

THE COUNTRY
WHERE LIFE
IS BETTER

ROARING SPRINGS NEWS

GOOD
SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, SOIL,
CLIMATE, WATER, PEOPLE

VOLUME NO. 6

Roaring Springs, Motley County Texas Thursday Dec. 22, 1932

NO. 43

Trail Dust

To remain a practical business man and at the same time shut our eyes and ears to cries for sympathy is the balancing act that results in disaster for more merchants than is generally known.

Last week a Roaring Springs grocery merchant said: "I dread Christmas eve. Poor people who know can not pay and will never pay will come into my place of business and ask for credit for a little candy and fruit for the kiddies. They will get it— somehow—I can not stop them from walking off with my merchandise for which they will never pay. But if you think you can be heard-hearted and refuse, then try it once. Try to wake up Christmas morning and be happy and not think about those crying, innocent children who have found empty stockings. Your heart will feel about half the size of a quail egg and you will want to hide your face."

No matter how modern we try to appear, business is not devoid of sentiment. Human nature is the slowest changing thing in the universe. Hard-hearted business men usually have only a hard shell which they have created to protect themselves from disaster. Once under this shell you will find a human being, whose heart aches for all the unfortunate and a man who risks his own security to help those who are less fortunate than himself.

The old-time credit merchant possibly deserves more praise than he is given. Those who would and would pay, he charged proportionate prices; to the poor who could never pay, he charged the same. In the end his paying customers left him for modern low-priced stores, those whom he had helped continue to accept his "gifts" as long as he remained in business.

If you have a warm fire, a little extra on the board and the children have a little candy, fruits and nuts, then you have a "Merrie Christmas." You have the blessings of the best world we know.

LAST POEMS

Do you remember that first Christmas eve
Came and lighted candles in
our room?
The fruit we named the gold-
pears that sprang
from stems of blue upon each
bough. You said,
"Let's sit together in the dusk
while,"
spoke of dying as a child
could talk of sleep
Christmas is here again tonight,
and I have sat
with candles. Are you
trimming trees
with garlands of your mirth?
Have you wrapped
a little star safe in a cloud for
me?
—Martha Banning Thomas.

SCHOOL DISMISSED FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Because of the interruption of the present term, due to lack of funds, school was dismissed Wednesday afternoon to resume again Monday morning. Thus giving only two school days for Christmas vacation.

Teachers of the Roaring Springs school will attend the teachers institute which will be held in Matador Thursday and Friday.

LANDERS BUYS ANOTHER STORE

Melvin Landers, local groceryman, has completed a transaction for a grocery store in Roaring Springs. He soon will take over the stock of groceries known as the firm of G. G. Miller & Son which is the oldest grocery firm in that town. The people of Roaring Springs are fortunate in having a man like Mr. Landers to serve them in the grocery business.

It is understood that the elder Mr. Miller will retire from the business and invest his savings in interest bearing property, probably good land. The young Mr. Miller very likely will get into business of some kind in the near future since he is a good business man and enjoys activity.

This makes the fourth grocery store for Mr. Landers. He owns stores at Swenson, Jayton and Spur, all of which are doing very good business and making money.

Mr. Johnson, who has been in charge of the store here for the past two years, will be in charge of the business at Roaring Springs. Mr. Johnson used to live at Matador and knows a great number of people in the Roaring Springs country. He is one of the best grocers in the country, and has but one purpose in view, "To give the people a square deal."

Mr. Landers is opening another store temporarily in Spur in the building which was occupied by the Lewis Bakery. He stated this week that he would be in a position to let the people have some merchandise from his store by Saturday. The store which is located up the street will continue as it is until about the first of the year when it will be consolidated with the one which is being installed at this time. Mr. Landers will supervise the business of the new store personally and act as general manager of all the stores.

A good market will be run in connection with the store at Roaring Springs. Mr. Landers stated he must serve the people in that little city in every respect, and he will do it—Dickens County Times.

NO ISSUE NEXT WEEK

In keeping with a custom of observing the Christmas holidays, The Roaring Springs News will not appear next week. This will be the last issue for 1932.

The Roaring Springs News wishes all its readers and friends a Merry Christmas.

Farmers Held Up and Robbed Near Roaring Springs Saturday Night

FINGER IS CRUSHED IN FREIGHT CAR DOOR

R. W. Bennett, Jr., local manager for the Panhandle Compress Co., received a very painful injury Monday when a freight car door caught the middle finger of his left hand, crushing the flesh and causing slight bone fracture.

Immediate medical treatment and examination by Dr. J. F. Hughes disclosed no bones to be broken, and aside from extreme pain and possibility of infection, a prompt recovery likely.

METHODIST CHURCH

We have come to the conclusion that all Churches are made up of two classes of people. Those who go ahead and do something and those who trail along behind and find fault with what others have done. To which class do you belong? Let's exterminate the latter class as they are very detrimental to any church. I hope we have none in the Methodist Church to exterminate. We believe there is much good to be derived from regular attendance upon the services of the Church. We need you to make the Methodist Church mean something to this town and community. Hear the Bible injunctions: "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." Heb. 10:25.

Christmas time is here. Joy is ringing in the air. The spirit of giving should captivate each of us. God gave his best—Christ—for us.

Bring an offering for the Methodist Orphans' Home at Waco next Sunday, December 25. Best of all bring yourself and offer that to God at our services on next Sunday.

Let's make the Sunday school what it ought to be.

The prayer and sincere wish of your pastor is a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for each of you.

Pastor.

T. MARVIN McBRAYER.

MATADOR LIONS CLUB USE HEARSE TO BRING MEMBER TO LUNCHEON

Farris Fish, prominent Matador attorney, had his first ride in the hauling compartment of a hearse Tuesday, when members of the Matador Lions Club overpowered and handcuffed him in the office of the Murrell Chevrolet Co., loaded him into a waiting hearse, and drove to the First Baptist Church where a Lion-Luncheon was being served. He was forced to eat thru the entire meal while wearing the shackles.

Lion Fish had been absent for several luncheons and the Club membership decided on this drastic strategy to impress the importance of attendance.

FIRE HAZARDS DURING CHRISTMAS NAMED IN FIRE CHIEF'S WARNING

E. E. Moss, Roaring Springs Fire Chief, offers the following warning to the citizenship as a precaution against Christmas fires:

Small children should not be permitted to handle fireworks. The wrappings from Christmas packages should not be allowed to accumulate. Evergreen trees decorated with highly inflammable material should be placed well out of any flame reach. Cotton or lighted candles should never be placed on a Christmas tree. Any toy electric trains or other appliances should not be attached to light sockets until all fuses and connections are in perfect order. The fuse is the safety valve on the wiring system as a protection against fire.

The Christmas holidays, which should be a period of unmixed cheer, may become one of sadness because of the thoughtlessness of someone about fire hazards.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

"My Father is rich in houses

and lands.
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands;
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold

His coffers are full; He has treasures untold."

The Bible classes, the Lord's Supper and Preaching every Sunday, despite rain, mud, sleet and snow. Mark Twain said, "When it rains and when it isn't, that's my choice." No such thing as "bad" weather, it all comes from God. An elderly woman said, while the cyclone was uprooting trees and unroofing the houses, "That's the kind of a God I believe in. He just breaks up things when He wants to."

This minister speaks at these services every Sunday 10:45 a. m. and 7 p. m. Bible talks next Sunday, "Jesus Builds a Church." Matt. 16:18. At night "Why a Member of the Church?" Acts 2:46.

If all Christians would clean up, the devil would clean out. Eve's fall in six scenes: listening, looking, lounging, sinning, tempting, blaming. A lot of church members are just hobbling about on crutches. White washing the pump will not purify the water. Three things need no translation in any language: smiles, tears, and kind deeds. Matt. 25:45 "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these," Welcome to worship here.

BEN WEST, Minister.

Little Jack Little, now a radio artist, offers some very practical advice with: "If you are at the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hold on."

Miss Ina Mae Long returned Thursday from Baylor Belton College to spend the holidays with homefolks.

Forced to Give Up Cash At Point of Rifle

Jim Byars and Elzie Byars, well known farmers of the Flag Springs community, near Roaring Springs, were held up at the point of a rifle, by three robbers about nine o'clock Saturday night and relieved of cash amounting to \$90.28.

The two farmers had driven up to their barn lot near their home, and stopped to open a gate when accosted by the robbers. They were made to get out of the automobile which they were driving, and stand with hands raised while their pockets were searched.

Deputy Sheriff M. H. Costlow, aided by Deputy Sheriff W. F. Bishop of Matador began an immediate search which lasted throughout the night and well into the next day.

To date no arrests have been made but officers indicated that arrests may be expected in a short time.

WICHITA FALLS ARTIST PRODUCES PORTRAIT OF FAMOUS IRISH MENTOR

Omas Ferguson, Wichita Falls commercial artist, has completed a portrait of Knute Rockne, noted football coach of Notre Dame University, who lost his life in an airplane crash.

Ferguson had never seen Rockne and he used a photograph of the coach as a model and conferred with Barry Holton, Wichita Falls High School coach and others acquainted with Rockne.

The artist plans to offer the painting for publication to several magazines.—Wichita Daily Times.

Omas Ferguson is the son of Mr and Mrs. J. F. Ferguson of Roaring Springs and is now making his home here. Some very beautiful examples of his talent are to be seen in the show window north of Freeman Drug Store, where they are displayed.

PADUCAH MAN ACCEPTS POSITION AS PRINTER WITH THIS PAPER

We are glad to announce an addition to the Roaring Springs News "Staff" in the person of B. M. Nelson, who has been operating the Nelson Print Shop in Paducah for the past year.

Mr. Nelson is fully experienced in the newspaper and job-work printing, having had six years work on the Rogers (Tex.) Weekly News. In addition to Mr. Nelson's able assistance, the Roaring Springs News' mechanical equipment well augmented with Nelson Print Shop's entire job-printing equipment.

With this new arrangement, the Roaring Springs News will be able to do all printing and type-setting here in Roaring Springs.

Mr. Nelson and family will move here to make their home, roads permitting the latter part of this week.

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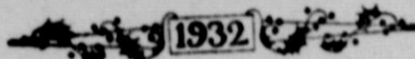
DOUGLAS MEADOR,
Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$1.00 Per Year Three Months 25c
CASH IN ADVANCE

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any individual, firm, concern, or corporation that may appear in the columns of The News will be gladly corrected when called to the attention of the editor. It is not the intention of this newspaper to wrongly use or injure any individual, firm, concern or corporation and corrections will be made when warranted as prominently as was the wrong published, reference or article.

There is glory enough for any man to live and die a Texan.



"A Merry Christmas," as Other Nations Say It

THIS is how the nations of the world express the wish "A Merry Christmas": France, Bon Noel; China, Tin Hao Nian; Portugal, Boas Festas; Japan, Kings Shinnen; Turkey, Ichok Yllara; Hungary, Boldog Karacsony! Csilpeket; Greece, Chrysoyena; Croatia, Sretan Bozic; Holland, Een Vrolijk Kerstmis; Spain, Felices Pascuas; Germany, Froehliche Weihnachten; Sweden, Glad Julen; Italy, Felice Natale; Rumania, Craciun Felicitatune; Bohemia, Veselo Vanoce; Poland, Wesolych Swiat; Denmark, Glaedelig Jul.

THREE CELEBRATIONS

THREE Christmases are celebrated every year in the Church of Nativity at Bethlehem. The first occurs in the Roman Catholic section on December 25; 13 days later the Greek Orthodox church hold their celebrations, to be followed by those of the Armenian church in another 13 days.

Selecting Christmas Cards

We unconsciously betray our true selves when we select Christmas cards. People who live in city apartments are apt to send drawings of farmhouses that nestle cozily among tall trees; a lawyer's holiday card is likely to be sugary with sentiment. — Collier's Weekly.

Hard to Answer

Boy—Mamma!
Tired Mother—Well?
Boy—When Santa Claus was a little boy, who filled his stocking?—The Country Home.

A BIG STOCKING



Bobby—Say, ma.
Mother—What is it, my dear?
Bobby—It's good the foot of a mountain don't have a stocking to hang up at Christmas time.

EXCUSABLE FOLLY

IT IS true that men and women at Christmas time do things which are foolish, especially in the giving of presents. But when did cold wisdom ever make people happy? Who wants to see a Christmas when nobody spends more than he should, or when there is no giving of things that are trivial or needless or foolish? A truly sane Christmas would be a miserable one.—American Magazine.

Ancients Gave Presents as Most People Do Now

THE custom of making presents at Christmas is derived from very ancient usage. It was a Teutonic invention. In Latin countries gifts were exchanged at New Year's, writes James Waldo Fawcett in the Washington (D. C.) Evening Star.

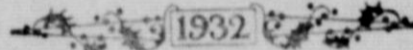
The decoration of churches with mistletoe and holly is likewise a pagan survival.

Nativity plays and pageants trace back to a pre-Christian era. The sports of the Lords of Misrule in England are supposed to be an inheritance from the Saturnalia of heathen Rome.

Father Christmas or Santa Claus is identified with St. Nicholas or Nicolas, and also with Knecht Ruprecht and Robin Goodfellow. Grimm says that in some parts of Germany Knecht Nicolas is merely an attendant on the real gift-giver, who is sometimes the infant Christ and sometimes Dame Bertha, but who is also frequently conceived as an ugly dwarf, called Krampus.

Carol singing by walls, strolling street musicians, is an old British custom.

The first Christmas cards date from about 1843. The setting up in Latin churches of a Christmas creche is said to have been originated by St. Francis.



Keeps Candles From Dripping

To keep table candles from dripping, stick a pin in the candle along side the wick and leave it there. It keeps the wick upright, the candle burns longer and more steadily and decorations and tablecloth are kept free from grease.

Mrs. O J Day, son, James Lee, and Lourena Ferguson spent Sunday with Mrs. Joe Tom Jackson. Mr. and Mrs. Melton Guinn announce the arrival of a new baby girl, born December 20th.

John Meason returned Saturday from Amherst, Texas, where he has been working with Higginbotham-Bartlett Lumber Co. of that city.

Robert Meason returned Tuesday to spend the holidays. Robert has been employed with the Texas Cattle and Horse Association of Waco.



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS" With unbounded energy and a renewed desire to be of service, we prepare for next year, mindful of the wonderful co-operation and friendship shown us in 1932.

FREEMAN DRUG STORE



We wish to thank you for your friendship and patronage and wish you and your family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

G. GABRIEL DRY GOODS CO.



WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND PATRONAGE AND WISH FOR YOU AND YOURS A FULL MEASURE OF HOLIDAY HAPPINESS.

Dunlap & Hodges



While 30-ton monsters lumber over OKLAHOMA

Deep in Oklahoma lie the producing sands of the Cambrian and Ordovician Ages—in some places more than a mile below the surface. Out of these sands Sinclair takes the rich Cambro-Ordovician crude oil which it refines and blends into Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil—a product of 80 million years of Nature's mellowing and filtering treatment. In process of manufacture Sinclair Opaline is de-waxed and freed from petroleum jelly at as low as 60° F. below zero. Try a crankcaseful of Opaline—note how it lasts in the heat of hard driving.

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

From the Oldest Mid-continent Crudes

Agent Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.)

F. C. KING

The Way to Keep Warm
As the best of all possible ways
warm during the Yule season
come employed as the fully-
Santa Claus in a basement
apartment.



Christmas Greetings
1932



Wreath on the Door

by Hazel B. Bangdale

COULD you mind if we didn't celebrate Christmas this year, Bob?

Bob looked up quickly from his bacon and eggs. "What's the idea, darling?" Ellen's lip trembled. "I just can't bear to think of Christmas without father. And it isn't as if the baby were old enough to know the difference."

Her husband seemed about to say something, then evidently thought better of it. "Where is your mother going to be?" he asked, presently.

"In Boston, with Leila and the children. Of course, with youngsters that age, one has to keep Christmas."

"Whatever you say, goes with me, Sweetness; you know that," said Bob. Of course, it was a hard time for Ellen. Just now, remembering other Christmases. Why, last year, how she had been flying around, joyously if



hectically busy with last minute shopping and packing to go home for the holidays. She and Bob and two-month-old little Jim, named for his grandfather. Would they ever forget that last happy celebration in the old home?

Ellen's father had loved Christmas, and what Bob had twice started to say had been something to the effect that he would not have approved of anyone's not celebrating it.

During the days which followed, Ellen carefully avoided any errands which would take her downtown into the thick of the bundle-laden throngs. She bought little Jim half a dozen toys on her way to market one morning.

Now it is asking a great deal of anybody to describe in detail the drab passage of a Christmas that is not treated as such. It proved the longest, dreariest, saddest day you can imagine. Even little Jim refused to be his usual good-humored self and fussed ridiculously and irritatingly.

Ellen went to bed early, leaving Bob reading. He had been patience itself. It was on the morning after Christmas that a strange thing happened.

Ellen had left little Jim with Nora, who came in to help mornings and had gone down to the post office for the letter from her mother, which would tell how Christmas passed for her.

She was back at her own steps, with the letter saved to read in the quiet and warmth within, when the pretty young woman from next door ran out with a sweater thrown across her shoulders.

"Do excuse me," she said breathlessly. "But we're next door neighbors and, if I may ask, isn't your name Cunningham?"

"Why, yes," said Ellen. "It is."

"I thought so," said the other, with a puzzled look. "You see, yesterday, I was passing with a piece of plum pudding for a shut-in old lady below, when a middle-aged man stopped me and asked me if I could tell him where the Cunninghams live."

Ellen felt the hurting little squeeze about her heart that always came with a sudden memory of her father. As if this woman had been speaking of him!

"And I told him," the other was saying, "that I thought you lived right here."

"Yes?" urged Ellen, with the strangest feeling of suspense. "Yes."

"He looked up at the house, and shook his head. 'Oh, no,' he said, very positively, yet gently, too. 'That couldn't possibly be it. There would be a wreath on the door.' And he went on."

After a moment, Ellen found herself in her own room with her mother's letter open in her hand. She read it through, very carefully. Then read it again.

"Today has been a happy day with me, after all. Your father has seemed with me, even more than usual. Everything I did brought him back to me."

Helping fill the children's stockings reminded me of your first Christmas. You were such a tiny thing, but he insisted you were not too young to celebrate and we filled your little sock together. I even sang the old carols softly to myself as they came over the radio and it made him seem very near. "Leila and Will are going out to mail this for me."

"Love to all. MOTHER."

"Everything I did, brought him back to me." Ellen sat for a long, long time thinking.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WNU Service)

Christmas Essentially the Day of the Child

DECEMBER the 25th is the Day of the Child.

It is upon this day of days that countless men and women and little ones barely able to speak their language utter the great rejoicing: For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given!

Even those who hold creeds in which there is no Christmas feel the splendor of that cry, and those who have no formal creed at all, still know there is one of the 365 portions of the year which is essentially the Day of the Child.

It is the day when even the most un sentimental adult, long since congealed and hardened by the years, can hear in his heart the footsteps of the little ones. Today they are running about so eagerly all over the world pattering to see what good gifts may have been received, ardent with a hope that only young hearts can feel.

On this day the austere scientist who has almost quit believing in the very laws of astronomy which recently seemed so sure and stable, but which now seem dissolving in a mist of relativity—this careful professional skeptic becomes as a child himself, and considers it hard indeed if he cannot believe in Santa Claus, bearded fairy godfather of the children.

On this day even those who have been the most careless feel like saying over reverently that beautiful prayer for wisdom in the rearing of children:

"Almighty God, heavenly Father, who hast blessed us with the joy and care of children; Give us light and strength so to train them, that they may love whatsoever things are true and pure and lovely and of good report."

For on this Day of the Child we all remember that the most precious gift we can bestow upon our children is a capacity for feeling just such tender and generous and helpful emotions as today stir in the breasts of all good men and women.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Wreaths, Garlands Gay Shout "Merry Christmas!"

WHAT a joy it is to come into a home scented with spicy pine and hemlock, so suggestive of Yuletide that each room fairly shouts "Merry Christmas!" And what a real pleasure, too, to gather the greens and dispose them so that they express all the kindness of the blessed season, intensifying the delights of the "friendliest" period of the year!

As garlands, the various types of greens may decorate windows and doors, or they may be massed on mantels or tables.

To make a flexible rope of greenery, supply a foundation of heavy twine and to this attach the short sprays of pine, hemlock or spruce, interspersed regularly with clusters of laurel; or for a more decorative effect use the artificial berries with the greens. Fine flexible wire is best for fastening the sprays in place.

Another use for greens is in the formation of window wreaths. Arrange the small sprays on a heavy wire foundation, taking care to keep the wreath symmetrical. Small groups of red berries, regularly placed, give character to such a decoration.

Norway, Sweden Babies Are Loaded With Gifts

IN MANY districts of Norway and Sweden every baby born on Christmas day is the recipient of many gifts and bounties from all quarters. He receives a bounty from both the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and in some districts these bounties amount to a considerable amount of money, which is generally invested until the child is of age.

The children that are born to some classes of the people in Naples on this happy day are visited by "Wise men"—who are selected by some philanthropic society—and are presented with imitation stones which are valued highly by the children in later years, even supernatural qualities being ascribed to them.



GREETINGS



Christmas Good Wishes

Had we the skill of Shakespeare, it would be hard for us to find a better phrase conveying our emotions than this simple one that has been said so often, "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

DR. J. F. HUGHES

Texaco Service Station

Ap Hodges, Mgr.



Happy New Year



Yuletide Greetings

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" Nothing can equal in warmth the Christmas greetings we extend to you—or our thankfulness for your constant co-operation and kind friendship during the past year.

We invite you to come in and see the New Chevrolet

MURRELL CHEVROLET COMPANY MATADOR, TEXAS



1933

Travelers' Hotel
Mrs. S. C. Dodson, Mgr.

WISHES YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



W. E. BOWEN





Yuletide Greetings

Christian Element In Christmas Is Lacking

CHRISTMAS festivities, as the modern world observes them, owe much of their warmth and charm to the survival of pagan customs, Prof. William Warren Sweet of the Divinity school, told a University of Chicago group. Speaking at a noon-time service in Bond chapel on the campus, Doctor Sweet, who is professor of the History of American Christianity, analyzed the history of the Yuletide celebration, and asked that the small Christian element in it be kept uppermost.

Exchanging gifts at Christmas time is a practice taken over from the Romans, and the Christmas dinner, the holly wreaths, and even the Christmas tree customs can be traced back to the barbarians of northern Europe, Doctor Sweet said. America's contribution to the occasion has been chiefly its commercialization.

"It was not until about the middle of the Fourth century after Christ that a day was formally set aside by the church at Rome for the observance of his physical birth," Doctor Sweet pointed out. "As it was first observed by the church, Christmas was purely a spiritual festival. There was no gaiety; no bells announced the coming of the glad morn; there were no garlands; no tables heaped with good cheer.

"But it was not to remain long in the upper air of pure devotion. There were too many pagan influences about it, one of the most important of which was the feast of Saturn, which began on the 17th of December and lasted until the 25th. Saturn was the oldest and most benign deity of ancient Italy and his fabled reign on earth was supposed to have brought peace and happiness to mankind, and so the feast dedicated to him was full of joy and

ance, Christmas poems, and editorials. From this time onward the religious significance of Christmas has been growing in all evangelical churches.

"The Christmas with which we are familiar today is a strange combination of imported pagan and Christian traditions. Though I dislike to say it, it seems that about all America has added to Christmas is its commercialization. Certainly all of us have every humanitarian and Christian incentive to make Christmas less pagan, less commercialized, more Christian."

CHRISTMAS DAY

IT IS not definitely known when Christmas was first celebrated. The institution of the festival is attributed to Telesphorus, who flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius (131-161 A. D.). The reason for the final choice of December 25 cannot now be determined. As Christianity spread, the feast of the winter solstice, the time when the day begins to increase, and light to triumph over darkness, was changed into the Feast of Christ, the Light of Life.

The Christmas Carolers Are Welcome Everywhere

HERE come the Carolers. So it used to be. Young faces pressed against the windowpane, straining to hear the cheerful carols outside. Perhaps it was the story of the Christ child put to tune or a ballad of love and cheer. When the singers were done the householder invited them in for a bite and a sup, or gave them a coin or two for their song.

Then on to the next house, to slug again under the stars or veiled behind sifted snow.

An then, in the early morning, home again to their own firesides.

It was a good old custom, this midnight minstrelsy in the season of peace and goodwill. "With the beginning of Yuletide, twelve days before Christmas day," as Percival Chubb tells us in the Standard, published in New York by the American Ethical Union, "small bands of musicians went the rounds and, in the mire or on the road or on the steps, played the old folk tunes as a lyrical prelude to the great day." To some of the antique ballad airs, like "Good King Wenceslaus," says Mr. Chubb, the singers would add a hymn tune or two—"Once in David's Royal City," or "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

"Punctuating the bustle of domestic preparation for the coming feast, these ministrations in the still night gave a breath of poetry that touched the spirit of Christmas with an endearing beauty. Day by day the tide of joyous anticipation rose until the crescendo broke into a forte of exuberance."

Those simple days of the folk are gone, says Mr. Chubb; the glory is departed.

But the custom of making the rounds on Christmas eve to sing carols of peace and good will on earth still prevails here and there.—Literary Digest.

Make Christmas Burden, Be Unhappy Rest of Year

IT IS so customary nowadays to hear disparagement of Christmas as a season of vanity, selfish display, greed and covetousness that we like to point out the other side. Some of our cynics declare that Christmas gifts are themselves dictated by self-interest—that they are meanly offered in the hope of a return—with interest—or are an exhibition of vanity. And yet, who would dare to say this of a mother, who deprives herself to give happiness to her children, or of the girl who willingly foregoes some little vanity for the pleasure of her parents? People who make Christmas a burden and a tax show the same attitude throughout the year—their own false standards of living are to blame, and not this holy festival.—Rural New-Yorker.

Shepherds and Wise Men

It is not clear from the Scriptural allusions that the shepherds who visited the new-born Jesus were the same as the wise men who saw his star in the East. Only Matthew records the story of the magi, and only Luke mentions the shepherds. Mark and John do not refer to either the shepherds or the wise men.

Printed Christmas Card Was Issued Back in '43

THERE is more humanity about the Victoria and Albert museum than its stiff brick exterior suggests.

The director has sent me a Christmas Picture Book, says a writer in the London Star. It reveals the fact that the first Christmas card ever printed was issued only as recently as 1843.

The card, which was printed for Sir Henry Cole, first director of the South Kensington museum, is reproduced, along with many other efforts by artists, to celebrate the nativity. They range from a walrus ivory relief from Cologne to a modern woodcut by Eric Gill. It is strange to see how the artistic wheel has turned full circle back to the medieval austerity.

But I can't help liking the first Christmas card, which "features," as the film says, a hearty meal. As the fat boy would say, "I likes eating best."

"Christmas Man," Name Given to Kris Kringle

SANTA CLAUS does not visit the children of Lithuania on Christmas eve as he does the children in this country, but there are all kinds of Christmas celebrations in which they have a part, and many good things to eat. In Germany and Norway old Kris Kringle hides gifts for the children in many out of the way places, and Christmas day is spent chiefly in hunting for them. In Holland Saint Nicholas dispensed Christmas cheer, but when the Hollanders came to this country his name was changed to Santa Claus. In Sweden Santa Claus is much like he is in America, but he does not come down the chimney, but in the night he comes into the room where the Christmas tree is and leaves gifts for all. His name is not Santa Claus, however, for he is called "The Christmas Man."

Our Salute to You



ACCEPT OUR BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY XMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

City Drug Store



Voracious Feasting Ancient Precedent for Modern Christmas Dinner.

feasting. The schools were closed, public places were decked with flowers, and presents were exchanged.

"Another festival which influenced the celebration of Christmas was the feast of the Kalends of January, which marked the beginning of the Roman civil year, and three days of merriment followed it. Mimmers clad in women's clothes and animal skins paraded the streets. Presents were given to dear ones. Honeyed things, that in the year the recipient might be full of sweetness, lamps that might be full of light; copper, silver and gold that wealth might flow in."

Among the early colonists in America Christmas was observed as a festival only by the Church of England adherents and the Roman Catholics, Professor Sweet said. The Puritans, objecting to it because of its pagan origins, banned any observance of the day. On May 11, 1630, the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts passed the following law: "Whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing of labor, feasting, or any other way, as a festival, shall be fined five shillings."

This statute was repealed twenty years later, but for more than one hundred years the great "evangelical" religious groups, the Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians officially refused to recognize Christmas. Professor Sweet reported that he has been unable to find any reference to the festival of the nativity in the literature of these churches up to the Civil war. Shortly after the war a religious organ objected to the observance of the day on the grounds that there was no evidence to establish exactly the date of Christ's birth and that there was nothing in the New Testament to indicate that the birthday should be celebrated. "Ten years later, or about 1880, Christmas issues of church papers show a decided change in their



That Happiness may dwell in your home and about your fireside at Christmas time and that the New Year will hold a greater measure of happiness and good fortune for you and your family, is our sincere wish.

QUANAH COTTON OIL COMPANY
Cotton Seed Products
QUANAH, PADUCAH, ROADING SPRINGS



Marion—Jack is getting near-sighted. Myrtle—it doesn't follow that there is anything the matter with his eyes because he can't see you under the mistletoe.

December 22
Monday, December 22, 1932
You Happiness Bless
and Your Family
the Is Our Wish
Super Service Station
BELL'S RIETY
ORE
Best Wishes for the Coming Year
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Year

May Happiness Bless and Your Family Is Our Wish

Super Service Station



BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Lourena Ferguson





We are grateful for your friendship and patronage and wish for you and yours a full measure of Holiday Happiness.

MATADOR CASH GROCERY
MATADOR, TEXAS



Best Wishes for Health and Happiness from

Andy Hurst
The Barber



Borrowed Plumage
by Marjorie Ames

NCE more Jean read through the letter which had arrived to find her in a mood of despondency most unusual. Like a gleam of sunshine, it had brightened the gloomy prospect of a Christmas away from home. To be sure, living with one's step-aunt didn't make much of a home, but even that was better than the deserted campus.

And then had arrived this charming note from one of the university's most attractive graduates:

"My Dear Miss Gray:

"It will afford us the greatest possible pleasure to have you spend the holidays with us. We are entertaining most informally and will expect you Christmas eve.

"Cordially yours,
"MARJORIE HOLDEN."

"Most informally!" Jean's brow clouded. Instinct told her that those two words had been inserted to intimate that her hostess did not expect her to come equipped with evening gowns and opera capes. Only—Jean had so much less than that!

"I—can't—go!" Jean winked back unaccustomed tears and stared hard at a picture on the wall in front of her. As her vision cleared she became aware that she was staring at the group photograph taken after the last dramatic society play. What fun she had had! For one brief evening she had been a "star" and worn truly becoming clothes.

If only—Jean sat suddenly upright with eyes that sparkled. "I'll go to Mrs. Holden's and wear those clothes!" she cried ecstatically. Jean's inspiration was born of the fact that the dramatic society had issued a recent edict. Clothes worn in the annual plays were to be purchased and become the property of the organization and so be always available for future



Cary and Jean Lagged Far Behind the Others.

performances. Jean was property mistress and held the key to the wardrobe that contained them.

"If Mrs. Holden had not been abroad when we gave 'Nancy's English Cousin,' this little stunt might have been impossible," mused Jean as, the following day, she folded and packed the smart little serge she had worn in the third act. Three changes there had been, noted respectively in the stage directions as "a one-piece serge," "a simple party frock" and "a striking outdoor costume." Jean took all three.

But the following morning at the gay, holly-decked breakfast table Mrs. Holden unsuspectingly turned Jean's happiness to ashes. "My brother, Jean, who came after you had gone upstairs last night. Why, you know each other!"

"Of course, we know each other!" smiled a singularly attractive young man. "I coached the play in which Miss Gray played a demure little English girl—and well do I remember her in the part!"

Yes, it seemed that Cary Endicott, who had made "Nancy's English Cousin" the success it had been, was Mrs. Holden's brother.

On one of the very last days of vacation the crowd set out on snowshoes across the hills. Cary had managed matters so that he and Jean lagged far behind the others. Suddenly, in a snowy but sheltered hollow, as the rest topped a distant summit and disappeared, Cary turned right about face and held out his arms. "Jean, darling, will you be my wife?" Jean flushed furiously. "I—oh—why, how can you—after—after these clothes?"

Assistant Professor Endicott's face expressed nothing beyond utter mystification. Then he shook his head. "I'm

afraid—maybe I'm dense, but—"

And Jean had to explain, her slim hands clenching themselves within the odd little English muff which was part of her "striking outdoor costume."

When she had finished Cary just stood for a moment regarding her ever so gently, ever so tenderly. Then, "Didn't you know, you funny girl, that men can live with clothes year in and year out and never notice them? It's the people that wear them that count."

And happy Jean, snuggling close in his arms, knew that he had spoken the truth.

CHRISTMAS GREENS

THE custom of hanging evergreens in the house during the Yuletide originally had a purpose beyond that of decoration. In olden days each kind of evergreen was believed to confer special blessings on those who passed beneath its boughs. To pass under holly insured good fortune throughout the year, bay laurel victory, while laurel was supposed to impart a spirit of beauty and poetry. — Missouri Farmer.

Peacock Dinner English Custom Many Years Ago

FASHIONS in Christmas dinners come and go. In olden days at a Christmas feast in England, next in importance to the boar's head as a Christmas dish was the peacock. To prepare the bird for the table was a task entailing no little trouble. The skin was first carefully stripped off with the plumage adhering. The bird was then roasted; when done, and partially cooled it was sewed up again in its feathers, its beak painted with gilt and so sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with leaf gold and a piece of cotton saturated with spirits placed in its beak and lighted before the carver commenced operations. This "food for lovers and meat for lords" was stuffed with spices and sweets, basted with yolks of eggs and served with plenty of gravy.

The noble bird was not served by common hands; that privilege was reserved for the lady guests most distinguished by birth or beauty. One of them carried it into the dining hall to the sounds of music, the rest of the ladies following in due order. The dish was set down before the master of the house or his most honored guest. The latest instance of peacock eating recorded was at a dinner given to William IV, when duke of Clarence, by the governor of Grenada.

Great Yule Feast Given by King Richard in 1399

CHRISTMAS in England, of course, is an old feast day, though the Santa Claus and Christmas tree traditions come to us from another source. William E. Mead's "The English Medieval Feast" (Houghton, Mifflin) quotes, from Stow's "Survey of London," an account of the great feast which King Richard gave in Westminster Hall in the year 1399, just after rebuilding the hall of William Rufus:

"A most royal Christmas, with daily joustings and runnings at tilt, whereunto resorted such a number of people that there was every day spent 28 or 29 oxen, and 300 sheep, besides fowl without number; he caused a gown for himself to be made of gold, garnished with pearl and precious stones, to the value of 3,000 marks; he was guarded by Cheshire men and had about him commonly 13 bishops, besides barons, knights, squires, and others more than needed; inasmuch that to the household came every day to meet 10,000 people, as appeareth by the messes told out from the kitchen to 300 servitors."

Saxon Words "Waes Hael," Meaning "Be in Health,"

CHRISTMAS fare has always occupied a big part in Yuletide celebration. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were excellent trencher-men, and eating and drinking were a necessary part of every gala day. Stuffed boar's heads, peacocks, geese, capons, pheasants, mince pie, plum pudding—these decked the board. The turkey was unknown. That excellent fowl did not enter into the bill of fare until the discovery of the New world. Of course, there was drink aplenty. Punch was the customary wassail bowl. This bowl takes its name from the Saxon words, "wæs hael," meaning "be in health." It was a great bowl of punch into which baked apples were thrown to enhance its flavor. Mince pie originated in 1598. It first was made from mutton. The Puritans condemned it as an ungodly dish, and the Quakers would have none of it.



BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Gipson Tailor Shop



We wish you Happiness for Christmas and Prosperity for the Year

CAMPBELL'S VARIETY STORE



...That your Yuletide be a happy one, and that the coming year hold Happiness and Prosperity for you and your family is our sincere wish.

GILBREATH'S CASH GROCERY
MATADOR, TEXAS



And Glory Shone Around

by
Grace R. Olin

JUST wanted to say Merry Christmas, and thanks for the check, Mr. Breen.

Mr. Joseph Breen paused in signing a letter and smiled back at the freckled grin.

"Merry Christmas to you, Jim," he answered, "and you're most welcome to the check. Are you going out to—er—blow it all in, or perhaps give it to your mother for a holiday present?"

"Neither." The excitement of the moment made the lad forget that an office boy was conversing quite freely with the president of the company.

"Mothers ain't so stuck on checks," he continued, "they like something more personal, something that shows you really thought about 'em."

"So?" the president's eyebrows went up in question.

"And what," he inquired, "did you select that was personal?"

"The swellest scarf"—Jim was warming up enthusiastically—"all blue and gold and fringe on it, long as my hand."

"It must be a beauty," agreed Mr. Breen.

"Yes, but that ain't all, Mr. Breen. My mother said she hoped some folks would sing carols outside our house tonight, 'cause she loved 'em."

"And what do you think? A whole crowd of us are going to sing carols for her. Oh, boy, won't she like that?"

The lad moved towards the door. "Perhaps you're going to sing carols for your mother tonight, too."

"I hadn't thought of it before," answered Mr. Breen, "but perhaps I will, Jim."

His mother was just like any other mother. How she would like to have carols sung in front of the little white house on the hill.

Mr. Breen reached for his phone. "A train leaving at two, you say? Thank you. I can make it easily."

Outside, his car waited, with Jenkins at the wheel.

"Hello, Jenkins," he greeted. "I've just got an hour and a half to do some last minute shopping. Then I'll catch the train for home."

"Take a holiday for a week, Jenkins, do you get me?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Jenkins, "I get you."

And up in the white house on the hill little Mrs. Breen put the golden coffee and brown muffins on the snowy table.

"Supper's ready, Joe," she called.

The old man came slowly, a frown on his ruddy face.

"Now, Joe," the woman soothed, "don't you go and let anything spoil your Christmas spirit."

"I know it, Myra." He patted the wrinkled hand.

"But when I saw Seth Holden's boy and Daley's girl come home for the holiday, I just couldn't help feeling a little bitter."

"Our boy hasn't spent a Christmas with us for five years. Why, we haven't even seen him for two."

"I know, Joe, but he never forgets a check, and such a generous one. Remember, Joe, our boy is a busy man."

"Now, Joe," as he started to speak, "I have the most wonderful evening planned. We are too old to believe in Santa Claus, but we are never too old to believe in angels."

"The young folks most likely will come singing carols, and I hope they will sing the one I love best:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

And so the carolers, pecking into the windows, saw them sitting hand in hand.

Then suddenly, clear on the evening air, came the sound of many voices, one deep, rich tone, apart from all the others.

The little old lady's eyes were like stars.

"He's come, Joe," she whispered, tremulously, "that's his voice."

Then the door opened, and two strong arms held them fast.

"Glad to see me, dear folks?" cried a beloved voice.

"Son," said the old man, solemnly,

"I think the Angel of the Lord must have brought you."
"Of course," exulted little Mrs. Breen, "for just see the glory shining around!"

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(WNU Service)

1932

Protect Children When Celebrating Christmas

CHRISTMAS time being a season of joy, every precaution should be taken to prevent any untoward circumstances which might enter into its celebration.

Too often the careless placing of lighted candles has resulted in painful burns, and even death to those participating in the Yuletide festivities. "Santa Claus" has been the victim in innumerable cases.

Tiny electric lights now are most used in lighting the Christmas tree, and that reduces the fire danger materially. If candles are to be used in the decoration—and they undoubtedly lend an effect not to be obtained by the electric lights—they should be placed on the mantel and in other secure locations where contact with their pretty flames is not likely to be made.

In Christmas sports involving the slightest danger, children should be directed in their play by an older person who is competent to effect a rescue if necessary.—Charles Frederick Wadsworth.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)

Celebrated Christmas on Way to North Pole

CAPTAIN SCOTT and his men on their way to the Pole once celebrated Christmas day by having a wash in a cupful of water each, and by washing their shirts. On another occasion, after being on short rations, they kept Christmas day by consuming such luxuries as raisins and chocolates for breakfast, and for supper they indulged in four courses. First of all, there was a full whack of pemmican, with slices of horse meat flavored with onion and curry powder and thickened with biscuit, then arrowroot cocoa and biscuit hoosh sweetened, then plum pudding, then coconut with raisins, and finally a dessert of caramels and ginger. "After all this," says Scott, "it was difficult to move. Wilson and I couldn't finish our share of the plum pudding. We felt thoroughly warm and slept splendidly." But the advance was slow the following day owing, probably to the tightening of the night before.

Misses Audys Ratliff, Alice Ragsdale were visitors in Spurtuesday.

J. F. Ferguson and Lewis Pooteet made a business trip to Paducah Tuesday.



At this time each year we pause...forgetting all business relationship for a moment to reflect on friendships developed and maintained through the passing years.

It is a real pleasure to feel that you and yours are our friends and we want to pass along to you our sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and that the New Year will bring you happiness, health and prosperity.

E. D. YORK



Christmas the **Season of Joy**

Merry
Christmas

and A Happy and Prosperous New Year

THROUGHOUT each of our homes, each of neighborhoods, these glad wishes are making old hearts young--young hearts happy. And it is a time to be happy, too . . . A time when our spiritual, mental and physical beings are uplifted . . . when there is a song in our hearts, a twinkle in our eyes, and a hearty grip in our hand for our fellowmen.

Western Hardware Co.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Benson of Spur were in Roaring Springs Wednesday looking after business interests.



A Happy Christmas and Good Luck Next Year Is Our Wish for You

Jeeter's Cafe



Our wishes for you are twice those for ourselves—May all good things come unto you. MERRY XMAS to the friends we have met, and to those whom we shall yet meet.

Hotel Cafe

Mrs. Hall, Mgr.



CHRISTMAS morning dawned cold and clear. Over field and farmhouse and winding roads, was a snowy blanket. "Good Christmas weather!" said Jared Pigeon, as he stamped in from the post office, and thumped a bundle of letters on the kitchen table. He was regarding his wife from a watchful eye, for he had noted a letter from Caroline, their daughter.

Jared went out to his car to bring in the Christmas packages. He saw his wife's pretty, wrinkled face bent over a long letter in Caroline's handwriting, as he closed the door. Of course it was natural for their only child to desire other friends—and it would be jockey indeed to come home to eat Christmas dinner with two old people! And there was Billy Wakeman, too. She used to go around with Billy. Now they had quarreled and Billy was very grave and grown-up in the conduct of his public garage. He had a good mind to go down and ask Billy to come and eat Christmas dinner with them—Billy had no folks of his own.

Forgetting all about the Christmas packages in the back of his sleigh—Mr. Pigeon jumped in and, turning around in the hard way he had dug out of the snow, went tingling out of the yard and down the road toward the large garage and oil and gas station that Billy Wakeman had built on the main road.

"Hello, Mr. Pigeon," said Billy. "Merry Christmas!" "Same to you," returned Jared Pigeon. "I came over after you, Billy Wakeman."

"What can I do for you?" asked Billy. "Come and eat dinner with ma and me—I kinder expect Caroline ain't coming down."

"Thank you," said Billy getting very red, and then pale. "Come when you like, so's you get there before one o'clock," grinned Jared, wishing he knew some girl he



"Well, Jared Pigeon," exclaimed His Wife, "Where Have You Been?"

could ask to share dinner with Billy. "Well, Jared Pigeon!" exclaimed his wife, coming to the back door as he came in with his delayed packages. "Where have you been—leaving me with this news about Caroline—"

"Don't get excited, Phoebe," protested her husband dumping the packages on the floor and closing the kitchen door. "I know it's terrible that Caroline can't come home this Christmas, but you know what young folks are these days. I've asked Billy Wakeman to dinner. If you can think of any girl I can ask so there'll be four of us, mother—"

Mrs. Pigeon smiled sedately. "Land so, Jared, Caroline's the only girl I can think of," she said, "and now, with company, we've got to get busy."

Mother Pigeon, running up and down stairs, was very busy—setting the table with all their best china. There was a delicious warmth up there in Caroline's room.

Then, when everything was almost ready, when Mrs. Pigeon in her best black silk, and a new cap with a tiny violet bow on her lovely white hair, was entertaining Billy Wakeman, just as a mother cares for her own beloved son, just before it was time to sit down to that delicious dinner, mysteriously set for four people—though Mr. Pigeon knew mother always set a place for Caroline, anyway—just then they heard the horn of the village stage.

"It's stopping here!" yelled Mr. Pigeon, rushing to the side door, and in a moment a lovely, laughing girl was throwing off her furs among them, not seeing Billy Wakeman at first, where he stood white and tense. Then she saw him, and a wonderful look came into her face—"Billy!" she whispered. "You here? Oh, this makes it

perfect!" Billy Wakeman held out his arms and Caroline went into them like a homing bird.

Mrs. Pigeon drew her husband into the kitchen and closed the door. "Jared," she said, "you took it for granted this morning that Caroline wasn't coming home—but she is here! She said she was tired of the city, and that she would find something to do in town. I knew her heart was breaking for Billy—you did a wonderful thing to ask him—"

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

Ghostly Christmas Bells to Greet Merry Yuletide

AMONGST the bells which will ring out to greet the coming Yuletide will be many ghostly peals, heard on no other night in the year; for tradition says that the bells of all buried churches join the chorus every Christmas eve.

There are the bells of Raleigh, once a prosperous village in Nottinghamshire, now only a country valley. All sign of habitation was swallowed up many years ago by an earthquake. It is said that every Christmas eve the bells of the old church are heard to ring again. A legend of this kind is told of a country church near Preston, the very name of which nobody knows.

In Holland the story of the city of Beem is told every Christmas. This wonderful place was famous for its magnificence and beauty, and also for its wickedness and shamelessness. One day the whole city was swallowed up by the sea.

The submerged bells of Dunwich, now covered by the sea, are said to join the ghostly chorus.

First Christmas Trees Originated in Germany

ON THE wild, sandy heathland of the North German plain the dark-leaved fir trees have flourished for many centuries. It is not strange, therefore, that the "Christmas Tree" should have its origin there. It dates back prior to the days of Christianity. The early Egyptians used to employ decorated trees in their festive season celebrations. It is a fact well known by all botanists that the palm tree puts forth a shoot each month, and at the time of the winter solstice, a spray of palm, bearing twelve shoots, was employed in the temple of Osiris to mark the completion of the year. Curiously enough, England did not adopt Christmas trees until the middle of the last century. The prince consort, shortly after his marriage to Queen Victoria, introduced them into Great Britain.

LIKE COLORFUL TREE

IF THERE are young children in the home, you should have a real Christmas tree, as nothing else can take its place. Older people may like stunning effects that appeal to the imagination, or symbols in a fairy manner that will do this, but children want it loaded to overflowing with baubles of colored glass, lopped around with tinsel strands that gleam and glitter.

1932 Recipe for Merry Christmas Are you seeking a formula which will insure you a Merry Christmas? It's really too easy: Just have a child or two around the place and human nature will do the rest.—Collier's Weekly.

The Christmas Mince Pie The inevitability of hot mince pie on the Christmas board explains why it is well for the national digestion that there is only one Christmas dinner a year.

One Sad Thing About Christmas The saddest thing about Christmas is that the good fellowship the day inspires too often withers with the Yule tree and is tossed out of doors.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS

THIS Christmas spirit is the real Santa Claus—a spirit that is universal—that grows stronger with the years—that brings out the best in us—a spirit that is made up of kindly thought and deeds, of hallowed memories and of "Good Will" to all.

"What makes Dobbe so angry?" "He gave Christmas cards instead of presents to all of his friends." "Well?" "They did the same to him."

Percy Godfrey returned Tuesday from Lubbock, to spend the holidays with homefolks.



Wishing You a Merry Christmas

That this Christmas will be a merry one for you and yours and that the coming year will bring you happiness and prosperity, is our sincere wish.

JACKSON THE TAILOR



WE WISH TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE IN THE PAST AND WISH FOR YOU AND YOURS A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY, PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

Spot Cash Groceries



Churches School Bell Echoes

BAPTIST CHURCH

Services Sunday, 10 o'clock Sunday School, J. D. Mitchell Supt. All BYPU's will meet at 7, J. B. Clifton director.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School 10. Preaching 11 and 7:00 p.m. Intermediate Hi League 6:30. W M S Monday 3:30. You have a cordial invitation to all services. "The Friendly Church"

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Bible School 10 a. m. Preaching 10:45 a.m. and 7 p.m. Children, young people and adults of all churches will have a thirty minute program every Sunday preceding the sermon at night. You are welcome to participate. This church urges unity of all professed believers, the preacher preaches it and we throw open wide the door of opportunity for all to worship here. We do not ask that you join us—nor join the church, only that you join the Lord in obedience. Bring your Bibles and let's study, teach and preach the Book. 2 Timothy 2:15; Acts 17:11 and Acts 5:42. Ben West, Minister.

Published weekly by the students of the Roaring Springs High School

THE STAFF

Reporter: Nida Basham, Addele Smith, Ann Hughes, Rosalind Mitchell, Walterina Russell and Birdie Nell Nichols. Advisor: T. A. McDonald.

Picture a silver cup conspicuously placed in the library. As one approaches this trophy, he reads: "Awarded to Roaring Springs High School." This means that the boys have won the county championship. If you can't picture this impressive scene, "the real thing" will appear before your eyes at the end of the season, for it appears that the boys are out for blood this season.

Let us show the other schools that we have a fine school spirit. Let us show that we want our boys to win, and that we are willing to fight with them. Everybody out! Everybody cheering! The boys have proved them-

selves to be good judges of a basket ball captain as well as good basket ball players. They had two mighty good candidates to choose from and believe me the contest was hot between these two. The two candidates were Thurman Wason and Curly Jackson. Thurman won out by the small margin of one vote.

We think the boys made a good and wise selection and hope that Thurman works hard at his job. If he does this, we feel sure the boys will not be disappointed in him. Curly will be assistant captain. He is a good sport, full of pep and we know will be a great help to Thurman.

Lance Hurst returned home Saturday from McMurry College of Abilene to spend Christmas holidays.

M. S. Thacker, George Gabriel and Casey Jones made a quick business to Dallas Tuesday, returning Wednesday.



Seasons * Greetings, 1932

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

No words can convey the depth and sincerity of greetings when we say "MERRY CHRISTMAS" to you. We hope that all your wishes are fulfilled in the year of 1933.

The First State Bank
ROARING SPRINGS, TEXAS



ANNOUNCEMENT

We have just returned from the market with New Spring....

Dresses,
Hats,
Coats

All new shades including Hyacinth Blue, Gold, Paprika.

Dresses Priced
\$3.95 to
\$11.95

Bonnie
Dee
Shoppe

MATADOR, TEXAS

"Merry Christmas . . ."

At this season of the year—when all West Texas is radiating the old pioneer Christmas spirit of "Good Will Toward Men"—it is this company's privilege to extend to its many friends and customers the sincere Christmas Greetings of its hundreds of loyal employes.

Throughout 1932, as in previous years, progressive cities, towns and communities in this "Land of Opportunity" have been served efficiently with dependable and inexpensive transmission line electric service from the three major generating stations of the West Texas Utilities Co.

Hundreds of farms, ranches and small communities also are served over the modern high tension transmission line system which, more than 2,500 miles in length, interlaces this vast empire.

To this progressive citizenry—with which the West Texas Utilities Company has at all times worked hand in hand for the greater development of West Texas—this company extends cordial Season's Greetings and best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

West Texas Utilities
Company