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SILVERTON, TEXAS

# BRISCOE COUNTY NEWS

Everybody's  
Talking About...



The Great New  
**FERGUSON 35**  
with 4-WAY WORK CONTROL  
J. E. "DOC" MINYARD

VOLUME 48 NUMBER 51

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT SILVERTON, BRISCOE COUNTY, TEXAS

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1956



## Merry Christmas



### Lions Club Will Present Awards To Local Boy Scouts To-Night

The Lions Club, sponsors of the Boy Scout Troop, will hold a regular meeting at the Methodist Church at 7:00 p. m. Thursday at which time they will present advancement and merit badge awards to a number of the scouts. James Patton will have charge of the program.

Those receiving advancements are: Ray Towe, to second class; Joe Johnson to rank of Star.

Merit badges and boys receiving awards are as follows: Home repairs, Anderson and Jim Ed Steele. Citizenship, Jim Ed Steele and H. Bennett.

Meeting, Arnold Morris; Basic, Champ McGavock; Fire-fighting, Safety and Public Health, Bell Patterson.

Includes presentation of these advancements and awards the Lions Club which will include report on the progress and activities of the local troop for the year. One tenderfoot investiture ceremony will be presented to new scout, Gerald Smith.

Mesdames W. K. Grimland and Stevenson left last Friday for San Francisco, California, for visit with relatives. Neither knew the other was going to the trip until they met on train, having been given adjoining seats.

Mesdames G. T. Durham and Stevenson and Jesse Grimland and Stevenson left last Friday for San Francisco, California, for visit with relatives.

Mrs. Stevenson had gone to Happy Thursday and spent the day with her sister and family, and Mrs. George Edmonds.

### Six County Singing Convention to be Held Here Dec. 29th

The Six County Singing Convention will be held at the First Baptist Church, Silvertown, starting Saturday night, December 29, at 7 o'clock. On Sunday the group will begin again at 1:30 p. m. and continue until 4:30. Counties included in the Convention are: Briscoe, Floyd, Motley, Hall, Hale and Dickens.

There will be outstanding singers attending, and the public is invited to attend and enjoy the good singing.

Mrs. Kate Fowler went to Amarillo Sunday and spent the night with her daughter and family, Mrs. Gertrude Mason, returning home Monday.

Eual Newman was taken home Wednesday from the local hospital and he is slowly improving but is still confined to his bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Calloway and Mesdames Aubrey Rowell, Alva C. Jasper and Joe Lee Bomar were in Amarillo on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Lulu Vaughan, of Tulia, and Mrs. Simmie Vaughan, of Happy, visited Grandma Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stephens early this week.

Mrs. W. M. Peugh and Mr. and Mrs. Dock Peugh were in Lockney on Business on Wednesday of last week.

### Briscoe County Pupils Having Busy Season At Wayland College

Four Briscoe County students, Patsy Barbee and Lynn Rhoderick, Quitaque, and Pat Redin and Margaret Ellen Thornton, Silvertown, continue to have a busy time of it at Wayland Baptist College with everyone celebrating the admission of the college into full membership in Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and all the pre-Christmas activities.

To celebrate the newest accreditation recognition, Plainview citizens joined with the college group in a Victory Breakfast, December 7, and afterward President A. Hope Owen declared a holiday. Student Government Association is sponsoring the traditional All-College Christmas Dinner and Party on December 20, the night before the 16 days of holiday begin. All-College favorites will be announced at that time. This comes as a climax to many pre-Christmas affairs including the community wide "Messiah" program sponsored by Wayland's Division of Fine Arts and the presentation of "Amahl and the Night Visitors," the Gian-Carlo Menotti Christmas opera, both of which were directed by W. E. Steward, chairman of fine arts.

Patsy, a junior, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Barbee, Rt. 1, Quitaque. Seeking the B. A. degree, she is majoring in education and minoring in home economics. She is a member of Volunteer Mission Band, Home Economics Club and Chapel Choir. Miss Barbee is training to be a teacher.

Mr. Rhoderick, a ministerial student, is working toward the B. A. degree with a major in history. He is active in Ministerial Alliance and recently appeared on the Dean's Honor List. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Rhoderick, live at Quitaque.

A freshman and 1956 Silvertown High School graduate, Pat plans to major in interior design. She is a member of Science Club, which recently selected her nominee for the Homecoming queen title. Pat's parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Redin, Silvertown.

Miss Thornton, a sophomore transfer student from Clarendon Junior College, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stephens, Rt. 1, Silvertown. Her major field is elementary education as she works toward the B. A. degree. As a member of Future Teachers of America, she assisted December 11, when Wayland FTA was host for District IV FTA. She is also a member of Volunteer Mission Band.

Mr. and Mrs. Norland Dudley and daughters, of Petersburg spent Saturday night here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Dudley.

GIVE a new Paper-Mate Pen with new piggy-back refill, \$1.95, at the News Office.

### John William Monroe Native Texan, Lives Very Active Life

Funeral services were held for J. W. Monroe, 79, Friday, December 14, at the Silvertown Methodist Church. Rev. James Patterson officiated, assisted by Rev. G. A. Elrod.

John William Monroe was born in Hill County. He was married to Carlye Olivia Evans in 1908. To this union were born two sons. He was preceded in death by one son, Evans, in 1913 and by his wife in 1920.

He was engaged in the lumber business until 1925, when he moved to Lockney and became interested in Real Estate and the Insurance business. In 1929 he moved to Silvertown where he resided until the time of his death, December 12, 1956.

He was a member of the Silvertown Methodist Church and was a York and Scottish Rite Mason and a Shriner.

He is survived by one son, Carver Monroe, of Silvertown, Texas, two sisters, Mrs. Lula Burson of Corona, California and Mrs. Mary Gilmore of Robert Lee, Texas, and three granddaughters, Carlye, Marsha and Mary, Monroe, of Silvertown, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. Billy Crawford and children, of Tulia, and Mr. and Mrs. Bud McMinn were Sunday afternoon visitors with Grandma Vaughan and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stephens.

Rev. and Mrs. Travis McMinn and Debby spent Monday night here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bud McMinn. They were enroute from Roswell, New Mexico, to Wichita Falls, where is to be pastor of the Downtown Baptist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. James Harvey and children, of Lawton, Oklahoma, Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Gregg were Sunday dinner guests of Mrs. Florence Fogerson and Mr. and Mrs. Ware Fogerson and family.

Little Danny Thompson, of Houston, has been here for sometime visiting his foster grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Brooksheir. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dan Thompson, brought him here and were overnight guests in the Brooksheir home.

Mrs. Roy Montague, Carron, Janet and Paula were in Tulia on Monday to visit Mrs. Montague's grandmother, Mrs. Annie Pittman, of San Angelo, who is a guest in the home of her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Elkins, parents of Mrs. Montague.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Tate and Jackie Carol were in Lubbock on Monday for Jackie Carol's check up.

### Presbyterian Services To Honor Birth of Jesus Christ

#### Mrs. A. C. Arnold Celebrated 88th Birthday

Mrs. A. C. (Grandmother) Arnold, of Melrose, New Mexico, celebrated her 88th birthday, Sunday, December 16, in the home of her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Naylor, at Clarendon, Texas.

A big birthday cake, turkey and all the trimmings were enjoyed by fifty of her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren and one great-great grandchild. One daughter who had recently visited her in the Naylor home was absent.

Those attending were: Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arnold, Silvertown; Rev. and Mrs. Porter Arnold, Bellview, New Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hall, Melrose, New Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Edd Arnold and children of Oakley, California; Mr. and Mrs. Royle Hall and son of Clovis, New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Vick, and children, Panhandle; Mrs. Calvin Naylor and boys, Amarillo; Mrs. Wayne Hamilton, Pecos; Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Garrison and girls, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Arnold and children, Mr. and Mrs. Buck Hardin and son, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Walker and boys, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Arnold and children, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Arnold and son, all of Silvertown.

The honoree, Grandmother Arnold, the host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Carl Naylor.

Several old friends and neighbors of the family called in the afternoon, they were:

Rev. and Mrs. Vick Allen, of Goodnight; Rev. and Mrs. Charlie Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Edd Mooring and Mr. and Mrs. Bud Hefner, all of Clarendon.

Little Santo Garcia, age 8, who was injured when struck by a car on Highway 87 in the east part of town November 18 is improving but is still a patient in the Methodist Hospital in Lubbock.

T. S. Butcher who was critically injured in a wreck 10 west of Brice on Highway 70 early last week is reported to have improved slightly but remains unconscious in an Amarillo hospital.

Mrs. Johnny Cagle and Rhonda, of Sunray, spent a day or two here early this week with her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn McWilliams. Mrs. H. E. Curtis returned home with Mrs. Cagle for an indefinite visit; Mrs. Curtis is the mother of Mrs. McWilliams and of Mrs. Cagle.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Brown were in Amarillo on Tuesday of last week.

Mesdames Jean Grundy and Norman Strange were in Amarillo on Tuesday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Moreland were in Amarillo on Saturday.

#### Mrs. B.F. Clemmer of Meadow, Buried There Monday

Funeral services for Mrs. B. F. Clemmer, 72, of Meadow, Texas, and mother of Jim Clemmer of Silvertown, were conducted at 2 p. m. Monday in the First Baptist Church of Meadow with Rev. R. L. Shannon, Baptist pastor from Rankin, officiating, assisted by Rev. Reynolds of Meadow.

Burial was in the Meadow Cemetery under the direction of Rix Funeral Home.

Mrs. Clemmer died about noon Saturday at Goodnight Hospital after an illness of several months.

She and her husband were married in Terry County in 1905. They moved to Meadow from Slaton in 1941. He is among survivors.

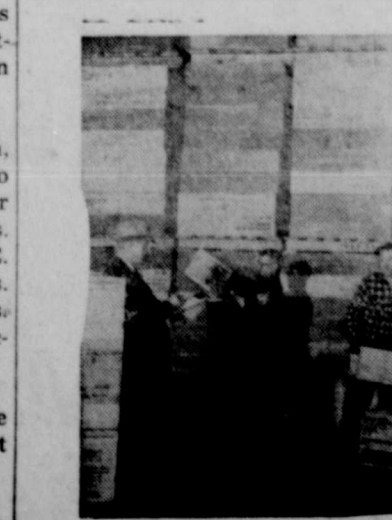
Other survivors include four sons, Jim, Silvertown, Alton and Boone of Hobbs, N. M., and Buford, Lubbock; three daughters, Mrs. Inez Joplin, Mrs. Virgie Luman and Mrs. Rowena Caswell, Meadow; one sister, Mrs. Rowena Ramsey, of California; four brothers, Lewis Peeler, Meadow, Jim Peeler, Levelland, and Claude and Joe Peeler, both of California; 21 grandchildren, seven great grandchildren and two half sisters, Mrs. Effie Hinson, Lubbock, and the other living in California.

#### 1925 STUDY CLUB GAVE BOOK TO LIBRARY

The 1925 Study Club at their December 5, meeting presented a book, "All the Women of the Bible" by Edith Deen, to the Silvertown Library, in memory of Mrs. C. D. Wright who was a charter member of the club.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Riddle, Roy and Joy Morrison, of Lockney, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. McWilliams and daughters, Linda McWilliams spent last week in Lockney with her grandmother, Mrs. Riddle.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Smithee were in Turkey on Thursday of last week.



MEDICAL STOCKPILE in the Federal Civil Defense Administration warehouse in Marshall, Michigan, is typical of the 38 stores of bulk medical supplies in the United States. Each medical stockpile, located 20 to 100 miles from major target cities, is determined by the size of the adjacent target.

Services at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, December 23 will honor the Birth of Jesus Christ. The Sunday Church School sessions at 10 a. m. will consider the meaning of the Nativity of the Christ Child. The 11 o'clock morning worship hour will include singing of the traditional Christmas Carols and a Christmas Sermon by the minister, Rev. N. D. Nettleton.

At 7:30 in the evening the Christmas program of the Church School will be presented. Children of the school will participate in the program and a film version of "The Other Wise Man" will be shown. The program will be climaxed by the arrival of Santa Claus. All are invited to attend these services of Christmas Sunday.

#### CENTURY OF PROGRESS STUDY CLUBMET DECEMBER 12

The Century of Progress Study Club met December 12, 1956 in the home of Mrs. Wayne McMurtry with Mrs. J. W. Brannon, Jr., as co-hostess. The theme for the program was entitled "The Light of the World." Mrs. Wayne Crawford was guest speaker for the day. She gave a book review on "Rock and Sand" which was story on the life of Christ while he was on earth. The club enjoyed the review very much.

Refreshments of German Chocolate cake and coffee were served to Mrs. Wayne Crawford and club members present: Mesdames L. D. Griffith, John Earl Simpson, John Gill, Pat Northcutt, Grady Martin, O. C. Rampley, Norman Strange, Jack Strange, Verlin Towe, C. D. Bomar, Jean Grundy, James Davis, Robert Ledbetter, and the hostess.

Mrs. Grady Wimberly and other relatives in this vicinity left Tuesday afternoon upon learning of the death of a cousin, Mrs. J. A. Craig, at Houston, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hodges attended the funeral of his cousin, Mrs. Mary Sampson, 83, in Roaring Springs, Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Sampson came to Dickens county in 1898 and she has lived there continuously since that time.



It's Christmas!



And we're delighted to wish you the very best Holiday ever.

Wilson Grain Company



May your Christmas be one of great joy.

Chapman - Minter Dry Goods



By SHIRLEY SARGENT

ON ACCOUNT of being the oldest in a big family, I've been baby sitting longer than I remember. Since I was twelve—that'd be four years now that I'm within hitting distance of my sixteenth birthday—I've been sitting for other people for pay. I've always welcomed jobs but tonight what I'd welcome is a date—so what happens? Four times I'm called to our wall phone and four times I have to turn people down. "Gause I already promised the Laytons. The Laytons are kinda old to have Jennie, four, and Jimmy, six, but they planned it so their first two would be grown-up before they had any more.

Anyway, nobody calls me for a date, not that anyone does very often, so I'm off for an evening of fun and hilarity. Baby sitting, haw! They aren't babies, and try and sit with those two. For example, Jennie gnaws a freitche while I'm helping Jimmy with his train, they have two fights. Jimmy turns on all the lights as fast as I turn them off and finally Jennie knocks the Christmas tree over. It was a big tree with a standard and all, but she catches it with her jump rope.

Quick-like I run in and pull out the plug, thanking my stars that no fire started, then herd them up to bed. Three stories later they're both asleep and I hurry down to wash the dishes.

Tired now, I'm thinking of the good time my friends are having and wondering again why I don't have more dates. The hall mirror shows the same old reflection.



"Oh, please," his face is all eager, "stay, I hate to be alone."

Short brown hair, brown eyes and a big mouth that hides my crooked teeth, if I don't forget and grin.

Soon's I have a little more money, I can afford braces.

Jennie yells and I wake her from a nightmare. By the time I'm back downstairs, it's nearly ten o'clock and I've still got that darned tree to set up. Like I say, it's a beautiful big tree, ceiling high, loaded with decorations. There I am half under the tree, trying to hold it straight and keep the globes on at the same time, when I hear the front door open. Somebody yells, "Anybody home?"

I'm so startled I let the tree sway, so this voice yells, "Timber!" and a long arm grabs for the trunk.

Looking up between the branches, I see a tall, dark-haired boy, neither handsome nor homely. "Thanks," I'm a little breathless.

"I'm Oliver Layton," he explains, "isn't that a heck of a name?"

Pine needles are thick in the air. "Not so awful," I laugh back. "I'm Margie, the sitter. Your folks are out."

"I know. Look here, can't we do something about this tree?"

A few minutes later we collapse into chairs, staring at the still-lovely tree. "Thanks so much. Can I get you something to eat or anything?"

"Say, that'd be keen. Would you?"

Well, of course, I do and, while Oliver eats, he tells me how he's staying at a friend's this vacation but decided to come home and take his girl to a dance. "So I called her and came clear in by bus, but she didn't wait. She went with somebody else. Heck," he grins, "now I'm sorta glad she stood me up."

"I'd better be on my way now that you're here to baby sit," I say reluctantly.

"Oh, please," his face is all eager, "stay, I hate to be all alone."

Back in the living room then, he asks me all about the kids and about me until, to hear us talk, you'd think we were old friends. I like the way he talks, slow and quiet, and the way his grin lights up his whole face. He tells me about boarding school and his friends and what he wants to do. Suddenly, he jumps up. "Let's dance. We can roll up the rug..."

It turns out we're both such sad dancers we have to take our shoes off so's not to hurt each other. But we laugh a lot and the radio sounds fine and I fit right into Oliver's arms. At midnight, he kisses me lightly on the cheek.

Well, it's the happiest sitter's eve I've ever spent and, from the look in his eyes, I can tell it's going to be a Happy Holiday.



We greet the "whole darn town" in this Merry Christmas season

From all of us at

Simpson Chevrolet Co.

Phone 3201

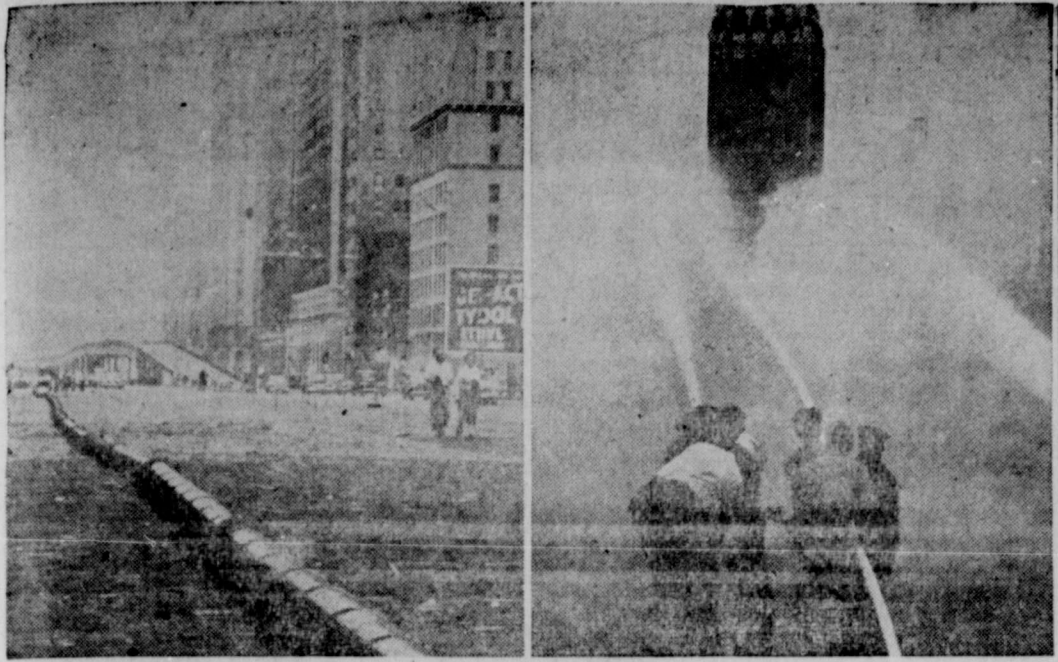
Silverton, Texas



Harvest-Queen Grain Company

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DEMONSTRATION OF PIPE in New York City which can be laid quickly over rough terrain to carry water for fire fighting, city water supply or to pump out flooded areas. This flexible-coupled pipe is stored by the Federal Civil Defense Administration in warehouses throughout the nation for use in emergencies. New couplings allow pipe to be laid without leveling it.



Joy to all,  
and HAPPY  
HOLIDAY.

**Dr. Lynn McCarty**  
OPTOMETRIST  
Phone 5-2262 Tulla, Texas  
212 North Maxwell

# Briscoe County Officials Extend



Best  
Wishes

May happiness and joy  
symbolize your home  
in this season of Christmas.



## Christmas Greetings

For Our Community  
We Wish  
the Blessings  
of the  
First Christmas

## City of Silverton Officials

SPENCER LONG,  
Mayor

FRED STRANGE,  
City Secretary

### COUNCILMEN

PERRY WHITTEMORE  
HUGH NANCE  
C. O. ALLARD  
H. A. CAGLE  
GEORGE LONG

JAMES PATTON,  
City Marshal  
E. W. YANCEY,  
Water Superintendent  
ROBERT RHEA,  
Water Department

J. W. LYON, JR.  
County Judge

O. M. DUDLEY,  
Commissioner Precinct 4

DEE McWILLIAMS,  
County and Dist. Clerk

ROBERT LEDBETTER,  
County Agent

ANNIE J. STEVENSON,  
County Treasurer

BILL McCracken,  
Deputy Sheriff

H. A. BOMAR,  
Commissioner Precinct 1

JOHNNIE LANHAM,  
Sheriff-Elect

B. K. HAMILTON,  
Commissioner Precinct 2

DUD WATTERS,  
Com. Elect Precinct 1

ALTON STEELE,  
Commissioner Precinct 3

A. D. ARNOLD,  
Commissioner Elect Pre. 3

# CHRISTMAS SALE! For Best Buys IN:



### Major Appliances

GENERAL ELECTRIC  
NORGE  
BENDIX  
O'KEEFE & MERRIT, MAGIC CHEF

### Small Appliances

SUN BEAM  
UNIVERSAL  
HAMILTON BEACH  
WE GIVE FULL GUARANTEE AND SERVICE

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R. C. A.  
MOTOROLA  
HOFFMAN  
GENERAL ELECTRIC

## JENNINGS FARM SUPPLY, Phone 2251



## Doggie IN THE Window

By LILLIAN MITCHELL

SANDRA sighed and slipped into her white fur jacket.

Mabel laughed, her brown eyes crinkling at the corners. "Oh, well, maybe it isn't as much fun going out for New Year's Eve with a crowd of girls, Sandra. But, at least, come Monday morning, we shall have something to tell at the office."

"I know, I know," agreed the grey-eyed Sandra. "Only if I'd guessed how very few men there would be here in Emeryton, I'd have chosen to stay in the City where I do know men—from school days. And I'd never in the world have bought this fur jacket on the so-called easy term basis."

Arm in arm they left the boarding house and hurried towards the bus stop where they were to meet two other girls. The air was fresh and icy and Sandra pulled the collar of the white fur jacket closely.

In the darkness, a small dog crossed the sidewalk, nearly tripping them in the dragging leash.



"Come on," Mabel said. "The girls are waving that a bus is coming, Sandra."

"That must be the doggie in the window," Mabel laughed.

"That doggie must have a good home," Sandra chimed in. "What a coat! The golden fur drags on the sidewalk, for a fact."

The golden Pekingese looked up at her with enormous eyes and waited. Sandra stopped, looking closely at the collar that stated,

"I'm Tang, I live at 432 Euclid Avenue. Please take me home."

Sandra glanced up at the nearby house. "Well, Tang, you are home. Skip up those steps, Pup."

"Come on. The girls are waving that a bus is coming, Sandra," Mabel said.

"I'll meet you at the corner of State and Broadway. I'm going to ring the bell and tell them their dog is loose," Sandra said.

"Oh, the dog will get inside, all right. Come along!"

But Sandra stooped again, swooped the tiny dog into her arms and ran lightly up the greystone steps. Her ring brought no one to the door although she could clearly hear the soft chime when she pressed the button. Opening the door that was unlocked, she called gently, "Here's Tang. Anyone at home?"

"Oh, come in, please," answered a silvery voice.

Sandra, still holding little Tang, moved along the hallway to an open doorway where a fireplace glowed and an elderly woman sat in a wheelchair. "Donny took him walking, my dear, and Tang must have got away, somehow."

"Ah, well, he couldn't have got himself lost," smiled Sandra. "He was right outside your door."

"Yes, but he chased cars. We even had him trained by a professional training school and they really trained him in everything except car-chasing—and with his leash dragging," she sighed.

Then the door burst open and a tall, dark-haired young man rushed in. "Grandma! Tang—why, you little yellow rascal! You—"

"He's not yellow—he's golden!" interrupted his grandmother. "And I'll wager you took him in that convertible I got you for Christmas—and he jumped out—and this is the blonde girl who lives down at 666 on this same street—goes home every night with the brown haired girl at sixteen minutes after five. My grandson, Donny."

"How do you do," murmured Sandra, edging towards the doorway. "How in the world did you ever guess I lived at 666?"

"The lady who keeps it is a friend of mine, my dear. Me, I get to sit in the front window all the time because I fractured my hip ten years ago."

"Oh," said Sandra. "I am to meet some girls downtown—"

"How's for me driving you down, the busses will all be jammed at this time—on New Year's Eve—and if your brown-haired girl friend will double date, I've a classmate home from the hospital—he's an intern where I am this year—"

"That'll be nice—and maybe I'll see the four of you on TV when I look on at midnight," said his grandmother. "Don't let me keep you," she urged. She heard the front door click and motioned to the dog to jump into her lap. "Well, ol' pup, I never made a better trip down that hallway to the front door—in double quick time, too. That girl and Donny—they couldn't be righter for each other, eh?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ben O. King left Sunday for Florida to spend several weeks with Mrs. King's sister.

Rev. and Mrs. G. A. Elrod and Mrs. George B. Thornton attended the funeral of Mrs. R. F. Clemmer in Meadow Monday afternoon.

George Wayne Rampley and Robert Isbelle have spent several days recently transacting business in Estes Park, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Rampley and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Martin were in Lockney on Friday of last week. Mr. Martin has been ill for some time and is not improving very fast. Mrs. Rampley has a touch of arthritis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Seaney spent Sunday in Lovington, New Mexico. They went to see Mrs. S. A. Shearer, 88, who is critically ill. Mrs. Shearer is a former Silverton resident. The Seaneys returned via Morton and were supper guests of his brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. Elma Seaney.

H. S. Crow, who underwent facial surgery last week is recuperating satisfactorily. Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Crow returned home on Saturday. Mrs. H. S. Crow remained with her husband. Mr. Crow's address is: Herman S. Crow, Room 511, M. D. Anderson Foundation, Houston, Texas. He has not been advised as to how long he will be there as a patient.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Burger and family, of Pampa, visited Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Montague and family on Saturday. The two families were Sunday guests of the ladies parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Brunner, in Lockney.

Miss Nancy Gail Black, a student at Southwestern University, Evanson, Illinois, arrived here on Monday to spend the holiday vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Black, and Susan. Mrs. Black and Susan met Nancy Gail in Tullia.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Long and family were in Amarillo on Saturday.

Messrs. Wylie Gilmore, of Graham, and Joe Collins, of Vernon, came by on Wednesday of last week and took Mr. Joe H. Smith to Plainview to see Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fuller and went on to Lubbock to visit Mr. Charles B. Smith, of Floydada, who is staying in Lubbock on account of illness. The Messrs. Smith are brothers to Mrs. Fuller; Messrs. Gilmore and Collins are their nephews.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Clement left on Monday for Muskogee, Oklahoma, where they plan to live. Their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Toby Jackson and children, of Shallowater, also went with them to Oklahoma and plan to make that their home too.

Dictatorials at the News Office.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Zeigler and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Eiger left early Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Eck Zeigler at 2:30 p. m. in Dallas. The Messrs. Zeigler are brothers.

P. L. Mills, of Farwell, a former Silverton resident who underwent surgery in the Plainview hospital last week is reported to be recuperating satisfactorily.

Mrs. Francis Christopher, of Stephenville, visited friends here from Friday through Monday. Her daughter, Mrs. Otis Tidwell, brought Mrs. Christopher over Friday afternoon. Mrs. Christopher says it seems good to come home again.

Rev. and Mrs. Porter Arnold, of Bellview, New Mexico, visited relatives here from Saturday through Monday. They were guests of their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mack Walker Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Hamilton and children, of Pecos, visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arnold and Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton, from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. Henry Myers, Miss Neely Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Bood Myers and family and Mr. and Mrs. Berle Fisch and family were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fisch.

## Season's Greetings



May yours  
be filled  
with pleasant people  
all through the Holidays.

# XMAS SPECIAL

Gold Medal 10 lb bag  
**FLOUR 89c**

Kleenex, 400's box 25c

**Bake Rite 3 lb can 83c**

Kraft Karmels, lb bag, 2 for 69c

Libby's No. 303 can 2 for

**Pumpkin 25c**

Corn, Rosedale, No. 303 can, 2 for 25c

Kimbells No. 3 can 2 for

**Sweet Potatoes 49c**

Oleo, Golden Brand, lb 20c

**Velveeta Cheese 2 lb Box 89c**

Crushed Pineapple, White Swan, No. 2 can, 2 for 49c

Wrights, Pre-Cooked, half or whole

**HAM 1b 55c**

White Swan, No. 203 can

**Whole Green Beans 25c**

**Grundy's Grocery**

Silverton, Texas. Specials For Friday and Saturday



To our friends and customers:  
A bright and joyful holiday to you all!

**Plains Sealtest Dairy Products**  
MR. AND MRS. J. R. STEELE, DISTRIBUTORS

## Best Wishes



**Douglas Funeral Home and Flower Shop**



*A Christmas Wish*

★ Christmas Greetings

to all our friends and patrons!

**Verlin B. Towe, Insurance and Real Estate**



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DECORATED CAKES For any occasion. Mrs. Carver Monroe. Phone 4411 Bean Exchange. 48-tfc

TWO-WAY PLOWS 202H, Roll-over, Disc and Moleboard. Compare our prices with any dealer. Ray Thompson Implement Co. 49-tf

AUTOMOTIVE Supplies: Champion plugs, Firestone and Pennsylvania Tires, Exide Batteries, priced to sell. See Jennings Farm Supply. 19-tfc

FINISH HIGH SCHOOL or Grade School at home. Spare time. Books furnished. Diplomas awarded. Start where you left school. Write Columbia School. Box 1514 Amarillo, Texas. 34-52t

CLOSE OUT on Stalk Shredders. Johnson, Caldwell and John Deere. Ray Thompson Implement Company. 49-tfc

FERTILIZER, Anhydrous Ammonia, all formula of dry Fertilizers. Rigs ready to go. See Jennings Farm Supply. 19-tfc

OPTICAL & JEWELRY REPAIR I make Optical & Jewelry Repairs in shop at my residence in Silverton. W. A. Sedgwick. 13-tfc

Automotive and tractor supplies, Perfect Circle Rings, Dayton Belts, Goodyear Tires, Fram Oil Filters, Texas Batteries, Anti Freeze, Tim-Ken Bearings. Silverton Auto Parts Phone 2121. 41-tfc

FOR SALE—Corn fed white or bronze turkeys, dressed or on foot. Call Bean 4475. Mrs. Jack Jowell. Also dressed turkeys at the locker for sale. 50-tfc

FOR SALE—8" Pump, 4-row equipment and one half section of land for lease or rent. See Leroy Shipman 2 miles west and 2 miles south of Rock Creek Store. 502tp

CARD OF THANKS We wish to thank everyone for the many kindnesses shown Dad and us during his illness and death. May God bless each one of you. Mr. and Mrs. Carver Monroe, Carlye, Marsha and Mary.

LOST—4 Keys on Coffee Implement leather case. Return to Bud Perkins. 51-1tp

CARD OF THANKS I wish to thank all my friends for their many cards and to express my appreciation to those who visited me while in the hospital. Eual Newman.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jackson and Jimmy were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Fleming.

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank everyone for being so wonderful to us in the passing of our dear wife and mother. May God's richest blessing fall on each of you. O. L. Butcher and children.

CARD OF THANKS

We are sincerely grateful to friends and neighbors for their many kind acts of sympathy during our sad bereavement. Our appreciation cannot be adequately expressed.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McPherson and family.

SANTA CLAUS LETTERS

Dear Santa: I would like a bike and a set of guns and a shot gun and a game, and whatever else you want me to have.

Gary Neil Whitfill.

Dear Santa: I am a little boy five years old. Please bring me a Roy Rogers canteen and a Roy Rogers two gun and holster set and a large cattle truck and Roy Rogers guitar.

Please remember all my friends and bring us all some candy, fruit and nuts.

I love you. Wade Brannon, P. S. I have been a pretty good little boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cline are the parents of a daughter, born December 17, 1956 in the Lockney Hospital.

Woodrow Newsome and Mr. and Mrs. Garland Newsome and family, of Lubbock, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bosley, of Quail, and Rev. and Mrs. Patterson and Wendell were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Buster Rothwell and family. The Messrs. Newsome are brothers to Mesdames Bosley, Patterson and Bothwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Logan and family, of Amarillo, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Long and family. Mr. and Mrs. Tuck Turner and Betty and Mr. and Mrs. George Long and children were Sunday dinner guests in the Bill Long home.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Smithee, Mrs. Bob Barrett and Mrs. Shorty West were in Lockney one day last week.

Hypnotism Labeled Dangerous if Used By Irresponsible

CHICAGO—Hypnotism can be a useful tool in the hands of a qualified specialist, but it can be "down-right dangerous" when used by an irresponsible person, says Dr. James A. Brussel, according to a New York psychiatrist.

Dr. Brussel said three principles regarding hypnotism to which medical science subscribes are: (1) Where hypnotism removes symptoms, an illness may be obscured and prolonged, since causes are not treated. (2) Where hypnotism treats emotional symptoms instead of causes, more serious personality defects may occur. (3) Where hypnotism evokes delusions, habits of thought as harmful as drug addiction may be formed.

"Hypnotism can be useful, especially in psychotherapy, by relieving certain symptoms and manifestations. However, these very gains are exploited by untrained and irresponsible persons. Dr. Brussel said.

"By virtue of the sudden, immediate and seemingly successful results achieved through hypnotism, the quack flourishes and creates damage that is at times appalling," he said.

Hypnotism by trained specialists in psychotherapy may be used to remove some psychological or physical condition which interferes with the beginning of satisfactory therapy. Its use, though, must be limited to certain neuroses, he said.

Old Roman Draftee Long Time Soldier

LOS ANGELES—Young people who dread serving their required military service should thank their lucky stars they didn't live back in the days of early Rome.

Required length of service in the Roman legions was from 20 to 40 years, says Dr. Arthur McKinlay, professor of Latin, emeritus, on the Los Angeles campus of the University of California, and an authority on Greco-Roman history.

A young man who donned the Roman armor could expect to fight in from 20 to 25 military campaigns during his career, reports Dr. McKinlay. Since fighting in those days was mostly of the hand-to-hand variety, his chances of coming home in one piece were slim indeed.

So distasteful was the 20-year military hitch that members of the well-to-do Roman classes ceased enrolling as soldiers about 100 B.C. For the next two centuries, Roman generals filled out their legions with soldiers recruited in Spain, Gaul, and Germany.

Fire Costs Increased \$14 Million in 1955

NEW YORK—Last year fire cost the United States an estimated \$885,218,000 as compared with \$870,984,000 in 1954, according to the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

This is an increase of 1.6 per cent, or over \$14 million.

Collectively, the yearly fire costs represent a tremendous economic loss to the nation. Broken down into the hundreds of thousands of statistics which make up the total, they tell the story of thousands of homes destroyed, businesses closed temporarily or burned out permanently, and untold other instances of individual misfortune.

Added to the toll of 11,000 annual fire deaths, they complete a picture of tragic waste. Worse still it is largely needless waste, because human carelessness and lack of understanding are responsible for approximately 90 per cent of all fires.

New Vapor Analyzer Is Highly Sensitive

PITTSBURGH—A small, easily carried water-vapor analyzer—so sensitive that it can detect one drop of water in the air of an average size living room—uses electrolysis to break down moisture into its component elements of oxygen and hydrogen.

Up to now some operations in the chemical, oil and metallurgical industries could not be run at peak efficiency because of the inability to detect minute traces of water. Approximately 10 times as sensitive as the best existing water analysis techniques, the new instrument will precisely measure concentrations of less than one part per million in flowing samples. Desert air, dry as it is, normally contains 10,000 parts per million of water.

Going Up or Down?

SEATTLE—James E. Flaherty started with the Seattle transit system many years ago as a street-car motorman with a salary of \$22 a week. Now he wonders about the reward of working up in the organization.

As the new chairman of the Seattle Transit Commission, the community weekly publisher serves without a salary.



We are wishing you a most Merry Christmas

House of Gifts



To Every Member of Your Family... Merry Christmas

FLEMING GARAGE WALTER, LEO AND DONALD PHONE, SHOP 4281 RESIDENCE 3071



at Christmas

our customers and to our fellow business associates, Greetings...

Allard Bulane



The Wood Mill, Jim O. Crow

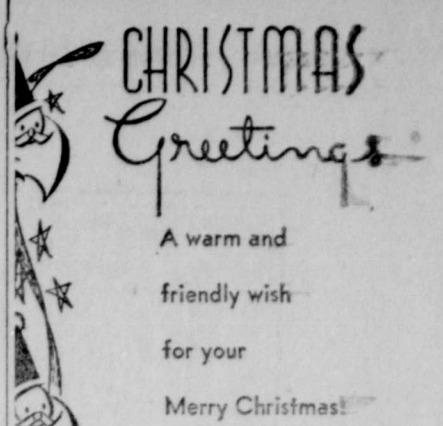
"If It Is Made Of Wood, Come In And See Us."

Merriest Christmas.



It's a pleasure to extend the Season's Greetings to all of you!

Morris Pharmacy



B & B Laundry Closed for Holidays The Laundry will be closed from Friday night, until Wednesday for the Holiday Season.



Our entire staff joins in wishing you a very Happy Holiday

Mac's Service Station

Best Wishes Here's hoping you will have a Merry Yule Season long to be remembered.



Doc's Grocery and Market



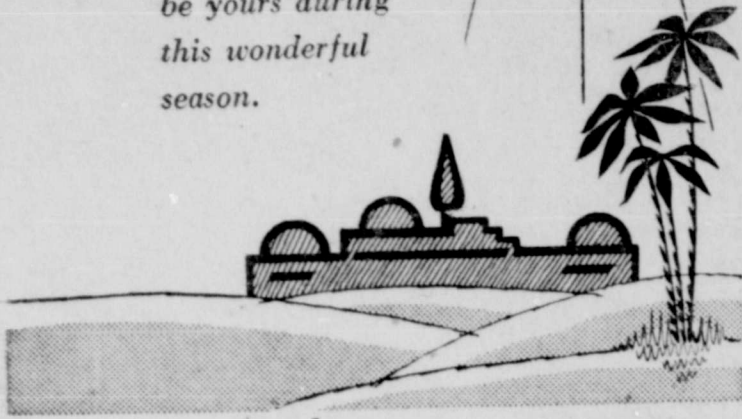
Merry - Merry Christmas Holiday Joy be Yours through the Whole Season! Magnolia Service Station





# Christmas Peace

be yours during this wonderful season.



Bellinger's Department Store

## New Year's Day Was Not Always On January 1

New Year's was not always celebrated on January 1. In fact, even today New Years comes on different dates for some peoples.

Prior to September 14, 1752, England and her colonies regarded January 1 with indifference because New Year's day was observed on March 25.

Today, many people who continue to use the Gregorian calendar still solemnize traditional feasts, including New Year, on different days. The Gregorian calendar was not presented to the world until 1582 by Pope Gregory XIII.

The Jews observe a 10-day New Year season at the time of the autumn equinox, beginning on Rosh Hashana and ends on Yom Kippur.

The Moslem calendar (dating from 626, A. D.) has 12 months of the year that begin with the approximate new moon without any intercalation to keep them geared to the seasonal equinoxes. As a result New Years and months retrograde through the entire year in about 33 1/2 years.

## Jewish Calendar Now Reads 5715

The Jewish calendar, which the Jews adopted during the 13th century, reads 5715 in relation to 1954 A. D.

Use of the notation A. D. was inaugurated by Charles III of Germany, who affixed the symbolism to the years of his reign in 879.

Apparently the Egyptians were the first to figure out any "exact" measurement of time. They devised their calendar about 4,000 B. C. After the calendar, they turned their attention to estimating dates of the "beginning" and the Mundane era of Alexander fixed that estimate at 5502 B. C.

Modern research has developed a new time clock, which uses the principle of radioactivity. Wood samples can be radioactively dated back as far as 4,600 years.

## Pre-Red Russia Observed New Years

Before the revolution, New Year's was a gay and happy time in Russia.

In some cities the streets were decorated with flags and lanterns and thronged with merry-makers. The year was ushered in with a hundred shots fired from cannon.

One New Year's Day the Winter Palace was opened to society. Festivity reigned throughout the city, hospitality and charity were the watchwords from palace to cottage.

The mythical Ovsen was supposed to be around about this time. He was usually depicted astride a boar, symbolically associated with the pork served for New Year dinner and the symbolism of Aryan descent.



NEW YEAR'S EVE... And a very lovely Eve, too, is this young lady as she warns you that time is marching on.

Give Esterbrook Fountain Pens for Christmas, at the News Office.

GIVE a new Paper-Mate Pen with new piggy-back refill, \$1.95, at the News Office.

SCRIPTO PENS \$1.00, at The Briscoe County News Office.

Carbon Paper at the News Office.

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Rep. H. H. Low, Monuments CHILDRESS, TEXAS



## Merry Christmas

BEST WISHES TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

## Fogerson Lumber & Supply Company

Office Phone 2561

Residence Phone 32

Vitamins A and D have been added to all P. G. C. Cattle Cubes.



The lack of green feed has made it more important that your cattle have additional VITAMIN A. You will like P.G.C. CATTLE CUBES. They are free from excessive waste and high in food values.

The manufacture of P. G. C. FEEDS is backed by more than 25 years of actual feed milling experience.

TRY P. G. C. FEEDS.

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For Complete Plumbing Supplies and Contracting See

GERALD ARNOLD

### JENNINGS FARM SUPPLY

YOUR COMPLETE FARM STORE, TELEPHONE 2251

# Merry Christmas



A "wide-open" door is waiting for you at our place of business.

## Ray Thompson

IMPLEMENT COMPANY

Phone 4241

Silverton, Texas



# Announcing Full Line

## Also Announcing! Two-Year Payment Plan with Fall payments on all Major Appliances

# GENERAL ELECTRIC

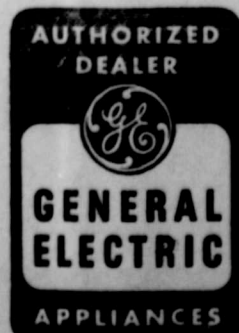
## Appliances

### JENNINGS FARM SUPPLY

COMPLETE TELEVISION AND APPLIANCE SERVICE

Your Complete Farm Store

Telephone 2251





## Double Santa Claus

By Royce Fields

AS WAS his custom during Christmas week of each year, George Brandon leaned against a pillar in the toy department of the big store, and watched the kiddies. Whenever, with a particularly hungry look, a child picked up a toy or eyed one longingly, George crossed his hand. This was a signal to the clerk that the price of the toy was on him.

George was no millionaire. It was just that, not having folks of his own to buy Christmas presents for, he spent his gift money on the kids. It gave him a satisfaction to see their faces light up.

A girl had entered the store and was standing by a pillar near the counter. George was propped against the pillar, with more than casual interest, when she came in. She had a complexion that was the clearest he had ever



"I'll second the boy's question," George said. "Just what is going on here?"

Between and, although he couldn't see them at that distance, he would have bet she had blue eyes. Her hair was shining blonde.

When George turned his attention back to the toy counter, a little girl, wearing neat but worn clothing, was eyeing a doll almost as large as herself. He raised his hand. With a slightly bewildered expression, the clerk picked up two dolls, wrapped them, and handed them to the child.

The actions of the clerk puzzled George. He was certain he had signalled once.

George turned his head to look at the blonde girl again.

The girl caught him staring at her and she smiled. A very nice smile. George would have liked to have a smile like that, just for himself, every day. With an effort he brought his gaze back to the toy counter.

A small boy was wistfully looking at a train. George could picture the kid at home, on the floor, playing with it. It would be nice to help a boy like that assemble the toy. He raised his hand.

This time the clerk seemed more puzzled than ever. He started to motion for the train, then instead, he motioned for George to come to the counter. George had been about to go over, anyway, to see what was behind the man's strange reactions.

"Do you know that blonde girl standing over there by the pillar?" the clerk asked him.

"No," George told him, "but I'd sure like to. Why?"

"Did you notice I gave the little girl two dolls, when you signalled?"

"Why yes," George answered him, "and I wondered about it. However, I figured you knew the child and she probably had a sister that you thought should have a doll, too."

"No, that wasn't the reason." The toy salesman motioned to the blonde girl. She had been watching them with interest and when the clerk's wave, she came over.

"Miss Marvin," the man behind the counter introduced them, "this is George Brandon. George, this is Joan Marvin. I think all nice people, such as you two, should know each other."

The girl extended her hand eagerly and George took it just as quickly. He saw that her eyes were the bluest of the blue!

"Say, what's going on here?" The small boy had turned away from the glistening train and was looking at the trio wonderingly.

"I'll second the boy's question," George said. "Just what is going on here?"

The salesman laughed. "The reason I thought you two ought to get together, is that you're giving me signals on the same kids."

"You see," he told George, "Miss Marvin made the same arrangement this year, in regards to giving the kids toys, that you've been making for years!"

One Christmas, a few years later, Joan Brandon said to her husband, "Remember the Christmas we met, George?"

"Of course," he answered, "I'll never forget it. Why?"

"Well," she laughed, "I'd seen you in the store the previous Christmas and it took me a year to figure out that scheme to meet you. One little girl got a double Christmas out of it, anyway!"



By Shirley Sargent

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

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

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

"I do," his seven-year-old sister, Jean, rallied unexpectedly. "Then I won't have to set the table!" Sarah picked up her three-year-old. "Would you like to go to a restaurant for Christmas dinner, Kit?"

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

"Sure."

"Okay, I'll go."

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No leftovers either," Jean complained.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Another Christmas finds us joining hands with neighbors to wish you well for your patronage in the past.

# Nance's Food Store



Merry Christmas

We greet Christmas with the friendly spirit of past years.

Bank will close at noon Monday, December 24 and remain closed Tuesday, December 25, in observance of Christmas.

## First State Bank

### Silverton, Texas



# DOUBLE CHRISTMAS



By Lilliac M. Mitchell

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

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

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

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

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

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

ly they had an excess of popcorn but now they were entirely out. Linda Lou was getting panic-stricken by half past eight that night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"—and you offer to pop it." Linda Lou added in her breathless fashion: "Why—it—it's like a story, almost, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," he agreed, smoothing his black hair back as he stared down at her. "Now I never wrote a story in my life but I have noticed that in the stories, it all ends happily." Linda felt the color rising in her cheeks.

By Papinta Knowles

ANN didn't lift her head when Jerry laid the work on her desk. "I'm sorry to rush you, Ann," he said, "but this should be finished by three this afternoon. Banes will drop by for it."

"Shall we go now, Jerry?" Beth Jenkins spoke at her shoulder. "If you wish," Jerry said. Ann kept her eyes on her work. She heard them close the office door.

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

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

And somehow there had never been anyone outside the little circle that Ann cared to share their fun with. Not anyone she was interested in. But now—

There was no use denying her thoughts about Jerry Laws. He disturbed her the moment he stepped into the office last week as new manager of Rankin Real Estate and Loans. And in spite of her effort to push him out of her mind, he had occupied her thoughts since. With Beth Jenkins working there too, she knew it was folly to think of him. Beth had a way with men.

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

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

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

Shortly before three o'clock she walked into Jerry's office with the finished work. She smiled and laid the work on his desk. "I hope I've made no errors, Jerry," she said.

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

"Ann—" he repeated, "you know, I suppose, that this should have been Beth's work." "No, I didn't know," Ann said, and a little wave of anger went over her. Tears stung her eyes. She was hurt.

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

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

## Germans First Lighted Christmas Tree Here

German immigrants, homesick for the traditions of their native land, were the first to decorate Christmas trees in their homes in the United States, according to tradition.

Historians believe it was about the end of the Revolution that the practice began to grow in the colonies. Before that the Pilgrims forbade Christmas celebrations on the grounds they were pagan. And a Massachusetts law in 1689 subjected anyone to a fine who observed the day by feasting, refraining from work or in any other manner.

Historians also believe that Martin Luther was the first to decorate and light a tree. He was fascinated by evergreen trees, glistening with starlit-snow, pointing to the heavens at Christmas time. So he brought an evergreen into his house and lighted it with candles for his children.

### Keep Trees Green

If you have the type of a tree-holder that permits the tree trunk to rest in water, you will find that a small amount of plant food dissolved in the water will aid in retaining the needles on the tree, and keep the needles green. If you use a pebble or rock-filled pail to support the tree, cover the pebbles or rock with a plant food solution.

Use one teaspoonful of plant food, powdered form, to each gallon of water in the container, or use one plant food tablet to each gallon.

### Birth of the Savior Was Greatest Event In World's History

Pleasant as it is to dream of a "White Christmas" with its carols and gifts, feasting and merry-making, the sparkling eyes of children delighting in Santa Claus and the wonderful Christmas trees, these things never can symbolize the tremendous significance of the day.

The birth of the Saviour was the greatest event in the history of the world. In spite of all the backslidings, Christian peoples have pressed forward steadily.

However vicious and corrupt, the world today is far better than the world of pagan times; familiarity with the cross and crucifixion has abolished legal tortures and much cruelty—and, if given a chance, might shame us into banishing the curse of international viciousness for the sake of Him who became the Saviour of Mankind.



To our many friends and customers we take this means of wishing each and every one a Merry, Merry Christmas.

# Davis Gin And Employees

## From All of Us to You and Yours... MERRY CHRISTMAS!



Our gift to you . . . the comfort and convenience assured by the bright blue flame of natural gas. At this time of the year, particularly, it is extremely gratifying to be providing a service which contributes so much to warmth and contentment in the home during the Holiday Season. So from each and every one of us at Pioneer, Best Wishes for good health—and the happiest Christmas you've ever had!

**Pioneer Natural Gas Company**  
FUEL FOR A GROWING EMPIRE



## Merry Christmas,

In sincere and friendly appreciation of your patronage and good will . . .

**Willson Nichols Lumber Company And Employees**



# BRISCOE COUNTY NEWS

Published Every Thursday at Silverton, Texas  
M. B. Cavanaugh, Owner and Publisher

Subscription (In Briscoe County) per year \$2.00  
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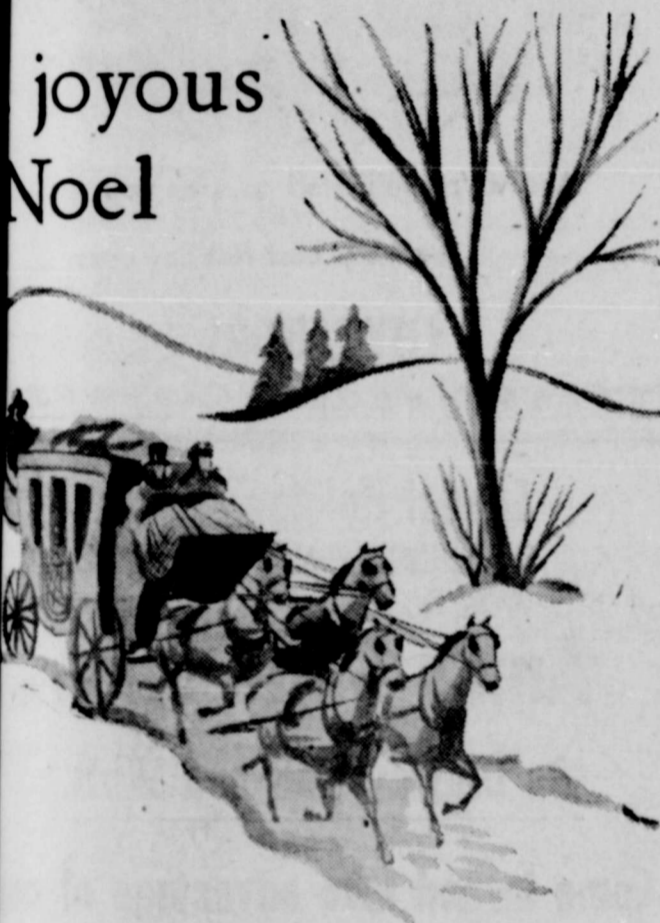
Second-class mail matter at the Post Office at Silverton, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

## Merriest Christmas.

As much to the enjoyment of the season  
to extend to our friends and customers  
Best wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS...

## Silverton Cafe

Joyous  
Noel



To all our friends: Sincere wishes for a  
HAPPY HOLIDAY!

Silverton Co-Op Elevator

DR. O. R. McINTOSH  
OPTOMETRIST

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CITY - FARM - RANCH  
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Basement Court House - Silverton, Texas

## Christmas Don'ts

To keep your Christmas a truly merry one, keep these don'ts in mind:

**DON'T** give children dangerous toys, or toys with sharp points. If they operate with electricity, be sure you supervise their use.

**DON'T** decorate the tree with lighted candles unless it's absolutely unavoidable

**DON'T** place the tree near a stove or fireplace.

**DON'T** leave lighted tree unguarded at any time.

**DON'T** use a rickety, unsafe ladder in decorating the tree.

**DON'T** place Christmas candles near the tree, curtains, paper wreaths or other decorations.

**DON'T** overlook the opportunity to make your tree fire-resistant.

**DON'T** leave toys exposed where people can trip on them.

**DON'T** allow steps and sidewalks to become icy in cold weather.

**DON'T** drive recklessly.

## Early Yuletide Thought Pagan By Christians

CHRISTMAS, like any other blessed institution has had to fight its battles. The first great enemy of Christmas was the Roman empire whose pagan emperors determined to blot out all kinds of Christian rites.

Then when Roman Emperor Constantine Christianized the empire other enemies of Christmas arose. One course of contention was: Is December 25 really Christmas? Some said Christ was born on January 6; others held for March 29. Some set April 21 as His birthday. Nobody knew with complete confidence just when to celebrate Christmas. At last, in the fourth century, Pope Julius I settled the matter in favor of our present date. His decision was accepted.

From the first there had been among Christians a certain hostility toward the Christmas festival. The celebration of birthdays in general was considered heathenish and something taken over from the pagans. Nor did the enemies of Christmas fail to observe that many pagan customs had crept into the feasting of the day. Christmas and the days of Advent that go before it occur at the time of the winter solstice, when the days cease to grow shorter, and begin to lengthen—when the sun, having declined its furthest from zenith, begins to climb again.

The period was one of festival in many parts of the world, and was held sacred by many religions. Then occurred the Roman Saturnalia, with its wild excesses, and the people of the north, too, had a great midwinter feast with days of hearty eating and deep drinking.

From the Saturnalia came banquetings and dancings and riotings in masks and the giving of gifts. Our Christmas dinner and Christmas presents and Christmas cards and the wearing of Christmas masks in various parts of the world date back to the Saturnalia. The mid-winter feast of the northern peoples was called Yule, hence our Yuletide and Yule log. The burning of the Christmas log descends from northern tree worship. So does the Christmas tree.

Santa Claus seems to date from later Christmas times. He is good St. Nicholas, of course. The hanging of stockings comes from the legend that the saint, among his other charities, used to provide doweries for poor girls. The older form of the Christmas stocking custom was for poor girls to hang up stockings in the hope that benevolent St. Nicholas would place marriage portions in them.



SANTA'S ROLL CALL... In a big city Santa needs a platoon of helpers to make the rounds. Here he checks up in New York to see if all of his aides are on hand for the big Christmas Eve delivery.



Christmas again, and may its basic meaning mark your  
Holiday! MERRY CHRISTMAS And  
HAPPY NEW YEAR.

## JENNINGS FARM SUPPLY



We take this opportunity to thank  
you for your friendship during the  
past year and send you  
the Season's Greetings.

## Tomlin-Fleming Gin



# DANCE

Saturday night, December 22 from 8:00 to 12:00 O'clock music by

## Caprock Play Boys

Admission \$1.00 a person.

### Merry Christmas,

We will serve Turkey Christmas Dinner with all the trimmings.

# Silverton Hotel

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

MAY THIS HOLIDAY SEASON BE ONE OF HAPPINESS AND JOY FOR EACH OF OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS!

**Bruce Womack**

**Merry Christmas!**

May your Christmas be as bright as holiday candles...

**Morris Laundry**  
SILVERTON, TEXAS

## Greetings



May your Christmas be 'merry and bright'.

Womack Hardware and Appliances, Inc.



By Dorothy Kilian

IT WAS about eight o'clock on New Year's Eve when Jane Walters turned to stare out the kitchen window into the wintry darkness. She didn't want Don to see the tears in her eyes, but she hadn't been quick enough.

"It's a raw deal all right, honey," he said from the chair where he sat with one leg in a cast, propped up on a stool. I take you away from all your city friends and bring you back to Brantville to live, and then what do I do? Break my stupid leg during our first holidays together and leave you high and dry without an escort for the New Year's Eve party."

"You couldn't help it, Don." She tried to sound bright, but the truth was it did matter. She had found herself more homesick than ever with the coming of the holidays. This little town to which Don had come back as operator of the grain elevator was like a foreign country to her. And, with the furnace acting up, here they were sitting in the kitchen of all places on New Year's Eve.

Jane sighed and turned slowly away from the window. "What kind of a party will Grandma Jenner be having?"

Don chuckled. "Oh, it'll be corny, all right—no blaring trumpets. And yet, Janie," Don leaned forward and went on earnestly. "I really think you'd enjoy these people if you'd, well, kind of let yourself go."

"Maybe so, Don. But I just have the feeling that they consider me an outsider. I—did you hear that



"It's a raw deal all right, honey," he said.

scuffling noise? Sounds like somebody's in our back yard."

"Lots of somebodies, I'd say." Don replied.

There was a resounding thump on the back door. Jane opened it and stepped back, bewildered. "Surprise, surprise!" a chorus of voices shouted, as a couple of dozen people trooped in, Grandma Jenner in the lead, swinging a huge granite coffee pot.

"You do look floored, my dear," she said, planting a peck briskly on Jane's cheek. "But it's an old custom around here—when you can't come to a party, the party comes to you. Look at Don there, he doesn't seem too surprised."

Don grinned. "I was kind of hoping this would happen," he said. "But Jane hasn't gotten too well acquainted yet."

"I know," Grandma said quickly. "And it's mostly our fault. To tell you the truth, honey," she turned to Jane—"We were kind of afraid of you, you seemed sort of distant. But when you phoned that you and Don couldn't make the party, I heard the tremble in your voice, I suddenly realized that you're just as human as the rest of us. So here we are. Now let's get on with the fun."

It seemed no time at all before Grandma called out. "We've just time for a spelling bee before midnight and refreshments. Get yourselves lined up folks while I put the coffee on to boil."

The crowd, laughingly divided into two lines on either side of the big kitchen, as Jane hesitated, someone pulled her into position. "Speer the words, Mac," Grandma said to the school principal. "You're used to this kind of thing."

Mr. MacRay began giving out words. Amid shouts of praise for the successful spellers and hoots of derision for those who stumbled over a word, the game progressed until only Jane and Mr. Nichols were left.

The caller cleared his throat and, turning towards Jane, pronounced the word, "hospitable."

Jane hesitated and looked slowly around the room. She saw Grandma Jenner hovering over the coffee pot at the stove, Mr. Appleton gently adjusting the cushion under Don's outstretched leg, and Mrs. Ames just, coming in from the pantry with a tray of apple pies.

"Yes, I can spell 'hospitable,'" she said. "B-R-A-N-T-V-I-L-L-E." There was a moment of silence. "Bravo!" several voices called out, and just then the kitchen clock began to strike twelve.

"Happy New Year!" Jane echoed with the rest as she looked around at her new friends and finally met the eyes of her beaming husband. It was indeed going to be a good year.



By DOROTHY KILIAN

THE music of the orchestra their club had imported for the New Year's Eve dance floated out to them. Gail pushed a little ahead of her husband as they walked up the creaky steps of the lodge hall. "Don't you like to look at the shine on the back of my pants?" Bill laughed. "What's the rush then? You said this morning that the baby had made you so tired you didn't think you'd want to come at all."

"Yes, I know, but that was before—" Gail bit her lip. "Guess I just have my second wind," she finished hurriedly. "Come on, let's see if all the old gang has arrived."

Now would have been the time to tell Bill, very casually, that she had learned that afternoon that Warren was back in town. After all, they had all been friends together in high school.

"See you," Bill said briefly as he went off to the men's coat room. Gail paused in the wide doorway, her eyes roaming over the couples already on the dance floor. "You're late, Gail," Ginny Brown said as she came past with



She had almost forgotten that dancing could be like this.

an armload of confetti bags. "It won't be long 'til time to toss this stuff into the air. Wonder if Warren Hastings will make it before midnight. You've heard he blew in from New York just this morning?"

So they remembered. She remembered too, that was the trouble. The ghost of him still hovered in her dreams, particularly on those days when life seemed full of nothing but baby washings and house cleaning.

And then, all of a sudden, there he was coming in the door, holding out his arms to her as if time, Bill, the baby, were nothing.

As in a dream Gail took his hands in hers and looked up into his face.

"I knew you'd be here waiting for me," Warren said softly.

"But I wasn't, really," Gail murmured. She fought down the vague feeling that it had been rather presumptuous of him to imagine that.

"Let's dance," Warren said simply.

She had almost forgotten that dancing could be like this, held close to one's partner, no talking to break the spell of the dreamy music—Bill was forever calling out a greeting to a passing couple.

"Well, hi there, Warren, could I borrow my wife for awhile?" Bill was grinning at them both.

"Until later," Warren said, and turned away.

The rest of the evening was like a dream. Dancing with Bill, with other friends, even the horn blowing and whistle tooting at midnight seemed only a vague background for the presence of Warren in that room. When he came up to her much later and said, "Let's talk awhile," she followed him, as if hypnotized, to some chairs half hidden by a large potted palm.

"Here we are in a little world all our own," Warren said. "Gail, you're just as beautiful as—"

"Some juggling act, eh?" Bill boomed out, coming up to them with three plates of refreshments. "Grab 'em, kids."

Warren took his silently. Bill sat down on the other side of Gail and bit into a thick turkey sandwich. "Um, tasty," he sighed happily. "When I saw 'em being laid out I couldn't wait to begin."

"And besides," he went on, turning to Gail, "since it's my turn to give the baby her 6 a. m. bottle tomorrow, I'm not in favor of hanging around here too much longer."

"You feed the baby?" Warren leaned across Gail and laughed incredulously. "Sleepy male in bathrobe, pumping milk into a squalling infant. I thought that was strictly cartoon stuff."

Gail gasped but Bill answered calmly. "Why shouldn't I feed her? She's half mine, isn't she?" "She certainly is, darling. And you're right, it's time for all good parents to be going home," Gail said gently.

The ghost would be left sitting in the ballroom, she realized contentedly. This new year was going to be hers and Bill's alone.

### CLAUDE CROSSING CLUB MET THURSDAY

The Claude Crossing Club met Thursday in the home of Mrs. Clyde Lightsey for the Christmas party. Sunshine sisters were revealed. Refreshments of pumpkin pie, whipped cream and coffee were served to Mesdames Gordon Alexander, Edd Thomas, Gabe Garrison, E. Posey, D. T. Northcutt, G. Mayfield, Arnold Turner, Paschal Garrison, Don Garrison, Carl Gauntt, Bryant Eddleman and the hostess, Mrs. Clyde Lightsey.

GIVE a new Paper-Mate Pen with new piggy-back refill, \$1.95, at the News Office.

Mrs. R. G. Alexander and Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Northcutt attended the opening of the First State Bank in Hereford Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiatt Heisler, of Wayside were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Northcutt Sunday afternoon.

Buster Allard, of Lakewood, California, arrived here Sunday afternoon for a visit with his mother, Mrs. W. Allard and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Jasper are the parents of a baby boy, Michael Greer, born in the Lockney General Hospital on Wednesday, December 5. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dillard, Siloam Springs, Arkansas, and Mr. and Mrs. Milt Jasper are the grandparents.

**Greetings**

May the glorious Christmas season bring you peace and happiness all through the year.

Webster's new school and office Dictionaries at the News Office.

**Christmas Cheer**

Peace and Contentment be Yours

SILVERTON AUTO PARTS COMPANY  
Silverton, Texas  
H. A. Cagle

**Merry Christmas**

BEST WISHES TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

**Crass Motor and Implement Company**

the very merriest Christmas!

We value your friendship and good will ... we wish you a Happy Holiday.

**Plumnelly Cafe**  
WEST SILVERTON, AT THE HIGHWAY INTERSECTION

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sedgwick, of Lubbock, are the parents of a baby girl, Ellen, born Monday morning, December 17. Mrs. Birdie Patterson, of Lubbock, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Cook, of Josephine, are the grandparents; Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Sedgwick are the great grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Sharp and family, of Tulia, were Sunday guests of her mother, Mrs. M. C. Eugh.

Give Esterbrook Fountain Pens for Christmas, at the News Office.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hardin last Thursday with his wife, Mrs. Mabel Hardin, at Rotam Hardin has been ill for some time and her condition is about the same.

Mrs. James Stevenson was in Canyon for a check up on surgery last Friday. Mrs. Allard and Sue Lyn took to Amarillo and were guests of Mrs. Iris Mae G.

Carbon Paper at the News Office.

## It's Christmas!



And we're delighted to wish you the very best Holiday ever.

### CITY TAILORS

**Special Holiday Sale at**

**Ann's Style Shop**

On Dresses, Hats and Skirts.

Come in and take advantage of our Christmas Bargains.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from

**Ann and Ruth**

WEST SILVERTON, AT THE HIGHWAY INTERSECTION