

MEDITATIONS

By The Editor

Christmas again. It has been a another 12-month period of unrest since last Christmas.

With the sudden change in the war during the past few days folk are prone to deeply consider the deeper thoughts of the occasion.

The following is an expression this department received this week from Lynn B. Shaw, general manager of the Texas Motor Transportation Association, Inc.:

"With the approaching holidays, we are again reminded of the birth of the Christ in whose faith this nation was founded and continues to survive.

"The existing world crisis should make us realize more the responsibilities of the message in the expression 'Peace on earth, good will toward man.'

"May God's blessings be yours during the coming season and throughout 1945."

Activities have been frequent this week with numerous parties and programs by school groups.

One of the most outstanding was the presentation to a crowded auditorium carol singers under the direction of Mrs. James Page and Christmas music by the band under the direction of Jack Gray. Also a Christmas play by students directed by Miss Oma Ford.

Meditations would like to advance his expression that if the parties running into our car and forgot to stop and tell us about it, we would have no objection to you having the fender rolled out, the axle straightened and the spring hanger repaired.

And too, you can imagine how Fred Watson, et al, felt when they went to the ball park to paint a much needed concession booth recently constructed gratis by Fred and sponsored by the P.T.A., and found that that some one who had thought of a practical joke that lacked plenty being practical, had demolished the building with a ramming pole.

Mrs. A. D. Richey was returned to her home here from a San Angelo hospital where she has been recovering from an attack of pneumonia. She is reported to be getting along very nicely.

HEALTH NOTE: He who laughs, lasts.



who's
new
this
week

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. (Red) Neill are the parents of a daughter born Tuesday, December 19, in a San Angelo hospital.

'Dream' Comes True



DETROIT, MICH. — Something new — an electric iron without a cord that draws heat through an automatic controlled safety base, and retains it in an interior sponge-like plate. The War Production Board has just granted permission to Eureka Vacuum Cleaner company here to begin making it. Kitty Carlisle gets a preview of this cordless electric iron, the first "post-war dream" home convenience to become a reality. A "magic watchman" regulator prevents overheating and eliminates fire hazards.

Eldorado Success

Schleicher County's Only Publication—Carrying Home New First—A Home County Institution Offering The Best Advertising Medium.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR

Eldorado, Schleicher County, Texas

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1944.

NUMBER 49.

Back from Australia



C.W.O. Samuel E. Cloud, who has been serving in the Calvary division with the first Signal Troop, landed in the States early in Dec. He has been in Australia for the past 18 months.

Warrant Officer Cloud is now in a government hospital at Longview where he is recovering from an anemic condition contracted while on the Islands. He is expected to visit his mother, Mrs. W. A. Davis and sister, Miss Mary Cloud, here as soon as his condition will permit his leaving the hospital.

His wife, Mrs. Olga Lee Cloud, is serving as a nurse with the Armed Forces in England.

If Your Bacon Tough, Your Next Shoes May Last Much Longer

Shoes made literally of bacon rind will be available within a few weeks, according to a release by the O. P. A. office.

From twelve to fifteen million extra pairs of shoes will become available annually, ration-free as a result of newly authorized production of shoes containing no leather other than a specified quality of pigskin used in the uppers—and this "pigskin," known to the trade as "pig strip," is none other than ordinary bacon rind, processed. Its use for shoes is largely a wartime development.

While these now non-ration shoes are not yet available, due to the fact very little of the raw material is now being tanned into leather. Officials believe that shoes made of bacon rind will soon relieve the shortage of rationed leather footwear. They will furnish about six million pairs of children's shoes alone. Bacon rind will be used for making infants', children's, misses' and women's shoes, although it can be made into shoes of any type, and it probably will be used to a large extent in making men's shoes.

Bacon rind will furnish about seventeen to twenty million square feet of shoe leather annually—which will make from twelve to fifteen million pairs of shoes. Although it has been available, it is more difficult to tan than other leathers and consequently, there has been little incentive to use it.

Nine Inductees To Report On Dec. 26-30

Inductees reporting to San Antonio on Tuesday, Dec. 26, for active service with the U. S. Armed Forces include Nick Jurecek, Lindley D. Mund, William W. Suddeth, Ray L. Bruton and John A. Carriker, John, son of Rev. and Mrs. Carriker, was transferred here from Marion, Ohio.

Four inductees will leave on Jan. 30 for assignment. They are Luke Thompson, Jr., Billy Joe Ottaberry, Delbert H. Taylor and Andres Pina.

BOND QUOTA OVER THE TOP HERE LAST SATURDAY

Announcement was made Saturday evening of last week to the Abilene office by C. L. Meador, Jr., chairman of the Schleicher County War Loan Drive, that this county had that day exceeded its quota of \$165,000.00.

A total of Series E bonds sold here during the current drive was \$53,137.50 while the quota was \$50,000.00.

Overall sales reported are \$175,396.25 while the overall quota assessed was \$165,000.00.

As is shown by the above, both the Series E and the overall quotas were exceeded which speaks well for the local committeemen, the chairman and resident and non-resident purchasers.

County-wide H. D. Club Christmas Party Held Here

The exchange of gifts and a program featuring the Nativity scene, highlighted the county-wide Christmas program party sponsored by the Schleicher County Home Demonstration Council Saturday afternoon in the undercroft of the Presbyterian Church. Chairman of committees in charge of arrangements were Mms. Edgar Spencer, John Williams and Palmer West.

Christmas decorations were used in the room and center of attraction was the attractive Christmas tree loaded with gifts. About 20 small children took part in the pageant presents under the direction of Mrs. Spencer.

Refreshments were served to approximately 75 guests.

Stepmother Of Miss Mollie Turner Passes

Mrs. R. H. Turner, Sr., 88, passed away at her home in Dallas recently after being confined to her bed for the last 16 years.

She was the mother of Mrs. C.A. Corley, who visited here a number of times, and the step-mother of Miss Mollie Turner, local piano teacher.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK

As is customary, this issue of the Success carries to our readers Christmas and New Year's Greetings from business and professional folk.

The Success will not publish next week in order that the publisher and staff may have a few days vacation and put our house in order for the coming new year's work. Next publication will be issued Friday, January 5.

The Merriest Christmas and Happy New Year possible to our readers is our wish.

"The Nativity" Was Presented Sunday By Presbyterians

"The Nativity", a Christmas pageant under the direction of the Rev. J. A. Carriker, was presented at the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening.

A violin prelude by Miss Oma Ford accompanied by Mrs. James Page, opened the program followed by the Candle Light Processional. Christmas carols by the choir carried out the theme of the pageant and those taking solo parts were W. M. Patterson and Jack Ratliff. Mrs. F. B. Gunn read the Christmas story during the Manger scene, and Leslie Baker, H. T. Finley and John Williams represented the Three Kings.

The pageant closed with a candlelighting ceremony with the congregation taking part and singing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing", followed by the benediction by Rev. Carriker.

Henry L. (Posum) Speck, Jr., is in a San Angelo hospital where he is undergoing medical treatment. He has been there for several days, and his condition is reported as good.

Miss Frances Robinson who is in school at Our Lady of the Lake College of San Antonio is home for the holidays.

EXTENTION OF HIGHWAY WEST FROM MENARD

A communication from the Texas State Highway Department a few days ago had the following to say in regard to the extension of Highway 151 west from Menard, which includes some 29.3 miles of Farm-to-Market Road.

The communication to County Judge C. L. Meador follows:

"The Commissioners' Courts of various counties in Texas, have officially presented to the Highway Department, requests that the Department assume the obligation on certain Farm to Market, Ranch to Market or land surfaced roads. The Highway Commission has been unable to act on most of these requests, due to the uncertainty as to the status of the future financing of Department, both Federal and State.

"Now, that the Federal Bill has been passed by both Houses of Congress, and only awaits the signature of the President, the Highway Commission is now in a position to make known to the counties, its views in order that the postwar planning of the counties and the Department may both progress.

"The Highway Commission by Minute passed December 12, 1944, reads in part as follows:

"Now, therefore, it is ordered by the Highway Commission that the State Highway Engineer notify the counties listed in this Minute that it is the intention of the Highway Commission to make a Farm to Market Road designation, in accordance with their request on the project listed, at such times as the present indecision as to Post-war finances shall be erased, and in the meantime the State Highway Engineer is ordered to proceed with general engineering studies on these projects in order that such engineering studies may be available to expedite the completion of plan work when and if the designation is consummated."

Just about the time we learn to make the most of life, most of it is gone.

FIRE CAUTION URGED THROUGH HOLIDAYS

Chief Palmer West and his firemen at a meeting this week urged this publication to stress use of every precaution against fire during the holiday period.

Extreme care should be taken in maintaining lights on trees and other combustible materials.

Carelessness could mar season's happiness for any fire victim.

Remember: A fire would be a poor help to the war effort.

Coral Club Presented P.T. A. Program

A program of Christmas carols under the direction of Mrs. James Page, was presented by the Coral Club, at the regular meeting of the Parents Teachers Association Tuesday evening in the high school auditorium.

The Rev. J. M. Hayes gave the devotional and the Rev. J. A. Carriker, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, discussed, "Modern Youth and Their Religion," and described the meaning of Christmas, stressing the fact that the Christmas spirit which abides during the Yuletide season, should be kept alive in the hearts of youth, as well as adults, throughout the entire year.

Mrs. S. D. Harper conducted the business session when it was voted to donate \$100.00 to the school band for the purpose of purchasing needed instruments, to donate the sum of \$200.00 to help to defray the expenses of the new tennis courts erected recently, and to purchase a Minute Man Flag for the school. This flag will fly over the school when 90 per cent of the students have purchased war saving stamps.

The secretary announced that the sixth grade and the senior class won the attendance awards for the last meeting and the fifth grade won the prize for having the most attractive invitation.

The hostesses served donuts and apples during the social hour to about 50 members and guests.

Churches Planning Christmas Activities

Morning church services this Sunday will follow the usual schedule.

According to notices which have been received, the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches will dispense with regular evening services and will go caroling together.

Rev. Hayes has announced that the Baptist church will have special services Sunday evening.

Roswell Minister To Preach At Reynolds Saturday Night

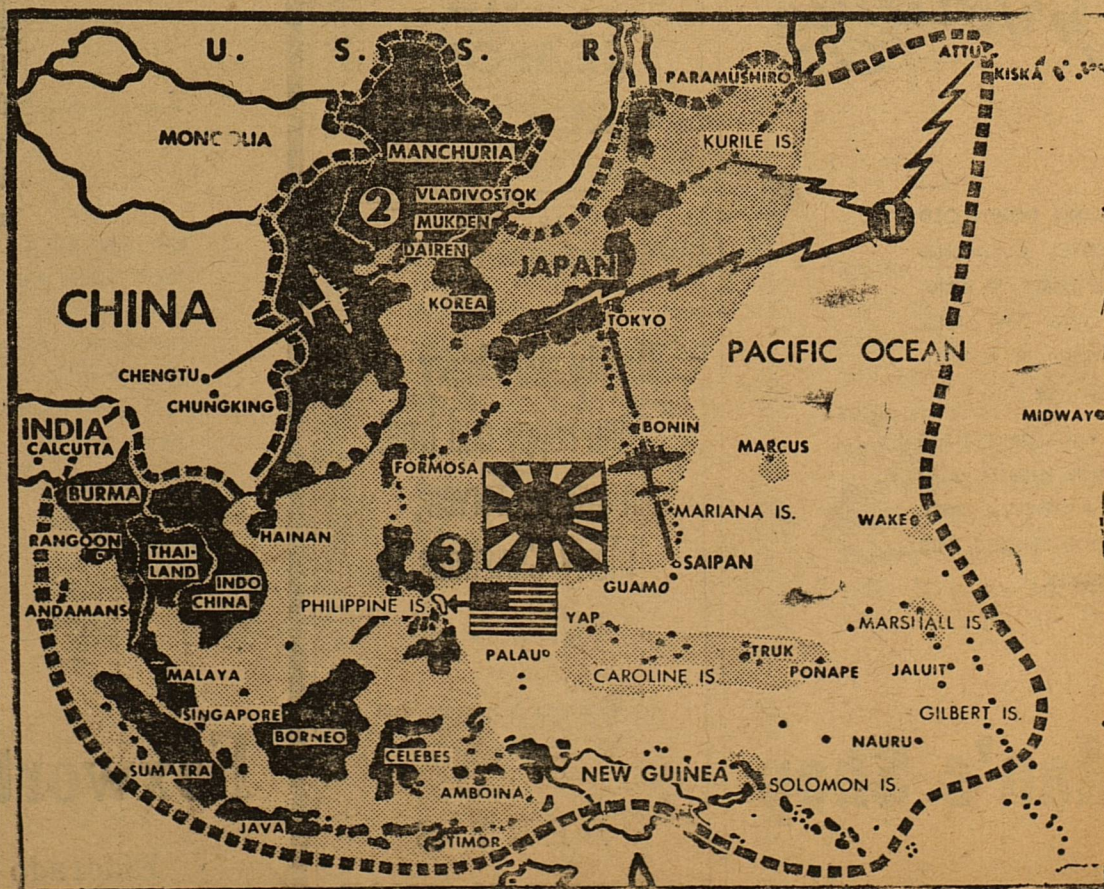
The public is cordially invited to attend church services at the Reynolds School House Saturday night, December 23, and Sunday morning at 11 a.m. and again Sunday evening at 8 p.m.

Minister Marshall Davis, who is pastor of the Church of Christ at Roswell, New Mexico, will preach. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E.T. Davis and he and his family are here for the Christmas holidays.

Douglas H. Mebane, Jr., son of the late Dr. Mebane, will visit during the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Coralie Mebane. Douglas is attending school at T.M.I., San Antonio.

Wonder if they use Latin on tombstones because it is a dead language?

Earthquake May Have Reinforced B-29 Bombs



NEW YORK—Violent earthquakes probably helped the bombs of American B-29 Superfortresses do the job of smashing Japan. A British seismologist, who said that the quake he recorded was one of the greatest he had ever experienced, placed the temblor at (1) Japan, the Kuriles or, possibly, the Aleutians. Meanwhile the B-29's hit Jap war plants in Manchuria (2) and continued the bombing of Tokyo. In the Philippines (3) better weather favored the Americans fighting on Leyte. The heavy black line on the map shows area of greatest enemy expansion. Shaded areas show present holdings.

Congressman Fisher Writes On War

WAR FAR FROM OVER-FORRESTAL

This week Secretary of Navy Forrestal spoke before a meeting of the Texas Members of Congress and their guests. He said anyone is foolish to prophesy when the war will end. The fanatical defense tactics of the Nazis, he pointed out cannot be measured by rules of ordinary human conduct. "In this war, you don't win until you kill 'em," he reminded.

The Secretary paid high tribute to Admiral Nimitz, who was reared at Fredericksburg. In referring to

the great distances in the Pacific operations, he quoted Nimitz as saying:

"This is a big war in the Pacific—so large it is difficult to give an adequate idea of its size. Texans may understand the size of the thing better than others. The Pacific ocean is larger even than Texas".

THE FIGHTING 36TH

Texas doughboys in the 36th Infantry Division, are credited with a new U. S. Army endurance record, as they fight to raise the Lone Star flag on the banks of the Rhine.

As this is written, that veteran division begins its 124th consecutive day in combat with the Germans since D-day on the Mediterranean Coast.

This is possibly the most bitter, rigorous 124 days ever passed by an American Division.

And that record does not include the other bitter and bloody campaigns that preceded D-day in France.

The Texans fought side-by-side with Moroccan goums during the 124-day drive. Today they are cracking away at the Nazi lines in the Vosges Mountains.

It's been a hard, hard fight. One authority has estimated there has been as much as 90 percent replacements in the 36th since the landings in Southern France. Some companies have had as many as 12 commanders.

The Texans are said to retain their sense of humor in spite of the bitter fight. In combat they yell in G. I. French, and occasionally a Dallasite, remembering the friendly rivalry with Ft. Worth, talks of the dark-skinned goums as "the Ft. Worth Battalion".

Among those who have distinguished themselves with the 36th, have been a large group from Runnels County. Colman, Brown, Tom Green, and most of the other counties in our area, have men in the thick of the battles of the 36th. Casualties have been heavy. Many of them will not come back.

GENERAL EAKER'S AIR FORCE

Speaking of what Texans are doing in the war—which is by no means confined to any division or area—a Texan who has pulled no punches since the day this war began has been General Ira Eaker of Eden.

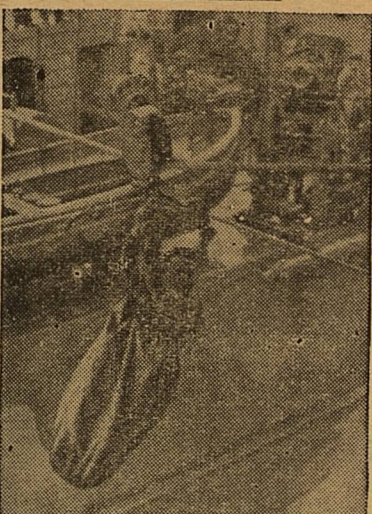
He directed our bombing operations from England for a long time, when fighter opposition was

WAR BONDS in Action



Signal Corps Photo

Bonds for mercy! Bandaging a wounded comrade in Italy is a commonplace scene on every fighting front. Much of the money you lend your government by buying Bonds goes into medical aid for your fighting relatives and friends. Keep up your Bond buying. Buy an extra Bond today. U. S. Treasury Department



U. S. Navy Photo

His plane forced down in the Mediterranean, this Navy flier goes back to his own ship, after being rescued by one of the modern, fast-moving destroyers bought through your war bond purchases. More Bonds mean more and better equipment. Keep buying War Bonds regularly. U. S. Treasury Department

It's an everlasting struggle to keep money coming in and teeth and hair from coming out.

Wild life is not disappearing; it's just moving to the city.

at its worst. He pioneered in daylight precision bombing and is today one of the world's greatest authorities on the subject.

As Commander of our Air Forces in the Mediterranean area, much of his great work, supporting the 36th and other Divisions, has escaped the public eye.



THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

19 44

Hearty and cheery
And happy and true,
An ever so fervent
Merry Christmas to
you! " " "

BERT'S
SANDWICH SHOP

Know Your Air Forces!



NEW YORK — Insignia of the 16 United States Army Air Forces, including the recently activated 20th, are displayed here by pretty Airwac Pvt. Margaret Gallagher of Jersey City, N. J. You will note that the 20th is the newest of our air forces. It was created for the purpose of bombing Japan.

FARMERS CAN SOLVE

THEIR OWN PROBLEMS

New Jersey farmers will continue their production of needed food crops "on schedule," according to David H. Agans, State Grange Master.

Opposing federal control, Mr. Agans declared that farmers and farm organizations should be permitted to "work out their own salvation."

"The farmers of America know more about their own business, the productive ability of their land and the needs of the home market than anyone else," he said.

HARK, THE ANGEL VOICES!

May the sweet old Christmas story bring to you this year a deeper meaning... a larger store of its joy and peace and gladness than it ever has before.

Christmas Dinner Sunday, December 24

In order that our help may have Dec. 25 with their family and enjoy a day of rest, we will serve our Christmas dinner Sunday, Dec. 24.

TURKEY AND ALL THE TRIMMINGS

West Texas Cafe

Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Shafer



Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "If a man wants to be a success in life, he should choose his grandparents with great care."

Hard times are not as bad as they sound. They couldn't be!

When women get together, only the courageous will leave first.

The convict is sorry that he is to be hanged; not that he is a convict.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double your money back

When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-sana Tablets. No laxative. Bell-sana brings comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 25c at all druggists.

Christmas trees are again gleaming in the windows!

Just about time for us to be thinking of how much we are indebted to you.

And just about time for us to call upon two little words that carry more cheer and good will than all the big words that have ever been coined—

Merry Christmas

W. C. DOYLE



SLEIGHBELLS TINKLING DOWN OLD ROADS, FARM HOMES GLEAMING IN THE DARK, THE SPIRIT OF KINDNESS BROODING OVER THE LAND. YES, 'TIS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL MEN ARE KIN.

WE HOPE THAT YOUR CHRISTMAS WILL BE MERRY AND BRIGHT, AND THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE A FULL SHARE OF THE GOOD THINGS THIS HAPPY SEASON BRINGS.

Coulters Man's Shop



We want you to get just what you want and to be just as happy as you can be. We want you to be happier this Christmas of 1944 than you have ever been before. As for us, we are more grateful to you this Christmas than ever before, for it marks a peak in our pleasant relations. We could not allow this important occasion to slip by without wishing you all a

Merry Christmas!

Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber Co.

Eldorado

:—:

Texas

Seniors Entertained Class Sponsor Friday

Mrs. Carroll Ratliff, Senior Class sponsor, was honored when members of the class entertained with a Yuletide and surprise birthday party Friday evening in the Scout Lodge.

Gifts were exchanged from the gaily decorated Christmas tree, and Mrs. Ratliff was presented with a quilted robe by the class.

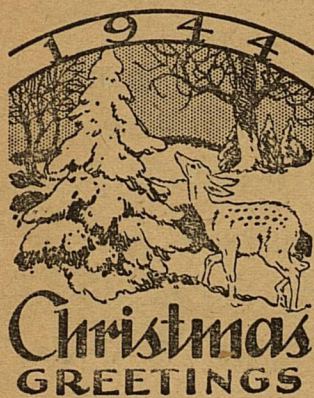
Following refreshments of sandwiches, cake and bottle drinks, the group went caroling. About 28 guests were present and chaperones included Mrs. Fred Watson and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Oglesby.

Dramatics Club Christmas Party Given Monday

A buffet supper, the exchange of gifts and Christmas games featured the Christmas party given by the Dramatics Club Monday evening at the Presbyterian Church.

Following the "turkey and trimmings", the group enjoyed many pleasant and merry games around the lighted Christmas tree.

Thirty club members were present. Mrs. Hensel Matthews, who assisted with the supper, and Mrs. Ruth Prince, sponsor of the club attended.



THE nearness of Yuletide is unmistakable. Whether snow festoons the fir trees or whether earth still awaits its mantle of white, woods and fields, city and town breathe Christmas and its spirit of kindness.

We sincerely hope that the Christmas season of 1944 will be richer for you, fuller, and more satisfying than for many a year, and thank you for twelve months of very pleasant relations.

William's Hatchery

I Give You Texas

By BOYCE HOUSE

I expect the Ranger Times was the first paper in West Texas to charter an airplane in order to "cover" a football game. The Bulldogs were playing the Steers at Big Springs; so Publisher Walter Murry, because of the publicity value of the stunt, hired a plane; and your columnist (who was then editor—managing editor—city editor—sports editor) climbed aboard.

All went well until we sighted Big Springs and then Pilot Travis Boggs made a sharp right hand turn without taking me into his confidence and the plane tilted at such an angle and with me not strapped in that I found myself looking into the upturned faces of a telephone line crew on the highway below. I really "pulled leather" and barely escaped joining them.

When we landed, Editor Stanley Norman who was on hand to greet us, remarked: "That looked like a sharp turn to us on the ground." My reply was that I was like the negro who went for a "hop" over an airport and the pilot cut all kinds of fancy turns and then, after one particular sweeping loop, straightened out and yelled, "I'll bet 50 per cent of those folks down there thought we were falling then." His dusky passenger answered, "Yas, suh, and 50 per cent of them up heah thought the same thing."

On the return flight, before we reached Ranger, darkness had fallen and the landing field was not equipped with lights. The pilot had arranged, however, for a pool of gasoline to be in readiness, with the airport mechanic to set a match to it, when he heard the motor approaching. The blaze looked mighty comforting to me.

We made a perfect landing. Next day, the flier confessed: "That blaze was so bright it blinded me and I had to land by guess."

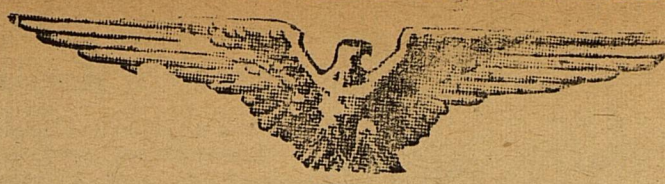
Anyhow, the Times had made newspaper history by charting a plane to cover a high school game. How's that? Oh, Ranger won.

Page Three—

ELDORADO SUCCESS

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1944.

WITH THE MEN IN SERVICE



Pfc. Billy Wilton has notified his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wilton that he has arrived safely in France.

Sgt. Woodrow W. Page of Ft. Sam Houston, arrived this week for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Page and other relatives.

Lt. (jg) and Mrs. Edward W. Meador are spending the Christmas holidays here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Meador, Jr.

Lt. Meador will report to Miami, Fla., for reassignment following his visit here.

Weatherly Kinser, MM 3/c writes his wife, Mrs. Eddie Mae Kinser that he is well and is somewhere in the South Pacific. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J.F. Kinser.

CORRECTION

This publications is glad to make the following corrections to an article in last week's edition regarding Willie Bridgeman, who is a sergeant instead of corporal, and who has been overseas for 32 months instead of two years as we stated.

MISS ERLENE BIGGS AND

CORPORAL McELROY WED
Miss Erlene Biggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Biggs, became the bride of Cp. Robert D. McElroy of Chicago, Ill., on December 14, in a ceremony performed at Good-fellow Field Chapel.

The bride is a graduate of the 1943 class of Eldorado High School and has been employed at Good-fellow Field since June 1943.

The groom, son of Mr. and Mrs. John L. McElroy, graduated from Chicago High School in 1939. He has been in the service for three years.

The couple are at home at 1520 MacKenzie Avenue., San Angelo.

Notice To Knitters!

The Red Cross received eight Khaki Army long sleeved sweaters to be finished. Knitters may call for them at the Hotel Eldo where they have been placed in the Red Cross Box.

Mrs. Luke Robinson, Chairman.

Christmas Greetings 1944



"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning,
Their ovens they with baked-meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lye,
And if for cold it hap to die
We'll bury it in Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."



These 17th century verses typify the old-time Christmas spirit we wish for you this Yule season of 1944.

**WHEELER'S
GROCERY**

Lt. Julian Morehouse arrived in Eldorado Tuesday of this week and will spend the Christmas holidays with his wife, Mrs. Jetty Grace Morehouse and son, Jeff, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. De Long.

Lt. Morehouse, a pilot with the U. S. Naval Air Force, has been serving in the South Pacific for the past year.

L. J. Alexander, SK 2/c of Port Hueneme, Calif., is expected to spend the holidays here with his wife who resides in San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Royster have been notified that their son, Donald, Jr., has been promoted to rank of F. 1/c.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

*Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
O! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open shay!*

We have much to be thankful for this Christmas, and we want to express our thanks to you.

May this Christmas season of 1944 be an especially happy one for you.

Lone Star Theatre



WHAT stauncher tree than the oak, and what stauncher friends than ours? Each year at Christmastime we realize more keenly than ever that our success in this community is deeply rooted in the firm soil of friendship. We cannot tell you in so many words how much these friendly associations mean to us, and how we cherish them. But we know you will understand.

In this spirit of appreciation we send our sincere good Christmas wishes to you and to all those dear to you.

First National Bank
TOTAL RESOURCES OVER \$1,500,000.00



★ At Christmas perhaps more than at any other time in the year we realize what it means to be an American—to worship as we please, to go about our daily pursuits unfettered, to take time out to pay homage to the beautiful myth of Santa Claus.



★ And at Christmas the members of this organization realize particularly what your patronage has meant to us, and we take this opportunity to thank you while wishing you all a most Merry Christmas.

Jeffrey's Gulf Station

Eldorado Success
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At Eldorado, Texas

W. Irl Breedlove, Owner-Publisher
Mrs. W. Irl Breedlove, Adv. Mgr.

Entered as Second Class Matter
at the post office at Eldorado,
Texas, under the Act of March 3,
1887.

Notices of church entertainments
where a charge of admission is
made, obituaries, cards of thanks,
resolutions of respect, and all mat-
ters not news will be charged for at
the regular rates.

Any erroneous reflection upon
the character, standing or reputa-
tion of any person, firm or cor-
poration which may appear in the
columns of the Success will be
gladly corrected upon same being
brought to the attention of the
publisher.

Teen Agers In Jail

Twenty-three per cent of all per-
sons arrested in the first six
months of 1944 were under 21, J.
Edgar Hoover, director of the Fed-
eral Bureau of Investigation, said
recently.

He added that this group ac-
counted for 36.3 per cent of all
larcenies committed during the pe-
riod, 35.8 per cent of the robberies,
53.3 per cent of the burglaries,
and 64.5 per cent of auto thefts.

Should not parents, and others
in all communities devote more
time and funds toward training
of youth. Should not the best of
leadership be maintained for them
in every instance?

Our WASHINGTON Letter

By Congressman
O. C. FISHER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Congressman
Fisher last week in this column
discussed immigration, and due
to lack of space, part of the ar-
ticle was withheld. Let's follow
his article to the end by resum-
ing with the following para-
graph:

During the period, 2,000 Japa-
nese took up residence, and from
Mexico 22,000 of our neighbors
crossed the Rio Grande to choose
a new home here.

It is of interest to note that dur-
ing the past year of 23,000 aliens
(not including those from Mexico)
who came in, 3,077 chose Texas
for their new home, while only
New York and California attracted
a larger number.

MORE NATURALIZATIONS

The oath of allegiance to the
U.S.A. was taken by 435,000 aliens
the past year to set a modern re-
cord for new-made citizens. That
number included 86,000 from Brit-
ain; 105,000, Italians; 61,000, Ger-
mans; 42,000 Poles; and 25,000

January 15 Final Date For Filing of Practice Reports

Secretary Ray C. Edmiston of
Schleicher County A.C.A. has been
advised that January 15, 1945 has
been set as the final date that
farmers and ranchers of this coun-
ty can report conservation prac-
tices carried out under the 1944
program to receive payment for
them this year. Performance Re-
ports listing all practices and ex-
tents of each must be signed by
the operator by January 15, 1945
or payment can not be made under
the 1944 program.

Since this matter is of utmost
importance, Mr. Edmiston advises
that all producers who have not
executed their performance reports
or who have not completed all
practices please bear in mind that
it must be attended to by January
15, 1945

The second signer of the Decla-
ration of Independence was Josiah
Bartlett, a New Hampshire physi-
cian, who had gained much fame
by curing fever with apple cider.

Russians

NEED STRICTER IMMIGRATION

With prospects for recurring un-
employment in the post-war years,
it seems to me the number to be
admitted under the quotas should
be reduced, and immigration
should be held very low especially
during periods of unemployment.
There will be millions of war vet-
erans seeking employment, and
that consideration alone calls for
stricter immigration quotas.

It is certain that an unemploy-
ment problem cannot be solved by
importing more unemployed
people.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or
double your money back
When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating
gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually
prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for
symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-ans
Tablets. No laxative. Bell-ans brings comfort in a
fifty or double your money back on return of bottle
to us. 50c at all druggists.



Your good will has been a price-
less asset to us during 1944 and
other years. We thank you for
the confidence you have placed
in us and wish you the manifold
blessings of a happy Yuletide.

**LOADS OF HAPPINESS
TO YOU!**

W. T. Parker's Grocery
Personnel and
Pvt. W. T. Parker

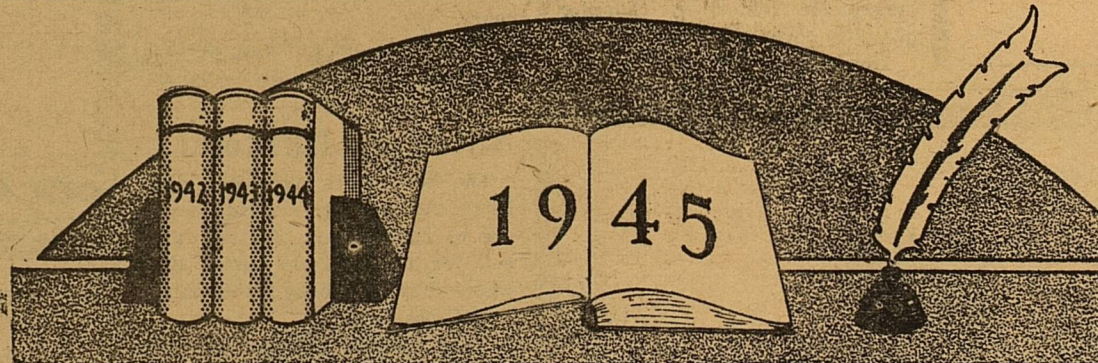
FOR SALE
REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS
—Publican Domino Breeding—

BETTY BAUGH VAN EMAN
ADAIR BAUGH
Phone 5514

**Library Get Book In
Memory of Service Man**

"The Christ of The American

Road", an unusual book by E. Stanley Jones, has recently been
donated to the Eldorado Public
Library in memory of Sgt. Arthur
H. Ashmore who lost his life in
line of duty. The book was
ed by the First Methodist Church.
Be Careful this Christmas of
careless fires. Watch your trees!



Season's Greetings

Through a rapidly changing world, we still adhere to the age-old custom of setting
aside business problems in favor of friendly greetings at the Holiday Season. It's time again
to tell you we appreciate your business.

To you and every one of yours, may the New Year bring you happiness and
prosperity.

ELDORADO WOOL COMPANY
and FEED DEPARTMENT

"Old-fashioned Christmas On Way to Yanks," Says O'Conner

Taking an old-fashioned American Christmas to servicemen and women around the globe will be the major activity during the holiday season of Red Cross club and hospital workers serving Yanks overseas, Basil O'Conner, national Red Cross chairman, said.

Red Cross clubs, rest homes and hospital recreation halls will be gay with parties, dances and carol singing, and reverent Christmas services. Native Christmas trees will be decorated with home-made ornaments in addition to materials supplied by the 4,500 kits sent by the Red Cross in the States. The kits also provide song sheets and Christmas records, and are supplemented by 800 decoration kits

contributed by Junior Red Cross members.

"No set plan of procedure can be followed in all overseas centers," Mr. O'Conner pointed out, "for every theater of war and every club or hospital has its particular variations which must be taken into account." Individual holiday programs for clubs and hospitals are being planned with the help of servicemen's committees.

"On Christmas Day a million and a quarter individual boxes packed by volunteers will be distributed to American patients in overseas hospitals, aboard hospital ships, trains and planes.



WE THANK YOU

All during 1944 we have been storing up our gratitude to the people of this community, as they have come in day after day. Now that Christmas is here it is time to make delivery. So here it comes . . . our gratitude to you in one great big wish for a big, happy, merry Christmas.

Jack Ratliff General Insurance



There is something in the very season of the year that gives charm to the festivity of Christmas.

—WASHINGTON IRVING

☆ Whether Christmas be white or green, we hope it will be full of charm for you and yours, with an abundance of all the good things that are part of happy Yuletide . . .

RIO GAS & POWER

BUSTER GUNN, Manager

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By

Col. Robert Scott

(CHAPTER NINE CONTINUED)

Here is the last paragraph—now please go on with the story:

Burma is very confused"—Brereton, Naiden, Bissell, Stilwell, Hearne and Siebert. Just about everyone except General Chennault, and he was very busy getting the AVG out of Loiwing and up to Paoshan. Burma had at last fallen.

The evacuation of these Chinese armies from Burma to India and China now gave us more adventures in the A. B. C. Ferrying Command. They were scattered all over northern Burma, from West of Myitkyina, North to Shimbyang and Putao. It was our job now to drop rice, salt, and medicines to these thousands of starving soldiers. I remember that as I first saw Burma it used to look to me like the greatest hunting country in all the world, completely wild and unspoiled. And it was just that—but there was nothing to hunt, for evidently there wasn't anything to even the animals to eat.

We'd fill a smaller burlap bag with rice or salt and sew that into another bag twice the size of the first. When these were dropped from an airplane, the inner bag broke but the rice was saved by the second bag. All we had to do was to fly through the monsoon rains of Burma, dodge the mountains, and find the places to drop the food to the waiting Chinese. Then, dodging the jungle trees, we'd go down as low as we dared and shove the bags out the door. We learned to hit the targets pretty accurately, and by the way the soldiers went after the sacks of food they were plenty hungry.

Once when it was clear enough to see the surrounding country, I was aware of a strange sight. We'd be dropping rice at Shimbyang when I saw some villages, and there again I noticed something that I realized now I'd been seeing through all the Burmese towns—white cattle, the bullocks of the East. It started me to thinking: How could people starve when there were hundreds and thousands of cattle in northern Burma?

That afternoon I got to talking over the food situation with one of the best of the ferry pilots, Capt. John Payne. He said he'd looked the field over at Putao—or Fort Hertz, as the British called it—and although it had been condemned by the British for the landing of aircraft, he could land a transport on the short runway. The entire length of that field was slightly less than one thousand feet, and if any other pilot than Joplin or Payne had made that statement I would have ignored the offer; but I knew that Payne knew what he was talking about.

We loaded on 4200 pounds of rice to land at Fort Hertz and went over the Naga Hills to Burma. As I sat there being Long John Payne's co-pilot, my thoughts were on this happy-go-lucky flyer. He had been an Eastern Airlines pilot for nine years

before coming into the Air Corps. As he said, he'd let down into Atlanta so many times in the smoke and fog that the bad weather of Burma didn't worry him much. When Johnny first joined the ferry runway, if you could call it that, was just nine hundred feet long. There were tracks where ships had landed, but we found later that they had been slow RAF biplanes. There was a makeshift bridge at one end—two trees across a stream—and four markers made from dead trees which showed the other end of the "runway." Everything else was jungle. As Payne throttled the engines for the landing, he let down the wheels and said in his nonchalant way:

"When I say okay, give me full flaps—then if I don't hit the first ten feet of that field, spill 'em, for we'll go around again."

Well, Johnny Payne brought that heavy ship in like a master. He didn't hit the first ten feet—I honestly think he put those wheels down on the first foot of the available runway, and we had stopped at least fifty feet before we got to the other end. You ask a transport pilot if eight hundred feet isn't a damn good landing.

Johnny stayed back to unload the ship and guard it, for the Japs were supposed to be fairly close and we had learned that when people are in the panic of evacuation and starvation you can trust no one. I walked down the trail to contact the General of the Fifth Chinese Army. I wanted to ask him if he was getting the rice, and find out why he needed rice when there were bullocks all around; I guess I really wanted to see for myself if the stories of sickness and starvation were true. What I saw and found was proof enough.

General Ho took me about three miles down the road that led to Suprabum, and I counted fifty-five bodies of soldiers who had died either of cholera or from starvation. As I walked among them, with the harsh smell of death in the air, this Chinese General told me that his soldiers had been killed trying to get bullocks from the Burmese. You see, the Burmese are Buddhists, and it is against their religion to eat meat or to see the sacred bullocks slaughtered. We must keep on dropping rice or the entire army would starve, said the General. And we kept it up, dropping over two million pounds into Burma before the armies were evacuated into India for re-equipment.

CHAPTER X

Back at the field I found that Payne had loaded the transport with forty sick or wounded Gurkhas. In fact, we had to keep more from getting aboard by threatening them with our guns, for after all, we had the same small field for taking off we'd had for landing. Johnny swung the ship into the wind and we were off in some six hundred feet. We went in many times again, after the Gurkhas had lengthened the runway slightly, and we finally moved out most of the soldiers before the monsoon rains ran us out. But I'll never forget Captain Payne's feat in that first landing of a transport at Fort Hertz.

Following the defeat of the Allied armies down in southern and central Burma, the refugees poured to the North and to the Northwest. Those to the Northwest tried to walk out by the Lido Road, which was nothing more than a game trail. Many of them died, and of those who came out many died after entering India. I heard stories of bodies by the hundreds, almost buried in the mud, all along the trail from Burma to India. Those who kept coming North from Shwebo up the railroad to Myitkyina finally wound up on Myitkyina's small field, anxiously waiting for aerial transportation over the remaining one hundred and ninety miles to Dinjan.

Some of the loads that ferry pilots packed into those DC-3's would have curdled the blood of the aeronautical engineers who designed the ship. The C-47, or DC-3, as the airlines called the Douglas transport, was constructed to carry a full load of twenty-four passengers or six thousand pounds. The maximum altitude was expected to be about 12,000 feet—but we later went a minimum of 18,000 across the hump, and sometimes we had to go to 21,500 to miss the storms and ice. Carrying the refugees, we broke all the rules and regulations because we had to. There were women and children, pregnant women, and women so old that they presumably couldn't have gone to the altitude that was necessary to cross into India. There were hundreds of wounded British soldiers

with the most terrible gangrenous infections. At the beginning we used to load the wounded first, those who were worst off; but later, when we realized that with our few transports we'd never get them all out, we took only the able-bodied. That was a hard decision to make, but we looked at it finally from the theory that those must be saved who could some day fight again.

But as I say, at first we carried the terribly wounded, piling them in until the ship groaned and the door would hardly close. I always carried out fifty or more in this ship that had been designed for twenty-four, and one day I counted seventy-three getting out of one ship. A young pilot by the name of Lieutenant Sartz broke all records, as far as I know. One morning he took off with seventy-three, and on landing the British Customs counted seventy-four. En route over the Naga Hills a baby had been born, and now Sartz holds the world's record.

It was hot as hell flying the loaded transport off the fields in Burma. We'd try to fly with the windows open in the cockpit, but that created a suction that drew the air from the cabin up to where we pilots were. With those filthy bodies and the terrible stench of gangrenous wounds we couldn't bear it, and would have to close the side windows and just sweat. Sometimes the poor devils couldn't stand the trip and we'd have dead men aboard when we landed in India.

I remember one of the bravest men I have ever seen, who helped us load and control the refugees on the field at Myitkyina. He was a big, bearded Sikh officer, one of the aristocratic British colonials. He must have been six-feet-two, a fine looking man. He worked religiously with the refugees and soldiers, always efficient, always trying to send those out who should have gone. I can see him now, standing there in his tattered uniform, with his turban perfectly placed on his dark head, his beard waving in the wind from the idling propellers. He would patiently herd the passengers into the transport, sometimes holding hysterical people back physically, and in more crucial times pulling his pistol, but never becoming flustered or excited. I sometimes think he was the greatest soldier I have ever seen. Day after day, as the Japs moved North and ever closer to Myitkyina, he would be there, doing his thankless job.

When the end came, and I knew that the field would be taken in the next few hours, I went to him and explained the situation. I found, however, that he knew more about it than I knew myself. The refugees had told him, he said, and he knew this was the last day we could land

(Continued on Page Seven)

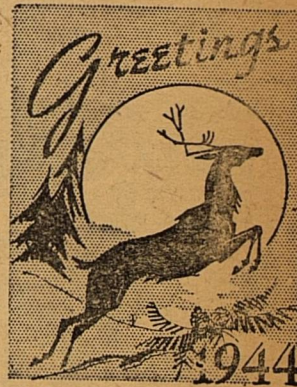
CARD OF THANKS

I want to express my thanks to the kind people of Eldorado for the floral offering at my father's funeral.

I am very sorry that I didn't receive the message in time to attend the funeral.

May God bless each of you.

Mrs. R. R. Calcote



EACH CHRISTMAS as it comes and goes proves anew that love is the only binding power of the world. In these dark days of late December when the brightness of smiles make ample amends for lack of brightness overhead, we again send our most hearty Christmas Greetings.

Hamburger Bill

FDR says:

Curtail spending. Put your savings into war bonds every payday.



AS WE APPROACH the beloved anniversary of a great Event we are reminded again of the many Christmas seasons we have seen come and go. Time has changed everything except friendship.

We are proud of the fact that we number among our customers many of the town's "oldest inhabitants"—friends who have become dearer to us with the passing years.

Once again we say Merry Christmas to all.



W. L. (Bill) Davis

THIS GRAND MEDICINE

made especially to relieve 'PERIODIC'

FEMALE PAIN

And Its Weak, Cranky, Nervous Feelings—

Take heed if you, like so many women and girls on such days suffer from cramps, headaches, backache, weak, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances. Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms because this famous medicine has a soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly throughout the month—it helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Thousands upon thousands of women report benefits!



There are no harmful opiates in Pinkham's Compound—it is made from nature's own roots and herbs (plus Vitamin E). IT HELPS NATURE. Also a fine stomachic tonic! Follow label directions. Worth trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

ROBERT MASSIE
FUNERAL HOME

AMBULANCE SERVICE

TELEPHONE 4444

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

TSTA Survey Warns Teacher Shortage May Grow Worse

The Texas State Teachers Association has just completed an exhaustive survey on teacher vacancies, turnover and qualifications. The survey includes replies from 149 county superintendents and 834 independent school district superintendents. 37,071 teaching positions or approximately 90 per cent of all positions in Texas are included in the survey.

Replies from the superintend-

ents disclosed that on the opening day of school, 1,619 teaching positions had not been filled for the school year. The percentage of vacancies in rural schools was higher than for the independent districts. These vacancies exist although the schools abolished or consolidated more than 700 positions during past school term.

More than one-fifth of all the teachers in Texas are new to their jobs this year. One question asked of superintendents by the State Teachers Association disclosed that they have 7,992 new teachers

in their schools this year.

The rural schools are shown to have been forced to employ more than 35 per cent of their teachers with sub-standard qualifications while independent districts list about twelve per cent of their teachers with sub-standard qualifications. The report disclosed that a total of 6,146 teachers started the 1944-45 school term with qualifications that would have been considered below standard before the war.

The supply of teachers in Texas does not promise to improve in the near future. On the contrary, the situation could become even more acute. Fewer college students are studying to enter the teaching profession, and although a great number of emergency certificates have been issued, the number has been inadequate to meet the need for well-trained teachers.

The low pay of teachers in Texas is given by the Teachers Association as one of the chief reasons for this shortage. The average pay of teachers in Texas last year was about \$1,200 per year. The national average of pay for teachers is more than \$1,600 per year.

The best thing to take when you are run down is the license number.



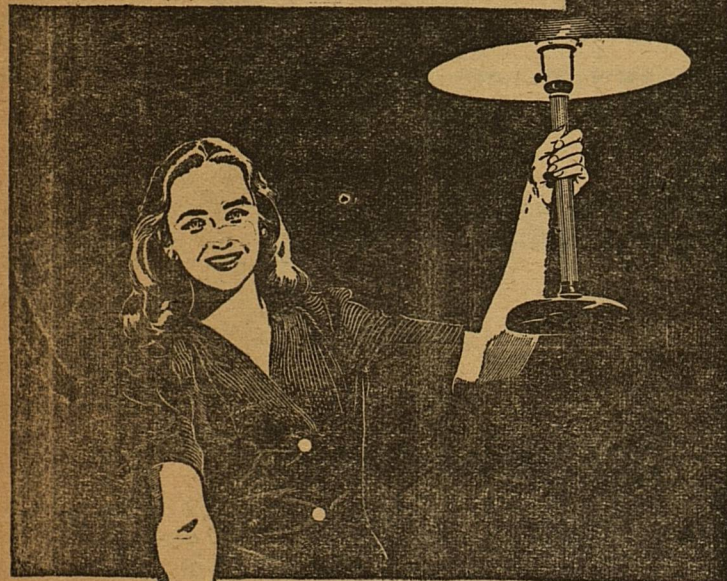
LOADS OF HAPPINESS TO YOU!

May YOUR Christmas be bounteous and full of good cheer, and may our greeting and best wishes add just a little to your pleasure this Yuletide.

Dr. and Mrs.
H. W. Wiedenman



how much **WHITE LIGHT**



in a pound of **BLACK COAL?**

THE lamp has a 100-watt bulb in it and the lump of coal weighs one pound.

Pulverized and blown into the big boiler of a modern power-plant, a pound of coal* provides enough steam to generate one kilowatt-hour of electricity.

That much electricity, in turn, will light the lamp for ten hours—long enough to read this newspaper and a couple of novels. Or it will run a small radio for 25 hours, a food mixer for 13 hours, a washer for almost 7.

"So what?" you say. The point is this. 25 years ago, it took about three times as much coal to produce a kilowatt-hour of electricity as it does today!

The all-around efficiency which gets several times as much white light from black coal has benefited YOU in many ways.

It has made your electric service better and cheaper year by year. It has met tremendous wartime demands for electric power, without delay, shortages or rationing. It has held the price of electricity at an all-time low, while other costs went up.

These results come from the sound business management of the nation's light and power companies—and from the hard work of men and women who know their business—and who are preparing for even greater accomplishments tomorrow.

*Some plants use less than 1 pound; some more, because of differences in coal and equipment. The nation-wide average is 1.3 pounds per kilowatt-hour.

West Texas Utilities Company

WAR BONDS in Action



Signal Corps Photo
Signal Corps linemen reel out to set up an emergency communications system on Munda. The courage of these men drove the Japs from this New Georgia base. Keep up your Bond purchases and these men will be able to keep up their progress toward Tokyo. Buy an extra Bond today. Step up your payroll savings. U. S. Treasury Department



Merry Christmas 1944

LOYALTY works both ways. You have been loyal to us, and we are loyal to you.

To you, our friends, who have so helped us to make 1944 successful, we send the friendliest of **CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**

H. E. FINNEGAN
GULF PRODUCTS
Wholesale - Retail

Telling of General's Coolness, G. I. BARBER LAUDS McARTHUR

By Frank Robertson

LEPTE ISLAND—(Delayed)—Here's the reason Pfc. Harold S. Boedeker of Dubois, Wyo., is going to call the barber shop he's going to own after the war the MacArthur barber shop:

"Short at the back and sides? Yes, sir. That was quite a raid we had yesterday. I went on cutting hair right through it. No, sir, I'm a strong believer in fox-holes myself, but yesterday was different.

"When that raid started yesterday, I was cutting the old man's hair. Yes, Sir, General MacArthur himself. I had cut the general's hair before, but never during an air raid.

"Well, when the ack-ack started popping to beat hell, I figured the old man would want to take shelter. I knew I did. I'm a great believer in fox-holes myself, but yesterday was different.

"But the general didn't bat an eyelid. I guess he figured I was a little nervous, with that shrapnel starting to fall. 'Son,' he said to me, 'There are only three times in a man's life when rank, tradition and fame don't mean a thing. The first is when he is born, the second is when he dies, and the third is when he sits himself in a barber's chair. So go ahead son.'

"So I went right on, with the old man talking to me just like he was in a regular barber shop. The boys at the house tell me the general's always that way when the Nips start dropping stuff. I guess he figures those yellow guys haven't got the bullet made that can kill him.

"I'm going to stay in this racket after the war, so when I open my shop after the war I figured I'd call it MacArthur barber shop. Back about right? Thank you, sir. You're next, sir."

CASH

MORE MONEY
FOR THAT USED CAR
OF YOURS.

Bankston-Munselle Motor Company

DIAL 5576
San Angelo, Texas

DAVE WILLIAMSONS AT HOME IN CAPITOL CITY

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Williamson have purchased a new home in Austin and will be ready to receive visitors at 4606 Shoalwood Ave., after January 1, according to word received here this week. Mr. Williamson recently received his discharge from the service.

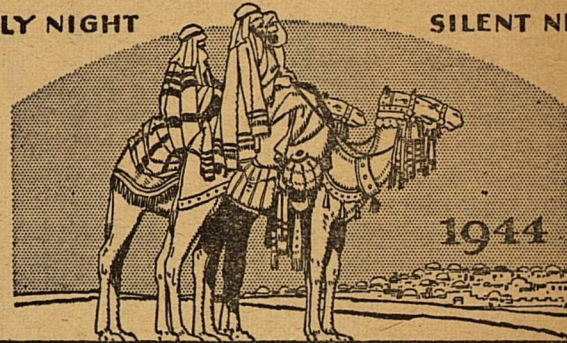
For Office Supplies call No. 77.

Hockaday Student Visiting Case Ranch

Miss Helen Case, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Case, who is a student of Hockaday School in Dallas, will return December 20th for the Christmas holidays. Miss Case is a prominent campus figure, being president of her hall, and active in athletics. She will be a guest at Miss Hockaday's formal Christmas dinner December 19th.

During the holidays Miss Bobo of Houston will visit Miss Case.

HOLY NIGHT SILENT NIGHT



1944
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

★ The message of good will that emanated from Bethlehem 2,000 years ago not only transforms the world at Christmas but is the foundation of every honest transaction. We depend upon your good will; you depend upon ours.



Staff of AAA Office

Joe B. Edens, Chairman



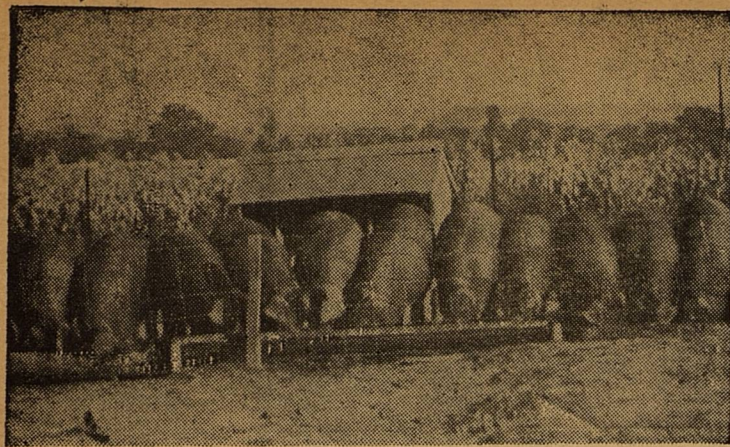
THE STAR IN THE EAST

Down through the ages has come the story of the shepherds tending their flocks at night, awed by the Star in the East.

During this sacred season, mellowed by the thought of those who cannot be with us, we have abundant reason for gratitude. We have come a long way since the dark Christmas of 1941. The Star in the East shines brighter now.

That this may, indeed, be a Merry Christmas for you and yours is our ardent wish.

Topliffe Gas & Electric Service



FLORISSANT, MO. — Shown above are 11 of the 15-pig litter raised by Herbert Niehaus, near here, that won the 1944 National Duroc Ton Litter Contest. This purebred litter made the official weight of 4,080 pounds at 180 days of age — over 2 tons of pork from one sow in 6 months. This was an average of 272 pounds per pig. Total income from sale of the litter was approximately \$1,000. Niehaus attributed this remarkable record to a combination of production-tested breeding stock, strict sanitation and proper feeding.

The never-ending cycle: More laws, more lawbreakers; more lawbreakers, more laws.



ALL the good old-fashioned spirit of the season is expressed in this hearty MERRY CHRISTMAS.

You've been the best of friends to us in 1944 and here's wishing for you the very best!

C. L. MEADOR, Jr.



WE HOPE old Santa will not forget you this Christmas of 1944, but that he will cram that stocking so full it can hold no more.

Good cheer, good fellowship, and Merry Christmas to you all!



HOOVER'S DRUG STORE

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By
Col. Robert Scott

(Continued from Page Five)

there. So I asked him to get aboard my ship and leave for India; after all, he was an officer and could best be used when once again the British entered Burma.

The Sikh officer refused with majestic pride. His orders had been to stay there and supervise the evacuation of those refugees, and he considered that trust sacred. We had to leave him, and when I last saw him he was herding the ever-increasing numbers of stricken people on to the North, towards Fort Hertz and the blind valley that led inevitably to the impassable mountains towards Tibet. I guess the Japs finally got him. But I know how he must have died, with that pistol in his hand, and finally just the knife—and I

know that several Japs died before they killed him.

The Japs strafed Myitkyina the next day with heavy force and got two British transports that were on the ground. We had luckily decided that with the Japs eighteen miles to the South we could not risk our few planes, for they were needed for the run into China. From then on Myitkyina was an enemy-occupied field, but I managed later on to give it lots of hell with a fighter, and a fighter can dish it out.

The winds from the Indian Ocean grew stronger, and the monsoon season, began. And oh boy, the rains came! The clouds built up so black and high and thick that you could no longer go around them or over them—you had to just get on instruments and bore through. In some ways, though, it was a relief—for there in the safety of God's elements the Japs couldn't bother our unarmed ships. Many times I heard the remark that there was always something good in everything—even bad weather. I can hear still some of those pilots griping, saying they never thought the day would come when they'd be out looking for bad weather. But it was the truth. With the Jap fighter ships all over Burma now, it was comforting to know that there were rain clouds to dodge into with the transports.

On April 26, the AVG finally had to leave Loiwing, due to the failure of the air-warning net to the South. They moved on back to Paoshan by Mengshih, and finally to Kunming. One day about that time I went over to see General Chennault, for I had a question I wanted to ask him—me that I'd carried on my mind ever since I'd been shanghaied off the "dream mission." I still wanted a fight. Though this Ferry Com-

and was important, I'd been ained for a fighter pilot. And here was, just sitting up there in a transport, like a clay pigeon for the Jpanese.

I still remembered that for nine years I had been too young; then when war came I was suddenly told was too old to be a fighter pilot. When had I been the right age?



Lieut. Gen. Joseph ("Vinegar") Stilwell, one of the most popular generals in the United States Army, who has seen a lot of fighting in the Chinese front.

wanted to tell General Chennault at story. At the great age of forty-four, I just didn't consider that was too old to fly fighter planes. I'd with his help I meant to prove to the sky with our transports, I now I could give the boys in the transports just a little more competence. Besides, I kind of thought had a date with destiny, so to speak—or at least a date with a Jap somewhere over there in Burma. I desperately wanted to slide in behind one of those enemy bombers fighters and shoot him down.

Finally I had my chance to tell the story of my ambitions to General Chennault. Busy as he was, he listened to my case, and even as I liked I admired the great man more and more. Here, I knew, was great officer and leader as well as great pilot. Here was an American who was a General in the Chinese Army, held by the Chinese in admiration and respect—a soldier who could see the problems that his modern war imposed on land armies as well as on navies and air power. Here, I knew, was genius.

I told the General that I wanted the single P-40 to use in India and Burma. I knew they were scarce, but I would promise him that nothing would happen to it, and the instant he needed the ship I would fly back to him in China. The General smiled. I'm sure he was thinking back and wondering whether, he were in my position, he couldn't have begged for the same chance. He didn't give me some excuse that he well might have said—that the P-40's belonged to the Chinese Government, that it would have been against regulations, and so forth. General Chennault knew that I would use that "shark," as he called the P-40's, against the Japs. He made his own regulations then; what did it matter who killed the Japs and who used the P-40's so long as they were being used for China?

By the twinkle in his eyes I knew that I had won my case. The General said, "Some Forties are on the way from Africa now. You take the next one that comes through. Use it as long as you want to." That's the way I got the single fighter plane that was to work out of Assam.

With anxious eyes I waited, looking to the West for the next "sharks" to come to India.

Three P-40E's or Kittyhawks came to us from Africa on April 29. Two went on to Kunming for the AVG, but Number 41-1496 stayed with me. It was mine, and I was as proud of it as of the first bicycle my father had given me. All through the night I read the technical files and learned every little item about the Allison engine and the engine controls. I memorized the armament section of the book, and by morning I was ready to put theory into practice and test it out.

That morning I found a painter. Buying red and white paint from the village, I had him paint the shark's mouth on the lower nose of the Curtiss Kittyhawk. On that afternoon of April 30, I remember that as I waited for the paint to dry, I walked round and round my ship, admiring the graceful lines, a feeling of pride in my heart. I gloried in the slender fuselage, in the knife-like edges of the little wings. The sharp nose of the spinner looked like an arrow to me—the nose that sloped back to the leering shark's mouth. At sight of the wicked-looking blast tubes of the six fifty-calibre guns in the wings, I felt my chest expand another inch. This was shark-nosed dynamite, all right—but even then I did not quite realize what a weapon this fighter ship could be when properly handled.

I don't know how long I walked around the fighter admiring it and caressing its wicked-looking body. I know the paint on the shark's mouth hadn't dried yet—but I'd held the suspense as long as I could. This was as if I were rolling old sherry around on my tongue; sometime I

had to really taste it. Now, stepping on the walkway of the left wing, I threw first one leg and then the other over the side of the fuselage and slid into the little cockpit of the fighter. As I adjusted the rudder pedals and fastened my safety belt, I primed the engine a few shots. Turning on the toggle switches, I energized and engaged the starter with my foot, and now I heard the Allison break into a steady roar as I moved the mixture control from "idle cutoff." Out in front of me—a long distance, it seemed—the heavy, eleven-foot, three-bladed prop became a gray blur in my vision. An Allison, or any high-powered engine, doesn't have to warm up, and idling will soon foul the plugs. I was taxiing almost as soon as the engine settled down to the steady roar.

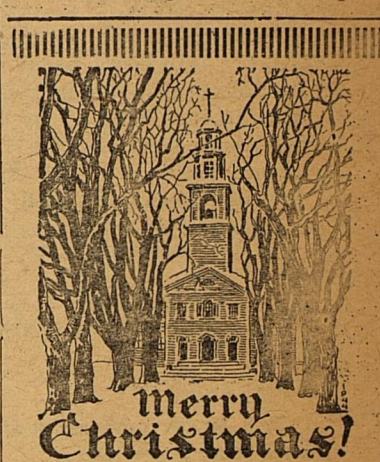
Very proudly I taxied out for my first take-off in the new Kittyhawk. All around me on the airdrome I could feel the jealous eyes of every American and British pilot, even those of the earth-bound coolies—or at least my ego thought it felt their looks.

During the test flight over the dark green acres of Assam tea gardens, sweeping low over the Brahmaputra and then climbing steeply for the Naga Hills, I contemplated with keen anticipation the wonderful days that lay ahead. Here was no defenseless transport, no lumbering and unwieldy four-engine bomber—here was a fighting weapon, with a heart and a soul like the other combat ships. But more than that, here was an instrument of war with a distinct individuality, a temperamental devil of the skies. Truly like a beautiful woman, it went smoothly and sweetly at times; and then, as speed increased, it might yaw dangerously as the pressures built up. Again, it could become completely unstable. It had to be flown every second of the time; ignore it for one second and there was no automatic pilot to keep it on course, no co-pilot to help you—it would fall

away and very soon would be out of control. Yes, like a beautiful woman, it demanded constant attention. There were no extra members in the crew to worry about, and here in Assam there were no other fighter ships to worry about. We were both isolated individuals.

(Continued on Page Nine)

In recent years labor has come within striking distance of capital.



Noel! Noel!

While ageless Christmas carols fill the air this thought comes to mind. We would like to share with you our Yuletide happiness, and to feel that in this year of grace, 1944, Christmas will mean more to you than it has meant for many years past.

Dr. And Mr.
J. R. Paul



★ Christmas is here. And once more we find ourselves at a loss for words to express how we feel about your loyalty to us during 1944. But we know you will understand.

We wish for you and your family the best of Merry Christmases, and the best that this happy season can bring in both material and spiritual blessings.

The RATLIFF STORE



GOOD CHEER! There's nothing quite like it. And good cheer is an affair of the heart. It cannot be withheld and hoarded to gain added value with the days or years. Good cheer must be spent!

Let us all radiate good cheer this Christmas of 1944, for there are reasons enough for good cheer if we but pause to reflect.

Merry Christmas greetings from all of us to all of you.

West Texas Woolen Mills



... It's Christmas!
So Let's Celebrate!

Let's celebrate by recalling on every day what Christmas is and what it means. Let's celebrate by never doubting that eventually Good shall triumph. Let's celebrate by making children happy and by opening our hearts to those in need.

That's the way to have the Merry Christmas we wish for you.

Mr. and Mrs.
H. T. Finley

Junior Play Presented Friday Of Last Week

"En route to Happiness," a comedy in three acts, was presented by the Junior class Friday night in the high school auditorium. Miss Avis Deavers was the director.

Vocal selections by the Choral Club and Katherine Davis and Donald Gholston were between acts.

Members of the cast included Dorothy Jean Neill, Danell Baker, Jean Meador, Betty Sproul, Edda Lou Meador, Mary Lillian Ellington, Stuart Williams, Hal Whitten, Lilburn Hazelwood, J. D. Yardley, Tommy Green and Bill Lewis Humphrey.

It is even harder to conceal your elation than it is to hide your grief.

Best leave your son good character than great riches.

W. S. Leslie
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
604 McBurnett Bldg.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

ELDORADO LODGE
A. F. & A. M.
No. 890
Stated Meeting
Second Saturday
night in each month.
Visiting Brethren Welcome

THE RATLIFF FUNERAL HOME
UNDERTAKERS EMBALMERS
Burial Insurance
24-Hour Ambulance Service
TELEPHONE 87 or 149 Eldorado, Texas

Woman's Society of Christian Service Gives Yuletide Party

A Christmas program was presented when the Woman's Society of Christian Service entertained with their annual Yuletide party Monday afternoon in the undercroft of the Methodist Church.

Mrs. J. E. Tisdale was leader for the program and Mrs. F. B. Faust played the prelude. Mrs. Tisdale gave the Meditation and the group responded with "O Come Let Us Adore Him" and "Watchmen Tell Us of the Night." Mrs. Reuben Dickens read a Christmas story and Mrs. Faust described the meaning of symbols of our Christmas evergreens. The High School Choral Club, under the direction of Mrs. James Page, sang several Christmas carols.

Christmas decorations were used with an arrangement of mistletoe and ivy on the tables and piano. Lighted red tapers were also used and the lace covered tea table was centered with a bowl of mistletoe and red tapers. Gifts were exchanged from the attractive Christmas tree.

Mrs. S. D. Harper, D. E. De Long and Dickens were hostesses and served refreshments to 17 members and guests.

Mrs. C. C. West returned this week from Austin where she visited with a sister, Mrs. Joe Prouse.

The first lie detector was made from the ribs of a man.

Football Banquet Enjoyed Saturday Of Last Week

Members of the Eldorado Eagles, the Pep Squad Girls, the School Band and the High School Faculty were honored Saturday evening with the annual football banquet at the Hotel Eldo.

A Christmas motif was carried out in the decorations with cedar and small red tapers used on the tables. A Christmas scene on a reflector and flanked by tall, light blue and silver tapers centered the head table. The ceiling was strung with blue and silver crepe paper. Program and place cards featured a black eagle, symbol of the football squad, on a background of gold.

Included on the program was the Invocation by Supt. C. A. Reynolds; the Welcome address by Patsy Martin; the Response by Paul Page; a song, "Sweet and Lovely," by the Girls' Sextet which is composed of Jean Meador, Frankie Thompson, Patsy Ballew, Patsy Martin, Clara Lloyd Ochsner and Katherine Davis; a Skit by Wenonah Suddeth, Jean Meador, Jeanette Markham, Ora and Patsy Ballew; a Speech by Coach Ernest Sutherland; the Heroic Seniors Will; "Brawn and Beauty," a film; an Announcement by Bill Breed; love; the School song by the group; and the benediction by R. G. De Berry. Ima Gene Nixon was the Mistress of ceremonies.

Waitresses were Barbara Mund, Gertrude Sauer, Betty Bullion, Joyce Burk, Jackie Henderson, Joyce Ann Van Horn, Mary Jane Patton, Patricia Humphrey and Ebba Ann Finley.

About 95 guests were present for the banquet. Following the dinner, the group enjoyed a formal dance in the school gymnasium. Music was furnished by a nickelodeon and blue and silver crepe paper was used in the decorations.

Son Of E. E. Newlins Writes from England

Dear Mother and Dad,
During the entire bombardment of London, I was never aware of the fact that I was nervous and under such mental strain until I moved to the quiet of the country life, New Castle on the Tyne, and have felt myself actually relax. I have thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

To me, the feeling you have when you hear the weird sound of the sirens during a dark, dreary and foggy night, is inexpressable. You, no doubt, have been in wind storms and have seen a funnel shaped cloud approaching when you knew if it chose to swoop down on your home there wouldn't be a possible chance to escape with your life. You stand tense and poised each moment for the duration in anticipation of destruction. This is probably a mere sample of what the boys on the front lines are having to contend with, but they do have something to fight back with.

The people of London were more or less hardened to the bombing, if there should be such a thing, by having experienced the blitz of 1940-41. Lots of them took cover when the bombs came over, but more of them didn't. When the bombardments would come, the people would close their shutters to prevent flying glass, and take such cover as they could and hope for the best; but usually, somewhere there was tragedy, suffering, and heartbreaks. However, with the perfected tactics of the Home guards, Air Raid Precaution, Firemen and the Red Cross, the fatal casualties were minimized. The individual citizen is also entitled to much consideration for his efforts in rescues and helping his neighbor to clear the debris from around his premises.

Needless to say that there is an acute shortage of foodstuff in England. We get four ounces of meat each week and a fresh egg every two weeks. Most of this is made up of the native wild hare and American Spam. In the prayers, there is always mention of good hunting and safe shipping. For quite a while, I was stymied; but now I am well aware of the meaning of that portion of the prayer. After the war, the manufactures of Spam should be allowed to close their plant and retire on a liberal pension to be paid by the British Government, for producing a product that saved a nation. Potatoes and cabbage are plentiful.

With the Maginot line almost completely taken, the Siegfried line penetrated at several points and the flying bomb area totally destroyed, it shouldn't be too long until Europe is liberated and conquered. Then, we have only the Japanese to eliminate before we can all go back home and start once more to living a happy and normal life.

The strip coal mining is coming along nicely. With the 1945 coal output for England estimated at roughly 190 million tons, the United States machinery and men are responsible for producing about forty millions.

If the job permits and it is Gods

Merry Christmas

"... and on earth peace,
good will towards men."

And to each of you who
read this message that
enraptured happiness
which comes only at
CHRISTMASTIME

Johnson's Gulf Station

MR. and MRS. LLOYD JOHNSON

will, I will see you around the first of the year. Don't worry about me as I am safe and healthy. Write Edward often because he must be lonesome. Letters help more than anything just now.

All my love,
Cecil

Miss Libby Ann Faust, who is teaching school at Shreveport, La., is expected to arrive Saturday to spend the holidays with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. F. B. Faust.

Miss Mary Hoover, who attends school at Texas State College for Women at Denton, is spending the holidays here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hoover.

The really great leaders of men are women.

Tortured man gets help!

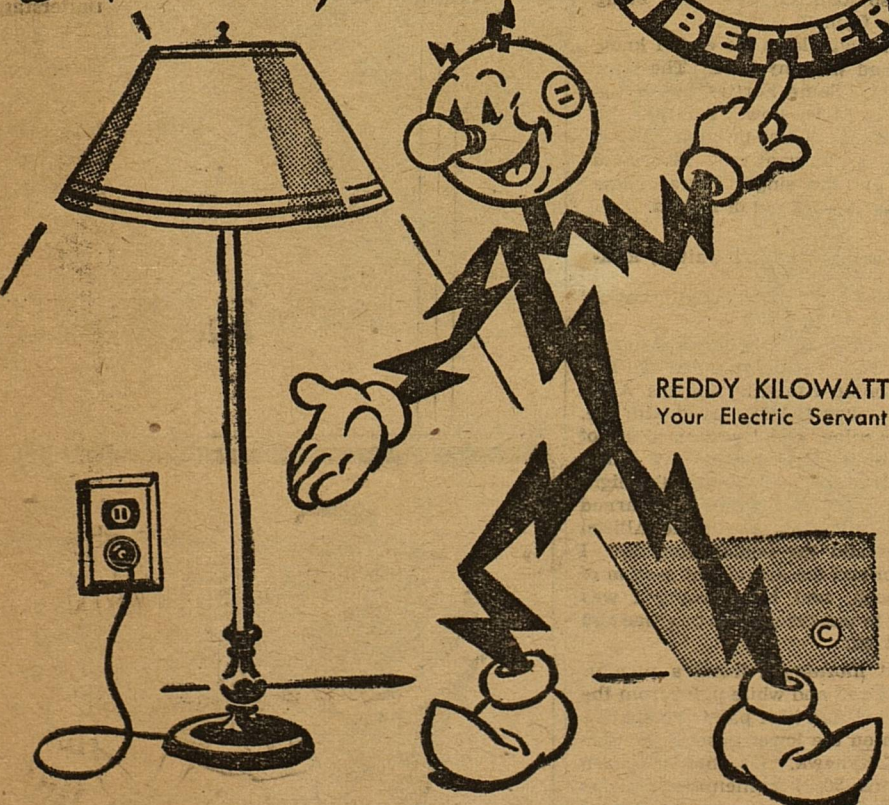


Lemon Juice
Mixed at Home
Relieved
RHEUMATIC PAIN
says Sufferer!

"I have used ALLENRU for several months. I could hardly walk on account of my knees. But now those pains are relieved. I can go like a race horse now," Mort Shepard of Ohio.

Don't be a victim of the pain and aches caused by rheumatism, sciatica or neuritis without trying this simple, inexpensive recipe you can mix at home. Two tablespoons of ALLENRU, plus the juice of 1/2 lemon in a glass of water. Your money back if not entirely satisfied. Just 85¢ at all drug stores. Buy ALLENRU today.

Avoid
Eyestrain!



REDDY KILOWATT
Your Electric Servant

Proper lighting habits are reflected not only in your children's grades at school but also in healthy eyes and nerves.

Be sure the light is adequate and that it falls on your child's work without shadow and without glare.

Clean the shades, reflectors and bulbs as a routine practice to insure your money's worth of useful light.

**West Texas Utilities
Company**



1944
Merry Christmas
TO EVERYBODY

There's a joy in the heart
That sets Christmas apart,
To make it a day of all days.
And may its true peace
And good will never cease
To bless you in manifold ways.

A. J. ROACH



At this season we should all subject ourselves to re-examination, to see if good fellowship and kindness still survive as a practical combination to bring happiness to the human heart. Each of us holds in his hands the key to this combination. Let us use it during this Christmas season of 1944, to help transform dreams into realities.

May we add our glad Christmas greetings to the many which are finding their way to you?

Eldorado Motor Co.

GREETINGS

MAY the blessings of God be with you, our friends, and with all of us... in our souls and upon our hearths. We can offer no more gracious greeting this Yuletide.



A Merry Christmas

Eldorado Hardware Co.

WANTED
TO BUY ALL MAKES
Sewing Machines

Repair Work
WORK GUARANTEED ON
ALL MAKES. Parts, Needles,
Etc., for Singer Machines

BOX 13 — ELDORADO
TELEPHONE 8103

OIL COMPANY PLAN

A postwar employment plan has been announced by Shell Oil Co., under which the firm will give jobs to all personnel currently in military service, will retain all regular employees who have stayed on during the war, and will continue "to the fullest possible extent" the employment of the new people who temporarily replaced those in service.

For Printing Call No. 77.

Our Prices Are No Higher Than Others



217 S. Chadbourne

21 Years in San Angelo



THAT clatter out on the porch means Santa Claus... or maybe it's only Uncle Joe in his annual role of St. Nicholas.

Yes, there IS a Santa Claus, and there will always BE a Santa Claus in the good old U.S.A.

We wish for you and your family this season of 1944-45 a typical American Christmas.

Hazlewood Brothers

Humble Products—Wholesale - Retail

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

By
Col. Robert Scott

(Continued From Page 7)

When I had landed and had taxied back to my niche in the heavy jungle trees surrounding the field, I climbed out and reverently patted the ship on the cowling. The P-40 was fast becoming a personality to me.

Next day I tested my guns and dropped aluminum-powder practice bombs, bombs that leave a splash of aluminum paint on the ground or an aluminum slick on the water where they hit, in order to show the pilot how near he has come to the target. I aimed at the black snags in the river with the guns, then came around again and tried to dive and glide-bomb the snags with the little bombs. I was trying to train myself, trying to make up for the four years that I had been away from pursuit aviation and from tactical training in the art of killing. I needed a lot of this gunnery and bombing, for my life was very soon to depend on it.

I'll never forget the first time I pressed the trigger of my guns and heard the co-ordinated roar of the six fifty-calibre machine guns. Just by pressing a small black button below the rubber grip on my stick I could make three lines of orange tracers from each wing converge out ahead of my fast-moving fighter and meet on the snags in the Brahmaputra. Nearly a hundred shots a second those six Fifties threw out, and the muddy river turned to foam near the targets. The sense of their power impressed me as the recoil slowed me many miles per hour in my dive; I could feel my head snap forward from the deceleration. Sometimes when the guns on only one side would fire, the unequal kicks from the recoil would almost turn the ship.

CHAPTER XI

I couldn't waste much time in practice, for after all Burma was just over the Naga Hills and the Japs were coming towards Myitkyina from the South and up the Chindwin and the Irrawaddy. It was open season and I needed no hunting license. Now I definitely knew that adventure was near.

On that afternoon of April 30, 1942,

Page Nine

ELDORADO SUCCESS FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1944.

with a full load of ammunition and the shark-mouth seeming to drip saliva, it was so eager, I waited by my ship for an alert. Jap observation planes had been coming over at high altitude very regularly. If they came today I hoped to surprise them.

At two o'clock the alert came, but it was not observation. Many unidentified aircraft were reported by a British radio somewhere over the Naga Hills. I didn't ask for more than that scanty information—I was in my fighter and climbing over the "tea ranches," as Colonel Haynes called them.

High over the field at 22,000 feet, I cuddled my oxygen mask and circled, watching for enemy ships to the East, South, and Southeast—down in the direction of a course to Mandalay. I searched until my eyes hurt, but saw nothing. After about an hour, turning to a course that would take me in the direction from which an enemy had to come, I flew off to intercept—I now had barely two hours' fuel, and the farther away from my base I met them, the more successful my attack would be. Lord! the ego that I possessed! I honestly believe I thought I could shoot down any number of Japs with my single fighter. Again I say, more of the valor of ignorance.

After forty-five minutes I turned for home and began to let down to eighteen thousand. Thirty miles from the field I suddenly tensed to the alert. Off ahead of me was a dark column of smoke, rising high in the air right in the position on the world's surface that the home field should be. My tortured mind flashed back to other results of bombings that I had seen.

"My God," I moaned, "while I've been away looking for the bastards, they've slipped in here and bombed hell out of the home base!"

With tears in my eyes I nosed over and dove for the Zeros that should be strafing the field. (Later I was to learn a lot about this method too.) The smoke was from base all right, but I could see no enemy planes. The only thing in the sky was a single Douglas transport, making a normal landing on the runway. "Calling 'NR-Zero—NR-Zero,'" I asked what the fire was. The reply was muddled, but everything seemed to be in order, for I noticed two other transports clearing the field for China. I circled, then dove on the smoking ruins of the RAF operations "basha." That building had been the casualty, and it was a total loss. I could see the operations officer sitting out in the open, some hundred feet from the charred ruins, calmly carrying on his duties.

When I'd gotten my fighter parked again I went over and heard the story. No Jap attack had come, and I felt relieved—my single-ship war and I had not let the station down. But as I heard the embarrassed operations man tell his story I remember choking discreetly and leaving before I laughed myself to death.

When the alert sounded, "Opps"—the operations officer—had hurried to the window of the thatch and bamboo "basha" to see me take off in the "bloody kite—that Kittyhawk." Seeing a transport from China about to land, and fearing that the Japs would bomb it on the field, he had then fired a Very pistol out of the operations window: the red Very light would be the signal for the transport not to land but to fly in the "stand-by" area. The Very light had gone nonchalantly out of the operations window, into the wind, had curved gracefully back into another window, and had burned the bloody building in five minutes. Operations was being carried on as usual from operations deak, which was located in front of the site of the former office. Bloody shame, wasn't it?

Well, it was tragic, but I guess it was better than a bombing. And so my first mission ended.

Came May Day, and I began the greatest month in my life. I flew every day in that long month, sometimes as many as four missions a day. By putting in a total of 214 hours and 45 minutes, I averaged over seven hours a day for the month. Most of this was in fighter ships—my little old Kittyhawk and I learned a lot, and we were very, very lucky. When I had come in from my first sortie, the day operations burned down, my pal Col. Gerry Mason kidded me a bit. Since the next day started a new month, I vowed then on the sacred relics of my great-grandmother that during those thirty-one days I would destroy a Japanese plane if I had to go all the way to Rangoon.

We got pretty confident, the transport boys and I, for I used to go with them across Burma, and Joplin and some of the other daredevils would try to lure the Jap in to attack them. Jop would call over the radio, in the clear: "NR-o from transport one three four—I'm lost near Bhamo—give me a bearing."

Up there, some three thousand feet above them, I'd be sitting with my fighter, just praying that my "decoy" would work and some luckless Jap would come in for the kill. The

I'd imagine myself diving on his tail, my six guns blazing. But the ruse never worked. Sometimes I think the "Great Flying Boss in the Sky" was giving me a little more practice before he put me to the supreme test.

May the fifth was one of the big days in my life. Waving good-bye to Gerry Mason as I taxied out, I saw him hold his thumb up to me to wish me good hunting. I waved back and was in the air on a sweep towards central Burma. I went straight to Myitkyina; then, seeing nothing, I swung South along the Irrawaddy over Bhamo. Continuing South I went right down on the Burma Road, North of Lashio, and searched for enemy columns. North of the airport at Lashio I saw two groups of troops in marching order. I would have strafed them immediately, but I was afraid they might be Chinese; after all, there were two Chinese armies coming North somewhere in Burma. I made as though to ignore them and they partially scattered to the sides of the road. Twelve trucks in the column kept rolling to the North.

Then I momentarily forgot about the troops—for in the northwestern corner of the field at Lashio was a ship. From my altitude of 2500 feet I saw at once that it was a twin-engine enemy bomber, later identified as a Mitsubishi, Army 97. It was being serviced, for there were four gasoline drums in front of it, and a truck that had evidently unloaded the fuel. My gun switches were already on, and had been since I had seen the troop column. Now I was diving for the grounded bomber and getting my "Christmas Tree" sight lighted properly.

Hurriedly I began to shoot. I saw men running from the truck and jumping into the bushes to the side. My first shots hit in front of the plane, probably striking the fuel drums, for heavy dust covered the enemy ship. I released my trigger as I pulled out of my dive, just clearing the trees behind my target. As I looked back I saw the red circle on one wing, but the other was covered by the body of a man who either had been shot or was trying to hide the identifying insignia.

Keeping the ship very low, I turned 180 degrees for the second attack. This time I did better. I saw my tracers go into the thin fuselage and then into the engines. At first I thought that what I was seeing was more dust; then I realized it was smoke pouring from under the ship. It was on fire. Foolishly then, I pulled up to about six hundred feet; if there had been anti-aircraft fire, I know now they would have shot me down. Again I turned and shot at the truck and the gasoline drums, and once more I saw the tracers converge on the enemy. Smoke was floating high in the

(To Be Continued)

A GIFT FOR THE HOME
IS WHAT I'D LOVE... I
HOPE MY SANTA-CLAUS
VISITS CAMERON'S



GIFT IDEAS
to Thrill the Family

- MIRRORS \$2.50 up
- DISHES (Service for six) \$9.75
- COFFEE MAKERS \$3.50 up
- BREAKFAST SETS \$1.50
- PYREX—all kinds
- LINOLEUM RUGS \$4.00 up
- LINOLEUM YARD GOODS, (several new patterns to select from) 75c Sq. Yd.
- PICTURES 65c up
- PICTURE FRAMES and Leatherette Folders—8 ins. X 10 ins.
- WHEELBARROWS Steel \$12.50
- SAWS, HAMMERS, CHISELS, SCREW DRIVERS, WRENCHES, WRENCH SETS, PLIERS, PUNCHES

CAMERON'S
"Home of Complete Building Service"

To the rich man it is acute laryngitis; to the poor man it is a cold.

Nothing needs reforming so badly as other people's habits.



Turkey and cranberry sauce and plum pudding are symbols of the lighter side of Christmas. We want you to have these, too, this Yule season of 1944, plus all the other joys that give Christmas-time its transcendent glory.

We welcome this opportunity to extend to each and all our heartiest greetings.

LEVINE'S
San Angelo



LONE STAR THEATER

Showing last times today
The White Cliffs
of Dover
Starring Iren Dunne
Alan Marshal

Saturday
Robert Lowery
Jean Parker
in
THE NAVY WAY

Sunday - Monday
Edgar Bergen
Charley McCarthy
in
The Big Swing Show
SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

Tuesday - Wednesday
YEAR'S BIGGEST THING IN SWING

JAM SESSION
with
Ann Miller
Charlie Barnet

Thursday-Friday
Jack Carson
Jane Wyman
in
MAKE YOUR OWN BED

The Premium Won't Break You

—The Loss May!

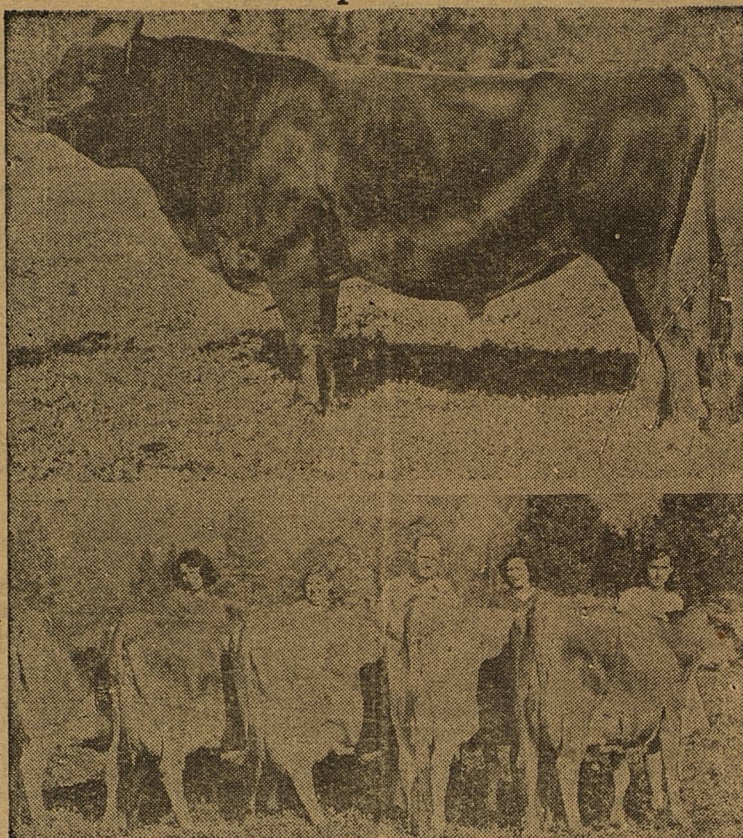
JACK RATLIFF

GENERAL INSURANCE

TELEPHONE 163

ELDORADO, TEXAS

Winner of Superior Sire Award



GRANT'S PASS, ORE.—The highest living tested sire of the Jersey breed is shown at the top above after being awarded the Superior Sire award by the American Jersey Cattle club. The animal is Lilac St. Mawes Remus Rex, 396711, and has an average production on his first ten daughters of 10,977 pounds of milk, testing 5.91% to produce 649 pounds of butterfat, based on a 305 twice-a-day milking basis. He is owned by Frank Schutzwohl here.
The Schutzwohl family with five of the daughters of the Superior Sire are shown in the lower picture. Shown with the champion producers are from left to right: Hattie, Mrs. Schutzwohl, Mr. Schutz Marie and Marjorie.

For Printing Call No. 77.

Wise Americans Now Fight COUGHS

or Bronchial Irritations Due to Cold—With Buckley's "Canadiol"

Almost instantly you get the surprise of your life—coughing spasms ease—right away it loosens up thick choking phlegm—opens up clogged bronchial tubes—makes breathing easier.
There's real economy in Buckley's all medication—no syrup. Half to one teaspoonful will convince the most skeptical. Get Buckley's "CANADIOL" the cough mixture that's entirely different—more effective—faster in action—take it for most restful sleep tonight. Druggists everywhere.

SUCCESS

»» WANT ADS »»

ROOMS FOR RENT—see Mrs. A. G. Clark, Phone 95.

FOR SALE—Four burner kerosene cook stove. In good condition. See Mrs. A. G. Clark or Phone 95.

FOUND—A bracelet Tuesday afternoon. Owner may have same by describing bracelet and paying for this ad.

BIGGER MILK OUTPUT

A. & M. COURSE THEME

The second wartime dairy field-men's short course, designed to formulate the program for in-

creased milk production in Texas will be held at A&M College Jan 8 and 9. A. V. Moore, dairy products specialist and director of short course, announced Thurs-



FROM US TO YOU!



† † Dusk... Christmas Eve... children moving about stealthily, wide-eyed and expectant... you know the signs.

Christmas is here, let us all be merry, for it comes but once a year.

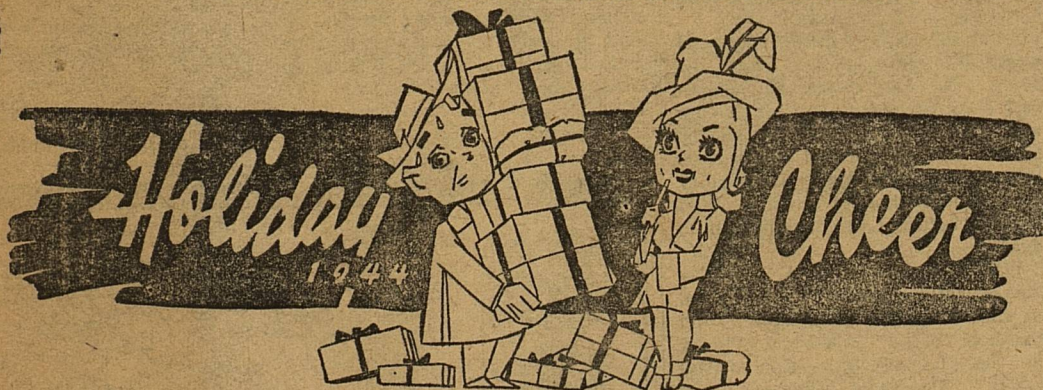
With gratitude for your kind favors during 1944 we send you heartiest Christmas greetings.

★ Holly and mistletoe, soft lights and Christmas trees, gifts that mean an outpouring of the spirit. Santa Claus is coming!

With gratitude for your continued friendship we pause during this busy Christmas season of 1944 to wish you the happiest Christmas of them all.

E. H. SWEATT

KENO OGDEN



when beaming faces tell that Christmas is very, very near, we are reminded again of the supreme value of friendship. He who has no friends, though he may have amassed a fortune, cannot be happy.

We have many friends in this area—friends from many years back as well as friends who have become friends during this past year. These friendships are a great source of pride and happiness to us.

To all these friends we wish a very Merry Christmas Season.

Texaco Service Station

H. D. MERCER, Prop.

TELEPHONE 95

Dealer for Firestone Products
—including—

FIRESTONE TIRES

SEAT COVERS

FLOOR MATS

SEE US FOR YOUR VULCANIZING NEEDS



★ The wise men saw it over the hills of old Judea... it glows in the Christmas sky tonight, though clouds may obscure the heavens. It is a beacon of hope in a world in which there is ever so much room for improvement. Its spirit travels around this earth, encouraging, sustaining, and beautifying.

Our Christmas greeting to every man, woman and child in this community... a greeting as warm and hearty—we hope—as if it were made to each in person with a friendly smile and a shake of the hand.

Blessed is the home where God dwells

Thanks for past favors and Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to each of you.

Wright's Cash Store