

MÜNSTER ENTERPRISE

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A WAR ON FILTH

Congratulations are due to the many people of this community who joined in the movement against indecent literature. Their action is a praise worthy service to Christianity, to democracy, and to humanity in general.

While the movement is new and cannot as yet point to any great achievement, it is nevertheless receiving the encouragement of thousands of new supporters every week, a circumstance which in itself is a cheering indication that success will follow. As the support grows there are scattered reports of active groups who have secured the co-operation of city officials or have themselves, by threat of boycott, had some of the objectionable publications removed from public magazine racks. But this is a mere beginning that affects only a small percentage of the total circulation of filth.

The ultimate goal of the movement is to create an intensive and extensive sentiment against every publisher who puts out the degrading junk, against every advertiser who supports such a publication by putting his ads in it, and against every magazine dealer who permits it to defile his display rack. When the time comes that supporters of the movement number into the millions the right kind of results will become apparent.

This campaign for decency is more than a mere idealistic trend on the part of moralizers. It is a definite and whole hearted effort to give American morality a chance for survival and to give American society a chance to elevate itself. Though organized in the Catholic church it is receiving support from Protestant sects as well as social and civic organizations.

Thinking men in America are impressed by the statement of Federal and state authorities that lewd and criminal glorifying publications are, more than any other factor, responsible for juvenile sex outrages and criminality. They see in declining morality the first symptom of a declining civilization suggestive of the fall of great nations in the past.

A recent survey by the National Organization for Decent Literature discovered more than 400 erotic periodicals with a combined circulation of more than 15 million. More than 100 of those periodicals are banned in Canada, England and Australia, and every one of them violate laws in 47 of our 48 states.

Make no mistake about it, do not be misled by the howl that is sure to arise about stifling the freedom of the press. There is a difference between license and freedom. There is no such thing as the freedom or the right to destroy morality in this nation's susceptible youth any more than a right to destroy lives or property. Indecen-

cy has no right to existence. The mere fact that lewd periodicals do exist is an indictment against the conscienceless publisher who is willing to jeopardize another's morality for his monetary gain or against the envoy of Satan who deliberately seeks to wreck morality.

Something can be done about it. Something will be done. An aroused public sentiment will bring more frequent prosecution against vile publishers. But more effective still, it will put pressure on magazine dealers to weed out the trash from their racks, and it will induce self-respecting advertisers to refrain from lending their support to the publishers of filth.

HE-MEN OF TEXAS

Not so many years ago, as many will recall, there was a remark making the rounds that Texas was really a he-man's state—it elected as its governor first a woman then a boy. But back in those days people just laughed about it. Things were not so bad then, besides it just happened to be an odd co-incidence that the big strong he men turned over the executive job to a woman and a boy.

But, as the little boy says, third time is charm. And here is the third time that the he men picked a governor from outside their class. Not a woman or a boy, but a crooning flour salesman, who made the grade, not on statesmanship, but on sentimentality.

The same electoral body that swept O'Daniel into the Governor's mansion placed in the legislature a motley array of anything but statesmen. The person who takes exception to this remark is invited to think over present efforts to submit for popular vote an amendment to provide revenue for the old age pension. When a group of weak kneed buck passers shirk the responsibility of determining what is best for the state, the very thing they were elected to do, it is time for a general calling down.

Every member in our state legislature, unless he is a plain imbecile, knows that he was elected as a representative of the people—that his job for the next two years is to know what is proposed and study out its effects upon those he represents, then to vote in the best interests of his district or county. But what do they propose to do? To turn back a question so important and so complicated that half the voters don't know what it's all about.

What does the average citizen know about taxation? What does he know about the financial burden of supporting more than a quarter million of old folks? In fact, what does he know about government at all? How, then can those who have been entrusted with the responsibility of running the government feel they are doing their duty when they pass the buck on a major issue.

Let our Texas he men think over that situation a little. After all, they are responsible for what is at Austin. Furthermore they are responsible for the prominence of an issue that should be downright repulsive to he men. They indorsed it when they gave their votes for a song and a promise—a political promise.

Present indications are that the pension revenue problem will be decided in an election. When that time comes there is still a chance of coming out of the muddle. Texas still has some he men, many a one over 65, who will consider it a disgrace to accept public support. It has other younger he men who treasure their own economic liberty over the shackles of economic slavery. It has men who will recall that this state's progress was made, by private initiative, foresight, hard work, not by the socialistic system of plugging along and giving to the common fund until the time when one can retire and live off the common fund. These same he men will look to their own opportunities and their own ambitions, and they will vote down the silly proposal that threatens to stagnate a glorious state.

Where are you, he men of Texas? You'd better get ready to do a job your hired men have fallen down on.

Confetti

By CON FETTE

Speaking of making Münster a better town to live in is sure to lead sooner or later to the street situation, which in turn will lead to a discussion of the immense dust clouds that rise on side streets and cause no end of grief to housewives. Then, too, there's the little matter of very disagreeable driving if another car happens to come along before the dust settles.

As a remedy for that situation the department belows an idea from Shorty Herr— incidentally, Shorty admits he got his idea from the streets of Gladewater—and suggests that the city begin making plans to spread waste oil and keep the dust under control.

At first this idea doesn't seem so hot because, it will be asked, where is all the waste oil coming from?

Well, a little of it can be secured from garages if they will make a habit of saving their crankcase drainings. A little more could be collected here and there on oil leases where it has previously been burned. And then, perhaps, a few big hearted farmers could be induced to save their tractor crankcase drainings. The idea is to gather the waste oil, little by little, and spread it over our dusty side streets. In that way the whole city could be oiled eventually and the aggravating dust kept down where it belongs.

There's another thing about an oiled street. It sheds water better than ordinary gravel, hence is less likely to get soaked up during rains and acquire the monotonous series of holes we know so well. Think it over. This may be an idea. If you like it tell the city council. If you don't like it don't tell anybody.

Taking up any angle of city improvement just seems to have a natural way of leading to the one most important improvement, the sewer. What we'd like to know is, when will Uncle Sam kick in with that share of PWA money to match what Münster has voted to raise by a bond issue? Considering what has already been gathered in by gimme-crats of other localities, it seems that this budding metropolis is entitled to its quota pretty soon.

While there is no pressing urgency as concerns the city generally there is nevertheless an acute interest on the part of anyone who contemplates a little improvement of his own. Yes, there have been rumors that new buildings will rise here before another year passes. Now, if there is any fact behind the rumor, there must also be a little worry in certain minds regarding plans. Is a fellow supposed to get set for a sewer connection or should he install a septic tank. It's got to be one or the other. A person can't claim to be on the path of progress if he goes in for Chic Sale architecture.

One of the very best stories about income tax assessments is that of the local couple who fussed and fumed and fretted and finally discovered that it owed Uncle Sam the staggering sum of 8 cents. At first, while worried stiff about how much they would have to kick in, the two could not be reconciled to the injustice of being forced to dig into their savings but when they decided upon the enormity of their burden they confined their complaints to the hours of work in filling out the report.

Whether or not they feel sat down on, we believe they are lucky. They should compare themselves with the fellow who had to borrow \$500 to pay his income tax or to another one who applied to the Internal Revenue department for a job, so he could work out his income tax.

And every one of them ought to be glad not to be like us poor duffers who don't even get enough to require making out a report. If any of these unfortunate, mistreated income tax paying guys want to be relieved of that worry we will gladly accommodate to the extent of swapping our exemption plus our income for their tax and report headache plus their income. Betcha we don't make a deal.

A new wrinkle in successful gardening, submitted by one who claims it works: Dry weather cannot lick a potato crop if a small onion is deposited beside each seed potato. The theory is that the onion juice will get into the potato's eye causing it to shed tears and, of course, supply its own moisture.

Did you check up on the swallows at the San Juan Capistrano mission? If you did you know already that they arrived again on schedule—for the 162nd successive year. No doubt there is many a person who will accept the birds' unerring regularity as merely a curious phenomenon of nature, but smart people will admit it is a miracle. They know that such an outstanding co-incidence has only one reasonable explanation, that a Supreme Power is directing the flight schedule of those birds, rain or shine, fair or stormy.

Any but the mentally blind can see in this phenomenon another of the Divine hints that He actually is on the job in spite of the inane mouthings of pseudo-scientists who claim to have explained away the existence of a Creator. How would they explain the birds' strange behavior? How would they explain the more common miracles as the highly complicated functions of their own bodies, the ingenious cycles of nature, or a million other things? Sunday's arrival of the swallows recalls the ancient expression that only the fool says there is no God.

The technical adviser who was supposed to look over the printing office scenes in "Jesse James" really flunked on his assignment. Perhaps he was napping on the job, perhaps he did not know any better, but there are thousands of printers who will notice that the old time editor and his typesetter were pretending to do a thing that has never been done. It is physically impossible to put type in a composing stick as fast as a man talks. Even a typesetting machine, which is several times as speedy as the hand-set method, cannot begin to keep up with normal conversation.

That just happens to be a more glaring boner that got into the picture in spite of the usual effort of producers to be correct in every detail. Neither is it the first time such a thing has happened. People who know could probably find technical flaws in every one of the productions that takes its subject matter from a time and place other than our own. It's a mistake that happens to the best of them. Even the master dramatist, Shakespeare, was guilty of in-

roducing a clock to Caesar's time-centuries before the clock was invented.

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