

# O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has the Cotton, Grain Poultry, Cream

\$2 Per Year

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, June 1, 1945

Vol. 22, No. 39

## The Country

**Editor**  
A. K. Williams and his sidekick... went to Lubbock... to unload several binders... O'Donnell area is fortunate to... these binder available as such... equipment is scarce as here's...

Frank Hill, the able editor and... of our good county... sent... the NEWS, was a caller... Temple of Rain forecasting... said Tahoka was in a good way... a boom (p. s. Tahoka... Chamber of Commerce). Well... let us tell you about O'Don... (Ahem...)

Recently we have had several let... of inquiry from representative... out of state and in the state... We have sold 5... (cash) to industries... (60 days) and we presume... to keep tab on this local... Here's something -- we know... here concerns moving here in... and ALL PLAN on build...

As retail concerns and one... be classed as a semi-industr... concern. Of course such business... are confidential -- but we can... assist tootin' O'Donnell's horns!... at this early a date in post... planning, desirable business... is going fast.

Inquires to date have been... of business letters. One of... factors is our million... bank deposit of last win... Gains and Lynn as... Burden counties are getting... a good bit of post-war com... expansion. Many informed... where that southwest Lynn... without Lawson counties are... an oil play. Some of this... reflected in O'Donnell's re... index. As you may guess... or snow, you ed. is de... about our future.

Rich Galtighly, now of Ode... he is a partner in a gro... was home over the week... month says he is doing a fine... of business and that Ode... on a boom. Another O... man is in business there --... banks. Frank was in town... visiting the Gene McKin...

the Flowers to the Living... the Index salutes Commission... of Dawson and Commis... anderson of Lynn as well as... of the commissioners -- of... and Gaines Counties for... to the saddle" on the pro... Highway running from... three O'Donnell into Gall... Club appointed H. M... D. J. Bolch and S. F. John... committee to assist the co...

O'Donnell County Judge... and is not only working... and for this protest but... he will announce some... market roads that are in... for O'Donnell in the post... The town is fortunate... friends and our future... with such efforts.

DAVIS -- lives and dreams... seldom have we seen a... interested and so well... in his chosen field... might interest you to know... a high-priced technic... national telephone com... be chosen to be his fu... of O'Donnell. His fu... on the technique... service was enjoyed this... rotary.

as when nearly every... our two top-rangin... with their heads together... help but wonder if they... "fix" the price on S. M...

the Lake Warm Depart... one court house of... was literally flabbe... O'Donnell's... still stating fiction... Thursday -- rain or... but interest in O'Donnell... next year when election... around. For the record... ten but two subscribers... capital dome -- namely... and Com. Anderson.

and Name O'Donnell if... a FREE county of... she apparently has... -time" friends lapp...-paid feed trough... boys!

lazy time of the year... after rings only on Sat... rest of the time the... and on the streets and... clouds.

ships that pass at nite... incident brought... truth to us. Several... ambulance parked on... it was hot mid-day. A... thing his last in the... by the time a doc... was gone. The widw... taken as only a... He... can be. Those few... this tragedy of life... of the crowd take this... into a drug store and... comfort her as... best... a strange town... found existed un... the help and... the car went on with...

most plain people, are... you only begin to... you reach the point... longer can travel the...

BUY A BOND this week!

## Berry Flat News

A light rain was appreciated by the farmers of this vicinity last Thursday.

Miss Billie Jones is visiting in Levelland this week.

Mr and Mrs. Blair Hayes and family have been visiting friends and relatives here the past week end.

Miss Loretta Davis is leaving Friday for Denton where she will enter college there for the summer.

Mrs. Lick Simpson is expecting her son, Nuburn Summers home soon.

Miss Wilma Bell Dabney is ill with the chicken pox.

Next Sunday will be the regular preaching day at Mesquite. Bro. Fopkins informs us that the new Baptist Church, now under construction, will soon be completed so that services may be held there -- a few which we are very thankful.

Mr. R. J. Raina has been quite ill the past few weeks but is improving. Mesquite school closed May 25th. The closing exercises was enjoyed by a large number Thursday nite.

Miss Joy Carter is leaving Thursday for Lubbock where she will enter college there for the summer.

Mrs. Phensy, Home Demonstration Agent of Dawson County, gave a demonstration in the home of Mrs. Dick Simpson on canning pineapple and planting a tub garden. Several women attended this demonstration, which included test pressure cookers on the 5th of June at Mrs. Dick Simpson.

Mr and Mrs. Roscoe Croops and Dorothy Jean spent Sunday with Mr and Mrs. Roland Swanson and Donna Kay.

Mrs. C. E. Davis and children of Abilene, relatives of Isaac and J. N. Ledbetter, have been visiting here the past week.

L. B. Sutton is on the sick list this week.

Robert Lee Harris came home from Lubbock where he has been attending school. He is seriously ill with rheumatic fever.

Mrs. L. B. Sutton and her father, Mr. A. Hudson have returned from Orange and Corpus Christi where they have been visiting relatives.

Mr and Mrs. Joe Burkett are the proud parents of a baby girl arriving Thursday. Joe came home on a short furlough returning to camp Saturday morning.

Mrs. H. Henderson returned last week from Anson where she has been called to the bedside of her brother.

Mr and Mrs. J. H. Parker visited relatives in Abilene enroute to San Antonio to visit their daughter, Edna Lee Mae Parker who is stationed there in camp at Ft. Sam Houston.

Mr and Mrs. John Ponder of near Lubbock visited Mr and Mrs. Edgar Telechik Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Ernest Cleghorn and family, Mr and Mrs. Finace Gleason and family visited with Rabby Lane Sunday.

Nolan Jones visited home folks Sunday.

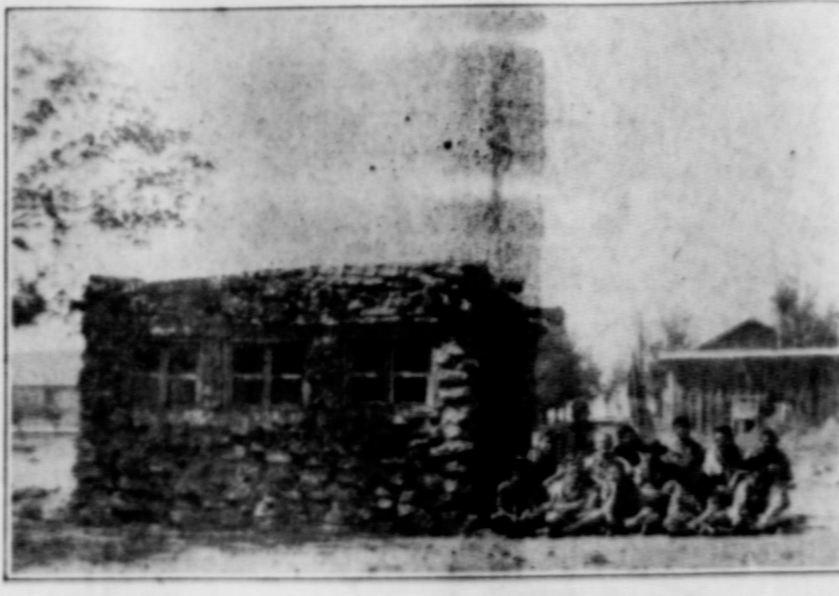
Miss Thelma Blanch Parker is expected home Monday from New Mexico where she has been teaching school.

Mrs. W. W. Staggs went home to visit her brother who has been over seas for some time.

J. W. Stewart is expected home soon.

Mr. Cockerham has been ill the past week.

BUY A BOND this week!



The above picture was taken in 1938 when O'Donnell had one of the best Scout Troops on the Plains. Bottom, L. to R. Stanley Cathey, Billy Tunc, Jimmy Todd, Elvin Ray Moore, and J. C. Brantley. Top row left to right: Perry Clayton, Ross Smith, Pat McKibbin, G. R. Pearce, Arol Moore, Bart Anderson and Ralph Kaiser.

## Ernest Jacob Bessire Buys Grocery

Funeral services were conducted at the Methodist Church for Ernest Jacob Bessire, age 78, Tuesday afternoon. He died at his home near here Monday. Services were conducted by Rev. Edward Crandall and was assisted by Rev. J. T. Crawford. Interment was in the O'Donnell Cemetery.

Mr. Bessire was born Nov. 11 1866 in Switzerland and when a baby boy of three he came to America with his parents. They lived in Ohio for a number of years and later in other states. Mr. Bessire moved to Texas when grown living in Hill County, Texas for about twenty years before moving to West Texas. He has lived in the O. K. Community for the last 14 years. He was a member of the Methodist Church.

Surviving Mr. Bessire are: his widow, Mrs. Cora Bessire, sons: R. E. Hamilton, Claude of Hamlin, E. M. of Vernon, most of Llewellynwood, Alton of Levelland, and E. J. Jr. of Kilgore, daughters: Mrs. Jessie Burleson of Rochester, and Mrs. Letha Payne of Amarillo, three nephews, Omar Bessire of New Home, and O'Dell and Darrell Bessire of O'Donnell. He is also survived by twenty grandchildren.

O'Donnell extends sincere sympathy to the family and loved ones who at this good father, husband and friend. Mr. Bessire was very well known here and had scores of friends of years standing.

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

WRITES MINISTER --

(Ed. note: The following is a letter from Sgt. A. H. Clipper, husband of the former Miss Mary Stuart written to Bro. Carmie Atkinson, Sgt. Clipper is in the Philippines.)

May 16, 1945  
My dear Minister, Just received your kind and most welcome letter and surely was delighted to hear from you. Those letters are so much help to me in reading my New Testament. I hope this war will soon be over so that I can attend some of your sermons. My wife tells me what a good preacher you are. Well we are doing our best over here and know you are doing more good there than you could here -- so keep up the good work and I hope to hear from you soon, sincerely, Sgt. A. H. Clipper.

O. K. BOND RALLY IS SUCCESS

The bond rally held at O. K. Community Friday night May 25 was most successful with a total of \$5,025.00 in war bonds being sold. Jess Merrick, chairman of the 7th War Loan Drive reported that approximately 120 persons were present for the rally and stated that all enjoyed the evening.

Col. Houston Glasson and Jess Merrick served as auctioneers at the rally using a loud speaker. A number of O'Donnell merchants donated articles which were auctioned off for bonds at the rally.

GRAIN STILL WANTED --

We still are buying mto Wheat and other grains. Top prices.

O. C. McBRIDE GRAIN CO.

LEGAL NOTICE

At a regular meeting of the City Council of O'Donnell, at O'Donnell, Texas, on May 10th, 1945, when among other business the following business was transacted: A motion was made by Alderman John Farles and seconded by Alderman C. H. Doak which was unanimously carried THAT: a 10 per cent blanket raise in the valuation be added to the present valuation subject to the Board of Equalization valuation for the year 1945. (Signed) R. O. Stark Mayor; T. J. Yandell, Secretary, Attest.

Mrs. Rhea Heath is doing nicely after a major operation Monday at a hospital at Lamesa.

Cpl. James C. Ballard of Turner Field, Albany, Geo. is here visiting friends and relatives.

Mr and Mrs. H. J. Castleberry visited in Rotan last week end.

B. W. Brown has gone to Ancho N. M. to work his claim.

## To Build Gin Here

J. L. (Jim) Swope announce this week that he had sold his interest in the grain company of McBride and swope to his partner, O. C. McBride. Mr and Mrs. Swope, in the months that they have been citizens here, have formed many close and lasting friends. At present Jim will remain here as manager of the company.

Mr McBride is well known in Lamesa where for a number of years he has had grain and cotton interests. O. C. has two sons in the service. Lt. O. C. McBride who was injured in fighting in Italy and Billy Ray who is in the Merchant Marine.

Work has been started by Mr McBride to construct and install a new and modern gin on the north portion of his lots in the north part of town. The gin will be of four stands and will have all the modern safety devices and a lint-dust collector.

On behalf of fellow business men and the area around O'Donnell we extend a hearty welcome to our newest business man and wish him the best of fellowship and success.

Mrs. Clay McLaurin entertained with a dinner in her home Sunday. Those present were: Chester Etter and family of Andrews, Lester Etter of Ironfield, Mrs. R. A. Rooker of Altus, Okla., John Etter and family, Euster Phipps and family, Otis Harris and family, Miss Mabel Harris.

Mr and Mrs. Fletcher Johnson and son, Sammy, Mr and Mrs. John Vermillion, and Mr and Mrs. Henry Harris are fishing at Brownwood this week.

(Ed. note: The following is a portion of a letter the Index received from Pfc. Archie McAllister who is now stationed at Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, Colo.)

"I used to farm in Mesquite District for some time up until January 1942 at which time I joined the Army Air Force. Almost immediately I was sent overseas and in the period of three years over sea served in Australia, New Guinea and the Philippines, March 8, 1945 I arrived back in the states -- best island I've seen yet and sure glad to be back once more."

GUINN -- MARSHALL

On Tuesday, May 22 at 9:20 p. m. Miss Neida Ruth Marshall, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Rex Marshall of the O'Donnell Community became the bride of Bob Guinn, also of O'Donnell. The marriage was solemnized in the home of Rev. Cole of Lamesa who performed the single ring ceremony. The young couple were accompanied by Miss Mary Ruth Devore, Tolbert Houston and Virgel Guinn.

Guinn wore a light blue two piece suit with white accessories. For something old and something borrowed she wore a bracelet belonging to Miss Devore.

Mr and Mrs. Guinn will make their home at Seagraves where he is employed.

Mr and Mrs. Jesse R. Barnes and family of Amarillo are here visiting his mother, Mrs. A. J. Barnes. He owns a filling station at Amarillo and he says it is as dry there as here. And to think of the sky Juice being wasted in East Texas!

L. (J. G.) Weidon R. Street and wife of San Diego arrived home last Sunday to visit their parents, Mr and Mrs. B. B. Street. Weidon will have until about June 20th. We understand he was on a P. T. Boat in the Pacific.

The E. G. Kirby family went to Sweetwater May 21st to attend the funeral of a cousin, Mr. Chuck Scudlin who was killed in a car accident at Odessa.

FARMERS RECEIVE DIVIDEND

The Farmers Co-Operative Association of O'Donnell met two weeks ago at the local high school in a business meeting. A dividend of \$19,200 was declared. There are approximately 250 members in the association. W. L. Gilliam was elected as a director with W. L. Gardshire as president, J. R. Burkett as secretary and Homer Hancock and D. J. Bolch as directors. Roy Miles is the retiring vice president. John Andy Edwards is the able business manager of the farmers group which includes two gins, a grain elevator, a locker plant and a filling station.

According to Mr. Edwards, the Co-Op in the last two years has spent upward of \$30,000 in improving their no. 1 gin. They have recently installed a natural gas engine and are now installing a cooling system to cool the engine. The No. 2 gin is used during peak production.

## City Increases The Valuation For Taxes

At a recent meeting of the City Council it was decided by members present to increase the valuation of real property within the city by ten per cent. Property in O'Donnell has been taxed on the old appraisal valuation and since local real estate values have doubled and tripled since 1919 a slight increase in valuation is both to be desired and is just good business.

To give the property owners a background of why the increase in valuation is desirable lets look over a few facts. In 1944 the City operated all of its business and improvements on \$2200 approximately. There's few stores in town that can operate on a \$2200 margin. This 10 per cent increase in valuation will bring in approximately \$750 in revenue. Plans which are still in the making will give the City another \$750. If all of these monies are realized for 1945 we will have a City income of \$1500 which is even yet very little to operate a city of 1500 population. The water department is gradually getting on a profit making basis but as yet the city realizes little above its expenses. Here's the good news: as of today, City Secretary T. J. Yandell states that the City's bonded debt is \$37,000 as against \$119,000 bonded debt in 1931.

The City paid off \$4,900 last year plus interest.

CALF HOPING HERE SATURDAY

As a side light on two public spirited men, we make known a fact which is not widely known. J. L. Shoemaker and C. H. Doak cancelled and marked paid \$16,500 in bonds in 1944 which represented 25 per cent of the total amount of City Bonds held by them. At long last the City of O'Donnell is clearing a long standing debt and faces the post-war era prepared to meet her expanding future.

Saturday afternoon at about 2 p. m. the first Calf Hoping and rodeo of the year will be staged in O'Donnell. The rodeo grounds are 1-2 mile west of the Texaco filling station which is at the "Y" junction. One of the features of this roping Saturday will be a match between Dee Burras of O'Donnell and Vernon Miller of Gail. Also there will be Jack Pot Roping for amateurs. At present there are about sixteen men interested in the support of our local rodeo association. They have contributed time and money to get the pens in order and buy stock. A big two day rodeo will probably be held later in the season which will draw a large crowd. Let's all turn out for the roping Saturday.

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

Sgt. Earl Tunc stationed at Okla. home City was home the last week end visiting his mother, Mrs. T. H. Tunc.

Mrs. Ernest Goad was carried to a Lamesa hospital last week and returned home Wednesday feeling much better. She had the flu.

Mrs. A. E. Newsum and daughter Judy of Shigman, Missouri and Mrs. M. B. Thames and son, Maurice, of Benson, Louisiana, are visiting their parents, Mr and Mrs. J. W. Betnhall, relatives and friends around New Moore.

Walter Hornaday, nationally known staff writer for the Dallas NEWS, was a caller at O'Donnell last Thursday. Walter is a former O'Donnell man and has some property in the Wells Community. He lives at Washington, D. C.

Mr and Mrs. Brock of the Brock and Hancock Tire Shop, are fishing this week at Rockport. Brock wrote Phil Hancock that he is pulling in the big ones and throwing back the little ones for seed.

Mr and Mrs. D. Proctor and Joe Proctor are visiting at Ft. Worth this week. Joe took his son, Bobby Joe there to enroll in a barber college.

Miss Alline Gates of Dalhart is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs. Jake Gates, here this week. She will attend school at Canyon this summer.

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

Mrs. Helen Bolch and son, Mrs. Tedolph Middleton, and Miss Ruby Lohs Shock are spending their vacation in Christoval.

Mr and Mrs. J. Treadway of Lubbock are visiting friends and their son and daughter here.

Carl Barton will leave for Bryan Monday to enroll at A. and M.

Mrs. Lawrence Lockler and daughter of Waco is visiting her sister Mr and Mrs. Earl Curtis.

Mrs. Robert Margan of Canyon is spending her vacation here with her parents, Mr and Mrs. J. W. Gates.

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

Roy Eldon Ballew will leave Friday to enroll at Tech.

Mr and Mrs. Raymond Robinson of Lamesa spent Sunday in the home of Mr and Mrs. Earl Curtis.

W. L. Maxwell is home this week with the flu.

Mrs. R. A. Rooker of Altus, Okla. visited in the homes of John Etter and the Clay and Joe McLaurins last week.

HAVE you bought a bond!

## Announcing Bobby Carroll's Grocery

I HAVE PURCHASED THE ALLEN FOOD STORE AND WANT YOU TO PLEASE COME IN AND VISIT OR TRADE SOME.

FAIR AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT SHALL EVER BE MY POLICY.

I shall endeavor to cooperate with all my competitors who are my personal friends.

MY STORE WILL NOT BE OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

BOBBY



## Plan Postwar Help for Vision

'Color Conditioning' Seen as Aid to Health and Employ Efficiency.

NEW YORK. — A postwar program for scientifically "color conditioning" industrial interiors was announced by Du Pont, following extensive study of employing functional color to improve employee efficiency, health, comfort and morale.

Described as the science of determining the correct industrial color environment for maximum vision, the system has been developed in collaboration with Faber Birren, industrial color authority. Among the benefits of "color conditioning" are listed increased production, improved quality of workmanship, and reduced personal injuries, as reported in the Chicago Tribune.

The "color conditioning" technique is designed to protect employees against eyestrain by reducing glare and eliminating extreme contrasts between light and dark. It recommends restraint in using color, especially distracting, overstimulating hues, as well as abolishing light-robbing dark areas.

**Seek Correct Colors.**

Research findings have determined correct colors for factory walls, for machines, and for backgrounds within the field of vision. Surveys of entire plants where an integrated color system has been in effect from front to rear door demonstrate that uniform wall, dado and equipment painting, with a "change of pace" for corridors, stair wells and washrooms, yields beneficial results as revealed in comparative safety, production, and absentee records. Only a few colors in combinations need be utilized, the studies show.

The announcement emphasized that the program, although designed to introduce more color into the industrial scene, is not mere "interior decoration" of plants but the outcome of long term research that already has done much toward "putting color to work" for industrial efficiency. Hundreds of case histories based on color installations in all types of plants were compiled and studied.

New colors have been developed for industrial interiors. These are not decorator's colors in the bright, clear range but hues subdued in tone and unobtrusive and practical. In selecting the colors, illuminating and color engineers studied light reflectance qualities, hue characteristics, influence of different kinds of illumination and psychological characteristics.

**Large Plants Studied.**

Applications of "color conditioning" were made in many of America's large industrial plants. These case histories were studied in determining the functionally correct colors for industrial use. Under present conditions when raw materials for paint are critically short, the color conditioning colors are available in limited quantities only, it was stated.

Color conditioning began in hospitals where scientific studies of color were made to aid the visual acuity of the surgeon. Similar investigations later were performed in schools and factories.

## Yank Police at Leipzig Pack Terrific Wallop

LEIPZIG, GERMANY. — The Allied military government in Leipzig is supported by a police force that packs a terrific punch. The force is equipped with half-tracks with revolving turrets, machine guns and self-propelled guns.

Trouble has occurred at food stores and at liquor and tobacco shops. Liberated foreign workers stormed them and the Germans got the same idea. The American half-tracks fired shots into the air and the mobs were charged with other vehicles. This scattered the rioters.

Curfew violators were numerous the first night. They were herded into a large vacant lot and forced to spend the night there.

## U. S. Glider Pilot Proves He Can Land 'On a Dime'

MUSKOGON, MICH. — Uncle Sam's pilots can literally land gliders "on a dime"—one of them proved it here.

Lt. John S. Bryant of Lexington, Ky., a pilot in the Troop Carrier Command, accepted a challenge to free his glider from a transport plane at 2,000 feet and bring it to a halt with the nose resting on a dime. The coin was placed on a white sheet to increase its visibility.

When Bryant made good, officers of the Troop Carrier Command, here with a group of invasion veterans to stir interest in glider production, said they believed it the first time such a feat had been accomplished.

## Ersatz Stockings Become Blankets for Prisoners

WASHINGTON. — Captured "ersatz stockings" worn by German soldiers last winter as protection against cold, have been turned into blankets for German prisoners by the quartermaster corps. The rectangular pieces of cotton and wool cloth fell into American hands with captured enemy supplies. Measuring 18 by 24 inches each, 8 of the cloths sewn together make a warm blanket.

## Studies Mystery Of Common Cold

Streptococci, Not Virus, Is Cause, Says Army Medic.

PORTLAND, ORE. — A solution of the mystery of the common cold, by evidence indicating that most colds are not caused by a virus, as the medical profession has taught, but by streptococci, is offered by Capt. Edward E. Brown, port surgeon, United States army medical corps, Portland, Ore.

His report, published in Northwest Medicine, cites evidence from 13 years' study of colds, mostly in children with rheumatic fever, at the Post-graduate hospital of Columbia university, New York City.

Captain Brown predicts that strep colds can be prevented or helped by sulfa drugs. He suggests also that cold vaccines made for streptococci will be effective against colds, where virus vaccines are known not to be effective. The confusion about cold vaccines has been one of the mysteries of common cold treatment.

Captain Brown's experience shows that well over 90 per cent of common colds are caused by streptococci.

The army officer says further that the streptococcus type of infection is a reasonable explanation of the common experience of laymen, which doctors verify, that colds greatly increase with chilling weather. He reports observations showing the improbability that chilling can start a virus cold. He cites well known germ reactions in the nose to prove that strep colds can be initiated by chilling.

Captain Brown does not mention the last year's reports of army and navy officers who said repeatedly that daily doses of sulfadiazine prevented 70 to 90 per cent of upper respiratory infections in more than half a million men.

The common cold is an upper respiratory infection. The military reports, however, omitted listing colds among the 70 to 90 per cent preventions.

## Clue to Extinction of Dinosaur Is Discovered

LOS ANGELES. — A clue which may unravel the mystery of the extinction of the great race of prehistoric dinosaurs has been discovered by Dr. Raymond B. Cowles, associate professor of zoology on the Los Angeles campus of the University of California.

In experiments with night lizards, Dr. Cowles found that these reptiles become sterile at temperatures not high enough to cause general damage to the animal.

Since reptiles as well as other animals have a tendency to seek higher temperatures to speed up their body processes, Cowles believes the dinosaurs and possibly other land animals may have impaired their powers of reproduction by too much exposure to heat.

A falling birth rate produced in this way among the prehistoric monsters could have led to their gradual extinction. If accompanied by climatic changes causing greater warmth, the extinction may have been sudden, perhaps taking only a few million years, Cowles declares.

## France Is Delivering Newly Made Motor Tires

WASHINGTON. — Several French factories began recently to deliver new tires in substantial quantities to both the army and civilians as a result of Allied arrangements to bring French industry into the joint war effort, it was learned.

Informed sources said the tire program was one of two go-aheads France had received on critical war production. The contract called for tires and cotton textile production, principally tent duck — two items on which production in the United States is behind schedule.

## Fleet of Planes Drops Supplies to Hollanders

LONDON. — A fleet of RAF Lancaster, bomb bays loaded with food, dropped more than 600 tons of supplies in occupied Holland to feed thousands of starving civilians. The parcels, dropped without parachutes, contained meat, flour, yeast, cheese, margarine, sugar, dried peas, powdered milk and eggs, concentrated vegetables, chocolate, tea and salt and pepper.

## Jap Boys to Study Fish In Bomb Crater Ponds

SAN FRANCISCO. — Japanese children of Nagoya are going to get "object lessons in natural history" from bomb craters made in the industrial city by B-29s. Domei, Japanese news agency, reported in a broadcast the craters were being made into fish ponds so children would have opportunity to study marine life.

## Mrs. Roosevelt Picks Cottage for Her Home

NEW YORK. — Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will never live again in the "big house" of the Hyde Park estate. Her secretary, Malvina Thompson, said the former first lady would remain in a cottage. There she will be assured of privacy when persons come to pay homage at her husband's grave.

## Kathleen Norris Says:

Your Marriage Is Worth Saving

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"Dorothy is a completely changed creature, and I don't want to take on a stranger for my wife. She and my mother are like two girls together."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

IT MAY take you six months, it may take you a year to rebuild, when that man of yours comes home, but marriage is worth six months or twelve months of doubt and pain. True marriage is a miracle, and to cheat yourself out of wonderful years of companionship and planning just because things are difficult now, is an expensive mistake.

"I'm completely bewildered," writes William Martin, in a letter that illustrates this point. "I've been two years overseas. When I left her my wife was a sweet, shy girl who had no friends in my home town and cried bitterly when she came to join my mother for my absence. Just before I left Dorothy had the sad experience of losing a new-born baby, so that my memory of her is of an excited, scared, tearful, bashful little thing who assured me that she could not hold her head up at all until I came back."

"Completely Changed."

"Well, I got back six weeks ago, and if you ask me, I'd just as soon return to France. Dorothy is a completely changed creature, and I don't want to take on a stranger for my wife. She and my mother are like two girls together; laughing all the time. They play cribbage every evening, gabble at every meal, and trot off to work still chattering. They work part-time in the same foundry. Dorothy has picked up a lot of friends, most of them daughters of my mother's old crowd; she wants me to go on week-end parties, where she is a great favorite, and she wants to have them in for impromptu suppers and games. She's perfectly amiable about everything, anxious to make me happy, says she'll give up work the minute I'm established, hopes we'll have a lot of children someday,—this doesn't sound so bad. I wonder if I'm getting over to you what I mean?"

"I mean that a man likes to be important in his own house, he likes to have the say. If I suggest this, Dorothy is all attention; what would I like to do? Well, the truth is I don't want to do anything, except sit around. I don't even want my mother or wife near me, part of the time. I always wanted to take a forestry course, but after two years of college I quit, and got a job, so I could marry. Then the war came. I have no money now, and I'll be darned if I want my women to support me. Shall I just get out of their lives, go off somewhere, and work it out myself?"

No, by no means do that, Bill. Your marriage is worth saving, with such a woman. Instead of running away, as so many of our people do, today, work it out yourself—but at home.

I think you'd make those two women supremely happy if you announced that they had to support you until you finished your forestry study. Your government will help you, and all it will amount to will be that they take care of themselves for another year or two. Then go to work with a vengeance, and see how fast you can beat the regular term time.

The moment you're hard at work the whole world will change for you.

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The moment you're hard at work the whole world will change for you.



Finish your forestry course...

## Legion of the Dead

By MARK PINE

McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

SPARKS took his nightly look at the chart, chinned briefly with the third in the house under the old man's frown, and left. He was deep in "How Green Was My Valley," and would lie in his bunk listening to the ship band until he dropped off to sleep.

He went out the port side of the closed bridge and into the solid wall of wind. A smoking mountain of ink came over the 'midships superstructure, lifted him off his feet, skipped him lightly down to the well deck like a prouetting dancer, touched his left foot on the hatch cover and took him over the side.

"I'm going to die! I'm going to drown!" was his first thought as he struck the furious sea. A couple of personal-attention combers took him in hand, rolled him around a dozen times, shot him into the black depths, drubbed him thoroughly and sent him up for a tearing gasp of air.

A bit of unfinished business troubled him: He owed the International Correspondence Schools a matter of forty dollars on his course in Electrical Engineering. More, he was nearly through Alternating Currents, and it was getting interesting. "Power factor is the cosine of the angle of lag" ran through his head.

Sparks thought it time he made up his mind to get down there at the bottom of the Florida Straits pronto—die like a man.

The water tunnel of the sea, after his first initiation, treated him a little better; once in a while he felt



Sparks was glad he wasn't married.

the weight lift from his face, and he sucked in a little air with a lot of salt water. "I'll never use another pinch of salt in my life," he said.

He pictured the chart of the Straits perfectly, with all the yellow patches, the rings and dots, the lights and shoals, and the beautiful land. The third had put his finger on their position at six bells. Off Sand Key. Maybe only five or six miles. "Power factor is the cosine of the angle of lag."

He noticed a rhythm in the gigantic boisterousness of the hurricane. First he seemed to gurgle and gurgled through the top of a mountain, then slid down its flanks at express-train speed, and then he gurgled and gurgled through the valley. Next he rose majestically, like a god, to the top of the next mountain. It was on that toboggan downward that he learned to breathe.

Sparks was glad he wasn't married. Twenty-four was a little young anyway. He wished, though, that he could kiss just one pretty girl, a stunning young one with hair like the yellow on the charts and blue eyes like the Gulf of Mexico in the sunshine. Just once. A nice girl who laughed with those blue eyes, and giggled along with it.

Dad probably would pay off the forty dollars he owed the International Correspondence Schools, and Mother would get all the books together and put them on the white painted shelves in his room.

The rhythm of the hurricane sea went on endlessly, lifting him, drubbing him, setting him down with that speed above speed that made all his insides seem to tie themselves in dizzy knots, and busting him violently through the truth again. His breathing was like a reflex, involuntary at the right moments, but he caught the last of the gasp in solid salt water. Every tenth breath he erupted the water. He could not distinguish between sea and air; it was like the crescendo climax of an orchestra, with the drummer hammering out the thunder tirelessly, forever and ever. "Power factor is the cosine of the angle of lag."

Sparks noticed that the ink of the emulsified sky and sea was just a shade lighter than the Stygian blackness of ten breaths before, and then he lost consciousness.

He opened his eyes to see an old man, with long straggling mustaches and a pair of down-on-the-nose spectacles, bending over him. "Out for a little swim?" he asked. Sparks could only grin; he got to his feet on the shelving beach, his legs wobbling under him.

The old man led him to the light-house and up into the kitchen. In five minutes Sparks was eating three eggs and six slices of bacon, stopping momentarily for sips of coffee. The smell of the bacon was so ex-cruciatingly good it hurt him—and he salted the eggs mightily with firm shakes of the salt cellar.

## HOLD ON A LITTLE WHILE

Another returning soldier has found his wife changed. When he left she was timid and shy, and depressed by the death of their first child. Now she is gay and happy, interested in parties and entertainment, and quite a social favorite. She lives with his mother and works in the same foundry on a part-time shift. The two women get along very well, and are always laughing and "gabbing."

While Dorothy is affectionate and anxious to please, she is no longer dependent and clinging. William feels somehow that she is a stranger... not the woman he thought he married. He wonders if he should try to "make a go" of this marriage... maybe, he thinks, he had better get out of it for the benefit of both himself and Dorothy. He left college in order to marry her, and now he wonders if it were the sensible thing to do.

The separation of war change both husband and wife, replies Miss Norris. One will mature more than the other, but when there is no fundamental disagreement, time will harmonize the differences, and the original happiness can be regained.

You. Work is the supreme panacea. There isn't going to be a household in America, in the next year or two, that doesn't face this or some more serious problem. The problem of our physically maimed and wounded isn't going to be the worst of it; it'll be the mental, the nerve, the psychopathic cases that put a heavy burden on us all. Lift your burden off the great total by accepting the unexpected gaiety and independence of this wife of yours; add to her capability, her completeness, a new capability and completeness of your own.

## Normal Pattern Will Return.

Once you're well started, and the first baby likewise, the whole pattern will fall into normal lines, and this restless, dissatisfied, resentful phase of home-coming will seem only a dream. You have the materials for an unusually happy marriage here; don't throw them away.

Postwar marital problems present every variation of trouble to which human hearts are heir. The returning husband who grows bitter with his wife, and finds her unexpectedly dull, less pretty, less dear than he remembered her. The wife who hardly knows the boy with whom she danced so merrily into wedlock, and who doesn't like him much, on later inspection. The returning soldier jealous of his baby. The waiting wife all ready with plans for divorce. The criticisms of her because she lived with his mother, or because she didn't. The discontent because she worked, or else she didn't. The wounded problems and the problems of the maimed and the blind.

## Value of Victory Garden

A good home garden is first of all a source of food. It is important from an economic standpoint as it supplies fresh foods in season and a surplus for canning. It is also important from the standpoint of health and family morale. Working in a garden is a source of recreation and education for all the family. It develops team work and fellowship between family members of all ages. It also gives youngsters an appreciation of the land and its marvelous products.

NEW ROYAL S.A.S. PHOSPHATE BAKING POWDER PLEASES 4 WAYS!  
✓ Low Cost  
✓ Double Action  
✓ No Bitter Taste  
✓ Grand For All Baking



Contains No Cream of Tartar

## SNAPPY FACTS about RUBBER

The Finnish word for auto tire is "Snappardelenoos-derspoorwielotuisu."

The 1945 government expansion program for increased production of military truck and bus tires is geared to turn out 25,000 additional tires a day, or 6,000,000 a year. This expansion plus previous expansions should result in the production in 1945 of more than twice as many truck and bus tires as were produced in 1941, and in 1946 about 2 1/2 times the 1941 figure.

A vehicle driven at 30 m.p.h. on average roads wears away 41 per cent more rubber than if it were driven at a steady 30 m.p.h.



## Sensible Way To Treat Minor SKIN ABRASIONS

Immediately make the wound antiseptic as a protection against infection. (1) Cleanse with warm water and soap. (2) Apply an antiseptic preparation. A fine antiseptic for this purpose is Carbol, the more than 100 times and large granules. Carbol, 50c at drug stores or write Spunkin-Neal Co., Nashville, Tenn.

## IS GETTING UP NIGHTS GETTING YOU DOWN?

Thousands say famous doctor's discovery gives blessed relief from irritation of the bladder caused by excess acidity in the urine

Why suffer needlessly from backache, run-down feeling from excess acidity in the urine? Just try DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. The renowned herb medicine, SWAMP ROOT, acts fast on the kidneys to promote the flow of urine and relieve troublesome excess acidity. Originally created by a practicing physician, Dr. Kilmer's is a carefully blended combination of 16 herbs, roots, vegetables, berries. Absolutely nothing harsh or habit-forming in this pure, scientific preparation. Just good ingredients that quickly act on the kidneys to increase the flow of urine and ease the uncomfortable symptoms of bladder irritation.

Send for free, prepaid sample TODAY! 1c per bottle. If you prefer, we'll glad take your order. Send name and address to Department E, Kilmer & Co., Inc., 1255, Standard Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Sold at all stores. All druggists sell Swamp Root.



## NEW! Women's IMPORTED MEXICAN Play Shoes

Hand Crafted RATION FREE

GUARANTEED ALL-LEATHER IN NATURAL COLOR FOR OUTDOORS AND HOUSES EASY TO FIT SIZES 1 TO 11 \$1.95 PAIR

Write on card Coupon 2 PAIRS \$3.75 (if you do not know size, send sheet with last name and address) TEXAS FOOTWEAR COMPANY, 8171, P. O. Box 286, Dallas, Texas



Off the coast of Wisconsin, in the Superior, are islands known as the Apostles.

**AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666**  
 174 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS



**Before Hails**

THIS MAY BE your year to be let out. Insure your crops to protect your cash cost of production. HAIL INSURANCE protects your farm dollars.

Ask this local Hartford agency for insuring your crops.

**WAGGONER Insurance Agency**

Across Street from Bank Phone 140

**DETAILS OF DEATH IN ACTION OF MORRIS SMITH**

Headquarters Third Inf. Div. 15th April 1945  
 Nancy C. Smith, O'Donnell, Tex.  
 My dear Friend:  
 By the time you receive this letter you will have been officially notified of the death of your loved one, Franklin Morris Smith, who has given his life in the service of our country.

According to an officer of his company, your son was leading an attack against a small German town. He was the first man to enter the village and he was instantly killed by sniper's fire which struck him in the chest and arm. His friendly manner, straightforwardness and courage in battle had won the admiration of all who knew him. His passing deprived his comrades of both a good friend and a real soldier.

As Protestant chaplain it was my sad duty to officiate at his burial. I wish to assure you that he received a service in keeping with the high principles for which he made the supreme sacrifice. He was laid to rest in a cemetery that is nicely located, and the surroundings have been developed as beautifully as possible. His individual grave is cared for with the reverent respect and honor which is due our national heroes.

During your sorrow I offer my kindest sympathy, and pray that comfort and strength from God will constantly be yours. Let us also trust Him for the speedy defeat of a dreadful enemy and the early return of peace to our beloved nation. Please be assured that your loss is also keenly felt by his comrades who are continuing the task before us. Thru the help of God victory will be ours.

I regret that my personal knowledge of the incidents surrounding the death of your loved one is very limited. If at any time you have questions concerning personal effects or place of burial, I suggest that you write to the Quartermaster General, ASF, Washington, D. C. Yours sincerely, Lloyd E. Langford, Chaplain (Major)

The highest and lowest points in the United States are located within a few miles of each other in California, Mt. Whitney and Death Valley.

**WARNS AGAINST POLIO**

Austin, — Last year was considered by health officials to be an epidemic year for poliomyelitis in Texas. In as much as 78 cases of polio have been reported to the Texas State Department of Health so far this year as compared with 58 cases in the same period during 1944. Dr. Geo. W. Cox has issued the following statements and suggestions concerning the control and prevention of polio which he urges all Texans to observe.

Control measures must emphasize clean-up campaigns and improvements in sanitation. Strict sanitary measures must be observed in all communities. Stringent efforts should be made to eliminate the housefly and to destroy its breeding places. All mosquitoes and mosquito-breeding places must be destroyed at once. Every effort should be made to institute approved garbage collection systems immediately. Safe water supplies must be assured. Where adequate municipal sewage disposal systems are not in operation, it is vitally important to promote and maintain sanitary septic tanks and outdoor privies.

All swimming pools should, under rigid supervision, maintain those standards approved by the Texas State Department of Health. This necessarily includes maintenance of proper chlorine level. Where such standards are not maintained, those pools should be closed immediately. All raw foods and vegetables should be washed thoroughly before use and protected from flies, filth and insects. All eating and food-handling establishments should adhere strictly to the state law concerning the sterilization of dishes and utensils. Those restaurants with insufficient personnel to maintain approved sanitation should close one or two hours a day so that employees can assist in maintaining cleanliness and high sanitary standards.

Very effort should be made to secure approved milk. Rats and mice should be exterminated. Maintain in the home the same sanitary standards that are necessary in community life. Particular attention should be paid to personal hygiene. Excreta from polio cases and contacts should be disinfected and handled with the same scrupulous care as in typhoid fever or bacillary dysentery.

Over exertion in children should be avoided and children should not visit homes where there is a sick child. It is advisable to reduce to a minimum all human contacts especially in children during the outbreak of this disease.

Early symptoms of infantile paralysis are headache, fever, vomiting, drowsiness, followed by stiffness in the neck and back. When suspicious symptoms appear, a physician should be called immediately. It is recommended that all cases be quarantined for 14 days. It is not advocated that churches, schools and theatres be closed.

**PROMOTED**  
 A Ninth Airforce Service Command Base, Germany: Promotion of Bobbie Mahurin, 29, of O'Donnell to private first class has been announced by his Ninth Air Force Service Command unit in Germany. Prior to entering the service in March 1943 Mahurin worked with a dry cleaning concern. He is now a toxic gas handler with a chemical unit assigned to the 42nd Air Depot Group. His organization recently received the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for pioneering in developing practical methods of preparing and handling the new fire-bomb for use against the enemy by

**9th Airforce warplanes.**

Pfc. Mahurin came oversea in January, 1944. He was graduated from Bethel Hill County high school in

1941. His father, Robert M Mahurin lives in O'Donnell.

**HAVE you bought an extra War Bond ? ? ?**

Oklahoma City had a population of 10,000 on the day it was settled. It was opened for settlement on Apr. 22, 1885 and by nightfall had a population of ten thousand under tents.

**Give 'em the gun in the MIGHTY SEVENTH**



**ALL right, America, let's go! We've got our enemies on the run—now we've got to put everything into one great effort! Remember, last year we had two war loan drives by this time. The 7th is two great drives in one. Let's make it count!**



**ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY SEVENTH!**

*This advertisement is published in the interest of the 7th War Loan drive by*

**TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY**

**HERE'S WHAT UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU TO DO!**

If your average income per month is:	Your War Bond Quota in the 7th is: (Cash Value)
\$250 & up	\$187.50
225-250	150.00
210-225	131.25
200-210	112.50
185-200	93.75
165-185	75.00
100-160	37.50
Under \$100	18.75

**Let your dollars join the fight in the mighty SEVENTH WAR LOAN**

**Buy an extra Bond**

- Perfection Oil Ranges;
- Butane Water Heaters
- Garden Hose, Electric Wire
- Paints and Varnishes
- Sinks, Lavatories & closet combinations
- FARM SUPPLIES**
- Sweeps 4 in. to 40 in.; knives
- Barrell Pumps, Grease Guns
- Electric Fence Chargers
- Poultry netting, hog fencing, chicken fence, barb wire, hail screen, and
- Chicken Feeders and waters

We Have Pipes and all Plumbing Needs  
 Auto Accesories and Parts

**Singleton Appliance**

Most Complete Stock in West Texas

**Freezer-Packed**

**Vitamin Ice Cream**

Agent For Flowers

**Corner Drug**

BERNIE FRALIN

**A Complete Selection of FURNITURE**

We Can Save You Money. Visit Us

**Marshall Furniture Co**

amesa. In Old Barron Hatcher Locationy

**REX**

**Theatre**

Evening Show

Open Evenings: 7:45  
 Picture Starts 8:00  
 Box Office Closes 10:00

Matinee 2:00—Starts 2:15

Sat. Nite only June 2nd  
 Edward Arnold - Hume Cronyn

**Main Street After Dark**

Also Big Game - Talk of the Town

Sun. - Mon. June 3 - 4  
 Brian Donlevy - Ann Richards in

**An American Romance**

Also Fox News - Hot Lips Jasp

Tuesday, June 5th  
 Margaret O'Brien - Jose Iturbit in

**Music For Millions**

Also Yankee Donkey

Wed. - Thurs. June 6 - 7  
 Merle Oberon - Franchot Tone

**Dark Waters**

Also Paramount News - Hunky Spunky

Fri. nite - Sat. Mat. June 8  
 And 9th  
 Rod Cameron - Fuzzy BOSS OF BOOMTOWN  
 Knight in  
 Also Last chapter of Zorro's Whip



**Come To See Us For Binders**

Feed Mills, Cream Separators, Pump Engines, Oils & Greases, Grease Guns, Mufflers for Tractors, Tractor Seats and Cushions, Luberfiners and Packs, 4 & 5 foot knives, 2 & 4 row planters, 2 row Cultivators, Batteries, Funnels, Buster Wings and Beams, Tractor Guides, Drag Box Planters, Plenty of tractor and plantor repair parts 2 row binder and 2 row combine

Your **FRIENDLY** International Dealer

**O'Donnell Implement Co.**

CHARLEY CATHEY — A. K. WILLIAMS



# Magnet Puzzle Still Unsolved

### Scientists Fail to Fathom a Secret They've Studied For 3,000 Years.

NEW YORK. — The common magnet is still a mystery. For more than 3,000 years people have pondered the question, what is magnetism? But no one has ever given the answer.

Today magnets have countless applications. They've gone to war, in airplanes, in tanks, in motors of all kinds, in secret fighting equipment whose nature cannot be told. Children have been fascinated by them for centuries. Scientists have used them to experiment. Because of recent developments, their future promises to bring us many new products for home and industry. Yet no one can explain their essential nature.

At General Electric, a leading magnet producer, one magnet made in a special assembly has been recorded as lifting 4,450 times its own weight, says the Chicago Tribune. Engineers have called this the most powerful magnet in the world.

### Has Many Possibilities.

Because of the rapid progress made in perfecting permanent magnets for wartime applications, experts predicted that in postwar days many new products will be introduced, using them as the core of their mechanism. They foresaw such commercial possibilities as a coffee maker that automatically turns down the heat when the coffee is done, letting it stay warm but not allowing it to become overcooked, an electric flatiron that automatically switches off the juice when the iron is even momentarily out of use, a magnetic wire recorder, an ingenious device that can record 66 minutes of continuous speech on a spool of wire no larger than a doughnut, and many more time savers and conveniences.

Asserting that permanent magnets have not yet reached their full maturity, research engineers said that much remains to be learned about them, though more progress has been made in their development in the last decade than in the previous 300 years. They attributed this remarkable advancement to the introduction of new alloys which have magnetic properties more powerful as well as more resistant to outside sources of demagnetization.

Permanent magnets are those that will retain their magnetic properties indefinitely. Probably their oldest and most familiar useful form is the compass needle. According to legend, the Chinese Emperor Hoang-ti used a magnet in this form to guide his chariot in 2690 B. C.

### New Alloys Available.

From this simple beginning permanent magnets have been developed to such an extent that, during World War II their use has enabled fighting men to replace bulky, heavy equipment with portable models of reduced size and weight, has made possible hundreds of devices for airplanes, and has also permitted an increase in the sensitivity of many measuring and electrical communication instruments.

"Ten years ago there were four materials out of which permanent magnets were commonly fashioned, said the engineers. "Today at least 19 alloys, each of which shows astounding properties, are available."

Permanent magnets are used most extensively in the fields of communication and measurement, but they have also found a great many additional and varied applications. In the home they are frequently employed in such time-saving devices as electric toasters, coffee percolators, ironing machines, and electric refrigerators. Hearing aids and telephones, as well as many latches and locks, make use of them. Probably their biggest single application is in radio receivers, where much of the success of improved quality of sound and tone is the result of improved magnets. In industry, where magnets are used in both control and power equipment, they are found in ignition magnets, many small motors, meters and instruments and numerous other devices.

### Surprise in Greetings

#### From Mysterious East

SEATTLE. — A tall, dark and handsome gentleman, weighted with gold braid of an Indian official, approached Lt. Gertrude A. Humling, an army nurse home from a tour of duty in the Orient.

Atwitter, she waited for him to request the honor of the dance in a soft and deliciously accented voice. He said:

"Hi-ya, babe! I used to be a bell-hop in America."

### Jailed German Mayor Leaps to His Death

SCHWEINFURT, GERMANY. — The oberburgmeister, who was also the chief S. S. (Elite guard) official in the city, killed himself by jumping out of a window of a schoolhouse where he was held under guard. His name was not disclosed.

S. S. troops had hanged 11 soldiers caught trying to surrender.

# Fleeing Foes Kill Ailing Prisoners

### Frightful Atrocities Laid to Panicky Germans.

WITH FOURTH ARMORED DIVISION, GERMANY. — A blond youth lay lifeless on a stretcher in a German prison camp, a hole through his neck. He was an American flier.

Huddled grotesquely around him were bodies of 30 other prisoners, all killed because Nazi SS guards thought them too sick to move when this 3rd army tank division approached the horror camp.

The blond boy, who had no identification tag, was the only American. The other inmates of the camp were Poles, Russians, French, German-Jews and German political prisoners. All had been tortured and beaten when malnutrition rendered them too weak to labor for their captors.

A pitiful handful of prisoners who contrived to remain behind "because we wanted the world to know about this place" said the blond youth had told them he was an American flier.

In a small woodshed nearby were more than 50 naked hulks that had once been men. They were stacked to the roof and lime covered their bodies.

The prisoners told American officers who saw the death camp that SS guards, hearing the rumble of American tanks in the distance, became uneasy and marched away those prisoners who could walk. Others were put in trucks; but those who were too sick to be moved were shot.

The prisoners who escaped — by hiding under their coats or slipping into the woods until the grim caravan had disappeared — said some 2,000 other prisoners were buried in a huge pit a mile from the camp.

The guards took a detail of 54 camp inmates to dig up the bodies before they left, one prisoner said, apparently in hopes of destroying the evidence against them. But they gave up when American 3rd army tanks drew closer.

The bodies they left behind included that of a 16-year-old boy who had been working on underground installations since March 12. The installations were intended to serve as a communications center for the German high command.

### B-29 Bomber Almost Bombs Kobe With Self

21st BOMBER COMMAND HDQ., GUAM. — Bomber Lt. Arnold B. Schnell almost bombed Kobe with Lt. Arnold B. Schnell.

The Schnellville, Ind., crew member of a B-29 on the Kobe strike was trying to close the bomb bay doors of his superfort by hand. The wind sucked his parachute from the plane.

The chute opened with a jerk—but Schnell managed to cling with one leg and one arm to the bomb rack at the edge of the aperture while he hacked the shrouds until he was free. After the bomber returned to base, the chute was found entangled on a bomb bay door. Schnell is keeping it as a souvenir.

### Bluejacket's Nap Results In Catnap Catastrophe

WASHINGTON. — The navy tells this story on one of its own blue jackets:

A gunner's mate, home on leave, was sitting with his cat before an old-fashioned stove. His wife had to go out and visit some relatives, and warned him to keep his eye on the fire. She went out. The gunner's mate fell asleep. The fire in the stove died out. The wife returned. She took one look at her husband snoring before the dead fire and screamed "Fire!"

The husband leapt to attention, opened the door of the stove, rammed in the cat, slammed the door and cried: "Number one gun ready!"

### Doughboys Pay Extra 10 Bucks to Own Aid Men

WITH THE UNITED STATES NINTH ARMORED DIVISION IN GERMANY. — The first doughboys to cross the Rhine are not waiting for congress to vote extra combat pay for frontline medical men. They are dividing up among themselves to take care of their own aid men.

"They take care of them," say doughboys of the 27th armored battalion.

Wearers of the combat infantryman's blue badge get \$10 a month more pay than soldiers in rear areas, but it does not include the medicals, who take equal risks.

Doughboys of the 27th battalion pool enough money so that every aid man in the medical detachment gets an extra 10 bucks.

### German Prisoners to Eat Only Livers, Hearts Now

NEW YORK. — Capt. Robert McFadden of the food service branch of the quartermaster general's office said recently that fresh meat for enemy prisoners of war henceforth would be restricted to hearts, livers and kidneys. Speaking at a conference of army post food supervisors, McFadden said there also would be more extensive use of substitutes for foods now scarce to Americans.

# Kathleen Norris Says:

## The Disappointing Homecoming

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"He thinks there is too much fussing in the way Lina does things; flowers on the table and beauty parlor every week and taking Jane to dancing school—what the heck does all that matter, anyway?"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

LINA and Robert Adams were married five years ago. They had a little daughter two years old when Bob went off for navy duty in March, 1943. Now, after more than a year's service he is home again, to stay, and has taken up his life where he left off, as a junior member of his uncle's law firm in a small town.

Lina wrote Bob constant and affectionate letters while he was away, sent clippings and snapshots and presents every week. She was lonely; she loved the memory of their marriage, their home, their perfect companionship. And of course, as so many mothers and wives are doing, she idealized the thought of Robert; he was perfect. Every night she and little Jane looked at his picture and said, "Goodnight, Daddy. Come home safe to Mummy and Jane."

Robert got a great reception when he finally did come back, but almost immediately things began to go wrong and they haven't straightened out yet. Both husband and wife write me their respective feelings.

Robert says that he hasn't changed at all; he never did like meeting people and going places, he never was especially fond of kids. If Lina would let him alone he'd be all right. He doesn't sleep any too well, and he hates arguing. He thinks there is too much fussing in the way Lina does things; flowers on the table and beauty parlor every week and taking Jane to dancing school—what the heck does all that matter, anyway.

### "Muses by the Hour."

Lina's letter says, in part: "He used to be sunny, easily amused, ready to fit into my plans. He simply used to adore Jane. Now he never notices her, and of course, at the age of four, she hasn't sense enough to be friendly with him in spite of it. He muses by the hour, staring at the floor; not hearing me, apparently, if I speak, and not answering if he does hear. He won't go anywhere, and even with children he has a sort of 'what's-the-difference - anyway' attitude that doesn't help him in business.

"The other night," Lina's letter goes on, "I had a dish he likes for dinner and he said to me briefly and shortly, 'Good.' This encouraged me to say that there ought to be a mixed green salad with it, but that I had hunted all over for chives, chervil and cress without success. 'So you hunted all over for chives, chervil and cress, did you?' he said in a dreadful voice. And he got up and slammed out of the house. He came back late and apologized in a sort of grudging way, and I cried all night. I'm so sorry for him, and yet I feel that I can't stand this.

"Yesterday I asked him if he simply didn't like me, I seem to irritate him so, and he answered that I could draw any conclusion I liked. I asked him if he would like me to go to my mother for awhile, and he said that he had seen that coming, and knew I was crazy to get away.

"Do you think this shows actual derangement, or is it another wor-

### BATTLE NEUROSIS

Robert has come home, discharged honorably, after a year's active duty in the navy. Like so many other veterans, he seems constantly moody and depressed. He is cold to his pretty wife, and unappreciative of her efforts to please him and to help him fit into the old ways of life. His little daughter doesn't interest him, nor his law practice, nor anything that used to delight him.

Robert is suffering from the well-known effects of the terrible strain and horror of war. Only time will cure him.

an, or is it my fault? We're both writing you, and we want a fair answer. Who is right and who is wrong?"

My dear Lina and Bob, my answer is that neither is wrong. The deep and bitter wrong is when the sons of men turn to world war as a preliminary to establishing world peace. It is as stupid a solution of international differences as was the old custom of men and women going in cheerful groups to a post house to have smallpox all together and so immunize themselves. But the smallpox inoculation affected only a few persons, and this war is touching us all.

### Love Lives On

I believe that under this present trouble your old love and companionship live on. But Robert—as was inevitable, has come back with a mind and soul and heart scarred by the terrible realities of modern warfare. He has seen the men beside whom he worked, the men who were his companions, blown to pieces, maimed, drowned, frozen, hungry, exhausted. He has gone for months—not days, not weeks, but months, without those common luxuries Lina has taken for granted; a warm house, a good reading light, quiet meals, the blessed security of America. When he sees Lina concerned for a hairdo, for Jane's dancing slippers, for the Hollandaise sauce and the fresh flowers, a sort of madness at the insane contrast comes over him, and he can hardly breathe the air of home.

Lina, on her side, is justified, too. She believed that all he wanted, when he went away, was for her to keep the home fires burning, go on with her nursing twice a week, keep up with her Red Cross work, scrupulously watch for tin and fat and paper salvages, obey the food and fuel laws—all these she has done. She hasn't complained of loneliness or dullness or food shortages. She expected praise and she didn't get it.

Give time and patience to your problem, Lina and Bob. It can be solved by a determination to understand and help each other. There will be a million more like it for the women of America to handle. Render this last aid to your government; that you lift just one of these difficulties from the great total, that you lessen just by so much the fearful crisis of postwar days.

### Keeping Eggs Fresh

Do not wash eggs until you are ready to use them. An egg shell has a protective film which helps to keep bacteria and odors from getting through the pores. Washing removes that film, and the egg then spoils rapidly. To wipe off soiled spots on eggs, use a rough, dry cloth. Keep eggs in a refrigerator or other cold place to hold their freshness. Because eggs absorb odors readily, store them away from strong-smelling foods such as onions, cheese, pickles and kraut.

### Last Chance

By ROY V. PRICE  
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
WNU Features.

DAVE CLARK, of the News, tore his eyes from the gym ring long enough to ask the fat man beside him, "Well, Moe, how does the next card stack up?"

Moe Nicholas, matchmaker-promoter of Nicholas Arena, stopped watching the two boxers long enough to say around his cigar, "Not so good. The boy I had lined up for Tony Amano in the semifinals broke his hand and I can't find nobody to replace him!"

"Even stumblebums are hard to find nowadays," Dave was saying when he was elbowed aside by Slats Moran.

"Hello, Moe," said Slats, his grin showing two gaps.

"Outa liquor again?" Moe asked derisively.

"Aw, that's past. I been training three weeks. Ever since I got that wire from my boy. He's back from Saipan, wounded and sick. I gotta go to Atlanta to see 'im, Moe."

"Well?" Moe grunted.

"That's what I want to see you about. I can't go down there looking like a bum. I gotta have a fight."

During Dave's twenty-four years of covering sports, he had heard a lot about fighters being no-goods, but he knew plenty of good men are in the game. He remembered the time, six years before, when Slats was at his peak—never more than a second-rate heavy. He recalled how hard Slats had hit the bottle when the Army classified him 4-F because of a ruptured eardrum.

"Why don't you try some of the smaller clubs?" Moe asked.

"Look, Moe, I could get a job in a war factory but that wouldn't be enough," Slats said. "I gotta get to my boy and start 'im in the business he's always had his heart set on. I know fighting's good for money now and there ain't too many classy boys around; and cards ain't too easy to find. And I'm still somebody to whip. I'm in shape, too."

"The fans want a fight when they pay their money, and I can't draw fights with feeble old men, even in wartime," Moe said. He peeled off a ten-dollar bill and shoved it toward Slats. "This is the best I can do."

"I'm no darned bum!" Slats exploded, shoving the money back. "All I'm asking is a chance to fight!"

Dave couldn't resist: "I believe he could give Amano a run for his money."

Slats' face lighted up. "Sure I can," he said, going into his famous fighting stance. "I'll flatten 'im inside three rounds with the right I floored Louis with!"

Moe said, "This time the semi-final winner takes all the semi-final purse and gets a chance to fight the main event on my next card. That's the only way I could get Amano. It's your last chance, Slats."

Dave was looking over the crowd of nine thousand packed into Nicholas Arena, when the bell sounded for round one. He knew they wanted to see Amano, the new knockout sensation, stiffen somebody. Discharged from the Army for some minor disability, Amano had swept through the South and the Middle West by virtue of a deadly left hook. He was headed for Madison Square Garden and the big dough. Dave was not astonished to see Slats take as sound a drubbing in that first round as he'd ever seen anybody take and remain standing. Slats was jabbed dizzy.

And round two was no different. Amano was muscled like a bull. He moved forward with a dark sneer on his face as he tried to herd Slats into a corner where he could club his brains out. But Slats seemed to absorb the punishment and fight back. His great experience helped. He was tall, and his face and ears carried the marks of his trade. But he could box. His long arms and round shoulders had packed an awful wallop in his day. The swarthy Amano leaped after Slats to finish him off, but the bell ended the round.

Dave watched Slats slump on the stool in his corner and he knew the fight was over. Then he saw Moe, who never seconded anybody, lean down with his head through the space between the top and second strand, and talk out of the side of his mouth into Slats' ear.

Slats came out slowly. Abruptly his stance changed. His right darted out from behind his ear. The crowd roared to its feet. Amano turned ashen and retreated. Slats pressed forward, anchored to the canvas floor like a gnarled old tree. Sharp, murderous punches whipped to Amano's jaw. Then Slats' right darted across again.

As the referee's arm rose and fell for the last time over Amano, Slats made his way to his corner by holding on to the ropes.

"Moe," Dave yelled, "how'd he do it? What happened?"

"I just told 'im to go out there and hit Amano with the same right he floored Louis with."

"Louis! Why, he's never even fought Louis!" Dave shouted.

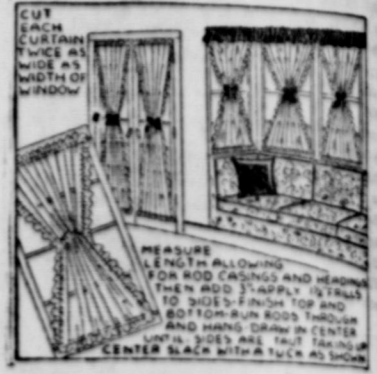
"Yeah, I know. The punch never existed—except in his old punch-drunk head."

### Iced Tea

For iced tea, make tea twice as strong as for hot tea. Use freshly boiled water. Pour this freshly made hot tea in a glass that contains one tablespoon honey and ice cubes.

# Tie Your Curtains; Let Breezes Blow

NO MATTER how much the summer breezes blow, these curtains will stay put. They are anchored with rods top and bottom and tied in the middle with ribbon that may match a valance used at the top of the windows.



or that may repeat the color of accessories in the room. This is also a way to add interest to the curtains for french doors.

The curtains shown here are frilled at the sides, and the headings top and bottom are the same width as the frills. Curtains with plain edges also give a good effect when tied in this manner. About three inches extra length must be allowed to permit the sides to pull in a good line. The extra length in the center is taken up as shown in the sketch at the left.

NOTE—This curtain idea is from the 32-page booklet, Make Your Own Curtains which shows you step-by-step all the ins and outs of making and hanging curtains and draperies. Every room is illustrated—kitchen to attic, formal and informal. To get a copy of Make Your Own Curtains, send 15 cents with name and address direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS  
Bedford Hills, New York  
Enclose 15 cents for booklet, "Make Your Own Curtains."  
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LARGE BOTTLE—25¢

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

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

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

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# Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA  
W.N.U. FEATURES

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Flicka's colt, long overdue, is born. Ken McLaughlin, her 12-year-old owner, brings her in from the barn to the warm barn. The foal is white, and evidently a throwback to the Albino, a wild stallion that is Flicka's grandsire. Ken, who had hoped that his colt would develop into a racer, is troubled when he realizes that it has no many wild characteristics in its nature. Next morning there are guests for breakfast. Colonel Harris has brought his mare, fast, Colonel Harris has brought his mare, fast. Colonel Harris has brought his mare, fast. Colonel Harris has brought his mare, fast.

## CHAPTER IV

"But think what you charge as a stud fee," said the Colonel. "Two hundred and fifty bucks! That's too much for a poor soldier."

"What I charge is one thing and what I get is another," growled Charley, rolling and lighting a cigarette.

"Run out, Ken," ordered his father, "and tell the sergeant to drive up to the stables and put the mare in the little east corral. She can wait there until I get Banner in."

"Gee!" exclaimed Howard. "Getting Banner in!"

Ken went out and saw a car and trailer, two uniformed men in the front seat and a blanketed mare in the trailer. He gave the message and returned to the dining room.

"Besides," Colonel Harris was saying, "your Appalachian is as pampered and petted and sheltered as a movie star, with his special pasture and meadows and feed and stables for every sort of weather and season—he don't have to think any more—everybody thinks for him."

"Pampered!" roared Charley indignantly. "Pampered so that he produces one winner after the other! Country Squire, who won at Tia Juana in 1934! Spinnaker Boom, who won the handicap last year at Santa Anita, and a filly—Coquette—in the two-year-old class—"

"I know, I know all that," said Colonel Harris. "He's a good stud for racing stock. But this tough fellow of Rob's here—Banner—that's the sort of fellow for my money, thinks for himself, takes care of his mares on the range in all sorts of weather, knows what Rob is thinking and doing a mile away—lives like a robber baron up there in the hills with his harem—"

"Talk about robber barons," said Rob, "remember that stallion they called the Albino? There was a robber baron for you—reigned like a king, no one to think for him! Robbed, pillaged, helped himself to whatever he wanted—"

"What became of him anyway?" asked Colonel Harris. "Haven't heard anything about him for years."

"I'll wager he's around somewhere, lusty and wicked as ever, with a band of mares picked from all over the state," said Rob. "And the finest! He sure knew how to pick 'em! You know, we had him in a corral once."

"Pity someone didn't have sense enough to keep him," said Charley. "If I'd been there—"

"If you'd been there," said Rob sarcastically, "it might have been you he ran down and damn near killed instead of me."

"Hurt you any?" asked Colonel Harris, and Rob leaned forward and parted the black hair on one temple. A short white scar showed. "I dodged him at the last minute, but he left me a keepsake—one of his front hoofs."

"Gee—ee—ee—" said Ken.

"And I'll never forget the look of his eyes," continued Rob. "I saw them close—too close—a wicked eye."

"What kind of an eye, dad?"

"An eye like Rocket's, Charley, remember that fast black mare I had that you almost bought?"

"You mean, that I bought and you almost delivered," corrected Charley.

Rob grinned and turned to Mort Harris to explain. "He bought this mare from me for five hundred dollars provided I could deliver her safe and sound. She was a hellion, one of the colts out of my mare Gypsy, sired by the Albino—and she had that same wild, wicked eye of his with the white ring around it—well, I got her in the truck but when we went under the sign out there by the highway, she reared up and brained herself against it."

"And you've heard about my Mohawk," roared Charley, "out of Stole-Away by Appalachian—wea everything there was to win at Saginaw Falls two years ago! I tell you, Mort, Appalachian—"

"Mort Harris put up his hand. 'Charley, I don't want a racehorse. I'm not going to run away from the enemy. I want a horse like Rob's, trained in the hills and high altitudes. I want endurance and good wind and a heart for anything. I want to know when I start out on him that he'll bring me back. Stand up under any condition. Besides—Appalachian's black. And I want a sorrel.'"

"And you'll get it from Banner," said Rob. "He breeds true. Occasionally I get a black colt—his dam was a black Arab mare named El Kantara—but mostly sorrels, one after the other, as like as peas in a pod."

Hearing this, Howard and Ken looked at each other, Ken blank and disconcerted, and Howard making fantastic faces of alarm and concern. He mouthed silently, "When are you going to tell?" And Ken mouthed savagely back, "Shut up!"

The boys saw their mother's eyes upon them and stopped their face-making.

Ken was very thoughtful. The morning was going to be crowded with excitement. Bringing Banner in. Breeding the Colonel's mare. He began to feel worried. Events always got themselves tangled around you so that things came out wrong. Perhaps it would be better to save his surprise until all this other stuff was over.

Rob added, "And you're right in wanting a sorrel, Mort. A sorrel's the hardest of all to break and train, but when you've done it, you've got a horse." He pushed his chair back. "What about you fellows riding out with me to get Banner and the mares?"

"The mares?" repeated Harris. "Why bring in the mares? Banner's the one we want."

Rob looked at him, an odd quizzical gleam in his eye, and Charley Sargent drawled, "You don't really understand our western broncs, Mort. They're so damn affectionate."

rock. This was the highest point for miles around. From here his long-range eyes could see the farthest moving speck and his razor-keen sense of smell catch and identify all that was "on the wind. He went up the steep sides without variation of pace or action, the long smooth muscles under his shining coat rippling effortlessly.

He stood on the peak, forefeet planted on the topmost spur of rock, his body sloping down. He lifted and swung his head, but he didn't get the scent. He went down again and began circling, nose pointed straight up, tail high and pluming over his haunches. Above him the deep blue sky bent low and the solid white cumulus clouds hurried across it as if they were squeezed between earth and sky.

The mares and colts grazed placidly.

The movement of a stallion's head when he is searching the wind is something to see—never still a moment. Swinging, lifting high, higher—even straight up to the sky, the nostrils wide and pulsing. He covers the ground at a swift, effortless trot or canter, always in a circle, so that he misses no inch of the field of scent.

At last Banner, on one of his wide circles, caught the unmistakable scent of his master, halted, swung around, and headed for the approaching horse, but wide of them and behind, so that, as Rob kept glancing backwards and to the sides, well knowing what to expect, he suddenly saw the stallion in pursuit of them, coming more sedately now, cautious, with his high springing trot and his steady eye fixed on them.

He was full of questions and looked to Rob for the answers. What was up? Was he to bring the mares in? Was the band to be moved to another pasture? Or was it to be just an exhibition?

The men drew rein and turned to meet him. Both Sargent and Harris had seen the horse on former occasions, but it was impossible not to feel excitement and to respond with altered expressions as the intelligent animal drew near, taking in the group with pricked ears and an investigating curiosity.

Rob had often wondered how the stallion read his thoughts. Possibly by the swing and tilt of his body as he rode. Close observation will disclose how continuously the body, by a hundred little movements, indicates thoughts and intentions. Or possibly, it was by the direction of his glances. To a certain extent, of course, by his words and the tone of his voice and definite signals.

"Look at him!" exclaimed Charley Sargent. "The son-of-a-gun!"

"Some horse," said Harris. "Come up behind us—"

Rob said, "His mares are probably back yonder." He gestured over his shoulder. "No oats for you today, old boy—" Banner knew that already. There were never oats when his master came a-horseback—only when he came in the automobile. Rob added, "Where's your family?" and, turning slowly, caught sight of the band of mares a mile away. He touched spur to his horse.

"There they are! Want to see them, Mort?"

"I sure do."

They cantered over the range, the stallion following, running in half circles around them, crowding close, sniffing at each of the horses.

As they drew rein near the band of mares, Charley's gelding swung around to face Banner and they spoke—half-sneal, half-grunt. Both of them reared and suddenly Charley was having trouble in keeping his seat as the two began a playful fight, striking at each other with their forefeet, nipping over the head, trying for the neck.

"They're old friends," said Rob, grinning.

Charley leaned out and made a swing at the stallion. "Get away with you, you brute!"

Banner gave a great start and bounded away but in a few seconds was back again, this time sniffing at the mare Harris rode, sidling up to her, crowding close. Suddenly he lunged at her.

Colonel Harris drew her away and shouted at the stallion. Banner circled, came back with head low, snaking along the grass, and Rob and Charley grinned, pulled up their horses, and watched.

The mare was receiving commands from two quarters. From her rider, who held her forcibly back and commanded her to cease her play with the stallion and to stand still—from Banner, whose single lunge had been enough to tell her what he wanted, and who now followed it up by nipping her hind legs.

Frightened and helpless, she obeyed the stallion. In vain Colonel Harris tugged on the reins. In another second Banner had forced her into a gallop, driving her straight into his hand of mares. Rob and Charley followed slowly, broad grins on their faces.

"You wouldn't think that a man who had spent his life on horseback would be apt to get a brand new ridin' experience, but it looks to me like that's what's goin' to happen to Mort," said Sargent joyously. "I'm just as glad I'm not on that mare."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Banner searched the wind.

Take Banner now—this tough boy you've been bragging about—why it would just about break his heart to be separated from his harem. Rob wouldn't have the heart to do it, would you, Rob?"

Harris grinned. "Well—sure. I spend my life on horseback anyway, and now that I'm off on a little visit for a bit of relaxation, I suppose the thing to do is ride some more. I hope you can give me a good mount."

Rob turned to Howard. "What horses are up in the corrals now, Howard?"

"Taggart and some geldings, Bronze—Shorty—Highboy—"

"Run up there, Howard, and tell Gus to saddle Taggart and Bronze and Shorty."

Half an hour later they were in the corrals ready to mount. Charley Sargent, as always, in his long Cheyenne pants and wide-brimmed hat, and the Colonel as neatly turned out in breeches and boots as Rob himself.

"You can have your choice," said Rob generously.

"Which do you ride?" asked Charley suspiciously.

"This blood-bay Taggart—you can have her—you never felt such gaits."

Sargent removed his big hat and scratched his head reflectively. "She looks a dandy—and I'm sure obliged to you. But a mare—no, I think I'll take one of the geldings—you take the mare, Harris—"

"What a grand horse," said the Colonel looking her over with interest. "All right, I'll take that big mare." He mounted her and settled himself in the saddle.

Charley mounted Shorty and Rob Bronze, and the three men rode out of the corrals together.

Banner searched the wind.

The mares and colts were grazing in a saucer-like depression of the upland, the stallion a little above them cropping the sweet tubular grass along the edge of a ridge in the hillside. Suddenly he flung up his head and stood alert, his compact head and body gathered and twisted red-gold body gathered and twisted out against the irregularities of the rocky ground, his red tail and mane flying in the wind.

For a few seconds he stood motionless, then moved into action. At a swift trot he circled the mares, his nose lifted, nostrils vibrating for the scent. It came now and again—just the faintest tangle.

He swept in widening circles, reaching his nose higher, his eyes and ears wild and eager.

Up above him rose the pinnacle, topped with a craggy outcrop of

## The HOME TOWN REPORTER

In Washington  
By  
WALTER A. SHEAD  
WNU Staff Correspondent

### Something Is Cooking

WNU Washington Bureau  
421 Union Trust Building

THE momentous news of world import which is coming so fast these days pushes into the background the day-to-day happenings of the routine operation of our government here in Washington. The fact, however, is that our governmental agencies must continue to function and it is likely that within the next week or 10 days some top flight news may be expected to start popping from the department of commerce.

Former vice president Henry A. Wallace, new secretary of commerce, has been ominously quiet since he took over from Jesse Jones. Wallace thrives on action and it's not like him to remain quiet. Clipped of his powers over the vast Reconstruction Finance corporation, the new commerce boss has been quietly combing the multi-numbered bureaus within his department with the assistance of a committee of three outstanding experts, in an effort to find out what makes commerce tick and to draw up a program on what the department needs for revitalization . . . rejuvenation along the Wallace ideas of government cooperation with business . . . with especial emphasis on small business.

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

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

Closest to Wallace's heart, probably, is his bureau of foreign and domestic commerce.

"I am going to go all-out to get the maximum of usage from whatever powers may reside in the difficult bureau of foreign and domestic trade here and abroad," he said. "I am going to use those powers to the maximum to get an increased foreign trade." This means that Mr. Wallace will have developed a program based on removal of tariff barriers because he believes that when this nation raised the tariffs on our exports after World War I, "that is when the world tailspin really began with a vengeance."

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

Then May 1, Wallace took over, lock, stock and barrel, the huge job of surplus property disposal, some hundred billion dollars worth, from treasury procurement. This will throw him in closer contact with business, and he likely will make some changes, probably setting up state offices, instead of the 11 regional branches as operated by treasury. Maritime commission is another department which looms important in post-war with our need for ship bottoms.

Do not let the adverse publicity received by Wallace as a so-called "idealist" and a "dreamer" fool you. He firmly believes in free enterprise for business. He says:

"The key to making this American bill of rights a part of the American way of life is the whole-hearted recognition by all our people of the simple fact that in America the future of the American worker lies in the well-being of American private enterprise and the future of American private enterprise lies in the well-being of the American worker."



Walter Shead

## SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLECRAFT

### Pinwheel Medallion Easy to Do



string; joins beautifully for overall effect. Pattern 7008 has directions; stitches.

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

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### Paris for Treaties

During the last three centuries, 11 of the 38 important peace treaties negotiated throughout the world have been signed in or near Paris. Among them were the treaties that terminated the American War of Independence in 1783 and the Spanish-American war in 1898.



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When "skeeters" start singing, and flies begin buzzing . . . Quick! Stop this nerve-wracking symphony—

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Electricity can give you three big advantages on your farm. It can increase your income! It can save you labor! It can give you city comfort and conveniences. Lights in the hen house can increase egg production 29%. Pig brooders can save 16% more young pigs. Electric milkers can save 30% of milking time. Electric lights alone can save 1 1/2 hours daily chore time. You can have all these advantages on your farm right now. Put Wincharger Electricity to work.

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Liddell's

Frank \*\* Irene \*\* Gwyn

(FORMERLY MONTERREY CAFE)

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

21 Years Ago

News Items taken from the files of Index of May 31, 1924

While in town Tuesday E. H. Lehman of Newmoore announced that a big rabbit drive will take place in his neighborhood next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Herman Day returned from Amarillo Wednesday where he had been for several weeks.

Mr and Mrs. J. S. Fritz are home after a visit of several weeks with Mr. Fritz's brother at Amarillo.

School will close at Wells today and an entertainment will be given tonight. Misses Nunnally and Armstrong have made a splendid success of the school.

A fine rain fell last Sunday afternoon and covered a large part of the country. The amount varied, in some localities as much as two inches was reported while in O'Donnell it was less than an inch.

S. M. Minton and wife left yesterday for Peacock where they will spend a few days visiting relatives. Mr. Minton's place as driver on the mail route will be filled by his substitute, A. C. Fairley.

Miss Annie Baker of Lamesa was a Sunday guest of Mr and Mrs H. T. Gooch and family last Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Lee Cargile left for a visit with Mr Cargile's parents in Kent County Saturday.

L. L. Busby and T. J. Kellis were business visitors in Lamesa Monday Mr and Mrs. C. L. Tomlinson left for Shamrock Sunday morning where they will visit Mr. Tomlinson parents. It was planned to hold a reunion of the Tomlinson sisters and brothers as a surprise to the parents John J. Stokes and Clyde Woods two prosperous young farmers living west of town paid the index a call Saturday.

Ben T. Brown will open a dry Goods and Gents furnishing store in the new Warren building. The stock is now being hauled up from Lamesa where he has been operating a store of this character for some time past.

Ben T. Brown will construct a modern home of tile and stucco in the east part of town, the material for which is now being placed on the ground.

CLUB MEETS — (Delayed)

Mrs. L. E. Robinson, Jr entertained the Ace Hi Bridge Club in the home of Mr and Mrs. L. E. Robinson, Sr. Thursday night. High score was won by Mrs. C. L. Hafer, low score went to Mrs. L. E. Robinson. Sr. and bingo was won by Mrs. James Rowlin. Delicious refreshments consisting of apple pie a la mode and iced tea were served members and guests.

The Rio Grande river has given surveyors a great many headaches because, for apparently no reason at all, it changes its course from time to time.

Twenty two per cent of the land surface of the United States is desert.

WANT ADS

WANTED TO BUY: A used bicycle. See Peggy Beach or Floyd Thompson.

WANTED: Wide awake man or lady to sell Watkins Products in Lynn County. A nice clean job and a good income. For further information see or write G. H. Gardenhire, 811 north First, Lamesa.

SEE ME FOR WATER WELL DRILLING. Satisfaction guaranteed Monroe Brewer. 3 t c

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

IF YOU WANT SEWING DONE see Mrs. M. B. (Bill) McMillan, one block north and one block east of school house. 2tp.

FOR SALE — Farm lands, ranches, business properties. Farms of all sizes in Lynn, Lubbock, Borden, Martin and Terry & Gaines counties.

Good ranches in Texas and New Mexico. Large and small. Three good small ranches in Borden County.

Business of different kinds in different towns. Residence property in O'Donnell, Lamesa and Lubbock.

If you want to buy, sell or trade on anything see me and if I do not have what you want where you want it, I will get it for you.

J. D. Fairley, O'Donnell, Texas

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# Thunderhead

MARY O'HARA  
W.N.U. FEATURES



STORY THUS FAR: Flicka's colt, evered, is born on Goose Bar high in the Rockies. Ken McMillan, Flicka's 12-year-old owner, and to see that the foal is white, and throwback to the Albino, the wild stallion that is Flicka's grand sire, morning Colonel Harris and Charles, a millionaire horse breeder, are guests. The colt has brought back Banner. The big red horse them at a distance, and runs over master. Banner then turns to drive Harris is riding into his hand. confused mare obeys Banner.

"Yes sir."  
Ken saw his mother approaching. Now is the time, he thought—everything over and everybody here together—  
The men grouped around the trailer, loading the Colonel's mare. The sergeant and orderly got into the front seat of the car and drove away with her.  
The men stood watching a moment.  
"Dad," said Ken.  
"Well, son?"  
"I've got a surprise for you."  
"Sure enough?"  
"I've been saving it since last night."  
Everyone turned to look at him. He had their attention at last.  
"It's in the stable," he added. "Come and see it." He seized his father's arm and urged him through the corral gate.  
Suddenly Rob guessed. "Not Flicka's colt?" he asked.  
Ken nodded, beaming, his blue eyes shining with excitement.  
"Yes!"  
Rob explained to the others. "Ken's saddle mare should have foaled in the spring. She's been up here in the pasture all summer like

He looked at Ken—one of those blasting looks which Ken could not meet. Somehow, it was his fault.  
Nell was studying the foal. It did not look like the Goose Bar colts. A newborn foal of pure breed is built on the perpendicular, its little back so short that all four legs seem to be in a close group underneath it—and the neck continues the perpendicular line, carried straight up to a small inquiring head like a sea-horse's. But this foal was built on the horizontal like a full-grown horse. It had a repellent look of precociousness and maturity, with its heavy neck and the big knobby head on the end of it, the large mouth with thick rather loose black lips, the short, uneven legs—  
"Why," she exclaimed in a shocked voice, "it's a goblin!"  
The blood rushed to Ken's head and made him dizzy. He went to the corral fence and took hold of the rails to steady himself.  
No one spoke for a moment.  
"Goblin," she had named it.  
"Goblin," shouted Howard, "Goblin, Goblin, Goblin!"  
But Ken was not licked yet. He turned to his mother. He would pretend it was just a word. He would pretend that she hadn't named it.  
"Mother, would you think of a name for him?" he pleaded, "something about his being white—and—about his going to be a wonderful race horse—"  
"Race horse!" The exclamation was a chorus.  
Suddenly Ken's face flamed. He looked at his father. "You said—there might be one gentle one in the lot and you'd have a race horse! And Flicka did get gentle. I gentled her. As gentle as a kitten. You said that too. And then, because of her bad leg, she couldn't be a race-horse and it had to be her colt instead of her. And here he is. And he's a horse colt. And he's big and strong. And he's got her blood and her speed. And the speed and spirit of all the Albino's colts. And his mother will teach him manners because she is gentle so he can be schooled and trained for a race horse—he won't be hard to handle even if he has got a white coat from the Albino!"  
"The Albino was his great grand-sire," explained Nell to Sargent.  
"And Banner's his sire," drawled Sargent. "Now what about all Rob's theories of line breeding? He bred Flicka back to her own sire, and look what he got!"  
But Rob was looking at his small son standing there red in the face and with fire in his eye, fighting for his foal! And the anger went out of his heart and a silent cheer was there instead. Good for you, son!

## CHAPTER V

and Charley caught sight of the white face and the sound of the single profane shout as he swept back. Leaning back like a champion, he kept his seat and his grip, allowing his body to swing from side to side. Any sense of control of his mount was out of the question and he did not attempt it—merely held the reins and let her go.  
Sargent chuckled. "Even an artilleryman don't often take in such a charge as that."  
The mares disappeared over the top of a rise and then, for a few seconds, all that Rob and Charley saw was a cloud of dust above mountainside.  
Howard and Ken had the gates of the pasture open. The mares came the way. As Banner got them slowed up. They made the Presently the stable ser- and the Colonel's orderly into exclamatory and profane which expressed their ad- and astonishment at the of the red stallion bringing end of mares and colts at a gallop down through the re and into the corral.  
closed the gates.  
then did the two soldiers see their Colonel was in the band, as dismounting from Taggart, shoving his hat with a hand trembled slightly. His face very white. Gus took the mare's

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Banner was already rearing and pawing at the gate.

me ride!" he remarked, brush- himself off, for he was cov- with dust and foam and bits of the orderly presented him- and saluted.  
"Here's the mare!" asked Har- might have saved himself the m, for Banner was already g and pawing at the gate of stern corral.  
men opened the gate and the m went in.  
ley and Rob rode down to the with innocent faces, and the al met them, impassive, ful as ever, his eyeglasses on the bridge of his nose.  
u yelled something as you us," said Rob. "I didn't quite it."  
Colonel grinned. "You may ever heard—just as well you But you knew what I was all right. However, it's over and it's all right—it's all right turned away grinning. "Quite experience. I wouldn't have it."  
"How do you feel good now, Mort, it?" said Charley, "to be here in the corral, all and sound and on your own egg, nice sunshine—dinner up—"  
must have been asleep at the when I let you two hand me mare."  
and Howard arrived at a gal- and flung themselves off their The sergeant and orderly blanketing the mare again and was put back with his own by Tim.  
and Tim filled the feed boxes stood on the ground near the fence with oats and the and colts began to feed. was nipping and kicking and scrimmages. Rob supervised his harsh voice queli- disturbances. He had Ban- are of oats—a generous half- in his hand, and the stall- would put his head in cautious- eyes looking up over the edge of the face, then withdraw it saw the oats, turning his head ch the mares, then dip it in and take another mouthful. process of covering his eyes s—upon which depended the of his mares—outraged his instinct and he shook all over. his trust of Rob made it pos-

Sitting Bull, waiting for the event, swelling up like a balloon. It must be fourteen months—  
"You wait here!" said Ken excitedly when they were all in the corral. "I'll bring them out. They're in the stable."  
In a moment the stable door opened, Flicka trotted out, then, for a space, nothing. Flicka turned and looked back and nickered. Still nothing. At last an angry little squeal was heard and Ken appeared, shoving the white foal before him.  
Nell was the first to speak. "Why, Ken!" she exclaimed, "a white colt!"  
Charley Sargent found his tongue and with delight in his eyes looked at Rob. "I suppose this is an example of Banner's true breeding. I remember you said, one sorrel after the other—as like as peas in the pod—"  
He turned to Mort Harris and said sadly, "I sure do sympathize most deeply with your bad luck, Mort—Your mare—"  
Harris gave a howl and turned and looked in the direction the car and trailer had gone, then seized his head and pretended to tear his hair.  
Ken was caught in one of those agonizing moments of life where extravagant hopes and deep despair were somehow reconciled by wishful thinking. Also, he was trying with all his wits to think of a way to suggest to them that this was a happy event. Also, he was on the watch for anything his mother would say, for, from out of her first words, the colt would be named. Also, he must keep his guilty secret.  
"Isn't he a beauty?" he cried happily, "and a white horse is good luck, you know. Everybody knows that!"  
Rob's face was convulsed. He took his hat off and wiped his forehead. "My gosh, Ken—" he began, but there was nothing to say.  
Flicka nickered again for her baby. It started to run toward her, saw Highboy standing against the fence with reins loosely thrown over a post, and ran to him instead and tried to nurse on him. A shout of amusement and incredulity rose from the spectators. Highboy, annoyed, moved away from the foal, turned around and butted it gently. The foal stood, bleating, then it ran to Cigarette and tried to nurse on her. Flicka called it unavailingly. When it passed near its mother it seemed to recognize no difference in her from the others.  
Nell's face showed horror. "Why—It doesn't know its own mother!"  
The foal surged about the corral. "A white horse is good luck," repeated Ken desperately. "Gus said so. Everybody knows that."  
Rob found words at last. "A throwback!" he exclaimed disgust-

edly.  
"It's in the stable," he added. "Come and see it." He seized his father's arm and urged him through the corral gate.  
Suddenly Rob guessed. "Not Flicka's colt?" he asked.  
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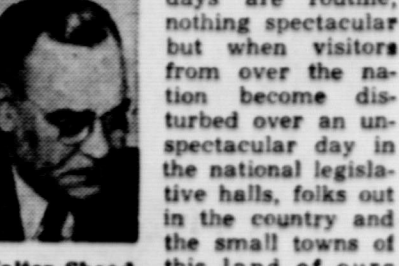
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## The HOME TOWN REPORTER In Washington

By WALTER A. SHEAD  
WNU Staff Correspondent

### Those Absentee Lawmakers

IF YOU had been with me on a recent visit at the Capitol building, you would have noted several significant circumstances which would have given you cause to wonder.  
As a matter of fact this particular day was a routine day at the capitol. Most legislative days are routine, nothing spectacular but when visitors from over the nation become disturbed over an unspectacular day in the national legislative halls, folks out in the country and the small towns of this land of ours may well shake a speculative head.



Walter Shead

On this day you would have watched from the galleries in the house of representatives as the members voted themselves a \$2,500-a-year-tax-free salary increase under the guise of an expense allowance.  
Over on the senate side of the beautiful old building, you would have noted tier upon tier of empty seats and watched a half-dozen members of "the most august body in the world" fiddle around for more than an hour attempting to get a quorum of its membership into their seats so business could go on.

And, if you had stepped with me into a senate subcommittee hearing you would have blushed with shame at the spectacle. For there you would have watched a witness before this subcommittee heckled, taunted and derided . . . assailed with sarcasm, his motives impugned, bullied, even as a trial lawyer seeks to confuse and befuddle a defendant in a court of law. You would have wondered, "with what crime is this man charged?" . . . "can things like this happen here in the capital of the world's greatest democracy?" For that witness was not there of his own accord . . . he was subpoenaed . . . he was a business man from a small town and he came to his capital at the instance of the senate subcommittee to give of his knowledge of the matter.  
Not all senate or house committees are like that, of course. But many are, even though they are supposed to be fact-finding hearings pertaining to some measure up for consideration . . . to ratification of some presidential nomination. Many committee hearings, say a full-press hearing of the senate agricultural committee, are conducted in a dignified atmosphere of democracy.

Then you would have remembered that the government is doing everything in its power to "hold-the-line" against inflation and to prevent wage increases and higher prices for all our citizens and yet these congressmen, our lawmakers, voted to increase their own pay, tax free. And you would have heard one congressman say that his taxes and expenses took all but \$3,000 of his salary . . . and another one say that "we voted those taxes ourselves, didn't we, and we oughtn't be granting ourselves any allowance or special privilege to take care of our taxes." And you would have left the house chamber with wonderment on your face at this example.  
And in the senate your expectations were dashed, too. All those empty seats. You expected something different here, but you were disheartened as the monotonous roll call went on and only a few answered and finally as time passed . . . 53 senators answered roll call, 4 more than the legal quorum of the 96 members. Of course some senators are necessarily absent for committee hearings and other legitimate reasons, but the majority are in the cloak rooms, their offices, or elsewhere. Some come running when the signal bells announce lack of a quorum, and remain long enough to vote, then dash out again. Others pay little attention to the signals except upon repeated rings. This signal system is so arranged that upon pressing a button, the bells ring in the corridors and cloak rooms, committee rooms, the senate dining room and in each senator's office in the senate office building a long block away.

They could be in their seats within a few minutes if they answered the bells promptly but day-in and day-out hours are wasted merely getting enough senators in their seats to do business.  
Some newspaper men have figured out that time wasted in the senate alone in obtaining a quorum in one year, at the senate rate of pay, would almost pay the salary of two senators. These are routine and unspectacular things you admit, the voting of salary increases totaling \$1,640,000 annually in the house under present-day circumstances, the lolling attitude of the senate and the undemocratic procedure in the subcommittee hearings, but still, you wonder if they are not misuses of power . . . unrepresentative of their constituents.

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