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Fertile Area—That's Heaven!

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

21 Years A
Booster For The
O'Donnell Area

O'Donnell Index-Press

O'Donnell Has
the Cotton, Grain
Poultry, Cream

Vol. 22, No. 5

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Friday, Sept. 29, 1944

82 Per Year

Elevator Is Operating

The McBride & Swope grain elevator started operations this week, and is getting a splendid run of business.

This modern, new elevator is under the management of J. L. Swope, and no pains have been spared to put at the disposal of customers the very latest departments which will insure high class service. New equipment, along with experienced crews, are on the job to give instant service.

McBride & Swope are in the market for grain, paying top prices, day to day, or will contract grain for future delivery.

Farmers and grain growers are invited to inspect this new grain elevator at any time.

Mrs. Geo. Shumaker Sr. returned last week from California where she had been visiting her sons Frank and Wilbur in Los Angeles. While there on August 13 she attended the wedding of Frank's daughter, Rebecca Mae, who became the bride of Sgt. Johnny Edmar. At the wedding there were 13 guests present.

After a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eubanks in this city, Mrs. W. Eubanks returned to her home in Houston last Sunday.

C. L. Brandon, route 3, was being Saturday's throng.

Geo. Mahon Writes Of The Grain Situation

Washington, D. C., Sept. 25.—For a period of three weeks I have heard of the critical grain sorghum situation in West Texas, getting my information from individual producers and County AAA offices. The price slump and lack of storage and railroad cars for transportation have cost West Texans many thousands of dollars.

Throughout this period I have been in constant touch with the proper officials here urging and demanding prompt action to prevent the sacrificing of our grain sorghum crop.

The government loan rate on grain sorghum crop:

The government loan rate on grain sorghum is \$1.69 per hundred, but to be eligible for the loan the grain must be stored in warehouses or on the farm, and adequate storage has not been available.

Briefly, the following steps have been taken to assist the producers:

1. To afford a greater market demand for grain sorghum, the War Production Board and War Food Administration have agreed to permit the unrestricted use of grain sorghum in the manufacture

of industrial alcohol for the war effort. There has not been any restriction on the use of grain sorghum by the brewers, but Oct. 1 is the first date that the use of sorghum will be permitted for industrial alcohol. It is estimated that alcohol producers will consume about 6 million bushels of grain sorghum per month. The brewers and the mixed feed manufacturers will probably take 10 million bushels per month.

2. In order to make better use of present storage facilities, the maturity date of the sorghum loan has been changed from June 30, 1945, to April 30, to enable warehousemen to clear their storage for wheat by next spring, thereby permitting the warehousemen to accept more grain sorghum.

3. In an effort to provide additional storage space, some lumber and prefabricated granaries are being provided, but this is not very effective as demand is so great in relation to supply.

4. Director Johnson of the Office of Defense Transportation has agreed to provide additional railroad cars to move the grain but declares that it is not possible to fully meet this important need on account of other demands of the war effort for cars.

These matters are of the greatest concern because West Texas is producing millions of bushels of grain sorghum. The production costs have been great, and a price of less than the loan rate of \$1.69 per hundred is intolerable. National grain sorghum production last year amounted to 103,000,000 bushels. Texas, principally West Texas, producing 74,000,000 bushels of that amount. I shall continue to urge adequate price support for grain sorghum and every possible assistance toward more adequate storage and transportation facilities.

GEORGE MAHON.

Col. Houston Glasson, auctioneer, has an adv. in this issue. If you have need of an auctioneer, contact him. He has cried sales from the Salt Fork to the Rincon, from Dalhart to Dossos, and is known as one of the best in the land.

AUCTION SALES

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

Dr. Merrell Passes On

Funeral services for Dr. C. W. Merrell, 69, who passed away in this city Sunday afternoon from a heart attack, were held at White Deer Tuesday afternoon with interment in the White Deer cemetery.

Pioneer physician of the South Plains area, Dr. Merrell had many friends in this city. His genial disposition endeared him to many in this area.

Surviving are four sons, Zene of this city, J. C. Merrell, Bogata, and S. C. and Cecil Merrell of California.

Methodist Church

"World-Wide Communion" Sunday will be observed at the Methodist Church at the morning service, Sunday October 1. On this "World Wide Communion Sunday" Churches of all faiths and in all lands will join in prayer and consecration. All people will have the opportunity to make an offering which will go to support the work of our Chaplains in their ministries to all our men and women in the Armed Forces throughout the world. Also a part will go to the Over-Sea Relief which work is being carried on by all Christian people.

At the Methodist Church, the pastor will preach on the subject: "The Church Tomorrow" Following the sermon, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. The communicants will leave their offering at the Altar. We urge all our members to attend this service. We cordially invite the public in general.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Smith and little son, of Lexington, arrive Saturday and will reside in O'Donnell. Mr. Smith will be associated in the publication of the Index-Press. He is an experienced publisher and with his affiliation with this paper new equipment is to be added, and a better paper may be expected. For the past several years Mr. Smith has been with the Soil Conservation Service in Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, and is thoroughly acquainted with the soils of the West.

Mesdames J. F. Eubanks, O. E. Roberson, and Bill Hancock visited with Mrs. Ira Hodges at Hobbs last Sunday.

Mr. Joe Henderson is here from Houston for a visit with her mother, Mrs. W. H. Veazey.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gary were Misses Florence Gary of Midland, and Jessie Cary of Odessa, and Joe E. Bimber of Odessa.

A Pretty Shower

Last Friday afternoon at the E. O. Slaughter home, from 3 to 6, Mesdames Slaughter, Marcus Pearce and Joe Lee Schooler were hostesses at a pretty shower tendered Mr. and Mrs. Carl Page.

Forty five guests were present for the happy occasion, and following the presentation of gifts a delightful refreshment course of punch and cake was served.

Those present were: Mesdames P. O. Cabbiness, E. H. Crandall, C. D. Pickens, J. P. Bowlin, Ira Page, Ella McLaurin, Ed Goddard, Joe Eaker, J. A. Edwards E. O. Slaughter, Cecil Pearce, Melvin Eaker, Homer Simpson, A. E. Leverett, Geo. C. Lindley, Alvin McMillan, W. A. Simpson, H. F. Lindley, Gayle Simpson, F. M. Page, Levi Gray, Joe Garner, Archie Eaker, Joe Schooler, Marcus Pearce, Mary Pelts, Morene H. Cathey, Loma Stokes, Emma Lee Pearce, Jessie Sumrall, Alta Simpson, Lessie McMillan.

Sure You Can Grow 'Em

Tuesday morning E. M. Hebison brought to our office a branch from his walnut tree, laden with a dozen whopping big walnuts. Twelve years ago he picked up a walnut on his East Texas farm, brought it home and planted it. Today it is a big tree, having borne nuts for the past eight years. It is a native Texas American walnut, and its pristine beauty is a reminder that most any kind of a nut tree thrives in our fertile soil. Mr. Hebison also has a fig tree, right out in the open, that is flourishing. He and Dr. Campbell are both walnut enthusiasts. Both have fine trees. And incidentally, both are avid fishermen. If you can catch fish, you can grow walnuts. Them's our sentiments, and our two local horticulturists will back us up in this vehement declaration.

The O'Donnell Eagles are on their way. Last Friday's tussle with Meadow resulted in a score of 24 to 6 in favor of O'Donnell.

Due...

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

Proctor Beauty Shop

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

Where Most People Meet
Liddell's
Frank Gwyn Irene
Good Food
Courteous Service
Phone 71

Drive On For Clothes

Participating in a national drive to collect some 15,000,000 pounds of clothing for shipment to liberated European countries, Mrs. J. P. Bowlin, local chairman of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, assisted by Mrs. Posey Mansell, will receive bundles of garments at the Ben Moore building Friday and Saturday only of this week.

Those having usable clothing are asked to make donations of such for this most worthy cause. Winter and summer garments, blankets, quilts and bed linens are acceptable. No shoes or hats are wanted. The clothing need not be in perfect repair but should be useful to the people who will receive it.

This is a laudable effort. Let your response be generous.

Lady Wanted

The Index-Press has an opening for some young woman with fair education to assist in this office. Work is light, position is permanent. Apply at once.

Pharmacist Mate Carl Page, after a visit with homefolks here, returned to his post of duty at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Norman, Okla. last Sunday.

INSURE IN
SURE
Insurance
For the Best Fire
Insurance see
B. M. Haymes

REX
Theatre
Evening Show
Opens 7:00—Starts 7:15
Matinee 2:00—Starts 2:15
Sat. Nite Only, Sept. 30
Dick Powell in
**It Happened
Tomorrow**
Also Selected Shorts
Sunday and Monday
Oct. 1-2
Charlie Trevor,
Albert Dekker in
**Woman Of The
Town**
Also Fox News—Comedy
Tuesday, Oct. 3
Beulah Bondi,
Nina Foch in
**She's A Soldier
TOO**
Also Selected Shorts
Wed. One Day Only, Oct. 4
Eddie Cantor,
George Murphy in
Show Business
Also News—Comedy
Thu. One Day Only, Oct. 5
All Spanish Talking
Picture
Also Selected Shorts
Friday Nite and Saturday
Matinee, Oct. 6-7
Gene Autry, and The
Sons of the Pioneers in
The Big Show
Also Desert Hawk No. 6,
Cartoon

Just Arrived!
New Woolens, New Crepes
New Ruchings, New Buttons
Quilt Scraps, Luggage
Ladies Skirts, Belts, Blankets
Unbleached Domestic 15c, 19c, 25c
There's Always Something New At
Boydston Variety Store
MRS. W. E. HUFFHINES, Manager
We Advertise What We Sell—We Sell What We Advertise
Watch Our Ads In The Index-Press

**EXPERTLY
CRAFTED...**
Peters WORK SHOES
Fine workmanship...
The best materials
obtainable... Comfort lasts
...Here is the winning combination that makes Peters
Work Shoes the best "buys"
for your work shoe dollar.

Bryant-Link Company
LAMESA, TEXAS

Complete Stock
Monark Batteries
For All Cars, Trucks, Tractors
See Us For New Plymouth,
Dodge and Chrysler Motors
Seat Covers and Cushions
Seal Beam Headlights
Kiddies, We Have Bicycle Parts
For All Makes Of Bicycles
O'Donnell Auto Supply
BOYD SMITH
Phone 28 : Wholesale, Retail

Polio Spread Is Worst in Years

Still No Known Preventive Or Cure; High Hopes Come and Fade.

NEW YORK.—Infantile paralysis, despite 20 years of effort to combat it, has been more widespread in the first 30 weeks of this year than in any other since the epidemic of 1916. There still is no known preventive or cure, not even any medicine.

There is only rest and nursing care, with the treatment of Elizabeth Kenny, the Australian nurse, rated at the top.

The record for the worst years:

Year	1st 30 Weeks	Total for Year
1916	6761 cases	27,621 cases
1931	1874 cases	15,790 cases
1943	2318 cases	12,249 cases
1944	3066 cases	

The 30th week this year ended July 29. Peaks of past outbreaks occur around the 35th week. In the last four years the peaks have ranged from the 34th to 37th weeks inclusive.

The present cases occur mostly in North Carolina, Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, with some in Louisiana, and mild outbreaks in Ohio and Michigan. California and Texas had flareups which appear to be subsiding. The figures are from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

High Hopes Fade. All the high hopes of cures of former years have faded, one by one, although since 1916 more and more effort has been directed toward finding a cure.

The first high hopes were for convalescent serum, the protective antibodies of those who recently had the disease. But after thousands had been treated, it was found that those with no serum had just as high a recovery rate as the others.

Next came vaccines. One from the New York city health department was made of the killed virus of infantile paralysis. When 20,000 vaccinations were of record, there was a brief time when success was confidently predicted. Afterward it was abandoned as useless.

Then came a second vaccine, this time of live, but attenuated virus. While first results looked good, after a summer's trial it was declared too dangerous.

The third great hope was nasal sprays, alum, picro acid and zinc. Sprays were founded on the belief that polio was contracted only through the nose, in the nerves of smell. But it was found that polio also can be contracted via the digestive tract.

Death Rate Is Falling. Currently, there is one glimmer on the medical horizon. That is a new vaccine, based on the singular fact that sometimes the method of killing micro-organisms makes a difference in their protective, or vaccination value.

The New York vaccine was made by killing the virus with formaldehyde. The new method this summer uses ultra-violet light. In the laboratory such vaccine seems to be protecting animals.

Physicians know that human carriers probably spread polio, they know that the virus is found in sewage, and in flies, and that apparently a fly doesn't carry it more than a couple of days.

That is about all, and it sums up to the appalling fact that there isn't any protection against infantile paralysis, except to keep away from infection. That involves the impossible thing of keeping away from every other human, and from a lot of unknowns in nature besides.

On the bright side, the polio death rate has been falling for years. The mortality was 25 per cent in New York city in the great 1916 epidemic. Now rates are between 5 and 10 per cent, and sometimes lower, even to a fraction of 1 per cent.

Another bright side: Statistics are piling up to show that half, and probably more than half, of those stricken will recover without paralysis. Miss Kenny claims that 88 per cent of those taking her treatment recover without paralysis. This is the highest rate, but not greatly in excess of other treatments.

All His Pay in Bonds, Now He's 100% Charlie

DANVILLE, ILL. — Charles J. Derx, a boilermaker in the Danville car shops of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad, has the nickname of "100 Per Cent Charlie."

Derx puts all his wages into war bonds and now has 670 \$25 bonds. He and his wife and daughter-in-law live on income from rooms rented to war workers.

He will continue his purchasing, Derx says, until his son, Lewis, a petty officer, third class, in the navy, now stationed at Gulfport, Miss., returns home.

Plane Plants to Lay Off 300,000 Men Coming Year

WASHINGTON. — Close to 300,000 workers will be laid off by aircraft plants within the next year due to production cutbacks occasioned by surprisingly light losses of heavy bombers in the war theaters, Maj. Gen. Oliver P. Echols believes. Echols said that at the gigantic Willow Run plant near Detroit an employment drop of 50 per cent may be expected by December.

His Former Pupils Win High Places

Retired Officer Recalls West Point Days.

EUGENE, ORE.—Col. Robert M. Lyon, U. S. army, retired, and now living in Eugene, doesn't say, "I knew him when," but, "I knew them when," and he means Gen. Douglas MacArthur, a former classmate; Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, Gen. Omar Bradley Jr., and Lieut. Col. Henry J. F. Miller, all former students of his.

Colonel Lyon was in MacArthur's class at West Point, '03, and both went to the Philippine Islands after graduation. He remembers MacArthur as the most popular man in the class.

Returning to West Point to teach in 1911-12, he had Eisenhower, Bradley, and Miller in his history and tactics course and in military engineering.

"Eisenhower I remember distinctly as a big, straight, square-shouldered boy who would stand up in the recitation room and look the instructor squarely in the eye as he made his recitation. He gave one the impression of power, the ability to do things and to stand on his own two feet."

Colonel Lyon recalls Bradley as "another of the same type—tall, lanky, a good scholar who took his work seriously. In athletics he was a ball player and as I remember, an excellent pitcher."

Miller was also in this class of '15 and Colonel Lyon recognized him by his picture, but had no special comment to make about him except "he was a classmate of Eisenhower, Bradley, Ryder, McNarney and others who have made a high place for themselves, and was assigned to the cavalry upon graduating."

Colonel Lyon himself has led an adventuresome life. He served in the Philippines, as a lieutenant colonel in France during World War I, in Cuba for two years, in Hawaii two different times, taught at West Point three times, and was commander of the ROTC unit at the University of Oregon for four years before his retirement in 1942.

Legends Follow in Wake Of Strenuous Commander

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ADVANCED COMMAND POST IN NORMANDY.—Fresh tales concerning Lieut. Gen. George S. Patton Jr., the gravel-voiced tank commander, are spreading in the wake of his swift maneuvers.

As soon as his Third Army had smashed into Brittany, according to a front line story, he vowed: "I'll have tea in Brest Sunday, even if I have to slow down."

The following Sunday tank spearheads actually penetrated the outskirts of the harbor city—but had to retire before heavy fire.

A military policeman at a village street intersection was berated by a colonel for a traffic jam.

"Please, sir, don't talk that way to me," the MP said and cringed. "General Patton's just been through here."

Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower said he talked with General Patton by telephone earlier in the week and asked why he didn't get the lead out of his feet. The supreme commander did not repeat the explosive reply that poured from the other end of the line.

Freezers in Five Sizes On Market After War

MANSFIELD, OHIO.—Home freezer cabinets, in five different sizes, will be offered to housewives in the postwar era, according to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company officials.

"Home freezer cabinets can revolutionize a housewife's shopping and housekeeping habits," said J. H. Ashbaugh, vice president in charge of the company's electric appliance division.

"She can market when she chooses once a month or every two weeks—or she can process foods from her own garden at the peak of their flavor and nutritive value. And she can cook at any time, then freeze it for future use."

Swiss Will Not Welcome 'Despicable' Refugees

BERN, SWITZERLAND.—Switzerland has restated her position of the right of political refugees to asylum here in a declaration which can, in application—but need not necessarily do so—parallel the Allied definition of war criminals.

Instructions recently given to frontier guards state: "Foreigners unworthy of asylum because of despicable acts or of their activities or attitude violating Swiss interest are in no case to be admitted."

Specific definitions of such foreigners are not given.

No Storage, Shrimp Dumped, Paper Says

NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans States said that "more than 10 tons of shrimp—begging on the New Orleans market for lack of cold storage facilities"—were dumped. Manpower shortages at canneries and demands for cold storage space by the military, and "early season overproduction" were blamed.

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Plan That Saved a Marriage

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



"Those who make a plan now—are going to find very profitable avenues for investment."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THOUSANDS of marriages are wrecked every year because husband and wife have no plan.

There is nothing like a plan. The moment your mind begins to work on it you feel a new interest in life. The minute a man and woman unite on a common object in life, toward which their hopes and thoughts turn, they are dealing a death-blow to the vagueness, discontent, criticism, emptiness that so often swamps married happiness.

It may be a plan to build a house. It may be a plan to get out of debt. It may be a plan to arrange for the professional education of the adored boy who is presently coming home, tired in soul and body, from the fighting front. It may be a plan to have a baby, or adopt a baby, or acquire a little farm, or study Spanish and live in Mexico after the war.

Whatever it is, if it lifts husband and wife out of the disillusioned contemplation of everyday humdrum living, and gives them a wider view of a happier world to come, it saves their mutual love and respect, and perhaps makes secure their lives and their children's lives.

Think out a plan. Make it extravagant. Make it a dream plan. Begin it with "If we could have just what we want, after the war, Tom, what would it be?" Clear away the obstacle of debt now; start the sacrificing and saving that will bring it about.

There is no woman alive, no matter how scatter-brained or how beset at this moment with all the confused conditions and obligations and difficulties of a world at war, who cannot pull her life right into shape with a good plan. There is no marriage, on shaky ground today, that will not be steadied and safeguarded by a plan.

After the war each one of us is going to fall into one of two categories; those who go up and those who go down. Conditions will be pretty much the same for everyone, but to some they'll spell ruin and to others a new golden era of success.

Those who are counting upon postwar time to pull them out of debt, to supply them with more money, to bring home from the front service men who will contribute to the family support, are going to be fooled. Those who make a plan now, who bring their affairs into a condition of complete solvency, are going to find very profitable avenues for investment, very gratifying opportunities to secure what always is in wait for thrifty Americans—prosperity, security, success.

Women Active in New Fields. Make your choice now. Thousands of American women are doing things today that they never did before. Life has changed for us all, and only those who realize that are going to fit into the new plan.

"Looking back now on the time before the last two years, I think I must have been asleep all my life," writes Mary Perry from Texas. "I married young, and always took it for granted that Walter would make the money and I would spend it. We had four children in seven years, and through those years a steady burden of debt and discomfort all but swamped our marriage. I would have left him, but I had nowhere to go, and he certainly would have deserted me but for the children, and the impossibility of supporting two establishments. It was an unhappy time for us both."

Remove Spots With Powder Spots and stains on thick materials like mattresses, upholstery, pillows, heavy rugs, and wall paper are often more successfully removed by drawing out rather than sponging out. Corn starch, white cornmeal, talcum powder, salt, magnesia powder and Fuller's earth can all be used.

Shake the absorbing powder on the wet spot, brush off with a soft brush. Repeat until moisture has been absorbed. Then dry between layers of blotting paper.



"A place in the country..."

CHART YOUR COURSE

Making plans and working them out together is what holds marriages together, says Miss Norris. It is aimlessness, vagueness of direction, that brings disillusionment and finally disaster. Clinging to some objective, meeting and conquering difficulties, achieving little successes, will put zest and purpose into any marriage, and make life worth while living again.

Any sort of plan may do, but a high ambitious one is best. Something worth striving for, a goal distant but not entirely out of your reach, will lift you out of yourself, and make little difficulties seem unimportant. The plan may be to save enough to buy a house in the suburbs, or a little farm. It may be to provide for the education of children for a profession; it may be merely to get out of debt and start afresh. But whatever it is, a plan is a stabilizer, an inspiration in marriage. Whatever you do, don't just drift, hoping that the future will take care of itself. It won't.

"When your letter came I read it to him," she goes on, "and we decided, rather doubtfully, to start all over again, and this time with a plan for ourselves, our children, and our future. We moved to a cheaper place in the country, we began to save money, we went in for fruit trees and a Victory garden, we checked up every month upon our affairs and our gradual approach to the dignified beautiful living we both wanted."

"The plan is in its 17th month now," finishes Mary's letter, "and it has saved our marriage. There is nothing in the world so stimulating as to know where you want to get, and to start."

Persuade Your Husband

By Hinting, Not Nagging Here's a tip on how to get your husband to do what you want (occasionally) and yet avoid being tagged with that obnoxious description: "a nagging wife."

Instead of scolding or complaining, use humor and ingenuity in your approach to everyday problems. Getting hubby to shave daily is an example. Instead of nagging him for failing to shave, a recent issue of She magazine suggests that you cut out glamour boy ads for shaving lotion or razor blades and tack them over the washstand with a personal annotation, such as "You, too, can look like this."

For chores that he persistently neglects, you might try putting the tools in his path wherever he goes. One woman is cited as having gone so far as to lug the lawn mower into the house—but it worked!

Of course, there are two principal objections to this good advice, as you've probably made a mental note of already. The first is, it takes a powerful amount of self-control for a woman who's consumed with anger over something to keep her temper and think of little practical jokes instead. The second thing is the time and trouble it takes to cook up cute little schemes.

We admit it's all a lot of fuss and bother—which is just what a husband is most of the time anyway—but if you don't want to bother to fuss over him—don't complain if you lose him!

Gun Shy

By CLYDE B. HOUGH
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

WHEN Hyder fumbled his rifle and dropped it, that first morning at drill, most of us recruits and some of the older heads snickered. "Silence in the ranks," thundered Sergeant Kane.

Hyder made no move to recover his rifle—just stood staring down at it in trance-like horror. "Don't be afraid of it, guy," Kane said. "It won't bite anybody but them Axis bums."

But Hyder was afraid of a gun; all guns, as we learned later. His hands would tremble every time he touched one. So, naturally, he drew a low rating in rank-and-file judgment. His only champion was Barry, another rookie. "I know the guy. You fellows don't," Barry told us in the squad room.

"We know he's afraid of guns. He must be yellow," came the answer. "You're wrong, all of you," Barry argued. "Hyder and I were raised in the same town, on the same block. He's no coward—just gun shy. Born that way, same as some people are born with blue eyes, others brown."

Someone said, "Bah, he's . . ." and cut the speech short. Another glanced toward the door but immediately looked away.

Hyder seemed rooted on the threshold, toehold thrust forward, eyes squinting, his squatty body taut, hard.

For a moment, he held his belligerent pose and then, eyes straight ahead, he walked slowly and deliberately down the aisle between the two rows of cots. He stopped before his friend. "Thanks, Barry," he said, and turned and left the room.

"Well, guts or no guts," said Sergeant Kane, "no gun-shy son will



I saw a towhead bobbing and weaving.

ever be any good in this man's army."

"Hyder could be," Barry contended. "He was a hotel cook before the draft got him. A good one, too, and he likes the work."

"A cook, huh?" Kane mused. "That's a way for me to get him off my hands. Think I'll see the mess sarge about it."

That was back in barracks. Now this was Bataan and the jungle and the Nips. We were on outpost duty, Barry and Hyder with us. Sergeant Kane was in charge. Eight of the men rested in pup tents while four others watched from foxholes out front. Behind the tents, in a tiny clearing where we'd chopped away the creepers and the thick bush, Hyder was cooking our noonday meal.

Yes, Barry had been right. The gun-shy lad could really cook and he loved the job, too. I watched him now, bending over the stew pot, pouring in special seasoning he'd concocted from native spices.

As he stepped back from the cauldron he nodded at me and yelled, "Come and get it." But right then things happened all at once. The little monkey men swarmed out of the jungle. No noise, no warning till the bullets whistled through the mist.

"Rush for the tents and grab a Garand," I shouted at Hyder and acted on my own advice. The next few minutes were a mad whirl—shots cracking, bayonets twirling, men reeling, going down. My arms were weak from the shock of thrust and parry. Then suddenly the surging tide of Nips swerved and we stood in the clear. I glanced toward the cook pots and saw a towhead bobbing and weaving, surrounded by Japs. The squatty body and heavy shoulders heaved to the swing of a baseball bat.

I moved fast, Barry and Sergeant Kane running beside me. We hit that circle and speared us a Nip apiece; Hyder was still swinging. We got through to him and the yellow boys scattered. Barry and Kane carried him to a tent and I looked at the red-smearing weapon lying on the ground. There were eighteen dead Japs sprawled one upon another—every head busted by Hyder's favorite instrument.

In the tent Sergeant Kane was swabbing a wound in Hyder's thigh. A bayonet thrust had got him. His shirt was off and there was a long slash across his ribs.

I said, "You did wrong, buddy. According to rules, you should have ducked those Nips and joined the rest of us, back to back. How come "But they were after our chow," he protested. "They hooked that pot of stew and tried to run with it. How could I let them get away with it?"

It's Simple Furniture With Frills, Ruffles

IF YOU have been wondering if quaintness, frills and ruffles were going into the decorating ash can after the war, the answer is—NO!

Period themes and quaintness will be stepped up to have a dramatic quality. Modern ideas will



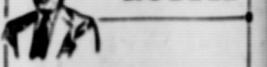
creep in and add to this effect. Simple furniture will be built in and fabrics will be cut and sewn especially to fit the spaces they are to fill. The bed curtains for the slanting wall in the sketch are an example—and the triangular shaped window curtains to give extra fullness. Frills will be even fuller than those of our dreams, and many a homemaker who never before used her sewing machine attachments will be learning the mysteries of the ruffler and hemmer.

NOTE—Why not start your dream room now with a skirted blanket chest like the one in this sketch? It is grand to have extra covers handy on chilly nights and the padded top makes a comfortable seat. Pattern 239 gives complete and fully illustrated directions with detailed list of materials needed for making the chest, full skirt and top cushion. Enclose 15 cents with name and address to get pattern 239. Address:

MRS. BETH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 239.
Name
Address

MINOR SKIN IRRITATIONS MOROLINE WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



Consumption of reclaimed rubber in the United States increased more than 50 per cent from 1940 to 1943. Reclaimed rubber may frequently be used in the manufacture of the same articles from which it was reclaimed.

In 1943 gasoline and motor vehicle tax revenues combined accounted for nearly 30 per cent of the total state revenues.

Next year will mark the thirtieth anniversary of the use of motor vehicles in the rural free delivery mail service. Rubber-tired mail cars had a bearing on the passing of the first federal aid highway law in 1916.

Jeffrey Shaw

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

IT PAYS BIG

* In a recent survey, farmers reported that inoculation of legume seed with NITRAGIN (1) gives bigger yields, (2) makes faster earlier growth, (3) helps get a better stand, (4) gives more vigor to fight weeds and drought. NITRAGIN helps legumes add up to 125 lbs. of nitrogen to the soil per acre.

INOCULATE VETCH, CLOVER, WINTER PEAWS WITH NITRAGIN

It pays to inoculate every planting of vetch, alfalfa, clovers, winter peas, other legumes with NITRAGIN. It costs only a few cents an acre and takes only a few minutes to mix with the seed. It's the oldest, most widely used inoculant. Look for it in the yellow can at dealers. Write for free legume booklet.

FREE Write for helpful booklet about soil building. How to get better legumes.



THE NITRAGIN CO., 3000 E. 10th St., MINNEAPOLIS, MN.

Announcement

The Senior class presents its candidate for the Football Queen, Juanita Swinney Bingham. Boxes are distributed over town and your vote or contribution, will be appreciated. Votes are 1 cent each. We thank you.
SENIOR CLASS.

Joe Proctor was a visitor in Fort Worth last Friday. While away he had a good barber taking his place at the shop—his nephew, J. L.

Geo. W. Burdett was a visitor from Berry Flat Saturday.

Same Old Record

In the United War Fund drive, Lynn county last week went over the top by oversubscribing its quota, and garnered the honor of being the first county in the state to report that its job was done. The contributions amounted to \$5,862.87. Quota for the O'Donnell sector was \$2,000. It was oversubscribed by more than \$200. It's the Lynn county way. Be it War Bonds, Red Cross, or what have you, when it comes to backing up our boys in service we've got what it takes and don't hesitate when the time comes to shell out.

Going Fast

Washington, Sept 18.—More than 400 cars are being scrapped daily and approximately 1,500,000 will leave the highways permanently this year.

The office of War Information also estimates that the supply of new cars subject to rationing has dwindled to 20,000, and that 650,000 used cars are in dealers' hands.

By the end of this year, the number of privately owned passenger cars in operation is expected to be about 23,750,000. The Office of Defense Transportation regards 20,000,000 privately owned cars in the hands of essential drivers as the minimum number necessary to keep the civilian economy in operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. R. Burkett were visitors in Lubbock Friday. Mr. Burkett conveyed a shipment of cattle to market.

Pfc. William Clifford Barnett is convalescing in a U. S. hospital in Italy with a crushed foot. This is the third time he has been in the hospital. The last time he was sent to hospital was for wounds from a German shell which inflicted back injuries. His Purple Heart decoration arrived here about three week ago.

Judge Chas. Nunnally was among those from Mesquite who transacted business in O'Donnell Saturday.

Announcing the Opening of Our Modern

Grain Elevator

We have completed construction of a modern grain elevator in O'Donnell, located in the north part of town.

We are now prepared to buy your grain and will pay highest market prices day to day. We will also contract your grain for future delivery.

We invite your inspection of our facilities and solicit your patronage on a basis of service and the highest cash prices the market affords.

Phone 96

McBride & Swope

J. L. Swope, Manager

There's no companion like a good book.

Bob Hope's New Book--

"I Never Left Home"

\$1.00

Can be mailed overseas without request

For the Latest Books Always Visit

The Book Shop and Rental Library

Room 11 First Nat'l. Bank Bldg., LAMESA
Mrs. Juanita McQuien

Attention, Car and Truck Owners!

We have purchased the Arnett Motor Company from W. D. Arnett and are now in charge of same

W. B. (Cush) HENRY

Is in charge of our repair shop and we invite all his old customers as well as all car and truck owners to come see him when in need of his services. Satisfaction guaranteed

Medlock-Beckham Motor Company

Dodge-Plymouth—Sales-Service—Phone 186—LAMESA

Grain Wanted

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

L. L. Busby

Located at J. H. Jordan Gin. Phone 27

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Real Estate

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Office 57—Phones—Res. 163
TAHOKA

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Every Friday and Saturday. Come by Saturday noon.

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Phone 238 Lamesa, Texas

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Zene The Cleaner

We Buy Hangers

You're Always Welcome At--

Crescent Cafe

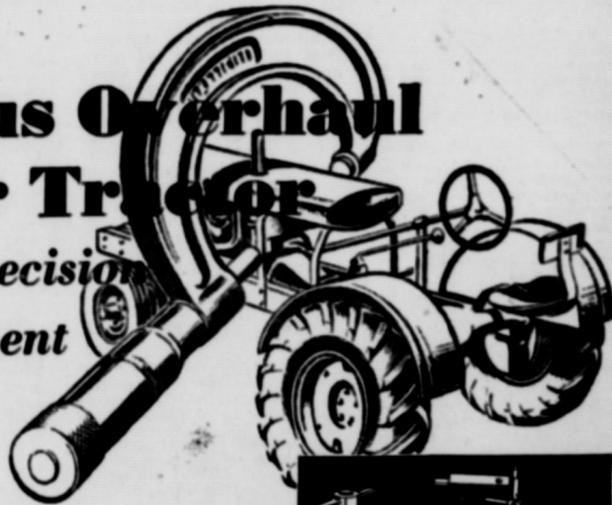
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Real Coffee, Cold Drinks Cigarettes

PLEASE REMEMBER: We are headquarters for Combine Parts, Binder Parts, V-Belts for all machines, Motor Oil from quarts to 55 gal. drums, Pure Sisal Binder Twine, Spring Type Cotton Scales, Maize Scales, Seed Forks, Cream Separators.

Let us Overhaul Your Tractor with Precision Equipment



A complete engine overhaul requires that all parts be accurately checked or measured to determine wear.

In our shop such tools as micrometers and connecting rod aligners are used for this purpose. The result is a repair job which conforms to the highest factory specifications and an engine that will give many added hours of dependable service.

Our modern shop equipment enables us to do precision repair work.

Grain Tank Attachment for '42 Harvester Thresher, 6 can Electric Milk Cooler, Batteries for all Cars and Tractors, 600x16 Tractor Tires and Tubes, Fence Chargers and Insulators, Single Row Power Drive Binder, Used F12 Tractor and Equipment, New B Tractor and Equipment.

Lamesa Tractor & Motor Co.

Formerly Earnest & Nix Implement Co. LAMESA, TEXAS



Notes of a Newspaperman:

Londoners relayed this one via D. Chandler . . . About the luncheon rendezvous between the King and General Eisenhower, during which His Majesty turned to the General and remarked: "What do you think of Montgomery?"

Eisenhower paused and then replied: "He's a great military genius, but frankly I often have the feeling he's trying to get my job."

"Oh, really?" said King George. "I'm glad to hear that."

"How do you mean," Ike asked. "You're glad?"

"Well," answered the King between giggles, "to tell the truth I've been a little worried about the same thing, myself!"

If this George Bernard Shaw sally has been printed, it eluded us. Ten-year-old, at his last birthday he told newspapermen: "Yes, I am now 88 and I haven't an enemy in the world, not one enemy!"

"A beautiful thought," responded a reporter. "Yep," added Shaw, "I've outlived them all!"

At a Hollywood gathering the other night Donald Ogden Stewart made a talk on the brave new world. He told the story of the little boy whose Sunday school teacher asked who made him. The boy replied: "I'm not done yet. I plan to have a part in making myself."

Joe Alger is the chief copywriter of Life promotion . . . With others on the staff Alger was figuring out a new slogan for Fortune . . . Fortune, they all agreed, was changing in character and it should also have a new slogan . . . His clown suggestion got a howl, to wit: "Although Fortune is only half the size of the phone directory—it is twice as interesting!"

Mark Ethridge, the Louisville newspaperman, and his wife recently had Vice President Wallace as their house guest . . . Mrs. Ethridge recruited the entire family to help dust off things, wash every window, etc. . . . After two days of house-cleaning, Mrs. Ethridge cautioned the children: "Remember now, Mr. Wallace is a very simple man."

"Well, if he is," groaned the tinnest of the Ethridges, "then all I can say is that we've done a lotta unnecessary work!"

It happened in the Stork Club . . . Two handsome young Army lieutenants walked in and table-for-two'd across the way from where a Major was seated with a charming young thing . . . The wolves decided to try and meet her—but how?

They scribbled a note to the Major, hoping he would be flattered by it—and send for them . . . The note read: "We wish, sir, you would settle something for us. We are seated across the way. My friend says you impress him as being a lawyer in civilian life. I say you have the manner and poise of a dignified doctor."

The Major enjoyed the flattery for a moment but after noting their handsome features and youth, sent back this message: "I was neither a doctor nor a lawyer as a civilian. As a matter of fact, I was a taxidermist and I fully intend to preserve this pigeon for myself!"

Lint From a Blue Serge Suit: Mme. Chiang Kai-shek walked out because his first wife is living in the house . . . Tax experts point out that Frank Sinatra's income of \$1,450,000 will net him little more than \$25,000 . . . The Dep't of Justice is insisting it be consulted on the legality of any peace treaties.

A movement has started to decorate Bob Hope, Jack Benny and others who have gone overseas with the boys . . . Ben Swig, a Boston realty man, bought the St. Francis Hotel (San Francisco) for 4 1/2 million. He paid \$750,000 in cash. Four days later he sold half interest for that sum. In short, he owns a 4 1/2 million dollar hotel for the price of a round trip ticket to the coast.

The G-Men have a complaint about a musician in a symphony orchestra. He allegedly refuses to play the National Anthem and curses it.

Baseball is the only enterprise that hasn't raised its prices . . . His friends are urging a high diplomatic post for Mayor LaGuardia . . . Knopf will get James Stevens' new manuscript, said to be a masterpiece. He gave Paul Bunyan to American literature.

William A. Lydgate, editor of the Gallipoli (his book, "What America Thinks," is due on the 26th), offers this to show what Americans think about Germany. Not long ago they took a poll asking people how they thought Hitler should be treated after the war. Practically everybody wanted him hanged, shot or imprisoned indefinitely. There were a lot of ingenious suggestions from the public. A San Francisco school teacher said: "Have somebody read his own speeches back to him day and night until he goes nuts."

With Ernie Pyle at the Front:

Hungry Paris Rejoices At Liberation From Nazis

Last Three Weeks of Occupation Prove Decided Hardship on City

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Although Ernie Pyle is now in England and headed home for a much-needed rest after two and one-half years on the fighting fronts, this column was written before he left France.)

By Ernie Pyle

PARIS.—Eating has been skimpy in Paris through the four years of German occupation, but reports that people were on the verge of starvation apparently were untrue.

The country people of Normandy all seemed so healthy and well fed that we said all along: "Well, country people always fare best, but just wait till we get to Paris. We'll see real suffering there."

Of course the people of Paris have suffered during these four years of darkness. But I don't believe they have suffered as much physically as we had thought.

Certainly they don't look bedraggled and gaunt and pitiful, as the people of Italy did. In fact they look to me just the way you would expect them to look in normal times.

However, the last three weeks before the liberation really were rough. For the Germans, sensing that their withdrawal was inevitable, began taking everything for themselves.

There is very little food in Paris right now. The restaurants either are closed or serve only the barest meals—coffee and sandwiches. And the "national coffee," as they call it, is made from barley and is about the vilest stuff you ever tasted. France has had nothing else for four years.

If you were to take a poll on what the average Parisian most wants in the way of little things, you would probably find that he wants real coffee, soap, gasoline and cigarettes.

Eating is the biggest problem right now for our correspondents. The army hasn't yet set up a mess. We can't even get our rations cooked in our hotel kitchens, on account of the gas shortage.

So we just eat cold K-rations and 10-in-1 rations in our rooms. For two days most of us were so busy we didn't eat at all, and on the morning after the liberation of Paris some of the correspondents were actually so weak from not eating that they could hardly navigate.

But the food situation should be relieved within a few days. The army is bringing in 3,000 tons of food right away for the Parisians. That is only about two pounds per person, but it will help.

In little towns only 10 miles from Paris you can get eggs and wonderful dinners of meat and noodles. Food does exist, and now that transportation is open again Paris should be eating soon.

Autos were almost nonexistent on the streets of Paris when we arrived. That first day we met an English girl who had been here throughout the war, and we drove her for some distance in our jeep. She was as excited as a child, and said that was her first ride in a motorcar in four years. We told her that it wasn't a motorcar, that it was a jeep, but she said it was a motorcar to her.

Outside of war vehicles, a few French civilian cars were running when we arrived but they were all in official use in the fighting. All of these had "FFI" (French Forces of the Interior) painted in rough white letters on the fenders, tops and sides.

Although it appears that the Germans did conduct themselves fairly properly up until the last few weeks, the French really detest them. One woman told me that for the first three weeks of the occupation the Germans were fine but that then they turned arrogant. The people of Paris simply tolerated them and nothing more.

The Germans did perpetrate medieval barbarities against leaders of the resistance movement as their plight became more and more desperate. But what I'm driving at is that the bulk of the population of Paris—the average guy who just gets along no matter who is here—didn't really fare too badly from day to day. It was just the things they heard about and the fact of being under a bullheaded and arrogant thumb, that created the

smoldering hatred for the Germans in the average Parisian's heart. You can get an idea how they feel from a little incident that occurred the first night we were here. We put up at a little family sort of hotel in Montparnasse. The landlady took us up to show us our rooms. A cute little French maid came along with her.

As we were looking around the room the landlady opened a wardrobe door, and there on a shelf lay a German soldier's cap that he had forgotten to take.

The landlady picked it up with the tips of her fingers, held it out at arm's length, made a face, and dropped it on a chair.

Whereupon the little maid reached up with her pretty foot and gave it a huge kick that sent it sailing across the room.

In Paris we had slept in beds and walked on carpeted floors for the first time in three months.

It was a beautiful experience, and yet for some perverse reason a great inner feeling of calm and relief came over us when we once again set up our cots in a tent, with apple trees for our draperies and only the green grass for a rug.

Hank Gorrell of the United Press was with me, and he said: "This is ironic, that we should have to go back with the armies to get some peace."

The gaiety and charm and big-cityness of Paris somehow had got a little on our nerves after so much of the opposite. I guess it indicates that all of us will have to make our return to normal life gradually and in small doses.

Paris unquestionably is a lovely city. It seems to me to have been but little hurt by the war. You can still buy almost anything imaginable if you have money. Everybody is well-dressed. But prices are terrific, and already they have started zooming higher.

Those of us who expect to be coming home before long have made shopping tours and stocked up with gifts. And with the exception of perfume, which is dirt cheap, we pay about three times what we would at home for the same thing.

I'm sorry the restaurants couldn't open before we left. For although I'm not much of a gourmet I do value the sense of taste, and we've eaten enough meals in private homes and small-town restaurants over here to realize that it's all true about the French culinary genius.

They simply have a knack for making any old thing taste wonderful, just as the British have a knack for making everything taste horrible.

We thought there were a lot of people on the streets those first two days. But you should have seen Paris a few days later, when the whole populace began to come out. By mid-afternoon it is almost impossible to drive in the streets because of the bicycles. They take up the entire street, as far as you can see. The sidewalks are packed. It's like Christmas shopping time at home.

Within three days Paris was transformed from a city crackling and roaring with brief warfare into a city entirely at peace. Within three days Paris was open for business as usual, and its attitude toward the war reminded me of Cairo after its threat of danger had gone.

As usual, those Americans most deserving of seeing Paris will be the last ones to see it, if they ever do. By that I mean the fighting soldiers. Only one infantry regiment and one reconnaissance outfit of Americans actually came into Paris, and they passed on through the city quickly and went on with their war.

The first ones in the city to stay were such nonfighters as the psychological-warfare and civil-affairs people, public-relations men and correspondents.

to show that he has been through the mill. The medical aidmen were feeling badly because the piece said they were not eligible for the badge.

Their captain asked me what I thought, and so did some of the enlisted aidmen. And I could tell them truthfully that my feelings agreed with theirs. They should have it.

Front-Line Medics Deserve Pay Hike

The last time I was with the front-line medics—a battalion detachment in the Fourth division—they showed me a piece in the Stars and Stripes about congress passing the new \$10-a-month pay increase for soldiers holding the combat infantrymen's badge.

This combat infantry badge is a proud thing, a mark of great distinction, a sign on a man's chest

to show that he has been through the mill. The medical aidmen were feeling badly because the piece said they were not eligible for the badge.

Their captain asked me what I thought, and so did some of the enlisted aidmen. And I could tell them truthfully that my feelings agreed with theirs. They should have it.



THE POSTWAR FURNACE
The postwar world is going to give a break to the man who tends a furnace. The job is going to be no more trouble than switching the dial on a radio.

The furnace of tomorrow will not take up much more room than an electric toaster.

Science and engineering, with all their wonders, have neglected the furnace. It is what it has always been, a huge, cumbersome, awesome, space-bogging apparatus full of temperaments. That frustrated, broken look on the faces of countless Americans is due to furnace responsibilities.

Shaking it down and removing the ashes has made many a man hate cellars, northern winters and the discoverer of coal.

But at last something has been done about it, and a furnace perfected that will be a thing of beauty and joy all winter. It is heralded as a robot-heatwave, a jet-heater, a jeep furnace.

You can carry it home under your arm.

Its special appeal is that it leaves no ashes, has no grate, requires no shaking and is as self-operating as an oil burner.

It is, in fact, the coal industry's answer to the oil furnace. The oil industry has been battering the coal industry around for years without getting much opposition, but a battle is ahead.

The Anthracite Industries incorporated in the popper of the new demi tasse self-operating furnace. It only takes up a space two feet by two feet and is a simple device consisting of a couple of gears, a blower, a water pump and some blades which chop up the coal as it is automatically fed into the fire box.

It produces a terrific flame in a few seconds and is guaranteed to have mom yelling "Turn off that heat!" instead of snawking "Horse, you'd better look at the furnace again. You opened the drafts two hours ago and nothing's happened yet."

There is practically no cleaning to be done. The old man can give it an annual renovating with an old tooth brush, a nail file and an eye dropper.

It will be in production as soon as Hitler and Tojo are disposed of.

Swell! Now we have the furnace of the future all attended to.

But how can we get the coal of the present?

Private Purkey Nears the Reich

Dear Harriet— Well, I am not sure where I am now on account of the armies in France don't stop long enough even to look at the signposts, but if I ain't in Germany I am close. Uncle Sam has got a new secret weapon. It is a jet-propelled G. I. We are moving so fast, Harriet, that windshields should now be compulsory equipment for foot soldiers.

I would not be able to write this letter except we have just slowed down to 30 miles an hour. I don't know what we slowed down for but Sergeant Mooney says it was on account of we had to send some scouts about 100 miles to locate General Patton.

It has been almost like a sightseeing tour with me the last few weeks and I seen a thousand places where Hitler once slept and most of the towns where the Nazi supermen once stood. It looks to me like the Kraut is the fastest folding soldier in history.

I seen thousands of captured Nazis in the last couple of weeks and I ain't seen a goosestep in a carload. Anybody who says Germany will never surrender on our terms is nuts. The ones I been seeing will surrender for a drink of water and a cool place to lay down.

This liberation business is nice but it is too fast for comfort. I would rather of liberated a little slower so we could get time to buy at least a postcard in some of them famous French and Belgium places. But if a G. I. stops to tie his shoe lace here he becomes AWOL.

All my love, Oscar.

Officials of the New York stock exchange announce that the spreading of rumors about stocks must be stopped. —News item.

Wanna bet?

Imagine stopping rumors on the stock exchange! Lots of people won't buy a stock unless a few rumors are thrown in with it. "It's all I ever get for my money," complained Elmer Twitchell today. "If I must choose between stocks and rumors, gimme rumors."



Washington, D. C.

CONGRESSMEN TO LONDON
Without any publicity, the British government has quietly moved to improve British good will by arranging air transportation for six congressmen to London. They will inspect the damage done by the robot blitz and take side trips into France.

The British embassy did not actually invite the congressmen to come to England, but made a point of letting three Republicans and three Democrats know that seats on British planes leaving New York for London were available.

First pair to go were Representatives James Richards, South Carolina Democrat, and Karl Mundt, South Dakota Republican. They were followed by Democratic Congressman Brooks Hays of Arkansas and Republican Walter Judd of Minnesota. The latter trip may be significant since it occurred only a few days after these two had introduced their resolution calling for bi-partisan consideration of the peace terms by this country.

The last pair includes Republican Walt Horan of Washington and Democrat Chet Holifield of California. Holifield, incidentally, was planning a quick trip overseas in order to check on some lend-lease matters for the house Democratic leadership. Each pair consists of one Republican and one Democrat, with the British determined to do all they can to prevent inter-party strife in the U.S.A. from interfering with the peace conference.

The congressmen were told by the British: "We have already been host to several American scientists and educators for brief trips across, and we don't like to discriminate against congressmen."

ALLIED SKI TROOPS

For the first time in the war, Canadian and American ski troops are due to see the sort of action they were trained for.

The first special service force, trained in mountain warfare at Helena, Mont., and in Alaska and the Aleutians, is now in southern France with the forces of General Patch. A thrust across the Maritime Alps into northern Italy will give them their first actual skiing action.

This special service force includes both Canadians and Americans, and will probably come up against German rear-guard units as the Allied armies chase the Nazis toward the Brenner pass.

ELECTION IN BRITAIN

British government leaders aren't saying anything about it, but Roosevelt has been tipped off by Churchill that immediately after the fall of Germany a general election will be held in England.

In fact, Churchill's Conservative party leaders have already sent instructions down to their borough leaders to begin organizing for a national election.

Churchill's party strategists have already had conferences with leaders of the Labor party and have sought their support for a continuation of a future coalition government. The Labor leaders of the Churchill cabinet, however, have said no. They believe that after the war, Labor should go on its own.

Conservative leaders, however, figure that the rank and file of the Labor party will not follow their leaders but, instead, will follow Churchill.

Churchill's move in calling the general election immediately after the armistice is considered very shrewd timing. Today he is popular in England. A few months from now he may not be. The British prime minister will stand on his war record, and his cooperation with Roosevelt will not be played down as one reason why he should be returned to power. It is expected that the Conservative party will win without too much difficulty.

NAZIS IN SPAIN

Once again Nazi troops are making for Spanish soil. Members of the army which got its first taste of war seven years ago by putting Franco in Madrid, today are stealing through the French countryside below Bordeaux to be interned in Spain rather than be captured by the Fighting French. This was why the Spanish ambassador in Washington last week issued his statement barring Nazi exiles.

However, a real test of U. S.-Spanish policy is in the making. Some Nazi military men are already in Spain, plus French collaborationists who will later be charged with war crimes against France. It will be up to U. S. Ambassador Carlton Hayes, apologist for the Franco government, to deal with them.

CAPITAL CHAFF

GI Joe's are plenty peeved over the army's mustering-out pay program. Canada gives its discharged men \$100 for clothing, plus \$9 for each month's service.

GI Joe's are writing the war department that most men will need an entirely new wardrobe costing their total mustering-out pay.

Officers receive extra pay for all the time-off they are entitled to when they leave the service. . . . GIs want to draw their furlough pay when they leave the army too.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. A ubiquitous person seems to be what?
2. Of what famous Revolutionary general was Gen. Robert E. Lee the son?
3. In what country do the boys sit in school with their backs to the teacher?
4. What name is given the aurora borealis in the southern hemisphere?
5. How long is the measure known as a hand?

The Answers

1. Everywhere at the same time.
2. "Light Horse Harry" Lee.
3. China.
4. Aurora Australis.
5. Four inches.

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Liquid for Malarial Symptoms.

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Relieves pain and soreness

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U. S. D. A. Formula No. 62—Worms—Ear Tick Smear—Fly Smear & Wound Dressing—Ant-Itch—Hoost Paint & Poultice—House Spray—Stock Spray—Plant Spray—Household Insect Spray.

Ask Your Dealer or Write Great State Chemical Co. San Marcos, Texas

Kill ROACHES! Rats, too!

Get rid of pests that creep while you sleep. Use Stearns' Electric Paste Convenient. No fumes, no stench. Dependable for 60 days. 50c and \$1.00 sizes at your dealer's.

Stearns' Paste

WNU-L

To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness

(Also Fine Stomach Tonic) Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous to relieve periodic pain and accompanying nervous, weak, tired-out feelings—when due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—it helps nature and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

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We Have Chick Starter, Grow Mash
Egg Mash in calico bags, 11% Sweet Dairy
16% Dairy, Hog Feed
Pig-N-Hog Supplement, 32% Egg Supplement
Alfalfa Hay, Baled Oats and Alfalfa
Stock Salt (70c sack) Block Salt
and Pratt's Remedies

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Cattle Cubes, Sheep Cubes, Rabbit Pellets
Egg Mash Pellets, and that popular Calf Manna

Mill Products

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Milo Chop, Ground Alfalfa Hay

Before You Sell Your Grain Get Our Prices

Henningsen Lamesa Inc.

Feed Mill

Conveniently Located On Lubbock Highway

Buy Bonds Regularly

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STOVES**

We Have Just Received Several Of These Coal
Burning Stoves. Better Get One Now!

Plenty Of Stove Pipe, Elbows

We Can Supply You With
Crystal White Soap Palmolive Soap Supersuds

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Act of March 3, 1879.

Jim Ferguson Passes On
Farmer Jim Ferguson died peacefully at his home in Austin Thursday of last week. Funeral services were conducted Friday, with interment in the State Cemetery.

Ex-Governor Ferguson had reached the age of 73, and it is doubtful if Texas ever had as dominant a political figure as he. Farmer and banker, Farmer Jim was twice elected governor. Incurring the wrath of political big-wigs, came his impeachment. During his tenure of office, legislation was passed which has been far more beneficial than any since he left the governor's chair.

In many matters many people differed with Jim Ferguson, but this can be said to his credit: the people knew exactly where he stood, and that when he made a promise it was faithfully kept. He was a campaigner without an equal, and on his tours over the state during political campaigns he drew thousands who delighted in cheering his remarks with "Pour it on Jim." And Jim could pour it on. Tall of stature, with twinkling eyes, Jim Ferguson was master of a vernacular peculiarly his own. Like Brann, if he needed a word, he coined it and it fit. In reasoning, in cajolery, in repartee, he ranked among the giants in the state's political realm. For years his influence has been felt in legislative matters. Even though out of office Old Jim swayed lots of legislative bills. His friends in the legislature were legion. If Jim was firmest a measure, it's name was Dennis.

Texas' most colorful governor since Jim Hogg has passed on. He fought fair and square, never deserted a friend, never resorted to inuendo, always called a spade a spade. In all probability we shall never again see his equal in the political arena.

A little want ad will sell it.

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- If it's made of rubber we'll fix it.
- MOBIL GAS & OIL
- Brock & Parker**
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Dr. Miles Nervine
(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)

Nervous Tension can make you Wakeful, Jittery, Irritable. Nervous Tension can cause Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion. In times like these, we are more likely than usual to become overwrought and nervous and to wish for a good sedative. Dr. Miles Nervine is a good sedative—mild but effective.

If you do not use Dr. Miles Nervine you can't know what it will do for you. It comes in Liquid and Effervescent Tablet form, both equally soothing to tense and over-wrought nerves. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

Get it at your drug store. Effervescent tablets 35¢ and 75¢. Liquid 25¢ and \$1.00. Read directions and use only as directed.

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take 666
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Our Mechanics Are Skilled And We Have All Necessary
Equipment To Do Your Tractor And Binder Work

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Chas. Cathey—Owners—A. K. Williams

GIRL OVERBOARD

by GEORGE F. WORTS
WNU RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Zorie Corey, who hates being so meek, is released into taking a job she does not want, assisting Admiral Duncan write his memoirs. She is in love with Paul Dunbar, the admiral's grandson. Aboard the battleship USS Iowa, en route to Hawaii, she dances with Steve, Paul's brother, and warns Zorie against returning to her stateroom after taking dictation Zorie discovers that her notebook is missing. While alone on the deck, she is clamped over her mouth with a brutal hand and thrown overboard. She avoids the propellers and manages to catch a life ring which some sailor has tossed into the sea.

CHAPTER X

The nurse told me not to disturb her for a while. I'd like to see you soon as possible. It's very important, are you alone?"

"I will be," said Zorie. She started for her dressing gown and went to Amber: "You won't mind going out for a while. My fiancé wants to talk things over."

There was droll amusement in Amber's "Ah, yes! Your fiancé! Not at all, my dear."

Zorie was sitting at the dressing table, thoughtfully considering Amber's array of cosmetics, when Paul knocked. She opened the door. He came in and closed it.

She half lifted her arms, expecting that he would seize her and hug and kiss her out of sheer relief that she was alive.

He looked her over quickly. He added jerkily. "You were lucky," he said. "You certainly were lucky. Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes," Zorie said. "I'm all right."

He was surprised that her feeling about Paul hadn't changed. Everything else had changed, but she was still in love with Paul. With a little thinking over, Paul would be satisfactory.

"Well," Paul said in a businesslike way. "I've just had a long talk with the captain—with the doctor and the chief officer sitting in. This is pretty serious, Zorie."

"Yes," said Zorie. "I suppose it's an everyday occurrence."

She realized she had to make a decision. Her sole desire just now was to find out who had thrown her overboard. It occurred to her that it might be unwise to tell Paul that she had been thrown overboard. She was sure that the only people on the ship who knew were Amber, her father, and Pierre Savoyard. It would be impossible to prove that one of them had thrown her overboard. It would be decided, he wiser to wait until she had talked with Steve.

"I have it all fixed up with the captain," Paul said. "The whole episode will be forgotten—nothing will be said. The incident will be closed."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Zorie interrupted.

"You see," he explained, "a thing like this is very unpleasant for the command company."

"It's rather unpleasant for the admiral, too," Zorie pointed out.

"You don't understand," said Paul. "This could easily cause a great deal of trouble for us all. The mainland and the Honolulu papers, if they picked up the truth—"

"The truth?" Zorie stopped him.

Paul looked somewhat grim. "You know, Zorie, even while the ship was being put about to pick you up, and before then, the captain and the chief officer have been questioning the crew. Several of the crew say you were drunk. You were seen staggering about the ship."

"I see," Zorie said dreamily. "I'll be overboard because I was drinking."

"Well, isn't it obvious? Didn't you see?"

"Will that get into the papers?" Zorie asked.

"Certainly not! That's what I've been arranging. Everything's all fixed. The story had already been suppressed to Honolulu and the mainland and that it was a prank. Someone asked you to walk the rail. You slipped, you know."

"Who dared me?" Zorie asked.

Paul made a gesture of impatience. "No name had to be given. No one knows. One of the passengers that clears you of any of the strong kind of notoriety, and it absolves the company of any responsibility. You see, in a case like this, there's often apt to be a lawsuit."

"You mean, the company might sue me?"

"No, dear. You might sue the company."

"Paul," Zorie said, "you're wonderful. You think of everything."

"I even dropped in on the wireless man. They publish the shipboard newspaper, you know. I gave them a rather amusing account of it for the passengers' benefit—and to keep any nasty rumors that might be going around. Now, all you have to do is sign this."

He held out a typed slip and his fountain pen, uncapped.

"What is it?"

"A release. It absolves the company of all responsibility," Zorie signed it. Paul waved the release, to dry her signature.

"By the way," he said, "my brother is quite ill."

"Steve?" Zorie cried.

"Just about the time you fell overboard he was taken with an attack of acute indigestion. That was why the doctor didn't take care of you. He was busy pumping out Steve's stomach."

"How ill is he?" Zorie gasped.

"Oh, he'll be all right in the morning."

"Does he get these attacks often?"

"No, but he should—the way he drinks. I don't want to sound like a reformer, darling, but you do know how I feel about liquor. I hope you've had your lesson. I hope you'll never touch the stuff again as long as you live."

There was a familiar expression in Paul's eyes. It usually went with one of his lectures on the importance of being earnest.

"Zorie," he said, "you are still under the influence of those drinks, and I'm afraid you don't quite know what you're saying."

"I'm saying," Zorie said gently, "you'd better stop being so grim—and you'd better start stopping awfully soon. I am not the girl you knew, Paul. I am a changed person. I'm not meek any more. I am a woman who intends to fight for her rights."

"Good night, dear," Paul said hastily, as he moved to the door. "You need sleep. Sleep as late as you can. Good night."

"But . . ." Zorie began with determination. Then she realized that she must be patient with Paul. There were many people with whom she hadn't the slightest intention of being patient, but Paul was not one of them. She adored Paul. She would see to it that he lost his grimness and his stuffiness. Then Paul would be perfect.

She went to bed. She was almost asleep when Amber let herself in. Amber opened and closed the door so carefully that it didn't make a



"Honolulu and Pearl Harbor," he said, "were bombed this morning!"

sound. She undressed noiselessly. She took the greatest pains not to disturb the girl who had slapped her face.

The telephone awoke her at a little before nine. Amber reached for it, answered it, and handed it to Zorie, saying, "It's for you, darling."

It was the admiral. He hoped he hadn't waked her. He hoped she was feeling well after her experience—hm?

"Do you suppose you could drop around sometime this morning?" he asked. "Steve is very anxious to talk to you."

"How is Steve?"

"He'll be all right. Steve is pretty tough, you know."

"Was it something he ate?" Zorie asked.

"The doctor couldn't say. I'll tell him you'll be around as soon as you've had a bite of breakfast—hm?"

"All right," said Zorie. She would see Steve when she got around to it. She wanted to do some thinking first. And there were other things she wanted to do.

She went to the beauty parlor. She had her hair washed, waved and arranged in a becoming new way. The beauty operator was clever. She was an enthusiast. She knew just what Zorie wanted and she knew just how to help her. Zorie bought rouge and lipstick and the beauty operator helped her apply them tellingly.

"Now," the girl said, when Zorie paid and tipped her, "you are beautiful, Miss Corey. You really are."

Zorie did not have to be told, but it was nice, anyway. The mirror told her everything. But it wasn't just the new hair-do, the rouge, the lipstick. It was something new in her face. There had been an indefinable softness before—a vagueness. Her chin line seemed clearer and bolder. But the great change was in her eyes. They were clear and bright and sparkling. They had assurance. They had arrogance.

She went to the admiral's suite and knocked on the door, not with her old timidity, but with assurance. She had two lovely battles on her hands beyond that door, and they weren't going to be Battles of Ma-

nila Bay; they were going to be Jutlands.

The admiral opened the door. He was smiling absently. He looked at her. He stared. His smile became tremulous. It faded. It returned in the form of a delighted grin.

"Zorie!" he cackled. "Why! I hardly knew you, my dear! And after what you went through last night! You are lovely! Maybe I'd better fall off this ship myself!"

"Where is Steve?"

"On the lanai."

Zorie walked out into the lanai, with the admiral trotting along behind her.

Steve, in a white toweling dressing gown, was stretched out in one of the long bamboo chairs. His pallor was shocking. His eyes were pale. He looked really ill.

He grinned slowly and said, "Hello, glamour girl!"

The admiral said, "Zorie, do you think you're going to feel like working today?"

"Yes," Zorie answered. "I feel very much like working today."

"I wanted to get on with the Battle of Manila Bay, then I thought we'd go back and finish up those chapters on my first years in Annapolis."

For a moment, her resolve faltered. Habit—that detested old habit of meekness—made her pliant. But the wavery feeling passed.

"I'm sorry," Zorie said. "I'm sorry to let you waste all that time. If you want me to help you with your memoirs, Admiral, the chapters on Annapolis and everything, perhaps, but a short chapter on Manila Bay go overboard."

"Now, wait a minute—" the admiral began.

"I mean it," she said. "Steve was right yesterday. You're the only person alive who can tell the story of the Duncan family. From the little I've heard of it, it's a fascinating story, a really wonderful story. If you want me to help you on a book—that's going to be the book."

She heard a chuckle from the bamboo chair.

The admiral's eyes were fiery. His obstinate chin was unusually prominent. His right fist was clenched. With it he banged on the table.

"Nobody is going to tell me how I'm going to write my book!" he shrieked. "Not even you, Zorie. No, sir! I write my own book my own way—or there won't be a book!"

"Very well," Zorie said serenely. "There won't be a book. As a matter of fact, there isn't any portion of any book. All of yesterday's dictation—"

"You didn't destroy it!" the admiral gasped.

"Gone!" said Zorie.

"Good girl!" said Steve.

"I'm sorry, Admiral," Zorie said, "but that's how it is."

Admiral Duncan glared at her. "All right!" he snapped. "If you say so, Zorie—all right! But only because I have the utmost respect for your opinion! Not because I agree with you for a moment—hm?"

"And that," Steve said languidly, "is the first time since grandmother died that anybody has backed down the old fire-eater."

He strode out of the room. A moment later he came back almost running. His face, usually so red, looked very pale. He was panting when he stopped beside them.

"Honolulu and Pearl Harbor," he said breathlessly, "were bombed this morning! Japanese planes flew in from a carrier! They've destroyed our planes at Hickam, Wheeler and Kaneohe! We're helpless! The radio says they're coming over Shafter again in new waves!"

The road into Uluwehi E Kai ran along the edge of a purple-red cliff beside tall ripe sugar-cane with silver-bronze plumes, then it dipped rather abruptly into the palm trees which fringed the cove. Zorie caught a glimpse of a golden beach on which waves broke in a snowy smother and of pale green water deepening to dazzling blue offshore.

Through the palms she caught glimpses of a group of houses with flat blue tile roofs and an immense garden against the sheer mountain wall in back. The mountain side was a shivering purple flame of bougainvillea. And she recalled that Uluwehi E Kai meant "a profusion of growing things by the sea."

It was a sparkling morning, golden and blue. Schooner clouds ghosted along an indigo horizon.

Zorie unpacked in the charming airy guest room to which a Japanese maid had taken her, then wandered out under the banyan trees and into the garden—a fragrant jungle of strange, exotic flowers.

She hoped that Steve would join her and tell her what some of the flowers were, but she presently saw him and the admiral walking briskly along another garden path toward the garage.

They passed within a dozen feet of her, but the largest ferns she had ever beheld screened them. She heard their voices clearly in the jungle stillness.

"Well, all right," Steve's grandfather was saying in a sharp voice, "but it may be hard to arrange at the last minute. This island is under total blackout and people aren't going to like driving over these narrow, twisty little roads with those dim blue headlights."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Fall-Winter 1944 Silhouette Calls for Peplums and Tunics

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS year it's "lines" that count most of all for style-rightness. So in buying that new dress or coat look to the silhouette even more than to fabric or trim.

The radical change that is taking place in the silhouette is certainly creating a lot of excitement in the fashion world of today. Probably the most talked-of style that brings in the newer lines is that of the tunic dress and the tunic coat. These tunic effects are apt to be most anything from a slight flare to an exaggerated flare.

In assembling the fall wardrobe a good start-off is a smartly styled little black frock that flaunts the very newest trends. Your best guess is a tunic frock or a clever little gown that makes a pert little peplum its theme. Now that the tunic is blazing the trail to a changed silhouette for the coming fall and winter, why not direct your thoughts to a modish black that is styled after the manner of the model pictured to the left in the group illustrated?

Beautifully tucked and shirred bodice treatment adds to the charm of this wearable tunic frock made of firm-bodied black rayon crepe. By the way, black rayon crepe is making a name for itself as the fabric-ideal for the beloved "little black dress." You'll see for yourself that is true when you start touring the stores for new clothes. The beauty about the tunic dress here shown is that it has a genteel styling that bespeaks the new trend toward quiet dignity and ladylikeness in dress. There is also a new elegance noted in the fall and winter dress collections and even the most conservative styles are apt to take on a fine accent such as the gleaming metallic buckle encrusted with brilliants

that calls attention to a smartly slender waistline.

A whole book could be written on the subject of peplums for designers are giving them most diversified and dramatic interpretation. An eminently becoming and practical version of the popular peplum frock is shown to the right. It is especially notable in that it uses its peplum fullness at the front only, so that it can be becomingly worn under a fitted topcoat. An ornamental clip adds over-the-table interest to the softly tailored open vee neckline. Trim bracelet-length sleeves harmonize with the nicely fitted shoulder line. A narrow self-belt encircles the fitted waistline and fullness is released at the skirt front to stress the peplum folds. It is just this sort of refined looking black frock that will be beloved the entire season through.

A new fashion is developing in peplums in that they are being made of materials other than the fabric of the dress. Smart looking wool frocks take on peplums done in fur. Also the peplum made of lace adds charm to a simple black crepe gown. In fact, in some few shops they are selling tie-on peplums with the frock, and it would give infinite variety to one's basic dress, made of a fine rayon crepe to get together a collection of detachable peplums.

The dressy fall frock of dull black rayon crepe centered in the group is noteworthy in that it features the distinctly new wide and handsome shoulder line. Something to talk about are the new shoulder lines for this season; they are so different they date your dress. Flat tucks in a smoothly rounded line provide smart hip line interest. The princess cut of the fitted midriff is decidedly flattering to the figure. Brilliant studded question-mark pins demonstrate as to the effectiveness of dramatic jewelry with the black gown of sophisticated simplicity.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Leopard Spots



A winter coat with a leopard spotted lining is the dream of youth this season. The good news to young folks who have set their hearts on having a coat with the fashionable spotted lining is that one doesn't have to buy a fur lining to get the desired spotted effect. For the coat pictured the leopard spots are printed on sturdy cotton twill. This type lining is very popular. It really looks like a real fur lining and is ever so comfortable. Her red corduroy princess dress with its white collar and silver buttons is cotton too, for cotton, you know, has come to be a year-round favorite.

Millinery Trend Is To Imposing Turbans

Something's happened to bring new glamour to the millinery picture. That something is turbans of the most imposing type, so out of the ordinary they almost startle at first glance. They declare a complete change in millinery trends. The "more hat" idea is interpreted in that they are sometimes almost bulky looking, but you will find them wonderfully flattering on the head. Already "coming events cast their shadows before" as to the spectacular use of furs milliners are making. Prepare to see superb fur hatband muff sets. Also boas and matching hats of marabou will be worn. There is a revival of ostrich in promise. So if you have treasured ostrich plumage until it would "come in style again" now is the psychological moment to bring it out from its secret hiding place. There are also fancy feather trappings galore on the millinery program this autumn.

Bright Checked Woolens For New Dinner Jackets

Checked wools, thin and soft, employ a half inch hound's tooth black check with its blurred edge accentuating the background colors of shocking pink, bright light gold, aquamarine, and a vivid high blue. They are unquestionably the most brilliant checked woolens ever unpacked. Such materials make effective dress-parade jackets for simple sheath dinner dresses of dull black, dark brown or any other very handsome dark tone. Cut, seamed and detailed in a short, form revealing silhouette, this fabric undoubtedly makes the best of the exciting dinner jackets for fall and winter.

Cuddly Pooch That Everyone Will Love



Sleepy Pup

THE caution to let sleeping dogs lie needn't worry you with this floppy, cuddly pooch—he'll go right on sleeping. Everyone loves him!

An amusing toy, simple to make and inexpensive. Pattern 7244 contains a transfer pattern and directions for dog; list of materials.

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Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. _____
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Wed In San Francisco

Miss Elizabeth Ann Leggott, daughter of Mrs. Sam Marshall of Amarillo, and Lt. A. C. Lambert, jr., USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Lambert, sr., of O'Donnell, were married Sept. 7 at 7 o'clock in the evening in the Glide Memorial Methodist Church, San Francisco.

The bride wore a gray crepe dress with blue accessories and carried a bridal bouquet fashioned of white orchids and stephanotis on a white Bible. Her traveling suit was of gold with brown accessories.

Lt. and Mrs. Robert Slaymaker were the couple's only attendants.

Mrs. Lambert was graduated from Waco High School and attended Baylor University and Texas Technological College. At Tech she was a member of the Sans Souci social club. She has been employed at the Pan-Tex Ordinance plant in Amarillo.

The bridegroom was graduated from O'Donnell high school and Texas Technological College. He was a member of the Silver Key social club at Tech. He received his commission at Northwestern University, Chicago, and has been

on active duty in the Pacific the last 14 months.

The couple plan to visit friends and relatives in Texas after spending their honeymoon in California.

We are glad to know that our friend, H. C. McKenzie, who has had a siege of illness, is convalescing, and will soon be able to be up and about.

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SIX room brick house, electric refrigerator, furniture, rugs; G John Deere tractor, slides, stalk cutters, post, wire, hog wire, pickets, feed grinders, 42 Model Allis Chalmers Combine—Jack Miles. 5

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FOR SALE—3 burner gas cook stove, good condition—R. W. Garv. 4

WANTED—Middle age housekeeper. Two in family—See Jim Stokes, Rt. 2, O'Donnell. 5

FOR SALE—Model G 6-foot Case combine. Late model. Good condition. On rubber. Power take-off—M. D. SMITH, Stamford, Texas. 4

MAN or woman for Rawleigh route which just became available. Good opportunity for willing workers. Apply Rawleigh's, Dept. TX1-565-140, Memphis, Tenn.

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