

PENASCO VALLEY NEWS

AND HOPE PRESS

Vol. 25, No. 26

Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico

Friday, Oct. 3, 1952

Old Resident Passes Away

Charles Cope passed away Monday noon, Sept. 29, 1952, at his home in Carlsbad. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at Pinon with interment in the Pinon cemetery.

Decased is survived by his wife and two sons, Virgil and Hubert, and two grandchildren. He was an old resident of Hope, having lived here many years before moving to Carlsbad last February.

School News

SIXTH, SEVENTH, EIGHTH GRADES

Billy Madron has been gone this week attending the fair in Albuquerque where he has entered his 4-H calves in the livestock show. He plans to enter them next week in the Roswell Fair. Mrs. Nelson Jones gave us some plants for our room. We have three colors of peonias in one pot. Patsy Young fell and sprained her wrist Sunday. We all envied her on Monday as she was excused from all written assignments. Amable Cano was absent Tuesday because of illness. We saw a film, "Scrub Game," Tuesday. It showed the value of soap in the care of the skin. Melissa Jones' aunt, Mrs. Aganski, of Dencer, is visiting here. Mrs. Aganski will leave some time next month for Germany where she will join her husband who is stationed with the Army there.

Sage and Cactus

—by—

DOUGHBELLY PRICE

The Henglish shore wants Adlai S. Truman in as President. Them birds is not so dumb. Look who has been buttering their bread for 20 years. And Ike might change that just a wee bit.

Nixon shore threwed a crimp in the Democratic boys. That stunt back-fired on them bad. I bet they feel like the little boy that was slapped away from the table for talking too much and too loud. They will learn that he who lives in a glass house should not sling pebbles around (goody).

It looks like we have got the guided missile. Now all they have got to have to blow you over is your address. Murder by remote control. We sure are getting smart. I know very little. Instead of getting a degree I got a sentence. But I shore did learn plenty serving that sentence. Something you don't learn in classrooms or lecture halls. Met some good people, too. That many Lemar Caudie shore caused an internal combustion in the tax investigation when he said if he was to tell what he knowed it would blow the capitol out of existence. No arguments your honor, case dismissed for lack of tooo much evidence. No nolle contendere. That village of Washington, D. C., shows a bad shortage of honest leaders. And a over supply of grabbers and grafters. A gang of them Heisters needs to get hungry once—where the sweat on the restaurant windows looks like beef

gravy. Find out where this money is coming from, and try to get an idea where it is going. What they know about that now you can write on a cigarette paper. NOTHING. And care less.

The Wild Irishman of New Mexico is going strong. Pat Hurley. Eating, sleeping, walking and talking U. S. Senator. He has not won the battle of the cocktail lounge yet, but I believe he will. He has got the brains, but how he will use them if elected is a guess. And if he uses them right it will be a case of believe it or not, but such is life. And the more you see the more you want to see.

Today's Meditation

"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Galatians 2:20. Read Romans 8:35-39.

When still a student, I went with two friends to visit a fatally ill young man who lived out of town. Since we imagined that he would be in great trouble, we went there to comfort him. Of course, we expected to find a poor, pitiable fellow suffering pain and discouragement.

How surprised we were when we saw a man who joyfully greeted us. He took time to talk about God's love and mercy. He smiled. He prayed. He was happy. He had the power from on high.

When the time came for us to leave, we did not know how to do it. We had gone there to comfort him, but he preached for us. We had gone there to tell him about God's promises, but we were told of the power-giving Christ.

That man had a secret. He knew how to live. He knew how to die. He could say, "... yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

PRAYER

Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the power-giving Christ and for all Thy manifold blessings. Help us to experience His power in daily life. We thank Thee for His love that made Him willing to die that we might live. Help us daily to put our faith in Him. For His sake. Amen.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Sady Machado.

The Low Down From Hickory Grove

I been fiddlin' with my slide rule again and you know, it comes up with some pretty pertinent answers. The latest statistic that shows up on my trusty slip-stick concerns "champions." It shows there are more ex-champions than present day champs. It behooves our beloved land to calm itself and take heed.

It is not just former champs like Fitzsimmons or the Chicago White Sox, it is also Mr. Nero and Mr. Napoleon and Mr. Nebuchadnezzar. Also the Carthaginians and the Roman Empire. All the ex-champs were hot stuff in their day.

I now come home—to our U.S.A. We been ridin' high—and in the driver's seat—but there are signs that a new champ may be in the offing. Not

right away—but there just the same. Over-confidence accounts for most ex-champs. And sisters and brothers, this land of ours is feeling its oats as it wades into venture—tax free ventures. Tax free to the Govt., but not free to Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer.

Across to the north is Canada—Canada is commencing to collect income taxes from all Dominion owned business and at same rates as paid by private business there. We don't do that in our U.S.A. As up and coming and promising timber for championship stature, Canada is it. Our U.S.A. dinero—our one buck coin of the realm is slipping—it is good for only 96 cents over there. An omen for us to cogitate.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

For Hope People Only

(By LEHTE NAMTLA)

(If the shoe fits, wear it; otherwise, if any similarity of names appear, it is purely incidental.)

Well, Henry is back back to rest up bit bit after "tom cattin" around Gallup and other places in New Mexico. Tall tales of popularity with the fairer sex makes us want to meet up with some of these gullible people. We, too, have winning ways about us that are not to be sneezed at. Maybe our vanity could be fattened up some so life would be more interesting. Ezra and Lawrence have been studying maps for the past week, figuring out the best route to take to find their pot of gold. Believe it or not, Ezra already pours peanuts in his pop.

Iwa was out at the barbecue the other evening introducing Ray so he could get acquainted with all the family circle. I think Hope should feel rather proud that we have such a talented young man in our school. Th music with which he entertained the crowd that night couldn't have been better if Red Foley himself had made it. He could play most anything you liked, from classical up to hill billy music and my, my, how those girls did sparkle when he assured each one in turn that their special kind of music was his favorite, too. I looked around and saw the mothers with approving eyes focused on their daughters. It brought to my mind that picture I saw so many years ago, "The Last Man on Earth." I thought for a minute the bidding was about to start. At alst we have some one from "them Oklahoma Hills" who has a lot of fun about him and far too much personality to be safe in a small community. We hope he will join the family circle and not let anyone entice him to move off to Artesia.

We enjoyed a pleasant evening and a delicious barbecue last week when the SCS celebrated Soil Conservation week. At last there was something going on that those "Petticoats" had no part in. A man hung in the back-

ground to make sure none of those "Petticoats" showed up at the serving counter. Gazing at the food laden table, he began to drool. His lips were moving, his teeth began to click and an air of anticipation began hovering over him. He was in the kingdom of wistful yearning. Should he step into that line or stay in the background? In an instant a complete right-about change of expression spread over him. His big moment had come. Out of the shadows, his broad shoulders crashing the way, Earl took his place far down toward the end of the line.

Standing around among the crowd my interest was aroused and I watched him come through with all resentment wiped off and a look of satisfaction and real enjoyment stamped on his face. A plate loaded with delicious appetizing food is a sedative that will quiet any man's nerves.

John returned from the doctor in Roswell a few days ago, following a night of suffering and severe pain. He was quite hopped up over the doctor's prescription as he understood it; after a couple of heavy shots which sent him into dreams of a gloamora where there were soft beds and rocking chairs, the cool shade of the old weeping willow and a spring of refreshing tea bubbling up through a mound of ice cubes.

Next morning as he opened his eyes to the blaze of hot summer sunshine, through the window was the same motionless elms, the edges of the leaves curled with the heat, the same old dry dust and even the prairie seemed to pant; he found himself on a hard bed of plywood with a scant wad of padding. He called to Etta, surely that doctor couldn't have betrayed him like that. Such heavenly dreams through the night, then to wake up with saddle sores where your bones have rubbed through your hide. Yes said Etta, a hard bed to straighten your muscles and get that kink out of your back is the only way to relieve the pain. Doctors are so comforting, aren't they?

Then one more instance that I enjoyed was when little Bonnie came up from Carlsbad, the proudest little girl you ever saw, with a pretty little pink coat on. I said, "You have a new coat, Bonnie, where did you get it," and before the whole coffee shop full of people she said, "Mother got it at the rummage sale."

Bryant has let out another family secret. He had so many grandchildren visiting him during the summer that he wasn't sure which were his and which were the neighbors. Of course, he doesn't intend for Mary to know this because she feels like he should make a distinction between kids. He ought to be able to tell his own by their aptitude and knowledge of his family affairs. He just knew he was going to catch thunder when he got home the other day because he gathered up kids all along the road and some of them he couldn't recognize. Boy, and was somebody mad.

(Continued Next Week)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of The Penasco Valley News and Hope Press published weekly at Hope, Eddy County, New Mexico for October 1, 1952.

State of New Mexico

County of Eddy

Before me, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. E. Rood, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor, Publisher and Owner of the Penasco Valley News and Hope Press and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. E. Rood, Hope, N. M.
Editor, W. E. Rood, Hope, N. M.
Managing editor, W. E. Rood, Hope, N. M.

Business manager, W. E. Rood, Hope, N. M.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and ad-

dress, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

W. E. Rood, Hope, New Mexico.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state).

None.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 225. (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

W. E. Rood, Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1952.

W. E. Rood, Justice of the Peace.

Sage and Cactus

by
doughBelly Price

Our dipos has got the Primer of Iran (Mossydick) afraid to take our money. Harry tried to loan him ten Million. he was afraid there was a bobby trap in the deal so he bawled the dipos out that had the note offering the money, and went on about his business. The way beef on the hoof is going down and beef over the block is going up it wont be long till he had better not offer the cowman even a five spot, for it sure will be took. The loin of a beef cut in thin slices will cost more than a whole cow on foot. and this registered stuff . . . I dont savvy. A good grade, white face nine hundred pound steer will make just as many thin slices of beef as one that all of the ancestors has been registered. them Registration papers is poor eating. Beef is just good for one thing (manure) or human consumption, and when it gets so high that the man that raises it cant eat it, the boys that can buy it

will get gorged out. Yes, we have parity (I guess) but that is not very good to eat unless you have plenty of cream and Sugar to go on it.

Adlai S Truman said that no party had a monopoly on Corruption. That is just right and I will add that there seems to be no monopoly on Honesty either for there aint enough left to bother with. Ike has what little there is left, and he will lose that when he makes the white house. the dear Old Demos is sure screaming, Ike is stealing our platform. they should holler about some one stealing something—the platform is all there is left to steal and it needs new planks, so Ike is getting very little when he steals it. But to win this race Ike had better set deep in the saddel and tighten up on the reins, for he has a steep hill to climb. But he will grin his way through I guess.

Penasco Valley News and Hope Press

Friday, Oct. 3, 1952

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W. E. ROOD, Publisher

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PHONE 904

Hope News

Richard Schwartz, the sanitary officer, was here last Tuesday snooping around our dairies and coffee shop. We enjoyed a nice friendly visit with him after his inspection tour.

Mrs. Tempie Cox and Mrs. Madie Teel spent several days last week in El Paso with their sister, Mrs. Beth Ledlow who underwent an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Theibert French and family of Artesia, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cole and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bell spent the day last Sunday in the mountains enjoying the aspens, oaks and various other shrubs and trees in their beautiful autumn colors. They ate their picnic lunch around a camp fire under the tall pines.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kimmons of Alamogordo came Tuesday to attend the funeral of Charles Cole who was buried in the cemetery near Pinon last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gardner of Pinon stopped for a short visit with friend in Hope. Joe was en route to Artesia to see a doctor.

Four of the Barley Holstein calves were selected at the New Mexico State Fair to appear in the Pan-American Holstein show at the Dallas State Fair beginning October 11. Before leaving for Dallas they will be shown at the Eastern New Mexico State Fair in Roswell on Oct. 9.

Billy Madron is showing two calves at the New Mexico State Fair in Albuquerque.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ward went to Roswell last Tuesday where John received medical care for his back. He felt relieved since his return home.

Lawrence Blakeney is "ridin" the range this week at the John Runyan ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wood are spending some of their time this week in Artesia with their daughter, Mrs. Carl Lewis. The twins are sort of puny and need Gram and Gramp with their rocking chairs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dean and Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Dean and daughter, Caroline of Bessmer, Ala., and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Harris of Roswell were the guests for the day last Tuesday of Mr. and Mrs. Hskell Harris.

"ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE MARRIED?" — Four million Americans are bigamists and don't know it, reports prominent attorney Morris Ernst. In his article he explains that because of this country's confusing divorce laws anyone who was divorced and has since remarried may find that his or her present marriage is not legal. Don't miss this timely article in the American Weekly, that great magazine distributed with next Sunday's Los Angeles Examiner.

Rev. Jack Noble went to Colorado the first of the week after a load of oats for Bryant Williams.

Bill High, sheriff, and deputy sheriff Lusk of Artesia, were callers at the News office last week.

Wilma Hardin spent this week in Hope visiting grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Davidson came up Tuesday from their ranch on Rocky Arroyo to bring a load of posts and wire. Jim plans to help Mrs. Davidson build a fence on the farm this week. Mrs. Davidson doesn't think post hole digging will be half as hard as it is down on the ranch where it is so rocky. Any offer of assistance will be accepted.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cole and Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Bell attended the

LANDSUN

FRI. - SAT.

Double Feature Program

Rocky Lane in

"Thundering Caverns"

and

"Unknown World"

★—————★

SUN. - MON. - TUES.

"I Want You"

Dana Andrews

Dorothy McGuire

★—————★

WED. - THURS.

Wed Check Night

"Steel Fist"

Roddy McDowell

Christine Miller

OCOTILLO

THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAM

"Colorado Ranger"

—o—

"Pirate Submarine"

★—————★

SUN. - MON. - TUES.

"Island of Desire"

Linda Darnell

Tab Hunter

★—————★

WEDNESDAY ONLY

"Un Corozan

En El Ruedo"

Circle B Drive-In

FRI-SAT

Double Feature Program

"Fast on the Draw"

—o—

Lum and Abner in

"Dreaming Out Loud"

★—————★

SUN. - MON. - TUES.

"Selerno Beach Head"

The Greatest Picture of

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★—————★

WED-THURS

BUCK A CAR NIGHTS!

"When Willie Comes

Marching Home"

A Heartwarming Comedy

Roselawn school benefit game party last Tuesday evening. Charlie must have done he said he had such a good time.

Mrs. Floyd Cole accompanied Mrs. R. H. McAshan to Kermit, Texas, Friday and will be her guest for several days in the home of Mrs. McAshan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seth Campbell.

Mrs. Charles Kasulka and children of Artesia spent the day last Monday with her sister, Mrs. Ruth Harris.

Mrs. B. M. Ballard and Mrs. E. L. Landreth returned Tuesday from Midland after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watson.

Dr. Puckett was here Tuesday visiting his sister, Mrs. Kate Cone.

Charles Crockett is improving rapidly in an El Paso hospital, following an auto accident several weeks ago. He will be released from the hospital Oct. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. George Myers are employed at the Scarborough ranch. Mrs. Myers will be remembered by Hope folks as Naida Barta.

Georgia Lee Seely is attending dancing school in Artesia one day each week.

Employers

Are Warned

Employers using the services of young people under the age of 18 years were reminded today by local school officials that New Mexico law requires work permits for such employees.

No child under the age of 14 may be employed under any circumstances during school hours school officials declared. If the youth is under 16, he may not work before 7 a. m. or after 7 p. m. In no case may a school-age child work longer than 48 hours. While in school, time spent there and on the job can not exceed 48 hours in a week, with some occupations prohibited for persons under 18 years of age.

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