

The Briscoe County News brings your friends and acquaintances near you every week. When you have visitors or know news inform us, we will be glad to have it.

BRISCOE COUNTY NEWS

THE CIRCLE AROUND YOUR NAME MEANS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED

VOLUME 43. NUMBER 52

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT SILVERTON, BRISCOE COUNTY, TEXAS

THURSDAY, DEC. 27, 1951

NEW YEAR NEWS

By Anna Yarbrough

EVERY AFTERNOON pretty close to five, Zodie Wilson sauntered down the street to the corner drugstore, and ordered a glass of milk. Of course he had milk in the refrigerator at home, but Amy, his wife had been confined to her room for two years with a crippled knee, and Amy got desperately hungry for news. Zodie knew of no better place to gather news than at the drugstore.

So, on New Year's Zodie sat down at his customary place at the little table at the back of the drugstore, and asked for his glass of milk. He slowly sipped his milk, hoping that someone would come and join him. The glass began to empty. And Zodie's spirits sank. Amy would be awfully disappointed if he didn't learn a single new thing to tell her.

Rather absentmindedly he noticed Valeria Cloud, the banker's daughter, coming toward the back of the store. She was just a young girl, she wouldn't want to talk to anyone as old as he. She'd join the young folks at the next table.

"Hello, Mr. Wilson," Valeria smiled, but her blue eyes weren't happy at all.

"Hi, Miss Valeria," Zodie said, wondering why anyone so pretty, so young, so healthy-looking wouldn't be happy.

"Mind if I join you?" Valeria sat down without waiting for an answer.

"Mr. Wilson..." Valeria's voice trailed off.

Zodie's heart thumped; he knew that Valeria would tell him something important.

"Yes," he said to encourage her. "Mr. Wilson, do you remember when you were junior at West Side High, and all of us kids brought our problems to you, and you solved them for us?"

"That I do, Miss Valeria," Zodie's face wrinkled thoughtfully. He watched the pink crease up Valeria's fair throat.

"Well, Mr. Wilson, Mother's about to drive me nuts. She wants me to marry Larry Elberts, you know, that long-faced teller at Dad's bank," she paused and bit down on her underlip, then went on, "and you and the rest of the town know that I've been head over heels in love with Ted Barney ever since my high school days. Of course, Ted didn't get too much education, and works at the foundry. Oh, Mr. Wilson, Mother says perfectly horrid things about Ted..."

"Ted's a good boy," Valeria nodded and went on talking. "Mother's tongue is getting sharper all the time..."

ZODIE CUT IN, "Miss Valeria don't blame your mother too much."

"And why not?" Zodie straightened his old shoulders, "It's this way. Your mother has been disappointed with life..."

"Disappointed with life? Why, Dad hops every time she yells." Zodie nodded, "I know. You see, your mother loved me, but married your father because he had money. Her mother talked her into it. I never really blamed Trudie. But, that's why Trudie had such a sharp tongue, living all these years without love."

"Really, Mr. Wilson?" Valeria's blue eyes widened. "I'm going and call Ted and tell him we'll start this New Year off right by getting married. I don't want my tongue to grow sharp like poor mother's."

Without waiting for her drink, Valeria left the store. Zodie smiled as he walked home. "That you, honey?" his wife called as he opened the front door. "Yes, Amy," he hurried to his wife's room.

She was propped up in the bed. Her pretty, blond hair freshly combed. He knew she had been watching out the window for him to come up the street.

He carefully related the news about Valeria's problem and the solution that he had tried to suggest.

Amy laughed until tears ran from her eyes. "Zodie Wilson, you old fraud," she said tenderly, "you never had a date with Valeria's mother in your life."

Zodie started to speak, then thought better of it, and kept silent for a second. Before he said, "I guess, I better fix us some supper."

As he went to the kitchen, he thought: "That was a long time before I met Amy. It's just as well she thinks I made it up."

Legitimate Reason

By Willard Olvan Persing

I GLANCED UP at the corny gag above the delivery room door. "We have never lost a father," I grinned at the thought of the hospital having to take it down after all these years. The fellow pacing up and down in front of it looked as though he might take off and fly at any moment, he was that nervous.

Things were too quiet for New Year's Eve. I had just phoned Mac, the city editor, to report the condition of a hit and run victim, and Mac had told me to hang around the hospital till he called back. I had been impatiently waiting to get out and see what was going on when I noticed this fellow trying to wear a groove in the floor. Just for laughs, I sat down where I could watch him without being too obvious.

There aren't many men who can take that in their stride, but this fellow was outworrying any that I had seen there before; he seemed on the verge of hysteria. He kept looking at the big clock on the wall and then checking it with his wrist-watch. I noticed that it was seven minutes till twelve, but that didn't seem important enough to explain the condition of his nerves.

My curiosity got the better of me so I got up and offered him a cigarette when I saw him groping around in an empty pack. His thin features relaxed into a vacant smile of thanks for a moment, but then he frowned again as he looked up at the clock and then at the closed door.

"Your first?" I asked him. He nodded without taking his eyes off the door. "Triplets, they took an X-ray last week."

"Congratulations," I said. "That's quite a start toward a family." He gave me a serious look, then smiled self-consciously. "Yes, isn't it?" Then, after a quick glance at the clock, his attention was back on the door.

Thinking that talking about it might help, I asked, "No complications, are there?"

"Oh, no. The doctor said he thought everything would be all right."

From the tone of his answer, I knew that angle wasn't causing all his anxiety. I caught myself glancing up at the clock each time he did. I was beginning to wonder if he had escaped from the psychopathic ward. Maybe there wasn't anyone in the delivery room. No one had entered or left it since I had been there.

He had managed to use up two of my cigarettes in four minutes; the old year was all but gone, and so was this poor devil. He couldn't even light the third one; I had to light it for him. I thought he was going to pass out when he looked up at the clock and saw that thirty seconds had passed while we were getting that cigarette lit.

JUST AS I WAS glancing around to make sure there wasn't anything loose that he could use for a weapon if he got violent, the door opened and a red-headed nurse poked her head out.

"Two boys and a girl," she announced. The grin on her face let me know that everything was all right. "We'll let you see your wife and the babies as soon as we make 'em presentable. Happy New Year!"

As she shut the door, I looked back at the father. I came closer to being surprised at what I saw than I have been in several years. I wondered if this could be the same fellow that had been eating my cigarettes just before the nurse stuck her head out the door. He was completely calm, with just a touch of the proud smile that is normal in such cases. That got me.

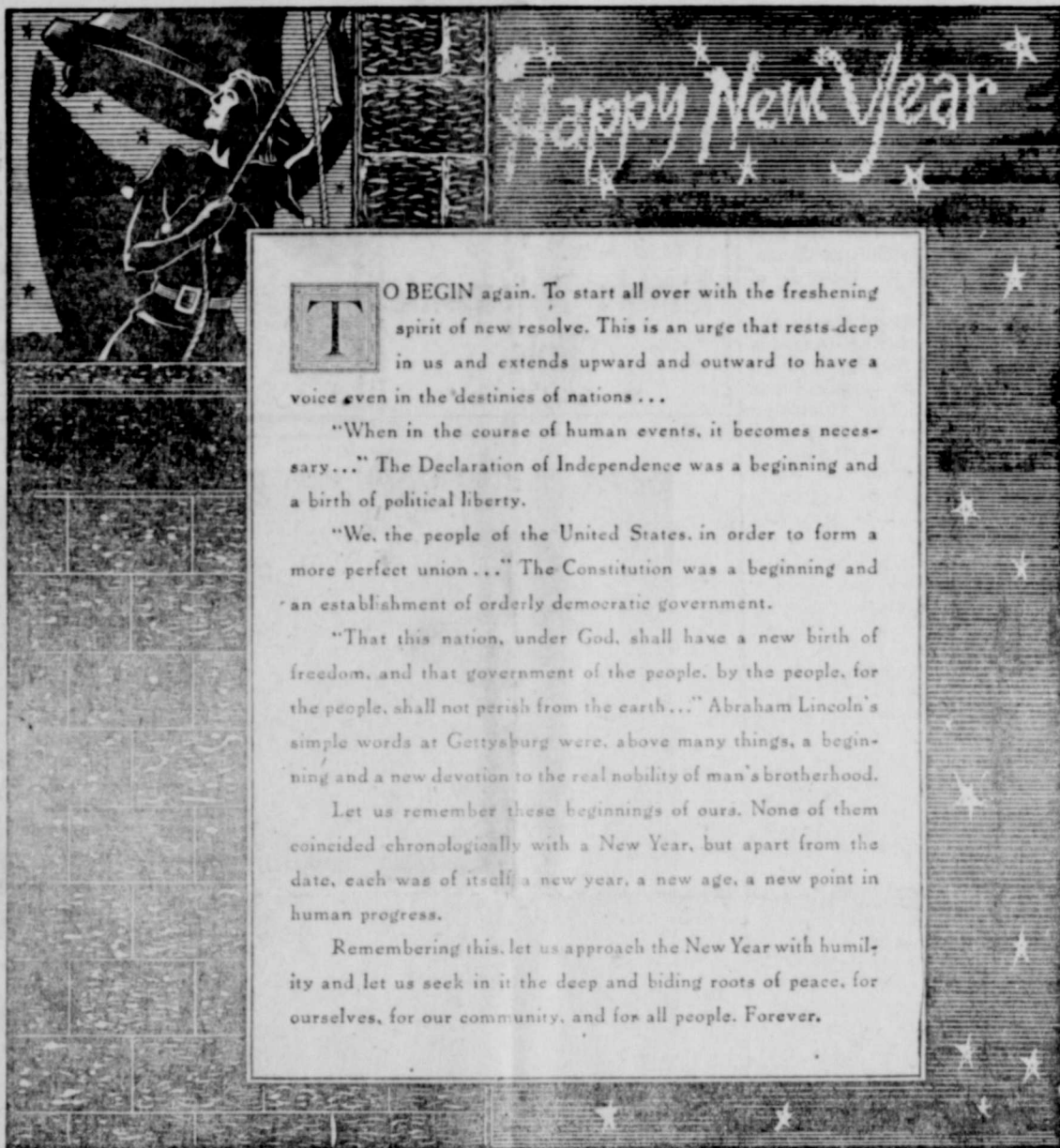
"The doctor in there had the easy part of this job," I told him. "I thought sure I was going to lose the father."

He grinned at that. "I was a little worked up, wasn't I?"

"Mister," I snorted, "that's a lulu of an understatement. There must have been something else involved to get you all steamed up like you were."

"Is three hundred dollars worth getting steamed up about?" I admitted that I had been steamed up over a lot less.

He smiled at my puzzled expression. "By getting here before midnight, those kids saved me three hundred dollars on my income tax. I was a little afraid they weren't going to make it."



TO BEGIN again. To start all over with the freshening spirit of new resolve. This is an urge that rests deep in us and extends upward and outward to have a voice even in the destinies of nations...

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary..." The Declaration of Independence was a beginning and a birth of political liberty.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union..." The Constitution was a beginning and an establishment of orderly democratic government.

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth..." Abraham Lincoln's simple words at Gettysburg were, above many things, a beginning and a new devotion to the real nobility of man's brotherhood.

Let us remember these beginnings of ours. None of them coincided chronologically with a New Year, but apart from the date, each was of itself a new year, a new age, a new point in human progress.

Remembering this, let us approach the New Year with humility and let us seek in it the deep and bidding roots of peace, for ourselves, for our community, and for all people. Forever.



AND there were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Too Modern For Tears

By John H. Hose

ANNE PACED restlessly back and forth, pausing to look out onto the parkway for the familiar sight of Pete's car. Her usually bright blue eyes were clouded with anxiety, and the unmistakable lines of worry creased her otherwise unmarred complexion.

"I'm losing Pete... I'm losing Pete."

He was coming tonight to tell her. Anne glanced at the clock on the mantel; nine twenty! Pete was late, as usual!

Finally she saw Pete's little coupe swing around the corner, and she turned from the window to compose herself. After an all too long moment, the buzzer hummed, and she opened the door.

"Sorry I'm late, pet. Had a flat coming back from Glen Cove."

"Come in, come in... don't stand there, you nippy!" This from Anne, but her thoughts raced furiously.

Glen Cove... he's been there! Don't let him see that you know all about Glen Cove... and Judy. He doesn't know you saw the paper he dropped from his wallet which read, "Judy-Glen Cove 50-Sunday."

How preoccupied he had been that night, not even noticing that you glanced at the slip as you returned it to him! Let him tell you all about it; that's what he's come for tonight. To start the New Year right

... to bring to an end all their happiness together.

"What a day! Clients, clients, clients! I think that every account we have found some fault with its advertising today. And then to top it all off, a flat tire in the middle of the Triborough bridge! Anne, I'm positively whipped!"

She was properly sympathetic. "You poor boy! There's some sherry in the kitchen. No, no; stay where you are; I'll get it."

Returning with the decanter and glasses, she forced herself to be gay as she said,

"May I propose a toast?"

"Of course," replied Pete as he took one of the glasses and waited. Anne took a deep breath and made the toast.

"Let's remember the best and forget the rest."

Pete set the glass on the table, untouched.

"I don't understand your toast, Anne."

"Don't you? It's really simple, darling. You see, I know what you're going to tell me tonight. I know all about Glen Cove and Judy. And you don't have to worry, Pete. I'll be grown up about it. No fussing, no tears!" But try as she might, Anne couldn't help but stumble over her words as she continued.

"But I do want to know all about her, Pete. Who is this Judy, what's she like? Glen Cove—that's Social Register and all that sort of thing isn't it?"

THERE WAS A strange look on Pete's face. A solemn, seldom-seen expression. Not grim, and yet, not relieved. He sat quietly for a moment before he spoke.

"So you want to know all about Judy, eh? Well, she's small, has rather attractive silken, red hair—a sort of tantalizing auburn, you know. Society? I believe her antecedents are perfectly proper—perhaps even up to your expectations. Yes, I'd say that Judy was a blue-blood all right."

"I want to meet her, Pete. When can I?"

Pete hesitated a moment. "Well..."

"Come now, darling," Anne spoke eagerly, "I'm sure you agree we should be adult about all this."

"O.K.," said Pete slowly. "If you really want me to, I'll bring her in. She's out in the car."

"Out in..." expostulated Anne as she jumped up. "She must be frozen! Pete you're the limit! Bring her in at once; I'll make coffee!"

After the coffee was under way, she hurried back to the living room to wait. Then the door opened and everything became all mixed up. Anne was in Pete's arms, laughing and crying all at the same time, and not at all acting in an adult and modern manner.

Judy stood aside, quietly waiting to be introduced.

But at such a crazy, happy moment, who would have time for even the most beautiful red socker episode in the world—especially when one was busy looking forward to

SUCH A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



By Anna Yarbrough

ELLA CLOUD stood back and eyed the tree with approval. Honestly, she thought, it's beautiful, even if it is more a New Year's tree than a Christmas tree. A surge of joy rushed through her. Mary would soon be home. Any minute now, Charles would be back from the hospital with her. Ella looked anxiously about the charming living room; everything must be done to make Mary's New Year a happy one.

Ella sank tiredly down in a chair, and covered her eyes with her plump hands. Two years since that awful day of the accident, but it seemed as vivid as yesterday. It was late afternoon when she got that message that her daughter had been in a traffic accident. The mad race to the hospital had been a nightmare. They wouldn't let her see Mary. She was glad, now, that they hadn't.

She felt tears trickle between her fingers. Mary had been bitter; wanted to die. And absolutely refused to see anyone, not even her mother, or Charles or little Charlie.

Then the operations began, one after another, until that happy day when Mary consented to see her. How precious Mary looked. Her blond curls spilled over her pillow. The doctors had performed miracles, Little by little they had built Mary's face up again.

Ella heard a car stop, then footsteps coming up the walk.

The front door opened. Tall handsome Charles, and Mary stood in the doorway. Then Mary was in Ella's arms, and she was saying, "Oh, Honey, we're glad to have you home!"

Mary was brought into the house, fussed over almost as much as a brand-new baby, and finally was settled comfortably in a big chair. Not until the first wave of the homecoming excitement had passed was she able to bring herself to express the uneasiness that had been in her heart all day.

There was a catch in Mary's voice when she asked, "Where's little Charlie?"

"Suddenly fear choked Ella. She wished she had cautioned little Charlie not to mention his mother's face, but it was too late now."

"He—he went to a party," Ella said as she helped settle Mary on the divan.

A blare of children's voices sounded. "Good-night, Charlie," then Little Charlie's, "Good-night."

THE DOOR BURST OPEN, and Little Charlie stood, in all his eight-year-old inquisitiveness, and stared at his mother.

The child's countenance fell. "Aw, Mom," he said, "Aw! Your nose!"

Ella said hurriedly, "It's a nice nose. Isn't it, Charlie?" Silently she was praying, "Oh, God, make him say the right thing!"

Little Charlie's face twisted into a frown, "I don't see anything especially nice about it. It looks just like the nose Mom always had. And I've invited all the kids over tomorrow to see Mom's doctor-made nose. Now, Butch Mitchell's going to tease me something awful!"

Suddenly, Mary began to laugh. The tears trickled down her pale cheeks. She was laughing as she had thousands of times before the accident, wholeheartedly.

Little Charlie said dejectedly, "It ain't nothing to laugh about. I thought sure you'd come back from the hospital with something to show."

Mary stopped, laughed, thought a second, then asked solemnly, "Would two toes off do?"

Little Charlie's expression brightened, "Honest, Mom?"

Quickly Mary slipped off her shoes, then hose, and held up one pretty, slender foot. "See," she said. Two small toes were neatly amputated.

"Gollie!" Little Charlie grinned. "That'll do just fine, Mom."

Mary was laughing again, and hugging her young son.

To keep from bursting into tears of pure joy, Ella asked, "How do you like the New Year's tree, Charlie?"

Little Charlie shrugged, "It'll do," he said with a grin.

Big Charles' arms were around Mary. He answered, "Mother, that's a beautiful tree, but not as beautiful as our Mary."

Ella smiled. It was going to be a Happy New Year for Mary.

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FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

G. A. Elrod, Pastor

Sunday School	9:45
Morning Service	11:00
Training Union	6:00
Evening Service	7:00
Prayer Meeting Wednesday	6:30
W. M. U. Monday	2:30
R. A.'s and G. A.'s	4:00
Brotherhood, First and third Monday night	7:00

SILVERTON METHODIST CHURCH

Where you cease to be a stranger when you enter the door.
H. M. SECORD, PASTOR
Church School 10 A. M.

Morning Worship	11 A. M.
Junior and Senior MYF	6:15 P. M.
Evening Worship	7 P. M.
Midweek Prayer Meeting	7 P. M.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Howard E. Stubblefield, Minister

Sunday Bible Study	10:00
Sunday Communion and Preaching	10:50
Evening Service	7:00
Monday, Ladies Bible Study	2:30 P. M.
Wednesday, Prayer Meeting	7:00 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday School	10:00
PREACHING	
Each Third Sunday	3:00
Auxiliary every 1st and 3rd Monday in the homes of the members.	

Leghorn Suited Geographically For U. S. Base

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The new U. S. supply base at Leghorn, Italy, which recently handled 1,200 debarking troops, is picking up a story where it ended four years ago.

At that time the port was marked "exit" for the last of the home-bound American forces stationed in Italy during and after World War II.

Today, as then, geography helped dictate the use of Leghorn—Livorno in Italian—as a convenient distribution point.

With one of the best harbors of the peninsula, this seaport is more than 300 sailing miles closer to New York than are Germany's Bremen and Hamburg. It is also somewhat nearer than the northern ports to the American occupation zone in Austria, for which most of the lately landed troops were destined.

In addition, Leghorn has the strategic advantage of offering a southern route into central Europe in case of northern blockade. Its position on Italy's open west coast especially favors it over eastern possibilities on the Adriatic, where the relatively narrow entrance at Otranto Strait presents a potential enemy bottleneck.

War-time Prize
Leghorn was considered a valuable prize when it was captured by the Allies in July, 1944. The port had ranked after Naples and Genoa, with a daily shipping capacity of 17,500 tons.

In the struggle, Allied bombs and demolition by retreating Germans virtually wrecked the city and all its port facilities. So complete was the devastation that incoming American engineers found it simpler to build a new port near by than to repair the old one. Only an estimated 20,000 of Leghorn's 125,000 inhabitants then remained in the gutted town.

By 1949, the city's population had passed the old mark and reached nearly 145,000. Although returning GI's find the town still battered, and American base officers complain that its silt-laden channel needs dredging to accommodate large ships, port activities are booming.

Extensive shipbuilding has been resumed, and the Italian Naval Academy (Italy's Annapolis) is giving instruction despite treaty limitations on the size of Italy's navy.

Old Commercial Center
Ancient, canal-laced Leghorn through the centuries has been preeminently a commercial center. First mentioned in the 9th century, this Tuscany town came into prominence and prosperity in late medieval times as a free port for Mediterranean trade.

Under the Medici, who built it up and fortified it, the city gained a still-persisting international flavor when it invited there "men of East and West, Spaniards and Portuguese, Greeks, Germans, Italians, Hebrews, Turks, Moors, Armenians, and Persians."

Among the numerous and varied industries of Leghorn, the visitor looks in vain for the expected Leghorn hat manufacture. This fine-woven Tuscany straw is produced in Fiesole, a suburb of Florence. Like "Panama" hats, made elsewhere, Leghorns took their name from the port from which they were shipped.

Farm Folk Prefer to Buy Feed Sold in Cotton Bags

MEMPHIS—Farm folk prefer to buy feed in cotton bags. Surveys at four state fairs show this to be true.

Cotton bags, because of their re-use value, appeal to farm wives. Almost 2,000 women were interviewed at state fairs in Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and California.

More than 60 per cent of these women prefer that their husbands buy the 50 lb. dress print bag. They stood by this preference even when told that the cotton bag costs 15 per cent more than other type bags.

More than 90 per cent of the women consider the dress print bag worth 20 cents to them. They set the value of the bleached cotton bag at 17 cents, and the unbleached bag at 15 cents.

Large Mustache, Biggest in Egypt to Bristle Again

CAIRO, Egypt — Traffic policeman Mohammed Ibrahim Sayed Ahmed can grow back his magnificent mustache.

His superiors had ordered it clipped because it distracted drivers and snarled traffic in Alexandria. Ahmed was then sent to an isolated village.

The policeman was vindicated after a year long legal battle over the thick black mustache. He was awarded one piastre (3 cents) for "moral damage." The judgment permits him to sue for "real damages" later if he wants to.

Before he was clipped and exiled, Ahmed had the finest mustache in all Egypt. It jutted upward in twin tapering spikes.

Top corn yield in the corn hybrid production contest for 1951 in Texas was made by Harold Watkins, a Red River county 4-H club boy. His per acre yield was 165-4 bushels. This compares with the state average of 19.5 bushels per acre.

A complete pasture and forage plan for Texas' farms and ranches to overcome conditions such as exist at the present is needed. The plan should include provisions for a carryover of silage and hay.

Your Holiday Season will be just as safe as you make it. Safety in the home, on the farm or highway is every person's responsibility.

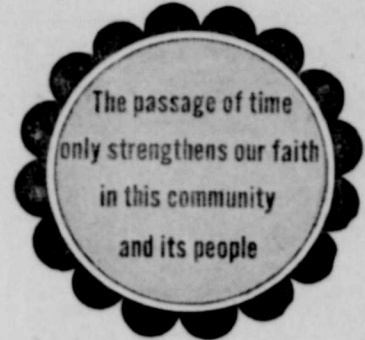
Dr. T. A. Williams
Chiropractic
218 S.E. 1st. Street
Tulia, Texas

Our Office Will Be Closed - - -

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1951, at 1:00 P. M.; reopening Wednesday, December 26, 1951, at 10:00 A. M.

Kimble Optometric Clinic
Floydada, Texas

Will be closed to business **NEW YEARS DAY—JANUARY 1, 1952.**



First State Bank
SILVERTON, TEXAS

PALACE .. THEATRE

SILVERTON, TEXAS

"THE PLACE TO GO FOR GOOD ENTERTAINMENT"
SHOW OPENS 6:30 - STARTS 6:45

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
DECEMBER 27, 28

"The Last Outpost"

Color by Technicolor
Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29

Jerry Colonna, Jean Porter in
"Kentucky Jubilee"

SUNDAY AND MONDAY,
DECEMBER 30, 31

Jeanne Crain
"Take Care of My Little Girl"

Color by Technicolor

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY,
JANUARY 1 and 2, 1952

"Cattle Drive"

Starring Joe McCrea, Deen Stockwell,
Leon Amos.

Get Gay, Attractive CARNIVAL WARE IN MOTHER'S OATS

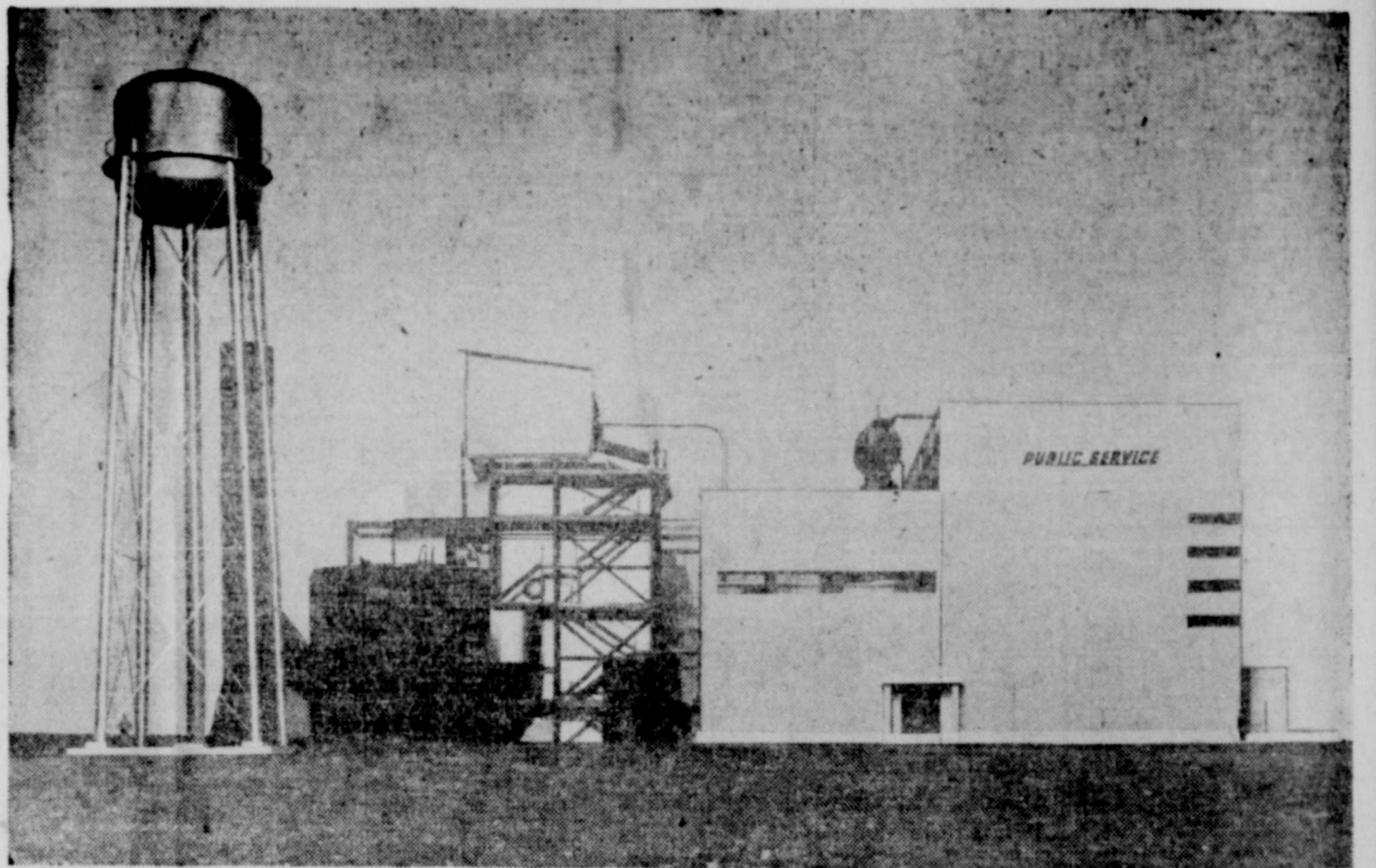
4 Festive Colors for Mixing and Matching!
What a thrill to collect the valuable, useful premiums that come inside every big square package of Mother's Oats! Start today! No waiting—no coupons—no money to send for this gaily colored Carnival Ware, or Aluminum Ware, "Fire-King" Cup and Saucer, or "Wild Rose" pattern China.
And remember, there's no finer quality, more delicious, more nourishing oatmeal for your family than Mother's Oats! Get it today!



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PHONE 201 — FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING
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TULIA, TEXAS With J. ROSS NOLAND, Agent



Pictured is engineering model of gigantic new Public Service Power Plant being erected in Lamb County, Texas.

WORK TO DO IN 1952



Plant X, the new power plant we are building in Lamb County, Texas, is the symbol for the work we must do in 1952 to continue to meet your electric service demands.

The first unit of Plant X, which by mid-1953 will have 200,000 horsepower of electric generating capacity, will go into service this year.

Also this year, a 25,000 horsepower addition will be made to the generating capacity of our Carlsbad, New Mexico power plant.

Altogether in 1952, it will be necessary to spend more than \$21,000,000 in new construction alone, to meet your needs for dependable electric service.

But, necessary as it is, new construction is only part of the work we must do in 1952. The 24 hours a day job of providing you with dependable electric service will go on and 1800 men and women will see that you get the best possible electric service each day of the year.

Your electric service is in good hands — the capable hands of the 1800 men and women — your friends and neighbors — who are the business-managed, tax-paying electric company which serves you.

ONE OF THE NATION'S BUSINESS - MANAGED, TAX-PAYING POWER COMPANIES

SOUTHWESTERN
PUBLIC SERVICE
COMPANY

27 YEARS OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE



*May the spirit of
gaiety and good
cheer always
stay alive
within you*



**News Want Ads (always the lead-
ers) wish you a Happy New Year
You'll find many bargains here.**

WANT ADS

FOR SALE—23 head of 9-weeks old pigs. Also some milk cows. See Dock Wallace. 51-4tp

FOR SALE—Saddle—See Snooks Baird. 50-3tp

FOR SALE—1937 Model F-20 tractor and equipment. Tractor has starter, lights and road gear. Good shape. Price \$500. Berle Fisch. 40-3tp

FOR SALE—1947 H. Tractor and equipment; 500 gallon Propane tank; Propane bottle and regulator. See Ashell McDaniel across road from Rock Creek store. 50-2tp

See ROY TEETER for your liability and property damage automobile insurance. Phone 72. 45-tfc

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house, modern, on pavement. See Roy Teeter. 16-1tc

See ROY TEETER for your liability and property damage automobile insurance. Phone 72. 45-tfc

NECCHI — The World's finest Sewing Machine. Liberal trade-in for your old machine. May be seen at Lacy Dry Goods, Turkey, Texas. Mrs. Jess Browning 42-10p

FOR SALE—New Frigidaire Hot Water Heater, and Washer. Will sell at discount. See Roy Teeter, Phone 87-R. 43-tfc

Money to loan on Farms and Ranches at 4½ Interest. See H. Roy Brown. 23-tfc

GOOD FARM LOANS — ROY TEETER, Phone No. 72. 5-tfc

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—We are doing stucco, plastering, painting and general repair work, and would be glad to have anyone see us when in need of our services. Jorde Hollingsworth and W. C. Alexander. 42-8tp

WANTED—Listings on irrigated and dry land farms and ranches. H. Roy Brown, office phone 46, residence 85. 45-tfc

If you want to buy a farm, see Roy Teeter, Phone 87-R. 44-tfc
If you want to sell a farm, see Roy Teeter. Phone 87-R

WATCH — Blackboard at office for bargains. H. Roy Brown. 5-tfc

FIRE INSURANCE on City and farm properties. See Roy Teeter.

AUTOMOBILE Insurance. See Roy Teeter. 7-tfc

See ROY TEETER for your liability and property damage automobile insurance. Phone 72. 45-tfc

NEW Texas Almanac at the News office.

FOR SALE

City lots and homes in Silvertown. Also farm land.
CARL S. CROW
Realestate and Insurance

DR. W. A. SEDGWICK

Optometrist
Tulia, Texas
Across street east of
City Hall.

Dr. R.F. McCasland

DENTIST

Heard and Jones Building
Phone 25 Tulia, Texas

KIMBLE OPTOMETRIC CLINIC

Dr. J. W. Kimble
Dr. O. E. McIntosh
Optometrists
Floydada, Texas

DR. JAMES L. CROSS

Veterinarian
116 N. Dallas Street
TULIA, TEXAS
Residence Phone
497-W

THIS IS A BAZOOKA TEAM! Two men equipped with this light, portable weapon command all the firepower of a heavy piece of field artillery. Working together they can stop an enemy tank cold, from hundreds of yards away.



Teamwork like this means a strong America. And a strong America means that you can keep a strong hold on all of the things dear to you.

Defense is your job, too! The best way to do your job is to back up this team by helping maintain America's great economic strength. Buy U. S. Defense* Bonds. You'll be helping your country and at the same time you'll be making the soundest investment in the world today. For U. S. Defense Bonds are as safe as America.

The U. S. Defense Bonds you buy give you personal financial independence

Remember that when you're buying United States Defense Bonds you're building a personal reserve of cash savings. Money that will some day buy you a home or educate your children, or support you when you retire. Remember, too, that if you don't save regularly, you generally don't save at all. So go to your company's pay office—now—and sign up to buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Don't forget that bonds are now a better buy than ever. Because now every Series E Bond you own automatically goes on earning interest every year for 20 years from date of purchase instead of 10 as before! This means that the bond you bought for \$18.75 can return you not just \$25—but as much as \$33.33! A \$37.50 bond pays \$66.66. And so on. For your security, and your country's, too, buy United States Defense Bonds now!

*U. S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds
Buy them Regularly!





May your happiness be complete and all-embracing in the days to come

Our sincere thanks and appreciation goes to the people of Silverton and surrounding country for the patronage and friendship during the time we have operated our business here. Because of the splendid reception that you have given to our efforts, we are going to strive harder to serve you better in 1952.

City Grocery

Jean Grundy Billy Wood
Chris Grundy Darrell O'Conner
Mrs. Vergie Dennis

15% OFF! All Christmas Toys are being offered at 15 per cent

Discount as long as the supply lasts - - - Come Early.

SEANEY HARDWARE & APPLIANCE COMPANY, INC.
GEORGE Silverton, Texas AGNES



For being the friends you've been, our heartfelt thanks and **HAPPY NEW YEAR**

CHAPMAN--MINTER
DRY GOODS

"We believe business goes where it is invited and stays where it is well treated."

THE OLD ALBUM

By Edward L. Van Dyke

THIS IS THE STORY of three elderly sisters and how, on New Year's Eve, they found peace and understanding.

Aunt Sylvia—though she really wasn't my aunt at all—was the only one of the sisters who never had married. For years she lived alone in the big family home and I always liked to go there to hear her play on her big upright piano. Always she would find me a cookie or a piece of cake—the sign for me to go home.

Only Susan had had a child—and he was killed in the first world war. Both Susan and Kate lost their husbands later on and, since they were equal heirs in the Hollister home and to what money was left, they came to make their home with Aunt Sylvia.

The Hollister house wasn't the same after that. Aunt Sylvia was unhappy—she never played the piano any more—and several times I caught her crying.

I was only ten—but I knew what was wrong—her sisters Susan and Kate were morose and meddlesome, always complaining about something. The three would go for weeks without speaking to each other.

One day I found Aunt Sylvia crying quietly in her rocking chair. I didn't know what to do, but put my hand on her shoulder.



One day I found Aunt Sylvia crying quietly in her rocking chair.

"David," she said, "I'm so unhappy!"

Aunt Sylvia poured out the whole story then. "If we could only be sisters again," she said.

I don't know what led me to do it, but I walked over to the old cherry table in the corner where there was an album of old pictures—photographs and daguerreotypes—and started to thumb through the pages.

Aunt Sylvia came over very quickly, her clothing rustling as it always did, and took the book from my hands.

"David Balch," she said, "you've given me an idea. What day is it, David?"

I was puzzled. "Why, it's Saturday and tomorrow is New Year's," I said.

Aunt Sylvia clasped me in her arms again. "David," she said, "can you come back at about eight o'clock tonight?"

THE THREE OF THEM were in the sitting room when I arrived. Aunt Sylvia had me sit at her side, close to the fireplace.

"David," said Aunt Sylvia, "will you get that album on the table? I want to tell you about some of the old pictures we've kept so many years."

Susan and Kate continued to work on the shawls they were knitting, but I could see they were dropping stitches right and left.

"Look," Aunt Sylvia went on, "that picture shows Susan when she was seventeen. She—"

"Sixteen," corrected Susan. "And here is Kate riding her favorite horse. It had a funny name—Nebubuchadrezzar—"

"Necho," corrected Kate. "Here," said Aunt Sylvia, "are the three of us, on our way to school—"

Both Kate and Susan were right behind Aunt Sylvia now, looking over her shoulder.

"Sylvia," said Susan, "if you are going to describe those pictures, get things right. We were on our way to church."

Aunt Sylvia never batted an eye. "We were pretty good looking girls, I think," she said, as if addressing herself. "We were always together. Folks called us the Hollister Triplets, because we were so inseparable."

I looked at Kate and Susan then and was startled to see them removing their glasses and rubbing their eyes.

"Once," said Aunt Sylvia, "we were on a sleighride together and—"

"It was New Year's Eve," commented Susan.

"And so is this," said Aunt Sylvia. "Not so cold a night, maybe, but—"

It was Susan who broke down first. "Stop it!" she cried, so sharply I dropped the album on the floor.

The first thing I knew, Kate and Susan had their arms around Aunt Sylvia and all were crying their hearts out.

I knew it was time for me to go. "Happy New Year, everybody," I remarked inanely. It was the only thing I could think of to say.

OF THANKS
thank my many neighbors for their encouragement.



We're not good at word-juggling, so—Good Luck all the year

Magnolia Service Station

J. D. Johnston



We'll be thinking of you when the old year departs



BRUCE AND BILLY JOE

Womack

Are some of your Series E Government Bonds maturing this month?

Now they can earn more money for you!

New law provides 10 more interest-earning years for Series E Bonds... and you need not do a thing!

Are you one of those smart and patriotic Americans who began an automatic saving program with Series E Government Bonds in 1941? Then you're one of the lucky people who can profit by a new law now!

A bill recently passed by Congress now makes it possible for your United States Defense Bonds to continue earning interest ten years longer than was originally planned.

For example, a Series E Bond which cost you \$18.75 in 1941 will pay you \$25 in 1951. But if you hold that bond ten extra years, until 1951, it will pay you \$33.33, an average interest of 2.9% compounded annually. You get similar increases on Series E Bonds of every denomination.

And there is nothing for you, as a bond holder, to do. You need not exchange the bonds you have. You need not sign any paper, fill out any form. You simply keep your bonds as you have been keeping them.

You may still redeem any Series E Bond at any time after you've owned it for sixty days. But unless you really need the cash you're much better off to hold your bonds. For United States Defense Bonds are as safe as America itself.

When you buy your bonds regularly and hold them, they are steadily building a sum big enough to buy something really worth while—a home, a business, a retirement fund, an education for your children.

And bonds are safer than cash! If you lose or accidentally destroy cash it's gone for good. But when you have your cash in United States Defense Bonds, the U. S. Treasury will replace lost or destroyed bonds at no cost or loss to you.

So if some of your bonds are coming due, take advantage of this new offer of your government—just sit back and let them go on making money. Meanwhile keep adding to your savings by buying more U. S. Defense Bonds regularly—through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank.

If you want to be paid your interest as current income—

The new law also allows you to exchange your Series E Bonds, in blocks of \$500 or more, for Special Series G Bonds which pay interest semiannually at the rate of 2 1/2% per year. For full details, ask at any Federal Reserve Bank.

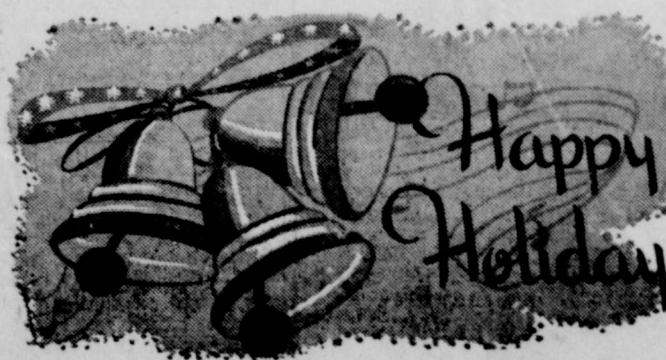
Look how your maturing bonds go on earning under the new law! (This table shows \$25, \$50, and \$100 bonds as examples of how ALL Series E Bonds grow.)

Original maturity (or face) value	\$25.00	\$50.00	\$100.00
Issue price	18.75	37.50	75.00
Period after issue date	Redemption values during each year		
11 years	\$33.31	\$50.02	\$101.25
12 years	35.94	53.87	107.75
13 years	38.56	57.72	114.25
14 years	41.19	61.57	120.75
15 years	43.81	65.42	127.25
16 years	46.44	69.27	133.75
17 years	49.06	73.12	140.25
18 years	51.69	76.97	146.75
19 years	54.31	80.82	153.25
20 years	56.94	84.67	159.75
Extended maturity value (20 years from issue date)	63.33	96.67	193.33

Buy U. S. Defense Bonds today— Now they earn interest 10 years longer!



The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks, for their patriotic donation, the Advertising Council and



Here's a hope that the New Year holds a full store of love and prosperity for you



The Briscoe County News - - - 43 Years of Service



We deeply appreciate your friendship, both in the old year and the new



1952

COFFEE IMPLEMENT COMPANY
W. Coffee, Jr. J. W. Brannon, Jr.
Pat Pavlicek

Mystery of Jumbo Rifle Cartridge No Longer is Mystery

Solved at last has been the mystery of the famous Jumbo 70-150 Winchester express cartridge which has baffled gun experts for the past half century. This largest sporting cartridge ever made by the New Haven Sporting Arms and Ammunition company, has baffled the experts since it was first discovered on the 1888 cartridge boards which were common sights in sporting goods stores in the latter part of the last century.

The 70-150 was an experimental cartridge developed for the obsolete model 1887 lever action shotgun equipped with a special rifled barrel, according to Paul Fosten, Winchester ammunition expert in a copyrighted exclusive article in the new edition of the Gun Digest.

This most controversial of all Winchester cartridges was seven-tenths of an inch in diameter. The model 87 shotgun was the first shotgun Winchester made.

Philip Jay Medicus, leading dealer in obsolete ammunition, estimates that only between 25 and 35 of these rare cartridges are still in existence. One is pictured in his new catalogue, and another in "Cartridges" by Herschel C. Logan, a standard reference work on cartridges. The H. P. White Company of Cleveland has several of these rare cartridges in its reference collection. The most recent sale of a 70-150 Winchester was for \$20 for a single cartridge.

The Gun Digest article on "Forgotten Winchester" cartridges also describes 64 other rare and obsolete Winchester cartridges which will be news to the growing army of cartridge collectors.

Popcorn Stand Salesman Gives Bags to His Friends

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—A movie house popcorn stand worker has been charged with giving away somewhere between 15,000 and 40,000 bags of popcorn over a period of more than two years.

According to police, Marvin Colyer "just wanted to be good to his friends." Officials hinted, however, that they believed he had been making a little profit on the side.

Colyer's employer said that he would still be retained as the theatre's "booking agent," but would cease to operate the popcorn stand.

The charges arose when the employer found 15,000 bags on hand that he had not ordered. They were not the usual color used by the theatre.

'One-Man Red Cross' Known Well By Fighting Marines

WITH THE FIRST MARINE DIVISION IN KOREA—The genial little man with the familiar stubby figure and walk half-way between a plunger and a roll proceeded cheerfully along the torn ridge that had been stormed by screaming Chinese just a few hours before.

His round, red face was creased with smiles and sunlight glanced off his horn-rimmed spectacles and the small cross-shaped red pin on the front of his fatigue cap. His voice—a somewhat halting stammer couched in a southern drawl—spread softly along the ridge, its hearty sincerity visibly bucking up the grimy young Marines.

Whenever he passed he left good cheer behind—and other things, too: a pocket comb here, a toothbrush there, . . . stationery . . . tobacco . . . a deck of cards . . . and always a kind word for the guys who appreciate it the most.

Once more Bernard Goldstein, "The one-man Red Cross" to the men of the First Marine Regiment in Korea—had come to the front lines.

Dental Educator Reports Illegal Teethmaking Rush

The illegal making of artificial dentures by individuals unqualified and unlicensed to practice dentistry is a threat to the dental health of the public, a dental educator reports in The Journal of the American Dental Association.

Dr. Walter Henry Wright, dean of the New York University College of Dentistry, reported that the illicit practice was increasing in large cities and added:

"The dental profession can no longer maintain a complacent attitude toward the illegal making of complete dentures by technicians. Amid social changes, it is not improbable that such forms of low-grade dentistry might receive political sanction, unless dentists are intent on guarding the oral health of the public."

Calling for a more rigid enforcement of dental laws to protect the public's dental health, Dr. Wright pointed out that the making of dentures is dictated by the biologic requirement of each mouth, making it imperative that every procedure be under the control of the dentist to protect both the patient's dental health and general health.

"Design, support and occlusion (bite) are interrelated biomechanical requirements which cannot be delegated to the technician," he said.

R. E. Drake to be Plant X Manager for Service Company

The manager for Plant X, Southwestern Public Service Company's new super-power plant near Earth, will be R. E. Drake. Mr. Drake is manager of the company's Denver City plant at the present time. He is expected to assume his new duties in the immediate future and begin to assemble a crew and prepare for operation of the new plant.

The first unit of Plant X, a 50,000 kilowatt generator, is scheduled to go on the line this summer. A second generator, a 100,000 kilowatt unit is scheduled to be ready for operation in mid-1953. When the second unit is on the line, Plant X will be the largest of the company's base load power plants, with a generating capacity itself in excess of the entire system in 1943.

Mr. Drake has been associated with the Southwestern Public Service Company, or predecessor organizations, since 1934, except for his military service and a brief period before World War II. He went to Denver City as assistant plant manager in 1946, and was named plant manager in 1949.

R. E. Dyer, manager of the Tuco plant near Abernathy succeeds Mr. Drake at Denver City. P. S. Sterrett goes from the managership at the Clovis plant to Tuco as manager, and G. R. Maxwell, an engineer at the Amarillo plant, becomes Clovis plant manager.

Report Shows Village Life Similar the World Over

Village life is much the same the world over.

The small rural community tends to cling tenaciously to the past amid the changing present. This is brought out in a study of a Brazilian village published by the Institute of Social Anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution.

The field work for the study was done by Donald Pierson with the help of his wife and a group of Brazilian assistants, as a cooperative project between the Smithsonian and the Escola Livre de Sociologia Política in Sao Paulo, Brazil. The report is an extremely detailed account of the way of life of the people of a Brazilian village, observed daily for a period of 18 months.

The village itself was selected almost at random—in the report it is called "Cruz das Almas," though its true identity is withheld. It is a place of a few hundred inhabitants far enough away from the great city of Sao Paulo for the people generally to escape the effects of city life. The population represents a mixture of European, Indian, and African blood and is almost entirely agricultural with a rather low subsistence level. Handicrafts and farming practices appear to have changed little for generations.

But, the investigators found, the impact with the outer world is producing inevitable changes. Girls are beginning to use rouge and lipstick. Farmers are revolting over what they believe to be unfair profits of middlemen. They still, however, profess more or less contempt for "city folks" and take some pride in being called the Portuguese equivalent for "rubes."

Eye Focus

The process by which the eye changes its focus for near and distant objects is accomplished by a muscle around the lens of the eye which alters its shape. When the muscle is relaxed, the lens is thick, while contraction of the muscle pulls on the lens from all sides so then it is flattened. When thick, the lens is in focus for nearby objects and, when thinner, is adjusted for those which are farther away. Thus it is different from a camera lens, which retains the same shape, but is moved nearer the film for photographing distant scenes, and farther away for closeups.

Alternating Current

Probably Michael Faraday can be said to have made the discovery of alternating current electricity in England in 1831, when he announced the principle of electromagnetic induction. That is, a magnet moved near a coil of wire induces a current to flow in the wire. He experimented with primitive generators, in which a coil of wire was turned between the poles of a magnet, and this generated alternating current. Perhaps the first application of A.C. was in lighting, after it was found that the arc light could be operated on this kind of current. Around 1876, C. F. Brush and others began to build generators and arc lights for the illumination of streets and large buildings. Nikola Tesla, who invented the induction motor in 1888, is credited with the first application of A.C. for power.



The finest part of the New Year is looking ahead to your continuing friendship in the future...



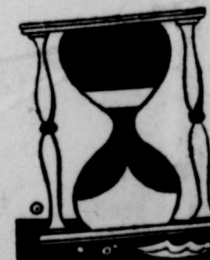
...and looking back to the heart-warming association we have enjoyed in days past.



Farmers Gin Co.
Mr. and Mrs. Gene Riddlehuber



IN ALL SINCERITY,
WE HOPE 1952 WILL
BE THE BEST YEAR
OF YOUR LIVES



Style Shoppe

MRS. MOLLIE A. MORTON, OWNER

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

FLOYDADA, TEXAS



Season's Greetings
Thank you for your good will and friendship—and a Happy New Year

CITY SHOE SHOP

Perry

Estell



We'll always have a light in the window for you—the best friends we've known



1952

Fogerson Lumber and Supply Company

"To Furnish You With the Best in Building Materials is Our Pleasure."

Phone 16



Cash Grocery and Market

J.E. Henderson

EXACO TIPS



E THOMPSON EXACO SERVICE IN PLEASE - DRIVE OUT PLEASED on, Texas Phone 9



Farmers Co-Op Elevator

WISHING ALL OF YOU A **Happy New Year**



May all your troubles melt like a snowman in the spring

OFFICE OF

Sheriff, Assessor - Collector
Briscoe County, Texas

Raymond and Ravenel Grewe
Bill McCracken Wes Harvey



We wish you prosperity --a wealth of love and peace of mind

1952

Seaney Hardware and Appliance Company, Inc.

George Agnes

Happy New Year



Our deepest thanks to all of you for your help and patronage

1952

HARVEST-QUEEN GRAIN CO.
Formerly Farmers Grain Company
West of the Railroad Track, Silverton

Mr. and Mrs. Ben O. King left last Thursday for Florida where they will spend about three or four months with relatives and enjoy the mild winter climate and fishing facilities of that state.

Mr. Albert Mayfield of Clovis, New Mexico, visited last week with his niece, Mrs. Perry Thomas, Jr., and Mrs. D. W. Mayfield.

The 5-10-5 and 4-12-4 grades accounted for about three-fourths of the mixed fertilizers sold in Texas last year. Superphosphate (20 per cent) accounted for about half of the fertilizer materials sold.

NEW Texas Almanac at the News office.

Best Wishes



The light of good fortune guide you this happy New Year

1952

Bomar One-Stop Pontiac

HOLI-DATING JUNIORS

Accompanied by COMPANION JACKETS!



Carole King JUNIORS



Other Carole King Juniors from \$8.95

LOVELY SENORITA, south-of-the-border rayon faille bare-top dress, topped with a cobweb-like black cotton lace bolero. Sizes 7 to 15.....

\$14.95

AS SEEN IN SEVENTEEN

HOLIDAY BELLE, bare-top dress paired off with a sophisticated peplum jacket. Moonbeam rayon taffeta. Sizes 9 to 15.....

\$14.95

STYLE SHOPPE

MRS. MOLLIE A. MORTON, OWNER
South Side Square Floydada, Texas



May the most prosperous of all New Years be awaiting you.



We add our thanks to all of you for your support and encouragement in the past.

Briscoe County Officials

J. W. Lyon, Jr.
Dee McWilliams
C. D. Wright

C. E. Anderson
Mrs. Annie Stevenson
Alton Steele

Milton Dudley
Dick Bomar
M. K. Hamilton

To Buy, Sell, Trade or Rent - Try Want Ads



We ask for no
happier New Year
than to be able to
continue to call you
our friends

Stodghill Hardware Company
Telephone 84

H. ROY BROWN

Oil Leases, Minerals, Royalties, Farm
And City Property.
Phones: Office 46; Residence 85
SILVERTON, TEXAS

ALL LINES OF PROPERTY INSURANCE FOR
CITY - FARM - RANCH
PROPERTIES

C. E. ANDERSON
BASEMENT COURT HOUSE - SILVERTON, TEXAS



Please Place Your
Santa Calls Early

The ever-growing custom of exchanging Christmas
greetings by telephone plus Christmas calls home by
service men and women will make our lines even busier
than ever.

We will do everything we can to complete all calls on
time. You can help us make your Christmas merrier by
placing your holiday calls as early as possible.

Southwestern Associated Telephone Co.

NO-DRAFT PLASTIC STORM WINDOWS

Windproof, Waterproof, Stormproof,
Easy-to-install, Transparent, Fits-any-
Window.

Durable, Non-Inflamable, Price \$1.00
per window. See--

Carl S. Crow

Swans on Thames
Rate Publicity,
Pomp, Ceremony

WASHINGTON, D. C.—England's
pet swans on the Thames rate a
press notice that many a movie
star might envy.

Even when they get a bath it's
news, as happened lately when
more than 60 of the birds were
given a shore shampoo after ship's
oil and bilge had discolored their
snowy plumage.

Earlier in the year, a note of
emergency marked still another
report of mass swan scrubbing by
the Royal Society for the Preven-
tion of Cruelty to Animals. A num-
ber of swans had been contami-
nated by tar flowing into the river
at Oxford. The shampooing was
administered at urgent speed, lest
the birds, in cleaning themselves,
should die from eating the sticky
substance.

Each July the Thames is the
scene of a traditional ceremony
known as swan-upping. For days a
flag-decked procession of skiffs
cruises upstream from London
carrying brightly costumed swan
masters. Their job is to up, or lift
the birds out of the river, and
mark new young ones with the
proper symbol of ownership.

King's Swans Unmarked

In accordance with centuries-old
custom, the Thames swans belong
to the King and to two of London's
ancient guilds, the Dyers' and Vin-
tner's Companies.

The King's swans are unmarked,
a reminder of the time when no
subject could own the royal bird
without license from the crown.
Each of the two companies still
uses its own swan-mark. A pen-
knife nick on the right side of the
beak distinguishes the Dyers'
swans; nicks on each side of the
beak indicate those of the Vintners.

There are now 600 or more
swans on the Thames. Ownership
of each season's additional crop
of cygnets, or young, follows the
mark of the brood's parents. In
cases of mixed mating, the off-
spring are divided as evenly as pos-
sible between the owners of the
parents.

Seen But Not Heard

Britain's common domesticated
swan, so familiar on the Thames
and other rivers, ponds and canals,
is the Mute species—CYGNUS
OLOR to the naturalist. It is pure
white and has a long slender neck
and knob at the base of the bill.

The species is without voice, or
almost so, in its tame or semi-tame
state. Occasionally, especially
during the breeding season, it is
said to give a barking snort, rattle,
and hiss. Graceful as they are,
these birds, with their strong wings
and beaks, make formidable fight-
ers when aroused.

The wild Mute swan is believed
to have been domesticated in En-
gland since the 12th century or
earlier. During the reign of Ed-
ward IV, nearly five centuries ago,
it was ruled that "no person . . .
except the king's son, should have
any swan-mark or game of swans
of his own . . . except he hath free-
hold lands and tenements to the
clear yearly value of five marks."

Thus arose the licensing custom;
and for centuries possession of a
swan-mark, the keeping of the
royal birds, and the privilege of
eating one's own roast swan became
an expensive luxury, and a source
of valuable revenue for the crown.

Professor Instructs Texans
To Install Air-Conditioning

AUSTIN, Texas—You can install
a personal air-conditioning system
in 100-degree weather by following
the advice of a University of Texas
faculty member.

Dr. C. J. Alderson, assistant pro-
fessor of physical and health edu-
cation, suggests the following com-
pensation when temperature outside
is higher than normal body tem-
perature (98.6 degrees):

Wear a fibrous, loose-woven gar-
ment.
Try to find dry air which is
moving.

Work up a sweat (this is easy).
A gunny sack would be the ideal
costume for Texans in 100-degree
weather, Dr. Alderson says. It
holds moisture and allows circula-
tion of air, thus producing a cool-
ing evaporation process.

If you don't like the gunny sack
idea, wear some type of loose, fi-
brous, light clothing. This allows
for effective perspiration and cir-
culation of air, and it isn't so heavy
to carry around. Be sure the neck
is well-ventilated. Wear an open-
collared shirt, because the throat
acts as the body's thermostat.

Eagle Nest in Crow's Spot
Poses Problem for Surveyor

MOBILE, Alabama — A four foot,
wide mass of twigs and sticks
created quite a problem here for
marine surveyor John Pettigrew.

The surveyor was inspecting the
freighter *George Goss* when he
came across an eagle's nest that
was not listed on the ship's inven-
tory, which he had to complete be-
fore the freighter could be re-
activated.

The problem was solved by de-
claring the nest excess and sur-
plus property. It could then be de-
stroyed or thrown away, providing,
of course, no one wanted to buy it.



By Shirley Sargent

HOW WOULD YOU like to have
an old-fashioned New Year's
Eve celebration? Tom paused
hopefully as he set the projector up.

"Heck, no," the eight children
complained, almost in unison. "We
always have movies on New Year's
Eve."

"All right," Tom sighed, "lights
off, please."

The lights blinked off, plunging
the room into darkness, but the
projector failed to work. "The
plug's okay," his wife, Martha,
said softly. Everybody yelled advice
to Tom, but he ignored it.

"Lights," he called finally.
"Sorry, folks, but whatever's bro-
ken can't be fixed tonight."

"What'll we do?" a disgusted
nephew asked.

Tom grinned at their downcast
faces. "You're spoiled by these
modern conveniences. Why, up to
six or seven years ago, we managed
to stagger along without movies.
Let's have an old-fashioned cele-
bration like we used to."

"Tell us what to do," the children
shouted.

"Well, now, you start out by get-
ting some good fire logs out of the
storm cellar so we can get that
fireplace going." Three shock-
haired nephews clattered out of
the room, but Tom wasn't finished.
He turned to the adults, "We'll
need marshmallows and apples . . ."



The older folks joined in, with
Tom's baritone booming loud
and strong.

"And popcorn," his wife interrupt-
ed as she bustled out to the kitchen.
"That's right, Martha," Tom
felt enthusiastic as he packed his
movie equipment away and took
the blank, white screen down. He
was so tired of showing pictures,
he didn't even make a pretense of
finding out what was wrong with
the projector.

"Hey, Tom," his brother-in-law,
Herb, called, "come here and give
me a hand with this piano of yours.
We'll just roll it into the archway
and maybe we can get Martha to
play after a while."

"Come on," an excited voice
hailed them into the transformed
living room. A roaring fire lit up
the walls, both children and adults
were sprawled on the floor, eating
apples and fixing sticks to roast
marshmallows on.

"Well," Tom chuckled, "this
looks mighty familiar to me. Let's
turn out all the lights except those
on the tree. There, that looks better.
Now, I'll tell you a New Year story
my father always told us."

BY THE TIME Tom had finished
telling his story, the fire had
burned so low marshmallows were
roasting over the coals. Kernels
could be heard popping into crunchy
white pieces, as Herb showed the
boys how to shake the pepper just
right over the flickering flames.
Martha and the other women
brought bowls for the hot popcorn
and the salt cellars passed from
hand to hand as the family ate.

"Sure is good," sighed one of
Herb's little girls, rubbing her
tummy. "I wonder if I'll have room
for turkey tomorrow."

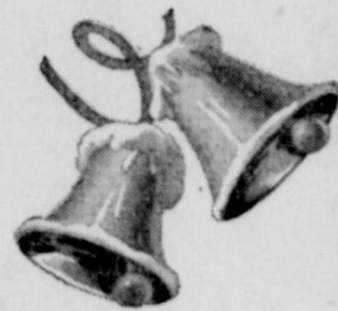
Everybody laughed. Tom leaned
against Martha's leg, staring up at
the fire-lit ceiling, seeing the happy
faces about him, and the bright,
colored strings of light shining on
the tree. He was just about to ask
Martha to tackle the piano when
Herb's son slipped over and the
strains of "Let Me Call You Sweet-
heart" filled the room. First the
piano carried the dominant tune
alone, then the youngster's shrill
voices swelled up in accompani-
ment, and finally the older folks
joined in, with Tom's baritone
booming loud and strong.

After that, Herb's son didn't hesi-
tate but shifted them from song to
song. Tom had never heard the
old upright sound so well, even if
it did need tuning. And the familiar
songs, which were more a part of
New Year's to Tom than anything
else, had never sounded so beauti-
ful. The harmony was so expressive,
the faces of his family so peaceful
he hated to interrupt.

"Way past bedtime, folks," Tom
smiled, "How do you like an old-
fashioned New Year's Eve?"

"Lots better than movies," the
children said, "just one more song."
"Tom," Martha whispered, "don't
worry about your projector. I
thought this would be more fun,
so I did what you said and never
put the plug in."

Then Tom, filled with the spirit
of the hour, led his family in sing-
ing "Auld Lang Syne."



Let us have faith in the
future, courage in our
efforts...



...and work together to
make this a genuinely
happy New Year



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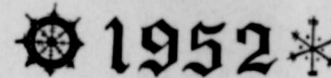
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