

The Friona Star

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A RESUME OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS

By Mayor F. W. Reeve.

Not since Thomas Jefferson's time have we had the White House so close to the ground. The popular cry calls the signal.

Mr. Roosevelt seems to be honestly trying to comply as nearly as possible with the wishes of the populace. The theory is: "The Masses Must Be Right." The responsibility is placed equally upon the voters. Upon our popular mind the responsibility belongs.

It behoves the common people and farmers, as never before to see to it that our thinking and our demands be logical and sound. We must establish some great truths and decide on some sound principles from which to reason; then we must unselfishly and patriotically work out our own salvation.

First—our whole American achievements have grown up under an economic system of private business, industry and ownership of property. We believe this system is the only logical and safe plan. It is the only way the citizen's rights can be protected and at the same time give to the citizen the impetus to achieve.

Therefore, we should sponsor all federal and state measures which tend toward the encouragement and confidence of private business, and should oppose all measures and administrative acts which have destroyed and will destroy the confidence of business or capital and injure its welfare.

Second: We believe that (a) much debt is just as unsafe for the nation as for the individual; also, we believe that long time national debt is unfair and dangerous to the future generations. Therefore, we call for a rapid balancing of the federal budget, for a reduction in the government's extraordinary expense and for a drastic curtailment of existing and proposed government bureaus.

Third: We pray that such government regulations be made that honest and just practices shall be guaranteed as regards all business. No public utilities company should be permitted to impose on the public. We think that in some cases it might be wise for various governmental agencies to own and operate certain public utilities, but we oppose the government destroying private industry by competing with utility companies.

Fourth: With local and state government liens already existing against a great portion of the tangible property of the state, with local and state debts burdening property many years to come and with increased property values and earnings, we believe that something must be done to relieve the tangible property from a portion of the ad valorem tax. Otherwise the private ownership of property will cease to be the corner stone of our American civilization and prosperity. We therefore call upon our legislators to study the burdens of the ad valorem tax as imposed by state, county, school and city governments, with a view of immediately lifting from property at least one half of the combined ad valorem tax as now levied. The tax burden should affect all voters and in accordance with their ability to pay.

Fifth: We welcome any legislation that can strengthen and safeguard the farmer's position and encourage his economic production of wealth; but any special concessions at the expense of the consumer we condemn as unjust economics and must react to the detriment of general business revival. We demand that farmers of any other class of citizens, whose business interests coincide, may co-operatively own and operate corporations that may be to the advantage of the owner's business. We deem that the principle under which cooperative corporations are now functioning are valid and American.

Sixth: We approve the principle as humanly just and economically sound (that the federal government shall be a permanent policy, offer employ all American labor at a minimum wage.) This labor to be used to promote, build and operate projects that are of proven ethical and economic value to the whole public. Such safeguards should be set up that the government wage scale could not be used by the American employer to keep the wage scale at a low ebb. There should be no more reason for the government's wage scale holding industrial wages down than the American soldier. The Bureau of Labor with the other national bureaus as advisors, should control the government's activities; always bearing in mind that American labor which is used, is our greatest American asset. If we but wake up to our national possibilities and responsibility we will find our man-power is more valuable in time of peace than in time of war.

Seventh: We look with disfavor upon any propaganda or regulations which can be construed as lessening or clouding the sanctity of obligation. The urgency and importance of promptly paying all taxes should be stressed.

Eighth: We recognize the importance, even the necessity of cooperative effort between organized labor,

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT L. F. LILLARD HOME

Quite a goodly number of guests from Friona and Hereford gathered at the L. F. Lillard farm home on Christmas Day to partake of the gracious hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Lillard.

A regular "turkey dinner" was served at the noon hour, which included all the sauces and trimmings which go with a perfect turkey dinner, which Mrs. Lillard knows so well how to prepare.

Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Weir, Mrs. Carrie Lillard, Mrs. George W. Maurer, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Maurer and children and little Miss Marrett Giescher, all of Friona; and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Weir and Miss Virginia Lillard, of Hereford.

DENTON, (Spl.) Nov. 28.—Miss Dorothy Crawford of Friona has been selected by E. Clyde Whitlock, professor of violin at Texas State College for Women (CIA), a member of the college symphony orchestra, one of the two outstanding musical organizations on the campus.

This group, consisting of 42 pieces, is almost complete in instrumentation. Violins, violas, cellos, bass violins, flutes, clarinets, trumpets, trombones, tympani, piano and drums are featured.

Director Whitlock has been trained in orchestration in both America and Europe. He is concertmaster of the Fort Worth Symphony Orchestra and music critic of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

The college choir, other outstanding organization in campus musical circles, is under the direction of William E. Jones, director of music at the college. Consisting of 36 voices, this group is selected with a view toward the individual's knowledge of music, the blending qualities of the voices, and the beauty of tones.

Miss Crawford is the daughter of Mr. T. J. Crawford of Friona.

AND NOW WHAT?

'Tis the day after Christmas
And all through the room,
The housewife is busy
With scrub brush and broom.
She is weeping and dusting
And pulling out flat,
The carpets and rugs
And all such as that.

There are pieces of candy
And fruits and some nuts,
That the children had left
After filling their gobs.
There were scraps of bright paper
And red and green strings
That had come round the Santa
Clause.

Pretties and things
The grate filled with ashes
Or a faint smell of gas;
But Boys, I say "Howdy!"
That was some "come-to-pass."

Was there ever a Christmas
So good and so grand,
As last Tuesday spread,
All over our land?
There seemed plenty to eat
And nice things to wear,
And Dad seemed contented
Leaning back in his chair.

For those with abundance
Divided with those,
Who had not much food
And not many clothes,
And the boys of the Legion,
Full of Brotherly Love,
Pure acted the will
Of the good Lord above.
By giving to all
The dear mothers in need,
Pretty toys for the kiddies
And a mighty good feed.

VISITORS AT E. N. WELCH HOME

Nelson C. Welch, who is attending the State Technological College at Lubbock, and Miss Seva Welch, accompanied by Miss Gwendolyn Cowling, who are attending the West State Teachers College at Canyon, this year, are spending the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ford Welch.

Other guests at the Welch home are Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Welch and family, of Slaton, who arrived there last Friday evening to spend the holiday with their brother and sister, Mrs. Welch, the guest being a sister of Mrs. Welch, the hostess and the two men being brothers, Mr. G. C. Welch is connected with the Stokes Motor Company, of Slaton.

GONE TO SOUTH TEXAS

W. C. and C. H. Fallwell, of the Fallwell Garage, departed last Saturday morning for certain points in South Texas on a hunting and fishing vacation trip.

The Fallwell brothers expect to be away for about two weeks before returning to Friona.

FOR SALE—A lot of good bundle feed, 8 miles southwest of Friona. A. C. Bonger. 2tp

Industry, transportation, commerce, agriculture and the professions to lift our national economic load. We realize that fight between the various interests of national scope can but damage their mutual wellbeing. Cooperation in the largest meaning must predominate.



RHEA CLUB NOTES

The members of the Rhea Home demonstration Club entertained their families and friends with a six o'clock dinner Saturday evening, that being the regular time for the Social Meeting of the club.

Following the dinner a very interesting Christmas program of music, readings, plays and songs was rendered.

During the business session it was decided to have an all-day meeting soon for the purpose of fitting foundation patterns. Six of the newer members asked for patterns. The club will meet, January 1, 1935 at the school house.

MRS. COLE PASSED AWAY

This community was shocked Monday morning by the news that Mrs. A. E. Cole had passed away at 5:30 o'clock that morning. Owing to the fact that her serious illness from an attack of pleurisy and pneumonia, had been of such short duration, only a comparative few of her neighbors were aware that she was ill.

Following a short funeral service at the Methodist church on Tuesday morning, conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. L. Thurston, the remains were carried to Abernathy for burial. The Star hopes to give a more extended obituary next week.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Sunday school—10:00.
Public Worship—11:00.
Men's study class—in the parsonage, at 10:00—Subject for discussion—The Broader Outlook.
The pastor will speak at the morning worship hour, on Thanks Be To God.

The annual meeting of the church will take place in the afternoon of Jan. 6th, at which time the annual election of officers, and reports from the separate departments of the church will be the principal business.

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Among those of the Friona young people, who are attending the various State Colleges this winter, who came home for the holiday season the Star is able to report the following: Misses Seva Welch, Gwendolyn Cowling, Roba and Roberta Hill, Marjorie O'Brien, and Edith Brookfield, and Messrs. Lex Alexander, Glenn and Charlie Reeve, students at the W. T. S. T. C. college at Canyon; Miss Rosella Dixon and Messrs. Nelson Whitefield, Paul Spring, Nelson Welch, Lloyd Brewer and Albert Conaway, students at the Tech. College at Lubbock; Miss Dorothy Crawford, student at the C. I. A. at Denton; Miss Helen Crawford, student at the State University at Austin; Frank Trull, of the Drash's Business College at Dallas.

Among those who are teaching in the various schools of the state and who are home for the holidays are: Mrs. James Bragg, of Messenger; Mrs. Floy Goodwine, of Deer Park; Mr. and Mrs. J. Harland O'Rear, of Goodnight; Miss Margaret Goodwine, of Vernon; Miss Mary Reeve, of Olton; Hadley Reeve of Snyder.

It is quite evident that there are a number of other young folk of Friona, who are either teaching or attending high educational institutions of the state and who are home for the holidays, but they have not been reported to the Star.

Mr. Claude Tallwell, of Terurston, Idaho, arrived here Saturday morning for a visit of a few days with his brothers W. C. and C. H. Fallwell. Mr. Fallwell departed for his home on Thursday.

FOR SALE—Good Baled Hegari Hay, \$15.00 per ton. 11 miles from Friona, 6 miles east of Bovina. B. B. Bates, Bovina. 2tp

HOME FROM NEW MEXICO

J. W. Parr and O. G. Turner, who have been in the mountains of New Mexico for the past several weeks engaged at sinking a mine shaft into the side of a mountain, are spending this week with their families. Mr. Parr has been home for several days and Mr. Turner returned Saturday.

Mr. Turner stated to a representative of the Star that they were making good progress in their work at sinking the shaft on their gold mining claim in New Mexico, the shaft now being more than one hundred feet back into the side of the mountain. He is quite hopeful of eventually striking paying ore as the indications are quite promising.

THE LYCEUM NUMBER

The lyceum number, which was given on Wednesday evening of last week as the fourth in a series of eight, was pronounced by those who attended it, as one of the most interesting programs that has been given this season.

The program consisted principally of a two-act tragedy, presented by the Dramatic Department of the West Texas State Teachers College, under the direction of Prof. Bachelor.

The local High School Chorus, under the direction of Prof. Glenn F. Davis presented a number of vocal music number before and between the acts of the play. The fifth number of the course will be presented at a near future date.

International Sunday School Lesson

By DR. J. E. NUNN

For Sunday, Dec. 30.

General Topic: TESTS OF A CHRISTIAN
Scripture Lesson: 1 John 5:1-12.

1. Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is begotten of God; and whosoever loveth him that begeth loveth him also that is begotten of him.
2. Hereby we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and do his commandments.
3. For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

4. For whatsoever is begotten of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith.

5. And who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God.

6. This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not with the water only, but with the water and with the blood.

7. And it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is the truth.

8. For there are three who bear witness the Spirit, and the water, and the blood: and the three agree in one.

9. If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for the witness of God is this, that he hath borne witness concerning his Son.

10. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in him; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he hath not believed in the witness that God hath borne concerning his Son.

11. And the witness is this, that God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

12. He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life.

Golden Text: Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is begotten of God; and whosoever loveth him that begeth loveth him also that is begotten of him.—John 5:1.

INTRODUCTION

John is supposed to have survived all of the other Apostles. It was left to him to write the last words of the New Testament Scriptures. For our purposes the date is not particularly important, but there is strong support for the opinion that John's epistles are the very last words of the New Testament. The letters of John were doubtless written from Ephesus, and the first one at least belongs to that group of epistles known as general epistles. That is, it is not addressed to any particular person or group. As some one has said of John's writings: "The style is simple but baffling in its very simplicity. The sentences are easy for a child to read, their meaning is difficult for a wise man fully to analyze."

The first test of the Christian is to be a Christian, until this item is settled it is folly to think about other tests. John almost specializes in the new birth, —not a re-birth, but another birth. The third chapter of his Gospel should be read in this connection for this contains the Master's own discussion of the miracle of the spiritual birth. Like all other miracles, it defies explanations. God works the miracle; man exercises the faith. The Bible is quite clear that the new birth comes as a result of faith, and faith, for our purposes here, is simply taking God at his word, without any questions at all.

OBEDIENCE THE PROOF OF LOVE, v. 2.

"For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." We find this true in our human relationships. If a child does not obey his parents, we are sure that he does not love them. If two persons who are betrothed do not long to do each other's will, we are certain that they are not really in love with each other and ought not to marry. "And his commandments are not grievous." "Who have been the happiest people in history, people who have been the most successful, whose lives have been bubbling over like great springs of joy? Have they not been men and women who carried burdens like their divine Lord? John Wesley, preaching, and giving, and spending himself with marvellous prodigality after he was eighty years of age, is described by men and women who

saw him as the happiest of men. John Howard going down into foul dungeons, giving his life to ameliorate the conditions of the prisoners of Europe who had no other voice to speak for them, was a man of infinite enthusiasm and joy. And the story is the same everywhere. Dorothea Dix, fighting her long battle for the insane; Florence Nightingale, battling down the doors of locked up provision stores for the wounded soldiers in the Crimea; Frances Willard, pouring out her life like a libation to God in her leading of the forlorn hope for temperance; go search anywhere and everywhere among the names known among the nations, or in individuals towns and little communities wherever man or woman or child has bent the shoulder to carry the burdens of another. God has not failed to give the happiness that can come only from heavenly sources."—Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D.

FAITH WINS VICTORIES, v. 4.

"And this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." This is one of the greatest sentences in the Bible. "All the influences, whether visible or invisible, that conspire to prevent a man from reaching his highest ideal of purity are comprehended in this expression, 'the world.'"—Bishop Matthew Simpson. "Our faith must mean everything to us, if it is to be victorious. Our faith is begotten of God. Therefore our faith can overcome the world."—Rev. John A. Hutton. "And who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" D. L. Moody said: "When I was converted, I made this mistake: I thought the battle was already won. But I found out after serving Christ for a few months that there was a battle on hand, and that if I was to get a crown I had got to fight for it. And it is folly for any man to attempt to fight this battle in his own strength. The world, the flesh, and the devil are too much for any man. I don't care who he is. But if we have faith in Jesus Christ, and are linked with him, and Christ is formed in us, the hope of glory—then it is we get the victory over every enemy."

ETERNAL LIFE THROUGH JESUS CHRIST, v. 11.

"And the witness is this, that God gave unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." John began this letter with a strong statement that he had himself known this Eternal Life, which was manifested in the Son of God (1 John 1:2); and he had heard Christ say with equal emphasis: "As the Father hath life in himself, even so gave he the Son also to have life in himself" (John 5:2). Therefore he placed at the beginning of his Gospel the glorious words, "In him was life; and the life was the light of men" (John 1:4). "This is the message of the Christian gospel, the greatest, gladdest of all messages because eternal life is the greatest, gladdest, and best of all things. Eternal life is not a life hereafter, not a future and distant felicity, not a crown to be received at the end, but a present reality, an immediate possession. It is not primarily a length of life, but a kind of life, the highest quality of life, the life that has in it all the sovereign elements—knowledge, love, joy, power—for which we are made, life that is eternal and inexhaustible in its meaning and value. It is the eternal life in us now that reaches out to the eternal life to come" (Rev. Robert Low, D. D.). Therefore the highest and most searching test of a Christian is this: has he in him consciously and actively, this eternal life?

SPECIAL LESSONS

1. The only faith that wears well and holds well its colors in all weathers, is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.—J. R. Lowell.

2. Certainly it is not possible for any one who is deliberately living a bad life, and means to get on living it, to be even intellectually sincere toward the truth that is in Jesus Christ.—P. Carnegie Simpson.

3. Blessed are they who die for God and earn the martyr's crown of light; yet he who lives for God may be a greater conqueror in His sight.—Adeleide Anne Proctor.

ROBBERS' ROOST



By ZANE GREY

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"So soon!" exclaimed Helen, with dark, inscrutable eyes on him.

"You are home. All is well with you."

"Bernie, could you not induce Jim to stay?" she queried.

Herrick waved a deprecatory hand. "Bernie has consented to let me share his ranching enterprise," she said. "I'd like to see it pay—a reasonable interest, at least. And I have rather conceived the idea that it'd be difficult, if not impossible, without you."

"Not at all," replied Jim, constrainedly.

Presently she arose: "Come, let us ride. We can discuss it better in the saddle."

Jim could not find his tongue. He was vastly concerned with this ride. After it, would he be as strong as he was now? To be near her.

Barnes led the onslaught of ranch hands upon Helen, and the welcome she received could not have been anything but gratifying.

Jim got on the horse Barnes saddled for him and followed Helen up to his surprise took the road back who to the ranch house. Perhaps she had forgotten something. But when he turned the bend she was mounting the trail that led up the ridge. If there had been giants on huge steeds pulling Jim back, he still would have kept on. When they got up to the level ridge, among the pines, he trotted to catch up with her. But she kept a little ahead.

His thoughts locked around the astounding fact—this was the trail they had ridden down, after that encounter when he had kissed her. Sight and hearing, his sense of all around him, seemed strangely intensified. The pines whispered, the rocks had a secret voice, the sky turned blue, the white clouds sailed, the black Henrys loomed above and the purple-gray valley deepened its colors below.

Helen halted her horse under the very pine where they had stopped to listen to the hounds and cowboys racing up the ridge after the deer.

"My sense of direction seems to be all right," said Helen.

"Helen, I fear it's better than your sense—of blindness, let me say."

"Why did you bring me here?"

"Please look at my check," she replied, coolly.

Jim dismounted, more unsure of himself than ever in any of the many crucial moments of his career. He did not understand a woman. He could only take Helen literally.

Her saddle cinch was all right, and he rather curtly told her so.

"Then—maybe it's my stirrup," she went on, lightly, as she removed her boot and spurred foot.

"Well, I can't see anything wrong with that, either," Helen said.

Something thudded on the ground. Her gloves and her sombrero. But they surely had not fallen. She had flung them! A wave as irresistible as the force of the sea burst over him. But he looked up, outwardly cool. And as he did her gloved hand went to his shoulder.

"Nothing—the matter with your stirrup," he said huskily.

"No. After all, it's not my check—nor my stirrup. . . . Jim, could any of your western girls have done better than this?"

"Than what?"

"Than fetching you here—to this place—where it happened."

"Yes. They would have been more merciful."

"But since I love you—"

"You are mad," he cried.

"And since I want you—presently—to behave somewhat like you did that day."

He recoiled under that. The truth was almost overwhelming. The strong, earnest light of her eyes told more than her words. Her pallor had vanished. She was no longer cool.

"Jim, you might have saved me this. But perhaps it is just as well. You are laboring under some delusion that I must dispel. . . . I want you—ask you to stay."

"If you are sure—I will stay. Only, for G-d's sake, don't let it be anything but—but—"

"Love," she added. "Jim, I am sure. If I were going back to England, I would want you to go, just the same. . . . It's what you are that has made me love you. There need be no leveling. I lived years down in Robbers' Roost. That changed me—blew the cobwebs out of my brain. This wonderful West and you are alike. I want both."

"But I am nobody. . . . I have nothing," he cried haltingly.

"You have everything a woman needs to make her happy and keep her safe. The fact that I did not know what these things really were until lately should not be held against me."

"But it might be generosity—pity—the necessity of a woman of your kind to—pay."

"True. It might be. Only it isn't. I brought you here!"

Jim wrapped his arms around her and for the reason that he was ashamed to betray the oasis which

blinded his eyes, he buried his face in her lap and mumbled that he would worship her to his dying breath and in the life beyond.

She ran soft unglazed hands through his hair and over his temples. "People, cities, my humdrum existence had palled me. I wanted romance, adventure, love. . . . Jim, I regard myself just as fortunate as you think you are. Lift me off. We'll sit a while under our pine tree. . . . Jim, hold me as you did that other time—here!"

[THE END]

THE NEW YEAR

By GEORGE COOPER
in Indianapolis News

A SONG for the Old
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!

But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!

Oh! its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;

But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave so true!

But, with hearts of glee,
Let us merrily
Welcome in the bright, bright New!

For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;

But a joy more sweet,
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New.

Heart and purpose ever lead!
Let the ills we met,
And the sad regrets,
With the Old be buried deep;

For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

The town hall of the small village of Landers had no clock, but a bell in the cupola. The janitor was one of those fussy fellows who make a positive creed of doing everything on the dot.

He kept his watch set "railroad time," consequently when the old man entered the hall in the morning, every one knew it was exactly one minute of seven. The selectmen met there. The offices of the probate judge were on the second floor. The town hall had to be kept warm. When the janitor left at eight it was exactly five minutes past six. At six the bell pealed out its only ringing for the day, and people set their watches by it.

Old Foxton had a cubby-hole of his own where he could rest and smoke when he wasn't busy. It was the custom on New Year's eve for the town hall bell to ring out at midnight. Though many enthusiastic youngsters would have liked to send the joyous clanging out over the roofs of the town, Old Foxton would have none of it. That day he stayed seventeen hours in the town hall. But nothing is settled or sure, even in a small, well-regulated village.

One of the youths who had long coveted the fun of New Year's eve bell-ringing held a conference with a friend. "Have you ever thought," said this enterprising young man, "what a joke it would be to have the whole town late for a day?"

His friend cocked up his ears.

"It's possible for one individual to send the lives of a thousand people into a tail-spin of unpunctuality over a mere matter of ten minutes." They stared at each other, a slow grin growing on their faces. "You pull the right lever and then watch. In this

the right lever is old Foxton," they went into a huddle of secret planning.

At twelve that night they were to hold especial celebration. They could count on Old Foxton. The moment the big bell began to clang . . . that would be the first instant of the first minute of the New Year. Exactly! There was something fine and dependable in the thought of Old Foxton, they said. Gave you confidence in the human race, it was as right as Father Time himself.

At one minute of twelve, where parties were in progress, every one stopped talking. They waited expectantly. The minute hand crept on to twelve. Lips were opened in readiness to shout with the first ringing of the great bell. But no sound came clanging over the roof-tops . . . only the small tinkles of their own clocks chiming the hour.

SILENCE! Nothing more.

They couldn't believe it. For forty years that bell had been rung precisely on the dot. The little clock-bells ceased their chiming. The minute hand crept by the hour. All the awaited thrill collapsed miserably.

"I'll tell you what it is," cried some one, "We're wrong . . . our time is fast!"

They waited. At ten minutes past the hour the big bell sounded its twelve deep notes. Clocks were set back ten minutes. Even those people awakened from their sleep looked at their watches and set them right with the bell.

Next day confusion reigned—often annoying but not serious. Radio programs were tuned in ten minutes after their beginning.

Two solemn youths, unnaturally grave, were exhibiting their watches to this and that unconvinced citizen. "But you're wrong, both of you," declared every one. "We were all wrong. We know it because we set our clocks by the midnight bell."

The boys raised surprised eyebrows. "But we," they said, "have correct 'railroad' time. Nobody in Landers is right . . . but us!"

It came out at last. It had to, of course. Old Foxton sputtered to his wife. His wife told a neighbor. The news ran like wildfire. Though inclined to be scandalized at first, the whole town laughed. It came to be considered a capital joke. . . . If never repeated.

Twenty minutes before midnight the janitor in his cubby-hole found himself bound, and not too roughly gagged. His watch was removed from his pocket and held before his eyes.

The minutes ticked themselves away until twelve. The old man writhed in his bonds. Not a sound from the steeple.

Five minutes past ten minutes past the hour. Then the slow clanging of twelve strokes.

Foxton never discovered who kept him in his chair or who rang the bell. Hand-wise a handkerchief swathed all but the eyes of his jailer. When the last stroke sounded, the stranger unslung Foxton's arms. He swiftly left.

locked the door, and threw the key through the transom. By the time the old man had freed himself there wasn't so much as a sound in the entire building.

"It's a good idea, just the same," remarked one solemn youth to another, "for a person not to be right all of the time!"

And then they laughed . . . but never told.

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Journey From Nazareth, Birth of Christ Child

ALMOST two thousand years ago the great emperor, Caesar Augustus, sent out a decree that the whole world should be enrolled. Each one was to go to his own city; to the place of his fathers. None were exempt from the decree.

From the hill town of Nazareth two people set out in answer to the summons. One, a tall, bearded figure, his shoulders sagging under the weight of years, and from the continued stooping that his trade as a carpenter necessitated. The other, a young and beautiful woman, her face aglow with a strange, sweet serenity. Their names were Joseph and Mary, and they were going to the distant town of Bethlehem, because they were of the house of David.

The man walked patiently beside the plodding donkey on which the woman was seated. They showed no impatience as others passed them by; nor did they join with any of their fellow travelers in venting anger against Caesar for taking them on such a long and tiresome journey.

Perhaps because of Joseph's age, or of Mary's delicate condition, they were among the last to enter Bethlehem, and to seek a shelter at the inn. They were told that there was no room for them there. Their humble appearance made no appeal to the innkeeper on a night when more prosperous looking guests were crowding the doors.

Disappointed and fearful, they sought further. But they could find no place. Some one spoke of a cave outside the town. Joseph looked at Mary and his eyes filled with tears. But she nodded assent. . . . And in that lowly place, warmed only by the breath of oxen, Jesus, the hope and promise of all mankind, was born into the world!—Katherine Edelman.

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A boy must have a dog to love; and a little girl a doll.

Financial wizards are those who quickly lose them.

A man with one idea may be either a crank or a genius.

For hearing suspicious noises at night sleep in a tent.

One can't keep young; but he can keep clean and amiable.

It takes good sense to make any system of government work.

The "school of experience" is a post-graduate course after college.

Lazy people think Opportunity goes away too quickly after it knocks.

Young men of twenty who have good manners will always have them.

Happiness To You In The New Year

May the year 1935 bring to you all the best of success and happiness. We wish to everyone added prosperity during the coming year and years.

OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

. . . is that we will all try to serve you better than ever in 1935.

Texas Utilities Co.

Should you leave when the man on the platform says what you don't believe or should you stay and shout, "Boo!"?

Vienna Estate Chains Passing

The privilege of the chains, for centuries considered almost sacred in Austria, is being questioned in Vienna and may go. The chains are those stretching between stone posts to form a fence around an estate. In Vienna these chains are a symbol that the house belongs to a noble, and that neither the police nor any public authority may pass within them under any pretext whatever. They represent a separation between the nobility and the middle classes. People used even to take off their hats as they passed the house and its chains, the owner being all-powerful on his territory. Now that Vienna is no longer the capital of a great empire the chains are to be merely interesting vestiges of a power that is past.

French Army Blue Passing
The time will not be far distant, writes the Paris correspondent of the London Sunday Observer, when "bleu horizon" will entirely have disappeared from the French army, and khaki will have taken its place. No skyblue cloth has been made since 1921, and the stock then replenished has now been entirely exhausted. On the other hand the clothing department of the army still possesses a considerable reserve of ready-made blue uniforms, and it is intended to use these up. This measure takes a considerable time, and during this period, khaki will become more and more the color for parades and blue more and more the color for less ceremonial occasions.



AFTER THE FIRST

There will be some stock revision bargains—closeouts, overstocks, etc. Come in, look them over and get some real bargains.

Last chance on WALL PAPER closeout. As much as 1-2 off. Making room for new stock. New prices are higher. Paper your home at these ridiculous prices. Have 2 used cream separators.

Blackwell's Hdw. & Furn.

We Appreciate Your Christmas Trade We Enjoyed The Trades Day Program

We extend to all our most sincere wishes for a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR and will do all in our power to make it such by giving you good material at moderate price.

ROCKWELL BRO. & COMPANY

O. F. LANGE, Manager

ATTENTION

COTTON FARMERS

Owing to the short crop and the unprofitable season for ginning this year, we are asking our patrons to get

ALL THEIR COTTON IN Not Later Than The 15th of January

So that we can close the gin for the season. Wishing to all our Patrons

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Friona Gin Company

We Wish

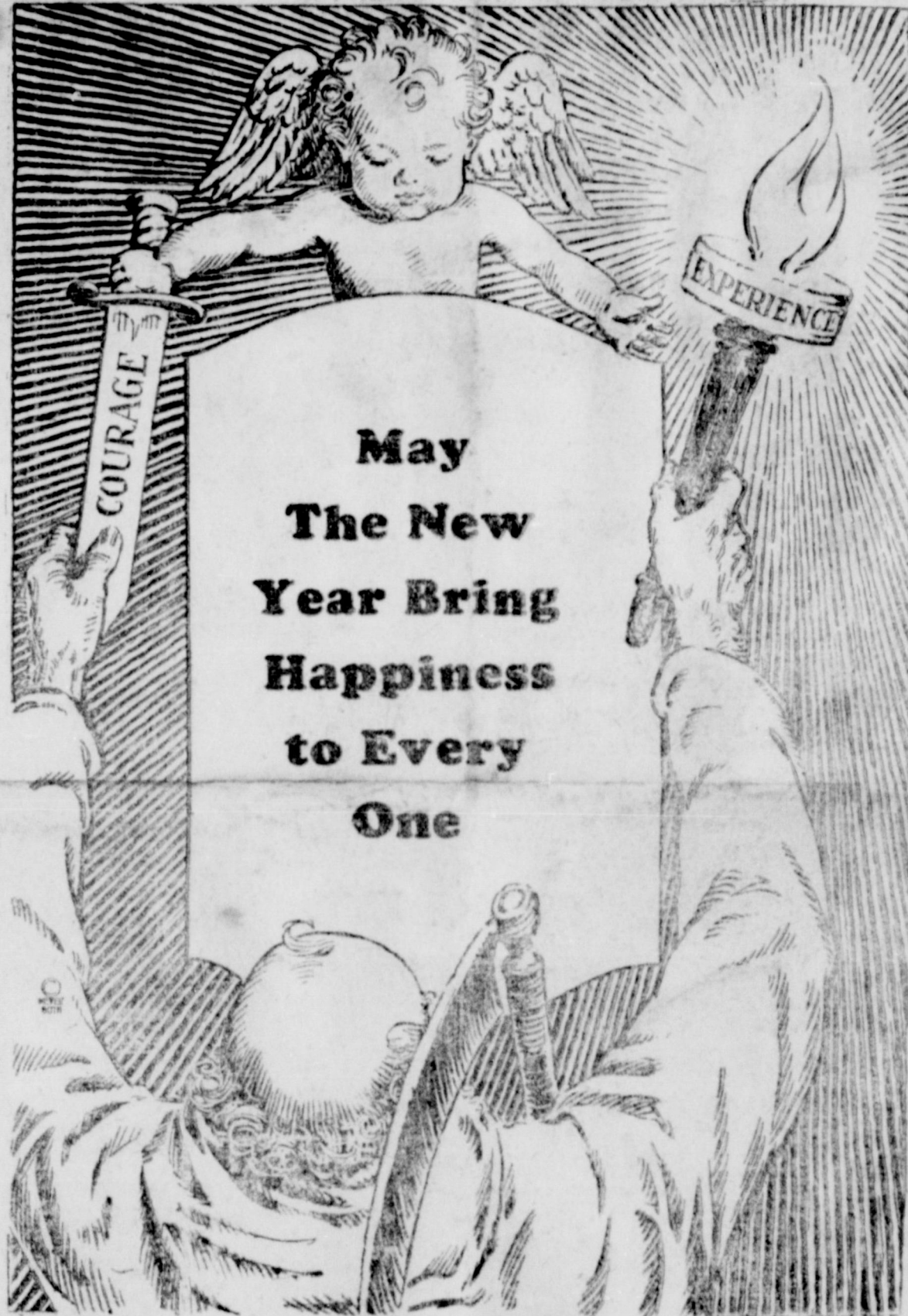
TO INSURE YOU

A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS YEAR THROUGHOUT 1935

See Us for All Kinds of INSURANCE

J. W. WHITE, Insurance

A Happy 1935



The Friona Star

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I-H CLUB BOY HAS GOOD CALVES

Eugene Boggs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Boggs and a member of the Friona High School I-H club, was in town last Saturday with his two Hereford steer calves, one of which was calved on April first and the other on April 29th, there being just a month's difference in their ages.

These were the two nicest looking calves the writer has seen in this locality for many days, or for several years, and are being cared for entirely by Master Eugene personally, under the instructions of Prof. T. L. Leach, teacher of agriculture in the Friona High School.

The younger calf is a registered animal, while the older is a grade, and their owner and feeder had them at Friona for the purpose of weighing them in order to ascertain the amount of weight they had each taken since they were weighed sixty days ago.

At the former weighing in October the registered calf weighed 490 pounds and the older calf, the grade, weighed 500 pounds. When weighed Saturday the younger, or registered calf weighed 600 pounds, having made a gain of 110 pounds in the two months, and the older, or grade, weighed 610 pounds, having made a gain of 90 pounds in the two months, a gain of 20 pounds less than his younger companion; thus showing that if this rate of gain is continued each calf for the next two months the younger or registered calf will be heavier.

The writer will be glad to see the calves being grown by the other members of the local I-H club, and will be pleased to report their rate of growth or gain in weight to the Star.

HOME FOR HOLIDAYS

Miss Rosella Dixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Dixon, of the Rheas community, who is attending the Tech College at Lubbock, is at home spending the holiday season with her parents and brother.

Miss Dixon had as her week-end guests, the Misses Irene Sachs, Helen Schlenker and Wayne New.

MOST SUCCESSFUL TRADES DAY

The Trades Day season organized and promoted by the business people of Friona, which resulted in the giving away of ten beautiful and useful gifts, is considered as one of the outstanding accomplishments of this city, and for that matter, of any small city of the Plains country.

On each of the three Trades Days the streets were lined with cars parked on both sides and the sidewalks were thronged with people from all the eastern half of the county and some from adjoining counties, all in the best of humor, all eager and anticipative and jolly.

Not a harsh word or an unfriendly act was heard or seen and not one feeling of unfairness was expressed as to the manner in which the gifts were distributed. No one was seemingly expecting any of the gifts, yet all realized that they had as fair an opportunity of being a favored one as was their neighbor and when they had gone to needy and worthy recipients and the throng was still jolly and contented.

For lack of time and space we are unable to give the names of all the recipients of these prizes, but may be able to do so at a later date.

The committee in charge of the affair has announced that there will be another trades day sometime in near future but that the date has not yet been decided upon, neither the nature or number of the prizes, but asked the people to continue to get "trades day" tickets when trading with the business concerns of Friona and that the date of the next trades day will be announced through the columns of the Star later.

Submarines, it seems, can't be abolished because the nations that are not rich can't afford battleships.

A very mild kind of a hypocrite is one who pretends to like what you like just to please you, bless his amiable soul.

Happy
NEW YEAR
 1935



**From all of us
 to all of you**

THE FRIONA STAR