

THE MCLEAN NEWS

The Oldest Newspaper in Gray County — — — A Community Institution

Vol. 42.

McLean, Gray County, Texas, Thursday, January 25, 1945.

No. 4.

WITH THE CHURCHES

McLEAN METHODIST CHURCH

H. A. Longino, Pastor

The two services last Sunday were very much enjoyed. The twenty-four young women from McMurry College, Abilene, certainly gave us an inspiring musical program at the eleven o'clock hour. Capt. John R. Strevig, chaplain of the POW camp, spoke at the evening service. He related a number of experiences of his overseas work and assured us of the vital place a chaplain holds in the lives of the boys in combat. His message was interesting and of much spiritual significance.

Services Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The Youth Fellowship has a subdistrict retreat in McLean this week end, so we will have visitors with us next Sunday. Miss Mattie Sue Howell, daughter of Rev. J. T. Howell once pastor of this church, will be here as director of the young people's work. The W. S. C. S. regular meeting hour is Tuesday, 2:15 p. m.

According to Dr. E. Stanley Jones, the churches and church colleges will be the "spear-head" in bringing about a lasting peace after this war of arms has ceased. If this be true the church must prepare to advance by vitalizing its own forces before this responsibility becomes acute.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Floyd Eugene Grady, Pastor

Sunday school for all age groups meet at ten o'clock.

Morning worship begins at 11:00 o'clock.

The young people of Westminster Fellowship Society will present the entire program for the evening worship service. "Since Christ Is Lord" will be the theme of their program. This service will commemorate Presbyterian Young People's Day for 1945.

We welcome you to worship and study with us.

METHODIST W. S. C. S.

Mrs. W. E. Bogan was leader of the Methodist W. S. C. S. Tuesday afternoon, the subject being Open Doors to Our Mission Fields.

Mrs. H. A. Longino opened the meeting with soft music, followed by the devotional by Mrs. C. A. McDowell.

All present took part on the program, depicting the following: Mother and child, soldier's letter, mother of service man, defense worker, nurse, Chinese woman, Indian, Latin American, Japanese, African. Rev. Longino offered the closing prayer.

Women present were Mesdames J. L. Hess, J. E. Kirby, Frank Rodgers, C. M. Carpenter, J. A. Sparks, F. R. Smith, J. L. Andrews, J. H. Wade, C. A. McDowell, J. W. Story, W. E. Bogan, H. A. Longino and T. R. Almsworth.

BAPTIST W. M. S.

The Baptist ladies met at the home of Mrs. D. L. Allen Tuesday afternoon.

Mesdames Frank Reeves, Boyd Reeves, Bunia Kunkel, Wm. Stolle, Murray Boston, Homer Abbott, and Haskel Stotts gave parts on "The Centennial Year of the Baptist Convention."

A lovely plate was served to those on program and the following: Mesdames Geo. Colebank, J. T. McCarty, A. L. Rippey, Robert Kennedy, Nora Loveland, Luther Petty, R. L. Van Huse, T. B. Windom, J. W. Burrows, Leo Gibson, H. W. Finley.

Next Tuesday, Jan. 30, all ladies are invited to the home of Mrs. Homer Abbott at 10 o'clock for a covered dish luncheon and quilting.

Mrs. Luke Johnson and mother, Mrs. J. A. Brawley, were in Shamrock Wednesday.

Miss Maurine Morgan of Pampa visited her sister, Mrs. J. P. Dickson, over the week end.

Mrs. Peggy Hill of Panhandle visited her parents and daughter here over the week end.

Town and Farm In Wartime

Ration Reminders

Meats—Fats—Red stamps Q5 through X5 good indefinitely. No new stamps until January 28.

Processed Foods—Blue stamps X5 through Z5, A2 through G2 good indefinitely. No new blue stamps until February 1.

Sugar—Sugar stamp 34 good for 5 pounds indefinitely. No new stamp until February 1.

Shoes—Airplane stamps 1, 2, 3 in book three good indefinitely.

War Expenditures at New High

Evidence of the demands of a vast war effort is the fact that in December, according to the treasury department and the war production board, war expenditures averaged \$313,400,000 a day: a new high for the daily outlay. The daily rate last month was 14.8% higher than in November.

Consumer Front Little Changed

The consumer front remained little changed with continued tight rationing controls by way of fairer distribution of limited wartime supplies. . . . Most consumers recognize that 1945 will be a "tight" year for most commodities. . . . Retail prices on smoked pork loins and loin cuts have been cut by OPA by one to two cents a pound and retail cent-per-pound ceiling prices were established on both kosher and non-kosher cooked corned beef briskets. . . . Owing to the critical manpower situation in the Mansfield, O., area, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., voluntarily stopped output of electric irons in its factory there (half of an authorized 157,000 irons had been completed). . . . Every town, every business district, is asked by the government to turn off advertising signs, dim illumination and use electricity sparingly to save coal for winning the war.

Farmers Hold Huge War Bond Reserve

Down on the farm there is a war bond financial reserve of over \$3,500,000,000—more than the average annual value of all crops produced in the 1930's, reports the agricultural section of the treasury's war finance division. During the 10-year period 1930-39, the bureau of agricultural gross farm income from the sale of crops was \$3,100,000,000. The war finance division regards its estimate of \$3,500,000,000 in war bonds held by farmers at the conclusion of the sixth war loan as conservative. Final figures may show an agricultural investment in these bonds close to \$4,000,000,000.

M. L. Predmore, chief of the agricultural section of the war finance division, states, "This huge war bond investment has put agriculture in the strongest financial position since before world war I. Most farmers now have financial protection against the hazards of farming, such as crop failures and livestock disease."

He urges that farmers "continue to invest all funds above necessary farm and family expenses in war bonds. In this way they can build up an investment that will assure the funds needed to put their farms in efficient operating condition after the war. If these improvements can be financed out of current income, then the war bonds can be held as the valuable long-term investment that they are."

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Okdeon of Fort Worth visited the lady's brother, Bill Bailey, last week. They moved to McLean this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gibson took their son, Kenneth, to Amarillo Friday for medical treatment.

Mrs. W. A. Glass of Alameda was here last week at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. C. A. Watkins.

Born Jan. 18, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Vineyard, a girl named Patricia Ann.

Subscriptions this week: Mrs. Mary E. Harlan, T. J. Coffey, Mrs. Cleat Hazzard, Leslie Jones, C. M. Powell, Billy D. Rice, C. L. Pettit, J. R. Phillips, Rev. L. H. Shockey, Ernest Blankenship.

Rev. C. O. Huber Dies Suddenly

Election Monday For Red Cross

The annual election for officers of the McLean chapter of the American Red Cross will be held at the city hall Monday afternoon beginning at 3:00 o'clock, according to announcement by J. S. McLaughlin, chapter chairman.

Mr. McLaughlin says that all who contributed to the drive for funds last year are members and are expected to be present Monday for the election.

This year's quota for McLean has been set at \$3,700, divided \$2,300 for the national organization and \$1,400 for the local chapter. This is \$1000 less than was raised here last year. Part of the territory formerly allotted to McLean has been given to Pampa, which accounts in part for the lower quota this year.

The national overall quota has been raised thousands of dollars since the recent setback our armies received in Europe.

Scout Executive Lions Speaker

Hugo O. Olsen, scout executive for the Adobe Walls Council, was guest speaker at the Lions Club Tuesday.

Mr. Olsen outlined the work needed here and paid high tribute to the scout work done here by the late Rev. C. O. Huber.

The club members stood in silent tribute to Rev. Huber's memory and ordered a telegram of sympathy sent to the bereaved family. In the directors meeting following the luncheon, a spray of flowers was ordered for the funeral services.

C. S. Doolen, H. C. Wright and Edmo Dromgoole were presented as new members. Atty. Joe Gordon was a visitor.

C. of C. Directors Met Tuesday

The directors of the chamber of commerce, both out-going and newly elected, met in joint session at the city hall Tuesday evening to outline plans for the new year.

Discussion centered on a sales ring, a milk route and pasteurizing plant for the community.

The next open meeting of the body will be held the first Monday in next month.

"BROWN-OUT" ORDER NOT APPLICABLE HERE

The war production board's nationwide "brown-out" order, a measure taken to conserve the consumption of scarce fuels, will not affect this area, J. T. Little, manager of the Southwestern Public Service Company, said.

The order, effective Feb. 1, which would eliminate all unnecessary outdoor lighting for such uses as display, ornamental or advertising, will apply only to regions using coal and other scarce fuels for power generation.

As McLean is in the world's largest natural gas field, no such measure will be enforced here, Little stated.

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. Ruel Smith, Mrs. T. A. Landers and Mrs. V. B. Reagor went to Brownfield Tuesday upon notice of the passing of Rev. C. O. Huber.

A Womack ambulance took Dr. W. E. Ballard to Dallas last week for medical treatment, bringing him back home Tuesday.

Mrs. W. A. Glass of Alameda was here last week at the bedside of her mother, Mrs. C. A. Watkins.

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IN THE SERVICE

Ernest L. Smith, husband of Lydia Smith of McLean, is receiving his initial Naval indoctrination at the U. S. Naval Training Center at Great Lakes, Ill.

John Wilson Taylor, S 2/c, has returned to San Diego, Calif., after spending a 15-day furlough with his family and parents here.

Mrs. Leslie F. Giesler orders the home paper sent to her husband, L. F. Giesler, SF 2/c.

Mrs. H. P. Stotts orders the home paper sent to her husband, who is in India.

Cpl. and Mrs. R. E. Dalton and son of Camp Howse are visiting relatives here.

Cpl. John W. Cooper has arrived in England.

Miss Cook Offers Services to Wounded

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 10, 1945.

Mr. T. A. Landers, Editor McLean News, McLean, Texas.

Dear Mr. Landers:

It is such a long way from the Panhandle of Texas to Chicago that I am sure, a great many mothers, fathers, wives and relatives will not always find it easy or possible to visit their sons or husbands who have been wounded in action and sent back to one of the many Chicago hospitals for treatment. It is in the hope that I might be of some assistance to the loved ones in the Panhandle of Texas that I wish to offer my services to do anything that is possible for me to do for their wounded in the hospitals here.

If you wish to carry such any item in your paper, I shall be glad to have you do so. Be sure to include my address and, in some way, insist that no one, whether or not he or she knows me personally, need hesitate to write me concerning this matter. Anything that I might do would be a very small service compared to that which the wounded man and his family have done for us. Kindest personal regards.

Very sincerely,
RUBY COOK,
The Milner Hotel, 536 Rush St.,
Chicago 11, Illinois.

MRS. MYROSE WRITES

Ventnor City, N. J., Jan. 16.

Dear Mr. Landers:

Have certainly missed receiving The McLean News. In the chaplain's letter today he mentioned how a McLean News would certainly be a joy to him. If our subscription has run out, would you kindly renew it for another year to be sent to Mrs. John Myrose, 14 S Sacramento Ave., Ventnor City, N. J., and also to Chaplain John W. Myrose, USS Bondera (APA-131) Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Hope you and your family are well and will continue so in 1945. The children and I are well and hope and pray the coming year will bring our "daddy" safely back to us.

We often think of all our McLean friends. Have received many interesting letters from them, especially from "our boys" who are sacrificing for us all.

May God give us all the strength we need to face the coming days. Thank you again for all your kindnesses since we have left McLean. I will be watching for The News; it gives one a lift to read about old friends.

Enclosed is a check for the subscriptions.

God bless you all.
A friend,
CATHERINE H. MYROSE.

Subscriptions this week: Mrs. Mary E. Harlan, T. J. Coffey, Mrs. Cleat Hazzard, Leslie Jones, C. M. Powell, Billy D. Rice, C. L. Pettit, J. R. Phillips, Rev. L. H. Shockey, Ernest Blankenship.

Citizens Make Community

By W. B. Mercer, Secretary McLean Chamber of Commerce

A community is as progressive as its citizens. Every community has potential possibilities and to make them materialize, each and every citizen has an important part. It isn't a job for any individual or group of individuals—a prosperity of that kind is short lived. We can make our community progressive by cooperation, by putting personal feeling in the closet and working as a unit; establishing a market for our agricultural population and supplying their needs at home; work for an industrial enterprise (which isn't impossible with our oil and gas output); follow through on the contemplated landing field, build parks and recreation centers. I never realized so much the importance of a recreation center until we were approached by a group of our youth from the local high school. And I am happy to say that, through our civic clubs and churches progress is being made. Think what could be accomplished with a whole community working together.

Come out to the chamber of commerce meeting the first Monday in February at 8:00 p. m. and let's discuss your ideas.

Nichols Accepts Baptist Pastorate

Rev. R. H. Nichols accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, at the Sunday evening service.

Rev. Nichols has preached for the church the past two Sundays and was tendered a unanimous call on Wednesday evening of last week. He comes highly recommended as a church man and pastor, and is expected to move on the field some time next week. The church has been pastorless since the resignation of Rev. C. O. Huber last August.

37 Cases in J. P. Court, 1944

Some 37 cases were filed in the justice court at McLean during 1944, with fighting and disturbing the peace leading with 12 cases. Drunkenness was next with 11, followed by 10 traffic violations, two fraud, one theft, one resisting arrest and one violation of game laws.

Nineteen forty-five has started off slowly, only one case being filed to date, in which a plea of guilty was entered for drunkenness.

SNYDER-LANE

Miss Martha Snyder and Mr. Kenneth Lane were married Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irven Alderson. Henry A. Lynch, Jr., minister of the Church of Christ, performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of relatives and friends.

PEARSON HOME BURNS

Fire damaged the house and contents of the W. G. Pearson home Friday night. The loss was partly covered by insurance.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ouston of Shamrock visited Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Bailey and Dorothy Sunday.

Born Jan. 14, 1945, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Huff of Temple, an 8 pound, 1 ounce boy named Leslie George, Jr.

J. A. Meador and son, Harold, visited Mrs. Meador in Amarillo Sunday.

Master Roy Don Cash is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Lytle, at Shamrock this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Carpenter took their son, Jim, to Amarillo Friday for medical treatment.

The McLean community was shocked and grieved Tuesday when word was received that Rev. C. O. Huber, 44, former pastor of the First Baptist Church here, had died suddenly at his home in Brownfield.

Rev. Huber had moved his family Monday, and around 3:30 o'clock Tuesday morning complained of pains in his arms. Mrs. Huber rushed him to a hospital, where he died about an hour later.

Funeral services will be held at the First Baptist Church here this afternoon (Thursday) beginning at 3:00 o'clock. Services were held at Brownfield Wednesday afternoon.

Services will be conducted by Rev. Fay Hinton of Carlsbad, New Mexico, assisted by Rev. J. C. McKenzie of Amarillo. Rev. Brian, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Brownfield, who conducted the services there, will be present.

Palbearers will be T. N. Holloway, T. A. Landers, Ruel Smith, W. B. Mercer, Homer Abbott and Wm. Stolle.

The body will be in state at the T. A. Landers home until funeral time.

Burial will be made in Hillcrest cemetery under the direction of Womack Funeral Home.

Rev. Huber was one of the best loved pastors ever to serve in this community, and many of all and no denominations have expressed their sadness upon learning of his passing.

Nazarene Revival Interest Grows

Interest in the Nazarene revival is growing with each service, according to a statement by Pastor J. E. Perryman.

The preaching is being done by Rev. L. H. Dickerson, whose messages are gripping and hold the attention of his audiences.

The pastor says that prospects are good for a great revival and anyone will enjoy hearing the evangelist.

An invitation is extended to everyone in the community to attend each service.

Barr Station Makes Record

O. L. Barr, owner of the Barr Service Station and Parts Store, has received a letter from the Southern Division of the Standard Oil Company, enclosing the largest bonus check earned from tire sales by any Standard station in the entire division from Louisiana to California.

The letter goes to every Standard dealer praising a station in a town of 1500 for exceeding all towns in tire sales.

STEWART-DAY

Sgt. Harley E. Day, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Day of Kezar Falls, Maine, and Murel Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carnes of McLean, were united in marriage Wednesday, Jan. 24, at Sayre, Okla., by Judge Hedrick.

Sgt. Day is stationed at the McLean prisoner of war camp and the bride is employed in Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Wood were in Amarillo Friday on business. They also visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Quill and Mrs. J. A. Meador.

Mr. and Mrs. Foreman Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Stubbs and little daughter, Sandra Kay, of Alameda were in town Friday.

Mrs. Cleo Edwards of near Lubbock is visiting relatives here this week.

A. T. Wilson attended the Industrial Conference in Amarillo Wednesday.

Earl Stubbfield and family visited in Oroom and Amarillo Monday.

Mrs. M. C. Burdine of Alameda was in town Wednesday.

READ THE ADS
Along With the News

NEWS FROM HEALD

The Lee Billingsley family left Saturday for Bard, N. M., where they will make their new home. We are sorry to lose them from our community.

Mrs. K. S. Rippey is much improved from a recent illness.

Hubert Roach of Shamrock, formerly of this community, is very ill at a Shamrock hospital. Mrs. Nida Green and Iva Dell Rippey visited him Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Billy D. Rice and little daughter of Lefors spent last week with their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bailey.

Oliver Elliott of Fort Worth visited in this community last week. He was accompanied to Dallas by his nephew, Vestal Gene Bailey, who was entering the Merchant Marines.

George Saye of Thomas, N. M., visited in this community last week. He was accompanied home by his niece, Miss Dora Mae Bailey, for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Chilton and family of Amarillo visited the Josh Chilton family Sunday.

Johnie Chilton left last week to enter the Merchant Marines.

He is now at Kings Point, N. Y. Teddy Simmons of McLean spent the week end with Jack Bailey.

SHE AGREED

A pretty young nurse was selling poppies.

Chris told her that he would give her a \$5 bill for a poppy provided she would promise to nurse him if he ever went to her hospital. She promptly agreed.

"By the way," Chris asked, "where is your hospital?"

"I'm at the Queen Charlotte Maternity Hospital," meekly replied the pretty nurse, putting the five spot into the box.

MIDGETS MARRY

Miss Myrna Clifton of Austin, thought to be the only midget in the world born of midget parents, married August Clarence Swenson, a midget, also of Austin. Swenson is a senior radio mechanic at Kelly Field, San Antonio. Miss Clifton is a typing clerk.

AMERICAN HEROES

by JULIAN OLLENDORFF



His company surprised by Japs in the early morning, Tech. Sergt. Henry G. Bohlen of Kansas leaped from his foxhole, killed six and wounded several more. That done he helped his buddies bring about the surrender of 125 and kill or wound another 45. Bravery won Bohlen a silver star. That kind of action will speed victory when supported by War Bond sales.

U. S. Treasury Department

HILL BILLY INFLUENCE

Visitor (on Texas ranch)—Do you find the radio has helped ranch life very much?

Ablene Joe—I'll say it has! We learn a new cowboy song each night, and besides, we've found out the dialect we have been using for years is all wrong.

GLOVES, MAYBE?

Lieutenant—Now, private, if you stood with your back to the north, and facing south, what would be on your left hand?

Private—Fingers.

The present moment is all we can call our own for works of mercy, of righteous dealing, and of family tenderness. — George Eliot.

BENNIE'S CAFE

FOR FINE FOOD

Pauline Pierce, Prop.

DR. ABNER ROBERTS

OPTOMETRIST

PHONE 382

119 West Kingsmill

PAMPA, TEXAS

How to stab yourself in the back



You don't have to have three arms, or even be a contortionist.

All you have to do is grab a War Bond of yours and cash it in. When you do this, you do yourself more harm than you realize.

You throw away the best investment in the world today. You lose the chance of getting four dollars for every three when your Bond matures. You forget how handy that War Bond will be in a few years—when maybe you'll really need some money.

And when you cash in that Bond you're hurting Uncle Sam too. You're taking your valuable dollars out of the fight at a time when your country needs those dollars badly.

So don't give in next time you feel a spending spree coming on. Instead hang onto the Bonds you have, and buy another to be still safer!

**KEEP FAITH WITH OUR FIGHTERS
BUY WAR BONDS FOR KEEPS**

CICERO SMITH LBR. CO.

★ This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.

JUST LIKE THAT

It couldn't have happened, but it did. One Sunday in September the Arthur Elders of Dallas sat down to dinner and badly missed their three boys who were in service. One was in New Guinea, another in Bougainville and the third at Arlington. This meant that two of the boys were over seven thousand miles away.

The following Sunday the Elders sat down to dinner with all three boys present. It had not been pre-arranged and no emergency had brought them home. It just happened.

100-YEAR-OLD COVERLET

Mr. and Mrs. Willima H. Wadkins of Dalhart have a cotton coverlet over 100 years old. Mr. Wadkins' grandmother picked the cotton, spun it on an old-fashioned wheel and made the coverlet.

BIG DEMAND FOR RATTLETS

Mrs. Pauline Faden of Brownville is carrying on her father's and brother's business in collecting large rattlesnakes. There is a big demand for rattlers for medicinal purposes.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience.—Thence.

INSURANCE

**No Prohibited List
All my companies have
A-1 ratings
PROTECTION PAYS
T. N. Holloway
Reliable Insurance**



SHE CAN Dream

He's out there fighting now, but some day... soon we pray... it all will be over and together they can build or rebuild to fulfill her dreams of a modern, ALL-ELECTRIC HOME.

**Southwestern
PUBLIC SERVICE
Company**



If wishes were horses...

"... beggars would ride" goes the old rhyme.

Which is just another way of pointing out that wishing, by itself, isn't a very reliable way to get what you want.

You're going to want a lot of things a few years from now. And when it comes to getting them, nobody so far has discovered anything more useful than a nice, big

pocketful of good hard cash.

Put every single cent you can spare into War Bonds now. Hang on to those War Bonds. Let them bring you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in.

There's no way to equal that process for getting what you want a few years from now—and for getting what we all want most of all today: VICTORY!

**Keep Faith with our Fighters
Buy War Bonds for KEEPS**

**BROOKS DRY GOODS
AND TAILOR SHOP**

H. W. Brooks, Prop.

★ This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.

IT WAS he on seen never know made her nickels and except Ed to the art Jim and Mi squinting at ed to poke the canvas; and the old quietly. Jim's vo "Would you thin?" Mom wine quarter lenj self, blue ey back from peasant sha shoulders. her when years before Twelve year Ed at the n and they we Sam leane gingham ski About the pi Mom sat d gallery. "Pe room next d "And the supplied Mil "Asked," I was acutely dulled, desp ther's had b morning. W fully tried to her down. "I

notions. You Monday—or g Mom's heart ing. All of G high school s her senior yes into teaching. ing made any just Ed. He v hard and cold at the mill and horse racing. always tried t from listening t the radio. Mom brought with effort. " shawl, his gran land." "Was it fun ried. It was unad "It was work, t "You get tired "You never k died or what ha ams told us at ture was comin you?" asked Jin "He went awa his rent." Yes, for a littl for 40-year-old, O'Connell there i in Mom's eyes. had glimpsed an who lived on the tracks, who had such a dream an a hand—had hop music. It had e ble. But there h to help and all th ers and sisters. Jim and Mike last look at the stepped closer, to she walked as th tered. Mom straighte She knew what i cause it would e thing over again l Jim's interest i Mike's seeming b would send Gerts school Monday an away from home the boys would go was grave, realizi would be, but her was strong. She e to the mill. Gertrude was all Mom hurrying aft spirit carrying he cision which she k evitable. It occur der what was stren age now when her est. But Gertrude Mom, explaining e aside her question could read the ans er's blue eyes whic hope, not now for children, but at eyes of The Gir

Eyes Alight

By MARY M. KERN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

IT WAS her family's first comment on seeing the portrait. "You'd never know it was you, Mom." It made her wish she hadn't saved nickels and dimes so that all of them except Ed, their father, might come to the art gallery this spring day. Jim and Mike were strutting about squinting at the picture; Sam wanted to poke six-year-old fingers into the canvas; and only Gertrude, 17 and the oldest of the children, stood quietly.

Jim's voice brought her back. "Would you think Mom was that thin?"

Mom winced as she saw the three-quarter length oil painting of herself, blue eyes luminous, black hair back from her forehead, a bright peasant shawl around her youthful shoulders. Even Ed had not known her when at Gertrude's age, 30 years before, she had posed for this. Twelve years later Mom had met Ed at the mill where both worked, and they were married.

Sam leaned against his mother's gingham skirt. "Tell us again, Mom. About the picture."

Mom sat down on a bench in the gallery. "Peter O'Connell came to room next door to where I lived."

"And the painter guy ast you," supplied Mike.

"Asked," put in Gertrude. Mom was acutely aware of Gertrude's dulled, despairing voice. Her father's had been harsh, strident this morning. When Gertrude had tearfully tried to argue, Ed had shouted her down. "I'm tired of these fancy



Mom winced as she saw the three-quarter length oil painting of herself.

notions. You start work at the mill Monday—or get out!"

Mom's heart lurched remembering. All of Gertrude's teachers at high school said she should finish her senior year and prepare to go into teaching. But none of the talking made any difference. It was just Ed. He was a good man but hard and cold except about working at the mill and things like pool and horse racing. Look at the way he always tried to keep Mom herself from listening to the symphony over the radio.

Mom brought her thoughts back with effort. "The painter had the shawl, his grandmother's, from Ireland."

"Was it fun posing?" Mike queried.

It was unadulterated happiness. "It was work, too," Mom went on. "You get tired sitting."

"You never knew Peter O'Connell died or what happened till Miss Adams told us at school that the picture was coming in this exhibit, did you?" asked Jim.

"He went away. He couldn't pay his rent."

Yes, for a little time while posing for 40-year-old, visionary Peter O'Connell there had been something in Mom's eyes. Knowing him she had glimpsed another world. She—who lived on the wrong side of the tracks, who had no precedent for such a dream and no one to lend her a hand—had hoped she could study music. It had even seemed possible. But there had been her mother to help and all those younger brothers and sisters.

Jim and Mike were taking one last look at the portrait. Gertrude stepped closer, too, but Mom noticed she walked as though nothing mattered.

Mom straightened imperceptibly. She knew what she must do. Because it would only be the same thing over again later with Ed about Jim's interest in electricity and Mike's seeming bent for music. She would send Gertrude back to high school Monday and if Ed drove her away from home then Mom and the boys would go, too. Mom's face was grave, realizing how hard that would be, but her head was up. She was strong. She could still go back to the mill.

Gertrude was almost out the door. Mom hurrying after her felt a new spirit carrying her on in her decision which she knew had been inevitable. It occurred to her to wonder what was strengthening her courage now when her need was greatest. But Gertrude was turning and Mom, explaining eagerly to her, put aside her question. Only Gertrude could read the answer in her mother's blue eyes which were alight with hope, not now for herself but for her children, but still singularly like the eyes of The Girl With the Shawl.



Pvt. Harold L. Stone, Jr., Gulfport, Miss., 20, smiles because War Bonds healed his arm, fractured by a bullet in France. He had been searching houses for Nazi and was crawling out to escape enemy shelling when the blow struck.



Sergt. Norris Pendergrass, Roseburg, Ore., 21, suffered a broken leg, broken jaw and flesh wounds when Nazi threw a grenade into tank in which he was riding. All his wounds are mending satisfactorily because War Bonds provided him with the best medical care overseas and in America.



Permanently washed out of the war when a rifle grenade blew up close to his left foot in France, P.F.C. Martin Grubanowitch, 20, Milwaukee, Wisc., of the Rangers says War Bonds are the best investment people can make. They are restoring him to civilian usefulness. He says buy War Bonds.



Hit in the head and leg by mortar shell fragments while taking a hill, Pvt. Robert B. Graham, Pontiac, Mich., 26, says he is glad people buy War Bonds. They supplied treatment for those wounds and his fractured humerus.

U. S. Treasury Department

NEWS FROM DENWORTH

Rev. Mitchell, Methodist minister, of Alameda preached at Denworth Sunday, and the family spent the afternoon in the Dowell home.

Miss Alva Ray McDonald of St. Louis spent a week with home folks here while her brother, Leo, was home on furlough from the South Pacific.

Mr. and Mrs. Burdwin and family of Kellerville have moved to Denworth.

Mr. and Mrs. McCarley and family of Fort Worth have moved to Denworth. Mr. McCarley is teaching at Lefors and driving the school bus.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Ferguson and family went to Borger Sunday to visit Mr. Ferguson's father, who is ill.

Mrs. C. E. Corta left Tuesday for Nowata, Okla., to the bedside of her father, H. L. Case.

Miss Elsa Mae Holloway of Pampa spent the week end with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Vendle Brock of Pampa visited the former's uncle, Dick Brown, and family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Woods of Albuquerque, N. M., visited here last week end.

Buy printing in McLean.

GET MORE MILEAGE

with

Phillips 66
Poly as and
Phillips 66
Motor Oils

Always stop at the Phillips sign for more mileage.

J. R. Glass, Agent
Phillips 66 Products

HE PASSED THROUGH

A colored soldier was stopped by a sentry one dark night.

"Let me see your pass paper," said the sentry.

"Ain't got no pass paper," said the other.

"Can't pass through here without no pass paper," declared the sentry.

The first soldier rolled his eyes, reached into his coat pocket, drew forth a razor and opened it.

"Boy," he snarled, "I've got a mother in heaven, a father in hell, an' a gal in Blankville. An' believe me, I've gwine to see one o' dem tonight."

Jack Bodenhamer of California visited in McLean this week.

Luke Henley made a business trip to Clarendon Friday.

Avalon

Weekly Program

Thursday
"THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU"
Dennis Morgan, Eleanor Parker

Friday and Saturday
"CRIME BY NIGHT"
Jane Wyman, Jerome Cowan

"EMPTY HOLSTERS"
Dick Foran, Patricia Walthall

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday
"SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"
Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones
Shirley Temple, Joseph Cotton
Monty Woolley, Lionel Barrymore

A 3-hour special
Feature begins at 8:00 o'clock

Wednesday and Thursday
"THE DOUGHGIRLS"
Ann Sheridan, Jane Wyman

A Tribute

We pause today to pay tribute to a man whose life was a benediction to those who were fortunate to call him friend—and Rev. C. O. Huber was a friend to all in need.

His place will never be filled in the memory of those who knew and loved him.

McLean Furniture

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mercer



STATUS QUO

Frenzied finance, cold blooded commercialism and power politics have the world by the tail with a down hill pull and are dragging it through a miserable war and the stench the war leaves, which will leave it so polluted and contaminated that even the Christian religion will scarcely be able to purify or disinfect it.

A. T. WILSON
At the Hermitage

IN LARGE DOSES

Doctor—Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is some sleeping powder.

Wife—How much do I give him?

Doctor—You don't give it to him, you take it yourself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Everett visited relatives in Amarillo one day last week.

A wise man does not blow out the light to see how dark it is.

Hospitalization

for the whole family in one convenient, economical policy. Worth your investigation.

ARTHUR ERWIN

Representative
Great Northern Life Insurance Co.

NEW CLOTHES

FOR SPRING

Just arrived—new dressmaker suits and gay print dresses—just the thing for spring. Hats expected at any time.

How about a new permanent for spring? Phone 120 for an appointment.

THE ORCHID SHOP

Mrs. S. M. Hodges

Phone 120



The Quickest way to lose \$25

There's nothing to it...

All you have to do is take one of those \$100 War Bonds for which you recently paid \$75... go to your bank and say... "I want to turn this in."

The bank takes your \$100 War Bond—gives you \$75.

And you lose \$25—just like that!

Isn't that an easy way to drop \$25?

And isn't it a foolish way?

Most people think so! That's one reason why they're holding on to their War Bonds.

They don't know any easier way to make \$25.

Do you?

KEEP FAITH WITH OUR FIGHTERS BUY WAR BONDS FOR KEEPS

And when you need gasoline and oil, buy Texaco products

EMORY CROCKETT

The Texas Company Consignee

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

THE McLEAN NEWS
Published Every Thursday

News Building 210 Main Street
Day Phone 47—Night Phone 147-W

T. A. LANDERS
Owner and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
In Texas

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.25
Three Months .65

Outside Texas

One Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.50
Three Months .85

Entered as second class matter May 8 1905, at the post office at McLean, Texas, under act of Congress

MEMBER

National Editorial Association
Texas Press Association
Panhandle Press Association

Display advertising rate, 30c per column inch, each insertion. Preferred position, 35c per inch. Resolutions, obituaries, cards of thanks, poems and items of like nature charged for at line rates.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice of same given to the editor personally, at the office at 210 Main Street.

One of God's Noblemen
Has Fallen

Few men have reached the conception of service to others that was C. O. Huber's. His own needs were secondary and he had only to know of another's needs to be right on hand, day or night. Hundreds can testify to his sympathetic and generous assistance in time of need. His life was a daily sacrifice, being freely spent without thought of self. The sorrow for his untimely passing is shared by hundreds who knew that men like him are too few. His reward for a useful life will live in the hearts of those who were privileged to call him friend.

Complaints are heard occasionally about the small pensions given Texas old people, but you seldom hear the reason for it mentioned. If those on the rolls who do not deserve a pension were taken off, there would be plenty left for those who actually need a pension.

Rationing may trouble us, but as long as the saloons advertise plenty of booze we are not suffering too much.

It takes a wise man to conceal how much he thinks of himself and how little he thinks of others.

What you are is a lot more important than what people think you are.

Saying nothing, briefly, marks the successful after-dinner speaker.

VICTORIAN

A discussion in the barracks the other night swung to girls. "I like the shy, demure type, myself," said a buck sergeant. "You know—the kind you have to whistle at twice."

AWOM

Post card from a GI on furlough: "Having a wonderful time. Wish I could afford it."

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Appling and daughter made a trip to Tuxedo and Rising Star the first of the week.

IS THERE GOLD
IN YOUR
CELLAR?



Yes, and in Your
Attic Too!
Turn Those Things
You Don't Want Into
Money with a Want Ad

FIT TO BE TIED



AMERICAN HEROES
by JULIAN OLLENDORFF



In the crushing advance of American Armies in France, T/Sgt. Frank M. Burford led a small group against a bristling machine-gun strong point, knocking out two emplacements and killing four Nazis. Later another position was routed and two killed. The group pushed on until halted by a Battalion Commander. Sergt. Burford, cited by the Army for gallantry in action, deserves the support that only War Bonds can furnish. Buy War Bonds.

AN HONEST MAN

Bumley—You are looking bright and happy this morning, Dumley.
Dumley—Yes, I am out of debt at last. Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterday. I tell you, Bumley, a man feels like a man when he is square with the world.

Mrs. W. C. Northam of Amarillo visited her husband and her grandmother, Mrs. L. E. Cunningham, over the week end.

Miss Jenn Word of Wellington visited her sister, Mrs. W. J. Bridge, last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Burrows were Shamrock visitors Sunday.

When You're Hungry

This is a mighty fine place to sit down and satisfy that appetite. Whatever the hour—whatever you want to eat—you'll find lots of good things here. You'll find fair prices, too!

CHICKEN DINNER SUNDAY

MEADOR CAFE
Faye Campbell, Prop.

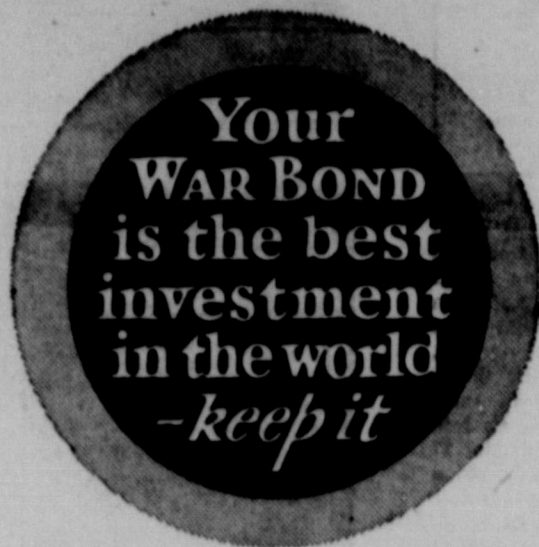
Fine Foods

We now have the most complete stock of fine foods in this community. Everything that the present market affords in standard brands is here, all with low OPA ceiling prices.

Here are some sample week end prices selected at random from our big stock:

FLOUR Mother's Pride 24 lb with free bowl \$1 15
PEAS Majestic English No. 2 can 12c
TENDERONI pkg. 9c
ONE CENT SALE
CALUMET BAKING POWDER
1 can 19c 2 cans 20c
CORN FLAKES White Swan pkg. 5c

TRIMBLE GROCERY
AND MARKET



BETTER THAN CASH!

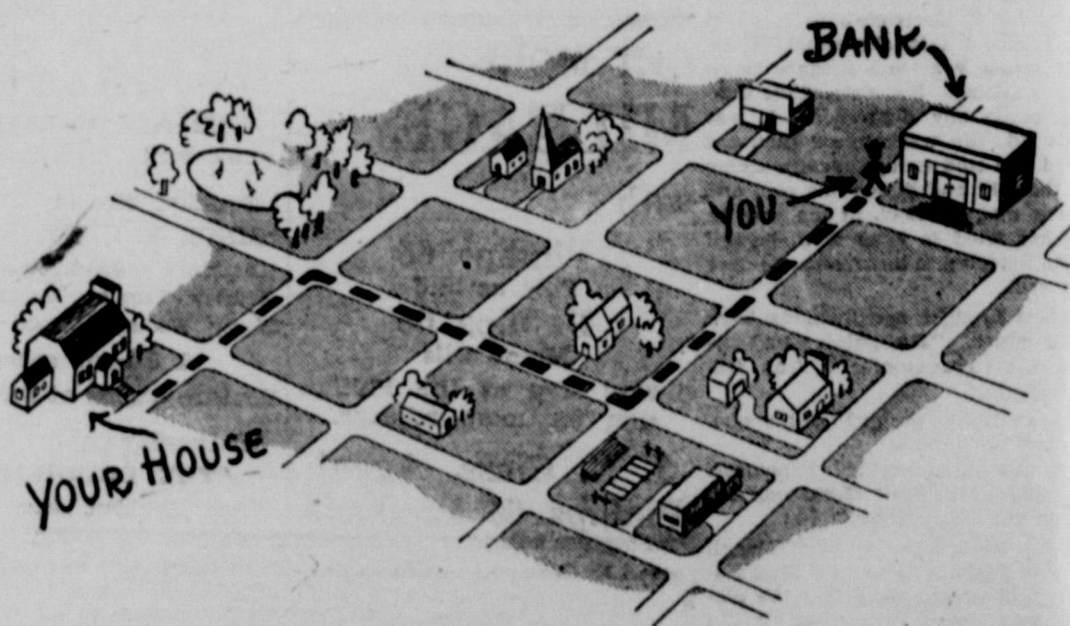
- ★ Greenbacks don't grow in value—War Bonds *do*!
- ★ Both are promissory notes of your Government—both are guaranteed by your Government.
- ★ But when you turn your Bonds into *cash*, they cease to earn money for you. They also cease to work for Victory.
- ★ *Cash in the pocket wins no wars!*
- ★ That's why 85 million Americans have bought Bonds. For Victory today—for security tomorrow—follow their lead!

KEEP FAITH WITH OUR FIGHTERS—

—Buy War Bonds for Keeps

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
IN McLEAN

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.



Is this trip
necessary?

HOW BADLY do you need the money you'd get by cashing in that War Bond?

Bad enough to risk withdrawing your support . . . even momentarily . . . from the fight your soldier is in all the way up to his ringing ears?

Bad enough to risk prolonging the war.

by even so much as 30 thunderous seconds?

Bad enough to tamper dangerously with the life you've planned for your family and yourself when peace comes?

If you need the money that badly, Mister, okay.

But we hope you don't.

Keep faith with our fighters
Buy War Bonds for keeps

PARKER-PERKINS STORES

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.

Editor-in-
Secretary
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Billy B
Starling
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Education
Edna E
Lightly
Senior P

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THE TIGER POST

Editor-in-Chief: Kenneth Gibson
 Secretary: Bill Ferguson
 Sports: Jack Sanders
 Activities: Norman Grigsby
 Feature Writers:
 Carol Smith, Sammy Haynes,
 Billy Roach, Bill Boston, Berwin
 Starling, Mary Hess, Jack San-
 ders
 Educational:
 Edna Dale Duncan, Chester Go-
 lightly, Dorothea Back
 Senior Personalities
 Kathryn Brooks

FASHIONS

By Ann Bogan

Let's look down the page a little farther and see who we can find in the fashions of the week.

Una Lee Rhea makes an interesting topic. She wears a white long-sleeved blouse, a black and white plaid skirt, and in her hair she wears two black ribbons. She wears brown oxfords and white anklets.

Bill Ferguson gains our attention by wearing checked trousers and a tan shirt. He wears tan socks and brown oxfords.

That attractive sophomore, Glen, da Joyce Smith, goes in for slacks. She wears brown slacks, a yellow blouse, white sleeveless sweater, brown oxfords and yellow anklets.

Kathryn Brooks catches our eye in that ever familiar color, a purple sweater. With her purple she wears a black pleated skirt. Saddle oxfords and white anklets complete her costume.

TIGER ROARS

Could this be a new romance between Sammy Haynes and Patsy Alexander? From the looks of things Tuesday night it is.

Where did Gloria Gunn go last Saturday night? From what I hear, she and Ed Vincent had been down to get Felton Webb. A Marine, at that.

Bob Davis and Charles Lockhart really made the girls look twice at the dance at the Lake last Friday night. These two handsome wolves were Sammy Haynes' guests from Pampa. Bring them over more often, Sammy.

What's this I hear about Harold Richardson and Dorothy Goodson being together last Tuesday night after the basketball game? Not bad, not bad at all.

Johnnie Cubine and Wanda Rae Allen made up one of the couples at the dance Friday night.

Harold Meador was really a lonesome guy one night last week. Could it be because he couldn't be with Billie Stewart? Could be.

I know a lot of girls are going to be sad when Donnie Dowell leaves for the Marines. Has he really joined up?

James Hinton is back again so I guess Billie Thacker is happy.

McMURRY CHANTERS

Monday twenty-four girls from the McMurry Methodist College at Abilene gave a 45 minute program of entertaining melodies for the high school. The Chanters are traveling over the Panhandle giving performances at all the high schools and the Methodist churches.

BASKETBALL

The McLean basketball team played host to the Lefors Pirates last Tuesday night. There were two boys' games. In the first game, Lefors B team beat the McLean reserves. In the second game, Lefors first team edged out the Tigers 25 to 23 in a very close game.

The McLean boys and girls are going to Canadian this week end to participate in a tournament. The results will be published next week.

SENIOR PERSONALITIES

We are presenting two girls of the senior class this week:

Iva Dell Rippey was born Feb. 25, 1928, at Heald. She has attended schools at McLean and Heald. Iva Dell likes red and brown, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. She dislikes conceited people. Her hobby is skating. After graduation, Iva Dell plans to become a pilot.

Una Lee Rhea was born at Lefors, Oct. 15, 1927. Una has attended schools at Lefors, Keller-ville and McLean. Her hobby is reading. Una Lee is an unusually talented artist and has done all the illustrating and lettering for "The Tumbleweed." She likes everything and dislikes nothing. She plans to attend Texas University after graduation.

AMERICAN HEROES

by JULIAN OLLENDORFF



Pvt. Henry B. Lowther, Flint Stone, Md., has been awarded a bronze medal for courageous action in driving a small car loaded with ammunition through constant enemy fire in support of buddies engaged in fierce battle at the base of a hill on a South Pacific island. Snipers' shots rained on his vehicle as he drove at 5 miles an hour over a narrow, hilly extension of a perimeter road, 10 trips in black night. War Bonds buy trucks for heroes. U. S. Treasury Department

CLAIMED TO BE 119

Mrs. Crescencia Moralez, who claimed to be 119 years old, died recently in Abilene. She is reported to have had a good recollection of events that occurred during the early history of Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Glass of Aandred were in town Friday.

INSURANCE

LIFE FIRE HAIL, etc.

All kinds of life policies

Boyd Meador
 Insurance Agency
 Representative Southwestern
 Life Insurance Company

DON'T FORGET—
 We Have Plenty

JUST RITE STARTER

GROWING MASH and CHICK GRAIN

also some of the best dairy feeds
 that can be bought.

Just call 24

McLean Feed Store

Phone 24

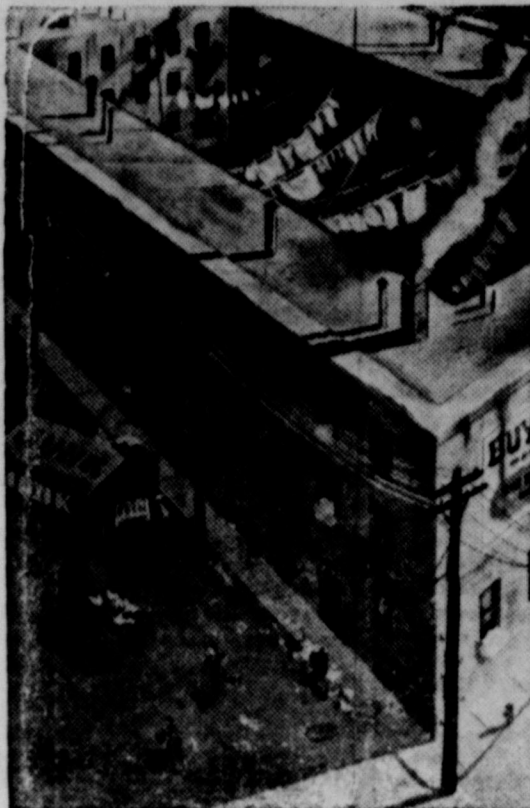
H. L. Thomas

Build today, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base;
 And ascending and secure
 Shall tomorrow find its place.
 —Longfellow.

We ought not to look back un-
 less it is to derive useful lessons
 from past errors and for the pur-
 pose of profiting by dear bought
 experience.—George Washington.

BUYER MEETS SELLER

IN OUR AD-
 COLUMNS



What street are you going to live on
 after the war?

We hope it will be Easy Street.

It's a lot more fun living there than on
 Poverty Row.

And it's up to you. If you put every
 penny you don't honestly need to live on
 into War Bonds—if you hold on to those
 Bonds till they can bring you back \$4 for

every \$3—if you'll stick to the habit of
 regular saving that the Payroll Saving
 Plan got you started in—well...

You, and your family, and G. I. Joe,
 and this whole country can look forward
 to the best years any of us ever knew.

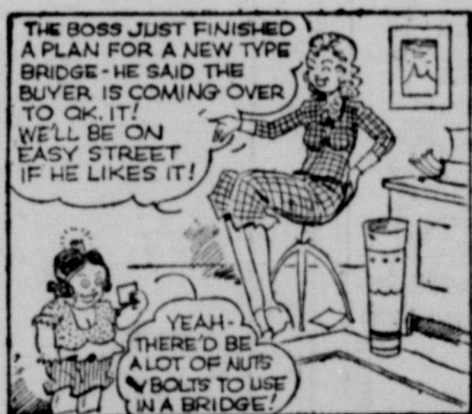
It's up to you!

WAR BONDS - to have and to hold!

McLEAN IMPLEMENT CO.

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department.

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Bridges—and Bridges



REG'LAR FELLERS—Very Studious

By GENE BYRNES



Nose for News

By H. L. BALDWIN
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
Released by WNU

BEING an ex-newspaper reporter it was natural after I had been in the army a while that I'd figure out some writing racket to make me a little dough on the side. So I began the profitable business of composing letters. I had everyone from buck privates to master sergeants coming to me for help with their tough assignments.

I should have known better than to work for a girl. But one evening a pretty blond WAC walked in and said, all blushing and shy, "I hear you write ah—well, ah, difficult letters."

"Yeah," I smiled all over, jumping to my feet. "But I never had a woman client before."

"Oh!" She sighed deeply, while my heart did a loop the loop. "I hope you won't turn me down. Because I'm in a mess and I just don't know how to write a note that will get me out of it quickly."

"Sit down and tell me about it," I said.

"Thank you," and she gave a hasty look around the corner of the recreation hall. But there was no one around. Corporal Lola Waters told me that her steady would have a furlough in three weeks to come five hundred miles just to bring her a diamond ring. In the past month she had come to realize that she didn't really love him any more. She wanted me to write three



"My letters didn't work."

letters for her, the first to give him a vague suggestion, and the second and third to polish him off for good so he wouldn't show up at camp.

I asked her to describe the guy so I'd understand the type of Joe I had on my hands. She told me he was about six feet three, red-headed, freckled, broad-shouldered and an ex-football star. Well, I planned the first epistle for her right then and there and five days later she walked in all smiles. She thought maybe he had taken the hint. By that time I knew for sure I had never seen a girl quite so cute as Lola. So I arranged several more conferences before we finished off the second and third missives. When the last one was mailed, I charged only two dollars. That shows how hard I had fallen for her.

Tuesday, the day after Hal had originally meant to arrive with the ring, I decided to stroll over to the WAC quarters of the post and check on the effectiveness of my art. I hadn't heard from Lola for a week and I had to have some excuse to see her. About a hundred feet from the WAC recreation building my heart jumped to my throat. For there was Lola, her hat off and her cheeks flaming, talking excitedly to a guy with red hair, freckles, and the broadest shoulders I'd ever seen. What's more, the brute was getting ready to grab hold of little Lola! In a blind rage I charged at him. I remember the blank look on his face and Lola's scream.

I woke up two hours later in the hospital. Lola was bending over me. "My letters didn't work," I gasped as the whole thing came back to me, "and the big brute was going to hit you. What happened? Is my leg broken?"

"Don't be silly," Lola said. "You have only a sprained ankle and a few bruises. You would try to smack the judo expert of Camp Kraft."

"Oh," I groaned. "You forgot to include that in your description of Horrible Hal."

She frowned. "I wish you'd quit calling him that. You see, he's my brother and his name isn't Hal."

"Your brother?"

She nodded. "There isn't any Hal. I made the whole thing up because I'm an ex-reporter myself and I thought I'd write a feature article on your graft scheme. So I made up my story to get the inside dope. And when you asked for a description of Hal, all I could think of in a hurry was my brother."

"Well," I grinned. "I guess that ruins my trade. The brass hats will slap down on me when you make the thing public."

"No, they won't," she said, suddenly blushing and avoiding my eyes. "Because I just couldn't go on with it. I found I liked you too much to double-cross you."

I started to lean over to kiss her but my ankle objected. I looked down at it and sighed. "Only two newspaper people could get into this kind of mix-up." With my lame right arm I pulled her closer for the clinch.

Fightin' Scribe

By EVANS GREY
McClure Newspaper Syndicate
WNU Feature

THE city editor tossed me a piece of telegraph copy. "Write me a follow on this," he said. It was a story from an advance base in the Solomons. "Burke Hennessey killed six Japs with a tommy-gun," it began.

The clatter of the city room faded and, instead of the murky walls, I saw the scene in which I first met Hells Bells Hennessey a dozen years before.

It was a cold night. The north wind drifted down from the hills and through the valley. A little run-down shack was in flames, and there was a sharp odor of burning pine. The pitiful belongings of a stricken family had been carried into the bare sandy yard, and the old folks and children were standing around shivering in their night clothes. Hennessey began talking to one of the youngsters, a boy about seven years old, trying to hold six squirming puppies in his arms. "You like those pups pretty good?" Hennessey inquired grinning.

There was a light in Benny's eyes that wasn't a reflection from the fire. "Yes, sir," he said.

George Wilson, the relief worker, came along and gave Hennessey a shove. "Leave them alone, can't you?" he grumbled.

Hennessey placed a neat left hook expertly on Wilson's chin. Wilson went down. He stayed there, rubbing his jaw for a minute, then started yelling for the cops. The reporter yanked him to his feet and



"Don't ever get in my way when I'm after a story."

slapped him across the face. "Go on and attend to your business," he said quietly. "But remember—don't ever get in my way when I'm after a story."

The next day Hennessey was booked for fighting, but his editor bailed him out and the paper carried his account at the top of Page One. It told a lot about those people whose home had burned. How they battled for existence and how, some way, they found things that made life good—things like love for a half-dozen straggly puppies.

But Hennessey got fired. The editor told me about it. "Happened on account of the publisher's wife," he said. "She's a big nanny in this welfare society that hires George Wilson. The old dame put her foot down. So her old man sent in a memo, and there you are."

Hennessey moved around a good bit, then. He was always being kicked out, but when I went to Bluffview he was there, working on the morning sheet.

A couple of years after that Hennessey came into the office of the newspaper I was on at New Bradfield. He had about him the look by which you can always identify a tramp.

He started bragging about how well he was doing. But just at the moment he was broke, and was there anything he could do to earn a few dollars. I told him I didn't know of anything.

"Well, how about letting me have a couple of bucks so I can get something to eat and a place to sleep?" he asked.

I let him have the money, for old times' sake. About that time the old man came in and Hennessey hit him up for a job.

"I'd like to give you a break, Hennessey," the boss said, "but frankly I'd be scared to. First thing I'd know you'd jump on me, and I don't care about fighting except when a couple of other guys are doing it."

After that he'd drop in once in a while, mooch a dollar or two and move on. Once in a while he'd get work, but he never lasted long. Most guys spoke of him in the past tense, whenever there was any occasion to mention his name. "He could have been a good newspaper man," they'd say.

He dropped out of sight and nobody heard of him for a long time. Then—this yarn from the Solomons. I read the rest of it. "Hennessey, a Marine Corps combat correspondent, was assigned to accompany a patrol group and report its activities," the wire said. "He became separated from his men and, when he attempted to rejoin them, found his way barred by six of the enemy. He shot them down, completed his assignment and wrote his story, which is presented herewith."

AMERICAN HEROES

by JULIAN OLLENDORFF



For six days and six nights after abandoning a torpedoed ship in the Indian Ocean, Chief Mate Van Rutherford McCarthy remained at the helm of a lifeboat. Buffeted for sixty-three hours by a terrific gale, he kept the tiny craft afloat and brought his men through safe. He slept only six hours and kept the morale of his men high. He has been awarded a Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal. War Bonds back such courageous men as Chief Mate McCarthy. Buy more War Bonds.

U. S. Treasury Department

Newspapers Make Loan Success

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17.

The McLean News:

The Sixth War Loan was the most successful sales program in the history of the world—total sales amounted to \$21,621,000,000. Preliminary treasury figures show that a greater amount of news and editorial space was devoted to the Sixth drive than to any other.

That news was made by news. In every department the press of the nation pounded away with powerful front page stories—editorials—special articles—comic strips—comic panels—editorial cartoons—special features—pictures etc., with the urgent message of our nation's financial needs.

The proof of the power of that tremendous support by the press is shown in the final sales figures of the greatest of all money raising programs—the Sixth War Loan Drive. To say that newspapers played a vital part in that great effort is not enough. The job that they did in answer to America's call for funds represents an accomplishment that is well worthy of special recognition.

The free press of our nation has demonstrated again that there is no limitation on what it can accomplish when voluntarily united in a common cause for the benefit of mankind. The American people should feel proud of the job that you have done.

The importance of war bond sales cannot be overemphasized. As some of our leaders have said on many occasions, "Next to the actual fighting, the war bond program is the most vital part of our war effort."

Your cooperation with the treasury through the Allied Newspaper Council and the Newspaper Edi-

torial Advisory Committee, both under the chairmanship of Frank E. Tripp, is proving most helpful to our program, and all of us here at the treasury sincerely appreciate the outstanding support that newspapers are giving this vital cause.

Sincerely,

S. GEORGE LITTLE,
Special Consultant, War
Finance Division.

FDR CANT DO IT

Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, cold and rain swept, looked the part of a cheated street. No flags were flying; nor was there any activity, such as the construction of stands, to suggest the approach of inauguration day. The traditional parade, by official decree, was out. At the moment, "The Avenue" held little glamor for disappointed Washingtonians.

As we stood shivering at a trolley stop, a little old lady hunched under an umbrella came traipsing up. She was piled with bundles, her face was screwed with disgust.

"Well," she said in our direction, "one thing's sure—he can't change this."

"Who can't change what?" we asked.

"Roosevelt," she snapped, "the weather!"—Pathfinder.

Pete the Paper Puppet



Tribute to a Friend

It was our privilege to call Rev. C. O. Huber friend. We are shocked and grieved at his untimely passing, but we know that our lives are richer for having known him.

Mr. Huber was generous in his dealings with others and we feel sure that his unselfish efforts for this community's welfare will not be soon forgotten by those who knew him.

Barr Automotive Service

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Barr

BREAKING IT DOWN

Purchasing agents like to see a good salesman. A good salesman, in their opinion, is one who knows his product, knows what it will do and believes in it. Such a man was the late Charles C. Parlin, research manager of the Curtis Publishing Company, and his belief in the efficiency of advertising was almost a religion with him.

Once, at a meeting where advertising was being vigorously attacked, the speaker held up a copy of the Saturday Evening Post, pointed to a full-page black-and-white advertisement and loudly proclaimed to the audience that, as an illustration of the economic waste of advertising, he would tell what the one ad cost.

Then, seeing Mr. Parlin in the audience, the speaker announced that the advertiser had ordered that the group was fortunate in having an executive of the Curtis Publishing Company present and, to avoid any possible misunderstanding, he would ask Mr. Parlin, himself, to tell the group the cost.

Mr. Parlin rose to the occasion, announced that the cost of the one advertisement was about one-quarter of one cent. He explained that the advertiser had ordered 3,200,000 duplicates, all to be delivered on the same day throughout the United States; that the total cost of the 3,200,000 advertisements was \$8,000, or about one-quarter of one cent per advertisement.

Mr. Parlin, and not the speaker, won the audience—CAPS and lower case.

Everybody reads newspapers.

War Bond Dollars Are
DOUBLE DUTY
DOLLARS

DOZEN GRANDPARENTS

Michael Dean Hardin, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Hardin of Kirkland, has a dozen grandparents, including great-grandparents and one great-great-grandmother.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour.—Emerson.

TRADE IN McLEAN

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

RATES—One insertion, 2c per word.
Two insertions, 3c per word or 1c per word each week after first insertion.
No advertisement accepted for less than 25c per week.
Lines of white space will be charged for at same rate as reading matter. Black-face type at double rate. Initials and numerals count as words.
All ads cash with order, unless you have a running account with The News.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—3 room house and porch. Mrs. Ada Cates, 7 1/2 miles east, 1 mile north, McLean. 3-2p

FOR SALE—New Perfection oil range, A-1 condition. See F. W. Cobbs. 3-2p

FOR SALE—33 1/10 acres adjoining town, partly improved—good terms. Boyd Meador. 1p

FOR SALE—Good modern home on paved street. S. R. Jones. 1c

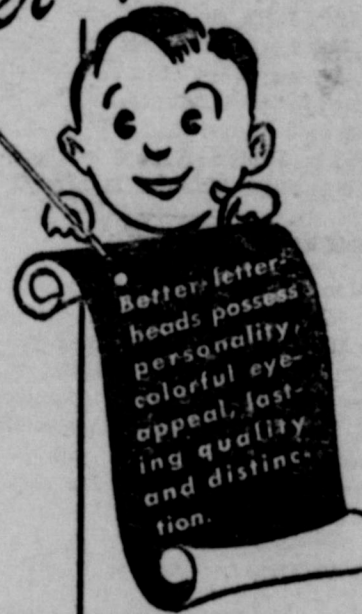
FOR SALE—Tractor on fair rubber, 2 milk cows, 2 good steer calves. T. G. Richardson. 1p

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—320 a farm 1 mile north McLean. Mrs. John Scott.

HOUSE for rent. See Erey Cubins. Phone 96-J. 1p

Better Heads
USE BETTER
Letter-Heads



YOUR ENVELOPE MUST MATCH YOUR LETTER-HEAD

YOUR LETTER-HEAD CAN TELL A STORY

A better letter-head tells a prospective customer or business associate a true story. It proclaims the writer and the firm to be leaders in their field. It suggests that you are up-to-date... that you are vitally interested in the reader's good-will... that you want to create a good impression. A better letter-head fairly shouts of good management.

Let us show you how easy it is to change your printed business stationery to meet modern requirements. BETTER LETTER-HEADS DON'T COST... THEY PAY

THE McLEAN NEWS