

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Allied Forces Meet Bitter Resistance In Final Phase of Battle for Sicily; Japanese Employ New Naval Strategy To Supply South Pacific Strongholds

(EDITOR'S NOTE: When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of Western Newspaper Union's news analysis and not necessarily of this newspaper.) Released by Western Newspaper Union.



Here's the way the Allies work in setting up a base after landing on hostile shore. As the first Allied wave struck Sicily, men waist deep in water pass supplies ashore from a lighter, while men in foreground prepare roads for tanks and other vehicles.

SICILY: Yanks' Test

More than three divisions of Adolf Hitler's crack German troops took up positions around San Stefano in northern Sicily to await the assault of Gen. George S. Patton's charging American Seventh army.

The San Stefano region loomed as the Axis' northern anchor for their shrunken lines in the mountainous corner of the island where they found themselves pocketed. Much like the Tunisian terrain, great difficulties confronted Patton's Yankees, who were faced with a tedious crawl up rocky slopes in the face of stiff machine gun and mortar fire.

To the west of the Axis defenses, stood the Canadians, encountering the same obstacles as the Americans. To the south, Gen. Bernard Montgomery's British Eighth army poised for action against strong German forces, which had held them up in the plains after a slashing tank attack.

Thus the final phase of the battle of Sicily opened.

Five Points for Italy

Successful as a diplomat once before when he pulled Adm. Jean Darian's French North Africa over to the Allied cause, Gen. Dwight "Ike" Eisenhower addressed himself to another soldier, this time Italian Premier Pietro Badoglio, in a bid for Italy's withdrawal from the war.

Commending the Italian people and Italy's royal house for removing Mussolini, General Eisenhower stressed five points in his address to the newly constituted government.

Said General Eisenhower: 1. Only the Germans in Italy are blocking peace; 2. Cessation of hostilities is possible immediately under honorable terms; 3. Discontinuance of assistance by the Italians to German armed forces is a prerequisite of peace; 4. A pledge that Italian war prisoners will be returned if Allied prisoners in Italian hands also are returned; 5. If hostilities cease, the liberties and traditions of Italy will be restored.

PACIFIC:

Rip Jap Barges

Although Japan's merchant marine ranked No. 3 among the world's fleets before Pearl Harbor, her maritime position has since slipped in view of her losses and limited ship-building facilities.

As a consequence, the wily Nips have devised a new system for supplying their embattled South Pacific island forces: strongholds are now being supplied through small, swift coastal barges, in which the enemy sail at night, and in which they hide by day in the many coves along the shores lines.

Well aware of the Japanese system, American airmen have concentrated much of their bombing against these craft. Barges attempting to stock enemy troops at beleaguered Munda on New Georgia island have had rough going at the hands of U. S. aviators, and a concentration of the craft at Rein Bay, New Britain, was the target for a heavy Allied assault.

With the Allies threatening their sea-borne supplies and bombarding them from the sky with deadly torpedoes and dive bombers, Jap troops, true to their tradition of fighting to the death, clung desperately to the last perimeter of their defenses at Munda.



Washington, D. C.

ASSIGNMENT IN SICILY

Unsung U. S. heroes who contributed heavily to Mussolini's downfall were Italian-American boys smuggled into Sicily several weeks before U. S. troops landed.

How they got ashore must remain a military secret. But the fact that they got there is now recognized as a part of military operations, just as the advance landing of Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark in North Africa, carrying bags of U. S. gold.

These Italian-Americans were especially trained in the dangerous, delicate job of winning over military garrisons in advance of a landing force. In Sicily they had the advantage of speaking the language and being able to visit the homes of their relatives, few of whom loved Mussolini. From there they were able to work around to various military leaders.

It has long been known that Italian military leaders were of two types. One is the professional soldier like Field Marshal Badoglio, who was in the army before Mussolini's time and has no love for the Fascists. Also he has no love for the Nazis, and so was not too difficult to win over to the Allied side.

Other type of Italian military leaders is the Fascist Blackshirt, who rose through favors from Il Duce, but who usually is susceptible to coin of the realm. Presumably U. S. advance scouts were supplied with what General Clark took with him in advance into North Africa.

At any rate, expert advance work by patriotic Italian-Americans, plus the popularity of the United States in Sicily, contributed to one of the most bloodless landing expeditions in history.

Also the psychological shock of the heading U. S. rush through Sicily was what toppled Mussolini off his thorny throne.

GEN. GIRAUD'S WATERLOO

General Giraud was shown all the sights of Washington during his stay here, including the war department's massive Pentagon building, rated as the largest office building in the world.

After the French commander had been led through the labyrinth of Pentagon corridors to General Staff headquarters, and later out into the sunlight, he was asked what he thought of the place.

"Well," remarked General Giraud, "I've escaped from two German prisons, but I could never get out of this building."

UNDER TWO FLAGS

The chickens hatched when American ships were put under the Panamanian flag to avoid neutrality laws are now coming home to roost.

As a result, the U. S. government now employs 16,000 seamen whom it pays in hard cash every month, but over whom it has no disciplinary control whatsoever. The seamen are working under the Panamanian flag, though actually they are American citizens.

So when they get into trouble in American ports, they must answer to the Panamanian consul, though they are American citizens and draw American pay.

Certain state department officials are urging that the problem be solved by transferring the ships back to U. S. registry.

Note: At present, when one of these ships clears a U. S. port it must pay a \$20 fee to the consul of Panama, in spite of the fact that the ship belongs to the U. S. A.

AXIS DISTORTIONS

The Axis radio is trying to scare up a war in South America. The Bolivian army, with Peru's support, according to the Axis, is about to launch an attack on Chile to gain a port on the Pacific.

Here is the only grain of truth behind this propaganda: When Bolivian President Penaranda returned to La Paz from his visit to the United States, he stated publicly that Bolivian aspirations for a seaport had never been abandoned, that when the opportune time arose Bolivia would assert that claim.

Truth is, however, that Penaranda had no such militant motive in mind. Furthermore, moderate elements in Chile assert they would be perfectly willing to discuss the sale of the port of Arica to Bolivia.

If the Chilean moderates actually bring about negotiation for the sale of Arica, they will set a new high in good neighbor relations. It has not been long since the territorial ambitions of South American countries—as in the case of Peru vs. Ecuador and Bolivia vs. Paraguay—have been settled by a resort to arms.

CAPITAL CHAFF

When Augusto Rosso, former Italian ambassador in Washington, was transferred from Russia to be Italian ambassador to Turkey, the Nazis stopped his appointment. They said he was too pro-American. Rosso has an American wife, the former Mrs. Francis Brunker of Denver.

While the Italian nation was strictly rationed, Count and Countess Ciano added to their popularity in Rome by throwing elaborate parties. Caviar, lobster and champagne featured the menu.

Yanks Meet 'General Mud' Near Munda



The capture of Rendova Island, a stepping stone to the Japanese air base at Munda, has brought American soldiers face to face with "General Mud". Top: Marines carry a generator through the mud in preparation for a barrage on Munda. Bottom: Two men set up an automatic rifle emplacement on Rendova. Americans controlled the island the same day they landed. A total of 101 Nipponese planes attempting to break up the landing were shot down.

Allied Skirted Soldiers Meet



Uniformed women of America and Britain meet on an English road and like their male contemporaries on other battlefronts, they get along as well as old chums. These WACs were among the first contingent of American women to arrive in England. They were strolling and the English WRENS were bicycling when the meeting occurred.

'Little Italy' Rejoices at Benito's Fall



New York's "Little Italy" went wild with joy at the news of Mussolini's sudden political demise. A jubilant family is shown on the fire-escape balcony outside their flat. A picture of President Roosevelt hangs on the balcony railing. Italians throughout the country generally hailed Italy's change of government.

McSpaden U. S. Golf Champ by One Stroke



Harold McSpaden is awarded the first prize check of \$2,000 after he nosed out Oneal White for the title of American open golf champion at the Tam-O-Shanter country club near Chicago. The final round was played before a tense gallery as McSpaden won by one stroke. Left to right: White, George S. May, president of the club, and McSpaden.

Davis in London



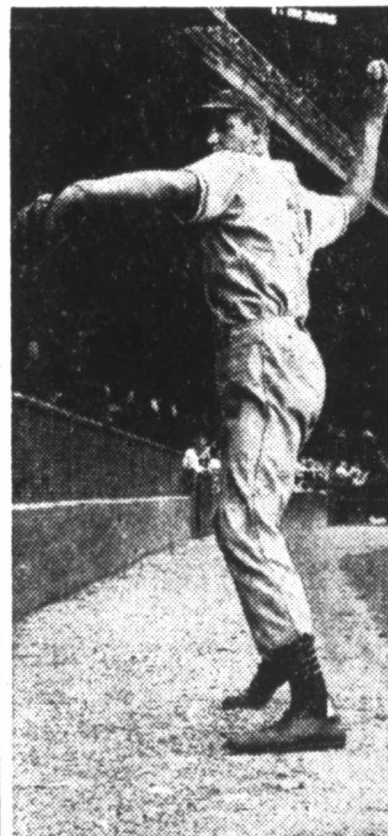
Elmer Davis, director of the United States Office of War Information, seems interested in London's traffic light system in this picture taken when he visited there recently. Davis met Brendan Bracken who holds a similar post in England.

Guides Convoys



Adm. Sir Max Horton of the British navy's operations department poses in front of a map on which is charted the positions of convoys en route to England. This work is highly confidential and a mistake might result in the death of many seamen and loss of ships and ammunition.

'Too Big'



The army rejected Mike Naymick, pitcher for the Cleveland Indians, with the explanation that he is "too big." Mike towers to a height of 6 feet 8 inches and says the air up there is just about the same as it is nearer the ground.

Survives 500 Hits



Despite a hail of 500 bullets, an American plane returned to its base after a raid on Sicily. Staff Sgt. Henry B. Hicks examines the rudder of the ship.



A Reporter's Bookmarks:

W. L. White's "Queens Die Proudly" (Harcourt-Brace) contains this beautiful wordage: "And the plane—it isn't something that belongs to the Government with a number; it's Old 99, the beautiful NEW Flying Fortress that belongs to you. It's more than your home—it's, well, a kind of a sweetheart. All of you picked her up off the assembly line at the Boeing plant where she was born—a beautiful, smooth, shining, naked thing. Then all of you took her up over the clouds and wrapped that beautiful blue star-spangled gown of the skies around her, which is the way every Fortress ought to be dressed, because they're the Queens of the high skies."

H. Ullstein's "The Rise and Fall of the House of Ullstein" (Simon-Schuster) is a tragic story of the slow death of Germany's greatest publishers via the swastika poison . . . The history of its downfall has an uncanny way of paralleling some of the events already taking place here . . . The author reports that he told conservative German dailies to offer stiffer resistance to the rising tide of Nazism. But they, and even chiefs of his own paper, told him not to be so pessimistic about the danger within . . . They feared that such stories would lose subscribers—so they did nothing, and now they have nothing.

From "Exchange Ship," by Max Hill of the Associated Press (Farar-Rinehart): "Clean people? The Japanese bath provides what probably is the dirtiest way of getting clean in the world. Scores of men, women and children bathe in the same water, which is hot but surely not enough to kill germs . . . Each wing (of my prison) had a row of five Japanese-type baths, one of them usually out of order. That meant the 180 prisoners had four tubs, and the water wasn't emptied until the last man passed through the line. The native prisoners were first—but there was only one place for the foreigners—last."

H. Allen Smith's book, "Life in a Putty Knife Factory," contains considerable amusement, including: "A man who becomes the writer of a column is much worse off. His brain achieves such a state that no respectable gumma would ever attempt to it. He becomes a straight-forward paranoiac. He suffers first from headache, tinnitus, palpitation, digestive disturbances, and incapacity for mental exertion. After that come intense egotism, selfishness, conceit, overbearing pride, violent temper, and moroseness. How do I know this? I was a columnist. My own favorite is W. W. Around newspaper offices, where it is fashionable to scoff, he gets very little outspoken applause. Your omniscient, swaggering newspaper man greets his name with a sneer. I never did. I wouldn't sneer even though it made me appear to be sharp as a tack."

"Time of Peace," an exciting tale by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton-Mifflin), contains this gem: "So now you've seen where your ancestors lived," Mark told his son as they came into familiar surroundings. "Don't ever forget that you're more than a New Englander. Out of your eight great-great-grandparents, two went from Massachusetts to Ohio, two went from Georgia to Mississippi, one lived in California, one in Oregon, one in Minnesota, and one—your mother's great-great-grandmother—came from Germany . . . Two of your great-grandparents came from Wales. Your grandparents came from Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota. You've got all the blood strains in you, Tony. You're not a Westerner, nor a Southerner. You're an American."

Secretary Harold Ickes' "The Autobiography of a Curmudgeon" (Reynal & Hitchcock) offers the following in the chapter called Blessed Event: "Mouth-to-ear rumors about a public man are almost without exception so fiercely barbed that most people would hesitate to repeat them out loud if they should be said of a private citizen. The private citizen has easy recourse to the courts—protection under the law. So, too, I grant you, in theory, has the public man, but the more public he is, the greater the probability that he should be proved that he didn't actually commit the crime, the publicity that he would get would leave the world convinced that he was in the neighborhood when it occurred. In other words, the people can believe virtually anything concerning a man in public life provided that it is sufficiently unbelievable."

If you are still squawking about rationing, then read "Round Trip to Russia," by Walter Graebner (Lippincott is publisher) . . . Graebner's exciting book says that no civilian in Russia may travel by air or rail or own a car . . . Eggs, when you can get them, cost \$3 each . . . Newspapers are used for rolling cigarettes and to put between blankets for more warmth . . . Ninety-five per cent of all food is rationed, and the annual civilian food consumption there is less than the annual civilian waste in the U. S.!

HIGHLIGHTS . . . in the week's news

HURRICANE: A hurricane that struck Houston, Galveston, and surrounding Texas communities on July 27 left 15 dead and at least a hundred injured. Damage is estimated at ten million dollars.

FOOTBALL: Soldiers who are studying in colleges under army supervision may possibly be allowed to play football.

ADOPTIONS: Higher incomes among childless couples has increased the demand for babies who may be available for adoption, it is reported.

END OF WAR: Bettors are placing considerable sums at even money in London that the war in Europe will end before the close of the year, says a report.



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CARIBBEAN CONSPIRACY

by BRENDA CONRAD

THE STORY SO FAR: Anne Heywood, beautiful daughter of a wealthy New York newspaper publisher, goes on an assignment to Puerto Rico where Pete Wilcox, a reporter on her father's paper, is stationed as a U. S. Army intelligence officer. On the boat she meets a young Puerto Rican, Miguel Valera, and an engineer named Richard Taussig, of whom she is immediately suspicious in spite of the fact that he looks like a typical tourist. She does not know that he is, in fact, a German agent ordered to destroy Puerto Rico's water supply. Anne knows something is wrong but doesn't want Taussig to know she suspects him. As the boat docks she and Miguel Valera are at the rail together.

CHAPTER II

She looked down again at the people on the dock. A girl was standing there gazing up along the crowded ship's rail. She was so lovely that Anne's heart sank another notch in spite of herself. She was slim and not very tall, with warm peach-colored skin and dark sparkling eyes and luscious chestnut hair. Behind her was an older man, with the same arresting quality the girl had, except that hers was an almost breath-taking loveliness and his was a rugged and aristocratic dignity that seemed to hold him completely apart from the crowd around him.

Suddenly both faces broke into an eager smile. The old man raised his hat, the girl waved her hand. Anne glanced around. Miguel Valera was waving back to them, his face lighted with pleasure.

"That's my father," he said.

Anne had noticed before the pride and warmth that came into his voice when he'd spoken his father's name. She could understand it now—and yet for some reason it made him suddenly remote from her, as if the man on the dock had moved in between them there at the rail.

"—And that's my cousin Graciela. She and her father live with us. Her mother was killed in Spain in the civil war."

"She's lovely, isn't she?" Anne said.

Anne caught a final glimpse of Graciela's face as they followed the crowd below. "He doesn't know she's in love with him," she thought. "Or he doesn't care."

The reflection she caught of herself in the mirror on the landing of the stairs had a new and sudden radiance, and the touch of his guiding hand on the bare skin of her arm had a kind of magic she hadn't noticed before.

"I'm sorry the trip is over, really," she said.

"I'm glad you're going to be in San Juan. I hope you'll let me show you around."

Anne came to a dead stop. At the bottom of the stairs, coming out of the purser's office with two of the ship's officers behind him, was Captain Peter Wilcox of the United States Army. He was in tan tropical garb, with a tan sun helmet under his arm and an inlaid mahogany swagger stick in his hand. For an instant he looked so different she wasn't sure if it was really he; he was older and harder and more authoritative.

Then he grinned as he used to do. "—Hello, Annie. I wondered if there was another Anne Heywood in this part of the world."

"Oh, Pete—it's swell to see you!" She ran down the last steps. It was swell to see him. She would have kissed him. For an instant she quite forgot Miguel Valera. But he held out his hands, so that was that. She turned back. "—Have you two met? This is Mr. Valera . . . Captain Wilcox."

The two men shook hands. Something curious seemed to happen to the atmosphere all of a sudden. It was like a cloud crossing the sun. "If you'll get your stuff together, Anne," Pete said, "I'll be along and help you get it to your hotel."

He grinned again. "—If you'd like me to, that is."

The passengers from the ship had already registered. The clerk turned to Anne.

"Are you Miss Heywood? It's a good thing you made a reservation. It's the last room in the house. A gentleman was just asking for you. One of the passengers."

She took up the pen, wrote "Miss Anne—" and stopped. Her eyes were fastened on the top card in the stack the clerk was holding. On it was a small curiously cramped signature: "Mr. Richard Taussig, New York City."

"You are in Room 110, Miss Heywood," the clerk said. "It's a corner room on the ocean side."

Her eyes were still fastened on the card in his hand. The room number on it was 108. She wrote, "—Heywood, Huntington, Long Island, New York," put the pen down and turned around.

Pete was waiting, looking at her. He took her arm. "—What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said quickly. Then she laughed. "I don't know what's got into me all of a sudden. I'm just stupid, I guess."

He gripped her arm a little tighter. She looked up at him with warm laughing eyes. The idea that Mr. Richard Taussig could exude any kind of pitch in room 108 that could seep through and defile anything of hers in room 110 seemed suddenly too fantastic to her to worry about. "I'm glad I'm here," she said softly.

"So am I," Pete said. "Now I'd like to think you came down because you missed having me under foot, but I'm still relatively sane. And you don't look as if the doctor ordered a rest. What about coming clean, Miss Heywood?"

Anne crossed the patio and sat down on the balustrade. "I'm just down for fun," she said.

He looked at her a moment. "Did you meet old Don Alvaro?" he asked.

She looked blank.

"The father of the guy you were with on the ship?"

"You mean Miguel Valera?"

"Yes. I met him—while I was sitting on my trunk waiting for you. What were you doing?"

"Checking up on the passenger list."

"I keep forgetting you're in Military Intelligence," Anne said. "Do you catch spies, or what?"

He grinned.

"Public relations is all I do. There aren't any spies down here, Miss Heywood. Everything's an open book. If you want a scale map of the island and all its fortifications, all you do is send ten cents in stamps to General Headquarters."

He got up. "I've got to push along. What about lunch? Twelve o'clock, Officers Club at El Morro. Any taxi driver'll get you there."

Anne nodded.

Pete Wilcox waited on the gallery until he heard the door trundle shut and the elevator begin its wheezing progress upward. He tossed his cigarette into the jar of white sand by

Fletcher spoke evenly and quietly. It was his own fault, of course. He should have taken Mayhew's advice instead of the offhand that Wilcox really had something.

"You may read this."

He handed Pete the letter. "Taussig is not only a substantial citizen—he has a very powerful political sponsor."

The letter was to Major-General Dutton, the Commanding Officer of the Puerto Rican Department. The letterhead and the signature belonged to a United States Senator whose relations with the Press had not always been free of virulent name-calling.

"My dear General," it read. "It is a very great pleasure for me to take this opportunity to commend my old friend Mr. Richard Taussig to your kind attention. Mr. Taussig is a sanitary engineer of international repute. I shall regard any courtesy you can show him as a personal favor. I believe he is especially interested in the more domestic arrangements of the military establishment, and I hope you will see your way clear to allowing him as much freedom for investigation as is consistent with the best interests of all concerned. I am looking forward to his unbiased report on the use we are making of the vast funds pouring into our Caribbean bases. With warm personal regards, I am, very sincerely yours."

Across the bottom the General's aide had scribbled: "—Is dinner enough? Have arranged tour. How long is he staying?"

Pete handed the letter back.

"That's all, Captain. And by the way," Colonel Fletcher smiled faintly. "Are you sure this wasn't camouflage? When you want to meet a young lady it's best to just say so, you know. That's all."

Pete sat for a moment at his desk. "If I were Lindbergh, I could resign," he thought sardonically. He unlocked a drawer and took a grimy sheet of cheap hotel writing paper out of it.

"Dear Mr. Wilcox," it began. "I take my pen in hand to say if you can take this as strictly private and personal between you and I, go ahead. If you got to turn it in to them brass hats you're mixed up with, stick a match to it. I don't want the joint wrecked any more I want to wake up in the morgue via the East River as they say. You and me are on the level. A so-and-so named Taussig is headed your way. Something's screwy. I don't know what. Two guys spilled it at the bar Tuesday night, and it's straight dope. —How's the black-eyed beauties down your way? Signed, F. A. Schneider."

The signature was elaborate and flowing, practiced for state occasions, like the signing of liquor receipts. Under it was written "Gus."

Pete Wilcox sat looking down at his hot tip, from the keeper of one of the most disreputable waterfront dives in Hoboken. It wasn't the first one he'd got. Not one of them had been a phony. The F. B. I. had profited a number of times and no questions asked.

He shrugged. "The Army," he thought, "is different. But I thought Fletcher was different too. I guess they grow brass hats young."

He put the letter back in the drawer. After all, it was just Gus' word against a guy who evidently had friends in high places. But if Gus had gone to the length of writing a letter . . .

"I guess I've stuck my neck out enough," he thought sardonically. What was the Army formula? Keep your mouth shut, your bowels open and never volunteer. There was something in it.

"I'd better call off the pack before they put me in the guardhouse," he thought. He picked up the phone and rang the Granada Hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I keep forgetting you're in the Military Intelligence," Anne said.

the pillar and came back into the lobby. It was empty except for a man sitting on a wicker sofa between the center arches, reading a Spanish newspaper.

Pete went over to the desk. The clerk pushed the pile of registration cards across to him. Anne's was on top, under it Mr. Richard Taussig's. Pete glanced through the rest of them quickly and handed them back to the clerk. He pushed Taussig's across the desk.

"Phone messages and callers," he said.

The clerk nodded.

"And Miss Heywood would like a room on the second floor as soon as it's possible."

The clerk nodded again. The man on the wicker sofa folded his newspaper and strolled out into the gallery.

"One oh eight," Pete said as he passed him. He would have liked to add "One ten," but Military Intelligence, once in motion, was like the mills of the gods, and he didn't want Anne Heywood ground exceedingly small. Heaven only knew what she'd get into before she got out.

He switched on the ignition. Something else was worrying him too, an old story he'd picked up a long time ago when he was covering Spanish speakies. Why Don Alvaro's name stuck in his memory he didn't know, except that names and disjointed facts had a way of sticking there and were part of his luck as a newspaperman. He shrugged his shoulders. The whole thing was fantastic, probably all a speakeasy pipe dream. The idea that Don Alvaro, or any man alive today, knew the Conquistadores' secret of San Juan's water supply, and could choke off El Morro and her sister fortress San Cristobal, was absolutely cockeyed.

If he took a story of the sort to G 2 they'd have him in the nearest insane asylum in nothing flat. The water supply was certainly one of the chief strategic problems of the island, but it was a problem in engineering, and he wasn't going to believe that the old Conquistadores had left a secret the Army engineers couldn't figure out.

He stopped abruptly as something else flashed into his mind. It was an order he'd seen a couple of weeks

before, from the War Department in Washington, cancelling Miguel Valera's previous order to report for active service with the 65th Infantry at Fort Buchanan. That was all there was to it. And now he was here.

"I wonder what the hell . . ."

Pete thought as he returned the sentry's salute and hurried inside.

Lieutenant - Colonel Thomas J. Fletcher looked up from his desk with a slight frown. He liked Puerto Rico and he liked Pete, but he had been Assistant Chief of Staff, G 2, for only a couple of weeks, and his predecessor Colonel Mayhew liked neither Pete nor Puerto Rico.

And he had warned Colonel Fletcher. "They're all alike. They think the Army is the city desk of a yellow journal. You've got to watch them closer than you do the damn natives. They go off half-cocked. Look out for what they call their private sources of information."

It was not only his predecessor's warning that disturbed Colonel Fletcher at the moment. It was the letter on the desk in front of him. Fortunately it had come in time. If it had come a little later there might have been hell to pay in Washington, and Colonel Fletcher might have found himself back in the States teaching R. O. T. C. boys squads right.

He returned Pete's salute.

"Taussig is in room 108 at the Granada, sir," Pete said. He remembered the "sir" just in time.

"You can call it off, Captain Wilcox."

Fletcher spoke evenly and quietly. It was his own fault, of course. He should have taken Mayhew's advice instead of the offhand that Wilcox really had something.

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He handed Pete the letter. "Taussig is not only a substantial citizen—he has a very powerful political sponsor."

The letter was to Major-General Dutton, the Commanding Officer of the Puerto Rican Department. The letterhead and the signature belonged to a United States Senator whose relations with the Press had not always been free of virulent name-calling.

"My dear General," it read. "It is a very great pleasure for me to take this opportunity to commend my old friend Mr. Richard Taussig to your kind attention. Mr. Taussig is a sanitary engineer of international repute. I shall regard any courtesy you can show him as a personal favor. I believe he is especially interested in the more domestic arrangements of the military establishment, and I hope you will see your way clear to allowing him as much freedom for investigation as is consistent with the best interests of all concerned. I am looking forward to his unbiased report on the use we are making of the vast funds pouring into our Caribbean bases. With warm personal regards, I am, very sincerely yours."

Across the bottom the General's aide had scribbled: "—Is dinner enough? Have arranged tour. How long is he staying?"

Pete handed the letter back.

"That's all, Captain. And by the way," Colonel Fletcher smiled faintly. "Are you sure this wasn't camouflage? When you want to meet a young lady it's best to just say so, you know. That's all."

Pete sat for a moment at his desk. "If I were Lindbergh, I could resign," he thought sardonically. He unlocked a drawer and took a grimy sheet of cheap hotel writing paper out of it.

"Dear Mr. Wilcox," it began. "I take my pen in hand to say if you can take this as strictly private and personal between you and I, go ahead. If you got to turn it in to them brass hats you're mixed up with, stick a match to it. I don't want the joint wrecked any more I want to wake up in the morgue via the East River as they say. You and me are on the level. A so-and-so named Taussig is headed your way. Something's screwy. I don't know what. Two guys spilled it at the bar Tuesday night, and it's straight dope. —How's the black-eyed beauties down your way? Signed, F. A. Schneider."

The signature was elaborate and flowing, practiced for state occasions, like the signing of liquor receipts. Under it was written "Gus."

Pete Wilcox sat looking down at his hot tip, from the keeper of one of the most disreputable waterfront dives in Hoboken. It wasn't the first one he'd got. Not one of them had been a phony. The F. B. I. had profited a number of times and no questions asked.

He shrugged. "The Army," he thought, "is different. But I thought Fletcher was different too. I guess they grow brass hats young."

He put the letter back in the drawer. After all, it was just Gus' word against a guy who evidently had friends in high places. But if Gus had gone to the length of writing a letter . . .

"I guess I've stuck my neck out enough," he thought sardonically. What was the Army formula? Keep your mouth shut, your bowels open and never volunteer. There was something in it.

"I'd better call off the pack before they put me in the guardhouse," he thought. He picked up the phone and rang the Granada Hotel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"I keep forgetting you're in the Military Intelligence," Anne said.

the pillar and came back into the lobby. It was empty except for a man sitting on a wicker sofa between the center arches, reading a Spanish newspaper.

Pete went over to the desk. The clerk pushed the pile of registration cards across to him. Anne's was on top, under it Mr. Richard Taussig's. Pete glanced through the rest of them quickly and handed them back to the clerk. He pushed Taussig's across the desk.

"Phone messages and callers," he said.

The clerk nodded.

"And Miss Heywood would like a room on the second floor as soon as it's possible."

The clerk nodded again. The man on the wicker sofa folded his newspaper and strolled out into the gallery.

"One oh eight," Pete said as he passed him. He would have liked to add "One ten," but Military Intelligence, once in motion, was like the mills of the gods, and he didn't want Anne Heywood ground exceedingly small. Heaven only knew what she'd get into before she got out.

He switched on the ignition. Something else was worrying him too, an old story he'd picked up a long time ago when he was covering Spanish speakies. Why Don Alvaro's name stuck in his memory he didn't know, except that names and disjointed facts had a way of sticking there and were part of his luck as a newspaperman. He shrugged his shoulders. The whole thing was fantastic, probably all a speakeasy pipe dream. The idea that Don Alvaro, or any man alive today, knew the Conquistadores' secret of San Juan's water supply, and could choke off El Morro and her sister fortress San Cristobal, was absolutely cockeyed.

If he took a story of the sort to G 2 they'd have him in the nearest insane asylum in nothing flat. The water supply was certainly one of the chief strategic problems of the island, but it was a problem in engineering, and he wasn't going to believe that the old Conquistadores had left a secret the Army engineers couldn't figure out.

He stopped abruptly as something else flashed into his mind. It was an order he'd seen a couple of weeks

War Goods, From Brushes to Bombs, Are Stored In Huge Warehouses of Utah Ordnance Depot

Munitions Are Made In Nearby Factory At Salt Lake City

By John Elbridge Jones

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

The military axiom that "an army travels on its belly" is true, but a modern army needs many other necessary supplies—shoes, for instance, and trucks, and tanks, tractors, munitions and guns.

To furnish these supplies when and where needed and in the proper amount, the U. S. army has built up separate organizations within the army, headed by Lieut. General Brehon B. Somervell, called "Service Commands." There is a "Service Command" for each military area not only within the U. S. but wherever the army goes.

For the first 12 months or more of this war all information regarding army operation and placement was a military secret; now—in driving for final victory—the army wants you to know how it operates; how it takes care of your son or your husband—what it feeds him, how it clothes him—what it gives him to fight with and how it cares for him when sick or wounded.

With that in mind Maj. Gen. Kenyon A. Joyce, commanding general of the Ninth service command, with headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah, recently invited a group of newspaper men to visit all of the army service forces. These newspaper men were shown everything and told everything, but they were restricted not to reveal military information helpful to the enemy.

Non-Combat Goods.

All of the thousands of articles called "non-combat equipment," meaning, in general, everything the army uses except actual weapons and fighting machines, are procured by purchase or are made to order. Canned vegetables, blankets, safety pins, uniforms of all sorts, road machinery, and stoves are samples of these things not used in actual fighting, but most necessary just the same.

The Ninth service command procures and stores this non-combat equipment in Utah Army Service Forces depot at Ogden, under the direct command of Brig. Gen. Ralph Talbot Jr. Here are tremendous warehouses and storage spaces much of it in the open, with seemingly miles of rows of equipment such as trailers—trench diggers—harrows, carry-alls, scrapers, water tanks, plows, portable generators, barb wire and bridge building material.

The depot is roughly a mile wide by three miles long. There are 15 permanent type warehouses of concrete and steel and nine temporary warehouses of wooden construction. They house everything the army needs and uses outside of munitions and implements of war.

Several are used for food, others for clothing, kitchen equipment, for automobiles, for drainage tiles, for pipe, for everything.

On display were box lockers, 12 kinds of hats or caps, shirts and underwear, carrying bags, gloves, coats, mess kits, sleeping bags, uniforms for army and for WACs and for nurses, musical instruments, shoes, socks, tool sets, helmets, plastic



This young war worker, Miss Louise Anderson, is exhibiting belts of machine-gun cartridges for airplanes. She operates a machine that fills the belts, which are made of webbing.

BUSHNELL HOSPITAL for soldiers is another department of the Ninth service command. Construction of the huge institution was begun shortly after Pearl Harbor. It is located at Brigham City, 60 miles north of Salt Lake City. At present it has 2,000 beds.

Corp. John Kariger, 21, of Hershey, Neb., is one patient who probably owes his life to the new drug penicillin, administered at Bushnell. His thighbone was shattered by a Jap bullet, and infection developed.



Inspectors at the Tooele Ordnance depot examine a batch of empty cartridge cases, returned to be melted into brass scrap. They must see that no live ammunition has got mixed with the shells, since it would explode in the furnace and possibly cause an accident.

foot tubs, flags, tents, tent stoves, and mountain tents. Among thousands of other articles were pack kits, gasoline lanterns, emergency rations, G. I. thread and needles, compasses, pliers, sunburn cream, chap stick, towels, and rubber pants.

Unique here was the fact that a part of the guard for daylight service is made up of women: women trained to do guard duty—to carry a gun and use it. Police dogs aid the guards at night.

Making Cartridges

Guns, cartridges, bombs and similar munitions, as well as war machines like tanks and armored trucks, are made at the army's own ordnance factories, or by private manufacturers, under government contract. One of these latter is the Utah Ordnance plant in Salt Lake City.

The plant area is about 5,000 acres with more than 175 buildings—10 miles of heavy track railroad and 17 miles of surfaced road. Inner and outer fences extend a distance of about 21 miles, most of which is under 24 hour surveillance by auxiliary military guard under direction of the army.

This plant is the last word in a modern line production system for manufacturing small arms ammunition, such as 30 and 50 caliber armor-piercing, tracer, incendiary and ball shells. Here the principal operations are making the shell, the bullet, and the primer—bringing them all together, and then filling them with powder. The finished ammunition is put into belts—or clips and then packed in metal-lined cases for shipment.

Outstanding in the plant is the continuous rigid testing and checking—for on the efficient operation of these munitions may depend the life of your son or husband. Finally a certain percentage of each batch is sent to the ballistics department, where shells are actually fired in guns used by the army and are checked for accuracy, fire power and penetration.

Tooele Ordnance Depot.

During war the various ordnance manufacturing plants may ship direct to the field of action, but a large part of the material must of necessity be held in reserve in storage. For this purpose the government has built huge storage depots in strategic locations. These basic supply depots are removed from the seacoast for protection, yet so located that war goods may be transported swiftly by rail, highway or plane to the points of embarkation.

The army has built the Tooele Ordnance depot at Tooele, Utah, about 40 miles southwest of Salt Lake City. The depot, comprising an area of some 26,000 acres, is served by two transcontinental railroads, giving quick access to the Northwest, the San Francisco Bay area and the Southwest—all important ports for the Pacific theater of war. Within the depot are 150 miles of hard surfaced highway and 77 miles of railway track. Five Diesel switch engines handle freight cars.

The ordnance depot performs three main functions—first it is the reserve storage for all munitions—including rifle and machine gun ammunition, shells and bombs of all sizes and weight. It stores reserves of ordnance equipment such as pistols, rifles, machine guns, cannon, trench mortars, and mobile fighting equipment such as tanks, jeeps, trucks and tractors.

Repair and Salvage.

Second, the ordnance depot is a service organization. It puts equipment together, gets it ready for shipment and ships it. It takes care

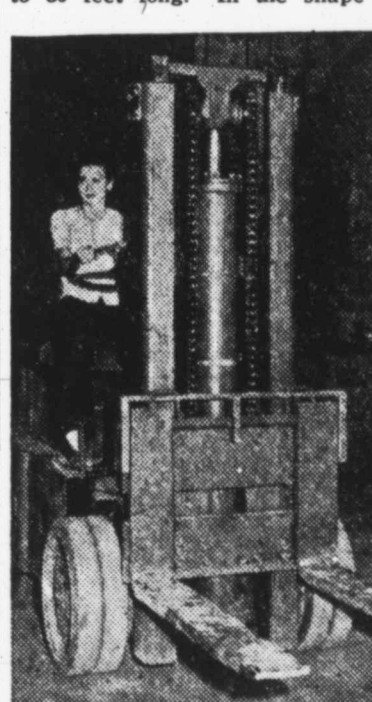
of the repair and rebuilding of damaged and badly worn equipment. In the depot area are huge buildings, one of them 525 feet wide by 540 feet long, used wholly for making repairs that cannot be taken care of at the front. Duplicate parts of all equipment are kept on hand—either for use in the depot or for shipment.

The third function of the Tooele Ordnance depot is one of salvage. Back to this depot are sent trainloads of used shells, large and small. The undamaged are shipped to the munitions factories for re-filling, and the unusable are sent to the smelters. The army expects to get back approximately 90 per cent of the shells, packing cases, ammunition belts, clips, etc., issued.

Women by far outnumber the men in the warehouses. Girls trained for the job operate motor driven fork lift trucks—which pick up huge cases and stack them—8, 10 and 12 feet high. The depot is manned mostly by civilians.

Most interesting of all the features of the depot is the storage of the actual munitions. Small caliber ammunition is stored in above-the-ground warehouses. Heavy ammunition and bombs are stored in "igloos."

There are about 1,000 of these igloos ranging in size from 40 feet to 80 feet long. In the shape of



Women and machines have displaced husky men in the Tooele Ordnance depot warehouses. Miss Katherine Boswell runs a fork-lift shop truck, that can move and pile ten cases a trip. The work done by one truck would cost \$40 an hour if done by hand.

half of a barrel, the walls and ceiling are made of reinforced cement nine inches thick, covered with two to three feet of gravel and soil.

One of the igloos visited was about half full, containing several hundred 1,000-pound semi-blockbuster bombs—all ready for shipment to Hirohito.

For protection the depot is watched over by a corps of auxiliary military guard under the direction of the army, who patrol in cars.

Not far distant from the Tooele Ordnance plant but entirely separate is another depot. Here the army stores and experiments with gas for the kind of warfare the United Nations hope to avoid. But, as proof of what President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill say about being ready for it, it is there. It may never be used—but it's there waiting and ready if needed.

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JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS.
OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Mockingbird's Tunes
The mockingbird, state bird of Florida, has been known to change its tune 87 times in seven minutes.



The Mitchell County News

Published in the interest of Lorraine and its trade territory
Published Weekly on Thursday

J. W. King, Editor and Publisher
Mrs. Ray Baird, Society Editor

Published in Lorraine, Texas, and entered as second-class mail matter May 23, 1931, at the Post Office in Lorraine, Texas under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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Any erroneous reflection upon the character or reputation of any person, firm or corporation, which may occur in the columns of The Mitchell County News will be gladly corrected upon being brought to the attention of the publisher.

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One Year	\$2.00	Six Months \$1.00
Three Months	.60c	
In Advance		

Letter To Service Men

Dear Soldiers:

Well we are not going to talk about the weather this time because it was last week's weather that made the headlines, and this week is some cooler although too hot to be comfortable. We should just imagine the cold weather next winter when we are shivering around and thinking we will be glad when summer gets here again.

Billie Parker got to make a short visit home last week. He was only here three days. It was his first visit home in several months, but three days back in the home town means a lot to you boys and of course the parents and all the friends are happy for you to come. Billie is stationed in Houston.

Felix Walker of Childress met his brother, Corp. Virgil Walker, here last week for a visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Walker. Felix just got a three day pass but Virgil is here on a two weeks furlough from St. Louis, Missouri.

Theron Henderson arrived last Wednesday from Great Falls, Montana, and will be here the rest of the week. Truitt Butler returned to Waco Saturday where he is in specialized training at Baylor University.

Sgt. Curtis Waldron was here on a fifteen day furlough from Shreveport, Louisiana.

Welden Wiggins has returned

to Buckley Field, Colorado, after spending ten days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wiggins.

The lucky ones who are stationed at Camp Barkeley, Big Spring and San Angelo get to come home almost every week. Ray Finch was here from Camp Barkeley and Butsie Hall was here from San Angelo over the week end.

Elton Young left last week and Wayland Roberts leaves this week for service. This takes about all of the boys. You can imagine how deserted the town is without all of you.

The letter that Mr. and Mrs. Preston had from Ray a few days ago caused them to have to do some guessing. Ray told them where he had moved to from North Africa but the censors didn't let the word get thru.

Of course the guess is that Ray, as well as a lot of you boys who have been in North Africa, are now in Sicily. Ray said the day before he left, which was July 20, he received a letter from James which was written on June 8, wanting him to meet him at a certain place. Of course, the letter was over a month old when Ray received it and they moved him on the next day, so he missed seeing James again.

Ray said his friend "Red" is still with him. We guess by now they seem almost like brothers. The two of them trained together at

Brownwood, both were sent from there to El Paso, then to Florida and to Massachusetts, never having to be separated which is a record in this changing about in the Army.

Clarence Palmer writes his parents that they are doing just fine. They have everything in the world they want to eat. Plenty of sleep and nothing to complain about at present except they want to get the job over and get home.

Al Simmons, who is stationed in Colorado, gave his brother Trent, who is working in Gruver, Texas, a thrill the other day when he circled over the town several times in the P-38 he pilots. Al wrote his parents here that he would be flying over Lorraine in a week or two, so if the word gets around just what day we will all be running out to gaze when we hear an airplane. Al said he had been placed in a group for foreign service but it will probably be several weeks yet before they leave.

Harold Bennett and wife arrived Tuesday night from Farragut, Idaho, where Harold is SK 2C in the Navy. Word was received this week that L. J. Burdine had arrived safely in England.

A letter from Bo Brans in Hawaii to his parents included several pictures of Bo, and some taken on the University campus with some of the beautiful Hawaiian coeds. Bo looked fine and said he was doing fine but he just could never find anyone from home over there. He said he saw B. A. Parker when he was there on the Islands last year in July. Bo has just received a promotion to Petty Officer third class. Then on August 1, he was made Store Keeper. Bo told his Dad that he bought a Kalabask pipe, which he described and said that he was going to send him one for it was a honey of a pipe. And he told his mother to go ahead and wear that necklace because he was making her another one that was much prettier than the one he sent. Describing the country over there he said that it was just to beautiful. The temperature always between 60 and 85 degrees. So we can see what an ideal climate they enjoy there.

Bo said he wants to hurry and get home and see if they have put up any new buildings since he has been gone.

The letter in this week's copy of the News from George Mahoney should make all of us here at home ashamed of ourselves to think that we don't realize the

importance of putting every penny we can into War Bonds. The boys who are over there know what it means and are willing to give their money and do the fighting as well to gain the freedom we long for so much. We want the war to be over, but are we doing all we can to hasten that day?

We know that we want to hasten the day when you all will be coming back home to stay. We can plan in our minds now for the town's celebration for you boys when you get home. Then is when you could have the story telling contest, telling of your different experiences over there. Remember away back when you were in the third and fourth grades how you would enter the story contests, and I believe one of the most popular stories was "Little Black Sambo," which I bet most of you have told. We remember those days and we are sure that the real stories you bring back with you will hold the audience when we have the opportunity to hear them. And we trust that everyone of you will be returning, though there are the two Reagan boys who are held prisoners, and Harold Britton that is reported missing. We will hold on to the hope that you will all return safely and that good news will soon be heard from Harold.

Write home soldier boys and remember if you don't get letters it is because they just haven't reached you, not because home folks don't write. And best wishes.

A Mom

DR. HUMPHREYS AMAZING RELIEF for PILES

Promptly Cures Intense Itching, Pain and Soreness
Humphreys Ointment (Dr. Humphreys' formula so highly successful for nearly 75 years) brings blessed relief from fiery, itching, painful piles with the very first applications. Just see if you can't walk, sit down or dance with real comfort. Humphreys Ointment costs only 50c and with it comes a special FREE rectal pipe which enables you to easily get glorious relief up to these internal piles, too. It actually spreads a protective soothing coating over the sore area and thus helps nature heal faster. So rarely does Humphreys Ointment fail to promptly relieve pile torture—that if it doesn't in your case we urge you to see your doctor at once. You may have serious trouble. Get Humphreys Ointment today—any drugstore.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Haralson and sons spent Sunday in Abilene visiting her mother, Mrs. Bertha Barber and other relatives.

Mrs. C. H. Reese returned to her home in Albany Thursday after spending ten days here in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howell.

Pvt. Bob Looney and Pvt. Doyle Riley of Big Spring spent the week end here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Looney.

The advertising in this paper: the paper—READ the Ads and makes it possible for you to get patronize the advertisers.

Visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Land Sunday honoring Mrs. Land on her birthday were Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Hall and son of Colorado City, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stanley of Sweetwater.

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We feel that one important service we render to the people generally is that of the clearing and collection of checks, drafts, etc.

We furnish a service in this line that works efficiently and promptly. People take this service for granted. Yet the service works through a well-developed plan of cooperation among country banks, reserve correspondents and Federal Reserve Banks. Thus you can deposit a check drawn on a distant bank and in a few days the money will be transferred to your account here.

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Ever, one's Patronage Appreciated

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Average retail price of food in Texas for the month of June, according to report of State Labor Commissioner, was nearly 34 per cent above that of April, 1941.

No increase has occurred in the price of Lone Star Gas Service even though we, too, labor under increased operating costs. Our customers know that we have always operated under a "price ceiling" with rates stabilized and fixed by regulatory bodies. Actually, rates have been

reduced substantially since 1941, saving our customers about two million dollars a year.

Over 900 of our employees are fighting in the Armed Forces. Those of us remaining are carrying on the best we can with less material and equipment. Our full energies and abilities are dedicated to the job of providing dependable fuel service to war plants, business and the home, and pledge the utmost economy and conservation in the performance of this task.

BECAUSE of Lone Star's interconnected 4,500-mile pipeline system, a customer is no farther away from 75 different gas fields than the valve on his appliances. Without such dependability a gas service would be expensive, no matter how low the rate.

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Fighting forces must be sustained by a never-ceasing flow of food and war supplies from farms, fields, and industries.

We are proud of our part in equipping and supplying our fighting men, for they are America at her best. And there are enormous movements that must go through on time, along with greatly increased civilian freight and passenger traffic. Your patience and cooperation helps us and helps the Nation.



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GENERAL INSURANCE

Mrs. G. C. Farris left Tuesday for Coahoma after spending a week here in the home of Mrs. Maud Farris.

BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT

To help relieve Sprains, and Bruises, also tired or Sore Muscles caused by too much exercise or exposure to bad weather, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment and rub gently. The comfort it affords will please you.

HUTCHINS & HALL, DRUGS



**OUR BOYS
IN SERVICE**

July 24, 1943

New Orleans, La.

Remember the kid who used to play in your back yard? Not long ago you watched him romp with your own children. You know his folks, you felt a little sorry for them when you heard their boy had gone to learn the dirty trades of war.

And you were annoyed that a war half way around the globe should be taking your money—and men who were so lately just boys—and materials we wanted for our own comfort.

Its raining now where the kid is, and its not a shower of blessings, or sunshine. But a shower of screaming steel. And little yellow men with death and misery of all sorts are trying to drive him back. Back where? Back across the ocean to our own jungle, so they can call it theirs. Back across the ocean to our own shores.

But this kid knew better. He sailed thru death-infested seas because the choice was stop them there, or fight them here.

Maybe that kid was one of hundreds on the Solomons, who for 12 days and nights lived, fought and won, on fish heads and rice which they could capture from the Japs and slept in mud, while you lay comfortable on an inner spring mattress and ate fried chicken.

He lugged that gun across a bullet-spattered beach. He crawled through matted jungles infested with snipers, and faced death from enemy strafing planes, shells and bayonets so many times he has lost count.

He wasn't doing it for fun, (if you think so try it some time) but for you before the fight backs up to your doorstep. To keep your home safe, from having to dig trenches through your yard, and the scream of dive bombers echoed through living room.

If there were no ocean between you and the fight, if the echo of the kids gun rang in your ears, you probably wouldn't have any trouble finding an extra dollar for War Bonds, and to help the kid keep those treacherous little fellows out of your back yard. That's what the kid is taking chances for. He knows the civilian population back home is

having a tough time and he has to fight hard to keep up their morale.

But remember he is still the kid from down the street, and it's your home and family he's fighting for, and doing a swell job. And he still needs the weapons those extra War Bonds will buy—if he's to fight and win without exposing you to danger.

The lack of weapons those extra War Bonds will buy may be the cause of some young innocent boys death, and I don't believe you would like to be guilty.

Think of it that way when you are asked to make a sacrifice and buy War Bonds. And remember that it's only a loan that will come back to you with interest. Only a loan to buy the blessings of freedom for generations to come.

L. R. McAnally, U. S. C. G.

July 30, 1943

Dearest Mother and Dad:

I was sure glad to receive your letter today. This leaves me feeling fine, hope you are both the same. I heard from Sis also, she said it was really getting hot down in Houston. I would sure like to see everyone there, it seems like ages since I have been there.

I hope you are still buying bonds. Seems like if everyone would spend all they can for this war it would be over that much sooner.

I want you to buy me a \$1,000 bond at the bank as soon as you get this letter. My money won't be any good anyway if we don't win this war, so take \$750 of my money and get me one.

You can tell Mrs. Baird I really enjoyed her letters in the papers. I wish that I could write about our surroundings and where we are but I have just received four copies of the paper since I left the States. We don't get all of our mail, it seems to get lost.

I received the combs and they really came in handy, everyone is sure proud of them. So tell Dad they were really appreciated.

I guess this is all I know to write so be good and take care of yourselves and be sure and buy the bond for me.

Love, your son
George Mahoney

Lubbock Army Air Field, Aug. 7—A promotion to Sergeant has just been given to Robert V. James of Loraine, as a result of the excellent work he has been doing at this twin-engine air field as an instrument flying instructor.

A former college student, he is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. James of Loraine and he and his wife now reside in Lubbock. His father is a veteran of the last war. Two brothers are also in service.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
BOYS BACK HOME**

(By S 2C Lloyd M. Allen, Hemphill Inst. of Tech., Los Angeles, Calif., formerly from San Antonio, Texas.)

I am writing this short letter and every word is true. Don't look away draft dodger, for it is addressed to you. You feel at ease and in no danger back in the old home town. You cooked up some pitiful stories so the board would turn you down.

You never think of the real men, who leave there day by day. You just think of their girl friends, who you get when they are away.

You sit at home and read the paper. You jump up and say we will win.

Just where do you get that we stuff? This war will be won by men. Just what do you think draft dodger.

That this fine nation would do, if all our men were slackers, and scared to fight like you? Well, I guess that is all, Mr. Slacker.

I suppose your face is red. America is no place for your kind, and it is true every word I have said.

So in closing this letter, draft dodger, just remember what I say.

Keep away from my gal, I warn you, because I am coming back some day.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or less! Young men, stomach backache, gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fast-acting medicine known as Bell-and-Howell. No laxative. Bell-and-Howell brings comfort in a 15 or 20 minute money back on return of bottle or 25¢ at all drug stores.

**City To Drill
New Water Well**

Loraine is to have a new water well in the near future unless plans that have already been approved by the WPB are further delayed. The go-ahead signal was given by the WPB just a few days ago and the Mayor and City Council are already busy getting somebody to drill a new well and to buy a new pump for it.

The city has needed more equipment to furnish water for some time. With only one well and the equipment in it more than ten years old the risk was too great for a water shortage.

Carman and Martha Jean Wimberley returned to their home at Lamesa Monday after spending a week here in the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wimberley. Billie C. Wimberley, who has been working here the past two months, returned with them.

DANGER!!

Infantile Paralysis is raging in Texas. Physicians say that one way to combat this awful malady is to keep everything clean, especially your alleys and all outdoor premises.

The City Council is asking that you keep your place clean by burning all trash and rubbish, and be sure that anything that will hold stagnant water be done away with to prevent the breeding of flies and mosquitoes as they carry germs that spread Infantile Paralysis and other diseases.

Take your tin cans to the scrap pile to be used in making war materials so badly needed by our armed forces.

You certainly don't want your family or your neighbor's family to contract this awful disease because of your negligence. Get busy and clean up around your premises.

Respectfully yours,
J. C. Hall
Mayor, Loraine, Texas.

**Monthly FEMALE
WEAKNESS**

Which Makes
You Cranky,
Nervous



If at such times you suffer from cramps, backache, distress of "irregularities", periods of the blues—due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once — try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It not only helps relieve monthly pain but also accompanying tired, nervous feelings of this nature. This is due to its soothing effect on one of WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly — Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. It also is a fine stomachic tonic! Follow label directions. Well worth trying!

**Keep 'Em Oiled and Greased
THEY'VE GOT TO LAST!**



Electric fans have been working overtime. The chances are they again need a little oil or cup grease to protect bearings from wear. Electric fans have gone to war—take care of them.

**Some Fans
Need Oil**

For fans which have oil holes, use a medium-weight lubricating oil, such as automobile engine oil. Be careful not to use too much, for it runs out and rots the rubber insulation.

**Some Fans
Need Grease**

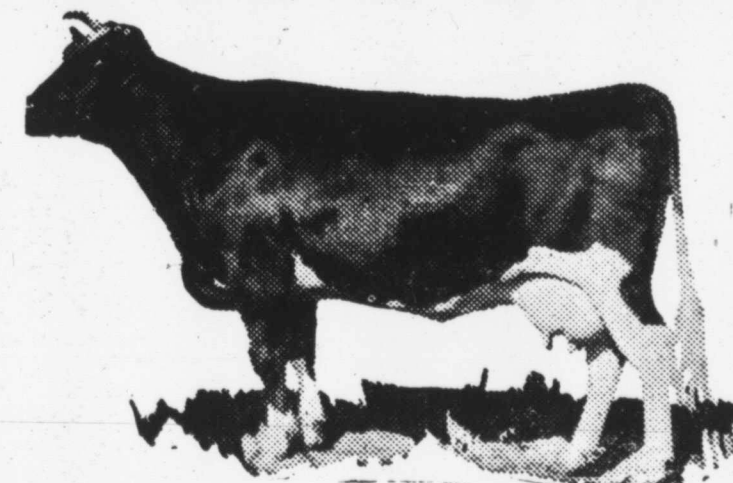
Some fans have grease cups instead of oil holes. These cups, containing a small wick and coil spring, should be filled with cup grease; not oil. If in doubt, take your fans to an electric shop for oiling and greasing.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

A. L. McSPADEN, Manager

**6th ANNUAL
LORAIN DAIRY SHOW**

Friday, August 20th, 1943



ALL CLASSES DAIRY CATTLE, REGISTERED AND GRADE WILL BE OFFERED \$165 IN PRIZES

Bring Your Animals and Compete for the prizes. Registered and grade classes separate.

THE SHOW THIS YEAR IN ALL PROBABILITY WILL BE MADE UP ENTIRELY OF LOCAL ANIMALS. BRING YOURS IN AND HELP MAKE THIS THE BEST SHOW WE HAVE EVER HAD. A GOOD DAIRY BARN WILL KEEP YOUR ANIMALS OUT OF THE WEATHER.

THERE WILL BE CLASSES FOR ALL AGES REGISTERED AND GRADE FEMALES WITH FIVE CASH. PRIZES PER CLASS. CLASSES FOR REGISTERED BULLS—NO GRADE BULLS.

Cattle must be in the barn by 9:30 a. m. Ribbons will be given on dairy breeds other than Jersey

PRIZES—\$5, \$4, \$3, \$2, \$1 per class.

Registered Jersey Bulls

Class 1—up to 15 months
Class 2—15 to 30 months
Class 3—Over 30 months
Class 4—Grand Champion Registered Jersey Bull

Grade Jersey Females

Class 5—Calves up to 12 months
Class 6—Heifers 12 to 24 months (any heifer giving milk will have to show in class 7)
Class 7—Young Cows 2 to 3½ years.

Class 8—Cows over 3½ years.

Class 9—Junior Champion Jersey Grade female (first places from classes 5 and 6)
Class 10—Senior Champion Jersey Grade female (first places from classes 7 and 8)
Class 11—Grand Champion Grade female

Registered Jersey Females

Class 12—Registered calves up to 12 months.
Class 13—Registered Heifers 12 to 24 months. (Any heifer giving milk will be shown in class 14).
Class 14—Young Cows 2 to 3½ years (registered).

Class 15—Cows over 3½ years (registered.)

Class 16—Junior Champion Registered Female (first places from classes 12 and 13.)
Class 17—Senior Champion Registered Female (first places from classes 14 and 15.)
Class 18—Grand Champion Registered Jersey Cow.

This Advertisement Sponsored by The Loraine Lions Club and the following Loraine business firms

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TARTT AUTO SUPPLY
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G. K. BAKER Second Hand Store
V. L. RICHARD SERVICE STA.
FRED B. ISON DRY GOODS

AUGUST 12

43

BEAT THE HEAT

Soothe, relieve heat rash and help prevent it with Moxana, formerly Mexican Heat Powder. Kind of powder often used by many specialists. Medicated and cooling. Sprinkle well over heat irritated skin. Costs little. Get Moxana.

Relative Values
A wise man is he who knows the relative value of things.—Dean



A DAB A DAY KEEPS PO AWAY

New cream positively stops "underarm Perspiration Odor"

1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like washing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.
5. Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

Gather Your Scrap. ★
★ Throw It at Hitler!

IMPORTANT FOR GROWERS OF VETCH, WINTER PEAS, CLOVERS

Here are typical reports from farmers who inoculate legumes with NITRAGIN:
"My Austrian peas inoculated with NITRAGIN were a good stand, grew fast and made a good yield. The uninoculated side of the field made poor growth and was yellow all season."
"I always inoculate vetch, clovers and peas with NITRAGIN. It is mighty cheap crop insurance."
"My neighbor tells me it made the difference of no crop and a successful crop."
"I increased peanut yields 10 bushels per acre."

It costs only about 15c an acre and takes only a few minutes to inoculate legume seed with NITRAGIN—the oldest, most widely used inoculant for all legumes. Get it from your seed supplier, just ask for NITRAGIN. THE NITRAGIN CO., 1000 N. BOOTH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

NITRAGIN
FREE Booklets
How to grow better legumes. Write today.

HOW NOT TO CATCH A FLY



The CEILING KICK METHOD is by far the most ambitious effort required for killing a fly. In lieu of necessary implements at hand and in final exasperation, you boldly resort to kick the fly on the ceiling. Chief danger: plaster dust in the eyes, strained ligaments and your landlord orders your exit. An easier way is to

Catch 'em with **TANGLEFOOT FLYPAPER**
It is the old reliable that never fails. Always economical to use, and not poisoned. For sale at drug and grocery stores.
CATCHES THE GERM AS WELL AS THE FLY
6 double sheets 25¢
THE TANGLEFOOT CO. Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

SPARKY WATTS



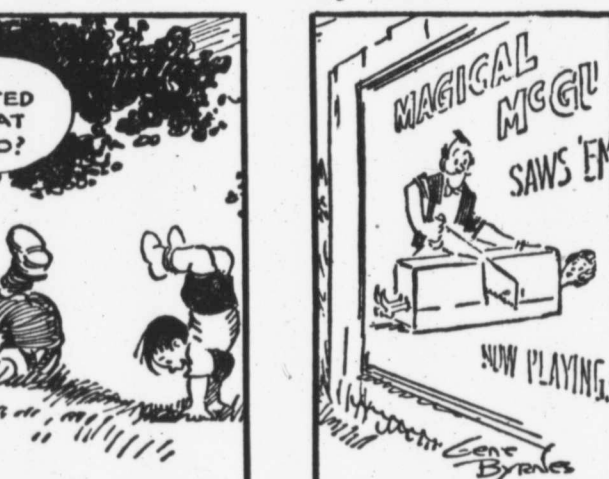
By BOODY ROGERS

LALA PALOOZA—Lights Out



By RUBE GOLDBERG

REG'LAR FELLERS—Phony Business



By GENE BYRNES

POP—Let the Blame Fall Where It May



By J. MILLAR WATT

RAISING KANE—About Face



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BEAUTIFUL 4x6 PICTURES from 11¢ & 12¢ negatives. 3 1/2x5 1/2 from all smaller sizes. 3 1/2x5 1/2 E.A. Rolls 8 exp. 30¢—12 exp. 45¢—18 exp. 60¢. 5x7 1/2 exp. \$1.25. Get price on enlarger on portrait paper, copies made from old, new pict. OVERNITE SERVICE. FACILE PHOTO SERVICE. P. O. Box 666-Z, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

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USED CARS WANTED
Pay Highest Cash for CLEAN LATE MODELS
See ARCHIE MARTIN
Horn-Williams
Office at San Jacinto, Dallas, Tex. B-3151

HELP WANTED

WANTED—ICE PULLERS
Experience not necessary but helpful. Rate 40¢ per first 40 hrs., 60¢ per hr. for all over 40 hrs., each week. This is one of 35 essential industries, employees subject to draft deferment. Steady work. Apply in person. Charles F. Harding, 939 1/2 West Jefferson. Southland Ice Co., Dallas, Tex.

FEATHERS WANTED
FEATHERS WANTED, NEW OR OLD
Ship or write to Sterling Feather Company, 200 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Missouri.

Costly Project
A railroad bridge was built in Australia at the cost of \$100,000. But one train has passed over it in over 55 years. After its initial run, authorities decided on another route avoiding the bridge.

FOR CHAFES AND SCRAPES
MOROLINE
PETROLEUM JELLY

Belief of Navajos
Navajo Indians of New Mexico believe that Shiprock, an isolated butte towering 1,900 feet above the plain, was once a great bird that brought the tribe to New Mexico.

CONSTIPATION HAUNTED ME—
It hung on and on. Medicinal laxatives relieved it only temporarily.
"Then—I found my constipation was due to lack of 'bulk' in my diet. And I also found out that KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN gets at the cause of such constipation and corrects it.
Boy, what I'd been missing before I tried ALL-BRAN! It's a well-tasting breakfast cereal—and, as far as my constipation was concerned, it sure worked.
I eat ALL-BRAN regularly now and drink plenty of water. And—I've 'Joined the Regulars'! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek."

Hard Workers
Hard workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.—Bovee.

TWIN-AID for SMALL CUTS and BURNS
CAMPHO-PHENIQUE
LIQUID AND POWDER
BUY A DEFENSE BOND Today!

Apply for best results:
Small cuts and burns, scratches, abrasions, sunburns, insect bites. Use powder on open blisters, small cracks between toes.
COOLING SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC DRESSING
James F. Ballard, Inc. - St. Louis, Mo.

Gas on Stomach
Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back.
When excess stomach acid causes painful, uncomfortable gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell's Tablets. No laxative. Bell's Tablets brings comfort in a 5¢ or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 25¢ at all druggists.

That Nagging Backache
May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action
Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.
You may suffer nagging backaches, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WAR ON ALL FRONTS

A SERIES OF SPECIAL ARTICLES BY THE LEADING WAR CORRESPONDENTS

Sub Hunting

By James Hirshfield

(WNU Feature—Through special arrangement with The American Magazine)

I was on the bridge of the coast guard cutter Campbell, escorting a big convoy, when there came a message, reporting a submarine 25 miles south of us. We charged full speed for the spot.

Whether we got that first submarine I don't know—you seldom know—but we didn't have time to worry about it. A signal crackled through from another vessel of the escort, a British corvette. With a sister corvette she was attacking another U-boat she had picked up on her sound gear.

With the two corvettes we converged like arrows on the U-boat. Over a wide area we saw the sea. Then a great patch of Diesel oil appeared on the sea. It smells like kerosene, but to a submarine hunter's nostrils it is sweeter than violets, for it means that a U-boat has been sunk or damaged. From engine-room to bridge there was joy in the Campbell.

Whole Convoy Attacked.

It was then about 1 p. m., and very black. After a final search of the area, we ran back toward the convoy. Presently a splash of cold, white light appeared on the horizon. It grew brighter as we drew nearer, and we heard the rumble of distant explosions. My heart sank. Those lights meant the whole convoy was under attack. Escort ships were throwing up star shells to light the sea better to fight off the raiders.

Leaving the slower corvettes in our wake we raced for the convoy, but before we reached it another message came in from the escort commander. It confirmed my fears. Several ships had been attacked. One had fallen behind. The Campbell was to go to the rescue.

I didn't like leaving the convoy just then, but orders are orders. Foam boiled under our keel as we reversed course. An hour or so later we found the ship 10 miles astern of the convoy. She was just sitting there in the darkness. As we sighted her, a tall tower of water erupted on her port side. The ship was under attack.

Hole Torn in Campbell.

Soon we were under attack ourselves. An explosion tore a great hole in the water just astern of the Campbell. It was mighty close. It really shook us up. It sounded as though we were on the inside of an iron boiler which had been slammed with a sledge hammer.

I waited on edge, for a second one. Then our lookouts spotted the U-boat which was throwing the stuff. It was on the surface about a mile away. Through the eerie light of early morning we could make out the cream of her wake and a faint haze from her Diesels. The Campbell bore down on her like a terrier after a rat.

The rat showed no inclination to fight it out. Our guns were just opening when the craft submerged. We dropped a pattern of depth charges, and a few minutes later were again rewarded with that blessed fragrance of Diesel oil. It was the third submarine the Campbell had engaged in less than 12 hours.

About midmorning, our sound gear picked up another submarine.

Sub Crash-Dived.

I ran to the starboard side of the bridge, where the men stood pointing. The periscope had vanished. The submarine had crash-dived. We gave it the works.

When it was all over I happened to notice the lookout who had given the alarm. He was beaming like a happy ape.

I had forgotten our prize fund for the men who spotted submarines. Before the end of that voyage, our treasury was exhausted.

It was high noon when the Campbell encountered her fifth Jerry. It was on the surface, about three miles away, and must have had some foolish notion it could outrun us. It soon found that it couldn't, and submerged in a hurry. Again we laid down a pattern of depth charges.

Later that night we sighted our sixth. It was on the surface, about 500 yards off the starboard bow.

For the 12th time in a little more than 24 hours, our gongs clanged "general quarters." The men sprang to their battle stations. We swung hard right to ram. The Campbell raced down on the sub with guns blazing at point-blank range. We really caught that U-boat napping. It was a big one with a large conning tower and heavy armament. We could see men on the deck. Shouting wildly, they tried to bring a deck gun into action. They never had a chance. We raked their deck from stern to stern with machine-gun fire.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for August 15

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

GOD PROVIDES FOR HIS PEOPLE

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 16:11-18; 17:3-6. GOLDEN TEXT—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matthew 6:11.

Only God can provide the necessities of life. Rationing has taught us that lesson anew if we have been at all thoughtful about it. The plan is one of sharing. Sharing what? The food and other provisions which come to us from God's hand. Unless our crops are good there will be less to share. Only God can help us.

This was the lesson Israel learned in the wilderness. To reach the goal to which God was leading them they must pass through the wilderness. Not only were there many weary miles to travel, but there were privations to be borne. Life is like that.

Now they cried for food. Note how elemental are man's needs in the final analysis—bread and water. The very things we take almost for granted as we concern ourselves with life's weighty interests and profound problems become, if lacking, the only things that have any real meaning. And who is it that can provide them? No one but God Himself.

I. Bread from Heaven (Exod. 16:11-18)

Israel's longing for meat was met by the miraculous coming of quantities of quail (v. 13). But that was not the food to sustain them day after day. For this they needed bread, and it came from heaven, every day until they entered the promised land (Josh. 5:12).

Observe four things about the manna.

First, it was a divine provision. There are responsibilities in life which we may bear—and must bear—but in the ultimate meeting of our real needs we must look to God.

Secondly, it was a daily provision. What forehanded folk many of us are, and no doubt rightly so, for God puts no premium on improvisation. But once again we must recognize, as did Israel in receiving the daily manna in the wilderness, that ours is indeed a moment by moment existence.

We plan bravely for the next decade or the next generation, but as a matter of fact it can only come to pass "if the Lord will" (read James 5:13-17).

Next, it was a limited provision—enough for the day and no more, except for a double portion on the sixth day, and none at all on the Sabbath. These provisions were made clear to Israel, and yet there were those who attempted to lay up for the morrow, and some even went out to seek manna on the Sabbath day.

We marvel at their stubborn obstinacy, but are we not often just like them. Some there are who are always expecting that the laws of both God and man should be set aside for them, but they come to grief.

Finally, it called for diligence and action on their part. They had to be out early each day (except the Sabbath) to gather it. God's mercies are for those who are willing to obey Him. He gives to those who receive by active faith.

II. Water from the Rock (Exod. 17:3-6)

"And the people thirsted"—for the daily manna was not enough, they must have water. Needy, yes, constantly needy are God's children.

"Every life knows the bite of necessity," every soul cries out in pain because there is wanting some completing favor, some culminating and all-containing benediction. Here it is bread; there it is water; but everywhere a famine . . . in many a case a famine of soul, a spiritual destitution, a consciousness of a void which time cannot satisfy or space content.

God always provides. There is a rock in the wilderness. But what pleasure does a murmuring people find in a rock when they famish for water? It is God's delightful custom to meet our needs in unexpected ways and by means which we do not understand. Even our physical necessities come from unthought of sources.

III. Christ, the Bread and Water of Life.

Our lesson does not give the New Testament application of Israel's experiences, but let us not miss that blessed spiritual truth.

In John 6:31-33, Christ is declared to be the true bread from heaven, of which the manna was but a type.

Paul speaks in I Corinthians 10:14 of this incident in the history of Israel, saying that they "did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ" (see also John 4:14).

Hungry and thirsty soul, you who are still unsatisfied after tasting all that life apart from Christ has to offer, will you not, just now, take Him?

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



Jumper Set
THIS should be a great success right off—slim, simple jacket topping a youthful, big-pocketed jumper.

St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

Cheerfulness
All's for the best! Be sanguine and cheerful.



Olivia de HAVILLAND
star of the Warner Bros. picture, "Strawberry Blonde," recommends CALOX TOOTH POWDER for teeth that shine.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

The basis of modern rubber usage is vulcanization, a word that is derived from Vulcan, the Greek God of Fire.

The cryptostegia vine yields about 17 drops of rubber latex a day, a seven-year-old Hevea tree three to six pounds of rubber a year. Properly treated Hevea trees, when 10 years old, can give from 1000 to 1500 pounds of rubber per acre per year. About eleven pounds of rubber are used in making a small automobile tire.

Lay rubber articles flat when storing, allowing them to assume their natural position. Rubber loses its life when under a permanent strain.

James Shaw

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Household Hints

A little starch added to the water with which mirrors are washed will remove soil and give a polish to the glass.

Save colored bottles that beverages come in and use them for holding trailing vines, sprays or other greenery. They add a note of color to glass shelves in windows or in flower racks.

If you buy wool material that isn't preshrunk, it's wise to steam-press it to shrink it before cutting out a garment.

When washing cut glass or pressed glass articles, apply the sudsy water with a small hand brush. It gets the soapy water into the crevices and removes dust which dulls the brilliancy of the glass.

Have you ever tried drying the dishes with thin dish towels? A fresh dry towel in each hand disposes of them in the proverbial twinkling of an eye.

Mending a small snag or rip before an article goes into the washing machine may save a larger patch later on.

To prevent figs, dates or raisins from clogging the food chopper add a few drops of lemon juice.

Tomatoes canned with the pulp and seeds contain food value not saved in tomato juice.

For longer service wash cotton garments according to the instructions on the label.

Remove fresh grease stains from wallpaper immediately by holding a clean white blotter over stain and applying a warm iron. Move the blotter as it takes up the grease and use a clean portion to prevent spreading the stain.

The gaily enameled unit insignia you see on a soldier's lapels and overseas cap are reproductions of his regimental shield displayed in the center of the eagle on his regimental flag. It's a part of U. S. Army tradition. Traditional, too, is the Army man's preference for Camel cigarettes. (Based on actual sales records from service men's own stores.) It's a gift from the folks back home, that always rates cheers. And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are.—Advt.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
530 South Wells St. Chicago.
Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.

Pattern No. Size
Name
Address

ON THE HOME FRONT with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

Back and seat of composition board or plywood nailed to frame of lumber.

Odd pieces of lumber and plywood or even old packing boxes may be used to make simple chair frames and there are no priorities on cotton padding and sturdy cotton covering materials.

A simple frame for a chair of this type is shown here. It is padded with cotton batting basted to pieces of unbleached muslin cut to fit the back and well over the sides of the seat. A separate cushion filled with cotton, down or feathers is then made for the seat. Either plain or figured material with contrasting seam welting may be used for covering.

NOTE—Mrs. Spears has prepared detailed dimensions and directions for making this chair frame. Pattern also gives step-by-step directions for covering the frame after it has been padded. Ask for Pattern 250 and enclose 15 cents. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills, New York.
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Pattern No. 250.

Name
Address

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

1. What is the candle power of the sun?
2. What verse in the Bible contains nearly all letters of the alphabet?
3. Who spread his coat down for his queen, and who was the queen?
4. What people regard Apis the Bull as sacred?
5. Carrie Nation carried on most of her saloon smashing crusades in what state?

The Answers

1. Sunlight is equal to the power of 1,575,000,000,000,000,000 candles, according to Flammarion.
2. Ezra 8:21, contains all except J.
3. Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth.
4. Egyptians.
5. Kansas.

for BREAKFAST, LUNCH and SUPPER...

America's favorite ready-to-eat cereal will save you time, work, fuel and other foods. Enjoy Kellogg's Corn Flakes often... a delicious, nutritious wartime meal!



Good Buy for You!
★ UNITED STATES WAR BONDS ★
Good By for Japs!

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

ONLY THE Best FOR THAT WAR-TIME RECIPE

● Prevent failures... choose only the finest ingredients for war-time baking. Then, be sure of results with the baking powder that has been the baking day favorite in millions of homes for years and years...

Ask Mother, She Knows: Clabber Girl goes with the best of everything, for baking.

HULMAN AND COMPANY, TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

IN THE NAVY they say:

"CAULK OFF" for take a nap
"SHOVE OFF" for depart
"PIG" for torpedo plane
"CAMEL" for the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Navy, Army, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



Camel

FAULTLESS STARCH

MAKE ALL YOUR WASH LOOK Ab-so-lutely FAULTLESS
5¢-10¢-25¢-AT YOUR GROCER'S

—Advertisement—

LOREX Theatre Loraine, Texas

FRIDAY ONLY
AUGUST 13
Mad Man Murderer!

George Sanders in—

The Falcon Takes Over

New thrills with the star who
played "The Saint."

SAT. NIGHT & SUNDAY
NO MATINEE SATURDAY
AUGUST 14-15

Red Skelton in—

Whistling In Dixie

With Ann Rutherford, George
Baneroff, Guy Kibbee, Diana
Lewis, Peter Whitney

MONDAY & TUESDAY
AUGUST 16-17

Henry Fonda, Maureen
O'Hara in—

Immortal Sergeant

WED. & THURS.
AUGUST 18-19

Blondie's Blessed Event

Blondie has a baby. Dagwood
has a fit. You'll have hysterics!

FRIDAY ONLY
AUGUST 20

Fibber McGee and Molly in

THIS WAY PLEASE

Always Comfortable
And the Best In Entertainment

LOCALS

Pfc. J. C. Hall, Jr. of Goodfellow Field spent the week end here with Mrs. Hall and Jimmie.

Quick Edd. We got it, 49¢, \$1.30 and \$2.50 Hutchins & Hall Drugs

Dr. Salisbury's Preparations. We have a complete stock. Hutchins & Hall Drugs.

S. Sgt. Curtis Waldron left Wednesday night after spending a fifteen day furlough here with his wife. Sgt. Waldron is stationed at Shreveport, La., in the Air Support Command.

FOLGERS

Coffee in glass .35

Pickles sour or dill .25

INTERNATIONAL

Twine Bale \$6.75
Per Ball \$1.20

JAR

Snowdrift 3lb 12pts .73

Luxury Dinner 1 pt .11

CRYSTAL WHITE

Soap Chips .59

Cheese 1b Longhorn .38

Bacon home sliced 7 points .35

Glen Coon
Grocery & Market

Phone 198
RED & WHITE STORE



Ladies

Here's the
Man Tailored
Style
You Want
This Spring

Leggott's Tailor Shop And Laundry

Classified Ads

For Sale—80 acres of land 2 1/2 miles North of Loraine. W. E. Sanders. 1tp

Wanted—Grapes or fruit to can. Dr. Bruce Johnson. 1p

Wanted—will pay cash for second hand furniture and stoves. G. K. Baker Second Hand Store.

We want your used furniture and stoves. We pay cash or take them in trade. Loraine Furniture Co.

Lost—Brown and black Fox Terrier dog answers to name "Tip". Disappeared last Friday. R. M. Wood. 1tc

If you have a son or husband in the service get a beautiful service flag to display in your home. The flag is 8 by 12 inches guaranteed washable, a blue star for each person in service, not a print but a heavy woven material \$1.00 each at The News office.

One slightly used Radio with new battery, act quick. Hutchins & Hall Drugs.

Rev. Huron A. Polnac is conducting a revival meeting at Champion this week.

V-Mail Stationery, 20 sheets 15c 2 packages 25c. The Mitchell County News.

Will Rogers' Humorous Story

By WILL ROGERS

THEY'RE reforming the prisons all over the country since the boys started putting on these big



shows where they burn the pens and shoot up the guards and everything. In some places they're going to build some mighty nice residences to take the place of the old fashioned joints the boys burned down and blew up. While they're waiting to hear from the legislature about whether there's to be two baths and television for each cell or only one bath and refrigerator. They're examining the convicts at one of the big stirs to find out what kind of work they'd like to do.

One guy was asked to choose the sort of work he'd like to be trained in, and he says, "Well, boss, you mean I'm to choose?" "Sure, as long as it's something we got the equipment to teach you." "Well, boss," he says, after thinking right hard, "I'm sure I can get my friends on the outside to furnish the equipment. And I'd sorta like to learn to be a fireman in the extension ladder department. If you can't get up a class in that there work, I'd choose to run the parachute division of the aviation school."

(American News Features, Inc.)

LITTLE MANS PANTS sizes 24 to 30
YOUNG MENS SLACK CORDUROY sizes 27 to 31
OTHER DRESS PANTS sizes 27 to 44
MENS KNIT SPORT SHIRT, pull over style, colors white
KNAXI SPORT SHIRTS
ALMOST ANYTHING FOR THE MAN

We Appreciate Your Business

MARTINS MENS WEAR
& CLEANER

Mourning Dove and White Winged Dove Open Season for 1943

—As Provided By State Law and Federal Regulations—

MOURNING DOVES
OPEN SEASON—NORTH ZONE
Sept. 1 to Oct. 12. Shooting hours,
one-half hour before sunrise to
sunset.

SOUTH ZONE, Nov. 20 to Dec.
19. Shooting hours, one-half hour
before sunrise to sunset.

BAG LIMIT
Not more than 10 per day and
not more than 10 in possession.



WHITE-WINGED DOVES
OPEN SEASON - Sept. 13 to Sept.
19, inclusive. Shooting hours,
12 noon to sunset.

BAG LIMIT
Not more than 10 per day and
not more than 20 in possession.

FARM NEWS

from
YOUR COUNTY AGENT
TEXAS EXTENSION SERVICE

By Joe C. Williams, Co. Agent

Cotton Insects

Leaf worms: In checking over most sections of the county leaf worms have been found in practically all fields checked so far. The infestation ranges from four to five percent and ranges as high as fifty percent of the stalks infested with the worms. Even in some of the fields that are suffering from dry weather some worms have been found. It seems to me that it would be wise for everyone to make a check on the cotton fields and be sure about the amount of worms present.

Most everyone knows the old standby for poisoning worms, Calcium Arsenate, at the rate of two to three pounds in fifty gallons of water, or dusting using from five to eight pounds per acre with dusting machine and the nozzles of the dusters pointing down toward the ground.

Calgreen and other leaf worm poisons may be used according to directions on the containers. At the present time there is available plenty of the poison for farm use. However if you anticipate poisoning the worms and have not bought your supply it will be well for you to do so at an early date in order that you will be ready for them when their number increases enough to warrant applying the poison. Reports from over the state show that the worms are pretty well over the entire state and are about two weeks earlier than usual.

Cotton Boll Weevils: Some weevils are found in most fields, but the hot dry days have shown a marked decrease in the numbers found. Boll weevils may be controlled with Calcium Arsenate and Calgreen. The Calgreen and the Calcium Arsenate should be applied with the dusting machine and only when the infestation reaches twenty percent of the square infested with the grubs. Apply at the rate as suggested by the manufacturer, however smaller cotton can be treated with five pounds per

acre at five to seven day intervals. When the dust in all cases when there is little or no wind blowing, also have the nozzles spouts pointed toward the ground. After the first application of the dust check the field for the infestation and determine the percentage infested then if the infestation is heavy enough for more dusting give another application.

Where boll weevils and cotton fleas are in the crops it would be wise to use a combination of the dusting sulphur and calcium arsenate or calgreen according to directions of the manufacturer.

Flea Hoppers: The damage being done is not very heavy except in some fields when counts have been made and the infestations have run as high as seventy five percent. The entomologists state that when fifteen stalks out of one hundred are infested with the fleas the cotton should be dusted with sulphur at the rate of five to twelve pounds per acre depending on the size of the cotton plants.

Anyone having trouble with the insects and who would like to have assistance in determining the amount of the damage or infestation will be given the services of the agent when called upon.

Trench Silos: Trench silos this year more than ever will be valuable to those who have them and will fill them or have them all ready filled. Every few days we get letters from various sources stating that there will be a serious shortage of feed for the coming winter and spring. Crops that will ensilage to good advantage are milos, hegarl, kafir, sweet sorghums and corn. Some have used sudan grass mixed with cane or some of the grain sorghums in silos. The crops in order named are the best ones for storage in silos. The silos may be filled with either cut feed that has been through the cutter or in bundles. Either method makes good quality silage for feeding operations. Of course if sorry feed is put in the silo one cannot expect to get good silage from the pit. Seems that it would be a good form of insurance to save all the feed produced for use later on during the winter and spring.

Visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Britton Thursday of last week were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hudson and Mrs. Dora Spicer of Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hudson of DeLeon, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hood of Colorado City, and Mrs. T. C. Moore of Kingman, Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Muns returned Saturday from DeLeon where they had spent the week visiting relatives. Mrs. Muns' niece and nephew Bonnie Fae Young and Charles Smith returned with them for a weeks visit here.

Mrs. J. E. Crownover is visiting her brother Dick Evans at Plainview.

Mrs. R. B. Terrell of Colorado City spent several days here in the home of Mrs. W. R. Martin. Reagan returned with her and is spending a few days there this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Williams and children, Mrs. O. E. Stevenson, and Mrs. Rhodes of Colorado City attended the Methodist revival here Sunday night.

BRING YOUR WASTE KITCHEN FATS TO US FOR YOUR UNCLE SAM TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES FROM.

WHITE

Karo Syrup pt. bottle .19

Stock Salt 100 lb .89

DEL MONTE 23 Points
Peach Halves No. 3 Can .29

Jello any flavor limit 2 pks. pkg. .08

Lettuce large crisp head .10

AMERICAN BEAUTY 1 lb. 1 1/2 oz JAR 12 Points
Pork & Beans .16

Oleomargarine Parkay .52

Roast choice forequarter lb .28

Fresh Cooked Meat .35

LIMIT 2 POUNDS
Sliced Bacon 1b .38-.42

J. B. Mahon
Grocery & Market Phone 50

EVERYTHING MUST PLEASE