corner of Java, and we knew it was almost over. But anyway the Forts could now bomb our own field had taken from us—very convenient, because we knew exactly where everything was.

"When I got back late to the hotel there was that beautiful Dutch girl, the one with the black hair and the pale face which was so wistfully sad in repose. Only there were no sudden little smiles lighting it up now. She was at the table where she and John Robertson



Caught them just at sundown and chewed their superstructures into steel spaghetti.

usually sat, alone. When she saw me she jumped up and came running across the room. Had I seen John? she wanted to know, in her pretty broken English.

"Out in the lobby they had told me John was missing. He'd been out on reconnaissance patrol in that lumbering slow old Navy flying boat, and there had been two messages from him: 'Many Zeros sighted,' and then about a minute later a final one: 'Zeros closing in.' That left only three of the ones I knew in gallant Patrol Wing 10, Commander Peterson, Bill Hardy, and Duke Campbell. None of them had been able to tell her, and when I looked at her face I found I couldn't either. Because it was the face of someone frozen with fear in a nightmare—so frozen you knew she daren't move to accept the truth if you told her, so I too was afraid.

"In all the evenings that were left (there were not to be many) I avoided that lobby, because it was haunted by a ghost—a pretty, pale, fear-frozen face that came running up to you and asked, with hope forced into a frightened smile, if you had seen John. To me the most frightening ghost of all—the ghost of a dead love which will not die.

"But there's something else that should be told, only I must go back in the story a little. The Army had sent a high ground officer to Surabaya on a special mission of great importance, and with about a million dollars deposited to his credit in the Javische Bank. With this he was to buy and equip with supplies three blockade runners which would carry to Corregidor ammunition, medical supplies, and food for those poor devils on Bataan who were still fighting on. Two of the ships had already left. A third was almost ready to go.

"This officer left Java the twenty-sixth of February. The day after he left, his assistant, a young second lieutenant, called me up in considerable anxiety. His chief, he explained, had paid him the compliment of leaving him in Surabaya in entire charge of completing the arrangements.

"Nothing remained to be done except the most important thing of all: the officer before leaving had been unable to find a radio operator for this last ship. Without one they could not start, because unless they gave a prearranged radio signal when they approached Corregidor, the Rock's guns would blow them to pieces. Could the Air Force possibly let them have a radio operator? Since the mission was a dangerous

one, the assistant said he would pay a man who volunteered a bonus out of the money his chief had left in the bank.

"Now asking our Colonel for a radio operator was like asking him for his right arm. But Java was caving in, the situation was tense. Our Colonel hesitated, and then said that while he couldn't order anyone on so dangerous a mission, he thought, even after we explained clearly what it was, we could get a volunteer.

"And we did. We told the men the mission was most dangerous but of the greatest possible service to our country. And out of the line stepped a clean-cut, alert-looking kid called Sergeant Warrenfeltz. Only after this did I tell him of the five-thousand-dollar bonus. We let Warrenfeltz go down and look over the ship, loaded with surgical equipment, food, drugs, and three hundred thousand rounds of .30-caliber ammunition, so that she was practically a floating bomb. He talked to the captain (a Swede) and looked over the Negro and Chinese crew. There were two—one for topside dressed like Javanese natives so the Japs might mistake her for a fishing trawler. Then Warrenfeltz came to me with written orders from the bomber command and I told him the ports of call. They were to slip out at night, down the north coast of Java, through Lombok Strait, then along the Netherlands East Indies, then cut up east of the Celebes, running the Jap blockade into the Philippines till they came to Manila Bay entrance, where they would be challenged by the Rock. And he was to answer on the radio with the proper signal.

"Then he asked what were the other ports of call. So I told him (it makes me creep to repeat it) they were then to run the blockade through the Jap-occupied islands past Guam (now held by the Japs) to Honolulu.

"What else?" asked Warrenfeltz, grinning. He was game for anything. And I told him his third and last port of call would be New York. And then what? he wanted to know. I told him if he got that far, he was to have himself some fun, and I was sitting down now to write him out an order for thirty days' leave.

"He knew what he was getting into. We'd been flying over those waters for months; he knew just how thick the Jap surface ships were, and also that they had hardly a fifty per cent chance of escaping being blown up by a Jap mine just outside the breakwater. Why did he do it? To help those poor devils in the infantry, dying on Bataan. He'd seen the cargo. And then the money—he told me exactly what to do with that, and the message I must send, but we'll come to it later. Of course it was all pretty irregular, paying a man for heroism. Maybe when peace comes, somebody in a swivel chair in Washington will start writing us letters asking us why we did it, and I don't know what we'll say. And then it all ended happily for us, because the money Warrenfeltz was supposed to receive for trying to do what he did was never paid. But that comes later.

"Meanwhile we had other things to worry about. The Japs had put a little landing force ashore on a tiny island sixty miles north of Surabaya, and taken over its radio station.

"They hadn't told us yet," said the Bombardier, "but we smelled it. Rumors were running all over the place that we might evacuate any time now. Madiun, where I was based, was being bombed every day now—we'd go out on a mission and always come back to find craters in our runways. When we'd land, immediately there'd be another alarm and we'd have to hop off the field without servicing the planes or loading more bombs.

"Also, instead of going out to targets in formations, we now were going singly. As soon as we'd get one ship on the ground long enough to get it gassed and bombed up, we'd take off by our little lonesome, dodging Zeros to pick just any target from the countless transports that were swarming off Java. In the last week I got a light cruiser and a transport—blew the end off the transport.

"Mostly we were flying in a mental fog. Rumors! Every day they'd say no, we weren't going to evacuate, because more reinforcements were going to land on the field any day now—even our own maintenance crews were about to land by boat. Then we'd hear their boat had been sunk (it really went on past us to India) and that we were pulling out. Nothing was sure, except the fact that all those Jap ships moving toward Java weren't pleasure yachts, and that we didn't have any reception committee to meet them. On what turned out to be my last day I got my plane loaded with bombs and took off, headed for a huge convoy we'd heard was coming down toward us from Borneo. We met it halfway—the plane ahead of us was already pasting it when we arrived. We came in at 28,000 watching this first ship plunking direct hits on two parallel strings of transports—seventeen in each string, thirty-four in all, with fifteen or twenty naval craft circling them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Washington, D. C. STASSEN-DEWEY DOUBLE HITCH?

Very quiet moves have been launched recently by the Dewey and Stassen forces to get together in advance of the Chicago convention.

The approach was made through a close friend of Governor Stassen who came to see Governor Dewey the other day and suggested that while he couldn't speak outright for Stassen, the Stassen forces might be willing to get on the Dewey bandwagon if Stassen could be assured of the No. 2 spot on the Republican ticket.

Dewey replied that he had preferred Governor Warren of California, but he would certainly be glad to consider Stassen for vice president providing, of course, the Minnesota governor withdrew from the race for President in advance.

It was left that Stassen's friend would write to him asking him categorically whether he would withdraw from the presidential race if given the No. 2 place on the ticket, and also whether his forces would cooperate to nominate Dewey. There has not been time as yet to receive a reply.

What the Dewey forces want to prevent is any remote chance of a deadlock at Chicago which might swing the nomination to Stassen, Justice Owen D. Roberts or W. Willkie. While they have so many delegates they don't believe there is much chance of this. Nevertheless, they know that Pennsylvania's Joe Pew has been hoping for a deadlock which would throw the convention to Justice Roberts.

NOTE—Friends of Roosevelt are frank in admitting they would much rather have Dewey as an opponent than Roberts. The Supreme court justice has cooperated with the President at Pearl Harbor, has an even better record than Dewey's in breaking up graft as prosecutor of the Teapot Dome scandals, is tall, handsome, a powerful, brilliant speaker. However, GOP diehards consider him too much in favor of international cooperation.

SEVEN-COME-ELEVEN

Maybe war leaders are superstitious or maybe there is something to the old seven-come-eleven system for shaking the dice. Anyway, Stanley Arnold of Cleveland has worked out a calendar of the war showing that every significant event has happened on either the seventh or eleventh of the month. Here is the calendar:

- Pearl Harbor Dec. 7, 1941
- Declaration of war on Germany and Italy... Dec. 11, 1941
- Fall of Guam Dec. 11, 1941
- Fall of Wake Dec. 11, 1941
- Invasion of Singapore... Feb. 11, 1942
- Fall of Corregidor... May 7, 1942
- Invasion of Kiska June 7, 1942
- Invasion of Guadalcanal Aug. 7, 1942
- Invasion of No. Africa... Nov. 7, 1942
- Invasion of unoccupied France Nov. 11, 1942
- Retaking of Tunis and Bizerte May 7, 1943
- Retaking of Attu May 11, 1943
- Fall of Pantelleria... June 11, 1943

Finally Mr. Arnold points out that the recent renewed attack on Italy started May 11 at 11 p. m.

BREWSTER AXED

The navy has decided that the controversial Brewster Aeronautical corporation will be the first to feel the axe of discontinued war production.

This is good news for the country in that it means that war losses of airplanes are less than expected and that the navy will not need so many replacements. Actually our losses in the Pacific have been about 50 per cent less than estimated.

Also, the news is extremely significant for the airplane industry, because Brewster will be the first big plane company to be turned loose on its own to manufacture commercial planes—if it can get them, it will have to fold.

The Chance Vought company, also making Corsairs (the same type of plane as Brewster), will continue operation, largely because they were the chief pioneers of Corsairs. Also, the Goodyear company will continue, they being about to start on a big new navy plane.

But the Brewster company will now have to fight either for new war contracts or else for priorities for commercial planes. It will be an uphill fight.

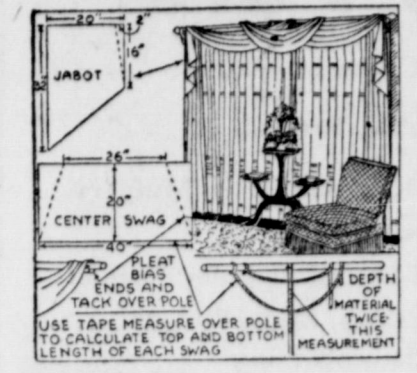
NOTE—The Brewster plant near Philadelphia, built with U. S. government funds, will be taken over by the navy and will work on "modification"—in other words, planes that need minor changes. The other Brewster plants around New York will finish up what they are working on and then fold.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Mrs. Harold Burton, wife of the Ohio senator, complained that her husband's inside coat pocket bulged out with too many papers. So Burton now has his tailor put an inside pocket on both sides, to distribute the burden.

It never leaked out at the time but, on December 7, 1943, the army was worried over a possible token attack on Pearl Harbor as an anniversary raid. The whole island was alerted for fear the Japs would repeat their original performance.

Elaborate Window Treatments Vogue; Wooden Curtain Rods Replace Metal



NOTE—This is the third of a series of modern adaptations of period curtain fashions. Formal swag valances mounted on a valance board are illustrated with step-by-step directions in BOOK 1. The less formal type draped in one piece is shown in BOOK 5. Books are 15 cents each. Order directly from:

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Bedford Hills New York
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Enclose 15 cents for each book desired.
Name
Address

THERE is a shortage of metal curtain rods, yet for two generations we have not seen such elaborate window treatments. The formal swags, cascades and jabots so dear to our grandmothers seem to be exactly right with the Victorian furniture that is gaining in popularity all the time.

Each piece of the draped valance shown here is cut separately. The diagram at the left gives the dimensions of the end jabots. The side swags cross in the middle and a center swag overlaps them. The measurements of this center swag are given here, but these will vary according to the space the swag is to fill. Each swag is cut bias at the ends and pleated and tacked over the pole, as shown at the lower left. The method of taking measurements is shown at the right.

Inebriate Soon Sized Up Situation and Lent Hand

A grave digger was hard at work. As he shoveled each spadeful of earth he became more and more absorbed in his thoughts, and before he knew it the grave was so deep he couldn't get out. Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk. "Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave digger. "No wonder," he said, kicking a little dirt into the grave, "ya haven't got any dirt on ya."

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SHE SUCKS YOUR BLOOD and leaves LIVING DEATH!

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 Two 2-Row Cultivators for F-20 and Regular Farmall
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S-2 Cream Separators

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O'Donnell Index-Press

Published Fridays
 Entered as second class matter at the post office in O'Donnell, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Tom Garrard Issues Formal Statement

(continued from first page)
 come back to the Plains country and start into practice with the late Judge G. E. Lockhart at Lubbock.

In the past 25 years I've tried many cases both civil and criminal in both State and Federal courts over West Texas.

During all this time, I've been very active over a large area of West Texas, but after many years I have learned that at the end of the year I would be tired and worn out and growing older, and that expenses of travel, etc., took all the money I made, and found me rich in experience, but with nothing so far as worldly goods went and only older and just a bit more worn. I have reached that age in life where I want to be at home among my friends.

I've been a very active, busy man all my life most of which has been spent doing things for others and forgetting self. While I've been on the grind all my life, still I have enjoyed it and gained wonderful

experiences and done wonderful service, but time and space will not permit a history of such. However, sooner or later we must all come to the place where we will slow down and live a little closer to home, and I hope to spend the remaining part of my active life at home among my old friends and with what new ones I may gain.

After our good friend and capable Judge Chester Connolly felt impelled to resign because of ill health, I was appointed to fill his unexpired term which ends January 1, 1945. So long as I am in the County Judge's office, I expect to give to you, my people, the very best service of which I am capable. This office is your office, the door is open to you at all times.

I invite your help and counsel and advice on all matters concerning your County affairs.

My thought is that the next few years are going to be the hardest and most fateful that this generation ever had to face. My judgment is that it is going to take the best brain, thought, and energy of us all to weather the storm that is now approaching, and which must grow in intensity until the Dove of Peace finally hovers over a distressed world.

Approximately 1800 of our young men and women, the very flower of our flock, have been called upon to lay their very lives upon the altar of sacrifice for our sake, as did the loving Christ, who bled and died on Calvary's Cross that you and I might live.

The paramount and chief interest filling the minds and hearts of us all at this hour is for the safety of our loved ones who are abroad in all the lands and on the seven seas, as well as to maintain our home life in the manner in which it was carried on when they were called to the Colors.

The matter of readjustment and stability of those who return, sound in mind and members is going to be a colossal undertaking, but of far greater concern and a more monumental task is going to be the rehabilitation of the multiplied thousands who return to us sick in mind and body, wounded, maimed, and blind, and God forbid that we shall fail them. Now, as then, it will call for the finest leadership and thought of the best minds of us all. I pledge my all.

This is an agricultural county, almost wholly. The way of the farmer is all the way I know. My father was an ex-Confederate soldier. He came to Texas long prior to the Civil War and lived 65 years on the farm where he located in Delta county, except four years spent in the Confederate army, and raised a large family on the place. We lived in a log house on this place until I was a big boy.

Much is being said in the papers at this time and literally billions of dollars in money being appropriated to rehabilitate foreign lands and people. This may be right, I don't know, but I do know that there are thousands of aged, the blind and helpless—fine characters—in our midst, and I wish more effort and more money be spent on rehabilitating the aged, infirm, and the needy among us rather than sending it to foreign lands. So, my whole effort shall be to see that my own people get what assistance they need before I shed many tears for foreigners.

Our problems at present are many and serious. We need leaders in both thought and action who have wisdom to see the way, and ability to lead us in the proper paths. I hope and wish for that wisdom and ability.

I was reared in a Christian home. I have been taught and believe that the best way for all men is the way of the Cross.

While I am your County Judge, I have only one ambition, and that to serve you and pledge you that all the ability and energy I possess will be dedicated to your service.

I shall appreciate the support of all good people everywhere, and with faith in my Maker I shall never be unfaithful to any duty, trust or honor that you may repose in me, and I'm profound in the determination that you shall never have cause to regret your actions if you continue me as your county judge, TOM.

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HOUSEHOLD MEMOS
 by Lynn Chambers

Wedding Bells Bring Out Brides, Beauty and Gayety



Bride's Shower Cake is a delicate angel food frosted prettily with fresh strawberry icing, garnished with whole berries.

Here comes the bride! There's nothing so rare as a day in June, nothing so glamorous as a wedding. Even in these days of furlough brides, quick-as-a-wink weddings, everything is made as nice as possible for this is the happiest day of her life.

Weddings should have beauty and gayety, even when purses are slim, for when the boys are doing their jobs in the far corners of the earth and the girls are left behind, they should have the one thing that keeps them going—a bundle of happy memories tied with a white satin bow.

So let the linens for the table be white and fresh smelling, the silver polished and gleaming. Take out your best china, yes, the kind that you use only for "best" because that's what a wedding is! Though the food be simple as it must necessarily be in these days of rationing and shortages, cook it well and serve it handsomely.

Save Used Fats!

Three kinds of repast are usually used for weddings. The first, a shower, precedes the wedding, and should be light and very simple:

- Bride's Shower Menu.**
 Molded Fruit Salad.
 Tiny Cream Cheese Brown Bread Sandwiches
 Tiny Ham Sandwiches
 Bride's Shower Cake
 Coffee

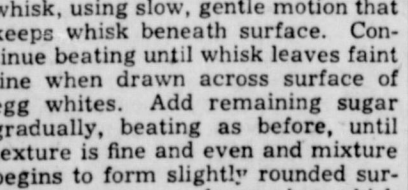
- Molded Fruit Salad.**
 (Serves 6 to 8)
 1 tablespoon gelatin
 2 tablespoons cold water
 ½ cup boiling water
 ¼ cup lemon juice
 2 tablespoons sugar
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 ½ cup orange segments
 ½ cup seedless grapes
 ½ cup red cherries
 ¼ cup black cherries

Soak gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot water. Add lemon juice, sugar and salt. When mixture begins to harden, fold in fruit. Pour into mold and chill. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing into which whipped cream or chilled evaporated milk has been added.

- Bride's Shower Cake.**
 1½ cups egg whites (12 whites)
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
 1½ cups sugar
 1 cup sifted cake flour
 ¼ teaspoon almond extract
 ¼ teaspoon vanilla

Place egg whites into large bowl, sprinkle salt and cream of tartar over them and mix together with several strokes of flat wire whisk. Sift sugar. Sift flour once, measure, add ½ of sugar and sift together 4 more times. Beat egg whites with whisk, using slow, gentle motion that keeps whisk beneath surface. Continue beating until whisk leaves faint line when drawn across surface of egg whites. Add remaining sugar gradually, beating as before, until texture is fine and even and mixture begins to form slightly rounded surfaces when whisk is released. Do not overbeat. Add the remaining sugar, cream of tartar, almond extract and vanilla. Sift flour gradually over surface and fold in slowly and gently with a spoon, folding towards center of bowl and rotating both bowl and spoon. Keep spoon beneath surface of batter and fold until mixture is smooth (2 minutes). Turn into large (4 quart) ungreased tube pan. Bake in a slow (300-degree) oven 30 minutes; then increase heat slightly (325 degrees) and continue baking 40 minutes longer. Remove from oven and invert pan on rack for at least 1 hour or until cold. Remove from pan. Let stand 12 hours or longer before cutting. Ice top and sides with

Strawberry Icing.
 6 cups sifted confectioners' sugar



Lynn Says

The Bride's Day: She's the center of attraction. Let everything work toward that end.

Flowers and linens for wedding repast are white. When there is a wedding cake let it be the primary decoration—in the center of the table.

For the family sit-down breakfast, the bride and groom sit together at the head of the table.

- Dash of salt**
 ¼ cup fresh, crushed strawberries
 2 teaspoons lemon juice (about)
 Add sugar and salt to crushed fruit. Mix well. Then add lemon juice until of consistency to spread thinly on cake.

- Buffet Breakfast.**
 Minted Grapefruit Juice
 Chicken Pot Pie
 Olives Celery Curis Sweet Pickles
 Finger Rolls
 Wedding Cake Ice Cream
 Coffee

A wedding breakfast is called breakfast no matter what time of day it is served. The simplest method of serving is from a well set buffet.

- Chicken Pot Pie.**
 (Serves 4)
 2½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 Dash of pepper
 Dash of paprika
 2 cups cooked, diced chicken
 1½ cups milk or chicken stock
 2 tablespoons melted butter
 6 to 8 unbacked baking powder biscuits

Combine tapioca with remaining ingredients in order given. Turn into greased casserole and bake in hot oven (425 degrees), stirring twice during first 10 minutes of baking. Place biscuits on top of chicken mixture, return to oven and bake 12 to 15 minutes longer until biscuits are browned.

- Light Reception.**
 Chicken Sandwiches
 Lettuce Sandwiches
 Salted Nuts
 Wedding Cake Coffee or Punch

- Wedding Cake.**
 1½ cups butter or other shortening
 3 cups sugar
 6 cups cake flour
 3 tablespoons baking powder
 1½ teaspoons salt
 2 cups milk
 ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
 1 teaspoon almond extract
 9 egg whites

Thoroughly cream sugar and shortening. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt 3 times. Add alternately with milk, vanilla and almond extract, beating after each addition. Beat egg whites stiff but not dry and fold in. Place batter in 3 round, paper-lined tins, 10½, 8½ and 6 inches in diameter. Bake in a moderate (375-degree) oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and put together with frosting. Frost cake at once.

- Ornamental Butter Frosting.**
 ¼ cup butter
 10 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
 ¼ cup cream
 4 unbeaten egg whites
 3 teaspoons vanilla extract
 ½ teaspoon salt

Cream butter, add 4 cups sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add alternately remaining sugar, cream and egg whites, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla and salt. Spread frosting over top of two lower layers; place 3 tiers together and frost entire cake. With a pastry tube, use remaining frosting for decorations and rosettes.

Get the most from your meat! Get your meat roasting chart from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.



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 June 11

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PAUL PLEADS FOR A RUN-AWAY SLAVE

LESSON TEXT—Philemon 4-21.
GOLDEN TEXT—Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you.—Ephesians 4:32.

Brotherhood is one of those fine qualities or impulses of the soul of which men like to speak when all is fair and prosperous, and promptly forget in times of distress and struggle. That is just where Christianity shows forth at its best, for it is in the hour of need, sorrow, or affliction that real Christian brotherhood shows its depth and durability.

Paul was in prison when he wrote to Philemon. The one of whom he wrote, Onesimus, was a slave who had deserted his master and probably defrauded him (v.18). He had been converted, and now was being sent back to his master. So we have three Christian men dealing with a very delicate matter, and providing us a picture of brotherhood in action. We learn that it is—

I. Courteous (vv. 4-9).

After a fine spiritual salutation, Paul enters upon an appeal to Philemon which is a model of tact and courtesy. One could wish that those who think that being faithful to the Lord and true to His Word means being blunt and unkind, would learn of Paul.

First he lets Philemon know of his prayerful interest in him. Paul had been praying for him, that's why he could say such a helpful word. Praying for our fellow man prepares us for genuine brotherly love.

Then he recognizes Philemon's goodness, and his effective testimony for Christ. This is an excellent approach to the making of a request, but be sure that it was not empty or hypocritical flattery. We do well to recognize the fine qualities of our Christian brother, and we could profitably speak of them more than we do.

Then Paul was ready to make his request. See how nicely he does it. He skillfully reminds Philemon that he might make some demands, and especially in view of his age and his imprisonment. But he will not do so, rather he says, "I beseech thee." There is fine Christian courtesy here.

II. Considerate (vv. 10-16).

Paul, the aged prisoner, had found in his new convert, Onesimus, a real helper. He would have liked to keep him. In fact, says he to Philemon, Onesimus could do for me the things you would want to do if you were here (v. 13).

Undoubtedly Paul could have been sure of the willingness of Philemon. He could have assumed that the request would be granted. And in any case, Philemon did not even know where Onesimus was, so why not keep him?

True Christian consideration respects the personal rights and the property rights of another. We must not assume, or demand, or put pressure on anyone (v. 14) to get what they have or to draw out their service.

Another expression of consideration is found in verses 15 and 16. Philemon had lost a heathen slave, now he is receiving back a Christian brother. No worker will give less in service, and no master will demand more, because the two are both Christians. We need to recognize that fact, for all too often men presume on their relationship as brethren. But the fact that they are Christians should make a great difference in their attitude toward one another.

III. Cooperative (vv. 17-21).

Partners share the benefits and the burdens of their joint enterprise. Partners in the gospel, like Paul and Philemon, shared not only spiritual blessings, but also the responsibilities. Paul was presenting such an item to Philemon in the return of Onesimus. Something had to be done about the debt of Onesimus, his failure as a servant. Paul says, "Charge it to me, your partner."

It has been pointed out that there is here a blessed example of the important doctrine of imputation, which is the "act of God whereby He accounts righteousness to the believer in Christ," because He "has borne the believer's sins in vindication of the law." So we note that verses 17 and 18 perfectly illustrate imputation.

Paul's promise "I will repay it" (v. 19) was the legal phraseology of a promissory note in his day. It was a bonafide partnership transaction, yet it was coupled with a reminder of indebtedness. Everything Philemon had and was he owed to Paul; but, says the latter, "I will not speak of that now." Consideration again, but opening the door wide for Philemon's cooperation.

No right thinking person is content always to be on the receiving hand. The humblest recipient of favor or the smallest child who feels the love of another wants to respond. The considerate friend will, therefore, not always insist on giving, but will graciously (like Paul) open the way for cooperation, for partnership.

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Pattern No. 8619 is in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13, ruffled version, requires 4 yards of 39-inch material; without ruffles, 3½ yards; ¾ yard contrast for collar.

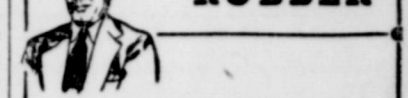
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HINTS FOR HOME BAKERS
Hot and Snowy—Here's a Grand Dessert!
 But make these biscuits with Fleischmann's yellow label Yeast for EXTRA vitamins.

- SNOW BISCUITS**
 2 cups sifted flour
 1½ teaspoons sugar
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast
 ½ cup lukewarm water
 1 tablespoon melted shortening

Sift together flour, sugar and salt. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Add to dry ingredients. Add melted shortening. Dough will be soft. Turn out on floured board and knead dough quickly and lightly until smooth and elastic. Roll out ¼ inch thick. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased pan. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 30 minutes. Prick top with fork. Bake in hot oven at 425° F. about 20 minutes. Makes 16 two-inch biscuits. Serve hot with home-made jam, jelly or preserves for a supper dessert treat!

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O'DONNELL SENIOR 4-H CLUB



Shown left to right, front row: Eugene Barnett, Royce Gilbreath, Jim Smith, Charlie Stubblefield, Tom Schooler, Robert Lee Harris, G. W. Jones, Charles Pickens, Johnny Saleh, Bernard Ward, Rayford Bates. Back row: J. L. Proctor, Jack Webb, Joe Harris, Raymond Pearce, J. O. Franklin, Charles Shumake, Bill Schooler, Leon Lagrone, John Reagan, Pollard Wise, Marion Oates, Sam Goad. (Photo Courtesy County Agent R. L. Stone)

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TUNE IN! WALTER PIDGEON in "The Star and the Story." Sunday evenings C.B.S. Network

Card Of Thanks

We wish to extend our sincere appreciation to our friends for the many kind acts during the death of our husband and father, Elbert G. Stokes. Also for the words of sympathy and floral offerings.
The Family.

Mrs. J. T. Routh and son, Richard, of Ballinger were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gibbs.

Mrs. N. M. Jennings spent last Friday visiting in Lamesa.

Mrs. D. S. Parker and daughters were visitors in Lubbock last weekend.

Mrs. J. T. Seely left last Friday for a visit this week with her mother in Big Spring.

Conserving English Peas

Carolyn Dixon, County H. D. Agent
To can: Shell peas, place 1-2 teaspoon salt in clean pint jars or No. 2 cans, fill containers until it is heaped, pour warm or hot water in the container until it is within 1 to 2 inches of the top of the jar, and steam 5 minutes. Remove jar or can from steaming vessel and press the food down. If container is not full, use peas from one can to refill all the others. Have food well covered with liquid. Leave 1-2 inch headspace in jar and 1-4 inch in cans. Wipe rim of container and seal. Process immediately at 12 pounds. Process jars for 45 minutes, cans for 40 minutes.

Getting Ready

A crew of workmen is busily engaged at the former O'Donnell Gin, recently bought by J. H. Jordan, making extensive repairs and giving the plant a general overhaul.

In future the gin will be known as the J. H. Jordan Gin. An experienced ginner, Harvey Jordan tells us that he will spare no labor or expense to give patrons the highest type of service. He expects and is preparing for a busy ginning season this fall when the fleecy staple begins to roll in.

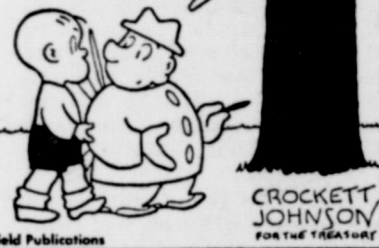
G. C. Aten was up from the farm interviewing the voters Saturday afternoon.

J. W. Gardenhire was among Saturday's business visitors.

Mrs. O. L. McClendon and children were visitors last week in Chillicothe.

Can Grandmothers join the Elves, Leprechauns, Gnomes, and Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society, Mr. O'Malley?

No, Barnaby... But they're enlisting in the Grandmothers War Bond League.



The many friends of Mrs. Levi Noble will deeply sympathize with her in the recent loss of her father, Mr. Stringer of Tulia, who died in Fort Worth following a fall in which he sustained a skull fracture. Funeral services were conducted in Tulia Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Noble attending.

Besides cloudy weather, we're getting a little more sky juice from time to time. Monday afternoon here in town we had a nice shower which encouraged Victory gardens to strut their stuff.

John B. Davis tells us that he has 200 acres of crops up and all are flourishing.

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2. those who are forced to walk.

If you want to be in the fortunate group who will still be riding to work in automobiles, join Gulf's "Anti-Breakdown" Club today. How do you do it? Just come in for Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan!

This plan was conceived by experts in car care. Gulf developed it because car maintenance is a most important civilian job. (8 out of 10 war workers use automobiles to get to work.)



Here's Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan..

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It protects your car at 39 danger points!

GULF's Protective Maintenance Plan includes Gulfex Registered Lubrication which reaches up to 39 vital engine, body, and chassis points. Six different Gulfex Lubricants are used to reduce wear.



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It helps keep your motor in "A-1" shape!

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Get an appointment at your Gulf station TO HELP YOUR Gulf Dealer do a thorough job on your car—and to save your time—make an appointment. Phone or speak to him at the station. Then you should encounter no delay when you get Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan . . . 15 services in all!