

Marots' Home Decorated With Unusual Furniture

By Sally Whitesides

A souvenir, to many people, is something you spend too much money for; something you could have bought at home for half the price; and, above all, something you will never use. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Marot are much different from this category of people. They have bought, do live with, use, and have a deep affection for the articles which they brought home with them from Okinawa.

The local couple returned from this small island in February of 1954. He had been stationed there as a captain in the army. She lived 14 months on the island and spent much of that time learning about the natives, collecting their handicrafts and generally enjoying her surroundings.

Lou was attached to the Corp of Engineers at Camp Kue on Okinawa. Okinawa is the largest of a group of islands of the Ryukyu Island Chain. It is bounded by the East China Sea and the Pacific Ocean and is located midway between Japan and Formosa.

The Marots lived in a government army housing project. Their house was quite large, convenient, and very modern. As most Americans in the islands, they had domestic help. They hired a houseboy, two maids and a gardener.

Wages were no problem. The maids, who "lived in" received about \$11 a month. The houseboy made \$18 and the gardener, \$14. This was according to general wage standards of the islands. The government encouraged the use of native help when possible.

Throughout their home here, the Marots have a flavor of the Asian life. Although their furniture, which they bought or had made over there, is contemporary and along the modern line, the feel of Asia is in each piece.

The government houses, says Mrs. Marot, were unfurnished, except for the bare essentials. As they acquired furniture of their own they turned back the government supplies.

One of Lou's first purchases was a bed. It was intricately carved, says Mrs. Marot, and quite beautiful. So he ordered

a Japanese mattress. When it arrived, the mattress was all of seven feet long and he had to make other arrangements!

HAND-CARVED CABINET

One outstanding piece of hand-carved work to be found in the Marots' living room is a solid teakwood cabinet. Standing about three feet tall and stained a warm brown, this intricate piece of furniture has some spellbinding carvings. Pictures portraying the life of the Asians are carved into a drop lid, along with many others of trees, etc., all around the outside. Also interesting are the many doors on the cabinet—there are at

least a dozen. After the purchase of the cabinet, Lou ordered two sets of "nest tables" to match it. Each set, again intricately carved and beautifully fashioned, has four tables, one inside the other, of graduating sizes. They are also made of teakwood and stained a deep brown.

The Marots' living room suite of pure Indian cane was bought by the couple on a week's jaunt to Hong Kong, China. The slip covers are made of raw silk and cotton; with the material and pattern again bringing out the Eastern feel of the room.

Accentuating the pale blonde of the cane furniture is the cof-

fee table in the middle of the room. This table, low, round and about three feet across, contrasts with the other furnishings because the top is solid black. The four hand-carved legs are a deep red.

The top of the table is finished with Japanese lacquer and inlaid with Mother of Pearl. The "pearl" pictures, which catch the light to show many different brilliant colors, are mostly of birds, flowers and evergreen trees. This, says Mrs. Marot, undoubtedly tells a story if one could read from picture to picture.

SUPERIOR LACQUER WARE

Outstanding, too, are the Okinawan lacquer-finished pieces in the room. One, a shadow box on the wall, proves to even an amateur, what Mrs. Marot says is true. She says that, although the Japanese have been trying for many years to improve the finish of their lacquer ware, it is far inferior to that done by the Okinawans.

One thing which attributes to this, she feels, is that each piece of work is lacquered at least nine times. The gloss and the quality of the work is very apparent.

In a small room, off the living room, Mr. and Mrs. Marot have a collection of miniature figurines in a glassed-in case. Here can be found a complete "sake set," or pitcher and cups used by the natives for their favorite drink. The tiny pitcher is delicately designed and each cup, not much larger than a tablespoon, is made with the picture of a dainty oriental lady smiling at you from the depths.

They also have a genuine set of marriage bowls from Okinawa. These bowls, graduated in size, are for use during the wedding rites of the natives. One, says Mrs. Marot, is for rice, another for salt and yet another is used for the wedding wine. Each of these foods have a particular significance to the people in the ceremony.

Seven Japanese gods, carved from ivory, are another attraction to be found in the case. Each is about two inches tall, artfully made and carries some object which has to do with the Japanese religions.

Another hand-carved object

which, undoubtedly brings smiles to the face of all viewers, is the tiny, hand-carved ivory "honey wagon." The originals are huge, ox-drawn wagons lumbering through the streets of many oriental cities, even today. They have brought grimaces of distaste and disgust to the faces of many an American.

Replicas of the turtle can be found in almost all of the Okinawans' work. It represents a great deal in the Okinawan religion and denotes long life. A piece of "primitive pottery" which Mrs. Marot treasures is a small mermaid's castle. The story behind the castle, according to the folklore of the island, corresponds

to our old fairy tale about Rip Van Winkle.

NATIVE LEGEND

The story goes, says Mrs. Marot, thusly. Once upon a time, several small boys were playing along a beach. When they found a turtle, they proceeded to attack him, but he was saved when one of the group defended him.

After the other boys had gone away to their homes, the turtle reappeared to its protector and offered to take him for a ride under the sea. The little boy accepted the invitation; crawled onto the turtle's back and made a trip through the fairy-land world of the waters below the Okinawan reefs. This castle,

lived in by the mermaids of the sea, was only one of many places he was allowed to visit.

After his tour was completed, goes the story, the little boy was returned to his island by the turtle; only to find that 20 years passed and those he had known and played with were grown.

COURTESY ABOVE ALL

The people of the island, says Mrs. Marot, are, above all things, courteous. Although maddening with their complete lack of comprehension of the things which Americans call necessities, these gentle people will never treat anyone impolitely, never embarrass anyone, and they have infinite

patience. The Marots, who were well-acquainted with many of the islanders, learned to love and respect them. The young people are eager to learn and all go to school as long as possible. Incidentally, school facilities are good on the island and are provided by the Okinawan government. The university, which was destroyed during the bombing of World War II, has been rebuilt and is in popular use.

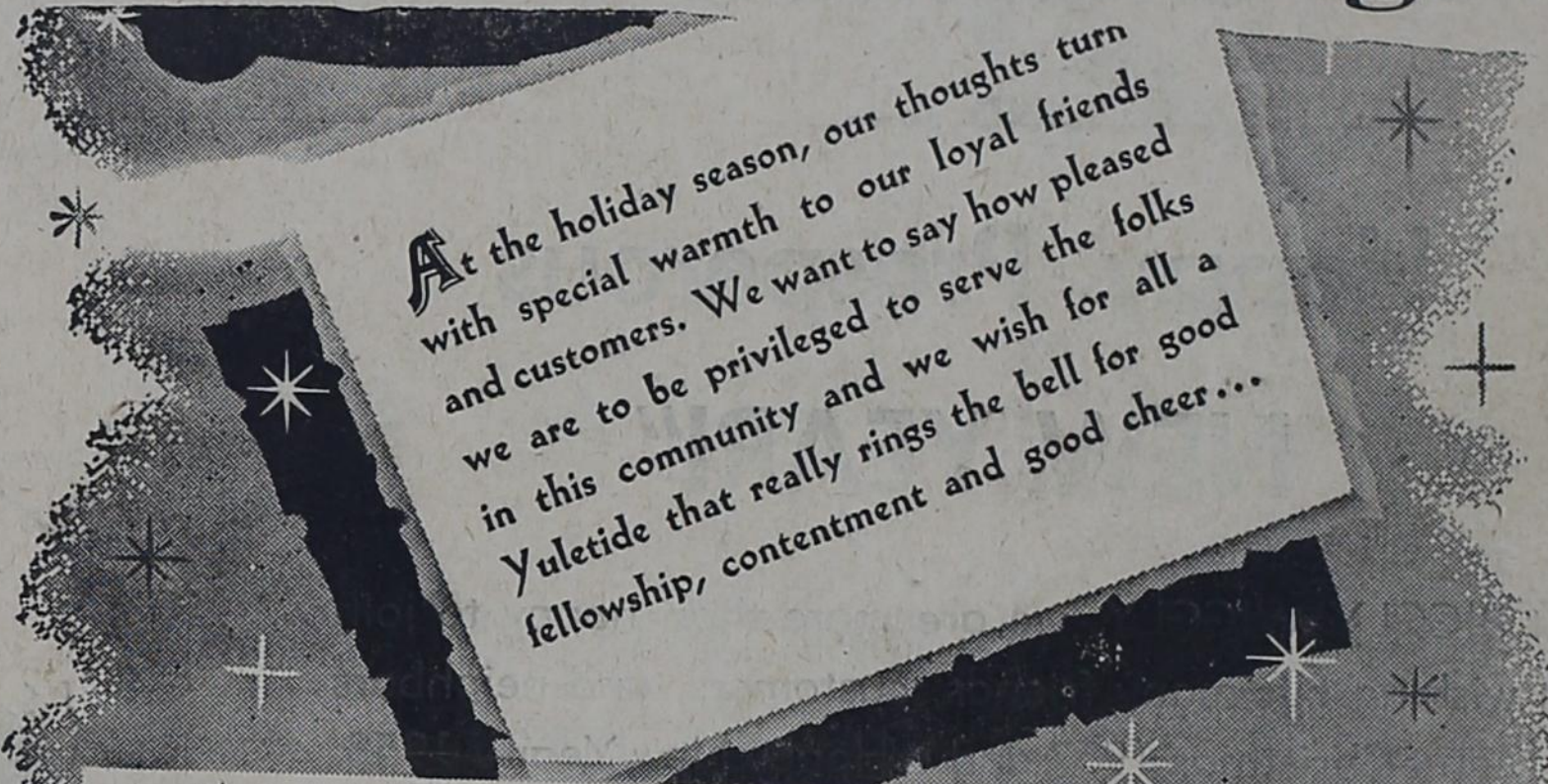
One of the most exasperating features of the natives, says Mrs. Marot, is their reaction to the honking of a horn. Being generally "walkers," they walk anywhere; middles of the streets and highways included.

(Continued on Page 4)



Mrs. Myrtle Marot poses with part of the Asian furnishings and decorations in her home.

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During the past year, we've tried hard to offer you the best possible grocery and meat products, the best possible service, and the fairest prices; in short, we've tried to offer exactly what we felt you wanted from a first quality super market.

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THE BLADE'S FAVORITE...

Holiday Recipes

BUTTERMILK YEAST BISCUITS

For rolls that are quick to make and have a very tender texture, this recipe is ideal. Donated by Mrs. Alton Wylie.

1 cup buttermilk
1 pkg. yeast
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons shortening
About 1 1/2 cups flour

Method: Mix warm buttermilk and yeast together. Then add sugar, salt, baking powder, soda, shortening and enough flour to make a stiff dough. Roll out, cut into biscuits of your favorite size. Let rise about an hour. Brush with melted shortening and bake in a 475 degree oven for about 15 minutes.

UNBAKED FRUIT CAKE

Donated by Mrs. P. A. Adams and Mrs. Alvin Glasscock.

3/4 cup milk
1 pound marshmallows
1 pound graham crackers
1 pound seedless raisins
1 pint mixed candied fruits
4 cups walnuts or pecans

One box each candied cherries, and candied pineapple

Optional: 1 cup or box of dates

Method: Scald milk in a large saucepan over low heat. Add marshmallows and stir until completely melted and a smooth sauce is acquired. Remove from fire. Crush crackers with a rolling pin; mix with raisins, mixed fruits and nuts. Add marshmallow mixture and blend well.

Line a two quart pan with waxed paper. Mix all fruits and cake mixture together and press into paper-lined pan.

Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Glasscock both say the recipe calls for the cake to age one month in the refrigerator, but they say that they both have made the cake one day and eaten it the next—and both agree it is delicious.

DATE LOAF CANDY

Donated by Mrs. I. W. Quickel. Mrs. Quickel says although this recipe for candy has been made popular in recent years, she has had it for about 40 years—and makes it almost every Christmas season.

1 cup white sugar
1 cup milk
1 package chopped dates
1 cup chopped pecan meats
a walnut size amount of butter

Method: Mix milk, sugar and butter in a saucepan and cook to soft ball stage. Add dates to the syrup while still on the fire and cook for about 3 minutes more. Remove from fire, add nuts and beat until thick. Roll in a damp cloth, cool and slice. Mrs. Quickel suggests that to

make this easier to handle, beat until slightly thicker than a heavy pudding. Pour onto cloth and mold into desired size rolls.

LEMON POUND CAKE

Donated by Mrs. Bill Venable.

1 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 eggs (separated)
1 tablespoon lemon flavoring
3 tablespoons baking powder

Method: Cream sugar and shortening. Beat egg yolks and add to 1/2 cup milk. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Add dry ingredients alternately with rest of milk to the egg yolk mixture. Add flavoring and gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about an hour.

Mrs. Venable bakes the cake in an angel food cake pan. The cake can be iced and decorated, but Mrs. Venable says she and Bill prefer it plain, sliced thin.

CABBAGE SALAD

Donated by Mrs. Doris Wilson. It is a recognized fact that Mrs. Wilson is an authority on salad making. She was nice enough to share two of her favorites with us. Here they are:

1 large, firm head cabbage
1 large green sweet pepper
1/2 of a medium onion

Cut cabbage very fine and grind the pepper and onion in a food grinder. Mix together thoroughly with 3/4 cup salad dressing. Add two rounded tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a dash of black pepper.

Mrs. Wilson stresses the use of finely cut cabbage. She also grinds the onion first, then the pepper. That will completely clean out the grinder. The juice of the ground vegetables, by the way, is added to the salad to deepen the flavor. An optional addition is about a tablespoon of vinegar. Personal preference goes a long way in salads, so taste as you go along, suggests Mrs. Wilson.

MRS. WILSON'S CRANBERRY SALAD

1 box fresh cranberries
2 1/2 oranges
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
pecans and Jello

Method: Grind fine, 1/2 medium orange in food chopper—rind and all. Then grind fresh cranberries.

Mix ground orange and ground cranberries with 1 1/4 cup sugar and the juice from the other two oranges. Let stand about two hours.

Dissolve 2 boxes of raspberry or cherry Jello in two cups boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water and 1 cup juice from canned pineapple. Allow to set

until thick enough to hold other ingredients in place but not firm.

Add crushed pineapple to 1 cup coarsely cut pecans. Place in layers on mold with Jello first, pineapple-cranberry-nuts mixture. Cover with Jello and repeat. Allow to set until firm.

Mrs. Wilson says to be sure and grind the orange very fine, and regrind if necessary. Also, taste the orange; if it is bitter, use less of the ground orange mixture.

APPLE DUMPLINGS

Donated by Aunt Ellen Remmsnyder. This recipe was recommended by several other ladies in Bovina. All said that Aunt Ellen's apple dumplings were very delectable.

Make crust of:
2 1/2 cups flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup shortening
enough milk to make a soft dough

Make a syrup of:
2 cups sugar
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup or less butter
2 cups water

Boil syrup while preparing the crust and apples. Slice or chop enough apples to fill the crust. Roll apples in dough and slice as for cinnamon rolls. Place each roll in a baking dish and pour syrup over it. Bake about 40 minutes in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees). Turn out upside down.

Aunt Ellen says they may be served either cold or warm. She prefers them warm, covered with sweet cream.

PECAN ROLL

Donated by Mrs. Alton Wylie.

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1 cup evaporated milk
1 1/2 cups chopped pecan meats

Combine sugars, corn syrup and milk. Cook, stirring until sugar dissolves, until it forms a soft ball (236 degrees). Cool at room temperature without stirring until lukewarm (110 degrees). Beat until mixture holds its shape in 1 1/2 inch rolls. Roll in nut meats. Press nuts firmly into the candy and chill until firm. Slice.

MARSHMALLOW NUT CANDY

Donated by Mrs. Alton Wylie.

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup light cream
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 pound marshmallows
3/4 cup chopped nuts

Put sugar, cream, vanilla and salt in sauce pan, and cook until it reaches the soft ball stage. Remove from heat and put over boiling water in a double boiler. Beat in marshmallow and roll the candy in nuts.



It is our pleasure, at this wonderful season of the year, to extend our warmest greetings — for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous 1958.



And, too, may we take this opportunity to thank you for the business you have brought us during 1957. It was greatly appreciated.



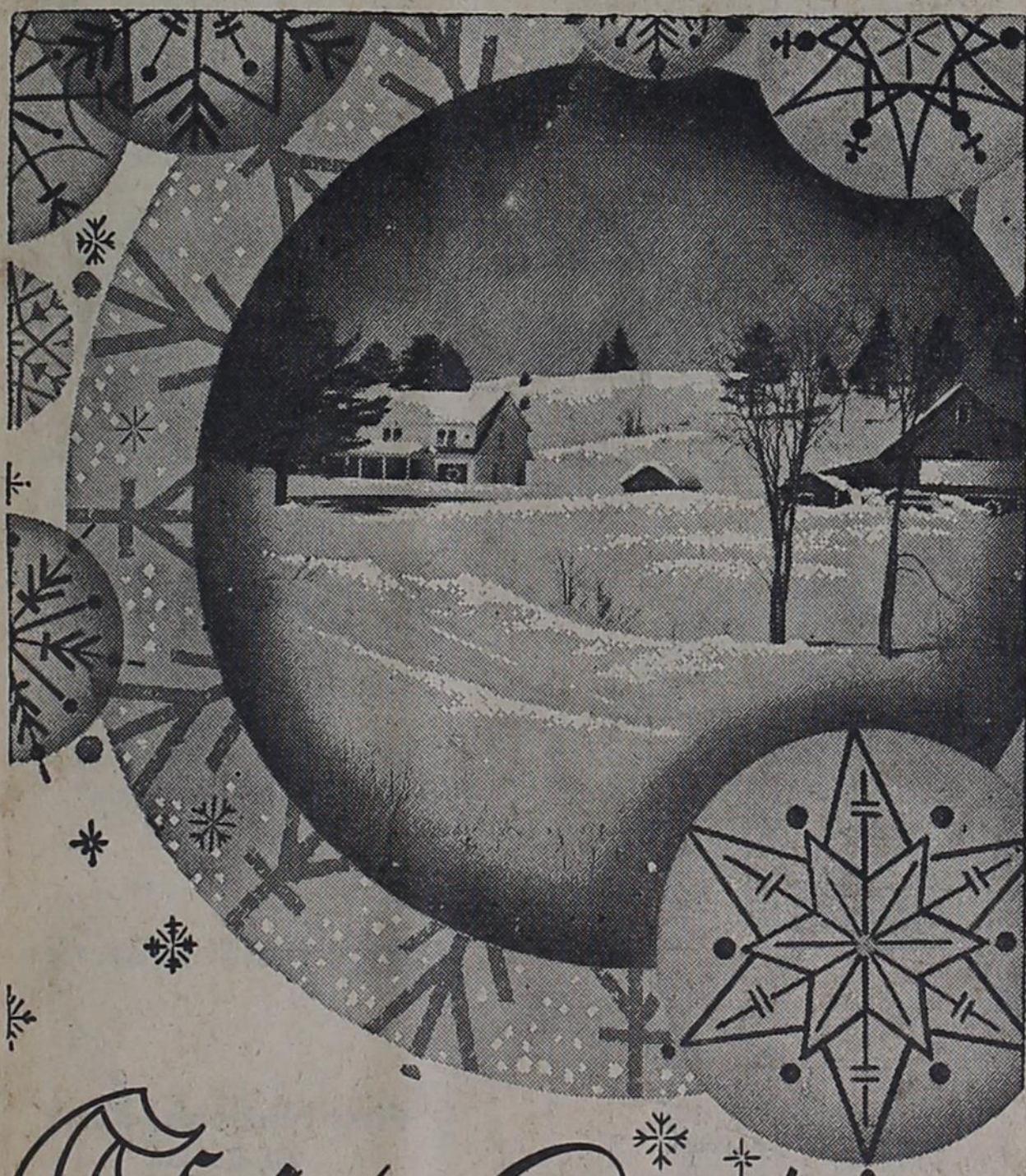
In 1958, it is our aim to continue to offer the best possible elevator facilities and service and to strive to merit your confidence.



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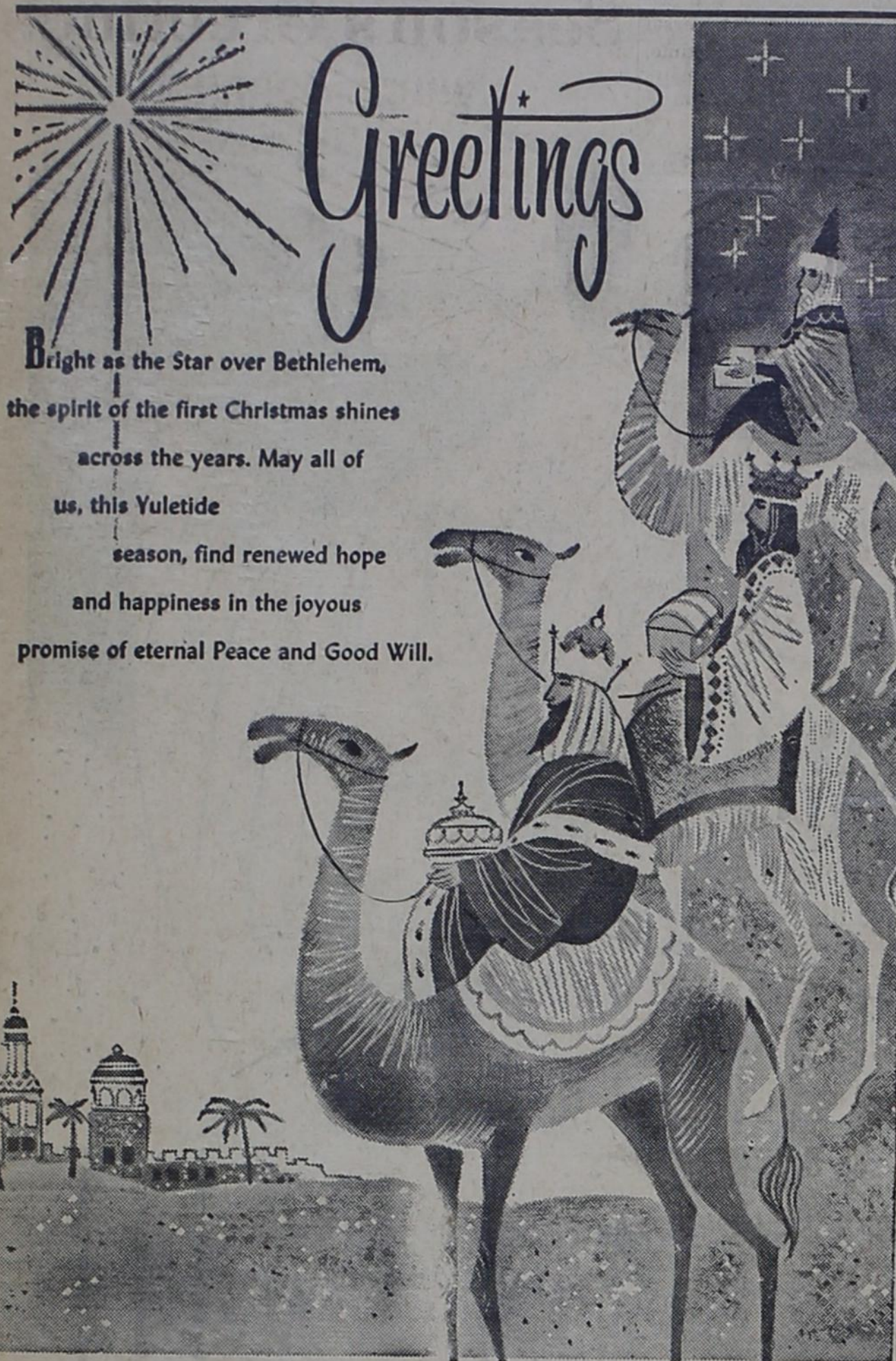


Christmas Greetings

May the true spirit of Christmas bring joy to every home... contentment to every heart. And throughout the coming year, may we all know the peace and good will of which the angels sang on that Holy Night, long ago. To you and yours, we wish a very merry Christmas.

5c-MOORE'S-10c

—Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moore—



Greetings

Bright as the Star over Bethlehem,
the spirit of the first Christmas shines
across the years. May all of
us, this Yuletide
season, find renewed hope
and happiness in the joyous
promise of eternal Peace and Good Will.

Marots' Home—

(Continued From Page 1)

When a horn is honked, think these people, it means you are there, you see them, and will go around them. It doesn't seem to ever occur to them to move out of the path of your car. Needless to say, the speed limit on the islands is 30 miles per hour.

The favorite article Mrs. Marot brought is a "Hakota." One of several brought back by the local couple, Hakotas are handmade figurines of natives; caught in the act of going about their usual life. Mrs. Marot's most beloved piece is a replica of an Okinawan rice man. Seated cross-legged, and with a few grains of rice in his hand, the little old man is grating rice by hand, as it is done in his country. Among the others they have is an old man, warming his hands before a small pit fire. The Hakotas are made of pottery and are fashioned and painted to perfection.

Another interesting set of figurines which are much prized by the Marots are their "Shi-Shis." Supposed to be lions, they look much more like either dogs or cats. These colorful figures are used as pure decorations in the local home. But to the Okinawan home, they are a protection from evil spirits. Incidentally, the female Shi-Shi is the guardian of the home—he is just a decoration.

"TEAHOUSE" CUP

An original tea cup from the famed "Teahouse of the August Moon" is also among the prized possessions. It is small, made of china, and has a delicately fitted lid.

Still another is an Imire plate, about 14 inches across, that is about 150 years old. The plate was given to Mrs. Marot by a family friend in Wisconsin. It had been purchased many years ago, when a member of the family had been in the islands.

The plate is actually a pictorial history of a theatrical family. It is painted in heavy lacquers of brilliant colors.

The Marots have been married for 12 years. He was retired from the army last year, shortly before they moved to Bovina. She was a WAC during World War II.

She was one of the first 500 women to join the Women's Army Corp. She, and her younger sister Kathryn, were stationed first in Battle Creek, Mich. She was first a motor pool dispatcher and later head of the Military Housing Bureau in cooperation with the Chamber of Commerce of Battle Creek.

Since their marriage, the local couple has lived in Illinois, Tennessee, South Carolina, Okinawa and now, Texas. They moved to Bovina the latter part of November, 1956.

So, through covering many miles and living in a foreign land, this couple enjoyed a varied and exciting life. And as mementoes of their various homes and their travels, they brought back useful and ornamental articles with which to furnish their home. They didn't

Writer Explains—

by Sally Whitesides

Although our family consisted of two better than average parents and six fairly normal children, that was never the number to be really counted. Besides friends, neighbors, and relatives that from time to time enjoyed Mother's and Daddy's hospitality, there were also those wonderful friends of all kids.

In this category goes, first, of course, dogs, many cats, a baby lamb or two at different times, a horse when we could talk someone into lending us one and, biggest and best of all was the beloved "Hoopee."

The Hoopee was a 1928 strip-down Model A Ford pickup. It had seen better days, even before it came to us. Before Daddy bought it in 1936, it had been a Coca Cola wagon and heaven only knows what else. The Block family got it and it was never the same again.

That first summer, 1936, things were rough for us, like everyone, but Daddy got his veteran's check and one of the things we bought was the old pickup. Next on the list was a trip back "up north." Since leaving Wisconsin about 12 years earlier, Daddy hadn't seen his mother and dad, or hardly any of his kinfolk. So we went—six kids ranging from 4 to 15 and Mom and Dad.

To us, the younger ones, the trip was a lark, but they all swear they still have scars where four-year old me bit them when the road got too long and the trip too dull. It was a way to start things, anyway. Although the Hoopee was our prized possession for several years, it took a back seat with the adults of the family with the purchase of still another pickup—much newer. No cars for us, they weren't exactly necessities and things were still a little on the tight side. That is how we kids inherited the Hoopee.

It proved invaluable in many ways. It was light enough to go over most snowdrifts, so we were almost never snowbound completely with the Hoopee around. That is, if our health was hardy enough to stand the sharp cut of the wind and occasional sleet storms. Too, it was dandy to chase coyotes in, being of the make that, according to many, a cuss word and a piece of baling wire would mend any breakdown it had.

One of its prized uses was skating on lakes of ice. Again, its lack of weight served in getting it out on the lake, making it truly adventuresome to speed and turn—it would slide from one end of the lake to the other, amid yells of delight by all the kids in the com-

community. That was great fun, until Daddy found out about it. Touched lightly on the Hoopee's value in snow before, but would like to fill it out some more. We, the whole family, except the oldest daughter, who ruined things by marrying the first fall we lived at Ima, (she married a swell guy, but she moved away and didn't get in on most of the fun) would climb into the old pickup, and take off for a rabbit hunt.

Along with a load of laughing and yelling kids and a grinning Daddy, we also had a more or less tense Mother—and at least two dogs. The hunts weren't for the killing, as much for the fun of tracking and chasing them through the snow. Very often we came home with only an outdoor glow to our cheeks and dogs with lolling tongues, but the life was rich, and we loved every minute of it.

As the years passed, more sisters got married and the family was down to the two boys and myself. It was in the Hoopee that I first learned to drive, and was I proud! I was the only girl of 10 in the community that could handle a motor vehicle. My downfall was the day I took Mother and the neighbor girl down to see my sister. The brakes failed in front of her house and we kept going—past her house, through the barnyard and—through her new husband's brand new gate and out into the pasture. We stopped when we hit the second cactus, without a bit of damage. Mother was always leary of my driving and it has only been in recent years that she has quit "pushing the brakes" for me since that time.

Funny part of it was, although that poor little pickup suffered untold indignities at the hands of us kids, it never was seriously damaged. Of course, it would get water in the gas tank, (I found out quick that the boys couldn't get far without me if just a little was added) and there was always a rash of flats—with never a spare tire. Then, too, the brakes were of the straight rod variety and were never what you could

Hoopee Was Lots of Fun

call dependable. The lights, too, had a funny way of going out on the darkest night and the horn would refuse to blow, except when you didn't want it to. Then it would short out and "ahhuogah" until you were crimson with embarrassment. The pickup ran a wheel off for the boys several times, but had enough sense to never do so when I was at the wheel. And the foot feed would come loose when you were too far from a fence to swipe a piece of wire. But all in all, it was a wonderful contraption, and was truly a beloved member of our family.

Years rolled by, one by one, we all finished with schooling and went our separate ways. And only then was the old Hoopee allowed to gently sag to rest. There it sits yet, under the old tree in the back yard of a now vacant house. It has gone a long ways, seen lots of things, suffered terribly, but enjoyed its life, I'm sure. And I like to think that it has memories of us to keep it company now.

The Wassall Bowl

The Wassall Bowl is the center of adult festivities in Scotland. Its origin is lost in antiquity, but tradition has endowed the Wassall Bowl with legendary romance. It is ornamental in design and decorated with branches of greenery. The mixture within is warm and sweet and wine is sometimes added to the ale and sugar and spices

Wishing you all the joys of a



Here's to Christmas and all our friends, neighbors and customers whose loyalty we appreciate greatly. May this truly be a most enjoyable Holiday.

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At this Yuletide season, may we again express our sincere appreciation for your patronage during the 1957 cotton harvest.

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And that's the reason for this message. It says a sincere "Thank you" for the business you have given us—and to wish you a wonderful Christmas—a Holiday Season full of happiness, joy and contentment...

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IN THE TRUE SPIRIT of the Christmas season

May the joy and peace of CHRISTMAS be yours

Church Schedules

PENTECOSTAL HOLINESS		BAPTIST CHURCH	
Sunday School	10 a. m.	Rev. Virgil Goodwin, Pastor	
Morning Worship	11 a. m.	Bible Study	9:45 a. m.
PHYS	7 p. m.	Worship Service	11 a. m.
Evening Worship	8 p. m.	Training Union	8:30 p. m.
Mid-week Service	8:30 p. m.	Evening Worship	7:30 p. m.
		Wednesday Service	8 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH		CHURCH OF CHRIST	
Rev. W. B. Beal, Pastor		Alfred White, Minister	
Church Sch. 1	9:45 a. m.	Bible Study	10:30 a. m.
Morning Worship	11 a. m.	Franching	11:00 a. m.
Evening Fellowship	8:30 p. m.	Communion	11:45 a. m.
Evening Worship	7:30 p. m.	Evening Worship	8:30 p. m.
		Ladies' Aid, Tuesday	8:30 p. m.
		Mid-week Service	8:30 p. m.

For Gifts—

Mrs. Estes, Mrs. Farrell Stuff Dolls

By Sally Whitesides

A hobby turned profitable this fall for Mrs. Edna Estes and Mrs. Lucille Farrell. They have been making novelty stuffed toys.

The children's toys started out as an adventure with scrap material. With the completion of one very attractive toy, the two women decided to venture further into the field. Their interest quickened and, by the first of December, they had assembled many varied toys for tots.

Both women are expert seamstresses, but, Edna says, there is no real trick to making most toys. Time is the major factor involved.

An accurate estimation of cost can't be made, because the majority of their accomplishments are made from left over scraps they had on hand. The toys, for the most part, are stuffed with shredded foam rubber, such as is used in many pillows. But some may be stuffed with cotton or old nylon stockings and material.

Nylon, they say, is really the best, because, not only are they then light and soft, but they wash exceptionally well and dry thoroughly. But the question there is: who has that much stray nylon?

Unlike nylon or foam rubber,

cotton has a tendency to mat with hard use, such as children will give a toy. It will also stain when washed and is very hard to get completely dry.

TV pillows, in the form of fish, rabbits, doll heads and "Humpty - Dumpty's" are on Edna and Lucille's list of accomplishments. They have also made pajama bags, in the form of vari-colored clowns.

ORIGINAL IDEAS

Most of the toys, say the two novelty-makers, can be made out of about half yard of material. They use Butterick or Simplicity patterns. "But most of them now," says Lucille, "come out of our own imaginations." They started with unprinted pastel materials, but soon got ideas of their own and went on from there. Now they are using striped, checked and figured cloth with innovations of their own on every hand.

"A pill," says Edna, "for most 'toy makers' is the faces." She and Lucille settled that question by picking a face (eyes, nose, mouth, etc.) from their pattern collection and then cutting each feature from scrap felt. Not only does that allow them to make attractive faces with little work, but in case you aren't of the artistic nature, your toy looks fine anyway.

Amateurish features, colored or embroidered on, often offset the best of sewing where expression is concerned.

Edna and Lucille use a "zig-zag" type sewing machine, which they feel, makes attaching the features a snap. But, when one of these machines is not available, the simple button-hole or blanket stitch will do.

One toy in particular which the women have made is a fish TV pillow. It is about 12 inches across and is complete with eyes, eye lashes, fins (of a sort), a tail, and a neat little mouth. The eyes and lashes are made from shaped scraps of felt and placed on the face to add a comical expression. The mouth is made from bright red scraps and extends from the toy about an inch. The tail, made of matching felt, is sewed into the body and the end is clipped with scissors to make it more realistic.

The pajama bag clowns are also an outstanding addition to the Estes-Farrell collection. Made with the brightest colored material available, the clown boasts a "stuffed head and an empty body." The face, in elaborate make-up of bright felt features, is topped with a typical clown's cap. The body is made with enough fullness to provide plenty of room for pajamas in the day time.

USEFUL, TOO

One mother in the area can already verify the usefulness of this novelty. Edna made one last week for Bobby, son of the S. E. Reddens. Mrs. Redden reports that, during the daytime, the clown hangs on Bobby's closet door knob. At night, after he has been emptied of his pajamas, he goes to bed with the little boy for companionship. What more could be asked of a toy?

To add more realism to the toys, hands and feet are added in just the right places. These, too, are made of felt or any matching or contrasting material, and then stuffed lightly. Fingers, nails, wrists, etc., are made by simple stitches down the lines of the pattern. The hands of the clown, for instance, are black and made to look like the gloves which most clowns wear.

Collars, ears, and other additions demanding stiffness are lined with one or two thicknesses of crinoline.

TIME BIGGEST EXPENSE

Price goes a long way with many people around the Christmas season. Because most of these toys can be made of almost any scrap of material, time is the only real expense. The fish, rabbits and doll head pillow-toys each can be made in about two hours time. The clown, however, takes more material and time. About 2 1/2 yards of material are used in the construction of the pajama bags, but the time—about eight hours each, is the real drawback.

But, on the other hand, says Edna, while comparing prices last fall, she found clowns which resembled hers priced at nine dollars. The expense of making them is under \$2.

For the small "tom boy" girls, Lucille has made an attractive apron. She took a large blue bandana type handkerchief, the type which men use and children love to play with. She then cut it in two diagonally and gathered each half onto a band of contrasting material, and presto—she had two waist aprons that will go well for any little "cops and robbers" sort of girl. Mrs. Farrell added miniature pockets on the right hand side of each, with the name of the little girl to receive it embroidered across the top.

Lots of time and effort have been involved in the making of this collection of toys, but the rewards for the two women have been great. Not only have they "accomplished something" during fall's long evenings, but they have decreased the names left on their Christmas gift list. With these simple toys, which as every parent knows, are of the favorite class for most small fry, the two ladies have saved the expense of buying gifts. They also know they have chosen toys to match the need and personality of each recipient.

A real gift, Lucille and Edna feel, is given from the heart as well as the pocket book. Through the selection of toy patterns and materials and the time consumed, these women put their hearts into their Christmas gifts. And that's the way it really should be.



Mrs. Lucille Farrell and handmade dolls.

STAMP COLLECTORS, NOTE!

Philatelists will be interested in the introduction of Nepalese stamps into the international postal system. On their New Year, April 13, Nepal will become a member of the Universal Postal Union for the first time, according to a recent bulletin from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. Formerly the postal system of India handled Nepal's mail, outside her own borders.

Wishing you
Season's Greetings
WINES PRODUCE
— Purina Feeds —

Merry Christmas and Happy Remodeling

Cicero Smith LUMBER COMPANY

Phone 2671

Bovina

J. E. Sherrill - Robert Read - Kathryn Johnston

MERRY

We send this Christmas message in sincere appreciation of the confidence you have shown in us.

CHRISTMAS

Artistic
Hairstyle Salon

Jesse McSpadden Joa Dawn Horton



Season's Greetings

A special delight of the holiday season is the opportunity it brings to exchange greetings and good wishes with all our friends. We thoroughly enjoy the friendly relationship we have with you, our customers, and we'd like to express our gratitude for your valued patronage. A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

First National Bank of BOVINA

Member ● FDIC Federal Reserve System



Merry Christmas

Christmas is for everybody... let every heart be young and joyful. We join Santa in sending to you the cheeriest greetings of the holiday season. Here's hoping you'll have a generous share of all the things that belong to Christmas... lots of laughter and singing, gifts and good wishes, fun and feasting, love and fellowship, peace and good will.

WILSON--BROCK Insurance Agency

"All Kinds of Insurance"

Joe Wilson

Aubrey Brock

LETTERS TO Santa Claus

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a B-B gun, a bicycle and a box to put the B-B's in and some extra B-B's.
Love,
Lynn Murphy

Dear Santa Claus,
I want you to bring me a guitar, gun and holster set, canteen to carry water in and a saddle to ride a shetland pony. I am six years old. I have tried to be a good boy.
With love,
Johnnie Mack Taylor,
Rte. 1, Farwell.

Dear Santa Claus,
My name is Carissa Jo Englant, I am four years old. I would like to have a ballerina doll and a doll house. I would like for you to bring my little two-year old brother a truck and a tractor.
I love you,
Carissa Jo Englant
P. S. My cousin, Patsy Lloyd wrote this letter for me.

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a Kissing Pink Doll, a doll set and a doll buggy, a pair of skates and a make-up set.
Love,
Carol Kirkpatrick

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a trumpet for Christmas. Also, I want an Erector set with a motor. And, please bring me a football.
From,
Mark Clark

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a bicycle and a Kissing Pink doll, a make-up set, a Barbie doll set and some skates.
Love,
Freda Gaines

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a walking doll. I would also like some clothes for my walking doll.
Love,
Jennie Mundoz

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a wedding doll for Christmas.
Love,
Glady Smith

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a filling station set, a football set and an electric train. I want the football set to be one of the kind that is electric. My little brother wants a pellet gun and a bicycle.
Love,
Stephen Blake

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a doll and a story book, dishes and a dress for my baby doll. I want a baby doll that walks and sleeps.
Love,
Beatriz Espinza

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a B-B gun and a two gun holster for Christmas. Also please bring me a basketball.
Love,
Victor Leal

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a doll and a doll house. Please bring me a make-up set and a new dress, a can-can, a doll set and a buggy and some skates.
Love from,
Cecilia Denney

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me and my brother a farm set.
Yours,
Kent Stanberry

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a two gun and holster set, a horn, some clothes, a football suit and a sail boat.
Love,
Donny Garrett

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a watch, a bowling set and a football. My little brother wants a tool set and a filling station set. Don't forget the other boys and girls. I will leave you something to eat.
Until Next Christmas,
Mickey Don Ellison

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a Bible with my name printed on it and a set of dishes, some doll dresses and a little bed. I like you Santa Claus and remember my little brother and sisters and all the little boys and girls that are looking for you.
Love,
Pamela Webb

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a doll, some dishes and a wagon.
Love,
Lickie Ramirez

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a doll, stove, dishes and clothing. I have tried to be a good girl.
Love,
Beth White

Dear Santa,
Here I'm writing you this few lines to tell you I want all these toys for Christmas. First

of all, I want a B-B gun and a set of two cars and a pair of boots. Santa, I want a cowboy hat. I want all these things to play with my new Christmas toys.
Thank you very much Santa, I'll be a nice boy.
My name is Jessie Garcia Jr.

Dear Santa Claus,
For Christmas, I want a toy catapillar and a toy gun. Please bring me some books for Christmas and a baseball bat and a football, too.
Love,
R. B. Riley

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a service station and my brother and me some bunk beds.
Yours truly,
Jerry Cooper

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a watch that really ticks, a road grader, a bicycle and a steam shovel. And also, a baseball bat and an electric train.
Love,
Curtis Drager

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a pony and a wedding doll and a cowgirl suit.
Thank you,
Beverly Whelan

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a baby doll, a set of dishes, and some apples and candy.
Thank you,
Beatriz Everett

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a doll that talks and some dresses for her. I want some cowgirl boots and a chair that sleeps the doll. You are a wonderful man.
Yours,
Rosa Leal

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a bicycle and two guns and a B-B gun and two boxes of B-B's and three cars.
Thank you,
Daniel Hernandez

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a warrior pop-up and a pogo stick. I am seven years old and in the first grade.
Gary Carson

Dearest Santa,
I am six years old and I go to school. I like school and do all the work Miss Fisher tells me to. I would like a station, sky sweeper, doctor set and a "Bob'em-Catch'em" for Christmas.
I have a sister four years old. Lisa wants a ballerina doll, nurse set and a view master.
Love,
Johnnie Charles

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a doll for Christmas. I want a broom and a house and a doll bed.
Your little friend,
Thresia Munoz

Dear Santa,
I would like a bride doll for Christmas, with an extra wardrobe of clothes. I have been a good girl, I hope. I have a sister and brother, too. My sister wants a doll and James wants a fire truck. Here's hoping you won't forget us. My very best to Mrs. Santa.
Love,
Myrna Ritchie

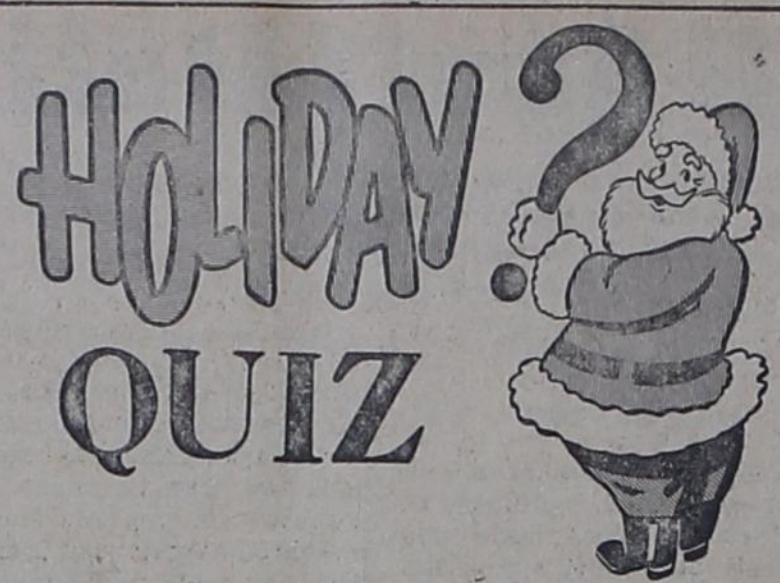
Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a B-B gun and an electric train.
Love,
Roger Horton

Dear Santa,
I am seven years old. I am in the second grade. I have tried to be a good boy. Please bring me a pair of house shoes, boots, watch, and a ring. Also games and a Rin Tin Tin set. Don't forget my teacher Mrs. Hammonds and all the kids in my room.
I love you,
Roy Crawford, Jr.

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a football, B-B gun and some skates.
Love,
Saragoso Alonzo

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a B-B gun.
Love,
Royce Lorenz

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring our brother a
Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a Glamour Girl. She is a pretty doll. Also, a doctor set and a watch. Don't forget my sister. She wants a baby doll. Please get it for her.
Love,
Donna Jo Gaston



- HOLIDAY QUIZ**
1. Q. Where did the poinsettia get its name?
 2. Q. "Bono Natale" is a holiday greeting in which land?
 3. Q. Who was Thomas Nast?
 4. Q. Who wrote "O Little Town of Bethlehem"?
 5. Q. Where was the original St. Nicholas born?
 6. Q. For what writing is Clement Clark Moore famous?
 7. Q. What does the name Kris Kringle mean?
 8. Q. When was Christmas first observed in England?
 9. Q. In which land do children await the visit of Christkindliff?
 10. Q. Which is the most widely translated Christmas Carol?

ANSWERS
1. From Joel R. Poinsett, American statesman and minister to Mexico. 2. Italy. 3. American cartoonist who first drew Santa as fat, merry man with white beard. 4. Phillip Brooks, in 1868. 5. In the port city of Patara, in Southern Turkey. He was for many years Bishop of Myra. 6. "A Visit to Saint Nicholas," better known as "Twas the Night Before Christmas." 7. Christ Child, 8. About 521 A.D., during the reign of King Arthur. 9. In Switzerland. 10. Adeste Fideles, translated in 119 different languages.

Dear Santa,
I am six years old. I want a little baby doll with a bath tub and a suitcase. Be good to all the other boys and girls. Merry Christmas to you, Santa.
Love,
Phyllis Renner
Friona, Texas

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a bicycle, puzzle, dust mop, broom, toy umbrella, vacuum cleaner and a baby doll and buggy.
Love,
Martha Ann Adams

Dear Santa Claus,
I would like to have a missile, pump gun, cap gun, books and some clothes. Remember all the other boys and girls, please.
Yours truly,
Johnnie Lowell Taylor

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a electric football set. Please bring me a boxing set and a pair of gloves. Don't forget my sisters and brother.
Love,
Rex Cumpston

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a doll. Please bring me a stove and icebox. Don't forget my sister.
Love,
LaNelle Christian

Dear Santa,
I want a B-B gun, a Roy Rogers truck and a pair of boots. Don't forget my brother and sister.
Love,
Roger Cathey

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a machine gun, a cowboy color book and a punching bag. I am eight years old and in the second grade.
Love,
Alan Dale Carson

Dear Santa Claus,
I want some skates, a penny bank and a boxing set. Don't forget Carol and Debra and Randy.
Love,
Daryl Kirkpatrick

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me an electric train. Please bring my Mother a lazy susan. Please bring me a B-B gun. Please don't forget the other boys and girls.
Love,
David Stevens

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a Fairy Doll, Lassie and a baby kit. Santa, don't forget the other boys and girls. A basket will be waiting for you. Happy Christmas to the North Pole.
Love,
Janice Elizabeth Morton

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a football and a truck. Thank you for the things. Don't forget the other boys and girls.
Love,
Rene Hernandez

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a B-B gun. My little sister wants a doll. I will leave you coffee and cake.
Love,
Jerry Don Morris

Wishing you the best of all your desires and a Happiness this Christmas that will continue throughout the coming year.



RAY SUDDERTH & SON
Real Estate
Hwy. 60 Bovina

Dear Santa,
I want an Elgin watch for Christmas, a ballerina doll and some dishes. I would like to also have a typewriter. I am trying to be good. I am eight years old. Please don't forget the other children.
With love,
Debra Edens

Dear Santa,
I am in the third grade and I hate to ask for very much this year, but I do want a watch and a cooking set. My little brother wants a guitar and a drum. We will be good 'til you come. That's all for this year.
All my love,
Terisa Sudderth

Dear Santa,
I want a Roy Rogers Bonanza double holster, 12 inch holsters and 11 inch repeater guns. I also want a Roy Rogers suit, black pants, a white hat, your best red shirt, cowboy spurs and red scarf. I also want a Roy Rogers Daisy Golden rifle. My little brother wants the same things you bring me. I would also like a junior-size typewriter that types and a watch.
With all love,
Craton Looney

Dear Santa Claus,
I am a little nine year old girl. I am in the third grade. Will you please bring me a little doll and a telephone. My sister wants a doll, too. I will be happy if you bring it.
Love,
Josefina Alonzo

Dear Santa,
Bring me what you think I should have. My sister would like for you to bring her an Annie Okely holster and gun and a stick horse. My youngest sister would like the same.
With love,
Eddi Corn

Dear Santa,
I would like for you to bring me a Turbo-jet model airplane that will really fly and some J-73 fuel. I would like some instructions on a Turbo-jet because I have never flown one. Santa, I am now a Cub Scout and I have a uniform. Last year, you brought me a flash camera. I would like some flash bulbs and size #20 film.
Please don't forget the other boys and girls.
Love,
Kregg Wilson

Dear Santa,
I want a jewelry box and a doll. My sister wants a jewelry box and a doll also.
Santa Claus, remember the other little children everywhere.
All my love,
Gale Boyd

Dear Santa Claus,
Please bring me a model airplane, B-B gun and some clothing. I want a watch. I guess that will be all.
Love,
Billy White

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a doll and some doll clothes and some colored cray-

ons. I will be a good girl now. I will be happy if you bring these things. I will be happy anyway.
Sincerely yours,
Linda Kay Horner

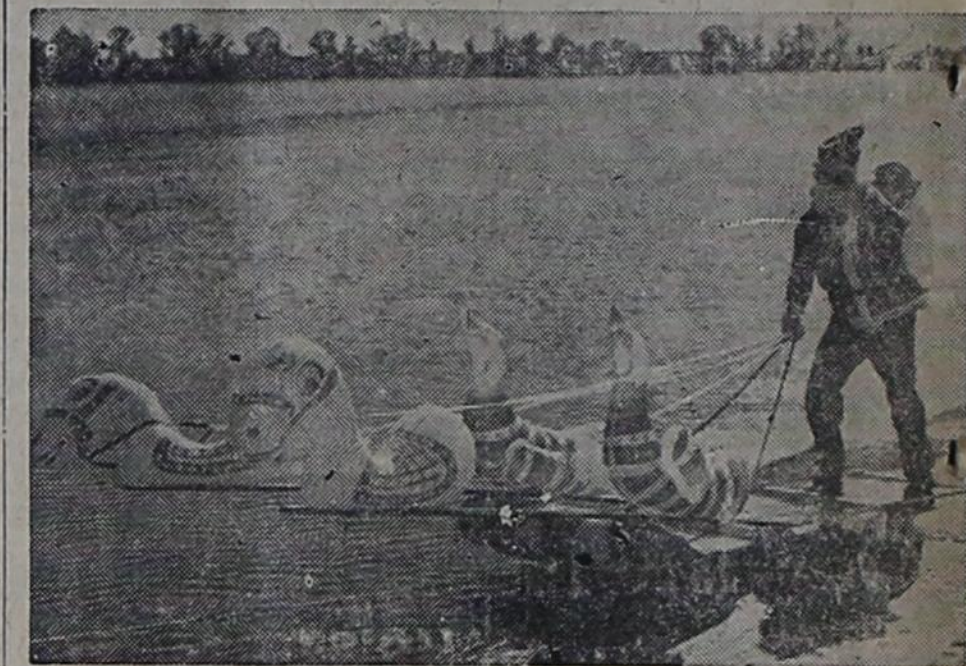
Dear Santa,
I am eight years old. I am a Wolf Cub Scout. I want a bike for Christmas. I have been trying to be good all year. I hope you come to see me on Christmas Eve.
With love,
Lee Terry

Dear Santa,
I want some guns and a rifle, a watch and two boxing gloves. Also, I would like a pair of snow boots and a bicycle. Don't forget my sister and my two brothers. That is all for this year.
With love,
Joe Straskulic

Dear Santa,
I would like for you to bring me two guns, a truck and a car. Please bring me some fruits, nuts and candy, too.
Love,
Jackie Huddleston

Dear Santa,
I would like to have a Wyatt Earp gun set. My little brother would like to have a two gun set. My little sister would like to have a baby buggy and a tricycle. My little brother would also like to have a tricycle.
Love,
Gregory Mahon

Dear Santa,
I want a watch for a girl and a bicycle. I hope you will come to see all the boys and girls.
Love,
Betty Ann Pounds



SOUTHERN SANTA . . . Reindeer may be fine up No'th, but Santa uses other transportation when he makes his Southern swing. At Cypress Gardens, Florida, naturally, he uses sea horses and seals to pull his water toboggan.

JOY TO THE YOUNG

One of the most beautiful aspects of Christmas is the joy that it brings to the hearts of the young, the shining anticipation that lights their merry eyes like candles.
How old are you that you cannot remember the many times you lay quietly in the winter dark eagerly awaiting the anticipated hour of midnight? Did you ever tiptoe down the stairs, silently, cautiously, peeking around the corner to see if HE had been there? Can you not remember how all at once the days and hours of waiting were ended in the glorious realization that it was Christmas morning? Do you not recall how the world seemed different on that day, how your nostrils were filled with the aroma of pine and nuts, fruits and the fresh red paint of a wagon or the unsold newness of a fluffy doll?
You are not so old that you cannot remember, nor so blind that you cannot see it in the eyes of your children. For it is there it is a part of the spirit of Christmas and an important part. For the moment it is the spirit of receiving, but this will change with time as the spirit of giving and the truer meaning of Christmas become a reality.
So let young hearts enjoy the coming of Christmas. Neither man nor time can change the idea of Christmas in the hearts of the very young, no more than they can alter the true meaning of the Christmas story.

warm wishes

The scene is set for Christmas... enter laughter and love, joy and good cheer. To your happy holiday, we'd like to add our warmest wishes, our most sincere thanks for the opportunity of serving you. Your patronage is truly appreciated... we'll do our best to deserve it always.

—from the management & employees of—

Hereford Creamery

Cream O' Plains Milk
Hereford

Hope you have a **JOYOUS CHRISTMAS!**

HASTINGS ELECTRIC
Hotpoint Appliances

Greetings

Joy rings out at this Yuletide season, and we want to send you a sincere note of appreciation for your valued friendship and your good will. Frequently, in the rush of business, we often fail to express our gratefulness to you, who make our progress possible. So thank you for all favors, and a mos Merry Christmas

O. W. Rhinehart
Real Estate Farm Loans Hwy. 60 Bovina



NATIVITY SCENE... The best known and most used of all Christmas arrangements is the Nativity scene. For year after year at public squares, churches and the lawns of business and private individuals are brightened by arrangements such as the one shown above.

LETTERS TO Santa Claus

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me an army truck with radar and a missile gun on it. I have been nice. Thank you very much. Marvin Lee Readhimer

New Year Once Top Holiday in Russia

Welcoming in the New Year in Pre-revolutionary Russia was a rousing affair—a booming 100 cannon shots fired at midnight. In Petrograd, now Leningrad, the streets would be jammed with merry-makers. After the booming cannon ushered in the New Year, the Czar would formally receive the good wishes of his subjects. On New Year's Day the winter palace was open to society. Festivity reigned throughout the city and hospitality and charity were the watchwords from palace to cottage.

New Year Observed Around the World

New Year traditions are universal, although there may be calendar variations or differences in the race and creed of the observants. The Chinese, for example, believe in getting the New Year off to a good start by paying up all their debts on New Year's Eve. And the English claim it's a good idea to start a savings account on January 1, since what you do on New Year's Day is indicative of what the ensuing year will be like.

NEW YEAR FIRST

First to welcome each New Year are the residents of the Chatham Islands New Zealand

Dear Santa, Please bring me a service station. Yours truly, Jerry Cooper

Dear Santa, I am six years old. I want a baby doll and a tea set for Christmas. I would like to have a bake set, a doll carriage and a baton. Love you, Patti Horton

Dear Santa, I want a gun and bicycle for Christmas, and an electric train and a B-B gun. That is all I want for this Christmas. Love, Clyde Martinez

Dear Santa Claus, I am a little eight year old girl. I live in Bovina. I would like for Christmas a bride doll with high heels, some snow shoes, a dress, size "8" with a red slip. I have a little sister who is four. She would like some snow-boots, a dress size "6" with a blue slip and a doll with an evening dress and high heels. Don't forget the other boys and girls. Hope to see you Christmas Eve. Love, Beverly Jo Pinner

Dear Santa Claus, My brother would like for you to bring him a farm set and a doctor set. I would like for you to bring me a Revlon Big Sister doll, a watch and a set of china dishes. I am eight years old and am in the third grade. Love, Karen Beauchamp

Dear Santa, My name is Nancy Putman. I want a pogo stick and a doll and some dishes and don't forget the other children, Santa. Love, Nancy Putman

Dear Santa Claus, I want a pogo stick. Thank you. Love, Tommy Crump

Dear Santa, I wish you would bring me a holster set with a gun in it. Love, Fidel Barraza

Dear Santa, I want a wood burning set, a pogo stick, a globe, a pair of boots, a sleeping sack and my one front tooth. Thank you, Wayne Davies

Dear Santa, I want a B-B gun. Thank you. Goodby Santa. Your friend, Joseph Castillo

Dear Santa Claus, I am a little boy six years old. Please bring me anything and bring the other little boys and girls some toys too. I love you, Johnnie Hugh Horn

Dear Santa Claus, I want a doll and dollhouse and I hope you will bring all the other children something. I will leave you some cake. Love, Kathy Floyd

Dear Santa Claus, I want a big doll and a big box of toys. My name is Marta Ecobedo. Love, Marta

Dear Santa, I want a doll and a pogo stick. I want a wood burning set. I know you won't forget the other girls and boys. Janie Lou Hawkins

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me an electric football set, also a football and a kick-off stand. Don't forget other people. I'll leave you some coffee and cake. Love, Galen Hromas

Dear Santa, Please bring me a bicycle and a football. I have one little brother and one sister. Bring them something nice. Love, Lewis Juardo

Dear Santa, I want some roller skates, and a doll and some dishes. Your friend, Linda Riley

Dear Santa, I am five years old and my mother says I have been a pretty good boy. I would like a toy helicopter that really flies, and a toy motor boat. Also, some candy and nuts for my stockings. Thank you, Santa, and don't forget all my other little friends. Love, Mike Horton

Dear Santa Claus, I am a little girl, five years old, and I have tried to be a good girl and help mommy. Please bring me a new dew drop baby doll, a refrigerator, stove and some dishes. I would also like to have a new squaw dress. Love, Denise Clements

Dear Santa Claus, I am four years old and have been a good boy most of the time. Please bring me a new gun and some caps, a baseball glove and ball and a tire truck. Please remember all my little friends, too. Love, Buddy Clements

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me some B-B's for my B-B gun and a Roy Rogers truck. Please bring me some horses. Don't forget my three brothers. Love, Keith McCutchan

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a Lassie book and a doll trunk. I will leave you some cookies. Don't forget my brothers and my sister. Love, Carolyn

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a B-B gun, some skates and a mother hen game. Santa, don't forget the other boys and girls. Love, Mike Grissom

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a gun and don't forget Ronnie. Get him an airplane. I guess I had better close for now. Love, Jessie Stone

Dearest Santa Claus, Please bring me a doll and a trunk. Love, Irene Barraza

Dear Santa, Please bring me some boxing gloves. I want a set of puppets, a powder horn, a set of books and a basketball. Don't forget other people in the world. Love, Bill Caldwell

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a football, guns, a top and an electric train. Remember my sisters. Love, Rudy Quilantan

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a fire truck. I will leave you a soda pop under the tree. Love, Carl Ray Harris

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a doll trunk. Love, Selia Jurado

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me a stove, make-up kit, dancing doll and other people. I'll forget the other girls and boys. Love, Dorcas McSpadden



Advertisement for Gulf Oil Corporation featuring a Gulf service station and the slogan 'YOU CAN DEPEND ON US for FRIENDLY COUNSEL!'.

Advertisement for Bonds Oil Company, distributor of Gulf Oil Corporation products, located in Bovina, with phone number 2271.

Large advertisement for Bovina Implement Co. featuring a winter scene with a tree and a barn, and the text 'Holiday Greetings' and 'We gladly join in the spirit of the season...'.

Advertisement for Rea Esquire Leaners featuring a reindeer illustration and the text 'Season's Greetings' and 'Pleasure is all ours when it comes thanking our many kinfriends and patrons...'.

Advertisement for Bovina Sales & Service featuring a bell illustration and the text 'GREETINGS Thanks, everyone, for your patronage and cooperation the past year. It has been a pleasure to serve you.'.

A Story—

Kitten Says Christmas Is An Unusual Time

By Sally Whitesides

Somethin' pretty funny has been going on around here, and, up until today, I didn't have any days began to get warm last

spring. So this is my first ex-idea what it was all about. Of course, I'm young; I only came to this house when the perience with this thing they

all call "Christmas."

Let me introduce myself. I'm "Pinky," the household cat; so named because, of all the colors of my fur, I am NOT pink. Never mind, it really doesn't make sense to me, either, but that is the explanation that SHE gives to everyone else. They all smile about it, but it doesn't seem so amusing to me; but then cats aren't really known for their humor, anyway.

To go on with my story, I came to this house last spring, when the weather was pretty miserable—all cold rain and wind whipping me almost off my feet. Being small, and to quote Him, "very ugly," the people of my house took me in. Since then, I have learned, thanks to tempting tidbits, love, and the loud whack of a rolled up newspaper, to keep one jump ahead of this, my family.

One thing I learned quick was; be they ever so comfortable, the living room chairs weren't made for my use. Now the plastic ones in the den, which, incidentally are sticky hot in summer and have turned to sheets of ice since the first snowfall, may be used by me—if there isn't any company coming.

Another thing I've learned is that, although Tweedy is a bird, and I'm welcome to all birds out of doors, just as long as I don't drag them in for Her inspection, rules of this house say I can't even sit and watch him. That lesson took some learning, but then, being of, I would say, average intellect, I learned. That newspaper sure pops as it swishes and lands, I can tell you.

NEW VOCABULARY

But back to the confusing occurrences which have kept my life in such an upheaval for the last few weeks. About a month ago, words such as "Christmas," "gifts," "carols," "cards," and "secrets" became the mainstay of everyone's conversation around here. Being a homebody, I was always on hand when someone came sneaking in, loaded with packages. Then, too, I think the family's affection for me helped a lot, because I was let into rooms from which the rest of the family was barred, and I did get in on some of the most deliciously crackling paper.

That almost caused a riot in our house, last week. Here I stroll into a room where She is wrapping, and there, on the floor, was a roll of the prettiest ribbon I have ever seen. Well, what can you expect? Of course, I played with it—what would any self-respecting kitten do? How was I to know that teeth marks and claw marks would show so much on the satin. Well, another lesson learned—

the hard way. Then there was the day the family was entertaining guests in the living room. So, out of sheer self-protection, I retreated to Her bedroom. There, in the back of the closet, under Her dresses and hidden by a stack of Her shoes, I found the ideal spot for a mid-winter siesta. In a box, from which the lid had slipped, I found a bed fit for the "choosiest" feline yet. Slept there all that afternoon, appeared for supper and then I retreated again afterwards.

The secret didn't last long, though. You know those nasty ideas people get when cats disappear into bedrooms and fail to return soon. (I've tried my best to convince my family that I am far above such actions.)

She came to investigate. Again, I ask you, how was I to know that was a white angora sweater She was giving to Sister for Christmas? Also, what gets me is, She fully expected me to realize that my black, brown, grey and yellow hair would cling to the blamed ole thing!

ONCE WASN'T ENOUGH

The perils of the feline of this family! I wasn't smart enough to forestall the sweater incident, and furthermore, I was dumb enough to get into a worse fix the next day.

Through some misbegotten sense of adventure, I started to prow through the guest room. (This room, incidentally, is so-called by the family in front of people, but among themselves, it is the junk room. That's because everything nobody wants right now is taken there, crammed in carefully closed dresser drawers, away from prying eyes.)

There, in the closet, where it was nice and dark and smelling slightly of moth balls, I heard a noise. Now, I'm not what you would call an expert mouster, but I do have my days, and it is lots of fun. The family always seems torn between praising me for ferreting one out and condemning me for making them realize they have mice.

In particular, I remember the day I caught a nice big specimen of the rodent family and promptly brought it to the kitchen for Her to see. She didn't appreciate it much, though. Seems the company She had that day lived in a bigger, better house than ours and She was trying to make a good impression. From what She muttered to me as I was banished from the house, mouse and all, I gathered that there are times She doesn't like to be reminded of even one mouse's presence.

But back to my meandering in search of a mouse. The noise I heard was on the top shelf, so, by the grace of my sharp little claws, I ascended, via the net of Sister's last year's evening gown. While up on the dark shelf, my footing was lost and down I came crashing.

Crashing isn't exactly the word for it, because I did have the foresight to grab everything handy, trying to stop the avalanche. Stopped one; but started

another. Down on my head came raining boxes of all sorts and sizes (none of them heavy, thank heavens) and I was caught in the meshes of the darnedest contraption I ever hope to see.

Being, as I said before, of normal intelligence, I yowled for help when I found I couldn't help myself. And who should come running but Her? And who quickly followed but Him? Through the tirade I received in the next few minutes from Him, I gathered I had just disclosed an imported lace tablecloth which was to have been a surprise for Her. Oh well, She got to use it for the Christmas Eve party, instead of waiting until the next morning. But, according to Him, my adventure had put him out another fifteen bucks for another present to surprise Her under the tree.

NEW WORLDS TO EXPLORE

Speaking of trees—the one my family put up in front of the window in the living room was about the most fascinating thing I have ever seen. There were long, shiny things that hung from each limb; little light bulbs that shone nicely but burned like everything if you placed an investigating paw too close and mounds of cotton below that was just right for sleeping. But the best part were the large, multicolored balls that hung so enticingly from the boughs. They wave and dance so prettily when touched and, if you look real close into one—there's another cat! Oh yes, those balls make

a lovely tinkling sound as they fall and break, too, but no one but me seems to appreciate that music.

Last night, activity around this house hit a high pitch. Last-minute gifts were wrapped, everyone was getting ready for the church services and good smells were coming out of the kitchen, in preparation for the party afterwards. She thoughtfully put my bed behind the hot water heater in the hall closet. Out of sight, She said, but I say I was then out of reach of the little folk. Thus established, I settled down for the evening.

The party must have been fun, too, for humans. I know, because I watched through the slit in the door, while everyone laughed and sang and ate. Then I watched as He helped Her clean up afterwards, something you don't see much around our house unless the party has been one whale of a success.

They let me out, though, after all the excitement and cleaning up was over. Quiet had prevailed for awhile, then mysterious movements caught my attention, and sleep, mice and everything else were the farthest things from my mind. There, before my awed eyes, was the biggest bunch of pretty ribbons and boxes I ever beheld. And He and She, seeing my fascination, took me to their room that night and let me sleep on the foot of their bed. By the way, they carefully, but definitely, closed the door so I couldn't investigate any further.

This morning, all the mystery of the last weeks was unveiled. This was a madhouse of ribbons, paper, squeals and laughter. There were lots of "thank-you and kisses all around the family. I even received a kage; which She opened for me. They tied the red ribbon around my neck, gave me a ball and a rubber mouse play with, and treated me to an especially wonderful breakfast.

Those fun happenings which kept our life in a turmoil for almost a year are now out in

the open. I've seen and heard it, and surprisingly enough, I lived through it all. I'm not certain about the mental capacity of my family, but, best of all, I do know all about their loving capacity. They live, and love, and give, to one another, to me and to all around them. Despite the perils I went through, Christmas is a wonderful season, and I plan to be right here next year; taking it all in again. That deal of gifts has me fascinated; may even try to save up a few mice to give to the family next year.



ROOM F SANTA . . . The French Santa shown above was caught lead his gift-laden donkey down the Champs-Elysees shortly before Christmas. Normally the traffic here is frantic, but the Suetanal blockage and gasoline rationing gave Santa room to maneuver.

HAPPY holidays

Warm w from the yule log... radiant is on the Christmas tree... the haplook on the faces of your loved orat Christmastime... may you enjerm all at this great season.

EDD'S AUTO SERVICE
Edd Paetsch
Hwy. 86 Bovina

RAD'S GULFSERVICE
Ph. 277 Hwy. 60

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Better friends we could not wish for... nor a happier occasion than this Christmas to wish them joy, success and happiness. Thank you for your friendships and loyalty.

Venable Cleaners
Lint-Free, Cling-Free Dry Cleaning
Phone 2031 Bovina

Silent Night

Heard in song, told in story, the Christmas message comes anew to lift our spirits, warm our hearts. At this happy time, we extend friendly greetings to all.

PAUL JONES SERVICE STATION
● Texaco Products
● Firestone Tires
Phone 4331 - Hwy. 60 - Bovina

Christmas

Over the housetops the reindeer fly bringing Santa, his gifts — and our Very Best Wishes to you and yours for the Happiest Holiday ever!

Williams Mercantile Co.
"Pioneers in Bovina"
Gunn Bros. Stamps