The Slatm Slatmite
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY IN THE INTEREST OF SLATON AND SLATONITES

|  | aton, Lubbock County, Texas, Friday, August 5, 19 |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Local Millman Is Promoted <br> Horace Hawkins <br> To Plainview |  | Local Men Gain Safety Ranking Wilson And Stevens Are Instructors Fire Chief Elbert Willson and Joe | West Texas Mill Opens Early <br> Making Space For New Crop of Seed The West Texas Cottonoil Mill has | Local Scouts Have Outing At Post$\qquad$ Camp port hatat weere emd |
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|  |  |  | Sters | last fall and winter, and laid off for the hot weather when all seed outside |  |
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|  |  | Tahoka Rot'ry Meets With Slaton Club |  |  | citat and Eme |
|  |  |  |  | educes Deaths |  |
|  | Good Old Days A Myth Declares Magazine Writer |  |  | Bicyclists Warned by Highway Departmen | 隹 |
|  |  | Rotary Club of Tahoka met in an in- tercity meeting with local Rotarians. |  |  | atar w |
|  |  |  | Rube Goldberg Comic To Appear Regularly In This Newspaper |  |  |
|  | The "ood olatias" |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | to The Slatonite, starting in this issue. This newspaper has secured rights | killed in 1,026 accidents, a saving of 44 lives if compared with June, 1937, |  |
|  |  | Mrs. Darwin Bu | to the comic strip "LaLa Palooza,' Goldberg's latest creation. The Count- ess Lala Palooza, central figure in |  |  |
|  |  | In Gasoline Fire |  |  | Show Name is Popular <br> AMARILLO.-Claims of the Amer |
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|  | Sta |  |  |  | AMARILLO.-Claims of the Amer- ican branch of the Srith family to |
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|  |  |  | Kessel's Variety Has New Manager | diminishing death rate, safety offi-cials believe. With 300 mounted of-ficers patrolling death stretches of |  |
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|  |  | the ever present static electricityfired the vapor, and now another com-munity realizes that gasoline should |  |  |  |
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|  |  | Local Merchants Buy Fall Goods |  |  |  |
|  | $\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { whole history of man still can be } \\ & \text { summed up in one short word: "ad- } \\ & \text { yance". So says the author. } \end{aligned}\right.$ |  | He is impressed with the locationof his store and with the apparentopportunities for his business in |  |  |
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|  |  | Buy Fall Goods |  |  |  |
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By C. M. PAYN



POP - Second Childhood


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 | WASHINGTON,-A very promi- |
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| nent New Dealer, Thurman W. Ar- |
| nold, now the official trust buster of |\(| \begin{gathered}All-American Waterway <br>

Development of an all-American <br>
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the administration, frequently ex-
presses amazement at the morals


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## MOREMIIES PER DOLIAR!



Along the Highway Don't let ownership of an
automobile rob you of your politeness. Probably the worst fault in
driving a car is believing yo haven't any fault.
In these days, irs a a case of the survival of Thinking about one thin Thinking
while dout oing another thin
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## stateme official very si which busines stand, To To di

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There being no demand for cars
that being the cause of the situa-
tion, Ford would be forced to do
one of two things. He could eithe

> En the

"Born in Syracuse, N. Y., I have Lakes and their tributaries, an
have a deep interest in their devel
pment as waterways. I have no
persona or commercial interest
of any kind at stake.
I h hope I am, therefore, able t
consider the problems presented by the proposed Great Lakeseto-ocean
waterways with an informed, but de-
tached and objective, viewpoint
Enlarge Barge Canal ing :
 years of normal crop movemen
some 12 per cent of the total Unite
States foreign trade clears throug
the Great Lakes-cven with ou
present inadequate waterways.
ar Why build this great wate
or partially with American money,
when the more logical, more eco
nomical, shorter route can be who

c. New York city, as a seapor
coser than the mouth of the S
awrence to all the world markets
vith the exception of Labrado
nd northern Europe.
"By this all-American waterwa


解-and their tributary territory
$\qquad$
the few exceptions named above
From Buffalo to New York, via the
Welland canal and the St. Lawrence.
is 2,066 land miles. Yet it is only
06.7 miles from Buffalo to New
York via the Barge canal.
"The Hudson river is already
oing ships, from New York to A
any, with a 27 -foot draft channel
he all-American route would mere
g of the Barge canal, the installa-
on of new locks, and the removal
of fixed bridges over a distance of
Another Suggestion
"A still more practical, economical, all-American route can be made
by merely enlarging the Barge ca-
nal from Buffalo, or Tonawanda, to Lockport, and creating a new canal,
of a length of 12 miles, from Lockport to Olcott, which is on Lake On-
tario. The route then to go through Lake Ontario to Oswego, and enlarg-
ing the Barge canal from Oswego
to Albany. This latter route would entail the deepening of the Barge
canal for a distance of canal for a distance of only 213.6
miles, and the creation of a new ca-
nal of 12 miles. nal of 12 miles.
"In my opinion, either of these shorter, all-American routes can be oosed deepening of the St. Law-
rence waterways. In case of emerrence waterways. In case of emer-
gency, we would then have an all
American waterway to move our mmerc needed vessels from the Great
Lakes to the Atlantic ocean. "If a plan such as I have out-
lined were adopted, it would not be necessary is order to get some of
our vessels to the seaboard, to dis-
mantle them and, in our vessels to the seaboard, to dis-
mantle them and, in fact, actually
cut them in two, ns was the case during the last emergency because
of the inadequacy of the present
waterways. waterways.
"Last, but borne in mind that because of the more favorable southern latitude of
the all-American route, it would be open a number of weeks longer each
year than would the Canadian wa-
terway. The low cost of transporlation by the all-American water-
way is bound to increase business
and create jobs for the unemand cr.
ployed.
on
the electric
eral years.
cars out. If he did the hatter, he
Would eventauly put ant his compet.
itors out of business. He would be
solling cars below cost, using up


would be able to slash prices still
more in order to continue going ful
blast.



the company with a big surp)us
could thus iliminte its competitrs
and accaure a monopoly in almosi
Food for Thought



the probabie course, as seen by men
inside the steel industry.
For instance, the government hat
been seeking for several yaras to
break down the socanded basing point ssstem. Actually the basing
point Iystem was a lifesaver for the
smaller steel companies. It forced
stater the quotation of prices as of cer
tain place, the basing points, the
price alwys bieng the fixe amount plus freight trom this basing poin
Naturally, being the biggest ot th
 ties than its competitors. Therectore
with basing point bidd ding eliminat ed and with all bids submitited pro
viding for delivery on treight car viding for delivery on freight caat
at the steel mill, the company wit
the the most widily separated
has m tremendous advantage.
Buyers pater to pay only the freight rate from the mill of that company closest to
the point where they proposed to In view of this situation, it is di
ficult to understand why the trus husting section of the government
bas been sonxious to beak up a
has maintain competition, or at least
was until this articic by a com paratively unofflial spokesman He
states the only answer that has been made which appeals to the logic of
those who have been wondering about the government's course.
The answer, of course, is that the government is iooking athead of the
immediate develomenens. and d lan. ning to take over the steel business
just at hat boen moving in on
the electric business now for sev.

The Slaton Slatonite, Friday, August 5, 1938



THE SLATON SLATONITE


Davio E. Llienthal, TVA director, at left, trying to explain to the
congressional investigating committee the methods by which TVA "yard stick" rates for power were established. Next to him is J. A. Kurg, chie
power planning engineer; and at extreme right is Dr. A. E. Morgan, the

## FEdward W. Pickard

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Favorite Res of the Weet?





UNA and INA win over the Woman-Haters


## WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE'S <br> Ta Ride the River With <br> COPYRIGHT WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE-WNU SERVICE

| CRAPTEAR XIII-Continued <br> "There's only one thing to do with us," Ruth said. "You can take us to Tail Holt and leave us at Ma Presnall's. We'll be safe there. You'll have us under your eye all the time." <br> "All right," Lee assented. "I'll take you with me-both of you. I wouldn't if I could help it, but there's nothing else to do, as you say. You and Nelly fix up your war-bags. We may be there twothree days. While we're at Tail Holt you'll stay right in the house every minute. Understand? Ruth said she understood. <br> They took the road two hours after midnight. <br> Steadily they rode, through a lovely night of stars that softened the harsh and desiccated face of Arizona to a strange, ghostly loveliness. Even the sahuaros, with their intimation of age-old decay, were like magnificent candelabra over the land. <br> Jeff Gray was a light sleeper. Awakened by the furious barking of the blacksmith's dog, almost instantly he was out of the bunk and at the window. Silhouetted in the moonlight on the brow of the little hill in front of the cabin were a number of men. They were moving toward the cabin. The marshal counted eight of them. <br> He called to his companion: "Wake up, Hank, and come here." <br> Ransom struggled to consciousness. "Lord love ye, man, what are ye doing at the window?" he asked. <br> The dog was still barking savagely at the intrusion of so many night visitors. <br> "They've found out where I am and are coming to get me," Gray replied. <br> The blacksmith joined him. "The scalawags are scattering to cover more ground." He lifted his Winchester from the wall. <br> "Any chance for me to slip out of the back door down to the rocks in the creek?" Jeff inquired. <br> "Not a chance," Ransom said grimly. <br> They'Il 11 have to surrender. Sherm Howard is running the show. His son is out at the L C. I'll step out with my hands up." <br> Wait a minute," the old Indian fighter objected. "I'll go out and make a bargain with them. Better tie them up to an agreement. If there weren't so many, I'd say for us to stand 'em off, but I don't reckon we can do that.' <br> A gun cracked. The dog no longer barked. <br> The leathery face of the blacksmith twitched. "Some damned scoundrel has killed Laddie," he said. <br> "Yes." Gray was thinking that a man who could shoot down a faithful dog was a villain and not to be trusted. "I'm going to wave the white fiag and make terms, Hank. You're not in this. I'm the man they want. First thing is to get you out of this." <br> He sat down on the bed, pulled on his boots, and buckled round chair. <br> "I'm not in this, ain't I?" the blacksmith blazed. "After they've <br> killed my Laddie? The marshal returned to the window. The men outside were about sixty yards from the house. Jeff put a hand on the shoulder of his friend. "We've got to play our cards the way they are dealt us, oldtimer. I'm going out with my After they have me they won't bother you." Gray whipped it open. He stepped and | Jeff said. "Got to fix the fort so we can hold it." <br> He found an axe and knocked a bunk to pieces. Ransom told him where to find nails. The window he boarded up, leaving an inch or two for a loophole. Both doors he barricaded as best he could. Mean- while, Ransom crawled across the floor and with a hatchet cut a spyhole in the adobe wall. He made it large enough for shooting purposes. <br> "'d like first-rate to get that bull rattler Morg Norris," Ransom said. slit-eyed cabron, and maybe one or two more, the rest of the lads would drag it." <br> Gray was of another opinion. By this time the whole village would attackers would be recruited if necessary by others. Reinforcements were likely to come in from the hills. Having gone so far, Sherm Howard would feel that safety lay in finishing the job. But the mar-"I certainly picked me a top hand for a partner this trip," he said <br> "Gimme a hand, pardner!" he drawled. <br> lightly. "They're beginning to close in on us. I better discourage that." He took aim at a dodging figure and fired. <br> "Get him?" asked Ransom, scraping the dirt out of the hole he had dug. <br> "No. Some of them are moving up the hill. Going to take us in the rear, I reckon." <br> The rifle of the blacksmith boomed. Hank gave a yell. "One of 'em won't take us in front or rear. He's down." <br> A bullet tore through the window and the plank with which Jeff had shuttered it. It broke a glass in the cupboard. The defenders could hear others showering dirt from the adobe wall. <br> Ransom dragged his wounded leg across the room to his loophole in the rear. <br> "Where did those fellows go?" he asked after a time. "No sign of them back here. <br> "That's funny. They headed toward the rimrock. Four or five of them. Must be figuring to work back of us, don't you reckon?" <br> "Love of Moses!" the old soldier cried. "They're going to crash boulders down on us.' <br> The marshal knew at once that Ransom was right. The cabin lay in the path of an old slide. At the edge of the rimrock, a hundred feet above them, lay hundreds of loose above them, lay hundreds of loose boulders large and small. A hall | trapped men did not escape by the back door. The man was probably crouched back of a rock some distance from the cabin. He might or might not have seen the door open, since the sky was now overcast. Gray wished he knew whether he had been observed. If he moved from the shelter of the woodpile, he was likely to find out. <br> He crept up the hill, taking advantage of every rock and bit of cactus that would give him cover. From the front of the house came the occasional crack of a gun. This was good news, since it told him the attackers were not rushing the house yet, but were waiting for the the doomed men. $\qquad$ A man was standing on the crest just above him. He was striking a match to light a cigarette. For a moment the flare of light showed Jeff a face he did not recognize, yet one that seemed oddly familiar. In and see him. The marshal did not wait for discovery. <br> "Gimme a hand, pardner," he drawled. <br> The match went out. "Who in rasped. <br> "Bud Taylur," Jeff said evenly. <br> "Sherm sent me with a message. <br> The man above lent a hand to pull the climber over the edge. Looking at the iron-gray hair, the remembered where he had seen that face before. It had been in a sheriff's office in Texas, on a photograph beneath which had been writ- ten the caption, "Clint Doke, Wanted for the robbery of the Texas and Southern Flyer.' <br> A fraction of a second later the light of recognition began to dawn on the hairy face of the outlaw. He had seen this man once in San Antonio, had had him pointed out as the famous man-hunter, Jefferson Gray. <br> Doke opened his mouth to let out a cry. Already Gray's fist was trav- eling in a powerful short-arm jolt toward the drooping chin. The cry materialized as a strangled groan, he had been hit with the back of an axe. <br> Jeff did not dare to leave him to recover in a minute or two. He pistol - whipped the fallen man across the temple. His gun he kept for immediate use. <br> Someone called, "Come here, Clint.' <br> Jeff stepped behind a boulder. He could see three men grouped to- gether against the skyline. With Doke's gun he fired three times rapidly above their heads. <br> One of the men gave a yell of consternation. He started to run. Another fired in the direction of the marshal. Jeff pumped lead at him. third man shouted shrilly. "We're being bushwhacked. <br> It might be true. Mile High did not wait to find out. In another cape. He flung one last defiant shot and followed his companions into the darkness. <br> Jeff started to descend the rimrock. It was time for him to get back to Ransom. As soon as Morg Norris learned of the fiasco above, he would rush the cabin. At the a jog-trot, reckless of being seen by the watcher at the back. <br> Abruptly he stopped. Four or five figures came into the open, as if from the creek bed, and ran to- ward the cabin. He heard shouting, but could not make out the words. There was the crack of a gun. The figures vanished into the | house. From inside it came the crash of revolvers. <br> Jeff Gray's heart died within him. He knew that Ransom had been killed. The old soldier had come to his death after he had apparently deserted him. If he had stayed in the cabin, they might have driven back the attack. In any case he could have gone down fighting with his friend. <br> Sick with despair, Jeff turned to the left, reached the foot of the slope, and dropped down into the creek. He could neither see nor hear anybody. Through the brush cottonwood grove. Occasionally he could hear the spitting of guns. <br> The best thing he could do was to get down to the Alamo corral and force Reynolds at the point of a gun to lend him a horse. If possible, he must ride back to the L C and get the reinforcements Lee Chiswick had promised. He knew that Lee could stir up some of the other cattlemen and that a large fighting force could be organized. <br> That excitement in the village had reached a high point he could see. Many men were in the street, most of them farther uptown in the little for a chance to get across the road unobserved. More than once someone appeared just as he was about <br> He took the street at a run, and swarmed over the same wall he had gone over on the night of his adventure with Frank Chiswick. He passed the blackened site of the stable that had been burned, crossed its bank. <br> Another burst of gunfire filled the night. Jeff could not understand this, unless the victors were setting off fireworks in celebration of their victory. The officer's jaw set grim1y. They had better wait until they had finished the job. He intended to make them pay for what they had done to Hank Ransom, if they did not get him before he could slip out of town. <br> There were too many people afoot. As he made a circle around the Presnall boarding-house, three him. He did the only thing possible, dodged into the same door he had entered some hours earlier when he had been looking for Curly. The men stopped to talk for a moment at the door. One of them was coming into the house, Jeff gathered from what he said. Gray went gingerly up the stairway. He heard a crisp "See you later," and knew that the man was coming upstairs too. <br> Jeff had no time to pick and choose. He whipped open the first door he saw, walked into a room, the table there was a lighted iamp <br> At the window a woman stood, clean-limbed and slender. She turned toward him a haggard face, eyes shadowed and fear-filled. For an instant she looked at him incredgreater than his own. The womah was Ruth Chiswick. <br> A dressing - gown, open at the throat, was wrapped tightly around her lithe long body. Beneath eded out. Jeff was aware, without giv ing the matter any weight, that Nelly lay asleep in the bed <br> You!" she cried. "I thought-I <br> Her tremulous voice broke, quiv ering with emotion. <br> What are you doing here?" he asked. <br> I made Father bring me. He came to help you-after Lou How"Got away?" (TO BE CONTINUED) |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |

BALANCE YOUR DIET

# WHAT to EAT and WHY 

C. Houston Goudis1 Intetprets the Modern Conception of Meat

Nationally Known Food Authority Explains Why If Rates As a Top-Notch Food.

\[ \begin{aligned} \& By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS<br>\& East pont street, Now York clity \end{aligned} \]<br>By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS<br>$\mathrm{A}_{\text {total foo }}^{\text {MERICAN }}$<br>hudget tor mat. In order to discover whetherer


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| - Send for This Free Bulletin on | more often and as his ability to chew increases, he may be given |
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| Street, New York City. | casy to agree that THERE IS N SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT |

Drouth Is Seen as Cause of Ancient Indian Exodus From Northern Arizona



