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

21 Years A
Poster For The
Donnell Area

O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has
the Cotton, Grain
Poultry, Cream

Vol. 22, No. 11

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, Nov. 10, 1944

\$2 Per Year

D. R. Wins Fourth Term

Electoral Votes Stand
395 to 136

The vote getting magic of Pres.
Franklin D. Roosevelt won him a
fourth term in the White House.
The O'Donnell vote was:
Democrats 337
Republicans 63
Texas Regulars 24
On Wednesday morning the
total stood roughly:
For Roosevelt 14 1-2 million
For Dewey 12 million

STILL CHAMP



Franklin D. Roosevelt

Special Service

Next Thursday, Nov. 16, there
will be a Service Man's Rally at
the Assembly of God Church. Rev.
William Cox, Jr is speaker.

Local News

W. C. Reeves of Brooks Field,
spent the week end with his
family. Cpl. Clyde Hammond accom-
panied him.
Mrs. Casey Cahool and
Elizabeth Hudgins and son of
Lubbock were Sunday visitors in
C. H. Cahool home.
Lydia Tale has returned to
home in Lubbock after a visit
to her mother.

55 Lynn Co. Men Are Taken By Armed Forces

Of the 70 selectees sent from Lynn
county to Fort Bliss at El Paso last
week, 55 passed the physical tests
and were accepted for service. Fifteen
were rejected and returned to their
homes.
Sixteen of the 55 were assigned to
service in the Navy and one in the
Marine corps. The other 38 were
assigned to the Army.
The names, home addresses, and
assignments of the inductees are
given by the Selective Service board
as follows:
Homer Raymond Fannon, Sam-
mye Clyde Stuart, Elmer Leon La-
rhone, Ervy Earl Booth, all of
O'Donnell.

Society Meets

The Woman's Society of Chris-
tian Service met Monday, Oct. 23rd
in the home of Mrs. Ben Moore, Sr.
for the regular social and business
meeting. Co-hostesses were Mrs.
Warren Smith and Mrs. Joe Schooler.
The study this quarter has been
"The Indian in American Life." At
one o'clock an Indian style luncheon
was served. Then after the opening
song, Bro. Crandall led in prayer.
After which Mrs. Roeninger led the
devotional. Bro. Crandall gave the
4th chapter of the book. The busi-
ness session followed. The Adult
Life Membership collection was tak-
en as well as the regular offering.
The society voted to present the Life
Membership to Mrs. J. W. Gates, a
faithful and loyal member. Mrs. Joe
Gardner gave the concluding chapter
of the book and the meeting was
closed in prayer.
Those present were: Mesdames J.
W. Gates, Howlin, Gibson, A. H.
Koeninger, Don Edwards, Ervin
Jones, Earl Curtis, Sumner Clayton,
Sr., D. E. Sumrow, Ben Moore, Jr.,
and children, Daisy Celsor, Rev.
and Mrs. E. H. Crandall, Joe Gar-
ner, C. D. Picken, Mr. Ben Moore.

The Chas. Nunnallys of Mesquite
were O'Donnell shoppers Monday.
Pfc. Alvis Monach is visiting his
parents, S. A. Monach family this
week. Mr. Monach will return to
Montana and then be transferred to
Alaska, according to information he
has at present.
Mrs. F. G. Wheeler had a minor
operation on her nose this week at
the Lubbock hospital. She is doing
nicely.
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Harris spent
Sunday with J. B. Waller in the Pride
community.
Mrs. Buck Eller of Amarillo is
spending the week end with relatives
here.

Two Local Houses Improve Lately

We noticed that a great deal of
work has been done on the Masonic
Hall and the building next door
known as the Odd Fellows Hall. The
Masonic Hall has had a coat of white
paint and other improvements while
Mr. Calvin Dorman has rebuilt the
upstairs of the Odd Fellow Hall into
several nice modern apartments.
There are also three new homes in
the east part of town that are under
construction. We failed to learn the
names of the owners at this date.
A limiting factor in O'Donnell's
growth is housing a present and we
are glad to see this partial easing of
the housing situation.

INJURED

Jerry Noble, son of Mr. and Mrs.
Levi Noble, was painfully injured in
a car accident near Dodge City, Kan.,
last Wednesday. Jerry is stationed in
Nebraska and was enroute home to
O'Donnell on a 7-day leave.

ON HUNTING TRIP

"Doc" Barnett, J. T. Middleton and
Ray "Hoot" Gibson left Tuesday on
a deer hunting trip in the vicinity of
Pie Town, N. M.

SHOWER

Miss Vindie Hodneff, bride-elect
of Mr. Owen Eager of Nolan, was
honored with a bridal shower at the
First Baptist Church by Mrs. J. A.
Edwards and Mrs. Delbert Mires.
Refreshments were enjoyed by a
large number of guests.

TO OPEN NEW DEPARTMENT

Hal and Sam Singleton recently
announced that they were adding a
new department to their hardware
store. They will carry a full line of
automobile parts and will sell whole-
sale and retail. Further announce-
ments will come later.

SUNDAY VISITORS

Sunday visitors in the home of Mr.
and Mrs. I. M. Davis of the Harmony
community were: Pvt. Thomas A.
Davis, of Camp Walters, Tex.; Mr.
and Mrs. Deen Davis, Jerry and Kar-
ren; Mrs. June Isaacs and Virgie
Mc; all of Lamesa; Mr. and Mrs.
Rob Lane and family of Berry Flat;
Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lane.
E. W. McMurtrey, A. R. McMurtrey,
and Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Allen.

Mrs. F. M. Burnette and son, Frank
Jr., left Saturday for a few days visit
with her daughter and son-in-law,
Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Treadway.

Methodists Report On Year's Work

The Northwest Texas Annual Con-
ference met Wednesday, Nov. 8th at
Sweetwater. It will be in session
through next Sunday and close with
the reading of appointments, accord-
ing to Rev. E. H. Crandall, local
Methodist pastor.

Below are some of the items in
the Pastor's Report to the Annual
Conference:
Additions to Church by Baptism
and Vows, 25; by certificate, 17;
total additions, 42.
Present total membership of the
church, 342; net gain this year, 22.
Church school enrollment--all de-
partments, 153; church school aver-
age attendance for year 96.

FINANCES

Raised by church school (all pur-
poses), \$345; W.S.C.S. local work,
\$304; sent to conference treasury,
\$145, \$449.

Paid benevolences (this year),
\$522; (for next year) \$575.

Paid cash to McMurry campaign,
\$1,489; paid Week of Dedication, \$80;
paid World Communion Sunday \$70;
paid to pastor \$2100; paid district
superintendent, \$210; paid retired
preachers and bishops, \$210; paid to
Methodist Home, \$425; paid for all
purposes, \$7616.
(This does not include the Benevo-
lences for next year. This will be re-
ported next year.)

MRS. BOB CARROLL HOSTESS TO JOLLY TWELVE SEWING CLUB

Tuesday of this week, the mem-
bers met in the home of Mrs. Bob
Carroll. Each member brought her
sewing. Quite a bit of interest was
created, as the various kinds of work
was displayed. At the business ses-
sion plans were made for the Thank-
sgiving luncheon which will be at the
next meeting, in the home of Mrs.
A. H. Koeninger.
Delicious refreshments were served
to eight members and one guest.
--Reporter.

Sgt. Bolch Awarded

Air Medal

(Editor's note: Sgt. Bolch has been
reported by the German Government
as a prisoner of war, and we publish
this letter to give more details of the
mission in which Sgt. Bolch was shot
down.
Fifteenth Air Force, Office of the
Commanding General

October 11, 1944
Mrs. Paulette Bolch, O'Donnell.

Dear Mrs. Bolch:
You have been informed recently
that your husband, Sgt. Don H. Bolch
is missing in action and I am sure
here are many questions in your
mind regarding his chances for sur-
vival.

The target on September 12, 1944
was an airfield near Munich, Ger-
many, where valuable enemy installa-
tions were destroyed. During the at-
tack Don's Flying Fortress was hit
by flake and damaged so severely
that it was necessary for the crew to
bail out. The last contact with the
ship was a radio message from the
co-pilot saying that all the others
had jumped and he would follow im-
mediately. Under the circumstances
there is every reason to hope that all
of the men have landed safely.
Don was very proud of his respon-
sibility as a bombardier and you may
be certain that he carried out his
duties in a manner worthy of the fine-
st traditions of the air force. For
his conspicuous participation in dan-
gerous combat operations he has been
awarded the Air Medal. May your
own courage be equal to his during
the difficult days of waiting that lie
ahead.
Very Sincerely Your,
N. F. TWining
Major General, USA, Commanding

Sunshine Shower
A beautiful sunshine shower was
given by Mrs. I. M. Davis in the
Harmony community for Mrs. Van
McKee Wednesday afternoon, Nov.
1st.
The house was decorated through-
out with fall flowers. Games were
enjoyed. After that the beautiful
gifts were opened and admired, of
which there were many.
Lemonade, cookies and candy was
served to Mesdames Roy Smith, Jack
Smith, Henry Smith, Eddie Smith,
Elmer Sumrow, Ben Young, Ray Mc-
Kee, Jesse Lane, Rob Lane, E. A.
Gleghorn, Finis Gleghorn, Euele
Kirby, Homer Hardberger, Jesse Gil-
lespie, Earl Gellespie, Bryant Or-
ville Evans, L. D. Evans, Vold Bar-
nett, H. B. Barnett, W. S. Gatz,
Clyde Meecker, Woodrow Ables, Carl
Cockerham and the hostess.

O'DONNELL COUPLE WED
Leon Hollis Edwards and Miss
Mary Pennington of O'Donnell were
married before the altar of the Meth-
odist Church at 12:30 p. m. Sunday
by Rev. H. A. Nichols, pastor.--Lynn
Co. News.

Mrs. I. M. Davis, Mrs. Jessie Lane
and Mrs. Carl Cockerham were shop-
ping at Lubbock Monday.

Eagles To Meet Tahoka Tonight

SKY JUICE

Good Rain Monday Nite

To borrow an expression from Mr.
Kelly, former owner of the O'Don-
nell newspaper, and several years re-
moved from here, we had quite a
jag of sky juice to fall Monday night
at about 9 p. m. It will settle the
sand but probably won't help the
cotton quality.

Entertains Football Team

Wednesday night of last week
Frank Liddell and his wife entertain-
ed the Eagle Football team with a
stag steak dinner. This is an annual
event with Frank. Also present were
Coach Tommy Austin and School
Supt. S. F. Johnson. A nice time
was reported by the boys.

HEAD INJURY RECEIVED AT GIN

J. E. Coats received a painful head
injury last Thursday night at the No
1 Farmers Co-op Gin when the cot-
ton scale broke and hit Mr. Coats in
the head. The accident resulted in a
1 inch cut in his head.

FURLOUGH REPORT

Tech 5th Grade Raymond E. Lamb
of Army Engineers is returning from
22 months overseas in the Southwest
Pacific and will arrive at Ft. Bliss,
El Paso, Texas on or about Nov.
7th. He is enroute home to visit
his parents, the Frank Lamb of
Route 1, O'Donnell, according to
an Army Public Relations Office re-
port.

Sgt. Benjamin G. Cook of the
Cavalry is returning home after 27
months of service in the Southwest
Pacific and will arrive at Ft. Bliss
on or about Nov. 17th. He will visit
his home folks here.

FROM JAMES FLOWERS

Following is a portion of a letter
from Pfc James W. Flowers to Mrs.
Eueyne Flowers of O'Donnell. Mr.
Flowers is the son in law of Mrs. Ann
Foster of O'Donnell.

"... Well I got hit in the left knee,
but not too bad, however. I have been
in bed for a week. I can walk a little
now, but not much. Guess it will be
a good while yet before I can walk
good. Now you know what I have
been going thru. I tell you it is some-
thing to think about. Remember and
pray for us boys..."

WANT ADS

For Sale--My residence, water,
lights, gas, close in;
on pavement. See Mr. Hunter at Index-
Press office.

FOR SALE: 35 white Leghorn
pullets, 3 months old. See Mrs. C. R.
Brook.

Lubbock Roll Over

O'Donnell 21 to 6

The Eagles go to Tahoka Friday
night to play their final game of the
year with the Tahoka Bulldogs. This
is always the most important game
of the year for the Eagles, and it is
hoped that they can recapture their
early season fire and spirit and wind
up the season with a win over their
neighbor city rivals. There is a
chance that all injuries will be heal-
ed and everybody ready by Friday
night, with the exception of Johnny
Smith, who underwent an operation
and will be out the rest of the sea-
son. There is an outside chance
that Jimmy Schooler, Captain and
quarterback, will see some service.
Injuries of McCallion and Brownlow
are coming along nicely, and it is
believed both will be ready.

The Lubbock Cowhand team rolled
to a 21 to 6 win over the Eagles last
Friday night to further dampen the
spirit of the local eleven. The Eagles
played lifeless ball throughout the
game -- never showing any of the
fire and spirit that carried them to
five straight wins, while the Cow-
hands charged and blocked in cham-
pionship form.

The difference in blocking was the
difference in the ball game. The
Eagles just never could get started
blocking or hitting the pass receivers.

Now Is Our Chance To

Have a Day Nursery

Mrs. Eula Shappard was in Mon-
day and said she would consider run-
ning an afternoon nursery and care
for children some 2 1/2 hours. We
would like all the interested parties
to contact either Mrs. Shappard or
the Index man at once so that Mrs.
Shappard can determine whether
there are enough interested parties
to pay her to open her home in the
afternoon.

MEET ON GUAM

According to a letter received by
Frank Liddell from his son, Gwyn,
there was a reunion on Guam of
Gwyn and "Hunt" Moore. The meet-
ing came as a nice surprise to both
during the recent invasion of Guam.

Rotary Club Has Speaker

Guest speaker at the regular
Tuesday meeting of the Rotary
club was Dr. Emil Pfohl of Tahoka.
He spoke on socialized medicine.
Rev. Atkinson, pastor of Church
of Christ was a guest. Three new
members are: Zene Merrill, J. T.
Swope and J. T. Middleton.

The E. C. Harris family spent
Sunday in the Loop community.

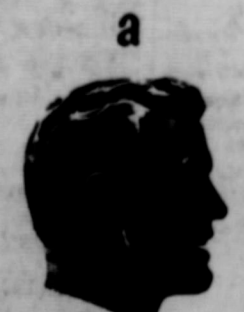
If you've got ...



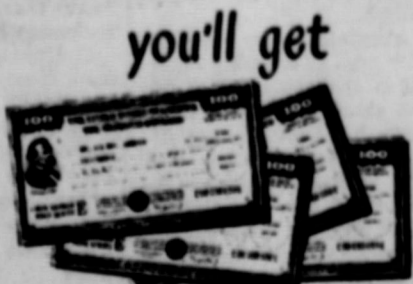
that's American...



to your future ...



on your shoulders...



you'll get
as many of these
as you possibly can!



LET'S GO! THE 6TH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS ON

This advertisement is published in the interest of the Sixth War Loan Drive by
TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

Most Complete Line of Hard-to-Get Hardware In West Texas

- All sizes Grinding Wheels
- Electric Grinder with motor
- Several Sizes Chains
- Grab Hooks - Snaps - Dies
- Reamer Tap - Wrenches
- Good Large Pliers
- Household Brushes all kinds
- All Kind of Tables
- Plumbing Fixtures All Kinds
- Pipe Sucker Rods & Wire

SINGLETON Appliance



For Wendell Willkie:
 You were America at all its best
 As clean and fresh as any prairie wind,
 And when you took your final journey west
 You left a fragrant memory behind,
 Yet now the little men who cried you down
 Shed unctuous tears and claim you as their own.
 And fit you with a smug, unweildy crown
 Which they well know that you had long outgrown:

You were America . . . and millions weep
 Who felt in you a comrade and a friend,
 And yet we have your prophecy to reap
 A prophecy you left at journey's end . . .

America is big enough for all . . .
 The poor, the weak, the humble and the small!—Don Waha.

The Magazines: Pip of a SE piece by Lieut. John Mason Brown, deftly test-tubing differences between Americans and Britishers. The importance of such an article should not be underestimated. A primary requisite for international friendship is a keen understanding of other nations.

Broadway Smalltalk: Malcolm Meacher is no longer writing for the March of Time because of its refusal to deal with the issues on Margaret Halisey's best-seller, "Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers." . . . Customs men have detained a Met singer in Miami, who returned from Brazil the other day with undeclared gems valued at over \$15,000. . . . Hoagy Carmichael's music for Ballet Russe will be called "Swing Street." . . . Don Ross, the Chicago reporter who went to Warner's for a job in the press dept., wound up as an actor in Ida Lupino's next flicker. . . . For the first time since the war started N. Y. university is hazing freshmen. . . . F. Sinatra wishes the egg-thrower would come over to some gym with him "for a workout."

GIs are confused. General Eisenhower wears the four stars of his rank on the left side of his shirt collar, while Generals Bradley and Marshall wear them on the right. . . . The reason is that U. S. army regulations state: "All articles of uniform for wear by the General of the armies and the Chief of Staff are such as each may prescribe for himself" . . . So General Eisenhower could wear a derby and the four stars on the seat of his pants, if he liked.

Ass'n President Byrnes has asked for a trained staff of 25,000 persons to start termination of war contracts. It will be Washington's biggest postwar agency. . . . F. Sinatra will sing for troops in the S. Pacific. The other day Her Highness, accompanied by four bodyguards, invaded a Fifth Avenue shop, upset the gaping personnel and routine of the place and then bought \$14 worth of stuff.

What they don't announce is that an entertainer, overseas for two years, is in a Paris hospital with a severe case of shell shock. . . . Every time we read the insults—hurled by a few critics at showfolks who go overseas—we think of Carole Lombard and the actor victims in that Lisbon plane crash.

Love Letter:
 The weary town will soon be fast asleep,
 The moon is cold and pitiless as doom,
 And yet we have a rendezvous to keep,
 Within the shadows of a quiet room. . . .
 The candlelight tints beauty on your face,
 The wine will steal reality away,
 And you will make me quietly efface
 The terror of a new, unquiet day . . .

And so it goes for those who chase a star,
 The search may end in heartbreak and defeat,
 But there is always magic where you are,
 A magic that is tremulous and sweet . . .

And who will have more lovely scars to show,
 If you and love should ever chance to go?
 —Don Waha.

Sounds in the Night: In the Zanzibar: "She's mean enough to be the heroine of a best-selling novel." . . . In La Conga: "His radio program is where a good gag goes when it dies." . . . In Lindy's: "Excuse me, lady, I was just trying to make a dream come true." . . . At the Copacabana: "If they carry Maine they won't be doing anything different than the banks there have been doing for years!"

More dramatic than any of the Broadway shows was that moment at the Colony when the Duke and Duchess of Windsor bumped into Lady Thelma Furness, the Duke's favorite companion until Wally came along.

The Magic Lanterns: The nation can keep warm this winter merely by viewing clinches between Hedy Lamarr and Paul Henreid, who start a bonfire of emotion in a swift spy-meller, "The Conspirators." . . . Everything in "Sweet and Lowdown" plays second fiddle to Benny Goodman's clarinet. Too bad the scenario isn't in tune with the music. . . . Fibber McGee and Molly's "Heavenly Days" gently twists Washington. Difficult to understand why legislative namby-pamby were leery about releasing it.

Ernie Pyle's Slant on the War:

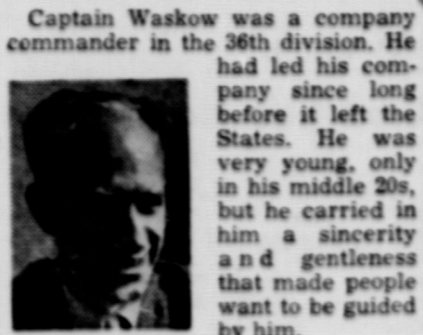
Officer Won Lasting Respect of His Soldiers

Wounded GI Artist Becomes Most Popular Cartoonist to Soldiers

By Ernie Pyle

(Editor's Note): Pyle retells some of his experiences while he was with the doughboys during the Italian campaign. He is now taking a long-needed rest in New Mexico.

AT THE FRONT LINES IN ITALY.—In this war I have known a lot of officers who were loved and respected by the soldiers under them. But never have I crossed the trail of any man as beloved as Capt. Henry T. Waskow of Belton, Texas.



Captain Waskow was a company commander in the 36th division. He had led his company since long before it left the States. He was very young, only in his middle 20s, but he carried in him a sincerity and gentleness that made people want to be guided by him.

"After my own father, he came next," a sergeant told me. "He always looked after us," a soldier said. "He'd go to bat for us every time."

"I've never known him to do anything unfair," another one said. I was at the foot of the mule trail the night they brought Captain Waskow down. The moon was nearly full, and you could see far up the trail, and even part way across the valley below. Soldiers made shadows as they walked.

Dead men had been coming down the mountain all evening, lashed onto the backs of mules. They came lying belly down across the wooden packsaddles, their heads hanging down on the left side of the mules, their stiffened legs sticking out awkwardly from the other side, bobbing up and down as the mules walked.

The Italian mule skinnners were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies, when they got to the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself and ask others to help.

The first one came down early in the morning. They slid him down from the mule, and stood him on his feet for a moment while they got a new grip. In the half light they might have been merely a sick man standing there leaning on the others. Then they laid him on the ground in the shadow of the low stone wall alongside the road.

I don't know who that first one was. You feel small in the presence of dead men, and you don't ask silly questions.

We left him there beside the road, that first one, and we all went back into the cowed and sat on water cans or lay on the straw, waiting for the next batch of mules.

Somebody said the dead soldier had been dead for four days, and then nobody said anything more about it. We talked soldier talk for an hour or more; the dead man lay all alone, outside in the shadow of the wall.

Then a soldier came into the cowed and said there were some more bodies outside. We went out into the road. Four mules stood there in the moonlight, in the road where the trail came down off the mountain. The soldiers who led them stood there waiting.

"This one is Captain Waskow," one of them said quietly. One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud: "Damn it!"

That's all he said, and then he walked away. Another one came, and he said, "Damn it to hell anyway!" He looked down for a few last moments and then turned and left.

Another man came. I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the dim light, for all were bearded and grimy. The man looked down into the dead captain's face and then spoke directly to him, as though he were alive: "I'm sorry, old man."

Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said: "I sure am sorry, sir."

Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the dead hand, and he sat there for a full five minutes holding the dead

hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face. And he never uttered a sound all the time he sat there.

Finally he put the hand down. He reached up and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of re-arranged the tattered edge of the uniform around the wound, and then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight, all alone.

The rest of us went back into the cowed, leaving the five dead men lying in a line end to end in the shadow of the low stone wall. We lay down on the straw in the cowed, and pretty soon we were all asleep.

Sgt. Bill Mauldin appears to us over here to be the finest cartoonist the war has produced. And that's not merely because his cartoons are funny, but because they are also terribly grim and real.

Mauldin's cartoons aren't about training-camp life, which you at home are best acquainted with. They are about the men in the line—the tiny percentage of our vast army who are actually up there in that other world doing the dying. His cartoons are about the war.

Mauldin's central cartoon character is a soldier, unshaven, unwashed, unsmiling. He looks more like a bobo than like your son. He looks, in fact, exactly like a doughboy who has been in the lines for two months. And that isn't pretty.

His maturity comes simply from a native understanding of things, and from being a soldier himself for a long time. He has been in the army three and a half years.

Bill Mauldin was born in Mountain Park, N. M. He now calls Phoenix home base, but we of New Mexico could claim him without much resistance on his part.

Bill has drawn ever since he was a child. He always drew pictures of the things he wanted to grow up to be, such as cowboys and soldiers, not realizing that what he really wanted to become was a man who draws pictures.

He graduated from high school in Phoenix at 17, took a year at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago, and at 18 was in the army. He did 64 days on K. P. duty in his first four months. That fairly cured him of a lifelong worship of uniforms.

Mauldin belongs to the 45th division. Their record has been a fine one, and their losses have been heavy. Mauldin's typical grim cartoon soldier is really a 45th division infantryman, and he is one who has truly been through the mill.

Mauldin was detached from straight soldier duty after a year in the infantry, and put to work on the division's weekly paper. His true war cartoons started in Sicily and have continued on through Italy, gradually gaining recognition. Capt. Bob Neville, Stars and Stripes editor, shakes his head with a veteran's admiration and says of Mauldin:

"He's got it. Already he's the outstanding cartoonist of the war."

Mauldin works in a cold, dark little studio in the back of Stars and Stripes' Naples office. He wears silver-rimmed glasses when he works. His eyes used to be good, but he damaged them in his early army days by drawing for too many hours at night with poor light.

He averages about three days out of 10 at the front, then comes back and draws up a large batch of cartoons. If the weather is good he sketches a few details at the front. But the weather is usually lousy.

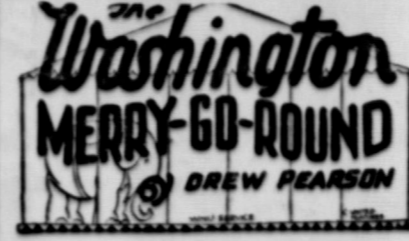
"You don't need to sketch details anyhow," he says. "You come back with a picture of misery and cold and danger in your mind and you don't need any more details than that."

Mauldin Still Just a Kid

Even though he's just a kid he's a husband and father. He married in 1942 while in camp in Texas, and his son was born last August 20 while Bill was in Sicily. His wife and child are living in Phoenix now. Bill carries pictures of them in his pocketbook.

Unfortunately for you and Mauldin both, the American public has no

opportunity to see his daily drawings. But that isn't worrying him. He realizes this is his big chance. After the war he wants to settle again in the southwest, which he and I love. He wants to go on doing cartoons of these same boys who are now fighting in the Italian hills, except that by then they'll be in civilian clothes and living as they should be.



EISENHOWER'S BRILLIANT PLANNING

Washington, D. C. When the inside story of General Eisenhower's European war planning is finally told, the American public will be amazed at some of the things he has put across. Here is part of the story:

Long before D day Eisenhower had timed every operation down to the last minute. The most important maneuver was to break through the Germans' Atlantic wall and wedge an opening through which other troops could pour. The German High Command considered this wall impregnable. Yet Eisenhower's driving demand for offense was such that he allotted his men exactly 45 minutes to get through.

He had each move so carefully timed and planned that, after 45 minutes, other ships, supplies, men would be piling up on the beach, would have no place to go unless the break-through was accomplished in the time allotted.

Before the invasion a full-scale replica of German fortifications was constructed in England, built from aerial photographs. And day after day, American troops rehearsed their break-through. The best time they were able to make in these rehearsals, however, was one hour and 30 minutes. But when D day finally came, thanks to General Eisenhower's dynamic planning, they made it not in 45, but in 35 minutes.

But with his advance into France timed to the hour and day, Eisenhower, after the original breakthrough, ran into difficulty.

Lieut. Gen. Omar Bradley kept right on schedule in penetrating south into Normandy. And Maj. Gen. Joe Collins was on schedule or ahead of it in penetrating Cherbourg. In fact, they had developed, in cooperation with Eisenhower, a new type of advance. Instead of waiting for so many miles and then waiting for supplies to come up, as at the slow-moving Anzio beachhead, they developed the tactic of barging ahead regardless of supplies.

Thus General Collins surprised the Nazis and the world, ignoring Nazi machine-gun nests, forgetting about supplies and forging right into Cherbourg before its defenders knew what was happening.

Trouble with Monty. Eisenhower's chief trouble, however, was with General Montgomery, whom Winston Churchill once described as "magnificent in defeat, insufferable in victory."

General Montgomery had been given Caen as his objective. But days passed and nothing happened. The offensive-minded Eisenhower kept hammering at Montgomery, urging an advance. But nothing happened. Actually, Montgomery had just as high a rank as Eisenhower, had seen many more battles, so Eisenhower was in no position to get too rough.

Finally, Air Intelligence showed that German resistance behind the Allied lines was a mere shell. He could tell from air observation that the Nazis were able to bring up only about 25 per cent of their needed supplies. Their reinforcements had to hide in the daytime, advance only at night. Most of the bridges across the Seine were down. So Eisenhower, tired of waiting for Montgomery and already behind schedule, gave the order for General Bradley to ignore Montgomery and break through the Nazi lines to the south.

DEMobilizing OLDER MEN War department officials are under heavy pressure to make one very important change in the army's plan for demobilization.

The demobilization plan did not consider servicemen's age. However, men overseas, particularly those in the European theater, have been angrily pointing out that the British demobilization program gives each man a specific number of points for age, thus assures older men a better break. The army said it had drafted older men "reluctantly," because most were heads of families. The GIs now point out that it would be equally logical to discharge these older men among the earliest, since they are needed by their families.

Veterans' administration studies reveal that the cost of keeping older men in uniform is greater than for younger men, since the army pays out large sums for dependency. Alotments have proved meager and scarcely able to keep families together. Yet, under the demobilization plan as it stands now, family heads would be among the last men to be released.

CAPITAL CHAFF

▲ The danger of a new crime wave as a result of letting returning war heroes keep captured revolvers and machine guns is worrying officials. ▲ Publisher Joe Patterson wasn't kidding when he explained that the New York News was dropping the "Presidential Battle Page" because of libel. He faces a libel suit from CIO's Beannie Baldwin. . . . The GOP accused Baldwin of drawing a salary from the government while working with the CIO and Patterson printed it.

Hunter's Lore Help to Yanks

Employ Tricks Learned in Woods in Bagging 64 of Hitler's Toughies.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Bold bluffing and woods lore picked up hunting in Nebraska enabled one American private and some squad men he hurriedly assembled to capture 64 of Hitler's paratroopers—those embattled sons of the swastika who are supposed to die rather than surrender.

Pvt. Robert Duffy of Omaha, a signal corps messenger, was speeding along in his jeep with Pfc. Edward Gerdes of St. Louis, Mo., when a Belgian on a bike excitedly stopped them and warned of "Les Boches."

It was near the German border and Duffy climbed out with a gun expecting to find a couple of stragglers trying to filter through to the homeland.

"But when we reached them we saw 15 well-armed Germans lying in a field at the edge of the woods," said Duffy.

Then They Fled. "We opened up, killed one and wounded another. The rest ran into the woods."

Duffy and Gerdes then went back and picked up four engineers, a medical major and two Belgian patriots with rifles and led his small army into the woods in pursuit of the Germans.

"I learned to do some tracking when I used to go hunting in Nebraska," said Duffy, "and I was able to follow them by the blood-stains left by a wounded man."

For four hours he followed the slim trail, then—stricken by an uneasy feeling that he was in danger—he suddenly looked up to see a German crouching behind a tree and about to shoot at him.

He jerked his own gun up and he and the enemy fired at the same moment. The Nazi missed—but fell backward with a bullet through his leg.

Had to Take Chance.

Duffy told the wounded man to call on his comrades to give up or be wiped out. The wounded Nazi looked at Duffy's gun, saw a few of his comrades in the background, and decided his friends were hopelessly trapped. He gave a few staccato shouts in German.

"I didn't know whether he was tricking me or not, but I had to take a chance," said Duffy. "A moment later the woods seemed to be alive with Nazi soldiers—all coming forward with hands upraised."

"They were all tough babies and they had been walking for 50 days, they said, to get back into Germany. They almost made it—they were only a few miles from their own country when we bluffed them into giving up."

"They were so mad when they found they had surrendered to nine men with no gun bigger than a rifle they wanted to start the war all over again. But by then we had disarmed them. So we just goose-stepped them to the prison camp and left them there to think it over."

Hey! You GI Joes! Watch Your Courting in Public

SYDNEY.—United States servicemen on leave in Sydney must not hold girls' hands in the streets. Walk with their arms around girls.

Sit on the grass with girls in parks where benches are available. Rush ahead of Australians for taxicabs.

Carry liquor through the streets conspicuously. Use official cars except for official business.

The author of the edict is Capt. Jack Chambers, provost marshal, who it was explained, was determined to tighten up regulations for behavior of United States servicemen on leave.

Thirty Years in Army, Sergeant Will Retire

FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.—Staff Sergeant Andrew Kuhar, 59 years old, has applied for retirement after 30 years of army service, during which he never had a pass or a furlough.

"I didn't take any time off because there wasn't any place to go," Sergeant Kuhar explained.

Hungarian born, he arrived in New York city in 1902 and became a butcher. He enlisted in 1914 and was assigned to Fort Niagara as a mess sergeant. After other assignments, he returned here in 1935.

A bachelor, he says he is "fed up with pots and pans." "I'm going to California and take it easy," he adds.

New Gas Tabs Hard to Fake; Paper Is Changed

WASHINGTON.—Coupons of the new basic "A" gasoline ration books are being printed on a new government safety paper "virtually impossible for counterfeiters to duplicate," OPA says.

The new books have gone into use. The new coupons are worth four gallons as compared with the three-gallon value of present stamps. But they will have to last longer, maintaining the present ration.

Use Smoke Device On Jungle Trails

New Portable Fog Generator Found Most Effective

WASHINGTON.—A portable mechanical smoke generator for use on jungle trails, mountain passes, and beachheads is the newest smoke screening device developed by the chemical warfare service. Small enough to be carried in the back seat of a jeep or other similar craft, when in use it can be concealed behind a bush or in a dugout. With favorable wind conditions this mild fog machine can blot out an area five miles long and about 200 yards wide.

Known as the M-2 smoke generator, or the Besler, the device is larger than a soldier's foot locker and weighs only 180 pounds when empty. It is about 1/20th as bulky as the army's large M-1 smoke generator. The M-1 machine, truck or trailer driven, protected allied troops from aerial attacks during the invasions of North Africa, Sicily and Italy.

The foxhole fog generator will not make the M-1 obsolete. While the small generator moves into the front lines, producing half as much smoke as its big brother, the larger machine will continue to send clouds of milk white smoke around up fields, seaports, cities and permanent large installations.

The new generator, 34 inches long, 23 inches high and 20 inches wide, when equipped with sliding handles can also be carried a stretcher fashion by two men. The device consists of a miniature metal boiler, an air blower, and a small gear pump, all operated by a one-cylinder gasoline motor made of aluminum. It can make smoke at 40 seconds from a cold start.

Consuming 50 gallons of fuel oil per hour, the foxhole generator also uses about five gallons of gasoline and five gallons of water during that period. It is completely automatic in operation, and there are no gaps to match. The smoke is not harmful and is of no discomfort to troops.

Sergeant Almost Has a Baby—Right in Court!

OMAHA, NEB.—A soldier, wearing sergeant's stripes and holding a baby, walked up to the judge's bench in police court here recently.

"Say," he said, "this baby isn't mine. I was just holding her while her mother's case was up. The judge sent her mother to jail. What am I going to do with her?"

The prosecutor shrugged his shoulders. Others about the bench were equally puzzled. The baby started to cry.

"Well, somebody's got to take her," the soldier said. "I just got down over there and the mother asked me to hold her."

The police matron finally took the pink, chubby cheeked year old girl, who gurgled happily. "Boy, you've got her now; she's yours," the soldier said and strode from the court room.

The judge solved the problem by calling the 28-year-old mother back and suspended her five-day sentence on a charge of stealing \$2 from a neighbor's house.

No Bad Champagne Left In France, Nazis Get All

EPERNAY, FRANCE.—The French champagne industry has suffered very little as a result of the war, and this looks like another vintage year.

The Nazis took particular pains to see that the war did not interfere with production, and Germany's famed sparkling wine salesman, Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, appointed a special champagne administrator who saw to it that 60,000 bottles were delivered daily to the Wehrmacht.

For more than four years—since June 10, 1940—Epernay, Reims and other champagne centers have been forced to deliver this quota. But the French didn't mind too much. "They didn't specify that it had to be good champagne," said one vintner, "and as a result, there now is no bad champagne in these cells."

Germans Allow Workers 15 Minutes for Lunch

MADRID, SPAIN.—German factory workers henceforth will be allowed only 15 minutes for their midday meal, the Nazi press disclosed, in line with a campaign to step up war production.

Hitler's newspaper, the Vorkischer Beobachter, said there had been "too much idling" in restaurants and lunchrooms in factory districts.

At each table, the paper added, one worker must be appointed "table fuhrer" to see that his companions do not overstay their allotted time.

British Chief Hints New Secret Weapons

CARDIFF, WALES.—Lieut. Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks (deputy chief of the imperial staff) said "we still have got up our sleeves several secret weapons which we shall certainly show the enemy."

General Weeks spoke at the opening of an army exhibition. He did not expand upon his remark.

Are Your Hands or Your Face Chapped

Cold Weather always brings chapping which is annoying as well as vexatious.

For your relief and comfort you will find many soothing items for chapping in our cosmetic Department. Don't let cold weather find you unprepared.

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I want your Milo Maize, Kaffir and Hegira. Top prices.

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Were added to our list of employees this week. Bring us your tractor, truck and car jobs. You will be pleased.

We will replace Glass in your windshield, doors or windows.

I. J. LATHAM AUTO PARTS

O'Donnell Soldier Hunts Wild Hogs In Steaming South Pacific Jungle

With the Fifth Air Force in the Southwest Pacific: — All hunting in the Southwest Pacific is not done for Japs. "Quite often, the urge to relieve some of the good old days when Jack, a faithful old dog, and I would hit the early morning trail in search of deer or rabbit, or to get the smell of the morning air, or just to get away for a while, will slip into the everyday life of a soldier" — such is the story of 8-Sgt. Clarence S. Canfield and his buddy, Pvt. Wilson E. McLaurin. These two boys had often heard the story of the excitement of hunting Wild Boar, of the sweet taste of the meat after I had been cooked

jungle style over an open fire, and of the dangers that lurked on the jungle trails. No longer could they resist the temptation, but were determined to make the hunt. Preparing for the hunt revealed a story itself — plans were made as to which trails to follow so as not to get lost in the dense jungle undergrowth. Being lost would mean days of wandering around fighting insects, the steaming jungle heat which tends to drain every ounce of energy from ones body and the possibility of running into some of the few remaining Japs. Gun were cleaned and checked and the preparations were completed. Now, all that remained was talking the First Sergeant into giving them a day off.

Their day soon came. Sgt. Canfield and Pvt. Wilson McLaurin took their carbines and left camp just as sun-up because this would be the time when the wild boar would be in search of food. Following along a trail which the Japs had previously used, the hunt suddenly became alive when a 100 pound boar came out of the undergrowth in challenge to those who invaded his jungle home. As quickly as he appeared, a shot rang out and a bullet from Pvt. McLaurin's carbine dropped him in his tracks. The hunt had ended so Clarence and Wilson shouldered their kill to return to camp. Like soldiers of by-gone armies who cooked their own meals, the boys soon had a pit dug and a roaring fire going. By the time the fire had burned down to glowing red coals, the boar had been cleaned and ready to be cooked. All who partook of the barbecued pork agreed that it was the best meat they had eaten for a long time. Sgt. Canfield and Pvt. Wilson McLaurin were justly proud as they sat around the dying camp fire and related the experiences of an exciting and an eventful day.

Pvt. McLaurin is a gunner for the famous "Wolf Packs", which is a unit of the "Sun Setters", one of the oldest and best known B-25 bomber-strafer units of the Fifth Air Force. He entered the army in October 1949

and landed overseas in October 1942. He is the son of Mrs. Ella McLaurin of O'Donnell.

Mr and Mrs. W. F. McLaurin of Welch visited relatives here Saturday

WANT ADS

FOR RENT: 2 Room Garage Apt. Half Bath. Mrs. H. D. Vaughn. . . .

LOST, Gas ration, A Book, Nash 1941 Sedan. Return to C. F. Thompson, Jr. O'Donnell 11

FOR SALE - 1942 Model A-C Combine First Class Shape. See Alto Barnes, O'Donnell. 10

I now have my disk roller to roll disks. CHARLIE HOWELL, Tahoka 11

FOR SALE 160 acre farm near O'Donnell. See J. V. Burdett, Route 1, phone 504 10p

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

IF YOU HAVE Cattle or hogs for sale see J. W. Edwards, O'Donnell, Residence near Paul Gooch 10

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Free Removal of Dead Animals

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

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For All Cars, Trucks, Tractors

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Kiddies, We Have Bicycle Parts For All Makes Of Bicycles

O'Donnell Auto Supply BOYD SMITH

Phone 28 : Wholesale, Retail

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at the Y

Auto and Tractor Repairing

Conoco Gas Generator Work Flats Fixed Fan Belts Spark Plugs

Farm Auction SALE at the J. D. Thompson Place

One mile west and 2 miles north of Welch. This place is better known as the old Stokes Farm. Reason for selling:- Have an appointment with Tojo in Tokyo. Every item listed in this Farm Sale will be sold to highest bidder.

Tuesday, November 14th

SALE STARTS PROMPTLY AT 11 A. M. Sandwiches & Coffee may be purchased

Dairy Cattle - Livestock

- 1 THREE YEAR OLD YELLOW JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 FOUR YEAR OLD YELLOW JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD YELLOW JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD BROWN JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD BROWN JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 SEVEN YEAR OLD YELLOW JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD BROWN JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD BROWN JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 FOUR YEAR OLD BROWN JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD HOLSTEIN MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD YELLOW JERSEY MILK COW
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD BROWN JERSEY MILK COW

- 1 TWO YEAR OLD RED DURHAM HEIFER
- 19 HEAVY SPRINGERS
- 1 TWO YEAR OLD RED DURHAM BULL
- 1 THREE YEAR OLD WHITEFACE BULL
- 6 GOOD YEARLING HEIFERS
- 5 GOOD YEARLING STEERS
- SOME OF THESE COWS ARE IN PRODUCTION NOW AND SOME ARE HEAVY SPRINGERS, SOME CALVES.
- 8 SPOTTED POLAND-CHINA GILTS
- 8 SPOTTED POLAND CHINA BARROWS
- These Steaks weigh from 80 to 125 pounds
- 1 NICE RIDING PONY, SADDLE AND BRIDLE
- 1 MILK WASHING VAT

1 ALL-METAL BOILER HOUSE

Implements:

- 1 FOUR ROW 1939 F-20 FARMALL TRACTOR
- 1 TWO ROW CULTIVATOR AND ATTACHMENTS
- 1 FOUR ROW LISTER AND PLANTER with draw bar
- 1 TWO ROW GO-DEVILS, Slides and Attachments
- 1 Four row Stalk Cutter, new shop made
- 1 ELEVEN ROW ROLLING SAND FIGHTER (Practically New)
- 1 ONE ROW BINDER McCormick-Deering
- 1 LISTER MARKER
- 1 PLANTER GUIDE
- 1 THREE AND FOUR ROW LISTER AND PLANTER
- 1 TWO-ROW CULTIVATOR, Horse Drawn nearly new
- 1 ONE-ROW CULTIVATOR, Horse drawn
- 1 ONE-ROW SLIDE GO-DEVIL
- 2 TWO ROW SLIDE GO DEVILS With Attachments
- 1 FOUR WHEEL WAGON
- 1 FOUR WHEEL TRAILER One 50 Gallon Grease Gun and Pump; Six 55 gallon Oil drums, good as new

Light Plant

One Onan Light Plant, as good as new. This plant is the same power as the R. E. A. line, 110 volts, 2,000 watts, will pull 30 three hundred watt light bulbs. This plant has self starter.

BLACKSMITH SHOP

ONE FORGE, ONE 100 POUND ANVIL, ONE STEEL DRILL AND VICE, HAMMERS, TONGS, ETC.

Miscellaneous

- 1 MAYTAG WASHING MACHINE — As good as new — with gas motor.
- 40 WHITE LEGHORN LAYING HENS
- 20 HEAVY WHITE ROCK HENS
- WATER FOUNTAINS, feeders, etc., of all kinds.
- Several rolls of 6 ft. Chicken wire
- 1 Good 500 Capacity Brooders
- 1 New Brooder, Not un-created.
- MILKING MACHINE:—
- 1 DeVal Sterling Milking Machine, 2 single units
- 1 DeVal Sterling No. 18 Separator
- 2 TEN GALLON CREAM CANS
- 3 THREE GALLON MILK BUCKETS

J. D. Thompson, Owner
MRS. HOUSTON GLASSON, CASHIER

Col. Houston Glasson, Auctioneer

See DDT Potent In Malaria Fight

Expect New Insecticide to Prove Powerful Weapon Against Disease.

WASHINGTON. — The prediction that the new insecticide DDT—now restricted to the armed forces—will be a potent weapon against malaria after the war was made by an army doctor who made first disclosure of the powers of DDT against malaria-bearing mosquitoes, says the Chicago Tribune.

"The world-wide postwar picture of malaria will be greatly changed by the advent of DDT," Maj. O. P. McCoy of the surgeon general's office said in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

"DDT must not be regarded as a miraculous agent which will suddenly do away with the malaria problem, as some extravagant press reports have suggested," he said. "It does, however, offer promise of revolutionary methods of control which might eventually improve the malaria situation even in hyperendemic (highly affected) and poverty-stricken regions."

Up to now, while military doctors have revealed that DDT has been successfully employed as a louse powder in the control of typhus fever, they have said only that they were "planning" to employ the insecticide as a possible weapon against malaria mosquitoes.

What DDT Can Do. Here's what McCoy said DDT can do against nature's deadly dive bombers:

"It is more poisonous to mosquito larvae than any substance heretofore known—consequently it can be used in small amounts with resultant saving of time and effort in larviciding operations."

(Larvae are newly hatched mosquitoes which are in the wingless, wriggling form. They live in swamp water and other fetid pools while waiting to sprout their wings. Before the advent of DDT the best means of killing them was the use of such substances as paris green, sometimes sprayed from airplanes.)

McCoy said the most promising application of DDT for malaria control "is its use in spraying the habitations of native carriers" of the disease in order to kill adult mosquitoes which might bite the people and pass the infection on to others.

War on Mosquitoes. "When DDT in kerosene solution is sprayed on interior surfaces," he said, "a residue is left which will kill insects lighting on the treated areas for several months. Since the destruction of infected adult mosquitoes constitutes the most effective break in the chain of transmission of malaria, this usage, with its long lasting effect, offers great promise for control of the disease in many tropical regions where it has been a practical cause of poor health and poverty."

McCoy declared that while return of malaria-affected troops to this country might make possible the introduction of the disease into areas now malaria free, a more important hazard is the possible introduction of dangerous mosquito vectors by airplanes.

"Unceasing vigilance is necessary everywhere," he said, "to prevent the spread of insect vectors by aircraft. A commission composed of representatives of the army, navy, and the United States public health service has been investigating the new hazards of disease introduction resulting from modern advances in transportation. Quarantine regulations will be strengthened where indicated."

Smithsonian Will Show Statues of Noted People

WASHINGTON.—The Smithsonian Institution soon will place on display a wartime collection of bronze statues of 50 public personages, including President Roosevelt and members of the cabinet.

The collection of statues, made by sculptor Max Kalish, was a gift to the institution from W. M. Kiplinger, editor of a newsletter.

The statues are made about two feet tall and portray the figures at full length. Metal in the statues came from old bronze statues melted down.

Yanks Get Close Shaves With Nazi Razor Blades

PARIS. — American troops who left their post exchanges miles behind as they swept across France are obtaining badly needed razor blades, matches and numerous toilet articles from Germany. Post exchange officers gathered the captured items and placed them on sale, hopeful that American supplies will catch up with front line troops before the stock is depleted.

Production Ban Lifted On Food Service Items

WASHINGTON.—The WPB lifted its ban on the manufacture of several commercial food service equipment items, among them barbecue machines, dish warmers, potato chip fryers, warming ovens, waffle irons, plate warmers, and peanut roasters. WPB also removed distribution controls from commercial cooking and plate warming equipment.

Save Lives to Lead War III, Nazi Told

Officers Get Most Unusual Mandate of Conflict.

AMERICAN COMMAND POST IN GERMANY. — Correspondents with the First army were shown for the first time the text of one of the most unusual orders of the entire war.

This is an order, directing all German army officers — except expendable junior officers — to save their own lives in battle so that the Reich will have an officer corps to prepare for a third world war. The junior commanders have been ordered to "die a hero's death."

The order follows in part: "Every officer has the duty of saving himself in emergency. The view of many junior officers that they must never leave their men alone in their hour of danger is in need of correction."

"The German officer is too valuable to be sacrificed, especially in a hopeless situation. That he should save himself by withdrawing is in the interest of his country."

"It was the German officer corps that almost achieved world dominance for Germany in the first assault of 1914-18. It was this same corps that rebuilt Germany for this second attempt at world leadership. That this second attempt might also fail was foreseen. The present trend of the war compels us to exercise the utmost economy of officer material."

"Our complete victory seemed, until recently, so assured that we can prepare again with high spirits and in good heart for a further struggle. In order to prepare from the technical point of view for this third, unavoidable trial of strength for the leadership of the world we have need of our officers. Man power we have been able to find in quantities at all times."

The captured document was issued in August. Foreseeing defeat, but trying to stave it off as long as possible, the order listed maintenance of troops' morale as the most important duty of the officer corps.

Average Wages Per Hour Reach All-Time Record

NEW YORK. — Average hourly earnings of all wage earners in manufacturing industry reached a new record high of \$1.072 in July, an increase of .3 of 1 per cent over June, the National Industrial Conference board announces.

The July figure was 5.1 per cent higher than July, 1943, and 41.2 per cent above January, 1941, base period for the "Little Steel" wage formula.

All other payroll factors declined in July, primarily because of a drop in employment for the eighth consecutive month, according to the board's monthly survey.

Weekly earnings dropped .9 of 1 per cent to \$48.87, but remained 5.9 per cent above July, 1943, and 59.7 per cent over January, 1941.

"Real" weekly earnings — based on what wages will buy — according to the survey were 1.3 per cent below June. They were 3.7 per cent above July, 1943, and 30.9 per cent above January, 1941.

Hours worked per week averaged 45 in July, a drop of four hours or .9 of 1 per cent. At this level they were 1.1 per cent above July, 1943, and 13.2 per cent above January, 1941.

Employment fell .9 of 1 per cent in July, bringing the total drop since July, 1943, to 7 per cent.

Payrolls declined 1.8 per cent from June and were 1.5 per cent lower than in July of last year.

Cancer, Insanity Fight To Benefit From Will

NEW YORK.—The University of Chicago is the chief beneficiary of the \$59,453 net estate of Miss Elsie K. White, who died March 23, 1943, at the age of 98. A state tax appraisal disclosed that the residuary estate, estimated at \$460,649, will go to the university to be used in "combating the ravages of cancer and insanity." An additional \$100,000 was left to the university to bring "men of standing and prominence in their respective fields" to instruct students for limited periods.

Rationing Lifted by WFA On All Farm Equipment

WASHINGTON. — Rationing and distribution control of all farm machinery and equipment, except corn pickers, was ended suddenly by the War Food Administration.

The action was announced by War Food Administrator Marvin Jones, who said the 1944 production period and season of use for most rationed implements had passed and that the need for further controls except on corn pickers during the 1944-45 crop year "is not anticipated."

Climbs Leaning Tower Steps to Find Answer

PISA, ITALY.—There are exactly 200 steps to the top of the leaning tower of Pisa, on the authority of Corp. Earl Bishop of Nepton, Ky., military policeman on guard at the entrance. "Practically every GI coming in here has been asking that question," he said. "This morning I climbed 'em myself to count 'em."

Kathleen Norris Says:

Marital Mix-Up

Beil Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"I met Harvey. Instantly a great rush of surprise, pleasure and affection went over me, and in the old way I was in his embrace in a second."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"WHEN I divorced my husband four years ago," writes Marylee Johnson from Sacramento, "we were both more or less undisciplined, frivolous persons. We had been married 11 years, everything seemed suddenly to go dull and humdrum; there really seemed no reason for our staying together. There was no quarrel, we simply decided one morning at breakfast that we would be happier apart and Margot and I left for Reno two days later. For a few months the change and freedom were an immense relief to me: I lived with a woman friend who had a daughter Margot's age, and took a job.

"When my friend's husband came home unexpectedly from overseas that arrangement naturally ended. After some months of uncomfortable shifting about, I married again, somewhat hesitatingly. I felt much less sure of myself at 34 than at 21, and although Phil is everything that is kind, generous, intelligent, industrious, yet I know that I have never been truly in love with him. He was 50 when we were married, a captain in the regular service. He has now been overseas for one year, and sometimes, like many other wartime brides, I dare say, I feel as if I hardly know him.

"Well, here is my problem, one that has cost me many days and nights of bitter worrying. Four months ago, walking downtown with Margot, who is now 12, I met Harvey. Instantly a great rush of surprise, pleasure and affection went over me, and in the old way I was in his embrace in a second. He seemed so happy as I, and Margot perfectly remembered her adored father—as a matter of fact she has visited for some weeks with him and his mother every year, and we had a happy reunion. Harvey, now also in the service as a Lieutenant-Commander, took us to lunch, one of the pleasantest hours of my life.

It Was Foolishness. "You can guess the rest. We were always friends, we never disliked each other. Our parting was all foolishness and a mistake; we three belong together, and we know it now. Harvey will be stationed here for some time, he adores his daughter, he makes himself cheerfully at home in my apartment, and yesterday for the first time he suggested that I get a divorce and that he and I be married.

"Phil is 52; he has always been a shy and lonesome man; he has no family. That a woman like myself could love him always seemed to him a miracle. His letters are devotion itself. 'You are the one thing in life that I care for,' he says over and over. 'You are the only person who belongs to me, the only one I can call mine.'

"If he were not in the picture, if I could be all Harvey's again I think I would never ask another favor of God! But how can I desert Phil, who stood by me when I was lonely and troubled? What shall I do? What would be the best thing to do?"

The answer, Marylee, is of course that you never should have divorced your husband in the first place. Divorce ought to be so serious, so terrible an affair, especially when there is a child to consider, that it could not be considered except in a grave crisis. Adequate reasons for divorce should necessarily be so fundamental that there could never be any question of returning to married life on the old terms.

Marylee, after 11 years, decided on a divorce simply because there didn't seem any good reason to stay married. She has reached one of those points when married life drags on monotonously, nothing exciting happens; a woman has a good husband, a lovely child, food and clothes, books and friends in the most prosperous and secure country in the world—but that isn't enough. She wants thrills, changes, travel, relief from monotony. So she breaks up her home, tries office work, gets bored, marries a good quiet man who is longing for companionship and domesticity, meets her first husband again and falls under the old spell, and then naively asks advice as to what is the right course to pursue.

There is no advice that will help anyone so unstable in character. If 11 years of marriage were not enough to establish Marylee in a strong, decent, useful manner of living, nothing will. She will probably divorce Phil and remarry Harvey, but that won't solve the problem. When the war is over Harvey will present the same dull old problem and Marylee will be no nearer a realization of the true secret of happy living than she is today.

Keep Your Alarm Clock Busy

Let the alarm clock work for you. An alarm clock can and should be used for many purposes other than waking one up in the morning. When cleaning or working upstairs or in a room where there is no clock, let the alarm clock call you any time you wish in order to start a meal; or let it announce the time for a favorite radio program. When gardening, set the clock and let it call you to lunch. You can also use the alarm when you are baking or doing other slow cooking.

PAINFUL CHOICE

After 11 years of peaceful and comfortable married life, things became too dull for Marylee. She and Harvey just decided to part — no quarrel divided them, it merely seemed the best way out of a tiresome situation. Marylee accordingly got a Reno divorce, and took her little daughter to live with a friend.

One day Marylee and her daughter unexpectedly met Harvey on the street. There was a happy reunion, and Marylee realized that she had loved Harvey all the time. Now Harvey is asking her to divorce her present husband, and remarry him. Marylee is in a quandary. She wants Harvey back, yet she feels a certain obligation to her second husband, Phil, who has been kind, generous, and affectionate.

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Dowager's Rights

By FAYE McGOVERN

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"LEI MING," complained the dowager from the depths of her silken bed, "you aren't going to work in that hospital again today?"

Her daughter continued fastening her quilted black jacket. "Yes, Mother. They need me."

"But must you degrade yourself? Isn't there something more genteel you can do?"

Lei Ming shook her smooth dark head. "They need every helping hand they can get. The city is full of refugees in need of medical attention."

"But how can you expect me to arrange a suitable marriage if you persist in such associations? No man of character will want you." "There are too many children who need attention now," sighed Lei Ming, turning away. "Many of them are homeless." She turned back suddenly. "If you would only come with me!"

The dowager settled her plump, perfumed self deeper among her pillows and sighed. There had been a time when the many splendid rooms of her house were filled to overflowing with prominent, notable, important people. But with the war's coming lavish social affairs were frowned upon, and life was exceedingly dull. And Lei Ming was becoming harder to understand.

Tears ran down her cheeks, and with her plump hands curled helplessly on the coverlet, her small mouth drawn into a pout, she fell asleep. When her frightened handmaid shook her she awoke with a start. "Madam! Lei Ming needs you. The ricksha boy who brought the message waits without. Make haste!"

For the first time in all her sheltered life the dowager hurried. Tossing on her tiny bound feet she arrived at the rambling old mansion



"I told my brother."

hospital, her hair awry. The curious eyes of weary, hungry refugees followed her progress across the crowded courtyard. Greedy hands twitched at her silken trouser leg, and shrill voices pleaded for alms. Angry maledictions followed in her wake as she swept past, unheeding.

Rushing from the bright sunlight into the gloom of the building she collided with a very dirty-faced little girl who had been standing directly in her path watching her approach with awe.

"Must you stand in the way, child?" the woman scolded. "Goodness, don't shriek so. Here." She dabbed at the child's tears. Immediately the howling ceased, and a radiant smile lit up the youngster's face. "Mmmmm," she cried. "You smell good."

An odd, half-forgotten warmth swept over the dowager. "Thank you, child," she said abruptly, and hurried on. She stumbled through three crowded rooms before she found Lei Ming efficiently bandaging a man's shoulder. "What does this mean?" demanded the dowager indignantly. "I thought you needed me."

"We do, Mother," Lei Ming said without ceasing her work. "Hand me the scissors, please."

Trembling with anger the older woman obeyed. "I never dreamed you could stoop to such trickery."

"I merely sent word you were needed, and you are, I'm sorry if you were frightened."

"Frightened! Of course I was —" A tug at her clothes caused her to look down. The little girl she had run into was holding a dirty little boy by the hand.

"I told my brother if he would let you wash his face he could smell you," cried the child eagerly.

The small boy grasped the dowager, pushed his face against one leg and inhaled deeply. He smiled and clung, staggering a little.

She stooped and picked him up. His head dropped against her soft shoulder and almost instantly he was asleep. For a moment the dowager looked uncertain. But when the child stirred and sighed, her clasp tightened. Decision brought pink spots to the plump cheeks she hadn't taken time to rouge. "I'll take these two home with me."

"Oh, thank you, Mother," Lei Ming cried. "But are you sure you can manage?"

"With a houseful of empty rooms and servants? Of course I can," was the retort. Then, with vigor, "And tell Dr. Wu if he wants to retain his fees he'll get the rest of the children up to my house—at once!"

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