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## The Paper With The Best Coverage Of Its Trade Territory--Unequalled By Any West Texas Weekly Newspaper Donnell Index-Press

the Cotton, Grain Poultry, Cream

Vol. 21, No. 47

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, July 28, 1944

COPIOUS RAINS Two Of Our Finest - The Aten Brothers ELECTION NEWS DIES IN ACTION HELP IS NEEDED

82 Per Year

Thursday night of last week and riday, the O'Donnell sector got the best dousing of sky jnice of the year. Rain started falling early a the evening and kept it up alest all night, slowly and gently. Sowers followed the next day, adreports are that it rained all he way from two inches up to wer five in various localities of

in O'Donnell the precipitation mounted to about three inches. Saturday folks from all directions reported copious rains. Farmers reclated and say that without mother drop of moisture bumper goes can be harvested. Never ere there suchprospects. Cotton mos are flourishing, and the maize

It wasn't a million dollar rain, but It was better than that. Mr. anu Mrs. G. C. Aten have tioned at Camp Pendleton, Calif' Two or three millions would come every reason to be proud of their Pat enlisted Sept. 30, 1942, and is uer the mark ...

#### Revival

Evangelist Eugene Lewis, of San Antonio. is to do the preaching in who is in the U. S, Marine Corps. Donnell high school arevival meeting at the Church of enlisted Nov. 28, 1942, and is staled both were volunteers. wsday of next week.

#### Run Off Ahead

Lynn county voters on Aug. 26 will enterpate in two runoffs of local interest. Smith and Jack Douglas, both abback, for state representative, will be another go round. In Precinct 2, lamie Williams and Lewis Kenley are in be runoff for county commissioner.

#### **Garrard Wins**

Judge Tom Garrard Saturday won the ministion for county judge over Judge 6.C. Grider by a large majority. Exact igues are not at hand.

#### **Huffaker Wins**

In the race for district attorney, Callo wy Huffaker defeated Roilin McCord for the nomination, 5806 to 4346.

New Dresses

BERNIE FRALIN



PAT ATEN

whom are in U. S. service. Buford, who is in the U. S, Marine Corps. Donnell high school students.

In Prec. No. 2, Dawson county, last Saturday, G C. Aten won the nomination for county commis ioner over R. L. Butchee, incumbent, Lawrence, owner, arrived Sunday

Draw way, was in town Saturday, years owner of a drug store at jubilant over the outpouring of Plainview. Mrs. Blakemore, who sky juice last Friday. According is now visiting in Denison, will to his measurement, the rainfall at join him soon to assist in the operhis place amounted to five and ation of the O'Donnell Drug Store. one-half inches.

**New Blouses** 

**New Hosiery** 

New Piece Goods, Trimmings

New Lingerie

A Big Stock of Men's Work

Clothing

July 29th Is The Last Day You

Can Buy Women's Unrationed Shoes.

We Have Some

Fine Values For You!

C. C. Dry Goods Co.

**BUFORD ATEN** 

two sons, Pat and Buford, both of stationed at Boca Chica, Fla. He is an electrician's mate, 3c.

#### **Aten Wins Nomination**

by 31 votes. Both are mighty fine men. Mr. Aten had served one term when he was opposed in the 1942 primary by Mr. Butchee, who won by 2 votes.

and has assumed management of this popular establishment.

Mr. Blakemore is a graduate registered pharmacist, and enjoys a wide acquaintance in West Texas.

#### **Buys Interest In Drug Store**

W. M. Blakemore, who recently purchased a half interest In the O'Donnell Drug Store from Paul

For 10 years he operated a drug S. A. Mensch, who lives out store at Lorenzo, and was for five These fine people be given a warm welcome to our city.

#### Revival

Beginning at the Baptist church Sun-day July 30, a revival will be conducted by local forces. Gospel preaching, songs that all know and love to sing will be featured during this revival. You are invited to be present with your songs, prayers and testimonies.

LaQuita Roberson celebrated her birthesa Refreshments were served afterward in her home to her 16 guests

#### Theatre

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

Sat. Nite Only July 29 Ann Miller, Joe Besser in

#### Hey Rookie Also Selected Shorts

Sunday and Monday July 30-31

#### Margaret Sullivan, Ann Sothern in

Cry Havoc Also Fox News, Lucky Cowboy

Tuesday, Aug. 1 Sigrid Gurie, Frances

#### Lederer in Voice In The Wind

Also Selected Shorts

Wed.-Thurs. Aug. 2-3 Wally Brown Allan Carney in Rockies In

#### Burma Also News, Comedy

Friday Nite and Saturday Matinee, Aug. 4-5 Ken Maynard Hoot Gibson in

#### Westward Bound

Also Serial and Cartoon

Lack of interest and mud was ing strength of about 600, only 358 votes were cast. The following is the unofficial vote: Congress: Mahon, 203; Harris,

Governor: Cunningham, 15;

ones, 5; Stevenson, 318; Mills, 1; Minton, 4; Porter, 1s Ferguson, 3; Grimes, 4.

Lieut. Govetnor: Turner, 45; white, 83.

Attorney General: Sellers, 118; Martin, 159; Erisman, 50. Supreme Court Justice: Hub-bard, 58; Critz, 51; Simpson, 74; Smiley, 17; Rowland, 86.

Judge Court of Criminal Appeals: Hawkins, 182; Dickson, 120. Railroad Commissioner: Jester,

Comptroller: Butler, 46; Shel-

ton, 11; Sneppard, 269. State Treasurer: James. 356 Land Commissioner: Giles, 352.

Supt. Public Instruction: Woods, Both of these fine lads were O'- 183; Rogers, 101; McNutt, 40. Commissioner of Agriculture: McDonald, 212; Hunter, 78; Ar-

Court of Civil Appeals: Stokes

Court of Civil Appeals: Heare,

State Senator: Parrish, 355. Representative: Preston E. Smith, 146; Jack Douglas, 104; Geo. W. Neili, 75.

District Attorney: Huffaker, 159; McCord, 192. County Judge: Grider, 124; Garrard, 230.

County Attorney: Maddox, 355. District Clerk: W. S. Taylor,

County Clerk: Mathis, 358. Sheri: Floyd, 357. Assessor-Collector: Weathers,

Treasurer: Daniel, 358. County Commissioner: Ander-

Constable. Christopher, 347. County Chairman: Cain, 339. Precinct Chairman: Haymes, 21. Justice of the Peace: T. W.

### J. B. MILES

. B. Mlles, 86, pioneer resident of the O'Donnell area, passed away at his home at 1 p. m , July 22.

Funeral services were conducted at 4 p. m. Sunday at the Church of Christ by Minister R. P Dren-

nan, of Melrose, N. M., with inter-ment in Tahoka cemetery. Born Jan. 13, 1858 in Lafayette, Miss.' Mr. Miles had resided in this vicinity for over 40 years. He was held in highest esteem by all who knew him. A Christian for many years, he was a good citizen and a good man. Surviving are two sons, R O. and Jack Miles, four daughters, M.s. Carrie Shumake, Mrs. Gladys Tomlinson, O'Donnell, Mrs. Anna Willis, Ft. Worth, and Mrs. Le.a Tomlinson, Post. Also two brothers, Robt. Miles, Eagle Lake and Wm. Miles, Beeville.

L. E Robinson Tuesday showed us a new wrinkle he was to use on his fine Herefords. It is a new invention for the application of oil to the backs and s des of animals, which besides annihilating lice or other vermin, will not only rejuvenate and add lustre to the hair, but will afford that delightful sensation that always follows a good back scratching. The device is swung aloft, the animal is placed under it, and the work can s.arc. Burley Brewer got one of the "scratchers" also for his herd of Herefords. If there's anything that is new affoat that is for better Herefords, Robinson and Brewer will be found taking it on.

#### **Bill Stephens Wins**

In Borden county, by a majority of 7 votes, Bill Stephens won over Vernon Creighton, for commissioner, Prec. No. 1.

M. Sgt. A. D. Smith, with the U. S. Air Forces in North Africa, is here for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Smith Sgt. Smith has been in the army 7 1-2 years, and likes army life fine.

Petty Officer James L. Fletcher. with the U. S. Navy, is here for a visit with Mrs. Fletcher, on emergency leave on ac-count of the illness of their little son.

Miss Betty Ruth McKee, who is employed at Lubbock, spent sevcral days here last week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey

#### A telegram to Mrs. Inez Shoul-Menday, advised that Staff Sgt. Stanley J. Shoulders, of the Sec-

action in France, June 16. The son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Shoulders, Stanley was born at Denton 29 years ago. He formerly lived here, and had been in the army five years. His widow and Davis, 19; Smith, 177; Satter a son, Jerry, reside at Thalia. Besides his parents, he is survived by four brothers, J. B., Nilan, Calif., C. B., in England, Jackie at Camp Ellis, Ill., and Bobbie, with the Air Corps at Pampa; and three ststers, Mrs. Floyd Mills, Fort

Mrs. E. T. Wells, chairman of responsible for the light vote in ders from the War Department. bandage preparation forces at the O'Donnell Saturday. With a vot- Monday, advised that Staff Sgt. Red Cross room, informs us that 4,600 bandages have arrived, and are to be folded by Aug 15. The ond Division, had been killed in Lynn county chairman has urged that these bandages be ready by B. that date.

Mrs. Wells is asking that O.Donnell ladies respond to this urgent call. The work room at the Legion hall will be open each Wednesday and Thursday from 2 to 6 p. m The need for these surgical dressings is increasing since the invasion. Let every lady help. The Index-Press has been promised a list of those who aid in this worthy cause, which will be published later.

Worth, and Wilma Joe and Chlorita, of O'Donnell. The bereaved ones will have the sympathy of all. E. Holcomb.

Walter R. Adams is here from Ireland, Texas, for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Holcomb.



### To keep your fan ON the JOB ... lubricate it Regularly!

MANUFACTURERS of electric fans are making weapons of war so your fan must last the duration. Help keep it on the job of keeping you cool by lubricating it according to the manufacturer's instructions. Remember, some fans use oil, while others have grease cups that should be titled at teast once each season. Grease should be used in the gears of oscillating fans.

Since your fan probably has been working overtime during the past two months of hot weather we've had in this part of Texas, now is a good time to attend to the

Oil and g.ease other motor-driven electric appliances too that require attention. Ask at our office for helpful pamphlets and other information on the care and use of electric appliances.

Don't waste electricity just because it isn't rationed. Use what you need, but reed what you use.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

C. E CAMERON Mas

# Thanks!

To each and every one of you for giving me such a big lead in the race for State Representative.

THIS CLEARLY INDICATES

That the people in this district want a native West Texan to represent West Texas in the Legislature. I will appreciate your further support in the run off election, Aug. 26.

# Preston E. Smith

Candidate for State Representative, 119th District.

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DEWEY WILL 'BRIEF' PROBLEMS BEFORE ACTING

CHICAGO.-Republican nominee Tom Dewey's method of handling a problem is first to have it "briefed. He designates one of his men to analyze both sides thoroughly, to set these down in writing, saying "On the one hand there is this factor,' and "On the other hand there is this," he takes this evidence, discusses it with his councilors, then makes his decision

#### **EMOTIONALISM RULED**

Perhaps people may well like to be guided in their lives by emotionalism and wholly human considerations, which may not be right, but for their leadership to assume such a principle would plunge all hope and faith for the future and tip even justice itself into the cauldron of philosophical fires. (Like the Hitler leadership of unreasoned torch bearing and hatreds.) I guess this is what interests me most in the new young leadership which is taking over the Republican opposition because the Willkie leadership popularly failed. Perhaps I am prejudiced, because for nearly 14 years I have seen a government operate without "briefing," without judicial choices coolly arrived at, and I think this is why its economic solutions particularly have never worked out successfully. It got votes, but it never got the problem solved.

At any rate this is what makes Dewey tick. I suppose that in-tellectually Mr. Roosevelt would be classified as a politician. His decisions reflect that instinct. In his way he is superior to any public man I have met in 25 years of political reporting. To gauge the contrast which may be offered by Dewey, if elected, I have collected the evidences of his gubernatorial and convention workings on one hand and the other, not only from politicians assembled here but from the thinking men, and I can "brief" the candidate himself

#### CLASSIFIES AS ADMINISTRATOR

Intellectually Dewey must not be classified as a lawyer, or politician. Rather he is an administrator. As district attorney and governor he chose to lead a bright young band, and to rely upon them for the spade work but not as Roosevelt did, for ideologies. He leads them only in the sense that an administrator assigns work to them and makes the final conclusion from their work. He does not try to dominate the thoughts of his associates or press them to his viewpoint. This is evident in the fact that no one who ever worked for him has resigned (a remarkable record.)

Few men like work as he does. He remained behind after this convention to shake 3,000 hands the first night and to thresh out campaign details with the hundreds of leaders assembled here. He did not choose ap outlying hotel, but remained at onvention headquarters. He likes Bricker, who did much inside work on the platform in daily breakfast consultations with Senator Taft. His convention tribute to Bricker was not only an extraordinary consideration for a second man, but wise, and Bricker will no doubt be a vice presidential candidate in fact instead of the usual appendage.

Dewey's handling of the Jewish problem (which always calls for wise practicalism in a state like New York) is another primary example of his instinct for unprejudiced administration. It was his man who put the Palestine plank in the platform, for the first time any political party had mentioned it. Conspicuous also here in his behalf was Nathaniel Goldstein, his attorney general, whom he designated in preference to a personal friend. Efforts to bestir class antagonisms against him on this score will be difficult.

He has no advisers who guide his political thoughts. His friends are few, mostly neighbors, the Pat Hogans (New York businessman and college classmate) and the Rodger Strausses. They do not bother with politics, and apparently furnish his relaxation from same. His wife is a home-and-children type who will not be conspicuous either in the campaign or White House.

This "briefing" sums him up completely for me, answering the questions in my mind about him, and forecasts the type of campaign and government you may expect to be offered.

The passing of California's Governor Warren left no noticeable dismay around the Dewey headquar-Most newsmen here guessed Warren thought he could not carry California and therefore had no place on the ticket. I suspect some personal reasons were more important, possibly some investments he has made have not been wise, and with six children to raise, he may not have thought he could afford a vice presidential campaign or ten-The war business will be protected if Dewey is elected.



Washington, D. C. SNARL OVER RECONVERSION

One of the worst legislative snarls awaiting the senate when it returns, is reconversion. It has hardly got started on the tremendous task of putting America back to work at peacetime production.

Difficulty began last February with publication of the widely publicized Baruch - Hancock report. Though this at first was hailed as a blueprint for peacetime conversion, many senators now admit it is woefully inadequate, provides excellent protection for capital and profits, but little protection against unemployment.

Only comprehensive plan so far for real unemployment prevention during the reconversion period is contained in the bill written by Sen. Harley Kilgore of West Virginia.

Kilgore had hoped to see his bill sent to the progressive committee on education and labor, headed by scholarly Sen. Elbert Thomas of Utah. But Assistant President Jimmy Byrnes, Bernie Baruch, and Wall Street's John Hancock, aided by army-navy big business elements, pulled the wires and switched the bill into the military affairs committee. There it comes under reactionary, egotistic Chairman Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina.

The Kilgore bill is an all-embracing measure designed to insure full production and full employment after the war, all within the framework of private enterprise. Surplus property disposal plans are included; also employment training, coordination among government agencies and-most objectionable to the reactionaries-emergency federal unemployment insurance.

Lehman Brothers' John Hancock, who opposes this, has even stated flatly that he thinks a little unemployment after the war will be a good thing-to depress wage levels. A deal was made by its enemies to place the Kilgore bill under Montana's Senator Murray, who has been pressured by Senator George, Hancock and Baruch to kill it. Meanwhile, the unhappy Murray has been receiving brickbats on the other side from labor because of his stalling.

Adequate plans for reconversion should have been completed before the congressional recess. But sedate, scholarly, unhappy Senator Murray is still sitting on the eggs.

#### PIGEONS AND PICTURES

Anxious to insure the speediest possible handling of pictures of the fighting in France, one American public relations officer prepared special cases to hold single rolls of 35mm. motion picture film. These were to be sent to London from the front by carrier pigeon. A test was made in England, with 20 pigeons sent out one day. Nineteen of them have never since been heard from. Deciding roles of 5-mm. film

were too heavy, the officer then devised a special carrier for single three-by-five-inch negatives. No test was made with this carrier, however because G-2 stepped in and ruled the pigeons out. . . . Too easy for the Nazis to intercept, said G-2, with the possibility that negatives containing valuable military information might fall into enemy hands

#### HITLER'S HEALTH

Although intelligence officers aren't saying much about it, Adolf Hitler's health has been attracting considerable attention in Washington lately. Fact is, the Allies have several ways of checking on Hitler's physical condition. Captured newsreels and still pictures are closely compared with previous films for clues. Likewise, recordings of Hitler's latest speeches are compared with earlier talks.

Recently, Hitler made two speeches in one week. Both were broadcast by the German radio. A group of Intelligence officers and diplomats who heard him were surprised at the tone of his voice.

'Hitler sounded listless," commented one expert. "He sounded weary, tired and solemn. There was no power in his voice, no fire, only a dispirited tone of dejection. He seemed to be reading his speech. He stumbled and went over words and sentences several times before getting them straight.

Another expert saw the latest newsreels of Hitler last week, was surprised at how paunchy and pale

"Hitler has taken on weight," this expert said, "and it's not flattering to him. He seems to be letting himself go and apparently isn't getting as much exercise as a lot of his men who are running backward. His eyes also look hollow. The war isn't agreeing with Adolf Hitler."

#### MERRY-GO-ROUND

■ Howard Costigan, founder of the Washington Commonwealth federation, has started a new movement on the West Coast called the "Party of the Pacific," and stands a chance to win a seat in congress, come November.

■ Congressman Jennings Randolph
of West Virginia is trying out a new wrinkle in campaigning. He is having produced some one-minute films of himself making a campaign speech, for distribution throughout his congressional district.

With Ernie Pyle at the Front

### Gen. Eddy Commands One of **Our Best Combat Divisions**

Commander Dares Enemy Fire to Be With His Fighting Troops

By Ernie Pyle

IN NORMANDY .- One of the favorite generals among the war correspondents is Maj. Gen. Manton S. Eddy, commander of the Ninth division.

We like him because he is absolutely honest with us, because he is sort of old-shoe and easy to talk with, and because we think he is a mighty good general. We have known him in Tunisia and Sicily, and now here in France.

and dogs, and the ground was knee-

deep in mud. The tent pegs wouldn't

stay in and the pup tents kept com-

ing down. Everybody was wet and

miserable. So, late at night the

general started out on foot around

the area, just because he felt so

As he walked he passed a soldier

trying to redrive the stake that held

down the front of his pup tent. The

soldier was using his steel helmet

as a hammer, and he was having a

bad time of it. Every now and then

he would miss the stake with the

helmet and would squash mud all

over himself. He was cussing and

The general was using his flash-

light, and when the soldier saw the

"Hey, Bud, come and hold that

So General Eddy obediently squat-

ted down and held the light while

the soldier pounded and spattered

mud, and they finally got the peg

driven. Then, as they got up, the

"Soldier, what's your name?"

The startled soldier gasped, eaned forward and looked closely,

During the Cherbourg Peninsula

campaign I spent nine days with the Ninth Infantry division—the di-

vision that cut the peninsula, and

one of the three that overwhelmed

The Cherbourg campaign is old

stuff by now, and you are no longer

particularly interested in it. But

the Ninth division has been in this

war for a long time and will be in

it for a long time to come. So I

would like to tell you some things

The Ninth is one of our best divi-

sions. It landed in Africa and it

fought through Tunisia and Sicily.

Then it went to England last fall,

and trained all winter for the inva-

sion of France. It was one of the

American divisions in the invasion

that had previous battle experience.

Ninth was right on top of them. It

never gave them a chance to re-

The Ninth moved so fast it got

to be funny. I was based at the

division command post, and we

struck our tents and moved forward

That works the daylight out of the

boys who take down and put up the

tents. I overheard one of the boys

saying: "I'd rather be with Ringling

Usually a division headquarters is

a fairly safe place. But with the

Ninth it was different. Something

They had a bad shelling one night

and lost some personnel. Every now

and then snipers would pick off

somebody. In all the time I was

with them we never had an uninter-

rupted night's sleep. Our own big

guns were all around us and they

would fire all night. Usually Ger-

man planes were over too, droning

around in the darkness and making

One night I was sitting in a

tent with Capt. Lindsey Nelson

of Knoxville, when there was a

loud explosion, then a shrill whine through the treetops over

our heads. But we didn't jump, or hit the dirt. Instead I said: "I know what that is. That's the

rotating band off one of our shells.

As an old artilleryman I've heard

lots of rotating bands. Sometimes

they sound like a dog howling. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"that's what it was, a rotating

But our harmless rotating band,

we found a few minutes later, was

a jagged, red-hot, foot-square frag-

man shell which had landed a hun-

dred yards away from us. It's won-

high-ranking general never ducks or

bats an eye when a shell hits near.

"Sure," said Captain Nelson,

assemble or get their balance.

six times in seven days.

was always happening.

us tense and nervous.

band.'

Brothers."

The Ninth did something in this

the great port of Cherbourg

light he called out:

general said:

then blurted out:

"Goddelmighty!"

ight for me, will you?"

sorry for all the kids out there.

Like his big chief, Lieut. Gen. Omar Bradley, General Eddy looks more like a schoolteacher than a soldier. He is a big, tall man but

he wears glasses and his eyes have a sort of squint. He talks like a Middle Westerner, which he is. He still claims Chicago as home, although he has been an army officer for 28 years. He was wounded in the last war.

Ernie Pyle

He is not a glib talker, but he talks well and laughs In spite of being a professional soldier he despises war, and like

any ordinary soul is appalled by the

waste and tragedy of it. He wants to win it and get home just as badly

as anybody else. When the general is in the field he lives in a truck that used to be a machine shop. They have fixed up nicely for him with a bed, a desk, cabinets, and rugs. His orderly is an obliging, dark-skinned

sergeant who is a native of Ecuador. Some of his officers sleep in foxoles, but the general sleeps in his truck. One night, however, while was with his division, it got too hot even for him. Fragments from shells bursting nearby started hitting the top of the truck, so he got

The general has a small mess in a tent separate from the rest of the division staff. This is because he has a good many vis-iting generals, and since they business while they eat they must have some privacy.

Usually he stays at his desk during the morning and makes a tour of regimental and battalion command posts during the afternoon. Usually he goes to the front in an unarmed jeep, with another jeep right behind him carrying a magunner and rifleman on the alert for snipers. His drivers say when they start out:

"Hold on, for the general doesn't campaign that we haven't always done in the past. It kept tenaciously spare the horses when he's travelon the enemy's neck. When the Ger-mans would withdraw a little the

He carries a portable telepho his jeep, and if he suddenly wants to talk with any of his units he just stops along the road and plugs into one of the wires that are lying on the ground

General Eddy especially likes to show up in places where his soldiers wouldn't expect to see him. knows that it helps the soldiers' spirits to see their commanding general right up at the front where it is hot. So he walks around the front with his long stride, never ducking or appearing to be concerned at all.

One day I rode around with him on one of his tours. At one command post we were sitting on the grass under a tree, looking at maps, with a group of officers around us.

Our own artillery was banging nearby, but nothing was coming our way. Then, like a flash of lightning. here came a shell just over our heads, so low it went right through the treetops, it seemed. It didn't whine, it swished. Everybody, including full colonels, flopped over and began grabbing grass. The shell exploded in the next orchard.

General Eddy didn't move. He just said:

"Why, that was one of our shells." And since I had known General Eddy for quite a while, I was bold enough to say:

"General, if that was one of ours all I can say is that this is a hell of a way to run a war. We're fighting toward the north, and that shell was going due south."

The general just laughed. . . .

The general also likes to get up at four o'clock in the morning once in a while and go poking around into message centers and mess halls, giving the boys a start. It was one of these night meanderings that ment of steel from a 240-mm. Gerproduced his favorite war story.

It was in Africa. They were in a new bivouac. It was raining cats derful to be a wise guy.

In the early days of the invasion

a whole bevy of high-ranking Allied

officers 'came to visit us-Generals

Marshall, Eisenhower and Arnold,

Admirals King and Ramsey-there

two-star generals without even beg-

ging pardon.

High Staff Officers Given Secret Protection

The military police charged with conducting this glittering array of generals around our beachhead tried was so much brass you just bumped to get them to ride in armored cars. But, being generals, they said no, certainly not, no armored cars for Being generals, they know they

us, we'll just go in open command must appear to be brave in order cars like anybody else. And that's to set an example. Consequently, a the way they did go.

Innocent Bystander: The Intelligentsia: Sumner Welles'

"Time of Decision," a Book-of-the-Month special, is rated in Washington and London as the most impor tant book yet on the diplomatic history of this war and the diplomatic future of the world. . . . Look mag's color photo of FDR was taken since his recent illness-the best of him yet. And you can't retouch technicolor! . . . Anita Colby, the darling of the Stork, Morocco and Colony set (who made the Powers girl famous), is now feminine director of the Selznick Studios, if you will pod'n their lorgnette. . . . Eth Barry-more is being booked for a lecture tour. Her subject will be the "high points in the life of the Barry-mores"... "A Soldier's Letter to Mrs. Luce," in the Nation, should be read by everybody... A Water-bury editorialist complained about a New Yorker's one unimportant error in the same edition the editorialist's own paper apologized for three of its own. Haw! . . . Hero Commando Kelly's Satevepost fee (\$25,000) and the \$25,000 from Zanuck were taxed \$13,000!

"Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," which was high on the Hit Parade only a few broadcasts ago (and has garnered a mint for Duke Ellington), was written by Cootie Williams, Duke's ex-trumpet genius. Cootie peddled it to Ellington for \$25. . . . Its real name is: "Concerto for Cootie" . . . Rooms are so scarce in navy-crowded Norfolk Va. that Herb Fields and his band (playing at the Palomar) had to rent six motor cars to sleep in. . The name Winchell appeared in the Congressional Record long before the current one started worrying those in Washington, who have good reason to worry. His name was Benj. Winchell. The oldest papers in the files of Congress relate to Ben and his son Ruggles. The papers date back to 1758. . . . Radio net-works have altered the well-known lines of the song, "Beyond the Blue Horizon." The wordage-lies the rising sun-has been switched to "the setting sun.

Midtown Vignette: It happened in

the Stork Club the other night. . Corp. Brod Crawford, former Hollywood actor, saw a lieutenant at the bar, a buddy from Movietown. . . . He greeted him by his first name, of course. . . The lieutenant stif-fened and in tones colder than Sophie Tucker's ice-box replied: "Address your superior officer as a . . . After 15 minutes of soldier." heated argument the session ended when the officer gave the corporal a direct order. . . . Infringement of which is punishable by a court mar-A witness to the episode relayed it to a colonel seated in the rear. He was Col. Butch Morgan, one of the real tough guys w our fighting planes. He is the most decorated hero in this war. . . Colonel Morgan walked over to the lieutenant and said: "Lieutenant, where do you know Corporal Craw-. . . "Hollywood, sir." ford from?" was the reply. . . "What did you call him in Hollywood?" asked Colonel Morgan . . . "I called him Brod," was the answer. . . . "Well," said the Colonel, "when you meet a friend off post, you address him by his first name, and don't go pulling your rank on him-and that's a direct order from your superior off-It has been estimated that 55,000 .-

000 Americans go to the movies every week. The film industry is one place where mediocrity pays handsome dividends. Producers of B films are among America's highest paid executives. Those celluloids also reap the most loot. . . . Too many ambitious youngsters believe that beauty is the only qualification for film success.

Quotation Marksmanship: Ray-

mond Moley: Walks as if balancing the family tree on his nose. . . . Kitchen: There's no use itching for something unless you're willing to scratch for it. . . . H. Savoy: She was as light as a feather, and she didn't weigh much either. . . . A. Bierce: A fork is an implement used by a civilized man to put dead things in his mouth. . . . Toni Eden: An American who takes off his coat for his country is worth 10 who just take off their hats to the flag. . . . Billy Sunday: Try praising your wife, even if it does frighten her at first. . . . J. Lorimer: The best way to hold a man is to make him want to hold you. : . . Maude Warrender: Everybody is able to give pleasure in some way. One person may do it by coming into a room, another by going out.

Love Letter of the Week: From Printer's Ink and the page by Hugh E. Agnew, titled: "You are immature if you think: That everything currently popular is really good. . . . That smart and smart alec are synonymous. . . . That you could run the business better than the man who built it. . . . That clever copy is selling copy. . . . That the popular side is the right side. . That men over 50 seldom get new ideas. . . . That popular mediocrity is a criterion of taste. . . . That the majority is always right."

Gay Little Sun Suit Has Matching Bonner



BRIEF sun-suit or tiny dress is made twice as gay by means of a bright cherry spray applique. The matching open are bonnet is made perfectly flat and then buttoned together to form a hat. Whole set takes but little material and is a summer joy for any youngster. Pattern includes size 2, 3 and 4 years.

To obtain complete applique pattern see cutting pattern for sun-suit, dress and ha-net for the Cherry Sun Suit (Pattern M. 5737) send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern Address.

RHEUMATIC PAIR

Boot pot ford year tay—det ofter it be
Don't put off getting C-2223 to relieve pain of muscular rheumatise
and other rheumatic pains. Caution:
Use only as directed. First bottle
suprehaus price hack if not satisfied



### **END CONSTIPATION** THIS NATURAL WAY!

Millions now take Simple Fresh Fruit Drink instead of Harsh Laxatives!

It's lemon and water. Yes!-just the juice of 1 Sunkist Lemon in a Taken first thing in the morning

this wholesome drink stimulates bowel action in a natural way-assures most people of prempt. normal elimination.

why not change to this health/al habit? Lemon and water is good for you. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue, helps you resist colds and infections. They also supply B, and P. They alkalinin, aid appetite and digestion. Lemon and water has a fresh tang, too-clears the mouth, wakes you up!

Try this grand wake-up drist 10 mornings. See if it doesn't help you! Use California Sunkist Lemons.

Do You Hate NOT FLASHES?

all due to the function age" period peculiar to Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg pound to relieve such a Taken regularly—Pink pound helps build up against such annoying a Pinkham's Compounespecially for women—if ture and that's the kin cine to buy! Follow labe LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S COMPORT



Where Most People Meet

1 Suit

onne

Liddell's

Good Food Courteous Service Phone 71

Deem Nowlin Real Estate OIL LEASES AND ROYALTIES

Office 57-Phones-Res. 163 TAHOKA

#### Due ...

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

Proctor Beauty Shop

I. J. LATHAM Auto **Parts** 



### Cpl. Douglas H. Owens Wins Army Medal Of Honor

O'Donnell was represented on that glorious D Day in France by one of our area's finest boys, Cpl. Douglas H. Owens, son of Mr and Mrs Gus Owens, and as a result of heroic valor, an appreciative country has awarded this lad one of the highest of medals, the Distinguished Medal of Honor.

Douglas, with the 146th Engineers, had been stationed in England for sevaral months. getting ready for the big push, and his outfit was in the first wave, and covered themselves with glory in the greatest invasion landing ever recorded in the annals of history. Writing under date of July 7. from somewhere in France, to his dad,

"Dear Gus: I received the Father's Day card you sent. It was very thoughtful of you to send it. and very unthoughtful of me for back I am going to be a good boy not even as much as writing you a When I get back I will have lots letter, but really I haven't had much time for writing until just lately. But I think just as much much in a letter. But I can say I of you as any son could a father. hope I never go through another Since I have been in the army I D-Day. realize how I was at home. Really I don't see how you and mother put up with me. I know now what a home means, and if I ever get



to tell, as you know I can't say

"I'll tell you, Gus, I didn't know could get so scared. When the ramp went down on my boat the Germans began to give us h-with machine gun fire. Our mission transfers before Aug. 1.

was to blow up the obstacles that were on the beach so the infantry and supplies could get in. So you see I was in the very first wave that hit the coast of France. Yes, I hope I never see another D-Day or H-Hour."

In another letter, dated July 12, he says: "Just a few lines to let you know I am O. K. I have been getting your letters on time lately. Today everybody in my battallion, the 146th, received the Distinguished Medal of Honor, next to the highest medal of honor a unit or person can be awarded. So you can see how important and how well we did our mission. I am certainly proud of my medal, and so are the rest of the boys."

(Editor's Note: The Army Medal of Honor is second highest which may be awarded. It is outranked only by the Congressional Medal of Honor, It is given for valor, volunteer service, or acts beyond the call of duty).

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All Kinds--We Pay Top Prices

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YES-if your present tires are no longer perviceable. B and C drivers are now ligible to buy new tires, with certificate. COME HERE FOR HELP-

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ROAD-TESTED and rated "A-No. 1" by taxi owners. police patrols, farmers and others whose judgment is backed by long, hard use. Into this tire go Goodyear tirebuilding skills developed over 29 years of sales leadership. . . . It's got to be GOOD to be a GOODYEAR.

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Extra-good buys—all inspected and approved by trained tire men. Some in good condition. Stop in today and choose from our ample stock.

GOOD YEAR TIRES

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### **Allies Try Out** Robot Flying

#### Experiments Under Way for Decade to Perfect Radio Plane.

NEW YORK. - Germany's new pilotless air weapon-be it airplane or oversized bomb - is regarded with apparent calm in military circles in this country, where it was pointed out that the British and American air forces have for more than a decade explored the potentialities of automatically controlled flight, says the New York Herald Tribune

Pending receipt of more details from Great Britain, army authorities declined official comment. But some military men wondered whether the damage wrought could make up for the expenditure of critical German materials and manpower for a self-destroying aircraft.

They noted, too, that reports of a German mystery weapon had been circulating from Sweden for the last year, as a result of crashes in that country of experimental models, and said it could be assumed Allied authorities had gauged thoroughly its possibilities.

Accuracy of bombing by such devices was considered a debatable point. Prewar radio-steered British target planes, such as the Queen Bee, a full-size biplane, had a controllable range of but 10 miles. Operation required clear weather, to minimize interference by static.

#### Robots Used in U. S.

The hunt for successful automatic control of flight goes back almost to the first days of aviation. By 1929, the Sperry Gyroscope company had built an automatic piloting device for the army air corps, and in the early thirties, robots were in service for level flight on air lines. The essential elements were gyroscopes which would initiate a system of contacts to bring an airplane back into line whenever something displaced it.

In 1935, the British air ministry, after two years of secret tests, announced the radio-controlled Queen Bee, a variation of the De Havilland Target Moth, designed for target practice by naval vessels and coast defense batteries. A public demonstration revealed the yellowwinged aircraft could be guided from the ground to fly left, right or straight ahead and dive, level off, or climb. It reached speeds of 120 miles an hour, altitudes of 10,000 feet. At that time there was speculation that it might be adapted to carry bombs or torpedoes.

#### British Plane Tested.

Just before the present war the Queen Wasp was introduced by the It was a plywood biplane with a 350-horsepower radial aircooled engine and a wingspread of 31 feet. The 14,000-ton aircraft carrier Wasp was refitted to shelter the radio-controlled robot target planes, produced by Airspeed at Portsmouth, England. The carrier later went back to combat service.

In a newsletter, the Society of British Aircraft Constructors explained the Queen Wasp was controlled by a gyroscope system which would bring into play an automatic pilot apparatus operating rudder and elevator to check any tendency of the plane to wander from a course commanded by radio. Ailerons were locked fast under radio control.

Parallel developments were going on in the United States. An early target plane, designed to replace the traditional towed sleeve target, was credited to Col. George V. Holloman, director of instrument and navigation laboratories at Wright Field. Radio-controlled, it had a wing spread of 12 feet, and reached a speed of 70 miles an hour and a ceiling of 5,000 feet, being capable of a half-hour flight.

More recent Allied developments have been veiled by war restrictions, but word of the German activity has been disseminated from Stockholm, possibly as part of the Hitler war of nerves.

#### Drugs Dropped From Sky Help to Paratroopers

AT A BRITISH INVASION PORT. -Blood plasma and sulfa drugs saved many lives on the beaches of Normandy, it was revealed here with the arrival of one of the largest groups of casualties and German prisoners since the invasion.

The casualties, mostly air borne soldiers who suffered broken limbs in crashes, said plasma and drugs were dropped by parachute and administered in open fields, under fire. by medical officers who parachuted to their work.

Private Glen Reeder, Mountain Grove, Mo., who was in the first air borne group, said French peasants carried American wounded to safety in their carts.

#### Pet Crow Rides Bicycle And Does He Love It?

DES MOINES, IOWA. - What next? Joe, a pet crow belonging to Dorothy Jean Henry, actually begs for rides on her bicycle. Joe caws and caws until Miss Henry puts him on the handle bars and takes him for a ride. If she doesn't burry, Joe flaps his wings and flies right up to his coveted perch without help, and caws. "Come on, what are we waiting for?" That's what it sounds like, anyway.

#### Give Girls Rides On German Cycle

Yanks Entertain Red Cross Aids in Normandy.

WITH SECOND NAVY BEACH BATTALION, CHERBOURG PEN-INSULA.-It was a strange but leasant sight-unshaven, grimy GI-Joes sprawled on the grass chat-ting with pretty girls. A backdrop of soldier underwear, socks and shirts hanging from a hedge in the sun to dry made the scene even more incongruous.

Three girls, from an American Red Cross "clubmobile" crew, and two army nurses were making their first call on forces on the Cherbourg peninsula. They came ashore from hospital ship, bearing coffee, doughnuts, chewing gum and ciga-rettes. The morale of the engineer regiment and navy beach battalion skyrocketed.

Brunette Pat Beall, Fort Wayne, Ind., explained their mission, as she spigoted coffee into soldiers' cups from the back of a truck:

"We came over on the hospital ship to look after casualties, but none have been put ashore. We got tired of sitting around and decided to come over here to see what was cooking.

Sergt. William B. Profit cast an eye in the direction of blonde Eva Christianson, Brush, Colo., and brunette Helga Freeman, St. Paul, Minn., as he tinkered with a small German tracked vehicle, with a front wheel like a motorcycle and which the boys had nicknamed "jitterbug." Finally, Profit discovered the secret of how to run the thing and took Miss Christianson for a wild, bumpy ride over the rough

Profit was a busy man. Lieut. Hazel Patterson, army nurse of Boston, decided she and Miss Freeman would like a ride. Profit obliged. And then Lieut. Mary St. John, Detroit, another nurse, said she wanted a ride, too. The "jitterbug" got a

#### War Booms Cupid's Trade; Marriages Set a Record

WASHINGTON. - The war is giving Cupid a lift, the census bureau said in reporting a "remarkable" increase in the percentage of married men and women.

On the basis of a sample survey in 30,000 households in 42 states and the District of Columbia, the bureau calculates that the proportion of married couples in the population is higher now than at any previous time for which statistics are available.

As of February, there were 32,married women in the United States, exclusive of those in the armed forces and in institutions, representing 63 per cent of the civilian female population 14 years old and over. By contrast, there are 30,100,000, or 60 per cent of the population, in 1940.

The proportion of married men among civilians was even higher, with 72 per cent of those 14 or older in the matrimonial class

The bureau attributed the increase chiefly to "psychological effects" of the war and to a new sense of economic security as a result of full employment and higher wages.

#### Sweets Lead List of Wants of Servicemen

NEW YORK .- Candy, soft drinks, cigarettes and toilet articles are the four top items in demand by men of the armed services, Brig. Gen. Joseph W. Byron reported at the annual dinner of the National Confectioners' association.

General Byron, who directs the special services division of the army, has toured almost every theater of operations to inspect the army exchanges.

"Scattered all over the world from the howling Aleutians to the coral reefs of the Pacific are thousands of lost and lonely little units nobody ever hears about," he said. "They do dull but important jobs. Scarcely any will ever see action. Life is an endless stretch of deadly monotony for them.

He added that it isn't unusual for these men to buy two or three boxes of candy at a time at a PX.

#### 'One Man Army' Forced to Give Up to His Wounds

ON THE NORMANDY BEACH. -Pvt. Harry W. Roberts of Charleroi, Pa., finally had to stop fighting and let himself be taken to England for medical treatment, but his fellow rangers insisted that he is another of those "one man army" guys. A shell splinter tore into his neck and that seemed to annoy him, because in the next couple of days he destroyed two machine gun emplacements with grenades, manned a Vickers gun, and finally stole a mortar from the Germans.

#### Son Swaps Pet Turtle

For Dad's Army Pants NORTH WOODSTOCK, N. H .-Have Brig. Gen. Frank Merrill's army pants been swapped for a turtle? Tommy Merrill, six-yearold son of the leader of "Merrill's Marauders" in Burma, is the happy owner of "Pokey," a turtle, for which he gave to a young friend, Tony Andrews, a pair of army pants.

## Kathleen Norris Says:

Girl Infatuated With Middle-Aged Married Man With Children



Betty's father promptly grabbed him by the collar and thrashed him thoroughly.

#### By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE Browns have one daughter, Diana, aged 19. Their two sons are in the navy. They've always been normal, reasonable people; they don't know what to do now that real trouble has struck them.

The trouble is Diana - and Lieut. Kronschmidt Baker. "Kron" is 42. He called on Diana after meeting her at a dance; he has called every night for three months. Diana is madly in love; the man says he is deeply devoted to her—but he has a wife and three children.

When Diana's mother discovered that he was married she almost died of shame, of pity for poor little Diana. Gently, tactfully, she told her daughter the dreadful truth. Diana answered composedly that she had known for weeks that Kron was married, and had called on his wife asking her to grant him a divorce. And from that moment things went from bad to worse.

Diana's father, anxious, overworked, tired, ordered her from the house. Diana's mother, fearing she would go to Kron, went with her. After two days at a hotel they went back home; Diana furious, silent, stubborn. Misery reigns in the Brown household. Diana slips out every day and meets Kron. When he goes to New Mexico on duty she is going with him, she persists, married or not. Love like theirs, says Diana, is too rare and too precious to be thrown away on conventions.

Case Requires Patience. All I could advise Diana's mother was to go on treating the case with patience and love. I told her that girls to whom love comes as a fever of infatuation could not hear reason; the wild flames burning in Diana's heart won't be put out with words. She's too old to lock up in her room; too big to spank.

So I told her mother to be understanding, be sympathetic, try to overcome by affection what could not be changed by force.

That was some weeks ago. I think that now I might give Diana's mother a more effective idea. Another mother from an opposite end of the country wrote me what she did in a similar case, and I'm not sure but what she was right.

It seems that this other girl, named Betty, was also infatuated with a middle-aged married charmer, and also stubbornly determined wreck her life for his sake. Betty's mother, like Diana's, reasoned with the girl, sent for the man and talked to him severely, and finally went to see the wife. The girl in both cases was

adamant, the charming man airly unconcerned and rather proud of himself, and the wife helpless. So Betty's mother allowed her to ask her Stanislaus to the house, Betty's father grabbed him by the collar and thrashed him thoroughly, and the policeman on the beat, having been warned in advance to be on the spot, saw a discomfitted suitor rush down the front steps and took both father and lover to the police station. The next morning one masher was marked for life as an unfaithful husband who had been thrashed by a girl's indignant father. Stan's wife then threatened divorce, she didn't like the newspaper notoriety, and Betty left at once for war work in another city. But recently Betty, now happily en-



"Toe procious for conventions. . . ."

#### HEARTBREAK AHEAD

"Our love is too precious for conventions," says 19-year-old Di-ana Brown. She means her infatuation for a man of 42, who is marfied and father of three children. She threatens to go with him to New Mexico, where he will soon be stationed, as he is an army officer. She slips out and sees her "Kron" every day, and has asked his wife to give him a

What is Diana's mother to do? Angry remonstrances will just force the stubborn Diana to more secret liaisons. If she becomes convinced that her parents are old-fashioned and unreasonable, clinging to outworn "conventions" she will leave home, follow her charming, middle-aged lieutenant. Then it will be too late for Diana's mother to do anything for her daughter but to try to shield her from the conse-quences of her folly when Kron gets tired of her and abandons her. There is heartbreak ahead for Diana.

Miss Norris admits the difficulty of this situation. Tact and patience are about the only means the Browns have at their dispos-Sometimes drastic and dramatic measures bring results, however, as this article describes.

#### gaged, has been home for a visit, and Stan wasn't divorced, so perhaps these drastic measures were

#### Lesser Disgrace Preferred.

"But you disgrace your girl!" a mother might say, shrinking away from the mere idea of such an exposure. Well, she is heading for disgrace anyway, perhaps this way is the lesser evil. In Diana's case I am informed that the man and the girl are admitted lovers, have lived together. In Betty's case the affair had not gone so far.

These are hard days on everyone, perhaps nowhere harder than upon the girls who go out to work at men's work, among men; any girl may manage her affairs to evade the watchfulness of even the most careful mother. So a shocking awakening to the scurrility of a middle-aged man who wins the love and destroys the honor of a girl of 18 is sometimes a good thing. If she doesn't get that awakening in the sensational form planned by Betty's angry parents, she certainly will get it later, and much more painfully, when she realizes that the man for whom she cried and fought and threw away everything valuable in her life, is just a weakling, vain, untrustworthy, selfish to the core.

When a boy puts his hand into the cash register or forges someone's name on a check, he is brought up with a round turn in the juvenile court and all his life long his record is against him. Unfaithful husbands may well be forgiven occasional lapses, but when a man who is responsible for the welfare of a woman and children pushes their claims aside and destroys the purity of a passionate child of 18, promising that he will get a divorce and marry her, that ought to be actionable, and he ought to be thoroughly beaten.

#### Pullets Thrive in Field

The best place to grow pullets in summer is in the wide open fields, says Dr. Willard C. Thompson of Rutgers University. Best conditions for growing pullets include plenty of sunshine but a shady shelter for relief from the hot mid-day sun, free access to juicy greens such as al-falfa, ladino clover, red clover and the grasses. Constant access to a good mash and grain ration and an unending supply of clean, cool water located in a shady, comfortable spot are also necessary.

#### Anything but the Truth

McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

By ETHELYN PARKINSON

M ISS Kitty Herrick and Miss Patty Lou Lee wished they were in swimming. But since Lieutenant Gavin Cornwall simply loathed athletic women, they lay quietly on the beach, clad in sun hats, goggles, lipsticks and the briefest of sun suits. "It's false pretense to act like a house plant, dar-ling," Kit was saying, "when you're really the best girl athlete in our high school."

"No one here knows that," Patty "Besides, anything goes-in

"Anything but the truth, darling!
And I wonder if it's love!" Kit sat
up suddenly. "Look, Pat — competition!" A tall, blond girl was striding up the hotel steps. "Smooth,"
Kit observed." Kit observed.

"She's simply all muscles," Pat replied. "If Gavin looks at her twice, I'll eat my sun hat!" At that moment the door opened and Lieutenant Cornwall barged out. Stepping aside to let the blonde

pass, he stood gazing after her.
"We-ell!" Kit whispered. "You'll
admit he never looked at you that

way, darling."
"Listen, Kit," Pat said, "that gal seems familiar. Let's go peek at the register."
"'Miss Eugenia Williams,'" Kit
read. "Mean anything, Pat?"

"No . . . but she looks familiar." "Oh, forget it! It's two o'clock. Your precious Gavin will be taking his nap. Let's sneak a swim.

The girls went around the bluff, out of sight. When they trailed back, Gavin was on the porch. "Think I'll go in for a coke," Pat said. But just then Eugenia Williams

strolled across the piazza and into the refreshment bar. After her went Gavin. Kit grinned. "Too late, Pat!" Pat's eyes narrowed. "Kit," she whispered, "let's have a look at her room. I'll investigate while you

stand sentry. As a detective Pat was triumphant. "Tennis rackets, golf clubs, hiking boots! And on the flyleaf of a book—'Love to Speed!' "
"'Speed!' " Kit's eyes popped.

'Then she's -' "She's Speed Williams, the swim-ming star. Sh! Here she comes!" They met her as they walked down the hall. "We were just going to call on you, Miss Williams. We're Kit Herrick and Pat Lee."

Eugenia Williams smiled. "Come girls. Have a chocolate."

Kit glanced around the room,
"Play tennis, Miss Williams?"
"Love to! But—"
"Golf?" Pat inquired sweetly.
"Nothing I enjoy more, except
swimming. But—"

Pat sighed. "I wish I were athletic. But there's one advantage. Gavin Cornwall simply loathes athletic girls! When he was twelve, a ten-year-old girl saved his life in the water. It gave him a complex.'

"I see." Eugenia nervously picked up a book. "Well, to tell the truth, I'm not going active while I'm here. Doctor's orders. No swimming at all."

"I think you'd better tell Gavin who Eugenia is, darling," Kit observed a week later. "They've had all those movies and rides and walks. And they do look right chummy, reading together on the beach.

Pat sat up. "Look," she cried. · They watched, electrified, Eugenia climbed to the diving platform. Her beautiful body struck the

water cleanly. She swam out-out-.
Pat clutched Kit's arm. "Kit! What'll you bet that crook screams for help?" And just then, as if it were timed, Eugenia screamed. Gavin dashed into the surf. "Good," Pat whispered darkly. "Wait till he knows Speed Williams has made a monkey of him."

The next morning, Pat, primped and perfumed, was waiting on the veranda when Kit appeared. "Toddle on, Kit. I'm waiting for Gavin. "Gavin! But -"

"I phoned him in his room. Told him I simply had to talk to him for his own good! He said he had a little business first -Eugenia Williams' voice came

from somewhere around the corner. 'I'm sorry, Gavin. I - I just couldn't swim. "How utterly crooked!" Pat whis-

pered. "Just wait till he finds out who she is." But Gavin was barking: "No

one can swim with cramps! You were purple, Eugenia! Your pulse was almost gone! Why go in the water if your doctor tells you not "They told me you didn't like ath-

letic girls, Gavin. I had to let you know that I - well, I -"

"That you're Speed Williams? I knew it all the time!" Gavin growled. "I've followed your career since I was twelve. Ever since you saved my skin and made me deathly afraid of girl athletes." His voice dropped. "Until I found you could be just as helpless — need me just as much, darling —"

Kit tittered hysterically. "Telling the truth! Both of 'em! Such lack of finesse! So crooked! Where you

Pat tossed her head. "I'm having a good swim, tennis, golf and a hike before luncheon. Join me?"

"For everything but lunch," Kit giggled. "Because for lunch, darling, I guess you'll be eating a sun



builds the dependable

SNAPPY FACTS RUBBER

out 153 million tons of agricultural products were moved from farm to market by motor vehicles in 1942, and even a greater amount is expected to be transported by highway this year. Ship-ments of this volume call for he use of a tremendous

Only a small amount of rubber may reach us from the Amazon Valley, but herculean efforts are being made to get it out of the jungles, as is indicated by the report that trazillan agencies have moved

In war or peace **BF.Goodrich** FIRST IN RUBBER



"It is he who is in the write who first gets angry."-William Penn.

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Ask Your Dealer or Write Great State Chemical G

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CHAPTER I

The giant moths of Kokee-those amp black ghosts-and the smell of sur honey, which were so trivial as fets but so vital to Zorie Corey's bars, were among the things that eade it hard for her to put a proper uation on the events themselves. there were moments of terror hich, when she awoke in the night, se could now contemplate with mused detachment. And there were noments of lesser danger which, even in retrospect, could bring a gream into her throat.

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Perhaps Paul Duncan could have lained all of it, in his clever, nalytical way. Some of it he did ty to explain, because, in his jeal-es heart, he adored her. And some d it was better left unexplained and even unremembered. It might have hastened her recovery if she could have wiped from her memory that night in mid-Pacific when she had down through endless blackness, with that soft, terrifying whisper in her ears—"Ah-nah! Ah-

And she could have well forgotten, te, the jasmine-scented dawn when se stood beside a stunted tree three usand feet above the green and purple depths of the tropical canyon with an automatic pistol kicking in ter hand, although it would always sem that it had happened not to er but to an unbelievable girl who had stepped out of her just long ugh to attempt murder.

Yet all of it fitted into the one bright remantic pattern of intrigue and adventure which she would alsays cherish, even unimportant tri-fes-the quarreling of the minah hirds just at dusk and again just at dan; the annoying habit Grand-father Duncan had of saying, "You nderstand-hm?" and the metallic ster of moonlight on palm fronds laping in the trade-wind; the gleam n Pierre Savoyard's eyes whenever he ate meat; and the pride that Amber, the girl from Martinique, tek in herself; and the strange urbuilty of the man who called himself Winthrop Lanning.

Her memory of the rest of that ordeal was varue.

But she was never vague about Stephen Decatur Duncan, with his languid manner, his mocking blue eyes and his treachery.

Probing about in her mind on these sleepless nights, in a blackedout room on an island at war, she say berself, on that dismal aftermen in early December, in a drowsy litle university town, sitting at her desk and wishing, among other things, that she was not so meek. She was privately very certain that her wishing had started it and that every step she took that day was an unerring step in the direction of her destiny.

From her typewriter desk, in the English Department, Zorie Corey enuld look out across the small campus and over some of the rooftops of this town in which she had grown up and of which she was now, she told herself, a helpless victim. She had just uttered the fraudulent wish so m voiced by youth when it is frome by a sense of frustration he wished she'd never been born. She then uttered three wishes, all man't so meek. She wished she had durage. She wished she'd had the sumption to tell the wife of her dis-tinguished employer to jump in the

"My dear Miss Corey," Mrs. Folover the telephone a few minutes me, in her gushing way, had said by distributing the invitations in the straight of the straight and I think it's should go out tonight and I think it's should go out tonight and I think it's evicusly, "would you mind terrisound go out tonight and I think it's so much nicer having them deliv-ted by hand, don't you? And Prolesser says you're so dependable. So will you drop around for them

"I'd love to, Mrs. Folsome," Zocie Corey had said in her melodious ng voice, instead of any number of appropriate things she might have

ed. She might have suggested hat Mrs. Folsome neatly affix a wo-cent stamp in the upper right-and corner of each of the enve-opes and drop them in one of the teen receptacles that an all-seeing overnment has placed at numerous treet corners for the convenience it its citizens.

"Why," Zorie Corey rebelliously muttered, "don't you deliver them with your own hand, you old tightwad?"

Zorie Corey wished she was a war urse. Then she wished she lived in California. But anywhere would do.

"Professor says you're so depend-And well he might! Profeswdoin J. Folsome was head of English Department. Zorie Cor-7 was his half-time secretary, and his notion of the hours that a halfwas supposed to end at five, but she often worked until six-thirty-ninesometimes midnight.

She expertly estimated that the work he had piled on her desk would keep her occupied until seven-thirty. After that she must deliver his wife's invitations. There would be about thirty of them and the addresses would be scattered all over

And she had a date tonight with Paul Duncan. Paul did not like to be kept waiting. Next to cleanliness, with Paul, came punctuality.

She gave herself the brief luxury of contemplating, in a private archive of her mind, her fiance's lean, good-looking face, his clear graygreen eyes, his strong, slender hands. She loved Paul's hands. They were clever and nervous and yet they were very masculine.

Paul had a brilliant mind, and his understanding of human foibles, his amusing way of pricking the bubbles of vanity and conceit and hypocrisy was a source of delight to Zorie. Paul was an instructor of psychology. And he was much too good for this small midwestern university.

She would, she decided, knock off at five-thirty.

At six, she was still typing in her fast, efficient way. At six-thirty, she called Paul's boarding-house. He



As she looked at the wishing Buddha a curious thing happened. It began to glow.

wasn't home. The voice that answered didn't know when he would return.

At seven, Zorie called again, Paul, she was told, had dined out. He was probably in the library doing research on his dissertation.

At seven-twenty-eight, she finished the last of her typing and laid her afternoon's production, in neat piles, on Professor Folsome's desk.

She would be late for her date with Paul, and he would tell her again that the trait he admired most in the wives of the men he knew was punctuality.

One of the troubles with being meek, of always saying yes and never no to a request, Zorie reflected, is that you're always getting yourself into hot water.

She paused and looked about the gloomy office, with its littered desk, its overflowing wastebasket, the pamphlets and catalogs and books scattered and stacked about-all so typical of Professor Folsome's un-

At the back of the desk, a confusion of books, memoranda, pens, pencils, and bottles and pots of ink of various colors, was presided over by a gilded cast-iron Buddha about She might have mentioned that the didn't possess a car; that it was gone. He was fat, benign and rushed. She might have mentioned that was gone. He was fat, benign and rushed. She might have mentioned that was gone. He was fat, benign and rushed. She might have mentioned that was gone. He was fat, benign and rushy. A student from Siam—the son of a prince-had given the Buddha to Professor Folsome. It was, the sallow Siamese princeling had mentioned with a drolly disparaging air, a wishing Buddha from a jungle temple near Chengmei—a genuine jungle wishing Buddha.

Zorie Corey was a sensible girl and she took no stock in heathen idols or any of the nonsense you hear about them, but as she looked at the wishing Buddha, a curious thing happened. It began to glow.

The explanation of this phenomenon was prosaic and simple, but Zorie wasn't instantly aware of that. The glow was greenish and ghostly and it seemed to come on as if the jungle Buddha were trying to call her attention to himself and his rep-

utation. What had happened was that the shifting clouds above the Fenwick things that make a great moment Body Plant had glowed brightly for so real in afterthought—the rattle of

chair with exhaustion. The half-day | floodlights which surrounded the buildings-one of the measures being taken to discourage saboteursand this glow had let the curving surfaces of the Siamese Buddha

catch and momentarily hold a ghostly gleam. Even his eyes seemed to glimmer.
"I wish . . ." Zorie Corey began impetuously, and hesitated. Then she made her wish. She wished she could be whisked to a leisurely land of palms and jade-green seas, of strange flowers with intoxicating scents, of birds that left bright

wished that Paul Duncan was there with her. Then she wished that she would lose her meekness. That made a total of three wishes, and three wishes were, according to

flames in their wake, and of de-

lightful people too gallant to take ad-

vantage of her meekness. She next

tradition, the correct number. There should be, of course, some sort of ritual. She bent down quickly and kissed the cast-iron jungle Buddha three times on the brow, one kiss for each wish. He tasted dusty and rusty.

She stepped back and gazed somewhat defiantly at the Buddha, who no longer glowed, but sat there in the jungle of a fusty old English professor's desk, a dark lump in the darkness, as if, in glowing once, he had spent his magic force and would never glow again.

Zorie waited and a curious tingling

went along her spine. Nothing noteworthy happened. Zorie Corey did not find herself speeding through the night on a Persian rug, nor did she feel one degree less meek.

The telephone in her cubicle began to ring. She ran down the hall with her heart racing out of all proportion to the amount of exercise she was giving it. As she ran, she pictured the man who was calling her, and the man was, curiously enough, not Paul Duncan. He was a total stranger. He was tall, bronzed and big-shouldered with merry eyes and curly hair and a big easy smile and a lazy, romantic way about him.

He would say to her in a deep, resonant, cheery voice: "Miss Corey? I have just been authorized to ffer you an opportunity to leave Elleryton at once and take a very interesting journey."

But the voice that responded to her breathless hello was neither deep, resonant, nor cheery.

'My dear," it said, with fust a hint of severity, "I thought you'd be over for these invitations ages ago. Had you forgotten?"
"No, I hadn't forgotten," Zorie

answered in her melodiously meek voice. "I'm just leaving.

It was an unseasonal December night, rainy and warm-the kind of night that might be transformed by a sudden north wind into a glitter of ice-clad trees and telephone wires. As she started along the campus, with her head bowed, as if in shame, against the drizzle, she indulged in still another wish. She wished she had had the courage to ask her Aunt Hannah for her coupe for a couple of hours.

Zorie went up on the wide porch of the big old fashioned gray house where the Folsomes lived. A colored maid answered the doorbell and brought Zorie the stack of invitations in a cellophane wrapper. Zorie was on the point of asking her if she could borrow an umbrella, but the door was quickly closed, and she decided against pressing the button again, for the maid had looked cross.

She examined the invitations under the porch light. They were addressed in Mrs. Folsome's spidery handwriting. The addresses were faculty wives and a few of the more prominent townswomen. There was no envelope addressed to Zorie Cor-

She went down the steps and into the rain. Less than one hundred feet from the Folsomes' front porch, on the corner, was a telephone pole to which was affixed a street light. The street light clearly illuminated two objects, a mailbox and a large trash basket on the side of which

was a stencilled sign.
Zorie stopped. Two temptations were tugging at her. The first was to buy thirty two-cent stamps and mail the invitations. The other temptation appealed strongly to the renegade in her, but it was as spurious as her wish that she'd never been

born. Thinking of the malicious gossip that flew around at these faculty teas, she gazed at the sign on the trash basket.

KEEP YOUR TOWN CLEAN USE THIS!

"How I'd love to!" she murmured. Across the street was a taxicab with the meter ticking. She was too preoccupied to notice it. Yet she would remember every other detail of that night, of that moment: the sound of it, the look of it, the smell of it, the feel of it; all the little sharp until she slid from her should keep was from a moment in the glare from the the rain on the tree.

Let's Face Facts

USDA Report Biased Regarding Problem of Freight Equalization

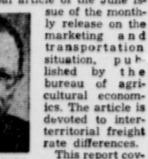
By BARROW LYONS

-WNU Staff Corresponder

WASHINGTON, D. C .-

Under the guise of impartial and balanced analysis, the United States department of agriculture has just issued an extremely biased piece of propaganda, primarily in the interest of the railroads, but incidentally against the interests of the average farmer.

This propaganda is contained in the principal article of the June is-



Barrow Lyons ers some of the points developed in studies made of freight rate discriminations against the South and West by two governmental bodies-the board of investigation and research and the Tennessee Valley authority.

The review is apparently an attempt to influence farmer opinion, and is in bad taste coming as it does when the Interstate Commerce commission has just completed final hearings in the freight rate equalization cases. It seems to be an attempt to undermine the determination of the South to obtain justice, for it raises broad doubts as to the wisdom of the South's position. In effect, it also casts doubt upon the position taken by President Roose-

#### Important Data Omitted

Although the piece goes through the motions of weighing carefully all factors involved, its presentation leaves out of consideration the most important and relevant data, namely, portrayal of the conditions which have given the South its tremendous determination to remove the handicaps that have retarded its industrialization, and the importance to southern agriculture that these handicaps be removed.

But not only does the department of agriculture presentation omit important facts, it subtly distorts some of the data which it presents. For instance, it shows that firstclass freight rates are 39 per cent higher in the South than in Eastern industrialized territory, and all class rates taken together 33 per cent higher, but then goes on to minimize the significance of these facts. It recites that average revenue per ton-mile in the South is only 5.5 per cent greater than in the East, without making it clear that this is due largely to lower grade freight carried on southern roads. Nor does it anywhere envisage the advantages which would accrue from lower class rates.

This intensely lopsided presentaon suggests that the rai have influenced the department of agriculture, perhaps through the instrumentality of large agricultural shippers, upon whom they have been working hard to oppose the southern governors' conference.

The truth is that a majority of the people of the South, and many in the West, have come to the realization that without greater industrialization their sections cannot hope to have the same advantages in education and material culture as the people of the East and Middle Poverty, illiteracy, bad health, ignorance will continue to oppress a large percentage of the people of the South and West until average income is raised through development of industry. Until then local governments cannot give their people the same advantages as people in other parts of the country.

#### Other Sections Unhurt

In no way can the industrialization of the South and West hurt the farmers of those areas. By increasing average income, industry will increase the consuming capacity of the South and West for all of the things the farmer grows. It can mean only the development of richer markets nearer to the farms. Industrialization of one region never injures the farmers of another region, but only expands the markets for the things he ships.

Even the big shippers, some of whom have been told that commodity rates might be raised if class rates were equalized, would not be losers, but would gain from increased prosperity anywhere.

True, progress has been made, by industry in the South, even under the handicap of a 39 per cent class rate discrimination. Removal of this handicap would support one of the chief hopes we have of maintaining a high level of employment and income after the war. . . .

Those who understand the great struggle between the small farmers and the big farmers, see in this freight rate situation just another phase of the conflict. By increasing the economic standards of the South, many small farmers would be enabled to operate more profitably, and enjoy more of the advantages of this modern age. On the other hand, by holding back the industrial growth of the South, many more small farmers would be forced to become hired hands on the growing plantations of the large farmers.



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a big bow of the dress material.

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### O'Donnell Index-Press

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

#### J. D. Stewart Writes From Nazi War Prison

O'Donnell friends of Lt. J. D. Stewart, (and they are legion), will learn with pleasure that J. D., who is a prisoner of war in Germany, is faring very well at the hands of his captors.

In a letter, received a few "days ago by his aunt, Mrs. Mary Blocker, of rhis city, he writes, under date of April 29, as follows:

"Dear Folks:—I received two letters from you last week, one written Dec. 26, and the other written Jan. 16. Also had a Christmas card from Dr. and Mrs. Campbell. Sure nice to hear from you but was surprised to hear that you were back in O'Donnell. Tell everyone there hello for me. I am still doing O. K. and have been getting the letters aud packages fairly regular.

"Don't know much to tell you.
Our band gave an open air concert
this afternoon. They played some
new tunes from the States, but
most were old ones. We enjoyed
them nevertheless. Love, J. D."

On a post card, same date, J. D. wrote: "There isn't much to tell you now. I am still well and hope all of you are too. We have started a soft ball league here. Each barracks has a team, but ours isn't so good. Lov., J. D."

Both letter and card were postmarked May 26, "Gepruft, 113, Kriegegelangenen post." Also stamped "Mit Luft post, par

avion."

J. D. has been a prisoner of war for several months. With the Air Corps, he had made several missions over Germany, before his plane in which he was pilot, was forced down somewhere over German soil. It will be recalled that some months back, J. D. instructed his relatives to contribute \$100 from his bank account to the Red Cross, he having first hand knowledge of the fine work the organization was doing for our boys in service. The folks here at home will rejoice when the news comes that Germany has capitulated with an unconditional surrender, and that J. D. and all other gallant lads who are now in the hands of the enemy, are homeward bound.

Quite a few O'Donnell voters did not go to the polls and vote last Saturday. Muddy roads and streets, several stated, kept them away. Others lacked conveyances. Many are inclined to the view that the time has come for a more central and convenient voting place in this city.

The average height of land above sea level is about 800 feet.

The Panama Canal is 50 1-2 miles long.

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Pleasant Thought for Pie-Hungry Families! (See Recipes Below)

#### Pies Aplenty

Pies are good eating, even in the warmest weather. And better still, there are pies for every season and every mood.

For summer you may like julcy, luscious berry pies, their gay colorful fillings peeking out of a lattice crust. Or you may take the easy way and prepare

chiffon pies, light and airy as a feather, with easy - to - make erumb crusts that require no baking. Whatever the type, you're cer-

tain to enjoy them. Full of the goodness of golden peaches is this fruity pie: Fresh Peach Pie.

4 cups sliced fresh peaches

1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons four
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter
Fill pastry-lined pan with fruit
mixture, sprinkling the peaches with sugar and flour mixed. Sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with butter. Cover with a top crust and bake 10 minutes in a 450-degree oven and 30 minutes in a moderate (350-degree)

oven. Serve warm. Any of the berries may be used in this pie as the basic recipe is the same. Try it several times with blueberries, raspberries, blackber-

ries or loganberries: Fresh Berry Pie.

to 1 cup sugar

4 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons quick-cooking tapioca
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter
Fill pastry-lined pan with berries.

Sprinkle with sugar and flour. With half of the berries in the pan, cover with tapioca, then with remaining berries, cinnamon and butter. If the berries are dry, sprinkle with 1 or

2 tablespoons water. Cover with top crust and bake in a hot oven 10 minutes and in a moderate oven 30

Blueberry Pie: Substitute 11/2 tablespoons lemon juice for cinnamon. Citrus Chiffon Pies are as cool as ocean spray. They are made so quickly, require no baking, and are made-to-order summer desserts:
\*Lemon Chiffon Pie.

3 egg yolks 4 cup sugar 14 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
14 cup lemon juice, strained
4 tablespoons lemon-flavored gelatin
14 cup boiling water
3 egg whites

14 teaspoon cream of tartar Cornflake Crust

Beat egg yolks with a spoon in top of the double boiler. Stir in onehalf the sugar, then salt, rind and fruit juice. Cook over boiling water 10 minutes until mixture thickens and coats the spoon.

Stir hot fruit juice or boiling water into flavored gelatin. Beat with the hot custard. Cool thoroughly un-

#### Lynn Says

Bit of All Right: Baking powder biscuits are extra special when sprinkled with orange or lemon or cinnamon sugar before baking. Biscuits dressed up like this go well with main dish sal-

ads. Don't waste leftover biscuits by making them into crumbs. They're pleasing escorts when served toasted with peanut but-ter or citrus marmalade.

Fruit cups are best when chilled thoroughly. Try this combination: Cooked prunes, canned yellow cling peaches, orange segments, peach syrup, honey and lemon

#### Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

Sliced Salami and Bologna Cottage Cheese - Chive Salad Green Onions Radishes Celery Muffins with Raspberry Jam \*Lemon Chiffon Pie •Recipe Given

til mixture begins to set, then break up while making meringue. To make meringue, beat egg whites until fluffy and gradually add remainder of sugar. Carefully fold meringue into filling and pile into crumb crust. Place in refrigerator until well set,

about 2 hours. Serve cold. Lime Chiffon Pie: Use lime in above recipe in place of lemon. Green coloring may be added to intensify the color.

Cornflake Crust
4 cups rolled cornflakes
14 cup butter
14 cup sugar
Roll cornflakes fine. Melt butter in pie pan, add sugar and crumbs and mix thoroughly. Press evenly

and firmly around sides and bot-Like custards? Then you will enjoy grandmother's old-fashioned cus-

tard baked right into the flaky crust; Grandmother's Custard Pie. 3 eggs (or, 6 yolks) 16 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

2% cups milk Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, salt, nutmeg and milk. Pour into a chilled pastry-lined pie pan. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes, then in a moderate oven to finish. Bake until a silver knife inserted into the custard comes out clean.

French Apple Pie. Make pastry for one-crust pie. Fit into pan and flute edges. Chill, fill with apples (for 9-inch pie, use 4 cups sliced apples, I cup sugar,



16 cup butter 16 cup brown sugar

1 cup flour Bake 45 minutes to one hour until apples are done and topping is deli-cately browned. Serve warm.

Want Good Pastry? An old saying goes that "A ple is as good as its crust." No truer

words were ever spoken. Unless the crust is short, tender and flaky, the juiciest berries or most luscious fruit can do nothing for the pie. Here are the rules: 1. Keep all ingredients and bowls

well chilled.

2. Don't work over the piecrust. The lazier you are, the better the crust.

3. Use a minimum of water for moistening.

Two-Crust Pie Pastry. (Nine-inch) 2 cups sifted flour 1 teaspoon salt
% cup shortening
4 to 6 tablespoons ice water
To make pastry, sift flour once,

add salt and then sift again. Mix one-half of shortening into flour and cut into mixture finely. Add remainder of shortening and cut into

flour until mixture has the appearance of coarse meal. Blend lightly, using just enough water to hold mixture together. Roll on floured cloth and fit to pastry tin. One-Crust Pies.

The method for making one-crust pies is similar to the two-crust type, but the ingredients are as follows: 1 cup flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup shortening and 2 to 3 tablespoons ice water.

If you wish additional instruction for canning fruit or berries, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope for your

reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

#### IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

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

#### Lesson for July 30

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts se-tected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

#### GIDEON'S FAITHFUL FEW

LESSON TEXT—Judges 7:4-7. 15-21.
GOLDEN TEXT—There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few.—
I Samuel 14:6.

Man power is said to be the secret of victory. Our nation is concerned about the shortage of man power in critical manufacturing centers. The armed forces are calling for more and more men and women.

That will all make it a little strange to study and teach the lesson for today, for here is the story of a crucial military campaign in which the leader, Gideon, was told by God to cut down his forces. This happened again and again, until he had less than one per cent of his original force, which was none too large, humanly speaking.

What singular thing was going on? God was at work and He did not want Israel to look to the arm of flesh, but to Him. Three questions are raised and

answered in this interesting story: 1. Quantity or Quality? (7:4-7). The Lord is looking for men to do His work, but He cannot use men who are afraid or careless. This was the lesson Gideon learned, and

it applies to our day as well. When Gideon started out he had 32,000 men (Judg. 7:3). Not willing that they should glory in their own strength and knowing that many of them were cowards at heart, the Lord told Gideon to let those who were afraid, go home. When the mob had left there were only 10,000

How sad it is that so many are "fearful and afraid" (v. 3) when it comes to going into battle for the Lord. They sing cheerily, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus, ye soldiers of the cross; let courage rise with danger," etc.; but when the bombs of Satan begin to fall, or the bugle calls for an advance into the enemy's territory, they have disappeared to places of comfort and safety. What good are such sol-diers? The Lord told Gideon to send them home; perhaps the church should do the same.

Then came the second test which appears in our lesson. Those who took the comfortable and easy way to drink (v. 6), were not alert and ready. Down went the number to 300; but these were men who were ready to obey, who were alert and

The church needs to learn that large numbers are not the answer to her problems. God is interested in numbers, be sure of that, but He is more concerned about quality than quantity. Let us get more people who are truly regenerated into the church, and not just more peo-

#### II. Man's Power or God's Power? (vv. 15-18).

Strange as was the plan for recruiting, the plan of battle was even more unusual. Lights, broken pitchers, and trumpet blasts are hardly the accepted weapons of warfare, nor does the method sound like military strategy.

This was no time for questions, for logical arguments, for the usual organization of war, for now God was about to work. He was ready to show His power quite apart from the ability of man, and He had a

right to work as He would. Wise and blessed is the church which knows that there comes a time when the thing to do is to put plans aside and let the Lord work. No one will question the value of organization and proper church "machinery," but we need to ask ourselves whether we have not become so organized that we impede the work of God.

Observe on the other hand that it was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon"-not just the sword of the Lord. God is all-powerful. We must not hinder His glorious working. But He works through men, do not forget that! He used Gideon, and He used Gideon's little band.

God's power must accomplish God's work, but that power flows out to the world through yielded and obedient men.

III. Running or Standing? (vv. 19-

The enemy "ran and cried and fled." The sword of the Lord and of Gideon had put them to rout. Well may the enemies of God be terrorstricken when He begins to work through His servants.

All this was done "by faith," for we find Gideon's act of turning "to flight the armies of the aliens" listed among the exploits of faith (Heb. 11:34). Now, see what Gideon's host was

doing while the enemy ran (v. 21). "They stood every man in his place." No need for frantic hurry with them, no fear, no excitement. God works that way. Remember the children of Israel at the Red Sea? The water ahead, and Pharaoh's host to the rear. What to do? "Fear ye not, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." (Exod. 14:13).

Perhaps the word is coming to us just now-Trust God rather than the power of man! Stand still and see what He will do, for His own glory!





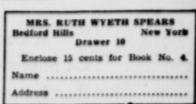
F YOU like to knit here is a quick way to turn garments into attractive rugs. Cut or tear the rags into strips three-quarter inch wide. Turn in raw edges and use needles three-eighths inch in diameter. Knit the oval center first Cast on four stitches and increase one at the end of each row until the depth of the work is four inches, then knit evenly for ten inches. Bind off one stitch at the end of each row until you have four stitches left. Bind these off

The diagram gives the dimensions and colors for the bands that are sewn to this center oval. Cast

on seven stitches to start each band. For the outside band, start with color three. Knit seven inches, then cut the fabric strip and sew color four to it. Continue. Use a large crochet hook and fabric strips to crochet around the oval and the outside edges of the bands. Sew together with double carpet thread following direc-

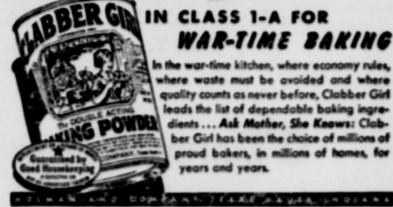
NOTE—This rug is from SEWING Books 4 which also contains complete illustrated directions for a knitted rag rug made in squares; as well as numerous other ways to use odds and ends of things on hand to make home furnishings and gifts. To get a copy of Book 4 send your order and 15 cents to:

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"After the use of Soretone according to the directions on the label for a period of only ten days, 80.6% of the cases showed clinical improvement of an intection which is most stubborn to control."

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"In our opinion Scretone is of very definite benefit in the treatment of this disease, which is commonly known as 'Athlete's Foot'."

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STATIONED IN CANADA



Billy Ray Brunson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Brunson, popular old home boy, O'Donnell high school graduate, now with U. S. army medical forces, is stationed at a hospital, somewhere in Canada.

G. C. Aten Is Grateful To the Voters of Precinct No. 2, Daw

son County:
In appreciation of your support I wish to thank each of you for your votes.
To supporters and non-supporters alike it will be my desire to serve you faithfully, and am asking your co-opetation and advice in any way that pertains to a commissioner's duties, and with your help I can make you a successful commissioner as near as possible under war conditions.

Respectfully,

G. C. (Cleve) ATEN.

**Card Of Thanks** 

We each thank and appreciate our friends for their help and loving sympa-thy at the passing of our loved one. THE MILES CHILDREN.

Thanks The Voters

I wish to thank the voters of the 106th Judicial District for electing me your District Attorney. It was a very pleasant campaign, and I sincerely appreciate each apd every courtesy shown me. I will try to prove this appreciation by making you one of the best District Attorneys you have ever had. I am sorry that I was not able to meet each person in the District, but I will be merting you in the near fu ture as your Public Servant. Thank you again! CALLOWAY HUFFAKER.

Mrs. Esther Jackson of San Diego. Calif., is here for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Cabool.

W. L. Gardenhire and H. L. Hohn nade a trip to Waco Wednesday in search f cotton choppers.

L. E. Robinson has moved the sheet on building, recently bought from Bud ugh, to the gin premises, to be used to tore worm poison, seed, bugging and ties

Mrs. Jesse Gillespie who underwent an operation in a Lamesa hospital Saturday is reported to be convalescing nicely.

Mrs. Gus Owens was among Saturday's shoppers in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Page are expected home shortly for a visit. Carl expects to go overseas about Aug. 15.

Mesdames Tom Moore and Erest Goad were Lamesa visitors

Desmond Yandell, stationed at Pearl Harbor, T. H, engaged in ship building, will read the Index-Press. His dad orders the paper, starting this week.

Pastor and Mrs. D. M. Duke are attending the Nazarene camp meeting at Lueders this week.

#### WANT ADS

FRESCRIPTIONS filled by W. M. Blakemore, graduate registered pharmacist at O'Donnell Drug Store, tf
FOR SALE-Six room residence, modern, in O'Donnell. Apply at Index-Press office.

FOR SALE-Threshed millet seed,mar-ket price-Dr. J. F. Campbell. 43ctf LOST.-Tire, tube and red wheel in O'Donnell. Reward. Return to Floyd

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FOR SALE-One good white face bull and one good milk cow. See G. S. Walls.47 GIVE R. W. Gary your order for a pair of Mason Shoes. They fit and are long wearing

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