



Christ- hearts of for you have t comes esus as a

the past year to you of fail- orrow, God grant be glorified by a faith and trust in Him whose birth we again celebrate.

Let us ever seek to rejoice as did Simeon of old when he said, "Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all the people." Luke 2:30-31.

May the Lord grant you and yours a Blessed Christmas and a New Year rich in the experiences of His benefits.

Mrs. R. M. Gann Fomer Resident Buried Sunday

Funeral services for Mrs. R. M. Gann were held Sunday afternoon, December 19th at the Gorman Methodist Church with Rev. J. C. Oglesby of Eastland and William C. Emberton officiating. Interment in charge of Eastland directors was made at Oakland Cemetery.

Mrs. Gann was born Tabitha Wren in Tennessee in 1866. She was married to R. M. Gann in Tennessee in 1884 and came with him to Gorman in the year following.

They with their family lived in and around Gorman and Carbon until 1932.

Death came to Mrs. Gann on December 17 at 8:35 p. m. at her home in Eastland.

Surviving her are three daughters, Miss Hattie Gann and Mrs. E. E. Ward of Eastland, Mrs. G. K. Reynolds of Grand Prairie and three sons, Robert Gann, Walter Gann of Egefield and Oscar Gann of Cizo. There are also 17 grandchildren and 18 great grandchildren besides two brothers, Garvin Wren of Oklahoma and Fletcher Wren of Monday, Texas.

With Our Boys In Service

There is always a cheery atmosphere in the Progress when one of the fellows formerly of the staff drops in. Ken Ezzell of Keeler AFB has been with us, even running off page sections since coming in during the week end for the Christmas and New Year Holidays.

O. H. Lucke of Biggs AFB is also home for the Holidays.

Then we have seen Warren Cates of Camp Pendleton, California about town.

FORT AMADOR, C. Z. - Pvt. John W. Askew, Jr., whose parents live on Route 3, Gorman, recently arrived in the Canal Zone and is serving at Fort Clayton.

Askew, a teletype operator in Headquarters Battery of the 65th Anti-Aircraft Group, entered the Army last April and completed basic training at Fort Bliss, Tex.

CLARK AFB - S/Sgt. Marcus R. Swanner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin M. Swanner of Gorman, has returned to the United States for a new assignment following his completion of a tour of duty with the U. S. Air Force in the Philippines. He was accompanied on the return trip by his wife, the former Montez Stockbridge and their infant son, Garry.

Assigned to the 6200th Food Service Squadron on Clark AFB north of Manila during his Philippine tour, Sergeant Swanner will be stationed next at Lackland AFB, Texas to serve with 3700th Military Training Wing.

Mrs. Swanner is the daughter of Mr. Charlie J. Stockbridge of Las Vegas, Nev. She joined the

Christmas

More than two thousand years ago, three Wise Men followed the Star of Bethlehem to a manger . . . the humble birthplace of Him who was to bring a new spirit into the World . . . the spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Today, as in all the years between, that spirit lives on in the hearts and minds of all mankind . . . calling us to church on this, our Saviour's natal day . . . to lift our voices in those beloved Christmas hymns and carols . . . and lift our hearts anew with the courage and hope of His message.

LETTERS TO SANTA

Dear Santa:

We are two little boys and have tried to be good. We would like a football set, 2 guns, a caterpillar, a road grader and 2 farm sets.

I love you,
Bob and Mike Rodgers

sergeant in the Philippines in October of 1953.

Dear Santa:

I am a girl 9 years old and want a electric sewing machine and a new dress.

Patricia Harrison

Dear Santa Claus,

I'm a little girl eight years old. I think I'm good ever day. I want a big toni doll, a big one, and a volleyball.

Lots of love,
Judy Clark

Mrs. John Kirk of Ropesville is home for the Holidays.

Truck Accident Breaks Child's Leg

Dorothy Turner, 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Turner, suffered a broken bone in the upper leg Friday at noon when she ran into the path of a truck driven by her father.

As is their custom Darlene and Dorothy ran into the front yard of their home to greet their daddy. Mr. Turner smiled as he saw them and turned his attention to rounding into the driveway.

The five-year-old escaped his eye and Mr. Turner did not know of the accident until Darlene said, "You ran over Dorothy."

Dorothy was carried to the Blackwell Hospital where she is being cared for until she can be taken to a bone specialist in Abilene.

Illness In Gorman

Gorman folks registered at Blackwell Monday were Vibella Baker, Mrs. W. R. Collins, who has experienced an operation, E. I. Denton, Martha Preston, who has tonsillitis, also Clyde Pulley, Mrs. J. O. Jackson, the Ed Johnson children, T. N. Seay and Mrs. Billy Joe Dollberry.

Aubrey Grisham entered the hospital Saturday.

Miss Vibella Baker was hospitalized Monday morning after she had suffered a stroke.

STATE COMMANDER SENDS GREETING

State Commander of the American Legion, Stonewall Jackson of Sweetwater, Texas, sent Christmas Greetings to the Bryan-Mauney Post 594

Jesus Is King

REV. M. A. PENNINGTON
Pastor - First Baptist Church

This was a question asked by certain travelers who had come to Jerusalem from the East, and the man most troubled by the question was King Herod. The reason of this was that Herod was a ruler himself, and he did not wish to have another King inside his dominions. There is never room for two thrones in one kingdom. Herod at once made diligent inquiries as to the location of the country in which the new-born King had arrived, and when he was told that he was to be found in Bethlehem, he ordered every male child in that village under two years of age to be murdered. Thus determined was he to get rid of a possible disputer of his sovereignty. Blood flowed because the baby came into the world with the title of King.

What happened at the beginning of Jesus' life went on happening to the end. The Herods of Palestine were always in a state of perturbation, and were constantly plotting to kill him. The Kings of political and social and ecclesiastical life were from the start distrustful of him. He jeopardized the security of their thrones. If he had been willing to play the part of a gentle and sympathetic physician, making war on the empire of pain, the whole land would have chanted his praises. But he claimed to be King.

And yet he did not look like a King. He had none of the pomp and circumstance of Kings. He wore no crown. He wielded no scepter. His robe was not purple. He did not ride in a chariot or on a horse. No retinue of armed men followed him up and down the land. He did not shake the earth as he walked. In no respect did he live up to the part of an Oriental ruler.

It was this assertion of his kingship which caused the storm to break at last on Jesus' head. Jesus Christ was crucified because he claimed to be King.

The tragedy narrated in the Gospels is only the story of a tragedy continued to the present hour. Jesus still claims to be King; but now as of old Herod is enraged against him, and the multitudes shout: "We will not have this man to reign over us!" As a gentle teacher, Jesus has many admirers. His teachings are loved by all who have minds capable of appreciating high and noble thought. The world is glad to praise him but they hesitate only when they are asked to crown him King.

And yet it is at this point that he is most insistent. Obedience is the one virtue for which he contends from first to last. Without obedience he promises no man salvation. It is only the obedient heart which is able to understand his words.

Herod is symbolic of those who will not let Him reign in their hearts.

These words we need to ponder amid the festivities of Christmas, "Where is he that is born King."

Spirit Of Giving

BRO. LEROY COWAN
Minister - Church Of Christ

Careful consideration should be given to the spirit that prevails at the Christmas season. It is not my belief nor teaching that December 25 is Christ's Birthdate. God did not reveal the Lord's birthdate, nor did he allow man to keep a record of the date. In view of this fact, it doesn't seem to me that the Lord's birthdate is to be celebrated. It is good enough that he was born according to the promise. However, there is a spirit that is manifested by most people at this time of the year that is good, not only at this season but at all times. Permit me to mention the spirit of giving.

It is a season of giving. Giving is good at any time, it is more blessed to give than to receive. It does people good to give gifts. When parents dig down deep and give gifts to the children, the children are thrilled, but the parents are just as happy. When parents realize the blessings that they are blessed with through their giving, they will make better parents in every respect. Parents who give in the proper way to children, will give to the nation a better citizen, and to the Lord a child well trained; for if real love is in the gift, it will be in other matters too. On the other hand the children that love enough to save up their pennies and nickles to give gifts to others will be prepared for life in such a way that they can help bring peace on earth and distribute to men, good will. In all of this, remember, the power is not in the gift, but in the proper attitude behind the gift.

It was God that taught us how to give; He gave his Son, Christ taught us how to give; he gave his life. The Apostle showed us now to give, for even though they had not silver nor gold, they gave such as they had and it was acceptable, good, and in the way that all men could see Christ living in them. Such "unselfish giving" has humbled the mighty and lifted up the fallen. Such giving brings peace and good will. In this way, there are too many with the principle of "exchanging gifts". They do not give, they exchange. When people operate strictly on the principle of "Exchanging" gifts, likely one will "get best" and all will loose the real pleasure that should be received. But when people "give" gifts, not only will the receiver gain, but the giver will be blessed more.

Yes, it is good to give, but it should never be restricted to one day a year.

Best wishes for a happy new year.

Mr. O. T. Shell of Hamilton surprised his children and grandchildren Sunday when he arrived at church for services.

KING THEATRE

Thursday & Friday - 23-24
Gary Merrill - Jan Sterling
In
The Human Jungle
Also
Color Cartoon

Saturday - Dec. 25th
Scott Brady - Betta St. John
In
LAW vs. BILLY THE KID
Also
Frances Langford - Harry Langdon
ALL AMERICAN CO-ED
and
Popeye Cartoon

Sunday-Monday - Dec. 26-27
Rory Calhoun - Piper Laurie
In
DAWN AT SOCORRO
Also
Color Cartoon

Tuesday-Wednesday - Dec. 28-29
Barry Sullivan - Adele Jergens
In
THE MIAMI STORY
Also
Popeye Cartoon

Thursday-Friday - Dec. 30-31
Jane Wyman - Rock Hudson
In
MAGNIFICENT OBSESS'
Also
Screenliner

MERRY CHRISTMAS



A train-load of good wishes for this holiday season.

SHELLEY'S VARIETY STORE
 EVERYTHING IN SCHOOL SUPPLIES



And our sincere best wishes.

1954

FROM ALL THE GANG AT



Christmas Peace

be yours during this wonderful season.

1954

MEHAFFEY DRUG
 "Where Friends Meet"



By Shirley Sargent

"I ABSOLUTELY refuse to cook another Christmas dinner," Sarah Kilbyo announced firmly, hardly daring to look at her startled husband.

But Paul didn't argue at all. "We'll go out," he agreed. "I'll bet you spent four or five hours in the kitchen when we had the relatives for Thanksgiving. You missed all the fun."

"You mean go to a restaurant?" Ten-year-old Peter made the words sound evil. "Guy, who wants to do that?"

"I do," his seven-year-old sister, Jean, rallied unexpectedly. "Then I won't have to set the table!"

Sarah picked up her three-year-old. "Would you like to go to a restaurant for Christmas dinner, Kit?"

Kit stared soberly at her. "Do they have drumsticks?"

"Sure."

"Okay, I'll go."

"Looks like you're outvoted, Peter," Sarah smiled.

"Yes, I do. It won't be like Christmas to eat out."

"You just like the easy part, son," Paul said, "and mother has



Sarah picked up her three-year-old. "Would you like to go to a restaurant for Christmas dinner, Kit?"

all the hard work to do. This year we'll make it a real holiday for her."

Christmas was on a Thursday and, that afternoon, long after the last exciting package had been opened, the Kilbyos drove to a nearby restaurant.

Peter looked across the table. "Sure seems funny not to have Uncle Tom an' the rest of the family with us."

"The 'rest of the family' adds up to fifteen people," Paul remarked dryly, "at \$2.50 per plate."

Peter didn't say any more, but Sarah knew how he felt. It did seem odd, almost lonesome, to see only five of them around the table and she missed watching Paul carve the turkey. When their orders came, the turkey slices were already on their plates, although Kit had his drumstick.

"I wanted white meat," Jean said, "an' they gave me dark meat!"

Quickly, Sarah gave Jean some of her white meat. The turkey was good, but the dressing wasn't nearly as moist as she could make and the gravy seemed a trifle greasy. Neither Paul nor Peter ate as much as they would have at home.

"Just think," Sarah said cheerfully, "no dishes to wash and wipe."

"No leftovers either," Jean complained.

"Yeah, no turkey sandwiches or anything," Peter growled. "Golly, mom, you could make better pie than this."

"At \$2.50 a plate," Paul said loudly, "and you kids have the nerve to complain!"

"Shhh, quiet, dear," Sarah tried to hush him, "people are looking at us."

"It's like eating in a goldfish bowl," he said quietly.

Just then Kit's pie went flying off the table and he let out a howl that echoed around the dining room. Now everybody was looking at them and laughing with Paul and Sarah. But Peter and Jean were blushing, embarrassed to be the center of so much attention—good-natured or not. Only Kit really enjoyed the confusion as two waitresses cleaned up the spilled pie and brought him a new piece. A la mode, this time.

"Hey, look," he yelled delightedly. "I get ice cream too!"

Again the people at surrounding tables laughed, but Sarah was as redfaced as her children. "Honestly," she sputtered, "if I'd known..."

"Next time," Paul interrupted grimly, "we'll get a private dining-room."

"Next time, I'm staying home, even if I hafta eat shredded wheat," Peter said defiantly.

Sarah laughed. "There isn't going to be any next time here. Peter was right, it doesn't seem like Christmas to eat out. There's nothing to look forward to, nothing left over and it isn't as good as home cooking. Next time, we'll have all the relatives at our house."

"But the work," Paul protested. "Oh, nuts to the work. I hardly knew what to do with myself this morning. What do you say, kids?"

Jean just grinned, but Peter said, "I say fine, I'll even help with the dishes."



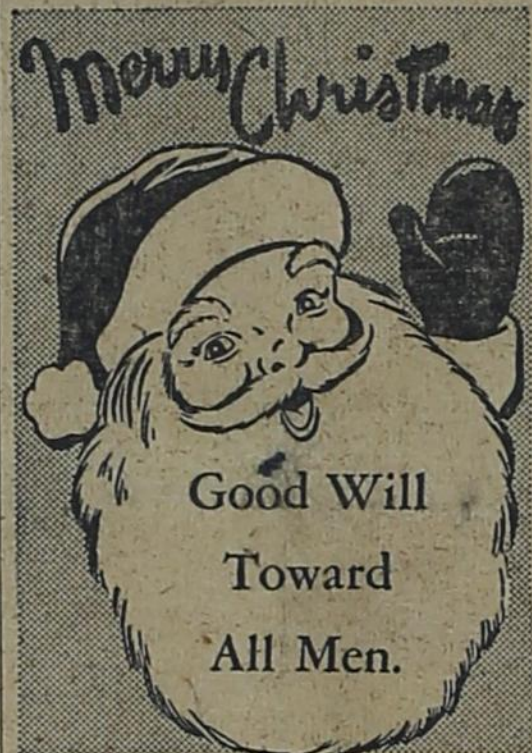
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Phone 160 Gorman



Z. O. Mehaffey Magnolia Pet. Co.



To everyone, everywhere our sincere Best Wishes.

Lo's Beauty Shop

Phone 201 We give United Trading Stamps



Joy to all, and HAPPY HOLIDAY. **CITY TAILOR SHOP** ED CLARK, Owner

Green
 Our wish for you
 A glorious
 Christmas.

and stared bleakly at the fully set dining table. Claus sleigh centerpiece filled with red and white striped candy canes, the sprig of holly at each place setting, the gleaming silver—was it all to be for nothing?

"I'm so terribly sorry," her mother had just said over the phone. "We simply aren't going to be able to make it for Christmas dinner. The roads are just a sheet of ice—"

"Oh, Mother!" Eva had exclaimed. "It won't seem like Christmas at all without you here. And Frank and I were so excited about it being our first time to have the family."

"I knew how disappointed you'd be, Eva," Mother answered. "But Dad says it's just impossible."

"Oh, Frank!" Eva was close to tears. "It's going to seem so queer without Mom and Dad."

"I know how you feel, honey," Frank put an arm around her comfortingly. "And what's more,



"I know how you feel, honey," Frank put an arm around her comfortingly.

what about all that food sitting around in the kitchen?"

"We'll just have to find somebody to eat with us," Eva wiped her eyes and looked thoughtful. "Let's see, can you think of any of our friends here in town who hadn't planned anything special for today?"

"Well," Frank said, "the Springers are eating with his folks, the Albrights left by train yesterday for Detroit, the McCalls—oh, you know as well as I do that everybody's dated up. You just don't

leave Christmas dinner to chance."

"Frank! What about the Aaronsgaards? You know that fisherman and his family who live in the cottage down by the docks?"

"You mean that tall, quiet guy with three or four tow-headed kids?"

"Yes; and I heard someone in the post office yesterday saying they've been having a struggle lately—the river's been so ice-blocked that he can't get his boat out to the lake, and there's nothing coming in for them."

"Honey, that's a swell idea!" Frank agreed heartily. "But what'll we tell them?"

"Why, just the plain truth, that our folks couldn't make it at the last minute and we'd be so glad if they'd substitute for them."

"Maybe they won't believe it," Frank said. "They've got their pride you know, people like that don't want charity."

"Just try anyway, Frank," Eva pleaded. "Go ahead and phone him right now."

"O.K., here goes." And Frank went to the phone.

A minute or two later Frank hung up the receiver and shook his head. "Just what I was afraid of," he sighed. "When I first started to talk, and wished him Merry Christmas he seemed tickled to death that we'd thought of them, but the minute I mentioned the invitation he froze up and said very politely that they had their own plans. He just didn't believe the story."

Eva looked crestfallen. But after a moment's silence she suddenly said, "Let me have that phone," and hastily dialed a number.

"Mr. Aaronsgaard, this is Mrs. Sanderson. We're so sorry you can't come to dinner here, it would have meant a lot to us. But I'm calling this time to ask a favor of you."

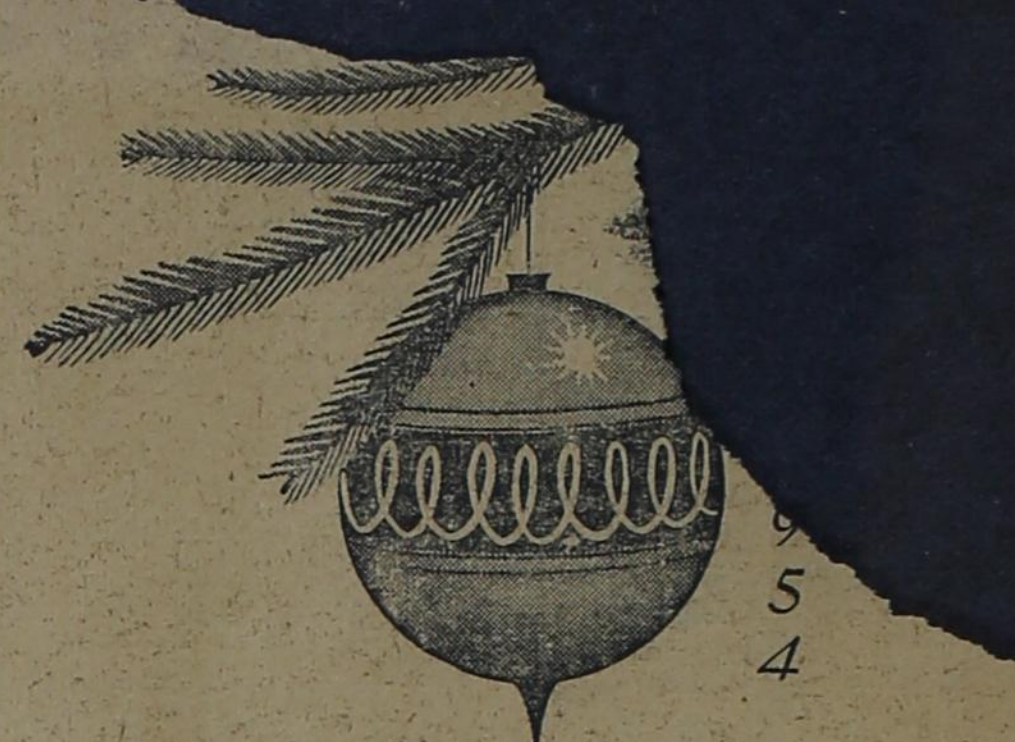
"I understand that you go inland to Brinkville every week or so to deliver some fish orders. I just wonder if, the next time you go, you'd be kind enough to take my family's gifts to them—their farm is right on your way."

"—Yes, all their things are under the tree here. We naturally expected them to pick them up when they came to dinner, but—"

Eva began to smile as she listened, and then said cordially, "Oh, fine, we'll expect all of you at about three o'clock. Good-bye 'til then." And she hung up the receiver.

"They guess they'll come after all, if we don't mind their changing their minds," she reported happily.

"You're a smart little wife if I do say it myself," Frank grinned. "Come on, let's shove that bird in the oven."



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 Boyd Hilley, Manager



EMPIRE SOUTHERN GAS CO.
 RAYFORD BURGESS, District Manager



1954
 To all our friends,
 both old and new.
JAY'S Grocery and Market

NEW YORKER VISITS HERE

New Yorker, Frank Carter, is visiting with his mother, Mrs. Helen Claxton. On Saturday Mrs. Claxton went with him to Brownwood to visit a daughter. She expects to accompany him to Oklahoma during the week to spend Christmas with a second son.

MRS. SANTA . . . She is lovely. This is Miami Beach's version of Mrs. Santa doing her chimney climbing in the warm southland.

BIKINI CHRISTMAS . . . They may not have snow, but it's Christmas in Miami Beach, too. Hilda Esteves gets into the Yule spirit by decorating a pool-side tree. Helper is Ellen Sweet.



Miriam Alvarez and Sally Loesch, employees of the New York Telephone Company, are surrounded by the dolls the workers distributed last year to 95 of New York's charitable institutions. It was one of the largest collections in the annual affair's 35 year history.

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A Hymn Is Born
BY CLINT BONNER

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

The oldest surviving American hymn

There were two Timothy Dwigths, both clergymen, both New Englanders, both Yale presidents. The hymn writer headed the institution from 1795 to 1817. The second changed the college to a university and was its president from 1886 to 1899.

vancing learning and Christianity. An avid Federalist, his chief hate was Thomas Jefferson's doctrine of democratic government. In a Fourth of July oration in 1800 he wailed that mankind was being driven back to a savage state and the country was being run by "block-heads."

Just as Stonewall Jackson held prayer meetings in his classrooms at Virginia Military Institute, so did Timothy Dwight hold revivals in the chapel of Yale. And for good reason. It was an age when everybody was reading Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" and interviews with students revealed only five professed Christians. So President Dwight took to the chapel pulpit and put the fear of God into his pupils.

While teaching oratory, literature, theology, preaching to his students and running business affairs of Yale, Dwight took on the editing of a collection of Isaac Watts' hymns, and though his eyes were weak from smallpox and overwork, he wrote 33 hymns of his own. Thirty-two have been forgotten, but one stands out as the only hymn written in America for the two centuries after the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock that is still in common use.

Like Benjamin Franklin, Timothy Dwight was one of those sturdy early Americans who could do almost anything. He was farmer, clergyman, editor, poet, legislator, orator, business man and teacher. As one of his pupils put it, he was interested in "everything" and his knowledge was "boundless." But his chief love was ad-

Besides making Christians of a spiritually confused student body, Timothy Dwight is best remembered for making three things, a leading institution of a small college, hell for Jeffersonian Democrats and a hymn that promises to live as long as Yale or the party. . . .

I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our Blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,

And graven on Thy hand.
For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest gloriest earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.



"It's More Fun to be SANTA when gifts are Electric!"

You can be an especially happy "Santa" this year . . . and know that you have selected the right gifts for those you love most . . . if you give them gifts that are electric. And best of all, you'll know that the convenience, comfort and lasting pleasure wrapped up in each electric gift will make the spirit of the holidays last long after Christmas is past. There's a wide variety of gifts now on display at stores . . . gifts suitable and wanted by everyone on your Christmas list. Visit stores that sell appliances soon. See the displays of electric appliances that will mean comfort, pleasure and convenience to those on your Christmas list . . . as well as lasting gratitude to you for a considerate and thoughtful gift idea.

FOR A BRIGHTER CHRISTMAS,
Light up your home, inside and out.
Shop now for everything you need for beautiful Christmas lighting!

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Gorman, Texas



215 DEC 45

Like the cherry Christmas candle that spells welcome to all, our holiday wishes shine out to you Merry Christmas!

Mr. and Mrs.
C. O. Alsabrook



A stocking filled with health and prosperity - that's our wish for you, this Yuletide!

A Friend



Our best wishes are on board Santa's sleigh as he spreads good cheer throughout the land. Our best to everyone!

The Walter Steeles



Memo to St. Nick's
Make this the best Christmas yet for all of our friends and neighbors!

Virgie Shaw



Noel, Noel
may your greetings to you and your loved ones mean the brightest Christmas of all.

The John W.
Hendersons



It's an old tune - and a sweet one. May your joys be many this Christmas!

Mr. and Mrs.
Elwood Ragland



Hurry Santa . . . it's time for spreading cheer . . . and time to wish all our friends a Merry Christmas!

Mrs. Eno Patillo
and Karen

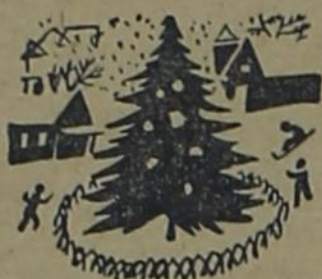
CHRISTMAS



We extend our warmest greetings to you and your family. May you spend the Yuletide season in the merry atmosphere of fine old fashioned Christmas cheer.

The Giff Acres

We join with merry old Kris Kringle in wishing you a delightful package filled with Christmas cheer. We hope you all have the gift of happiness thru the season.



Mr. and Mrs.
J. E. Walker



It's that Time again And we meet the holiday season with a greeting of good cheer for all our friends. May this Yuletide be the merriest ever!

Mr. and Mrs.
Z. O. Mehaffey



We hope your Christmas scene is a picture of joy and happiness. Our best wishes for a holiday season that's abounding with peace and good will.

The Gabe Wrights

Our sincere best wishes to you and your family. May you enjoy all that's good and wonderful - not just through this joyful season, but for all of the years to come.



The Frank Rhymes



May this glorious Christmas season rekindle mankind's faith in Peace and Good Will Toward Men. We extend our well wishes to all of Mammie Clement and

Ozella Pulley

you on this holiday. Carols - Gifts - trees - church - we hope they combine to bring you Happiness this Yuletide season.



Dick and Jeanne
Wynne
Junie, Steve, Becky

Eskimo land to the Congo - it's Christmas, and time to say thanks for all of our blessings - and your friendship



The L. F. Kelloggs



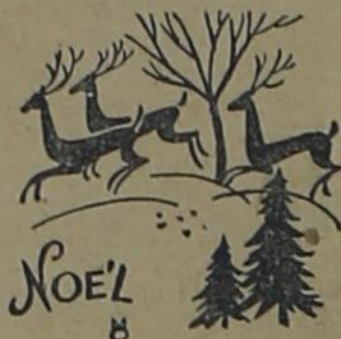
As the three Wise Men once fulfilled their fond hopes, so may all your dreams be answered on this Christmas.

Milton, Lucretia
and Milton, Jr.

Midst the many greetings of the season, here's a special Merry Christmas from every one of us.



The David Goodwins



NOEL

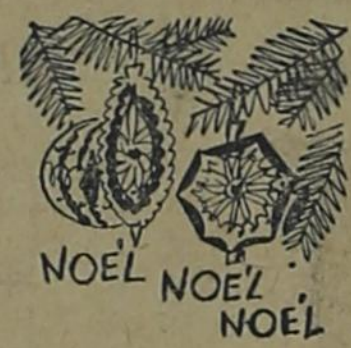
To everyone, everywhere . . . may all the happiness of this joyous season abide with you and yours at Christmas and all through New Year!

The Bramlets



We wish you all a heaping carriage-full of good old fashioned Christmas cheer . . . bringing with it the excitement and joy of a truly delightful Yuletide season! Merry Christmas Everyone!

The Elbert Bennett
Family



NOEL NOEL NOEL

We extend our sincere good wishes to all of our neighbors. May every candle on your tree illuminate a holiday rich in contentment and fellowship.

Mrs. Edna Nunley



Here's to a harmonious Yuletide season - brimming with joy and good cheer. May your future remain in tune with this merry season. Best wishes!

Mr. and Mrs.
Marvin Moore



Our Christmas Greetings to you all may this be a time of cheer, and may the season's good will snowball into a wonderful New Year!

Neal and Mary Clark



We hope that Santa brings you all the joys your heart desires. May every wished-for gift bring you and yours a full measure of happiness.

Mr. and Mrs.
Denman Stanfield
(South America)



As the Christmas season bows in and the joy of good fellowship fills our hearts, we express our sincerest desire that your fondest dreams come true. A happy Yuletide to all.

Mr. and Mrs.
Barton Eppler



That very special time of year is here so we will just hop aboard Santa's sleigh and shout good cheer to all for a jolly Yuletide.

Kay Ann Craddock



May you enjoy smooth sailing in '55 with a full cargo of everything good that life has to offer. A Merry Christmas to you and yours!

The Ed Harrisons



We gladly chime in with ol' St. Nick to extend to you and those you love our most sincere wish for a joyous Christmas!

Dr. and Mrs.
W. M. Brogdon
and Nan

May a full measure of Holiday cheer be yours throughout the coming year. Have the merriest Christmas ever, chock-full of life's blessings.

Ross and Rowena
Wilson



Straight from the shoulder, right from our heart, we take time out from the Holiday season to wish everyone a Merry Christmas.

Bernice Jeffs

May the Christmas bells ring in a season bubbling with happiness and good cheer. We send our heartiest Christmas greetings to all of our many friends.

The Frossards



As the spirit of Christmas fills the air we wish all of our friends a gladsome Noel and the best New Year ever.

The Glynn Kirks



Cheerfully we join these spirited Christmas carolers to sing out our warmest wish that all may have a joyous Holiday season.

The Thurman Jays

May the true spirit of Christmas glow in your heart and lead you into a New Year richly endowed with the blessings of peace and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter
Hart and Family



HAPPY NEW YEAR

WISHES



All of us here want to extend all of you - our good friends and neighbors - sincere wishes for a happy holiday, filled with warmth and cheer and hearty fellowship

The Harry Maupins



The air is filled with the magical spirit of the Yuletide. And our hearts are filled with sincere good wishes for all of our friends and neighbors!

Goodloe Baker



A gaily trimmed evergreen... exciting packages... a well-filled stocking... the presence of friends & family, resounding good cheers all this we wish for you at Christmas!

The A. D. Eakers and Tana



Merry Christmas everyone! We hope this jolly Yuletide season will herald many a day filled with joy-rich in contentment - for you and yours.

The Hilley Family



As the bells hail the coming of the Yuletide season, we pause to extend our wishes to our friends everywhere for a healthy, happy year to come.

Lorena Clark

Echoing through the land... joyous chants of hope and cheer. May we join the ringing chorus in wishing you and your loved ones all the warmth and merriment the season offers

The E. E. Todds



During this special season... we wish you special pleasures the warmth of your hearth, the presence of your dear ones, the spirit of good cheer, good will and fellowship that is Christmas.

The I C Underwoods



A big bundle of Yuletide happiness is our wish for all our friends and neighbors May Santa supply all your hearts' desires!

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Collins & Family



O night divine... when a hush of peace and reverence falls over the world as gently as snowflakes. May the season bring you all its blessings - for now and always.

The J O Thompsons



BEST WISHES FOR CHRISTMAS

Bright as candle-glow... warm as your family gathering 'round the hearth... may this Holiday Season fulfill your fondest hopes. May its light remain with you always.

The Leroy Cowans

Hooray! It's the Holiday Express... and it's bringing a full carload of our best holiday wishes to all our friends and patrons!

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nicholls



Our holiday wish for all our friends and neighbors. May your one Yuletide be as bright as holly berries... as everlastingly beautiful as its ever-green leaves.

The W. C. Emersons

A good old-fashioned Yuletide is our wish for all our friends and neighbors. May your holiday be a happy one, filled with gay surprises and hearty fellowship.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Mehaffey



The Hulon Pulligs

Gay as the decorations on your Christmas tree are the wishes we extend to all of you this Season. May your Holiday be a merry one!

The Dick Jays

Hi there! We're just peeking in to say a quick hello and to wish you and your family the brightest merriest, most heart-warming Holiday Season ever!

Let us in humble spirit of the shepherds, find renewed inspiration in the message of Christmas

Grace and Ben R. Townley



As brightly as the Star of Bethlehem on that Holy Night, may the true spirit of Christmas shine in your heart with our day season and always

The "Buck" Foster's



May the true meaning of Christmas lift your heart with courage, and bring you and yours renewed spiritual strength for the new year.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Shell and Children



On this joyful and triumphant day, let us refresh our souls with the angel's message... "on earth peace, good will toward men."

The W. C. Browning Family



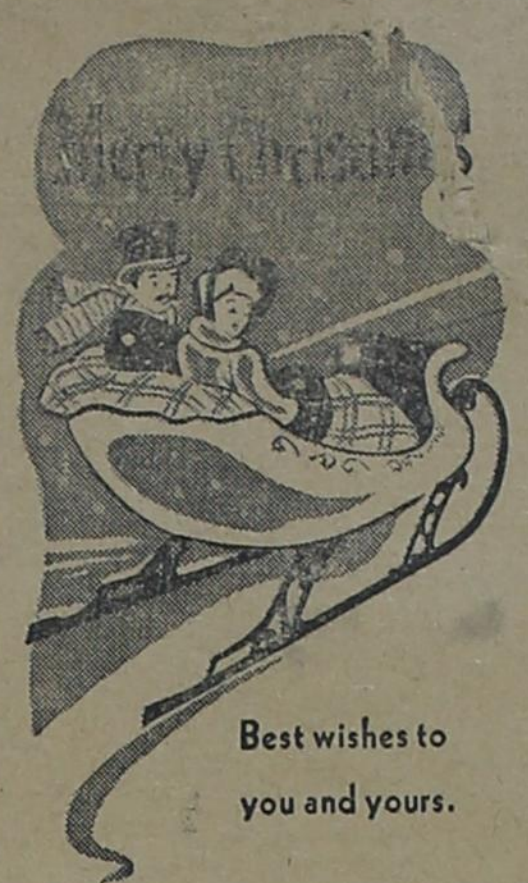
Christmas begins in our hearts May its bright and shining message be a guiding beacon through all the days of our years.

The M. F. Bostons

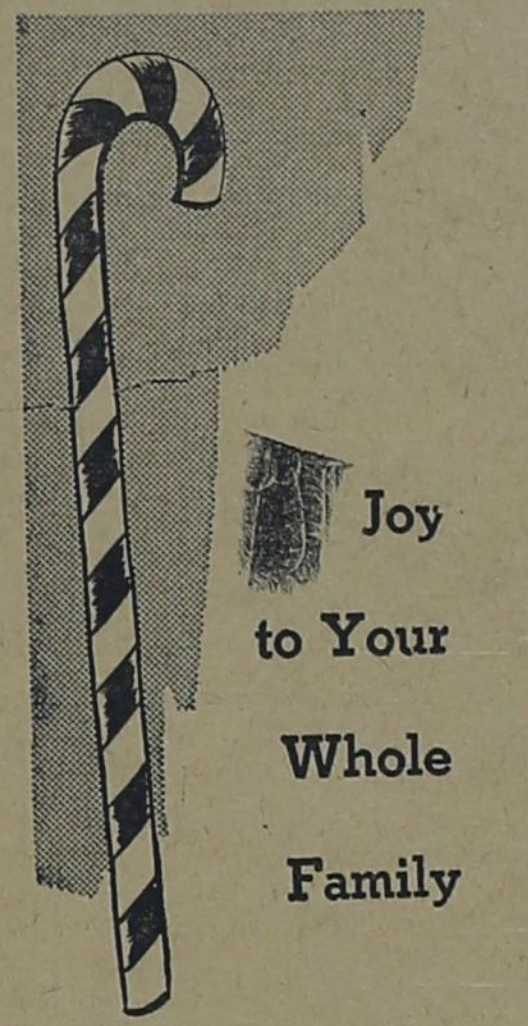


As we pay homage to the birth of the Christ child, we humbly give thanks for the blessings bestowed upon us by His coming and the inspiration of His message of peace and goodwill.

The John Kimbles



GLEN MEHAFFEY Rural Life Insurance



C. C. CAPERS WELDING SHOP



GORMAN IMPLEMENT CO.



PRESTON FLORIST

When the Leaves Begin to Fall - it's time to begin thinking of the close of the harvest season and the beginning of another year. To our many customers and friends who collectively have made this year's business one of the best in our 32-year history, we wish to express our sincere gratitude. And in so doing we renew our pledge to a constant effort of improvement and expansion of our equipment and facilities to the end that you will have here all the answers to a complete abstract service.

EARL BENDER & CO. EASTLAND (ABSTRACTING SINCE 1923) TEXAS

It's Christmas! May the True, Tender Meaning of the First Christmas Come to You This Year 1954



WANT ADS MARKET-PLACE OF MILLIONS...

NOTICE - We do first class renovating on mattresses. We make new cotton and innerspring mattresses. Pritchard Mattress Factory. Phone 3841, De Leon, Texas. We pick up and deliver fn

DEAD ANIMAL SERVICE - Hamilton Rendering Co. - Free and Sure - Call Collect Phone 303, Hamilton, Texas fn

FOR DOZER WORK see SCHUMAN and VANCE, De Leon, Texas. Brush Pushing, Tanks and Sub-Soil Plowing. 12-18fn

If you are sick see your doctor. If your watch is sick see Elbert Denton. fn

Mattresses Rebuilt - Have your old mattress made like a new, beautiful interspring mattress. Prices are reasonable, work guaranteed. Eppler Furniture Store of Gorman, Representing Summers and Son Mattress Company of Stephenville. fn

To Be A Pleased and Satisfied watch repair customer is to take Your Watch to Irvin J. Taber for Repairs, Irvin J. Taber, Watchmaker, Mehaffey Drug. 2-25fn

FOR SALE - My home - 4 large rooms, all modern conveniences. Gene Wright. See Gabe Wright at Wright Garage. 9-9-fn

FOR SALE - My home. All modern conveniences. 3 bed-room and 2 baths. Phone 175. C. T. Cole, Gorman.

HOLIDAY SPECIAL - Parakeet and cage, only \$6.98. All colors in birds. Crown Cages. Jackie Don Wheeler. 12-22c

HOLIDAY SPECIAL - Parakeet and cage, only \$6.98. All colors in birds. Crown cages. Mrs. Troy Johnson. 12-22p

If I have left any unpaid accounts creditors may reach me, Box 351, Route 9, San Antonio. Folks unable to pay me before I moved may reach me at the same address. Harvey Parker.

FOR SALE - Ideal home for folks wishing to live close in. 4 rooms and bath. 1 1/2 block to grocery, 2 blocks to main street. Inquire at Maupin Service Station. 12-23p

FOR SALE - Eldon Shipman house on Winkler St. across and down street from Ben R. Townley home. 4 rooms and bath. See Floyd Gowan. 12-23p

FOR RENT - Modern furnished apartment. W. D. Harper. fn



GREETINGS

Peace and contentment be yours this Christmas.



GREETINGS

May Santa fulfill all your hopes.

THOMASON GROCERY

STACY HUMBLE STATION

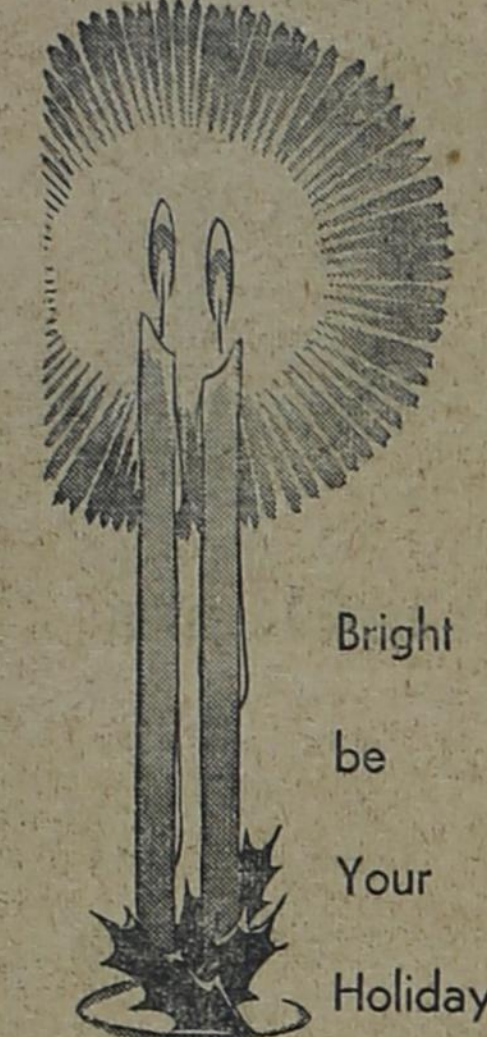
Merry Christmas

TO ONE AND ALL, MAY WE SAY THANKS FOR YOUR PATRONAGE AND FRIENDSHIP.



1954

H. R. MASON Insurance Agency



Bright be Your Holiday

JIM UNDERWOOD Grocery and Market



CHRISTMAS SPIRIT . . . Full of Yule good fellowship, "Bingie" tries to arouse some ditto in the feline heart of "Ginger." Ginger, goodwill season or not, can't get over her distrust of dogs.

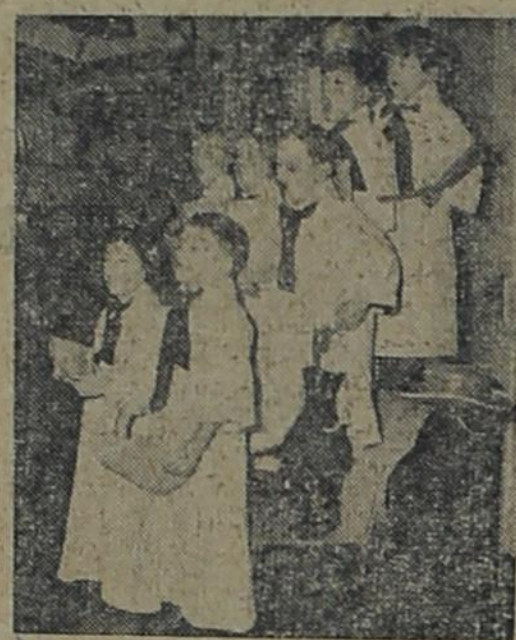
Yule Seal Idea Was From Denmark

This year millions of Americans have received a letter from their local chapter of the National Tuberculosis association containing Christmas seals, the seasonal reminder of the never-ending fight to stamp out the disease.

The idea was conceived by a Danish postal clerk. He thought of the idea in 1903 while mailing Christmas packages and letters.

The clerk was Einar Holboell. He mentioned it to his fellow workers and they decided it would be a great help in defraying the cost of fighting tuberculosis. The idea reached King Christian, who approved, and the image of Queen Louise was placed on the first seals in 1904.

Jacob Riis, Danish-born American, heard about the idea and sold it to the American public in 1907 through a magazine article. A Red Cross worker, Miss Emily Bissell, started the first American sales that year.



ANGELS WITHOUT WINGS . . . In the Children's Aid Society Jones Center, all was calm as the call for rehearsal of carols was sounded. The little angels without wings took their places, with one moppet sporting a black eye. He couldn't resist reaching under his cassock to be sure his treasured gun and holster were still there.

DOUBLE CHRISTMAS

By Lillace M. Mitchell
EVERYONE in the club thought it an excellent and unique idea: double Christmas! Wonderful! Two connecting rooms which would accommodate any number of members and guests—one room a really modern Christmas tree, the other an old-fashioned tree.

"All right, then," laughed the president when the clamor had died down. "It's voted, definitely. Now, for the two committees to handle the two trees. I'd like volunteers. I know how busy everyone is at this time of year and if I may have volunteers, I shan't be imposing on anyone."

Unfortunately, all those who volunteered wanted to trim the modern tree. No one offered to take the old-fashioned tree in the old-fashioned room. Linda Marby was almost as astonished as anyone when she said she would be responsible for it.

Outside in the clear, cool night she wondered why she had offered. She was a stranger in this community and knew no young men who would put up the thirty-foot tree for her. A teacher of freshman English in a small high school does not meet many young men.

At last she decided to let the putting-up of the tree wait and get the ornaments ready: mostly homemade, the Christmas committee had told her: something like pioneer life, the tree must be. So she went into a grocery store and asked for popcorn. It was the same answer in five stores: usual-



"Popcorn!" his voice and blue eyes were both incredulous. "First time I ever saw a young lady running around in the dark for popcorn!"

ly they had an excess of popcorn but now they were entirely out.

Linda Lou was getting panicky. Stricken by half past eight that night.

At nearly nine o'clock she saw a man in a small grocery store window reach up to pull out the light. "Oh, wait, wait, please," she said breathlessly as she pushed open the big door.

"Well, you must be really hungry!" laughed the tall, dark young man teasingly. "What'll it be?"

"Popcorn!" she said. "Popcorn!" his voice and blue eyes were both incredulous. "First time I ever saw a young lady running around in the dark for popcorn!"

So Linda told him all about the old-fashioned tree and how she had been unable to buy any popcorn which must be popped and strung and ready for the tree.

"They gave you little enough time," he grumbled as he went back to the shelf. "Whoever heard of getting up a thing like that in one day! I'd best help you, I think. I'll pop tomorrow morning while you are in your school."

"But your job here?" "Oh, this isn't any job. I'm a newspaper photographer. Just came down to visit my aunt and uncle and helped out in the store while they went for a visit with a sick friend. Seems rather strange, doesn't it? I got time off which was unusual. Came down here although I could have gone for the holidays to any one of a dozen places. You offered to trim a tree. I have the popcorn—" he hesitated.

"—and you offer to pop it." Linda Lou added in her breathless fashion. "Why—it's like a story, almost. Isn't it?" "It certainly is," he agreed, smoothing his black hair back as he stared down at her. "Now I never wrote a story in my life but I have noticed that in the stories, it all ends happily."

Linda felt the color rising in her cheeks.

"Well, I'm sure it will make a very happy ending if that tree is up and trimmed in time for the party, the Christmas party—"

"Ah, now, don't just use words to drag this out. Christmas party, indeed! Of course, they don't use Christmas trees at any time except Christmas. Well, I'll get the tree up and pop the corn and we'll color it pink. How does that sound?"

"It sounds wonderful," she murmured.

"Yes, the whole thing sounds wonderful to me, too. With maybe a bit of mistletoe on a long, high branch."

Linda Lou only nodded. It seemed a part of a huge pattern, she thought. A pattern marked MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Miss D...
Lougene R...
night and att...
ices at Cheane...
ing.

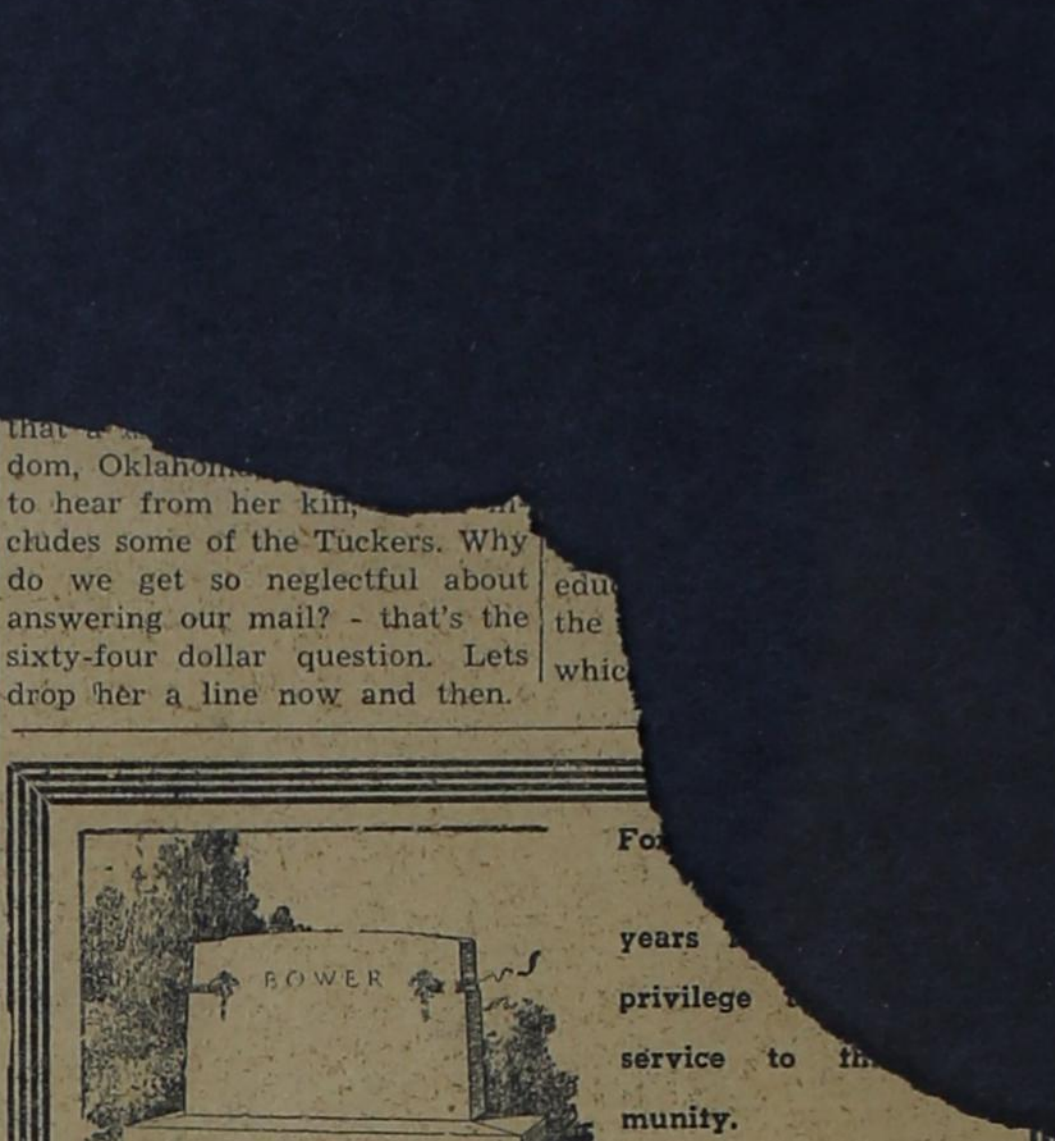
La Tonne is the...
Mr. and Mrs. Clydell Lewis of Gorman, Route 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Odie Smith of Cleburne made a short visit in the John Love home last week. The Smiths are old acquaintances of the Loves.

Ernest F. Dean of Odessa spent Thursday and Friday in the home of his uncle, A. H. Dean, and Mrs. Dean. He was on his way to visit his mother, Mrs. B. F. Dean, in Red Springs, Texas.

Mrs. Sarah Wilson was the victim of a freak accident while visiting in South Texas recently. She had an old time copy of the Bible - - a huge volume like the one which graced the homes many years ago - - in her arms when she accidentally fell. In falling, her arm suffered a severe strain and deep bruises, because of the weight of the volume, but the arm was not broken. Today's report is that her arm is much better.

Alton Perrin and family are at home on the Hattox place, near



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5c lb. TAKE YOUR PICK
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Gorman, Texas

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Merry Christmas



And may this be your most joyous Noel.

1954

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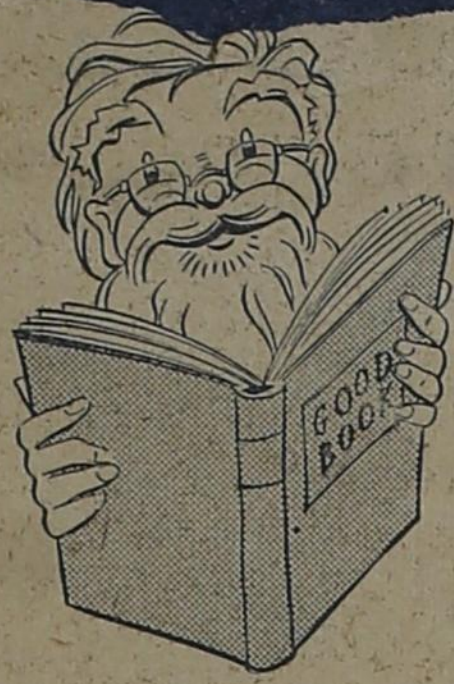
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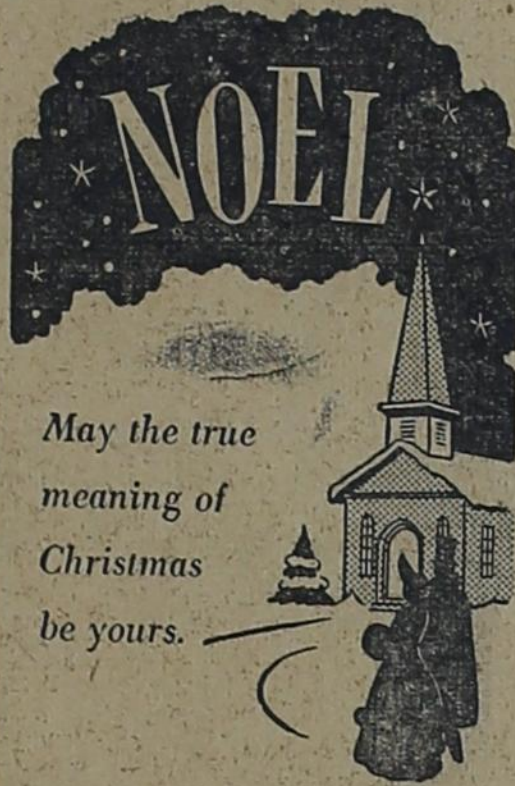
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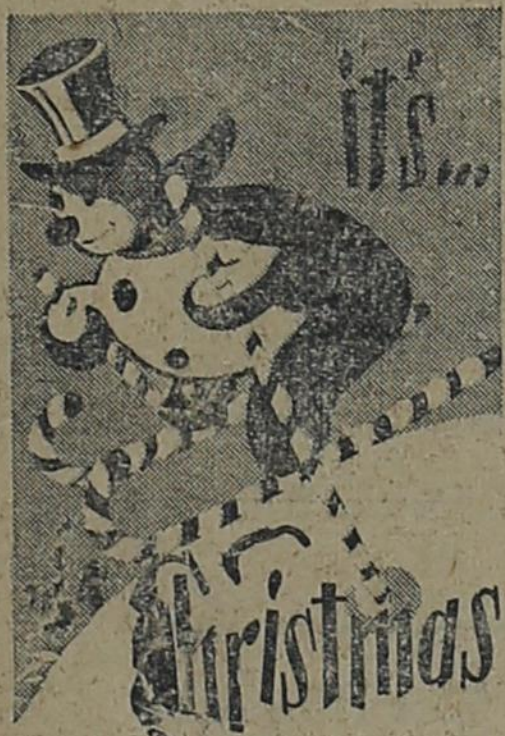


W. G. BAKER



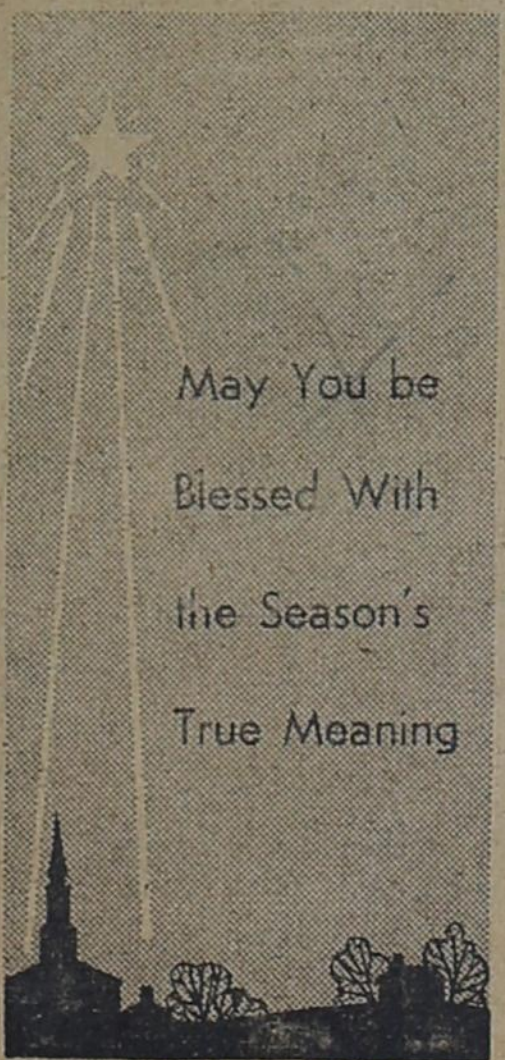
May the true meaning of Christmas be yours.

EAVES' GARAGE



We send you greetings and best wishes.

EPPLER'S FURNITURE



May You be Blessed With the Season's True Meaning

SOUTHSIDE BLACKSMITH & WELDING SHOP

Jerry laid the work on her desk.

"I'm sorry to rush you, Ann," he said, "but this should be finished by three this afternoon. Banes will drop by for it."

His voice was gentle; it implied sincerity of his regret in putting the rush work before her. There was no doubt of it, Ann thought.

"Shall we go now, Jerry?" Beth Jenkins spoke at her shoulder.

"If you wish," Jerry said. Ann kept her eyes on her work. She heard them close the office door.

They were going across the street to Tony's for a smoke and coffee.

With the sound of their steps fading into silence, Ann stopped working and looked idly at her hands. From somewhere along the street below Silent Night came softly from a radio, and she heard a venter chant, "Holly . . . mistletoe . . . cheap. Just two days till Christmas . . ."

Snow fell softly past the office windows, making a little mound on the sills. She had wanted a white Christmas. And until last week, she thought, I had planned on having a happy Christmas. With Mom, her kid brothers Joe and Bill, Aunt Sissy and Uncle Reems, Christmas had always seemed complete before. Aunt Sissy and Uncle Reems lived with them, and they were together on Christmas.

And somehow there had never been anyone outside the little circle that Ann cared to share



"I'm sorry to rush you, Ann," he said, "but this should be finished by three this afternoon."

their fun with. Not anyone she was interested in. But now—

There was no use denying her

thoughts about Jerry Laws. He disturbed her the moment he stepped into the office last week as new manager of Rankin Real Estate and Loans. And in spite of her effort to push him out of her mind he had occupied her thoughts since. With Beth Jenkins working there too, she knew it was folly to think of him. Beth had a way with men.

Beth was working only until she could find someone who would give her a ring and a home. She used her salary to buy expensive clothes to set off her blond attractiveness. While I, Ann thought, fill a man's place at home. It took money for Mom, Joe and Bill. Any money left over from her salary had to be saved for a rainy day, and when she bought something new to wear it had to be conservative.

I can't compete, simply can't, Ann thought. Why, then, do I keep thinking of him? She heard the venter's chant on the street again and she thought, he'll buy her something for Christmas. This is only the beginning—for Beth.

She checked her thoughts with the sound of their returning steps on the stairs and turned to her work, grateful that she had so much to do. She wouldn't have time to think.

Shortly before three o'clock she walked into Jerry's office with the finished work.

She smiled and laid the work on his desk. "I hope I've made no errors, Jerry," she said.

"You haven't. Thanks, Ann," he said.

She turned from his desk.

"Ann—"

Ann turned back reluctantly. "Yes?" If he was going to praise her for her efficiency, she didn't want to hear it! It had been all right from others before Jerry, but from Jerry—

"Ann—" he repeated, "you know, I suppose, that this should have been Beth's work."

"No, I didn't know," Ann said, and a little wave of anger went over her. Tears stung her eyes. She was hurt.

He had made her a goat for Beth!

Jerry smiled. "I discovered soon after I came," he said, "that you'd be the one I'd have to depend on for important work. And I discovered, too, something else. Someday I'll tell you, Ann, there's a grand Christmas show this evening at the Alden. May I take you?"

For a second Ann didn't answer. When finally she said, "I'd love to go," she could have sworn the venter's chant coming from the street was not "Holly . . . mistletoe . . . cheap . . ."—it was, "Happy Christmas . . . happy Christmas!"

Merry Christmas



And our best wishes

for a happy holiday

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GORMAN PROGRESS

Published on Thursday at Gorman Eastland County, Texas. Entered as Second Class Mail at the Postoffice at Gorman, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

EUGENE (Gene) BAKER

Owner-Publisher

LUCRETIA FAIRBETTER, Editor

JOE BENNETT, Shop Foreman

Local, Trade Territory—\$2.00 Yr. Six Months or Less—\$1.50 Out of Trade Territory \$2.50 Yr.



HAPPY HOLIDAY . . . A parade makes it a happy holiday for children. Every year Macy's of New York has a gigantic pre-Christmas parade. Here excited youngsters watch the gay spectacle. They are having the time of their lives and the scene will be repeated in hundreds of towns throughout the country this Christmas season.



To all our customers

this holiday season.

1954



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Farm Machinery and Supplies
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Christmas Greetings

For Our Community

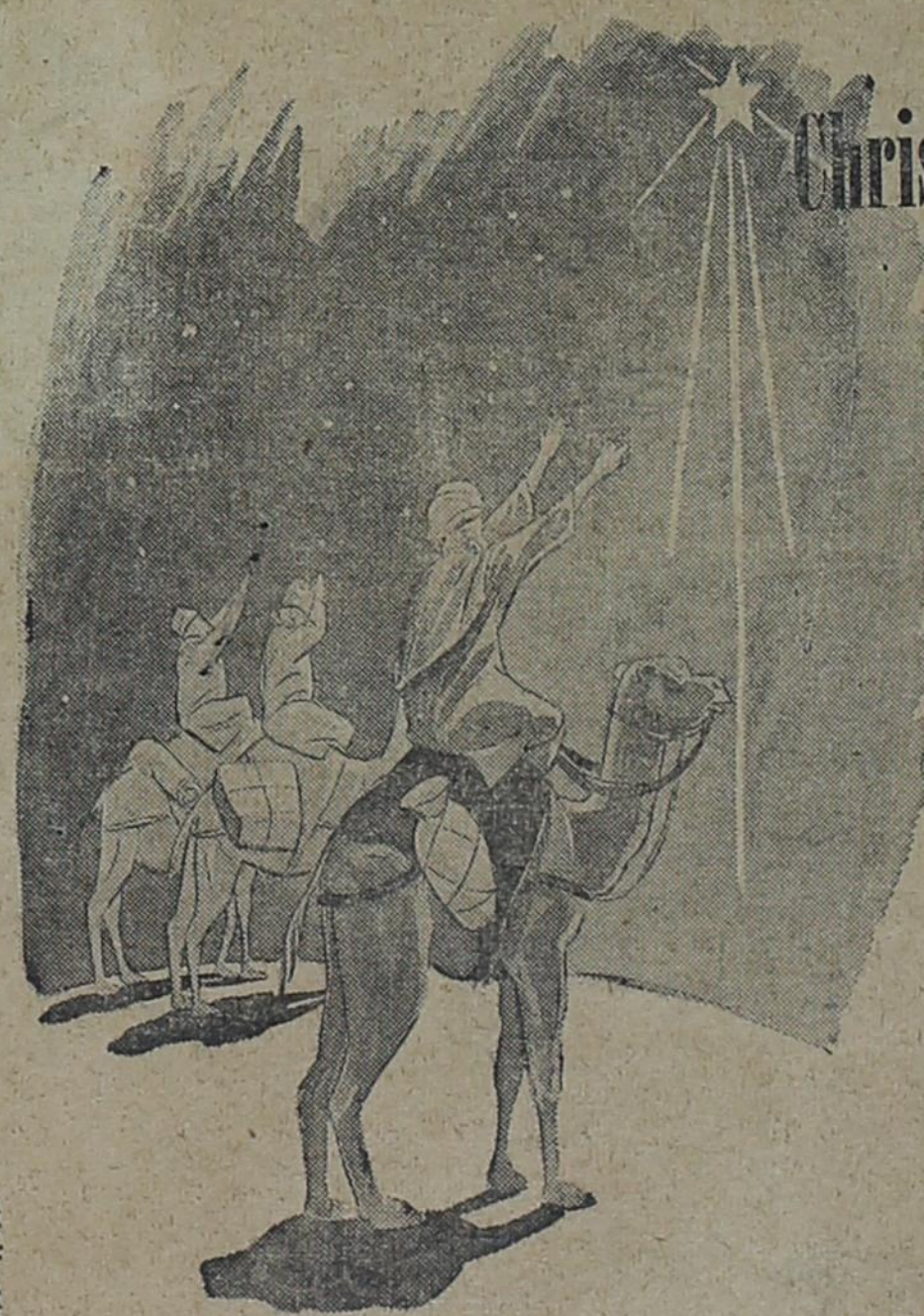
We Wish

the Blessings

of the

First Christmas

1954



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Merry Christmas

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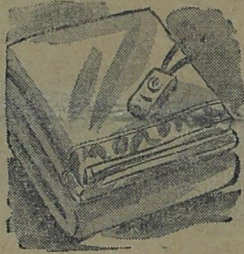
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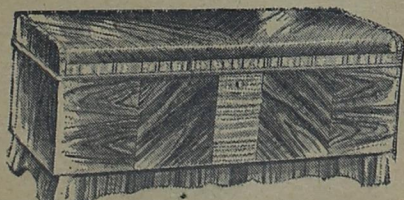


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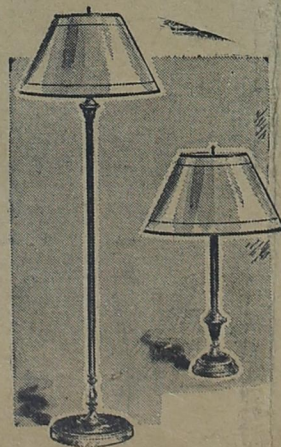


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