

IF IT'S NEWS IN BOVINA, YOU'LL FIND IT IN THE BLADE.

The Bovina Blade

THE NEWSPAPER THAT WORKS FOR A BIGGER, BETTER BOVINA.

The Agricultural Center Of Parmer County

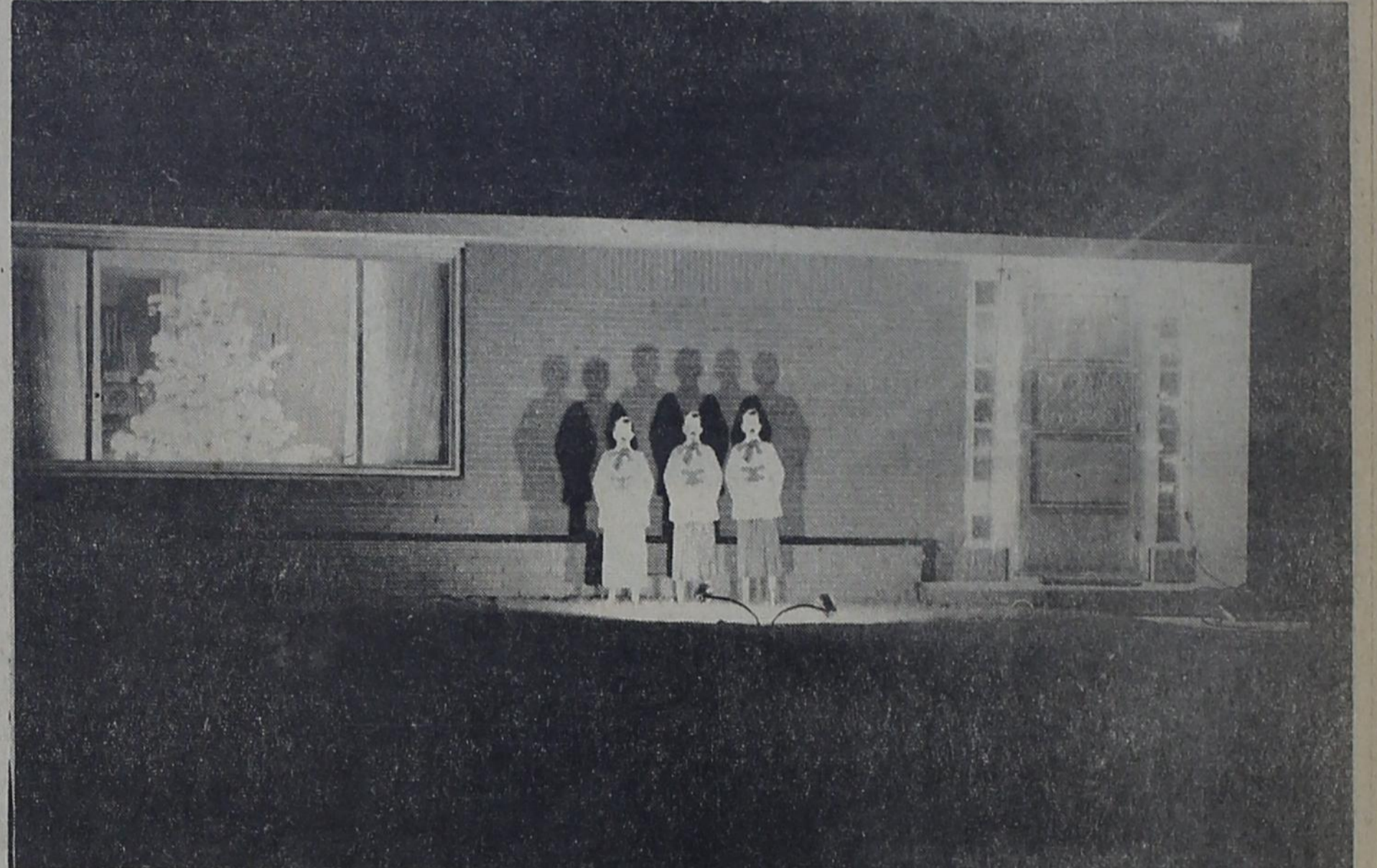
BOVINA, TEXAS

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1958

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 27



HOME DECORATION CONTEST WINNER---Santa, a sleigh full of toys, a gaily decorated Christmas tree and the sign "Merry Christmas" won first prize in the Bovina Jaycees Home



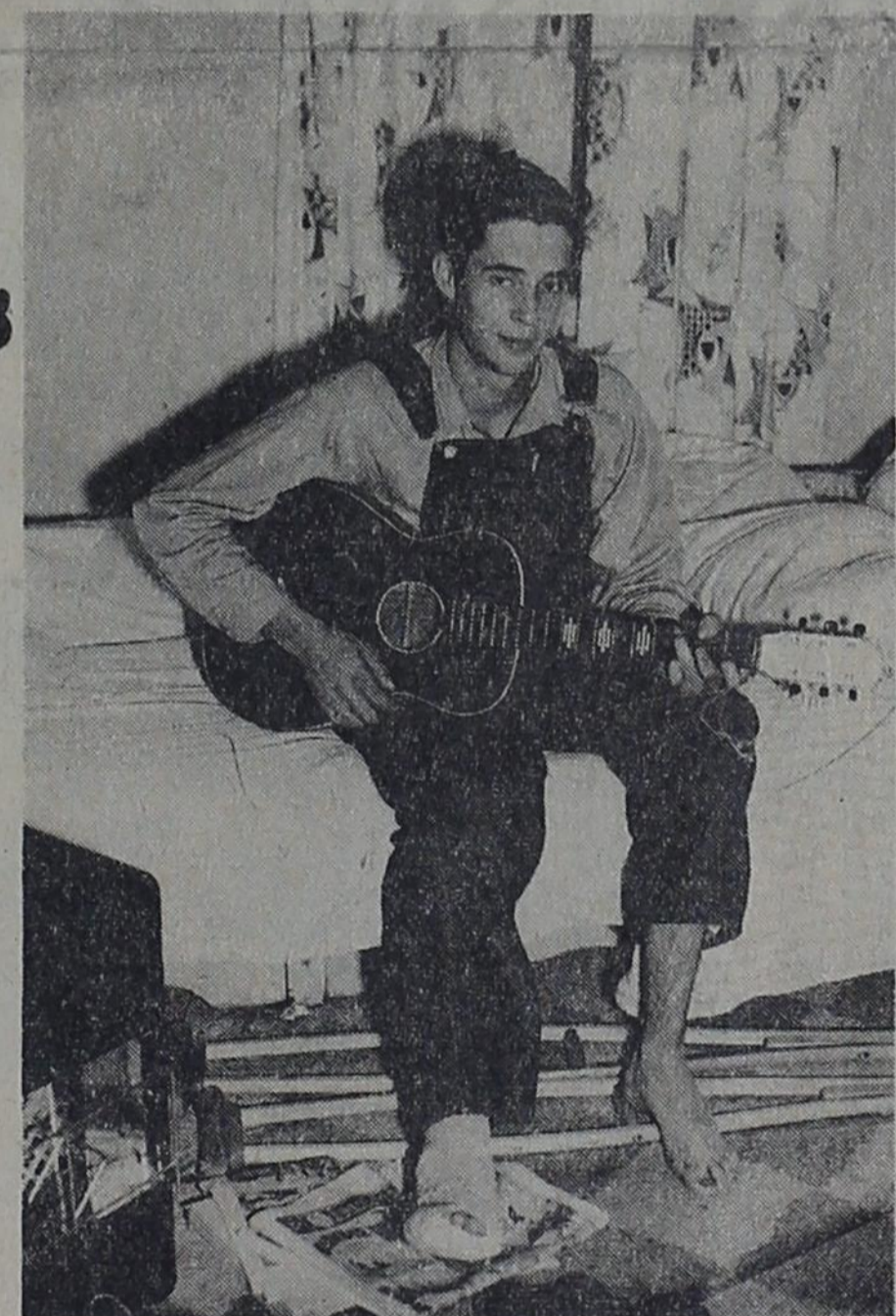
SECOND PLACE IN DECORATION CONTEST---Three carol singers in front of the O. W. Rhinehart home in Bovina won second place in the Jaycees decoration contest. The judges declared the tree in the window "the prettiest in town."

Judges' Decision Tough In Decoration Contest

A tough decision in choosing the second place winner highlighted the annual judging trip of Bovina Jaycees Home Decoration Contest in 1958. A total of eight entries were judged. Pictured above are the first and second place winners of Mrs. Buck Ellison and Mrs. O. W. Rhinehart. Getting honorable mention in the contest were the homes of Mrs. L. C. Moore, and D. R. Bushnell. Mrs. Moore's home had reindeer in front of a string of lights, and Bushnell's had reindeer and Santa approaching the roof of the house. Other entries were Mrs. Elton Venable, Mrs. Denis Acker, Mrs. Pat Read, and Mrs. M. B. Jones. "We as Jaycees would like to express our congratulation to the winners and other entries who are certainly to be commended for making their homes display more Christmas atmosphere," says Tom Bonds, president of Jaycees. "The community as a whole is a winner when people like you make such an effort to make Bovina a more beautiful town during this season of the year," he says.

Mike O'Hair Narrowly Escapes Cotton Stripper

Mike O'Hair waited a painful two hours Friday afternoon for someone to come to his aid--he needed help in freeing his right leg from the clutching rollers of a mechanical cotton stripper. And about 400 yards away was a fairly heavily traveled highway.



WAS LUCKY IN COTTON STRIPPER ACCIDENT---Mike O'Hair, 18, is one of the luckiest young men around Bovina. However, his right ankle was broken, and leg was gashed by a cotton stripper Friday, but no permanent damage to the leg or ankle is expected. Mike strums his guitar at home after being released from the hospital. He was caught in the stripper about 3 p.m. Friday, and waited helplessly for two hours before aid came.

About 5:15 p.m. Tom Griffith came to check on how Mike was progressing with the cotton stripper. Griffith disengaged a chain drive to the rollers, and turned the machine backward enough to pull Mike's leg from a heavy

engineer's boot. It was on Griffith's farm three miles south of Bovina that Mike was operating the stripper. Doctors at Parmer County Community Hospital in Friona where O'Hair was taken found a broken ankle bone, and a severe cut above the ankle. The heavy engineer's boot is credited with both helping and hindering in the accident. The heel of the boot lodged in the roller and started the safety clutch to slip. The thick leather also prevented a more severe cut from being inflicted, O'Hair says.

But as the machine grabbed O'Hair's leg, quick action on Mike's part saved the leg from a harsh mangling. He jerked spark plug wires loose, killing the tractor motor, and stopping the stripper. By the time the machine stopped, Mike's limb was in the machine up to his waist, caught by the lower part of his leg. He could move only the upper part of his body, as his left leg was cramped against the machine.

The engineer's boot is partially blamed for causing O'Hair to get caught in the stripper as he tried to kick trash from the machine. "It was the first time I had worn them, and they were a little awkward to me," he says. O'Hair, nimble 18-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred O'Hair, was a champion high jumper last year on the Bovina track team. He once cleared a 5'9" bar at the district track meet last

year, winning first place. He placed second in the bi-district meet. His leg in a cast, the young farm worker will probably be on crutches for the next six weeks or longer. But doctors do not think any serious permanent damage was done.

WEATHER BY WILLIE

Very little chance for a white Christmas. Willie

A. C. Teter Sentenced Two Years Phone Book Out

New telephone directory for Bovina is being distributed this week. "The new directory is bigger and better than ever," says R. E. Saunders, district manager for the General Telephone Company of the Southwest, "with more names, more Yellow Pages, and more information." Saunders has this suggestion about the replacement of your old directory: "Leaf through the old book. You may find something valuable in it."

A. C. Teter, former manager of Bovina Wheat Growers, was sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary in District Court Friday. Teter pled guilty to two charges of embezzlement and one charge of theft. Bill Street, special district judge was on the bench. The case was tried without a jury. Teter was actually sentenced to six years--two years on each of the three charges, but the sentence was for concurrent years. GUEST OF MARTINS Mrs. W. C. Starr of Toyah is visiting in the home of Mrs. Mary Ruth Martin over the Christmas holidays. She is sister of Mrs. Martin.

Mayor Proclaims 26th Holiday

After contacting many of the business people of the community Mayor J. E. Sherrill Jr., has proclaimed the day after Christmas, Friday, December 26, a holiday. In issuing the proclamation, Sherrill said he felt it would comply with the wishes of the majority of the business people here. The proclamation: WHEREAS the Christmas season is a gay and festive, yet meaningful time of the year, and, WHEREAS, a majority of Bovina business people have made known the fact they are in favor of having more than Christmas Day as a holiday to observe the Yuletide season and, WHEREAS, the 26th day of December is the day following Christmas day now, THEREFORE, I, J. E. Sherrill Jr., Mayor of the City of Bovina, do hereby proclaim December 26 an official holiday in the city of Bovina, and I call on my fellow citizens to join me in observing this date as a part of the Christmas season and ask Bovina businesses to close on that date.

Sealed, J. E. SHERRILL JR., Mayor, City of Bovina

THE Blunt Edge by LELAND BOYD

Merry Christmas Leland & Bonnah

Dear "E" Clause, I would like to have a dolly, a choo choo and some dishes. Don't forget my daddy. I have tried to be good nearly all the time. Love and candy canes, Brenda Charles

Cherry To Address Bovina Exes Saturday

W. O. Cherry of Lorenzo will address Bovina ex-students and teachers at the group's annual banquet Saturday, Dec. 27. Cherry is a former superintendent of Bovina schools, and now is superintendent at Lorenzo. The banquet will begin at 6:30 p.m. in the school cafeteria. Howard Ellison, president of the exes urges all former students and teachers to attend. Cards have been mailed to all persons whose address was available, but even though a card was not sent to a few of the ex-students, they are encouraged to attend, according to

Ellison. Plates for the banquet will be \$2.00. A program consisting of a few musical numbers is being prepared by Mrs. Carolyn Foster, program chairman.

A short program is planned, so the group can dismiss early, reports Ellison. He says that classes often like to get together away from the other classes represented, and the short program will offer the opportunity to do this. Besides Ellison, other of-

ficers are Mrs. Joyce Hammonds, secretary; H. J. Charlesmonds, secretary; H. J. Charles, treasurer, and Thomas Rhodes, vice-president. Mrs. Louis Marot heads the decoration committee, and Mrs. Mary Richards is in charge of food. At last year's banquet 97 exes were present, and officers are hoping to have a good turnout this year. Maybe there'll be more than a 100 present this year, he says. Ellison stresses that younger exes are surely welcome, and hopes they will be there and join in the activities.

Seeks Mule Owner

A rare animal in Parmer County nowadays--a lowly mule--is giving Fred O'Hair a bit of trouble. The mule adopted O'Hair's farm, south of Bovina, as its home, and O'Hair wants to find the owner of the animal. The mule appeared at the O'Hair farm about a week ago. "It eats as much feed as a cow does, and unless I find the owner soon, I'll be out of feed for my milk cow," says O'Hair. The mule is a 850-900 pound mare, and is fully shod. The color is dark brown. He is having a want ad published this week calling on the owner to come get the mule. O'Hair lives six miles south, one mile east and one-half mile south of Bovina.

Gene Ezell, Champion Texas Corn Grower

A whopping 136.4 bushels of corn per acre has won Gene Ezell first place in Texas among entries of the 1958 DeKalb Hybrid Corn contest. Ezell was notified of the accomplishment this week by J. T. Hammonds, Hammonds is the local DeKalb dealer. Ezell, who farms four miles east and one mile south of Bovina, credits a generous supply of fertilizer with the high yield. He fertilized the crop of DeKalb 1002 variety with 60 pounds of anhydrous ammonia before planting, and when the corn was about knee-high, sidedressed with another dose of ammonia --115 lbs. per acre. Planting date of the corn was April 20. Also going into producing the crop was plenty of Parmer County irrigation water. Ezell watered five times. "It is the best corn I have ever grown," he admits. Last year I had corn that yielded more than 80 bushels per acre. I noticed last year's corn turning yellow from lack of nitrogen during the later days of its maturity, so I remembered that when I started to fertilize this crop." Another factor that might have affected the yield is that the plot where it was planted has been "broke out" only five years, he says. The yield was calculated according to a state formula, using five acres to determine the yield. When the corn was matured, Hammonds and Roy Crawford, Bovina vocational agriculture instructor, picked spots in the five acre plot according to specifications, weighed the corn, and determined the moisture

content. Neither Ezell nor Hammonds has been notified of the prize he is to be awarded for producing the most corn per acre of any entered in the DeKalb Five acre contest in Texas. However, Hammonds assures that a prize in keeping with the achievement will be awarded.

"The fellows that I hired to pick the corn commented on how good it was," Ezell says. One of them remarked that "we pulled corn in some awful good yielding patches, but this is the best we've ever had anything to do with," the farmer says. Ezell, besides farming, is also Bovina's Postmaster.



GENE EZELL, CHAMPION OF TEXAS CORN GROWERS

Local Artist Likes Face Painting Best



Mrs. Donalita Hawkins, a local artist, painted the above ten-foot high scenes from the life of Christ for a special ceremony at the First Baptist Church of Bovina. Painting the scenes on strips of newsprint, she spent the larger portion of a week at the project.

a type of chalk. Pastels are one of Donalita's favorite forms of painting, as the softened texture and lines that can be wrought with them are both easy to accomplish and pleasing to the eye. Charcoals, for much the same reason, are also a favorite with Mrs. Hawkins. As for formal training in her chosen art, Donalita has had but a mere touch. Several years ago, when she was living in Fort Worth prior to her marriage, she took a "few" lessons and also took a course in the same line; dress designing. Her marriage cut the courses short, but she has continued to paint and the training she received then is still being put to good use.

Faces are her favorite subject for paintings, says Donalita. There, in the face of any real or imaginary person, she can dwell deep into the personality behind the face. Her interest therein makes for a desire which she hopes someday to fill; that of painting her own children.

Like many mothers, though, Mrs. Hawkins finds little time to follow out her hobby, and has thus far never found the time to put her children's likenesses down on canvas. "For one thing," Donalita says, "Catching them now is a major problem, and holding them still long enough to even catch an idea of a pose is even harder." She does hope to be able to paint them while they are still small.

When asked about modern art and her impression of this form, Mrs. Hawkins hesitated for only a minute before reporting that "some she liked—some she doesn't." In its place, modern art can be both attractive and interesting. However, Mrs. Hawkins feels that a person can enjoy modern art better if one is educated to it.

Along with her hobby; or maybe as part of it, Donalita has done several of the "paint by number" pictures that are so popular today. Again, here her preference for objects and people shows up and one striking example is a ballerina which she painted some time ago.

She also enjoys doing occasional jobs of hand lettering for advertisements, etc., and also textile paintings. In fact, she reports, anything that is accomplished with paints and colors is vitally interesting to her.

The inherited talent goes even farther, Donalita reports. She feels that her children have "some amount" of talent along the painting line and is very happy that this is so. She is confident that her children, like her brothers and their families, will have a little of her mother's talent. And with their talent, they, like Donalita and her mother, will be a blessing to those around them who enjoy artistry of "any and all sorts."

FRUIT CAKE COOKIES

Mrs. Warren Embree, well known in Bovina for her unusual and tasty dishes, contributed the following recipe for fruit cake cookies. She said that she had had the recipe for about ten years and had never made a fruit cake since she started making these cookies. From sampling the finished product, one can well understand why.

Cream:
1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
Add:
two well beaten eggs
Dissolve:
1 1/2 teaspoons soda in
1 1/2 tablespoons milk
and add to other mixture.

Sift together:
1 1/2 cups flour
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
and add all to wet mixture
Add:
1 pound dates, chopped fine
1 pound pecan halves or very coarsely chopped
1 pound whole candied cherries
1/2 pound finely chopped candied pineapple and
1 wineglass of brandy or coffee.

Drop by spoonfuls onto a cookie sheet, bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Mrs. Embree says that many fruit juices, (she recommends grape juice) will take the place of the brandy. This recipe makes about seven dozen cookies, about 3" across when baked. They should be treated much like a fruit cake, being allowed to mellow in a closed container. Flavors will be excellent at the end of even a six month period.

Letters To Santa

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a microscope and a speedometer for my bicycle.
Jimmy Clark

Dear Santa Claus,
My name is Margaret Ann Minter and I am two years old. I would like to have a pair of red cowboy boots, a record player, a doll, toy saxophone and a play ironing board. I have been a good girl. I live at 109, Dimmitt Road.

With Love,
Margaret Ann

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl who will be two years old on New Year's Day. My baby brother is five months old. I would be very happy if you brought me a doll and a tricycle, and Terry likes little rubber toys.

Love,
Debra Carol and Terry Stanberry

Dear Santa,
I am a little girl nine years old. I would like you to bring me a record player—first choice, if it isn't too expensive. But a second choice, I would like some candy, fruit, nuts and firecrackers too. Please be good to all the other children in the world. Thank you.
Love,
Davela Ann Edens

Dear Santa Claus,
I am a little girl seven years old. Will you please bring me a baby doll with jointed arms and legs and wears size one baby clothes. One of the dolls mama saw in Amarillo will be nice. I would like some candy, nuts, fruit and gum.

Be good to all boys and girls.
Love,
Patricia Edens

Dear Santa,
I am a little girl eight years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a typewriter, candy, gum and nuts.

Your friend,
Shirley May Putman

Dear Santa,
I am a little girl 11 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me some dishes, candy, fruit and nuts.

Your friend,
Hilda
Dear Santa Claus.
Please bring me a doll, set of dishes and a washing machine. I have been a good girl.
Sincerely yours,
Beatrice Hernandez

Merry Christmas

We extend sincere good wishes to each of you for the Holiday Season. We invite your continual patronage—it will be a true pleasure to serve you in the future... and in the meantime, please accept our wish that Christmas will be joyful for you and yours.

Pink Patio Beauty Salon

Mrs. Fannie Hudson owner-operator
Dorothy Smith operator

"Complete Beauty Care - Service"

May there come to you at this Christmas time all the precious things of life—health, happiness and enduring friendships.

Merry Christmas

HAMMONDS ELECTRIC

Q. M. Hammonds

Season's Greetings

TO EACH OF OUR MANY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

Roy Fuller's '66' Station
The Roy Fullers

May we pause for a moment at this Happy Holiday Season and wish for you and yours an abundance of good cheer.

We trust you will think of us as your friend and neighbor... and may we take this opportunity to express again our gratitude for your patronage during the past year... and our pledge to strive to merit your good will in the years to come.

Merry Christmas

THREE WAY CHEMICAL CO.

Cecil Osborne Ed Hutto J. W. Harris

Season's Greetings

A special delight of the holiday season is the opportunity it brings to exchange greetings and good wishes with all our friends. We thoroughly enjoy the friendly relationship we have with you, our customers, and we'd like to express our gratitude for your valued patronage. A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

BOVINA FARM CHEMICAL

TROY FULLER owner BOVINA, TEXAS SAM BOOKOUT sales representative

Christmas Edition

IT'S A BOY
Mr. and Mrs. Leon Grissom became the parents of a son, Jeffery Mark, Monday morning, December 15, in Parmer County Community Hospital in Friona. The little boy weighed

8 1/2 pounds. Mother and baby were dismissed from the hospital Thursday.

Paternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Grissom of Bovina and maternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jolly of Plainview.

Christmas Greetings

Running Water Draw Report

Dear Editor,
My wife, Lizzy, is in a fix. Every day when I goes to the mail box, and gets a Christmas card, Lizzy is frantic until she can see who we got a card from, worried that someone sent us a card that she ain't sent one to.

I'll be glad when Christmas is done passed on this account.
Yours truly,
A. A. Dry

Student Night To Be Sunday

Jack Jeter, pastor of the Bovina First Baptist Church, announced plans this week for a student night at the church Sunday. The program will con-

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sist of a number of personal testimonies of students regarding their spiritual experiences at college. The services will begin at 7:30 p.m.

Students who already plan to participate include French Crook, Dick Horn and James Stevens. All the youth of Bovina are invited, says Jeter. The program is an annual feature of the Christmas holidays in the local church.

Dear Santa,
I would like to have a bicycle, some guns, and a farm set. Please bring me some candy and nuts too. I have been a good boy. Remember the other boys and girls.
I love you,
Jackie Hall

Dear Santa,
I am a big girl seven years old and I wish you would bring

me a doll house, a ring and a real watch. My brother, Greg, wants a watch and a dump truck. We have tried to be good.
Love,
Karen Ann Bell

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl three years old and I love you very much. Thank you for the candy you gave me last Saturday. For Christmas, I would like a doll, a clown and a doll buggy.
Please don't forget all the other boys and girls.
Thank you,
Kim Langer

Money may not buy happiness but it sure helps you to look for it in more interesting places.

Party Held for Teachers

Members of the faculty of Bovina Public Schools and affiliated employees were guests Friday morning for a breakfast held in the new home of Mrs. Loucile Foster. A social of this sort is an annual part of the pre-Christmas festivities at the school. However, this is the first year that it has been held in a home.

Mrs. Dorothy Ware assisted Mrs. Foster with the preparations and serving. The breakfast menu featured ham, scrambled eggs, blueberry muffins, coffee, and hot tea. The guests were served cafeteria style and were seated at foursome tables.

Mrs. Foster's home was decorated throughout to complement the season and the serving table was graced with a centerpiece of shaded varicolored mums, flanked by a pair of engraved tapers. The guests had drawn names for gifts earlier in the week and an exchange of those gifts was the climax of the morning's activities.

Those present included Mrs. Bonnah Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crawford, Mrs. Dorothy Donaldson, Mrs. Pearl Dodson, Mrs. Myrna Hammonds, Miss Grace Paul, Mrs. Hazel Rigdon, Charles Don Smith, W. Wayne Stevens, Mrs. Fleta Terry, Mrs. Eunice Thornton, and Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Willis.

Others were Roy Whisler, Mrs. Leola Williams, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Laney, Don Stark, Cecil Dikes, Warren Morton, Mrs. Patsy Edens, Wess Smith and Mrs. Ellen Estes and the hostesses.

Local Features

RICKY STANBERRY INJURED

There are some days, feels 18 month old Ricky Stanberry, that it just doesn't pay to get up. What started out like any other ordinary day recently, turned into a nightmare of

bumps and bites.

Thursday, December 11, Ricky fell down the basement stairs at a friend's home and broke his left collarbone. That wasn't enough, so he had himself dog bit. Neither injury is too very serious.

Letters to Santa

IT'S A BOY

Mr. and Mrs. James Boardman became parents of a son, Jesse Ross Boardman, Sunday afternoon at Clovis Memorial Hospital. Their new son weighed 7 pounds and 5 ounces.

CHRISTMAS Greetings

May the intimate peace of Christmas morning be encircled with the warmth and glow of the Christmas spirit... peace of heart akin to the spirit of the Holy Season. And so, best wishes for you on this birthday of a tiny Babe who brought peace and hope to this world two thousand years ago.



To All Our Friends & Customers
POWELL HOME & AUTO

APPLIANCES--TELEVISION, RADIO SALES & SERVICE

THE DENIS ACKERS

Merry Christmas to all of our Bovina Friends. We miss you a lot.

Aubrey, June & Tim Rhodes

Friona



OUR BEST

Christmas

WISHES

WILLIAMS MERCANTILE CO.

PIONEERS IN BOVINA

W. E. WILLIAMS

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Bicero Smith LUMBER COMPANY

J. E. Sherrill, Jr.

Pat Sherrill

Robert Reed

We Wish You a Merry Christmas



Our sincere wish is that you and your family may know all the old-fashioned, yet ever new, joys of the season. Merry Christmas!

WARREN AUTO SUPPLY

The C. P. Warrens

Nice Selection - Big & Small - (Buggys only \$5.00)

Reduced to Clear
DOLLS 1/2 PRICE

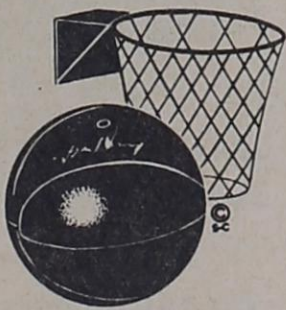
PETERS

SHOTGUN SHELLS

FILL THE HUNTER'S STOCKING WITH THESE VALUES...

10% OFF

ALL SIZES



Basket Ball Set

with official size and wt. ball and goal

\$5.49

ball only ...\$4.00

STUFFED ANIMALS

gift priced!

18" Heavily constructed
Cement Mixer

Outfits Junior for the Contracting business

\$8.50

SCORES OF FINE

Tractors, Trucks, Draglines, etc.

Electric Train Set 8 UNITS

back-forward control a real value!

Regularly \$77.95

\$65.00

Astronomical Telescope

precision lens with mount

40 power **\$14.50**

Everything for Young Spacemen

Space Helmet **\$3.98**

GUIDED Missile Carrier **\$9.98**



Satellite Launcher

• TRUCK MOUNTED sends space stations high with a spinning motion complete **\$4.98**

38Pc. Tea Set

nice selection for little misses...Break Resistant Dishes, Stainless Steel Knives, forks, spoons, Service for 6

\$2.98

Little Lady

Kitchen Range

It Really Heats ...

\$9.98

Little Lady **Washing Machine** roller and gyator action

\$2.98

Airline Stewardess Set

2 pc. Luggage beautifully made, in gift package

\$5.00

Battery Operated

Lighted Baton \$2.19

Huge Assortment

of games for the youngsters

gift priced!

LAST MINUTE
GIFT TIPS

FROM

Bicero Smith LUMBER COMPANY

Phone AD 8-2671

Bovina

• FREE GIFT WRAPPING

Our Toy Department Is

STILL LOADED WITH WONDERFUL

GIFTS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

INCLUDE OUR TOY DEPARTMENT

ON YOUR SHOPPING TRIP.



Study Club Has "Husbands Night"

Husbands of members of the Bovina Woman's Study Club were special guests Thursday evening of last week for the club's annual Christmas supper. The meal, a combination of salads contributed by all members of the organization, was served cafeteria style and the members and their guests sat at foursome tables.

The serving table was overlaid with a white linen cloth and the centerpiece was an arrangement of white tapors, surrounded by blue Christmas balls and silver "leaves." Hostess for the evening were members of the social committee. Mrs. I. W. Quickel served as chairman, pro-tem, and others on

the committee were Mrs. Bud Crump, Mrs. Charles A. Ross, Mrs. A. B. Wilkinson.

Informal games of "42" were played and were followed by group singing of numerous Christmas carols. Mrs. Mary Ruth Martin was at the piano.

Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Quickel, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Macon, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Rouel Barron, Mrs. Ovid Lawlis, Mrs. J. R. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Sudderth and Mrs. Ross.

Others were Mr. and Mrs. Amos Steelman, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd C. Battey, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Crump.

Letters to Santa

Dear Santa Claus,
I am a little boy three years old. I have tried to be good, but sometimes it is awful hard. I would like for you to bring me a farm set, a cattle truck, a record player and a road grader. Please bring Connie, my little sister, a doll and a teddy bear.
We love you Santa,
Mike Ware

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 8 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a gun and a rifle, fruit, candy, gum, nuts and fireworks.
Your friend,
Danny

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 8 years old. I have tried to be good. Please bring me a B B gun.
Your friend,
Mike

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy three and a half years old and I can't write so I asked my mommy to write for me. I have a little brother that is five-months-old and he can't write either and can't talk, so please bring him some toys. Please bring me a firetruck, a set of "Gun-smoke" guns and a badge. Remember all the other little boys and girls. Thank you and I love you,
Bennie McCain
5 miles west of Bovina

Dear Santa,
I want an electric train with switch tracks. I want some cavalry men too. And my little sister wants an ironing board with an iron. And my little baby brother wants a tricycle. I will have cookies and milk for you.
Your friend,
Marvin Lee Readhimer

Dear Santa,
Would you please try and bring me 1. gun set; 2. bubble gum machine; 3. cowboy boots; 4. army set; 5. cash register; 6. blackboard; 7. carpenter set; 8. doctor set; 9. cards; 10. football; 11. small camera; 12. football suit; 13. basketball and goal; 14. glove, bat and ball; 15. stuffed cat and mess kit. Any of these will do. Thank you Santa.
Love,
Stephen Sherrill

Merry Christmas
BOVINA ELECTRIC
Odis White Prop.



Hurry To Get In On
These Last Minute Specials —
Tues. - Wed. & Sat.
Dec. 23, 24, 27

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

When the Christmas season approaches it seems that daily living gains momentum . . . and we too are caught wishing a few days more were left so we could tend to things at a more leisurely pace . . . like expressing our appreciation to each of you. We do appreciate your shopping in our store, and our fondest hope is that you enjoy the many conveniences we provide for food shoppers.

However, when you come to our store you are not "just another shopper," but we recognize you as a neighbor . . . a friend . . . a fine person to have in the community and area. We enjoy doing business with you.

So the time rapidly approaches when we celebrate Christ's birth. We extend to you and yours our wish that Christmas in 1958 finds you well, happy, and in the best of spirits for the holiday season.

From all the folks at Wilson's Super Market

Mr. & Mrs. A. M. Wilson Don Hooper J. A. Loflin

Double Gunn Bros. Stamps
Tuesday & Wednesday

With \$2.50 Purchase or More!

MEATS

TURKEYS

Palo Dura Hens
6 to 12 lb. avg.

3 to 4 lb. avg.
49¢ HENS lb 35¢

CUDAHY
Bacon Square lb. 29¢

SANDY'S
Brick Chili lb. 29¢

Fresh Ground

HAMS Pinkney Sunray
LB WHOLE **55¢**

SHANK HALF lb 55¢
BUTT HALF lb 59¢

HAMBURGER lb 49¢

Shurfine 7 3/4 oz. jar
Stuffed Olives 49¢

EGG NOG quart **69¢**

MISSION FIGS Black or White 12 oz. box **35¢**

Texas Selected 6 oz. pkg.
Shelled Pecans 49¢

Shurfine 12 oz. jar
Strawberry Preserves 33¢

Shurfine All Green Cut
Asparagus Spears No 300 can 25¢

White or Dark 1 1/2 lb. bottle
Karo Syrup 25¢

Reynolds
Aluminum Foil 25 ft. roll 29¢

Shurfine Whole No 303 can
Green Beans 25¢

Shurfine Strained 300 can
Cranberry Sauce 20¢

Soffin White
Toilet Tissue 12 Rolls 89¢

Sun Maid
Raisins 15 oz. box 35¢

Bakers 1/4 lb. pkg
German Chocolate 2 for 49¢

Blue Plate 8 oz. can
Cove Oysters 49¢

Bakers Southern Style 4 oz can
Coconut or Angel Flake 3 1/2 oz can 25¢

Supreme Honey 1 lb. box
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Chocolate Chip Dainties 12 oz. pkg 49¢

Hipolite
Marshmallow Cream Pt. Jar 25¢

Pet Ritz 24 oz.
FROZEN MINCE PIES 49¢

Pinkney Sunray 2 LB PKG
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SHURFINE
3 LB CAN **69¢**

COFFEE

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LB **79¢**

PRODUCE

Washington Extra Fancy
APPLES 20 LB. Box \$2.65

Dole Fancy Sliced
Pineapple 33¢

Fancy Calif. Pascal
Celery lb 10¢

Shurfine Small Whole
Sweet Potatoes 23¢

Sweet Potatoes lb 12 1/2¢

CRANBERRIES 1 lb window box ea. 29¢

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SUPER MARKET

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PARMER COUNTY'S FINEST

Bovina

Greetings

To everybody... everywhere...
we wish you a most pleasant
Christmas season... one
which will long be treasured by
you and yours. And for your
business since last Christmas,
our sincere thanks.



GAINES HARDWARE

"Nothing Knocks on Bovina
But Opportunity"



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

TO EACH OF OUR LOYAL FRIENDS

BONDS OIL CO.

DISTRIBUTOR— GULF OIL CORP.

BOVINA, TEXAS

TOM M. BONDS

Mail Carrier-Mrs. Moore-Is Like Santa, Makes Friends on Route

By Sally Whitesides
Automatically slipping the red flag from its upright, attention-getting position, Mrs. L. C. Moore smoothly opened the rural mail box, extracted a letter, counted the change for stamps and placed the letter in a small steel box at her feet.

Each day, sometimes a hundred times a day, Mrs. Moore goes through this same procedure. She is the official carrier for the rural mail route in the Bovina area.

Sixty-nine miles and 120 mail boxes are under her service six days a week. Taking to the country roads about nine o'clock each morning, Monday through Saturday, Mrs. Moore, with her husband to help her, covers her route in from two to three hours; depending upon the seasonal load, weather conditions and the infrequent delays caused by transportation trouble.

First under this list is seasonal load. At this time of year, the Christmas season, Mrs. Moore's car often resembles Santa's pack, for sure; with packages coming and going to and from all parts of the world. During the rest of the year, Mondays are her "heaviest" days, she reports, which makes up for the none delivery on Sunday. Tuesday is as slack a day as she ever has but the load begins to rise for the rest of the week. Often, on Monday, she will be out an hour longer than she will be on Tuesday. Another reason for this is that on Sunday afternoon, any number of people take time out to work on their correspondence and these rural people want their letters mailed.

Weather also is a hazard which can demolish any idea of systematic timing for a mail

carrier. Fortunately, the weather of West Texas is predominantly very cooperative, but, as Mrs. Moore says, "There are days -- and then again, there are OTHER days." Sandstorms, naturally, are her most frequent weather agitation and the hazard of driving in blinding dirt is fully realized by the local lady.

Snow rarely gets so bad that Mrs. Moore doesn't "get through", but the muddy aftermath of either a rainfall or blizzard certainly causes her trouble. "People are good, though," remarks Mrs. Moore gaily, "several of these farmers along the way have helped me out of mudholes more times than either of us can count and I've never been completely stranded for very long; they always see me or hear me or something and out they come." Her cheerful smile and ready "hi!" for everyone just may be the reason that everyone in the area is ready and willing to assist her when she needs it.

Mechanical failures have been few for Mrs. Moore. She drives a "mail car," most of the time, leaving the family car at home. The rough roads beat a car to pieces within a few years and only this fall did she start using the "good car" to any extent. Most of her trouble, Mrs. Moore frankly admits is an empty gas tank --and she readily admits that that is no one's fault but her own for not checking before leaving town. She did have a clutch to "go out in a mud-hole" one time; that delayed her terribly. She has become proficient at changing tires, with or without Mr. Moore's assistance; (seems he's not with me the days I have flats, she mused) and she has also received an education of sorts

about other automotive mysteries.

Mrs. Moore has been carrying the mail "off and on" for about twelve years now. She first started out as a substitute for Mr. and Mrs. Red Gaines who then held the contract with the United States Postal Department. Harry J. Charles was awarded the contract in the late 1940's and Mrs. Moore acted as alternate driver for Charles' wife for a number of years. Mrs. Moore became full time carrier six years ago and, at the present

time, she has no alternate. However, Charles still holds the contract and Mrs. Moore is actually an employee of his.

An "alternate" is like the back on a parlor chair; actually very rarely used, but a comfort to the person just because it's there. An alternate's duty is to carry the mail in case of illness of the full-time driver; his or her family and also during his or her vacation. Mr. Wilbur Charles drove route last summer while Mrs. Moore vacationed--by the way, her vaca-

tion was of the driving variety. Talk about a busman's holiday!

There are a number of times during the year that the rural mail carrier gets a day off, for instance, New Year's Day, George Washington's birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Veteran's Day, Thanksgiving and Christmas

Days. She also receives a week's paid vacation each year.

A gay and charming person, Mrs. Moore has made numerous friends along her route, many of whom she has never seen. And, with their friendship with her, cooperation on both sides makes the work that much more enjoyable for Mrs. Moore.

Stories of Christmas were used by members of the Bovina Widows' Club Thursday when they met for their regular, monthly meeting in the home of Mrs. Margaret Caldwell. A covered dish luncheon was served at noon and Mrs. Pearl Hastings was in charge of the afternoon program.

Gifts of the Wise Men is a story telling of the which the gifts of gold, incense and myrrh were. The group closed the meeting by singing "Silent Night." Mrs. Caldwell at the

Attending were Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Della F. Lucy Wilson, Mrs. Mrs. Ida McSpadden, Mrs. nie McCutchan, Miss Remansider, Mrs. Eva G. Mrs. Lillian Wheeler, Bessie Caldwell, Mrs. and the hostesses, Mrs. Margaret Caldwell and Miss Caldwell.

MUSTANG THEATER

Bringing tops in entertainment

Wishes our many friends & patrons...



SCOTT LEVINS

We hope your holiday will be filled to overflowing with joy and happiness.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

By this means we say, "thank you" to all our customers and friends. It has been good to serve you. We hope you have a joyous Christmas.



Joe Wilson

Aubrey Brock

WILSON--BROCK Insurance Agency

"All Kinds of Insurance"

WANT ADS

FARM BUREAU INSURANCE, Dividends currently 15 percent on fire and 33% on auto and 30% on farm employment liability. 7 1/2 to 23% on life. Save. Raymond Euler, agent, Phone 3521 Friona, 619 Main Street. 26 tnc

Will have nice offices in Bovina available about January 1, for business and professional people. Contact Louis Marot, phone ADams 8-4861. 25-tnc

WINES
PRODUCE
Ayres Feeds

2 Bedroom house for sale--built only 3 1/2 years ago, good location on Oklahoma Lane road in Bovina city limits. For details see Thomas Rhodes, AD 8-2012, Bovina 27 3tc

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our appreciation for the floral offerings, the many cards, kind deeds and the warm expressions of sympathy to us in our time of sorrow at the loss of our loved one.

May God's richest blessings be with each of you.
Mr. and Mrs. Norvell Strawn and Family 27-1tc

WE HAVE BUYERS FOR Farmer County Land. If you wish to sell--Call us Collect. Bovina Real Estate and Insurance Telephone, ADams 8-4382. 24-tnc

Before you buy a diamond, investigate our direct import plan. We act as your agent and import diamonds direct from the world's largest source. You can save over 50 percent and the quality and size of the diamond you buy is certified by the Belgium government.
THE GREAT WESTERN CO.
Bovina, Texas

Richards
Slaughter House
"We Butcher Anytime"
Ph. AD 8-2971

FOR SALE: One child's crib and mattress, large size, in excellent condition. One blond coffee table, a small, round, livingroom table, a Domestic sewing machine and a nursery chair. Contact Mrs. Tom Griffith, ADams 8-2001. 26-2tc

WANTED:
WHEAT PASTURE
BY TRIPLETT FEEDING CO.
Day Phone ADams 8-2711
Night, ADams 8-2581
Bovina 16-tnc

For Lubbock Avalanche Journal delivery, call ADams 8-2012. In Bovina city limits only. Butch Woltmon. 27-3tp

FOUND: A mule, wt. 850 to 900 lbs., brown color, fully shod. Owner identify, pay for feed and this ad. Fred O'Hair, 6 miles south, 1 mile east, and 1/2 mile south of Bovina. 27 1tc



Heading our Christmas list is the wish that your Holiday Season will be the brightest you have ever known. To you all -- A Very Merry Christmas!

Officers

- L. M. GRISSOM, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
- WARREN EMBREE, PRESIDENT
- JOE B. TEMPLE, VICE-PRESIDENT
- ALFRED MOODY, CASHIER



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- WARREN EMBREE
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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF BOVINA

Member Federal Reserve System

My Trunk of Memories

BY SALLY WHITESIDES

The stairs were harder to climb this year and, by their very steepness, I can realize again that this mission towards memories is telling me my age more than the lines on my face do. But this trip, into the attic in search of memories of other days, is part of my Christmas present to myself each year.

Here, in this old trunk, lie the chapters of a story told by the days of my life. Each "chapter" tells of times, trials, happiness and heartaches. These chapters are like those written in each life and here I am, reliving mine while there are so many who are still building their books of life.

Oh, the glory of Christmas. I cannot remember a time that it hasn't held, in one way or another, a special place within my heart. And, being of a family who treasures moments of all occasions and being further fortunate by having this old attic and my Christmas trunk; I am truly rich. My riches are simple--a group of old shoes, all packed carefully away in this old trunk. None of them are new; all are more than well-worn; some mildewed now to the point that they really should be destroyed. But throw them away? I can't, because now they are more than ever a part of me.

For instance, here is a pair of dainty black patent leathers with a slightly tarnished buckle on each toe. I wore these shoes the first Christmas that I learned what the season really should mean. Before that, I had had "Santa" to think about, but the year I wore these, Mother and Father took me to see the old people in a home for the aged. There, giving them little gifts, hearing Father read the Christmas story in his deep resonant voice and later, helping them laugh for one afternoon, I learned that giving of oneself is so much more satisfying, even for a child, than always receiving.

Next, this pair of white pumps tell a story as well. These, I wore in the cantata when I was in the first grade. The thrill is still to be remembered; the excitement of the teacher announcing parts to be played and hearing her say that I was to be the head angel. It doesn't matter now that I forgot my part and my halo slipped before I reached mid-stage, what is important is that I took part in the telling of the story of Christmas. In the play, the songs, the story and the acting, I learned more of the feeling of reverence that is naturally a part of this season of the year.

Sleek black pumps, high, high heels; absolutely plain rubbed leather. This was the fashion, with a capital "F" when I was in my latter teens. I wore these shoes for the Christmas

that I was invited, by a boy long forgotten, to attend the Christmas weekend party in the City. Sophistication, that was what I was trying for and from that venture, I learned a good and lasting lesson. I learned that, no matter how much excitement is created by interesting people, how much laughter is present in a room or how many new people there are to be introduced to, Christmas isn't the same unless you are with those you love. These same shoes saw me race for the last train home, without even an explanation to my hostess. They took me through the walk in the snow towards our own big home on the corner. It was three a.m. by the time I quietly let myself in the door, but Mother and Daddy were both there to meet me and to wish me a REAL merry Christmas.

There's a special place in my heart for each of these pairs of shoes that I've shown you, but here is a pair that are even nearer and dearer to my heart. No, they don't look like much; they are just a pair of badly scuffed mules, but they were a part of a very important chapter in this story. How well I remember the Christmas Eve; with the tree all decorated; the presents all wrapped; the parties going on all around town--and me with the mumps.

The indignity of a college sophomore who had just been voted the most popular, the most likely to catch her man and all the other "mosts" that can come along in a small college like ours--me who had done all of this, coming down with the mumps just in time to be left out of all the festivities.

It was a heart-broken girl that sat beside the fire that night, watching the flames, listening to the carols being sung by the youngsters on the corner and feeling a resentment against "fate" that even the sweetest of parents couldn't help her raise her spirits. But the evening was rich, after all, because that certain person, so very popular himself, decided that Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas if he couldn't spend it with me. While we sat together he gave me a gift; a modest ring which I still wear.

Smiles come, though rather wry smiles, as I drag out the next pair of shoes. These are sturdy, low heeled and built to be advertised as the "sensible shoe for the mother-to-be." Neat they were, in their time, but the heart does so long for a pair of dancing slippers on the first Christmas of marriage. Instead, these I wore as we sat beside the fire and waited. These shoes I wore later that night as we,

nervous youngsters, made a trip of deepest happiness and importance. Because it was Christmas night that we received the first of our five most wonderful gifts from God.

In between those last two pair; the mules and the maternity shoes, comes these, white satin, spike heel--and worn only once. I wore them in January; as soon as Jim got over the mumps himself--when I walked down the aisle to become his bride.

Styles changed quite a bit between those wedding slippers and the shoes I saved after the maternity pair. In fact, several pairs went past unsaved because they too were either of the "sensible" variety or they were worn to the point of complete exhaustion. Then, too, mine were no longer so important; as other feet, much smaller than mine, had to be covered before my own.

Not the right style for a slightly middle-aged lady you say about this pair. Just a little too fancy--just a little too much heel and not enough leather across the instep? Well, there was reason and good reason for the purchase of these shoes. These were the ones I chose when Jim and I tried to take our "second honeymoon." Oh yes, we were going to be so modern. We were going to the mountain lodge for a Christmas all our own; without the children to "hamper" us and our enjoyment of each other. Well, we learned another wonderful lesson anyway--and it was a joyous trip home on Christmas Eve, knowing as we did by then that we would never be "just us" again. It took little silences throughout the day, crowded out quickly by bits of forced laughter to show us both that our hearts were at home with the children. Come to think of it, it was a nice second honeymoon; spent at home with those who not only held our love, but who also depended upon us as object of their love.

These shoes? Yes, they are practically new, still. Little worn, less loved in one way. Because these shoes were a pair that I bought several years ago, for the first Christmas that I felt I was really alone. The children were scattered half across the continent, with homes and families of their own and Jim had made a far longer journey just a few months before. I bought them because I needed a pair of shoes, not for some special occasion. But I wore them and laughed and sang Christmas Eve with more happiness in my heart than I thought possible. Because three of the children, with their own children with them, made it home to be one family again. As I said, it's Christmas

again and, although my steps are getting slower with each trip up here to the attic, I'm so very content with my life and my memories. The house is ringing with the joyous sounds that are connected with the season and the children and their families arrived just in time to be home for Christmas. The best gift of all is a brand new great-grandchild to share the seasonal festivities with us.

For some time now, I've thought of discarding my trunk of memories, as I felt no one else realized the importance of it to me and would consider it junk. But today, I know I never will. Just a little while ago, as I started up the stairs, Granddaughter Lou, who knows of my collection of memories here, quietly handed me a pair of the baby's first booties. The only thing to do, it seems to me, is to just start all over again and, perhaps in 80 years, this baby herself will be able to look back and receive as much joy from OUR collection as I have in the past.

Letters to Santa

Dear Santa,
I am a little girl six years old and I would like a baby doll clothes and a little bike and my little brother Johnny would like a train and my sister Becky would like a doll too. We love you.
Gail Wellborn

Dear Santa,

Here I'm writing you this few lines just to say hello to you and tell you what I want for Christmas, a basketball, horn, jacks and ball and that's all. I love you,
Erlinda Garcia
Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a machine gun.
Your friend,
Tim

Dear Santa,

I am a little girl. I am 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me dishes.
Your friend,
Dalia

Dear Santa,

I am a little boy 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a tommy gun, machine gun and fireworks.
Your friend,
Robert Sparks

Dear Santa,

I want a pogo stick. I want a truck, with a rocket and a cowboy suit and a B-B gun.
Love,
Steven Rountree

Dear Santa,

I want a scooter, a tractor with plow and some candy and something for Larry.
Love,
Gary

Santa says ...

May you and yours enjoy a Yuletide season filled with cheer and goodness!

Trimble Barber Shop

George Trimble Emmett Tabor

Best Wishes

1958

May the eternal peace of Christmas abide with you throughout the holidays.

Kerby Welding

Al Kerby

BRIGHTEST WISHES TO ONE AND ALL FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Once again the gleam of candles prompts our wishes for you for a Yuletide shining with joy and gladness!

Parmer County Farm Supply

Bud Crump Bovina

The Brightest Holiday Greetings To You All!

From all of us here to all of you, we send warm and friendly wishes that this Christmas will shine as a bright spot in your memory for years to come!

"Complete Gin Service"

LAWLIS & ELY GIN

Bovina

THE Christmas Story



“And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

So the Holy Book tells us of shepherds who watched by night, and of One who came to earth with a glorious message, with hope and joy for all mankind.

It is our sincerest wish that the wonder of the Christmas story bring to you spiritual riches to cherish now and forevermore.

MACON ELEVATOR

Mr. and Mrs.
J. P. MACON

BOVINA, TEXAS

German Christmas Can't Match Yule Celebration in America

Ed. note: Several months back, the Bovina Blade made request of Mrs. Pat Hawkins, who is living in Germany with her husband, Pvt. Erith Hawkins, while he is stationed there. Because the couple is well known in Bovina, the Blade editors felt that their version of a German Christmas would be of interest to all. Mrs. Hawkins, the former Pat Burman, responded to our request and the following is her account of the history of Christmas. We at the Blade are indeed grateful to both Pvt. and Mrs. Hawkins for the effort they have put into this article.)

Christmas is supposedly the most celebrated festival in Germany. They, the people, have a wide variety of customs having their origin in both the religious and folklore background. From many we can trace our own American traditions.

The Christmas season is first begun with Advent season, observed by the church as a preparation period for the birth of Christ. The first day of Advent is on St. Andrew's Day or the Sunday nearest to it. Advent is the period of four weeks prior to Christmas. In old Germany, a wreath with a single red candle was hung up and every day, a paper card inscribed with a Bible verse was added. A new candle was added each of the three remaining Sundays. Still, today, the four red candles are used in different ways to carry out the tradition in many German homes.

Weeks before the holidays, the public squares are jammed with people who buy or sell the holiday fairs. It was in Nuremberg that the Rauschgoldangel was created by the turn of the eighteenth century. The head carved of wood and clay bore a crown of so-called "rustling gold," that is actually Rausch-gold-brass, hammered to the thinness of a leaf. This is still a product made near Nuremberg. It rustles at the slightest touch or the faint stir of air and thus its name of "angel" is explained. Each a decoration may be found at the top of every tree.

St. Nicholas Eve, on December 6, is when the good saint makes his annual calls on the children. St. Nicholas Day is believed to have originated in the fifth century, and to have grown out of old legends of the "wildmen" roughly dressed and led by the God Thor, who galloped through the sky



LEARNING MORE about Europe. Pvt. and Mrs. Erith Hawkins are shown here in Amsterdam, Holland, as they get acquainted with Europe. Through their recently acquired knowledge of legends and traditions, the Hawkinses have compiled an article on European Christmases for the Blade.

and punished the evil farmers and villagers. Therefore, Santa Claus calls on all the children of Germany long before he does in the United States.

Then, on Holy Night, the Weihnachtsmann (Christmas Man) brings the children their gifts. A candle is kept burning in one room of the house all through Holy Night, symbolizing the new light, formerly the sun; now the coming of the Savior. At the same time, a loaf of bread is laid on the windowsill, facing towards the church. This is eaten on Christmas Day and is supposed to prevent or cure diseases among the animals.

The Christmas tree, as we know it, was originated when Martin Luther became entranced with the beauty of the starry sky one Christmas Eve and, to express his thoughts, brought his family a tree with candles on it. The first tree, as we know it, was mentioned in Alsace in 1521. In Bavaria, it's a custom to place a crib in honor of the Christ Child in the home as well.

Once, in 1600, a man was fined for having a tree as part of his family's Christmas decorations. Today, the people have both; the tree and the crib. The tree is trimmed on Christmas Eve, in a locked room. When the tree is lit up, everyone sees the tree for the first time and they then exchange gifts. Christmas Day is spent quietly with relatives and friends.

The Germans start making cookies of a dozen different kinds in November. The Hexens Haus—the old witch house of the Hansel and Gretel fairy tale also appears in the bakery shops. The work done on these confections are very artistic.

house is put in order; everyone wears some new clothing; no money is spent, but all carry coins around in their pockets and these coins are shaken occasionally for luck.

Drekonigfest, Festival of the Three Kings, falls on Jan-

uary 6 and marks the end of the Christmas season. On this day, the tree is lighted for the last time.

The customs are similar to ours in many ways, but believe me, there's no Christmas like our good old American Christmases.

DEAR SANTA,

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 8 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me some boxing gloves. Some candy, nuts, and gum. Your friend,
Lowell

Dear Santa,
I am a little girl. I am 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a ballerina doll and a dollbuggy and a tiny tear doll. Your friend,
Linda Riley

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy. I try to be good. Please bring me an army set with a tent and a flag and a pack and a watch. Your friend,
Johnie Hugh

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a bicycle. Your friend,
Bobby Redden

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 8 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a Scout suit and I want candy and gum and nuts. Your friend,
Felix Trevino

Dear Santa,
I am a little boy. I am 7 years old I try to be good. Please bring me a B B gun. Your friend,
Gary

P.S. You'd better call Mommie to see what size clothes she wears. She can tell you what Daddy wants.

she wants a real coat with glasses. To Santa, Love from

Myrna and Myra Sue and James Richie

Dear Santa,
My name is Carrol Foster. I have been a good boy. Please bring me a football suit. Love,
Carrol

Dear Santa,
I would like for you to bring me a pair of roll skates and a doll and a jump rope and some clothes. And bring my little sister and brother some clothes and toys too. A Merry Xmas to you, Santa Claus, Signed Edith Jean Varner

Dear Santa Claus,
My name is Gloria Trevina. I am in the first grade. I am 7 years old. What I want for Christmas is a doll. And I want to thank you for the candies you gave me Saturday, December 13, 1958. Yours truly,
Gloria

Dear Santa,
Myrna Faye wants a teddy that is 12 inches. James wants an electric train. Wood you bring him one. Myra Sue wants a house. She wants real lights and she wants real water and



Merry Christmas

We value highly our friends and wish each of you a most happy Yule. Your patronage and good-will is sincerely appreciated.

Ed's Auto Service
Bovina
Mr. & Mrs. Ed Paetch

EXTENDING OUR SINCERE HOLIDAY Greetings ... to all our friends, and wishing you the best always!

Artistic Hairstyle Salon
Jessie McSpadden
Lois Sparks

The New Owner's of Huddleston Gulf Station (formerly Garner's) wish you



Merry Christmas

We give thanks for our many blessings and for your wonderful support during the past year.

HUDDLESTON Gulf Station
"Come by and Get Acquainted"

MERRY CHRISTMAS ... and all good wishes for a holiday season that is full of cheer!

Taylor Welding Shop
The James Taylors

Christmas Greetings

Christmas is a happy season of giving and receiving, of good times and good cheer. Here's wishing you all its pleasures.

Christmas is a holy season, a time to worship and rejoice. May its deepest spiritual meaning bring you peace and joy.

Rea Esquire Cleaners
John & Laura Rea

Merry Christmas

Christmas is for everybody... let every heart be young and joyful. We join Santa in sending to you the cheeriest greetings of the holiday season. Here's hoping you'll have a generous share of all the things that belong to Christmas... lots of laughter and singing, gifts and good wishes, fun and feasting, love and fellowship, peace and good will.

BOVINA WHEAT GROWERS INC.
Jim Russell, Mgr.

DIRECTORS
L. M. Grisson
Durward Bell
Archie McCutchan
Buck Ellison
Raymond Schuele

The ancient Persians gave their friends eggs on New Year's Day. The hatching of eggs symbolized the beginning of a new life.

This is the season of the year when everybody is looking for something new in stockings.

Ketch-all Kerner

By Sally Whitesides

Here's another of those cat stories; this time told to me last week by Sue Charles. Sue, it seems, has had, and loved, her cat for over two and a half years. The other day it died -- probably from numerous scars awarded in community battle is Sue's opinion.

"I hated to have it die," mourned Sue. "But I would have hated it much less if it had chosen somewhere else to do it's dying." Friend Cat had "chosen" for his deathbed, the far side of the furnace, under the house. Needless to say, the results were an assault to the nose.

For a couple of days, reports Sue, she and husband Mark went around tentatively sniffing and then holding their noses. Mark repeated more times than once that Sue should "look behind the furniture." "My gosh, it smelled like a dead cow and I KNEW we didn't have one of those in the house," related Mrs. Charles. "Can't even afford to buy groceries anymore; 'cause we spend all our money on 'sweet air bombs' and still, there's a whiff now and then that would knock you down!"

My sympathies are with you, Sue; never had a cat die under the house but can remember a little too vividly the time our dog surprised a skunk too near the house. 'Twas a rainy year and everytime it got nice and damp outdoors, memory wasn't the only thing that was vivid -- smells were too.

Again this year, thanks to the school, Bovina is being serenaded with Christmas carols. They certainly make the air seem more like the season and the music brings smiles to even the lips of the busiest in town. Only wish I lived closer so I could hear them without opening the front door during the afternoons.

Speaking of smiles, noticed

a number of smiles that couldn't be hidden a week ago Sunday evening, at the Methodist cantata. The little signs of pleasure came and went on the faces of the spectators as the choir made it's graceful way up into the choir loft. Why? Well, you must admit, the blond tresses among the dark on the heads of some of the young singers were a little startling. Nice though, I personally think it's very pretty on the girls.

It's sort of a different story with the boys though. Having no youngsters in school of my own, I am hard pressed to recognize them under normal conditions, but when I met the now blond headed Ramey Brandon downtown, confusion set in. Received the same sort of shock the first time Roy Charles came down to see his mother, Pearl, in the tax office. What I'm wondering is, just what are they going to look like when they decide to let it grow out? Oh well, anything is better than either the Presley sideburns or the mohawk!

More animals--this time dogs. Irma Jo Englant called in Friday afternoon and reported that the classified ads get results. She and husband Bobby advertised last week that they had three puppies to give away and by Friday morning--or 24 hours after the Blade "hit the streets," all three were gone. Now, Irma Jo says, Bobby's looking for a nice home for their mamma dog. Reckon why?

Was talking to Arlene McCallum the other day and she seems to agree thoroughly about the tranquilizers mentioned in last week's KAK, but with a new twist. Let's have a little pill that will work to make the nerves tranquil, while it makes our heads, hands and feet fly faster to keep up with the hectic season. Personally, I'm about ready to sing my annual December theme song: "Stop the world and let me off," and Arlene goes along with me completely.

Is there anything more delightful than getting picture Christmas cards? Each year, I avidly store them away and, in a year's time, it is surprising just how much the little scamps can grow. Joe and Mittie Jo Moore sent one last year of their then only months

old son, Neal. This year, far from laying on a blanket cooing, Neal is pictured astride his rocky horse--and proud of it. Wonderful too, for those who live any distance away and don't get to see the little sprouts very often.

Santa Claus, with all his glory, appeared in the young life of 20 month old Beth Wyly last week. Mamma Helen had taken her to see the jolly old fellow in Plainview and that night, just as she was going to sleep, Beth drowsily pointed towards the living room and murmured, "Caus in dere?"

One question to you mothers --how in the world do you explain simple things like chimneys, ashes, soot, etc, while telling your kids the old story of "T'was the Night Before Christmas?" Was trying the other evening to make like a story teller to Myrna Faye, Suezle and James Ritchie and it was beyond their knowledge. Harnessed deer on roof tops they could understand, yes. But when it came to Santa's descent through the chimney and being covered with the other two items

mentioned, blank looks came my way. How times have changed --me, I used to worry about how he came down through that narrow chimney--now the kids wonder, in effect, how he makes it through the grill of the floor furnace.

"Mamma wears a hairnet," was Myrna Faye's observation when the story came to kerchiefs, but the giggles went wild when the picture of Pa in his nightcap was found in the book. "Doggone it, I'm not that old, but I never seemed to think it was so very odd if some of the older men wanted to keep their heads warm at night.

Again, at this season of the year, when we all are so busy and engrossed in making like Santa himself, as well attending every party and social function available to us, we have a tendency to lose sight of the real meaning of Christmas. But I hope that you, and yours, have a truly wonderful Christmas, with all the fun, laughter and companionship that your life can hold. I also know that you will have a few moments tomorrow to stop and consider

just how fortunate we are to have a day like Christmas to celebrate. Merry Christmas!

Letters to Santa

Dear Santa, Please bring me a football and a suit, gloves, toy filling station and a crane. Bring my friends some toys and a nice gift for my teacher. Love, Mike Perry

Dear Santa, How are you this year? I have been a good little girl. I would like to have a big baby doll and doll buggy. Remember all other boys and girls. I live at Bovina, Texas. Cathey Ruth Sikes

Dear Santa, I am a little girl. I am 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me dishes, candy, fruit and nuts. Your friend, Elida

Dear Santa, I am a little boy 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a horse race game and some nuts and candy. Your friend, Paul

Dear Santa, I am a little girl 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a coke machine, doll, watch, bicycle and ring. I would like some fruit, candy, gum and nuts, too. Martha Ann Adams



PEACE ON EARTH

... and good-will toward all men! May the peace and great joys of Christmas be yours now and always.

1958

Southside Service Station-Grocery

Bovina, Texas

F. M. Crook

Wishing you all the joys and blessings of this holy Yuletide Season

J. T. HAMMONDS DEKALB SORGHUM, CORN, CHICKS

HAMMONDS SEED SERVICE

Merry Christmas

It's wonderful to find, in the midst of things, a season like Christmas time, when all are thinking of peace on earth, good will to men. It's a happy time ... a time for friendly greetings and good wishes. So, we extend our compliments of the Season to all we know and those whom we'd like to know.

BOVINA REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

TOM PERRY A. L. GLASSCOCK



Season's Greetings

With the holiday season here and the close of another year in sight, we wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your ginning business during 1958.

Our goal has been -- and will continue to be -- to offer you as good a ginning service as can be found.

We wish for you a Merry Christmas and a prosperous new year of farming.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joe M. Brown

Joe M. Brown Gin

"A Ginning Service Second to None"

- BOVINA -

FARMING FUTURE

A TEN YEAR LOOK UP THE ROAD

BY W. H. GRAHAM JR.

This is 1958. Or, more accurately, what's left of it. As farmers of the High Plains, which of course includes the Parmer County area, wind up another busy year, it might be worthwhile to pause at this point for some reflecting.

For one thing, as 1958 closes out so does the first five years of a really full-scale irrigated agriculture economy for our part of the Plains. With this half-decade has come the most revolutionary advances of farming ever introduced. Our entire concept of agriculture has changed. We are as different today as the first settlers were different from the nomadic Indians.

The irrigation well (there are about 40,000 of them on the Plains and 3000 of these are in the Parmer County area) has resulted in a new pattern of farming that has affected almost every individual who lives on the Plains. The old "cow country" is just another page in the history book.

Farmers there have changed more in the past five years than they did in the previous 50. Young men have not noticed this too much, but anyone who has lived and farmed on the High Plains for as long as 20 years can certainly testify to the revolution.

With these vast changes in such a brief span of time, one might well speculate on the possibility that the next five years could be just as eventful. At any rate, it is interesting to wonder: "Here we are, but where do we go from here?"

The future of farming on the High Plains is in part dependent upon outside factors over which no individual or small group of people has much control. The general economy of our nation—even the world—the ability of other areas, other nations to produce food and fiber for themselves and others, the pulsating habits of consumers, whose capacity to buy and use is a dynamic and unpredictable thing, the promise of great technical and biological advances in which whole new concepts of production may be tossed out the window in favor of something new . . . these are a few of the

imponderables which cloud the issue and make crystal ball gazing hazardous indeed.

Since, however, as we point out, very little if anything can be done to control these outside factors, there is probably not much point in the average High Plains farmer spending much time worrying about them. It should be his concern, though, to study carefully the things around him which he knows and understands, and which have a tendency to make the most direct influence on the well-being of his farming operations.

Even trying to size down the job of prognosticating to a regional level gets to be a man-sized assignment. Who knows, you might wonder, what even the Plains themselves will be like in another five, or another ten years.

Everyone has his own private notions. Allow us, if you will, as amateur seers of a sort, to tell you what we think.

POPULATION—The one single factor most important to the future of agriculture deals with the population. Without people, there can be no need for anything we produce on our farms.

For the past few years, the ability of the farmers of the nation to increase their output at a ratio considerably above the ratio of population growth is well known. We have staggering surpluses of almost every crop that we grow, and that, for the moment at least, is the most pressing problem of farmers as a whole.

How long will this imbalance of supply and demand continue? Will the efforts of the government and the farming industry to reduce production level the needs of the farmer and the consumer?

This is a question that even the experts can't answer, and one which only time will tell. There is one sure sign, though, that we of the High Plains can look to with hope. That is the amazing population boom of the West and Southwest, and we are right in the middle of it.

No other farming area of the nation has the important economic advantage of nearness to burgeoning markets as does the High Plains. California and Arizona are enjoying tremendous increases in population, and our own part of the South-

west here in New Mexico and Texas is setting new records also.

The way things are shaping up, it will not be long before the ability of farmers in these areas to produce enough to supply the needs of the booming cities will be passed, and commodities will have to be brought in from outside. There is no one better situated than we are to take advantage of this important opportunity.

(Some of our farmers already have. Where all of our farm products used to go east, there is now a steady stream in the opposite direction. Especially for feeds and even finished beef itself, this stream may be expected to grow.)

The amazing Plains cities of Lubbock and Amarillo have emerged from just "good sized towns" to centers of population deserving a metropolitan tag, and there is every indication that they will continue —perhaps accelerate—their growth.

Middle-sized cities such as Plainview and Clovis are also coming along in good stride, and before long will be just as important from the standpoint of centers of consumption as were Amarillo and Lubbock only a few years ago.

Any way we look at it, the population factor, which is the most important of all, is in our favor. And sociologists, looking at the early 1960's when the war babies will start having families of their own, inform us that "We ain't seen nothin' yet."

NATURAL RESOURCES—Nothing man can do can take the place of the natural resources that are always, to a greater or lesser degree, at his disposal and use.

The High Plains is indeed fortunate in this respect. Our soils are endowed with a natural fertility that is the envy of dozens of important farming regions the country over. This resource is expendable, of course.

In some cases, it has already been abused and partly exhausted. But on the whole, Plains farmers are careful not to be penny wise and pound foolish, and they have invested in time, money and effort to renew the vitality of their soils

and keep them at a high level.

Another expendable—and virtually irreplaceable—natural resource that has distinguished our farming area from any other is our great supply of underground water that is available for supplemental or full irrigation.

It was not intended by the planners of irrigation wells on the Plains that water from beneath the ground should be the only source of moisture for growing crops. With an average rainfall of from 17 to 20 inches, only supplemental irrigation should be required.

However, in the great drought years of 1953 through 1957, it was discovered that it was not only possible, but absolutely essential to irrigate on a full scale to assure maximum crop yields.

These years firmly established the practice of most farmers of "shooting for the most" by using their wells frequently, and sometimes far in excess of what would be required with good management and application practices.

Irrigation water is a key factor in the future of farming on the Plains and no effort should be spared to conserve and make greatest utilization of the life-giving fluid that underlies our land.

As for the future, that is, the next five or ten years of it, we see the fertility level of the Plains remaining in good condition, although greater efforts to maintain it will be required as large crop yields continue to deplete necessary elements.

Also, water available for irrigation will continue in good supply, at least in our part of the High Plains. Since big scale irrigation was developed, this has been largely on account of the great supply of water itself, and not because of any particular effort by man to conserve its use.

However, the next decade will see an increasing awareness of the need to use the irrigation well to its optimum advantage, and not just to pump water "because it's there." The hydrologic facts of our natural resource are now staring us in the face. We cannot expect the water sands of themselves to replenish their own supply so long as we maintain the present levels of withdrawals. As our static table declines and the supply available becomes less with each pumping season, it must follow that better use of water will come—or else.

Hydrologists are convinced that our water supplies for irrigation can be made use of for 50 or more years IF we make intelligent use of them. This means pumping less water and getting the same or more return from the land by improved practices. It can and will be done, we believe.

CROPS—The irrigation well, we said, brought great changes to the "cow country." It put more and more land to the plow, and now the High Plains is largely a region of cash crop farmers. Beef and dairy cattle production has become a secondary part of the agricultural picture, especially in the Parmer County area.

Is this trend to continue?

FARM & RANCH LOANS
Long Term-Low Interest
Ethridge-Spring Agency, Friona
Ph. 2121 or 5551

Yes . . . and no.

We say "yes" and would explain that we mean that so long as irrigation water is in good supply, the Plains will never go back to the open range that existed 60 years ago. Beef cattle production of the "cow-boy era" type is just something for the TV westerns so far as the High Plains is concerned.

We do say "no" though, because we are convinced that the growing need for meat in America, coupled with our natural advantages for beef production, will certainly stimulate the advancement of the cattle industry in our area.

Instead of the open range. However, it will be the feed-lot, the highly specialized, big volume, low unit-cost style operation which will come into vogue. Yes, there will be a revival of the cattle industry, but the cowboy will be replaced by the lot hand, the ranch foreman by the office manager, the spurs by the calculating machine and the trail drive by the 10 wheel truck.

A new day is dawning, and already the rays of this era can be seen arching into the sky.

As for crops themselves, there is a whole bagful of "ifs" surrounding this topic. Most of them hinge on the government. The three big cash crops of the High Plains, grain sorghum, wheat and cotton, are all being marketed under programs manipulated by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

That certainly leaves some question marks for the future. For example, if the domestic and foreign consumption of cotton is not increased, there will indeed be little cause for cheer. The competition for the fibers markets is especially keen now that new synthetics are taking hold. Also, other nations are increasing cotton production.

So, if the government's attempt to increase consumption of this commodity is not successful, it might very well be that cotton would slip considerably from its present place as the No. 1 money maker in another 10 years.

Wheat is not as important to us as it once was, but still it fills a notch that would be missed if the crop should fail. If the wheat program is not improved, this crop would certainly be in trouble within a few short years. It might not even be grown under irrigation on the High Plains within another 10 years if conditions continue to deteriorate as they are now!

Grain sorghum has a bright future. We believe this in spite of the IF's that appear ahead for it too. As producers of feed grains, the High Plains is without peer. With the stimulation of the beef industry, surely our market outlook is for the better.

Grain sorghum has had tough sledding the past three years, but it is just now coming into prominence on a national scale, and is being recognized as the

virtual equal of corn for feeding.

That recognition should be a great stimulant to consumption of this, our biggest acreage crop. It will take time, but we believe that within another 10 years grain sorghum will become our leading large acreage crop, outdistancing even cotton as a profit item on the farm.

Surely vegetables deserve an important mention in any look into the future of High Plains farming. Even though their much-heralded increase only this year turned out to be largely a flash in the pan so far as adding income to the farmer was concerned, it is natural and probably inevitable that the production of truck crops will increase in years to come.

There are too many things to be said in favor of vegetable farming on the Plains. We have the land, the water, the climate, the location, and, finally the DESIRE to produce them. It might be said that we have everything but the money to get vegetables started big.

Where vegetables now occupy only a paltry couple of thousand acres in the Parmer County area, we believe that a substantial increase can be looked forward to in the not-too-distant future. It probably will be 5000 acres within another three years. It is not inconceivable to think in terms of 25,000 acres in 10 years if markets can be found for the produce.

THE PEOPLE—No speculation on economic events of the future ought to be undertaken without due consideration of the human element. Here, perhaps is our strongest element for progress, even though it is sometimes overlooked because it tends to concern an intangible.

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THE HIGH PLAINS FARM AND HOME



We are betting on the growth, development, and progress of agriculture on the High Plains because of CHANGES. And changes are possible only when people are willing to make them. That is certainly something in our favor. The farmers of the High Plains can't be considered shiftless or restless, because most of them own their own farms, machinery, and homes, and intend to stay here forever if it's all right with God.

However, they have demonstrated within the past five years a tremendous capacity to change and adjust their patterns of farming to something new and better.

We do not feel that High Plains farmers will change just to be changing. They are looking for reasons, not novelty. Changes will come, we are convinced, whenever it seems to the farmer that he has an opportunity to better himself and his family by adopting new practices.

To sum it up, we think that the typical High Plains farm of 1970 will be recognizable for what it is, but that under the surface there will be many and important changes.

The High Plains is just too "loaded" with good things for us to believe that we can fall into deterioration within the coming decade. We are looking forward to good things, starting next year.

At least 14 Texas streams bear the name of "Rock Creek."

Although it's supposedly the "first aid" department in a house, the medicine cabinet is all too often a danger trap. Has yours become a catch-all, asked to do triple duty as a dressing table, first aid station and bottle collecting depot?

Chances are that many things in the cabinet are useless. Cleaning it out will give much better family service. Strip it down to the bare shelves. Scrub with suds, giving a sudsy swipe to all of the bottles.

Next, uncork every unlabelled container and wash the contents down out of harm's way.

Check and replace in the cabinet only those items which add up to the preparedness for family emergencies. A well-stocked medicine chest should always include the following:

1. Antiseptic and burn remedy.
2. Sterile white cotton balls for applying antiseptic, cleaning wounds, and many other uses.
3. Ready-to-use plastic dressings.
4. Roll bandage, roll cotton and adhesive tape.
5. Sterile gauze pads, individually wrapped.

The basement, backyard, and other places where insects, rats and mice can get a start also need periodic housecleaning. Should you have the problem of rats or mice entering a building, locate the holes through which they enter and pour a can of lye down each hole. Stop up the opening with the can or other suitable object. The lye will burn the noses and feet of the rodents and rid you of this menace.

BEST WISHES
for Christmas
and the
New Year

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THE PARMER COUNTY IMPLEMENT CO.

NEWS

"The Place Where Most People Trade" Friona, Texas Wednesday, December 24, 1958

MERRY CHRISTMAS
To All of You From All of Us---

J. G. McFarland	Bill Holcomb
Douglas Connelly	John O. Payne
Ben Woody	Carloyn Owens
Claude Bradley	Morris Pate
Tom Gibson	Bert Shackelford
Aubrey Rhodes	John Gaede
W. A. Cochran	Jess Chesher
Medlin Walker	Bud Williamson

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FRIONA
Drilling Co.
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F. Highway 60 Friona ph. 2421

Rules Announced For SCD Contest

The annual essay contest by the Parmer County Soil Conservation District has been opened for another year. Here are the rules:

1. Title of Essay - "Conservation and Citizenship."
2. Length of Essay - 250-300 words.
3. Contestant must not have 21st birthday before July 1, 1959.
4. Essays must be written in ink, and in longhand. Date requested on cover sheet to accompany Essay: Must be in the following order:
 - a. Full name of contestant.
 - b. Home address and telephone number.
 - c. Birth date and sex of contestant.
 - d. Name of parents.
 - e. Signature and title of local chairman and location.
5. Date: Essays must be in the hands of the following people, who are local chairmen by 4 p.m. Jan. 23, 1959.
 - Friona - Mrs. Frank Truitt
 - Farwell - Mr. A. D. Daniel
 - Lazbuddie - Mrs. Arvil Lawrence
 - Bovina - Mrs. L. Foster
6. Essay will be judged as follows:
 - a. 80% - Content
 - b. 20% - Grammar (spelling, punctuation, neatness, etc).
7. Cash prizes will be awarded as follows: 1st - \$50.00; 2nd - \$35.00; 3rd - \$25.00; 4th - \$15.00. These awards will be made soon after the Fort Worth Press winners are announced, and appropriate plaques will be awarded next September. Top essays will be entered in Ft. Worth Press award contest.



IT'S CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM and Loy Beth, the cute-as-a-bug daughter of the Wendol Christians of the Oklahoma Lane community, is ready for this grand and glorious event. Here, bare-footed and clad in her pajamas, she helps put finishing touches on the family Christmas tree before hopping into bed. Parmer County area farm homes are bedecked with Christmas trees and other decorations more beautiful than ever this year.

A Letter to Santa

(ED. NOTE) The following letter was written some years ago by Lois Weekes, then Society Editor of the San Antonio Express, but its message to both Santa, and a hurried world is as applicable today as it was then. We hope this letter will bring a reminder to all of us as to the real meaning and spirit of Christmas.)

Dear Mr. Claus:

I hope you will remember me, Santa. It's been a long time. You'd have to blow the dust away to look up my name in your files!

The last time I wrote you, I spelled Bicycle with a "k"--and I've been singing "Jingle Bells" an octave lower for several seasons now. My stocking size and my Christmas lists have changed considerably--and I now recognize the value of a little mistletoe in the decor.

It isn't that I've underestimated you through the years, Mr. C., or forgotten our relationship. I've been giving your letters to my father to mail and it's worked out beautifully since the Christmas he inquired as to my knowledge of your identity. My affirmative answer brought a "Well, start being a little nicer to ME, then," from him. And we laughed and my mother cried. I still believe in you, you see. I've followed your activity each Yuletide in the nation's press. I know you don't have time to read all the papers, but December's headlines--lots of them--belong to you. Annually, you crowd out the day-by-day boys who fade from year to year.

Although this is more a delayed "Thank You" for the other Christmases than a suggested shopping list, there are a few things I'd like when you rein in the reindeer at my house this year.

Could you put the light from the children's faces, pressed against countless frosted window panes, into the hearts of the world? Could you transplant a little of the feeling of holly, the glistening tinsel, the angels atop the Christmas trees, the off-key Noels and the hushed hymns, to those who are spending their first Christmas away from all that? And especially, to those who never noticed it before?

Could you remind us all that it is a Birth-

day we are celebrating, not just an expensive respite from the rest of the year? Could you put into our Christmas cards and our packages the messages and the warmth we really mean instead of shop-worn sentiment and the same old gifts?

Most of all, Mr. Claus, could you make sure that we'll never outgrow you--that Christmas will always be a way of life and that you'll be staging it always?

I think you will because, though you've seen central heating replace the chimney, you've learned that America's front door is left unlocked each Christmas Eve. There is still room for the manger and the sleigh-bells in this age of automobiles and atoms. So don't ever go mechanized, Mr. Claus.

Sincerely yours,
LOIS WEEKES

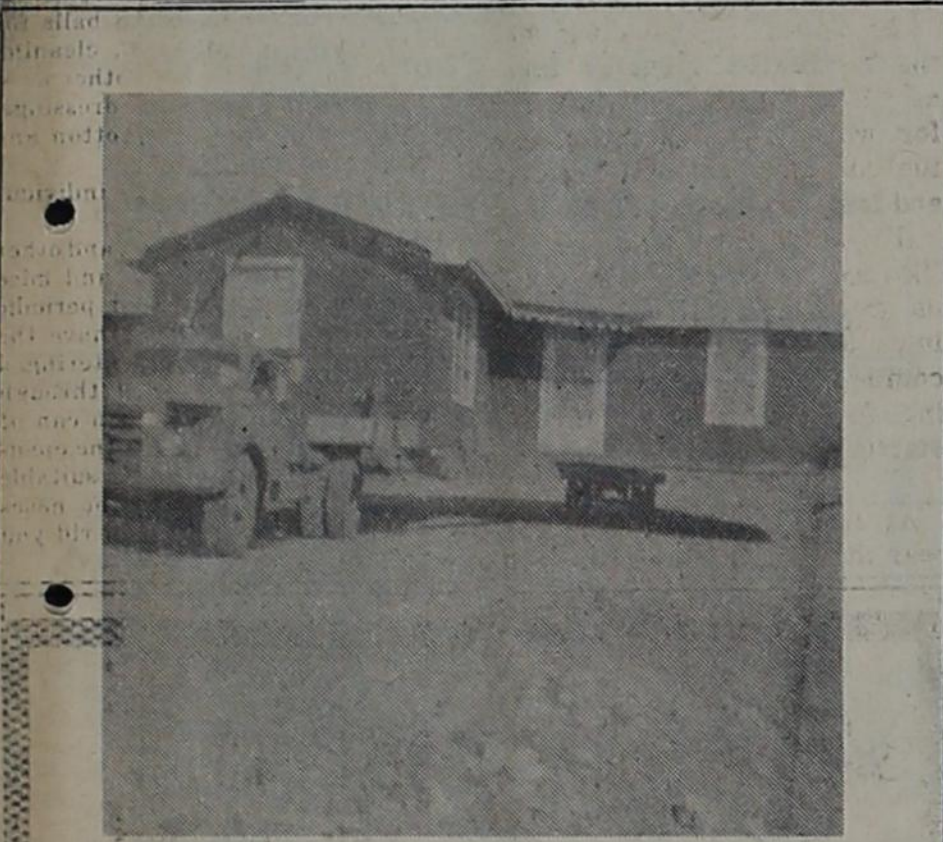
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Seasons Greetings from

Joe Langer Muleshoe

Fred Langer Bovina

HOUSE MOVERS

Douglas-Bingham Branch in Dumas

Douglas-Bingham Land Company of Friona has added a North Plains branch to its operations. The firm is now also located in Dumas, where it does business under the name of Douglas-Bingham-Johnson. Paul Johnson, a former resident of the Hub community, is manager of the Dumas County office, and the reason the company now bears his name at that branch.

The realty company is located in the Overton Building on North Dumas Avenue. Johnson moved there November 1 and the office was opened a week ago. Mrs. Johnson is secretary. The firm will be agent for farms and ranches of the North Plains, and will specialize in

irrigated listings. Joe Douglas and O. D. Bingham, Friona partners, say that the Parmer County area has now developed to the point where there are more buyers than there are listings, and they are hoping the new territory to the north will help fill the demand for irrigated land.

Courthouse

INSTRUMENTS FILED WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 13, 1958

- D. T. - Louis A. Marot - C. R. Elliott - Lots 9, 10, 11, 18, 19 & 20 Blk 3 Gardner Add.-Bovina
- M. Lien - Manuel Martinez - William H. Nunn - Lot 2 Blk 26 Friona
- W. D. - Chris M. Jacobsen - Veterans Land Board - N/2 of NE/4 Sec. 13 Rhea B
- W. D. - Chris M. Jacobsen - Veterans Land Board - E/2 of SW/4 Sec. 13 Blk B Rhea
- W. D. - Chris M. Jacobsen - Veterans Land Board - W/2 of SW/4 Sec. 13 Blk B Rhea
- W. D. - Shirley Hendrickson - R. B. Rundell - 2 a of W/2 Sect. 6 T-14-S R-3-E
- D. T. - L. H. Bradshaw - Charles L. Lenau - part of Blks 8 & 9 Roberson Farwell
- W. D. - R. L. Fleming - O. D. Bingham - Lot 7 Blk 1 Staley Add-Friona
- D. T. - George A. Jones, et ux - Friona State Bank - SE/4 Sec. 9 T 5 1/2-S R5E
- M. Lien - J. Merrill Turner - G. A. Garrett - Lots 1, 2, & 3 Blk 43 Farwell
- W. D. - Mae Darr, et al - John J. Boling - Lots 17, 18, 19 & 20 Blk 4 Farwell
- W. D. - Henry Minter - O. W. Rhinehart - W 85' Lot 5 Gardner Bovina
- W. D. - Chris M. Jacobsen - Veterans Land Board - W/2 of SE/4 Sec. 13 Blk B

- Rhea
- W. D. - Robert H. Hortenstine - G. T. Carry - Sec. 1 & 2 Oliver Sub Blk V
- D. T. - G. T. Carry - Robert H. Hortenstine - Sec. 1 & 2 Oliver Sub Blk V
- W. D. - Carl M. Fowler - G. A. Bandy - N/2 of SE/4 Sec. 4 T 15 S R 2 E
- W. D. - Gertrude Fowler Wingo - G. A. Bandy - S/2 of SE/4 Sect 4 T 15 S R2E
- W. D. - Chris M. Jacobsen - Veterans Land Board - E/2 of SE/4 Sec. 13 Blk B Rhea
- D. T. - W. M. White, et ux - Hi-Plains Sav. & Loan - Lots 17, 18, 19, & 20 Blk 6 Friona
- D. T. - Nannie Mae Blakey - First National Bank - Sec. 8 Harrah
- W. D. - J. G. Evans - W. O. Wright - Lot 6 Blk 4 1st

Unredeemed Merchandise Bargains

- National Cut-away Guitar, with amp \$95.00
- .38 Special Smith & Wesson Military Police, 2" barrel, like new \$52.50
- Elamo Amplifier 3 input \$24.50
- Make it a Diamond Christmas from our huge array of fine diamonds-SAVE
- Hallicrafter 2-way portable radio, with short wave bands \$65.00
- 1 Set, Community Silver plate, service for 8, new condition, current patterns \$49.50
- Grundig Tape Recorder, Small, one speed, good cond. \$60.00
- Nice selection of new Hamilton Diamond Watches at discount prices.

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- Chas. Lovelace Sheriff
- Hugh Moseley County & District Clerk
- J. H. McDonald Commissioner, Pct. No. 3
- Mabel Reynolds County Treasurer
- C. H. Jefferson Commissioner, Pct. No. 2
- E. G. Phipps Commissioner, Pct. No. 1
- H. L. Ivy Commissioner, Pct. No. 4
- Hurshel Harding County Attorney
- Lee Thompson Assessor-Collector

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THE PARMER FARMER

By W. H. Graham Jr.

We forgot to say "Happy Thanksgiving" a month ago. So we won't slip up this week. **MERRY CHRISTMAS!**

Something else we intended to do the week that the Thanksgiving paper came out was to help our rural readers recount all the things they have today for which to be thankful.

Christmas would be just as appropriate, we think, to do that, so we'll make good on our slip-up of a few weeks ago. To start with, allow us to point out that modern day folks are often the object of self pity, and that this unfortunate human trait, strangely enough, seems strongest in times of prosperity (even though we may be speaking in relative terms).

To bring home the point, we would say that all of us emphasize the negative aspects of life out of all proportion to the positive values. Instead of being thankful for a good crop, we complain over our difficulty in harvesting it. Rather than appreciating a nice home on the farm, we may mumble that it's too bad we can't afford a winter vacation in Florida.

So far as we have ever been able to determine, the best "cheer up" medicine that exists is comparison of our own condition with others. We have yet to ever find the moment we could not be glad we were so much more fortunate than many others we could call to mind.

Farming an irrigated place on the High Plains, which is the chief vocation of the most of our readers, is anything but a bed of roses. However, it is

a rewarding life, or at least so far a substantial part of our rural population, and the facts themselves show so clearly. There is no other spot in the nation--no, not even the world--where so many people live so well under an economy based wholly on agriculture as we do here on the High Plains. Almost 30,000 families are living proof of this.

While the advantages of farm life are almost too numerous to be described (and some of them are so soulful as to defy written expression), there is one in particular which we would like to emphasize this week. This advantage we might call "The Good Life."

It's hard to put your finger on what we mean, but perhaps you will understand if we say that The Good Life is the opposite of almost everything that troubles the modern world.

While there's plenty to be done, and in a short time on our modern day High Plains farms, still our farms are the last bastion of moderation in the "I've got to get it done NOW" plague that has gripped the nation since the turn of the century.

Traveling salesmen may joke about the farmer's daughter, but if the truth were printed, the morals of rural residents would clearly be seen much above those of their urban counterparts. The farmer we're thinking of is the clean living, clean talking, clean thinking, solid citizen who works hard, goes to church, minds his own business, and raises his children with a firm but loving hand.

Although men like these are dwindling even on the farms, their breed has almost disappeared from the cities. The prime reason why there is so much juvenile unrest in urban areas is because the elders have themselves shown a complete disregard for love, law, and order. The moral decay of the in-city resident is in striking contrast to the upright spiritual integrity of our "backbone" farmers, thank heaven.

Diversion is wonderful for the leisure hours, but city folks have such an avalanche of it these days that it has corrupted their ability to manage their lives. They are swept along in the flood of "things to do and places to go and people to see." The city dweller's consuming desire is for entertainment, and he will seek his pleasure to the ends of the earth.

Those who live on the farm are at least partly immune from the temptations of an earthy and useless life. That or they are better able to withstand them.

By the way, we didn't intend for this to be a sermon on morality. We just think that farm life is a good life and that morality is an intertwined ingredient of this condition.

Joe Douglas and O. D. Bingham say the land rush is on again. No, not to Nevada. That rush is already over. This time it is a place closer to home, and to an environment more familiar with most Farmer County area farmers.

The Friona land agents report that there are now more buyers of irrigated land than they can accommodate, and so they're branching out their operations. They are crossing the Canadian, seeking the western tier of the North Plains counties in Texas.

Excellent water sands are reported under several counties, and just as the lure of great water supplies pulled many a Lubbock County land buyer to our neck of the woods, so has the plum from the North Plains horizon shone brightly in the eyes of land seekers from south of the river.

The water resources of the North Plains are like those of our area in many respects. The sand formation, the Ogallala, is even the same. As a matter of fact, we should repeat here information that previously has appeared in High Plains Farm and Home, and cite as authority on the subject none other than Bill Broadhurst, hydrologist for our water district.

The Great Plains states, which run parallel with the Corn Belt States from the Canadian border south into Texas, are bordered with a tremendous east-sloping plain from the Rockies that, in many sections, contains a vast amount of ground water.

These irrigation (or potential irrigation) areas are sliced into four virtual "islands" by three rivers: the Canadian, the Arkansas, and the Missouri. Not just anywhere can you find irrigation water in this general area, of course. But the North Plains country which local farmers are now beginning to take an interest in is just another part of that tremendous stretch we have described.

PS--Don't go until you're sure you can't find what you want here. We need you to stay around and get in on the good future that's told about in our special article this week!

Christmas day begins in the middle of the Pacific ocean, and there is where Santa Claus starts and ends his great and only journey of the year.

"Time is money." This ought to be cheering news to the man of leisure who has Christmas presents to buy and no ready cash.

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THE HAPPY HOMEMAKER

BY JUNE FLOYD

Anyone who has ever tried to teach a left handed person to knit or crochet has experienced difficulty in showing this person the correct procedure. Recently we read in a homemaker's magazine a helpful hint on this subject. This is being re-printed from the Workbasket magazine.

When teaching a left-handed person to knit, have her sit in front of you. In doing this, she will be looking at the knitting exactly as she should do it and then when you hand the article to her, she can begin working without any difficulty. Of course, the same thing would work with a person learning to crochet.

A number of homemakers have made winter bouquets of dried flower arrangements that are beautiful. Sally Cocannouer made planters for the ones she made from tin cans and they were also very attractive. The planters represented logs and are easily made.

All the materials you need are some tin cans, a pound coffee can in which to mix your plaster, molding plaster from the hardware store, a spoon, a fork, some string, scissors or tin snips, pencil, tan and brown liquid shoe polish, waxed paper and a paper covered table on which to work.

A 46 oz. juice can will serve as the base for the log, or you can use two No. 2 cans. Sally used some rectangular anti-freeze cans for some of hers and they turned out very pretty.

To begin your planter, make an oblong opening beside the seam of the cans almost as long as your planter will be and three or four inches wide. Cut this opening with heavy kitchen scissors or tin snips. If you are using two cans together, you must remove one end from each can and push the cans

together with about one inch overlapping. Tie securely with string, which will be cut away when the logs are finished.

Lay a strip of waxed paper on the table. Fill the coffee can two-thirds full of water and

until the mixture is about the consistency of heavy batter. Spread enough of the plaster mixture on the waxed paper to cover the bottom of the log. Lay the bottom of the log in this mixture and spread the plaster over both ends of the log smoothing evenly with the spoon.

Spread the mixture over the top and sides of the log, letting it lap over the sharp edges of the log. This plaster hardens quickly, so a person has to work rapidly. After the log has been completely covered with the mixture, use the tines of the fork and make long indentation marks along the top and sides of the planter in the soft plaster.

This gives the log a rough bark texture. Put on a few lumps of plaster and smooth with the spoon to represent wood knots. Let the log harden for 30 minutes then paint the ends with the tan liquid shoe polish and the sides with the brown using the dauber that comes in the bottle as a brush.

When this has been done, set the log aside to dry for several days. If the planter is to be used for artificial flowers or dry arrangements, use as any other planter. However, if soil or water is to be used, you must line the planter with three or four layers of aluminum foil.

If the bottoms of your copper cooking utensils are beginning to turn dark or spotted, clean them in the following manner. Use a few drops of white vinegar and a sprinkling of salt. To prevent further discoloration or spotting, rinse in cold water and wipe with a paper towel.

For any special occasion or just an ordinary family meal, this recipe for congealed salad

is very good.
LIME JELLO SALAD
1 package lime jello
1 small can pineapple
1 cup diced marshmallows
1 1/4 cup water
1 package cream cheese
1/2 cup nuts
1/2 cup whipped cream
Dissolve jello in hot water, then add pineapple. Let chill until mixture begins to congeal, then add remaining ingredients and chill in individual molds or serving dish.

Ann Houlette is a wonderful cook and makes a cake that is called:
PRINCE OF WALES CAKE

3/4 cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
3 eggs
2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup buttermilk
1 1/2 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 cups raisins

Cream shortening, sugar and eggs. Then pour buttermilk into mixing bowl and add soda. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into the egg mixture alternately with the buttermilk. Stir raisins in last. Bake in loaf pan in moderate oven.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Some old-timers who enjoy the taste of moose meat cook up the nose, too! It tastes rather bland and sort of gelatinous.

The world's record bluegill is 4 3/4 pounds. It was caught on a surface bass plug.

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CLOSING NOTICE

My office will be closed for the Christmas vacation on the following dates:

Saturday, December 21st, through Sunday, December 28th.

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Favorite Recipes

Margaret Charles, when asked for some of her favorite recipes, came through with two. The first, a Vanilla Wafer fruit cake, is just indispensable in their home at Christmas time. Furthermore, she reports that this recipe is one of those that you can depend on to "never fail." Here it is:

1/3 cup sugar (white) and one small can of Pet or Carnation milk.
ADD:
 1 cup candied cherries
 1 cup glazed pineapple
 1 cup dates, chopped
 4 cups pecan meats
 Mix lightly together and bake in a greased, lined pan at 400 degrees for 40 minutes. Margaret uses a long, narrow loaf pan. She suggests that you allow the cake to cool thoroughly before cutting and also, be

sure to reduce the cooking time and temperature if smaller pans are used. This is the cake, incidentally, that the Charles' use for gifts to a number of their friends. Margaret says that the cake, wrapped in saran wrap and tied with a festive bow is not only a tasty gift, but a very attractive one, too.

Her other choice of cake recipes also calls for crushed vanilla wafers, but it is a white cocoanut cake and here again, she highly recommends the recipe.

WHITE COCOANUT CAKE

MIX TOGETHER:
 1 package crushed vanilla wafers
 1 cup sugar
 3 eggs
 1/2 cup milk
 1/2 cup butter
 1 teaspoon baking powder
ADD:
 1 cup nutmeats
 2 cups Angel Flake cocoanut

Bake the cake in layers for 30 minutes at 325 to 350 degrees. Margaret reports that her family prefers this cake too baked in a long loaf pan and, they also prefer it without an icing, but here is the filling recipe which she occasionally uses:

FILLING:
 1/2 cup butter
 1 cup brown sugar
 1/4 cup cream.

Cook ingredients together until well blended. Remove from heat and stir in 1/2 box of powdered sugar. Beat well and decorate.

Lavern Stevens offered us this recipe last week. Lavern readily admits that many people in Bovina have the following recipe, but, she says, it's so good that those that don't have it, will want to have it.

CRANBERRY SALAD

Grind one, one pound package of cranberries in a food grinder and sprinkle with one cup sugar. Allow to set overnight, or as long as possible. (Lavern reports that it is very good, with only about 30 minutes setting, when she's in a hurry.) Prepare one package of strawberry jello according to the directions on the box and allow to congeal. When the jello is ready, mix it well into the cranberry mixture with:

1/2 cup whipping cream (un-whipped)
 1 small, flat can of pineapple
 1 cup chopped nutmeats
 1 -seven ounce package of miniature marshmallows.

A word of caution, says Mrs. Stevens. This recipe makes a great big bowl full of salad and, when it's tasted, it will take a big bowlful to make it around the table for seconds.

THE BOVINA BLADE

However, if she is planning a dinner for, say a dozen people, Lavern is sure that one recipe will be sufficient for all. Good, easy and quick to put final preparations to; what more can you ask of a salad? Especially at this busy season of the year.

DIVINITY

2 1/2 cups white sugar
 2 egg whites
 1/2 cup karo (white)
 1 tablespoon vanilla
 1/2 cup water
 nuts, if desired, also marachino cherries

METHOD: Mix water, karo and sugar together in a sauce pan, cook until it forms a ball in cold water and pour slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat like mad until very thick, but still glossy and creamy; too long a beating will tend to make the candy sugar. Pour onto prepared, buttered platters and cut when firm.

(Hint; a pretty good substitute for the karo is a pinch of cream of tartar added to the sugar before mixing with water.)

Need "hibbling material" for a party? Here's a recipe for Hungarian Cinnamon Nut Sticks. Cream together; 1 cup butter and 1/2 cup sugar. Add one egg and beat well. Then add 2 1/2 cups flour and a pinch of salt, followed by a teaspoon of vanilla or other flavoring. Spread the heavy batter evenly on a very lightly greased cookie sheet and bake at 250 degrees for 15 minutes.

While cookie is baking, put 2 1/4 cups finely chopped pecan nutmeats, 1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon, and 1/2 cup unbeaten egg whites in a heavy sauce pan. Place over low heat and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved. Turn fire up and cook until mixture leaves the edges of the pan. Do not overcook.

Remove cookie from the oven and spread with the sugar mixture; place back in the oven and bake 15 minutes or until nicely brown. The icing will puff up and then fall when cool. When cool, cut in finger strips with wet knife.

Have been asked for a GOOD peanut brittle recipe, and found one completely by accident last week. My sister, Hazel Traugher of Portales contributed to "the cause" for this one:

PEANUT BRITTLE

Ingredients;
 2 cups shelled, raw peanuts
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup white syrup
 1 tablespoon soda
 Butter a baking sheet before starting and keep it handy, you'll

need it quick. Then, mix peanuts, sugar and syrup in a heavy, deep pan and bring to a boil. Stir occasionally and wipe down the sides of the pan with a damp brush. Cook to the "hard crack" or 300 degree stage and remove from heat. Stir in soda and beat hard then pour onto baking sheet and, within moments, when it is cool enough to handle, stretch to make it as thin as possible. When hard, break into chunks and store in an air tight container.

Hazel warns, by the way, that the chemical reaction between cooked mixture and the soda is, to say the least, a little alarming. It will foam high in the pan and will take all the mixing you can give it with a LONG handled spoon for a few seconds. Also, she reports, you'd think that the peanuts

Local Features

Letters to Santa

Letters to Santa

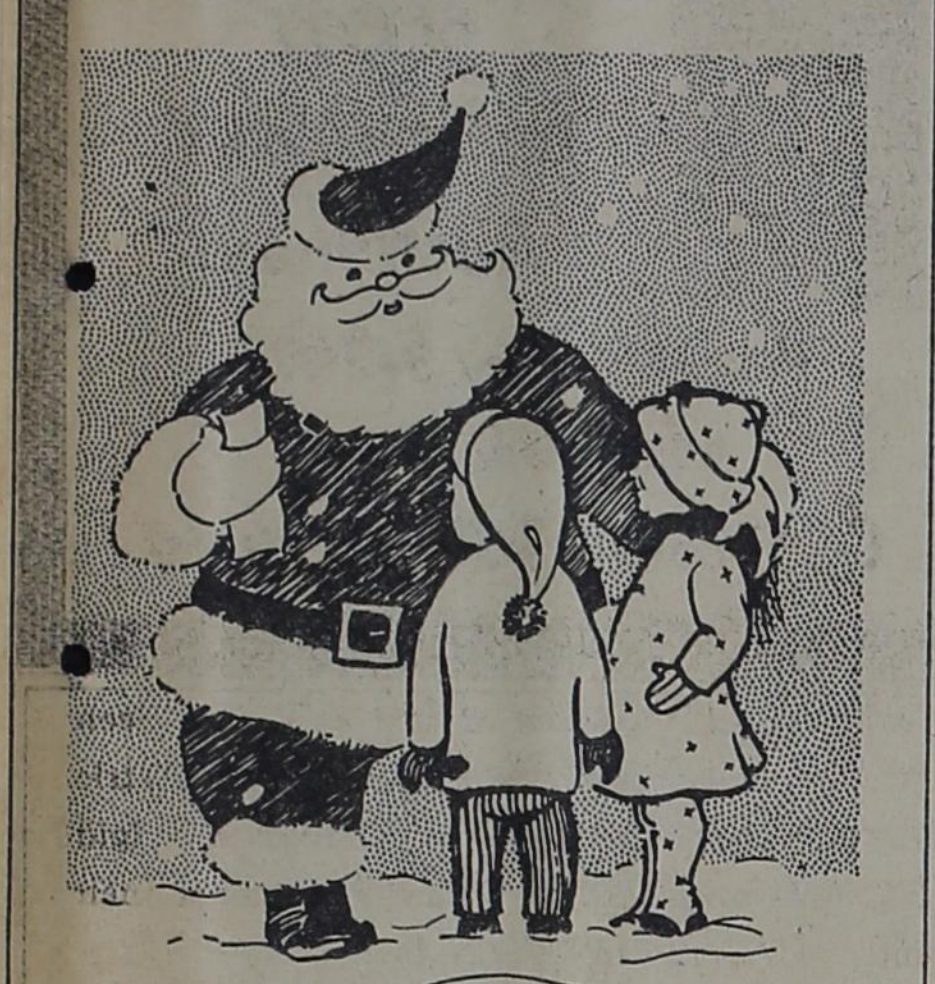
Dear Santa,
 I am a little girl 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a bicycle, and a watch, coke machine, fireworks, nuts, gum, candy, fruit.
 Your friend,
 Rose Marie Denny

Dear Santa,
 I wish I had a B-B gun and a bicycle.
 Your friend,
 Steven Wiseman

Dear Santa,
 I am a little girl 7 years old. I try to be good. Please bring me a bride doll.
 Your friend,
 Janice

Dear Santa,
 I am a little girl, I think that I have been good. Would you please bring me a big doll and stroller and a carcoat and anything else you think I need. Thank you,
 Jacqueline

Mix together:
 1 pound box of vanilla wafers, crushed fine;
 2 eggs, well beaten



1958
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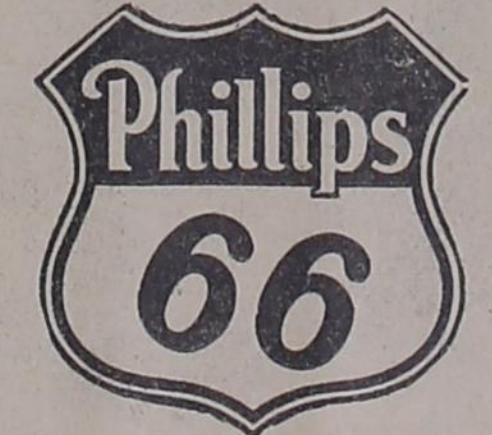


Greetings for Christmas

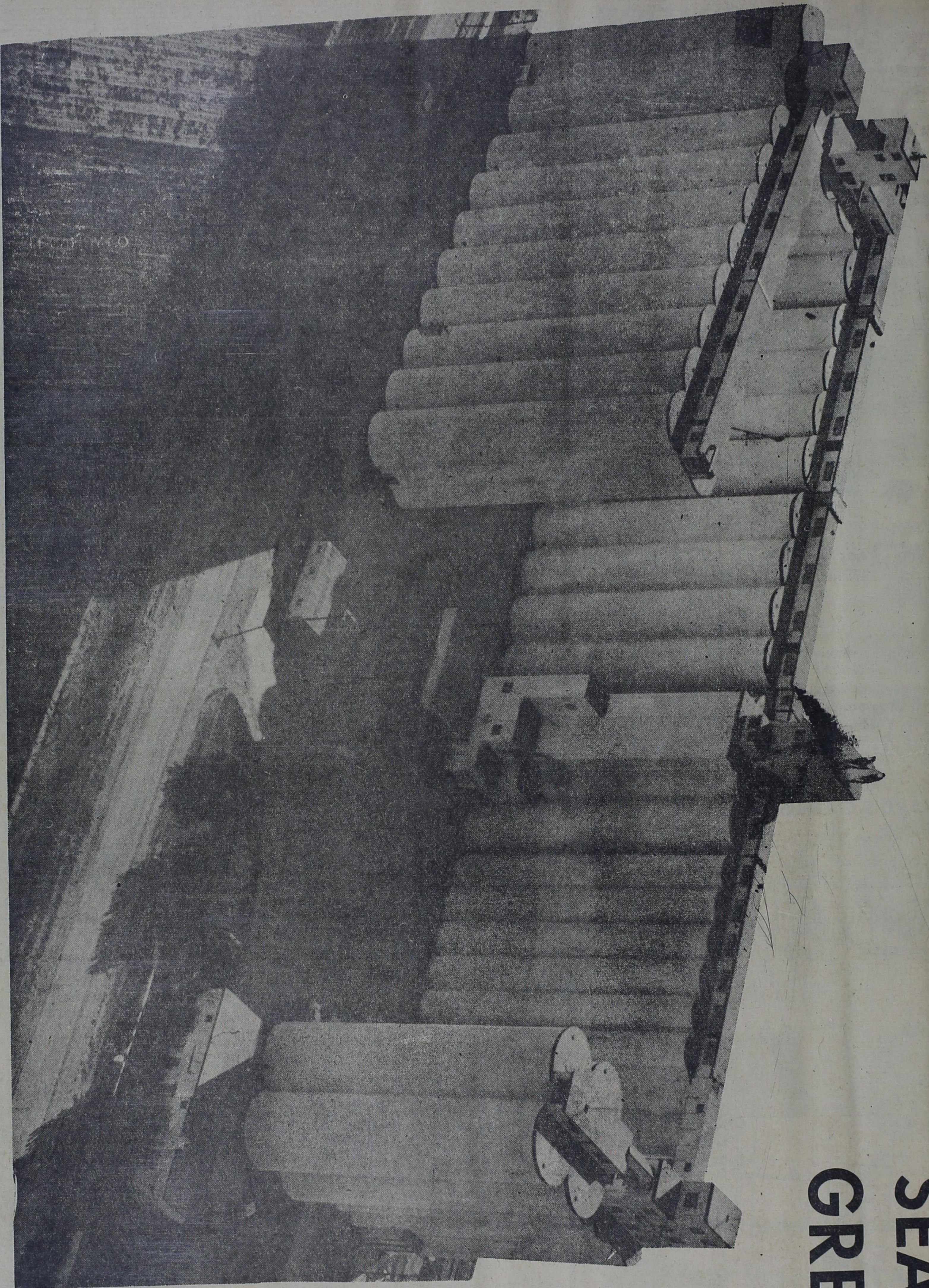
Let us rejoice in spirit...let us be glad of heart, for Christmas is here...Christmas, rich in the enduring gifts of hope and faith, peace and good will, brought to all men by the Christ Child on that holy night long ago. May this season of joy and wonder bring to you a sustaining sense of serenity and uplifting happiness to glorify all the days of the coming year.



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