





From

Cecil & Helma Lindsey

Dec. 25, 1944

Copue Christi Texas.

To Our Mother.

Mrs. J. N. Fadgett.

he
the
ide
aid
30
in-
and
s a
and
unt-
cash
oked
day
left.
cious
them
mated
500 in
ever
scene

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

PRESIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

ANSWER

SIDENTIAL

ANSWER

PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ

PRESIDENTIAL

ANSWER

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL

SIDENTIAL



Associated Press Wirephoto

FAMILY GET TOGETHER—President-Elect Dwight D. Eisenhower and his family gather at the Statler Hotel prior to the inauguration of the G. O. P. standard bearer. Left to right are

Ike; his son, Maj. John Eisenhower; Mrs. John Eisenhower; Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower, and the next President's mother-in-law, Mrs. Elivera Doud.

H, TEXAS, TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1940

Want-Ad Numbers — Say "Charge It"

By To Arlington Heights High School This Year



ates for diplomas to be presented at graduation exercises at the school at 8 p. m. Wednesday, May 29.

Look Up and Live

It is not always easy to love others, but it is always necessary.

Our problem is to find our best ways of seeing others through love and acting in love when it is most difficult to do. This is the difficulty faced by a reader of this column whose letter came in the morning mail.



Starnes
She tells me that many of the people who work with her are so irreligious that she finds it hard to control her attitude toward them. She may need a kind of help

that I have seen used in several other instances. I have known two different individuals to take this approach and they found it quite successful.

Both of these were agitated because of the behavior of another person. Trying to see the irritating individuals through eyes of love only made them more fearful and more resentful. One of these turned his attention to the Lord's Prayer every time he thought of the person who tempted him to be unloving.

"It is better," he said, "to pray the Lord's Prayer a thousand times a day than to be unloving and critical." After some time he came to the place where he could see this man through eyes of love. The

woman I mentioned used a similar technique.

Each time she thought of the woman who had offended her she repeated, "One God, One Father of all." This was a small step in the right direction and eventually she could add, "My Father and your Father; in Him we are one."

"Love your enemies," Jesus taught us, "do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, and pray for those who treat you badly . . . Treat men exactly as you would like them to treat you. If you love those who love you what credit is that to you? . . . You must be kind as your Father in heaven is kind. . . ."

It is not always easy to love others but it is always rewarding. Read Matthew chapter 5, Luke chapter 6, and John chapter 13.

A Prayer

Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older, and will someday be old.

Keep me from getting talkative, and particularly from the fatal habit of thinking that I must say something on every subject and on every occasion.

Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details—give me wings to get to the point.

I ask for grace enough to listen to the tales of others' pains. Help me to endure them with patience.

But seal my lips on my own aches and pains—they are increasing, and my love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by.

Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally it is possible that I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil.

Make me thoughtful, but not moody; helpful, but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all—but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

—Anonymous

Mother's Love

In this wonderful world of great trials and joys
My mother's love for her girls and boys
Will live forever in my humble soul,
And urge me on and on to reach my goal.

I have the proof in my very own case
Of what my loving mother had to face,
When she sent me to school to learn and pray—
I know she looked forward to this great day.

She has endured and suffered so very much
That I may always know the golden touch
Of wisdom and knowledge—so very great
That will make me a leader in our great state.

The message here, which I now impart
Comes leaping from my grateful heart
And I would impress upon your mind,
Mother has helped me to seek and find

A fortune greater than silver and gold—
Which is never bought nor ever sold.
I would never have known as I know now,
If mother's prayers had not shown me how

Her laboring hands could pull me thru,
And teach me how and what to do.
I take this occasion to pledge anew
The things for her I'll try to do.

When her cares and sorrows have marred her face—
When her sufferings and woes have marred life's race—
When she is old, forlorn, and her youth is stilled—
By the ravages of time, and her hopes fulfilled—

When her eyes are dimmed, and her wrinkled hands
No more respond to her mind's commands,
I'll remember the things she has done for me,
And I'll be as faithful as one can be.

I'll beckon to her to come and find
Contentment and shelter, and ease of mind.
And I'll be repaid, yes a hundred fold—
Repaid in coin far richer than gold.

—R. S. McNEELY

3586
3586
3586

ALMANAC

By United Press International

Today is Thursday, Jan. 17, the 17th day of 1963 with 348 to follow.

The moon is in its last quarter.

The morning stars are Venus and Mars.

The evening stars are Mars, Jupiter and Saturn.

Those born on this day include the American inventor, statesman and author, Benjamin Franklin, in 1706.

On this day in history:
In 1806, a birth occurred in the White House for the first time when Thomas Jefferson's daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph, gave birth to a son.

In 1944, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower assumed command of the Allied liberation forces of World War II.

In 1946, delegates to the Security Council of the UN held their first session in London.

A THOUGHT for the Day
— Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, speaking in London in 1945, said: "Humility must always be the portion of any man who receives acclaim earned in the blood of his followers and the sacrifices of his friends."

PRAYER

and, bless and comfort the afflicted persons, all the lame, all deaf persons, all crippled persons, all those who are sick in mind. And, O God, help them to grow better mentally, spiritually and physically and give courage to both them and their loved ones.

A READER

TODAY'S PRAYER

Our Father, for the light that follows the darkness, for the sunshine that comes after rain, for the hope that dispels despair when we lift our eyes heavenward, we give Thee our grateful thanks. Forgive us our doubts and fears which are surely "trespasses" against Thy love. Fill us with a new hope for each day, and give us grace sufficient for all life's discipline, in Jesus' name.

JACK FEAGINS
5402 Clinton

TODAY'S PRAYER

Dear God, bless and comfort all bedridden persons, all blind persons, all deaf persons and all crippled persons, all those who are sick in body or in mind. And, O God, help them to grow better mentally, spiritually and physically and give courage to both them and their loved ones.

A READER

TODAY'S PRAYER

Our Father, for the light that follows the darkness, for the sunshine that comes after rain, for the hope that displaces despair when we lift our eyes heavenward, we give Thee our grateful thanks. Forgive us our doubts and fears which are surely "trespasses" against Thy love. Fill us with a new hope for each day, and give us grace sufficient for all life's discipline, in Jesus' name.

JACK FEAGINS
5402 Clinton

A SONG OF HOPE.

A song of hope rises from the sea,
To drive away my pain:
The waves that bore him away from me
Will bring him home again!

Oh, sea that carries the tall gray ship
Upon its somber flight,
Be calm and smooth so the prow may slip
In safety through the night.

The song of the ocean hauntingly
Comes over hill and plain:
The waves that bore him away from me
Will bring him home again!

... we thank Thee, Lord! . . .

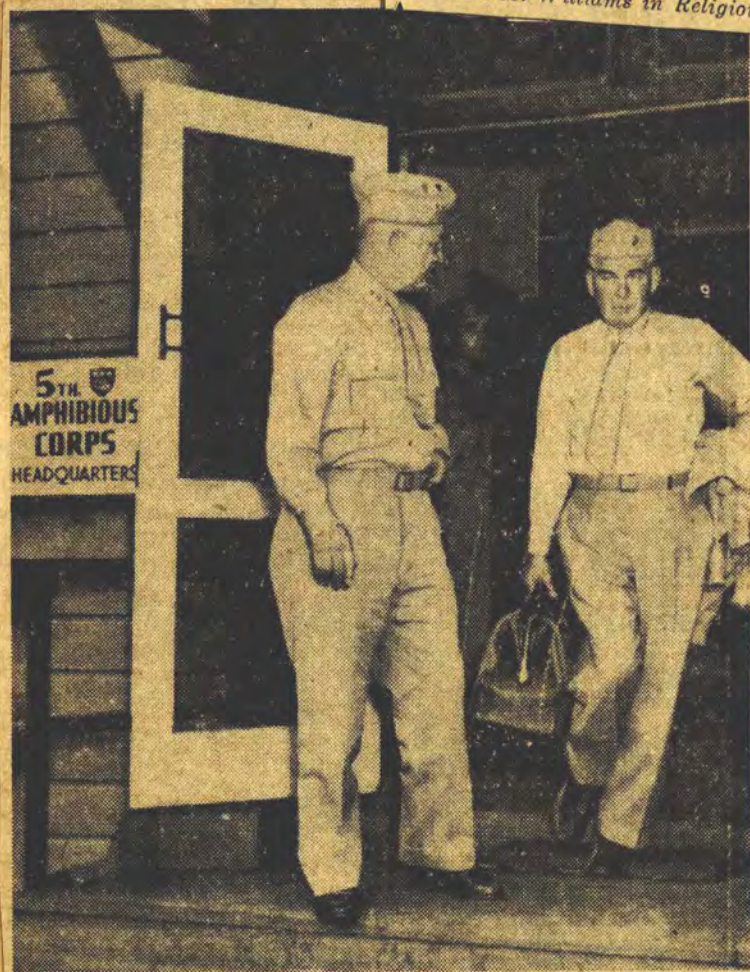
For comfort after sadness,
And healing after pain;
For smiles after frowning,
And rainbow after rain—
We thank Thee, Lord!

For smiles of little children,
And handclasps firm and strong;
For faith, and friends, and freedom,
And every righted wrong—
We thank Thee, Lord!

For fellowship with Jesus,
And heaven's blest abode;
For knowledge that he'll greet us
At the end of life's hard road—
We thank Thee, Lord!

... Ruth M. Williams in Religious Telescop

IOUS



IWO INVASION DUO—Marine Lt. Gen. Holland M. Smith, left, and Maj. Gen. Harry Schmidt of 5th Amphibious Corps, as they prepared for Iwo drive. (INS).

Junior Cagers End Season Near Top

TAC K Peden



March 7, 1940

THE FORT WORTH PRESS

Want-Ad

News and Views FROM SROOM AND PLAYGR

Straight Shooters - - - They Seldom Miss



Meet eight of the 10 best rifle shooters in the all-city R.O.T.C. It's a team from Arlington Heights High, and it's the fourth consecutive year the team has won the city championship for rifle shooting in the Eighth Corps Area Match. Medals were presented them Tuesday. Left to right on the front row are Harry Thornton, sergeant; Lee Angle, captain of the team; William Sanders, major and William Feik, lieutenant colonel. On the back row, they're Joe B. Cooper, first lieutenant; Jack Connolly, sergeant; Walter Scott, cadet captain; Carl Newton, first lieutenant and Lieut. G. E. Tyson, acting commandant in the absence of Lieut. Raymond Darrah, who is attending Cavalry Service School in Fort Riley, Kas. Bill Thornton, captain and high-point man of the team, graduated at mid-term. Another member, Stanley Irvine, first sergeant, was not present when the picture was made.

BOSS

Boss is dead!
And yesterday, it seems, he was tramping the fairways of the links with the long, free strides that made him distinguishable as far as the eye could see his stocky form.

Boss—a prince of golf, a prince of men, a prince of friends; a prince who had not one enemy, but whose friends were as numberless as the sands of the sea.

No human being in distress ever appealed to Boss McQuerry for aid that he did not receive a ready response; and he was as charitable in words as in deeds, for if he could not say a good word of a man he said no word.

No one class pays tribute to his memory today, for to him there was but one class—the Brotherhood of Man. No greater tribute can be paid to his memory than the scene outside the hospital when word was passed that Boss was dying. In the group that gathered, waiting for news, was the down-an-out man who had been raised by that ever-ready hand, the bank president who had tramped the green fairways with him and who never had occasion to question his count, no matter how grueling the match; the professional man, the laborer, the negro who had worked alongside of him at club functions—all of them unable to believe that the Grim Reaper was hovering over the bedside of their friend.

Boss is dead, but the memory of him will live, for he was one of that rare class of which it may be truthfully said, "He was a man."

April 18-1922



Farming Area Flood Damage Is Minimized

Truck Growers Along Trinity Are Reported To Be Hardest Hit

BY ROGER LETZ,
Star-Telegram Farm Writer.

A survey Wednesday indicated that Tarrant County agricultural losses due to the flood waters were less than previously predicted.

Largest losses were along the Trinity River where truck farming tracts were still under water Wednesday morning.

All the area along the banks of the Trinity River has truck farms producing beets, turnips, onions and other vegetables and fruits. Arthur Courtade of the Soil Conservation Service, who lives in the truck farming area north of the Jacksboro Highway, said that damage to the vegetables and fruits is expected to be severe. Some of the crops will survive the water, but the majority of them will be ruined, he said.

County Agent Ruhmann reported that the biggest loss to farmers who were not in the overflow area was the loss of valuable top soil from freshly plowed fields.

Horace Mitchell in the Everman community reported that some of his oats were knocked down and it would be necessary to replant all of his cotton.

Orchards along the river and creeks were lost when the flood waters hit.

Farmers along Village Creek in the Kennedale community suffered heavy losses from high water on their gardens and crops.

Farmers in the southern end of the county were repairing fences that were lost when the ends of their fields washed away into the ditches.

Much of the oats in the county were knocked down by the heavy rains, but sunny, warm weather will save most of the crop.

Damage from silt is severe along the river. Sand and mud cover much of vegetable and fruit crops. Ruhmann said that as yet it was impossible to determine damage in the truck farming area because most of the crops are still covered with water.

Farmers over the county not in the flooded plain area are not suffering as much as was first expected. The Kennedale community had about one foot of water but lots of vegetable they held the soil. Some wheat was damaged by the wind and water. In some areas the rain was held intact and benefited the range lands and crops.

FEARS QUIETED



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

DEBRIS AND DAMAGE—A common sight along W. 7th St. Wednesday morning was damage such as the type pictured at Lloyd Patton Motors, 2733 W. 7th. Damage estimated at thousands of dollars to the company was caused by Tuesday's flood.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

FLOOD AFTERMATH—Jumbled counters and merchandise-littered floors were left in Montgomery Ward's bargain department Wednesday as workers attempted to clean up after Tuesday's flood. Water rose seven feet inside the store.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

THE MORNING AFTER—These cars were among the 150 that were swept from the Packard Motor Company, 2400 W. 7th, in the wake of Tuesday's flood. They lie in ditches just west of the building. Damage to the company was estimated at \$250,000.

Sgt. Leo Phillips Killed In Action Over Bonins

Dr. and Mrs. Leo E. Phillips, 5301 Byers, were notified by the War Department Wednesday morning that their son, Staff Sgt. Leo Phillips Jr., 22, was killed in action over the Bonin Islands Aug. 12.

No details were given in the telegram; it stated further that a confirming letter would follow.

The B-25 engineer-gunner had completed at least 22 missions with the 499th "Air Apaches" Squadron, which was cited by the President. He was recently awarded the Air Medal.

Phillips enlisted in the Air Corps three years ago and went to the Pacific Theater last December. He was graduated from Arlington Heights High School and attended St. Edward's Academy and NTAC.

Besides his parents he is survived by three younger brothers.



SGT. LEO PHILLIPS JR.

Corp. Bill Phillips, with the Marine Corps in the Ryuku Islands; Pvt. Tom Phillips, Camp Robinson, Ark., and Bob Phillips, at home.



—Jana Cox Photo.

WET BANKING—Folks waded knee-deep at the West Side State Bank Tuesday, 14 blocks west of the Van Zandt Viaduct on W. 7th, an indication of the distance flood waters reached out from the Clear Fork banks into the business area there.

Sgt. Leo Phillips Killed In Action Over Bonins

Dr. and Mrs. Leo E. Phillips, 5301 Byers, were notified by the War Department Wednesday morning that their son, Staff Sgt. Leo Phillips Jr., 22, was killed in action over the Bonin Islands Aug. 12.

No details were given in the telegram; it stated further that a confirming letter would follow.

The B-25 engineer-gunner had completed at least 22 missions with the 499th "Air Apaches" Squadron, which was cited by the President. He was recently awarded the Air Medal.

Phillips enlisted in the Air Corps three years ago and went to the Pacific Theater last December. He was graduated from Arlington Heights High School and attended St. Edward's Academy and NTAC.

Besides his parents he is survived by three younger brothers,



SGT. LEO PHILLIPS JR.

Corp. Bill Phillips, with the Marine Corps in the Ryuku Islands; Pvt. Tom Phillips, Camp Robinson, Ark., and Bob Phillips, at home.



—Jana Cox Photo.

WET BANKING—Folks waded knee-deep at the West Side State Bank Tuesday, 14 blocks west of the Van Zandt Viaduct on W. 7th, an indication of the distance flood waters reached out from the Clear Fork banks into the business area there.

4 ARE DROWNED, 4 MISSING, 1,000 HOMELESS AFTER FLOOD



SAME OLD OUTLAW—Defying modern efforts to confine it as it has in years past, the Trinity River's muddy flood surge is shown as it swept across W. 7th St. Tuesday morning, inundating the area between the Penn

St. bluff westward to University Dr. The aerial photograph shows the view westward, overlooking the Montgomery Ward plant, lower Trinity Park, the W. 7th St. business district and the housing area northward from there to White Settlement Rd., caught in the

eddy waters just above the confluence of the Clear Fork and West Fork. This area has been free from floods since the early 1920s. Star-Telegram staff photographer Al Panzera flew over the area in a plane of the Ed Ritchey Flying Service.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo by Dub McPhail.

WAS HOME YESTERDAY—Katherine Daniel looks over what is left of her home, destroyed by Sunday night's tornado at Amarillo, while she was at church. Her father and brother were in the house. The father, S. M. Daniel, was injured and hospitalized. The brother was unhurt.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

RESCUE—Elmer Sharp of Rt. 11 clings to a utility pole to keep from being swept away by rampaging Sycamore Creek waters while an unidentified man throws him a cable with which he was towed to safety. He floundered in the water 20 minutes before help came.

... of the
... ion.
...s Rock-
...nes on
... Engle-
...ng Sts.
...nomo-
...fast-ris-
... some
...ention
...o stack

... use in Crestwood
... one of the first to
... of the rising waters.
... McCullough sent his wife from
... the area around 3 a. m. after
... watching the water rise for two
... hours. Mrs. McCullough drove
... the family car out.
... McCullough and his son, Rich-
... ard, went back to their home
... after warning neighbors to stack
... furniture. He left his home at
... 6 a. m. in a rescue boat operated

T FLOOD

Page 1. ing was reported flooded past the
fter the first floor.

Livestock Run Loose.

Livestock, driven from the
river banks north of Belknap,
wandered bawling down Hender-
son and Weatherford Sts. Tues-
day morning while police halted
traffic on the N. Henderson viad-
uct and water swept homes be-
neath it away.

Stock at the Fort Worth stock-
yards was not endangered.

City buses hop-skipped their
routes to get through where pos-
sible, abandoned some runs at
times. Arlington Heights resi-
dents, marooned completely early
Tuesday, were able to reach
town through N. Main for a short
time until Paddock Viaduct was
barricaded.

Water Situation Grave.

The city's water situation pre-
sented the gravest problem. City
Manager Jones said all pumps,
filter plant and all other equip-
ment at the Holly pump station
was under water, and might re-
quire two or three days to dry
out and resume full operation.

The plant's old standby, a
steam pump fueled by gas
through the historic Holly Stack,
will go into operation some time
Tuesday, Jones said, but the
pump can handle only a frac-
tion of the city's needs.

A Texas Electric Service Com-
pany spokesman said the com-
pany's generating plant on the
Trinity at Paddock Viaduct was
not in any immediate danger at
midmorning Tuesday, and that
the flood crest there was at a
standstill. Power will be looped
into the city from other lines in
the event the plant is flooded.

Local Star Gas Company report-
ed that three gas mains washed
out with the courthouse, but
loop lines were cut in, and only
the Ripley Arnold housing
project and the Criminal Courts
Building were without gas.

Telephone casualties were high
as water seeped into cables and
shorted circuits out.

... McCullough
... red exhaustedly. "The water
... above my windows now."

Chilled by the cold, murky wa-
ter, McCullough then collapsed
on the lawn of a neighbor. City
police gave him emergency treat-
ment in a patrol car.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Williams of
800 Northwood Dr., had a close
brush with death when they were
awakened at 4 a. m. by Mrs. Bill
Cherry, who lives at 729 North-
wood.

Water was waist deep outside
the Williams home when the fam-
ily fled to higher ground. Mrs.
Williams was carrying her 4-year-
old son, Johny, on her back and
the water caused her to fall with
both Mrs. Williams and Johnny
disappearing under the water.
Her husband, carrying their
daughter Sandra to safety, res-
cued the pair.

Lost Furniture, Auto.

The Williams couple lost all
their furniture and their car.

Raymond Mencke of 840 Edge-
field removed his wife and two
children to the home of friends
in Arlington Heights at 4:30 a. m.
Mencke said the water rose five
inches an hour over the levee as
he watched it from 1 to 6 a. m.
When Mencke finally left his
home, the water was a foot deep
on his floor.

Robert Vaughn of 804 Edge-
field saw his automobile disap-
pear under the water, but he
made a special trip back to re-
scue Elmer, a black Scotty.

H. B. Cobb of 828 Edgefield
rescued his wife, two children
and two automobiles before the
water reached his home.

Some Sleep Through It.

Despite sirens and a police pub-
lic address system, some resi-
dents of the Crestwood area slept
through the night.

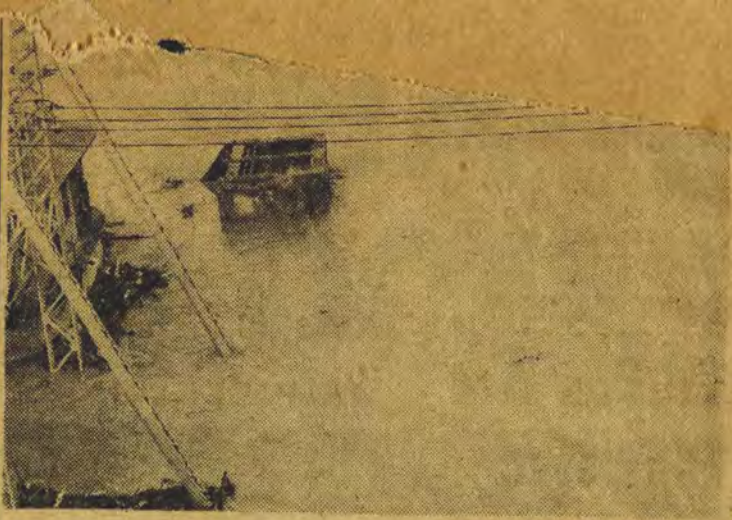
R. W. Goodall of 3817 Engle-
wood Lane awoke at 1 a. m. and
reported the water then was ris-
ing one-fourth inch every 20 se-
conds.

A police patrolman, Ab Mitch-
ell, said he has seen the water
higher—during 1945—in Crest-
wood, but McCullough disagreed
with him.

Bruce Dickey of 729 Edgefield
stacked his furniture at 5 a. m.
and left his radio on the kitchen
sink, but on second thought—
after a look at the rising flood
waters—went back and carried
it out of the house.

Photographer Assists.

Dick Sallman of 856 N. Bailey
had Star-Telegram Photographer
Al Panzera to thank for possibly
saving his life. Panzera called
Sallman at 6:30 a. m. to warn
him that the levee had broken.
Sallman left a new automobile



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

FLOOD WATERS—From the Paddock Viaduct looking west can be seen a small portion of the area submerged by the Clear Fork of the Trinity River. Texas Electric Service Company equipment is in the foreground.



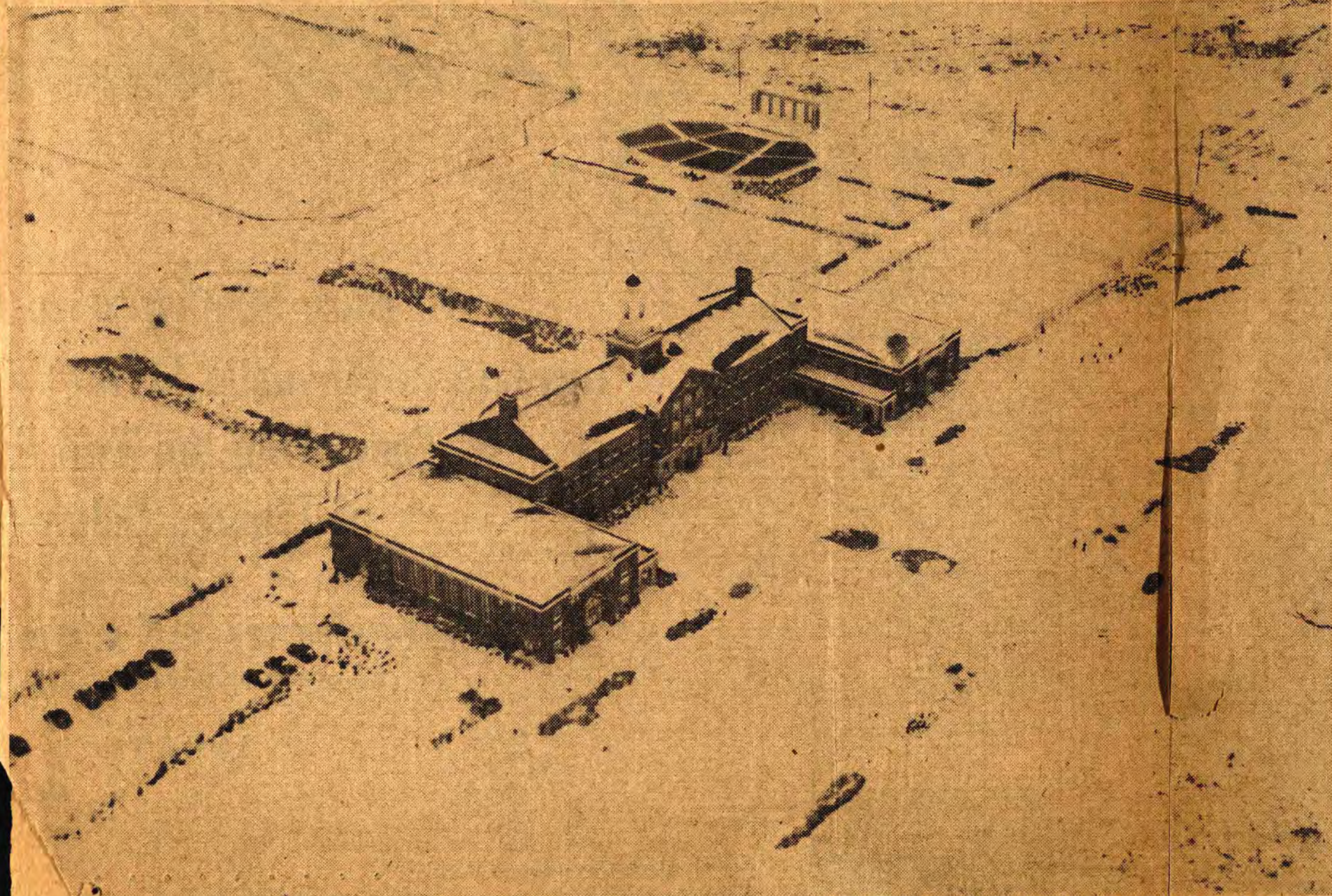
—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

TRAFFIC SNARLED—One of the worst traffic jams in the memory of Fort Worth traffic officers developed Tuesday morning on North Main, with the Paddock Viaduct catching the brunt of it when West Side motorists, coming across on 28th St., merged with North Side traffic, all heading for the downtown section.

Negro Girl, Rescued by Police,

Degrees Forecast for Tonight

Novelty to Fort Worth Students--If Students Had Been There



Cold Spell's Duration Is Near Record of 41 Years

Much of the novelty of the four-inch snow here had worn off Tuesday along with much of the snow itself from city streets and residents of Fort Worth as did those elsewhere in Texas settled back into the routine of trying to keep warm.

While no new snowfall is predicted there was little chance that much of that now on the ground would melt as continued cold weather is forecast. In Fort Worth the maximum for Tuesday is expected to be near 35 degrees in midafternoon.

The temperature is expected to dive again during the night, a low of from 5 to 10 degrees being due Wednesday morning.

Only 30 miles away in Dallas the ground temperature hit zero early Tuesday, 14 degrees under the minimum here for the same period. For Dallas it was the second coldest morning since the Weather Bureau started keeping records.

Near 1899 Record.

The prolonged cold in Fort Worth neared an all-time record as the sixth night in a row passed with temperature 16 degrees or lower. The record of eight such nights in succession was set in 1899.

Hourly temperatures in Fort Worth beginning with maximum Monday.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 4:30 p. m. . .25 | 3:30 a. m. . .17 |
| 5:30 p. m. . .23 | 4:30 a. m. . .15 |
| 6:30 p. m. . .22 | 5:30 a. m. . .17 |
| 7:30 p. m. . .21 | 6:30 a. m. . .14 |
| 8:30 p. m. . .17 | 7:30 a. m. . .17 |
| 9:30 p. m. . .18 | 8:30 a. m. . .15 |
| 10:30 p. m. . .17 | 9:30 a. m. . .18 |
| 11:30 p. m. . .17 | 10:30 a. m. . .25 |
| 12:30 p. m. . .17 | 11:30 a. m. . .30 |
| 1:30 a. m. . .19 | 12:30 p. m. . .32 |
| 2:30 a. m. . .17 | |

—Star-Telegram Photo by Paul Mallister from Ritchey Flying Service Plane.

pils in States far-
han Texas are ac-
o scenes like the
sch shows the new

Arlington Heights senior high school, campus, athletic field and outdoor theater covered with Monday's four-inch snow.

Even the streets bounding the campus, West Rosedale (front) and Hulen (west), were covered by the snow when the aerial

picture was made. No life was visible around the school, Monday being a holiday to allow teachers to finish grading last

week's midterm examination papers. The second term started Tuesday.

City Engineering Department trucks continued Tuesday to haul gravel to dams and viaducts, but new underpass for traffic Monday night.

Our Mother -- and Yours!

Many songs have been written to mother,

There is no way we have of repaying,

Public Utility and Corporation Bonds

First

These Facts

EQUALITY FOR EVERYONE

'Almanac' Predicts LBJ Year in 1964

BY JAMES RESTON

© 1963 New York Times News Service

FIERY RUN, Va., Dec. 28
The Old Virginia Farmers Almanac for 1964:

JANUARY: Outlook for the year: Stormy and windy. President Johnson orders Navy quarterback Roger Staubach to report at dawn New Year's Day for special duty in Indian Ocean: Texas beats Navy in Cotton Bowl, 27-7 . . . Governor Rockefeller of New York challenges Senator Goldwater to debate the presidential issues in New Hampshire; Harold Stassen accepts . . . President Johnson introduces Old Frontier program, calls for economy and a bigger budget . . . Y. A. Tittle elected "Bald Eagle of the Year."

FEBRUARY: Postoffice Department announces that 67 towns, 1,583 streets, 30 airports, and 12 rivers in the United States are now named Kennedy . . . Unemployment total reaches 4,500,000.

Walter Reuther demands two-day work week at triple pay . . . Republicans, in Lincoln Day speeches, condemn both the New Frontier and the Old Frontier as extravagant failures . . . Democrats, in Jefferson-Jackson Day speeches, hail LBJ as "progressive conservative" and as "moderate liberal" . . . Former presidents Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower, Alf Landon, Tom Dewey, Richard Nixon, Martin Luther King, Senator Russell, George Meany and Henry Ford all have breakfast at the White House on George Washington's birthday.

MARCH: President Johnson gives up the telephone for Lent . . . The Defense Department closes up 347 obsolete military bases, Secretary of Defense McNamara is hung in effigy in Dayton, Ohio . . . The foreign aid administration is reorganized for the 27th time since the war . . . New Hampshire women stage sit-down against all male politicians, elect Senator Margaret Chase Smith as the state's Republican presidential nominee . . . LBJ goes to ranch for Texas Independence Day, plays host to all Latin American presidents, former presidents and future presidents at deer sausage cookout . . .

APRIL: Public Health Service, after 18-year study, announces that there is no definite proof that cigaret smoking is a cure for cancer; Winston Salem, N. C., threatens to bolt Democratic Party . . . Senator Byrd of Virginia opens National Laugh Week with announcement that he may support President's tax bill . . . Harold Stassen enters Wisconsin primary election, changes his name to Kennedy . . . Bobby

Baker gives his entire fortune to the Boy Scouts of America, denies that he ever heard of Lyndon Johnson . . . President De Gaulle closes all Paris restaurants to representatives of NATO countries . . .

MAY: Russians celebrate May Day by shooting Khrushchev to the moon and landing him back in Red Square . . . Cries of "Bread! Bread!" greet his return . . . Dean Acheson, Abe Fortas, Ben Cohen and Clark Clifford form organization called "Gray Eminences Incorporated;" call for election of President Johnson . . . Margaret Chase Smith sweeps the West Virginia and Oregon primary elections . . . Eisenhower calls emergency meeting of Republican men at his farm in Gettysburg.

JUNE: Senator Russell of Georgia opens Senate filibuster on civil rights bill by reading 27-volume history of the old Confederacy . . . President Johnson, back on the telephone, puts in conference call to every phone owner in the country to wish them a pleasant summer . . . 500,000 young Americans graduate from college, 2,000,000 more drop out of high school, unemployment total reaches 5,000,000, President Johnson calls for war on poverty, Senator Goldwater tells the Senate, "the greatest man in history was the poorest" . . . Margaret Chase Smith wins California primary.

JULY: Republicans meet for nominating convention in San Francisco, change name of hall to "Bull Palace," and ban all Republican women at the door . . . After two-week deadlock, Chief Justice Earl Warren of California is nominated for the presidency and Milton Eisenhower for the vice presidency . . . Margaret Chase Smith elected president of "Republi-

can Women for Johnson" committee . . .

AUGUST: Senator Russell finishes reading history of the Confederacy in the Senate . . . Senator Byrd announces he will vote for Johnson rather than Warren but is still against the tax bill . . . President Johnson nominated by acclamation on first ballot at Atlantic City, Hubert Humphrey nominated for Vice President after Johnson says: "Clear it with Meany."

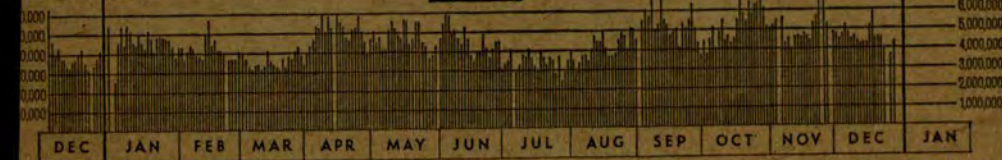
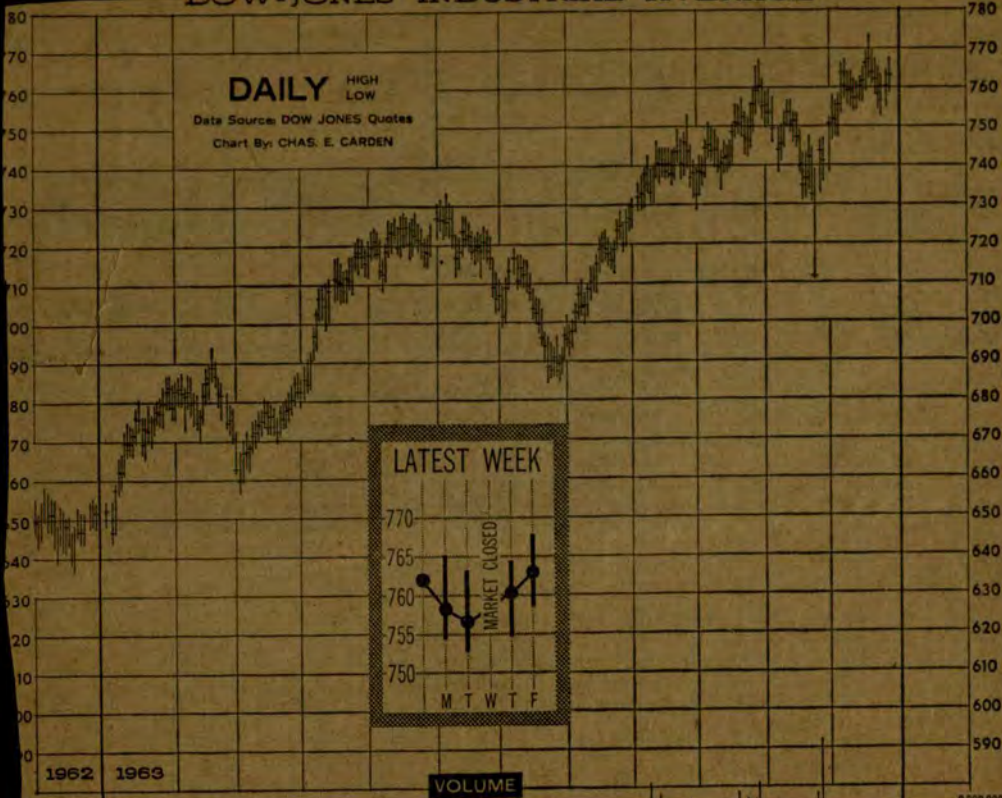
SEPTEMBER: Los Angeles Dodgers win National League pennant by 27½ games, Sandy Koufax pitches four straight over the Yankees in the World Series . . . Justice Warren campaigns from Pittsburgh through Philadelphia, New York, Hartford and Boston on foot to prove he's fit . . . Labor Party wins British election . . . President De Gaulle bars all Americans from all bars in Paris.

OCTOBER: President Johnson promises five-day week for all wives if elected, and appoints Margaret Chase Smith secretary of defense . . . "I'm for equality in everything," he says in a telephone recording for all phones, "equality of the sexes, the races, the North and the South."

NOVEMBER: Khrushchev takes all his troops out of Cuba on eve of election, Castro denounces communism . . . President De Gaulle says he will co-operate with any American president except Johnson or Warren . . . Johnson is re-elected by popular majority of 19,000,000.

DECEMBER: "I'm very gratified," the President says, "and I wish you all a happy new year, especially the women."

DOW-JONES INDUSTRIAL AVERAGE



DOWN AND UP—Two days of weakness before the Christmas holiday were followed by two days of advance that left the

average only slightly changed. Week's high 767.77; week's low 752.82; week's close 762.95; week's gain 0.87.

stocks that might act that way will be issues among the depressed capital goods groups like machinery, business machines, electronics, some chemicals, coals, aluminums, railroad equipments, rubbers and papers.

puzzling questions of the 1963 stock market—which is best expressed with the query "Where is the public?" Much has been made of the fact that the data on odd-lot transactions have shown with almost no interruptions a preponderance of sales over purchases, and this has been taken to mean

that the public has been out of the market ever since the May, 1962 "Black Monday" and subsequent weakness.

SOME HAVE SAID that a controlling factor in the purchase of equities by small investors is often the relative yields available on savings

| Stock & Div. | Sales | 00. | High. | Low. | Close | Net Ch. |
|---------------|-------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| CornGp3.50 | .50 | 91 1/2 | 91 1/2 | 91 1/2 | 91 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| Coty Inc | 3 | 10 3/4 | 10 3/4 | 10 3/4 | 10 3/4 | - 3/8 |
| CotyIntl.20g | 12 | 5 | 4 3/4 | 5 | 5 | - 1/2 |
| CraneCo 2 | 58 | 60 | 59 | 59 | 59 | - 1/2 |
| Cranef3.75 | 4 | 84 | 83 | 84 | 84 | - 1/2 |
| CrowCo 2 | 49 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| CrowColl.75f | 27 | 24 | 23 | 23 1/2 | 23 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| CrownCkn1.20 | 278 | 19 1/2 | 18 | 19 1/2 | 19 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| CrownCkn2 | 350 | 32 1/2 | 30 1/2 | 31 3/4 | 31 3/4 | + 1/2 |
| CrownZell1.80 | 3 | 48 1/2 | 48 | 48 1/2 | 48 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| CruzZof4.20 | 198 | 35 1/2 | 34 1/2 | 35 1/2 | 35 1/2 | - 2 1/2 |
| CueSil.80 | 166 | 22 1/2 | 21 3/4 | 21 3/4 | 21 3/4 | + 1/2 |
| CueSilpf5.25 | 1 | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| FSCp.60xd | 49 | 21 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| GudahyPk | 146 | 7 1/2 | 6 1/2 | 7 | 7 | + 1/2 |
| GudahyPf | 7 | 5 1/2 | 5 1/2 | 5 1/2 | 5 1/2 | + 2 1/2 |
| GenePress.80 | 4 | 10 1/2 | 10 1/2 | 10 1/2 | 10 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| GeneDe.80 | 19 | 19 1/2 | 19 1/2 | 19 1/2 | 19 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| GenePub | 125 | 8 1/2 | 7 3/4 | 7 3/4 | 7 3/4 | - 1/2 |
| GenePubInf | 21 | 38 1/2 | 37 1/2 | 38 | 38 | - 1/2 |
| GenePubInf | 6 | 12 1/2 | 12 1/2 | 12 1/2 | 12 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| GeneWrl | 320 | 13 1/2 | 12 1/2 | 13 1/2 | 13 1/2 | + 3/8 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 5 | 35 1/2 | 35 1/2 | 35 1/2 | 35 1/2 | + 3/8 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 38 | 38 | 36 1/2 | 37 1/2 | 37 1/2 | - 3/4 |
| GeneWrlA2 | | D | | | | |
| GeneWrlA2 | 65 | 17 1/2 | 17 | 17 1/2 | 17 1/2 | + 1/4 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 29 | 41 1/2 | 41 1/2 | 41 1/2 | 41 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 30 | 90 1/2 | 90 1/2 | 90 1/2 | 90 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 53 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 50 | 23 | 22 1/2 | 23 | 23 | - 1/2 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 60 | 85 1/2 | 85 1/2 | 85 1/2 | 85 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| GeneWrlA2 | 20 | 87 1/2 | 87 1/2 | 87 1/2 | 87 1/2 | - 1/2 |

TOP STOCKS OF THE WEEK

| 1963 | 1963 | | Sales | High | Low | Close | Chg. | Pct. |
|---------|--------|---------------|---------|---------|--------|---------|--------|-------|
| High | Low | | | | | | | |
| 22 1/2 | 12 1/2 | Sperry Rand | 330,100 | 22 1/2 | 20 1/2 | 20 1/2 | -1 | -4.57 |
| 20 1/2 | 10 1/2 | Brunswick | 280,800 | 11 1/4 | 10 1/4 | 11 1/4 | + 7/8 | +8.93 |
| 99 1/2 | 51 | Chrysler | 220,000 | 90 1/4 | 84 | 84 1/2 | -4 1/2 | -5.44 |
| 113 1/2 | 36 1/2 | Control Data | 154,600 | 108 1/2 | 98 1/4 | 104 1/4 | +2 1/2 | +2.44 |
| 74 1/2 | 59 1/2 | Texaco | 153,500 | 69 1/2 | 66 1/2 | 69 1/2 | +1 1/2 | +2.39 |
| 57 1/2 | 43 1/2 | U S Steel | 147,300 | 53 1/2 | 52 | 53 | + 3/4 | +7.1 |
| 76 1/2 | 58 1/2 | Std Oil N J | 140,200 | 76 1/2 | 74 1/2 | 74 1/2 | -1 1/2 | -2.10 |
| 91 1/2 | 57 1/2 | Gen Motors | 139,100 | 79 1/4 | 76 1/2 | 77 1/2 | + 1/2 | +8.2 |
| 25 1/2 | 13 1/4 | Penn RR | 132,100 | 25 1/2 | 23 1/2 | 25 1/2 | +1 1/2 | +4.68 |
| 102 1/2 | 56 | Radio Cp Am | 129,800 | 96 1/4 | 94 | 95 1/2 | - 1/2 | -3.9 |
| 24 1/2 | 17 1/2 | Am Mch & Fdy | 127,900 | 19 | 17 1/2 | 18 1/2 | +1 | +5.59 |
| 34 1/2 | 28 1/2 | Beth Steel | 120,800 | 31 1/2 | 30 1/2 | 30 1/2 | - 3/4 | -2.48 |
| 9 1/4 | 5 1/4 | Studebaker | 113,900 | 6 1/4 | 5 1/2 | 6 1/4 | + 1/4 | +4.25 |
| 23 | 16 | Am Motors | 107,600 | 18 1/2 | 18 | 18 1/2 | | |
| 41 1/2 | 31 1/2 | Westing Elec. | 106,200 | 34 | 32 1/2 | 33 1/2 | +1 1/4 | +3.84 |
| 87 | 77 1/2 | | 100,000 | 86 1/2 | 79 1/2 | 83 | +2 1/2 | +3.54 |
| | | | 100,000 | 47 1/2 | 46 1/2 | 46 1/2 | - 1/2 | -1.30 |
| | | | 100,000 | 45 1/2 | 42 | 42 1/2 | -2 1/2 | -5.57 |
| | | | 100,000 | 21 1/2 | 21 | 21 1/2 | + 3/8 | +4.16 |
| | | | 100,000 | 50 1/2 | 48 1/2 | 50 1/4 | +1 1/4 | +2.52 |

LEADERS

| | | | | | |
|-----|--------|---------|-------|---------|--------|
| 100 | 135 | 100 1/2 | 135 | +30 1/2 | +29.20 |
| 100 | 1 1/4 | 1 1/4 | 1 1/4 | + 3/8 | +27.27 |
| 100 | 1 1/2 | 3/4 | 1 1/2 | + 3/8 | +50.00 |
| 100 | 10 1/4 | 8 1/4 | 9 3/4 | +1 1/2 | +16.41 |
| 100 | 1/2 | 3/8 | 3/8 | | |

| Stock & Div. | Sales | 00. | High. | Low. | Close | Net Ch. |
|---------------|-------|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Cent 2 | 13 | 51 1/2 | 50 1/4 | 51 1/4 | 51 1/4 | - 1/2 |
| Pw 1.40 | 69 | 40 1/2 | 40 | 40 | 40 | -1 |
| P pf 2.04 | 60 | 46 | 45 1/2 | 46 | 46 | + 1/2 |
| Hian H. 40 | 153 | 14 1/2 | 14 1/2 | 14 1/2 | 14 1/2 | + 1/4 |
| Gen 80 | 151 | 24 1/2 | 22 1/2 | 24 1/2 | 24 1/2 | + 1 |
| SL xd 1.20 | 72 | 32 1/2 | 31 1/2 | 32 1/2 | 32 1/2 | + 1 |
| EM .40x | 14 | 5 | 4 1/2 | 5 | 5 | - 1/2 |
| Rd 3a | 74 | 81 1/2 | 79 1/2 | 80 1/2 | 80 1/2 | + 1 |
| and S 1.80 | 170 | 45 | 44 1/2 | 44 1/2 | 44 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| sp C 1.20h | 51 | 35 1/4 | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| ercher 1.40 | 24 | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2 | 34 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| ter pf 1.50 | 320 | 99 1/2 | 99 1/2 | 99 1/2 | 99 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| ter 1.60 | 23 | 24 1/2 | 23 1/2 | 24 1/2 | 24 1/2 | + 3/8 |
| BM 4 | 356 | 497 1/4 | 482 1/4 | 493 1/2 | 493 1/2 | +10 |
| nt Har 2.40 | 114 | 59 1/2 | 58 | 59 1/2 | 59 1/2 | +1 1/2 |
| nt H pf 7 | 90 | 163 | 162 1/2 | 163 | 163 | + 1/2 |
| nt Min 1.80a | 140 | 59 1/2 | 57 1/2 | 59 1/2 | 59 1/2 | + 3/8 |
| nt Min .30d | 37 | 7 1/2 | 7 1/2 | 7 1/2 | 7 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| nt N 2.20a | 355 | 63 1/2 | 62 1/2 | 63 1/2 | 63 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| nt Pack 1 | 113 | 16 1/2 | 15 1/2 | 16 1/2 | 16 1/2 | + 1/4 |
| nt P 1.05b | 523 | 31 1/2 | 31 1/2 | 31 1/2 | 31 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| nt P pf 4 | 1 | 99 1/2 | 99 1/2 | 99 1/2 | 99 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| nt PC 1 | 52 | 26 | 25 1/2 | 25 1/2 | 25 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| nt Pipe pf | 5 | 105 | 104 | 105 | 105 | +2 |
| nt RvsCam | 9 | 8 1/2 | 8 1/2 | 8 1/2 | 8 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| nt R pf | 4.10 | 51 1/2 | 49 1/2 | 50 | 50 | + 1 |
| nt Recif | 171 | 6 1/2 | 6 1/2 | 6 1/2 | 6 1/2 | + 3/8 |
| nt Res 40a | 119 | 21 1/2 | 20 1/4 | 21 1/2 | 21 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |
| nt Salt 4 | 16 | 77 1/2 | 75 | 76 1/4 | 76 1/4 | + 1/4 |
| nt Shoe 1.20 | 68 | 25 | 24 1/2 | 24 1/2 | 24 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| nt Silv 1.10b | 61 | 36 1/2 | 35 1/2 | 35 1/2 | 35 1/2 | - 1/2 |
| nt T&T1 | 299 | 54 1/2 | 53 | 54 1/2 | 54 1/2 | + 1/2 |
| nt T&T2 | 16.80 | 107 1/2 | 106 | 106 1/2 | 106 1/2 | - 1/4 |
| nt T&T3 | 2.50 | 108 | 107 | 107 1/2 | 107 1/2 | + 1 1/2 |

DWIGHT EISENHOWER: HE NOW WILL LEAD HIS NATION IN FIGHT FOR PEACE



TEXAS-BORN, ARMY-TRAINED — David Dwight Eisenhower was born Oct 14, 1890 in Denison, son of David and Ida Stover Eisenhower. His mother later switched first names when he was a baby, left. Ike attended West Point, won fame in World War I as a tank expert, as a lieutenant, right, later served with Gen MacArthur in the Philippines.



HE TRADED UNIFORMS, BUT REMAINED A LEADER—Gen Eisenhower traded his uniform for civilian garb in the spring, but continued to exhibit his powers of leadership in the races for nomination and election. The donkey he displays here isn't the Republican symbol; it is Denmark's highest decoration—The Order of Knight of the Elephant—usually awarded only to princes of royal blood.



LIBERATOR OF EUROPE—Late in 1943, the success of the African and Italian campaigns boosted Ike into the position of Allied commander. He combined skill and daring in opening the Second Front, smashed the Germans in less than a year from D-Day—June 6, 1944.



IKE AND MOTHER—Ike's parents met while attending college in Kansas, married and spent two years in Texas where Ike was born. He was reared in Abilene, Kan. Ike held a post-war reunion with his mother in 1945, she died next year at 84.



COLLEGE PRESIDENT, EUROPE'S PROTECTOR—Ike retired in 1952 to become president of Columbia University, was recalled to temporary duty in 1950 as head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The next year, he was named by 12 countries as Supreme Allied Commander in Europe to build the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's international army.



THEIR SON SERVES, TOO—Major John Eisenhower kissed his parents good-by July 17 on his way to Korea. John graduated from West Point on D-Day, later served in Europe.



NATION'S FAVORITE COUPLE—Ike and Mamie Geneva Doud of Denver, Colo., were married in 1916. She toured with Ike at home and abroad during Army days, proved an ardent campaigner.

PHOTOS BY ASSOCIATED PRESS



THE BIG FOUR—Richard and Patricia Nixon, Ike and Mamie Eisenhower carried the Republican banner to all points of the nation. Dick and Pat successfully rallied, via radio and television, from Democrat charges

against his expense fund. All four increased their reputations for sincerity and friendliness, for integrity and character. Both the Republican nominees are well-versed in handling national affairs.



FIRST CAMPAIGN KISS—The honor of bestowing the first kiss on the cheek to Candidate Eisenhower belongs to Priscilla Bell, 5½, of Washington who bussed Ike when he returned from Europe.



GENIAL—"I Like Ike" buttons sprouted on lapels throughout the nation when the general became a candidate. But he turned up at the convention with a political talisman all his own.



IN HOUSTON—Republican Committeeman Jack Porter, Mamie and Ike chat in Houston where the general attracted crowds estimated up to 65,000. It was his birthday, he cut cakes galore.—POST Photo



BUT THE VOTERS LOVED HIM—Ike had his troubles with 10-month-old Yvone Luttrell, but millions of Americans marked their ballots Tuesday for him in a record election.



SHE LIKES IT COLD

Kathy, 10-month-old Jersey entrant in the 4-H Dairy Show in Orlando, Fla., likes a cooling drink. So her young owner took her to a drinking fountain to slake her thirst. He is John Arnold Whitaker of Ocoee.—AP Wirephoto

ROKs LAUNCH ATTACK

Bloody Battle Ends Uneasy Korean Lull

SEOUL, Nov 5—(P)—The bloody battles for Triangle Hill and Sniper Ridge erupted in new fury early Tuesday after a day of uneasy, frost-nipped calm.

South Korean infantrymen jumped off in a surprise attack on Triangle Hill just before 9:30 p.m. within an hour had captured the Red-held crest.

After attempting to hand-grenade the range, they were pinned down by Chinese mortars and artillery fire 10 yards from the top.

SOME 300 CHINESE Reds assaulted South Koreans on Pinpoint Hill, top of Sniper Ridge about a mile away. They were stopped and fell into an exchange of rifle fire with the South Koreans at 200 yards.

AP Correspondent John Randolph said both hills in the Kumhwa Valley echoed to artillery of both sides. He said there had been comparatively little fire Tuesday, and no ground contact.

THE LAST fighting of consequence came early Tuesday when Allied defenders hurled back 300 Chinese Communists assaulting Sniper Ridge in the center and a battalion of North Koreans who attacked Heartbreak Ridge in the east.

The North Koreans beefed up their Heartbreak Ridge attack with some 5,000 rounds of artillery and mortar fire and stabbed six times along a four-mile front. Entrenched Allied troops drove back 400 to 600 Reds in three hours of hard fighting.

Both Randolph and Correspondent William C. Barnard on the Western Front reported increased interest in the last two days in the presidential contest at home.

CHILLED GIs from seven American divisions and their supporting forces back of the frontlines huddled around portable radios in bunkers and at headquarters sets. A stream of election bulletins, beamed by the Armed Forces Radio, was transmitted as soon as they became available.

Interest in the election was sharpened by the prominence of the Korean War as an issue in the closing days of the campaign and by Gen Dwight Eisenhower's pledge to visit Korea if elected.

One of the most vitally concerned soldiers of all was a young operations officer of the U. S. Third Division—Major John Eisenhower.

"I'm mighty proud of the race he ran. Win or lose the old man has played it straight, and doesn't need to apologize to anyone," said the only son of the general.

THE LULL on the fighting front also extended to the air war over Northwest Korea. Saboteurs patrolling MIG Alley near the Manchurian border reported no contact with the Red Air Force.

Fifth Air Force fighter bombers darting through cloudy skies bombed and strafed Red targets in scattered areas behind the front.

Advertisement

ANDRUFF ITCHY SCALP

Buy BAKER'S HAIR TONIC where you trade. It will bring relief or the makers will refund your money.

U.S. Orders Increase in ROK Army

TOKYO, Nov 5—(P)—The American commander of the Korean military advisory group said Wednesday Washington had ordered a "substantial" increase in the size of the present 10-division South Korean army.

Brig Gen Cornelius Ryan said in a telephone interview from his Taegu headquarters:

"The exact size of the increase . . . is classified information, but it's going to be substantial."

The Defense Department confirmed last week that it had approved a recommendation by Gen Mark Clark, Far Eastern commander, to increase the Republic of Korea Army by "several divisions."

An earlier recommendation by Gen James A. Van Fleet, U.S. Eighth Army commander, that the ROK Army be increased was turned down as premature by Gen Matthew B. Ridgway, then supreme commander.

Gen Dwight Eisenhower made a campaign issue of the Korean Army, and read a copy of a letter from Van Fleet to support his contention that South Korean troops should replace American troops on the front lines.

Dr Jones To Speak Today

Dr Mary Alice Jones, director of the Department of Christian Education of Children for the Methodist Church's General Board of Education, will deliver two addresses Wednesday at the First Methodist Church.

She will speak at 10 AM on "The Use of the Bible With Children" and at 1:30 PM on "Faith of Our Children."

Discussions will follow each talk. Mrs. C. E. Chinn of 1520 Branard Ave., director of children's work for the Texas Conference of the Methodist Church, will be in charge of the program.

Dr Jones is well known as an author of children's books. Before assuming her present position, she was children's book editor for the Rand McNally Company for five years, and director of children's work for the International Council of Religious Education for 16 years.

Dr Jones will also make two other talks here, one at 9:45 AM Sunday at Saint Luke's Methodist Church, another at 7:30 PM Sunday at the First Methodist Church.

Pact Negotiations

WASHINGTON, Nov 4—(UP)—The United States and Spain are making good progress in negotiating a military and an economic agreement in Madrid, official sources reported Tuesday.

Morale in North Korea Believed at Lowest Ebb

WASHINGTON, Nov 4—(P)—Civilian morale in North Korea is so demoralized that the majority of the population would welcome a United Nations offensive to end the war, a Defense

Department analysis said Tuesday.

It added that should such an offensive develop, "The United Nations command would meet either civilian co-operation or at the least passiveness on their part."

The report was prepared by headquarters of the Far East Command. It said the morale of

the destitute civilian population of North Korea is at its lowest point, and that the near-famine conditions exist in many areas.

It added that although morale is approaching "catastrophic depths," rigid Communist control will prevent the situation from interfering greatly with the Red military effort.

And it cautioned that Commu-

nist military forces have fared better at the expense of the civilians, that their combat effectiveness is good, and that the morale of the hardened Communist troops is excellent.

Bombing attacks by the UN destroyed or damaged 80 per cent of all the power-producing facilities in North Korea.

Airman Killed

DENISON, Nov 4—(P)—A Peorin Air Force Base airman, Sgt Edgar C. Hilty of Memphis, Tenn., was killed early Tuesday in a car-truck collision. Leo Hamilton of Independence, Mo., driver of the truck, was not injured.

-  "Contour" by Towle **74.40**
-  "King Richard" by Towle **80.20**
-  "Old Master" by Towle **66.60**
-  "Sweetheart Rose" by Lunt **63.00**
-  "Damask Rose" by Heirloom **55.00**
-  "Rosepoint" by Wallace **66.40**
-  "Grand Baroque" by Wallace **82.00**
-  "Prelude" by International **55.00**
-  "Wedgewood" by International **55.00**
-  "Wild Rose" by International **55.00**
-  "Blossom Time" by International **55.00**
-  "French Provincial" by Towle **66.60**

Lovely Sterling for holiday tables! Easy to buy on Foley's Club Plan

Start your silver flatware service now . . . enjoy using it while you pay for it on Foley's Club Plan: no interest or carrying charge, no down payment, up to 12 months to pay (5.00 minimum per month)! Choose from magnificent patterns by Wallace, International, Towle, Lunt, Heirloom and Watson!

Prices quoted are for 12-pc. luncheon-size starter sets (tax included):

- 4 Knives, 4 Forks, 4 Teaspoons

Anti-tarnish silver chest at no extra charge!

Silver,
Foley's Fifth Floor

Lined Faille Draw Draperies

in two lovely floral patterns!

Special! 13⁹⁹ pr.

Each side 48" pleated to 24"x90" long

Give your living room a cozy charm this Winter with these flowered traverse draperies! Everfast acetate-rayon faille of heavy quality . . . cambric-lined to hold their soft, graceful folds! Pinch-pleated tops are buckram-reinforced. Pin several pairs together for extra-wide windows!

Predominating colors: white, blue, green, grey, rose, beige

Order by mail or dial AT-3311 for "Telephone Shopping Service" Draperies, Foley's Fourth Floor



Ceramic Planter Lamps . . . Buy

for yourself, for gifts, at savings!

Reg. 12.99 **8⁹⁹**

Three attractive styles in combination planters and lamps (plants not included). They add charm to any room . . . on tables, shelf brackets, your mantel or television set! Shades especially designed for each lamp style! All with removable ceramic planter bowls.

- A. Lamp 26" high. Black, green, or chartreuse base; red, jade, or chartreuse shade.
- B. Lamp 23" high. Black, green, or chartreuse base; red, white or chartreuse pagoda shade.
- C. Lamp 23" high. Black, green, or chartreuse base; red, jade, or chartreuse Coolie shade.

Order by mail or dial AT-3311 for "Telephone Shopping Service" Lamps, Foley's Fourth Floor

For holiday entertaining, for gifts!

Monogrammed Tumblers

Set of B **3⁰⁰**

With one initial cut by Foley's own expert glass cutter! These are the tall, all-purpose tumblers you can use daily for water, highballs, and other beverages! 11-oz. capacity. Smart modern shape with heavy sham bottoms; famous Libbey "Safedge" rims! with 3 initials . . . **3.50**

- Set of 8 Old-Fashioned, Jigger glasses, or juice glasses . . . with 3 initials . . . **3.50**
- Set of 8 Tumblers, 17-oz. . . with 1 initial . . . **3.50** with 3 initials . . . **4.00**

Order by mail or dial AT-3311 for "Telephone Shopping Service" Glassware, Foley's Fifth Floor



FOLEY'S

Store Hours: Monday 12 noon till 9 p.m.; Tuesday-Saturday 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.



ON WAY TO CAPITOL—With smiles and a wave, President Harry Truman and his successor, Dwight D. Eisenhower, leave the White House in an open car on their way to the Capitol for inauguration ceremonies. In the car with them are Sen Styles Bridges, front, of New Hampshire, and House Speaker Joseph Martin.

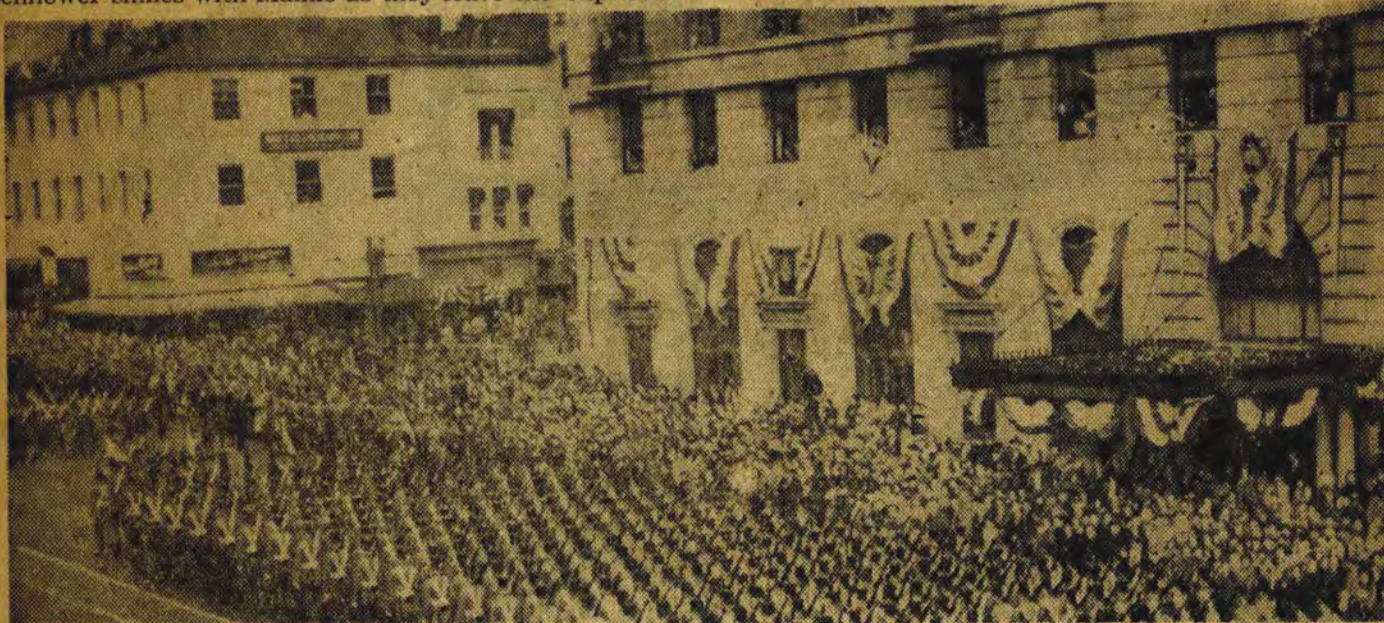


EISENHOWER BECOMES PRESIDENT—A new political era began Tuesday when Chief Justice Fred Vinson, left, administered the short oath of office to President Eisenhower. Justice Vinson also was the swearing-in official at the Truman inauguration. In the center is Supreme Court Clerk Harold B. Willey.

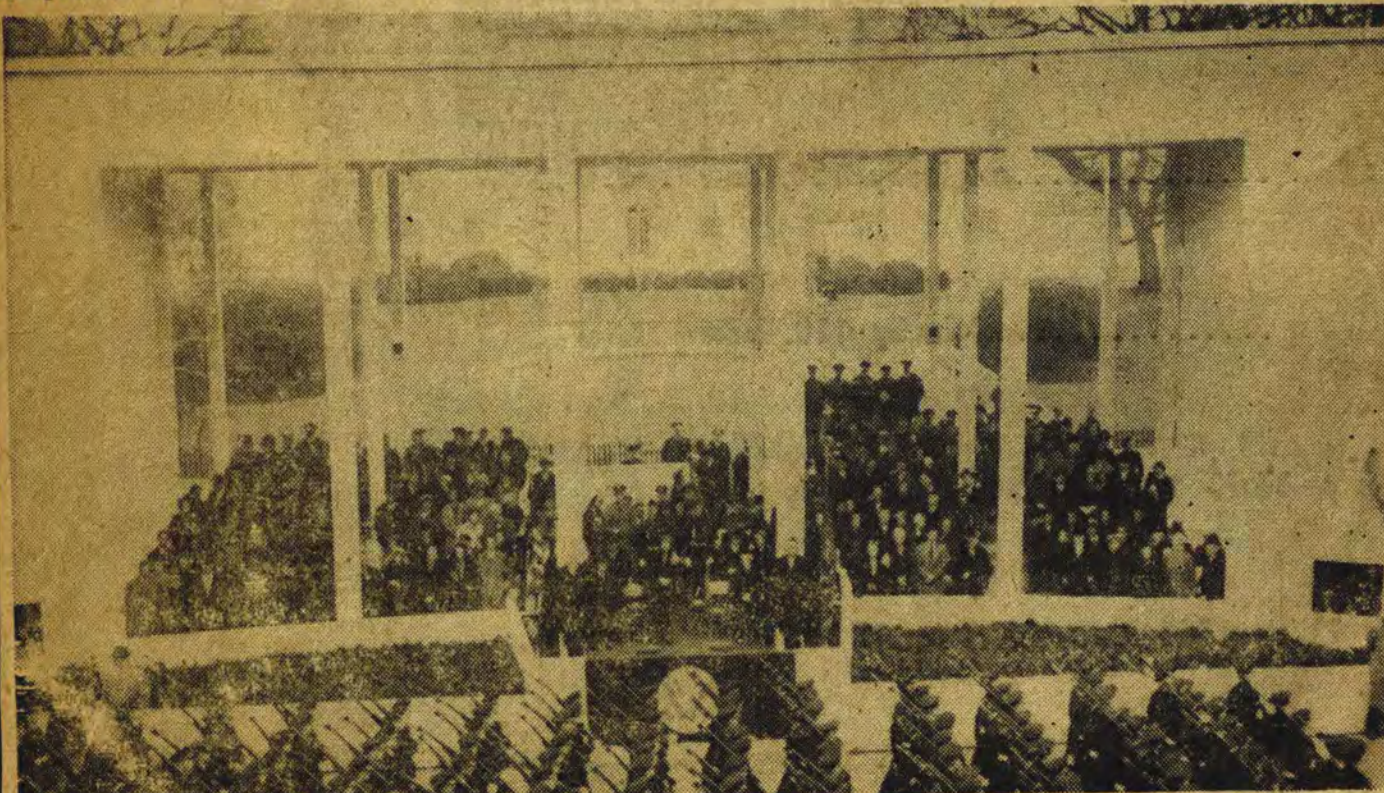
Scenes As Soldier-Statesman Becomes the 34th President



HE'S THE PRESIDENT, NOW—Waving the black Homburg hat which broke a century-old tradition, Mr Eisenhower smiles with Mamie as they leave the Capitol to start the inaugural parade to the White House reviewing stands. Mr Eisenhower and Mamie entered the White House for the first time after the inauguration, at 6:02 PM CST.



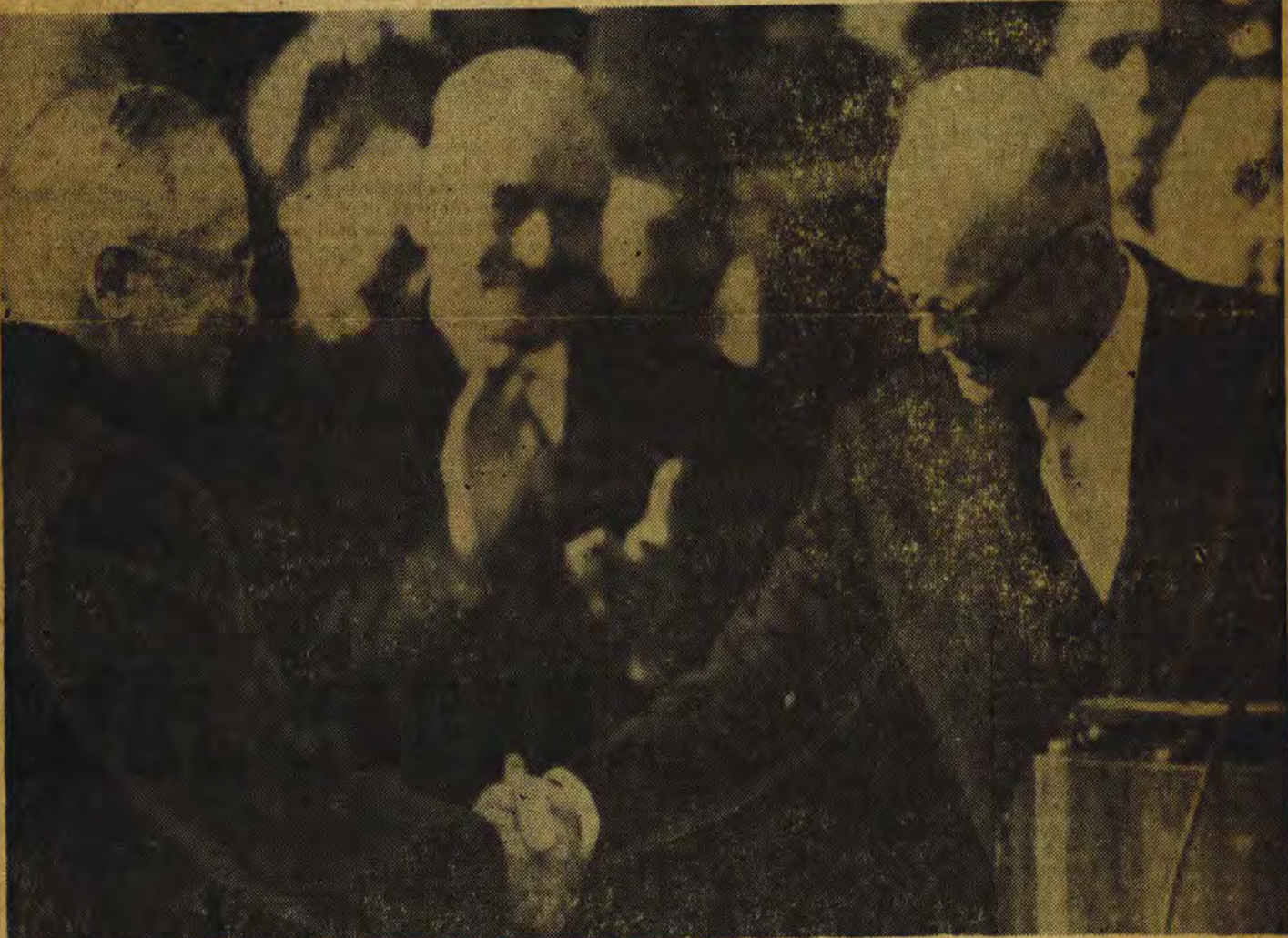
CADETS SWING ALONG—West Point cadets swing along the inaugural parade route in perfect unison as spectators lean out of windows and gaze from rooftops at the colorful ceremonies. The cadets are marching past the Washington Hotel. The parade ended at 6 PM CST after five hours 10 minutes of marching by thousands.



MIDDIES MARCH IN REVIEW—In ruler-straight lines, midshipmen from the United States Naval Academy march past the reviewing stand. In the center are President Eisenhower and members of the inaugural party. The White House is in the background. A warm sun struggled through a haze as the parade began.



A NEW PRESIDENT SPEAKS—At times solemn and sometimes almost grim, the new President of the United States addresses his people and tells them: "A soldier's pack is not so heavy a burden as a prisoner's chains."



CONGRATULATIONS!—President Eisenhower smilingly leans over to accept congratulations from Harry Truman, a man who knows from eight years of first-hand experience the tremendous responsibilities the soldier-statesman will face in the White House in the years to come.



TWO GRACIOUS LADIES—Mamie Eisenhower, right, and Bess Truman have smiles for everyone along the route as they ride to the Capitol. They rode in a car behind their President husbands. It was Mrs Truman's last official journey in nearly eight years as first lady of the land.—AP Wirephotos

Ultimatum Is Defied in Prison Riot

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Jan 20—(UP)—Hard-core prisoners in the main cell block of riot-torn Rockview Penitentiary took a "nothing doing" stand Tuesday night to Gov John S. Fine's ultimatum to end their uprising, but inmates in the smaller "B" and "C" areas surrendered.

After talking with the revolting convicts, State Atty Gen Robert E. Woodside said:

"We are making progress. The men in these two cellblocks agreed to end the riot and return to their cells."

BUT THE 325 inmates in the main cell block gave their answer with two random pistol shots.

First to give in were the men in "B" block. They agreed to return to their cells on condition they were fed and that their committee be allowed to meet with state officials to present grievances.

The "C" block inmates quickly followed suit.

However, six prison guards still were held hostage in the main cell block. Inmates in that block also were in possession of six guns seized from the guards.

WOODSIDE SAID that the disorder here was directly linked with the 24-hour riot at Western Penitentiary in Pittsburgh, which ended Monday night when more than 1,100 prisoners came to terms. He refused further comment on the ties.

Earlier Tuesday night, Deputy State Atty Gen Edward Friedman said he visited the cell blocks to get the rioters' decision on the governor's deadline.

Friedman said the 325 prisoners in the main cell block told him "nothing doing."

"The governor's message was just what we are protesting," Friedman quoted the prisoners as saying. "We want the situation cleared up, but the governor now threatens to add more time to our sentences."

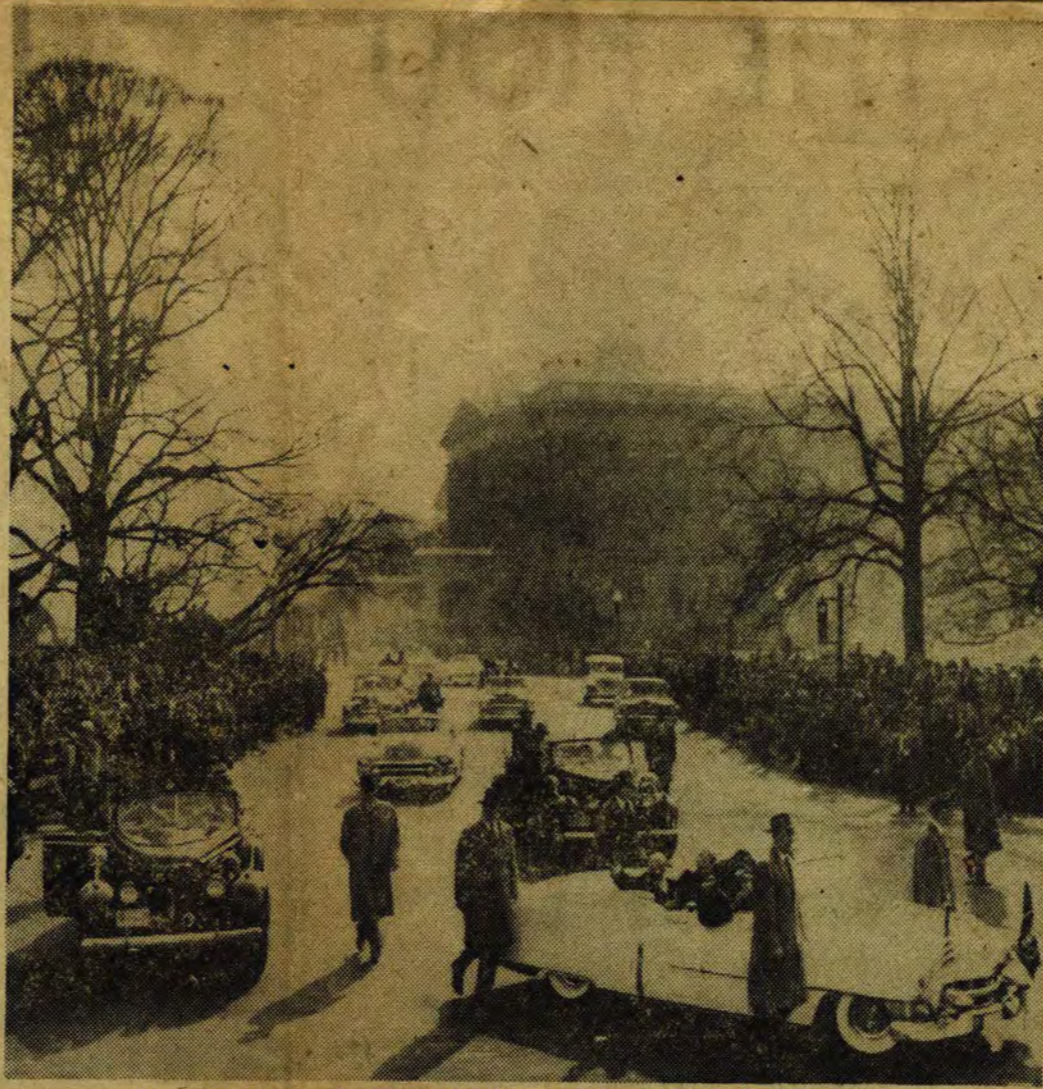
"WE'RE KEEPING the guards and the guns," they shouted.

If the order was not met, Fine said he would see to it that "substantial time" was added to the inmates' present terms.

'Freedom Shrine' To Be Given UH

"The Freedom Shrine," a collection of authentic duplicates of 65 historic documents, will be presented to the University of Houston Wednesday by the Downtown Exchange Club of Houston.

University officials, staff members and representatives of the business men's service club will hold formal acceptance ceremonies at noon in the Ezekiel W. Cullen Auditorium.



BIG PARADE TURNS DOWN CONSTITUTION AVENUE Riding in the Open Car and Waving Are the Eisenhowers

—AP Wirephoto

IKE INAUGURATED

Continued From Page 1

result—they provide methods by which every participating nation will prove good faith in carrying out its pledge.

IF THE KREMLIN — whose ambassador, Georgi Zarubin, impassively sat with the diplomatic corps a few feet from where Mr Eisenhower spoke—expected words of either compromise or belligerence, its expectations were not fulfilled. He rejected both lines of action in favor of a foreign policy of peace, marked by consistency and firmness.

If, as reactions abroad have indicated, such friendly envoys as British Ambassador Sir Roger Makin and French Ambassador Henri Bonnet, feared Mr Eisenhower would turn his talk inward upon home-front issues, or speak with the voice of imperialism, they were reassured.

Destiny, Mr Eisenhower said, has laid upon the United States the responsibility of free world leadership "to meet the challenge of our time" when "freedom is pitted against slavery; light against dark."

"So it is proper," he said in vigorous, confident tones, "that we assure our friends once again that, in the discharge of this responsibility, we Americans know and observe the difference be-

he said he will be guided:

1) THE FIRST TASK of statesmanship is "to develop the strength that will deter the forces of aggression and promote the conditions of peace." He held the door open for "drastic reduction of armaments" through joint efforts "with any and all others" to remove fear and distrust among nations.

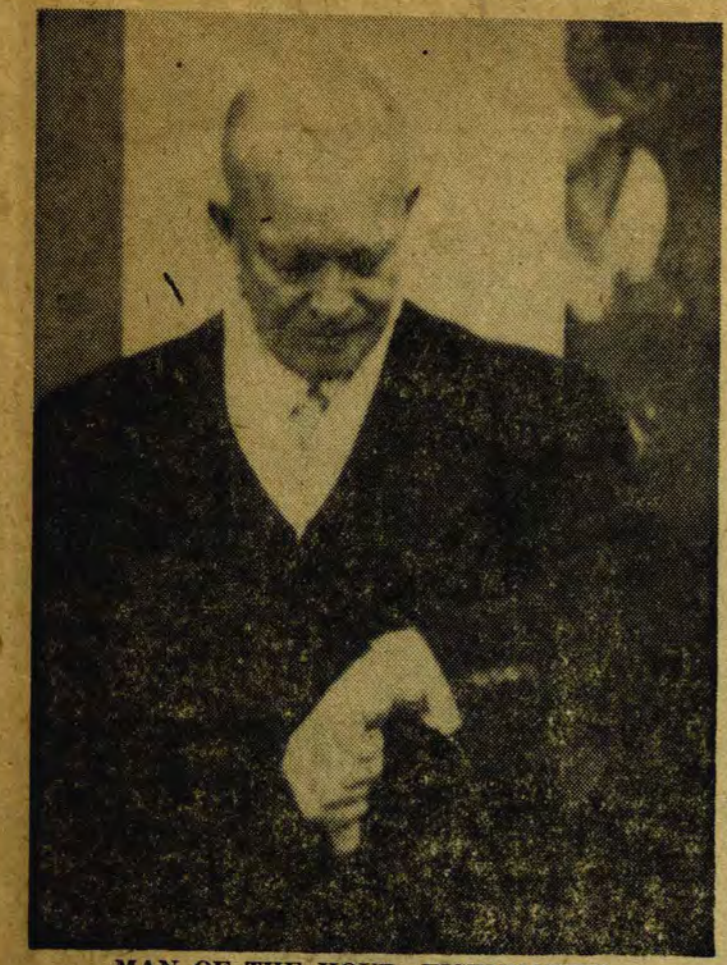
But with an apparent reference to phony peace proposals by Russia, he said such efforts must be aimed honestly at securing peace and must provide methods by which "every participating nation will prove good faith in carrying out its pledge."

2) Because appeasement is futile, the United States will "never try to placate an aggressor by the false and wicked bargain of trading honor for security."

3) American strength and security are a "trust upon which rest the hope of free men everywhere." It is the duty of every free man to place "the cause of his country before the comfort of himself."

4) THE UNITED STATES will never use its strength "to try to impress upon another people our own cherished political and economic institutions." (Mr Eisenhower may have stated this primarily as a reassurance to those Middle Eastern and Asiatic nations in which Russia has heavily emphasized its propaganda charges of a new American "imperialism" in the world.)

5) The United States will



MAN OF THE HOUR: EISENHOWER He Checks His Watch During Review of Parade

—AP Wirephoto

PARADE CROWDS

Continued From Page 1

escorting autos and shooed the people back behind the ropes.

Taking no chance on untoward incidents, police also scrambled over rooftops chasing youngsters and some not so young who had risked life and limb to reach lofty vantage points. Children perched high in treetops kept the bluecoats busy all along the route.

The big parade was late in getting started. It was scheduled to roll at 12:30 PM CST. When it finally got underway at 12:50, set in motion by a roaring 21-gun salute, the crowds, waiting expectantly in the chill, misty sunlight set up rocketing cheers.

SPEARHEADED by a V-shaped triple echelon of motorcycle police with red and white, headlights winking like fireflies, the President and Mrs Eisenhower led the 10-mile-long parade—the first time in history that a President's wife has ridden with the President in the inaugural procession.

In the past, the President and the vice president have ridden together, followed by their wives in a separate car.

But Ike, who also set a precedent by wearing a black homburg to the inauguration instead of the traditional tall silk topper and by kissing Mamie immediately after being sworn in, wanted it that way—and the crowd gave Mamie a great hand, too.

Behind the presidential car came Vice President Richard M. Nixon, just turned 40 years old, and his wife, Pat. Like Ike, Nixon stood up and waved again and again. The crowds gave them both a big hand.

DARKNESS BEGAN to come on before the long procession of more than 50 glittering floats, bright-uniformed bands, marching contingents and three highly Republican elephants was more than half past the White House reviewing stand.

Sitting alongside Mrs Eisenhower, the President roared with laughter when Missouri's "Gateway to the West" float rolled by with six beautiful girls clad in fur coats.

"Mink coats, mink coats!" spectators yelled gleefully, recalling the scandal-tinged mink coat episodes of the Truman administration.

Rumbling Patton tanks, the workhorses of the Korean War, swung along two abreast like long-snouted dinosaurs. They were followed by lighter tanks and a variety of mechanized anti-aircraft guns.

THEN CAME the giant of the arsenal—the 85-ton "atomic cannon" capable of firing atomic shells 20 miles. The 280-millimeter weapon, described by the Army as "the most devastating artillery piece" in its arsenal, was borne by two front-to-back trucks 84 feet apart.

It had been planned to have some 400 jet planes and giant B-36 intercontinental bombers zoom over the parade route, but the aerial display was called off. Officials decided it was too hazardous.

Instead, two silver Navy blimps patrolled slowly overhead.

Gray and blue-clad contingents from West Point and Annapolis—the nation's future generals and admirals—drew ohs and ahs of delight as they marched with clocklike precision along the route.

STORMS OF CONFETTI swirled down on the stiff-backed young cadets and midshipmen, and fell like snow on such diverse marching units as war-painted Indians, Kentucky Coonskin-capped hunters in Daniel Boone garb and sun-tanned bathing beauties from Florida.

Joyous wolf calls and whistles greeted high-stepping girl drum majorettes, and rebel yells, high and keening, broke out as South Carolina's contingent strutted past to the strains of "Dixie."

Despite Mr Eisenhower's preference for homburgs, silk hats were out, too. The Lincoln Republican Club of Beaver County, Pa., had its marchers adorned in tall black toppers, while "Uncle Sam's Republican Club" of Buffalo, N.Y., wore gray hats and peppermint-striped trousers.

As darkness closed in and the air became colder, some of the crowd began to melt away, but Ike and Mamie stuck it out.

TWO INDIAN CHIEFS in the California delegation slipped out of the line of march and held out their hands to the President. Ever ready to oblige, Ike and Mamie came forward smiling and

strive to help friendly free nations "to achieve their own security and wellbeing," at the same time counting upon them "to assume, within the limits of their resources, their full and just burdens in the common defense of freedom."

6) The new administration will "strive to foster everywhere and to practice ourselves" policies that encourage productivity and profitable trade.

7) The United States hopes to help strengthen special regional defense groupings the world over. This was an apparent reference to building up such regional systems as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and forming new ones.

8) BECAUSE THE DEFENSE of freedom is indivisible "we hold all continents and peoples in equal regard and honor. . . . We reject any insinuation that one race or another, one people or another, is in any sense inferior or expendable." (Presumably this assurance was directed to Asiatic lands where Russian propaganda has tried to establish the charge that America regards Asiatics as inferior and cannon-fodder.)

9) The United States will try to make the United Nations "not

merely an eloquent symbol (it hopes for peace) but an effective force."

Mr Eisenhower wound up his address as he had begun it, on a high note of purpose and dedication.

"We must be ready to dare all for our country," he said. "For history does not long entrust the care of freedom to the weak or the timid. . . . We must be willing, individually and as a nation, to accept whatever sacrifices may be required of us. A people that values its privileges above its principles soon loses both."

HENRY TANNE

is ill. His column, The Word and the U. S., will be back here soon.

Dr Moore To Speak

Dr Bernice Milburn Moore, consultant for the Hogg Foundation for Mental Hygiene, will speak to the Houston Council for Mentally Retarded Children at 7 PM Tuesday at the Carnation Dairy meeting room at 70 Waugh Drive.



It's DOBBS "Two Ouncer"

Dobbs brings you the most famous and the lightest of all the lightweight hats. Styled to perfection right to the neat narrow band. In spring shades of tans, brown, grey, and green. Regular and long ovals. 10.

Men's Hats—Street Floor



ANNUAL JANUARY SALE MEN'S SUITS... TOPCOATS... SPORTS COATS

| | | |
|--------------------|------------------------------|----------------|
| SUITS and TOPCOATS |originally 65.00 now | 51.85 |
| SUITS and TOPCOATS |originally 85.00 now | 68.85 |
| SUITS and TOPCOATS |originally 100. now | 79.85 |
| SUITS and TOPCOATS |originally 110. now | 89.85 |
| SPORTS COATS | originally 35.00 to 100. now | 27.85 to 79.85 |

Other suits, originally 115. to 155. now 91.85 to 124.85



Men's Clothing—Second Floor

★ The NEW STAR in Texas

Longino-Verdine vows said in Methodist Church rites

LAKE JACKSON — Miss Nita Louise Verdine of Lake Jackson and Lynn Arlen Longino of Dallas were united in marriage in a double ring ceremony at 8 p.m. Saturday in the First Methodist Church of Lake Jackson.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen J. Verdine Jr. and his parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jessie A. Longino, all of Lake Jackson.

The Rev. Faulk Landrum, minister of Chapelwood Methodist Church in Lake Jackson, led the couple in their vows in a pink and white setting. Double baskets of pink carnations and white gladioli adorned the altar, along with white candelabra. Pink and white pew markers further carried out the color theme.

Mrs. Stanley Ross was organist and soloist was Mrs. D. W. Levine. Wedding selections included "The Wedding Prayer" and "Entreat Me Not to Leave Thee."

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a controlled bell gown of taffeta with a full

chapel train. Tiny bows accented the bodice and bracelet length sleeves. A garland of Alencon lace with tiny pearls outlined the slight scoop neckline.

Her tiered illusion veil fell from a small Alencon lace and pearl pillbox hat with handmade taffeta roses. She wore short white gloves and a tiny pearl necklace.

Her cascade bouquet was fashioned with a glamellia and calla buds, accented with pearl leaves and hearts.

Miss Adele Thompson was the maid of honor. Bridesmaids were Miss Jane Welch, Miss Beth Lane, and Miss Lynne Nelle Taska.

They were gowned alike in pale taffeta with wrap-around bell skirts and cap sleeves. They wore matching pink pillbox hats with short veils, and matching shoes. Short white gloves completed their costumes.

They carried nosegays of pink carnations with white lace and ribbons.

Sue McCary was the flower girl and Robbie Grisham was ring bearer. Little Miss McCary wore a pale pink organza dress with a full skirt and small matching flowers at the waistline. She wore matching pink shoes, short white gloves, and carried a basket of pink and white flowers with ribbon trim.

Donald Strong attended the bridegroom as best man. Roger McCary, Kenneth Longino and Jennings Gerdes were the groomsmen.

For her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Verdine chose a pale blue sheath dress with a lace bodice and silk faced peau de soie skirt, complimented with matching shoes, bag and hat, white kid gloves, and a pale pink rosebud corsage.

The mother of the groom selected a mauve pink lace sheath, matching shoes, a hat of matching shades of satin leaves with fuchsia trim, white bag and gloves. Her corsage was fashioned of fuchsia rosebuds.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held in Wesley Hall at the church. A pink and white theme was also carried out in the decor.

The bride's table was covered with pale pink organza and centered with white carnations, pink hearts and white doves. Silver candelabra were decorated with pink elfie rosebuds and white candy tuft. The heart shaped three tiered cake was decorated with pink rosebuds and a miniature bride and groom.

Members of the house party for the reception were Mrs. Dwain Jones, Mrs. Jimmy White and Miss Linda Colley. Miss Rita Coffee presided at the bride's guest book at both the church and reception.

For a wedding trip to Galveston, the bride changed into a soft coral silk linen-weave suit with all white accessories and the white glamellia corsage lifted from her bridal bouquet.

Mr. and Mrs. Longino will make their home in Dallas where he is employed. They are both graduates of Brazosport High School and both attended Lamar Tech. in Beaumont.

Out-of-town relatives present for the ceremony included the bride's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Henderson Jr.; her paternal grandparents, Mrs. Maybell Verdine, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Verdine, with her great grandmother, Mrs. J. N. Padgett, great-uncle, Marlis Ratliff, and great-aunt, Mrs. Carl Newton.

The wedding rehearsal dinner, given by the groom's parents, was held Friday night at Henderson's Restaurant in Angleton. The table was decorated with a centerpiece of pink and white roses, and was trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds, ivy and pink candles.



MRS. LYNN ARLEN LONGINO

The former Miss Nita Louise Verdine



Mrs. Roosevelt Dies

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, former first lady, died yesterday in her Manhattan, N. Y. apartment at 78. She had been suffering from lung infection and anemia. See story on page 8, editorial on page 16.—UPI Telephoto.

Death of a Great Lady

The miracle of Eleanor Roosevelt was that this painfully shy, uncertain, timid, plain and unpretentious girl became beloved around the world.

She was, in her own simple words, an "ugly duckling," orphaned at 10, reared by a strict grandmother who instilled in her that passion for self-discipline which was to be her great bulwark and strength.

One wonders what would have become of Eleanor Roosevelt if she had not married her handsome, dashing, debonair fifth cousin, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, or what would have become of him.

She was just 19. He was 21—a very social young man, vain, cocky, self-assured, something of a snob; fresh out of Groton and Harvard and trailing no discernible clouds of glory as he came.

Eleanor fought a quiet, patient battle with her smothering mother-in-law, a rich and formidable widow who saw in her pampered son everything except the greatness for which he was destined. And Eleanor won.

She watched her husband grow in sta-

ture—and promise—and saw him cruelly brought down in the prime of life by polio which robbed him not only of his legs but of his confidence.

If Eleanor Roosevelt could not restore the first, she could, and did restore the second. She helped him get back into politics. She steeled herself to make speeches in those high, quavering, cultured tones. She saw him elected governor and go on to win the presidency of the United States.

She raised a daughter and four sons and saw them, in their human fallings, subjected to scathing criticism. If the Roosevelt children, in their many marriages and mishaps, sometimes taxed their mother's high sense of proper conduct and single-hearted purpose, she nonetheless remained fiercely loyal to them through the years.

Somewhere along the way, this remarkable woman, who thought she "hated politics" and yearned for a time when her family could deal with just one "normal situation," charted a course for herself. It took her down the pathways of social reform and to the heights of international goodwill and the painful search for peace. And it earned her the respect and affection of millions of plain people throughout the world.

It required a reservoir of energy such as few women possess at any age. She had it and more.

She was not much of a speaker and not much of a writer, although she devoted years to both these endeavors. She had a good mind but not an exciting one. She opened all the windows on her public life. Her "day" was everyone's day. But the deepest things she felt—the love she had and the sorrow she knew—she kept in her, ample heart.

She had become, in the years since her husband's death, the repository for all the things that were finest in the Roosevelt tradition. She was, in a way, the best of them all.

Now she is gone. Many people in many lands will weep for her today. The world is diminished and we may not see her like again.

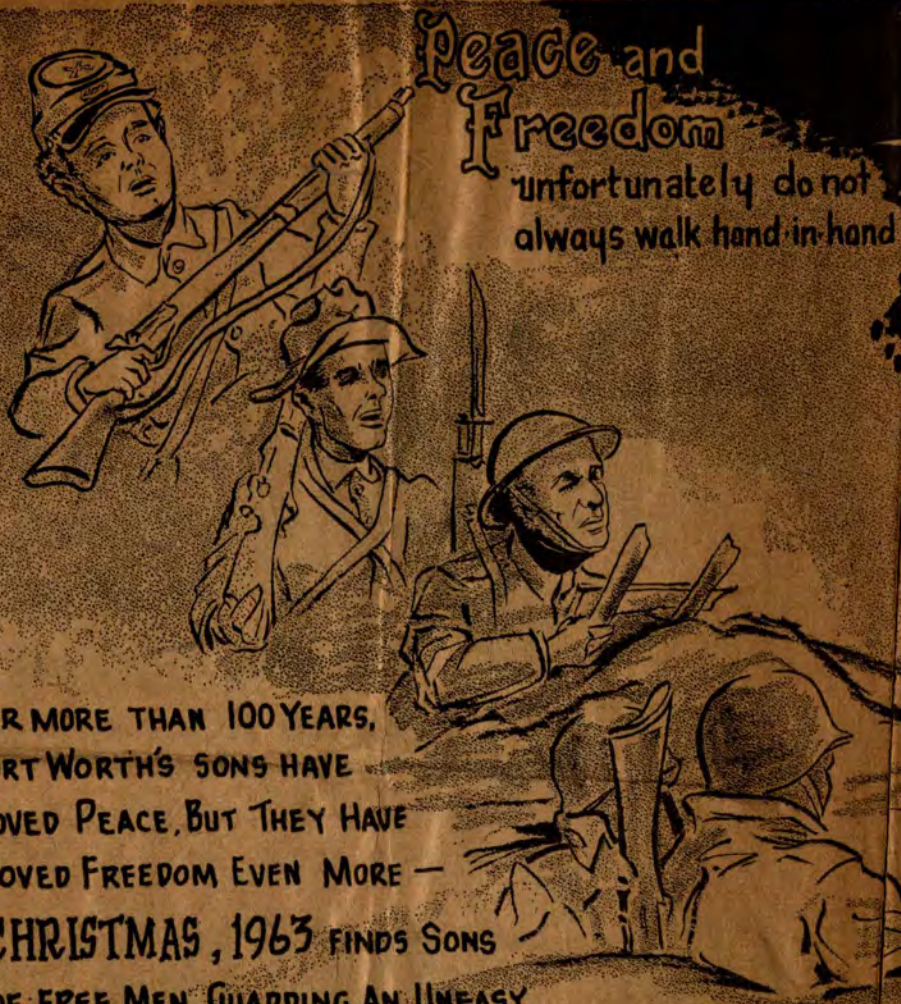
A Christmas Hymn

By Anne Campbell

Baby Jesus, Child of wonder,
Cradled in the fragrant hay,
Can you hear Hate crash and thunder
Through your universe today?
Can you hear the wild guns blasting
Near a wall that Hatred reared?
Can you read men's hearts where lasting
Hate has blazed and burned and seared?

Baby Jesus, you who never
Died, but lived to teach us how
Love can change the world and sever
Chains of hatred, help us now.
Teach us love and understanding
Melt the hearts of iron and give
Children who are undemanding
A bright realm in which to live.

Baby Jesus, in the reaches
Of your many worlds in space,
May ours be the one that teaches
Your bright gifts of love and grace.
On your birthday, may we foster
Every high ideal you sought
To explain, and may we master
In our lives the rules you taught.



Peace and
Freedom
unfortunately do not
always walk hand-in-hand.

FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS,
FORT WORTH'S SONS HAVE
LOVED PEACE, BUT THEY HAVE
LOVED FREEDOM EVEN MORE —
CHRISTMAS, 1963 FINDS SONS
OF FREE MEN GUARDING AN UNEASY
PEACE FROM BERLIN'S WALL TO KOREA.

Merry Christmas and a Peaceful New Year
RALPH VINSON

Gem Agent Says Three In on Heist

Two Rob Diamond Merchant Of \$22,500 in Cash, Jewels

C. J. Koch, diamond appraiser who lost an estimated \$22,500 to two bandits Monday, said he believes a third man must have been involved in planning the robbery.

Koch said he had never dealt with the pistol-wielding robbers.

Still, he said, they knew exactly his manner of doing business, that he would have extra cash on hand for the holiday season, and that he would have the

greatest amount of cash on a Monday.

The bold holdup occurred shortly after noon in Koch's office on the 13th floor of the Sinclair Building.

Koch and an acquaintance, Dewey Shilling of 1833 Carl, were forced to lie on the floor, face down, while the bandits rifled an open safe and packed the loot in a briefcase.

Two Men Bound

The bandits then bound the two men's arms, legs and mouths with adhesive tape and made their escape.

Koch, 55, of 4615 Harley said he has been in business for 30 years, appraising jewelry for insurance companies, banks and probate courts.

He said he also acts as a broker in the sale of jewels and lends money on jewelry, accounting for the large amount of cash on hand.

Looked Into Office

Koch said the men had looked in the door of his office one day last week and had then left. Koch said he became suspicious, followed them and watched them enter an elevator.

The bandits took an estimated \$20,000 in jewelry and \$2,500 in cash.

Police were studying several fingerprints found at the scene.



—Star-Telegram Photo

C. J. KOCH

. . . took a loss



Associated Press Wirephoto
NEW FIRST FAMILY TAKES OVER—Happy and smiling, President and Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower wave as they enter the White

House which will be their home for the next four years. They went into the White House only after the hours-long inaugural parade had ended.

The Gulf's Greatest
Seafood Is Served
At
GAIDO'S
Restaurant
39th and Beach
CLOSED MONDAYS

The Galveston Daily News

Texas' Oldest Newspaper—In its One Hundred and Twenty-second Year of Public Service to Galveston Island and The Mainland

Established 1842

Associated Press
United Press International

GALVESTON, TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1963

Published
Every Morning

PRICE 5c



FLY-IN BANKING helped inaugurate the opening day business of the American Bank Friday when David Roller of Houston (second from left), flew to Galveston in a helicopter to make a deposit. Pictured are (left to right) pilot Bill Upton of Houston, Roller, vice president Allen Verdine, board chairman Lorraine George and state Sen. A. R. Schwartz.

Banking By Air Helps Open Doors Of Newest Institution

Banking by air is a new concept in getting the job done and it was fitting that such be inaugurated here Friday when the American Bank opened its doors and claim its place as the city's newest institution.

David R. Roller, executive vice president of the President's Health Club of Houston, using his helicopter for transportation to Galveston, was among the first customers to open an account and visit with his friend Lorraine M. George, chairman of the board of directors of the bank.

Open house will continue Saturday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Highlight of the day's activities will be the awarding of a \$1,000 scholarship to some individual who has opened an account of \$100 or more.

Hundreds of people — Galvestonians, Mainlanders and Houstonians alike — attended the formal opening ceremonies held Friday morning.

Turning Point

"Galveston is at its turning point in history," said Lorraine George of Houston, chairman of the board of directors, in addressing the crowd. "It is hoped that this bank can be a part of this growth so inevitable to the Island city."

"We hope it can lend its imagination, its ideas, its energy and enthusiasm and its money to make this growth possible," he stated.

He said the tremendous growth of Harris County and the proximity of the manned spacecraft center as well as the natural resources Galveston has to offer make it inevitable that Galveston shall grow and prosper and "we are delighted to be a part of this growth."

Flag Raising

The ceremony opened with the raising of the American and Texas flags by Bal High ROTC members while Kirwin buglers played "To the Colors."

Senator A. R. Schwartz was master of ceremonies. The Rev. Weldon Morton, pastor of First Methodist Church, gave the invocation. Sen. Schwartz also presented the Rt. Rev. Dan P. O'Connell, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral; Dr. A. Stanley Dreyfus, rabbi of Temple B'nai Israel and Rabbi Irving Glickman, of Congregation Beth Jacob. Each gave brief remarks calling God's blessing on the success of the bank and the growth of the city.

George introduced the officers, members of the board and the staff, stating that many are of foreign birth or extraction and commented, "there isn't any wonder we called this the American Bank."

Tags Intriguing

He said he was intrigued with so many persons wearing the "I Like Galveston" tags and said some such slogan was being contemplated for the bank, which possibly would settle for "We Believe in Galveston."

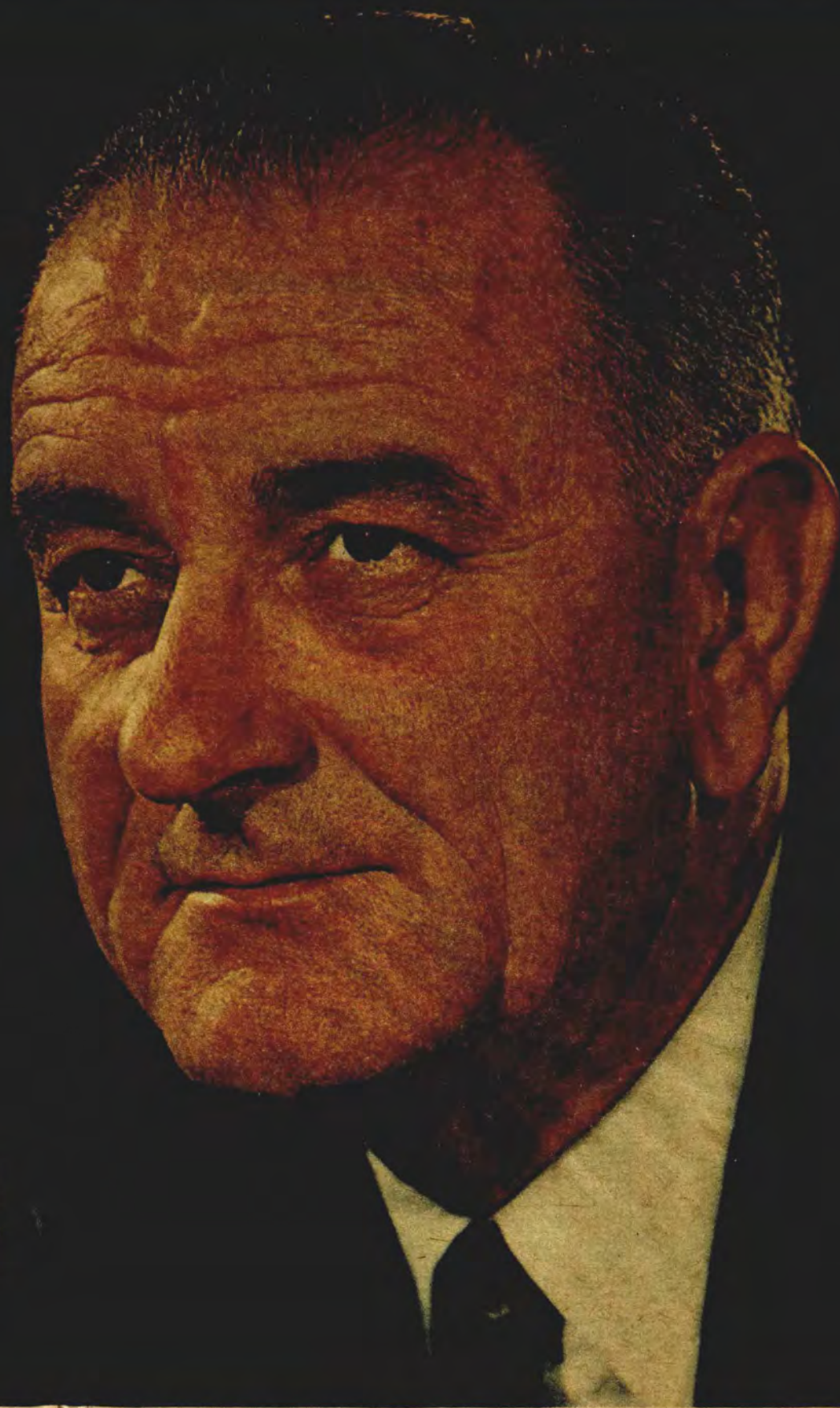
Mayor Edward Schreiber, who officiated at the ribbon-cutting ceremony, welcomed those present to the "informal meeting of the United Nations" and welcomed the bank as a new industry in Galveston.

"We hope you will take an aggressive attitude towards Galveston and so I dedicate this bank to the future prosperity of Galveston," the mayor stated as he snipped the red, white and blue ribbon with a giant pair of scissors.



First Isle Bank Since 1907

Formal opening for the American Bank, the first chartered since 1907 in the city of Galveston, is being held today and tomorrow in its temporary quarters on 24th Street. The interim bank site is adjacent to the site where the bank will construct a two-story bank building and 10-story office tower. Viewing construction details on the proposed model are three of the banks officers and directors. They are, from the left, Lorraine M. George, board chairman; Joe Schwartz, director, and Allen Verdine, president of American Bank. Hours for the formal opening will be 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. today, and 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday. Capitalization of the bank is \$250,000, with \$150,000 as undivided profits. This will be the fifth bank on the island.



LYNDON B. JOHNSON
A SPECIAL PORTRAIT
OF THE PRESIDENT

Parties Fete Bride-Elect

Mrs. Fredrick Oliver Robertson, who was Miss Marilyn Schanen prior to her marriage last Friday, Nov. 24, was honored with a number of pre-nuptial courtesies recently.

Among them was a miscellaneous shower held in the club room at the Y.W.C.A. in Corpus Christi on Nov. 14. Mrs. O. B. Martin was hostess.

Refreshments were served to 10 girls and Mrs. Virginia Whitfield, the house mother.

Party

A surprise party feted Mr. and Mrs. Robertson on Nov. 20 at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Robertson, of Corpus Christi.

Attending were: Mrs. Amy Holland, grandmother of the bridegroom; Mrs. Keels, great-grandmother of the bridegroom; Messrs and Mesdames Bill Holland and family, Charles Magill and family, Norman Davis and family, Noble Davis, Dickie Earl Robertson, R. W. Kemper, all aunts and uncles of the bridegroom.

Buffet

A buffet dinner was held at the Leo Schanen home Nov. 23 following the wedding rehearsal.

Guests were Mr. and Mrs.

Dickie Robertson Jr., Misses Jaque Wright, Barbara Morgan, Loretta Edwards, Mrs. Jenney Kirkpatrick, James Robertson, Glynn Schanen, Don Martin, Mrs. Jerry Comstock, the bride and bridegroom to be, the hosts and Jim and Pete Schanen.

The buffet centerpiece was an arrangement of fruit and ivy in a milk glass container. Arrangements of yellow roses in milk glass were used in the dining room.

† † † †

Schanen—

(Continued on Page 7)

American Insurance Co. there. The bridegroom is a graduate of W. B. Ray High School and attends Del Mar College.

Out of town guests were Mrs. Jerry Comstock and Janet of Port Lavaca, sister of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. L. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker Sutherland and John Sutherland, Mathis; Mr. Mary Schanen, Messrs and Mesdames Norman Davis, W. Kemper, Mike Love, J. Lindsey, Mesdames C. V. McGill, Amy Holland, Mr. Edward Hamlett, Mr. Noe Davis, Misses Pat Tucker and Charlotte Harper, all of Corpus Christi.

Also attending from Corpus Christi were Messrs Mesdames Gilbert Nemeck, bert Schanen, John Schanen and Jo Ann; Becky Stamm and Riley Lopez.

Other guests were: Mr. Mrs. Louis F. Burchers, College Station; Barbara Moore Rosemary Kemp, San Antonio.



MRS. FREDRICK OLIVER ROBERTSON
... to live in Corpus Christi

Robertson-Schanen Rites Held At St. John's Friday

Miss Marilyn Murrell Schanen became the bride of Fredrick Oliver Robertson of Corpus Christi in a double ring ceremony held Friday, Nov. 24, at 7 p.m. at St. John's Catholic Church.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Schanen. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Earl Robertson of Corpus Christi.

Monsignor George Seccina officiated.

Bride

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore a bridal gown fashioned with a princess silhouette in delustered satin with a chapel train. Re-embroidered Alencon lace accented the petaled scoop neckline.

The Empire bodice was emphasized with the same pattern of Alencon lace. She wore an imported Aurora Borealis crown with a bouffant French illusion veil. Her bouquet was of white orchids and lily of the valley.

Her only jewelry was a miniature diamond ring on a chain, a gift of the bridegroom.

Miss Lorita Edwards of Taft was her maid of honor. Miss Jacque Wright was bridesmaid.

They wore gowns of bronze toned delustered satin designed with Sabrina necklines and bell shaped skirts. Their small pill box hats had matching veils. They wore single drop pearl necklaces, and carried crescent shaped bouquets of bronze doty mums, croton leaves and Hahn's ivy.

Sandy Edwards was candlelighter. Altar boys were Pete and Jim Schanen, brothers of the bride.

Best Man

Dickie Earl Robertson of Corpus Christi served as best man. Glynn Schanen was groomsman. Ushers were Jimmy Kirkpatrick and James Robertson, both of Corpus Christi.

Mrs. R. P. Carroll was organist.

Decorations

Triangular arrangements of bronze doty mums with brass candelabra holding cathedral tapers were used on the main altar and side altars.

The bride's mother wore a mauve silk peau de soie sheath dress with a white hat and gloves. Her other accessories were mauve. Her corsage was a white glamellia.

The mother of the bridegroom chose a navy coat dress with matching accessories and a duchess rose corsage.

Reception

A reception was held at St. John's auditorium at 8 p.m. In the receiving line were the parents of the bride and bridegroom, the bride and bridegroom and the bride's attendants.

The bride's table was laid with a white satin cloth with a full tulle overskirt. White spider mums and white pom pom mums with white satin grapes in an epergne held by a silver cupid formed the centerpiece. Garlands of ivy were draped at the corners of the table. The bride's cake was a three tiered colonnade cake decorated with sugar spun bells, orchids and lily of the valley.

Serving were Miss Mary Ann Thomas and Miss Judy Parr. Others in the houseparty were Mesdames Ruth Schanen, A. L. Maloy, C. E. Martin, L. A. Hanke, Frank Bluntzer, R. P. Carroll, M. G. Wright, Olaf Hefte, Abe Brateman, Floyd Green, Jerry Comstock of Port Lavaca and Miss Phyllis Troutman.

Mesdames Herman Balzer and Francis Abbot presided at the bridegroom's table. Here the table was laid with a brown felt cloth with a champagne brocaded skirt. Garlands of ivy, small tangerines and fox grapes accented the gold candelabra used as a centerpiece.

White Fuji mums were used in the corsages for the houseparty. Mrs. Mike Troutman of Kingsville presided at the guest book.

Trip

For traveling the bride wore an olive green two-piece wool suit designed by Jack Bloom of California. Her shoes and bag were of a darker shade of green. She wore gold jewelry. Her feathered hat was in copper tones.

After a wedding trip to Mexico, the couple will be at home at 1327 B Sante Fe St., Corpus Christi.

The bride is a graduate of St. John High School and South Texas Commercial College in Corpus Christi. She is employed by the Colonial

(Continued from Page 3)

Tea In Balzer Home Fetes Marilyn Schanen Saturday

Miss Marilyn Schanen, bride-elect was honored with a tea at the home of Mrs. Herman Balzer, Saturday, Nov. 18.

Hostesses were Mesdames F. E. Abbott, Floyd Green, C. E. Martin, Olaf Hefte, Abe Brateman, A. L. Maloy, Paul Schanen, R. P. Carroll, M. G. Wright, Frank Bluntzer, L. A. Hanke.

In the receiving line were Mrs. Leo Schanen, mother of the honoree, Miss Schanen, the honoree, Mrs. Richard E. Robertson, mother of the bridegroom, and Mrs. Amy Holland, grandmother of the bridegroom.

The tea table was laid with a champagne colored gold threaded cloth. Bronze and gold mums, magnolia leaves and grapes on gold scales formed the centerpiece.

The cake was decorated with spun sugar bronze mums and was edged with gold satin and tulle.

The piano held a mass arrangement of gold toned roses. Fuji mums were used in the living room.

A cascading arrangement of white roses in a milk glass container was in the den. Fall flowers appointed tables in the bedrooms.

Members of the houseparty wore corsages of varying shades of mums. The honoree was presented with a gift of silver from the hostesses.

† † † †



—Associated Press Wirephoto

AFTER THE SPEECH—Astronaut John Glenn, with his wife, Annie, and their children, David, 16, and Lyn, 14, pause on the steps of the Capitol after he'd told a joint

session of Congress his space flight experiences. Behind Glenn's wife and daughter are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Glenn Sr. The parade attracted 250,000.

Washington Hails Glenn Despite 'No-Go' Weather

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26 (AP)—Astronaut John H. Glenn Jr. rode the capital's glory road in strictly "no-go" weather Monday and told a cheering Congress that space promises unimaginable benefits for mankind.

Addressing an extraordinary joint meeting of Congress after riding through rain-sodden but frenzied crowds totaling 250,000, America's first man in orbit said:

"We are just probing the surface of the greatest advancement of man's knowledge of his surroundings that have ever been made.

"It is hard to even envision the benefits that will accrue in many fields."

Many women wept openly and men strove to hold back tears as he ended his simple, modest speech by invoking the Creator's name:

"As our knowledge of the universe in which we live increases, may God grant us the wisdom and guidance to use it wisely."

It was an emotion-packed day—emotion that ran the gamut from tears through grins to lusty laughter.

Biggest laugh came when the 40-year-old Marine lieutenant colonel told the august gathering of legislators, ambassadors, Supreme Court justices and generals assembled in the House chamber how 4-year-old Caroline Kennedy cut him and his brother astronauts "down to size this morning."

Seeing him off at West Palm Beach Airport, the irrepressible daughter of the President looked him up and down and asked:

"Where's the monkey?"

It appeared the one Caroline really had hoped to see was Enos, the orbiting chimp.

"That really put us in our proper position," Glenn said.

He advised Caroline at the time that Enos was off somewhere eating a banana. Amid a roar of laughter, he confided to his congressional audience that he personally did not get a single "banana pellet on the whole run"—his flashing, 17,530 m.p.h. ride three times around the globe last Tuesday.

Weather worse than that which forced some of the 10 postponements of his great adventure plagued this historic day. Cold rain fell for hours, beginning in early morning.

Nevertheless, Pennsylvania Ave.—the glory road, the street of heroes—was lined with undaunted throngs as Glenn rode by in a procession from the White House to the Capitol.

From under massed umbrellas, the cheers rang out loud and clear. And from 17 bands along the route—their bass horns bubbling with rainwater—came the strains of the Marine Corps hymn "Semper Fidelis" and many another pulse-stirring tune.

At first, as the parade started, Glenn rode alone on the back of the automobile, his feet on the seat, his red head bare, his leather-gloved hands waving happy greetings. His wife Annie, clad in red, back-of-the-head hat and woolen coat over gray dress, sat in the back seat alongside Vice President Johnson. Glenn's daughter Lyn, 14, and son David, 16, sat in front.

But midway on the 1.3-mile, snail's-pace journey, Glenn decided Annie should be as prominent as he—he later told Congress she's "the real rock in our family."

So he leaned over, helped her topside along with him, and there

they rode, their big grins flashing, their hands waving. Annie did button up her coat a little more against the cold drizzle.

Glenn and his family, with the President as flying host, rode up from West Palm Beach Monday morning in the presidential jet plane. Glenn and the family had spent a week-end of seclusion boating at Key West.

When the jet landed at near-by Andrews Air Force Base, Md., an outdoor ceremony was out of the question. The scene was shifted to a big hangar, where a red carpet was rolled out.

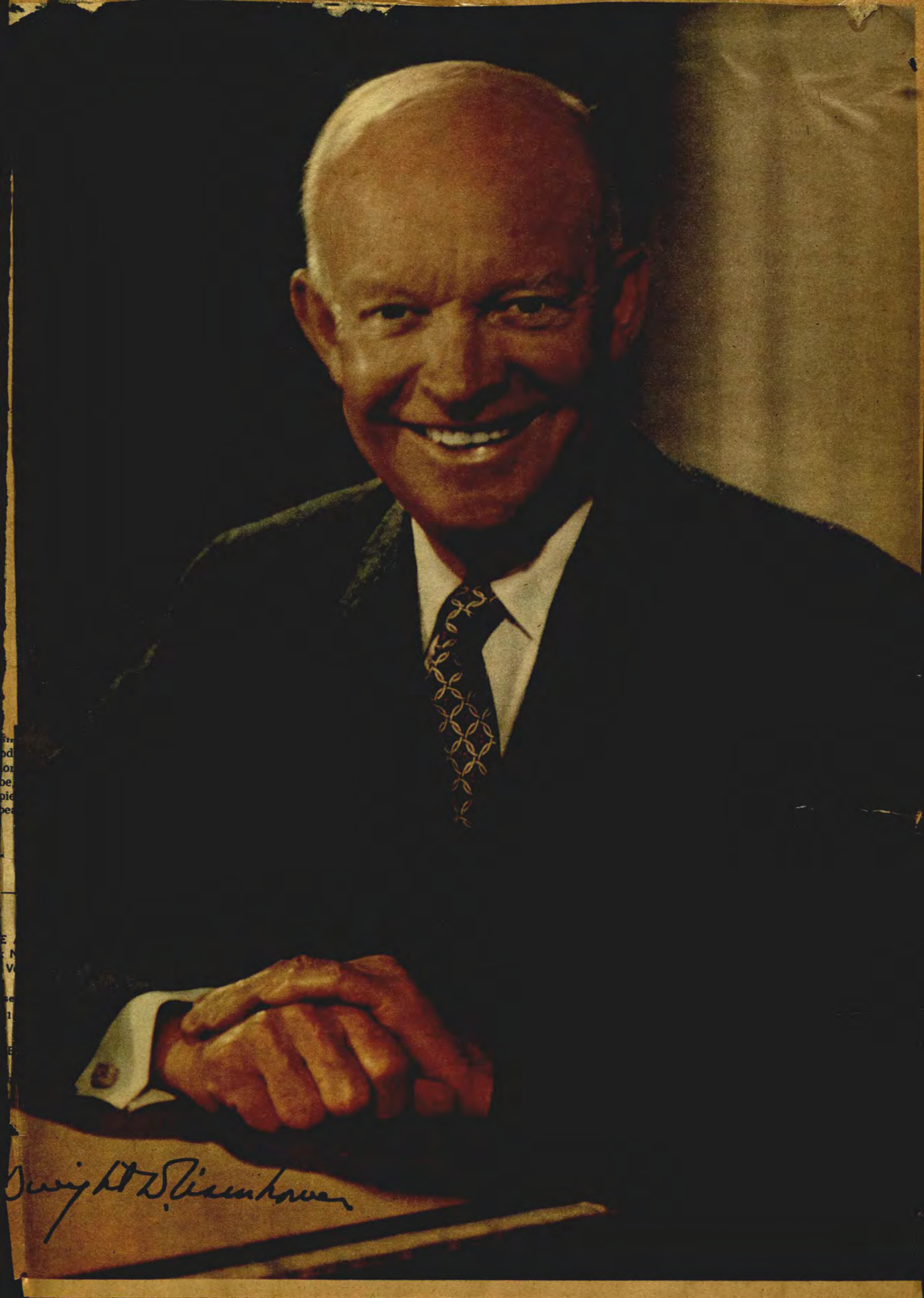
Ruffles, flourishes and the
Turn to Glenn on Page 4



SGT. PAT DENMAN



MR. and MRS. JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY First Portrait by Karsh of Ottawa



Str
od
or
be
pie
bee

E
N
V

se
1
E

Dwight D. Eisenhower

ese 200 Seniors Hope To Say Good



Pictured above are the more than 200 seniors at Arlington Heights High who e

**Mrs. Ward B. Powell Entertains 100
At Home In Westover Hills**

Mrs. Ward B. Powell entertained 100 guests today at her home in Westover Hills honoring her sister-in-law, Mrs. William R. Powell of Laredo. She is here with her husband, who is attending the State Medical meet in Dallas.

The table was laid with a Venetian lace cover and centered by a silver candelabrum holding ivory tapers. A pair of lusters filled with roses and lilies of the valley flanked the centerpiece.

In the house party were Mrs. Powell's sisters, Mrs. Donald McGregor of Dallas and Mrs. J. M. McKinley. Others assisting were Mmes. Hugh Beaton, Thomas West, William Rigg, Charles McCluer, S. T. Bibb Jr., Fritz Keller, Binkley Smith, Malvern Marks, O. B. Roninger, Robert Bridges, Ralph Bristol, Stanley Thompson, Eugene Adair, Quinn Courtney, Foster P. Jennings, W. R. Watt and Miss Florence Cobden.

**TSCW Exes
To Entertain**

To Entertain May 21
At Cantrell Home

Members of the Marion Long Chapter of Texas State College for Women Exes will entertain for husbands May 21 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Cantrell, 4209 El Campo. Plans for the affair were announced at the luncheon meeting yesterday at the home of Mrs. T. A. Mitchell, 4058 Mt. Vernon.

Mrs. Tarleton Jenkins was elected president. Other new officers are: Mmes. D. H. Taylor, first vice president; Roy B. Miller, second vice president; J. M. Stegall, secretary; Don Vestal, treasurer; S. T. Cook, parliamentary.

Mmes. Charles Nix and Cullum Greene were hostesses. Mrs. Stegall directed a program on "Talents and Hobbies of Members."

Miss Blanche DeVall Heywood.

**Receives
Fellowship**

Charlotte Zihlman to
Study In East

Miss Charlotte Zihlman, senior at TCU, has received a fellowship to Mt. Holyoke College in South Hadley, Mass., and will do work on her master's degree in physics.

Her sister, Miss Blanche Zihlman, senior at Arlington Heights High, will enter TCU and major in foreign languages. The girls are daughters of Mrs. A. J. Zihlman.

Mrs. Herman Taylor entertained the sisters at open house Saturday at her home, 5037 Bryce Ave. She was assisted by Mrs. Zihlman, Misses Gail Pond, Ann Schoonover and Frances Ann Taylor. Fifty guests called.

Special Table

Mrs. Porter Brown

**Women As Well
Men Share In War
Horrors Today**

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

A NEW high in foolishness reached in current argument about which suffers most in war, the man or the woman if the question could ever be settled, or as if settling it would make a big difference in the sum total of human happiness!

We had better use our brains figuring out some way to save both from the results of their folly, which now seems limitless.

If universal justice prevailed, men would be the chief sufferers because they make the wars, and surely no one will want to debate that point with me. But the pit is that women love men and so however stupid their enterprise may be, we continue to help with them since most of us think it better to be witless than disloyal.

A few encouraging facts do bob up now and then, however, which point to new and perhaps significant trends. One is that we live in a time when women and children are included in official lists of sufferers, and when women power as well as man-power counted among national assets. Of course the history of



Mrs. Ferguson

ed by
eans
b Gives
Tea at
Club
win Sloan, pres-
st District, Texas
usic Clubs, was
y the Euterpeans
a at the Woman's
Club Women's
ogram of Mosz-
Dances," ac-
Vivian Harder
hur Faguy-Cote
as centered with
and rosebuds, en-
lacy frill, from
slender white
s of French bis-
ed at each end of
each corner were
apers.
en Darst, O. L.
Brooks Baker and
oured.
ault, assisted by
was in charge of
Mrs. Jack Knight
reshments.
mbers and guests
F. Rollins
Club
ollins, retiring
Penelope Club,
members at a



—Associated Press Wirephoto

from Vice
ach
HAPPY—The camera catches Glenn in a happy, relaxed mood that marked his historic conference with the press.

JFK SEES SPACECRAFT—The astronaut, cheered by scores of thousands, enjoys showing Friendship 7 to President Kennedy.

One 'Moment of Doubt'



—Associated Press Wirephoto

PRESENTATION—President Kennedy pins NASA's Distinguished Service Medal on astronaut John Glenn during

Cape Canaveral ceremonies. At right are the Glenn children, Lyn and David. At left is Robert Gilruth.

Flaming Metal Feared Essential Heat Shield

BY BEM PRICE

CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla., Feb. 23 (P)—Astronaut John H. Glenn Jr., said Friday in his unruffled way that space flight was "very pleasant" and that on his high adventure above the earth, he had only one "moment of doubt."

The 40-year-old Marine lieutenant colonel, a man of magnificently cool courage, told a news conference that at one point he saw flaming hunks of his braking rocket package zip by his spacecraft's window.

"I thought," he said coolly, "that part of the heat shield was breaking up. I thought it could have been a bad day all around."

And that will go down as something of a record understatement.

Loss of the heat shield during re-entry after orbiting the earth three times at 17,530 m.p.h. Tuesday, could have burned him and his spaceship into nothing—literally. His heat shield was, of course, O. K.

PARADE WITNESSED BY MILLIONS

The news conference wound up a busy, emotion-packed day for the sunburned and smiling astronaut. During the day he was given a medal by President Kennedy, who said on behalf of the nation, "We appreciate it."

He was reunited with his wife, children, parents and in-laws and given a parade during which 100,000 persons—the police estimate—cheered his progress from Patrick Air Force Base to this spaceport.

Millions more watched on television throughout the nation.

This was his return from Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas, where he has been undergoing a de-briefing since he landed at 2:43 p. m. Tuesday.

At the news conference he told a fascinated nation that on his first orbit he glanced into his cabin to check something and that when he looked up again "it was like looking into a complete new star field."

This star field turned out to be some mysterious particles which in the light of a rising sun "were bright-yellowish green—like a firefly on a dark night."

MYSTERIOUS PARTICLES DESCRIBED

These particles, unknown to scientists, were spaced about six to 10 feet apart. When one drifted up against his window and he could see it closely out of the sunlight, it appeared white and about the "size of a pinhead or about three-eighths of an inch."

The astronaut said he had no idea what they were.

He also reported that at sunset the world kept a bright

raham



Ruth and Billy Graham pose aboard ship bound for England. It's a rare picture, because Mrs. Graham usually doesn't go on evangelistic trips.

Fifer Newton, 92, Oldest Of Phone Pioneers, Dies

Fifer Newton, 92, who was honored last year as the oldest surviving life member of the Telephone Pioneers in Texas, died early Thursday in a hospital shortly after arrival.

Newton, of 1015 W. Bewick, apparently had suffered a heart attack.

He was born at Grapevine and began work with Southwestern Bell Telephone Company in Fort Worth in 1902 with a construction crew.

When he retired 32 years later, Newton was division construction foreman of this area.

Following retirement from the telephone company, he engaged in the construction business on his own, building homes and repairing them.

Newton had lived in Fort Worth continuously for the last 67 years. He was a member of First Baptist Church.

His son, Wayne Newton, is a member of the board of Fort Worth Water Control and Improvement District No. 1 and division plant training supervisor for the telephone company.

Survivors also include his wife; a brother, Howard Newton of Fort Worth, and four granddaughters.

Robertson-Mueller-Harper will announce funeral plans.



FIFER NEWTON

Sunday, February 11, 1962

Mrs. Hettie F. Lewis D

Mrs. Hettie F. Lewis of 3209 S. University Dr., niece of the founders of AddRan College, predecessor of TCU, died Saturday in a Dallas convalescent home.

Mrs. Lewis was a native of Fort Worth and lived here most of her life.

Her uncles, Addison and Randolph Clark, founded AddRan Male and Female College in 1873.

Mrs. Lewis became an AddRan student in the 1880s and, many years later, she took post-graduate work at TCU.

She taught in elementary schools here many years. Her last one was Riverside Elementary. She retired about 25 years ago.

Mrs. Lewis had been active many years as secretary-treasurer of the AddRan chapter of the TCU Exes Association until ill health forced her to retire two years ago.

She was a member of West Berry Church of Christ.

Survivors include three daughters, Mrs. W. M. Pratt of Fort Worth, Mrs. Hubert Finley of Dallas and Mrs. Frank Guthrie of Telegraph in Kimble County; four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at 11:30 a. m. Monday in West Berry Church of Christ with graveside services at 2 p. m.



MRS. HETTIE F. LEWIS

Monday in Thorp Spring Cemetery.

AGE

"I have been young and now I am old."

Psalm 37:25

As I grow older, let me live . . . Relaxed and be less talkative . . . Keep out of other folk's affairs . . . Get to the point and everywhere . . . I go, let me be sweet and kind . . . And listen with an open mind . . . To others' tales and not bore folks . . . With what I've done or corny jokes . . . Or claim I'm slighted or foresaken . . . But know I, too, may be mistaken.

JULIEN C. HYER.

GLENN DESCRIBES FLIGHT

Continued From Page 1

corona of "color stretching to the horizon" for four or five minutes before darkness settled.

At the outset of the conference, the balding, red-haired marine observed, "It was quite a day. I don't know what you can say about a day when you see four beautiful sunsets in one day. It is pretty interesting. Three in orbit and one on the surface."

The astronaut reported that he ate on his flight at altitudes varying from 100 to 160 miles and that he had "no problem swallowing."

Glenn added that when it came to eating in space he recommended something solid, "something you can hold onto," adding that space rations "should not be of a crumbly nature—like crumbly cookies."

The crumbs would go floating about and "you couldn't get them back without a butterfly net."

In making his report to the world which watched his flight with hopeful prayers, Glenn said:

"I think the best words I just about heard in my life were 'you have a seven orbit capability' from Al Shepard here when he gave the 'go' to me from the communicator's position. That was a welcome sound."

Does Life Get Us Down?

In high school, one teacher would write on the blackboard each morning a "thought for the day." One day she wrote this statement by Jacob A. Riis: "Some defeats are installments of victory."

I thought of that recently when I went with a friend to visit an invalid. The shut-in had been reading my "Windows Toward the Dawn" and desired to meet the author. So, in the twilight, we walked along a lovely country lane to make the visit.

The victim of a heart ailment, she had suffered two strokes and had been bedfast for a year and a half. Yet she was happy, joyous, and cheerful. She hasn't let life get her down. Sometimes she sings for sheer joy because God has been so good to her, and life has been so rich.

What about the rest of us? We see all about us persons who are ill, seriously handicapped, or cuffed about by life; yet their living is a song of triumph, a smile of hope, a laugh of joy, a psalm of contentment. They don't let life get them down!

The molehills of inconvenience which occasionally trip us are inconsequential when compared to the mountains of adversity and tragedy which loom in the lives of many.

So what have we got to worry about?

Pert Senior—

Continued from Page 1

was president of her freshman class, vice president of the sophomore class and treasurer for the junior class.

During her high school years she has been a B average student, her favorite subject being civics. She also found Latin somewhat interesting. Away from school she is fond of boating and has become a water ski enthusiast, but her favorite sport is dancing, popular and Ritter dances. Naturally, she likes music appropriate to her dancing tastes. She is one of the sizeable group from Robstown who patronize the dances given on the T-head in Corpus Christi. She also enjoys classical music if it is no heavier than a Strauss waltz.

"We used to have nice dances at the Youth Center here," she said, "but I don't know what happened. They don't have them any more."

Last winter, Marilyn worked as a clerk at Anthony's during the Christmas holidays and this summer she has been employed regularly at the Gaines Gin.

Proving that she has some dramatic ability, Marilyn was among the group of St. John students who presented an entertainment program for Robstown Volunteer Firemen at their annual banquet last Christmas. Her father is a member of the city council and is fire commissioner.

"I read a poem. I don't remember its name. It was long, though."

Reading is not one of her hobbies, except for The Robstown Record.

"I don't say this because you're with the Record. It's the truth. I love the Record. There just isn't a better paper, I think. I read the sports page during football season and the Teen Page all the

time. It's wonderful, and of course, all the gossip." No mention of Pop's affairs — which is city government and business!

Marilyn is one of five children in the Schanen household. She has two older sisters and two younger brothers.

Her sisters, both half-sisters, are Mrs. Barbara Comstock of Port Lavaca, who graduated from Robstown High School in 1951, and Sister Stephanie of St. Mary-of-the-Woods, in Indiana. She graduated from St. John High School in 1957.

Brother Pete is a third grader at St. John and five-year-old Jim takes over the family apple-carrying chores next week as he heads for Mrs. W. A. Koonce's kindergarten.



BACK TO SCHOOL — Pig-tailed, freckle-faced Marilyn Schanen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Schanen, is ready for school. Wearing a big smile carrying her apple, lunch box and book satchel, the 7-year old lass is leaving home at 137 West Avenue F for St. John Parochial School where she attends the second grade. Marilyn's pig-tails, measuring 28 inches in length are her mother and father's pride and joy. It takes about ten minutes every morning to comb and braid them. However, the brown-eyed youngster says she wouldn't "give up those locks for nothing."

—Shields Studio Photo



BACK TO SCHOOL IN '59 — Marilyn Schanen will be a senior at St. John Parochial High School when she returns to classes Tuesday. She'll leave from the same doorstep but freckles are gone and the once blonde pig-tails have been exchanged for a close cropped bob for her hair that has darkened so that she is now a natural brunette. She has grown too, and hopes to add another inch in order that she may fulfill her ambition to become an airline hostess. Missing too, are the apple and lunch box.

—Staff Photo

Pert St. John Senior Hope Wings Will Replace Braids

By C. M. Henkel Jr.

Marilyn Schanen, St. John High School senior, will return to her last year of classes at the parochial school as a typical Robstown high school girl.

She is pretty, well liked, fond of music and dancing, and earns good marks in her classes.

She is different today, but she hasn't forgotten the little second grader with the long blond braids who ten years ago marched out the same door she will leave Tuesday — with an apple for the teacher in her hand. No apple this Monday. **No Braids**

The truth is, Marilyn still has the braids — in a bureau drawer — and while she doesn't miss them, preferring the

short bob she wears, her father, L. J. (Pete) Schanen, still thinks of the day they were shorn with regret.

With a busy school schedule ahead, Marilyn has very little time to think about after graduation plans, which are, after all, a rather long way off. However, she does have one worry on that score. At 17 she has another inch to grow if she is to accomplish her first after-graduation ambition, to enter the Airlines College in Dallas where girls train to become airline hostesses. Requirements are for a minimum of five feet, four inches. Should she not make the extra stretch before next June, she will probably enter Robstown's favorite institution, Texas A. & I., proving again that she is a typical cotton capital girl. She likes being near home.

Record

Throughout her career at St. John, Marilyn has been active in affairs in connection with each of her classes. She

Continued on Page 8

WEATHER CHART

| | Low | High | Rain |
|-----------------|-----|------|------|
| Thursday . . . | 75 | 96 | .06 |
| Friday | 74 | 90 | 1.38 |
| Saturday . . . | 71 | 91 | .31 |
| Sunday | 74 | 88 | .16 |
| Monday | 74 | 81 | 2.27 |
| Tuesday | 72 | 81 | 1.54 |
| Wednesday . . | 73 | 89 | .01 |

Ungrateful Child

By MRS. WALTER FERGUSON

The ungrateful child is mentioned in Shakespeare. Ever since the world began, parents have suffered from the thoughtlessness and cruelty of sons and daughters.

So the Knoxville woman who asks me to explain why her only child could be influenced by her husband to turn against her parents puts the unanswerable question. Who knows.

save God, who reads the heart? We do know this: the mother's grief is shared by millions.

It may be that life hands us these sorrows to teach us to understand that our children do not belong to us. They belong to life. Heaven lends them to us for a little while.

THERE IS NO possessive-ness like that which floods woman when she holds her newborn baby in her arms. This

little creature, so dependent on her strength, seems to belong to her in such a special way that nothing can ever separate them. Yet life always does.

For her future peace of mind the young mother has to lecture herself to overcome the selfishness of maternal love. If she is foresighted she will steel herself against that day when her child will need her no longer. And what a bitter thought it is.

THE MYSTERY of the ungrateful child is that he never thinks of what may be in store for him. He forgets that what he sows he also may reap. The hard-hearted daughter-in-law

always fails to realize that her son's wife may one day treat her as coldly as she now treats her husband's mother.

Brave hearts do not depend on others. We are lonely creatures always striving and failing to communicate with one another. Each must find some way to be sufficient unto himself.

I remember a verse that says it better:

Why should we fear to live alone
Since all alone at last we die.
Not even the tenderest heart,
nor next our own
Knows half the reason why
we smile or sigh.

Edgar A. Guest, 77, Noted Newspaper Poet, Is Dead

DETROIT, Aug. 5 (AP).—Edgar A. Guest, 77, famed poet whose works were known to newspaper readers all over the world, died in his sleep Wednesday.

Cause of death, at 1:30 a. m., was not known immediately, but Guest's housekeeper said physicians indicated the poet suffered a cerebral hemorrhage.

At the height of his popularity, Guest was among the most widely read men of his time. His name was most frequently associated with the first line of one of his most famous poems: "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home."

Guest had been in ill health in recent years. Nevertheless, his daily poems appeared regularly in the Detroit Free Press and other newspapers up to the time of his death.

(The poems have appeared for many years on the editorial page of the Star-Telegram).

Guest would have been 78 on Aug. 20.

Often called the "poet of the plain people," he preferred to be known as a newspaperman. He was a reporter, exchange editor and a columnist at the Free Press before devoting his life to poetry.

At his peak, his syndicated daily poem appeared in nearly 300 American newspapers. He also produced 17 volumes of poetry and for a number of years appeared on a national radio program.

Guest was born in Birmingham, England, Aug. 20, 1881. He came to Detroit with his family while a boy. After attending public schools here he worked in a drug store before joining the Free Press.

While exchange editor at the Free Press he began to write poetry, often slipping it into the newspaper as an exchange item. When his secret was discovered, he was assigned to write poetry once a week. He later wrote a daily column, "Breakfast Chit-Chat."

Guest was associated with the motion picture industry for several months in 1935 as a writer and later had his own television show in New York. His son, Edgar A. (Bud) Guest Jr., is known widely in the Michigan area as the philosophic master-of-ceremonies on a radio variety program.

Guest's poems extolled the everyday things of life. His last published poem appeared in Wednesday's Free Press and was entitled "The Little Mind."

Guest's first commercially published book was "A Heap O' Livin'," published in 1916 by the Reilly and Lee Company of Chicago. The book ran through more than 30 editions and about 500,000 copies.

The poet's wife, Ellen, died in 1945. Besides his son, Guest is survived by a daughter, Janet.

Funeral arrangements were incomplete Wednesday morning.

'Heap o' Livin'' Ends For Poet Edgar A. Guest

DETROIT, Aug. 5. (UPI)—Edgar A. Guest, poet-laureate of the plain people, died in his sleep at his home today.

He was 77. His physician said he suffered a cerebral

hemorrhage, climaxing a long illness.

He wrote more than 30,000 verses and was famous throughout the world because he struck a chord that motivated the goodness of the common people. Perhaps the most famous lines he ever wrote were these:

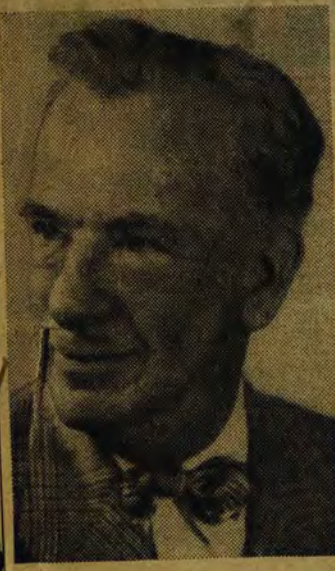
"It takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home.
"A heap o' sun an' shadder, and ye sometimes have to roam.
"Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
"And hunger for 'em somehow with 'em allus on your mind."

The lines typified the style of nearly everything he wrote. He lived through war years and changing eras such as the "flapper" age and the "jazz" age. But the style and message of his poetry never changed, and his popularity remained.

Guest, the son of a poor English immigrant whose first job in this country was in a Detroit brewery, worked for the Detroit Free Press for 64 years and for more than 50 of them, his poems were printed daily. At one time, Guest's poetry was syndicated and appeared in as many as 300 newspapers throughout the country.



Edgar Guest



EDGAR A. GUEST.

aug 1959

Ike's Prayer

By Associated Press

Washington, Jan. 20.—Here is the text of the prayer with which President Eisenhower prefaced his inaugural address:

"We stand here, at this moment, my future associates in the executive branch of the government join me in beseeching that thou will make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng and those fellow citizens everywhere.

"Give us, we pray, the power to discern clearly right from wrong and allow all our works and actions to be governed thereby and by the laws of this land.

"Especially we pray that our concern shall be for all the people, regardless of station, race or calling. May co-operation be permitted and be the mutual aim of those who, under the concept of our constitution, hold to differing political beliefs, so that all may work for the good of our beloved country and for thy glory. Amen."

9
4
6
2
3
40
30
32
33

WHY GROW OLD?

Living and Love Make True Life

BY JOSEPHINE LOWMAN.

Someone wrote, "I cried because I had no shoes until I saw a man who had no feet."

In early youth we reach for the moon and seldom count our blessings. We are glutenous with our dreams of material possessions and success and bliss. Through the rest of their lives many people strive for the ultimate and are frustrated because they do not achieve it.

Those who are magnificently blessed by life may take it for granted, while others who are tested by trouble may become bitter and feel abused and without blessings.

It takes a lot of living and loving to become mature enough to understand that there is always something to be thankful for, that happiness and thankfulness are comparative.

No matter how many blows fate may deal us there is always somebody who is worse off. We fret and are dissatisfied, disappointed and unhappy over things which seem important at the time. Then when some real knock comes along we look back and wonder how we could have felt as we did. It is a matter of comparison.

If we could keep this thought always in the foreground of our consciousness, we would live much more vibrantly. We would always remember that it is sheer bonus just to be alive! We would remember that we are fortunate to be alive and without pain, have enough to eat, to have roof over our heads, to have again the opportunity for serice, laughter and love, to again enjoy the gorgeous scenery Nature's changing seasons.

Many folks fret constant about money when they have the unequalled gift of an unbroken family.

I wish that all of my readers could have all of the blessings today; good health and their loved ones with them around a loaded table. But this cannot be in every instance. In such cases it may help to remember the man who had no feet.

I am sure that the habit of counting our blessings every day, not on just this one day, would lead to an emotional and physical vitality which is impossible otherwise.



—Star-Telegram Photo.

'NEW' RELATIVES—Mrs. Hettie Lewis looks over the deed to her father's property with her half brother, Adran Douglas Jacobs of Pochontas, Tenn., whom she had never seen until he walked up on her front porch at 3209 University Dr. Monday.

A PRAYER.
Let me bear my burdens well,
Let me face my time of care
As a soldier here, and dwell
In the valley of despair
Head erect, face front and true,
Till the bitter warfare cease.
Give me strength my tasks
to do;
Let me earn my time of
peace.

Let me whimper not nor whine
That my path to joy is long;
Let my skies be clear and fine,
Insomuch as I am strong;
Let me bravely plod my way
Undismayed, though sore
distressed,
Give me strength to work each
day;
Let me earn my time of rest.

Let me not for favors pray,
Nor especial pity crave.
If a rough and troubled way
I must tread, let me be brave.
Let me patient be, and wait
For my splendid after-while;
On the battlefields with fate
Let me earn my right to
smile.

TODAY'S FAVORITE GAG.

Three purchasing agents were talking over their jobs. "I buy for four branches and the main office," said one. "I buy installations that amount to thousands of dollars at a time," said the second with authority. The third yawned and mentioned that just that morning he had bought six million reds, four million greens, nine million yellows and seven million purples. The other two were properly impressed. "What do you buy?" they asked in awe. "Jelly beans," he said.

Miss Rasbury Funeral Set Tomorrow

Miss Annie C. Rasbury, 83, a resident here more than 50 years before moving to the Possum Kingdom Lake area in 1945, will be buried in Greenwood after funeral services at 11:30 a. m. Tuesday in Owens & Brumley Chapel. She died Sunday in a Graham hospital.

Miss Rasbury was an employe in Ellison's business office 52 years before her retirement 15 years ago, when she left to make her home with a nephew, Fred Heiple. She was a member of First Methodist Church here.

THANKS TO ONE WOMAN.

One woman's determination, over 100 years ago, was largely responsible for our present custom of a national Thanksgiving Day.

For 17 years, Sarah Hale carried on a single-handed campaign through talks, letters and magazine articles. She stressed how the nation would benefit if our gratitude to God was officially acknowledged on a specific day throughout the country instead of at a variety of times in various states.

Abraham Lincoln was impressed by Sarah Hale's impact on the nation. In his proclamation in 1863, setting the last Thursday of November as a national day of thanksgiving, he said:

"It has seemed to me fit and proper that God's blessings should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged, as with one heart and one voice, by the whole American people."

You, too, can do something to keep all aware that we owe much to God, the "author of liberty."

"What shall I render to the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me?" (Psalms 115:12.)

DAILY PRAYER.

Thanks to you, O bountiful Creator, for your unending blessings on all of us.

sonal messages.

The idea of Christmas cards originated with a man who wanted to send season greetings to friends. The year was 1843, the setting London, and the man Henry Cole.

Historians credit Cole with originating Christmas cards when he sent out 1000 printed season greetings. Hallmark only recently was successful in obtaining two original specimens of the first Christmas card for its collection of antique greeting cards, Mrs. Lee said.

YOUR PERSONAL handwriting, characteristic of you, should be used for addressing the envelope, as it conveys the warmth of a friendly handshake, Mrs. Lee said.

PRAYER.

When hopes of mine have gone awry
And lost is all I've planned,
Lord, grant me wisdom so that I
The hurt shall understand.

Grant me the faith to patient be,
And strengthen me for care
That whatsoever comes to me
With courage I can bear.

Lord, teach me always to be just,
For I would learn the way.
When unto Thy will bow I must
Still let me steadfast stay.

Lord, when with trials I'm beset,
Bravely I pray to live.
Lord, teach me heartache to forget
And teach me to forgive.

A BABY'S BEST FRIEND.

My Pa he thinks that he is smart
Because I'm here.
Now gladness overflows his heart
Because I'm here.
"When you grow up," he says to me.
"We'll just be chums,
And you shall find the tree
With sugar plums.

"When you are five or six years old
We'll have some fun;
I'll let you be a pirate bold
With dirk and gun.
A cowboy suit I'll get for you,
You little tad;
A lot of things, you bet, I'll do
To make you glad."

I'm only three days old, but then
It seems to me
I've got to wait until I'm ten
Before he'll be
Much use to me. My wants just
now
On Ma depend.
Pa means all right, but this I've
Ma's my best friend.

5 Floors To Go for Continental

There are just five more floors to go. Then the 30-story Continental National Bank Building at 7th and Houston will be the tallest all-welded steel structure in the United States.

This was pointed out last week by Preston M. Geren, architect, as steel for the 25th floor of the new building was completed.

In addition to the 30 floors, there will be a cooling tower and equipment penthouse on top to make a total height of 385 feet.

Steel erection, which was started Aug. 1, is scheduled for "topping off" on the 30th floor by Oct. 15. Installation of the blue and natural aluminum exterior skin will be started Nov. 15 and finished by end of the year.

The entire building will be completed by June of 1956, adding 177,000 square feet of prime office space in a rapidly-growing Fort Worth.

Robert Little, building manager, said 30 firms have requested 75 per cent of the available floor space in the building. Floor plans are now being prepared.

Sweetheart Ball Held At St. John's

Queen Elinor of the House of Collins and King Joe of the House of Malik were crowned by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Scecina at the annual Sweetheart Ball which was held in St. John's high school auditorium Friday, February 15.

Following the coronation ceremony, the Court danced while the orchestra played "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." The music was furnished by Dwight McCreedy and his five-piece orchestra. Members of the Court included Misses Marie Malek, Mary Truesdale, Ann Vatzlavick, and Wanda Lawrence.

The theme, "Gay Nineties," was carried out in all the decorations, including the refreshments of pink limeade, cake, nuts and mints. The serving table was laid with a pink cloth covered with a white organdy skirt.

Miss Lucinda Jackson and Miss Elinor Collins were in charge of the decorations.

† † † †



COMEDY FARCE — The Fine Arts Club will present "Xingu", a satirical comedy about women's clubs. Members of the cast in rehearsal, seated: Anna Mae Kriewald, Mrs. Dudley Harris and Mrs. Leo Schanen. Standing: Mrs. Bettie Rabke and Mrs. John Wright. The play is directed by Mrs. J. H. Porter.

St. John Valentine Court



ELINOR COLLINS
... queen of the ball



JOE MALEK
... king of the ball



ANN VATZLAVICK
... sophomore attendant



MARIE MALEK
... senior attendant



MATY TRUSDALE
... junior attendant



WANDA LAWRENCE
... freshman attendant

SWEETHEART BALL — Shown above is the St. John high school royal court for the Valentine Sweetheart Ball which will be held Friday night. The decoration committee is headed by Lucinda Jackson and Elinor Collins. Margaret Wendland and Mary Frances Kocurek are in charge of refreshments and Marie Malek, entertainment. Alyne Sinnacher is directing publicity.

Bristle up and grit
If the day looks kinder gloomy
And your chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin'
And the prospects awful grim,
If perplexities keep pressin'

For faith
Help me, my God, to keep
the faith ... As You would
have me do ... And first of
all, in everything ... To keep
my faith in You ... Then
help me, God, to do the same
... With neighbors every-
where ... As we should trust
each other now ... With true
and loving care ... And
when I am despondent, God
... And mentally at sea ...
Give me the strength I need,
to have ... Some confidence
in me ... Let not my faith
grow feeble, nor ... My soul
give up its fight ... To over-
come my failures, and ...
Be worthy in Your sight ...
And should You will some
tragedy ... And I am brought
to grief ... As I may fail to
understand ... Please help
my unbelief.

Sweetheart Ball Held At St. John's

Queen Elinor of the House of Collins and King Joe of the House of Malik were crowned by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. George Scecina at the annual Sweetheart Ball which was held in St. John's high school auditorium Friday, February 15.

Following the coronation ceremony, the Court danced while the orchestra played "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." The music was furnished by Dwight McCreedy and his five-piece orchestra. Members of the Court included Misses Marie Malek, Mary Truesdale, Ann Vatzlavick, and Wanda Lawrence.

The theme, "Gay Nineties," was carried out in all the decorations, including the refreshments of pink limeade, cake, nuts and mints. The serving table was laid with a pink cloth covered with a white organdy skirt.

Miss Lucinda Jackson and Miss Elinor Collins were in charge of the decorations.

Pert St. John Senior Hope Wings Will Replace Braid

By C. M. Henkel Jr.

Marilyn Schanen, St. John High School senior, will return to her last year of classes at the parochial school as a typical Robstown high school girl.

She is pretty, well liked, fond of music and dancing, and earns good marks in her classes.

She is different today, but she hasn't forgotten the little second grader with the long blond braids who ten years ago marched out the same door she will leave Tuesday — with an apple for the teacher in her hand. No apple this Monday.
No Braids

The truth is, Marilyn still has the braids — in a bureau drawer — and while she doesn't miss them, preferring the

short bob she wears, her father, L. J. (Pete) Schaner still thinks of the day they were shorn with regret.

With a busy school schedule ahead, Marilyn has very little time to think about after-graduation plans, which are, after all, a rather long way off. However, she does have one worry on that score. At 17 she has another inch to grow if she is to accomplish her first after-graduation ambition, to enter the Airlines College in Dallas where girls train to become airline hostesses. Requirements are for a minimum of five feet, four inches. Should she not make the extra stretch before next June, she will probably enter Robstown's favorite institution, Texas A. & I., proving again that she is a typical cotton capital girl. She likes being near home.

Record

Throughout her career at St. John, Marilyn has been active in affairs in connection with each of her classes. She

Continued on Page 8

WEATHER CHART

| | Low | High | Rain |
|-----------------|-----|------|------|
| Thursday . . . | 75 | 96 | .06 |
| Friday | 74 | 90 | 1.38 |
| Saturday . . . | 71 | 91 | .31 |
| Sunday | 74 | 88 | .16 |
| Monday | 74 | 81 | 2.27 |
| Tuesday | 72 | 81 | 1.54 |
| Wednesday . . | 73 | 89 | .01 |

Bristle up and grit your teeth.

If the day looks kinder gloomy

 And your chances kinder slim;

If the situation's puzzlin'

 And the prospects awful grim,

If perplexities keep pressin'

Prayer for Faith

Help me, my God, to keep
the faith . . . As You would
have me do . . . And first of
all, in everything . . . To keep
my faith in You . . . Then
help me, God, to do the same

With neighbors every-

Prayer for Faith

Help me, my God, to keep
the faith . . . As You would
have me do . . . And first of
all, in everything . . . To keep
my faith in You . . . Then
help me, God, to do the same
With neighbors every-

Garden Clubs Schedule Annual

Mexico Theme Selected For 1956 Event

"Mexican Guidebook" is the theme for the 1956 flower show to be staged here by Poinsettia and Robstown Garden Clubs Saturday, April 7.

Of special interest to exhibitors is the arrangements section of the show schedule. El Tren Expreso (The Express Train) is the title for a class in horizontal arrangements.

The invitational class to clubs is called Guanajuato (The City of Silver) and will consist of any type of arrangement in a silver container under 24 inches.

All white arrangements will be grouped as Guadalupe Hidalgo (The Shrine of the Virgin). Tijuana (The "wide-open" city) is a class for arrangements in bottles. Dried arrangements will be grouped as Juarez (The "desert" city) and mass arrangements are classed as Mexico City, "with its great crowds."

For those who prefer all green designs there is a class titled Monterrey (The Lottery) and Chihuahuas has been designated as a class for miniatures, both dried and fresh.

Completing the arrangements section will be Street Vendors, which is a class for both tailored and formal corsages, and Muchachitas, arrangements for children under eight years of age and from eight to 12 years old.

Horticulture will also be empha-



PLANNING FLOWER SHOW — Members of the executive committee for "Mexican Guide Book", a flower show sponsored by the Robstown and Poinsettia Garden Clubs and scheduled for April 7. In the picture above are Mrs. Lad J. Harold, Poinsettia chairman; Mrs. L. T. Jennings, staging chairman; Mrs. B. R. Hoover, staging chairman; Mrs. B. D. Berryman, publicity; Mrs. Belo Stone, Jr., Robstown club chairman; Mrs. Claude Davenport, publicity and Mrs. Leo Schanen, schedules.

sized in this year's show. A wide variety of roses will be shown including various types of exhibition roses, decorative roses, climbing roses, polyanthas and floribundas, and collections of roses.

The class for perennials will include such favorites as coleus, daisies, dianthus, gaillardia, ger-

anium, and golden glow. Also, shown will be periwinkle, verbena, violets and other perennials.

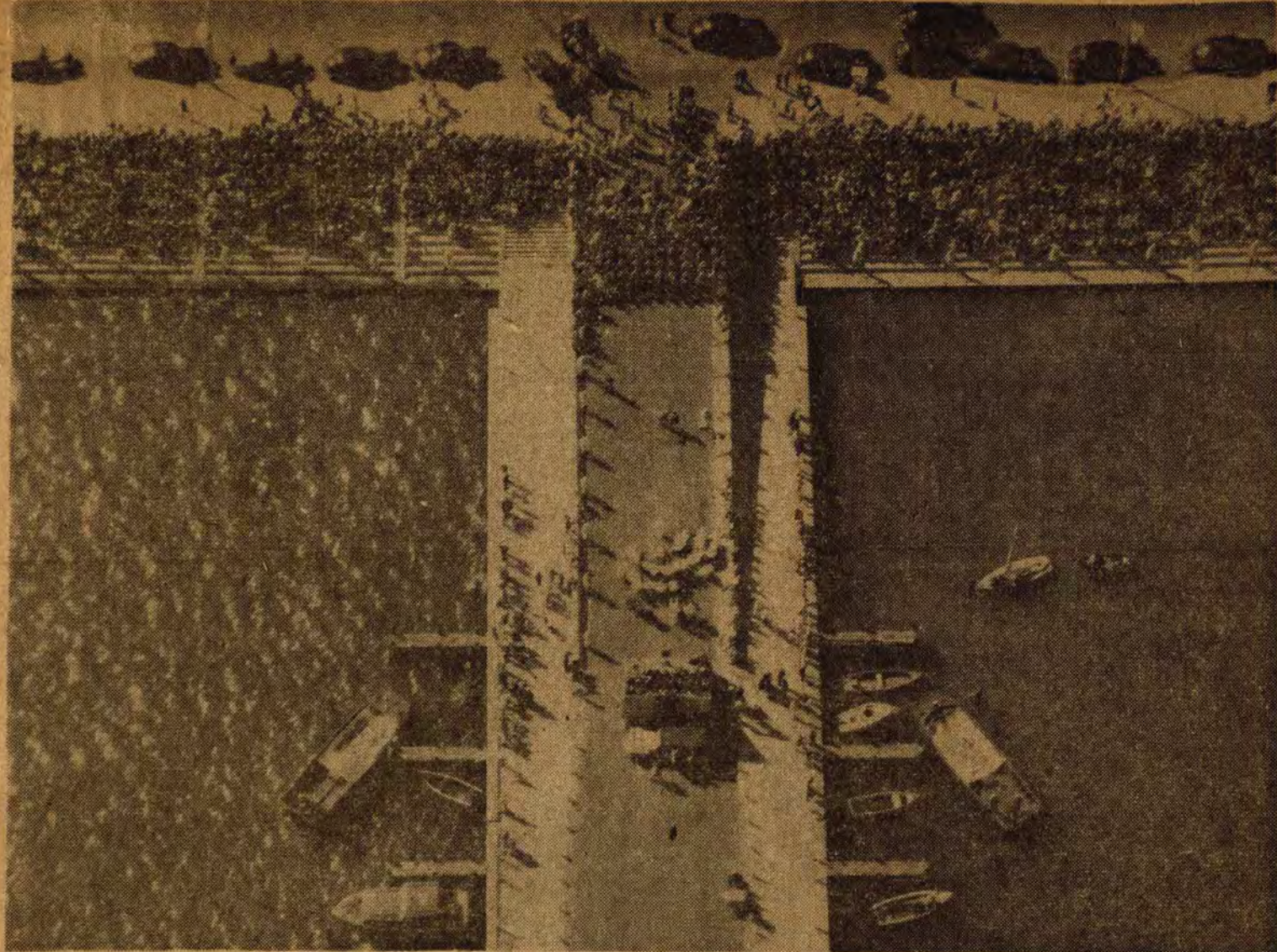
A large class of annuals is planned. This will include alyssum, asters, balsam, bells of Ireland, calendula, candytuft, cosmos, and larkspur. Other annuals exhibited

will be marigolds, nasturtium, pansy, petunia, phlox, stock, sweet-peas, snapdragons, zinnias. There will also be a section for collection of annuals.

Included in the horticulture section will be flowering shrubs, flowering vines and trees, and bulbs, corms and rhizomes. Potted plants will also be featured.

This year's show will be held at the Knights of Columbus Hall. Entries will be accepted from amateur gardeners within a 25-mile radius of Robstown.

Anyone desiring a schedule of the show may obtain one by contacting Mrs. A. G. Bailey, 301 East Avenue D.



CORPUS CHRISTIANS HONOR NAVY DEAD—Thousands of persons gathered on the seawall yesterday afternoon to participate in ceremonies in tribute to men who have given their lives at sea in the service of their country. Above is an air view of the crowd at the Lawrence Street T-Head, where Chaplain F. Richard Williams of the Naval Air Training Bases and Rear Adm. J. J. Clark, commandant of NATB, spoke. Following the ceremony ashore, two Navy armament barges laden with flowers, each one in remembrance of a many who lost his life in service, cast off for the Gulf to drop the blossoms on the waters. A Catalina flying boat also dropped a token load of floral offerings in Gulf waters.

Thousands Attend Memorial Service Honoring Those Who Died at Sea

Thousands of flowers, each one in remembrance of a man who gave his life at sea in the service of his country, were scattered on the waters of the Gulf of Mexico yesterday afternoon following a brief and impressive all-faith service at the Lawrence Street T-head.

Thousands of Corpus Christians gathered on the sea wall for the ceremony. Chaplain F. Richard Williams, senior chaplain for the Naval Air Training Bases, urged

those who have lost members of their families to make "a better world and to carry out the job that men now dead will never have a chance to do on this earth."

The Naval Air Station Band played under the direction of Chief Musician Charles H. Pearce. Lt Comdr. Edward Finnen gave the invocation and the NAS chorus sang the Navy hymn, "Eternal Father." Albert Sochim, accompanied on the accordion by Carl Lellky, chief specialist, sang

"The Lord's Prayer."

Rear Adm. J. J. Clark, introduced by Walter Koch, chairman of the local arrangements, spoke briefly. Upon firing of a volley salute by a Marine honor guard two Navy armament barges laden with flowers cast off for the Gulf.

Shortly afterwards a Catalina flying boat, also carrying flowers, took off from the end of the T-head, circled the crowd and headed toward the Gulf to drop its token load of floral offerings.

MISSING



... Each Bird that Wings the Air ...

MISSING. . . . Dear Lord, they said that he
Was missing . . . Lord, this cannot be;
None can be missing from Thy care.
And Thou canst not be unaware
Of one of Thine own children? . . . No.
Then, Lord, wherever he may go,
Wherever he has gone, do Thou
Keep him close, safe . . . And teach me how
To trust him to Thy boundless care
That notes each bird that wings the air,
Even the humblest of them all,
Knowing the sparrow in its fall.
Keep him safe, found within Thy hands,
Thou Lord of space and seas and lands.

Pacific War Veteran Now Guard at Hitchcock Station

Marine Verdine Fought in Many Tough Battles.

Marine Corp. Allen Joseph Verdine, Jr., 22, who fought in many tough South Pacific engagements and was aboard the ship which rescued Radioman Tweed, the now famous sailor who stayed on Guam 30 months under the noses of the Japs, is now serving as a guard at the Hitchcock naval air station.

Home after 20 months overseas, the corporal recently saw his 19-month-old daughter, Nita Lou, for the first time. His wife lives at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Henderson, Jr., at 3311 Arbor.

Corporal Verdine, graduate of San Jacinto where he played hockey and was a cheer leader, served at Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, New Zealand, Bougainville, Kwajalein, Eniwetok, Saipan, Tinian and Guam.

Verdine recalled that marines and sailors on the ship that rescued Tweed were skeptical at first as to Tweed's having performed this feat, but they learned the story was true and information furnished by Tweed proved very useful in the landings at Guam. Tweed, according to Verdine, lived in caves and the natives of Guam helped feed him.

As orderly to Maj. Gen. A. H. Turnage, commanding the marines at Guam, Verdine saw his worst fighting in that area.

Within 15 feet of where Verdine crouched in a foxhole, a marine lieutenant colonel and several of his staff were killed by a Jap mortar shell on the second day of the Guam landing.

According to Mrs. Henderson, the corporal's daughter is a "very popular young lady" with the corporal's fellow marines of the Third Division who come to see her and who have written her many letters.



CORP. ALLEN J. VERDINE, JR.



ROBSTOWN'S NEWCOMERS—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jackson hold Robert Warren (left) and Marilyn Marie as the twins pose for their first picture to mark a week's anniversary. They arrived at Robstown Hospital Monday, September 21. Little Bob, a nine pounder who outweighs his sister by almost two pounds, is also the lazier of the two.

Fort Worth Press

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1958



68th Birthday for President

President and Mrs. Eisenhower were all smiles as they arrived at Statler Hotel in Washington today to attend breakfast honoring Ike's 68th birthday. Befitting the Chief

Executive's diet, the birthday cake was made of flowers.—Republican flowers.—UPI Telephoto.

Widow of Casey Jones, The Immortal, Buried

JACKSON, Tenn., Nov. 22. (UPI)—The widow of the immortal Casey Jones was buried today beside her husband's grave.

The 92-year-old Mrs. Jones died at a nursing home here Friday, 58 years after her husband rode the Illinois Central's "Cannonball Express" to his death and to a niche in American folklore.

It was on April 29, 1900 that Casey died in a wreck near Vaughn, Miss.

The "Cannonball Express" plowed into a line of stalled freight cars, but Casey stayed with his engine and slowed the train enough to keep any of his passengers from being killed.

Wallace Saunders, an engine wiper Casey had befriended, wrote the ballad "Casey Jones," which made the heroic railroad engineer a legend.

LIFE GOES ON

Flood Baby And Mother 'Doing Fine'

A mother who waded waist-deep in flood waters to safety on Tuesday entered City-County Hospital that night and give birth to a son. Both were doing fine on Wednesday.

The mother, Mrs. Violet Hare, and her husband, Earl, carried their 17-month-old baby, Shirley Jean, to safety from their flooded home at 4229 Barbara Rd.

They walked waist-deep in the muddy waters to White Settlement Road, where they were picked up by boat.

They went to a home of relatives at 2719 Ave. J. Mrs. Hare entered the hospital at 11:30 p. m. Tuesday, and the baby, weighing seven pounds, eight ounces, was born at 1:27 a. m. Wednesday.

Mrs. Hare had prepared baby clothes and everything was in readiness at her home for the arrival, she told nurses.

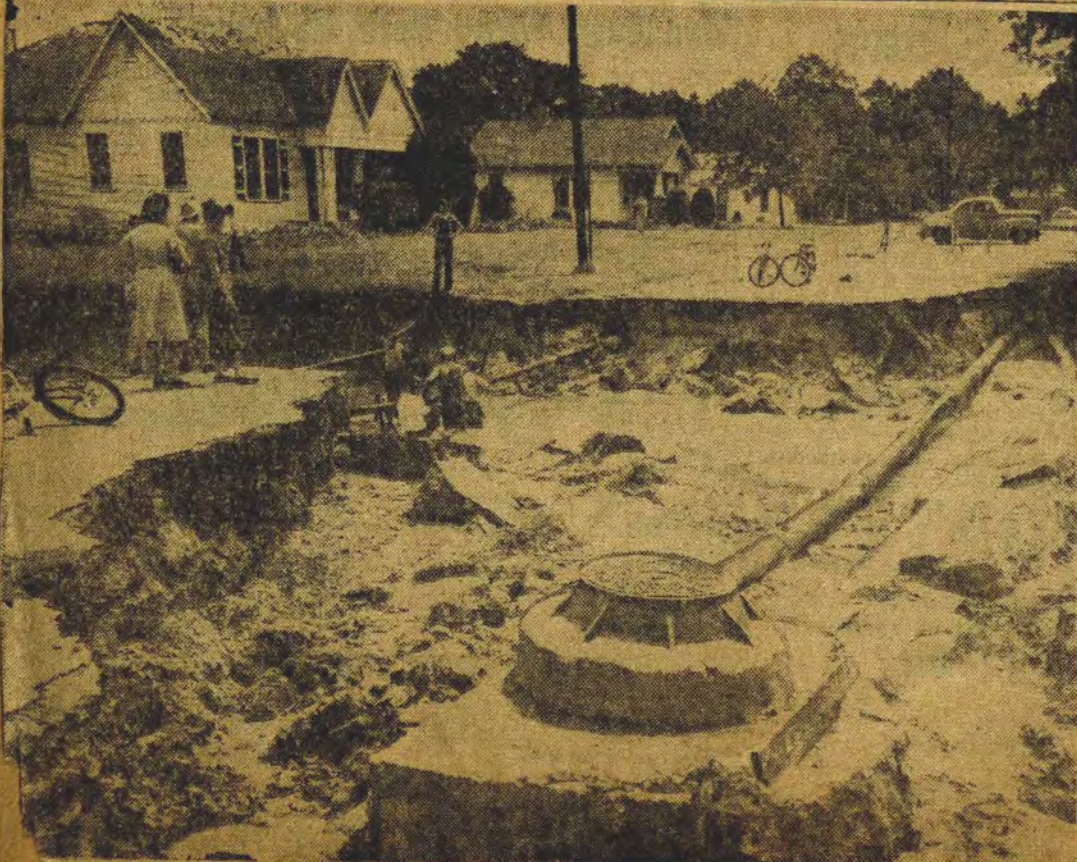
They lost everything but the clothes they were wearing, the mother said.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

CLEANING UP—Employees of Vergal Bourland Home Appliances shop, 2705 W. 7th, started Wednesday the huge task of cleaning up after Tuesday's flood. Water that rose eight feet inside the shop caused \$85,000 damage to television and radio sets. (More damage pictures on page 8.)

Estimates Set \$12,000,000 Flood Damage

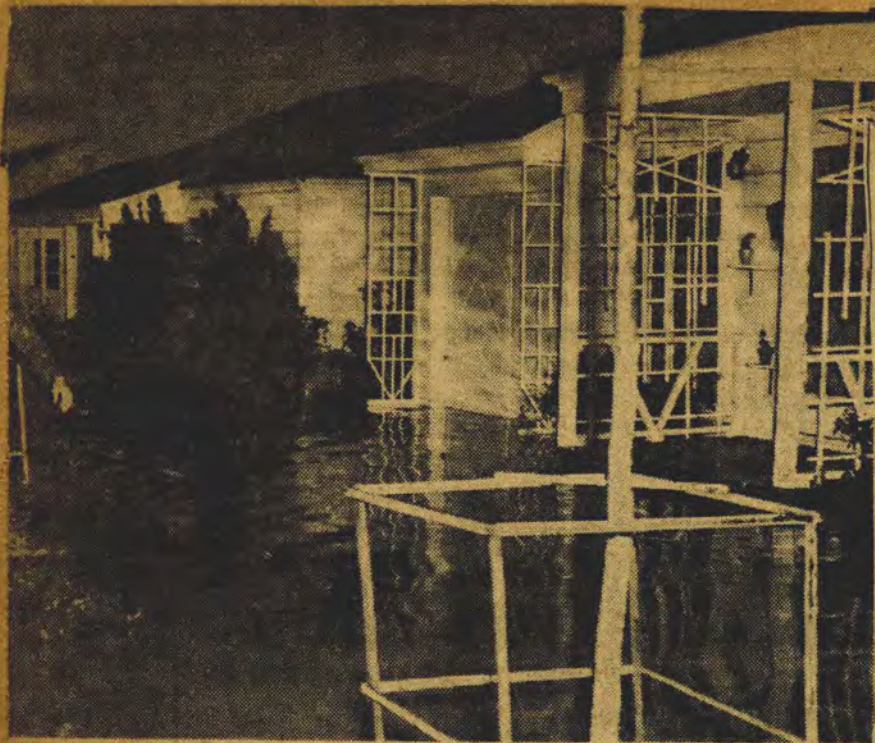


—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.

ATURE'S SCOOP—A culvert at the 3700 block of Yucca was washed away and ed this scene to the picture of flood damage in Fort Worth Tuesday.

Lost Club
Breakfast Club

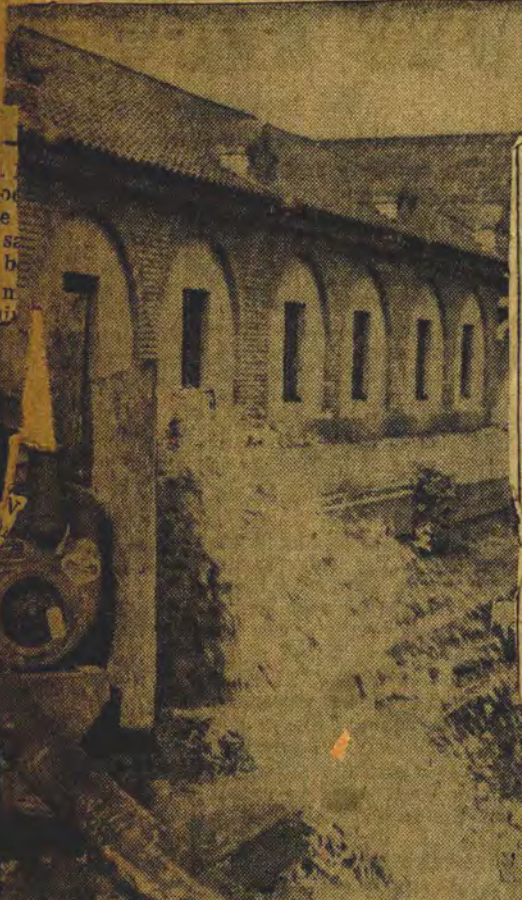
My True Story



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.
JED—Robert Vaughn, 804 Edgefield, rescued his pet Scotty, Elmer, through water that reached his neck.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.
GANGWAY!—Two-year-old James Nicholson needed plenty of elbow room when he attacked his breakfast at the Pioneer Palace refugee station. James and his mother, Mrs. Alfred Nicholson, 1717 White Settlement Rd., found shelter there.



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.
 were being pumped out of the Holly plants in the effort to provide normal water here, Rt. 8, and at right, J. D. Vickers, 2608



—Star-Telegram Staff Photo.
THE ROAD BACK—Residents of Linwood Addition wait on "shore" Wednesday as three men paddle out to half-submerged houses to get clothing.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY

General MacArthur: "I now close my military career and just fade away—an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty. Goodby."

Young Arthur MacArthur, asked what he thought of the nation's capital: "It's just something out of this world."

Sgt. William W. Rousey, 90th Division infantryman, has been seriously wounded in action a second time, the War Department Monday notified his sister, Mrs. Vera Hamm, 402 N. W. 15th. Rousey was wounded Sept. 18 in France. Previously he was wounded July 3. He is a brother of E. V. Rousey, 307 W. 4th. His wife, formerly Miss Dorothy Padgett, lives in Houston.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY

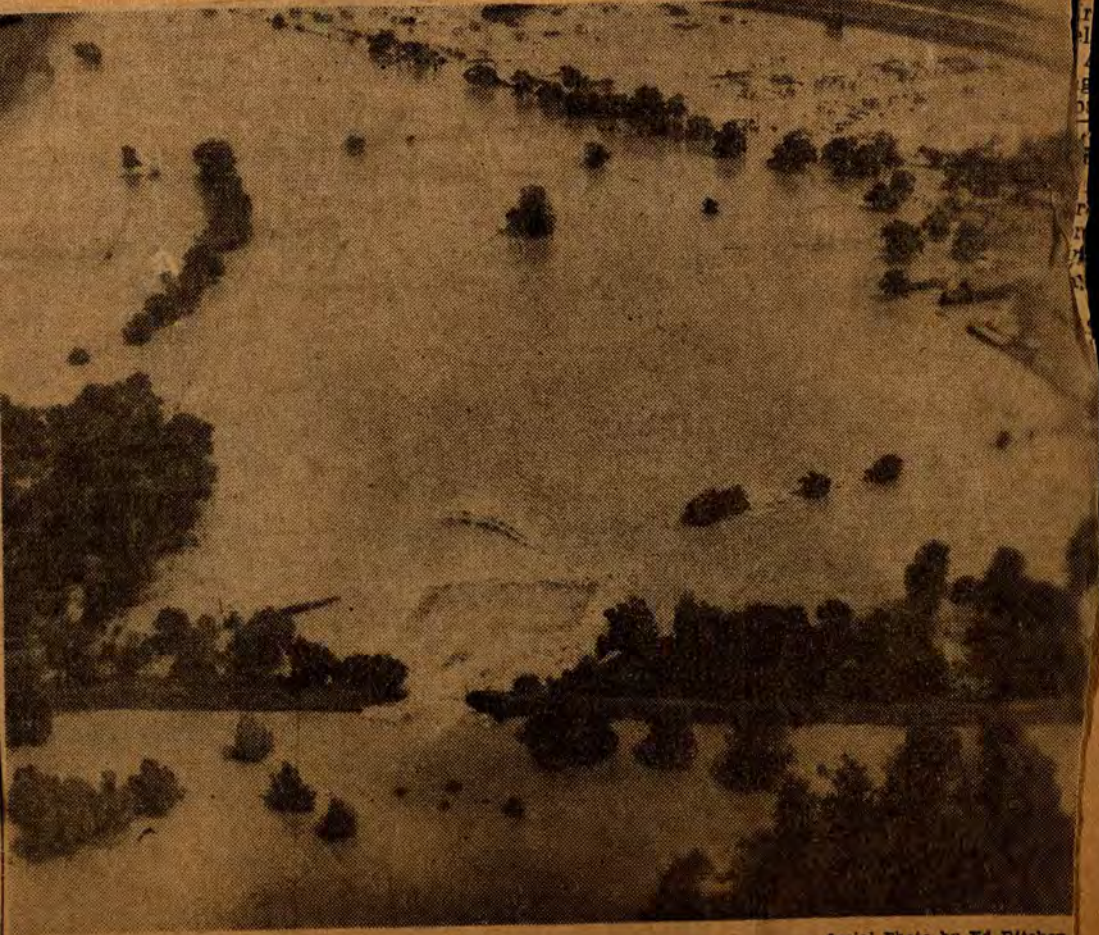
General MacArthur: "I now close my military career and just fade away—an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty. Goodby."

Young Arthur MacArthur, asked what he thought of the nation's capital: "It's just something out of this world."

90th Division Soldier Wounded Second Time

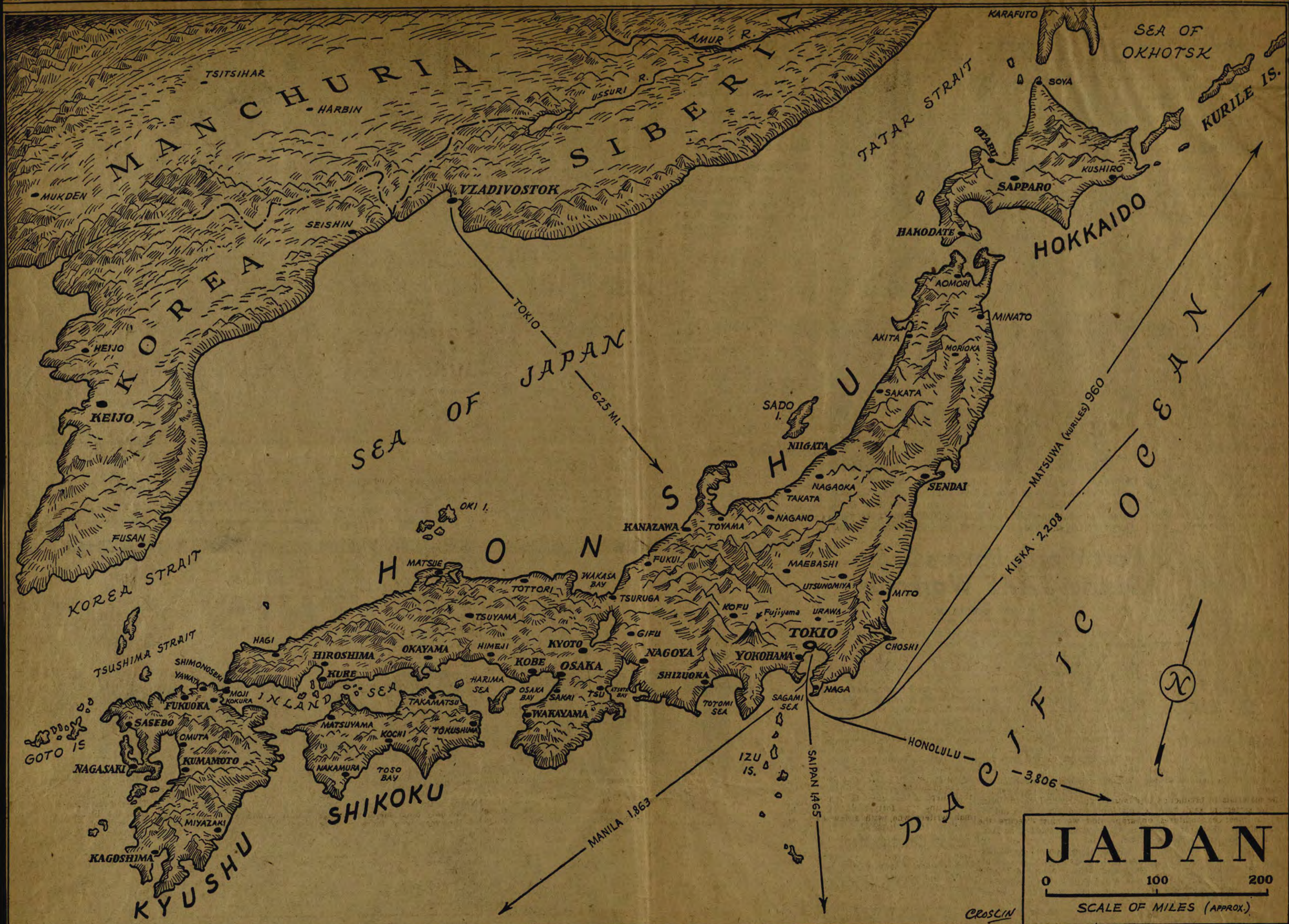
Staff Sgt. William W. Rousey, 90th Division infantryman, has been seriously wounded in action a second time, the War Department Monday notified his sister, Mrs. Vera Hamm, 402 N. W. 15th.

Rousey was wounded Sept. 18 in France. Previously he was wounded July 3. He is a brother of E. V. Rousey, 307 W. 4th. His wife, formerly Miss Dorothy Padgett, lives in Houston.



—Aerial Photo by Ed Ritchey.

BREAK IN DAM—Boiling, muddy water spouting from this break (in center of photo) of Samuel Ave. levee flooded a number of homes on N. E. 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th and 15th Sts. Tuesday morning and forced evacuation of many Negro families. They waded to higher land, leaving possessions behind.



THE JAPANESE HOMELAND is beginning to feel the war. The recent Super Fortress bombing presumably marks the beginning of regular air assaults on the island chain by bombers so huge and so powerful that bombs from the leviathans will tear at the bowels of Tojo's industries. Task

forces striking so close as the Kuriles to the north and the Bonin and Volcano Islands to the southwest, together with the U. S. occupation of Saipan in the Marianas, less than 1,500 miles away, is still another shocking blow to the Nipponese. No part of the Japanese homeland, an island chain

1,200 miles long and 120 miles wide, is more than 70 miles from the coast, an air distance measured in minutes. Of all her 45 cities over 10,000 inhabitants, only three are beyond the range of 16-inch naval guns. Between Japan's mountain peaks are the plains and valleys into which she

has crowded 73,000,000 inhabitants. Bottomlands are almost solid with rice paddies, and in the foothills every available acre is tilled. This map shows the principal cities ports and islands that make up the Japanese homeland. Save it.



GENERAL EISENHOWER—This is a recent portrait of General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme Allied commander in the European theater. This photo was made by Dave Sherman, Life photographer with the wartime still picture pool. (AP Photo).



FAMILY LEAVES GRAVESIDE—Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt carries the flag that covered his father's casket, as he and other members of the family leave the graveside of the late President. At Elliott's right is his mother, escorted by Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger. Behind Elliott is Col. John Boettiger. At Elliott's left are, left to right, Mrs. John Roosevelt, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Shown at the left of the picture, facing the camera, are President and Mrs. Truman. (INS Photo).

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS



THE CHIEF IS DEAD—On the sidewalk outside the U. S. Embassy in London three American soldiers read London's Daily Express to learn details of the death of President Roosevelt. Embassy flag flies at half staff. (INS Photo).



... "He is not here—he lives!" ...
 Kneeling in a garden gray with dawn,
 Yearning to touch a dear familiar form,
 How many, Mary-like, have wept to say,
 "I know not where he lies?"
 "In line of duty," "Somewhere at the front"—
 Bright phrases these, and honorably borne,
 And yet the old desire to tuck the quilt
 At night around a restless, sleeping lad
 Grips mother hearts.
 These, Father, have a very special need
 Of shining messengers who can roll stones
 Of doubt and aching emptiness away.
 Oh, let them hear again those vital words:
 "He is not here—he lives!"



FAMILY LEAVES GRAVESIDE—Brig. Gen. Elliott Roosevelt carries the flag that covered his father's casket, as he and other members of the family leave the graveside of the late President. At Elliott's right is his mother, escorted by Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger. Behind Elliott is Col. John Boettiger. At Elliott's left are, left to right, Mrs. John Roosevelt, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. Shown at the left of the picture, facing the camera, are President and Mrs. Truman. (INS Photo).



THE CHIEF IS DEAD—On the sidewalk outside the U. S. Embassy in London three American soldiers read London's Daily Express to learn details of the death of President Roosevelt. Embassy flag flies at half staff. (INS Photo).

WHY WEEPEST THOU?

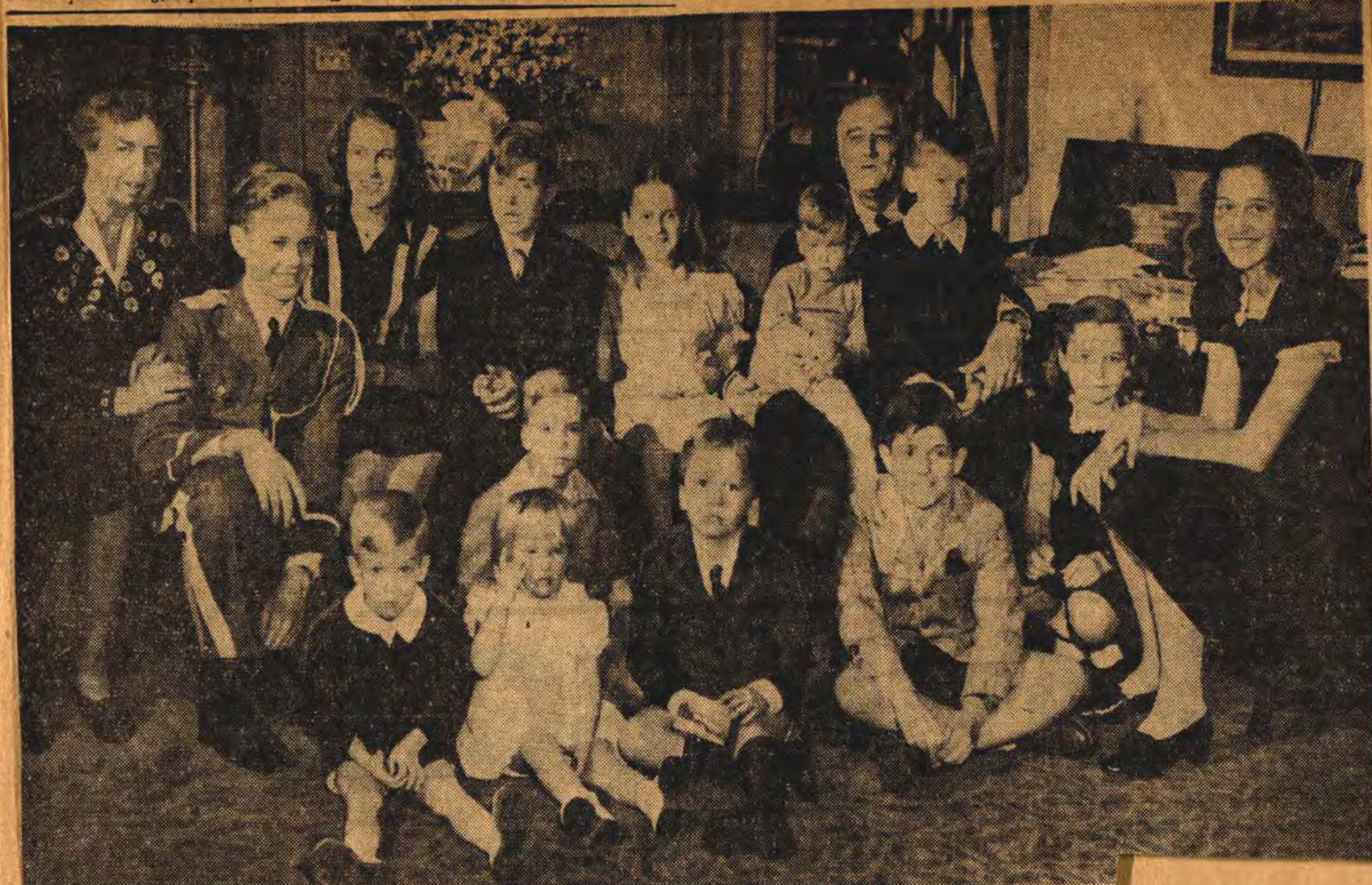


... "He is not here—he lives!" ...

Kneeling in a garden gray with dawn,
Yearning to touch a dear familiar form,
How many, Mary-like, have wept to say,
"I know not where he lies"?

"In line of duty," "Somewhere at the front"—
Bright phrases these, and honorably borne,
And yet the old desire to tuck the quilt
At night around a restless, sleeping lad
Grips mother hearts.

These, Father, have a very special need
Of shining messengers who can roll stones
Of doubt and aching emptiness away.
Oh, let them hear again those vital words:
"He is not here—he lives!"



ROOSEVELTS AND GRANDCHILDREN — President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt shown with their grandchildren at the White House on Inauguration Day, Jan. 20, 1945. This photo of the last family gathering, made by the Navy at the President's request, has just been released in Washington. The President holds David (left) and Franklin D. Roosevelt III, and Mrs. Roosevelt rests

her hand on the arm of Curtis "Bers are, front, left to right, Chris Sturgis Roosevelt, John Boettiger right, Haven Clark, Elliott Jr., Roosevelt. Third row, left to right" Boettiger, William Donner Roder Roosevelt. (AP Photo).



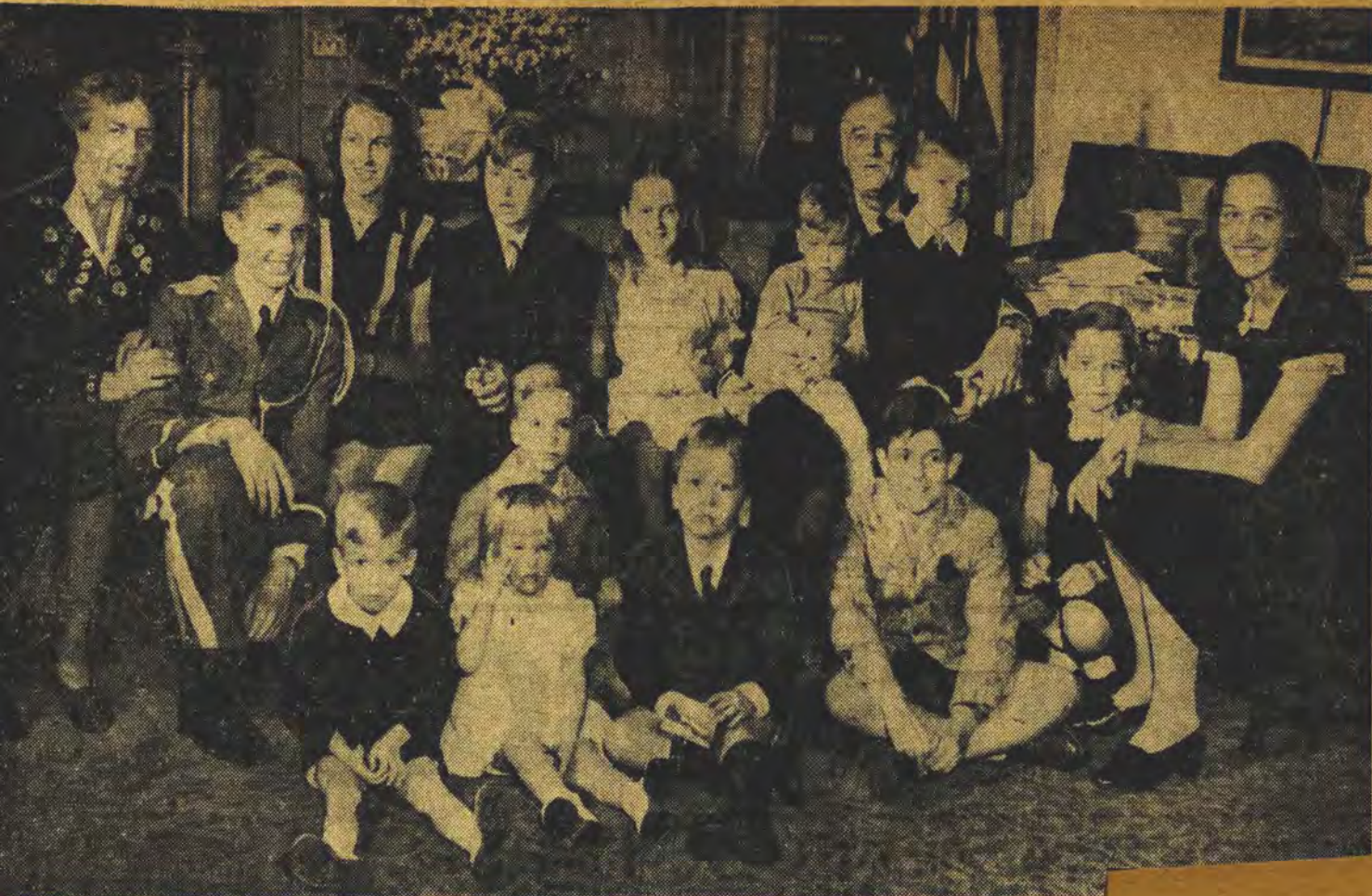
BEFORE THEY MOVED TO WHITE HOUSE—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt are shown in front of the White House when they visited there April 28, 1932, to attend a dinner given by President Hoover to 22 state executives. Roosevelt was then Governor of New York.



FOUR IMPORTANT DATES—This is Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant Secretary in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet. Top right, Governor of New York. Bottom left, United States. Bottom right, United States. (AP Photo).

IMPORTANT DATES

OF FR...



ROOSEVELTS AND GRANDCHILDREN — President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt shown with their grandchildren at the White House on Inauguration Day, Jan. 20, 1945. This photo of the last family gathering, made by the Navy at the President's request, has just been released in Washington. The President holds David (left) and Franklin D. Roosevelt III, and Mrs. Roosevelt rests

her hand on the arm of Curtis "Boers" Roosevelt, front, left to right, Chris Sturgis Roosevelt, John Boettiger, right, Haven Clark, Elliott Jr., Roosevelt. Third row, left to right "Boettiger, William Donner Roder Roosevelt. (AP Photo).

By the Navy
leased in Was
and Franklin



BEFORE THEY MOVED TO WHITE HOUSE—Franklin D. Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt are shown in front of the White House when they visited there April 28, 1932, to attend a dinner given by President Hoover to 22 state executives. Roosevelt was then Governor of New York.



FOUR IMPORTANT DATES—The top is Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant Secretary in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet. Top right, Governor of New York. Bottom left, United States. Bottom right, United States. (AP Photo).

IMPORTANT DATES

OF THE



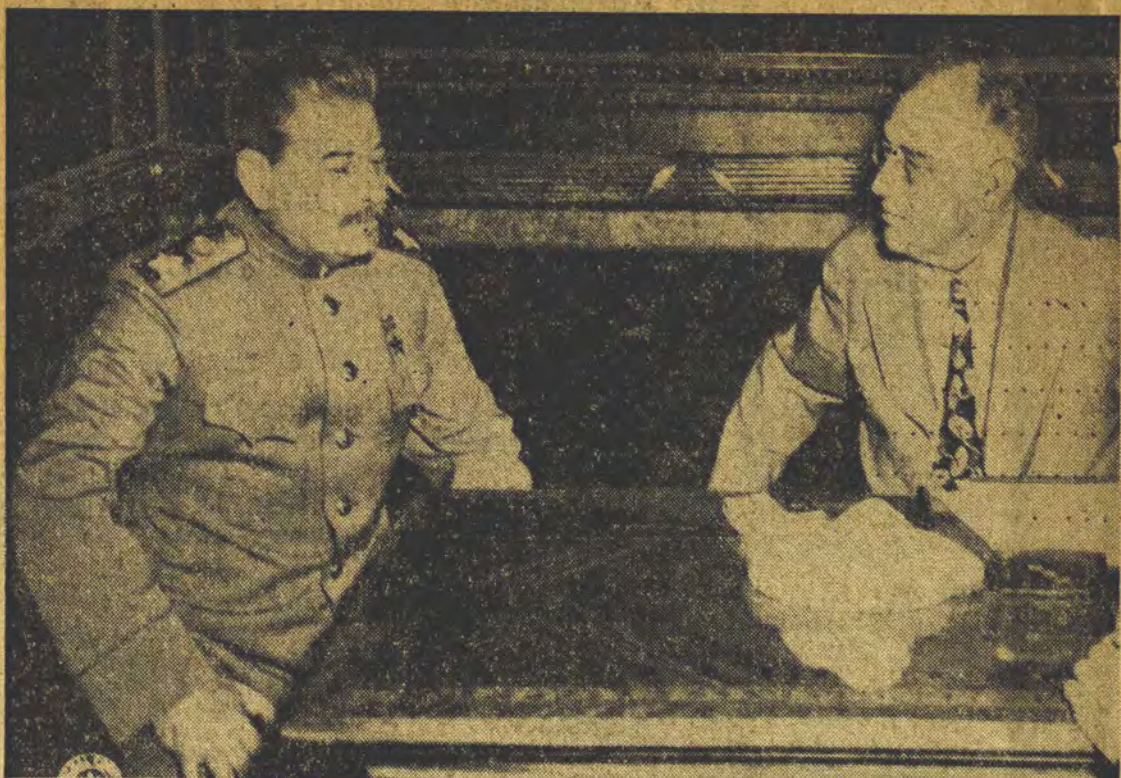
LEAVING WARM SPRINGS—Patient watch as the body of President Roosevelt leaves the Warm Springs Foundation where he died Thursday afternoon. (AP Wire-photo).



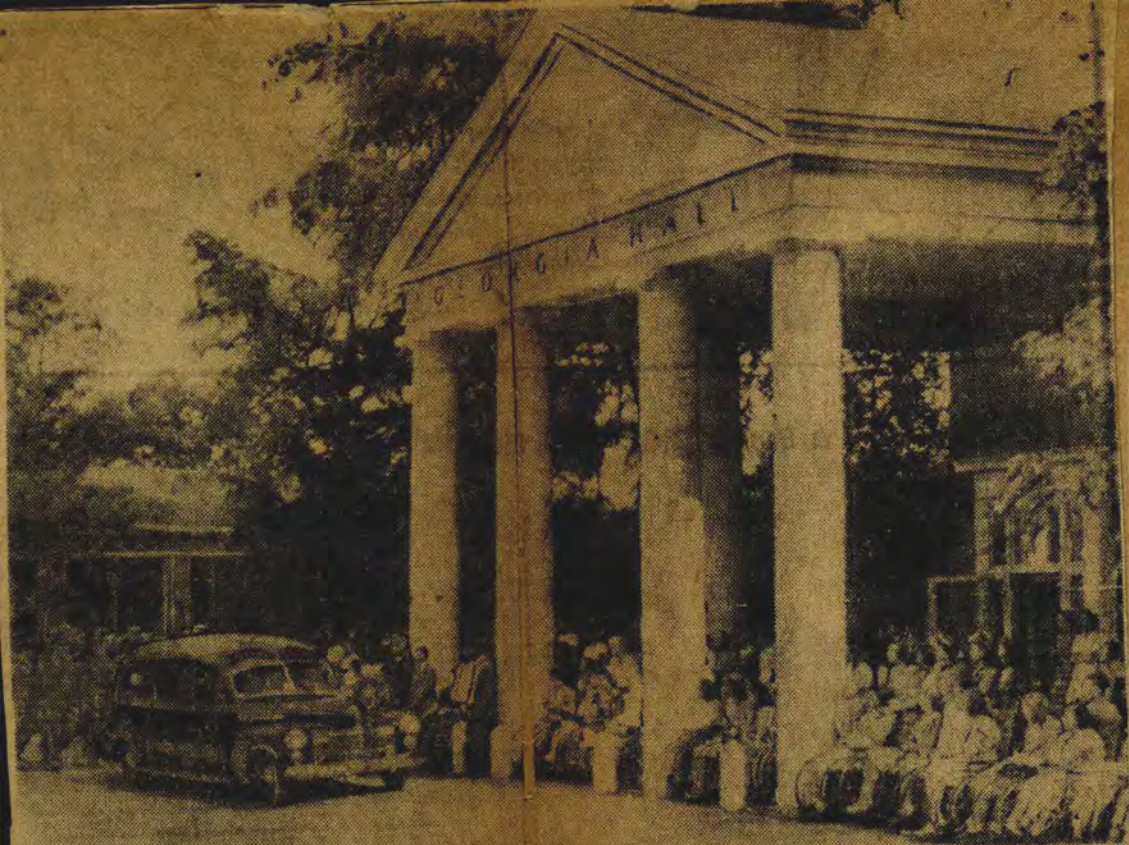
CONFERENCE AT CASABLANCA—President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill gather with French leaders at Casablanca, French Morocco, for the first of the President's momentous war sessions abroad. Left to right: Gen. Henri Giraud, high commissioner of French North Africa; the President; General de Gaulle and Churchill. (AP Photo).



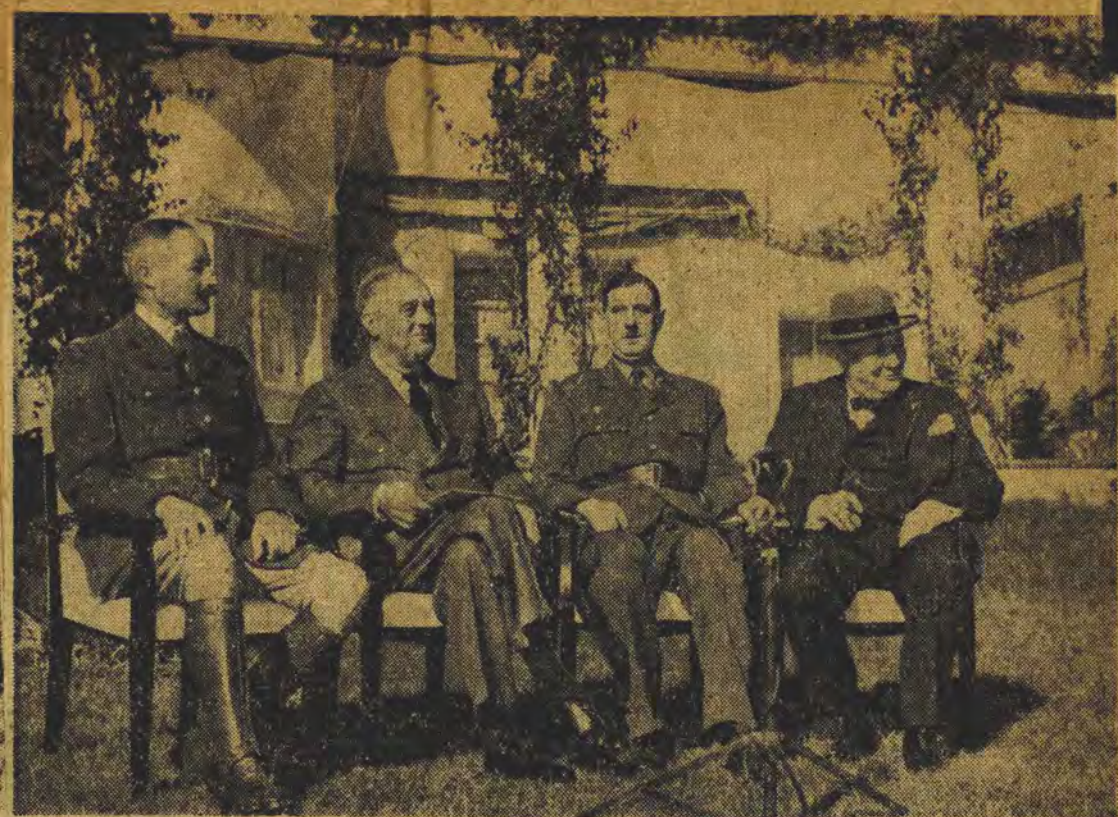
CONFERENCE AT QUEBEC—President Roosevelt (center) confers with Canadian Premier Mackenzie King (left) and Prime Minister Churchill as they mapped blows at the Axis during the meeting at Quebec. (AP Photo).



CONFERENCE AT YALTA—President Roosevelt and Premier Marshal Stalin meet for what was to prove the President's last historic war conference, that at Yalta Palace in the Crimea. (INS Photo).



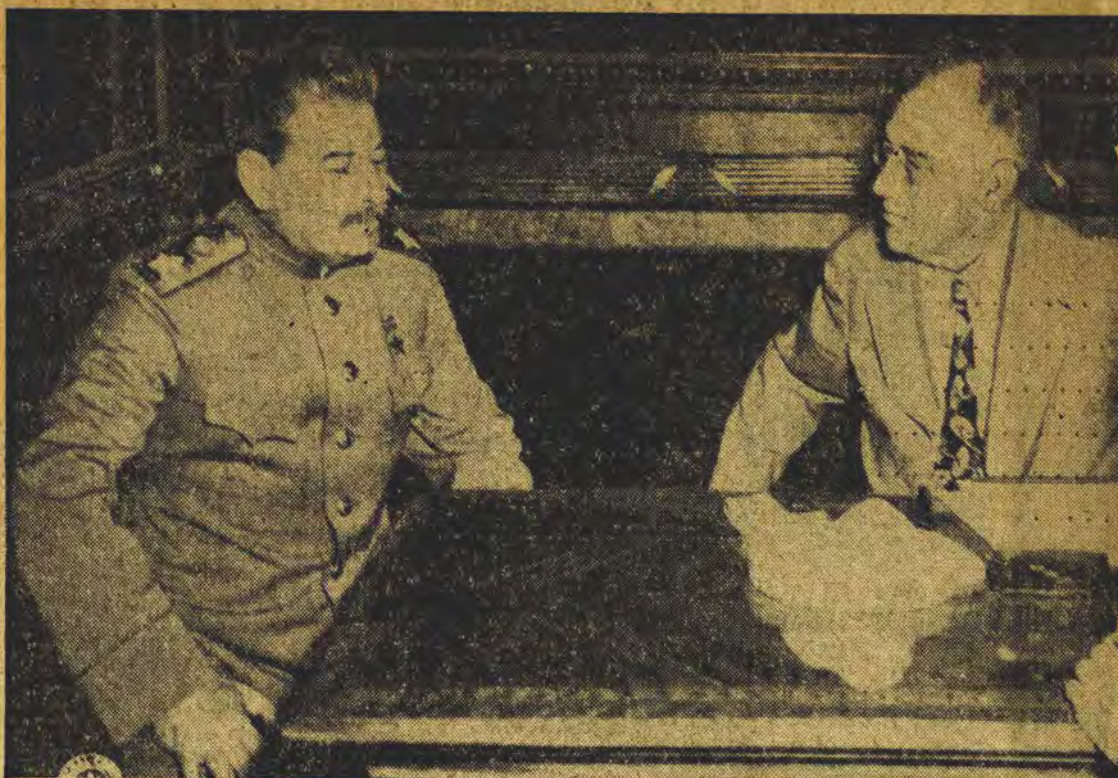
LEAVING WARM SPRINGS—Patient watch as the body of President Roosevelt leaves the Warm Springs Foundation where he died Thursday afternoon. (AP Wirephoto).



CONFERENCE AT CASABLANCA—President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill gather with French leaders at Casablanca, French Morocco, for the first of the President's momentous war sessions abroad. Left to right: Gen. Henri Giraud, high commissioner of French North Africa; the President; General de Gaulle and Churchill. (AP Photo).



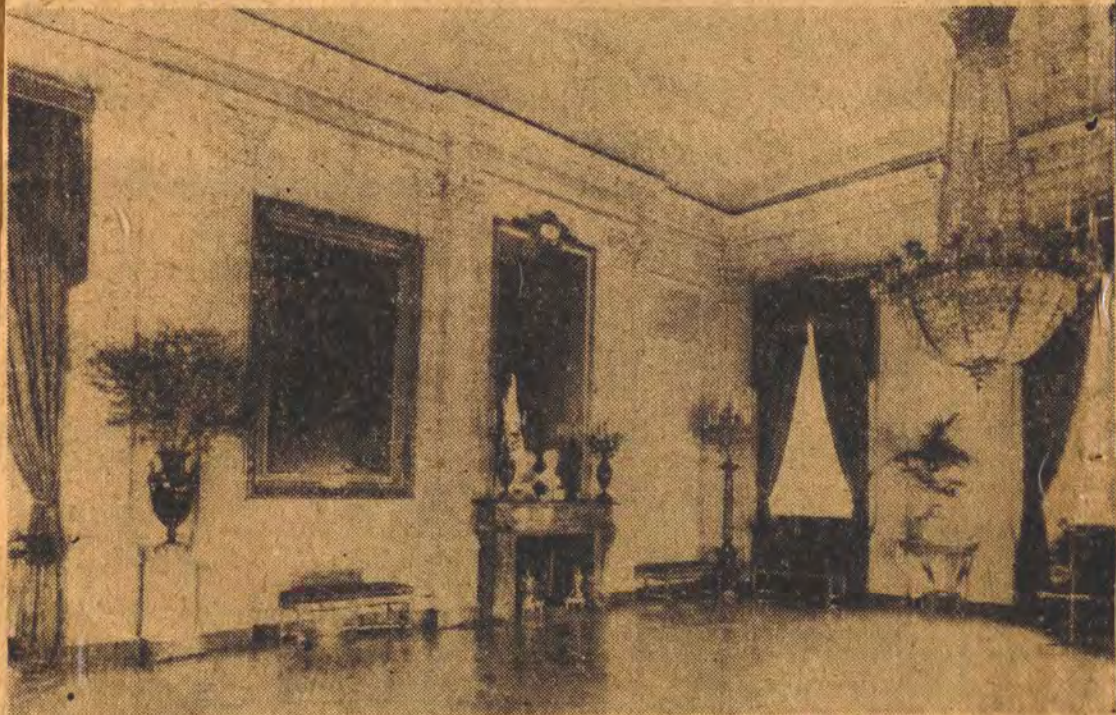
CONFERENCE AT QUEBEC—President Roosevelt (center) confers with Canadian Premier Mackenzie King (left) and Prime Minister Churchill as they mapped blows at the Axis during the meeting at Quebec. (AP Photo).



CONFERENCE AT YALTA—President Roosevelt and Premier Marshal Stalin meet for what was to prove the President's last historic war conference, that at Yalta Palace in the Crimea. (INS Photo).



FAMILY PLOT—Here is a view of the Roosevelt family plot in the cemetery adjacent to St. James Episcopal Church at Hyde Park where Franklin D. Roosevelt will be buried Sunday. Graves in the foreground are those of James Roosevelt, right, father of the President, and of his grandmother, Mrs. Rebecca H. Roosevelt. This picture was taken before burial of the President's mother, Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt. (AP Wirephoto).



WHERE FUNERAL WILL BE HELD—This is a view of the East Room in the White House where funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon for President Roosevelt. (AP Wirephoto).



TRUMAN TAKES OATH—Harry S. Truman, left center, as he was sworn in Thursday as President. The oath was taken at the White House in the presence of high government officials. Left to right are Labor Secretary

Perkins, War Secretary Stimson, Commerce Secretary Wallace, War Production Board Chief J. A. Krug, Navy Secretary Forrestal, Agriculture Secretary Wickard, an unidentified man, Attorney General Biddle, Truman,

State Secretary Stettinius, Mrs. Truman, Interior Secretary Ickes, Chief Justice Stone, Speaker of the House Rayburn, War Mobilization Director Vinson, Representatives Martin, Ramspeck and McCormick. (AP Photo).



FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

who gave his life that this Victory
might be achieved.

*"The only thing we have to fear
is fear itself."*



FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

who gave his life that this Victory
might be achieved.

*"The only thing we have to fear
is fear itself."*

WAR WITH
GERMANY
OVER

OH BOY...

WAR
PRODUCTION



WAR WITH
GERMANY
OVER

OH
BOY...

WAR
PRODUCTION



★ AMERICANA ★ HOME FOR CHRISTMAS



BY RAY PEACOCK.
(AP Feature Writer.)

THE OLD place sure looks good again. If you squint through one eye, it's just like a Christmas card, with the snow and the old fence and everything. Nice to have the house full again, hear voices and footsteps upstairs. Gets kind of lonesome around here sometimes, with just the two of us.

Didn't use to be that way. A man's family used to live right around him. Automobiles done it, maybe. People kept going a little farther and farther from home, until first thing you knew they were a thousand miles away, out in California, maybe, or 'way up in Michigan somewheres.

I mind the time Bill got married. Girl from Georgia, she was. He met her in Los Angeles and that's where they live. Only they don't call it Los Angeles. Just L. A. Their oldest girl is three, and here I'm seeing her for the first time.

And Louella, too. She went away to business college and married a fellow

from Arkansas. Didn't ask us about it or say anything beforehand. Just up and married and came here on their honeymoon to tell us. Always on the go, them two. Lived in four States, and here I ain't moved but once and that only when we built this house new.

Ain't the kids having a grand time. Guess they never saw such snow, that stays and stays until Spring and doesn't get black. Don't mind their noise a bit, either. Reminds me of when Bill and Louella and Katy and Ed were young. Katy's back, too, but then she always was so quiet you never knew she was around.

And Ed—well, I wasn't going to think about Ed, 'way off there in camp. And he the baby of the family. Was the baby, anyway. Got the letter just last week—Christmas furlough cancelled after he was all packed up. Tough on a lot of boys this Christmas. Their poor girls, too. Seems like the ones of us who are lucky had better make the most of this Christmas. May be the last one like we've known for a long, long time.

GEN. MACARTHUR'S
DEFINITION OF COMMUNISM —

"The great threat in what is called present communism is the imperialistic tendency or the lust for power beyond their own geographical confines.

"It is their effort to enslave the individual to the concepts of the state. It is the establishment of autocracy that squeezes out every one of the freedoms we value so greatly."





TRUMAN AT STATION—President Truman (center) arrives at Union Station in Washington, D. C., to meet the funeral train bringing President Roosevelt's body from Warm Springs, Ga., Saturday. With the new chief executive are former War Mobilizer Byrnes (left) and Secretary of Commerce Wallace. (AP Wirephoto).

MOSCOW, April 14 (AP).—The death of President Roosevelt deeply affected two middle-aged chambermaids and the head waiter at Yalta who waited on him during the Big Three conference. With tears in their eyes, Varya Kruckhova, 44, and Maria Bezrukova, 51, Saturday described Roosevelt as a "splendid human being and a real gentleman." He had sent letters and gifts to the two women and to Dementy Gogoberidze, the head waiter, thanking them for their attention and services.



MILITARY CHIEFS MEET TRAIN—General Marshall (right) Army chief of staff, talks with Secretary of War Stimson as Admiral King (left) stands by at Washington's Union Station Saturday, awaiting transfer of President Roosevelt's body from the special train to the horse-drawn caisson of the funeral procession. (AP Wirephoto).

'GOD IS WORKING HIS PURPOSE OUT - -

Hyde Park Grave, Near Ancient Hedge Awaits Franklin D. Roosevelt's Body

HYDE PARK, April 14 (AP).—The earth of Hyde Park, warmed by spring sunshine, was laid open Saturday to receive the body of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

In a rose garden shielded by an ancient cedar hedge, a grave was prepared for the burden it will receive Sunday morning when a white-haired, white-bearded clergyman recites:

"Unto Almighty God we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection unto eternal life."

Daffodils blossomed in the garden, hidden between the Roosevelt manor house overlooking the Hudson and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library, and rose bushes were leafing near the freshly-turned earth.

The village of Hyde Park, still bewildered by the unexpected death of its first citizen, mourned quietly and proudly.

Pale, 78-year-old Rev. George W. Anthony, who will officiate at the burial, said villagers would gather at the old ivy-covered Episcopal Church of St. James immediately after the brief service at the grave.

They will sing his favorite hymns:

"God Is Working His Purpose Out . . ."

"O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee . . . Help Me Bear the Strain of Toll, the Fret of Care . . ."

"Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be, when the earth shall be filled with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea . . ."

And the minister will read the President's favorite Bible chapter:

"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face . . ."

"And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity . . ."

As preparations were being made, one of the President's most loyal friends, "Mose" Smith, 68, tenant farmer on the Hyde Park estate, stared at a row of fragile, young maples.

Forlornly, he picked up a bucket and walked over to water them.

"He wanted me to plant these trees," he said. "I planted them for him. He'll never see them now."

The church-like town hall—where the President voted—was draped in purple and black Saturday. So were the few other public buildings in Hyde Park, a peace-

ful, spacious village founded in 1735.

Eagle Engine Company placed a wooden plaque in a front window to mark the passing of its most famous volunteer fireman, and the flag was at half-staff in front of Hyde Park's 300 houses, most of them shining white.

A fireman said: "Just the last time he was here, he came and watched us put a fire out. He stayed about 10 minutes in his convertible until we got the fire out. He had heard the engines go by."

For many of the 1,200 Roosevelt neighbors the national day of mourning was spent away from their jobs in Poughkeepsie, four miles from here. Once the domain of Hudson River squires, Hyde Park now is suburban.

The 1,000 acres of Roosevelt land sweep down to the Hudson's bend from the remodeled farm house in which the late President was born. Oaks and hemlock clothe one hill below the manor house. Hay fields, mowed for more than a century, are on the hill

that slopes away from the river.

A portion of this acreage passed into public control upon the death of the President, who in 1943 deeded it to the government as a national historic site.

Provision was made that Mr. Roosevelt should remain as tenant for life and that Mrs. Roosevelt and the children might occupy the "summer White House" after his death.

There is magnificence and yet simplicity about the house. Ivy long has grown on the stone and stucco walls, and the early 19th Century atmosphere blends with that of the recently finished library—another presidential gift to the people.

Seventy-five state policemen joined the military police Saturday around the grounds.

Automobiles passing on the Albany Post Road—Hyde Park is midway between New York and Albany—were not permitted to stop, and the library was closed to visitors on a weekday for the first time since its dedication.



PRESIDENT'S DEATH ROOM—The living room of the "Little White House" at Warm Springs, Ga., where President Roosevelt died Thursday. Bottom: Photo of the President made in November, 1944, just before his fourth term election. (AP Photo).



THE EMPTY ROOM—World maps on standards, ship prints on the wall, pictures of his four sons in service on his desk alongside the famed knick-knack collection, and an empty chair with worn arms—this was Franklin Roosevelt's White House office as it appeared on the morning of April 12, after his death at Warm Springs, Ga. (AP Photo)

Oil Man's Wife Slain, Killer Ends Own Life

Mrs. Gwendolyn Pelton, 34, Fort Worth horsewoman and wife of Herbert E. Pelton, local oil man, and Gerald Earl Freeze, 41, salesman, were found shot to death Friday morning in an automobile just outside the city limits near the Stove Foundry Road.



FREEZE.

Mrs. Pelton was shot through the head. Freeze was shot through the right temple.

A blood-stained note was found in Freeze's trousers pocket.

Note Is Found.

Mrs. Pelton was wearing a riding habit. Freeze was dressed in a sport jacket, khaki trousers and cowboy boots.

The note read:

"Please place our bodies as close together as possible . . . We have nothing to say. We love one another.—Gwen and Jerry."

Officers who investigated said the note and signatures apparently were all in the same handwriting.

Mrs. Pelton was last seen early Thursday afternoon when she left the Rockwood Stables on Rockwood Park Drive, where she was accustomed to riding. Mrs. W. C. Rogers, wife of the owner of the stables, told of having spent some time in the business district Thursday morning with Mrs. Pelton and later going to the stables.

Repeated "Goodbye."

"Gwen rode during the morning and we had lunch together," Mrs. Rogers said. "We had planned to go to Wichita Falls today (Friday) where Gwen was to ride for us in a horse show at the Wichita Falls Birthday Jubilee.

"I remember that she called good-bye to me several times as she left, for I was busy and didn't reply at first, then finally shouted a 'goodbye' to her as she left. She was by herself then."

Pelton, who returned from a business trip to Houston about 1 a. m. Friday, learned of his wife's death about 8 a. m. Friday when officers told him of finding the bodies.

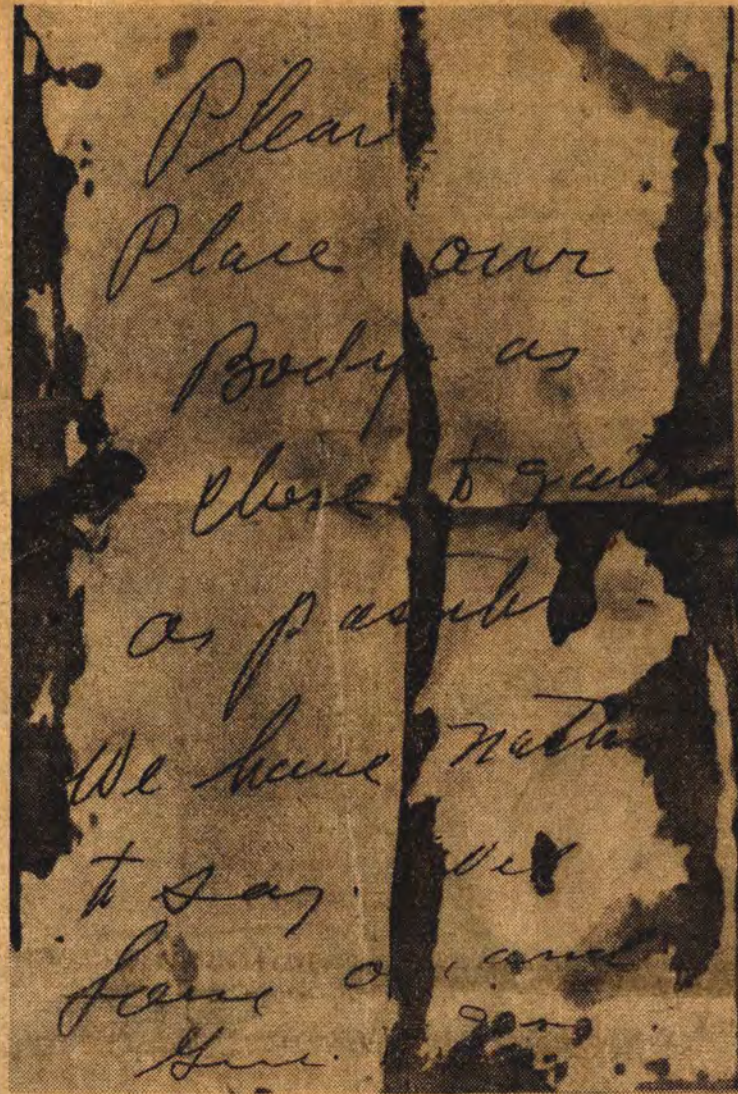
"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed.

Tells of Friendship.

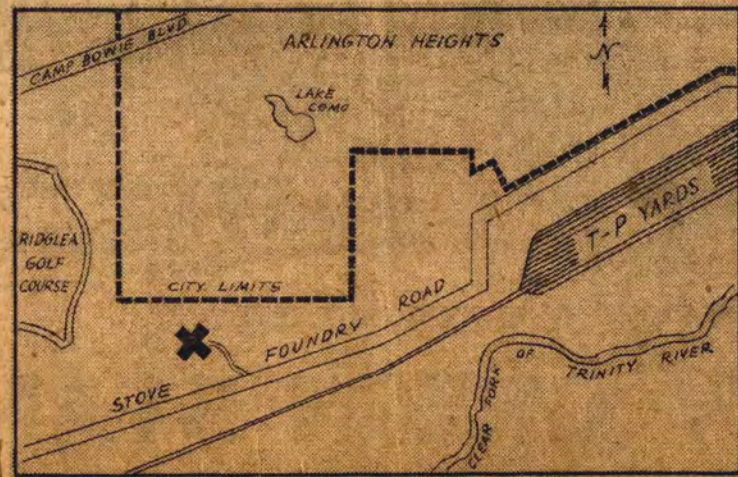
Pelton said he and his wife had known Freeze for some time and that they had been friendly, Freeze having resided lately at the home of Mrs. Pelton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Compton, 619 Grainger Street, but that he had no knowledge of a relationship other than a friendly one.

Later at the county courthouse, where he went to talk with Justice of the Peace Hurley, Pelton wept as

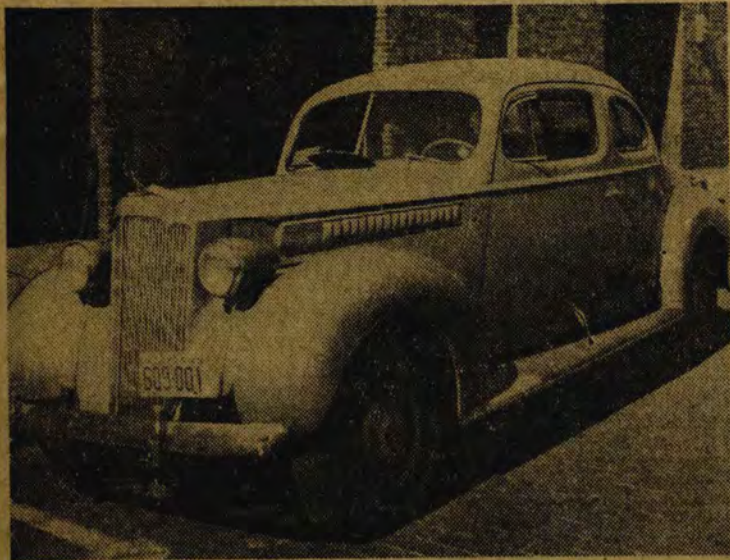
Death Note and Scene of Double Killing



The bloodstained note, upper left, was found in a tan coupe, which contained the bodies of Mrs. Gwen Pelton, 34, horsewoman, upper right, and Gerald E. Freeze, 41, salesman, early Friday near the Stove Foundry Road, west of the Fort Worth city limits. The note read: "Please place our bodies as close together as possible . . . We have nothing to say. We love one another—Gwen and Jerry." Bottom, the sketch shows where the car was found.



Car in Which Two Were Found Slain



In this tan coupe was found the bodies of Mrs. Gwen Pelton, 34, horsewoman, and Gerald E. Freeze, 41, salesman, early

—Star-Telegram Photo.

Friday in a field off the Stove Foundry Road.

Fort Worth Oil Man's Wife Shot to Death by Salesman Who Then Takes Own Life

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

he told of returning home early Friday.

"Gwen often stayed with friends when I was away and I just supposed she was out with some of them," Pelton said. "She liked to play bingo and she and others often played until late. I didn't go to sleep until about 4 a. m., but still wasn't worried because I felt she had stayed with Mrs. Rogers or some of the others."

Pelton said he had not talked with his wife since he left early in the week but that he had written her from Houston. He said they had been on the best of terms, and that there had been no hint of any difficulty between them over Freeze or anyone else.

The bodies were found Friday morning by Martin Woods, negro, 5216 Helmick Avenue.

Woods told officers that he saw the coupe parked Thursday afternoon in the section of prairie about three-quarters of a mile west of the Texas and Pacific Railway Yard hump, and 100 yards north of the

Stove Foundry Road, but that he paid no more attention until he noticed it was still there Friday morning. He went to investigate, found the bodies and summoned officers.

Familiar Show Figure.

Mrs. Pelton had been riding in horse shows for seven years and during the last two years had turned to judging. She was a familiar and popular figure at the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show each year and at other shows in the South. She was reared in Stephenville and Quanah. The Pelton residence is at 3237 Greene Avenue.

Survivors of Mrs. Pelton besides her husband and parents, are two brothers, Buster and Norman Compton, Fort Worth, and two sisters, Mrs. Faye Hart, Fort Worth, and Mrs. Louis Bridge, Lubbock. Her body is at Lucas South Side Funeral Home.

Freeze is survived by his parents and a brother, Johnny Freeze, all of Sweetwater, and a son, Eddie Freeze, San Angelo. Shannon's North Side Funeral Home is in charge of his funeral arrangements.

Dear Homefolks—From Stanley Gunn

Here's Your Boy Abroad, New Sights, Old Dreams

BY STANLEY GUNN,
Star-Telegram's Own Correspondent in Pacific Theater.

SOUTHWEST PACIFIC.—Dear Homefolks: This is a letter, the first in a series of letters each week to you at home about your boy in this war zone.

Most of them have been out here a long time . . . some of them have never seen a ration book . . . an A, B or C gasoline sticker . . . or a Wac, Wave, Spar, or a gal Marine . . . or a woman traffic cop . . . or a woman driving a cab . . . or even a war plant.

But they've seen strange sights . . . like the big black cassowary, a bird four or five feet high—which can't fly . . . beautiful, spectacular red and yellow plumed Birds of Paradise . . . white cockatoos as thick as sparrows at home . . . strange spiders, lizards and centipedes that prefer to go to bed—before you do . . . jungle plants that cringe and fold up to your touch . . . earth tremors that sway islands two or three times a week . . . towering banyan trees with a score of trunks that spread out in weird fan shapes.

MOST OF THEM haven't seen a white girl for two years . . . except for the movie actresses like Carole Landis, Patty Thomas, Phyllis Brooks and Una Merkel . . . but they've seen the native women—and not one looks like the Hollywood gals in a sarong . . . instead they're still very black and wear a laplap (wraparound skirt) of dirty cloth . . . a pipe . . . and a bone in their nose.

GIs here spend their spare time working . . . making rings, bracelets, wristwatch bands from wrecked airplane metal . . . and reasonably accurate facsimiles of Jap flags—from parachute silk, complete with rising sun, frayed edges, and Jap inscriptions . . . which they sell to the new Joes for 15 pounds.

They don't know what are the popular songs . . . or movies . . . or slang expressions are at home . . . they sing of "Paper Doll," "Mairzy Doats" and "You Are My Sunshine" . . . they go to see movies like Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo" . . . and Bette Davis in "Petrified Forest" . . . their favorite actress isn't Betty Grable . . . or Lana Turner . . . but Bergman . . . who they say is "a lot of woman."

THEY THINK of the States all of the time . . . and name their jeeps, trucks, and planes for the gal back home . . . but they don't believe they'll be there soon . . . at least until after another year . . . they aren't happy over the rotation plan . . . because only a few are spared for return.

Voting doesn't interest many of them . . . because they've been away too long . . . and each thinks his vote won't matter anyway . . . besides they don't expect a change . . . they have their own ideas about after the war . . . and they want their home and life just as they left it . . . they're profoundly and profanely against strikes, no matter what the cause . . . and war profiteering . . . and draft dodgers . . . and intend to do something about it when they come home.

HEROES? NO . . . your boy doesn't want glory . . . but just to get a dirty job done . . . and quick . . . he wants his tobacco . . . and some beer . . . and the wonderful, exquisite sight of a real American girl in a soft, filmy dress . . . and just a chance to live again like he did before—a good job, a Saturday night movie, a Sunday picnic . . . peace, quiet, comfort . . . like it used to be . . . before the clock stopped that Dec. 7.

YOUR BOY . . . he's a man now—has picked up a bit of Aussie talk . . . and may say "cobber" for pal . . . "smoke-o" for a cigaret . . . "sheila" for a girl . . . "good-o" for okay . . . and "good-on-you" instead of thanks.

He thinks of things you'd never dream . . . like sidewalks, street lights, shop windows . . . good restaurants . . . a car . . . the highways, the streams, the hills of home . . . he thinks of things like fireplaces, Sunday dinners, of mowing the lawn . . . of bathrooms . . . and beds with sheets . . . of the daily paper . . . and the freedom

of doing what he likes whenever he wants.

NEW GUINEA is where most of them are . . . it's the world's second largest island (Greenland is bigger) . . . but it is larger than Germany . . . and twice as big as Japan.

Your boy has seen the coral reefs . . . coconut palms . . . green jungles . . . and natives . . . and found them about what he expected. He thinks New Guinea's rugged, blue-hazed mountains are spectacularly beautiful . . . its jungles detestable . . . its scenery magnificent . . . and the boys like to tell that it is worse than it is . . . but they never want to see it again . . . or a South Sea island movie . . . because Hollywood never told them about the diseases—like jungle rot and elephantiasis and the smells . . . bites . . . and monotony.

WE LIVE in tents . . . usually without floors . . . eat out of mess-kits . . . go on patrols . . . work in offices or shops . . . and spend a lot of time writing letters . . . going to movies at night . . . cleaning rifles.

Your soldier would rather get mail than meals . . . and he doesn't care for V-Mail . . . but perhaps he's too polite to say so . . . privately he says that V-Mail is like getting a circular letter . . . he wants to see what you have written . . . not a photograph of it.

He seldom mentions the war . . . but he thinks the German is a better soldier than the Jap . . . and that the war in Europe has been easier . . . and more civilized . . . that its progress has been astonishing . . . and now he expects more men, planes and supplies . . . and thinks of the Philippines, Tokio . . . and home.

BY ROGER BUTTERFIELD.

(Condensed From November Reader's Digest; From Life.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 5 (NANA). William Penn Adair Rogers has been dead a short time as history goes, but already he is enshrined as one of the great American folk heroes. In the U. S. Capitol's Statuary Hall, a bronze Will Rogers quizzically eyes the congressmen who were so often butts of his jokes. "Every time they make a joke it's a law," he gagged. "And every time they make a law it's a joke." One day in South Africa, thoroughly broke and working as a horse wrangler, he learned that "Texas Jack's Wild West Circus" was playing in Ladysmith. Eager to talk with American cowboys, he went around and met Texas Jack himself. "Can you do rope tricks?" Jack asked him, and Will gave a demonstration.

Among other things he did the "big crinoline," a spectacular spinning loop in which 100 feet of rope is let out. Jack immediately gave him a \$20-a-week job. Not until later did Will learn that Jack had been offering a \$233 prize to anyone in South Africa who could do the "big crinoline."

BOUGHT TICKET TO U. S.

After touring Australia and New Zealand, he finally saved enough to buy a ticket for San Francisco, where he landed in April 1904.

It has often been said that Will Rogers' humor was always spontaneous. This was not true of his early stage career. In the museum at Claremore there is a memorandum in his handwriting entitled "Gags for Missing the Horse's Nose," which includes: "There's one thing I must say for the animal. He never was much for sticking his nose into things." And, "This is easier to do on blind horses—they don't see the rope coming."

Will learned early that an audience got more fun if he missed occasionally. Jumping in and out of his spinning rope, he would purposely get tangled up. "Well, got all my feet through but one," he would drawl.

Will first kidded a president to his face at a benefit show in Baltimore in 1916. Woodrow Wilson was there, and Will's first remark was, "I'm kinder nervous here tonight." The audience laughed, for he obviously was. Then, twirling his rope, he told a joke that Wilson himself repeated many times later:

"President Wilson is getting along fine now to what he was a few months ago," said Will. "Do you realize, people, that at one time in our negotiations with Germany he was five notes behind?"

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER.

Magazines began clamoring for his stuff, the movies hired him, and he was paid huge sums for making after-dinner speeches. In 1926 he began writing a short daily wire which was published eventually in more than 500 papers.

When the crash came in 1929 Rogers changed his tone. He had once been after pet villains like the holding companies ("a holding company is a thing where you hand an accomplice the goods while the policeman searches you"); now he was out genially trying to "restore confidence."

"Course I haven't been buying anything myself," he cracked. "I wanted to give the other folks a chance to have confidence first." He expressed the whole economic tragedy in his usual concise fashion: "We hold the distinction," he said, "of being

TYPICAL WILL ROGERS GEMS



WILL ROGERS
... A great American.

"It's great to be great, but it's greater to be human."

"Never was a country in the throes of more capital letters than the old U. S. A., but we still haven't sent out the SOS."

"Every invention during our lifetime has been just to save time, and time is the only commodity that every American, both rich and poor, has plenty of. Half our life is spent trying to find something to do with the time we have rushed through life trying to save."

"Our foreign dealings are an open book, generally a checkbook."

"There is nothing as stupid as an educated man if you get off the thing that he was educated in."

"Don't gamble. Take all your savings and buy some good stock and hold it till it goes up, then sell it. If it don't go up, don't buy it."

"The United States never lost a war or won a conference."

"I am not a member of any organized party—I am a Democrat."

"This thing of being a hero, about the main thing to do is to know when to die."

"I never met a man I didn't like."

(Condensed by North American Newspaper Alliance from November Reader's Digest; from "An Autobiography of Will Rogers," edited by Donald Day for Houghton Mifflin.)

the only nation that is going to the poorhouse in an automobile."

With the advent of the talking film he became the highest-salaried star in Hollywood. (But he insisted, "I'm not a real movie star. I still got the same wife I started out with.") Almost as fast as he got money himself he spent it or gave it away.

AVIATION ENTHUSIAST.

The restlessness which had been part of his boyhood nature made Will an early enthusiast of aviation. Long before any such flight was planned he placed

an order for the first ticket on a regularly scheduled trans-Atlantic trip out of New York.

In the summer of 1935 he started off on a long trip with his friend and fellow Oklahoman, Wiley Post, one of the nation's best-known fliers. A few days later, while taking off from an icy inlet near Point Barrow, Alaska, the plane nosed over and plunged into the water before the eyes of a lone Eskimo. Rogers and Post were killed almost instantly.

The transAtlantic trip for

which he'd reserved did not take place until four years later.

Perhaps his greatest strength was his unshakable confidence in America and Americans. He criticized his country sharply at times, but his optimistic faith it never slackened. As for the destiny of mankind in general, he was mildly skeptical but totally unworried. "Any man that thinks civilization has advanced is an egotist," he once said. "We have got more toothpaste on the market and more misery in our courts than at any time in our existence. So get a few laughs and do the best you can."

A Correspondent's Notebook

English Barkeep Says 1944 GI's Top 1917 Doughboys

BY HAL BOYLE.

AN AMERICAN CAMP IN ENGLAND, June 20 (Delayed) (AP).—

An English barkeeper who has seen American soldiers in two world wars rates the sons much higher than the fathers as people.

"This is the second war I've served American troops," said Robert George Fox, the keeper of an inn near this camp through which thousands of US troops funnel to the Normandy front. "I can sum up the difference between them in one word—education. I was only 17 then and my father owned this place, but I remember your soldiers very well.

"Your soldiers today are more polite, more cultured and behave better. They are not so talkative or noisy either and dress snappier. They get along well with British troops. They play darts and other games together and buy each other drinks more than British and American troops did in the last war.

"Your boys haven't changed in one way—they're still after their nip just as they were in 1918 and we are just as short of spirits as then."

Betty is another innkeeper near another camp where scores of American officers in after years will find their grudge against the English climate matched in memory with the warm esteem of this good-hearted woman who kept the ale tap flowing when all the others in the neighborhood ran dry.

She is middle-aged and wears a handkerchief tied around gray brown hair. Its knotted ends stick up like rabbit's ears and a set of

long and palpably false teeth do nothing to deter her resemblance to a cottontail.

Betty has only two weaknesses. She can't help being kind to American officers and she can't pass a mirror without pausing for a prolonged and dramatic look at her plain and honest but unattractive features. She has what psychologists call a narcissus complex—she has fallen in love with her own face.

It is a harmless vanity and officers who enjoy the hospitality of the small sitting room she has fixed for them love to praise her beauty just to watch the way she runs to the mirror after every compliment to see for herself.

An autograph book, Betty's proudest possession, contains tributes from dozens of officers from all parts of the United States grateful for the warm welcome given them by a strange woman innkeeper.

Best of all, Betty remembers a young captain who didn't much want to go to France because he had a conviction he never would return. He lingered a moment behind the other officers leaving that night and asked unexpectedly, "Betty, will you kiss me goodbye?"

She looked at him and saw it wasn't a case of too much liquor and replied, "Do you want me to kiss you as a sweetheart or mother? You know I have a 30-year-old son serving in the Middle East."

The young captain replied:

"Kiss me anyway please, Betty. You will be the last woman ever to kiss me."

Now when anyone asks her whether she kissed him as a sweetheart or mother she says, "Ask him. I will never tell."



BACK TO SCHOOL—Pig-tailed, freckle-faced Marilyn Schanen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Schanen, is ready for school. Wearing a big smile and carrying her apple, lunch box and book satchel, the 7-year-old lass is leaving home at 137 West Avenue F for the St. John's Parochial school where she attends the second grade. Marilyn's pigtails, measuring 28 inches in length, are her mother and father's pride and joy. It takes about ten minutes each morning to comb and braid them. However, the brown-eyed youngster says she wouldn't "give up those locks for nothing."

—Shields Studio Photo.

HOUSTONIANS TAKE OATH TO AVENGE WAKE ISLE



Captain D. M. TAFT, officer in charge of this district, is shown swearing-in the 89 men of the Houston area who volunteered in the Marine Corps to form the Sam Houston battalion, on the stage of the Majestic Theater.

89 Marines From Houston Depart for 'Boot Camp'

The Sam Houston Battalion—89 Pullmans for San Diego, where they will begin their basic training immediately.

Oath of the Marine Corps was given the Houston group on the stage of the Majestic Theater by Capt. D. M. Taft, officer in charge of this district, Thursday night.

A "quickie" bond sale, held as a surprise after the ceremony on the stage, netted \$43,825 in less than 20 minutes. The sale was handled by Rolland Bradley, John Paul Goodwin and Bob Kelly.

The recruits were assembled at the Marine recruiting office Thursday night and marched to the theater in a body. They were the guests of the theater management for the showing of "Wake Island," a picture of the heroic stand of the Marines on that island at the outbreak of the war.

Ceremonies were broadcast over radio station KTRH, and Announcer Bill Newkirk acted as master of ceremonies. Staff Sgt. William Feigle spoke, and Cpl. Alan Cameron, the first Houstonian to return after the siege of Corregidor, was interviewed and accorded an ovation by the audience.

"You are at this moment becoming members of the greatest organization of men in the world—men who are the first to fight and die for the honor of their country," said Captain Taft. "I know that after you have received your training you will be better fitted to return to civilian life as leaders in your community."

The Marines left on four special

HOUSTONIANS TAKE OATH TO AVENGE WAKE ISLE



Captain D. M. TAFT, officer in charge of this district, is shown swearing-in the 89 men of the Houston area who volunteered in the Marine Corps to form the Sam Houston battalion, on the stage of the Majestic Theater.

* * * * *

39 Marines From Houston Depart for 'Boot Camp'

The Sam Houston Battalion—39 Pullmans for San Diego, where they strong—was on its way to "boot camp" Friday. will begin their basic training immediately.

Oath of the Marine Corps was given the Houston group on the stage of the Majestic Theater by Capt. D. M. Taft, officer in charge of this district, Thursday night.

A "quickie" bond sale, held as a surprise after the ceremony on the stage, netted \$43,825 in less than 20 minutes. The sale was handled by Rolland Bradley, John Paul Goodwin and Bob Kelly.

The recruits were assembled at the Marine recruiting office Thursday night and marched to the theater in a body. They were the guests of the theater management for the showing of "Wake Island," a picture of the heroic stand of the Marines on that island at the outbreak of the war.

Ceremonies were broadcast over radio station KTRH, and Announcer Bill Newkirk acted as master of ceremonies. Staff Sgt. William Feigle spoke, and Cpl. Alan Cameron, the first Houstonian to return after the siege of Corregidor, was interviewed and accorded an ovation by the audience.

"You are at this moment becoming members of the greatest organization of men in the world—men who are the first to fight and die for the honor of their country," said Captain Taft. "I know that after you have received your training you will be better fitted to return to civilian life as leaders in your community."

The Marines left on four special

A Soldier's Prayer

A Poem Is Heard Around the World

BY MAX MOXEY.

KANSAS CITY, April 14 (AP).

It was June 6, 1944—D-Day in Normandy. A Catholic chaplain crawled along the beachhead, administering to the dead, the dying and the wounded. On 30 of these boys, as he searched their clothing for identification papers, the chaplain found copies of the same short simple poem. Some of the dead clutched the poem in their hands. Dozens of copies of this same poem blew about the debris-strewn sands.

The story of that poem has become one of the most remarkable sidelights of America at war. It is called "Conversion" and it tells of a soldier in a foxhole under fire, saying his last prayer.

Miss Frances Angermayer, receptionist in a Kansas City physician's office, wrote "Conversion" June 3, 1943. It first was published in Our Sunday Visitor, a Catholic publication edited in Huntington, Ind.

READ IN CONGRESS.

Not long afterward a copy was found on the body of a dead American soldier in Italy—and from then on "Conversion" has spread to every corner of the earth. Tabulation of Miss Angermayer's correspondence indicates that at least 6,000,000 copies have been printed and distributed.

A widely circulated report of the Italian incident led to reprinting of the poem in magazines and newspapers, including Hank and Stars and Strips. It has been broadcast by Ginny Sims, Joe E. Brown and Shirley Temple.

It was read in Congress by Justice J. Sullivan of New York.

But more important to Miss Angermayer is the reception of the poem by the boys for whom she wrote it.

One serviceman reports that a whole battalion in New Guinea carries copies of the poem. Several tell of seeing it tacked on trees along jungle trails. One reports it is surrounded by pinup girls in many a tent on a lonely isle.

CORSAGE FROM SOLDIERS.

Miss Angermayer entered her office one day to find a corsage on her desk. With it was a note: "In appreciation of what your poem has meant to us. A company of soldiers somewhere in Italy."

To the shy little poetess this tremendous response has been overwhelming. It has meant much hard work, answering the unending flow of letters. There has been an emotional strain, also, because of the heartaches expressed in many of the letters. While her poem is definitely serious in nature, she is cheerful and bright in personality. "For a little girl who can write such serious things, she displays at times a remarkable and lovable sense of humor," a friend remarked.

After the battle of Metz, Miss Angermayer learned that the poem had been found in German translation on a dead Nazi. Since then an American college which trains missionaries has translated it into Polish, Italian, Chinese, French and Spanish.

Perhaps one of the most unusual stories of "Conversion" concerns a soldier from Miss Angermayer's hometown, Corp. John A. O'Connell, 23-year-old



FRANCES ANGERMAYER
... 6 million copies!

Kansas Citian, who was one of the American boys shot down by German machine gun fire in the massacre at Malmedy following the Nazi breakthrough of last December.

"IT GAVE US STRENGTH."

O'Connell, one of the few to survive, was shot in the face. A man next to him was badly shot, too, he wrote later, "and the only thing I could do was pray for him so I said the poem ('Conversion') over and over as he lay there in the snow dying.

"Something made me go along. I was weak from losing blood, I

just wanted to stay there. I began to pray again and repeat the poem over and over. Then 15 of us made a dash for the woods."

Later O'Connell and three of his buddies reached Allied lines. "The poem gave me strength as I lay there in the snow," he wrote his parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Connell.

Miss Angermayer's only explanation for the poem's appeal is to tell what she had in mind when she wrote it.

"Lying awake one night, I thought of all the very young boys in service, how little thought they had given to spiritual affairs before the war. I knew how desperately lonely they would be in battle without the comforting hand of God."

LEAVES ITS MARK.

The feeling of the servicemen about "Conversion" is aptly summed up in a recent letter from Lt. Harry C. Sawson of the 102nd Signal Cops:

"I write this letter by candlelight, feeling probably as closely as you do, the very words which you have so ably set down. I myself, the men under me and men far removed have known literal moments of 'hell' and the presence of God that you shared with us . . .

"I came across our poem just today. By tonight it has found its way to every man within the company—and left its mark.

"Men have died near me, men will die in the future, perhaps myself—but I now this, the thought you have left with us will last beyond whatever may come in the future."

CONVERSION

Look, God, I have never spoken to You—
But now—I want to say "How do You do."
You see, God, they told me you didn't exist—
And like a fool—I believed all of this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky—
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see the things You made,
I'd known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand.
Somehow—I feel that You will understand.
Funny—I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had the time to see your face.
Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the "Zero Hour" will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.
The signal—Well, God—I'll have to go.
I like you lots—this I want You to know—
Look, now—this will be a horrible fight—
Who knows—I may come to Your house tonight—
Though I wasn't friendly with You before,
I wonder, God—if You'd wait at Your door—
Look—I'm crying! Me!—shedding tears!—
I wish I'd known You these many years—
Well, I will have to go, God—good-by.
Strange—since I met You—I'm not afraid to die.

—Frances Angermayer.



A Soldier's Prayer

A Poem Is Heard Around the World

BY MAX MOXEY.

KANSAS CITY, April 14 (AP). It was June 6, 1944—D-Day in Normandy. A Catholic chaplain crawled along the beachhead, administering to the dead, the dying and the wounded. On 30 of these boys, as he searched their clothing for identification papers, the chaplain found copies of the same short simple poem. Some of the dead clutched the poem in their hands. Dozens of copies of this same poem blew about the debris-strewn sands.

The story of that poem has become one of the most remarkable sidelights of America at war. It is called "Conversion" and it tells of a soldier in a foxhole under fire, saying his last prayer.

Miss Frances Angermayer, receptionist in a Kansas City physician's office, wrote "Conversion" June 3, 1943. It first has been published in Our Sunday Visitor, a Catholic publication edited in Huntington, Ind.

READ IN CONGRESS.

Not long afterward a copy was found on the body of a dead American soldier in Italy—and soon then on "Conversion" has been read to every corner of the earth. Tabulation of Miss Angermayer's correspondence indicates that at least 6,000,000 copies have been printed and distributed.

A widely circulated report of the Italian incident led to reprinting of the poem in magazines and newspapers, including Bank and Stars and Strips. It has been broadcast by Ginny Sims, Joe E. Brown and Shirley Temple.

It was read in Congress by Maurice J. Sullivan of N.



FRANCES ANGERMAYER
... 6 million copies!

Kansas Citian, who was one of the American boys shot down by German machine gun fire in the massacre at Malmedy following the Nazi breakthrough of last December.

"IT GAVE US STRENGTH."

O'Connell, one of the few to survive, was shot in the face. A man next to him was badly shot, too, he wrote later, "and the only thing I could do was pray for him so I said the poem ('Conversion') over and over as he lay there in the snow dying.

"Something made me go along. I was weak from losing blood, I

just wanted to stay there. I began to pray again and repeat the poem over and over. Then 15 of us made a dash for the woods."

Later O'Connell and three of his buddies reached Allied lines. "The poem gave me strength as I lay there in the snow," he wrote his parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Connell.

Miss Angermayer's only explanation for the poem's appeal is to tell what she had in mind when she wrote it.

"Lying awake one night, I thought of all the very young boys in service how little thought they had given to spiritual affairs before the war. I knew how desperately lonely they would be in battle without the comforting hand of God."

LEAVES ITS MARK.

The feeling of the servicemen about "Conversion" is aptly summed up in a recent letter from Lt. Harry C. Sawson of the 102nd Signal Cops:

"I write this letter by candlelight, feeling probably as closely as you do, the very words which you have so ably set down. I myself, the men under me and men far removed have known literal moments of 'hell' and the presence of God that you shared with us . . .

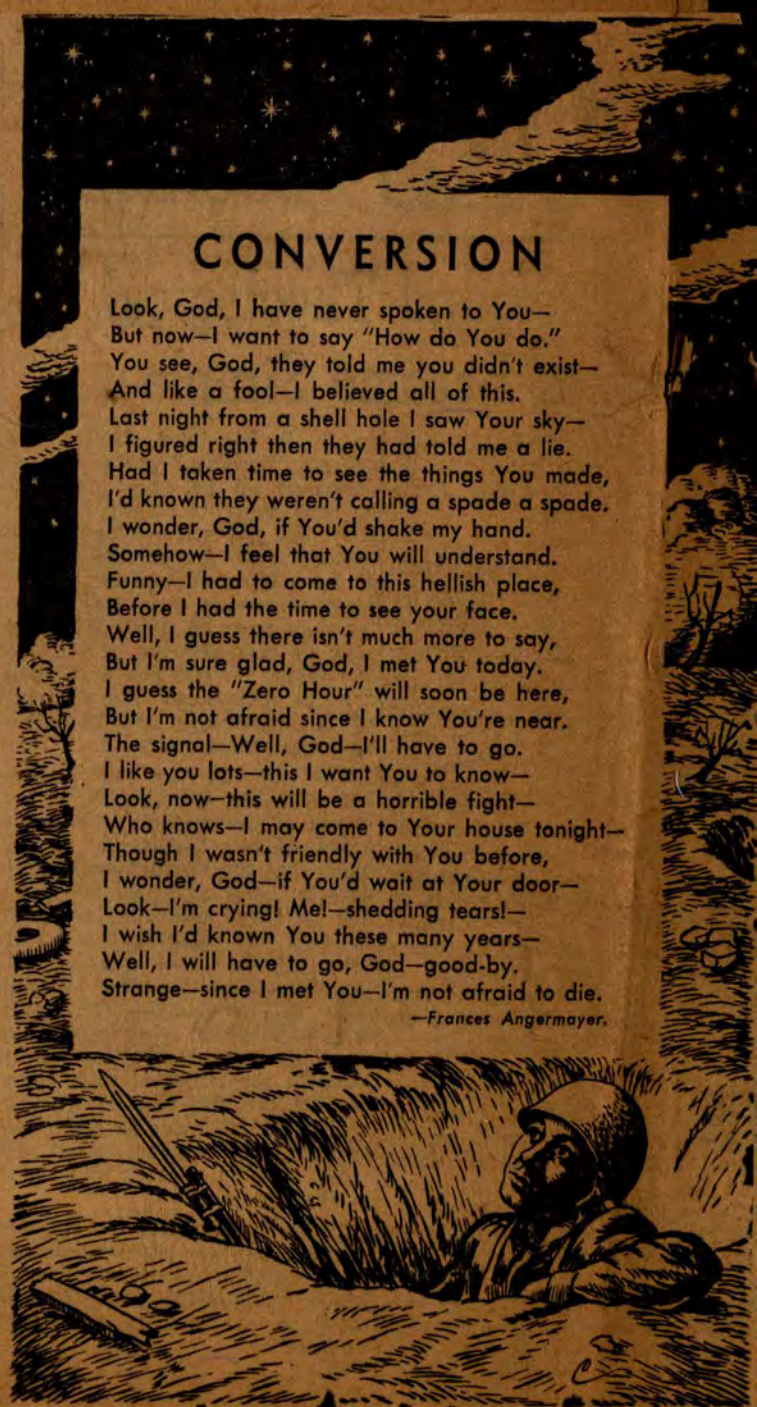
"I came across your poem just today. By tonight it has found its way to every man within the company—and left its mark.

"Men have died near me, men will die in the future, perhaps myself — but I know this, the thought you have left with us will last beyond whatever may come in the future."

CONVERSION

Look, God, I have never spoken to You—
But now—I want to say "How do You do."
You see, God, they told me you didn't exist—
And like a fool—I believed all of this.
Last night from a shell hole I saw Your sky—
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see the things You made,
I'd known they weren't calling a spade a spade.
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand.
Somehow—I feel that You will understand.
Funny—I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had the time to see your face.
Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the "Zero Hour" will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.
The signal—Well, God—I'll have to go.
I like you lots—this I want You to know—
Look, now—this will be a horrible fight—
Who knows—I may come to Your house tonight—
Though I wasn't friendly with You before,
I wonder, God—if You'd wait at Your door—
Look—I'm crying! Me!—shedding tears!—
I wish I'd known You these many years—
Well, I will have to go, God—good-by.
Strange—since I met You—I'm not afraid to die.

—Frances Angermayer.



ada.
But more important to Miss Angermayer is the reception of the poem by the boys for whom she wrote it.

One serviceman reports that a whole battalion in New Guinea carries copies of the poem. Several tell of seeing it tacked on trees along jungle trails. One reports it is surrounded by pinup girls in many a tent on a lonely isle.

CORSAGE FROM SOLDIERS.

Miss Angermayer entered her office one day to find a corsage on her desk. With it was a note: "In appreciation of what your poem has meant to us. A company of soldiers somewhere in Italy."

To the shy little poetess this tremendous response has been overwhelming. It has meant much hard work, answering the unending flow of letters. There has been an emotional strain, also, because of the heartaches expressed in many of the letters. While her poem is definitely serious in nature, she is cheerful and bright in personality. "For a little girl who can write such serious things, she displays at times a remarkable and lovable sense of humor," a friend remarked.

After the battle of Metz, Miss Angermayer learned that the poem had been found in German translation on a dead Nazi. Since then an American college which trains missionaries has translated it into Polish, Italian, Chinese, French and Spanish.

Perhaps one of the most unusual stories of "Conversion" concerns a soldier from Miss Angermayer's hometown, Corp. John A. O'Connell, 23-year-old

Franklin D. Roosevelt (1882-1945)

WHAT TROUBLES ME IS . . .

By J. K. T.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt—President of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces and world statesman—gave his life to the service of his country and world betterment just as had thousands of young Americans before him on the field of battle. His sudden death Thursday was a profound shock and brought grief to millions throughout the world, to whom the President was a symbol of peace, happiness and security. The rigors of more than 12 years of crisis were too much for one man to endure.

Although the loss of so able and respected a leader is a grievous blow, it is fortunate for America and the world that the President lived to see the certain promise of victory in the war and early fulfillment of his aspiration for a world security organization that would seek to bring a lasting peace to a suffering humanity. His own sacrifice should be an inspiration to the peace loving people of the world.

When Mr. Roosevelt assumed the Presidency in March 1933, gloom assailed the American people, and in his epochal inaugural address he inspired them with faith and confidence in themselves and their rich country. Speedily, the President directed Congress to enact banking, business and other reforms to hasten recovery. The deposit guaranty law, the securities and exchange act, soil and other natural resource conservation measures, industrial legislation, the social security act and many other remedial measures were among the constructive proposals he advanced in bringing the country out of the morass of depression. Even those measures, regarded on some scores as too drastic, came at a time when the rest of the world was in a state of revolution or unrest, and hence it is important to recog-

nize what the President averted for America as well as what he did.

In his speech in Chicago in 1937, the President sought to warn the country of the imminence of war by his famous declaration for "quarantining the aggressors." Despite the unfavorable reaction to that speech, the President proceeded with plans for a greater Navy as America's first line of defense. Even before the outbreak of the war in 1939, he was quietly proceeding with national preparedness. By the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, an armed force was being mobilized through selective service, aid short of war was being extended Britain and our vast industrial machine was being readied for the supreme production task.

Allied successes in both Europe and the Pacific are testimony to the President's war leadership. To his formulation of the Atlantic Charter in collaboration with Prime Minister Churchill is due largely the hope of Allied peoples for enduring the ordeal of war and working together toward the inspiring goal of peace and security. The President gave his energies to the Allied conferences at Casablanca, Cairo, Teheran, Quebec and Yalta, and his attendance at the last meeting of the "Big Three" after recent illness is said to have so taxed his strength as to have hastened his death.

Mr. Roosevelt will go down in history as one of the nation's really great presidents. His indomitable courage, his resourcefulness, foresight, intelligent grasp of domestic and world problems, his humanity and many other virtues were the marks of greatness. Earlier in life, he mastered physical infirmity from infantile paralysis to rise to the Presidency and a place of world leadership. His influence and inspiration will live after him to bear the world through the ordeal of war into the days of peace, security and wellbeing.

"This is the thing that troubles me so: I find myself in such despondent moods, not infrequently, but almost all of the time. I seem never able to throw them off, in fact appear not to know how. I try to use what little common sense I possess; I talk with friends and have even consulted a number of psychiatrists, all to no avail. I have prayed earnestly over the matter, but have no sense of contact with the Infinite. At times I wonder if I am not entirely out of touch with God. I try going to church, but find no comfort in religious services. The ministers speak a strange tongue insofar as I am concerned, the music has no appeal. Sometimes I think I'll go mad, if I can't find relief from this thing which so besets me. Can you help me in any way?"

It is not unnatural that we at times have a sense of depression. Most of us have experienced this. The happiest man I have ever seen was one spending the last of his days in an institution for the incurably insane. Happiness is no more necessarily an evidence of sanity that moodiness is of its converse. No one in his right senses is going to blame you for what you apparently can't prevent, and I shan't indulge the banality of figuratively patting you on the back and telling you to buck up, or to snap out of it, knowing that you probably can't do this by simply willing it so. You aren't cultivating your moods. You aren't merely stubborn in depression. The fact of your desire to find a way out is sufficient

evidence that you would cheer up if only you could.

You have said nothing about having a complete "check-up" at the hands of a competent physician. If you have not done this, go through some clinic to discover, if possible, whether or not much of your trouble may originate in some systemic disorder. A bad tooth, a disordered eustachian tube, myopia, astigmatism, faulty glands—one of these or some other physical ailment may be the predisposing cause of your depressive moods.

Then, as a practical precaution as well as habit, a healthy diet is indicated, full and adequate bodily elimination, a schedule which will provide for you a wholesome form of work and play properly proportioned, a daily shower, preferably cold, and vigorous outdoor exercise in all kinds of weather, your health permitting. Surround yourself with cheerful friends; "when the days are gloomy" force yourself to "sing some happy song;" and whistle, no, not some doleful tune, but something light and airy, and so by degrees beat back to a normal mode of living. And, let me add in all sincerity, even though your prayers may seem to rise no higher than your roof, still pray. God is not far from any of us, though He may for seeming long hide His face from us.

Address your questions as to "What Troubles" to J. K. T., care the Star-Telegram, or to J. K. T., 1209 W. El Paso St., Fort Worth 3, Texas.

Monday Evening, Sept. 3, 1945. 2 - FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM



ALLIED COMMANDER SIGNS—General MacArthur uses one of five pens in signing the Japanese surrender papers. (AP Wirephoto).

Wed. Evening, Dec. 5, 1945, 8—FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

WILL CATCH UP ON HER FISHING

First Girl Employed at Ellison's---in 1893---to Retire

BY BETTY SCHMID.

After working 52 years for Ellison Furniture Company, Miss Annie D. Rasbury, 1410 W. 7th, is giving up payroll reports and files for blue jeans, a plaid shirt, and a fishing pole. She retires the first of the year.

"I love the outdoors," Miss Rasbury said in a tiny, modulated voice, "and now I'll have all the time for walking, hiking and fishing that I want."

"My nieces and nephews have presented me with a plaid shirt and blue jeans," the small white-haired lady confided laughingly, "and they will be just the thing for fishing at my nephew's lodge, 'Heiple's Heaven,' up at Possum Kingdom Dam."

"Of course, I don't intend to wear them any place else," she added quickly.

"Just look at the beautiful watch the store gave me last Friday at a dinner party in my honor," she said proudly. "And the

gang—that's what we call the employes—gave me two lovely traveling bags."

Miss Rasbury wants to visit the West Coast, New England, and the Gulf Coast on a fishing trip, "just as soon as traveling conditions are better."

Native Texans, the Rasburys moved to Fort Worth from Cisco in 1892, and Miss Rasbury started working for Ellison's in 1893.

"I was the first girl Ellison's ever employed, and the only one for a long time," she said. "I remember when Mr. Ellison decided to move the store from Main Street to the present location in 1905. Everyone told him that he would go broke moving so far out of the business district, but he was a far-sighted man."

"The thing that I'm most proud of about my whole career is my health record. In 50 years of working, I was absent not more than 50 days."

Miss Rasbury is a charter mem-



MISS ANNIE D. RASBURY

ber of the Business and Professional Women's Club. She resided in her present home 30 years.

WILL CATCH UP ON HER FISHING

First Girl Employed at Ellison's---in 1893---to Retire

BY BETTY SCHMID.

After working 52 years for Ellison Furniture Company, Miss Annie D. Rasbury, 1410 W. 7th, is giving up payroll reports and files for blue jeans, a plaid shirt, and a fishing pole. She retires the first of the year.

"I love the outdoors," Miss Rasbury said in a tiny, modulated voice, "and now I'll have all the time for walking, hiking and fishing that I want."

"My nieces and nephews have presented me with a plaid shirt and blue jeans," the small white-haired lady confided laughingly, "and they will be just the thing for fishing at my nephew's lodge, 'Heiple's Heaven,' up at Possum Kingdom Dam."

"Of course, I don't intend to wear them any place else," she added quickly.

"Just look at the beautiful watch the store gave me last Friday at a dinner party in my honor," she said proudly. "And the

gang—that's what we call the employes—gave me two lovely traveling bags."

Miss Rasbury wants to visit the West Coast, New England, and the Gulf Coast on a fishing trip, "just as soon as traveling conditions are better."

Native Texans, the Rasburys moved to Fort Worth from Cisco in 1892, and Miss Rasbury started working for Ellison's in 1893.

"I was the first girl Ellison's ever employed, and the only one for a long time," she said. "I remember when Mr. Ellison decided to move the store from Main Street to the present location in 1905. Everyone told him that he would go broke moving so far out of the business district, but he was a far-sighted man."

"The thing that I'm most proud of about my whole career is my health record. In 50 years of working, I was absent not more than 50 days."

Miss Rasbury is a charter mem-



MISS ANNIE D. RASBURY.

ber of the Business and Professional Women's Club. She has resided in her present home for 30 years.

Follows in Father's Film Footsteps



WILL AND JIMMY



JIMMY TODAY

ANOTHER ROGERS is coming up on the movie horizon. It's the late Will's son,

workers comment frequently on the resemblance between Jimmy and his fa-

War Is Four Years Old Today, and Here Are Dates of All the Principal Events

1939

Sept. 1—Germany invades Poland.

Sept. 3—Great Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand declare war on Germany.

Sept. 16—Soviet troops enter Poland.

Sept. 16—German troops in Poland hand over Brest-Litovsk to Russia.

Sept. 27—Warsaw surrenders after siege.

Sept. 28—Poland is divided between Soviet Union and Reich.

Nov. 4—President Roosevelt signs law repealing arms embargo.

Nov. 30—Russia invades Finland after alleged border attacks.

1940

March 12—Russia and Finland sign peace treaty.

April 9—Germany invades Denmark and Norway.

May 10—Germany invades the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg.

May 11—Chamberlain resigns as prime minister, is succeeded by Winston Churchill.

June 3—British Admiralty announces rescue of "over 335,000 men" at Dunkerque.

June 10—Italy declares war on France.

June 14—German troops enter Paris unopposed.

June 20—Armistice between France and Germany.

July 5—Petain government severs relations with Great Britain after British Navy attack on French warships at Oran, Algeria.

July 14—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania united with Russia.

Aug. 4—German Luftwaffe begins air blitz on Britain.

Aug. 6—Battle of Africa starts as Italians invade British Somaliland.

Aug. 30—Rumania forced by Germany to yield half of Transylvania to Hungary.

Sept. 16—President Roosevelt signs the Selective Service Act.

Oct. 27—Italy invades Greece.

1941

Jan. 21—British invade Eritrea, attack Ethiopia and Italian Somaliland.

March 11—President signs "lend-lease" bill.

April 6—Germany declares war on Yugoslavia.

April 27—Germans take Athens.

May 10—Rudolf Hess, Hitler aide, lands by parachute in Scotland.

June 1—British forces in Crete evacuated.

June 8—British and Free French enter Syria.

June 22—Germany declares war on Russia.

July 7—United States forces occupy Iceland.

Aug. 4—"Atlantic Charter" agreement between the President and Churchill is announced.

Dec. 7—Japanese bomb Philippines, Hawaii and Guam.

Dec. 8—United States declares war on Japan. Japanese raid Malaya.

1942

Jan. 26—United States troops land in Northern Ireland.

Feb. 15—Singapore falls.

March 5—Japanese occupy Java.

March 17—General MacArthur arrives in Australia and assumes command of the United Nations forces in Southwest Pacific.

April 9—Bataan peninsula capitulates.

April 18—Tokio, other Japanese cities raided by Americans under Brig. Gen. "Jimmy" Doolittle.

May 6—Corregidor falls.

June 3—Dutch Harbor, Alaska, raided by Japanese.

June 11—Russia and Britain sign 20-year pact banning separate peace with Germany.

June 12—Japan gains a toehold in Aleutians.

June 21—Tobruk falls, Germans push into Egypt.

July 3—Russia admits fall of Sevastopol after eight-month siege.

July 4—U. S. Army bombers stage first raid in Western Europe, hammering German bases in Netherlands.

July 5—British stall Rommel's drive before Alexandria.

Aug. 8—U. S. attacks Solomon Islands; six Nazi sabotage-plotters executed in Washington.

Aug. 9—Germans push into Caucasus oil country; Gandhi arrested by British.

Aug. 17—London discloses Churchill-Stalin second front conference in Moscow.

Aug. 19—American forces join Commandos in biggest raid on French coast.

Sept. 17—Nazis penetrate Stalingrad.

Sept. 25—Gasoline rationing ordered to conserve rubber.

Sept. 26—Japanese begin New Guinea retreat.

Oct. 2—President signs anti-inflation bill.

Oct. 9—U. S., Britain, abandon extra-territoriality in China.

Oct. 26—OPA announces coffee rationing.

Nov. 2—Afrika Corps flees before Montgomery's Eighth Army.

Nov. 8—U. S. forces land in French North Africa.

Nov. 11—Germans occupy all France.

Nov. 12—U. S. wins three-day naval battle in Solomons.

Nov. 13—Drafting of 18 and 19-year-olds ordered.

Nov. 19—Russians open winter offensive at Rzhev, Stalingrad.

Nov. 27—Most of French fleet scuttled at Toulon.

Dec. 1—Admiral Darlan becomes Chief of State in French Africa.

Dec. 24—Admiral Darlan assassinated.

1943

Jan. 13—Russians advance in Caucasus.

Jan. 16—Iraq declares won on Axis.

Jan. 18—Seventeen-month siege of Stalingrad broken.

Jan. 20—Chile breaks with Axis.

Jan. 24—British take Tripoli.

Jan. 26—Roosevelt and Churchill conclude 10-day conference at Casablanca, ask "unconditional surrender."

Jan. 27—Heavy bombers make first all-American assault on Germany.

Feb. 3—WMC orders Nation's husbands to work or fight.

Feb. 6—Brazil declares war on Japan.

Feb. 10—Guadalcanal completely taken.

Feb. 15—Battleship Richelieu, three other French war vessels reach U. S.

Feb. 16—Russians recapture Kharkov.

Feb. 21—Germans take Kasserine Pass in Tunisia from U. S. forces, launch break-through.

Feb. 25—Kasserine Pass recaptured by American troops.

March 3—Japanese convoy of 10

warships, 12 transports destroyed at New Guinea.

March 14—Germans retake Kharkov.

March 15—Japanese eight-pronged attack in Hupeh-Hunan region collapses.

March 29—Rommel's defense of Mareth Line collapses.

March 29—RAF drops 1,000 tons of bombs in St. Nazaire U-boat base.

April 8—Roosevelt issues hold-line wage and price ceiling order.

April 17—All-out aerial assault on Germany launched.

April 27—Moscow suspends relations with Poland.

May 4—Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews killed in airplane accident over Iceland.

May 7—Tunis and Bizerte fall.

May 11—Churchill arrives in Washington for conference with Roosevelt.

May 14—American troops establish foothold on Attu.

May 16—RAF blasts two Ruhr dams.

May 30—Jap garrison on Attu wiped out.

June 3—Provisional government for French Empire set up.

June 11—Pantelleria surrenders.

July 1—Allies occupy Rendova Island.

July 5—U. S. wins naval battle with Japanese in Kula Gulf.

July 5—German Summer offensive in Russia is stopped.

July 7—U. S. troops land on Munda.

July 9—Allies land in Sicily.

July 19—Rome bombed for first time.

July 25—Mussolini resigns, Badoglio becomes new prime minister.

Aug. 1—175 Liberators blast Ploesti refineries.

Aug. 1—Berlin ordered evacuated.

Aug. 2—Ninth RAF attack on Hamburg in 10-day 8,000-ton record-break blitz.

Aug. 15—U. S. forces occupy Kiska.

Aug. 17—Conquest of Sicily complete.

Aug. 23—Russians retake Kharkov.

Aug. 24—Roosevelt and Churchill meet at Quebec, push against Japan. (AP Features)

Petty Officer Bode Killed in Collision

Petty Officer Edward P. Bode Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Bode, 3912 El Campo, was killed in a collision Sept. 30, his parents were notified Thursday. Place and circumstances of the accident were withheld pending recovery of his body, which had not been effected when the message was sent.

Bode, 19, was a radioman in the Naval Air Forces. He enlisted in Fort Worth in June, 1941. He was graduated from Paschal High School with the class of 1940.

My Dad

(Awarded \$1 Prize.)

God may have made as good a man.
 Maybe he did,
 But I've had this opinion
 Since I was a kid;
 That no better man ever lived
 Than my dad!
 He's everything that's good,
 Not one thing bad
 About him. He's honest and upright,
 Generous and kind,
 Travel all the world over and
 You'll never find
 A better friend. He'd give you, in
 need,
 Anything that he had;
 That's the kind of a man he is,
 That's my old dad!
 How good he was to us when we
 Needed his care!
 In sickness or trouble he was
 Always right there.
 Never wanted a thing he could get us
 But what he got.
 Sometimes it was good for us
 And sometimes not.
 Always worked the year thru and
 Never made any fuss;
 If anyone had a vacation
 'Twas one of us.
 That is one of the reasons I would
 Like to go back
 And change things, but life has just
 A one-way track.
 Today I am thankful to God
 That he had
 A man like my father, to give me
 For a dad.
 Denver, Colo. M. A.

HOME DUTY.

OURS is the task to keep the faith and never once lose heart,
 To tread the smooth, unchallenged way
 of factory, desk and mart;
 To live away from flame and fire and all
 the brave endure
 And do the needed work at home from
 every risk secure.

We are not asked to dare and die,
 but merely to believe;
 At home to hold the lesser posts till
 victory they achieve.
 To keep the faith whatever comes to
 threaten or dismay
 And face whatever has to be as readily
 as they.

Ours is the task by word and deed and
 with the night by prayer
 To strengthen and support them all
 who have the blows to bear.
 If they stand up to flame and fire and
 hunger, thirst and pain,
 Then we who have the lesser tasks should
 never once complain.

Follows in Father's Film Footsteps



WILL AND JIMMY

ANOTHER ROGERS is coming up on the movie horizon. It's the late Will's son,



JIMMY TODAY

workers comment frequently on the resemblance between Jimmy and his fa-

War Is Four Years Old Today, and Here Are Dates of All the Principal Events

1939

Sept. 1—Germany invades Poland.

Sept. 3—Great Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand declare war on Germany.

Sept. 16—Soviet troops enter Poland.

Sept. 16—German troops in Poland hand over Brest-Litovsk to Russia.

Sept. 27—Warsaw surrenders after siege.

Sept. 28—Poland is divided between Soviet Union and Reich.

Nov. 4—President Roosevelt signs law repealing arms embargo.

Nov. 30—Russia invades Finland after alleged border attacks.

1940

March 12—Russia and Finland sign peace treaty.

April 9—Germany invades Denmark and Norway.

May 10—Germany invades the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg.

May 11—Chamberlain resigns as prime minister, is succeeded by Winston Churchill.

June 3—British Admiralty announces rescue of "over 335,000 men" at Dunkerque.

June 10—Italy declares war on France.

June 14—German troops enter Paris unopposed.

June 20—Armistice between France and Germany.

July 5—Petain government severs relations with Great Britain after British Navy attack on French warships at Oran, Algeria.

July 14—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania united with Russia.

Aug. 4—German Luftwaffe begins air blitz on Britain.

Aug. 6—Battle of Africa starts as Italians invade British Somaliland.

Aug. 30—Rumania forced by Germany to yield half of Transylvania to Hungary.

Sept. 16—President Roosevelt vetoes the Selective Service Act.

Sept. 27—Japan joins the Axis.

Oct. 27—Italy invades Greece.

1941

Jan. 21—British invade Eritrea, attack Ethiopia and Italian Somaliland.

March 11—President signs "lend-lease" bill.

April 6—Germany declares war on Yugoslavia.

April 27—Germans take Athens.

May 10—Rudolf Hess, Hitler aide, lands by parachute in Scotland.

June 1—British forces in Crete evacuated.

June 8—British and Free French enter Syria.

June 22—Germany declares war on Russia.

July 7—United States forces occupy Iceland.

Aug. 4—"Atlantic Charter" agreement between the President and Churchill is announced.

Dec. 7—Japanese bomb Philippines, Hawaii and Guam.

Dec. 8—United States declares war on Japan. Japanese raid Malaya.

1942

Jan. 26—United States troops land in Northern Ireland.

Feb. 15—Singapore falls.

March 5—Japanese occupy Java.

March 17—General MacArthur arrives in Australia and assumes command of the United Nations forces in Southwest Pacific.

April 9—Bataan peninsula capitulates.

April 18—Tokio, other Japanese cities raided by Americans under Brig. Gen. "Jimmy" Doolittle.

May 6—Corregidor falls.

June 3—Dutch Harbor, Alaska, raided by Japanese.

June 11—Russia and Britain sign 20-year pact banning separate peace with Germany.

June 12—Japan gains a foothold in Aleutians.

June 21—Tobruk falls, Germans push into Egypt.

July 3—Russia admits fall of Sevastopol after eight-month siege.

July 4—U. S. Army bombers stage first raid in Western Europe, hammering German bases in Netherlands.

July 5—British stall Rommel's drive before Alexandria.

Aug. 8—U. S. attacks Solomon Islands; six Nazi sabotage-plotters executed in Washington.

Aug. 9—Germans push into Caucasus oil country; Gandhi arrested by British.

Aug. 17—London discloses Churchill-Stalin second front conference in Moscow.

Aug. 19—American forces join Commandos in biggest raid on French coast.

Sept. 17—Nazis penetrate Stalingrad.

Sept. 25—Gasoline rationing ordered to conserve rubber.

Sept. 26—Japanese begin New Guinea retreat.

Oct. 2—President signs anti-inflation bill.

Oct. 9—U. S., Britain, abandon extra-territoriality in China.

Oct. 26—OPA announces coffee rationing.

Nov. 2—Afrika Corps flees before Montgomery's Eighth Army.

Nov. 8—U. S. forces land in French North Africa.

Nov. 11—Germans occupy all France.

Nov. 12—U. S. wins three-day naval battle in Solomons.

Nov. 13—Drafting of 18 and 19-year-olds ordered.

Nov. 19—Russians open Winter offensive at Rzhev, Stalingrad.

Nov. 27—Most of French fleet scuttled at Toulon.

Dec. 1—Admiral Darlan becomes Chief of State in French Africa.

Dec. 24—Admiral Darlan assassinated.

1943

Jan. 13—Russians advance in Caucasus.

Jan. 16—Iraq declares won on Axis.

Jan. 18—Seventeen-month siege of Stalingrad broken.

Jan. 20—Chile breaks with Axis.

Jan. 24—British take Tripoli.

Jan. 26—Roosevelt and Churchill conclude 10-day conference at Casablanca, ask "unconditional surrender."

Jan. 27—Heavy bombers make first all-American assault on Germany.

Feb. 3—WMC orders Nation's husbands to work or fight.

Feb. 6—Brazil declares war on Japan.

Feb. 10—Guadalcanal completely taken.

Feb. 15—Battleship Richelieu, three other French war vessels reach U. S.

Feb. 16—Russians recapture Kharkov.

Feb. 21—Germans take Kasserine Pass in Tunisia from U. S. forces, launch break-through.

Feb. 25—Kasserine Pass recaptured by American troops.

March 3—Japanese convoy of 10

warships, 12 transports destroyed at New Guinea.

March 14—Germans retake Kharkov.

March 15—Japanese eight-pronged attack in Hupeh-Hunan region collapses.

March 29—Rommel's defense of Mareth Line collapses.

March 29—RAF drops 1,000 tons of bombs in St. Nazaire U-boat base.

April 8—Roosevelt issues hold-line wage and price ceiling order.

April 17—All-out aerial assault on Germany launched.

April 27—Moscow suspends relations with Poland.

May 4—Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews killed in airplane accident over Iceland.

May 7—Tunis and Bizerte fall.

May 11—Churchill arrives in Washington for conference with Roosevelt.

May 14—American troops establish foothold on Attu.

May 16—RAF blasts two Ruhr dams.

May 30—Jap garrison on Attu wiped out.

June 3—Provisional government for French Empire set up.

June 11—Pantelleria surrenders.

July 1—Allies occupy Rendova Island.

July 5—U. S. wins naval battle with Japanese in Kula Gulf.

July 5—German Summer offensive in Russia is stopped.

July 7—U. S. troops land on Munda.

July 9—Allies land in Sicily.

July 19—Rome bombed for first time.

July 25—Mussolini resigns, Badoglio becomes new prime minister.

Aug. 1—175 Liberators blast Ploesti refineries.

Aug. 1—Berlin ordered evacuated.

Aug. 2—Ninth RAF attack on Hamburg in 10-day 8,000-ton record-break blitz.

Aug. 15—U. S. forces occupy Kiska.

Aug. 17—Conquest of Sicily complete.

Aug. 23—Russians retake Kharkov.

Aug. 24—Roosevelt and Churchill meet at Quebec, push against Japan.

(AP Features)

Petty Officer Bode Killed in Collision

Petty Officer Edward P. Bode Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Bode, 3912 El Campo, was killed in a collision Sept. 30, his parents were notified Thursday. Place and circumstances of the accident were withheld pending recovery of his body, which had not been effected when the message was sent.

Bode, 19, was a radioman in the Naval Air Forces. He enlisted in Fort Worth in June, 1941. He was graduated from Paschal High School with the class of 1940.

My Dad

(Awarded \$1 Prize.)

God may have made as good a man.
Maybe he did,
But I've had this opinion
Since I was a kid;
That no better man ever lived
Than my dad!
He's everything that's good,
Not one thing bad
About him. He's honest and upright,
Generous and kind,
Travel all the world over and
You'll never find
A better friend. He'd give you, in
need,
Anything that he had;
That's the kind of a man he is,
That's my old dad!
How good he was to us when we
Needed his care!
In sickness or trouble he was
Always right there.
Never wanted a thing he could get us
But what he got.
Sometimes it was good for us
And sometimes not.
Always worked the year thru and
Never made any fuss;
If anyone had a vacation
'Twas one of us.
That is one of the reasons I would
Like to go back
And change things, but life has just
A one-way track.
Today I am thankful to God
That he had
A man like my father, to give me
For a dad, M. A.
Denver, Colo.

HOME DUTY.

OURS is the task to keep the faith and
never once lose heart,
To tread the smooth, unchallenged way
of factory, desk and mart;
To live away from flame and fire and all
the brave endure
And do the needed work at home from
every risk secure.
We are not asked to dare and die,
but merely to believe;
At home to hold the lesser posts till
victory they achieve.
To keep the faith whatever comes to
threaten or dismay
And face whatever has to be as readily
as they.
Ours is the task by word and deed and
with the night by prayer
To strengthen and support them all
who have the blows to bear.
If they stand up to flame and fire and
hunger, thirst and pain,
Then we who have the lesser tasks should
never once complain.

'Rather See Mary and Kids'

Round-World Diary Kept By B-50 Radar Operator

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lt. Roland B. Bonner of Bakersfield, Cal., radar operator, kept a lively personal diary of the B-50 bomber Lucky Lady II round-the-world flight from the time Capt. James Gallagher's crew was alerted at 7 a. m. Feb. 26, and told it was to leave that day to fly around the world, non-stop, from Fort Worth to Fort Worth. Commissioned in 1944, Bonner flew three missions with the wartime 8th Air Force from England. Figures on left margin throughout are Greenwich time, which fliers call "zebra" and designate with the letter Z. Bonner's diary follows:

26 February 1949

1300Z—Jim Gallagher woke me up. Major Rowlett had called and said we were it. Whole crew happy. Showered, shaved, ate and then to operations at 0830. Find poop there. Takeoff set at approximately 1145 CST. Off to pack clothes.

1600Z—Weather briefing for us. Pilots, Navigators, Engineers, Radar, Radio and Gunners at aircraft.

1615Z—At aircraft, everything looks O.K.. Pulled props at 1045 CST, started engines at 1100, took off at 1121. Gas fumes delayed takeoff a minute, but "We're off." (Normal takeoff.)

1800Z—Everyone is settling down to work now. We still have a few fumes in the bomb bay but they seem to be dissipating. Wish Mary and the kids could have been there for the takeoff. Fumes gone, cigaret lit, out of the soup and in the clear. Fort Worth here we come. Bill (Caffrey) is working this radar leg, talking to Davis and Traugh, and they are really happy. All four running smooth and very little turbulence. Perfect day. Hope the whole trip goes as smoothly. Straightened out compartment and made beds.

2000Z—Finished our 1st meal—chicken sandwiches, milk and a bar of candy for dessert. Still at 5,000 feet but making our predicted G. S. (Ground speed). Set up chow, Cantrell and I going to sleep.

2130Z—Relieved Traugh at scanner for awhile, then Bill came back and said he wanted to sleep so I went on the radar set. Climbed 5,000—10,000. Almost to Charleston, Va., 360 scant miles to the East Coast. We will pass left of Washington about 15 miles. I wonder how many of the boys there are sweating us out. McLeroy's on radio and getting his reports through O. K. Bob Davis on the panel, Rigor is at the desk and Gallagher just relieved Neal. Morris is riding the right seat. Hope we can feel like this all the way. We are 20 miles N. of Washington, D. C., pretty well on our flight plan and everybody is happy.

2319Z—Well, here we go. Leaving the good old U. S., should be back in four days. It seems like a long time to go but we should make it.

2335Z—Turned the radar set off (over the Atlantic). Now to rest for a while.

0800Z—Navigator woke me up. Didn't sleep too well but got about 3 hours actual sleep. Turned radar on and flew a landfall on Flores Island. Judge's (Hacker) ETA (estimated time of arrival) and course were perfect on to Lagens. In contact with tankers. Tankers in sight. Colonel Stanley flying with Lieutenant Dorman in No. 1. We are starting the hook up now. Fuel is flowing, perfect hook up on first tanker. We have had good luck so far. Took on full load. Everything O.K.

1400Z—Passed over Gibraltar but had an undercast so couldn't see it. Saw the coast of Spain and now North Africa.

1700Z—Bill went on the set and I'm going to sleep. Over North Africa and still going strong.

2100Z—Had a good sleep and feel pretty good. We're getting some visitors from the front end. Davis and Young came back. We had a pretty good meal tonight from our standpoint. Everyone ate what they wanted. Our milk is holding up O.K. and we dug up some Toddlies (chocolate milk). We should have . . . gallons at Dhahran. Davis says we might have to go to Washington, D. C., if we make it around. I'd rather see Mary and the kids.

0200Z—We're getting good winds. ETA Dhahran ahead of schedule. This sure is uninhabited (at least it seems to be) country. No lights for miles. Bill sure works. He's a good partner. Bill, Cantrell, Traugh and I awake in the back. R. G. and M. G. Davis asleep. Judge is at the desk, Neal at the wheel and Young on the panel. Picked up the tankers on the scope. It won't be long now until we get a little more gas. Another full load, I hope. Traugh and Davis are ready to go to work. We've all had our coffee and feel pretty good. Well, we made it again. We are full. Sontag (refueling pilot) flew a perfect job or we might still be there.

0920Z—India at last. We just passed over Dwarka Point. The boys in the back are really cleaning up. Shave and as good a bath as you can get with a wash rag and basin (small). It looks like we are going to have plenty of water and food for the trip. Ex-

cept for a few minor things everything is going OK.

1300Z—Almost past India. I see where they have 400,000,000 people now. There are little villages all over the country. It looks like they burn fires for lights though. Very few radar check points but Judge has us within five miles of course so we're OK.

1335Z—Over water, now its my turn to clean up. We are really getting the visitors from the front today. Everyone but Jim (Gallagher) has been back. The winds aren't helping us very much this leg. I'm going to work on through until we get to Clark Field and let Bill get a good sleep. We sure have a good crew. Everyone so far has been on the ball and no arguments.

1600Z—Back to work, Andaman Isles next. Cantrell has some music on the liaison set so this shift shouldn't be too bad. I cleaned up and feel 100 per cent better. Bill made a remark today that sure hit the mark. He said "I always intended to go around the world and see all these countries but I sure didn't think I would do it this way."

1830Z—Over tip of Thailand now; all the sleepers are waking up and making the coffee. Indo-China next, then Manila and another load (I hope). Right on course and plenty of gas.

0130Z—Radar works all right. Picture comes in beautifully. Air is pretty bumpy but it should calm down.

. . . Bill picked the tankers up at . . . We have our last load now. ETA Hawaii on schedule which should get us there with enough daylight to get our last two loads. I'm still keeping my fingers crossed but at least we are on the home stretch. It doesn't seem like we've been in the air as long as we have. I feel pretty good and everyone else is in good spirits and health. I'm sure going to be glad to get home though.

0630Z—We picked up our full load of gas some time ago and are well on our way to Hawaii. Here's hoping we make it the rest of the way.

1300Z—Back to work again. Wake Island is coming up on the screen and it sure looks good. Radio at Wake wants to know where we are going and when we told him to Rogers Field (Hawaii) he couldn't believe it. If he only knew how far we have come he would really be surprised.

1800Z—We are going into yesterday now (crossing International Date Line). Everything smooth but everyone is getting a little tense because we only have about 24 hours to go and we'll have it made. I'd hate to get stopped now. We are over a partial overcast and the clouds are building up pretty rapidly. I hope we get through this area before they build up to us. It's beautiful though.

1830Z—Just a few thoughts on the trip. Crews should be carefully screened as far as congeniality should be carried as it is hard to keep the compartments clean. Seventy gallons of water is plenty, we have plenty of food. All in all we have been pretty well set up for this trip.

. . . Jonathan just made his crossover and contacted us. Here's hoping. Only 20 hours to go. If this one is good and our engines hold up we'll need only one more refueling before we get to Fort Worth. The crew is really sweating it out now because we're so close and yet so far from completion. Well, we had our first drink but we're still thirsty so No. 2 is moving into position. The way these refuelers talk about our Lucky Lady II and treat her is a shame but we love it. Now we're all through and we're filled up. Next and last stop is Fort Worth (I hope).

0030Z—Past Hawaii, most of it socked-in but saw Hickam and John Rogers (Fields). If we keep going, 16 hours should see us in Fort Worth. Everyone's happy and they should be.

0600Z—Back to civilization, we have a San Francisco station on the radio compass and it sure sounds good. ETA Los Angeles radio 1035Z. Traugh, Cantrell and I awake. The rest of the crew in the back asleep. We should fly right over Mary and the kids, wish they knew what we are doing. (Bonner is from Bakersfield, Cal.)

1000Z—We have been flying in between two layers of clouds and last but not least we went through a front about 100 miles out. Radar was on so it didn't bother us and we have the coastline between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles in the scope. Now maybe we can relax. We are picking up three refuelers at Tucson as escort to Fort Worth. Five more hours and we're in.

1300Z—Jim and Judge are shaving, we have our escort and 2½ hours should put us in Fort Worth. For some reason everyone is wide awake and all cleaned up. At least we'll look like human beings when we get out. The flight hasn't been too bad. Everyone got along all right and no one got too tired. Judge is using a straight razor to shave with. (What an optimist about the stability.)

1531Z—We did it! (09:21 CST). —BONNER.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS ARE REPRODUCED AS WRITTEN BY CHARLIE MAYS IN HONOR OF HIS SON, PVT. CHARLES MAYS, JR., NOW STATIONED AT TARRANT FIELD, TEXAS. PERHAPS THEY EXPRESS THE FEELINGS OF OTHER PARENTS TOO.

My Soldier Boy
1941

I'm just sitting 'round a-waiting
For this here war to end
As I catch myself a-glancing
Out the window now and then,
Looking for my Laddie
Tho I know I look in vain;
For I'm dazed and half bewil-
dered
Till my Boy comes home again.
I eat, but do not taste it,
I doze, but do not sleep,
I stare, but am not looking,
For my steps are growing
weak.

I smile, but do not mean it,
I laugh, but can't you hear
The ripple is not in it,
Like it was when you was
here?
I breathe, but tho half living
As I look up thru the sky,
And I think I see his image,
In the clouds a-drifting by;
Now they change in their for-
mation
And my Boy has passed from
view,
Has vanished in the distance
Like our hopes so often do.

The quail that always whistled
From the wheat-shocks over
there,
And the calling of the red
birds
Now it seems I scarcely hear,
It's as tho I'm losing interest
And the sky don't look so
clear,
Nor the roses half so pretty,
As they did when you was
here.

The neighbors say the garden
Is as pretty as can be,
That the orchard too is lovely,
But they don't look so to me.

The lake between the hillsides
Where we fished when you
was here,
And the river near the park-
way
Don't look so blue and clear,
As they did when you was
with me
And all the World seemed
glad,
Where we lolled in sweet con-
tentment
Just before the World went
mad;
And the roar of battle started
On that fateful Autumn day
And I glanced out of the win-
dow
And saw you march away.

The Old Clock Stops
1942

The old clock stopped, the day
you left
After all these many years,
The first time it had ever
failed
Thru sunshine or thru tears;
And when I looked upon its
face
It seemed it really knew
That I had almost reached the
point
Where I was stopping too.

Since you left that dreary
morning
I'm forgetful just a bit,
Oft I find myself a-smoking
With my pipe not even lit;
And I notice in your mother
As she cheers me day-by-day
That her eyes are often damp-
ened
When she turns her head
away.
Somehow I can't remember
Like I did when you was here,
My saw—my hammer—my
garden tools
I leave just anywhere,
And the paper I am reading
Oft I find is up-side-down
And I'm staring in the fire-
place
Where we used to sit around.

Last night me and your mother
Found beneath the basement
stair
A box, and, scattered in it,
Some of your toys were there,
A top, a knife, some marbles
And a soldier made of tin
And now YOU are a
SOLDIER,
Little did we think it then!
Little could we then imagine
That in the after years,
The toys that brought us
happiness
Could ever bring us tears.

Never was much hand at pray-
ing
But somehow and in some way
I catch myself a-whispering
One for you most every day;
Whispering, just a whispering,
And low those whispers be
I believe He'll hear and under-
stand
And send you back to me.

I could make a lot of money
On a Government contract,
Don't want it tho, nor nothing
else,
Just want my LADDIE back!
And if he comes, I'll be the
Richest man in all the world;
if NOT
I guess I'll be the poorest,
For there's nothing else I want.

I Visit Our Old Fishing
Hole.
1943

I turned about at Seagoville
Yesterday for a bit
And drove down to our fish-
ing-hole
Near the gravel pit.
There alone I stood in silence
Deeply thinking of the past;
Once I thought I heard your
footstep
As it crumpled thru the grass;
I was startled just a moment
As I glanced around to see,
But my hope was quickly van-
ished

For of course it couldn't BE,
I am sure you well remember
That old log by the slough,
The snake you almost stepped
on
Before you even knew;
How you jumped and barely
missed him
When he coiled to strike my
lad,
How you pinned him with
your fish hook
For that was all you had;
How it has changed in just a
year,
Its water's almost gone,
It looked forlorn, just like I
felt

Without my BOY along!
The willow leaves had fallen,
Not a branch stirred in the
breeze,
Eerie-like with ghost forma-
tions
Seemed to glide among the
trees.
Some crows were kauking
'round their nest,
A squirrel ran down a tree,
A rabbit scurried beneath my
feet,

How happy THEY should be!
A bullfrog bellowed up the
slough,
While standing there alone
I wondered was he asking
Why my BOY was not along?
Once an owl far up the valley
Hooted from a hollow tree,
Was he calling for his loved
ones
Or just scolding out at me?
Or, was he there like I was,
Just lonesome and alone,
Hoping to get close
To a loved one that had gone?
I looked for tracks you made
last year
But time had been too long,
Not one was by the water's
edge,
Like YOU, THEY TOO, were
GONE!

Somehow I wished I had not
gone
For I hoped its waters clear
Would keep its recollections
Like it looked when you was
here.

I Dream of My Boy.
1943

Last night I woke from dream-
ing
You was coming home real
soon,
And the first time then in
many months
I glanced out at the moon.
A dark, dark cloud had lifted
And the moonbeams sifted
thru
It could have one meaning
only,
That my dream was coming
true!
Could it be the light was shin-
ing
We had waited for so long,
And the clouds of disappoint-
ment
Maybe now had passed and
gone?

I thought I heard the footsteps
Of you coming up the stair
I tiptoed to your bedroom
Yet, I knew you wasn't there;
But it sorter gave me courage
Just to stand beside your bed
And it fitted in so nicely
With the dream I just had had.

—SO—
I'll just keep on a-looking
Out the window now and then,
For that dream has told me
plainly
You are coming home again!

My Dream Comes True.
Dec. 17, 1943

Well, well here comes a mes-
sage
And it has this to say:
"Am getting things all ready,
And am starting home today!"
Then my eyes turned sorter
glassy,
Do I read this message right,
Or, am I still just dreaming
Like I was the other night?
No, No, I am not dreaming
And I've figured out just when
I expect to hear the rumble
Of that train come chugging in.
I'd be the richest man on
earth,
Once you heard me say,
If he came home, and so I AM
THAT RICHEST MAN TO-
DAY!
For he is here, the clouds have
passed
The sun is shining through;
Those simple prayers, that
happy dream,
Today have all come true!

These poems reproduced as a New Year's message
courtesy of
MIMS LUMBER & SALVAGE COMPANY
Dealers in Plywood and Used Lumber
Fort Worth
Intersection Weatherford and Brownwood Highways
(Just west of Ball Trading Post and Open Air Theater)

THE MATERNAL ARGUMENT.

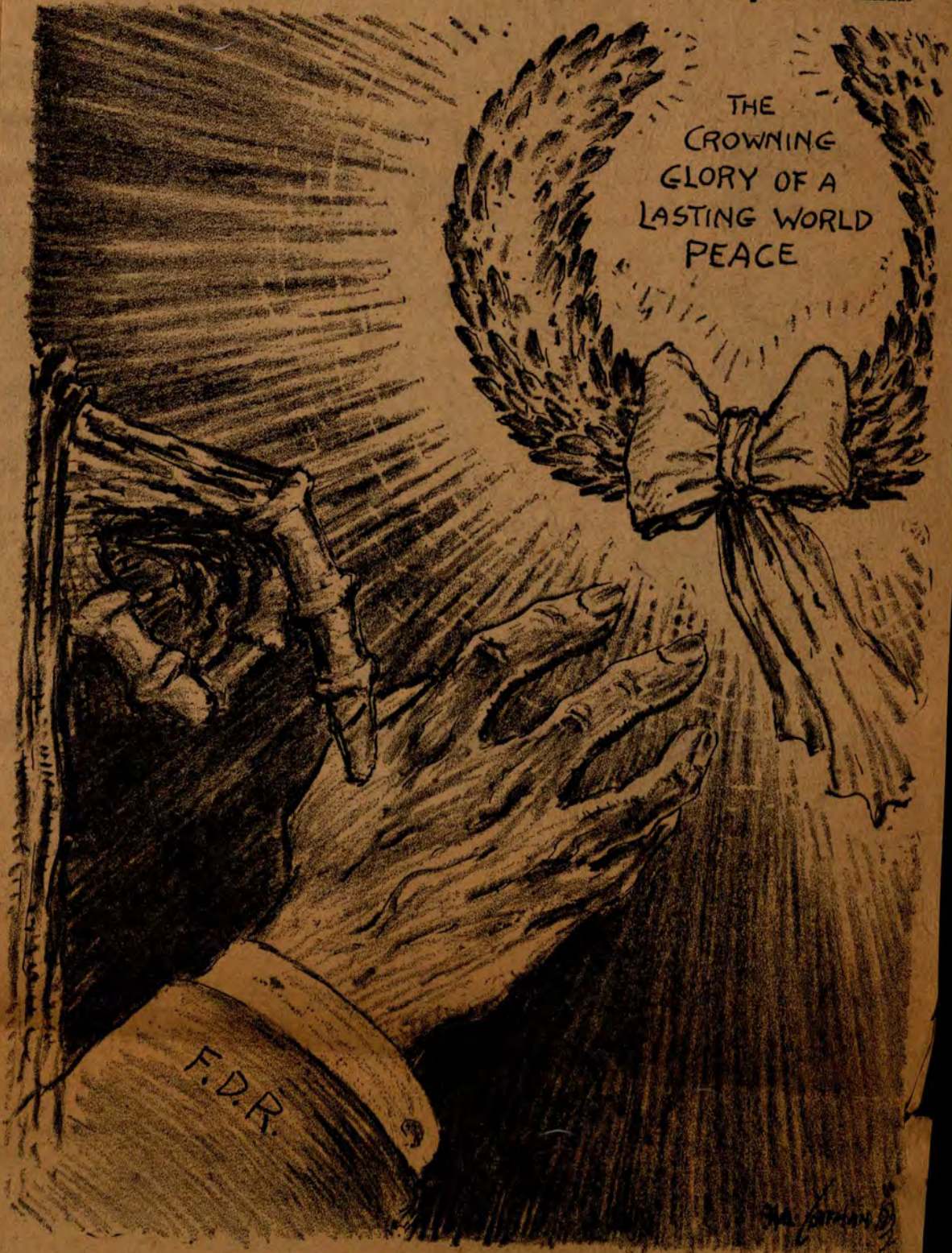
Mothers and grandmothers seldom agree
Over what best for the baby will be.
"New ways are better," the mothers insist.
"Babies should never be fondled and kissed!"
But grandmothers promptly and sadly reply:
"You were kissed often, and you didn't die!"

"Babies," say mothers, "should never be
rocked;
Put them to bed and then keep the door
locked!
When of their comfort you haven't a doubt,
Don't go to learn what they're crying about."
"You weren't neglected," the grandma's reply.
"You were looked after, and you didn't die!"

"People at you were permitted to look.
You weren't brought up by the rules in a
book.
You weren't enclosed in a window plate case,
I wore no strainer of gauze on my face.
A tender, devoted, proud mother was I.
I loved you, and spoiled you—and you didn't
die!"

JUST AS IT WAS WITHIN HIS GRASP

by Hal Coffman



—Hal Coffman's Cartoons Appear Exclusively in The Star-Telegram.



V-E DAY BABIES—First babies to arrive in Fort Worth on the day of the proclamation of victory over Germany were, right, the 8-pound, 2-ounce son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barrett, 152 Marett, born at 12:08 a. m. Tuesday at Harris Memorial Methodist Hospital. Barrett is employed at Convair. At left, James Marshall McEachern, who was born at 1:20 a. m. at St. Joseph's, is shown with his mother, 2312 Lotus, and a picture of his father, Lt. James M. McEachern, co-pilot on a B-17 bomber with the 15th AAF in Italy. (Staff Photo).

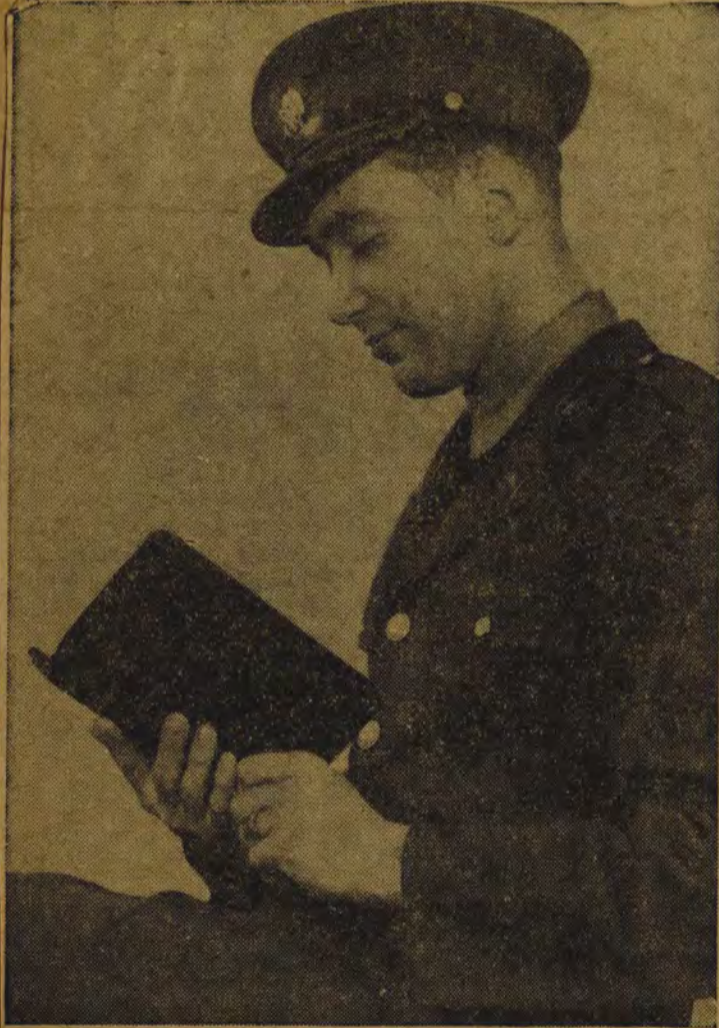
LAUGH IT OFF!

If you think the tax too high,
Laugh it off!
Howsoever long you cry,
You'll pay taxes till you die,
Though for weeks you were to wail
And your tears would fill a pail,
Still that income tax you'd owe.
There is no escape, and so
Laugh it off!

It's a blow, but still I say:
Laugh it off!
Whine and whimper as you may,
Every dime of it you'll pay!
Grumble, mutter, sigh and frown,
'Twill not come one penny down.
You must let the money go
On the day it's due, and so
Laugh it off!

Though I know it's hard to take,
Laugh it off!
'Tis a sacrifice you make
For our glorious country's sake!
We're tax payers, one and all,
Be our earnings large or small.
Just a bit of courage show!
Cursing doesn't help, and so
Laugh it off!

Country Church



... They read the word, and testified their faith ...

They sang a hymn; a prayer was said.
And I who thought that God was dead,
His cross a symbol, drab and thin,
Forgot the world, its noise, its din.

They read the word, and testified
Their faith in one who lived and died.
Their house was cold, their house was damp
But in the gloom they set a lamp.

Burning brightly within, without,
Then with the holy and devout
I found my God was living there
In one soft benediction prayer.

... Raymond Kresensky in Presbyterian Tribune.



HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 23.—(P)—**CURB ON RUBBER PANTS DOESN'T SCARE HIM—**

My name's Baby Corey.
I've just read a story
That the government's after my pants.
If I've gotta lose 'em
They're welcome to use 'em
I'm glad that they gave me the chance.
I'm proud my britches can
Be of help to Uncle Sam
In shortening the conflict's duration.
So now that the government's got 'em
I'll uncover my bottom
And help in defending the nation.

—A. P. Wirephoto.

... Keep these for me till I wake. ...

I'm weary now and I must sleep;
I pray thee, Lord, these treasures keep:
A country lane, all green and gold,
The dust just deep enough to hold
My footprints; quail nests in the grass,
The young birds cheeping as I pass:

The chime of church bells from the tow
Drifts of leaves, red, gold and brown,
To rustle gently as I walk;
The noisy crows' home-coming talk
And, far away yet clearly heard,
The night song of a mating bird,
One star to light my path—Lord, take,
Keep these for me till I wake.

... Eleanor Phillips in *The Christian*

EASTER MORNING

We did not see Him on that Easter morn,
When He arose, triumphant from the tomb,
Or hear the angels speak to those forlorn,
Who came to weep, their hearts bowed down in gloom.

We did not see Him walking 'neath the trees,
Or hear His gentle voice, "Be not afraid,"
Or touch His garment, blown by morning breeze,
Or see the stone that on the tomb was laid.

But we can walk today in garden fair,
And see the lily petals opening white.
We hear no voice, but know His hand is there,
As resurrection glory meets our sight!

—Mark K. Tanner

Three Days Apart

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,
Were just three days apart.
With shudder of despair and loss
The world's deep heart is wrung,
As lifted high upon the Cross,
The Lord of Glory hung—
When rocks were rent and spirit forms
Stole forth in street and mart;
But Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's blackest day and whitest day,
Were just three days apart.
—(From Dr. Herbert Braun's Letter to "Friends in Service") in *World Outlook*, in *World Call*.

There was a little drowning lad
Whose final scream had caught an ear,
A passer-by in denim clad,
And one he had been taught to fear.

The skin of him was ebon-hued,
But brave was he and muscled strong.
Henceforth a mother's gratitude
To him forever will belong.

God's will? Who knows why men accept
The risk when others aid implore?
Into the stream the dark man leapt
And brought the white boy safe to shore.

That evening kneeling by his bed
When he finished with his prayer
"Mama, the man was black!" he said,
And "Did you know and do you care?"

1879

Will Rogers

1935

MEMORIAL



Monday, Oct. 15, 1945.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Copy. King Features Syndicate, Inc. World Rights Reserved.



FULL SIZED WINDOW SCREEN
CONTAINS A MILE OF WIRE



CAT RETRIEVES BONES, BALLS, ETC
Owned by THELMA WIL MARE, Los Angeles

GENERAL MACARTHUR

FIRST OF HIS CLASS AT WEST POINT
FIRST SERGEANT AT WEST POINT
FIRST CAPTAIN AT WEST POINT
FIRST AMERICAN TO BE FULL GENERAL AT 50
FIRST AMERICAN TO BECOME FIELD MARSHAL
FIRST TO BE A 4-STAR GENERAL TWICE
FIRST MEMBER OF THE RAINBOW DIVISION
FIRST CHIEF OF STAFF EVER REAPPOINTED
FIRST SON OF A CHIEF OF STAFF TO
OCCUPY THE SAME POST
FIRST AMERICAN TO LEAD
THE ARMIES OF NATIONS
AND
FIRST WHITE MAN TO RULE OVER JAPAN IN 2600 YEARS!

Copy. 1945, King Features Syndicate, Inc. World rights reserved.

Riley



Just as sorry as can be.
Friend I failed to go to see
Died last night, and so today
This is all I'll have to say
To this loved ones in the hall:
"I regret I didn't call,
But I meant to."

Planned a letter weeks ago
For a chap I used to know;
Just a cheery little note
Which somehow I never wrote.
Put it off the usual way.
Now I can not even say
That "I meant to."

Seems with every passing day
Good intentions fade away.
Though but little time they'd
cost,
Usually they end up lost.
With these few words, ages
old,
Always every failure told:
"But I meant to."

W
B

Editor: Fifty-three years ago,
Feb. 8, 1899, was one of the
coldest days Texas has ever ex-
perienced. It had to be cold for
Galveston Bay to freeze over,
and that is just what occurred.
If some of you young fellows
do not believe this you might
call up the United States
Weather Bureau and ask them
and they will tell you "that is
what the book says."

A. H. HALL.

Fort Worth.

PREJUDICE.

There was a little drowning lad
Whose final scream had caught an ear,
A passer-by in denim clad,
And one he had been taught to fear.

The skin of him was ebon-hued,
But brave was he and muscled strong.
Henceforth a mother's gratitude
To him forever will belong.

God's will? Who knows why men accept
The risk when others aid implore?
Into the stream the dark man leapt
And brought the white boy safe to
shore.

That evening kneeling by his bed
When he finished with his prayer
"Mama, the man was black!" he said,
And "Did you know and do you care?"



President Roosevelt as he appeared at his broadcast Thursday night, in which he warned that the U. S. Navy would strike whenever Axis raiders were encountered in "defensive waters" of the United States. The President wore a black arm band and tie in mourning for his son-in-law. Associated Press Wirephoto.

*** FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1941.

Latest Picture of Baby Lindbergh



*Dear Lord, I pray that through this year
I may live close to Thee,
And let Thy hand close out all fear
By guiding me.*

*I cannot see the weeks ahead,
Nor even through this day;
So I would yield that I be led
The unknown way.*

*If there be days of grief for me,
I pray Thee help me try
To know Thy will. Come quietly
And hover by.*

*Should Time bring only happiness—
High score for every aim—
Let my heart fill with humbleness
And praise Thy name.*

*Make every moment of this year
A note of symphony,
And help my soul grow more sincere
Through love of Thee.*

FREEDOM'S COUNTRY.

They know who walk the streets afar—
Those boys of ours, where'er they be—
How good the joys of freedom are,
How very precious—liberty!
They know—for on the streets they tread
They've looked on children begging bread.

They've looked on mothers pale and thin
And hungry, despite and cold,
Hands out, some trifling aid to win.
They've looked on shivering people, old,
And houses into rubble blown
And sights our land has never known.

They've heard uncounted tales of woe—
Far worse than those by writers penned.
Oh, all too well they've come to know
How deep in villainess tyrants end;
How pitiful and mean the state
Of people ruled by fear and hate.

God's country ours! Where children play
And laugh and learn to dance and sing;
Where fear and want don't spoil the day;
Where hunger's not a common thing;
Good land of church and school and car,
Where all the joys of freedom are!

SERVICE.

Oh, we shall cash our bonds in time
And take the profit, by and by,
But neither dollar nor the dime
Will leave a scar to catch the eye.
But, those who walk with crutch and cane
Will never be quite whole again!

Oh, we'll forget the rationed gas
And every inconvenience borne.
But, in parade they'll sometimes pass,
Dressed in the uniform they've worn,
And 'til this earth the last one leaves,
There'll always be those empty sleeves!

Our service was a trivial thing.
The cost of it we lightly bore.
And we shall laugh and dance and sing,
And dine, much as we did before.
But, near us blind men there will be
Who gave their eyes for liberty!

AFTERWARDS.

THIS SAID of those who pass away:
They've done with loss and gain
And scornful words their foes may say
And fear and grief and pain.

'Tis said they've found eternal bliss
And deep content and peace,
And walk a better world than this
Where all men's quarrels cease.

And that is why they seem to smile
And show no sign of tears
They've learned how brief the little while
They measured here in years.

JUST TRY IT



One day our little brother cried

One day our little brother cried,
He cried with might and main,
Until out of his big blue eyes,
The tears rolled down like rain.

Then mother said, "Go get a bowl
To catch these shining tears,
And when it's full we'll buy a fish
To swim in it, my dears."

So Frederick tried to catch those tears,
But to his great surprise,
He couldn't squeeze another one
Out of his big blue eyes.

Dr. Marion F. Goodhead

Father's Day

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

THEY buy him gifts one day a year,
And he whose purse is often thin
And worn from so much getting out,
And so much putting in—

Smiles wistfully—somewhat ashamed
To be so deeply touched today
By gifts from those who owe him more
Than they can ever pay.

He never seems to feel at all
But that his life is good to live.
He is the one through all the year
To give and give and give.

Surely today there should be words
Spoken or written in part
Might pay the debt, and gladden
much

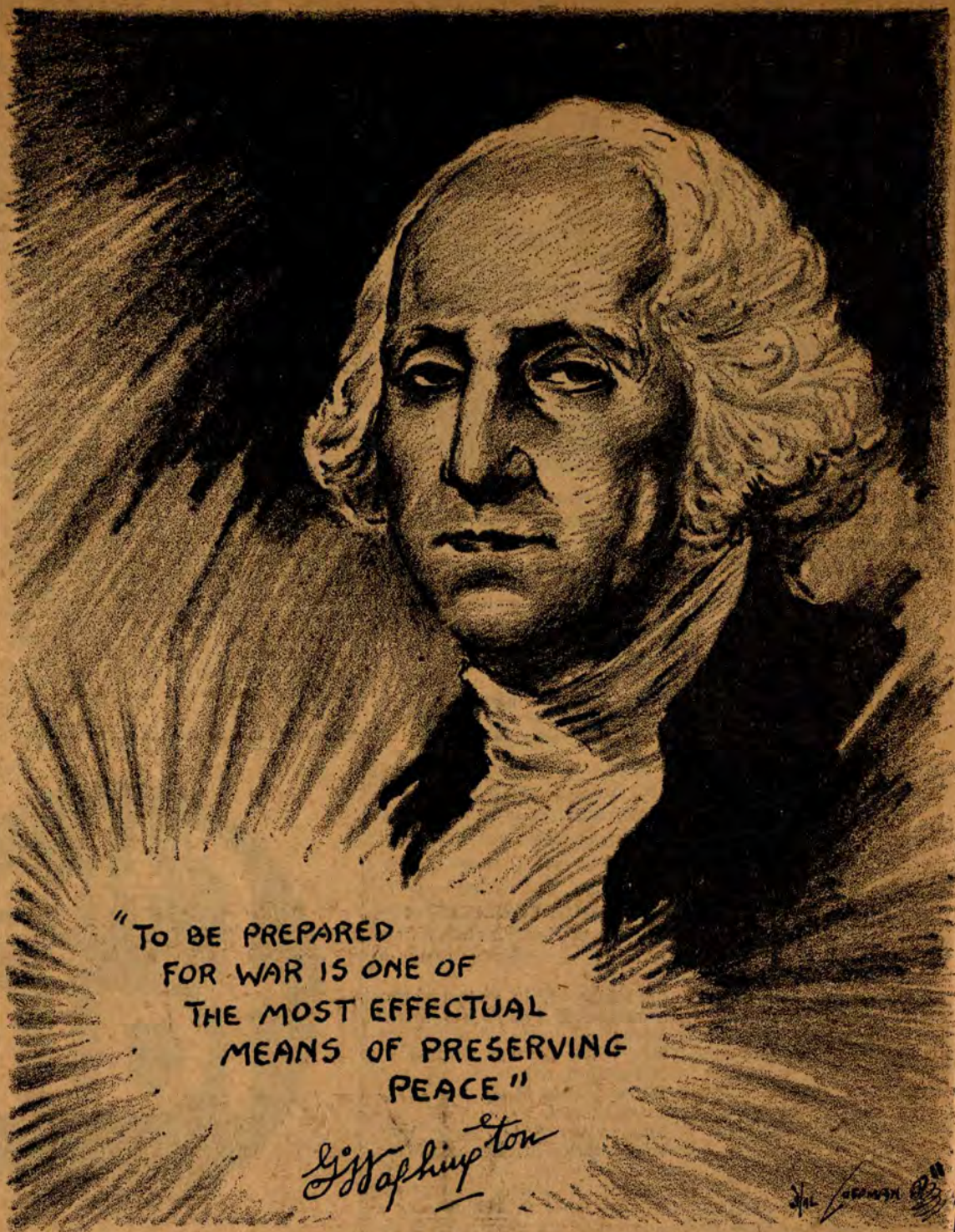
Any good father's heart!
And sets us wondering now and why
Unmoved it can remain.

What so important thus employs
Mankind beyond our sill
It can not stop its strident noise
When one we love is ill?

No thought have we for joy or gain
Or feast or marriage bell
Or weal or woe or shine or rain
Till all at home are well.

TOO BAD WE DIDN'T HEED IT LONG AGO

by Hal Coffman



"TO BE PREPARED
FOR WAR IS ONE OF
THE MOST EFFECTUAL
MEANS OF PRESERVING
PEACE"

G. Washington

—Hal Coffman's Cartoons Appear Exclusively in The Star-Telegraph



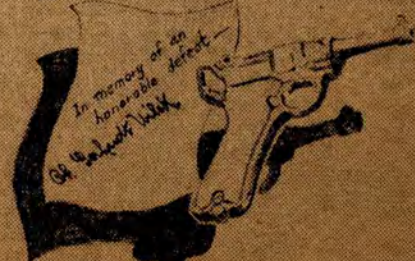
COL. WILCK, COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN TROOPS IN AACHEN, WAS READY TO SURRENDER BUT THE TASK WASN'T EASY. HE SENT OUT TWO OF HIS MEN WITH A WHITE FLAG. THEY WERE INSTANTLY KILLED BY AMERICAN MORTAR FIRE.

THE SITUATION WAS DESPERATE. A NAZI ADJUTANT WENT INTO THE POW CAMP AND ASKED FOR VOLUNTEERS AMONG THE AMERICAN POW.

SGT. PADGETT AND PFC. HASWELL (22008 4890) VOLUNTEERED. MANY MORTAR SHELLS LANDED BEFORE THEY WERE RECOGNIZED.

ARRIVING IN THE AMERICAN LINES THEY EXPLAINED THE SITUATION. WEL WENT BACK AND BROUGHT OUT THE GERMAN GARRISON.

SURRENDER OF AACHEN!
21 Oct. 1944



LATER AT THE SURRENDER CONFERENCE, COL. WILCK REMARKED "THESE TWO MEN ARE VERY BRAVE. THEY SHOULD BE REWARDED." THE COLONEL LET HIS RIFLE ON A TABLE FOR SGT. PADGETT WITH A NOTE— (SEE ABOVE)

SURRENDER OF AACHEN.

Father's Day

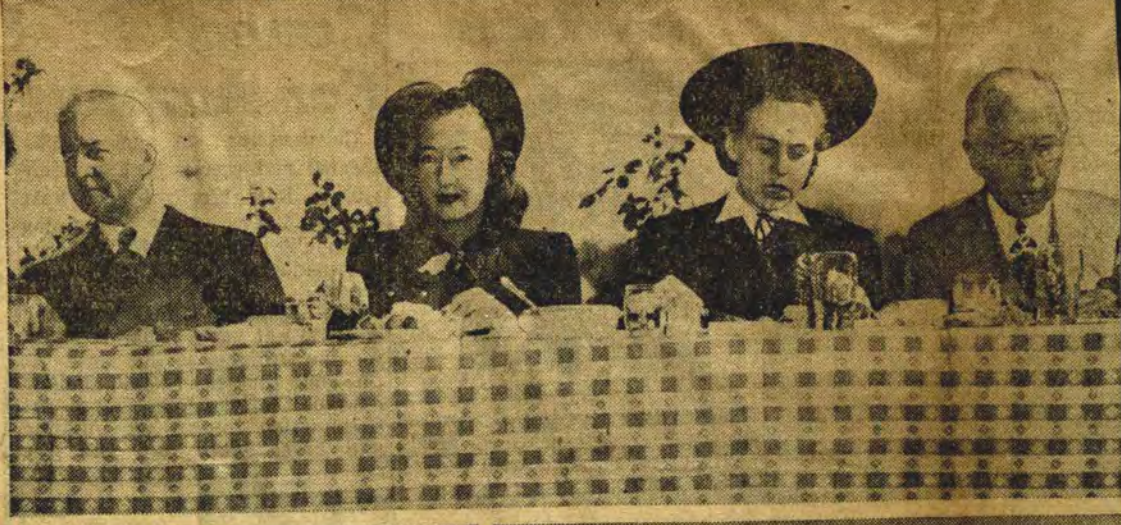
By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

THEY buy him gifts one day a year,
And he whose purse is often thin
And worn from so much getting out,
And so much putting in—

Smiles wistfully—somewhat ashamed
To be so deeply touched today
By gifts from those who owe him more
Than they can ever pay.

He never seems to feel at all
But that his life is good to live.
He is the one through all the year
To give and give and give.

Surely today there should be words
Spoken or written in part
Might pay the debt, and gladden
much
Any good father's heart!



FRIENDS OF WILL—Among the people who gathered from throughout the nation to witness the unveiling of the statue of Will Rogers Tuesday were many of Rogers' old friends, such as those in the top right photo. Left to right are Jesse Jones, Houston financier; Mrs. Electra Waggoner Biggs, sculptress of the

statue; Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Houston publisher, and Karl Hoblitzelle, Interstate Circuit, Inc., president. Top left are Miss Margaret Truman, who sang at the unveiling; General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, who unveiled the statue, and Mrs. Eisenhower. Lower left photo, left to right, are J. J. Grogan, as-

sistant general manager of the Santa Fe Railroad; Mrs. Fred G. Gurley and Fred G. Gurley, president of the Santa Fe; Mrs. James K. Thompson and Rev. Mr. Thompson, who pronounced the invocation. Lower right photo shows former Congressman Fritz G. Lanham, who presided at the ceremonies.

SIXTY-SEVENTH YEAR, NO. 278.

FORT WORTH, UNVEILING

Continued From Page 1.

and out-of-town guests were entertained at a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruno K. Graf, 800 River Crest Rd., preceding the dinner given by Carter, who also was host to the same group at a luncheon at Shady Oak Farm before the dedication.

Eisenhower was made a life member of the Fort Worth Club, where out-of-town members of the official party stayed as guests of Carter, and Miss Truman was presented with a miniature saddle at the luncheon.

The Eisenhowers left at 10:30 a. m. Tuesday on the Texas & Pacific Railway for Washington. Miss Truman left at the same time for Amarillo on the Fort Worth & Denver.



A GRIN FROM IKE—AND WILL—General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower (above) smiled broadly as he unveiled a smiling portrait of Will Rogers in the coliseum which memorializes the humorist-philosopher. At left are Mrs. Eisenhower and Miss Margaret Truman, daughter of the president. Bottom, the equestrian bronze statue of Rogers just after the unveiling by the general. (Top is Star-Telegram Staff Photo; bottom is Associated Press Photo).

Memories of Will Rogers Revived as Eisenhower Unveils His Likenesses

The statue and portrait of Will Rogers that complete the memorial auditorium and coliseum named in his honor were unveiled Tuesday.

His old friends recalled with fondness their memories of the beloved humorist-philosopher, and General of the Army Eisenhower, in unveiling the likenesses of Will Rogers, theorized over what pungent remarks he would make about the world situation were he alive today.

"Could his wit, his insight, his homely phraseology make us better see that democracy has entered its decade of greatest crisis?" the general asked. "Could he have helped make us see that personal ambitions and desires must now take second place to national need and solidarity? Could he have made us see the inescapable truth that sheer national interest demands of us a unity of effort that must extend far beyond our national borders?"

After his tribute to Rogers from the blue-draped speakers' stand behind the life-size bronze statue of Rogers which stands in the shadow of the memorial tower,

the general moved to the foyer of the coliseum, where in unveiling a huge portrait of the great humorist he said:

"The problems of peace are no more difficult than those of war if we jump on them in the same way. If Will Rogers were alive he would say to us, 'Get at it and do it.'"

The statue and portrait, gifts of Amon Carter to the city, were presented and dedicated in a brief ceremony to which thousands came to hear Eisenhower and other speakers and Miss Margaret Truman, who sang "Home on the Range," Will Rogers' favorite song.

Former Congressman Lanham was master of ceremonies, setting the mood for the tribute of a city, which Rogers regarded as the "home of his heart," to the great American and introducing the speakers and notables. F. J. Adams presented the statue and portrait on behalf of Carter, and Mayor Deen accepted them.

Adams remarked that it was a "distinct honor to act for Amon Carter," and the mayor thanked Carter, saying:

"As the years come and go, the citizens of Fort Worth will be proud indeed of this beautiful statue, and we shall cherish always the name of our own Amon G. Carter."

Rev. James K. Thompson delivered the invocation, and the 8th Air Force band furnished music for the ceremony.

The bronze statue of Rogers on horseback was executed by Electra Waggoner Biggs of Vernon, Fort Worth and New York, and the portrait was painted by Seymour M. Stone of New York.

Eisenhower preceded his speech with the obviously sincere remark that in coming to the plains of the Southwest where he was born and lived as a child, "I feel I have come home," and at a dinner party at River Crest Country Club after the ceremony, Carter introduced the Army chief of staff as a "true Texan," adding:

"Three years in Texas is as good as 30 or 40 years in Kansas. But now he belongs to the public, to the nation, to the world."

Miss Truman and General and Mrs. Eisenhower and their parties

Turn to Unveiling on Page 6

SEASON'S Greetings
 Pfc. Edward N. Padgett

UNVEILING

Continued From Page 1.

and out-of-town guests were entertained at a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruno K. Graf, 800 River Crest Rd., preceding the dinner given by Carter, who also was host to the same group at a luncheon at Shady Oak Farm before the dedication.

Eisenhower was made a life member of the Fort Worth Club, where out-of-town members of the official party stayed as guests of Carter, and Miss Truman was presented with a miniature saddle at the luncheon.

The Eisenhowers left at 10:30 p. m. Tuesday on the Texas & Pacific Railway for Washington. Miss Truman left at the same time for Amarillo on the Fort Worth & Denver.

SEASON'S

Greetings

Pfc. Edward N. Padgett



"My son, they may call you
Across the deep sea,
To fight for your country,
The land of the free.

And praise to our Father,
For mercy He's shown,
If only He brings you
Back to your home.

And brings you home safely
To your dad and me,
Where we can live happy,
In a land you've kept free."

THAT OTHER I.

JUST once, before my time to die,
I'd like to be that other I;
That other I who shakes his head
At many a careless word I've said;
That other I who counsels "More!
More, even than the day before,
Still more to be and more to do,
With all the strength allowed to you!"

That other I; that dreamer vain,
Who points to goals this I should gain;
Who whispers: "Don't be so afraid!
Do more to cheer; do more to aid;
Do more to help your fellow man.
If you've the will, you can! You can!
Those little deeds. Don't let them wait!
Some other time may be too late."

That other I folks never see,
Because he's known alone to me,
Keeps hinting, day and night: "Do this.
Here is a chance you shouldn't miss."
But wrapped in self, and love of sham,
I stay the careless man I am,
Wishing I had the pluck to try
Just once to be that other I.

COUL
"OH,
"Could
you
Take t

underneath the Jap attack,
Who, although his leg was splintered,
bore a pal upon his back
And then jumped from deck to water,
70 feet through smoke and flame.
And buoyed him, soul and body, till
a ship to rescue came.

"At times I can not tell it for the
choking in my throat,
All the splendor of those fellows in
the battle scenes remote.
There was one whose back was broken
—just a boy a year ago—
But he said unto the doctor, 'What
is wrong with me I know
And for me the war is over. Don't
waste time and care on me
Go and help some other fellow!' That
takes more than bravery.

"They've done their bit for freedom
and they are coming home in ships,
Some with sightless eyes or legless,
some with shrapnel-shattered hips!
They have shown a sort of courage
which should set all hearts elate.
I have seen them and I know it! They
are splendid; they are great!
They have proved their worth in bat-
tle. They are all that men can be.
So never doubt your fellows!" said
a doctor home from sea.

SILEN

THE British Br
from its netw
tacks on Emperor

This by every
"Speak no evil

Now to men instructions come:
"Say no evil of the dumb!"
Censure not the little man
Who is Emperor of Japan.
Call old Tojo what you will,
But of Hiro speak no ill.

Hirohito's not the one
Hate or rage should fall upon.
He wears medals on his chest;
Is in regal raiment dressed,
And at many a pagan shrine
He is worshipped as divine;
But for all his people's shame
Tojo's gang must bear the blame.

Never criticize a chap
Just for being born a Jap.
He can't help himself, nor can
Hirohito of Japan.
From the hour that he was born
To this very tragic morn,
War or peace or come what may,
Not a word he's had to say.

Though to Hiro, with the crowd,
Tojo's gangsters have kowtowed;
They have kept him, truth to tell,
Like a prisoner in a cell,
There to stay till death shall come,
Blame the warlike Japanese,
Lonely, pitiful and dumb.
But of Hiro—Silence, please!

come with flowers, as tribute glad,
For this gallant friend they had.

MONUMENT.

When from the world I turn away
I hope in truth that all can say,
He never did or spoke the thing
That caused another suffering.

When done with life, ere I depart
Denied much wisdom, skill or art,
God grant that this my boast can be:
None suffered loss or pain by me.

When life's last boundary I reach,
Exhausted strength and done with speech,
I hope about my patch of earth
A flower or two shall tell my worth.

A hand remembered once outstretched
Giving th. help it gladly fetched;
A lifetime filled with common stuff,
Just this—is monument enough.

grandmother often said:
st of manners have vanished quite.
e is something to view with dread,
ing's wrong and nothin's right!
ren stay out too late at night,
evermore is the curfew rung,

All that's proper the parents slight.
But they taught us better when we were young."

Off with a shake of her lovely head
My mother uttered these words I writ:
"Children should early be put to bed;
Children should study to be polite,
Gone are the joy and the old delight,
Now only the cheapest of songs are sung,
Much that was lovely has taken flight,
But they taught us better when we were young."

Today we are certain that hope has fled,
The age has suffered another blight.
Vulgarity's all we can see ahead
None of the graces appears in sight.
This is as clear as black and white,
Youth to the winds all care has flung
They seem to be playing with dynamite,
But they taught us better when we were young.

L'Envoi.

Prince, as I ponder youth's present plight,
Can that be an age on the lower rung
That's ready to say with the self-same fright,
But they taught us better when we were young?"

ALL PARENTS.

for a little time a child of
e said,
ove the while she lives and
r when she's dead.
or seven years, or twenty-
three,

But will you, till I call her back, take care
of her for Me?
She'll bring her charms to gladden you,
and shall her stay be brief
You'll have her lovely memories as solace
for your grief.

"I can not promise she will stay, since all
from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there I
want this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over in My
search for teachers true
And from the throngs that crowd life's
lanes I have selected you.
Now will you give her all your love, nor
think the labor vain,
Nor hate Me when I came to call to take
her back again?"

I fancied that I heard them say: "Dear
Lord, They will be done!
For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the
risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter her with tenderness, we'll
love her while we may,
And for the happiness we've known for-
ever grateful stay;
But shall the angels call for her much
sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes
and try to understand."

d for them can be
mpant, land and sea,
ring from the sky,
And boys are riding out to die.

Lord, hear the mothers as they pray!
Grant them Thy blessing night and day.
Sustain them till the war is done
And hearten them till peace be won.

SOLDIER THOUGHTS.

IT SEEMS so simple to us here!
We fight a very cruel foe,
To keep the skies of freedom clear
For everyone we love and know,
We dare beyond our own content
To cut a path through power and greed,
That life shall never more be spent
In serving such a fearful need.

We do not talk in lofty phase
On beaches and in foxholes tight
Merely the joys of happier days
To one another we recite.
The school, the church, the games we played,
The streams and pools we fished for
trout;
'Tis these, when once the battle's stayed,
All homesick soldiers talk about.

Ask soldiers what is their desire
And this they'll say: "Back home to be!
Back to the mother's food and fire,
Back to the ones we long to see!
Back to the life that once we knew
Of toil from dawn to dusk, and then
Back to the things we liked to do,
Back to the hometown girls again!

"So keep the home place safe and clean,
Be brave, as we believe you are.
Filthy the places where we've been,
Our souls have suffered many a scar.
But you are the ones we want to see
Yours is the life we want once more.
It's home again that we long to be.
It's home, and you, we are fighting
for!"

me.
She goes 'round his bedroom twenty times a
day.
I've got friends to talk to—fathers all are
we.
Just to set her laughing now and then I tease.
Keeps her mind from fretting now he's over-
seas.

Got to keep my chin up, just for mother's
sake.
Promised him I'd do it, when he went away.
Faith with that young soldier I'm trying not
to break.
"Don't let mother worry!" last I heard him
say.

"No Hope the show is funny! Always ill-at-ease
" Seeing warfare pictures, now he's overseas!

"See if I can't prance
"As you want me to."

H. F. Capps of 4908 Rose needs a job. He doesn't claim to be the
best in the world at any particular thing—unless it's auctioneering,
which he used to do when people had things to auction—but he mod-
estly admits that he is "pretty good" at a number of things.
He is a carpenter, and he can paint or mend your sewing machine
or d. 've your truck—but let Mr. Kaps himself discuss his qualifications.
He wrote The Chronicle:

I'm not too young,
And not too old,
And I'm not worth
My weight in gold.

I can't dance,
And I can't sing.
Aside from that
I'll tackle anything.

It is not spring
That has miscarried;
I'm settled down,
Oh sure, I'm married.

I need a job.
I need it bad.
But even at that
I just can't be sad.

Carpenter? Yes,
Not the best, that's true.
But I can fix it up
Just to suit you.

And I can paint
For you, dear folk.
Don't claim perfection,
But I'm no joke.

Repair your stove
Or sewing machines,
Fix that old chair,
Or mend the screens.

Around machinery
I'm no Jim Dandy,
But I do my stuff;
I'm downright handy.

I don't tank up
On wine and beer.
I carry my end and
I am an auctioneer.

I can handle men,
White, black or Turk.
I can keep their time
Or make them work.

Now give me a chance,
As jobs seem few,
See if I can't prance
As you want me to.

If you have a job
Small—steady, perhaps,
Call Taylor 3542
And ask for "Kaps."

beg for cookies, candy, cake,
How dismal growing old would be!

But since the higher mortals climb
The lovelier becomes the view,
So greybeards with increasing time
Find joy in all that children do.
And looking back along the years
When green has turned to autumn's gold,
Childhood more glorious appears
And keeps us happy growing old.

COURAGE ABOVE ALL DOUBT.

“OH, NEVER doubt your fellows!”
said a doctor home from sea.
“Could you only know their courage
you’d be sure of victory.
Take that sailor on the Yorktown,
underneath the Jap attack,
Who, although his leg was splintered,
bore a pal upon his back
And then jumped from deck to water,
70 feet through smoke and flame.
And buoyed him, soul and body, till
a ship to rescue came.

“At times I can not tell it for the
choking in my throat,
All the splendor of those fellows in
the battle scenes remote.
There was one whose back was broken
—just a boy a year ago—
But he said unto the doctor, ‘What
is wrong with me I know
And for me the war is over. Don’t
waste time and care on me
Go and help some other fellow!’ That
takes more than bravery.

“They’ve done their bit for freedom
and they are coming home in ships,
Some with sightless eyes or legless,
some with shrapnel-shattered hips!
They have shown a sort of courage
which should set all hearts elate.
I have seen them and I know it! They
are splendid; they are great!
They have proved their worth in bat-
tle. They are all that men can be.
So never doubt your fellows!” said
a doctor home from sea.

SILENCE FOR HIRO

THE British Broadcasting Co has banned from its network all criticism of and attacks on Emperor Hirohito. —News Item

This by everyone is said:
"Speak no evil of the dead!"
Now to men instructions come:
"Say no evil of the dumb!"
Censure not the little man
Who is Emperor of Japan,
Call old Tojo what you will,
But of Hiro speak no ill.

Hirohito's not the one
Hate or rage should fall upon.
He wears medals on his chest;
Is in regal raiment dressed,
And at many a pagan shrine
He is worshipped as divine;
But for all his people's shame
Tojo's gang must bear the blame.

Never criticize a chap
Just for being born a Jap.
He can't help himself, nor can
Hirohito of Japan.
From the hour that he was born
To this very tragic morn,
War or peace or come what may,
Not a word he's had to say.

Though to Hiro, with the crowd,
Tojo's gangsters have kowtowed;
They have kept him, truth to tell,
Like a prisoner in a cell,
There to stay till death shall come,
Blame the warlike Japanese,
Lonely, pitiful and dumb.
But of Hiro—Silence, please!

This our grandmother often said:

"The best of manners have vanished quite.
The future is something to view with dread,
Everything's wrong and nothin's right!
The children stay out too late at night,
Since nevermore is the curfew rung,
All that's proper the parents slight,
But they taught us better when we were young."

Off with a shake of her lovely head
My mother uttered these words I writ:
"Children should early be put to bed;
Children should study to be polite.
Gone are the joy and the old delight,
Now only the cheapest of songs are sung,
Much that was lovely has taken flight,
But they taught us better when we were young."

Today we are certain that hope has fled,
The age has suffered another blight.
Vulgarity's all we can see ahead
None of the graces appears in sight,
This is as clear as black and white,
Youth to the winds all care has flung
They seem to be playing with dynamite,
But they taught us better when we were young.

* * *

L'Envoi.

Prince, as I ponder youth's present plight,
Can that be an age on the lower rung
That's ready to say with the self-same fright,
But they taught us better when we were young?

GEN. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HE who sleeps in France today
Dared to wear his life away
To the last ounce, rather than
Fail his God and fellow man.

Never was he heard to ask
For a safe and easy task.
True, in face of death, he stood
To his faith in brotherhood.

For the cause so much he cared,
Never once himself he spared.
Now forever he will be
One who died for liberty.

Sometime in the peace to be
Where he sleeps, will children free
Come with flowers, as tribute glad,
For this gallant friend they had.

THE BLACK DOG.

My mother often said when I used
to sit and pout:

"There's a black dog on your back
you are carrying about
And you'd better shake him off or
you'll shortly hear him growl.
You'd better get to smiling and be
done with such a scowl,
For that big black dog is ugly and
he goes about the town
Just to frighten all the mothers of
the little boys who frown."

When I was very wilful, disobedi-
ent and small,
My mother used to tell me:
"There's a black dog in the hall
And I think I hear him growling,
but I'm sure he'd go away
If you'd only stop your pouting and
go out of doors to play.
Lift your chin a little higher and
don't look so very black,
And you'd better start in smiling
or you'll have him on your
back."

Now when things don't go to suit
me, though it's years she's
been away,

I still think she's standing near me
and can almost hear her say:
"Just remember what I told you!
Don't continue long to scowl,
There's a black dog in the corner;
you can almost hear him
growl.

Don't you see him coming toward
you, getting ready to attack?
Oh, you'd better start in smiling
or you'll have him on your
back."

MOTHER PRAYERS.

The anxious mothers nightly pray
That God will guard their sons away,
And be their shelter and their shield
On every bitter battlefield.

The anxious mothers pray for peace
And wish the cruel war would cease.
Against the fury of the guns
They beg the Lord to guard their sons.

The anxious mothers watch and wait
To greet the postman at the gate.
They ache for word from posts afar
That safe and well their soldiers are.

No peace of mind for them can be
While war is rampant, land and sea,
And death is pouring from the sky,
And boys are riding out to die.

Lord, hear the mothers as they pray!
Grant them Thy blessing night and day.
Sustain them till the war is done
And hearten them till peace be won.

SUPPOSITION.

Oh, were it not for little boys
And pretty girls to dance about,
How very few remaining joys
Would Age discover, in or out.
Imagine growing old bereft
Of sight and hearing, strength and wit,
With little but your memories left
And naught to do but smoke and knit.

Suppose old women and old men
The joys of childhood were denied;
That passing sixty ne'er again
Would walk a youngster at your side,
And ne'er again a child would take
Your hand or climb upon your knee,
Or beg for cookies, candy, cake.
How dismal growing old would be!

But since the higher mortals climb
The lovelier becomes the view,
So greybeards with increasing time
Find joy in all that children do.
And looking back along the years
When green has turned to autumn's gold,
Childhood more glorious appears
And keeps us happy growing old.

FATHER TALKS.

Fancied I was settled down, done with dance
and song,

Greyed about the temples and a bulge about
the waist.

Now I've got my chin up, and I'm working all
day long,

Whistling coming homeward, with my duty
fairly faced.

Planning things for mother—any way to
please—

Promised him I'd do it when he went overseas.

Home is still and lonely now that he's so far
away;

Lonelier for mother, though, than it is for
me.

She goes 'round his bedroom twenty times a
day.

I've got friends to talk to—fathers all are
we.

Just to set her laughing now and then I tease.
Keeps her mind from fretting now he's over-
seas.

Got to keep my chin up, just for mother's
sake.

Promised him I'd do it, when he went away.
Faith with that young soldier I'm trying not
to break.

"Don't let mother worry!" last I heard him
say.

Hope the show is funny! Always ill-at-ease
Seeing warfare pictures, now he's overseas!

"Now give me a chance
"As jobs seem few,
"See if I can't prance
"As you want me to."

H. F. Capps of 4908 Rose needs a job. He doesn't claim to be the best in the world at any particular thing—unless it's auctioneering, which he used to do when people had things to auction—but he modestly admits that he is "pretty good" at a number of things.

He is a carpenter, and he can paint or mend your sewing machine or drive your truck—but let Mr. Kaps himself discuss his qualifications. He wrote *The Chronicle*:

I'm not too young,
And not too old,
And I'm not worth
My weight in gold.

I can't dance,
And I can't sing.
Aside from that
I'll tackle anything.

It is not spring
That has miscarried;
I'm settled down,
Oh sure, I'm married.

I need a job.
I need it bad.
But even at that
I just can't be sad.

Carpenter? Yes,
Not the best, that's true.
But I can fix it up
Just to suit you.

And I can paint
For you, dear folk.
Don't claim perfection,
But I'm no joke.

Repair your stove
Or sewing machines,
Fix that old chair,
Or mend the screens.

Around machinery
I'm no Jim Dandy,
But I do my stuff;
I'm downright handy.

I don't tank up
On wine and beer.
I carry my end and
I am an auctioneer.

I can handle men,
White, black or Turk.
I can keep their time
Or make them work.

Now give me a chance,
As jobs seem few,
See if I can't prance
As you want me to.

If you have a job
Small—steady, perhaps,
Call Taylor 3542
And ask for "Kaps."

ALL-TIME TASK.

OUR children are an all-time task
From which we're never wholly free.
When helpless infants, oft we ask
The day when they shall stronger be,
Believing when they romp and run,
With countless footsteps we'll be done.

But through the years as on they go
We find they need us more and more.
There is so much for them to know,
The tax seems heavier than before,
Then loom the dangers of the street.
They must be counseled how to meet.

No stopping time; no saying: "Done."
No bidding: "Go your way alone."
Full-time our services must run.
Shall right and wrong be truly known,
First must the home established be
Around the patient mother's knee.

Oh, never ends the need for care
And never need for love will stop.
The burdens parents all must bear
Are burdens they can never drop.
To offer all that children ask
Is not a part, but all-time task.

MEMORY.

There was a little wide-eyed chap
Who sat upon his mother's lap
And heard her read sad tale or gay.
How soon that shock of hair turned gray!

There was a garden where he played
And learned the use of rake and spade
And watched the blossoms bud and blow.
Could that have been so long ago?

For him his mother put in words
The names of creatures, plants and birds,
Till he possessed them for his own.
Since then, has half a century flown?

They say that Time steals strength and youth,
But, that not wholly is the truth,
For if it were, with temples gray,
That boy would not be here today.

That peace on earth, good will toward men

Thy will be done! Oh, help us catch the
That should be ours when this thy prayer
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven
Oh, hasten, Lord, the coming of that day
When by all tribes and nations 'neath the
Thy will is done.

Thy will be done! Not theirs who as the
Misuse their power to oppress the weak;
Not theirs who know, alas, but one ambition
Their selfish ends at every cost to seek
That peace on earth, good will toward men
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done! Lord, help me meet the
That in this prayer is brought to my own
Help me to place, in holy consecration,
My life, my all beneath thy will's control.
Be each new day with this thy prayer begun
Thy will be done.

When a Boy Thinks of His Master

When he is hurt.
When he is about to go to bed, his first night away from home.
When he is thirsty at night.
When he is hungry.
When he has good news to tell.
When he wants money.
When he attains honors.
When he hears something said against women-folk.
When he sees a dog he would like to bring home.
When his mother is sick.
When he has grown to be a man.

—Religious Telescopes.

MISSING.

MISSING! SO the cold wire said,
Meaning: Captured, maimed or dead!

Missing! Somewhere land or sea,
From a base in Italy.

Missing! Mother, bear it well.
Nothing further yet to tell.

Missing! Mother, bear the pain.
Others have come home again.

Hold the faith and thought that he
Somewhere safe and well may be.

Missing! Brave and steadfast stay.
Come again to you he may.

CODE FOR BOYS WRITTEN BY A GALLANT MARINE

Here is the Code of a gallant Marine, Lt. Carey M. Buie, Jr., of Kopperl, Texas, who died while leading his men to victory over the Japs at the vital battle of Saipan.

As a standard of personal conduct, it will be an inspiration to every boy. While Lt. Buie was twenty-three years old at the time of his death, he wrote this Code when he was only seventeen. It follows:

I WILL

I will:
Think, analyze, and be logical.
Be cheerful and always speak to everyone.

Be independent, but not radical.
Play fairly regardless of what the opposition does.

Play hard and fast and clean.
Never give up, but I will never be stubborn.

Never be stingy nor loose.
Always keep my eyes open, my head up, and my chin in.

Be clean and neat at all times.
Be upright and honest with myself and others.

Follow my own reasoning and what I think the Lord intended; not custom nor fad.

Know when to follow and when to lead.
Never be conceited, nor will I fail to respect my desirable qualities.

Never do anything to harm my health or self respect.
Learn all I can — good and bad, but I will keep the sheep from the goats.

REMEMBER that two heads are better than one; and that one is never too old to learn.

BELL OF SAN MICHELE RINGS 'FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM'

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2 (AP).—The bell of San Michele rang on V-J Day "for everlasting peace and freedom in all the world."

Presented to the late President Roosevelt last Christmas by the mayor of the Isle of Capri, the ornate bronze bell is housed in the national archives.

"May it ring on the day of victory for everlasting peace and freedom in all the world," Mayor Guiseppe Brindisi wrote Roosevelt.

The bell first was rung to proclaim Germany's surrender. It was removed again Sunday from its case and taken to the archives exhibition hall. Dr. Solon J. Buck, archivist of the United States, swung its clapper vigorously.

The bell was sent as a token of friendship from Capri, which served as a rest area for members of the American Air Forces in the Mediterranean after its liberation from Germany.

SACRIFICE.

Stamp it out in letters of gold:
This one died a trench to hold!
This one gave his life to save
Others from a foreign grave!
Tribute to their courage give.
Down the ages they will live!

Now with memory's golden pen
Write it on the hearts of men,
That remembered it will be,
What it cost to keep them free.
These, through all the years ahead,
Live as freedom's honored dead.

Nothing men of peace will gain
Will be earned with so much pain
Lesser goals have lesser price;
These made life their sacrifice,
Died by land or sky or sea
That the ages might be free.

1945.

Our work is ended;
You depart
My story splendid,
Be human heart!
I penned your story,
Mankind oppressed;
I'll tell your story
With years sublime.

But to leave us,
While you can,
Be much to grieve us,
You began,
I ought surrender
Of freedom's foes,
Once more grew tender,
Men arose.

History's pages
Will be,
Down the ages
Victory.
I'll tell your story
With years sublime.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

(The University of Michigan Extension Service is sponsoring a series of 12 lectures for older persons who wish to achieve a useful and pleasant age.—News Item.)

"When you're over the hill," as the old song goes,
And your fingers no longer can touch your toes;
When your knuckles swell and your hair is thin
And you've lost the will or the wish to grin,
Through a dozen lectures you can be told
Just how to stay pleasant when you are old.

It is good to know when the blood turns cool
And your eyesight dims, you can go to school,
When the gravy drips on the vest you wear
And your breath runs short as you climb the stair;
When you've come at last to the grandpa stage,
They'll teach you to master the pangs of age.

I should like to hear what the lecturers say
About how to grow old in a gracious way,
But somehow I think I should first find out
If the teachers know what they're talking about.
For if they're still young, then the views they hold
May have to be changed when they grow old.

There's need about us everywhere.
Someone at hand or very near
Whose day is dismal, bleak and bare.
And if by chance we happen there,
God's right hand at the time are we.
Born for that deed perhaps we were.
For all some purpose here must be.

L'ENVOI.

Dear Lord, these robes of flesh we wear
At last will set the spirit free.
Yet whatsoever road we fare,
For all some purpose here must be.

Boy And His Master



... And some day they will say that we too are dead ...

They walked along together, side by side,
My boy and his Master, Shepherd and Guide.
One day they kept walking straight ahead
Into God's country. They said he was dead.

They were mistaken. God couldn't lie;
The soul that believeth never shall die.
My boy has gone home to be with his God;
His soul was not buried under the sod.

The bliss that is his will be ours some day,
If we walk with the Master the selfsame way.
And some day they will say that we too are dead,
When into God's country we've walked straight ahead.

—W. C. Fisher, United Presbyterian.

CODE FOR BOYS

WRITTEN BY A

GALLANT MARINE

Here is the Code of a gallant Marine, Lt. Carey M. Buie, Jr., of Kopperl, Texas, who died while leading his men to victory over the Japs at the vital battle of Saipan.

As a standard of personal conduct, it will be an inspiration to every boy. While Lt. Buie was twenty-three years old at the time of his death, he wrote this Code when he was only seventeen. It follows:

I WILL

I will:

Think, analyze, and be logical.
Be cheerful and always speak to everyone.

Be independent, but not radical.
Play fairly regardless of what the opposition does.

Play hard and fast and clean.
Never give up, but I will never be stubborn.

Never be stingy nor loose.
Always keep my eyes open, my head up, and my chin in.

Be clean and neat at all times.
Be upright and honest with myself and others.

Follow my own reasoning and what I think the Lord intended; not custom nor fad.

Know when to follow and when to lead.

Never be conceited, nor will I fail to respect my desirable qualities.
Never do anything to harm my health or self respect.

Learn all I can — good and bad, but I will keep the sheep from the goats.

REMEMBER that two heads are better than one; and that one is never too old to learn.

That peace on earth, good will toward men be won . . .

Thy will be done! Oh, help us catch the vision
That should be ours when this thy prayer we pray.
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Oh, hasten, Lord, the coming of that day
When by all tribes and nations 'neath the sun
Thy will is done.

Thy will be done! Not theirs who as the mighty
Misuse their power to oppress the weak;
Not theirs who know, alas, but one ambition,
Their selfish ends at every cost to seek
That peace on earth, good will toward men be won:
Thy will be done.

Thy will be done! Lord, help me meet the challenge
That in this prayer is brought to my own soul;
Help me to place, in holy consecration,
My life, my all beneath thy will's control.
Be each new day with this thy prayer begun:
Thy will be done.

1945.

Brave old year, your work is ended;
Soon, forever, you depart
To a page in history splendid.
Year that healed the human heart!
Faith and courage penned your story.
Year that freed mankind oppressed;
Year of youth's eternal glory!
Year of victories, east and west!

Grand old year, about to leave us,
Hear our praises while you can,
Though with you came much to grieve us,
And with peril you began,
June and August brought surrender
From the hordes of freedom's foes,
Hearts turned hard once more grew tender,
And the hopes of men arose.

Brave old year, on history's pages
An immortal you will be,
Talked and written down the ages
As the year of victory.
Schools each day will tell your story
To the utmost end of time.
With imperishable glory
You will dwell with years sublime.

HOW TO GROW OLD.

(The University of Michigan Extension Service is sponsoring a series of 12 lectures for older persons who wish to achieve a useful and pleasant age.—News Item.)

"When you're over the hill," as the old song goes,

And your fingers no longer can touch your toes;

When your knuckles swell and your hair is thin

And you've lost the will or the wish to grin,

Through a dozen lectures you can be told

Just how to stay pleasant when you are old.

It is good to know when the blood turns cool

And your eyesight dims, you can go to school,

When the gravy drips on the vest you wear

And your breath runs short as you climb the stair;

When you've come at last to the grandpa stage,

They'll teach you to master the pangs of age.

I should like to hear what the lecturers say

About how to grow old in a gracious way,

But somehow I think I should first find out

If the teachers know what they're talking about.

For if they're still young, then the views they hold

May have to be changed when they grow old.

Look forward, never backward here.

Tomorrow's promises are fair.

What if today is dark and drear?

Little is permanent of care;

Hold hope and throw away despair.

Although the end we can not see,

Believe in God, believe in prayer,

For all some purpose here must be.

God is not overly severe.

He knows the weight our strength
can bear;

Nor is he quick to frown or sneer.

He asks that each shall do his share,

Believe Him, weakness He will spare.

With this thought sages disagree,

One deed may many wrongs repair.

For all some purpose here must be.

Oh, never look at life in fear!

There's need about us everywhere.

Someone at hand or very near

Whose day is dismal, bleak and bare.

And if by chance we happen there,

God's right hand at the time are we.

Born for that deed perhaps we were.

For all some purpose here must be.

L'ENVOI.

Dear Lord, these robes of flesh we wear

At last will set the spirit free.

Yet whatsoever road we fare,

For all some purpose here must be.

My Boy And His Master



... And some day they will say that we too are dead ...

They walked along together, side by side,
My boy and his Master, Shepherd and Guide.
One day they kept walking straight ahead
Into God's country. They said he was dead.

They were mistaken. God couldn't lie;
The soul that believeth never shall die.
My boy has gone home to be with his God;
His soul was not buried under the sod.

The bliss that is his will be ours some day,
If we walk with the Master the selfsame way.
And some day they will say that we too are dead,
When into God's country we've walked straight ahead.

—W. C. Fisher, United Presbyterian.

GROWTH.
TIME was they were the babies here,
 And not so very long ago,
 In bibs and frocks and pretty socks
 We watched them start to grow.
 The months went winging on their way.
 We knew when first they walked.
 By us was heard the first glad word
 Which they had ever talked.
 They were the children of our group.
 We saw them off to school,
 Watched them at play from day to day
 And at the swimming pool.
 And those who were the little girls,
 Pigtailed or curly brow,
 With smiling eyes, to our surprise,
 Have soldier husbands now.
 Infancy, childhood, youth flown by!
 And this is what we say
 Who've watched them pass: "Alas! Alas!
 It seems like yesterday!"

GOSSIP AT BETHLEHEM.
"THERE'S a baby in the stable," said a
 woman at the Inn.
 "He is cradled in a manger, and his swaddling
 clothes are thin.
 The father and the mother came from Naza-
 reth late at night
 And there was no room to give them. Yes,
 the baby seems all right.
 He was sleeping when I saw him. But I
 heard a curious thing,
 Some shepherds near the doorway said the
 baby was a king.
 "According to their story, as they watched
 their flocks last night,
 Above them in the heavens came a glorious
 flood of light
 And they heard an angel saying: 'Good is the
 news! Don't be afraid!
 Unto you is born a Savior. In a manger He
 is laid!
 And to Bethlehem to find him they were
 guided by a star.
 They were positive about it, but you know
 how shepherds are.
 "Then I stepped into the stable and I saw
 the new-born child.
 There was something very lovely in the way
 the mother smiled.
 And I asked about the shepherds. Did an
 angel bid them start?
 If she knew the things they'd told me, deep
 she kept them in her heart.
 Now I'm wondering about it. Did they hear

Complacency and Conceit Trap Nation
 BY ELSIE ROBINSON.
 Remember Sergeant York, the tall
 boy from Tennessee who went across
 and mopped 'em up in 1917 and
 came back in a blaze of glory?
 Well, he's still running true to
 form. Standing before the Unknown
 Soldier's Tomb on Memorial Day
 facing the deadliest menace this
 Nation has ever known, Sergeant
 York made a few remarks which
 should rock us back on our compla-
 cent heels—for fair!

But they'll change their minds about
 when it comes our turn to bat.
 They have

if we don't, that national honor and
 prestige, national privilege and
 power, can't be bequeathed or copy-
 righted. They must be won anew
 and guarded afresh by every genera-
 tion.
 The blood that grampa shed in
 the Revolution won't keep Willie's
 shirt on today. Nor will it ever
 guarantee that Willie has a back-
 bone under that shirt.
 Sergeant York is right. We
 haven't any "deed to liberty." Nor
 any right to a place at the top—
 unless we win it for ourselves with
 a brand-new crop of sweat and
 blood and tears.
 Democracy is a swell title. But
 you've got to renew it each season,
 along with your automobile license,
 or you'll just be out of luck.
 "Renew that lease—or let it go
 by default!" says Sergeant York.
 Also Adolf Hitler. Also Life.

MEN'S FAL
 \$29.50 and \$32.50
 Broken assortments of
MEN'S FINI
 A delayed Christmas
 Printed and white br
GROUP

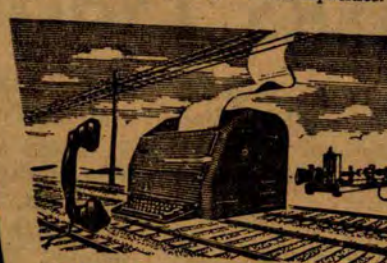
33c
79c

And Eggs
 of news service of the U. S.
 85-12w, wildcat in the
 part of Calcasten Parts
 below 10 3/4-inch surta
 mented at 1,450 feet.
 In the Hope Villa
 Baton Rouge Parish
 Company No. 1 Lee D
 10 3/4-inch surface pipe
 feel
 mostly around 30c
 to 25c; a few 24c; livers
 12 1/2-15c; Lave lows (hens)
 12 1/2-15c; Lave lows (hens)
 12 1/2-15c; Lave lows (hens)
 12 1/2-15c; Lave lows (hens)

Assessment of Intangible
 Property With Land


SOLDIER LONGING.
 When he comes home, and soon I
 Will come to all that happy day,
 I'm very sure he'll want to see
 The old home as it used to be,
 His room, his picture on the wall,
 And Ma and me not changed at all
 When all the battle flags are furled
 He'll want the same old little world
 That once he knew. He'll look to
 The things he long has kept in mind
 The shops, the church, the people
 That long made up his neighborhoo
 'Tis not some visionary scheme,
 However noble it may seem,
 He longs for now, so far away,
 But for those joys of yesterday:
 The home he had and wants to see
 Just as it was, and Ma and me.

national readiness, railroads met every
 need, even when specially developed cars
 were called for. Refinements in standard
 freight car design greatly increase capacities.



LARGEST COMMUNICATION SYSTEM
 —Pennsylvania Railroad operates the
 world's largest private communication
 system. It includes a teletype system for
 reporting arrival of trains and position of
 cars and keeping shippers and consignees
 informed of the movement of freight.

prohibitive cost. Far advanced from its
 original conception, air-conditioning was
 installed in 11,000 cars. The program
 will continue after the war.



ELECTRONIC MIRACLES—The signal-
 in-the-locomotive-cab, foremost railroad
 safety device, has been installed by P.R.R.
 at a cost of \$18,000,000. Through elec-
 tronics, roadway signals are reproduced
 on panels before the eyes of the engine
 crew inside the cab.

ONE FOR ALL.
 What if we differed yesterday, with
 danger at the door,
 We're one and all for one and all, the
 family whole once more;
 We like to argue this and that and
 questions pro and con,
 But trouble finds us one for all and all
 of us for one.
 We'll quarrel some in days of peace,
 but don't be fooled by that,
 Don't think the family's broken when
 we knock each other flat;
 For should some bully come along and
 strike our youngster small,
 Before he'd launch a second blow he'd
 have to fight us all.
 We're full of sects and creeds and
 groups, with notions old and new.
 And some like this and some like that
 and part, as families do;
 But though we differ 'mong ourselves,
 when backed against the wall,
 You'll always find us all for one and
 every one for all.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
Serving the Nation
 ★ 189 have given their lives for their Country


The room is dark, the curtains
 And far away from slumber's brink
 The children's children call to her:
 "Mamma, I want a drink!"

even long
 the boys who had offered all, in
 Of hunger and thirst and heat and cold, a frail

LE • NUTS • BOLTS • RIVETS • NAILS • PIG IRON • PLAT
 STAINLESS STEELS • COLD FINISHED STEELS • PLAT
 Export Department: Chrysler Building, N
 GENERAL OFFICES: CLEVEL
PUBLIC

hard to believe that most of the
 advantages and improvements that
 you're re
 on, ove
 opportu

Deepen Not the Wrinkles
 Is father's eyesight growing dim,
 His form a little lower?
 Is mother's hair a little gray;
 Her step a little slower?
 Is Life's hill growing hard to climb?
 Make not their pathway steeper—
 Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
 Oh, do not make them deeper!



GOSSIP AT BETHLEHEM.

"THERE'S a baby in the stable," said a woman at the Inn.

"He is cradled in a manger, and his swaddling clothes are thin.

The father and the mother came from Nazareth late at night

And there was no room to give them. Yes, the baby seems all right.

He was sleeping when I saw him. But I heard a curious thing,

Some shepherds near the doorway said the baby was a king.

"According to their story, as they watched their flocks last night,

Above them in the heavens came a glorious flood of light

And they heard an angel saying: 'Good is the news! Don't be afraid!

Unto you is born a Savior. In a manger He is laid!'

And to Bethlehem to find him they were guided by a star.

They were positive about it, but you know how shepherds are.

"Then I stepped into the stable and I saw the new-born child.

There was something very lovely in the way the mother smiled.

And I asked about the shepherds. Did an angel bid them start?

If she knew the things they'd told me, deep she kept them in her heart.

Now I'm wondering about it. Did they hear the angels sing?

And that baby in the manger? Could He really be a king?"

Complacency and Conceit Trap Nation

BY ELSIE ROBINSON.

Remember Sergeant York, the tall boy from Tennessee who went across and mopped 'em up in 1917 and came back in a blaze of glory? Well, he's still running true to form. Standing before the Unknown Soldier's Tomb on Memorial Day, facing the deadliest menace this Nation has ever known, Sergeant York made a few remarks which should rock us back on our complacent heels—for fair!

"Many ask," said he, "what we, the veterans of of the World War, gained by fighting 'to make the world safe for democracy.' Let me answer them now. It gave me 23 years of living in a country where the Goddess of Liberty is stamped on men's hearts as well as on the coins in their pockets.

"By our victory in the last war, we won a lease on liberty, not a deed to it. Now, after 23 years, Adolf Hitler tells us that lease is expiring and, after the manner of all leases, we have the privilege of renewing it or letting it go by default."

Action Required.

That, fellow patriots, is a mouthful, if ever I heard one. For Sergeant York hit us right where we've lived since 1917, but where we won't be living another 23 years if we don't get busy pronto.

No, I'm not urging war. I don't think war ever settled anything. It's a beastly business, any way you look at it. But I do believe in looking at it grimly . . . without any illusions. And realizing the fact that:

Complacency and conceit can trap a nation into war just as surely as greed and aggression.

We're not bullies, we Americans. No grabbers. We're all for living and let live. But we are babies. We think that because grandpa gave us a lovely sand pile to play in everyone else should promise to stand off and not molest our patty-cake paradise.

Like heck they will!

Realistic Viewpoint.

The Old World—and the Orient—see these United States and our much vaunted liberty as we should see them—realistically. They know, if we don't, that national honor and prestige, national privilege and power, can't be bequeathed or copyrighted. They must be won anew and guarded afresh by every generation.

The blood that grampa shed in the Revolution won't keep Willie's shirt on today. Nor will it ever guarantee that Willie has a backbone under that shirt.

Sergeant York is right. We haven't any "deed to liberty." Nor any right to a place at the top—unless we win it for ourselves with a brand-new crop of sweat and blood and tears.

Democracy is a swell title. But you've got to renew it each season, along with your automobile license, or you'll just be out of luck.

"Renew that lease—or let it go by default!" says Sergeant York. Also Adolf Hitler. Also Life.

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE.

They have thought us easy-going. We've
been that beyond a doubt.

Now they'll learn, since they've attacked us,
thick or thin, we stick it out.

They have thought us money-grubbers and
have sneered at us for that,

But they'll change their minds about us
when it comes our turn to bat.

They have said we loved our comforts far
too much to want to fight;

That we planned for peace and friendship,
and in saying that were right,

For until that fatal morning, when behind
our backs they struck,

We had wanted no occasion to display our
brand of pluck.

What kind of people are we? Let us answer
one and all;

The kind of people willing to respond to
duty's call,

The kind that hates injustice and will battle
hard and long

To smash all evil forces and make right
what's plainly wrong.

They have sneered at us for sleeping when
we should have been awake.

They have jeered at us for keeping all the
promises we make.

Well, we've promised all deliverance from
the vicious tyrant hordes,

And until we've kept that promise we shall
never sheathe our swords.

Let us shout it to their faces, they shall
sneer at us no more.

We shall track them down the oceans and
shall dog them on the shore.

Wheresoe'er they slink for safety, we shall
follow day and night

Until men are freed forever from the tyr-
anny of might.

SMILING SOLDIER.

He was smiling when I saw him, and I wondered that he could,
For 'twas plain his legs were new ones, made
of metal and of wood.
And he limped along the sidewalk, in each
hand a heavy cane,
Just a soldier back from battle learning how
to walk again.

It was very awkward walking and I'm certain
painful, too,
But his eyes were bright with twinkles and his
smile was good to view.
And I wondered as I passed him: were I crippled,
as was he,
If a smile as broad as that one, folks would
ever see on me?
I've faced troubles rather badly and I've
grumbled at the rain.
I've been quick to whine and whimper under
every twinge of pain.
I've been bitter in resentment over losses,
large or small,
And I marveled such a soldier could find
pluck to smile at all.

Still, I see those bright eyes shining and that
laughter on his lips
And those legs he tried to manage strapped
upon his thighs and hips!
And henceforth when I'm resentful of some
blow that falls to me,
That smiling, plucky soldier I am certain I
shall see.

MOTHER

Though she spanked me
And homeward yanked me,
When I didn't want to go,
She was right and I was wrong,
But then I didn't know.

When she called me at seven
or eight,
And told me to hurry or I'd
be late,
And I would growl, "I don't
care,"
If I had only known how much
gray
I brought to her hair.

No one can replace her,
Not even sister or brother,
For there is no one on earth
As dear as Mother.

MAVIS PATRICIA DAVIS, 11.
301 LeGreen street.

MOTHER

You have reached the land of your
heart's desire,
The land of the sunset skies,
And I glimpse you now through
the gates ajar,
Singing in Paradise.

There you live and love in that
happy land,
With loved ones gone before;
O guide and watch us lest we
stray,
From the path to yon bright
shore.

Though the road be long, the way
be hard,
We'll wait with bated breath,
Till the golden bars are for us let
down,
To pass through the gate of
death.

Yes, the golder bars will be let
down,
The light will beckon through,
In that day when we, too, take the
road alone,
That leads to God and you.

O we miss you so as we go on,
In our home so far away;
But a few more years and we will
meet,
Again on some Mother's Day.

PAULA GRAVES LeFEVER,
3219 Fannin street.

SOLDIER LONGING.

When he comes home, and soon I pray
Will come to all that happy day,
I'm very sure he'll want to see
The old home as it used to be,
His room, his picture on the wall,
And Ma and me not changed at all.

When all the battle flags are furled
He'll want the same old little world
That once he knew. He'll look to find
The things he long has kept in mind:
The shops, the church, the people good
That long made up his neighborhood.

'Tis not some visionary scheme,
However noble it may seem,
He longs for now, so far away,
But for those joys of yesterday:
The home he had and wants to see
Just as it was, and Ma and me.

ONE FOR ALL.

What if we differed yesterday, with
danger at the door,
We're one and all for one and all, the
family whole once more;
We like to argue this and that and
questions pro and con,
But trouble finds us one for all and all
of us for one.

We'll quarrel some in days of peace,
but don't be fooled by that,
Don't think the family's broken when
we knock each other flat;
For should some bully come along and
strike our youngster small,
Before he'd launch a second blow he'd
have to fight us all.

We're full of sects and creeds and
groups, with notions old and new,
And some like this and some like that
and part, as families do;
But though we differ 'mong ourselves,
when backed against the wall,
You'll always find us all for one and
every one for all.

Time was and not so long ago
(Or is it longer than I think?)
A little boy called down below:
"Mamma, I want a drink!"
A little boy she'd put to bed,
And told to sleep in certain tone
Tried tricks to stay awake instead
And dreaded to be left alone.

"Now go to sleep!" to him she'd call,
"I want a drink!" was his reply;
And sometimes pattering down the hall
His mother's orders he'd defy.
Ruse after ruse the youngster tried
To snatch one moment more of play
And keep his mother at his side.
To talk his childish fears away.

That little fellow grew in time
To have a youngster of his own
Who tricked his mother off to climb
The stairs although the day had flown.
And just to hear her voice once more
Before in slumber sound he'd sink
He'd call, as did his dad before:
"Mamma, I want a drink!"

Now for the third time down the stairs
The same insistent plea is heard,
The self-same artifice is theirs
As was when first the trick occurred.
The room is dark; the curtains stir
And far away from slumber's brink
The children's children call to her:
"Mamma, I want a drink!"

War Incident

BY EDGAR
A. GUEST

This is the tale of a rubber raft and seven long
days on the sea
And five brave boys who had offered all, in
the cause of liberty;
Of hunger and thirst and heat and cold, a frail
boy's madness, too!
And the death of a blithe and glorious soul
that in happier days I knew.

A thousand miles from the nearest land they
jumped from their failing plane.
They looked to the sea for their bit of food
and looked to the sky for rain.
From dawn to dusk they braved the sun; from
dusk to dawn the cold
And over and over they said the prayers they
had learned in the peace of old.

The one I had known sat very still and held
to a fear-crazed lad.
He struggled to keep him safe in the raft with
the utmost strength he had,
But the hours dragged by with no help in
sight and the sixth long day slipped past
And the mad boy broke from his comrade's
arms and dove to his death at last.

The seventh day came and a plane appeared,
too late for the lad I'd known.
He had given his life for his fellowman and
his soul to his God had flown.
Oh, why do I write of those five brave lads
and the two who died at sea?
Merely to tell what they suffer for us who
battle to keep us free.

Deepen Not the Wrinkles

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray;
Her step a little slower?
Is Life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper—
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
Oh, do not make them deeper!

There's nothing makes a face so young
As Joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
Like hearts, when they've been broken.
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make
Thy mother become a weeper;
Stamp peace upon a father's brow;
Don't make the wrinkles deeper!

In doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander.
Grieve not those hearts that loved you so;
But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper.
Just let them lean upon thy love;
Don't make the wrinkles deeper!

Be lavish with thy loving deeds;
Be patient, true and tender;
And make the path that upward leads,
Aglow with earthly splendor—
Some day, thy dear ones stricken low,
Must yield to Death, the reaper,
And you will then be glad to know
You made no wrinkles deeper!

Mrs. ROBT. M. KISTLER.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 11, 1914.

Roosevelt Asks Nation to Join Him in This Prayer

WASHINGTON, June 6 (AP). — This is the invasion prayer which President Roosevelt wrote while Allied troops were landing on the coast of France and which he will read to the nation by radio at 9 p. m., Fort Worth Time, Tuesday:

My Fellow Americans:

In this poignant hour, I ask you to join me in prayers:

Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our republic, our religion and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith.

They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. The enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing grace, but we shall return again and again, and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause, our sons will triumph.

They will be sore tried, by night and by day, without rest—till the victory is won. The darkness will be rent

by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

These are men lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom.

And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters and brothers of brave men overseas, whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

Many people have urged that I call the nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves in continuous prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our lips, invoking Thy help to our efforts.

Give us strength, too—strength in our daily tasks, to redouble the contributions we make in the physical and material support of our armed forces.

And let our hearts be stout, to wait out the long travail, to bear sorrows that may come, to impart our courage unto our sons wheresoever they may be.

And, O Lord, give us faith. Give us faith in Thee; faith in our sons; faith in each other; faith in our united crusade. Let not the keenness of our spirit ever be dulled. Let not the impacts of temporary events, of temporal matters of but fleeting moment—let not these deter us in our unconquerable purpose.

With Thy blessing, we shall prevail over the unholy forces of our enemy. Help us to conquer the apostles of greed and racial arrogances. Lead us to the saving of our country, and with our sister nations into a world unity that will spell a sure peace—a peace invulnerable to the schemings of unworthy men. And a peace that will let all men live in freedom, reaping the just rewards of their honest toil.

Thy will be done, Almighty God.
Amen.

Till hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

Frettin' never wins a fight
And fumin' never pays;
There ain't no use in broodin'
In these pessimistic ways;
Smile just kinder cheerfully,
Though hope is nearly gone,
And bristle up and grit your teeth,
And keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
And grumblin' all the time,
When music's ringin' everywhere
And everything's a rhyme.
Just keep on smilin' cheerfully
If hope is nearly gone,
And bristle up and grit your teeth
And keep on keepin' on.

—Author Unknown.

Luncheon Given For Miss Sexton

Miss Elva Sexton and Mrs. Ethel Moody entertained with a luncheon Saturday for their niece, Miss Jo Ann Sexton, one of the season's graduates, at Claris Stovall Tearoom.

The table was centered with spring flowers and favors were wrapped and tied with the North Side High School colors, maroon and white. A gift marked the honoree's place.

Others there were Misses Emma Jo Moehr, Jeannette Horschler, Mildred Paschall, Elaine Williams, Mae Jean Hill and Patsy Moody.



FLOOD PUMP AT WORK—Flood filter building Wednesday by motor service to the city. At left is Harry Carter, who had been on duty 24



UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS



CHRISTMAS

1942

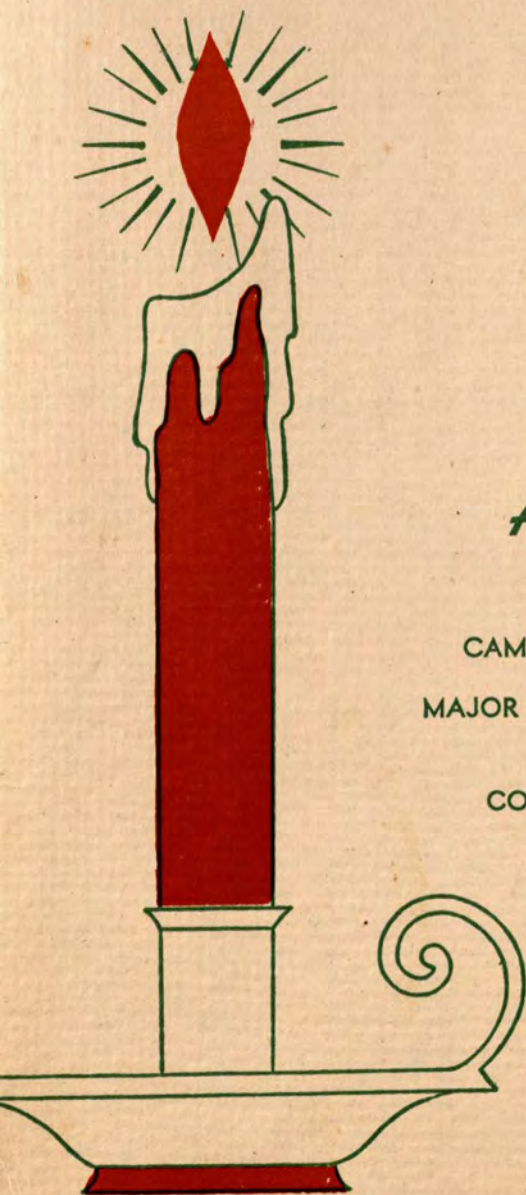


*Corps Troops
Amphibious Corps,
Pacific Fleet*

CAMP ELLIOTT, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR GENERAL HOLLAND M. SMITH, U.S.M.C.
COMMANDING

COLONEL GRAVES B. ERSKINE, U.S.M.C.
CHIEF OF STAFF





The Commanding General and his Staff extend Christmas greetings to all the officers and men within this area.

The armed forces of our Country are fighting the battle for freedom in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Southwest Pacific. We have reasons to be thankful, for these forces are giving a good account of themselves. Let us continue to have faith in our leaders, Civil, Naval and Military. The road to Victory may be hard and long, but with courage and determination we shall win.

Our Marines have given their blood in defense of our Country. Let us exert ourselves to the end that we may be prepared to meet the enemy and kill him wherever he may be found.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW YEAR
SEMPER FIDELIS

H. M. SMITH
Major General, U. S. Marine Corps,
Commanding.

Christmas Menu



Fresh Fruit Cup
Soup Crackers
Roast Young Turkey
Dressing and Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Orange Relish
Celery Olives Mixed Pickles
Radish Roses
Snowflake Potatoes
Peas Tomatoes
Hearts of Lettuce with Russian Dressing
Hot Rolls Butter
Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie

Ice Cream
Fruit Cake
Grapes Oranges Apples
Mixed Nuts Assorted Chocolates
Mixed Candy
English Walnuts Coffee





