

Cherish the good things of faith,
and share them.

Appreciate human freedom and
defend it.

Look on all men as
brothers.

The Friona Star

DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF FRIONA AND PARMER COUNTY

Vol. 16

FRIONA, PARMER COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1940.

No. 22

Ask Me Another
A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Who delivered the famous Cooper Union address?
2. What great river has its flow controlled by the Assum dam?
3. In what year did Hitler become dictator of Germany?
4. What is the official language of Liberia?
5. An anodyne is a medicine that does what?
6. What person in fiction had the "Old Man of the Sea" clinging to his shoulders?
7. How far do the Appalachian mountains extend?
8. What is a yashmak?
9. How many South American countries have no seacoast?

The Answers

1. Abe Lincoln.
2. Nile river.
3. In March, 1933, when the reichstag passed an act giving him absolute power.
4. English.
5. Relieves pain.
6. Sinbad.
7. From Quebec province to Alabama.
8. A double veil worn by Mohammedan women.
9. Two, Bolivia and Paraguay.



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CAMEL
THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE

COGITATIONS and APHORISMS of More About The Road Issue

Well! It appears that there are a few readers of this conglomeration. I received several answers to the question that was in it last week, all of which were correct, and it is a pleasure to note that so many people of this day and time remember that soul-stirring expression of William Jennings Bryan, which he made in the memorable speech before the Democratic National Convention in 1896, and which won for him the Democratic nomination for president in that year.

W. H. (Uncle Bill) Lloyd had the honor of being the first to bring in the correct answer, but he had a little advantage of my other readers, since he stopped at the Star office on Thursday afternoon and secured a copy of the paper before it had been placed in the mail.

The next correct answer was sent in by Mrs. O. D. McLellan, and her answer came in quite early in the forenoon Friday, which proved that she gets her Star early in the day and apparently loses very little time until she has read it, therefore, I am having a free year's subscription sent to her also, for I think she deserves it.

But, there is something else that I want to know, and for the correct information I will have another free year's subscription to the Star, given as a reward to the person who is first to furnish me with the information.

In the famous trial that was held at Dayton, Tennessee, a few years ago, wherein a school teacher was on trial for teaching what was supposed to be the doctrine of evolution, she was in variance to the laws of the State of Tennessee; and William Jennings Bryan had volunteered his services (if my memory serves me right) to assist in the prosecution; and Clarence Darrow, the famous criminal lawyer, of Chicago, was the defense attorney.

During the process of the trial, Mr. Bryan volunteered to go on the stand as a witness for the State. This he did, and during the examination Mr. Farrow asked him one very particular question, which Mr. Bryan very quickly and cheerfully answered. This was followed by another question, which when it was fully propounded, Mr. Bryan, it is said, failed to answer, but simply remained silent, and his head sank upon his breast, and all the fire of his wonderful life seemed to leave him. If my memory serves me right, there were no other questions asked, and it is known that that great man passed away to his reward shortly afterward.

It is the wording of that question that Mr. Darrow put to Mr. Bryan that I wish to get, and a year's subscription to the Friona Star shall be the reward, or, at least a part of it, as the honor of being the first to supply this information will be a considerable reward in itself.

I would naturally suppose that the editors of some of the newspapers of the Panhandle might be able to supply this information; but very few, if any of them, will ever read this stuff, so, of course, they cannot answer on that account. I do not know why editors should know so much more than other people, unless it is because they are always reading what other editors have written.

I have often thought I would like to be an editor myself, and I am not 'kidding', either; but I have slept on my privileges and passed up my opportunities until I am now too old and to continue with such a hope would be nothing but a vain fallacy.

I once read a book which contained a brief account of the above mentioned trial, and which gave the exact wording of the question referred to, and the conditions under which it was put; but I have forgotten both the title of the book and the name of its author; and it may be that some of my readers have read the book and can quote me its title and the name of its author, so that I may be able to get the information for myself, direct from the author. In the event any one does so, I will have the reward sent just the same.

It is getting to be mighty close to Christmas again, which is another reminder that these periods of duration, called years, are flitting by quite rapidly, and it makes a man in his olden days begin to wonder if he might not be able to see his fingers of one hand, all the Christmas-masses he will be able to see hence.

More About The Road Issue

Telegram To The C. of Commerce

The following telegram has been sent to D. C. Greer, State Highway Engineer, and A. M. Garrett, District Highway Engineer, relative to the effect of issuing of the proposed Road Bonds, by Parmer County, which have upon the paving of Highway No. 86.

"Will fact that Parmer County has already decided right-of-way to State, prevent State from assuming any bonds voted to improve Highway 86?"

The following telegrams have been received in reply to the above telegram:

Austin, Texas, 11:41 am, 12 Chamber of Commerce, Friona, Texas.

Retel it is our opinion that if present legislation relative county bond is reenacted by incoming legislature the matter of title to right-of-way will have no bearing on State assumption of bonds used to improve Highway 86.

D. C. Greer, State Highway Engineer, Lubbock, Tex. 9:49 am, Dec. 12, 1940.

Friona Chamber of Commerce, Friona, Texas.

"The fact that Parmer County has decided right of way would not prevent the State from assuming any bonds voted to improve Hwy. 86."

A. M. Garrett, Dist. Engr. The above telegrams came as answer to inquiries made as to the possibility that, in the event the bonds are voted, none of them could be used on the Highway known as No. 86, and both the telegrams convey the idea that no such idea need be entertained in that regard, and any monies or funds secured through this proposed bond issue will be just as available to 86 as to any other highway in the county.

In the matter of this proposed bond election, the Star has endeavored to give such facts and information as came from reliable sources and were absolutely reliable, and has done so for the information of its readers, without any effort on our part to influence the vote of any individual voter.

We have done so because it is our honest opinion that this opportunity to secure these two very important roads through our county at State expense is one that our people should not fail to avail themselves of, and especially since we are paying our portion of the gasoline tax that is building such roads for other counties in the state.

The only feasible argument that we have heard against the issuing of the bonds, is, that these bonds may be kicked back on the county. But that possibility has been provided against in the call for the election, by the fact that these bonds, if voted, will not be offered for sale until the State has assumed the payment of them 100%, and this provision has been doubly backed by the action of the County Commissioners Court by its resolution that these bonds shall not be offered for sale, unless thus assumed, and this action has utterly refuted the above named argument.

It is the opinion of the Star that these bonds should be voted, for otherwise we are cheating our county out of an opportunity that may not again occur, at least for several years.

JOHNSON-STOWERS WEDDING

A very quiet wedding ceremony was performed at the Pentecostal Church last Sunday, Rev. E. E. Houlette, the pastor, officiating, which united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. Ruffy Johnson, of Morton, and Miss Melford Stowers, of this city.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Clark, of Morton, and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Stowers, living at the west edge of Friona. The ceremony was performed at the close of the morning worship service, in the presence of the congregation. These young people will make their home on the farm of the groom's father, at the west edge of Friona.

SURPRISED BY VISIT

On Wednesday of last week, Mrs. Edgar Siber was surprised with a visit from her sister, Mrs. Orville Durham, of Electra, Texas, who was a most enjoyable visit. Mrs. Durham was here several years ago and spent the summer with Mrs. Siber and family. Mrs. Durham returned to her home again on Wednesday of this week.

Earl Roberts, Amy Donaldson and Harold Carpenter, of Oklahoma, were visited here, Sunday.

To The People of Friona and Parmer County

FRIONA WOMENS' CLUBS EXPRESS GRATITUDE

We, the members of the Friona Woman's Club and the Friona Junior Woman's Club, wish to express our gratitude to all who, in any way, have helped us in the building of our club house.

Especially do we wish to thank the following for their generous contributions: J. A. Blackwell, O. F. Lanse, Charley McLean, Texas-New Mexico Utilities Company, West Texas Gas Company, and the Marsh Electric Supply Company, of Amarillo.

We also thank the contractor, Mr. W. L. Walton, and his help, for all courtesies shown the Club House Committee at all times; also for his donation.

We also wish to thank Mrs. Kinsley for her donation, also for the loan of funds, which made it possible for us to build at this time.

The clubs thank you, one and all, for your generous help, and we hope for your future help, and we hope you can be justly proud to have had a part in helping to build; and may the good that comes from its use, make of Friona a better place in which to live.

The Friona Woman's Club, The Junior Woman's Club.

LETTER FROM MR. WORLEY

The following letter from Congressman-elect Eugene Worley, has been received at the Star office, which we are pleased to give for the benefit of our readers. The letter follows:

Shamrock, Tex., Dec. 14, 1940
Mr. John White,
The Friona Star,
Friona, Texas.

Dear Mr. White: I am leaving for Washington in a day or so and will appreciate your changing the Star from my present mailing address at Shamrock to the House Office Building, Washington, D. C., beginning with the current issue. As previously indicated, I will mail you a check for same during the month of January.

In an effort to be of the greatest possible service to the people of this district, I want to offer my cooperation to you and all your readers at any time I can be of assistance. Needless to say, I will be very glad to have the views of my people on any legislation which comes before the Congress for action.

I fully appreciate the fact that the hardest part of being a good Congressman is yet to come, and it is my sincere desire to exert my very best efforts toward that end. No letter or request will be too big or too small to receive my personal and immediate attention.

With my very best wishes for the holidays, and a most successful 1941, I remain
Yours sincerely,
Eugene Worley.

A SUCCESSFUL HUNTER

Not many coyote hunters can boast of more than one coyote a day, and only a few of them can boast of that many, but Miss Iris Westbay, one of the teachers in our local school, has the honor of bagging two of these beasts in one day's hunt, which occurred last Saturday.

Miss Westbay, who in company with a group of her friends here started out early Saturday morning for a day's hunt, perhaps little expecting to bag so many animals before her return, but such was the fact, for when she returned she bore the proof of her success in the two fine pelts which she proudly brought home with her.

Both coyotes were felled with a shot gun, the first requiring two charges before the beast was finally brought down. The second she killed with the first shot. She plans to have her pelts tanned and dressed for use.

MOVED TO BROWNWOOD

On Wednesday of this week, D. E. Watkins and his family departed for their new home at Brownwood, where Mr. Watkins has leased a farm, and will continue his profession as farmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins have been residents of this community for the past several years, where for a number of years he assisted B. T. Gallo-way in his hardware store, since which time he has been engaged at farming.

Their many friends here regret to have them leave, but wish them success unbounded in their new location. They arranged to have the Friona Star visit their home during the coming year, before leaving Friona.

Mrs. Edgar Siber and children and her sister, Mrs. Orville Durham, who is visiting here, were seen in Clovis, Saturday, doing Christmas shopping.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION THE STATE OF TEXAS To The Sheriff Or Any Constable Of Parmer County—Greeting: YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to summon Margaret E. Warkins and her husband, Michael Warkins, sometimes known as Mike Warkins, whose residence is Bureau County, Illinois; Elmer E. Kleckner, and wife, Margaret Kleckner, whose residence is Bureau County, Illinois; First State Bank of Abernathy, Texas, as a corporation duly incorporated, whose residence is Hale County, Texas; and Unknown Owner or Owners; Margaret E. Warkins and her husband, Michael Warkins, sometimes known as Mike Warkins; and the Unknown Heirs of the said Elmer E. Kleckner and his wife, Margaret Kleckner, and of the said Unknown Owner or Owners of the hereinafter described land, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for two consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in a newspaper in an adjoining county, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court, 69 Judicial District of Parmer County, to be held at the court house thereof, in the town of Farwell, Texas, on the Second Monday in January, A. D. 1941, in cause numbered 1120, wherein the State of Texas and the County of Parmer, of said State, are plaintiffs, and Margaret E. Warkins, and her husband, Michael Warkins, sometimes known as Mike Warkins, whose residence is Bureau County, Illinois; Elmer E. Kleckner, and wife, Margaret Kleckner, whose residence is Bureau County, Illinois; First State Bank of Abernathy, Texas, a corporation duly incorporated, whose residence is Hale County, Texas; and Unknown Owner or Owners; and the Unknown Heirs of the said Margaret E. Warkins and her husband, Michael Warkins, sometimes known as Mike Warkins; and the Unknown Heirs of the said Elmer E. Kleckner and his wife, Margaret Kleckner, and of the said Unknown Owner or Owners of the hereinafter described land, are defendants.

The Taxes for the Common School District No. 7, Lakeview, are collected by the Tax Collector of Parmer County, Texas, and are here included taxing units in said State, to appear in said cause and for each tax, that's file its claim for delinquent taxes against the property, or any part thereof, described in the petition of Marys-said plaintiff. The cause of action being alleged as follows:

That suit has been brought by the plaintiffs for the collection of delinquent taxes for the years 1929, or more 1927, 1928, 1930, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, for the following amounts, exclusive of interest, penalties and costs, to-wit: \$78.95 for State taxes and \$221.23 for County and District taxes, together with interest, penalties and costs allowed by law.

Said taxes are due upon the following described lands/or lots: All that certain tract of land containing 160 acres, described in Abstract No. 48, Certificate No. 22, Survey No. 448, Original Grantee, Abner Taylor, situated in Parmer County, Texas, and being further described as a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being situated in the southwest corner of a 2000 acre tract of land in league 488 in Parmer County, Texas, conveyed by Eber Roberts to H. C. Greham; thence, North 900 varas to corner; thence, East 900 varas to corner; thence, South 900 varas to corner; thence, West 900 varas to corner, to place of beginning.

Each party to said suit shall take notice of, and plead and answer to, all claims and pleadings now on file and hereafter filed in said cause by all other parties therein.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, but have you before said court, on the first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court in the Town of Farwell, Texas, at office, this 18 day of December, A. D. 1940.

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

SEAL)
Issued this the 18 day of December, A. D. 1940.
E. V. RUSHING.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. S. White, a daughter, Lia Eue, at Deaf Smith Sanitarium, at Hereford, Friday, December 13.

SANTA CLAUS LETTER

Friona, Texas, Dec. 14, 1940
Dear Santa Claus:
I thank you for the things that you have been bringing me. This Christmas I want you to bring me a cowboy suit and a football.

MOVED TO BROWNWOOD

Friona, Texas, Dec. 14, 1940
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a baby four months old. I live at Hereford, but am staying out at Grandma's. She lives south of Friona, 9 miles. Please bring me a dolly with real hair and sleepy eyes. I think I want a baby ring, too. Please remember Mother and Dad a little and my Grandma and Grandpa a lot. Be good to the poor kids.
Your new friend,
Loretta Janice Collier.

MOVED TO BROWNWOOD

Friona, Texas, Dec. 14, 1940
Dear Santa Claus:
I am a good little boy five years old. I want you to bring me an electric phonograph, some boots and candy and fruits. I will be down at Hereford Christmas Eve night. My little brother, Don, a pedal bike.

Don't forget the other boys and girls.
Love,
Glenn Evan Reeve, Jr.

Friona, Texas, Dec. 14, 1940
Dear Santa Claus:
I'm just two years old but I surely do like you. I want a pedal bike and some "tots" (candy). Bring all the little boys and girls lots of things.

Love,
Don Alford Reeve.

Dear Santa:
I'm just two years old but I surely do like you. I want a pedal bike and some "tots" (candy). Bring all the little boys and girls lots of things.

Love,
Don Alford Reeve.

CARMEN OF THE RANCHO

FRANK H. SPEARMAN

© Frank H. Spearman WNU Service

Bowie was nonplused. But Carmen gave him no time to decide what he ought to do. She wriggled all her strength—and this was surprising for her size—almost out of her arms and, when she failed to re herself, looked up at him with a mute pleading in her burning eyes that he felt sure it must be all right. Half laughing, he eased her into Monica's arms.

At this the smaller sister set up a commotion that Pardaloe rushed her likewise and with her port fat legs, not noticeably stiffed by her long ride, she dashed to Monica.

"Seems like they knowed her," served Pardaloe as the three men looked at the animated scene.

Bowie sat perplexed. "If we could understand their lingo," he said, his woman certainly does know 'em, and they know her. And she's an Indian. She must be their rse—belongs to her family, anyy. Talk to her, Simmie."

But Simmie's efforts to make the man understand his Creek or minole were as fruitless as the ef-



I believe she understands," said Bowie.

to make the girls understand flish had been.

He tried his sign language. It s a passport with any tribe east the Sierras, but not here.

With all three chattering at the e time, Monica took the child n down to the river, washed their s vigorously with only sand for p, talking excitedly while this t on. The men had dismounted, bled the horses and turned them n on the grass that bordered the ks, and made ready to camp.

Simmie opened the reserves of ison. When Monica saw there s no salt she ran all the way to half-burned ranch house and reed with a supply. It was mixed s ashes, but to the travelers it s more welcome than gold.

He brought, too, earthenware s and two loaves of badly rched bread for the strange men, s ravenously dug into and ravusly devoured by men who had t no bread for weeks.

It was a happy supper for threee d, bearded and bronzed fronsmen, one keen-visaged and busg Indian woman, and two deli- shy shy promises for California's re womanhood. Monica seemed now even the horses. She talked bly to the children while she ed on the neck the horse Bowie s.

Inspecting the saddle and mo- her voice broke. Her eyes s, but she covertly brushed the s away lest the girls see them.

er the repast Bowie engaged ca in a sign conversation forged eer necessity. She slowly succ- ed in getting him and his com- ns to comprehend that these ru- o which she pointed with exces- sive grief had been her home and me of these girls, whence they been stolen.

When the three had left the room s improvised mummery Bowie d what he should do with the ren. Monica made many ges- s, uttered and repeated one l. "San Diego! San Diego!"

Wie shook his head in dissent. s, no, San Diego."

ut yes," urged Monica, adding, it is where their mother is."

owie understood "San Diego," s the rest was Greek, and he d- positively to go to San Diego. at," said he to Monica—though understood not at all—"is where s like to lock up Tejanos and ve them to death! No San Di-

is refusal she at last grasped. n with abundance of signs she gested a place nearer.

Mission!" she exclaimed. "Mis- sion!" And pointed with much en- y and with a vigorous finger in and again to the south.

owie watched her closely. About he could grasp was her emphatic- ness. Her big hollow eyes hed, and appeal filled her voice. s talked with his men; neither d imagine the meaning of "Mis- sion!" The situation was baffling, l after some delay Bowie agreed accompany her to learn exactly at she meant.

he girls, needing much reassur- e from Monica, were taken up by the Texans, and, with Mon-

ica walking fast, the party rode south for more than two hours.

Night had now fallen. There was no moon, but the stars were out. The horses, as well as Monica, seemed to know the trail and at length brought within sight a group of buildings, one of which was surmounted by a cross. Bowie understood this, at least, and when the horsemen drew up Monica pounded for some time on the gate of the stockade that enclosed the place, but without results.

She then bethought herself of a high bellhandle at the side of the gate, at which she tugged vigorously. A man appeared and, opening a peephole, asked questions. Monica seemed known, for when she had explained her presence and argued long and convincingly the big gate was swung reluctantly open and the party rode in. The gate was closed and the man disappeared. After further waiting a light appeared at a window within the residence of the padres, and presently one of them opened a door.

Handing the girls to Monica, Bowie and Pardaloe dismounted, Simmie taking the horses. The two men followed Monica and her charges as the padre led them along a dark passageway. On one side of it he paused at an open door and bowed the visitors into a commodious room meagerly furnished and lighted by two candles standing on a small oval table in the middle of the room.

Motioning his callers to seats, the padre, dark featured, tall and spare, looked to Monica for explanation. With expressive gestures and in a few words Monica told her story, pointing at times to Bowie and indicating again the little girls, who clung to her as if afraid she might escape them.

The padre listened gravely, following with his eyes the recital of the Indian woman. When she had finished he asked a few questions and turned his gaze across the sputtering candles to Bowie.

"No habla espanol?" he asked, adding in very difficult English, "You do speak nothing Spanish. I speak poco English. I understand a few. Monica tell me how you come to Los Alamos with these hermanas. Where from you come? How you have the children? Who you are?"

He spoke very slowly. Bowie responded with more energy. The padre, with a smile, raised his hand. "Please! Slow!"

Bowie nodded. "We are Tejanos, Padre—cannot speak Spanish. We took these girls from Indians—a war party in the Sierras. Do you know these youngsters?"

The padre nodded fast. "I know them much, much."

Haltingly and brokenly he related to Bowie and his companions the story of the raiding of Los Alamos and the burning of the rancho. With little difficulty the Texan followed and comprehended just how he and his men had chanced on the fleeing warriors and robbed them at least of their human victims. It was not the first time, the padre said sadly, that Spanish girls and women had been carried away by bad Indians raiding the ranchos. And rarely had rescue parties, however expeditious or well equipped, been able to recover the unhappy captives if the raiders could reach the high mountains first. And, he added, these thrice-unhappy victims of their savagery had been made creatures to the chiefs—so it had been learned from neophytes. The southern Indians, he added, were even more warlike and ferocious than the tribes about the northern missions. These wretches were Quemayas or Yumas. Both had been scourges of their missions and settlers for sixty years or more.

"And now," he asked in conclusion, raising his hands as he regarded the orphans with a world of pity, "what shall be done? Monica," he said in Spanish, "you know the quarters for the unmarried women. Take the children and find lodging for them and for yourself for the night. In the morning we shall see."

When the three had left the room the padre explained to Bowie that he could not speak freely before the innocent victims of the savages or disclose that these had murdered their father. He added that the mother was at San Diego at the home of a relative and that her son, brother to the little ones, was with her. He suggested that the Tejanos, supplied with a guard of soldiers from the mission, take the rescued girls to San Diego in the morning to receive the thanks and gratitude of their mother and relatives.

Where, he doubted not, a generous reward would in part recompense them for the dangers they had incurred in battling the savages and for the hardships incurred in restoring the precious ones to their despairing family.

Bowie listened carefully. He liked the padre; he felt instinctively that he could trust him; yet he felt, too, the need of caution in all his movements and contacts in California.

"I appreciate all you say, Padre. But there are difficulties."

"Such as what, my son?"

"Let me ask a question: are you Mexican or Spanish?"

The padre looked quizzically grave; he spoke with a twinkle in his eye. "My son, Spanish priests are not now supposed to be in California missions."

Bowie caught the implication. "Then as a Spaniard you, too, have felt the tyranny of the Mexican government. May I give you a confidence?"

"It involves no crime or wrongdoing?"

"Certainly not."

"What is your name?"

"I am from the East, Padre. We are Tejanos."

"Granted."

"So we are worse than Americans. And we are now helpless. We used our slender stock of ammunition in that fight with the Indians."

"But you say, worse than Americans—how so?"

"Padre, do you remember the Alamo?"

The priest knit his brow in momentary perplexity. "I'd remember it."

"Then well may Texans!" said Bowie gravely. "My scout, Ben Pardaloe, lost his uncle in that damnable massacre by Santa Ana's Mexicans. Few are the Texans who cannot count a friend or relative murdered there."

"That," argued the priest pacifically, "was some time ago. There is peace now."

His visitor nodded. "Not for long, I fear, Padre. There will be more fighting," predicted Bowie almost casually.

"What brings you to California, my son?"

"That is not my personal secret, or I would willingly tell you. But I am treading here on delicate ground. I cannot risk going to San Diego. I had an American friend who was starved to death in prison there not so long ago by a Mexican wretch, the governor."

"You mean Echeandia?"

Bowie nodded. "Even if I were inclined to trust him I would not go. There might be fighting. Some-

one might be killed, for we would not submit to detention. My business on the coast demands speed. Excuse us from that venture."

"Then what is your wish?"

"Padre, we were forced to kill our horses when we were starving. These horses we ride were captured from the savages. No doubt they belong to the rancho who was murdered. They should be returned to his family—the trappings are valuable. But we shall be left horseless. I have no money—what shall we do?"

"What do you want to do, my son?"

"To leave your hospitable roof before daybreak to continue our journey north."

"Where to?"

The Texan smiled again. "Padre, I have not given you my name. Excuse that I say only, I am bound north."

"As far as Mission San Francisco de Asis?"

"Probably."

"Then I can help you."

"But why should you help me, Padre?"

"Because," he went on in broken English, "you have done an inestimable charity to my dearest friends. None but a humane, an honorable, man would have endangered his life to rescue the helpless prisoners of these unhappy savages and now depart without asking or expecting recompense."

Bowie laughed. "Padre, you forget. Indians—mean Indians—however and however found, are poison to Texans."

The priest spoke on. "I forget nothing, my son; I take nothing back. It is true," he added sadly, "the philistines have despoiled us, as they have all the missions. They leave us nothing they can sell for money or put to their uses. A few horses remain to us in our poverty. These I place at your disposal."

"I will pay well for them, Padre when I have the means."

"You will pay nothing for them. I have made a poor face, true. But that is only to explain. Our best horses are gone, but we still have a few homely, hardy beasts that will carry you safely—even these may be pillaged from us tomorrow. And I will give you a silent, trustworthy Indian for a guide."

"That would be wonderful."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



By LEMUEL F. PARTON

(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

NEW YORK.—Early in September, 1924, the League of Nations assembly was in session, on a sunny afternoon, with every gardenia in place on the lapel of its morning coat, with decorous murmurs mingling with the bird song and the hum of the bees, heard through the open windows. The impeccable and somewhat desiccated Sir Eric Drummond, who played closer to his immaculate white vest than any living man, was presiding watchfully against any untoward procedure, any solecism, any break in syntax or punctilio, or move toward any overt suggestion or act.

There arose among the delegates a great, shaggy bearded man who started the windows rattling with his booming voice. He said: "You are just blowing bubbles. Your talk is hot air. You have done and will do nothing for peace. You know that the Dawes plan is doomed. You know that all treaties are destined for the waste basket."

It was a long, masterful and punishing philippic, delivered in a finished Harvard accent. Sir Eric was almost a hospital case.

The Jeremiah was Bishop Fan Stylian Noli, of the Albanian Orthodox church, and it is Bishop Noli, now supposedly living in Boston, who is named in a London cable to the New York Sun, as the popular candidate for a liberated Albania. With the aid of the Greeks, the hope of Albanian liberation is warming up daily, here and abroad. The huge, ruddy warrior-bishop, a medieval man with modern ideas, never has been caught in the feudal tensions and confusion of Balkan politics. He is a genuine libertarian and democrat, recruiting Moslems as well as Christians in his long running fight for modern free statehood for his country. His League of Nations speech was slushed in Europe, but all of it finally filtered through to American newspapers. It was the voice of a major prophet, as startling as the little flickering cinema spot on the walls of Belshazzar's palace.

If the bishop should reclaim and redeem Albania, America would get an assist, if not a put-out. He was educated at Harvard university, entering in 1908 and finishing in 1912. In the former year, the peaceful religious revolution by which the modern Orthodox Albanian church was established was just getting under way, and it was in that year, that he was invested with the robes of its priesthood.

I got a glimpse of the bishop in the Commodore hotel in 1931, a keen-eyed, black-bearded giant, purposeful, alert and powerful in every aspect of his face and person. He had arrived just a jump ahead of certain dissident Albanian gunmen. On this and many other occasions, he blasted Albania's dude monarch, Ahmed Zog much as he had blasted the tit-tat-toe assembly of the league. But he changed hotels frequently and mysteriously, as for many years he has had death close on his heels. And it was in 1931 that he said that Premier Mussolini would snatch Albania when he got ready, and that Zog's government was all make-believe.

SIR PHILIP B. JOUBERT DE LA FERTE

British air marshal, has had a long and distinguished career in the army, and in all these years he has been a model of discretion and impeccable official behavior. Hence it was a most extraordinary slip when he broadcast to the world details of where German bombs had fallen. The ministry of information, of which Sir Philip is a member, had been clamping down the censorship lid and British papers were printing German communiques, as the only news available. American newspaper men, sharply at odds with the censorship about getting news from Germany, are acclaiming Sir Philip for a fumble which they think was in the public interest. It seems to be his first fumble.

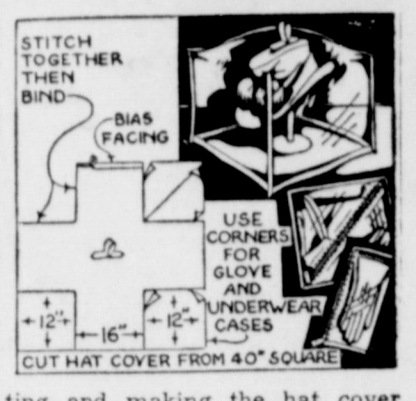
As a flier in the World war, he gathered both British and Italian decorations and was mentioned in dispatches six times. He joined the royal field artillery in 1907 and transferred to the royal flying corps in 1913.

He was in France in first two years of the war and in Egypt in 1916 and 1917. After the war he was R. A. F. instructor at the imperial defense college and commanded the R. A. F. staff college in 1930 and 1934. He was given command of the R. A. F. in 1937. He was educated at Harrow and Woolwich.

New and Fascinating Transparent Sewing

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THERE are fascinating new transparent materials on the market now. Luncheon sets and aprons and rain coats and closet accessories all take on new glamour when made of them, and you will find that every left-over scrap will be used for something that is attractive and worth while.



Less than 50 cents' worth of this window-pane clear material made the hat cover, underwear case and two glove cases like the one shown here. All the directions for cutting and making the hat cover are given here in the sketch. The material from two corners made the square underwear case. The material from each of the other two corners was folded to make a glove or handkerchief case. Bright blue bias tape was used for seam binding and the bottom facing and loop handle of the hat cover; and colored zippers to match the bindings were used for the case closings.

Today's article is typical of the economy short cuts that I like to plan for homemaking budgeteers. There are complete working drawings for thirty-two homemaking projects in SEWING Book #4—enough exciting ideas to keep you busy all the rest of the winter. Send order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 18
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for Book 6.
Name
Address

Happy Hours Ahead

A gift to make many happy hours for pipe and "makin's" smokers is the Prince Albert Christmas package—one full pound of ripe, rich-tasting, mellow tobacco. Colorful holiday wrappers put these popular presents in gay Christmas setting—and a handy gift card is enclosed. Your regular tobacco dealer has the one-pound gift tin of Prince Albert on display. Remember! Prince Albert is the cooler-burning tobacco—the National Joy Smoke.—Adv.

The Better Way to Correct Constipation

One way to treat constipation is to endure it first and "cure" it afterward. The other way is to avoid having it by getting at its cause. So why not save yourself those dull headachy days, plus the inevitable trips to the medicine chest, if you can do it by a simple common-sense "ounce of prevention?"

If your trouble, like that of millions, is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, "the better way" is to eat Kellogg's All-Bran. This crunchy, toasted, ready-to-eat cereal has just the "bulk" you need. If you eat it regularly—and drink plenty of water—you can not only get regular but keep regular, day after day and month after month! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

Whom to Watch
Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us.—C. H. Spurgeon.

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!
Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard, cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues."
Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quieten nerves and loosen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years relieving Pinkham's Compound has helped tens of thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need." Try it!

"All the Traffic Would Bear"

There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.

U. S. Faces Shortage of War Materials

Experts Say It Would Take Three Years to Get Needed Supply.

WASHINGTON.—Uncle Sam won't have to requisition aluminum pots and pans from the nation's kitchens in event of war—as Britain did—but he's much less fortunate with regard to some other vital raw materials.

Defense authorities estimate it may take three years for this country to acquire stock piles of some so-called strategic and critical materials adequate to a wartime demand, despite the progress already made in that direction.

If the United States should become involved in war in the meantime, strict conservation and distribution control measures and the wider use of substitutes almost certainly would be necessary in the case of some of the minerals for which this country is dependent upon foreign sources.

Of the 29 commodities which the army-navy munitions board lists as strategic and critical, officials indicated they are chiefly concerned about things which the man in the street takes for granted, such as rubber, quinine, mica, chromium, tin, tungsten and manganese.

Kaleidoscopic changes wrought by the war already have interfered with the normal supply of those and other materials.

Need Tin and Rubber.

Army experts, keeping a constant watch on the shifting military and political tides abroad, report, for instance, that the French island of Madagascar, source of some of the world's best mica for electrical insulation, has quit exporting to this country, the neutrality act and the cost of war-risk insurance has virtually quadrupled the expense of bringing chromium ore from Turkey, where the best grade ore is obtained.

Thus far, Japan's penetration of French Indo-China has not affected the relatively small shipments of tin and rubber from that country, but informed sources emphasized the situation would be vastly different if Japan should attempt to block those two essential products as well as the tungsten coming from nearby Malaya.

For military reasons, precise fig-

ures as to the size of the growing reserves of the various materials are being withheld, but Edward R. Stettinius Jr., in charge of the defense commission's materials division, reported six weeks after taking office that surveys offered reliable indications that adequate supplies would be available for defense industries as needed.

On the other hand, army sources forecast that if the existing situation with regard to chromium ore—important to the manufacture of armor plate and armor-piercing projectiles—continues, the United States would be in "bad shape" on that score in about a year and a half. Domestic production of the ore is insignificant.

Not all the items on the strategic and critical lists are so well known.

There is, for instance, charcoal made from coconut shells. It has long been considered the best absorbent filling for gas mask canisters. The munitions board reported, however, that "great progress" has been made in the development of satisfactory substitutes from domestic materials which are abundantly available.

Six Brothers in Naval Reserve



Six Kennelly brothers sing around the piano in Charlestown, Mass., while Chief Gunner's Mate Gene Sullivan does the playing. The six brothers all called to active service with the naval reserve are: (left to right) Frank, Richard, Robert, John, James and Walter.



FRESH snow crunched under Dick Wright's shoes as he stomped into the waiting room.

Old Peter was still there, still minding his telegraph key as he had when Dick was a boy. But now it was Christmas; now Dick was home from the city, a successful young architect.

As he walked up to old Peter's grilled ticket window, Dick recalled the last time he stood in this station. Two and a half years ago, it was, the day after Jean had left for New York in search of a career.

"Just can't stand Marysville," she had told him. "You'll understand, Dick, won't you?"

He had forgotten as best he could. Nothing in Marysville for him then, either. There had been a quick decision, a closing of half-open doors, a tearful good-bye to his parents and then—off to the city. It was odd how a blow like that could give a fellow determination. Today, just 30 months later, he was coming back home with a career already carved out.

Old Pete looked up from his sheaf of train orders.

"Well, Richard!" he cried. "Glad to see you, boy, and a Merry Christmas! Your folks know you're coming?"

"Merry Christmas to you, Pete!" Dick answered. It was nice, at that, to see a familiar face. "Mind if I use your 'phone? I caught an early train and Dad wasn't expect-

Merry Christmas Good Charles Dickens wrote thought of Christmas



"Heard from Jean, son?" he asked.

"Nothing on his mind. Heard from Jean, son?" he finally asked.

"No, Pop," he answered truthfully. The house loomed up ahead now. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just wonderin', son, that's all. Forget it. There's Mother wavin' at us up yonder!"

But Dick couldn't forget it. Marysville and Jean were like ham and eggs. He thought about her when he stopped at the drugstore that night—they used to drink sodas there.

Maybe Dick was looking for more of those memories next morning when he started out alone on skis for Murray's hill. They used to play there in the winter, he and Jean.

"Forget it, you imbecile!" he snapped at himself. "That's a closed chapter in your life!"

It was a couple of hours later that he saw her. Skiing down Murray's hill for the last time he rounded Horseshoe bend to find Jean directly in his path! There was a shriek, a thud, and then four feet sticking out of a snowdrift.

"Jean!" he cried, unstrapping his skis and running to help her. "Are you hurt?"

It was rather unromantic, perhaps, pulling her out feet first. But she laughed at him and fell down again, pulling him after her.

"You're going to get your face washed for that, Mr. Wright," she cried.

He came up sputtering to find her suddenly serious.

"Dick dear," she said, "I was wrong. Mother wrote that you'd be home for Christmas and—well, I had to come too. It's you and Marysville that I want, not New York. This morning when I saw you going past our house, I somehow knew that I should go with you. Not just today, Dick, but always!"

It was like ham and eggs, Dick thought, only the next day was Christmas—and Christmas meant turkey!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Beginning of the New Year

Various dates were used in different countries, for the beginning of a year, but America followed the English custom of using the date of most early Christian countries—about the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. The Gregorian calendar, establishing January 1 as the beginning of the year, was adopted by England and her colonies in 1752.

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

The Questions

- Who delivered the famous Cooper Union address?
- What great river has its flow controlled by the Assum dam?
- In what year did Hitler become dictator of Germany?
- What is the official language of Liberia?
- An anodyne is a medicine that does what?
- What person in fiction had the "Old Man of the Sea" clinging to his shoulders?
- How far do the Appalachian mountains extend?
- What is a yashmak?
- How many South American countries have no seacoast?

The Answers

- Abe Lincoln.
- Nile river.
- In March, 1933, when the reichstag passed an act giving him absolute power.
- English.
- Relieves pain.
- Sinbad.
- From Quebec province to Alabama.
- A double veil worn by Mohammedan women.
- Two, Bolivia and Paraguay.



FARMER BROWN'S BOY DOES SOME THINKING

Think a little kindly thought
And then just let it grow.
'Twill lead you to a kindly deed.
The first thing that you know.

FARMER BROWN'S BOY had no kindly thoughts as he trudged home with his terrible gun over his shoulder, a scowl on his freckled face and poor old Bowser the Hound limping slowly and painfully at his heels. In the first place Farmer Brown's Boy felt hurt in his pride. You know pride is a very tender thing and easily hurt. Farmer Brown's Boy had set traps around the home of Old Man Coyote, and he had taken such great pains and had hidden them so skillfully that he had been absolutely sure that it would be impossible for Old Man Coyote to get out of his house without stepping in one of them. He had been very proud of the way he had set those traps. So when he found that Old Man Coyote had come out of his house without getting caught his pride had been hurt. He knew by the way one of the traps had been sprung and dragged out that it had not been luck that had saved Old Man Coyote. It had been smartness. Old Man Coyote had found that trap and had pulled it out of his way himself.

To make matters worse, Bowser the Hound had had to step right into a trap and the terrible jaws had hurt his leg dreadfully. Of course it was an accident. It showed how well his traps were set, for Bowser hadn't seen this one at all. As he thought this Farmer Brown's Boy's pride began to feel better. Then came another thought so suddenly that he stopped short. "I wonder if that coyote knew where that trap was and led Bowser into it purposely," he said. "I—I do believe he did." His pride now felt worse than before.

"Never mind, Bowser, old fellow, we'll get him yet," he said, stooping to pat Bowser's head.

Now, of course, Bowser was obliged to go very slowly because he could use only three legs, and then he had to stop every little

while to lick the one which had been hurt in the trap. So Farmer Brown's Boy had plenty of time for thinking. At first his anger at Old Man Coyote grew and grew. Then, little by little, it gave way to a feeling something very like admiration. He had to admit to himself that Old Man Coyote had been smarter than he. By and by he admitted it to Bowser.

"We thought we were pretty smart, didn't we, old fellow?" said he. "But that coyote fooled us both, and I believe he planned to lead you into that trap. He's pretty smart. Yes, sir, we've got to take our hats



He had been very proud of the way he had set those traps.

off to him. I wish now I hadn't set those traps again, because if he was smart enough to keep out of them once he'll be smart enough to keep out of them again. Does your paw hurt dreadfully, Bowser?"

Bowser looked up and whined. There was no doubt that his paw was very, very, sore. Now, Farmer Brown's Boy loves Bowser, and he couldn't bear to see him hurt. When they reached home he very tenderly bathed the hurt paw and bound it up. And while he was doing it he was still thinking hard, perhaps even a little harder than before. He was thinking what it must be like to one of the little wild people to be caught in one of those traps and to have, besides the pain, the terrible fright of not being able to get away and of what would happen. Somehow he thought of those traps in a new light. They became to him what they really are—dreadful things.

"Bowser," said he as he finished tying the last bandage, "I wish I hadn't set those traps, and I am going to go straight over and take them up the first chance I get."

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

Finds Food Rationing Makes English Healthy

NEW ORLEANS.—David John Rodgers, British consul, sees the English people growing more healthy on wartime rations.

"We have always eaten too much," Rodgers said. "Food rationing is not only conserving food, but is rectifying the English diet. Now we are learning moderation in food. I think it is unlikely that when the war is over the English people will go back to their classic British breakfasts and heavy lunches. The afternoon tea custom may also disappear.

"The rationing plan was put into effect not so much because there is a scarcity of food in England," the consul explained, "but because we want to build up a reserve."

Light Bulb Burns For Quarter Century

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—An electric light bulb in the ceiling of the leach house of Han Rees Tannery has been burning day and night for nearly a quarter of a century, according to Tom Williams, foreman in the plant.

Williams said the bulb was burning when he was first employed 22 years ago.

This Youngster's Name Comes From High Source

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONT.—If Allyn Grinnell isn't a mountain climber who grows up, it won't be his fault was christened for a mountaineer.

Allyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen A. Stevens of Tampa, his grandmother, and his two uncles were touring Glacier park when he was born.

What to name the youngster something of a problem. The parents and grandmother consulted park rangers. Mrs. Stevens recalled she had hiked to Grinnell glacier the day before the boy was born. She suggested his middle name be Grinnell. Everyone agreed.

Ranger Walter Nitzel gazed at Allyn peak which towers above the Many Glacier camp ground. He said the first name should be Allyn. That idea also was adopted.

RABBIT'S FOOT



Rescue workers in England came upon this frightened but unharmed rabbit after an air raid. That's not strange, if a rabbit's foot brings luck, because this animal had four of them.

This Family Could Hold Reunion at Army Camp

DETROIT.—The family of Maj. Claude M. Stafford of the 125th Infantry will be well represented at Camp Beauregard, La.

Major Stafford, a surgeon, has with him his son-in-law, Capt. Joseph W. Burba, a dentist, and his sons, Lieut. Robert Stafford and Private Frederick Stafford.

Lieutenant Burba and Major Stafford were with the Canadian army during the World war.

Wrong Direction

Thick fog covered the ocean and the captain shut off his engines. Fussy old lady—Surely you are not shutting off the engines for a bit of fog! There are the stars above our heads, Captain—But that is not the way we are going.

Minute Make-Ups

By V. V.



WHEN hands are active at this and that, both indoors and outdoors, frequent washings are necessary. But frequent washings are also very drying to the nails. Makes them brittle. Keep your nail oil handy, near the basin. Give each nail a soothing drop, after washing your hands.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Monkey Goes to the Dogs



This looks like monkey business, and it is. Maggie, the monk, has adopted a Pomeranian-Spitz pup as her playmate, and no other dogs are allowed. She is shown pushing away the lonesome little fellow at the left while she clutches the apple of her eye in a Chicago pet shop.

SCHOOLS FAIL TO MEET STUDENTS' NEEDS, SURVEY SHOWS

WASHINGTON.—Today's high-school graduates, facing a world of profound social and economic change, find themselves poorly equipped to meet the complex problems of present-day lives, results of a study indicate.

Competition among adults for positions in industry virtually has eliminated opportunities for apprenticeship, and the high-school graduate, trained though he be in voca-

tional studies, can find no employment, according to a survey completed for the American youth commission by the American council on education.

"Even if vocational education were unqualifiedly successful in other respects, it cannot create jobs where they do not exist," the report said.

Recommending that thorough practice in reading—the most im-

portant single branch of education—accompany vocational studies, the report emphasizes the role of social studies in providing an effective education for citizenship in a democracy.

The committee making the study, headed by Ben G. Graham, superintendent of public schools in Pittsburgh, found that the stylized nature of present-day courses in English composition, mathematics, for-

eign languages, history and natural science kills their appeal for the modern student.

It is recommended that these courses be revised to present fundamentals of enduring value rather than a mass of easily forgotten detail.

If the high school is to fill its place as a factor in the American order, the report concludes, it must expand its program of instruction.



The Smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you—
EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

AND—
28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.



CAMEL THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE

The Friona Star

W. W. WHITE
Editor and Publisher

Subscription Rates:

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One Year, Outside Zone 1	\$2.00
Six Months, Outside Zone 1	\$1.25

Entered as second-class mail matter, July 31, 1925, at the post office at Friona, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of the Friona Star will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Local reading notices, 2 cents per word per insertion.

Display rates quoted on application to the publisher.

"FAMILY OF ELEVEN"

and all take ADLERIKA when needed" (W.-N. Iowa) When partly digested foods decay, forming gas, bringing on sour stomach or bloating, try ADLERIKA. Get it TODAY.

CITY DRUG STORE

Santa's Come To
Town

See The Gifts At
BLACKWELL
Hdw. & Furn. CO

JODOK

But, "be that as it may" as my good friend, Judge Simpson used to say, there are a lot of things to make us welcome the return of the Yuletide season.

And, I believe I might truthfully say, that among these many things is the receipt from dear friends, many of whom we have not seen, maybe, for years, of the precious little Christmas cards.

They have already begun to arrive, and they come addressed to me and Milady with, now and then, one with the words "and Family" added. There is no message contained upon them except the few words of Christmas cheer or greetings, and are signed by the senders, such as—Tom and Dora, Jim and Anna, Dock and Alice, Ed and Cora, and so I might go on and fill this page with just such samples—but these will suffice.

And it is not the intrinsic value of these little cards that are worth so much to us, but the fact that someone, maybe away off, and whom we love, had thought of us, and without any special reason for their having done so. Thus, it is that indescribable, undefinable, something—I just cannot tell what it is, so some of you old-timers please tell it for me. You know what it is, but I cannot tell it for there is a great big "knot" already forming in my throat. I know "knot" should be spelled with a "K" but the one in my throat feels like it is spelled with a "G."

Well, anyway! To my way of thinking, it is that indefinable sentiment that one feels when one receives one of these little Christmas reminders, that makes Christmas of Christmas. The fellow who does not feel that sentiment filling his heart and his throat, has little idea of the real Christmas spirit, and the fellow who thinks only of the intrinsic value of his Christmas gifts, has a whole lot of "hog" in his make-up and I do not know what the rest of him is.

And I, for one, am glad it is so, for if I had to measure the extent of my regards for my good friends with silver and gold and such-like pelf, in my poverty-stricken condition, could not, with all I ever have possessed, do now possess or may ever hope to possess, get even the first word of my regard to one single friend, paid for. So, I guess I am not so badly off, when I can see that even poor folk have some riches.

So, here's wishing to all, Who read these lines, That richest blessing, Which no one defines; But will purchase Happiness, All tried and proven, And will serve as your passport To enter Heaven.

DR. J. W. HENDRIX

Chiropractor
15 Years In Hereford
Dr. J. H. Channer,
Associate
X-Ray - Colon Therapy.
Other Valuable Equipment.
301 West 6th, Hereford, Texas
Phone 341

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SERVICE

There will be a special Christmas service at the Baptist church, Sunday evening, December 22.

The "Gift Magnificent," a song and story service, will be presented by the young people and choir of the church. The public is cordially invited.

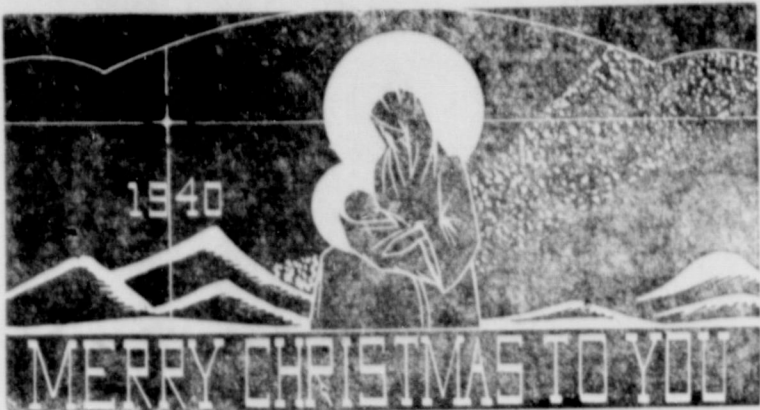
The Pastor.



May Christmas
Have for You many Joys in
Store; and may your
Yule shine
Brighter than ever before
HOULETTE'S
HELPS-SELFY LAUNDRY

Mrs. Dan Lacewell and daughter spent Saturday and Sunday with her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Crockrell, of Hereford, who are the proud parents of a baby boy.

Obbie Malone is visiting in Santa Fe, at the present.



Just The Same Old Greeting
But Backed By A World of
Sincerity
Regal Theatre

Members of the T. E. L. Class of the Baptist church were entertained at the home of Mrs. E. R. Day, on Thursday, December 12, with Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Breeze, as co-hostesses.

Mrs. Day presided and conducted the business session. Mrs. Price gave the devotional and own Salvation.

A social hour was enjoyed and an exchange of gifts by each member. Delicious refreshments were served to Mrs. Hart, Siber, Moyer, Stevick, Harris, Laceywell, Hall, Price, Jess Jones, Hall Day, Breeze, Wilson, the hostess, Mrs. E. R. Day and one visitor, Mrs. Durm, of Electra. The next meeting will be January 19th.



The Story that Never grows old
The Christmas Story is Ever new, because It comes From the Heart, Just as the Privilege of wishing You A Merry Christmas Is Always a Pleasure to Us.
PHILLIPS PET. CO.
H. T. MAGNESS, Distributor.



WE DEDICATE OURSELVES To Greater Service in making This Community a Better Place in which to Live And wish to All A Mighty Merry CHRISTMAS
Magnolia Pet. Co.
WRIGHT WILLIAMS, Agt.



In the Bustle of these Days Let Us not Forget CHRISTMAS And may it bring to All of you The happiness you deserve Merry Christmas to Everyone
DWIGHT'S GARAGE

TO OUR FRIENDS
At this Yuletide, we are happy again to send our Greetings and Best Wishes For all happiness and success for each and everyone
Smiley's Cafe



Our Bakery
Extends to All OUR people Our Sincerest wishes for A Merry and Joyous CHRISTMAS



OUR PART
May be small; but from The depth of Our heart We wish to All A Most Joyous Yuletide
Friona Supply Store



MAY ALL HAPPINESS OF THE SEASON BE YOURS With a genuine appreciation of Our Pleasant Relations, We extend to you The Season's Greetings. We wish you All The Holiday Joys AND PROSPERITY IN THE NEW YEAR
T. J. Crawford Grocery
Friona We Deliver Texas



Compliments of the Season
And Best Wishes that You and Yours may have Happiness and good cheer Throughout the year.
B. T. Galloway



INSPIRED GIFT IDEAS

Electrical gifts are gifts that everyone is glad to give and receive. Check this list for the most practical gifts you'll find anywhere.

<input type="checkbox"/> Waffle Irons	<input type="checkbox"/> Toasters	<input type="checkbox"/> Vacuum Cleaners
<input type="checkbox"/> I.E.S. Lamps	<input type="checkbox"/> Clocks	<input type="checkbox"/> Heating Pads
<input type="checkbox"/> Radios	<input type="checkbox"/> Razors	<input type="checkbox"/> Ranges
<input type="checkbox"/> Percolators	<input type="checkbox"/> Roasters	<input type="checkbox"/> Refrigerators

See Your Local Electrical Dealers

Texas-New Mexico Utilities Company



Christmas
1940

For Your Merriest Christmas
As we review the past, we realize how much you and other Friends have Contributed to our Success, and we pledge ourselves to Greater Service in the Future.

Friona Wheat Growers



BEST WISHES
1940

Most Sincerely
We Extend To You
Our Christmas Greetings

Because it gives us an Opportunity to express Our Appreciation of YOUR Friendship. We wish You
A Hearty, Merry Christmas.

Santa Fe Grain Co.

ATTENTION
Homecoming Banquet
Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:00 P. M.

WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE
60 ct A PLATE

For Tickets, See Lloyd Brewer, Otho Whitefield or John Blackburn, - Committee.
Deadline, 8:00, p. m. Wed., 25th.

Mrs. Jack Anderson and Mary Johnson stopped in Clovis, Wednesday.

Mr. Brannon, from Hereford, visited here, Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Lovelace, of Parwell, transacted business here, Tuesday.

Want Ads

FOR RENT—Have section of land to rent for cash rent, 450 acres in cultivation. M. A. Crum, Friona, Texas.

For Sale—Improved farm of 137 acres, located in Northwest Arkansas. To trade for West Texas land. M. A. Crum, Friona.

E. B. BLACK CO.
Furniture and Undertaking
Prompt Ambulance Service

We now offer \$150.00 cash burial insurance at low cost.

Hereford Texas

The Christmas Spirit
Warms the Heart and Memory through Pleasant associations, and to ALL our friends we wish a
MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS

L. N. Ritter Recreation Parlor

SEASON'S GREETINGS
So that we may not overlook any of our friends, We take this opportunity to wish all of you
A MIGHTY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The Texas Co.
Bert Shackelford, Consignee

Radionic Service
Dr. C. O. Warriner, of Clovis, New Mexico, has installed the latest
ELECTRO MATABOGRAPH (Radionic)
And Colon Therapy Equipment

We Invite Inspection By The Public

13-12c

May You Have All The Joys
Of An Old Time Christmas.

The Pastime Club
R. B. Miller - Propr.

Holiday Greetings
We Will Open With
Cafe and Fountain Service
On The Highway
In the Very Near Future


H. L. FRY OUNDA FRY

Merry Christmas and all
Good Wishes.

Charles Dickens wrote: "I have always thought of Christmastime as a Good Time. A Kind, Forgiving, Charitable, Pleasant Time."

That expresses our idea of Christmas better than any words we might write. And because your friendship in the past, has made our Christmas happier, we take pleasure in extending these Greetings.

Friona State Bank



Happy Greetings
If we really wish to be happy with YOU, We must do all we can to make YOU Happy, Too.

Merry Christmas

E. R. Day Service Station

We Extend To All
The Compliments of the Season
By Wishing You
A BRIGHT AND MERRY YULETIDE

SHORTY'S CAFE

Fred Carson, of Bovina, visited E. H. Hadley and Pacham Dobbs here, Saturday.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPINESS, SUCCESS, PROSPERITY.
We Pledge Ourselves To Continued Effort, That Your Good Will and Friendship may be Deserved, and that We May be Privileged to Serve You Again.

Fred White



OUR WISH FOR YOU.

May your Christmas be a time of Happiness and Jollity. A time when everyday cares may be forgotten. During the years we have been a part of this Community, we have formed many friendships, and for them we are deeply grateful, and we are happy, at this time to be able to offer our sincerest wishes for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS
City Drug Store



May this
CHRISTMAS
be happier than any you've had, And each one hereafter be happier.

Dr. J. E. Stotter

CHRISTMAS
1940

Merry Christmas
And A Joyous Yuletide.
Is one of our choicest pleasures to this and all Good Wishes to our friends at this Joyous Season.

Clement's Tailor Shop



CHRISTMAS GREETING

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
May it bring you all your heart's desires, and be the BEST Christmas you have ever had.

Dilger's Modern Cleaners



AT CHRISTMAS TIME
We review the past years and Count Our Blessings. Our Greatest Asset has been Your Friendship. We take pleasure in this greeting, as a token of our appreciation of YOU and Your Good Will.

FRANK A. SPRING AGENCY

CHRISTMAS CHEER



1940

YEAR AFTER YEAR

Happy Xmas
And May The New Year Fill Your Every Need.

Blackwell Hdw. & Furniture Company

People Hurt Themselves the Hard Way During Most Unusual Accidents of 1940

By PAUL JONES

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
CHICAGO.—Each year a surprising number of people discover new and novel ways of getting hurt. And the results are positively startling.

A man in Chicago, for example, is bitten by his own false teeth. A steel executive in Colorado rides out of his office on the cowcatcher of a locomotive.

Some of these odd accidents are amusing. Others are tragic. Put them all together and you find that Fate, the master showman, again has produced a literal hit parade of the year—the Oddities of 1940.

So, without further ado, on with the show!
Chief Clerk John Donnelly of the Cleveland Municipal court is quite a reader and frequently has his nose in a book. But one March day this year he had his nose in book ends—and it wasn't comfortable.

Mr. Donnelly was moving several books, in book ends, from one table to another. The books began to slip and he tried to push them back between the book ends with his chin. But the books fell anyway, and the book ends came plopping together with Mr. Donnelly's nose between them. It was well red.

Louis Durdy of Pana, Ill., can understand now why the man in the Bible had so much trouble finding a good Samaritan. Smelling smoke one November afternoon, Mr. Durdy dashed into a nearby hotel room and rescued a sleeping guest from a flaming mattress. Firemen came, seized the burning bedding and tossed it out the window. It landed on an automobile parked outside the hotel.

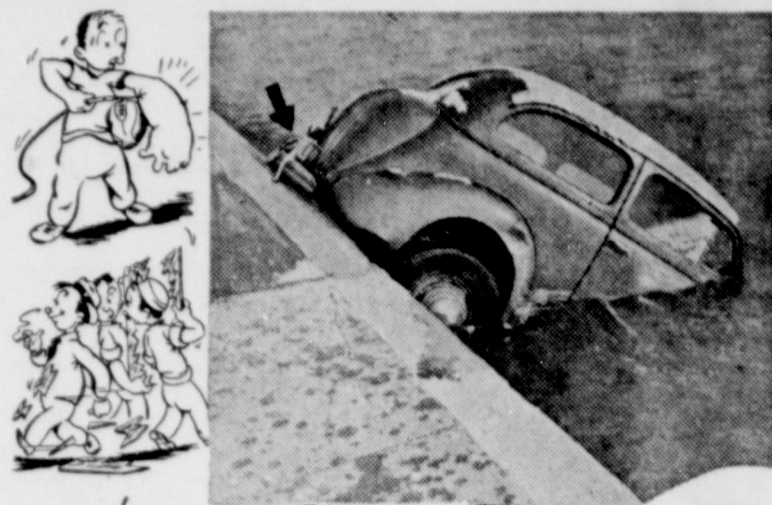
Yes, it was Mr. Durdy's auto. The auto was burned up, and so was Mr. Durdy—plenty!

Joseph Callahan of Chicago always had taken good care of his false teeth and, so far as he knew, they had no reason to dislike him. But one day as he dozed, he slipped off his chair. His teeth fell out and landed tooth-side up on the floor. Mr. Callahan's forehead struck them and they gave him a vicious bite.

Mr. Jay J. Martin, of Pueblo, Colo., is ready to believe that almost anything can happen in the steel business. Mr. Martin, a steel company executive, was seated at his desk one day, intending to stay there a while, when the next thing he knew, what was he doing but riding out of his office on the cowcatcher of a full-fledged locomotive!

At the end of his journey, which took him through a partition or so, Mr. Martin, understandably travel stained, learned that what had happened was that the locomotive had jumped the track just outside his office and had come on in through the wall. Mr. Martin didn't take the same train back.

Drinks Brake Fluid.
Bill Hiltbrand, of Springfield, Mo., knows now just how a hydraulic brake feels. He was drinking a bottle of soda pop in a filling station and discussing politics with a friend. Engrossed, he picked up a bottle and took a big swig. It wasn't the right bottle, and it wasn't even pop. It was brake fluid! The results weren't serious, however, for,



Only a bumper guard prevented this automobile from plunging into Lake Michigan after it skidded out of control on an icy pavement. The driver escaped with a ducking. Some of the many other freak accidents of 1940 described in the story below are illustrated above.

as you might expect, Mr. Hiltbrand was able to stop quickly.

Ever so often, it seems, some poor soul has to have his pants jerked off in public by an automobile. This year's victim of Fate's perennial gag was Mr. Giovanna Evangelisti, of Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. E. was waiting, believe it or not, for a street car in the crowded downtown district when the door handle of a passing automobile caught the Evangelisti trousers and neatly swooshed them off. The apologetic driver rushed Mr. E. home for replacements.

Calf Lassoes Man.
When a calf lassoes a man—that's noose! The man, Edward Acree, was walking along a road near Brazil, Ind., when the man-puncher calf broke loose from its tethering stake and dashed across the highway, its chain swinging. Mr. Acree complains that the next thing he knew the calf had lassoed him with the chain.

Bob Forde, strolling along in Marysville, Calif., wondered why the two men approaching him were walking so far apart. It wasn't neighborly. Mr. Forde decided to go between them. By the time he discovered they were carrying a big sheet of window glass, it was too late. Mr. Forde describes the experience as painful.

Walter Bell, a rural mail carrier of Harlan, Iowa, has heard of people fighting buzz saws, and he believes he can appreciate what they are up against. On a warm day this summer Mr. Bell plugged a six-volt fan into an 110-volt socket. The fan, the sissy, couldn't take it and leaped whirring toward Mr. Bell like an airplane. He raised his arm to stop it. Result: 35 stitches.

Inflates Arm.
Elmer Mahnke is one of the people who fear quick inflation. This perhaps is understandable in view of an experience Mr. Mahnke had this year.
Mr. Mahnke is a filling station man at Racine, Wis., and part of his job, of course, is to blow up footballs and basketballs for small

boys in the neighborhood. On the occasion to which we refer the air needle not only pierced a basketball, but Mr. Mahnke's arm. The first thing he knew his arm was bigger than Popeye's.
Never have more things happened to the Kaczynski family, of the Pittsburgh Kaczynskis, than on a cold day last winter.
First, six-year-old Frank Kaczynski grabbed a charged wire and couldn't let go. Then his brother Walter, eight, grabbed Frank, and he couldn't let go. Then sister Anna, 17, heard about it and dashed for the scene, just in time to see her sister, Frances, 14, get struck by a car. As Anna ran to help Frances, a big dog ran up and bit Anna.

The commotion attracted brother John Kaczynski, 24. John chased the dog away and a few minutes later the Kaczynskis began pouring into the hospital.
Frank and Walter were treated for burns, Frances for cuts and bruises and Anna for dog bite. The police sergeant who wrote it all up for the records was treated for writer's cramp and fervently hopes that if it all ever happens again, it will happen to Smiths.

In Chicago a dignified old gentleman was standing on a safety island, waiting for a street car and having no intention whatsoever of taking a taxicab. But he did. For as a passing taxi swerved sharply to miss another car, the back door flew open. It scooped up the nice old gentleman and deposited him gently on the floor of the cab, all set for a ride.

As Ralph Lyman of Clarinda, Iowa, hurried to answer the phone he slipped and fell, but crawled painfully on to hear a voice say, "This is Doctor Burnett. Can you come right over and look at my furnace? It's broken."
"You'd better come right over and look at my leg first," replied Lyman. "It's broken, too."

And it was!
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Mann of Indianapolis weren't expecting anyone to drop in on them that day last winter. But 22 students of Indiana university did—in a bus! Mr. Mann was that surprised he thought it was an earthquake shaking the house. But Mrs. Mann wasn't so sure, and when she investigated she found a big bus poking its nose through the basement wall. The bus was taking the students back to school from a vacation and the driver had swerved to miss an auto.

Herbert Greenwald of Berwyn, Ill., is a meticulous golfer and always tries to have his eye on the ball. But one day in October Mr. Greenwald switched the formula and had the ball on his eye.
Swinging lustily in the rough, Mr. Greenwald struck the ball squarely. It hit a nearby stone concealed in the grass, ricocheted straight upward and broke Mr. Greenwald's glasses into bits. The unhappy golfer not only was cut about the face, but he lost a stroke—and it was match play!

Mrs. Olen Deatherage of Springfield, Ill., knew that some women drivers can make an automobile do some mighty funny things. But she never dreamed she could run over herself, until she did it. Her car spun around after a collision, throwing her out the right hand door. Her body hit the gear lever and shoved the gear from low to reverse. As she fell from the car it backed up over her.
Yes, in these days anything can happen—and does!

Many a pedestrian has been struck by a hit and run driver. But to Mrs. Anna Martinelli of Johnston, R. I., goes the distinction of being the victim of a hit and run dog which itself was the victim of a hit and run driver. The dog hit Mrs. Martinelli and fled. The dog hit Mrs. Martinelli and fled. Mrs. Martinelli did not flee. She had been knocked unconscious by the dog. Her injuries were not serious.

These are but a smattering of the many freak accidents of 1940, recorded in the files of the National Safety Council in Chicago.

Santa Comes to Pierre

By Jules Bevan

OLD MARIE didn't quite understand about Santa Claus, but her little Pierre did. Pierre went to school with the other boys while Old Marie sewed dresses in the sweat shop. It had been that way ever since Jacques died, two years after they left sunny France and came to New York.

"Mamma!" little Pierre would ask her at night, "Please, Mamma, will Santa Claus bring me the violin from Rubens' pawn shop this Christmas?"

Then he would stare expectantly while Marie tried to find an answer. She usually promised him Santa would, for little Pierre wanted the violin so badly. But as Christmas grew nearer the groceries and coal



Pleez, M'sieur, a penny! She cried to the passers-by.

and shoes used up all her savings—there was nothing left for Pierre's violin.

Marie was usually stolid, but she felt sad when she left the sweat shop Christmas eve. Little Pierre would be home waiting for Santa Claus and the violin. Pierre had seen it in the window at Sam Rubens' pawn shop only yesterday, a big five-dollar price tag tied around its neck. How sad he would be if this Santa Claus fellow forgot him!

Marie was swept along in the Christmas Eve traffic, downhearted. But despair gave way to triumph, for a plan suddenly came to her amid this confusion: She would beg for alms like her gran'pere had done back in Paris! These Americans—they seemed happy enough to help her on Christmas eve!

"Pleez, m'sieur, a penny!" she cried to the passers-by on Broadway. "A penny for my leetle Pierre's violin!"

Marie had collected seventy-eight cents before the big Irish policeman saw her.

"Here now, old gurrul!" he protested. "Don't yez know yez can't panhandle here? Come along now to th' station!"

A few minutes later old Marie was pouring out her story to the gruff desk sergeant. She was confused. "Thees panhandling," she complained. "You say I cannot do it. But I only try to get money for the violin, so your Santa Claus weel come to my leetle Pierre. See?"—she held out her money—"I only need four dollars and twenty-two cents more!"

"Well, now, that's different," the sergeant replied. "Come boys!"—he addressed the policemen gathered around his desk—"let's kick in the five dollars to buy a violin for Marie's leetle Pierre! Sure now, and where's your Christmas spirit?"

A few minutes later a grateful old Marie was hurrying down the snow-covered side street to Sam Rubens' pawn shop. But alas! Sam was just handing the violin to a well-dressed old gentleman as Marie stormed in.

"Pleez, m'sieur!" she cried. "You mus' not buy it. The violin, she is for my petit Pierre. See? I have five dollars!"

The white-crested purchaser was dumbfounded.
"But madame," he answered. "I have just bought it for my grandson's Christmas."

"N'importe!" Marie protested, adamant now. "You mus' sell it to me. The policeman, they have given me the money, see? My leetle Pierre, he will be so disappointed!"

The old man looked at Sam.
"Have you another violin?"
"For seven dollar I got a better one." Sam's eyes lighted up. It looked like another sale.

"All right, madame," the gentleman spoke to Marie. "Here's your violin. Give me the five dollars."
"Merçi, m'sieur!" Old Marie cried. "My Pierre, he will be so happy!" With that she dashed out into the night, happy at last.

Pierre was asleep when she arrived home, but he found the violin on the table next morning. It glistened like new inside the weather-beaten case.

"Mamma!" he cried with glee. "Mamma! The violin! But how—where—who gave it to me?"

Old Marie's eyes filled with tears.
"Santa Claus brought it, Pierre. Of course—Santa Claus. Then there was the policeman and the kind gran'pere."

But Pierre didn't hear the last. He only knew—Santa Claus hadn't forgotten!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says:

Washington, D. C.

DRAFT PRINCIPLES

The attempt to have all New York city policemen and firemen exempted from the draft, if successful, would weaken popular confidence in the fairness of the selective system. The underlying principle of the draft is that each man's case shall be considered on its own individual merits and under exactly the same rules governing the selection of all other men. If he is dependents, he is not exempted. He is merely deferred after establishing dependency in his particular case. Occupation deferments are determined in the same way. A man can be deferred for his occupation only if it is shown in each individual case, that he is indispensable to some necessary industrial enterprise.

Some particular fireman or some particular policeman might be shown to be indispensable to a city police or fire department, and so deferred, though it is difficult to see how. That is exactly the rule in New York city now, but it is not what New York's mayor wants. He wants to say to the national government: "You can't take any fireman or policeman." A man's badge ousts the board from even considering his case.

This is what is called a "blanket exemption"—automatically lifting out of the selective service systems two entire and very numerous classes of men. It couldn't be done without changing an established national policy of the draft. If it is permitted in New York, it must be permitted everywhere throughout the nation—in some cases with grotesquely absurd results.

This is old stuff. The first six months of the 1917 draft were a continuous battle to prevent the system from being discredited and impaired with "blanket" exemptions pressed for by some of the most powerful influences. This case of policemen and firemen came up first. Equally strong pressure was brought to exempt locomotive engineers and firemen, brakemen and finally all railroad employees as a class, for reasons here stated and, for another reason, we successfully resisted.

The other reason was that we feared that the creation of blanket exemptions would create loopholes as broad as boulevards for wholesale draft evasion. And so it proved, for finally we gave in on one case—a blanket exemption for the Emergency Fleet corporation.

DEFENSE PROGRESS

Recent promising official utterances giving dates when we shall have ready specific numbers of army divisions, navy ships and army and navy fighting planes are something like the earlier way of reporting armaments "on hand or on order."

Progress has been commendable. Most officials in the armament effort have done the best they could under present handicaps of faulty organization, planning and insufficient authority. But it is a mistake to make promises of performances so far ahead and especially to do so in terms of "airplanes," "divisions," or "men under arms." They are too general in their meaning. They do not paint the true picture to people who are not familiar with just what the words mean. They are apt to paint too rosy a picture.

A survey of all the utterances of the war department, for example, over the past few years, would generally indicate a continuing satisfactory state of affairs—at least up to the spring of this year. A glance at our present predicament, in comparison, would indicate how mistaken and misleading they have been.

The phrase "5,000 army airplanes" in estimating future production is not very informing. It doesn't tell whether they are fighting planes or transport planes or bombers and that lack of specification is confusing enough. But there is an even greater confusion.

One airplane isn't a good unit of measure. One airplane means at least one and sometimes three or four extra engines. It means a crew aloft of one or more highly trained pilots and sometimes as many as eight other more or less expert technicians. It means an adequate mechanical ground equipment and a ground crew of skilled mechanics and numerous as the flying crew and sometimes more numerous. Even more significantly it means armament—cannon, light and heavy machine guns, torpedoes, bombs and, for all these, sometimes tons of explosives and incendiary material in the racks or in reserve storage on the ground.

Of many of these things our present supply is a trifling quantity. Preparations are being pressed to get them on principal units. Some of the published reports and estimates are fairly clear. But of others—like cannon, trained personnel and ammunition, the difficulties of getting into production from a near-zero point of existing capacity have been so great that it is almost certain that they cannot be delivered in step with the air force that requires them without a time lag of from one to two years.

Things to do



No. Z9160

THE romantic story of a print abetted by cupid in daisy form, is entertainingly told in motifs for a set of tea towels. Any bride, or matron, would welcome clever towels like these; there is one for each day of the week. The two extra motifs are for matching panel-holders to complete the set.

No. Z9160, 15c. brings the NUMO hot iron transfer giving these nine designs. Send order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

For Busy Shoppers

Winning popular approval with busy Christmas shoppers are the two handsome gift packages of Camel cigarettes featured by local dealers. The regular Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—comes in a colorful, holiday dress. Equally striking is the gay Camel package of 4 "flat fifties."

Both packages contain 200 cigarettes—are easy gifts to get, perfect to receive.—Adv.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

STOVE REPAIRS

REPAIRS To Fit Furnaces, Stoves, Ranges of all makes and models.
Order through your DEALER
METZNER STOVE REPAIR CO.
Established 1880 Kansas City, Mo.

PERSONAL

LONESOME? Join our Correspondence Club free. For fun and romance. Send description and self addressed envelope. Confidential. Box 491, MORAN, KANSAS.

Dangerous Extremes

Extremes are dangerous; a middle estate is safest; as a middle temper of the sea, between a still calm and a violent tempest, is most helpful to convey the mariner to his haven.—Swinnock.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

One Remedy
Against the superiority of another there is no remedy but love.—Goethe.

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.
Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—H 51—40

WATCH

YOU can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

THE SPECIALS

Warfare Becomes an Art



The technique of camouflage is being developed to a fine art by the U. S. army. You would have to get close to the machine-gun nest above before you could identify it for the death trap that it is, and then your identification would come too late. These soldiers are shown practicing at Fort Belvoir, Va.

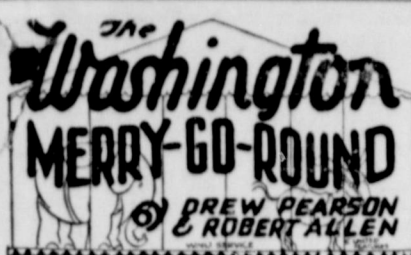
Americans Spent More,

Earned More Last Year

MINNEAPOLIS.—Americans are going places and doing things with their rearmament prosperity; during 1940 they bought a billion gallons more gasoline, 600,000 more automobiles, 25 per cent more entertainment, 13,000,000 gallons more liquor, and 6,000,000 more cigarettes than by this time last year, according to a buying summary made by Northwestern National Life Insurance company. Private sale

of guns and firearms also increased.

Soft drink manufacturers report new sales records; candy sales are up, the report goes on. Out of more pay envelopes and fatter pay envelopes the public bought 25 per cent more theater tickets and admissions to other amusements. It purchased 25 per cent more radios and radio equipment; the boom in sales of this last named item can probably be partially credited to interest in war news and in the political campaign just finished, the report comments.



WASHINGTON, D. C.
F. D. R. VIEWS AID TO YOUTH
 During the week before his Caribbean cruise, the President held a series of private conferences which were of prime importance in connection with his plans for the new congress. In them he disclosed that he is doing a lot of thinking about domestic problems along two lines—

1. Youth.
 2. Old-age pensions.
- Democracy can resist subversive ideologies, the President held, only by convincing youth that it does have a stake and a future in the existing system.

The President indicated that he had no particular program in mind. In fact, he asked for suggestions and ideas.

On old-age pensions, Roosevelt disclosed that he has made up his mind as to what he wants. His idea is to change the existing system of widely divergent state contributions to one of uniform federal pensions, beginning at a lower age than the present 65.

Roosevelt also voiced sharp criticism of the moguls of the social security board who have so vigorously opposed liberalization of the law. He declared that they have been a big obstruction to reform and that the time had come to overrule them. It was significant that the President had not discussed his plans with them and was proceeding independently.

Note—Since January 1, when the amended law became operative, 190,000 applications for old-age pensions have been approved by the social security board for a total outlay of \$4,109,000 a month. With the \$7,048,000 paid out in lump sum claims to survivors, the total old-age pension outlay so far is around \$28,000,000. The average pension is \$22 a month. In his conferences, Roosevelt talked of placing 5,000,000 oldsters on federal pensions within a year.

NO MASS PRODUCTION

One of the big complaints of defense chiefs is lack of machine-tool facilities. Yet there are many small plants of this type around the country that have been literally begging for orders and not getting them. One company with 150 lathes has been advertising for business in trade journals for months.

Also there is strong evidence of a lack of vision or initiative or both in making the best use of mass production facilities. The blame for this goes right back to high defense quarters.

The gigantic resources of the auto industry, for example, have been practically untouched for defense output. New plants have been ordered that will take months to build, when by a co-ordination of the great auto factories, parts of planes, tanks, guns, etc., could be turned out in carload lots daily and assembled at central points.

William Reuther, young official of the United Auto Workers, long ago proposed such a plan for a daily output of 500 all-metal pursuit planes of the most powerful type in the world, and at one-third their present cost. But the matter is still "being discussed."

Other industries could be used in the same way for similar short-cuts on other armament needs, but they are not. Meanwhile, defense output drags along, and precious weeks and months flit by.

BRITISH DAMAGE

Confidential military estimates of Nazi bombing damage to Great Britain are that British industrial production has fallen off about 30 per cent.

While this is a very serious crimp in the output of British planes, anti-aircraft guns and shells, it is not as bad as the pictures of shattered Bristol, Coventry, and Southampton would indicate.

Reason damage to British industrial production has not been greater is (1) that the British more than a year ago began scattering their plants in small units throughout Scotland and northern England, which are hard to locate and hard to hit after they are located; (2) that those big plants which do remain are protected with a virtual forest of anti-aircraft guns.

Far more serious is the damage to British navy yards. These cannot be broken up into small units, and they have been so heavily damaged that the repair of British shipping is very materially retarded. In many cases, British warships have been repaired at sea.

This, plus the tremendous increase in the sinking of merchant vessels, is what makes the British shipping plight so desperate at present.

CAPITAL CHAFF

Irony of diplomatic fate is that when Mussolini marched into Albania, the U. S. state department actually condoned it. Instead of registering a protest as in the case of other occupied countries, the state department dropped the Albanian minister from its diplomatic list. Meanwhile, the diplomatic representatives of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, still are listed. But if the Greeks keep on going they will win back Albania for the Albanians.

X-Ray an Aid In Treating Sinus Trouble

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

ONE day you may read of the great success certain specialists have had in the treatment of chronic sinus ailments by use of X-rays and of how the clearing up of the sinus infection has resulted in greatly improved hearing of the patient. The specialist in this case has treated a number of cases and had cured or helped the majority of them.

TODAY'S HEALTH COLUMN

Perhaps the next day you read of another specialist using X-ray treatment in the same number of cases without any success whatever.

Now there would appear to be something wrong when one specialist gets good results from a method of treatment and another gets no satisfactory results whatever.

Dr. E. Tribble Gatewood, Richmond, in Archives of Otolaryngology (ear and throat) reports the study of 22 cases of chronic sinus infection (sinusitis) before and after treatment by X-ray. Four patients of the group showed complete relief of symptoms and eight were improved as far as their symptoms were concerned. Ten patients were not helped at all.

Why were some of these cases cured, some improved and others not helped at all?

Ventilation of Sinus Needed.

It depends upon the condition of the lining or mucous membrane of the sinus. When this has become very thick or hardened, the X-ray (in the dosage given anyway) is unable to penetrate or restore it to normal. If this lining can be restored to normal, the sinus can be properly ventilated. A well-ventilated sinus gives no trouble, as the air destroys harmful organisms and, if lining is not swollen and thickened, the sinus can drain properly into the nose and throat.

Another point about the success or nonsuccess of X-ray treatment of sinus infection is that X-ray specialists are not agreed as to the "dose" of X-rays that should be given or how often.

Sufferers with chronic sinus disease who have tried without success all the usual methods of treatment—sprays of adrenalin up the nose, washing out with salt and water, injections of ovary extracts—can finally try X-ray treatment.

How to Relax And Go to Sleep

A PHYSICIAN is often asked by adult patients as to the length of time they should sleep, and his answer in most cases is that eight hours is about right.

Two cases often cited are Thomas Edison, who slept about four hours at night, and Woodrow Wilson, who required nine or ten. Most people forget that Edison was hard of hearing, and so when he slept he was not disturbed by noises low or loud, strange or familiar.

It is being able to keep body and mind relaxed that prevents us from becoming tired too soon. A completely relaxed body and mind is getting 80 per cent as much rest as if it were asleep; that is, from the standpoint of heart rate, breathing, temperature and blood pressure.

When the physician wants the patient to relax completely so that an examination of the abdomen can be made he asks him to hold his mouth open and breathe slowly through the mouth. This relaxes the body and, to a considerable extent, the mind also.

Relaxation is the exact opposite of tenseness. To relax requires no effort. It means to "let loose," to stop doing. In learning to relax a person learns to recognize tenseness wherever it occurs in the body. By letting each part of the body go limp or loose—legs, arms, trunk—one after the other or all together, tenseness of body disappears and with it often tenseness or alertness of mind.

Sometimes when there is no noise, no light, no draft, no heat or cold keeping you awake, try lying on either side with arms and legs bent and your mouth loose and open. You may snore, but you should get off to sleep.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—Would prostate gland trouble have any unfavorable congenital effect on a child? Is it possible to cure prostate gland trouble?

A.—If prostate trouble is simply an enlargement of the gland this could not affect a baby born to you. If infection is present treatment by a specialist is usually necessary. Sometimes it is necessary to remove prostate gland. Don't hesitate to speak to your family physician about it.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 22

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SHARING THE SHEPHERDS' JOY (Christmas Lesson)

LESSON TEXT—Luke 2:8-20. GOLDEN TEXT—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:14.

Tinsel and toys, snow and sleigh bells, crowded department stores and rushing throngs, gifts and greeting cards, Christmas dinner and fellowship with family and friends—is that all Christmas means to us? All these things are proper in their place—exciting and interesting—but they are not enough.

They have never been enough and certainly they will not do this year, with a world in chaos. We need not lose any of the thrilling enjoyment of Christmas by properly observing the day; in fact, we shall only enhance its meaning and bring out its real glory by keeping Christ at the heart of our Christmas.

The opening verses of Luke 2 tell us of the coming of Mary with Joseph to God's appointed place at His appointed time for the coming into this world of His Son to be made flesh and dwell among us (John 1:14). Our lesson tells us of

I. Good Tidings of Great Joy (vv. 8-14).

God had good news for the people of this world and He gave it, as was His custom, to those who were faithfully discharging their humble duties (cf. Judg. 6:11, 12; I Kings 19:19). God is still ready to reveal His glory and grace in the "office, kitchen, mill, barn school-room, and open field—places where people are at work on daily tasks" (Douglas). You need not be in the great church in a large city to meet Him on Christmas day. He will reveal Himself in all His beauty where you are, though you be in the humblest surroundings and at the most menial task. Look for Him!

Jesus came as a Saviour. "The world did not want an adviser. The world had advised itself almost into hell. The world did not ask for a speculator. Everything that man could do had been done, and men sat in the darkness of their own wisdom. The world did not want a reformer, a man who could change his outward and transient relations, an engineer that would continually devote his time (for appropriate remuneration) to the readjustment of the wheels and the pulleys and the various mechanical forces of society. The world wanted a saviour" (Joseph Parker).

Note that the army of heaven came to declare peace, not war; but only to those in "whom He is well pleased" (v. 14, R. V.). As long as men serve the devil and displease God, they will have no peace.

II. Great Faith and Consistent Action (vv. 15, 16).

The shepherds did not say, "Let us now go and see if this thing has come to pass," or "which we expect or hope will come to pass," but said, "which is come to pass." They went not to test God's word, but in the assurance that they would "see" what had come to pass. Blessed faith! Let us too believe God's word to us.

But "faith without works is dead" (James 2:17). The shepherds might have made many excuses for not going but "they came" and "found" the Saviour. Perhaps you who read these words have failed at that point; you have not come to Jesus as your Saviour. No more appropriate time could be found to come than right now. Believe, then act on your faith.

Some of us who are Christians need also to learn of the shepherds. We talk a great deal about our devotion to Christ. Especially at this Christmas season we render much "lip service" to Him. Let us make it real, and our lives virile and active for Him.

III. Good News for Meditation and Proclamation (vv. 17-20).

The gospel is literally "good news." What a blessed privilege it is to have such good news in a day of evil tidings, of darkness and despair.

There are two things we ought to do with the gospel of God's redeeming grace. We should make it known to the ends of the earth, but we should also do as Mary, "who kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." We know she had special reasons for doing so, but may we not suggest that you too make this Christmas a time when you will ponder in your own heart what God has done for you in Christ?

The shepherds also set us a Christmas example, for they "made known abroad" the coming of the Saviour. Will you tell someone else today? Will you, like the shepherds, be "glorifying and praising God" this Christmas? You will if you, like them, go to the manger and meet Jesus. If you go to this world's empty show of celebration, you will return empty (see v. 20).

May the blessed peace of Christ be yours this Christmas. That is my wish from the heart to you

SPECIAL DELIVERY (A CHRISTMAS STORY)

By Roger Wheeler

EDITH'S drab room overlooked a snow-covered roof. Not the clean, cheery snow like they had back home on the farm but a murky gray covering on which rested the soot of a thousand city chimneys.

"So this is Christmas," she moaned, leaving her chair to pace the floor. "Oh! What I'd give to be back home tomorrow!"

But then, Edith had two Christmas presents to which she could look forward. Today, Christmas eve, the mailman MUST bring her annual package from home. And tomorrow there would be Christmas dinner with Ken—dear Ken who was working so hard these days that he could hardly take time off to think about Christmas.

Edith heard the bell ring downstairs and she skipped to her door, opening it softly and waiting tensely while the old landlady, answered.

Yes, it was the mailman! And then came the shrill cry: "Miss Harris! Mail for you!" Edith practically leaped downstairs, for there would be her package from home. Then her heart sank, for the landlady handed her only two letters, a greeting card from her friend Margie and (of all things at Christmas!) a bill from the department store.

Edith climbed sorrowfully back to her room and wept. Something was wrong, for Mother and Dad never forgot her at Christmas. She cried spasmodically the rest of the day, while downstairs she heard the other roomers shouting Christmas greetings as they arrived and departed.

But finally Edith consoled herself, for she could still look forward to Christmas dinner with Ken tomorrow! He was due at two o'clock that day, and after church Edith hurried home to get ready. At 1:30 she was seated restlessly awaiting the doorbell.

She was still waiting at 2:30, for Ken did not arrive. And Edith was getting hungry.

Three o'clock passed, and Edith frowned.

"What could have happened to him?" she asked herself. At four o'clock she cried. It was too much! First her family had forgotten, and now Ken had chosen Christmas day to tell her in this painful fashion that he didn't care!

At 6 p. m. misery began mingling with the pangs of hunger. Edith put on her coat and started to the corner restaurant. But she never got past the door. There she ran into a breathless Ken.

"Edith, dear!" he cried. "Sorry to be so late, but I knew you'd understand when you got my note."

"But—" Edith was confused, "I didn't receive any note, Ken."

"What? But I sent a special delivery message when the boss asked me to finish that laboratory experiment this afternoon. What happened to it?"

The blundering old landlady answered him. "Please come in or go out, and close the door," she barked from the hall. Then—

"Incidentally, Miss Harris, I forgot to give you these things. They arrived this afternoon."

She handed Edith the missing special delivery letter—and a huge package from home! Edith tore into the Christmas box and found a blizzard; couldn't get to town; she hoped Edith would get the package Christmas day.

A few minutes later a happy Edith sat across the table from her Ken in the little restaurant around the corner.

"And now, dear," he began very carefully. "How about your Christmas present for me?"

"But I gave you the fountain pen, Ken," she protested.

"Yes, silly one, and I appreciated it. But if you want to make me still happier, listen to this. The boss came in tonight and said I'd done such a fine job on that research project that he was raising my salary. Know what that means?"

"Not the faintest idea," Edith lied. For, after all, you can't take the words out of a man's mouth when he's about to propose!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Badger Feast

One of the strangest surviving Christmas customs is the badger feast held at Ilchester, Somerset. It was started by poachers in Norman times, says the Montreal Herald, and has continued without a break. The lads of the village catch a badger, kill and dress it some time before the feast. On Christmas eve it is strung on a spit over a huge fire at the inn and cooked slowly. When it is ready the party attack it with fingers and pen-knives; no cutlery other than this is allowed.

PATTERN SEWING CIRCLE DEPARTMENT



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Pattern No. 8826 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires, with short sleeves, 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material without nap; long sleeves, 4 1/2 yards, 1 1/2 yard lace. Step-by-step sew chart comes with your pattern. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT., Room 1324 Chicago 211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size Name Address

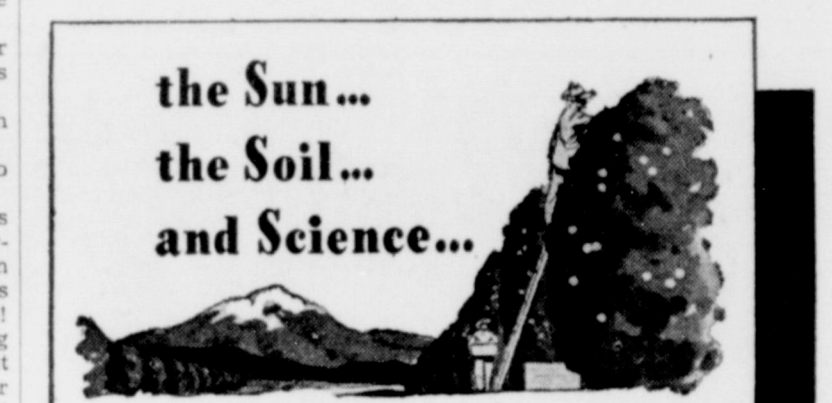
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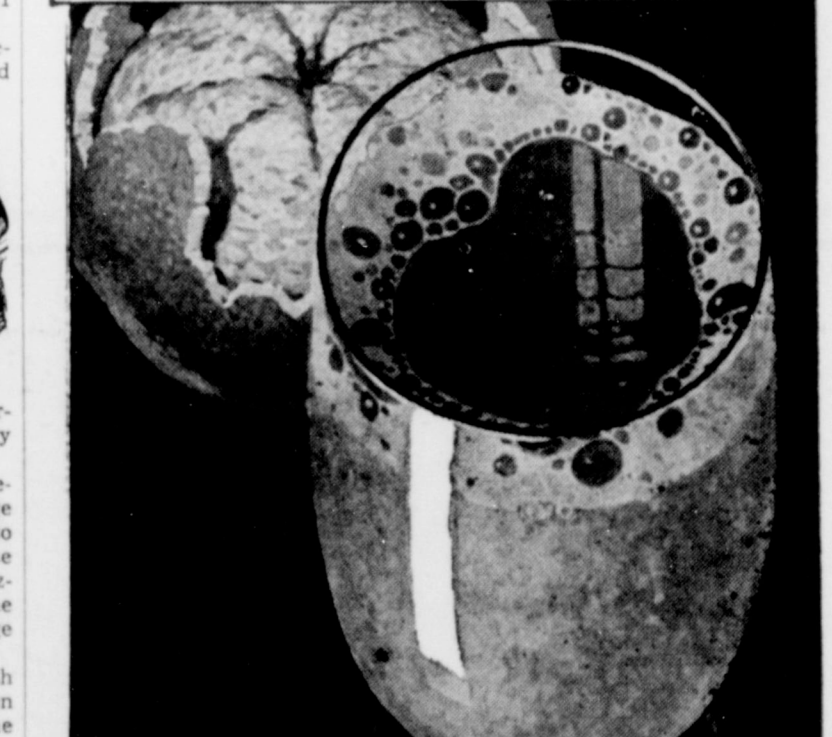
Helpful Laughter
 Laughter is a most healthful exertion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers, of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons, was founded on true medical principles.—Dr. Hufeland.

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In Doing Right Do the right and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself. Do the wrong, and your ideal of it breaks up and vanishes.—Martineau.



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MORE and MORE SINCERE

With the passing Years, are Our CHRISTMAS GREETINGS to you, Because Every Year We Realize More Keenly How Rich Your Friendship Has Been.

WE WISH FOR YOU EVERY HAPPINESS

Reeve Chevrolet Co.



TO OUR MANY FRIENDS:

The Holiday Season would not be complete unless we wished for all our friends

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

And thanked them for all favors they have shown us in the past.

May the Christmas Bells bring to you-

HAPPINESS, SUCCESS, HEALTH AND PROSPERITY

Buchanan Implement Company



May The Best Of Everything Be Yours For This CHRISTMAS

Is Our Sincere Wish

Texaco Service Station
Ray White



MAY YOUR YULE LOG

Glow so brightly that its warmth may be felt by all who may meet you throughout the year.

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CHRISTMAS WISH

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CHRISTMAS



So Many Nice Gifts, To you all, we would bring, A Merry, Merry Christmas And Every Good Thing.

Pla-Mor Bowling Alley



WE CANNOT MEASURE

The Pleasure We Have In Being A Part Of This Community, In Serving You, And In Adding To Your Life. We are happy to greet each of you, to wish all possible Happiness and Good Luck, and to say:

Merry, Merry Christmas

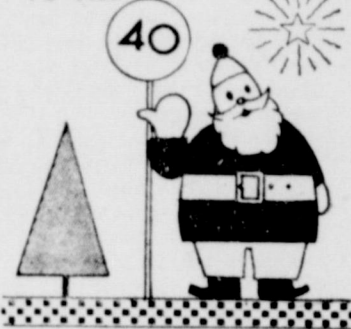
Maurer Machinery Co.



WE CAN'T SAY MORE THAN

—AND Merry Christmas Friona Feed and Produce A. A. CROW

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL



Greetings Pioneer CAFE

M. S. "Scotty" Weir



AS OLD FRIENDS

We again send our greeting with a full sense of Gratitude for having been able to serve you, and to take part in the life of this Community. May all the joys of the YULETIDE be Yours.

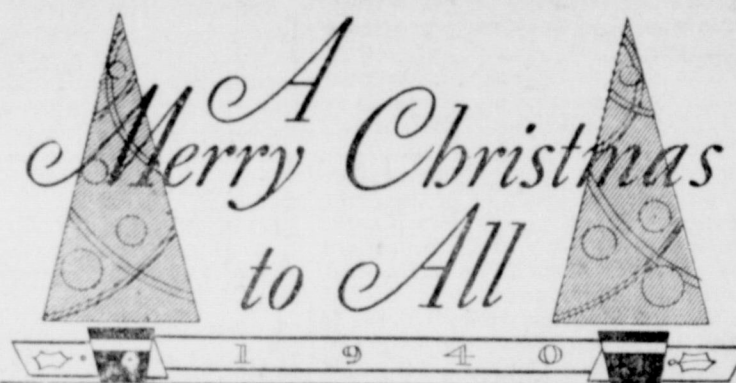
Friona Independent Oil Co.



Plenty To Eat, Plenty To Wear, And Good Jolly Friends To Drive Away Care

Is Our Christmas Wish

Ike's Shoe Shop



WITH OUR BEST WISHES

Most cherished among the gifts bestowed by the passing year, is the memory of the pleasant relations with those whom we have served, and it is with all sincerity that we wish you

ALL THE JOYS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

May it bring GOOD CHEER, PEACE and HAPPINESS To Abide In Your Hearts.

"SEE YOUR CONSUMERS FIRST"

Friona Consumers Company.

ELROY WILSON, Manager.



May the Fire on Your Hearth glow more brightly, because of the Happiness Your Friendship has brought to Us in the past. And may the Joys you so richly deserve, be many and lasting.

Rushing's Jr. Dept. STORE



There are so many things we want to say...so **MERRY CHRISTMAS** With Health and Prosperity Every Day **Friona Planning Mill**



HERE'S TO YOU AND YOURS:

To Their Continued Happiness, To Their Increasing Prosperity, The Good Wishes Of This Firm Go To All The Loyal Friends At This Holiday Season.

W. B. WRIGHT GARAGE



In The Bustle Of These Days Let us not forget the Solemn Significance of CHRISTMAS. And may it bring to all of you, the rich Happiness you deserve.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE.

Friona Hardware
J. J. Williams, Propr.



RING OUT THE OLD MESSAGE

Time cannot lessen the comfort that comes with the Centuries-old words:

"JOY TO THE WORLD"

Men come and go. Nations rise and fall-But the story of Bethlehem is Eternal. We count it a privilege to be able to extend OUR CHRISTMAS wishes to the many Friends we have made in this Community, and wish for you all, Happiness and Prosperity.

Rockwell Bros. & Co.
O F Lange - Manager