

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of JODOK

Well, Well! Tomorrow will be another Christmas rolled around to greet us again, and it reminds me that another span of twelve short months, which separates our time from eternity, has passed into the ir retrievable past.

And so short does this span of twelve months seem to me that I can fancy myself sitting in my chair as I type this column, and reaching my hand out and laying it on the pier where rested the other end of the span as it was a year ago, and without any extra exertion whatever, accompanying the act—so short does the span seem to me now.

And as the years have passed by me these spans of twelve months each have apparently become shorter and shorter, and so I suppose they will continue to appear until I have reached the last pier or span of my earthly existence—but what matters it, if they do?

Occasionally in my conversations with my friends, they very gently and carefully imply by their remarks or suggestions, that I do not get around or through with as much work in a day as I once could or did, but I do not mind such references to my ability—not a bit. I have always understood that when a man gets into his "eighties" he just naturally slows up in his activities, whether he so wills it or not, and very frequently does not so much as notice the fact himself—so why worry about such a matter?

Only this week I was talking with a friend of mine and he asked my age and after telling him what it is, he remarked that I am doing very well for the number of my years. I replied that I was aware of the fact that I am living on borrowed time, or in other words, the unused time of some other person. But I told him further, that I hope it is the unused time of someone who has departed before he had used all of his allotted "three-score and ten" years, and so I hope it is. It is a matter of fact that, if I knew myself to now be using the unused time of someone now living, I should wish to cease living at once.

Two men have asked me this week if I believe in Santa Claus. To the best of my recollection it was Bethel Hicks and Bob Chiles. Anyway, I answered each of them in the affirmative, that I most surely do. I told them there is a Santa Claus just as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, and that he is among us, not only at the Christmas season, but throughout the entire year.

I asked Bethel if he believed in Santa Claus, and he replied that he is still trying to make himself believe that there is; and I told him not to have any "make-believe" about it, but to just go right on believing it with all his heart. I told him also that Santa Claus will visit him during this Christmas season, and I sort of believe I made Bethel believe what I was saying.

I explained to him that the Santa Claus I had in mind is not the old fellow with the long white whiskers, the big fur cap and the red coat and pantaloons, that we always see at the Christmas tree entertainment, for he is only a symbol of the real Santa Claus. But the real Santa Claus is that peculiar something or other that creeps into your life and my life and makes us want to do some good thing for some of our fellow mortals, even though it may be nothing more than a kind and cheering word of smile, and it is that unexplainable "something" that keeps this old world as good as it is.

He is all gentleness and kindness, but he is not, however, all-powerful. He cannot carry his unadulterated goodness to all whom he would at all times, and it is therefore, up to you and me as individuals, to do our part in clearing the way for him and in supporting and assisting him in his mission of "peace and good will on earth."

Well, it is likely that I did not put all this into words nor use the same words that I have used here, but I hope I left the impression with him, and I believe I did, for Bethel is one of those boys, who can get a lot of meaning from a conversation that is not all expressed in words. And my conversation with Bob was pretty much the same as with Bethel.

MRS. L. F. BECKNER

The hearts of our people were again filled with sadness and sorrow on Wednesday of last week, when the Death Angel spread his somber wings over the home of our fellow citizen, L. F. Beckner, and took from it the wife and mother of the family to her eternal resting place.

Mrs. Beckner had been suffering for several days with a serious attack of pneumonia, the ravages of which, in her advanced age and weakened physical condition, she was unable to withstand, and death came to relieve her on Wednesday afternoon.

Mamie Keenan was born in October, 1862, at Union, West Virginia, and was married to L. F. Beckner in February, 1885. To this union was born two children—a son, C. A. Beckner, of Friona, and a daughter, Mrs. C. L. Pierce, of Hedley. Later in life she and Mr. Beckner took unto themselves a foster daughter, who is now Mrs. E. D. Nesbitt, of Southland.

In 1905 they moved to Clarendon, Texas, where they lived until they moved to Friona in 1917, and resided in this community until her death.

She joined the Methodist church at an early age and was a member of the Friona Methodist church at the time of her death, which occurred at a hospital in Hereford. She is survived by her husband and the above mentioned children.

The funeral services were conducted at the local Methodist church, Thursday of last week, at 2:30 p. m., her pastor, Rev. C. R. Hardy, conducting the services. Following the services, the remains were laid to rest in the Friona Cemetery.

The pallbearers were: S. H. Osborn, J. R. Roden, Oscar Lange, Elmer Euler, Seldon Warren, and J. A. Blackwell.

Mrs. Beckner was of that kindly, sympathetic and cheerful disposition, which always endears those who possess it to all with whom they come in contact. She was a host of friends at all times, and mourn her departure. She was an ardent admirer and friend of the Friona Star, and we, of the Star, always considered her one of our warmest friends and staunchest supporters, and our sincerest sympathy goes out to the bereaved husband and children in their dark hour of bereavement.

LIST OF JURORS FOR JANUARY TERM DISTRICT COURT

Following is a list of persons drawn by the Jury Commission of the District Court of Parmer County, Texas, at the July term, 1937, to serve as Grand Jurors during the January term, 1938:

D. A. Tartar, G. Cranfill, F. M. Wagon, Jack Dunn, H. Y. Overstreet, W. H. Gammon, Lee Thompson, Aubrey Brock, F. N. Welch, L. F. Lillard, J. I. Gober, W. M. Shesler, Jack Carr, M. B. Buchanan, M. H. Martin and H. T. Reynolds.

The following is a list of the persons drawn for the petit jury to serve during the first week of the term:

H. E. Davison, Dewey Green, J. O. Glover, J. C. Nenny, W. H. Graham, Buck Ellison, R. P. Daniels, Gordon Duncan, Ernest England, J. M. Grissom, H. T. Edwards, C. V. Goodwine, C. R. Elliott, H. C. Davis, E. H. Cummings, Tommie Galloway, Joe Crume, O. M. Crowell, E. M. Deaton, W. M. Edelman, Claud Darr, B. N. Graham, Dan Ethridge, H. H. Elmore, J. T. Eubanks, A. C. Benner, R. L. Dilger, Joe Donaldson, C. M. Crow, A. H. Boatman, H. S. Curtis, L. D. Cannon, J. F. Barnett, Travis Brown, R. L. Douglas, F. M. Crook

SCHOOL ATHLETIC NEWS Too Late For Last Week

Last Saturday morning the Chiefs lost their second game in the Farwell Tournament, to the fast and accurate-passing team from Lazbuddy.

Howard, of Lazbuddy, was high-point man with 19 points. Brookfield was next with 14 points. The Chiefs were weak on defense and showed need of practice.

The Chiefs won their first game in the tournament in the game with Dimmitt, Friday night, 81 to 21. The game was in the hands of the Redskins throughout. Brookfield was high point man with 29 points. Williams, of Dimmitt, was next with 18 points.

In the tournament Brookfield won two gold basketballs; one for showing the best sportsmanship on the court, and one for "all-tournament forward."

THE STAR Wishes For All Its Friends And Patrons A Very Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year

KILLED TO BOB CATS TO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS

While hunting over on Landergrin Ranch, at Sand Point, several miles northwest of Friona, on Friday of last week, L. F. Lillard experienced the rare sensation of bagging two large "bob cats."

Mr. Lillard was accompanied on this hunting trip by Jim Griffith and J. R. Roden, both of this locality, and the three were out for the prime purpose of bagging a few quail for their respective dinner tables.

Quail, however, had proven quite scarce and it was along in the afternoon, and they had bagged nothing but a few cotton tail rabbits when suddenly from around a rocky ledge or point, flew a large flock of quail and they each got one or more shots.

After each had gathered up his share of the dead and wounded birds and found that they had a goodly number, Mr. Lillard remarked that there was surely something about that point of rock that had molested these birds, for they were not likely to be so far and so fast if they had not been disturbed, so he clambered around the rocky steep to investigate.

He had little more than turned the point when what appeared to be a gray streak shot down through the sparse vegetation and he at once fired at it with his shot gun, and saw some kind of an animal fall and roll a short distance down the decline.

As he wended his way down to inspect his quarry, another gray-colored animal sprang from among the brush and started at high speed away from him, and he sent another charge from his gun after it and had put the animal down. He was surprised to find the animal was a bobcat, and not yet knowing what it was he drew his pistol and shot it through the neck, thus killing it surely.

When he approached the animal he found it to be a large "bobcat" or catamount. He picked it up and made his way back to where he had shot the first one and found it to be another of the same species.

Picking up both the cats he made his way back to join his companions, who were greatly astonished to see him returning with two such fine specimens of these fierce animals.

Mr. Lillard plans to have the skins tanned and made into rugs, retaining the head of the male and larger one, with its jaws partly spread and showing its sharp fangs and glaring eyes. On the other he will retain only the skull with the lower jaw removed, and these rugs he will use as ornaments for his home and as trophies of his day of bird hunting.

Mr. Lillard stated that he has hunted deer, wild turkeys, geese, ducks, rabbits and other large and small game, here and in New Mexico, with fair hunter's success, but this is the first time he has ever had the thrill of any fierce animals such as these two bob cats were.

ARMY BOY HERE

George F. Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Baker, arrived here Tuesday afternoon for a short visit with his parents and Friona friends.

Sergeant Baker is with the commissary department of the army and is stationed at Fort Clark. He is now serving his fourth term of enlistment.

Mrs. R. H. Kinsley entertained a number of her friends at her home with a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week.

GO A POUNDING

Rev. H. B. Naylor, of this city, who is pastor of the Summerfield and Lazbuddy Baptist churches, is authority for the statement that he has received two heavy poundings within less than a week.

And, contrary to the attitude one usually takes when he has been seriously pounded, instead of being downcast and despondent about the matter, Rev. Naylor is, beyond doubt, quite jubilant and cheerful when speaking of it.

In fact, he was pounded on Sunday evening over at Lazbuddy, by the members of his congregation there, with bags of flour, slabs of bacon, packages of cereals, sugar, shortenings, fruits and vegetables, and these good people were not by any means sparing of the number and size of the bumps they gave him.

Then, before he had fully recovered from this ordeal of pounding, he was invited to attend a Christmas party at Summerfield, his other charge, on Monday night, and was treated to a second dose of the same treatment by the good people of that community. And these Summerfield people used the same sort of weapons as were used by the people at Lazbuddy.

Well, taking into consideration the kind of weapons and ammunition that were used in these poundings, one cannot well blame Rev. Naylor for his jubilation in speaking of the two affairs.

IS PROSPECTING FOR OIL

The following article is clipped from the Lordsburg (New Mex.) "Journal," of its issue of Friday, December 10.

"O. G. Turner, of Friona, Texas, has leased a block of land for oil and gas prospecting near Dwyer, just above the Caballo oil well where they found oil on the surface water and later drilled a well and found a good showing at 150 feet.

"Mr. Turner and his associates in Texas and New Mexico, will drill a Grover McSherry farm, which is about half a mile from the Sabalito well. Mr. Turner believes there is a shallow pool of oil in that vicinity and is going after it in good faith."

CONTRACT REPORTED AS LET

A report has come to the Star office to the effect that the contract for the paving of that part of Highway 33-60 lying between Friona Draw and the New Mexico state line, was let on Friday of last week and that the Lone Star Construction company, of San Antonio, was the successful bidder.

Another report reaching the Star office is to the effect that the date for the letting of the above-named contract, which was originally set for Friday of last week, December 17th, had been changed to Thursday of this week, December 23rd.

Each of these reports are rumors so far as the Star is concerned and we have been unable to secure any official verification of either, and we are, therefore, stating them as such.

PRE-BRIDAL SHOWER

On Saturday evening of last week, Misses Cole and Pace were hostesses at a pre-bridal shower at the home of Mrs. Bert Shackelford, in honor of the Misses Warren and Chappell, both teachers in the Friona high school.

The guests were: Mmes. Kelton, Munroe, Burroughs, Hastings and Gee; and Misses Orton, Wheeler, Moser, Meyer, and Pace, and the two guests of honor. All the guests as well as the hostesses are either teachers or wives of teachers in the Friona schools.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION MEETING

The Friona P. T. A. met in regular session on Thursday night of last week, December 16th.

The topic of discussion was "Child Learning," and the viewpoint of parents, teachers and ministers, regarding this subject, were given by Rev. Joe Wilson, Miss Herta Meyer, Mrs. J. A. Blackwell and Rev. C. R. Hardy. Mr. Russell Stroud was chairman of the program committee.

The High School Chorus and pupils of the Grade School sang Christmas carols; and Miss Jacquelyn Wilkison sang a solo: "Be The Best of Whatever You Are."

Mrs. L. N. Ritter, Reporter.

Mrs. Anne Hastings left Wednesday afternoon for Roby, where she will spend the holidays.

TAINT NARRY BITTA USE

by CAVISHEM

It takes just a little help and you can sure get the job done, and what I mean Dan Ethridge and Logan Simpson did just that, not only did they help but went out of their way to get the wire, lights and sockets so that the City of Friona would be dressed up for the holidays.

And to the Girl Scouts—you sure did a mighty nice piece of trimming on the Christmas Tree that stands on Main Street, and here's hoping that each of you have a real and wonderful time on Christmas.

And tomorrow is the day of days, Christmas, so why not, some of those that are away from home, just throw a few clothes in the traveling bag and pay the old folks a visit, they might write and say that you are so far away and it would cost so much to come home, but nevertheless, down deep in her heart there is nothing in this wide world that would please her more than to see her youngsters come in the door on Christmas morn, so let's try and make the folks happy and pay them a visit for her Christmas day.

Some folks are sure going to have some good looking furniture from the looks of the loads that are leaving the Blackwell Hardware Store.

I noticed that John White has been absent from his swivel chair at the Star office here lately, and you can hear folks say "I'm too old to look for Santa Claus any more" but ain't it great to get a Christmas Card from folks that you had never given a thought to?

Just in case you happen to be in the west side of town, why not stop and look at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Knisley, it certainly is worth your time to look at this piece of art done with lights.

here lately, and the holidays seem to keep him busy. Roy has some nice things that sure would make someone happy.

Friona folks seem to enjoy the Regal Theatre, as it always has a fair crowd at each show, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lardrum seem to know just what pictures it takes to please the public.

It won't be many days until Mr. Bell of the Bell Hatchery will be busy with assorting little baby chicks. From the looks of his incubator, he will be able to handle several thousand eggs at a hatch, and here's hoping that he will be with us for some time, as we are in need of just such a business as the Bell Hatchery.

During this time of the year some people are busy doing this and that but have you noticed the amount of mail that is going in and out of our little town? And the postoffice crew sure have their hands full. Postmaster Sloan Osborn has his hands full and from the looks of the Post Office there is plenty mail coming in.

Just saw Ben Galloway and noticed that he is leaving for a hunting trip. Ben, here's hoping that you get yourself a big deer, and a few wild turkeys.

"The little fellows sure have had a time at the grade school this week, getting presents from one another and I'll bet they sure remembered the teacher."

Well, the writer will take time out so that he will be able to look around for Santa Claus, and maybe, who knows, I'll find him!

So here's wishing you and you a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and all the trimmings that goes with it to make it a grand and happy day.

CAVISHEM.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing to all our friends and neighbors our sincere thanks and appreciation of their many words of consolation and comfort, and deeds of kindness and help in our time of distress during the illness, death and burial of our beloved wife and mother.

L. F. Beckner, Coney Beckner, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Nesbitt.

BLACK FEATHER

—BY—
HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

And Rickman ran into water to his knees, clasped the lieutenant's hand with a fervor which matched the tone of his words.

Up the lake shore the glow of a great fire stained tree tops and spread across the water, lacquering it in black and gold. Drums sounded and the nasal voices of native women singing in chorus reached them, punctuated by shrill whoops. The grand medicine was in progress. The rum which Rodney had promised was taking hold on hearts and tongues.

Rickman explained this to Capes' query and rubbed his hands.

"He'll be there," he said. "The renegade, he'll be watching the dance! A fitting moment to drag him to answer this charge, Capes!"

"Tonight? He doesn't suspect pursuit, does he? My men are worn. Morning will do, surely, and—"

"You may have been seen! And if word reached Shaw that soldiery is at hand? What then, Capes?"

"But to march among the Indians with muskets? They're drunk, by the sounds. It might mean disaster, Rickman!"

"You mistake my meaning. We can go to Shaw's gate by following the shore. The place will be guarded. I'll reveal myself and tell the guard I want word with Shaw. That will bring him. Yes, and on the run!"

He shrugged his shoulders and lifted upturned palms in significant gesture.

"We may as well be done with this, I suppose," Capes said and paused because a figure was running toward him up the slope; a small, cloaked figure.

"Lieutenant Capes? Lieutenant Capes?"

A woman? Calling for him? Here in this wilderness fort?

They'd had no warning whatever that Annette Leclere was here, that she was running breathlessly up the slope, once she learned Capes' whereabouts.

"Lieutenant Capes?" she cried again but it was Burke Rickman who spoke.

one hand against the door frame for support, the other holding the long, maroon cloak close about her throat. Silence. Dumbfounded silence. And Capes, confused by the tableau, stammered:

"Ma'm'selle! Where did you . . . what brings you . . ."

"Orders, Lieutenant! I bring you orders from the commandant!"

She fumbled within the cloak as she spoke and brought out and thrust toward him a limp, frayed packet.

"Orders? What orders do you bring me, M'm'selle?"

"Orders calling you back," she said in a whisper, as if the completion of her errand had drained all the remaining strength from her body. "Orders revoking the orders that . . . brought you here."

She swayed then despite her hand on the wall and might have fallen had not Capes stepped quickly toward her, showing the stupefied Rickman from his way, and encircled her shoulders with an arm.

Rickman's mouth opened but no words came.

"From the beginning this charge against him has been known to be absurd," she said easily. "But still, with the persuasion and persistence put behind the effort to ruin Rodney Shaw, the officials have not had the courage to follow any other course until Giles spoke."

"Giles?"

"Giles! The man has been as frightened of company vengeance as any other. But when it became known that Rodney had bested you here, Burke Rickman; when the last unfair move in the cruel game you play was made apparent . . . then forces were brought to bear upon Giles which brought from him the truth."

"Then," she said, "the problem was to overtake you, Lieutenant, and stop this unwarranted and disgraceful arrest. There was none to come. A detachment had been ordered to Detroit. The major could spare no men. Someone had to come and . . . there was no one else." Her voice broke and she swallowed bravely.

"Fools!" moaned Rickman. "It can't be! It's not believable that any such order could have been issued! I demand, Capes, that you read that order!" The other drew himself up. "I read it," he said stiffly, "but not because of your demands, Rickman. Please understand, I know my duty!"

It would peel a man's ears, the major had declared to Annette, and surely it had effect on the ears of this young lieutenant because his ears reddened as he scanned the lines of script.

. . . will disregard order to bring the alleged fugitive Shaw to Michilimackinac . . . will conduct yourself as though you were unaware of traders' contentions . . . will return to this post immedi-

ately with no delays for any reason whatsoever . . ."

Capes folded the sheet slowly, thrust it into a tunic pocket. He drew a deep breath, as of relief, and settled his belt decisively.

One of Rickman's hands twitched upward as though a blow had stung him. The lieutenant stepped past him, confronting Annette. He was puzzled, glanced briefly at Rickman, and addressed the girl.

"In a place of contention such as this," he said, "an island encampment seems advisable for a military party. May I . . . may I offer the security of my detachment as a neighbor? Or . . . or are there other plans?"

"I thank you, Lieutenant," she said, her gaze going to Burke Rickman. Then, significantly: "I will follow directly."

Capes hesitated, then bowed and disappeared through the doorway.

CHAPTER VIII

The girl stood there, holding the cloak about her, facing Rickman.

"Annette? This . . . this means what?"

"That at last I can speak truth!" she said, "after these weeks of shame and humiliation. Two great privileges have come to me tonight. The one is in that I have repaired, as far as it could be repaired, a



And There Wildly Dancing Was Running Fox.

great wrong which I did Rodney Shaw. The other is that I can confess to you the falsity of my words at our last meeting. From the hour I struck at Rodney by betraying his plan to you I was in misery. And that morning of your departure, when you came to me for your farewells . . . when I begged you to remain; when I embraced you and kissed you,—with a shudder—"I was only acting a part."

"Acting?"

"Acting, Burke, to save my . . . the man I love."

"All I wanted you to believe that day was that I desired you to stay. I loathed you, I hated you, but I wanted you to delay, that Rodney might have some chance to capture the thing he wanted so!"

She spoke that, slowly, with great intensity.

"So that's your object, eh?" the trader cried, grasping her shoulder. "So you confess to me your love for this upstart? You make this journey to save him and humble me? Is that it? Well, if that's it—"

"Burke! Let go! You hurt!"

"D' you think I'll let you have him? D' you think I'll let him have you? Why, if it takes the last breath that floods this throat I'll wipe this upstart out and leave for you not the memory of a strutting fool but of a corpse, spoiling in this wilderness!"

"Burke!" Her cry was faint and she wrenched in his grasp. His fingers slipped from their grip on her arms, caught the cloak and as she writhed out of it and stumbled free he flung the garment behind him into the room.

"With soldiery here, you'd do that?" she cried and her words stayed him.

"Do you think that after this forced march, the military will return at once?" she taunted. "Men must rest, after such effort. And while they rest, warning will be given. Be assured of that, Burke Rickman. Sufficient warning will be given and protection for decent men will be at hand!"

She backed a step or two, turned, began to walk down the slope and broke into a run.

Annette found Capes awaiting her on the shore.

Would it be distasteful for his party to encamp near hers? he asked. She protested that it would be reassuring and comforting.

"Then we'll move out to one of the islands," he said. "And before dawn, we'll leave this place behind!"—thankfully.

She gave him a curious look but, for the time, made no remonstrance . . .

And so a trader paced the beach, poison seeping through his veins, gnawing his lips, muttering to himself, smiting the sand in helpless spite with his moccasined heels. An enraged beast, this Burke Rickman.

Up and down he paced, heedless of the growing clamor from the gathering of Pillagers. Rickman had not detected the alterations in the sounds from the calumet. The throb of drums, the chants of women, had grown louder and faster with the passage of time. Occasional whoops and yelps had grown to a continuous chorus of boastful cries. And then, of a sudden, it climaxed in an ensemble of screams and screeches and dwindled suddenly to no more than a murmur . . .

At dusk the drums had begun to sound, women seated in a wide circle about the post and fire, beating the tightly stretched skins with their palms, chanting to the measure they set of the greatness of all Pillagers.

The old men danced into the circle, stomping, bending forward then back, uttering valiant cries, swinging near and nearer the post as they sometimes sang, sometimes shouted to their own greatness.

Younger men trickled in, singing and shouting of their achievements until the space about the fire was filled with prancing, slowly swirling bodies.

Up and up to an unplanned crisis, the savage spectacle pitched itself. Up and up went the tempo of the orgy; louder the singing, faster the drum beats, broader the boasting . . .

And now beside the post danced Running Fox, the son of Flat Mouth, beating the ground with his heels, not lifting the balls of his feet.

"Ee-yah!" he cried and struck the post with his half axe and told of the wolf he had caught with bare hands.

"Ee-yah!" he screamed and struck again and shouted that he had outrun a frightened deer.

almost to his knees, stomping and gasping a song. Mongazid, this, in from his summer hunt with his mind, until rum fuddled it, filled with thoughts of his chosen maid, Nodding Spruce.

"Ee-yah!" cried Running Fox again as Mongazid raised his torso and bent it far backward from the hips. But on the movement he caught sight of Nodding Spruce, her teeth gleaming as she beat a drum and swayed and sang. She was so lovely, so desirable; and the thought of the presents it would take to win her father's favor cleared the boy's stupefied brain for a moment, drove back even the frenzy of the calumet.

And there wildly dancing was Running Fox, son of a chief, who on occasion looked tenderly at the girl and who now shouted his boastful lies. Mongazid stopped his dancing as Running Fox shouted another boast. He swayed drunkenly before the son of the chief.

"The forked tongue!" he cried. "It was not Running Fox who clubbed the bear. It was Mongazid! It was Mongazid, and Running Fox would steal the glory of a brother!"

He dropped his axe, and fumbled in his girdle. The trade knife gleamed in his hand as, furious, he launched himself upon his tribesman. The steel crunched across a rib, plunging to the hilt, and as Mongazid wrenched it free, a crimson gush bathed the other's breast.

He stood an instant and then with a brave cry, collapsed beside the post.

That caused the quick silence; that brought them crowding close,

and keeping it there to the end. It was exciting. And remarkably enough Japanese used the same device in stirring warriors by song.

Miss Frances Densmore, who has studied music of many Indian tribes, first noted this similarity when Pueblos were singing old war songs recently for her to record, reports a writer in the Kansas City Star. Reporting this and other similarities between Indian and Old World music, Miss Densmore disclaims any intent to theorize on the Indians' past. She is merely presenting facts, which may have significance.

From an authority on oriental music, Miss Densmore learned the Japanese got the idea of raised pitch in war singing from Chinese priests, who brought it from India in the Seventh century. If Pueblo ancestors got the idea from a common source—or invented it—in the Old World, that must have happened far earlier. Pueblos were well established in the Southwest by that time.

Now, it develops that Indians in the Southwest had a psychological trick in war songs, of raising the song a semi-tone as it progressed

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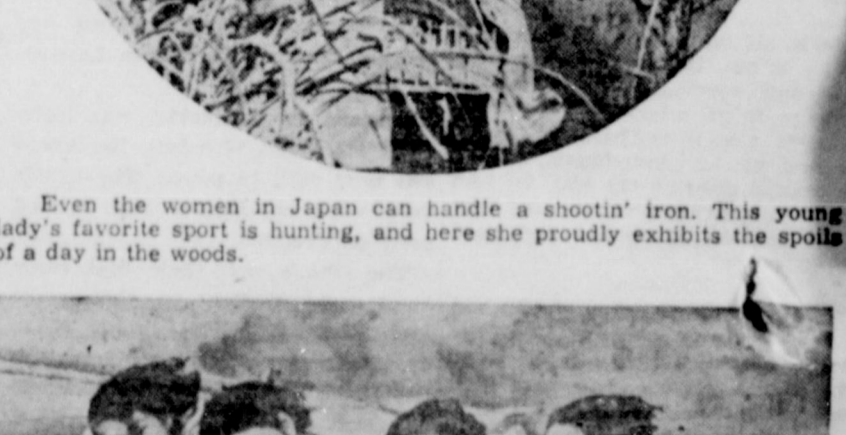
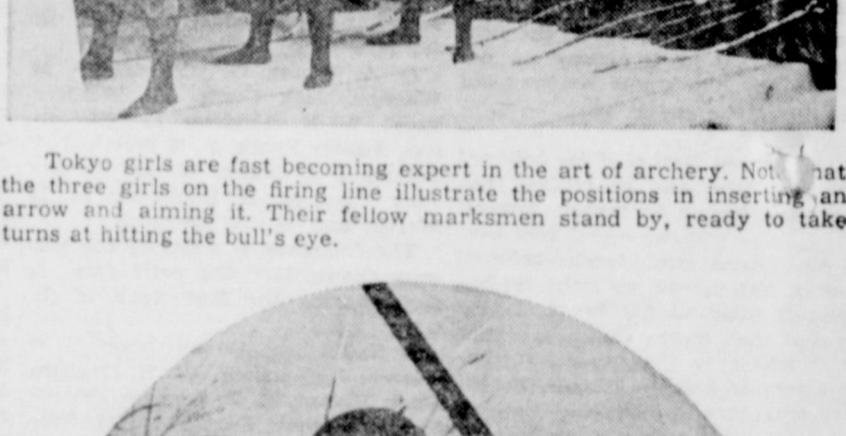
From an authority on oriental music, Miss Densmore learned the Japanese got the idea of raised pitch in war singing from Chinese priests, who brought it from India in the Seventh century. If Pueblo ancestors got the idea from a common source—or invented it—in the Old World, that must have happened far earlier. Pueblos were well established in the Southwest by that time.

Now, it develops that Indians in the Southwest had a psychological trick in war songs, of raising the song a semi-tone as it progressed

and keeping it there to the end. It was exciting. And remarkably enough Japanese used the same device in stirring warriors by song.



DAUGHTERS OF THE RISING SUN
Get into the Swim



Picture Parade

WHILE their men war against China, Japanese girls seek to free themselves from the traditions and customs of the Far East. Nowhere, perhaps, is the trend more noticeable than in the world of sports, for Nippon would like to see her daughters show up the rest of the world if the scheduled Olympics are held in Tokyo in 1940.

Above: Girls learning to swim in a Tokyo Y. W. C. A. pool.

Golf is popular among Japanese women; the convert to the sport shown above is learning the finer points from a "pro." Shorts for sport wear are the rage among Japanese as well as American women, as the picture of two Japanese girls walking out on the courts for a game of tennis evi-

Conrad Rich rolled from his blankets at Rickman's barked word. "Into your clothes, man! and get Philippe!"

And so three men, one fearful, one bewildered, one silent and intent, went hastily along the shore toward Fort Shaw.

"The guard is alone," Rickman whispered. "He stands there with the gate wide. The place is empty; the others are watching the mourning. Come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Even the women in Japan can handle a shootin' iron. This young lady's favorite sport is hunting, and here she proudly exhibits the spoils of a day in the woods.

Full sail ahead! Progress is the watchword of modern Miss Japan.

SPEAKING of SPORTS

By GEORGE A. BARCLAY

Pro Football Is Riding Wave to Prosperity Shore

THIS business called professional football is riding a wave that is sweeping it closer and closer to the golden shores of prosperity that baseball occupies. They aren't paying Babe Ruth sized salaries in the National Football league, nor have they yet developed any Dizzy Dean personality boys, but a top-flight star will make more in eleven league games than an average major league baseball player will receive for a 154-game, six months' schedule. And he'll be able to hold down a well paying job besides.

If you have a head for figures you'll be interested to know that more and more pro football clubs are making money and more cash customers are crowding through the turnstiles. It seems that about 2,000,000 people attended pro games in nine different cities in the season just closed, or 20 per cent more than did last year. The New York Giants and the Chicago Bears accounted for about a third of this attendance and both teams set new league attendance records in their parks.

The game is now definitely grown up. Moving toward its majority, pro football would like to forget its barnstorming, one-night-stand era of the early twenties.

Grange Aided Pros

It seems a long time since Red Grange hung up his togs at Illinois and chaperoned by C. C. Pyle, sped to Chicago to flash his "77" for George Halas' Chicago Bears. Then Grange was a five-day wonder. He played to 70,000 in New York and drew a salary of \$56,000. After the hot flash of publicity cooled he didn't pull them through the turnstiles in such numbers, but he had a notable career and helped make the game what it is today.



Red Grange

Surviving the depression, pro football is enjoying increased public acceptance. Because of seasonal handicaps and the very nature of the game, it can never be a rival of professional baseball. But it undoubtedly is taking some of the play away from college football and the average seasoned fan will tell you he'd rather see an ordinary pro game than a good college one.

As you may know, the National Football league, formed in 1921, consists of two five team divisions—the Western, which includes the Green Bay Packers, Cleveland Rams, Chicago Bears, Chicago Cardinals and Detroit Lions; and the Eastern, embracing the New York Giants, Brooklyn Dodgers, Washington Redskins, Pittsburgh Pirates and Philadelphia Eagles. Eight of the nine clubs are in cities that support major league baseball teams.

Play Once a Week

Teams play but once a week on a schedule calling for only 11 games. Each team plays a home-and-home series with every other team in its division, plus three inter-sectional games. The winners of each division meet for the world's championship.

With such a midget schedule it may seem miraculous that the league is able to stay in business. But the pro boys have an advantage in the matter of overhead. They have no investment in grounds. Parks are rented usually from baseball clubs for a flat sum, or as the Giants and several others do, for 15 per cent of the gross receipts. No scouts are hired.

In the season just closed, the world's championship went to the Washington Redskins, winners of the eastern division title, who defeated the Chicago Bears, leaders of the western division in a game in Chicago.

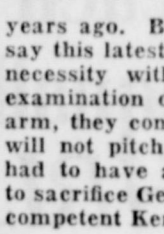
The salary of players is a major item. Linesmen usually receive from \$125 to \$175 a game. Big-name players, either All-American collegians or league high scorers who have gate-swelling prowess earn anywhere from \$5,000 to \$7,500 a season, or approximately \$400 to \$650 a game. "Slingshot Sam" Baugh, who pitches passes with such hair trigger timing for the Washington Redskins, Dutch Clark of the Detroit Lions and Tuffy Leemans of the Giants all collect \$7,000 or more a year—which is better than the average mine-run big league baseball player drags down for playing 154 games.

Dykes New David Harum

THEY'RE calling Manager Jimmy Dykes of the Chicago White Sox the David Harum of baseball since he made that deal with Mickey Cochrane, manager of the Detroit Tigers, whereby the Sox got Gerald Walker, Marv Owen and Catcher Tresh for Vernon Kennedy, Dixie Walker and Tony Piet. It seems that other managers have become trade shy ever since. Dykes has plugged that hole at third base and added one of the most colorful outfielders in the big league.

Cochrane is in the "doghouse" with Detroit fans for trading off such an idol as Walker. The fans of motor town are sure he was the unconscious victim of the smart trading Mr. Dykes. And they aren't any happier when they remember the Simmons deal when Dykes peddled that washed-up star to the Tigers for \$75,000 cash a couple of years ago. But those on the inside say this latest deal was a matter of necessity with Mickey. A recent examination of School Boy Rowe's arm, they confide, indicates that he will not pitch again. So Cochrane had to have a pitcher and he had to sacrifice Gerald Walker to get the competent Kennedy.

Jimmy Dykes



Dead vs. Lively Ball

Inherent differences in the baseball philosophy of the National and American leagues were spotlighted in their respective actions over the dead and lively ball at their recent joint meeting in Chicago. The leagues took separate and widely divergent actions. The National league voted to adopt for next summer a baseball known as No. 4, just a trifle less lively than the No. 3 ball in use in both leagues since 1935. The American league voted to retain No. 3. The American league action surprised the National league who were under the impression that both would decide to deaden the ball.

The American league believes in hitting and lots of it. Club owners, managers and players alike favor the hit-and-run game which can be decided at any time down to the final out by a home run. The National league on the other hand, has always liked the so-called "smart" game, played for one run, emphasizing pitching, base running and sacrificing.

Casey Stengel Opines

Casey Stengel, new manager of the Bees, says the reason there are no more trades in the major leagues is that no one has any players to offer that are worth having. . . . Other things Casey says include: that the Cubs may win a pennant if they get a good pitcher and a slugging outfielder. . . . The Cards couldn't win the pennant when they have 1,400 men on their payroll in their chain store system. . . . The only way to develop players is to have a chain store system. . . . Fette and Turner will repeat their 1937 performances for Boston. . . . The dead ball will help pitchers and won't hurt the hitters.



Casey Stengel

HERE AND THERE—

Coach Harold Foster of Wisconsin is sold on the Big Ten change that eliminates the center jump in basketball. He predicts the change will place a higher premium both on offensive and defensive play and that it will add from four to six minutes per game to the actual playing time. . . . The new order eliminates the tremendous advantage of a tall center and Foster likes that, too, although the Badgers have Don Timmerman of Sioux Falls, S. D., who towers 6 feet 9 1/2 inches, on this year's freshman squad.

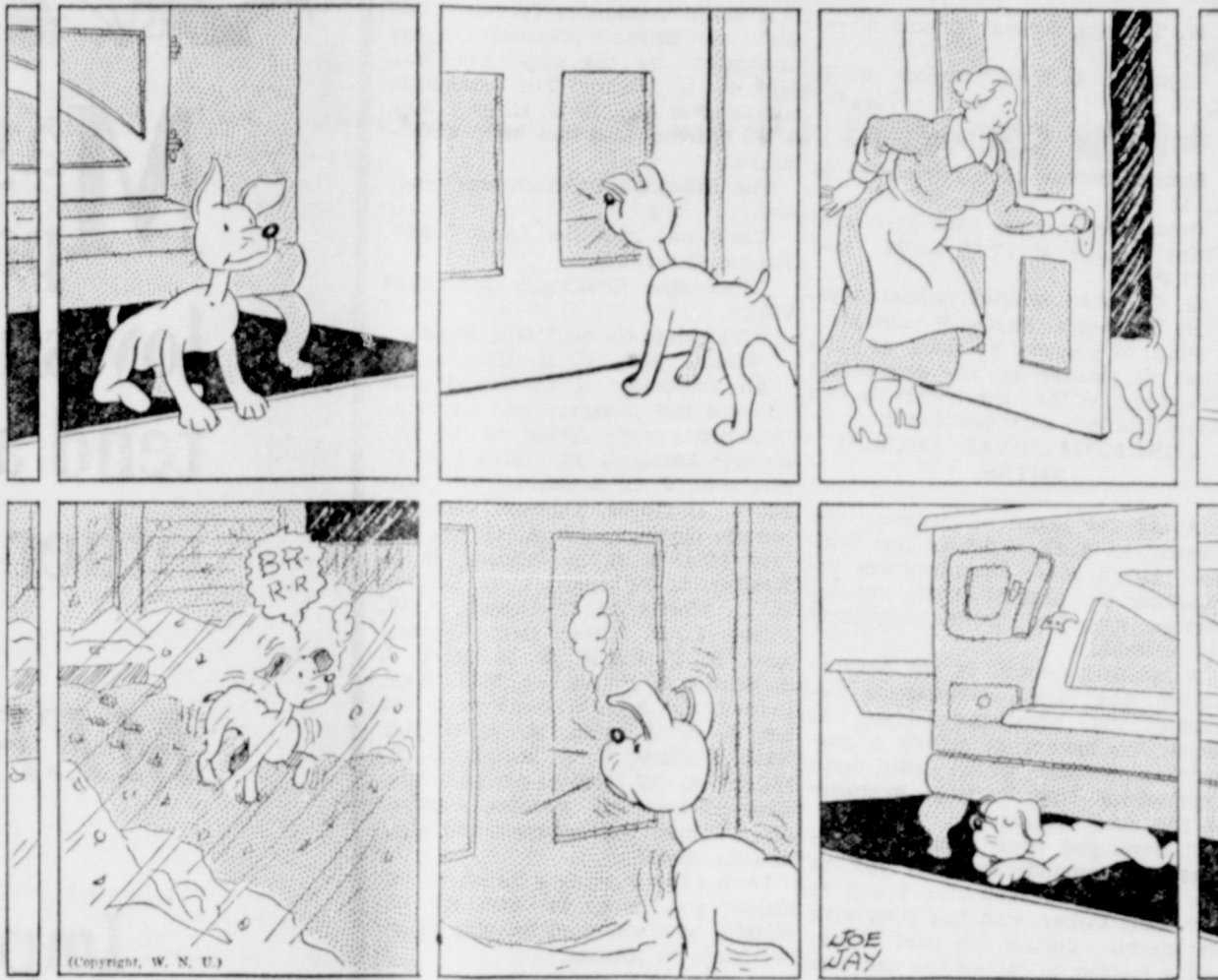
Lowell English, Nebraska football guard, who only began place kicking this fall, converted eight out of nine tries after touchdown and kicked a field goal from the 22 yard line to give the Cornhuskers a victory over Kansas State in the game that decided the Big Six conference title. . . . Robert Haak, Indiana's all-conference tackle, has one outstanding ambition. . . . He wants to play in the 1939 All-Star game. . . . Jim Norris signed his entire Detroit Red Wing hockey team in an hour, keeping intact his record of never having a holdout. . . . Frankie Frisch, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, who once rated All-American mention from Walter Camp, designates the New York Giants' victory over Green Bay this year as the most exciting football game he ever has seen.

Donie Bush, who sold Carl Reynolds to the Cubs last summer to help them in their pennant drive, says: "Don't worry about that injury that kept him out of your lineup. He'll be at least the fourth best batter in the Cub lineup next season. He has completely recovered, and is a better player than when the White Sox had him."

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OUR COMIC SECTION

Snoopic



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



The FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



SAFETY FIRST



"Heroic man, he lead them all out of the burning building."
"Yes, he was the first to dash for the door."

Encouragement

"Your speeches have the right ring to them," said the admiring constituent.
"You think so?" asked Senator Sorghum.
"Yes, sir. You keep on practicing and you'll get somethin' that'll do for a regular lecture."

School-Minded

Teacher—When do the leaves begin to turn?
Johnny—The night before exams.

PREPAREDNESS



Explorer—I'd better lay in plenty of water before I cross that desert.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

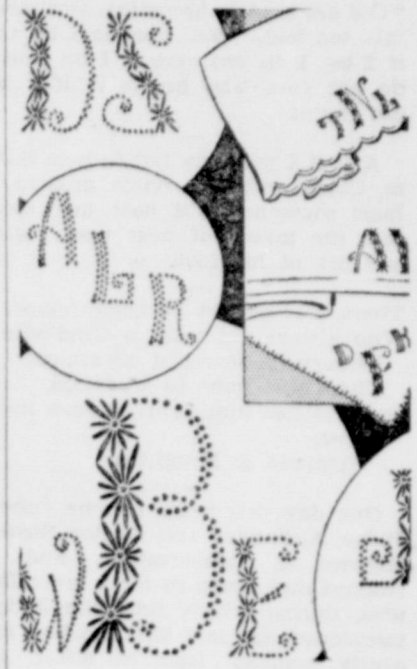
REAL ESTATE

LAND BARGAINS NOW!

Deep black soil in the Red River Valley of the North. 50 year record of good crops. Corn, grain, alfalfa, sweet clover, potatoes, sugar beets and livestock. Farm purchases can be arranged with eastern absentee owners. Ask about improved quarter section for \$20.00 and more and other opportunities. These farms in a busy, thriving valley can pay for themselves in a few years.
J. W. Haw, 99 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch



Pattern 1553.

and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 1/4 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 1/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Oh Wad the Powers

The pompous old gentleman in the railway carriage had been boring his fellow travelers for an hour or two with tales of his success and his superiority to everyone else. When the ticket collector came into the carriage, the old gentleman merely looked annoyed and handed a ticket to the collector, who looked at it and remarked: "Where are you going, sir?" "Good gracious, man, can't you read?" shouted the passenger. "You've got my ticket, haven't you?" "I've got your ticket, certainly, sir," came the quiet reply. "But it's for a watch."

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste
Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-H 51-37



Ma! I got my name in the paper!
Only Newspapers bring the news of vital interest to you. Headlines may scream of death and disaster without causing you to raise an eyebrow. But if your son gets his name in the paper—that's real news!

It isn't by accident that this paper prints so many stories which vitally interest you and your neighbors. News of remote places is stated briefly and interpreted. Local news is covered fully, because all good editors know that the news which interests the readers most is news about themselves.

Now is a good time to learn more about this newspaper which is made especially for you. Just for fun ask yourself this question: How could we get along without newspapers?

KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER

J. E. NORMAN, U. S. D. OF L. HERE

J. E. Norman, of Plainview, Field man for the United States Department of Labor, Bureau of Roads, for this territory, was a business visitor here, Wednesday.

Mr. Norman has charge of the Bureau of Roads' part in placing applicants for work, on the highway job now in progress on 33-60, under Cooke & Braden, contractors.

Mr. Norman stated during a few minutes' visit at the Star office, that territory will probably be placed in charge of the Lubbock office, probably next week, owing to the fact that there is a paved highway all the way from Lubbock to Farwell, while from Plainview a large portion of the trip must be made over dirt roads. Until such change is made, however, Mr. Norman will make occasional trips to Friona as necessity requires for satisfactory attention to the work here.

OPERETTA A SUCCESS

The Christmas Operetta, mentioned in last week's issue of the Star, was held in the school auditorium Saturday night, and was pronounced a success by those who attended.

The operetta was directed by Mrs. Burroughs and was rendered by the pupils of the Seventh Grade, with supplementary numbers between the acts.

The supplementary numbers were presented by Connie Matthews, Wanda Wood, Janan Warren, Jacquelyn Wilkison, Nancy Shackelford and A. J. Routh, and were all musical numbers with the exception of one, which was a reading by Connie Matthews.

The costumes were all appropriate and pretty and were made by members of the school Homemaking class. Mrs. Burroughs is deserving of compliment for her efforts and talent in preparing and directing this beautiful program.

HEALTH NOTES
By Dr. Geo. W. Cox
State Health Officer

AUSTIN, Texas—"The only way to avoid the useless waste of life due to traffic accidents is to prevent the accident," reads a warning issued by Dr. Geo. W. Cox, State Health Officer.

"It is not a question of who is right and who is wrong after the accident has occurred," he said, "and automobile accidents never happen merely because of 'bad luck'—there is a definite cause for every one of them, although it is not possible to determine the precise origin of every mishap.

OKLAHOMA PEOPLE HERE THIS WEEK

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Boren, south-east of town, were most happily surprised Monday morning when a group of their former neighbors, from Roosevelt, Oklahoma, called on them for a short while.

These guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Grover Baker and three daughters and two sons, and Mr. Don Rowe, all of Roosevelt.

These people had been visiting Mr. Baker's parents in California, and were on their return trip to Oklahoma, and were quite anxious to each home, where two other daughters had been left in charge, so their visit here was only for a day and night. They had been away since September.

"Leaders of the safety movement agree that the most fundamental approach to the solution lies in the education and training of the individual. Safety education includes the training of individuals to avoid accidents to themselves and to prevent accidents to others. It involves the acquisition of a certain fund of information, the ability to apply this information to concrete situations, and the building up of habits which will make the application of knowledge to situations automatic.

"The dangerous curves and intersections on the highways of Texas are distinctly marked, and automobile drivers can assist greatly in the reduction of deaths from automobile accidents by carefully observing these warning signs.

"Some motorists rely too much on traffic rules and regulations, thinking that if they obey the rules of the road at the time when the accident occurs, no blame can be attached to them. This is not true. The only man who considers himself blameless in case of accidents, when he was obeying the rules of the road, is the one who did everything possible to avoid that accident.

"The consequences of automobile accidents are so disastrous that only when we have done everything in our power to avoid such accidents can we consider ourselves, or expect others to consider us, blameless in the case of accident.

"When each individual does all that he is able to do toward avoiding an accident of any kind, then and then only will our traffic accidents be avoided."


Merry Christmas 1937



IT IS OUR SINCERE WISH
That those Turkeys have made you the most Delightful Christmas Dinner you have ever eaten and that Your Joys May Be Doubled

WE SELL: Poultry and Dairy Rations, Mill Feeds and Salt.
WE ARE PLEASED TO SERVE YOU FARMERS PRODUCE
Cecil Malone—Proprietor

CHRISTMAS 1937 PEACE ON EARTH



MAY YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE
That Your Joys May Be Unmarred
At This Joyous Season.
We Fix 'Em
FRED WHITE
Automotive Electrical Service.

Christmas Cheer to All... 1937



We Truly Thank You
Dear Friends, For The Added Joys Your Kindness Brought At This Christmastide.
A. M. EZELL and Family.

WEDNESDAY GREETINGS



May Your Voices Be Cheery And Your Christmas Be Merry
And SHAMROCK Gasoline And MANSFIELD Tires WILL HELP
Friona Independent Oil Co.
Sheets Bros. Proprietors

4-H Club Record Books
We made our first call for 4-H club record books Monday of this week, and T. D. Evans of the Rhea 4-H club was the first to respond. Thank you, T. D. I hope you will encourage other members to turn in their books promptly. We are especially anxious to have all record books in by December 11 so that we may have time to check each one for our Annual Report. A club record book indicates the completion of a year's work in a 4-H club organization. No boy can be considered as a second-year club member until he has completed a first-year record book.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE

RHEA NEWS

Geraldine Reynolds is visiting her mother during the Christmas vacation. Miss Reynolds is attending school at Denton.

On Wednesday the club women met at Mrs. Dixon's home to make candy. The twenty-five pounds of candy they made is to be sent to the children's home in Portales.

Saturday night the women met to exchange names for Christmas presents. The husbands played "forty-two."

Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Draper and small son left Sunday morning for a visit with Mr. Drager's brother at Copperas Cove.

Rhea was well represented at the 4-H Father and son meeting at Oklahoma Lane, Saturday night.

Too Late For Last Week

The "sock supper" Thursday night was a real success. A little over thirty-three dollars was taken in for the use of buying Christmas treats. Ruth Sachs and Gazelle Parker are working in Clovis, now.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond left this week. They are returning to their home in Arkansas. Mrs. Drummond is a sister of Boye Taylor.

Mamie Lou Wilson has been suffering from tonsillitis. She has been absent from school for over a week.

Rhea had a snowfall, Monday.

Amelia Schlenker spent the weekend in Amarillo and White Deer with Mrs. Ewell Fowler, formerly Marie Gardner, and Mrs. Glen Davis, formerly Vivian Boston. Both Mrs. Fowler and Mrs. Davis taught at Rhea a few years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Dean visited in Wellington, Saturday and Sunday. They were visiting Mr. Dean's parents.

ARE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Among those of our young people, who are either attending college or teaching school away from here, and who are home to spend the Christmas holidays with home folk and home friends, we have noted the following: Ruth Reeve, Gordon Shackelford, Martha Slagle, Harold Lillard and Geraldine McParland, all students; and Floyd Goodwine, Hadley Reeve, Lora Mae McParland and Mary Reeve, all teachers.

There are several more of these fine young people who will be with home folk during the holidays, and who may yet arrive in time for us to get their names in this week.

GIRL SCOUT NEWS

The Girl Scouts met at Mrs. Ray Landrum's home last week. The Dove Patrol entertained.

We each wrote a line about Christmas, and after everyone wrote a line, Mrs. Stover read it. We received our gifts from the Christmas tree. Nancy Shackelford gave them out.

We were served very nice refreshments. They were cookies in the shape of stars, candy Santa Claus, and cocoa.

Scout Scribe, June Maurer.

RECEIVED TWO POUNDINGS

Reeve Guyer arrived here Wednesday afternoon from Salida, Colorado, to spend the holiday season with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Guyer, and his sisters, Misses Alice and Virginia. Reeve's Friona friends are all glad to see him again.

J. H. Lea has a brother from South Texas visiting him here, this week.

Want Ads

WANTED—Maize heads or thrashed grain sorghum. Will pay market price at farm. J. D. Love, Rt. 2, Friona, Texas.

LOST—Somewhere between Friona and a few miles west of there, a truck end-gate. Finder please notify or return to Granville McFarland, Friona. 1td

FOR SALE—Piano. Good condition. Trade for stock. Also thoroughbred Buff cockerels for sale or exchange. Ben Wilhelm, Hereford, Texas. 1td.

HIGHWAY WORK BEGUN

Cooke & Braden, contractors for the paving of the stretch of Highway 33-60, lying between Friona Draw and the Deat Smith county line, have begun work on their contract at the east end near Summerfield, starting the latter part of last week.

It is reported that they will be ready to begin steady operations on the stretch some time during this week, following which the work will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

There have been many men here during the past two weeks registering for work on the job as soon as they may be needed and it is reported that these men represent all parts of the State of Texas.

Traffic is now routed over the old right-of-way from Summerfield to Bovina.

OUR APPRECIATION

We, of the Star force, hereby express our true appreciation of the many kind and complimentary expressions that have come to us from among our readers for our efforts in giving them a really Christmas issue of the Star.

Of course, there were errors and omissions and other blunders, which through our haste and unusually large amount of work, were allowed to creep into its pages, and for all these we beg your pardon, assuring you that they were all absolutely unintentional on our part, and if our readers and advertisers will bear with us, we will do our best, with increasing age and experience, to reduce these blunders in the future to practically NIL. THANK YOU.

GOT AN APPRECIATED GIFT

The editor of the Star received Wednesday a highly appreciated gift from an old friend, Roger Q. Mills, of Amarillo. It was a box of "gopher" matches with the Amarillo Hotel imprint on it, but coming as it did from "Mills" it was truly appreciated. Mr. Mills is collector for

TO VISIT IN COMMANCHE COUNTY

Mrs. J. M. W. Alexander and son, Millford, departed the early part of this week for Commanche County, where they will visit in the home of Mrs. Alexander's mother during the holiday season.

They were joined at Dallas by Mrs. Alexander's daughter, and her son, Lex, who accompanied them to the home of the mother and grandmother.

On the return trip they will spend a few days with Lex, in Dallas, and with the daughter at her home near there. During their absence Judge Alexander will keep bachelor's hall and look after the home.

Jess M. Osborn, cashier of the Muleshoe bank, was a business visitor here, Tuesday. Mr. Osborn has just recently returned from a few weeks stay in a hospital at Mineral Wells, and is still far from his normal condition of health.

E. V. Rushing, of Farwell, was a business visitor here, Tuesday.

To All Our Patrons And Other Friends
We Express Our Sincere Thanks For Your Patronage And Wish You ALL
A JOYOUS YULETIDE
ROCKWELL BROS. & Co
LUMBER
O. F. LANGE, Manager

Best Wishes
1937 1938

Christmas Cheer Throughout the Year

IN TRUE APPRECIATION
Of your Patronage and Friendship, We wish to all Our friends
The Merriest Christmas Tide Of All Your Lives.

City Drug Store
The Rexall Store

Merry Christmas to you 1937



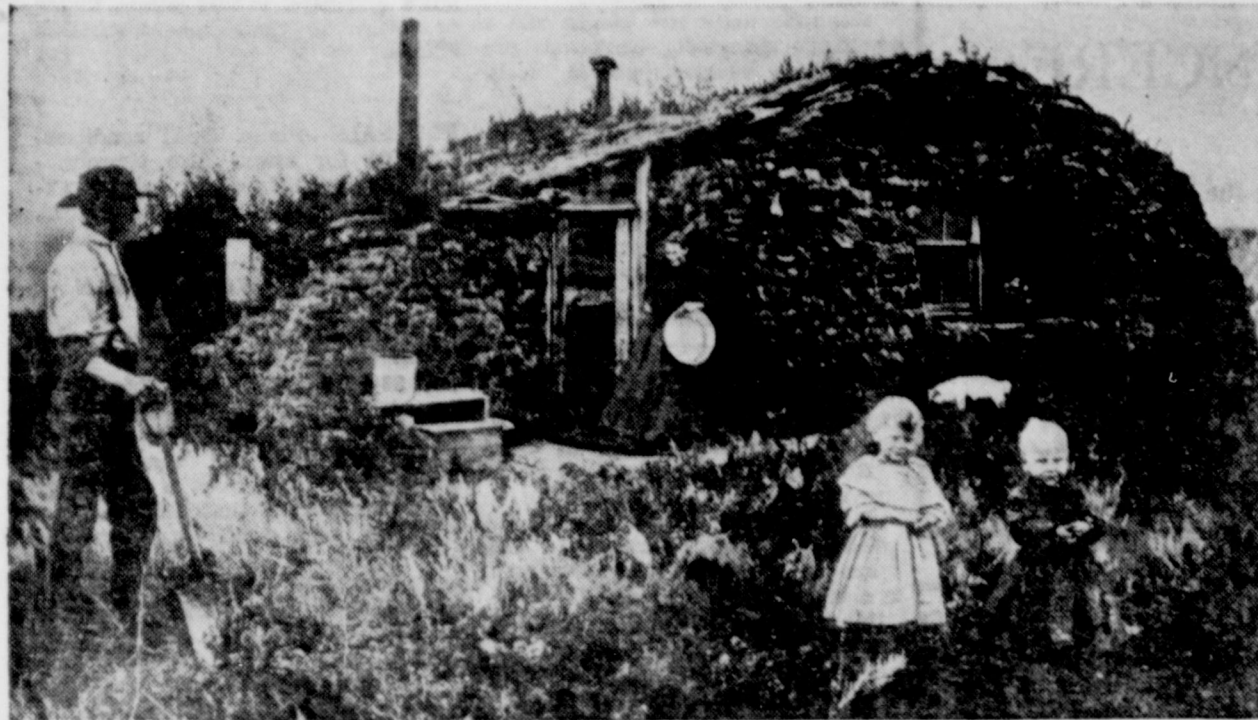
Deck the halls with boughs of holly 'Tis the season to be jolly..

We Have Enjoyed Your Good Will and Help
And Shall Strive To Merit It All Through Life.
MAY YOUR YULETIDE BE UNSHADED.
Santa Fe Grain Co.

As a "Happy New Year" for Land-Hungry Settlers 75 Years Ago

On January 1, 1863, the Homestead Law Went Into Effect and Many a Man Who Had Been Singing "Uncle Sam Is Rich Enough to Give Us All a Farm," Joined in the Rush to Pay the Fee of \$18 and Secure His 160 Acres of Land on the Western Frontier

© Western Newspaper Union.



A SOD HOUSE IN NORTH DAKOTA

This was the type of dwelling in which lived the pioneers who settled the trans-Missouri region after the passage of the Homestead Act in 1863.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

YOU won't find the name of Daniel Freeman in any of the dictionaries or encyclopedias of biography. Nevertheless, he was an important figure in the history of our country—as a symbol of what has been called "one of America's big adventures." For Daniel Freeman was "The First Homesteader" and he acquired that title just 75 years ago when he became possessor of 160 acres near Beatrice, Neb., under the provisions of the new Homestead Law which went into effect on January 1, 1863.

Tardy recognition of Freeman's right to fame was given last year when "the first homestead taken in the United States" was set aside as a national monument. More recently his name has been brought to the attention of his countrymen. That was done in "The Sod House Frontier, 1854-1890," written by Dr. Everett Dick, professor of history in Union college, Lincoln, Neb., and published by the D. Appleton-Century company of New York.

This book is an important addition to the literature of American pioneer life. It tells for the first time the complete story of how the millions of acres of public land that stretched westward from the Missouri river to the Rocky mountains were opened to settlement, how land-hungry Americans swarmed over this smooth-rolling virgin prairie, once considered unfit for human habitation, and there built the states of Kansas, Nebraska and North and South Dakota.

Beginning with the land law of 1800, each successive piece of legislation passed by congress had made it easier for the frontiersman to acquire for himself a small part of the public domain. One of these was the land law of 1841, usually called the Pre-emption Act. It provided that the head of a family, a widow or a single man over twenty-one years of age could file a claim for 160 acres of the public domain. The claimant was required to erect a dwelling on the claim, make proof of his settlement to the register and receiver at the United States land office, for which that official received fifty cents for each claimant.

Then the settler was required to swear that he had never pre-empted before, he was not the owner of 320 acres in any state or territory, he had not settled on the land for the purpose of selling it and he had made no agreement or contract with anyone, directly or indirectly, to turn the land over to anyone else. After taking this oath and making proof of the truth of his claims, the settler was allowed to purchase the claim at the minimum appraised price, usually \$1.25 an acre.

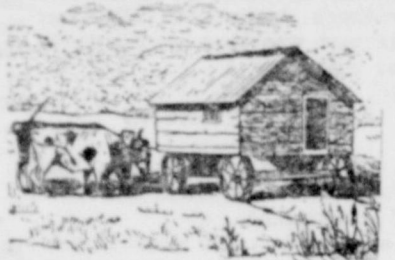
Pre-emption Frauds.

Despite these provisions of the law, plus additional regulations established by the register and receiver to guard against fraud, settlers figured out innumerable schemes to "beat the game." The land office usually required a house "at least twelve feet square," so some settlers whitened out a tiny house, 12 inches by 14 inches. Then witnesses would swear for them that his house was "twelve by fourteen." Or they might swear that his was "a habitable dwelling" when it consisted of only four logs laid in the form of a square ("Sure, a bird could inhabit such a dwelling").

Another form of fraud was to

mount a house on wheels and pull it from claim to claim. "It enabled the pre-emptor to swear that he had a bona fide residence on his claim," writes Doctor Dick in his book. "This structure was a real money making enterprise since it rented for five dollars a day. Scores of pre-emptions were proved with it."

Even by thus cheating the government, the land-hungry frontiersman wasn't yet satisfied. He thought that having to pay \$1.25 an acre was too much. So he continued to ask for more and more in the way of legislation



"A BONA FIDE RESIDENCE"

making it easy for him to get land. During the fifties there was a popular song which declared "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." It expressed exactly the philosophy of these restless westward-faring pioneers.

When Abraham Lincoln, the first President from the Old Northwest, was elected in 1860 it was a signal for residents of that part of the country to set up a clamor of free lands still farther west. The result was the Homestead Law, which became a law on May 20, 1862.

Under its provisions "any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his declaration of intention to become such" and who has "never borne arms against the United States government or given aid and comfort to its enemies" was allowed to file a claim for 160 acres of land in certain specified areas, or for 80 acres in more favorable localities, such as those within a railroad grant.

For each 160 acres the homesteader was charged a fee of \$18, of which \$14 was to be paid when he made his application for the land and the balance when "final proof" was established. Within six months after the date of filing he had to be on the land and begin improvements on it. Furthermore he was required to make his homestead his permanent residence for five years from the date of the first papers. Any time after that date the settler could take out his final papers, provided that he did it within seven and a half years after filing. This final process consisted of giving evidence that all the conditions of his contract with the federal government had been fulfilled. If he could give such evidence, a land patent was then granted upon the testimony of two witnesses, a formality known as "proving up."

An Irishman's Explanation.

Although much of the land available under the Homestead

Law was rich prairie that would produce abundantly after it had been broken by the huge prairie plows, there was also much that justified the previous belief of its being unfit for farming. So there was a certain amount of grim truth in a story current during that period. It was the story of an Irish homesteader who explained the provisions of the law to another prospective landowner by telling him that "th' government bets ye wan hundred and sixty acres iv land against yer \$18 that ye'll starve to death befur ye live there foive years."

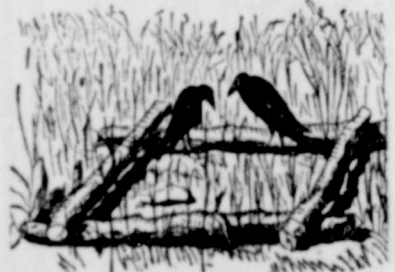
As a concession to soldiers who served in the Union army certain modifications of the Homestead Law were made in later amendments. One of these allowed veterans to apply their service time in the army on the five-year residence requirement. Another allowed an ex-soldier who had served nine months to take 160 acres within the limits of a railroad grant, whereas all others could take up only 80 acres. It was this policy of favoring Union soldiers which thrust upon Daniel Freeman the fame of being "The First Homesteader."

Prior to the Civil war Freeman had started a road ranch at Plum Creek, Neb., on the Oregon Trail. Like other road ranchers, he was nothing more or less than a "squatter" in the wild Indian-infested territory beyond the Missouri. They made little pretense of farming but kept some live stock for trade with emigrants westward-bound for the Oregon country or the California gold-fields, sold them articles which they needed, and provided bed and board for travelers.

Enlists in the Army.

Despite the fact that Freeman was doing a prosperous business with his road ranch, he was patriotic enough to enlist in the Union army soon after the outbreak of the Civil war. During his term of service the Homestead Act was passed and late in 1862 he obtained a brief furlough and returned to Nebraska to look over some of the highly advertised land there.

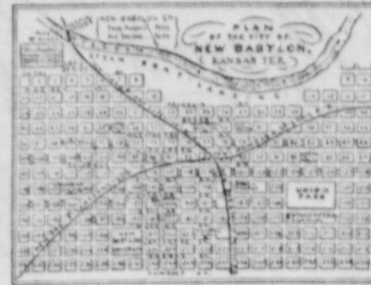
A land office had been opened at Nebraska City and when he arrived there on December 31 he found the town crowded with settlers eager to take up claims under the new law which was to go into effect the next day. But New Year's Day was a holiday and Freeman had to rejoin his regi-



"A HABITABLE DWELLING"

ment immediately. Other settlers magnanimously decided to give the "boy in blue" the opportunity for the first filing.

In the midst of a New Year's dance at the hotel the land office was opened at midnight and Freeman stepped up to file his claim on 160 acres near the town of Beatrice. Five minutes later the land office was closed and Freeman set out on his return journey to the theater of war. Those five minutes were historic ones, for they marked the opening of a new era in the history of the American frontier, the symbol of which was that distinctive pioneer home on the prairie—the sod house or "soddie."



New Babylon on Paper and in Fact.

Although a great many settlers took advantage of the new opportunity to get land, "the greatest rush of settlement into the trans-Missouri region came in the seventies and eighties. After the Homestead Act passed, the thoughts of many of the soldiers turned to the West. As the boys in blue sat around the campfire they planned what they would do when the long bloody war ended. Many looked forward to the time when as comrades they would move to the new land and start out life again.

"In the course of time many of these plans were broken up; nevertheless, a large wave of migration flowed westward soon after the war. Other soldiers who had not previously planned seriously on migrating, upon arriving home were dissatisfied with the quiet life in the old surroundings. After a few years near the old home these men decided to cast their lot in with the West.

A Wave of Migration.

"Confederate soldiers after a few years of the carpet-bag rule in the South began to leave the chaotic environment forced on the people by military reconstruction. As a result of these combined factors, a mighty wave of migration poured out onto the prairies, rolling rapidly toward the Rocky mountains until the grasshoppers stopped its flow in the middle of the decade of the



A HOUSE "TWELVE BY FOURTEEN"

seventies. Again the flow started westward only to sweep beyond the rain belt, but the droughts of the late eighties once more flung the home-seekers back toward the East. At a later time the tractor, combine and dry farming have once more made this region habitable. During the peak years in the early seventies and eighties whole counties were settled in a fashion which rivaled the work of a magician who by means of the magic wand brought forth a prosperous city."

True, some of these "boom towns" existed only on paper, "New Babylon, Kan.," for example. But others became realities and grew into cities. On July 4, 1873, at a celebration in Buffalo county, Neb., 500 children sang Sunday school hymns where 10 months before wild Indians had roamed at will.

Although the land-hungry Americans of that era hailed the passage of the Homestead Act as a great event in their nation's history, its results were not always as happy as the optimists had believed they would be. The act, as Doctor Dick points out, "lay in the fact that it made homesteading too easy. The government encouraged failure by not requiring more than the mere minimum of a shack for a home, only ten acres under cultivation, and a well. There was no mention of personal qualifications and equipment. Thousands were deceived into thinking that securing a piece of land was all that was necessary to make a competence for the owner."

"Following the great boom of the eighties when the tide of migration began to recede, central Dakota and western Nebraska and Kansas presented anything but a land of occupied farms. Everywhere was to be seen the scars of once-broken patches which were fast reverting to the sod, a caved-in well, and the tumbled-down walls of sod shanties that had served their purpose in proving up for the settlers who had since left the country."

Catch Up on Chic



IF YOU'RE a bit behind in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own, Milady, why not take advantage of the holiday season and catch up? Today's trio is especially right for "vacation sewing" because it consists of simple practical pieces that require little time and trouble. Make all three and you'll have gone a long way toward putting the old punch back in the game.

Streamlined Styling.

The slip at the left is all you could wish for from the standpoint of styling. It offers superb lines from the moderately low cut V neck, through the dart-fitted waist right down to the very hem. The clever overlapping back is light proof and provides an action pleat so necessary for complete satisfaction. Important, too, is the fact that you may choose the material you wish in your own color. Better make it in duplicate for many meticulous months ahead.

Pretty in Sheer Wool.

The two-piece in the center is, like the slip, heavy on style. The defined waist is effectively young as is the flowing skirt and little round collar. It is just the frock to give one lots of git-up-and-git for the second semester, or "to break the ice" whenever one is anxious about one's appearance. It can be the height of chic in sheer wool—very pretty in flat crepe.

Modern Home Dress.

When it's home you're thinking of you naturally turn to a frock like the third member of the trio at the right. This button-all-the-way model is different enough to delight you and simple enough to set you sewing at sight. It is cut for comfort but with an ever watchful eye on that elusive little thing called chic. Crisp contrast may be had in the collar and cuffs and in that trim row of buttons that march down the line—and then back again. Look fresh in your version in pretty percale.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1946 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size

16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39 inch fabric. One yard of ribbon is required for shoulder straps.

Pattern 1404 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1390 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. The collar and cuffs in contrast require 1 1/4 yards material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in cents) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Smiles
Not One of 'Em
Mrs. Duff—Some things go without saying.
Duff—Yes, my dear, but not your tongue.

Eye slowness of blondes makes them less safe as drivers, is an optometrist's warning, but most men will just wink at it.

In Figures

Mother-in-law—Why don't you and Nellie stop scrapping? A man and his wife should be as one.

Hankins—But we really are 10.
Mother-in-law—How's that?
Hankins—Well, in Nellie's mind she's the one and I'm the naught.

666 checks **COLDS** and **FEVER**
LIQUID, TABLETS first day
SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty from the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

—Saves You Money
You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of famous Milnesa Waters (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablets), plus the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees) — all for only \$1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today!

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc., 4462—23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y. Enclosed find \$1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

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Street Address _____
City _____ State _____

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Baking Escalloped Mixtures.—Time and fuel will be saved if escalloped mixtures are baked in shallow, wide dishes or pans.

Preventing Rust in Oven.—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

Home-Made Flower Holder.—If you cannot buy a flower-holding frog (the stand with holes pierced in it to steady flowers in a vase) to fit an oblong vase, a block of paraffin will serve the purpose very well. Holes may be made with a heated ice pick or some other round instrument.

Watch Your Step.—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.

Lining a Coat.—When lining a coat, put the coat on inside out. Have the lining all ready stitched up, and slip it over the coat. It will fall into position naturally. Pin it in place, and finish in the usual way.

Salt and Pepper Shaker.—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

Drying Silk Hose.—Never hang silk hose over the radiator or next to any hot surface.



WHEN SANTA COMES



Christmas on Smoke Creek
by Thomas Taylor

THERE was not to be any Christmas tree at the little church at the head of Smoke Creek that year; and of the several families who lived there, not more than half were expecting Santa Claus. The dark days had left the dismal little valley or hollow even more gloomy than it had been in better years, when the mines across the ridge in the next hollow gave some employment to the heads of the families of Smoke Creek.



He Noticed Something Like a Card Tacked on Hathway's Door.

the most unhappy of all in the little "settlement." His wife and only child, a son of seven, had died, and his nearest neighbor was Joe Hathway, a bitter enemy with whom he had had many difficulties. So that lonely night of Christmas eve as Jim sat before the open wood fire, with the light of blazing hickory logs his only company, he was not without fear for his own safety—he knew Joe Hathway had threatened his life.

As he sat dreaming his eyes happened to rest upon his rifle standing in the corner of the log room. "That gun or Joe Hathway's will some day tell the tale," he said to himself. He meant that one day, like so many others down the lone road some, either he or Joe would go—and using a common mountain expression, "with his boots on." He did not care—life had come to mean but little for him.

While Jim was thus dreaming, Joe Hathway sat in another log cabin but a few yards down the stream. By chance Joe's attention was called to a book on a shelf. The school teacher had given it to his daughter who had died from the epidemic on the creek. The title appealed to him—"The Christmas Carol." He took the book and began to read. Page after page and chapter after chapter, he read on. It was the first book Joe had ever read. It filled him with new visions and new ways of thinking. He read on till midnight and had been so impressed that he decided to read a chapter from the Bible before going to bed. By mere accident the chapter was one on the birth at Bethlehem. Its teaching overpowered him—he had found the more abundant life.

On Christmas morning when Jim Knox went out to the spring for a

pail of water he noticed something like a card tacked on Joe Hathway's door. He saw no smoke from the chimney. Taking in the water, cautiously he approached Joe's cabin door, and read the note which said:

"Dear Jim: You will find me gone. I was reading some last night in 'The Christmas Carol' and in the Bible. I read that verse that told of peace and good will to man. Said to myself, 'My family is all gone—the last was Mary. She left the book to get me on the right track. There's nothing in this hollow for me any more. Maybe I can find work by New Year's over on Cedar Creek.' You and I never could get along. So to make things better for us both hereafter I am leaving at daybreak. And Jim as I say 'Good-bye,' I also wish to say, 'Peace on earth good will to men.'"

And as another result of "The Christmas Carol" two mountaineers were better men, and though they had no Christmas cards or presents, and no holiday programs, the pines on the hillsides seemed a bit greener and the music of the streams seemed sweeter.

Boxing Day Is Time for Making Christmas Gifts

THE first weekday after Christmas, Boxing day, is a legal and bank holiday in England, Wales and Northern Ireland but not in Scotland. This is the day on which "Christmas boxes" or gifts are expected by, and given to, errand boys, servants, letter carriers, etc., observes a writer in the Detroit News.

The name "Christmas box" is often applied there to the ordinary gift at this season of the year, apart from this usage. References to the "apprentice's box" and "butler's box" as far back as the Sixteenth century indicate that these gratuities were at one time placed in an earthenware box, which could be opened on Boxing day only by breaking it. It appears also that the early church had alms-boxes which were opened only on that date.

Chambers' Book of Days states that the institution of "Christmas boxes" evidently is akin to that of New Year's gifts and, like it, has descended from the times of the ancient Romans who at the season of the Saturnalia, practiced universal the custom of giving and receiving presents.

The Yule Sing



Bells of Christmas
by Joelle Webb Pearson

TOM MADSEN sat beside the fireplace and gazed moodily at the blazing logs, as the sparks spiraled upward. Outside flakes of snow beat against the window pane to the chime of the church bells ringing peace and good will to all the earth.

"Peace," Tom muttered. "Was there such a thing on earth? Not for him, anyway." He had staked everything on his boy. Been both father and mother to him—given him the advantage of the best schools, with a law partnership waiting for him in his own office; and what did he get? "Sorry to disappoint you, Dad, but I don't seem to be cut out for law. Sally and I want to find happiness in our own way. I mean to buy the old Wormley farm and Sally and I will be married there, in our own home, Dad, on Christmas eve."



"I'm Sorry, Dad; I Do Appreciate All You've Done for Me."

and come to our wedding and give you your blessing." But he had turned on his boy. "Never!" he cried. "See my son married to a cheap dancer; a common!—Young Tom's face was white. "Stop, Dad, or I might forget you are my father!"—and he had rushed out of the house.

That had been three long months ago. An eternity for him. He had been too hasty; had been governed by his prejudices. One couldn't measure the present generation by the one of his day. Tom, Jr., was no fool, he should have trusted him to do the right thing; what right had he to interfere; to say how any life should be lived?

Suddenly he wanted to have a share in the joyfulness. He reached for his hat, but remembered it was too late for shopping, but there was his check book. What if Tom refused his tardy offering? The eager look died. There was a loud ringing of the door bell and the sound of rushing feet—the door was flung open. There was Tom, looking just like he used to when he came to him for comfort. "Dad, we just have to have you. Sally sent me to bring you. It's Christmas." Tom, Sr., held out his arms. "We won't disappoint Sally, son."

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Vanishing Wild Life.

VARNER PLANTATION, TEX.—Thanks to wise legislation, the wild fowl are coming back to this gulf country. True, the flocks may never again be what they were; yet, with continued conservation, there'll again be gunning for one and all.

But when I think back on the ducks I saw down here 10 years ago—in countless hosts—I'm reminded of what Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, said to the lady tourist who asked him whether the old-timers exaggerated when they described the size of the vanished buffalo herds.

"Wellum," said Charley. "I didn't get up to this Montana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,625,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."



Irvin S. Cobb

Becoming a Head Man.

LET an unshorn dandruff fancier claim he's divine and, if nobody else agrees with his diagnosis, the police will jug him as a common nuisance and the jail warden will forcibly trim his whiskers for him or anyhow have them searched. But if enough folks, who've tried all the old religions and are looking for a new one, decide he is the genuine article, then pretty soon we have a multitude testifying to the omnipotence of their idol.

Let another man think he is a reincarnation of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great, and if few or none feel the same way about it he's headed for the insane asylum. But if a majority, which is a large body of persons entirely surrounded by delusions, agrees with him that he is what he says he is he becomes a dictator and rules over the land until common sense is restored, if at all.

Let the writer of a daily column begin to think his judgments are perfect and his utterances are infallible—but, hold on, what's the use of getting personal?

Grandma's Togs.

WE LAUGH at our grandmothers who believed that, for a lady to be properly dressed, she should have a little something on anyway.

Maybe those mid-Victorian ladies sort of overdid the thing—bustles that made them look like half-sisters to the dromedary, skirts so tight they hobbled like refugees from a chain gang, corsets laced in until breathing was almost a lost art, boned collars so high they seemed to be peeping over an alley fence. Still, wearing five or six starched petticoats, the little woman was safe from Jack the Pincher unless he borrowed some steamfitter's pliers.

And later when, for a season, blessed simplicity ruled the styles, her figure expressed the queenly grace that comes from long, chaste lines. Probably the dears never figured it out. Just the natural cunning of their sex told them 'twas the flowing robes which gave majesty and dignity to kings on the throne and judges on the bench and prelates at the altar—and shapely women-folk.

How old-fashioned those times seem today when every dancing floor is a strip-tease exhibit and every bathing beach a nudist show; and a debutante, posing for snapshots, feels she's cheating her public unless she proves both knees still are there.

Reading Dickens.

I'VE been reading Dickens again. This means again and again. I take "Pickwick Papers" once a year just as some folks take hay fever. Only I enjoy my attack.

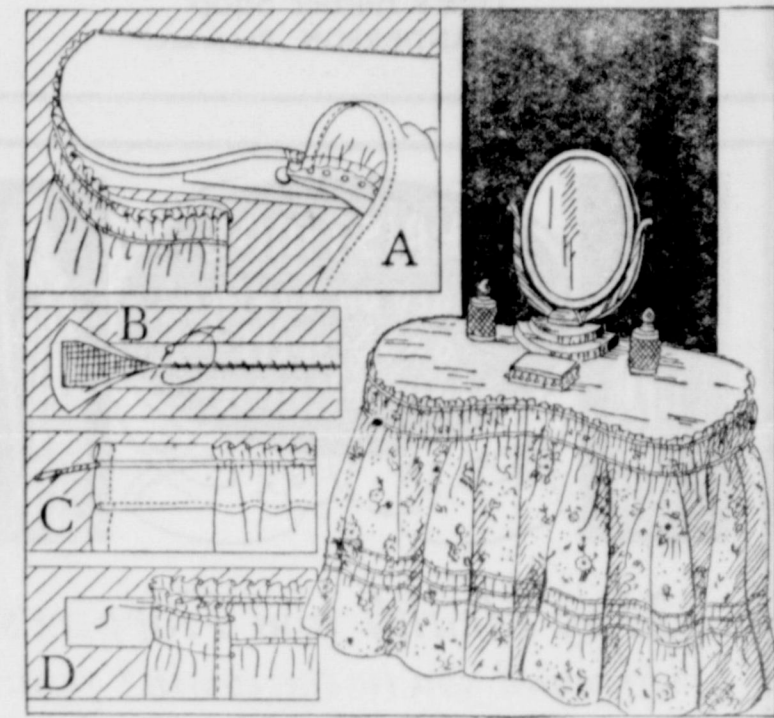
Dickens may have done caricatures, but he had human models to go by. He drew grotesques, but his grotesques had less highly-colored duplicates in real life. And readers recognized them and treasured them as symbols of authentic types. The list is almost endless—Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, Daniel Quilp, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff—oh, a dozen more.

What writer since Dickens has been able to perpetuate one-tenth so many characters? There is Tarkington with his Penrod and his Alice Adams; there was Mark Twain with his Huck Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. There lately has been Sinclair Lewis with two picturesque creations, to wit: Babbitt—and Sinclair Lewis.

IRVIN S. COBB
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HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



A Dressing Table Skirt With Corded Shirrings

THIS dressing table skirt has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2½ inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B.

Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use ¼-inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C.

The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirrings are all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables;

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. How many bachelor Presidents has the United States had?
2. What does the abbreviation "non sec" stand for?
3. How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
4. What is wind?
5. Who was the Greek cynic philosopher who lived in a tub?
6. What is the procedure when a bank certifies a check?
7. What was the last federal territory to be admitted into the Union as a state?

Answers

1. Two—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, but Cleveland was married while he was in the Presidential office.
2. Non sequitur (it does not follow).
3. A dog twelve years old is as old as a man at eighty-four.
4. Air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity.
5. Diogenes.
6. It withdraws the amount of the check from the drawer's account, and holds it for the purpose of paying the check which it guarantees.
7. Arizona.

Uncle Phil Says:

Respect Due Precedent

Respect for precedent has a solid basis. Don't be contemptuous of precedent, but study its claims to authority.

If you want to enjoy retrospection, recall your happiness, not your sorrows.

Gossip thrives less among men particularly because it means a black eye if not worse. But is He?

By his reason a man endeavors to prove that he is rid of some of his primitive instincts.

There is always a welcome place in the world for the young woman who is determined to be a lady.

Women often say it is hard to please men by the way they dress; but let a man pick out a woman's sartorial outfit and she'd be a fright.

Or Lacks So in Curiosity?

A phone won't bother you if you calmly go on writing and let it ring; but who has a seraphic temper like that?

It is nonsense to say that no one is interested in the troubles of others. We're not all inhuman.

Human conscience began to function thousands of years ago. There is a lot of it in the Bible.

Constipated?



What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol. INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5c PLUG



"That feels better . . . but it's still a little snug."

KEEP YOUR GOOD LOOKS
 But leave your Whiskers with us
 We do all kinds of Barber Work and
SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS
 Jack's Barber Shop
 JACK ANDERSON, Proprietor



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 219 N. Main Hereford, Texas

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 By All Electric, Up-to-date Hatchery, Farmers, Come In
 And Book Your Flocks.
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WE EXPRESS
 Our Appreciation
 For your patronage during 1937 and
 to help you make 1938 a better and
 more prosperous year.
 We wish you all a Merry
 Christmas and a Prosperous
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NOTICE TO POULTRY RAISERS

A poultry specialist who has 18 years experience in the teaching and culling of poultry will be with us and work with us for several days. Call and talk to us about your poultry troubles.
 Have your flock treated or culled and feed Merit feeds. Doing this will assure you of a money making production.
 Bring in your poultry, egg and cream, and use poultry & dairy feeds, remember there is no substitute for quality.
FRIONA FEED & PRODUCE

Quite a number of Friona folk spent Friday of last week in Amarillo. Among them were Nelson and Willie Howel Welch, Buford Hughes, John Stanford, Judge and Mrs. J. M. W. Alexander, Mrs. V. B. Whitley, Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mrs. G. Cranfill, Mr. and Mrs. John White, Mrs. Fred White and small son, John Fred, and Misses Orma White and Lola Goodwine.

AMATEUR PROGRAM POSTPONED

The Amateur program that was announced last week to have taken place at the school auditorium on Tuesday night, under the auspices of the Junior Woman's Club, has been postponed until after the holidays, on account of weather conditions here the first of the week.

Dan Ethridge, local insurance man and proprietor of the Dan Ethridge Agency, departed Thursday for Oklahoma, Arkansas, to spend Christmas with his parents and other relatives. He planned to return to Friona on Tuesday of next week.

Stomach Gas
 One dose of ADLERIKA quickly relieves gas bloating, cleans out BOTH upper and lower bowels, allows you to eat and sleep good. Quick, thorough action, yet entirely gentle and safe.
ADLERIKA

REGAL THEATRE

Previews Start At 11:30 P. M.

Friday Matinee & Night
 Buck Jones
 in
BOSS OF LONELY VALLEY

Friday Prevue, Sat. Sun. Matinee & Night.
 Bobby Breen
MAKE A WISH
 Comedy and News

Sun. Prevue, Mon. & Tues.
WESTBOUND LIMITED
 with
 Lyle Talbot

WEDNESDAY THURSDAY
 Soja Henie
 in
THIN ICE
 Comedy

THE REST OF THE RECORD

By Gov. James V. Allred

Jim Ferguson has resumed publication of the Forum, which he stopped immediately after my nomination in the first primary last year. Charging both the National and State Governments with insincerity, ignorance and inexperience, Old Jim has made a six-point platform, but says that he hasn't, as yet, selected a candidate.

It is, however, perfectly obvious that Ferguson is going to make another proxy run for Governor. Ferguson plans have been brewing for several months. All the talk is that Mrs. Ferguson probably will run, but one or two other known candidates have been flirting with Old Jim to get the Ferguson support. It is regrettably apparent that Texas is in for another ordeal and we had just as well get ready for it.

The Ferguson platform is typical of his audacity. It has about 57 varieties of promises, one to appeal to every class of voters. He is going to economize twenty million dollars by increasing expenditures sixty million! He is going to help the poor by taxing them! A little sop for everybody!

Ferguson is for paying a pension of \$30 a month to everybody over 65 whether they need it or not; yet he proposes to take away from the needy old people who are now receiving aid from the State the cigarette, liquor and other taxes now going into that fund. He says he will use these taxes to abolish the State ad valorem taxes. That would relieve from taxation the oil companies now paying on their wells and leases; the insurance and loan companies now paying ad valorem taxes on skyscraper buildings; and it would make tax free all of the vast acres of land now owned by non-resident individuals and foreign corporations.

Ferguson's platform is silent on some other issues in which the people are interested. Of course, he couldn't discuss the question of adequately taxing oil and sulphur because he is against that. He doesn't say anything about race track gambling because every gambler and racketeer in the country knows how the race track law got on the statute books under the Ferguson administration; and every racketeer and gambler, even those who have been driven out of the State under this administration, would welcome the return of Ferguson, or anybody who thinks like him because they would not be molested under the Ferguson idea of government.

Old Jim doesn't say anything about the child labor amendment because he knows that while the labor organizations and women's clubs are for it, thousands of other people are against it. He doesn't say anything about liquor and open saloons, but everybody knows where he stands on that question.

Ferguson says he wants to abolish boards and commissions; yet he never made an effort during the two terms he served as Governor himself and the two terms he served as proxy Governor to abolish any boards or commissions. On the contrary he caused many to be created by the Legislature. His real belief is that all departments of government ought to be abolished in favor of one useless department—himself.

Ferguson has always been a great hand to try to take advantage of the people when they were in distress. When we were in the middle of the depression he wanted to make it more cruel by passing a general

THE STATE OF TEXAS
 To the Sheriff or any Constable of Parmer County—Greeting: YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED. That you summon by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the County of Parmer, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, Helen Lantz and Carlos Lantz, if living, and if not living, the heirs, unknown heirs, legatees and devisees of the said Helen Lantz and Carlos Lantz, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Parmer on the second Monday in January, 1938, the same being the 10th day of January, A. D. 1938, at the Court House thereof in Farwell then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court, on the 8th day of December A. D. 1937, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1102 wherein Peter Lantz and Amelia Lantz are the plaintiffs, and Helen Lantz, Carlos Lantz, and the heirs, unknown heirs, legatees, and devisees of the said Helen Lantz and Carlos Lantz, defendants. The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit:

That plaintiffs and the defendants are the joint owners of the following described land and premises in Parmer County, Texas:

The Southeast Quarter (SE-1/4) of Survey or Section Number Eight (8), Block C, Capitol Syndicate Subdivision of Capitol League Number Four hundred eighty-two (482); that plaintiffs are the owners of an undivided one-half part of said land and premises and that the defendants are the owners of an undivided one-half part; that the defendants, Helen Lantz and Carlos Lantz, are each the owner of an equal undivided one-fourth part of said land and premises. That plaintiffs and defendants are the sole owners of said land and premises so far as known to these plaintiffs, and the estimated value thereof is the sum of Sixteen Hundred Dollars (\$1600); that plaintiffs have judgment for the partition and division of said land and premises; that commissioners be appointed and that writ of partition issue; that said land be partitioned according to the interests of the parties named or if found by the court to be to the best interests of plaintiffs and defendants that said land be sold and the proceeds thereof partitioned and divided by the judgment of the court; for possession of that portion that by judgment of the court may be ascertained and declared to be the property of these plaintiffs and for such other relief, special and general, in law and equity, that they may be justly entitled to receive.

HEREIN FAIL NOT. And have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Farwell, Texas, this, the 8th day of December, A. D. 1937.

E. V. RUSHING,
 Clerk District Court Parmer County, Texas.

(SEAL)
 sales tax on the necessities of life—bread and beans, milk and medicine, blue shirts and overalls. Now that we are in what may turn out to be another depression, he proposes the same panacea and hopes to get by with promising a pension for everybody when he, himself, fought the adoption of the present pension amendment.

I repeat, regrettable as it is, we are in for another ordeal of Fergusonism, and we had just as well get ready to meet it.

FARM SECURITY NEWS

Counties in which the Bankhead-Jones Farm Tenant Purchase program will be administered in its first year will be selected at a meeting of the four-state advisory committee, to be held at Amarillo on December 3, according to word received here by Thomas G. Moore, Rural Rehabilitation Supervisor for the Farm Security Administration.

Immediately after the committee selects the counties in Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado and Texas in which the farm purchase loans will be made to tenant farms, county committees will be appointed and the program inaugurated with the least possible delay.

The four-state committee is composed of John E. Hill, Amarillo, as chairman; George Drum, Sharon Springs, Kan.; John Hiatt, Meade, Kan.; Adolph Hansen, Granada, Colo.; Marshall Dean, Las Animas, Colo.; Ed C. Morrison, Goodwell, Okla.; and the following members from Texas, C. H. Day, Plainview; C. L. Thomas, Pampa; and A. B. Crump,

DURING THE FIRST NINE MONTHS

Of this Year, The American People obtained
FINANCIAL SECURITY
 To the sum of \$7,000,000,000. That is the amount of
LIFE INSURANCE

Sold during that time. And is a testimonial to the Thrift, Foresight and wisdom of the American People.

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Joyous

Christmas And A

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