

Power, Oil Shortages Cited --

'GASLESS SUNDAYS' PROPOSED

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP)—Interior Secretary Ickes today advocated daylight saving time on a nationwide scale, and suggested that America may have to resort to restricted use of electricity and institute "gasless Sundays" to meet shortages of power and oil.

This statement came as an official of the federal power commission foresaw a power emergency, "perhaps the most serious in history," and revealed studies were being made on means of diverting power from civilian to industrial uses, to prevent interruption of defense production.

Daylight saving, Ickes said, could be instituted by an act of congress, to save substantial amounts of power.

In mentioning the possibility of priorities in the use of power, the secretary said restricted consumption might easily include night baseball.

and he commented: "It's more important to make aluminum than to have night baseball."

Turning to oil, Ickes told his press conference the problem was strictly one of transportation and he foresaw a possibility of restricted use, especially on the eastern seaboard.

In this connection, he advocated oil pipe lines from the south to the east, where severe shortages of oil are feared because of the transfer of one-fifth of the American tanker fleet to British service. He advocated priorities on materials used in making pipe lines and oil tankers, to hasten their construction.

Ickes said an effort to build the pipe lines had been blocked in the Georgia legislature by the railroad "very short-sightedly."

T. R. Tate, of the federal power commission, told of the study to conserve power.

FDR Not To 'Tip His Hand' On Methods Of British Aid

No Definite Announcement On Convoys

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP)—President Roosevelt adopted the strategy of silence today on future methods for delivering the goods to Great Britain.

"You don't telegraph your moves any more in the world of today," one service official explained, referring to the president's statement that army and navy technicians were devising safeguards. "You can't afford to. You'll notice the other fellows never do."

However, Chairman Reynolds (D-N.C.) of the senate military committee looked for "full convoys of some description." He said that was his interpretation of the president's first side chat pledge to see that needed supplies reached England safely.

On the other hand, no less a personage than Vice President Wallace was reported to be disappointed that his chief had not been more specific as to how delivery would be assured.

Mr. Roosevelt did nothing to quell conjecture yesterday at his special press conference. He disclaimed any intention of seeking change or repeal of the neutrality act, contending that it in no way infringed on the principle of freedom of the seas, which he formally reiterated for the United States Tuesday night.

By ruling out action on the neutrality law, the president eliminated the possibility of American merchant ships being used to carry cargoes through the present combat zones. However, this caused one official to recall Mr. Roosevelt's specific assertions in the past that the combat zone quarantine did not apply to the nation's naval vessels, which were free to go wherever their missions took them.

President Roosevelt touching on another subject of considerable speculation, also told reporters yesterday that he contemplated no executive orders at present to invoke any of the numerous broad powers conferred on him by the proclamation of an unlimited national emergency.

Weather Forecast

WEST TEXAS—Partly cloudy with scattered afternoon and evening showers and thunderstorms in Panhandle and southwest portion today and Friday. Little change in temperature.

EAST TEXAS—Considerable cloudiness with scattered showers and thunderstorms tonight and Friday. Moderate and fresh south easterly winds on coast.

LOCAL WEATHER DATA
Highest temp., Wednesday....84.5
Lowest temp., Thursday.....65.3
Sunset Thursday, 7:48, sunrise Friday 5:41.

Tomorrow Is
CLASSIFIED
SWAP DAY

Any Swap Ad, Up To 25
Words, Cash With Order

15c
JUST CALL 728

FD's Words Are Quoted To Strikers

Mediation Board Asks Quick Settlement Of Pacific Lumber Tie-up

By The Associated Press
The defense mediation board cited President Roosevelt's proclamation of an unlimited national emergency today for the first time in an appeal to striking CIO lumber workers in the Pacific northwest to return to work "as patriotic citizens."

The board appeared to the lumber workers after being advised that their representatives had "rejected unanimously" a board proposal for temporary settlement of their dispute pending a report by a fact-finding commission. It said employers accepted the proposal. About 112,000 workers went on strike demanding a number of things, including a flat wage increase of 7 1/2 cents an hour. Officials said the base rate now for common labor in the 52 affected camps was 67 1/2.

W. H. Davis, vice chairman of the board, told a press conference: "You will recall President Roosevelt said in his speech that recommendations of the mediation board should be accepted. I assume he meant what he said."

Earlier the executive council of the American Federation of Labor declared that AFL machinists on strike at San Francisco bay shipyards "should call it off immediately and return to work."

This formal announcement by the council backed up a sweeping pronouncement it issued yesterday, calling on all its affiliates to take disciplinary action against local unions which strike without exhausting resources for mediation. The executive council said it would take similar action itself against federal labor unions directly under its control.

The council declared that uninterrupted production by the West Coast shipyards was vital to the nation's defense, and further that "the good name, the honor and the 'no-strike' policy of the American Federation of Labor demand that the coastwise master agreement between the shipbuilders and the metal trades unions, barring strikes and lockouts, be religiously observed and respected."

AFL and CIO machinists are on strike at 11 San Francisco yards which hold \$200,000,000 in defense contracts. They are seeking \$1.15 an hour and a double pay for overtime, instead of \$1.12 and time-and-one-half overtime provided in a coastwise agreement which the OPM negotiated with the AFL.

AAA Workers Here For Conference

County AAA committeemen, administrative officers and clerical workers of nearly all the 19 counties in extension service district 6-north were here today for the opening of a two-day conference.

Jack B. Hall, district administrative officer, and C. H. Mosley, state compliance supervisor for AAA, are conducting the meeting.

Today the 100 persons attending the session were hearing explanations of regulations governing the measure of farm crops for compliance with the AAA program. Tomorrow they will take up a discussion of wheat marketing quotas, on which farmers are voting Saturday.

City To Honor Baseball Team

Baseball fans here will give the Big Spring Bombers a roaring welcome here Friday noon when the team returns from a victorious road trip for a 10-game home stand.

Under the sponsorship of the chamber of commerce, a dinner had been arranged for Friday noon at the Settles hotel, honoring the team and its president and manager, Tink Riviere and Jodie Tate.

It will be in conjunction with the regular American Business club meeting, chamber officials announced after conferring with ABC leaders.

All baseball fans who care to pay tribute to the club were invited to participate in the dinner. Plate charge is 50 cents and all reservations should be made through the chamber of commerce by 11 a. m. Friday.

A brief program will pay tribute to the team for the manner in which it has been playing ball this season—a brand of hustling which has put them on top of the West-Texas-New Mexico league.

Indications are that there will be a big attendance at the affair in addition to the regular club group. The Bombers will open their home series Friday at 8:30 p. m. against Lamesa's up-and-coming Lobos.

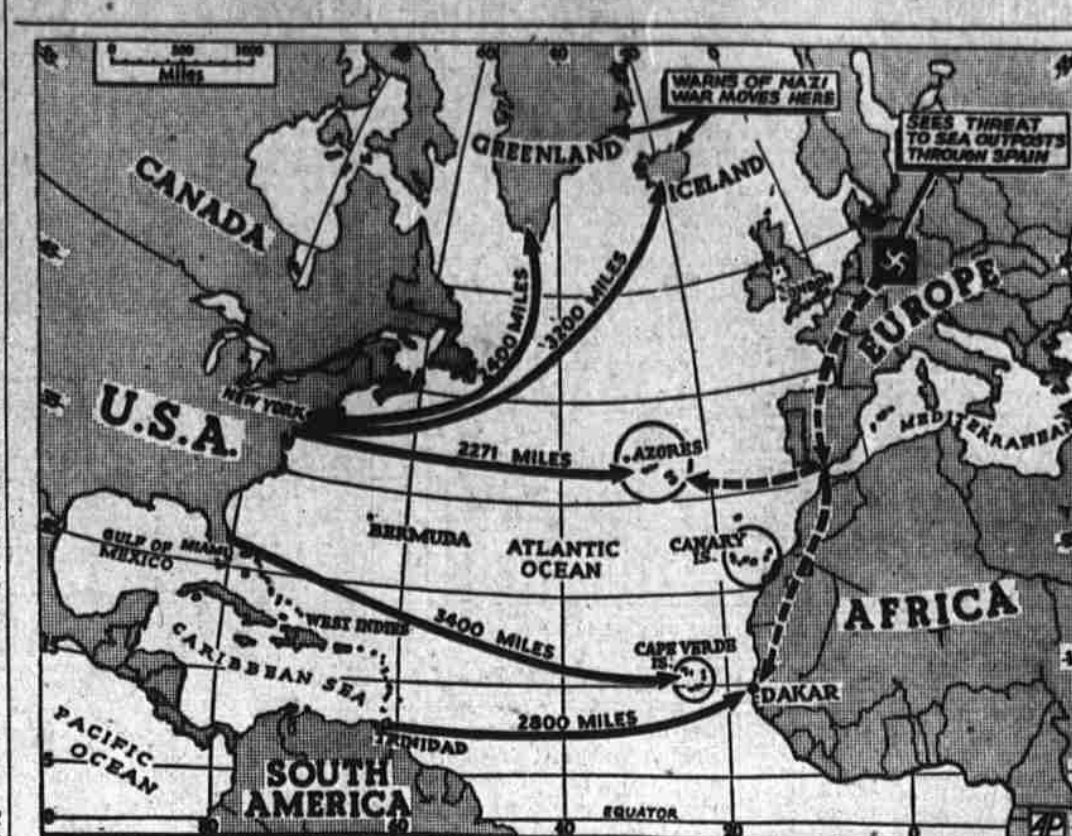
Guard Duty May Be Indefinite

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP)—Indefinite military duty for the national guard was considered a virtual certainty by the army officials today because of the unlimited national emergency proclamation by President Roosevelt.

An early request to congress for authority to retain the 291,000 guardsmen in service beyond the current single year of training was accordingly anticipated, although no final decision has been disclosed on the question.

In the light of the threat to American security pictured by the chief executive, an informed official suggested it would be "hardly logical" to demobilize 18 full divisions of trained troops, representing more than half the number of such major units under arms in all the expanding land forces.

Suda Bay, Candia Captured In Nazis' Smash On Crete



"Key" Islands—President Roosevelt warned the war "is approaching the brink of the western hemisphere itself" in his speech proclaiming a state of unlimited emergency and declaring the control or occupation by Nazi forces of any of the islands of the Atlantic would jeopardize the ultimate safety of the United States. Arrows indicate islands referred to by the president and approximate distances from the U. S. to these islands, at least main sea communication routes.

Says Germany Must Be Made To Keep Peace

LONDON, May 29 (AP)—Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, in his first comprehensive statement on Britain's war aims, declared today that "our political and military terms of peace will be designed to prevent a repetition of Germany's misdeeds."

Eden said that "under the system of free economic cooperation, Germany must play a part. But here I draw a firm distinction."

"We must never forget that Germany is the worst master Europe has yet known. Five times in the last century she has violated the peace. She must never be in a position to play that role again."

Eden, addressing a London audience, termed President Roosevelt's fireside chat Tuesday night "a momentous world event" because, "by his words, the president has given resolute expression to the fixed determination of the most powerful nation on earth."

He asserted that "a lasting settlement and internal peace of the continent as a whole is our only aim."

"It is obvious," the foreign secretary said, "that we have no motive of self-interest prompting us to economic exploitation either of Germany or of the rest of Europe."

"This is not what we want nor what we could perform x x x."

"The fact that at the bottom of his heart every combatant knows this is the ultimate source of our strength. To every neutral satellite of conquered country it is obvious our victory is, for the most fundamental and unalterable reasons, to their plain advantage."

Thursday the class threw all of its savings behind the national defense program. What sort of a gift the class will make to the school is always a problem for seniors.

At a special meeting Thursday morning, seniors voted to give \$110, the net proceeds from the senior play, to the cause of national defense. There will be no strings. A check for the amount will be mailed to the treasurer of the United States with the request that it be put into the preparedness funds.

U. S. To Train British Aviators

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP)—Secretary Stimson disclosed today that a far-reaching undertaking to train 8,000 British Royal Airforce flyers in this country would start June 7.

The first class of 500 students, all from the British Isles, is to begin instruction on that date, followed by new groups at five-week intervals.

Stimson told reporters the program might be enlarged later. He asserted "it can be done without interfering at all" with the army and air corp's own undertaking to accelerate the training of American pilots to 30,000 a year.

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Price Chief Opposes Rail Pay Increase

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP)—Leon Henderson, government price chief, testified today he would oppose a suggested 33 per cent increase in railroad wages if the increase could be absorbed only through increased transportation costs.

Appearing before the senate agriculture committee, the head of the office of price administration and civilian supply was asked by Senator Ellender (D-La.) whether he had made any effort "to fix the price of labor."

When Henderson replied negatively, Ellender mentioned the proposed rail wage boost and in opposing it the witness remarked that "rising transportation costs seriously affect all other costs."

He said that when it appeared that "an unjustified wage increase would affect prices," he would "make representations" to the office of production management and the secretary of labor.

When Ellender suggested that Henderson could be given authority to fix "the price of labor as well as any other commodity" the witness said he was "not prepared to suggest what ought to be done."

Henderson told the committee that "the president does have an obligation to maintain stability of prices in times of emergency like these."

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Hundreds Of Prisoners Are Taken

Hitler Forces Push Farther Into Important Island

BERLIN, May 29 (AP)—German troops occupied Candia, Crete, today, DNB, official German news agency announced.

The town's airport and harbor were taken over by the advancing Germans, the news agency said, adding that several hundred allied soldiers were captured.

The reported occupation of Candia followed announcement of the capture of Suda Bay, the island's best harbor, some 55 miles to the west, and a drive to Almyro Bay between Suda Bay and Candia.

Earlier German dispatches said Suda Bay, site of a strong British naval base, had been captured. The high command said the Germans "again took a large number of prisoners" in the thrust eastward.

Almyro Bay is separated from Suda Bay by a pyramid-like neck of land, and on this body of water is situated Retimo, which with Candia, has been one of the two main bases held by the British and Greek defenders.

The daily communique referred to the bay as Arminia, but it is shown on most maps as Almyro. The reported seizure of Suda Bay meant establishment of a bridgehead for landing airborne reinforcements to German airmen invaders and the high command announced that Italian troops already have landed, possibly by this route.

The Germans claimed yesterday that the British had been driven from Candia, Crete capital west of Suda Bay.

The Luftwaffe was declared to have pounded British positions along the island's north coast yesterday with what was called "stronger formations of bombers and Stukas." A merchantman and a patrol boat, the war bulletin asserted, were sunk in waters around the island.

Despite the axis advance, the British said the actual territory in German hands is but a small fraction of the island area, consisting mainly of a strip along the coast from Malemi airstrome, southwest of Candia, to a new line east of Suda Bay.

For the most part, the Germans were reported being held in the coastal plain. Although Alpine troops were said to be among the advancing forces, they were declared to have made little headway into the steep hills which offer good defensive positions.

New Liquor Stamps Here

The district office of the Texas Liquor Control Board here is now receiving the fractional liquor tax stamps for distribution to retail dealers who must purchase them for affixing to present liquor stocks by June 1.

Message of the omnibus tax bill by the legislature now in session had these effects on retail liquor dealers: (1) increased the tax on distilled spirits from 96 cents to \$1.25 per gallon; and (2) levied a tax of 25 cents on each prescription for liquor filled by drug stores holding medicinal permits.

There was no increase in tax on wine, ale or beer, and only dealers in whiskies, gins and other types of distilled spirits are affected by the new tax law.

All retailers are required to make an inventory of liquor stocks on hand as of midnight May 31, and report this inventory to the Board's office here. Board representatives will then calculate the amount of tax stamps needed by the retailer and he in turn will pay for these stamps and affix them to his bottled stocks.

The Liquor Control Board's district office located at 301 Sourry street, Big Spring, will be open Sunday, June 1, to distribute stamps and accept payment from dealers. Personal checks will not be accepted.

Retailers should obtain their stamps from the district office here if they operate in any one of the following counties: Brewster, Culberson, Crane, Elmer, Howard, Loving, Pecos, Presidio, Reagan, Reeves, Terrell, Upton, Ward and Winkler.

Monday Is Dollar Day - With Special Values - In Big Spring

Knott HD Club Plans Social

REPORT, May 28 (Sp)—Mrs. Roy Phillips was hostess to the Knott HD Club social demonstration club in its regular meeting Tuesday. The program was in charge of Mrs. Burnworth, county agent, on feeding the Farm Family in National Defense.

In a business session the club decided to have a community social at the gym instead of its regular meeting June 24. Reports from the chairman of the concert committee was that the tickets were handed out and everything arranged for Saturday evening at 8 o'clock at the gym. The next meeting will be with Mrs. D. L. Knightstep.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Gaskins and son, Joe Mac, and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Unger were visitors in Midland Friday night.

T. M. Robinson, Geo. Hayes, H. F. Rallsback and John Anderson made a business trip to Rankin recently.

Shorty Airheart, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Airheart, had the misfortune of getting his arm broken Monday afternoon. He was playing ball and fell on the arm.

Oscar Smith and his daughters, Marjorie and Mrs. Elgin Jones of Big Spring left Tuesday for a visit at Anson. Mrs. Smith, who has been visiting there, will return home with them.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Starkey of Sweetwater were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Burschel Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Temp Falcloth and Junior Helton of Dallas and Mr. and Mrs. M. Houston of Abilene were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Adams.

Roy Phillips and Charlie McCaulley attended the livestock sale at Lubbock Tuesday.

Weber's
SUPERIOR
ROOT BEER
AT
MILLER'S
PIG STAND
24 Hour Service
518 East 2nd

Fun With Flowers— There Are Some Wall Flowers That Everybody Likes And Wants



Real vines and flowers as a smart wall treatment.

Tiny fast tubes hold flowers.

Trained vines with bright poppies will make your hall "live".

No. 1—Try your hand at a bit of decorating. Haven't you admired the new manner of applying wall-paper floral borders as a smart way to set off an over mantle wall area but even smarter when real vines and real flowers are used instead of wallpaper ones. To create this effect train your vines from mantle shelf to molding. A bit of painted lath, picture wire or string, fastened to the molding and secured to the pot, will serve as a trellis. Tiny, two inch pilli vines fastened to these supports with adhesive tape, will hold real flowers to make the vines blossom with bright color. In the above treatment ivy vines and day lilies are sketched but any flower you like

PUREX MAKES BLEACHING
AS EASY ON LINENS
AS JUST PLAIN WASHING

AT YOUR GROCER'S THE CONTROLLED ACTION BLEACH

PACKING HOUSE MARKET

FREE DELIVERY—FRESH MEATS AND GROCERIES—FIRST MAIN

Apples Lemons Oranges Bananas Each 1c	Fresh Green Cabbage 2c Krisp Lettuce 9c Fresh Corn 2c Fresh Tomatoes 7½c Fresh Bulk Turnips 2c Fresh Tender Green Beans 4c	White Spuds 10 lbs. 10c New Potatoes 1b. 3c Crystal Wax Onions 1b. 5c Yellow Yams 4 lbs. 15c
Large Delicious Apples Doe. 29c	Fresh Country Butter 1b. 25c Salt Jowls 1b. 9c Longhorn Cheese 1b. 19c Hot Dog Weiners 1b. 16c	Fresh Whipping Cream ½ pt. 10c Fresh Churned Buttermilk Qt. 5c Cured Ham Hocks 1b. 12c Sugar Cured Jowls 1b. 12c Fresh Liver 1b. 15c
100% Pure Hog Lard 39c No. 1 CBO Pinto Beans 14c Cream Meal 12c Imperial Cane Sugar 59c	Red & White Flour 45c F&G Soap 19c Karo Syrup 25c The New Purex 9c	15 lb. Bag 5 Bars 3 lb. Can Ft. Bottle

We are now a member of the Red & White unit of Big Spring. Shop our specials each week in the Red & White ad.

RED & WHITE FOODS

Favors Permanent Farm Price Peg

WASHINGTON, May 29 (AP)—A permanent system of price-pegging government loans on major crops as part of the national farm program the goal of some farm-minded lawmakers today.

Senator Bankhead (D-Ala.), sponsor of much new deal farm legislation, announced he would offer a measure for enactment at this session of congress.

"The loan measure signed by the president this week is effective for only one year," the senator explained. "Most of us want this as a permanent measure."

PACKING HOUSE MARKET
FREE DELIVERY—FRESH MEATS AND GROCERIES—FIRST MAIN

SPAM 27c

SCHEDULES

Trains—Eastbound	Depart
No. 2 7:00 a. m.	7:25 a. m.
No. 6 11:10 p. m.	11:30 p. m.
Trains—Westbound	Depart
No. 11 9:00 p. m.	9:15 p. m.
No. 7 7:25 a. m.	7:55 a. m.
Buses—Eastbound	Depart
8:05 a. m.	8:10 a. m.
6:20 a. m.	6:34 a. m.
9:25 a. m.	9:45 a. m.
3:20 p. m.	3:25 p. m.
10:40 p. m.	10:45 p. m.
Buses—Westbound	Depart
4:00 a. m.	4:00 a. m.
9:45 a. m.	9:55 a. m.
3:05 p. m.	3:10 p. m.
7:45 p. m.	7:55 p. m.
Buses—Northbound	Depart
9:41 a. m.	9:45 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
7:58 p. m.	8:00 p. m.
Buses—Southbound	Depart
2:25 a. m.	7:25 a. m.
9:20 a. m.	10:15 a. m.
4:25 p. m.	3:25 p. m.
10:25 p. m.	11:00 p. m.
Plane—Eastbound	Depart
6:14 p. m.	6:23 p. m.
Plane—Westbound	Depart
7:17 p. m.	7:25 p. m.
MAIL CLOSINGS	
Eastbound	
Train 7:00 a. m.	
Truck 10:40 a. m.	
Plane 6:04 p. m.	
Train 11:00 p. m.	
Westbound	
Train 7:25 a. m.	
Plane 1:07 p. m.	
Northbound	
Train 8:45 p. m.	
Truck 7:30 a. m.	
Star, Rural Routes—9:00 a. m.	

RED & WHITE

FOOD STORES

Big Spring Unit

MAY 30, 31

These Are Individually Home Owned Stores Cooperating in Buying-Selling and Advertising to Bring to You the World's Finest Foods Economically Priced.

Red & White—Cream Style

CORN

2 No. 2 Cans 23c

Regular Pkg. 2 Pkgs.

Post Bran 19c

All Flavors 2 Pkgs.

Jello 9c

Our Guarantee
Every Red & White Product is Guaranteed to Give Entire Satisfaction or Money Refunded
Buy with Confidence

French's Salad Dressing
Red & White
Something to Talk About

5 oz. Bottle 14c

Regular Pkg. 2 Pkgs.

Post Toasties 19c

Salad Wafers—1 Lb. Box

Crackers 17c

Pinto CBO

BEANS 3 lbs 14c

Fancy No. 1 Florida New

POTATOES 5 lbs 17c

Fancy Table Red & White

PEACHES 15c

Sliced or Halves
Blue & White

OLEO 1b. 15c

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Central American 1b. 5c

BANANAS 5c

Fancy Delicious—Large Size

APPLES 29c

Fancy Sundst 2 Doz.

LEMONS 25c

Fresh Krisp 5 Large Heads

LETTUCE 9c

Fresh Tender

CORN 2 Ears 5c

—MEATS—

Fancy 1b.

CHUCK ROAST 19c

Armour's Star—Ready to Eat 1b.

COOKED PICNICS 25c

White Label 1b.

SLICED BACON 32c

Dry 1b.

SALT JOWLS 9c

Milk Fed Each

FRYERS fully dressed 39c

Red & White Extra Fancy Patent

FLOUR

12 lb. Sack 45c 24 lb. Sack 83c 48 lb. Sack 1.49

Fancy Pure Cream

Meal 5 lbs 14c

Red & White 2 Large or 4 Small Cans

MILK 15c

Sun Spun Pure Saled

Dressing 21c

Pint Jar

Blue & White

Salt 2 pkgs 5c

Imperial Pure Cane

Sugar 10 lbs 59c

Cloth Bag

Mile High Sour & Dill 21 oz. Jar

Pickles 2 jars 25c

P & G or Crystal White

Soap 5 Giant Bars 19c

Assorted Colors

Kleenex 2 pkgs 19c

3 Lb. Cans

Crisco 59c

16 oz. Cans

Mackeral 9c

Bolingers Gro & Mkt
300 N. W. 3rd St. Phone 378

Bugg & McKinney
701 East 3rd St. Phone 500

Packing House Market
110 Main St. Phone 1524

R. L. Pritchett Gro.
1000 11th Place Phone 1303

Carl Bates Grocery
Coshoma, Texas

Tracys Food Market
1601 Scurry St. Phone 157

Whitmire's Food Market
1018 Johnson St. Phone 78

Here's How Modern Steers Go To Market In Old West Fashion

From Bar-1 Ranch, Cattle Driven To Rail Point 40 Miles Away

Tom Good's Borden county ranch isn't big by comparison with many others in West Texas and the nation's cattle belt, but because of his specialty in long yearlings as stockers and feeders, many refer to him as the "steer king of West Texas."

Annually he sells around 3,000 steers and about 200 cows. Although his 55-section ranch is modernized in such details as 20 earthen tanks, nine windmills, carefully planned pastures and even down to means for handling his 200-ton cake requirements and two huge trench silos, Tom Good always drives his herds to rail point at Lamesa, 40 miles away just as he did when he first went into the ranching business on a modest scale in 1904.

The drive starts at his Bar-1 headquarters, 22 miles north of Big Spring, and winds through the break country for two days before putting in for loading on the Y north of Lamesa. Always the old chuck wagon is pulled on ahead by a team of raw-boned horses. Cowboys squat around to eat real western grub before tossing off their bed rolls to use the range for a bunk. Tom Good can't get that much of the old west out of his system, and he never will.

Tom Good's story is typically West Texas. His folks migrated from Virginia soon after the civil war and he was born near Dallas in 1878. Itching to become a cattleman, he headed west in 1901 with a team, wagon and saddle horse.

At Big Spring he tied up with the Col. C. C. Slaughter ranch—the almost legendary Long 8 outfit which spread over several hundred square miles. Before long, however, Tom Good had traded around to acquire an interest in a small herd of cattle and three sections in Borden county. Gradually he added to this until today he has 55 sections including the old Slaughter headquarters. In addition, he has 40 sections which his son, Jeff, operates near Yaso, N. M.

His spring drive this year counted about 1,400 head and was bought by Ralph Morledge, Clayton, N. M., Frank Thomas, Greenville, N. M., and J. D. Price, Mt. Dora, N. M. and averaged around \$50. His biggest year was in 1929 when he sold 4,000 steers to a Nebraska rancher at \$80 a head.

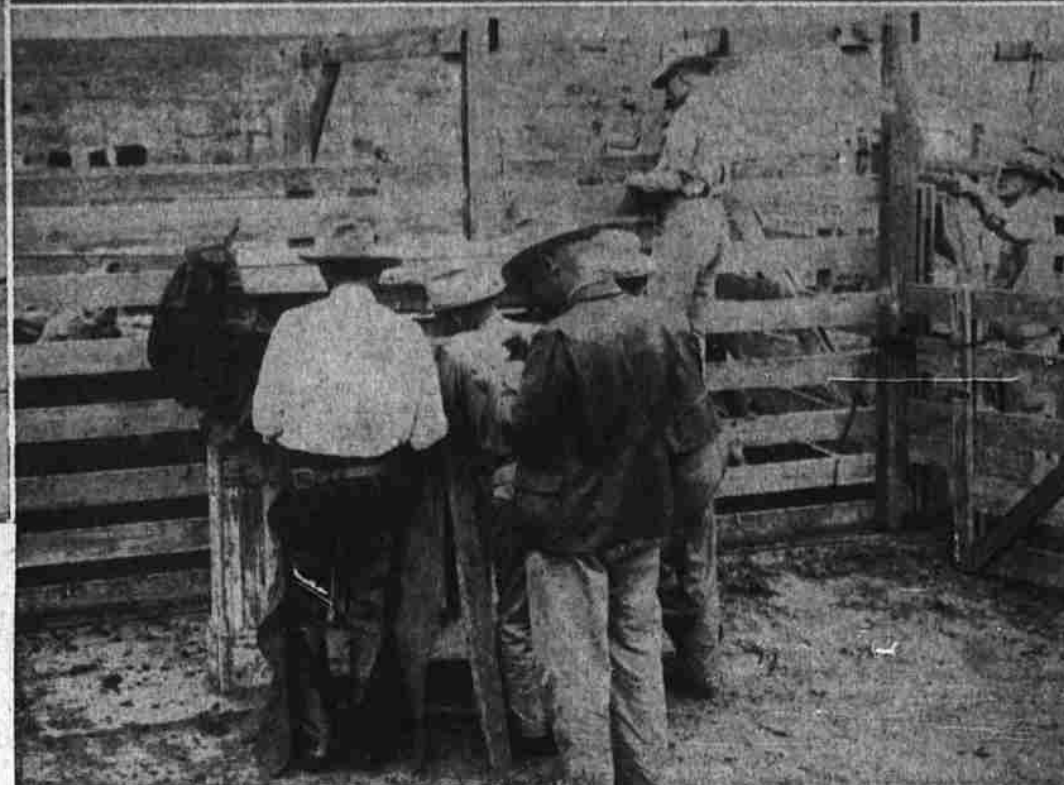
One up-to-the-minute touch was added this year in rounding up the cattle for cutting by buyers. Art Wintheiser, manager of the Big Spring municipal airport, circled low over the broken country to spot yearlings missed by riders. By means of notes, Wintheiser directed the "scouts" to remote spots from whence the strays were driven to the herd.

Besides his ranching activities, Good has long served as a director in the First National Bank in Big Spring and is president of the Big Spring Cowboy Reunion and Rodeo association. Last year he moved his family to a new ranch home, devoting most of his time to his first love—cattle raising.



TOM GOOD perches comfortably on the top rail of the corral while yearlings are weighed and counted, preparatory to driving them to rail point for shipment to New Mexico. Top center, cowboys cut groups of 20 to 30 from the herd for weighing in special scale pens to speed this work. Against the fence is Good's son, Jeff Good.

(ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE ARE BY CHARLES KELSEY)



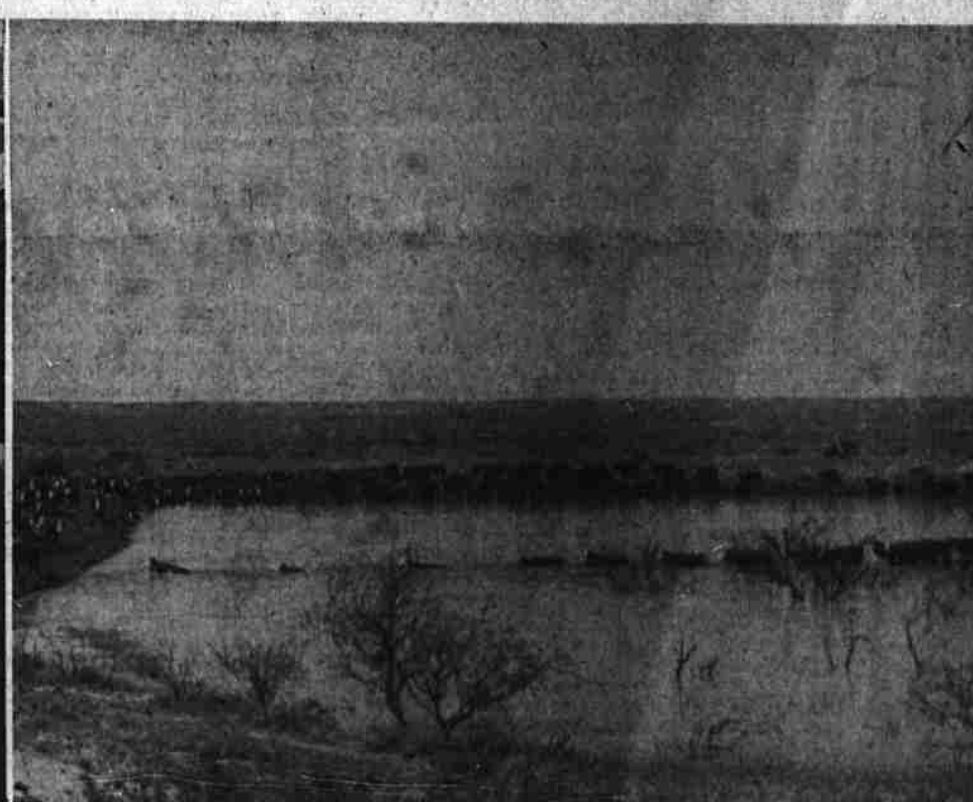
FOR 31 YEARS Mrs. Tom Good always has watched the drives get underway. While she doesn't follow the herd, she and a daughter, Mrs. Modesta Simpson, drive to established control points for a chuck wagon meal. Below, center, buyers check weights and count calves to arrive at average weights.



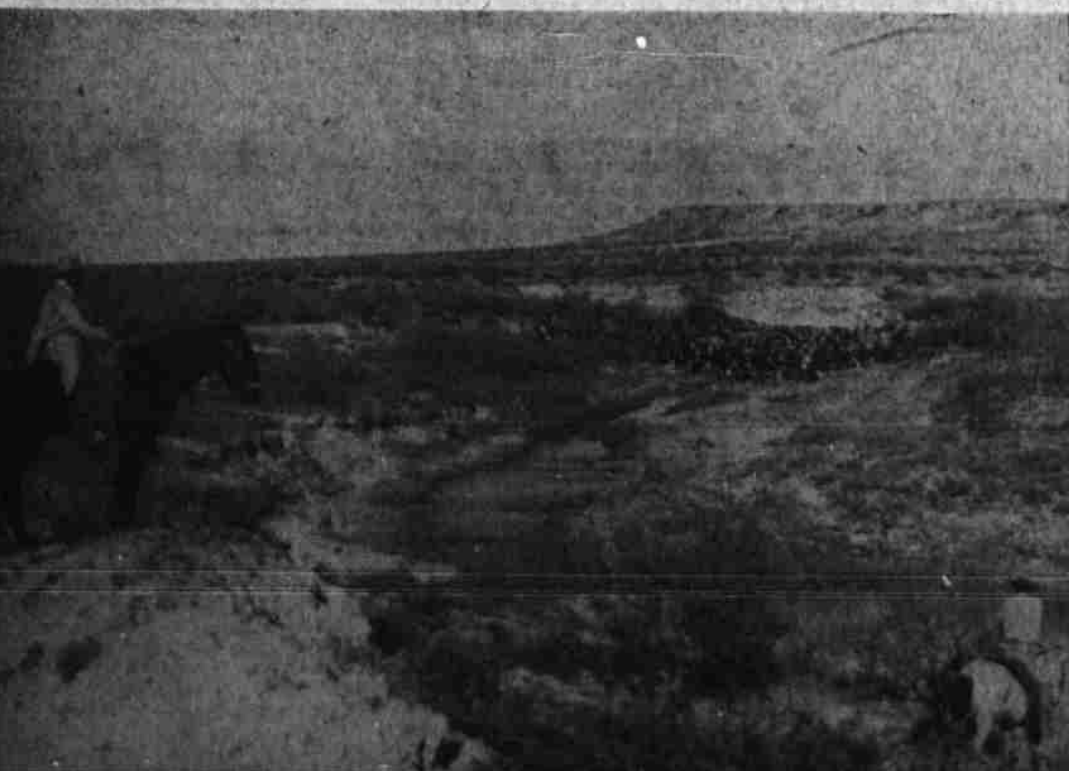
THE DRIVE IS UNDERWAY. Fat yearlings trudge along with yelling cowboys keeping them in a semblance of a line as they head out for Lamesa across rolling and rugged breaks country of southwestern Borden county. Occasionally, calves break from the herd but alert cowboys dig ponies in the flanks and are after them quicker than you can sound key for a western tune. Plantive yells of cowhands virtually defy spelling and are a peculiar trademark of trail drivers. Each man has his own adaptations for his set of vocal chords. Note that mesquite brush, a usually dependable harbinger of spring have not yet put out leaves although range cover is high.



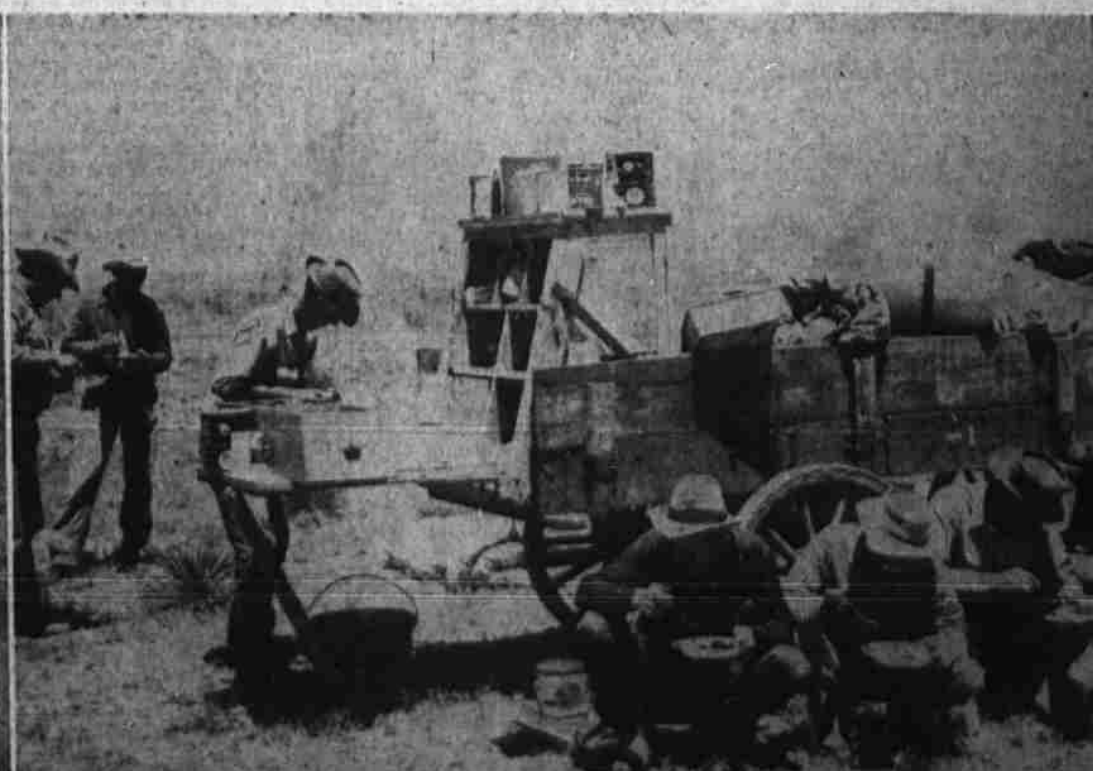
HOURS AHEAD OF THE HERD, the chuck wagon is stopped, the horses unhitched and preparations for the noon-day meal started. J. J. (Red) Southerd, cook, has been on many drives and he is wise enough to enlist the aid of others in turning out big supplies of hot food for the cowhands. While Red whittles off a piece of fresh meat, the Rev. Roy Clayton, Ackerly Baptist pastor, and Dick Simpson, son-in-law of Good, pitch in to help with the spud peeling. No shrinking violet, Red keeps up a line of chatter, somewhat diametrically opposed to that of the reverend, but he rules his chuck wagon domain with an iron hand, or better stated, with an iron pot-hook. Most unpleasant part, of course, is washing plates in a No. 3 tub.



WHILE THE COOK rushes up food and drink for the men, cowboys head the herd into a watering hole after miles of plodding—hardly as romantic as western fiction riders have made it out to be. Thirsty cattle crowd into drink, wading out belly-deep into the water. Occasionally one essays to swim across the tank, and usually several follow in the inevitable single file as shown above. Riders pay no attention to this needless swimming, but ride big circles around the pond, anxious to be relieved so they can jog away to the chuck wagon and fill their lunk insides. After dinner, the herd is held until the chuck wagon rattles ahead like a croupy clap of thunder. The herd will not drive well unless the wagon has gone on ahead.



LATE IN THE EVENING the lowing cattle are rounded into a running creek near the old Dean ranch in Dawson county's breaks. Hackamore Brown, left, and Paul Wasson, right, circle around to head the yearlings out of the channel after they once more have quenched their thirst acquired by miles of steady walking over trails familiar to cowhands. Less than a mile away, the animals are driven against fence lines and kept in circle until daybreak dictates another long march to Lamesa's stockyards. Until after dark the calves contribute to a howling symphony, the sweetest music ever heard by range-bred men.



A MAN'S GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING to stick to his ribs after a hard day's work, and, of course, Red manages to cuss and cook a pretty fair meal including steak, frijoles, corn, fried spuds, and his specialty, Dutch oven biscuits and gravy. For full measure Red tosses in a dab of pie and Mrs. Good usually pays a pop call with some cookies for the boys. After supper, bed rolls are pulled from the wagon and spread on the range. Contrary to fiction, campfires are passed up in favor of lanterns which give better light for cards or a friendly crap game.



AT LAMESA'S STOCK YARDS on the Santa Fe the cattle are penned while stock cars are switched up the Y for loading. As they scramble up the chute for their trip to northern New Mexico's rolling grass slopes the yearlings are counted again by buyers to make sure none were lost during the drive. At \$50 a lick, purchasers want to be sure.

Comedy I'll Find You

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Chapter 4

"Nothing Just Now"

She was a romantic idiot, she told herself, moving hastily away from the window, and shutting down the shades, so that the dust smelt sharply flying from the curtains. She began to sing to herself as she moved round the shabby room rearranging the furniture.

Molly shot in, unbreathed from the stairs, but full of excitement. "Was it time I got here?" she demanded rhetorically. "What do you suppose was happening?" She whisked her hat and coat methodically off, and had them hung in the little closet.

And his brother Nick says, 'Well, of a Rie had decided that it was too much of a risk to take out notes to swing his half of the shops. And his brother Nick says, 'Well, Molly, you know how he is. I couldn't swing it alone. I sure am grateful to you, Nick says, 'You're the only person I know that can build a fire under Rie's'.

"How did you come to know Rie and Nick?" Eileen inquired curiously. "Went to school with them. Pop and Mom split up when we were kids. Pop went to New York and took two of us along. Molly explained casually. "After a while he went back to Rie, but by that time I was sort of bored in the big city. Once you get used to it you hate to leave. What shall we do, go out or get something in? Does the gas ring work?"

She investigated, found it did, and they decided on getting something in. Eileen thought with a certain amusement of Molly, and her height of ambition—cashing in a doll-store, write to a small florist.

Well, being happy was what counted, after all. And if happiness, to you, meant a dreamy-eyed young Greek in an ill-fitting dress coat who had to be driven into earning his living, instead of a laughing gray-eyed man flying clothes, well, it was just the way you felt.

Eileen had money enough to carry her a while, as she looked for work. Next morning, on the tide of excitement at living in New York, she took her letters of introduction and started out to storm the city.

It was by now about the middle of September. It was warm enough to wear summer things, but Eileen dressed in her smart little dark taffeta, fussed longer than usual over all adjustments of make-up, hat, gloves, and walked valiantly out.

The great building looked formidable. Men and girls, going and coming, talking and laughing easily, downstairs, somehow cheered her as she walked back to the elevator. Her letter from the Welgards—her own recordings—had secured her a personal appointment with somebody named Grayson. Somebody with a curt, pleasant voice, whose secretary also had a voice like that.

"People are the same everywhere," she told herself to make her heart stop pounding as she reached the floor where she was to be interviewed. But it didn't seem to do much good.

The pleasant, brisk girl at the reception desk made her wait, sitting in a row among others on curved red leather seats, here in the wide hall. Presently her name was spoken and, heart still pounding, she went to her interview with Mr. Grayson.

He was easy to talk to; he had a warm, swift friendliness which she was to find as characteristic of all radio people; the immediate, intimate manner of the stage, very nearly. But it was backed by less temperament. Mr. Grayson was a businessman.

Thin, dark, smiling, inspiring, he wandered about one of the audition rooms—a room of padded gray splendor and incredible space—and said, "Yes, we liked your recordings. Of course, you know, we never advise people to come on to New York on the chance of anything. Here, still, as you're here, we may as well get your record—Mary!"

Mary, as smiling, friendly and casual as her employer, drifted in from some adjoining spot and greeted Eileen.

"Make out a card for Miss Gardner," Mr. Grayson said, and Mary took a pencil from her blond curls, smiled sunnily, and took an exhaustive history of Eileen down on the spot.

"Sounds promising," "Would there be anything?" "Just now, no. But you never know."

"Would another audition?" "Why, I think so. I have some time," as usual as that. "Come along now, don't be afraid—oh, of course you're not!" Mary laughed. "Mr. Grayson! He's so absent-minded. She's been singing on a radio hour! I just took a down!"

"Of course, I'm a bit screwball, mostly are," Mr. Grayson said brightly.

And with no more trouble than that, beyond the summoning of a sound man, a little running about, Eileen had an audition. She had, hoping for the best, brought her music.

"Went slowly. No stage fright. Nice voice, nice personality," said Mr. Grayson cheerfully.

She went away, walking on air. It was not until she was back with Molly, sedately relating her story, that she realized that nothing definite had happened. Still, as she and Molly agreed, it was a lot to get an audition right off the bat that way. It was on account of the recordings the network had bought, she knew.

agreedly did, and got an interview. People were nice in New York. No hard brutal rebuffs. Everybody was as nice and pally as could be. But nothing much happened.

Greek Dinner

After two weeks of this Eileen realized that she hadn't enough money to wait for things. "If you haven't got a spot by the first of October you won't have much chance till round January," one friendly secretary told her, as she waited to see somebody. "You know—things run thirteen weeks."

She registered with a handful of secretarial bureaus, and took her letters and references up to the registrar's office at Columbia University herself.

They were pleasant there, too, but she found that too many students were carrying themselves by secretarial work to make things very hopeful for an outlander.

"Had you thought of the Part-Time Bureau?" said one of the pleasant women instructors at Columbia. "It might be a stop-gap."

She took down the address in her little book. But she didn't think very much about it. Stop-gaps were not what she wanted.

Molly, meanwhile, had put through, like the whirlwind she was, the affair of Aristotle's fever children, and a pretty plump, dark wife who was going to bring him a sixth child before many months. He and Aristotle were devoted to each other; Nick, like Molly, had an air of protective toward Rie. In fact, Nick was rather a protective person all around; assertive, cheerful, parental.

"If her wife was a good friend to Molly, you bet we go!" to be good friends to you," he said, to which the shy Aristotle, teeth gleaming, added, "You bet!"

Eileen had nearly forgotten her first meeting with Molly. It had seemed such a small thing to do to awaken such response merely offering to work with a girl another girl didn't want to room with.

"It's Molly's been the good friend to me," she said, laughing. Aristotle, his big black eyes dreamy, said, "Ah, Molly's wonderful!"

His smile was charming. Molly turned crimson under it, and openly avowed his hand.

"Well, if you can say that," she said crisply, "after the way I've been hounding you about the shop, you're a good kid, Rie."

He shrugged. "It's for my good. You and Nick—well, I'm sort of your protegee," he said unexpectedly. "I guess it's all right for me. Aristotle could prove that Aristotle had been managed for his good all his life—passive, sweet-natured, romantic. Nick had been in charge till now; and now Molly was taking over."

Little Mrs. Papoulos, whose Christian name was Myrtle, laughed. "Some folks here and some get bossed," she said, jumping up to clear off the plates and replace them with a sticky Greek sweetmeat which Eileen looked at in some dismay. "You and me, Rie, we get bossed, hey?"

"Rie says you're swell," Molly confided to her later. "He says he likes you better than any friend I ever had. He thinks you have beautiful eyes and hands."

"That's nice of Rie. I liked him, too."

"Nothing ever gets by Rie," Molly said fervently. "I never noticed you had pretty hands. But he would. He's like that. Sometimes I think he ought to be a writer or something. He does write poetry a little."

Odd Job

Eileen did not need to talk at all that night. When Molly had finished about Rie's personal perfection, she continued about his prospective flower shop and his plans for running it. He thought he could swing it alone, with Molly running in from Nick's shop next door to give a hand from time to time. Presently, of course, it would expand to the point of needing twice the space and twice the employees.

Just before she slept she thought to ask, "What happened with you?"

"Nothing so far," Eileen said. "But I can't expect everything to happen at once..."

"No," Molly said slowly. "Anyway, an audition's a lot. You got to keep up going to see them and calling them."

Eileen, before she slept, did some thinking. She must keep enough in bank to fall back on. Two weeks did not prove much—the radio people were encouraging; there must be jobs for so competent a secretary. She decided to try the Part-Time Bureau.

It proved to be officious by a bright, kindly lady who answered telephone calls with the patience of a switchboard operator. And the part-time job proved to range from interluding to maid service.

"Secretarial work by the hour—" the lady said. "Yes, we get calls for that. Of course, we get a fee."

She took Eileen's telephone number, and the hours when she was to be found at home.

Eileen got another audition, in a few days. And more encouragement. And nothing coming of it.

The Part-Time Bureau called Eileen a couple of times. She picked up, as good reports, she supposed, came of her, five or six dollars a week that way, doing typing by the hour. And then things lagged. She went, on her rounds, in to see the manager, by way of stirring her up.

"Not a thing for you, my dear," she was told. "And honestly, sometimes I get so discouraged—the saddest stories I hear."

The telephone interrupted her. "No," she said. "I'm sorry. I haven't anybody at all of that kind right now."

"What kind?" Eileen demanded, hand on the manager's black crepe shoulder.

"Nothing you want," said the manager, hand on the mouthpiece. "That's Mrs. Carrier. She wants her cokers washed."

Eileen laughed. "Well, I suppose it's the same price per hour as typing?"

"A little more," said the manager, frowning. "So many less people want to wash dogs! You mean you'd take it?"

"Sure I'd take it. It would cover my half of this week's rent," Eileen said recklessly.

CHAPTER 15

MRS. CARRIER

Eileen expected Mrs. Carrier to be a large Helen Holkinson downer, but she was nothing of the sort. She was a small, upright, slim, blonde woman in her early thirties, and she was most unmistakably a major general.

She tapped about her smart, pretty apartment in her blue housedress and high-heeled satin mules, telephoning to a dozen people, instructing a maid, popping her head into the bathroom where Eileen was struggling with a large elderly red coker and a smaller rebellious black coker. Why she wasn't doing the washing herself Eileen couldn't imagine; she seemed fond of them.

She answered the question in Eileen's mind, as people have a way of doing sometimes.

"Isn't it silly? I haven't enough strength in my arms to hold those wretched dogs still in the tub; and they hate being washed so and Anna simply won't wash dogs..."

"You're talking it very well from a Greek old doggy, Tippy! Was it going to be beautiful and clean?"

Tippy, the larger and older of the pair, looked up mournfully from under a wet ear and tried to jump out of the tub. Eileen quelled him and laughed.

"He's a nice dog. He's settled down with me, now we're acquainted."

"You're strong," Mrs. Carrier said. She rushed off to answer another telephone call which seemed to have to do with refugees. And came back to the bathroom, and said in her incisive, cheerful voice, "Now come, you are washing dogs? Did you take it up for a profession?"

Eileen held Tippy firmly with one hand as she ran the bath spray over him with the other, and managed to answer breathlessly, "No, I came on here to try to break into radio, and so far I'm not breaking. I took this because more people at the bureau you called want stenographic work than dog washing."

There was another call. Mrs. Carrier took it in a firm voice, came back as Eileen began on the younger dog, whose name was Duchess Duchess of Windsor, she proved to be, having tied Tippy near the radiator on a bath mat.

"Go on, tell me about it. Any radio experience?" demanded Mrs. Carrier.

There seemed no reason why Eileen shouldn't tell about it. She did, beginning with the Welgards chain, the recordings, and ending with the auditions which had so far led to nothing whatever.

"Radio is as crazy as the movies and more, don't let anybody tell you different," said Mrs. Carrier sharply. She stopped for a moment, stepped back from the radiator of the water Duchess was shaking over everything, in her dislike of wetting, and said, "Did you get my husband's first name?"

"I'm afraid not," Eileen said. "I just happened to be in the office when Miss Petersen said somebody wanted a dog washed, and she wrote down the address and I came."

She gestured to the slip of paper lying on the washstand. "Car, the address Mrs. Carrier, doesn't appear again until the dogs were completely washed and dried, and Eileen was nearly ready to go. She was dressed, herself, now, smartly; she and her husband were cocktailing out, she said. It was about five.

Eileen, standing in the living room, saw a tall gray man coming in at the hall door; saw little Mrs. Carrier fly at him, kiss him, and demand if it had been a hard day. Eileen didn't hear his reply; he sounded tired and gentle and rather slow-spoken, as is the way of husbands of major generals.

She sang a couple of encore songs, accompanying herself, while Mr. Carrier lounged, obviously limp and tired to death, in a big chair, and his wife fluttered about the living room.

Lewis!" demanded Mrs. Carrier. He spoke for almost the first time, in a slow, beautifully trained voice that was yet natural.

The Carriers went. "Think she's very nice, Della. Thank you, Miss Gardner," Eileen went; and it all seemed pleasant but odd.

It proved not to be. Next day Mr. Carrier telephoned her again. "Come on up here. I want to talk to you."

She could not afford not to go, though she was nearly sure she was going to be used for refugees. Mrs. Carrier said without preface, "You know who Lewis is?"

"No," Eileen said. "I do, too. But—Mr. Carrier, I just got it. Of course, Lewis D. Carrier..."

One of the big news commentators. Good heavens, how dumb she'd been. She colored, and began to explain to his wife, that she had no radio, and had been occupied every moment since she had come here. It just hadn't clicked before.

"All right, I believe you. Now, look here, I'm getting Lewis to talk to the head of his Entertainment Activities group. They'll give you another audition. And I don't know why it shouldn't get you something. You're a swell girl—anybody that would wash dogs to stay in New York and get somewhere is worth helping. And there's no use saying it isn't true, it's contacts that count. Lewis will talk to Bill Ruthven at Entertainment Activities, he promised me. There!"

Eileen stared at her small benevolent face. She tried to thank her. But in the middle of what she was trying to say, the inevitable telephone rang about the inevitable committee work; and Eileen finally left.

Away from little Mrs. Carrier's driving personality it seemed less wonderful and hopeful than it had. It might mean nothing at all. On the other hand it might mean something.

The Gates Open

It proved to. The audition came through. Eileen tried to forget all about it; she went on with her scraps of secretarial work, she made the rounds of agencies and business offices in between. And in another ten days she was talking to by two completely new, pleasant, crisp men; a pleasant, friendly woman; and she signed a contract for a "sustaining."

"If you go over, you know, of course, it leads to a sponsor," said one of the group of easy, quick-spoken people in the office where she sat, scarcely believing in her own luck. "Of course if we find that things don't work, there's a clause in the contract—we're sure it will, but of course you must understand it—that it terminates after three spots."

Eileen had of course read her new letters. The fan mail, Eileen was sure, was satisfactory. Her immediate superior drifted in to listen to her the first day, and said, "Not bad. Not bad a bit, Miss Gardner. Good timing, lots of personality in your voice. Go to it."

And she had told him how wonderfully Eileen was getting on, how it was she had met the Carriers, and got on a big network. Everybody said it was only what they expected of Eileen.

It came, that letter, one day toward the end of December when Eileen was just about at the end of her hopes, and nearly of her money. She and Nick had moved, a month ago, to a single room which they occupied together. It was crowded and uncomfortable, but from every point of view it was a good idea; it cost half the money, and when Molly married Rie she would for the time being move into the Papoulos flat with him. Just, of course, till the new shop was on its legs.

Molly dropped on her bed, limp as any eye-circled.

"Gosh, the price of success," said Eileen, sitting in the rickety chair at the window, lifted as a byword. "I wish I had some success to pay the price of," she said trying to laugh. "What do you mean, Molly?"

"Well, it's simply that this cash-ier-cash-telephone-girl job in those two shops is practically finishing me. But you have to have some body nice and classy in a flower shop. Nice people come in. And Rie cannot afford to pay enough to get the kind he wants. Rie's easier, of course, than standing on your feet fourteen hours a day including Sundays!" She sat up, looked at Eileen, and said "Hey, you've been crying. Anything new?"

Eileen said, standing her lips. "No, that's the trouble. Only a letter from my aunt in Denver. She thinks I'm on the top of the wave here. And she's had a pay cut—and I work on the edge of writing to ask her for money to go back home. And I can't bear to give up. I'm just so down I haven't even any judgment."

"If you go back, I suppose it means marrying the Kittell man, doesn't it? Finally, I never could see why you shouldn't. Think it over, Eileen."

CHAPTER 16

ST. ANTHONY

It was so unbelievable, impossible. It was so unbelievable that Eileen took it as the merest casual thing, as the time she heard herself saying pleasantly that she quite understood. That it was nice of them to

tell her they liked her. She made, sending, some little joke about the war, and the chief—did he look a little relieved—joked back.

There was talk of another audition—another department—and she was walking down the endless corridor, chin up, the new fall coat she knew, her trinity about fastening themselves slowly, swiftly, her hands like ice.

She went on walking, walking, through the endless corridors with their thick beige velvet carpeting, staring at black-lettered doors, passing hurrying men and women and gaily painted girls and slobbering messenger boys; past bursts of music as doors slid open, moments of chatter as she passed offices.

People went along past her, it seemed, forever. Finally she realized that she was wandering around and around, instead of taking an elevator downstairs. "How silly!" she said. She spoke gaily to the elevator man. She'd come to know him, these three weeks.

Molly first raged, then consoled. "The dirty dogs! The tricky brutes..." she said. "And sure there's a lot of dirty dogs, a lot of dirty dogs, damn them all!"

Eileen scarcely heard her at first. When finally the Irish invective pierced through her preoccupation with the shock and disappointment, she shook her head.

"Oh, no, it was fair enough. It was in the contract. And after all, I mightn't have had that much if Mrs. Carrier hadn't worked it," she said conscientiously.

"Then get on to her again," Molly said. "Call her to make the skunks put you back on your heels..."

Eileen didn't want to do that. But she did come to it, a day or so afterwards. You can't afford to miss out on any chances. Mrs. Carrier was sympathetic but not quite as concerned as she had been before. Her face was very full, and she had gone out of her way, on an impulse the first time, still, she had her husband write to another of the networks, and another audition came of it.

And nothing came of the audition. Eileen plucked up courage. "After all, she said Molly, it was a streak of luck. I don't see why I shouldn't have some more. I haven't been at it long."

Goodhearted Molly swept her off, that night, to a movie, with Rie and Nick—Myrtle was in hospital with the new baby. They all had cheerful times. It was supposed to be a Greek restaurant run by a friend of Nick's, who came over and sat by them and treated them to sweet flowery-tasting wine; and it was all rollicking and hot and food-smelling, and Eileen tried to like it and felt as if she was in queer frame.

It was Rie, himself sensitive and alert, who saw that Eileen was near collapse. He whispered to Molly. He said to his brother, who was shouting gaily with his friend, "Hey, you got me into this flower-selling business, I got to keep better hours. Let's go home."

Eileen turned to him thankfully, and whispered, "That was awfully kind of you, I am sort of tired."

"You are so little, and so brave," he said impulsively. "But it is true, too," he added, "about my getting to bed. Next week we open the shop together, and flower-shop hours are worse than anything but a drugstore's. His great dark eyes, like a kind animal's, smiled pleasantly at her. And then Molly was brisily herding them all home, and Eileen was too tired to do anything but sleep till next day.

The next two months were the same story, over and over. Eileen haunted the agencies for secretarial work; she kept on trying to get work again on the radio; she was brisily herding them all home, and Eileen was too tired to do anything but sleep till next day.

Aunt Louise, apparently still sure that Eileen was in radio for life, wrote affectionately a little mournfully. She had had a pay cut, herself. She hadn't seen Jordan for some little time. But the last time she saw him, he had asked after Eileen.

And she had told him how wonderfully Eileen was getting on, how it was she had met the Carriers, and got on a big network. Everybody said it was only what they expected of Eileen.

It came, that letter, one day toward the end of December when Eileen was just about at the end of her hopes, and nearly of her money. She and Nick had moved, a month ago, to a single room which they occupied together. It was crowded and uncomfortable, but from every point of view it was a good idea; it cost half the money, and when Molly married Rie she would for the time being move into the Papoulos flat with him. Just, of course, till the new shop was on its legs.

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"Blind back—without any money, without any job—when I left with all flags flying—when everybody I knew thought, and so did I, the idiot, that all I had to do was to walk into New York and be given the keys to the city? If I even had, carfare home it could be different."

Last Hope

"Gosh, I forgot to tell you," Molly sat up, penitent, wriggling off her shoes and using her toes in relief. "Oh, doctor, my toes!..." Nick said today that his pal at the second-hand car place had a bite for the old bus. He was almost certain.

"Well," Eileen said wearily, "that would be a help. . . . Oh, Molly, I simply don't know what to do!"

"Too bad you're a Protestant," Molly said. She dropped back again and stared at the ceiling.

"What's that got to do with it?" "Well, I don't suppose you'd think it would be any help to burn a candle to St. Anthony for help, but that's what I always do when I'm in a mess. Hey, I'll tell you; if you'll do it for me, for your intentions. Hey, a broad-minded guy, St. Anthony; I know lots of non-Catholics he's done things for."

"I'll take you up, Molly," Eileen said. "Maybe it might help." "Well, I guess now's the time," Molly said. "At that, I'll stake us both to bus fare. I couldn't walk another step if my life and love depended on it."

she sat up—good-hearted, weary Molly—and pulled her pumps on with a groan. She got into her cheap fur coat; Eileen put a sweater on under the smart fall-weight coat she had not been able to replace with a heavier one. They ste out.

"I have to stop at the shop and tell Rie," Molly said. "I said I'd only be gone for the half hour it took to eat."

They went into the shop together. Rie, with his usual gentleness, said, "Go on. Sure, go on. And burn a candle for the shop too, he added cheerfully. "I'll be back in a minute."

Eileen, standing there, suddenly made her mind up. She'd put her pride in her pocket. She'd give up this crazy dream of Martin, this futile hope of being anywhere, doing anything, important enough to touch him or find him again. What chance or hope was there after all? She shook herself out of the romantic dream. "It's been an obsession. I'll go back and start over. It's not even a whole lot worse," she said resolutely to herself.

She went over and picked up one of the telegraph blanks Rie kept handy for clients who wanted to telegraph flowers.

"I am coming home. You are right. Let's start fresh. Yours, Eileen."

"Will you send this?" she said hurriedly to Aristotle.

He stared down at it. "You are going away?" he said. "Going away. 'Ay, back as you go home," Eileen quoted as lightly as she could.

He said, "Very well, I send it." He held it down on the counter with the shears to weigh it, and hurried to attend a customer.

Molly, Eileen said. "Here. Don't let's waste time and money on that candle. I've made up my mind. It's bad luck to start to make an offer to a saint and then hold out on him," Molly said.

They climbed on the crostown bus together, and sat quiet while it bobbed along the four long blocks to Fifth Avenue.

Chapter 17

CHANCE MEETING

The two girls pushed open the noiseless leather-covered doors and tiptoed over the stone floor; Eileen stood a little back while Molly hurried to the tall, colored man, St. Anthony, near the front by the right hand aisle.

"Think what you'd be wanting while I light the candle," Molly whispered.

Eileen could not think. Her mind went round in circles. "If I only knew what to do," she thought vaguely. "If I could only tell Jordan that I would marry him, and do it, without having to pretend I loved him. . . . Oh, well, perhaps love will come..."

Molly pulled her down into a pew. "I'll be staying a decade or a paw," she whispered.

The little candle burned brightly on, stuck on its holder among hundreds of other candles. Molly, on the inside of the pew, bowed, was whispering prayers as the beads ran through her fingers. Eileen, half kneeling, watched it.

As she watched, two people came along down the aisle, between her and the lights. She noticed the girls' hair—dully, uncolored, ring, wedding ring, sun-bleached coat. Her own hand would be like that now in a month or so.

Then suddenly, her eyes focused more

Agricultural Census Shows New Trends Of Farm Life

Courtney Ends School Term

STANTON, May 28 (Sp.)—Tuesday night marked the close of the Courtney high school term. This class roll included Owen Kelly, president; James Jones, vice president; Max Graham, secretary; M. W. Alcorn, sponsor; Vida Mae Mae Angel, Herman Cain, Mildred Cross, Marvin Baseman, Raymond Herron, Mary Livingston, Maxine Mims, Betty Jo Stewart, Ida Mae Reeves, Bill Pinkston.

Ida Mae Reeves was salutatorian and Vida Mae Angel, valedictorian. The class left Thursday by bus for a trip to New Mexico where they will visit Santa Fe, Taos and the Sacramento mountains.

Japan's Ties To Axis May Be Weakening

WASHINGTON, May 28 (AP)—Responsible legislators said today there is a growing belief in administration circles that Japan's adherence to the axis soon may weaken, and they cited as evidence President Roosevelt's virtual omission in his fireside chat of any discussion of America's problems in the Pacific.

This belief, reported to be entertained in high quarters, was said to be based on information that business interests apparently were gaining influence in the Tokyo government and might eventually prevail over the military party which led Japan into the war with China and into the axis alliance.

The president made only brief references to the Pacific in his address Tuesday. He mentioned aid to China, but nothing else beyond the assertion that the dictatorships were organizing a system which might be used to force enslaved peoples to build "a naval and air force intended to gain and hold and be master of the Atlantic and the Pacific as well."

Chairman George (D-Ga.) of the



Chief—Commander of district No. 1 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars is Dr. C. W. Deane, above, who was elected to that office at a district meeting here Sunday for a two-year term. Dr. Deane saw service during the World War as a member of Big Spring's own company D, 117th supply train, 32nd division. (Perry Photo).

senate foreign relations committee, after a study of the speech, told reporters he considered it "significant" that the president did not deal with the Pacific problem. He declined to elaborate, but intimated that some change in the Far Eastern situation might be in the offing.

Germans Tell Of Ship Sinkings

BERLIN, May 28. —The German high command today credited destruction of 32,000 tons of British shipping space to "cruiser warfare in overseas waters," marking up 41,000 tons to a single warship which "thus has destroyed more than 100,000 tons."

The daily communique declared also that the now sunken battleship Bismarck shot down five British planes last Saturday evening and sank an attacking destroyer two nights later and set another afire.

Fewer Farms Now Operate Than In Past

(Editor's Note—This is the first of several articles dealing with findings of the 1940 agricultural census in eight counties in the Big Spring territory. The next will appear tomorrow.)

Released for publication today by the bureau of the census, the complete report on last year's agricultural census in Texas contains a vivid picture of agricultural conditions in the state.

Hidden among the many pages of fine print in the report is a story of change in farming methods, a story of the decline and rise of farm values, a story of the crops harvested and failures suffered, and a story of the wealth gained from the land.

Nearly all figures obtained in the 1940 census are reported in comparison with 1935 and 1930 agricultural censuses. Thus is shown the changing mode of farming.

It shows that Texas now has fewer farms than it has had since 1910. From that date until 1935, the number was increasing, but since 1935 a rapid drop has occurred. It shows the industrial revolution by which tractors have replaced the horse and mule.

For quick perusal, The Herald has lifted the figures pertaining to eight West Texas counties in the Big Spring territory from the voluminous report and will print them in easy-to-read form during the next several days.

The first figures, pertaining to the number of farms in cultivation, acreage used, average acreage, value of land and buildings, and value of implements and machinery, appear below. Others will follow.

NUMBER OF FARMS			
County—	1940	1935	1930
Borden	243	301	392
Dawson	1,727	1,948	2,218
Ector	52	102	69
Glasscock	148	189	125
HOWARD	803	1,034	1,124
Martin	773	805	776
Midland	266	320	261
Mitchell	1,119	1,244	1,481

LAND IN FARMS			
(In thousands of acres)			
County—	1940	1935	1930
Borden	567	612	458
Dawson	525	549	528
Ector	487	445	367
Glasscock	422	435	357
HOWARD	492	542	435
Martin	406	371	448
Midland	596	586	577
Mitchell	585	557	426

AVERAGE FARM ACREAGE			
County—	1940	1935	1930
Borden	2,386	2,036	1,565
Dawson	304	282	328
Ector	49,590	16,587	49,732
Glasscock	9,824	28,217	24,956
HOWARD	11,136	8,350	9,996
Martin	9,824	7,339	12,488
Midland	30,368	13,495	24,310
Mitchell	9,497	7,149	10,183

TOTAL VALUE IMPLEMENTS AND FARM MACHINERY			
County—	1940	1935	1930
Borden	\$21,607	\$120,455	
Dawson	\$2,105,561	\$98,471	
Ector	\$3,935	\$2,945	
Glasscock	\$178,811	\$15,850	
HOWARD	\$34,165	\$48,309	
Martin	\$79,932	\$90,817	
Midland	\$80,322	\$140,905	
Mitchell	\$79,686	\$57,108	

Italian Army Heads Shifted

ROME, May 28. (AP)—Replacement of Lieutenant General Achille Starace, former secretary of the fascist party, as chief of staff of the fascist militia, was announced officially today.

Premier Mussolini appointed Lieutenant General Ennio Gubbio to the post which Starace had held since January, 1940, when Ettore Muti replaced him as party secretary.

Muti, now a war pilot, later was succeeded by Adolfo Sarena. The announcement, without stating the reason, merely said Starace had left the position May 25.

The fascist militia is a combat organization of blackshirt battalions fighting alongside regular army regiments in various divisions of Italy's armed forces.

Utilities Men See Emergency In Power Use

WASHINGTON, May 28 (AP)—Forecasting a nation-wide power emergency — "perhaps the most serious in history," T. R. Tate of the federal power commission re-

vealed today that a study was being made of means for diverting electricity from civilian to industrial purposes, to assure uninterrupted production of defense weapons.

Tate expressed hope, however, that any restriction in the use of electricity would not include the "lightless nights" and darkened great white ways of World War years.

Under the "unlimited emergency" proclaimed Tuesday night, President Roosevelt has absolute

away over the nation's power facilities. He may "take over power houses, dams, conduits and reservoirs; require temporary construction of facilities and such interchange, delivery and transmission as may be required."

Tate, who is director of the national defense power staff in the power commission, predicted that "if we are going to double airplane production, quadruple tank production, treble powder, small arms ammunition and rifle production, and multiply output of machine

guns and other materials, then by the end of 1941 the power situation will be critical indeed."

Every recourse is being exhausted, he said, to meet such a situation.

That Full, Choked Feeling—after eating and drinking, usually comes with acid indigestion and heartburn. Have ADLA Tablets handy, they contain Bismuth and Carbonates for quick relief. Your druggist has them. Cunningham & Phillips, Druggists, and Collins Bros. Drug Co.—adv.

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Athletes Foot 75c Value

Lotion & Powder 49c

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Spinner KNOB As Low As 15c

Baseball Glove AS LOW AS 91c

CAMERA PICTURES DAY OR NIGHT \$4.95

Flashlight CASE 31c

Croquet SETS 98c

Outing NEEDS

CAMP STOVE \$3.49

AUTO ICE BOX \$2.49

PICNIC BASKET 59c

Ball Bearing ROLLER SKATES Sturdy, adjustable, ball-bearing, as low as 79c PR.

100% PURE Pennsylvania MOTOR OIL

2 Gallon Sealed CAN \$1.19

Genuine Trojan SPARK PLUGS

Restore pep to that sluggish motor. Guaranteed 10,000 Miles 21c EACH IN SETS

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Air-condition your car seats with a set of cool fiber seat covers. Drive a clean, comfortable car this summer.

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Red Cross To Ship Garments In May Quota

Heading out on the May quota, Mrs. G. G. Sawtelle, executive secretary of the chapter, urged all women who have been working on May quotas to turn in their pieces as soon as possible so that they may be included in the month's last shipment on May 31. When this is done June quotas will be announced.

In the Thursday shipment were various items including 27 layettes of 34 pieces each.

Mrs. Sawtelle complimented the work of several church groups and mentioned the Church of Christ women as being the first to rally to the cause and as having done an outstanding piece of work.

Meanwhile, the appeal for other women to join in the program was renewed by Red Cross chapter officials.

Big Spring Hospital Notes

Mrs. W. W. Grant, King Apartments, had emergency appendectomy Wednesday.

Ida Belle Richards, Garden City, underwent medical treatment Wednesday.

W. P. Douglass, Big Spring, is receiving medical treatment.

Mrs. Nell Donaldson, Garden City, is undergoing treatment.

Mrs. Tom Burkhead, Coahoma, entered the hospital Thursday for surgery Friday morning.



ONLY WOMAN IN CANADA'S COMMONS—Mrs. Doris Winifred Nielsen is the only woman member of Canada's House of Commons. With her in her office are her three children.

Tests, Faculty And Student Rating Used To Name Honor Graduates

A broad base has been employed by high school officials this year in the selection of Big Spring members of the National Honor society, to be announced at high school graduation exercises this evening.

The upper 15 per cent of the graduating class is named to the national society, this group being chosen on the basis of scholarship, leadership, service and character.

Faculty members and students themselves participated in the selection, and in addition tests were given to determine the honor students.

Through faculty nomination, 30 per cent of the senior class, or 45 students, were chosen for the final tests. These 45 took two standardized achievement tests—exhaustive examinations—to determine scholarship. Then, a rating chart was prepared, and each of the 45 students was rated by instructors and by all the other students. This ranking was done on a weighted average, with scholarship accounting for 60 per cent, teachers' ranking 25 per cent, and students' ranking 15 per cent.

Through this grading, 23 students were selected for the final honor. These will be presented at the program this evening.

School officials said this system was perfected this year, to make the honor selections as fair and comprehensive as possible.

Taylor Death Texas Mourns

AUSTIN, May 29. (AP)—The University of Texas and its alumni today mourned the death of Thomas Oliver Taylor, 83-year-old dean emeritus of the school of engineering and "Grand Old Man" of the institution.

A member of the university faculty more than half a century, Dean Taylor was known to thousands of students as instructor, friend, benefactor and general fountain of inspiration. He was a native Texan and graduated from the University of Virginia in 1883.

When he came to the Texas university, it had no school of engineering. The department came into being at his urging and under his guidance, grew into one of the most important.

Funeral services were scheduled at 2 p. m.

The educator was survived by his widow and a daughter, Mrs. D. C. Strother of Randolph Field. A son, Sommerfield Taylor, died a year ago.

Here 'n There

Pvt. James T. McCullough, son of Mrs. Grace McCullough of Colorado City, has been sent by special order of Lt. Col. George M. Palmer, post commander of the air corps basic flying school at San Angelo to the army air corps technical school at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., where he will take a course in airplane mechanics.

National defense contracts and expenditures in Texas through May 15 have reached \$240,169,976, according to B. Frank White, acting state director for the office of government reports.

The Pickering Family of Lubbock is being sponsored in a musical program by the Knott Home Demonstration club Saturday at 8:30 p. m. in the Garner gymnasium, members have announced. Admissions are 10 and 20 cents.

H. R. Freeman, Big Spring representative of the Lincoln National Life Ins. Co. has qualified for attendance at the company's 1941 convention at Colorado Springs, Colo. on June 7-9. His production for an 18 months period earned him the right.

Coy B. Payne, formerly of Big Spring, has been transferred from the army reception center at Fort McPherson, Ga. to the 14th reconnaissance squadron at McDill Field in Tampa, Fla.

Shoe Size Delays Recruit LAFAYETTE, Calif.—Uncle Sam will not get a full year's service from Pvt. Roy Mangini during his year in the army. Mangini wears a 13 1/2 shoe and the army had to let him loaf until a pair of shoes that size could be obtained.

The War Today—British May Be Forced To Yield Isle Of Crete

By DEWITT MACKENZIE (Special Writer for The Herald)

The position of the Anglo-Greek allies in the battle of Crete was so grave today that even as this is being written they will have been compelled to give up the fight to retain control of that strategic island.

During the ten days of one of the fiercest battles of history the naval dive-bombers have all but blasted Crete out of the water. Late Greek reports record that the cities of the island literally are pulverized by the deluge of high explosives that have produced an inferno in which civilians and troops alike have struggled.

Lack of air-power in the eastern Mediterranean is the millstone about the allied neck. It will so continue to be until this deficiency is supplied from America.

Some London observers believe that if the Hittites win the battle of Crete they will turn their attention next to the big British naval base on the island of Cyprus. This lies four hundred miles to the east of Crete and off the coast of Syria.

That might be an early objective, but possession of Crete would give the axis a fairly wide choice of moves. In any event, they must take time out for consolidation of the bomb-torn island before it will be of much value as a base for further major operations.

It is quite possible that the Germans will by-pass Cyprus for the moment and try to establish themselves in Syria. This would provide a necessary base for a drive through Palestine to Egypt and the Suez canal, and it would give them handy airbases for an assault against Cyprus.

Also of vast and perhaps more immediate importance is the fact that possession of Crete would bring German bombers within 250 miles of the Libyan-Egyptian border on the North African coast where the axis expeditionary force is maneuvering for an opening to drive into Egypt. In fact, this entire stretch of coast, including the all-important British naval base at Alexandria, and the Suez canal, would be brought within very handy bombing distances for the axis.

While possession of the island of Crete doesn't by a long shot win the conflict for domination of the eastern Mediterranean, it would be of inestimable value in development of the German campaign. The only satisfaction the British and their allies get out of the situation is that the German victory—if so it proves to be—has been tremendously costly.

The hide of the chameleon's eyes are fused together, leaving an opening no larger than the pupil.

Rains Threaten Buffs More Than Opposition

By The Associated Press

It's not the other Texas league teams that the Houston Buffs fear—it's rain.

Wet weather seems to be about the only means of stopping the Buffs in their steady drive toward the championship. Last night for the second time in a row excessive dampness prevented the Buffs from tugging with the sixth-place Beaumont Exporters at Houston.

The San Antonio at El Pasoport contest also was washed out, but a 7-3 victory from the Indians at Oklahoma City while the Oilers at Tulsa were edging out a 3-2 win from the Dallas Robels.

SPORTS ROUNDUP

By EDDIE BRIETZ

NEW ORLEANS, May 29 (Herald Special News Service)—Rumor foundry: The Brown front office is spiking stories Rick Ferrell will replace Fred Haney. They sound off-key to start with since Haney tried for two seasons to get Ferrell on the club. . . . And we suppose reports that some of the Reds aren't speaking to each other are just part of the gossip that always goes along with a slump. . . . The Washington boxing commission says it paid Arthur Donovan \$150 to referee Louis-Bear. Ray C. Alvia, one of the promoters, says Donovan got a grand. Which is right, and if it's Alvia, who made up the difference?

Crashing the "400."—Ted Williams of the Red Sox pounded that apple for a very neat 400 in his first 30 games. . . . Which led Mel Webb to sing as follows in the Boston Evening Globe: This is the tale of Teddy the Great. Who hits 'em early and hits 'em late, Who's blazed away with his trusty bat To the tune of a cool 400 flat.

Tramp, tramp, tramp—Hank Greenberg's outfit is marching 15 miles per day from Fort Custer, Mich., to Camp Forrest, Tennessee. . . . Good crowds turn out at every stop. At one, signs were being carried around reading, "Here comes the Army and Greenberg." . . . Ben Chapman says the reason Washington alread him was his \$12,000 salary. Clark Griffith merely says, "We are still on the market for a hard-hitting outfielder." . . . P. S.: Chapman closed at 435. . . . Prof. Moe Berg, the linguistic coach of the Red Sox, interviewed Maurice Tillet (The Angel) and reports the Angel speaks the best French he's heard since he was in Paris several years ago. Moreover, M. Tillet struck Berg as a cultured and educated gentleman, even if he is uglier than Tony Galento.

Today's guest star—C. E. McBride, Kansas City Star: "Baseball brings strange switches. . . . Dick Bartell, now on the Giants, finds himself teamed with

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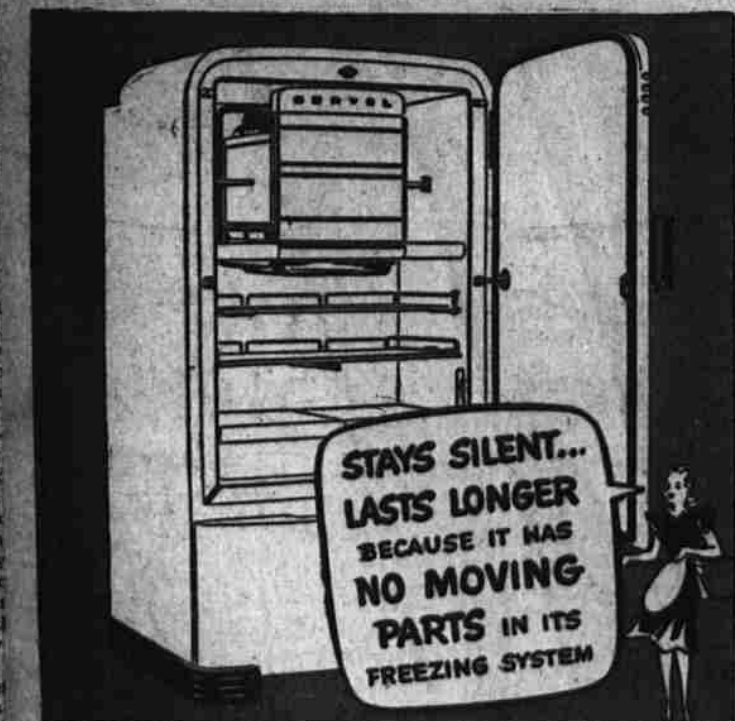
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