

To The Pioneers Who Came Here First This Fiesta Edition Is Dedicated

Today's 72-page edition of the Pampa News is dedicated to the Old Timers of the Top O' Texas—to the men and women, living and dead, who pioneered that we might live here.

Likewise, this seventh annual Top O' Texas Fiesta edition of The News is published in tribute to the members of the Pampa Junior Chamber of Commerce and to all those men and women who have given of time and effort to make this 1939 celebration the greatest of all.

The Pampa Junior Chamber of Commerce has one of the most active units in the United States. This was attested to when Pampa Jaycees won the 1938 award for staging the most outstanding annual celebration in Texas.

The Top O' Texas Fiesta is entirely a Junior Chamber of Commerce project, and it has been since its inception back in 1931.

This year's two-day celebration with its colorful pageantry of the Old West and Texas Under Six Flags undoubtedly will surpass anything the Jaycees have yet attempted. For this, appreciation is due to President Frank Monroe and his directors and Gen-

eral Chairman Carl Benefiel and his fiesta planning committee, as well as to all the members working on the various Fiesta committees.

Staging a \$10,000 show without any outside assistance whatsoever is no small task. The public little realizes the vast amount of work that has gone on behind the scenes of this 1939 Fiesta.

But the work is done, and the show is ready to go on. It opens tomorrow night with a pre-Fiesta dance for Old Timers and for the young folk as well.

Then bright and early Tuesday morning comes the annual registration of visitors, the official opening and the mammoth Fiesta parade, which this year is scheduled to be the greatest of them all.

And, from the opening hour Tuesday all through the day and into the next day and night will be unfolded attraction after attraction to amuse and entertain the thousands of visitors who will be in the city.

Padner, the corral bars are down—let's kick over a trace or two. It's Fiesta time in Pampa!



The Weather

West Texas: Fair Sunday and Monday.

THE PAMPA NEWS

(VOL. 37 NO. 56)

(72 PAGES TODAY)

PAMPA, TEXAS, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1939

Full AP Leased Wire

(PRICE FIVE CENTS)

Good Morning!

No sword bites so fiercely as an evil tongue.—Sir P. Sidney.

McClellan Lake Program Reinstated By SCS GLITTERING FIESTA IS READY

New School Depends On Appropriation

Favorable Action On Building Now Appears Likely

"We are well pleased with results of our trip and more convinced than ever that to obtain proper results contacts must be made at times in Washington," C. O. Walker, one of three Pampans who returned from Washington Friday evening, said.

Walker made the trip representing the Pampa Chamber of Commerce and Gray county. With him went C. F. Buckler, member of the Pampa Independent school board and Garnet Reeves, manager of the Pampa Chamber of Commerce.

As a result of the trip to Washington, Walker declared that officials of the Soil Conservation service had agreed to go ahead with plans to purchase additional land that is needed in connection with the project, to build over-night cabins, a recreational building, a youth camp, and other recreational facilities at Lake McClellan in the south part of Gray county, according to See NEW SCHOOL, Page 2

Water Plentiful Despite Record Consumption

Pampa has plenty of water for every purpose, City Manager W. T. Williamson and Water Superintendent Andy Crocker announced yesterday. The new enlarged system has been given a thorough test and has been found perfect.

During the first three days of last week more than 3,000,000 gallons of water was put through the mains daily. Of that amount 1,000,000 gallons had to be drawn from storage because the city was using only its old production system—three wells in northwest Pampa. At the rate of withdrawal, the city would have been out of water by the end of the week.

On Wednesday one of the new wells in the southwest part of the city was placed in use and withdrawals from storage ceased but consumption was so great that it was impossible to build back storage to normal. On Wednesday the second new well was opened in the mains back to normal.

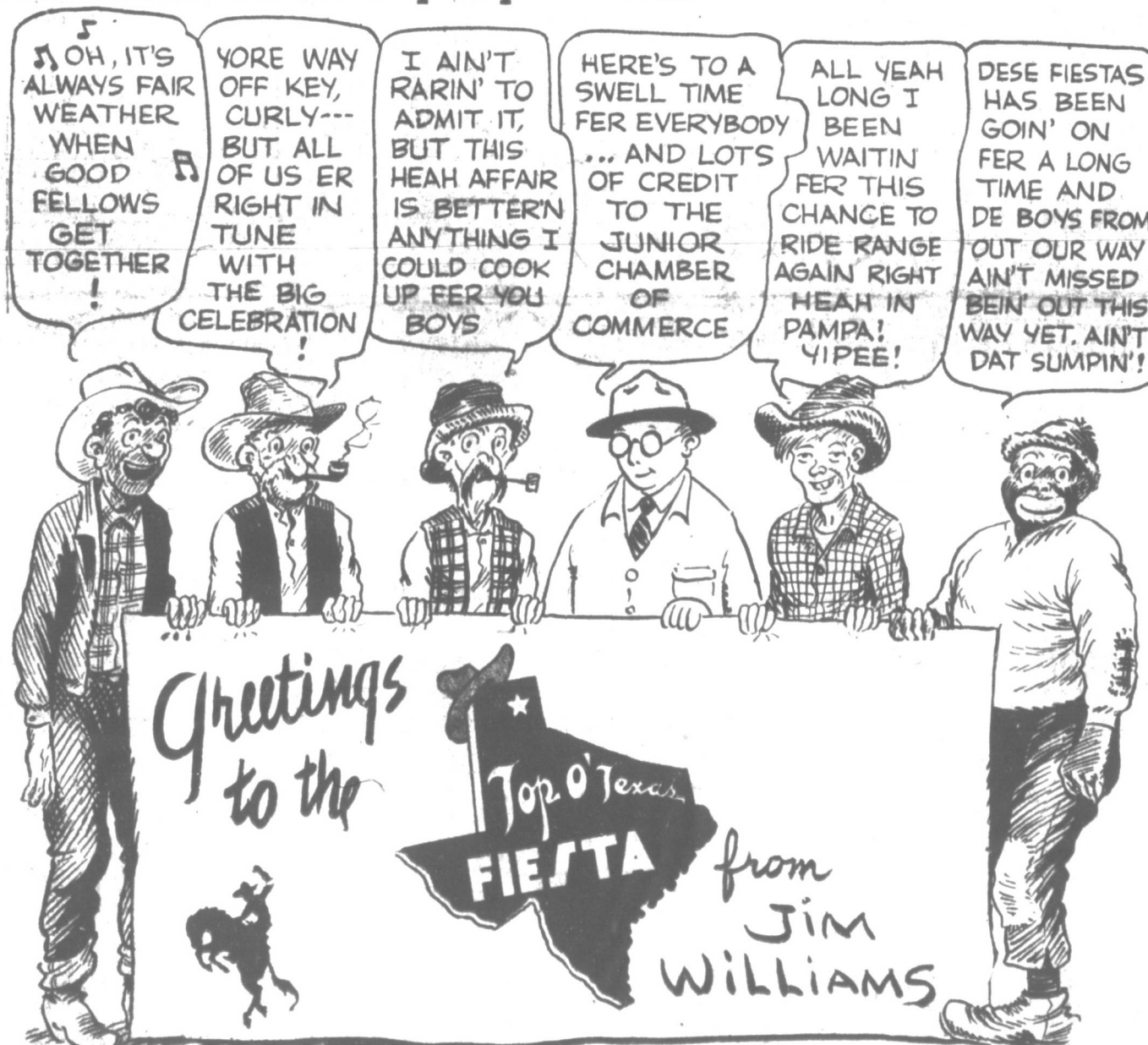
"Pampans can use all the water they want to now and there will be no shortage," City Manager Williamson said yesterday. "On Friday we pumped in excess of 3,000,000 gallons of water and still added to our storage."

Opening of Barnes street to traffic was also announced yesterday.

I Heard--

That throwing of cushions at Road Runner park is going to stop if every boy has to be barred from the park. Parents are urged to speak to their children about the practice. There is no danger of hurting the cushions but there is danger of hurting people. A woman with a baby in her arms was struck in the face Thursday night and later a man's glasses were broken by a thrown cushion. Parents—please speak to your children and warn them not to throw cushions.

Williams Sends 'Out Our Way' Boys To Fiesta



Drillers Change Mind--To Be Given Party By Popular Demand

By THE ROVING REPORTER
Back up there, you drillers! Whoa! Correction of your program!

The Jaycees heard rumblings up at drillers corner by the K. C. and by popular demand the Top O' Texas Fiesta committee is gonna give the veteran drillers a party. Even the fellows who will be out on tower at the time of the party were for it to a man.

So there ain't gonna be no free tickets to the rodeo; it's gonna be a Dutch lunch at Cliff Chambers' wrestling arena instead.

"The boys'll like that better than anything," a bunch told Earl Laley, a member of the Top O' Texas Fiesta steering committee, and the Roving Reporter. It developed in the conversations that more veteran drillers and toolies would get to attend the party than would get to go to the rodeo.

"What we want would be to get together with the boys, shoot the bull a while and have a good time—we couldn't do that at the rodeo," they said.

Grady Slocum, owner of the Highland Sales company, 832 West Foster, will furnish the drinks "with

Rain Falls As King, Queen Go To Hyde Park

By DOUGLAS E. CORNELL
HYDE PARK, N. Y., June 10 (AP)—

The ancestral home of President Roosevelt offered a welcome retreat tonight for King George and his queen—wary but happy over the tremendous, day-long ovation with which New York City's millions greeted them.

After a swift drive up the Hudson river through a light but steady rain, the royal couple turned into the President's quiet estate at 5:41 p. m. (CST), there to be greeted once again by Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt.

It was only yesterday that they parted in Washington after a tiring round of formal functions, but the hours must have been long to their majesties, for they had been on the go since early morning when they left

Drunken Driving Charge Filed Here

Bond of James Smith, 23, of Tulsa, charged with drunken driving, was set at \$1,500 Saturday, following an accident at the intersection of West Francis and Purvis street at 11:45 p. m. Friday night.

Smith had not posted bond and was being held in county jail last night.

The Tulsa was driving a 1939 Chevrolet sedan, traveling east, and failed to see the center parking on West Francis, the car striking the heavy iron posts, tearing the front wheels from the car, according to Texas Highway patrol reports.

Smith suffered an injured nose and had several teeth knocked out as the result of the impact. He was given treatment at Worley hospital.

Pampa policemen Buel Robinson and Lawrence Fisher, and Texas Highway patrolmen Byron L. St. Clair investigated the accident.

Needing three? Better see Barrett-Sill and save money.

Dentist Says Care Adds 5 Years To Life

Dentists, members of the Pampa District Dental Association, gathered in Pampa yesterday to hear Dr. Konrad Lux of Waco, specialist in children's dentistry, conduct a clinic in the Schneider hotel.

Dr. F. W. Dodson of Amarillo, president of the society, presided.

Between sessions the visitors enjoyed golf and a drive through the oilfield. The meeting closed with a banquet in the Schneider hotel last night when visitors were guests of the Pampa Dental society.

Although speaking specifically to dentists, Dr. Lux brought out many facts that would have been of great interest to the public. Dr. Lux advocated regular dental examination for children of pre-school age until at least 18 years.

"Periodical dental examination of the young is a prevention of adult dental ills," Dr. Lux declared. "Dental ills are very prevalent at the present time. Dental ills are happening six times greater than cures."

Quoting from statistics, Dr. Lux said that 246 school days were lost by students in Waco schools of dental ills during the past school term.

Here's Fiesta Program

TOP O' TEXAS FIESTA, PAMPA.

JUNE 13-14

MONDAY, JUNE 12

TUESDAY, JUNE 13

8 p. m. Old Timers' "warm up" dance at the high school gymnasium.

10 a. m. Official opening of the eighth annual fiesta with speeches delivered from the marquee of the LaNora theater.

11 a. m. Parade, starting at the intersection of West Foster and Hobart and ending on Frederic street. Frost, Browning and Cuyler are on the parade route.

12:30 p. m. Peace officers' luncheon with Cal Rose, Gray county sheriff as host. Place to be selected.

12:30 p. m. Press luncheon, honoring celebrities and visiting newspaper men and women, at the Schneider hotel.

12:30 p. m. Lunch for visiting bands at Panhandle Lumber company.

2:15 p. m. Rodeo, Recreation park.

4:30 p. m. Pampa Oilers vs. Abilene Apaches, baseball, Road Runner park.

8 p. m. Old timers' dance at high school gymnasium.

8:30 p. m. Rodeo, Recreation park.

9:30 p. m. Old timers' dance contest for those under the age of 50, high school gymnasium.

10 p. m. Modern dance at Schneider hotel. Music by Gordon Creamer and his orchestra.

10 p. m. Modern dance at Southern Club. Music by Al Stovall and his orchestra.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14

8:30 a. m. Old timers' registration at high school gymnasium.

12 Noon: Old timers barbecue. Location of barbecue to be announced to old timers at time of registration.

12 Noon: Organization of the 89ers and barbecue at the high school cafeteria. The terms 89ers means those persons who have lived in the Top O' Texas area since 1889 or been in the area prior to that date.

2:15 p. m. Rodeo, Recreation park.

4:30 p. m. Pampa Oilers vs. Abilene Apaches, baseball, Road Runner park.

8 p. m. Old timers dance, high school gymnasium.

8:30 p. m. Hollywood premiere, with personal appearance of stars on stage and in front of the LaNora theater. Impressions of hand and footprints of the stars will be made in concrete. Sufficient lighting equipment will be in place to make good photographic conditions.

9:15 p. m. Rodeo, Recreation park.

9:30 p. m. Old timers' dance contest for those over the age of 50, high school gymnasium.

10 p. m. Modern dance at Schneider hotel. Music by Gordon Creamer and his orchestra.

10 p. m. Modern dance at Southern Club. Music by Al Stovall and his orchestra.

Historical exhibits will be displayed in Pampa store windows during the two-day celebration and prizes are to be awarded the three best displays.

Tidwell's Greater Shows will be located on the west side of the main gate, extending down both sides of the road to the gate, with attractions open during both days and nights of the fiesta.

The June membership luncheon of the Pampa Chamber of Commerce will be held at noon Monday in the First Methodist church basement instead of the regular day.

Farris C. Oden, president, announced yesterday.

The change was made on account of the opening of the Top O' Texas Fiesta the next day.

Several Chamber of Commerce projects will be discussed at the luncheon.

Plans for the dedication of the Pampa-Borger highway including the visit of Texas State Highway officials June 23 will be discussed and the membership will be urged to fit into plans of the highway committee. J. M. Collins, chairman of the highway committee will report on plans and representatives of the Borger Chamber of Commerce are expected.

The finance committee will report on progress of the 1939 membership drive that has been carried on thru the mail the past two weeks. No actual solicitation will be made at the meeting.

A printed program giving the complete program and explanation of all events of the Top O' Texas Fiesta will be at every place and Frank Monroe, president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, will outline Fiesta plans.

Rodeo, Parade Called Best In History

Greatest Crowd Of All Time Due To Attend Big Show

Pampa today put on extra flourish into the shining of its boots, the slant of its sombrero, and gave a last minute inspection of the "ranch" to see that all was in readiness for the round-up party for its friends and neighbors here Tuesday and Wednesday.

Boss Carl Benefiel, general chairman of the 1939 Top O' Texas Fiesta, said the plans for the party were about complete and that only a few changes had been made in the original program, as announced in issues of the Pampa NEWS during the past week.

"Warm-Up" Dance
Leading off the big annual celebration will be an old timers dance at 8 o'clock Monday night at the high school gymnasium, a "warm-up" for the dances and dance contest for the rodeo and dance contest.

See RODEO, Page 5

Sanity Test For Kidnapers Looms

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10 (AP)—A sanity test appeared in prospect today for Margaret Polly Wells, 28, who kidnaped 5-year-old Krabe Oxborn for \$1,600 ransom but soon got caught.

Gerald Kenny, public defender, said the girl refused to consent to a plea of innocent by reason of insanity and expressed a desire to plead guilty to a straight charge of kidnaping, under which she was held in \$50,000 cash bail.

Kenny, however, asked Municipal Judge Peter Mullins for authority to transfer the girl from jail to detention hospital for mental observation. Judge Mullins asked him to delay a formal motion until Monday.

Temperatures In Pampa

6 a. m. Today	61
7 a. m.	67
8 a. m.	67
9 a. m.	67
10 a. m.	69
11 a. m.	72
12 Noon	75
1 p. m.	78
2 p. m.	81
3 p. m.	82
4 p. m.	82
5 p. m.	82
6 p. m.	80
7 p. m.	78
8 p. m.	74
9 p. m.	71
10 p. m.	68
11 p. m.	65
12 Midelet	63
Saturday maximum	63
Saturday minimum	61

I Saw...

Historical costumes for the parade and truly they are the most gorgeous and authentic, even to swords and guns, ever used in a celebration here. . . . Bill Garbe, the Otter leftfielder, is taking elaborate care of his feet, and he believes he'll be back in there before long. . . . Dick Hughes, chairman of the old timers events, left his office yesterday to dodge the constant ringing of the telephone. . . . Anybody who has grass-cutting or yard-tending jobs or any other kind of jobs for boys is asked to telephone this corner who'll send a hard-worker out immediately. There are a lot of boys on the list.

Beer, home-made ice cream, Pig Hips, Pig Hip Drive Inn, Borger 12way.

Woman Jailed Here In Hijacking At Shamrock

A Wheeler county woman was being held in Gray county jail today, following an alleged hold-up in Shamrock between 12:30 and 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, in which one woman was robbed at gun-point by another woman.

No charges had been filed in the case here last night.

A man, said to be the husband of the woman held in Gray county jail, was being held at Shamrock in alleged connection with the same case.

Mrs. Henry Westmoreland, bookkeeper at the Farmers Union Warehouse in Shamrock, a feed store, was on duty at the office in Shamrock, where H. L. Blackburn, owner, was out to lunch.

A woman came into the office and holding a gun on the bookkeeper ordered her to turn over the \$25 in the cash drawer. When Mrs. Westmoreland had complied, the woman then ordered the bookkeeper to turn round, and when she did so, struck her several times on the head with the butt of a gun.

Blackburn, returning from lunch, found Mrs. Westmoreland lying unconscious on the office floor. He took her to the Shamrock clinic, where she received treatment. Several stitches were taken in the woman's scalp.

Arrested In Theater

From the description furnished by Mrs. Westmoreland, Shamrock officers were able to trace the woman to the B. & L. department store, where she had left some clocks she had purchased. The woman is said to have come into the store with a package of blood on her clothing, changed into the slacks suit, sometime between 2 and 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Walter Davis and J. L. Pingenot, Jr., of Shamrock, of the Texas Highway patrol, arrested a woman and man in a Shamrock motion picture theater.

The sum of \$6.45 was found buried in a public park and another sum of \$3.45 was found in the woman's purse.

Both the man and the woman were said to have been employed on a farm near Shamrock. They came to Shamrock from Colorado a few months ago.

The woman was brought to Pampa for questioning by District Attorney Clifford Braly.

Wife Stops Worrying, Works Beside Husband

AGINCOURT, Ont., June 10 (AP)—Mrs. Charles Miner decided that the best way to stop worrying about her husband while he was at work was to work beside him.

"It like it better than washing dishes," she said as she started on a new job at Knox church today.

Her husband is a steeplejack. Now she paints steeples beside him at an hour.

OPPORTUNITY TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

In a WESTERN AUTO ASSOCIATE STORE

Western Auto Supply Company, largest and most successful in its line, 30 years in business, had a sales volume of 36 million dollars in 1938. We are now offering you an opportunity to own and operate a Western Auto Associate Store, home owned, in towns of 1,500 to 20,000. There are over 1,000 such stores in operation.

You can become the owner and operator of a "Western Auto Associate Store" for as little as \$2,750 in the smaller towns which pays for merchandise and fixtures and everything necessary to start business. We train you in our successful merchandising methods.

WESTERN AUTO SUPPLY CO. Associate Store Division 2116 Central St. Kansas City, Mo.

Warm-Up' Dance Tomorrow Night To Open Fiesta Fun

Old timers, always the dominant group honored at the Top O' Texas Fiestas, will have their share of the spotlight on the program of the 1939 celebration.

From the "warm-up" dance to be held at 8 o'clock tomorrow night at the high school gymnasium to the old timers dance contest at the same place at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday night, the old timers will have a busy time.

All Day Registration

Old timers will register at from 8:30 to 5 o'clock on each afternoon of the Fiesta dates—Tuesday and Wednesday, at the high school gymnasium.

As old timers enter the gymnasium they will be given cards to be taken to three divisional depots, one for the 80ers, one for those who have lived in the Top O' Texas area 40 to 49 years, and one for those who have lived in the area from 25 years to 39 years.

Three Classes

At the desks, each will receive a badge and ribbon, gold for the 80ers, white for the 40-49 year class, and blue for the 25-39 year section.

At 8 o'clock Tuesday night the second old timers dance will be held in the high school gymnasium.

At noon Wednesday, two barbecues will be given to the old timers. That of the 80ers will be held in the high school cafeteria. At this time the 80er organization will be formed.

The term 80ers indicates those persons who have lived in the Top O' Texas section since 1889 or been in the area prior to that date.

State Official to Attend

Len A. Smith, chairman of the Texas Railroad commission, will be

present at the 1939 Pampa Fiesta. He will be in charge of the 80ers barbecue, which will be in charge of Walter E. Rogers, Pampa's city attorney.

Mei Davis, Clinton Henry, M. A. Graham, John V. Andrews, Lee Ledick, H. C. Coffey, Ochs Mitchell, Roger McConnell, will have duties in connection with the barbecue for the non-80ers group.

Mrs. Roy Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. Bonnie Rose, Dave Turcotte, Mack Harmon, Joe Lutz, Mrs. E. A. Shackleton, Fred Cullen, and W. C. de Cordova, are others who will help the old timers committee.

Coffee served at the barbecue will be donated by the Admiration Coffee company.

Sheffy to Speak

L. F. Sheffy, professor of history at West Texas State college, and executive secretary of the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, will speak at the 80ers barbecue, which will be in charge of Walter E. Rogers, Pampa's city attorney.

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a special guest of the 80er affair. For the other groups of old timers another barbecue will be held. Location of the barbecue will be announced only at the time of registration.

Pampa automobile dealers will be asked to furnish courtesy cars for the pioneers. R. C. Hughes, chairman of the old timers committee, said Saturday.

Wedding and Harp Contests

Old timers fiddle and harp contests will be held at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the high school gymnasium. The concluding old timers dance will start at 8 o'clock Wednesday night, at the same place.

At 8:30 o'clock the second old timers dance contest, for those over the age of 50, will be held. A contest for those under the age of 50 will be held at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday night.

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NEW SCHOOL

(Continued From Page 1)

the original plans approved early last year and signed by Secretary Henry A. Wallace.

Program Reinstated

Upon arrival in Washington, officials of the SCS advised, that on account of a change in policy, it had been decided to eliminate the building of the over-night cabins, and the youth camp and to whittle down the plans on the agricultural building and other facilities at the lake.

While in Washington the delegation was successful in getting the program reinstated.

The delegation conferred with officials of the Public Works Administration in connection with the proposed PWA grant of \$157,000 to supplement funds voted by the school district last summer for a new high school building.

Col. Clark, executive assistant of PWA, was interviewed as to the status of the school application. Col. Clark's attention was called to the urgent need for action on the application.

He assured the delegation that the application will be re-examined and a final decision will be made by the PWA board of directors. A new PWA appropriation is being made by Congress.

Congressman Martin Jones and other Washington officials believe there is little question but that a substantial amount, perhaps \$550,000 will be appropriated for PWA in the next few weeks. In this case, with the project fresh on the minds of PWA officials and with the information before them, the project should receive favorable action.

Misleading Error Made

The delegation learned that the school project came to Washington for consideration last summer at a time that the state of Texas had already received more than its allotted share of PWA funds.

They likewise learned that some errors had been made in recording the project. It was listed under Potter county and showed an application of \$193,000, (the amount of bonds voted last summer) instead of \$157,500 as requested as a grant.

Col. Clark made a memorandum of these errors and has corrected them. This will facilitate the approval of the project provided Congress makes a further PWA allotment.

Col. Clark estimated that less than one third of the pending PWA projects were financed and ready to be started as is the case of the Pampa school project and while no PWA official could make any promises at this time because of lack of funds, in speaking of the possibility of its going on through as one of the first new projects after the new appropriation, he said: "To use the language of the race track, it's a good bet."

Pumping Grant Likely

While there, the delegation discussed with Col. Clark the pending amendment application of the City of Pampa for \$6,500 in additional funds for a central pumping unit on the present PWA water works improvement project. This application has passed the amendment unit of PWA to the allotment unit and will soon be granted.

The building of the youth camp at Lake McClellan will depend upon the success of the delegation in getting some reliable local organization to operate and maintain the camp. Soil Conservation Service officials promised to provide in approximately two weeks' time, rules and regulations, under which the government will agree to turn over to some reliable agency, the maintenance of the camp.

Ervin J. Utz, in charge of Erosion Control Practices of the SCS, and other officials expect to visit the Panhandle in about two weeks and may work out details of the operation of the Youth Camp with local officials while here.

Utz Assures Grants

Among other officials contacted in Washington in the SCS department includes the following: Dillon Moyer, executive assistant to the Director, Ervin J. Utz, Erosion Control Practices, L. J. Peet in charge, Project Organization, all of the Soil Conservation Service.

The final conference was with Mr. Utz and Mr. Peet at which time the Pampans were assured the original plans would be carried out.

Jones Praised

"Outstanding among impressions gained from the contact made at Washington was the ability and prestige enjoyed by our Congressman Marvin Jones," C. E. Buckler said yesterday. The delegation had dozens of high ranking officials to say that "if Marvin Jones wants it done—it will be done." The delegation feels that their success in getting to meet the officials and the success of getting a favorable hearing can be attributed very largely to this prestige and influence of Congressman Jones.

To carry forward on the Lake McClellan program and the general lakes and dams program started nearly three years ago, Congressman Jones plans to call a conference of the leading officials of the Department of Agriculture at which time he will call attention to the many delays and changes in policies and to demand that some one be charged directly with the responsibility of carrying out the lake and dams program as has been repeatedly promised the people of the Panhandle by not only Congressman Jones but by officials of the Department of Agriculture.

Carl Hinton, secretary of the Panhandle Water Conservation Authority was of an invaluable aid to the Pampans through his intimate knowledge of the status of the general lakes and dams program.

The Pampans were fortunate to be in Washington during the visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth and thoroughly enjoyed seeing the royal visitors, the parade, the crowds and other interesting features of the festivities.

The aggregate income of residents of New York state in 1937 was \$11,138,000,000.

Borger Pastor Re-Elected As Vesper Leader

BORGER, June 10.—Rev. J. N. Hunt, pastor of the First Baptist church of Borger, was re-elected chairman of the Borger-Phillips Mothers Day vesper organization for 1940, at a meeting of the central committee held this week at the First Methodist church.

R. L. Grimes was elected treasurer and James H. Heston, secretary. The outdoor vesper service honoring mothers was started in a program held last month in a canyon amphitheater north of Borger. Reno Simpson of Pampa was the principal speaker. A crowd of 7,000 persons attended the initial program.

RAIN

(Continued From Page 1)

Their royal blue special train at Red Bank, N. J.

The motor cavalcade whipped through the well-guarded countryside without delay, once the party was through with its ceremonial at Columbia university. Although Riverside Drive in New York City was crowded with cheering thousands, the crowds thinned out as the party sped upstate, mainly because of the rain.

Mother Awaits Them

Within the century-old home of the President, the royal couple found quiet and an informal restfulness. The 64-year-old mother of the President was there, too, to extend her cordial greetings to the rulers of the world's most far-flung empire.

It was expected that shortly before Queen Elizabeth would find the repose of the President's 1,200-acre estate in striking contrast to the pretentious grounds and palaces of Britain's sovereigns.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt made a thorough, but quick survey of the estate shortly before their majesties left New York for Hyde Park, just to be sure everything was in order.

In the cool study of the stone and stucco house, with ivy clambering over its walls, President and king had their first chance to speak of more than pleasantries.

Mr. Roosevelt already had indicated that he and the king probably would touch on international affairs. While he said the conversations would not be of special significance, foreign offices the world over watched, by and with almost certain futurity, for any due to what might pass between the heads of two powerful nations.

One bedroom each was set aside for the British monarchs. And they could retire as early as they wished, because no entertainment was planned after dinner—to which 400 guests were invited.

Three Dining Tables

Mrs. Roosevelt told reporters there would be two tables, the dining room is small. Her sons and their wives were to sit at the smaller one.

The Roosevelt home, almost cluttered in spots with bric-a-brac, books and furniture of various periods, is impressive chiefly for its air of "livability."

It is spacious enough for the family, but most of the British royal party had to remain on the king's blue and silver special train at nearby Poughkeepsie. Only two ladies in waiting, two gentlemen attendants of the king, and Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada were able to share in his hospitality for the night.

For three hours tomorrow afternoon, Mrs. Roosevelt said, George and Elizabeth can do just what they please. They will be invited to drive about the state or countryside or to swim in a sparkling blue-lined pool two miles through the woods near the President's Butcher's Hill cottage.

Those three hours of respite will be sandwiched between picnic at the cottage and dinner at the "big house."

To Attend Church

The morning, however, was reserved for the President and king, First Lady and queen, to add the spiritual ties of worship at St. James Episcopal church to the bond of friendship between England and America.

Fresh green stuffs and strawberries from the Roosevelt gardens were on the menu during the stay of their majesties.

"I never knew ma to be anything like that," Mrs. Roosevelt explained. "Ma" is her affectionate name for the President's mother, the actual owner of Hyde Park house.

From a side porch or newly-

DRILLERS

(Continued From Page 1)

my compliments to my pals in the oil fields," it was announced.

The party will begin at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday night. Sandwiches and drinks will be served. Music will be provided from the arena which is located at corner of Atchison and Wynne.

Drillers and toolies eligible and invited to attend include those who have filled out the registration blank which has been published numerous times in the News. All blanks must be in and properly filled out by Monday night. Those eligible to fill out the blank include those who have been working on wells 15 years, and who are still in the business, and it also includes the old timers who have retired.

Veterans who have registered to date include the following: Bert Walsh, A. L. Ford, George Appleby, John E. Hughes, Bob Candler, Henry Gandy, Ed Pich, John Daly, J. D. Fish, Harvey Landrum, Joe Enbly, Harry Krebs, Pat Lyng, E. J. Haslam, L. M. Sheldrick, C. T. Zimmerman, Jim Sargent, E. P. Mitchell, Al Johnston, E. C. Wright, Dutch Hubert, W. M. Lot, George B. Adams, John D. Frye, Rudy Woodland, Arley Pw, J. O. (Jack) Reddell, G. E. Timm, Lee Porter, J. R. Combs, L. S. and F. M. McDonald, Adam Brodin.

Zeke Simpson, A. D. Fish, A. L. Morris, Roy Hallman, C. E. Moore, L. E. Moore, Fred Burlew, Sr., Cassius Keeler, C. F. Morgan, P. W. Broyles, Ted Sims, George Maddox, Borger, W. F. Hallman, Vance Rhea, C. R. Stone, J. H. Bramer, C. B. Myers, Early Davis, Paul Blankenburg, Mark Denison, Theo Duncan, Phloxy Boyd, W. M. Lott, S. C. Bulth, W. A. Williamson, Ken Johnson, David Terrell.

DENTIST

(Continued From Page 1)

Anything of that magnitude is a matter of public concern. Dr. Lux told his listeners.

"You may think this is a pretty broad statement but I am speaking from records when I say that regular dental examination and correction adds five years to the life of a person," Dr. Lux said.

The difference in dental surgery here and abroad was discussed by Dr. C. H. Schukley of Pampa who spent several months studying in Europe last year.

Registered were:

Dr. J. B. Landers, E. D. Ewing, W. E. Dinn, Clarence Osburn, Herb Portney, W. B. Stevenson, F. W. Dodson, W. M. Curi, R. L. Rogers, W. R. Moody, Bob Younger, W. E. Gibbons, and J. W. Barr, all of Amarillo.

Dr. G. E. Eubanks, E. U. Johnston, and F. E. Garner, all of Dalhart.

Dr. Waldo Beckley, H. H. Cross, C. L. Hooper and Sam Arthor-bread of Borger.

Dr. E. J. Gindoff, Canyon, Dr. Roy McCasland, Tulsa, Dr. John M. Hooper, Florida, Dr. C. H. Schukley, W. L. Campbell, A. R. Sawyer, H. H. Hicks, Mrs. H. H. Hicks and H. E. Howard of Pampa.

Dr. Conrad Lux, Waco, and W. Chapman, student, Baylor University, Waco.

Burglar Takes Judge's Keys To Courtroom

PHILADELPHIA, June 10 (AP)—Judge Curtis Bok would like to pass sentence on a negro burglar who broke into his secretary's home today—if he could get his keys to the room.

The burglar stole the courtroom keys.

groomed lawn, the king and queen may look down upon the Hudson, its waters nearly hidden by the verdant branches of tall old trees. Across the river diagonally is the "heaven" of Father Divine, New York Negro evangelist.

Back from the river, the estate rolls eastward more than three miles. And it is at the top of its highest point, 400 feet above the river, where nests the cottage designed by the President himself.

That was the scenic spot selected for the picnic. There will be hot dogs if it is cool, Mrs. Roosevelt promised. But there also will be plenty of other foods that might be more pleasing to an epicure, along with beer and soft drinks.

Helmeted soldiers, each with a rifle, were spaced at regular intervals along the thoroughfare, supplementing the New York state police and secret service.

Mexican oil production suffered a 13 per cent decline in 1938.

Benefits Of Security Law Increased

WASHINGTON, June 10 (AP)—With only two dissenting votes, the house approved and sent to the senate today a set of amendments extending and increasing the benefits of the social security law while keeping the old age pension tax at its present level for the next three years.

The vote was 361 to 2, with Representatives Smith, republican, Ohio, and Thill, republican, Wis., casting the negative votes. Representative Carlson, republican, Kas., first voted "no," then changed to "present," because he was paired with a member who favored the legislation.

The tax amendment has been mailed as a "recovery step" because it would avoid a 50 per cent increase next year in the old age insurance tax.

If the senate approves the house's action, it will mean that the working man covered by old age insurance will continue to contribute to his retirement pension one per cent of his pay, up to \$3,000, until Jan. 1, 1942.

In 1943, the rate will go up to 1 1/4 per cent. Under present law, the rate is due to go up to 1 1/4 per cent next Jan. 1.

The employer pays the same tax as the employee.

A ways and means committee report estimated "total savings" to taxpayers during the next three years would be \$1,710,000,000.

At the same time it estimated that increased benefits would cost an additional \$1,200,000,000 during the next five years. The committee said, however, that the total cost over the next 45 years would be about the same as under present law.

Number Extended

The committee also said that 1,100,000 additional persons—seamen, bank employees and employed persons 65 and over—would be provided old age insurance under amendments which extended coverage to these groups, and that 200,000 additional would get unemployment insurance.

Under the amendments, the government would begin paying old age insurance benefits next year, instead of waiting until 1942 as present law provides.

Furthermore, the benefits to be received by persons who reach 65—the retirement age—in the next few years would be greatly increased.

New Pension Weeks

For instance, under present law a man making \$106 a month would be entitled to \$17.60 a month pension on Jan. 1, 1942, if he had paid the old age tax five years (since Jan. 1, 1937).

Under the amendments, if this man reached 65 on Jan. 1, 1940, or thereafter, he could retire on a pension of \$25.76 if he were single, or \$38.63 if he were married.

The amendments also would provide pensions for elderly widows and parents and the minor children of deceased old age insurance participants, doing away with the lump sum payment to heirs as in present law.

The maximum federal contribution to states for old age assistance would be increased from \$15 to \$20 a month, as would the contribution for aid to the blind.

Old age assistance is intended for the indigent aged and is distinct from the old age insurance benefits. The states must match federal funds for this purpose, dollar-for-dollar.

Highway Workers To Quit For Fiesta

County road hands in precinct 2 will be given an opportunity to enjoy the Top O' Texas Fiesta, as will employees at the hopper mixing station at the county warehouse in Southeast Pampa.

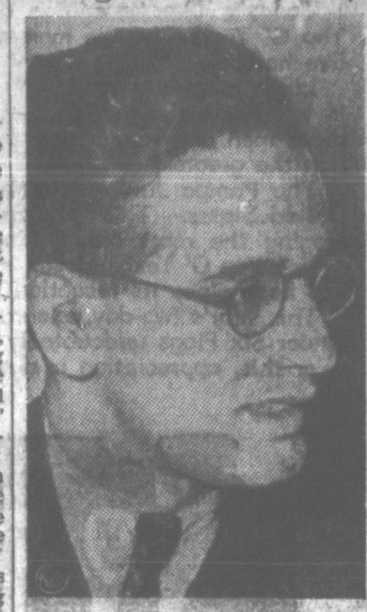
County Farm Agent Ralph R. Thomas said the mixing station would be closed all day Tuesday and that he had also been informed road laborers in precinct 2 would no work that day.

As to whether county employees in other precincts would have the day off, he had not been told.

The grasshopper poison compound mixing station had distributed 50,000 pounds of compound to date since it opened on May 5, averaging between 10,000 and 12,000 pounds daily during the past week.

There is neither water nor air on the moon.

Held for Remarks Against Royalty



Because he allegedly made derogatory remarks about British king and queen,



Shop at Wards

YOU'LL FIND EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANT! YOU CAN PAY IN CONVENIENT MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS!



*Sunday is
Father's Day
and Wards have the
gifts he'd choose himself!*

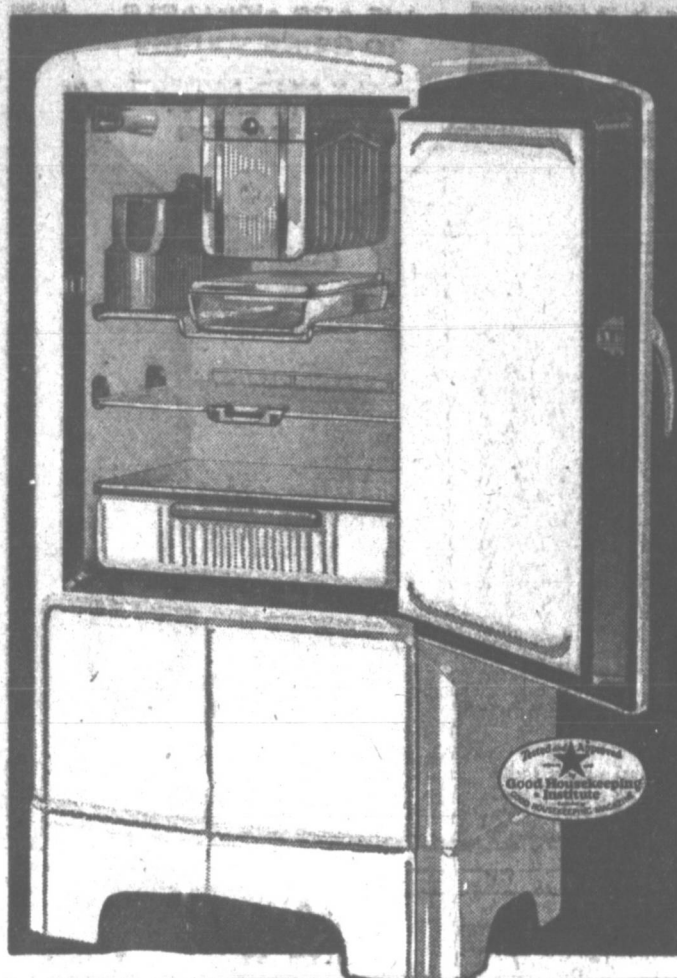
\$1.98 Worth of Comfort and Style!

Luxury Shirts

IN GLEAMING
GIFT BOXES...

1 49

Luxury fabric... luxury tailoring... luxury patterns—all the comfort and style Dad deserves! Packed in a gift box—and priced low by Wards to take the expense out of giving!



A Big Deluxe Super Value!

FULL FAMILY SIZE FULL FEATURED

*Easily
worth
\$175.00*

134⁹⁵

- New Speedy Cube Ice Tray!
- Exclusive Food Frostor Set!
- Huge 24-Qt. Vegetable Freshener!
- Super Powered, Silent Unit!

It's a beauty! Genuine Duflex exterior... one-piece porcelain interior! 5.5 cu. ft. size! Holds loads of food... shelf area is 10.72 sq. ft. Has Food Guardian! Sliding Shelves! Speedy Freezer makes 34 cubes, 6 lbs. of ice per freezing! New, improved ice tray is quicker, easier! Triple sealed insulation! 1/2 gallon water jug! Backed by Wards 5-Year Protection Plan at no extra cost to you!

\$5 DOWN, Monthly Payments, Carrying Charge



*Save
on wiring!*

RUBBER COVERED

No. 14 wire reduced! Every foot tested at 1500 volts. Passes Underwriters rigid requirements. Buy now and save! Per 100 foot lengths.

72⁸

NON-METALLIC CABLE

Speedy installation. Passes Code and Underwriters tests!

\$270

*Your
choice!*

Friction Tape
Toggle Switch
Duplex Receptacle

10^c

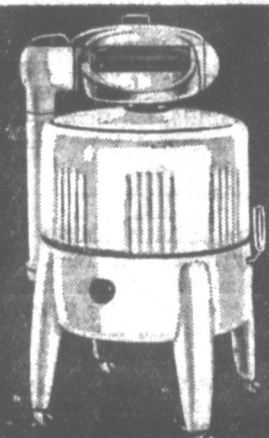


More Comfort for Dad! Matching Outfits

Sanitized
Shrink!

2⁹⁸

Dad will look grand in these smart new weaves! And he'll feel like a million, too! Because they're cool... cut full... tailored carefully! New Summer colors.



Compare \$80 Washers! All White! Efficient!

49⁸⁸

Big! Beautiful! Holds 24 gals. to top... 18 gals. to water-line! Pressure Selector on Lovell wringer! Also Gas Engine and pump models!

\$4 Monthly, Down Payment, Carrying Charge



Combination Offer Vacuum and Hand Cleaner

34⁹⁵

Both for less than you'd expect to pay for the big one alone! Big cleaner has beating, sweeping, suction action! Durable finish!

\$4 Monthly, Down Payment, Carrying Charge



Modernize your home Light Fixtures

Your Choice

10⁸

Keyless 2-light ceiling fixture and side-wall bracket have ivory finish baked on glazed porcelain. Easy to clean. Kitchen unit has glazed porcelain base with globe.

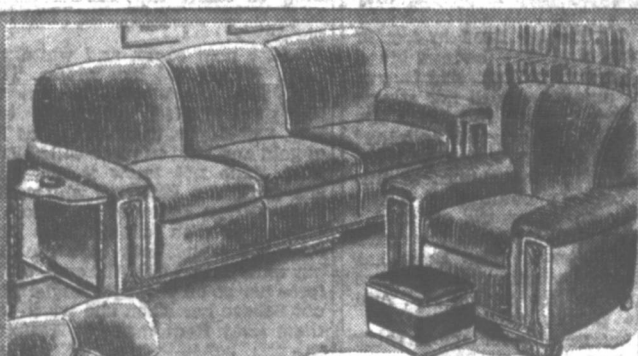


Creme Soles for Walking! Men's Sport Oxfords

Wards low Price!

2⁹⁸

For hiking or golf this wing tip brogue is perfect! It's built on a roomy last for real foot comfort... with springy soles that postpone fatigue. Sizes range from 6 to 11.



Beautifully Matched! Easily Worth \$90! Large 6 Pc. Living Room

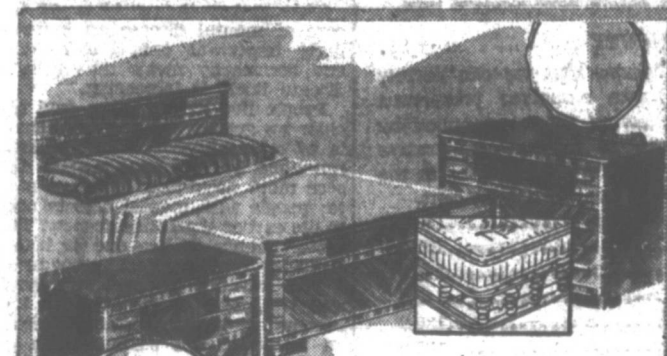
\$66

7 Pcs. Illustrated... \$86

Save \$24 on this COMPLETE living room! The BIG chairs and davenport are comfortable and roomy. Covered in luxurious, durable rayon-cotton Velvet!

\$7 A MONTH, Down Payment, Carrying Charge

Get These!
Davenport
Lounge Chair
Occasional Chair
End Table
Hutch
Refrigerator



You'd Expect to Pay \$100 for this Group! Complete 7-Pc. Bedroom

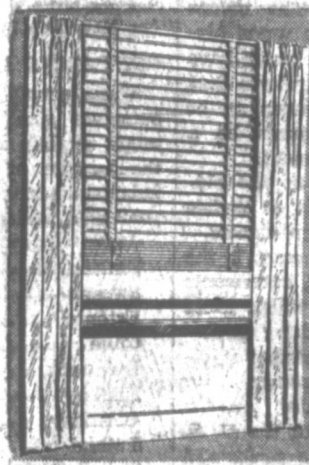
\$77

\$7 A MONTH*

Save \$23! Replace your present bedroom furniture at Wards LOW Sale price—or make over your spare room into a modern guest room! BIG veneered pieces—beautifully styled! Save at Wards!

*Down Payment, Carrying Charge

Get These!
1. Bed
2. Chest
3. Vanity or Dresser
4. Mirror
5. Spring
6. Two Pillows
7. Two Blankets



SENSATIONAL! SALE! Venetian Blinds

23" to 25"
Wide

1⁹⁹

64" long. High grade basswood slats. Covered with 2 coats ivory lacquer! Equipped with automatic stop-filling device! 30-35" wide, 64" long... \$2.88



For Father's Day! Men's Dress Socks

Short and
Long Styles

25^c

Our customers tell us that only at Wards can they find such fine quality rayon and silk in a 25c sock! The knit-in patterns, the mercurized toes and heels are values.

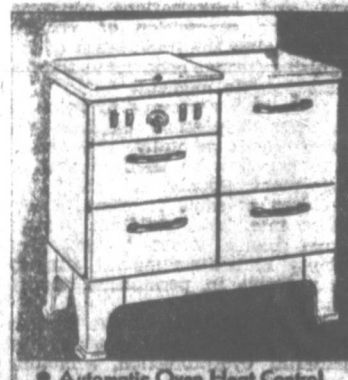


For Father's Day Portable Radio

24⁹⁵

Others ask \$30 to \$36! No connections needed! Batteries and aerial built-in! 1-2 volt tubes cut operating cost 1-3! Ideal for beach or vacation!

Complete With Batteries
Monthly Terms
Take it anywhere!



Compare with any \$65 Gas Range 49⁹⁵

Oven is insulated, lined with easy-to-clean porcelain! Round porcelain burners light automatically! Drop-door built-out broiler!

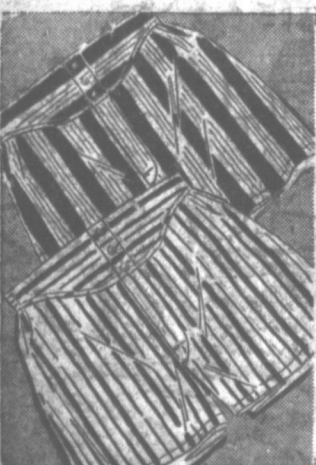
\$5 Down, \$5 Monthly Carrying Charge

• Automatic Oven Heat Control
• New Safety Oven Gas Valve
• Fully Preheated A.G.A. Approved



Compare Prices! Inside Paints

Gloss Wall Enamel Best! Washable! Qt. **98^c**
Semi-Gloss Enamel Bath-like finish. Qt. **89^c**
Wards Floor Enamel One coat covers! **95^c**
Marproof Varnish Finest for floors! Qt. **1¹⁹**



Something Bright for Dad Colorful New Shorts

Buttons or
"Grippers"

25^c

BLAZER STRIPES and other new patterns... For Dad on Father's Day! Fine cotton broadcloth—fast color! Full sizes, well tailored. FINE SWISS RIB SHIRTS. 25c



Reduced! This week only! 3-pc. Bath Outfit

Less
Fittings

39⁸⁸

Finest quality white porcelain enameled cast iron tub and lavatory! Stainless white vitreous china closet with white hardwood seat. \$5 Monthly, Down Payment Carrying Charge

MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN
may be used on any purchases totaling
\$10 or more! Buy NOW... pay LATER!

MONTGOMERY WARD

CATALOG ORDER SERVICE
saves you money on thousands of items
we haven't room to stock in our store!

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An independent Democratic newspaper, publishing the news fairly and impartially at all times and supporting in its editorial columns the principles which it believes to be right and opposing those questions which it believes to be wrong, regardless of party politics.

A King And The New World
There is a difference between the New World and the Old.
We forget about it sometimes, and think that the difference is only one of place and time. But it is deeper than that. There is a youthfulness, an irrepressibility of spirit in the New World that has vanished from the Old. Advancing maturity, imposition of Old World culture, have not killed it.
The King and Queen of England have by now drunk deeply of this buoyancy and exuberance. In Ottawa, the greeting of veterans was so heart-felt that Their Majesties spontaneously mingled with the crowd.
And at Melville, a forsaken dust-bowl town of Saskatchewan, the last barrier fell. The royal couple not only mingled freely and unguarded among the dusty farmers, but women threw their arms about the queen and kissed her, and the king felt the thump of rough hands on his back in hearty greeting. It was the West greeting the Old World, and showing more honest love than the most scrupulous courtier could express.
Will these impressions ever quite wash out of the minds of the British king and queen, once they are back in the stuffy halls of Westminster? Perhaps they will feel sometimes, even then, a breath of clean western air that will help dissipate the diplomatic fogs of Europe.

Behind The News Of The Day
BY BRUCE CATTON
Pampa News Washington Correspondent
WASHINGTON, June 10.—The government is getting first-hand experience of the headaches which often befall the employer. It is getting the experience through the U. S. Maritime Commission, one of whose ships sailed squarely into a union picket line when it docked at Seattle the other day.
It's all rather involved, so listen carefully.
The Maritime Commission runs some ships itself; others are run for it by private corporations under government supervision. On these latter ships, the Maritime Commission pays the crews, direct; sends a check to each skipper each month, out of which he makes the payments. The operating agent, thus, has nothing whatever to do with the payment; and the crews, as a result, are regarded by the Maritime Commission as government employees.
Union Trouble
Being an employer of seamen, the commission has tangled with the unions about hiring. The unions claim the government ought to hire from union hiring halls, just like the private companies which have signed union contracts; the commission retorts that it's a fixed government policy that membership or non-membership in any organization cannot be a precedent to employment by the government.
So the government gets its seamen in the old-fashioned way—by taking them from lists of eligible seamen in offices of U. S. shipping commissioners.
Dominant seamen's union on the east coast is the CIO National Maritime Union. It has agreements with several shipping companies, under which those companies get their crews from NMU hiring halls—union sailors. When the Maritime Commission started hiring men, the NMU protested vigorously. After a while, though, it decided to compromise.
It had all of its members register with the U. S. shipping commissioner in their respective ports; and since it is the fixed policy of the Maritime Commission to avoid discrimination in hirings, it takes its union and non-union men from the commissioners' lists in the exact percentage in which they appear on the lists. That is, if 80 per cent of the names on a list are names of union men, a skipper hiring a crew for a Maritime Commission-paid vessel will get 80 per cent union men and 20 per cent non-union.

That is the east coast. On the west coast, the dominant union is the AFL Sailors' Union of the Pacific—Harry Lundberg's outfit. This union will not accept the compromise agreed to by the east coast union. It is holding out for straight-out hiring of 100 per cent union crews through the hiring halls.
All of which brings us down to date. Some time ago the American Mail Lines suspended its service between Seattle and the Orient. Since this is one of the "essential trade routes" on the books of the Maritime Commission, it was up to the commission to see that it was serviced. A number of vessels are now under construction for that route; pending their completion (some time next year) the commission allocated the freighters of Coldbrook, Sataris, Collingsworth and Capillo to that route, to be run by an operating agent.
At about the time that these east-coast freighters were picked, Harry Lundberg came to Washington. With him came his arch-enemy, CIO-Longshoremen's boss Harry Bridges. What brought Bridges along was Lundberg's insistence that his union would picket any west-coast ship which hired its crew anywhere but at a union hiring hall.
That would mean that Bridges' longshoremen would have to pass through a picket line; so, although hating Lundberg, Bridges hated the idea of crashing a picket line even more, and came along to lend his aid to Lundberg, who went before the Maritime Commission and demanded that these freighters coming to the west coast hire their men, on arrival, only from union hiring halls.
The Maritime Commission turned him down, after extended hearings. The commission suggested that the east coast practice be followed, but neither Lundberg nor Bridges would agree. In the end they went back west, vowing to toss a picket line around the first steamer that came in.
That vessel is the Coldbrook. It shipped a crew in Norfolk, Va. for the trip to Seattle, where it begins its regular assignment. Under the law, a sailor is entitled to his fare back home if paid off at a

Sharing The Comforts Of Life — By R. C. Hoiles
THE NEW DEAL PREPARES FOR 1940
(New York Herald Tribune)
Hearings are scheduled to begin today before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on the so-called Mead bill, which provides for government-guaranteed loans to business. Under this measure, introduced by the Democratic Senator from New York, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation would insure loans to business men up to 90 per cent of the face value, with a maximum for such borrowings set at \$1,000,000 for a firm or individual.
Since the Mead bill would add an enormous and unpredictable sum to the government's contingent liabilities, already at an unprecedentedly high level, it is obviously a measure to be approached with the utmost skepticism and caution. But this bill is even more important for another reason. It is particularly important because it represents the move on the part of the New Deal to stimulate business by a new and subtle program of indirect, disguised public spending.
When the inflationary boom of 1937-38 collapsed the New Deal found its pump-priming theories pretty badly discredited in the public mind. And when the election came, in the fall of last year, it found itself with a Congress on its hands which reflected this viewpoint. It was a Congress which clearly was in no mood to sign blank checks permitting the Administration to gamble further huge sums on the shadowy possibility that one day the pump might begin to work and permanent recovery might be achieved.
At no time since last fall, however, has the Administration taken the position that the 1938 elections were a mandate from the people to abandon its wasteful spending and adopt a program which would encourage business to put people to work. (Only favorable elections, apparently, are construed as "mandates" by the New Deal). On the contrary, the result of the election was merely to stimulate the ingenuity of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers. They immediately set to work to find some method by which the Administration might continue its spending under what would appear to be a "scientific" program. In particular, efforts were launched to find a formula in which spending would not show up in the Federal budget.
During the last fortnight excellent progress has been made in this direction by using the hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee as a sounding board for spending propaganda. Carefully selected witnesses, whose theories were known to the New Deal advisers who were running this show, and who had been carefully rehearsed in advance, were solemnly paraded before the committee with charts and statistics designed to show that only if the government intervened by putting the country's "idle savings" to work could anything like full recovery be looked for. And, finally, after they had prepared the ground Mr. Adolf Berle Jr., was called in to plant the seeds of a spending program which the New Dealers hope will come to fruition in a series of social-credit measures to be introduced at this and the next session of Congress. The first, and least offensive, of these measures is the Mead bill, which comes up for hearing before the Senate Committee today. It is apparently felt that more spade work will be necessary to prepare the way for the rest of the program, which is to be brought forward early next year, so that its results may be felt before the elections.
Whatever one may think of the Mead bill or of the remainder of the spending legislation that is scheduled to make its appearance later, it is extremely important to understand and appreciate its origins and its background. For this program is part of one of the most ingenious and deliberate "plans" engineered by the President's Left Wing advisers since the New Deal moved in six years ago. If their plans are successful—and they will be successful if the country and Congress are not extremely alert—this group may well be able to pull not one but a whole litter of spending rabbits out of the New Deal silk hat before next election time.

COMPARING PROSPERITY
Those people who believe that we can borrow ourselves rich and waste ourselves prosperous might explain the following figures supplied by the League of Nations as to the comparative industrial production of different countries in the year 1938, taking 1929 as equal to 100 per cent.
Japan 170.8
Finland 152.5
Sweden 146.0
Estonia 145.5
Chile 136.8
Denmark 135.0
Norway 127.2
Germany 126.2
Poland 117.3
United Kingdom 115.7
Italy 98.6
Canada 90.0
Netherlands 89.8
France 76.9
Belgium 75.1
United States 72.3
Those who are making excuses for the New Deal's failure to bring about conditions that permitted private employment, probably will contend that Germany and the United Kingdom have the industrial production they have because of the preparation of war, but it will be remembered that England was not devoting so much energy for war during 1938. Only the latter part of 1938 and the present year, have they really gone into war production. But this explanation for Germany and England does not explain why Denmark is now at 135, Sweden at 146, Poland 115, and Canada at 90, while we are only 72.3. It will be noted that France who also had the idea of shortening hours and spending itself rich has recovered little more than we have in the United States.
Of course, it is not pleasant to believe that we will have to sacrifice and go back to work. It is much more pleasant to say that this theory is old and out of date and need not be done now, and that we can live by borrowing ourselves prosperous.
The longer we follow this policy, however, the more difficult it will be to get our production up so that each man can live better. It will be noted that most of those countries that are having the highest production are countries that have balanced their budget and are not practicing the policies of the New Deal.

port other than the one where he originally shipped; therefore, such of the Coldbrook's crew as do not elect to ship for the voyage across the Pacific will get their train fare back to Norfolk.
Meanwhile, Lundberg and Bridges, arch-rivals in everything, are standing together to tie up the Coldbrook unless it hires from the AFL hiring halls—although it was all right with the CIO, to which Bridges belong, for the Coldbrook to sign on its men before a shipping commissioner in Norfolk. And the Maritime Commission would like to know what to do in a case like that.

THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF HUMAN INGENUITY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: WITH THE PERFECTION OF RADIO-SYNCHRONIZED THREE-DIMENSIONAL COLOR TELEVISION, WE ARE NOW ABLE TO BRING YOU THE COMPLETE PICTURE OF THE END OF CIVILIZATION

The Family Doctor

Dr. Morris Fishbein
Recent years have seen great growth in interest and popular knowledge of psychiatry and mental health. The terms of the science are used frequently in conversation, unfortunately often by people who have only a sketchy idea of what they mean.
To begin with, many people will gladly tell you that mental disease is increasing at an alarming rate. This ought not to be said without qualification. The unquestioned facts seem to be these:
About one per cent of the people of the United States are incapacitated by epilepsy, feeble-mindedness and various other types of mental disease. About 40 per cent more people are now in hospitals for mental disease than in 1926. Each day about 300 such people enter such institutions for the first time.
This makes the problem of the care of mental disease an increasingly important one. But it does not necessarily mean that mental disease itself is increasing.
People live longer today, and the older we get the more chance there is of a breakdown of the mental functions. We diagnose mental disease more accurately than we used to; people with mental defects used to die earlier than they do now. The better chance to live due to better facilities and medical procedures.
The advance in such diagnosis and treatment is such that it has become a new medical specialty on a tremendous scale, known as psychiatry. Even this has already been divided into several specialties.
The problems of mental defect and of mental disease are now approached not only by putting the patient into an institution, but also by applying new forms of treatment, many of which have been discovered only within 25 years.
Nevertheless, with the rapid development of this new medical specialty and with the improvement in our knowledge there still remain many people who have not been brought into contact with suitable information. No doubt part of this is due to cutting budgets for institutions, but also some is due to the fact that these conditions can be controlled. Patients are not brought soon enough into contact with the right kind of medical facilities.

Probably the first problem for the psychiatrist is to determine whether or not the child at birth is mentally sound. The psychiatrist is convinced that preventive work can best be done in childhood. Parents, teachers, and organizations concerned with the supervision of children must realize the importance of recognizing strange behavior at the earliest possible moment.
It is also necessary to recognize as soon as possible children who have been mentally retarded or who are slow in their mental development. Sooner or later these children attempt to compete with more intelligent children. Pressure from home forces beyond their ability and their mental situation may result in permanent disturbances.
In the language of the psychiatrist, these children sometimes have parental overprotection, sensitivity over their handicap, sometimes a feeling that they have been rejected by society, as a result of which they may develop feelings of inferiority and apprehension. Out of these feelings come anxiety neurosis, splitting of the personality, or the insanity of adolescence and perhaps eventually complete mental breakdown.
NEXT: Sympathetic understanding of child one of best preventives for future mental troubles.
Before his election to the American presidency, George Washington was president of a canal company. A sperm whale can eat a ton of food daily.

People You Know

By Archer Fullingim
This is a tribute to as fine a class of people as you'll find anywhere—the oil field workers, and that term covers the drillers, the tooldressers, the roughnecks, the pumpers, the casers, the gasoline plant employees, the rig builders, the pipeliners, the carbon black workers, etc.—in other words the people who do a lot to keep Pampa going. We are talking about the "newcomers"; we are talking about the backbone of the community.
It's like Earl Leary of the "Top O' Texas" Fiesta committee says, "I used to work with those boys and I know them. They've got the biggest hearts in the world, and they'd do anything for you. They're my kind of people; they know what it means to be your friend. They've lived in lots of fields, and they have a broad and tolerant outlook, and they're not narrow-minded nor stingy, and they are the folks that are keeping the word 'hospitality' in the dictionary." So the News jumped at the chance in this and previous editions of The News to honor the oil field workers and give them the credit they deserve. The News has made only a beginning and there won't be any ending.
And while paying tribute to the living we also remember those men who have lost their lives in this and the other fields, and we honor their memory, knowing that they, too, had a part in the development of the biggest thing in the Panhandle—the oil fields. Too, it would be interesting to hear the stories of the wives of these men, who shared their husbands' experiences, who made a vine-covered shack as home-like as a modern city brick house; the wives who have helped pioneer the oil towns when few conveniences and high rents almost desheartened them and who kept a light heart; the wives who get up at midnight to fix their husbands lunch. All those wives, too, are included in this tribute.

So They Say

One thing is certain. If we have complete security we shall do it at the cost of all liberty.
—FORMER PRESIDENT HOOVER.
I cannot suffer even for a second that anyone in the ranks of our western opponents be entitled to look upon himself as something better than we Germans. I am not suffering in the least from an inferiority complex.
—ADOLF HITLER to German war veterans.
It is the intention of the government to establish a tax system which preserves and increases the incentives that are essential to the perpetuation of a system of free enterprise in a nation of free men.
—JOHN W. HANES, undersecretary of the treasury.
At no time have I raised by voice or lifted my pen against the Jewish people as a whole.
—FATHER COUGHLIN.
NAME TREE AFTER DEAN SEATTLE (P) — Associates decided to honor Dean Hugo Winkler of the University of Washington School of Forestry. They planned his name on a tree of a new species of dogwood developed by a school gardener. It's the "Cornus nuttallii Winklerwerderi."

Around Hollywood

"Tarzan Finds a Son!" Screenplay by Cyril Hume, Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Sheffield, Ian Hunter, Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, Henry Wilcoxon, Laraine Day, Merton 'Lowry, Cheeta.
By ROBBIN COONS
HOLLYWOOD—Me Tarzan. Her Jane. Him Boy. Cheeta find boy baby in jungle after big flying bird crash. Me Tarzan, Her Jane take Boy, keep him five years. Boy grow fast, like Cheeta the Chimpy. Boy learns to swing from tree to tree like Papa, Me Tarzan. Boy always in trouble, get snared in big M-G-M spider web in jungle so he yell S. O. S. call and Me Tarzan come running to same. Me Tarzan always come running. Me Tarzan heap fast, big fellow.
While Mori came, and white woman, Tarzan not like whites. They bad, they shoot guns. Tarzan like gun. Whites, say they take Boy. Say Boy is their kin, owns lots of gold and land in place called England. Jane not know it all, think she does. She listen to whites. She leave Tarzan stranded in bottom of grove, go with whites. She learn soon the whites not care for Boy, but want Boy's gold. All same, whites force her go on through jungle. They not believe her when she try to lead them away from cannibal Zambinis, so—heh, heh—they all get trapped. Jane help Boy escape. Jane get speared by cannibal. Boy run, swing through trees to Tarzan. Boy call monkeys. Monkeys call elephants. Elephants push, push, push till big tree fall in grove. Tarzan climb up, Tarzan run, swing, swing through trees to rescue. Elephants follow. Tarzan pole-vault over blood-thirsting Zambinis. Tarzan rout Zambinis, save whites, save Jane. Jane dying, Me Tarzan foregoes like jungle elixir. Tarzan kill like healing pill. Me Tarzan, Her Jane, ride back on elephants. Me Tarzan not need to tell you story, huh? Story same, same always good. Me Tarzan give you plenty wild animals, plenty action, plenty fun. Me Tarzan and Him Boy white, call him John Sheffield do pretty swimming under water. Me Tarzan and Him Boy we get plenty fine bodies. Underwater scenes, we make fine pretty pictures, swim like fishes. You know, Me Tarzan. You know Tarzan's films. You like 'em you come see. You not like 'em Tarzan not like you.
"6,000 Enemies." Screenplay by Bertram Millhauser from story by Wilman Menard and Leo L. Stanley. Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Rita Johnson, Paul Kelly, Nat Pendleton, Harold Huber, Grant Mitchell, John Arledge, J. M. Kerrigan, Adrian Morris, Guinn 'Williams, Arthur Aylesworth, Raymond Hatten, Lionel Royce, Tom Neal, Willie Fung, Helena Phillips Evans, Esther Dale.
It's up in de Big House, see? And dis Pidgeon is de D. A. dat's sent most of us muggs up for stretches. He framed a lot of us, de big stiff. And what happens? Well, de gangster Huber frames Pidgeon. We're his 6,000 enemies, and we do him royal, we do fer a fe. One of de gals is Rita Johnson. Pidgeon framed her, too, but she ain't sore fer long. Mebbe it's love. Us guys change our attitud when Pidgeon takes a helluva beating from the prison pug-champ named Pendleton, and Pidgeon gets to be a hero. Even Pendleton sends flowers.
Den we have a prison break; and we've already had riots, and de D. A.'s kid brother gets bumped by Huber's gang; and de D. A. goes nuts tryin to get out de de gal (it was love) stops him and she stops the break and pretty soon everything is straightened out and by dat time de picture you came to see is ready to show again.

Book A Day
Mexico Seeks Roads To Push Jap Oil Sales

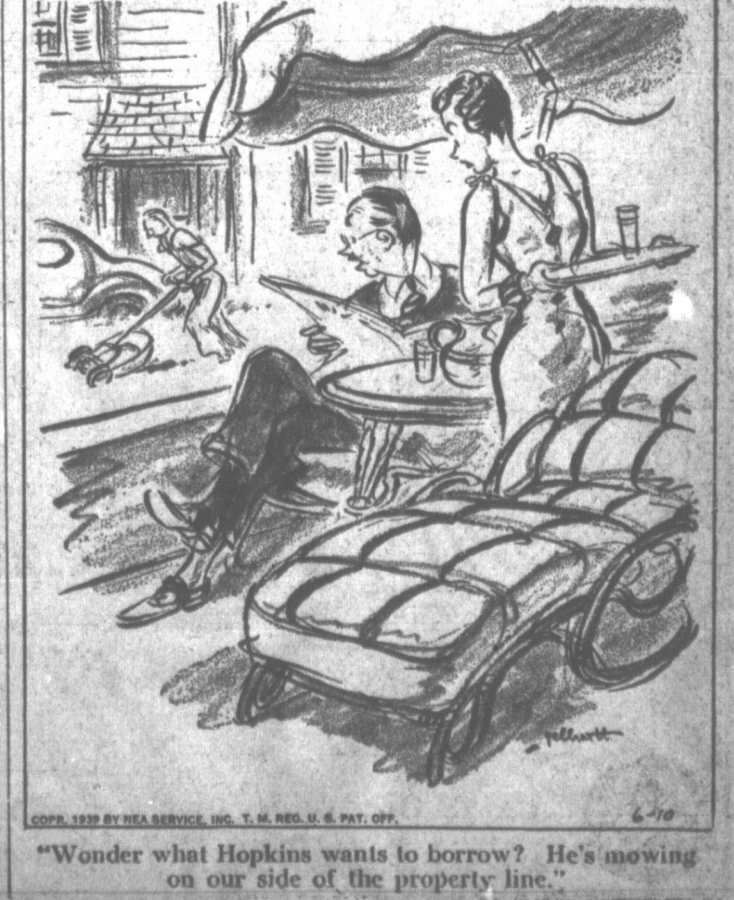
MEXICO CITY, June 10 (P)—The Mexican government was reported today to be seeking cash and credit in the United States for development of efficient rail facilities across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec which would provide a direct outlet for oil sales to Japan.
Informed sources asserted Ulysses Irogoyan, former chief of the tariff and railroad section of the Federal Communications department, had gone to the United States to enlist the help of shipping and financial interests to back the necessary improvements.
Irogoyan was said to be representing the Mexican treasury. Official information on his trip was not forthcoming but he was expected to get a touch with both west coast and eastern interests.
The railroad across the Isthmus—which runs 188 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific side—now handles 400,000 tons of freight yearly but requires approximately \$1,000,000 for immediate improvements or, one authority estimated, \$10,000,000 to put it in first class condition.
Sale of oil from properties Mexico expropriated from American and other foreign concerns March 18, 1938, has been a major problem. While Mexico has completed barter deals with Italy and Germany, business men say these negotiations have not worked out as well as had been hoped.
Librarian Explains Story Of "He-Bible"
Special To The NEWS
AUSTIN, June 10.—One of the University of Texas library's rarest volumes, the 328-year-old "Great He Bible," took its name from a long-dead English type-setter's error, Miss Fannie Ratchford, rare books librarian, disclosed here today.
With library visitors one of the most popular of the collection's 25,000 volumes, the "Great He Bible" is one of the first 5,000 copies ordered printed by King James I in 1611. Its name grew out of the incorrect printing of Ruth 3:15, reading "And he went into the city," and "He" went into the city." Two other printer's errors distinguished the book as a collector's item. Miss Ratchford says. Three lines of Exodus 14:10 were repeated and the word "Lord" was carried in capitals throughout Genesis as "LOHD." The Bible was among the collection of rare books given the University by Mrs. Miriam Luther Stark of Orange.
Dunn Estimated 10 Bushel Acre Wheat Harvest
Special To The NEWS
GROOM, June 10.—Combines will start work in some of the wheat fields near here tomorrow. A fair yield is expected, judging from an estimate made by Andrew Dunn, whose farm is located three miles east of Groom, who said he believed he would get 10 bushels to the acre. Some of the wheat has three grains to the mesh.
T. U. Students Wages Triple In 1938-39 Session
Special To The NEWS
AUSTIN, June 10.—Prosperity was the watchword here today as the University of Texas Student Employment bureau closed books on its first year of existence and reported "odd-job" employment on the campus for the last nine months triple that of last year.
Launched in September, the bureau reported securing 1,180 "odd-jobs" netting \$28,548.29. Handled by the University Y. M. C. A. last year, employment payrolls totaled \$9,383.36.
Especially pleased with the employment boom this year was Arno Nowotny, assistant dean of men, who this year supervised student employment for the first time under a university roof.
Five babies are born every minute in the United States.
Seven states and Mexico share the water of the Colorado River under an allocation approved by Congress.

Cranium Crackers
ANIMAL CRACKERS.
All about animals. Give yourself 10 for each correct answer. A score of 30 or better is good.
1—What is the largest living animal?
2—What is the rarest animal exhibited in zoos?
3—What animal is never seen in American zoos?
4—What large animal is absolutely mute?
5—What mammal laughs?
(Answers on classified page.)

LeFors News Now Twelve Years Old

Special To The NEWS
LEFORS, June 10.—The LeFors News, weekly newspaper published by C. C. Warford, this week celebrated its twelfth anniversary.
The paper was first established on June 8, 1927, at Alabaster, by J. D. Reavis, sold to Mr. Warford on 1, 1929. The paper was known as the Alabaster Herald, and was operated until September, 1930, when the equipment was moved to LeFors and the name changed to the LeFors News, first issue of which was dated September 25, 1930.
Except for a fourweek period in 1934, when the paper was sold to D. E. Morrison, then sold back to the original owner, the LeFors News has been owned solely by its present publisher and founder.

SIDE GLANCES



"Wonder what Hopkins wants to borrow? He's mowing on our side of the property line."

RODEO

(Continued From Page 1)

tests that are to follow during the two-day fiesta.

At 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, Art Teed and his assistants will start taking the registrations of old timers at the high school gymnasium, and one and one-half hours later, the fiesta will be officially opened in a program of speeches from the marquee of the LaNora theater.

Parade Starts at 11
Wayne Phelps, parade chairman, will be winding up a strenuous period of work about that time, as he prepares to start down West Foster street the fiesta parade.

The parade, forming at the intersection of Hobart and West Foster at 10 o'clock is scheduled to start moving east, one hour later. The parade route will be up Foster to Frost, north on Frost to Browning, east on Browning to Chuyler, south on Chuyler to Brown, and east on Brown to Frederic where the parade will disband.

A diagram of the parade route will be published in Monday's issue of the Pampa News.

Timely Designed Floats
A magnificent drama of the civilization of a great state will be presented as 20 floats, 12 of which tell the story of Texas, 1541-1939 in the pageant "Top O' Texas Under Six Flags." 15 smartly-uniformed bands, hundreds of riders, proceed on the parade route.

True artists have been shown in the preparation of the floats, with all scenic effects and artists work done by O. R. McCumber, Medicine Mound, Kas., artist, of the B. C. Trux company of Wichita, Kas. Born in Canadian, Mr. McCumber is a Top O' Texan and his knowledge of the west is therefore authentic enough to depict even the smallest item of western lore with the skill inherent only to those who are western-born.

Floats Ready Now
Construction of all floats is due to be finished by today, Mr. Phelps said.

Miami, Dumas, Canadian, Borer, and Alarred will have community floats in the parade. That of Alarred, according to a letter received here from W. J. Ball, who writes:

"Ours will be a musical feature spiced with a Rufus and Rastus break-in. The slogan of Alarred is as follows: Alarred, where the big red apple goes heart and hand with music and goodwill."

In his letter Mr. Ball draws an apple, heart, and hand, symbolizing the words, and says that "Alarred acknowledges with thanks the

HATS Factory machine worked by the MELLOW process to restore their snap and beauty.
FELT HATS for sale\$1.50
DRAPER'S HAT SHOP
109 1/2 W. Foster

letter requesting Alarred to participate in the Top O' Texas Fiesta parade. Tell the boys we will be there. Sure the kiddies will enjoy the float and the grown-ups will take some notice."

Sydna Yokley To Be Here
As a salient note of the fiesta procession this year will be the leading unit of 50 cowgirls in the spectacular "Royal Pageant of Flags," each cowgirl carrying an American flag.

All spectators will thrill at the sight of Sydna Yokley, 17-year-old Canadian girl whose recent triumphal tour of eastern cities, sponsored by the Crowell Publishing company, gained her national distinction.

Sydna is no drug store cowgirl. She raises cattle and makes money in the business, an ability that gained her a place in the "Interesting People" section of the July issue of the American magazine.

Six Pampa Bands
Bands in the parade will be those of Pampa High school, Pampa Junior High School, Horace Mann Baker, Sam Houston, and Woodrow Wilson ward schools of Pampa. Shamrock's Irish band, the Guy-mon, Okla., Cowboy band, Amarillo's Golden Saddle band, the Uncle Sam band from Happy, and bands from Dumas, Dalhart, McLean, Wheeler, and Canadian.

"Out Our Way" Float
A chuck wagon on which will ride Jim Williams "Out Our Way" cowboy characters, a prairie schooner, stagecoach, entrants in the soap box derby, a pet and hobbles section, Wheat Queen Dorothea Thomas and attendants Patricia McCarthy and Ellen Mary Haley, John Wesley, Tombough of Edmore, Oklahoma, 95-year-old Confederate soldier, motion picture stars, Dago, the wonderfully trained horse of Winks Adams, Shoshoni ranch employee, will compose other parts of the fiesta showpiece.

Luncheons
Luncheons for peace officers, visiting bands, and a press luncheon will be held at noon Tuesday. In the afternoon there will be rodeo performances at Recreation park, baseball game at Road Runner park. A similar schedule will follow on Wednesday afternoon.

Rodeo performances will be held at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday night at Recreation park, and at 9:15 o'clock Wednesday night.

Four Modern Dances
Four modern dances will be held during the fiesta, each to start at 10 o'clock. There will be dances at both the Schneider hotel and the Southern club, on both nights of the celebration.

Premiere
At 8:30 o'clock Wednesday night there will be a replica of a Hollywood premiere at the LaNora theater, at which celebrities will be introduced, with 150,000-watt lighting effects, impressions taken in concrete of the hand and footprints of George (Windy) Hayes, Nellie Walker, Hollywood stunt girl, and Walter Mattox, agent for Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette. There

\$25,000 Damage Suit Cites Two Gray Officials

Sheriff Cal Rose and Dr. Roy A. Webb, county health officer, were named as defendants in a suit filed in 31st district court late Friday afternoon by an attorney representing Mary Cooper Clark.

Plaintiff asks damages of \$25,000 for mental pain, humiliation, shame, and disgrace she alleges she suffered as the result, she claims, of her arrest and imprisonment at 3:15 p. m. May 29, according to the citation.

It is alleged by the plaintiff that false arrest and imprisonment was the cause of the action, that she was charged with having a syphilis count of four plus, which, charge she alleges, was untrue and "known to be untrue" by the defendants, and she further alleges that defendants demanded payment of \$250 for eight weeks treatment, according to the citation issued.

Plaintiff claims her arrest, confinement, and custody was illegal and was with malice aforethought. She states that she was not released until eight and one-half hours after her arrest.

On the papers filed in the case to date, the suit has been set for September 18, 1939.

Destroyer Carries Gang Plank Away

PORT HANCOCK, N. J., June 10 (AP)—The United States navy showed the British sovereign some speed and efficiency today, then paid for it later.

The destroyer leader Warrington was underway for New York three minutes after King George VI and Queen Elizabeth boarded it this morning.

This afternoon the Warrington returned from New York—a 36-mile round trip—to return the gangplank she carried off in her haste.

SEAGULL IS CALENDAR FOR WASHINGTON CITY
ABERDEEN, Wash. (AP)—Aberdeen relies on Oewa, a pet seagull, for its annual disappearance-re-appearance bird story.

Oewa, pet of a bridge crew, always leaves in mid-April for her summer vacation. Usually she's gone 148 days—no more, no less. Aberdeen residents know fall is about to get underway when Oewa comes back. She's expected back on her bridge roost on September 6 of this year.

PEACEFUL PISTOL
MEMPHIS, Tenn. (AP)—Detective Sergeant Benjamin B. Chatham has carried the same pistol 12 years, but has never fired it except during Christmas Eve celebrations.

The United States produced 1,200,883,000 barrels of crude oil in 1938.

The United States paid less than \$7,000,000 to acquire Florida from Spain.

Los Angeles county's charity budget has risen from \$25,000,000 to \$42,000,000 in two years.

Florida interests are trying to popularize a bread made largely of grapefruit.

Boulder dam cost approximately \$70,000,000.

Water Changed At Pool After Duster

With plenty of mud and water on hand, employees of the city swimming pool could have played at making mud pies yesterday, but instead they drained the pool and scrubbed it until it was clean as a hound's tooth. Then they filled it full of clean water.

The pool was almost a mud hole this morning after the raging duster that blew up Friday night about midnight. So there was no swimming at the pool yesterday, but there is scheduled to be another big crowd on hand when the pool opens at one o'clock this afternoon. It will not close until 10 tonight.

Manager Wilmer Postma announced that nearly 2,500 persons have gone in swimming since the pool opened the latter part of May. This figure broke all records of the first two weeks of the season for several years back.

Beginning this week, tickets for underprivileged children will be turned over to Captain Herman Lambrecht of the Salvation Army who will distribute the tickets and see to it that all such children in the city get tickets which they may use at certain hours any day during the week.

Underprivileged children will not go to the pool in one large group as they did last year, but will swim in smaller numbers daily.

MOTHER HAS OWN SCHOOL FOR HER FOUR CHILDREN

ALBA, Calif. (AP)—If there were a Parent-Teacher Association in this mountain colony, Mrs. Gladys Peterson would be it.

She is principal and teacher at the picturesque little school and also the mother of its only four pupils.

She's teacher to David, John, Molly, and Sammy, but in her role as mother she also has Jimmy and Tip, too young for classes.

The highest number of pupils she has had is nine, but she had to see them right through eighth grade and it was quite a job.

The schoolhouse, built in the style of the nineties, painted red and featuring a belfry, serves also as a dance hall and branch library.

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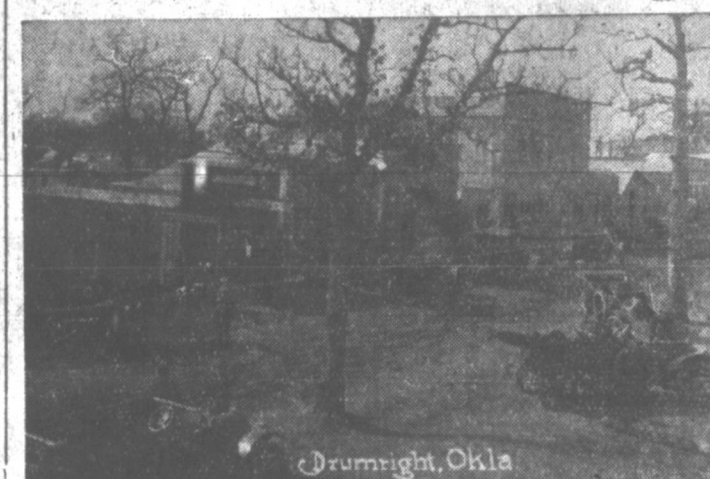
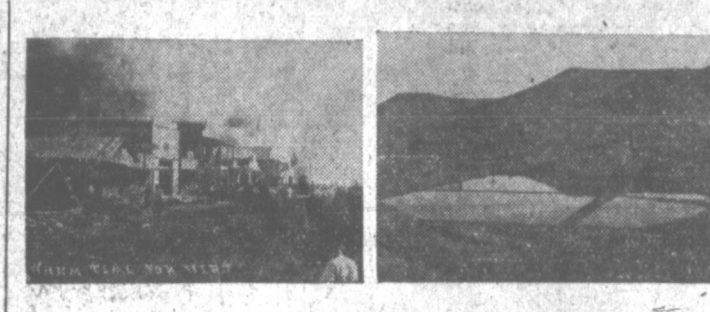
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OLD-TIME OIL FIELD WORKERS WILL RECOGNIZE THESE SCENES



Many old-time drillers will recognize some of the above oil field pictures, contributed by local veteran oil field workers who with Panhandle pioneers are being especially honored in this Top O' Texas Fiesta edition of The News. You've been reading about Smackover, Arkansas' famous mud. Well, the top scene shows the main street of Smackover during the boom, and the mirror-like sheet in front of the buildings is water with five feet

of mud underneath. The center photo left shows Ragtown, famous boom town in the Haskell field, burning up. Photo, center right, shows the landscape of an oil field in the Argentine where "Pink" Boyd of Nolette drilled wells and caught ostriches. The lower picture shows the main street of that double-tough town of Drumright with the postoffice where oil field workers sorted their own mail out of a barrel.

Market Briefs

NEW YORK, June 10 (AP)—The British took New York today and with it the stock market.

Traders deserted the exchange floor and boardrooms in large numbers after the opening in order to welcome King George and Queen Elizabeth on their first visit to the Metropolis.

The result was that dealings slowed to a crawl and the close and final plus and minus signs, mostly fractional, were about evenly divided.

The Associated Press average of 60 issues was unchanged at 48.5, but up 1/2. Points on the week. In the day's price shifts 184 stocks were up, 177 down and 162 unchanged. Transfers for the two hours amounted to 254,930 shares.

Stocks ended a trifle although production schedules next week were expected to hold up fairly well. Opinions differed as to whether there would be a gain or decrease in the operating rate.

Motors were off only slightly. Among the day's gainers were Cluett Peabody, Montgomery Ward, Goodyear, American Telephone, Standard Oil of N. J., Eastman Kodak, J. C. Penney and Standard Oil of N. J.

Down a trifle were U. S. Steel, Bethlehem, General Motors, Chrysler, U. S. Rubber, Anaconda, Consolidated Edison, Great Northern and Douglas Aircraft.

Sales in 100s High Low Close			
Amp Roll Mill	6 1/16	14 1/4	14 1/4
Budd Wheel	1 4/8	1 1/4	1 1/4
Callahan Zinc-L	8 1/8	1 1/4	1 1/4
C-T-Dee	2 1/4	2 1/4	2 1/4
Con Can	17 3/8	37 1/8	38 1/8
Goodrich	3 1/8	18 1/8	18 1/8
Q-Nor Ir & Ore	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
Hud Her B	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
Loew	4 1/8	46 1/4	46 1/4
Marsh Field	23 1/2	13 1/2	13 1/2
Plym Oil	4 20/100	20 20/100	20 20/100
Serve	9 1/8	16 1/8	16 1/8
So Calif	25 25/100	26 1/4	26 1/4
So Ind	2 25/100	2 25/100	2 25/100
Tex Gulf Prod	1 1/4	1 1/4	1 1/4
Tide Wat	5 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/4
United Carbon	1 60	4 1/4	4 1/4
Warner Bros	3 1/2	3 1/2	3 1/2
White Mot	2 1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2
Wilson & Co	5 8/8	5 8/8	5 8/8

NEW YORK CURB
Ann Sup Power 9 9/16
As G & EL-A 4 11/16
Mount Prod 1 5/8
St Regis 1 1/2
So Ky 1 1/8

CHICAGO GRAIN
CHICAGO, June 10 (AP)—A mixture of trade factors that had conflicting effect on price trends unsettled the wheat market today and resulted in little or no net change in quotations after an active session.

Prices dipped as much as 3/4 cent early in the day due to cool rains over much of the grain belt, particularly in spring wheat territory where moisture is most beneficial, but then rallied about a cent. Later, evening up selling accounted for a reaction and at the close quotations were unchanged to 1/4 lower compared with yesterday.

Corn and oats also closed unchanged to 1/4 lower, July corn at 50 1/2-50 3/4, Sept. 51 1/2-51 3/4, but rye shot up as much as 1 1/2 cents and closed 1 1/2-1 3/4 net higher due largely to the government estimate of a 35,000,000 bushel crop.

FRUIT JUICES SCORE HIT IN 'HARD-DRINKING' AREA

NEW ORLEANS (AP)—Historic downtown St. Charles Avenue with its two-century record of taking its liquid refreshments hard and straight, is gulping fruit and vegetable juices now and apparently liking it.

Old-timers on the avenue openly scoffed at the opening of a bar which offered only unfermented juices. David L. Rush, 71-year-old candy store owner, claimed an exclusive juice diet brought him back from long occupancy of a hospital bed and thought the public would like a similar diet.

Rush claims his business the first week exceeded expectations. He started sales in the doorway. Then he put in a fountain; then curb tables; now he's adding more tables inside. He vends no soft or hard drinks, just straight fruit juices, from apples to sauerkraut.

Mainly About People

Time of only one Santa Fe train through Pampa will be changed as a result of a new schedule, effective today, O. H. Hendrix, Santa Fe agent here, said Saturday. West-bound train 1, formerly leaving Pampa at 11 p. m., will leave 14 minutes later.

Marriage licenses were issued here Saturday to P. Harris King and Mrs. June Marye Ashworth, both of McLean; and to Burnham P. Briggs and Willie Catherine Terry.

Court Reporter W. R. Frazee was enroute today to Carthage, Mo., where he will meet his wife, and daughter Wadine, who have been visiting Mrs. Frazee's mother and other relatives in Missouri. The Frazees will return to Pampa early this week.

County Judge Sherman White and R. G. Hughes attended a barbecue in Miami Saturday.

Ethleen Murrell and Jimma Searcy are in Greeley, Colo., where they are students at the summer session of the Colorado College of Education. The two Pampa teachers left here Thursday for Colorado to enroll for the session.

Mr. and Mrs. Woody Harkins of Dumas visited with relatives here Friday.

Mrs. Porter Pennington and daughters of Miami were Pampa visitors Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Talley of Miami were in Pampa Friday.

Mrs. A. B. Crump of Wheeler was in Pampa on Friday.

Mrs. Bryant Cawaway has returned from Dallas, Corpus Christi, and

the Rio Grande Valley where she vacationed.

Mrs. F. C. Maddux has returned from Fort Worth where she visited. Mr. and Mrs. Roy McMillen and daughter, Janet, left Saturday for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they are spending the week-end.

Mrs. M. A. Graham flew to Dallas by airplane Friday.

Mrs. Emory Nobilit and son, Clayton, left Saturday for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they will visit for two weeks.

Mrs. T. F. Merton left Friday for Waco where she will visit with her parents.

Mrs. Travis C. Stokes of McLean was a Pampa shopper this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Breining and children of LeFors were in Pampa Thursday.

Mrs. H. A. Smith and daughter of LeFors visited in Pampa Friday. J. Wyatt Webb is a guest of his sister, Mrs. Walter Sill, 612 North Somerville.

John F. Sturgeon is visiting in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he will receive medical treatment.

James McKee, a student at the University of Texas, has returned home to spend the summer.

Mrs. Tex DeWeese and son, Tex, DeWeese, Jr., accompanied by Mrs. DeWeese's niece, Darlene McClanahan, returned to Pampa from a one-month trip in Ohio, where they visited relatives at Lorain and other cities.

M. and Mrs. C. H. Harter of El Dorado, Kansas, were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee of the Skelly camp near Skellytown Thursday and Friday. They were enroute home from California where they visited with relatives and attended the fair for the past two weeks. Mrs. Harter and Mrs. Lee are sisters.

Mrs. Porter Pennington and daughters of Miami were Pampa visitors Friday.

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Mrs. A. B. Crump of Wheeler was in Pampa on Friday.

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Mrs. M. A. Graham flew to Dallas by airplane Friday.

Mrs. Emory Nobilit and son, Clayton, left Saturday for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they will visit for two weeks.

Mrs. T. F. Merton left Friday for Waco where she will visit with her parents.

Mrs. Travis C. Stokes of McLean was a Pampa shopper this week. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Breining and children of LeFors were in Pampa Thursday.

Mrs. H. A. Smith and daughter of LeFors visited in Pampa Friday. J. Wyatt Webb is a guest of his sister, Mrs. Walter Sill, 612 North Somerville.

John F. Sturgeon is visiting in Hot Springs, Arkansas, where he will receive medical treatment.

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RAILWAY service is one of our country's most valuable assets. It fosters national unity and thereby stabilizes both social and economic progress.

BEFORE the railroads came to serve our people, travel was difficult, communication was slow, and shipping by land highly expensive.

THE history of the Santa Fe System and the territory it pioneered strikingly demonstrates the benefits of railway expansion. Its ability to render greatly improved service today is intimately related to its increased investment.

INVESTMENT has enabled the railroads in the past to lead the way in national development. Similar investment in the future will have further beneficial effects. We bespeak your safeguarding of railway credit and the encouragement of additional investment by your patronage of our facilities for the transportation of freight and passengers.

Constructive Criticism and Suggestions
Are Cordially Invited

M. C. BURTON

General Freight and Passenger Agent
Amarillo, Texas

OLDS GIVES YOU MODERN COIL SPRINGS ALL AROUND FOR—

THE RIDE THAT NEVER WEARS OUT!

5100000

OLDS "60" 2-DOOR SEDAN \$838*

NO FRICTION - NO DIRT

NO WEAR TO MAR THE SMOOTHNESS OF THE RHYTHMIC RIDE!

WHY be satisfied with anything less than the most modern kind of ride, when you can travel in luxury in an Olds with modern coil springs all around? Coil springs are the coming thing! They cannot squeak or rattle. They never require lubrication. They are not affected by temperature or weather. Above all, being friction-free, they never wear out! You get the same smooth, steady Rhythmic Ride, whether you've driven a hundred miles or a hundred thousand! And what a ride it is! Level, gentle, perfectly stabilized! Just come in for a trial drive. Take the wheel of an Olds and put it through its paces. When you get back, you'll be convinced that no car is complete unless it has modern coil springs all around!

* Delivered at Lansing, Michigan. Prices include safety glass, bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and tube. State and local taxes, if any, optional equipment and accessories extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors Installment Plan. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

OLD SMOBILE \$777*

LOWEST PRICED CAR WITH 100% COIL SPRINGING!

CHRISTOPHER MOTOR COMPANY
114 S. Frost
Pampa, Texas

CHECK THE LOW-PRICED CARS YOU'RE CONSIDERING FOR THESE SEVEN FEATURES

1. Quadri-Coil Springing
2. Four-Way Stabilization
3. Econo-Master Engine
4. 100% Full-Pressure Lubrication
5. Dual Center-Control Steering
6. I-Beam X-Member Frame
7. 7-Bearing Rear Axle

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN OLDS ALONE!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Pals



Planes To Advertise Fiesta In 15 Towns

Two planes will take off from Pampa airport between 9 and 10 o'clock Monday morning, fly over 15 Top O' Texas towns, and by public address system installed in one of the planes, advertise the annual celebration to be held here Tuesday and Wednesday.

There will be released a total of 1,000 toy balloons, stamped with the Top O' Texas Fiesta emblem, and 15,000 circulars, and in addition 3,000 candy bars donated by Clarence Kennedy, local wholesaler, will be distributed at the three stops, Borger, Amarillo and Shamrock.

Stops are limited to those three points on account of these towns being the only ones that have adequate landing fields, according to Bert Howell, member of the publicity committee in charge of the aerial tour. Shamrock will be a dinner stop.

Towns on the itinerary will be Skellytown, Borger, White Deer, Panhandle, Amarillo, Groom, Alanreed, McLean, Wellington, Shamrock, LeFors, Wheeler, Mobeetie, Miami, and Canadian.

Paddy Parrish will pilot the Cabot company's 5-place Beechcraft cabin plane, and Frank Shaw will be at the controls of the Liano Construction company's 4-place Waco. Three other planes, all Aeromacs, may be used on the tour, but arrangements are not complete.

The plan is to fly low over the towns, with motor throttled down, while a public address system in one of the planes is used to make announcements of the Fiesta. The announcements will not be a broadcast, but can be heard by persons in the towns flown over, Mr. Howell said.

Plane To Take Up Passengers During Fiesta

Pampans will have an opportunity to obtain a magnificent view of the Top O' Texas Fiesta city beginning today and continuing through Wednesday, when a flying-powered four and one-half ton Stinson Air liner will take passengers on both day and night flights over Pampa.

The plane will be at the Pampa airport and will be piloted by Steve Tuttle, who has had 17 years flying experience, thousands of hours in the air, and holds highest licenses issued by the United States Department of Commerce. The ship, of course, is government licensed.

Mr. C. Cochran of McCook, Neb., will give a description of the giant plane over the sound system which will be installed at the airport.

Mr. Cochran is an aviator himself as well as an air circus promoter.

Gasoline used in the Stinson here will be Compco brand, for which Frank D. Keim is the local wholesale agent.

Lou Gehrig To Get Examination At Mayo's

ST. LOUIS, June 10 (AP)—Lou Gehrig disclosed today that he would go to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., next week for an examination.

Gehrig looked thin and drawn, but insisted he expected to return to his position at first for the New York Yankees during the summer.

500,000 On Hand As Plane Brings Dead Hero Home

MEXICO CITY, June 10 (AP)—Francisco Sarabia, Mexico's knight of the air, returned home today to receive in death one of the greatest

tributes the republic ever accorded one of its heroes.

A crowd of some 200,000 thronged the airport for the arrival of a United States army "super flying fortress" which landed in mid-afternoon with the body of the flier after a non-stop flight from Washington.

Another 300,000 lined streets along the four-mile route from the airport to the federal communications build-

ing in the heart of the city where the beloved flier was borne to lay in state.

The huge bomber was preceded by the regular passenger plane from Brownsville, Texas, which brought Sarabia's widow. She came from Washington where she watched her husband plunge to his death in the Potomac river last Wednesday upon starting home after setting a non-

stop flight record from Mexico City to New York.

Present at the airport were the United States embassy staff, ranking government officials, thousands of soldiers and police and a detachment of sailors. President Lazaro Cardenas, absent on a trip to northern Mexico, was represented by cabinet members.

It took two hours and 15 minutes for the cortege to get under way and finally reach the communications building where Sarabia will lie in state until funeral services are held at 2 p. m. tomorrow.

6th Vote On Sales Tax Due Wednesday

AUSTIN, June 10 (AP)—Having struggled for five months without success to effect a submission of a general sales tax, advocates of the taxation constitutional amendment

Complete Line JANITOR SUPPLIES and Industrial Chemicals MOPS - BROOMS - SOAP CHEMICAL SUPPLY CO. 117 W. Kingmill Phone 285

espoused by Governor W. Lee O'Daniel will make a sixth try in the House about next Wednesday.

Opinion differed as to whether they should muster the 100 needed votes. Two days after they obtained 91, six more than on the preceding ballot. In addition, two members who were absent Thursday and

Speaker R. Emmett Morse favor the amendment.

Conference committees had virtually finished work on the six major appropriations bills.

The French government owns 97 per cent of the nation's railroad mileage.

Announcing

ELEVATOR LEASE

Due to my health, I have leased the Pampa Grain Co. to L. C. McConnell. I consider Mr. McConnell as good a grain man as there is in this vicinity. I believe all my customers will do well to see him before selling their grain.

C. S. BARRETT

12 Months To Pay

Diamonds

ANY YOUNG MAN CAN PROUDLY GIVE HIS BRIDE-TO-BE

Of course you want a diamond ring that you can be proud of—a diamond that you can give to your bride-to-be knowing with full confidence that you have the finest quality diamonds you can buy. This ring will be worn for a lifetime—it's a constant reminder of your love and devotion—an object of admiration which she'll be proud to show to her friends. So don't make a mistake—choose your diamond carefully at the DIAMOND SHOP—choose with the confidence that you are getting honest value—and best of all you may arrange terms to suit your own convenience so you don't even miss the money. No extra cost for this charge service.



3 brilliant diamonds grace this lovely ring of solid yellow gold. Wonderful value at this price!

\$29.95
50¢ a week



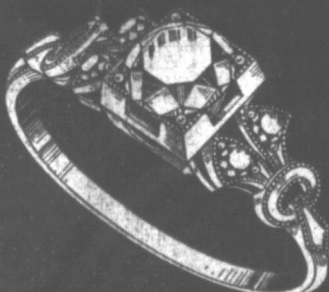
Here is a lovely new style ring with 7 genuine diamonds in a mounting of natural gold. Buy now—Save!

\$49.95
\$1.00 a week



An unusually large center diamond flanked with two selected side diamonds of generous size. Solid yellow gold.

\$59.95
\$1.00 a week



5 beautiful diamonds enhance this lovely setting. Beautiful, large center diamond. Charm, beauty, quality!

\$69.50
\$1.50 a week



A lovely ring of outstanding style and beauty. Large, center diamond and 2 brilliant side diamonds.

\$147.50
Pay \$3.00 a week



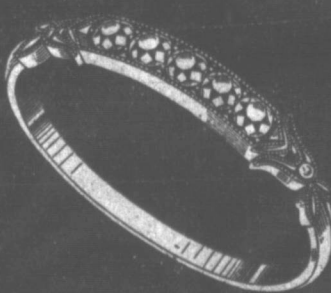
4 graduated side diamonds add to the beauty of the large center diamond.

\$289.50
\$6 a week or \$24 mo.



3 fine diamonds in this lovely solid yellow gold wedding ring. A ring she'll prize!

\$12.95
50¢ a week



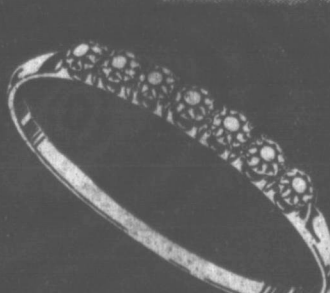
This charming new wedding ring in solid yellow gold with 5 genuine diamonds.

\$19.95
50¢ a week



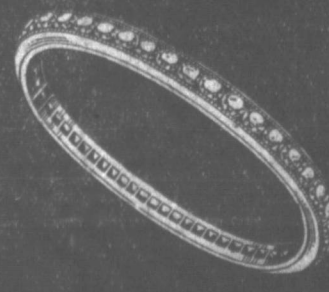
A distinctive new style in solid yellow gold set with 7 beautiful diamonds.

\$29.95
50¢ a week



A thrilling style with 7 lovely diamonds individually set in fishtail mountings.

\$39.75
75¢ a week



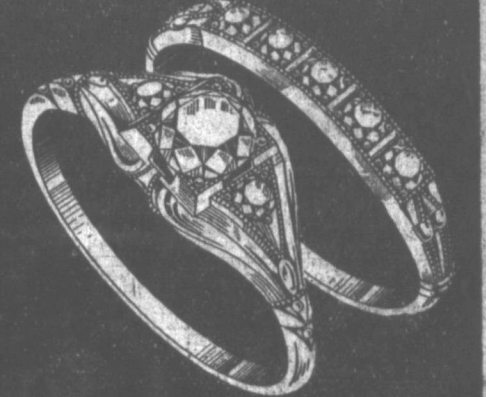
A slim platinum gold band with diamonds completely encircling the finger.

\$99.50
\$2.00 a week



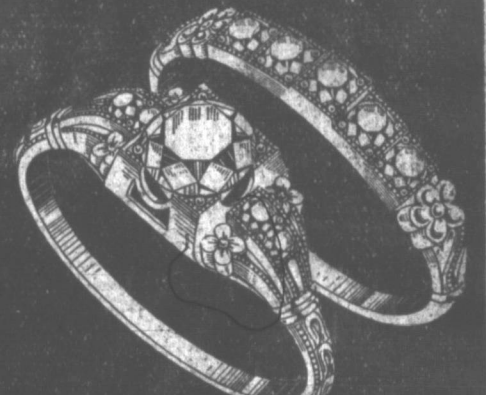
Luxurious design. Two rows of diamonds across the top of the finger. Smart, new!

\$57.50
\$1.00 a week



A graceful wedding ensemble. 3 diamonds in the engagement ring and 5 in the matching wedding band.

\$1.00 a week \$49.95



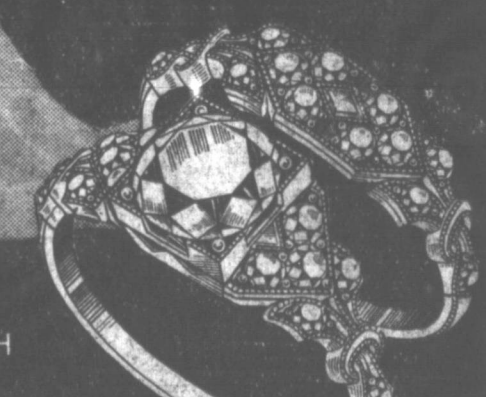
A lovely yellow gold wedding set. 5 brilliant diamonds in each beautiful ring.

\$1.50 a week \$69.50



13 genuine diamonds in this lovely wedding ensemble. Natural yellow gold. Exquisite design.

\$1.50 a week \$89.50



A distinctive, cleverly styled bridal set in rich yellow gold. Exquisite set with diamonds.

Pay \$12.50 a mo. \$157.50



One of the season's most beautiful wedding sets. Large center diamond and double row effect.

Pay \$20.00 a mo. \$225.00

CASH OR CREDIT, SAME LOW PRICES

THE UTMOST IN STYLE AND QUALITY PRICED FOR GREATEST VALUE

The Diamond Shop

"Leading Jewelers of the Panhandle Since 1926"

PAMPA

BORGER

IT'S HERE FOLKS

The Only Permanent Moth Proofing Service In Pampa

PERMANENT MEANS JUST THIS!

When we moth-proof any garment it is immune from moths for the entire life of the garment. No matter how many times the garment should be dry cleaned.

Rugs, Blankets, Draperies, Coats, Fur Coats, Toppers and Upholstery Furniture Moth Proofed for a reasonable charge.

Ask Us About This Service . . . It Will Save You Money.

PAMPA DRY CLEANERS

J. V. NEW

204 N. Cuyler

Phone 88

Material for this page must be in by 10:30 a. m. on week days and 12 Noon Saturday

THE PAMPA NEWS

Items for the Woman's Page are welcomed from Pampa and surrounding territory.

(VOL. 37 NO. 56)

Miss Lois Martin To Become Bride Of E. E. Shelhamer Today

Popular Couple To Make Home Here After Trip

In an impressive double ring ceremony this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the First Methodist church, Miss Lois Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin of Falls, will become the bride of E. E. Shelhamer.

The Rev. W. M. Pearce, minister of the church, will officiate at the service which will be solemnized before a large group of friends and relatives.

Decorating the altar will be vases of peonies on pedestals before a background of woodwardia fern and Kentia palms. Tall white candelabra will flank the altar.

Preceding the ceremony Miss Josephine Lane will play "On Promise Me" by De Koven, and "Indian Love Call" at the organ and she will play the accompaniment for Mrs. E. M. Klinger, who is to sing D'Hardelot's "Because." As the bride party enters the church Miss Lane will play "The Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin by Wagner and the Wedding March from Mendelssohn as the recessional. "Love You Truly" by Charlie Jacobs Band is to be played softly as the vows are read.

The bride has chosen a gown of white silk organza over tulle with a Peter Pan collar, long sleeves, and long full skirt. White daisies will trim the skirt and train. Her fingertip veil will be held with a coronet of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms. She will carry a white prayer book topped with an orchid with showers of white ribbon and lilies of the valley.

Miss Ann Johnson, maid of honor, and Mrs. Fred Thompson, matron of honor, will wear dresses of pink net over tulle with jacket waists and peplums edged in lace, short puffed sleeves, and long full hooped skirts. The bridesmaids will wear white dresses with pink neckties and bouquets of pink peonies. Helen Kay Wilson, who will be dressed also in pink net with a pink net bonnet, will be flower girl. Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Shelhamer, mothers of the bride and groom, are to wear blue ensembles with corsages of white gardenias.

Robert Shelhamer of Ponca City, Okla., brother of the bridegroom, will serve as best man. Ushers will be J. L. Myers, R. W. Sidwell, and Dr. H. E. Howard.

A reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson will follow the ceremony. The lace-covered table will be centered with a four-tiered white wedding cake topped with a silver wedding ring tied with a bow of tulle and a reflector encircled in a lei of white carnations. Decorating the room will be arrangements of peonies.

Mrs. Bob Curry will preside at the table and Miss Johnnie Hodge will have charge of the registry.

Receiving the guests will be Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Martin, the bride and bridesmaid, and other members of the wedding party.

Out-of-town guests will include Mrs. W. P. Shelhamer of Winfield, Kas.; Mrs. Robert Shelhamer and son Don, of Ponca City, Okla.; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin of Falls, Miss Leta Fern Martin of Abilene, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Powell and son, Dan, of Paducah, and Miss Lois Shivers of Falls.

The couple will leave on a wedding trip to Colorado and Winfield, Kas. The bride's going-away costume will be a beige wool suit with a japonica tulle chiffon blouse and japonica accessories. Her corsage will be of tallman roses. They will return to Pampa where they will be at home at the Murphy apartments.

The bride, who was graduated from Falls high school, attended Abilene Christian college and Texas Tech. She is recording secretary of Upsilon chapter of Beta Sigma Phi society and is now employed at the Gunn-Hinerman Tire company here.

Mr. Shelhamer, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Shelhamer of Winfield, Kas., was graduated from Winfield high school and attended Southwestern college there. He is a member of the local Junior Chamber of Commerce and is connected with the Murray Tool Supply company.

The rehearsal buffet dinner was served Saturday evening at the home of Misses Martin and Johnson. Centering the table which was laid with lace over yellow was an arrangement of sweet peas in a pottery bowl and green candles in yellow holders. Carrying out the bride's chosen colors of green and white, picture hats filled with varicolored sweet peas were used as centerpieces of the individual tables.

Attending the dinner were Messrs. and Mrs. Fred Thompson, R. M. Klinger, Bob Shelhamer, Bob Sidwell, Mrs. W. P. Shelhamer and son, Don, Mrs. Ramon Wilson and daughter, Helen Kay, Miss Jeanette Sten, Miss Josephine Lane, Miss Ann Johnson, Kermit Lawson, Dr. H. E. Howard, J. L. Myers.

Mrs. Dunn Attends Wedding In Iowa

Special To The News

GROOM, June 10.—Mrs. Andrew Dunn returned this week from Crescent, Iowa, where she attended the wedding of her sister, Agnes Bohm, and Paul Bremer, of Groom. The couple will make their home here.

FIRST LADY TALKS 'HUMAN DEBTS'



Cheers greeted Mrs. Roosevelt's statement that she was less concerned about government debts than such "human debts" as underprivileged youth, underfed

children, before national Right-to-Work Congress in Washington. Above, Mrs. Roosevelt acknowledges cheers with smile and upraised hand.

Garden Pests Program Topic At Club Meeting

At the June meeting of Pampa Garden club Friday morning in the city club rooms, Mrs. H. B. Landrum, president, conducted a business session preceding the nomenclature by Mrs. Ewing Leach.

In discussing "Fighting Garden Pests," Mrs. Emmett Dwyer stated: "I class as our number one pest the grasshopper; aphids, next; the red spider, cut worms, ants and a green and black worm which can trim up a stalk of dill or parsley in a very short time. There are caterpillars of many types, daffia beetles, and a small borer. Beetles and crickets are some bother in my garden at times."

"While grasshoppers were the worst, I sometimes put a little parls green in with my other spray, and I found that if I kept my yard very damp the hoppers were apt to go where the neighbor's chickens could catch them."

"The aphids, thrip and fleas, are the next pest on my list. The red spider is the almost invisible little insect that makes most of our evergreens look sick, she continued. A round table discussion followed and Mrs. Walter Purviance gave the following preparation for killing fleas, grasshoppers, cobwebs on zinnias, and from general use: Nine tablespoons lime, three tablespoons sulphur, two parts green, three cups of lead. Mix and sprinkle on plants."

Mrs. Bob Curry will preside at the table and Miss Johnnie Hodge will have charge of the registry.

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Theta Kappa Gamma Sorority Entertains Guests At Picnic

To begin summer recreation activities for Theta Kappa Gamma sorority, members entertained guests with a picnic near Laketon this week.

Attending were Dorothy Jarvis, Mary Lee Morris, Anna Bell Lard, Carrie Jean Speed, Mary James, Lee Fender, Eula Taylor, Lucille Carlock, Robbie Brown, Buster Wilkins, Bert Isbell, Darrell Ford, C. W. Smith, Billie Mounie, and Glen Nichols.

Plans for summer meetings were made at a called session of the group recently when Dorothy Jarvis was hostess at the city park. The group decided to postpone the Palo Duro trip and visit Carlsbad Cavern later.

Plans for a dance to be given June 16 were made and the meeting day was changed from Saturday to every Monday at 2:30 o'clock. The next meeting will be Monday, June 12, at the home of Charlyne Jaynes.

Attending this last meeting were Mary Lee Morris, Eula Taylor, Lee Fender, Dorothy Jarvis, Carrie Jean Speed, Mary James, Anna Bell Lard, Charlyne Jaynes, Virginia Harrison, and Lucille Carlock; mother advisors, Mrs. Claude Lard and Mrs. F. M. Taylor.

The entire group went swimming following the meeting.

Mrs. Goins Hostess At Stitch And Rip Meeting Recently

At a meeting of Stitch and Rip club in the home of Mrs. John Goins this week the group decided to select secret pals and have a gift exchange at each meeting.

After the organization of the club was completed, refreshments were served. Attending were Mrs. Theron Bowers, Manuel Powers, Cy Harding, Max Alters, Aubrey Summers, C. C. Bogan, the hostess, Linda Bogan, James Forbes and Patsy Lee Goins.

The club will meet next Thursday at 8 o'clock in the home of Mrs. Theron Bowers.

Polly Moses Feted At Birthday Party

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moses entertained their daughter, Polly, with a birthday party Thursday evening at their home.

After games were played, refreshments of ice cream, cake, and lemonade were served.

Attending were Jacquelyn Kellams, Mary Jo Kelly, Betty Jo Holt, Odel Burnett, Dorothy Wallin, Eula Bee Campbell, Loretta Price, Joe Moses Jr., Elvase Hall, Kathryn Jo Graham, Gerald Waldron, Elmer Hall, Royce Bailey, Leonard Cokerell, Polly Moses, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moses, Miss Faye Moses, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Moses and sons, Gene and Frankie, J. H. Moses, Mrs. Anna Mullins, and Mrs. Jack Kellams.

Junior High Troop Of Girl Scouts Have Meeting And Party

Girl Scouts of the Junior High troop met recently and following the regular session the group played games and held a slumber party. This entertainment was followed by a swim the next morning.

Scouts attending were LeVern Covington, Anna Mae Darling, Dorcas Jean Caldwell, Juanita Caldwell, Nita Rose McCarty, Janice Wheatly, Jeanne Mullin, Betty Jean Schilling, Elizabeth Roberts, Bobby Lou Posey, Louis Shaddox, Vivian Laugherty, and Mrs. L. McCarty. Visitors were Ester June Mullinax, Claudia Matlock, and Orma Jean McCarty.

BGK Club Entertains With Cowboy Round-Up Dance On Friday Evening

In keeping with the Top O' Texas Texas Fiesta celebration, members of the B. G. K. club entertained with a cowboy roundup costume dance in the Pampa Young Fellows hall on Friday evening.

Charles Thomas presided as master of ceremonies for the evening. A floor show including a novelty dance by Misses Virginia Posey, Frances Tindall and Betty Jo Thurman; a song, "Frankie and Johnny," by Miss Jane Kerbow; and two songs, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride," by Lester Clemmon, was presented.

Music for the dancing was played by Bobby Burns and his orchestra. Prizes were awarded to Miss Kerbow and Mayse Nash for the most outstanding costumes.

Among those attending were Mary Adams, Dewey Palmittier, Bill Holt, Don Haslam, Bob Hubbard, A. T. Pumphrey, Jaunita Buckner, Isabelle Wagon, Ruth Wagon, Guy La Mond, Burton Doucette, Betty Jo Thurman, Larry McDermott, Betty Jo Townsend, Parks Brunley, George Pollard, Martha Jones, Hero Davis, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Bruner, Bess Benton, Virginia Posey, Otto Rice, Gloria Posey, Turney Mullinax, Frances Tindall, Steer Gregory, Jane Kerbow, Roy Webb, J. C. Reeves, Irwin Henderson, Kathryn Pearce, Charles Thomas, Ruth Elbert, Don Jo Berry, Mayse Nash, Bob Dougherty, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mann, Bonnie Lee Rose, Clark Weaver, Melvin Qualls, Leon Miller, Albert Schukley and Mickey Ledrick.

Women's Council Groups Select New Officers

Members of five groups of Women's Council of First Christian church met in regular sessions this week.

At a meeting of group one in the home of Mrs. Tom Bunting with Mrs. A. A. Tlemann as co-hostess, Mrs. Ora Wagner presided in the presence of Mrs. A. C. Jones, leader.

Following the devotional by Mrs. Elkins a lesson on "India's Christian Leaders" was presented with Mrs. Ivan Marlin discussing "The Indian Church," after which "The Church Universal" was presented.

Eight members and two guests were present.

Mrs. W. L. Parker and Mrs. H. Dowell were co-hostesses at a meeting of group two at which Mrs. Jim Goss gave the devotional preceding a discussion of "The Tie That Binds."

New officers elected were Mrs. W. L. Parker, leader; Mrs. H. Dowell, assistant leader; Mrs. Claude Lard, secretary-treasurer.

Following the lesson, a shower was given for Mrs. Jim Goss and Mrs. Ed Johnson. Three guests and one new member were included in the 15 present.

Misses members of group three met for the lesson with Mrs. Don Leathers, Mrs. L. E. Biele, as co-hostesses.

Mrs. W. E. Rignin presented the devotional on "Love" following which Mrs. DeLea Vicens gave the Bible lesson.

In the business session new officers elected included Mrs. Tom Eckard, leader; Mrs. Harley Hill, assistant leader; Mrs. G. G. Klinger, secretary; Mrs. Hal Suttie, program chairman; and Mrs. Z. H. Mundy, welfare chairman.

At the meeting of group four in the church with Mrs. Eva Howard, Fred Whipple, and John Beverly as hostesses, Mrs. John Beverly gave the devotional and Mrs. Jack Wilkins presided as leader of the lesson. Included on the program were Mrs. W. O. Prewitt who spoke on "The Church Universal," Mrs. Charles Madeira, "India's Christian Leaders," and Mrs. C. F. Bastion, "India Conferences."

Special numbers included a vocal solo, "The Prayer Perfect," by Annabell Holloway, accompanied by Miss Pauline Stewart and two acrobatic selections by Mary Dean Wilkinson.

Officers installed were Mrs. Glen Smith, leader; Mrs. Jack Wilkinson, assistant leader.

A miscellaneous shower was given for the retiring Mrs. H. Watson, Charles Madeira, after which refreshments were served. A vocal solo, "Jesus, the Sweetest Name," was sung by Connie Rae Kiser who was accompanied by Mrs. Talmadge Kiser.

Mrs. G. H. Kueper was hostess to members of group five with Mrs. Elmer Whipple as co-hostess.

Mrs. Whipple presided as leader of the program on India and topics discussed were "Educational Work in India" by Mrs. B. C. Fahy, "Churches in India," Mrs. J. K. Longacre, and "A School Girl of Bihar," Mrs. Whipple.

Officers elected were Mrs. Kueper, leader; Mrs. H. Watson, assistant leader; and Mrs. L. M. Batten, secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. Voyles Named President Of OES Club Of District

At a business meeting of District Two Eastern Star club members this week in the Masonic hall, the constitution was studied and new officers were elected.

They are Maude Voyles, president; Edrie Colvin, vice president; Stella Wagner, secretary; Hazel Parker, treasurer; and Lillian Murphy, reporter. Mrs. Katie Beverly and Mrs. Lillian Murphy were named on the by-laws committee.

Edith Kelley, hostess, served refreshments to Messrs. Hazel Parker, Edrie Colvin, Lou Gommilion, Della Foster, O'Don Hall, Maude Voyles, Maude Murphy, Juanita Roberts, Frankie Lee Hughes, Hattie Broome, Stella Wagner, Ruth Casey, and Lillian Murphy.

The next meeting will be a social in the home of Miss Corinne Landrum, 1114 East Francis, on June 28.

Luminous beetles are carried by certain natives of South America when they journey at night.

Marriage Of Miss Sloan And Phillip Noland Revealed

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Ellen Sloan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sloan of Pampa, and Phillip Noland which was solemnized on May 28 in Amarillo with a justice of the peace officiating.

The bride was attractively dressed in gold silk with japonica accessories.

Attending the couple were Mr. and Mrs. Wolford Bivens of Amarillo.

The bride was graduated from Pampa High school in 1937 where she was a member of the pep squad and the glee club.

Mr. Noland, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Noland, was graduated in 1936 from Pampa High school where he was a member of the dramatics club, football and basketball teams.

The couple will be at home in Lovington, New Mexico, where Mr. Noland is employed by the Phillips Petroleum company.

to Queen Elizabeth of England. In background, center, is Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of the secretary of state.

between 10 and 10 o'clock Wednesday morning at the Central Baptist church by the Woman's Missionary society.

Members of the societies from the First and Calvary Baptist churches will assist in serving the luncheon at 12 o'clock.

Missionary society members of Skellytown, LeFors, Amarado Mission, and Kingsmill will be guests at the program and luncheon.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY MONDAY

Woman's Missionary society of First Baptist church will meet at 8 o'clock. Mrs. W. D. Sloan, 518 South Nelson, 2:30 p. m.; circle two, Church at 8 p. m.; circle three, Mrs. H. B. Landrum, 821 Charles street, four, Mrs. H. B. Landrum, 1114 East Francis at 4 p. m.

First Methodist Women's Missionary society will meet in circles. One, Mrs. James Holmer, 206 Sunset Drive; two, Mrs. G. A. Viret in Clara Hill class room; three, Mrs. Fern Kercheval in Junior department at church; four, Mrs. S. A. Huret, 447 North Starkweather at 8:30 p. m.; seven, church parlor with Mrs. J. V. Kidwell as hostess.

Calvary Baptist Women's Missionary society will meet in regular session.

TUESDAY

B. G. K. club will meet at 7 o'clock in the city hall.

Nearshore Women's Missionary society will meet.

Ladies' Bible class of Francis Avenue Church of Christ will meet at 2:30 o'clock.

Business and Professional Women's club will have a program and business meeting in the city club rooms at 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. Arthur Swanson will be hostess to London Bridge club at 2:30 o'clock.

Veterans of Foreign Wars will meet at 8 o'clock in the American Legion hall.

WEDNESDAY

Loyal Women's class of First Christian church will meet at 2 o'clock.

Woman's Missionary society of Central Baptist church will meet.

McClouch-Harrah Methodist Women's Missionary society will meet.

Home League of the Salvation Army will meet at 2 o'clock in the Salvation Army hall.

Ladies' Bible class of Central Church of Christ will meet at 2:30 o'clock.

Ladies' day will be observed at the Country club at 9 o'clock.

Woman's auxiliary of St. Matthew's Episcopal mission will meet at 2:30 o'clock in the parish hall.

Woman's Missionary society of Central Baptist church will have a program from 10 until 12 o'clock and a luncheon at noon.

THURSDAY

Tyble Ciel club will meet at 4 o'clock in the city club rooms.

Dorcas class of Central Baptist church will meet at 2 o'clock for visitation.

Rebekah lodge will meet at 8 o'clock in the I. O. O. F. hall.

Triple Four Bridge club will meet with Mrs. Jim White at 2:30 o'clock.

Bakel and Rip Club will meet with Mrs. Theron Bowers at 8 o'clock.

FRIDAY

Order of Eastern Star will meet at 8 o'clock in the Masonic hall.

Theta Kappa Gamma sorority will have a dance.

'GLAD TO SEE YOU'—ROOSEVELT



"Glad to see you"—and President Roosevelt's face shows it as he delivers Washington welcome

to Queen Elizabeth of England. In background, center, is Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of the secretary of state.

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WE FATHERS Want a Word With You



If you're going to give us something for Father's Day, next Sunday, we're going to have our say. What matters whether we're twenty-four or sixty. In this modern day we all like the same things. Don't give us things intended for old men (you should know there are no old men). We like to do things... We like good looking ties and shirts... the newest wrinkle in sport tops. Yes, we can use robes and slippers... Make ours the kind for relaxation after a hard day's work. And oh yes, if you want to be certain you won't go wrong make sure the gift you buy comes from Murfee's!

We Fathers Recommend

House Slippers, 3.50-4.25 Swimming Trunks, 3.00-4.00 Sport Belts, 1.00-1.50
A Palm Beach Suit, 15.50 Swank Jewelry, 50c to 3.50
Summer Pajamas, 1.95 to 2.95 Dress Shirts, 1.65 to 2.50 Sport Shirts, 95c to 2.00
Palm Beach Ties, 1.00 Swank Wallets, 1.50 to 5.00
Interwoven Sox, 35c-50c Sports Ensembles, 4.50 to 11.00 Summer Robes, 2.00-3.75

Select your gift right away and let us wrap it appropriately

Fathers Day Is Next Sunday, June 18

Murfee's, Inc.

Completely Air-Conditioned

Order of Eastern Star will meet at 8 o'clock in the Masonic hall.

Theta Kappa Gamma sorority will have a dance.

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'GREAT MAN VOTES' TENDER TALE OF PARENTAL LOVE

Distinctive Theme Marks Crown Film

Striking a distinctly original note, "The Great Man Votes" presents John Barrymore and a distinguished cast in a delightful story of a widower and his two children who find themselves key figures in a hilarious political campaign.

The picture opens a three-day run today at the Crown.

Packed with colorful character portrayals and a surprise package plot, the picture takes a place of its own among the season's best films. The story deals with one Gregory Vance, a watchman on a big city building project, who, with his two children, lives in a tumble-down home among the skyscrapers. Once a famous historian and educator, Vance lost his inspiration when his wife died some years before, and the two youngsters are not aware of their father's past, although they know their mother's wealthy relatives are looking for them.

As the amiable, drink-addicted watchman who redeems himself for his children's sake, Barrymore has one of the finest roles of his distinguished career. His work contrasts deftly with Donald MacBride's splendid portrayal of the bluff McCarty, and with the childish intensity of the diminutive Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler, who make a notable pair of youngsters.

Peter Holden, it will be recalled, is the seven-year-old boy who scored such a personal hit in the successful New York stage play, "On Borrowed Time"; Virginia Weidler, aged eleven, is a veritable child veteran of the screen, and has been singled out for her fine acting in one film after another. These two young players appear as the children of Gregory Vance—the role played by Barrymore.

Katharine Alexander, Luis Alberni, J. M. Kerrigan, Brandon Tynan, Elizabeth Risdon, Granville Bates, Little Benny Bartlett and other well-known players head the supporting cast of this RKO Radio picture, which Cliff Reid produced and Garson Kanin directed. John Twist wrote the screen play from the original story by Gordon Malherbe Hillman.

Early American railroads were partly first used by land grants from the government.

Mr. Everest's height is equal to one 740th of the earth's radius.

DIAMOND JIM BRADY

Could He Have Eaten So Voraciously With STOMACH OF ULCER PAINS?

Life is miserable when you have to pay the penalty of stomach or ulcer pains every day. Get relief now with this 25c No-Risk Uga Test. Thousands praise UGA! 25¢ bottle of Uga Test. Indigestion and gas pains, for heartburn, burning sensation, heart and other conditions caused by excess acid. Get relief now with this 25c No-Risk Uga Test. Absolutely safe. The most help you can get for money—Uga Test.

At City Drug Store and all good drug stores.

LA NORA NOW SHOWING

Confessions of a NAZI SPY

starring **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**

Cartoon "Naughty but Nice" and News

GRACIE ALLEN

Murder Case

GRACIE ALLEN
Warren WILLIAM
Ellen DREW
Kent TAYLOR
Judith BARRETT
Donald MacBride

A GREAT MAN'S FAMILY



Here we find the family group that dominates "A Great Man Votes." John Barrymore who portrays the scholar Gregory Vance, the story fallen on evil days but still the great man to his children; and Virginia Weidler and Peter

Entre Nous Club

Members-Guests

Honor Pair Friday

Entre Nous club members and guests in the home of Mrs. Guy Farrington Friday afternoon to compliment Mrs. George Dyer and daughter, Juanita Jan, with a shower.

A musical program preceded the presentation of gifts.

Refreshments were served to Meses. A. B. McAfee, W. S. Tolbert, Bart Benton, Cleo Elkins, C. A. Tignor, John Lawler, Joe Lewis, W. D. Benton, Roy Tinsley, E. L. Goad, J. L. Stroope, George Dyer, Misses Donna Lee Stroope, Marie Farrington, Clinda Benton, and Louise Lawler.

Gifts were sent by Meses. E. A. Shackleton, Pa. Spearman, W. D. Stockstill, and C. C. Stockstill.

Four Circles Of

Baptist WMS To

Meet On Monday

Weekly meetings of the four circles of Woman's Missionary society of First Baptist church will be conducted Monday afternoon.

Members of circle one will meet in the home of Mrs. W. D. Slaton, 513 South Nelson street, at 2:30 o'clock while circle two is to meet in the church at 3 o'clock.

A meeting of circle three will be held in the home of Mrs. Frank Johnson, 921 Charles street, and members of circle four will present a program in the home of Mrs. H. B. Landrum, 1114 East Francis avenue, at 4 o'clock.

PAMPA

THE VOICE OF THE TOP OF TEXAS

SUNDAY

8:00—Jules Lande and Salon Orchestra.
8:10—Central Church of Christ.
8:20—Phillips Quartet.
8:30—Jungle Jim (Goldsmith Dairy).
8:40—Memorial to Endure (Powell).
8:50—All Request Hour.
9:00—First Baptist Church.
9:10—Interlude.
9:20—Music of York.
9:30—Real Life Drama (Pampa News).
9:40—Builders of the Top of Texas (Rush-Peter Insurance Agency).
9:50—Fashion Flashes (Schmida's Shoppe).
1:00—Sunday at Home (Montgomery's).
1:15—Facts and Melodies You Should Know.
2:00—May Foreman Carr.
2:15—Sanford Quartette (Mullen's Grocery).
2:30—Baseball Game.
4:15—Interlude.
4:30—The Cheeser (WBS).
5:15—Hymns.
5:30—Music for Sunday (WBS).
6:00—Ministerial Alliance.
6:30—Goodnight!

MONDAY

6:30—Roe 'N' Shine (WBS).
7:00—Boy Boys (Radio Station WKY).
7:15—News (Radio Station WKY).
7:30—Today's Almanac (WBS).
7:45—Buckley's (John's Grocery).
8:00—Oklahoma Playboys.
8:15—Music for Sunday (WBS).
8:45—Lost and Found Bureau (Edmondson's).
9:00—Interlude.
9:15—Southwestern Public Service Co.
9:30—House of Peter MacGregor.
9:45—Buckley's (John's Grocery).
9:55—Women's Club of the Air (Montgomery Ward).
10:00—Mid Morning News (S. P. A. Service Station).
10:15—Roundup Time (Doc Farley).
10:30—Swing Quartette (Murphy's, Inc.).
10:45—Joyous Times (Pamphlet Power & Light Co.).
11:00—Discoland Swingers.
11:30—Betty's Barzain Bureau.
11:55—Fashion Flashes (Schmida's Shoppe).
12:00—Stinger's Sam (Coca Cola Bottling Company).
12:15—White's School of the Air (White's Auto Stores).
12:30—Non News (Thompson Hardware).
12:45—Music & La Carte (Gunn Hinerman Tire Co.).
1:00—For Men Only (Montgomery Ward).
1:15—Gulf Spray (Gulf Oil Company).
1:30—Memories.
1:45—Lost and Found Bureau (Edmondson's).
2:15—All Request Hour.
2:30—Interlude.
2:45—Mattinee Varieties.
3:00—Concert Echoes.
3:15—Oklahoma Playboys.
4:30—Swing Session.
4:45—Musical News (Keith's Appliance Store).
5:00—Music in a Sentimental Mood.
5:15—The World Dances (WBS).
5:30—Final Edition of the News with Gene Moser.
5:45—"Up" Adventures of Jimmie Allen.
6:00—Hits and Encores (DBS).
6:15—Southwestern Public Service Co.
7:00—Mutiny on the High Seas (Columbia-Emmaling).
7:15—Gene Moser—Review of the News.
7:30—Comic Tunes (WBS).
7:45—Reflections at Twilight.
8:00—Goodnight!

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Finsterwald Was Soldier At Old Fort

When horse-drawn cars rattled up and down the streets of Philadelphia and dimly gas-lit corner lamps provided the city's only illumination by night, a 20-year-old Swiss immigrant boy made that seat of American liberty his first home.

He arrived there in 1882, took a job in a sugar refinery, didn't like it, quit and started out alone in the search for new opportunities.

The reference is to Abraham Finsterwald, 71, who resides now on his Wheeler county ranch between Mobette and Wheeler.

He is one of the very last remaining soldiers who served his country at Old Fort Elliott in the years just before the fort was abandoned in 1890.

Mr. Finsterwald, still active, is one of the Panhandle's most colorful old-time residents and his life tells of Mr. Finsterwald's romantic, colorful and successful career.

Less than a year after his arrival, Finsterwald found himself unable to get a job of any kind. One day a German suggested that he join the army. Finsterwald knew nothing of the American army system. When he learned that if he joined the army he would be given food, lodging, clothes, and a small salary, he went at once to the recruiting station on Market street.

So the boy who left Switzerland to escape military service gladly joined the American army—for anything—better than starving.

Finsterwald enlisted in May, 1889, and was sent to the recruiting school at Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis. He remained there in training for about 10 months, was given his board and clothing and \$13 a month. Then he was assigned to the Fifth Cavalry with headquarters at Fort Sidney, Neb.

In July he was sent to Cheyenne, Wyo. At Cheyenne the soldiers mounted their horses for the two weeks' ride to the Fifth Cavalry headquarters at Fort McKinley in the mountains of northern Wyoming.

On the way, Finsterwald developed typhoid fever and traveled the rest of the way in the army ambulance. He was in the hospital from then until November.

After he recovered from his illness, Finsterwald found much work to do as a carpenter; for Fort McKinley was a new camp. After the buildings at the camp were completed, the soldiers trained and went on hunting trips. The Indians offered no trouble to the soldiers as they were all on the reservations.

On one of two occasions there were rumors of Indians attacking the camp and the soldiers were on guard at all times, but the Indians never came.

It was customary to shift the soldiers from one section to another. In May, 1889, the Fifth Cavalry was sent South by riding day after day. July found the detachment of soldiers in southern Nebraska, near the Kansas line. Wary from incessant days of travel and suffering from painful saddle sores, the horses were no longer able to go on.

In the fall the detachment of soldiers was sent to Fort Riley, Kan., to exchange for fresh mounts. Finsterwald was one of the ones sent to take the horses.

The detachment of soldiers had to wait a month for their horses and then they rode on to join the remainder of their company. The Fifth Cavalry went into Oklahoma to police an Indian scare. This was the time that General Sheridan came from Washington to deliver his ultimatum to the Indians. The famous conference took place at what is now El Reno, Okla.

By the time Finsterwald and his companions arrived on the scene the Indian scare was over, but they took a band of Indians back to a reservation in the northwest, part of the territory. From there they went to Kiowa, Kan., to spend two months and then on to Fort Riley.

In the spring of '89 they returned to Fort Riley in the fall of '87 the Fifth Cavalry detachment was sent to Fort Elliott at Mobette.

Finsterwald's five-year enlistment ended in May, 1889, and he did not re-enlist. He liked Mobette and the ranch country around, so he decided to stay. He settled on a quarter section of land east of Mobette, buying it for \$8 an acre from the late T. D. Hobart. A year later he sold his quarter section to his brother-in-law and bought the section of land between Wheeler and Mobette where he now lives. Land had dropped to a low price and one was permitted to buy as many as four sections. Finsterwald acquired three sections of land. In the following years he bought several sections of railroad land until he had a total of 11 sections. An additional thousand-acre tract was obtained by buying tax title and living on it until the court approved the claim.

A bit later when the official land survey was made, many people found that their land was in an entirely different place from what they supposed it to be.

According to the survey, Finsterwald observed, "my creek was on my brother-in-law's place, and my father-in-law's orchard was on mine."

In 1889 Finsterwald married So-

Theater Programs

CROWN

Today, tomorrow, and Tuesday: "The Great Man Votes," with John Barrymore, Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler.

Wednesday and Thursday: "Beauty for the Asking," with Lucille Ball, Frieda Weis, and Patricia Knowles.

Friday and Saturday: "Water Rattles," with Dorothy Kege.

phie Schnell at Mobette. The ceremony was read by Emanuel Dubbs, first judge of Wheeler county. His bride also came from Switzerland (from near the famous Jung Frau Mountains). This district was close to his home in the native land, but they did not meet until after they had come to Mobette, pioneer town thousands of miles from their mountain homes.

Ranches near the Finsterwald place included the Van Horn ranch on the west and Judge Emanuel Dubbs' ranch to the south. The other land close to Finsterwald's still belonged to the government and railroads at that time.

In the beginning Finsterwald had only about 12 head of cattle on his ranch. He built it up until he had an average of about 750 head of White Face Herefords. The first shipping point was Kiowa, Kan. The cattle were driven overland. When the railroads came to the Panhandle, Canadian became the shipping point for the eastern Panhandle.

In the early days there were no fences on the ranches and the cattle drifted at will. The earliest fences were "drift" fences. In the winter of '82 and '83 cattle sought protection against the "drift" fences and from time to time they were killed. The first fence was built on the Rocking Chair Ranch two miles south of Henrietta, according to Finsterwald.

A great menace to the rancher was the prairie fire. The grass was very tall, sometimes almost waist high, and once a fire was started it was very hard to stop. Finsterwald recalled one large fire which was accidentally started by G. Washington, negro horse-breaker. The fire quickly spread east and north, destroying everything in its path.

The alarm was sounded and men from all the outlying ranches rushed to the aid of the stricken settlers in the district east and north of Mobette. So great was the headway that it went to the Washita Creek in Memphis county, many miles away. It was finally put out at midnight. The ranchers plowed furrows around the burning sections to stop the fire.

There was no trouble with the Indians after Finsterwald came to the Panhandle. The only Indians were scouts living in a camp to the south of Fort Elliott. At one time an official at the fort took only Indians on a scouting expedition.

The Indians balked on him and refused to obey orders. After that one experience when Indians were taken on scouting trips, they were always matched by an equal number of white soldiers.

Finsterwald has played an important part in the development of Wheeler county. He was commissioner from 1890 to 1892. He is one of the county's most prominent ranchers from the pioneer days.

When Oklahoma was opened up to settlers many people moved over into the territory leaving Wheeler county somewhat depopulated. Land dropped in price to induce new settlers to come to the county. In order to retain his standing as a county, it had to have at least 100 voters. At that time Wheeler county had 102 voters.

Among the old settlers who Finsterwald knew were T. D. Hobart, Mark Russell, Emanuel Dubbs, Temple Houston, Jim Browning, Judge Frank Willis, and Dick Buswell.

Today the Finsterwald ranch is a model of convenience. Located in a draw with a background of cottonwood trees and flowering shrubs, the rambling house is one of the most charming in the country. Here he lives with his two youngest daughters and his youngest son. Mrs. Finsterwald died in the early summer of 1937.

Mr. Finsterwald, with keen blue eyes and flowing white beard, is one of the most picturesque and dynamic characters in these parts. At 76 he is very active in his banking and ranching affairs. He still owns 9 sections of land, after giving some to his children. He owns a car of the latest make, and drives it himself. He speaks with a decided accent which gives color to his conversation. So well does he like the country of his adoption that he has no desire to ever return to his native land.

LABEL SAYS 'FRAGILE' SHOULD READ 'DANGER'

BUTTE, Mont. (AP)—The "fragile" label was unnecessary on a box western postal employees handled recently, it hardly got a job on its way through the mails from Glenn, Calif., to Theory, Mont. Another little notice on the box said the package contained 250,000 honey bees.

WHEN YOU'RE IN PAMPA FOR THE FIESTA - - COME IN

We have a complete line of Summer Shoes, Sport Togs, Infants and Tiny Tot's wear.

SIMMONS

111 S. Russell Children's Wear 111 S. Russell

Laketon Man Played Santa Back In 1911

By BROWNWOOD EMERSON

Long before the energetic young men of the Pampa Junior Chamber of Commerce started "Santa Day" as a prelude to the holiday season, there was a Laketon man who made a one-man Santa Day parade thru the snow to Pampa and return.

Even today he is still known to many in Laketon as the "Santa Claus" man because of an incident that occurred back in 1911. It was Christmas time and a heavy snow blocked the roads. Travel was at a standstill. But it was still Christmas.

G. M. Counts decided something ought to be done about the children of the community who would find only empty Christmas stockings on Christmas morning. Unless some way was found to get through and purchase Christmas presents.

Somehow or other he got through to Pampa, secured the gifts for the children of the community and returned to Laketon despite the heavy snow and bitter cold.

He distributed the gifts along the way, then on the next day, which was Christmas, he had all these children as guests at a big dinner at his home.

Laketon as it is today is a mixture of the old and new. Founded about 1880, when Mrs. Minnie Jones made application for a postoffice to be established there, the town today has an atmosphere that smacks of the intermingling of the turn of the century and the golden age of 1930.

In 1880, in Laketon as in other towns of this area, there was a rubber business, as money from flowing gold was diverted into channels or retail trade. Jim McGrowder ran an up-to-date cafe in the place that did good business as did a boarding house operated by Mrs. T. H. Keeney.

Three filling stations and the Loozer blacksmith shop were other busy retail centers at the same time the S. A. McLaughlin hardware store was well-known.

Two towns. There are two Laketons. The old Laketon was situated a mile north of the present site. There Laketon postoffice remained for eight or 10 years, when it was discontinued. In 1923 the present town site was laid out. When the postoffice was re-established, also in 1923, it was moved to a spot one-half mile north of its present location. In 1923 the postoffice was situated across Highway 152 south of the present location. It now occupies a location on the north side of the road, since being moved to that site in 1930.

Mrs. Jones Named Town

Laketon received its name from a suggestion made by Mrs. Minnie Jones, the town's first postmaster. Several names had been suggested for the new town, among them Mrs. Jones' selection, "Laketon," inspired by the numerous lakes then around the town.

Laketon played the postoffice department, and so Laketon it became.

Women 'Rile'

The postoffice had had three postmasters: Mrs. Minnie Jones, Mrs. McLaughlin and the present one, Mrs. Edna Amitt. In connection with the postoffice, it is recalled that mail used to be carried out by horse and buggy between Miami and Laketon three times a week.

Women's influence evidently was strong in those days, for there was a mail carrier who was also a woman, a Mrs. Jones. She carried groceries to customers along the route as a sideline and was adverse to whipping the horse that pulled the buggy, substituting instead a long stick to prod the steed along, but never using it as a club or whip.

However, without reasonable doubt, it was sometime before 1910 that Laketon had a telephone line. It was only a three-mile line, extending along a barbed wire fence from the residence of Mrs. Minnie Jones, the postmaster, to the home of the Stumps.

School Built In 1910

It was in 1910, according to Ray Jones, a prominent Laketon citizen, that the first Laketon school was built on land owned by a Dr. Powell, one mile north of the present town. The school building was a one-room frame structure and was used until 1929 when the new building was constructed.

Attendance at the old school was 50 students. The old school, after abandonment, was remodeled and became the present Church of Christ.

The new school has hardwood floors, concrete walls, and two rooms, the latter so constructed that both rooms may be used as an auditorium. Water is supplied to the school by a contract with the railroad company. Twenty-five pupils attended the Laketon school during the 1938-1939 season.

New Town Dated 1928

Today's Laketon properly dates from 1928 when the townsite was created by the railroad. Land was purchased by the railroad and five acres given as the site of the Laketon school, according to Ray Jones.

Mrs. Shelton Of Miami Came To Texas Panhandle In 1875

By LORENE OSBORNE LOCKE

Another one of those Panhandle women who does not like the Indians is Mrs. P. L. Shelton, who is the oldest woman settler in this part of the Panhandle, although she is not quite 71 years of age.

Her father, John Anderson, with his family, settled on a tributary of the Canadian River, called Chicken Creek, in 1875, when there was only one other white family living in the country. A Mr. Lewis of whom we have lost trace was the first settler with his wife and two small children. J. W. Harrah, the father of Mrs. McIntyre of White Deer, and Mrs. Jim Gill of Miami came only a short time later than the Anderson family. The Lockett ranch now occupies the territory occupied by the Andersons.

To the children of that day, said Mrs. Shelton, the word Indian was fraught with dire meaning. From infancy it kept them quiet at night, and fearful in the daytime of playing any distance from the house. She remembers her mother telling of throwing a feather bed into the fireplace and setting it on fire, to smoke out the savages attempting to come down the wide chimney.

With the coming of settlers and traders and most of all, the buffalo hunters, the Indians realized that their great source for the necessities of life would soon be exhausted. They depended on the buffalo for food, clothing, lodging and heat as well as for pleasure.

A salient fact about Laketon is the Indian's spirit of adventure. As they saw the laughter of the animals by the white man, their desperate and revengeful forages from the reservations into which the soldiers and cowboys then became more frequent and daring.

A few years after the Andersons settled on Chicken Creek the Indians captured a young white settler. They burned him at the stake a bare two miles from the Anderson home. The cause of the capture was to abandon his ranch and move his family to Mobette where they might have protection.

"The nearest fort was El Reno,"

Carl Boston, a Pampa, once taught school at Laketon.

To W. C. Christopher and Mrs. A. P. B. Jones, who are credited the credit for the starting of a campaign that resulted in a school. The idea began in 1908, and after the school was started, pupils attended from as far away as LeFlore.

A salient fact about Laketon is that although the town is of small population, there are 12 citizens living in the community now who attended the school in the old Laketon. They are: Mr. and Mrs. Floyd McLaughlin; Lawrence Hoffert; Clyde Gray; Mrs. Beulah Colwell; Mrs. Ora Bates; Horace Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Jones; Walter Jones; Charles Talley; Edgar Gray; Mrs. Ben Lockhart and Ernest Howard.

Picket Line Soldiers Beaten

One of the real old-timers of the Laketon community is A. M. Renner, who lives on a farm near the town. Mr. Renner is 87 years old. He came from Tennessee as the son of the War Between the States but a Yankee picket line kept the family from entering Texas. They went back to Arkansas and Missouri, Mr. Renner said, then came to Texas.

This time he could enter without hindrance. Mr. Renner was one of the men employed in raising Fort Elliott when it was abandoned in 1890. Part of the lumber from the fort Mr. Renner used on his farm. Mr. Renner caught 500 acres near Laketon for 1800. Sixty acres were already in cultivation at the time of the sale.

Although the latest edition of the Texas Almanac gives Laketon a population of 19, the number of business firms as four, these figures deal with the townsite, and do not include the people who consider Laketon as their home town. It may be that several miles away.

The Laketon town where the town derived its name are not evident now, but the land is still good. Travel along Highway 152 east of Pampa and you will see some of the greenest fields in all Gray county.

A Los Angeles television station has been broadcasting programs for eight years.

There were 217 new oil fields discovered in the United States in 1938.

Williams Drove Herd Of Buffaloes To Dodge City

Some incident or series of incidents stand out in the life of every person but it is a whole year that Jim Williams, oldtimer, remembers most vividly. It was the year Mr. Williams became 19 and he started out to be a cowboy. Here is Mr. Williams' story of his nineteenth year:

I first rode into what is now White Deer about March 28 and Al Holland and a bunch of negroes were thrashing millet. They were thrashing with an old horse power thrasher. Mr. Croom had shipped down from Frankfort, Ky.

About a half section was in cultivation where the cemetery now stands. I remained at the camp about five weeks and that was when 100 cottonwood trees were planted around the old Wells' ranch house.

None of them lived. I hauled water from a lake in a 500-gallon tank-wagon pulled by six little mules. They also had an ice house, lined with hay and ice was cut from the nearby lake in the winter.

The railroad was built through White Deer three years after I was there and the boys didn't think much of it because it was not bringing them any profit.

I rode boys for about two weeks and I dragged at least 200 cows out of them after they had gone in to drink and couldn't get out. The boys were hollow scraped out in the middle. The cows were weak and couldn't get out after drinking. It was a hazardous business and no wonder the big companies went broke. To get the cows out of the bog I would take a span of those little mules and drag a double-tree behind them while I rode a pony.

During the five weeks I was at the No. 1 camp I drove three eastern capitalists from the ranch to Clarendon. The men were Benedict, Foster, and Kingsmill. They drove from Old Mobeetie to the ranch in a hired pilcheton and I drove them to Clarendon and they took the phonograph back to Mobeetie. Clarendon was then seven miles north of the present town at the mouth of Carroll creek on the north bank of the Salt Fork of the Red river.

Leaving the No. 1 camp, it was with regret that I was separated from J. H. Henry, now of Pampa, who had become my hero. We went to different camps for the spring roundup.

I next worked along the Territory line as it was then called. It is now the Oklahoma line. We worked all the way from the line back to where LeFors now stands. I was then assigned to an outfit gathering a herd of yearlings to be driven to Montana. I was to lead the herd to Zulu on the North Pecos River. When I returned another herd, this one mixed, was being gathered. It took us three days to gather the herd and on the first night out we camped at Spring tank seven miles north of where White Deer now stands. As before, I took the herd to Zulu because I knew the trail. When we reached the Canadian river it was up as usual when we wanted it down and we led 100 head of cattle. It took us 11 days to reach Zulu. There I had orders to cut my mount of horses which was eight head and drift across to the Canadian and do general work. I was only 19 years old at the time.

I followed the old mail line, from Dodge City to Tucson. I stayed one night with George and John Lovett at the mouth of Blue creek that heads between Amarillo and Dumas. The general work was in full swing. Twenty-three wagons with about 30 men to the wagon were in motion; that being the spring after the big ones. It was not until the outfit from Colorado, Kansas, and New Mexico learned that most of the stock had died and that everyone was going broke. We knew because we had seen the country littered with dead cattle.

After only a few days a man from the ranch headquarters came after me and I was assigned to take a herd of young buffalo to Dodge City. We left from Adobe Walls and four of us drove the buffalo to Dodge City in seven weeks. Upon my return I was assigned to the hay-fields where I worked with S. G. Caveny, father of Mrs. J. E. Kinney, now of Miami.

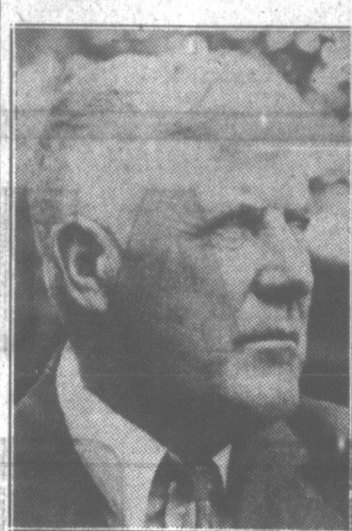
By September I had become a top cowhand and was sent with seven other cowboys to Greer county for a herd of cattle. It was a wonderful trip. Upon my return I learned that my friend, J. R. Henry had suffered a broken leg. Another cowboy and I took a team and buckboard to Don's store near Mangum and got Mr. Henry. We brought him back to ranch headquarters.

Another Pampa resident who was on the ranch that year was Henry Lovett. He and Mr. Henry had been there for some years before I arrived as a kid.

In December the boys were sent to line camps for the winter. I was assigned to a camp, which was about 200 miles north of where the McClellan dam is located and that is why I know so much about sand creek water dams and Indian battle grounds.

I never look for an Indian battle

OILFIELD POET



Thousand of oilmen in every corner of the world know the man pictured above. He is Smith Dalrymple of Bridgeport, Ill., poet and philosopher of the oilfield. For 40 years he was a drifter. He was injured and unable to continue to work but he turned his knowledge of the oil industry and oil workers into verse and stories and today he is nationally known. Mr. Dalrymple, personally known to many in the Panhandle field, had given the Pampa News permission to print some of his works in its Top O' Texas Fiesta edition.

Originator Of Carnival With Tidwell Show

A man whom a representative of the company claims had the first carnival in the United States is among the 350 employees of the T. J. Tidwell Shows and Carnival, playing a one-week stand at Recreation park, starting tomorrow.

That man is Haba Katool, an Egyptian, who came to the United States as a lecturer and an instructor in fencing. He gathered together a collection of snakes and alligators at Peru, Ind., in 1888 and this became the originator of the carnival in the United States, according to a Tidwell representative. Katool has been employed by the Tidwell organization for the past seven years. He is in charge of the monkey circus, one of the 30 attractions of the show.

The company is due to arrive in Pampa at noon today, traveling in 47 big trucks from Amarillo. Most of Monday will be used in setting up the rides and shows at the location west of the main gate at Recreation park, and the first performance is expected to start at 6 o'clock tomorrow night.

T. J. Tidwell has had headquarters in Sweetwater for the past 16 years. He is a well-known Southwestern showman, operating in Texas, Kansas, and over the southwest.

Opening this season in Sweetwater, the company has been in many cities, including Lubbock, Abilene, Odessa, Big Spring, Borger, Amarillo, Plainview, Midland, and El Paso.

Newsboys of The Pampa News will be guests of the company tomorrow night.

The Tidwell organization is playing in Pampa in connection with the Top O' Texas Fiesta, to be held here Tuesday and Wednesday.

Wheat Harvest To Start Next Week In Hemphill

Special To The NEWS
CANADIAN, June 10.—Combines will start work in a few Hemphill county wheat fields Monday, local grain men predicted today. Estimates of the crop yield have been given as from 12½ to 15 bushels to the acre as an average. Dry weather and hot winds this season have caused some farmers to believe the crop this year will not be as good as last.

ground unless I can find Indian bones. I saw dozens of Indian skulls floating down McClellan creek and therefore know that an Indian burial ground is located in that area.

Oldtimers don't believe in mentioning things of early days that would be misleading. Mr. Lovett, Mr. Henry and myself enjoyed our life on the home ranch and the next year we were joined by J. S. Wynne.

Poet Known Over Nation

There isn't a drifter, tool-dresser, roustabout, roughneck in this area who hasn't met, heard of, or read the works of Smith Dalrymple, the Bridgeport, Ill. sage.

He has been "written up" in every oil magazine in the nation and his poems and stories are carried in most of the oil magazines and in many papers of the country.

Personally known to many Panhandle residents, Mr. Dalrymple has given the Pampa News permission to use some of his poems and stories in the Top O' Texas Fiesta edition. In a letter to the News he wrote, "I certainly am glad you are making a place in your celebration for the oilmen."

Mr. Dalrymple sent his picture and best regards to all his friends in this section of the world.

He was a drifter for 40 years and now is a groceryman in Bridgeport and a poet and philosopher.

The other day an oilman on the street corner was heard quoting part of Dalrymple's famous poem, "The Scissor Bill." It developed that a scissor bill is an Illinois drifter. An Ohio drifter is known as a Yellow Jack while a Pennsylvania drifter is a horse thief. In Indiana they are Gum Necks and in West Virginia they're snakes. In his reminiscing for the Pampa News, Mr. Dalrymple told how he came to write his famous poem "The Scissor Bill."

A serious injury caused him to give up active toil in the field twelve years ago. For want of his presence old timers began to swap recollections of the stories and jokes Dalrymple has told them and to sing the shanty melodies for which "Dal" has dreamed vivid words.

All over Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas tool-dressers, wellshooters repeat "Dal's" homeliness and chant his songs of the oil-rigger and the boiler house; songs and verses strummed to the pump-beat of the wells, and telling of the fun and exasperations of the oil-workers; their dismay and joy in the ceaseless struggle to withdraw black gold from Mother Earth.

"I have only been trying to create a pedigree for the workers of oil," explains Dalrymple, pointing out that oil-talk and oil-songs have a distinct vocabulary, vernacular and flavor of their own, which he feels ought to be barreled in print before this streamlined-age of science obliterates its robust truth and amiable vagaries."

Many of the weekly papers in Illinois copied Dalrymple's "The Scissor Bill," a hardy picture of the farmer residing on oil lands, stanzas of which follow:

"At a place called Willow Hill
God left the last poor Scissor Bill,
And since the very hour of birth
They've found no comfort here on earth."

"This army worm devoured their grain,
Their corn was killed for want of rain,
And then to make their troubles worse
There fell on them a bitter curse."

"The drifters cattle on them in swarms
And took possession of their farms,
The pumpers came to gather pearls
The toolies married off their girls,
Of troubles they have had their fill,
God pity the poor Scissor Bill!"

Dalrymple explains that "Scratch-in-John," otherwise a real character of the oil fields known as John Bargary, a pumper, came to him one day at the rig and offered to work in his place if he would go down to the boiler house and "write me down some poetry. Bargary wanted a few verses that would please a Scissor Bill, with whose daughter he was in love. On refusing paper, Dalrymple conjured forth a series of verses of such keen poetic ridicule that today every oil worker in the land thumbs and reads aloud in the presence of the young lady who lives where he boards.

Love Sonnet?
The Scissor Bill replies in part.
"We lived before you came here, and we'll be here when you're gone."

You talk about a shut down, and I hope it won't be long.
The last sight that we get of you will surely be the best.
Then we can settle down and take a little rest."

For I'd rather be a Scissor Bill and never leave the land
Than a Clarion county horse-thief with a halter in my hand."

"We've met with much misfortune, and we've had a wreath of thorns to wear inside our crowns.
Sometimes our seasons were too dry, sometime they were too wet."

But we always got along somehow, and struggled out of debt.
We've had malaria fever, and we have had theague chills.
But our troubles reached the limit, when you called us 'Scissor Bills'."

"I use my adenoids instead of my brains," he apologizes, and so puts over the oil-worker's viewpoint in the oil-worker's own language.

Owner of his own home and married, he is the father of two children, one of them a boy named Al Smith, Dalrymple, which explains how he picked a loser in the pre-convention campaign of 1932. Today he sums up the art of living by advertising, "when life seems dry, drill deeper."

At 66 he wrote "The Scissor Bill" as proof of man's limitless abilities. It has been published by every oilpaper and oil trade journal in the United States.

TWIN MONKEYS SHOW FEATURE



Pictured here are the twin monkeys, and their "Mom" who are featured on the midway of the Tidwell Shows and Carnival, showing on the lots at Recreation Park, one week, starting June 12. The carnival this year employs 350 people and has for the amusement of the public, over 30 rides and shows.

Phillips Has Population Of 2,700 And Not One Officer

By HARRY HOARE
When one thinks of Hutchinson county one naturally thinks of Borger in its days of lawlessness and now Borger in its days of peace and quiet. But Hutchinson county boasts of many unusual towns of former times.

Who ever heard of a city of 2,700 people in the heart of one of the world's largest oil fields? Well, there was such a city and it is Phillips in Hutchinson county.

Who ever heard of a modern little town rising up almost overnight and a few months later not to have a building standing? There was such a place and it was Signal Hill in Hutchinson county.

Who ever heard of the contents of a courthouse being taken in the night and transferred by truck to another town? That happened in 1927 when residents of Stinnett went to Plemmons, then the county seat, removed the records from the courthouse and took them to Stinnett where the county seat has since been located.

Gas Discovered First
Hutchinson county was born in 1901. Twenty-one years later the first well was drilled. It was the Gulf Production company's No. 1 Burnett located eight miles south of where Borger now stands. It was more than a year later before oil was discovered and that was in the Panhandle Oil company's No. 1 Dial located about five miles southeast of Stinnett. Carl Goodwin was the driller. Gas to drill the well was piped 18 miles from the Gulf well. The Panhandle well came in, making 10 barrels and today the same well is still pumping 10 barrels a day.

This writer visited the well the other day, accompanied by Don Foreman, son of the late Don Foreman. Mr. Foreman is a living history book on Hutchinson county, especially the northeastern part. For 14 years before oil was discovered in Hutchinson county, Mr. Foreman was a cooper for the Whiteburgs. When black gold was sought, he turned oilman and worked on the first wells in the field. Now he has a bunch of cattle of his own and he's constable at Whiteburg and his favorite hangout is Ace Borger's big service station. Ace Borger is a brother of A. E. Borger who founded the town of Borger.

Picturesque Country
Over winding roads through picturesque country we went to the first well. Then we went over hills and through valleys to arrive at the picturesque town of Plemmons on the bank of the Canadian river. Once the only town and location of the only postoffice in Hutchinson county, Plemmons is now composed of a school, postoffice and a few houses, yet the postoffice at Plemmons sold more United States bonds in 1938 than any fourth class postoffice in the United States.

Back over hills and by trails we came to a place where two or three mounds of earth revealed that buildings once stood on that spot. It was Signal Hill, the town which grew in a night, survived a short time, and died over night. Signal Hill once boasted a large two-story brick bank building, stores, homes, but suddenly everyone decided to move and the town was abandoned. Later it was wrecked and not a building stands at Signal Hill.

Next on the journey was old Pistol Hill, named because everyone carried pistols in the early days and pistol-whipping was almost a sport.

One of the most interesting stories told by Mr. Foreman was about the dead cow trail. In the early days of oil in the county there were no roads, just trails. Panhandle in Carson county was far away, so Spearman became the mecca of oilfield workers in that section of the county. A trail was made but cross trails and forks made it almost impossible to follow the one to Spearman and many a night oilmen spent wandering about the ranges.

Road of Bones
But the road problem was solved when a herd of cattle was assembled southwest of Stinnett to be driven to Spearman. The cattle drank salt water before the drive started and they died like flies on the trip to Spearman. The dead animals remained where they died and soon the road to Spearman was marked by the bones of cattle.

Stinnett is now the location of one of the state's most beautiful courthouses and its location is one of the best in the country. Everyone knows everyone else in Stinnett.

Phillips, which boasts a population of 2,700 persons, is not incorporated. It has no mayor, no city commission, no police force. Fred Ostrom, owner of most of the leases above mineral rights in the city, is considered mayor, father confessor and everything else. He has held that honorary office for more than 10 years but recently he decided to resign from office to which he had never been elected and he turned the job over to A. O. Pickens, who is the postmaster at Phillips.

It was Reed Evans and Bill Hogan who first dreamed of Phillips

gasoline refineries in the nation. The Phillips school is a model educational institute. Phillips has churches and nice homes. Phillips doesn't have a dance hall, nor does it have a joint. That is why Phillips doesn't have an officer.

The old timers of Phillips well remember Dr. C. K. Kasper, its first doctor. J. C. Alexander was the first Phillips production superintendent and there have been only four since. Norman Pickers is the present superintendent. The first gas division superintendent was Rex McElroy, now vice-president of the entire refining division, was one of the pioneers of the field.

6-Man Football In 14 Districts

AUSTIN, June 10 (AP)—The sport designed primarily for the schools unable to maintain a regular football team promises to grow into a prominent feature of Texas interscholastic league activities this year.

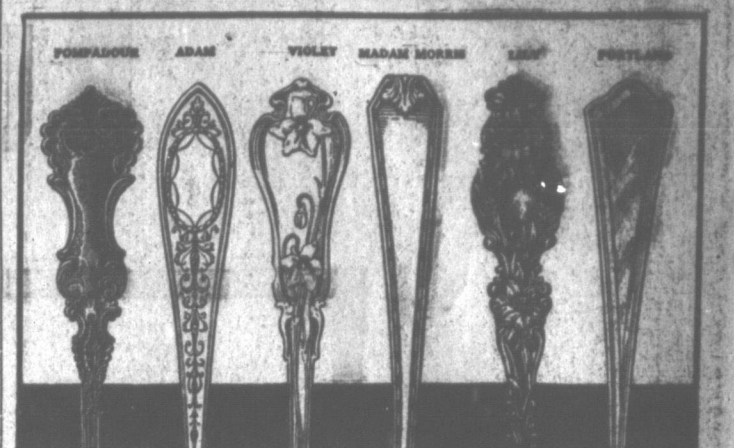
Six-man football, started last season and which met instantaneous response, will be played in at least 14 districts next fall, with indications 125 to 150 teams will take part in the campaign.

R. J. Kidd, athletic director of the league, announces that four more districts have been completed within the past few weeks and that there are 34 teams enrolled. This brings the total number of districts to 14.

Finding that many schools lacked the manpower and finances to participate in regular football, where squads of 40 to 60 boys are not uncommon, the league started the six-man game so every member could have a fall sport.

The latest districts to be formed: District 11—Valentine, Marathon, Buena Vista, Halmstad, Fort Davis, Van Horn and Pecos. District 12—Garden City, Sterling City, Achterly, Water Valley, Pecos, Courtney, Garner, Klamath, Lamesa, Westbrook. District 13—Supper, Warren, Coleman, Indian Village, China,

Nome, Devens, Batson, Honey Island, Kountze, District 14—Divide (Nolan), Syl-Pyton.



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F. E. HOFFMAN'S SERVICE STATION

It Takes Stamina To Make Champions

Firestone Wins 20th Consecutive Victory At Indianapolis.

623 W. Foster

Phone 100

C. M. JEFFRIES

Trucking Contractor

"Helping to Build the Oil Industry in The Top O' Texas"

602 E. Kingmill

Phone 418

EDMONDSON DRY CLEANERS

115 S. Ballard

Phone 844



GALF RIDING



TRICK ROPING



JUMPING



STEER RIDING

PHONE 666 WHEN YOU DESIRE QUICK WANT AD RESULTS

Classified Adv. Rates-Information

All want ads are strictly cash and are accepted on the phone with the understanding that the advertiser will be paid at the office within six days after last insertion cash rate will be allowed.

LOCAL CLASSIFIED RATES
10 Words 1 Time 1.00
20 Words 2 Times 1.50
30 Words 3 Times 2.00
40 Words 4 Times 2.50
50 Words 5 Times 3.00
60 Words 6 Times 3.50
70 Words 7 Times 4.00
80 Words 8 Times 4.50
90 Words 9 Times 5.00
100 Words 10 Times 5.50
110 Words 11 Times 6.00
120 Words 12 Times 6.50
130 Words 13 Times 7.00
140 Words 14 Times 7.50
150 Words 15 Times 8.00
160 Words 16 Times 8.50
170 Words 17 Times 9.00
180 Words 18 Times 9.50
190 Words 19 Times 10.00
200 Words 20 Times 10.50
210 Words 21 Times 11.00
220 Words 22 Times 11.50
230 Words 23 Times 12.00
240 Words 24 Times 12.50
250 Words 25 Times 13.00
260 Words 26 Times 13.50
270 Words 27 Times 14.00
280 Words 28 Times 14.50
290 Words 29 Times 15.00
300 Words 30 Times 15.50
310 Words 31 Times 16.00
320 Words 32 Times 16.50
330 Words 33 Times 17.00
340 Words 34 Times 17.50
350 Words 35 Times 18.00
360 Words 36 Times 18.50
370 Words 37 Times 19.00
380 Words 38 Times 19.50
390 Words 39 Times 20.00
400 Words 40 Times 20.50
410 Words 41 Times 21.00
420 Words 42 Times 21.50
430 Words 43 Times 22.00
440 Words 44 Times 22.50
450 Words 45 Times 23.00
460 Words 46 Times 23.50
470 Words 47 Times 24.00
480 Words 48 Times 24.50
490 Words 49 Times 25.00
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720 Words 72 Times 36.50
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750 Words 75 Times 38.00
760 Words 76 Times 38.50
770 Words 77 Times 39.00
780 Words 78 Times 39.50
790 Words 79 Times 40.00
800 Words 80 Times 40.50
810 Words 81 Times 41.00
820 Words 82 Times 41.50
830 Words 83 Times 42.00
840 Words 84 Times 42.50
850 Words 85 Times 43.00
860 Words 86 Times 43.50
870 Words 87 Times 44.00
880 Words 88 Times 44.50
890 Words 89 Times 45.00
900 Words 90 Times 45.50
910 Words 91 Times 46.00
920 Words 92 Times 46.50
930 Words 93 Times 47.00
940 Words 94 Times 47.50
950 Words 95 Times 48.00
960 Words 96 Times 48.50
970 Words 97 Times 49.00
980 Words 98 Times 49.50
990 Words 99 Times 50.00
1000 Words 100 Times 50.50

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE

I-A Wash-Grease-Gas-Oil
SAVE—BROWNE leads you, 15c. White car. 14c. Long's Station. Corner Cuyler and Francis. By Montgomery Ward.

HAVE YOUR CAR SERVICED by visiting Russell Hittchcock and Ray Sanger. Phillips Station, across from City Hall, Ph. 68.

HARRISDALE leads you, 17c. Regular 14c. Wash, grease and oil. 20c. Lanes. Light motor oil. \$2.70 case, 24 qts. Lanes Station & Grocery, 8 points.

I-C Repairing Service

NEW MACHINERY for Bear machine work. Dynamic wheel balancing, auto repairing and tune-ups. Free estimate. Schneider Hotel Garage.

Expert Body, Fender Repairing
Fix Up Your Car for Summer
Free Estimates
PETE'S BODY WORKS
606 W. Foster Phone 1802

WE TAKE CARE OF WRECKED Body and fender work, painting, seat covering and upholstery. General overhauling, motor tuneup, brake relining. Clay Bullock and Roy Lane. **PAMPA BODY WKS. & GARAGE** Rear 600 South Cuyler

ANNOUNCEMENT

2—Special Notices
A FREE CARTON of Royal Crown Cola to Mrs. L. C. Neely, 130 E. Main street. Nohi Royal Crown Bottling Co. Phone 416.

SPECIAL NOTICE
Schultz, Bud, Papet, Coors, Millers. Hi-Life, Cans or Bottles. \$2.60. Free Case up this year. Write Ray Lanes, Dept. 434-SAB, Memphis, Tenn., or see H. F. Bethe, Berger, Texas.

Per Case—\$1.90
BEVERLY CLUB
On Borger Highway

MADAME MARY Let this "sifted" seersucker and Hummer help you. Apartment 8, upstairs, 203 E. Francis.

Go EACH FOR 25c Sunday, May 7th issue of The Pampa News, May 7th issue in good condition. Give paper to your News carrier or call 666.

COWBOYS—Cowgirls, keep a permanent remembrance of that "Top O' Texas Fiesta" appearing by visiting **Pampa Studio**, Room 2, Duncan Bldg.

EMPLOYMENT

5—Male Help Wanted

MAN WANTED for Rawleigh Route of 600 families in Gray, Roberts counties. Make way up this year. Write Ray Lanes, Dept. 434-SAB, Memphis, Tenn., or see H. F. Bethe, Berger, Texas.

6—Female Help Wanted

YOUR OWN dresses free and up to \$25 weekly showing fashion. Fashion Frocks. No experience needed. No canvassing. No investment. Send age and dress size. Fashion Frocks, Dept. 5-493, Cincinnati, O.

11—Situation Wanted

18-YEAR-OLD boy wants farm work for room, board, small wages appreciated but not required. Best 1937. Bring Ray Lanes, Dept. 434-SAB, Memphis, Tenn., or see H. F. Bethe, Berger, Texas.

BUSINESS SERVICE

14—Professional Service

GARD READINGS—One mile west of Four Corner Service Station on Borger highway, quarter south. Second house on east side of road. Phone 248.

Machine Shop and Welding Supplies
Jones-Frederick Machine Co.
Barnes and Frederick Sts. Phone 248

15—General Service

LAWN MOWERS precision ground by machine to correct belt. Run like new. Work guaranteed. Sharpened, adjusted, \$2.00. Called for and delivered. McCarty, Hamrick Lawn Mower and Saw Shop, 112 E. Field, Phone 274.

17—Flooring, Siding

LOVELL'S A-1 FLOOR SANDING
Portable Power
Phone 62

18—Building Materials

LET AN EXPERIENCED plumber clean out your lavatory. Don't take chances. R. E. Jones, 618 E. Foster, Phone 752.

FOR GENERAL tile and metal work consult Pampa's leading plumber Don Moore. Phone 300.

19—Doors, Windows, Shutters, etc.

REPAIRS done at 417 E. Russell.

ACME QUALITY Everything to build a home. Quality. Write to Mrs. CHARLES MARTEL, phone 287, Acme Lumber Co., 2001 W. Main, Pampa, phone 2040.

INSTALL NEW or remodel old plumbing. J. E. H. LOAN, phone 100. No down payment. See building book for 25c discount. Story Plumbing Co., Phone 360.

MERCHANDISE

21—Upholstering, Refinishing

UPHOLSTERING and repairing of the best quality. Call Brummett at 1423, 614 S. Cuyler.

REPAIRING, refinishing, and upholstery of the better kind. Estimate gladly given. Speers Furniture & Repair Shop, Ph. 535.

24—Washing and Laundering

SHIRTS washed, finished by experienced woman. See 1008 E. Scott.

28—Miscellaneous

FOR SALE—Shirley Temple Contest Playhouse, 210. Call at second house west of Main Street Office, LeFors.

INSTALLING air conditioning. Two big cooling suspension fans for sale, cheap. White Way Drive Inn.

FOR SALE—Second hand International tractor. Recently overhauled. Bargain. Write Box C-9, Pampa News.

FOR SALE—Sweet milk and cream. Half milk—east of City Service booster station. Mrs. L. G. Blanton.

A SPARKLING crystal pattern will add a touch of beauty and color to your table. See the lovely design on display at McCarty's Jewelry Store.

LARGE TRAILER house. Nice built in. Cheap. Inquire at Champion Service Station, 424 S. Cuyler.

29—Mattresses

YES, WE ARE still in progress. We wish to thank our many customers for the good business of the year. Avers Mattress Co. Phone 635. We deliver.

30—Household Goods

FOR SALE—one used electric washing machine, \$12.50. Bargain. 719 N. Hobart.

36—Wanted to Buy

GOOD PRICES paid for the right kind of furniture, dressers, chests, studio divan, dining room and bedroom furniture. Sewing machines and other staple merchandise. Irwin, 509 W. Foster, 529 S. Cuyler.

WANTED to buy a small two wheel tractor. Must be priced right. Orange Court No. 19.

SCRAP IRON—\$5.00 and up. Aluminum, 7c and 11c. Copper 7c. Brass 4c and 5c. Radiators, 4c. Batteries 60c. Pampa Junk Co., Ph. 413.

CASH PAID for furniture, tools, luggage old gold, men's clothing, shoes, hats, etc. Call at your home to buy. Ray's Second Hand Store, 211 S. Cuyler, Ph. 1804.

CASH PAID

For old gold, diamonds, jewelry of all kinds, luggage, fishing tackle, camping equipment, guns, tools, men's clothing, etc.

PAMPA FAWN SHOP

LIVESTOCK & POULTRY

38—Poultry-Eggs-Supplies

FOR SALE: 75 laying hens. Benton farm. 2 1/2 miles southeast of Pampa. Just off the LeFors Highway. C. E. Jones.

FOR SALE: 10,000 day-old and started chicks to select from at our hatchery. Cole Hatchery, 828 W. Foster, phone 1181.

39—Livestock-Feed

FOR SALE—35 tons Alfalfa in 60 pound bales. E. H. Shinn, 2 miles west of four mile corner north of Hereford, Texas.

FOR SALE: Milk cows. See H. T. Scott, Stilltown, 1 block S. school house, Pampa.

FOR SALE—60 day male. Red top can seed. Atlas Sargo and Hegari. Stark and Redding. 1000 E. Main, Pampa.

MILCH COWS for sale. Top notchers, 3 miles south, 1/2 mile west of Humble camp. E. C. Barrett.

WANTED to be no sale for Thursday until further notice. Watch this ad for next sales date. Pampa Livestock Exchange.

FOR SALE—wheat, 1000 bushels. I have good grain for stock. 710 East Kingsmill. J. A. Purvis.

FOR RENT REAL ESTATE

42—Sleeping Rooms

NICE COMFORTABLE bedroom. Close in. 408 East Kingsmill.

BEDROOM. Outside entrance. 318 N. Gillespie.

43—Room and Board

ROOM & BOARD: Large south room running water. 435 N. Ballard, phone 974.

46—Houses For Rent

TWO-ROOM semi-modern house and garage. \$10 a month. 404 E. Brunow, Diquette 497 Malone.

2-BROOM furnished house. New paper, rug. Electric washing machine, and shower. \$4 a week. Bills paid. 515 South Somerville.

FOR RENT: 5-room, modern home. Call 622 East Foster.

FOR RENT: Modern, four-room house. Bath and garage. Newly decorated. 429 S. Ballard.

FOR RENT: 4-room house, redecorated. Modern. 617 E. Francis, phone 1336.

FOR RENT: Two-room, furnished house. \$15 per month. 511 S. Gray.

CLOSE IN 3-R. duplex unfurnished. \$20. One on Starkweather, \$20. 5-R. house on Wayne. \$30. 5-R. furnished duplex. \$30. John L. McKissell, phone 166.

FOR RENT

3 room modern unfurnished apt. garage. Close in. Adults. Inquire 623 W. Kingsmill.

FOR SALE

10,000 salvage oversize bricks. Good condition. Inquire 623 W. Kingsmill.

SIX-ROOM, unfurnished house. Newly and nicely decorated. Located at 430 N. Russell.

FOR RENT: Nice, 4-room, modern, stone house. 1007 W. Willis, Phone 2058.

FURNISHED 4-room house. Fridgidaire. Garage. Party modern. Three blocks west of north Hilltop Grocery.

FINANCIAL

62—Money to Loan

\$5—SALARY LOANS—\$50 To employed people. No worthy person refused. No security, no endorser. Your signature gets the money, immediate service. Reasonable rates.

PAMPA FINANCE CO.
109 1-5 S. Cuyler Phone 429
(Over State Theatre)

63—Automobiles

1934 FORD Coupe \$75
1933 Olds. Sedan \$150
1934 Plymouth Coach \$175
1934 Plymouth Coupe \$185
1934 Ford Coupe \$185
1936 Chevrolet Coupe \$375
1937 Ford Coupe \$425
1938 Ford Coach \$575

USED CAR SPECIALS

38 Chev. Deluxe Cpe. \$550
37 Chev. T. Sed. \$450
36 Chev. T. Sed. \$350
36 Ford Cpe. \$300
37 Ply. Deluxe Sed. \$450
36 Buick 40 Series Cpe. \$375
35 Chev. Sed. \$250
35 Ford Sed. \$250
34 Chev. Sed. \$225
35 Chev. Sed. Del. \$250
35 Inter. Panel \$225
34 Inter. P. U. \$100

Culbertson-Small

CHEVROLET CO.

Throughout the month of June we will give exceptional trades on our entire stock of used cars. Here are some of them:

37 PONTIAC COACH
35 PONTIAC COACH
34 PONTIAC SEDAN
36 PLYMOUTH COUPE
34 FORD COACH
34 FORD COUPE
38 FORD COACH

All these cars are reconditioned and ready to go!

Lewis Pontiac Co.
222 N. Somerville

63—Automobiles

1934 FORD Coupe \$115. 1935 Ford Coupe \$275. Ford Chevrolet and Plymouth coupe, 1/2 price. Tractor plow price. C. C. Matheny, 923 W. Foster.

WORLD'S FAIR SPECIAL

37 CHEVROLET Master Deluxe, 2 door sedan.
36 PLYMOUTH Coupe, with 1939 motor.
PAMPA BRAKE & ELECTRIC Authorized Chrysler - Plymouth

SEE THESE

1937 OLDSMOBILE 6-2 door sedan, trunk, heater, radio, extra clean; local owner, strictly a town car. 1/2 priced to sell.

1931 CHEVROLET—6 wheel, 4 door sedan, lots of miles at low cost—see us.

Many Others
CHRISTOPHER MOTOR CO.
116 S. Front Phone 1809

63—Automobiles

FORD V-8, CHEVROLET motor, extra clean; rebuilding valve, refacing, etc. J. & B. Garage, 2 blocks S. Schneider Hotel.

FOR SALE: 1938 Std. Ford Tudor, 4 door, 1938 motor, 1938 tires, 1938 wheels. See us today, or 107 National Bank Bldg.

FOR RENT REAL ESTATE

46—Houses for Rent

FOR RENT: Unfurnished, new, two-room duplex. Hardwood floors. Bills paid. Redwood rent. 512 Warren.

PAMPA TRANSFER & STORAGE
Local and long distance moving.

LARGE, DESIRABLE, 2-room, modern, unfurnished house. Nice 2-room furnished house. 611 N. Russell.

2-ROOM, MODERN, furnished house. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

NICE, MODERN, six-room house on Banks. Lawn, iron, garage. Cheap. Inquire 411 S. Russell.

47—Apartments For Rent

2-ROOM, modern, furnished apartment. Cool sleeping room, Maytag washer. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

TWO-ROOM furnished apartment. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

FOR RENT: Newly decorated, nicely furnished kitchenette apartment. 1200 North Mary Ellen, Phone 1657.

FOR RENT: Furnished duplex. 414 N. Russell.

FOR RENT: 4-room apartment. Furnished. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

FURNISHED apartment in Brunow Bldg. 100 S. Foster. Call Apt. 7.

NICE COOL garage apartment. 610 1/2 N. Somerville.

FOR RENT: Three-room, furnished, newly decorated apartment. Garage. Very close in. Inexpensive. Maytag washer. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

TWO-ROOM furnished apartment. Inexpensive. Maytag washer. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

FOR RENT: 2-room, modern, furnished apartment. Couple only. Bills paid. 200 W. Craven.

FURNISHED three-room apartment. \$28 per month. 121 N. Dwight.

MODERN furnished apartment on pavement. Very cool. 321. Bills paid. 306 Sunset Drive, Phone 540.

MODERN, two-room, furnished apartment. Bills paid. 404 S. Cuyler.

TWO-ROOM furnished apartment. Inexpensive. Maytag washer. Bills paid. 515 S. Somerville.

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MODERN

SERIAL STORY BRIDE ON A BUDGET

BY JANET DORAN
COPYRIGHT, 1939, NEA SERVICE, INC.

Yesterday, Iris learned at her wedding about her husband's true attitude about money. She knew her own share of the blame, but she was sure she was not alone.

CHAPTER III

"I was, declared the new Mrs. Bart Whitaker, just like her to be that rattled over her wedding, and the supper at the Tivoli, afterwards, to completely forget about Sunday, and shops being closed. It was just their luck to face the very first day of their married life with not a thing in the pantry to cook.

"No Sunday dinner—Bart, I'm a wretched woman," Iris wailed. "We can't have something together from odds and ends—I'm not fussy about any big dinner Sunday," said the bridegroom cheerfully. But his bride was not to be consoled.

"There are no odds and ends, oh lord and master," she stated hollowly, "looks like the young Whitakers gnaw a hotdog at a lunch-wagon. Oh well, it could be worse, Bart. I might have forgotten your breakfast bacon, and your favorite shirred eggs."

"Can you make an omelet?" he asked suddenly, inspiration lending wings to his imagination. Iris made a grimace.

"Can," she agreed, "but won't. This is the first day of our marriage. Mister Whitaker, and we start out right."

They had roast chicken and fresh strawberry sherbet at the very swank little Pickwick Grill, a popular dine and dance adjunct to the old Hostler's Inn, overlooking Linwood Common in the business district. They had romaine salad and black coffee in eggshell cups, and a single yellow jonquil nodding in a slender vase in the center of their tiny table.

They had music by the famous Four Horsemen Orchestra, and the check was for \$3.20, but Iris said it was worth it. They had atmosphere, didn't they?

STILL, it was the first day of their married life. It was their very first day of being Mr. and Mrs. Bart Whitaker. You couldn't add an adding machine and a double entry bookkeeping system around with you on that day.

They went for a walk out beyond the Lower Falls, because it was such a beautiful, warm spring day, and they had to be indoors all week, but by the time they reached the spot where Bart hoped to find trailing arbutus under the warm dry leaves, Iris discovered her feet hurt.

"It's walking so far, darling," she said plaintively. "I guess I'm just a slow after all. Do you suppose there's a bus back to town?"

There was. And in the Campus Chocolate Shop they had toasted cheese sandwiches and hot coffee and cake, and Iris decided they must see the new feature at the downtown Met.

Going to sleep that night, with her blond head curved into the warm hollow of Bart's shoulder, Iris decided they'd eat out all next week, too. It was such fun, and the food was so grand. And it didn't cost much more than cooking at home did.

She even planned what she'd do with the money she saved. Money she wouldn't have to spend on groceries and meat and fruit and cream if Bart took her out to dine. There was that janelle yellow knitted dress she'd wanted so, and the new honey-beige kid sandals, and the little burnt orange straw hat that was scarcely more than an inverted waffle with a perky bow at its side.

It was just very Monday noon that the girls in the office insisted she lunch with them, and intro-



The check was frightful, but Iris said it was worth it. They had atmosphere, didn't they?

duce the brand-new husband. Iris tried to evade the invitation, but had to capitulate when they crowded her.

"Bart may not be able to make it," she explained uneasily. "He'd better," Ellen Kent chuckled, "or we'll ask a proxy—some one so devastating he'll regret playing hooky."

"All right," Bart said a trifle shortly, when Iris telephoned him at the shop a few minutes later. "Though I have only an hour, Iris. I have to get right back to the shop and relieve Henry so he can go to lunch."

"Henry won't die if you're a few minutes late, Bart; after all he works for you and you've some say about things, I should think."

Bart didn't answer that. He felt that women rarely understood the duties and responsibilities of a man toward his help, and attempts to explain the bond only confused the issue further.

"We're all going Dutch," Iris explained promptly, when Ellen told him they'd decided on the Tivoli. "Everyone loves the Monday Italian specials they have at the Tivoli, so we thought if each one paid for her lunch we'd have something really good, and not be a burden to anyone."

THAT night Bart brought home a pound and a half of steak, a cauliflower and a pineapple and suggested they eat at home. "But of course, darling," his bride exclaimed wistfully, "you know how I love to hide away in our little nest here. Only—well I wish I knew. There are so many things we have to have to make a really good dinner."

"Don't you buy your groceries ahead, Iris?" Bart asked bluntly. She dimpled a shy smile at him as she wriggled into the lilac satin housecoat and hauled the zipper up, patting the purple sash into position fondly.

"Mostly, things have to be bought as they're used. Bart, when you've no pantry. These small places have only a cabinet and refrigerator, and it means buying as you go along. It isn't such a bad plan, really."

"It's an expensive one, Iris! Look, you save dollars, buying bargains in large lots. But you know that, naturally."

"Yes, I know, Bart. It makes me so mad. It seems as if the people with money enough to not worry over savings, get all the bargain chances while the folks who really need to economize, make it up by paying extra for small quantities of everything."

"Well, let's see what we need, honey; can't he help?"

He went to the little store around the corner and spent \$2.70

on the first Iris gave him. And by the time she had the meal cooked, her head was aching, and Bart had the dishes wished onto him as an after-dinner token. But he whistled cheerfully as he cleaned up the kitchen, confident that he had married the one and only wonder girl in the world, and that their future was a wide, serene road to Paradise. It took time to get things organized, and get adjusted to changes, and Iris was not used to running a home for two.

The next day, her headache was exchanged for a scratchy throat, and Iris insisted she felt too dumb to care about eating much of anything. They could go around the corner to the Campus Chocolate shop and have a hot vegetable soup and rolls, and she'd go straight home and be a after.

Only the hot soup was so good. Her throat felt much better after she'd had the invigorating broth, and the chop, and the regular menu followed, with Spanish Cream extra. Bart thought of the triangle of left-over steak he had planned to dine on, supplemented with a chop for Iris, and his budget book had a severe crimp in it, even without consulting the figures.

THAT first week was but a fore-runner of weeks to come that were to fall into the same pattern. Iris was tired after her day at the office, too tired to cook supper for them. But not to tired to dance at the Cave Inn, or the Royal Palace Argentin, or the Blue Moon.

And after a while, Bart stopped arguing, stopped protesting. After a while, he grew so tired about his neck, "Don't you love me, darling? Don't you want your little wife to have any fun? It isn't as if you weren't the handsomest man on the dance floor, and by far the best dancer. It isn't as if I weren't half dizzy with pride over my big hubby!"

So they went. And the holes in the budget grew bigger and bigger. Until the budget became practically lace. Badly torn lace held together with the fragile delicate thread of Bart's love for her, his belief that everything would come out all right. If it was bound to, Iris was young, she was giddy now, but she'd get it or of her own and settle down. All girls did.

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with

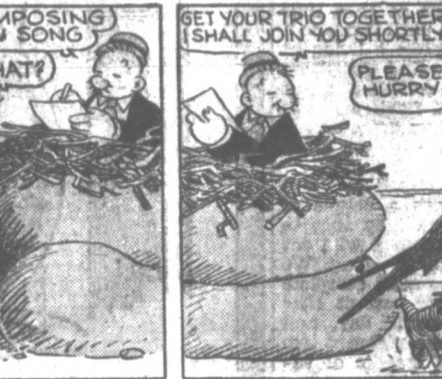
Major Hoople



THIMBLE THEATRE Starring Popeye



"Dry Up, Wimpy!"



OH GOODY A NEW SONG!



DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM



AW, GNATS! IT'S TOO SAD! WE WANT SOMETHING SNAPPY!



RED RYDER



I SAID BEFORE, MISTER MORGAN, IT'S NOT FOR SALE—AT ANY PRICE!



IT'S A GOOD LITTLE HOMESTEAD—PLENTY OF GRASS AND A WATER SUPPLY THAT NEVER FAILS!



RED RYDER—HE GO TO CREEK TO CATCH FISH SUPPER FOR MISS TESS, BUT—



WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE BEAVER—NO LUCK?



WORSE LUCK! CREEK NOW DRY—YOU GOTTA NO WATER!



ALLEY OOP



AW, IT'S PROBABLY SOME DOPEY PUBLICITY STUNT!



ABOARD THE BLUE BELLE, HOURS LATER.



C'MON, YOU SWABS... STOP MOONIN' ABOUT THAT APE!



CHOMP CHOMP GULP



By V. T. HAMLIN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



HOW MANY BUYS SHOULD WE TAKE?



WE'LL HAVE TO GET A BALANCED ORCHESTRA! BRASS, REEDS, BASS AND PIANO, AND—



MR. MC GOOSEY, CAN YOU REPEAT THE LAST THEOREM?



ER...ER... YES, MA'AM!



THE SQUARE OF THE HYPOTENUSE OF A RIGHT TRIANGLE IS EQUAL TO THE SUM OF THE SQUARES OF THE OPPOSITE TWO Sides.



L'L' ABNER



THAT MIRROR SHOWED ME THE TRUTH. I WASN'T SHOCKED—NOR WAS I SAD. I WAS PUZZLED WHY I WAS BACK HERE—ON EARTH—WANDERING ALONE!



THEN—I KNEW. NEVER COULD I FIND PEACE—UNTIL MY CONSCIENCE WAS CLEAR—AND NEVER WOULD MY CONSCIENCE BE CLEAR—UNTIL TWO PEOPLE—WHO HAD LOVED ME DEARLY—WERE MADE PERFECTLY PERMANENTLY HAPPY.



NO, L'L' ABNER—THEY'RE GONE. THESE TWO ARE—GIRLS. BOTH SO LITERALLY LOVELY—THAT I COULDN'T EVER MAKE UP MY MIND TO GIVE ONE UP FOR THE OTHER.



SO YOU WAS SMART—ANY GIVE EM BOTH UP, HUH?



NO—I WAS A FOOL—AND BECAME ENGAGED TO BOTH. NO ONE ELSE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME. YOU SEE—AND SO THEY'RE BOTH STILL WAITING FOR ME. AND—UNTIL THEY ARE BOTH MADE PERMANENTLY HAPPY—I CANNOT FIND PEACE.



WASH TUBS



THE IDEA OF HAVIN' TO SLEEP IN A WEDDING ON MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY!



I WEAR, SONNY BOY, I CAN'T SEE WHY THAT WOMAN DON'T TAKE ME BACK! AFTER 12 YEARS, WHY WOULD THIN SHE'D BE RIGHT GLAD TO SEE ME!



MUMPH! SHE'S SMART! SHE KNOWS WHAT A LAZY, HUNGRY, NO-GOOD BUM YOU ARE!



OH, YOU TALK BIG! IF I DONE A LITTLE PLONIN' SHED LET ME STAY TO BREAKFAST, HUH?



IF YOU DID A LOTTA PLONIN', SHE MIGHT LET YOU STAY FOREVER.



By ROY CRANI

GRAY COUNTY RECORDS

June 7 1939
Deed: Lewis Coleman to Fred Mills, lot 22 and 23, block 2, Cohen addition.
Deed: Charles Smith to American National Bank, lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, block 31, McLean.
Deed of trust: J. M. Saunders et ux to Farmers National Bank, White Deer, Ely, Sec. 64 and W 1/2 Sec. 65, Bk. 3, R. 10.
Deed of trust: Nabob Oil and Gas Co. to First National Bank, Amarillo, W 1/2 E 1/4, Sec. 65, except 1/4 E 1/4 of 1/4 E 1/4, Sec. 65, SW 1/4, the N 1/2, NW 1/4 and W 1/2 NE 1/4, Sec. 65, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Release deed of trust: Grand Lodge of Ancient Order of United Workmen to G. A. Cash et ux, E 1/2 Sec. 15, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Release of lease: Consolidated Gas Utility Co. to Edgar Miller et ux, S 1/2 E 1/4, Sec. 12, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Release of lease: Consolidated Gas Utility Co. to J. A. Coburn et ux, N 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec. 36, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Release vendors lien: First National Bank, Pampa, to M. T. Bonds et al, Lots 1, 2, and 3, Bk. 3, Lavender Addition.
Release vendors lien: C. G. Buff to R. H. Williams, lot 5, block 3, Pritchard Addition.
Release vendors lien: Morris Hansen to G. N. Suttle, S 1/2 Lot 2, Block 1, Ten Acres Addition.
Release judgment: J. M. Radford Groceries Co. to G. N. Suttle, Sec. 10, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Release vendors lien: Realty Trust Co. to G. N. Suttle, Sec. 10, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Oil Lease: W. C. Houston et al to D. D. Harrington, Sec. 10, Bk. 25, R. 10.
Assignment: For the Lbr. Co. to Mortgage Investment Co, lot 11, Bk. 5, Cash Adams Addition.
Deed: H. W. Frailer et ux to T. L.

CAR OWNERS
Visit Long and Save
Savage Leaded Gas 16c
White Gas 14c
Courteous Service
LONG'S SERVICE
101 N. Foster

HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



The owner owes him \$10—and that's the only way he can collect!

13 Locations Staked In Panhandle Field

Hutchinson Leads With Seven Starts

June opened in the Panhandle oil field with 13 new locations, being staked in the first eight days. During May there were 49 locations made in the field.

Six new oil wells were gauged last week, adding 2,334 barrels to the field potential. Two gas wells were tested for 29,518,000 cubic feet.

Hutchinson county was the hot spot last week in new locations, seven of the 13 new tests being staked in that county. Moore and Carson counties had two locations each and Gray one.

A wildcat test in Cottle county, south of Childress, was announced last week by the Magnolia Petroleum company which will drill its No. 1 Allos Green in the John M. Grogan survey. The test will be 10 miles southwest of the town of Goodlet.

The Magnolia Petroleum company staked three locations last week, one in Gray, one in Carson and one in Cottle counties. The Phillips Petroleum company made two locations in oil territory in Hutchinson county.

Best well of the week was completed by The Texas company whose No. 6 M. A. Shaw in section 51, block 1, ACH&B survey, central Gray county, was gauged at 821 barrels. Gray county showed three completions with a total open flow potential of 1,533 barrels to lead the field.

The Panhandle's chief wildcat, the E. J. Dunigan Jr., trustee No. 1 Ladrick Ranch in Roberts county northeast of Pampa, was drilling ahead at 3,000 feet.

Completions by counties follow:

In Gray County.
Sunray Oil company No. 3 Lovett, section 57, block B-2, H&GN survey, gauged 286 barrels with lime formation between 2,800 and 2,894 feet.

Continental Oil company No. 4 Benton, section 63, block 3, I&GN survey, tested 426 barrels. Pay was from 3,180 to 3,297 feet in lime.

The Texas company No. 6 M. A. Shaw, section 51, block 1, ACH&B survey, was given a potential of 821 barrels. Gasite wash pay was between 3,150 and 2,775 feet.

In Carson County.
Sinclair-Prairie Oil company No. 16 E. Copper, section 4, block 9, I&GN survey, tested 279 barrels with lime pay from 3,123 to 3,147 feet.

In Hutchinson County.
Buck Oil company No. 1 Jamison, section 12, tract 6, block M-21, TCRR survey, gauged 490 barrels. Lime pay was between 2,795 and 2,884 feet.

Phillips Petroleum company No. 9 Cary, section 26, block M-23, TCRR survey, tested 101 barrels with pay between 3,190 and 3,242 feet in lime.

Gas wells tested:
In Moore County.
Texoma Natural Gas company No. 20 J. T. Sneed, section 6, block B-21, DP&R survey, gauged 23,980,000 cubic feet.

In Hutchinson County.
Huber Petroleum company No. 10 Herring, David Luce survey, tested 5,538,000 cubic feet.

Intentions to drill:
Hay, Harrington & Marsh, E. H. Grimes et al No. 1, 2,310 feet from the south and 600 feet from the east of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 26, block 7, I&GN survey, Carson county.

Magnolia Petroleum company Fee 244 No. 67, 2,310 feet from the south and 330 feet from the east of section 109, block 4, I&GN survey, Carson county.

Magnolia Petroleum company Allos Green No. 1, 330 feet from the north and 542 feet from the east and west of John M. Grogan survey, Cottle county (10 miles southwest of Goodlet).

Magnolia Petroleum company J. J. Wall No. 2, 330 feet from the south and east lines of their least in section 12, Tr.

Buck Oil company Jamison No. 2, 330 feet from the south and east lines of their least in section 12, Tr.

'Flight to Mars' Ends in Arrest



Off on "flight to Mars," Cheston Eschelman, above, 22-year-old airplane mechanic, plopped down in north Atlantic off Boston. Rescued from waters by fishing trawler Villanova, he was arrested at sea, charged with theft of tiny, single-motored plane.

Skunk To Be In Parade But More Pels Are Wanted

Wesley Bruce and B. B. Altman, in charge of the pets and hobbies unit of the Top O' Texas Fiesta parade to be held here Tuesday morning, already have a 91-pound English bloodhound, a pet skunk, a model airplane, and some decorated bicycles, but they still want more pets and more hobbies to be in the parade.

The entry list will be kept open until 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Those who can enter pets and hobbies are children eight years of age or older. Registration is to be made with B. B. Altman at the Central States Power and Light Corporation office.

"Many persons do not fully understand that we want hobbies as well as pets," Mr. Bruce said Saturday. "If a child has a stamp collection, a ship model, or anything of a similar nature, we can use it, and we want plenty of them in the parade." Those participating in this unit of the parade are to meet with other units at the parade starting point, the intersection of West Foster and Hobart, at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning.

6, block M-21, TCRR survey, Hutchinson county.
J. E. Crosbie, Inc., Lillian Pitts No. 34, 968 feet from the east and 1,120 feet from the north of section 7, block M-21, TCRR survey, Hutchinson county.

Marlow Oil company Perkins-Dial "A" No. 4, 429 feet from the west and 1,073 feet from the south of their lease in section 16, block X-02, H&GN survey, Hutchinson county.

Midstates Oil Corp. Whittenburg "A" No. 27, 330 feet from the south and east lines of section 11, block M-21, TCRR survey, Hutchinson county.

Phillips Petroleum company Cockrell Ranch No. 43, 990 feet from the east and 990 feet from the south—No. 44, 2,310 feet from the east and 990 feet from the south of section 6, block M-21, TCRR survey, Hutchinson county.

The Texas company J. K. Quinn No. 10, 330 feet from the south and east lines of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 7, block 9, I&GN survey, Hutchinson county.

Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line company, Sneed No. 1, 2,100 feet from the west and 2,700 feet from the north of Tr. 3, Sneed subdivision of O. H. Lindsey survey, Moore county.

Australia plans to open 200,000 square miles of grazing land to settlement.
The United States consumed 567,500,000 barrels of gasoline in 1938.

South American Snake Fished Out Tools, Writes Mitchell

The Roving Reporter is loath to turn this series of stories about drillers, foodies, and roughies into a lasso contest, but he cannot resist printing this letter from F. P. Mitchell who says he works for Skelly.

In his letter the audacious Mr. Mitchell tells the most fantastic falsehood ever printed in this newspaper, and that may be covering a lot of territory.

You'll have to read the following letter to get what we mean:

Mr. Roving Reporter:

I see by the paper that you want some of the old timers to tell about their experiences in the oil fields.

Well, I have enjoyed reading the stories you have dug up so far, and would like to do my part. Unfortunately, I am not an old timer, as I broke out in the old Pumpkin Center Pool, near Sapulpa, Okla., in 1914, which I consider makes me a kid in this game.

But I shall be glad to tell you about a few experiences.

I started out as a case—one of a crew of five men, used to run pipe when drilling a well with cable tools. I followed this at that time rather well—paid \$6 until it got so a man could hardly make a living at it, and then I had to find something else to do. I've done a little of about everything in the oil fields but drill—and then I wound up down on the Rio Grande River about 1926, broke as usual, and looking for a job.

Ship For Brazil

Well, I fell in with a couple of fellows who were going by ship to Brazil to help put down a wild cat well, and decided to go along. We loaded out about the most complete string of tools I ever saw at New Orleans one fine spring day, and sailed away. We had a pleasant trip down, but plenty of trouble of various kinds getting the tools far into the interior. Finally we had camp established, and a rig built of timbers hewn on the spot, and spudded in a twenty-four inch hole. We worked along about as wild cat wells usually go, for a little over two years, drilling a few weeks, and waiting some times for several weeks for orders, then setting a smaller string of pipe, and going deeper, until we were down about four thousand feet—which was then far deeper than any other well had ever been drilled.

I was dressing tools on the morning lower when one morning about day-break we lost the tools. My driller pulled out and, and we went over to the cook shack for a warm breakfast and to report to the company representative. We'd been in a fever to get finished up and come home for several weeks, and were very disappointed when he informed us we would have to shut down and send back to the states for a special fishing tool to run after the tools, as they were so small we didn't have anything small enough to get hold of them. They hadn't figured on going so deep, or getting a fishing job in that small a hole if they did.

Chased By Snake

After breakfast, I took a small rifle and went back to the derrick and turned the fire out of the boiler, and started into the brush to see if I could get some game for dinner. I hadn't walked but a short distance when I saw what appeared to me to be the longest snake I had ever seen. I was alone along the trail toward me. I at once decided I didn't want any tuck with that fellow, with the small rifle I was carrying, so I turned about and beat it for camp. Looking back, I perceived that Mr. Snake was gaining on me, so I started picking 'em up and putting 'em down pretty lively, and the farther I ran, the closer the snake got. I was getting mighty scared, when I thought of a ruse. I decided I would run through the engine house, then up through the bell hall, and if the snake followed me, I would double back down the outside walk, and out through the engine house again, and see if I could give his snakeship the dodge.

Well, everything was panning out as planned, but when I rounded the headache post, and started down the walk, when I looked back to see how much room I had, and was amazed to see the snake had headed down the hole, instead of following me.

I was mighty tickled for a minute, and then I began to be worried about something else—I began wondering if all that snake got into that hole, and couldn't get out again, whether we would ever be able to fish him out, or drill him up, or how we would be able to finish the contract, and get away from there. So I began to fire the gun and holler, and in a few minutes about the whole camp came a-running to see what all the commotion was about.

Driller Thinks Quickly

Maybe you can imagine their looks when they saw what was going on. Mr. snake was all the time crawling into the hole, and no one knew what to do about, and no one wanted to tackle it. That kept up for an hour, and when the snakes tail was getting near the rig, he came to a stop, as if he had reached bottom, or maybe decided I didn't go down that hole after all, and he better come back. About that time my driller thought of a way to handle him—and I guess he was wanting some belts out of his hide, like another driller told about in a recent story to you.

Anyhow, he hollered for everyone to grab hold of that snake's tail and hold on with all their might, while he ran for the end of the broken drilling line, which we had dragged out the walk. And he told me to hurry and get up steam. He grabbed his hunting knife, an article which we all carried there, and began sitting that snake's tail, and in a few minutes he began splicing it into the drilling line, like splicing a cracker on the end of a wire line. By the time I again had up steam, he had as pretty a splice made as you ever saw, and we started pulling. Mr. snake out of the hole and spooling him onto the shaft. At first it seem-

ed like the engine wasn't going to pull that snake, but after several runs at him, he started slipping upwards, and then he came easily.

Tools In Mouth

Well, sir, I got a heavy rifle ready intending to try to shoot the snake several times when his head seemed to be getting nearly out of the hole,

to prevent him tearing the rig down thrashing around or maybe killing someone. But we didn't know it was coming until suddenly out it popped from the hole—and what do you think? That bloomin' snake had those tools grasped in his mouth, and apparently couldn't let go. That driller was a quick thinker, all right, for he grabbed a splicing needle and a sledge hammer, and quick as a wink, he drove the needle through the snake's head, and what little wire was up his throat, and out the other side. And told me to get a back saw and cut off the surplus. Then he walked over threw back the brake

and said, "If he can pull 'em once, I guess he can again—let's make some hole!"

And, believe it or not, we used that snake for a drilling line, and finished that hole in just a few days, as the drillers were able to get such wonderful motion on the tools, they could make more than twice as much hole as they could with the old wire line.

I am sorry I won't be able to get in to help you folks celebrate June 13 and 14, but you see, I am Mr. Skelly's right hand (y) man in this district, and will have to stay on the job, as he would probably go

broke if I took a day off. Hope you all have a big time—and don't see any snakes afterwards.

Most Sincerely, your friend,

F. P. MITCHELL.

70 Boys To Attend Camp This Week

The second week of the Adobe Walls Boy Scout camp will open at Lake Marvin, south of Canadian, today. Sixty-seven boys and leaders enjoyed camping, hiking, canoeing

and Boy Scout work last week. Seventy boys are scheduled to attend the camp this week and because of so many more making application, a third week will be conducted, beginning next week. Scouts desiring to attend the camp should make application at Scout headquarters in the city hall, Pampa, immediately.

The first week of camp has been the most successful in the council history, according to Executive Fred Roberts.

A \$1,900,000 beet sugar factory is planned at Winnipeg.

Women's SILK HOSE
3 Thread Crepe **55c**
Reg. 79c Values

LEVINE'S
EXCITING! THRILLING!
A GREAT EXPOSITION OF MID-SUMMER BARGAINS

WORLD'S FAIREST VALUES

CONTINUING THE MOST SPECTACULAR VALUE EVENT OF THE YEAR

WORLD'S FAIREST VALUES 125 Pairs Men's Wash PANTS Sanforized vat dyed. While they last. 68c PAIR	Men's Rodeo SHIRTS Regular \$1.98 values. All colors. While they last. \$1.50	WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE Ladies' Summer DRESSES A Sensation! Sheers, wash silks, wash cottons, and plain silks. Values to \$3.98. Only— \$2.44
WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE Terry Cloth ROBES An outstanding value... Don't miss it. Each 68c	WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE Latest Styles Ladies' HATS Regular \$1.98 values... Only 58 to go at this price. 97c	WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE Ladies' Cotton DRESSES Sizes 12 to 44. Printed sheers, dotted voiles. Printed lawns. Seersuckers. 39c
WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE Latest In Ladies' SHOES Pumps and straps, high, low and medium heels. All sizes. Fresh Earth and Japonica Tan. \$3.98 quality. \$2.88 PAIR	WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE Imported Belgium RUGS 22x42. Beautiful floral patterns. White, black, red grounds. Ideal for any room. \$1	WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE PIECE GOODS Batiste, Fairy Prints and plain Broadcloths. A super value. YD. 8c
WORLD'S FAIREST VALUE SLACKERALLS & PLAY SUITS Sizes 4 to 20. Navies, browns, blues, greens, tans and fancy plaids... 86c	Men's Dress PANTS \$1.33 In woven wash fabrics... Plain and slacks... Sanforized... Values to \$1.58	Young Men's Bush JACKETS 55c Never before such a value as this.

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FIRST IN FASHION
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Late Nelt Locke Trailed Sam Bass

Young Ranger Helped Hunt Bank Robber

By LORENE OSBORNE LOCKE.

One of the most colorful careers of early Panhandle days became history, with the recent passing of Judge Newton Franklin Locke of Miami. As memory spans the bridge of the years and marshals before our eyes the untamed Southern youth as he became in turn, Texas Ranger, outlaw hunter, Indian fighter, and finally pioneer rancher and business man, we draw a parallel. So has the Panhandle plains developed from an untenanted no-man's land to the teeming, productive, rich farming and oil region of today.

His friends remember Mr. Locke as a kindly white-haired gentleman standing over six feet, the only reminder, perhaps, of the tall, black-bearded youth who came to Texas 65 years ago being his soft Southern accent and gentle courtesy. Through all the years of publicity and acclaim thrust upon our older residents, he remained smilingly quiet. He discounted the value of his own exploits, and while besought again and again for memoirs, he never had a published interview. Now, for the first time, many of his experiences may be told to become part of the saga of pioneer days.

Lockes Always Pioneers

The Lockes have always been pioneers. His forbears were prominent in the Revolutionary history of North Carolina, one of them being the first governor of that state. Later, forging westward to Alabama, some of them again wove the family name into history. In this state, near Selma, Mr. Locke was born on his father's plantation in 1853.

The close of the Civil War found the lad's mother a war-widow with four small sons, of whom he was eldest, and with a war-torn plantation to rehabilitate. We pass lightly over those hard years for her story is the same as that of scores of gently-born Southern women thrust by Fate into the role of provider and overseer. Mr. Locke once said that the most vivid childhood memory he had of the change in his life brought about as a result of the war was that before that time he and his playmates spent their days in swimming up the Alabama river and sailing back down on the cargo boats. After the war he did not swim up the river any more. There were many things a 12-year old boy could do to help his mother.

Go To Dallas

At the age of 21, the stories of opportunity in Texas inspired young Locke and a doctor friend to come west. From New Orleans they took a boat to Galveston, and thence, found their way to Dallas. This was in 1874. Dallas was only a village, then, and Fort Worth did not even have a railroad.

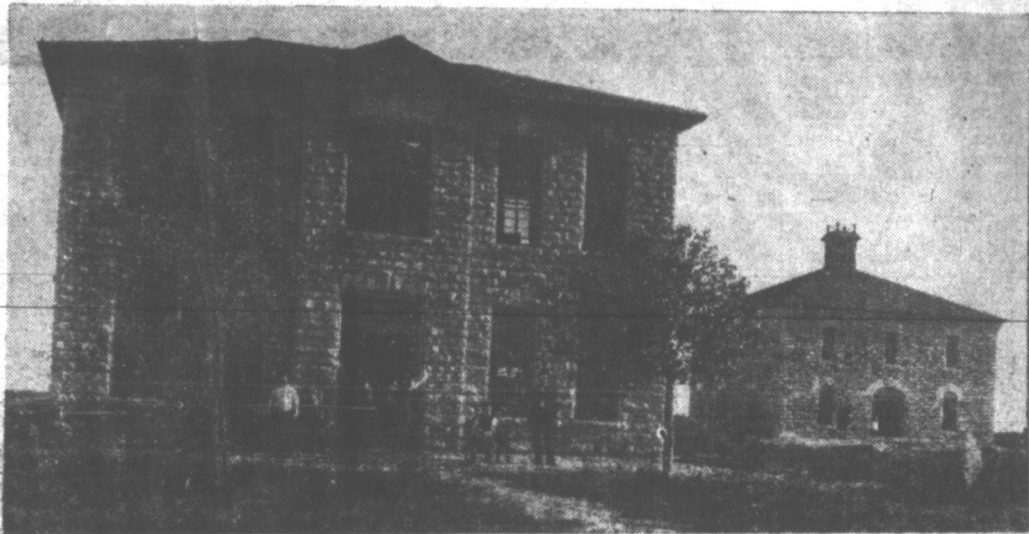
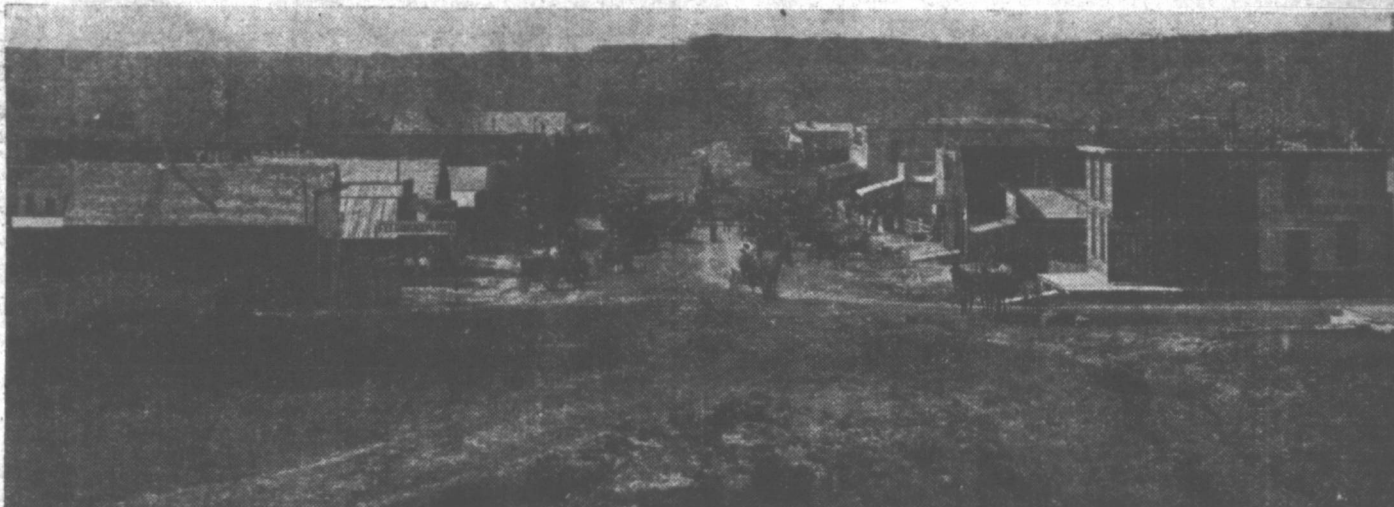
Unable to find work, perhaps not man enough to "take it," the young doctor returned to his native Alabama. Left alone, friendless, in a strange land, young Locke took a job with a farmer near Jacksboro, plowing up stumps with a yoke of oxen. It was the hardest work he ever did, but he had to eat. But, when he found that they always had mush for supper on Sunday night, he told them he never ate supper when not working.

Joins Rangers

Suffering an injury breaking horses, the young man was not able to work for some months. During this time, Major John B. Jones, who was head of the Ranger service, became interested in him and persuaded him to join the battalion of Texas Rangers that he was organizing. When the battalion was later broken up into eight companies, Mr. Locke was in Company B under Lieutenant Hamilton.

The Rangers were the law those days, as well as protection against hostile and marauding Indians. Young and Jack counties were on the frontier, and the soldiers from Fort Belknap were kept busy. Reliving those days in his memories, Mr. Locke once said that it was a wonderful life, that of a Texas Ranger, and that he liked it better than anything he ever did. Camping out all the time, riding all over a country with no fence lines, plenty of adventure — plenty of danger, too — it was no life for a

WHEN MIAMI AND MOBEETIE WERE YOUNG AND LUSTY



weakling. It made a man of you, or you got out.

Trails Sam Bass

Perhaps the most thrilling hunt of his Ranger service was the trailing of the notorious Sam Bass and his gang of desperadoes after their bold hold-up of the Great Northern gold train. Today, every Texas schoolboy knows the story—how the gang was trailed back to Texas by the new twenty-dollar gold pieces they spent on the way—for the loot taken in the robbery was in freshly minted gold. It is also one of Texas most famous buried treasure sagas for the wagon-bed of gold was never recovered from the gang. Rumor has it that it is still buried somewhere south of Austin. It was not Mr. Locke's company of Rangers that surprised and killed Bass, but they were only a few hours behind.

Stops At Mobetie

Engaged to marry, the young Ranger decided that he must find a vocation that would support a wife, so in 1879 he resigned from the service, and started for Leadville, Colorado, lured by tales of silver and gold. Stopping in Mobetie he lingered too long at the odd-jobs that winter and necessity forced him into. The Panhandle all—the open prairie, equality for all, land for the taking—wooed the young man and won his heart. He stayed.

Mr. Locke had been in this part of the Panhandle once before. During his Ranger service he had been sent here to find a fugitive and take him back to Jacksboro for trial. This was the first time anyone had been empowered by the civil authorities to invade this country, and arrest a criminal. Before this, if a lawbreaker got to the Panhandle, he was beyond the law.

They had a hard trip getting that fellow back to jail. He was a desperate character, a cold-blooded murderer, they could take no chances with him. Three of them kept constant guard on him. At night they stacked the arms beside the campfire, out of reach, and slept with the fugitive handcuffed between two of them while the third kept watch. They ran out of food, too. They were delayed by bad weather and had to make a thirty day trip on ten day's rations. Although they nearly froze they were not hungry as buffalo, that boon to the pioneer, were plentiful, and all three of the party were excellent shots.

Anyone who could raise a dollar

Here are three interesting photographs of early Panhandle days. At the top is a street scene in Miami, taken shortly after the turn of the 20th century. Bottom left is a portrait

of the late Newton Franklin Locke as the first Texas Ranger to be sent into the Panhandle. His first assignment was at Old Mobetie, the Panhandle's first permanent settle-

ment. Lower-right is shown the first stone courthouse built in Mobetie in the late-70's. It has since been torn down. The old jail building shown at the right of the courthouse, still stands in Old Mobetie today.

an acre could get all of this fine plains land he wanted, those days. One man could "take up" four sections in his own name. If a rancher wanted more, he got his cowboys to file on additional sections and then bought them, all for a dollar an acre.

Mobetie was the queen city of the Plains. Not counting the soldiers stationed at Fort Elliot, her population was only four or five hundred, but the little town was the social, judicial and business Mecca for ranchmen and hunters over an area of hundreds of miles.

"There were more lawyers living in Mobetie in the '80s than any place its size you could find," Mr. Locke told me when discussing those early days. "The reason for this was that after Wheeler county was organized in 1879, all of the cases from 18 counties were brought there for trial. Those were thrilling times. Great crowds of people came in to court, which was in session twice a year. Many big land cases were settled in that little town. And orator—" my informant continued, "those lawyers were the best speakers in the west—Temple Houston, Jim Browning who was later lieutenant governor, Frank Willis, Sr., B. M. Baker, L. D. Miller, Grigsby, Woodman, I couldn't name them all."

Marries In 1881

In 1881, Mr. Locke went back to Fort Belknap and married Miss Dora Barton, the girl who had waited five years for him to make his "stake" and come back to claim her as his bride. It took them eight days to make the return drive in a double-seated carriage to Mobetie.

The first county officers in the new county of Wheeler were appointed, but our ex-ranger was the second elected county and district clerk. For eight years he held this office, keeping the books and lengthy court proceedings in a beautifully legible longhand.

In 1894 Mr. Locke went into the mercantile business with Johnnie Long, another pioneer. This partnership continued until the Lockes moved to Miami, where the business the father established still survives as the firm of Locke Brothers. In Roberts county, Mr. Locke also gave

him time public interests, serving in the offices of treasurer and judge. "I never tried to be a leader," the subject of this sketch once remarked, when talking over old times with Henry Lovett, his close friend. "I just tried to do what was right."

As we look back on a life given to this frontier country, how fittingly those words sum up his years. Building a sterling character, he was behind every worthy cause in his community. He contributed to the building fund of every schoolhouse on these plains. He was a charter member of, and helped to organize and build the first Baptist churches in both Mobetie and Miami. He never tried to be a leader—just a builder.

Such is the heritage the pioneer of yesterday leaves as he passes the torch to the youth of today.

Parker County Saddlemaker, 80, Active In Trade

SPRINGTOWN, Parker County, June 11 (AP)—After 56 years as a saddlemaker here, S. L. Roberson says he had never had time to idle. At 80 he maintains there still is need for his craft in Parker county and his saddles are bought as rapidly as he can make them.

All of his 56 years here have been spent in the same store on the public square and Roberson recently was informed by a Dallas firm he is the oldest customer on its books, the account having been opened more than 50 years ago.

Orphan Calf Adopted By Nanny Goat

CLARENDON, June 11 (AP)—A nanny goat adopted an orphan calf on the Bogard farm near here and the "dogie" is doing well on goat's milk. Billie Bogard said when the calf lost its mother it set up a dejected bawl so "old Nanny" just backed up against the fence and let him have a fair meal.

Wedding Trip 60 Years Ago Remembered

The bride of today, swept along for weeks in a whirlwind of social affairs, showers and wedding preparations, and setting forth on a comfortable, carefully routed honeymoon by auto, rail or air, would find it hard to visualize such a trip sixty years ago. Yet a frontier bride, Mrs. N. F. Locke of Miami, recalls her wedding journey made from old Fort Belknap to Mobetie in 1881 as if it were yesterday.

Twice the stalwart bridegroom, after resigning from the Texas Rangers and coming west to the Panhandle had made a "stake" and lost it, while she patiently waited for him to begin again. First, he and a friend had gone to South Texas and invested their savings in a herd of sheep and brought them back to this cattle country. The Panhandle climate was too harsh for those southern sheep. Most of them sickened and died or froze. His second venture was the purchase of a herd of horses and mares, bringing them to the well-watered Little Rock. But again misfortune struck. The spring vegetation came out and the animals ate the loca weed which made them crazy. When a trader came along and offered to take the remnant to the Indian Territory, he was glad to agree. That was the last he ever heard of horses or trader either.

Follow Cattle Trail

So it was in the spring of '81, after five years of waiting, that Miss Dora Barton became Mrs. Locke. They were united in marriage by a Rev. Zinn, a Presbyterian minister, and immediately left for the long trek over broad prairies and deep valleys, unmarked except for a cattle trail. Mr. Locke had bought a large double-seated carriage in Fort

See WEDDING TRIP, Page 2

WEDDING TRIP

CONTINUED

Worth. Into it were packed all their worldly goods, a roomy trunk, quilts, and feather bed belonging to the bride, as well as the groom's saddle which he had used on many a thrilling ride after wild Indians and desperadoes. They also carried supplies to last the trip as trading posts were far between. Mrs. Locke said that they started out with baked bread, but when it was gone they cooked all they ate over the open campfire. At night, they camped out on the prairie, sleeping on the ground.

"We had a very early spring that year," Mrs. Locke said. "It was the first of March but the grass was already green and a few inches high. We were fortunate that it never rained on us until the very last night. It came a little sleet. We had to climb into the carriage for a few hours until morning."

Afraid Once

"When we came to the Red river, however, it was too high to be forded. A big head-rise had come down. Doan's store, the only habitation for miles around, stood where Vernon was later built. We bought corn for the horses there, and they told us about a half mile up the river a cowboy was guiding travelers across. He knew the river and he went across in front of us, on his horse, testing the bed and piloting us safely to the other bank."

"Were you ever afraid?" I asked. "Once," she admitted. "One night as we neared the Indian Territory, Mr. Locke said, 'We will not camp near the trail tonight. We will stay in that little grove of trees yonder, then if any Indians come by, they will not know anyone is there.' Of course that made me nervous. We staked out one of the horses and hobbled the other, each night. I heard a noise that night and I knew it was Indians. But we listened, and were not molested, so I guess it was the horses."

"Did you see any Indians on the trip?" I asked.

"Only once. Soon after we entered Greer county we met a large party, hola bucks and squaws. I was surely scared, but papa just held his rifle up straight on the bed of the carriage where they could see them. Her eyes grew bright with memory. Hadn't he always protected her? They saw the guns and passed us by. You know, I always hated and feared the Indians."

Indians Killed Aunt

I knew the story. Even today, after seventy-three years, she cannot tell the story without tears of sorrow for the young aunt who was killed before her eyes when she was a child almost seven years of age.

After her father's death her mother's brother and his young wife, Margaret, came to live in the little tenant house on her mother's farm in Parker county. The brother managed the farm and cattle for his widowed sister. One day when he was gone the Indians came.

"I am sure all of us would have been killed," my informant told me "had it not been that my mother and my oldest sister shut all the children into the house, loaded the rifles and bravely stood guard in the yard where the Indians could see the guns. They were afraid to attack against the rifles because they knew every frontier woman could shoot."

But Margaret was not with us. She was in the little house with her two babies. As the Indians circled around and around the main house, she decided to try to join us. They let her almost reach safety, then a big buck reached down and caught her by her long black braids of hair. He held her aloft with one hand, and with a rope in the other he whipped her again and again. Then he dropped her to the ground and shot an arrow into her breast. My mother and sister carried the children to safety, but when they ran to her after she was shot the Indians looked at them so threateningly that they had to leave her lying there."

"Did you see it all happen?" I asked.

Empty Feather Beds

"Yes. We children were not supposed to know what was going on, but we could see everything through the cracks between the logs. We were all screaming as we fully expected to be killed."

"The Indians then went to Margaret's little home and cut open two feather beds, emptied out the feathers and stuffed everything they could into the ticks and carried it all away on their horses. She died in less than an hour, the arrow still in her breast. So you can understand why I hated the Indians."

After eight days of traveling, the newly-weds reached Mobeetie. Mr. Locke sold the fine carriage to a judge who had a large family, and began building a house. A frontier bride set about making a home in a new land.

"I could not help but cry a little, sometimes," she admitted. "It was so far from my mother and all I had known. But every body was friend-

'Gouge Eye' Famous For Petrified Forest-- Trees 100 Feet Long

CHAPTER ONE

By BROWNWOOD EMERSON
Alley Oop, the hero of a comic strip depicting the Stone Ages, would have been at home near Alanreed a mere matter of 100,000 years ago.

For south of Alanreed is a woodland graveyard, the petrified remains of a great forest. These trees were no spindling growth, either, judging by some specimens that were discovered to measure four feet in diameter and 100 feet long.

It was from this mummified forest that stone for Buffalo Courts at West Texas State college was obtained, and the same source also supplied the material for the famous Bruce residence, not far from Alanreed.

In northern Donley county, bordering on Gray, is one of the richest archaeological fields in the Panhandle. Three years ago a crew of workers from the American Museum of Natural History, New York, were busy ripping open the soil of Donley county, searching for treasures of past ages. At that time they had their headquarters in Clarendon, and were quite secretive about the whole business.

Not even to newspapermen would they reveal their exact "diggings," nor tell completely what they had discovered.

You can take it from John B. Hessey, of Pampa, however, who grew up in and near Alanreed, and who attended school there, that there has been plenty of evidence of the territory near Alanreed being a mine of pre-historic lore.

"No, I can't say as to any dinosaurs or brontosaurus were found. But I do know that from the evidence I've seen the country is a rich field, and the petrified trees indicate there once must have been a large body of water covering the section," Mr. Hessey said.

"Of course, when I say 'great forest,' I don't mean such a forest as the petrified forest found in Arizona, but it is of considerable extent, about 10 miles in length."

Located On Divide

Talking about Alanreed's location led to a discussion of how it happened to be so placed. Alanreed's altitude is 2,993 feet, 241 feet lower than that of Pampa's. Yet Alanreed, plumped down on a ridge to which it appears precariously attached, appears to be "way up thar in them hills" on first sight.

How did Alanreed happen to be located on this ridge? Mr. Hessey explained it this way: "When the surveyor for the railroad was laying out the line, he picked a route that followed the ridge, so as to avoid the necessity of building culverts. It's almost a natural divide."

W. H. Craig, who has lived in Alanreed since 1916, and who owns and operates Alanreed's telephone exchange, his own business, claims that the location of his house is right on the line. "Water falling on the roof on the south side of my house goes into White Fish creek, while the water on the north side goes into McClellan," Mr. Craig says.

30-Foot Snowfall

Alanreed's location meant grief to railroad workers back in 1918, when a heavy snow filled the numerous cuts along the line near Alanreed to a depth, in some places, of 30 feet.

"It had been an unusually severe winter," Mr. Hessey said, in telling of the occurrence. "We didn't have any trains or mail for 10 days. Why, for 40 days we didn't see the ground."

"The railroad brought down a lot of officials from Chicago, and had a crew of Mexicans at work. I was just a boy at the time and had never been around where men cussed each other as did two engineers that were operating a snow plow."

Start From Rockledge

"The engineer would back the locomotive up, to Rockledge, six miles west. Then he'd speed up as fast as the engine would go—remember, locomotives weren't as fast in those days as they are now—and hit that snow. Just when the locomotive had reached its power peak, the engineer would ease off, then reverse for a fresh start."

Rival Engineers

"The other engineer watching him

ly. We all worked together, and I grew to love the West. It was home" Mrs. W. F. Locke, Box 182, Miami

the locomotive slowly dropped back on the rails as the snow was removed.

Once Was Metropolis

Alanreed used to be the metropolis of Gray county. When the county was organized in 1902, Alanreed lost being selected as the county seat by

only two votes, according to F. R. McCracken, who came to what is now Alanreed 53 years ago, and settled on a place seven miles away.

Mr. McCracken is 90 years old. He lives in his two-story house in

(Continued On Page 4)



NOW AS THEN A GIFT OF FLOWERS IS STILL MOST WELCOME

We're not Pioneers in Pampa . . . but . . . we have had years of experience in the floral business. Since our establishment in Pampa we, too, are proud boosters for the Capital of the Top O' Texas.

We Welcome You To Come In And
See Our Floral Displays At Any Time.

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NOTICE

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PARADE
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PICTURES

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119 West Foster

Yesterday



1912

"Pampa's Best Address"

Today



1939

"Pampa's Best Address"

PROGRESS

Rules Of This Tavern

Four pence a night for bed.
Six pence with supper.
No more than five to sleep in one bed.
No boots to be worn in bed.
Organ grinders to sleep in the wash house.
No dogs allowed upstairs.
No beer allowed in the kitchen.
No razor grinders or tinkers taken in.

The announcement above is an actual one from an old inn; the notice is typical of Nineteenth Century hostilities.

YESTERDAY:

The modern American hotel dates back only to 1794. That year marked the opening of the City Hotel in New York. Even in the "palatial" Parker House, (Boston, 1845,) there was no water above the kitchen floor; the only baths were in the basement. Guest rooms were unheated. Straw was used in mattresses in summer, feathers in winter. A bowl, a pitcher, one towel and a cake of yellow soap completed the furnishings.

In the better class rooms a cord led to the office, where it rang a bell attached to a numbered disc. There were no bell boys.

(Hall's Journal of Health, published in 1859, offers the following "Hint to Travelers:")

The easiest, if not most secure, fastening of your chamber door is a common bolt on the inside. If there is none, lock the door, turn the key so that it can be drawn partly out, and use of a jimmy or putting in another key will push it out, and cause a racket among the crockery, which will be pretty certain to arouse the sleeper and rout the robber."

Who Gets Your Hotel Dollar?



Visit with us this week, learn how the average dollar is spent in the hotel. Let us be your guide in an interesting glimpse of actual operations behind the scenes in modern hotels. BE OUR SPECIAL GUEST THIS WEEK!

The Hotel Dollar

Hotels get	23%
Restaurants	18
Retail Stores	31
Garages	10
Theatres	8
Miscellaneous	10
	100%

BUT of the hotel's 23% a major part is in turn spent right in town for employees' wages, food, supplies, taxes, insurance, maintenance, new equipment, repairs, etc.

The delicious food at the Schneider Hotel has long since become a historical tradition in this community for our service and food is famous throughout the entire Southwest!

TODAY:

Verily, "the world do move."

At the head of the procession marches the modern hotel. Glance around you . . . observe when next you visit a modern hotel and compare all you get now with the little they got then.

Truly progress has been made in the hotels of our country. And it is with a fine sense of pride that we are glad to record the fact that for more than two decades "Pampa's Best Address" has been under the management of the family of Schneider, a name which has become synonymous with the best in hotel management.

Early guests to the Old Schneider Hotel, were greeted by Alex Schneider, Senior, just as present day guests are welcomed by Alex Schneider, Junior.

The same friendliness that has made the Schneider Hotel of Pampa famous since 1912 awaits the present day guest. But the service and convenience which greets today's visitor is as modern as the new, beautifully equipped Schneider is up-to-date. The Schneider radiates hospitality, provides the most modern accommodations, and maintains the highest standard of service at all times.

SCHNEIDER HOTEL

"Pampa's Best Address"



ALANREED

CONTINUED

Alanreed and still owns the place on which he originally settled.

Raised Big Crops.

Up until the Pampa oil field was discovered back in the late 20's, Alanreed was bigger than LeFors, the capital. It was an important cattle shipping point, and also was known for its abundant crops of cotton, corn, kaffir, maize, and watermelons.

Mr. Hessey tells of the time he saw 30,000 bushels of corn piled up along the ridges, awaiting shipment. The record amount of cotton ginned at Alanreed in any one year was 2,000 bales, nearly half that of the entire county, according to the recollection of Mr. Craig.

Watermelons Famous.

Alanreed watermelons were known in Chicago, back in the days when the Alabama Sweet variety was shipped from the southern Gray county town at a price of from \$10 to \$15 a ton. Later on, farmers became interested in the Tom Watson species. These melons weighed from 45 to 70 pounds apiece, Mr. Craig recalls, and were shipped to Fort Worth and even into Colorado. "There was a fellow down here once working at loading these melons," Mr. Craig said. "He'd never seen anything like these melons before. Pretty soon he said 'I thought it was melons I was to load—not cordwood!'"

Legend of Gouge-Eye.

The name of the town has probably been misspelled as often as has that of Kingsmill. It's Alanreed, not "Allenreed," "Alenreed," nor even "Allanreed," as some would have it. Like many another Texas town, it was named for two of the men who brought the railroad there—Alan and Reed.

There's a legend that the place was also once known as "Gouge-Eye," a name as typically a western moniker as "Red Gulch." Whether or not the legend is based on fact, it is an interesting story.

Either because they disliked a man, or wanted his money, or perhaps just because of too much red-eye, a gang of boys followed a rider out of town. A few miles west of Alanreed they overtook him. There was a fight, and the stranger lost an eye in the brawl.

And thereafter, according to legend, Alanreed was known as "Gouge-Eye."

Perhaps, like the Headless Horseman of Washington Irving's classic, the ghosts of those fighters ride today on the Will Rogers highway.

For there has been only a slight change in the original road route through the town, according to Mr. Hessey, and the national coast-to-coast road varies but slightly from that of the Postal highway, a graded road that put Alanreed on the Amarillo-Oklahoma City route.

The Postal highway was the ancestor of the present Will Rogers highway through Alanreed, Mr. Hessey said.

Springtank Once Upon Stage Line

CHAPTER TWO

Long before the locomotives of Chicago, Rock Island and Northern Gulf puffed their way thru the deep cuts along their line thru Alanreed, the place was located on a stage line that extended from Mobeetie to Clarendon.

Now a stage line, to modern ears, brings forth a picture of swaying Concord coaches, a team of six wildly galloping horses, a cloud of dust, and a brave driver eluding marauding Indians or robbers who are after the big shipment from the mines.

This cinematic version, however, is not a true picture of the stage that operated on the Mobeetie-Clarendon trail on through what is now Alanreed.

It was simply a buckboard, with mules providing the motive power, driven by a driver who usually was known only by his nickname, "Red," "Spec," or "Roxy."

They say that a drummer got the scare of his life one time at McClellan creek. He had boarded the stage at Clarendon. Friends had told him that "Roxy" would talk his arm off, so he was prepared for a talkative ride.

To his surprise, however, Roxy remained silent on the drive until they reached McClellan creek. They came to a ford. Recent rains had swollen the crossing and it looked as deep as the Gulf of Mexico to the passenger. Roxy stopped his team, reached back

into the buckboard, picked up the sacks of mail and tied them on the seat beside him, saying, "Uncle Sam, I'll take care of you, but I don't care what happens to that drummer."

Passengers were few on the stage line and the trip was made only about every other day. The line started in 1875 and was discontinued about 1886.

Once Called Springtank

Alanreed was not always known as Alanreed. Besides the legendary original name of "Gouge-Eye," it really had the name of Springtank, so called from a large tank, fed by a big spring. This tank was located north and west of the present Alanreed school.

County Auditor R. C. Wilson, who as a boy attended school in Alanreed, recalls that these springs provided an ample supply of water for families living in and near there and that the school water supply came from these springs.

W. E. James, county treasurer, who came to Alanreed back in 1926, said earth had filled in the springs.

Brick of the old Alanreed hotel, purchased by the James', was later given by them for use in the construction of Alanreed's gymnasium-auditorium, built in 1936. The Alanreed school building, as it now stands, was constructed in 1912. Alanreed has a fine school system, being organized as an independent school district, with 155 pupils in grades from primary through high school, Morris S. Ledger is superintendent and there are seven teachers in the district.

Started In 1891

Springtank, or Alanreed, was started in the latter part of 1891. In 1900 the Rock Island built its line through Gray county. It was first known as the Choctaw railway, extending from Amarillo to Oklahoma City. In 1901 the towns of McLean and Alanreed were started as stations on this new railway.

Fertile Soil

Land around Alanreed was once valued more highly than was land in the northern part of the county. One reason for this was the numerous breaks in the Alanreed area, providing needed shelter from cold winds for cattle. Another was that soil around Alanreed was especially fertile.

F. R. McCracken, who is Alanreed's oldest settler, said the country was once covered with high grass, and that when a man rode on horse only the head and shoulders of the rider could be seen, in what is now farming land south of Alanreed and in the flat south of McLean.

Mr. McCracken tells of the time he was riding over his ranch and would see a herd of running deer and antelope. So tall was the grass that Mr. McCracken could see only their backs as they jumped.

The creeks furnished more water than they do now, and the country was in its natural state, and much more beautiful, Mr. McCracken says.

Quail and prairie chicken were numerous back in '90's, and even up into the early years of this century.

Wheat First Crop

So accustomed are Pampanos to thinking of Alanreed in terms of cotton and truck farming, that it will surprise some of them to learn that the crop some of the first farmers around Alanreed put in was wheat. These people came down from the north when the railroad-school-nester land title argument was settled.

The year turned out to be a dry one and the wheat crops failed. Many of the newcomers gave up in disgust, leaving their machinery to rust in the fields.

An Indian Sitdown Strike

Indians gave Mr. McCracken trouble at one time. When Mr. McCracken came to what is now Alanreed the Indians were not on the warpath. The Cheyennes had a reservation near Mobeetie, he recalls, and would sometimes be permitted to leave on hunting trips.

On one of these hunting trips a band of Cheyennes decided cattle from the McCracken ranch would be easier to kill than antelope or deer. For two or three days they killed off stock. Mr. McCracken got in touch with Mr. Rowe of the Rowe ranch to the south, and the latter told officers at Fort Elliott about the trouble. Soldiers came down in army wagons, piled the Indians in, and took them back. The Indians were never permitted to go on hunting trips again.

The Indians would not fight the soldiers nor others who approached them, but would come around the ranches begging, and if they couldn't get what they wanted that way, they would steal. In their tactics against the ranchers it appears the Indians had effected

a counterpart of the present day sit-down strike.

Indians have another connection with Alanreed, for it was not far from this town that the only known battle occurred in this county. It happened along the banks of McClellan creek in 1874 when the German sister, captives of a band of Cheyennes, were rescued by United States cavalrymen.

Indian Scare Didn't Stop Morning Meal

CHAPTER THREE

If a rider dashed up to the place where you and two friends were cooking breakfast and told you a war party of Indians was headed your way, what would you do?

With the philosophy born of years on the frontier, F. R. McCracken decided it was just as well to eat breakfast, then worry about the redskins.

It happened back in 1891, when the famous fake Indian "raid" occurred. It seemed real enough at the time, however, to keep every hamlet between Salisbury and Fort Worth in an uproar.

Amarillo, Chidress, Quanah, Clarendon, and Tulsa heard reports of the raid and were ready to repel the savages. The threat was apparently authentic enough to warrant preparedness in those days, for it had been only 17 years since a howling pack of Comanches and Kiowas had besieged white hunters at Adobe Walls.

Mr. McCracken's first intimation that something alarming was occurring was when he and his friends glanced up from where they were cooking breakfast, at a spot near the present site of McLean, and saw a man on a horse riding like "something was after him." In a flurry of pounding hoofs, the rider reined up his horse, when he approached the three hunters (McCracken and his friends were on a hunting trip).

The stranger told them the Indians were on the rampage and they had better start moving. "Well, you better have some breakfast, anyhow, before you go on," the rider was invited.

Back To Civilization.

"No, sir, not me, no breakfast. I'll take a cup of coffee, though—then I'm heading back toward civilization," the scared visitor replied.

After a breakfast eaten without undue haste, the hunters scattered to scout the reported Indian war party.

While the Alanreed man was scanning the country, perhaps expecting a Comanche Indian war bonnet to pop out behind some rock or tree, he came upon a lake at the bottom of some sandy hills.

Around the lake was a herd of 500 antelope. Warily, McCracken crept forward and then shot seven in succession. So intent was he on this bit of hunting luck in discovering the game that he forgot all about the Indians.

Indians Surround Him.

Suddenly he looked around and there were 50 Indians surrounding him.

"They had heard me shooting and

had come up to investigate," McCracken explained. "Indians are good at slipping up on someone without making a sound."

The chief of the band approached the white hunter. "How," he said,

"I said 'how,' too," McCracken said, "but all the time I was backing up to where I'd put my rifle."

The chief and the white man shook hands, then the Indian asked Mr. McCracken how he had killed the antelope. The white man point-

ed to his rifle. "Heap good hunter," the Indian chief complimented.

Ask One Antelope—Take All.

After a bit more of verbal "beating around the bush," the Indian came to the point and asked him if the band could have one of the seven antelope killed. The hunter agreed. Then the chief distracted the hunter with more talk and when the white man glanced at the In-

(Continued On Next Page)

LET'S ALL BE FRIENDLY

FRIENDSHIP is the basis of all pleasant relationships—both socially and in business life. Friendly Men's Wear has prospered, in a measure, through the faithful, trusting and guiding spirit of its many friends. Friendly Men's Wear is not just a store but an institution of Pampa and the Top O' Texas—an institution that has depended greatly on the goodwill of its patrons and the quality of its merchandise.

We Invite You To
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ALAN REED

CONTINUED

dians he found they had already taken not one antelope but all of the others he had killed.

Not a bit abashed by this double-dealing, the Indian chief then asked the hunter where his camp was located. He told them. Then the chief told him to come to their camp, but the white man declined.

So ended the episode of the "Indian raid" for Mr. McCracken, an episode, he said, that had its origin in a cowboy seeing some Indians killing a cow. These Indians were in a part of the country where Indians had not been seen before, and the band was the same one that had surrounded Mr. McCracken, the Alanreed resident said.

Came To Plains In '86.

Adventure, as well as economic reasons, caused Mr. McCracken to come to the Top O' Texas. In the same year that Old Oklahoma was opened to white settlement, Mr. McCracken located along White Fish creek in Donley county, after he had lived for three years in the Rocking Chair pasture in Collingsworth county.

Mr. McCracken drove a hundred head of cattle into Collingsworth county from Montague where he had been a merchant. A succession of drouths forced him out of business but he managed to save enough to keep the cattle and drive them out west. That was in 1886.

Yet he did not worry too much about his misfortune, for the frontier had its appeal for him, and he's always been a cattleman. "I guess it was just wildness in me as much as anything else that caused me to come out here," he said.

Alanreed 'Rattlin' Good Town.

How did Alanreed look back in 1897? "It was a rattlin' good town," Mr. McCracken said. He didn't expand on the topic much, except to call attention to the bountiful crops raised in southern Gray county and the big shipments from Alanreed.

Although he lived on his place south of Alanreed for several years after Alanreed was developing into a "rattlin' good town" it was not until 1907, five years after Gray county had been organized, that he made his home there.

Mr. McCracken was a commissioner of Donley county for eight years and a president of a bank at Alanreed for 15 years.

Was Friend of Rowe.

He and Alfred Rowe, of the great Rowe ranch south of Alanreed, were great friends. In fact, it was on Rowe land that he settled when he died in 1889. His nearest neighbor lived 25 miles away, and this man and Mr. McCracken were the only two nesters in the country, he said.

One of the last things Rowe did before leaving the Panhandle to sail on the ill-fated Titanic in 1912 was to adjust some land boundary problems with Mr. McCracken. Their lands were interlocked in such a manner that one held a part of land jammed right next to the other's land, so that the possession of neither was in a solid block.

While F. R. McCracken and Alfred Rowe were good friends, Mr. McCracken did not have the same feeling toward other foreigners who sought to prevent nesters coming into the Panhandle, according to the Alanreed man.

The nesters had a bitter fight to even have the right to try to settle on the Plains area, according to Mr. McCracken, but before telling a few facts on that contest, as revealed by the Alanreed man, an incident concerning Rowe, as told by a Pampa man, is mentioned:

Rowe Had Sense of Humor

Rowe, when he first came to this area, was unacquainted with the proper method of handling cattle. When he rode out on his ranch where the cowboys were at work, he used to ride like one of his Majesty's Lancers, making a tremendous amount of noise.

His actions would undo all the work the cowboys had done and, according to the story the Pampa man told, the cowboys hated to see him come near. Rowe, whom the Pampa man says was the only Englishman he knew that had a sense of humor, is reputed to have commented at one time:

"You know, it's a funny thing. When I'm in Ireland, I'm Lord Rowe. When I'm in New York, I'm Mr. Rowe, but when I come out here I'm that — Rowe."

Made Settlement Possible

But back to Alanreed's oldest citizen—settling this country "was no picnic." Mr. McCracken is proud of being a trail blazer, proud of his achievement as a bank president and county commissioner, proud of his making a success, although he never had more than three months in school, but he is proudest of all of what he did to enable settlers to come into the country.

Struggle to Get Land

Here, Mr. McCracken claims, his-

orians have overlooked an important phase. The difficulties of the obtaining land, the opposition of the huge land syndicates to opening the land to settlement, hampered its settlement.

He then traced the story of the genesis of settlement. First was the opposition of the land syndicates, many foreign owned, who wanted to keep the country a cattle country and to keep settlers out.

Then railroads and schools were given alternate sections by the state, and the railroads and school would then either sell or lease the lands. When the nesters were allowed to file the land sold for \$1

and acre, but the price was suddenly hiked to as much as \$10 an acre.

Governor Hogg's administration did much to aid the nesters plight, and the passage of the alien land law, forbidding foreigners from owning land, was another benefit.

A subterfuge used by some ranchers was having their cowboys file on certain lands with the understanding they were merely land-owners "on paper." This was another means of trying to stop settlers.

Mr. McCracken said he had to file on his land three times before he could definitely have assurance that it was his. One of these times

resulted from a re-classification system set up by the state.

Under the system men were sent out to classify the land. If the land was classed as "dry grazing" that meant it had to go to the cattlemen, could be leased only by them.

Mr. McCracken's land was so classified. The cattlemen that wanted to keep out the settlers would "wine and dine" the inspectors, Mr. McCracken said.

So he went to Mobeetie, then the center of the Panhandle, under whose jurisdiction were 15 other counties. He protested but gained nothing.

He finally managed to bring in-

fluence to bear that resulted in his getting his land classified properly and the inspector who had given his land the "dry grazing" classification was soon afterwards discharged.

But even today Mr. McCracken is still "burned up" when he recalls that 50 mile horseback ride all the way from Alanreed to Mobeetie, and the trouble he had. His blue eyes kindle in resentment, even today, as he recalls how his request was ignored that day in Mobeetie.

Born In Tarheel State

Mr. McCracken was born in North Carolina on September 17, 1849.

(Continued On Next Page)

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ALANREED

CONTINUED

When he was 10 years old the family migrated to North Texas. The War Between the States occurred about this time and all the young men were off to join the army. All four of Mr. McCracken's brothers were in the Southern army.

Mr. McCracken's father died in 1862. This left him the only "man" on the place. Though only 13 he stood guard many times at the blockhouse built by his father on their farm.

Indians Make Raids

With the men out of the country, the Indians were constantly making raids. Mr. McCracken said, and although they raided other farms, they never bothered the McCrackens.

"My father was a far-seeing man," Mr. McCracken said. "He was prepared for trouble and built a blockhouse and a stockade that was an impregnable fortress."

Mr. McCracken was scornful when asked if "he wasn't very big to be standing guard" at that time. "I was big enough to carry a gun and protect our place," he said.

In 1887 a band of 100 Kiowas swooped down on the valley in which the McCracken ranch was located, burning several houses including that of one of Mr. McCracken's brothers, and killing and scalping 14 whites. Mr. McCracken helped to bury seven of the slain.

True Cattleman

Blue eyed and grey-haired, Mr. McCracken is still vigorous enough to like to walk instead of ride.

Dominoes is a favorite game with him and he likes to come to town on bright, sunny afternoons for a game.

He's been a cattleman all his life, he says, but one would know that even if he didn't say so. For he looks straight, talks straight, and has a feeling of downright irritation for those who don't keep their word on appointments—even if the reason is a good one.

Alanreed Man Merely Fined For Killing

CHAPTER FOUR

A thousand incidents similar to the ones narrated in this series on "Springtank" are heard when Alanreed's old timers gather for the annual 'Alanreed' homecoming.

Among the incidents the old-timers sometimes talk over are the two big fires that nearly wiped out all of Alanreed, the two bank robberies, the gun fight in which three of the five participants were slain, and the man who killed another and was fined \$13 for "disturbing the peace."

On the latter occurrence, there are two versions, one giving the amount as \$35 and the other \$13. It happened a long time ago and the man who was killed was the first man buried in Alanreed's cemetery, old timers say.

When the gun fight occurred, the loser in the brawl was not thought to be dangerously hurt. He was later found to be in a serious condition and was put on a train to be taken away, where he could receive proper care.

Meanwhile, the man who had shot him was brought before a justice of the peace, who found the man had \$13 (or \$35) in his possession. This was appropriated as a fine for "disturbing the peace." The man who had been shot and put on the train died before the train reached the place where he was to have been given medical attention. So the slayer was cleared with the payment of a fine for "disturbing the peace," no other charges being filed against him.

Another battle Alanreed citizens tell about is the one in which five men participated. Within a few minutes three of the men had been killed. The fight was the result of a drunken brawl, according to old timers.

Two Bank Robberies

Alanreed once had a bank, re-organized once and later merged with a bank at McLean. The bank there was robbed twice, thereby being one up on Pampa's First National, which can claim but one robbery.

The first robbery was by two boys who lived near Goldston, near Clarendon in Donley county. They took \$3,000, but were apprehended near Rockledge, six miles west of Alanreed, after they had left their car and hidden in the canyons. Pursuers did not have much trouble catching the pair and

all of the money, except \$500, was recovered about three hours after the robbery.

Improved Technique

More finesse was shown in the second bank robbery, although with equally as woeful results for the robbers. It happened back in the first days of the oil boom. Two men, said to have been from the fields near Pampa, came into the bank, held up the cashier, E. B. Hedrick, and the assistant cashier, Miss Jeannie Sherrod. The amount taken this time was also \$3,000.

Jim Bryant came into the bank at the time of the holdup and was told to put up his hands. He had seen the men before and thought they were playing a joke, and did not obey. A shot in the abdomen convinced Bryant the men weren't foolin'. The wound was not fatal.

However, the robbers did not have any luck, as they were caught that night and all but \$300 of the \$3,000 recovered. The missing \$300 was accounted for by a letter in the pockets of one of the robbers from a girl who told him she had to have \$300 at once.

In the other robbery the missing \$500 was never accounted for. It could have been transferred to

another car, hidden in the canyons or thrown away.

Two Fires

Two fires nearly wiped out Alanreed one time. In the early days the street that extends south of the Will Rogers highway was Alanreed's Broadway, as the highway was not then a part of the national road system. The main part of town was then situated around the stores, now abandoned, further south up the street, and to the east.

Alanreed once had a hotel and a newspaper, known as the Alanreed Herald. In March, 1929, C. C. Warford purchased the paper, later moving it to Lefors, where he started the Lefors News. An Ideal hand press, once used in printing the Alanreed Herald, is a part of the equipment of the Lefors News. Mr. Warford says the hand cylinder press can print 200 copies a day—if two men work hard all day operating it.

Permanent Settlers

Nearly all who live in Alanreed today are old-timers. For example, there's Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Castleberry who came to Alanreed in the early '00's. Mr. Castleberry, a real estate agent, has sold a lot

of Gray county land. He was on the school board for years and was one of the boosters for the brick building Alanreed now has for its school.

The Castleberrys live on a farm three miles northeast of Alanreed, where they have a good orchard and grow bountiful crops of tomatoes each year.

S. T. Greenwood, pastor of the Alanreed Baptist church grew up in Alanreed. He was ordained to preach in the Baptist church, here, and later became its pastor.

Gibson Built Houses

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Gibson moved to Alanreed from Mangum, Okla., in 1913. Mr. Gibson, business manager of the Alanreed Independent School district, was a school board member for 17 years. In 1938 he was elected business manager of the school district and also secretary-treasurer of the Alanreed National Loan association. Mr. Gibson is a carpenter and helped construct several houses in Alanreed.

He has served as clerk of the W. O. W. lodge for 20 years.

J. P. Elms Leaving

Another old timer who left Alanreed recently was J. P.

Elms. Mr. Elms had been manager of the Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber company at Alanreed for nine years but was considered an old timer in this country, having lived the greater part of his life in Gray, and in Alanreed, where he graduated from school, and worked at Blakney's store.

Later he was employed as a bookkeeper at the company's office in Amarillo, thence transferred to Hartley, and then back to Alanreed.

Mr. Elms is employed by the Foxworth-Galbraith Lumber company in their office at Lubbock, where he assumed his new duties on June 1. Succeeding Mr. Elms in Alanreed is Frank Smith.

In common with other writers of these special stories, time did not permit the writer of the Alanreed series to call on all those he would have liked to interview. Among these are S. L. Ball, postmaster, tourist court and store owner, E. R. Sherrod, farmer, W. J. Ball, W. H. Blakney, A. H. Moreman, merchants, E. B. Reeves, real estate dealer, Mrs. S. R. Lof-

(Continued on Page 12)

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Civilization In Panhandle Began In '75

Many references are made in this historical edition of the Pampa News to Fort Elliott, the first permanent settlement in the Panhandle of Texas.

Panhandle history dates itself from the fort's establishment in 1875. Before that time only the buffalo hunters and the Indians roamed the plains.

Keeping that in mind—this article sets forth very briefly the high spots in the history of Fort Elliott, born in 1875 and abandoned in 1890.

Immediately following the extensive campaign against the Kiowa, Comanche and Cheyenne Indians in 1874-75, Fort Elliott was established on Sweetwater Creek, in what is now Wheeler county, June 5, 1875.

This campaign against the Indians which was frequently called the "War in the Panhandle," covered a wide scope of territory than the Panhandle. It covered the western part of what is now Oklahoma, then known as Indian Territory, and Southwestern Kansas.

The fort was named for Major Joel H. Elliott, who was killed in action in a battle with the Indians on the Washita River in northwest Indian Territory.

In that action General George A. Custer was in command. He was afterwards killed by the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn in 1876.

Fort Elliott was established in the recommendation of General P. H. Sheridan, who was in command of the Military Division of Missouri with headquarters at Chicago. General Sheridan had two objects in view in recommending the establishing of Fort Elliott. One was to hold the Indians in check from leaving their reservations in Indian Territory and escaping into the Panhandle region of Texas. The other was to give military protection to Texas cattle on the trail to markets of the Northwest. In connection with this last named object he recommended the establishing of another military post in the region of the Double Mountains.

The military forces at Fort Sill at that time were putting in a large part of their time patrolling the cattle trails running on the east and on the west of the Indian reservations in western Indian Territory, and even then the Indians, though only recently whipped and cowed as a result of the War in the Panhandle, were still giving the trail drivers a considerable amount of trouble in the region of the reservations.

Adjacent to Fort Elliott there grew

up a town first known as Hidetown, then Sweetwater and later Mobeetie.

On October 28, 1889, the sight of the fort was made a United States Military Reservation on 2,560 acres of land purchased by the government from William Walter Phelps.

The first postoffice to be established in the Panhandle, known as Fort Elliott, was established there on January 16, 1878, with William M. D. Lee as postmaster, later being changed to Mobeetie.

There was a telegraph station at the post and at one time there was a daily stage or buckboard from the fort to Dodge City, Kans., a distance of about 190 miles.

The soldiers stationed at the fort were never called into action to combat hostile Indians in the region, though in September, 1878, two companies of Fourth Cavalry stationed there were ordered to Fort Dodge, Kans., in pursuit of hostile northern Cheyenne Indians who had fled northward from Fort Reno.

During the existence of Fort Elliott there were occasional Indian scares and flurries, notably in June, 1879, when Emanuel Dubbs, county judge of Wheeler, wrote to Governor Roberts of Texas, calling his attention to the fact that Indians according to his statement, were allowed by their agents to leave their reservation with passes without limit as to time or distance, and were continually crossing into Texas to the terror of settlers.

At about the same time there was insipient friction between General Davidson, then in command at Fort Elliott, and Captain Arrington of the Texas Rangers, who was then stationed at Mobeetie.

Before the second army post as recommended by General Sheridan on the Texas cattle trails could be established, the need for it was greatly relieved by the decrease in the number of herds driven up the trails and the increase in the shipments of the cattle by the newly constructed railroads from Texas to the markets of the North.

In October, 1890, Fort Elliott was abandoned and the reservation transferred by the War Department to the Interior Department for disposition, and its land property were sold out. The fort had served its day and had served a good purpose in that it gave assurance of protection to settlers and ranchmen to occupy the Panhandle region of Texas.

While it was occupied as a fort several officers noted as Indian fighters were in command there, notably General John W. Davidson and General John P. Hatch. General Hatch at the close of the Civil War was a Brevet Major General of the Volunteers, and at its close became Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry and was stationed at Fort Elliott most of the time from July, 1877, until he was promoted colonel June 26, 1881, when he changed stations.

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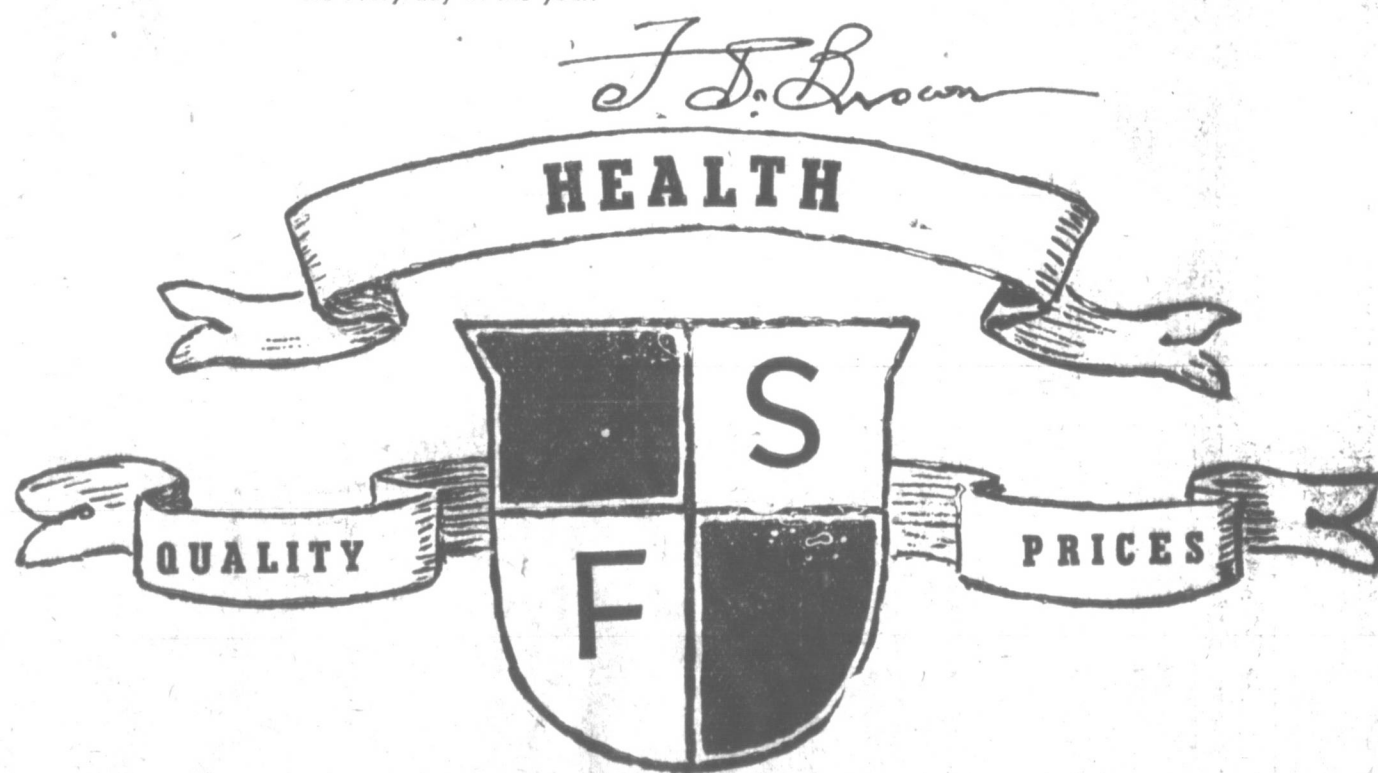
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4 Diamond F Cowboys Of White Deer Ranch Live In Pampa Today

CHAPTER ONE

By TEX DEWEESE

In the dusty, unused attic at the home of J. W. Wells, about three miles southeast of here, there are chalk marks on the wall—marks almost indiscernible.

Mr. Wells, who is secretary of the White Deer Independent school district and a justice of the peace here, got to talking about these chalk marks when we called on him, and one finds that some of them have been there for more than half a century.

And you discover upon further investigation that these early marks were made by men who had much to do with the early history of the Panhandle of Texas, and particularly the historical background of White Deer and the immediate community.

On eerie, moonlit nights when you drive along the back road that fronts this old home in which Mr. Wells lives—one is almost certain that the ghosts of the old frontiersmen must be gathering around the campfire back of the chuck wagon, and that their spirit-talk must be of the things they planned in order to make these Panhandle plains the grand spot that they have turned out to be for the modern generation.

In this house and around the ranch on which it stands is interwoven some of the most interesting pioneer and cowboy lore in Texas.

And there are quite a few persons still living today whose pulses beat faster and whose hearts are quickened by memories when you bring up the story of this old ranch house and the part it played in the early-day history of the Panhandle.

For, this rambling house—the same that stands there today in the shade of the cottonwoods—is the one-time headquarters house of the famed Diamond F Ranch, originally owned by the Franklyn Land & Cattle Co., and later taken over by The White Deer Land Co., an English concern which held the Franklyn Company bonds.

Four of the old-time cowboys who worked on the Diamond F live today in Pampa. They are Jess Wynne, Henry Lovett, Jim Williams, and John Henry. They came here in the '80s.

But, much of the early history of the Franklyn Land & Cattle Co., and of the Diamond F Ranch is told in the life story of the late Alfred Ace Holland, who was a Panhandle pioneer and one of White Deer's first residents. And, for many of the highlights in this connection we are indebted to Mrs. Marsene Smith Weeks, White Deer High school history teacher who collected a great amount of historical data from Mr. Holland before his death nearly two years ago. Mr. Holland died in August of 1937 at the age of 90 years.

W. W. Simmons, editor and publisher of The White Deer Review, likewise is deserving of much credit for many of the facts contained in this article.

So the story of Ace Holland's life is almost a parallel with the birth, early days and growth of what today is known as the town of White Deer. His Panhandle experiences also bring one into direct contact with the history around the Old Diamond F Ranch headquarters where Mr. Wells lives today.

But, getting back to those chalk marks—

They were made there, according to Mr. Wells, by the early-day cowhands on the Diamond F and, while almost obliterated by the dust of time, these markings are the initials, names, etc., of men who punched cattle and who lived the rough and ready pioneer lives of the early West. It was in this manner that they made a record for posterity of those who lived and worked there through the years.

I had the pleasure of talking with a daughter of Alfred Ace Holland, the pioneer—the woman for whom Hazel street in Pampa was named. She is Mrs. M. H. Kuykendall, wife of the White Deer rancher, and she lives now on the place where Mr. Holland spent his last days in the country he loved so well.

It is interesting to sit and chat with Mrs. Kuykendall. She recalls many of the pioneer experiences her father related, many of the venturesome, history-making things he did as a pioneer in the White Deer community, as well as in this Top O' Texas area.

As you talk with the daughter of this pioneer, you learn that Ace Holland, born in Tennessee in 1847—17 years before the Civil War—the son of a father who came to America from Holland in Revolutionary War days in search of freedom, decided to go west when he was 34 years of age.

And so, with the westward push in 1881, Mr. Holland settled near Paris, Tex. From there, in 1882, he went into the vicinity of Wichita Falls and became a sheepherder for ten months. In that same year, lured by the tales of Old Mobeetie in the Panhandle, he decided to cast his lot at the cowboy capital of the Plains.

With an adventurous spirit, a new outfit of clothing and blankets, hunting knife, food, skillet, and a cash capita of 37 cents, he started out on a 200-mile walk from Wichita Falls to Old Mobeetie.

Mrs. Kuykendall here related of the many times she had sat at her father's knee to listen to the exciting adventures of that trip as related by him.

In the treacherous, cold weather of the month of March, Mr. Holland waded and swam icy rivers, walked the entire distance, averaging around 20 miles a day. During the entire ten-day trip, Mrs. Kuykendall says, her father reported that he saw only one house. Only other signs of hab-

itation were the wild beasts and an occasional wagon or a rancher or nester.

Old Mobeetie was a typical cowboy village when Ace Holland landed there in March of '82. One suspects it was much like the old cowtowns and cowboy rendezvous of the Western "horse opera" featured in the 1939 motion pictures depicting the West of decadent days.

And, as I sat there talking with Mrs. Kuykendall in her ranch home near here—and as I read and re-read Mrs. Weeks' history of Ace Holland's life, I could almost hear the shouts of cowboys and the din of life as it was lived in Old Mobeetie's seven saloons back in the roaring eighties. And, if you will get into the spirit of this story—you can do the same thing now. It is much more fun to live these stories, for instance as Uncle Jess Wynne, Uncle Jim Williams, Henry Lovett, and John Henry, at Pampa, must re-live them when they are brought to mind from time to time.

These and other old pioneers have much that we of the modern age do not have when it comes to reading writing and talking of the days when history was made on the very earth over which we drive in high-powered cars today.

But, getting back to the story: The Old Mobeetie that Ace Holland and all the others of that time saw consisted of the afore mentioned saloons, about a dozen houses, two hotels, two cafes, a blacksmith shop, and a general store.

And, so we continue with the story of Ace Holland, because as stated before, it parallels the story of White Deer (about which details will be given in a later installment) and this immediate section of the Panhandle of Texas.

Ace Holland was a go-getter, and he had been in Old Mobeetie a comparatively few hours when he

had landed a job. He went to work with the Franklyn Land & Cattle Co., and was employed first in building tanks and dams near the present City of Pampa.

It's a long way from those days—more than 50 years ago—when the cowboys went out and built their own lakes and dams, to the present when Uncle Sam does the job for them. The pioneers had no government bureau to turn to in the matter of soil and water conservation. If it was to be conserved then—they had to get out and get the job done themselves. And they did just that.

An excerpt from Mrs. Weeks' history tells us that the Franklyn Land & Cattle Co., was an English-owned concern, for the cattle companies in those days were forced to turn to England or Europe for capital. Now, the Diamond F Ranch was organized in 1880 by H. T. and L. B. Groom. Mr. Franklyn was a son-in-law of the Cunard who headed the Cunard Steamship Lines and it was from this company that the cattle company floated a loan of \$225,000.

The Diamond F, around which most of this White Deer history revolves, consisted of a 630,000-acre ranch which extended from LeFors to the Canadian River and from the town of Panhandle to Groom—quite a little garden patch, as you would figure it today.

If you can imagine the enormity of the job—in 1882 the Franklyn company began the task of fencing the entire ranch boundaries. Cedar posts for the job were delivered from across the Canadian to ranch headquarters near here. The posts cost 50 cents each and the barbed wire was 15 cents a pound delivered from Dodge City, Kans. Gate posts, incidentally, ran higher at \$7.50 apiece.

Thus, was the Diamond F ranch

fenced in—a safeguard and protection against cattle rustlers who busted themselves in the early days as feeling began to run high between ranchers, who were the great land owners, and nesters, who were the small land squatters.

And, with that fencing in—The Diamond F became almost a state of its own, an empire over which the Diamond F headman ruled with an iron hand. It was bad medicine for a nester to be caught within the domain, or anyone for that matter—if there were no good explanations for his presence on the ranch. The line rider of those days was a scout, a lookout and if needs be—an executioner. Rustling cattle in the days of which we write was a mighty hazardous occupation.

Wynne Came To Panhandle Back In 1880

CHAPTER TWO

In the last chapter of this north-east Panhandle historical series, mention was made of the old-time cowboys who headquartered at various times on the old Diamond F Ranch near here.

Four of them were named as living in Pampa today. And, that brings us around to the story of these men and takes us back to a day in November of 1880 when a youth of 19 years completed the job of driving 1,000 stock of horses to a spot on McClellan Creek, just north of Alanreed—coming all the way from Johnson county, Texas.

(Continued On Next Page)



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WHITE DEER

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in the company of three other men.

That young fellow was J. S. Wynne, who resides at 317 North Frost street, Pampa. He is over 78 years of age now—and is, perhaps, the one man who has been in this section of the Panhandle longer than anybody, with the exception of Miles O'Loughlin of Miami, who is only 68, but who came to the Panhandle with his parents when he was not quite four years old.

"Uncle Jess" Wynne, as he is familiarly known in Pampa, was one of the early arrivals in the Panhandle, and has held many "firsts" in his community at various times. The story of his life naturally reveals a great deal about the early history of White Deer where he was employed on the Diamond F and where he served the town as postmaster and finally bought a ranch of his own near here. Reluctantly, Pioneer Wynne unfolded to us some of the facts of early days. Publicity is distasteful to him.

It was on Nov. 15 that "Uncle Jess"—then the boy of 19—landed on McClellan Creek with the 1,500 head of horses. They decided to winter the horses there because of the luxuriant growth of grass.

It wasn't long until the man for whom Mr. Wynne was working sold the horses and returned to Johnson county. Young Wynne elected to stay, and so he got a job as a hand on the Quarter Circle Heart Ranch at Old Clarendon. The ranch headquarters was on a site not far from the present town of Clarendon.

And from there Mr. Wynne went to Old Mobeetie where he joined up with the Franklyn Land & Cattle Co. in 1887 which necessarily brings him into the White Deer picture and places him in the cast of characters at the old Diamond F headquarters, just a short distance south-east of here.

Much was written about the fore-runner to the Diamond F in the last article in this series. Many of these facts were gleaned from the life story of the late Alfred Ace Holland who was a White Deer pioneer and one of the leading figures on the old Diamond F ranch which had its headquarters in the old house which now is the home of J. W. Wells, secretary of the White Deer Independent school district.

Getting your mail back in the roaring eighties was not the easy matter that it is today. All mail for the Diamond F was received according to the history of Ace Holland's life by Mrs. Marsene Smith Weeks, White Deer history teacher, first at Old Mobeetie and then delivered by stage-coach along a route which extended from Mobeetie to Tascosa. The Diamond F headquarters was not situated on the direct mail route, so Mr. Holland built a mail-box on a post four miles north of the present town of White Deer and in this box the stage-coach left all mail for the Diamond F boys.

As I talked with Mr. Wells, the present owner of the old Diamond F ranch house, he pointed to two great cottonwood trees in the back of the house. They are two of five which have survived the years. They were planted there more than 50 years ago by Mr. Holland.

Mr. Wells also has made several attempts to plant trees in the yard but says it is difficult to nurture them because of termites which attack and kill the trees almost the first year they have been set out. Mr. Wells has lived on the ranch farm since 1910. He has been in the Texas Panhandle since 1907, going to Miami in that year from Oklahoma.

In the middle '80s among the many cattle companies that hit into financial difficulties was the Franklyn Land & Cattle Co. It began to fail in 1885 and in '86 the English bondholders sent George Tyng to take control of the Diamond F lands and cattle. Mr. Tyng put Ace Holland in charge of the Diamond F headquarters, and he lived in a dugout on the site of the present White Deer cemetery.

It is also recorded that here in 1886 he operated the first threshing ever brought to the plains—threshing oats, millet and Johnson grass. Mr. Tyng became the first trustee of the White Deer lands which finally were purchased by the English group. He remained with the company for 16 years. M. K. Brown, Albert Doucette, and C. P. Buckler later joined the supervision of the land under the White Deer Land Co., and offices of the company, headed by Mr. Buckler, still are maintained in Pampa today.

The White Deer lands were put on the market to be sold in small farms back in 1902.

Incidentally, Mr. Holland in 1889 served as postmaster at White Deer. In 1891 he leased several hundred acres of the White Deer lands and planted a wheat crop.

History of the section informs us that this was the first wheat crop ever raised and harvested on the

plains—and it is from this humble beginning 48 years ago that the great Panhandle wheat country grew.

In that year Mr. Holland's farm was situated where the Catholic church stands today. In '91 he marketed 3,000 bushels of wheat at Wichita Falls where it brought him 50 cents a bushel. But nearly two and a half decades were to pass before wheat farming was taken up to any extent.

Mr. Holland, White Deer's No. 1 pioneer, served as sheriff in Carson county in 1892 and continued thru three consecutive terms.

And it was this same man who

later bought the old headquarters house of the Matador Ranch in Pampa, added two dozen rooms and opened the Holland hotel. He remained there until 1913 when he sold his interests to Alex Schneider, operator of the present Schneider Hotel in Pampa.

And as we sat in the living room of the Kuykendall house, the daughter of this old pioneer, Mrs. M. H. Kuykendall, related how her father, after he sold his hotel in Pampa, bought a 500-acre farm south of here and returned to White Deer to spend his declining years on the ground where he had helped pave the way

(Continued On Next Page)

Tech Student Shears 112 College Sheep

LUBBOCK, June 10. (AP)—Tom Peays, junior agricultural student from Robert Lee, this year sheared the flock of 112 sheep on the Texas Technological farm, using a one-man power machine. Mexican shearers have been employed heretofore.

For the eighth consecutive year, from each group with a view to obtaining data on shrinkage of fleeces. Each fleece is graded for class and grade of wool. By this study, continued improvement of

the college flock is made possible, said W. L. Stengel, head professor of animal study.

Young Texan Transferred To Sub Training Station

WASHINGTON, June 11 (AP)—Training in submarine warfare will be given a young Texas naval officer, Ensign Robert B. Lander of El Paso, at the submarine base, New London, Conn. He was in a group of 54 ensigns and lieutenants (junior grade) selected for two classes at the base, one to report June 30, the other about next Jan. 2. Lander was in the first group.



A Tradition of SERVICE

The personnel of the First National Bank is proud to be among those to congratulate the pioneers that will gather in Pampa to celebrate the Top O' Texas Fiesta.

The pioneers believed in progress with safety, in expansion with due caution, and in reserve strength for emergencies they knew would come.

The policies of the First National Bank are patterned along the same ideas and ideals of those sturdy pioneers, to whom all of us owe an everlasting debt of gratitude.

We join in extending an invitation to everyone to attend the Top O' Texas Fiesta in Pampa, June 13 and 14.

Attend The
**TOP O' TEXAS
FIESTA**
June 13 & 14

STEADY GROWTH

LIKE that of a tree, the growth of an individual, a business, a farm, a ranch, or even a city must be healthy. Deep rooting, careful pruning, proper nourishment . . . all are necessary.

NATURE, in the case of a tree, can be counted on to care for growth. In the growth of an individual, a business, a ranch, a farm, or a city, individual effort is needed; co-operation and careful planning play a part.

FOR YEARS the people of Top O' Texas area have turned to the First National Bank for the solution of financial questions, and we are proud to have played a part in the successful development of this area.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PAMPA, TEXAS

NO DRUGSTORE COWBOY SPORT



Strawberry Roan is no drugstore cowboy's mount—and proves it, in this picture taken at Sun City, Kas.. After a ride like this one looks as though it's go-

ing to be, most anyone would say "I'll take vanilla." Scenes like this one will be duplicated at the Top O' Texas Fiesta rodeos here on June 13-14.

WHITE DEER

CONTINUED—

for the thriving town of White Deer as it is today. And, he lived there for nearly a quarter of a century more, a pioneer to the end. Death came in 1937 at the age of 90, completing a life that had been full and running over the brim of borrowed time.

White Deer Once Situated A Mile East

CHAPTER THREE

The town that moved away might well be the title of an interesting chapter in the history of this thriving community center of oil and agriculture.

The original White Deer of the '80s is a ghost town today, with nothing marking the spot except a lone tree and traces of a dug-out which once housed its general supply store.

This first location of the town was about a mile east of the present White Deer, a splendid community of fine schools, business places and a population of around 1,200 persons.

Ruins of the dug-out store still may be seen today on the farm of Ed. Moore on the White Deer-Pampa highway. In preceding articles of this series on White Deer history of the days of the old White Deer were dealt with.

★ ★ ★

The early days of the old Diamond F Ranch knew nothing of the present White Deer site, although many of the men and women who pioneered in the area lived to see the first town of White Deer fade out of the picture and move to its present location, one mile farther west.

It was interesting to me, a comparative newcomer in this splendid Top O' Texas area, to stand in a window of the White Deer Review office here and have W. W. Simmons, its capable editor and publisher, point out the tree which now marks the site of the White Deer of pioneer days. It first was established on that site because it was in the vicinity that first settlers made their dug-outs along White Deer Creek.

Old-timers tell you that the town

began moving westward in 1897 when the railroad first pushed through the area. Railroad officials, for some reason or another, wanted their White Deer station at the new location. So, the old town followed suit and by 1903-08 had completed the moving job, rolling a number of the old frame buildings a mile down the trail to the new site.

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Pampa's Jess Wynne told me of the time he was postmaster in White Deer. It would be a little unusual today, but in those days Postmaster Wynne lived five miles from his post office which was situated in the old town, while he lived back up on the range some five miles away. It was just a nice horse-back jaunt to and from work, and Mr. Wynne, of course, was an expert horseman. That was in 1898, Mr. Wynne said.

Standing in White Deer today are two or three of the frame store buildings which were moved from the old townsite. One of the things that mark the present town is the monument which stands in the cen-

ter of the town's main street. Atop the monument base is a replica of a white deer. It has become a community institution and when they took it down a year or two ago there was so much protest over the action that the deer once again was put back in place where it probably will remain until Father Time decrees otherwise.

★ ★ ★

One of the unfortunate things about writing a series of articles of this type is that time forbids getting around to see and to talk with all those who could contribute many essential facts.

So interesting is the historical background of this section of the Texas Panhandle that it would require a staff of expert historians to spend weeks in one community in order to come anywhere near a full coverage of the forgotten history of days gone by.

The Pampa News writers working on these stories have on the average of one day to spend in each community in order to cover all the grounds before Top O' Texas Fiesta time in Pampa, June 13 and 14. White Deer is no exception to this rule. Several old timers we wished to see when in White Deer were not at home. This also was true of two

or three other present day officials of the town. It is not the intention, in writing the stories of Top O' Texas towns, to slight anybody. It is of necessity that some of the high-spots will be omitted, but—generally speaking, this series of stories will give a fairly complete background of the section in which we live—and serve to revive memories for the old timers and make the newcomers better acquainted with the early history of the country they have adopted.

★ ★ ★

But, back to White Deer—

You cannot talk long with anyone in White Deer today that you do not soon get an expression relative to the town's fine school buildings and fine educational set-up as a whole—and they are not bragging, either.

The White Deer school system is one of the wealthiest of comparable size in Texas, ranking third in the state in its classification. The high school building now is undergoing a remodeling campaign and work is expected to be finished this summer, making the high school one of the best of its type in this section of the Panhandle.

The entire independent system with two buildings in White Deer and one in Skellytown has a gymnasium in each of the schools, and a lighted field for night football in White Deer.

The modern grade school building was completed only two years ago. School officials tell you that when all the work is completed by the end of this summer White Deer will have one of the finest equipped school plants in Texas.

★ ★ ★

Most of this progressive educational program has been undertaken and pushed ahead under the administration of the popular George A. Heath, school superintendent. Mr. Heath has been an ardent worker for the betterment of schools in the White Deer district.

And, of course, without the aid of a capable far-seeing school board, the program could not have been carried through. Members of the White Deer Independent school board today are E. C. Shuman, J. R. Nicholson, Dallas Bowsher, E. E. Crawford, F. L. Haiduk, Biggs Horn, G. T. Colgrove, and J. W. Wells, secretary.

Mr. Heath is superintendent, J. Davis Hill is principal of the White Deer high school, Glen F. Davis, principal of the White Deer grade school, and Chester Strickland is principal of Skellytown school. Eugene McCullom is coach of the White Deer athletic teams. More than 800 pupils attend classes in the three schools, according to Mr. Heath.

White Deer is proud of her churches, too. There are five—Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Church of Christ,

ALAN REED

CONTINUED—

tin, widow of the man who was manager of an early-day lumberyard, Rev. Cole, pastor of the Methodist church, R. D. Massey, justice of the peace.

All of these persons and hundreds of others gather for the annual homecoming, an event started upon the suggestion of W. E. James, county treasurer, in 1936, at the time of the dedication of the Alanreed gymnasium.

Officers of the Alanreed Homecoming association are Miriam Wilson, district clerk; president, J. P. Elms, secretary (who is succeeded by Mrs. H. P. Gull), and directors L. L. Palmer, G. E. Castleberry, and W. E. James.

and Sacred Heart Catholic. The Methodist church observed its 25th anniversary in 1936.

With the observance of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Sacred Heart Church last July, the 25th anniversary of establishment of the Polish colony in the White Deer community also was marked. Ben Urbanczyk and Henry Czermer were the first two Polish settlers to come to Carson county. They were followed by John Urbanczyk, the Haiduks, Bednarz, Gordzeliks, Warminski, Kotara, and other Polish families. The families have grown and prospered into a thrifty, high-type of citizenry of which the White Deer community is proud.

The Rev. J. A. Zienta is present pastor of the parish. In a recent history of the church and the early religious life of the White Deer community, he wrote:

"Back in the '80s occasional trips were made to the Panhandle of Texas by the Rev. C. M. Pinto. His headquarters were in Trinidad, Colo., and he made these trips by horseback or prairie schooner to Fort Elliott at Mobeetie and to Tascosa and Channing before 1891." Taking up the later history, Rev. Fr. Zienta writes:

"On the 9th day of July, 1909, Henry Czermer left Panna Maria, Karnes county, Texas, in search of a suitable location to establish a Catholic colony in the northern part of Texas. On his way, he stopped at Wichita Falls and Knox City. At Knox City, Knox county, Ben Urbanczyk joined him and they set out for Goodnight, Texas, arriving there July 18, 1909. From Goodnight, they went to Groom and on to Panhandle by horse and buggy, then to St. Francis and back to Panhandle and Groom. Ben Urbanczyk then returned to his home in Knox county,

(Continued On Next Page)

from the

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ENJOYABLE ONE.TOP O' TEXAS
FIESTA

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FIESTA

JUNE 13 & 14

• Steak sandwiches with shoe string potatoes

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THE BEST OF FOODS

at the

WHITE WAY DRIVE INN

618 W. Foster

Watkins Family Came To Whitefish When McLean Was Pasture

CHAPTER ONE

By ARCHER FULLINGIM

If you came to McLean country in 1895 you were a pioneer, but if you came to Old Mobeetie in that year you were practically a new-comer.

Almost every town in the North-east Panhandle has different dates for its pioneers. The first residents of Panhandle came in 1887, Canadian about 1880, Clarendon, 1875, Pampa, 1886, Tascosa, 1870, Miami, 1880. The Santa Fe railroad was built through most of these towns on the approximate dates mentioned.

But don't let anyone tell you they were RESIDENTS of the Panhandle of Texas before 1874. It's a matter of historical record that no white folks lived in this section before the soldiers came to run out the Indians. The red skins were rounded up and chased out of the Panhandle in 1874. Most of the Indians were placed on reservations in Oklahoma; some scattered and went to New Mexico. In the summer of 1874, Lieut. Baldwin and General Miles chased the Indians out of the Panhandle. One of the battles in which the Indians were defeated occurred on South McClellan creek in Gray county and was known as the "charge of the covered wagon." There it was that the soldiers res-

cued the German sisters from the Indians.

Well, when the soldiers made the Panhandle safe to live in; that is, when they had chased out the Indians, white settlers began coming in.

Although many towns in the Santa Fe territory were established in



the '70s and '80s most of the towns on the South Side of the county were not founded until the Rock Island railroad was built through the country, and that was about 1900. The town of McLean was not laid out until the railroad was built through the site where it is now located.

Watkins' Drive Through

As so before there was any McLean, and while that town was just a grass-covered glen on the Rowe ranch, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arthur Watkins who now live in a comfortable residence in McLean, came to the mouth of Whitefish creek and filed on four sections of the land.

They travelled from their former home at Anna, Illinois, in a wagon in which they brought all their belongings. They were on the road six weeks. They left with nine horses and arrived with seven. They built their home 16 miles south of McLean and lived there for 16 years. Then they sold their farm and moved to McLean. At that time there wasn't a fence in miles.

P. O. At Rowe

The Watkins drove to Clarendon for supplies and got their mail at Rowe, located on the Rowe ranch. In fact the Watkins claim and the claims of other old settlers in the White Fish community, were small islands in the great sea of the Rowe ranch. Neighbors of Mr. Watkins were Newt Hodges, Grant Calvert, Joseph Bell, W. J. Hodges, J. P. Hodges and his three sons were located at the mouth of McClellan creek.

There was not a school in the neighborhood when the Watkins arrived on Whitefish, but Mrs. Watkins and others solicited money on the Rowe ranch and at Clarendon to build a school which is still called Watkins. The Watkins students today attend the McLean schools, but they ride in the Watkins school bus.

Rowe Also Contributed

One of the contributors to the school fund was Alfred Rowe, owner of the Rowe ranch. Some thought he would not make any donation, but he was nice about it, said Mrs. Watkins and expressed appreciation for an opportunity to contribute. Before the Watkins school was built the Watkins children (one boy was old enough to go to school) attended school on Skillet creek.

Now, I have mentioned the name of "Rowe" several times, so it's about time to tell his story briefly—since the present city of McLean was part of the Rowe ranch and because most of the really old-timers of McLean now were former employees on the Rowe ranch.

Drowned in Titanic

Mr. Rowe was an Englishman. Of course, he opposed squatters or nestors on the open range where his cattle fed, but he was never nasty about it, according to the Watkins and there were no fence-cutting episodes on Whitefish and McClellan creeks. Mr. Rowe made scores of crossings of the Atlantic to visit his vast properties in America, but he made his last crossing in 1912 on the Titanic. He was not one of those rescued, but his body was recovered.

Mr. Rowe had always made it a habit to always carry a brief case which contained deeds to his property, and when his body was recovered the handle of the brief case was gripped so tightly in his hand it was necessary to pry it loose.

Soon after Mr. Watkins settled on his claim, he began working for Mr. Rowe as a tank-builder, and in succeeding years he built stock tanks all over the vast Rowe ranch.

But back to the school, the first teacher of the Watkins school was Miss Elta Watkins, sister of Mr.

(Continued On Next Page)

WHITE DEER

CONTINUED—

and Henry Czerner stayed in Panhandle for a few days. On July 29 he went to Pampa and inspected the land north of Pampa and south of White Deer.

"On August 23, 1909, he examined the land north of White Deer and chose that location for the establishment of a Polish Catholic colony. The next day he started back to Panna Maria and moved to White Deer in December, 1909, purchasing 640 acres of land about four miles north of White Deer. The second Catholic family to join this colony was that of John Urbanczyk who came from Knox county in September, 1910. In October, 1910, V. Haiduk, Jacob Tuleja, and Demas Bednarz came with their families. William Gordzielik and family came in December, 1910. During 1911, three families were added to this group, viz., Sam Bednarz, Ben Urbanczyk, and Felix Urbanczyk. In 1912, three marriages took place. They were E. N. Czerner, Ben Haiduk, and Henry Czerner. John Kotara and family came in October, 1912, and John Warminski in the spring of 1913."

White Deer's Methodist church was organized in 1911 by the Rev. W. B. McKeown with seven charter members.

Probably the oldest church here is the Presbyterian church which was established in 1909 by the Rev. E. Gill, evangelist of the Dallas presbytery. Charter members were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mongole, Mrs. G. S. Jackson, Mrs. John Aebersold, Albert Aebersold, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Grimes. A church building was built in 1912 and was used jointly by the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians.

Some of the pioneers without whose names no history of White Deer would be complete, in addition to those already mentioned in this series of articles, would include J. D. Edgar, County Judge J. C. Jackson, who now lives at Panhandle, Mr. and Mrs. Grimes, and John Gores, who lives on a farm five miles north of town.

And, who are the powers-that-be in the modern White Deer? Here is a list of the town's public officials:

A. J. Dauer, mayor; George Moss, city secretary; W. R. Weaks, W. B. Carey, E. J. Williams, Roy Mathe-son, and Eugene Richardson, aldermen; O. H. Rector, constable; H. H. Bangett, volunteer fire chief; J. W. Wells, justice of the peace, and W. C. Powers, postmaster.

And, with that—it must be said that there are many interesting stories about White Deer that have not been touched, but in the nearly 6,000 words that have been written in these three installments on White Deer, one gets a pretty good idea that it is one of the Panhandle's most interesting historical spots—and the modern White Deer is a community of civic-minded, God-fearing people, still building a bigger and better place in which to live.

Nation Wide Service

OVER 1,500 STORES

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J. C. Penney Co., an Organization

Truly Founded on the Golden Rule

Mr. J. C. Penney, in establishing the company which now bears his name was inspired by early training to make the Golden Rule the foundation on which to build. The Penney organization throughout the years has endeavored to adhere to this principle and to apply it in all its relations with both its employees and public.

The response which we receive to our business policy all over the nation urges us to greater service. Mr. Penney who established his first store in Kemmerer, Wyoming, in 1902 did a volume of only \$29,000, has built a nation wide organization doing over \$250,000,000 business annually in over 1,500 stores. This has all been accomplished in just 37 years. . . and each dollar's worth was transacted on the foundation basis of the Golden Rule.

You can always be certain that at any Penny's store, whether it be in Pampa, Seattle, Washington, or in Bangor, Maine. . . you will always find quality merchandise at prices consistently lower and sincerity of service that binds this store and its customers in mutual benefit.

P E N N E Y ' S

J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, Incorporated

McLEAN

CONTINUED

Watkins. She is now dead. Nine pupils enrolled.

Arrived in 1895

The Watkins arrived on Whitefish in 1895. At that time, McLean was not even a wide place in the road because there was no road. A buffalo wallow was located where the George W. Sitter residence is now situated. The place was rather friendly, even then, with a few trees scattered about the small hills and hollows, but it was just a part of a pasture.

Mr. Watkins doesn't know who the first resident of McLean was, but he thinks it was Tommy Bigger, who operated a store on the outskirts of McLean and sold supplies to the railroad construction crew.

After Mr. Watkins came to Whitefish he worked about three years on the range. After Mr. and Mrs. Watkins sold their farm and moved to McLean, he operated the first livery stable in McLean, operating six rigs with teams, but everybody wanted to drive old Yellow Cat, a favorite horse in his stables. While in McLean, Mr. Watkins also carpentered, and later on he operated a butcher shop.

Bought Hutchinson Ranch

Then he bought a ranch in Hutchinson county near Borger where his two sons, Everett and W. T. Watkins, now live. Oil was discovered on the ranch when the oil development of Hutchinson county began and about 100 wells have been drilled on the Watkins holdings. The other Watkins children are Mrs. Evan Sitter, who married the son of another pioneer McLean family. The Sitters and the Watkins both came from Anna, Ill. Another daughter is Mrs. Mabel Jones of Lubbock.

Mr. Watkins is now 76 and Mrs. Watkins is 72. His birthday is Aug. 6 and hers Oct. 28. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary four years ago, and still have the top of the four-tiered cake which graced the banquet table at that time. Mr. Watkins is of Welsh descent. His grandfather was born in Wales.

Son Injured Recently

The Watkins have always been prominent in church and school activities in McLean. "I was always too busy raising my family to join bridge clubs or become much of a club-woman," said Mrs. Watkins, who for the last several weeks has been greatly worried by injuries her son sustained when he fell from a telephone pole in Hutchinson county while attempting to repair a line. The son is now in the hospital at Borger and will be there for several months.

He showed pioneer courage which he inherited from his parents when he was injured. Although his leg was badly broken, the bone protruding through the flesh, he dragged himself to his car and drove to the hospital. Physicians say he will be in the hospital for several weeks yet. His parents visit him often, although Mrs. Watkins, who was ill of the flu for several weeks recently, was not able to visit him.

Sitter Dream Of Lifetime Was Realized

CHAPTER TWO

Four or five years after the Watkins family arrived on Whitefish, another family from their old home town in Illinois moved to McLean.

This was the George W. Sitter family, and in moving to the Panhandle of Texas, Mr. Sitter, now 83, realized a dream of a life-time. When he was a boy, he wanted to come to Texas, but his family opposed it and he abided by their wishes. When he was a young man, he still wanted to come and enter the cattle business, but he could not break family ties.

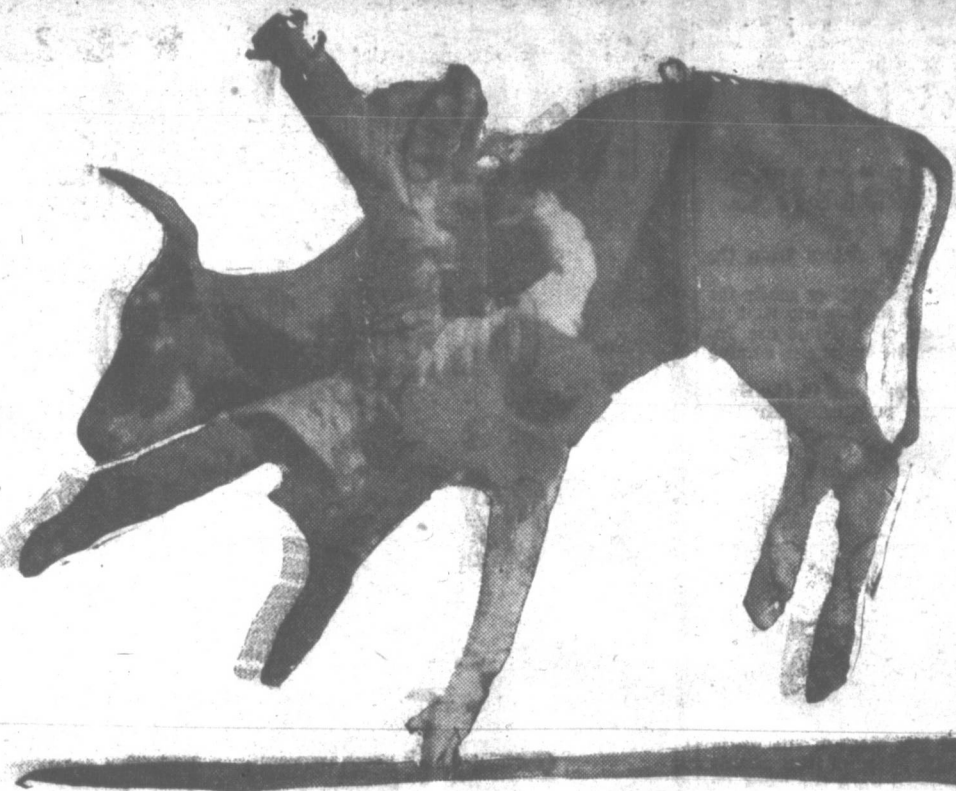
Several years after his parents died and their property had been adjusted, he began to think about Texas again; he began to think about what a hired hand of his father had told him when he was a boy. The man had told glowing tales of Texas and had freely painted the beauties of the Plains country. Then Mr. Sitter talked with people who had lived in the Panhandle.

Bought 37 Sections

At the age of 56, he decided to sell his holdings in Illinois and move to Texas, and he did. Mrs. Sitter was then 54. They bought a ranch south of McLean. It eventually embraced 37 sections. In Illinois Mr. Sitter's father owned a 300-acre farm, and this was considered very well-to-do. However, Mr. Sitter soon accustomed to keeping track of every acre of land and he prospered.

So for the last 29 years the Sit-

IT'E EASY—IF YOU KNOW HOW



Fritz Truon takes a fall in true form at Long Beach, Calif., to prove that even a rampaging steer is nothing for a real cow-

hand to fear—provided he knows just how to fall the easy way when the steer throws him. Steer riding will be one of the events

at the Top O' Texas Fiesta, rodeo to be held here June 13-14.

Married 58 Years

The Sitters have been married 58 years. They have 7 grand-children and one great-grand child. Mrs. Sitter is 81 years old. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sitter belong to the Cumberland Presbyterian church, but they have attended the Methodist church ever since they moved to McLean. Mrs. Sitter was 84 when she moved to McLean.

Maple Trees High

The trees around the Sitter house in McLean are reputed to be the

finest in the country. They are maple trees—not sugar maples—and are exceedingly tall. They were planted when the Sitters bought the place, but they have multiplied since then, and now the house is surrounded by maple trees. Mrs. Sitter has always been fond of flowers and a pretty yard, and the yard is still kept planted and trim despite the advancing age of the couple.

Mr. Sitter has retired from active management of his ranch, due to

partial deafness, but he still is keenly interested in its welfare, as is Mrs. Sitter whose sight and hearing are both keen. She has been ill for several weeks, but was able to sit up recently. She was in the hospital for some time.

McCarty Came in 1895

Another old-timer in McLean is Tom McCarty who came to the Rowe ranch in the spring of 1895, the same year the Watkins arrived. Mr. McCarty worked 11½ years for the Rowe ranch drilling water wells, building windmills and taking care of them. While he was employed on the Rowe ranch he put up dozens of windmills.

Mr. McCarty has the distinction of helping lay off the town of McLean. He and Jim Orstel and Charlie McMurry laid off the town on Jan. 1, 1902. At that time, the site of McLean was a part of the Rowe ranch. Mr. McCarty, now 66 years old, was born in Monticello, Ark. He came to Texas in 1882.

The McCarty's who lived in a comfortable frame home on the outskirts of McLean have three children, George McCarty, Hershel McCarty and Julia McCarty, all of whom have made enviable athletic records in McLean. George and Hershel both played football for McLean high school which is noted for its Tiger eleven.

Still Drills Wells

Mr. McCarty is still in the water well drilling business, except that now instead of drilling water wells for ranchers he drills wells for oil companies in the Kellerville, McLean oil fields and in other fields. He is known by all drilling contractors in the Panhandle.

Another old-time cowpuncher in the McLean community is Uncle Ben Pierce who is 81 years old and still rides a horse. Only about 10 years ago he quit riding and roping for a living. Since then he has been living in McLean. He has never married and has an apartment in which he batches, and his apartment reminds one of the old-time cowboy bunk houses—the kind Mr. McCarty has always liked. His last

(Continued On Next Page)

BEHRMAN'S

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TOP O' TEXAS

LADIES' WEAR FOR EVERY OCCASION



Behrman's has been looked upon as the style center of the Top O' Texas since they came to Pampa in 1934. Fashions from the leading style centers of the county will be found first at Behrman's... whether it be for Sport... Street... or Evening wear. Prices are within the reach of every woman.

Service to its customers has been a predominating factor in the growth of Behrman's popularity. Every sales employee has been trained to render efficient, courteous service. Come to Behrman's first...

EXCLUSIVE BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

1423 N. CUYLER

PHONE 353

McLEAN

CONTINUED—

birthday was July 29. He has lived in and around McLean for 30 years. He worked for the Shoe Bar ranch for a number of years.

101 Year Old Man Is Champ Domino Player

Of course the oldest man in McLean is J. T. Lovelace who celebrated his 101st birthday last March, but the "kid," as he is fondly called by some in McLean doesn't seem that old. Any day you want to see him, all you got to do is go to the domino tables in the pool hall in McLean and there you'll find him beating somebody again. Mr. Lovelace spends most of his time in McLean, but he occasionally visits relatives in Childress and other places. Not only does Mr. Lovelace play dominoes often, but he plays well, and there are only a few who can beat him. He walks from his home downtown every day. He is full of life and jolly.

Mr. Lovelace was a soldier in the Federal army, and is one of the few soldiers in the Grand Army of the Republic now living in Texas, and probably the only one living in the Panhandle. He is a great admirer of Lincoln and often quotes the Great Emancipator.

Cyclone Blew Small Pony Half A Mile

CHAPTER THREE

McLean, June 11—The most exciting event that ever took place in "Rusty Shanks," Alanreed kidders' favorite name for McLean, was in May, 1923, when a cyclone lifted up a Shetland pony and set him down a half-mile away. Incidentally, the twister did a nice job of wrecking numerous homes in town.

G. S. Rice, McLean undertaker who was also the first mayor, saw the pony himself. The small animal was caked with mud. The pony belonged to Chuck Cook. He had witnessed that the pony was at his house when the storm struck. After it was over, the pony was a half-mile away, looked rather stunned and foolish.

When Mr. and Mrs. Rice moved to McLean in 1904 less than a score of families inhabited the town. Among those living at McLean then were G. C. Cook, father of the late Charlie Cook of Pampa, who operated a general store; Dr. J. A. Greene, the physician; Gosch Bros., Lumber company; James F. Healey, blacksmith; Hindman's half dugout hotel; F. Harrell's livery stable; W. E. McLaughlin.

Other residents included L. O. Floyd, who lives at Sudan; W. T. Wilson, who operated a dray; J. H. Chambers and A. A. Christian, deceased; J. L. Collier, deceased; Mrs. J. F. Heasley who is still living here—her husband is dead; H. J. Pettit, who lived on a farm near McLean. In the First National Bank were R. H. Collier and C. M. McCullough. W. B. Upham lived on a farm.

Rice First Mayor

The town of McLean was incorporated in 1909, and its first mayor was Mr. Rice, who altogether served about six terms as mayor. W. R. Patterson was elected but soon resigned and Mr. Rice was again chosen mayor. He served his last term in 1920. Other mayors of McLean were J. T. Foster, W. C. Cheney, J. R. Hindman, C. J. Cash, D. A. Davis, D. N. Massey, T. A. Landers and Jot Montgomery.

McLean was named for Mayor Ed R. McLean, member of the railroad commission of Texas. It is pronounced as if it were "McLain." McLean has had two oil booms. The first, in 1928, was the biggest. Rent went sky-high and real estate boomed. The second boom resulted when the Kellerville oil field came into production in 1935. This boom was not as impressive as the first. The population of the town is about the same as it was at the last census, around 1,600.

Although McLean and Pampa are in the same county, they are as different as East Texas and West Texas in agricultural products. Little wheat is grown in that immediate community.

Davenport's Old Times

However, if you want the real "low-down" of both Alanreed and McLean, visit the Davenport family, which lives about a mile southwest of McLean. Now, the Davenports have not always lived at McLean. Formerly, they lived near Alanreed.

Mr. Davenport, a colorful man, is a chain cigaret smoker; that is, he smokes one after the other. He rolls his own, too. The Davenports are an authority for the statement that

Alanreed, Hecklers nicknamed McLean "Rusty Shanks."

Alanreed in the early 1900s was mentioned as a "tough town" by several old-timers in McLean.

Mr. Davenport came to Gray county from Oklahoma, and Texas, including Alanreed, was "tame after Oklahoma," he declared. He worked for the government on the Indian reservation at Fort Sill, near Lawton, Okla., before his marriage. Mr. Davenport still remembers a string of Comanche words.

Mrs. Davenport is equally affable. Besides that, she is a philosopher. "People are too rushed nowadays to have a real good time," she tells young folks.

She also has definite ideas about towns. Towns, like families, must stick together, she says, and if they don't, they won't amount to anything.

Came From Montague

The Davenports came originally from Illinois Bendon, the Red River in Montague county. They have two daughters, Mrs. Enloe Crisp of Alanreed and Mrs. Earle R. Nickerson, Fort Worth; and a son, J. F. Davenport, Juneau, Alaska. They have six grand-children.

The Davenports have watched most of the development of Gray county. When they came here more than 30 years ago, there was only 85 votes in the county.

Petunia Plant Has 471 Blooms At Once

ROCKDALE, June 10. (AP)—A giant petunia plant growing in the yard of Mrs. Martha Wallis of Rockdale has excited interest because of the profusion of blooms.

The plant sprang up in a bed of calendula and grew so large Mrs. Wallis requested Nurseryman A. C. Franklyn to determine

Coeds Hold Own In TCU Campus Groups

FORT WORTH, June 10. (AP)—"Equal rights for women" is more than a phrase in the campus politics of Texas Christian university. It is a statistical fact.

Fifty of 103 offices in 35 student organizations are held by coeds. Fourteen of the 35 groups have girls as presidents.

Champion office holder is Miss Miriam Glaze, Fort Worth senior, who has three elective positions. She is president of Alpha Chi, national scholastic honor society; vice-president of the Student Christian association; and vice-president of Parabola, mathematics club.

Sisters Separated

70 Years Meet Again

BONHAM, June 10. (AP)—Mrs. A. W. Moore of Rutledge, Tenn., and Mrs. Amanda Davis of Bonham, sisters, met here recently for the first time in 70 years.

Mrs. Davis left Tennessee for Texas when 13 and her sister four, and they had not seen each other since. The reunion was brought about when Mrs. Moore's son, W. N. Moore, brought her to Bonham enroute to his home at Livingston, Mont.

Of a total of \$7,631,809,000 cash income of farmers for 1938 in the United States, \$482,221,000 was in the form of government payment.

whether there was more than one plant. Franklyn counted 471 rose purple blooms and declared it was a single plant.

W E L C O M I N G

You At The

TOP O' TEXAS

"COME AS YOU ARE"

A FRIENDLY
INVITATION
FROM G. M. HOLT
AND THE STAFF
OF THE ...



ADAMS HOTEL

PAMPA, TEXAS

Top O' Texas
FIESTAPAMPA
JUNE 13-14

WE are pleased to announce that we have been
appointed dealers for the famous Case line
of 77 modern farm machines including

TODAY'S MOST
ECONOMICAL TRACTOR

● The economy of Case tractors is one of the reasons why
"IT COSTS LESS TO FARM WITH CASE"—but there are
many others. Case tractors take less time to start in the morning
... to fuel and grease ... to hitch and adjust. They steer fast, turn
short, handle easily. Case implements share the same simpler,
stronger construction ... the same easier operation ... the same
saving of time because they require less attention. You can do
MORE in LESS time and for LESS cost with a Case. Come in
and see our display of these modern farm machines.

W. F. ERNST
IMPLEMENT CO.

ACCESSORIES

CASE MACHINERY

GROCERIES - MEATS - OIL - GAS

East U. S. 60 Highway



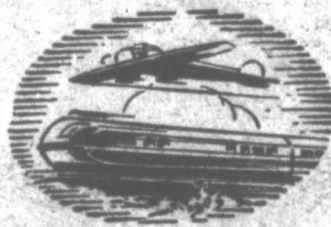
The TOP O' TEXAS and the PAMPA FURNITURE CO.



..... parallel epics of progress

TWO things are important for the growth of any business. . . There must be a fundamental need, and the business must please those whom it serves. Pampa Furniture Company has striven to meet these two requirements. From its beginning, over 10 years ago, it has consistently kept pace and faithfully served the people of the Top O' Texas.

We hereby pledge to you, the citizens of the Top O' Texas area, the highest type service possible in the future, and to help you make our section of the country grow and prosper.



PAMPA FURNITURE CO.

FRANK EOSTER, Owner



THE PAMPA NEWS SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1939

Special Groups Plan Fiesta Luncheons

2 Barbecues
To Be Held
On WednesdayDances Will Be
Held Each Night
Of Celebration

Luncheons of special groups, baseball games, a replica of a Hollywood motion picture premiere, and the formation of the 89ers, Old Timers organization, will be salient marks of the eighth annual Top O' Texas Fiesta to be held in Pampa Tuesday and Wednesday.

Three Special Luncheons

Carl Benefiel, general chairman, has announced that a peace officers luncheon would be held at 12:30 o'clock Tuesday, with Cal Rose, Gray county sheriff as the host.

Celebrities of the screen and radio and other distinguished visitors will be honored at a press luncheon to be held at the same time.

Visiting bands who participate in the fiesta parade will be a third group given a luncheon, also at the same time.

Location of the peace officers luncheon had not been determined at the same time as the other two. The press luncheon will be held at the Schneider hotel; that of the visiting bands at the Panhandle Lumber company.

Two Barbecues

Old timers will have their barbecue at noon Wednesday. That of the 89ers will be held at the high school cafeteria, while other old timers will hold their barbecue at another place, the location to be announced only at the time of registration.

The term 89ers means those persons who settled in the Top O' Texas area in 1889 or had been here prior.

Baseball games will be played at 4:30 o'clock on each afternoon of the fiesta dates at Road Runner park, when the Pampa Oilers meet the Abilene Apaches.

Premiere Wednesday Night

At 8:30 o'clock Wednesday night, a Hollywood premiere is to be held at the LaNora theater, marked by the presence of George (Windy) Hayes of the Hopalong Cassidy western film series, Mary Hart, 18-year-old El Paso, Texas, Republic film star, and Walter Mattox, agent for Smiley Burnette and Gene Autry.

There will be impressions taken in concrete of the hand and footprints of the trio, and the visitors will appear on the theater stage.

Keyed to the theme of this year's fiesta, "Top O' Texas Under Six Flags," will be the showing of the Republic picture, "Man of Conquest," the story of Sam Houston and the founding of Texas.

Seven Dances

An old timers dance at 8 p. m. Monday night, a pre-fiesta affair, and at the same hour on Tuesday and Wednesday nights will be held at the high school gymnasium.

Four rodeo performances will be held at Recreation park, two on each of the fiesta dates. Also at the park will be the Tidwell shows.

Exhibits, four modern dances, old timers dance, fiddle, and French harp contests, the inspiring fiesta parade, in which hundreds of riders will participate, will be other events on the program.

Official opening of the 1939 fiesta will occur at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, one hour in advance of the start of the parade, when speeches are delivered in a program from the marquee of the LaNora theater.

As in the past, the Top O' Texas Fiesta is sponsored by the Pampa Junior Chamber of Commerce.

J. M. Hash

J. M. Hash worked on the first producing oil well in the Panhandle fields in 1920. It was Gulf No. 2 and was located on the Burnett ranch.

Previous to that time, Mr. Hash helped drill in the Gulf No. 1, a gas well, in July, 1920.

Mr. Hash lives at 719 North West street.

Old-Time Cowboy Now In Norman,
Okla., To Attend Celebration

By Jane Brock

"Hello kinfolks! You're going to stay all night with me tonight." That was Pampan hospitality to Stone Taylor, Norman, Oklahoma, in 1892 and he is coming back to the Top O' Texas Fiesta June 13 and 14 to see if the plains people are still the same and maybe to "remember when," if he can locate some of his old cronies.

Pampa is going to have room for some boasting because Mr. Taylor, now a prominent Norman businessman, remembers it as a section house, one or two residences the railroad men used, and the house and big red barn of his good friend, another Mr. Taylor. That was in the days when Stone Taylor was driving cattle from the Bell and later the S-F ranches of New Mexico to Amarillo to ship, and Cheyenne to graze. After a hard day's ride on horseback from Mobeetie young Stone would gallop into Pampa at sundown where the Pampa Taylor would genially greet him with his "Hello, kinfolks!" This early resident, according to cowhand Taylor, was the first man to raise any wheat and rye around Pampa. He raised it on 100 broken

acres that lay about 200 feet north-west of the section house.

Many Cattle Froze

Taylor and about 10 other men, including the cook and horse wrangler, drove a herd of 200 to 2500 cattle to Amarillo twice a year, in September and November. It was said that once there were 100,000 head in sight of Amarillo, waiting to be shipped out. '85, '86 and '87 were cold years on the plains and cattle often froze to death. Taylor remembers having encountered a mile stretch of dead cattle against a drift fence west of Amarillo.

"It sounds fishy and unreasonable but a cow outfit is the most picaresque about their eating that a body ever saw. If there was a speck in a biscuit they made an awful fuss," said Taylor. It sounds as if the cook had a pretty tough time because three times a day he was expected to bake biscuits in a Dutch oven over a flame of cow chips gathered from an old bed ground, the only fuel available. Steak from a nice fat calf was cooled at night, wrapped in the bedding roll during the day, and Taylor never saw a piece of it spoil.

Wouldn't Eat Prunes

"Then we had lots of beans, most-

ly Mexican frioles, and dried fruit. But no prunes. No sir, a cow outfit wouldn't eat prunes. Said a man who would eat prunes would get like a locoed horse. I've heard that argued big." He chuckled and added, "I always liked prunes and I never said anything about it."

"Anybody can't form much of an idea about the Panhandle now. It was the prettiest country a body ever looked at," Taylor fondly remembered. "No fences or houses, lots of rain with the lakes full of water and the grass 'that high.' Why, fifteen miles west of Pampa was some of the prettiest and richest country in the plains. Riding through there, the grass came up to the horse's knees. Later, plowed, up it looked so funny to me."

Cattle Chose Mirage

"The first road from Amarillo west to New Mexico was laid off by a compass. Hmph, missed all the lakes and was straight as a string. We didn't even try to follow it with the cattle."

One hot day we were driving a beef herd in from New Mexico. We hadn't run on a lake for some time and the cattle were getting pretty dry. West of Hereford a mirage of a lake appeared. The cattle saw it, split up in bunches and ran toward it. I thought they were going to get away from us.

"It was pretty rough around the Panhandle until after '90. I was there when the Rangers tried to put Jim Gober, Amarillo's sheriff,

out of office. Some said he was a pretty bad egg but I always liked him. I saw him ride up across from the hotel where the Rangers were one morning and yell:

"Come on boys. Here I am!"

"But he had a Winchester in his hand and two six-shooters—and nobody wanted him."

Would Buy Clothes

The first thing the cow hands did when they got to Amarillo was start buying clothes. The stores would stay open past midnight getting them decked out, according to Taylor. There was lots of competition among the outfits about how they dressed. They all wore big silk handkerchiefs, good boots, good hats, and a cow hand wouldn't ride in a pair of pants that cost less than eight or ten dollars.

"Mobeetie was a live wire town in those days and Panhandle City was a good town, too both of them larger than Pampa," Taylor recalls. But the warmest recollections are of Pampa where the man whose name was also Taylor, was so hospitable to a tired young cow hand.

There was an air of informal domestication about the early Pampa. The houses had several lots around them, and most of them had their own wind mill, cows, chickens and pigs. These were all turned loose, the owner expecting them to return home in the evening. They generally did.

"O, GIVE ME A HORSE I CAN RIDE"

My love is a rider, wild bronchos he breaks;
Though he's promised to quit it, just for my sake,
He ties up one foot, the saddle puts on,
With a swing and a jump he is mounted and gone.

The first time I met him, 'twas early one spring,
Riding a broncho, a high-headed thing,
He tipped me a wink as he galloped by,
For he wished me to look at his bucking broncho.

He made me some presents, among them a ring;
The return that I made him was a far better thing:
'Twas a young maiden's heart, I'd have you all know,
He's won it by riding his bucking broncho.

Now all you young maidens, where'er you reside,
Beware of the cowboy who swings the rawhide;
He'll court you and pet you and leave you and go
In the spring up the trail on his bucking broncho.

—From BUCKING BRONCHO



This is one of a series of advertisements finding inspiration in the original, authentic cowboy ballads. Selections are from the John A. Lomax collection, "Cowboy Songs" and "Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp."



While Admiration Coffee may not pack quite the "wallop" of a bucking bronco, nevertheless there's a quality about it as a pick-up beverage that is wholly satisfying. After work, either physical or mental, it provides a lift that soothes tired muscles and tired minds. Care is taken to roast Admiration to the exact point where its essential oils of caffeine and caffeol serve their purpose best as a mild stimulant. This, plus the known food value of good coffee, makes Admiration the ideal pick-up drink. And of course, Admiration is as delicious to the taste as it is good for you.

DUNCAN COFFEE COMPANY

A SOUTHWESTERN INSTITUTION

Skelly Man Advised To Quit Plowing For 'Good Of The Country'

CHAPTER ONE

By BROWNWOOD EMERSON

This is the story of a prophecy that C. S. Terry believes he has seen come to pass. It happened nearly 40 years ago when Mr. Terry was starting to plow eight acres of his farm northwest of Skellytown.

A bunch of Turkey Track cowboys rode past Mr. Terry, hard at work at his plowing.

"Mister, the less you do that, the better off the country is going to be."

Today, what with soil conservation, dams, droughts and the sundry, man-made devices to bolster fruitless soil, Mr. Terry is of the opinion that perhaps the cowboy was right.

Not that the current of time has reduced Mr. Terry to penury. Today, he still holds his comfortable place, but frankly admits that farming alone would never have seen him through the years when the jackrabbits were reputed to be the favorite dish of plainmen.

38 Years In Hutchinson

Mr. Terry resides in Hutchinson county, but his place isn't far from Skellytown, and as Mr. Terry settled in Hutchinson in 1901, he's the oldest living settler for miles around his farm. He has seen the Skellytown area develop from a range land to a region dotted with carbon black plants, gasoline plants, oil field camps, rigs and pipelines.

In addition to his vocation of farmer, Mr. Terry has also been a justice of the peace in Hutchinson county, a Hutchinson county commissioner, and has also served as county tax assessor collector. First of all, however, he was a postmaster.

Postmaster 18 Years

He held that job from 1902 for 18 years—and the only time an inspector called was when Mr. Terry resigned at the end of two decades. The postoffice was Alhambra, but it was the exact opposite of what the Spanish sounding name would indicate, being not a palace but just a dugout along Spring creek.

When Mr. Terry came into what is now Hutchinson county, Panhandle, 25 miles distant, was the nearest trading center, and the courthouse was located at Plemmons, where it remained from 1902 to 1925, when Stinnett became the capital.

You would never dream that Hutchinson county land was the kind for cotton, but cotton was raised in Hutchinson back in the early years of the century. Mr. Terry used to haul the cotton raised on his farm to Mobeetie. He recalls one of these trips on which he spent the night with Jim Rider at a wagonyard in Pampa, ate with Case at the schoolhouse then drove on the next day to Mobeetie, where a gin was located. Kafir corn Mr. Terry raised, he hauled to Pampa.

The early Hutchinson county settler is one of the few Top O' Texas who can claim the proverbial log cabin as a birthplace. Mr. Terry was born in a log cabin with a stick and clay chimney, in Putnam county, Tennessee, on May 14, 1857.

Came To Texas In 1870

In 1870 he came to Texas and nine years later married Miss DeLaney Barefoot. Ten children have been born to them, six of whom are living, four in this section, one in Colorado, and the other in Washington; there are 19 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

Children living in this section are H. B. Terry, Mrs. R. L. Pond, Camie and Foy Terry. Mrs. Pond's home is only two miles from her father's farm, on which reside Mr. Terry and his son, Camie. Mrs. Murrell Howe, a daughter, lives in Kim Colo., and another daughter, Mrs. Lola Lassiter, at Wink.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry were married in Grayson county. Later they traveled into Oklahoma and thence came to Hutchinson county, traveling by wagon and driving through a spitting snow.

It was a discouraging prospect to the Terrys when they first saw the sandy hills and felt the chill of Panhandle winds as they arrived on the land where they were to establish their new home. The land looked as though it were good for nothing but grazing, and the country seemed a desert compared with the rich land of North Texas.

Oil Found On Land

When the oil boom hit in the late 20's, Mr. and Mrs. Terry prospered, as oil was found on their 4½ sections of land. One of the first things Mr. Terry did was to buy the big-

gest car he could find, a seven-passenger Studebaker, and make a long trip.

Even if the Turkey Track cowboy did warn Mr. Terry nearly 40 years ago that the land ought to stay cattle country, apparently, despite droughts and dust and all that, he likes the land as it is, for he's lived on the same place now for nearly half a century.

Wood Fireplace In Gas Field

His name is Pleasant Delorium Meadows and I never did learn whether he lived in Hutchinson county or Carson county. The line is close in the Skellytown area and one county looks pretty much like another. There's no chamber of commerce advertising along the back roads to tell you whether you should be welcome in Hutchinson or to come back again to Carson.

Whether in Hutchinson or Carson, though, Mr. Meadows home, on his farm near Skellytown, has one fixture that is as rare on the plains as an orchard.

It's a fireplace in which Mr. Meadows burns wood taken from along the banks of the creek where he used to get wood when he first came from Paradise, Wise county, back in 1908.

However, it was only two years ago that Mr. Meadows built the fireplace.

Water Once Plentiful

There was no lack of water for the first 10 years and Mr. Meadows raised bountiful crops of kafir corn, as much as 50 bushels to the acre. The nearest shipping point in 1908 was White Deer, little more than a camp, and Panhandle was the nearest town.

Hereforas are now the principal source of revenue from his farm.

Mr. Meadows was born in Pike county, Alabama, on January 16, 1855, and his wife was born just six years to the day later on January 16, 1861. The couple was married on May 9, 1878, in Parker county, where Mr. Meadows had been employed on the farm of his wife's father.

Health was the reason the Meadows came into the Panhandle. Doctors had advised him to settle in a country where there was freestone water, and for this reason the Meadows are Top O' Texans.

There are eight children: Henry, who lives in Wise county; Oliver, in Hall; Mrs. Jennie Clark and Mrs. Lilly Clark, Lubbock; Lee, who lives on a place a half-mile distant; Joe, at home, and Jim, at Floyd, N. M.

Skelly Once Had 1,500 Population

CHAPTER TWO

They might have named this place "Mergerville," for the lumber used in the construction of houses and stores when the town was started 12 years ago came from three main places: Skelly, the parent town, Roxana, and the lumber shipped direct from other places to the new town itself.

Of all the towns in the Top O' Texas area, Skellytown is among the newest, dating only from 1927. The first scheduled train through Skellytown was on September 25, 1927, according to John Martin, reputed to be Skellytown's No. 1 citizen.

among the newest, dating only from 1927. The first scheduled train into Skellytown was on September 25, 1927, according to John Martin, reputed to be Skellytown's No. 1 citizen.

Mr. Martin with his wife and their three children arrived in Skellytown on August 8, 1927, at a time when there was only three buildings on the entire townsite. The Martins are believed to have been the first family to locate in Skellytown, and only one man prevents Mr. Martin from having the record of being the first settler, according to Mr. Martin. That man was a bachelor who was putting up a house at the time the Martins arrived. The bachelor, whose name Mr. Martin does not recall, has since died.

Mr. Martin came to the new town from Roxana, where his uncle, Joe Martin had a shop. This shop was moved to the new town. Mr. Martin's

uncle died in 1932 and was buried in Fairview cemetery in Pampa.

Descendant of Skelly

Skelly, the parent town of Skellytown, was located one and one-half miles south. On account of the coming of the railroad Skelly was abandoned and the citizens migrated to the new town. Both towns were located on the Henry Schafer ranch.

From the Skelly Oil company, that in 1926 began operations in the area, both towns acquired their names.

Not only does Mr. Martin have the record of being Skellytown's oldest settler, but he has a son, his fourth child, who was the first boy born in Skellytown, according to the boy's father. The boy, named Joe, after his father's uncle, is now 11 years old and attends the Skellytown school, which is a part of the White Deer Independent School district.

Young Joe lost the title of being the first baby born in Skellytown by one week, as a girl was born in the town one week before Joe was born.

Once Had 1,500 Population

At the crest of the mad decade, Skellytown was bigger than the present LeFors, with a population of 1,500. This population resulted from the great amount of construction near Skellytown in the late 20's.

The Cabot companies in August, 1927, started construction of their carbon black plant, and 300 men were employed. About the same time or soon after gasoline plants, and oil camps were started and today within a radius of 10 miles of Skellytown are located the gasoline plants of Skelly-Schafer, Shell, Crawford, Cargray, Watkins-Skelly, camps of the Texas company, Holmes & Holmes, and Stanolind.

The Northern Natural Gas company put down in the Skellytown area a 24-inch line that conveys gas as far away as Omaha.

Fights were numerous in Skellytown back in 1928. One of these was an eight-man brawl, Mr. Martin recalls. Its retail businesses at that time included both a motion picture theater and a newspaper, but both these have long since disappeared from Skellytown.

Lindbergh Avenue

There is a "Only Yesterday" feeling in calling the names of Skellytown avenues, as they appear on a map. The map shows Skellytown to have 10 streets, numbered one to 10, and four of the six avenues bear the names of famous aviators.

The Lone Eagle of course is honored with one thoroughfare named Lindbergh. Byrd is the name of another, and Chamberlain, (perhaps for the aviator, but certainly not for the umbrella toting premier) is complimented by having his name on another avenue.

The other avenue is named Roosevelt, and then there is that Lewisism "Main."

Roxana Still Remains

Skelly, the ancestor of Skellytown, has disappeared, but Roxana, located 1½ miles west, still remains, a cluster of six houses and a post-office. Roxana in its heyday had four barber shops, two hardware stores, five grocery stores, and three drug stores, operated by Fank Pepie, still remains in Roxana, escap-

ing the fate of other structures that were moved away.

Roxana was started in 1927, and derived its name from the Roxana Oil company.

Skelly Hotel Oldest

Oldest hotel in Skellytown, and one that has operated continuously since its establishment is the Skelly hotel, owned by Mrs. V. L. Black. The Blacks hail from the Keystone state, and spoons used in the hotel cafe bear the imprint of the Pennsylvania seal.

Looking at Skellytown today we find that the population is 154 and the number of business establishments is sixteen.

Skellytown has the distinction of being perhaps the only town in the Top O' Texas with a tripple-initialled justice of the peace, J. A. J. McBee. Lem D. Wall is constable, a woman, Dorothy Statton, is postmaster.

Skellytown has three churches, the community church, with Rev. B. J. Osborn as pastor; Assembly of God, Rev. Ernest K. Bates; and Baptist, of which Rev. A. M. Baker is pastor.

J. E. Collins is the Skellytown agent of the P. & S. F. railroad, and E. E. Crawford is chief of the Skellytown volunteer fire department, organized just six months ago.

The Skellytown school has an enrollment of 300 pupils, a faculty of 13 teachers, headed by Principal Chester Strickland, and teaches grades from first through the seventh. High school pupils attend school in White Deer, Mr. Martin said.

There were no pavement improvements in the old days, because there were no pavements. The streets were always either dry and bumpy, dusty or muddy. There were no crossings of any kind so the cowboys got into the habit of riding across the street to keep the shine on their boots. A business houses had well-chewed, itching racks in front.

A Little Guy Can Be Good Oil Driller

They used to think that you had to be a big fellow to be a driller, and so when Ben Critchlow came to Oklahoma from the oil fields of Pennsylvania and Illinois, they would size up Ben's rather abbreviated stature, and say, "So you're a driller!" But he upset their theory. He showed them what a little man could do.

And Ben had no trouble getting jobs. He started working in the Butler, Pa., field in 1906. In 1909 he was working in the Robinson, Ill., field. In 1913 he was at Bridgeport. In 1917 he went to Okmulgee. In 1924 he was in Osage. Then in 1926 he made the Borger boom, and the next year he went to wild and woolly Seminole. He drilled in the Pampa field in 1928, 1929 and 1930. In 1933, he went to Santa Rosa, New Mexico, to drill a well, and he has been there ever since.

So you can see, Mr. Ben Critchlow has been around since he worked on a well four miles south of Butler, Pa., in 1906. In those days you walked to work and drew about \$3 and \$4 a day and worked 12 hours a day. You also fired up with wood and coal. Ben's dad before him was a driller, and Ben used to dress tools for him, D. W. Critchlow, at Oil City, Pa.

Mr. Critchlow has also drilled at Slick City, Cromwell, Webb City, Guymon and Whizzbang.

But the Panhandle field is Mr. Critchlow's favorite. On account of the weather, working conditions, roads and the class of drillers, he would rather live here than any place. His residence is at 916 No. Somerville.



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Driller Now Foreman Of Grand Jury

John D. Frye, your present grand jury foreman, was held up three times in one week in the same place in the Drumright, Okla., field. Each time the hijacker got next to nothing but the third time he warned the tall, brown-eyed driller that he'd better have something on him next time or take a pistol-whipping. Every night somebody got beat up with a pistol by hijackers, so the next day Mr. Frye got \$25 and put

it in a special place on his body for the hijackers, but they never ran across him again. Now a lot of oil field workers tell that story, but it really was the truth with Mr. Frye.

Yep, it was pretty tough at Drumright, with all the hijacking, the killings, the gambling, the dance-hall brawls, but it was not nearly as tough as the old Keifer field of 1906 and 1907. Wild women made that place tough, said Mr. Frye. One time the laws came down from Tulsa and shipped out five box cars full, said Mr. Frye.

Mr. Frye started dressing tools at Fairview, W. Va. He has drilled in Illinois, Oklahoma, Kansas, Pennsylvania and Texas. Mr. Frye, now a pumper for Magnolia, was named foreman of the Grand county jury last Monday by Judge W. R. Ewing.

He takes a keen interest in the preservation of law and order, and has been a valued member of the grand jury several times. He is known to grand jury members as a keen investigator.

The old-time driller did not deserve nor get top recognition, Mr. Frye said, until he could start out for the rig each morning with two sacks of Mail Pouch tobacco, and equal amounts of Five B. others and a Diamond Dick novel. The real old-timers, for the most part, kept a close mouth and considered it a serious breach of ethics or a drastic loss of dignity to address toolies or roughnecks.

Delaware has the highest per capita income among the states, but it is exceeded by the District of Columbia.

The United States is by far the world's largest producer of petroleum with Russia second and Venezuela third.

The Boulder dam power plant produces about one-fifth of all the electrical energy used in Southern California.

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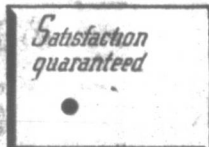
So confident were they of his ability to bring them real bargains,

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Driller Tells How He Slew Giant Boa With Spudding Show At Oil Well In S. A.

Who is E. Flitch of Borger? Well, the Roving Reporter received a masterpiece of a letter from E. Flitch of the Wonder City, who wrote some of his amazing experiences in an astounding three-page letter.

Obviously, Mr. Flitch is trying to have some fun, and it seems that he is trying to kid somebody in a subtle manner. Nevertheless, the R. R. feels that Mr. Flitch is quite a driller himself and has been around and knows quite a few of the answers.

So thanks, Mr. F(?)itch, for this letter which follows:

"It is with a keen interest that I have been following the series of articles which have been appearing in your paper recently concerning the lives and history of the old timers in the oil industry, as I understand these veterans are to be honored at the Top O' Texas Fiesta celebration, a worthy cause for which I am sure the whole fraternity commends you for the untiring efforts you are putting into it, and I would like to contribute my part as I surely intend to be there, and as I stroll through the autumn of a very active and useful life I like to think of the times that we old-timers might get together and re-live some of our experiences.

Landed in Osage

"As a young lad I left my home in the hills of Tennessee and started to roam. Being ambitious, naturally, the big money of the oilfields beckoned me and soon I landed up in the Osage country of Oklahoma where I picked me off a tool-dressing job. Well, sir, being unusually bright and anxious to learn, it wasn't long before I was considered one of the best in that part of the country, then one day, as luck would have it, the driller was sitting on the lary bench eating his lunch and he told me to get up and let her down. So I crawl up on the derrick stool, and, after adjusting the steam (in fact I gave her a couple of spokes) I let it down a foot or so, and about this time the contractor walks in and I was running it so much better than the would-be driller that he fired the driller and turned it over to me. That is just one of the breaks that a young feller gets. Well, after I left there I made all the booms in Oklahoma, Kansas, Wyoming, Texas and South America.

S. A. Mules Tough

It was while in S. A., I believe I encountered my most unusual experience. The well that I was to work on was out from the main camp 45 days by mule. Now believe me, if you never rode one of them S. A. mules, you have missed something. They are just a shade tougher than any brahma steer that I ever rode. Well, on the 45th day, we rode into camp. I looked the situation over and after making a few minor changes (the well was poorly rigged up), I decided she was ready to go; so I started to spud one morning just after day-break. (I always run the morning tower, as a man can get more done), I bumped upon a lime shell, and gentlemen, she was hard and I was running it just as hard as the outfit would run. (I always could use more white steam than any driller in the state of Texas).

What a Snake!

Well, sir, I had begun to think the bit was off, so I glanced out the walk for the tool-dresser, figuring that I would pull out, and instead of seeing the tool-dresser, a big Boa about 32 feet long was crawling up the walk. Well, sir, for a few seconds I was senseless, but always being noted for quickness, I soon recovered and I figured that I would let Mr. Boa come on in and when he got directly beneath the spudding shoe I would suddenly throw up the brake and bean him with the shoe. Well, as I said before, I had all the steam on her she would stand, so I carefully gauged the length of by bridle and bided my time. Sure enough, the reptile crawled closer, and when I threw up the brake the shoe caught him just back of the eyes, stunning him momentarily. Then I grabbed a double-bitted axe that was laying across the forge and with one blow severed his head. I had the native camp boss skin the snake and make the hide up into belts which I sent to all my nephews in Tennessee.

I supervised drilling of some of the first wells in the old south Pampa field in the early boom days of the Panhandle. In fact, I am the man who brought the long stems and flat bits to this country and shortened up the runs from 30 to 40 days.

Them days everybody was in a hurry, so one day a friend of mine, who is still contracting here sent for me to fish out a bailer that he had in a hole out in the Bowers pool. Well, I goes out, and after giving it the once-over decided that the

quickest way to get the bailer out was to have the tool-dresser go down and tie onto it. The hole, which was twenty inches wide and one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, had a bump on the wall about ten feet off bottom. This bothered me some, but I finally decided that if I could run him up and down the hole enough times with his feet spraddled out, he would rub the bump off in time. Well, after dropping him right hard a couple of times, the operation was a success.

I am writing you this for publication as I want all my friends to know that I am planning on being in Pampa for this get-together. The boiler house has got most of us old boys that is on the sundown side. However, I am more fortunate, as I have a tool-pushing job. However, that old rocking chair looks mighty inviting some times.

I will be more than glad to relate more of my experiences any time.

Yours truly,
E. FLITCH,
Borger, Texas

H. B. Landrum

The first well H. B. Landrum, 1118 East Francis, worked on was the Sun company's Landrum No. 1 at Petrolia. That was in 1905 and 1906.

Mr. Landrum then worked in the Petrolia field from 1905 to 1916. He was in the Burk field in 1918 and 1919. Then he worked on wells at Nocona, Wichita and Electra.

Canton island in mid-Pacific is being prepared as a stopping place for a new San Francisco-New Zealand airline.

AL JOHNSTON WON CAR WHEN FIRST FLOWING WELL IN GRAY COUNTY FLOWED 700 BARRELS

The first flowing oil well in Gray county won a Ford sedan car for A. F. (Al) Johnston, the driller, who was then district superintendent for the H. F. Wilcox Oil & Gas company.

Mr. Johnston and E. E. Reynolds had up a bet that the well would produce 500 barrels a day, according to Al. The well came in during March, 1926, for 700 barrels. This was the third well drilled on the Combs-Worley ranch. The well was known as the Wilcox No. 2. Mr. Reynolds was a son-in-law of the late Mrs. Phoebe K. Worley.

Fred Gilchrist of Pampa drilled the first well on the Combs-Worley ranch, and was completed by Mr. Johnston. Mr. Gilchrist was also the production superintendent in Gray county, coming here in 1925 as district superintendent of all operations for the Wilcox.

Grandfather Oil Man.
Al, who is known to all oil operators and most oil field workers in the Panhandle field, has been active in all branches of the oil business since 1912, starting in Butler, Pa., with his father, John Nevin Johnston, who was a drilling contractor and a producer. Al's father attended college at Washington, Pa., in the '70s, but soon after he left school he smelled oil and continued in the business until his death in 1926.

Al, you might say, was born with the pounding, hissing sounds of the oil field in his ears, and he still likes to live within sound of a drilling well. Two or three years ago he built him a house in Pampa, and it took him a long time to find the location he wanted. It was on the edge of town on the Amarillo highway where he would be certain that he could hear the chugging of cable tools in the distance. Now, Al never said that, but that's what his friends tell on him.

Al's grandfather, Captain F. R. Fritz, his mother's father, built the first city hotel in Oil City, Pa., in the '60s. This hotel is in operation today. He also ran the first barge of oil down the Allegheny river from the mouth of Oil creek to Pittsburgh.

Pa., and continued in this business for a number of years. All members of both Fritz and Johnston families have been and are at this time connected in some manner with the oil business.

Al's father, John Nevin Johnston, and his partner, Fred Lidecker, drilled wells in the following fields: Butler, Glade Run, Brush Creek, McDonald, Bradford, Bruin, Petrolia, and other fields in western Pennsylvania, also in Ohio, West

See JOHNSTON, Page 6

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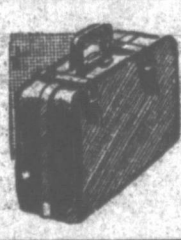


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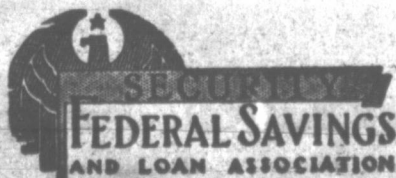
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Driller Fought Malay Pirates, Captured Pythons In Dangerous Island Adventures

The Roving Reporter met up with one of the most amazing, spectacular and exciting stories ever told by a driller.

The raconteur was E. C. (Gene) Wright, 421 North Gray street, whose home has been the entire world, whose friends and acquaintances have been people of every nationality on the globe, including Burmese, Javanese, Malays.

His story reads like an absorbing tale by Joseph Conrad, probably the greatest writer of the Twentieth century, who thrilled the world with his tales of the Malay peninsula, the very terrain where Mr. Wright drilled oil wells for three years.

Down in his Gray street residence right now is ivory which Mr. Wright cut from the heads of elephants which he himself slew.

What a Memory!

You know Mr. Wright's memory is as accurate as it is prodigious because before he told his astounding experiences in the oil fields of the world, he recited a poem from memory that all old-time drillers have heard, "The Driller's Dream," which has 60 verses and 240 lines, and he recited this poem without a single pause!

The log of Mr. Wright's comings and goings aren't so very exciting, but they indicate that much happened between the lines. So first, to give you an idea of the thrilling experiences that will follow, there will be the following chronological account of his comings and goings since he was born at Harbor Creek township, Erie county, Pa.

He started working in the oil fields about 1900 at Pleasantville, Pa., carrying dinners to drillers and tool-dressers, riding a horse to the wells and back home. Then he carried water to the crew of a water-well machine. Three years later he began dressing tools for an old Star machine, and in 1903 he drilled his first well near Scranton, Pa., in Lackawanna county.

Water Wells in Oregon

In 1906 he went to Oregon and drilled water wells in the new country that had opened up near Pendleton, now the famous Round-up city. After a year in Oregon, he went back to Pennsylvania just in time to attend the funeral of his father who was a drilling contractor.

Young Gene took the tools and started drilling on his own, but in his own words, it didn't "take him long to go broke." For several years he drilled in Pennsylvania and Ohio fields and his next big jump was to Oklahoma in 1914, and for the next decade or so he drilled wells in Kansans, Oklahoma, and Texas. He first landed at Tulsa and drilled in the old Cole pool.

In 1922 he drilled the first well for the Gypsy Oil company at El Dorado, Kas., which was the discovery well for that prolific pool—the well that opened the pool. There Mr. and Mrs. Wright made a lot of money. He was drilling right and left and had his pick of the jobs and he made a handful of money, and his wife did, too. She operated a boarding house and fed hundreds of oil field workers, plenty of potatoes and roast beef and beans, with a piece of pie every new and then.

Sail For Burma

Well, the Wrights made a pretty good stake at El Dorado, so they took a trip, a pleasure trip, and the quote Mr. Wright, they came back broke. In 1918, during the Ranger boom, Mr. Wright drilled a well at Erath, near the Ranger pool. Then they went back to Okmulgee where they had their home, and Mr. Wright drilled in the various fields in that area.

In 1922, the Wrights got itching feet again, and this time they made a big jump. They went to Burma, British India, and stayed three years, and came back to Okmulgee with another big stake. They had a fine time living off that. Then Mr. Wright began drilling in the Seminole field. That was in the fall of 1926.

Dutch Indies Next

About that time, Mr. Wright got another chance to make another big jump, and he signed up to go to the Dutch Indies, including the island of Sumatra, and other islands of the Malay peninsula. After eventful experiences in the Dutch Indies they came back to the United States, and went to Cleveland where Mr. Wright operated a filling station. Their last move was a year ago last November when they came to Pampa.

Now that is an account of Mr. Wright's comings and goings, and it doesn't sound very exciting, does it? But you haven't heard nothing yet.

His Toughest Town

Let Mr. Wright tell you the toughest place he ever lived in. It wasn't

among the head-hunters and cannibals in Java and Borneo. It wasn't in the Keifer field of Oklahoma. It wasn't Drumwright, or Ranger, or Seminole, or El Dorado. It wasn't in the jungles of the Dutch Indies among poisonous reptiles, man-eating tigers, cut-throat pirates. It wasn't in Mysterious Mother India. It wasn't in Burk Brunett or in Ohio and Pennsylvania where oil field workers fought with their fists in marvelous free-for-all brawls. No, sir. Well, where was it?

It was 55th street at the corner of Superior and Euclid in Cleveland, Ohio, where Mr. Wright operated a filling station. But let him tell it.

God's Country Next

"The most murderous, chiseling, brutal, dangerous place I ever lived was right there," he declared. "We got beat up, shot up, and filled up, and fed up, and broke and so all at once one day he decided we'd get up and leave that hell-hole of creation and come back to God's country to see if there were any white people left in the world. We wanted to come back to see the kind of people we had always known and liked and understood. So we came to the Panhandle field—Pampa, and here we are. Why, Slim, let me tell you the toughest place I ever saw in the oil fields was heaven compared with those wops and dagoes and gangsters in Cleveland!"

Now, ain't that something! But read on, brother, read on!

"Now, Mr. Wright, there ought to be a lot of good copy about your experiences in the Dutch Indies," I asked. "How about the wild animals there?"

Ran Over Tiger

Mr. Wright sort of started. Then he told how one day he and Mrs. Wright were traveling in an open Ford car in Sumatra, and ran right over a huge tiger which persisted in trotting down the road. The tiger got Mr. Wright's Irish goat, and he got red in the face and tried to run over. It was a wonder the car didn't turn over, but the tiger, snarling angrily, just got up and started trotting off in the other direction.

"Tell him about that fishing trip, Gene," said Mr. Roberson, Mr. Wright's driller here.

"Well, that was pretty good," said Mr. Wright, who then related a hair-raising adventure. (However, just before he got good and started on the fishing trip adventure, Mr. Wright told how his wife would walk alone from their bungalow to the derrick where he was drilling. But she only thought she was alone. When she got there a half dozen Malays would pop out of the bushes. They had crept along paralleling her to see to it that a tiger didn't jump out and get her.)

In Pirates' Clutches

This fishing trip had its inception when a young fellow by the name of Blankenship got married to a girl he had known in Tulsa. The girl came to Singapore where they were married. After they got back they decided to go to the other end of the island on a sort of honeymoon-fishing trip—Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Blankenship. They drove their car to a certain place on the coast and then hired a native ship to go fishing.

They anchored well off shore, and by that time everybody but Mr. Wright was seasick, and he began putting out his lines. Soon he became aware that the crew was going through the luggage, stealing cigarettes, clothing and everything they had. Mr. Wright then decided that there must have been something to the warnings of friends who urged him not to go to the end of the island to fish on account of cut-throat pirates. "But we were Americans and were supposed to have more sense than Malays so we went," he explained.

Well, they finally by dint of fierce threats and forceful English persuaded the crew to take them back to the shore.

Gave Away Possessions

However, before the trip began they saw a huge crowd of people had surrounded the car. When they got on shore they saw knives and guns and threatening looks, and to possibly appease the mob they

began throwing their luggage and all the possessions they had to the pirates, one by one—cigarets, rings, jewelry, Dutch guilders. They finally got to their car and left, and were sure that it was a lucky escape when they learned that several people had made that trip and had never returned.

Swims To Escape

Another time Mr. Wright's forceful English as he described it didn't get over so well. He was in his car and planned to cross the river which had a sort of ferry but no bridge. He didn't like the way the natives were loading it, so he turned loose on a fellow that seemed to be the head man, and ended his harangue by jerking the fellow's garments. That was the wrong thing to do because immediately the fellow soaked him one and knocked him down, and the others jumped on him, kicking and beating him. He finally rolled off into the river and swam ashore where he got reinforcements and went back and got his car.

Caught Huge Python

It was nothing at all to run into a herd of elephants, and all kinds of wild, ferocious beasts. One time he caught a python, deadly reptile, 34 feet long. However, pythons had no fear for him when tamed and he had a pet python 22 feet long, and he has a picture of that amiable reptile.

On one island where he drilled they had to keep the house doors locked to keep the monkeys from carrying off everything he had. He has flown from one end of the island of Java to another, and he described that productive land as resembling a well-kept lawn with its fields of rice, coffee, tobacco.

Parley Vous Francaises?

For nine months his wife didn't see a white woman and then when she did the woman was French and they couldn't understand each other's language, but they were close friends and enjoyed each other's company very much. Mr. Wright described the drilling camps as modern and sanitary and comfortable. Mr. Wright has the distinction of drilling the deepest well on the island of Sumatra.

Now this isn't half of Mr. Wright's story, but it'll have to do for the time being and this writer does not doubt a single word of it. Fact is, we're going back for more.

JOHNSTON

(Continued from page 4)

Virginia, Oklahoma, Texas, and Kentucky.

Was 'Toolie' In 1912

Al's first job in the oil fields in 1912 was tool dresser for his father at Glade Run, Pa. He has worked in the following fields: Butler county, Pa.; Washington county, Ohio. He came to Oklahoma in 1915 and in subsequent years he made booms at the following places: Drumwright, Shamrock, Bristow, Henryetta, Shidler, Cromwell, Seminole, Asher, Oklahoma City, Burk, and the Panhandle of Texas. He was a cable tool dresser until he became connected with the Wilcox.

While he was with the Wilcox, he had charge of all operations such as the drilling and producing of wells. He drilled and produced wells for Wilcox in Bristow, Slick, Cromwell, Stroud, Mounds, Seminole, Asher and Oklahoma City, and Gray county, drilling and completing five wells on the Combs-Worley before the boom started in June, 1936. He drilled about 45 wells on the Combs-Worley ranch for the Wilcox. He resigned his position in December, 1934, after 11 years service with that company.

Al quit the Wilcox to go into the producing business for himself, and of course, as everybody knows, he has not regretted it. As an independent he has drilled eight wells in the Panhandle.

Likes Pampa Best

Al says he came back to Pampa because he thinks "the oil men located in the Panhandle field are the cream of the crop—no better anywhere, and because the old-timers in the Panhandle are the real true-blue American type, a big smile and a big hello for every one."

Al says the most dangerous field he has ever drilled in was the Drumwright field where he believes more lives were lost and more men hurt than any other field. It was dangerous because of the open flowing wells, lots of gas and no protection. There were many fires in the field.

Mr. Johnston agrees with many old-timers that the toughest field of them all was the Keifer, Okla., field in Creek county, when they operated the "mad house" and "bull

Art Goebel Will Sky-Write Here

There's scheduled to be entertainment in the sky during the Top O' Texas Fiesta when Art Goebel brings his famous smoke writing ship to Pampa.



COOL ART GOEBEL

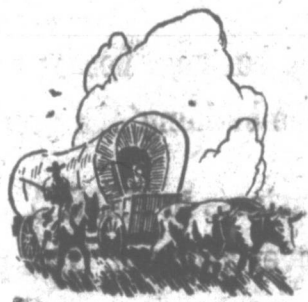
The formation of sky writing letters is no longer a secret; however, the feat is still a curiosity and is enjoyed by the majority of the people.

Just as soon as the north winds stop blowing and the weather turns clear, Colonel Goebel winds up his Boeing P-12 army pursuit plane and starts clattering up the sky with his Phillips 66's. Sky writing, the feat of climbing two miles up in the air and printing letters—using an airplane as a pencil—that can be clearly read as far as 35 miles away, never fails to cause wonder and comment.

The secret of skywriting, according to Goebel is to pick a calm air strata and to line up your letters with some series of straight lines. Goebel usually makes use of the section lines or highways which are very clearly defined. Then all you have to do is draw the "Phillips 66" with the plane. A very maneuverable plane is necessary, and that is why Goebel owns one of the very few military ships in private service—he could not write satisfactorily with a slower, less powerful ship. His Boeing P-12 cruises just under 200 MPH and hite 350 on a vertical dive. While this is swell when he is in the air, it means that he has to land at about 90 MPH which is a tricky operation. It is interesting that his plane's slowest speed is faster than most of us have ever traveled.

pen." The first was the bar room and the second the dance hall.

Al has an interesting collection of pictures made in the Gray county field, and several of these will appear in the Top O' Texas Fiesta edition of The News. These pictures will include the first flowing well, the first tool house, the first tank, Pampa mud in 1926.



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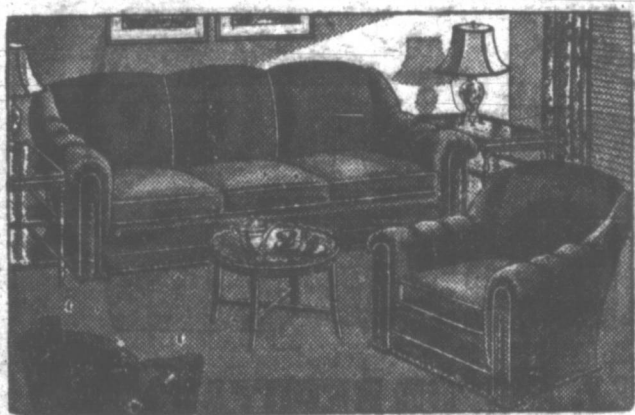
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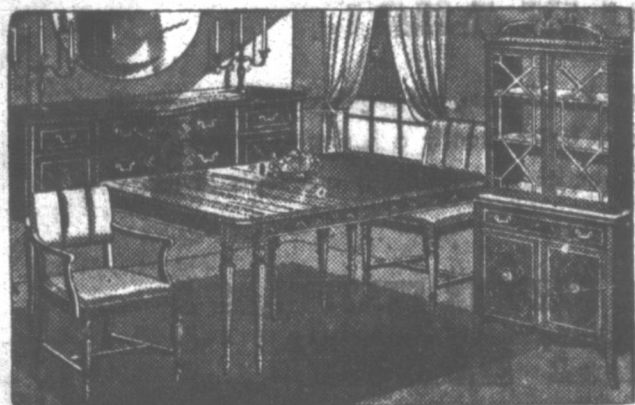
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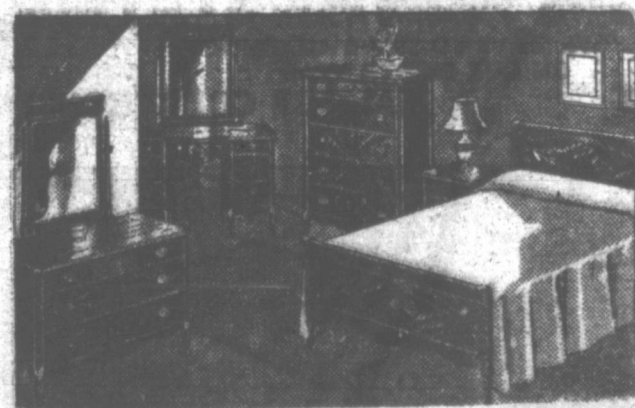
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Pampa, Texas

Panhandle's Most Destructive Prairie Fire Described By Woman

By GLADYS CLOSE BUCKNER.

The March wind sweeping across the plains early one afternoon in 1908, brought us the faint odor of burning grass. The wind seemed to gain strength hourly until an early dusk gave us such a tang of burnt grass, our nostrils smarted.

Our livestock grazing so peacefully raised their heads, inhaled the air and began to be nervous, always look west from whence came the ominous warning on the smoke-laden wind.

The pioneers knew only too well what a prairie fire meant driven by a wind with a velocity of forty miles an hour. Every farmer and rancher rounded up his stock, quickly driving them into fields free from dead grass or stubble. Fire guards were inspected and all drift weeds cleared from fence corners and away from all buildings and feed stacks.

Never did we destroy an old broom. They were used to put out fire by sweeping against it. Neighbors came quickly on horses each carrying a broom and a "torch." The torches were made by winding wire around rags until it made a very compact ball about twice the size of a man's fist. These were kept on hand at all times and well soaked in kerosene. They were fastened on wires long enough to drag behind a horse when tied to the saddle horn. One would burn for hours when lighted and were very effective to "fire against" the head fires. The rider set "back fires" with one of these torches, then the fire fighters headed it for the fire guards. These fire guards were made around all homes by plowing two very deep furrows from fifty to one hundred feet apart. The spaces between were burned off as soon as we had a frost severe enough to kill the grass and weeds. These proved very valuable in protecting our homes from prairie fires.

By sundown the wind carried a haze of smoke and an ever-increasing odor of burning grass. As darkness came we realized with fearful foreboding that the brilliant colors in the west were not all painted by the setting sun. Still higher and more mournful the wind howled and shrieked. Soon the western horizon blazed in crimson flashes. The worst fire in the history of the Panhandle of Texas came swiftly and surely upon us.

Brave, sad-faced, and determined, men rode their nervous trembling horses out to meet the fearful, destructive, roaring inferno while their wives and children huddled together, shivering and prayerful at home.

The flames were visible by seventy-three and before, eight the "head-fire," a crackling, roaring demon, its flames licking from the ground to a height of ten to fifteen feet in the air, went rushing by with a speed equaled only by our modern stream-lined trains, ever gaining in

speed and greedily spreading in width as it sped to the east. So hard was the wind blowing, the fire crossed all our guards, pushing blazing tumble weeds and cow chips ever just ahead. Quaking hearts cried aloud in their anguish, "Would this be the end, could the men folks return, must this mean the last of all we held dear?"

Fire fighters rode to safety on the burned-over ground left by their "back-fires." How dark and dreary the world seemed as we surveyed the black wedge of desolation nine miles wide here and twenty-five miles wide farther on east, beginning near Dalhart, Tex., from sparks of fire from a train and reaching the central part of Oklahoma on the east. A mighty destroyer conquered at last, not by man power, but by nature alone; bare sand hills and a river. The heart-breaking, charred prairie was made more ghastly by a burning fence post standing here there, gruesome symbols of our helplessness.

When all side fires were out of soot-blackened fighters gathered in the nearest home for much needed coffee and food, remembering to be thankful for our loved ones, homes and livestock spared us, rejoicing in the hopes of greener pastures in the spring, better grass free from weeds and cactus thorns.

Walsh Helped Drill Plains' First Well

By THE ROVING REPORTER

The Roving Reporter today presents two Texas company drillers, Bert Walsh and J. D. Fish, and J. W. Brantley who used to think he was tough until he lived at Oil City, La.

Mr. Brantley worked at Oil City in 1908, and there the oil field workers fought for the fun of it. All fist fights. They'd fight to see who was the best man.

"They took me down pretty quick. It didn't take me long to find some guy that could lick me," he grinned.

"I used to think I was pretty tough but I learned better at Oil City," said Mr. Brantley. However, Oil City may have been the toughest, but Wink was the most dangerous town, he said. Then the Roving Reporter remembered his recent conversation with a driller in front of the K. O. Waffle House. Said he, "Why, I remember when they had the jails full at McCamey and Wink and they'd just handcuff 'em and chain 'em to a post. Yep, them towns wuz the worst!"

You know Bert Walsh and J. D.

Fish. They're old timers in the Panhandle field and just about everybody knows them. Mr. Walsh drilled the first well in this area in 1922-23. It was known as the Tipton-McConnell No. 1. That well was also the hardest well to drill for Mr. Walsh. H. H. (Shorty) Heiskell was one of the tooldressers on the well with Mr. Walsh.

Mr. Walsh drilled his first wildcat in 1905 and 1906 in Young county. It was the Arnold No. 1 and it was dry. In 1906 he drilled the W. Carmack No. 1 in Young county and it was also dry. From 1909-11 he dressed tools (cable tools, of course) for Morgan & Shriver, Wichita Falls. In 1913 and 1914, he dressed tools on a wildcat at Marietta, Okla.

In 1915-16, Bert went to drilling for Eckman and Teetsworth in the Healdton field which includes Ragtown where Bert was held up and robbed three times. In 1917 and 1918 Bert worked at Ranger for the same contractor. Then in 1919 he went to work for Graham and

Little. In 1920, Mr. Walsh worked at South Bend, W. H. Ellinger, contractor. In 1921 he still was at South Bend but working for the Erie Oil company. That brings him up to 1922 when he came to Pampa and went to work on that first rig in the country.

Was In France

In 1924 he drilled for W. H. Hoover on the Sam Morse No. 1, and in 1925 drilled a well for McElroy at Borger. In 1926, Mr. Walsh went to work for the Texas company and has been with that firm ever since, a total of 13 years.

Mr. Fish, a cable tool driller, worked on his first well at Henrietta in 1918. Then he made the booms at Ranger, Breckenridge, Bristow, and the Osage. He has been in the Panhandle field, stationed at Pampa since 1924. He has also worked for the Texas company ever since he has been here. Most of his work is confined to cleaning out.

The World War interfered slightly with Mr. Fish's oil well drilling activities. He was in the A. E. F.

for a year, and was over there three months.

Mr. Fish's Philosophy

Mr. Fish has made a lot of tough towns and worked on a lot of tough wells, and after 21 years of following the oil fields he sums up his career briefly and modestly by saying that he's done a "lot of hard work and had a lot of easy days." The vice conditions in an oil field never impressed Mr. Fish very much. "If you don't want to associate with the rough element you can leave them alone," he said. Other long-time drillers with the Texas company are Vic Taylor and Harvey Landrum, drilling superintendents.

Mr. Brantley who came to Pampa in 1929, worked in the old Spindletop boom in 1903. Later he worked in Humble, Caddo, Colorado, Wyoming, fields. Also at Burk, Tonkawa, Bakersfield (1911), and the East Texas field. He lives at 115 South Wynne. He drilled his first well in the Panhandle near LeFors.

1932

1939



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'Dutch' Archer 'Agitated' Well For 2 Years Here

The Roving Reporter the other night went on tower from four o'clock to midnight with Roy (Dutch) Archer, hoping to find out just what drillers do at a well.

And now the R. R. feels about like the little boy Dutch told about. The lad was watching the driller and the tooldresser change a bit. Reported the lad when he got home "Well, them two guys fought over a stick a long time, finally one of them gave up and let the other have it." You may not appreciate that joke but the drillers do. You ought to go out and watch them and you'd appreciate it.

That afternoon, the R. R. went up to the K. C. Waffle House which is drillers' corner in Pampa, and began propositioning the drillers to take him out on tower. No luck. A half-dozen, including Fred Glass, Carl Dunlap and Frank Leonard, said, "You ain't gonna put no monkey on my back!" Finally, the R. R. got desperate and he made up his mind to crash the next car that came along, and the next one was driven by a tooldresser named Palmer. He drove up in front and honked. Immediately, a well-built, sandy-haired guy of average height made a bee-line for the car and the R. R. went right behind him. Before he could slam the door, the R. R. jumped in the back seat and we drove away with the drillers yelling, "You are the goat, Dutch!"

Dutch Publicity-Shy

But Dutch wouldn't talk much. The only thing we learned was that he worked in Oklahoma before he came to the Panhandle field in 1926. Every time we'd ask him something he'd say, "That ain't for publication, is it?" We did learn that the longest he ever worked on a well in the Panhandle was over two years. He spent that time south of Pampa "agitating" a well to keep it flowing.

However, Dutch answered all questions about the actual drilling of the well, and come to think of it, he couldn't have told anything more interesting. Do you know that drillers have a stick hanging on the head-ache pole (bet you don't know what that is) that they call the five-foot stick and that they measure everything in terms of five feet. Mostly, they measure the drilling line with that stick to see how deep the hole is.

The clanging, rattling chug of a drilling line may sound alike to you all of the time, but it doesn't to a driller. Why, they drill more by feeling and by the way things sound than anything else. The jar of a bit as it sets down on the bottom of the hole tells them everything, but the jar to you, if you finally detect it in the clamp that holds the drilling line, wouldn't mean a thing.

But the R. R. learned some things that he's always wanted to know. For instance, that in a salt formation you bail out every 15 feet, and you bail out about a half-dozen times every tower; you learn that the sand reel pulls the bailer; that there are six pulleys on the crown block at the top of the derrick.

Dutch Don't Taste Mud!

You probably know that they have to drill through several formations before they strike oil, but maybe you don't know that they don't have to taste the mud on the bit to know they are in a salt formation as the R. R. did. Do you know why and how they bail out?

This May Sound Screwey

Well, they bail out to get the mud out of the hole because the bit can't keep on drilling when there's too much mud. They bail out by pulling up the drilling line and the tool on the bull-wheel (is that right, Dutch?). Then they manipulate a stick called the swing lever, take off the bit, and put on a bailer, a long pipe that looks like a well-bucket and works the same way, and run that back down into the hole where it fills with mud. They do that twice. The third time they send it back down it's full of water—because they have to have water in the hole to drill and make mud which they gotta bail out again. Sounds screwey, don't it? (By the way, you oughta see the contraption Dutch invented to turn the water off and on into the bailer.)

The R. R. made a pretty good hand helping push that bit back over the hole after they tied up the bailer to one side. That big beam you see going up and down is the walking beam. The end of it moves up and down right over a pole near the hold called the head-ache beam. You'd have a head-ache, too, if that beam was above your head.

Calf, Bull Explained

Now, there's two kinds of bits, each about five feet long. They screw into a drilling stem about 23 feet long (Wrong, Dutch?), and the wire drilling line is cemented into the stem. When Dutch gets into the

cave he'll put on an eight-inch bit. He'll drill into the dolomite formation where the oil is with a six-inch bit. As long as he's in the salt he'll drill with an open hole, with no pipe, but they'll run pipe when they get into the cave. They they'll use the Calf wheel to run the pipe.

The four casing chieves or pulleys at the top pull the casing which is operated by the Calf wheel.

Well, Dutch, guess we asked too many questions to remember all the answers, because we've forgotten the significance of the thing you called a 16-inch slip socket, the circle (except it takes the bit off), the straight reamer, the long stroke grabs, the three-prong grabs; however, we remember that joke you told about the driller who got fired.

Dutch Tells A Joke

Said the guy who was firing him, "You're fired!" "Fired! Hell, I thought the slaves were already freed!"

Dutch is working on a well for Hermann brothers about 28 miles northwest of Pampa. His toolie, the young fellow Palmer, can do all sorts of tricks with nails and a wooden peg with a leather loop in one end of it. The R. R. spent 30 minutes trying to get that peg out of a pants buttonhole where the toolie put it, and never did get it out. Dutch says that roughnecks and toolies spend a lot of time working up tricks like that.

Except there ain't no roughnecks on a cable tool job. Just the driller and the toolie. A rotary rig has four roughnecks.

But back to Palmer. He's thankful that Dutch don't use as much white steam as they say Ed Fitch uses. The more white steam you use the harder it is on the toolie whose big job is to keep the boiler going. He helps the driller bail out and change bits, also helps him dress tools—pound the red-hot bit with sledge hammers until it gets back in the proper shape.

Here's A He-Man

After spending a tower on a well, you'd become convinced, too, that a driller is a solo among the male species. Talk about cowboys being he-men, you'd pick the driller. Sailors have their papers to show what they know, lawyers, doctors, teachers, etc., have their diplomas; various types of skilled labor have their cards, but drillers have no diplomas, no cards, no papers to show what they can do, but they wouldn't last one minute on a well if they didn't know. They're on their own when they go on tower; there's no boss standing around all time. They're out there alone, and they know what to do without fooling around.

Watching Dutch A Treat

It's pretty out there at night, where Dutch works. The well is in the rolling, green hills near the Canadian river. The moon and the stars are above you, and the clean, cool wind is blowing on you. And then there's the music of that monotonous pounding, grinding bit.

And besides that, Dutch is a human sort of a guy; its fascinating to watch him work, always listening, listening for that jar; always loosening the clamp, letting the drilling line down a few inches. There is man and there is the machine; the man is human and the machine is not, but the man is master. Yes, sir, that tower was better than a book, a sonata, a symphony, infinitely better than a cinema. So we say simply, thanks, Dutch.

H. C. Showers

H. C. Showers who works for the Southern Petroleum Exploration company here, helped drill his first well at Alliance, Okla., in 1912. It was known as the Camble-Luce.

Mr. Showers then made the El Dorado, Kans., boom where he worked until 1916. He was in the Ranger field until 1919, at Breckenridge until 1921, Bull Hill, Okla., until 1922; Powell, Tex., until 1923; Okmulgee, Okla., until 1924; and Bartlesville until 1933.

Hugh Richards

Hugh Richards, 216 North Stark-weather, helped drill his first well about 21 years ago north of Okmulgee, Okla.

His next job was in the Lyons-Quinn pools. In 1918 he went to Henryetta, Okla. From 1919 to 1930 he worked in Central Oklahoma—Okmulgee, Mounds, Beggs, Prior, Bald Hill. In 1934 he worked at Fairfax. From 1936 to 1937 he drilled

The Colorado River aqueduct, being built to carry water to the Los Angeles area, will be 238 miles long and cost \$220,000,000.

Townsend Nearly Froze In Blizzard

One of J. B. Townsend's most harrowing oil field experiences occurred at Caldwell, Kans., in 1917, where the Townsends moved in August after they were married in June.

In the winter of 1917 Mr. Townsend was working on a well on a river near Drury, Kans., when a devastating blizzard of that spring struck. That blizzard is still talked about by old timers of the Southwest. Some think it is the most severe in the history of the Southwest.

Anyway, Mr. Townsend was isolated for three days at the well; he couldn't get in to town and nobody could get out to rescue him. Everything froze up. When Mr. Townsend finally did stagger through the door of his home, he passed completely out, and didn't come to for three days. His feet were frozen stiff as a board.

In 1918 Mr. Townsend enlisted in the A. E. F., and was put to inspecting trucks for the government. He was sent to various camps, including one at Washington and another in Maryland where he was getting ready to embark for France when the Armistice was signed. He was given an honorable discharge in January, 1919.

Mr. Townsend remembers Whiz-bang as the most exciting oil field he has ever made. Vice and crime were rampant, and some weeks they would rob 10 or 12 rigs every night. One night, a teamster friend of the Townsends was held up and robbed by hi-jackers who pistol-whipped him. That was about midnight, and when he regained consciousness along toward morning his team was stopped.

It was almost equally as exciting at Three Sands where they claim there were more illicit whiskey stills to the square mile than any place in the world. They seized the largest still ever captured in Oklahoma near where the Townsends lived at Three Sands.

Mr. Townsend also made the Shidler boom. At Shidler the population of the place was nothing on Dec. 15 and on Jan. 3 it was 3,000.

Mr. Townsend was tooldresser on his first well, at Dilworth in 1917. In 1919 he made the Blackwell boom, and 1920 found him at Billings. The tough-drilling Burbank field was his next field—in 1921-22-23. In 1924 he went to Tonkawa and stayed through 1925-26. In 1927, the

Townsends moved to Pampa and have been here ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Townsend have two children, Roger and Betty Jo Townsend, both well-known in Pampa. Mrs. Townsend was formerly president of the Parent-Teacher association, and was always a leader in school activities.

Fishing is permitted the year round in Lake Mead, the giant body of water formed by Boulder Dam.



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here we go -- do-se-do

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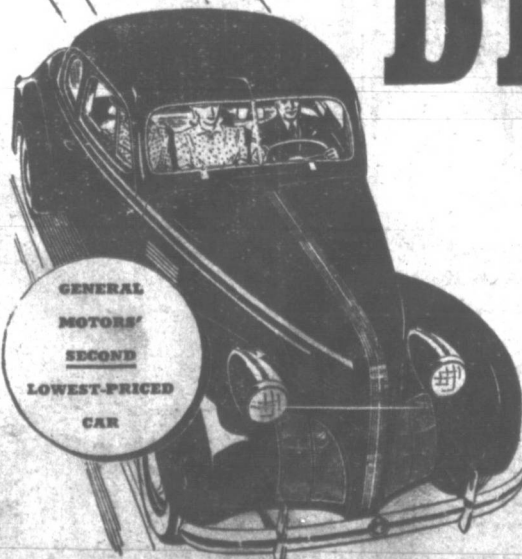
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Adams Began In Oil Field 64 Years Ago

If there's anybody who has followed the oil fields longer than George N. Adams, pumper for the North Fork Oil company, let him show his face around this newspaper.

For Mr. Adams worked on his first drilling well as tool dresser 64 years ago in Allegheny county, New York, near Belmont, and he has been active in fields all over the U. S. ever since then. Right now he is holding down his pumping job in an entirely satisfactory manner, and in a way that makes you think age doesn't matter if you can do the job.

The well was drilled to a depth of 1,700 feet. Citizens financed the drilling of the well. When he left that job, he went to Bradford, Pa., and went to pumping. Then he took the typhoid fever and didn't go back to work until the next spring. He pumped six years at Bradford and left after a boiler blew up on him.

In 1885 he went to dressing tools for his brother and went to Cleveland, Ohio. He came back to Pennsylvania and dressed tools, then pumped a year and went to drilling again at Bradford.

Mr. Adams is the father of Roney Adams, well known Pampa and Amarillo oil men, and was the father-in-law of the late Carl Prince who accumulated a considerable oil fortune.

About 1907, Mr. Adams first met Carl Prince. In April, 1905, he and his sons moved from Marietta, Ohio to Robinson, Ill., and they operated as drilling contractors for two years. Then they took in Carl Prince as a partner.

Later the sons and Prince kept together and Mr. Adams withdrew from the partnership. In 1910 Mr. Adams shipped his outfit to Carlinville, Ill., on a drilling job. Then he went prospecting in Florida, but had no luck.

Drilled Drumwright Well

In 1911, Mr. Adams left the Eastern oil fields, and went to Tulsa. He dressed tools for Prince on the first well ever drilled at Drumwright. O. B. Schafer and Ed Steiner owned the well. After the well came in Mr. Adams went back to Illinois and shipped his outfit to Turley, Okla., where he drilled a dry hole, and later put down wells for Adams and Prince and himself near Turley. He then shipped his outfit to Bixby, Okla., and drilled another dry hole. Then he sunk two wells at Jinks.

He sold his outfit and bought a new string of cable drilling tools and shipped them to Ragtown. That was in 1913 when the boom in the Healdton field was getting off to a good start. At Ragtown he drilled for the Morehead oil company. It was there that the rig of a well he was drilling burned up. He also drilled for the Roxana drilling contractor at Ragtown where he stayed

until 1916 when he took his drilling outfit to Electra.

During most of the years, Mr. Adams was in the oil fields he always had one or more drilling outfits. His speciality was in drilling wildcats, retaining an interest in them. Sometimes he won and sometimes he lost, but he was always willing to turn an interested ear to wildcat contracts.

Cleaned Up At Duncan

He made his biggest haul in wildcat drilling in the Duncan, Okla., field. After Mr. Adams left Electra he took his drilling outfit to Duncan, and worked for the Gladstone Oil and Refining company. Then at Ardmore he bought in with the Ash Brothers. In 1920 he went back to Duncan. His next wildcat was a dry hole at Marlow for the Jager Oil company.

But his next well hit the jackpot. He drilled in the big well on the Thomas farm west of Duncan. He had a thirty-second interest in the wells and an interest in a big lease. He sold his interest in the well for \$24,000 and lease interests for \$8,000, making a total of \$32,000.

Well, this looked like a nice piece of change to Mr. Adams, and he felt that he should invest it, so he went to Oklahoma City and invested the money in houses and lots. But Oklahoma City didn't hold him long. In 1929 he was running a string of tools for Adams and Prince. His investments in Oklahoma City hadn't turned out so good.

Goes To McKamey

His next move was to McKamey where he had three partners, the driller, tool dresser and the superintendent. He drilled a well eight miles north of McKamey for Lew Wentz, and when the well came in he sold his interest in the outfit to his "toolie." He had put \$1,000 in the outfit and took out \$3,500.

That was Mr. Adams last drilling job. He felt that he had drilled enough wells. Then he moved to Pampa, and this is the oil field he likes best. But that's what all the drillers say. The weather conditions for working are best here. They like the improvements, the schools, the social and economic conditions. Yes, all the oil field workers like this field best.

Mr. Adams has no idea how many wells he has drilled, but there have been a lot of them. His career is unique in that he has nearly always had his own outfit. He has known all the oil fields in America, except those in the far west and on the Pacific coast.

After Oil Only

His oil field activities in 1892 were typical of his experiences. In that year he bought a lease and drilled three wells at Williamstown, West Va. In 1903 he moved to Marietta, Ohio, and the next year he had four cases of typhoid fever in his family, but luckily none was fatal.

Mr. Adams was never greatly impressed with oil field conditions. He was after the oil that would

make him money, and he paid no attention to vice conditions. They didn't bother him. He was after the oil, and the excitement of the oil field boom towns was only a minor note in the symphony of black gold.

Consequently, Mr. Adams' reminiscences do not include incidents that made Ragtown, Drumwright, McKamey and other fields the talk of the Southwest. Mr. Adams stuck strictly to business. How that man loved to drill in wildcats! That was the fascinating part of the oil business to him. To set up a rig in wildcat territory and then bring in an oil well was thrill enough for him. He liked to be the first to get oil in a place. He drilled plenty of dry holes in his far-flung quest for oil, but he also opened up new fields. Then his sons got the oil fields in their blood, just like their father did.

Jack Hinds

Jack Hinds, 510 E. Scott, helped drill his first well six miles south of Coffeyville, Kans., in 1916.

Since then he has worked in the following fields:

Sedan, Kans., 1919; Electra, 1924; Bristow, 1923; Cromwell, 1925; Borger, 1926; Hamilton, Colo., 1927; Wink, 1928. In 1917 and 1918 Mr. Hinds was a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces.

C. P. Doyle

C. P. Doyle, 403 North Zimmer, worked on his first well at Sartwell, Pa. It was located on Catholic church property.

Thereafter, Mr. Doyle made the rounds as follows:

Eldred, Pa., Dewey, Okla., Okmul-

Blind Driller Lives In City

Jim Sargent is blind and down on his luck now but there was a time when he was up there at the top.

In 1926, Mr. Sargent got a piece of steel in the right eye, and it never was well after that, he said. About 14 months ago his left eye went out in sympathy with the right eye.

The peak of his drilling career came at Electra where he earned more than \$1,000 per month. After he got the steel in his eye, he bought a farm at Comanche, Okla., and moved his large family to it. He lived there until 1930 when he moved to LeFors. He has lived here since then.

Mr. Sargent's first job was in the Keifer field in 1911 and 1912. In 1914 he went to Ragtown in the Healdton area and stayed there until 1917. The veteran driller says that Ragtown was a hell hole. He was there when five men were killed one evening over an election. Ragtown, burned five times. You could hardly get through Newtown without being robbed.

Once three wild women fought for an hour up and down three blocks in Ragtown and in the first 30 minutes of their fight they tore off all each other's clothes, but they fought with mud so pretty soon you couldn't tell whether they had on

gear, 1912; Agusta, Kans., 1915; Burk Burnett, Bristow, Seminole and the Panhandle field.

clothes or not. The toughest crew in Ragtown was the "tangles," the tank-builders. There were about 600 of them there, and they were unionized and allowed no scabs and they took nuthin' off'n nobody.

Mr. Sargent drilled numerous wildcat wells in Archer county and the Wichita field. He also worked directly for Jake Hamon.

Burk was the most interesting field to Mr. Sargent, on account of the high wages paid there. Before modern methods of fighting oil fires were invented, Mr. Sargent put out flaming wells with wet steam. He directed the work of extinguishing the flames in about 15 wells. Many wells could not be put out with steam.

While he was working in the Healdton fields, Mr. Sargent dressed tools with Bill Kelley, Pampa drilling contractor, he said. After the Burk boom had died down, Mr. Sargent went to Mexia for a year, and then spent a year drilling a wildcat in Medicine county, Ark. After that came Electra.

Mr. Sargent has eight children, ranging in ages from nine to 26 years. They live at 112 East Tuke.



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Hubert Put In Jail 105 Times, Drives Police Chief Crazy

A rootin', tootin', sockin' son-of-a-gun was A. M. (Dutch) Hubert! The carousing, rambunctious oil fields of the southwest have never seen anything like him and likely never will.

In the exciting story of his breath-taking, hair-raising oil field experiences the Boom Spirit of Ranger, Ragtown, El Dorado, Burk, Smackover and the others is vividly brought back to rip-roaring life.

Dutch is the man who was thrown in jail 105 times in El Dorado, Kans., where, he modestly explains, he drove the chief of police to an insane asylum. Dutch is the man of a thousand fist fights. Dutch is also the man who at one time could write a check for \$50,000 and sell his casing company for \$100,000 cold cash.

Dutch's story has all the blood and thunder, the mud, the noise, the hurry, the excitement, the brawls of the oil field boom towns, and his account of his experiences brings them back to a throbbing life. The Roving Reporter has never met up with anything like it and never expects to.

Runs Pipe Barefooted

It is significant that Dutch broke into the oil field business barefooted. It happened one spring day in 1909. Dutch was frog-hunting near El Dorado. He was barefooted and he had a .22 rifle under his arm. He was thirsty and he walked up to an oil rig for a drink of water. One of the crew had just become ill. Someone said that if Dutch had any shoes to wear he could work the front wagon which pulls the casing. But, they said, Dutch couldn't work barefooted; they said he'd get his feet full of hard-wood splinters. "Shoot!" said Dutch. "Lemme worry about my own feet!" And so he ran his first string of casing barefooted. Thus began Dutch's life in the oil fields, and that reckless, daring beginning was prophetic of many hectic experiences.

Jailed 105 Times

It was in El Dorado, Kans., that Dutch cut his widest, most sensational swath. In that Kansas oil boom town in 1917 there were a lot of laws—tough laws, and Dutch was in jail 105 times. As soon as the city would turn him over to the county, he would beat them home. It was here that Dutch went broke and the chief of police went crazy and was put in a sanatorium where he died.

One night seven policemen got \$1.50 each to put him in jail. When Dutch got out the next day he went to the cafe where he was arrested, and the fellow that was running it said that Dutch would have killed him if he had fought the laws any longer. Dutch asked him why, and the cafe owner replied that he was ready to get into the ice box and would have frozen to death. In his fight, Dutch had to have 40 stitches taken in his head.

Even Kaiser Trembled

In 1918, in Eureka, Kans., nearly all the casers were called to war. He was working up in the hills, and it was so dry, said Dutch, that the coyotes would come up to the rig and drink out of the water barrel. The men would climb the derrick and wait until they left. Dutch was called to war the day before the Armistice was signed. "The Kaiser must have quit when he heard that Dutch and his crew were coming," said a driller standing out in front

of the K. C. Waffle House, the drillers' hangout here.

One thing Dutch is proud of. He was married in 1917 in Wichita, Kans. He has been married to her ever since, and "that's a lot more than a lot of oil field workers can boast of—staying married to the same woman," said Dutch.

Saw Bank Robbery

Knowing this much about Dutch, you would also guess that he was present at a bank robbery. And he was. It was at Earlboro, Okla., where the bank was robbed three times. Dutch had started to the bank to get change for a \$10 bill. When he passed in front of the bank he saw a man getting in a car with a 30-30 rifle in his arms, but he thought the man probably was going deer hunting.

When he got inside the bank there was a man behind the door with a machine gun. That man said, "What do you want here, Dutch?" When he told him he'd come in to get change, the bandit ordered him to line up against the wall with the rest of the customers, and told him he could go on with his business after they had gone.

While another robber was behind the cages scooping up money in bags, a girl came in with \$283 to deposit for a store. The bandit asked her if she was responsible for the money, and the girl replied that she did not know. The bandit then directed her to go to the window and have the teller make her out a deposit slip. This done, the bandit behind the cage scooped it up in the bag, and they left.

Began Fistic Career

In 1909-1910, Dutch began a fistic career that has never ended, and has fought numerous eight and ten-round bouts, some of them being main events in Wichita and Seminole.

In 1912, Dutch moved to Tulsa, Okla., and worked in the east Drumwright field, and also the Lagoon sand. In 1913, he was making Ragtown, a tent city where many bums lived, an interesting town. In 1914 Dutch put in his first casing crew in the Bartlesville sand where they had to go to 25,000 feet for oil. He worked five crews day and night. During this time a big Swede came up and asked for a job. Dutch asked him if he had ever worked the front wagon. He replied that he had worked in lumber camps in the north. Dutch put him to work, and told him to put a 20-foot pipe that weighed 90 pounds to the foot on the wagon. The Swede was heaving and pulling, and finally gave up. He said, "this thing is holler, but it weighs a darn sight more than them logs."

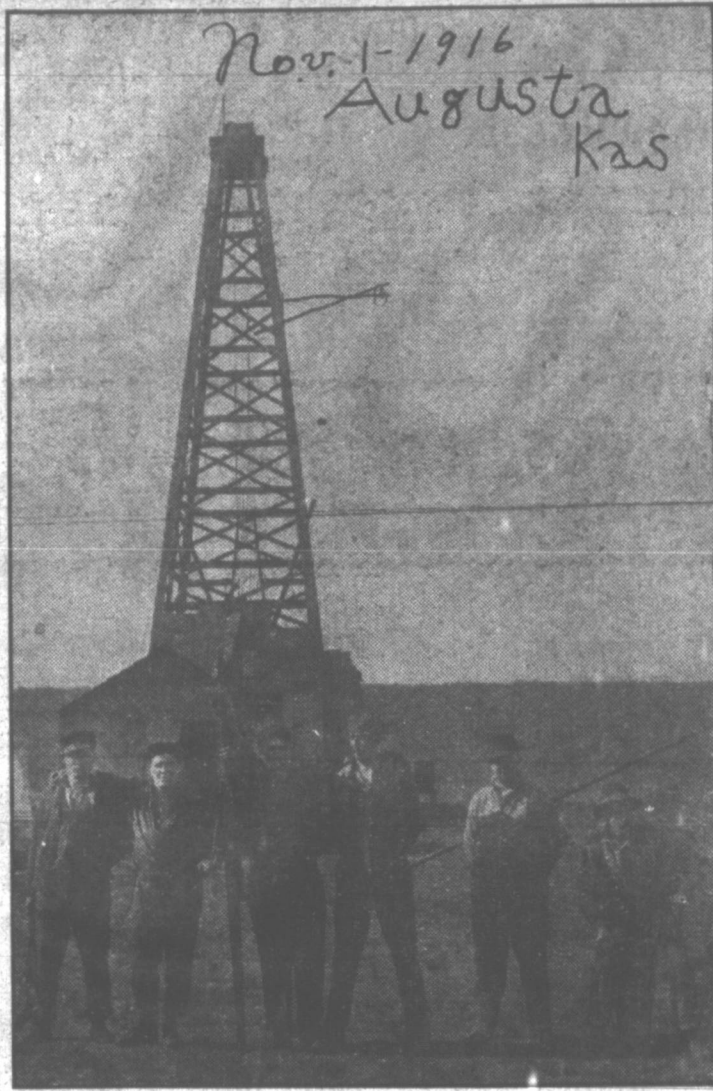
In 1914, in Oiltown, Okla., he was hit-jacked two times, but was never pistol-whipped. "I always had something on me to protect myself," explained Dutch.

Hits Jack Pot

It was only those who did not carry money that were pistol-whipped, he said. Here in Oiltown they had to ferry the pipe across the Cimmaron river for the wells. The Oil Exchange gambling house was the most notorious place in town. It was here that Dutch walked in and laid a dime on a single of the roulette wheel. It hit and he let it ride. Out of it he got \$129.60, and he set 'em up to everybody in the house. Dutch was always having trouble with the law here, but it turned out the laws were really outlaws themselves, he said.

In 1915, in Shamrock, Okla., on St. Patrick's day, Dutch and his

'DUTCH' IS SECOND MAN FROM LEFT



Here is the fantastic Dutch Hubert's casing crew at an Augusta, Kas., well in 1916. Dutch is the second from the left. Since publication of Dutch's experiences

in the News recently scores of veteran oil field workers who "knew him when" have voluntarily come in and testified as to the truth of his stories.

crew laid some six-inch pipe in the morning and were paid off at noon. Shamrock was an Irish town and the day was Irish and the Irish were celebrating.

Fights Seven Laws

Dutch and his crews came into the gambling house to celebrate and eventually got into trouble. Seven laws and a house operator tried to put them out. They put a pair of handcuffs on Dutch, and he broke them in two. They black-jacked him and put a stronger pair on but he broke them in two. They finally chained him to the wall with a mule chain and proceeded to black-jack and horse-whip him, but he busted loose from this and the laws said to let him do as he pleased. One remarked that he was ready to take his nickel out. One of the laws there was later killed in Three Sands by an Indian boy who was pistol-whipped and black-jacked by him. As soon as he was released he shot him in a cafe.

After the fight in the gambling house, it was necessary to take 23 stitches in Dutch's head. His friend, Hank Billings went with him to the doctor, and on the first stitch the doctor broke the needle. Hank ran down to the shoemaker's shop and got an awl. He brought it back and told the doc, "You'd better make a hole before you try to sew it up!"

Fired Only Once

In 1915-16 in Shamrock, Okla., he was dressing tools for the Ash brothers. The crew won enough money to buy a Model T Ford with a brass radiator and all. They started out to the lease and hung it in a tree on the way out. The next morning one of the brothers came down and found them all out on the Lazy Banks creek still 200 yards from the well. This was the only job Dutch was ever fired off. On top of that it cost six dollars to get the car towed back to town.

In 1916 in Augusta, Kas., the town was on a boom. Here Dutch rented some rooms over a bakery, and started organizing a casing crew. There they had to watch their step as the laws were rough and tough. They would arrest the boys for anything. One day the boys got together in Biglow's pool room and decided that it was the night to make the "crows" fly. A banker gave George Brown Jr. \$100 to ride an old gray mule down main street with a railroad lantern hanging on its tail. When the laws arrested him for doing this, the boys got the casing sills and broke in the jail, let every one out and took the laws out to Walnut river and threw them in it. Every time they would get close to the bank they would shove them back out. They finally let them out and started them down

1920. It was here that a shooting took place over the argument as to who would pay for the drinks. All six boys wanted to pay for them. As soon as the shooting began Dutch took off. Three of the boys were killed and the other two wounded. It was also here where he was arrested and accused of being drunk. To make him wobble, one law held the gun on him and the other hit him with a blackjack, he claimed. The citizens got his release and also another's who was falsely accused.

Whizbang, Okla., found Dutch operating a dance hall on Pistol Hill in 1921. It was so-called because all the boys that came brought their guns. They were required to check them in the lockers though. One night, Kelsey Morrison brought Thompson special that would not go in the locker. So Dutch had to put it in the bunk house. This was all right with Morrison as long as Dutch did not unload it.

Made Ten E. E.

In 1922-23-24, Dutch worked on the Hartley lease, where the Gypsy Oil company gave \$1,000,000 for a quarter-section of land. This was the first time Dutch was ever hurt in the oil fields. He was ruptured and had to go to the hospital. It was here that Sticks and Bill, two friends, came to take him to celebrate. They carried him out to the car with only his nightshirt on. Sticks drove his Model T Ford on the railroad track and had to outrun a freight train for several miles before they could get off at a crossing. Dutch says he can still feel the bumps of the car hitting those ties. On top of that, Sticks and Bill got into a fight and Dutch tried to separate them. He had to go back to the hospital with a black eye.

Good Cyclone Story

One of Dutch's lesser but highly

See HUBERT, Page 13

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ATTRACTIONS

Wichita, Kansas

Zimmerla Held Up 4 Times In Whizbang; Drilled In Borneo, Russia, And India

Charles T. Zimmerla has followed cable tools into Sumatra, India, Borneo, Burma, Russia, Old Mexico and a dozen states in the U. S., but he found the most excitement in the Whizbang, Okla., field in 1921.

Mr. Zimmerla, a peace-loving man who never had a quarrel with a fellow driller, tool dresser or roughneck, was held up four times in one week at Whizbang.

"All the boys can tell you that they used to carry \$25 in a special pocket or purse to keep the hi-jacker from getting mad and beating him up—that's an old joke, but it was actually true at Whizbang. People were afraid not to carry money, because they were afraid they'd be pistol-whipped if they had none, and many a man was pistol-whipped at Whizbang," Mr. Zimmerla said.

Drilled In Borneo

Mr. Zimmerla started out in the oil business as a tool dresser at Cygnets, Ohio, in 1889, and that makes him a 50-year veteran in the game. He dressed tools for three years and started drilling in 1892 at Cygnets. He left for West Virginia in 1893, where he drilled several wells.

In 1895, Mr. Zimmerla went to Sumatra to drill for the British-American. In 1896, he put down wells in Borneo, within earshot of the screaming jungles. In 1897, he drilled in Burma. In 1899, he pioneered in southern Russia, close to Rumania for the Russian Petroleum Corporation. He was in Old Mexico the first time when war was declared in 1904. He was back again in 1913, 1914 and 1915. In 1904 in the Tampico fields he saw the natives die like flies of yellow fever. There were so many dead that they never dug graves for many. The biggest drilling difficulty in Old Mexico in 1914 was in keeping with the laboring crew. Every few weeks a general would come along and draft the Mexicans into the army. In 1914, Pancho Villa, the famous Mexican bandit, raided the Tampico country. Mr. Zimmerla also drilled on Pancho river near Tampico.

Liked Morning Tower

States Mr. Zimmerla has drilled in include New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Oklahoma, Texas. He came to the Panhandle field 10 years ago come June 26.

There was a time when Mr. Zimmerla wouldn't take a job unless it was on early-morning tower. That "watch" had the advantage of being cool, and besides Mr. Zimmerla just liked it. When he first began drilling, all the ropes used were Manila ropes, not wires as they are now. The derricks were of lumber, whereas now they are steel.

He was familiar with the "suitcase" sand in the Whizbang and Keifer fields. He said the sand usually lasted for about 300 feet, and drillers hated it because it cut out the bit so frequently. It was then they'd pack their suitcases and leave. The veteran driller made the booms at Cushing, Tonkawa and Red Fork, all in Oklahoma, after his experiences at Whizbang.

Mr. Zimmerla is not the type of cable tool driller who squabbled with his fellow-workers. His friends will tell you that he never had a quarrel with them. If he saw that he was going to have trouble with them, or if there was going to be friction, he'd walk off the lease.

Fire Destroyed Pictures

There is one experience Mr. Zimmerla regrets keenly. Through the years, he had collected many pictures of wells and oil field boom towns where he had worked, and several years ago all were burned in a fire. Mr. Zimmerla made the Ranger boom in 1919 and 1921, but he has not really been impressed by boom town wickedness since he went through the Whizbang reign of terror which was undoubtedly one of the roughest, toughest oil fields on the map. Hi-jacking, murder, robberies, gambling and all sorts of vices flourished, aided and abetted by the law. It was in this field that the gun of the chief of police was found on the body of a slain hi-jacker.

Mr. Zimmerla, despite his 50 years in the oil fields, has a calm eye, a calm hand and a strong chin, and he looks as if he has a number of active years before him. He still drills and he does the job as well as he ever did.

HUBERT

(Continued from page 12)

interesting experiences took place in the Osage in 1922. He was running a string of pipe when the crew saw a cyclone funnel sweeping toward them. All of the crew except Dutch and Tom Pratt ran to the boiler house, and those two crawled into each end of a 15½-inch pipe. The cyclone blew the pipe a quarter of a mile with Dutch and Tom in it holding each other's hands to keep from falling out. They got a rough ride in that rolling pipe, said Dutch. It rained, hailed and the wind blew like a hurricane, said Dutch. The pipe stopped on a cliff against two rocks. When they crawled out of the pipe they saw about eight rigs blown down.

Shoots Corn Off.

At Eunice, N. M., Dutch lost two front teeth when a hi-jacker hit him in the face with a pistol. In the fight that followed, Dutch took the pistol away from him, and the robber fled. Then Dutch in handling the gun accidentally shot himself in the leg. The bullet crashed down his leg and stopped in a corn on his toe. "I've been trying to get rid of that corn for 20 years and I finally decided to shoot it out," Dutch told the nurse.

Dutch has lived in Pampa longer than any place, and he likes it here.

He gets along peaceably with the city and county laws, "so it must not have been altogether my fault at the other places," he said.

Dutch is still working. He goes out daily on a string of pipe.

Dutch was born in Colorado and was one of ten brothers and five sisters.

Slick City, Okla., 1925, later known as Papoose was Dutch's next stop. Here on the Fourth of July he asked the chief of police to let him shoot his 45. He handed it to Dutch and he shot three or four times and said the Fourth was now here and handed the gun back to the chief. The chief hit him over the head with it for giving it back to him. Dutch said "if you hit me again it will make me mad."

Poisoned By Gas.

He made the overnight boom in Henrettya, Okla., in 1926. It was this year he came to Borger where he was drilling gas wells. He had to go to the Dixon Creek hospital many times on account of poison gas. It was then that Mrs. Moley Hunter, sister of George and Oss Cree, nursed him in the hospital. The poison gas was so bad that one of his gold teeth turned black as well as the money in his pockets.

There a law chained him to a wall and pistol-whipped him. The law was later killed for whipping another fellow. This was a good field to make money in, if it had not been for the poison gas. It got Dutch so he left and went to Seminole, Okla., in 1927. Here he worked another casing crew. He spent six years here.

He came to Pampa on Decoration day, 1934, and has worked here ever since. Dutch says this is as good a field as any, but there is nothing tough here, but the dust storms.

Dutch has 16 fat and slick bird dogs. He is very proud of them and has always been his hobby. He also

likes prize fights, horseracing, and baseball.

Ora Wagner

Ora A. Wagner, drilled his first well in 1916. It was a wildcat in northeast Oklahoma.

Thereafter he drilled at Eastland, Ranger, Rising Star, Cross Cut, and

Pioneer, all in Texas from 1919-23. He worked in the Polson Spider and Salt Creek, Wyo., fields from 1923-34. He has been in the Panhandle since 1934.

Mr. Wagner lives at 109 North Wynne.

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AND when farmers would furnish the ammunition if the town boys would come out and shoot the wild geese, so numerous they pulled feed shocks down in the mud and water . . .

AND when sleighs were used for days to come to town . . .

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Cultural Life At Mobeetie In '80s High, Writes Polk

By W. C. (BILLY) POLK
Weston, Mo.

On account of ill health while working for S. E. Noyes & Co., 4th and Commercial streets, Atchison, Kansas, in December 1880, Mr. Noyes suggested I go west, get some sunshine, keep out in the open. I went to Weston, Mo., my old home, and while there my relative, Uncle Nick Eaton of the U-U ranch from the Panhandle country in Texas came to Weston on a visit. He advised I return with him and go out to his ranch.

I gladly availed myself of this opportunity. We left Weston February 26, 1881; stopped off at Kansas City for a few days, then started for Texas. We left the train at Dodge City, Kansas, to remain there a few days before taking the stage for Mobeetie.

I found the people I met at Dodge City very kind and considerate. It seemed to me they were very gracious. Considering that I did not tip the dining room help or the office force, I could not have been more kindly treated. I met a number of Uncle Nick's cattleman friends and the merchants there in Dodge City. When the time arrived for us to take the stagecoach for Mobeetie, I was right up on my toes to go.

Change Horses

Out some fifteen or twenty miles we stopped to change horses, take some black coffee strong enough to 'hop an egg' or a good sized bun or some sour dough bread. It was very little coffee for me. I was not used to the strong drink as yet. We traveled all night. Our first stop was at Camp Supply. Uncle Nick thought it best to rest a few days. We had a very fine visit with Lee & Reynolds with Elsie VanHorn as the entertainer who was a fine fellow—I still think so. While there the all-night trip began to tell on me so they suggested I go over to Amos Chapman's quarters and his squaw would give me a bowl of soup and I could lie down. The soup was forthcoming but I was too sick to enjoy it. The children would stand

about and point their forefingers at me and say, "Paleface! Ugh!"

Buys Stetson

That evening we were to take the buckboard. I bought a Stetson hat for \$10, a pair of blankets for \$6 and I was ready to go as we were to leave in the evening. I perched myself upon the mailbags and Uncle Nick sat beside the driver. After a few miles I went to sleep and awoke to find my \$10 hat missing. The stage driver turned around and went back a number of miles trying to find my hat. The wind had swept it across the prairie and no hat could be found but it was a very kind deed of the stage driver. When we arrived at Mobeetie about six o'clock p. m., we were met with good cheer and a hearty clasp of the hand. I felt welcome already. There was W. L. R. Dickson, my first acquaintance, who afterwards was my life-long friend and adviser; Henry Hamburg and Charles Rath, who operated the general store, thought it a good idea that I should keep the books while Mr. Hamburg went East to buy supplies for the summer.

Dine With O'Loughlins

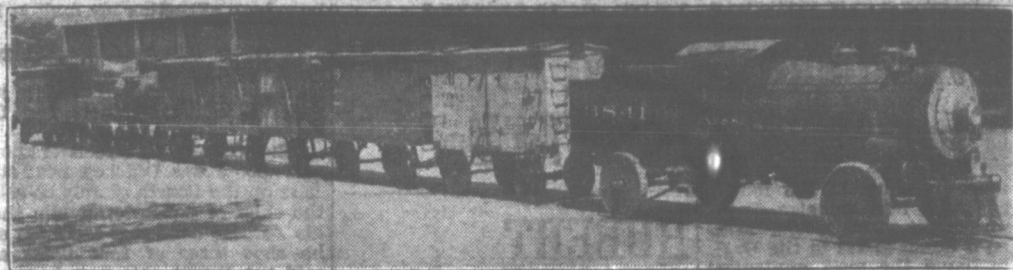
We went to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Loughlin's for our meals and no grander woman ever lived than Mrs. O'Loughlin. She saw that I had such food as was best for me since I had not fully recovered from my trip. Mr. O'Loughlin also gave me special attention and in a short time I was my usual self.

My first trip to the U-U ranch was made in April. There the boys showed me many kindnesses, yet were prone to joke. I helped brand some calves, I at the heels and George Finks at the head. I was cautioned to let go when the brand had been run, then the man at the head would let go. Well, one time I was too slow. Consequently, I was dragged all over the pen. When I did get up, I went to the house for a good cleaning up; appeared again much wiser and was hailed as a good fellow as the joke was on me.

Arrington A Friend

In June I returned to Mobeetie

MODEL TRAIN TO BE IN FIESTA PARADE



Constructed in the Santa Fe shops at Topeka, Kas., this model freight train will be one of the units in the 'Top O'

Texas Fiesta parade here Tuesday morning. Two men compose the model train crew. A companion model to the freight

train is the miniature passenger train, that has appeared in preceding fiestas here.

and took my position with the firm. When Mr. Dickson and Rath formed a partnership I went with Mr. Dickson; later was made Mr. Dickson's deputy county and district clerk. We had a great time at the old rock courthouse. Capt. G. W. Arrington proved a very dear friend. With W. L. R. and Cap as my advisers I sailed on smoothly. One quite amusing incident occurred when I was deputy clerk. A fellow came to get a license to marry a Miss Ross. I asked the young lady's name and the fellow replied, "O! I don't know. I always called her Sweet!" Knowing her name I used it anyway. Another fellow I knew well came for a marriage license. I also knew the young lady but she, not being of age, required some statement or personal attendance of her parents. The young fellow said "O, now Billy, I have asked for her once. Can't you ask the old folks for me as you go to dinner?" I was certain it was alright so I agreed to see the parents. When I asked the father he replied, "Billy, it is alright. I chose for myself and I allow my daughter to do the same." I was glad that talk turned out to be such a pleasure. I got some of the wedding cake and my reward was kissing the bride.

Fitches Arrive

Then a very fine family came to our little town in quest of health. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fitch and two daughters, Lulu and Jessie. I was much impressed with this family. Mr. and Mrs. Fitch were so kind to me. Also, Lulu was developing into a very clever musician. She was very good and under the instruction of a Miss Kate Lewis became very good indeed. Lulu often played in Miss Lewis's musicals.

Miss Lucy Beach, a former teacher at Vassar college, New York, came to us and we found her a great help with the young people. Judge Frank Willis and wife and two sons came also, as well as Col. Grigsby, A. L. Neal, W. H. Woodman, and later Temple Houston and wife, and Dr. R. A. Fields and family. We had a musical and dramatic club and gave entertainments. The funds were spent for a fence around the cemetery. Quite a grave undertaking yet one worthy of such a fine bunch of young ladies and young men. Mrs. Mollie Montgomery was quite a help in our dramatics. She was the star in the play "Rough Diamond" which was well done. Mrs. Neville as well as Mittle Fleming-Baird were great helps in those entertainments. As our old crowd married and went to other parts of the Panhandle, our musical and dramatic club abandoned.

"Thriller" Recalled

One instance I recall that was a thriller. Jean Haney came to town and our old janitor, Negro Clark, from New Orleans—we called him Wharf Rat—was a great admirer of Jean Haney so Jean told Clark to stand up against the adobe wall back of Tom Riley's, stretch his arms and hold his head up and not move as he was going to nail him to the wall. Clark did as told and Jean pulled his 45 and put a shot above the head and under each arm and down on each side. When the scene was over, Clark looked a little ashy, but he had some silver to jingle to the tune of \$5. All good clean fun and good fellowship throughout.

Surveyor Remembered

One young gentleman, a graduate of V. M. I. of Charlotte, Va., by the name of Phil G. Omohundro came to our town. A surveyor, he added to the group of young people and was quite a favorite, full of fun and well liked by young and old. He had his office with Col. Grigsby, studied law when not engaged in surveying but, in general quite a favorite, noted for his elegant flow of language, bright repartee and courtly manners. His son Ed G. Omohundro is connected with the Humble Oil company of southern Texas (Abilene).

Prof. Boles and wife as well as their daughter, Mrs. Frank Willis, who was quite musical, were a great help to the community. A number of the finest of people came to old Mobeetie and would find great pleasure mingling with

the citizens there. There were some very interesting people in the Panhandle. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Groom whose ranch was in the Claude neighborhood for instance. Mrs. Groom was an educated lady and a fine musician from Kentucky. Mrs. H. D. Eubank from old Missouri and her sister Mrs. Cap. Arrington were wonderful women and did their bit in making life worth while. One dear old lady I used to enjoy talking with was Mrs. Christy Weckesser. She was English and came over to America as a young woman. Mrs. Weckesser was very interesting and had a world of knowledge stored away to give to the young people. Tom McGee, another dear friend, was always fine to me. He met with a sad ending at Canadian when he was trying to protect the U. S. mail. I knew his wife before they were married. She, a Miss Mame Taylor, was a good friend to Mrs. Nick Eaton. I could name others such as T. D. Hobart, another very dear friend of mine. We often spoke of our best girls—his named Minnie in old Missouri. We married in the same year—1881.

Bugbee Family

The Bugbee family of Glendon were close friends and dear to my Uncle Nick and family. George B. Berry was a fine fellow, very generous and if he liked you he thought nothing too good for you. He gave over his adopted son to me and the care of his estate in Kansas City to work out for George Jr. After Col. Berry passed on I took up the work and I feel very proud of George B. Berry Jr. today. He has made good; is on the Kansas City Star staff; has a fine little wife and two lovely children and a lovely home at 75 West Belinder Road, Kansas City.

Musicians Remembered

Some fine times we had. Jack Montgomery, Mrs. Mollie Montgomery and George were a great trio which furnished music for many a social evening. One great character I must mention was Johnny Stoker who also furnished music for many of our parties. We all enjoyed Johnny.

My sojourn in the Panhandle was fraught with many joys and little sorrow. It seems we all were one big family, each trying to cheer

and help the other fellow. One of the county judges, F. M. Patton, was educated here at Weston before the Civil War. Also Moses E. Lard near us in Clay county, was a kinsman of the Lard boys there at Pampa. Moses E. Lard was a power in his day expounding the Christian faith.

I will close by saying there never was nor ever will be a finer group of loyal people than the men and women of the early days in the Panhandle. I am happy to say they were great and true friends of mine. I trust those who are in any way connected with the early association will believe me when I say they had Hearts of Gold and were always ready to help a brother.

Bob Harper

Bob Harper of LeFors has seen service in foreign countries as a driller.

Since he drilled his first well at Pecos, N. Mex., in 1912, he has drilled in many far-flung fields, including Colombia, South America and Panama.

He also has worked in fields at Keefe, Okla., Drumwright, Healdton, Ragtown, Deedemona, Casper, Wyo., New Mexico, the Osage, and El Dorado, Ark.

California's private industries are now employing as many persons as in 1929, according to Gov. Culbert L. Olsen.

Canada paid \$25,000,000 to farmers to stabilize the price of the 1938 wheat crop.



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JUNE 13-14

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Well Blew In Year After Frost Quit Working On It

Listen, you young squirts in the oil fields, you talk about Smackover, Klefer, Borger, Burk, Ranger, Ragtown as being double-tough, well, they were not a patchin' compared to Kane City and Petroleum Center, Pa.

You can take the word of Billy Frost for that. For weeks, the Roving Reporter has been warning Mr. Frost to give him the low-down on his oil field experiences with no results. So recently the R. R. went right out to Mr. and Mrs. Frost's pretty new house in the Cook addition, and put him on the fire and watched him smoke, and he wouldn't leave until he got what he came after.

Now Mr. Frost doesn't like publicity, but this series of articles on veteran drillers, tooldressers and roughnecks who have been following the oil fields for 15 years would not be complete without Mr. Frost's story.

But back to a comparison of the Pennsylvania and Southwest oil field towns. If by exciting and rough you mean killing and hijacking, then the southwest fields would have the edge on the Pennsylvania towns, but if you mean fist-fighting, hard drinking, gambling and wild women, Kane City and Petroleum Center would be hard to beat.

Fought With Fists

They fought with their fists in Kane City, and they found until the other was down and couldn't get up. They would start drinking in saloons that lined Main street and pretty soon some fellow would think that another guy, perhaps his friend, couldn't whip him, and they'd go to it.

Men Fought Naked

Mr. Frost has seen them fight stripped, stark naked, right in the middle of the street. Sometimes they'd be gang fights, but always with their fists. In those horse and buggy days, oil field workers would ride their horses right into the saloons, and sometimes break the mirrors and the fancy bottles in front of it.

Now Mr. Frost ought to know what he's talking about because he's been in the oil field since 1877, and brother I mean to tell you he's been in all of them. He was drilling oil wells when the soldiers were at Mobetie. Three years after the big Indian battle was fought on McClellan creek and the German sisters rescued by Lieut. Baldwin, Billy Frost was pumping and dressing tools back in Pennsylvania. That'll give you an idea how long he has been in the oil business.

Horse Thefts Numerous

Living in the Pennsylvania oil fields in the early days was no snap in other ways. Robberies were frequent. Mr. Frost remembers when the Bennyhoof family was robbed. That family had become rich because of its oil wells, and they kept their money in their house, as most people did in those days, especially the farmers who owned the land on which the oil wells were drilled. Well, one night robbers came and overpowered members of the family and bound and gagged them, then took thousands of dollars in cash.

However, the most usual crime in the oil fields was horse-stealing. The horse thieves had a system then, that was similar to car thefts of today. The thieves would steal a horse in one place, drive or ride it to another place and trade it for a horse stolen in Ohio or Indiana. The horse would change hands several times in a few days, so it was impossible to trace the stolen animal.

His Horse Stolen

While living at Bowling Green, Ohio, Mr. Frost's favorite horse was stolen from the lease where he was working. One day a young fellow came up and asked for a drink. Mr. Frost didn't think anything about it. When he got ready to go home, his horse and buggy were gone. He and the sheriff hunted the horse and thief all night and the next day, driving as fast as the horses could make it. The night after they returned, they learned that the horse and thief had been discovered in woods near the town, and the thief was in jail. He got five years.

Most Exciting Experience

However, horse-stealing and fist-fighting did not give Mr. Frost his most exciting moments in the oil fields, but a freak, crazy oil well at Bartlett, Okla., did. It happened back in 1912. Mr. Frost was drilling the well for a firm at Muskogee. The well came in with a production of 25 million cubic feet of gas. That was more gas than ever had been brought in in any well in that sec-

ticular field. It was too much gas, and the company couldn't use it or couldn't dispose of it, so the owners decided to shoot it and see if they could get more oil.

Well, they pulled the casing in the well, all except one joint which stuck in the bottom of the hole. When they shot the well, that joint of casing came out first and went sky-high and came down through a tree, knocking every limb off of it. The shoe on the joint casing crashed into the steps of a nearby structure, at the feet of the fireman.

Well Gushes Oil

For a year nothing came out of the hole except gas, and Mr. Frost would go out and blow it off every so often. Then came orders to plug the hole. Mr. Frost opened the well, and it was dead, not a foot of gas hissed forth. Well, that pleased him and left it open. That night some time one of the drillers rushed in and announced that the dead gusher had turned into a gusher. When Mr. Frost arrived at the well, everything was knee-deep in oil. He ordered teams and plows and scrapers to build tanks. Then they installed pumps and got more above-ground tanks. The worked all night in waist-deep oil. Production of the well was 1,500 barrels a day, and it

came in handy for the owners, too because they were about to go broke.

Father Oil Man

Mr. Frost was born at Tynesty, Pa., in 1863, and his father was building an oil refinery at the time. Mr. Frost's father worked on the second well drilled in Pennsylvania. Of course, the Drake well was the first. The well was drilled with a spring pole on Oil Creek. People thought in those days that oil could be found on a creek.

Mr. Frost's father established a hotel at Pioneer, 10 miles below Titusville. Later he boated oil down Oil Creek. The creek was shallow and had ripples over which the barge could not float, so they'd take teams of oxen and pull the boat over the rocks.

Came Here In 1926

When he was 14 years old Mr. Frost began pumping at Petroleum Center. Then he dressed tools at Kane City. He drilled his first well in Wood county, Ohio, after dressing tools 11 years. After drilling five years in Ohio, Mr. Frost moved to Kansas and drilled eight years at Independence and Tyro. His next move was to Muskogee where he was a drilling contractor for 25 years. He drilled many wells in the Leonard field below Tulsa, also at

Slick and Mounds. Mr. Frost came to Borger in 1926 to work for Ed Dunigan and he has been with him ever since. He is now superintendent of production for the LeFors Petroleum company, the Harrigan company and other companies.

First Pipeline

Mr. Frost has watched all the changes in the oil business. He remembers when the first pipe line, two miles in length, was laid from the Wreen farm into Kane. A pump was invented to pump the oil thru it and everybody began laying pipe lines. Then Rockefeller saw the big opportunity and he came in and bought up all the pipelines, sometimes paying twice as much as they were worth. That's how Rockefeller made his billions. Everybody made fun of the man who built that first pipeline, saying oil would never flow through it.

In the latter part of the last century, the kerosene content was the most valuable part of it. Refineries took out the kerosene and threw away or gave away the benzine which many operators poured back into oil wells.

Rode Horse 30 Years

Then Mr. Frost remembers when it was considered futile and foolish to drill a well on a hill or the side of a hill. They thought oil was found only on the creeks. The first man to drill a well on the side of a hill was the object of contempt until it came in.

Of course, Mr. Frost drives a car to work now, but for nearly 30 years he rode a horse or drove a horse and buggy or cart. He was

never a man to get mixed up in street fights at Kane City. Like the laws, he stood on the sidelines and watched. That's another thing, too, there were no laws in those pioneer oil cities, and if there were they didn't interfere with fist fights.

Mr. Frost is also the kind of a driller who when he wasn't at his well was at home with his family of which he is exceedingly fond.

The Frosts have lived in the Panhandle field since 1926. He quit contracting with his one string of drilling tools when the major companies began doing their own drilling. He could have eventually got in with them, but he didn't want to buy his job.

Otto Gross

Otto Gross worked as tooldresser on his first well two miles southwest of Geneva Ind., in 1896. At present he is working for the Nabob Oil company southeast of LeFors. He lives at McLean on the LeFors route.

The log of Mr. Gross' goings and comings include the following places: Cleveland, 1915; Ranger, 1917; Ad-pearson, Okla., 1923; Casper, Wyo., 1924; Buffalo, N. Y., 1925; Kingman, Kans., 1926; Borger, 1927.



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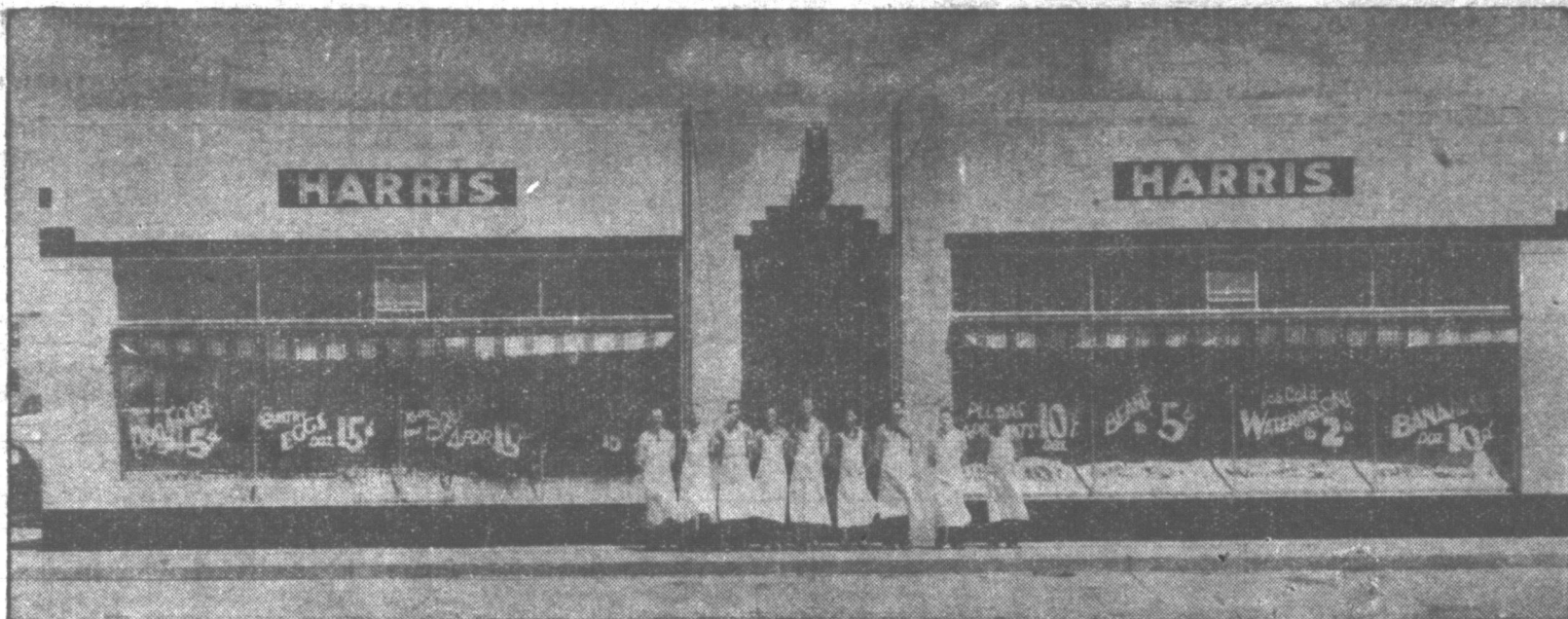
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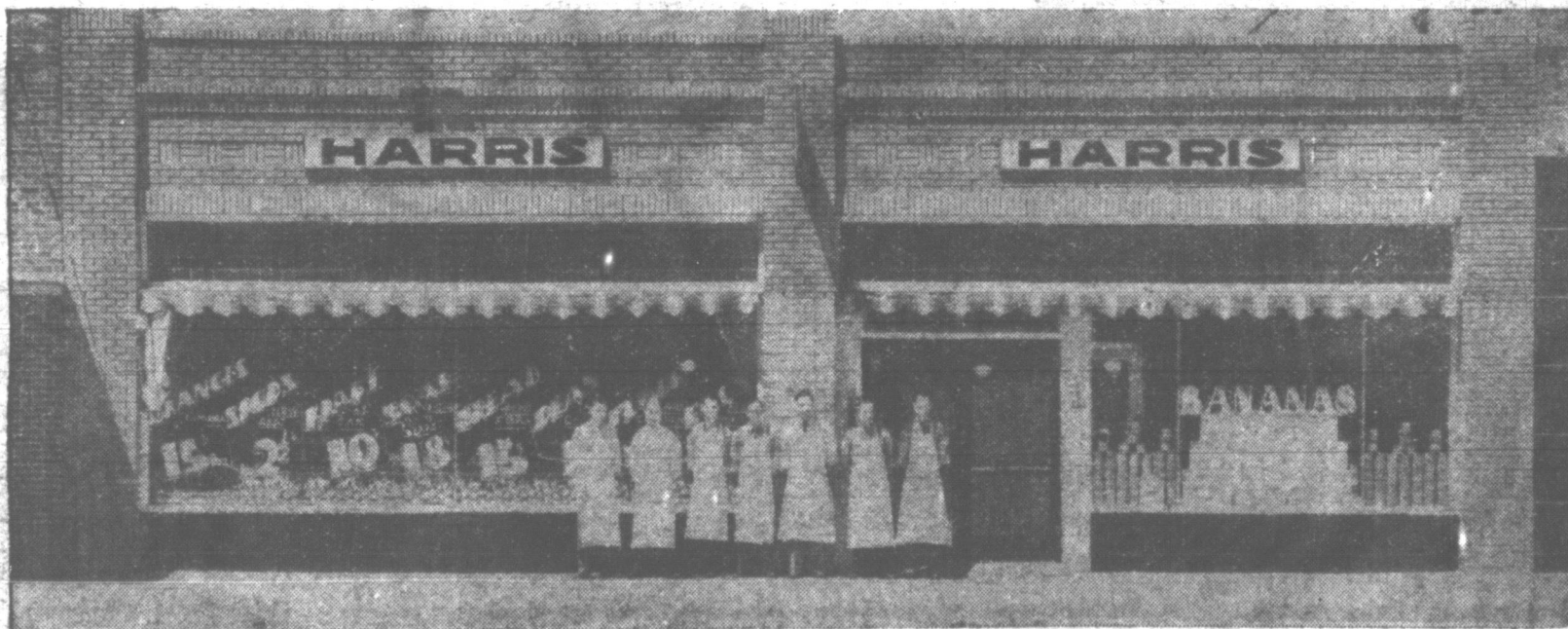
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THE PAMPA NEWS SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1939

O'Loughlin First Panhandle Resident

Miami Man Came Before Fort Elliott

Tom O'Loughlin
Came With Troops
To Cantonment

CHAPTER ONE

By TEX DEWEESE

Whenever anyone begins talking history of Panhandle settlers to you, the subject always dates itself with relation to the founding of Fort Elliott and Old Mobeetie which were almost one and the same—being situated only a mile apart.

The reason for this is that there was no white settlement in this area until that time. When Fort Elliott was built in 1875 a little town grew up about three miles down the creek from it—known to old timers as Sweetwater or Old Town—and these were quite a

AWAY THEY GO AT FIESTA RODEO



Two men on horses and a steer headed for the fence provide plenty of action in any rodeo arena. This is only one of the rodeo events on the program of the Top O' Texas Fiesta to be

held on June 13 and 14. Bull-dogging, junior calf riding and special feats of horsemanship will be seen at the rodeos to be held on the afternoons and nights of the Fiesta at Recreation park.

while the only two communities between Dodge City, Kans., and Henrietta, Texas—no little jaunt in those days. Later, in 1877, Old

Town was moved up to within a mile of the fort and became what is known today as old Mobeetie. The relation of all this to today's

historical installment lies in the fact that here in Miami lives a man who came into this country before even Fort Elliott was built. It is quite frequent that you run across somebody that can report that his father helped build Fort Elliott. But, here lives a man who was in the country before the actual construction was begun and who went there with his family as soon as the soldiers were moved in.

No. 1 Living Panhandle Pioneer

The man is Miles O'Loughlin, prominent and widely respected citizen of Miami, who, although he has all this historical background, is still a comparatively young man when you consider his historical connection with this all-important event in Panhandle frontier days.

Mr. O'Loughlin was 68 last July, and he has scarcely a gray hair in his head. He's unusually active and enjoys life immensely.

To him goes the honor of being the man who has lived longest in the Panhandle of Texas. He has been here 64 years, and you couldn't pry him out of this country with a crowbar.

Half at my own suggestion, I was a dinner guest at the spacious O'Loughlin home in Miami the other day, and I can't remember when I've enjoyed anything so much. His

very gracious and fine wife, Mrs. O'Loughlin, supervised every detail of the "ranch style" meal and nothing was left undone to measure up to that grand hospitality for which the O'Loughlins are known.

On top of that I talked with Mr. O'Loughlin for nearly three hours about early Panhandle history and about Fort Elliott and Old Mobeetie of his boyhood days.

To Keep the Records Straight

And, here we must correct a bit of Panhandle history that has been published about the coming of the O'Loughlin family to the Panhandle. Mr. O'Loughlin said he wishes to keep the records straight.

Several accounts have stated that O'Loughlin came to the Panhandle from Kansas in 1875 with his father and mother and that they settled first at the town south of the newly-built Fort Elliott.

The correct version is that when O'Loughlin was a boy of four years of age his father and mother brought him first to what is now Gray county in March of 1875, and the family camped with the soldiers on Cantonment Creek near what is known today as the old Perry Le-Fors place.

They remained here until June of

(Continued On Next Page)

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We invite you to come in and see the finest display of nationally advertised Watches, Diamonds, Silverware and Jewelry in the whole Top O' Texas area. We also invite you to use our convenient credit plan at no extra cost.

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MIAMI

CONTINUED—

1875 when Fort Elliott was built and moved to the fort with the soldiers. His father was a government teamster and followed the soldiers when they came in to halt reported Indian depredations.

His father was Tom O'Loughlin who had served as teamster in the Civil War and had been stationed at Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. Tom O'Loughlin married in 1868 and moved to the Kansas frontier, and then on west to a section west of Dodge City, Kas. Miles O'Loughlin was born in 1871, and in 1874 his father started a small dugout store on the Santa Fe. Then the marauding Cheyenne Indians, dissatisfied with their Indian territory given to them by the government, began their historic path rampages and soon found the O'Loughlin store and home in their path. The family fled to safety when word came that the Indians were coming. The O'Loughlins lost all their possessions and their home was destroyed by fire. Word was sent to Dodge City for the soldiers, and they came and trailed the Indians back through the Southwest, hearing all the time of new depredations but failing to catch up with them.

Here in the Spring of '75

So the family was moved into Dodge City for the winter of 1874 and in the early months of 1875 a new company of relief soldiers were ordered sent into the territory which is now Gray county. They reached the camp on Cantonment Creek in March of '75. With them had come teamster O'Loughlin who had heard much of the promised land in the Texas Panhandle. And, so they quartered here with the soldiers while work went ahead with the building of Fort Elliott which would then become headquarters for the soldiers.

It was in June of that year that the O'Loughlin family moved into the newly constructed Fort Elliott with the soldiers, and then it was that the town of Sweetwater was born, three miles away from the fort.

A vital link in the history of the Panhandle is that this O'Loughlin family, with their little son, Miles, was the very first family to settle permanently at the site of Fort Elliott and what later was to become Old Mobeetie.

The family had been preceded here only by the soldiers and, of course, the buffalo hunters and the Indians who roamed the plains. This fact makes Mr. O'Loughlin the man of 1939 who has lived longer than anyone else in the Texas Panhandle.

Fiesta May Honor Him

Incidentally, this is an honor that should bring Mr. O'Loughlin a place of distinction in the Top O' Texas celebration that will be held in Pampa on June 13 and 14. A float and place of honor for this early pioneer would be a splendid tribute, and that's a tip for Parade Chairman Wayne Phelps at Pampa.

The O'Loughlin family history, as related by Miles O'Loughlin, tells us that his father was the first squatter on the section of land that was to become the townsite of Old Mobeetie when the residents of Sweetwater, or Old Town, decided to move up the creek to a point nearer Fort Elliott. This decision was reached to bring the town's business places within better reach of the soldiers at the fort. This was done late in 1877. The saloons and stores were moved there and the first house in the permanent settlement of Old Mobeetie was built early in '78. The new town began to thrive immediately.

Masterson Shoots It Out In A Saloon

CHAPTER TWO

What we are about to relate here may upset the applecart of Texas Panhandle history, but Miami's Miles O'Loughlin, longest time resident of the Panhandle, knows what he's talking about when he says it's true.

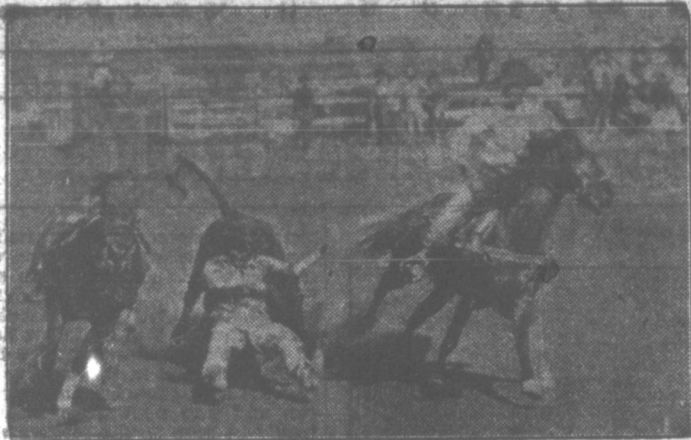
In the preceding chapter the story of Mr. O'Loughlin's arrival in the Panhandle in 1875 before Fort Elliott was built and before there was any permanent settlement in the entire Panhandle area was told.

You have read before that the wife of Col. Charles Goodnight was the Panhandle's first lady.

Sitting in the living room of the O'Loughlin home here, Miles O'Loughlin told me of the time when Colonel Goodnight first entered the Panhandle and stopped off at the O'Loughlin home to stay over night.

Mr. O'Loughlin's mother was al-

BULLDOGGING-EXPERTS ONLY



Bulldogging a steer is no game for tenderfeet. Here's a scene that will be duplicated at the Top O' Texas Fiesta rodeos to be held on the afternoons and nights of June 13 and 14 at Recreation park. A hundred head

of stock is being furnished by Beutler Brothers of Elk City, Okla., for the cowboy derby. As the Top O' Texas Fiesta is a member of the Southwest Rodeo Association, points scored by contestants here count in the national championship.

ready here, then, and it was she who prepared the meals and made Col. Goodnight comfortable during his stay. So, to that grand lady probably goes the honor of being the first permanent housekeeper in the Texas Panhandle.

Mrs. Goodnight, it has been written, did not come into the Panhandle of Texas until 1877, joining her husband in Denver to return to the Panhandle after he already had made the trip with a herd of cattle driving them along the trail en route to Palo Duro canyon in 1876. It was on this trip that Goodnight stopped at the O'Loughlin house. Later in '76 Mr. O'Loughlin's father, Tom O'Loughlin, encountered Goodnight and his cattle herders along the Canadian river north of the present site of Amarillo, and Goodnight hired him to pilot the outfit into the canyon where was to be founded the famous JA ranch.

Miles O'Loughlin's mother was the only woman in the old Hidetown

and Fort Elliott area for nearly two years. It must be remembered that she arrived in the Panhandle in the spring of '75, and Mrs. Goodnight did not come until two years later.

And, Miles O'Loughlin still is mighty proud of his pioneer mother. His eyes sparkle as he tells you of her courage and bravery back in those days when old Sweetwater, or Hidetown, and then Old Mobeetie was rough and tumble, to say the least. It wasn't much of a place for women.

Men Of All Types.

There were the soldiers, the saloon-keepers, the buffalo hunters, the freight haulers, and the gamblers—and for a time the refugee criminals who would head west and land at Mobeetie to escape the law of the East.

Shooting scrapes, fights over gambling games, and the drunken brawls that were born in Old Mobeetie's many saloons between 1878 and 1886

when the town thrived at its height with a population of 700 or 800, would furnish enough material to fill the blood and thunder pulp magazine from now until doomsday.

Old Mobeetie in its heyday was the Old West personified. Around 1879, Mrs. O'Loughlin no longer was the only woman in town. Then came the dance hall girls, imported from the north and east. And while Mobeetie boomed, the painted ladies were a gay part of the seamy side of life.

There was plenty of money. And, it flowed like water. When the boys came to town for a "time" they really had it, because they didn't get the chance very often and they lost no opportunities.

Many of these young men, who took part in the gay festivities of the late '70s and early '80s were on their way through the country from one settlement to another and their stop-over meant a great deal to them in the face of dreary, trudging, lonely weeks ahead.

Tells of Masterson Fight.

Miles O'Loughlin tells you of the time when he was about seven or eight years old—that would make the date 1878 or 1879—when he heard the shooting and ran up town in time to see the famous Bat Masterson back out of a saloon in Old Mobeetie after one of his many shooting affrays. He was the Bat Masterson of Adobe Walls fame. He had come into the Panhandle as a boy of 18 with the Kansas buffalo hunters in the spring of 1874. Bat was an Indian scout under Gen. Nelson A. Miles—for whom, incidentally, Miles O'Loughlin was named.

And, while Masterson was serving as a scout he had the tough luck of incurring the displeasure of an army sergeant by paying too much attention to the soldier's sweetheart back in Dodge City, Kas.

But, later—and this is the fight that Miles O'Loughlin got up town in time to see the tall-end—Masterson and the soldier met in a saloon in old Sweetwater, three miles south of Fort Elliott, and the feud was resumed. It was the sergeant's idea,

Mr. O'Loughlin relates, that the one of them shoot it out.

That was agreeable to Bat. They buried the sergeant next day in Boot Hill, and all Masterson got out of it was a wound in the leg. They say that this gave Bat the first notch on his Colt.

O'Loughlin Eye-Witness.

Seven-year-old Miles O'Loughlin, this same fellow I talked with here, stood in front of that saloon as Bat Masterson backed out of the door, gun still in his hand. Little Miles also watched them carry out the body of the soldier who had "asked for it—and got it."

Likewise, Miles O'Loughlin recalls the killing of Granger Dyer. He couldn't very well forget it because it happened in the O'Loughlin home. Dyer stepped out of the front door and shot a fellow by the name of John McCabe as the latter was walking along the street. There had been a grudge between them. Dyer stepped inside the house, then, poked his head out again to see if he had killed McCabe, and McCabe who had suffered only a leg wound let Dyer have it. He dropped dead. In those days there was no law in Old Mobeetie. McCabe was not arrested at the time. However, after Wheeler county was organized as a branch of Clay county in 1879, McCabe was tried and freed of the charge.

Miles O'Loughlin attended school in Old Mobeetie in a picket house. His teachers, he said, were the father and mother of Pampa's Judge Newton P. Willis.

The cattle business did not begin in this part of the country on a kind of a scale until 1879, Mr. O'Loughlin says.

Things Get Rough Again.

Getting back to the life at Old Mobeetie. One night back in 1878 things got so rough down at old Hidetown that Miles O'Loughlin, then seven, and his baby brother were tucked away under the bed of their mother who put a mattress against the front door to stop the bullets that were flying up and down the street.

Another night in the same year it grew even worse. The pioneer

(Continued on Page Four)

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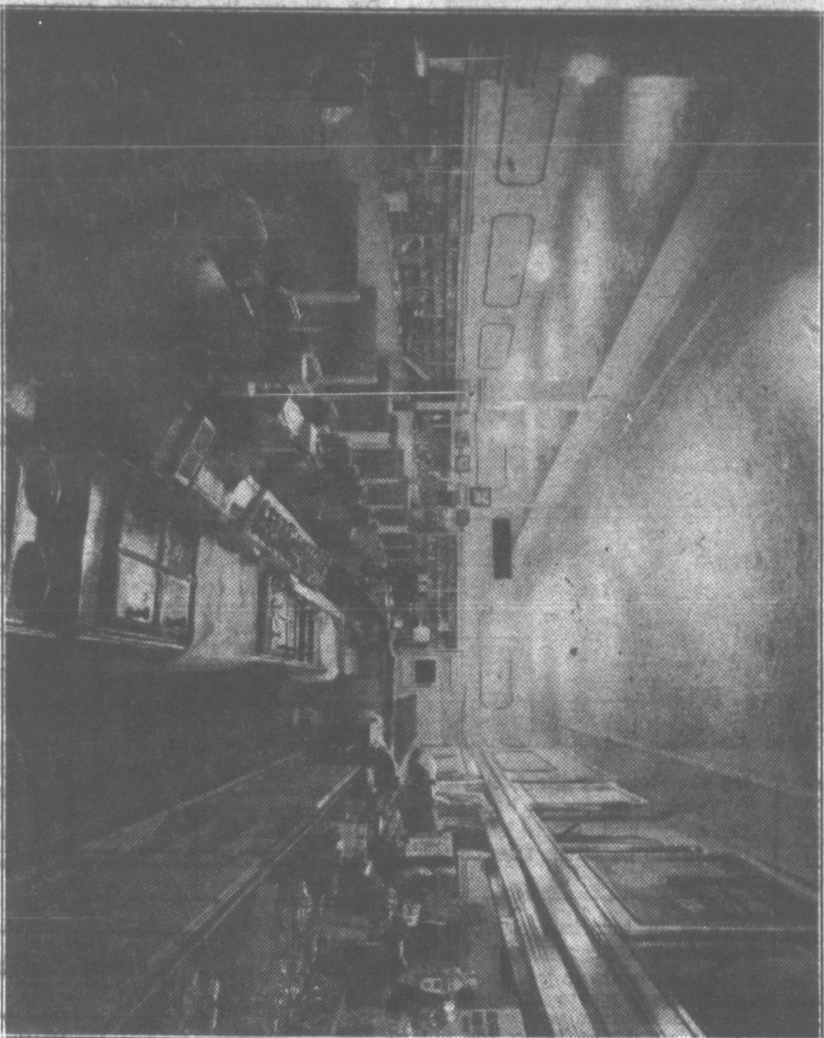
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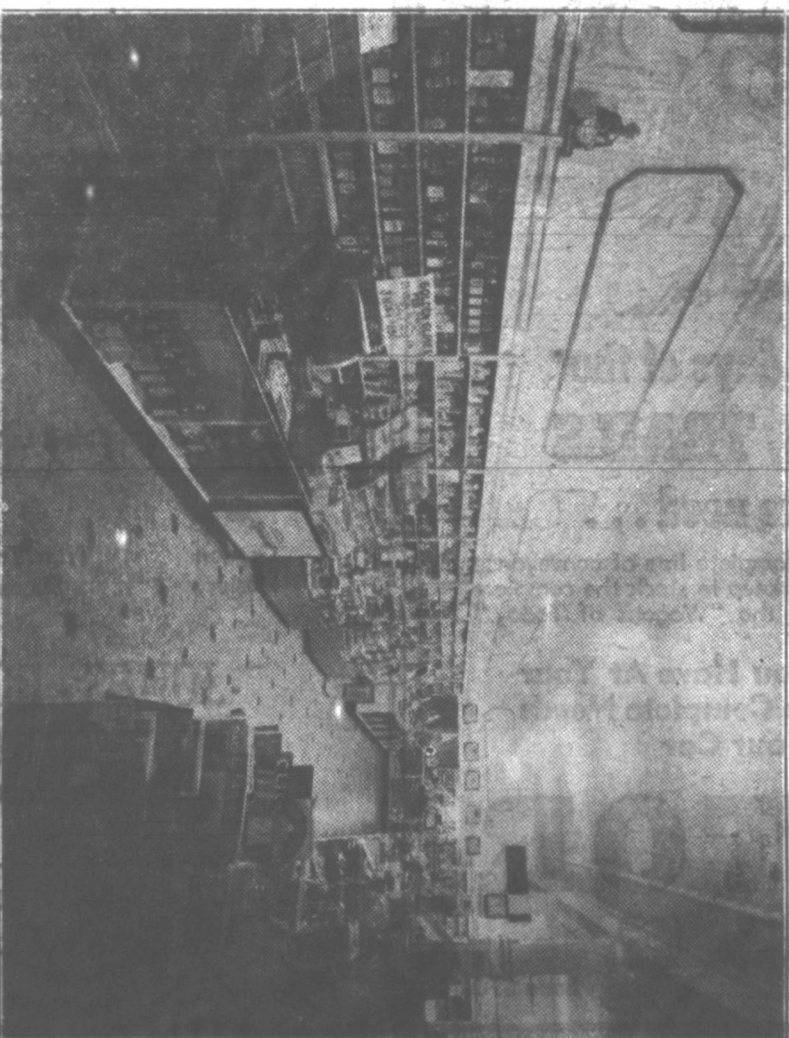
Pampa leads the Top O' Texas in civic and business activities. The Cretny Drug Stores . . . although they have been in business a little more than three years lead in drug merchandising. To serve with complete satisfaction to the customer and to the best of our ability has always been and will continue to be the policy of the Cretny organization. You will always find every member of the organization ready to give you the service you desire.



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MIAMI

CONTINUED

Mrs. O'Loughlin, to get away from the shooting and din, took her children and went out into the hills where she hid with them all through the night.

After Wheeler county first was organized in 1879, the first courthouse, a stone structure, was built in 1880. The lime rock was taken out of the hills around Old Mobeetie, according to Mr. O'Loughlin.

You hear many persons—newcomers to the area—ask about Old Fort Elliott. They wonder why it was built, and if there was a war of some kind in this section. The answer is easy.

The soldiers were sent in to put down depredations by the Indians, but Miles O'Loughlin says after the Adobe Walls encounter there were no major Indian fights in this territory, and that after 1879 there was none at all. The coming of the soldiers put the Indians to rout without much fighting. The Adobe Walls encounter was in June of 1874, a year before young Miles O'Loughlin arrived in the Panhandle with his father and mother.

O'Loughlin Reminisces Of Mobeetie

CHAPTER THREE

The Old Mobeetie which Miles O'Loughlin knew so well in its very first days had many colorful characters back there in the years between 1875 and 1890. The men who came with the founding of Fort Elliott have all passed. There is none of them left. Mr. O'Loughlin, still on the sunny side of 70, is the only living person who came to this Panhandle country before Fort Elliott was built—64 years ago.

As previously related, it was Miles O'Loughlin's father, Tom, who squatted on the original section of land which today marks the site of Old Mobeetie. Mr. O'Loughlin was only four years of age when his father and mother took him to the little town three miles down the creek from Fort Elliott. That was in 1875.

Mr. O'Loughlin, while he is a pioneer resident of Miami, has such an interesting story to tell of the other sections of the Panhandle in the early days, that we asked him very little about this little town, nestled in the valley of the hills.

Established in 1887

Miami, you know, was established in 1887 with the coming of the Santa Fe railroad—just as many other towns date their founding with the establishment of the railroad in their particular section. The Miles O'Loughlins have lived here since 1901. In addition to their beautiful hill-top home here, the O'Loughlins have—and they can survey it from their front porch—an 18,000-acre ranch, now sub-let to tenant farmers for wheat and cattle farming. Miles O'Loughlin lived in Old Mobeetie for 23 years. He left there in 1898, spent three years on the open range near Cantonment Creek and then came to Miami in 1901. At that time the population was around 100 persons.

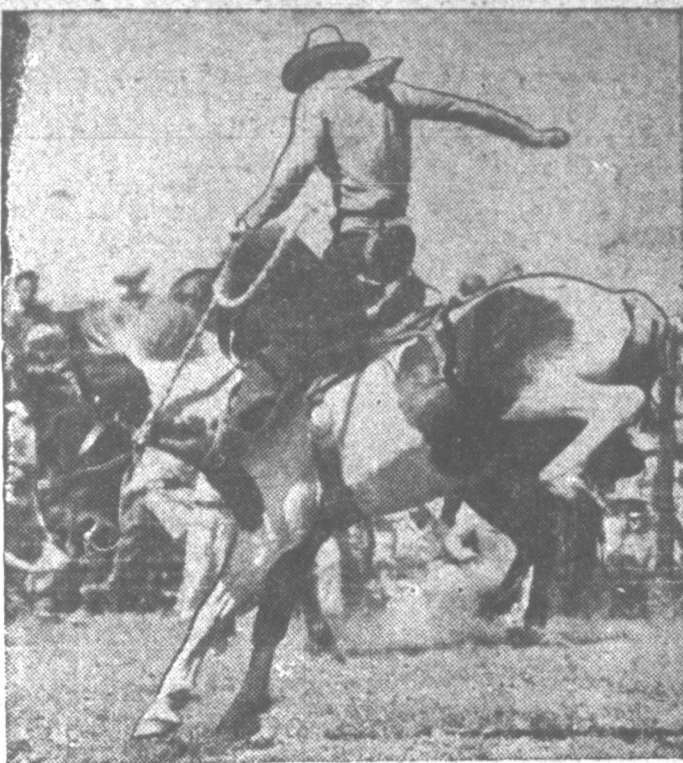
As we sat and talked of early Mobeetie, Mr. O'Loughlin mentioned some of the early merchants—men who operated businesses there from the late '70s until the middle '80s. Rath & Dickson had a general merchandise store. Henry Hamburg "ran" the "big store." Clark and Pendleton were wholesale liquor dealers. Among the saloon-keepers were Joe Mason, Tom Riley, George Berry, and the Richardson saloon. There was no drouth in those days. The finest beers, wines and whiskies were available to the boys who craved "hard likker."

Built Three-Fourths of Town

One of the most active early residents of Miami is Henry Weckesser, 77, who came to the Panhandle in 1882 and settled at Mobeetie. Mr. Weckesser got in on the ground floor when the railroad came through and Miami began to grow. It is estimated that he built approximately three-fourths of all the buildings now standing in Miami. Another long-time resident here is Mrs. Luella McIntyre who came to the Panhandle from Colorado in 1877 when she was only three or four years of age.

Some of the other early day business men recalled by Mr. O'Loughlin were B. F. Clappitt, liveryman; Mark Huselby, hotel; George and Jack Montgomery, general store; and the Grand Central Hotel, operated by Mr. O'Loughlin's father. A picture of this hotel with a number of early day residents of Mobeetie is

ANDY, 'PAINT BRONC' IS ANGRY



Andy is angry as a rodeo contestant attempts to stay aboard the hurricane deck. Andy, among the few "paints" in rodeo stock, belongs to Beutler Brothers of Elk City, Okla., who are provid-

ing the stock for the 1939 Top O' Texas Fiesta rodeos June 13-14. Andy and other bucking broncs will be at the Fiesta rodeo arena.

published in connection with this article in today's Pampa News.

George Montgomery was Mobeetie's first appointed postmaster, getting the job from President Rutherford B. Hayes in 1879. First government mail was carried between Fort Supply, which was 14 miles west of Woodward, Okla., and Fort Elliott. The trip was made twice a week. Later the postal service established a daily mail stage over the 180-mile course, carrying both passengers and mail between Dodge City and Mobeetie. P. G. Reynolds was the first man to hold the daily government mail contract. And speaking of firsts, Henry Fleming, a saloon-keeper from the East, was Wheeler county's first sheriff, serving at Old Mobeetie when the country was organized in 1879.

Coach Fare Came High

The fare for stage-coach travel was quite a bit steeper than your modern, luxury railroad of today, or for bus travel. Persons riding the stages paid ten cents a mile passenger fare and \$4 per 100 miles for luggage. Which gives you a rough idea of how times do change. Today

you ride in luxurious comfort on streamlined air-conditioned trains across the country in less time than it took the stage to bump along from Old Mobeetie to Dodge City. And, at about one-fourth the cost per mile.

Miami today is the county seat of Roberts county. It was moved here from Parnell two or three years after the turn of the century, and the present courthouse was constructed about 1906. An interesting thing in connection with at least one modern day home in Miami is that some of the Michigan white pine that was used in the construction of Fort Elliott is to be found in the home of Tom O'Loughlin, II, grandson of the early pioneer. Miles O'Loughlin has two other sons, William and Miles, Jr., all three of whom reside here and aid their father in the huge O'Loughlin ranch. Three grandchildren are the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Tom O'Loughlin. Tom O'Loughlin, Jr., is the third of his name to live in the Panhandle. He and Sarah Emily are the children of Mr. and Mrs. Tom O'Loughlin, II, and Velma Ann is the daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. William O'Loughlin.

You couldn't pry Pioneer Tom O'Loughlin out of the Panhandle of Texas with a crowbar. He classes it as God's country and he loves it as he loves life.

Ferdinant Anything But A Flowery Bull

WACO, June 10 (AP)—Ferdinand is a seven-months old bull, but unlike Ferdinand of the movies doesn't care at all to sit under a tree and dawdle with sweet smelling flowers.

In the past five months Ferdinand has learned a series of tricks under the instruction of his owner, Roy Walker of Oglesby. He will come from any part of the pasture upon call, roll a barrel and even walk on a barrel as elephants do at the circus. He will walk on his knees, kneel or hurdle a man upon command. Not even a dog outwits Ferdinand because he, too, will lie down and play dead.

Walter tells Ferdinand what he wants done and the little white-faced animal responds instantly. The calf became an orphan at a month and a half and Walker, who raised him on mixed feed, began his training at two months. Walker says he wouldn't sell his pet bull for any sum.

Coronary artery diseases caused 35 percent more deaths in the first three months of 1939 than in the same period of 1938.

Two Panthers Killed In Crockett County

OZONA, June 10 (AP)—G. E. Porter and his dogs have killed two panthers on Crockett county ranches in the past month. The first was taken after a chase of 40 minutes and the second was trapped in a shallow cave after a hunt of several hours.

When Porter killed the first panther, a female, he began looking for its mate, but contrary to expectations, his second kill also was a female. Each animal weighed around 150 pounds, sufficiently large to do considerable destruction to sheep, goats, colts and calves. Ranchmen believe the panthers have been crossing the Rio Grande from Mexico.

A. C. Hyatt of Ralls, Crosby county, who recently bought the Ralls Banner from his brother, J. W. Hyatt, is the youngest editor and publisher on the South Plains. He is 22, a recent graduate of Texas Tech.

The Guy Bradley family of O'Donnell, Lynn county, subscribe to 18 magazines, three daily and two weekly newspapers. The family claims no record, but admit reading a lot.

The War Department has a training station in the Philippine Islands to train homing pigeons to fly at night. Most homing pigeons come down at night.

Top O' Texas FIESTA PAMPA June 13-14



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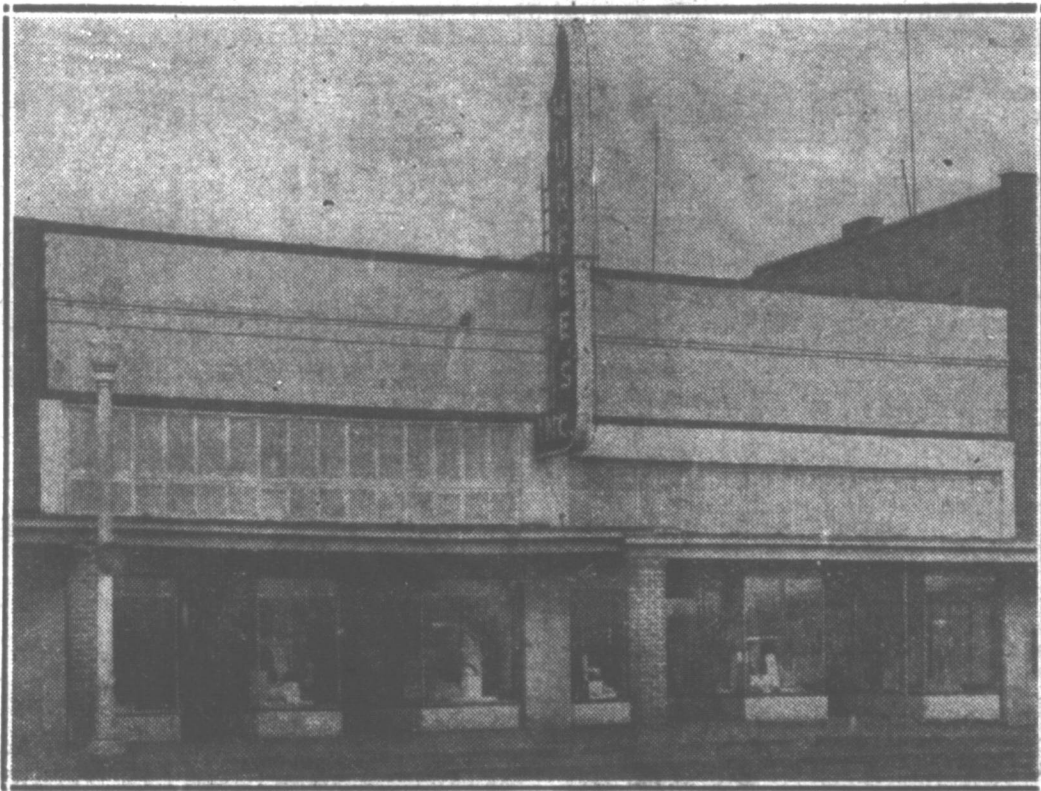
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We take this opportunity to thank our many customers and friends who have by their patronage and friendship helped us build up to our present success.

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Judge Southwood Was First Resident Of Carson County Seat

Original Settler's Job Was To Oversee Claims Staked By Nelson's Squatters; Many Believed Town Would Be Biggest

By ARCHER FULLINGIM
CHAPTER ONE

This is the town that in 1887 everybody said would be the metropolis of the Panhandle; this is the town that has had two feverish booms, one caused by a railroad that was never built and the other due to lack of a railroad.

This town is the home of three men and one woman who could tell you all anyone would need to know about the early days in this part of the country. So when I came to Panhandle the other day in search of interesting incidents and personalities, I looked up those four people.

The only way you could get a clearer picture of life here in the early days would be to have lived in the Panhandle when there was not a clod of plowed ground between Henrietta, Tex., and Dodge City, Kans.

But so remarkably clear and simple, yet thrilling, was their story that you could just listen to them talk and relive the most glamorous period in Panhandle history—because if you could go back, if you could relive any period of history, is there any doubt but that you would come to the Panhandle in the 70s and '80s? No—not after you had heard their story.

First thing, then I hunted up E. E. (Ed) Carhart, the Panhandle's first editor, and Uncle Charlie Wright was with him. That was to be expected. They were down at Roy Carhart's elevator. Roy is E. E.'s son. The only surprising thing about it was that Judge J. E. Southwood wasn't with them.

Southwood Rounded Up.

Well, we had to have Judge Southwood. "I'll go get him," I said. Now the judge lives on highway 33 about two miles southeast. His is the last house on the left, going to Panhandle before you reach the large Hill mansion at the edge of town. It's the modest bungalow located where the wide turn in the road begins.

On the way to town, Judge Southwood inquired anxiously about his good friend of 52 years standing, J. S. Wynne of Pampa. "I regard that man as I would a brother," he said. He explained that he tried to get over about once a week to see him. "He's one man I've never had any envy for and he's had none for me. We have been like brothers," Judge Southwood said.

A few minutes later the judge was stumping up an attitude toward life.

"I can't complain about anything," he said. "I'm in good health. I like my friends and they like me. I'm pretty well satisfied with the way things are going. Now that sounds conceited, doesn't it? Maybe I ought not to have said that but I feel like it."

When we reached the elevator we went inside the little scales office and seated ourselves in Roy's straight-bottomed chairs. As soon as a long freight roared by, I began asking questions and listening. We sat there for an hour before lunch and until four o'clock that afternoon.

Southwood First.

Now The News is not going to put down here the conversation as it took place that day, because that'd take up all the space in this paper, and besides I couldn't remember all that was said anyway.

What The News is going to do is to tell the story of those three men, Mr. Carhart, Judge Southwood, and Uncle Charlie Wright as he heard them tell it. Then he's going to tell the story of the woman, Mrs. F. H. Hill.

The result of the Denver's failure to cross at Panhandle was Amarillo, and Panhandle might have been the city that Amarillo is today if the original plan to cross at Panhandle had been carried out. The Denver, though, fulfilled its part of the contract. It built a spur line from Washburn to Panhandle, and for a year or so a train ran back and forth between Panhandle and Washburn. After a few years, this track was taken up. By that time both the Denver and the Santa Fe had reached the spot where Amarillo is now located and the building of the plains metropolis had begun.

But back to the Nelson holdings

and Judge Southwood. The 10 men and Judge Southwood who filed on the land were to get half of the proceeds and the rest would go back to the Kansas company which financed filing on the claims. After the expected railway junction boom had blown up, some of the men sold their holdings, and the claims reverted back to the state. Judge Southwood sold his for \$600 cash, a note for the rest and other holdings.

"I'll say this for Jim Southwood. He was the only one of that bunch that sent Nelson what he was supposed to send him," Mrs. F. H. Hill said. The judge sent half of the \$600 to Nelson, and he never again saw nor heard of the man to whom he sold his claim.

On last April 9, Judge Southwood had been in the Panhandle 52 years. "I came because I was broke," he declared in his frank manner. "I hooked up with Nelson because there was nothing else for me to do at the time." He was 33 years old at the time.

Sells Beer, Ice.

After the original land-filing episode was over, Jim Southwood worked for a fellow named Stein, or Stine, who had a retail business, selling beer, liquor, ice, coal, groceries. The owner would go off for months and leave Southwood to run the business. "I didn't want to take it over," he explained, "because I didn't know anything about bookkeeping, but he told me that he could teach me all I needed to know about bookkeeping in 10 minutes and he did. I got along very well. He gave me some pretty good advice about drinking, too. He advised me to never open a case of beer when the boys were around, and I just went him one further and never opened any at all for myself."

In 1889 Jim Southwood helped ship out 60,000 head of two-year-old steers from Panhandle. That was when Panhandle was the terminus of the rail line. For three years, Panhandle boomed like a modern oil town while the terminus was at the Carson county seat. And that's another thing. The original name of Panhandle was Carson City. It was changed to Panhandle later.

First Train Arrives.

The first train came into Panhandle Jan. 16, 1888, and Jim Southwood, Jess Wynne, and Ed Carhart were on hand to see it pull in. It was a gala day for Panhandle.

Along about that time, Jim Southwood had another job. He would load a herd at Panhandle and accompany the shipment of cattle to its destination. He would be paid a flat sum for taking a herd to Wyoming or some other place.

Lives On Farm Now.

All his life Judge Southwood has dealt in cattle. He insists that his ventures into the cattle business have been in a small way. He was always interested in the buying and selling of cattle. He was also in the feed and grain business at one time. When Jim Southwood first staked his claim at Panhandle for O. H. Nelson, the state allowed a man to file on only one section. Two or three years later the law permitted a man to file on two sections. Then Mr. Southwood filed on two sections and proved his claims. His present farm lies southeast of Panhandle two miles.

Judge Southwood and Miss Dena Held, who came from Illinois, were married in 1911. Several years later, Judge Southwood became a director in Panhandle's historic bank, the Panhandle bank, founded by Judge J. C. Paul. The bank started out with a capital of \$5,000 and then in a year or so increased it to \$10,000, and later to \$25,000, \$5,000 at a time. Mr. Carhart was cashier of the bank for 21 years.

Judge Southwood likes to remember the Panhandle when he came here in 1887. It rained a lot that summer and the country was as green as an emerald. Mesquite grass was actually ankle-high and higher. The country had a whole lot more wood in it than it has now, especially along all the creeks.

Blames Plow.

It was truly a land where "the deer and the antelope played," "where seldom was heard a discouraging word and the skies are not

cloudy all day." It was truly a land of virgin beauty.

"And I believe," said Judge Southwood, "that this country would be a lot better off if they never had gashed her verdant side with a plow. It doesn't look like the same country now. You should have seen it then. Why, you could cut hay every year in all these lakes. It was more beautiful than anything I ever saw. Yes, I think if we'd kept the plow out of the Panhandle, we'd have been better off!"

Judge Southwood was christened James Edward. He was born in Martinsburg, Va., on the West Virginia-Virginia line, March 4, 1854. At the age of two years, he moved with his parents to Lexington, Mo. At the age of 19, he moved to Central Kansas. His next move was to the Panhandle.

Judge and Mrs. Southwood still run their household according to the old-time tradition of hospitality. They dislike the hurry and confusion of modern life.

"If you weren't in that car you'd have time to stop. You always had time to stop when you were riding on horseback or driving a buckboard," he said.

The first time he went to Clarendon he followed the stakes of a railroad that had not been built. "I went down there to get a tooth pulled," he said.

Ed Carhart Helped Found Famed Paper CHAPTER TWO

Here's one for the books.

The first newspaper published in the Panhandle of Texas was written in Clarendon and printed in Oshkosh, Wis.

Furthermore, its editor, E. E. (Ed) Carhart, was 16 years old when publication began.

And that's not all. The copy for the newspaper, which at first was monthly, was written in Clarendon, mailed by stage to Sherman, a distance of 302 miles, thence to Oshkosh by train. In that Wisconsin city the newspaper, which was issued monthly, was printed and then sent by express to Sherman and back by overland stage to Clarendon.

But the story of that newspaper, and the content of the priceless copies of Clarendon News, which Mr. Carhart lent to this reporter the other day, is another story which will be published in the Pampa News later.

This story will be concerned with the goings and comings of Mr. Carhart in the Panhandle of Texas, and the part he played in the development of Donley and Carson counties. To write the story of Mr. Carhart's life, however brief you would make it, one would of necessity also be writing a chapter in the history of the Panhandle, because his deeds were not only footnotes to his story, but sometimes the titles of chapters.

However, there must be a starting place, and the starting place in this story must be the Clarendon News.

Came When 16.

When Mr. Carhart came to old Clarendon which was situated five miles north of the present town, in 1880 he was 16 years old. He came to the Panhandle with his uncle, L. H. Carhart, who was really the founder of the Clarendon News. The uncle was a Methodist minister and in 1881 was made presiding elder of the Dallas district which then included all the territory from Dallas northeast to Denison and north to the Texas line. The Rev. Carhart travelled all over the Panhandle and North Texas visiting congregations and preaching.

In 1881, the firm of Carhart and Carhart became Carhart and Kimball. Charlie Kimball became the editor, and Ed Carhart had charge of the advertising. Before Mr. Carhart moved to Panhandle in 1887, he served as county clerk of Donley county and rode line for the Quarter Circle Heart ranch, known familiarly then as the "Heart."

Meets Future Wife.

Printing of the Clarendon News in Wisconsin ceased when Rev. Carhart and his young nephew went to Chicago and bought a printing press, type and other printing equipment and shipped them to Clarendon, but that was a great deal easier said than done. The printing shop equipment was first shipped by rail to Sherman and then hauled overland by wagon to Clarendon. The Carharts were weeks on the road bringing the printing equipment to Clarendon.

It was at Sherman that something

happened that changed young Ed's life. He met a girl named Mary Estella Brewer who had come from Illinois where she was born to Texas with her parents. The Brewer family later moved to Clarendon, and the romance that budded in Sherman quickly blossomed in Clarendon, and in December of 1881 young Ed, who was then 17 years old, rode to Clarendon and bought a license to be married from W. L. Dixon, county clerk. On Dec. 23, 1881, the young couple were wed. The store was located near where the Panhandle stock pens are now situated.

A life-long friend of Mr. Carhart, who also worked on the Heart ranch before moved to Panhandle, was J. S. Wynne. In fact, Mr. Wynne and Mr. Carhart moved to Panhandle at the same time. That was in 1887, when everybody was figuring that the main lines of the Fort Worth & Denver and the Santa Fe would cross at Panhandle.

McKinney & Huffman, business firm of Mobeetie, thought it so strongly that they sent Mr. Wynne with a stock of hardware and imple-

ments, and White & company also had the same notion and they sent Mr. Carhart to Panhandle with a general stock of goods. Each store occupied half of one building.

That was the last move made by Mr. Carhart. He has lived in Panhandle since then, and he has held many positions. He was postmaster eight years and he worked in the Panhandle bank of which he was cashier for 21 years. Of late years he has been in the automobile business and held the Bulek agency in Panhandle. He was also associated with his son-in-law, George Taylor of Pampa, in an automobile agency.

One of the biggest problems facing the first residents of Panhandle was how to get drinking water. When it rained you could get it out of nearby lakes, but when everything was dry you had to haul it from the Dixon creek springs, 12 miles from Panhandle. Mr. Carhart paid haulers a dollar a barrel for drinking water, and when it would be delivered at his store half of the water would

(Continued On Next Page)

LIVELY & MANN

Welcome You To The
TOP O' TEXAS FIESTA
JUNE 13 & 14

and we welcome you to the
finest and most modern
small store for men at the
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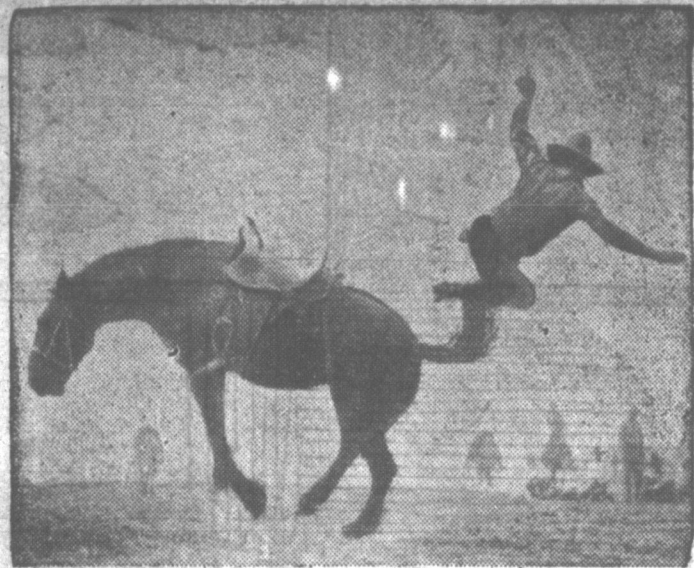
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ONE PRICE . . . **\$25.00**

Lively & Mann

LEARNING HOW TO FALL



"Ride 'em, cowboy!" shriek the crowd, but this particular contest has gone to the horse, which by a sudden check and turn of direction, has flung his rider clear. Note how the expert rider is already trying to twist his

PANHANDLE
CONTINUED—

be sloshed out, but he paid a dollar a barrel just the same.

Father Invented Auto
Mr. Carhart has been a loyal member of the Methodist church all his life, as was Mrs. Carhart, who passed away several months ago at a local hospital.

Mr. Carhart was born Dec. 15, 1865, at Watertown, N. Y. His father was Dr. J. W. Carhart, a physician. The J. W. Carhart family moved to Racine, Wis., when he was six or eight years old and in 1890 to Oshkosh. Dr. Carhart was recognized shortly before his death as the inventor of the automobile by the National Association of Automobile manufacturers, and adopted a set of resolutions recognizing him as the pioneer in the business. He was residing at Racine when he built the first self-propelled vehicle. It was said Dr. Carhart was a resident of San Antonio at the time of his death. Rev. Carhart, his brother died in Clarendon.

When Mr. Wynne and Mr. Carhart arrived in Panhandle, James E. Southwood was already there, riding patrol on ten claims sponsored by O. H. Nelson of a Kansas firm. Nelson was the first county judge of Carson county after it was organized, and Jess Wynne was the first sheriff.

Uncle Charlie
To Cook For
Friends Here

CHAPTER THREE

Come to the Top O' Texas Fiesta and the most famous ranch cook in the Panhandle of Texas will come to Pampa to cook the kind of meal he used to cook on the Turkey Track, N Bar N and other ranches.

The cook will be Uncle Charlie Wright of Panhandle, and his guests will be some of the old cowboys who used to work on ranches in this country. There'll be about a dozen guests in all.

Uncle Charlie will cook the meal in Dr. Walter Purviance's "living room" backyard which has a fireplace built out of petrified wood. It will be the finest outdoor kitchen Uncle Charlie ever cooked in, because he used to be glad when there was a tree around to shelter him from the rain or snow or sun.

At that meal there will be sourdough biscuits, white beans, tomatoes and corn, and coffee, typical ranch fare, and anything else Charlie wants to add. The guests will be J. S. Wynne, J. E. Southwood and Ed Carhart and one or two other old-time cowboys around Panhandle including Frank Owens, Cal Merchant of Clarendon, one or two at Canadian, and probably a couple of Pampans including Henry Lovett.

About a week before the Fiesta, Uncle Charlie is going to start the dough, and will add to it from day to day until the day of the feast. Then Charlie will cook his bread in a Dutch oven just as he used to do on the N Bar N's and Turkey Track. The cowboys of those days say that Uncle Charlie was the best cook in all the cow country.

Judge Southwood and Mr. Car-

hart of Panhandle say that Mr. Wright was just as good as the cowboys thought he was.

Worked For Hearts

Why did the average cowboy have it in for the average cook? Well, he was just somebody to pick on. That's what Uncle Charlie says, and that answer is probably as good as any. Why, the cowboys used to unceremoniously dump the cook into the river; they used to play all sorts of pranks on him, and in general make life miserable for him. The average cook did not usually know how to ride and rope, but Uncle Charlie did.

He worked as a cowboy on the Quarter Circle Heart ranch near Clarendon for seven years, at the same time Mr. Carhart worked there.

Once the cowboys played a joke on Uncle Charlie but he took it in stride, and enjoyed it despite the injury he received.

The camp was down on McClellan creek, and the boys were getting wood for the fires, and the way they got wood was to rope a dead tree and pull it up and then drag it back to camp. Charlie was going with them that morning. There was the little matter of picking his mount, and the boy obligingly suggested that he ride a certain horse. It turned out that the horse was a killer of the first water, and he started in as soon as Mr. Wright got on him. Charlie still has a scar as a memento of that incident.

Uncle Charlie had his fun with the cooks before he became one himself. He knew what to expect and what to do and what not to do. Just looking at Uncle Charlie you'd think that Williams, the fellow who draws the Out Our Way cartoons, knew the Panhandle man.

Drawl Genuine

Uncle Charlie has an authentic drawl. You here very few people nowadays who has a drawl that will match Uncle Charlie's. He still loves to chew tobacco, and his spitting aim is as accurate and steady as his eye.

He was born in Rusk county, Texas, July 24, 1861, and is therefore 78 years old, but he doesn't look it. He married around the turn of the century at Panhandle. He established a hotel at Panhandle which was noted for its hospitality and food in the early days. He operated the hotel until a few years ago when the Santa Fe built a new depot at Panhandle and made Main street a dead-end street at the south. It also blocked the street on which Uncle Charlie's hotel was located, and changed the highway.

That happened about a dozen years ago. All at once Uncle Charlie found himself and his hotel stranded on a street which nobody ever traveled. There was no street connecting it with the main part of town. Then his hotel business went on the rocks, but Uncle Charlie held on to his hotel and still owns it.

Sues Santa Fe

Soon after the depot was built, Uncle Charlie sued the Santa Fe railway which was represented by Judge H. E. Hoover of Canadian. Now, anybody will tell you that there never was a more truthful man than Uncle Charlie, and he answered the questions correctly, but the answers were such that his attorney moved for dismissal of the suit a few minutes after the trial opened. Uncle Charlie still contends that blocking of the street ruined his hotel business and that "tricky" questions lost the case for him.

The First Boom

Uncle Charlie has seen Panhan-

dle in the times of two booms. The first was when Panhandle was the terminus of the Santa Fe for three years. Then the place was a bedlam of cowboys, herds, saloons, officers, prospectors and "squatters." Hundreds of thousands of cattle were shipped out annually. Herds were guided along the trail from New Mexico points, from the South Plains and from all over the Panhandle. The boom went to Amarillo when the railroad was built on west in 1890.

The Oil Boom

The next boom came in 1926 with the discovery of oil in Borger. Then Panhandle was THE boom town of the Plains field. The Santa Fe at Panhandle suddenly became the biggest shipping point in America. There was no railroad and not much of a highway to Borger. County officials vacillated about building a paved highway between the two towns. Meanwhile the road to Borger was black with trucks that loaded at Panhandle. Rent soared to fabulous prices, several new buildings were erected, including the Panhandle Inn. The basement of a big hotel was excavated and for several years this hole was about the size of a half-block and was a favorite playing place for children when it didn't have water in it.

The agitation for a highway between Panhandle and Borger grew stronger, but no action was taken. Warnings that all the Panhandle activity would be transferred to Borger if a railroad were built to the Hutchinson county-seat were heard. Then the spur railroad to

Borger was built, and the Panhandle boom burst. High rent came down, the oil field people left, and then the highway department built highway 33 around Panhandle instead of through it.

These blows were hard to take, but Uncle Charlie and his kind had taken many before, and they took the newest ones with fortitude and determination. Any other town would have folded up, but Panhandle had too many residents like Mr. Carhart, Judge Asbery A. Callaghan, Judge Southwood, Mayor Boyles, Ralph Randel, and hundreds of others.

Panhandle today has active Lions and Rotary clubs with surprisingly large memberships, an active Chamber of Commerce, and a football team—Yes, what a football team! They have won their district championship so many times it has become a habit, and they're always fighting it out for the regional championship. Sometimes they lose and sometimes they win. Panhandle is famous as the home of Connie and Nolan Sparks, TCU football stars. Coach Meyer of TCU says it's almost certain that Connie will be All-American next year.

Uncle Charlie has learned to take things as they come. He has had his ups and downs, and so has the town. He's prepared for the best, but definitely he's not expecting the worst. Now that he's 78, he likes to recall the days when he was a cowboy, and he expects to hear a lot of reminiscences when he attends the Top O' Texas Fiesta here in June.

First School
Taught By
Mrs. Hill

CHAPTER FOUR

This is the story of a house and a woman—a house that is now empty and weather-beaten in spots, and a woman who still holds her head just as high as in the days when she lived in the house.

You have seen the house. It is the big house on the south side of the highway just after you make the last turn before you reach Panhandle. Everybody has noticed that house; everybody who doesn't know about, wonders about it.

It is a huge two-storied house with great windows and high ceilings. Until the last year or so it looked just as it did when the woman was mistress of it; it always looked new and its white paint glistened. Now the heavy expensive draperies are gone from the windows; gone are the marble statues at the foot of the stairs.

And gone is the man who was master of that house in days gone by, and inevitably after a few years, his widow, Mrs. Murry Hill, sold the

(Continued on Page Ten)

Sowing Seeds of Service

What Does Anthony's Service
Mean to YOU?

1. It affords you the pleasure and advantages of making your selections from COMPLETE ASSORTMENTS of good quality merchandise, authentically fashioned.
2. It enables you to buy these selections in your own town at the LOWEST PRICES that are available anywhere.



3. You buy from friends when you buy at Anthony's. You are not just a customer when you enter Anthony's. . . . You are a guest and receive the courtesy due a guest.
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5. Your Chamber of Commerce and civic clubs receive generous cooperation, both in personal service and financial assistance from Anthony's manager and salespeople.

Anthony's Service is Helping to Build Your Community!





Welcome to the Top O' Texas Fiesta



Pampa, June 13-14

**Southwestern
PUBLIC SERVICE
Company**

We welcome you to the 8th Annual Fiesta. If we can make your stay more pleasant, we are at your service. For information about special attractions call on us!

PANHANDLE

CONTINUED

house. What did she want with a house that big? She couldn't live in it by herself—she wouldn't even want to.

The master of that house was F. H. Hill, long-time mayor of Panhandle, pioneer merchant, the first telegraph operator, later Santa Fe agent. His story is largely the story of Mrs. Hill, just as the story of the average man is usually also the story of some woman, and you can't tell one's history without telling the other.

The first time I saw the Hills was back in 1928 when Al Smith was running for President of the United States. At that time they lived in the big house on the highway at the edge of town. At that time, Mrs. Hill surprised one with the cleverness and brilliance with which she discussed the latest books, poetry, the latest trend in sculpture and painting. At that time you admired the way she held her head and chose her words. I saw her again the other day when I went to Panhandle and I admired the same qualities in her. We talked about books for a while, and she had read Rebecca, and any number of books of the better sort which have been published within the last couple of years or so. Her words were as well-chosen and she held her head just as queenly as ever.

Arrived In Buckboard.

She held her head just as queenly as that day in the long, long ago when she first arrived in Panhandle in a buckboard. Then she was Mrs. Stone, and she rode in the buckboard from Canadian to Panhandle, behind two mules driven by her brother and a young fellow named J. E. Southwood, who later became her closest neighbor for years. It took Southwood and Stanhope two days to make that trip. They left Panhandle early one morning and the first night they stayed at Miami. The next night they stayed at Canadian. On the return trip, they reached Miami the first night and by driving hard reached Panhandle the next day.

There were practically no roads in those days, and the detours with the buckboard were numerous. The road was more of a trail than anything else, and it took quite a bit of maneuvering to scale the breaks around Miami and Canadian. At that time the railroad had been built as far as Canadian.

Taught First School.

Mrs. Hill immediately began to make herself useful in the community. Spurred on by chivalrous cowpunchers, ranchers, and other citizens, she organized the first school at Panhandle and taught it. It was a subscription school, and had not state aid. Parents or friends of the pupils paid tuition fees.

The first train that came to Panhandle brought the man who was later to become her husband—F. H. Hill, who began working for the Santa Fe as telegraph operator and station agent as soon as he arrived. When he quit the Santa Fe, he opened a dry goods and clothing store which he operated for years. He sold it in the late 'twenties to L. T. Hill Company of Oklahoma City. The store is still one of the leading stores in Panhandle. Jack Griffith, former Pampa business man, is manager of the store.

Sold Large House.

Mrs. Hill now lives in the home of her son, D. C. Stone, child of a former marriage. Mr. Stone operated an undertaking establishment for years, selling it about a year ago. One room in the attractive Stone home is Mrs. Hill's, and it is The House. The things Mrs. Hill liked best in the big house are in this room—a marble-topped dresser, a marble-topped washstand, a great gilded mirror, several prints of famous paintings and pictures in gold frames, several valuable chairs, favorite hangings at the windows. The rest of the beautiful furnishings of the house she either sold or has it stored away.

Mrs. Hill was loath to sell the house which she had lived in and loved for years. It had meant a great deal to her. It was like selling the past, and she hung on to it doggedly, until she saw it was foolish to keep it. But when she did sell it, she put it out of her mind—or tried to.

"People come to me and say, 'suppose that house were to burn down. It might, you know—nobody living there. What would you do then?' As if I could do something. Of course, I could do nothing. But whether it burns or not, I will always possess that house. I have pictures of it in my mind and that only the fire of death could burn away—and besides that I have pictures of it that I can look at every day—pictures that are much better than what you now see. . . . I don't

MR. HAYES COMES TO TOWN



George (Windy) Hayes, pictured above with William Boyd (Hopalong Cassidy) is one of the three motion picture celebrities who will be in Pampa for this year's Top O' Texas Fiesta on June 13-14. The other two are Mary Hart, 18-year-old star of western films, and Walter

Mattex, ex-director and agent for Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette.

The trio is scheduled to appear at Fiesta dances, ride in the parade, appear at the rodeos at Recreation park, and make stage appearances at the premiere to be held on the night of June 14.

like to look at those gaping windows. It's just like looking clear through a person—there ought to be a law against it!" Mrs. Hill was always a good joker.

Despite the fact that the house is located on the highway and near the railroad and was unguarded, the old mansion was entered only once, but that was enough, because the burglars (who were later sent to the penitentiary) took priceless wedge-wood plates, silver, heirlooms, draperies, knick-knacks. Part of the stuff was recovered later near a culvert from where it was washed by a rain. The burglars hid it there after they took it from the house.

Established Library.

But Mrs. Hill will be remembered in Panhandle by more than a house, for long after both she and the house are forgotten, her name will be remembered because she originated the splendid library that is now operated by Carson county. A long time ago, Mrs. Hill established the library, and in gratitude to her certain women in Pampa named it the Murry Hill library which was the name of the library for years.

The Carson county library is one of the particular prides of the people of the county. The main branch is located at Panhandle where a daughter of a colorful pioneer school teacher and judge, "Fess" Elston, now deceased, is the librarian. Judge Elston was hired to teach the Panhandle school when a certain group of boys became uncontrollable. They had successfully defied several teachers who left town with a tin can tied to them, figuratively speaking. "Fess" Elston tamed the boys in one day. The first thing he did was to throw one of them out the window, bodily.

But back to the library. It has

branches in White Deer, Groom, and other places. It has a Bookmobile, or a travelling library, built on an automobile chassis. It delivers books of all descriptions to patrons on the farms and ranches and to the branch libraries.

The library has the latest books, and a trained librarian who had experience in Kansas City before she accepted the Panhandle job.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill were always unusually fond of their grandchildren, Frank Stone and Miss Murry Stone. Mr. Hill was particularly fond of Frank, and in the middle 'twenties when Mr. and Mrs. Hill went on a tour of Europe, they took Frank with them. Frank later attended New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell and Texas Tech at Lubbock. He is now married, has a five-year-old girl and works for the Shamrock Oil company in Moore county.

Statue In Bank.

While on the tour of Europe, the Hills picked up many things for their home. One was a statue of Rebecca which they got in Italy and which now stands in the bank at Panhandle.

Mrs. Hill remembers the long ago as if it were yesterday, and all the incidents in the history of Panhandle stand out vividly in her memory. Mrs. Hill lived near the minister who in the early days committed one of the most shocking crimes in the history of the Panhandle.

Although there was an open season on prairie chickens in far West Texas this year, hunters believed there will be more birds this fall than in many years. Gains, Andrews, Yoakum, Terry and Cochran counties are their chief habitat.

Dave Bowers Saw The 'Deer And Antelope Play' At Shamrock

CHAPTER ONE

By TEX DEWEESE

"Give me a home where buffalo roam" is not just another cowboy song to Dave Bowers, 70-year-old Shamrock resident. It really brings back memories to this active, sprightly, early pioneer of the eastern pioneer. And so it is with other pioneers in and around Shamrock.

Mr. Bowers, perhaps, could speak for a score or more early settlers in Shamrock and vicinity—hardy men who came to the community back in those years before and just after the turn of the twentieth century.

"... and the deer and the antelope play."

Dave Bowers, as a boy of seven, saw the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play around what later was to become this enterprising eastern plains community of Exum, and then Shamrock.

They Talk of Living Pioneers

And, so did Major Frank Exum, A. G. Pendleton, A. J. Austin, who at 87 years, is Shamrock's oldest pioneer—if not its oldest resident. And when you talk to these men today they speak in the same breath with their own experiences of other Shamrock early arrivals such as D. F. Spruill, the hardware dealer; C. W. Johnson, the hotel man; Mrs. J. M. Woodley, widow of the late justice of the Peace J. M. Woodley; Kenneth Caperton, and other hardy men and women who are still living in this thriving oil, gas and agricultural center.

Shamrock is not so old, that you can't walk down Main street and bump into a half dozen pioneer citizens who arrived here when the site on which the town now is situated was nothing more than a vast range with white-faced cattle its principal inhabitants.

One of these interesting pioneers is Mr. Bowers. You talk with him for an hour, and the historic panorama of Old Mobeetie and Shamrock community pass in review down through the years. He remembers when there was no Shamrock—nothing but wide open spaces.

Born In Tennessee

Five years after the Civil War had ended, Mr. Bowers, who is now nearing his 70th birthday, was born in Memphis, Tenn. When he was seven years of age he came with his parents to the Panhandle. They settled first in Wichita county where his father established a buffalo camp on the Red river 16 miles northwest of Wichita Falls.

In 1879, they moved and set up another camp on Buck Creek, seven

or eight miles southwest of Wellington. Today Mr. Bowers recalls—his was a boy of ten at the time—how his father did all the buffalo hunting and employed a crew of skinner which his father kept busy many days with a kill as high as 150 buffaloes. Occasionally, so plentiful were they, that the day's toll would reach around 400 head.

Mr. Bowers recalls vividly the great buffalo herds which roamed the plains where Shamrock now stands.

Move To Mobeetie In '81

In order that the children could have school advantages, the Bowers family moved to Mobeetie in 1881 where his father took up the freighting business and helped haul lumber from Dodge City, Kansas, with which to build the town and Fort Elliott. Young Bowers, then only 12 years of age, became one of the drivers on freight routes from Old Mobeetie to Dodge City and from Mobeetie to Fort Worth. Mobeetie is 350 miles half way between the two hauling points.

Sometimes, he said, it would require three to four weeks to make the round trip to either point. On these trips, wagon trains pulled by mule and oxen would take produce and buffalo bones (used for fertilizer) to be traded for whiskey, flour, meat, boots, ten-gallon hats, coffee, sugar, calico, tobacco, and sundry items to supply the pioneer residents of the area for months to come.

Mules, Oxen For Motive Power

Upwards of 14,000 pounds would make up a one-way cargo which would be hauled to Fort Worth of Dodge City by 64 mules or 48 oxen which were worked in relays of eight mules and six oxen at a time.

Back in 1882, Mr. Bowers was employed as a surveyor with the late T. D. Hobart of Pampa, and was with the engineering crew which made the H&GN Ry. Co survey, which still is used as the basis for land transactions in the area.

At various times he was in Montana and Mexico, but returned to Texas and Mobeetie in 1902 when he located a ranch on four sections of land.

He was living on the ranch near Mobeetie when the Rock Island railroad nosed through the Shamrock area in 1902, and he moved to Shamrock in 1907 when he built the house on the hill where he was visited for the purpose of this interview. As we sat in his living room and talked of old times, Mr. Bowers' eyes sparkled, and there was a twinkle of pioneer pride at blazing the trails in the eyes of all the others with whom we visited while in Shamrock. As one talks with these early set-

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Welcome
Fiesta
Visitors

Top O' Texas
Fiesta,
June
13 & 14

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DRY CLEANED CLOTHES LOOK BETTER

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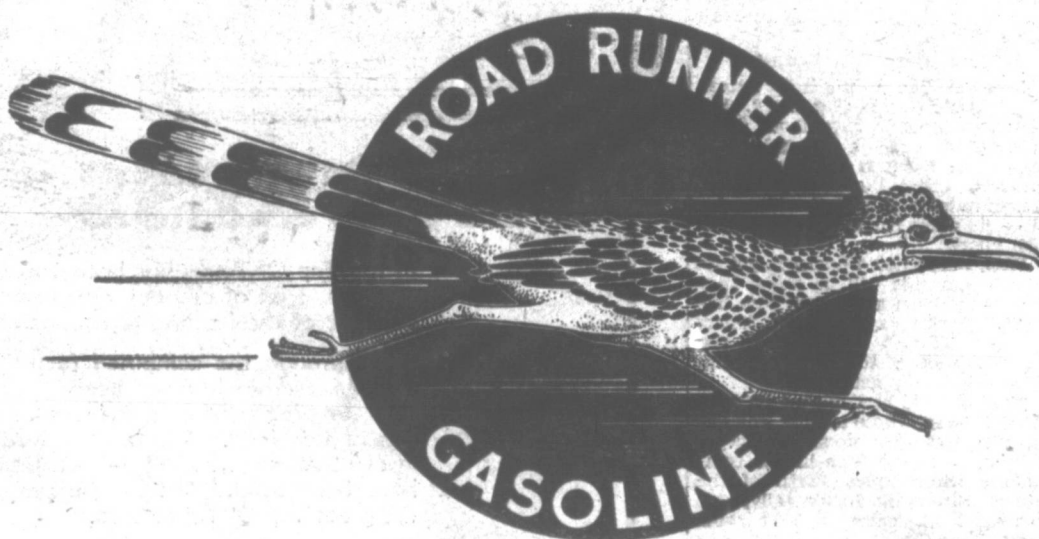
Danciger Again Compliments Pampa on Its Top O' Texas Fiesta

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Congratulating
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To be Part and Parcel
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A
78-80
Octane
Ethyl
Gasoline
2nd
To
None

DANCIGER

OIL & REFINERIES, INCORPORATED

PAMPA, TEXAS

SHAMROCK

CONTINUED

ters who came when the going was rough, this modern, easy-going existence pales into insignificance alongside the tribulations of those who made it possible for us to live in comfort on the same spot where they toiled the hard way for what

The Town Begins To Grow

And, when Mr. Bowers moved to Shamrock, the five intervening years between the railroad's coming and 1907 had seen the town grow to a population of around 100. There were less than two dozen houses in the entire town community.

At that time J. M. Woodley, whose widow still lives here, was a justice of the peace and operator of the town's first hotel. It was on the site of the present Johnson hotel. D. F. Spruill, and he's still here, too, was running a furniture store in the tiny hamlet. Shamrock's population today is nearly 4,000. The town has upwards of 1,000 homes, many of them as beautiful as you will find anywhere in the Panhandle.

Frank Exum, he's Major Exum today—and Shamrock's present city judge—was the town's first general store-keeper and postmaster back in 1902. C. W. Johnson, 1939's hotel man here, was a clerk in Mr. Exum's store.

Incidentally, Major Exum, one finds on a visit with him, is a red-hot Republican, being Republican county chairman in Wheeler county. At one time he had the enviable title of being the only Republican ever elected mayor of a town in Texas. He, of course, is a former mayor of Shamrock.

Major Exum came here ahead of the railroad and the town first was named "Exum," in honor of its No. 1 citizen. But that's another story.

Austin Built First House In Shamrock

CHAPTER TWO

The man who built the first frame house in Shamrock in 1902 resides here today.

He is A. J. Austin, who, at, 87, is Shamrock's oldest living pioneer, if not the town's oldest resident. And, even Mr. Austin—although he came before the community's name was changed from Exum to Shamrock—doesn't recall the details of just how Shamrock got its name.

The go back to those first days: Mr. Austin came from his native state of Alabama in 1901 and settled in Collingsworth county, eight miles due south of the present town of Shamrock.

Originally, he had planned to stay only two months to "look the country over" and appraise it from the standpoint of an agricultural area. He had heard this here was the last frontier where opportunity existed in abundance for the pioneer settler.

Finally, he decided, after those first two months, to extend his stay to six months to see for himself just what the crops would be like. Well, the crops were such that he immediately became sold on the country and has been a resident here ever since.

First Tragedy Enters Life

While he was absent from his Alabama home, the first tragedy entered the life of Pioneer Austin. One of his children died, and he did not hear of it until he returned to the

state at the end of six months to bring his wife and five other children into this eastern Panhandle section.

Mr. Austin was in a jovial mood when I called at his comfortable home on the edge of Shamrock.

"They tell me you're the oldest pioneer in town," I said to him, "and I've come out to ask you something about the early days of Shamrock."

"Mister," he said, "I'm younger than a lot of those young squirts up town who sent you out here, but you're in the right place to talk turkey about Shamrock's early days," then he chuckled a good, old pioneer chuckle.

And so we were off to a fine start for the kind of interview desired. Incidentally, Mr. Austin is a most interesting conversationalist. He knows Shamrock from A to Z. He ought to—he was there before the Shamrock alphabet was begun.

Of course, there are Shamrock pioneers who have lived in the vicinity longer than Mr. Austin, but it is unusual that a man who was 49 years of age when he first came here still can be a living pioneer.

Has Varied Career

He has weathered those pioneering days admirably well. As we sat there and talked with him, his wife—who is nine years younger than Mr. Austin—listened in and assisted now and then in supplying a date or the details of some early-day happening.

This grayed pioneer resident likes to tell of that first house built in Shamrock. He first explains that he, at different times, was a carpenter, blacksmith, farmer, merchant, and a justice of the peace. To be a pioneer, you know, you have to be of necessity a jack of all trades. So, Mr. Austin, like the other pioneers, was all of these and more.

That first house he built here was erected on the site, he said, now occupied by the B. & L. Store on Main street. Likewise he built the Blake House, the first one-room "box" school house where Mrs. Ada Small taught Shamrock's first school of 16 pupils.

Mr. Austin was a charter member of the First Methodist church in Shamrock. He recalls that there were 18 pioneers in that first church group. Today the Methodist church, one of Shamrock's 13 churches, has a membership reaching up between 400 and 500.

How Town Was Named

How did Shamrock get its name? That is an interesting story, Mr. Austin couldn't be sure about it, he said, but he believed it was because there was a green leaf that grew on land where the first postoffice was situated and that the town derived its name from that Shamrock-like plant.

Well, here's how Shamrock got its name—and this will be news, they tell me, to even many folk who live in Shamrock today. Many old-timers are familiar with the facts, but not many outside of the Shamrock city limits know the details.

This story is best related by Mrs. John Harvey, whose mother was one of the first four women to begin talking of a postoffice in the community three miles north of the present Shamrock. Incidentally, Mrs. Harvey lives today on that same farm. This first postoffice talk was back in 1890—nearly a half century ago.

Heretofore they had been forced to ride horseback 20 to 25 miles to Old Mobettie for the mail, so they wanted a postoffice on the south side of the county where the farthest out could cut this ride to ten or 12 miles. Today we complain because we have to walk out onto the porch for the mail on a cold day.

Mr. Harvey's parents settled first in Wheeler county in 1886 on land near where the town of Wheeler

HANK KEENEN'S CLOWNING



Tinhorn Hank Keenen of Cheyenne, Wyo., premier rodeo clown, will add merriment to the annual Fiesta rodeos here on June

13 and 14, at Recreation Park. How to ride the hard way is one of Hank's specialties.

stands today. Later he bought an old stage stand some 20-odd miles from Mobettie. It was this place that in 1890 became the first Shamrock postoffice.

Now, the four women who first talked postoffice were Mrs. Jones (Mrs. Harvey's mother), two sisters, Mrs. Ide Cole and Mrs. Ralph Cole, and Mrs. George Nichols. Action was taken and a postoffice was established in the dugout home of George Nichols.

He Was Irish!

He was an Irishman, and wishing all the good luck possible to the new settlement, he chose the name "Shamrock" for the postoffice station.

And now — another interesting fact!

That first Shamrock postoffice lasted exactly one day. One evening the Nichols family drove over to a neighbor's for supper and when they returned they found their home and the new postoffice equipment in ashes.

Many were the stories surrounding the burning of the first postoffice there. Old settlers inclined to a belief that cattlemen had something to do with it, believing the postoffice would attract more settlers and end the days of free grass on the range.

Time passes on—nearly ten years—and our story leads now up to the

year 1890. In the fall of that year there was a great rush to file on Wheeler county lands. Free grass days had ended, but the cattlemen bought many sections of the land for grazing purposes.

So, after ten years the question again came up relative to the feasibility of establishing another postoffice. The folks within a 15 to 20 mile radius of the community three miles north of the present city of Shamrock wanted Mrs. Harvey's mother to be the new postmaster.

Names Suggested

Two suggestions for a name were made by the residents, "Purcell" and "Index." Mrs. Jones remembered the short-lived earlier postoffice and chipped in the suggested name of "Shamrock" again in memory of those four women who had first talked about a postoffice and then helped to establish one back in 1890. So, in 1900 the second Shamrock postoffice came into being, but it was not on the site of the present Shamrock.

That, too, is another chapter in Shamrock's history.

Turning to a special edition of the Shamrock Texan of two years ago we find that patrons of the postoffice in 1900 were:

Thomas Ingram, John B. Harvey, John W. Purcell and his three sons, Will, Jehu and Lucian; Charles Ward, S. Garrett, G. J. Duncan, Gilbert Bell, Elmer Trostle, Hevin Willard, Dan Lehman, Luther Duncan, William Duncan, G. W. Burrow, Ollie Burrow, V. Harvey, William Henry, Jeff D. Mankin, and Luther Bartlett.

Railroad In 1902

As related in the first installment on Shamrock, Rock Island railroad pushed through Shamrock in 1902. And, to the surprise of these postoffice patrons and Postmistress

(Continued on Page Fourteen)



PROGRESS

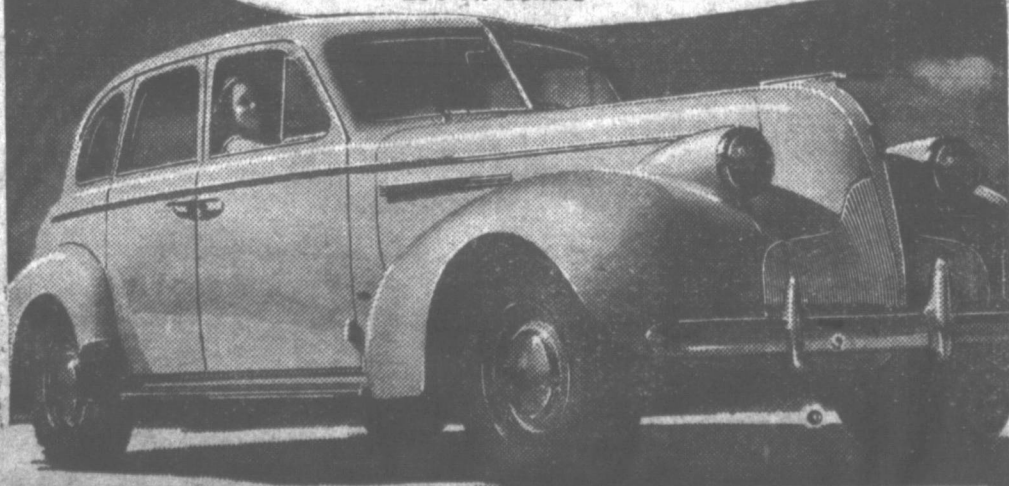
In the Top O' Texas has been inevitable . . . visioned by hardy pioneers, men of courage and faith, this great area has grown into one of the leading territories of these great United States.

Through the combined facilities of our great natural resources, eternal life has been given to the Top O' Texas . . . and our progress has convinced us of the unbounded possibilities of this land. We have strived to render the best service in our business . . . We will continue along the principles that have been established by the progressive minded pioneers of the great Top O' Texas area.

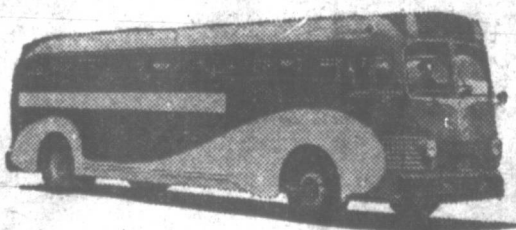
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buy Buick!"**
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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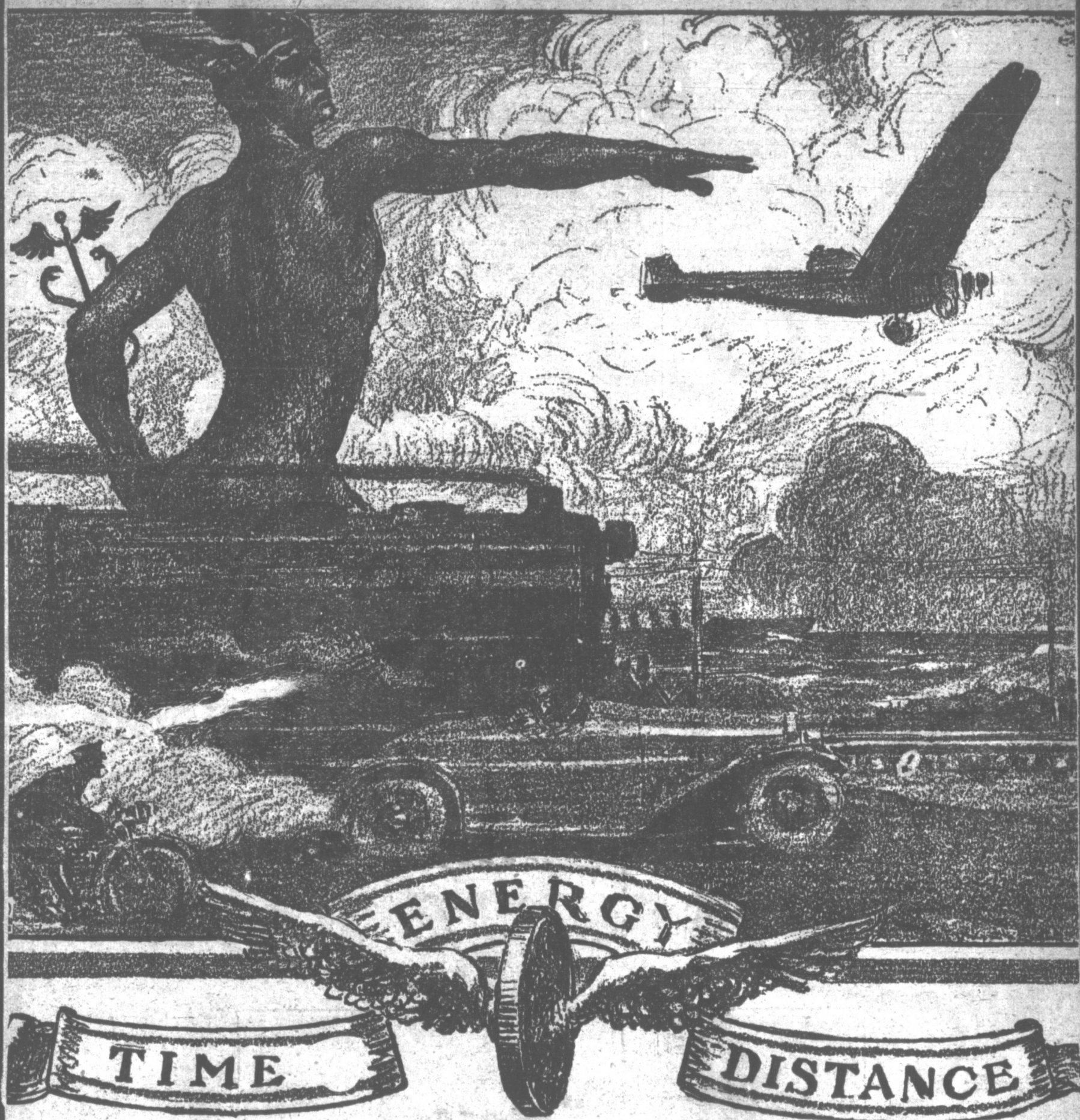


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As the caravans of dust-covered immigrant wagons on their westward trek dwindled in number and the frontier spaces changed from desolate regions to populated areas the march of an empire did not cease nor slacken o'er Texas' broad domain.

The push of the pioneers into the land of the southwest sun provided only the tinder for the raging flame of progressive energy that was to mark the upward trend of the TOP O' TEXAS.

Up through these years the march of an empire has moved incessantly. Generation after generation fell into the never ending line to carry on the building that started with the first dugout on the plains.

The vast lone stretches became flecked with cattle. Farms were started and small settlements came into being and grew until they became great cities. More people came, more farms were tilled, more products were produced and then in the twenties came the flow of precious oil and natural gas.

1939—The march of a great empire moves ever forward . . . to greater heights of attainments is the formula for THE CAPITOL OF THE TOP O' TEXAS . . . Maybe some day in the not too distant future, Pampa will have reached its ultimate goal, its pinnacle of achievement. Today it is only starting.

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NATURAL GAS DIVISION

SHAMROCK

CONTINUED

Jones at the original "Shamrock"—which was three miles north of the railroad depot, railroad officials named the stop "Shamrock," although the town's name was Exum, so-named in honor of Frank Exum, the early pioneer.

In the following year, Mrs. Jones, the Shamrock postmistress, figured there was no further need for the Shamrock postoffice since the Exum postoffice was near the Shamrock depot, and the Shamrock postoffice was three miles distant.

On top of that, it caused quite a bit of confusion. Nobody knew which place was meant when the name of Shamrock bobbed into those pioneer conversations.

Taking the situation in hand, Mrs. Jones asked that her Shamrock postoffice be discontinued. It didn't work out that way, however. After much dickered, the Exum postoffice was discontinued and the Shamrock postoffice was moved over three miles to coincide with the name of the railroad depot.

And that's how Shamrock got its name.

Pendleton Typical Of New Progress

CHAPTER THREE

One of the first persons the Pampa News historical fact-finder met

on the search for data in Shamrock was A. G. Pendleton, druggist, football fan and golfer, whose drugstore today stands on the ground where "Sport" Pendleton, as his intimates call him, once punched cattle on the old Shelton ranch.

When Mr. Pendleton, who is only 60 years of age now, first came to Wheeler county as a youth of 19, his first job was on the ranch owned by K. M. Shelton. Incidentally, the Shelton ranch section not now occupied by the city of Shamrock has since been cut up into farms.

Mr. Pendleton was deeply engrossed with a couple of customers in a difficult problem when we called at his store in company with Bedford Harrison, the Shamrock Chamber of Commerce secretary-manager.

The problem?

Well, Mr. Pendleton had a couple of his customers "down"—trying to work that famous African Explorer puzzle. That's the one in which the three explorers, guided by a cannibal chieftain and two tribesmen, come to a river which they must cross. They have one boat which will accommodate two persons at a time. The problem is to ferry the entire party across the river without ever leaving more cannibals than explorers together on either side of the river at one time.

Of course, if you do leave more cannibals than explorers together at one time—the cannibals will eat the explorers, and there you are.

Arrived in 1898

It's quite a difficult problem, and Mr. Pendleton would work it with six chess men right in front of you and then turn the puzzle back to you. Nine out of ten are unable to work it. At any rate that's what Mr. Pendleton was having fun with when we called on him.

But, getting back to his early

arrival in the Shamrock vicinity. It was in 1898 that he arrived there as a youth of 19 years, coming to the Shelton ranch from Tarrant county. He worked on the ranch for ten years and moved into town—Shamrock was beginning to get growing pains by that time—and started up a drugstore, a business in which he has continued for the past 31 years. And, this qualifies him as one of Shamrock's veteran business men.

One of the fellows who was trying to keep the cannibals from eating the explorers was Kenneth Caperton, who deals in real estate and oil and gas leases. Mr. Caperton, is a life-long resident of the community, having been born on a ranch south of town in 1894. That date, you will recall, was before Shamrock was born—in fact, it was eight years before the Rock Island came through in 1902, the year when most Shamrock pioneers mark the actual birth of the present town of Shamrock.

Many Gas Wells

And, now—let's take a look at the modern Shamrock:

Here is a city that has many enviable assets. It is situated in the midst of one of the largest natural gas fields, and pipe lines from the area carry gas for fuel as far east as Chicago, as far north as Kansas City, and as far south as San Antonio. Near here are located two large compressor stations and there are prospects of a third in the near future.

Wheeler county has 233 producing wells, 14 refineries and eight carbon black plants. In the county also are great ranches which run thousands of head of white-faced Hereford and Black Angus cattle. Hogs and poultry are plentiful in the area which boasts diversified

farming that produces wheat, row crops, cotton and grain sorghum.

The City of Shamrock has a modern \$50,000 postoffice, whose receipts last year were \$26,500. It has a half-million dollar water supply system from five deep wells and spring with the water flow running to the city by gravity. Nearly \$65,000 are invested in a sewage system and city hall and fire equipment is valued at \$23,000. Municipal tax supports an excellent Shamrock band.

Has 12 Churches

Within the city limits are 12 churches, two theaters, 185 retail business firms, a cotton oil mill, an ice plant with 30 tons daily capacity, two fully-equipped hospitals, four cotton gins, two first class hotels, two financially sound banks, and a bottling company that serves three counties.

In the channel of transportation are two motor freight trucking companies, The Fort Worth & Denver and The Rock Island railroads, the Caprock and the Greyhound bus lines.

In the cotton industry there is located here the Traders Compress storage with a capacity of 16,000 bales and an average compressing of 32,000 bales annually.

One of the busiest recreation spots in Shamrock in the summertime is the \$9,000 municipal swimming pool. There is a public library sponsored by the Federated Women's clubs, with Mrs. A. M. Hilburn as librarian.

Shamrock's city officers include: W. H. Walker, mayor; Ode Cain, city secretary; Major Frank Exum, city judge; W. K. McLemore, police chief; Ira Wall, fire captain, and city councilmen: R. C. Lewis, Lynn Griffin, Wallace Barrett, and James F. Smith.

W. C. Perkins is superintendent of schools, W. O. Morrow is as-

sist superintendent and principal of the high school, and the school system is made up of high and junior high and two ward school buildings with an enrollment of approximately 1,100 pupils.

P. T. Boston is president of the school board, L. E. Davis is president, and Bedford Harrison is manager-secretary of the Shamrock Chamber of Commerce.

Country Club Beautiful

Two civic clubs the Rotary club, headed by Stuart Tisdal, and the Shamrock Boosters club, headed by Postmaster Lake George, are powers for much civic interest and activity in the city. Mrs. Maurice McClenny heads the Business and Professional Women's Club.

An excellent country club and golf course is another recreational attraction. The Cole Creek country club is situated two miles west and four miles north of Shamrock.

Five culture clubs also bring Shamrock women together for the finer things of life. These clubs and their presidents include:

Thursday Literary Club, Mrs. Earl Kromer; Thursday Fine Arts Club, Miss Ruth Ziegler; Forum Club, Mrs. Clayton Heare; Twentieth Century Club, Mrs. Earl Martin; and the Homecraft Club, Mrs. T. C. Davis.

Contributing much to the progress of this entire area around Shamrock is The Shamrock Texan, published by Albert Cooper. The paper was founded at Lela, Texas—then known as Story—back in 1903 by T. C. Richardson, who now is traveling editor for Farm and Ranch Magazine, Dallas. In its first days it was known as the Wheeler County Texan. The paper was published in Story for about a year and was moved to Shamrock in 1904, the

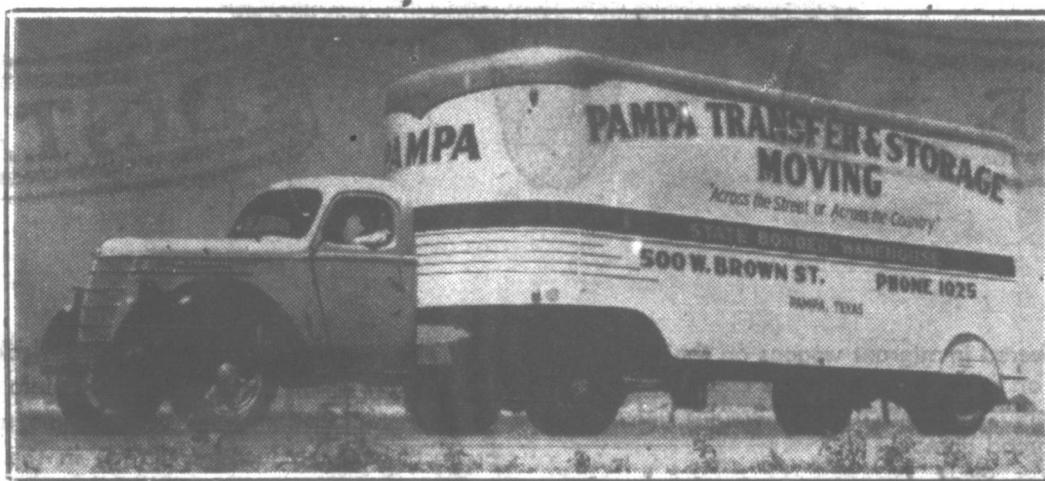
(Continued On Next Page)

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Driller Ran Off 'Toolie' With Hatchet

A driller who run off his tooldresser with a hatchet was one of the most interesting personalities Joe W. Johnson, who lives two miles south of Plemmons, ever worked with.

Other sidelights on early-day oil field workers were obtained from C. B. Myers who said that drillers, tooldressers and roughnecks back in Ohio and Pennsylvania used to amuse themselves in their spare time by fisticuffing. When things became dull they'd take on the crew of the next rig, or the next two rigs. It did not matter much. The main difference between the first workers in the oil industry and now is that the men used to pride themselves on their fist-slugging.

Mr. Johnson, a driller now, was a tooldresser then. The irascible driller had a fierce reputation, and nobody wanted to work with him. The day after the driller had run off the tooldresser with the hatchet, Mr. Johnson began working for him.

"I got this job after I left home this morning," Mr. Johnson told the driller, "and I didn't bring any gun, my black-jack, my butcher-knife and my brass knuckles, but I'll not forget them tomorrow." The driller said nary a word. "I was just kidding him but he must have thought I meant it," Mr. Johnson said. "Anyway, I didn't have any trouble with him, and I got along with him fine, and worked for him for two years."

Ranger Plenty Muddy

Mr. Johnson started out in the oil field 26 years ago at Electra. He was tooldresser two years. He drilled wells in the Ranger and Desdemona fields, also at Coleman, Fort Stockton, Brownwood, McCamey, Wink, East Texas, Wheeler, Gray and Carson counties. He came here in 1933. Mr. Johnson is now pumping in Hutchinson county.

The most mud Mr. Johnson ever saw was in the Ranger field. Cars actually sunk clear out of sight on the streets of Ranger, and mud was knee-deep in most places. Mr. Johnson remembers a sight that became familiar to all who made the Ranger boom—the man who operated a horse-drawn sled on which people could ride across the street for a nickel.

Mr. Johnson wildcatted in the Ranger area before the boom. He was supposed to drill the first Ranger well, but instead he drilled the Wayland well. Mr. Johnson spent 10 years in the Ranger field.

He is both a rotary and cable tool driller. Mr. Johnson once worked with an old-time driller of Irish descent who never said a word while on tower. "You could tell by looking him what he wanted you to do."

Drilled in Gusher

Mr. Johnson drilled in his biggest well at McCamey. It gushed 20,000 barrels.

The Ranger field was extremely tough only a short time. Mr. Johnson said. Then the laws got it under control. He remembers that Desdemona is located on Hog Creek and that oil field workers called it Hot Town.

Mr. Myers worked on his first well in the Van Buren, Ind., field in 1905. He worked at the Prairie Depot, Ohio, field in 1907; the Roberson field in Illinois in 1910, and later in Oklahoma, Delaware and Kentucky fields.

Mr. Myers has lived in many oil fields, but he now believes that the most dangerous one was the Corsicana field where slayings, fighting and all kinds of vice soared for a short time.

However, Ohio and Pennsylvania oil field workers in the early days were different from the Southwest types, Mr. Johnson believes. The oil fraternity used to be top-heavy with workers of Irish descent, and free-for-alls were the rule not the exception. The oil field workers around Brodner, Ohio, used to stage some marvelous brawls, featuring fists, he remembered.

Made Borger Boom

Mr. Myers made the Borger boom, but it wasn't at all bad. "But if you want my honest opinion," he added, "all oil boom towns are bad if you want to be bad. However, I do want to say this for the Panhandle field. It is my favorite. It is the first field I have ever lived in where I have stayed long enough to enjoy the improvements like paved highways." Mr. Myers came to the Panhandle field, working in the Borger area, in 1926, and he has been here ever since. He is a cable tool driller, but has worked on rotary rigs, too. He lives at 701 S. Barnes.

San Bernardus Mission at Awatobi on the Painted Desert in Hopland was the first building erected by civilized man in Arizona. Ancient pueblo ruins still stand on the site.

SHAMROCK

CONTINUED

first Shamrock edition being published on April 15 of that year.

Percy Bones, until recently editor of The Texan, first came to Shamrock in 1910 as a printer. During the years 1923-29 he was publisher and owner of the paper. The Texan moved into its present fine brick home in 1929. It first was located in the block east of Main street about where Scott's Service Station stands today.

In 1910 it was moved into the building now occupied by Ruff's store. And on the walls of the store today, for instance, are some of the metal plug tobacco tags which were stuck there by a printer three decades ago.

March 17 Fete Famous

And, so Shamrock marches on—a bit of the auld sod, a bit of the west, east, north and south all mixed together and set down on the eastern end of this Texas Panhandle on a continental highway artery—a community that teems with happy, prosperous folk, boasting fine homes and an annual St. Patrick's Day celebration that now receives nationwide recognition.

Thirty thousand persons crowded Shamrock last March 17 for the second annual celebration where donegal beards, Irish jigs and reels, and the wearin' o' the green lent color to a 24-hour show unlike anything staged anywhere in the nation.

Truly—

Shamrock is the Irish capital of the United States.

Smackover Mud Worst, Says Noland

Oh Boy, but was that Smackover tough and was it muddy! It had Ranger and Burk beat for mud, and Putty Noland, 419 North Carr, who was cornered yesterday by The Roving Reporter, believes that Keifer, Oil City, La., Ranger, Borger, or the Seminole field had nothing on old Smackover.

He was there five days when he was 16 years old. He had just started out in the oil field business and Smackover had just got going good. But those five days were enough for Putty Noland. He got work, all right, but he didn't want it in Smackover.

While he was there, they killed Coal Oil Johnny, the toughest customer in Arkansas. Coal Oil Johnny was a gambler, and the roughest guy in Smackover. He was killed in a place called the Barrel House after a couple of roughnecks had been killed in a gambling game with Coal Oil Johnny, who got to where he didn't care how he treated the oil field workers. Finally they got tired of Coal Oil Johnny, and one night about 250 drillers, tooldressers, roughnecks and others went down to Coal Oil Johnny's place and killed him and hacked it to pieces with axes. That happened while Putty Noland was there.

Several Men Killed

Several men were killed and a friend of Putty's, Johnny Burkhalter, came out of the Barrel House with a bullet-hole in his hat. Smackover's mud was a fearful sight. Noland saw 16 teams, or 32 horses, pulling an eight-wheel wagon through the mud up the main drag of Smackover. They'd haul boilers, just drag 'em along the ground, with 25 teams hitched to them. Sometimes you had to drag horses out of the Main street mud.

You could walk down the street any time and see three or four fights and you could see staggering, jumpy dope heads stealing oil field equipment off wagons in broad daylight. They'd pick up anything and sell it for a shot. The dope heads stayed at an old saw mill and they'd shoot each other in the arm with their own needles.

Smackover Named

Well, here's how Smackover, the oil field where the gigantic gushers came in, got its name. All the oil field workers wore With-Ek boots, the kind that comes up under your knees. You had to wear 'em high in Smackover to wade the mud. The young oil field workers who came to the place the day the boom started were walking across the road (that later became the main street) and it was muddy and the mud was deep. One of the men bogged down, boots and all.

"Did the mud go plum over your boots?" asked his companion. "Yes, it went smack over," was

the answer. And so they called it Smackover.

Mr. Noland is the youngest driller to register for the Fiesta today. He's only 33, but he's been in the business 17 years, and qualifies as an old timer. He answered the appeal of the Roving Reporter for the low-down on Smackover.

Cratering Wells

After Smackover, Mr. Noland went to Oil City, La., where the derrick next to his went under just before the crew escaped. A lot of wells in Oil City went under. "Cratering," they call it down there. They just sink and everything goes out of sight. He worked in Corsicana a half mile from where 13 men were burned to death by a flaming well which was a tower of flame for six days and nights.

He made the Seminole boom and

that field had everything beat he had experienced, except Smackover. That dance hall in Seminole was a tough joint. Matt Kimes, the bandit used to dance there disguised as a woman, and sometimes the lights would go out and then they'd find a law knocked out. Then they knew that Kimes, who hated the laws, was in town and everybody would beat it. Two guys would get into a fight in that dance hall dump and everybody would gather around and the one that got whipped would get stomped into insensibility.

Made Bowlegs Boom

The Seminole field was lousy with the canned heat drinkers. They had a jungle close to Seminole, and they would kill you for a quarter if they were out of canned heat.

The Green Lantern dance hall was the main go in Earlsboro. Noland said that Borger compared to

Earlsboro was like comparing whipped cream to vinegar. Noland made the Bowlegs field when it first started. That was when Matt Kimes was going good in Seminole. One night Matt, disguised as a woman, flirted with the big law at Earlsboro. Bowlegs was named for old Nigger Bowlegs, who owned all the land around there, and who rode a fine horse and packed two silver mounted "camons." Bowlegs was tough enough. One night, Putty Noland saw them carrying a guy out in a sheet. He had been slashed deep across the stomach with a knife, and had been disemboweled.

Noland drilled here 10 years ago for Scott Hall and the Champlin Oil company, and he's been working here about 13 years, and he's going to keep on working here as long as he can.



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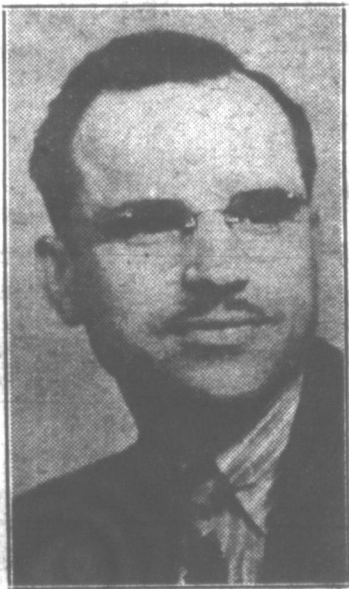
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The name, Levine's and the Slogan, PRICES TALK, have made retailing history by supplying the needs of the people with quality merchandise at a price that all could afford. This was and will continue to be the ideal of the firm . . . LEVINE'S.

Prices have and shall talk so forcefully at Levine's that this message shall reach more and more of the public, and benefit the shoppers of the Panhandle.

