

Tuesday eve:

Dear Mama Sept 1, 1942

Dear Mama:

I was very glad to get your letter which came today, but was sorry to learn that you was not feeling well, hope this will find you feeling fine, I don't feel good either, as I have took fresh cold, and my Back still hurts a little, but it is better than it was last Sunday. I hurt it last Friday lifting some Crates of milk, Guess it will be o.k in a few days.

Oh yes Mr Rhodes pick me up, he said he like to have not knew me. I had pretty good

luck Coming back up here,
but I had to wait a while at
about three different places
for someone to pick me up, I got
in to Wichita about 12:30 o'clock
that night, but I stayed at
Dallas about (2) two hours.

Mama, you should not get
out and get wet and hot run-
ning after those old mean
Calves. you should write Alto
a Card and tell him to come
a put a yoke on his heifer, I hope
he does. Guess you will have a
job milking old "spot" now,
I hope she don't "kick" as
she has before, you know when
she had a sore "tut", hope she
does well, mabe Dennerd can

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milk my heffer when she brings
a calf. Oh yes Ellis told me he
might be home about Sept 7 or 8th.
I don't think he is enjoying
his-self up there at work like
he use too do when he worked
up there before.

Guess you all had plenty more
rain by now as they had a bad
storm in South Texas, but I
guess you all have heard about
it by now. Yes I know you and
Dennerd were ^{are} lonesome, but you
and Den just don't know how bad
I hated to leave you all the
other morning, but Ellis will be
back at home if nothing
happens in a few days. I want
to go to Dallas this ^{coming} Saturday

might if I can get off. I will send you all some money next week if I don't get to send it by Ellis. mama, you know what I told you about over working and exposing yourself too much; you must be careful and take better care of yourself.

I bet you and Den had a time picking "muskidimes" and shelling pease, I bet the jelly is good. maybe I will get to eat some of it sometime, glad you got the pease canned as they will come in handy this winter.

I also got that letter today that you and Den wrote the day before I got home, I also got the letters that Lillie, Ellis and Emma

I am sending those Clippings from the Dallas news, it is a mess I think.

wrote me a day or two before I came home, they put the wrong address on it like you did on your's. I was sorry the meal had worms in it. Guess you got some more at Mr Lule's. I guess the dog and Chicks will like the "wormey meal." Shure wish old "spots" calf had been a heffer, but he calves are a pretty good price too. I am glad Cousin Cass brought you all back to the Church as you didnt have to walk so far. Ellis said he was going to get two (2) tires up there at Dallas.

I went to Church Sunday morning and Sun night, I at dinner and supper at Mr Lule's. Trusting I will hear from you all soon. And best soon,
Lots of Love, Lenard

Tuesday night:

Sept 1, 1942

Dear Dennerd:

I was very glad to get your letter today and to learn that you was O.K., hope this will find you feeling fine, I don't feel good as I have took more bad cold, and my back still hurts a little bit, it hurt pretty bad last Sunday. I hurt it Friday while I was moving some crates of milk, guess it will be O.K. in a few days.

Well, I guess you all will have more milk to drink now, wish old spots calf had been a heffer, but that is the way

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it goes. Guess you will have to milk my brown heffer when she brings a calf.

oh yes, Mr Rhodes pick me up the other morning so you see I didn't have to walk very far. I am a bit tired to-night as I worked in the kitchen today.

I bet you and Charles and those boys had a big time. Cosin Cass was good to bring you and mama back to the Church.

Guess you are going to school now, how do you like your teachers? Are you in the six grade or seventh? guess it will be a little hard for you. I hope you and mama get Toby to come and put a big yoke

on that old mean heffer, she sure is meane. Did you all have much trouble getting the pig back in the pen? hope not.

I stayed at Dallas about two hours when I came back up here; Ellis wrote me that he guess he would go home about Sept 7th or 8th. Emma Dean was working in a variety store, she may get to work in the phone office with Aunt Theresa. I know you and mama are lonesome after I left, but I guess Ellis will be home in a few days and I know you and mama will be glad when he come's home. oh yes, I got the letters today that you all

wrote the day before I came home. Say, what did you get with that 50¢ I gave you? I will send some money to you all next week. I want to go to ^{Sallisaw} Saturday night if I can get off.

I got a letter from Aaron today, he said he had been doing guard duty; and that he wanted to get a furlow sometime next month and come home; hope he does. Say have they said any-thing about you paying bus fare? Oh yes; is the cotton opening much by now? How do you like school? write and tell me about it. I don't have any news, ans real soon.
Love, Lenard.

As the Contest Closes

(An Editorial.)

Among many others, a letter comes to The News asking: "If O'Daniel's charges against you are not true, why don't you answer them?" The News has answered. It has challenged him to put his finger on one iota of proof of any of his charges. But all of his vituperation is in generalities. He has produced not one iota of evidence to establish a case. He has no evidence; he knows that his charges are false. There is no sensible answer to hot air charges, however scurrilous they may be.

But The News has a better reason for being inclined to ignore Senator O'Daniel's charges. The News is not running for the Senate. It would be a presumption and a disservice to state and nation to try to make the reputation and prestige of The News an issue in this campaign. Entry of The News into the fray in defense of itself would only create confusion and distract the public mind from what ought to be the vital issues of this race. It would serve Senator O'Daniel's own purpose of bullfiddling, wisecracking and villifying his way to re-election without being forced to meet real issues. What is said here by and for The News can be said by and for the remainder of the Texas press that he has attacked.

There is only one big issue in this campaign. Which of the two candidates is better qualified, by intent and capability, to do his part as a United States Senator toward winning the war? If the people who are running the newspapers know anything, they know the seriousness of this war. They sit at the receiving end of the wires bringing the most momentous dispatches that have ever been brought by the international services. They know that civilization is on fire. They know that we of America must do something about it, and quickly. They know that it is going to be a war of "blood, sweat and tears," and that these things are not remotely related to bullfiddling, banjo plucking, wisecracking and vituperating.

Latterly, Senator O'Daniel has been running on a platform of co-operation with the President. He started out on an isolationist tack early in his campaign but quickly sensed the error of his political way. Really, who should know better than anyone else in this country whether Senator O'Daniel will aid or obstruct the war program? Possibly it is Mr. Roosevelt himself. The President and his Washington officialdom have kept out of this race. They have done right in that. This is an issue for Texans to settle without advice from national headquarters. But any man in political life today, including Senator O'Daniel himself, knows how the President answers the foregoing question in his own mind—and knows that Senator O'Daniel is one of the men that the President most wants to keep out of the Senate during the momentous six years of "winning this war and the peace to come."

In less important matters Senator O'Daniel is sailing under false colors. He is not the friend of the "common citizen and the poor man." It is an open secret that he has the support of some of the most powerful "moneyed" interests in the state.

He is not an enemy of the "professional politician," but one of the most astute "professional politician" demagogues in the history of the state.

He is not the object of abuse and persecution. He has conducted the most scurrilous, vituperative campaign in the memory of men in Texas public life, and he has produced less proof for his statements.

His strategy in every issue is to play both ends against the middle by demagogic appeals to the poor on the pension issue, on the one hand, and by wooing a large section of the state's upper money bracket (Democratic and Republican) by his phony war on "labor racketeers," on the other. He attempts to be all things to all men and if, by chance, anyone opposes him, then such a one is a thief and a scoundrel, having sold out to the "Communists and outlaws."

But these minor issues are as nothing as compared with that all-important one of co-operating to win this war. And it ain't gonna be a short war, folks. It is going to be a long, long war—a war of suffering and sacrifice. And a seat in the Senate of the United States during the next six years is going to be a place of responsibility held by few other men in all the world.

As for Judge Allred, his record is known, Senator O'Daniel's contemptuous references to the contrary notwithstanding. As District Attorney, Attorney General, Governor and Federal Judge, he has served competently and honorably. Senator O'Daniel's gratuitous insults are ignoble admission that he has found nothing in the record that would be worthy of specific criticism in a senatorial campaign.

As between Senator O'Daniel and Judge Allred the latter is incomparably better qualified by any standard of appraisal. In these closing hours of the campaign, The News appeals to the electorate of Texas to weigh the issues and the evidence as never before in their lives when they cast their votes in tomorrow's primary election. During the momentous six years of the term to be filled, there may come a time when the destiny of the nation, of civilization, will pivot on the single vote of the junior Senator from Texas.

The Super-Salesman - - - - -By Knott



DR. THOS. A. KING REPLIES TO ALLRED

Voters of Texas, we seek your indulgence for much that we are forced to say is of a personal nature and is therefore of no interest to you, no benefit to our country and of little aid in clarifying the grave and important issues in the present senatorial campaign. But since Jimmie Allred has seen fit to inject our humble personality into his race it becomes imperative and obligatory that we give the great electorate of Texas a little sketch of our biography.

We were born in Tennessee in the year 1884, of humble parentage. Our father died rather young from the effects of injuries received while fighting under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston, from whom we received our middle name. Our mother's father was shot in his home by marauding carpet baggers and she grew to young womanhood during the period of reconstruction, being deprived of all those opportunities which we prize so dearly for our own children. She could neither write nor read, but in the practical things of life she was one of the most highly educated women we ever knew. She could not only make a sack of corn meal last longer, but she could make more pants and dresses out of a bolt of jeans or cotton cloth than anyone else in the neighborhood. There were nine of us kids. We moved to Wilbarger County in the year 1888 and settled on a farm near Bugscuffle. This old farm is still in the possession of the family. It is in this county we have lived continuously for the past fifty-three years amongst the best people God ever made and a people who intend to give O'Daniel a good majority on August 22nd. Continuing with this prattle we admit that we have voted on a few occasions, just like our great commander in chief says he voted, for Republican candidates. In our more mature years we have come to the unshakable belief and the incontrovertible conclusion that there are good Republicans, good Democrats, good Protestants, good Catholics, good Gentiles and good Jews. Age softens one's heart and takes away much of one's cockiness.

For fear that Jimmie will continue to run us as a senatorial candidate and that he will continue to make personalities the main issue in the race, we propose, just to save him the trouble, to make a public confession to some of our sinful acts. We know we have slipped a few watermelons from off the vine, and have a faint remembrance of scaring a chicken or two from the roost, tied a few tin cans to the tail of the neighbor's dog, poured a little turpentine on the tail of the house cat, got a little tipsey once or twice and made a jackass out of ourself, and, most regrettable of all, we didn't pet our old mother half as much as we should or could. Just guess we have done about everything mean and silly that the ordinary man usually does. This confession should satisfy Jimmie's hunger for our personal acts of depravity and release his thoughts to the higher purpose of acquainting the public with the logical reasons just why the voter should support his candidacy.

Jimmie seems to be just as badly confused over just who his opponent is in this campaign as he is confused over his two platforms. His newborn platform, which is hardly dry, reminds us of our mother's old dining room table. It was so made that when company came she could throw in a few extra planks and make it accommodate as many as wished to eat, and when the company left these extra planks could be withdrawn and the table made to conform to the family size. In fact, Jimmie has got so darn many lose planks in his platform that every time he moves a plank flies up in his face.

Now, dispensing with these irrelevancies and getting down to the milk in the cocoanut, the public should know just why Jimmie failed during two months of campaigning in the first campaign to mention anything about twenty-five cent cotton and about his distaste for labor leader racketeers. The public must remember that Jimmie admits that he had been buried under the cloak of judge so long that he did not realize that there was a farm issue until he traveled over the state and found out that the farmer was not living on milk and honey. On the labor issue, Jimmie stated, in the first campaign, that he was just dying to see a labor racketeer, for he wanted to know just what kind of an animal a racketeer would be. He even dared O'Daniel to name him a labor racketeer. But in the second campaign, after feeling the pulse of the public and looking at the scoreboard, Jimmie must have come across one of these fuzzy beings in his dreams, for he now says that this business of racketeering is a "sure-nuff" issue and that something has got to be done or else the freedom of the common working man is jeopardized and our war efforts will continue to be imperiled.

Oh, there is so much that could be argued in this race if the opponents would hold their minds on issues instead of personalities. Just remember that O'Daniel, as Governor, prevented strikes in Texas, and that as Senator he stood alone in the Senate Chamber under the scoffing and ridicule of Jimmie Allred and other labor leader baiters and fought that guns, tanks and planes may roll incessantly and uninterruptedly to the boys holding the foxholes on our many far-flung battle fronts. Just remember that O'Daniel, many years before Jimmie even learned there was a farm problem, was fighting for parity prices for the farmer. Just remember that O'Daniel and his parents were Democrats in a state where to be a Democrat meant political oblivion, while Jimmie was a Democrat in a state where to be a Democrat meant political glory. May we appeal to the intelligent voters of Texas to sift the grain from the chaff, and vote as free-born American citizens for the sake of your boys and for the perpetuity of consistency and honor in politics.

THOS. A. KING, M.D.

(Political adv. paid for by Dr. Thos. A. King.)