

Perfect Present

By Willard Olvan Persing

THE REASSURING WEIGHT of the nickels and dimes in his pocket took the bite out of the raw Saturday afternoon. Surveying the street from the eminence of three dollars for the first time in his eleven years, Jimmy Sands thought it was a pretty nice world after all.

After enjoying this sense of prosperity for a few seconds, he remembered that he'd have to hurry if he wanted to hide the Christmas present before his mother woke up from her nap. A frown came over his face as he glanced around to locate his pup. Mike wasn't anywhere in sight.

He started to whistle, but his attention was caught by little Sammy Farr, big-eyed with excitement and fright, running toward him.

"Hey, Jimmy!" called Sammy. "They took Mike!"

Jimmy's heart sank. He knew who 'they' meant, but he had to make sure. "Who took him?"

"The dogcatcher. Mike tried to run away, but they caught him down at the corner."

Little Sammy wiped his nose on a ragged cuff. "I didn't have time to hide him like we always did be-



A boy of eleven couldn't cry in front of a seven-year-old, so Jimmy blinked away the tears.

fore when that old dogcatcher came around."

"I shouldn't have left him down here by himself, but I didn't want to wake Mom up." Jimmy sat down on the step and buried his face in his hands. Sure, he thought, they'll keep Mike five days before they get rid of him, but a license will cost two dollars and a half.

Then he straightened up; he had three dollars in his pocket, three dollars all his own, that he had earned by running errands, selling junk, and saving the few pennies that his mother had given him for candy.

If he bought a license for Mike, he wouldn't be able to buy the new purse for his mother, but he could buy a nice handkerchief or something with the fifty cents that he would have left.

A boy of eleven couldn't cry in front of a seven-year-old so Jimmy blinked away the tears that came when he thought of fuzzy, playful Mike being tossed into a pen full of big snarling dogs.

"I wonder if they'll feed him good?"

A SENSE OF SHAME kept returning when Jimmy thought of his mother's shabby old purse. She'd had it as long as he could remember, and he had seen her stop several times to admire the shiny black one with the gold-colored clasp that was in Hoffberg's window. He had been looking forward to Christmas morning when she could carry the new one proudly to church instead of hiding the old one's shabbiness by tucking it under her arm. It just wouldn't be right to spend that money for Mike's license.

"Come on, Sammy, if you'll keep it a secret, I'll let you go with me to buy Mom's present." Maybe he could leave the purse with the landlady until after his mother had gone to work. Jimmy was glad that she wouldn't have to clean up those offices on Christmas Eve and Christmas night.

Jimmy's mother smiled at him over the potatoes she was peeling for their supper. "Didn't you come up the front way?"

"Yes." Jimmy closed the door and walked over to stare out the one window in their room.

"You didn't leave Mike out in front?"

"No—" The tears that he had been holding back poured out. "The dogcatcher took him away." Jimmy sank into a chair by the table and buried his head in his arms.

Smiling to herself, Jimmy's mother placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and said, "I think it will be all right with Santa if you get your present tonight instead of tomorrow night." She took an envelope out of the shabby purse that lay on the table. "Merry Christmas, Jimmy."

Something in her voice made Jimmy open the envelope and look inside. "Mike's license!" Jimmy grabbed his cap and started for the door.

"You had better wait till tomorrow, Jimmy. It's late, and it's a long way over to the dog pound. They'll take good care of Mike."



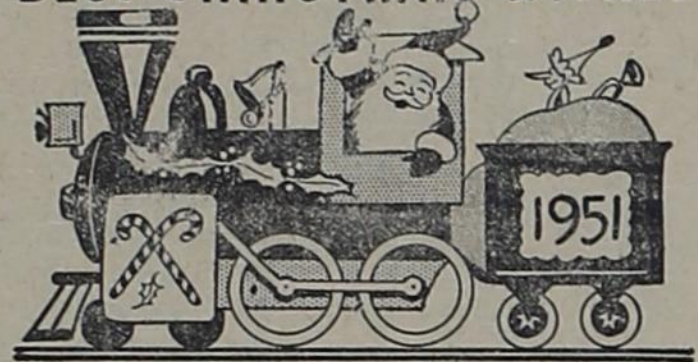
May the peace of the season be in all your hearts



CORNER DRUG STORE

JOHN S. KIMBLE, Owner

BEST CHRISTMAS WISHES



Our train of thought carries a cargo of hopes for your holiday happiness

GORMAN MACHINE SHOP

YOUR MASSEY-HARRIS DEALER HARVEY PARKER, Owner Phone 86



Decorate your homes with love and affection in this, the happiest time of the year



BENNETT APPLIANCE

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL Phone 160 GORMAN P. O. Box 298

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

By Hal Marquette

MIDGE AND BILL were standing in front of Landsbury's department store, window wishing. Suddenly, Bill looked down at the sidewalk at his foot nudged the object he had dropped.

"Fumbler," he said under his breath and glanced toward Midge. She was gazing intently at the toys and did not seem to notice when he stooped to pick up the billfold and slyly put it into his pocket. Otherwise . . .

"Bill, look," Midge was saying as she pointed to a large doll dresser. "Why the interest in toys . . . Now if . . ." He was hunting for words to hide his agitation.

Midge felt a slight warmth come to her cheeks and her heart began to pound. For a second she wondered if she could finish his 'now if' and tell him here and now. She wondered if they could be thinking of the same thing.

They continued on their way back to the apartment.

Bill was glad and relieved when Midge suggested coffee. That would



"I didn't find that billfold. Midge," he stammered.

give him time to examine his find in privacy. That's what he'd planned to tell her if she ever questioned him. He'd never kept anything from Midge before, excepting . . . But, he'd been young and had paid society . . .

Bill trembled as he thought of the "fumble" back there on the street. What if . . . He waited until he was sure Midge was busy with the sandwiches before he got the billfold from his overcoat pocket. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, he was examining its contents. Here was more money than he'd ever had in his hands before.

SUDDENLY Bill heard Midge's voice. It seemed to come from far away and then to crash in his ears.

"Bill, why don't you answer me . . . And whatever have you there?"

He tried to get the billfold into his pocket before she came to his side. But again there was a fumble.

"Oh, oh . . . Midge, I . . ." He stopped short and brought the billfold back to view and slowly handed it to her.

"I found it tonight . . . Landsbury's corner . . . Meant to surprise you . . ." he said lamely.

Midge fingered the contents excitedly.

"Bill, you must call the man immediately . . . He must be worried."

"Do you think I'm a fool . . . It's . . . And Christmas only five days away . . . I have so little . . . This could be our happiest Christmas. . ."

Midge stared at him as he spoke. He was talking in a tone she'd never heard from him before.

"How could we ever have a merry Christmas . . . We'd never forget . . . Don't you see . . ."

There was a brief tense silence as Bill looked at the billfold in her outstretched hand.

"Bill, the phone number is on the license . . ."

The lights on the tiny Christmas tree was blurred as Bill put his packages beside it. Lately, everything seemed to blur thru a mist of tears whenever he thought of Midge and Christmas. Why hadn't he told her everything the night that he returned the billfold instead of waiting until now. He looked up to see Midge standing in the doorway.

"Midge dear, sit down . . . I've something I've got to say . . ."

"What, darling . . ."

"I didn't find that billfold, Midge . . . I . . ." he stammered. "I did that once before . . . long before I met you . . ."

Her lips began to quiver and big tears began to tumble down her cheeks but she was smiling.

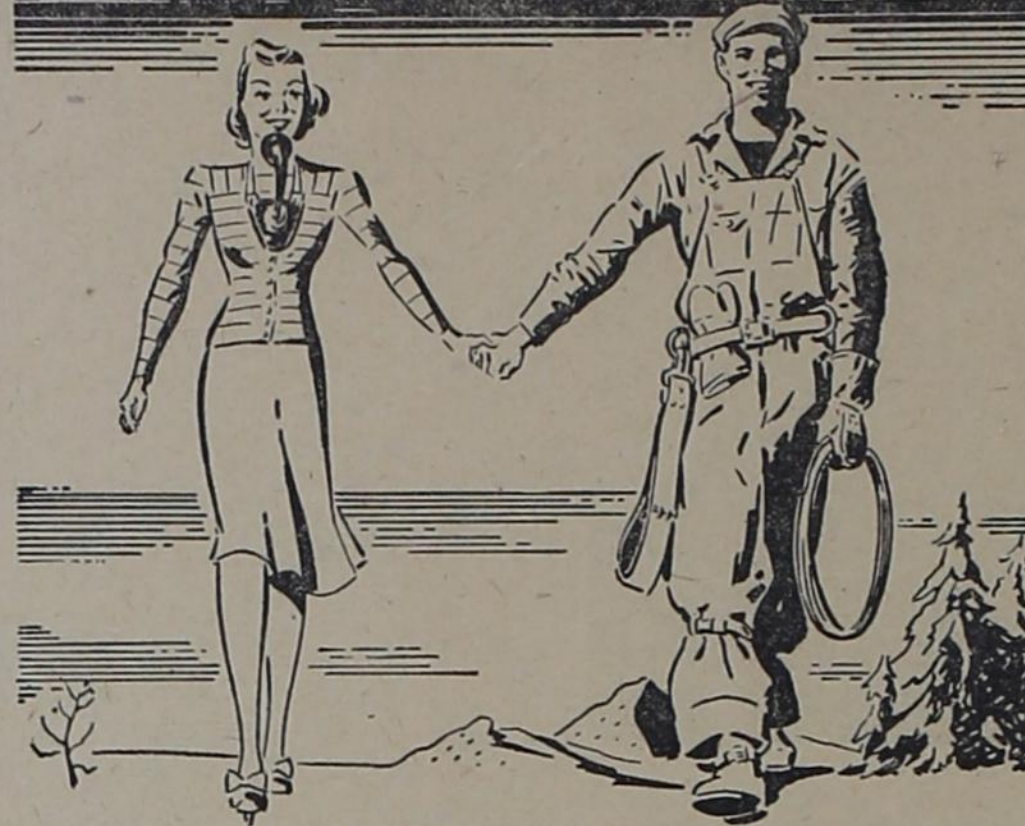
"Say something, Midge . . . Ask me what I mean . . ."

"There's nothing to ask, darling . . . The doll dresser in the window at Landsbury's had a mirror and . . . And, darling, as of this moment it is the merriest Christmas ever . . ."

I had hoped and prayed that you'd tell me . . . and you have . . . Now, let's open our Christmas secrets . . ."

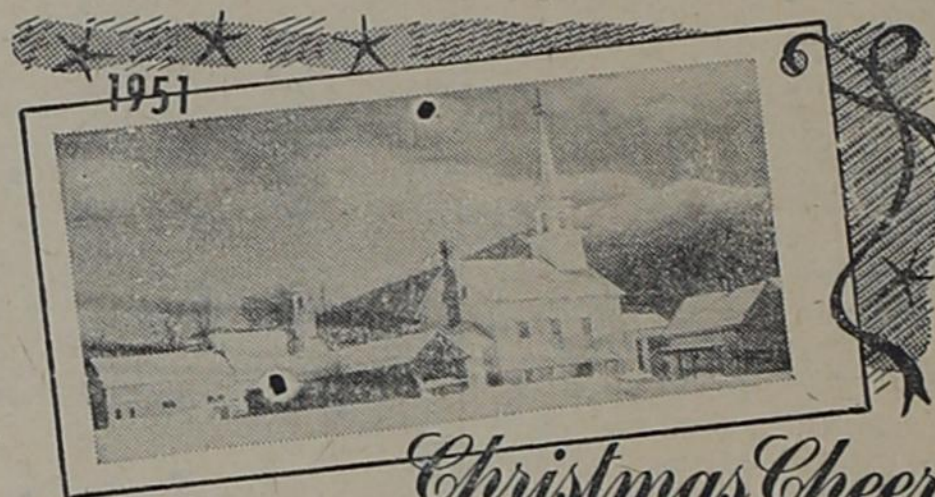
The Season's Best Wishes to You

All of us in the Telephone Company wish that this Christmas will be the merriest and the coming year the best you ever had.



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WALTER SPECK.



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1951

SHELLEY'S VARIETY STORE

"Everything In School Supplies" GORMAN, TEXAS

CHRISTMAS WEDDING

By Maud McCurdy Welch

JEAN KNEW that Hawkeye, the store detective, was keeping his eyes on Jimmy, and she couldn't help feeling worried.

Jean and Jimmy were engaged. They were going to be married as soon as Jimmy got a raise. They both worked in the Mammoth Store and were saving everything they could to buy furniture for their future home.

Hawkeye was exactly like the detectives made famous by the movies. Hard, gimlet eyes, black cigars, derby tilted on his head. It was his boast that nobody ever got by with stealing in this store. It was this boast that had given him the nickname of Hawkeye.

But why, oh, why should he suspect Jimmy of doing anything wrong? It was true his salary was small, but he would be promoted soon, Jean was sure of that.

Jean had had a wishful hope that they might have a Christmas wedding, but Jimmy's raise hadn't come through. In the meantime, they were carefully budgeting their combined salaries and had bought an expensive piece of electrical equipment for their home. That had been a thrill.

When they were married Jimmy was determined that Jean should



Old Hawkeye had seen her hand Jimmy a long flat package one day.

work. Jimmy himself had been brought up in a wonderful home, with many advantages, but it had all been lost. Jean had come up the hard way. She'd been orphaned and had gone to work at fifteen.

But they were getting along fine now and had wonderful hopes of soon really belonging to each other. Jimmy's salary as head of the notion department in the basement wasn't large, but Jean knew he'd get a better one soon.

Business was brisk and steady since it was now the week before Christmas Day. Jean and Jimmy walked home together when the store closed, as they usually did, almost too tired for a movie or a walk along the river. They didn't allow themselves many pleasures and sometimes were so tired, they just said goodnight at the door of Jean's rooming house. Jimmy lived a number of blocks further down the street.

But they'd always have a little time together when the store closed. Once every week Jean would say, "Did you bring your bundle?" And Jimmy would say he simply couldn't. But Jean would laugh at him teasingly. "Honestly, Jimmy, I want to do it for you," and at last he'd give in.

JEAN HADN'T the slightest idea that old Hawkeye had seen her hand Jimmy a long, flat package one day when he'd been working late in the stock-room. She'd done this before since it was the most convenient way. And Hawkeye was always snooping around. He'd even overheard Jean and Jimmy talking one day. Jean was saying, "You must bring the things to me. It's helping us to get ahead. And nobody will ever know."

Jimmy had said, "But, honey, it's not right."

Jean had laughed. "I only do it because I love you. You know that."

Jimmy's voice was husky with love. "You're so sweet, Jean. I believe you'd do anything for me."

And all the time Hawkeye was keeping his gimlet eyes on Jimmy. But Jean knew he hadn't done anything wrong.

And then the next time Jean handed Jimmy the long flattish package (Jimmy was working late that night again), they both felt a heavy hand on their shoulders. Hawkeye said, "You two kids come with me."

He took them to Mr. Purvis, the store owner. "It's a clean case, boss." Hawkeye opened the package. "Ha, shirts. Just what I thought. She steals them for him."

Mr. Purvis said tiredly, "They're not new. They're freshly laundered."

Jimmy's face was crimson, but Jean said proudly, "We're engaged, Mr. Purvis, and Jimmy has to have so many clean shirts. It's so dusty in the basement, so I launder them for him."

Well, it was a clean case at that, and what was more Jimmy received his promotion right then and there, and Mr. Purvis gave them three days off, so they had a Christmas wedding after all.



WRIGHT BROS. GARAGE
GORMAN, TEXAS

Crime in America

By ESTES KEFAUVER
United States Senator
Fifteen of a Series

California: Where Lobbyists Grow Big and Mobsters Thrive

Crime and corruption in California had a special flavor—exotic, over-ripe and a little sickening. The rackets, like the state itself, were big and colorful.

For years, parts of California literally have been infested with every conceivable kind of gambling racket. The "take" runs into the millions.

One big gambling racket broken up in Los Angeles after the California Crime Commission went into business was the so-called Guarantee Finance Co., which posed as a legitimate loan agency while fronting for a \$6,000,000 bookmaking combine. Its records disclosed payments totalling \$108,000 for "juice," the California

gamblers euphemism (in Florida, it's "ice") for "protection" money.

The Los Angeles city police department was headed by a determined officer, Chief William H. Parker. Our committee, however, was not impressed by the Los Angeles County sheriff's office.

Guarantee Finance Co. shrewdly had set up its headquarters in a particular political "island" known as "Sunset Strip" inside Los Angeles proper. This was county territory and, accordingly, not subject to the tougher Los Angeles police.

One of Chief Parker's aggressive officers, Lt. James Fiske, finally became so incensed by the sheriff's inactivity that he entered Sunset Strip and came down through a skylight into the huge telephone room of the bookmaking operation.

Out of his jurisdiction, he was unable to make any arrests, but he did tear up all the bookies' markers so they were at a loss as to how to settle their bets for that day. As a result, Lieutenant Fiske said, a stern letter was received from Al Guasti, then a captain in the sheriff's office, demanding that city police stay out of county territory.

A county grand jury was probing payoffs to law enforcement officers by Guarantee Finance. The grand jury foreman and four county officials met in secret to plan the inquiry. The only other persons let in on the plans were two process servers who were to serve subpoenas. The very next day, someone "leaked" the plans to Sammy Rummel, lawyer for gangsters, and reputedly the brains behind the mobster, Mickey Cohen.

A series of incredible events followed. First, Rummel arranged a rendezvous with Captain Guasti. Guasti, in turn, arranged for the "mouthpiece" to meet that night with Captain Carl Pearson and Sgt. Lawrence Shaffer, of the sheriff's vice squad. At this meeting, Guasti said, Sergeant Shaffer actually exhibited to Rummel the sheriff's confidential files dealing with the Guarantee case. Next morning Rummel was found dead—killed in his yard by a close-range shotgun blast.

Police Chief Parker, who has made life miserable for Mickey Cohen in recent years, told us that he does not go along with the rumor that the little ex-pug is now a second-rater.

Mickey, gambler and bookmaker, extortionist and all-round racketeer, is still decidedly important. His "business interests" invade many spheres, including prostitution, Chief Parker said.

Cohen, a Simian-like figure, with thinning hair and spreading paunch, appeared before us in a suitcoat of exaggerated length, excessively shoulder-padded, and a hat with a ludicrously broad brim. Apart from police embarrassment, Mickey's troubles—at least five attempts to assassinate him—have been due to his falling out with the Sicilian-controlled Mafia element on the West coast.

"I have never been a strong-arm man for nobody," Mickey howled at us, almost hysterically. "I have never bulldozed anybody in my life." His testimony contradicted this. There was the time that one Max Shaman entered Mickey's "Paint Shop" (Mickey always seemed to have either a paint shop, a jewelry store or a haberdashery; some investigators are unkind enough to believe that he used them as fronts for bookmaking.) Mickey had had a fist fight with Shaman's brother, and Shaman "came in with his gun." Mickey pulled his own out of the desk, killed Shaman first and was acquitted on his plea of self defense.

There was at least one other arrest on suspicion of murder, and an assortment of beatings which Cohen admitted he had administered to various characters.

Mickey painted us a lugubrious picture of his financial condition. All the money he had in the world was in his pocket, he said. Checking his roll, Mickey sadly told us it came to only \$286. However, in four years, Cohen had "borrowed" approximately \$300,000, he said, from various sources. Most remarkable of all his loans was the \$35,000 he said he had borrowed from the president (no longer there) of a Hollywood bank, without giving a note or paying any interest.

"What do you do for them," I inquired, "that makes them so generous with you?" Cohen replied: "I can't answer that; they must just like me."

Our Committee had uncovered some interesting facts on Mickey's method of reporting income to the government. These interested the Internal Revenue Bureau, too, and after our final hearings, Cohen and his blonde wife, Lavonne, were indicted for alleged income tax evasion over a period of three years. Instead of paying taxes on approximately \$318,500 income, they reported and paid on only \$87,500, the government contends. (Cohen was found guilty and sentenced to 5 years in prison).

The piece de resistance of our West coast investigation was the appearance of Arthur H. Samish, the portly million-dollar beer lobbyist. Californians have had snatches of his squalid story before, but never in quite such detail direct from the lips of the master string puller himself.

Samish stands over 6 feet, 2 inches and must weigh better than 300 pounds. He is bald with a monk's tonsure of grey fringe, and a face of bland innocence. He gesticulates freely in the grand style, stabbing the air with his horn-rimmed glasses or fiddling with his watch chain, a heavy affair of white gold or platinum, made up of large links which form and repeat his initials—A. H. S. He speaks magniloquently. "I am here to cooperate," he would boom at us.

We kept hearing of connections involving him and Mickey Cohen, and Samish admitted he regularly took the baths at Hot Springs, Ark., a gangster-favored resort. There on his last trip, he met the East coast gangster, Joe Adonis, and put in a long distance call to Gambler Dandy Phil Kastel, who looks after Frank Costello's interests in New Orleans.

From his 1949 tax return, we knew Samish's gross reported income had been \$143,697. Of this income, \$90,999.94 represented fees from his "public relations" clients. The principal contributor was the California State Brewers' institute, which provided a modest \$30,000 in salary and expenses, plus control of a \$153,000-a-year slush fund.

A 1938 report from Howard R. Philbrick, investigator for a California legislative committee, had charged: "The principal source of corruption in the legislature has been money pressure... The principal offender among the lobbyists has been Arthur E. Samish..." It was the Philbrick report which credited to Samish the famous declaration that he was "the governor of the legislature"—and "to hell with the governor of the state."

The State Brewers' institute, a non-profit organization, has a special so-called "5-cent fund." For every barrel of beer produced, the brewers paid 5 cents into a fund which Samish spent as he saw fit.

Into the 5-cent "Samish fund," over a period of six years, \$953,943.19 has flowed. All but \$43,913.29 of the \$935,000 has been spent by sole and exclusive direction of Samish. Some of it, he admitted, went to pay his own personal hotel expenses when he was presumably engaged in business for the institute. He didn't mention this in his tax returns.

The fireworks began after our investigator had gone over the books and records which Samish had turned over with flourishes. It developed that Samish's personal records and books were in understandable shape, but there were no records concerning the "Samish fund" of nearly \$1,000,000.

We asked him what happened to canceled checks and stubs written on this fund. He said he throws them in the wastebasket.

Finally, he relinquished to us a typewritten "analysis." It wasn't much of an "analysis." It merely showed that most of the big checks—from \$10,000 to \$40,000—were made out to "cash" or "contributions." Samish admitted that "cash" and "contributions" are the same thing, and that these items in most cases meant that money was distributed by him personally—and in cash—to good, honest, outstanding officials that subscribed to "the temperate use of beer, wine and spirits..." He demanded no receipts from them.

He made contributions to the candidates of both major parties, but he couldn't seem to remember to whom he gave the money.

Next week: How the Laws Are Enforced in Upstate New York

Condensed from the book, "Crime in America," by Estes Kefauver, (c) 1951, Pub. by Doubleday, Inc. Dist. General Features Corp.—WNU.



CHRISTMAS LECTURE . . .
"Now this is a Christmas tree," big brother appears to be telling the toddler. "It grows in the living room only once a year, and it always has a lot of nice presents under it."

Games for All Make Christmas Family Party

Christmas is the time for family get-togethers. One of the best ways to make these gatherings memorable for all concerned is to engage in games which the whole group can play.

A nice one to start off with would be a Sugar Plum Hunt. Have one member of the family hide Christmas candies ahead of time in various nooks and corners around the house. At a given signal everyone starts hunting and gathering the pieces. The one who gathers the greatest number would be given a prize.

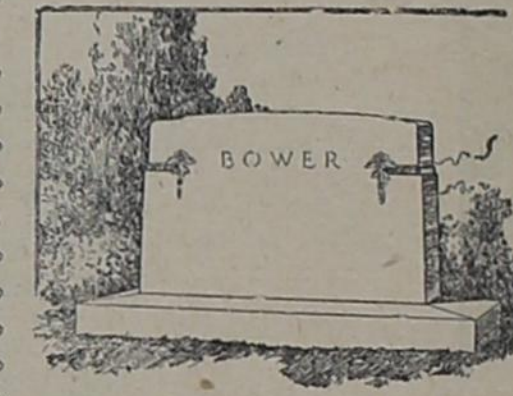
The Christmas Puzzle is another good one to get things going. Look through some magazines, which are filled with pictures of Santa Claus at this time of year. Cut out enough of these to go around, paste them on stiff cardboard, and cut them into pieces. Then put each group of pieces in a separate paper bag. At the signal, everyone opens a bag and starts putting the puzzle together.

The Xmas Scramble Contest is good for a group with older children in it. This is simply a contest to see who can unscramble a group of words the fastest. Just for fun, see if you can work out the following—astna, erireden, ehsgil, dynca, gosiknet, erte, trepsn, hupnc, alsorc, and niborb.



1951
Let's all do our best to have the happiest holiday of our lives

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Alex Rawlins & Sons

— MONUMENT BUILDERS —
Phone 24 Weatherford, Texas
Mrs. Dave Ramsey, Gorman Representative



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Grocery & Market



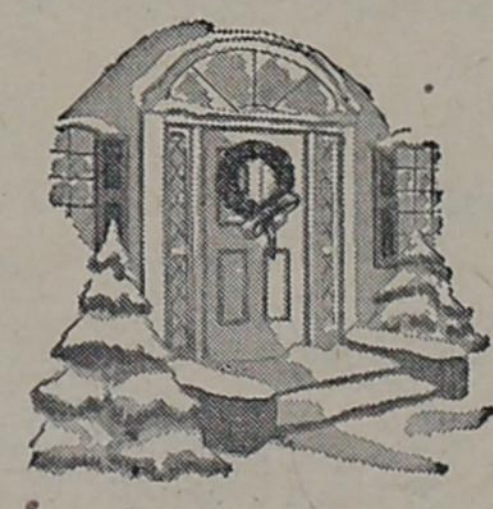
We're wishing you a sprightly, happy time this Yuletide



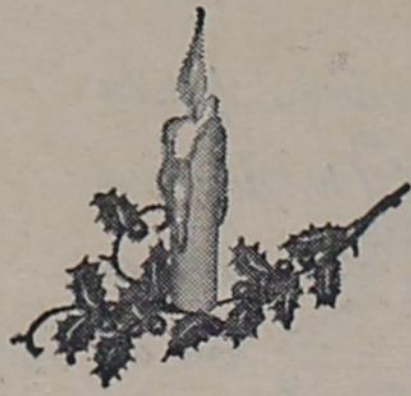
EMPIRE GAS SOUTHERN CO.
JAMES McCOY, District Manager
Gorman, Texas



May the angels bending near the earth bring you an abiding peace



In the spirit of the blessed day we wish you a completely happy Christmas



Blackwell Sanitarium

CHRISTMAS

GREETINGS



We're sending you our devout wish for a very happy holiday

Phillips' Cleaners

W. S. C. S. CLOSE YEAR WITH SOCIAL AND LOVE GIFTS

The home of Mrs. R. C. Mehaffey was the scene for a pretty Christmas social of the Woman's Society of Christian Service on Monday evening. At three o'clock members and guests rushed in from the wintry weather to be by the warmth of the Christmas Candle lighted rooms.

Gifts were piled high under the glistening tree. But it was the miniature Nativity arranged on a pedestal table that held most interest.

Mrs. Frank Rhymes presented the devotional and directed a short program. Mrs. Barton Eppler and Mrs. Rena Allen sang the carol, "Silent Night" and the group sang a number of carols with Mrs. J. E. Walker accompanying.

Love gifts were placed in boxes to be distributed to shut-ins and Mrs. D. J. Jobe distributed presents from the Christmas Tree to

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ROBERT F. KAY, Owner 904 Austin De Leon Written Guarantee on Every Job

Card Of Thanks

We are filled with a gratitude that we cannot express to our many friends and acquaintances who have been so kind to us during our time of trouble and sorrow. We do wish to thank you for your financial assistance, for your help in nursing, for the food flowers and many other kindnesses shown to us.

Mrs. Dick Owens and children those present.

Christmas Cherry Pie, Coffee and salted nuts were served by the hostess and her co-hostesses, Mesdames Rhymes, Jobe, Eppler and Henry Capers.

Miss Jane Pendarvis of Iowa was a guest.

WALTER DIXONS VISIT FRIENDS HERE

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon of Winters, Mrs. Peggy Jarratt and daughter, Tommy Jarratt and Mr. and Mrs. Curb Turpin of De Leon were Sunday visitors in Gorman. They, with the R. E. Bouchers the Gail Bennetts and Mr. Tine Reynolds, had dinner with the B. E. Wilsons and enjoyed a Christmas Party in the afternoon.

Mr. Dixon was formerly the mail carrier on Route 1. Mr. Jarratt and Lane Dixon were unable to be present for the gathering which is an annual affair with the friends.

WANT ADS

The First National Bank of Gorman has been serving this territory for over 50 years - Your account is appreciated

NOTICE - We do first class renovating on mattresses. We make new cotton and innerspring mattresses. Pritchard Mattress Factory, Phone 148-W2 De Leon, Tex. We pick up and deliver.

DEAD ANIMAL SERVICE Hamilton Rendering Co. Free and sure - Call collect - Phoebe 303, Hamilton, Tex. fn

FOR SALE - 5 room modern house in Gorman. L. E. Capers, Box 4497, Eliasville, Texas.

Fruit trees, pecan trees, roses and evergreens. Send for Price List or come to nursery on Highway near Rucker. Open Sundays after 1 P. M. Womack Nursery, De Leon, Texas. 12-27c

NOTICE Sealed Bids will be received in the office of Superintendent of Schools, Gorman, Texas on or before January 14, 1952 at 7:30 P. M. o'clock on one (1) 1946 Chevrolet School Bus, Industrial Body being offered for sale. This equipment may be seen at Gorman School Bus Garage. Bid proposals may be secured by contacting Charles W. Gibbs, Supt. of School at Box 400, Gorman, Texas. The Board of Trustees reserves the right to refuse any or all bids.

M. Y. F. ATTEND "THE MESSIAH" ORATORIO

Twenty-five members of the Methodist Youth Fellowship were in Eastland on Monday night to hear the sacred oratorio, "The Messiah" which was presented at The First Methodist Church of that city.

They were accompanied by their sponsor, Arlton Smith. Other adults from Gorman attending included Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Ray. NIECE OF PENDARVISES VISITING HERE

Miss Jane Pendarvis, niece of B. F. Pendarvis from Iowa, is visiting with the Pendarvisees this week. She arrived in Waco by plane on Saturday and expects to return to her home at the end of the week or as plane reservation is available.

Miss Pendarvis has charge of Public Health Service in an area covering fifteen counties in her home state. She entered government service during World War II and was sent overseas to England at which time the peoples of that country, she said, celebrated a beautiful Christmas without glamor. It was the costumes, handed down from generation to generation, with the singing and the Spirit of Christmas prevailing that made the observance lovely.



CHRIST IS OUR Christmas

Tom G. Small Gorman Baptist Church

The simplest way to empty a glass of water is to turn it up and pour out its contents. There is another way though. Mercury can be poured into it and the heavier substance will force the water out as it fills the glass.

It is Christ who fills Christmas with true meaning. Apart from the observance of Jesus' birth as the Babe of Bethlehem who was to become the Christ of Calvary, the day we call Christmas has no real significance. Yet many today are divorcing this day from its rightful meaning. Millions are emptying Christmas of Christ just as one empties a glass of water by putting in another substance.

Red Russia has realized that if Communism is to increase, Christ must decrease. Chains of Communism cannot successfully enslave a people if faith in Christ has set them free in soul and mind. Russia's leaders have the insight to know that if Christmas is to be observed within their borders the observance must be emptied of its true significance. The birth of Christ. Last night the radio had much to say about Russian children being taught to praise 'Uncle Joe' instead of Jesus. They are seeking to substitute Stalin for the Saviour. They are far too wise to attempt emptying the glass of Christmas by simply pouring out Christ. An empty glass offers satisfaction to no one. Therefore they are endeavoring to fill this memorial day with adoration to Stalin instead of to the Son of God.

And as we look about us we cannot help but fear America too is going through the same process of displacing Him from the day set aside to honor His birth. In the rush of preparing Christmas dinner, making long trips, 'swapping gifts' (the spirit of giving seems to have degenerated to this in some cases), and making merry with friends and family our Lord seems to be quite forgotten. America as a whole must plead guilty to the charge of emptying Christ and spiritual worship from the Christmas glass by having filled it with self and materialism.

My prayer is that we may observe the birth of our Lord and Saviour this Christmas day as did the shepherds long ago. In our hearts may we too hear the heavenly hosts praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Then as we also hasten with humble hearts to worship and adore Him, may we pray, "Grant, O Lord, that Thy Son may be born in our hearts this day as we look unto Him in faith for Thy great salvation. May He live within us and reign o'er us throughout this year, all the years to come, and all eternity to the glory and praise of Thy wonderful name. Amen."

WILLING WORKERS CLASS SPONSOR MYF PARTY

Wednesday evening The Willing Workers Class sponsored a Christmas Party the Methodist Youth Fellowship. Hosting the party at the Church Annex were Mesdames Frank Rhymes, J. L. Ray, Mack Underwood and Jack Deavenport.

Games were directed by Mrs. Deavenport and Mrs. Underwood. Gifts were exchanged.

COUPLES CLASS OF CHURCH OF CHRIST HAVE CHRISTMAS PARTY AT FIRE HALL

The Couples Class of the Church of Christ with their children enjoyed a Christmas Party at the Fire Hall Tuesday night.

Free play of the children filled the hall with gay laughter and shrill shouts bringing to the minds of the parents "An old-fashioned Christmas Tree."



SAFE DRIVING LESSONS for 45,000 'teen-agers in 508 high schools last year have brought national recognition to Texas. Here Gov. Allan Shivers receives the Meritorious Award of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies from Travis D. Bailey, right, president of the Texas Association of Insurance Agents. More than 120,000 high school students have been taught to drive safely since Texas started the educational program in 1946.

GREETINGS to All at Christmastime



Best wishes for a very merry holiday



1951

GORMAN PEANUT COMPANY

Gorman, Texas

DEAD ANIMALS Un-Skinned REMOVED free CALL COLLECT Gorman 300 - or Brownwood 9494 Brownwood Rendering Co.

GLASSES Correctly Fitted Economically Priced Dr. Geo. Blackwell Blackwell Sanitarium Gorman Texas



It's a wonderful family holiday - one we hope you all will enjoy to the utmost

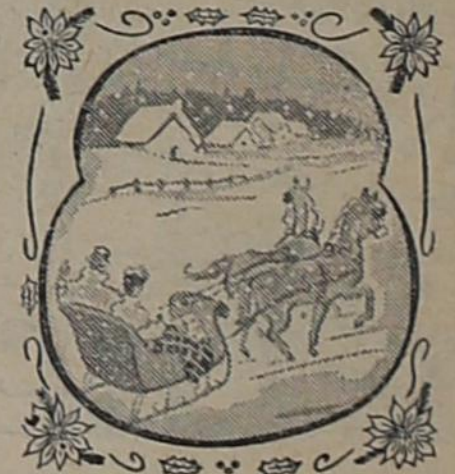
JOE KENNON'S HUMBLE SERVICE STATION GORMAN, TEXAS



We hope your hearts are singing carols of joy 1951

EPPLER'S FURNITURE

Tidings of Joy



Lloads of old-fashioned Christmas happiness to all our good friends

1951

MEHAFFEY DRUG

"Where Friends Meet"

J. E. WALKER

The clue for you in '52 Coming soon... NEW 1952 STUDEBAKER WARREN MOTOR CO. Eastland Texas

Our Christmas

Layton L. Plaster, Minister
Gorman Church of Christ

Some nineteen hundred and fifty years ago in Bethlehem of Judea there arose a star that has lighted the way for weary travellers for these many centuries. As the wise men from the East beheld His star and followed it to the resting place of the infant Jesus, so men today behold the glory of Christ in the lives of His servants and follow it to its fountainhead, which is Jesus the Son of God Most High.

Tradition has done much to preserve cherished ideals, but it also may do much to cloud and dim the Truth around which the traditions and customs have grown. Tradition and Custom have grown over the Truth as a cataract over the eye, until much truth is lost and tradition and custom is received in its stead. Even the day of Christmas itself representing the birthday of Christ, has grown in tradition and has no biblical basis of Truth. Also our Santa Claus fable is rooted in tradition and has no companionship with Truth, but the opposite of it. Christmas time should be a time of rejoicing not reveling, a time of prayer and not playing, a time of Humility not Haughtiness. We should hold Christmas as a time of moderation and Meditation, not a period of gluttony and winebibbing.

We are a people blest above any people on the earth; a people of innumerable material and spiri-

Christmas Recipes

Brummell's Cherry Pie
TWO PIES

Ingredients:
1 can cherries
3-4 can water
2 cup sugar
8 tsp. cornstarch
1-2 stick butter or oleo
1-2 ounce red food coloring
Directions: - Cream butter and corn starch. Mix with all ingredients. Cook and let cool. Pour into pie-shell before mixture congeals. Top with whipped cream for serving

PECAN PIE

Ingredients:
1 cup syrup (white)
1 cup sugar
1 cup pecans
3 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
1-4 tsp. salt
Directions: - Beat eggs well. Mix with syrup and sugar. Add chopped nuts. Pour in pastry shell. Bake in moderate oven.

Cranberry Salad

Ingredients:
1 qt. cranberries
1 large orange
2 cups sugar
1 cup chopped nuts
1-2 cup chopped celery
1 pkg. lime or cherry jello
1 1-2 cups of water
Directions: - Grind cranberries and orange, mix with sugar and let stand overnight. Add celery and nuts. Prepare jello with water. When partially chilled add ingredients and allow to congeal.

tual blessings. The blessings are ours, not because we have earned them ourselves but because our God-fearing forefathers have forged them and preserved them for us. Let us use these blessings in such a way that we can hand them on to our children and their children with honor and dignity. Christmas is a wonderful day reminding us of a wonderful event, so let us conduct ourselves as to give honor to the event and joy, not remorse, to our souls.

We must look beyond and above tradition and custom and see Christ, the Star of Hope, as He seeks to lead each of us onward and upward to a better life now and an eternal abiding place with Him after awhile.

At this particular time of the year our hearts go out to each other and we rejoice when we remember our pleasant associations of the past year. We really mean it when we say, A very Merry Christmas and a prosperous and Happy New Year to each and every one of you." May God bless you all through the coming year.



Let us enjoy together the 1
blessed cheer and good 9
will of Christmas 51

Mrs. Gene Baker



HOLIDAY Greetings
328 DEC. '51 Mat Page 3

Joy... love... peace... these are the words that guide us in our celebration of the Christmas and New Year Season. Our wish — that we all keep Christmas with us in spirit, the whole year through. A Happy Holiday to you all!

REV. and MRS. TOM SMALL

Christmas Greetings
1951



Peace in our town ... yes, and peace in our time for all the world... with the Christmas spirit holding eternal sway over all our hearts.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. David

CONTRIBUTION

Joel Poinsett, U.S. Statesman, Noted for Flower

Although he was a brilliant statesman, and the friend of four American presidents, Joel Roberts Poinsett is famous chiefly because he introduced the Mexican plant known as the "Painted Leaf", of "Mexican Fire Plant" into the United States.

Poinsett, then U.S. ambassador to Mexico, called the plant to the attention of American botanists and grew the plant himself as a hobby at his South Carolina home, after he left Mexico.

The plant grew heavily in American favor—especially popular at Christmas time—and was renamed poinsettia, in honor of the man who brought it to this country.

Contrary to popular impression, the flaming red bracts of the poinsettia are not flowers, but leaves, and it is for these bracts that the plants are grown.

It is possible to have variations of either pink or white varieties, as well as of the more usual red, popular because it carries out the holiday color scheme of rich bright red with a contrast of the dark green of the leaves.

The beautiful poinsettia, almost a "must" as far as Christmas decorating is concerned, is one of the most temperamental of plants.

The poinsettia thrives in its native Mexico, but elsewhere must be handled carefully—perhaps pampered slightly. However, the brilliantly colored flowers it has at Christmas time is reward enough for any efforts needed to make the plant thrive.

Constant warmth is needed by poinsettias. Temperatures should be kept between 70 and 80 degrees during the day and no less than 65 degrees at night. Any sudden change in temperature and drafts will cause the plant to drop its leaves.

Abundant water is also a necessity, but it should be applied but once a day so that the plant may become moderately dry between waterings. This permits needed oxygen to reach the roots.

Try to give the poinsettia the sunniest spot available. It is wise to fertilize it occasionally with a good commercial food tablet.



STABLE AT BETHLEHEM: The shepherds "came with haste and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."

Holly Superstition: It Will Determine Ruler in Household

HUSBANDS and wives! Attention! There is an old superstition about holly that will interest you. It was a belief of the ancients that the first to bring Christmas holly into the house, either husband or wife, would be the one to rule the household during the ensuing year.

But don't put too much stock in the belief. Like other Christmas legends, the truth might be lost in history. The Druids were great admirers of the holly plant. They believed that its evergreen leaves attested to the fact that it was never deserted by the sun, and was therefore sacred.

Legends have related how the crown of thorns was plaited from holly. The leaves of the plant were white until the Crucifixion, after which they turned a deep, blood red.

A holly wreath placed on the door is believed enough to frighten away even the boldest of witches.

'Christkindli' Is Swiss Counterpart of Santa

Santa Claus plays a very insignificant part in the Swiss celebration of Christmas, observed mostly on December 24. It is Christkindli, the Christ Child, who makes the rounds of Swiss homes on Christmas Eve.

This radiant angel is said to have come from the North, traveling on a fairy-like sleigh pulled by reindeer, much in the fashion of our Santa. Christkindli brings good Swiss children a beautiful tree, and many gifts. Like Santa, he stresses obedience and admonishes naughty youngsters.



All the joys of the season be yours in abundance

Coleman Mutual Life INSURANCE
Glen Mehaffey



The abiding peace of Christmas be in your hearts
1951

EAKER Magnolia Service Station



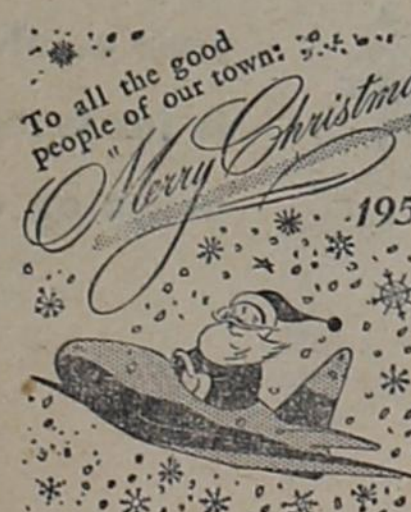
We hope the season fulfills all your wishes
1951

EMERSON'S CAFE



A wish for happiness for the finest people we know

W. G. BAKER Feed and Seed
GORMAN, TEXAS



Our heartiest wishes for a grand holiday season

HOTEL COFFEE SHOP
C. M. Baley



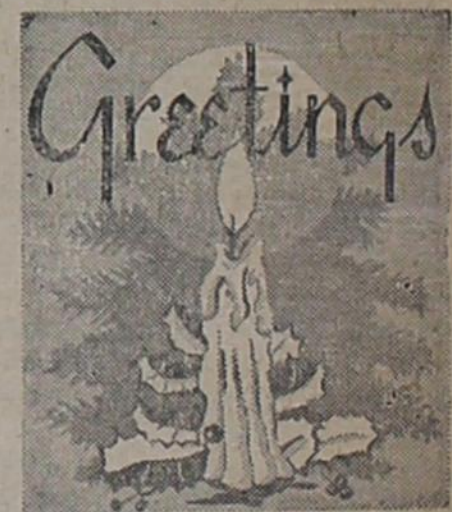
Our best wishes go out heartily to all our good friends

ACREA AUTO SERVICE
G C (Giff) ACREA, Motor Doctor



Have yourselves a wonderful holiday
1951

BENNETT'S DAIRY



To all our friends, a most merry and joyous Christmas
1951

THOMASON'S GROCERY

Miss "Merry" Christmas

By Maud McCurdy Welch

MEREDITH HARRIS, known as Merry, sat at her desk in the big insurance office and fought back her tears.

A voice startled her. "Why are you here working? Are . . . you crying?"

It was Hugh Mallory, the agency head. Merry said, "Just finishing up. Everybody's in such a hurry."

"It's Christmas Eve. Let everything go." Hugh started to his office. Merry's eyes followed his tall figure. She liked him very much.

He turned back. "You didn't tell me why you were crying."

"It's nothing. My sister and her family have gone to California. I guess I . . . I'm lonely."

"That may be my good luck," he said surprisingly.

He was alone, too, he explained. His sister-in-law who had looked after his little daughter since the death of his wife four years ago, had left unexpectedly. His Aunt



"They wrapped the babe in swaddling clothes"—And so it was at Texas Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children in Dallas when Donna Cogburn, nine years old, of Abilene and seven-year-old Stanley Galetka of Ennis set up the Nativity Scene in preparation for the Christmas holidays at the hospital.



"No . . . No!" Dee cried in anguish. But Hilda tore the cat from her.

Amanda was still with them, but she was getting old. There was no one to do the things to make a little girl happy. Would Meredith help him?

It took them three hours to finish shopping. At seven o'clock, Hugh's luxurious car turned on the drive of an imposing house.

A little girl sat in a big chair looking lonely. She held out her arms and cried a little. "We're not going to have a Christmas tree or anything."

Hugh Mallory swung his little daughter up in his arms. "Oh, yes, we are." He put her down. "This is Miss Meredith Harris. She's going to see to everything."

And it was the most wonderful Christmas Dee had ever had and the most beautiful tree. But Merry's gift was best of all. A beautiful Siamese kitten.

AFTER THE presents had been distributed, Merry and Dee sat in a big chair, Dee stroking the kitten's head. "How did you know I wanted a kitten more'n anything?" "Because I was a little girl once myself."

Hugh went uptown on an errand in the later afternoon. Soon after a handsome woman in rich furs and jewels came in.

"Aunt Hilda, you . . . came back?" "Yes, Dee, I know my duty, even if your father and I . . ." Hilda broke off staring at Merry. "Who's this?"

"It's Miss Merry Christmas . . . that's what I call her. She fixed my beautiful tree, did everything." Hilda looked at Merry coldly. "You can go now. And take that cat with you. They're full of germs." "No . . . No!" Dee cried in anguish.

But Hilda tore the cat from her, thrust it in Merry's arms. The next thing Merry had been ushered out the front door.

She went to her small apartment, sat down in a chintz chair, holding the kitten. "Well, after all, it was fun even if it is over," she confided tearfully to the cat.

But it wasn't over. Two hours later Hugh Mallory knocked on her door. "I hunted through a hundred office files for your address and I found you at last."

Merry was flushed. "Your sister-in-law came back."

He nodded. "She's gone for good now. We'd had a disagreement. You see, I found she was teaching my little girl to be a snob." He broke off, smiled again. "Dee wants you to come back and so . . . do I. For good. Do you understand, darling?"

She was afraid to believe he'd really said that. But he took her hands, drew her closer. "Look, Merry, I've been searching for the right girl for a long time. I knew I'd found her when I saw you sitting in that big chair with Dee and the cat. Oh, my dear, say you love me, say you'll marry me. Dee and I need you so."

Meredith lifted her face and he read his answer in the sweet sincerity of her eyes.

Christmas Miracle

By Maud McCurdy Welch

PATTI WAS TRYING to forget it was Christmas. Last Christmas there had been Jimmy and a ring on her finger. Then there was a girl named Ann and everything was over. Patti had packed up and come to this part of the city to live.

So there were no holly wreaths or Christmas trees in Patti's Pie and Bake Shop just off one of the bustling avenues. There was only Patti with her brown curls and mellow brown eyes and the long rows of pies and cakes in the show-cases.

People came from all over to buy Patti's cakes and pies and drink her coffee. There was the little old lady who sold magazines on the corner, who came in every day.

She was the first to come in on Christmas Day, and she was lugging a big wreath of holly and mistletoe. "Hang it in the window, dearie," she said.

Patti looked at the wreath and a sick pain caught at her heart.

Then there was the telephone operator who worked in a branch exchange, and later the little boy who always stopped by from school. He had such sad blue eyes it made Patti's heart ache. Patti always gave him a huge slice of pie

If Santa Misses, Reindeer Supply Will Be at Fault

If Santa Claus misses some youngsters this year, it could be offered plausibly that he was not able to round up enough reindeer for his yearly trip around the globe.

The reindeer shortage has become, in recent years, much too acute. It has been estimated that wolves have destroyed 500,000 of Santa's helpers within the last decade or so, leaving an approximate 50,000.

The difficulty of keeping the animals alive in a temperate climate makes it unlikely that any of the few remaining will be transported



from their native regions to other lands for the holiday season, as has been done in the past.

American boys and girls will have to be satisfied with stand-ins. The few department stores featuring Santa's complete outfit this year will be using native deer as substitute for Dasher, Prancer, and company.

England Once Forbade Christmas Observance

Did you know that the observance of Christmas was once forbidden in England—the home of the Yule Log, the Carol-singer and the wassailers?

During the Reformation many believed the undue jollity of Christmas day was sacrilegious. Parliament, on December 24, 1552, ordered that "no observance shall be held of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day; nor any solemnity used or exercised in churches upon that day in respect thereof."

This edict proved to be very unpopular with the masses of the people. It was not until many years later, however, that Christmas was once again regarded as a holiday.



When he saw the wreath his eyes brightened. "Gee, that's pretty."

and he ate it with relish, but the sad bewilderment of his eyes never seemed to go away.

When he saw the wreath, his eyes brightened. "Gee, that's pretty. You goin' to have a Christmas tree too, Mis' Patti?"

Patti started to say no, but choked. Instead she asked, "Don't you have a Christmas tree, Tommy?"

He shook his head. Patti said, her voice still choky, "Then we'll have one here. You can help me trim it."

In no time at all the tree was up and they were trimming it. In spite of her stern efforts, Patti was conscious of a slow excitement. Tommy asked if she believed in that Kris Kringle stuff, and she had to stop to think before answering. At last she said, "Yes, Tommy, I—I think I do. Kris Kringle may be just a symbol, but he's really alive in the hearts and spirits of hundreds of people all over the world."

Tommy's blue eyes grew bright. "Then do you think if I told him I only wanted my daddy back, and nothing else, he would bring him back to us? My mommy told him to go, but she didn't mean it. Now she's sick, but if Daddy would come back, we'd both be happy and she'd be well."

An idea was slowly dawning in Patti's mind. "We'll see what we can do, Tommy," she promised.

Patti hurried like mad and got a personal ad. in the late edition of one of the big dailies. It read:

"Mr. Thomas Baker, please call at Patti's Pie & Cake Shop at once."

PATTI WAITED and waited. The little shop was brightly lighted and the Christmas tree was a beautiful sight to see.

But no one came. Everything had been sold, so Patti was putting out the lights when a tall young man walked in. He said, "I may be the Thomas Baker you're looking for. Of course I don't know."

Patti just felt it in her bones that he was the right one. She said, "Do you have a wife by the name of Margaret and a little boy named Tommy?"

"Yes, yes, I do."

"Then you're the right Thomas Baker. They want you to come home."

"Are you sure Margaret wants me too?" The young man's eyes were suddenly full of hope.

Patti nodded. "I'm very sure," and the young man thanked her, turned to go and almost collided with another tall young man who had just come in. He was looking at Patti with his whole heart in his eyes. "The minute I saw that personal, I was sure it was you. No one ever spelled Patti with an 'i' as you do." Then he reached for her hands. "Patti, won't you forgive me for thinking I could ever love another girl? Won't you let me put this ring where it belongs?"

Patti was choked up with happiness as he slipped the ring on her finger. "Finding you is like a Christmas miracle," he whispered as he took her in his arms.



Season's Very Best



May nothing but happiness dog your footsteps this Christmas

GOLDEN OAK FEED & PRODUCE

BOYD HILLEY, Manager



MERRY CHRISTMAS

MAY YOU ALL ENJOY THE BLESSINGS OF THIS SEASON OF DEEP JOY



1951

FROM ALL THE GANG AT —

SMITH BROS. CHEVROLET CO

A Department of Defense has begun inscribing the word "Korea" on grave markers and headstones of U.S. dead returned from Korea to satisfy the National cemetery regulations requiring name of war served in.

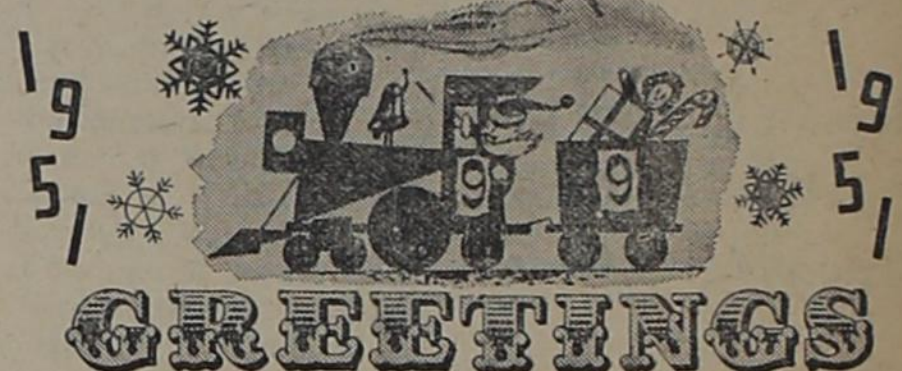
The Fellow Who Sees Flying Saucers—

. . . may be somewhat like the one who buys real estate without an abstract - he sees and believes but he never knows! The land looks fine, so do the improvements, but how about the title? The title itself is invisible, but there is an easy way to find out about it. Land and its possessions are one thing, titles thereto are quite another. Yes, brother, when you buy real estate without an abstract you may be seeing things and it could be flying saucers!

Earl Bender & Company

Eastland (Abstracting Since 1923) Texas

CHRISTMAS

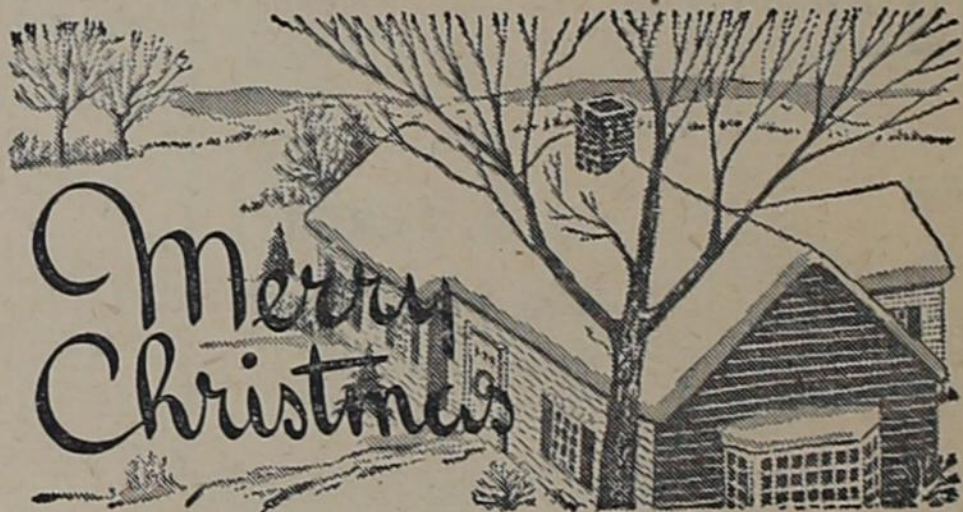


We're putting plenty of steam into our "Merry Christmas"

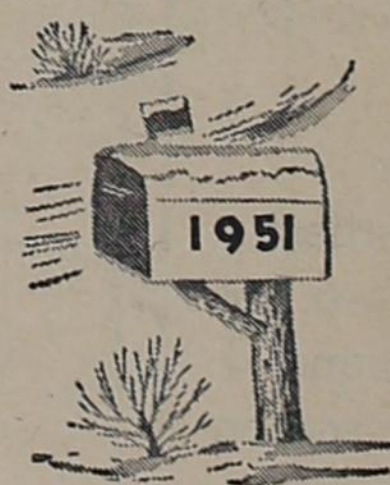
Z. O. Mehaffey, Agent

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

Phone 16 Gorman



Our hope, this year as always, is for lasting peace on earth.



For our many good friends we wish only that they may share fully in it.

Jay's Grocery & Market

T. L. JAY, Owner



By Edward L. Van Dyke

I'LL NEVER FORGET, I guess, the December night when our American Legion post meeting was interrupted by a knock on the door. Carl Engler, our third vice commander, was nearest the door. He glanced at the commander, then left the room. Out in the hall we could hear a high pitched voice saying something about "mama and daddy." Soon Engler returned, looking puzzled.

"Mister Commander," he said, "there's a boy outside who says he'd like to speak to the post. Says his name is David Cary and that what he has to say is mighty important."

Harry Brooks, our commander, a balding veteran of both world wars, arose.

"Comrades," says he, "I've an idea this lad is the son of Wilson Cary, up on Hollister Hill. Wilson's a veteran who's always knocking the Legion—never would join the post. Let's listen to what his boy has to say."

Young David that night really stirred up our meeting. It was just four days before Christmas; not many members were present all were anxious to get home. They really perked up, though,



With a groan he raised himself on one elbow and shook his fist.

When that boy stood gravely before us men and spoke his piece.

When the lad had left, gravely saluting the flag, just as he had seen our do, the commander turned to me.

"Comrade Butler," he said, "I appoint you chairman of a committee of six to look into this. Will someone make a motion that the committee be allowed to use up to fifty dollars, if it finds it proper in this case?"

The motion was duly made and everyone shouted "aye."

I drove up ahead of the gang that Saturday night—Christmas Eve. There wasn't much snow, but the roads were badly rutted and I made rather poor time on this, my second trip up the hill.

The Cary house was a neatly kept place, just off the hillside road. When I knocked at the door, Mrs. Cary let me in. She looked tired and worried.

"Oh, Mr. Butler," she said, her face brightening, "I'm glad you came." She lowered her voice. "Bill is pretty unhappy and bitter tonight—you know why. Walk right in."

WILSON CARY'S expression was a mixture of pain and bitterness. He didn't even offer me his hand.

"Now don't wish me a Merry Christmas," he said harshly. "A man can't be happy when he has a broken hip; is dead broke on Christmas Eve—and has a nice wife and kid on his mind."

I was thinking that, too. "Where's David?" I asked.

"He's asleep," said Cary. "You Legionnaires with your constitutional preamble of promoting peace and good will on earth," he snapped. "Fine words, sure—but words don't help my wife and kid. I'm sorry—glad you came, Butler—but I think you'd better go."

Then came the knock on the door—the sound I had been waiting for.

You should have seen Mrs. Cary when the gang tramped in. There was Engler, carrying so many packages he almost staggered and behind him came McCarthy, Lepkowski, Dunn and Epstein, all with their arms full, too. The boys, you see, had chipped in some of their own cash.

Wilson Cary stared in amazement when we moved in. The packages, save those containing food, we piled near the foot of the bed.

"Bill," I said, "Carl Field Post just learned the other day about your being laid up. The boys just want you to know you're not forgotten."

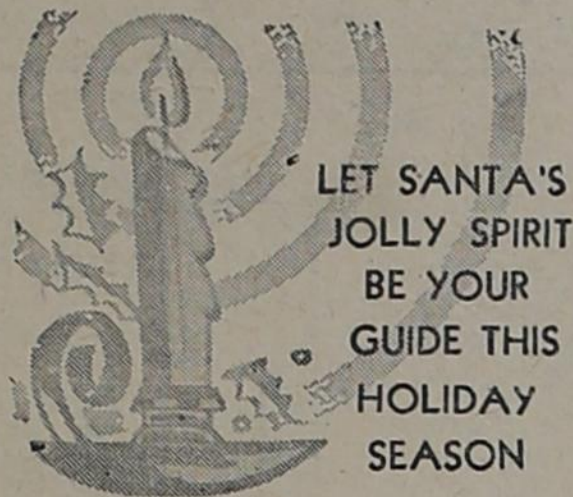
Cary's lips were trembling. "How did you know about it?" he demanded. When I didn't answer, he spoke again.

"Why are you doing this—I'm not a post member, you know."

"Bill," I said, "you mentioned the Legion preamble a minute ago. Maybe you don't know, but it winds up with those words—and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

My committee members were grinning happily. But Cary wasn't—he was crying like a kid.

"Come," I said to my gang, "Let's get the heck out of here."



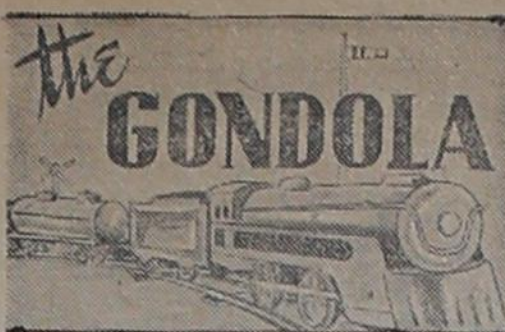
WRIGHT BROS GARAGE Gorman, Texas



FROZEN FOOD LOCKERS



COOK'S GARAGE Texaco Gas and Oils Goodyear Tires and Tubes General Repairs Phone 47



By Shirley Sargent

HARLEY DAVIS was always wanting something. He knew Christmas was only two weeks off, but he just itched to buy a gondola car for his electric train. One day he ditched his little sister, Charlene, and hurried down town. He spent his entire monthly allowance and all his savings for a blue gondola car. Harley hoped his mother wouldn't be angry because he had been gone all afternoon. He hoped.

Contrary to his expectations, Mrs. Davis was jovial, teasing him, and even, to his immense relief, keeping Charlene away from his package. Charlene was five and a pest to Harley, because he was nine and grown up. Helping mother with the dishes that night was almost fun, Harley thought; she was so friendly and nice. Then it happened.

"Harley," his mother said tenderly, "Don't tell me what you bought unless you want to, but what did you get for Charlene?"

Harley was stunned. He wished she wouldn't smile at him—couldn't she see he was trying to think? "Nothing, mom," he stammered. "I bought a gondola car." "Oh," she wiped a plate slowly, "I thought you had been Christmas shopping."



Harley was stunned. He wished she wouldn't smile at him.

"I guess I spent all my money; I guess I sort of forgot about Christmas presents," Harley hung his head.

"Yes, I guess you did," she answered and that was all she said about it, but he felt terrible. He didn't even unwrap his new car.

Gee, he'd really pulled a dumb trick this time, Harley thought miserably. He'd always bought them presents, but he'd completely forgotten it. Well, he'd have to earn some money; even his piggy bank was empty. He earned a quarter the next morning shoveling snow, but he had to take care of Charlene most of the time.

HE TRIED to get a job the next day, with no luck, and when he found a dime in the snow Charlene grabbed it, yelling "Finders keepers . . ." He was so furious, he felt like choking her. Instead he made her a big snow house on the sidewalk, right in everybody's way, but people didn't seem to mind. Then the apartment lady with her little girls stopped to admire it.

"How old are you, Harley?" she asked.

"Nine," he said proudly. "I wonder," she smiled, "I wonder if you could take care of my little girls this afternoon?"

Harley started to tell her gosh no, but she interrupted, saying she'd pay him 25c an hour. Harley was so surprised he leaned against the snow house, knocking part of it down. "Why sure, I'd be glad to," he said.

Harley worked hard that afternoon, doing everything three little girls could think of and he could build. Once in a while the lady would wave to him from the apartment window, but he was usually too busy to look up. She paid him a whole dollar and asked if he would take care of the children again the next day. Harley, tired as he was, managed to say "Yes." His mother teased him about being a baby sitter, and was he going to charge her for taking care of Charlene? Harley didn't mind; after all he had a cash capital of \$1.25.

Although it rained the following day, Harley earned another dollar taking care of the little girls in the apartment.

That afternoon, with his mother's blessing, he went Christmas shopping. He felt proud to pay for the presents with money he had earned. He had the packages gift-wrapped and put them under the tree without telling his mother what he had gotten.

Christmas morning the floor was littered with gay papers, children's toys and Harley's electric train. He opened the box and put the gondola on the track. It looked keen.

Then mother handed him another package. "I bought you a gondola car a long time ago," she explained. "But of course I had to return it. I think you've earned this, though."

Harley grinned at his mother as he peeled the paper off. He knew what she meant. "A tank car?" he shouted. "Gee, mom, just what I need."



Work Guaranteed JEWELRY

J. E. Powell

Roberts St. next to Bibby's GORMAN

J. E. WALKER Druggist Phones Nite 109

Mehaffey Drug

Front End Alignment Specialists

KING MOTOR CO.

Phone 42 Eastland

GORMAN PROGRESS

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SPECIAL THE LIFE-TIME CHRISTMAS GIFT SINGER SEWING MACHINE Desk Models as low as - \$222.50 Table Models as low as - \$152.50 Portables - \$89.50 to \$149.50 SINGER SEWING CENTER

West side of Square Phone 863 Eastland, Texas



Best Wishes

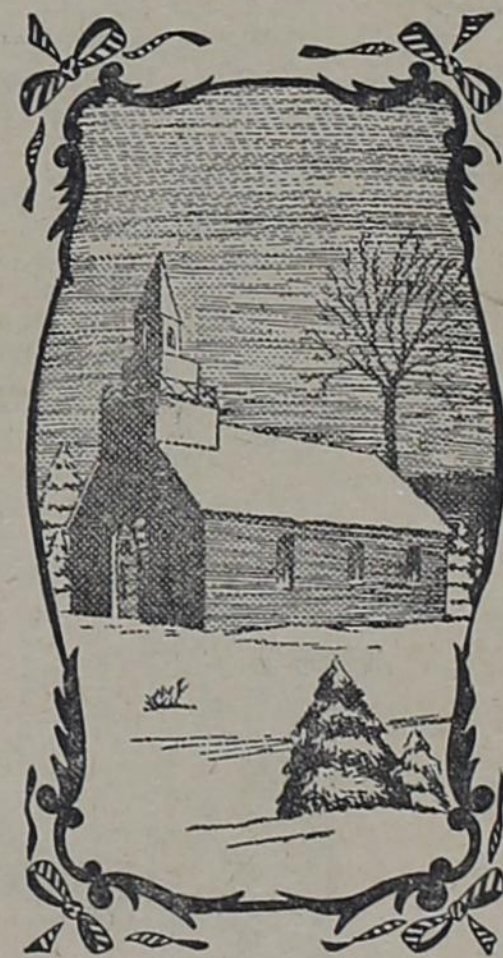


May you have a lifetime of the kind happiness you find on Christmas morning

1951

Gorman Insurance Agency

BERENICE JEFFS GLYNN KIRK



Merry Christmas

It is people like you who give meaning to our celebration of the Saviour's birth

1951



The First National Bank GORMAN, TEXAS

"Oldest Bank In Eastland County"

Meaning Of Christmas

By Marvin C. Dorsett

Braxley was grumpy this morning. There was nothing that irritated him quite so much as to fiddle around with the Christmas rush. Every year it was the same old story - people rushing into his variety store, mauling through the toys and other merchandise, picking up an item here and there looking at it and demonstrating it more than likely, without buying at all. It was disgusting to have to follow around and re-arrange things that were so needlessly misplaced in wrong compartments, by the thoughtless throng that lined his counters. And that wasn't all. . . it griped him to have to decorate his windows for such tomfoolery; clutter up the aisles with the different large toys which didn't fit his counters. . . such as tricycles, . . wag ons, . . scooters, and little cars. But it meant money to him - good money - so he had tolerated it all these years. Many times he had stood, smilingly and courteously by while some customer gushed over some trival toy, when he was in no mood at all Mushy sentiment! Merry Christmas! Bah!

On this particular morning, he was more disgruntled than ever. Four more days until Christmas. Four more days of this eager,

pushing mob, each one intent to his own ends. . . disregarding any one else's rights but their own; juggling - - shoving - - jostling jockeying for better positions. It all reminded him of a bunch of hogs swarming around a swill barrel. Four more days to go. . . He had just settled down to re-stocking some items much in demand when he felt a light touch on his arm. Turning, very much annoyed, he saw a small boy of perhaps seven or eight years of age looking up, askance, at him. "What do you want?" he asked shortly.

"Mister, I. . . I jist wondered 'f - 'f you c'd need some help

'round th store?" "Naw, go try some'wh'er-else. I haven't got the time to fiddle with you."

"But I c'n. . . " "Go on. Get out of here. Scat!" impatiently.

"Ye, y'es sir," the boy turned toward the door. Braxley turned and looked at the lad as he left, noticing the dejected slump to the little shoulders, looking longingly at the vast array of toys on the counters as he walked a-long. His little clothes were in ill repair almost to the point of rags, and his little hands and face were flushed from the biting cold outside. As he noticed the boys destitute condition and the abject long mirrored in his little face, he felt, suddenly, very small and mean for the brusky way he had treated the lad; for the sharp words that had, through his irritation, caused him to look so dejected and forlorn. He felt, suddenly, an overwhelming wave of compassion sweep over him.

Quickly striding toward the door, he called to the boy. "Wait a minute, son."

"Did you call me, sir?" he asked hopefully.

"Yeah, I'm afraid I did. Say, I do need a boy like you, after all. Come back to the back. I'll show you what to do. There's a lot of little things. . . ."

"Oh, thank you. . . thank you! I'll work hard. I'll do everything you. . . ."

"I know you will, son." Braxley placed his arm across the narrow little shoulders and patted the boy. He felt almost mellow now, and he thought briefly to himself - here I am getting mushy - - but pushed the thought from him. It had been many a day since he had touched a little boy. Not since his, and Margie's son had died. . . .

"What's your name, sonny?" "Kenny. . . Kenny Moore." the boy replied.

Kenny was as good as his word. He worked hard for a little fellow. . . straightening and sweeping the stockrooms; unpacking and re-stocking the different counters, taking pride in his responsibilities.

He took time out a moment once in awhile to play-act with some toy that caught his fancy. Braxley couldn't say that he ex-

pressly needed the boy's help, but it was nice to have him there where he could see him once in awhile; to see his solemn little face. It dawned on him that all his annoyance had gone, like steam out of the air, mysterious in its going. More and more he found his thoughts dwelling on his little helper.

On Christmas Eve, after closing time, Braxley, after his regular payroll was completed, turned to the boy and handed him a large bill, aware that it was much more than the boy's highest expectations.

"Here, Kenny, is yours." Looking down at the bill in his hand, "But this is a way too much Mr. Braxley."

"Consider it a Christmas present, more more more more more sent, Son, and buy yourself and your parents something for Christmas."

"There's just me and Rusty left. He's my crippled brother.

I'll buy something to eat. Lots of it. Thank you so much," and he was gone.

Braxley stayed in his office a long time after that, pondering. Christmas had somehow taken on a new meaning for him. He knew now what it meant - a spirit of giving. Somewhere, in the vague recesses of his memory he could barely remember a passage from the bible, "It is more blessed to give, than to receive." Funny that he hadn't thought of that verse all these years. Why, Christmas was wonderful - one of the most wonderful days of the year. In the morning, he reminded himself as he walked out of the store, he had to see that Santa Claus visited a certain little boy and his crippled brother. As he looked up for the night, he could hear a carol-singer over on the next block singing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." He sighed contentedly as he started home. Margie would be waiting.

HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY

Prepared by Poultry and Egg National Board for and released by Purina News Bureau



REMOVE LEG (thigh or second joint and drumstick). Hold the drumstick firmly with fingers, pulling gently away from turkey body. At the same time cut through skin between leg and body. Continue as follows: (1) **PRESS LEG AWAY FROM BODY WITH FLAT SIDE OF KNIFE.**

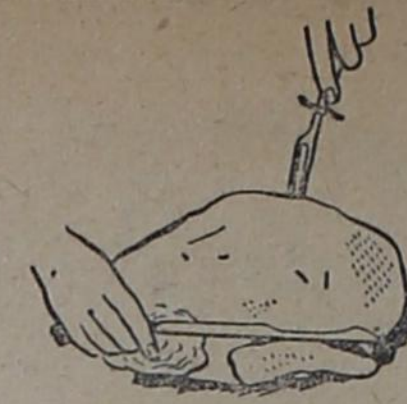
Then cut through joint joining leg to backbone and skin on the back. If the "oyster", a choice oyster-shaped piece lying in the spoon-shaped section of the backbone, was not removed with the thigh, remove it at this point. Hold leg on service plate with drumstick at a convenient angle



to plate. Separate drumstick and thigh by cutting down through the joint to the plate (2). **SLICE DRUMSTICK MEAT.** Hold drumstick upright at a convenient angle to plate and cut down, turning drumstick to get uniform slices. (3) **SLICE THIGH MEAT.** Hold thigh



firmly on plate with a fork. Cut slices of meat parallel to the bone. (4) **CUT INTO WHITE MEAT PARALLEL TO WING.** Make a cut deep into the breast to the body frame parallel to and as close to the wing as possible. (5)



SLICE WHITE MEAT. Beginning at front, starting halfway up the breast, cut thin slices of white meat down to the cut made parallel to the wing. The slices will fall away from the turkey as they are cut to this line. Continue

carving until enough meat has been carved for first servings. Additional turkey may be carved as needed.

Remove individual servings of stuffing from an opening cut into the side of the turkey where leg has been removed. (6)



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Here's a spirited hope that you have a wonderful holiday

Bibby's Gorman, Texas **DEPARTMENT STORE**
"The Best at Popular Prices"



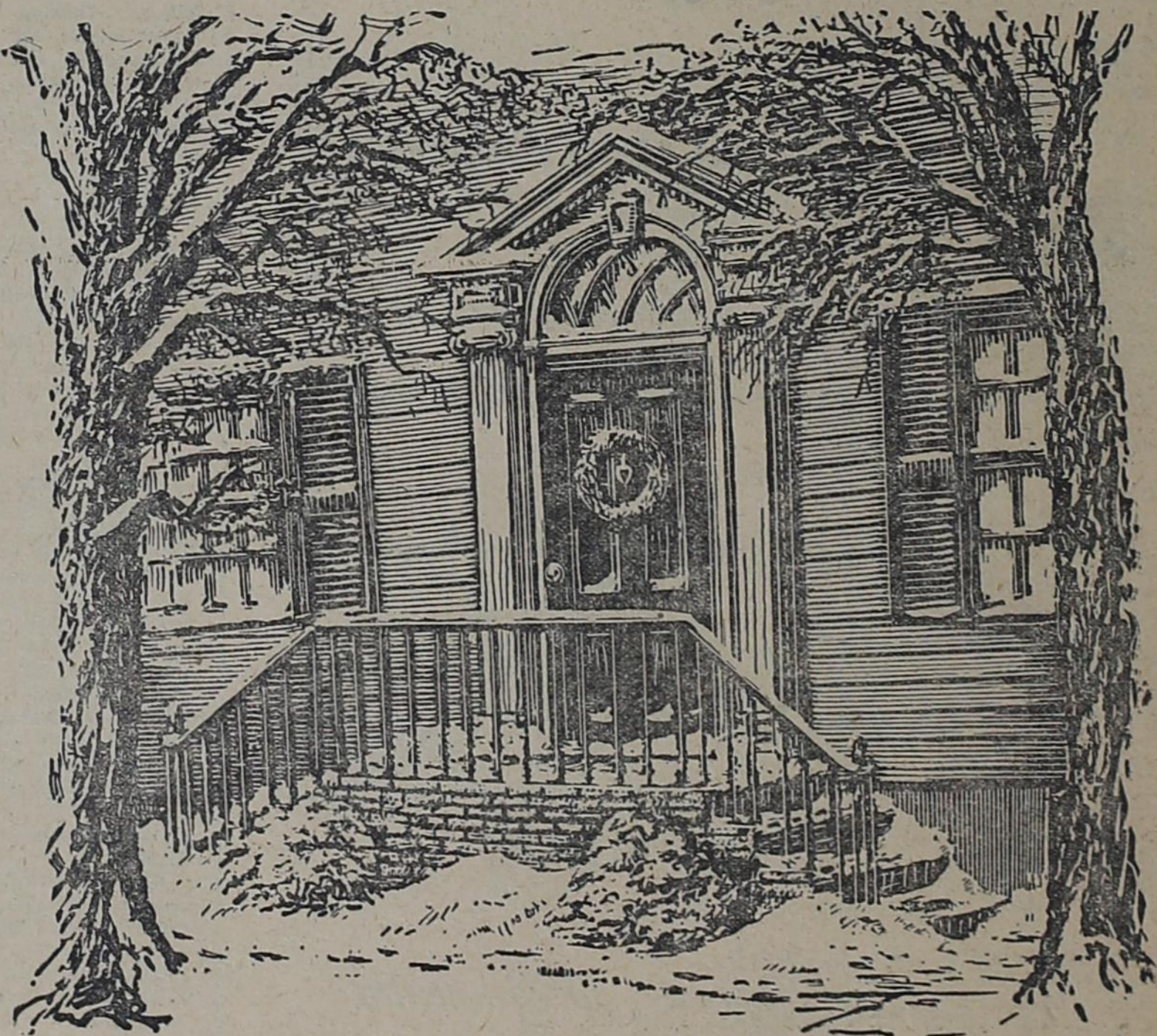
Come let the joy and the beauty of Christmas begin at church where all gather to reverently recall once more that glorious day when He was born.

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Ray



HAPPY NEW YEAR
COMERUS

The door is closed but only to keep out Mr. Frost. The wreath says, "It's Christmas. All are welcome. "This is the spirit of the Yule in America! The family gaathers for the celebration. Friends visit and greetings are exchanged.



Our wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year also carry with them the most heartfelt hope that the cares of the world diminish and spare your homes from the troubles of the time. May all of your days be as joyous and gay as the Christmas morn.

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & Co.
GORMAN, TEXAS
EVERYTHING