

O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has the Cotton, Grain Poultry, Cream

21 Years A Leader For The O'Donnell Area

Vol. 22, No. 41

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, June 15, 1945

\$2 Per Year

LET MIRE'S WRITES OF GERMANS

(Ed. note: To all of us who enjoyed Pvt. Delbert Mires letter published June 1st we give the following letter. We think it is about tops of interest because it reaches the heart of the late Earnie Fyle. This letter is his mother and he did not write for his publication — we write for you. We have not violated his privacy but with our bond drive lagging and a shot in the arm. Delbert needed the returning soldiers we need to have an opportunity to meet with them. This letter we know he's a swell guy.)

May 2, 1945
Somewhere in Germany
Dear Mom and all. Today still rains and quiet and about the same.



I heard a report today that Hitler was dead and that the Admiral of the Navy had taken over. Most people seem to think that the war is about over. Nevertheless they still bark and shake the trees while I write. We have a few more fire fights on patrol sometimes people still get hurt. I think it is a political war more than a fight.

They had only let us keep going we would have been in Austria. But they couldn't have two armies fighting so close together without stopping one. In our second stage we

the Germans haven't much to do. With no gas, no tanks (to us), no good cars and their planes are almost worn out but still fight on — three and four in a group. They still have a few and they really like to throw their bombs and artillery guns all in one place. It fires a small round and gets good enough to almost put in your hip pocket. It was supposed to go on a tank Force today the Col. didn't go. It rained all day and tried to snow. It was here the whole summer. We wear our sweaters and field jackets.

We should see the duck I'm writing. It is about five feet — long three feet wide. The house I formerly belonged to a big owner. They had 2,000 slaves. This one little town which is the size of Brownsville. The Russian and Polish — slaves are almost worn out but still fight on — three and four in a group. They still have a few and they really like to throw their bombs and artillery guns all in one place.

"Of course, cleanliness and personal hygiene are ordinary taken for granted but at this time every section of our state and with more than 120 cases already reported I would like to re-emphasize some personal sanitary measures which may help in preventing the spread of this crippling and often fatal disease." The State Health Officer stressed the importance of cleanliness of the person. Frequent bathing (when the water is on) and immaculately clean clothing are vitally necessary.

"Oral hygiene with thorough brushing of the teeth and the use of a mild antiseptic are recommended. The nasal passages should be kept clean (especially after a 'duster') and dental defects corrected immediately if not sooner."

Sanitation and thorough cleanliness in the home are inductive with the average housewife, but at this time their importance to health must be re-emphasized. Home sanitation includes those taken for granted measures such as washing the dishes in hot soapy water and rinsing them in hot clear water; keeping sinks, bathtub and fixtures scored clean and rinsed with a mild antiseptic solution; sunning and airing bed clothes, ridding the home of flies, rats and roaches which, since poliomyelitis is believed to be a filth-borne disease, are suspected as being responsible for transmission.

"If good personal hygiene is combined with good community sanitation and hygiene it is hard for any disease to get a foothold," Dr. Cox said. "With such a dread disease as poliomyelitis prevalent in every section of the state, no precaution should be overlooked and no bars should be left down for its entrapment."

A woman about 35. She was blonde and looked like — I told her that I use to go with a girl that favored her. She smiled and said "Thank you."

I can hardly keep from picking up the little girls that remind me of Leta Merle. I give half of my chewing gum away — although they are Jerries they are blonde and white.

We just heard over the radio that the Germans in Italy raved up. I bet there's some rejoicing in the 5th tonight. We can wear two bronze stars on our service ribbons now which stand for the crossing of the Rhine and the Moselle Rivers under fire. May God keep you well and be ever near to guide us all. My love to all.

LADY FORMERLY OF HERE DIES AT DALLAS

Myrtle Jean Browning O'Fallon was born April 7, 1925 and died May 14th, 1945 at her home in Dallas. She was married Feb. 19, 1945 to George LeRoy O'Fallon, druggist of Dallas.

(Ed. note: Myrtle Jean will be remembered in O'Donnell as the lady who worked in Liddell's Cafe here in the fall of 1943. She has numerous friends here who are sad to learn of her passing.)

Mrs. L. E. Daniel has returned from Jayton where she was with her sister and family. Mr and Mrs. L. E. Prouning since the death of their daughter, Myrtle Jean.

FIELD SEEDS: Good, bad and worse. Saul's Feed and Seed Store

Mrs. Millie Williams of Berry Flat, and mother of J. E. Williams O'Donnell was carried to a Lamesa hospital Saturday after having a stroke at her home. J. E. said this week that she was still quite ill. J. E. Williams, Jr. is visiting his father and mother here after some months in a hospital at Dallas. He is about 15 years of age and has had much more than his share of illness having had to have several operations on his leg. He is improving now and is happy to be home.

W. L. Maxwell, our popular cafe owner here, was in a Lamesa hospital for several days lately but we understand he is back home.

Mr and Mrs. L. D. Parker, Joyce and Duayne of Lubbock visited her parents. Mr and Mrs. J. M. Vaughn.

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DO NOT CONCENTRATE XMAS MAIL LOAD

The Navy Department encourages the mailing of overseas gift packages through the year. Although the War Department advises that the mailing period for Christmas parcels to Army personnel will be the same as last year — September 15 to October 15th — there is no restricted mailing period for the personnel of the Navy, Marine and Coast Guard. All Christmas parcels should, however, be mailed not later than October 15th to afford some degree of probability of delivery prior to Christmas Day.

PERSONAL HYGIENE STRESSED

Austin. — In addition to the general instructions for community sanitation which may be important in preventing poliomyelitis, Dr. Geo. W. Cox, today issued an urgent warning to every individual in Texas to practice strict personal hygiene to protect his own health and that of those about him.

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The Country Editor

The Ed.'s wife is leaving in the wee hours of Thursday morning for points east. Yep, she's taking the Jr. Ed. along with her. They are going along with A. K. Williams who is taking his family east ways to catch a bus for Houston. Eddie's home is at DIME BOX. Giddins folks call it nickle town. We will all warmly remember D. B. for its train service.

Waiting for a train is one of the chief occupations there — or was when I lived there. At the station there was a choice view of a time table and mud ponds where croaking bull frogs kept you company. Dad was sticket agent there for several years.

A traveler, getting off of one train had to wait 10 hours for the next one. Late in the afternoon a man came walking down the track, leveled a pistol on the traveler, took his money and then was about to leave when the victim said:

"Hold on there! Before you came, I figured I was liable to be held up in this lonely spot, so I hid my gold watch. If I have to stay here for two more hours all by my self, I'll go crazy. If you'll keep my company until the train gets here, I'll give you the watch."

The robber agreed and the traveler said afterwards that he considered it the best trade he had ever made.

A few natives, we know them all, used to loaf around the depot and engage in two favorite sports: drinking chili tonic and whittling.

The most popular brand of chili tonic had a picture of a dragon on the bottle. One day a fellow went into a store and said: "I want some of that chili tonic that looks like the devil on the outside and tastes like hell on the inside." Our druggist, Mr. Albers, had no trouble figuring out the brand.

Yes, sir, those swamp angels would sit around with their Lee Co. look-picks at Lee Co. toothpick is a pocket knife with a blade 11 inches long) and whittle. And when they'd use up the piece of wood they were whittling on, they'd just reach up and cut another slab out of the depot. Why, the s. P. had to rebuild the depot three times in the year of 1934 — the year of no work and very little whittling timber.

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OVERSEAS PAPERS TO FLEET P. O. MUST HAVE REQUEST

The Index is being mailed weekly to a large number of men and women in the service overseas. We know that all of them appreciate receiving the paper regularly.

A new postal regulation becomes effective July 1st. The Index must have a signed request that the paper be mailed overseas. All those who are now receiving the Index should write this request at once. It makes no difference as to who may be paying for the subscription — the request, signed by the receiver, must be filed with the Index. This new regulation does not affect those who are stationed in the States, but is applied when men are shipped overseas. A postcard will be o. k.

Mr and Mrs. G. D. Browning are the proud parents of a fine baby daughter named Juda Ann born on Friday, June 9th at Lamesa. Congratulations.

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Our good friend, "Buck" Jones left Wednesday for the Government hospital at Amarillo. Mr. Jones is a veteran of World War I and is going there for treatment. He formerly worked for Floyd Thompson Welding shop.

W. D. Brunson left Sunday for a visit with his parents at Decatur.

Miss Nellie Bowyer, sister of Mrs. B. L. Davis, is improving after a serious illness of pneumonia. She was carried to a Lamesa hospital last Tuesday week.

T. M. Ward received an honorable medical discharge from the Army on May 3rd and is back home. He was overseas and stationed in England for 2 1/2 years with the medical corps. Glad to have you back, T. M.

Marvin Sherrill, son of Mr and Mrs. Exell Sherrill is ill with a disorder that to date the doctors have not agreed on. He has been in a Lamesa hospital.

Mrs. Joyce Gregory, formerly of O'Donnell and now employed at Lubbock, received word from her husband that he had been promoted to First Lieutenant and that he wanted some silver bars. Bars rose in the Army the hard way receiving a battlefield commission. Congratulations.

Mrs. Tom Brewer was admitted to a Lamesa Hospital this week for treatment. Her husband returned from the hospital last week.

Paratrooper of the First Allied Airborne Army in France. Sketched by Harold Von Schmidt.



PARACHUTIST'S BADGE. This is the emblem which these hard-fighting soldiers of the sky, the paratroopers, win and wear.

THE ARMY KNOWS where a big share of Hanes production is going

As you'd expect, the makers of Hanes Underwear are taking care of war needs first . . . helping to clothe your relatives and friends in the Armed Services. Sometimes your dealer's stock of Hanes Underwear will be low — though we are making all we can for your needs, too.

HANES VALUE begins with the cotton. For 44 years, Hanes has put the best values possible into knitted underwear at prices most men can afford. That's why we spin our own yarns, knit these into true-size garments that are styled for a man's comfort — and for long wear. P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

• Comfort features of HANES WOVEN SHORTS
These smartly tailored garments are cut to full size—no skimping. The seat is roomy, the legs the right length. Wear them with a Hanes Undershirt for extra comfort.

Local News

C. L. Tomlinson, Jr. left week before last for boot camp at San Diego California after enlisting in the navy. C. L. is one of the first of O'Donnell's youths that we became acquainted with. He worked for Mr. Blakemore and later for Mr. Whitsett in the drug store and graduated this spring from high school. He was a star athlete for the Eagles and will make Uncle Sam a good hand, we believe. Good sailing, C. L.

Born to Mr and Mrs. Julian Pirtle a fine baby daughter weighing 6 pounds and 10 ounces at a Lubbock hospital on June 9th. Congratulations.

Mrs. J. D. Brewer and sons of Odessa visited H. L. Brewer and family last week.

Mr and Mrs. Calvin Pugh have recently moved in a three room house which was moved from the vicinity of Harmony. They have rebuilt and modernized the home is located in Dawson Heights just east of the John Andy Edwards home. Mr. Pugh works at the Locker Plant.

Mrs. E. C. Pace announced that this Sunday the Church of the Nazarene will observe Fathers Day with a special program which will be given by the ladies of the Church. A gift will be presented to the youngest and the oldest Dad present. You are invited to attend.

Visitors in the Wallace Rains home for a family reunion Sunday were: Mrs. Karen Nuckols and daughters of Cochran, Calif. Mr and Mrs. P. K. Flemings and Pearl of Tahaska, Mr and Mrs. N. E. Hood of O'Donnell, Mr and Mrs. Ray Howell and Eldon of O'Donnell, Mr and Mrs. Berna Cagle and baby, James Rains of O'Donnell and Mrs. E. Z. Hood and Joe Hood of Silverton. Mrs. Nuckols and Mrs. Hood visited for several days.

Mrs. Ralph Beach is in Oakland, Calif. visiting her husband, who is stationed at Treasure Island. Mrs. Beach's sister, Ruth Gibson accompanied her there.

Mrs. Roy W. Gibson left Friday to spend a few days in Temple.

Mrs. J. P. Bowlin has returned home after visiting in Houston with her daughter and family. Mr and Mrs. Paul Morris and daughter, Carolina. Mrs. Bowlin's granddaughter returned home with her for a visit.

Mrs. L. E. Robinson, Jr. spent last week end with her parents. Mr and Mrs. Virgie Eynum at Brownfield.

Mrs. F. O. Allen of Big Springs is visiting her children. Mr and Mrs. O. Miles and Mrs. Glen Allen here this week.

R. O. Stark left Tuesday for Abilene to spend his vacation.

Mr and Mrs. Jess Lane attended the rodeo at Midland over the week end.

Mrs. Margie Bacon spent an enjoyable week end in Ft. Worth.

Mrs. Lois Day and children spent Tuesday with Mrs. Slim Edgerton. They returned to their home at Phillips.

The G. A.'s and the Sunbeams of the Baptist Church spent Tuesday in the Lubbock Park enjoying a picnic. Mrs. R. C. Carroll and Mrs. Levi Gray sponsored the enjoyable trip. About forty were in the group.

Pvt. Luther Ellis is now stationed at the Lubbock Army Air Field. He recently returned from overseas duty.

Sgt. Monroe "Fenny" Holman and wife are here visiting friends. Sgt. Holman is with the Air Force and has recently returned from overseas. His sister, Mrs. Steve Belvins of Houston is here with him.

Miss Wanda Procter, daughter of Mr and Mrs. John Procter is in a Lamesa hospital.

Miss Avaline Garner is recovering from man operation at a Lamesa hospital.

Haskell Burnett is back in the States and is expected home in a few days.

Sgt. E. Paul Mansell arrived in New York Tuesday. His parents are Mr and Mrs. Pase Mansell and they received a telegram to expect him home in a few days.

The Tuesday Bridge Club met with Mrs. Sam Singleton. There were three tables of bridge including Mesdames Brewer, Bradley, Cabool, Clemage, Hafer, Nobles, Robinson, Whitsett, Singleton, Wells and Jordan. A guest was Mrs. W. G. McKnight. The Club will meet with Mrs. Harry Clemage next week.

Pvt. Jim Joe Carroll, son of Mr and Mrs. R. C. Carroll arrived home Wednesday morning to spend a 45 day furlough. Jim arrived in the States this month and reported to the Army Hospital at El Paso. He has been wounded several times since entering action. Welcome.

Pvt. J. L. Petty arrived home Wednesday morning to spend his furlough with home folks. It is good to have J. L. back home.

A. K. Williams and Charley Cathy attended a International Sales meeting at Lubbock Wednesday.

SPEAKS AT ROTARY

An extra special guest at the Rotary Club meeting Tuesday was Pvt Warren D. Smith home visiting his wife and his folks. Mr and Mrs. Harford Smith.

Warren looked in fine health after a trying time of six months as a prisoner of war of the Germans. He said he was stationed in the northern part of Germany. He said the prisoners were treated fairly well but that the food was none too good and that the Red Cross packages probably told the difference between some of the boys surviving and dying.

When the Allies were nearing final victory early in May Warren said the Germans released the group he was in and the guards and the Americans started a march toward the Yank lines. They started with an old wagon and were pushing and pulling it until they found a horse. Considerable trouble was encountered with making the horse obey until they started giving driving instructions to the horse in German. Welcome home, Warren.

TO BUILD BIG WAREHOUSE HERE

Mr. Dillard, capable manager of the Trinity Compress and Warehouse here, recently received word from the Lubbock headquarters of the company that they plan on building an \$18,000 Warehouse here. This construction will approximate size the present warehouse. Date of construction is still unannounced. Watch O'Donnell grow — when it rains.

Mrs. S. A. Mensch was in town Wednesday and said that a good portion of the Darw Community received a nice rain Monday nite. She estimated the moisture at about 1 and 1/2 inches. J. E. Nance of Mesquite said five hundredths inches fell on his farm. Here in O'Donnell all we got was the smell of rain and it was hard to smell for the sand-blowing. It seems that the clouds going over are empties returning from a trip to East Texas. Many farmers seem to think the deadline is approaching for the planting of cotton. Grain crops still have a few weeks of grace.

During the next months there will be many returning veterans coming home from overseas who live in O'Donnell or in the vicinity of O'Donnell. We would not want to miss mentioning their return home so we are requesting the parents, relatives and friends to make sure that the Index learns of their return. A post card will do or call in person. We would like all or part of the following information: Rank, name, parent's or relative's name, date of the arrival in states, date of arrival home, theatre of operations years overseas, whether wounded or not, medals received, length of furlough. Some will be receiving medical discharges and discharges under the point system. Please mention that if it applies. We can really have a newsy paper if each individual becomes a reporter. Thanks.

J. D. Fairly has gone to Peecos where he will be employed by the Government. He plans to move his family later. We shall miss J. D. and wish him the best of success.

Kenneth Golithly moved his family to Odessa Sunday after finding a house there.

C. S. Harris announced this week that the Mesquite School has been increased from a grade school to a third class high school. Present estimates call for at least four teachers with an estimated enrollment of 60 students. Mr. Harris stated that he hopes the school will have a hot lunch program next fall.

Berence Hodnett, Margaret Gibbs, Avallene Garner, Glenda Mires and Joyce Edwards were joint hostesses at a bridal shower honoring Mrs. Horaday McLaurin last Tuesday at the Baptist Church. Many lovely and attractive gifts were received by the bride.

Mrs. J. W. Simmons nee Eva Dell Harris was honored last Thursday with an attractive shower given in her honor by Mesdames Clin Wright, John Etter, Shack Blocker, and Mack Garner at the home of Mrs. Blocker. Numerous lovely and attractive gifts were given the bride by friends.

Pvt. Charles R. Morrison, whose father, Charles R. Morrison, Sr. lives on Rt. 1, O'Donnell, is a member of the #62nd Amphibian Truck Company recently stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington, which has recently been awarded the Meritorious Service Plaque by General Dwight D. Eisenhower for its exceptional performance during the invasion of the Normandy beachhead.

The plaque is a dark mahogany shield, 14 inches high, upon which is a green laurel wreath and gold lettering. The individual sleeve device authorized all company members is a 2 inch olive drab square bearing a wreath.

Pfc. Will Wood, of Hamlin, and who formerly lived here, spent the week end here visiting friends and relatives. He has served in Italy, Africa and Germany.

Mrs. J. L. Adams entertained the Ace Hi Club in the home of her parents last Thursday. Hi score was won by Miss Beth Walters, low by Mrs. Mack Bradley and bingo by Mrs. Milford McMurtry. Delicious refreshments consisting of sandwiches, potato chips, olives, pickles, cookies and ice tea were served members and guests.

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—the National Underwear

Vast Damage by Holland Flood

50,000 Acres Under 15 Feet Of Water After Nazis Blow Up Dike.

WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY. HOLLAND. — Air photographs have shown for the first time the full extent of the disastrous flooding by the Germans of the northwest polder of the Netherlands. What had been a 50,000-acre belt of rich farm lands now is a great black sheet of water 15 feet in depth.

Not a house or a tree or a road is to be seen—except for a few dark blotches to mark where some houses are 2 to 3 feet beneath the surface. No living thing could have survived this torrent that swept in from the IJsselmeer (Zuider Zee) when the Germans dynamited the great main dike.

No Warning Given.

In this polder lived 15,000 Dutch farmers. There is nothing to indicate that the Germans gave them any warning or that there was any large-scale evacuation. This was one of the world's most modern farming communities. The polder was won from the sea in 1930 and planned settlement began immediately. The individual farms were laid out neatly and houses, churches and schools were put up to provide a model farming community.

For 15 years the development went on. In 15 minutes the Germans erased it. Now the waters of the IJsselmeer are where they were in 1930, beating against the old sea wall. At any moment the Germans could loose them over additional hundreds of thousands of acres.

Air photographs taken a few hours after the great dike was blown show the waters flowing through the gaps and sweeping relentlessly across the polder. There is no sign of life any where, and only the broken main dike, which is 12 feet above sea level, remains to show that there ever was such a thing as the north-west polder.

Other Sections Flooded.

Some 600,000 cubic meters of water cover the land and the whole of West Holland lay at the mercy of the Germans at this writing. Already a total of 1,000,000 acres of farmland lies under the water released by the Germans.

The flooding along the rivers east of Amsterdam is quite different from that in the north, and the waters are only one or two feet deep. Most houses still are habitable, due to the present low level of the Lek, Waal and Meuse (Maas) rivers, which so far has frustrated the German attempts to flood completely the famed Dutch "water lines."

It is difficult to grasp the full implications of the disaster facing the Netherlands, as each new flood eliminates additional food producing areas.

So far the Germans have not blown a gap in the great causeway across the mouth of the IJsselmeer, but they have made demolitions on the roadway on top of the causeway, presumably to block any attempt the Allies might make to get across.

War Dog and Master in Same Ward in Hospital

LUZON, P. I. — In a surgical ward of an American army field hospital attached to the 25th division, you will find in adjoining beds Cpl. Frank R. Oliver of Shinston, W. Va., and Skipper of the war dog platoon.

Oliver has shrapnel in a leg, arm and shoulder, while Skipper has a bullet wound through his lower jaw. The war dog was trained to be suspicious of strangers, and hospital attendants could do nothing with him until they moved his master, Corporal Oliver, into the next bed. Now both are well on the road to recovery.

Oliver and Skipper are veterans of Aitape, Morotai and Luzon fighting. Skipper is a 3-year-old German Shepherd Airedale.

Find Duce's Brain Was Ordinary, Health Fine

MILAN.—Only one-third of Mussolini's brain was saved from the fury of the Milan mob. Italian medical authorities said. The remaining segment showed no remarkable characterization, they said.

Prof. Mario Cattabeni, director of the medical institute of the University of Milan, who carried out the first autopsy of Mussolini's body, said that the Duce was in exceptionally good health and might well have lived to be 50 years old.

Cattabeni said that Mussolini had no ulcers and no symptoms of cancer, thus denying the 20-year-old rumor that the dictator was an ailing man.

The professor also denied current reports that Mussolini was suffering from paresis.

Bread and Water Is Cure for Prisoners

RUPERT, IDAHO. — Two hundred forty-five German prisoners of war, after two days on a bread and water diet, have returned to work in southern Idaho fields.

Forty others, described as "ringleaders" in the no-work strike, remained in the guardhouse with plenty of water, but "not too much" bread.

Fishermen Thrive As Prices Advance

Shortage of Meat Nets Big Profits for Fleets.

CHICAGO. — Despite wartime shortages of crews and equipment, the men who go down to the sea in ships are netting the greatest profits of their careers these days as a meat-starved public becomes acquainted with codfish, yellowtail, sole, halibut, shrimp, crabs, oysters and a dozen other products of the deep.

Even eels are being consumed by citizens unable to get steaks, chops, and roasts. And shark meat is a steady seller on the Chicago market, 4,945 pounds of shark filets being among the 6,774,000 pounds of fish on last month's Chicago dinner tables. Last year's fish consumption in Chicago was 66,660,468 pounds, or nearly 20 pounds per inhabitant.

Fishermen's crews have been depleted by the demands of the merchant fleet and by the lure of high wages in war industries, and the fishing fleets have lost trawlers and druggers to the navy, says the Chicago Tribune.

Despite these handicaps the remaining fishermen managed to boost the national production total from 4 billion pounds in 1943 to 4.4 billion pounds in 1944.

Where the fisherman makes his biggest profit, however, is in the upward spurt of prices. Most areas of the country do not have ceiling prices on fish, with the result that many housewives are paying more for fish than they used to pay for choice steaks.

Many restaurants — and patrons, too—pay trout prices for catfish. Others pay for a certain size shrimp but receive a smaller size on which the ceiling is lower.

Dumping of fish because of lack of demand, which was common in the Chesapeake bay area as late as 1942 — no longer is practiced. Grocers and chain stores snap up available supplies. One national chain is reported buying three times as much seafood as it did a year ago.

Legless, She Wins License To Fly Her Own Airplane

ADEL, GA.—Mrs. Aliverma Babbs, 26, is legless, walks on her hands. But she flies an airplane and, having a private pilot's license, she plans to fly from Georgia to California soon.

Instructors at the airport here say Mrs. Babbs is in no way handicapped as a pilot.

She flies a light monoplane controlled entirely by the hands. On the ground she refuels and services her plane.

She has been legless since she was 13 months old as the result of an automobile accident.

"A physical handicap is more of the mind than of the body," she says.

Prescription Good for Life Followed by WAVE

CHICAGO.—A WAVE's trip to the infirmary for treatment of a cold ended in an unusual prescription. The "doctor" advised a trip to the altar.

Beverly A. Gross, 21, a WAVE yeoman, and Doyle A. Crum, 23, pharmacist's mate, of Salix, Iowa, met last January when Beverly called at the sick bay of the Navy's V-12 unit at Northwestern university.

Yesterday they were married by Judge Oral P. Tuttle of Harrisburg, sitting in marriage court. The bride is stationed with the medical detachment. Crum is a veteran of Bougainville and Guam.

Loss of Furlough Irks Nazi Captive in Germany

ON THE RHINE. — A German prisoner was taken before Capt. Heister Drum of Mifflinville, Pa., to ask a favor.

"What is it?" asked the busy captain.

"You have interrupted my furlough when you arrive," griped the prisoner tearfully. "I still had three days to go. It was my first furlough in six years. Please, can I stay free for three more days—then I come back and be your prisoner?"

"Take him away," said Drum, red with anger.

British Women Toughen Up for War Relief Work

CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND. — A number of British women between the ages of 22 and 41 — peacetime school teachers, stenographers and secretaries — are undergoing a "toughening up" course in England's lake district here to enable them to become official relief workers in liberated parts of Europe. They are sleeping in tents and on the wooden floors of empty barns.

'Moms' Get Blame for War 'Illness' From Doctor

NEW YORK. — "Moms" are largely responsible for the psychoneurotic cases arising from the war, declares Dr. Edward A. Strecker, psychiatric consultant for the army and navy.

"Moms" are dotting mothers who keep their children from learning how to meet actual conditions of living, he said in a lecture. Some times, he added, "Pop is the Mom."

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Other Woman's Child

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"Austin will gradually be restored to normality if all causes of friction are removed from the domestic scene."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"MY HUSBAND came back from air service in England three months ago," writes Margaret Jones from Canada. "He was four years in active duty and eleven months in a hospital. His injury was cranial, and is entirely cured. When he left, his son by a previous marriage, David, was two years old, and I was expecting my first baby.

"I was my husband's office nurse, at the time of his first wife's death, and we had discovered a deep affection for each other. This was, however, kept completely under control. I am telling you the exact truth when I say that, after the one first talk when we admitted our feelings, not one word or look passed between us that could be criticized. His wife was a delicate and nervous woman, and whether she actually took an overdose of sleeping tablets, or whether a normal dose was too much for a weak heart, never was ascertained. The coroner called it death from accidental causes. A few months later Austin and I were married, little David accepting his new mother very placidly.

"Then Austin went off to war and Deirdre was born—a lovely, sweet-tempered little girl and I lived very quietly during the first war years, I managing to do part-time work, and to clear the mortgage from our little home and Austin's mother living with us and managing house and children. She has now gone to live with a daughter.

Unmanageable David.

"There was the usual rejoicing when Austin returned, and he was fortunately able to assume his old work at an even higher salary, so that we could be quite comfortable if it were not for David, now nearly seven. He is a strange, unmanageable little boy, with something uncanny in his instinct for annoying and outwitting his teachers and myself. I seem to be eternally correcting him, or complaining of him, a position in which I hate to find myself. I've always liked children, and for our two I've always tried to plan intelligently, forgiving much, not hearing impudence, not forcing issues, substituting the pleasant positive for the disagreeable negative when I could.

"Austin criticizes my attitude toward David. Austin has come back in a nervous, irritable mood hard to endure, but it is mostly where David is concerned that the trouble arises. David will not eat his dinner, do his homework, go to bed, take his bath when I ask him to. I try good-natured coaxing, give him five more minutes, remind that he can float his submarine in the bath, cook what he likes. He will never cooperate, and Austin blames me, and sides with the child. To make it worse, my husband reverts to the past, thinks that perhaps Elsie did kill herself, perhaps she discovered the affection between us, perhaps he was the real cause of her death.

"All this has turned our home into a place of discomfort, petty quarrels, carping, nerves. I want to do my duty by all three, but when I

Europe Needs Our Old Clothes

Millions of people in war-devastated areas are in urgent need not only of food but of clothing. Until factories can be set up in these nations, we in this one country that has not suffered devastation must give of our surplus. Infants' garments, particularly knit goods are urgently needed, as well as serviceable blankets and quilts. It is suggested that pieces of matching cloth and a spool of thread be included with garments whenever possible. Usable remnants are also wanted



"He outwits his teachers and me..."

A STEPMOTHER'S WOES

The second wife's position—almost always delicate, is especially difficult when her war-weary husband comes home to stay. Every returned soldier goes through a period of irritability, fault-finding and restlessness before he settles back into the old ways again.

When there is a child by the first marriage in the situation, the unhappy stepmother has a hard time indeed. Whatever she does is wrong. She is too strict or too lenient, or she feeds the child improperly, or sends him to the wrong school, her neurotic husband complains.

The best way out of this problem, Miss Norris advises, is to let this father take entire charge of his son for a while. He will then find out what a hard job it is to rear a willful little boy. This responsibility will help the veteran to forget himself and to recover his sense of proportion.

see Austin spoiled and good little Deirdre ignored, when I hear nothing but criticism, it is really hard to bear. Austin takes the attitude that a wiser mother would not have these troubles, and perhaps he is right. I want to show him every consideration, but I confess I am a failure, and stumped, and don't know what to do."

Let Papa Deal With Son.

Austin will gradually be restored to normality if all causes of friction are removed from the domestic scene, and the easiest and quickest way to remove them is to surrender to his father full responsibility for David. Reduce yourself to an amiable onlooker. If David won't eat and won't go to school, don't even report it to Austin; let your husband see it for himself. Let the child sit up as late as he likes, always being amiable and kind, and wait for the first corrections to come from the man of the house. Let him play hockey until the teacher comes to complain. Ignore his affection of not having any appetite at meals, and reduce your relationship with him to amusing and affectionate companionship.

Several other cases of exactly this type have come to my notice in the past few years; the prevalence of divorce of course has created many of them. In every case which I have known, this aloof, friendly, unconcerned attitude taken by the stepmother happily solved the problem for all concerned. In most cases the right school was found for the difficult child.

"He's your son, Austin. I only want him to love me," is the unanswerable argument.

Europe Needs Our Old Clothes

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Little Kid

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

MRS. HASTINGS woke with a start. She lay in the dark, feeling her heart pound while she mentally routed the fear remaining from her nightmare. Outside the wind mournfully hummed a lonely song of summer midnight. A storm was brewing: they would all need light blankets. Mrs. Hastings reached for her robe on the chair beside the table.

Then she remembered the quarrel with Frankie. Not a quarrel, really, for her first-born carried his 16 years in a manner that would not permit of bickering. But he had been resentful when she chided him for buying her a bottle of perfume with the money he had earned on his first Saturday of helping at the corner grocery.

Frankie was a fine, splendid boy to think of his mother when he received compensation for his first job. But she wanted him to learn the value of money, to realize that at this time there were more important things than luxuries. At the supper table, however, when she saw his stormy, sullen face she knew she had been cruel not to withhold her criticism until he had tasted all the sweetness of his gesture.

Mrs. Hastings tiptoed into Jackie's room. She covered him, and as she looked down at the child she recalled Frankie at that age. He was sensitive and highstrung even then. How many, many hours he had spent in the lonesome, sparsely furnished spare room on the third floor, banished there to reflect upon his moody willfulness! It seemed but yesterday. Mrs. Hastings kissed Jackie and left noiselessly.

Softly she opened the door of Frankie's room and peeped in. His bed was empty, its spread unruined. She turned abruptly and hurried back to her own room. The hands on the clock pointed to 12:45. Mrs. Hastings was frightened. Frankie wasn't the type to stay out late just because his father was away on a business trip. He had left the house early in the evening to go to a show with Tim Strong and Joe Dietrich. But now it was nearly one o'clock!

What if Frankie were in some hospital, calling for her? There was no telephone in the house; she couldn't be reached. What if his injured feelings had spurred him to hurt her by running away? And there were so many young boys joining the armed services...

Jackie would be safe alone for a short time. Mrs. Hastings went to her bedroom and dressed. A few minutes later she hurried to the Dietrichs' house in the next block. It was dark, and Joe, when he was awakened by his father in answer to Mrs. Hastings' imperative knock, only increased her anxiety. "Tim and I left Frankie at the corner hours ago, Mrs. Hastings," the boy said sleepily. "Gosh, I hope nothing's wrong!"

"Thanks, Joe," said Mrs. Hastings. She wanted to run, hard and fast, anywhere. "No, nothing's wrong."

Nothing wrong? Mrs. Hastings stood on the sidewalk in front of the house. There was only one thing to do; one place to go. She lowered her head to the gathering storm and started. She ran a block, then walked, then ran until she reached the police station, breathless and filled with dread. The interview with the desk sergeant was brief and grim. He was polite, cold and detached. Mrs. Hastings steered herself for a blow at the officer glanced through reports.

But there was nothing there for her, not even hope, for now Frankie was alone somewhere, beyond her help. Mrs. Hastings escaped to the clean air outside. Frankie, Frankie...

She let herself into the house. Tormented, her nerves ragged, she all but collapsed into a chair. If only she had been more understanding!

A footfall in the upper hallway startled her. "Jackie?" she called, trying to keep her voice calm. "What is it, dear?"

"I'm cold. I want a blanket."

Mrs. Hastings rose quickly. "Frankie!" she cried, running up the stairs. "Frankie, where have you been?"

The boy kept his eyes averted from her tearful smile. He rubbed one hand through his tousled hair and plucked at the leg of his pajamas in embarrassment. "In the spare room," he said in a low voice. A glimmer of recollection came to Mrs. Hastings.

"Remember how you used to send me up there to shame me out of my putting?" Frankie asked self-consciously, grinning up at his mother. "Well—aw, tonight I acted like a kid when you explained about my present, and I felt pretty cheap about it all evening. You were in bed when I came home, and I thought maybe I could square myself for acting the way I did if I went up to the third floor. Silly, I guess—I'm sorry, Mom, honest. Gosh, do you suppose I'll ever grow up?"

Laughing, her voice unnaturally high, Mrs. Hastings held Frankie close. Yes, he would grow up. He had grown that night, and she was thankful that he had matured enough to treat himself like a little kid—her little Frankie—for the first time.

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, swelling gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medication by the name of Carboil. No laxative. Half-an-hour brings comfort to 99% of double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all druggists.

KEEP LITTLE HURTS LITTLE

Combat infection danger in minor skin eruptions by cleansing with soap and water, then applying Carboil. Carboil—5¢ at drug stores, or write Spurrlock-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

CARBOIL SALVE

SNAPPY FACTS about RUBBER

Gulf Coast oil-producing companies use a rubber-tired vehicle called a "marsh buggy." It is equipped with tires 120 inches in diameter and with 33-inch cross-sections. The OPA set price ceilings at \$1,075.15 for casings and \$328.34 for hubs.

Hawaii is currently producing very small amounts of natural rubber. It is the only free rubber being grown under the American flag except for experimental plantings in Florida.

Undamaged tire plants in Belgium and France that have fallen into the hands of the Allies are to be put to work retooling truck tires for Army vehicles which would otherwise have to be discarded.

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Buy War Bonds

PAZO for PILES

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PAZO IN TUBES!
Millions of people from simple Pile, have found prompt relief with PAZO ointment. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment contains infamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried portions, prevents cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and soothe irritation. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple and thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment.

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Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO comes in handy suppositories also. The same soothing relief that PAZO always gives!

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acts fast on the kidneys

—to ease painful bladder irritation caused by excess acidity in the urine

Thousands are thanking DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT for helping them to remove the cause of needless "getting up at night." For this pure botanical medicine, acts quickly to increase the flow of urine... helps relieve backache, run-down feeling, unaccountable irritability of bladder irritation. SWAMP ROOT is a scientific preparation. A combination of carefully blended herbs, roots, vegetables, balsams. Absolutely nothing harsh or A-S-K forming when you use Dr. Kilmer's medicine. Just good ingredients that get to bring you new comfort!

Send for free, prepaid sample TODAY! (A few dollars of others you'll be glad that you did.) Send name and address to Department C. Kilmer & Co., Inc., 1255, Standard, Conn. Offer limited. Sample of each. All druggists sell Swamp Root.

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Wells News

Mrs. Homer Simpson, reporter

Mr and Mrs Laleon Jordan and Mrs. V. J. Jordan visited with her daughter, Mr and Mrs. Dewey Greenwood of Smire, Texas over Saturday and Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Hobart Jordan visited with W. J. Jordan Saturday night and Mrs. Joe McLaurin, Mrs. L. J. Barrett, Bryan Gene McLaurin and Harold Jenn Franklin left Sunday for a few days visit at Ruidosa, N. M. Mr and Mrs McLaurin went on business.

Mr and Mrs Lee Norwood and sons visited in the home of Mr and

Mrs L. J. Barrett and Mr and Mrs Adrien Pendleton and family the past week end.

Mrs. J. W. Simpson and sons have been visiting friends and relatives of the Wells Community.

Mrs. W. P. Pool underwent an operation at a hospital in Lubbock. Due to complications she isn't improving much. We hope our next report will be better.

Mrs Raymond Bates and family spent Monday in the home of Mrs. W. A. Simpson.

Mr and Mrs Elmer La Grone returned Friday night from their home in New Mexico. Mr. LaGrone returned Saturday and Mrs. LaGrone and Leola returned Tuesday.

We regret their moving from our community.

Mr and Mrs Robert Weatherby and family had lunch with Mr and Mrs. Tom Nelms Sunday.

Mrs. Nola Bolch and son Charles Ray spent last week with her mother of Stanton. Her brother is home on a furlough.

Mr and Mrs Bart and daughter of Bakerfield California spent the day with Mrs. W. A. Simpson Thursday while on their way to visit their relatives in New Mexico and Amarillo.

noon for the Story Hour and also recreation. Games will be played on the Church lawn that they will enjoy.

"Youth Nite" is every Friday night. A fine group of young people enjoyed a most pleasant evening last week, and they will have the same privilege Friday night of this week. All young people are invited to attend these recreational features.

The Church School is having larger attendance. The interest is good and the work is commendable. Classes for all age groups meet in their respective places every Sunday morning at 10:00. Come and let us share these good things with you. A hearty welcome to each and everyone. Edward H. Crandall, Pastor.

A group of relatives met at the home of Mr and Mrs G. G. Vaughn last Sunday and spent the day together. Each family brought a well filled basket and at the noon hour all spread dinner which was greatly enjoyed. Those present were: Mr and Mrs T. M. Pearce, and family, Mr and Mrs J. M. Vaughn, Mr and Mrs. Hornaday McLaurin, Mrs. Emma Pearce, Mrs. Ella McLaurin, Mr and Mrs. Homer Vaughn and son of Bronte, Mr and Mrs. L. D. Parke, and family of Lubbock, Mr and Mrs. Mah McLaurin and Gary, Mr and Mrs. Dallas Vaughn and family, Mrs. Phillie Vaughn, Mr and Mrs. Cecil Pearce and family, and Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Vaughn, Owen and Effie.

Mr and Mrs Homer Vaughn and Jack of Bronte visited his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. M. Vaughn last week end.

Man's fondness may be for wet goods; but it's not any stronger than woman's fondness for dry goods.

Many Thanks...

As of this week I am moving to Pecos, Texas where I will be employed by the Government.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the fine business afforded me during the period I have been in business here. In the future I may have further business announcements.

AGAIN, MANY THANKS —
— When in Pecos come to see me.
J. D. Fairly

Ceiling Prices On Cars To Be Reduced

Ceiling prices for used passenger cars — sold either by dealers or private owners — will be reduced four per cent on July 1st in accordance with the "Rollback" provisions of the used car price regulation. Price Administrator Chester Bowles announced. Also to be reduced 4 per cent on July 1st are charges allowed for extra equipment on used cars such as heaters, radios and other inbuilt items having additions to base selling prices.

George, Don and Homer Dan Vaughn visited their grand parents M and Mrs G. G. Vaughn last week

**ALWAYS --
QUALITY MERCHANDISE
At The Lowest Possible Price**

Bicycle Tires and Tubes

Air Compressor, Monark Batteries, Steel Flex Rings, Tail Pipes, Truck Flares, 1-3 & 1-2 horse power single phase electric motors, Seal Beam Light Adapters, Car Fans Fog Lights, Electric Drills etc.

**O'Donnell
Auto Supply**

Boyd Smith, Owner
"THE STORE WITH A FRIENDLY WELCOME"

Berry Flat News

Miss Fern Morris and niece of Ft Worth have been visiting Mr and Mrs. T. W. Long and family the past week.

Miss Thelma Elanch Parker arrived home last Thursday night from New Mexico where she has been teaching. She will spend the summer here.

Mr and Mrs Mrs. S. A. Mensch and Faye visited in Lubbock Sunday evening.

George Parker of Abernathy is visiting with J. H. Parker.

Wanda Henderson returned Saturday from Lubbock where she has been visiting her aunt.

Cecil Lee Henderson and brother, who has been overseas, visited H. Henderson over the week end.

Mrs. Millie Williams was carried to a Lamesa hospital Saturday for treatment after having a stroke early that morning.

Mrs. Phinny tested pressure cookers at Mrs. Dick Simpson's last Tuesday. Four cookers were tested. A number of women attended this meeting.

Billie Wes Jones spent Thursday evening with Minnie Le'better.

A summer home was given to Mrs. J. H. Parker Saturday night.

Sunday was regular preaching day at Berry Flat. A large number attended.

Sidelights From Washington

By George Mahon

Prediction here as to the end of the war in the Pacific range from thirty days to three years, but several factors make the date of final victory wholly unpredictable. It is certain that Japan will be subjected to bombing of unheard of intensity and devastation, exceeding by far the bombings of Germany. Logic would dictate an early surrender by Japan if she is to save some of her cities and industries; but the Japs do not operate on the basis of logic.

Our Army at the peak for the two front war was 5,399,000. With Germany out of the war, the question is often asked, "Why do we need a seven million man army to defeat Japan?" We probably don't but the War Department is unwilling to take chances. The War Department claims that the largest Army will admit of more effective rotation policies, more frequent relief for combat soldiers. General Marshall himself is credited with saying that we will lose fewer lives with a 7 million man army than with a smaller army. The Jap Army is reported to be about 4 1-2 million.

Mr. Anderson, who is renouncing from Congress to become Secretary of Agriculture, has considerable first hand knowledge of our West Texas farm problems. He has traveled across our district many times enroute from his home in New Mexico to the East.

Freight rates equalization which we have fought for in the South and West for years is partly realized as a result of recent decisions by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Our Southwestern producers and consumers will profit by the decision. Also in the post-war period industry will have the greatest incentive in our history to develop in the Southwest.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
"FATHER'S DAY"— a day of national observance will be observed with appropriate service next Sunday morning. The sermon subject for the morning will be "A Father's Responsibility." This is a timely theme. This message is for all men in general and fathers in particular. There will be special music. A trumpet duet will be played for effect. All fathers of our Church and those of the community not objected elsewhere are most cordially invited to this service.

The Children and Young People are taking good interest in the special meetings for these groups. The Children meet every Monday after-

Liddell's

Frank ** Irene ** Gwyn

We invite our O'Donnell friends to come by and visit with us when they are in Lamesa.

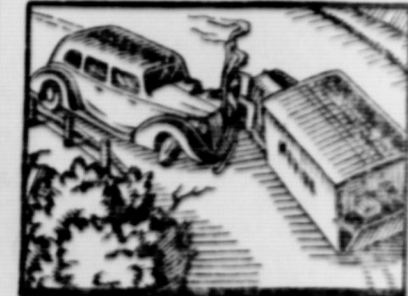
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USE YOUR FOOD POINTS WISELY BY SHOPPING HERE .

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Someone Must Pay

NOBODY ever wants to be financially liable for a smashup! But when two cars collide, someone must pay for the damage done. The cost of accidents comes much higher than the cost of insurance!

LET this agency protect you with Automobile insurance that fills every requirement.

WAGGONER Insurance Agency

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Don't Forget Father on Sunday

Father's Day June 17th
Shirts, Ties, Hats, Trousers, Shoes
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O'Donnell Bargain STORE
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1 BUY GOOD CHICKS
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IF IT'S MILK YOU WANT... Balance YOUR GRAIN WITH COW CHOW SUPPLEMENT

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Custom Grinding
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BRING US YOUR GRAIN

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Coollest Spot In Town
That's Our
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That's What our Customer's Tell Us

Featuring - -
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Whitsett DRUG STORE
"Nothing But The Best"

This is BIG!

Our armies, our navy of all the supplies that

That's why you are the toughest War Loan Drive NOW! Your fighting dollars help pay for fighting equipment your individual quota of quota is larger—because it Drives in one—but remember don't give, you invest. You War Bonds, and more!

Buy more War Bonds now bigger sacrifices for victory

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Vast Damage by Holland Flood

50,000 Acres Under 15 Feet Of Water After Nazis Blow Up Dike.

WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY, HOLLAND. — Air photographs have shown for the first time the full extent of the disastrous flooding by the Germans of the northwest polder of the Netherlands. What had been a 50,000-acre belt of rich farm lands now is a great black sheet of water 15 feet in depth.

Not a house or a tree or a road is to be seen—except for a few dark blotches to mark where some houses are 2 to 3 feet beneath the surface. No living thing could have survived this torrent that swept in from the IJsselmeer (Zuider Zee) when the Germans dynamited the great main dike.

No Warning Given. In this polder lived 15,000 Dutch farmers. There is nothing to indicate that the Germans gave them any warning or that there was any large-scale evacuation. This was one of the world's most modern farming communities. The polder was won from the sea in 1930 and planned settlement began immediately. The individual farms were laid out neatly and houses, churches and schools were put up to provide a model farming community.

For 15 years the development went on. In 15 minutes the Germans crased it. Now the waters of the IJsselmeer are where they were in 1930, beating against the old sea wall. At any moment the Germans could lose them over additional hundreds of thousands of acres.

Air photographs taken a few hours after the great dike was blown show the waters flowing through the gaps and sweeping relentlessly across the polder. There is no sign of life any where, and only the broken main dike, which is 12 feet above sea level, remains to show that there ever was such a thing as the northwest polder.

Other Sections Flooded. Some 600,000 cubic meters of water cover the land and the whole of West Holland lay at the mercy of the Germans at this writing. Already a total of 1,000,000 acres of farmland lies under the water released by the Germans.

The flooding along the rivers east of Amsterdam is quite different from that in the north, and the waters are only one or two feet deep. Most houses still are habitable, due to the present low level of the Lek, Waal and Meuse (Maas) rivers, which so far has frustrated the German attempts to flood completely the famed Dutch "water lines."

It is difficult to grasp the full implications of the disaster facing the Netherlands, as each new flood eliminates additional food producing areas.

So far the Germans have not blown a gap in the great causeway across the mouth of the IJsselmeer, but they have made demolitions on the roadway on top of the causeway, presumably to block any attempt the Allies might make to get across.

War Dog and Master in Same Ward in Hospital

LUZON, P. I. — In a surgical ward of an American army field hospital attached to the 25th division, you will find in adjoining beds Cpl. Frank R. Oliver of Shinnston, W. Va., and Skipper of the war dog platoon.

Oliver has shrapnel in a leg, arm and shoulder, while Skipper has a bullet wound through his lower jaw.

The war dog was trained to be suspicious of strangers, and hospital attendants could do nothing with him until they moved his master, Corporal Oliver, into the next bed. Now both are well on the road to recovery.

Oliver and Skipper are veterans of Aitape, Morotai and Luzon fighting. Skipper is a 3-year-old German Shepherd Airedale.

Find Duce's Brain Was Ordinary, Health Fine

MILAN — Only one-third of Mussolini's brain was saved from the fury of the Milan mob, Italian medical authorities said. The remaining segment showed no remarkable characteristics, they said.

Prof. Mario Cattabeni, director of the medical institute of the University of Milan, who carried out the first autopsy of Mussolini's body, said that the Duce was in exceptionally good health and might well have lived to be 150 years old.

Cattabeni said that Mussolini had no ulcers and no symptoms of cancer, thus denying the 20-year-old rumor that the dictator was an ailing man.

The professor also denied current reports that Mussolini was suffering from paresis.

Bread and Water Is Cure for Prisoners

RUPERT, IDAHO. — Two hundred forty-five German prisoners of war, after two days on a bread and water diet, have returned to work in southern Idaho fields.

Forty others, described as "ringleaders" in the no-work strike, remained in the guard-house with plenty of water, but "not too much" bread.

Fishermen Thrive As Prices Advance

Shortage of Meat Nets Big Profits for Fleets.

CHICAGO. — Despite wartime shortages of crews and equipment, the men who go down to the sea in ships are netting the greatest profits of their careers these days as a meat-starved public becomes acquainted with codfish, yellowtail, sole, halibut, shrimp, crabs, oysters and a dozen other products of the deep.

Even eels are being consumed by citizens unable to get steaks, chops, and roasts. And shark meat is a steady seller on the Chicago market, 4,943 pounds of shark filets being among the 6,774,000 pounds of fish on last month's Chicago dinner tables. Last year's fish consumption in Chicago was 66,660,468 pounds, or nearly 20 pounds per inhabitant.

Fishermen's crews have been depleted by the demands of the merchant fleet and by the lure of high wages in war industries, and the fishing fleets have lost trawlers and druggers to the navy, says the Chicago Tribune.

Despite these handicaps the remaining fishermen managed to boost the national production total from 4 billion pounds in 1943 to 4.4 billion pounds in 1944.

Where the fisherman makes his biggest profit, however, is in the upward spurt of prices. Most areas of the country do not have ceiling prices on fish, with the result that many housewives are paying more for fish than they used to pay for choice steaks.

Many restaurants — and patrons, too — pay trout prices for catfish. Others pay for a certain size shrimp but receive a smaller size on which the ceiling is lower.

Dumping of fish because of lack of demand, which was common in the Chesapeake bay area as late as 1942 — no longer is practiced. Grocers and chain stores snap up available supplies. One national chain is reported buying three times as much seafood as it did a year ago.

Legless, She Wins License To Fly Her Own Airplane

ADEL, GA. — Mrs. Alverna Babbs, 26, is legless, walks on her hands. But she flies an airplane, and, having a private pilot's license, she plans to fly from Georgia to California soon.

Instructors at the airport here say Mrs. Babbs is in no way handicapped as a pilot.

She flies a light monoplane controlled entirely by the hands. On the ground she refuses and services her plane.

She has been legless since she was 13 months old as the result of an automobile accident.

"A physical handicap is more of the mind than of the body," she says.

Prescription Good for Life Followed by WAVE

CHICAGO. — A WAVE's trip to the infirmary for treatment of a cold ended in an unusual prescription. The "doctor" advised a trip to the altar.

Beverly A. Gross, 21, a WAVE yeoman, and Doyle A. Crum, 23, pharmacist's mate, of Salix, Iowa, met last January when Beverly called at the sick bay of the Navy's V-12 unit at Northwestern university.

Yesterday they were married by Judge Oral P. Tuttle of Harrisburg, sitting in marriage court. The bride is stationed with the medical detachment. Crum is a veteran of Bougainville and Guam.

Loss of Furlough Irks Nazi Captive in Germany

ON THE RHINE. — A German prisoner was taken before Capt. Heister Drum of Mifflinville, Pa., to ask a favor.

"What is it?" asked the busy captain.

"You have interrupted my furlough when you arrive," griped the prisoner tearfully. "I still had three days to go. It was my first furlough in six years. Please, can I stay free for three more days—then I come back and be your prisoner?"

"Take him away," said Drum, red with anger.

British Women Toughen Up for War Relief Work

CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND. — A number of British women between the ages of 22 and 41 — peacetime school teachers, stenographers and secretaries — are undergoing a "toughening up" course in England's lake district here to enable them to become official relief workers in liberated parts of Europe. They are sleeping in tents and on the wooden floors of empty barns.

"Moms" are dotting mothers who keep their children from learning how to meet actual conditions of living, he said in a lecture. Some times, he added, "Pop is the Mom."

Kathleen Norris Says: The Other Woman's Child



"Austin will gradually be restored to normality if all causes of friction are removed from the domestic scene."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"MY HUSBAND came back from air service in England three months ago," writes Margaret Jones from Canada. "He was four years in active duty and eleven months in a hospital. His injury was cranial, and is entirely cured. When he left, his son by a previous marriage, David, was two years old, and I was expecting my first baby.

"I was my husband's office nurse, at the time of his first wife's death, and we had discovered a deep affection for each other. This was, however, kept completely under control. I am telling you the exact truth when I say that, after the one first talk when we admitted our feelings, not one word or look passed between us that could be criticized. His wife was a delicate and nervous woman, and whether she actually took an overdose of sleeping tablets, or whether a normal dose was too much for a weak heart, never was ascertained. The coroner called it death from accidental causes. A few months later Austin and I were married, little David accepting his new mother very placidly.

"Then Austin went off to war and Deirdre was born—a lovely, sweet-tempered little girl and I lived very quietly during the first war years, I managing to do part-time work, and to clear the mortgage from our little home and Austin's mother living with us and managing house and children. She has now gone to live with a daughter.

Unmanageable David. "There was the usual rejoicing when Austin returned, and he was fortunately able to assume his old work at an even higher salary, so that we could be quite comfortable if it were not for David, now nearly seven. He is a strange, unmanageable little boy, with something uncanny in his instinct for annoying and outwitting his teachers and myself. I seem to be eternally correcting him, or complaining of him, a position in which I hate to find myself. I've always liked children, and for our two I've always tried to plan intelligently, forgiving much, not hearing impudence, not forcing issues, substituting the pleasant positive for the disagreeable negative when I could.

"Austin criticizes my attitude toward David. Austin has come back in a nervous, irritable mood hard to endure, but it is mostly where David is concerned that the trouble arises. David will not eat his dinner, do his homework, go to bed, take his bath when I ask him to. I try good-natured coaxing, give him five more minutes, remind that he can float his submarine in the bath, cook what he likes. He will never cooperate, and Austin blames me, and sides with the child. To make it worse, my husband reverts to the past, thinks that perhaps Elsie did kill herself, perhaps she discovered the affection between us, perhaps he was the real cause of her death.

"All this has turned our home into a place of discomfort, petty quarrels, carping, nerves. I want to do my duty by all three, but when I

A STEPMOTHER'S WOES

The second wife's position—almost always delicate, is especially difficult when her war-weary husband comes home to stay. Every returned soldier goes through a period of irritability, fault-finding and restlessness before he settles back into the old ways again.

When there is a child by the first marriage in the situation, the unhappy stepmother has a hard time indeed. Whatever she does is wrong. She is too strict or too lenient, or she feeds the child improperly, or sends him to the wrong school, her neurotic husband complains.

The best way out of this problem, Miss Norris advises, is to let his father take entire charge of his son for a while. He will then find out what a hard job it is to rear a willful little boy. This responsibility will help the veteran to forget himself and to recover his sense of proportion.

see Austin spoiled and good little Deirdre ignored, when I hear nothing but criticism, it is really hard to bear. Austin takes the attitude that a wiser mother would not have these troubles, and perhaps he is right. I want to show him every consideration, but I confess I am a failure, and stumped, and don't know what to do."

This is one of the many postwar cases that demands the ultimate in self-control, patience—and humor. Yes, I mean humor, for Margaret is taking this much too hard. It is impossible to undo in a day or a week, or even a year, the mischief done by war conditions and home compromises.

Let Papa Deal With Son.

Austin will gradually be restored to normality if all causes of friction are removed from the domestic scene, and the easiest and quickest way to remove them is to surrender to his father full responsibility for David. Reduce yourself to an amiable onlooker. If David won't eat and won't go to school, don't even report it to Austin; let your husband see it for himself. Let the child sit up as late as he likes, always being friendly and kind, and wait for the first corrections to come from the man of the house. Let him play hooky until the teacher comes to complain. Ignore his affection of not having any appetite at meals, and reduce your relationship with him to amusing and affectionate companionship.

Several other cases of exactly this type have come to my notice in the past few years; the prevalence of divorce of course has created many of them. In every case which I have known, this aloof, friendly, unconcerned attitude taken by the stepmother happily solved the problem for all concerned. In most cases the right school was found for the difficult child.

"He's your son, Austin. I only want him to love me," is the unanswerable argument.

Europe Needs Our Old Clothes

Millions of people in war-devastated areas are in urgent need not only of food but of clothing. Until factories can be set up in these nations, we in this one country that has not suffered devastation must give of our surplus. Infants' garments, particularly knit goods are urgently needed, as well as serviceable blankets and quilts. It is suggested that pieces of matching cloth and a spool of thread be included with garments whenever possible. Usable remnants are also wanted.

Little Kid

By WILLIAM J. MURDOCH
McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Features.

MRS. HASTINGS woke with a start. She lay in the dark, feeling her heart pound while she mentally routed the fear remaining from her nightmare. Outside the wind mournfully hummed a lonely song of summer midnight. A storm was brewing; they would all need light blankets. Mrs. Hastings reached for her robe on the chair beside the table.

Then she remembered the quarrel with Frankie. Not a quarrel, really, for her first-born carried his 16 years in a manner that would not permit of bickering. But he had been resentful when she chided him for buying her a bottle of perfume with the money he had earned on his first Saturday of helping at the corner grocery.

Frankie was a fine, splendid boy to think of his mother when he received compensation for his first job. But she wanted him to realize that at the value of money, to realize that at this time there were more important things than luxuries. At the supper table, however, when she saw his stormy, sullen face she knew she had been cruel not to withhold her criticism until he had tasted all the sweetness of his gesture.

Mrs. Hastings tiptoed into Jackie's room. She covered him, and as she looked down at the child she recalled Frankie at that age. He was sensitive and highstrung even then. How many, many hours he had spent in the lonesome, sparsely furnished spare room on the third floor, banished there to reflect upon his moody willfulness! It seemed but yesterday. Mrs. Hastings kissed Jackie and left noiselessly.

Softly she opened the door of Frankie's room and peeped in. His bed was empty, its spread unruined. She turned abruptly and hurried back to her own room. The hands on the clock pointed to 12:45. Mrs. Hastings was frightened. Frankie wasn't the type to stay out late just because his father was away on a business trip. He had left the house early in the evening to go to a show with Tim Strong and Joe Dietrich. But now it was nearly one o'clock!

What if Frankie were in some hospital, calling for her? There was no telephone in the house; she couldn't be reached. What if his injured feelings had spurred him to hurt her by running away? And there were so many young boys joining the armed services.

Jackie would be safe alone for a short time. Mrs. Hastings went to her bedroom and dressed. A few minutes later she hurried to the Dietrichs' house in the next block. It was dark, and Joe, when he was awakened by his father in answer to Mrs. Hastings' imperative knock, only increased her anxiety. "Tim and I left Frankie at the corner hours ago, Mrs. Hastings," the boy said sleepily. "Gosh, I hope nothing's wrong!"

"Thanks, Joe," said Mrs. Hastings. She wanted to run, hard and fast, anywhere. "No, nothing's wrong."

Nothing wrong? Mrs. Hastings stood on the sidewalk in front of the house. There was only one thing to do; one place to go. She lowered her head to the gathering storm and started. She ran a block, then walked, then ran until she reached the police station, breathless and filled with dread. The interview with the desk sergeant was brief and grim. He was polite, cold and detached. Mrs. Hastings steered herself for a blow at the officer glanced through reports.

But there was nothing there for her, not even hope, for now Frankie was alone somewhere, beyond her help. Mrs. Hastings escaped to the clean air outside. Frankie, Frankie.

She let herself into the house. Tormented, her nerves ragged, she all but collapsed into a chair. If only she had been more understanding! A footfall in the upper hallway startled her. "Jackie?" she called, trying to keep her voice calm. "What is it, dear?"

"I'm cold. I want a blanket."

"Frankie!" she cried, running up the stairs. "Frankie, where have you been?"

The boy kept his eyes averted from her tearful smile. He rubbed one hand through his tousled hair and plucked at the leg of his pajamas in embarrassment. "In the spare room," he said in a low voice. A glimmer of recollection came to Mrs. Hastings.

"Remember how you used to send me up there to shame me out of my mothering?" Frankie asked self-consciously, grinning up at his mother. "Well—aw, tonight I acted like a kid when you explained about my present, and I felt pretty cheap about it all evening. You were in bed when I came home, and I thought maybe I could square myself for acting the way I did if I went up to the third floor. Silly. I guess—I'm sorry, Mom, honest. Gosh, do you suppose I'll ever grow up?"

Laughing, her voice unnaturally high, Mrs. Hastings held Frankie close. Yes, he would grow up. He had grown that night, and she was thankful that he had matured enough to treat himself like a little kid—her little Frankie—for the first time.

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back
When excess stomach acid causes painful, swelling gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—Carboil. Carboil is in liquid form in tablets. No laxative. Double money back on return of label to us. See at all drugstores.

KEEP LITTLE HURTS LITTLE

Combat infection danger in minor skin eruptions by cleansing with soap and water then applying Carboil, a soothing, antiseptic salve. Carboil—50¢ at drug stores, or write Spruick-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.
CARBOIL SALVE

SNAPPY FACTS

about RUBBER

Gulf Coast oil-producing companies use a rubber-tired vehicle called a "marsh buggy." It is equipped with tires 120 inches in diameter and with 33 1/2-inch cross-sections. The OPA set price ceilings at \$1,073.15 for castings and \$328.34 for tubes.

Hawaii is currently producing very small amounts of natural rubber. It is the only tree rubber being grown under the American flag except for experimental plantings in Florida.

Undamaged tire plants in Belgium and France that have fallen into the hands of the Allies are to be put to work retreading truck tires for Army vehicles which would otherwise have to be discarded.

Buy War Bonds

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

PAZO for PILES

Relieves pain and soreness
PAZO IN TUBES!
Millions of people suffering from simple Piles, have found genuine relief with PAZO ointment. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried particles, prevents cracking and soothes. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment is performed in a few minutes. Consult your doctor, or through your nearest drug store, for a PAZO sample. See your doctor for a PAZO SUPPOSITORIES TOO!
Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO comes in handy suppositories, too. The same soothing relief that PAZO always gives.
Get PAZO Today! At Drugstores

FAMOUS DISCOVERY acts fast on the kidneys

— to ease painful bladder irritation caused by excess acidity in the urine

Thousands are thanking DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT for helping them to remove the cause of acidities "getting up at night". For this pure herbal medicine, originally created by a practicing physician, acts quickly to increase the flow of urine... helps relieve backache, run-down feeling, uncomfortable symptoms of bladder irritation. SWAMP ROOT is a scientific preparation. A combination of carefully blended herbs, roots, vegetable juices, and other medicinal ingredients. **SWAMP FORMING** when you use Dr. Kilmer's medicine. Just good ingredients that all need to bring you new comfort! Get Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT today! Buy it now! See thousands of others who'll be glad that you did. Send name and address to Department C, Kilmer & Co., Inc., 1255, Stamford, Conn. Offer limited and ends at once. All druggists sell Swamp Root.

NEW! Women's IMPORTED MEXICAN Play Shoes

Hand Crafted RATION FREE

GUARANTEED ALL-LEATHER IN NATURAL COLOR FOR OUTDOORS AND HOUSES

EASY TO FIT SIZES 1 TO 11

\$1.95 PAIR

Write or call Columbia 2 PAIRS \$3.75
TEXAS FOOTWEAR COMPANY, DEPT. P. O. Box 655, Dallas, Texas

Wells News

Mrs. Homer Simpson, reporter

Mr and Mrs Laleon Jordan and Mrs. V. J. Jordan visited with her daughter, Mr and Mrs. Dewey Greenwood of Smiley, Texas over Saturday and Sunday.

Mr and Mrs Hobart Jordan visited with W. J. Jordan Saturday night and Mrs. Joe McLaurin, Mrs. L. J. Barrett, Irvan Gene McLaurin and Harold Jean Franklin left Sunday for a few days visit at Ruidosa. N. M. Mr and Mrs McLaurin went on business.

Mr and Mrs Lee Norwood and sons visited in the home of Mr and

Mrs L. J. Barrett and Mr and Mrs Adrien Pendleton and family the past week end.

Mrs. J. W. Simpson and sons have been visiting friends and relatives of the Wells Community.

Mrs. W. P. Pool underwent an operation at a hospital in Lubbock. Due to complications she isn't improving much. We hope our next report will be better.

Mrs Raymond Bates and family spent Monday in the home of Mrs. W. A. Simpson.

Mr and Mrs Elmer La Grone returned Friday night from their home in New Mexico. Mr. LaGrone returned Saturday and Mrs. LaGrone and Leola returned Tuesday.

We regret their moving from our community.

Mr and Mrs. Robert Weatherby and family had lunch with Mr and Mrs. Tom Nelms Sunday.

Mrs. Nola Boich and son Charles Ray spent last week with her mother of Stanton. Her brother is home on a furlough.

Mr and Mrs. Part and daughter of Bakerfield, California spent the day with Mrs. W. A. Simpson Thursday while on their way to visit their relatives in New Mexico and Amarillo.

Berry Flat News

Miss Fern Morris and niece of Ft Worth have been visiting Mr and Mrs. T. W. Long and family the past week.

Miss Thelma Flanch Parker arrived home last Thursday night from New Mexico where she has been teaching. She will spend the summer here.

Mr and Mrs Mrs. S. A. Mensch and Faye visited in Lubbock Sunday evening.

George Parker of Abernathy is visiting with J. H. Parker.

Wanda Henderson returned Saturday from Lubbock where she has been visiting her aunt.

Cecil Lee Henderson and brother, who has been overseas, visited H. Henderson over the week end.

Mrs. Millie Williams was carried to a Lamesa hospital Saturday for treatment after having a stroke early that morning.

Mrs. Phinay tested pressure cookers at Mrs. Dick Simpson's last Tuesday. Four cookers were tested. A number of women attended this meeting.

Billie Wes Jones spent Thursday evening with Minnie LeChetter.

A special business meeting was given Mr and Mrs. J. H. Parker Saturday night.

Sunday was regular preaching day at Berry Flat. A large number attended.

Sidelights From Washington

By George Mahon

Prediction here as to the end of the war in the Pacific range from thirty days to three years, but several factors make the date of final victory wholly unpredictable. It is certain that Japan will be subjected to bombing of unheard of intensity and devastation, exceeding by far the bombing of Germany. Logic would dictate an early surrender by Japan if she is to save some of her cities and industries but the Japs do not operate on the basis of logic.

Our Army at the peak for the two front war was 8,399,000. With Germany out of the war, the question is often asked, "Why do we need a seven million man army to defeat Japan?" We probably don't but the War Department is unwilling to take chances. The War Department claims that the largest Army will admit of more effective rotation schedules, more frequent rest for combat soldiers. General Marshall himself is credited with saying that we will lose fewer lives with a 7 million man army than with a smaller army. The Jap Army is reported to be about 4 1-2 million.

Chief Anderson, who is resigning from Congress to become Secretary of Agriculture, has considerable first hand knowledge of our West Texas "boom" problems. He has traveled across our district many times enroute to his home in New Mexico to the East.

Freight rates equalization which we have fought for in the South and West for years is partly realized as a result of recent decisions by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Our southwestern producers and consumers will profit by the decision. Also, in the post-war period industry will have the greatest incentive in our history to develop in the Southwest.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
"FATHER'S DAY"—a day of national observance will be observed with appropriate service next Sunday morning. The sermon subject for the morning will be "A Father's Responsibility." This is a timely theme. This message is for all men in general and fathers in particular. There will be special music. A trumpet duet will be played for offertory. All fathers of our Church and those of the community not affiliated elsewhere are most cordially invited to this service.

The Children and Young People are taking good interest in the special meetings for these groups. The Children meet every Monday after-

Liddell's

Frank ** Irene ** Gwyn

We invite our O'Donnell friends to come by and visit with us when they are in Lamesa.

Buy Wisely

ONE OF YOUR IMPORTANT JOBS IS FOOD CONSERVATION. EVERY POUND OF FOOD IS SO VITAL TO VICTORY.

USE YOUR FOOD POINTS WISELY BY SHOPPING HERE.

SEE US FOR — GROCERIES, FRUITS, VEGETABLES AND MEATS WE BUY YOUR EGGS

Top prices guaranteed

Goad's Food Market

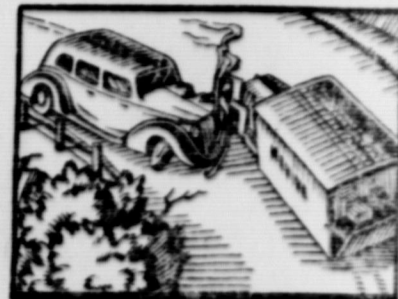
noon for the Story Hour and also recreation. Games will be played on the Church lawn that they will enjoy.

"Youth Nite" is every Friday night. A fine group of young people enjoyed a most pleasant evening last week, and they will have the same privilege Friday night of this week. All young people are invited to attend these recreational features.

The Church School is having larger attendance. The interest is good and the work is commendable. Classes for all age groups meet in their respective places every Sunday morning at 10:00. Come and let us share these good things with you. A hearty welcome to each and everyone. Edward H. Crandall, Pastor.

Mr and Mrs. W. M. Stout from Sulphur Springs are visiting her sister, Mrs. L. E. Daniel and brother, J. E. McGregor and other relatives here this week.

Tom Moore underwent an appendectomy operation at Lamesa last Friday. He is doing very well.



Someone Must Pay

NOBODY ever wants to be financially liable for a smashup! But when two cars collide, someone must pay for the damage done. The cost of accidents comes much higher than the cost of insurance!

LET this agency protect you with Automobile insurance that fills every requirement.

WAGGONER Insurance Agency

Across Street from Bank O'Donnell Phone 140

A group of relatives met at the home of Mr and Mrs G. G. Vaughn last Sunday and spent the day together. Each family brought a well filled basket and at the noon hour all spread dinner which was greatly enjoyed. Those present were: Mr and Mrs. T. M. Pearce, and family, Mr and Mrs J. M. Vaughn, Mr and Mrs. Hornaday McLaurin, Mrs. Emma Pearce, Mrs. Ella McLaurin, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Vaughn and son of Bronco, Mr and Mrs. L. D. Parker, and family of Lubbock, Mr and Mrs. Mah McLaurin and Gary, Mr and Mrs. Dallas Vaughn and family, Mrs. Phillie Vaughn, Mr and Mrs. Cecil Pearce and family, and Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Vaughn, Owen and Effie.

Mr and Mrs Homer Vaughn and Jack of Bronco visited his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. M. Vaughn last week end.

Man's fondness may be for wet goods; but it's not any stronger than woman's fondness for dry goods.

Many Thanks...

As of this week I am moving to Pecos, Texas where I will be employed by the government.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the fine business afforded me during the period I have been in business here. In the future I may have further business announcements.

AGAIN, MANY THANKS —

— When in Pecos come to see me

J. D. Fairly

Car Price Cuts To Be Reduced

Ceiling prices for used passenger cars — sold either by dealers or private owners — will be reduced four per cent on July 1st in accordance with the "Rollback" provisions of the used car price regulation. Price Administrator Chester Bowles announced. Also to be reduced 4 per cent on July 1st are charges allowed for extra equipment on used cars such as heaters, radios and other inbuilt items having additions to base ceiling prices.

George, Don and Homer Dan Vaughn visited their grand parents, Mr and Mrs G. G. Vaughn last week

Don't Forget Father on Sunday

Father's Day June 17th
Shirts, Ties, Hats, Trousers, Shoes
Sport Shirts, Hose

O'Donnell Bargain STORE
H. Clemage

Carroll Grocery and Market Phone 132

Lobby Carroll

ALWAYS -- QUALITY MERCHANDISE
At The Lowest Possible Price

Bicycle Tires and Tubes

Air Compressor, Monark Batteries, Steel Flex Rings, Tail Pipes, Truck Flares, 1-3 & 1-2 horse power single phase electric motors, Seal Beam Light Adapters, Car Fans Fog Lights, Electric Drills etc.

O'Donnell Auto Supply
Boyd Smith, Owner
'THE STORE WITH A FRIENDLY WELCOME'

START RIGHT with ALL THREE

1 BUY GOOD CHICKS 2 FEED GOOD FEED 3 KEEP CHICKS CLEAN

IF IT'S MILK YOU WANT... Balance YOUR GRAIN WITH COW CHOW SUPPLEMENT

PUT ON POUNDS QUICK AND THICK WITH HOG CHOW

Custom Grinding HIGH QUALITY Field Seeds Highest Prices for Wheat & M lo
BRING US YOUR GRAIN

O. C. McBride & Sons
J. L. SWOPE, Mgr.

Coollest Spot In Town

That's Our Soda Fountain

That's What our Customer's Tell Us

Featuring - - **Bell and Pangburn's Ice Cream**

Whitsett DRUG STORE
'Nothing But The Best'

This is BIG!

Our armies, our navy of all the supplies that's why you are the toughest War Loan Drive NOW! Your fighting dollars help pay for fighting equipment your individual quota of drives is larger—because it's in one—but remember don't give, you invest. Buy War Bonds, and more!

Buy more War Bonds now bigger sacrifices for victory

BUY BIGGER IN THE MIG

O'Donn

See Us For Your Canning Needs

Fruit Jars: Pints, Quarts, 1-2 gallons
Cans: Sizes 2 and 3

Lard Cans, Pie Pans
Lawn Chairs, Cane Bottom Chairs

Perfection Oil Ranges;
Butane Water Heaters
Sinks, Lavatories & closet combinations

FARM SUPPLIES

Sweeps 4 in. to 30 in.; knives
Barrell Pumps, Grease Guns
Electric Fence Chargers
Poultry netting, hog fencing, chicken
fence, barb wire, hail screen, and

We Have Pipes and all Plumbing Needs
Auto Accesories and Parts

Singleton Appliance

Most Complete Stock in West Texas

GIFTS for Father

On Father's Day June 17

A Complete Selection

Agent For Flowers

Corner Drug

BERNIE FRALIN

A Complete Selection of FURNITURE

We Can Save You Money. Visit Us

Marshall Furniture Co

CROP INSURANCE PLAN DESCRIBED

Letters have gone to all producers with cotton crop insurance in the district from the office of W. Y. Wells, administrative officer of the A. A. A. at Lubbock, regarding collection of insurance on crops this year.

Wells said he had been advised by the district insurance adjuster, and by the State Crop Insurance supervisor that a determination will have to be made after it is too late to replant cotton in case a loss occurs.

The survey will be conducted to see that normal farming operations have been carried out on any insured farms.

Wells' letter explains that in case cotton is dry planted normal farming operations will be deemed carried out if the crop is planted in a workmanlike manner and a majority of the uninsured producers are carrying out similar practice, or dry planting. Farmers who have dry planted or intend to do so, and who have a loss may prepare a statement showing the loss, Wells said. This report will be passed on by the insurance adjuster and if determined that normal farming operations have been carried out, as stated above, farmers will receive an indemnity.

Farmers are further advised that the insurance premium is earned by the insurance corporation when the cotton is planted and that the cotton must be planted BEFORE any insurance is in effect.

Wells said that he felt it doubtful that any indemnity would be paid to any producer who dry plants and has a loss because of failure to secure a stand of cotton.

MORE GASOLINE FOR CIVICS IN JUNE

Victory in Europe has made possible an increase supply of gasoline for civilian motorists. The value of "A" coupons will be increased from four to six gallons on June 22 when Coupon A-16 becomes valid. "B" card ceilings will be raised to 650 miles per month uniformly over the country on June 11. The increase in the B ceiling will not mean more gasoline to all B-users, however. Both B and C rations are based on the individual needs of the car owner. A person who needs only 200 miles a month for home to work driving, for example, will continue to receive a B ration of 200 miles.

BRIDGE PARTY

Miss Beth Walters entertained the Ace High Bridge Club in the home of Mrs. J. P. Bowlin Thursday night. High score was won by Mrs. Milford McMurtry and a low score by Mrs. O. G. Smith, Jr. and bingo went to Mrs. Maek C. Bradley. Delicious refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake and punch were served to the following: Mesdames Floyd Thompson, Maek C. Bradley, Milford McMurtry, O. G. Smith, L. E. Robinson, Jr., James Bowlin, Misses Lometa Robinson and Margaret Garner.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of thanking our many friends for their help and kindness shown us in the loss of our dear husband, father, and step-father. We thank those who had part in sending food and the lovely flowers. Our prayer is that you may have such friends in your hour of sorrow. Mrs. E. J. Beasire and family. 1tp

SAVE — Your Waste Paper!

REX

Theatre

Evening Show

Evenings, 7:45
Starts 8:00
Five Closes 10:00

2:00—Starts 2:15

7:30—Starts 7:45

Pal Wolf

Seeing Nellie Home

Mon. June 17-18

Sheridan - Alexis

Smith In

Dough Girls

Box News - Comedy

Friday, June 19th

Chaney In

Mummy's

Curse

Unlucky Dog

Thurs. June 20-21

Warner Bro.'s Stars

Hollywood

Canteen

Paramount News

Sat. Mat June

22 - 23

Renaldo In

KID RETURNS

Mystery Island No 2

Comedy —

WANT ADS

FOR SALE: One table model Electric washer with wringer. See Stansell Jones.

FOR SALE: One Farmall M 4-row tractor, good condition. See ALTO BARNES, O'DONNELL 1tp

For Rent: Two large rooms, very reasonable see Mrs. I. M. Wright.

LOST: A WHITE GOLD frame pair of glasses somewhere in town. Reward, see Mrs. I. M. Wright.

FOR SALE: One 250 pound Duroc

Male HOG, a beauty. For information see Index office 2 1 p.

FOR SALE — 5 Room Modern house north part of town see A. P. Hobby, Phone 102

LOST: One dining room Chair, seat upholstered in floral tapstry. Lost between O'Donnell and Tahoka REWARD, Mrs. R. E. Hardberger, L. I. O'Donnell.

SEE OUR GRADE THREE Tires Today. Good condition. No certificates required. No repair job too big or too small. Brock & Hancock

SAVE — Your Waste Paper!

Folks You Know

BACK IN STATES

Miami Beach. — 1st Lt. W. S. Oats, 22, of O'Donnell has arrived at Army Air Forces Redistribution Station in Miami Beach for reassignment processing after completing a tour of duty outside the continental United States. Lt. Oats flew 35 combat missions as bombardier on a B-17 Flying Fortress heavy Bomber in the European theatre of Operations for which he was awarded the Air Medal with five oak leaf clusters. He is the son of Mr and Mrs William C. Oats of O'Donnell.

Please send or mail us your news — this is your newspaper! Use it!

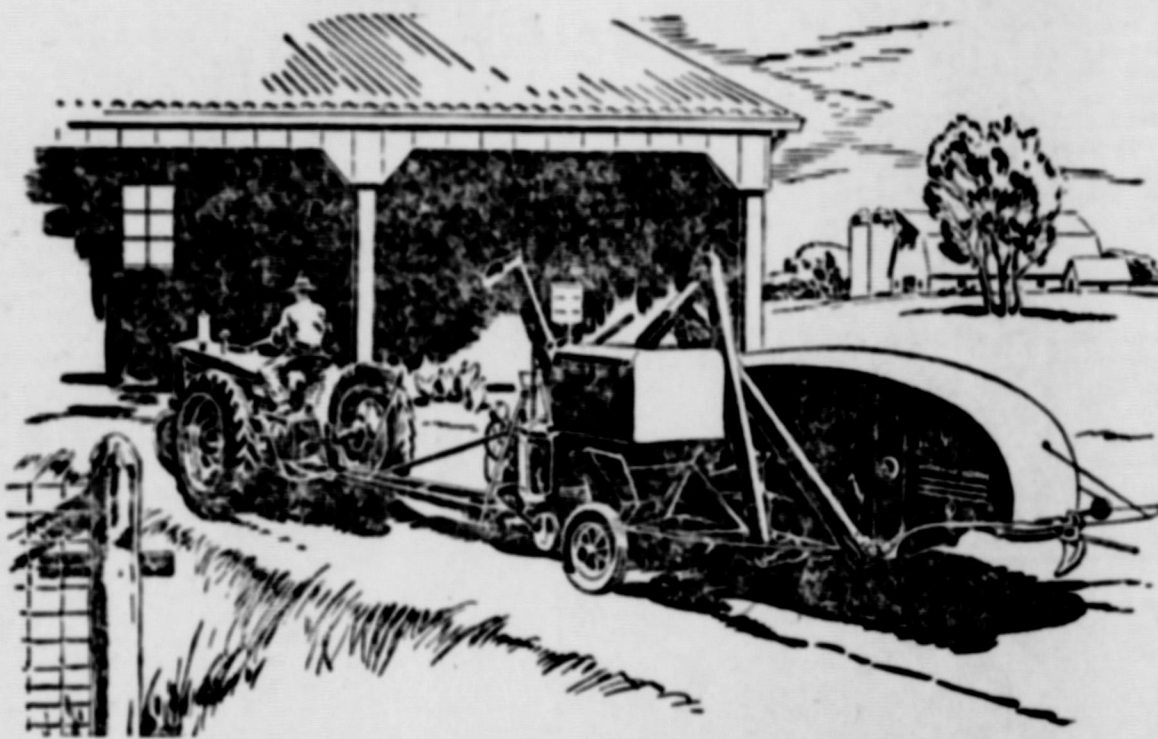
Lead on, thou open road!



What a relief when you can dash for the mountains again! — the seaside! — the mystic desert! You'll go with new spirit. . . . And so will your car, the moment you can fill 'er up with NEW-DAY CONOCO BRONZ-Z-Z GASOLINE — new in power — new in high-octane. Largely, these improvements will be derived from our war-winning gasolines. And to those we have applied knowledge from research that will mean latest-type gasoline for you, with the coming of NEW-DAY CONOCO BRONZ-Z-Z. Continental Oil Company

Your gasoline today

Go to Your Conoco Mileage Merchant's station for it. Then you'll know it's made to be every bit as good as the regulations now permit. Just be sure of your Station Identification — that big red Conoco triangle. Where you see it you'll know you can buy with confidence.



Farmers: If It Rains in next few days --

There will be someone at the store day & NIGHT until you get your Crop Planted so get your Planter Repairs anytime

Cream Separators, Oils & Greases, Broadcast Binders
Grease Guns, Mufflers for Tractors, Tractor Seats and Cushions,
Luberfiners and Packs, 4 & 5 foot knives, 2 & 4 row planters, 2 row
Cultivators, Batteries, Funnels, Buster Wings and Beams, Tractor
Guides, Drag Box Planters, Plenty of tractor and planter repair parts
2 row binder, Tractor Tires, & Knife Head Attachment.
Plenty of ICE WATER: Come In and get a drink.

Your FRIENDLY International Dealer

O'Donnell Implement Co.

CHARLEY CATHEY — A. K. WILLIAMS

Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA
W.N.U. FEATURES



THE STORY THUS FAR: Flicka's colt, long overdue, is born on Goose Bar ranch, high in the Rockies. Ken McLaughlin, Flicka's 12-year-old owner, is startled to see that the colt is white, and evidently a throwback to the Albino, a wild horse that is Flicka's grandsire. Rob McLaughlin, Ken's father, rides out to bring the banner, the stallion. With him go Colonel Harris and Charlie Sargent, millionaire horse breeder. Colonel Harris gets a wild ride. Later the party gets its first glimpse of the white colt. Nobody likes it but Ken. His mother, who names the horses, first calls it the Goblin, but later changes to Thunderhead for Ken's benefit. Ken tries to keep faith in his horse.

CHAPTER VI

They went down to dinner. "And now," said Rob genially, "Ken's got something to tell us. He's going to tell us who is really the sire of that white foal up in the corral."

Ken had thought he was prepared for it, but it was a shock all the same, and unpleasant feelings went through him. He couldn't find words. His mind was in a fog.

"The sire!" exclaimed Harris, astonished. "Why, what's this? I thought Banner was the sire of all your foals."

"Not that one," grinned Rob. "Your mare is perfectly safe, Mort. You'll have a fine little sorrel colt—dead ringer for Banner—when she foals next summer. I told you, Banner breeds true. Sorrels. Like as peas in a pod."

"Hah!" exclaimed Charley. "You're crawling. Just because you've got a throwback, you're going to disown it! Didn't think it of you, Rob!"

"Come on, Ken," said Rob, "who is the sire of that little goblin up there?"

Ken, without turning around, jerked his head and elbow in the direction of Charley Sargent. "That big black stud of his!"

"Whose?" "Mr. Sargent's."

"Ouch!" shouted Sargent. Then, "Do you let him tell whoppers like that, Rob? Or is he given to pipe dreams?"

Rob was as astonished as anyone. "Appalachian, Ken?"

"Yes, sir." "Why, he doesn't even know Appalachian," shouted Sargent. "Ken—did you ever see him? He's never been off my ranch, and that's twenty miles away."

"Ken answered, 'He's that big black stallion with three white socks and a white star between his eyes. He hangs out in that little draw by the quakin' asp and the box elder where the fence crosses your line. Twenty miles away by the highway, but about eight miles of straight riding across country. Only one gate to go through, and your buck fence to take down.'"

There was a shocked silence. Then, as Ken's words sank home, Charley Sargent jumped to his feet. His long brown face was serious for once, his big hat a little awry, a frown between his brows.

"I don't believe it! It couldn't be! Why—that little misbegotten pup up there—son of Appalachian!" In two strides he reached Ken, seized him by the shoulder and yanked him up.

"Stand up here," he set the boy on the low wooden table facing them all.

Ken's face was a little pale, but his dark blue eyes looked at his father without flinching.

"Come on, Ken," said Rob, "let's have the story. I'll begin it for you. A year ago last spring we decided Flicka should be bred."

"No, sir, it was the fall before that. About Thanksgiving time. You and mother said we'd breed Flicka as soon as she was old enough and get a foal."

"That's right. I remember now. You and Howard were home from school for the Thanksgiving weekend."

"Yes. And when we went back to school, all winter long I was thinking about that. And when I came home for the spring vacation at Easter, you remember you let me start working with Flicka and riding her a little, because she was just exactly two years old and strong and well-grown. And you said I was light enough so it wouldn't hurt her back any. And I worked her out with the blanket and surcingle and began to ride her. And during that vacation you remember the time you took me in to town with you and we met Mr. Sargent and had dinner with him at the Mountain Hotel?"

And he was talking about his stud, about Appalachian. And bra—well, praising all the colts he had had from him—"

Ken paused, looking interrogatively at his father, and Rob grinned.

"Yes, I remember. He praised 'em. It's a habit he's got."

Harris laughed and Sargent's hand pinched Ken's shoulder a little harder and he said, "Get on with your story, young man."

"Well, so you see—when I went back to school after that Easter vacation I was thinking about Appalachian."

"The hell you did!" said Charley. "Well—" with some eagerness, "what did you think of him?"

"Oh," Ken's voice rose in enthusiasm, "just what you did! I agreed with all the proud things you said about him!"

"Thank you for that, son!" "And what then, Ken?" asked Rob.

"Well, that was about the time to breed Flicka. And you told me to see to it."

Rob's eyes narrowed and glanced away as he tried to remember. Neil nodded. "I remember that, Rob. You had moved Banner and the brood mares up onto the Saddle Back. There were just the saddle mares in—Flicka and Taggart. And you told Ken it was his responsibility, and that when she came around he was to take her to the stallion."

Rob nodded. "I remember. Well, Ken?"

Ken's words came with a struggle. "Well you see, I had been thinking and thinking about Appalachian, because we wanted Flicka's foal to be a racer, and Banner was never a racer. And when I remembered all Mr. Sargent had said about him, and every colt he had got by him, why then—why then—"

"Well?" prompted Charley. "Well, when she came in heat, I just rode her over there one day—it took me most of the day—and put her in the pasture with Appalachian—and when she was bred I rode her home again. That's all."

There was silence for a moment as Ken finished his recital. Suddenly Harris burst out laughing. Howard stared in open-mouthed awe at his younger brother. The stunt itself was nothing to the secrecy with which it had been concealed for more than a year. It was a faculty

of the mind, not of the body.

Ken began to breathe again and glanced at his father to see if there were to be any penalties from that quarter.

"If Mr. Sargent forgives you the debt, Ken, I've got nothing to say."

"Here comes the Goblin now!" exclaimed Howard.

Gus had let the horses out of the corral and pasture and Flicka and her foal and Taggart and the geldings were coming to water at the round stone fountain in the middle of the Green.

The men and boys went down to look at them more closely.

"That's a beautiful mare," said Charley, looking at Flicka's glossy golden coat, her full, flaxen tail and mane, and the gentleness and intelligence in the golden eyes she turned to them. She mouthed the cool water, letting streams of it run from her muzzle, then turned her head to her foal again.

"Dad," said Ken miserably, "is he—really—so awful?"

Rob hesitated. "Well, Ken, nobody could say he has good conformation. He is shaped like a full-grown horse, a bronc at that. He'll have to change a good deal."

"But he will, dad! He'll grow!" "He'll have to grow in some spots and shrink in others. That just heads!"

Ken looked at the head. It was certainly too large. It had a terribly stubborn look.

"Hi, fellah!" said Charley to the foal, then turned to Ken. "Well, you win, Ken. I believe your story. Your Goblin is by my Appalachian, and if you want papers, you can have them."

"I can only have half papers, sir, because Flicka only has half papers."

"You oughtn't to have any papers at all with a stolen service, Ken," said his father.

"I'll waive that," said Charley. "Do you realize, Rob, that this little Goblin has Appalachian for a sire, Banner for a grandsire, and the Albino for a great grandsire? That ought to be enough T.N.T. to bust him wide open."

Winter again. Blizzards. Wild storms. Days of terrible loneliness and fear with Rob out in weather when a man should be safe beside his own fire—perhaps on the highways hauling feed in the truck, and the day passing—hours crawling past with no sign of him returning. Then night coming on. She'd be standing by the north window at the far end of the house looking out into the darkness, watching. For what? What could you see in the inky blackness? Or even if it was daylight what could you see but snow falling and falling, white as a winding sheet? You could see the lights. The two big headlights of Rob's truck coming, way off on the ranch road. You could catch them soon after the truck left the Lincoln Highway, lose them when they curved in near the woods, then catch them again before they came down the hill. Lights boring through the darkness coming slowly down the hill with a load of oats or baled hay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Charlie gulped down the drink Rob poured for him and as Rob filled the other glasses, held his out again.

"Hope this won't make you take to drink, Charley," said Harris dryly. "Brace up! Lots of people have family secrets to hide!"

"We won't give it away, Charley," chuckled Rob.

Charley didn't even hear them. He threw off his hat and ran one hand distractedly through his hair. "Maybe it didn't take," he exclaimed suddenly. "Maybe, later on in the summer she was bred by some other stallion. That's it!" he said excitedly. "You said the colt came months later than you expected!"

But Ken shook his head. "She was never out on the range again. You see, that was the first summer I had been able to do much with her or ride her at all. She was a two-year-old. And I had her down here in the stable or the home pasture all summer so that she would be well schooled by the time I had to leave the ranch in the fall. And there weren't any other stallions around."

Nell nodded. "That's true. She was underfoot all summer. Ken did everything but have her in the kitchen."

"I did have her in the kitchen, Mother! Remember the time you put the oat bucket in the kitchen sink, and I called her in, and she walked right in and went all around the kitchen, looking at everything and smelling it, and then ate her oats at the sink?"

"Look here, Ken," said Rob, "do you realize that you stole that service? You heard what Mr. Sargent said at dinner—that the stud fee for Appalachian is \$250.00."

"I've always told you, Ken," his father rubbed it in, "that you cost me money every time you turn around."

"Cost you money?" "Well—you owe that money to Charley here and you can't pay it."

"No, sir." "Someone's got to pay it."

"I should say—ay-ay not!" exclaimed Charley. "If that's the Appalachian's foal, you owe me for nothing. On the contrary, I owe Ken an apology. And the nice little mare too."

"If we have to wait for the conviction of all these war criminals before we can get German labor," suggested Reparations Chief Pauley, "we may have to wait a year. Meanwhile, there may not be enough Germans to repair the damage in France and Russia."

Pauley also made the point that he had been charged by the President with the handling of reparations and, therefore, would have to make the final decision himself after his arrival in Europe. After further discussion, however, Pauley agreed to accept Justice Jackson's opinion in principle, namely, that only convicted war criminals could be used as prisoner labor. This leaves the whole question pretty much up in the air.

However, it has been hinted that Justice Jackson will endeavor to indict groups of Germans as a class. In other words, he may try the Gestapo as a group, not individually, and decide that every member of the Gestapo automatically is a war criminal. This probably will be done with Hitler's SS Elite corps. Whether a blanket indictment will also be lodged against the Nazi party remains to be seen.

TRAINING FILMS DESTROYED. The army doesn't want it known, but it has a new way of handling one type of surplus property. In the case of training and orientation film, it burns old prints. According to a survey made by movie experts, old films last summer were being burned at the rate of 225 tons weekly at Astoria, N. Y.

Meanwhile other government agencies, schools and universities are anxious to buy these outmoded prints from the army. In fact, the U. S. office of transportation had to spend \$60,000 of the taxpayers' money to make 10 new reels of its own when the army refused to sell it the army's excellent series of 20 reels for the training of auto mechanics.

Sen. Francis Myers of Pennsylvania, Democrat, has just written Maj. Gen. Harry Inghes, chief of the signal corps, demanding an explanation.

The making of training films and orientation films by the army has been a major operation. Thousands of subjects have been turned out at a tremendous outlay, and production schedules have been more crowded than those of any Hollywood studio.

The films have proved remarkable training aids, with officers claiming that they cut at least in half the length of time needed to teach men such things as first aid, etc.

CAPITOL CHAFF Aviation enthusiast Rep. Jennings Randolph has introduced a bill authorizing the government to repay employees for the use of their private airplanes on government business—just as is now done with automobiles and motorcycles.

Wyoming's capable Senator Joe O'Mahoney has quietly started a study of the disposal of surplus war plants. He wants to insure maximum use of our national productive capacity after the war and the stimulation of small business.

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

DREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GERMAN PRISON LABOR Officials are keeping very mum about it, but the entire question of using German prison labor to rebuild Russia and France has been thrown into a new controversy by a secret opinion rendered by Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, who has taken over U. S. prosecution of war criminals.

Justice Jackson wrote his opinion to U. S. Reparations Chief Ed Pauley, stating that in his opinion compulsory German labor should not be used to rebuild France and Russia unless they have been convicted of war crimes.

"It is not my business what is to be done with reparations," Jackson wrote, "but this would largely destroy the moral position of America in this war. . . . Compulsory labor," he continued, "should be required only for convicted war criminals."

Jackson went on to point out that German labor "drifting out of Russian concentration camps in the future would tell tales of horror" which, even if exaggerated, would "arouse sharp condemnation in the United States." He urged, therefore, that German labor not be used for reparations until they had been convicted of war crimes. He indicated that members of the Gestapo and the SS Elite guard undoubtedly were war criminals as a class, but the every member of the Nazi party might not be classified as a war criminal.

Following Justice Jackson's bombshell, a hurried meeting was called in Secretary Morgenthau's office, attended by Ed Pauley, Assistant Secretary of State Will Clayton, the army, navy, FEA, and other interested government agencies. Secretary Morgenthau vigorously protested this new development.

It was pointed out by some that the use of German prison labor had been agreed to at Yalta by President Roosevelt himself and, therefore, could not be changed.

"If we have to wait for the conviction of all these war criminals before we can get German labor," suggested Reparations Chief Pauley, "we may have to wait a year. Meanwhile, there may not be enough Germans to repair the damage in France and Russia."

Pauley also made the point that he had been charged by the President with the handling of reparations and, therefore, would have to make the final decision himself after his arrival in Europe. After further discussion, however, Pauley agreed to accept Justice Jackson's opinion in principle, namely, that only convicted war criminals could be used as prisoner labor. This leaves the whole question pretty much up in the air.

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J. W. ARCHER WRITES

(Ed. note: Following is a reprint sent the Index by the Bill Archers. Following is the note their son Pvt. J. W. Archer wrote on the reprint: "Mother, they might like to print this in the home town paper as there are lots of West Texas boys in this outfit. Good night and I hope I

have nice dreams of home and the states tonight" Thanks — J. W. for thinking of the home town paper. We have found our service men and women so very thoughtful of their home-town papers. Come to see us!) With the 96th Div. on Okinawa— In war there isn't much to remind one of a fairy tale. I have seen few lovely princesses in the Pacific, particularly those of the common or native variety; I have met no necromancers, if there ever were Cinderellas in Okinawa the Japs must have got them, coaches an dall. The frogs are similar to those at home, raucous and

monotoned, hardly likely to be the bewitched sons of proud and lordly potentates, brought to their low estate by having wands waved over them. But in the last month, from L-Day on, I have been conscious of mysterious influences at work — or magic. I have watched while perhaps 15 thousand men, accustomed to the guerilla tactics and innumerable patrol actions of the Philippines, were hammered on the hard unyielding anvil of adversity into a force capable of facing the best armies in the world.

In a stubborn ridge on the outskirts of a ghost village, whose kimonos-clad, clog-shod inhabitants had fled, the 96th Division, green from the States last July, had been blooded, had come upon its testing and had stood immovable thru desperate days and death-haunted nights. In the month now at an end these middle-western youngsters, without military tradition, with no ambition except to get it over, had vested their colors with immortality. Whenever the 96th is mentioned in times to come people will think of this strange island, with its tomb-studded hills and its vistas so like and yet so unlike vistas of home.

Pere American boys, raised on baseball rather than bullets, threw back the best that Japan could offer — Hirohito's finest, most heavily armed troops, who when the time were not enough. Here, ten thousand miles from their homes and home towns, the youngster next door and the kid down the street demonstrated that fanaticism and stolidity and cunning were no match for ideals. I thought that you folks, with sons, husbands, brothers and sweet hearts in the 96th might want to know what they had been doing.

— By Hixson Denton of Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

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Price Fixing
Lancashire is the name of a county in England, studded with many milling towns, some large, some small. Liverpool, once the world's leading cotton market, is in Lancashire. In fact, the very word Lancashire, from long usage in the colorful language of tradespeople, has come to mean the English cotton textile industry, just as Detroit means the automobile manufacturing business to us.

Lancashire used to be prosperous. Her mills are small in contrast to what Americans think about when they speak of a cotton mill, but they long provided work and income for thousands of thrifty subjects of the Crown, until something went wrong. Now Lancashire is having her troubles and is just beginning to learn what they are. At the bottom of them is government tinkering and price fixing.

Seeking Solutions
Some time ago the British cotton textile industry sent an investigating committee to the United States to find out a few things. The committee had three facts in hand: (1) American mills were turning out better cotton cloth than the English mills, (2) American goods were selling everywhere for less than the British could afford to accept, and (3) American mill workers were twice as well paid as the English.

It seemed bad enough that better goods at lower prices were taking away England's used-to-be, world-wide markets. It was worse that Lancashire's labor troubles increased on account of too many half-paid workers. Mill owners couldn't get along without the workers but couldn't pay them what they were worth. The problem was to find out how Uncle Sam kept Lancashire fenced in.

They Found Out
Here are some of the things they learned: English mills are small and have about one process apiece while American mills are large and perform a lot of different processes. The English laborers did considerable work by hand, such as American mills do by machinery to gain volume. English mills turn out less material per man-hour than American mills; from 18% to 67% less.

In America a small number of workers supervise the operation of a large number of machines, spinning, weaving and finishing, all in one big factory. In Britain cotton is spun in one factory, woven in another and finished in a third. Lancashire producers of cotton cloth buy and sell endlessly among themselves. Each operator does his part and ships his unfinished work to some other mill.

Government Fixing
"One point in Lancashire's problem," says the London Times, "is the harsh necessity for some of the most inefficient firms to be eliminated." The government fixes prices and ignores incompetence so poor operators can make a profit. In other words, John Bull holds an umbrella over a frozen price structure that would melt down to an honest level under the warm sunlight of competition.

Competition sharpens the wits of American management. Investors and their business executives know that continuous operation is cheaper than batch work; know there is more to be earned with low prices and small margins than by big profits on a few sales. They know volume production requires good equipment which, in turn, helps workers do more and earn more. Fixed cotton prices in America will finally give us a dose of Lancashire.

One can improve a pinch of salt immeasurably by dropping it into a large glass of beer— Oh, we mean grape juice.

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William Edward Singleton says they are slicing ham so thin now days that it has only one side. Ever stop to wonder where the taxpayer gets all the money the county politicians take away from him?

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