Eagle Lake Headlight

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1903.

BRUCE W. McCARTY
Editor and Publisher

Official Organ City of Eagle Lake

Eagle Lake Advertiser (established in 1893) absorbed March 9th., 1908.

TELEPHONE NO. 88

Published at Eagle Lake, Colorado County, Texas, every Friday and entered at the postoffice at Eagle Lake, Texas, as second class mail matter.

All inner advertising paid for at the time of order at the rate of 8c per line for each insertion. No advertising is accepted for less than 25c per issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR	$2.00
SIX MONTHS	$1.25
THREE MONTHS	$.75

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1935.

After Worlds Collide

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

Copyright, 1934, by Edwin Balmer & Philip Wylie
WNU Service.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, noted American scientist, over 300 persons escape in two Space Ships just before a cosmic collision that wiped out the earth, and head on Bronson Beta. After a short period of rest, the party makes an investigation of their surroundings. A smooth, straight metal roadway is discovered, indicating that whoever once lived on Bronson Beta had swift moving vehicles. That night Hendron's colonists see none of Hendron's colonists are hurt. The meteors are fragments of the earth's moon, destroyed before the earth was wiped out.

CHAPTER II.—Hendron says the Space Ship is to be dismantled and all its metal used. Terry Drake, Hendron's lieutenant, and Professor Higgins, the geologist, discover a river bottom green with vegetation. Higgins leads an exploring party which finds giant forests of dead trees, preserved for a million years by the absolute cold of space after Bronson Beta broke away from its sun and before it invaded our solar system. The colonists are startled by the sudden appearance at night of what looks like an airplane, but disappears when the mechanics, but the fact that the occupants made no attempt to communicate with them, appearing rather that they were spying on the camp, leaves a feeling of alarm. They realize that they are not alone on the new planet and that other colonists may be enemies.

CHAPTER III.—Tony Drake and Elliot James, English writer, and the Artist of the expedition, begin an exploration airplane flight. They are astonished at the marvelous sight presents them after clearing a high mountain range.

CHAPTER IV.—They have come upon a wonderful city, enclosed under what seems like half an inch-thick glass dome six miles wide and half a mile high at its center. Among their finds in exploring the city, is an edible grain—millions of bushels. When they start back to their plane, after four days, they see the beam of a searchlight, and come down on the edge of a cliff 3 miles high.

CHAPTER V.—Delighted, they find they have stumbled upon the camp of more than 300 men who had left Mobilia—when they did, in a second Space Ship "protector." Dave Randall, the scientist, and Joe Kingsley, pilot, have fixed and it is good, may bring killed and injured back to Hendron's camp with Tony, who cannot master his jealousy when Kingsley, a friend of his, tries to make his wife, insists that Dave remain with her and Tony leaves the Space Ship in charge of the Sealed City. In one of the towns buildings Dave Drake and Elliot James hear the voice of a very human looking girl and it is evident that the Mobilian scientists had far outstripped the Earth's.

CHAPTER VI.—Kyra, Tony's former servant, tells Tony he, a Tokio professor, and others have been taught American ideals. He says certain Russian, Japanese and German scientist escaped from Mobilia to Bronson Beta and probably sent the mysterious plane to Hendron's camp. Tony has a needed radio outfit in Randolph's camp. Radio communication between Hendron's and Randall's camp is broken after a single cry for help. From Hendron's camp Tony and Kyra hurries back with Peter Vanderbilt and Jack Taylor, and they see 8 persons transferred to the prison as "dead." Not knowing what danger awaits, Tony leaves Kyra with the plane first, slamming the door after him. The camp has been emptied and every member made unconscious, but all recover.

CHAPTER VII.—The Asiatics or "Mobilians" as Hendron calls them, have sidetracked the 30 survivors of a British ship bound for Mobilia, with Lady Cynthia, Cruikshank escapee. When the Asiatics make an aerial raid, following the escape of Hendron's people, Tony and his men assist their friends with terrific atomic blasts from the Space Ship's propulsion tubes. Hendron's health fails and before his death he orders Tony to remove everybody to one of the Sealed Cities. This Tony succeeds in doing. The Americans discover that they derive their mysterious power of light and heat from the sun. Hendron and plan to freeze them into oblivion during the intensely cold winter. Von Beitz disappears and Tony's men are convinced he has seized by spies within the city.

CHAPTER VIII.—Drake and his companions learn how to operate the Bronson Beta's swift moving vehicles. Von Beitz, prominent member of the community, is still missing, and a thorough search made is unsuccessful.

As the gate, Eve pulled the control lever. Hendron's closest friends and his daughter marched into the open.

It was cold.

The mourners filed up a great spiral ramp and stood watching.

Tony beside Randall, at the head of the tier, walked with his head down. Eve came last, a lone regal figure.

They surrounded the knoll. The body was lowered. They stood around the grave, shivering a little in the cold.

"The Greatest American," Tony said at last.

"The great man," said Dr. Queens, weeping openly.

Elliot James spoke last. "He did not make mere history. He made a mark across cosmos and infinity. Only in memory can adequate honor be paid to him. . . . Good-by, Cole Hendron!"

Then, from the city, came suddenly the sound of earth's voices raised in Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional": "God of our fathers, known of old. . . The tumult and the shouting dies, The captains and the kings depart. . . ."

Earth's voices singing to the skies, where never earth people had been before.

Tony sprinkled earth upon Hendron—earth not of the earth, but of the planet that had come from the edges of infinity to replace it. The grave was filled.

At the last Eve and Tony stood side by side, while the others rolled a great boulder over the spot as a temporary marker.

Tony heard Eve whispering to herself, "What is it? he said. "Tell me?"

"Only the Tenth Psalm, Tony," she whispered: "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?"

And in the far sky a speck passed and vanished beyond the hill, an abrupt and vivid reminder of the exigencies of the present.

* * * *

Elliot James sat in the apartment which he had chosen for his residence, and looked from its unornamented gray walls out over the city of Hendron. Presently he began to write. In a cabinet at his side stood volumes bound with the books upon which was scribbled the history of the migration from earth.

"In summary," he began, "since we have been no time for detail, I will set down an outline of our conditions since our perilous removal to this city of the Ancient People.

"We have shelter, the gorgeous shelter of these buildings rising in a hundred hues under their transparent dome. We have warmth, for although we are moving into the cold at a prodigious speed, we are sucked into the city is heated. Around the rim of the dome are situated eight tremendous ventilating and air-conditioning plants. We have light in abundance—our city in the long dark of night is like day. Underground is food enough for us for unmessured generations. Some of that food disagrees with us. Some is indigestible. In some there is no nourishment which our gastric juices can extract. But the vast bulk of the stored produce is edible, delicious and healthful.

"We have a plethora of tools and machines. In the development of electricity the Other People have far outstripped us. Also in the extension of what we called 'robot-control.' They manufactured almost no machinery which needed human attention. A technique of photo-electric cell inspection and automatic engines make every continuous mechanical process self-operating. The vast generators which run underground to supply light, the powerful motors of the ventilators, and the pumps which supply processed water from the river for our consumption, not only run by themselves, but repair themselves.

"The northwest ventilator cracked a bearing last week—and in the presence of Tony and Randall it stopped itself, took itself apart, removed the cracked metal, put on a new bearing, reassembled itself and went into operation again. They said that the thing reminded them of a very human looking girl and it is evident that the Mobilian scientists had far outstripped the Earth's.

"Tony, the former servant, tells Tony he, a Tokio professor, and others have been taught American ideals. He says certain Russian, Japanese and German scientist escaped from Mobilia to Bronson Beta and probably sent the mysterious plane to Hendron's camp. Tony has a needed radio outfit in Randolph's camp. Radio communication between Hendron's and Randall's camp is broken after a single cry for help. From Hendron's camp Tony and Kyra hurries back with Peter Vanderbilt and Jack Taylor, and they see 8 persons transferred to the prison as "dead." Not knowing what danger awaits, Tony leaves Kyra with the plane first, slamming the door after him. The camp has been emptied and every member made unconscious, but all recover.

"Dan and Dorothy, under Westerly, are going to Bronson Beta school—learning the language by the talking-picture machines, just as the Other People's children did. And they are the only ones who are beginning to be able to speak it naturally. In two or three years they would be able to pass as Bronson Betans—except for their minor physiological differences."

"Dodson is having trouble with the language. He goes about the city talking to friends, eating in the central dining room and mumbling that 'you can't teach an old dog new tricks.' He never was a good linguist—he. Dodgeson has proved shy talking in French with him for the amused benefit of all who spoke the language. But Dodson is most eager to learn, because from illustrations in the metal books and in the screened lectures on the subject, he has found that surgery on this planet was a science far beyond terrestrial dreams. Working with him are five women and eleven men doctors.

"Jack Taylor is the sheik and Romeo of Hendron. About twenty of our handsome girls and women (they are handsome again, — long strain of our rest rugged mothers having ended) are wildly vying for his attention. The tall, red-headed college oarsman takes his popularity with delight—and he is seldom seen without a beautiful lady companion. When he was absent on a mission for Tony, the number of blue damsels was appalling. They could not even write to him, which seemed to distress them enormously.

"Duquesne has moved next door to the German actress who joined us in Michigan. He is working on the mystery of our power source—and 'cementing the bonds of international amity,' he says.

"Higgins has found some carefully preserved seeds in the radium-warmed cellars of the city, and he has planted them. He keeps digging them up to see if they have sprouted—which, so far, they have not; and he goes in a perpetual daze."

Again Eliot James paused. He began he wrote:

"All those factors are on the pleasant side of our ledger. We are a civilization again. Love and clothes are conspicuous. Lost desires and ambitions and apartment decoration have returned to us. Our animals have been collected from the encampments, and they are installed in a 'barn' made from a vast aluminum theater. We have harvested and dried a quantity of the spore vegetation as hay for them. They thrive. We are wakened by a cock's crow in the morning, and we serve fresh eggs as a badge of honor with great circumspect at the rate of four or five a day. Dan and Dorothy have milk. We've made butter to go with the eggs. We should be perfectly happy, perfectly content. But—

"Where is Von Beitz?

"He vanished the day Cole Hendron died—the day we arrived here. That was sixty Bronson Beta days ago. And nothing has been seen of him or learned about him since then.

"And—

"Who dwells secretly in our city? Who stole one of our three roosters? Who stole three translation of a book on electricity? Who occasional [illegible] the food of night three days ago—turning out the people in Dormitory A to find—no one? Do the Other People still live here—watching us, waiting to strike against us? Do the Midianites have spies here?

"We are virtually agreed upon that theory. Yet we cannot find where they hide. But we do know—to our sorrow—that they have spies in other cities.

"After learning to fly the planes, we armed them. Then Tony dispatched a fleet of six to make a thorough inspection of the surrounding country and the neighboring cities. He wanted full information of the Midianites and of the territory around us.

"There are two cities south of where Randolph landed and ship. There are several inland. All were entered and explored. In the southernmost city the crew of a plane commanded by Jack Taylor was sniped upon, and two of his men were killed.

"A third plane did not return. It was subsequently sighted near the northern city occupied by the main Midianite colony—shot down and wrecked completely.

"We have been sniped upon several times by planes flying over the city. A request for surrender to the Dominion of Asian Realists was dropped twice, and our failure to reply brought one tremendous bomb—which, however, did not penetrate our tough, transparent envelope, although it was unquestionably intended for that purpose.

"It is not safe to leave the city," Elliot James diary continued. "Twice parties on foot exploring the geology and flora outside the gates have been fired at by enemy planes which appeared from the north and dived at them.

"It is evident that the Midianites are engaged in a war of attrition. They mean to conquer us. They mean to have Bronson Beta for themselves—or at least to insure that all human beings upon the planet will be governed by them and will live by their precepts. And Lady Cynthia has had no doubt in our minds about their desire for our women. They need what they call 'breeding females.' I think that 'need' in itself would be sufficient to cause every man and woman here to fight to the death.

"We have you could and should be happy here now. But—

"More than three hundred English men and Englishwomen are living in subjugation, and we are unable to set them free. They are our own blood and kin. They are living under conditions at best odious, at worst horrible to them. We cannot be happy while they are virtually slaves.

"And also—Bronson Beta moves ever into cold. Bitter cold! Sixty days ago the surface of the planet was chilly. Then, for a while it warmed again, so that we enjoyed a long fall or Indian summer. But now the chill is returning. Our seasons are due not to the earth in winter was actually nearer to the sun than in the summer, but in winter the earth's axis caused the sun's rays to fall obliquely. Here on Bronson Beta we move from a point close to the orbit of Venus to a point near that of Mars—and the change is distinct from the sun will bring extremes of temperature.

"That is not all. That is not the only problem—anxious problem—which faces us in these autumn days. Shall we turn back toward the sun? Our scientists say so; but shall we? This planet has not done it yet. Its specialty seems to be a drift out into space.

"Our astrophysicist and mathematicians burn their lights far into the night of this new planet in order to anticipate the possibilities in our state. They are not romantic men.

"Meanwhile as we move out into space toward Mars, that red world increases in size and brilliance. Already it is a more vivid body than was Venus from the earth, and its color is malevolent and ominous.

"So the days and nights pass.

"Yes, our colony is returning to the happy human pursuits of love and knowledge and social relationships. But we are surrounded by mysterious terrors, spies within our city, enemies who would conquer us; and always the red planets draw nearer—as not long ago the stars bodies from cosmos drew toward the condemned and terrified Earth."

As Eliot James finished that entry in his diary, he was interrupted by a knock on his door.

"Come in," he called.

Complete Feuntain at JOE LUNA'S.

A GARDEN

By Nettie Ramsey

A garden is a magic place
Of hope and promise, growth and grace,
Where rain and sun and earth combine
In working miracles divine.

A place to find
Contentment for a troubled mind.
The wonder of young growing things
A sense of peace and quiet brings.

A place to love and laugh, and dream
In starlight hush and moonlight gleam.
With all the trials of the day
Washed like the marks of toil away.

A place to prove the love of God,
For in the bounty of the sod
Amidst His own achievements rare,
He walks in quiet beauty there.

And he who plants a garden knows
That from the mellow tillage grows
Not only what the eye can see,
But proof of immortality.—Ex.

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid by the manufacturer for any CORN GREAT MISTOFF-HER Corn Cure cannot remove! Also removes Warts and Callouses. 25c at Beckman Drug Store.

something that sounded like "Hopayiato."

"Hopayiato yourself," Eliot James answered.

"That's a Bronson Beta word," she said. "It means, 'How the devil are you?' or something like that."

"Sil," said the writer. "I'm fine. What's news?"

Shirley grinned. "What a nice mauve-and-yellow shirt! Want a pair of red-and-silver shorts?"

"Any rags? Any old iron? What's the trouble? Your clothing department running out of orders?"

"Nope. And when we do, we'll revive fashions—so you'll have to patronize Shirley Cotton's mills, whether you want to or not. Higgins is going to present some patterns."

"I'll bring him with a valetout in Bronson Beta orchids and musk rooms. By the way—how long have you been sitting in this cramped hole?"

"All morning. Why?"

"Then you haven't heard about the green rain."

James looked at her with surprise. "Green rain?"

"Sure. Outdoors. Didn't amount to anything—but for about ten minutes it rained green."

"Tu, be d—d! What was it?"

Shirley shrugged. "Search me. A green sky is bad enough. But a green rain—well, anything can happen. Higgins has bottles full of whatever it was—more like snow than rain—only not frozen. I missted the dome a little. And then rumor about Von Beitz that was going around."

"News?"

"Not news. A rumor. Scandal, I'd call it. People have been saying this morning that the spies hiding here are undoubtedly from the Midianite gang. Some of them are Germans. Von Beitz was a German. So they say that he wasn't kidnaped, but that he had always belonged to them, and merely joined them at the first opportunity."

(Continued next week)

Kellys Ice Cream at JOE LUNA'S.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schultz and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Schultz, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Nerger, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ludwig, William Ludwig and family, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Miller and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ledbetter and family and Elmo Sens were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Miller and family.

GERMANY AND DISARMAMENT

The French memorandum denouncing Germany's repudiation of the armament clauses in the Treaty of Versailles would have been more impressive if it had not suggested that in so doing the German government "has seriously compromised the success of international negotiations on the limitation of armaments pursued under the auspices of the League of Nations."

The difficulty with this argument is that in the years which preceded the recent action of the Hitler regime no appreciable progress had been made toward such a general limitation of armaments and the country that was chiefly responsible for the failure of the negotiations was not Germany, but France. A person who followed the proceedings of the preparatory commission for the disarmament conference and then of the conference itself knows how persistently French reluctance to accept any limitation upon land forces clocked all chance of success.

France, therefore, is in a particularly poor position to speak of the effect of Germany's rearmament upon the course of the negotiations at Geneva. Undoubtedly this episode has had a disturbing influence upon international confidence in Europe and the prestige which it sets, like that treaty, the sanctity of the violation of treaty obligations with respect to China, cannot be ignored. But Germany cannot reasonably be charged with wrecking a conference that had already collapsed. — Kansas City Star.

Complete Feuntain at JOE LUNA'S.

✦ GALF BRANDED MURDER ✦ FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO ✦ STILL ROAMING RANGE ✦

(From Alpine Avalanche)

(Editor's Note: This story, which has been going the rounds for a number of years, is evidently about resurrected from some newspaper's "morgue" and made its appearance again recently. The story was originally written by Judge W. Van Sickle of Alpine and he vouches for its authenticity, as originally written. The incidents leading up to the branding of the calf are true as related in the following story, he says, but whether the calf is still to be seen in these parts after 45 years is somewhat doubtful, you'll have to admit! But, anyway, the story says it's so, and it's interesting reading.)

"The "murder" yearling would be about 45 years old but "old times" did not die with the Corporation brand. It still is a drifter, red calf that wanders alone on the range in the Big Bend country.

Oldtimers sit on their boot heels around stove pens and at roundups and argue that the calf which came in March or April in 1890, is as well known on the range as it was when the "murder" brand was burned on its side.

They declare, too, that the gaunt, slightly humped, sad-eyed red yearling returns to Alpine at certain times and bellows mournfully through the window of an old saloon in which several changes occurred in the days when gentlemen of the deep Southwest were quick with their "hardware."

The story, which is revived wherever a group of cowmen mill around a branding fire at a round-up, goes as the outgrowth of rather curious circumstances and a brand—a brand the children hear of about the time they become acquainted with Santa Claus.

It was near Lionelita about 1890, he said. A large ranching firm was conducting a roundup when the owners of a small herd started to drive the red yearling to his own outfit.

A cowboy of the large firm objected. A quarrel ensued and ended as differences on the range used to terminate—two guns flashed but the owner of the small herd, unarmed man, was a little slow.

Then the cowboys branded the calf — "Murder, January, 1890" and turned the yearling loose.

Mack Coffee, cattleman and historian of the Big-Bend and publisher of a border magazine, said many oldtimers declare the yearling still roams the country.

Judge Van Sickle met it once. He said he was on his way to open court at Fort Stockton in Pecos county and saw a lonely red yearling on a hillside. He roped it but saw the "Murder" brand and the yearling again failed to find an owner.

Records tell of the murder and the branding of the calf and it is well known that the yearling never again belonged to a herd. No one would claim it and its brand, and it was left to roam the hills.

To oldtimers who saw great changes come to the cow country, the murder calf still lives. They argue that the gaunt, sad-eyed thing might be seen standing alone on almost any hillside.

THE LESSON OF THE DEADLINE

I was called to interview one of America's great generals of industry. He was a big, genial, friendly man—chief of a fifty-million-dollar manufacturing concern with branches and of salesmen in the army he commanded. He was a genius for organization; had a reputation for getting results. Men envied him the name he had built.

When we were through there came a twinkle in his eye and he remarked:—

"I began as a reporter; on a daily newspaper. What I learned in those days has helped me much each day through all my life."

"What was it you learned?" I asked. "Dead Lines," he replied. The great industrialist put much to do about and dwelt long on the lesson he had learned from the dead lines.

"I learned, early in those days, to respect the Dead Line. I learned that at a certain moment each day all my work had to be done. At that unmovable fraction of time the job must be over. It could not be missed.

"At a certain minute the copy had to be in. At a certain minute the type had to be set, the proof ready, the forms locked up and a certain minute the presses had to start. Trains never waited. The papers had to go out.

"When I got into business life I found that few men understood the meaning of the Dead Line. It was not only a thing in their consciousness. They did not finish. Tasks piled up. Correspondence and man of details were left over to the next day. Tomorrow was always a good day, or the next.

"It came to me that I got hold something that other men did not have—a mastery knowledge of what the Dead Line meant.

"So all my life I have mapped each day, course, worked to the Dead Line, swept my desk clean.

"In theory, all my life, the Dead Line has been the guide that has regulated my conduct. He has paid me big dividends. He has cost me nothing for salary. The Dead Line has been my truest friend, my greatest benefactor.

"Without my sense of the Dead Line, I often think, I might have been just another private in the ranks.

"If any man should come to me and ask me for my most prized secret, this one thing I would say to him:—

"It is the Dead Line. Make it part of your daily conduct and time a place for it somewhere along with your religion. Never forget the Dead Line."—Lester B. Colby, in the Informant.

Complete Feuntain at JOE LUNA'S.

✦ 86 DEGREES BELOW ✦ OVER NEBRASKA ON ✦ HOTTEST SUMMER DAY ✦

It's just as cold in America's prairie States on the hottest summer day as in the Antarctic—if one goes high enough into the air.

Admiral Richard E Byrd, returning from his Antarctic expedition, reported finding a temperature of 80 degrees below zero Fahrenheit at the advanced base where he made weather observations.

But when the crew of the balloon Explorer II of the National Geographic Society and the Army Air Corps soared into the stratosphere in June it can expect to find a similar temperature only about 12 miles above the western plains. Last year on the stratosphere flight of the balloon Explorer I, Captain Albert W. Stevens reported a temperature of nearly 80 below at a height of a little less than 13 miles.

On the hottest summer day anywhere in the United States one could easily cool off by rising into the air only a short distance. Strangely enough it is colder in the stratosphere above the Equator than above the Arctic or south near either of the poles.

Harry Reading, Jr., a student at Texas University, leaves Thursday for the summer vacation period. Other Eagle Lake students attending Texas University are expected in today.

REFINANCING OF HOME MORTAGES AND LIENS

Attorney Jos. V. Fruka of Columbus, Colorado County attorney for the HOLC, sends the Headlight the following information:

"For the period of May 29th to midnight June 27th., 1935, new applications for the refinancing of home mortgages and liens will be accepted by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation.

"It is the intention of the Houston division, which has jurisdiction, to give every eligible applicant ample opportunity to make application within the specified period. Persons who have made formal application prior to November 15th., 1934, need not re-apply as their files are now being worked on. This additional period is for the benefit of those distressed home owners, who for some reason, did not file with the Corporation during that time.

"The same test of eligibility or HOLC applicants which have been applied in the past will, in general, continue in force, and it is the intention of the Corporation to make every effort to assist home owners who are in genuine financial difficulty.

"I will be glad to furnish any applicant the prescribed blanks. Three recent kodak pictures of the home property will have to be furnished.

"This matter being of general interest, I am requesting you to please give the same publicity in your valuable paper. The same will have to be carried as a news item as no appropriation has been provided for the publication of this information and if you feel that you can render this service to the interest of humanity and to your community, I am sure the same will be appreciated by those in need of help to save their homes and, as by the writer, whose aim is to render the most efficient service in that respect.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carney left Thursday for Angelton after a few days visit here to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Carney. George is with one of the Gulf Oil Company crews now stationed at Angleton.

NEW DOMINO AND POOL HALL TO OPEN SATURDAY

Work has been under way during the past week in the Dallas building on Main Street, the former Geo. Herder store building, which is being fitted for a domino and pool hall.

T. C. Roberts is opening the new business which he says will be known as "Pastime Club," and he expects to open the new business Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Smith, Miss Jewel Smith, Mrs. Lillian Pichard and Miss Dorothy Pichard, of Austin, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Holman during the last week-end. having come to be present at the school commencement exercises in which Misses Catherine and Nellie Holman were members of the graduating class.

WE GET WHAT WE PAY FOR

By Austin Callan

It looks like the big fellows are selfish the way they gripe at the cost of these government experiments. But I can't see that it's any of their business as all they have to do is put up the money. The government furnishes its own plans.

Some of them have begun to find out that we used to get by on a billion a year. But at that time a person had to do his own hustling and kill his own chinch bugs. National "improvements" were the give government and board than just government. Even a rugged individualist can't room and feed you as cheap as to only room you.

Folks can praise government parsimony if they want it. But not without looking after their own business, and a lot of them won't do that. The very Wall Street crowd who are so vocal about the cost of a federal chicken coop in New York would have been the least to get out and count the poultry themselves. Nobody had any idea under Republican economy how many dominecker chicken coops there were in the Empire State.

We get what we pay for in anything and if we're only willing to dab down for straight government we are going to have to do our own work.

✦ 86 DEGREES BELOW ✦ OVER NEBRASKA ON ✦ HOTTEST SUMMER DAY ✦

It's just as cold in America's prairie States on the hottest summer day as in the Antarctic—if one goes high enough into the air.

Admiral Richard E Byrd, returning from his Antarctic expedition, reported finding a temperature of 80 degrees below zero Fahrenheit at the advanced base where he made weather observations.

But when the crew of the balloon Explorer II of the National Geographic Society and the Army Air Corps soared into the stratosphere in June it can expect to find a similar temperature only about 12 miles above the western plains. Last year on the stratosphere flight of the balloon Explorer I, Captain Albert W. Stevens reported a temperature of nearly 80 below at a height of a little less than 13 miles.

On the hottest summer day anywhere in the United States one could easily cool off by rising into the air only a short distance. Strangely enough it is colder in the stratosphere above the Equator than above the Arctic or south near either of the poles.

Harry Reading, Jr., a student at Texas University, leaves Thursday for the summer vacation period. Other Eagle Lake students attending Texas University are expected in today.

CONSISTENTLY LOWER PRICES!
Fri.-Sat.-Mon., May 31, June 1-3

SOUR OR DILL PICKLES, 2 qt. jars	25c
GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER 5 pkgs.	10c
TOMATO SAUCE SARDINES, 3 oval cans	25c
OVALTINE, 50c size	31c

O-D STORES
WE SELL FOR LESS

CALUMET BAKING POWDER, lb can	20c
KEW-PEE SALAD DRESSING, qt. jar	25c
CABBAGE, 2 lbs. for	05c
PRUNES, 2 lbs.	11c

Genuine Crustene, 4-lb Carton . . 54c

SOUR JUICY LEMONS, doz.	10c
ALL FLAVORS JELLO, 3 pkgs.	11c
EXTRA FANCY RICE, 4 lbs.	19c
UNCLE BOB SYRUP, No. 10 can	47c

Pillsbury's BEST Flour, 24-Lb Sk 93c; 48-Lb Sk $1.83

KRAFT ELKHORN CHEESE, lb	17½c
SALT PORK FOR BOILING, lb.	16c
Magnolia Macaroni or Spaghetti, 3 pkgs.	10c

Full Pack Tomatoes . . 3 No 2 cans 22c

New Tasty Vanilla Wafers, 2—lb. boxes	29c
RUBBING ALCOHOL, 2 pt, bottles	19c
CRYSTAL WEDDING OATS, large box	22c

Finest Matches, 3 Boxes 10c

DR. W. B. PRUITT
Palmer Graduate
CHIROPRACTOR
Electromassage
P. O. Box 853. Columbus, Texas
(One block east of Court House)
Lady Assistant — Free Examination

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

By Julian Capers Jr.
(Austin)

Happy, indeed, must have been the reflections of the governor of a state which has a million citizens who need relief, dependent upon the bread of life upon a government dole, as he spoke to a huge throng of merrymakers last week-end at Yoakum.

The occasion was the eighth annual "Tom-Tom", celebration honoring the tomato, once the despised "love-apple" of our grandfathers, which they regarded as an ornamental, but inedible garden plant.

Yoakum people discovered more practical use for the tomato, and back of their carnival event lies one of the most interesting and inspiring stories in one modern history of Texas.

In 1925, following a disastrous drouth in South Central Texas, community leaders in Yoakum, hurling little city of 5656 souls situated on the border of Lavaca and DeWitt counties, 118 miles southeast of Austin, decided to do something about the situation. Cotton and feed crops were burned completely up and there were no other important crops. O. R. Davis, then president of the Chamber of Commerce, experienced in wholesale marketing of vegetables, made a study of the Yoakum trade territory, and decided that tomatoes were the answer. An expert was hired, with the Chamber of Commerce and business men of the community co-operating, and intensive instruction was given interested farmers in growing, harvesting and marketing tomatoes for early spring trade. Philip Weihausen, Yoakum banker, financed the experimental crop during the first year, which totaled 13 carloads, grown on 40 experimental acres.

From that beginning, Yoakum ships 600 cars of tomatoes, from about 35,000 acres, into every important American city. It operates 15 commercial packing sheds, and a commercial cannery is being built. Average net return from tomatoes is around $150 an acre, under depression conditions, with exceptional instances where the gross return has run as high as $600. The labor payroll, for packing grading and loading, alone, is $11,000 a season.

Yoakum folks didn't stop at that. Having learned the lesson of diversification, they didn't make the mistake of getting into a one-crop rut again, even one so profitable as tomatoes. So now they ship 20 cars of dressed turkeys, 200,000 pounds of fowls, 30,000 pounds of spring chickens and 5000 cases of eggs a year. Whole milk marketed in the Yoakum area, from fine dairy herds that were introduced, yielded about $112,000,000 to farmers last year.

So it is no wonder that Yoakum folks, including Editor H. D. Meister of the Yoakum Herald, whose paper rendered valiant service in the planning and carrying out of the new deal agricultural program, are proud of the tomato, and pay due homage to it annually.

Governor Allred paid his tribute to the tomato, he was thinking that the credit really should go to a people made of the stuff of pioneer Texans, who were dismayed by adversity, but not simply met and overcame such problems as arose, using whatever materials were available to do the job with. Perhaps he contrasted the spirit of the people of Yoakum, who developed leadership under stress, and took an humble garden plant and carved an economic stability for themselves, with the thousands of people in large cities, who have simply given up and hold out their hands daily for a government dole to prevent them from starving.

Warm weather in Texas invariably brings political activity, and this year is no exception. Vets and days assembled in Austin and Dallas, respectively, last week-end, and laid plans to launch the repeal battle in June. Sinews of war, the first ingredient, are being raised, and victory will begin promptly after this important financial angle is cared for. In Austin, Charley McDonald, Jim Ferguson and Rep. Richmond Morse of Brownsville were the featured speakers of the west faction. Jim Ferguson declared himself, to the consternation of some of the vets who doubt if he will be heard from, again.

In Dallas, the dry cause was given the atmosphere of a holy war, with meetings held in First Baptist church. Mrs. Claude de Van Walts, W. C. T. U. leader; Bishop Boaz, Tom Love, Dr. C. M. Rosser, an veterans of the prohibition wars, spoke. Messages of co-operation came from Gov. Allred and Dr. George Truett. Rep. George Moffett of Chillicothe spoke for the dry faction in the legislature. Surface harmony at least prevailed at both sessions.

Both sides are wondering what part U. S. Sen. Morris Sheppard will take in the campaign, if any, in view of his campaign against national repeal. He faces re-election next year, and his vote to override the president's veto of the Patman bonus-inflation bill came as a surprise to many Texans. Rumors that Jim Ferguson may get into the race against him were revived in Austin, following Jim's appearance at the vet rally.

A HARBORED CURSE

We do not suppose that Zion's Herald was really serious in suggesting an intelligence test for all legislators, Federal and State, and in submitting a heavy course in required reading as a prerequisite.

The publication was merely taking a fling at a nuisance type of lawmaker that has become painfully prevalent.

Yet there is something that "might be done about it." The sad mistake which is directly responsible for the dangerous deterioration of the public service in America might be rectified.

Nationally speaking that service, though far from perfect and sometimes corrupt, was at least vastly better than it is today.

Speaking generally, officials were representative men in their communities, their states or the Nation, instead of being predominately mediocrities and pondescripts.

This was because they were the product of a genuine sifting and testing process.

Men was went into office got there because first of all they were party nominees selected by conventions, sometimes in a rough and ready, but on the whole effective way. Before being chosen, they were considered from the standpoint of intelligence, ability, known fidelity to party principles and general acquaintance with critical electorates.

After that they stood the test of a hot party election contest in which the opposition was apt to have a word to say about the contested.

And when they got into office they were bound by definite public pledges and were accountable to a militant party organization.

A man had to be somebody in order to be elected to office, and Congressmen and State legislators generally were persons who commanded respect and felt their responsibilities.

Of course there were abuses, misfits and scandals. But the system was fundamentally sound.

Then came the Primary election system and inaugurated the era of political pinning, self-starters, blatant, swashbuckling demagogs and political anarchy, and produced the extinction of party authority, party principle and really representative government.

And just as cheap money drives out good money, so cheap public service has driven out good public service. There are still a few competent and even able officials. Occasionally a man gets into office in spite of the handicaps to merit seeking to serve the people. But such an event is little short of miraculous where it is not accidental.

The present condition is so bad we are persuaded the opinion that the greatest single threat to the perpetuation of free republican institutions in the United States today is the Primary system as it now generally exists.

And there is ground for believing that things will become progressively worse until it is thrown overboard.—Detroit Free Press.

PERILS OF NEW DEAL

"In trying to relieve the distress we are faced with the peril of weakening or losing the civic virtues of self-respect and honesty, or courage and patience, of capacity for moral indignation, lacking which individuals and nations and civilizations become dust and fall as surely as did Rome." Some Tory said that? Some person who is "too damned dumb to appreciate the finer things of life?" Not a bit of it. That sentence was uttered in Paris by Alexander W. Weddell, American ambassador to Argentine. It sounds as if the diplomat is somewhat out of tune with the New Deal. He is talking the language of the "reactionaries." What has he to do with horse sense. The perils of the New Deal have been discussed before, but one does not look for a recipient of New Deal honors to talk this way. It matters little, however, Weddell said, the sentence stands by and for itself.—Charleston News.

YE ED'S QUALIFICATIONS

Somebody wishes to know the qualifications of an ideal newspaper editor. There isn't any such individual, but if there were, he would be as fast in action as an electric fan and as patient as Job; he would have the wisdom of 70; he would have the memory of an encyclopedia and the infallibility of an adding machine; he would have an eye like an eagle and the nerve of a bloodhound; he would be as tactful as a successful politician and as frank as his uncle, and as firm as granite; he would be as discerning as a shaft of light, and have the analysis of a supreme court jurist; he would be able to, at once and the same time, answer two telephones, place a call of his own, check a proof sheet, and add the middle name of the third assistant secretary of the navy, and remember whatever it was he was told to do. The next meeting is to be held at the O. F. Stallman home Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock. All children of the community are invited to join the league.

The Tuesday afternoon bridge club was entertained by Mrs. Wm. K. Lefner this week. The home was decorated with sun flowers and gladiolis. After five games, a delicious luncheon of tomato salad on lettuce leaf crackers, stuffed olives and strawberries with whipped cream in pattie shells was served. Mrs. H. L. Hyman received a pretty flower pot and stand as high prize. Mrs. W. H. Huvar won second high and received two goldfish in a pretty hanging bowl. Miss Alma Doyle Purchased with a cut glass powder jar as guest prize. Other guests were Mrs. Ed. Lee Shaw, Mrs. J. R. Pinchback, Mrs. Carl Mattern and Miss Josie Pinchback.

"NEW DEAL" AGENCIES GET FUNNY LETTERS FROM RELIEF CLIENTS

A newspaper friend, back from Washington, brings with him some excerpts from letters received by various "New Deal" agencies which he says, are adding to the gayety of nation's Capital. Here they are:

I cannot get sick pay; I have six children; can you tell me why it is?

This is my eighth child; what are you going to do about it?

I am glad to say that my husband, who was reported missing, is now deceased.

I am writing to say that my baby was born two years old; when do I get my money.

I am sending my marriage certificate and six children. I have seven; one dead which was baptized on half sheet of paper by Rev. Thomas.

Please find out for certain if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now won't eat anything until he knows for certain.

My husband has been put in charge of spittoons; so now do I get my money?

In answer to your letter I have given birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Will it make any difference?

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.—Archer County News.

Garwood Gatherings.

Bill Arnold, Paul J. Lewis and Jodie Kallina left Friday for Mexico, where they will spend a few days fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Braden and children, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Chapman, Sylvester Williams, F. W. Goodell, John McGlothlin and Mr. and Mrs. Earl McGlothlin were in Temple Sunday,