

O'Donnell Index-Press

23, No. 33

O'Donnell, Lynn County Texas, Thursday, May 16, 1946

\$1.50 Per Year

Commencement Exercises

O'DONNELL HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
EIGHT P. M. MAY SEVENTEENTH
PROGRAM

PERSONAL Mrs. A. W. Gibbs
ADDRESS Rev. R. T. Peck
ADDRESS LaMoine Line
ADDRESS Edna Edwards
ADDRESS Billy Frank Gibbs and Phyllis Green
ADDRESS G. H. Tabor
ADDRESS S. F. Johnson
ADDRESS Rev. C. C. Calhoun
ADDRESS Mrs. A. W. Gibbs

Showing are the members of the graduation class: Pat Sylvia Bazar, Ina Mervanda Black, Peggy Cummins, J. C. Frank, Alvin, Billy Frank Gibbs, Sam Jack Gilliam, Sam Green, Billy Carl Gun Harris, Joe Harris, Adina Zell Howard, Marcia, Billie Ruth Lightner, Line, Frances Mahle, Marie, Mary Moore, Bill Kenzie Ann Ratliff, Lorri, Etta Reed, Carroll W. Smith, Joyce Thompson, Vandrivere, and Berna.

HOP HALSEY ANNOUNCES FOR CONGRESS



Hop Halsey of Lubbock, former state legislator and Marine corporal, has entered the race for congressman, district 19 in opposition of George Mahon, who is seeking reelection.

His announcement was made here Wednesday when he also made a statement to voters of this area in which he outlined four main points of his campaign. Halsey said he was in favor of:

1. No income tax for those people who have \$35 or less each week.

2. Federal aid so that school teachers salaries will be raised 20 per cent.

3. Giving veterans highest priority in buying surplus property.

4. Allowing those persons who are old enough to be called in to service a right of voice in their government.

A 1921 graduate of Lubbock High school, Halsey attended Texas Tech from 1922 to 1924. He ran successfully for the state legislature in 1926 and was reelected in 1928 without opposition.

He entered the Army in May of 1942 as a flying cadet, but received an honorable discharge nine months later to finish his term in the legislature. On June 31, 1943, he enlisted in the Marines and served with that outfit until late 1945. A corporal during most of his Marine service, he was stationed for 14 months in the Gilberts, Marshall and Mariana Islands.

After discharge he returned to Lubbock to enter business and now there with his wife, the former Harriet Roach, at 3205 21st.

Halsey is a member of the Church of Christ, the Shrine, Knights of Pythias, American Legion, Veteran of Foreign Wars and the Lions Club.

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

STUDY CLUB MET
Mrs. J. H. Jordan entertained the 1946 Study Club in her home last Wednesday. Officers were installed by Mrs. J. T. Middleton, Sr. with a beautiful candle light ceremony.

Mrs. Dallas Vaughn attended the Women's Federation Convention in San Antonio last week. She returned Sunday.

As a summer project this year, the club is building a playground; more details of the project will be given later.

WEDDING ANNOUNCED
Mr. and Mrs. Otis Blevins announced the marriage of Miss Peggy Fallou to Mr. Willis Vaughn, son of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Vaughn of O'Donnell. Rev. Welsh performed the double ring ceremony Monday afternoon, April 15th, at 3 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest C. Hodds.

Mrs. Vaughn wore a blue three piece spring suit, a corsage of white carnations. Raymond Reed, cousin of the bride, and of Shreveport, La., was maid of honor. She wore a black and white suit with corsage of white carnations. Charles Kirkland served as best man.

Tom Tredway, while painting last week, received painful injuries to his left wrist when his ladder slipped, causing him to fall.

J. R. Thomas was in from his farm northwest of town Monday.

Durwood McMillan reports that he is very busy planting with a good season in the ground.

LAST RITES FOR H. T. TIPTON HELD
Funeral services for H. T. Tipton, 75 farmer of Tahoka, route 1 were held at the Church of Christ at Tahoka. Burial was in the Tahoka cemetery. Mr. Tipton died late Wednesday in a Lamesa hospital. He formerly lived in the Pride community for a number of years and was well known here.

Local News

Moody Gibson of Brownfield is visiting home folks while recovering from an appendix operation.

Mrs. Billy McKnight of Austin is visiting with her parents, the E. T. wells.

Pvt. C. W. Stubblefield, Jr. of Ft. McClelland, Alabama is home for 10 days visiting his parents.

Mrs. Samples is visiting her brother, C. H. Doak and wife.

Carey Hooser of Honolulu visited the Norman Shaw family over the week end.

Erwin Jones and family spent Mother's Day at Colorado City visiting Mrs. Jones parents.

R. T. Rains, son of Mr and Mrs Wallace Rains returned home last week with his discharge from the Navy. Welcome home, R. T.

FOR SALE: To be moved, 14 ft by 32 ft, 3 room house, boxed and weatherboarded with porch. Can be seen on my farm in the Joe Bailey community, Fr. Campbell, Ia.

George L. Stephens and wife and daughter of Presidio visited his parents, the Geo. L. Stephens last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tredway of Lubbock spent Saturday here visiting friends and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Tredway.

Charley Cathey, Earl Curtis, Harvey Jordan, Hobart Jordan and Roy Cathey are enjoying a fishing trip at Buchanan Dam this week.

The Euzelean Sunday school class met Tuesday afternoon May 7th with Mrs. Joe Durham. The devotional was brought by Mrs. Harvey Jolly and prayer by Mrs. C. A. Goss. Refreshments of chicken salad, potato chips, olives and punch were served to about 12 members.

FOR SALE: Barred rock fryers and pullets at \$25 each. See Jackie Shoulters, 2 blocks South of the

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POPULAR PASTOR TO MOVE

Garnie Atkisson, our popular Church of Christ pastor here, announced here this week that as of May 20th he would transfer to Gallup, N. M. to do mission work and organize a church in that city.

Garnie moved to O'Donnell Sept. 4, 1944 and since coming here the Church has experienced record growth including eighty responses. Mr. Atkisson has worked in Lynn County since 1941 and was the pastor at Tahoka for three years before moving here.

Bro. Atkisson has long been interested in Mission work and it was largely thru his efforts that the Church was recently established at Socorro, N. M. In many ways going into the Mission field is a sacrifice but the satisfaction and results gained are well worth the hardships, as pastors know.

Bro. Arthur Golden of Denver City will assume the pastorate here moving to O'Donnell next Monday. Garnie, as he is lovingly known by his close associates is a young man of sterling qualities and the capacity for warm friendship and is an inspired minister. Along with the community, the Index joins in wishing the Atkisson family a rich harvest in the Lord's garden.

WHAT AN EGG
Production records are important on O'Donnell farms as well as in industry. Witness the 8 in by 9 inch egg, that a white Leghorn hen produced on the Ham Thompson farm. In the interior of the egg there was a normal sized egg complete with shell, as 1 also in the vicinity of the big egg "haze" were several "yellows". The record breaking freak egg is on display at the Index office. Mr. Ripley should hear of this egg.

Bill Gardenhire of Eunice spent the week end with his brother Mr. and Mrs. Hervie Gardenhire.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gary and son Robert visited Pat Gary at Brownfield last week.

Lee Proctor, U. S. Air Corps, and now stationed in Ft. Worth, is home for a few days.

FOR THAT
JUNE BRIDE
RING SETS
CORNER DRUG

FOLKS YOU KNOW

L. T. Brewer and daughter, Mrs. Doris Sumrow left Monday for Cristoval; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brewer and son and Mrs. L. T. Brewer accompanied them there and returned Monday evening.

Little Patsy Burdett celebrated her 5th birthday Tuesday with a party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Burdett. Cake and punch were served to about 15 little guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Faires Heathington of Muleshoe, former residents of the Wells Community are the proud parents of a 7 1/2 pound baby boy born last Friday.

Mrs. Heathington is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gardenhire.

Tommy and Mary Beth, children of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gardenhire, underwent a tonsillectomy last Friday at the Lubbock Memorial hospital. Both are doing fine.

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

The Eastern Star will have a call meeting Monday 20th at 8:30 p. m.

Mrs. A. H. Koeninger returned from Marlin Monday after undergoing a series of treatments there.

DAILEY BROS BIG THREE RING RAILROAD CIRCUS

AND COMPLETE MENAGERIE
25 RAIL ROAD CARS!
World's Finest Shows
\$100,000 Horse Fair; Herd of Elephants; New and Enlarged Menagerie; Glamorous Girls; Gorgeous Costumes; Acres of Tented Wonders; Scores of Clowns, Acrobats; Jugglers; Lipstick, \$25.00 Palomino Stallion! -- Rivaling the Arabian Nights; 2 performances daily, 7 and 8 p. m. -- Rain or Shine.
LAMESA MONDAY
MAY 20TH

FOOD FOR HUNGRY OF WORLD

Committee chairmen have been appointed and preliminary plans made for the coming emergency food collection to help relieve hunger and starvation overseas, according to Mrs. Lenore M. Tunnell, the county chairman.

Community chairman in the south of the county are:

O'Donnell: O. G. Smith
Draw: Mrs. Gus Sherrill
Wells: J. W. Jordan
Newmoore: O. P. Crutcher

Net Tuesday each member of the Rotary here will bring two cans of food; and the pastors of our six churches are requested to announce Sunday the program and have each member bring two cans of food the following Sunday. School children will bring a can of food to school on the last day of school when he goes for his report card.

The public in general is requested to deliver the food to any of the O'Donnell Grocery stores or the Index. The need is urgent. Only food in TIN CANS can be shipped. Home canned foods are fine if in tin.

Think of the Babies and young children of the world; God forbid hunger on the earth if we can help it.

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

Mrs. Earl Curtis returned from Waco Monday after visiting her sister who was ill.

Marvin Swinney, nephew of the John Ellis' arrived home Wednesday morning with his discharge from the Army; he had been stationed in Japan. Welcome home!

Lester Mize of Seagraves visited here over the week end with Clemy Mensch.

Mrs. Glen Gibson was hostess to the Thursday Bridge Club in her home Thursday afternoon. High score was won by Mrs. Ray Willing ham, low by Mrs. James Bowlin & bingo by Mrs. C. R. Burleson. Sherbert and cookies were served to the guests and members.

PARDON THIS ISSUE
Because of mechanical trouble with our ancient Linotype, we are going to press with only a portion of our news; this has been our first mechanical breakdown-- we hope our last. The paper is free this week and won't be charged against your subscription.

ELECTRIC SHOW
Your attention is called to the ad on this page announcing the big electrical show at Big Springs. More details will be given next week.

Be Sure To Vote Friday on the Street Bond Issue at Tax office.

Announcing...

TEXAS ELECTRIC SHOW OF '46

SETTLES HOTEL • BIG SPRING

FREE

3 BIG DAYS
MAY
23-24-25
4-10 P.M.

FAVORS MOVIES

FARM-RANCH EQUIPMENT

Complete ELECTRIC KITCHENS

It's BIG -- it's AMAZING -- it's DIFFERENT -- it's the TEXAS ELECTRIC SHOW OF '46.

Texas Electric Service Company, in co-operation with the nation's leading electrical appliance manufacturers, has arranged the most spectacular presentation of electronics, new and modern electrical appliances and entertainment features ever staged in West Texas.

You will see dozens of dazzling displays, the newest and best in modern electrical appliances, complete electric kitchens and continuous demonstrations of new homemaking innovations. There'll be FREE Reddy Kilowatt hats for the kids, and FREE MOVIES for all members of the family. You'll enjoy the Farm-Ranch Electrical Exhibit.

All this, plus so much more it's impossible to tell in detail.

The Texas Electric Show of '46 will be the biggest and best show of its kind ever shown in West Texas. Make your plans now to attend and bring your friends, neighbors and children. It's a show you'll never forget.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

Washington Digest

Complete Trial Needed To Legally Outlaw War

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

WNU Service, 1616 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

As the Nuernberg trials draw to a close, I continue to hear two questions repeated ad infinitum in the market places and bazaars, in the coffee houses and the parlors (not to mention the lecture halls).

One is: Why on earth are they dragging out these trials; aren't they ever going to end?

The other is: Do you think any of these fellows (the prisoners) are going to get off? The intelligence of the questioners and the number of times I hear the questions assures me that the main purposes of the trial are still widely misunderstood.

Associate Justice Jackson knows as well as anyone else that news from Nuernberg has long since departed inconspicuously from the front page. He knows, from reading the American newspapers which reach him not too belatedly, thanks to the ALS (the army's special courier service), that his role in the Nuernberg case will never bring him a success de scandale. He knows his presence is needed in Washington on the Supreme court bench.

In any case, he knows that he is adding to his fellow justices' burdens, if not their annoyance by remaining away from the job. Certainly he realizes that time is not increasing the prestige which he undoubtedly achieved when he engineered the trials and made his ringing opening address. He has nothing to gain personally by remaining longer in that dreary, pulverized Bavarian city.

"Why, then, does he tarry?"

Full Documentation Is Required

By answering that question, one can answer the other two I mentioned at the beginning of these lines.

One: Why is this thing being dragged out forever. . . ?

Answer: Because this trial is not merely a trial of a handful of international criminals. These evil villains are only a small part of the drama, even if it is they, and not what is behind their castigation, which sometimes still produces headlines. The trial is a great process of legal documentation.

It is the recording of history, for the first time in history, of history written in blood, and ink hardly yet dry. It must be a complete record; the record of a crime which, until it is so recorded, may never be admitted as a crime in the eyes of international statesmen and lawyers.

The Allied military tribunal (operation justice, as it was known in the army) was planned, and is being conducted to its long and apparently infinite end for the purpose of blueprinting a legal precedent for holding as punishable criminals, the heads of states who plot and carry out aggressive warfare.

That is the answer to question one.

Question two: Are they ever going to convict these fellows? I answered that in part when I said that the proceedings were far more than the trials of the defendants who sit daily in the prisoners' dock of the court house at Nuernberg, or in their lonely cells near by.

And for those who fear that justice will be cheated, let me say that most of those men, if it cannot be established that they took official part in the planning and execution of an aggressive war, are probably wanted on other charges in local courts. If they go free from Nuernberg, the local courts will try them, as the "Beast of Belsen" and others were tried and convicted for their separate and private crimes.

It is possible, for instance, that the sadistic, degenerate Streicher, Jew-baiting wielder of a jeweled whip that was a symbol of his psychosis as well as an instrument of his perverse desire, will not be convicted by the IMT. He is so low that his fellow prisoners won't speak to him; so crooked that even when he was a Gauleiter, he couldn't be trusted to sign a single order of national or international significance. He finally stole so much from the Nazi party itself that he was incarcerated.

The Nuernberg trials will con-

tinue until the record is completed. Justice will not be cheated. And it is to be hoped that aggressive war, on the basis of the proceedings of this court, will become illegal. How can the United Nations hope to outlaw war unless they establish with sword, scales and woolsock that war is illegal?

There is one war which will have my whole-hearted support though I hope it can be fought with brains and without bloodshed.

Such a conflict was referred to recently as a possibility by a writer in the New Republic. Perhaps it will be, he says, "as inevitable as was the Civil War within the United States." It would be in the nature of a civil war within the United Nations to establish the sovereignty of the United Nations and preserve its unity, just as it was necessary to establish the sovereignty of the federal government of the United States and preserve the union.

No other war is worth fighting because any other would merely be the continuation of all the sanguinary struggles, unwanted by the people, for the power and the glory of single nations.

Washington Has Small Town Air

Out of the doors of the still-unfinished cathedral which crowns Washington's highest hill, through the court in a gentle rain that set the yews to weeping and the young leaves of the privet shining in aqueous green, the solemn procession moved. The President and his entourage, the members of the Supreme court, the cabinet, the congress, and the others slipped away as the family of Chief Justice Harlan Stone bore him gently to his last resting place in beautiful Rock Creek cemetery.

Another great American had closed the nation's capital where he served for two decades, as his long, last home.

And I could not help thinking of something I have said before in these columns — Pennsylvania avenue, from the capitol grounds to the Potomac, and past the White House, is only an extension of a thousand Main streets, which run through the "plaza," the "court house square," or the "commons," on past the First National bank and the opera house, the department store, and the ice cream parlor, to the free fields and woods beyond.

So much a part of America is America's capital city, and so much a part of Washington are all the towns and cities clustered about their rivers, their main streets, their city halls, and post offices, that when one long serves the nation here, it becomes his second home; often first in choice for his declining years and his last resting place.

I am sure that former President and Chief Justice William Howard Taft loved his native Ohio no less than the federal city; here the bridge upon which he could be seen taking his daily walk now bears his name; he lies in Arlington with our other soldier dead.

I know that retired Justice Hughes lacks no love or loyalty for the Empire state. Oliver Wendell Holmes, deeply rooted in New England as he was, lived here, and when he died, bequeathed his home to the nation. These are but three of many who chose to live here when their duties no longer made it necessary.

There is something about Washington, a city virtually without industries, or the other institutions which make a metropolis, that bears the mark of small-town America. Washington is the only capital of a great nation which is not that nation's metropolis.

There is also something else about this big-little town which, for thousands of us who follow our humble ways here, make it home. My own prairies are as dear to me as ever, and I never cease to thrill when I move across the border and over the fat black soil of Illinois; I have warm memories of the mists that blow in from the Pacific too; the hills and the lake-lands of western New York; New England's green-crested mountains and rocky coast where I have been more than a transient guest.

But I can well understand how those who have moved along the quiet avenues of this city, whose vistas run far back into the beginnings of American history, choose this city beside the broad Potomac as their final home.

BARBS . . . by Baukhage

The prophets of business say we're in for a boom, everything's all right. It's always a nice trip up.

What effect will the CIO-AFL battle to organize the south have on the consumer? Will they grow to the point where the innocent by-stander starts to attract the flying bricks, as usual?

Maybe the inflation can be checked enough so that it doesn't blow the balloon of prosperity apart before a gentler landing can be arranged.

An almost human canine on a leash is better than an almost porcine human on the loose. There are plenty of both around.



Manhattan Heartbeat

Fifth Avenue, the teeming boulevard which runs the gauntlet from 1 south to 2340 north in the heart of the world's most important Treasure Island, is the Avenue FOR the Americas. In 1918, during the first World War, it was for a time called the Avenue of the Allies, which fooled nobody. With a past as glamorous as Camille's, a present as active as the dollar's, its future is as bright as radar's!

Come Sunday, the city fathers of the good old days shut the Avenue off so that Sabbath worshippers could have absolute quiet. Now it's almost necessary to rope off the glittering store windows so that the strollers can't have free rein! . . . The Avenue is an international hodgepodge of everything: Toy factories, two art museums (the Metropolitan and the Frick), famous cathedrals, churches and synagogues, the Empire State (the world's highest, widest and hand-somest), architects and stock brokers, haberdashers, interior decorators, women's apparel specialists, Radio City (which gives natives their largest Christmas tree and an outdoor ice skating rink), a party favor house, swank restaurants, banks, and mansions filled with ghosts.

The first Fifth Avenue Hotel — six stories high (or can you stand it?) — was opened in 1850. It featured a novelty, New York's first vertical railway. What's that? Why, a passenger elevator — you dope. . . Elevators along Fifth these days are such elegant affairs that operators are likely to look down their shafts at ordinary pilots of the Air Forces.

John Barrymore earned and lost several fortunes during his turbulent career. When a colleague chided him for his financial irresponsibility, Barrymore recited an epitaph he had seen in Westminster Abbey: "What I gave, I have. What I spent, I had. What I left, I lost — by not giving it."

Some of us wondered why Jed Harris, who once made a million dollars as a Broadway showman, didn't connect in Hollywood. . . Insiders insist this is why. . . Friends brought him to Louis B. Mayer, the movie magnate, who had been informed of Jed's genius on B'way. "How much money do you want a week?" asked Mayer. "How much do YOU get?" demanded Harris. That did it!

When Heywood Brown first started reviewing Broadway shows he had the habit of making notes during dull shows to appear that he wasn't bored. . . The worse the show the more he scribbled. . . One night he stopped making memos during a second act. . . After the second interval the beaming producer said: "I feel better since I noticed you put away your pad." "Yes," grumbled Brown. "I broke my pencil."

Sounds in the Dark: At the Singapore: "He reaches for the check like it was an atomic bomb!" . . . At the Stuyvesant Casino: "They say he's an awful bore — but I think he's rather expert at it." . . . At Ciro's: "When he dies the only guy who'll be sorry will be his insurance agent." . . . At the Park Central Lounge: "A layman is a pedestrian who jumped too late!" . . . At the Garden Restaurant: "He was just promoted from Account Executive to Office Boy." . . . At the China Doll: "Her love is so fickle it oughta be listed on the Stock Exchange." . . . At the Bronx Zoo: "But son, I've told you a hundred times, Senator Bilbo is in Washington!"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once related a bantering conversation he had with a \$10-a-week actor who was cast in one of his plays. The young chap had laughingly suggested that the two agree to divide their incomes with each other for the rest of their lives. . . Naturally, Sir Arthur had refused "such a ridiculous offer." The \$10-a-week youngster was Charlie Chaplin.

Harry Wagstaff Gribble, the producer, director, author and all around play expert, has coined a swellegant new word to replace the inaccurate "Colored" and equally untrue "Negro." . . . The casts of both "Anna Lucasta" troupes are thrilled about it. It's a pip, to wit: Negramerican.

This one has been pinned on various hefty humans. But Alec Woolcott enjoyed pinning it on himself. . . When Alec was tipping the scales (in the 300s) two actors noticed him wading in the Atlantic City surf. Said one: "Let's go swimming." "How can we?" quipped the other. "Woolcott's using the ocean!"

B'way (T. Weatherly) Confucius: There's No New Thing Under the Sun. But Some Of The Old Ones Are Plenty of Fun!

Kathleen Norris Says:

Moratorium on Divorce

Bel Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"Poor Roy! He wants sympathy, petting and understanding. He has had a pretty tough time."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

ALL the time he is away, and for six months after he gets home, it ought to be made illegal for a soldier's wife to ask for a divorce.

If we had had a law like that for the last four years, hundreds of American homes would have been saved. And as the saving of the American home is as important as the saving of America, this would have been a wise law.

Soldiers are subject to hundreds of laws, some good, some petty; they must obey them all or suffer humiliating and painful penalties. A man doesn't ask to get into the service, he is drafted; it may mean the loss of an arm or a leg, or of his eyes, but he has no choice.

It may mean that he comes back from years of service to discover that the sweet and gentle woman of whose love he has been dreaming has taken on another lover, that she wants a divorce, that the babies whose little crumpled snap-shots he has been treasuring through many an hour of danger and loneliness, are to be his babies no longer; he has lost home, wife, children at one blow.

But he has lost much more than that. His morale receives a deadly stroke. He is tired, disillusioned, perhaps embittered, perhaps sickened and saddened by the long bout with death, by the sight of crushed bodies and torn limbs. Of course he doesn't come home the sunny, unanalytical, easy-going young fellow who went away. Of course he needs great doses of affection and silence and patience, if he is to be cured.

Decision in Two Days. He doesn't get them. "Roy had only been home two days," writes a Seattle wife, "when we knew it was no go!"

Two days! After 31 months in the inferno of the South Pacific, after risking his life over and over and over, Roy comes home to his dream woman, and finds she isn't a dream at all, but a quite human, faulty, aggrieved young thing who believes that she has had just as hard a time as he has. His children are grown out of recognition; finances are in an unstable condition; Anna knows he ought to go back and finish his law course, but good gracious, she can't live on a government allowance all that time — and what on earth are the Bakers to do?

Poor Roy! He wants sympathy, petting and understanding, he wants the appreciative attention of all his old friends he has had a pretty tough time. Instead, no one takes any particular notice of him, and Anna poses a new problem every other day.

"Roy had only been home two days when we decided it was no go," Anna writes. "All our friends agreed that he was simply impossible."

In 48 hours she had time to discuss him with all their friends, apparently. Roy knew he was unpopular, and that didn't help.

Roy Married Again. But there's another half to this story. All this was a year ago. Anna

PATIENCE AND AFFECTION

Naturally it is difficult for a returned veteran to slip right back into familiar civilian life again. He has had all sorts of hardships and painful experiences. His nerves are raw from danger and discipline, or perhaps a siege in the hospital. When he comes back, expecting his wife to be ready to soothe him and to make up for all the misery, he is frequently disappointed.

She probably has had a hard time of it, trying to manage on a small allotment, or working part time. Housing shortages, food rationing and other homefront problems had worn her down. There may be children to care for after a tiring day at work. No wonder she is not quite as sweet and young as he anticipated.

All too often these disillusioning homecomings end in divorce. Quick tempers and frayed nerves bring on quarrels of various sorts. The only remedy seems to be in separation. Hasty action quite often causes lifelong heart-breaks, where a little patience and affection would solve the problem, says Miss Norris.

got her divorce and the care of two small girls. Roy married a woman who has quite a little property out in the country and is having a good time managing it. Miraculously, he finds himself loved and useful; Anna is out in the cold.

"I've always loved Roy," her letter finishes, "and it is fair that I should be left to raise the children, with no help from him—because he has no money — while he has a glorious time running three ranches!"

Thousands of wives have demanded divorces from servicemen during these years. And almost equal thousands have wished they were back with the original mate. A few months of patience, a genuine desire to understand what a man is feeling, a careful preparing of the children's minds, and before you know it, the strangeness of the readjustment wears away, and the man and woman find that they still want to be companions in the adventure of life.

If you are one of those wives who met your man with good news, with a hopeful plan, with a heroic facing of the unavoidable changes and difficulties, then you have done your job for America as well as he did his.

If you are not, you may be among the thousands who leaped into wartime or postwar time divorce, you may already be feeling, as I feel, that a wartime moratorium on divorce would save a great deal of heartbreak. Among other fundamental stupidities, we humans very often don't know what we want.



"He had no choice." . . .

New German Churn A novel German continuous buttermaking machine, which may be more efficient than American churns, has been brought to the United States for testing. Results of the test will be made available to American industry after research is completed, in about three to six months. Continuous buttermaking machines have not been used commercially in the United States. The German machine is reported to produce 1,500 pounds of butter per hour.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

BUSINESS & INVEST. OPPOR.

5,001 Items at Fact. Prices! Soleman and Bond 2c stamp for new list. Mid-South Realty Co., 310 W. Broad St., Texarkana, Ark.

FARM MACHINERY & EQUIP. IDAHO RED CEDAR POST maker wants sale, carload lots, low prices. Hugh Chisholm, Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

POULTRY, CHICKS & EQUIP.

KAZMEIER Broad-Breasted BRONZE TURKEY POULT. From choice, rigidly selected broad-breasted stock, which has passed two consecutive 100% clean evaluations tests by the Federal Department, Texas A & M College. Suitable for wonderful liability, fast economic gains and top market prices. Write for illustrated literature and our low prices. Box A. F. M. KAZMEIER, Bryan, Texas.

REAL ESTATE—HOUSES

AT BUFFALO, TEXAS, 62 acres, 4500 highway frontage, a beautiful white brick 7 room, 2 bath, furnished home. Beautiful life features, large porch, 4 porches. The house is perfectly modern. \$25,000. \$10,000 down. CLEVELAND REALTY, 6155 Washington, Houston 1, Texas. V-25000.

60 ACRES, \$2.50 PER ACRE. Located near town, railroad, highway, streams, 100 miles southwest St. Louis, Mo. Unimproved, unincorporated, unmarketable title. All we know about it. First \$100,000 down, mortgage, Warranty Deed, Certificate of Title. Frederick Calvert, (Owner), Rogers, Ark.

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds!

SAVE WITH SAFETY MOROLINE QUALITY PETROLEUM 10c

LOW PRICE DITAWA Buzz Master CLEANER LASTS LONGER. Powerful 4-HP motor with a flexible shaft for motor. Clean, quiet, and easy to use. Can be used for cleaning, painting, sanding, and sawing to length. Can be used for cleaning, painting, sanding, and sawing to length. Can be used for cleaning, painting, sanding, and sawing to length. Can be used for cleaning, painting, sanding, and sawing to length.

Base the Pain of HEADACHE DIXIE POWDER

BUILD UP RED BLOOD TO GET MORE STRENGTH If your blood LACKS IRON!

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When Your Back Hurts - And Your Strength and Energy is Below Par

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following authorize The Index-Press to announce that they are candidates for public office subject to action of the July Democratic primaries:

- For Congress, 10th district
George Mahou, Re-election
Hop Halsey
- For State Representative 119:5 Dis
PRESTON E. SMITH
For District Attorney:
Calloway Huffaker
FOR SHERIFF
SAM PRICE
SAM H. FLOYD
CLAUDE JOHNSON
For County Superintendent:
LENORE M. TUNNELL
R. T. SMITH
County Treasurer:
LOIS WEATHERS
HERMAN "Curley" REID
For Tax Assessor/Collector:
DAVID G. WEATHERS
JACK MINOR
For County Clerk:
JIM WOODS
W. M. (Walter) MATHIS
For County Judge:
TOM GARRARD
Commissioner Precinct 2 (Lynn)
JOHN ANDERSON
ELLIS A. PARNES
P. W. KEITH
For Justice of Peace Precinct 1:
T. W. BROWN

--- DAWSON COUNTY ---

- For Commissioner, Pct. 2
G. C. ATEN
LEWIS GIL "BOP" ---
R. L. (Bob) Butcher
- BORDEN COUNTY**
For County Judge -- Co. School Supt.
C. S. HARRIS
Commissioner Precinct 1 (Borden)
HUBERT WALKER
JULIEN STEPHENS
C. C. NUNALLY
C. A. BEARDEN



LOOKING AHEAD
 by GEORGE S. BENSON
 President—Harding College
 Searcy, Arkansas

Radicalism

Undoubtedly Karl Marx, father of Communism, had a noble purpose. He aimed to relieve the world's oppressed people, to correct injustices and get rid of poverty. That would be fine. There is absolutely nothing wrong with a platform that flatly favors what's right and opposes what's wrong. The next step is getting everybody to agree on what's right and what's wrong.

Followers of the profound Marx didn't all see eye-to-eye with him after he left first-base. He was obliged to "run out" on the First Internationale and disband it because it was being used by a gang of ruffians, more bent on wrecking what was in sight than on building a new social order according to a noble plan. The leader and his followers were not of the same calibre.

They Misunderstood

Setting out to make a big reform that required changing the motives of a large number of people, Marx recruited many followers without changing their motives. It was ironic. There is a story of a good mayor who campaigned so vigorously to get better railroad service for his city that his political followers went radical, derailed the fast train and robbed the mail car.

The story is probably fictitious but it illustrates aptly how selfish intentions can be mustered under the banner of holy and lofty aims. Already this year, news wires have carried a story about leaders in the Communist movement addressing large audiences of working men and "whooping it up" for strikes, more strikes and bigger strikes; that is, for panic.

A Political Disease

It is not that Labor, considered broadly, is destructive in character or shot through with Communist ideas. It's not true. It is true however that working people are numerous and therefore a powerful segment of American society. People who want to overthrow the only system on earth that gives a working man a chance are very wise to ask the workers' help. It can't be done without them.

Communism has failed exactly as often as it has been tried, and Karl Marx has been dead more than sixty years. This doctrine of "tear down in haste and rebuild at leisure" has been tried on American soil. Time after time, each experiment at coming everything in common, has come down of its own power and dies or relapses into a dictatorship. Communism is a political disease.

A Social Epidemic

Russia is called a Communist nation but it is far from it. The government set out in that direction once, broke down property lines, degraded the family to bawdy level, overthrew the church, rejected God and bogged down in abject poverty. Now it is being run by a minority party, made up of some 3% of the citizens, and nobody else can vote. A sorry situation they have.

Under a dictatorship Russia is doing a little better than it did under Communism but still is nothing to brag about. Russian wages are not more than a third as high as those in America. If the average Russian farmer should visit the average American farmer he would think he was in a king's palace. There is a cure for this plague and next week I'll write about that.

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ALTERATIONS

You can't even get a black eye without fighting it.
 When the teacher asked our boy to name the greatest obstacle in building the Panama Canal, he replied "dirt!"
 We read the other day of a man who visited the cemetery every day to mourn over the death of his wife's first husband.
 There would be a lot more guilty pleas in court, if we had a few women jurors. More men can't fool a woman, much less twelve.

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HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Designed for Coolness—Molded Fruit Salad

(See Recipes Below)

Cool Topics

Mr. Sun is getting hotter every day and you have a problem trying to keep the family feeling cool, then feed them cool, delectable things that will take their minds off the weather. Incidentally, by feeding them cool things, you'll be keeping yourself if you learn how to prepare dishes that don't take a lot of cooking.

First of all, select foods that will require a minimum of time. Secondly, do your cooking in the cool hours so that the kitchen isn't heated at the last minute. Rely heavily upon the refrigerator to keep your food cool. Use it to the fullest extent.

Use salad plates on the hottest days, and don't limit the meal to salad. You can prepare a vegetable and fruit salad, serve each in a dainty cup as your main course. Top with cake or pie prepared in the day; or, if you wish, serve the meal with a hot cup of coffee that takes just a few minutes to heat.

Here is a selection of meat salad from which to choose for part of the meal. Leftover meat is fine to use, or if desired, you may substitute. Be sure to chill the ingredients, bowl and platters so that the salad is served as cool as possible.

Ham Mousse Salad Plate
(Serves 6 to 8)
1 cup cooked smoked ham
1 cup diced celery
1 cup diced dill pickle
1 cup minced pimiento
1 cup sliced, stuffed olives
1/2 tablespoons gelatin
1 cup cold water
1 cup stock or bouillon
1 cup mayonnaise

Remove ham fine and combine with celery, olive, pickle and stock. Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water. Heat stock. Add gelatin, and stir until dissolved. When mixture begins to boil, add mayonnaise and meat. Pour into an 8-inch ring mold and chill until firm. Remove and serve.

Jellied Meat Ring.
(Serves 10)
1 pound small bologna, cut 1/2 inch thick
1 package aspic-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup tomato juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon onion juice
1/2 cup grated cabbage
1/2 cup sliced carrots
1/2 cup sliced celery
1/2 cup grated carrots
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/2 cup mayonnaise

LYNN SAYS
Keep Them Tasty: Every homemaker who wants to be known for her salads will plan to keep them fresh. These include canned meats and vegetables; canned meats such as chicken, pork and beef, loaf, flaked fish, shrimp, salmon, crabmeat, lobster and tuna. An assortment of cheese is excellent, as are bottled salad dressings. Many green salads and dressings gain distinction with the addition of some herbs. Chervil, tarragon, basil and tarragon are good for a beginning. Use rosemary, balm, etc., in fruit salads. Individual molds are not obtainable for the individual salads, but muffin pans.

LYNN CHAMBERS' MENUS

- Liver and Onions
- Creamed Potatoes
- Slivered Carrots and Green Beans
- Combination Salad
- Butterscotch Pudding with Whipped Cream
- Whole Wheat Muffins
- Beverage

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Add tomato juice, salt, sugar and onion juice. Cover the bottom of an 8-inch ring mold with a portion of the gelatin mixture. Chill in the refrigerator until it begins to congeal. Arrange slices of bologna on the gelatin so they overlap slightly. When remainder of the gelatin begins to congeal, mix in vegetables and pour over bologna. Chill until firm. Unmold on large chop plate. Arrange remaining bologna in fan-shaped slices around the salad. Fill center with mayonnaise or cottage cheese and garnish with carrot strips and celery curls.

Swiss Salad.
(Serves 4 to 6)
2 cups cubed pork or lamb roast
1 cup cooked peas
1/2 cup walnut meats, broken
2 hard-cooked eggs
6 stuffed olives
Lettuce
French dressing
Mayonnaise
Paprika

Marinate meat and peas in french dressing and chill. Add nuts and arrange on lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with paprika and dot with mayonnaise. Cut the eggs into slices and remove the yolks. Arrange the white rings around the plate of salad. Cut the olives into pieces and place a ring of olives inside each ring of white. Press the yolks of eggs through a sieve and sprinkle over salad.

With meat salad, you'll want a jellied vegetable salad or a seasoned cottage cheese. Here is a good salad served with sour cream dressing:

Perfection Salad
(Serves 8)
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
2 tablespoons grated onion
1/2 cup finely diced celery
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
1/2 cup shredded carrots
1/2 cup sliced, stuffed olives
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup liquor from olives

Dissolve lemon gelatin in the hot water. Add olive liquor and cool. Add all other ingredients and pack in mold. Serve on a bed of soured cream dressing.

A lovely salad for dessert or for the bridge group is this one made of pears and grapes:

Fresh Pear and Grape Salad.
(Serves 6)
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 cup gingerale
1 cup halved, seeded red grapes
1 cup diced fresh pears

Soften gelatin in cold water. Dissolve over hot water. Mix together sugar, salt, fruit juices and gingerale. Add dissolved gelatin to this mixture, stirring thoroughly. Cool. When mixture starts to thicken, add fruit. Pour into one large mold or into individual molds that have been rinsed out with cold water. Chill until firm. To serve, unmold on salad greens and serve with desired dressing.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

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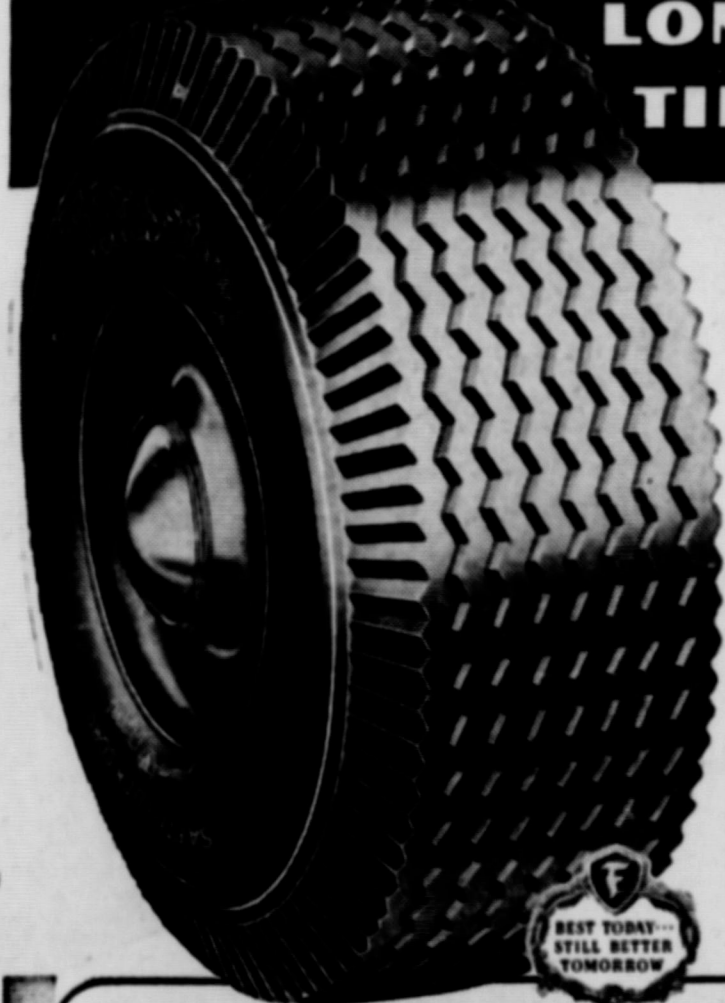


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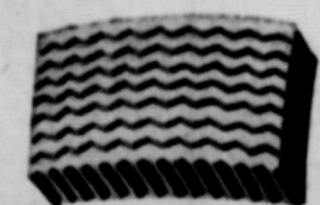
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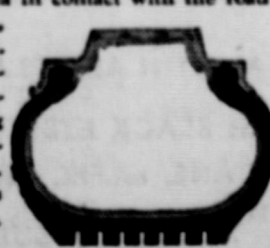
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A square jaw is not an indication of strong willpower. Adults tend to grow more conservative as they grow older.

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I Give You Texas

By Boyce House
Uncle Hank says, "There may be a shortage of shirts in Texas, but there's no shortage of stuffed shirts."

Getting around the state: A touch of the Southwest, on the courthouse lawn in Plainview is a windmill --- Saw a cowboy leading his horse across the Colorado River bridge at Austin --- and they were walking on the bridge sidewalk --- P. B. Ralls of Ralls has a collection of walking canes, 84 of them --- sing in O'Donnell: "Pamburzer and Chill king; 141 miles to the next".

Somewhere on the high seas is a present destined for this columnist: it is a Jap sword, 440 years old, and is the gift of Lt. Ralph Yarborough of Austin, whose Army division, the 97th, was the only one to serve in both Europe and the Pacific. Among his many important assignments has been directing the military government in an area containing 1-7th of the population of Japan. Col. Yarborough has received two battle stars, a bronze

star, a commendation citation and ribbon.

A little Texas story: A farmer living near one of the big cities became quite noted for his weather predictions, which were more accurate than the official forecasts. At last, the weather forecaster of the city decided to learn what the other man's system was, so he drove to the farm and found the old fellow plowing. The visitor (let's call him Brown) did not introduce himself, but opened the conversation with: "You are very successful in predicting the weather; how do you do it?"

The farmer replied, "My method is simple: I just see what that fool Brown predicts, then I predict just the opposite and I hit it nearly every time."

That story suggests the one about the pioneer who was asked, "Are you pretty good about figuring out what the weather is going to be?" He answered, "I was until the government took the weather over

--and now I can't figure what it's going to do at."

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

C. C. Calhoun pastor
A. K. Gilliam, S. S. Supt.
Sunday school: 9:45 a. m.
Morning worship: 11:00 a. m.
Junior Service: 7:00 p. m.
N. Y. P. S.: 7:00 p. m.

There will be a series of special evangelistic services at the local Church of the Nazarene beginning Wednesday, May 22nd, and continuing thru Sunday May 26th. Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Cagle, pioneer preachers of Buffalo Gap, Texas have been secured as special speakers. A more detailed announcement will be made next week.

Common sense is not inherited, but acquired.

Cottage pdding is plain cake covered with sweet sauce.

More men become victims of insanity than do women.

A cubic foot of ice weighs less than a cubic foot of water.

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DREW PEARSON

SENATORS URGE RULE CHANGE

WASHINGTON.—Ten senators—Democrats and Republicans—got together secretly the other day to discuss the most sacred of all sacred things—senate rules. Behind their smiling faces was the conviction that die-hard Dixie Democrats can block any measure they oppose via the filibuster, and that the majority must find a way to get democracy to function in the U. S. A.

The secret meeting took place after senators received a flood of letters both for and against the attempt by Wayne Morse, Oregon Republican, to secure passage of the anti-poll tax bill through unanimous consent of the senate. Only senators on the floor at the time Morse attempted this strategy were Morse himself and Republican William Langer of North Dakota.

Liberal Democrat Warren Magnuson of Seattle, Wash., was presiding. Had he immediately asked senators if there was objection, there would have been none and the anti-poll tax bill would have passed. Morse had identified the bill only by number, so Magnuson did not at once recognize it. But, even if he had, probably he would have hesitated to pass a controversial bill without debate.

He was rescued from this dilemma by Senator Ernest MacFarland, Arizona Democrat, who quickly came to the floor and objected.

Since then, senate mail has been clogged with letters both objecting to the Morse attempt as tricky and supporting Morse on the ground that this strategy was no more unfair than the filibuster.

Regardless of the above merits, a bipartisan group of ten senators has determined that senate rules must be changed. They seek to limit debate on any single bill to ten days, which would bring up the anti-poll tax bill, already passed by the house, before the senate recesses. They are thinking also of bringing up legislation to create a permanent FEPC—provided they succeed in winning their amendment to the senate rules.

The ten senators are: Democrats—Pepper (Fla.), Magnuson (Wash.), Gayley (Pa.), Glen Taylor (Idaho), Edfman (Ohio), Kilgore (W. Va.), and Head (N. Y.); Republicans—Ferguson (Mich.), Knowland (Cal.) and Capper (Kan.).

FINAL PEARL HARBOR REPORT

Believe it or not, but the long-delayed reports on the Pearl Harbor investigation at last are being slipped into shape. They will not be published until around June, but here is the inside story on how the final verdict is shaping up.

The Democratic majority on the committee, led by Senator Alben Barkley of Kentucky, will absolve the two top military leaders in Washington—Gen. George Marshall and Chief of Naval Operations Adm. Harold R. Stark—of major responsibility. They will receive some minor rebukes, especially for poor co-ordination of army and navy intelligence; but nothing serious.

Democratic members of the committee also will absolve the state department of any blame and will let major blame rest where the original Roberts report contended it belonged—on the shoulders of army and navy commanders in the Hawaiian area—General Short and Admiral Kimmel.

Republican members of the committee will file a sharply worded minority report upholding Short and Kimmel and charging (1) that Short and Kimmel weren't sufficiently advised by Washington about intercepted Jap messages presaging the Pearl Harbor attack; and (2) that the two officers weren't provided with enough long-range patrol planes to spot the Jap fleet.

PATTON'S DIARY

The war's stormiest hero, Gen. George S. Patton, was the center of many a controversy before he died. But today the war department is still sitting on one of the hottest of Patton's hot potatoes—the general's secret diary.

Only a few people in the war department and the Patton family know it, but the famous general kept a careful diary all during the Normandy campaign, jotting down his frank comments about the Allies and even about his superior officers. Some of the comments just about burned up the page.

General Patton especially paid his compliments to the famous British field marshal, Montgomery, whom he criticized with almost the same bluntness as the soldier in the Sicilian hospital whom he slapped.

CHIPS FROM A GRANITE LIFE

Most people have forgotten, but it was Harlan Stone to whom the nation owes a debt for picking J. Edgar Hoover as head of the FBI. When Stone became attorney general, he swept out Burns and selected a young career man, Hoover, to take his place. No one had ever heard of Hoover before. . . . Stone was kicked upstairs from the justice department to the Supreme court by Coolidge when Stone dared move against Andrew Mellon's aluminum trust.

DESERT ROSE

By ROLLIN BROWN

Deputy sheriff Jim Doane is called in by sheriff Sam Flick to track down a gang of train robbers. The sheriff tells Jim that he believes the gang is led by a girl, the daughter of Pio Alvarez, a former rancher. Star is Sue, a cattleman who has bought Alvarez's ranch, reports to the sheriff that rustlers have stolen more than half his herd. He accuses the Alvarez girl. Sheriff Flick arranged for a special train to take Jim to the point in the desert in San Lorenzo county where the holdup took place. Jim knows Miss Alvarez, and doubts that she is the leader, or even a member of the gang. He trails the robbers by the hoofprints until his horse dies. Then he begins walking. Heat and thirst plague him.

CHAPTER II

"Uh-huh," agreed Flick; "that's it. That's sort of my gen'l idea, anyhow. Just keep it in mind. But one thing I'm stakin' my hat on, Doane. This train job was hatched from inside the Sand Wells country, not outside. I'm bettin' you'll be able to pick up a nice fresh trail of shod hoofs within half a mile of where them four fellers left the train. That trail will then hit for the nastiest, toughest-ridin' spots which is to be found in that end o' the county. An' that's sayin' somethin'." See if I'm right."

And sheriff Sam Flick was indisputably right.

But Doane's trouble had not come from rough country, or a hard ride. He went through that like a bullet goes through paper. As the sheriff had prophesied, there was a fresh hoof trail within a few hundred yards of where the train had stopped. One of the band had evidently managed the horses. The trail turned straight north into the desert country, avoiding what scant habitation existed in the neighborhood of Sand Wells Junction.

Doane followed fast and light, with the quart canteen of water and a pocketful of dried jerky for food. He intended to hit the fresh trail for perhaps a day, to make certain of its general description, unless there was a luckier break. If the trail continued northward, or turned into the foothills of the Sierra Nueva, as he suspected, a man hunt might be outfitted with greater swiftness and ease from the sheriff's office in San Lorenzo, with riders coming down on the scene rather than working up from Sand Wells.

Hours later he noticed that the animal had begun to limp. Glancing down, he saw that the right foreleg was badly swollen; he slid out of his saddle and looked at the leg. Snakebite! That's why the horse had finched; a rattler had struck him and Doane hadn't even known it! Maybe the rattler had lost his rattles. Anyway, there it was. He cut the swelling and applied a tourniquet.

He'd made a bad mistake in riding the animal so long; he'd given the poison a good start. But he told himself it wasn't serious; rattler's bite doesn't often kill stock.

But the animal's foreleg continued to swell, with a rapidity that hurried Doane into a momentary panic. An hour later he took mercy on the beast and shot it. He looked at his canteen. Less than a pint of water left! He made some calculations. He would go on to the waterhole, rest there through part of the night, drink until his system was saturated with moisture, then head back for Sand Wells with a brimming canteen to see him through. It was the only sensible thing to do. The riders he followed had also been making track for the waterhole, and that lured him on, to see what general course they would take in leaving.

The waterhole proved to be farther than five miles. . . . twice that. But the outlaw trail didn't trouble to turn into it. The waterhole was dry. A big shot of dynamite had been exploded in it, cracking the lower structure. And in Doane's canteen were just two man-sized drinks; his throat was already parched.

"Dry!"

It was a cry from cracked, fevered lips. The hour was sunset. Twenty-four hours after he had discovered a waterhole that was only so much hard-baked mud, Doane dropped to his knees in the sunset light and held his tongue against the canteen cover of his tongue, but on the covering of that canteen was a circle of moisture three or four inches wide. The circle was a deep caved dent in the side of the canteen.

Doane had fallen. When he pulled the canteen from under him the damage was done. The fall had dented the metal side of the canteen and a soldered seam had broken. Not a drop left inside. He cracked. Not a drop left inside. He sobbed thickly. For hours his throat had cried just to taste the stuff, just for him to let a drop or two between thick, swollen lips, just for a drop of water in that burning, choking throat of his. For seeming hours he had been able to think only of that, to imagine only the utter ecstasy of the touch of moisture.

He had goaded himself on with the thought. He had lured himself on step by step with the promise. At sunset that iron will of his had weakened, the weakened, tortured mind that there would be rest and

one swallow of water! Countless times, over and over, he had imagined it. He would take the water drop by drop; hold it on his tongue, feel it on his palate; drop by drop it would drip down the leather-cracked throat. Or would he take the swallow with one lustful, trembling, satisfying gulp? A thousand times he had imagined it, while the force of an iron will drove his unsteady body on.

The fall had come within five yards of the mark he had set for himself, the spot where he would finally sink down, rest and drink. Driven muscles had weakened with eagerness. He was cheated now beyond any human measure. He knew only despair. But his warped mind was no longer concerned with the despair of death; only with the measure of his loss—that pitiful quantity of stale water that was gone!

He cracked. He would gladly have traded his life for just one drink of water. He sobbed futilely, hoarsely, gaspingly.



He would have gladly traded his life for just one drink of water.

The vivid, desert sunset faded. Night spread shadow over a ghostland of barren, grotesque forms; weird buttes and rock heaps, fantastic ridges and gullies—and it spread darkness over a man who lay in the dust where he had fallen, his lips pressed against the dry covering of a canteen. The heat of the day was suddenly gone and it was chill. . . .

A shivering body brought Doane to consciousness. For a time his brain was clear again. He coolly measured his chances. Fifteen or eighteen miles now would see him to Sand Wells. He told himself that he could make it. It was possible. He had to make it!

Steeled in mind, he got to his feet. He carefully fixed his direction from the stars. Step by step, he began to move on. He walked a long way now before he tripped and fell. He pushed up and went on. . . . This was repeated countless times. His hands and knees were bloody. His clothing was ripped to shreds on the knees and legs. Finally an unknown, far-away voice seemingly began to call to him:

"You can't do it! No man could do it! Give up! Once you give up, death comes more easily!"

Doane fought that voice. He cursed and screamed at it. But no articulate sound actually came from those hard-swollen lips of his. There were long periods of time when he lay forgetful. There were times when visions gave him water, a world filled with water, cool and sweet; and he bathed lustfully in it, drank to his fill of it. Other times when he nakedly fought the fires of hell and died a hundred deaths by torture. There were long periods of time when he lay quietly where he fell. Times when he slept. But always he staggered on.

Shortly after dawn his delirium-frenzied mind cleared again for a few seconds. And this disclosed the grimest joke of all. The coming sun rose in the wrong quarter of the compass. He was moving in the wrong direction! He had turned, wandering, back-tracked himself—Sunrise threw those curiously floating, far peaks of the Sierra Nueva into view. They had not changed. No farther away; no closer. Cool, distant, magical. A grotesque caricature of a man threw up one hand toward the mountains which a crazed mind still somehow knew to be real. A smile that couldn't move the stiff, swollen lips lighted in the bloodshot eyes.

He could hear again the laugh and gurgle of water in the granite creek-beds. The music of it. He could see the sparkling, clear, sweet streams of water in the canyons and ravines. On his hands and knees Doane crept forward, toward the ranges that lay distant two days' march, for a strong man with food and water.

"Aqui 'sta! Por Dios, some man is lost—afloat! There is his canteen!"

Five hard-riden mounts and a pack animal that carried water tins came to rein in a compact group.

The canteen lay on the ground before them, half tilted against a rock. It had a dented, caved side. There were other things to be seen in the dust. A man's body had laid there. Struggled. The marks where the man had tried to get to his feet and again lay still. There were the marks of his raw knees. And to the south went the wavering track where he had disappeared.

"What do you think?"

"I think"—a lean, straight old vaquero smiled—"that a certain man who never fails has failed. According to what I heard, he left Sand Wells three mornings ago, alone. Here is the way he returns!"

"How old is the track?"

Ten hours—twelve. But it is still a long way from here to Sand Wells. This man was already weak. He had no water. So: I think he must have discovered how the Senor La Rue put dynamite in the north water-hole, to check cattle from disappearing in that direction."

A single rider reined his mount away, moving slowly along the trail of uneven footprints. He rode a hundred yards, halted and returned to the group. He nodded his head in agreement with the spokesman.

The saddlemen had dark, vigilant eyes. Even now one scanned the horizons, straight in the saddle with a certain tenseness in the poise. The man who read the scant sign of the footprints so intuitively was known as Pedro Salvador; but his stolid-appearing features showed a heritage that was more Indian than Mexican. His age was indeterminate, except that there was gray in the coarse, straight hair that showed under the dusty brim of his sombrero. Two others were middle-aged men, the fourth a youth.

The fifth rider, at a distance of fifty yards, would have been taken for a man, her sex unrecognized under the garb she wore. She was young, and clothed like the men—in worn chaps, boots, a man's faded shirt, and a wide-brimmed Stetson. Her fine, black hair was cut in a bob that was shorter than Pedro Salvador's grayed locks. But at closer distance the delicate mold of her profile, or the curve of her lips, the throat, the fine dark eyes spoke for themselves. Nearby, the working clothes of the hard-bitten cowman served only to accentuate the feminine daintiness by harsh contrast.

"Pedro!" she called. "The cool of the night will have kept this man alive. His track will wander. But he won't be dead this morning."

"But—soon!" corrected Pedro. "La Rue would be equally behind his coming here. Let them look after themselves, bury their own dead!"

The girl seemed to consider this for a long while.

"I suppose," she admitted. "But we'll have to find him."

The tall vaquero expressed his amazement. "With a railroad posse now riding out of Sand Wells? With every sheriff and deputy and down-country settler sitting on the ridges, watching with glasses? We do this for the enemy, so he won't fall next time?"

"Yes," said the girl. "We've got to. Spread out! The track will circle after a while."

Experienced in desert ways, the riders separated. At the end of an hour they trailed down a man who looked scarcely human. His mad, burning eyes were fixed on the far peaks. He crawled inch by inch forward across the vast floor of the morning-hot desert on bare hands and knees. He babbed to himself in swollen-lipped words. There was nothing sane in his eyes or in his mind, but within him there was still that mighty, fundamental spirit of the man—and this it was that had kept him fighting on.

Jim Doane, deputy sheriff, opened sane eyes for the first time some three days later. He looked with amazement at the room in which he lay, at the ceiling over his head. In his mind roared the fragments of a thousand fantastic dreams. Water—water—water! Each of those dreams devolved upon water in one form or another. There were deep pools fringed with lush meadow grass and tules; there were broad, brimming rivers; there were mountains, like the high country of the Sierra Nueva, where little creeks laughed and brawled down countless walled canyons and ravines. There were cold blue lakes, walled in with snow and ice.

There were also gigantic, ghastly, red infernos, and landscapes of smoking hot rock; but even in these there had been water—only Doane could never quite reach it. He was a man who fought all the tortures of hell, and lived through by a miracle.

He lay back on his bed for a long while now, looking at the ceiling and the walls. Then terror caught at him again. This was another false dream! He raised himself on his elbow, on the point of screaming: "Water! Water! For God's sake . . . water!"

He trembled in every muscle. Cold fear-sweat broke out on him. Curiously, he felt the sheet spread over his body, felt of the bed frame. The fear hung on. Then a door opened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for May 19

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A FRIEND WHO LEARNED TO BELIEVE

LESSON TEXT—John 11: 7, 8, 16; 20: 24-29. MEMORY SELECTION—Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—John 20: 29.

Doubt and faith—both seem to come to the hearts and minds of men. Yet they are directly contradictory to one another and cannot exist together. To believe is to drive out doubt, and when doubt comes in, faith loses its grip.

Thomas, and his experience following the resurrection of our Lord, presents a lesson on what a man can do to meet honest doubt and how such a man can come out into the sunshine of faith.

We find in Thomas, first, an expression of

I. Fearless Loyalty (John 11: 7, 8, 16).

Unafraid of the threats of men, Jesus was about to go once more into Judea. On his last two visits there, the Jews had sought to kill him, namely, at the feast of tabernacles (John 8: 59) and at the feast of dedication (John 10: 31).

He was not one to draw back for the fear of men when the Father's will led him forward in his service to humanity. Lazarus was dead, and Mary and Martha needed him and he was going to them.

Then came a fine expression of the loyalty of Thomas. If his Lord was going to face death, he was willing to go along and die with him. Let us recognize that there was a man of real courage, willing to show his loyalty even by giving his life.

There is something fine about that attitude, and something which shows us that when this man later expressed doubt, it was not the silly and shallow unbelief of a trifier. This man loved the Lord and served him, and yet he failed him.

When we think we are strong, we had better watch out lest we fail. Let us be clear and triumphant in our declaration of loyalty to Christ, both by word and by life. And then let us set a double guard against the enemy of our souls.

Thomas next appears in

II. Faithless Failure (John 16: 24, 25).

He had been willing to die for his Lord, or with him, but now the Lord had been taken by wicked hands and crucified. He and the disciples were alone to face a hostile world; at least so it seemed to them.

The awful day of crucifixion preyed heavily upon the mind of Thomas. That is evident from verse 25. He had been thinking of those awful bleeding wounds, and had forgotten about the promises of resurrection.

Jesus died, and that is a precious truth; but one must not stop there, for a dead Saviour is no Saviour at all. Thomas got sidetracked in his thinking. Let us not make the same mistake.

Another reason for his failure was that he did not go to the meeting of his brethren. Perhaps he did not feel like going, and did not think it was any use to go. Ah, but that's just the time one needs the fellowship of other believers. Go, and you will meet the Lord!

The Lord was there and Thomas missed him. We, too, will miss the Lord and his blessing if we stay away from his house and the meeting of his people.

Having gone thus far in discouraged unbelief, it was easy for Thomas to take the next step and demand physical proof of the resurrection. His despondency had now reached the place of making unreasonable demands and of discrediting the witness of others.

We are glad that we can close our study on the note of renewed faith and of

III. Full Confession (John 16: 28-29).

Note that the Lord was ready fully to meet the demands of Thomas, even though they were on the unreasonable side. That was undoubtedly because he knew the essential fineness and truthfulness of Thomas.

His doubts were unfortunate and entirely unnecessary, but they were genuine. No real doubter will ever remain one long, for if he brings a genuine doubt to the Lord, he will find it fully met. It is the triflers, those who use their doubts to hide their sins, and those who are unwilling to bring their dark thoughts into the light of the presence of Jesus, who go on doubting year after year.

Notice the comment of Jesus following the glad and complete confession of faith by Thomas. It is a good thing to believe because one has seen and been convinced. That is proper and blessed.

But the real fullness of blessing comes to the one who can rise to faith in Christ because of his word, quite apart from the visible or tangible evidence. This is real Christian faith which declares Christ to be our Lord and our God, the one whom having not seen, we love (1 Pet. 1: 8).

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Penguins can catch and swallow fish under the water.
Male mosquitoes do not bite human beings.

FIELD SEEDS: Good, bad and worse. Saul's Feed and Seed Store. A bee dies after losing its sting.

The Country Editor

Dear Son,

Some nite in May, some fourteen years from now, you will be seated on the platform with the other graduates. Your Dad has every expectation of being in the audience, but in the event we are not there we write this letter.

Graduation speakers are chosen largely because they can speak; sometimes the choice of a speaker is fortunate, other times the rules of success are given and the evening is closed.

Your dad wants you, son, to know about success, sure, but we also want you to be prepared for failure, as well.

Society's standards of success are based on the averages of human works: say, for example, for ten successes there would be ten failures -- or we would have no just medium of determining success.

We would look with favor on you, son, if in living your life your fellow man judged you failure, if in living the life, you remained true to your INNER self. You would, then have attained the role of a successful failure. If you lived out your days, and by all man's standards were a success, but to yourself were something less than the man you desired, then you would wear the tag of a failure of a success, in your dad's estimation.

Keep true to your inner being, keep the temple of your soul unscathed by compromise, and the judgement of you by society is unavailing. We want you not to so live as to please man, but to live so that you will be pleasing unto yourself.

When Dad was living, the complexities of society made so many demands on his individuality that he was something of a suppressed individual with not the flavor nor substance that should have been his nature. The standards whereby your neighbor conducts himself you will, too, be judged. There is no place for a square peg in a world of round holes -- there certainly should be. As far as your civilization will permit, give freedom to your personality. Never feel ashamed to be different from your fellow man, but don't make being different to gain distinction.

We hope you will learn, son, to enjoy "visiting" with yourself. It is a keen enjoyment to sit alone on a starry, summer nite, and just visit with that person, the really YOU, that in a work day week you so oft miss. Remember well that there is no person on earth, or the clouds above, or the vastness beneath, as important to know as to know your self. We want you to seek out that hidden person, and learn him well.

Your life's work, your day by day living, your bank balance, the ultimate regard of men, are secondary to you living the life that will result in your being keen, even anxious to see the reflection of your soul. Your own heaven won't be far away, son, if you are that kind of a SUCCESS.

BERRY FLAT NEWS

Miss Billye Jones, Reporter

Mr and Mrs. Wayman Pierce and family, Mr and Mrs. O. C. Mensch and family, Mr and Mrs. Clem Mensch and babies, Mr and Mrs. Alvis Mensch and baby, Mr and Mrs. Doyle Mensch, all of Tahoka, Mr and Mrs. Reed Yandell of Brownfield, Mr and Mrs. Walter Staggs, of Lubbock, Jess Lynch of Lubbock, Mrs. Ethel Baker, Mrs. Mittie Lynet of Brownfield, and Billye Jones were guests of Mr and Mrs. S. A. Mensch and family Mothers Day.

Mr and Mrs. Forrest Gruner of Canyon, and Miss Eula Mae Parker of Amarillo spent the week end in the home of their parents, Mr and Mrs. Jim Parker.

Mrs. Carrie Holler was taken to a doctor Thursday, she was suffering from a cold.

Miss Thelma Parker of Las Cruces, N. M. was to arrive home Tuesday but she will remain there for the summer to teach in a sports club.

Mr and Mrs. Ray Howell have gone to Fannin County to visit Rays mother.

Dick Simpson visited over the week end in Amarillo with Clarence Simpson and wife.

Mrs. Bernice Cagle has been ill but she is better now.

James Newton Rains returned from Hereford where he spent the week with his mother.

George Burdett has been ill, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

There were quite a number of Berry Flat folks at Mesquite to the Mother's Day program Sunday nite. We invite all to church next Sunday.

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Uncle Sam Says



This fool's cap fits none of my nephews, least of all you, who learned during the war that the easy way to save part of your pay was to sign up on the payroll savings plan. I am visiting in Philadelphia today. Philadelphia is the home of the Liberty Bell and Benjamin Franklin, who said a penny saved is a penny earned. If Franklin were alive, he would revise this statement to \$3 saved in U. S. Savings Bonds are \$4 in your pockets ten years hence. Franklin would agree with me that this fool's cap fits only those persons who think because the war is over it is no longer profitable for them to save by buying Bonds. U. S. Treasury Department

Crown Fruit Salad Is 'Fit for a King'

"Fit for a king" is what home-makers say about crown shaped fruit salad, according to the Country Cooking editor of Capper's Farmer, nationally-circulated farm magazine.

"Studded with jewel-colored pieces of fruit, it makes a lovely picture on your prettiest glass plate," she writes in the magazine read by 1,250,000 farm families. "Cool and tartly sweet it offers flavor contrast to the meat-and-potato



part of a meal. It's a delightful afternoon snack with a cup of hot coffee."

Crown Fruit Salad
1 tbsp. unflavored gelatin
2 tbsp. cold water
1 c. fruit juice (leach, cherry, orange or pineapple)
1 c. light cream
1/2 c. mayonnaise
2 canned peaches or pears, sliced
1 orange, sliced
1/2 c. maraschino cherries

Soak gelatin in cold water. Heat fruit juice or juices to boiling; remove from heat and dissolve gelatin in hot juice. Cool. Add the light cream and mayonnaise and stir until mixture is slightly thickened; then add sliced fruit and halved cherries. Pour into a mold rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold on glass plate or platter. Arrange lettuce leaves around the edge of the salad. Garnish with clusters of grapes, halves of bananas or slices of canned fruit. Serves six. This molded fruit salad is lovely to serve at a buffet supper.

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR



"Wotcha Pushin', th' Tub Fôr?"
" 'Cause I Left Me License Home."

SPECIALS

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|-------------------------------------|-------|-----|
| CARROTS | BUNCH | 5¢ |
| FRESH BEANS, POUND | | 10¢ |
| 1 LB. SUGAR COOKIES | | 24¢ |
| TWO NO. 2 CANS TURNIP GREENS | | 25¢ |
| TWO NO. 2 CANS ENGLISH PEAS | | 25¢ |
| NO. 2 1/2 PEACHES IN SYRUP | | 25¢ |
| NO 2 GRAPEFRUIT JUICE TWO FOR | | 25¢ |
| GALLON PRUNES, SP. AT | | 69¢ |
| WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR FROZEN FOOD | | |
| HI QUALITY ICE CREAM | PINT | 20¢ |

PLENTY OF PURE GARDEN SEEDS

LINE BROS.

LINE UP WITH LINE

BLOCKER GROCERY

"Trade Goes Where Invited, Stays Where Treated Best"

Specials For Friday & Saturday

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------|-----|
| Corn No. 2 Can Cream Style | 13¢ | Sunbrite Cleanser | 5c |
| Juice Grapefruit 46 oz. Can | 29c | Jelly 2 lb. Jar Ass't. Flavors | 29c |
| Raisins 2 lb pkg | 23¢ | Sardines Tall cans 2 for | 25 |
| Honey Burlison's 1 lb. JAR | 33¢ | NO. 2 CAN Pork & Beans Phillips | 14c |
| Coffee Maxwell House 1 lb jar | 33c | Post Toasties, 11 oz. | 9c |

Butter, Cream'y lb 52c

WE PAY HIGHEST CASH PRICES FOR EGGS, CREAM -- TRADE WHERE YOU PLEASE
TRADE WHERE MA SAVES MONEY FOR PA

ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF
O'DONNELL'S NEWEST

Grocery & Market

COME IN AND SEE OUR NEW STORE
WE WILL BE ABLE TO SUPPLY YOU WITH
PLAIN AND FANCY GROCERIES AND
QUALITY MEATS
ACROSS STREET FROM POST OFFICE

Lambert Grocery

CLIFF LAMBERT, OWNER

Congratulations TO THE 1946 SENIORS

DURING YOUR SCHOOL YEARS IT HAS BEEN OUR PLEASURE TO SERVE YOU AND WE SINCERELY APPRECIATE HAVING BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH YOU.

OUR HEARTIEST GOOD WISHES GO WITH YOU IN THE LIFE BEFORE YOU

Whitsett DRUG STORE

"NOTHING BUT THE BEST"

YOUR NAYL DRUG STORE

HAVE YOU TRIED -- SINGLETONS FOR HAR" TO GET MERCHANDISE

- COOLERATOR ICE BOX -- SHOWER STALL
- CHROME & BRASS BATH FIXTURES
- FOOD AND BEVERAGE JUGS
- ASSORTMENT OF BARREL PUMPS
- GRADEN SPRAY UNITS -- PORTABLE AIR COMPRESSORS
- EXTRA NICE ALUMNIUM WARE
- TRACTOR UMBRELLAS

BUTANE AND PROPANE PLANTS
SOLD AS LOW AS NOTHING DOWN AND \$5.12 PER MONTH

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY -- COME IN AND TELL US YOUR NEEDS

Singleton Appliance

MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN WEST TEXAS