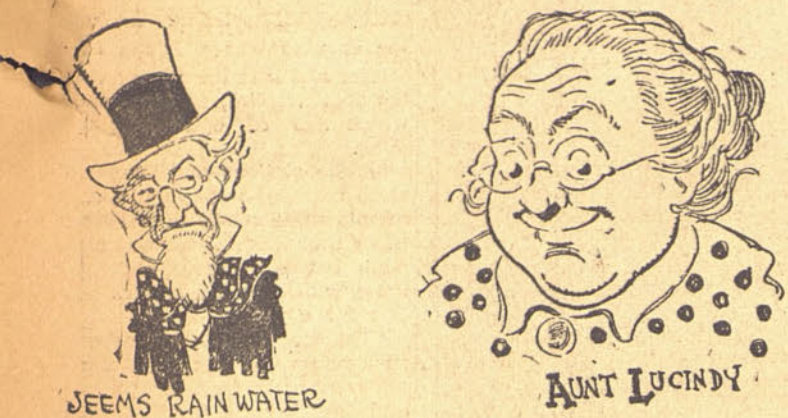






# Aunt Lucindy And Jeems In Cisco



"You say them two Cisco Press boys drink milk?" I says.

"Yes, sir," sez Bill, "they knows good buttermilk when they see it an' they are Mirandy's regular customers so I'll haul ye rite by thar so's ye kin git yer name an' maybe yer pitcher wrote up in the society column of the Press."

"Well," I sez to Bill, "I'm plum glad to let ye haul me round to see them editors at the Press office. Yo's they will know about accumulating sich a fine feller as me though I reckon they wouldn't be so durn tickled at the idea of accumulatin' sich a nosy ole critter as Lucindy if they knowed her as well as I do fer ye know, Bill, she wouldn't be in that town five minutes till she'd be a tellin' them bizness fellers an' doctors an' lawyers how to run their bizness. I would like to git my own pitcher in the society columns of the Press but I'll be durned if I'll let them boys print my pitcher a sittin' alongside of Lucindy a holdin' her hand like she inveigled Lem Spraddlings into printin' in the Coon Skin Bugle last summer when our ole well busted loose on our farm an' Lucindy a fishin' out one of them pitchers took when we wuz first married."

"Then, I sez, sez I, Bill, did you say that mechanic feller thar at the Nance Motors Co. can fix up our ole busted up flivver so she will take us as fer as Possum Holler tonight?"

"Shore he kin," sez Bill, "and I say agin ye ort to git another new Ford and not let some slick-tongued automobile feller inveigle ye into changin' off and gittin' some other kind for them Fords don't cost too much and after ye git one a feller don't have to mortgage a farm to git a new one."

"So Bill he sez, "Well, yonder's the Nance Motor Co.," as we drove

and stretch your legs. Plenty of leg room and head room so's you won't bump yer head, and notice the wide door so's you don't have to tear yer coat gettin' in or gettin' out. Then look at the cleverly concealed running boards so's to give more room inside. Look at all the new gadgets and you'll get out yer wallet and buy a new Ford Six on which we'll cheerfully give you a liberal allowance on your old 1915 model—which you ought to junk anyhow since the Coon Skin Crossing blacksmith has just about ruined it by leavin' out the parts he didn't know where nor how to put back."

And I sez to Mr. Nance, "Trot out yer finest new Ford V-8 with a 60 or 85 horsepower injine and all modern accessories sich as a feller ought to ride in and as soon as I git to a department store where I'll git fitten out in a new pair of britches with coat to match 'em and also some new galluses, for I'm plum fed up on them belts which Tobe Spilkins inveigled me into gittin' before I left Coon Skin Crossing by him a sayin' belts wuz a heap stylisher than galluses but the darned buckle busted off when I got to tuggin' and pullin' at our ole Liz to git her out of the ditch, so I am goin' back to galluses if any Cisco store has got a pair of galluses."

"Then I'll come back and let yer demonstrate the speed of one of them new 1941 Ford V-8 critters by drivin' me plum pompous to the Cisco Daily Press, so's they can git a interview wrote about Cisco going to accumulate me as a new citizen. And you might also haul me up to the city hall where my old friend and fishin' partner, G. P. Mitcham, is mayoring yer fair city and also a raising yer fine bulls, out yonder on his big fine ranch which I reckon is one of the show places of Eastland county, it being about the best stocked ranch in West Texas and Mitcham he skeerley gits 'em raised from that thar fine bull Don Axtell 39th, which Mitcham paid as high as \$4,100 for five years ago. And if Don Axtell 39th has got any sons or daughters which ain't already been bought up by U. S. cattle raisers I purpose to buy one of his sons and start a fine Bull Circle right out yonder on my farm twixt here and Rising Star," sez I.

"Then Mr. Nance, he sez, "That is a awful fine idea, Mr. Rainwater, so we'll jest get in yer new 1942 Ford Six and drive right out there this very day before the stock is all piked over and Mr. Mitcham will be glad to see you and make a cattle deal with you."

"Well, bein's I'm a powerful slick trader it warn't no time till I talked Mr. Nance into tradin' out ole worn out Liz in on a new 1942



FOR HEALTH'S SAKE—Alice Marble of tennis court fame, civilian defense physical training head, shows Mayor LaGuardia of New York, program for "Health Welfare Day," in New York.

Ford Six. And I also bargained with Mr. Nance for a fine Station Wagon for Lucindy to travel in and from our farm to Cisco, so's to keep her from going with me and givin' me drivin' directions kind of a drug store. They're a running one of the up-to-dated drug stores in Texas, and Mirandy she won't skercly let them younguns of our'n take ary drop of medicine which don't come from the Dean Drug Co. with the prescriptions filled by them knowin' drug store fellers, Lennon and D'Spain, both of which is fine pharmacists, and then that two twin gals of our'n, Passadino and Sufferino, won't skercly put no complexion cosmetics on their faces nor on their cheeks and lips and finger nails which don't come from the Dean Drug Store, so I'll haul ye right thar and let them Dean fellers git sot to fixin' up yer bruised up jints and skint up knees with some linermint."

"And bein's the Dean's Drug Store has jest got in a sizeable batch of Christmas articles, whilst yer thar you mought wander around thar and pick out some Christmas presents for Alvirty Jones's gals and boys sic ha some of them fine Elgin or Hamilton wrist watches which my own two twin gals, Sufferino and Passadino, is devil-

in' the life-ouen me and Mirandy to make us git 'em one a piece, ever since they was in Dean's Drug Store, tother day a gittin' some Cara Nome complexion cosmetics and there disklivered a bran new lot of Christmas jewelry."

"Yes," sez I, "and I reckon I better also go to Dean's Drug Store and git me a new watch."

Then durned if that stingy ole critter Lucindy, she speaks up right tahat in front of Mr. Nance and them automobile fellers and sez, sez she:

"Now, Jeems Rainwater, that ain't nary bit of sense in you a gittin' a new watch when that Ingersoll watch ain't wore out yit and nothin' the matter with it except the hour hand is broke off. And may be you can git that knowin' watch jeweler thar at Dean's, Mr. Ed Duncan, who is the railroad inspector for T & P watches, to put a new hour hand on yer Ingersoll and it will be as good as ever."

Now what do you think of sich a remark spoke by the partner of yer buzzum? Can you beat it?"

I sez, "No! By golly, no! I ain't a going to git that old Ingersoll watch doctored up by nobody but I purpose to git a bran new Elgin watch from Dean's." Yes, sir, them is my figgerations. Now, sez I, what do you think Mayor Mitcham or Mr. Clett yonder at the J. M. Radford Wholesale Grocery would think of me a coming in thar to figger with him about settin' Rainwater Jones up in a grocery store down at Possum Holler and me a figgerin on buying all them good fresh groceries from J. M. Radford Wholesale Grocery same as all the rest of the store keepers does in West Texas on account of Radford's totin' in stock the finest and cleanest and most eatable-est vittles, both canned and uncanned, in West Texas and a sellin' 'em at reasonablest prices—what do you think Mr. Clett would do if he was to ask me what time it is and me pull out a ole wore out Ingersoll watch without ary hour hand on it. You ole stingy critter, you ain't never willin' for me to spend no money on the adornment of my person and you would even keep me from buyin' chawin' tobacco if you could! I sez in plum rebukin' tones to Lucindy, as she sot that dippin' snuff in the Nance Motor Co. with her shoes drapped off a restin' of her feet on account of her corns hurtin' of her and she ain't yit went to no store to git some of them new fangled shoes without toes or heels to 'em, which she's been threatenin' to do ever since we left Van Zandt county, and me also threatenin' to leave her if she done sich a foolish caper, and do you blame me?"

(And betwixt me and you, it

won't sprize me no time to hear of her gittin' one of them reducin' corsets to reduce her fatness.)

Then she ups and sez (after her havin' spit a mouthfull of snuff juice in a big brass spittune and barely missin' the fender of one of them fine new 1942 Fords), sez she: "Air you figgerin' on settin' J. Rainwater Jones up in a grocery store before you have yit got him eddicated in the Cisco Junior College, where you and Bill Smith said you was both going to see Prof. Cluck, the knowin' president of that institution which Bill sez the whole town of Cisco is turrible proud of on account of it a being one of the best equipped Junior colleges in Texas and every teacher in Cisco Junior College, Bill sez, has got a Master's Degree? Have you changed yer mind about puttin' Rainwater Jones in Cisco Junior College so's to git feet ball and base ball eddicated out of him and book larin' eddicated into him by the knowin' Prof. Cluck? And you're now figgerin' on gittin' Radford Grocery to set him up in bizness down at Possum Holler a sellin' groceries?" she asks.

"Gosh, dum! No. I ain't changed my mind about that because I aim to give him a business course right thar in their bizness department from which schoolin' Bill tells me 17 out of the small 1940 class has already got jobs and I am figgerin' on enterin' him at Cisco Junior College as soon as I can git a conference with Prof. Cluck and larn the requirements of sech a institution. For all I know, Rainwater may be so ignerent he ain't even ready to quit grade school yit. But the knowin' Prof. Cluck can tell all about that as soon as he lalls his



eyes on Rainwater Jones and hears him talk, providin' of course Rainwater can talk about anything else except feet ball and base ball!" I replies back to Lucindy.

"But, my good man," said Mrs. Smith, dubiously, to the tramp at her door, "your story has such a hollow ring."

"Yes, ma'am. That's the natural result of speaking with an empty stomach."

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## CLASSIFIED

**CISCO MARBLE** and Granite Works would appreciate your business. Place your orders with Ed Aycock, 206 I avenue. 58

**WANTED** — 100,000 Rats to kill with Ray's Rat Killer. Sells for 35 cents and 50 cents. Guaranteed at Norvell & Miller's, Cisco. 58

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When parents complain because Christianity is not taught in the public schools, it is pretty good evidence it is not taught in that home, either.

## LAND BARGAINS

Section of grass land, none in cultivation. Well watered. Priced to sell.

Also, 700 acres, 200 in cultivation. Good oil possibilities. Worth the money.

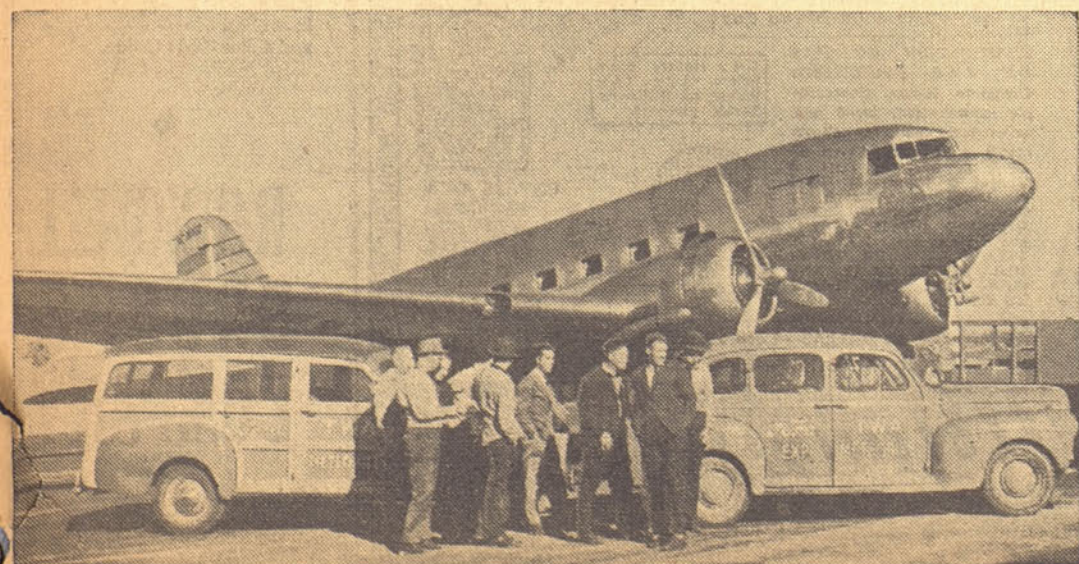
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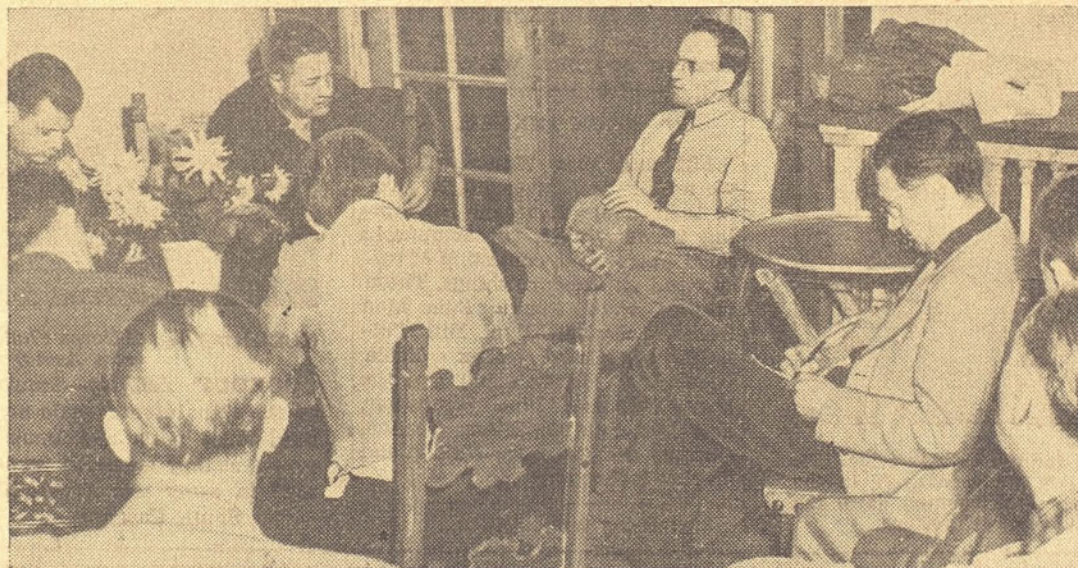
# HUNTING FOR METALS FROM OUT OF THE SKY



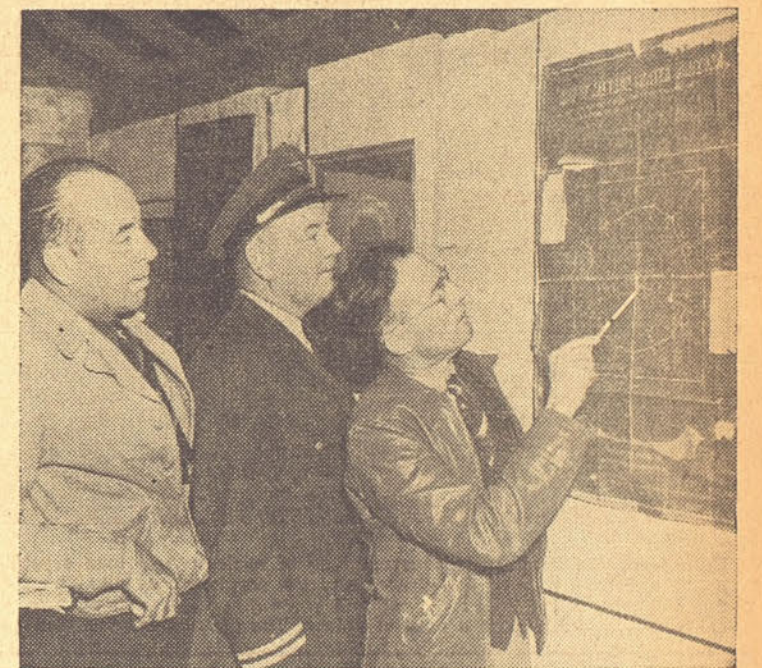
GREAT CAVES MAY BE UNDER THESE DESERT SINKS.



CARS AND AN AIRPLANE ASSIST IN THE EXPEDITION.



A LECTURE ON METEORS BEFORE THE EXPEDITION.

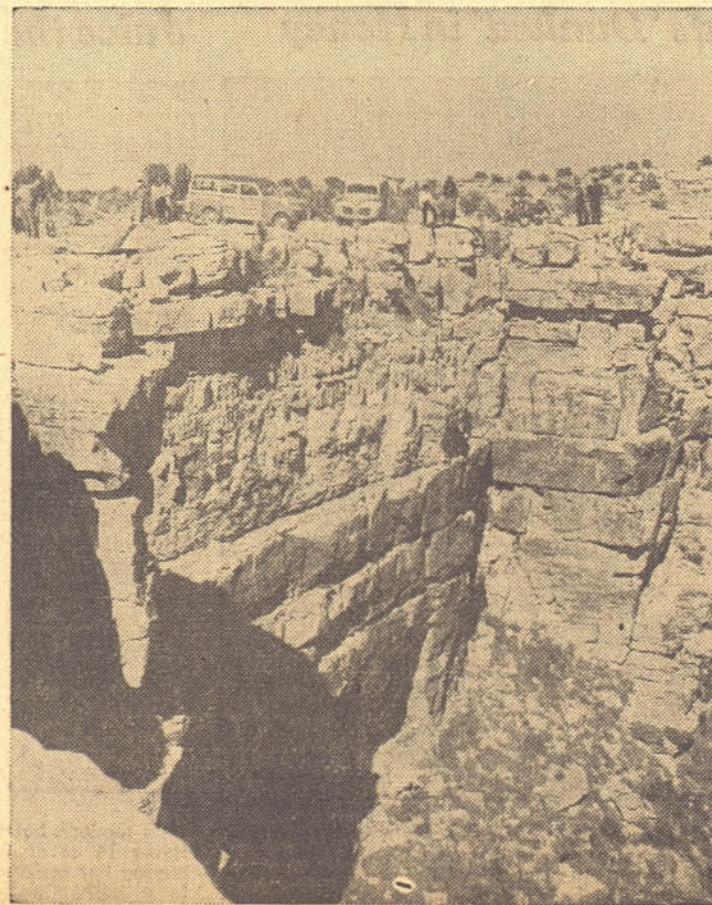


DR. HARVEY H. NININGER CHECKS A MAP OF CRATERS.

Scientific exploration of 30 gigantic craters in little-known Chevalon canyon, near Winslow and Holbrook, Ariz., has held out two extremely interesting possibilities. White-hot meteors, falling in this area more than a million years ago, undoubtedly were made up of thousands of tons of iron, nickel, and other such metals—in a near-pure state—and are buried at the bottom of these 30 great craters. These very metals might more than make up for threatened shortages of metallic materials, needed in the national defense program. A Transcontinental and Western Airlines pilot, H. H. Holloway, first noticed the craters, and the TWA and Edsel Ford, of the Ford Motor Co., sponsored a joint expedition under the direction of Dr. Harvey H. Nininger, to evaluate just such possibilities.

It was ascertained that the great mass of metals was there—but possibly is buried at such depths that extraction may prove impractical. However, citizens of northern Arizona centers are trying to interest the Department of Interior in more extensive explorations since the cursory investigation disclosed the possibility that the crater sinks indicate a maze of caverns—possibly as extensive as make up the Carlsbad cavern area.

Discovery of such a freak of nature would certainly prove a great attraction to tourists, who come to Arizona in teeming hordes to other impressive natural spectacles. Dr. Nininger declared he had no doubt that the unexplored sides of Chevalon canyon are pierced with caves that lead to great underground caverns.



AT THE BRINK OF THE LITTLE-KNOWN CANYON.



SUCH JAGGED PIECES MAY BE PURE METAL.

