

RATION CALENDAR

MEATS, FATS, ETC.—Book four red stamps A8, B8, C8, D8, E8, F8, G8, H8 and J8 now valid.

PROCESSED FOODS—Book four blue stamps A8, B8, C8, D8 and E8 good. Blue stamps F8, G8, H8, J8 and K8 become valid April 1.

SUGAR—Book four stamp 30 valid.

Annual special levy election of the Twin Falls Independent school district will be held Thursday, April 8, according to announcement by the board of trustees.

The special levy for which approval will be asked is seven mills on the \$9,339,120 assessed valuation of the district. The board has fixed the levy at 7.00 mills.

RAILROADS—Book one stamp is valid through April 30. Book two airplane stamp is good immediately. A new stamp becomes valid May 1.

GASOLINE—B-1, C-1 coupons valid for three gallons through Feb. 21. B-1, C-1 and C-1 coupons good for three gallons; all invalid after Feb. 21. B-2, C-2 and C-2 coupons good for five gallons everywhere.

D. C. C. C.

Pneumonia Fatal To W. H. Dingman

William H. Dingman, 70, who lived in "Daisy Mae" street of this place since 1904, when he came here from Natick, Ill., died early Sunday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Lathrop, 1001 N. Main St. He was spending the winter with her, and suffered an attack of pneumonia last week.

Mr. Dingman was born at Natick, and his body will be taken there Tuesday by his daughter for funeral services.

He was afflicted by the disease, as tentatively fixed by the board, as influenza, an illness which, he said, he had contracted in 1904, in 1923, and in 1929. He said that he had never been so ill as he was now.

That covers not only general pneumonia but also the influenza, but he had also been retired, bond insured, and had other means.

His estate in the special probate election are these:

1. Parents or guardians of a child if the child is under 21 and if the parents or guardians are residents of the city.
2. Any person who pays taxes within the district, and the husband or wife of such person.
3. Any person who has lived under the

Besides his daughter, he is survived by one son, Robert Dingman, Twin Falls; one brother, John Dingman, Nantico, Ill., and six grandchildren. Five brothers and sisters preceded him in death.

Prisoner Writes Home Sixth Time

For the sixth time Mr. and Mrs. C. Bosayer, Twin Falls, have heard from their war-prisoner son, Fred Bosayer, now interned by the Japanese at the Shugangai war prisoner camp in China.

The card, in Bosayer's own handwriting, told his parents that he is "all right."

Bowyer's latest card said that several boys from the University of Idaho are with him at Shanghai.

Draft Board Gets Speed-up Orders

Speed up orders
Twin Falls draft board No. 1 has received official orders for moves designed to speed up induction of men into the armed services, it was said by Joe L. Roberts, chief clerk.

The cases of all registrants in

The April calls for induction and for pre-induction physical exami-

Graveside Rites

Brief graveside interment rites were conducted by the Rev. Mark C. Cronenberger, Christian church pastor, for Mrs. Lena Gage Bugbee, 60, Contact, Nev., at 2 p. m. Mon-

day. Funeral services were held Saturday at the Reynolds mortuary with Mrs. W. A. Van Engelen as Christian Science reader.

Van Engelens

...your feet a

Give a Happy




Vacation

Seldom in stores which embody all the
... is to be found the
... "day-out"

lines of fashion—
abundance of "day-in" and
foot comfort provided in the special
version of Lady-Fashion shoes.



Lady-Fashion Shoes
are constructed with
Mold-Cup feature



the
that holds the
up and the back.

By United States War
Bonds and Stamps



Engelens

Vall Eng

[illegible]

ANZIO PATROL IS COURTING DEATH

By ROBERT VERNILION
ANZIO BEACHHEAD, Italy, March 25.—(Delayed)—Going on a patrol in the front of this beachhead is like walking through a powder factory with a flaming torch.

The constant fear that at any moment the enemy might turn around and shoot at you as you walk your nerves torn as with a knife.

I returned from such a patrol 15 minutes after riding through a mine field but without suffering any harm, although I was filled with the acid smell of powder smoke and sent shrapnel whining within inches of my head.

Four Men in Jeep
The patrol was made up of four men in a jeep to a position that for the moment is a military secret. The jeep started from the rear of a tank with Capt. Charles Ledward, Westfield, Mass., driver, and three other men, one of them a private, William A. Brown, Cleveland, O., and one from the 10th Cavalry, Oklahoma City, Okla.

I sat in the front with Ledward. The engine rattled out a map and said "there is where we are going" and then it said "there is more than an inch, ahead" "there is the enemy."

The jeep started for the front driving swiftly as is the custom on the beachhead where the Germans read the dog tags to find out who you are before shooting.

This was a night patrol because it was so dark that any movement in daylight is difficult to see.

Big Gun Active
All around us in the fading dusk were the lights of the big guns. As we moved toward the front, the German guns began illuminating the night with their searchlights.

We were forced to drive more slowly as the sky grew darker and we were along roads which we could see the stark silhouette of the German and Italian soldiers on our trucks. In one quarter of a mile, I counted 500 shell holes beside the road.

They were new holes and the smell of powder still lingered in the air. Our patrol was now showing dirt on a still remaining track, while the rest of the road was a mass of shell holes.

Later as we drove home one of those little things that come back to you in the silence of the night occurred.

Bathed in Light
We saw a jeep approaching and Ledward flicked his headlights. The other jeep drove forward with the searchlights flashing its full beam on us.

As Ledward jammed down the accelerator and the jeep lurched forward, two orange explosions ripped the night apart on our right. Shrapnel whistled past and one piece hit the jeep's hood and another into the night.

Two more shells landed in the road beside us as we neared through the smoke and the jeep's headlights turned to me and said:

"Bob, you came very close to the paper this time."

L. D. A. DINNER PARTY
OLLENS FERRY, March 27.—Bridget Hall was the scene of the annual dinner of the L. D. A. Relief society. Mrs. R. A. Harmon and Mrs. Lawrence Ows were in charge of the dinner. The program and other musical numbers and dancing completed the evening's entertainment.

K TFI Radio Schedule

4:15	Twelve for Supper
4:30	News in Brief
4:45	Michael, Charles, and Arthur, Howard
5:00	Arthur, Howard
5:15	Arthur, Howard
5:30	Information News
5:45	Light Music
6:00	15th anniversary of Washington news
6:15	15th anniversary of Washington news
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Night for the Morrow

By Robert D. Lusk

The man reached the top of the hill, cursing toward the dumb perversion of young officers who caused him to become lost; cursing also his own stupidity in failing to bring a flashlight. It was becoming quite dark. He paused to look at his wrist watch. He smiled. It was almost half past eight. He should be wearing a wrist watch. A couple of years ago such a watch was a part of the unimmaculate make-up of the dukes. But the war had changed the attitude toward it. As he had changed many other things.

It was not really late, but darkness came early the latter part of that September in 1919. The man stood at the summit of the small hill, pondering in which direction he should go now or whether he might not be able to go to the house, have supper, and come back with a light.

He breathed deeply of the sharp, heady air. It was a magnificent evening, typical of autumn in the high plains of southwestern Colorado. He loved these fall evenings. They were one of the rewards of the living in the land where the prairie lifted themselves upward to meet the incandescent belch of the Rockies. Looking back over the last thirty years the man could remember scores of evenings just like this one.

There was nothing there, about this evening to set it apart from others before or since. There was nothing to warn the man that the events of the rest of the world, to set it apart as one which for decades would shape the destinies of men and women and to live, which would throw the world into mad confusion, which would drive millions of men and women and children yet unborn into misery and death.

The man was completely unaware, as were his fellow men, of what was to transpire that night. His thoughts were on the vague outlines of the hills in the distance which blew from the east and entered his nostrils like the bouquet of a rare wine, on the thousands of stars in the arched heavens.

Suddenly, a sound roused him from his pleasurable thoughts. It was the long wail of a train whistle echoing up from the Arkansas river valley to the north. Its forthright wrinkle in puzzlement. He was fairly familiar with the schedule of the trains. None that he could recall was due to pass by at this hour. Maybe the train was late; maybe there had been an accident. But this was idle speculation. Whatever it was, no concern of his. He dismissed the train from his mind.

He thought back on the seven spring calves which had strayed that afternoon, the man waving down the easy slope of the hill into a ravine. He headed southward along the winding dry run. He zigzagged his course to cover all of the area. Surely seven straggling calves couldn't have disappeared completely into the earth.

He came to the barbed wire fence that protected the south end of his property. He turned his left and started to climb the other side of the ravine, keeping close to the top of the hill as he did. It was not quite so dark as at the top of the hill as it had been in the gulch. He could make out the forms of low trees silhouetted against the sky. But it was too dark to stay on this hunt. Dawn the calves. He would go back to the house now.

He was about to turn north, when he heard a sound. At first he thought it was the howling of a distant cat. Then it was clearer. It was a human voice.

"Quick, quick!" it said. The man looked in the direction of the sound. He could see nothing. He moved to the fence, grasping the strand of top wire, peering into the darkness beyond. "Hein," the man yelled. "Hein, who's there?"

"Quick, come quickly," the voice replied.

The man crawled between the wires and felt the voice at a rapid pace. In a moment he could make out a dark form standing at the side of the dusty country road which skirted the low, grassy hills. When the man reached the side of the dim figure, in the darkness he could be but few features. When the person was he was of average height. He was not emaciated, but the unusual size of his head made his body look thin to a point of emaciation. And when he came upon him, this illusion was exaggerated, for the shoulders appeared wider than the neck bent. Both hands were over the face.

"What's the matter?" the farmer asked.

"I don't know," came a hoarse voice from between the hands. "I feel strange. I've never been this way before. My head aches terribly, my face, the side of my face, it's burning. I can hardly drag my feet along. I don't know what's wrong. I have the strangest feeling."

"Put down," the farmer ordered.

The dark figure slumped to the ground. The man knelt beside him.

"Shall I run for help?"

"No, please don't leave me."

The farmer continued to kneel beside the emaciated figure. He could make out little more than the most general outlines of his appearance, but he recognized no aspect of the silhouette that was familiar. And it was divided from his mind, speaking that this was a stranger.

There was not the careless enunciation, the air of the folk of southwestern Colorado. There was a dignity to these words as the man came forth, even though the man was clearly wrought.

"You are a stranger," the farmer said. "Where are you from?"

"Where there an accident?" I heard the whistle.

"No, I thought this cool air would have been too much."

The stranger was breathing heavily.

"You shouldn't talk," the farmer said. "Just sit quiet."

"But there is so much that must be said, so much to be done. The time may be short."

The body of the stranger slumped lower.

RUPERT

Mrs. Emma Dickson, who has been critically ill at her home in several weeks, shows no improvement. Her sons, Fred Dickson, Bremerston, Wash., and Walter Dickson, Boise, and a sister and a niece, both of Sioux City, La., have arrived to be with her.

Mrs. Dickson has returned to her home in Wichita, Kan., after visiting two weeks with her brother, C. F. Mendenhall, in the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert La Rue, Atlanta, will live in the Emerson district, this summer, to help his brother, Roy La Rue, with farming. Capt. David A. Scott, postmaster at the Rupert prisoner of war camp, is a patient at Bushnell hospital, Brigham City, Utah, for major surgery.

Kenneth Cunningham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cunningham, has gone to Parnett station to begin training. He recently completed the pharmacy course at the U. of I., southern branch.

BOARDING HOUSE MAJOR HOOPLE

NOT TODAY HOOPLE! TO BE SURE, THE BANK LOOKS ON FROM LANDS BUT OUR CREDIT EXPERT HAS REVIEWED YOUR FUND-AMOUNT SECOND, AND REPORTS THAT ALL HE CAN FIND IS LAUGHS!

AND IF! EGAD, GIRL! THIS DINN AM COME WHEN YOUR HUSBAND BANGS IN HERE TRYING TO BORROW \$5,000! THIS INVALUABLE COMPOUND INTEREST! —BAH!

HE FILLED UP HIS PEN AND — HIS NEXT HOME —

3-27

By WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY

WHEN YOU FOOL WHOA!

3-27

By NEHER

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

MRS. PIP'S DIARY

3-27

By GUS EDSON

THE GUMPS

3-27

By MCEVOY AND STRIEBEL

DIXIE DUGAN

3-27

By FRANK ROBBINS

SCORCHY

3-27

By V. T. HAMLIN

ALLEY OOP

3-27

By LESLIE TURNER

WASH TUBS

3-27

By EDGAR MARTIN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

3-27

GASOLINE ALLEY

3-27

By FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER

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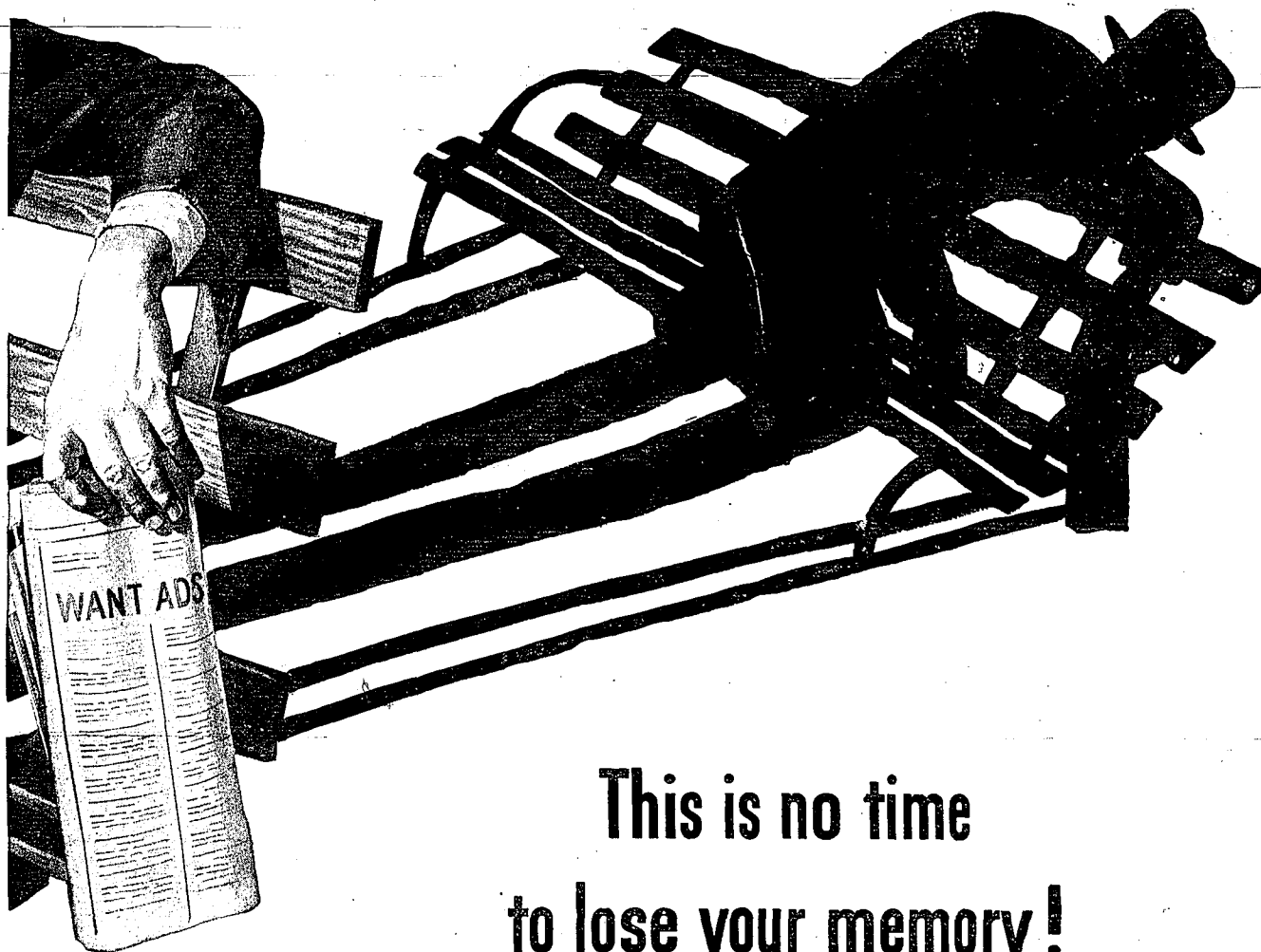
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By LESLIE TURNER

WASH TUBS

3-27

By EDGAR MARTIN



This is no time to lose your memory!

IN NEARLY ALL Americans there's a streak of natural optimism.

We know the war won't be over tomorrow. We know there may be a long, hard fight ahead.

But we can't help looking forward to the beautiful and wonderful-seeming days of Peace.

This is all right unless...

Unless it makes you relax your efforts to win the war...

Unless it makes you lose your memory of what happened after the last war was won.

Don't lose that memory now. Don't forget the depression...the poverty that hit the farmers...the bread lines in the cities...the soldiers looking, looking, looking for jobs, and not finding them.

Remember that Peace brought difficult economic problems, economic stresses. And this time, we must be ready to meet them.

This time we must make sure of having a real financial cushion...to ease the transfer to normal peacetime business, peacetime employment, peacetime living.

That's one big reason why you should buy War Bonds

...and hold on to them...and there are others.

Every War Bond you buy, every one you hold to maturity, will keep bringing you \$4 for every \$3 you invest today.

And that steady flow of buying power will make jobs. It will create markets for peacetime goods. It will do a lot to insure an America that's prosperous and sound...the kind of America we all want when this war is won.

So let's not forget the lesson of World War I. Keep buying Bonds. Keep hanging on to them. They're your security...your Country's security...for the days of Peace!

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED FOR THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT BY THE FOLLOWING FIRMS AND INDIVIDUALS:

The Altman
Alexander's
C. G. Anderson Co.
The Amalgamated Sugar Company

Barbard Auto Co.
Beas Grocery Warehouse Association
Bibb's Cystery
Bertha Campbell's Store
Dr. Wallace Bond
The Bertrams
Burling Tractor Co.
Claude Brown Mfg. & Furniture Co.
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Dewar Bros., Inc.
Diamond Hardware Co.
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First Federal Savings & Loan Association
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Globe Seed & Feed Co.

Horn Lumber & Coal Co.
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Howard Tractor Co.
Hudson-Clark Shoe Store
Idaho Department Store
Idaho Egg Producers Co-op Association
Idaho Packing Co.
Idaho Rids. & Tallow Co.
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Glen G. Jenkins, Chevrolet
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C. B. Nelson, Inc.
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Orange Transportation Co., Inc.
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The Park Hotel
E. & G. Jewellers
Richardson's Cleaners & Dryers
R. L. Roberts, Jeweler
Reuben-Mack Co.
Raymond Hotel & Coffee Shop
Salway Stores, Inc.
Saw-Mor Drug

Dr. Geo. P. Scholer, Optometrist
Sawtooth Co.
Self Manufacturing Co.
Sherwood Typewriter Exchange
Sears-Robinson and Co.
Shell Oil Co., R. J. Holmes
Sierling Jewelry Co.
Sumner Sand & Gravel Co.
Bert A. Sweet & Son, Furniture
Times-News
Trinidad Bros. & Elevator Co.

Twin Falls Bank & Trust Company
Twin Falls Flour Mills
Twin Falls Motor Co.
Twin Falls Mortuary
Twin Falls Motor Transit Co.
Union Motor Co.
Van Engle
The Vogue
Warburg Bros. Coal & Transfer Co.
White Mortuary
Washington Market

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.