

The Paper With The Best Coverage Of Its Trade Territory--Unequaled By Any West Texas Weekly

O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has
The Cotton, Grain
Poultry, Cream

21 Years A
Star For The
Donnell Area

Vol. 22, No. 27

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, Mar. 9, 1945

82 Per Year

Local Soldier Is Awarded Medal



Cpl. Harold T. Gibson

**AWARD TO ACCOMPANY
GENERAL ORDERS**
A bronze Star is awarded to Harold T. Gibson, Cpl., F.A., 726th Field Artillery, who while serving with the Army of the United States distinguished himself by meritorious service during the period Nov. 8, 1944 to Dec. 25, 1944 in France. As a section corporal, Cpl. Gibson showed outstanding devotion to duty in serving the howitzer in heavy mud and rain. He has worked hard to prepare the ammunition and get it to the piece in time to accomplish the mission properly. His shown initiative and foresight in helping to prepare ammunition pits and field experience at howitzer position. As a result of excellent manner in which he performed his job, his section has been able to deliver fire with accuracy when it has been called upon. Note: Cpl. Gibson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Gibson of this area. Congratulations, Harold.)

BIRTHDAY

Luther McMillan of O'Donnell was hostess Sunday, March 4th to some fifty guests, relatives and friends honoring her husband on his birthday. Mrs. McMillan had as his honored guests his four brothers, A. A. of Lamesa, Henry, Arthur and Alvin O'Donnell. They are the sons of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McMillan and daughters, Velma and Mrs. and Mrs. Osmen Jackson children, all of Hermleigh. Mrs. B. Fodges and son, Mr. and Mrs. Parks Singleton and children (Lubbock); Miss Elree McMillan of Lamesa; Mr. and Mrs. Ross F. of Big Springs. Mrs. C. D. Dress and sons and Mesdames Mr. Alvin, and Leslie McMillan Mrs. Amanda Tidwell, all of Lamesa.

Plan to attend all the services from Sunday morning on thru the week. Our interest and prayer is for a GREAT revival in O'Donnell during these days. Edward H. Randall, Pastor.

FIELD SEED, good, bad and worse SAUL'S FEED and SEED STORE
Mrs. Whitmore and Mrs. Jim-Eason of Big Springs visited Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wimberly Monday.

Mrs. Morrison of Seattle, Washington is here on furlough before going home.

Spring Revival Opens At Methodist Church

The REVIVAL at the First Methodist Church is the event of greatest importance to us. The Services for the general public begins Sunday with the 11:30 o'clock service.



Rev. R. L. Flowers

Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Flowers are here and will lead our forces in all he services. They are specialists in the work of Evangelism. Their work has proven the most efficient in all parts of the country. They work in the North, South, East and West of our Nation. Their messages are appealing, instructive, inspiring and helpful to all people who hear them.



Mrs. R. L. Flowers

We cordially invite all Christian people of the community to attend and cooperate in this revival. Especially do we invite the unconverted to attend. They are both very pleasing personalities and preachers of unusual ability. To hear them is to love and appreciate them.

A special feature of the work thru next week, beginning Sunday, is the STORY HOUR for children in the afternoons at 4:45 or immediately after school closes. All children are especially invited to these services. Then there will be the Young People Meeting each evening at 7:45. ALL young people of the community are cordially invited to attend these special meetings.

The services for the four nights of this week, beginning Wednesday, are of the various groups. Everyone belonging to these groups are urged to attend.

Plan to attend all the services from Sunday morning on thru the week. Our interest and prayer is for a GREAT revival in O'Donnell during these days. Edward H. Randall, Pastor.

FIELD SEED, good, bad and worse SAUL'S FEED and SEED STORE
L. C. C. Nunnally and wife of Canyon left Tuesday for Washington after visiting their parents. Mr and Mrs. Charlie Nunnally for a week.

Telephone Co. Is Sold Last Week

Lubbock Telephone Man Buys Here

One of the largest exchanges of business property in recent months was made last week of the O'Donnell Telephone Company to Bill W. Davis of Lubbock. Bills of sale were transferred last Monday by W. T.



Bill W. Davis

Huff, owner of the company since 1928 and represented a reported amount near \$20,000.00. Davis took charge immediately.

Mr. Davis is an experienced man in the telephone business having been associated with Southwestern Bell Company for the last twenty years in various capacities. Mrs. Davis, an operator of fifteen years experience, will supervise the operators.

The Davises are Baptists and have moved to O'Donnell and are living in the Telephone Company's office residence.

On behalf of O'Donnell the Index-Press extends a cordial welcome to our new friends and business people and assure them that we are pleased to have them with us. We hope that their life spent with us will result in a wealth of treasured friendships. Bill has big plans for his company but many improvements must be necessary until the end of the war. However, he is going ahead with improvements as he gets materials.

PEOPLE URGED TO AID THE S. HOOL CENSUS

This is the month for school census. Due to shortage of labor the census is being taken thru the school again this year. We would appreciate everyone cooperating and helping to get everyone enumerated. If your child has not been enumerated by March 15th, please notify one of the teachers at school and we will make arrangements to get them. Anyone that will be 6 and not over 18 by Sept. 1, 1945 should be enumerated. The District needs all the scholars, so please notify someone if you have anyone in your family or on your farm to be enumerated. We especially solicit your aid if you have Mexicans or negroes on your place.
S. F. JOHNSON, Supt.

Billy Is Fighting With 1st Army



Pfc. William D. Stubblefield

Pfc. William D. Stubblefield, son of Mr and Mrs. C. W. Stubblefield, is with the First Army fighting in Germany as an Infantryman assigned to a Bazooka gun crew. William is 26 years of age last August and finished school here. He entered the army March 1st, 1944 and spent 17 weeks basic training at Camp Roberts, Calif. He was home for a visit last July before leaving the States August 17th of last year.

William has a sister, Wanda Ruth and two brothers, C. W., Jr. and Charles.

Last December he wrote that one time he was in a fox hole for four days and nights and his clothing was frozen to his body. He is the only Texas boy in his division. On Dec. 28th he went to a rest camp and saw his first picture show since arriving overseas. One treasure of Mr and Mrs Stubblefield is a spinning wheel that Bill sent home.

Recently, Feb. 14th, he had the thrill of meeting his uncle, Sgt. Monroe Holcomb.

Good Hunting, Bill, and hurry home.

J. C. Brantley and Ernie Boothe left Wednesday for Fort Ord, Calif. after visiting with home folks here for a week.

L. D. Bingham is home from Ft. Petersburg, Florida with a medical discharge from the merchant marines.

J. C. Swinney had his tonsils removed Tuesday.

Mesdames Levi Nobles and Lydia Hancock were Lubbock visitors Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Fralin and Mrs. James Fletcher were Lubbock shoppers Monday.

FIELD SEED, good, bad and worse SAUL'S FEED and SEED STORE

Hang On To Those Bonds

A Marine in a sniper's post on a Jap-infested island had been doing his job, and doing it well. Suddenly his superior officer whispered from behind him: "Buddy, you'll have to give me your rifle."
"Why?" interrupted the Marine.
"I've been doing all right. In the past five hours I've picked off nineteen of the yellow Nips, why do you want my rifle?"
"I hate to tell you," said the officer, "but the fellow back home whose War Bond purchased that rifle wants his money back."
THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY AN EX-SERVICE MAN OF WORLD WAR ONE.

REX THEATRE CHANGES TIME SCHEDULE

At this time each year, we usually set our time schedule at 8 o'clock for the summer months, but in order for us to be in the limit of the new midnight curfew law, which is now in effect. We have worked out the following schedule:
Box Office Opens 7:30
Picture Starts 7:45
Box Office Closes 9:45
(signed) Rex Theatre

EAGLE JUNIORS MAKE SHOWING IN TOURNAMENT

Last week the Junior basketball club went to Wilson to take part in an invitation tournament sponsored by that school. Some twelve boys attended. The O'Donnell team went into the winning bracket with their first game and remained for a two out of three lead. However they lost to the Ropes Five on Saturday afternoon which eliminated them from the race.

Those who read the Lubbock paper will know that Glynn Brownlow was chosen as an all tournament forward. Glynn was associated with some other very fine players from the home town. G. W. Jones made an outstanding showing according to opinions expressed by fans who attended the sessions. Jerry New and Bill McKenzie were recognized as guards. Ken Pearson filled the bill thruout the tournament as center. We are looking forward to a big and successful season for these boys next year.

Local News

The Ladies of the Church of Christ had an all day quilting with a covered dish lunch Tuesday and presented Mrs. E. J. Treadway with a coffee table. Mrs. Treadway has worked with the ladies for about 22 years before moving to Lubbock recently.

S. I. C. Boyce Allen of Norfolk, Va. stopped to see his parents Sunday enroute to Florida where he will visit his brother.

Mrs. W. R. England returned to her home in Eldorado, Arkansas after a month's visit with her mother, Mrs. Con Burns.

Joe Ann Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Alcomb made a business trip to Houston, Austin, and San Antonio and visited with their son, Marion, who is stationed at Love Field in Dallas last week.

Pfc. John D. Coff, Jr., stationed at New Orleans is spending a 17 day leave visiting his parents. Mr and Mrs. J. D. Coff.

Sgt. Gene Gardenhire of Pampa is spending a two weeks leave with his wife of Richmond, Calif., who met him here.

Mrs. Belle Anglin has returned from a visit in California.

Mrs. J. L. Adams spent the week end in Loveland.

Edward Bagwell of the U. S. Navy is visiting his wife and parents here this week.

Mr and Mrs. C. H. Doak returned last Friday week from Austin where they have been for the past two months.

FIELD SEED, good, bad and worse SAUL'S FEED and SEED STORE
Mrs. L. E. Robinson was transacting business at Lubbock last Saturday.

Ike Barnes of the Marines and stationed at Corpus Christi, is visiting his mother, Mrs. A. J. Barnes.

Miss Floy Massey of Lubbock spent the week end with Miss Margaret Garner.

Mrs. Jimmie Hask has been confined to her bed with a throat ailment.

Mrs. J. L. Adams and Mrs. Mack C. Bradley and Billy Guy were shopping in Lamesa Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs. C. H. Cabool were Lubbock visitors Monday.

Fred Henderson and son, Billy Bob of Lamesa were business visitors here Friday.

Mrs. John Carles and Mrs. Ben Moore spent last week end in Ruidoso, N. M.

Mrs. Mattie Shook and daughter, Aubra Lee Bethune, Mrs. Lorene Womack and Mrs. M. A. Turman of Lubbock visited Mrs. M. E. Pearce Monday.

Mrs. Harry Clemage has gone to Kansas City to meet Sgt. Lewis Hochman who is on furlough there. Mrs. Clemage will also visit with relatives in Chicago and Cleveland.

Harry Clemage returned Monday from Chicago where he attended the funeral of his brother. Our deepest sympathy.

Mrs. G. F. Burleson and W. H. Cox of Lamesa spent last week with Mrs. John Tidwell.

FIELD SEED, good, bad and worse SAUL'S FEED and SEED STORE
Harold Brown, cousin of Mrs. Harry Clemage, and who has recently returned from Alaska, visited Mr. and Mrs. Clemage Tuesday.

Mrs. J. C. Tatum and daughter, Jackie of Lamesa visited her mother, Mrs. John Tidwell over the week end.

Mrs. Lydia Hancock attended the funeral of her brother, V. V. Laughlin of Morgan Mill who passed away Feb. 16th. Mrs. Hancock visited a sister and her family at Abilene before returning home Feb. 26th.

CONGRATULATIONS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Mc Laurin, Jr. a 6 pound 8 oz. baby daughter, named Judy June on Feb. 24th. The father is in the U. S. Navy somewhere in the Pacific area.

SUNSHINE SHOWER AT MRS. JOHNSON'S

A lovely Sunshine shower was given in the home of Mrs. Fletcher Johnson, Thursday, Feb. 22nd honoring Mrs. Everett Cook and Mrs. Julian Pirtle. Co-hostesses were: Mesdames: Garnie Atkinson, Claude Tomlinson, J. D. Fairley, Calvin Fritz, S. M. Minton, and Mrs. Frank Liddell. Many attractive gifts were received by the honorees. Delicious refreshments were served to about 50 guests.

JUNIOR CLASS TO PRESENT

Have a Heart

March 16th

HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Let's Double Our Quota for Red Cross

Living up to the traditional spirit of O'Donnell for going all-out for any worthy cause, the annual Red Cross War Fund quota of \$1500.00 for this community was progressing under full steam. With the opening gun on March 1st residents began to dig deep to support this excellent organization of mercy. L. E. Robinson is local chairman and B. M. Haynes, J. L. Shoemaker, Jr. and Frank Liddell are on the committee.

REMEMBER that you are not giving TO the Red Cross but that you are giving THRU the Red Cross. incidentally we wish to commend the fine work of the unit Red Cross office at Lamesa.

If you have not given a generous contribution, contact the above men mentioned or the Red Theatre.

Let's double our quota. It is our loved ones at the front that we will be helping by giving generously.

Lynn County's quota for the Red Cross is \$7500. Rollin McCord is County chairman.

BABY SERIOUSLY ILL

We are sad to learn of the serious illness of little Ronnie Golightly, age about years, and son of Mr and Mrs. Kenneth Golightly of O'Donnell. Ronnie has double pneumonia and is at Georgetown with his mother visiting Mrs. Golightly's parents. We understood Wednesday from friends that the baby was being flown to Dallas for medical aid. Mr and Mrs. E. E. Golightly, grandparents of Ronnie, are with the family at Georgetown. Needless to say we all pray for the baby's safe recovery.

NEW BANK CLERK

Mrs. Louise Holcomb has recently accepted a position with the First National Bank. She was formerly with the Trinity Warehouse and Compress Co. here.

As many friends and readers know, the publisher lost his father, O. G. Smith, Sr., Feb. 23rd of a heart attack. Burial was at Dallas. We left the 23rd upon receiving the call, and because of sad hearts over this deep loss your publisher did not feel equal to the task of getting out the March 2nd issue of the paper. We know, of course, that our Index family will understand under the circumstances. We hope to have our mother with us this summer as she is a veteran newspaper woman

Mrs. Johnnie Rogers is expected to return Thursday from a Lamesa hospital. Mr. Rogers and daughter arrived from California to be with her.

Misses Margaret Gibbs, Maxine Lindley, and Glenda Mires, Texas Tech students, were home for the week end.

Mrs. L. E. Robinson also received word that her son, L. E., Jr. had been promoted from Flight Officer to 2nd Lieutenant. Congratulations.

We understand that two more local men are fighting on Iwo Jima. They are Buddy Shook and Melvin Boothe who are with the 4th Marines. That makes a total of at least five men in that fierce battle that are from O'Donnell.

Our good friend, L. T. (Tom) Brewer was taken to a Lamesa hospital Monday. Mrs. Ann Uzile of Great Bend, Kansas arrived to be with her father during his illness.

Pfc. J. W. Stuart, Jr., arrived from the Alutians last Friday for a 30 day leave with his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. W. Stuart, Sr. J. W. was stationed up north for about 30 months. He was in the Coast Artillery. Welcome back to O'Donnell, J. W.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Proctor and Mr. D. L. Proctor were business visitors to Lubbock Monday.

Mrs. Otis Harris underwent an operation in the Lubbock hospital last week.

Mrs. J. H. Wilkerson and son returned to her home in Borger after visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs. T. M. Garner.

Mrs. Geneva Curtis attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Theo Berry of Ervin who was buried March 5th at Hillsboro. Our deepest sympathy at this sad time.

DEPUTY SHERIFF RESIGNS

Drew Story, our popular deputy sheriff, resigned this week in order to move to Hobbs where he will be in his anchoring business. Good luck, Drew.

Bill Yandell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Yandell, is in the hospital at McKinney and is expected home soon. He spent 16 months in England. This is truly good news.

PROMOTED TO COMMISSION

Mrs. Joyce Gregory received word that her husband, Robert, who is in the Philippines, was promoted from 8-Sgt. to Tech. Sgt. and then given a field commission to 2nd Lieutenant.

SHOWER AT MRS. CATHEY'S

Thursday, March 1st in the home of Mrs. Chas. Cathey, a Sunshine shower honoring Mrs. Tech McLaughlin was given with Mrs. Eddie Hill and Mrs. W. W. Allison as co-hostesses. Iced punch, and open faced sandwiches and ice box cookies were served to 52 guests. Mrs. J. T. Middleton, Jr. presided at the guest book. Many attractive gifts were presented the honoree.

Hardware

- Wrenches of all kinds
- Linesman Pliers, Good Hammers,
- Hand Axes, Hatchets,
- Blow Torches, Handsaws
- Enamel Paints, Kemtone, Paint Brushes,
- Linseed Oil, Turpentine

FURNITURE

- Cane Bottom Chairs, Clothes Hampers
- Clothes Baskets

We Have Pipes and all Plumbing Needs

Auto Accesories and Parts

Singleton Appliance

Most Complete Stock in West Texas



No 1775-1701

THE LOVELY LADY SUIT AND COAT ENSEMBLE - classic simplicity highlighted by the new braided trim. Unique yoke effect emphasizes fashion-smart broad shoulders, bustling to the waistline. Youthful cardigan neckline accented by big bottom trim. Beauty and sophistication combine in this ensemble for charming femininity and worldly distinction. All wool crepe in Brown, Blue, Black, and Grey.

Bryant-Link Co.
LAMESA, TEXAS

Ship Refuses to Give Up Despite Heavy Bomb Blast

Green Men Sail New Vessel In Strange Waters; Luck, Skill Help.

NEW YORK. — A ship that refused to die, despite a terrific buzz bomb blast that wrecked her superstructure and caved in her starboard side, has come back home. She is the LST 384, the second landing ship tank to be commissioned by the navy and a veteran of the invasions of Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, and Normandy.

LST 384 came home the hard way. The navy rescue tug ATR 13 towed her from Milford Haven, Wales, to New York in a back-breaking voyage that fluctuated from 3 to 7 knots in speed and consumed 25 days in an Atlantic ocean that still has German U-boats lurking in it.

The story of LST 384 is one of green men sailing new ships in strange waters, of luck mixed with rapidly acquired skill and of the peculiar effect of blast from buzz bombs.

The 384, launched at Newport News in 1942, went to the Mediterranean and her first battle was off Scoglitti, Sicily, Salerno and Anzio followed.

Then, after a spell of hauling men and cargo around the Mediterranean, she was assigned to work in Normandy on one of the three beaches used by British forces. She didn't get ashore until D plus 10 and then only because her skipper tired of waiting in the jam off the beach. When he started in, other ships followed and their cargoes were unloaded without official order.

No. 384 crossed the channel 13 more times despite a layup for repairs to a damaged shaft. Then she was ordered to Deptford in the Thames estuary near London and was there for a "rest."

On July 8 the officers and men on watch heard the sound of an approaching buzz bomb. Then they saw the flaming monster and heard its stuttering motor shut off.

The entire superstructure toppled in the blast. Steel girders bent and twisted as quickly as a woman can twist a hairpin. A huge hole was blown in the starboard side of the hull and the blast or concussion stove in the side of the LST 312, anchored nearby, and killed 9 men three more than were killed on the 384.

The luckiest man in the crew was Lieut. (j.g.) Floyd L. Maxham, 30, of Temple City, Calif., then the communications officer and now executive officer. Maxham formerly played full back for St. Mary's (Calif.) and coached football at Porterville (Calif.) high school. That night was the only night he ever was absent from the ship. He returned to find his room completely wrecked.

The sorely hurt 384 stayed in the Thames until August 2 when she was moved to Chatham, where the British removed the rest of her superstructure and shored up sagging bulkheads. She then was towed to Milford Haven in Wales and on August 29 in company with two other LSTs and a tanker, all under tow, she began the long, hard trek homeward.

Country's Armed Forces Increase to 11,900,000

WASHINGTON. — This country's armed forces have increased to 11,900,000 since 1940.

Of that number 8,100,000 are in the army; the rest in the navy, marines and coast guard.

The figures, compiled as of November 1, were presented recently to a senate committee and given in the report of James F. Byrnes, war mobilization director.

Mr. Byrnes cited them in emphasizing "the remarkable job done in mobilization" since 1940. At that time the military strength was 700,000.

The 11,900,000 was a net estimate after deducting 1,500,000 for those discharged or killed.

German Photos Show Murder of U. S. Captives

WITH THE U. S. FIRST ARMY.

— Films taken from a captured German photographer have verified recent front-line accounts of the massacre of American prisoners by Nazi machine gunners.

Developed by the U. S. army signal corps, the films proved to be pictures taken after the massacre and showed the bodies of American troops lying where they were mowed down. That they were not ordinary battle casualties was indicated by the absence of equipment.

All the bodies had been stripped of belongings—in several cases even of shoes.

Freight Train Is Held Up for a Bovine Birth

FORT ERIE, ONT. — A freight train was delayed at the international railway bridge when a cow enroute to the United States gave birth to a calf. Compassionate railway men halted the train while a skilled cow hand ushered in the new arrival. Explanations were necessary at the destination for a count showed one more head than the customs manifest, filed prior to the departure of the train.

New Suit Figures in Boy's Death Tragedy

NEW YORK, N. Y. — Joseph Chindemi, 13, one of nine brothers and sisters, proudly showed to friends a new suit.

He planned to wear it for the first time on a movie date. However, his parents forbade him. Several hours later, Joseph's body was found hanging by a belt from a bathroom water pipe.

Merchant Leaps to Death; Fears Ruin

Worker's Spending Spree Is Given as Cause.

NEW YORK. — Oscar Gropper, 57, Fifth avenue leather goods merchant, leaped to his death recently.

He left a note which said the "Lady Robin Hood" bookkeeper who gave away \$40,000 of his money had ruined him financially.

The police found the pajama-clad body of the president of Groppers' Inc., on the sidewalk nine stories below his three-room suite in the Hotel Blackstone.

Gropper's wife, Estelle, and his daughter, June, were asleep in the apartment when Gropper plunged.

Mrs. Madeline Dunnigan, 22-year-old wife of a navy yard worker, confessed December 8 financing her personal philanthropies with Gropper's money while a \$40-a-week bookkeeper.

It was disclosed that she had kept some \$2,000 of nearly \$40,000 for herself and spent the rest in raises to other employees and gifts of cash and luggage to 50 soldiers overseas, some of whom she didn't know.

She was alleged to have raised an errand boy from \$15 to \$25 a week and decided that a \$3-a-day handy man should get \$15. She was providing a weekly pension to a woman who was down on her luck and had never been employed by the firm.

The condition of her accounts, the police said, indicated that she had diverted approximately \$100 a day since the first part of 1944. She is awaiting trial on a theft charge.

Ol' 99 Goes Down Line; G.I. Casey at Throttle

PARIS. — While boxcar loads of ammunition exploded around him, Corp. Ralph L. Cooper of Rutland, Ohio, leaped into a locomotive for the first time in his life and hauled 100 cars out of a blazing railway yard, Stars and Stripes reported.

Cooper was guarding a supply depot in northern France, when shell fragments set off by a fire began falling near his post. He raced to the railway yards, a half mile distant, got a French civilian to help fire the engine, and began experimenting with the throttle.

He found he could handle it, so from midnight to 6 a. m. he hauled undamaged cars out of the fire, even though occasional fragments pierced the cab.

"My dad used to run a locomotive, so I figured I could, too," he said.

Story So Funny She Rolls On Floor; Hospital Next

CHICAGO. — It was an excruciatingly funny story that was responsible for Mrs. Helen Sugarman, 35, of 732 Bittersweet place, being laid up in American hospital.

When a dinner guest told the story, Mrs. Sugarman was so convulsed with laughter that she collapsed.

She was knocked unconscious when her head hit the floor. Her chin was badly cut, requiring five stitches.

A tooth was knocked out. Four other teeth were loosened. Her arm struck a hot radiator and was painfully burned.

The story? Said Mrs. Sugarman: "Oh, I wouldn't dare repeat it!"

He Spends Four Years In Closet Dodging Draft

PHILADELPHIA. — Detective Louis Levey and two MPs were trying to locate an AWOL soldier.

They opened a closet door in a house here and out walked Joseph Foglietta, 31, a former boxer. The MPs said:

"That's not our man."
Levey asked the man what he was doing in the closet and got this reply:

"Hiding from the draft."
"Been there long?"
"Four year—off and on."
Foglietta was arrested and charged with not registering for the draft.

Levey said the MPs still are looking for Pfc. Dominic Foglietta, Joseph's brother.

Mother, in Eagerness to Be Citizen, Loses Life

LAWRENCE, MASS. — Mrs. Catherine Yemma, 67, mother of 11 children, wanted to become an American citizen. She arose from her sickbed in her Haverhill home and traveled 10 miles to Lawrence to be sworn in with her husband, Salvatore.

She had just signed the official papers at the courthouse when she collapsed.

She was hurried to a hospital—two doctors said she was already dead.



Make Your Next Pie With Vegetables (See Recipes Below)

Vegetables De Luxe

Of course, the family won't eat vegetables that are cooked beyond recognition with all their delicate colors washed out. Do you blame them?

Vegetables don't have to look that way. Spinach can be a rich green with enough of its character left in to hold up a few of the leaves.

Peas can be as green as when they are first picked, cabbage almost as crisp as when it was first picked and green beans fork-tender and well seasoned.

Two rules to remember in vegetable preparation are these: First, prepare your vegetable just before ready to cook. Don't let it stand in water to have the flavor and nutrients leached out. Second, cook only until tender and then serve at once.

Another complaint that we frequently hear about vegetables is that they lack flavor. That's easily remedied. Coax out the natural flavor with cooking in salted water, then taste before serving and perhaps add a bit more salt, a dusting of pepper and melted butter or bacon dripping if you like a smoky flavor in your vegetable.

Sometimes a cream sauce will add interest to the vegetable, or perhaps a cheese sauce will bring out its best points. Today's recipes will give you the cues to making these vegetables a star attraction on your menus.

Corn a La King with Bacon. (Serves 4)

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 canned pimiento, chopped
1 teaspoon minced onion
1/4 teaspoon celery salt
1/2 teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 can whole kernel corn
8 strips bacon
4 pieces of toast

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and blend well. Add milk and cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add pimiento, onion, celery salt, salt, cayenne and corn. Serve on toast with two strips of bacon and garnish with parsley, if desired.



Savory Beets (Serves 4 to 6)

2 cups cooked, cubed beets
4 strips finely chopped cooked bacon
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 cup vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon bacon fat or flour

Combine beets, flour, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper in a saucepan. Add bacon fat or flour. Cook until thickened.

Drain liquor from beets into sauce pan. Boil down to 1/2 cup. Mix together all dry ingredients and add to liquor. Add butter and lemon juice. Simmer for three minutes until well blended; add beans and heat thoroughly.

Asparagus Sandwich.
Toast slices of bread on both sides until lightly browned. Place short asparagus tips on each sandwich, about three on each piece of bread. Pour over each slice of bread 1 tablespoon of cheese which has been melted, then broil for 2-3 minutes. Serve at once.

Get your sugar-saving recipes from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

*Vegetable Pie
Cheese Sauce
Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing
Bran Muffins
Bread Pudding with Custard Sauce
Beverage
*Recipe given.

Measure out 1/2 cup beet liquid. Mix bacon and flour in saucepan; add bacon liquid, vinegar and seasonings. Cook until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add beets and heat thoroughly.

Vegetable pie it is! It can be used as a main dish because it contains an excellent choice of vegetables and is served with a lovely crown of cheese sauce:

*Vegetable Pie. (Serves 6)

1 egg
2 1/2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
3 cups diced vegetables, cooked (corn, celery, peas, carrots)
2 hard-cooked eggs
1/2 teaspoon onion salt
1 recipe 2-crust pastry
1/2 cup milk
1/2 pound cheese

Beat together the egg and flour. Add gradually the 1 cup of milk. Add vegetables, hard-cooked eggs and onion salt.

Season with salt and pepper. Place in pastry - lined shell and cover with pastry. Make several slits in the top to let steam escape. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 40 minutes or until crust has browned and filling has set. Serve each portion which is made by adding 1/2 cup milk to cheese which has been melted over boiling water.

Lima beans are another vegetable that take to combinations with other vegetables. They're good when served with sauces and fit with almost any main dish.

Tomato-Lima Bean Casserole. (Serves 6)

6 tablespoons butter or substitute
3 cups canned tomatoes
1 1/2 tablespoons celery leaves, chopped
3 cups lima beans, cooked or canned
1 1/2 tablespoons onion, chopped
Salt
Bread crumbs

Add celery leaves to tomatoes. Combine onion and drained, cooked lima beans. Into a well greased baking dish, place layers of tomatoes and lima beans. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Top with crumbs. Bake in a moderately slow (350 degree) oven 30 minutes.

Lima Beans with Mustard Sauce. (Serves 6)

2 cups lima beans, canned or cooked
1 teaspoon powdered mustard
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons drippings
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Drain liquor from beans into sauce pan. Boil down to 1/2 cup. Mix together all dry ingredients and add to liquor. Add butter and lemon juice. Simmer for three minutes until well blended; add beans and heat thoroughly.

Asparagus Sandwich.
Toast slices of bread on both sides until lightly browned. Place short asparagus tips on each sandwich, about three on each piece of bread. Pour over each slice of bread 1 tablespoon of cheese which has been melted, then broil for 2-3 minutes. Serve at once.

Get your sugar-saving recipes from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Annexed

By DAISY A. BROWN
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

ANN DREW stood in her tiny studio looking critically at a set of dress designs thumbed against the wall—every detail satisfactory, including the Ann-mark on the pert little face that always topped her work.

The hum from the busy street far below her windows seemed to change into a man's well-remembered comment: "Ann, a face isn't necessary."

"Humph! Not unless I like a face—and I do," she had insisted.

"Yes, particularly that one; it's your own," the man answered. "You're conceited, Ann. Imagine! Conceited about a funny little face with a funny little scar that makes the mouth look a bit one-sided!"

But his voice had been soft and right. Then, for the first time, Bert Harris had kissed her.

She took the sketches down and stacked them on her desk. Running an envelope into her typewriter, she addressed it to the Harris Dress Manufacturing company and slid the drawings inside to be mailed.

A door slammed across the hall. Ann winced; the slamming of a door had been Bert's good-bye two months before. The Harris merry-go-round is right back where it started, she mused—business, marriage, strictly business—plus a five-year-old son.

Perhaps there had been too much Ann-this-and-that. But the registered lipmark with the Ann Drew signature meant faith in her career and Bert's understanding had her refusal to add the name of Harris.

She decided to go home. Queer! She could finish a series for any other concern and work on. But every Harris envelope sealed, whatever the hour, terminated her working day.

It always had. Eight years before the Harris contract had been the first and only one in her life; a year later because Bert Harris had been her husband and she had crowded his work in at home between busy days at the studio; this season because she became emotionally fatigued each time she outlined the unnecessary little face—every pen stroke tended toward the hope that she might live again in Bert's thoughts.

Slipping into her coat, Ann dialed her apartment. Andrew answered and finally she stopped his chatter long enough to tell him that she was on her way home.

Going down in the elevator she smiled. She knew that Andrew was rushing for his toy telephone. He would throw one end through the kitchen door. Then he would scamper as far as the long cord would permit to ring the bell and tell old Hannah that Mummy Ann wanted her dinner.

Deciding to walk home through the park, she found herself stopping to rest on a familiar bench. She opened her bag for a cigarette. Holding it between her lips, she started to fumble through her coat pockets for a match but pulled out a large square of colorful rayon instead. Her face brightened as she draped it at arm's length from one hand to set up the grouped tulips plaqued against their background by pairs of Ann-marked lips. She tilted her head and murmured: "My first brass ring in textile!"

A light snow began feathering the early dusk. Deftly, Ann knotted the square about her head. She stood, lifted her face and snugged her collar about her throat. Unmindful of the admiring glance of a man who had settled himself on the other end of the bench a few moments earlier, she felt through her pockets again: "Damn!"

She turned quickly when the man struck a match. He walked over and held it out suggestively. "You didn't find one?"

"Bert! I—I didn't realize that anyone was about."

"I know," Bert parried. "When I came along you seemed rather absorbed—shall we say—in yourself?"

"Why not add 'as usual'?" Ann asked.

"Ann, listen . . ."

Ann's eyes glinted queerly. An over-alert inner imp impelled her to answer. "Not in this snow. I think, instead, I'll follow the me-first-program you credit me with and take myself home."

Opposite the park she glanced back but saw only a screen of snowflakes. She shrugged, signaled a taxi and was home in a few minutes.

A half-hour later, the buzzer sounded and she heard Hannah ask someone to wait. When she started toward the living room, the glow from a lamp shone on Andrew's toy telephone as it rang at her feet. She picked it up and listened: "Mummy Ann, H-ann-ah says if t-h-a-t m-a-n wants to stay for dinner, why doesn't he s-a-y so?"

Just then a man's hand touched her arm and Ann felt his face close to hers. "Oh! I didn't know who . . ." she said. Then she smiled and spoke into the telephone: "Andrew, you—you ask him."

Andrew raced through the hall, calling, "Daddy! Daddy, will you s-t-a-y?"

Bert Harris pressed his face closer to Ann's. "You know, I followed you into the park to tell you that I'm thoroughly annexed—and you made me come home alone—all the way."

Gems of Thought

OF ALL the means to insure happiness throughout the whole of life, by far the most important is the acquisition of friends.—Epicurus.

Not what one knows, but how his doing is affected by his knowing, is the essential thing.—JOHN KEITH.

Endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty.—Ruskin.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power.—Benjamin Disraeli.

Be slow in choosing, but slower in changing.



Pull the Trigger on "Lazy Innards"



WHEN CONSTIPATION makes you feel punk as the dickens, brings on stomach upset, sour taste, gassy discomfort, take Dr. Caldwell's famous medicine to quickly pull the trigger on lazy "innards" and help you feel bright and chipper again.

DR. CALDWELL'S is the wonderful senna laxative contained in good old Syrup Pepsin to make it so easy to take.

MANY DOCTORS use senna preparations in prescriptions to make the medicine more palatable and agreeable to take. So be sure your laxative is contained in Syrup Pepsin.

INSIST ON DR. CALDWELL'S—the favorite of millions for 50 years, and feel that wholesome relief from constipation. Even sickly children love it.

CAUTION: Use only as directed.

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WOMEN IN '40'S Do You Hate HOT FLASHES?

If you suffer from hot flashes, feel weak, nervous, a bit blue at midday, all due to the functional "middle-age" period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps nature and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Compound

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A generous full treatment sells for only \$1.00, on a Money Back Guarantee at—

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CORNER DRUG STORE

Harmony News
MRS. JISSE LANE

(Delayed from last week)
S. Parkman of Comanche and Burton Parkman of Brownwood visited the L. M. Davis family Sunday night. They left for Littlefield Monday to visit other relatives. Mr. Davis accompanied them there.

Mrs. E. A. Gleghorn, Mr and Mrs. Ernest Gleghorn of Lamesa, Finis Gleghorn and Mrs. Verna and Vesta also went to Roswell, N. M. Saturday to attend the funeral services of J. U. Gleghorn, brother of the E. A. Gleghorn.

Mrs. Homer Hardberger is sick this week. Mrs. Lucille Littleton is teaching for her.

A surprise birthday party was given for Leland Lane on Feb. 22nd honoring his 13th birthday in the home of his parents. After enjoying a number of games "Happy Birthday" was sung and the gifts were opened and admired by all. The birthday cake was cut and served with red lemonade to fifty-two young stars.

Mrs. G. C. Aten visited her daughter, Mrs. Pat Jackson in Levelland over the weekend while Mr. Aten was in Austin on business.

Several from this community attended funeral services at Lamesa for Mrs. Olive (McCraw) Hurley Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Hurley lived here a few years ago.

George Burdette was among the Berry Flat visitors in town this week.

Jim Brown of Pride was shopping here early this week.

Arch McMillan was a business visitor here the first part of the week.

WANT ADS

FOR RENT, 2-Room Apartment and half Bath. See H. D. Vaughn 1p

WANTED TO BUY: WASHING MACHINES, ANY MAKE. SEE THE O'DONNELL HELP UR SELF LAUNDRY IMMEDIATELY

PERSONAL: IF YOU want to get married write Box 338, Abilene, Mo. Send Stamp.

PRESCRIPTIONS filled by W. M. Blakemore, graduate and registered pharmacist at O'Donnell Drug Store.

FOR SALE: — 10 ft. Full in kitchen Cabinet with pre-war sink and fittings. & a good clothes closet. See Mrs. J. W. Gardshire 1p

FOR SALE or TRADE: — model A John Deere Two-row tractor; to trade for Model G 4-row tractor. See T. A. Harris, O'Donnell Rt. 1 1p.

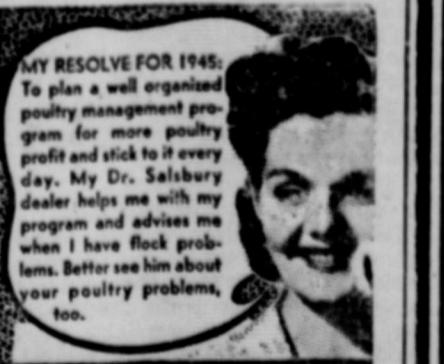
FOR SALE: Pre-war reflecting electric heater, never used. Can be used for drying hair or heating bath room. Price \$3.95. Index-Press

WOLFE'S ROSSBERRY

The New Berry Sensation
FREE: Write and get Wolfe's new Berry Catalogue in natural colors. Contains complete facts, color pictures and prices of the Rossberry. Mrs. H. Wolfe, Texas Horticulturist who has introduced a number of new fruits and nuts, discovered and introduced this sensational berry that you have been reading about or have heard over the Radio. Rossberry was created by the famous Luther Burbank and has broken all records for production and outstanding merits. It is the greatest berry ever discovered. Grows like a Boysenberry. Loaded with giant-size, 2 by 1 inch, wine-colored, delicious berries. Has the combined flavor of Boysenberry and raspberry with some sweet added. Those who have tried it are re-creating their whole patch with Rossberry. Rossberry is really the dream berry—the ideal that we have all wanted for so long. Grows anywhere.

Every home can and should have some Rossberries growing in the back yard. Now is the time to PLANT so get your copy of WOLFE'S BERRY SPECIAL. Write today to WOLFE NURSERY, Dept. W, Stephenville, Texas and your catalogue will be mailed immediately. Get yours while the supply lasts!

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South's Finest Fruit Trees & Berries
Dept. W, Stephenville, Texas 4c



MY RESOLVE FOR 1945:
To plan a well organized poultry management program for more poultry profit and stick to it every day. My Dr. Salisbury dealer helps me with my program and advises me when I have flock problems. Better see him about your poultry problem, too.

STOP IN AND TALK OVER A PROGRAM OF SOUND MANAGEMENT
CORNER DRUG

Mrs. Warren D. Smith, visiting relatives in Abilene, was accompanied home over the week end by her aunt, Mrs. H. D. Terry and family.

GIVE TO RED CROSS FUND!

Meager information received here by relatives and parents indicate that Lloyd Shoemaker, Gwyn Liddell and Mutt Barnes of the 3rd Marines have been in the thick of the heavy fighting on Iwo Jima, a small island only 750 miles from the Japanese mainland.

Two cities were successively capitals of the Confederate States: Montgomery, Alabama and Richmond, Virginia.

Nevada became a State on October 31, 1864. It was the 25th state admitted under the constitution.



HANDLE WITH CARE!

YOU'RE DRIVING a real weapon of war, Mister, when you climb up on the seat of that Farmall tractor. Treat it as a soldier does his gun. Take good care of it and you will be repaid with smooth, powerful performance.
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Feed mill, Cream Separator, Oil, Tractor Repairs, Lister Points Planter Repairs. Come in & call for what you need
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SANDS OF OTHER ITEMS MADE
FROM COTTON AND COTTONSEED**

Cotton is many crops, rolled up in one. Cotton Fiber, important as it is, is only one of the products of the Cotton plant—Cottonseed Oil, Meal, Cake and Hulls and Cotton Linters are all valuable, needed products. Because of these varied products, there are always markets for Cotton and Cottonseed—more markets and more dependable markets than for any other crop Cotton Belt farmers grow.

To hold your markets, we've got to supply them—we've got to produce enough Cotton and Cottonseed, and produce the qualities and kinds that buyers want. Enough acreage of good land, good planting seed, conservation farming, prevention of insect and disease losses, and other sound practices that bring you higher yields and more money in your pocket will also help you hold your many markets for Cotton and Cottonseed.

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COTTON and COTTONSEED

You Can Add Square A Time to This Rug

WOOLEN strips from worn out coats, suits and dresses are used for the background of this rug, and the turquoise flowers and red cherries in alternate squares are from dyed pieces of an old cream colored blanket.

The burlap or canvas foundation cut in twelve-inch squares. Each square is hooked separately and,



When sewn together, they form this fascinating design. No large loom is needed and your hooking is easy to carry with you or to use for pick-up work.

NOTE—Pattern 201 gives actual-size design for this rug with color guide and complete directions for preparing materials and hooking. Ask for pattern by number and enclose 15 cents with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
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Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 201.
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Here's How to Insure Your Baking Success

... says Mother Maca



With Amazing MACA YEAST The Fast, Dry Yeast You USE JUST LIKE COMPRESSED YEAST!

Think of it! This one marvelous yeast gives you the advantages of compressed and granular yeast COMBINED!

ITS EXTRA FAST! No special tricks when you bake with fast-acting, dependable Maca Yeast. Just follow your regular recipes. Maca rises so quickly, you're finished baking in double-quick time.

And your results will thrill you! Maca has a rich golden color, and a real rich golden color, and a real rich golden color—delicious, nut-sweet like grandma's bread used to have.

Stays Fresh for Weeks Without Refrigeration

It's such a convenience! You can always keep a handy supply on your pantry shelf, save yourself extra trips to the store, and get your complete protection, we date every package.

So insure your baking success with Maca, the original fast, granular yeast that you use just like compressed yeast.

Yeast! No Water, No Filler!



Member—Maca, too, is serving the baking forces. If your grocer doesn't always have it, ask for Yeast Foam (Maca), the tried-and-true product that gives a fine old-time flavor.

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Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Reomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel mucus phlegm, and aid nature in soothing and healing raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Reomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you have your money back.

REOMULSION Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis



Red Raskall

By CLARK M'VEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, a hound servant, rescues her. Together they hobble Lancer, a fine horse that escaped the sinking ship. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom. Lark tries to run away, but Cony catches her and she is locked in an attic. She escapes again and is happy to find that her pursuer this time is David North, her lover, disguised as a gipsy. Galt arrives on the scene and agrees to get Lark to Norfolk, but when they enter the boat they find Cony concealed in it. The two men fight while the boat drifts back to the inn.

CHAPTER XII

Lark slept heavily on her hard little bunk bed in the loft cubby, waking painfully to the consciousness of an irritating, soft, insistent knocking at her door. At first she thought it was Cony, scratching at her door as he often had in the past miserable week. Then she remembered and sat up, calling cautiously, "What is it?"

"It's me—Galt."

She stumbled from the bunk, picked up the India silk dress, where she had laid it out in careful folds before she'd gone to sleep, slipped it on, its cool soft contours falling gracefully into place. It was a beautiful dress, perhaps the most beautiful dress she had ever had on. . . .

She washed her face, combed her hair hurriedly, and unlocked the door. Galt came in quickly, stepped to the window, a square white glare of noonday sun. He looked down into the back court and then turned to Lark.

"Horse or no horse, I'd feel a heap better if—" He stopped, shook his head. A thump of big bare feet sounded on the stairs. One of the slaves appeared in the doorway, his great shoulders filling the space, his amber red-rimmed eyes accusing Galt.

"We're coming down," Galt said, pointing down the steps. "I wakened the lady. Is your master ready?"

Whether or not the man understood wasn't clear. He didn't answer. He stood there with his huge pink-palmed hands dangling grotesquely almost to his knees, knees brown as winter walnuts.

"Well," Galt pointed down again, "let's go!"

Silently, the slave turned and went ahead of them down the steps. His companion joined him at the bottom, grinning foolishly, rubbing his eyes. The two trotted across the earthen floor of the inn big-room without shadow of sound, opened the big front door and waited for Lark and Galt.

The inn was clean, now, dim and cave-quiet.

"A couple of gipsies Matson sent," Galt explained, and when Lark caught his arm anxiously, shook his head. "Neither of them was North. Had themselves a time in Mag's store room. Picked the lock. The slaves chased them out."

"You must be nearly dead, Galt! Did you rest at all?"

"Sure. I'm all right. I'm fine." They went through the door into the warm September sunshine. Below, at the boat docks, the sailors were busy with the first sloop. Matson, in a cape, hat, and suit of brilliant green, was on the deck. He waved at Lark.

"Been to the castle and prettied up all over again," Galt said scornfully. "God, I wish I could get you out of this, Lark!"

"It's going to be all right," Lark said. "I just feel—"

The slaves fell in step close behind them, boarding the sloop after them. The four sailors had the sails in order and pulled the gang on board and loosed the hawsers at once. Matson asked Galt to take the helm and steer for Ghost Island.

It gave Lark a strange sensation to set foot on this island again, as if years had passed between times. The familiar line of the big sand ridge, the finger of fresh water trailing down from the little spring, the clump of scrub pines that hid Galt's secret cache, the beaches cut by the tracks of the wandering pony herds gave her a feeling of surprise, as if she found herself walking in a place she had merely dreamed about, a place without actual substance.

All of them, Lark, Matson, Galt, and the sailors walked to the island tip and then up through the ridge break to the stretch of green valley. The two slaves made the sloop secure by wrapping her hawser about the trunk of a tough windstoopt pine. Then they followed the group, the afternoon sun making their rich brown skins shine like oiled leather.

Lark saw Red Raskall first, far up the valley, in the shade of the ridge, and she ran ahead of the others, ran to him and threw her arms about his warm reddish neck, examining the hobble ropes to see that he had no scalds or galls, stroking his flank, pressing her face against his reproachful muzzle. She led him slowly back toward the group.

"Isn't he beautiful! Isn't he wonderful! Did you ever set your eyes on a horse to compare with him? Galt, cut this dreadful hobble. I can't loose it."

Matson said, "You love horses, don't you, my dear? He is a beauty,

a fine animal, with plenty of good Arab blood."

Galt cut the hobble and allowed the stallion to circle on the long lead rope. Matson spoke to one of the slaves in Spanish, and the man trotted off, coming back at once with the saddle and bridle, putting them on Red Raskall with no little difficulty.

"He needs handling," Galt said, "and exercise, but he's a beauty, isn't he, Dr. Matson?"

"I've never seen a finer," Matson said. "I find I am quite unable to resist riding him. You won't object if I ride your prize, will you, Withe—or you, Lark?"

The big Negro slaves, squatting on their powerful haunches, watched Galt and Lark dumbly. They watched as Old Dog might have, remotely, incuriously, yet with an uncanny look of knowing. Far off up the island beach the horse and rider were coming back, a blur of rich red-brown, a dashing splash of green. . . .

"I doubt you realize," Galt said quietly, "how needful it is to Matson to get his hands on North, or to have a hold on North, through you, through anything. Ginko told me Matson questioned every gipsy man, last night, as soon as his suspicions were up that a Cargoe Riske man was among them."

"You see, the Cargoe Riske is right up and coming. Cleaned out a shipwrecking lot in the Keys, last spring. I heard the talk, but it didn't



"I think he'll hold you, Lark, to be like a hostage."

strike me they'd get anything on Matson. Somehow if you see a fellow all-powerful-like, you get a feeling he always will be. Yet if North was to get Matson's log record, and tell his tale of seeing the slaves loaded off here, and the leavings shipped on to Santo Domingo, where Matson always makes his claims to the Cargoe Riske for slaves he says died in passage, he could jail Matson and strip him of—well I wouldn't want to guess how many thousand pounds, to boot. I doubt North got those records. I doubt he's gone."

"You think Dr. Matson will try to make me identify David?"

Galt nodded. "And if North has got away, I think he'll hold you, Lark, to be like a hostage. I doubt your getting safe away."

Lark said, "Galt, if David is in Norfolk he'll come and arrest Dr. Matson, right away. Matson won't hurt me. That would be crazy."

"It isn't crazy. What looks crazy to me was North's letting you push off in the night, last night, without him. I'd think he'd try to see you safe, first, and come back for his damn log record." He stopped, looked at her. "Oh, I know how you feel! I know it makes you mad for me to say this."

"I think David did his duty," Lark said. "He thought you and I were safe."

"Oh sure, awful safe! I don't mean me. Lord, Lark, I got no call on North for help for me! I don't want his help. But you—why you—you're promised to marry the buckaroo. . . . You be promised, Lark, aren't you? And when she didn't answer, he said, 'I guess I got no right to nag at you. I'm sorry.' With a flourish, Matson brought Red Raskall up near them. Lather rose lightly on the stallion's neck, and he chuffed and snuffed and pawed the sand. Matson said, 'I have never sat an animal that compares. My congratulations, Lark, and you, too, Withe, for your luck in catching him. Now shall we picnic?'"

The slaves led Red Raskall to the sloop, arranged the gang, and led him across it and down a steep ramp to the small fore hold of the vessel. The sailors went to the sails, and the shore trip was begun.

It was darkening when the sloop reached shore, and nightfall when Matson led the way up the path to

the castle. Lark walked beside his lightstepping figure, uneasy and wary as to what this favor Matson had asked of her might portend. Galt followed silently, absorbed in thought. Trailing the procession came the two black slaves, leading the horse, Red Raskall, who was skittish and nervous after his week of captivity on the island. Behind the group at a little distance came the four sailors.

Lark hung back, trying to walk beside Galt, but Matson put his hand beneath her elbow and forced her with gentle but inexorable firmness to keep step with his quickening strides.

"Where's Galt?" Lark pulled her hand from his arm and glanced back. "I don't see him. What's become of him?"

"Perhaps he's dropped back to converse with the sailors," Matson said easily.

Lark called, "Galt! Galt!" as loudly as she could, but there wasn't any answer.

One of the sailors laughed then, and Matson reproved him sharply.

"He'll catch up with us presently, I daresay," Matson said, adding suggestively, "Possibly he was embarrassed to answer your call. There's no need for worry. This path is plainly marked."

He placed his hand under her elbow once more and started forward. Her pulling back did no least bit of good. To avoid the ignominy of being dragged, she straightened proudly and stepped along beside him.

"You're angry," he said serenely. "That's very foolish. Nothing so soon spoils a woman's good looks as ill temper. I suspect the lad will find the short-cut up the hill and be there by the time we are."

There was a sound of footsteps on the path ahead of them and Matson called out, "Who's there?"

Ginko, the gipsy siddler, came down the hill to meet them with a glum and surly look on his handsome face. "The thief has been caught," he said briefly. "The trap was sprung and the punishment meted out as you ordered."

Matson nodded and ordered him to fall in behind them. As they rounded the bend, they came upon the flat open space where the Roma had pitched their tents. Scattered fires were burning here, and, in their illumination, the clumsy wagons and caravans under the oak trees looked like huge crouching beasts.

As Matson and his followers came up the hill, the gipsies grouped themselves together in a salien, muttering throng.

"What is it?" Lark asked. "What's wrong?" A band of fear seemed to tighten about her heart.

"You heard what the Rom said," Matson answered smoothly. "A thief has been caught and very properly punished by some of my sailors, according to my orders. I wish you to identify the criminal; or should one say, victim. Is the figure hanging there David North?"

While he was speaking these last words, he had swung Lark about suddenly so that she saw silhouetted against the freelight, a gibbet on which dangled a body.

"Is it David North, Lark?" he whispered. "Was that thing hanging there once your lover?"

Watching Lark's face, Matson said in a voice that was beautiful and soft as the muted tone of a violin, "Lord have mercy on the soul of David North!"

The gipsies in the background began to keen their minor wail, sending the shiver of sound out into the darkness and loneliness of the gathering night.

"Lark," he said, "you haven't answered my question. You must say the words and then I will grant you your freedom, as I promised that I would. Say, 'that thief was David North, the man I loved.'"

Lark was silent for a moment. He prompted her, gently. "That thief. . . ."

She said the words after him now, said them slowly, and in a whisper so low that none but he could hear.

"Good," he spoke cheerfully now, and unconcernedly. "We are agreed then that justice has been accomplished. This thief was caught in the very act of going through my possessions. Gipsies are born with their fingers in other men's pockets. Often enough they end on the gallows, with some pretty little wench dissolved in tears." With great show of tenderness, he produced a Madras silk handkerchief out of his cuff and wiped the tears that streamed down Lark's face.

"Our pretty little farce is over," he said. "You played your part with great feeling and conviction. Only, it was a very foolish part."

He removed his arm from about Lark's waist, and she sat down quickly, her knees buckling under her.

With two swift strides he stood under the swinging figure. A low moan of fear wailed from the gipsy group. Matson stood like a dancer, poised for an instant under the figure which swayed slightly as the damp night breeze came up from the sea and caressed it, pushing it a little, this way and that. He stood like an actor on an empty stage, waiting for an electric instant till he has the complete absorption of his audience.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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If a newspaper becomes stuck to a varnished table top, apply olive oil. Let soak thoroughly, then paper can be removed.

Baste velvets with silk thread. This leaves no mark of the bastings.

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1983 10-20

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**STATE FACES A SHORTAGE OF
MEDICAL MEN**

Austin, Texas. — With the tremen-
dous drain on the medical profession
in response to the needs of the armed
forces there exists now a greater
necessity than ever before for main-
taining good health and avoiding
any risks which might result in need
less calls on the time and services of
civilian doctors.

Daily more and more doctors are
going into the armed services or into
full-time employment in industries
so that industrial and defense plants
may be kept at peak production. This
situation of course develops a prob-
lem for civilian doctors and the solu-
tion of this problem will be to some
extent in the hands of the general
public according to Dr. Geo. W. Cox,
State Health Officer.

"Without imposing on the family
doctor's time for needless calls and
attention there is a real necessity for
every individual to seek regular medi-
cal advice on living habits and for
thorough physical checkups, and it
is important to have any illnesses
treated promptly," Dr. Cox said, "be-
cause if disregarded they may cause
more serious trouble with resultant
necessity for medical attention. The
point I want to emphasize is that no
one should thoughtlessly consume a
doctor's valuable time by insisting on
his making a home call when an office
visit or telephone suggestions might
suffice."

Dr. Cox stated that lack of medi-
cal service has not yet reached an
acute state in most cities but said
that in some rural sections there is
already a much greater shortage
than is absolutely safe. It follows
that everyone, both for his own and
his country's sake should live sensibly
to the end that maximum health
should be maintained and a-
voidable home medical service be
eliminated.

Dr. Cox suggested the following
rules for maintaining good health:
eat nutritious foods, obtain suffi-
cient rest and sleep at night; avoid de-
bilitating and exhausting activities;
keep the use of stimulants within
sensible bounds; exercise daily; and
avoid worry to the greatest extent
possible.

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SPRING AND SUMMER

Suits and
Slack Suits

O'Donnell Index-Press

Published Fridays
Ossian G. Smith, Jr. Publisher
Entered as second class matter at
the post office in O'Donnell, Texas,
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**CRIME IN STATE IS
INCREASING**

Crime in Texas increased 12 per
cent in January over the same month
a year ago, Director Homer Gar-
rison of the Department of Public
Safety said recently.

Estimated on the basis of reports
from police and sheriff departments
covering 48 per cent of the state's
population, there were 9,327 offen-
ses of murder, homicide, rape, rob-
bery, burglary, theft and auto theft
in January, 1945. The total for Jan-
uary, 1944 was 7,953.

"Under an appropriation made by
the last Legislature, and with the
cooperation of police chiefs and sher-
iffs, we are just now beginning to
learn what our Texas crime problem
amounts to," Garrison said. "The
trend is definitely upward, indicat-
ing that the anticipated post-war
crime wave has already started."

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IS SUCH A
BIG
LITTLE THING**



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ache sneaks up on you. You suffer
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O'Donnell, Texas



**LOOKING
AHEAD**
By GEORGE S. BENSON
President—Harding College
Searcy, Arkansas

Serving Labor

San Francisco was the first big
city I ever saw. Young and inter-
ested in everything, I stopped one
day to look at a big piece of plate
glass being installed in a storefront.
It was the lunch hour and the work-
men were not busy. As they ate
they drank from bottles. When the
bottles were empty, they broke
them. The incident gave me a dis-
tinct shock, and I never forgot it.

Back in Oklahoma, 60 miles from
a railroad where I had learned to
walk as well as to plow, every man-
ufactured thing was deemed to have
value. My mother literally hoarded
bottles for many useful purposes. A
milk bottle would have been prized
in her collection. My curiosity won
a battle with bashfulness and I
asked the workmen why they broke
the bottles, and they told me.

Idea to Make Work.
"You see, buddy," the foreman
explained, "we work in glass. So
do the working men who make the
bottles. The more bottles we break
the more work they will have."
Later I learned that this was a tra-
dition of the industry, supposedly
based on fellowship and loyalty to
Labor. At first I was very much
confused—loyalty to Labor seemed
entirely right to me, destructiveness
entirely wrong.

Just recently, Edward T. Cheyfitz,
national chairman of an important
labor union, a member of the Na-
tional Reconversion Committee of
the C.I.O., touched on the subject in
as clear and sound an economic
treatise as I ever read. It ap-
peared in the December issue of
Fortune. He called bottle breaking
a waste of labor and raw material,
typical of an old fashioned and
wrong attitude toward jobs and
wages.

For High Production.
This big labor leader said, "I know
of numerous cases in prewar days
where workers deliberately held
down production because they had
been made to feel that this was the
road to wage and employment se-
curity. We must educate union
memberships," he continued, "to...
practice high productivity. Cer-
tainly labor can not increase its own
share of goods by producing less."

To sum up the whole article, Mr.
Cheyfitz contends that labor and
management must find a common
ground if our nation, as now con-
stituted, is to survive. He said the
survival of labor unions depends on
the same thing. To find this com-
mon ground, the C.I.O. man suggests
that labor and management travel
the same road of maximum produc-
tion. Let me add, he is right.

A 40-Year Record.
History backs him up. High pro-
duction has always helped labor. In
1899 the average factory employee
toiled 60 hours a week and earned
only \$420 a year because what he
produced would sell for no more
than \$1,030. In 1939 the average fac-
tory worker put in only 38 hours a
week, turned out \$3,140 worth of
merchandise and earned \$1,150 a
year. Good tools make the differ-
ence.

With better equipment, the work-
er produces three times as much
and therefore earns three times as
much. The formula is still good.
Greater and more efficient produc-
tion will make many jobs at good
pay in the postwar years. It will
require better equipment but this
can be provided wherever employ-
ers and employees see eye-to-eye.
Mr. Cheyfitz points to the only hope
in sight for labor or capital either.

A red salmon, marked by the U. S.
Bureau of Fisheries in Alaskan wa-
ters in May, was caught 4 1/2 days later
in a Siberian stream, after having
traveled 1300 miles.

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these quilts. Why not look over the old ties that G.I. Joe left behind with an eye to the same purpose? The ends are always good no matter how worn the center part may be. Collecting bits of bright silk, ribbon and embroidery thread will be an exciting hobby and it costs nothing.

NOTE—BOOK 2 of the series of 23-page booklets offered with these articles gives complete directions for making crazy-patch quilts with dozens of diagrams showing the old-fashioned embroidery stitches used. Copy of BOOK 2 will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 15 cents with name and address. Write to:

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Red Raskall

By CLARK McMEEKIN W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Wicks, a bound servant, rescues her. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom. Lark tries to run away, but Cony catches her and she is locked in an attic. She escapes again and is found by David North, her lover, disguised as a gypsy. Galt arrives on the scene and agrees to get Lark to Norfolk, but when they enter the boat they find Cony concealed in it. The two men fight, while the boat drifts back to the inn. Lark pleads with Dr. Matson to spare Galt's life. Matson, Galt and Lark make a trip to Ghost Island.

CHAPTER XIII

In this case, that was a mere theatrical gesture, for every eye was already following the slightest movement of his catlike body, every breath was clamped by the vise of fear and unknown ascending horror. With delicate quick precision he drew his rapier from its slim Castilian sheath and stood on tiptoe, reaching up to the swinging figure.

Lark couldn't have moved the tiniest muscle of her little finger if her very life had depended on it.

The tip of the rapier caught the freight and gleamed like a silver bead flung against the sun. It reached up through the dark, reached high till it found the hollow beneath the chin of that pitiful, swaying figure, and then slashed downward with the quick and delicate exactness of a tiger's claw.

The jacket fell back in a wider V. Lark still did not understand. She could not grasp what the point was in this particular savagery and desecration. And then the body swung a little into profile, and she saw the swell of a woman's breast, its rounded, defenseless curve. Her eyes studied the face once more, the high cheek bones, the rounded chin. Wildly she looked at Matson; took hold of his arm and shook it, without knowing what she was doing.

"Why, Lark cried out, 'it's Dosta. Dosta!'"

"Do you wonder that I laughed at you, you little fool? It is amusing, is it not?"

When Lark didn't answer Matson continued unabashed. "That thief was David North, the man I loved!" he mimicked her words in a high falsetto voice. "That is a joke!" He turned to the gypsies. "Laugh, you dogs, laugh!"

Matson raised a slim white hand and hushed it with a sharp gesture of command.

One woman could not stop. She swayed back and forth in a very ecstasy of abandon, beyond all human control or dignity. Her white locks streamed to her shoulders and her head rolled from side to side in a spasmodic frenzy. "Dosta," she moaned, "Dosta, my dearie own." A man beside her slapped her open mouth hard with his big square hand, and she stopped suddenly in the midst of laughter, high and shrill as the neighing of the little wild island ponies.

The silence was thick as fog, pervasive as the stench near the mountainous heaps of oyster shells which dotted the lower beaches.

Matson let the silence lie there like a heavy blanket, smothering them for a long moment; then he spoke aside to Lark, but loud enough for the others to hear.

"Little liar," he said, sitting down on the ground beside her. "Pretty little liar, I have one further test for you. You failed me signally at first. Let us see what you will do now."

He motioned to a gray-beard. "Herne," he said, "come here!" and when the man bent down servilely, whispered a word in his ear.

The gypsy nodded sulkily and, with obvious reluctance, went back to his group and began to weed the younger men out from the older ones, lining them up in a row. Perhaps half a hundred stood there, some cringing, some defiant.

Matson turned to Lark and smiled in as friendly a fashion as if this were a parlor game that was to be played for her entertainment.

"Give me your hand, my dear," he said, and when she didn't comply, reached over and took it, placing it in his lap, letting his slim finger-tips rest delicately on the pulse in her wrist.

"Now," he continued in the casual, jocular tone of a master of ceremonies, "all of our possible Davids will pass slowly in front of us. You will say, as each goes by, 'That is not David North,' and I will know by the throb of your pulse the one particular time you are lying to me."

The first man in line paused in front of them. It was Ginko, the fiddler. He showed his white teeth in a flashing smile. His eyes narrowed intimately, and there was a provocative swagger to the swing of his red cape, as he bowed low to Lark.

"Fool," Matson said harshly, "preserve your play-acting for a filly of your own breed, this one is a thoroughbred. . . . Say the words, Lark, 'That is not David,' I demand the password for this man, as for each of the others that go by."

"That is not David," Lark said in a low voice, her eyes straining into the darkness so that she might see the next in line and attempt to discipline her quickening pulse.

The next man, she saw with relief, as he came forward into the lighted circle, was scarcely more

than a lad, a lad obviously of the English race, with skin as blond as Galt's.

Matson smiled and his fingers on her pulse grew lighter. "I know that one," he said. "He was stolen by an old gypsy beldame when he was a child on Exmoor heath. He's had chances enough to return to his own people, but this is the only life he knows or cares about. The password quickly, Lark, and we will allow him to move on."

Lark gave it and glanced swiftly at the figure next in line. It was a man much like David's build, who wore the red raskall pulled down low over his head, as if to shield the lighted side of his face. Her heart missed a beat and she felt the skip in her pulse. The Spanish Cat's fingers lightened on her helpless wrist.

The man's rolling walk was like David's, too. Lark's breath shortened in her chest. She had not the strength of faith to pray. She began to count to herself, her lips forming the syllables slowly and uncertainly. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve . . . thirteen . . . fourteen . . . fifteen . . . sixteen . . . seventeen . . . eighteen . . . nineteen . . . twenty . . . twenty-one . . . twenty-two . . . twenty-three . . . twenty-four . . . twenty-five . . . twenty-six . . . twenty-seven . . . twenty-eight . . . twenty-nine . . . thirty . . . thirty-one . . . thirty-two . . . thirty-three . . . thirty-four . . . thirty-five . . . thirty-six . . . thirty-seven . . . thirty-eight . . . thirty-nine . . . forty . . . forty-one . . . forty-two . . . forty-three . . . forty-four . . . forty-five . . . forty-six . . . forty-seven . . . forty-eight . . . forty-nine . . . fifty . . . fifty-one . . . fifty-two . . . fifty-three . . . fifty-four . . . fifty-five . . . fifty-six . . . fifty-seven . . . fifty-eight . . . fifty-nine . . . sixty . . . sixty-one . . . sixty-two . . . sixty-three . . . sixty-four . . . 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hundred and sixteen . . . eight hundred and seventeen . . . eight hundred and eighteen . . . eight hundred and nineteen . . . eight hundred and twenty . . . eight hundred and twenty-one . . . eight hundred and twenty-two . . . eight hundred and twenty-three . . . eight hundred and twenty-four . . . eight hundred and twenty-five . . . eight hundred and twenty-six . . . eight hundred and twenty-seven . . . eight hundred and twenty-eight . . . eight hundred and twenty-nine . . . eight hundred and thirty . . . eight hundred and thirty-one . . . eight hundred and thirty-two . . . eight hundred and thirty-three . . . eight hundred and thirty-four . . . eight hundred and thirty-five . . . eight hundred and thirty-six . . . eight hundred and thirty-seven . . . eight hundred and thirty-eight . . . eight hundred and thirty-nine . . . eight hundred and forty . . . eight hundred and forty-one . . . eight hundred and forty-two . . . eight hundred and forty-three . . . eight hundred and forty-four . 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nine thousand and forty-five . . . nine thousand and forty-six . . . nine thousand and forty-seven . . . nine thousand and forty-eight . . . nine thousand and forty-nine . . . nine thousand and fifty . . . nine

Wells News

Mrs. Homer Simpson, reporter (delayed from last week)

Mr and Mrs. Labeon Jordan and Mrs. L. J. Barrett visited Mr and Mrs. Hobart Jordan Sunday afternoon.

Mr and Mrs. Homer Simpson and family visited Mr and Mrs. Leland over the week end where they live in Seminole.

Mr Calvin Gaylyn was from Denver City Friday night visiting friends in the Wells Community.

Mr. W. A. Simpson will be at home at the M. H. Simpson home after Tuesday of this week.

Mr and Mrs. Elmer Lagrone and son, Leon, returned home Sunday. Mr. Leon Lagrone will be home for a few days and then will report to another camp.

Mrs. Mary Simpson is doing fairly well after having been ill all last week.

Mrs. Buch Cook is doing fine after returning from the hospital.

Mr. L. J. Barrett is doing fine after the cow kicked him except for a bad spot on his nose.

M. H. Simpson returned home Friday night where he had been with his father while he was ill.

Mr and Mrs. Robert Weatherby and family were over Sunday visiting Mr and Mrs. Tom Nelms and family.

Mr. Bill Cathey was down Friday from Lubbock buying cattle for the packing house.

INTRODUCING PATRICIA KAY

Mr and Mrs. Hollis Hunt announce the arrival of a fine baby girl born Feb. 12th. The little lady has been named Patricia Kay.

SEWING CLUB MEETS

Six members of the Jolly Twelve Sewing Club met last Tuesday at 4 o'clock in the home of Mrs. John Earles. Sewing as usual was the past time of the afternoon. The George Washington theme was carried out in the color scheme of the refreshments. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The club will meet next time with Mrs. Eda Goddard. - Reporter.

REX THEATRE ASSISTING IN RED CROSS DRIVE

The Rex Theatre will observe Red Cross War Fund Week during March 15th thru 21st according to Hervey Gardenhire, local chairman for the motion picture industry of Texas.

Mr. Gardenhire pointed out that collections would be taken up at every performance during that period, immediately after the showing of a special Red Cross subject featuring the lovely Ingrid Bergman, star of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and which highlights the needs of the American Red Cross as well as dramatizing the work of this great organization.

The Rex Theatre is participating along with 16,000 other movie theatres in the nation. Give all you can in our earnest plea.

MRS. F. C. WHEELER ENTERTAINS WITH SIX O'CLOCK DINNER

Honoring Mrs. Mary England who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Con Burns, a three course dinner was served last Thursday at 6:00 o'clock in the home of Mrs. Wheeler. Guests were: Mesdames Con Burns, Mary England, Gladys Lumpkins, Levi Noble, Pase Mansell and R. C. Carroll. All expressed themselves as having a very enjoyable evening and regret that Mrs. England is having to return to her home in Arvanna, Arkansas.

Sunday dinner guests of the Glyn Allen's were Mr and Mrs. R. C. Carroll and Mrs. Dick Lumpkins.

LODGE NOTICE

All officers of O. E. S. come to the Hall Friday night to practice for initiation and memorial service on Monday night.

FOR SALE: 8 foot by 20 foot Trailer House and one gas range. See Frank Liddell.

ACE HI BRIDGE CLUB

Mrs. Milford McMurtrey was hostess to members and guests of the Ace Hi Bridge Club last Thursday evening. Mrs. Charles Cathey won high score. Mrs. J. T. Middleton, Jr. won low score and Mrs. James Bowlin won bingo an traveling prizes.

Individual apple pies, topped with whipped cream and cherries and hot tea were served to the following guests: Madames Cathey, Floyd Thompson, Mack C. Bradley, and to the following members: Madames Tech McLaurin, J. L. Adams, Bowlin, Middleton and Miss Margaret Garner.

Harmony News

MRS. JESSE LANE

There will be a Pie Supper at Harmony on Friday night, March 9th. Proceeds will go to the Red Cross. Everyone come and bring a pie or a box. Also your pocketbook.

There was a family reunion in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Reddon last week end. Several relatives of Reddon met there from distant places.

Mr and Mrs. Merton Patterson and Mrs. F. P. Patterson of Ft. Worth were visiting relatives here last week end. Mrs. F. P. Patterson remained here for a longer visit with Mrs. E. A. Gleghorn and families.

Mr and Mrs. Jesse Hale were called to Oklahoma for the funeral services for her mother last Sunday.

A sister of Ewell Kirby of Las Angeles, Calif. is visiting with him. Mr. Kirby has been ill for several weeks with a heart ailment.

Elain and Allene Austin were at home over the week end. They are going to school at Lubbock.

Margaret Walker is visiting home folks from Phoenix, Arizona.

Mr and Mrs. Akins and family of Draw spent Friday night with their daughter, Mrs. A. B. Furlow and family.

Mr and Mrs. Lance Furlow of Woody spent Friday night with his father and mother. Mr and Mrs. A. H. Furlow.

Those visiting C. Booles and family Sunday were Mr and Mrs. A. E. Leverett, Mr and Mrs. C. J. Beach, and Mr and Mrs. Clyde Fultz.

Mr and Mrs. Finis Gleghorn and children were visiting Mr and Mrs. I. M. Davis Sunday afternoon.

Mr and Mrs. C. Gillespie and

Retha and Mr and Mrs. Henry Smith and Betty Sue were picnicing in the 'Breaks' Sunday.

Dickie Marie Harris was overnight guest of Azalea McKee at Mesquite Saturday night.

Mrs. E. A. Gleghorn visited Mr and Mrs. H. O. Lane Sunday.

The Red Cross Drive is on in our Community. Anyone desiring to donate to this worthy cause contact Mrs. Jesse Lane or Mrs. B. B. Street. Our quota is \$400.00.

Pfc. James Flowers, who is fighting in Italy, recently sent his wife a beautiful locket.

Mrs. Bert Holman is in a Lubbock hospital for an operation.

Mrs. Jennie Watkins is a visitor in the J. W. Riggs home this week.

Change of Management

I HAVE LEASED

George's Place

(Formerly Shumate Garage and Wrecking Yard)

We Are Carrying Magnolia Gas & OILS

Come By and See Us. Your trade Will Be Appreciated.

CABINS FOR RENT BY WEEK OR BY MONTH

Just North of "Y" on Tahoka Highway.

H. A. Todd

MECHANIC ON DUTY AT ALL TIMES

J. D. Brewer and family and Mrs. H. L. Brewer are visiting in Mentone this week.

D. F. Ferguson of Souraville was in town last week visiting in the H. L. and P. P. Brewer homes and Mrs. R. L. Taylor.

C. T. Newton and family are visiting in New Mexico near Farmington. Richard Peak, Jr. and wife left for Roswell where Richard reported for induction in the Army.

Mrs. C. C. Quinn of Big Spring was a visitor in the Peek home this week end.

Miss Deeva McMillin of Lubbock was very seriously injured in an accident near Lubbock. She is recovering. Miss McMillin formerly resided in the T-bar community.

ASK a returned World War Veteran about the Red Cross' organization deserves our support. Give as much as you can.

Farmers are Asked To Raise more CHICKS

In 1945 the Government requests a new increase in chick raising and egg production. The War Food Administration now asks for four billion 370 million dozen eggs in 1945, also 140 million more broilers raised than the average pre-war years.



I COST NO RED RATION POINTS

In 8 Weeks I will be First Class meat, rich in Vitamin and protein

FOR BROILERS, WE HAVE — WHITE ROCKS, WHITE WYANDOTTES, AUSTRIA WHITES

FOR LAYERS, WE HAVE — Tom Barron Strain English White Leghorns — Anconas

BROODERS — Electric, Butane and Oil SUPPLIES and REMEDIES.

STARTED CHICKS — 1st Run PULLETS

Calvery's HATCHERY

TEL. 51

When The Lights Come On Again

We will have a full line of NORGE Appliances.

INCLUDING THE LATEST IN HEATING AND A COOLING SYSTEM THAT CAN BE PLUGGED INTO YOUR WALL. BESIDES OTHER ITEMS THAT YOU WILL BE INTERESTED IN.

The Sign of the Norge is your guarantee of Satisfaction.

WE HAVE A LARGE SUPPLY OF COMODES, LAVATOIRS, KITCHEN SINKS.

We have one 8 foot Elgin mill with 20 foot tower, one 6 foot Elgin mill with 20 foot tower and several 6 1-2 foot Monitor mills.

WE HAVE GARDEN HOSE, HOES, RAKES, AND OTHER GARDEN TOOLS, ALSO ROTARY GAS PUMPS

Large Stock of Wall Paper. Many lovely patterns to select from

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

Don Edwards, Mgr.

NOTICE TO Car Owners

WE ARE NOW READY TO ISSUE LICENSE PLATES FOR 1945. WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR REGISTRATION AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE TO AVOID THE RUSH. LICENSE PLATES MAY BE PURCHASED AT LYNN COUNTY MOTOR CO

R. P. Weathers

Tax Assessor-Collector, Lynn County

New Furniture Store IN LAMESA

Come In and See Us

Marshall

Furniture Co., Lamesa

Welding

Electric and acetylene

FARM MACHINERY MADE AND REPAIRED. WE CAN REPAIR ANY BROKEN PARTS

— ALUMINUM WELDING —

All our work is guaranteed to give complete service and satisfaction.

Generator and Starter Service

FLOYD THOMPSON

"Come In and See Us" Located rear of Fritz Filling Station

REX

Theatre

Evening Show

Open 7:30 Starts 7:45

Matinee 2:00—Starts 2:15

Sat. Nite Only March 10th Robert Taylor - Vivien Leigh in

Waterloo Bridge

Selected Shorts

Sun. - Mon. March 11-12 Dorothy Lamour - Eddie Bracken in

Rainbow Island

Also News - Comedy

Tuesday March 13th Niles Aster - Helen Walker

The Man in Half

Moon Street

Also Selected Shorts

Wed. - Thurs. March 14-15 Alan Ladd - Loretta Young

And Now Tomorrow

Also News - Comedy

Fri. Nite - Sat. Mat. March 16 - 17 Red Cameron - Fuzzy Knight in

The Old Texas Trail

Also Black Arrow No. 15 CARTOON

Along the "Route to Tokyo"

Curves have been ironed out so trains may get around them faster.

New Diesel "head ends" are pulling bigger loads up mountain grades.

Ingenious Centralized Traffic Control Systems have been installed at important points so the same rails can carry 50 per cent more traffic.

A new Santa Fe bridge is now being built across the Colorado River.

We have enlarged our capacity to meet the increasing loads of war. There will be no slackening of our job until the war is completely won.

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES
Serving the West and Southwest

He comes to speak for G. I. JOE

Welcome your RED CROSS Volunteer Solicitor

OPEN your heart to him, when he comes. He speaks for wounded men lying in hospitals; lonely men who have not seen home in years. Through him, you'll hear the thanksgiving of these men in whom the bright flare of reason, faith, and hope might have died... if your Red Cross had not been beside them.

So you'll give more this year... you'll know the need is greater than ever.

And you'll greet with a smile the faithful neighbor who comes to your door! For this volunteer not only comes to speak for "The Boys," He comes to save you time and footsteps. He's saving you a trip to the Red Cross headquarters to make your contribution for your boy.

GIVE NOW! GIVE MORE!

Keep your RED CROSS at his side

GIVE TO THE 1945 RED CROSS WAR FUND

This space is contributed by Texas Electric Service Company in the interest of the American Red Cross War Fund