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21 Years A  
Booster For The  
O'Donnell Area

# O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has  
the Cotton, Grain  
Poultry, Cream

Vol. 22, No. 17

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, Dec. 22, 1944

82 Per Year

## Lynn County Ranks First In Growth Of All South Plains Counties

### Housing Problem Serious Here

The Lubbock AVALANCHE carried an interesting array of figures in its Sunday edition concerning population increases of a block of South Plains counties. Over a period of three years ending Nov. 1, 1943 LYNN COUNTY ranked second in the whole state with a gain of 8,806 or 73.5 per cent. We think in view of the fact that the county has no war plants, aeroplane training fields or anything else outside of plain farming and stock raising the record is pretty good.

### AAA REDUCTIONS AVERTED

Washington, D. C. Dec. 19 — Rep. George Mahon reports that the threat to reduce all AAA payments promised farmers on the 1944 program has been averted.

The situation came about because farmers in Texas and some of the other Southern and Western States in their enthusiasm to cooperate in the war production program, have earned soil conservation payments in excess of funds available to the Department of Agriculture. The fact that Texas farmers over-earned by 25 percent would mean a reduction in all AAA payments promised Texas farmers.

To meet the situation, the House of Representatives has now adopted a provision into law to provide for the full soil conservation payments as promised. Representative Taylor of Georgia and Mahon of Texas, both members of the Appropriations Committee, took an active part in securing favorable action by the House. Adoption of the provision by the Senate is expected before adjournment of this session of Congress later this month.

### FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday, December 24 will be observed with Special Christmas Service. The sermon subject for the Sunday morning service is "THE STAR IN THE EAST". Hymns bearing the Christmas Message will be sung. The entire service will be held around the Glorious Event — the Birth of Christ. We extend an invitation to all who are not obligated elsewhere to attend this service.

The Sunday school will sponsor a Christmas program and Christmas tree Thursday night Dec. 21. Everyone is invited to attend these services.

J. T. Crawford, Pastor.

### Local News

Mr and Mrs. J. C. Christopher and little son James and Mr and Mrs. Clarence Cochran of Pampa spent Friday with J. M. Christopher and wife, Lee Christopher and wife of San Antonio met the group at San Angelo and the family group attended the football game that afternoon. Jim reported a nice trip.

We notice from the Rex Theatre ad that on Dec. 27 they will show "The Story of Dr. Wassell." This is one of the best pictures of the year and every family that has a television should see this picture.

T. M. Barton has recently recovered from his recent illness.

Pvt. Selvin Burrus left for his base at El Paso Sunday after a short visit with his wife and relatives.

Mrs. J. H. McClary and Miss Betty Lou were visiting in Lubbock Monday.

Mr and Mrs. Bryan E. Jordan of Ira are spending a few weeks vacation here with friends and relatives. The Jordan's resided here a good many years ago, but have been employed in Ira Oil Field since it's inception.

### ANNOUNCE RECENT MARRIAGE

Miss Virde Hodnett became the bride of Owen Egger on December 5th at Nolan, Texas. The wedding service was read by the local Baptist pastor of Nolan, Mrs. Egger was teaching at Nolan at the time of her marriage. She finished high school here and graduated from the University of Texas. She is the daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. J. Hodnett of this town. We join with friends in wishing this nice couple all of life's happiness.

### A FUTURE PRESIDENT

John Garner, P. R. 2-C has notified his parents, Mr and Mrs. Lee Garner, of the birth of a fine son, Dec. 16 weighing in at 7-1-2 pounds. John is stationed at Bremerton, Washington with Navy. Congratulations to parents and grandparents.

### With Our Soldiers



**PFC. TOMMY REED**  
Pfc. John T. (Tommy) Reed, local youth, enlisted in the Army 23 months ago, is the son of Mr and Mrs. G. T. Reed. He trained at Camp Hoke, Texas and Camp Livingston, La. He is now stationed at San Louis Obispo, Calif. His wife, the former Wilbedeen Ballew and baby live at O'Donnell. He has one sister, Etta, and a brother, Pfc. Lloyd, in the Airforce stationed at Ardmore, Okla. Tommy is in the Artillery but was with the Engineers for 14 months. Merry Christmas, Tommy.

### HOME FROM LEYTE

Seaman 2-c W. M. Crawford is visiting his brother Rev. J. T. Crawford and wife. W. M. has recently returned from overseas in the Pacific and he was in the fighting middle of the Leyte Invasion.

### WOUNDED IN ACTION FIGHTING IN GERMANY

Pfc. Oscar Emulson, grandson of Mrs. J. W. Riggs was wounded in Germany while engaged in that theatre of action. The telegram from the War Dept. said Oscar was wounded on Nov. 29th. No further word has been received.

### SHEEP — DOG FEUD ENDS — ABRUPTLY

Mrs. Joe L. Schouler tells this one on her husband:  
Stray dogs have been molesting Joe's sheep, especially at night. He swore vengeance on said dogs and had "set-up" with his sheep but finally gave it up as a sort of humdrum way of life, and retired about midnight only to be suddenly disturbed by a commotion in the sheep fold. R. shing out with shotgun, Mrs. Schouler relates, Joe fired. Shortly a groan, then other groans. Joe had killed one of his very best ewes.

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

Three Sunday School Classes of the Baptist Church, the T.E.L., Dorcas and Evidland, met in the home of Mrs. T. J. Middleton, Sr. with Mrs. Shack Blocker as co-hosts; Friday afternoon, Dec. 15th. The Christmas theme prevailed. Mrs. Pasa Mansell gave as a devotional the Christmas Story and stressed "Peace" the gift of God's love. Mrs. Hale led the group in prayer and then the entire group sang Christmas carols. After which packages were delivered from a beautifully decorated tree to each one present. After the gifts had been enjoyed lovely refreshments of plates of fruit cake, sandwiches, nuts and candy and coffee were served to 52 members. — Reporter.

### COMMUNITY AUCTION SALE

SATURDAY DEC. 30th

REMEMBER THAT WE HAVE THE SALE ON THE LAST SATURDAY IN EACH MONTH

SALE to be at my lots just north of the Telephone Office.

### G. C. GRIDER, AUCTIONEER

Bring your Livestock, Household Goods, Farm Implements and anything else of value.

SALE WILL START AT 1:00 p. m.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS AND BRING WHAT YOU HAVE

W. R. GIBSON

"I Buy, Sell and Trade"



**S-Sgt. CURTIS M. FINLEY**  
"Somewhere in Italy"  
S-Sgt. Curtis M. Finley, local youth who made his home in O'Donnell for some years before entering the Army was known and liked by all. He entered the army over two years ago. He had training at Camp Waco, Texas and Ft. Mead, Maryland. He went overseas in March of this year and was wounded in action in the left leg on September 25 and was in the hospital for over a month. On Oct. 14th he was awarded the Purple Heart for wounds. He is now in a with his Infantry Company and writes that he has seen some hot and bitter fighting. Sgt. Finley has three brothers in service, one in the Southwest Pacific and the other two are in the States. Good Luck, Sgt. Finley and we are proud of you. Merry Christmas.

### Sgt. HULEN BOLCH SENDS CARD FROM GERMANY

Ed. Note: This is the first word received from Sgt. Hulen Bolch since his capture by the Germans.)  
Dalaug-uff, Germany  
Sept. 20, 1944

I have been taken prisoner of war in Germany. I am in good health. We will be transported from here to another Camp within the next few days. Please don't write until I give new address. Kind regards, Don Hulen Bolch.

### MRS. MAXIE WAGNER DIES UNEXPECTEDLY AT TAHOKA

Mrs. Maxie Wagner, age 74, was found dead in bed in her apartment at about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning when two young ladies occupying an apartment in the same house near the Tahoka Clinic came in to occupy their bedroom. It was believed that Mrs. Wagner had been dead about an hour. Relatives attributed her death to an attack of heart trouble.  
Mrs. Wagner had been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. L. L. McKenzie, who resides 15 miles west of O'Donnell in the Welch community and Mrs. McKenzie had brought her mother home Tuesday afternoon, leaving Tahoka between 5 and 6 o'clock and she reported that her mother seemed perfectly well at that time.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. H. A. Nichols in the Methodist Church at Tahoka at 2:30 Thursday afternoon, after which the body was taken to O'Donnell for burial beside the grave of her late husband Jeff Wagner, who died in 1939.

Mrs. Wagner formerly resided in the Wells community and had many friends there, some of whom attended the funeral services together with others from O'Donnell, Lebbok, Tahoka and other places.

Survivors include two daughters and a son, T. M. Lyons of Lubbock, Miss Retta Fay Lyons of Austin, and Mrs. Eloise McKenzie of Welch. She also leaves six grandchildren.

Born in Georgia Sept. 9, 1870 Mrs. Wagner's maiden name was Maxie McKim. She was first married to John R. Lyons at Douglasville in "Lone County, Texas, Sept. 25, 1899 and all her children were born of his marriage. Moving back to Georgia Mr. Lyons died in that state on August 28, 1907. Six years later Mrs. Lyons was married to William Jeff Wagner at Canton, Texas Dec. 18, 1913 and he died at his home in the Wells community on May 25, 1939.

Mrs. Wagner had long been a member of the Methodist Church and laced her membership in the Tahoka Church about two years ago. She was highly esteemed and much beloved by her friends who were greatly shocked and grieved by her sudden and unexpected death.  
— Lynn Co. News

### JIMMY LEE SHOOK HOME

Jimmy Lee Shook of the Army and the son of Mr and Mrs. W. J. Shook is home on furlough. Mr. Shook has seen several years overseas service and we hope to have a more detailed account next week.

Travis Everett of the Army is visiting home folks this week.

### Deen Nowlin, Friend Of County, Dies

Deen Nowlin, 42 Mayor of Tahoka died last Wednesday night at a hospital at Dallas. We understand burial was last Friday with services at the First Baptist Church. Besides his wife and two children Mr. Nowlin is survived by four brothers, Lloyd, and P. A. of Tahoka, Carl of Tucuman, and Claude of Lamesa. He was born at Valley Mills on Sept. 6, 1902 and his parents moved to Lynn County and the South Plains in 1917.  
— Mr. Nowlin's early passing mourned by the entire county. He was a civic leader of the highest order and a loyal and true friend of O'Donnell. He assisted our town on numerous occasions and our loss of this fine man is felt deeply by all in this area.

### Letter From L. M. Schooler

Dec. 12, 1944  
Island of Oahu, T. H.  
Editor, Index-Press.  
My new address is now CBMU 522 Care Fleet P. M. San Francisco, Cal. Very little change but I guess my paper is still going to Midway.  
I am now stationed on the Island of Oahu at Navy 14.  
After spending a year on Midway this place is Heaven — still it is nothing like the good old USA. I have been pretty lucky since I got here. I have been with quite a few of the boys from O'Donnell: Desmond Yandell, Iren Simmons, J. D. Toeker. We have planned to all get together and spend Christmas. We have had a yard time finding some of them. Yesterday I was with Lee Simpson. It just happened to meet him on the streets at Waikiki — just lucky I guess.  
If there is any one that knows the address of Buck Preston and Manard Eubanks or any other of the boys from O'Donnell that might be here I wish they would drop me a card with their address. I would like to contact them.  
Well I must get and write a few more letters. Will close wishing you and all O'Donnell a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.  
Yours truly,  
L. M. Schooler.  
Ed. Note. Manard's address is Co. O. M. B. N. Y. Navy No. 128 care of Fleet P. O. and he is at Pearl Harbor. We do not have Mr. Preston address at present. Merry Christmas to you and all the O'Donnell boys with you.

### Wins Basketball Tournament at Tahoka

Tournament favorites, the O'Donnell boys and Meadow girls ruled as kings and queens of the pre-Christmas cage tournament at the Tahoka High school invitation meet last Saturday night after both teams had waded thru tough battles to win the crown. O'Donnell found the rugged Leveland Lobos were tough to handle but nosed out a close 22 to 21 thriller. Brownlow was high point man for O'Donnell with 9 points closely pressed by Leveland's Darrell who counted 8 times.  
Both winners in morning games came back in the afternoon and moved into the finals in a pair of thrillers. With Pearce piling up 15 points O'Donnell nosed by the scrappy Meadow boys 37 to 32.  
Brownlow began hitting the net in the finals and with him dropping in 15 points, the O'Donnell five continued to play Championship ball and bounced out New Home 32 to 17.  
Brownlow was high point man of the tournament and Pearce and Pearson made the all tournament team.  
Members of the first team are: Brownlow, Pearce, Pearson, Tom Brisgar, and Joe Harris. Others are Clark, Lane, McGallion, McKenzie and Durban.

### S. T. KROOP KILLED IN ACTION

S. T. Kroop, son of W. R. Kroop was killed in action in France on Nov. 17. His parents now live at Pecos but S. T. was reared on the "49" Ranch. Our deepest sympathy to the loved ones.

### O'DONNELL GOES OVER TOP IN WAR BONDS

Final results of the 6th War Loan Drive for O'Donnell is as follows:  
E Bonds ..... \$52,575.00  
Treas. notes ..... \$12,500.00  
F Notes ..... \$185.00  
G Bonds ..... \$18,500.00  
TOTAL ..... \$83,760.00

Many are giving War Bonds for Christmas and our goal of \$85,000 may be reached by Jan. 1st.

### A DAY EARLY

For our Christmas issue we went to press a day early and some news did not reach us in time for this issue. We may be out of town a few days and would appreciate it if our readers would mail in the news of Christmas visitors or give the news to Mrs. Guy Bradley.

### SAW ACTION ON LEYTE

G. W. Burdett, Jr. son of G. W. Burdette, Sr. and Weldon Hancock, son of Homer Hancock wrote that they were in the big middle of the Leyte Invasion recently.

### Local News

Mr and Mrs. R. R. Rogan of Joe Bailey were among the weekly shoppers.

Pvt. J. E. Weir of Camp Barkley, Texas is home on furlough visiting home folks. He was in to the Temple of Truth and we had quite a visit.

Petty Officer 1st Class Herbert D. Edgerton of the Navy Seabees visited here last week with his brother L. A. Edgerton and family. He is now stationed at Camp Parks, Calif.

Mr and Mrs. Arch McMillan visited this week with their son in the air corps at Big Spring.

Miss Shirley Shook returned to her home in San Fidel, N. M. Thursday after a few days visit with her aunt, Mrs. S. M. Clayton, Sr. Miss Shook is a granddaughter of the late H. C. Crie's, who published the Lynn County News for a number of years.

Chas. O. Hart was in from the farm near the rock crusher, south of town and incidentally wondered how he is going to get hands for the last round third picking.

Judge C. C. Nunnally came in from Mesquite early this week doing a bit of shopping.

D. G. Phipps returned from a trip into the deep South, down near Alice where he says he almost froze to death.

Mrs. Tom Tyler of Draw was a midweek visitor in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hervey Gardenhire.

Pvt. Eugene (Butch) of Camp Fannin spent a few hours here last week with friends.

Mr and Mrs. Chas. Cathey spent Sunday at Lamesa in the S. P. White home.

Mrs. E. T. Wells was a business visitor in Lubbock Friday.

B. L. Davis and Walter Minton were transacting business in Hobbs last Thursday.

Mr and Mrs. Casey Cabool of Leveland visited with C. H. Cabool and wife Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Guy Bradley spent Sunday with Mrs. Mack C. Bradley and Billy Guy of Hobbs, N. M.

Sgt. W. C. Reavis of Brooks Field is expecting to spend the Holidays with his wife.

Mrs. J. L. Adams spent the week end in Lubbock with friends.

Delores Thompson visited in Lubbock Saturday.

L. E. Robinson and B. M. Haymes were transacting business in Midland Friday.

J. W. Simmons of Sweetwater, Dist. Supt. of Continental Oil Co. was a business visitor of their local representative, Guy Bradley last week.

Mr and Mrs. Levi Noble have gone to Temple to take his mother, Mrs. J. Mack Noble, Sr. for a check up in Scott and White Clinic.

### The Real Santa

It was some 15 years since the time I started grade school, and heard the children say that Santa was really only Papa dressed for the part, and the last depression, I was stranded at Alpine, Texas when the banks closed and in my senior year at college, I was laid off at the printing office and ready to hop a ride home when Santa came.  
On that day, and it was many months before Christmas in 1932, a lovely old couple had lost their son gave me board and room until a hotel was out the next spring. That was the first time I really saw Santa but I hear nearly every day from friends of visits they have had from Santa.

A nite or two ago a friend told me how men he hardly knew of evered him help in time of sorrow. Another man the day before told how men of this town saved his business from destruction.

Santa may not be of blood and bone but he is very real. Only a very cold individual would say that there is no Santa Claus.

He may come to you at your farm or ranch in the person of your supposed worst enemy and offer and give help that your closest friend would not think to offer. Santa is of many masquesades but in short he is the brotherhood of man and the great spirit and truth that we are all God's loved children.

May this Christmas be joyous and as cheerful as possible without our loved ones and a hope that the Real Santa will abide in my life and your life until next Christmas.

### THE INDEX-PRESS

### FAMILY REUNION

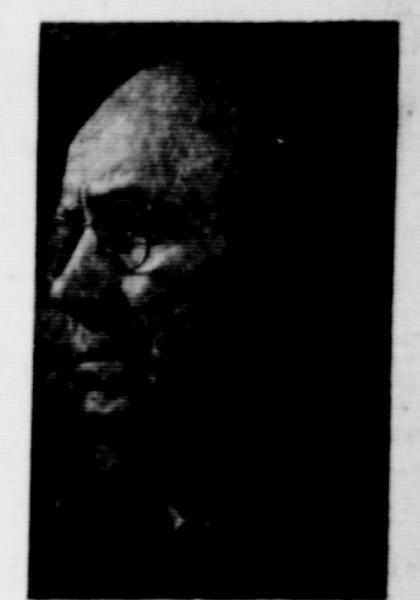
An early Christmas dinner was enjoyed Sunday at the home of Mr and Mrs. W. J. Jordan in honor of their son, Andrew, who is home on leave from the Coast Guard in Florida. A 20 pound turkey with all the trimmings was enjoyed by everyone.

Those present were: Mr and Mrs. W. J. Jordan, Mr and Mrs. Larson Jordan and son, Mr and Mrs. Harvey Jordan and boys, Hobert Jordan, Mr and Mrs. E. A. Cook and family, all of O'Donnell, Mrs. C. E. McClelland and family and Mrs. B. D. Johnson and daughter of Tahoka, Andrew Jordan, stationed at Carabelle, Fla., Warren Tucker and children of Lubbock and Mr and Mrs. D. L. Greenwood and daughter of Spade.

### SAW ACTION ON LEYTE

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### Buys Newspaper



EARL WILLIAMS

Recently the three William Bros., Earl, Virgil and Cecil announced the purchase of the Lamesa REPORTER. They have had this good county paper leased for some time.

The Index-Press wishes to congratulate these three newsmen and wish them every Success. In the past few months we have felt a warm friendship and gratitude for their observation. They are never too busy to help us with any task. It is good to know we have the personal and editorial good will of such a newspaper as the REPORTER.

Good Luck, Fellows, and Merry Christmas.

### Dedication

THIS Edition is really nothing worthy of Dedication but in selling this edition every business man expressed the desire and hope that our service men take their message of Good Will as ESPECIALLY to them. We sincerely hope that for a time, this edition will bring a breath of home to you boys who are defending our rights and freedom.

The Index-Press thanks the advertisers on behalf of O'Donnell for making this Christmas edition possible and we thank our pastors for their fine Messages of this Season. If ever a town had the real Christmas spirit, O'Donnell has it now.

Merry Christmas, Soldiers, Sailors, Marines and Seabees, Nurses and all the rest and a HAPPY NEW YEAR that will only be truly happy when you are again fellow residents with us in your home town.

TO OUR ARMED SERVICES:  
FOR SALE: FARMALL F-200 Com- plete 4-row. Good engine, and good rubber. Sam Nelms, 4 miles west of O'Donnell 17. 48 p.

### REX Theatre

Evening Show  
Opens 7:00—Starts 7:15  
Matinee 2:00—Starts 2:15

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

Saturday Nite Only  
DEC. 23  
Jane Wyman — Jerome Cowan in

### Crime By Night

Also Selected Shorts  
SUN. — MON. Dec. 21  
and 25th  
Betty Davis and Claude Rains in

### Mr. Skeffington

Also Fox News and comedy  
Tuesday Dec. 26th  
Edward G. Robinson in  
Tiger Shark  
Also Selected Shorts

### Wednesday, Dec. 27th

GARY COOPER in  
The Story of Dr.  
Wassell

### Wassell

Also Paramount News and Comedy  
THURSDAY Dec 28th  
All Spanish Talking Picture  
CUANDO VIAN LAS ESTRELLAS  
Also Paramount News and Comedy

### FRIDAY NITE AND SAT.

MAT. DEC. 29 — 30  
Bill Elliott and Bobbi Blake in  
Great Stage

### Coach Robbery

Also Black Arrow No. 4  
Comedy

## Metz Was Prize In Many Wars

Fought Over Since Dawn of History; Stone Axes and Knives Weapons.

WASHINGTON. — Metz, a Moselle river town of 70,000 population, is a fortified town over which men have fought from the dawn of history. The early Gauls knew it as Divodurum and fought for it with knives and stone axes. When the legions of Caesar came, they renamed the town Mediomatrix, fortified it, and built the great aqueduct whose ruins remain. Rome fell and medieval darkness crept over Mediomatrix. In the confusion of tongues during the dark ages the name was clipped to Metz and later shortened to Metz, says the Chicago Tribune.

In the middle of the fifth century, Attila's Huns plundered Metz. Later the city came into the possession of the Franks and was made the capital of Austrasia, and when the Carolingian realms were divided in 843 A. D., Metz became the capital of Lorraine. It is now the capital of the department of Moselle.

### French for Two Centuries.

Metz became a free imperial city, then a provincial French town and, in 1648, at the peace of Westphalia, it was ceded to France along with Toul and Verdun. Metz was thus a French town for more than two centuries. Heavily fortified, it resisted all attempts at capture until it was besieged and capitulated in the Prussian war of 1870. If the Americans take Metz, it will mark the city's first capture since that time. In World War I, the forts of Metz were not reduced, and the French entered the town, led by Marshal Petain, on November 18, 1918, after the signing of the armistice. By the peace of Frankfurt, on May 10, 1871, Metz was united to the German empire. It was retroceded to France after World War I.

Metz is one of the chief towns of Alsace-Lorraine, a territory which has been the subject of many disputes, with a mixed French and German population. The term Alsace-Lorraine came into use only after the war of 1870, to describe a hybrid creation artificially forged by Bismarck out of the whole of Alsace and part of Lorraine.

Alsace is essentially the part of the great trough between the Vosges and the Black Forest, which lies west of the Rhine, but it extends to the high Vosges. Lorraine stretches between the Vosges and the Ardennes and includes a portion which remained French from 1871 to 1914, and the northeastern zone, which was in German possession during that period.

### Ramparts Replace Walls.

Like most towns of Alsace-Lorraine, Metz reflects its Franco-Prussian history in its architecture. Part of the fortifications were begun by the French and finished by the Germans. The Roman Catholic cathedral looks down over the Lutheran church.

The city gates, of which there are 30, are doubly named, Porte d'Allemagne or Deutsche Tor, and so on. Caesar described Metz as one of the oldest and most important towns in Gaul, and under Roman emperors Metz was connected by military roads with Toul, Langres, Lyon, Strasbourg, Verdun, Reims, and Trier.

The original town walls were replaced by ramparts in 1550, and the citadel was built a few years later. By 1674, the works had been reconstructed by Vauban. Under Napoleon III, the fortress was strengthened by a circle of detached forts, which, after 1870, were modified and completed by the Germans, who treated the fortress as a pivot of operations against France in World War I.

### Farm Population Drops 4 Million in 4 Years

WASHINGTON, D. C. — The nation's farm population slumped 4,748,000 in the last four years, the department of agriculture said recently. It estimated that last January 25,521,000 persons were living on farms, against 30,269,000 in January, 1940.

Half the decrease occurred in 1942, the bureau of agricultural economics said, when the drain of farm residents into war industries and military service was heaviest.

A breakdown showed these changes in the last four years: A net loss of 1,650,000 to the services, a net loss of 4,600,000 persons of both sexes in all ages who either moved away from farms or who are living on places no longer regarded as farms, and net gain of 1,562,000 through the excess of births over deaths.

### Reason for Absence—

#### Her Golden Wedding Day

CHICAGO, ILL. — Mrs. Elizabeth Swett stayed away from her job in a war plant—her first absence since she started six months ago—only because she had an important occasion to celebrate. Mrs. Swett, 69, and her husband, 75, observed their 50th wedding anniversary. Said Mrs. Swett's foreman: "I'll match her against any 16-year-old in her work as wrapper."

## Aachen Is Facing Cold, Hard Winter

Will Be Used as Test Tube For Allied Program.

AACHEN. — It will be a cold, hungry winter for inhabitants of this once beautiful spa which is a test-tube for the program to be followed by the Allied military government as the Allies sweep onward.

AMG operation here differs from the civilian affairs program of a battered city in a liberated country in that Germans cannot look to Uncle Sam for handouts of food and clothing except in cases of dire necessity and where such necessity hampers Allied operations.

Headed by Maj. William E. Hurlbert of Jacksonville, Fla., a former assistant chief of detectives, AMG set up headquarters October 24 in this bombed and blasted city which once was the home of 165,000 persons and still is being shelled by the Germans.

From a list of several prospects, each carefully checked, a burgo-meister was appointed. Hurlbert said he was a member of a well known old family and the Nazis apparently had hesitated to force him into the party.

A thousand persons who disobeyed the German order to evacuate Aachen were taken to a refugee camp at the edge of the city, along with German civilians who returned later. Now there are about 6,000. Hurlbert said it would be impossible for more than 40,000 to resume residence in the near future because there are not enough undamaged buildings. But eventually all who call the place home and can pass scrutiny will be allowed back.

The burgo-meister, under the supervision of AMG, set up a tentative municipal government, including food rationing, food production and distribution, health, industrial, crafts and trades departments. He has a carefully checked police force of 58 and later will have 100, armed only with sticks.

### Gives Up Cigarettes For GI Christmas Gifts

MOBERLY, MO. — Cigarettes weren't so scarce in Moberly after all.

Although smokers have been haunting the stores looking for cigarettes recently, residents dug into humidors and pulled out 1,500 packs to be sent overseas. They responded to a plea by the Victory Chorus, organization preparing Christmas boxes for the soldiers. Incidentally, it confidently expects another 1,500 packs in a few more days.

No. 1 Christmas box, naturally, goes to Moberly's No. 1 soldier, Lieut. Gen. Omar N. Bradley.

### British Victory Uniforms Will Be Ready for Berlin

LONDON.—Mass production of a new victory uniform for the British army—henceforth to be known as "V-U"—will be started shortly, it was disclosed recently, so that it may be ready when the Allies' troops stage their expected victory march through Berlin.

The new uniform will definitely not be of the battle dress type. Military tailoring experts describe it as "the smartest thing ever."

Smartly cut from khaki cloth, the tunic will have lapels and shiny plastic buttons and will be worn with collar and tie. The trousers are a non-crease style.

### 92 U. S. Wedding Gowns Given to British Women

LONDON. — The distribution of 92 American-donated wedding gowns will reduce the wear and tear on 60 such gowns that have already made about 720 trips to the altar.

The gowns presented by American women to the British War Relief society have made an average of 12 "white brides" each. Members of various uniformed organizations constantly request one day's use of the gowns for weddings in village churches or Westminster Abbey. Americans are often the bridegrooms.

### GIs Use Chewing Gum At 8 Times Peace Rate

CHICAGO, ILL. — Men of the United States army are the champion gum chewers of all time.

Brig. Gen. J. E. Barzynski, commanding general of the Chicago quartermaster depot, said recently that American soldiers overseas are using up chewing gum at eight times the normal peacetime consumption.

The soldier is supplied with an average of 630 sticks of chewing gum a year, thereby chewing an average of 553 more sticks annually than his peacetime civilian brother, Barzynski said.

### U. S. War Casualties Now Total 509,195

WASHINGTON. — American battle casualties have passed the half-million mark.

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said recently that army casualties reported through October 28 total 437,356. The latest navy list accounts for 71,839, giving a grand total for both services of 509,195.

## Kathleen Norris Says: The Debt We Owe to Christmas

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"If this could be brought home to our children, this incalculable debt that they owe to Jesus Christ, whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas, it might solve some of the great problems that we mothers face."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS  
CHRISTMAS seems to me this year quite different from all the other Christmases I ever have known.

It has always meant holly and the tree, presents and roaring open fires, and all the family gathered for the feast. It has always meant special music and special services at church, and—of later years especially, much serious wondering thought of the little baby whose life was to be the most important ever lived by man.

I have marvelled anew every year over the facts of His life; the poverty and obscurity, the complete unimportance of all His associates, even of His persecutors, the strange teaching that was received by a few poor peasants, and the death of a common criminal that they made Him die.

Strange teachings indeed. It contradicted everything that men had ever believed. It discounted force and hate. It voiced the incredible doctrine that love was the only power, and that love fulfilled all the laws of heaven and earth. They didn't believe Him, and they killed Him, and His forlorn obscure followers faced the great warring world of that day, and of the new worlds and the expanded days to come, with just a few quiet precepts as their heritage.

And that heritage grew and spread and thundered down the ages and reached unknown countries and unborn peoples — oh, yes, polluted and twisted and misinterpreted and betrayed sometimes, it is true, but still the doctrine of forgiveness and brotherhood. Human weakness delayed it, but nothing could kill it, because it is the truth. So much we all know, so much we all feel, at Christmas time.

Sudden New Light.  
But — like a window opening to sudden new light, it has come to me in these terrible years of war that we owe Christianity a tremendous debt over and above the spiritual value it gives us. That Christianity, and the passionate love it awakened in men's hearts, is the actual ark of civilization, and that it ought to be fostered as a sacred possession by everyone who hopes for a new world, believer or non-believer.

The great Hebrew religion, from which the life of Christ was derived, did more than build temples. It built libraries, hospices, colleges; it laid down a public and a domestic law. What other element ever did? These things do not exist in oriental countries, where the great masses of the people even today live and die in obscure superstitions as to evil eyes, caste, black magic.

They do not build cities, railways, bridges, roads. The orient is almost without these things, as it is without modern conveniences, sewers, telephones, paving, schools, hospitals, libraries. I have seen swarming dark communities, hundreds of them, in India and China, into which no one of these things ever had been introduced; where the compounds are icy puddles for eight months a year, and even such simple luxuries as a gas stove or bureau, a change of shoes or a potato had actually never been seen.

Extraordinary as it would be to state that the miraculous life of Jesus Christ had anything to do with Europe's scientific and material progress, and the unbelievable growth of our own world, yet the fact remains that the believing nations, the Europe of yesterday and

### Women Take Over Santa's Job on Street Corners

The manpower shortage has hit one of America's most cherished institutions—the Santa Claus business. Although the age range for professional Santas runs from 45 to 75, there aren't enough men around to play the fat old saint. As a result, women are inching into the act.

The squeeze started last Christmas. Actors Equity was so short of idle men they talked one of New York's largest stores into substituting a 70-year-old actress.

### THE FOUNDATION

European civilization was erected upon the ethical foundation of Christianity. All the great accomplishments of the Middle Ages were achieved by men who believed in the religion of Christ. Even today, practically all those splendid and noble institutions that distinguish our civilization from that of the ancient eastern cultures have come down to us from centuries that were activated by a lively Christian faith. Hospitals, schools, homes for the aged, codes of law protecting individual rights, freedom of speech, equality of women . . . all these and much more has been the outgrowth of the great religion founded over 1,900 years ago.

It seems ironic, when most of the Christian nations of the world are engaged in the greatest war in history, to say that Christianity has inspired all that is great and good on this earth. Yet, in a sense, the very fact that there is a war being waged, that there are so many millions of people willing to fight and suffer and die for the principals of justice and freedom that are the very essence of the religion of Christ, is the best testimonial to ever-living power of that great faith.

the western hemisphere of today, are the nations that cling to Him, profess fidelity to Him, no matter how far they fall away from the humility and charity that He preached.

Inspired Medieval Marvels.  
It began, of course, with the brotherhood of the early church, with the sharing of bread and wine. It went on to those early documents, to that wealth of priceless paintings, to the great cathedrals that simple men built for love of Him. Even today our painters do not rival those early expressions of love and devotion to the Madonna and her baby; even today our architects marvel at the beauty of Chartres Cathedral and Canterbury and Rheims. Faith built all these; faith inspired the great musical compositions, and the chorals and requiems, and afterward the secular world took hold of these patterns and gave us all we know of modern art and music.

It may be that after the war we shall have to begin all over again in a stable with a baby; begin with forgiveness and brotherhood, begin to realize that not only do His churches carry His name down the ages to us today, but that every other good and wise thing we have — our hospitals and libraries, our Red Cross and our schools, our laws, our talk at dinner tables, our plans for a better future, all stem from that one life.

If this could be brought home to our children, this incalculable debt that they owe to Jesus Christ, whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas, it might solve some of the great problems we mothers face. Civilization will increase only when we get back as close as we can to the law that tells us that by this shall we be known as Christ's followers, that we love one another. That love fulfills the law. That His burden is easy. That He is the way and the truth and the light. That we have only to seek to find Him.

## The Washington Merry-Go-Round

Washington, D. C.

### BOMBING NIPS WITH B-29s

The plan of continuously bombing Japan from Saipan promises to be one of the most important strategies of the war. But like all difficult innovations, it already has evolved some serious kinks which must be ironed out.

They include: crew fatigue, maintenance problems, weather conditions and home front production of planes to replace those lost in action. Upon these factors depend the frequency with which we can keep up the rain of bombs on Japan.

The bombing of Japan from Saipan represents a gruelling experience for the crews involved, and allowances must be made to provide necessary rest periods. If any of the crews participating in the Thanksgiving Day raid tried it again three days later, it would be only natural to expect that their operational ability would be proved reduced because of the wearing effect of the earlier 3,000-mile flight.

It has also been found that information on weather over Japan is still not entirely accurate.

But reconnaissance photos taken after the first two raids did show severe damage to a major aircraft plant outside of Tokyo, also effective shattering of several water front areas which are jam-packed with Tokyo traffic.

Other Obstacles to Raids.  
Officials have also learned that the B-29 still has certain defects which may require modification in future production. These primarily concern the safety of air crews and should be remedied before bombing of Japan can be carried out on a day-to-day basis.

Air corps officials still reiterate that the air phase of the war against Japan is nearing its climax, but admit that several more months will pass before the air drive can be really stepped up to its peak.

One major hope is that General MacArthur's forces will be able to secure several bases in the Philippines so that the B-29s can operate from there, thus smashing at will. Because of the B-29s' vast size, it is almost impossible to conceal them under camouflage, with the result that Japanese planes still operating from scores of fields in the Philippines could bomb B-29s at will if they were based on Leyte now.

### RUSSIA AND JAPAN

Now that Stalin has put the Japanese on notice for war, calling them an aggressor nation, another chapter regarding Jimmy Doolittle's raid on Tokyo can be told.

After dropping its bomb load on Tokyo, one of the planes developed a leak in its gas line. Aware that he could not make friendly Chinese territory, the pilot set his course for Soviet Siberia, figuring he might barely be able to reach dry land. Internment, he figured, was better than execution. When the fuel gave out, he had no idea where he was, but landed on the best flat stretch he could find.

As the crew of the plane piled out, a column of tanks appeared over a nearby hill. The airman climbed back into his plane and prepared to make a fight for it, but finally saw the Soviet red star on the leading tank and got out of the plane again.

The pilot walked forward to talk with the Soviet major who jumped out of the leading tank. Using English, gestures, and one or two words of Russian, the pilot tried to explain how he happened to be there.

Finally the Russian officer stopped him. In fairly good English, he said: "Yes, we know all about the bombing of Tokyo. And we knew one plane was in trouble and might be heading this way. We came out to see if we could find you."

The bomber crew started to climb into the tanks when suddenly another column of tanks appeared from the opposite direction. A Jap officer came running toward the Russians, shouting. "This is Japanese territory. We demand the surrender of the Americans."

The Russian major immediately dug out his maps, insisting he was on Soviet soil. The argument raged in German for several minutes, until finally the Jap angrily stalked off, ordering his tanks to fire. This was answered by a volley from the Russian tanks, both aiming at the sky. The Russian tanks then drove on, leaving the airplane behind.

They had been going at a fast clip for about half an hour, when the Russian major turned to the American pilot and said:

"I now welcome you to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

The border had just been crossed.

### CAPITAL CHAFF

¶ Mrs. Melvyn Douglas will soon be in congress, elected from California. ¶ The railway brotherhoods, whose 400,000 members are affiliated with neither the AFL nor the CIO, are burned up over the appointment of Thomas Cashen of the AFL switchmen's union to the War Mobilization and Reconversion board's labor panel. Although Cashen's AFL union is in the transportation field, the brotherhoods feel that one of their own members should have been appointed to the labor panel.

## Household Hints

To remove coffee, tea or chocolate stains, sprinkle them with borax and soak in cold water. After soaking, pour boiling water through the cloth and the stain will disappear.

For a glazed appearance on pies, brush lightly with cream, or beaten egg and water, before placing in the oven.

When grown indoors in window box or in flowerpots, herbs do best in a south window where they get plenty of sunlight.

Add a handful of salt to the last rinse in cold weather, and the clothes will not freeze as they are hung out.

Lay your vacuum cleaner on the floor and pass your dust mop back and forth before the opening to clean the mop.

Sitting on the edge of a mattress weakens the edge and causes it to sag.

HAVE YOU HEARD KC Jamboree  
IT'S TOPS FOR FUN!  
On your favorite N. B. C. station every Saturday morning  
10:00 A. M., C. W. T.  
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WOAI KTBS  
9:00 A. M., M. W. T.  
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HE HAS YOUR BATTERY  
Jap pill-boxes and gun emplacements are "knocked out" fast when deadly bazookas go into action! It takes a trained two-man team and battery-power to keep these portable weapons firing. Batteries that once were made for homes and farms are now sent to serve our fighting men. Use your available Burgess Battery sparingly. . . keep them cool and dry. For Free Battery Hints—Write Dept. U-5, Burgess Battery Company, Freeport, Illinois.

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Catch cold easily? Listless? Tired quickly? Help tone up your system! Take Scott's Emulsion—contains natural A & D Vitamins your diet may be lacking. It's great! Buy today. All drug stores.



**WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS THIS YEAR TO CHRISTIANS**

Christmas is the day on which the Nativity of Christ is observed. Just when the custom was begun is not certain but it dates back to the later part of the first or early part of the second century. It's observance was not primarily a religious practice but in later centuries it was incorporated by the church and carried a special religious significance.

The special significance of the observance of the day is in the fact of the Nativity. His birth is the great dividing line of time. Before, the Jews, God's chosen people, looked forward to the time when He should be born. He was the Promised Messiah from the beginning. The Prophets from the earliest to the latest, wrote of his advent into the World. So, "when the fullest of time" arrived, God sent His Angel to announce to Mary and Joseph that the Child was to be born.

Jesus, the Son of Mary, is the Christ of God. The Savior of all mankind from sin unto eternal life with God, the Father. He is the one and only hope of Redemption, the source of all light and life. In Him, there is an adequacy for all man's needs. He is God's offered Salvation to all men and that Salvation is in Him and Him alone. The greatest need of all mankind is to be saved—Redeemed— from the power of sin and its curse. None other than God could meet such essential needs of humanity. Jesus Christ is God Incarnate in Human life. Jesus is both God and Man joined together in one Perfect Nature.

So, the Birth, or Nativity, of Jesus, the Savior was the greatest event the world has ever known, or can ever know. There can never come to the world such another. To the Christian, He means everything that is worth while for time and eternity. This year, in the midst of such chaos and perplexity that faces everyone, serenity, composure, and satisfaction can be found in Him, who was New Born Babe cradled in Bethlehem's Manger.

Edward H. Crandall, Pastor.

**CARD OF THANKS**

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the many kind words of sympathy and the many thoughtful favorsshown us during the death of our loved mother, especially the beautiful floral offering and the kind words of consolation offered by both ministers.

Mr and Mrs. L. L. McKenzie and family; Mr and Mrs. J. M. Lyon and family.

Five year old Betsy Jane Rowe of Draw has been in a Lubbock hospital after suffering a ruptured appendix and is on her way to recovery.

Mr and Mrs R B Miller returned from a few days visit in Dallas. A grandson, "Little Mac" McKay accompanied them home for the holidays.

Pvt. Henry O. Collins, Air Corps, Truck Field, Wisconsin reported to his station on the 18th after a short visit with relatives here.

**With Our Churches**

**THE O'DONNELL BAPTIST CHURCH (B.M.A.)**  
 Preaching — 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p.m.  
 Sunday school — Every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.  
 The above church has begun regular services and you are invited to attend services at this old time Missionary Baptist church. J. M. Hopkins of Olton will preach the 4th Sunday. — The Pastor.

**O. N. BAPTIST CHURCH**  
 Sunday School at 11 a.m. Preaching at 11:45 a. m.  
 Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Public invited  
 Rev. E. F. Kilburn, pastor.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**  
 Sunday School: 10:30 to 11:30  
 Morning Worship 11:30 to 12:30  
 Evening Worship: 7:30 P. M.  
 God said it; Jesus did it; We believe it; That settles it.  
 Church with a glad hand, a cordial welcome and a Bible message  
**J. M. HALE, PASTOR**

**ASSEMBLY OF GOD**  
 Sunday School—10 a. m.  
 Morning Worship—11 a. m.  
 Evening Worship—7:30 p. m.  
 Thursday Prayer service—7:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.  
**R. T. FEEK, Pastor.**

**CHURCH OF THE NAZARINE**  
 Sunday Bible School .... 10:30 a. m.  
 Young People's Service ..... 7:15  
 Morning Worship ..... 11:30 a. m.  
 Evening Service ..... 8:00 p. m.  
 Wednesday nite prayer .... 8:00 p. m.

**FIRST METHODIST CHURCH**  
 Sunday School ..... 10:30 a. m.  
 Morning Service ..... 11:30 p. m.  
 Evening Service ..... 7:45 p. m.  
 You are welcome  
**Edward H. Crandall, Pastor**

**CHURCH OF CHRIST**  
 Bible Study ..... 10:30  
 Preaching ..... 11:15  
 Communion ..... 12:00  
 Young People's meeting .... 4:45  
 Evening Service ..... 7:30  
 Ladies Bible Study Tues. .... 2:30  
 Midweek Service Wed. .... 7:30

G. C. Aten "thot" he drained his car a few nights ago. Thanks to electric welding he is up and about again.

Chief Petty Officer Hubert D. Edgerton, after a few hours here with relatives left for a naval base on the Pacific Saturday.

S. L. Walters, Newmoore farmer, was among the town's visitors this week.

Roy Peacock moved to DeKalb, Texas this week. He will operate the light plant in that city.

T. B. Harris, Mesquite school head, was in town Saturday and casually mentioned having seen, just west of Gail, a few nites ago a mother bobcat and a bunch of kittens march majestically across the road, paying but little attention to his presence. Nearly as wild a country as Lee County, Texas.

HOLY NIGHT SILENT NIGHT



★ The message of good will that emanated from Bethlehem 2,000 years ago not only transforms the world at Christmas but is the foundation of every honest transaction. We depend upon your good will; you depend upon ours.

**HURT'S Store**

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**GREETINGS**



"... and on earth peace, good will towards men."



And to each of you who read this message that enraptured happiness which comes only at CHRISTMASTIME

**And Happy New Year**



**Lynn County Motor Company**

Your Ford Dealer

Phone 92



**WE THANK YOU**



**Notes of an Innocent Bystander:**  
**The Magic Lanterns:** "Meet Me in St. Louis" bulges with enough pleasant amusement to provide a month of daydreams. Set in the 23-skidoo era, the warm humor and infectious ditties inspire the spirit to show its dimples. Delightful Margaret O'Brien steals the picture and your heart. . . . A song-and-dance-cinema, "Something for the Boys," comes in on a buck-and-wing and lands gently on the eyes and ears. As in all musicals, the plot plays second fiddle—sometimes it seems that it isn't even in the orchestra. . . . The March of Time's latest concerns China—a nation of great tragedies, great heroism, great hopes. . . . The script of "Blonde Fever" gets lost in a jungle of clichés—and no one misses it. . . . Those who dreamed up a dull-drama like "The Last Ride" should be in the Hall of Fame—sweeping it.

**The Paragraph of the Week:**  
**L. B. R.'s colyum in the N. Y. Times** previewed history with this dialogue: "One more question, Daddy. What finally became of this terrible Hitler?" . . . "For a long time, my child, nobody knew. There were stories. He was hiding in Spain, Japan, Argentina, Eire. You took your choice. Then, in 1960, a rug collector named Donnerblitz died of indigestion in Chicago. That was Hitler. He had been living there sixteen years." . . . "But didn't anyone see, Daddy?" . . . "No, you see, except for changing his name and shaving off his mustache, he went right on being himself, damnin' Russia, England, democracy, the Gov't at Washington, and the U.S.A. in general. So the neighbors took him for just an ordinary crackpot and never gave him a second thought."

The book stores will shortly receive an extraordinary book called "Axis Rule in Occupied Europe." It is by Raphael Lemkin. It is published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. . . . Book oracles state it is really the last word on what the Nazis have done to The Old Country. The Writers' War Board (staffed with intellectuals, authors, editors, et al) is unable to name a "more important volume in its field." . . . The author of the book has created a word—"genocide" to define the calculated destruction by the Germans of national and racial groups. . . . Buy two copies. One to read over and over again and the other to bang on the head of any supporter of a Nazi soft-peace.

**The Private Papers of a Cab Reporter:**  
 Sufferers from the cigarette shortage would like to know just why it is that night clubs are enjoying nearly all the ciggie biz. This is how come. . . . The night clubs are in this enviable position because they're always charged a dime to 15 cents over the retail shop prices, and, of course, they still are permitted (by the OPA) to charge the same tariff as before the "ceilings" went into effect. . . . Then, besides getting 10c and 15c more per pack, the cigarette gals are invariably tipped an average of 25c for each pack. This, too, goes to the concessionaire. . . . As a result, getting 50c per pack for cigarettes (for which retail stores charge 17c) the concessionaires are able to pay a good deal more for cigs than the retailers. That explains why all the night spots are doing a terrific ciggie biz.

**Our Macon editor** relays this letter from Dr. W. B. Burke. His son James is with our State Dep't. Jim auth'd "My Father in China." . . . Dr. Burke spent 50 years in China. . . . The letter in part: "The whispering campaign in China against the Generalissimo and his wife is largely the work of pro-Jap 5th columnists. Unfortunately some of our correspondents over there have gotten some of the reports in the papers over here. . . . At first the Generalissimo thought he would ignore them. Then he realized the rumors were directed more against China than against himself. Therefore he felt that he had to bring these stories into the light. As to the report he had been unfaithful to his wife he declared his relations with his wife had been without stain, absolutely pure. I can understand the object of the Japanese, but it is hard to get the workings of our American correspondents' mind. This is for publication."

**The Wireless:** A radiator offered this bit of irony: The British removed handcuffs from Fascist Mosley, but jailed Gandhi who only desires freedom for India. . . . The March of Time again proves that the headlines are writing the most explosive dramatic scripts. The MOT makes dreamed-up mike-believing seem more irksome than static. . . . Nothing more ludicrous than commershills nowadays urging listeners to buy ciggies. You're told why you should buy a certain brand—instead of where.

**Ernie Pyle's Slant on the War:**

**GIs Turn Back to Cave-Like Living in Tunisia**

**All Comforts Missing but Men Carry On Under Trying Conditions**

By Ernie Pyle

(Editor's Note: This dispatch was written and first published when Pyle was with the GIs during the air battles in French North Africa. He is now on his way to cover the Pacific war zones.)

**THE TUNISIAN FRONT.**—It must be hard for you folks at home to conceive how our troops right at the front actually live. In fact it is hard to describe it to you even when I'm among them, living in somewhat the same way they are.

You can scarcely credit the fact that human beings—the same people you've known all your life—could adjust themselves so acceptingly to a type of living that is only slightly above the cave-man stage.

Some of our troops came directly to the Tunisian front after the original occupation of North and West Africa, and have been here ever since. They have not slept in a bed for months. They've lived through this vicious winter sleeping outdoors on the ground.

They haven't been paid in three months. They have been on British rations most of the time, and British rations, though good, get mighty tiresome. They never take off their clothes at night, except their shoes. They don't get a bath oftener than once a month. One small detachment acquired lice and had to be fumigated, but all the rest have escaped so far. They move so frequently they don't attempt to put in many home touches, as the men do at the more permanent camps toward the rear. Very few of the front-line troops have ever had any leave. They never go to town for an evening's fun. They work all the time.

Nobody keeps track of the days or weeks. I'll wager that 90 per cent of our front-line troops never know when Sunday comes.

Furthermore, the old traditional differences between day and night have almost ceased to exist. Night-time no longer necessarily means rest, nor daytime work. Often it's just reversed. The bulk of our conveying of supplies and shifting of troops is done at night. The soldiers are accustomed to traveling all night, sometimes three or four nights in a row. Irregularity of sleep becomes normal. One soldier told me he once went three days and nights without sleep.

You see men sleeping anywhere, anytime. The other day I saw a soldier asleep in blankets under an olive tree at two in the afternoon. A few feet away a full colonel was sleeping soundly on the ground. In battle you just go until you drop.

**War Hardens Men.**  
 The war coarsens most people. You live rough and talk rough, and if you didn't toughen up inside you simply wouldn't be able to take it.

An officer friend of mine, Lieut. Lennie Bessman of Milwaukee, was telling me two incidents of a recent battle that touched him deeply. One evening he and another officer came up to a tiny farmhouse, which was apparently empty. To be on the safe side he called out "Who's there?" before going in. The answer came back: "Captain Blank, and who the hell wants to know?"

They went in and found the captain, his clothes covered with blood, heating a can of rations over a gasoline flame. They asked if they could stay all night with him. He said he didn't give a damn. They started to throw their blankets down, and the captain said: "Look out for that man over there."

There was a dead soldier lying in a corner. The captain was cooking his supper and preparing to stay all night alone in that same room. The flood and fury of death about him that day had left him utterly indifferent both to the companionship of the living and the presence of the dead.

The other incident was just the opposite. Another captain happened to be standing beside Bessman. It was just at dusk and they were on the desert. The night chill was coming down. The captain looked to the far horizon and said, sort of to himself:

"You fight all day here in the desert and what's the end of it all? Night just closes down over you and chokes you."

**Germans Break Out of Faid Pass**

Word came to us about noon that the Germans were advancing upon Sbeitla from Faid. So I packed into my jeep and started alone on the familiar 85-mile drive south to Sbeitla. It was a bright day and everything seemed peaceful. I expected to see German planes as I neared Sbeitla, but there were none, and I drove into my cactus-patch destination about an hour before sun-

A little later Bessman got out a partly filled bottle of gin he had with him and asked this same sensitive captain if he'd like a drink. The captain didn't even reach out his hand. He simply answered: "Have you got enough for my men too?"

He wouldn't take a drink himself unless the enlisted men under him could have some.

All officers are not like that, but the battlefield does produce a brotherhood. The common bond of death draws humans toward each other over the artificial barrier of rank.

After a few weeks of front-line living your whole perspective on the niceties and necessities of life changes.

You used to be sore when you couldn't get a taxi. Now you've struck gold when you find a spot where you can lie down out of the wind.

Even my own perspective has changed, and as a correspondent I've had only the barest taste of the rough life. For a lifetime I have bathed with becoming regularity, and I thought the world would come to an end unless I changed my socks every day. Now I have just had my first bath in a month, and I go two weeks at a time without even taking off my socks. Oddly enough, it doesn't seem to make much difference.

The other day I had to laugh at myself over a little emotion I experienced. We had arrived one evening at a new front-line headquarters. It was centered around a Tunisian farmhouse, as practically all command posts are.

**Comfort on Ground.**  
 Soldiers and officers alike were sleeping just anywhere they could—in trucks, under trees, in the barn and chicken houses. It was cold and damp, as usual.

Nobody tells a correspondent where to sleep or what to do when he is gyping around the front. He shifts for himself. So I nosed around and found a place to sleep. It was under a big French grain wagon sitting in the barnlot.

Some soldiers had found several strips of corrugated tin roofing and set them around three sides of the wagon, making walls. The wagon bed formed a roof overhead. They had brought straw from a nearby stack and put it on the ground under the wagon. There we threw our bedding rolls.

It was the coziest place I'd slept in for a week. It had two magnificent features—the ground was dry, and the wind was cut off.

I was so pleased at finding such a wonderful place that I could feel my general spirits go up like an elevator.

When the detachment got orders to move the next day I felt a genuine regret at leaving this little haven. And to think after all it was only some pitiful straw on the hard ground under a wagon.

Little things come to mean so much in wartime.

At this front I'm the only person I know who has a can-opener, and it's in constant demand. I have to carry it in my coverall pocket to keep it from being stolen.

Stealing ceases to be just stealing when something you need badly is taken. I've never stolen anything yet, but I wouldn't put it past myself under favorable circumstances.

I have a pair of fingernail scissors with me, and one day recently I lent it six times to soldiers who were just passing and asked if I had any nail clippers or scissors. Cold water and cold weather are hard on soldiers' hands. Their fingers get hard and crack around the nails. Night after night I've lain awake because my fingers had split back from the nail and throbbled with pain.

Our troops do manage to look fairly clean and presentable, even though sanitary facilities are skimpy. The Air Forces allow their soldiers to grow beards, but the rest of the army doesn't. Consequently the men have to shave regardless of how inconvenient it may be.

I checked in at the intelligence tent to see what was going on, and found that things were dying down with the coming of dusk. So I pitched my tent and went to bed. Next morning I got up before daylight and caught a ride, just after sunrise, with two officers going up to the new position of our forward command post.

**Comforted by Trading Notes**

**Kin of Prisoners Held in the Philippines Find Tie in One-Woman Paper.**

CHARLOTTE, N. C. — The wife of Lieut. Col. Arthur J. Grimes, missing in action in the Philippines since 1941, recently celebrated the first anniversary of her one-woman newspaper, which for the last year has served as a tie among families in the states whose husbands or sons have been missing in action since the fall of Bataan or held as prisoners of war since 1941.

Marie Grimes, editor, writes copy for the paper, edits letters from over the country that make up the news, and puts the final product to bed herself, all in time she can spare from her regular civilian defense job during the day.

The four-page "Philippine Postscripts" originated with Editor Grimes and Mrs. La Grand A. Diller, wife of Col. La Grand Diller, former aide to General MacArthur in Australia and now staff public relations officer.

**Has 500 Subscribers.**  
 Both Mrs. Grimes and Mrs. Diller were evacuated from the Philippines in February, 1941, and arrived in San Francisco in March.

The two women conceived the idea for the paper last fall, when the first edition was mailed to 100 subscribers. This month the subscription list had reached more than 500 and letters were still pouring in to the editor to be sorted, edited and published.

"Philippine Postscripts" is made up mainly of letters written to the editor by wives with husbands on the islands—and the letters nearly always include news from the Philippines. Even a form card from a soldier husband in a Japanese prison camp is news, according to Mrs. Grimes.

She says wives are eager to share word, which comes so seldom, with others longing for bits of news from places where members of their families might be—on Formosa or Luzon. In several cases, wives have learned of husbands' whereabouts or condition indirectly through names mentioned in one of "Postscripts" published letters.

**From General's Wife.**  
 The letter in the March edition from Mrs. Adele Wainwright, wife of Gen. Jonathan M. Wainwright, who capitulated with his men after the battles of Bataan and Corregidor, is typical. . . . Three letters and one card have come from "Skinny" (General Wainwright) since May, 1942. . . . Said he had a cable from me in February, 1943, and no letter since November, 1941. Also that he was better than the past year, weighed 125 pounds and that living conditions were a little better. . . . The Red Cross uses my large living room for surgical dressings and keeps all sewing and wool there. My days are filled with work and so they pass. . . . I hope that the end of this awful waiting will come sooner than we can ever hope."

The paper is financed by the subscribers, who send Mrs. Grimes amounts ranging from a dollar to \$30, and the paper probably will grow, according to the editor, until it has outgrown its purpose and it is closed after the war.

**Think Allies' Air Attacks Cut Robot Bomb Fuel**

LONDON. — Allied air attacks on German synthetic oil plants recently were believed to have curtailed the production of fuel for flying bombs and V-2 rockets. Large sections of refineries in the Ruhr and elsewhere have been battered. Each rocket burns an estimated 2,500 gallons of fuel a minute, so that in a five minute flight from their launching sites they use 12,500 gallons—to deliver between one and two tons of explosive.

**Searchlight Operator Bags Japanese Plane**

SIXTH ARMY HEADQUARTERS, LEYTE, P. I.—A searchlight operator is credited with destroying a Japanese plane. It happened this way: The searchlight beam caught the pilot head on, and the blinded Jap had no choice but to try and fly past the light. The operator noticed that when he raised or lowered the beam the pilot followed suit—so he gradually lowered the beam until the enemy plane crashed.

**Waste Paper Is Used In Rocket Gun Barrels**

LOWELL, MASS. — Persons contributing to the paper salvage drive may have the satisfaction of knowing that their waste paper may soon be blasting at enemy installations in Asia and Europe.

Officials at the General Electric company's plant here say that barrels on army air force fighting-ship rocket guns are nothing more than paper treated with heat-resistant plastic.

**Lights of New York**

by L. L. STEVENSON

About Manhattan: Irene Dunne, always the gracious lady, sending her waiter at the 1-2-3 into ecstasies by complimenting him on his service—well Dunne! . . . Charles Boyer, the sleepy-eyed dream man, getting very wide-awake glances from the feminine contingent at the Cafe Pierre. . . . Portly Paul Whiteman extricating himself from a narrow 'phone booth at Toots Shor's with a neat flanking movement. . . . Packey O'Gatty instructing Jack Oakie in the manly art of self defense, with appropriate gestures, in the Astor lobby. . . . Morton Downey, the son of auld Erin, listening with polite bewilderment while an old Irish flower saleswoman greets him in Gaelic — he doesn't understand a word of the stuff. . . . Helena Blais, luscious "Song of Norway" diva, who usually hurries straight home from the theater, making her night club debut—as a spectator—at the Waldorf's Wedgwood room, lured there by a yen to witness that Great Dane, Victor Borge.

**Cuff Notes:** Charlotte Manson, CBS glamour gal, who gained quite a reputation because of her allergy to hats, finally gave in to a new Thanksgiving bonnet designed by Helen Garnell. . . . John Sebastian, harmonica virtuoso, currently appearing at the St. Regis' Iridium room, is the first young star to be scheduled by Columbia concerts for 50 appearances on his initial tour. . . . Cafe Society Barney Josephson received the greatest thrill of his life when Vice President Wallace recently invited him to dinner. . . . Jimmy Palmer, whose orchestra is currently breaking records at Frank Dalley's Terrace room in Newark, hails from Cannonsburg, Pa. Perry Como's home town. In fact, Perry used to work as a barber in Jimmy's father's shop there. . . . Add descriptions: Peeping Tom, a wolf window shopping.

**Here & There:** Two mops of facial foliage having a hefty chuckle at Fifth avenue and Sixtieth street—bearded Jo Davidson and ditto Rex Stout reacting to an urchin's cry of "Beaver!" . . . At El Morocco, Melody Thompson, the heiress-actress-model-society belle, smiling a sweet hello to Chic Farmer who only happens to be the husband from whom she's parting. . . . At La Martinique, Frankie (The Voice) Sinatra applauding the songs of Carl (The Heart) Ravazza, his latest and most powerful rival. . . . Ballad Boy Buri Ives pointing out the sights of the town to an out-of-towner. . . . Dorothy Gulman, dark and glamorous press agent, and Paul Coates, dark and handsome press agent, holding hands unashamedly at the Coq Rouge. Their wedding is to occur on St. Valentine's day. . . . Two of our favorite young people, Paul Denis (of the Evening Post) and his wife, Helen, who live above the Cafe St. Denis.

**This & That:** Some statistician has figured out that because of war losses, there is now one and one-tenth woman to every man in the world, which may explain the recent independence reflected in the conduct of some males, especially husbands. . . . Antonio, the handsome and fiery male half of the well-known dance team, Rosario and Antonio, now at the Havana-Madrid, will play the role of Rudolph Valentino as a youth in the forthcoming movie on Valentino's life. . . . To relieve the shortage of lumber, Jesse Adler suggests making a national forest out of John L. Lewis' eyebrows. . . . Cass Daley writes that the suits worn by a lot of Hollywood actors look as if they were knitted from macaroni. . . . Description: He writes those songs they put on the other side of phonograph records.

**Faces & Places:** Sonja Henie an interested spectator at the ice-skating pond in Rockefeller Center. . . . Arthur Rubinstein admiring Claud Hopkins' piano artistry at the Cafe Zanzibar. . . . Beatrice Lillie, back from England after several years, starting at a fresh fruit display in a 50th street shop. . . . Elizabeth Bergner and Luise Rainer: nodding politely in front of Sardi's. . . . Frank Fay walking along Broadway and now and then glancing here and there as if looking for the big white rabbit which is his (imaginary) companion in "Harvey."

**Addenda:** An Ionic situation occurred when Joan Edwards was called on to substitute for the ailing Hildegard on the Stage Door Canteen radio program. After accepting the show, because of her friendship for Hildegard, Joan developed a sore throat. So the improved Hildegard went on as Joan Edwards' substitute. . . . The characters have a new name for dance hall hostesses—"Shuffle Broads."

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.

**Making Doll House Furniture Is Fun**

HERE is miniature furniture all carefully scaled to reproduce actual size pieces. Any little girl will love the sturdy five-inch-long upholstered sofa and the lounge chair with matching ottoman. They are easy to make, too, and so is the chair. It is covered with a flower print such as little girls' dresses are made of, but it looks like a large scale chintz on a chair only four inches high. The dining room furniture is all made of straight blocks but the



chairs are smartly upholstered in bright oilcloth to simulate leather. The bed with upholstered head piece is especially glamorous and the dainty dressing table has a matching stool made of half of a spool with padded top and full skirt. The nursery is also well furnished with attractive pieces made from things you have on hand.

NOTE—Pattern 274 gives actual-size patterns or dimensions for all the pieces of this furniture with illustrated directions for making. Patterns and directions are also given for the lamps and other accessories. Pattern 273 gives all directions for making the doll house. Patterns are 15 cents each. Send direct to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPARRS  
 Bedford Hills New York  
 Drawer 10  
 Enclose 15 cents for each pattern ordered.  
 Name.....  
 Address.....

**Warriors Perfumed Selves Before Going Into Battle**

Historical accounts reveal that the warrior of Caucasian tribes doused his head and body with strong perfumes before entering battle. Believed to be helpful in terrifying and confusing the enemy, the perfume scents were concocted of garlic and other strong-smelling substances. These scents were manufactured by the general staff of mountain warriors, and handed out systematically to all fighters before each battle.



When Steps look like Mountains!

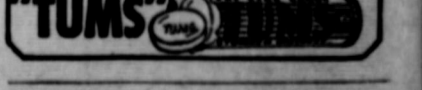
Your feeling of fatigue may be due to Constipation

Yes, constipation can steal your energy. Take Nature's Remedy (N.R. Tablets). Contains no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. N.R. Tablets are different—act differently. Purely vegetable—a combination of 10 vegetable ingredients formulated over 50 years ago. Uncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of N.R.'s have proved. Get a 25¢ box today. . . . or larger economy size. Caution: Take only as directed.

OR TO-NIGHT, TOMORROW ALREADY ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE



ONE WORD SUGGESTION FOR ACID INDIGESTION—



**When Your Back Hurts**

And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par

It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood. You may suffer aching backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up stiff, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won consistently approval than on something just favored because Doan's have been tried and known of many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.



**U. S. to Philippines Radio System Opens**

SAN FRANCISCO. — Commercial radio facilities for the transmission of news between the Philippines and the United States have been reestablished for the first time in nearly three years. A civilian crew employed by Press Wireless reopened commercial service for news from Leyte island.

# HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Above all other things in our memory at this glad Yuletide is the thought of the splendid relations with friends of this organization who have made it possible for us to enjoy a very satisfactory year.

The warm spirit of the Holiday occasion reminds us that in our friends, not in our ledgers, do we find our real assets. There are many things that make us thankful this is our home, and for that reason we desire to extend Season's Greetings.



Please accept the kind wishes and sincere thanks of all of us. Best wishes for a Joyous Christmas and a New Year of much happiness, Good Health and Success for you and yours.

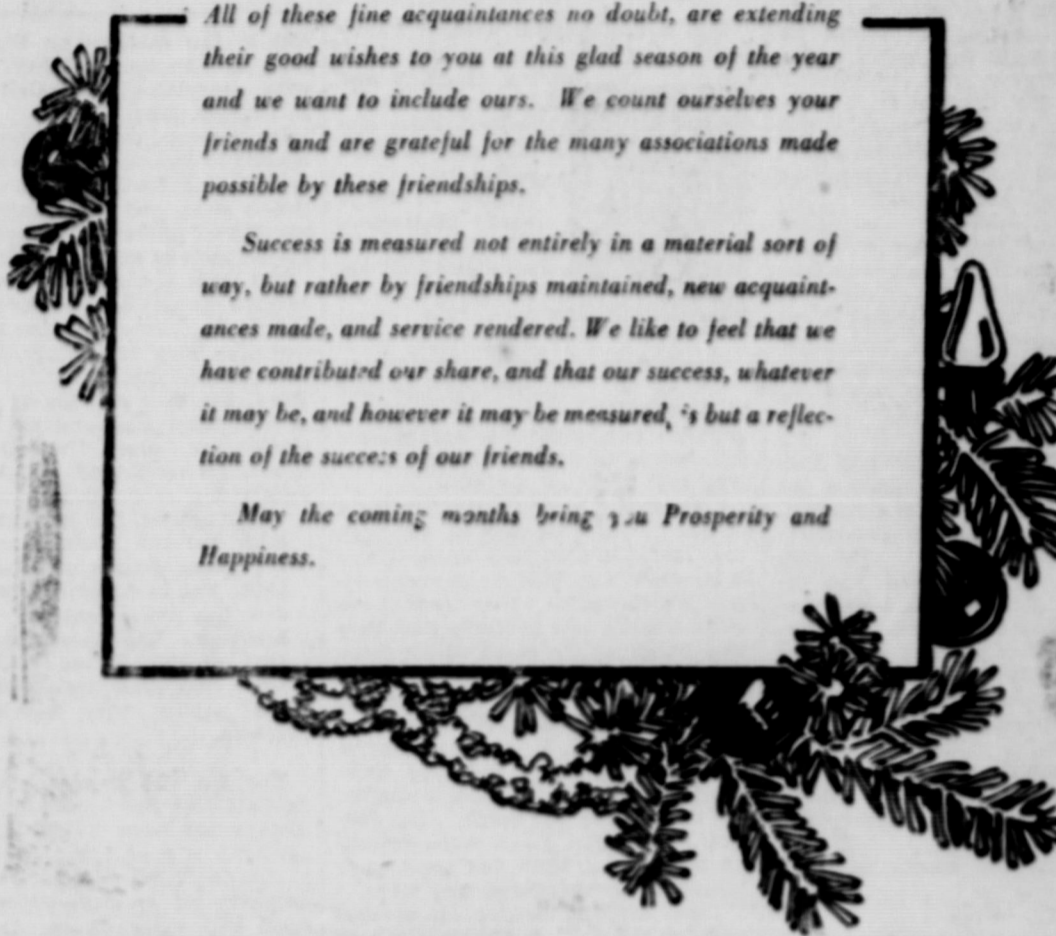
**Cicero Smith Lumber Co.**  
Don Edwards, Manager

# Joys of the Season

You have many friends, we are sure, and we are glad. All of these fine acquaintances no doubt, are extending their good wishes to you at this glad season of the year and we want to include ours. We count ourselves your friends and are grateful for the many associations made possible by these friendships.

Success is measured not entirely in a material sort of way, but rather by friendships maintained, new acquaintances made, and service rendered. We like to feel that we have contributed our share, and that our success, whatever it may be, and however it may be measured, is but a reflection of the success of our friends.

May the coming months bring you Prosperity and Happiness.



**Trinity Warehouse & Compress Company**

**A**S YOU ENJOY THE FESTIVITIES of the Yuletide Season, we want you to regard this little message as a personal acknowledgement of your goodwill and splendid cooperation. Because of these factors you have made it possible for us to enjoy the Holiday Season more thoroughly.

The management and personnel of this institution join together in extending to all of you and yours sincere best wishes for a Christmas of great happiness and a New Year of good health and good times.

# Greetings



from

**O'Donnell Bargain Store**

# CHRISTMAS

## THE PLEASURE IS OURS

As another Yuletide Season is ushered in, we enjoy looking backward over our experiences of the past year. We recall many, many instances of your confidence and good will, and we find these thoughts make us extremely proud and happy.

It is in appreciation of these kindnesses that we take advantage of the Christmas Season, to tell you we have not forgotten. Your confidence in us will be our incentive to greater efforts, that we may continue to come up to your expectations.

Best wishes to you, your family, your friends—our friends.

# GREETINGS

**MANSEL BROS.**



**Man About Town:**  
Noel Coward will apologize for his careless comment on Brooklyn overseas soldiers in hospitals. . . . Is Sec'y Morgenthau resigning from the Cabinet after this bond drive? . . . Washington insiders insist that Atty Gen. Biddle will inherit a U. S. Supreme Court bench. His successor probably will be Tom Clark of the Dep't of Justice.

**Bob Hope's new col'm** is said to have already made 60 gazettes. His weekly take is about a "G." . . . Photoplay's coming out with an article on Bette Davis and her Corporal chum—quoting all items on them. When Bette was asked if she planned marrying, she replied: "I am 36 and too old for such nonsense!" . . . And just what is the "March On Washington Movement," which is listed in the N. Y. Classified (Red Book) on page 46?

**Many secondhand Army cars** are now being offered by dealers at \$400 each. Some paid \$200 for them. It costs another \$60 to repaint from the Army color. . . . If you think there is no racket on the cig shortage, how come so many now show up wrapped in cellophane?

**The Red Cross in Hawaii** and Australia sent out urgent requests for publicity women, who are needed. Salary: \$150 per month (to start) plus room and board. . . . By now, each of the Army nurses who escaped from Bataan has been promoted to at least the rank of Major. . . . Emergency surgery saved the index digit of talented Ethel Smith, the organist. Almost lost it in H'wood preparing sandwiches for servicemen. . . . Despite the recent reports, pals of the heirs insist the N. Y. Yankees team is not for sale now. Unless, of course, you have a fabulous offer. . . . 75 new mags will hit the stands within 6 months.

**Insiders hear that the banks** are keeping a record of all large bills for Mr. Whiskers. From "C" notes up. The reason may be to call them in eventually and ask owners how they got them. Also to check on black marketeers, many of whom are offering 2 per cent to get them changed into 10s, 20s, and 50s.

**Upton Close hasn't yet offered** us any documented proof that Gov't or other pressure groups got him fired off NBC. . . . When depositors of a certain bank (not in N. Y.) read that an accused Hitlerer was in the owner's employ—they withdrew nearly six million dollars by noon day of publication here! . . . Betty Hutton, we hear, is worth nearly a million slugs, and can't find a H'wood house at any price.

**Salties in Our Alley:** Buss Fawcett, publisher (or, if you prefer, the mag-mate), reports on the maid sitcheyshun in H'wood. Alexis Smith's new maid was all dolled up the other day ready to accompany Alexis to the studio. The actress politely reminded her that she was hired as a housemaid, not as a personal attendant. To which the gal exploded: "Nutz to housework, madam. I only took the job so I could meet Errol Flynn." . . . Sunny Skylar offers cigarette-shortage gag No. 66543, to wit: "The cig famine has slowed the tobacco auctioneers down to a crawl."

**Memos of a Midnigher:** That deafening explosion was Carole Landis screaming back at the Shuberts, who scolded her for missing rehearsals, etc. . . . Judy Garland has her heart set on a Broadway musical and may not resume in H'wood for a while. . . . Garbo is no longer a vegetarian. Has to build up resistance by eating food. . . . Smartest looking pair at Gilmore's were the Ronald Colmans (Benita Hume). . . . That German ace (who is credited by the Nazis with bringing down 102 Allied planes) was shot down by an American, now back here. But I mustn't reveal his name. Why's that?

**The Late Watch:** A 60-year-old female resort owner is having nightly rendezvous with a caballero, age 25. . . . When Billy Rose's "7 Lively Arts" premieres it'll cost him one mill-and-a-half, including the fee for the Ziegfeld Theater. . . . Broadway's toughest detectives are looking for that louse who beat up a ribboned Army officer in a hotel. Cut his face to shreds with a broken glass. . . . Beaverbrook, they say, will invest 20 million to make Canada the world's movie center. . . . Maria Montez's earnings have her husband's pix on them. He's Pierre Aumont, overseas.

**Newspapermen in New York** hear rumors about the OWI pictorial service. That it may be taken over by a news syndicate. The A.P.? . . . Socony will be the new sponsor of Info Please starting Feb. 12th. Same time, same station. . . . Returned Marines boost Ty Power this way: "We heard he was a regular guy, but his rating went away up when the rumor spread that he had even done some brig-time!" . . . The Paris edition of the H-Trib goes to press next week. Everett Walker of the staff here has gone to edit.

**Ernie Pyle's Slant on the War:**

**Air Crew Invited Jerrys To Make Daily Mail Stop**

**Fighter Pilots Are Forgotten Men Despite Their Brilliant Work**

By Ernie Pyle

(Editor's Note): This dispatch was written and first published when Pyle was with the GIs during the air battles in French North Africa. He is currently taking a much needed rest in New Mexico.

A FORWARD AIRDROME IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA.—While bad weather stymies the war on both sides has been daily increasing in intensity until it has reached a really violent tempo.

Not a day passes without heavy bombing of Axis ports, vicious strafing of cities and airdromes, losses on both sides and constant watchful patrolling.

Here, at one of our airdromes, all of us can assure you that being bombed is no fun. Yet these tired, hard-working Americans jokingly decided to send a telegram to Allied headquarters asking them to arrange for the Jerrys to stop there each evening and pick up our mail.

I am living at this airdrome for a while. It can't be named, although the Germans obviously know where it is, since they call on us frequently. Furthermore, they announced quite a while ago by radio that they would destroy the place within three days.

I hadn't been here three hours till the Germans came. They arrived just at dusk. And they came arrogantly, flying low. Some of them must have regretted their audacity, for they never got home. The fireworks that met them were beautiful from the ground, but must have been hideous up where they were.

They dropped bombs on several parts of the field, but their aim was marred at the last minute. There were no direct hits on anything. Not a man was scratched, though the stories of near misses multiplied into the hundreds by the next day.

One soldier who had found a bottle of wine was lying in a pup tent drinking. He never got up during the raid—just lay there cussing at the Germans.

When the raid was over he was untouched, but the tent a foot above him was riddled with shrapnel.

Another soldier made a practice of keeping a canteen hanging just above his head. That night when he went to take a drink the canteen was empty. Investigation revealed a shrapnel hole, through which the water had run out.

Another soldier had the front sight of his rifle shot off by a German machine-gun bullet.

Some of the soldiers were actually picking tiny bits of shrapnel out of their coats all the next day. Yet, as I said, not a drop of American blood was shed.

When this airdrome was first set up the soldiers dug slit trenches just deep enough to lie down in during a raid, but after each new bombing the trenches got deeper.

Everybody makes fun of himself—but keeps on digging. Today some of these trenches are more than eight feet deep. I'll bet there has been more whole-hearted digging here in two weeks than WPA did in two years.

The officers don't have to hound their men. They dig with a will of their own, and with a vengeance. If we stay here long enough we'll probably have to install elevators to get to the bottom of the trenches.

After supper you see officers as well as men out digging. Each little group has its own trench design. Some are just square holes. Some form an L. Some are regulation zigzag. The ground here is dry, and the trenches don't fill up with water as they do in the coastal and mountain camps. The earth is as hard as concrete. You have to use an ax as well as a pick and shovel.

You'd love our air-raid alarm system. It consists of a dinner bell hanging from a date palm tree outside headquarters. When the radio watchers give the order the dinner bell is rung. Then the warning is carried to the far ends of the vast airdrome by sentries shooting revolvers and rifles into the air. At night it sounds like a small battle. When the alarm goes the soldiers get excited and mad, too. When the Germans come over the anti-aircraft guns throw up a fantastic Fourth of July torrent of red tracer bullets.

**Aerial Combat Tactics Change**

It is hard for a layman to understand the fine points of aerial combat as practiced at the moment in North Africa. It is hard even for the pilots themselves to keep up, for there are changes in tactics from week to week. We will have some new idea and surprise Germans with it. Then they'll come across with a surprise maneuver, and we will have to

change everything to counteract it. But basically, at the moment, you can say that everything depends on teamwork. The lone dashing hero in this war is certain to be a dead hero within a week. Sticking with the team and playing it all together is the only guarantee of safety for everybody.

American sports has instilled teamwork into the fliers collectively,

But to the soldiers on the ground that isn't enough, so they let loose with everything from Colt .45s up to Tommy guns. It happens that my best flying friends in this war have been bomber men, but I wish somebody would sing a song, and a glorious one, for our fighter pilots. They are the forgotten men of our aerial war.

Not until I came up close to the African front did I realize what our fighter pilots have been through and what they are doing. Somehow or other you don't hear much about them, but they are the sponge that is absorbing the fury of the Luftwaffe over here. They are taking it and taking it and taking it. An everlasting credit should be theirs.

In England, the fighters of the RAF got the glory because of the great Battle of Britain in 1940. But in America our attention has been centered on the bombers. The spectacular success of the Flying Fortresses when they went into action made the public more bomber-conscious. There is still rivalry between the fighters and the bombers, as there always has been. That in itself is probably a good thing. But of late it has sort of slipped out of the category of rivalry—it has developed into a feeling on the part of the fighter pilots that they are neglected and unappreciated and taking a little more than their share on the nose. Their ratio of losses is higher than that of the bombers, and their ratio of credit is lower.

**Bombers Need Fighters.** There have been exaggerations in the claims that the Fortresses can take care of themselves without fighter escort. Almost any bomber pilot will tell you that he is deeply grateful for the fighter cover he has in Africa, and that if he had to go without it he would feel like a very naked man on his way to work.

Our heavy bombers now are always escorted by Lockheed Lightnings (P-38s). It is their job to keep off German fighters and to absorb whatever deadliness the Nazis deal out.

It means longer trips than fighters ever made before. Sometimes they have to carry extra gas tanks, which they drop when the fight starts. They mix it with the enemy when they are already tired from long flying at high altitudes. And then if they get crippled they have to navigate alone all the way home.

The P-38 is a marvelous airplane, and every pilot who flies it loves it. But the very thing that makes the Lightning capable of these long trips—its size—unfits it for the type of combat it faces when it gets there.

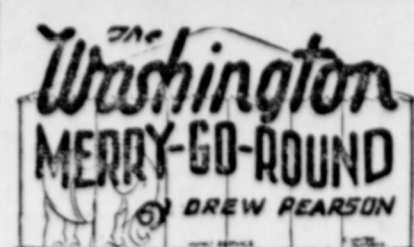
If two Lightnings and two Messerschmitt 109s get in a fight the Americans are almost bound to come out the little end of the horn, because the Lightnings are heavier and less maneuverable. The ideal work of the P-38 is as an interceptor, ground straffer, or light hit-and-run bomber. It would be a perfect weapon in the hands of the Germans to knock down our daylight bombers. Thank goodness they haven't got it.

Convoys of bombers is monotonous work for the fighter pilot who lives on dash and vim. These boys sometimes have to sit cramped in their little seat for six hours. In a bomber you can move around, but not in a fighter.

The bomber has a big crew to do different things, but the fighter pilot is everything in one. He is his own navigator, his own radio operator, his own gunner. When you hear the pilots tell all the things they have to do during a flight it is amazing that they ever have time to keep a danger eye out for Germans.

Although our fighters in North Africa have accounted for many more German planes than we have lost, still our fighter losses are high. I have been chumming with a roomful of five fighter pilots for the past week. Tonight two of those five are gone.

Washington, D. C. CONGRESSIONAL BROADCASTS Although congress has consistently refused to permit its proceedings to be broadcast to the taxpayers who foot the bills, one New York radio station has now taken the bull by the horns, will dramatize congress to its listeners once a week.



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Station WMCA, New York, has decided to take the most interesting portions of each week's debate on the floor of the house and senate, re-broadcast them with actors portraying the legislators, give the public a sample of what sort of representation it is getting in the nation's capital.

The idea was originally proposed to Florida's Sen. Claude Pepper by WMCA's new owner, former Federal Housing Administrator Nathan Straus. Pepper then introduced a resolution in the senate urging that debates be broadcast, but has been unable to get nowhere with his resolution.

Meanwhile, Straus polled the radio industry on his plan, found that many other stations want to do the same thing and will probably broadcast dramatizations similar to that being worked up by WMCA. Congress can't stop stations from dramatizing its debates, so will probably watch its speeches more carefully when it learns what is being done.

**MANPOWER SHORTAGE**

The War Manpower Commission is considering a drastic new plan to provide manpower for war plants which are now having difficulty getting enough labor.

In the shortage areas, according to WMC's new plan, factories which have recently been put back on peacetime production after having worked on war contracts will be closed until the war plants have sufficient labor. This should remedy the fact that workers are flocking to those plants which have already been reconverted, figuring that the jobs there are more permanent.

**PRICE OF BUTTER UP**

Because OPA's dairy price chief, Arnold J. Burke, refuses to place a ceiling price on cream sold by producers, the price of butter may soon go up five cents per pound.

This is to permit butter-makers to compete with ice cream and cream cheese manufacturers in buying cream. The latter have been getting better prices for their products, so have been able to pay more for cream than the butter factories.

To solve this inequality, the War Food Administration has proposed to OPA that the price of butter to the public be increased five cents per pound. Despite its attempt to hold down prices, OPA may have to go along. This increase will not solve the problem, though it will mean slightly more butter.

Early this month, the butter industry advisory committee urged OPA to place a ceiling price on cream at the producer level, but Burke would not consider it.

NOTE—Burke, incidentally, submitted his resignation to OPA some time ago, but his resignation was never acted upon. It will be shortly, to his chagrin.

**REPORT ON CHINESE COMMUNISTS**

U. S. concern regarding the long-smouldering Chinese situation is coming to a head as a result of two developments:

1. It became apparent that the Japs could not be licked merely by island-to-island operations in the Pacific. This type of warfare might destroy even the Japanese main islands, but because the Japs have been moving their war industries to China, a major campaign on the Chinese mainland is going to be necessary.

2. The United States was able to send an official mission to visit the Chinese Communists or Agrarians for the first time in five years. This was arranged as a result of Vice President Wallace's trip. The mission's subsequent report, recently reaching the president's desk, convinced him that somehow or other the two divergent factions inside China must be coordinated.

**HOW GUERRILLAS OPERATE**

The American mission's report to the White House is a very human document. It tells a vivid story of the lengths to which free people will go to fight an aggressor. With no ammunition to speak of—perhaps averaging 20 rounds to a man—Chinese guerrillas will attack a much stronger Jap force in order to take away their supplies.

One of their most effective weapons is home-made dynamite, manufactured from saltpetre, and sometimes mixed with odds and ends of metal to make hand grenades. Dynamite has been too precious to use in blowing up railroads, so the guerrillas rip up railroad ties and rails by hand. To thwart them, the Japs now rivet their rails together.

So many telegraph poles have been sawed off by the Communists that the Japs now have to go to the trouble of making concrete poles.

**This Charming Doll House Will Be Thrilling Surprise for Christmas**

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



days are over, the house also may be turned into shelves for books and trinkets.

NOTE—Pattern 273 gives illustrated directions and dimensions for making the combination doll house and shelves shown here; also actual-size outline drawings for the doors, windows, shutters, fireplace and views into up-to-date kitchen and bath. Directions for coloring these features and gluing them in place, making flower boxes and other details are included. To see this pattern, address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York  
Drawer 10  
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 273.  
Name.....  
Address.....

DO YOU know a young house-keeper who would love to make a home for a family of dolls in this charming Colonial house? It is easy to make from scraps of plywood or from panels with slight flaws now available for civilian use. It is even possible to make the front, partitions and other special features to fit book shelves that you may have now. Another important feature of this house is that it fits into a 28 1/2 inch space against the wall, where it won't be stumbled over. Yet it is light enough to be moved about. The convenient lower shelves are an aid in keeping any play spot orderly and, when doll



An easy way to coat doughnuts with sugar is to place them in a paper sack with powdered sugar. Shaking the bag will do the rest.

Adjust the cover of the ironing board onto the board while it is still wet after washing. It will then fit tight.

Never put food in paper bags in the refrigerator. Air should circulate freely around the food if it is to be preserved at a safe temperature.

If, when you decide to make a cake or spread sandwiches, the butter is hard as a rock, invert a warm bowl over the butter plate, and this will soften but not melt the butter. If you haven't a warm bowl, pour some very hot water into the bowl for a few minutes.

Use the corn pepper to toast odd bits of stale bread.

**Sousa Wrote First Theme Song, a Popular March**

The Washington Post March by John Philip Sousa was not only the first theme song but has become one of the most popular marches in musical history, says Collier's.

Sousa was commissioned to write it in 1889 by the Washington Post, a newspaper of the capital, and his band introduced it shortly afterward at a large public gathering sponsored by the publication.

**Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On**

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



**AUNT SASSIE and the FOLKS**



Ella Mason's husband drove her near crazy harpin' and harpin' on the crissy, tender corn sticks his sister makes. "What's she got that I haven't?" snorts Ella. "Well," I says, "she uses new Royal S.A.S. Phosphate Baking Powder. Why don't you try it?" So Ella changed to new Royal right off and now the compliments are comin' her way, too. Yes, folks, if you want 'em to praise your bakin', get new Royal NOW!

**Try Aunt Sessie's CORN STICKS**



1/2 cup sifted all-purpose flour  
1 1/2 teaspoons Royal S.A.S. Phosphate Baking Powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup yellow corn meal  
1 egg, beaten  
1 cup milk  
2 lbs. melted shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add corn meal and mix thoroughly. Combine beaten egg, milk and flour mixture and stir just into flour mixture and stir just enough to moisten. The dry ingredients. Bake in greased, hot, iron-corn-stick pans in moderate oven at 400° F. about 30 to 40 minutes. Makes 8 large, delicious corn sticks.

**ROYAL S.A.S. PHOSPHATE BAKING POWDER**  
IN 1-OZ., 10-OZ., 24-OZ. AND 5-LB. CANS.  
Costs only 1/3 as much as old Royal  
CONTAINS NO CREAM OF TARTAR!  
FREE! New Cook Book containing delicious, tested recipes. Just write Standard Brands Inc., Box 4995, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y.

**Which of your two husbands is coming home tonight . . .**

MR. "GLUM" OR MR. "GAY"?

Constipation may make anyone a Mr. or Mrs. Glum. Take Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). Contains no chemicals, no minerals, no phenol derivatives. NR Tablets are different—act different. Purely vegetable—a combination of 10 vegetable ingredients formulated over 50 years ago. Uncoated or candy coated, their action is dependable, thorough, yet gentle, as millions of NR's have proved. Get a 25¢ Convincer Box today! All druggists. Caution: Take only as directed.

**ALL-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE**  
NATURE'S REMEDY

# CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

### HELP WANTED

Persons now engaged in essential industry will not apply without statement of availability from their local United States Employment Service.

### MEN WANTED

For General Shop Work. No experience necessary. **MOSHER STEEL COMPANY**, 5101 Maple Avenue, DALLAS, TEXAS.

### WOOL PRESSERS

White or colored. Good pay. "Electric Job" system. **W. W. McBRIDE**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### Business Opportunity

FOR SALE—Confectionary store, good location, camp town, 12-foot fountain, counter, freezer to make ice cream \$2,500.00. **BOX 7114 ABILENE, TEXAS.**

### ELECTRIC MOTORS

GE Electric Motors, 1/2 H. P. 110 V. A. C. 550 RPM. like new, \$20. Will pay transportation charges on lots of 5 or more. **John McBride**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### FARMS

**FANNIN COUNTY STOCK FARM**  
250 acres, one mile east of Ludlow; asphalt road, one two-story house, one ten-room house, one large barn, two stock water ponds, plenty native pecans. Will sell entire stock some if desired. Price \$11,000. **W. F. ALEXANDER**, Ludlow, Texas.

FOR SALE—470 acres, well improved land on the Brazos. One of the best in Texas. \$55 per acre, some trade. **O. W. MYRICK**, Sherman, Texas.

65 ACRES, good soil, house, spring, 20 miles west of Houston. Also on 100-acre highway. \$2,500.00 cash, balance terms. **611 KULLID**, SHREVEPORT, LA.

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Fifty (50) Acres of land, 1000 North Street, Abilene, Texas.

### HOGS

SPOTTED POLAND CHINA HOGS—We offer heavy, ribs and weighing pigs. We deliver 17 days. **Dale Kasket**, Baytown, Texas.

### LUMBER

QUALITY LUMBER—No more. **W. W. McBRIDE**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### MERCHANDISE

U. S. Army Issue Surplus  
Used merchandise at great bargain prices. **W. W. McBRIDE**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### PERSONAL

Person knowing whereabouts of W. W. McBRIDE, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas, will be paid \$2,000.00. **W. W. McBRIDE**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### PLANTS

Plants—Ornamental, 1,000, 2,000, 4,000, 8,000, 16,000. **W. W. McBRIDE**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### Tree and Sprout Killer

ONE MAN CAN KILL  
200 trees of all sizes with **H. O. K.** **W. W. McBRIDE**, 3405 Harrison, Amarillo, Texas.

### Invest in Liberty

Buy War Bonds

### TONIGHT!

### Relieve Miseries of Your BABY'S COLD

As He Sleeps  
Now most young mothers use this modern way to relieve miseries of a child's cold. **Vicks VapoRub**.

Penetrates  
to soothe irritation in nose and throat, loosen phlegm, ease coughing, etc. **Vicks VapoRub**.

Stimulates  
by morning most of the misery of cold is gone. **Vicks VapoRub**.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. **Doan's Pills**.

Doan's Pills  
Doan's Pills have been winning a national-wide reputation. **Doan's Pills**.

Doan's Pills  
Doan's Pills have been winning a national-wide reputation. **Doan's Pills**.

# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Roast Pork Rings in a Merry Christmas (See Recipes Below)

### Yuletide Plans

Merry Christmas and the best of Yuletide greetings to you! Christmas has always seemed to me one of the most interesting seasons of the year as far as food is concerned. It's then that you can bring out the best recipes for your favorite foods and put on the best feast your table has seen.

### Christmas Dinner

Cranberry Fruit Cup  
Crown Roast of Pork  
Julienne Carrots and Green Beans  
Candied Sweet Potatoes  
Cinnamon Apples  
Potato Rolls  
Pink Grapefruit and Onion Salad  
Assorted Relishes and Jam  
Beverage  
Mincemeat Fruit Cake  
Recipe given.

### \*Crown Roast of Pork\*

Select the ribs of a young pig and have the crown prepared at the market. Wipe with a damp cloth and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour and place on a rack in a dripping pan so that the rib ends are down and the meat part up. If this is not possible have meat part down and wrap each of the rib ends in salt pork or thick slices of bacon. Cook in a moderate oven, allowing 30 minutes to the pound. When ready to serve, place the roast on a large platter and garnish each rib end with a plump cranberry. Fill the cavity with buttered string beans and julienne carrots. Arrange candied sweet potatoes around the outside of the platter. Place potatoes alternately with cinnamon apples.

### Rib Roast of Beef

Select a 2 to 3 pound rib roast, wipe with a damp cloth and season with salt and pepper. Place the roast, fat side up, in a roasting pan and bake in a moderate oven until tender and easily pierced with a fork. Forty-five minutes before roast is done, prepare the pudding:

### Yorkshire Pudding

1 cup sifted flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 cup milk  
3 eggs, well beaten

Sift flour and salt together. Add milk and eggs and beat vigorously with a whip beater. Place a spoonful of drippings from the roast into muffin pans and pour batter into them. Or, pour around the roast in the roaster and bake about 15 minutes at 400 degrees F. This pudding puffs up just like popovers and must be served immediately. It must be beaten thoroughly as the lightness of the mixture depends upon the air which is beaten into it.

### Vegetable Platters

There are many vegetable combinations that make up the colorful platters that are so desirable at a big holiday dinner.

Suggestion I. Arrange cauliflower in center of platter and surround with French style green beans and julienne carrots.

### Platter Suggestions

Use large platters to prevent overcrowding. Garnishes or food should never hang over the edge of the platter.

Tomato wedges, cucumber slices and radish roses are old stand-bys for garnishing. Fringed celery, stuffed celery sticks, pickled orange or onion slices, gherkins cut in fan shapes, carrot curls, stuffed olives or green pepper halves filled with cream cheese help pretty the platter.

### LYNN SAYS:

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# IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

### Lesson for December 17

### CHRISTIAN LIVING AT ITS BEST

LESSON TEXT—Galatians 5:22-23. GOLDEN TEXT—If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit—Galatians 5:25.

Life and profession must be in accord. To follow Christ means more than embracing a creed, or following a ritual; it calls for daily living of the highest type.

Herein Christianity differs from all other religions. It is a living faith in a living Lord—which produces a living testimony. Such a life is:

### I. Spiritual (Gal. 5:22-23).

The Christian receives his new life through the ministering of the Holy Spirit. Since that is true, "let us also walk by the Spirit" (v. 25). Every child of God (not just a few, as some suppose) is to live this kind of spiritually fruitful life.

The works of the flesh, horrible in their wickedness and lust, are listed in verses 19-21, and then by striking contrast we have the fruit of the Spirit in the life of the Christian. Note the distinction: work is something we produce; fruit is something that grows.

### II. Gentle (Gal. 6:1).

Christianity is not harsh and un-forgiving toward one who has sinned. Certainly there can be nothing but stern condemnation of continued, flagrant, impenitent sinning. But toward the one who has failed, the winsome attitude of loving restoration should be the first reaction.

### III. Kind (Gal. 6:2-3).

We are to help the brother in need, lift his burden and bear it for him (v. 2). At the same time do not go around expecting anyone to bear your burden (v. 5). Ask God for grace and bear it yourself. If not, do not be offended. Too many Christians expect others to help.

### IV. Honorable (v. 6).

While the Christian will not be seeking any glory or reward for himself, he will always be honorable in caring for those who serve him in the gospel. Salvation is free, and no true preacher or teacher of the gospel would set a price on it. But the necessities of life must be provided, and it is the obligation of the one who is served to "communicate" that of which he has to his teaching brother.

### V. Consistent (Gal. 6:7, 8).

There is an inexorable law which brings only the harvest which is planted. Too many Christians are trying to reap the fruit of spirituality when they have sown only the seed of indifference and worldliness. It can't be done!

### VI. Diligent (Gal. 6:9, 10).

It has been said that we have woe classes in the church—workers, jerkers and shirkers. The shirker does nothing. One wonders whether he is really saved, since there is no sign of life. The worker is the one upon whom one can always depend. The jerker is the one who takes hold mightily, and then is gone when you most need him.

Christian living at its best calls for consistent, persistent, diligent application to the work of God—not only today, but tomorrow, and the next day, and the next!

Note the suggestion of special thoughtfulness toward our fellow Christians (v. 10). Some folk operate on the opposite principle. They treat their fellow believers with a little extra coldness—a special degree of suspicion and criticism. That surely is not Christian living at its best.

# SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK An Attractive 'Shoulder Warmer' Unusual 'Bird Cage' Pot Holders



5797 5799

THIS attractive shoulderette is crocheted in one straight piece, one edge folded back for the collar, the sleeves sewed up to form the cuff. Use white wool, blue satin rosettes and ties for bed jacket use—violet, gray, deep rose wool as a "shoulder" warmer around the house.

These unusual bird cage pot holders will add a gay note to your kitchen. Each one is 7 1/2 inches high, and they're not a bit complicated to make. One has a yellow canary—a bluebird is in the other "cage"—all in a single crochet stitch.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Open Crochet Shoulderette (Pattern No. 5797) send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Open Crochet Bird Cage Pot Holders (Pattern No. 5799) send 16 cents in coin, your name, address and the pattern number.

Send your order to: SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK, 520 South Wells St., Chicago. Enclose 16 cents for Pattern.

Children's Hush Newspaper  
A copy of Ladybird, Poland's underground newspaper for children, recently brought to London, contains such material as news of boy and girl war heroes, a prayer for freedom and various ways to frustrate the Nazis.

### BALANCED DOUBLE ACTION FOR PERFECT BAKING RESULTS

# CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

ASK MOTHER, SHE KNOWS...



### RUB IN Ben-Gay QUICK

Gently warming, soothing Ben-Gay acts fast to relieve cold symptoms. Ask your doctor about these famous pain-relieving agents, methyl salicylate and menthol. Speedy Ben-Gay actually contains up to 2 1/2 times more of these famous ingredients than five other widely offered rub-ins. For quick, soothing relief insist on genuine Ben-Gay!

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Also For PAIN  
RHEUMATISM | MIGRAINE | NEURALGIA  
MUSCLE PAIN | BRUISES | BURNS  
HEADACHE | COLIC | TOOTHACHE

### O'Donnell Index-Press

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

Give Fletcher Johnson and Johnny Vermillion a two by four, a rusty car spring and a can of red paint and the net result after an evening of work is a riding horse that is as cute as any we have seen in the stores. This hobby and liking to make things may well turn into a business if they were interested as the wide variety of toys they have turned out to date is astonishing. And speaking of Christmas spirit — they have it! rsendeethl .oov.

—BUY BONDS—  
 The best after-dinner speaker is an artist at saying nothing, briefly.

Funny man, aren't we. Before marriage we think nothing is good enough for the wife, and after marriage we still think nothing is good enough for her.

### NE WPOSTAL MONEY ORDERS

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20 —The new postal note, a simplified money order, is expected to be ready for sale in the nation's 1,575 first class post offices on January 1st. Postmaster General Walker announced today.

The note to be used for amounts up to \$10 will be sold for a uniform fee of 5 cents. Here's the way Walker said it will work:

You walk up to a money order window and announce you want to

### HIGH BROW

When ladies raise eyebrows at Actions of mine My attitude's always, "Who cares?" I can't be impressed by this 'fso perfect' sign When noting said eyebrows aim theirs, writ by hand

send a postal note for \$2.93. The clerk affixes a three cent stamp to a two dollar postal note. You give the clerk \$2.98 which includes the five cent fee, write the payee's name on the note, detach a stub for your record and mail the note. The transaction requires no writing to be done by the clerk.

### WANT ADS

#### LAND

FOR SALE: 320 ACRES 7 miles east of Brownfield, all in cultivation, red cat-claw land, \$40 per acre. Possession.

320 ACRES 8 miles northwest of Brownfield \$27.50.

1080 ACRES 8 miles west of Plains, 340 in Cultivation, Good improvements, \$16.00 No minerals with this place.

847 ACRES IRRIGATION land, 11 miles west Hereford, \$45.00 Fair improvements.

D. E. HARRIS, Brownfield; on Lubbock Highway. Also lots of other places for sale. Write me now. 12p

For sale: Bundle Higeri five cents a bundle. 5 1-2 miles north of O'Donnell. See H. C. Warren 18 p

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

See, Write, or Phone  
**G. C. Grider**  
 Auctioneer, Tahoka  
 For Farm and Auction Sales

**Deen Nowlin**  
 Real Estate  
 OIL LEASES AND ROYALTIES  
 Office 57—Phones—Res. 163  
 TAHOKA



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

### Citizenship

A farmer of my acquaintance has a knife he wouldn't sell for a ransom, although he is not wealthy. The knife is of a kind that could be manufactured in quantity to retail for less than two dollars. The farmer's son took it from a Jap in a hand-to-hand fight. Wounds the boy received however left him maimed for life. The father prizes the trophy for its cost, not its worth.

One of the strangest quirks of human nature is the hook-up between cost and value. People so often appreciate things according to what they cost instead of according to what they are worth. A man who falls heir to a fortune without effort is much more liable to squander than his neighbor who may have acquired a similar amount the hard way; his wealth cost him too little.

**A Thing of Value**  
 It's like American citizenship, a thing of great value that costs too little. The fee exacted from an immigrant when he "takes out his papers" is not a drop in the sea compared to what he gets. Moreover, the vast majority of Americans acquired citizenship rights with their first conscious breath. We grew up with citizenship. We have always had it and consequently don't appreciate it as we should.

You may have read stories of how British citizenship, about the time America was being colonized, was keenly coveted by noble Huguenots who fled France as refugees. Almost everybody in Christendom is familiar with New Testament accounts of how Saul of Tarsus' life was spared more than once because he, although an Israelite, was born a privileged citizen of Rome.

**An Expensive Item**  
 Roman citizenship in Bible times could be bought, and it cost a great price. It had a great value, too, but it wasn't worth nearly as much as our American citizenship, that costs so little. I think everybody in the United States ought to be educated for citizenship. Not many are, either natives or naturalized citizens. Not everybody needs a college degree but everybody needs to appreciate his freedom.

One sure way to get your wife's attention is to mumble in your sleep  
 It's a bushel of kisses before marriage; afterwards just a few pecks.  
 Most successful men think they did it them selves. Their wives just smile and let it go at that.

TRY AN INDEX-PRESS CLASSIFIED AD. It does the work.

### AUCTION SALES

See Col. Houston Glasson  
 At Lamesa Auction Commission Barn  
 Lamesa, Texas  
 Farm Sales, Dairy Sales

### Zene's Cleaners

For Good Eats Visit  
**MAX CAFE**  
 Tasty Plate Lunches  
 Air Conditioned

If it is - -

### Auto Parts

that you want - - See Us  
**Washing & Grease Jobs**  
**Welding & Repairs**  
 We will replace Glass in your windshield, doors or windows.

### I. J. LATHAM AUTO PARTS

**H. & W. Portrait Studio**  
 LAMESA SEAGRAVES  
 Ask About Our Special Prices on Christmas Photographs

**A Graduate Registered Pharmacist**  
 Is on duty here at all times to fill your prescriptions just as your physician writes them, with the purest of Drugs.  
**O'DONNELL DRUG STORE**

**Construction Helpers Needed at Once for L. O. STOCKER CO.**  
 SEMINOLE OR BORGER, TEXAS  
 CONSTRUCTING 100-OCTANE AVIATION GASOLINE PLANT FOR PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY.  
 Transportation furnished enroute to job. Top wages—long time job—Now working 60 hours a week—Time and one half after 40 hours.  
 LIVING QUARTERS AVAILABLE  
 APPLY AT ONCE  
**U. S. Employment Service Office**  
 1207 14th St., Lubbock, Texas.  
 Hiring to comply with WMC regulations.  
 Seasonal Agricultural workers accepted in compliance with WMC & Selective Service regulations.

Protect Yourself and Loved Ones With A  
**Higginbotham Security Burial Policy**  
 Offered At Surprisingly Low Rates.  
 Office: Higginbotham Funeral Home  
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**Due...**  
 To advances in supplies and taxes we are compelled to advance the prices on a few articles.  
 Proctor Beauty Shop

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**Insurance**  
 For the Best Fire Insurance see  
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Where Most People Meet  
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 Free Removal of Dead Animals  
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 O'Donnell, Texas  
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 Auto and Tractor Repairing  
 Conoco Gas Generator Work Flats Fixed  
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### Our Christmas Message for 1944

NEW dolls to tuck into tiny beds, new sleds, skates on shoes, toys of every description, new clothes, a tree with lights and trimmings standing proudly in a corner of the favorite room, delicious foods, candies, nuts, stores of both useful and useless gifts, loved ones coming home from far and near — these we have come to associate with Christmas. These have quite generally become the theme or the object of our celebration. Our minds are occupied for weeks in meticulous preparation and planning for the event.

But what do we celebrate? What or whom do we hold in remembrance? What transpired which is worthy to claim such a special attention? Judging from the standards of our celebrations could it be suspected that we thus pay tribute to the birth of a baby boy, born King of kings and Lord of lords? Could it be thought that in this fashion we honor the birth of him who died that we might have eternal life? How empty and meaningless are such gestures if they feature our celebration of the birth of the Redeemer of the world.

Poor misguided creatures are we if on Christmas day our voices do not mingle in that heavenly chorus which, at His birth, shouted "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." Impoverished are the souls of men who on Christmas Day and all days do not rejoice and give thanks for the birth, the life, and the atoning sacrifices of the Son of God. Blind are the eyes which see but which do not perceive the many evidences of his love for all mankind. Deaf are the ears that hear but which do not admit to the consciousness of man the words of life and salvation which have lived through the centuries since Mary bent over her baby boy "wrapped in swaddling clothes."

The real Santa Claus spirit in the home at Christmas is not wrong. The joy of giving cannot be denied. It is good that we gather in family groups to rejoice with one another. It is not wrong to enjoy the bounties of the earth which God has provided for our blessing. But it is a serious error if these practices occupy the whole of our attentions and make up the spirit of our celebrations. Surely it could be aught but offensive to suppose that these exhibitions could in any way express gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the birth of his Only Begotten Son.

God gave to us his Son to be our Redeemer. Consider well his gift. It was the greatest within his power to give.

In every O'Donnell home let there be giving this Christmas season as always. But let there be more gifts of pure love, packed in unfeigned kindness, wrapped in sincere friendship and tied with the strong cords of fellowship. Let there be prayers of gratitude to God for the birth of a baby boy, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Let every soul be host to the spirit and power of the Savior of the World. Let every word, thought, and action proclaim in concert with the hosts of Heaven "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

# B. & O.

## CASH STORE

Buy More War Bonds Bring Us Your Produce

You're Always Welcome At—  
**Crescent Cafe**  
 O. L. McClendon  
 The Home of Fine Chili, Tasty Sandwiches, Short Orders, Hot Cakes, Hamburgers, Hot Dogs.  
 Real Coffee, Cold Drinks Cigarettes

▼ **VULCANIZING**  
 Bring That Tire Or Tube To Us  
 If it's made of rubber we'll fix it.  
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AT FIRST SIGN OF A  
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 USE 666  
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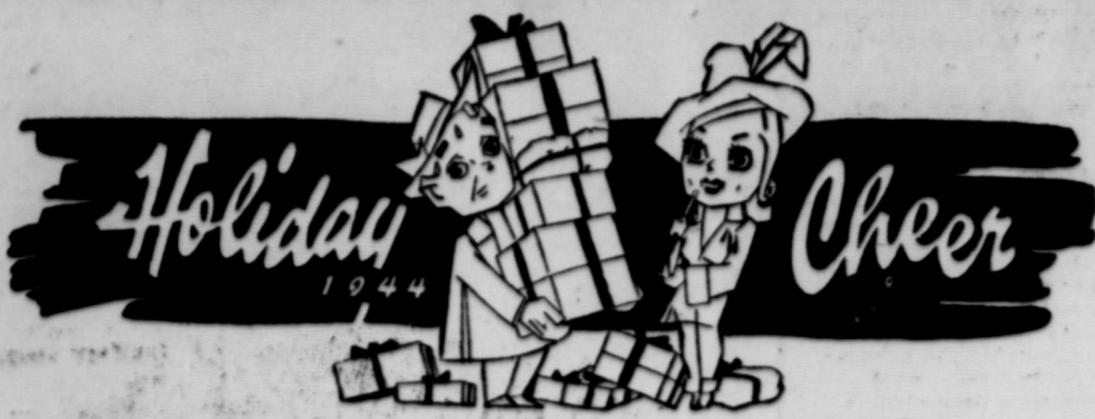
**THRIFTY!**



**ONE-A-DAY**  
**Vitamin A and D Tablets**

EACH tablet contains 25% more than minimum daily requirements of these two essential Vitamins. Insufficient Vitamin A may cause night blindness, may lessen resistance to infection of the nose, throat, eyes, ears and sinuses.  
 Vitamin D is necessary to enable the body to make use of the calcium and phosphorus in our food.  
 Insure your minimum requirements of these two important Vitamins, by taking a ONE-A-DAY Vitamin A and D Tablet every day.  
 Economical—50¢ - or less - per month.  
 Convenient—you take only one tablet a day.  
 Pleasant—children actually like the taste—and so will you.  
 IMPORTANT—when buying Vitamins, compare potencies and prices. Get them at your drug store.





THE confusion, the bustle and indecision of the holidays is now over. The last gift has finally been selected, the last package wrapped, tagged and duly ribboned. Now let's settle down to the real enjoyment of Christmas.



We want you to get just what you want and to be just as happy as you can be. We want you to be happier this Christmas of 1944 than you have ever been before. As for us, we are more grateful to you this Christmas than ever before, for it marks a peak in our pleasant relations. We could not allow this important occasion to slip by without wishing you all a

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

And Happy **NLW YEAR**

**Clawson and  
Holcomb Gin**

*pd.*



There is something in the very season of the year that gives charm to the festivities of Christmas.

—WASHINGTON IRVING



☆ Whether Christmas be white or green, we hope it will be full of charm for you and yours, with an abundance of all the good things that are part of happy Yuletide . . .

We wish you A Happy New YEAR

**KOENIGER  
Grain Co.**

✓

## Christmas Delayed

By LEALON MARTIN, JR.

"ASSUREDLY, Mamma," said Jules Greillon, "this tree, she's mes' pretty."

He surveyed with pride the glittering spruce, with shiny toys piled beneath.

"Yes, Papa," Marie agreed. "It was nice that Mr. Bousour keep the tree good for you this long. Perhaps Mary Ann, she will now believe."

Again the old sadness came to Jules Greillon. Poor Marie! It was not well that a Cajun couple should be childless, yet God had so willed it—and their habit of calling each other Mamma and Papa, begun years ago in hope, had long since been dropped.

Jules' eyes dimmed as he remembered how the child had come to them, early in December, just before they were ready to leave for the usual three months of muskrat trapping.

Mary Ann was five, chubby, yellow haired, daughter of his cousin from the hill country north. She was an alien to this lower coast land of marsh and water. But there



"Oh!"

had been no closer kin, no one else to take her after the highway crash in which both parents had been killed.

Greillon came back to the present. "Now, Papa, all is ready," Marie was saying. "It is but to wait quietly until she awakens."

In her bed, snuggled in the blankets against the chill of the February dawn, Mary Ann could dimly hear the voices in the next room.

In the other room the oak in the fireplace crackled merrily. Warmth and cheer filled the place.

But the two sitting there, waiting quietly but anxiously, scarcely realized this—or that the bells and holly, the red and green paper, and the glimmering tree made the room a different world, a child's fairyland.

Would this make the little one feel better, Jules wondered? It had been a mistake, taking her down to the marshes with them. Yet once there, they could hardly leave until the season was done. It was the furs that brought their living, made them, not wealthy, but well-off, able to take care of a child.

They had tried to explain to her that trapper folk postponed the holiday until they returned to the little communities clustered here and there on solid land north of the rat country.

"And Santa Claus won't even come?" Mary Ann had asked, wide-eyed.

More than anything, Jules remembered and regretted that moment in their little marsh hut. He had looked helplessly at Marie.

"But no, my sweet," Marie had tried to explain. "He will come later, back in Timbalier."

But the child had burst into tears. And she had never understood. Greillon was sure that it was this that had become the barrier between Mary Ann and them. Somehow they could not break through it.

"She does not have the faith in us, Mamma," he had said to Marie.

"Perhaps later she will," Marie had said hopefully.

Mary Ann stirred and rubbed her eyes. It must be getting-up time. Funny that Mrs. Greillon hadn't called her. She always did. Mary Ann wriggled out of bed, padded to the door, opened it.

"Oh!" cried Mary Ann, catching her breath. Then, in sheer ecstasy, "Oh!"

It couldn't be true, yet there it was! A really, truly Christmas tree, all bright and beautiful. A big red stocking hanging by the fireplace. And toys piled up under the green branches, and the most beautiful doll!

The room was all cozy. Mary Ann's eyes sparkled. Santa Claus had come after all as Mr. and Mrs. Greillon had said, as she hadn't believed. There they were smiling at her.

"Oh, Mamma, Papa," she cried, running in, "Santa Claus really did come after all, just as you said he would, didn't he?"

Mamma and Papa Greillon looked at each other smiling gently, eyes gleaming.

"Yes, my sweet," Mamma said, tenderly.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

The human eye is said to be 300,000 times more sensitive to dim light than the thermopile, the most sensitive physical instrument devised.



THAT clatter out on the porch means Santa Claus . . . or maybe it's only Uncle Joe in his annual role of St. Nicholas.

Yes, there IS a Santa Claus, and there will always BE a Santa Claus in the good old U.S.A.

We wish for you and your family this season of 1944-45 a typical American Christmas.



**ZENE'S  
CLEANERS**

✓

☆

1944

There's a joy in the heart  
That sets Christmas apart,  
To make it a day of all days.  
And may its true peace  
And good will never cease  
To bless you in manifold ways.



**Mc Carty Garage - at the "Y"**

✓



And Best Wishes for the Merriest Kind of a Holiday Season to All

*pd.*

**Judge G. C. Grider  
AUCTIONS**

**Without Christ - No Christmas**

"Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a woodman, who to her neighbors, was just one of them and one with them. He grew up in another village. He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then, for three years he was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never put his foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but himself.

"While still a young man the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. One of them denied him. He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. As he was dying, his executioners gambled for the only piece of property he had on earth, and that was his coat. When he was dead he was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

"Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

"I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that were ever built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together have not affected the life of man upon this earth as has that one Solitary Life."

**Watch A Cold**

Austin, Texas, Dec. 20— Reports from widely separated parts of Texas to the Texas State Department of Health shows that influenza is wide spread throughout the state. During the past month over 2170 cases have been reported.

Colds, gripe, and influenza are spread from person to person through discharges from the nose and throat. Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer, says that in order to protect yourself from such diseases here are some things to be remembered and some precautions to be observed.

Influenza is highly infectious. Practically everybody is susceptible to it. No matter how many times you may have had the disease, you may contract it again. Therefore, keep away from people who are sneezing, coughing, or sniffing, or who are actively ill with colds, influenza or pneumonia. Keep away from crowded places. Have your own towel and drinking cup and always wash your hands before eating.

Keep yourself fit as possible by drinking plenty of water, by eating

**In Answer to your Letter**

O'Donnell's Mayor, R. O. Stark and local Santa Fe Agent, gave us this letter:

Dear Sirs: Please send me some information and maps on O'Donnell, Texas. Thanking you for a reply.

Sincerely yours, Miss Katherine Tyers, Staten Island, N. Y.

Ed. note: Replying thru the Index Press we submit hurriedly the following few facts:

The town of O'Donnell was established in July, 1910 with the Santa Fe railroad reaching this section during that year. The development of the town and surrounding country has not been spectacular. Yet it has enjoyed a steady and healthy growth. Primarily the town is considered the greatest cotton town in the United States. During the past 44 years, or since cotton was first planted on the south plains, but two crop failures have resulted. Those were the years of 1917 and 1918. A very short crop was made in the year of 1934 and the year of 1937 saw 42,000 bales of 500 hundred pounds each ginned in the town. Two years ago Lynn Co., in which O'Donnell is supposed to be located, led the state in ginning with near a hundred thousand bales.

Unquestionably the town is in the best maize producing section in the whole world. A cruise over the great farms most any year would convince anyone of this fact. With the advent of combines and the improvement of maize varieties up to a standard height, it is quite easy for one man to prepare a section, plant, cultivate and harvest it with one 4 row tractor. Ordinarily maize production runs around 2,000 to 2,500 pounds of grain per acre. Grain has sold at from one dollar and twenty five cents to two dollars per hundred weight. Cotton returns are from one half to a bale per acre. Present price per pound is eighteen to twenty cents per pound.

This section is no longer referred to as being the recipient of much rainfall, but rather as a section that NEEDS but little moisture to make a crop. The higher altitude takes care of the situation. Crop losses from rainfall are unimportant. Rainfall runs in the neighborhood of twenty inches per year. Certain material elements in the south plains are

**BAPTIST CHURCH**  
 Sunday School: 10:20 to 11:30  
 Morning Worship: 11:30 to 12:30  
 Evening Worship: 7:30 P. M.  
 God said it; Jesus did it; We believe it; That settles it.  
 Church with a glad hand, a cordial welcome and a Bible message  
**J. M. HALE, PASTOR**

simple, nourishing food, by some exercise out of doors every day, by dressing according to the weather, by having plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room, and by keeping the bowels regulated.

If you feel an attack of gripe or influenza — or even what you may think an ordinary cold — coming on, go to bed, consult your physician, and follow his directions implicitly.



**Christmas Wishes**

Every good wish for your happiness at this joyous Christmas Season.

We have enjoyed the past year with you and are appreciative of your consideration.

**O'Donnell Help Ur Self Laundry**

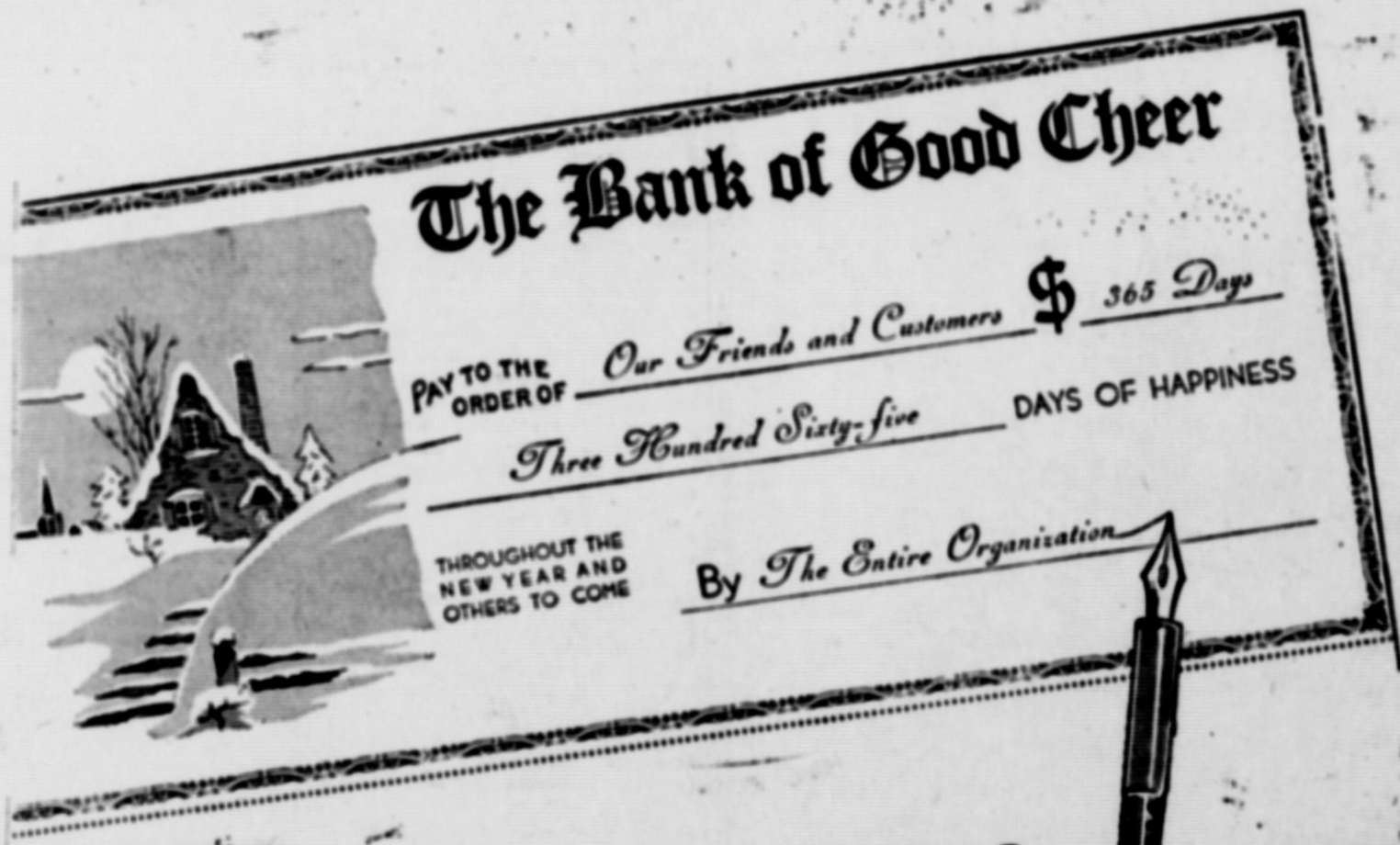
TIMES CHANGE . . .  
 . . . AND WE WITH TIME  
 BUT NOT THE WAYS OF FRIENDSHIPS

**SEASON'S GREETINGS**



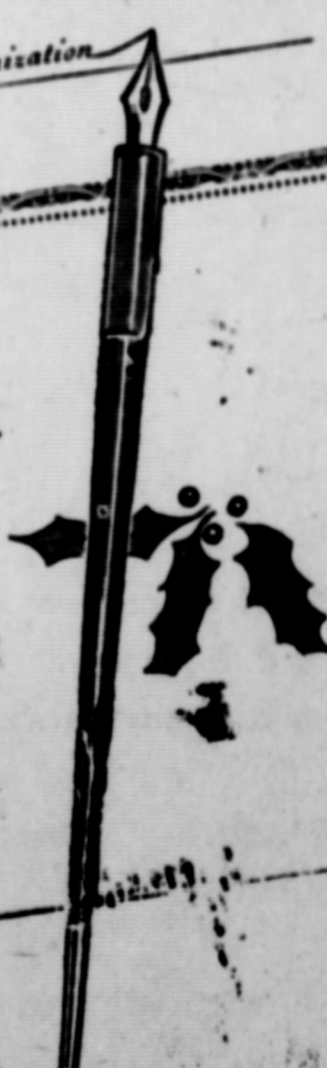
May the New Year bring you a full measure of prosperity

**C. C. Dry Goods Co.**



**CHRISTMAS VOUCHER**

This check is part payment of our appreciation for your goodwill which has contributed so materially to our progress during the past year.



**First National Bank**



Your good will has been a priceless asset to us during 1944 and other years. We thank you for the confidence you have placed in us and wish you the manifold blessings of a happy Yuletide.



**ELLIS**  
Chevrolet Co.



I GIVE you my word, I was never more flabbergasted in my life than the afternoon I found Jennie Muldrow looking through Bill's closet. Bill is my husband. I must have made a sound—gasped, maybe—for she turned around with a jerk. If I ever saw guilt on a human countenance it was on hers. Then suddenly I had an inspiration. I laughed weakly. "You gave me a start, Jennie," I said. "I didn't know anyone was in here. Were you looking for your coat?"

"Yes. I—I was," she stammered. Perhaps it would be better if I began at the beginning. You see, the bridge club was meeting at my house. Just the usual crowd, two tables. Jennie Muldrow, only a few minutes earlier, had invited us all to a dinner party at her home the week before Christmas.

That night Mildred Carr phoned me. "Mary," she said, "did you see a pair of brown pigskin gloves anywhere? I thought they were in my purse but I can't find them."

The next day I told Mildred I couldn't find the gloves. "Just as I thought," she answered.

"What did you say?"

"Mary, I hate to say this, but I'm terribly afraid we have a thief in our midst."

Immediately I recalled Jennie Muldrow in Bill's closet, but I didn't mention it. "Why, Mildred?" I exclaimed. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, Betty Hicks lost a compact yesterday. I don't mean she drop-



If I ever saw guilt on a human countenance it was on hers.

ped it somewhere. She had it at your house. But when she got home it was gone."

"And that isn't all. Kitty put a lovely Appenzell handkerchief in her bag when she left home, but this morning it wasn't there."

I started to speak but Mildred said quickly, "Now don't say she was just mistaken, Mary Elsworth, because that isn't all. Guess what Martha Fox told me!" This was just rhetorical, so I didn't answer. Evidently Mildred had had a busy morning. "Jennie was visiting Martha last night and, when Martha was called to the phone and her back was turned, Jennie pocketed a tie of Raymond's! Martha was facing a mirror but Jennie didn't notice."

"What do you think? Could Jennie be a—kleptomaniac?"

"I don't know," I answered. I said nothing about seeing Jennie in Bill's closet. I never did tell anyone but Bill. He was inclined to poo-poo the whole business.

The burning question was: Should we go to the Christmas party or not? There was a difference of opinion about what to do. Martha wanted each one to make up a water-tight excuse and stay at home. Mildred Carr said ruthlessly, "No, that won't solve anything. Jennie must resign from the club. We can't have a criminal in it. She must understand she isn't wanted." The more determined Mildred became, the less I wanted to humiliate Jennie. So finally I said, "Girls, you can all do what you like, but I'm going." The upshot was that all of us appeared except Mildred and her husband.

Jennie gave us the surprise of our lives. She had a small, beautifully trimmed tree, with attractive looking packages nesting in the branches. We simply gasped. "Jennie! You shouldn't have done this!" She laughed. "Really, it wasn't much trouble. In fact, I had a lot of fun."

After dinner the presents were distributed. One by one the missing articles came to light. Kitty's face, as she lifted her Appenzell handkerchief out of a dainty velvet case, was the funniest thing I've ever seen! Raymond Fox unwrapped a tie holder from which a tie was hanging, and Bill did the same. Everybody was laughing uproariously by this time, yet looking decidedly sheepish, too. I was gazing in fascination at my present—pictures of my children.

Just to make it unanimous, she said, there was a gift for John Muldrow. "I've been looking high and low for that thing," I heard him say.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

WANTED: 150 ACRES OR more land to rent on halves. Can harvest crop without outside help. Can finance for the crop year. Good references. A. T. FLOWERS, Box 443 O'Connell, Tex. 11p.



There is something in the very season of the year that gives charm to the festivity of Christmas.

—WASHINGTON IRVING



**SINGLETON**  
Appliance

Hearty and cheery  
And happy and true,  
An ever so fervent  
Merry Christmas to  
you! . . .



**Brock and Parker**  
TIRE SHOP

... It's Christmas!  
So Let's Celebrate!

Let's celebrate by recalling on every day what Christmas is and what it means. Let's celebrate by never doubting that eventually Good shall triumph. Let's celebrate by making children happy and by opening our hearts to those in need.

That's the way to have the Merry Christmas we wish for you.



**CITY BAKERY**

1944  
*The Season of Christmas*

**EVER  
THAT SAME  
STAR**

★ The wise men saw it over the hills of old Judea . . . it glows in the Christmas sky tonight, though clouds may obscure the heavens. It is a beacon of hope in a world in which there is ever so much room for improvement. Its spirit travels around this earth, encouraging, sustaining, and beautifying.

Our Christmas greeting to every man, woman and child in this community . . . a greeting as warm and hearty—we hope—as if it were made to each in person with a friendly smile and a shake of the hand.

**Boydston Variety**  
STORE

# It's Christmas

May yours be a merry one and the New Year be filled with joy and happiness in return for your thoughtfulness to this organization.

MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR

**Boothe's**  
5c to \$1 Store



## Yule Wreaths Easy To Make

This year, the home wreath maker can use a bit of ingenuity and concoct perhaps handsomer wreaths than ever.

Wire is scarce, so unless last year's wire frame was saved, a substitute will be needed. Some people twist two or more small, tough switches from hazel, maple or dogwood. They use this, bound with moss, as a base for the holly or evergreen wreath.

A wire coat hanger, bent to circular shape, is good for a wreath, and has the merit of being universally obtainable.

The evergreens or holly to be used for making the wreath should be cut into short lengths, longer for a large wreath, shorter for one of small diameter, but about six inches the general length.

The short sections are gathered into little bunches and wired onto the wire foundation. Strong green cord can be used to fasten them on, too, wrapping it over and over around the frame. Small wire is better if obtainable.

Another way of making a wreath is to wire each small bunch of the greens onto a toothpick, then stick these into the moss-covered framework. But for this method there must be a framework an inch or two broad instead of a single wire circle.

Holly, spruce, Douglas fir, cedar and many of the ornamental nursery varieties of evergreens may be used to make the wreath.

## Lesson In Service

By Barbara Ann Benedict

"This 'peace on earth, good will toward men' stuff gives me a pain," Darl said. He laughed cynically, looking down into the girl's troubled eyes. "It gets me how you got hooked into it, Pam. Why don't you look the thing squarely in the face and realize it's the bunk!"

"You must be blind!" Pamela cried. "There are thousands and thousands of people who give things."

"O.K., honey," He smiled. "We look at it differently. The way I figure it, a man never does something for nothing. If he isn't rewarded with material gain, then he's rewarded by having his vanity soothed. There's always a selfish motive behind a so-called act of kindness, no matter which way you figure it. But it isn't important. What is important is that it's Christmas and you and I are in love and we ought to think of celebrating."

"It is important, Darl." Her voice was suddenly vibrant. "It's important to me to show you that you're wrong. I couldn't be happy with a man who had

those ideas." And then, seeing the expression on his face, her tone softened. "Oh, I know it seems silly to you—quarreling about something so trite. But to me it isn't trite. Oh, Darl, let me show you how wrong you are!"

The streets were festive. Colored lights and greenery showed in every window. Lighted trees were on every street corner. Pam stopped the car while a group of carol singers trooped by. A girl with a tambourine thrust a smiling face against the coupe window. She dropped coins into it and smiled and said, "Merry Christmas."

They left the gaily lighted streets behind. Pam turned into a side street. She stopped before a house and sounded her horn. A moment later a small, middle-aged lady came bustling out. She carried a basket. Pam opened the door for her, and introduced, Darl. Her name was Kimball.

"Well!" said the little lady. "This is nice. I suppose you're the young man to whom Miss Tripp is engaged."

"Yes, we're engaged," Darl said. He wondered what she had in the basket. She was so poorly dressed, so frail and appeared so undernourished. But there was a sparkle in her eyes.

But instead of driving back to the city, Pam drove across the railroad tracks and into the desolate, ill-lighted thoroughfares of Jaytown.

At last they stopped before a dilapidated tenement house. They entered a dark, cold hall, mounted stairs and rapped on a door. A weak voice bade them enter.

The room was warmer than the hall outside, lighted with a kerosene lamp. A woman lay in bed, a child cradled in her arms. Mrs. Kimball, matter-of-factly stirred up the fire, produced candles and lighted them. Pamela straightened things in the room with surprising efficiency. The woman in the bed watched from hollow eyes while Mrs. Kimball unpacked her basket, set out a pitifully small supply of foodstuffs, some strings of popcorn, the green bough of a pine tree, an orange two apples, a bottle of milk.

The sick woman's eyes were eager, grateful as the things appeared. In no time at all the pine bough was arranged on the table, the strings of popcorn draped over it, oranges placed at its base, two candles on either side.

Darl's forehead wrinkled. He saw the glow on Mrs. Kimball's face, the sparkle in her eyes. She was poor. She was doing all she could and the woman in the bed knew this. She was giving back gratitude and warmth of feeling and love.

They left Mrs. Kimball and drove back to the city. They stopped near the park to listen to the carol singers. Pam looked at him. "Did it mean anything to you, Darl? Do you see what I mean?"

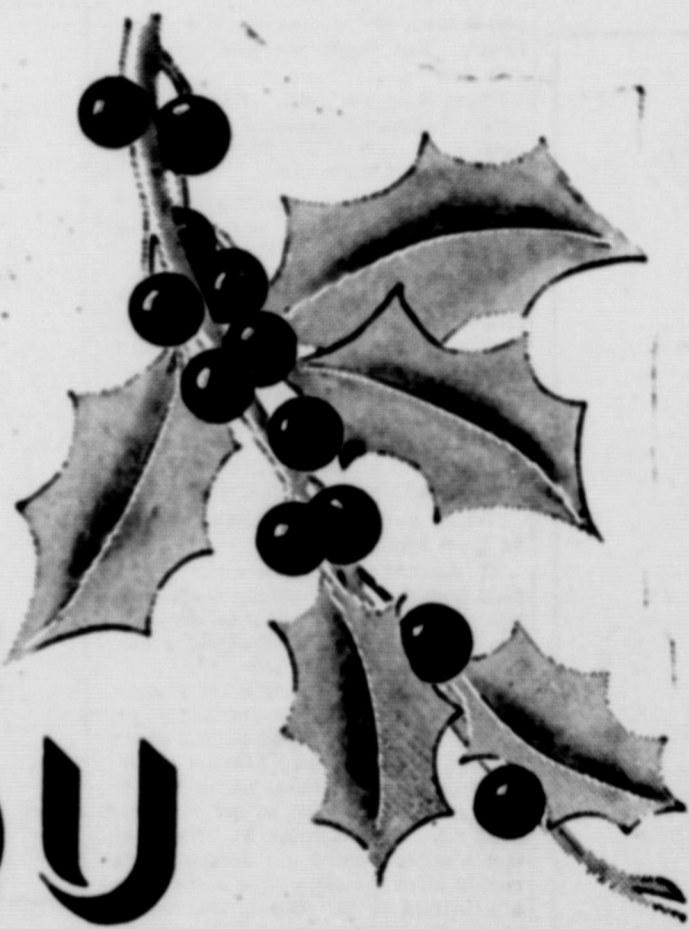


It's Christmas, and with its coming we welcome the fine spirit of friendliness that goes with it, and are desirous of sending this Greeting to all those we serve and those whom we hope to serve.



# B. M. Haymes

Real Estate - Insurance



to wish

# YOU

a Joyous Christmas and a  
Happy New Year

From a firm that has enjoyed serving you in the past, and which is desirous of continuing the pleasant associations of our friends in the future.

## Higginbotham-Bartlett Co.

E. T. WELLS, Manager



# GOOD WILL



★ The wise men saw it over the hills of old Judea . . . it glows in the Christmas sky tonight, though clouds may obscure the heavens. It is a beacon of hope in a world in which there is ever so much room for improvement. Its spirit travels around this earth, encouraging, sustaining, and beautifying.

Our Christmas greeting to every man, woman and child in this community . . . a greeting as warm and hearty—we hope—as if it were made to each in person with a friendly smile and a shake of the hand.

WE HOPE old Santa will not forget you this Christmas of 1944, but that he will cram that stocking so full it can hold no more.

Good cheer, good fellowship, and Merry Christmas to you all!

# HOLIDAY GREETINGS

Above all other things in our memory at this glad Yuletide is the thought of the splendid relations with friends of this organization who have made it possible for us to enjoy a very satisfactory year.

The warm spirit of the Holiday occasion reminds us that in our friends, not in our ledgers, do we find our real assets. There are many things that make us thankful this is our home, and for that reason we desire to extend Season's Greetings.



Please accept the kind wishes and sincere thanks of all of us. Best wishes for a Joyous Christmas and a New Year of much happiness, Good Health and Success for you and yours.

## BLOCKER'S GROCERY



## MERRY CHRISTMAS

May the Spirit of Christmas light a candle of cheer in your hearts that will shine during your Holiday Season and glow throughout all the New Year!



## West Texas Gas Company



# SINCERE WISHES

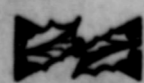
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## JOYFUL CHRISTMAS and a very Happy New Year

It is with all the earnestness within our hearts that we express our cordial Christmas Greetings to all those whom we have had the pleasure of serving during the past twelve months. Our good wishes go with each of you as you enter

into the spirit of this occasion with your loved ones and friends.

We appreciate your patronage and pledge anew to improve our service in every way possible to merit its continuance.



## LINE - LAMBERT Grocery

# CHRISTMAS

### THE PLEASURE IS OURS

As another Yuletide Season is ushered in, we enjoy looking backward over our experiences of the past year. We recall many, many instances of your confidence and good will, and we find these thoughts make us extremely proud and happy.

It is in appreciation of these kindnesses that we take advantage of the Christmas Season, to tell you we have not forgotten. Your confidence in us will be our incentive to greater efforts, that we may continue to come up to your expectations.

Best wishes to you, your family, your friends—our friends.

# GREETINGS

## Hervey Gardenhire



WE HOPE old Santa will not forget you this Christmas of 1944, but that he will cram that stocking so full it can hold no more.  
Good cheer, good fellowship, and Merry Christmas to you all!



**GOOD WILL**  
**SALEH'S**  
**And Family**

WE THANK YOU

**Ring Out the Old,  
Ring In the New**

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

**Ring In, New Year**

By ARTHUR GORDON

"... And moreover, this is New Year's eve," said Wallace, as if that ought to settle the matter. "Cheer up. Let's go to the Officers' club and join in the fun."

George Martin shook his head. Before he could welcome the approach of another year he had a troublesome decision to make. The crowded streets, the milling people, the babbling groups headed for Times Square—none of

these signs of the coming of 1945 had power to lift him from his depression. His voice was solemn.

"Look at my problem from the personal angle," he said. "Tell me, Wallace, how would you feel if you had been told you couldn't return to the school ship after the holidays?"

"I'd feel bad, naturally. But not as if the world had come to an end."

"You're not a sailor," returned Martin. "You don't understand what the school ship gets to mean to a fellow. It gets in the blood... under a man's skin."

He listened carefully as Martin continued: "You should have seen Doyle's face when the Cadet Council told him he was through. It went white. It's not only the way a fellow feels about it himself, it's a fellow's family..."

Wallace was saying: "The school ship's not the only place of its kind in the world. A fellow can still work his way up from the fo'c'sle, you know, and become just as good an officer."

They were walking along a waterfront street, now, past seamen's lodging houses. A row of men stood in line before the doorway of a Sailors' Mission.

"Shipping's bad," volunteered one of the men. "No more ships. Can't get a job for love nor money. Got a cigarette?"

Martin pulled a package of them from his pocket, offered it. The sailor took a cigarette eagerly, waited for a light. "Thanks, buddy."

"See what a fellow's up against?" Martin said. A youngster would have no chance at all."

At the next stand he purchased a newspaper. He stood under a neon sign and opened it to the Want ads. "Look. Here are your shore jobs. Wanted: an office boy. Must run elevator. Wanted: boy to distribute handbills. Wanted: soda clerk. Are there anything for a fellow who really wants a sea career—a merchant officer's career, the whole world ahead of him, and a captain's berth at the end?" He threw down the newspaper. "I've made up my mind. Come with me," he said.

At a small hotel for sailors, he turned in and inquired: "Doyle stopping here? Thomas Doyle?"

The clerk thumbed through the register. "Number 1215."

As George Martin entered the room, Doyle sprang to his feet. He had been stretched out on the narrow bunk, his face buried in the pillow.

"I heard you hadn't gone home, Doyle," said Martin.

Doyle's eyes were swollen and red. "I thought I'd rather stay here, sir... until after the holidays. Then I thought I'd get a ship—or a shore job. I couldn't face them at home, sir... I just couldn't."



**BEN MOORE**  
Real Estate - Insurance



**EVER  
THAT SAME  
STAR**

Your good will has been a priceless asset to us during 1944 and other years. We thank you for the confidence you have placed in us and wish you the manifold blessings of a happy Yuletide.

★ The message of good will that emanated from Bethlehem 2,000 years ago not only transforms the world at Christmas but is the foundation of every honest transaction. We depend upon your good will; you depend upon ours.

**O'Donnell Implement Co.**  
Charley Cathey :: A. K. Williams

