

COTTON FARMERS!

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Cotton Equity Papers

1942-43
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1943-44

... TO ...

C. N. Hoffman

Office: Singleton Hardware Co.
O'Donnell, Texas

Wedded In Bay City

With pleasurable interest, the many friends of Staff Sgt. Joe W. Burkett and Miss Lorene Dabney of Draw, will learn of the marriage of these fine young people.

The wedding took place in Bay City, Wednesday of last week at 6:15 p. m., with Minister Metcalf of the Bay City Church of Christ officiating in an impressive ceremony. The popular young couple will reside at Palacios, where the groom is stationed with the U. S. Army at Camp Hulen.

The groom is the son of Mr and Mrs. Jno. R. Burkett of Mesquite and is one of our finest young men. The bride is the accomplished daughter of Mrs. Gladys Dabney, a graduate of Draw high school, and Draughon's Business College. Their host of friends throughout this area will wish for this splendid couple a life filled with all happiness.

Taking Basic Training

Truett Angel, old home boy, 1938 graduate of O'Donnell high school, now in the Air Corps, is receiving his basic training at Garden City, Kans. Truett is a flight leader, and received his primary training at El Reno, Okla.

Vacationing At Rockport

A post card from the C. E. Rays last week advised that they were now nicely situated at Rockport. Mr. Ray was getting ready to start a little invasion of his own against the finny tribe in the Gulf waters.

Honored With Party

Honoring Miss Toni McNitt of Houston, Gen. Burleson Brewer entertained Monday night with a party and wasser roast. Games were played on the lawn, and at the end of the games a guest prize was given the honoree. Others present were Peggy Beach, Patsy Edwards, Hazel Swinney, Mary Ruth Hobdy, Inez Summers, Raymond Hancock, Jim Bob Boothe, Sam Singleton, Jr., Sam Ritchie and Jimmie Ritchie.

W. R. Sheppard was among Saturday's visitors from Wells.

Mrs. N. M. Jennings was among those visiting in Lamesa Monday.

C. Gillespie, route 1, was transacting business here last Saturday.

Homer Davis was among Saturday's throng from Mesquite who visited O'Donnell.

Harvey McKee was a visitor in Lubbock Monday.

Mrs. A. E. Gleghorn was among Saturday's shoppers in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Aten were among Monday's visitors. G. C. had just received a Father's Day card from his son, Buford, who is in the U. S. Marine Corps at Oceanside, Calif. Buford is a marine raider and at present is receiving intensive amphibious landing training.

Mrs. Mildred Edwards was a guest of friends in Lamesa Monday night.

At the political speaking here last Saturday afternoon among those who faced the microphone were C. L. Harris, candidate for congress, District Attorney Rollin McCord, and Judge G. C. Grider.

Mrs. Billy McKnight and Miss Antoinette McNitt returned to Houston this week after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tomlinson and C. L. Jr., returned last week from a delightful trip to Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. O. L. McClendon and Miss Lida Smith were visitors in Lubbock Monday.

L. D. Pugh of Devine, a former O'Donnell resident, was here this week greeting his many friends. Lyle reports crop conditions in his section as being pretty good.

Spoke Here Saturday

The congressional campaign in this sector opened Saturday afternoon when C. L. Harris of Lubbock spoke to a good crowd on the streets of O'Donnell, in behalf of his race for Congress.

Using a loud speaker system, the throng heard Mr. Harris clearly present his views. Charging the present incumbent with voting against the fortification of our holdings in the Pacific, the candidate also labeled the representative as a "yes man," besides averting that his record was devoid of accomplishments for the district, and that in addition to \$100,000 received as salary for a ten years' tenure, an additional \$75,000 was chargeable to office expenses.

Accompanying Mr. Harris on his campaign tour, was Amos Harper, Seagraves newspaper man.

First Methodist Church

The Methodist church is endeavoring along with all the other churches of the town, to administer to the spiritual needs of the people, and response to the service is very gratifying.

A cordial invitation is extended to each and every one.

Appointed Deputy Sheriff

Sheriff Sam Floyd has appointed E. L. Barrington, of Tahoka, as deputy sheriff for the O'Donnell area. The new deputy, who, we understand is an experienced officer, entered on his duties Tuesday, and is to move to this city. He will have the co-operation of our citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Doak left this week for Ruidoso, N. M., for a few weeks' sojourn at their summer home.

Mrs. J. L. Adams was here over the week-end visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Wells. She is now located in Slaton with the Santa Fe.

Mrs. W. E. Walls, Motor Route C, Lamesa, was in our office Monday subscribing for the Index-Press. Mrs. Walls tells us that her son, Clois, former O'Donnell high school boy is now in Hawaii, serving with the marines. He has been in service since January.

Home Boy Graduates

Camp Elliott, San Diego, Calif., June 20.—Marine Private First Class James Turner Barnes, son of Mrs. A. J. Barnes, Route 3, O'Donnell, Texas, has been graduated from the Training Center Anti-Tank School here.

His training comprised operation of the 75mm half track, 37mm gun, .50 and .30 caliber machine guns, the Bazooka and various other types of anti-tank weapons.

Pfc. Barnes, born September 6, 1921 at Roscoe, Texas, enlisted in the Marine Corps January 22, 1942 at Oklahoma City, Okla. He was promoted to private first class in May 1942.

His wife, the former Aita Deane Fortner, resides at Seabrook, Texas.

Piano Recital

Mrs. Gibbs will present Peggy Patricia Etter, Norma June Nelms, Elaine Hohn and Etta Sue Garner in a piano recital at the Methodist church, Friday evening at 8:45 o'clock.

The public is invited.

Air Conditioned

For the comfort of its patrons, Max Cafe is now air conditioned, the cooling system at this popular establishment having been installed last week.

Spudded In Monday

Drilling operations at the Cantrell place, former Bert Adams farm, at Mesquite, started Monday when the 5,000 test was spudded in. Bauman Drilling Co. is sinking the well, and oil men will watch the progress with keen interest.

Mrs. J. L. Adams and J. T. Reed were visitors in Lamesa Monday.

Mrs. Jno. R. Burkett returned from Palacios last Saturday, where she attended the wedding of her son, Staff Sgt. Joe W. Burkett and Miss Lorene Dabney, Wednesday evening of last week.

R. T. Peck was a business visitor in Tahoka Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Knauth of San Angelo were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Good this week.

Buy War Bonds and Back the INVASION!

Landings on gun-studded enemy-held shores, such as the Cherbourg Peninsula of France, take courage... everything is at stake. Lives of men, landing craft, tanks, planes, guns and equipment of all kinds are sacrificed to seize and hold a beachhead.

The people at home must buy war bonds to supply the needed materials of war for the men who carry the Stars and Stripes at the battlefield.

Double your bond purchases in the Fifth War Loan drive. Now is the time to do better than your best.



This advertisement is published in the interest of 5th War Loan Drive by TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY



Back the Attack! - BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!

DRAMATIC VALUES!

Exciting Buys

A Complete Selling Entire \$95,000 Stock At All Time Low Prices!

The Greatest Sale In The History Of This Fine Store Now In Progress. Don't Miss It!

Lamesa HURT'S

Don't Expect Values Like These After July 10th

New ceiling prices will force high grade, low mileage cars like ours off the market. In their place will come second and third rate cars at increased prices. So if you want a dependable, top quality car, you've just a few days to get it. Better buy it now!

Ellis Chevrolet Co.



America Through a Train Window:

The train clears its mechanical throat, rolls out of the depot, and the moving picture of passing scenery is framed in Pullman windows. . . . Fragments of smoke cruising over sprawling war plants that dot the outskirts of the city. A peaceful industrial scene where weapons are born that wind up in the hell of war. . . . Neat suburban homes on their best architectural behavior. . . . Church steeples pointing at the sky like hands in prayer. . . . Telephone poles whizzing by like Indian file. Birds perched on their wires—like notes on a musical scale. . . . The countryside knee-deep in Spring. A tapestry of greener, stretching toward the horizon. . . . Long lines of trees planted with Rockette precision—bejeweled with ripening fruits. . . . Attractive lad train conductors. . . . Weary travelers slumped in their seats mused on an island of their thoughts.

Tree-lined small town streets each house ornamented with manicured hedges. . . . Ribbons of road wrapped around the landscape. They used to be covered with traffic, but now you can see miles of nude highways. . . . The eager anticipation in the orbs of servicemen on their way home to enjoy a furlough. . . . The train gobbling up miles of space as it roars through State lines. No passports are needed to cross them. One of the miracles too many Americans take for granted. . . . The haze that floats over the grass at sunrise when Nature is still drowsy with morning. . . . Old, unpainted houses on the wrong side of the tracks making their poverty public. . . . Miles of undeveloped land blanketed with forests between big cities. Places where Nature has room to stretch.

The train whizzing by small, dusty stations surrounded by loneliness. You go by so fast you can't even read the station's name. . . . Cows grazing in Ohio's pastures—their tails continually swinging like a baton. . . . A feather of a breeze tickling a lake—causing it to dimple with a million ripples. . . . Piercing train whistles punctuating the night with exclamation points of sound. . . . Cross country trucks moving across the roads with the slow dignity of glaciers. . . . The increased tempo of traffic that heralds the approach to a city.

A stretch of flat land broken by the wide open mouth of a valley. . . . The lights of a lonely farmhouse twinkling in the dark night. . . . The train pulling into a station with the dignity of a dowager entering a tea party. . . . The eternal peacefulness of forests filled with a million leafy fingers reaching for the warmth of the sun. . . . Fields of wildflowers curtsying to the balmy winds. . . . Large signs announcing that you're about to enter this-or-that town. A sight as American as a home run.

Tremendous ranches monopolizing giant slices of territory. Some are almost as large as a small European nation. . . . Skeletons of ghost towns slowly being turned into dust by wind and rain, remnants of the wild West. . . . Modern cowboys who now spend more time riding in station wagons than on horses. . . . The brilliance of a Western night—a dark-faced sky freckled with stars. Much poetry and many songs have been written in tribute to its overpowering beauty. But nothing can match the first-hand view of this shimmering phenomenon. . . . The many peaceful sights that make you think the war is very far away. But a plane drilling its way through the sky reminds you nothing is beyond the war's reach. . . . Peaceful Indians now selling souvenirs at railroad stations. . . . Cattle herds in the sunset making a picture postcard to be filed in your memory.

Desert nights filled with romantic mysteries. . . . When you see the gigantic natural obstacles that still exist in the West you are filled with renewed respect and pride for the pioneers who built a civilization on the foundation of blood, sweat and tears. . . . Tiny villages with less population than in a Big Town apartment house. . . . Headwaiter smiles of train porters. . . . The Diesel engine entering a tunnel with a loud cry, dragging the serpent of cars behind it. . . . The sage brush country, with an occasional motorist providing the only sign of life. . . . Tired tourists chewing the fingernails of their patience, eager to arrive at their destination. . . . Hot dog stands planted in the middle of nowhere.

The billboard advising motorists: "This is God's Country. Don't Drive Like Hell" . . . The Chicago skyline resembling an unfinished jigsaw puzzle. . . . Train-sitters trying to whittle away time by playing cards, gabbing, reading, or just staring at a pretty gal across the aisle. . . . The mid-West's gigantic fertile fields—America's breadbasket. . . . A bonfire of sunlight slowly raising its head over roundshouldered hills. . . . Traveling salesmen in club cars nibbling on bits of conversa-



GRASSROOTS by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

INCOME TAX RATES WILL STAY UP AFTER WAR

IT IS A SAFE BET that the rates on individual income taxes will not be reduced for some years, at least, after the war is over. We have been paying the larger portion of war cost through the sale of bonds. When the war is over we will have an annual interest bill of better than six billion dollars on the national debt, and in addition a heavy debt retirement charge of not less than two billion dollars a year.

For the past two years the national annual income has been around 140 billion a year. It is on such an income we have been paying federal taxes to the extent of approximately 40 billion a year. The national income will undoubtedly drop to not over 90 to 100 billion a year or less when the war industries are closed down, when the work week is 40 hours, when the extra hours with the time and a half paid for them, and the profits of war production all cease.

If the deficit-financing operation is to stop, as it must if the nation is not to go into bankruptcy and repudiate its indebtedness; if we are to meet our national obligations that will call for the maintenance of a large army and navy through many years; if we are to pay the interest charge and meet the running expenses of the government, the treasury must receive from 20 to 23 billion each year. That must come out of a heavily decreased national income. It is more probable the federal individual income tax rates will be increased rather than decreased. The worker, who had not until last year paid income taxes, will continue to pay his share of the cost of the war and the governmental luxuries we have indulged in during the past few years.

Even such a figure as from 20 to 23 billion a year of expense does not include the cost of social security, of our participation in international rehabilitation or of any public works in this country. These, if we have them, will take some additional billions, and we will have some.

It all means if we are to have bearable individual income tax rates, and are to meet our bills as they come due, we must cut out the governmental frills in which we have been indulging. The individual must support himself and the government, rather than expect the government to support him. We must get back to fundamentals.

Those big automatic check writing machines at Washington that have worked continuously for the past several years, can be sold as junk. We have had our dance; now we, our children and our children's children, must pay the fiddler.

SOME PEOPLE PREFER 'OTHER SIDE OF TRACKS'

THERE ARE FARMERS, and farmers, just as there are merchants, and merchants. In both lines some succeed and some fail. Those who fail can usually produce an alibi to account for their failure.

We may be sure those who achieved success took nothing for granted. They did not sit by and wait for success. They sought and courted the supposedly fickle dame. They watched the details of their business whether it be farming or merchandising. The farmer knew his soil and its needs. He was careful in the selection of the crops he planted. He aided nature in all possible ways of cultivation. He improved his breeds of farm animals so additional values might result.

In much the same way, the merchant who succeeded cared for the needs of his customers. He, too, cultivated his field with improved and expanded stocks of merchandise. He added to the attractiveness of his store and to the display of his wares and the methods of offering them through his advertising. Through effective methods of merchandising he made two dollar sales grow where only one dollar sales had grown before.

What is true of the farmers and merchants applies equally to all other lines of human activity. It is true of doctors and lawyers and preachers and carpenters and any other occupation in which we individuals may engage.

Success is not a matter of luck. It comes through carefully studied and planned effort born of a desire and will to succeed, regardless of the line to which such effort may be applied.

There are some people who prefer to live on the wrong side of the tracks.

THE DAIRY FARMER is attempting to determine why the cow whose product goes into butter fat should eat less than the cow whose product is delivered in bottles by the city milkman. It is an OPA bureaucratic theory that they do, but the dairy farmer has not been able to make the theory work.

DESPITE THE DEATH SENTENCE pronounced by the President, the New Deal still survives and its bureaucrats are still on the public payroll.

With Ernie Pyle at the Front

Doolittle Meets Doolittle; Son Drops In on Father

Tokyo Bombing Hero Has Still Another Namesake to Greet in Same 8th Air Force

By Ernie Pyle

(Editor's Note: Due to transmission delays, brought on by the volume of invasion dispatches, Ernie Pyle's first reports on that historic event have not yet reached this country. The following dispatch was written before the invasion started.)

LONDON.—(by wireless)—Here I've been gallivanting around with lieutenant generals again. If this keeps up I'm going to lose my amateur standing. This time it is Jimmy Doolittle, who is still the same magnificent guy with three stars on his shoulder that he used to be with a captain's bars.

General Doolittle runs the American Eighth air force. It is a grim and stupendous job, but he manages to keep the famous Doolittle sense of humor about it.

Doolittle, as you know, is rather short and getting almost bald. Since arriving in England from Italy he has diabolically started a couple of false rumors circulating about himself.

One is that his nickname used to be "Curly," and he occasionally throws his head back as though tossing hair out of his eyes. His other claim is that he used to be six feet tall but has worried himself down to his present small height in the past five months.

Jimmy Doolittle has more gifts than any one man has a right to be blessed with. He has been one of America's greatest pilots for more than 25 years. He is bold and completely fearless. Along with that he has a great technical mind and a highly perfected education in engineering.

In addition to his professional skill he is one of the most engaging humans you ever ran across. His voice is clear and keen, he talks with animation, and his tone carries a sense of quick and right decision.

He is one of the greatest of storytellers. He is the only man I've ever known who can tell stories all evening long and never tell one you've heard before. He can tell them in any dialect, from Swedish to Chinese.

Above all he loves to tell stories on himself. Here is an example: He was at a Flying Fortress base one afternoon when the planes were coming back in. Many of them had been pretty badly shot up and had wounded men aboard.

The general walked up to one plane from which the crew had just got out. The upper part of the tail gun turret was shot away. General Doolittle said to the tail-gunner: "Were you in there when it happened?"

The gunner, a little peevishly, replied: "Yes sir."

As the general walked away the annoyed gunner turned to a fellow crewman and said in a loud voice: "Where in the hell did he think I was, out buying a ham sandwich?"

A frightened junior officer, fearing the general might have overheard, said:

"My God, man, don't you know who that was?"

"Sure I know," the tail-gunner snapped, "and I don't give a damn. That was a stupid question."

With which Jimmy Doolittle, the least stupid of people, fully agrees when he tells the story.

Jimmy tells these stories wonderfully, with more zest and humor than I can put into them second-handed. As he says, the heart-breaks and tragedies of war sometimes push all your gaiety down into the depths. But if a man can keep a sense of the ridiculous about himself he is all right. Jimmy Doolittle can.

Lieut. Gen. Jimmy Doolittle, head of the Eighth air force over here, noticed one day in the roster of officers at his staff headquarters the name of a Captain Doolittle.

The name is not a very ordinary one, and he made a mental note that some day he would look the fellow up for a little chat. One day not long after that his phone rang and the voice at the other end said, "This is Captain Doolittle."

"Oh yes," said the general. "I had noticed your name and I meant to call you up sometime."

"I'd like to come in and see you," said the voice at the other end.

"Why yes, do that," the general said. "I'm pretty busy these days, but I'll switch you to my aide and he'll make an appointment for you."

Ernie Meets Another Old Friend

In roaming around the country the other day I ran into Lieut. Col. William Proffitt Sr., whom I used to see occasionally in Africa and Sicily. His old outfit was the first hospital unit ashore in the African invasion, landing at dawn on D-Day. They are so proud of that record that they'll tear your eyes out at the slightest intimation that you're confusing them with the second unit to land.

This is the hospital my friend Lieut. Mary Ann Sullivan of Boston served with. She finally wound up as chief nurse of the unit. But when I dropped in to say hello I discovered that Lieutenant Sullivan had gone back to America a couple of months ago.

She well deserved to go, too. She had been overseas nearly three years.



Washington, D. C.

UNPROMOTED COMBAT FLIERS

One thing that grips the boys at the front is the way a lot of the desk officers in the war department and others here at home seem to get promotions more rapidly than the boys who are up on the firing line. Some of them feel so badly about it that they aren't anxious to come home, though given opportunities of glory, because they are out-ranked by their old friends at home.

For instance, most of the new pilots just arriving in England are second lieutenants. They haven't seen on any missions at all. Meanwhile, men who have been in England for two years, and have been flying over Europe constantly, still remain second lieutenants.

"How many do you have?" asks one newly arrived pilot who has flown twice across the channel, each flight being a mission.

TIRE-RATION PROBE

The Office of Price Administration is quietly probing several cases of ration violations which promise to be sensational. They go right to some of the biggest tire companies of the country.

One of the big tire companies is being probed on a charge of having failed to void the tire ration certificates turned in to them by retailers. In other words, when a retail tire store or garage sells a tire, it has to send back to the tire manufacturer the certificate issued by the OPA ration board. However, the OPA is tracking down reports that these tire certificates, instead of being stamped as used, are going back to the dealers, or else remaining with them in the first place. Thus, they are able to sell more tires without requiring more certificates in exchange.

Another big company is being investigated by the OPA for buying up new tires of various makes from dealers and later reselling them through the company's own stores at considerable loss. Even though not the tires made by this company, the loss was considered a good investment because it got motorists into the habit of trading with this company's retail stores.

GERMANY'S SMART CHOICES

U. S. experts who have studied the Nazi military setup to resist invasion figure that Hitler—or whoever did the picking for him—was smart in his selection of German military leaders. Three of the best men in the German army have been given the job of combating what the Nazis know is the death thrust at Germany.

No. 1 is Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt, considered the best strategist and over-all commander in Germany. Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, immediately under him, is the best man for lightning moves and panzer tactics.

Finally, Colonel General Heinz Guderian is considered the best tank commander in the German army.

U. S. experts, who believe in looking facts in the face, classify these three as among the top military brains of Europe.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TO END?

It looks as if daylight-saving time were going to be abolished without giving the President a chance to block the repeal.

Several resolutions have been introduced to abolish war time, as a result of protests from farmers in agricultural areas. These are now before Representative Clarence Lea of California and his Interstate Commerce committee, and it looks as if one of them would be reported out and passed.

If so, it cannot be vetoed by the President, for the original bill establishing war time provided that it was to end six months after the war, or upon a concurrent resolution by both houses of congress.

This latter provision precludes a veto, since resolutions are not subject to being overruled by the White House. In fact, Congressman Lea wrote his original daylight-saving bill in this form for the specific purpose of heading off the White House in case Congress wanted to abolish war time.

CAPITAL CHAFF

Congratulations to Lieut. Harry B. Paul Barnhart for bringing laughs to the boys in the South Pacific with his army show "Stars and Gripes."

Every day the state department condenses foreign news developments for its officials both at home and abroad. It is one of the fairest news summaries in Washington.

The navy is starting a school of government, similar to the army's at Charlottesville, Va., to train men to govern occupied territories. Some navy men are wisecracking that they don't need to train governors of occupation because the British take over all Pacific possessions as soon as we capture them. (The Solomons and New Guinea were largely British before the war.)



DON'T be colorless at your household chores. Embroider colorful zinnias on this flattering pinafore. They are a needlework magic, they're done so quickly.

Embroidered pinafore. Pattern 820 includes a transfer pattern of embroidery necessary pattern pieces, directions for apron.

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

Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
564 W. Randolph St. Chicago 26, Ill.
Enclosure 15 cents (plus one cent to cover cost of mailing) for Pattern No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Chinese Letter Writers

Because of the great number of literates in China, professional letter writers do a thriving business.

Chiang Kai-shek's "new life" movement, interrupted by the war, aims, among other things, to broaden the education of his embattled people.

SKIN IRRITATIONS OF EXTERNAL CAUSE

Acne pimples, eczema, factory dermatitis, simple ringworm, better, nail fungus, (blackheads), and ugly bristly-out skin. Millions relieve itching, burning and annoyance of these troubles with simple home treatment. Works to root out cause. Acts healing, gives the antiseptic way. Use Black and White Cream only as directed. 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. 25¢ postage. Money-back guarantee. Void in cleaning in good soap. Easy to use. Black and White Skin Soap.

Upset Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double your back. When stomach and bowels refuse to cooperate, your stomach and bowels, double your back, your stomach and bowels, double your back, your stomach and bowels, double your back.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

For SMALL CUTS - SCRATCHES



COOLING SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC DRESSING

LIQUID and POWDER For quick relief on MOSQUITO BITES and SUNBURN

GET AFTER RHEUMATIC PAIN

With a medicine that will free you. If you suffer from rheumatic pain or muscular aches, buy C-222 today for real pain-relieving help. Use with caution: Use only as directed. Free bottle purchase price is refunded if you are not satisfied. Get C-222.

When Your Back Hurts

And Your Strength and Energy is Below Par. It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly reliable relief, use Doan's Backache Kidney Pills when the kidneys fail to remove waste and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer nagging headaches, rheumatic pains, backache, dizziness, getting up at night, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and noisy urination. There should be no doubt that proper treatment is wiser than suffering. Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide approval than on something new and untried. Doan's have been used and approved for many years. Ask at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

DOAN'S PILLS

Poultry Wanted!

Flyers, 2 to 3 lbs. 31c
 Broilers, 1 1-2 to 2 lbs. 25c
 No. 1 Heavy Hens 20c No. 1 Light
 Hens 25c No. 1 Turkeys 20c
 No. 1 Old Toms 25c. Guineas ea. 27c
 We buy Eggs.
 We have a complete line of
 Chicken Feed
 302 South Houston, Lamesa
 HEATH BROILER PLANT
 LOCATION
 J.O. WHITE, Manager

NEW MOORE 4-H CLUB



Shown left to right, front row: Howard Cherrv, James George Deaton, Benjamin Griffin, George Snider, Billy Murphy, Jewel Godbehere, J. D. Moore, Brian Stone, Orby Cherry. Back row: James Murphy, Sonny Rogers, Junior Godbehere, Don Zell Crutcher, James Ray Blair, Elmer Lynn Conrad, Ben Conrad

Mother's Day Observed By Fighter Group

Mrs. B. D. Ballew, of this city, recently received a letter from the Pacific, of which her son, O. V. is a sergeant, telling of their most interesting Mother's Day service. The letter follows:

Dear Mrs. Ballew:
 The presence of your son, O. V., at our Mother's Day service Sunday gave us much pleasure and will without doubt be a great comfort to you. If he had been at home your joys would have been more complete, and so would his, but I can assure you that his thoughts and prayers were there with you.

Our theme for the Mother's Day service was based on this text "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Isaiah

Due...

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

Proctor Beauty Shop

Iowa Bulletin D-58, issued by Dr. John M. Exsard says: "Three and four-fifths pounds of Mineral saves 174 pounds of grain." Leading nutritional authorities say that supplementing home-grown grains properly with a well-balanced Mineral Mixture makes grain go 25 per cent further in producing meat and eggs.

I also have Phenothiazine Wormer for your Hogs and Sheep.
G.H. Gardenhire
 811 North 1st, LAMESA

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



These words must have a hollow ring to a cow, undernourished and suffering in a howling blizzard; and to cattlemen looking vainly for enough cottonseed cake to pull their herds through a tough winter. Curtailed planting of cotton failed to forestall the effects of drought and blizzard. To assure adequate feed next winter we must plan now to plant more acreage to cotton. Undernourished and starved cattle will not furnish meat to this Nation and its Allies fighting for the "Four Freedoms."



PRODUCE MORE IN '44

In Behalf of Prosperity for the O'Donnell Area This Advertising Is Sponsored by Your Friends:

L. E. Robinson Gin
Lamesa Cotton Oil Co.
J. P. Bowlin Gin
Clawson & Holcomb Gin
J. H. Jordan Gin

Visit Our Feed Mill For Your
La-Mesa Brand Feeds

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

Feed Pellets

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

Planting Seed

Certified Arizona Hegari, Certified Plainsman
 Milo, Texas Hegari, Martin Milo
 Plainsman Milo, Kaffir
 Red Top Cane and Sudan

Henningsen Lamesa Inc.
Feed Mill

Conveniently Located On Lubbock Highway
Buy Bonds Regularly

66:13. We thought about the great sacrifices our mothers have made for us and the comfort they have given. We were also reminded of the sacrifices of Christ and the comfort that He gives to His children.

It gives us everlasting comfort to come to our little jungle church on Sundays and worship. We are constantly in prayer for peace and doing all we can do to help bring about an everlasting peace for the people of the whole world. We never forget to pray for our loved ones at home and ask that God's comforting Spirit be with them.

Your life, prayers, and thoughts are instruments in God's hands

Political Announcements

This newspaper is authorized to announce the candidacy of the following persons, subject to the action of the July Democratic primary:

- For Congress: **GEORGE MAHON** re-election
C. L. HARRIS
- For State Senator: **STERLING J. PARRISH**
ALTON B. CHAPMAN
- For Representative: **GEO. W. NEILL**
JACK DOUGLAS
PRESTON E. SMITH
- For District Attorney: **ROLLIN McCORD**
CALLOWAY HUFFAKER
- For County Judge: **TOM GARRARD**
G. C. GRIDER
- For Tax Assessor-Collector: **R. P. WEATHERS**, re-election
- For Sheriff: **SAM FLOYD** (re-election)
- For County Clerk: **W. M. (Walter) MATHIS** (re-election)
- For County Treasurer: **MRS. LOIS DANIEL** re-election
- For County Commissioner, Prec. 2: **LEWIS KENLEY**
JOHN A. ROBERTS
- For County Commissioner, Prec. 3: **JNO. A. ANDERSON** re-election
- Dawson County Candidates**
- For County Commissioner, Prec. 2: **G. C. ATEN**, 2nd term.
R. L. (Bob) BUTCHER (re-election for second term)

bringing comfort and joy to our troubled souls.

Sincerely,
AUDREY T. HURLEY,
 Chaplain, U. S. A.

Field Seed again, still good, bad and worse, most of them worse. Sauls Feed and Seed Store.

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It's going fast. You'd better hurry!

Singleton Appliance

Reckon They're Crazy

By EDWIN T. STRAYER
McClure Syndicate-WNU Features.

LITTLE Darling got up with tears of pain and anger in his eyes and swung his three hundred pounds at the Great Halenay. Halenay ducked, but I noticed it was only by a risky margin. He was grinning though, so he still had plenty left! Little Darling swabbed his face with his huge arm, trying to wipe off the sweat. I believe he'd have given that arm to beat Halenay. Just once!

The miners were crowding around but no one dared to stop the fight. The antagonism between the two dated back a full year. The very first thing that Halenay had done, as soon as he got a job at St. Michael's, was to start picking on Little Darling, as the men called the enormous fellow. Some of them were actually sticking at St. Mike's just to see how it would all turn out. To see if Little Darling would ever give in. But why was the Great Halenay so gleeful? The tiny guy was smiling delightedly and waiting, waiting... waiting.

Little Darling bore down again. At the last possible second, Halenay took a single step in to the side. One swing — and poor big Darling plunked down in the mud again. Without being able to hear what they said, he had a feeling that the men on the side lines were laughing at him. His fury increased by degrees. Great fat tears of rage stood in his eyes. Seeing Halenay smiling broadly with that bedeviling, serene confidence, he could have killed him with an all-satisfying pleasure. He sprang up and lunged forward like a charging bull. The little guy must have had all the stuff in the world or he'd have run from that mountain of evil. But he seemed to get results without moving around too much and it certainly exasperated the big boy.

None of us saw Halenay strike. But suddenly there was the sound of a thud and Little Darling was on his face in the mud. It looked sort of bad, him lying there helpless. After all, he was a man. And we were supposed to be men, too. But we left him stretched out, like a big helpless hog. Some of the miners looked odd but still they hesitated to touch him. His head was buried in the mud that hundreds of heavy boots had been kneading all winter with cigarette stubs and discarded plugs. He finally glanced around, but so feebly that I thought he was about to die.

But he didn't die. No, by Godfrey! That bruised hulk had been thinking. Thinking! Suddenly he lifted a ham of a hand and motioned the little guy to come over to him.

Little Darling reached slowly, limply, up to the Great Halenay. Did he want to forgive? To kiss him good-bye? But, instead, his great fingers locked themselves around the little one's neck. To say that Halenay was astonished is to put it mildly. He seemed to be trying to keep his eyes from bulging out. It looked like his end and no one had the courage to help him. He had asked for it — now he was getting it. Yes, by his bluish face, you'd say he was getting it. There was probably just enough oxygen reaching his brain to supply the energy for one more idea. He acted on it right away. He went expertly "dead" in Little Darling's grasp. He hung there exactly as if only the warmth of his body kept him from growing rigid. So, the rage gone from his face, the big brute let him slide to the ground.

Almost instantly Halenay was up on his feet, but keeping away, keeping away all the time. If I ever saw anyone save his breath, it was that midget miner. He kept his eyes open just wide enough to watch his playmate and he would move out of range barely in time to escape a charge. And soon the fishlike, gasping look left his face; he seemed pretty fit again, more like himself. But he waited another three minutes before he took any chances. His old strength was coming back. Now it was clear that he was the cruel one. The Great Halenay grew deadly. His moving body took on a definite rhythm. His timing was actually that of a dance.

It was the first word spoken in the bout and it seemed to turn the tide. Swift as a striking snake, he proceeded to pass out the sweets. His huge opponent could do nothing. With his left hand Halenay grabbed him by the neck and with his right cut his eye open. Reversing hands for holds, he gashed his other eye with his bullet fist. Then he stepped back quickly and I could see the blood streaming down both sides of Little Darling's face.

Halenay moved in again. He sank one hard, ripping blow into the giant belly. It jerked inward and from somewhere came a deep groan. Halenay grabbed his man with both hands so that he couldn't fall. Then he put another crimp in the same spot. That was enough! In fact, judging from a sight of Little Darling's face, it was too much. Anyone could see that there was no more fight in him.

But now that it was all over, there were tears in Halenay's eyes. I had to look twice to make sure. Jiminy, I was glad! I reckoned they was crazy but at least I knew they was human too. Little Darling proved it. He looked up at the Great Halenay and said, "Blast yuh, if yuh hadn't been my own born brother I'd a gived up long ago!"

Kathleen Norris Says:

A Plan for Father's Day

Bell Syndicate-WNU Features.



"Dad, Sis and I really need a little money. She's still paying for her fur, and we got our hats last week."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

By a PLAN for Father's day I don't mean asking the Cousin Willys to dinner and having strawberry ice cream for dessert, or even having his chair covered as a surprise.

I mean that every family shall make a plan that immediately concerns father's comfort and security. Because while my heart is aching now for practically everyone in the world, it really does ache especially for fathers. Mothers, I may say in a hurried aside, are more resourceful, more independent, and more able to heal the wounds of change and absence than fathers are. Twenty million women in America, young wives and old, are doing things they never dreamed of doing three years ago.

Whereas for twenty million fathers life is unchanged, except that the office routine is harder; there is an empty place at the dinner table; expenses are higher, and everything he once hoped to make certain and sure for his loved ones has been torn up by the roots.

Most wives don't realize HOW HARD LIFE IS FOR FATHER. In thousands of households he is taken for granted. Of course his place is set at the table and if there's a girl in the family he isn't expected to help with the dishes, but too many times life in the household goes on with almost no reference to him at all. He is there, the good man who gets unreasonably cross sometimes and has to be soothed, even at the cost of truth, who is allowed to read the paper before anyone else at breakfast, and who hands out money for everything.

One Man Bank Meets Appeals.

"Daddy, how about my five? How about my allowance? Tom's shoes, dear. The plumber, Dad. The man was here again about the garden, hadn't we better tell him to go ahead? Dad, you said you'd pay me — it's the Community Chest, dear, the Red Cross, it's Betty and the Scouts, darling, it's your sister's anniversary — it's Saturday, and we told them they could go to the movies, I'd like to make a payment to the dentist; we have to have hats, Dad."

Dad plods along, year in and year out. In these days he travels in packed trains, crowds his way into busses. He's getting older and he's getting nowhere, fast. Sis is making money at the rationing board; Mother chatters of her nursing course—good, all good. But he had dreams, long ago, of retiring some day, of having a little farm and maybe a few chickens and a pup—too bad to go on paying rent all this time. Some fellows own their homes and have an apartment or two to rent, besides.

Baker and Miller have about the same pay as Dad, but their wives have everything all cleaned up, no bills, war-bonds salted down in the bank—well, a man must sleep better when his family stands back of him like that. The boy will come back from Italy of course, and they'll all pull out of this mess, but some-



Make him comfortable...

MAKE IT HIS DAY!

During these war days Father is the forgotten man, even more than usual. He has to meet higher expenses with the same salary; he must buy war bonds, and contribute to the Red Cross, and all that. Now that his son is gone into service, he feels lonely and depressed, for he knows the hardships of military life, and its dangers. The son who was his pride and hope is gone, at least for the time being, and Father can't say anything. Mothers get the sympathy, but Fathers are supposed to be strong and silent.

So on this Father's day, Miss Norris suggests the family, that is mother and the girls—let up on their constant pleas and hints for money, and let Dad have a little peace of mind. The day should be given over to making Father comfortable—getting his pipe and slippers, preparing his favorite dishes, and letting him have the car. These attentions will please him a lot more than a party, or an expensive gift.

times he thinks that if young Bill doesn't come back, and anything happens to him, to Dad himself, it'll be hard going for Hatty and the girls.

However, whenever he says a word to Hatty about trying to catch up, she and the girls simply go crazy. Does he mean the few servicemen they have in now and then for dinner, and Betty's new suit and buying a second-hand car? Good gracious, isn't it enough to have Bill overseas and not help out with expenses any more, and food and everything else just about doubled in price, and Mother and Sis so tired every night that if they can get Mrs. Moore to come in and clean up goodness knows that they ought to feel free to do it! What do a few bills matter when any day they may have the news of something happening to Bill, and half the families they know are in mourning!

Time for Economy.

Dad knows they are all wrong, that this is the time to shorten sail and get every household in the union into shape for the coming changes and crises, but he can't argue three women down, so he retires to his radio and his newspaper, and hears the murmurs from the women in the dining room.

"What's the matter with him lately?" his daughters ask cautiously as they press frills or pin up curls. "He's so cross. Mother, you ask him if we can't go to the lake with the gang for the week-end. Tell him it's really to amuse the boys from camp. About five dollars each, isn't it, Sis?"

So Betty comes in and asks him if he's tired, arranging her pretty curls in the mirror while she talks, and finally dares break into it boldly — "Dad, Sis and I really need a little money. She's still paying for her fur, and we got our hats last week, but this week-end—"

Oil From Fruit Seeds
Extraction of oil from fruit kernels has been started on a large scale in Rumania, according to Chemical Age, London. Three thousand wagons of oil are to be produced from 20,000 tons of grape seed, 1,000 wagons of pumpkin seeds will yield 270 wagons of oil, and a further 100 wagons of oil will be extracted from melon seeds. Tomato seeds, containing 20 to 30 per cent of oil, will contribute their quota. Many tons of plum kernels have been used annually.

Soviet Mother Wins Revenge

Husband and Two Sons Lost in Battle, She Takes To Piloting Tank.

MOSCOW, USSR. — "A Mother's Revenge" might be the title of the story of Maria Vasilyevna Oktyabrskaya. She is a 38-year-old guards sergeant in the tank corps and has recently been awarded the order of the Patriotic war first degree for valor in battle.

Maria comes from Sevastopol. In prewar days she, her husband and their two sons had a happy home life. A chauffeur by profession, Maria was domestically minded and gave much time to sewing, embroidery and decorating her modest apartment. But like so many Russian women she was trained for war. She had received the Voro-shelev badge for marksmanship and had mastered the machine gun.

War came. Maria's husband, Ilya Fedotovitch, became a regimental commissar. Her two sons enlisted. She remained at home. Soon she received the news that her husband had died "the death of the brave." Her two sons also perished. Her father and mother found themselves in German-occupied territory. Sevastopol was in flames and Maria, alone now, had to abandon her home and flee eastward. She couldn't settle down to any peaceful pursuit.

She wanted to go to work not as a Red Cross nurse, stretcher bearer, sniper or infantryman but as a tank driver. She was consumed with a passion to avenge the death of her husband and her two sons.

Writes to Stalin.

She wrote to Premier Marshal Josef V. Stalin that she was contributing 50,000 rubles for the purchase of a tank which she herself wanted to drive. "I want the tank named Fighting Comrade," she wrote. "I am a chauffeur by profession and can handle a machine gun and have also earned the Voro-shelev badge for marksmanship."

Stalin replied: "Your wish shall be fulfilled." Maria went to the front with her "Fighting Comrade." Her crew was made up of young men and she treated them like a mother. She rose earlier than they, cooked breakfast for them, washed and mended their clothes and in the evenings sat up with them talking about their homes, their families, their plans, their future.

Then came the first baptism of fire. She was sent in to attack advancing German infantry. She piloted the tank while gunners took a heavy toll of the enemy. This battle proved a real triumph for Maria and her crew. Then came other battles. Maria became a seasoned soldier. Her "Fighting Comrade" went on scouting expeditions, lay in ambush, participated in frontal attacks and pincer movements.

Has Her Revenge.

Maria was having her revenge on the army that had killed her husband and her sons, that may have made slaves of her father and mother, might even have ended their lives.

Then a shell struck the "Fighting Comrade," disabled it. There was no one near to tow it to the rear. Maria and the crew remained for three days beside the damaged tank. When it was repaired she once more went into battle.

Once, after a hard fight, the "Fighting Comrade," together with other tanks, hid in a forest. Suddenly German artillery started shelling them. The "Fighting Comrade" was hit. Maria and her crew jumped out and started to repair the damaged caterpillar. Shelling continued incessantly. Maria was urged to leave the repairing to the men. But she insisted on doing her share.

Two shells exploded nearby and Maria fell. But she wasn't dead. She was taken to a hospital and it was there that the colonel of her unit brought her the news that she was awarded a high decoration for valor.

"My men must also be decorated," she said to the colonel.

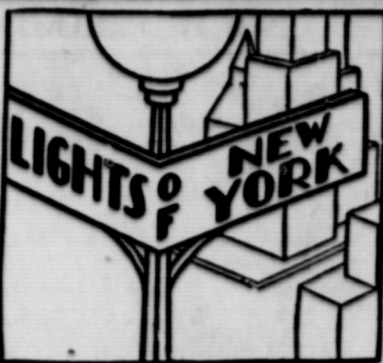
"They have been," he answered. "Although still in the hospital, Maria is happy. Her one desire is to recuperate quickly and go back to the front with her own or another "Fighting Comrade."

Japs Burned Alive in Their Own Burma Trap

SOUTHEAST ASIA HEADQUARTERS, KANDY, CEYLON.—Scores of Japs were burned alive in their own jungle fire which they set around a hilltop position of West African troops on the Kaladan front, an account from Burma said. After the Japs set the fire they started to rush the steep slope. Sudden, heavy gusts of wind turned back the fire on them and many were silhouetted against the flames and mowed down by West African machine-guns.

Londoners Discover Fog Is Tear Gas 'Pocket'

LONDON.—North Londoners going to work one morning recently in the Hendon area thought they were encountering an early morning mist, but they quickly learned from weeping eyes and parched tongues that it was a mysteriously loosed heavy concentration of tear gas. There was no immediate clue how it came to be there, investigating authorities said.



By L. L. STEVENSON

From the turn of the century, human hair has been regarded as one of the most convenient humidity registering devices. For that reason, blond hair has been used as the actuating element in weather recording and indicating instruments. Hair, however, is comparatively slow in reacting to moisture changes and so with the advent of large scale war operations making weather forecasting increasingly important, many organizations have worked on the problem of a better humidity indicating element. The result is that golden tresses now have been forced to bow to wartime plastic, engineers of the Friez Instrument division of the Bendix Aviation corporation having developed an electric hygrometer strip which indicates changes of moisture in the atmosphere far more accurately than was ever possible with hair.

The strip, which its developers call the "magic moisture meter," is being used at present in the Ray Sonde—an automatic radio transmitter no bigger than a cracker box, which is sent up into the stratosphere attached to a free balloon. Ray Sondes on their way up into the sky (they reach heights of 10 miles above the earth) radio back to automatic recorders on the ground, the temperature, humidity and altitude of the various air strata through which they pass. Eventually, rarified air causes the balloons to burst. The Ray Sondes then parachute safely back to earth still sending out weather reports. The new hygrometer strip eliminates several moving parts that were liable to corrode in tropical storage or be damaged in shipment.

Increased sturdiness is of great importance because Ray Sondes are in use all over the world. They are released from the decks of aircraft carriers to provide information as to weather conditions planes will encounter after they take off. Although the exact composition of the new strip is secret some details may be given. As said, it is made of plastic. It is roughly about four inches long, an inch wide and about an eighth of an inch thick. The edges are specially treated to provide electrical conduction and the surface is so treated that the electrical resistance between the electrodes varies with the amount of moisture in the air.

The human hair formerly used in the Ray Sonde is a story in itself. When the Friez division realized it had to increase production tremendously with the coming of war, it issued an appeal to the women of America to contribute their hair to the war effort. The result was startling. A. C. DeAngelis, general manager of the Bendix division, informed me. Hair pooled in at such a rate that the company had to engage extra space for storage. This was all the more remarkable, Mr. DeAngelis explained, because it had to be a very special kind of hair—natural blond, at least 14 inches long and never damaged either by a curling iron or a permanent wave. Finally, the Friez company found itself with about 20 years supply of hair. Let me hasten to add that the hair is still being used in humidity sensitive equipment other than the Ray Sonde.

Not only did the right kind of hair come in quantities, but also many other materials—as well as offers of still others. A Chinaman signified his readiness to part with his queue. The owner of a champion race horse said he'd give the animal's tail. A woman contemplated presenting the hair of her pet dog but thought of the proper length and color, it didn't have the proper characteristics. An enterprising salesman tried to sell the company several tons of Angora goat hair. So far as Mr. DeAngelis can recall, there is no record of a patriarch offering his beard. But one young lady trying to avert a possible bomb scare, sent in her hair with this label: "I do not call the FBI. 'Tis only my golden tresses."

From Pearl Harbor until July 22, 1943, some 5,280 women of America made donations of their hair. This patriotic urge to participate in the war effort also brought forth these, among many other incidents: A fancier of Black Widow spiders offered to make their silk available and a silk worm raiser offered raw silk strands.

Bell Syndicate-WNU Features.

Answers 7 Million Questions; Resigns

NEW YORK.—The New York Central railroad's original "quiz kid"—has quit answering questions—after having replied to more than 7,000,000 of them. John W. Cooper, clerk at the information bureau at Grand Central terminal, retired at the age of 70, after 53 years in the service of the railroad.

SOOTHES HEAT RASH MOROLINE

WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Alcohol base butadiene is expected to provide an important portion of the synthetic rubber used in the U.S. in 1944. One instance where alcohol and the automobile go well together!

Passenger car tire shortage is expected to continue well into the summer months, at which time synthetic tires may make their appearance in growing numbers. That's why extra tire care is important now.

In 1910 crude rubber sold for an average of \$2.06 a pound in New York. Since September 13, 1941, it has been fixed by a government agency at 22 1/2 cents a pound. In 1932 the average price was 34 cents.

gray flint

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

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YOU CAN DO IT! In less than 15 minutes... only 60 seconds! The new jet black coloring preparation... jet black beauty hair color... jet black beauty hair color... jet black beauty hair color...

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FOR QUICK RELIEF CARBOIL

A Soothing ANTISEPTIC SALVE

Used by thousands with satisfactory results for 42 years in various forms.

Get Carboil at drug stores or write Sprulock-Moel Co., Nashville, Tenn.

To relieve distress of MENTHOL Female Weakness

(Also Fine Stomachic Tonic)

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is famous to relieve period pain and accompanying nervous weakness, tired-out feelings—when due to functional monthly disturbances.

Taken regularly, Pinkham's Compound builds up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women—of delicate frame and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions.

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FLIES ARE STUCK ON TANGLEFOOT

FLIES SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED TO SHARE YOUR PRECIOUS BABY'S FOOD

THEY'RE FILTHY, NASTY CARRIERS OF DISEASE

Catch 'em with TANGLEFOOT FLYPAPER

It's the old reliable that never fails. Economical, not rationed. For sale at hardware, drug and grocery stores.

CATCHES THE GERM AS WELL AS THE FLY

NOW Reduced Price 12 SHEETS 25¢

"I looked at the P-40 full of holes they shot—there is hardly a hole that would dare take us leaving them little..."

"Now here's the third in line—P-40's this American boys still have left because they come, come roaring from the roof of the operation—fighter pilot it's like the door. They're still pursuit Group—over them."

"When in hell will we see, Frank?"

"I said I had news about then the next fighting in—it's three Hurricane Dutch pilots, all the Dutch Air Force the concept of course they were pilots who were to abandoned P-40's."

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QUEENS DIE PROUDLY

© WHITE by W. L. White W.N.A. FEATURES

THE STORY THUS FAR: Lieut. Col. Frank Katz, pilot of a Flying Fortress, took that fatal day when the Japs struck in the Philippines. Eight of his men were killed while seeing for shelter, and Old 99, with many other Forts, was demolished on the ground. After escaping to Australia, what is left of the Flying Fortress, where they go on many missions over the Philippines and the Java sea. The boys in Java hear what happened to the Marlehead and see up their ammunition dumps, and an order comes through to evacuate. The little Dutch navy fights a losing fight in the dark Java collapses. Sgt. Warwick never gets his money.

CHAPTER XIX

"When I said I hadn't got it, he said if it ever did come through, I wasn't to open it until he got back. He meant something like that. He'd meant every word of it, and yet now it seemed he didn't want me to see it. I couldn't understand. But it didn't seem to matter. Because what did any letter matter, now that we could talk all we wanted to, around the world?"

"It was long after midnight when he finished," said Frank. "But it was some satisfaction to know it would cost the Japanese maybe five hundred dollars, and I only hoped I'd be out of Java so they couldn't collect from me."

"Then I got back to work on the Dutch military, who of course were all that night. They knew what was coming tomorrow even if the Japs were only beginning to suspect it. It was two o'clock in the morning when I got Major Fisher out of bed with the news that already the landing barges of one of the invasion forces had been sighted right off the beach."

"After a final desperate call to the Dutch General van Oeyen, he ordered our boys might leave, turning their P-40's over to the Dutch fighter pilots, provided that before they went they strafed the Jap landing barges. Without verbal orders from the Dutch commander, they would not have gone."

"So I rustled two cars and a truck to transport them, and by four o'clock we were headed for Gnoro. We got there a few minutes before dawn, to find our boys were up and out on that final mission, although they did not know it was their last."

"Again we telephoned Van Oeyen in Surabaya to tell him the orders had been obeyed, and he told us reluctantly to bid them Godspeed and good luck; they had fought the good fight, and those who returned from this mission were now free to go to Australia. If there was a way."

"I hoped there still would be. The Colonel had told me the day before that if I could get them across Java to Jockstrap—by noon, they would be three Fortresses which he had ordered back from Australia to pick them up. However, he couldn't guarantee that these Forts would dare wait on that field beyond noon."

"As we stood on the Gnoro Field of course I got tense. Would those boys come back alive and in time to get across Java by noon? If we were late, would the bomber pilots get jittery and maybe pull out without us? Not that I'd blame them, for nobody sane would be safe on any field in Java."

"The Dutch pilots are grave, but they make us welcome. Then comes the roar of P-40's and here is the first fight—in out of the Rising Sun as though fleeing from it. Jack Dale is its leader. We grab them. What happened?"

"It looks bad, they tell us. There were so many barges. And when they started spraying them, the barges threw up horrible cones of smoke, too—from Jap shore batteries, already landed. At last they had set their ugly, crooked teeth to the fair white coastline of Java."

"Then Jack said, in a low voice, 'When in hell will we get out of here, Frank?'"

"I said I had news for him, but just then the next flight comes roaring in—it's three Hurricanes flown by Dutch pilots, all that is left of the Dutch Air Force this final day, except of course they had plane-loads of pilots who were to take up our abandoned P-40's."

"Now here's the third flight, buzzing in low—P-40's this time, and the American boys still have their old spirit left because they buzz up the shore, come roaring in right over the roof of the operations office—for the fighter pilot it's like knocking at the door. They're still the old 17th Pursuit Group—or what's left of them."

"I looked at the P-40's. They are full of holes they should be condemned—there is hardly one the Dutch would dare take up again. We were leaving them little enough."

"Anamaet is the courageous one. He walks forward, puts up his hand, and says simply, without a quaver, 'Thanks for all you have done. We have tried, but we are finished.' Gravely, and with no bitterness. 'I ask him why he and all his boys don't come out with us. We'll find room for him in the planes. Then we can continue the war from Australia. He shakes his head. 'Now our boys are loaded in the truck, and presently we're out on the main highway, headed across Java, but just then we hear a familiar drone—Jap dive bombers. Smelling their way into Java, they've finally found this field. It's only luck they hadn't found it before. Our boys crowd against the tail gate of the truck to watch them peel off one by one, assume that 40-degree angle toward the ground, let go the little egg, pull out of their dives and then—r-r-r-rump, the bomb takes hold. It punctuates the lesson we'd been trying for days to



It was two o'clock in the morning when I got Major Fisher out of bed.

drive home to the Dutch infantry generalists—that the field was untenable. It was only the weather which kept the Japs out of it yesterday."

"But now we have worries of our own. There are seventy-six of us in this little caravan—fifteen of them pilots. We have only one road map, so the drivers' instructions are to drive carefully and stay together. It's a long drive at the speed we can make. A close squeeze to make it by noon. Then, in spite of the road map, we get lost—not badly, but two or three times we must backtrack. Then I see we'll never make it by noon. The boys, tired from r-r-r-rumps of fighting, try to doze standing up in that jolting truck. I don't sleep, but I have nightmares. At every crossroads I wonder if lightning-fast light Jap tanks mayn't come sliding in on us. Even if we had time to turn and run before they open fire with their turret guns, they would have cut off our escape to Jockstrap."

"My wrist-watch hour hand seems to race. These tired boys, bouncing in that truck, trust me. The Air Corps got them in here; now the Air Corps is getting what is left of them out. They don't doubt that a big bomber will be waiting with its door open on the Jockstrap runway to take them to Australia. Suppose we get there to find the bomber pilots have waited past the rendezvous hours, and then gone on back to Australia empty—and we look at a vacant field knowing the Japs are closing in behind us?"

"My watch hand races toward noon and we're still hours from Jockstrap, but I have an idea. We're not far from what shows on my map as a fair-sized town which should have telephones from which, while the boys have lunch, I can call the Colonel and tell him we're on our way—that those bombers must wait."

"The town is a sleepy little place built round what at a quick glance one might mistake for a Middle Western courthouse square. War hasn't touched it, and you'd think could never come. In the hotel they find the little town of Broome. We circle it and finally a flare path breaks out below—they're tossing kerosene flares out of a moving auto to show us the runway, so we circle and come in."

"I couldn't sleep. The mosquitoes were making me groggy, and also I was thinking of our planes circling Malang Field for Anamaet. After a while I got up and looked out the hangar door. The first pale dawn was breaking over Broome, which I could now see consisted of a general store, a gas station, two houses, and this hangar shack—perched out here on the edge of nothing, where the red sand desert of Australia meets the blue salt desert of the sea.

"They're all tired in the cars, there's no wrestling or kidding, which is amazing for fighter pilots.

Finally I know from the map we must be approaching Jockstrap. But on what side of the town is the field? We can't waste precious minutes uselessly fighting its narrow streets.

"Then, to one side, I see leaping flames and a column of smoke. That's all the marker you need to find an airfield at this stage of a war. I tell the driver to steer for the smoke and he'll find the field."

"And at first it seems all to have been for nothing. There are the hangars, split wide open—six or seven Forts burning merrily. Also the water tower is hit. Professionally, I admire it as one of the best bomb runs I've ever seen. The Japs seem to have made a perfect job of cutting off our retreat—but not there remains a single Fortress!"

"It seems Lieutenant Vandevanter managed in the nick of time to get her off the ground, and flew out to sea until the raid was over. Luckily they sent only bombers, and no Zeros which could shoot him down. Here he is now, perched on the edge of the field."

"But at the utmost he can carry only a third of us. I dispatch about fifty in the trucks to Maduin Field, hoping it isn't blown up, and that two Forts the Colonel tells me are due in from Australia can get them out."

"And now we have a bonfire of everything we couldn't take with us, but which we don't want the Japs to have—all our photographs, every official paper, the entire records of the 17th Pursuit Group for the Java and Philippine wars. It all goes up in those flames on Jockstrap Field forever—except what the few remaining boys standing around that fire can remember of what the others did. We even chuck in a few bomb sights that were kicking around—for luck, and for kindling."

"But just as the flames were leaping highest, the air-raid siren started to scream. We dived for a drainage ditch, and I think I got my worst scare of the war. Because up above were two Zeros approaching, and down here on the field was our solitary Fortress—our last chance to escape—sitting in front of God and everybody (including those Japs) mother-naked and defenseless. How long I held my breath, staring up into the sky, I couldn't say now. But for some reason they hadn't dived on us yet, and then when one rolled up to let the other take a picture I realized it was only a recon flight, to take the damage they'd done a few hours before."

"I began loading the boys into that plane. But I did one final thing. I couldn't forget Captain Anamaet, standing there on that Gnoro Field watching us pull out, and if I'd wanted to, the others wouldn't have let me. So with the Dutch liaison officer there at Jockstrap, we made arrangements that if tomorrow night we could get any planes through from Australia, they would circle our old bomber field at Malang. The liaison officer was to notify Anamaet, so that if his Dutch fighter pilots could get there, and Malang wasn't by then in Jap hands, they would light a bonfire on its field as a signal that it was safe for our Forts to come in and pick them up and take them out to Australia, where we'd have another chance to fight the war together."

"We kept the date. The next night Captains Bill Bohner and Eddie Green slipped through to Malang. For forty-five minutes they circled our old field. But there was no bonfire. Maybe Anamaet's boys had died during the day, giving their all for Java. Maybe they'd got to the field just ahead of the Japs and were now prisoners, unable to light their bonfire but listening in the darkness as Bill and Eddie circled and circled above them. What happened we never knew. But I'm glad we couldn't have foreseen that darkened field at Malang as we all climbed into our own Fortress, turned off the Jockstrap field, and headed east for Australia, flying into a rising moon."

"Nothing much was going to happen on that flight to Australia," continued Frank, "although we couldn't know it. All had to cram forward for the takeoff, of course, for with that big load in the rear we'd never have got her tail up. We manned battle stations, and only after we were halfway across the ocean did the gunners leave their turrets. I rode up in the pilot's compartment, and there were at least seven of us there, three sitting on the floor."

"At two o'clock in the morning we sight the coast in the moonlight, which gives it a ghostly hue. It's just flat desert, but finally we find the little town of Broome. We circle it and finally a flare path breaks out below—they're tossing kerosene flares out of a moving auto to show us the runway, so we circle and come in."

"I couldn't sleep. The mosquitoes were making me groggy, and also I was thinking of our planes circling Malang Field for Anamaet. After a while I got up and looked out the hangar door. The first pale dawn was breaking over Broome, which I could now see consisted of a general store, a gas station, two houses, and this hangar shack—perched out here on the edge of nothing, where the red sand desert of Australia meets the blue salt desert of the sea.

"They're all tired in the cars, there's no wrestling or kidding, which is amazing for fighter pilots.

(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 June 25

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THE POWER IN SIMPLE LIVING

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1:8-16, 19, 20. **GOLDEN TEXT**—But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the king's dainties, nor with the wine which he drank.—Daniel 1:8.

"Dare to be a Daniel. Dare to stand alone. Dare to have a purpose firm. Dare to make it known."

Remember how we used to sing it in our Sunday Schools? Possibly some of us still do. The thought of the song assuredly needs to be emphasized anew.

The "times are out of joint." Millions of men and women are meeting new problems and temptations. The standards of life they learned in home and church or Sunday school are not too easy to maintain.

Many are hearing that old excuse for laxity, "Man, you're in the army now," or "Don't forget you're not at home with Mother; you're in the navy." Civilians have similar tempting excuses for careless living, drinking, etc.

Our lesson is a timely one. It presents Daniel as having—

I. A Courageous Purpose (v. 8).

Daniel and his three Hebrew companions were among those carried captive to Babylon. As promising young men, they were selected to receive an education in the wisdom of the land, at the king's expense and in preparation for his service.

The king provided for them the delicacies of his household, thinking thus to keep them strong and in good health. Daniel recognized that many of these things were unclean according to the laws of his people. He also knew that to eat such food and to drink the intoxicants provided for them would be to injure his health and cut down his ability to learn.

It was no easy thing to ask to be excused from what the king had commanded, not to do what everybody else was doing; but Daniel had a courageous purpose "in his heart."

But Daniel had the wisdom to be tactful about his convictions. He went to the king's steward with—

II. A Considered Plan (vv. 9-13).

He had something thoughtfully worked out, a fair proposal which would not endanger the life or standing of the prince who was over them. He proposed a test, and agreed, if it failed, to be subject to further orders. He knew it would not fail.

How often those who have it in their heart to stand true to God against evils, such as beverage alcohol, have no plan in mind, and are only loud and tactless in their condemnation. They make no contribution to the cause. Let us be intelligent and properly prepared.

Daniel's plan put a planned diet and water over against rich foods and wine. It was a case of simple living against "high" living, and the result was a foregone conclusion. Those high in positions of authority in the field of diet tell us again and again that we need simple, well-balanced meals. And science is definite and clear in its condemnation of alcoholic beverages.

Daniel's test period resulted in—

III. A Convincing Proof (vv. 14-16).

Ten days proved the point. Daniel and his friends were fairer and fatter than the others. They were vindicated in their courageous stand for what they believed to be right. Simple living demonstrated its value.

Think what a fine testimony the experience of Daniel must have been in that great group of young princes who were at the king's table. So we also may give good witness for our Lord by our loyalty to right standards. Often it is true that those who outwardly scoff at them are secretly moved to respect those who consistently stand for what they believe.

We need to cultivate in our young people the high courage which will enable them to stand against the constant temptation to partake of alcoholic beverages and to face with intelligent courage the clever propaganda of the liquor sellers.

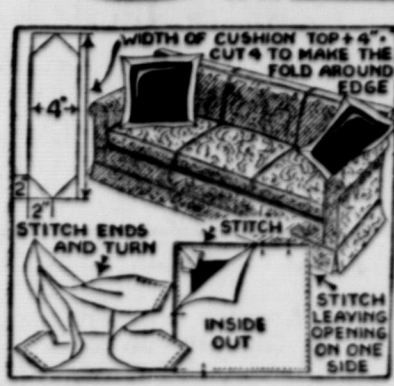
Note that Daniel and his friends did not lose by their decision—they gained. They reached—

IV. A Commendable Position (vv. 19, 20).

At the end of the training period the king gave these young men examinations. Note that in technical knowledge, "I.Q." and in personal characteristics, Daniel and his comrades were superior to all the rest. That is in accord with the findings of modern science in the matter of the use of liquor.

Is it not almost unbelievable then that the advertising of the liquor interests, suggesting that liquor is a desirable thing from a personal, social, and business viewpoint, is permitted? The facts are all on the other side.

ON THE HOME FRONT with RUTH WYETH SPEARS



NOTE: This illustration is from BOOK 2 of the Mend-and-Save-for-Victory booklets. Book 2 contains directions for all types of darning, patching and fabric repairing with large diagrams. Many useful hints for using old materials are illustrated. Price 15 cents. Address:

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O'Donnell Index-Press

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

Birthdays Celebration

James Newell Hughes entertained with a fine party Wednesday of last week, celebrating his 5th birthday. Outdoor games were enjoyed, after which a refreshment course of cherry cake topped with decorations and five cherry red candles, and fruit punch, was served. Toy airplanes and candy scores were plate favors. Mrs. J. Harvey Jordan assisted Mrs. Hughes with the entertaining.

Attending were Nancy Everett, Hazel Jean Hoffman, Hazel, Leona and Frances Merle Shumake, Teddy Clayton, Stanley Bruce Gill of Slaton, J. Mack and Eddie Noble, Johnnie Boy Billingsley, Harvie Lee Jordan, and Clinton Wright Jr.

Meet After 40 Years

Y. F. Rains, prominent citizen of the Canadian country, arrived last week for a visit with his brother, R. I. Rains, at Berry Flat. The two brothers had not seen each other for 40 years.

Field Seed again, still good, bad and worse, most of them worse Sauls Feed and Seed Store.

Notwithstanding the fact that man has learned to fly like a bird, he isn't so wonderful. As yet he hasn't learned to sit on a barb wire fence.

A little want ad will sell it.



A Switch in Time saved Mine...



I'll predict no-miles-an-hour.

I'll hand it to folks. They've had the patriotism to hold down their speed. But imagine war restrictions ended. Man, you'll see old cars overdoing till they can't chug another mile. You'll see every repair shop crowded for months, but I'm figuring to duck that! Of course, I couldn't see everything coming when I originally had this engine OIL-PLATED. I'd simply overheard that any engine forms dangerous corrosive acids. It made sense to try protecting the engine by OIL-PLATING it with Conoco Nth motor oil. I switched to Nth. You can suit yourself about thinking it's the only oil or not, but first read

the whole label. You'll see where Conoco Nth oil's special synthetic fastens OIL-PLATING to your engine's fine inside finish. Then OIL-PLATING is really sort of a special surface to block steady acid corrosion. When repairs might be just a promise, and you can only pray for a new car, you're way ahead with your engine safely OIL-PLATED by Conoco Nth.



Big Pineapple Delivery

To help along in the home canning campaign, B. L. Davis of the B. & O. Cash Store last Friday had a truck load of fine pineapples to arrive from Laredo for the wimpy folks. Fifty-five dozen large pineapples were delivered to purchasers from O'Donnell, Draw, Wells, New Moore and other localities.

That truck load of fruit didn't last long. The women filled boxes, sacks and baskets, thanks to B. L.'s instrumentality.

Pastor and Mrs. D. M. Duke went to Amarillo Friday for a visit with relatives. While there Pastor Duke occupied the pulpit of the Church of the Nazarene in that city.

Dolores Thompson returned Saturday from Hobbs, N. M., where she had been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Allen Bray.

The Index-Press prints funeral notices.

Down in Dallas, Joe Proctor tells me, a man on a street car got up and gave a woman his seat. The lady fainted. On recovering she thanked him. Then the man fainted.

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 FOR SALE--1935 model Dodge truck good grain bed, good tires. See Woodrow Ables.
 FOR SALE--Tomato plants, Marglobe and McGee Tree Plants, 50 cents per hundred. See Thomas Moore, on highway south of Seely service station.

Field Seed again, still good, bad and worse, most of them worse. Sauls Feed and Seed Store.
 YOUNG Bantams, pullets and roosters for sale. Apply Index-Press office.
 LOST--Food Ration Book No. 4. Return to Patsy Montgomery, Route 3, Tahoka, Texas.

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Tax Notice

SAVE ON 1943 DELINQUENT TAXES

During the month of June you may pay your delinquent 1943 taxes at a considerable saving. The penalty of 5 per cent now will be increased to 8 per cent on July 1st; in addition interest of 6 per cent will be added after July 1st and \$1.00 costs will be added.

It will be to your advantage to make arrangements to pay 1943 taxes on or before June 30th, 1944. Statements of taxes which are due will be cheerfully furnished to all property owners upon request.

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Sat. Nite Only June 24
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 June 25-26

Kay Kyser and His Band in

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News, March of Time Cartoon

Tuesday, June 27

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Top Radio Stars in

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Sustains Painful Injuries
 Alighting from a city bus in Fort Worth Wednesday night of last week, John Proctor sustained painful injuries when he was struck by a car. The driver of the auto sped on without offering assistance. John was conveyed to a hospital and after six hours regained consciousness. Fortunately no bones were broken, his injuries being confined to bruises and contusions.



BEFORE THIS WAR IS OVER, there may be only two kinds of people in America

1. those who can still get to work in automobiles.
2. those who are forced to walk.

If you want to be in the fortunate group who will still be riding to work in automobiles, join Gulf's "Anti-Breakdown" Club today. How do you do it? Just come in for Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan!

This plan was conceived by experts in car care. Gulf developed it because car maintenance is a most important civilian job. (The Government says civilian car maintenance is one of the services essential to winning the war, because 8 out of 10 war workers use automobiles to get to work.)

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2 It gives you a CLEANER, smoother running motor!
 GIVE your car a good motor oil and change regularly. Gulf offers two outstanding oils... Gulfpride, "The World's Finest Motor Oil," and Gulfhube, an extra-quality oil that costs a few cents less.

3 It stretches your "coupons!"
 AIR-FILTER and spark-plug cleaning, and radiator flushing help give better mileage. A clean air filter makes gas burn more economically; clean plugs increase power; a clean radiator prevents overheating.



Gasoline powers the attack... Don't waste a drop!

4 Get an appointment at your GULF STATION!

TO HELP YOUR Gulf Dealer do a thorough job on your car, make an appointment. Please or speak to him at the station. Then you should encounter no delay when you get Gulf's Protective Maintenance Plan... 15 services in all!

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