

## THIS WEEK TO CLOSE TURKEY SEASON HERE

**Ship 7,500 Dressed Turkeys  
And Bring \$16,000 To  
Community**

This week will witness the close of the annual Thanksgiving turkey dressing and packing program for Muenster, according to word received Wednesday morning from A. B. Minter, representative of Wilson and Company of Oklahoma City.

Thursday or Friday was named by Mr. Minter as the last day for picking and packing, and Saturday as probably the last day for shipment of the dressed birds from Muenster. Roughly estimating the season's business, he stated that about 7,500 turkeys totalling about 100,000 pounds would be shipped in about five car loads.

The first car load of turkeys was shipped out Tuesday direct to the New York market. Another shipment was ready Wednesday but had to be held over until Thursday because of delay in spotting a refrigerator car. The number of birds received through Tuesday was 5,165.

All this week the Farmers' Marketing Association has been a bee hive of activity as a result of the picking and dressing program. Farmers and truck drivers have been coming in steadily with their flocks. Meeting them was Roger King as official grader and John Herr as buyer.

Roy Callahan, another of the Wilson and Company representatives is supervising all production activities. Working under his direction are Charles Hellman as foreman of the picking crew, Frank Herr as grader, and C. J. Fette as supervisor of refrigeration.

About 70 persons are employed as pickers at the FMA. The majority of them are boys from the town and

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## BURGERMEN AVENUE FORMER SCARE WITH ONE SIDED VICTORY

Still smarting from their 17 to 15 setback administered by the strong Sidell team in an extra period game last Tuesday at Sanger, the Muenster High School basketball team resumed their winning attitude by defeating Krum High, Friday night, at Krum, 27 to 10.

The Sumacs, "hitting on all five" unleashed a flashy offense which entertained a large number of fans for four thrill packed quarters. Krum, who had lost a one point encounter in a previous meeting with the Muenster team, was unable to cope with the speedy Blue and Gold offense. Time and again the Sumacs held the spectators spellbound as they culminated their fast pivots and darts with sharp and crisp shooting.

Pat Stelzer, elongated Sumac center, was the first to break the ice when he evaded McBee and slipped in for a beautiful crisp shot. Before the Krum defense had realized what was happening little scintillating Eugene Lehnertz, who has been playing "a whale of a game" in the last three Blue and Gold encounters, had hit the hoop twice from the edge of the foul circle. King, Krum forward, caught the scoring disease and shot a nice long shot from the side of the floor. Weldon Flannery, Sumac captain for the Krum game, scored on a follow-up shot to put the score at 8 to 2 as the whistle blew to end the first quarter.

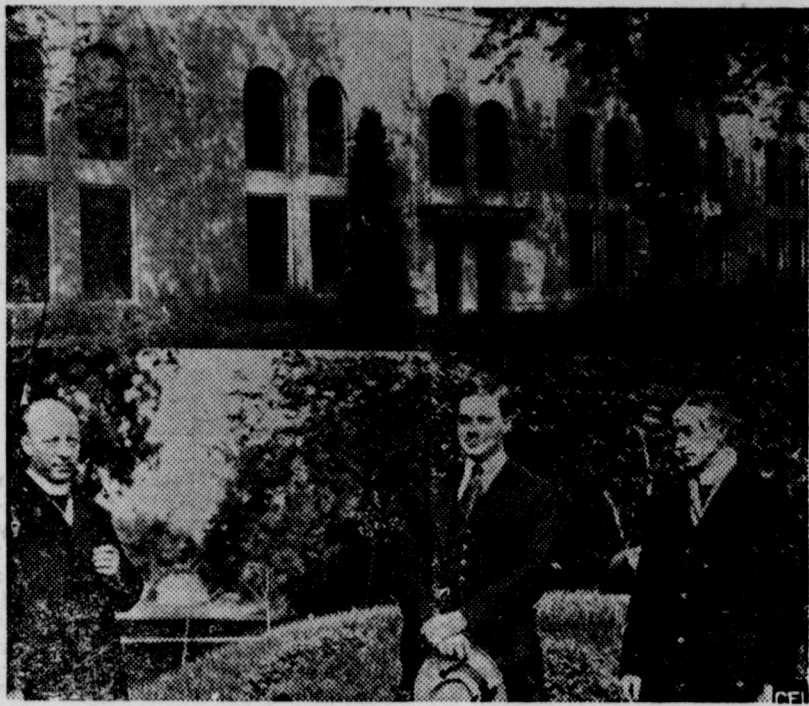
During the second quarter Muenster outscored the Krum team 6 to 2. Stelzer opened the quarter by scoring on an out of bound play. McBee who made several attempts at long range, split the net wide open for two points. Lehnertz and Stelzer each added a field goal before the whistle ending the half stopped the play with the Sumacs leading 14 to 4.

The Muenster defense which had been functioning well all evening rose to perfection during the third quarter. The Sumacs held Krum scoreless during this period while Flannery and Lehnertz each scored a field goal to give the Blue and Gold a 14 point advantage for the first three quarters.

Both teams let up on their defense during the final period and to the delight of the fans resorted to a fast and furious offense. Jones, substituting for McBee, started the ball rolling with a high arching long shot. Flannery and Stelzer each hit one from short range. During the fast play that followed Flannery was fouled and converted the only foul goal of the game. Bud Hoehn, who had not broken in the scoring column during the evening, came to life with two field goals in quick succession on two identical difficult shots. Taking the follow-up, Bud

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## POET HONORED



**PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Wis.**—For years before the war, Joyce Kilmer, world-noted poet, made frequent visits to Campion Jesuit prep school at Prairie du Chien. He is shown in the lower of the above photos in front of Campion Mound, a favorite gathering place of students. This photo, taken before the war, shows the Rev. George Kister, S. J., now dead, Kilmer, and the poet's closest friend, Rev. James J. Daly, S. J., now at the University of Detroit. Kilmer died in action in 1917 at Oureg, France, but his memory will live in the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Library shown above which was dedicated at Campion recently. This library, the only literary memorial to the dead poet, is shaded by trees under which Kilmer is said to have received inspiration for his poem, Trees.

## "Ribs" Kathman Returns To Open Lunch Room In Henry Trachta Building

Herman "Ribs" Kathman returned to Muenster this week to resume his old time occupation as proprietor of a lunch room. His location is the lunch room occupied by Henry Trachta until his retirement several months ago.

Mr. Kathman's place was opened for business Tuesday morning. On the preceding Saturday he leased the building from Mr. Trachta and spent Monday cleaning out the dust that had accumulated during the three months of vacancy.

The place is destined to be Mr. Kathman's home as well as his place of business. To avoid the discomfort of going to a cold room every evening as well as the expense of additional rent, Mr. Kathman states, he has decided to sleep at the back of the lunch room.

## COUNTY BOYS WILL RULE FOR A DAY ON BOYS' DAY PROGRAM

Inspired by the outstanding success of the boys' day program last year, Milton Wade, with the cooperation of the Gainesville Chamber of Commerce, is now making plans for a bigger and better boys' day. The ceremonies will take place on Friday, November 26 and will be followed in the afternoon by a Santa Claus parade in which school children from all over the county are invited to participate.

This year's program, Mr. Wade stated will be more expansive than that of last year when only boys of the Gainesville schools participated. Every school in the county has the privilege of sending in one boy to participate in governing the county and taking charge of several of the city's business houses.

Cooperating in the venture Roy P. Wilson, county superintendent, suggested that teachers and school boards of the county declare the day an official holiday. From other sources also, Mr. Wade added, the event is receiving enthusiastic support.

The program, as briefly outlined by Mr. Wade, calls for a meeting of all school boys of the county with their school's banners or other marks of identification in the Fair Park at 10 o'clock Friday morning. At 10:30 they will parade up California Street to a specially prepared platform in front of the Majestic Theatre where a speaker will greet

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## PAROCHIAL PUPILS CHOOSE RAY WILDE AS REPRESENTATIVE

Raymond Wilde was elected Wednesday by pupils of the Muenster parochial school as their representative at the County boys' program to be held at Gainesville Friday, November 26, the Rev. Francis Zimmerer revealed after the election.

Father Francis also advised that the parochial school will take an active part in the program as well as in the Santa Claus parade which will follow in the afternoon. The holiday has already been granted for the day after Thanksgiving in accordance with the custom of past years, he said, but this year the children will be urged to spend the holiday participating in the program rather than staying at home.

## INTEREST CENTERED ON MUENSTER PLAN AT DALLAS MEETING

Muenster was pointed out as exhibit B in a meeting sponsored by Dallas business men and the Kessler Plan Association at the Adolphus Hotel in Dallas, Friday, November 5.

The purpose of the meeting, which was attended by representatives from a score of small towns in the Dallas trade territory, was to encourage definite improvement programs as a means of checking the present decline of rural population and rural productivity. To help accomplish this end John E. Surratt, secretary of the Kessler Plan Association offered his services to any community that wished to plan an improvement program.

Following the meeting was a dinner at which a group of Dallas business men were hosts and the Most Rev. Msgr. A. Danglmayr was principal speaker. In his address Msgr. Danglmayr emphasized the progressive spirit of Muenster which is being noticeably accelerated by the definite objective set through the assistance of the Kessler Plan.

Another speaker was Dr. Carrey, president of the association, who called attention to the resources of the South and the present tendency to center industry in this section. The purpose of the meeting, Mr. Surratt explained, was to form a central organization that would mould public sentiment so that people generally will appreciate the importance of reviving the farm and farm town. This step can be accomplished only by making rural conditions more profitable and more pleasant, which in turn can be accomplished by a definite improvement program.

Stressing the importance of a definite objective and organized action, J. M. Weinzapfel stated that recent achievements at Muenster were greatly facilitated since the adoption of the five year plan urged by the Kessler Association. Some of the outstanding activities mentioned were the rural electrification project, the purchase of terracers for soil conservation work, city beautification, the erection of lights for the ball park, and the newly begun drive for cemetery beautification.

Another Muenster representative attending the meeting was R. N. Fette.

## Improvement of Cotton Will Be Discussed At County Meeting Nov. 17

Everyone who is interested in the improvement of cotton is invited to attend an open meeting at the County Agent's office in Gainesville on Wednesday November 17, 2 p. m., C. H. Clark, County Agent, advised Monday.

The purpose of the meeting, Mr. Clark explained, is to launch a program for quality production of cotton, and it will be featured by discussion of desirable varieties, proper harvesting and proper ginning. F. E. Lichte, a cotton gin specialist will speak on ginning and E. A. Miller, extension agronomist of the Department of Agriculture, will speak on proper methods of production.

Cotton farmers especially are urged to attend the meeting but the county agent is hopeful that the attendance will also include ginners, cotton buyers, business men and any others interested in improving the quality of cotton.

## STORY BOOK ENDING SPRUNG BY SUMACS IN PONDER CONTEST

Trailing until the fading seconds of the game, the Muenster Sumacs put on a zero hour scoring spurt to defeat the capable Ponder Independent basketball team, Tuesday night in the new massive Ponder gym, 25 to 24.

Cullen, star Ponder forward scored 6 points and Terry 2 to give the Ponder team an eight to four advantage. Eugene Lehnertz scored the four points for the Blue and Gold.

Cullen again took the scoring initiative in the second quarter for Ponder. He scored 5 points and Pope 2 to bring the Ponder total to 15. Pat Stelzer was on the scoring end of the two successful scoring plays of the Sumacs. The score at the termination of the half was 15 to 9 in favor of the strong Ponder aggregation.

The two teams battled on even terms during the third quarter. Jamison, Ponder center, pinch hitting for Pope, scored two field goals for Ponder while Eugene Lehnertz, speedy Blue and Gold forward, evaded the Ponder defense for two goals.

Going into the fourth quarter on the short end of a 19-13 score didn't dishearten the Sumacs. Neither were they discouraged when Terry and Morin each made a field goal to give Ponder a 10 point lead. From here on out the Sumacs took over the situation. With Hoehn and Fette furnishing an air tight defense the Stelzer, Lehnertz, Flannery offense reached its maximum out-put to demoralize the opponents and treat the fans to a Hollywood finish. During the final Sumac scoring melee Stelzer scored 6 points, Lehnertz 4, and Flannery 1 for a total of 11 points to tie the score at 24 all. With seconds to go, Pip Fette toed the foul line after a Ponder infraction of rules and coolly dropped the ball through for the winning point.

## MEN CONFIDENT OF REA APPROVAL ON LOAN APPLICATION

The fate of Muenster's rural electrification project is now resting in the hands of the Federal Government. Thursday the last detail of the formal application for a REA loan was completed by J. W. Hess, chairman of the project, and submitted to REA headquarters at Washington.

One hundred seventy-eight names are included on the list of prospective consumers, Mr. Hess stated, and the total number of miles of wire needed is estimated at 52 or 53. Since these figures meet the government recommendation of three consumers per mile of line, Mr. Hess is confident that the proposed project will meet with the approval of REA authorities.

Local boosters of rural electrification received further encouragement from the assurance of the Hon. W. D. McFarlane, Representative of this district, that he has placed his personal approval on the project and explained Muenster's spirit of progress and cooperation to REA officials. The success of the Farmers Marketing Association as a community enterprise was pointed out by the Honorable Representative as an excellent inducement for favorable consideration in this community undertaking.

Mr. Hess and other promoters of the REA project are grateful to Texas Power and Light Company for their assistance in preparing the map and application.

## DECEASED KNIGHTS HONORED SUNDAY IN MEMORIAL SERVICE

Remembering the deceased members of their council, the Knights of Columbus held memorial services in their hall Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and attend the 3 o'clock devotions and procession to the cemetery.

Those numbered as absentees at the memorial roll call are as follows: Herman Fette, Theodore Flies, John Gehrig, Anton Luke, Joe Streng, Henry Huchtons, John Wies, Wm. Pottkutter, Charles Nause, T. D. Hennigan, Nick Endres, Pete Walterscheid, Wm. Gehrig, Frank Trachta, Charles Pagel, Martin Sicking, Philip Berend, and Joe Felderhoff.

## THOMASSONS RETURN

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thomasson of Nowata, Okla., arrived last Sunday to spend a part of their two weeks' vacation with friends and relatives here. For the greater part of this week Mr. Thomasson is attending one of the officials of his company on an inspection tour in South Texas as oil fields while his wife and child remain in Muenster as guests of the Henry Schmitz family. Next week the Thomassons will visit relatives in Missouri.

## Forty Candidates Await Admission to Knighthood Here Sunday Afternoon

### DISTRICT DEPUTY



Francis J. Mooney, of Denison, who is program director at the Knights of Columbus initiation here Sunday.

### All Day Program Centered About Major Degree Initiation

About forty candidates await admission into the ranks of the Knights of Columbus at the major degree initiation to be held in Muenster next Sunday, November 14. The greater number of the prospective members are from the sixth district which includes Denison, Sherman, Gainesville, Muenster and Pilot Point, and the remainder will be from councils in the Wichita Falls district.

In the absence of State Deputy C. K. Walsh of Wichita Falls, who will preside at the installation of a new council at Harlingen on November 14, District Deputy Francis J. Mooney of Denison in charge of all arrangements, Sherman, Gainesville, Muenster and Pilot Point, and the remainder will be from councils in the Wichita Falls district.

Assisting Mr. Mooney at the initiation will be Leo Henschel as director of the choir which is composed principally of choir members of the local parish church.

The day's program for the knights will begin with a meeting of local and visiting members and candidates at 9 o'clock at the K of C hall from whence they will march in a body to church and attend the high mass and sermon at 9:30 o'clock.

Immediately following religious services, about 11 o'clock the exemplification of the first degree will be held at the parish hall. Recess for lunch will be declared at noon.

Promptly at 1:30 the exemplification of the second degree will take place at the parish hall and will be followed immediately by the third degree.

After initiation ceremonies are completed the knights will return to the K of C hall for lunch and refreshments.

## C D OF A INITIATION AND BANQUET TO BE HELD HERE SUNDAY

Final preparations for the Catholic Daughters of America initiation to be held here next Sunday were made at the regular business session of the Muenster Court Monday night.

It was revealed that Mrs. Stephen Brady of Ft. Worth, state Secretary of the organization and Mrs. Marie Bates of Wichita Falls, state monitor, will attend the ceremonies as representatives of the state regent, Mrs. LeBlanc, who is unable to be present.

The initiation will be held Sunday afternoon at the K of C hall and the honors will be conferred on six local candidates along with an unspecified number from the Gainesville Court. Members of the Gainesville court will also attend the initiation. Other courts also expect to be represented are those of Fort Worth, Denison, Wichita Falls, and Windthorst.

Following the initiation the Catholic Daughters will gather for a banquet in the home of Mrs. Joe Swinger.

The next social gathering for the local Catholic Daughters' Court was set for Tuesday night, November 16, at the home of Mrs. Robert Yosten.

## DANIEL ATKINSON OF BULCHER DIES AFTER CAR-TRAIN COLLISION

Daniel Atkinson, 20, of Pampa, a former resident of Bulcher, died at a Pampa Hospital on Monday, Nov. 1, from injuries sustained early Sunday when his automobile collided with a freight train two miles west of that city. Young Atkinson suffered a concussion and brain hemorrhage and never regained consciousness.

Funeral services were held at Jacksboro on Wednesday, Nov. 3.

For several years the young man had lived in the home of his sister, Mrs. Everett Newby, at Bulcher. In 1937 he was a member of the graduating class of Gainesville High School having been the driver of the Bulcher school bus during that term. The deceased is also remembered by softball rans of the county for his stellar performances as a pitcher. At Pampa his pitching was one of the contributing factors in the city championship won by his team, the King Oil Company.

Among Bulcher relatives and friends attending Mr. Atkinson's funeral are Mr. and Mrs. Everett Newby and family, Mr. and Mrs. Vern Mangel, Mrs. Archer, Dorothy Archer, Mrs. Clifton, and Lucille Clifton. Immediately after the accident the Newby family drove to Pampa and remained with the victim until the end.

## FANS RECEIVED FOR HEATING SYSTEM IN MUENSTER CHURCH

Four circulating fans for the heating system in the Sacred Heart Church were received late last week and their installation will be begun as soon as the annual Thanksgiving turkey picking and packing season is ended, according to C. J. Fette who was authorized by the Rev. Father Frowin to supervise the purchase and installation of the fans.

Each of the fans, Mr. Fette stated is capable of moving 1500 cubic feet of air per minute and the four of them combined are capable of changing all the air in the building in about 30 minutes. To church attendants this fact means that in the future the building can be warmed in something less than an hour, whereas an all night fire previously failed to bring the desired results.

The fans are to be placed in the cold air ducts and will drive the air past the furnace from whence it emerges through the hot air ducts. The arrangement is similar to that used experimentally last winter when circulating fans from the hatchery were installed for only a few days. Favorable results at that time led to the present improvement.

## BEN ALBERS BADLY BURNED FROM FALL ON BURNING WEEDS

Friends at Muenster and Lindsay were alarmed early this week over the serious condition of Ben Albers who sustained deep burns last Saturday when he fainted and fell into a pile of burning weeds.

Mr. Albers was tending the fire when an epileptic attack caused him to fall into the blaze. It is not known how long he lay in the fire but when he was discovered he was walking toward his home with his clothing ablaze. He was still in a dazed condition.

The victim was rushed to the Gainesville Sanitarium where first aid treatment was given. Attending physicians state that his condition is critical, the fire having caused severe flesh and bone injuries.

## VOLLEY BALL GRILS HIT STRIDE IN TWO GAMES THIS WEEK

Commendable improvement has been apparent in the performance of the Muenster High School volleyball team in their last two appearances, Coach Dorothy Fette stated Wednesday. One of the matches was a practice session with the parochial school lassies in which the public school girls took four in a row.

Another encounter was with the Hood sextet in which Miss Fette's charges played against odds to take the second and deciding games of the match. Playing in a high wind on an outside court the girls shifted to face the wind after the eighth point in each game. Because of the wind they were at a disadvantage but succeeded in overcoming the odds. The final game was a thriller, tied three times and finally ending 17 to 15.

Efforts are now being made to match a game for the girls during the coming week-end.



# LOCAL NEWS BRIEFS

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Miller were in Dallas Monday.

Paul Clayton was a business visitor at Dallas last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Frost spent Wednesday visiting in Dallas.

Herbert Meurer and Ben Seyler were in Fort Worth on business Wednesday.

For Sale—10 inch McCormick Deering burr grinder. Al Wiesman. (Adv. 51 p.)

Mrs. John Fuhrbach left Saturday for a two or three weeks' visit with her husband at Amarillo.

A capacity truck load of Muenster Cheese was shipped to Lubbock early Monday.

Miss Dorothy Fette got a new Plymouth 2 door sedan from Ben Seyler late last week.

J. B. Wilde received his second car load of 1935 model Chevrolets last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Flusche and child of Decatur spent last Sunday as guests of relatives here.

For Sale—Few aged ewes, few spring ewe lambs—\$5.00 to \$8.00 per head. If interested in buying ewes see them. Alford Harrison, Rt. 2, Muenster. (Adv. 50-52 p)

Henry Henschel Jr. is busy these days applying the second coat of paint on Doctor Myrick's residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Carter and daughter, Peggy Jean, spent the week-end in Bowie visiting relatives and friends.

Arthur Endres of Winnsboro was a week-end visitor in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Endres.

Henry King and Gus Richter, motorcycle enthusiasts of Fort Worth mingled with local motorcycle jockeys last Sunday.

Miss Hattie Richter of Wichita Falls was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Richter, last Sunday.

Joe Russell and family were busy Wednesday loading a freight car with household goods preparatory to their move to Littlefield.

Lee Roy Stelzer of Henrietta arrived Saturday for a week-end visit in the home of his father, G. A. Stelzer.

Miss Lillian Fette and R. J. Crawford Jr., of Fort Worth visited here briefly last Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Meurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cooke left Monday for a two weeks' vacation which will be spent with relatives at Bowie and several places in Oklahoma.

\$5.00 reward for the return of wallet containing driver's license and other important papers. Anthony Luke. (Adv. 50)

John Fisher moved into his new home north of the K of C hall last Saturday. In the near future Joe Fisher and Arthur Hellman will move into their new houses.

Mr. Louis Steinburger of Windthorst accompanied his son-in-law, George Mollenkoff to Muenster Wednesday and called on a number of his old time friends.

Roy Burkhardt, an oil field employee near Stamford arrived during the week-end for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burkhardt.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cook, Mrs. Buckley and daughter, Betty Lou, were in Denton Sunday to visit with Miss Edith Mae Rhodes, a student at C. I. A.

George Mollenkoff is back in the Muenster oil field as an employe of Kingsery Brothers after spending several months at Olney. George and his family arrived Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Fette left Thursday for a week's visit at their former home, Sidney, Nebraska. While there they will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Seyler.

Ben Seyler, John Mosman, Elmer Fette, Tony Gremmlinger, Ed Pels and Paul Clayton were at Ft. Worth last Thursday night to attend a Chrysler and Plymouth service meeting.

Friends here are sorry to learn that Hugh Hogan's 1 year old child recently died of diphtheria. Mr. Hogan, formerly a resident of this

community is now living at Gainesville.

According to reports Wednesday from Mrs. Tony Otto, her father, Mr. Sidney Martin, has sufficiently recovered from his recent attack of sickness to leave bed and rest comfortably about the house.

Ronald Joseph is the name of the newborn son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward "Buddy" Fette. The child was born Nov. 6 and christened the following day with John Fette and Mrs. August Knabe as sponsors.

Little Anna Grace Wimmer, 8 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wimmer is said to be recovering nicely from the illness which sent her to bed last Thursday. She is expected to return to school soon.

Word was received this week that John Chandler is now engaged in oil field work in the Corpus Christi field. Mrs. Chandler and daughter, Kay, now living at Lake Dallas, are expected to move to Corpus in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wilde are the parents of a baby girl born Monday Nov. 8, at the Muenster Clinic. At her christening on Nov. 10, she was named Margaret Annella. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wilde were the sponsors.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Keller and daughter, Joan, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolf and daughter, Marion, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Keller arrived Tuesday afternoon from Idaho Falls, Idaho, as guests of Mrs. Wm. Gehrig and family.

A new power unit on the Andress lease is now being constructed by Kingsery Brothers. The foundation for the structure was completed during the past week-end and the unit is expected to be ready for use early next week.

Leo Klempt is a new resident of the city. A few days ago he moved in from the H. P. Hennigan farm and took up his residence with his brother, Ed, Pat and Frank Hennigan are the new men in charge of chores and other duties on their father's farm.

Miss Lillian Fisher, a student nurse at Gainesville Sanitarium was here during the week-end for her usual month end visit with her family. Other Gainesvillites visiting their homes during the week-end were Misses Irene Fleitman and Marcella Pagel.

When John Fleitman moves to his father's farm near Myra he will open the way for two more moves. Herman Swirczynski, the owner of Johnny's present home will occupy that place and Paul Clayton will move into Herman's present home.

J. P. Fisch's health is said to be failing. Mrs. M. J. Endres, his daughter, advises that the patient spent the entire past week in bed and has weakened himself considerably by consistent coughing. Prior to this time Mr. Fisch, in spite of his feeble condition spent very little time in bed.

For the first time in several months the whole family was together at Henry Trachta's during the week-end. Christopher Fette was here from Fort Sill Okla., and Richard Trachta returned from Stamford with his brother David who had set out on a hitch-hiking adventure the previous week.

Jim Lehnertz has been confined to bed since last Sunday night when, on his return from Sherman, he tumbled down an embankment. Jim had left his car and apparently did not notice that he was stepping off a 12 foot perpendicular drop. The principal injuries sustained were a gash on his head and a bruised back. Jerome Pagel was his companion at the time and took Jim to the Sherman hospital for first aid treatment.

**SCHNITKERS PREPARE FOR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY**  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schnitker are making extensive plans to entertain a houseful of near relatives next Monday when they observe their golden wedding anniversary with a family reunion.

Among those expected for the celebration are all children of the

**AVOID EYE STRAIN!**  
**DR. H. O. KINNE**  
OPTOMETRIST

Gainesville, Texas

## STUDY CHANGES IN SOCIAL SECURITY PROGRAM



WASHINGTON, D. C.—A four point program was presented for immediate consideration as a committee composed of industrial and labor leaders and representatives of the public met at the Labor Department to discuss possible changes to be made in the Social Security Act. Left to right seated: M. Albert Linton, President Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Marlon B. Folsom, Treasurer Eastman Kodak Company; William Haber, Member Unemployment Compensation Commission, Lansing, Michigan; Theresa McMahon, University of Washington; A. L. Mowbray, University of California; Mary Dewson, Social Security Board; Arthur J. Altmeier, Chairman Social Security Board; George E. Biggie, Social Security Board; Lee Press-

man, General Counsel, CIO; Phillip Murray, Chairman Steel Workers Organization Committee; Harvey Fremming, President Oil Field and Gas Well and Refinery Workers Union; George L. Stocking, University of Texas; Paul Douglas, University of Chicago. Standing: T. L. Norton, University of Buffalo; Matthew Wolf, Vice-President, A. F. of L.; Gerard Swope, President General Electric Co.; E. R. Stettinius, Jr., Chairman of the Finance Committee of United States Steel Corp.; Jay Iglauer, Vice-President of Haller Bros., Cleveland, Ohio; Henry Druere, President Barry Savings Bank, N. Y. C.; Gerald Morgan, author of books on Social Security; Edwin E. Witte, University of Wisconsin; and J. Douglas Brown, Princeton University.

### Lindsay News

MISS LONIA GIEB  
Correspondent

Miss Agnes Schmitz of Ft. Worth was the week-end guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schmitz.

Miss Stella Schmitz, student nurse in the Gainesville Sanitarium spent Sunday at home visiting with friends.

John Arendt, accompanied by Mrs. Paul Arendt and daughter, Annie, motored to Sherman, Friday, for a visit with Mrs. Arendt's daughter, Marie, of St. Vincent's Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bean and son, Jack, Carl Beyer and Pat Schmitz all of Fort Worth were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beyer and the Theo. Schmitz family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Gore and son Bobby of Lawton, Oklahoma arrived over the past week-end for a visit with Mrs. Gore's mother, Mrs. J. F. Neu and other relatives and friends.

Misses Rose and Louise Gieb returned to their duties at St. Vincent's in Sherman, Tuesday following a two day visit with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gieb.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Sellinger, Mrs. Joe Felix and son, Joe Jr., accompanied by Miss Louise Kuntz of Fort Worth visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Kuntz Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Neu, their daughter, Martha Lee, and little Mary Elizabeth Schmitt were in Sherman Saturday transacting business and visiting with Mrs. Neu's sister, Miss Marie Schmitt.

Ray Becker and Richard (Scottie) Hoberer arrived Friday from Bode, Iowa for an extended visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John

Hoberer, and other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Berned of Windthorst spent several days of last week visiting with relatives here. They arrived Wednesday as the guests of Mrs. P. H. Berend. They also visited briefly in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Heitzman at Gainesville and before returning to their home, expressed their intentions of visiting with relatives in Pilot Point.

### LINDSAY SCHOOL INSTALLS NEW DRINKING FOUNTAINS

The familiar tin cups and the mad scramble for a drink of water at the hydrant, during recess periods are things of the past, in the Lindsay School since the introduction of modern drinking fountains. The fountains, four in number, were placed along either side of the wall in the school lobby. They were installed last Friday.

### LINDSAY MOTHERS PREPARE FOR THANKSGIVING PICNIC

Lindsay, Nov. 10.—The Christian Mothers' Society met last Tuesday afternoon in the basement of the Lindsay school, for their regular quarterly business and social meeting.

Mrs. Emilia Hundt, president, directed the meeting.

The important phase of the business session consisted in perfecting plans for their annual Thanksgiving picnic, which were started at

the summer quarterly meeting. Heading the picnic attractions is a bale of cotton which will be awarded to some lucky person. The bale of cotton was made possible through the cooperation of the members of the parish who donated bulk cotton until enough was assembled for a bale. It was ginned at the Nick Dieter gin. Various other attractions have been planned for the amusement of the public.

At 8 o'clock a dance in the hall sponsored by the ladies will supplement the picnic. The dance officially closes the social activities for the year.

### LINDSAY PLAYERS WILL PRESENT COMEDY NOV. 21

Lindsay, Nov. 10.—Ray Kupper and his group of dramatists, who meet on Monday, Thursday and Saturday nights for practice sessions, are making commendable progress in their work on "Done In Oil," Herman T. Decker's hilarious farce comedy which will be presented to the public on Sunday, November 21.

The play centers about a pair of lovable, but blundering and bickering Germans—Emil Braun, a retired oil man and his partner Karl Pumpernickle—who are persuaded by a couple of crooks to invest their wealth in fake oil lands in Honduras. Discovery of the trickery leads to a quarrel between the two old friends, who each blame the other for the investment. Their difficulties are eventually ironed out by a clever woman detective masquerading as a book agent who brings about the arrest of the swindlers.

Included in the cast are: Braun's wife Frieda, with social aspirations; a Mrs. Katzenjammer type of spinster bent on achieving matrimony; a comically correct English valet; a successful young writer and his heart-throb; a humorous Swedish maid and Braun's happy-go-lucky son.

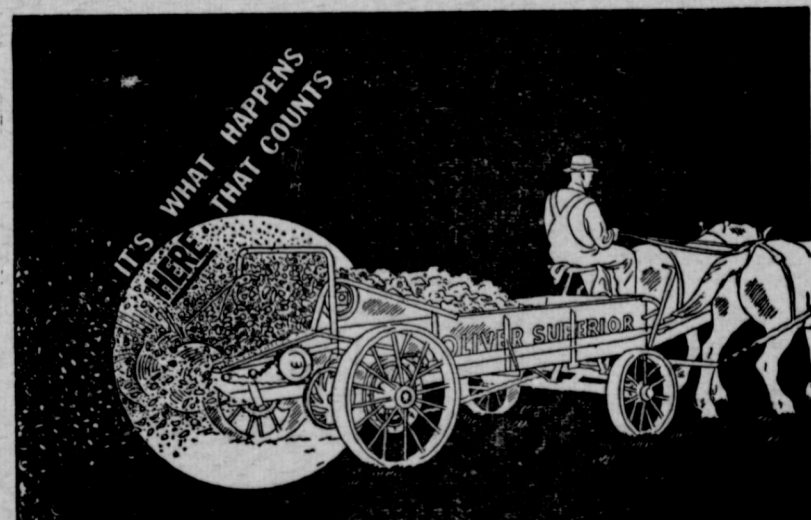
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# Black FEATHER

By HAROLD TITUS

W.N.U. SERVICE

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Being short of men to send with the order, the major allows Annette to carry it. She faces a surprised Rickman at an Indian dance. Annette confesses to Rickman that her behavior on his departure was a snare to save Shaw. In a struggle with Rickman, Annette loses her cloak, which Rickman throws into his room. Meanwhile, at the dance, Mongazid, a drunken boaster, knifes Running Fox, son of Shaw's friend, Flat Mouth and slips away. Rickman bribes Mongazid to do away with Shaw, fires Shaw's post and disappears. Shaw after extinguishing the fire, decides on an open fight.

**CHAPTER IX**

The fire had done no more than lightly scorch the thick walls of the storehouse. It was out. No damage was done. But Rodney Shaw moved among his excited men with an ominous silence and deliberation.

He wanted to be sure; to make no move until certain that he would live to regret nothing. Again he confronted the guard. The man was certain, was he, that the company trader himself had been there?

"Yes, master. With two." He rubbed gently a wrist, wrenched by thongs. "With the clerk and a boatman. I saw them all before the shirt was bound over my head. And the trader himself entered the enclosure."

Rodney turned from the chattering group, walking stiffly toward his quarters. He blew up the fire on the hearth and rose to confront Basile, who had followed. The man's eyes questioned him, begging mule-tily to know what was in mind.

"We've enough of skulking and ambush and assault under cover of darkness," he said. "The time has come, Basile, for a settlement. And openly, as whites fight."

Shaw's long Kentucky rifle rested on deer antlers above his bed. He took it down, turned it over critically, opened the pan cover, tossed out the priming and poured fresh from his powder horn.

Then Basile asked his question: "This night?"

Shaw nodded sharply. "Of course. The country does not grow larger; hours increase the cramping. I'm . . . crowded"—with movements of his elbows as though driving them into bodies pressed closely about.

"Not alone?"

"You flutter like a maiden! What's safer than going alone, and at night? Will he be looking for that? Not he! Besides, there are things that won't let a man wait, Basile, and tasks in which one cannot ask another shoulder!"

He was gone, smiling tightly, and Basile crossed himself as he watched the departure. It was what a man like Shaw would do, he knew. His capacity for enduring persecution had been reached. Basile knew that. And another knew that. Burke Rickman had read Shaw's character aright and now he waited in safe seclusion, warmed by a sense of impending success after long failure.

It was more than a league by land to the company fort, but Rodney covered the distance as rapidly as a man in haste would have done by daylight.

A pine tree threw its dark shadow over the stockade. He made for this, his only protection from the lately risen moon. He slung the rifle across his back by its thong, drew away, ran forward, touched the upright logs with one foot, swung upward.

No sound. The fort lay peacefully in the moonlight. Rifle in his hands again, he dropped to the ground. He did not hesitate, but went on quickly around the corner of the building, running for the entrance.

"Rickman!" he rasped. "Out of your blankets, Rickman!"

A movement. A strangled cry:

"He is not here! He's not here. Shaw."

"Where is he, then?"

"God help me, I don't know," the man moaned. "I don't know, Shaw! The last I saw 'im was outside the gate, an hour or more ago. Oh, a devil's nightmare, this! Shaw, if you value your life and your safety, go back to your fort!"

The clerk was out of his bunk, then, advancing in the moonlight, one hand extended in pleading.

"Stay where you are, Rich."

Shaw's eyes, sweeping the recesses of the room as Conrad halted, had fallen on a garment lying across a bench in the moonlight. It was a cloak, a woman's cloak; a long cloak, of heavy, maroon stuff. And, at sight of it, his heart seemed to stand still in his breast.

He had seen that cloak before. He had held the figure, wrapped within its folds, in his arms. Annette Leclere's cloak . . . Here? She must be here, then. And an odd compound of emotions ran him; rage

and jealousy and regret. Regret! That was odd, for a trader out to kill. Odd, indeed. So odd that it unsteadied him, almost frightened him. The regret was that the cloak lay here, instead of in his quarters!

So she had come all this way to Rickman, who would not remain with her, despite her public kisses



A Definite Sickness Ran Through Him.

and embraces! A definite sickness ran through him.

Where was Rickman? None knew. Gone, then? Expecting a revengeful sally such as this? Hiding? Fearful of retribution?

Ah, could Shaw have guessed the truth! Could he have but known that he walked into a trap!

He retreated to the upper end of the enclosure, where the stockade threw its heavy shadow and stood there, rifle across his arm.

He would stay. He would stay there on hostile ground until the company trader showed himself. Then he need never again give opposition so much as a second thought . . . but a queer despair weighted his determination . . . Annette here? . . . Annette here!

And while he waited, Burke Rickman eased his canoe up the lake until he was abreast the medicine lodge, its fire, its mourning natives.

Continually his eyes traveled the moonlit surface of the lake, on the watch for another craft. The canoe came from the shore by the flat after Rickman had whistled as a plover a score of times. It came somewhat cautiously, but when he whistled again the approach was faster and shortly it came close and the Weasel, his hair caked with mourning mud, looked inquiringly into the white man's face.

He listened closely to what Rickman said. He greedily snatched the tobacco offered him.

"It will be done," he promised, and turned and paddled shoreward again.

Dawn, Rodney Shaw watched it come from his station within the company stockade.

Burke Rickman stretched and grumbled in his hiding place on the islet and observed that the east was paling, the moon losing its lustre.

And far up the sluggish waters of a river which flowed into the lake, young Mongazid grasped overhanging bushes and held his canoe motionless.

He dragged his canoe out and returned to replace the dogwood twigs his landing had ruffled. He pushed on cautiously and reached the bend above where, on the other bank, he could see a lone old woman with a withered leg, hobbling about a smudge of fire before an otherwise deserted lodge. Zheshebenese, Little Duck, this; her daughters had left her behind, denying her the holiday of the medicine and the whiskey which she loved.

He went on, walking silently and swiftly through the lush carpeted forest until he was half a league above the encampment with its old woman. There he lay down in tall grasses which grew on a high bank overlooking the stream. His eye was good; his hand was steady, and three packs of beaver awaited him. That fur meant life and life was sweet, the life of a white man, who has no ways of retribution when it is not known who strikes, was as nothing at that moment compared to his own life.

The night had not been good to the Weasel. He had been cuffed and clubbed away from the whiskey.

But the Weasel had a story to tell. Did they know, he demanded, of

any who might hear, that Shaw had driven this company trader from his fort? Yes; the little trader had gone there in the night heavy with weapons and the one of flaming hair had fled.

"Like a frightened fox, he ran, this company trader with whom I must trade!" he protested. "Like a woman he runs from the little trader. And who gives his coward's heart shelter in this time of danger but Black Beaver, who said that he was our friend while he lied to us? This Rickman skulks in Black Beaver's lodge, afraid of the sun, afraid of the moon and stars."

So, from mouth to ear and ear to ear the news ran, reaching Basile when, at broad dawn, after hours of sleepless worry, he came out of Shaw's stockade to look for his employer.

Until the sun rose Rodney Shaw continued his vigil. Then, rising stiffly, he went slowly down to the gate heedless of the faces peeping at him from the cracks of doors, flung aside the bar and looked across the placid lake to see Basile, approaching in a canoe.

"Come away!" the clerk growled. "Come, before some company engage strikes from behind. Rickman has gone."

"Gone? Where?"

"Tersely the story that the Weasel yelped was told and Shaw drew a deep breath.

"Out!"—with a gesture. "I want the canoe."

"But—"

"Of course! I follow! No, don't squall warnings, Basile. I should have guessed, he'd go straight to Black Beaver when driven from his den . . . Oh, save your warnings! No fool I'll go as far by the usual route as I safely can and then swing into the encampment from the rear."

He was gone, then leaving Basile on the beach, grumbling and mumbling.

It was a morning of wondrous silence, of gorgeous peace, of vivid

color. The tranquility of late summer, the peace of a flawless day. But in the affairs of men, no tranquility, no peace.

Rodney Shaw passed the island, with Rickman leering at him from his shelter and trust in treachery high in his heart, and pressed on for that river where Mongazid lay waiting, an agent of destruction.

Shaw rounded a point, swung toward the land and entered the river. He raked that bend where the old crone raked ashes from coals and dangled a sher of meat there on a stick, blinking her lashless eyes with their baleful lights. He called a bluff greeting to Little Duck, but she did not reply; just stared sourly at him and mumbled.

The day held silent. The air was clear, so clear and so still that small sounds were distinct. Also, the sounds of a paddle, ever so cautiously wielded, traveled a great distance.

Mongazid heard and a slight tremor ran his frame; not of dismay or of compunction, but of preparation. He raised himself to elbows and knees, safe in his screen of long, curled grasses. Shaw came, and the Indian raised his gun . . .

But one does not shoot a man with a face like that from in front, not even when his concealment is perfect. One waits. From the rear it is safer.

On went Shaw, eyes raking the banks, seeing nothing to alarm. His jaw was set, gray eyes glowing. In a short distance, now he would land and proceed by foot to Black Beaver's lodge. He was abreast Mongazid's hiding place. He was beyond, but not far enough; the current ran swiftly in this bend. A movement above might be seen from the corner of an eye, keen as those gray ones . . . He was turned, with his back squarely toward the high bank as he drove his canoe to the inside of the bend, and Mongazid rose to one knee. He came up slowly and silently. The trade rifle rose to his shoulder, he pressed his cheek to

the cool stock, he squinted over the coarse sight. . .

A busy woodpecker ceased its prodding for food and darted away as the sound of the shot ripped the stillness.

In the canoe there, the man rocked forward as though a heavy stone had been flung against his back. He threw out a hand to grasp his rifle. The weapon steadied him but slid along the gunwales as his weight came on it. He reached with the other hand, sought to brace himself, turned, fumbled for the trigger, and another shot ripped the serene silence.

But that bullet tore no flesh; it rent only water, fired as it was without sighting, in the last fractional second of consciousness. The gun slipped from flexing fingers and thudded into the canoe bottom. With a long, fetching breath, Shaw doubled slowly forward, twisted once and lay still.

The momentum of the canoe died away. It hesitated, hanging stationary in the current; then, turning about lazily, it began slipping backward with the stream's flow, one end raised high by the weight fallen into the other.

From his security in the grasses, Mongazid watched. The craft spun slowly, end for end, as it drifted into the rip of the current. It was set in against the bank below him and the Indian rose, peering down.

Shaw's cheek was pressed to the bottom. His mouth was open, his eyes closed. His bronze had given to a sickly pallor. He did not move, made no sound. A stain was spreading over the back of his shirt, and blood dribbled to the canoe bottom to form a growing pool, as vivid in color as the ripe berries on their briary stalks overhanging him.

Mongazid waited until the craft, lightly touching a snag, wheeled itself free and went on. Then silently, swiftly, he plunged into the forest. The canoe would be found; three packs of beaver would be his;

two men had died at his hand, now, but he might live.

And, about that time, Burke Rickman landed at the point where warning went on, giving the lie to the rumor that he had been driven from his fort by the little trader, somberly making inquiry about the death of Flat Mouth's son, glaring coldly at the confused Basile when he came with his men who bore a newly made coffin.

He had no fear of Shaw's men, had Rickman; he feared only Shaw. And Shaw was gone, following the scent he himself had broadcast; gone to nose his way into that dead-fall so adroitly arranged. . .

He had seen Capes depart at dawn and had bitten his lips in rage, suspecting that even while she warned him to go gently Annette had known the officer would not remain longer.

Well, she had frightened him by that strategy last night, but the fright had not been without purpose. It had rendered from his temper the plan which was now nearing fruition. Shaw would be gone, his native friends would not suspect him and the girl was still here.

The girl was still here! Even from the medicine ground he could see fresh smoke rising above her encampment fire. He would attend her later. When he had opportunity to let his thoughts settle a bit, he would attend her. . . Capes was on his way. Her boatman would be no deterring influence for him. . . When he felt ready, now, he'd pull the kitten's claws!

Little Duck chewed the scorched deer meat as the reports of two shots reached her ancient ears. She sat blinking at the fire and, in the beginning, gave the sounds no heed.

The little trader has passed this way, his gun across the canoe rails before him, ready for use. Probably he had fired at game. No matter; she did not care what the little trader did.

She stirred and clamped her jaws

(Continued on page 5)



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**FRIENDSHIP**

In a recent issue of the bulletin sent monthly to the friends and customers of the Mercantile National Bank, R. L. Thornton, one of the bank's officers has an impressive passage concerning the value of friendship in his institution's business.

"During the past twenty-one years," he states, "we have had varied experiences, pleasant, profitable, and adverse. We have endured the horrors of the World War, which subjected us to the severest tests of human endurance and economic strain; we have seen the farm and delivery wagon give way to the tractor and truck; the horse and buggy yield to the modern motor car; the old dirt or pike road abandoned for the smooth concrete road that costs \$30,000.00 per mile; the advent of the radio; the most disastrous and far-reaching economic upheaval of all times; we have seen men make millions of dollars overnight and lose it in a shorter length of time; we have seen all the banks of this expansive nation closed by a Presidential decree; styles have changed, long underwear to bicycle shorts; brunettes to blondes, and vice versa, overnight; airplanes streak through the clouds faster than the fastest bird. We have seen taxes increase to the highest point in all time; Republicans and Democrats mess with our government; statesmen turn to politicians and a few politicians turn to statesmen; we have seen great trees felled from highway lanes, and now we plant 'em back; we have seen the old snuff box and big bale smoking tobacco forsaken for the cigar and cigarette; the old "box hair shingle" change to the "feather-edge cut"; and while all this was taking place, we have seen a great country with an expansive frontier become a country without a frontier—therein doth lie the trouble. But, the value of friendship remains the same—the greatest asset of mankind."

In this remark Mr. Thornton refers to the value of friendship in business. Had he chosen to do so, he could have gone on to include it in all of man's relations, whether with his Creator or his fellowman. It is a quality that brings happiness in this life as well as the next.

But such friendship is not of the selfish variety that we so frequently encounter. It is based upon the honest desire to do things for others rather than to receive the others' favors.

Suppose this higher form of friendship prevailed: "Would people cheat one another would they slander, and kill? Would we have wars, exploitation of labor, or crime waves?"

**NOT BY LEGISLATION**

A few weeks ago a Dallas judge made the statement that his city will never satisfactorily control vice until prostitutes are segregated into a district of their own. In other words His Honor proposes the return of a "red light district," a thing that was eliminated several years ago by decent men and women who could not stomach the open toleration of immorality.

The judge's statement seems to imply that vice can be controlled by the establishment of licensed brothels. If such is the case we are inclined to wonder just what persons are to be relegated to the segregated district. No doubt the judge must be aware that immorality is as common in

clandestine affairs as it is in relation with professionals. Who, then, would he segregate to occupy the proposed brothels?

That vice is disgustingly prevalent is apparent to anyone who only opens his eyes. But that it cannot be controlled by a return to "red light" regulations is equally apparent. No doubt the judge learned from the prohibition experiment that morality cannot be legislated. Here is another case. Perhaps the proposal would help to check the prevalence of disease but it would not begin to control immorality and vice. In the past it could not, at the present time it would be even less successful.

Our reason for such statements is not an outright pessimism but rather a slight knowledge of prevailing tendencies. Promiscuity is a natural result of sex education that stresses the danger of "being caught" or contracting disease rather than the moral aspect, or of birth control propaganda that seeks to frustrate the course of nature. It is hard to understand how people can be expected to check their passions when they are surrounded by suggestions for escaping the consequences of their vice but hear so little of their moral obligations. Outside religious circles one seldom hears of sex crimes referred to as sins. That word is almost forgotten. In this age it is too old fashioned to believe that a Supreme Creator gave us life and the rules by which we must live, and that any transgression of those rules is an offense to Him, a sin.

The judge was faulty in his choice of words. To establish licensed brothels may eliminate some disease but the mere fact that they exist is an admission that vice is not under control. To be controlled it must be completely eliminated. And eliminating vice is possible only through moral readjustment of each individual, not through legislation.

**PLEASURE AND PROFIT**

Last Friday the Kessler Plan Association of Dallas aided by business men of that city sponsored a meeting of citizens from several small towns in the Dallas trade territory. Very frankly the principal speaker, John E. Surratt, secretary of the association, opened his speech with the remark that Dallas business men had a selfish motive in sponsoring the meeting—they hope eventually for increased business from small towns around their city. He went on to explain, however, that Dallas cannot prosper unless its supporting trade territory prospers, and that the purpose of his organization is to help small towns and their surrounding communities increase in prosperity. The proposed method is to conserve and develop resources as well as human talent which heretofore had been drifting to cities where opportunity was greater and living conditions more pleasant, ends which can be accomplished only by making the home town more profitable and more pleasant.

Dallas admits that its motive in helping small towns is selfish. On the other hand the small towns can admit as readily that they have a selfish motive in accepting Dallas' help. When a greater measure of prosperity is brought to a community its citizens are the first to reap the benefits.

Briefly, the Kessler Association scheme is to adopt and follow a definite plan in order to make the home town or farm more profitable and more pleasant. Such a plan should be acceptable to every community for, after all, it blends in with the principal concerns of everyone—to live and to make a living.

Here a plan of progress has been adopted but unfortunately there are too many who lack enthusiasm in pushing it to desirable results. All too often the question of cost is a prominent stumbling block when every citizen realizes full well that the community as a whole can well afford a proposed improvement.

It is a praiseworthy trait to save the fruits of one's labor but at the same time it is well for people to realize that saving in certain ways is not effective. Money and property are valuable only in so far as they can secure things that are actually useful. A little of what has already been acquired along with a small expenditure of energy will make this community more profitable and more pleasant.

This does not mean that everything can be done at once. However Muenster should be constantly conscious of its needs and see that they are cared for, one at a time.

**What Others Have to Say--**

**THE LESSON OF THE DEADLINE**

The old adage of the mariner, that Time, Tide and Steamboats Wait for no Man, is well described as a valuable rule of conduct by Editor Lester B. Colby of the Informant magazine. Using as his subject, The Dead Line, as applied to a gauge of time in the newspaper world, Editor Colby writes very interestingly, as follows:

I had called to interview one of America's great generals of industry. He was a big, genial, friendly man—chief of a fifty-million-dollar manufacturing group with thousands of salesmen in the army he commanded. He was a genius for organization; had a reputation for getting results. Men envied him the name he had built.

When we were through there came a twinkle in his eye and he remarked:

"I began as a reporter on a daily newspaper. What I learned in those days has helped me much each day through all my life."

"What was it you learned?" I asked.

"Dead Lines," he replied. The great industrialist put match to cigar and leaned back.

"I learned, early in those days, to respect the Dead Line. I learned that at a certain moment each day all my work had to be done. At that unchangeable fraction of time the job must be over. It could not be missed."

"At a certain minute the copy had to be in. At a certain minute the type had to be set, the proof read, the forms locked up. At a certain minute the presses had to start. Trains never waited. The papers had to go out."

"When I got into business life I found that few men understood the meaning of the Dead Line. It was not a thing in their consciousness. They did not finish. Tasks piled up. Correspondence and mass of details were left over to the next day. Tomorrow was always a good day, or the next."

"It came to me that I possessed something that these other men did not have—an intimate knowledge of what the Dead Line meant."

"So all my life I have mapped each day's course, worked to the Dead Line, swept my desk clean."

"Every day, all my life, the Dead Line has been the policeman that has regulated my conduct. He has paid me big dividends. He has cost me nothing for salary. The Dead Line has been my truest friend, my great

benefactor.

"Without my sense of the Dead Line, I often think, I might have been just another private in the ranks. "If any man should come to me and ask for my most prized secret, this one thing I would say to him: "It is the Dead Line. Make it your whip, your spur, your goal; make it a part of your daily conduct and find a place for it somewhere along with your religion. Never forget the Dead Line."—San Marcos Daily News.

**ACHIEVEMENT OF EXERCISE**

Elbert Hubbard has remarked that "we become robust only through exercise, and every faculty of the mind and every attribute of the soul grows strong only as it is exercised."

The great mechanical inventions, those which have blessed mankind, did not come to us by chance, but were wrought out by long study and patient endeavor.

When Napoleon was contemplating the invasion of England, an American mechanic went to him and offered to build a series of boats and run them by steam, thus making easy the trip across the channel. The offer was rejected. Robert Fulton came back to America, and by patient endeavor, demonstrated that his idea was practical.

Samuel Morse labored long and earnestly to demonstrate telegraphy, a donation from Congress coming to his rescue just when he was ready to give up in despair.

Charles Goodyear discovered the laws that relate to rubber only after years of toil, experiment, absolute suffering and pinching want.

"Genius," said Alexander Hamilton, "I am not possessed of genius. I have only the capacity for long continued work and the ability to give the subject under consideration my undivided attention."

Our own Joseph Weldon Bailey burned the midnight oil to master subjects relating to the structure of the government, and to this fact was he indebted for compelling the Senate to reverse itself when that body voted to exclude the members from South Carolina for behavior on the floor.

The things worth while in this world have come as the result of hard study and patient endeavor.—Geo. Robinson in Houston Post.

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### Black Feather

on the shred of meat and jerked with both hands to tear off a chunk and her watery eyes glittered balefully. They had left her behind while they attended the grand medicine.

It was not good to be left behind at such a time, when whiskey was in prospect.

She mumbled through the food and stared upstream. As good to put the blame on this trader as on any. If she blamed her daughters, they would only storm at her the harder. One could blame the trader and get into a rage at him and have no names called or suffer no blows nor be chased into the lodge or out of the lodge...

She stirred a great rage for him, padding up the river, here, and shooting at whatever it might have been.

She stopped chewing after a time and sat very still, ruminating. But there had been two shots, close together. A man does not load his gun so quickly as that. Two shots there had been, but only one man had gone up the river and the country was empty of people, gone to the medicine...

She grunted. It was beyond explaining. The thing that troubled her and about which something could be done was wood and she dragged her laggard leg out behind the lodge and began breaking more branches from the dead top of a maple that furnished her fuel.

The canoe, curiously up-ended swung from bend to bend. Now and then it backed lightly and hung so at times for many moments. Then the working of its high end or the undermining action of the current on the sand beneath the bottom would effect liberation. Here and there overhanging brush caught and delayed it; once it rested against a snag for many minutes, the high bow weaving and bobbing as the current threatened to drive the upstream rail under and let it fill.

Shaw had not moved until then. The stain of red had drenched his shirt. The pool about his cheek had grown larger and then lost brightness as blood ceased flowing. His face was white, eyes closed. But the mouth was closed now, too, and he moaned lightly, a bubbling sound.

Mongazid's weapon had been a trade musket and the sight was coarse.

The canoe beneath him listed and bobbed tethered by a mere touch. A splash of water ran over the rail, wetting his knees, sloshing about the one wrist. It was cool. It lived the pulse. The dip which let the water in liberated the craft and it floated on down the current. After it passed the third bend the hand spread laxly on the bottom closed slowly, as though with great effort, and the man moaned again.

He tried to move. He drew the hand up and pushed with it. He stirred one knee, straining to shove his hips upward; then slumped back while the canoe rocked alarmingly. The shift raised the one end still higher. The tops of the trees were bowing to a steady breeze, now. The breeze found more purchase on the drifting craft, speeding its progress. Shaw, however, did not stir again. The blood stain showed bright with fresh wetting...

There! Little Duck was done now. She had branches enough to warm her when night came and before she crawled into her robes. She stood panting, resting, muttering that it was not good for the old to be left alone.

She stared hard up the river. A canoe, unpadding, floating in a crazy trim, with someone in it... Two shots; a canoe, floating idly, a man lying in the bottom.

She was beyond concern for others, this old woman. So many things had happened that she did not care much what happened further, except that it was not good to be alone when rum is doled out. She would not have been alone, either, had she a canoe, but the others had taken the mail. She could not walk far with the withered leg, or she would have followed by land. But here was a canoe, a gift from Gitchi Manidou!

The lodge pole, though it was dry and light, was a burden for her, especially when she tried to extend it far. But she got the large end against her and grasped it at arm's length and waded into the stream and let it drop against the canoe. She drew the craft in and, panting, grasped it rail, letting the pole go.

She did not look closely at Shaw until she had the canoe safely grounded in the shallows. Then she stooped and peered at him and "What is done to you?"

He did not answer and she leaned lower, touching his cheek. She began to nod. The flesh was cold; his shirt was punctured; blood was over it and in the canoe bottom. He had been shot. He was dead.

Well, death does not matter. She had seen much of death; it had come close to her many times. But one does not wall for a trader who measures his liquor by the drop. One thinks only of the rum and that here is a canoe.

(To be continued.)

### Myra News

MRS. JOHN BLANTON  
Correspondent

Leroy Porter made a business trip to Dallas Friday.

Ben Roewe made a trip to Pilot Point Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Tanner and son, Joe visited in Pilot Point Sunday.

Miss Lou Nell Chadwell of Gainesville was the week-end guest of Miss Joaline Needham.

Mrs. Leroy Porter visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ross Townsley, of Bonham Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Speake spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Speake, of Gainesville.

Mrs. W. B. Martin and children of Gainesville spent last week with her mother, Mrs. C. J. Tuggle.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Epps of Seattle, Washington, and Mrs. John Culp of Gainesville visited Mrs. J. H. Gatewood Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. B. Reid of Sherman spent last week with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Aldridge.

C. H. Blanton of Gainesville and Walter Blanton of Hobart, Oklahoma were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Blanton Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hudson attended the birthday dinner of Mrs. Hudson's mother, Mrs. L. S. Puckett, at her home near Era Sunday.

Mrs. Francis Reid and Mrs. Freeman Philpott and daughter of Sherman visited Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Aldridge Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Blanton and daughters, Emogene and Carolyn, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Piott.

Miss Mary Townsley, teacher at Marysville, visited over the week-end with her mother, Mrs. L. A. Townsley and brother, Roy Townsley and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Biffle Jr., of Dallas were here over the week-end visiting their parents, Mrs. W. A. Hoskins and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Biffle.

Mr. and Mrs. Chiles Sanders and daughter of Dallas and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Chadwell of Gainesville were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Biffle.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Duggan of Hobart, Okla., Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Duggan of Dallas visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Johnie Biffle and family.

Walter Reed who is having a new seven room, brick veneer home built on his farm three miles south east of town, reports the work progressing nicely.

The B. T. U. from the First Baptist Church, Gainesville under the direction of Kenneth Heath, county B. T. U. director, rendered their regular Sunday program after which Rev. C. M. Thomas, pastor brought the evening message.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson and daughter of Mabank came in Friday evening for a visit with Mrs. Wilson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Warner. Mr. Wilson returned to

### "BABY BANDITS" SENTENCED



CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Seen above is the quintet of "baby bandits" sought by police of four states in connection with automobile thefts, and attempted bank robbery and several kidnappings and holdups. All of the youths entered pleas of guilty in criminal court here last week. All of the sentenced to 20 years in state prison, Paul Payne, 19, fifth member of the youthful gang who operated in Tenn., Ga., Ala. and Texas, was dealt five years. Seen as they entered the courthouse here are Dick Flannery, 16; Chester Johnson, 17; John Jennings, 19, gang leader; John Callis, 16; and Payne with Deputy Sheriff Claude Brown.

his home Sunday. Mrs. Wilson and Martha Jane remained for a week's visit.

### MYRA MISSIONARY SOCIETY HOIDS MONTHLY MEETING

Myra, Nov. 10.—Mrs. G. W. Farrow brought the Bible study from the 8th chapter of Mathew to the Woman's Missionary Society of the Myra Baptist Church Monday afternoon.

The business session was conducted by president, Mrs. John Blanton, during which it was decided to use the first Monday in each month for Bible study; the second Monday, for the study of the Royal Service; third Monday Mission study; fourth Monday, business and social meeting. The society accepted its quota for the Buckner's Orphans Home offering.

For next Monday's meeting the mission study will be the book, "Lot's Wife." Those attending were Mesdames Dora Fears, Jim Snuggs, C. J. Tuggle, Ada Barnes, Geo. Reed, C. M. Thomas, Albert Address, Fred McTaggart, G. W. Farrow, John Blanton, A. E. Barnes, Miss Mary Farrow and Rev. C. M. Thomas.

### P. T.-A. OF MYRA MEETS FOR REGULAR SESSION

Myra, Nov. 10.—The P. T.-A. of Myra met for its monthly meeting at the high school auditorium Thursday afternoon, November 4.

The president Mrs. A. E. Barnes, opened the meeting with the reading of the state president's message. During the business meeting it was announced that 50 people had joined the P. T.-A. in the membership drive and that Miss Claudine Brogan's room won the contest for obtaining the most members.

Mrs. B. C. Rosson was the leader for the afternoon. Mrs. Jake Biffle gave the invocation. The subject for the afternoon "The Parents as Co-operators in The Extra Curricular Activities of The School," was discussed by Mrs. Leroy Porter, and an open forum was held following her talk.

The Rhythm Band played two numbers, "Rendezvous" and "Rock-a-Bye-Baby." The meeting was closed with the entire group singing, "Blessed be the Tie that Binds."

The next meeting will be December 2.

### Hays News

MISS KATIE MAE MARTIN  
Correspondent

Mr. Q. G. Calhoun was in Fort Worth on business Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph O'Brien and son, Bobby, spent the week-end in Fort Worth.

Mrs. Johnny Harrison of Fort

Worth is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. C. Stalcup.

Mrs. Ode McFarland, who has been ill for some time, is said to be improving.

The Hays boys basket ball team was defeated last Tuesday night in the tie-off from a game last week with Valley Creek.

The following were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stalcup Friday night: Mr. Ernest Grimsley of Fort Worth, Miss Tommy Grimsley of Denton, Mrs. Johnny Harrison of Ft. Worth.

The Hays voley ball girls were victorious over Marysville's girls in a game played at Hays Tuesday night. They also won in the game played at home Thursday night with the Valley Creek girls.

The Hays Home Demonstration Club met Tuesday. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Mrs. Byron Sears, president; Mrs. Doyle Winsted, vice-president; Mrs. Jack Newton, secretary-treasurer.

### Bulcher News

MRS. R. E. GREENE  
Correspondent

Jeff Dennis was host last Friday to his sister from South Gainesville.

Alphonse Schmitz was a visitor at Iowa Park Sunday afternoon.

The rooms of the Bulcher school received their pictures Monday. Almost every picture taken was good.

In observance of National Book Week the Bulcher P. T.-A. will have its regular meeting, Friday, Nov. 12. One of the features of the meeting will be a playlet by the school's speech class.

Carrying on their work as an improvement committee for the Bulcher school Vern Mangel, I. G. Garrison and Mrs. Bateman supervised the making and erection of caution signs for the roadside near school.



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# Confetti

By CON FETTE

When Marie Seyler felt her car riding rather bumpy last week she remarked very resignedly "Well, I suppose that's the beginning of my car trouble." She was correct; a good sized spike had given her her first flat tire. Incidentally, her speedometer reading at the time was 15,683. Going that distance over these roads, we believe, is a record that no one else will challenge; but just in case someone else has a good tire record we'll add that this was Marie's first trouble of any kind. Almost 16,000 miles without a penny's expense. There's a mark for other good drivers to try to equal.

Most of us, because of our financial condition, are glad to accept the opinion of Bradford Merrill that for young men hardships, poverty and want are the best incentives and the best foundation for success. An inheritance, he says, lessens ambition and self reliance and often furnishes an excuse to spare one's self the strenuous efforts and exertions without which a man cannot discover his talents, or escape deterioration of character, or achieve any object in life worth attaining. We would add thanks to Mr. Merrill for giving us poor folks an excuse for greater optimism.

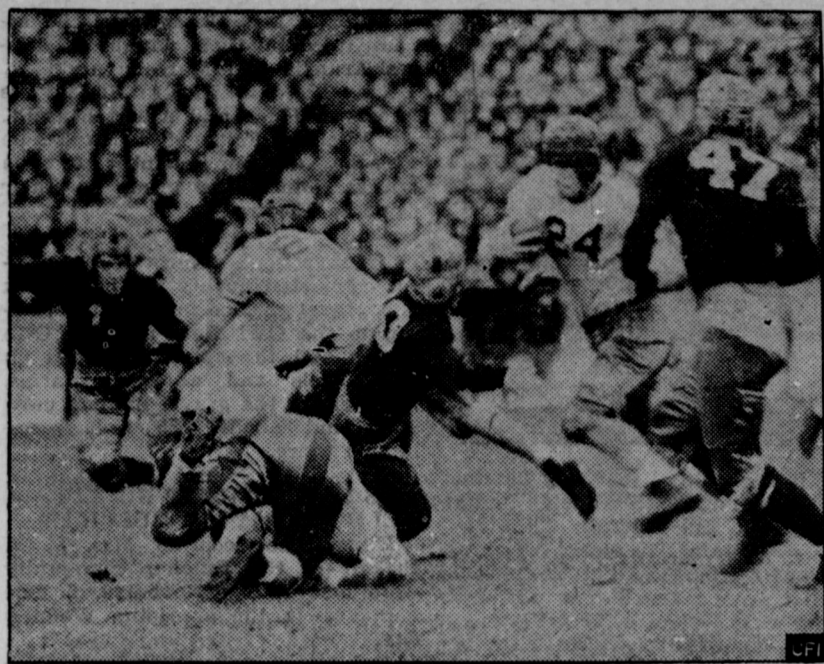
Now that we have cemetery improvement in mind we really owe it to ourselves to have a look at "burial parks" in other places. One such source of inspiration is Calvary Hill cemetery near Dallas. A gravel driveway to the center crucifixion group is bordered with beautiful shrubbery. Unobtrusive fences are hidden by a hedge. Simple monuments are flanked by simple shrubs and over all is a velvety bermuda sod. Beautiful in its simplicity, the cemetery is appealing as a resting place for deceased loved ones. It invites us to imagine what could be done with our cemetery.

There have been any number of ridiculous lawsuits but the one which stands out in the first rank of them all is the one about the fair damsel who sued a cosmetic company because its lipstick had injured her lips and deprived her of the pleasure in osculation. Off hand we would say that kissing must have been an important item in her life to be valued in the thousands. As for her boy friends, they'll probably be glad to have her quit smearing up her osculator so they won't have to bother about wiping off the red spotsches any more.

At this time when the tendency seems to favor the consolidation of several counties into one, a group of our local beer champions come forth with a suggestion to secede from the rest of Cooke County. According to the picture presented by these proponents, the idea seems so good that we cannot escape a sort of secret desire that the venture were actually possible. The first incentive is that the proposed new county has the necessary majority to legalize beer. Then again it has a lot of oil wells and rich farm land capable of solving the budget problem. But quitting our day dream and getting back to earth we must admit that the idea of a small county is losing favor. Back in the days of ole Dobbin people had to be within a reasonable driving distance from the county seat—15 or 20 miles at the most. Nowadays a person is nearer in point of time and convenience if he lives 60 miles from the courthouse. The practical idea now is to consolidate about 9 of our present counties and cut out the tax burden of supporting eight unnecessary administrations.

Don't be surprised if you pick up a coin some of these days and see a nice big gobbler where the American eagle used to be. There is a movement afoot now to have the turkey

## PITT MARCHES ON TOWARD THE ROSE BOWL



SOUTH BEND, Ind., Nov. 6.—Pitt's decisive defeat of Notre Dame last Saturday puts them a step nearer the Rose Bowl game. Photo shows Patrick No. 24 of Pitt gaining 9 yards over Notre Dame right end in the fourth quarter.

adopted as the national bird. The reason? The eagle is a bird of prey that swoops down on its victims suggesting a very un-american spirit. But the turkey is a peaceful bird and just as handsome as the eagle. Furthermore the turkey is blended with American history since the days of the Pilgrims. If and when that happens it may become a patriotic duty to eat turkey.

Our felicitations to a certain airline hostess of our acquaintance who had the good fortune to accompany a plane full of grid huskies on an eastward jaunt. At the same time we commend the boys for their splendid taste in favoring her with passes, attention, and an attractive parting gift. Then there was the small matter of an official appearance at a luncheon and a speech over the radio—again. All this is not mere coincidence. It indicates that our young friend ranks as tops with her company as an ambassador of good will, that her position is as distinctive as it is thrilling.

## Turkeys

(Continued from First Page)

nearby farms and many are school children spending a few hours after classes to earn a little spending money. A few of the school children are known to have played hooky to put in all their time at picking. More than \$500 is being paid out to pickers alone in this year's turkey program, and the wages paid employes in other phases of the work will exceed another \$100. Seven cents a bird is the wage paid for picking. Almost \$16,000 is a rough estimate of the turkey season's cash value to Muenster. Of this more than \$15,000 goes to the growers and the balance to the laborers employed in preparing the birds for market.

## YOUNGSTERS DO GROWN UP WORK

Child marriages have almost ceased to make the headlines any more, but when half-grown children pass their pa and ma in any kind of work—that's news!

Bill Jewel, poultry raiser of Athens, Texas, has a flock of 200 White Leghorn pullets that bear watching. This flock, at seven months of age, began producing eggs averaging from 28 to 33 ounces per dozen. The average for ordinary grown year-old hens is a weight of 24-27 ounces per dozen eggs. These eggs produced by Jewel's flock are absolutely uniform in size, shell-texture and weight, and they are not double-yolk freaks.

Jewel ascribes this phenomena to the feeding schedule followed since remarkable pullets were hatched. They were started on a standard chick-starter feed manufactured by Universal Mills, Fort Worth. At "adulthood" they were put on a commercial "growing nugget" manufactured by the same company. Just before their seventh month they were switched to Red Chan Egg Nuggets—proving conclusively the theory of planned, balanced rationing for maximum productive results.

## College Learning

Farmer Brown—"What did your son learn at college?"

Farmer Green—"Wal, he hadn't been home a week before he showed me how to open bottles with a half-dollar."

## Boys Day

(Continued from First Page)

them briefly and then swear the school representatives into office or assign them to the management of a business.

Following that ceremony the boys will be guests at a dinner provided by sponsors of the program. After dinner each boy will be accompanied by the county officer or business man he is replacing to be introduced to his "duties of the day."

When asked what would be done for the girls, Mr. Wade replied, "Well, all I can say is that this is boys' day."

## Krum Game

(Continued from First Page)

drilled away from the basket, leaped in the air and pivoted, and registered a "swishing" shot. Monica and King demonstrated that the "Micks" still had some life left when they finished the game with a field goal each.

Pip Fette, who was unable to score for the Sumacs, showed what a determined 119 pound guard can do. Pip held his opponent scoreless throughout the entire game besides starting many scoring plays.

## BOX SCORE

Muenster Player	G	FT	P	TP
Flannery f	3	1	3	7
Lehnertz f	4	0	0	8
Stelzer c	4	0	1	8
Hoehn g	2	0	1	4
Fette g	0	0	0	0
	13	1	5	27

Krum Player	G	FT	P	TP
King f	2	0	0	4
Flannagan f	0	0	0	0
McBee c	1	0	1	2
Monica g	1	0	1	2
Gleason g	0	0	1	0
Jones s	1	0	0	2
	5	0	3	10

After Tuesday's rain, progress on highway 5 road construction received another brief setback. Even though the rain was light, gravel hauling was delayed at least two days because of the slick new grading. Workmen estimate the distance of gravel now applied east of town to be about one mile.

## CAMERA FANS



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## Bits of Sport

By A. Hasbin

No sooner had the echoes of the final whistle ending that hectic extra period 17 to 15 defeat faded away than the Sumacs were "pouring it on Krum" to the tune of 27 to 10. You can get a good man down but you can't keep him down.

And we were convinced that the Sumacs should have been cured of their "one point winning hobby" for the benefit of the fans. Besides giving the fans a story book ending Tuesday night at Ponder, they had their coach in a "frenzy" for exactly 39 minutes and 15 seconds of the forty minutes played. The Sumacs trailed until the closing second; then, just before the final whistle, stepped ahead 25 to 24.

Coach Burger attributes the only reverse his Blue and Gold has suffered so far this season to big feet. Weldon Flannery, flashy Sumac forward, converted a free throw which would have put his team ahead 14 to 13 at the end of the regular playing period of the fatal Silldell game. The referee claimed that Weldon's foot was protruding over the foul line and so, for the want of smaller feet, the Sumacs lost.

The Muenster "lassies" won a strongly contested volleyball match from the Hood sextet; last Thursday at Hood. The scores were 11 to 15; 15 to 8 and 17 to 15.

Reverend Father Zimmerer has been working hard with his Parochial School players in order to whip them into shape for the games which he intends to match with neighboring schools.

When viewing the news slides of the theatre showing the blood thirsty European dictators sending the youth of their nations through dummy war scrimmage, do we realize how sane the much condemned athletic program of our American schools is? No coach ever goes to the trouble of sending his players through weeks and months of grueling practice without having an engagement with some opponent. Neither are the European slaughter crazed war coaches preparing their charges for a game which they do not intend to play.

If gymnasiums have anything to do with it Texas will soon be turning out schoolboy basketball teams which will favorably compare with teams of the top-notch states; perhaps even with those of basketball crazed Indiana. Texas school heads took advantage of Uncle Sam's depression generosity and built, we venture to say, no less than 100 beautiful hardwood courts.

Within a radius of fifty miles of Muenster twenty or more new gyms have popped into existence. Our Sumacs have played in three past two weeks.

But unfortunately they still remain orphans in spite of the fact

## WHAT A BEAN



Here is undoubtedly the biggest bean in Illinois, displayed by its owner, George Hope of Chicago Heights, Illinois. Mr. Hope grew it on his own property, where he has several others almost as large. It is known as a Chinese bean, weighs eighteen and one-quarter pounds, is two feet two and one-half inches long, and twenty-three and one-half inches in circumference. The bean was planted last May and plucked from the vine in October. Mr. Hope expects to get a week's servings from it.

## 36,000,000 OF NATION'S YOUTH HAVE NEVER ATTENDED CHURCH

ATLANTIC CITY. — Thirty-six million of the 49,000,000 young persons in the United States have never set foot inside a church, the Eastern Protestant Church was told Sunday night.

The statement was made by Rev. Frank E. Gaebelein, headmaster of the Stony Brook School for Boys, Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y., who said a questionnaire revealed that "of 55,000 youngsters attending certain schools in New York, more than 16,000 never heard of the Ten Commandments."

Of more than 18,000 students in Virginia, he said, 16,000 were unable to name four Biblical prophets, 12,000 to name the four gospels, and 10,000 to name three of the Christ's disciples.

Gaebelein cited these reported facts to illustrate his contention that the young people of this country are "spiritually illiterate."

He blamed parents, ministers and Sunday school teachers who are, he said, "inefficient in carrying out God's plan of redemption."

that they originate from one of the most prosperous communities of the state.

## CIVIC LEAGUE WILL HAVE FLOWER SHOW HERE NEXT SPRING

The garden and flowers committee of the Ladies Civic League swung into action Wednesday night with a definite decision to sponsor a community wide flower show next spring. The purpose of the show is to encourage interest in yard beautification.

Everyone is urged to participate in this contest which will bring a greater feeling of satisfaction to entrants and distinction to the winner. There will be no entrance fee and the prize will consist of a ribbon.

The meeting was held in the home of Mrs. T. S. Myrick and was attended by Mesdames B. H. Hellman, J. M. Weinzapfel, Clarence Wilson and T. S. Myrick, the chairman.

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Friday — Saturday  
November 12 and 13  
"VARSITY SHOW"  
Dick Powell — Fred Waring  
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Plus OUR GANG Comedy  
Saturday Preview 11:00  
p. m. Nov. 13, Through  
Tuesday, November 16  
"Ali Baba Goes to  
Town"  
Eddie Cantor, Tony Martin,  
June Lang.  
POPEYE & Screen Snapshots  
**PLAZA**  
Sunday — Monday  
November 14 & 15  
WILL ROGERS in  
"HANDY ANDY"  
**RITZ**  
Sunday, Monday, Tuesday,  
November 14-16  
"Adventurous Blonde"  
Glenda Farrell — Barton MacLane

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Was	Now	Was	Now	Was	Now
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Trunk	\$595 \$550	'36 Pickup	\$385 \$335	'31 2-door	\$245 \$195
'36 Coupe	\$550 \$500	'29 Coupe	\$125 \$95	'30 4-door	\$185 \$145
'36 2-door	\$585 \$535	'29 Coupe	\$145 \$110	'30 Coupe	\$165 \$130
'35 2-door	\$495 \$445	'28 2-door	\$95 \$79	'29 4-door	\$145 \$115
'34 Coupe	\$335 \$295	'30 Dual Truck	\$110 \$85	'35 Dump Truck	\$395 \$345
		'33 Truck Dual, Long Wheelbase, Cattle rack	\$325 \$295		

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