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AMERICAN CHRISTMAS SCENE . . . Symbolic of our nation at this festive season of the year is this picture of little Ethel Gorman, 4, daughter of a guide at the Statue of Liberty, as she admires a Christmas tree on the porch of Newell M. Foster, superintendent of the statue staff on Bedloe's Island. Over her shoulder, Miss Liberty herself stays right on the job, blazing her message of peace and good will.



HIGGINBOTHAM FUNERAL HOME

"Dedicated to Helpfulness"
 Phone 2233 403 N. Austin St. Lamesa
 24 Hour Ambulance Service
 Burial INSURANCE "Bonded Protection"
 L. T. Brewer, Local Representative

**Stores To Close
 25th & 26th**

. . . All of the local business firms have indicated thru a petition that they would close and observe the 25th and 26th, Monday and Tuesday, as Christmas holidays. Please govern your shopping needs accordingly. This will give management and employees a three day period for visits. Mayor Hash said this week.

Puzzled about a gift? Give a gift which will last 52 weeks:
THE INDEX
 \$1.50 in Lynn, Borden and Dawson Counties; \$2 elsewhere. A nice card will announce your gift (Overseas subscriptions are not recommended)

Index is agent for most daily papers



By Vera Tarpley

"BUT THEY don't believe in Christmas, Jim—you know that." Laura wished she hadn't spoken quite so loudly; her remark had stopped in midstream three rapid-running conversations. Her guests studied the rug pattern. Jim merely looked at his wife in silence.

"I mean, after all," she went on, "it's not their religion. . . so I assumed it would be embarrassing—to them—to invite them to our Christmas party." She swallowed uncomfortably.

"And I assumed that this party was for all the fellows in our office, including Ben." He smiled then, but didn't soften the accusation. Everyone in the room knew of the close friendship between Jim and Ben—they only guessed at his wife's resentment of the friendship.



THINKING OF CHRISTMAS?

THEN, Think of Furniture -- a lasting Gift

Bed Room Suites (10% off thru Dec. 24th)

Living Room Suites -- wide Selection

Lamp and Coffee Tables

Beautiful Breakfast room Suites
 Every Variety of Table and Floor Lamps
 Standard Brands of Vacuum Sweepers
 And a wide selection of hundreds of other items

Immediate Delivery; No Waiting

"A Complete Furniture Store Awaits You"

MANSELL BROS.



"He asked us to sing 'Silent Night' and guess what? He gave us ten dollars! And she invited us in and gave us candy and cookies."

Mr. Adams, office manager, broke the silence next. "I wouldn't worry about it too much, Jim. After all, Christmas is . . ." He emptied his glass and returned it to the coffee-table. "And we all feel a little differently about the holiday than they do."

About nine o'clock carolers came to the door, singing lustily and slightly off-key. "Let every heart prepare him room . . ." The oldest caroler was scarcely twelve. He rattled a box full of coins. Mr. Adams snatched the donation box from him, ceremoniously deposited nine pennies, and passed from guest to guest, bowing after each donation. Everyone put in nickels and dimes. Jim put in a five-dollar bill and everyone shouted "Show-off!" Laura was annoyed but kept still. Laura and Jim's little girl, Bonny, was out caroling too, but her group covered a different neighborhood.

No one noticed much when the telephone rang later in the evening and Jim went to answer it. But they noticed Jim's face when he returned to the living-room—it was white and twitched unpleasantly. Laura walked over to him. "Who was it, dear?"

"It was Ben—he called to apologize for not coming tonight."

"His daughter's been in Children's Hospital for the past month, you know."

Adams broke in. "Say, that's right—Ben said she was pulling out of it—that was last week I believe. How's she doing, did he say?"

"She died this afternoon."

Nobody seemed to have anything more to say after that. The party broke up within the next half-hour.

Just as the Adamses were leaving, Bonny came in from caroling. She was flushed with happiness and excitement. Laura clutched her in her arms convulsively.

"Did your group make a big haul tonight, Bonny?"

"Did we!" she gasped. "We got more than any other group I bet! And Mon, we sang for that Mr. Ben at Daddy's office, and—"

"Oh but you shouldn't have!" Laura looked at Jim with alarm. "Why not, Mom? He asked us to sing 'Silent Night,' and guess what? He gave us ten dollars! And she invited us in and gave us candy and cookies, and gee, they're nice! And I told them hello from you and Daddy, and you know what? She cried! Isn't that funny, mother?"

Jim looked at his stricken wife and wanted to take her in his arms, but Mr. and Mrs. Adams were standing there with their mouths open, so he merely grasped her hand firmly. Bonny babbled on happily.

"And you know what else? Mr. Ben asked me what the donations went for, and when I told him he took all the money out of his wallet and put it in our box, can you imagine? And then I asked him if he had any boys or girls like us, and would they like to go caroling with us and he said no. And then she started crying again and we left. Wasn't that funny?"

Mr. Adams cleared his throat. "By the way, Bonny, just what were those donations for anyway? I forgot to notice."

"Why, for the Children's Hospital fund—or something like that—it was all printed on the box."

For sale; almost new studio couch; tapestry upholstery; very reasonable; used doors and windows; Index

Renew your Index

They're Here!



The famous F-1 Pickup . . . with new features for '51! Plus an important money-saving advancement . . . the Ford POWER PILOT, standard on ALL new Ford Trucks for '51, from 95-h.p. Pickups to 145-h.p. BIG JOBS!

The heavy duty champion! . . . the new F-5 for '51. This truck outsells any other truck in the 1 1/2-ton field! New 5-STAR EXTRA Cab offers many extra comforts . . . available at extra cost on Ford Trucks, Series F-1 through F-8.

NEW FORD TRUCKS for '51

FEATURE POWER PILOT ECONOMY

FOR 1951, more than ever, economy-wise truck buyers are going to follow the trend to Ford!

New Ford Trucks for '51 give you step-ahead engineering advantages, such as America's only truck choice of V-8 or Six . . . a choice of over 180 models to fit your hauling job better . . . strength reserves that make Ford Trucks last longer.

You'll find these new features in engines, clutch, transmissions, axles, wheels, cabs, Pickup body—wherever there have been opportunities to make



All heavy duty F-5 and F-6 Fords for '51, like this Dump, give you easier, quieter shifting with new, 4-Speed Synchronizing Silent transmission, optional at extra cost.

Ford Trucks do a better job for you, for less money!

Ford's POWER PILOT is especially important to you . . . for it's a PROVEN money-saver, on every hauling job.

Driver comfort, too, gets plenty of attention in new Ford Trucks for '51. There is the new 5-STAR Cab and the optional 5-STAR EXTRA Cab featuring foam rubber seat padding, glass wool roof insulation, automatic dome light and many other comfort extras at only slight additional cost.

And only Ford gives you a power choice of V-8 or Six . . . four great engines! Over 180 models. Come in . . . Get ALL the facts. Select the new Ford Truck that's right for YOU!

The Ford Truck Power Pilot is a simpler, fully-proven way of getting the most power from the least gas.

It automatically meters and fires the right amount of gas, at precisely the right instant, to match constantly changing speed, load and power requirements.

Unlike conventional systems, the Power Pilot uses only one control instead of two, yet is designed to synchronize firing twice as accurately.

You can use regular gas . . . you get no-knock performance. Only Ford in the low-price field gives you Power Pilot Economy!

NEW FEATURES THROUGHOUT

New massive, modern front end and exterior styling makes Ford the '51 favorite for "good looks!"

New 5-STAR Cabs feature bigger rear window—with up to 50% more safety vision.

New "grain-tight" Pickup body, new clutch disc, new transmissions, new wheels assure still longer life.

New autothermic pistons with chromo-plated top rings, new high-lift camshafts for top performance, longer engine life.

POWER PILOT ECONOMY . . . and many other money-saving advancements!



Using latest registration data on 6,592,000 trucks, life insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer!

See 'em today!

FORBES Motor Co.

FORD Sales and Service

Phone 92

O'Donell, Texas

INDEX-P

Christmas Cheer

ALL OF OUR
FOLKS ARE HOPING
THAT ALL OF
YOUR FOLKS WILL
SPEND A MIGHTY
Merry Christmas

Hunt Bros.

SERVICE STATION and GROCERIES



Glad thoughts

And special wishes
Are happily combined
To make this
Christmas Greeting
The warmest kind.

Llyod Shoemaker

FIRE INSURANCE; Car Insurance

JUST BEFORE Christmas

Excitement is mounting and all over town Parents are trying to slow their kids down.

There are Sunday School tableaux, Neighborhood sings, And sister's play Costume reads new Angel Wings.

While packing the box For Uncle John's folks Dad gets himself all Tangled up in the ropes.

Mysterious bundles Arrive from the store And Mother is busy Behind a locked door.

It's just impossible for all to agree What goes where when trimming the tree.

Where, oh where is the Christmas Card list? We all thought this Person had ceased to exist.

Sure, we're busy, but who can complain? Thank goodness it's Almost Christmas Again!



A sprightly,
gay Christmas
to you.

Star State Grain COMPANY



A YEAR
CHOCK FULL OF
THE BEST OF EVERY
THING IS OUR
NEW YEAR WISH
FOR YOU.

Singleton APPLIANCE

Mr. and Mrs. Hal Singleton
Mr. and Mrs. Hal Singleton Jr.



It isn't always stylish to be old fashioned, but there are times when it's very genuine—and Christmas is one of them. Yes, folks, we wish you an old fashioned Christmas this year ... the best one of them all!

McCauley's Dress Shop

(Across Street West of Bank)

NEW 1951 Chevrolet

AMERICA'S LARGEST AND FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR!



The Smart New Styline De Luxe 2-Door Sedan

**PLUS TIME-PROVED
POWER *Glide*
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION***

—proved by more than a billion miles of performance in the hands of hundreds of thousands of owners.

All the things you want— IN THE NEWEST NEW CAR FOR '51!

Choose Chevrolet and you'll own the newest new car for '51 . . . the car that is refreshingly new, inside and out . . . with that longer, lower, wider "luxury look" which stamps it as most beautiful in its field.

You'll own the only car that offers you your choice of the finest, time-proved no-shift driving* or standard driving, at lowest cost.

You'll own the car that gives the top-flight combination of thrifty Valve-in-Head engine performance, riding-comfort and safety.

Come in . . . see and drive Chevrolet for '51 . . . America's largest and finest low-priced car!

AMERICAN BEAUTY DESIGN—Brilliant new styling . . . featuring entirely new grille, fender moldings and rear-end design . . . imparting that longer, lower, wider, big-car look which distinguishes Chevrolet products.

AMERICA-PREFERRED BODIES BY FISHER—With new and even more striking beautiful lines, contours and colors . . . with extra sturdy Fisher Unisteel construction . . . Curved Windshield and Panoramic Visibility.

MODERN-MODE INTERIORS—With upholstery and appointments of outstanding quality, in beautiful two-tone color harmonies . . . and with extra generous seating room for driver and all passengers.

MORE POWERFUL JUMBO-DRUM BRAKES (with Dobl-life rivetless brake linings)—Largest brakes in low-price field . . . with both brake shoes on each wheel self-energizing . . . giving maximum stopping-power with up to 25% less driver effort.

SAFETY-SIGHT INSTRUMENT PANEL—Safer, more efficient . . . with overhanging upper crown to eliminate reflections in windshield from instrument lights . . . and plain, easy-to-read instruments in front of driver.

IMPROVED CENTER-POINT STEERING (and Center-Point Design)—Making steering even easier at low speeds and while parking . . . just as Chevrolet's famous Knee-Action Ride is comfortable beyond comparison in its price range.

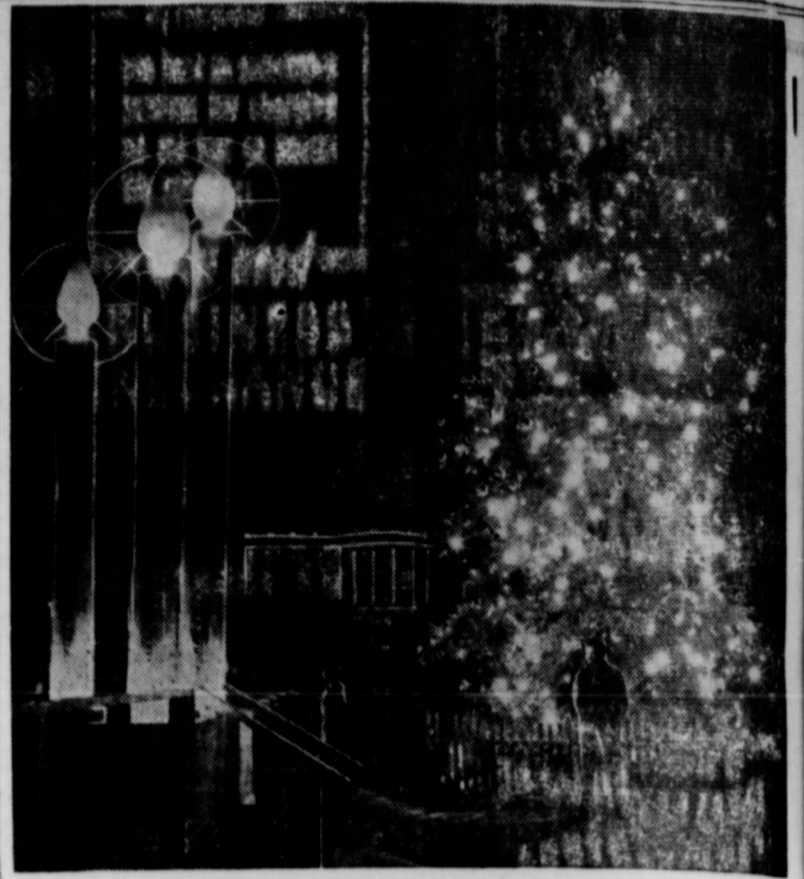
*Optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.



MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

Ellis Chevrolet Co.

Chevrolet Sales and Service:- O'Donnell, Texas



PRESIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS TREE . . . This was the annual community Christmas tree in Washington, D. C., as it blazed with light last year. President Truman, at his home in Independence, Mo., pushed a button to turn on this holiday brilliance by remote control. The White House shows dimly in the background, framed by the tree and huge Christmas candles.



It's the season
for jollity. Let's
share it.



Joe's Service Sta.

Joe Harris, Prop.



This Christmas . . . bring happiness into her eyes and into your home with the electrical gifts she's always wanted.

• Visit your favorite electric appliance dealer today for helpful suggestions.

TEXAS ELECTRIC SERVICE COMPANY

JAMES CRUMLEY, Manager

WANT ADS

NOTICE: Van's Laundry will be Closed from 12 noon Dec. 26th to Tuesday morning Dec. 26th

Legal Notice

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of O'Donnell will be held at the office of said bank of O'Donnell on Tuesday Jan. 9th 1951 at 2 p m for the election of directors and the trans action of such business as properly may come before the meeting. J. L. Shoemaker, Jr. Cashier.

For sale: Body Shop, Bldg. 2 lots; equipment; all or any part; going cheap; see Eris Miller Rt 2 Tahoka xtc

For Sale: almost new.... divan cheap; Index

For sale: a good radiant heater, very reasonable; Mrs Etha Abernathy

For rent: 3 room Apt. and bath; also bed room. Mrs Ruth Schooler 2tp

Christmas Greeting Cards and Extra Cards. Mrs. R T Peck Phone 187, Box 778

An Annual Treat . . .

Yea, Man That's . . .

TEETER'S

Delicious Home-baked FRUIT CAKES

"Best In The West"

Place your order Today Teeter's City Bakery "The Taste Is Baked In"

Man with family; 25 years farm experience; Capable of managing a large farm; now employed; references furnished; write in care of Post office box 694; O'Donnell. 10p

I have 100 acres of land for sale joining highway south of O'Donnell ; all in cultivation; one fourth minerals, possession Jan 1st. Priced \$100 acre; also have good 2 section ranch for sale. J L Tisdale at Harmony 10 p

For sale; 960 acre stock farm; no minerals, good improvements; \$18,000 cash; One section improved farm 1-2 minerals 960 acre cash and other farms for sale; W G Griffin; Hodson, Texas 2tp

Trailer Court space for sale; Mrs Gladys Nelson 1tc



Your Merry Christmas is in the bag this year.



SWINNEY FLOWER and Gift Shop

J. C. and Ilene Swinney

O'Donnell Upholstery Shop
Mr and Mrs. H. L. Wood



We wish you well this season.

PELTS
SCHOOL STORE
Mrs. R. R. Pelts



Merry Christmas

Southwestern Sewer Co.



By **HELYN CONNELLY**

BETTY JANE threw her purse at a chair and sat down heavily on the bed.

She wore her father's shirt and her brother's blue jeans, a costume she adopted a year before with Woody Anderson's permission.

"What's the matter, dear?" She jumped as the words cut the silence, but she didn't turn. She didn't want her mother to know anything was amiss—not yet, anyway. And then suddenly the tears came, like angry flood waters bursting through a barrier, unable to be restrained any longer.

Mrs. Miller was careful to keep a straight face as she wiped her 16-year-old daughter's face with her handkerchief. "Why, dear? Did Lance upset you?"

Betty Jane shook her head vehemently. Why did mother always think her brother was to blame for



"Gosh, you look wonderful like this!"

her tears? Grown women never cried over their brothers! "It's what Lance saw, not what he did," Betty said in a burst of confidence. As her mother waited she continued wretchedly. "He saw Woody buying a bottle of cologne. Cologne, mother, imagine! He was so glib when he told me I looked cute in jeans and now he's two-timing me with some fluff female who actually uses cologne! Oh, how can men be so beastly?"

"Darling, how do you know the cologne isn't for you? Maybe Woody thinks you've outgrown your jeans."

"He knows what I think of these pink and white girls who use that horrible concoction! He wouldn't dare get me any. And besides, I already told him I wanted roller skates for Christmas. . . . I have to be ready for the new rink that's opening next month, don't I? I thought Woody and I would be going together, but now that's all over." She threw her arms around her mother and cried tragically, "Oh, mother, I'll never smile again! I definitely won't."

This time Mrs. Miller smiled over her daughter's head. She well recognized the stage Betty Jane was going through and decided she must take a hand. "You're sure the cologne wouldn't be for a sister or a cousin?"

"He hasn't a female in the family, and his mother never uses it, so who else could it possibly be for? I'll bet it's for Estelle Bryan. All the other fellows like her but Woody used to say she was too fragile. Oh, mother, how he's deceived me!"

HER mother arose. "Well, dry your eyes, Betty, dear. It's Christmas Eve and you want to be happy today. Woody will probably come over with your roller skates tonight and we'll surprise him. If he likes fragile girls, he'll get one."

Betty Jane sat up straight. "Mother, no! Not that horrible blue dress you bought me!"

"You wash up and put that dress on, Betty. We'll wait for you downstairs." With that, Mrs. Miller closed the door on her tomboy daughter and hurried downstairs. As she reached the bottom step the doorbell rang and she admitted Woody Anderson, a lanky boy with unruly red hair and freckles marching in perfect formation over the bridge of his nose. He was clutching a box, obviously containing the roller skates requested by Betty Jane.

"She'll be right down," Mrs. Miller informed him, then left him alone for the surprise.

It came a half-hour later when Betty Jane made her appearance. The blue dress looked even better than she had hoped it would.

"Gosh, Betty Jane!" Woody contributed to the conversation. The smile broadened. "For me, Woody?" she asked, nodding toward the box. "Is it cologne? Lance saw you buying some." So casual, so indifferent.

"Uh—gosh, no, Betty Jane. Gee, you asked for skates and I got them for you. I bought cologne for Miss Lindsay, the English teacher that helped me with my essay for that contest."

"How sweet of you." She stepped down into the living room and accepted the box from Woody. "Thank you," she said gravely. "Yours is under the tree."

"Gee, I didn't think I'd ever like you dressed up as a girl, Betty," he gulped. "Estelle looked so awful and I was proud to have you run around with me in blue jeans, but, gosh, you look wonderful like this!"

Courtesy Important When Sending Cards

The exchange of cheerful Christmas cards between friends is one of our most delightful Yuletide customs—and like all other social relationships, it is governed by simple, common-sense rules of etiquette.

You may properly send your holiday greetings to almost everyone—business and professional associates, if you wish, as well as social acquaintances and relatives.

Be sure to choose appropriate cards, however. If Aunt Jennie is a garden enthusiast, she'll probably appreciate a beautiful flower print more than a dozen Santa Claus designs.

Special Titles.

Cards with special titles, such as "Merry Christmas, Mother," are available for mothers, wives, sweethearts and practically all relatives, including the in-laws, and are a mark of individual thoughtfulness.

If you can spare a moment or two, pen a brief holiday note on each card. It adds a warm sincerity and a touch of your individual personality to your Yuletide greetings. Christmas time is a sentimental and nostalgic season for everyone, and many a friendship has been kept alive through the years by the annual exchange of holiday greetings.

Colored ink is entirely proper both for signing the card and addressing the envelope, provided it harmonizes with the color scheme of the card itself.

Signatures need not be formal, except on engraved Christmas cards. You may have your name neatly printed if you wish, or take your pen in hand and sign the greetings yourself with a holiday flourish.

"Mr. and Mrs."

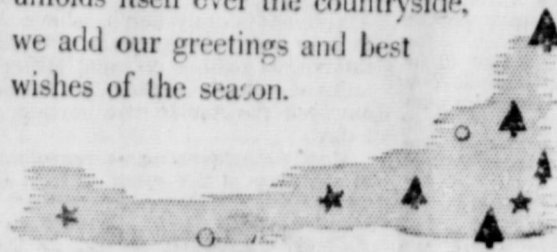
Married couples may omit the "Mr. and Mrs." if they prefer and sign their cards simply "Paul and Jenny Wilson." Either the husband's name or the wife's may appear first. Children in the family rate a place in the signature, too.

In addressing the envelopes, it is best to send one card to a husband and wife, and separate cards to other adult members of the family too. As an alternative, one card may be mailed to the whole family if you are careful to write the names of each individual on the envelope, including the children.

Use three-cent stamps for your Christmas cards, following the rule of good taste which says that first-class friends deserve first-class mail. It is entirely proper to write your return address on the envelope, to help friends keep tab on changes of address.

Selecting attractive Christmas cards for each of your friends is a delightful pre-Christmas activity. Don't treat it as a sober social responsibility. Plunge in with a smile and the gay holiday scenes on the cards will soon fill your heart with Yuletide cheer and sentiment.

As the Spirit of Christmas unfolds itself over the countryside, we add our greetings and best wishes of the season.



Arnett Laundry



HAPPINESS RULE YOUR HOMES THIS SEASON.



Crescent Cafe

Mr and Mrs. O. L. McClendon

The New **REX**

THEATRE

EVENING SHOW
Box Office Opens 6:45
Show Starts 7:00 p. m.
Box office closes 9:15 p. m.

All children 5 years old and are required to buy tickets

Fri. nite - Sat. Mat.
Dec. 22 - 23rd
Charles Starrett as the Durango Kid in
Texas Dynamo

Sat. nite only Dec. 23rd
Adele Jergens in
Armoured Car Robbery

Sun. and Mon. Dec. 24 - 25th
Farley Granger and Ann Blyth in
Our Very Own

Tues. Dec. 26th
Judy Canova in
Sleepy Time Gal

Wed. and Thurs. Dec. 27th and 28th
Wm. Holden and Barry Fitzgerald in
Union Station

VAN'S Laundry
FREE Pickup And Delivery



REPEAT THE SOUNDING JOY THIS CHRISTMAS.



Moore and Moore Insurance

PAY YOUR TAXES . . .

EARLY -- SAVE THE DISCOUNT

1950 State and County Taxes are now due and Payable

YOU CAN SAVE ----

1 per cent on taxes paid during Dec. 1950
Last date for ayment with out penalty and Interest is Jan. 31, 1951

J. E. (RED) BROWN

Assessor and Collector of Taxes Lynn Co.

Tahoka, Texas

INDEX--PRESS WANT ADS HAVE FARMER'S INTEREST

COSTS BUT TWO CENTS A WORD

Index is agent for most daily papers



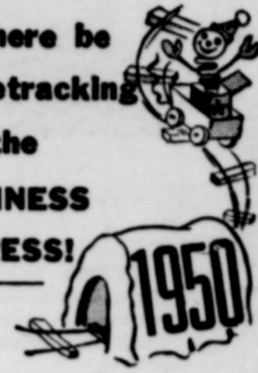
Here's to a
bright and
beautiful
Christmas
1950

Eiland Lumber Co.

Building Materials, Paint, Varnish
Hardware Builders' Hardware
402 North Dallas Phone 971



May there be
no sidetracking
of the
HAPPINESS
EXPRESS!



Henningsen Lamesa, Inc.

LAMESA, TEXAS



MAY ALL THE
BLESSINGS OF
THE SEASON
BE YOURS.



Drs. H. W. Cutler

Naturopathic - Physicians
308 North Second St. Lamesa



We send our
simple but
enduring respects
this season.



And hope this
Christmas is one
you can cherish
forever.

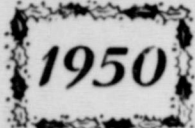


G. B. Mayfield

LAMESA



HOLIDAY
HAPPINESS
FILL YOUR
HOMES.



**Gibson's
Cleaners**

Mr and Mrs Glenn Gibson



May Santa's
packages
hold peace,
joy and
health.



**Harvey
Jordon Gin**

**SOMEONE
AT
CHRISTMAS**

By CARLE FREEMAN

THE little gift shop was crowded when Nancy entered it, but almost immediately she noticed Larry Bryant. She sensed the usual disturbance at sight of him, and recalling the trend of her thoughts for the past several minutes brought a flush of warmth to her cheeks. She'd been thinking, somewhat resentfully, as she went along the busy streets of the little town, how unfair it was that Christmas had come before she could get acquainted with someone in Davenshire—Larry Bryant, for instance, departmental head at the electric plant where she worked. Christmas wasn't Christmas unless it could be shared with someone.

And now Larry was standing at the dish counter deciding about a pair of little green rabbit salt and pepper shakers. It didn't matter particularly that he'd buy the shakers—aside from the significance of such an act—but she'd had her own heart set on them more or less for a week. Larry had been in the shop every afternoon that she'd been there, but this was his first time at the dish counter. The little shakers were as good as gone.

The other day when she'd looked at them, the sales girl had said, "Better buy them. These are the last ones, and they are a bargain at eight dollars. They came all the way from Sweden."

"I know—" Nancy had said, but she had thought they'd be an extravagance and look out of place on the little table in her corner



The other day when she'd looked at them, the sales girl had said, "Better buy them."

kitchenette at Lill Ransom's old rooming house. Then there'd be no one to admire them—only herself.

"They might be gone the next time you come," the girl had said when Nancy left the counter.

But they'd been there the next time Nancy went back to the little gift shop. Every afternoon for a week they'd been there, as if awaiting for her to make up her mind to buy them.

Nancy held her breath as she watched Larry from a distance. For now she knew that if he didn't take the shakers, she'd buy them herself.

But even as Nancy watched, she saw him hand the shakers to a clerk.

She tried to push her disappointment aside and select an inexpensive little gift for one of her co-workers at the plant. Tomorrow was Christmas Eve, and the employees and officials of the plant had drawn names as part of a gift-giving program they'd planned to have about the huge, gayly decorated tree in the arched entrance.

Nancy dreaded the occasion more so now than before. She regretted the day she'd left her home town to take a better job in Davenshire. Why hadn't she waited until after Christmas to make the change!

When the time came the next day for the program, Nancy took the gift that was handed to her and slipped from the crowd. She wouldn't be missed, she thought bitterly, as she hurried from the building. Snow fell softly about her in a gentle burst from the dark sky, and the ring of voices from the plant followed her in a kind of haunting, sad beauty.

Inside her apartment she looked down at the gayly wrapped package in her hands through a blur of tears. It was the only Christmas gift she'd receive, and it had been given only because someone had drawn her name.

She unwrapped the package, and suddenly the blur cleared to reveal the little green rabbit salt and pepper shakers with the long, saucy ears—one up and one limping down provocatively.

Her heart thrummed in her throat. Larry had drawn her name. But the cost of the gifts they were to exchange was not to go over twenty-five cents!

Lill Ransom called up the stairs. "You're wanted on the phone, and 'tis a man."

Nancy placed the little shakers carefully on the table and turned to the door. The hum of "Silent Night" came from Lill Ransom's radio up the sweep of stairs, and Nancy found herself singing the words softly as she dashed down them, for she knew even before she heard his voice who was waiting for her on the telephone.

The only season of the year that cattle grubs can be controlled is from September to December or the season when the grubs are emerging from the backs of the infested animals. Rotenone is the only in-

**On
New Year's
Day**

By JESSIE WEST

AMY looked out at the bright day and was about to decide it was the loveliest New Year's Eve she'd seen in years when she saw Clarabelle Carter crossing the street; and then she thought the day wasn't lovely at all.

She could hear Clarabelle talking to Mille as she had that day in the store when she'd been standing behind shelves lined with groceries deliberately eavesdropping.

"I do declare, it does look like Amy Wells could get someone," Clarabelle had said. "I suppose she'll die an old maid."

Clarabelle hadn't said anything degrading of course. But from that moment forward, Amy had wondered if people generally didn't assume that old maids just couldn't find any takers.

She took her eyes from the window and Clarabelle going down the street to look at her reflection in the dresser mirror. At almost forty-five, she didn't think she was being egotistical in appraising herself as actually looking thirty-five. She had very little gray in her dark hair, and the faint lines on her face were unnoticeable against the startling blue of her eyes and general prettiness of her features.

There'd been a time when she reigned as the most popular girl at Obane; she'd been pictured in the college year-book as "the girl all men want but only one can have."

Of course Clarabelle and the populace of Donovan, a little town of three thousand, didn't know these things.

Amy looked out the window again, and not seeing Clarabelle on the street now, the day resumed some



She was startled when someone stood at her shoulder suddenly.

of the brightness that Clarabelle's presence had blighted, and she got to thinking about a trip that 20 years ago had been scheduled for tomorrow. Memory of the tryst had come to her with the approach of another New Year, but she had not planned to enact a promise that youth's frivolous dreaming, disappointments and temperamental pride. Yet, seeing Clarabelle and remembering what she'd said about her somehow filled her with unexpected sentiment.

She had nowhere to go on New Year's day, and thought of the trip suddenly became entrancing. It would be emotionally uplifting to go back to the old haunts, and no one would know of her foolish living just for a day among memories of a past that through her own foolhardy pride, had led her into her present state of lonely maidenhood.

"If anything ever separates us," Lance had said that night long ago, "it'd be fun just to meet again, sort of a tryst affair, 20 years hence. Maybe in Park Rendezvous where we first met. . . ."

They'd talked like that often, then laughed—because they knew they'd never separate. Someday they'd marry. But they didn't marry. Too soon a trivial misunderstanding had risen between them, and she'd had too much pride to admit that she'd been a little wrong, too.

It was almost noon when Amy reached the Park Rendezvous at Obane on New Year's day. She'd have lunch, she decided, then visit about town. But already she was sensing regret for having made the trip. You couldn't live in the past even for a day without returning to the present with greater pain. How well she knew it now!

She was startled when someone stood at her shoulder suddenly. "Hello," he said.

Amy's heart fluttered in recognizing his voice. She looked up. "Why, Lance—!" It was all she could manage.

He sat by her at the table and covered her hand with his.

"Looks like we both remembered," he said, chuckling happily. "But, you married, Lance. I heard." She couldn't help saying it.

"That was false news, dear," he said. "Do you think—but you surely know now! I tried to find you, Amy, but I lost all trace of you." Amy laughed and her cheeks colored. "I wouldn't have come today," she said wistfully, "but for a person named Clarabelle. . . ."

"Clarabelle?" Amy nodded. "It's a queer little story, Lance," she said, and then she wondered with a little gloating, what Clarabelle, and all of Donovan for that matter, would think when they heard!

The highest yield reported in the Hill County corn production contest for 1950 was 85 bushels per acre.



CHRISTMAS JOY

May heaven
and nature sing
for you this
season.



**Sumrow Grocery &
Service Station**

At South Y

SEASON'S
BEST



May the stars
in the heavens shine
as never before on
your Christmas
happiness this year.

**H. & S. Auto &
Home Supply**
C. N. Hoffman



A
happy
holiday
to all.



May the
tidings of great
joy be yours,
in full
this Christmas

Harmony Gin
B. B. Foreman, Mgr.

Send us your NEWS

REUNION AT CHRISTMAS

By HELEN PETRONE

JANET opened the door to her apartment, thinking as she did so that it had been only a week since Craig and she had shared this apartment they called their "ivory tower," named that because of its odd shape. It had been a storage room until the housing shortage became prevalent. Then old Mrs. Root, feeling sympathetic toward the plight of Janet and Craig Norris, newly married and homeless, had cleared it out, partitioned it off into two small rooms and rented it to them.

That was just 13 months ago, Janet remembered, dropping her gloves on the table and lighting the lamp with the same gesture. They had been married only three weeks, just long enough to realize they were imposing on Craig's family who were cramped for quarters themselves.

Just a week ago they had the quarrel that had sent Craig from the apartment. It had been a blow



CHRISTMAS JOY



May the joys of the season be completely and all yours.

Lamesa Steam Laundry



To all in our town
May you enjoy a
superbly happy
Christmas.



Noble H. Price, M. D.
Douglas H. Black, M. D.
Price Hospital Staff



"She sat down at the window and looked out at the dark, starless sky."

to his pride from the day of their wedding that Janet should continue working. She enjoyed her position in the advertising firm where she had risen from a clerk to copy writer in just two years. Since she left the house after Craig in the morning and returned before him at night, she never felt her working interfered in any way with her household duties. But friends had spoiled everything with their snide remarks about "poor Janet still working," and it was more than Craig could bear. "They think I can't support you!" he'd storm at her, but the more he pleaded the more adamant she had become. And now he was gone.

The whole thing seemed so unimportant now. She glanced at the telephone, half-inclined to call him home, but her own recalcitrant nature refused to allow such a move. She turned on the radio instead and pretended the tears that welled in her eyes at the strains of "Silent Night" were merely tears of weariness after the preparation of the office party that morning. Deliberately she opened the dresser drawer to put away last night's ironing. Her souvenir box loomed temptingly before her. Lifting the cover, she stared at the items she had collected: Craig's class ring, exchanged for a diamond after their graduation from college; a pressed orchid, one of those she had carried at her wedding; various cards, Christmas, anniversary, birthday, valentine. She picked up a small gift card and read again, "To my dear wife, Janet, on our first Christmas." It was the card with the watch he had given her last year.

TREMBLING, she closed the box and turned quickly from the dresser. She had been a fool, she decided. Without Craig, Christmas could never hold the same meaning for her as it once had. She didn't stop to lock the door for there was nothing of value anyone could steal from her. Even her \$100 Christmas bonus lying on the table went unnoticed. The one thing she must not lose was happiness, and that was no longer in her home with Craig gone.

She hurried into her coat as she started breathlessly down the 3½ flights of stairs. Tears coursed down her cheeks and she prayed with fanatic zest that she was not too late. As she reached the last flight of stairs, she crashed into a figure who was hurrying up, as oblivious of his surroundings as she. She gasped at the impact, but the man quickly regained his balance and caught her before she could fall. "Janet!" he cried.

She looked at him almost in disbelief. Then, throwing her arms about him she gave full vent to her tears. "Oh, Craig! Darling, I was just coming for you."

He kissed her and held her tightly. "Janet, I've been such a fool. I didn't realize until tonight what an awful thing pride can be. Will you ever forgive me?"

She sighed. "There's nothing to forgive, Craig. I was the one who was wrong. I'm going to quit my job right away."

"No, you mustn't. I don't want to deprive you of any happiness and if you want to work, I'm not going to stop you."

She laughed snakily. "We'll argue that out later, shall we?"

Arm in arm they climbed up the stairs.

Bringers of Gifts Range From Santa To Knight Ruppert

In America on Christmas Eve, there is a merry tinkle of sleigh bells as Santa Claus drives up in a sleigh drawn by eight reindeer.

He drives from roof to roof, pausing just long enough to climb down each chimney. From a huge pack on his back he fills the children's stockings with toys and goodies. Gifts that are too large to be stuffed in the stockings are put on the Christmas tree or stacked underneath it.

This is Christmas in America—but it is not always Santa who brings the gifts to children in other lands.

The Dutch children anxiously await the arrival on Christmas of St. Nicholas. He was the bishop of Myra, so he is dressed in the traditional bishop's robes of black, wears a mitre, and carries a crozier.

He rides a white horse and is accompanied by Black Peter, his page boy. Instead of hanging up their stockings to hold the gifts, the Dutch children place their wooden shoes in the chimney corner before going to bed. On the window sills they leave a bunch of hay for "Sleipner," the bishop's white horse. It is customary for St. Nicholas to overturn chairs and leave the room in general confusion for Christmas morning.

English children wait for a Santa Claus who closely resembles our own. They also find gifts tied to a green Christmas tree, but this custom has been in effect only since Queen Victoria was a young bride. She married Albert, a German prince, and it was he who introduced this Christmas custom to England from Germany.

It is an angel who leaves the gifts in Czechoslovakia. She descends on a golden chord to accompany Santa.

In Scandinavia gifts are distributed during the supper hour. They are brought by dwarfs and the children leave bowls of porridge on the doorstep for them. Santa comes riding on a goat instead of a reindeer.

The birds receive the largest number of gifts in Sweden. Each family places a sheaf of grain on a pole or on the fence posts for the birds' Christmas dinner.

Spanish children place their straw-filled sleeves on the window sills so the Magi may feed their horses while they leave gifts. The older people fill an Urn of Fate from which the gifts are drawn on Christmas Day.

Knight Ruppert, who is the German Kris Kringle, is represented by a young girl wearing a golden crown and gowned in a flowing white robe. She carries a small tree laden with gifts which she distributes.

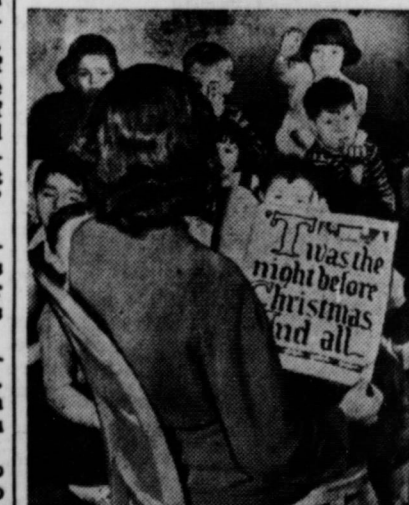
The children of Switzerland have their gifts brought to them by a radiant angel who rides in a sleigh drawn by six reindeer. She brings them goodies to eat as well as toys.

And in Poland, at least before the Communists came in, the people called at the parish house on Christmas morning where the priest presented them with "peace wafers," which symbolized peace on earth, good will to men. The people exchanged Christmas wishes as the wafers were broken and eaten before returning home.

As Americans observe this Christmas in the comfort and luxury of modern civilization, who among them will pause for a thought of how their forebears kept the holy season?

An example of Christmas of the past in America is provided in a study of the history of the old village of Kaskaskia, first capital of Illinois, where the pioneers braved the rigors of a new and unsettled world.

Despite the hardships and discomfort which prevailed in the days of the early settlers of this land, there was hardly a cabin so humble but what its occupants found some way to keep Christmas.



OLD, OLD STORY . . . If teacher could get this kind of attention as she lectures on the three R's, she'd have a room full of geniuses. She is reading the ageless Clement Moore classic "Twas the Night Before Christmas." And not a creature is stirring.

Drapery and upholstery supplies; also do belt and button work Mrs. H. L. Wood

For sale: Doors, windows with lifts; also a few window screens
r. Index



To you, a full
measure
of peace
and
plenty.



HIGGINBOTHAM SECURITY
BURIAL ASS'N
Bonded Protection Lamesa



The Year's Biggest Day

is just around the corner, and we are all as happy as children. For this is really going to be a merry Christmas.

That it may be especially joyous for you is the sincere wish of

Davis Furniture Co.

Hardware and Furniture phone 87

LAMESA

INDEX-PRESS WANT ADS HAVE FARMER'S INTEREST

COSTS BUT TWO CENTS A WORD

For Satisfactory Carpenter work and weather stripping see Ben Moore, Jr. Phone 111, Box 498

Renew your Index

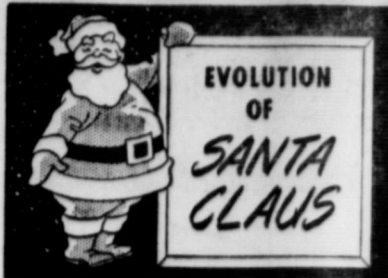
INDEX-PR



Let a holiday spirit prevail, and giver and receiver alike cherish the happiest Christmas ever. May the faith of the children be strong in your hearts.

Bill Strange Motors

Authorized Ford Dealer; Tahoka, Texas



Christmas has rolled around once again and Santa Claus with round red cheeks, jolly smile and chunky figure looks the same as he did nearly 90 years ago.

His creator was Thomas Nast, one of America's greatest cartoonists. During the early 1860's he was asked to illustrate Clement Clark Moore's poem, A Visit to St. Nicholas, better known to us as "Twas The Night Before Christmas." The result was Santa Claus as we know him.

Santa's creator was born in Bavaria in 1840, son of a musician in a Bavarian army band. When he was a fat little boy of six, Thomas' father left Germany to enlist in the United States navy, and Thomas' mother brought the boy to New York to live.

Along about the time stocky Tommy was 15 he landed his first job as an illustrator for Leslie's Weekly at \$4 a week. By the time he was 20 he was sent to England by the New York Illustrated News to sketch the Heenan-Sayers fight, an outstanding sports event of the day.

In 1862 he joined the staff of Harper's Weekly and began the series of emblematic drawings which continued throughout the Civil War. From those he created certain trademarks that have been the inspiration of cartoonists down to the present—notably the Republican elephant and the Democrat donkey.

Famous as the political symbols are today, Nast's Santa Claus probably holds first place in the hearts of Americans. Before Nast's day, a few artists had drawn Santa on one occasion or another, but could not seem to agree on how the old gentleman should look.

Nast changed all that. He located Santa's home at the North Pole and gave him a sleigh drawn by reindeer. He drew the familiar, fat, merry old fellow with red cheeks and white beard, dressed in red, wearing a cap and boots, carrying a pack of toys and smoking a short pipe.

The artist then gave Santa a spy-glass so that during the year he might pick out the good children from the bad, and also a big book in which to write their names and keep their records.

This conception of Santa Claus first appeared in 1863. Since that time, the pictured Santa has been the same, although the spy-glass and pipe seem to have been dropped by the way.



Best wishes for your happiness this Yuletide.

Garner Implement

Co. J. I Case Farm Machinery

Radiator and General Repair Shop

Phone 272 --- Box 335

TAHOKA

Merry Christmas



Good friends, let us be thankful for this gracious season. 1950

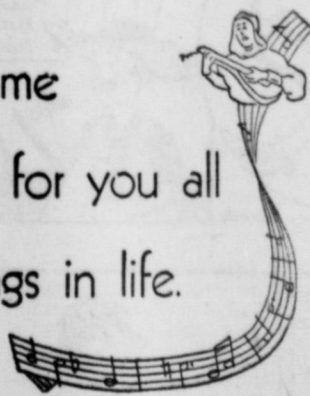
The House of Flowers

TAHOKA

Index is agent for most daily papers



It's an ideal time to wish for you all the good things in life.



THANKS, AGAIN

Doug Finley

Your M. M. and A. C. Dealer

TAHOKA



The peace of Christmas be yours.

1950

Fielder Jewelry

TAHOKA

VIRGIL



By Len Kleis

SUNNYSIDE



By Clark S. Haas

THE OLD GAFFER



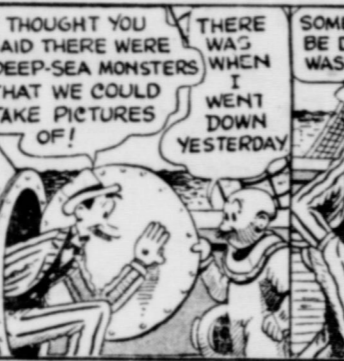
By Clay Hunter

BOUFORD



By MELLORS

MUTT AND JEFF



By Bud Fisher

JITTER



By Arthur Pointer

WYLDE AND WOOLY



By Bert Thomas



"I KNOW Y'SAID YOU WERE GOING T'MAKE SKIS. I JUST WONDERED IF YOU'D DECIDED TO MAKE AN IRONING BOARD INSTEAD."



"SO YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM JAMES MASON! GLORIA SWANSON NEVER ANSWERED MY LETTERS AND I'VE MANAGED SOMEHOW ALL THESE YEARS."

Smile Awhile

Why It Fell
"Hey, look — the barometer's falling!"
"Tsk, tsk — probably wasn't nailed up right."

Wet and Dry
A little boy had been absent from school and the teacher sent him home to get an excuse from his mother. He came running back to school and handed the paper to his teacher. This is what his mother had written.
"Dear Teacher: Please excuse my Tommy from being absent. He got wet in the A.M. and had to be dried in the P.M."

Dainty Yoked Frock: Cut on Princess Lines



Dainty Frock
THIS DAINTY yoked frock is cut on simple princess lines and so easy to sew your young daughter can make it in sewing class. Try it in a colorful striped fabric and trim with narrow ruffling.

Pattern No. 8623 is a new-style perforated pattern in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 years. Size 8 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch; 3/4 yard purchased ruffling.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
287 West Adams St., Chicago 6, Ill.
Please enclose 25 cents plus 5 cents in coin for first-class mailing of each pattern desired.
Pattern No. Size.....
Name

FINE FOR SCRATCHES
BIG JAR 10¢
MOROLINE
PETROLEUM JELLY

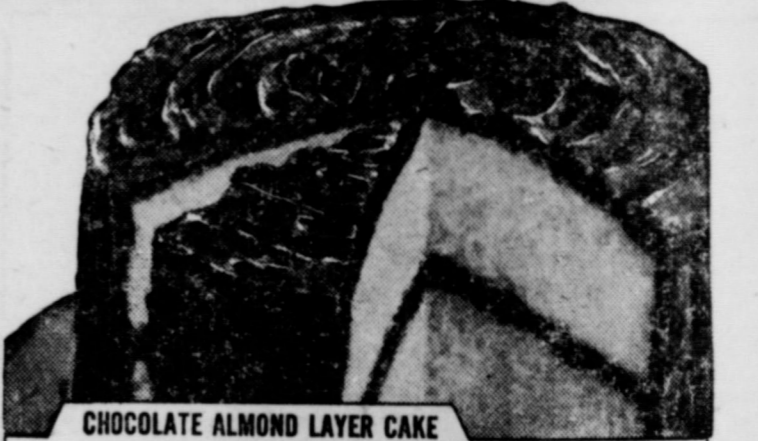
38%
Brighter Teeth



Amazing results proved by independent scientific test. For cleaner teeth for a brighter smile... try Calox yourself!

CALOX
Tooth Powder
A product of McKESSON & HOBBS

SNOWDRIFT-SURE: 3 MINUTE MIXING!



CHOCOLATE ALMOND LAYER CAKE
Only Pure Vegetable SNOWDRIFT Gives You this Luscious Quick-Method Cake!

True! Only emulsified shortening blends your cake ingredients all in 1 hour... quickly, completely. And Snowdrift is emulsified! It makes extra-tender, stay-moist-longer cake this new quick-method way. For luscious flavor be sure you use delicate Snowdrift—be SNOWDRIFT-SURE.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND LAYER CAKE
Snowdrift's Quick-Method Recipe
Blitz together into a large bowl:
2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
3 1/2 teaspoons double-action baking powder (or 4 1/2 tsp. single-action)
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar
Add:
3/4 cup Snowdrift
1/2 cup milk

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon almond extract
Beat 1 minute. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch layer pans, lined with plain paper in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes. Cool. Frost with ALMOND COCOA ICING: Cream 3 tbsp. Snowdrift with 2 tbsp. butter. Add 1/2 cup sifted cocoa, 3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar, and 1/4 tsp. salt alternately with 1/4 cup milk. When smooth, add 1 teaspoon almond extract. Frost cake. Dip tips of blanched almonds in icing; press upright around bottom of cake.

WHEN GOOD TASTE COUNTS—
Count on **SNOWDRIFT**
Made by the Wesson Oil People

ARE YOU A HEAVY SMOKER?
Change to **SANO**—the distinctive cigarette with
LESS THAN 1% NICOTINE

Not a Substitute—Not Medicated
Sano's scientific process cuts nicotine content to half that of ordinary cigarettes. Yet skillful blending makes every puff a pleasure.
FLEMING-HALL TOBACCO CO., INC.
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT SANO CIGARETTES





May your happiness match the brightness of Yuletide.

The First National Bank of Tahoka

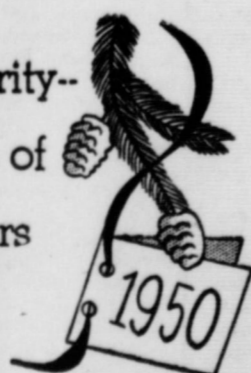


LET'S STRIKE A CHORD OF MERRIMENT.

Stanley Funeral Home TAHOKA



In all sincerity-- the fullness of joy be yours this Yule.



D. W. Gaignat

Hardware, Furniture; John Deere Tractors And Implements Tahoka



The happiness shop is in full production building Yuletide cheer...

Lyntegar Electric Cooperative

Inc. R E A Owned and Operated By Those We Serve



that a Merry Christmas can mean is our sincere wish for you this glad holiday season!

Lamesa Tin & Radiator Shop

If It's Made of Sheet Metal -- We Make It
Phone 64 -- 411 North 2nd Lamesa



MAY YOU ENJOY AN ENCHANTED CHRISTMAS.
1950

Collin's

LAMESA



By WILLIAM TREMON

EVERY day for a week old Oliver had been passing their house in his wagon loaded with pine and cedar trees.

"Christmas trees cheap!" he shouted. "Christmas trees—two dollars. On-ly two dollars. . ."

He was passing now, and Marge, washing the few dishes she and Denny had soiled at their noonday meal, wished she couldn't hear the sound of his shouting voice.

Joe always bought old Oliver's trees. "Old Oliver needs the money," he'd say. "And our old car just wouldn't take the bumps of a hunt for a tree in the country around here."

Old Oliver hesitated in front of the little house, repeating his chant until Marge through she must go to the door and tell him to stop. She



"Denny, dear," she said thickly, "we're not going to have a tree this Christmas. Daddy isn't here to help decorate it, and besides—Santa will come without a Christmas tree."

and Joe had explained to him the first time they'd bought a tree just the kind they liked. It had to be so tall and so big around. It had to be cedar with clusters of blue berries on it. Old Oliver always had the kind of tree they wanted.

Little Denny ran into the kitchen from the front room.

"Mommy, there's ol' Oliver," he said. "Mommy, he has our tree. . ."

Marge dried her hands and knelt to gather little Denny in her arms.

"I know he has, dear," she said, making herself look at him. Since last January when the horrible car accident had taken Joe away from her, she'd had difficulty in looking at Denny. Denny had Joe's rumpled dark hair, his dark eyes, the deep cleft in his chin. A sob caught in Marge's throat. "Denny, dear," she said thickly, "we're not going to have a tree this Christmas. Daddy isn't here to help decorate it, and besides—Santa will come without a Christmas tree."

"I'll help decorate it," Denny said. "I did last year."

Marge pressed Denny close. "I know, dear—" she said. Poignant memories of last Christmas crowded her so that she couldn't talk for a moment. She could see Joe teetering on the ladder to put the star in the top of the tree.

"I can help, Mommy. . . ." Denny insisted.

"You could, dear, but we don't want a tree with Daddy gone. Someday, dear,—oh, I hope it never comes to you—you'll understand why Mommy didn't want a Christmas tree!" She rose to her feet hurriedly feeling a rush of tears. "I'll get your wraps, Denny, and you can play outside in the snow for awhile."

Shadows lengthened in the little house before it came to Marge with frightening realization that it had been all of three hours since Denny'd left the house.

"Denny—DENNY!" She ran out on the porch and down the steps, her slim unprotected feet and legs sinking into the deep snow that had banked there. "DENNY—" The echo of her voice came back to her in mocking horror across the white stillness of the little yard.

A cold wind swept against her as she stood at the gate looking up and down the street and calling Denny's name. It was a horrible moment, one in which she knew she must have aged twenty years, and one in which she saw in heart wrenching clarity her unfairness to Denny in harboring a self-centered grief over her loss of Joe to the extent of his safety, his protection, his veritable happiness.

A familiar wagon made the turn at the end of the street, and Marge recognized old Oliver and his load of Christmas trees. His chant rang out again. "Buy your Christmas trees now! On-ly two dollars. . ."

Marge shrieked against the wind, "Oh, don't—please don't!" Then she saw Denny—little brown puffed Denny sitting up in the seat by old Oliver!

The wagon stopped by the gate, and old Oliver grinned as Denny climbed down into Marge's reaching arms. "He likka th' ride. He. . ."

Marge didn't give him a chance to talk. "Do you have our tree, Oliver?" she asked.

Old Oliver chuckled and jumped down from the wagon. "All'a week I've had your tree," he said.

"Just put it in the yard," Marge told him. "Why, Denny and I couldn't do without our tree!"



By CAROLYN GRANT

IT WAS late when old Dan left the laundry where he worked, and snow fell in great flakes from the dark sky. He stopped for a moment along the street, unmindful of the eager passersby and their thoughtless jostling against him in their haste on this last night before Christmas. He lifted his face so that the soft flakes fell against his cheeks and melted in cold little drops of water that sought the deep lines sixty odd years had put there.

Snow was a part of Christmas, and after days of hesitancy it had come—just as he and Maggie had always wanted it. "Snow makes the lights seem brighter in the store windows, along the decorated streets of our little town and in our home on our tinsel-draped cedar tree. We haven't missed many Christmases, Dan, having our snow." It seemed long ago since Maggie had said that. Years, it seemed. Yet it had been only last year that they'd stood at their front window looking out at the dark sky, and Maggie'd said those words almost like a prayer.

Dan sighed and let his chin drop into the upturned collar of his overcoat and started on. He wished the snow hadn't come. With Maggie gone, he could hardly bear its soft falling of down about him. He wanted to close his eyes against its brightness with the street lights shining upon it. He wanted to close his ears against the soft music that came from radios along the streets playing Christmas carols, and "White Christmas"—the song Maggie loved best.

Christmas had come again. But for him there'd be no Christmas—



He stopped in front of Carter's store, but minutes passed before he realized that he'd stopped there.

not any more. There'd be only memories of other Christmases eddying about him as the swirling snow, and the plans he and Maggie'd made for this Christmas even before they'd carried out the last would pass without realization, now that Maggie wasn't here to help him carry them through.

He stopped in front of Carter's store, but minutes passed before he realized that he'd stopped there and was staring without actually seeing the array of Christmas toys behind the big plate glass window. His mind was going back. He was seeing again the glow in Maggie's face as each Christmas they'd shop together for others.

Last year it had been the widow Benson and her six little Bensions, who would have been forgotten by Santa if they hadn't bought them gifts. Long ago they'd begun the ritual. They had no children of their own. But Maggie'd said, "We'll pretend that the children about us are ours." And her whole life had been one of giving at Christmas.

This year they'd planned for the O'Shays. They lived in a little house down back of the old depot. "Little Billy's just four and he's never had a wagon, Dan," Maggie'd said, planning even as they trudged through the snow with their gayly wrapped gifts for the Bensions. "And little Jeep has never had a doll that can talk and go to sleep."

Dan shifted his feet, standing there in front of Carter's, and snow gathered along the stoop of his shoulders. Somewhere among Maggie's belongings was a list of the things she'd planned to buy the O'Shays. He remembered it. Each item came clear to him suddenly as the ringing of a bell, and it was as if Maggie stood by him then, warm and alive. She touched his arm and together they went into the store with its crowd of excited late shoppers.

A clerk came up to Dan. "Something, sir?" Dan's eyes were filmed, but they were watery from age and being out in the cold wind, the clerk thought.

"Yes," Dan said. "I have a long list of things to buy."

Maggie smiled, he knew he saw her smile, and she got to talking like she used to talk when they went out together to buy gifts on Christmas Eve.

"We're like a house, Dan," she said. "We can close the doors and windows and others can't tell what we have locked inside. We live to bring happiness to others and for the good that we can do."

Dan looked up above packages piled high in his arms and smiled. He said to the clerk, "Merry Christmas, and now we'll be on our way."

The clerk looked strange. Old people, he thought, were queer, and he called after Dan, "Merry Christmas to you, too, sir! Merry Christmas!"

Wanted: IRONING. Martha Akard 4th and Miles st. in former Bro. Turpin residence.

For sale: almost new studio couch tapestry upholstery; very reasonable; used doors and windows; Index

Send us your NEWS

Let's do it up right this year and join our efforts to give each other the finest holiday season ever.



Powell's

Pasteurized Dairy Products, Inc.
Pasteurized and Homogenized Milk
Ice Cream -- Lamesa



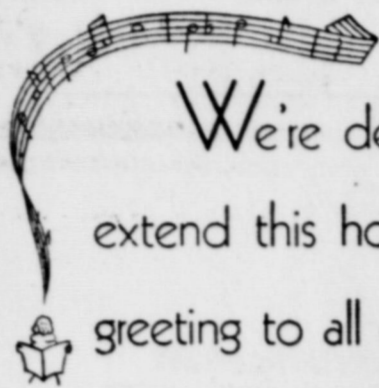
Shaddix and Rodgers Piano Co.

Phone 734-J -- 410 North 2nd
LAMESA



Baldwin's

Lamesa's Leading Store



We're delighted to extend this holiday greeting to all our friends.

Jolly Shoe Shop
And Western Wear

Merry Christmas



A bottom-of-the-heart wish for Holiday happiness.

1950

Gibson's Motor Freight

INDEX-PRESS WANT ADS HAVE FARMER'S INTEREST

COSTS BUT TWO CENTS A WORD

Ralph
FIXES THINGS UP

By Dorothy Boys Killian

IT WAS Christmas Eve but the group of people sitting on the floor in the Reeds' living-room certainly weren't in a festive mood.

"Doggonit," Dad exclaimed as he stared gloomily at the shiny tracks and the motionless cars of a new electric train. "What's wrong with this thing anyway?"

"We've put it together exactly according to directions, I'm sure we have," fifteen-year-old Rick insisted.

"Well, something's got to be done," said Mom, looking in from the kitchen where she was stuffing the turkey. "Little Jackie's been praying for that train for months, and how'll he feel tomorrow morning if the thing won't run?"

"Maybe Ralph can help. He's coming by for me in a few minutes, you know," said Wilma, the pretty big sister of the family.

"Oh, him!" Rick was scornful. "That guy from the big city with



He picked up the shiny black engine carefully and turned it over and over. He put it up to eye level and peered into its workings.

his socks and ties and handkerchiefs that match! What does he know about motors?"

"Rick!" Mom reproved. "Oh, I know you all think of him as an outsider," Wilma said. "If you only really knew him better! Mom, I do wish you'd let me ask him to breakfast tomorrow."

"I'm sorry dear, but I just don't think he'd fit in."

The doorbell rang. Wilma answered it and she and Ralph exchanged happy hellos.

Rick immediately threw out the challenge to the tall, blond, well-dressed young man. "We can't make this train go. Can you tell what's wrong with it?"

"Maybe," Ralph said quietly. "I used to have a train something like this."

"Look out, that cotton batting stuff will stick to your trousers," Dad warned.

"That's snow, and the snow around here is clean."

Dad looked slightly startled.

Wilma smiled. She remembered how impressed Ralph had been by the whiteness of the drifts even on Mam street last night.

"The flakes are practically sooty before they even reach the ground in Chicago," he had said.

"Tracks are O.K.," Ralph straightened up. Then he picked up the shiny black engine carefully and turned it over and over. He put it up to eye level and peered into its workings.

"The professional touch!" Rick muttered.

"There may be oil in the commutator," Ralph said. "That sometimes happens with a new engine. I'll see if I can get it out."

"I'll get you a rag, Ralph, just a minute," Wilma got up and started for the kitchen.

"Never mind, this'll do," Ralph answered, pulling his perfectly folded wine-colored handkerchief out of his jacket pocket.

He worked quietly for a moment, gently poking the corner of the handkerchief into the inside of the engine. Then he set the engine carefully down on the track and said, "Turn on the juice, will you Rick?" Rick meekly moved forward the black lever at the transformer. There was a whirring sound, the wheels began to move, and the little puffer-billy whizzed and clacked around the curve.

"Praises be!" Dad heaved a loud sigh of relief.

Ralph quietly got up from the floor and turned to Wilma. "Maybe we'd better go now, if we want to catch the gang."

"All right, Ralph," Wilma said. Her eyes turned pleadingly to Mrs. Reed, "Mom—"

"Oh, yes, Wilma," Mom interrupted. Turning to Ralph she said heartily, "In all the excitement we almost forgot to ask you to be sure to come over for late breakfast with us tomorrow. It's just a simple family affair, but we surely would like to have you with us."

"You bet." Dad's eyes twinkled. "Something might go wrong again and we'd feel safer with you around to fix it."

Fleshing, finish and pinfeathers or the lack of pinfeathers, are the important factors to consider when selecting quality turkeys.

Renew your Index

CHRISTMAS

By PATRICIA SINCLAIR

AVIS stood inside the spacious hall of the Carron home with her small overnight bag at her feet and greeted the slim girl approaching her. "Merry Christmas, Barbara! Oh-h, it's snowing beautifully outside!" She looked down at the snow on the toes of her small white boots. "I hate to track it in," she said.

"Don't worry about that. I'm so happy you came," Barbara smiled and helped Avis remove her snow-covered garments.

"Oh, I wouldn't have missed coming for all the world," Avis said, and meant it, now that she was actually there. Her dark eyes swept the attractive, decorated home, and the inviting fire that roared



Avis laughed, and her eyes glowed as they lifted to meet Steve's.

about huge logs in an immense fireplace in the room beyond.

"I hope you'll enjoy yourself, Avis," Barbara said. "My guests have not all arrived. Would you like to go up to your room first and—"

"Take the shine from my nose! Yes, thanks so much," Avis responded eagerly, knowing that she needed a few repairing touches after the long trip out to the Carron home by bus.

As she ascended the stairs she thought, how right Barbara had been when she'd told her the other day, after inviting her to her home for the week-end and a Christmas party, "You can't stay in your apartment alone on Christmas. You can't become a recluse just because some fellow preferred another girl to you. You should start all over again."

Barbara was like that. At times Avis couldn't help envying Barbara's carefree, unstable attitude toward men. Barbara would never know the sting of loneliness, the bitter yearning for someone who had become the purpose of life itself.

Avis hadn't told Barbara, nor anyone, everything about her acquaintance with Steve Ross. She hadn't even told Barbara his name. There was no point in going into detail and revealing: "I crossed three states just to get away from the sight of him constantly with the new blonde who came to town."

Avis could hear Barbara's response to such a revelation, "No battle was ever won by an army of cowards!"

But Avis wasn't built that way. She had pride, and from observation she'd learned that one-sided marriages never panned out. As she ran a comb through her short dark hair she thought of Steve. It had been two months since she left the little town of Allen Glen. He and Ann were married now of course. They'd spend their first Christmas together.

Her eyes filmed, but she quickly brushed aside the threat of tears and hurried from the room to join Barbara and her guests below. She was glad she'd come. She wouldn't have a chance to think of Steve.

Avis started down the stairs but stopped midway when she saw Steve Ross smiling up at her from the hall below.

He said, "I'm not a ghost, Avis! Merry Christmas, and—well, aren't you glad to see me?" He looked uncertain.

Avis moved down the stairs. "But I didn't know you knew Barbara—" Steve reached for her hands. "Our dads were acquaintances away back," he said. "Was it quite fair for you to skip town, Avis, and not say a word about where you were going?"

"I—I didn't think you'd miss me," Avis stammered.

"Miss you?" He pressed her hands. "Avis, what's that old saying about absence makes the heart grow fonder? Anyway, I've had a terrible time tracking you down, until I thought of Barbara."

"Barbara never said a word," Avis said, still amazed.

Steve chuckled. "She's a regular cupid. She told me to come tonight and explain more fully about the run-away girl I was trying to find. Then after I got here she told me to wait in the hall, there'd be a Christmas gift appear on the stairs. I suspected then, of course."

Avis laughed, and her eyes glowed as they lifted to meet Steve's. "Christmas gift indeed!" she said.

Buy and store insecticides now for use on the 1951 cotton crop. They'll cost no more and possibly less than next spring and summer when you need them.

SEASON'S



GREETINGS



We're deeply grateful for the gift of your friendship.

W. J. Shook

Agent for Magnolia Pet. Co.
Also Butane and Propane

Merry Christmas

The true peace and joy of the season be with you...

1950



Our heartiest good wishes for your Yuletide joy.

1950

The O'Donnell Hotel

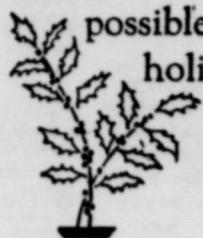
Mr and Mrs. R. E. Golightly



Yuletide Greetings

We Hope...

that your home is blessed with all the contentment possible during this holiday season.



We're stopping by with a cheery greeting.

Standifer Hospital

500 N. 4th

Lilburn E. Standifer M. D.

REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS?



Remember Last Christmas? These were the major goings-on in the world during Christmas week in 1948:

December 27 — Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, outspoken foe of Hungary's Communist regime, was arrested on charges of plotting against the government, spying, treason and blackmarket dealings in currency.

In an extemporaneous speech at Kansas City, President Truman made this remark that caught the interest of the world: "There are certain leaders in the government of that country (Russia) who are exceedingly anxious to have an understanding with us."

December 29 — President Truman returned to Washington after a Christmas vacation in Independence, Mo.

December 28 — Twelve stranded air force men were rescued by plane from an icecap in southern Greenland by Lt. Col. Emil Beaudry.

December 31 — The 80th congress, denounced by President Truman as the second worst on record, passed into history with the adjournment of both houses.

December 31 — At year's end, America's favorite popular song for the moment was "On a Slow Boat to China."



Let carols proclaim our Christmas wish.

1950

The Specialty Shop

Smart Clothes For Women and Girls
East side Square -- Lamesa



Season's Greetings



1950

Lamesa Music Co.

213 North Main St. -- Lamesa

For Satisfactory Carpenter work and weather stripping see Ben Moore, Jr Phone 111, Box 498

Renew your Index



Love and kindness guide you this reverent season.

And may none but true friends cross your path.
1950

Lamesa General Hospital

LAMESA

Christmas Greetings



We want to say, with deepest sincerity, a very happy holiday to you.



1950

The Vogue

LAMESA

LETTER

By LYN CONNELLY

THE sharp wind lashed furiously about Larry's head and shoulders, flitting momentarily with the idea of sending his brown fedora spiraling down the street, but he sensed its capricious tendencies and held the brim of his hat tightly between his forefinger and thumb as he ran toward his car parked on the opposite corner.

It would be the last time he'd beat that particular path, he thought grimly. It was Christmas Eve and everybody was in a gay and anticipatory mood. Everybody, that is, except Larry. He had been reasonably happy until that morning when the whole world seemed to have crashed about him. Opening the door of the car, he slid in behind the wheel and started it toward home.

The face of Silas Henning, until fifteen minutes ago his boss, came to his mind and again he heard the words that he dreaded to repeat to Rosine: "I know you're not happy in your work, Larry, and it's not fair to either one of us when you don't put your best efforts into what you're doing. I think, therefore, that you'd better go elsewhere for a job. Today's as good a day as any to sever connections."

Fired on Christmas Eve! Of course, what Henning had said was true. Larry wasn't happy being a bookkeeper at Morrison's appliance shop. He had always yearned to be a writer, and wrote numerous short stories during his spare time.

When Rosine told him of their expected second child he had taken the job at Morrison's through sheer desperation. No longer could they live on their savings. He considered the job as temporary, but it had



He picked up the letter at the same time she answered, "Truth magazine."

lasted seven months with still no prospects of entering the field he desired. Henning had seemed sympathetic, although he had cooled suddenly the past week. Perhaps in his daydreaming he had been inaccurate in his figures. At least Henning spared him any embarrassment if that were the case, but he could have waited until after the holidays to fire him. "And Bob Cratchit thought he worked for Scrooge," he mumbled, pulling up before his house.

HIS feet dragged as he trudged toward the door. He mustn't tell her tonight, he decided. He hoped he was capable of carrying off an act until the day after Christmas. Opening the door, he let himself in as unobtrusively as possible. Rosine was on a step ladder in the living room, decorating the tree, while Chuckie, aged five, sat on the floor, agog at the proceedings.

"Hello, darling," his wife called out gaily. He tried to equal the happiness in her voice as he replied, then kissed Chuckie and started for the kitchen.

"There's a letter for you on the radio," Rosine said. "From whom?" His heart leaped hopefully at her words and he hurried toward the radio. He picked up the letter at the same time she answered, "Truth magazine."

It was from Truth. His hand trembled as he opened it. "Dear Mr. Shannon," he read aloud. "Our mutual friend, Silas Henning, recently submitted one of your articles for our consideration. We believe it shows promise and since we were given a splendid recommendation by Mr. Henning, we are writing to ask if you would be interested in a job in our editorial department. If so, call for an interview this week."

The telephone was ringing, but for a moment, Larry and Rosine merely stood as though mute, staring at each other. Larry became conscious of the bell first and picked up the receiver. It was Mr. Henning, laughing heartily. "Bet I had you worried, eh, Larry?"

"Mr. Henning! I didn't know how did you..." Larry was tongue-tied. Rosine walked to his side, putting one arm gently about his shoulder.

"I found that article you wrote on your son and the atomic age and sent it in to Asherton," Henning explained. "He's a good friend of mine and editor of Truth. Well, I won't hold you, Larry. Just wanted to wish you a merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Henning," Larry said as the telephone clicked at the other end. "Merry Christmas—and thanks for the best one I've ever had."



Among the myriad problems which beset parents at Christmas time are the many questions from the small-fry about Santa Claus. And the business of telling Junior or his little sister the truth about the jolly old gentleman in the red suit is really a major task.

However, the situation is bound to arise, and when it does, it does something to your heart strings—so you draw the little ones close and cast about for the best explanation.

Oddly enough, the true story is best—and the easiest to tell. So why not just tell the little ones this?:

St. Nicholas (or Nicolas) is Santa Claus' real name. He lived in Asia Minor and was the beloved bishop of the Greek church of Myra in Lycia. He is the patron saint of the young, and in some European countries a person dressed as a bishop still assembles the children and distributes gifts of nuts, sweetmeats and other nice things to the good boys and girls.

Children loved St. Nicholas and trudged along beside him as he trudged the dusty roads of the Lycia countryside, bringing fruit and candy to the sick and needy.

One of many stories told of his goodness concerns a poor and honest man and his three good and beautiful daughters. The father was unhappy for poverty prevented his giving the customary dowries to his daughters, and for this reason they could never have suitable husbands.

One night a bag of coins was tossed in at the man's window. The next night the act was repeated. But on the third night the father watched, and the anonymous giver was detected. The jolly bishop stood with the third bag of coins in his hands. The father was very proud and would not accept the money. The good bishop begged the poor man to accept the gifts and use them for his daughters' dowries, requesting that his name never be revealed.

At last, the father accepted the money for his daughters, but he could not keep the name of the generous bishop secret—so the legend of the goodness of St. Nicholas was further spread and strengthened.

NOTICE: Van's Laundry will be closed from 12 noon Dec. 23rd to Tuesday morning Dec. 26th

For every Insurance Need See MOORE INSURANCE CO.

Nice Fryers for sale: T I Hammond

Merry Christmas



Once more all things are possible for all men to achieve

Happiness ceases to be merely a word and again becomes a sincere wish.



Clawson Holcomb Gin



A truly Merry Christmas to our good friends and neighbors.



C. J. BEACH
Real Estate Loans
Oil and Gas Leases and Royalty

Index is sent for most



TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY

Christmas

The Yule is a season for songs and rejoicing. Our earnest hope is that all you friendly people may share in this spirit to the utmost.

And for what it's worth, we offer our heartiest wishes for a very Merry Christmas.



City Bakery

Mr and Mrs Walter Teeter

West Texas Gas Company

EMPLOYEES

Wish You A



Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year



WITH PEACE AND PROSPERITY, WE SHOULD ALL BE HAPPIER THAN EVER THIS YEAR. DURING THE CHRISTMAS SEASON, LET'S TRY TO FORGET OUR CARES. FOR OUR PART, WE WANT TO ADD OUR FELICITATIONS TO THE MANY OTHERS YOU ARE RECEIVING. BY WISHING YOU A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS—THE

Happiest Christmas Ever!

Clayton Insurance Agency

S. M. Clayton, Jr.



O'Donnell Motor Co.

Chrysler and Plymouth Sales and Service

THE VILLAGE



HAS A HEART

Dorothy Bays Killian

THE CLOCK struck nine as Nola hung the last bauble on the fragrant green Christmas tree. Without even stepping back to admire the finished effect she went to the front window and peered out. A cold white moon illumined a cold white earth. She shivered. How lonely she had been in this tiny, quiet village!

When she had written Jim two months before that she was being evicted from their apartment in Chicago he had answered, "I'm hoping against hope to be home from occupation duty in time for Christmas, and I can't think of any place more perfect than Pineville to spend the holidays and my terminal leave. Remember my telling you what happy summers I spent there as a child, and how I'd always wanted to see it in winter? Do investigate this, as a Christmas present for me, Nola darling."

So she had come here and found a house. But somehow she felt that the villagers had ignored her as an outsider.

And now it was Christmas Eve. "He's not going to make it and that's that," Nola thought miserably. She knew that he had landed at San Francisco three days before and had been trying desperately to get a seat on a train or plane.



"It's me, Doc Ryan. We're on your party line you know, and heard the good news. My wife thought I'd better take you over."

The telephone rang. "There's a telegram just come for you, Mrs. West, down here at the drug store. Very important."

"Yes?" Nola breathed.

"Chicago, 8 P. M. Am catching train. Get off Shoreham five miles east of Pineville 10 P.M. love Jim."

Nola leaned heavily against the wall and stared at the phone.

"Mrs. West, are you there?" Mr. Trotter, the druggist, sounded anxious. "Listen, you go out in the garage and get your car motor to warming up. My wife'll be up there in five minutes to stay with your little boy. Hurry now."

In joyful haste Nola peeked in at Jimmy—"Santa Claus is bringing you your Daddy, honey"—powdered her nose and put on her fur coat and boots.

The garage door stuck in its icy groove although she bent her whole weight against it. Suddenly, out of the darkness, a voice called. "It's me, Doc Ryan. We're on your party line you know, and heard the good news. I'm so used to driving out in all kinds of weather, my wife thought I'd better take you over."

"Dr. Ryan, I didn't realize 'til just now how I dreaded that trip alone."

A train whistle shrilled through the cold thin air as they drove up to the little depot.

"We made it!" Nola cried exultingly. "Come on." She held open the door.

But Doc muttered, "I'll stay here and keep my feet warm."

Now the huge black engine roared past, slowed down and slid to a stop. A coach vestibule door opened, and before the conductor could step down, a khaki-clad figure leaped on to the platform.

"Oh, darling, darling, darling," Nola's heart throbbed as she felt once more the thrilling warmth of Jim's arms around her.

"Nola!" Jim said everything in that word.

A few moments later as they walked to the car a voice boomed from within, "Glad you made it."

"Whoever you are—thanks," Jim answered. "It's people like you who made me want Nola to come to Pineville to wait for me."

"Get in and close the door. You're freezing me out." Doc grinned as he raced the motor.

"Christmas Eve," Jim said softly as they squeezed in with Doc. "You beside me, our baby just a few miles away, and a Christmas card place like Pineville to welcome us. Don't you love it there, darling?"

Nola glanced at Doc, thought of Mrs. Trotter and the others. "Yes, Jim, I do," she whispered. "I surely do."

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

Sunday School at 9:45. A. K. Gilliam, pastor.
Morning Worship 11:00 a.m.
Young People 7:15 p.m.



Wishing you the merriest Christmas possible.
That means you, you... and you!

Hash Cleaners

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Hash



That's our greeting to you in this happy season.



Gulf Oil Co.

Mr. & Mrs. Alton Hobdy

Tidings of Joy



*May the Christmas star
shed its radiant light on you and your
family as we celebrate once more this
glorious Event.*

The . . .
First
National
Bank of O'Donnell



BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Sincere Wishes for a
Merry Christmas



*May the
season shower
you with
excellent gifts of gladness.*

Accept our hearty thanks
for the pleasant business associations of the
past year. Once again we say

Merry Christmas!

Higginbotham-Bartlett Lumber Co.

E. T. Wells, Mgr.



A Christmas Greeting

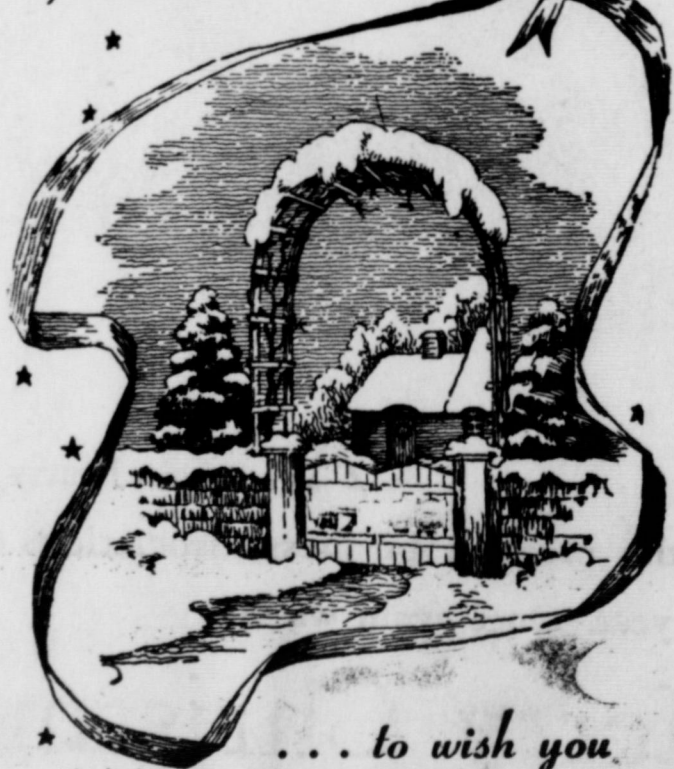
☆ In this changeless season of Christmas we greet our friends and neighbors with that changeless message of cheer...



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

O'Donnell Implement Co.
Abner and Carr Spraberry

A Christmas Sheer



... to wish you
a Christmas rich
in longed-for joys.

CORNER DRUG

Ivan Line

CHRISTMAS PRESENT



By Shirley Sargent

THE SMALL KITTEN called Tupid watched preparations for Christmas dully. Only the middle boy, one Archie Raymond, noticed his apathy. The tree, in all its green splendor, stood tall in the living room bedecked with an increasing number of ornaments.

"Careful," Marcia Raymond admonished her son sharply. "Don't hang those big balls down so low. The kitten will break them."

Gently Archie lifted them to a higher bough, drawing in the pungent scent of the pine. Only he saw that the kitten walked slowly under the tree unaware of the boughs tickling her furry back. His youngest brother had named the roly-poly butterscotch kitten Tupid. Young Billy was easily aroused to fits of anger. His favorite expression, under stress, was a lisped, "You 'tupid, you big 'tupid."

Archie, his ten-year-old brother, Joe, and his parents laughed at the little boy's wrath and, because the kitten was slower than the others in



Tupid circled and smelled at the black kitten until he was satisfied. Then his tongue flicked out to lick the kitten.

the litter, they named him, most affectionately, Tupid.

"Archie," Mrs. Raymond was flurried from all the excitement. "That blue globe is much too low. Tupid will get it. I don't doubt," she added pessimistically, "that we will lose half of our globes."

Archie could see that Tupid had no interest either in the swaying boughs or the brilliant-colored fragile balls. For two days Tupid had wandered carelessly about the house and yard. He wasn't playful or friendly and he had stopped purring. Only Archie sensed that the kitten was lonesome for his sisters and brothers and his mother. At first there had been four balls of fur and a proud old alley cat mother. As they grew, they had become playful, pattering swiftly through the house. But now they were all gone, including the mother. Just Tupid was left to keep. Even the black imp with shoe-button eyes had been given away. Tar Baby, who had been the boss of the litter, had been gone barely two days, and Tupid missed him.

"Well," his father's voice boomed again, as he climbed down the ladder. "All done in time for Christmas Eve. Come here, Joe, Archie, you too Billy. I want you to see this fine tree."

Mrs. Raymond switched the lights off and Archie shivered in delighted excitement as the tree blazed, illumined by the strings of lights and balls. The magic moment was shattered by the sharp ring of the doorbell.

A rush of cold air came in as Mr. Raymond flung open the door wide to admit a bundled figure. "My father says I can't keep the kitten," Gerald Parks recited automatically, close to tears. "I have to give it back because it gives my father hay fever." Gerald went out in another rush of frosty air, but not before Mrs. Raymond had pressed a fat candy cane into his mittened hand.

Tar Baby huddled in the middle of the floor. "Watch it, boys," Mr. Raymond warned. "Let's just watch him. He feels strange here now; he'll be all right in a while."

Archie saw Tupid jump from the sofa with a purr of delight. Tupid circled and smelled at the black kitten until he was satisfied. Then his tongue flicked out to lick the kitten. Tupid's paws caressed him as his tongue washed him. The black kitten stood passive, as Tupid showered his pent-up love on him.

"That, mommy," Billy lisped, "Tupid's kissing him, isn't he?" "Um," Mrs. Raymond agreed, "Tar Baby's Tupid's Christmas present."

Mr. Raymond's eyes swept his sons' awe-struck faces. "No," he said firmly, "He's our Christmas present too."

Fancy Plants and bulbs for fall
Swinney Flower And Gift Shop

For Sale 1 and 1-2 lots; close in nice neighborhood; priced to sell; excellent title; \$1000



God willing, there will be no pain of sadness to mar the tender happiness that Christmas ought to bring to all of you

BOYDSTUN Variety Store



The very fact that Christmas is with us again ought to bring joy enough, but we want to gild the lily by wishing everyone a wonderful holiday.

PROCTOR'S Barber and Beauty Shop



As a partial measure of our friendship we express the sincere hope that this year holds for you a perfect Christmas.



Thompson Toggery

Bargain Day Rates For your Favorite Daily Paper:
 Lubbock Avance \$10.95
 Star Telegram \$13.95
 Abilene Reporter \$11.95
 Subscribe At Index Office

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

Sunday School at 9:45. A K Gilliam, Supt.
 Morning Worship 11:00 a m
 Young people service 7:15 p m
 Evening worship 8:00p m

Merry Christmas



May you prosper in the wealth with which Christmas abounds . . .

Peace, love of life, kindness and the brotherhood of all people.



O'Donnell Auto supply

Such Lovely FLAMES

By John Scott Douglas

FRED DOBSON plugged in the string of lights and then stood back to admire the blue and red and green candle globes on the Christmas tree. Ellen left the table she was setting to study the effect. "Nice little tree, Fred. Seems a shame, though, not to be sharing it with someone. This was our year—"

And then she stopped, and her face, still pretty in middle age, grew pink. Fred knew she'd been about to say that it was their year to have the Robbins to Christmas dinner. Every year since their children had married and left they had either entertained their neighbors or had been their guests.

But now, by mutual consent, the quarrel with the Robbins was not mentioned. It was characteristic of Ellen not to blame Fred. And that took forbearance because Martha Robbins had been her dearest friend.

Ellen sighed. "Goodness! the turkey must be almost ready."



He was back in a moment with a rake. Lifting the smoldering tree with the tines, he hurled it out onto the snowy lawn.

Fred thought of their quarrel, which had started because of a cocker puppy which wouldn't stay home. Tom, with his usual consideration for his neighbors, had started to build a fence to keep the dog out of the Dobson's garden. Fred thought the fence was a foot within his own property line, and jokingly said so.

Tom had laughed. "Who's paying for it?"

"I'll pay half," Fred had said, "if you'll buy the strip you're using." The joke, within a matter of days, had taken on an edge, and then they gave up speaking. No longer did they fish and hunt together, or play in their usual Saturday four-somes.

By then, beginning to fume at Tom's high-handedness, Fred had his property surveyed, only to discover that his garden had in reality extended onto his neighbor's property. The fence was where it belonged.

Fred wanted to apologize, but every time he stepped outside, Tom walked into the house.

Within a matter of seconds, Fred was too busy to think of the quarrel. The little Christmas tree was on fire and crackling fiercely. He flung open the door and screamed, "Fire! help! help!" And then, snatching up the hall runner he'd been planning to replace, he knocked over the tree and began beating out the flames.

Behind him Tom called, "Stay with it, pal—I'll get something." He was back in a moment with a rake. Lifting the smoldering tree with the tines, he hurled it out onto the snowy lawn.

Martha Robbins had appeared by then. Seeing Ellen staring dazedly at the cloud of smoke and the blackened wall where the tree had stood, she opened the windows and then slipped her arm around Ellen's shoulders.

"Poor dear! And just when you were sitting down to your Christmas dinner. After the smoke has thinned out, this room will be freezing. You and Fred are having dinner with us."

Ellen looked happy but flustered. "But this was our year—"

"Nonsense!" Tom said heartily. "We'll eat with you next year."

"That will be swell," Fred said, beaming. When they started Martha Robbins' bountiful dinner, there was at first a little stiffness. But Tom was soon joking about Fred's "high forehead," and Fred was asking Tom if he'd considered selling his hair to a wire-brush factory.

As they said hearty farewells later, Tom remarked, "Can't say I'm sorry about that fire. We've sure missed you folks."

"And it was all my fault," Fred said. "I was wrong about—"

"Aw, forget it," Tom interrupted. "How about some golf Saturday?"

When they reached home, Fred looked at the blackened wall speculatively. "No real damage done, Ellen. A coat of paint will fix it up."

"How do you suppose the tree ever caught fire?" Ellen asked. Fred grinned sheepishly. "A match and a bunch of tissue paper may have helped."

Pansy Plants and bulbs for fall
 Swinney Flower And Gift Shop

For fine Western Wear and Quality Shoe Repairs see Joll, Shoe Shop

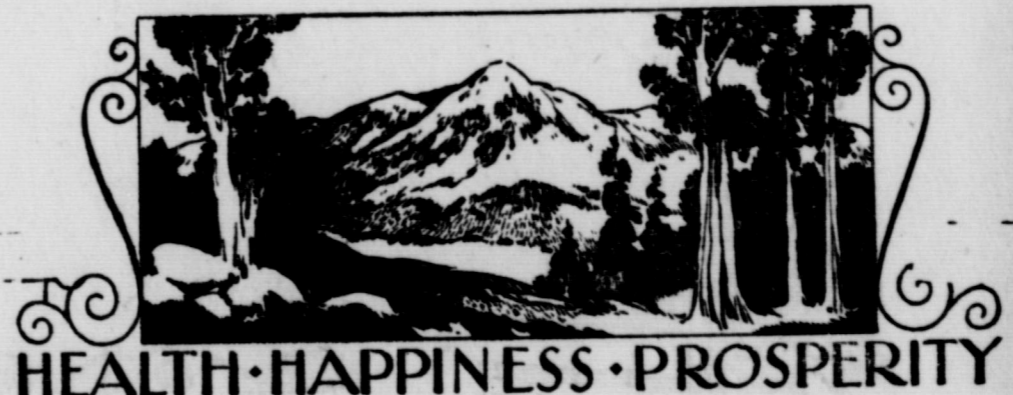
Renew Your Index



TO EACH AND ALL

When We Count Our blessings we find many we had not thought about. Among the outstanding blessings in our list is the good will of the people of this community.

Mansell Bros.



WE THANK YOU most cordially for this good will and assure you of our deep appreciation. We wish for you a pleasant holiday, and a New Year that is the harbinger of many blessings to come.

LOTT PHARMACY



Christmas Greetings

Just to remember you in this friendly way.

Trinity Warehouse And Compress Co.

Naturalized Citizen - That's Our Santa

Santa Claus as Americans know him is a naturalized American citizen, and as such is America's contribution to the Christmas legend. That's the opinion of Dr. Gustav O. Arlt of the department of Germanic languages on the Los Angeles campus of the University of California.

"The Norwegians who settled early in America brought the first version of the modern Santa Claus, who in Europe had been known as St. Nicholas, but never adequately personally described," said Dr. Arlt.

"When the American Clement Moore described the jolly, rotund gentleman in minute detail in his poem 'Twas The Night Before Christmas,' he assumed the proportion of living legend and thus became an integral part of Christian legend and folklore," the professor stated.

Archaeologists' Findings Bear Out Bible Stories

Archaeologists' findings oftentimes serve to further establish the authenticity of the story of Jesus. Only recently a group discovered the name of Jesus, carved before 70 A.D. and perhaps by an eyewitness to the crucifixion, among inscriptions on 11 early Christian burial urns found in a cave on the Jerusalem-Bethlehem road.

The urns may provide the "oldest archaeological record of Christianity" and an historical confirmation of the trial and crucifixion of Christ, the archaeologists said.

A sect of Hebrews, who followed Jesus, denounced Pontius Pilate and mourned the crucifixion of their leader, was believed to have left the writings on the urns in the cave.

The Hebrew and Aramic inscriptions contained common names like Miriam, Simeon, and Matti. The Greek inscriptions and symbols beside them contained references to Christianity and, it seems probable, to the crucifixion.

Fancy Plants and bulbs for fall Swinney Flower And Gift Shop

For fine Western Wear and Quality Shoe Repairs see Joll. Shoe Shop

Renew Your Index

MAY ALL THE SEASON'S BEST BE YOURS THIS CHRISTMASTIME.



Gay spirits are more commonplace during the Yule season than at any other time of the year. We hope you're fitting in.



VERNON COOK
Radio Repairs, Wiring



Christmas Cheer

As Christmas approaches, ties of friendship grow stronger and we open our storehouse of memories. We like to remember our friends at this time with a MERRY CHRISTMAS greeting and a word of thanks for their kindness.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co
Don Edwards, Mgr.



Christmas Cheer

It's Christmastime, and we are happy once more to extend our heartiest Yule greetings to a host of good friends, young and old, old and new.

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!

Forbes Motor Co.

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Russia Also Merry

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For Sale: Windows an of each, goo room set and diron; 3tp



END OF THE RAINBOW . . . The rainbow of at least one human desire had fulfillment at the end when Judy Sue Warschauer found herself face to face with the doll of her dreams—and it was the very one she wanted for Christmas.

Russian People Are Also Able to Say "Merry Christmas"

"*Rojdestvom Xristovym.*" That's what a Russian would say to you if you were in Russia on Christmas day and he wished to extend the season's greetings. The phrase is the Russian's way of saying: "Merry Christmas." In the past, the Russian's Christmas was closely associated with his church; but how the day is observed now that the religious life has been subjugated in the Soviet, one would have to be behind the "iron curtain" to know. But it was not always like that. In other days, the Russian Christmas was much like the Ukrainian. There was a Santa Claus known as "Dedushka Moroz" and there were traditional gifts of red boots for children and golden slippers for young girls. In certain parts of the country the "baboushka" (grandmother) was the legendary dispenser of gifts. According to one story, she repented of unkindness and ever since has tried to make amends by distributing gifts to children at Christmas.

For Sale: Doors and frames, Windows and Frames, about 10 of each, good condition; Breakfast room set and 6 chairs; Dewey Midleton; 5tp Dec 1

QUESTIONS ON CHRISTMAS

1. The Swedes know kissing is fun. That's why they thought of the Christmas mistletoe. What should be done to the mistletoe for each stolen kiss? (a) remove a berry (b) do nothing (c) take off a leaf.
2. We ought to know the names of the Three Wise Men who were the first givers of Christmas gifts. They were Melchior, Balthasar and (a) Samuel (b) Casper (c) Shadrach?
3. Everyone likes to get lots of Christmas cards. When did the custom of sending them start? (a) about 1845 (b) about 1781 (c) about 1903.
4. Who first had the idea of building a small replica of a manger for the Christmas ceremony? (a) Pope Gregory (b) Piers Plowman (c) St. Francis of Assisi.
5. The Christmas tree is the heart of our Christmas decorations. Which country first used the tree as a part of holiday observance? (a) Germany (b) Norway (c) France.
6. "Silent Night, Holy Night," one of the most beloved of Christmas hymns, was written by (a) Beethoven (b) Father Joseph Mohr (c) Martin Luther?

METHODIST NEWS

Sunday school 10 a m
Morning worship 11 a m
Faith Study Group 6:30 p m
Evening worship 7 p m
W. S. C. S. Monday 2:30 p m

Assembly of God

R. T. Peek, pastor
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a m
Evening worship 8:00p m

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Preaching Service 11 a m
Training Union 7 p m
Preaching Service 8 p m
Wednesday nite
Teachers meeting 8 p m
Prayer meeting: 8:30 p m

For sale: Tahoka Hatchery equipment. Will sell cheap or trade for small house to be moved; see D V Smith at Tahoka 5 tp



Simple unadorned thoughts are best at Christmas. So we would only wish you a joyful and happy holiday season when every step you take in-



creases your desire to be a friend to man. And a Merry Christmas to you

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Farmers Co-Op Gin Of O'Donnell



For a smile on every face and a carol in every heart we commend you to the spirit of Christmas. Happy holiday.

O'Donnell Food Locker

Jack Reed and Pete Bearden



A Salute

To our friends and a big, hearty Christmas wish to you all, this merry, merry Christmas season.

Looking back over the year calls to mind our greatest source of pleasure has been our contact with folks like you.

* * * * *

O'Donnell Bargain Store
Mrs E Clemage



Carefree
HOLIDAY SEASON

ANOTHER YEAR has passed. Again glad bells are pealing out the Christmas story. Happy children and parents are planning for the day in the glorious old-fashioned way. Everyone is thrilled by the magic spell of Christmas for they know the spirit of the Christ Child is in the land.

Ellis Chevrolet Co.
Chevrolet Sales and Service



CHRISTMAS IS A TIME WHEN OLD LOYALTIES ARE NOT ONLY STRENGTHENED BUT REMEMBERED. WE WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW MUCH WE APPRECIATE YOUR CONFIDENCE IN US, AND HOW EARNESTLY WE WISH FOR YOU A VERY JOYOUS CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

O. C. McBride & Sons
Gin - Cotton -- Grain -- Seed

ONE TRACK MIND

By Shirley Sargent

THE VERY NICEST thing about Henry Ellis, Henry had decided, was the fact that he was nine years old. He possessed another attribute variously described by his mother as stubbornness, stupidity, and the result of a one track mind. To get something he really wanted, Henry had learned from experience, he always had to work hard and long. Pestering his mother for what he wanted came easiest. "Why not, Mom?" he begged. "Why can't I do it? I want to more than anything in the world. I'd be so good you wouldn't know me." Finally his mother gave in to his endless teasing and what she considered impossible promises. "All right, all right," she said.



Soundly sleeping, he lay back in the chair, in one hand a noise-maker; clutched limply in the other, a large horn. The box in his lap contained piles of confetti.

"We'll see if you can be good for a whole month and then—well, we'll see."

His long-awaited goal was in sight, but Henry had to admire his mother's shrewdness. Knowing that Rita, who was five, would keep close tab on him, Mrs. Ellis put her in Henry's charge for the month. Playing nursemaid to a five-year-old was a stern task, even when he could be as nasty as he wanted—but taking care of her on his good behavior was purely awful. All this time she would taint her demands with "Or I'll tell mama."

Only once he told her calmly but desperately, "If I ever have any children, they'll all be boys or all be girls. I'm not going to make any little boy of mine have a little sister. No sir, I'll give him a turtle or a goat or something he wants, not a little sister."

Rita just barely listened to him before demanding, "Now be a turtle for me, Henry. Crawl like a turtle and pull your head in a shell."

The days crept past Christmas and Henry knew that being good was surely a most terrible experience. Then at last the month was over and he heard his mother asking, "Had enough of being good, Henry?"

Feeling it to be a trick question, he answered casually that "... would be fun to see the fellows again, and just sort of all over relax!" She laughed, encouraging him to go on. "Hey, mom, well, can I do it—you know?"

She kissed him, saying, "Yes." Henry yelled "Hooray" as he ran into his room. Gosh, it had been worth waiting for after all—my but he hated girls, though. Ugh! There were some very important matters to attend to before he was quite ready. They wouldn't take so long, but the waiting would. He started unwrapping his packages. Thanks to mom, life was really fine.

A little before 12 that night Mrs. Ellis, noting the silence, went into Henry's room. His lights were blazing but the boy was asleep in a chair drawn close to an open window. She walked quietly over beside him. A whole month—thirty arduous days devoted to being good—he had worked for this night, and now he was asleep with the sum total of his dreams in his lap and fists. Soundly sleeping, he lay back in the chair, in one hand a noise-maker; clutched limply in the other, a large horn. The box in his lap contained piles of confetti, while reams of paper streamers were laid neatly over the chair arms. There was a ridiculous paper hat crushed into the chair back by his head, and, on the table near him, there was another horn. It had a white card tied on it labelled simply "For mother."

So, she thought, with tears in her eyes, a little man's plan for one night had included his mother. She shook him gently, settled his hat more perkily on his head, and picked up her own horn. Noise seemed suspended in the air.

"Wake up, little one track mind," she said, sitting him up straight. "Hurry and wake up so you can wish me a Happy New Year!"

For fine Western Wear and quality Shoe repairing see Jolly Shoe Shop

Renew your life



May it be touched with the same kind of serenity that accompanies a Christmas Eve snowfall.

HIGHWAY Garage
John Earles, Prop.



May all the wonderful things that go with Christmas be yours in the fullest abundance this year.



From all of us here to all of you—a most happy holiday.

Joe M. Lehman M.D.

O'Donnell Clinic

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HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers

Colorful Jams Are Economical, Ideal Christmas Gifts

HOW OFTEN HAVE you noticed the budget running in the red while the Christmas gift list stretches? Yes, it often happens, and so close to the holidays that you just don't know what can be done about it!

It's too late to embark on any outside money-making projects, especially with all the work to be done around the house. There is a wonderful solution, however, if you'll just turn your kitchen over to making some colorful jams for a single afternoon or morning.

With a dozen jars you can take care of four to six presents nicely on your list. It's fun to make jams in the middle of winter, and it's even more fun to decorate the glasses as festively as the season.

A set of two or three glasses of jam makes a gift that any woman will welcome, especially around holiday time when she needs an extra glass of jam for a company breakfast or for those hot dinner rolls.

Pears, apples, citrus fruits as well as quick frozen fruits are here to help you make a variety. It will be almost like June, working with these fresh fruits and berries.

Strawberry Jam (Makes 3 6-ounce glasses)

1 1-pound package quick frozen strawberries
1 1/2 cups sugar
3 tablespoons powdered pectin
Thaw the frozen, sweetened sliced strawberries, as directed on package. Place in a large, heavy saucepan. Measure sugar to add at a moment's notice. Place saucepan of strawberries over high heat. Add powdered pectin; stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Add sugar immediately, stirring. Keep jam at full rolling boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; skim; pour quickly into sterile glasses. Paraffin at once.

Pear-Pineapple Jam (Makes 9 6-ounce glasses)

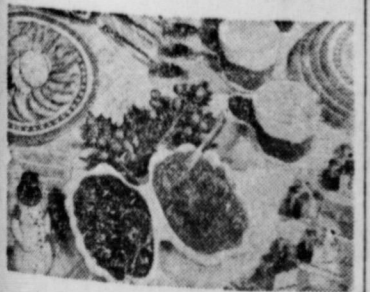
2 1/2 pounds pears
1 orange
1 lemon
1/2 cup canned, crushed pineapple
5 1/2 cups sugar
Peel and core pears. Grind pears, orange and lemon, including peel, using coarse blade of food chopper. Add pineapple and sugar, stirring well. Heat to boiling and cook 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour into hot, sterile glasses and seal at once.

YOU CAN MAKE four pints of apple butter in no time at all using this simple, but well spiced recipe. Everyone will welcome the spread on toast or cookies.

Spiced Apple Butter (Makes 4 pints)

5 pounds apples
3 cups water
1 3/4-ounce box powdered fruit pectin
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon allspice
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
4 drops red food coloring
7 cups sugar

Wash, quarter and core apples. Add water; cook until tender. Put apples through food mill or coarse sieve. Add powdered fruit pectin, spices and food coloring. Heat to boiling. Stir in sugar. Bring to a full, rolling boil. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Skim and



You can use as few as two glasses of jam or jelly for a Christmas gift. Interesting glasses make unusual gifts, and if they're presented with a relish dish for someone special, the gift can be truly handsome.

LYNN SAYS: Tempt the Palate With Seasoned Foods

Salt pork is a favorite when it's dipped in beaten egg and bread crumbs and fried to a golden brown. Thicken the drippings with flour, season and add cream to make the gravy.

Here's a toast for an afternoon snack: toast thinly sliced bread on one side. Butter untoasted side and spread with maple butter, or use brown sugar. Run under the broiler and serve. Have plenty.



Gather together an assortment of jams and jellies and decorate them prettily with stickers and cord for handsome, welcome Christmas presents.

LYNN CHAMBERS' MENU

Braised Lamb Neck Slices
Carrots
Potato Balls
Green Beans
Apple-Celery Salad
Lemon Meringue Pie
Beverage

pour into hot sterile jars. Seal at once.

HERE ARE TWO recipes for orange marmalade which is always a delightful treat. One method takes longer than the other, so use whichever you prefer.

Orange Marmalade (Make 8 6-ounce glasses)

4 large oranges
3 lemons
11 cups water
11 cups sugar

Juice of 2 lemons
Cut whole fruit in thin slices, removing seeds, if any. Add water and set aside for 24 hours. Cook gently for one hour. Remove from heat and set aside for 24 hours longer. Add sugar and lemon juice; cook until syrup sheets off spoon, about 45 minutes. Seal in hot, sterile glasses.

Quick Orange Marmalade (Makes 8 6-ounce glasses)

1 medium-sized lemon
4 medium-sized oranges
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1/4 teaspoon soda
6 cups sugar
1/2 bottle fruit pectin

Remove orange and lemon peels; cut off half the white part. Shred peels very fine. Add water and soda and bring to boiling point.

Cover and cook slowly 10 minutes. Remove white skin of peeled fruit and cut sections a way from membrane with sharp knife, working over bowl to catch juice. Combine pulp, juice and cooked peel; cover and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Measure three cups; add sugar and bring to boiling point. Cook five minutes. Remove from heat; add pectin. Skim and stir for five minutes. Seal in hot, sterile glasses.

Apricot Marmalade (Makes 12 6-ounce glasses)
2 pounds dried apricots
1 dozen oranges
1 grapefruit
3/4 cup lemon juice
1 1/4 cup crushed pineapple
Sugar

Soak apricots overnight. Peel oranges and grapefruit and remove white rind. Cut in pieces and add lemon juice and soaked apricots, cut in pieces. Add pineapple. Measure combined fruit and add an equal amount of sugar. Cook until thick, stirring carefully to prevent from burning. Fill sterilized glasses and seal at once.

Persimmon Butter (Makes about 3 pints)

2 quarts persimmon pulp
1 cup orange juice
Sugar

Cook pulp and orange juice together in top of double boiler until thick. Measure and add 3/4 cup sugar for each cup of pulp. Continue cooking until thick. Pour into hot sterile jars and seal.

Try a piece of stick cinnamon in the next rice pudding you make and see what lovely flavor it gives.

If you find the family turning up their noses at celery, put the vegetable in cream sauce and top with grated cheese. Bake until cheese melts and top is browned.

You'll like this gingerbread treat: split squares of the bread and put together with apple butter. Top with whipped cream.

When next you serve pork chops or roast pork, pass along a bowl of applesauce which has been beaten together with currant jelly.

Ever tried ham in hash? It's delicious. Chop the ham and combine with an equal quantity of chopped, cold boiled potatoes. Moisten with cream and bake or fry.

For a quick salad use a slice of canned tomato aspic, which is ready to use, and top with halved canned artichoke hearts. French dressing is indicated.

The Home Workshop

Make 'Just Right' Doll House

Wee Housekeeper Finds Doll House Just Right



Doll House and Furniture

A WEE housekeeper finds this doll house just right for size. Shelves below help to keep things tidy. Use common household tools for making house and furniture. Scissors, paste and crayons for decorating.

Pattern 273 for house and 274 for furni-

WHEN SLEEP WON'T COME AND YOU FEEL GLUM

Use Chewing-Gum Laxative - REMOVES WASTE...NOT GOOD FOOD

When you can't sleep—feel just awful because you need a laxative—do as millions do—chew FEEN-A-MINT

FEEN-A-MINT is wonderfully different! Doctors say many other laxatives start their "flushing" action too soon right in the stomach. Large doses of such laxatives upset digestion, flush away nourishing food you need for health and energy—you feel weak, worn out.

But gentle FEEN-A-MINT, taken as recommended, works chiefly in the lower bowel where it removes only waste, not good food! You avoid that weak, tired feeling. Use FEEN-A-MINT and feel fine, full of life! 25¢, 50¢, or only 10¢



Price 25¢ each
WORKSHOP PATTERN SERVICE
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills, New York.



WHITE OR YELLOW

When you have trouble opening a tin can, you'll be able to get a tighter grip on the can if you remove the paper label.

SUCH DEPENDABLE QUALITY
St. Joseph ASPIRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10

QUICK! CRUNCHY! DELICIOUS!

TREAT THE FAMILY TO A BATCH OF
RICE KRISPIES MARSHMALLOW SQUARES!

- Cook together over hot water...
1/2 cup butter
1/2 lb. marshmallows (about 2 1/2 doz.)
When syrupy, add and beat in 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.
- Into ground bowl, pour...
5 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies.
Add marshmallow mixture, get 24 pieces from 9" x 13" pan. Even kids can make 'em!

LANNY ROSS TELLS YOU WHY HE SMOKES ONLY CAMELS

SINGING STAR OF STAGE, RADIO AND TELEVISION

BEING A SINGER, I SMOKE CAMELS. THE 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST PROVED CAMELS AGREE WITH MY THROAT!

YES, CAMELS ARE SO MILD that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS

WHEN COLDS START ...here's an Anti-Histamine that you can trust!



Always ask for
A-H
Anti-histamine
Tablets
THE PROVEN
ANTI-HISTAMINE

Cold's Distresses that cause such complete misery are stopped in many cases the first day

You have read how the wonderful ingredient in A-H Tablets has relieved, checked and in many cases stopped symptoms of the common cold... sneezing, nasal stuffiness, simple throat coughs, watering eyes, and watery or mucous discharge from the nose. Now you can get this wonderful relief for your own family... just ask your druggist for A-H Anti-Histamine Tablets. Once you have tried them you will

never be without them. They are indeed a modern miracle of medicine!

Remember... all Anti-Histamines are NOT alike. The active ingredient of A-H Anti-Histamine Tablets was proven to be... "the favorite medication of the ambulatory patients who had had experience with any of the other antihistaminic drugs."

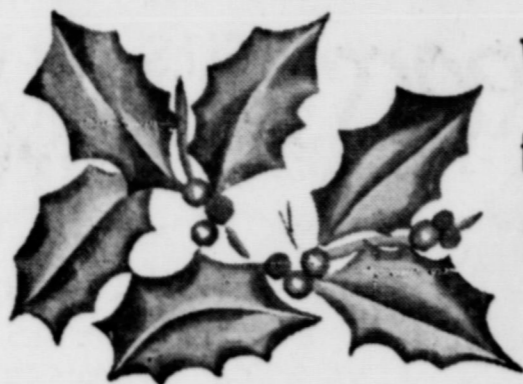
Reverter, J. M., Antihistaminic drugs in the therapy of the common cold, U. S. Naval Medical Bulletin 49:1-11, Jan.-Feb. 1949.

That's why we say, EVEN IF OTHER MEDICINES OR ANTI-HISTAMINICS HAVE FAILED YOU, TRY A-H TABLETS—THEY ARE PROVEN!

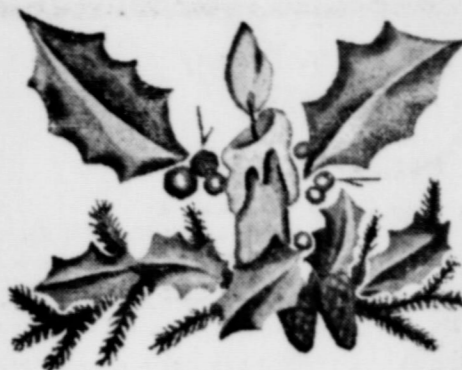
Medical tests indicate that the earlier you take an Anti-Histamine, the more positive the results. So get a box of A-H Tablets from your druggist right now... keep it handy at all times... then take as directed at the first sneeze, sniffle, or other sign of a cold.

ALWAYS ASK FOR **A-H** ANTI-HISTAMINE TABLETS

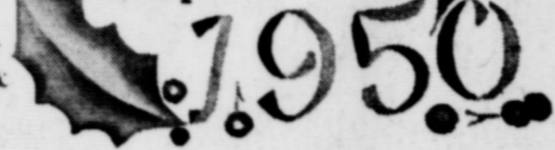
Christmas wishes



We would share the blessings of the season with you.



May your homes be alight with warmth and peace.



C. C. Dry Goods
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cabool



OUR WARM AND SINCEREST GREETINGS GO OUT TO YOU AT THIS HAPPIEST SEASON OF THE YEAR.

N. Saleh and Family

WHERE'S Daddy?

By DANIEL F. LINDSAY

KALLY O'NEIL walked slowly up the front steps. Her mother watched her from behind the curtain. Being five years old and having a problem had her near tears. She reached up on tip toes and opened the door.

"Kally, honey. Come in here a minute." Kally pushed the hood of her snow suit back and went into the living room.

"What do you want, Mommie?" She shook her blonde curls free.

"Oh, nothing much," her mother smiled. "I just want to know why my little girl looks so sad?"

"Well, Mommie," she slipped her coat off. "It's that girl down the street."

"Yes, dear, what about her?"

Kally could stand it no longer. She burst into tears and running over laid her head on her mother's lap. "That girl says," she sobbed, "that there isn't any Santa Claus."

"Well, now," her mother leaned down and gently bit the tip of her ear. "Who'd ever believe a tale like that?"

"You don't believe her?"

"Of course not," she smiled down into the worried blue eyes. "We know there's a Santa Claus."

"B-but she said Daddy was him."

"Oh, pooh. Sit down there on the floor and I'll help you get your snow pants off."

"We could ask Daddy," Kally suggested.

"Yes, we could," she had an inspiration. "Better still we can wait until tomorrow night and see for ourselves."

"We can?" she sat up in surprise.

"Sure. You go to bed just like always, then when he comes I'll wake you up."



"Santa was just coming out."

She got up from the floor all excited. "You mean we can peek?"

"That's just what we'll do."

"George," she turned to her husband that evening after Kally had been put to bed, "our daughter has quite a problem."

"Women always have problems," he smiled over his newspaper.

"What is it this time?"

"She knows about Santa."

"That's too bad," he pursed his lips, "but what can we do?"

"Get someone to put her toys under the tree while she watches."

"Sure," he laid the paper down, "why couldn't I do it?"

"She heard that you are Santa."

He chuckled. "She isn't the only woman in the family who thinks that."

"How about Bob Perkins?" she ignored his attempt at humor. "He's the right build."

"Okay," he agreed, "I'll arrange it in the morning."

"Kally," her mother shook her gently, "Santa is downstairs."

"He is?" she sat up rubbing her eyes. "HE IS?"

"Okay," she slipped out of bed and into her slippers. In the early morning light she looked like a tiny blond elf.

"Put on your robe."

SHE got it and took her mother's hand. They crept down the stairs. Mommie held her back while she made sure Santa wasn't smoking a cigar. He was placing gifts around the tree. She motioned her to look. Kally peeked around the corner with big eyes. Then her head darted back.

"Where's daddy?" she asked in a stage whisper.

They heard footsteps on the stairs. Daddy crept down. Kally peeked around the corner again. Santa was just coming out with an army barracks bag over his shoulder. The three of them ran and hid behind the staircase. As soon as the front door slammed Kally was up the steps like a shot.

"Hey, Sweetheart," Daddy called after her, "he left the toys in the living room." He stopped as he heard his wife's laughter.

"What's the matter with her?" he glared at her suspiciously. "Doesn't she like the little tike?"

"I'm afraid, dear, that you'll never understand the feminine mind."

"What do you mean . . . where's she going?"

"To get her coat."

"Her coat . . . why?"

"She's going down the street to tell the little girl that she's all wet. Because she has just seen Santa in her front room."

For Sale: Doors and frames. Windows and Frames, about 10 of each, good condition; Breakfast room set and 6 chairs; Dewey Mid dieton; 8ip. Dec 1

Renew your Index



Joy be yours this Christmas

1950

Lane Plumbing

Complete Plumbing Service; Air Conditioning; Plumbing Supplies

"If Plumbing Gets Dirty, Call Me and I'll Clean Ye Good" Jesse Lane.



CHRISTMAS IS HERE!

It's in the music of the cherished carols hovering like a benediction over the bustling crowds.

Time for us to send you our best wishes for the happiest Christmas you have ever known.

Quick Service Sta.

Hargis and Swinney

INDEX-PRESS WANT ADS HAVE FARMER'S INTEREST COSTS BUT TWO CENTS A WORD

Christmas Carols

Christmas carols express better than anything else, probably, the spirit of Christmas. The word "carol" itself signifies and was originally used to accompany a dance. William Wallace concludes that the term carol signifies a song of joy or exultation. Another definition states: "A carol is a hymn of praise especially such as is sung at Christmas in open air."

In England, which gave America most of its carols, they were sometimes gay and sometimes convivial all the time of the Puritans, who tried to suppress the Christmas carol.

After the Restoration, the religious nature of the day was almost forgotten in the reaction from Puritanism, and the carol was temporarily lost in the songs.

There are many quaint customs associated with the early carolers that might be used today to break the monotony of going from house to house singing Christmas hymns. It was about the 16th century that caroling became a Christmas custom, and is supposed to have been brought to England from Italy by the traveling clergy. The first Christmas carol is attributed to St. Francis of Assisi who made a model of the Bethlehem manger to help him tell his people the Christmas story.

The idea of caroling fitted admirably into the English conception of Christmas as a combination of religious celebration

and a great home day with neighborly feeling, so it grew and flourished in that country.

Little bands and groups of singers which sprang up in the towns and villages came to be known as "Waits." A natural explanation of the name seems to be that it refers to watching and waiting, for Christmas Eve is called the Vigil of Christmas.

As early as December 21, which is the day dedicated to St. Thomas, mummers and carolers would begin going from door to door, announcing the great feast at hand. It was natural for the householders to offer hospitality to these Christmas troubadours, and gradually in many places the custom of giving alms and presents of various kinds was established.

This benign custom threatened at one time in England to become a profession and to lose its original simple charm.

For a period beginning just when no one knows and ending in 1820, there were in London and Westminster companies of "Waits" whose leaders held office by public appointment and who obtained an exclusive right to solicit contributions from the public.

The carolers were often accompanied by entertainers who gave a spirit of revelry to the occasions. The mummers often interrupted the singing to give their interpretation of "St. George and the Dragon." Tumblers, dressed in bright red, would perform their arts of skill to entertain the onlookers.



Price & Jack UPHOLSTERING

Cleaning and Dying; All Kinds Furniture Repair
207 South First; Lamesa

JOYOUS YULETIDE

Here's wishing that the light of the season's cheer will glow through all you do, adding greatly to your Christmas happiness.

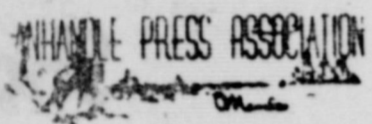
Jackson's Drive-In

Mr and Mrs. L. D. Jackson

O'Donnell Index Press
Published Every Thursday by
O. G. SMITH, OWNER

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For Satisfactory Carpenter work and weather stripping see Ben Moore, Jr. Phone 111, Box 408



Tidwell's Grocery And Market

● Christmas is not all tinsel and tissue or colored lights and merriment. It has a deeper significance, rooted in the long gone past, which sets it high above all other holidays of the year.

● It is our hope that this blessed season will bring to your home not only the festive joys of Yuletide but that deep inner peace which is essentially a part of Christmas.

Mahurin Grocery

MARKET AND STATION
Your Friendly Neighborhood Grocer

In the same cheery manner the words "Merry Christmas" come to you with our hope that all the season's happiness and joy be yours.

Fritz Service Station

Mr and Mrs. Calvin Fritz
Fisk Tires and Exide Batteries



Ed James

Thanks for your fine business in the past. As you probably know I have sold my feed and seed firm to Bart Anderson. Your continued patronage will be appreciated by him



Come in and see the New Silver Anniversary Pontiac



Double Proof

that Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a Pontiac!

- ① A look at the Car proves its Quality
- ② A look at the Price proves its Value!

In the short time since it was presented, thousands of people have flocked to see the great new Silver Anniversary Pontiac—few cars have ever had a reception to equal this. Most people came to admire, which is natural enough. But a great many people do more than admire, they start figuring—they begin to compare this wonderfully beautiful and desirable car with the modest price tag it bears. No car, at any price, offers more for every new car dollar you invest than a great new Pontiac! Drop in any time and look at the car—then look at the price—you'll be doubly sure that dollar for dollar, you can't beat a Pontiac!

City Service and Appliance

7th and Doak St. O'Donnell, Texas



MAY TRUE
HAPPINESS
IN ALL ITS
FULLNESS
BE YOURS THIS
CHRISTMASTIME

Gaignat Motor Co.

Dodge and Plymouth Sales and Service
Home Appliances Phone 300 Tahoka

Speaking of Christmas

SPEAKING OF CHRISTMAS . . . Throughout the world wherever Christmas is celebrated it is customary to place a lighted candle in the window . . . The legend is that candles originally were set out to light the Christ child's way as he made his visits through the children . . . One explanation of the custom of hanging stockings on Christmas Eve recalls the baronial halls of England where huge fireplaces were constantly in use . . . Each Christmas a special log, the Yule log, was thrown on the fire . . . This log burned steadily as long as the feasting and celebrating continued. Naturally, it burned with a pungent odor and stockings were hung over the fireplace to absorb some of this odor and to protect the owners from evil spirits . . . Christmas Eve, 1863,



saw a near tragedy in Virginia City, Nevada . . . Two friends celebrated with a terrific round of festivity . . . Just as dawn was breaking, they embarked on a perilous promenade over the town's rooftops . . . A policeman, mistaking them for burglars, drew his revolver and prepared to shoot—but a passerby stopped him . . . Had he fired and the bullets found the mark, the world would have been deprived of two great humorists—Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne) and Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) . . . Mince pies, so long a part of our Christmas tradition, originally had a deeply symbolic significance . . . The first mince pies were patterned in oblong shape, after the manger in which Christ was born . . . The crust represented the gold brought by the Three Wise Men; the many spices, the frankincense and myrrh . . . On May 11, 1659, the general court of Massachusetts Bay outlawed Christmas . . . Anyone celebrating, stopping work, serving holiday fare or deviating from normal daily life would be fined five shillings . . . The righteous Puritans were sure they were acting wisely—for how could good Christians condone the pagan origin of Christmas? Did not such a holiday encourage excess in eating and drinking? . . . It was 22 years before that law was repealed.



Calvary Baptist Church
Sunday school 10:00 a m
Morning service at 11:00
B.T.C. 7:00 p m
Evening worship Hour 8:00 p m
Wednesday, Prayer meeting 7 p m

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
Sunday School at 9:45. A K Gilliam, Supt.
Morning Worship 11:00 a m
Young people service 7:15 p m
Evening worship 8:00 p m

Assembly of God
R. T. Peek, pastor
Sunday School 10 a m
Morning Worship 11:00 a m
Evening worship 8:00 p m

METHODIST NEWS
Sunday school 10 a m
Morning worship 11 a m
Faith Study Group 6:30 p m
Evening worship 7 p m
W. S. C. S. Monday . . . 2:30 p m



Christmas is the one great event that transcends the bounds of any one country and embraces the whole world. In much the same way there is no limit or bounds to our good wishes for you for a Merry Christmas.

Abbie's Fashion Shop

Everything for Mi-Lady -- Tahoka



To all the good people of our town we wish the sum of all happiness.



Let us share the joy of the season without stint.

Your Lynn County Officials

- TOM GARRARD, County Judge
- Wm. B. GRIFFIN, County Agent
- ROLAND "Slick" CLEM, Sheriff
- MRS. BEULAH PRIDMORE, County Clerk
- TOM REID, County Treasurer
- J. E. "Red" Brown, Tax Collector and Assessor
- SKIP TAYLOR, Lynn Co. Abstract Co.
- JUDGE B. P. MADDOX, County Attorney
- LENORE M. TUNNELL, County Superintendent

The Not Constant the Celebrations Christ's Nativity

December is now the month which Christians all over the world celebrate and study show research and study show Christ's nativity has been celebrated in January, March, April, September and October by the peoples.

Although few people know it, the purpose of substituting the Christian festival for pagan Roman and Druids traditions of Christmas in December were popularized.

The historian pretends to fix the date of Christ's birth as a general festival.

What all that is known is that in the fourth century the feast of Nativity was observed in all the world churches at different times.

The confusion resulting from centuries in seven months of the year caused the western church to meet in 340 to set a date for the celebration. The eastern churches did not come until the sixth century when December 25 was set as the day to be observed.

The question has arisen innumerable times as to why December was selected as the month for rejoicing. The answer is that this month was chosen because a Christian festival could compete with those of the pagans, because December was noted for its feasts of holidays in nearly every land.

The Saxons, Romans and Scandinavians all took part in the celebration of these festivals which originated before the birth of Christ.

From the Saxons came the ceremony of burning the Yule log. The Romans burned great bonfires in honor of their god Thor. From the Scandinavians came the giving of presents. This custom has been traced to the Roman Saturnalia.

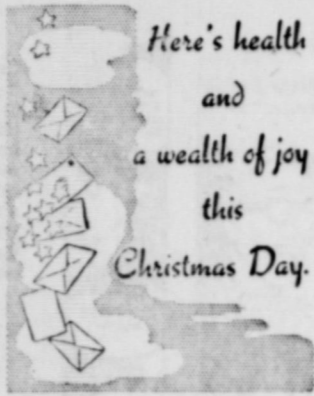
It may seem strange to claim that the pagan riotousness might be the forerunner of the Christian holiday of goodness and love, but intermingled with that which was objectionable were things that have been straight to the hearts of people throughout the Christian world.

There have been several sandy places and hard land places for sale in the money. See J. L. Tisdale Realty 41p

O'Donnell Lodge no 1187
A. F. and A. M.

Meets every 4th Thursday in Month:
Visitors Welcome
Paul Boggan, W. M.
Elvin R. Moore, Sec'y

Vernon D. Adcock
announces the opening of
his law office at 314 North
Austin Lamesa where he
will be engaged in the
general Practice of Law
And will complete His
Term as County
Attorney
Phone No. 305



Everett
Barber Shop



May this season
of loving and
giving find us
in accord.

**Wimberley Shoe
Shop**

Mr and Mrs T. A. Wimberley

Top of the
season to you
May your happiness be as
plentiful as the gifts
you give



LINE Grocery

Mr. and Mrs Harvey Line



By DANIEL F. LINDSAY
TOM LARKIN opened the kitchen door. His wife looked up with a hopeful smile as he entered. He just shook his head.
"No mail at all?" she said as she went on fixing dinner.
"Oh, there were a couple of ads and a bill from the seed company." He hung his hat on a hook and crossed to the pump. His white hair was damp around his face when he straightened up again.
"It's just not like Bill," she sighed. "Bill's got an unforgivin' streak, always did have, even when he was a little feller." Pa's old briar gave off a pungent odor as he lit it.
"But this is different, Tom," she said, putting a pan of biscuits in the oven, "tomorrow is Christmas. It's a long way to the coast. Maybe he wrote but didn't mail it in time."
"Ma," his tired old voice was filled with bitterness, "there's no



"She could see Pa striding into the living room."

need to stick pins in yourself by hopin'. Christmas or no Christmas... that boy is still mad."

The old lady's eyes shone with faith. "He might stay mad all year long but when Christmas comes... he'll write. I know. I'm his Ma."

"Don't forget," Tom said as he blew smoke at the ceiling. His eyes crinkled at the corners, "I'm his father."

"Dinner's ready, Pa," she said, filled with a deep longing and fought to keep the tears out of her voice.

"I c'n understand that boy still bein' mad at me, but why does he have to take it out on you?"

"You're wrong, Tom," Ma replied as she lifted her head and smiled. "The day after Christmas, first delivery, we'll get a letter. You'll see."

"Not from him," he shook his head grimly.

"You're forgettin' Judy," she reminded him as they sat down. "She's a good daughter-in-law."

"Oh, I'm not blamin' her," replying as he covered his biscuits with gravy, "Judy's a fine girl. It's his bull headed pride."

She got up and taking the coffee pot off the cook stove filled his cup. They ate on in silence. Finally he pushed his plate back.

"You aren't eatin' much," he scolded.

"I'm just not hungry, Pa."

"I see," he stood up. "I'm goin' out and turn the heater on in the hen house. It'll be cold tonight."

His old shoulders slumped forward as he went outside. She shook her head and started picking up the dishes. Her mind sank back into the past. To the days when Christmas was alive with the excitement and laughter of young voices. She could see Pa striding into the living room bearing a large evergreen on his shoulder. Behind him there was always a highly excited little boy, bearing an axe. She wondered if the little boy ever thought of it.

PA CAME back on the porch. She smiled as he kicked his toe against the threshold. It's a wonder, she thought, that there's any threshold left after all these years. He came into the kitchen, dumping an arm load of kindling in the box behind the range.

"Snowin', Pa?"

He shook his head and took off his wraps, replying, "Stopped."

She hung the dish towels up to dry. He pulled a rocker in from the living room and sat down.

"Everything all right in the barn?" Ma asked as she threw a few lumps of coal in the fire.

"Sure," Pa said. A sad smile crossed his lips. "What's the use pretendin', Ma? We're both feelin' blue."

She sat down at the old kitchen table and started peeling apples, uttered, "I know it."

"Gonna bake me a pie?" he asked. She nodded. "Apple was always Billy's favorite, too."

"Now, Ma, what's the use o...," he stopped as they heard a car drive up in the yard. "Must be Jim Rogers. Said today that new calf of his was sick." He opened the kitchen door and peered out into the night. She could hear him catch his breath as he watched a man and a woman get out. "Ma, who do you think?" his voice was low.

"I knew," Ma laughed as she laid the paring knife down with a happy smile, "I knew it all the time."

Wanted: IRONING. Martha Akard 4th and Miles st. in former Bro. Turpin residence.

—o—
Your Paper Expired ??

Santa Affected By Restrictions

It's difficult to understand, but the genial spirit of Christmas, Santa Claus himself, hasn't always had it easy. There have been occasions when laws or traditions or regulations have put certain curbs on the old gentleman. Here are some examples:

In Newark, N. J., Santa is required to pass a stiff physical examination before he can serve in a department store. And even then he is barred from kissing any of the children who perch upon his knee.

In Charleston, S. C., charity Santas have been forbidden to make a pitch on public streets on the grounds that children flocking in to see them may create a traffic



hazard. And in Washington a few years ago, when the postmaster general was asked to print a Santa Claus stamp at Christmas time he rejected the proposal with a scornful, "I should say not!"

Outside the U.S.A., Santa has had trouble, too. In Montreal, Canada, an influential organization fought against holding of the city's annual Santa Claus parade on the ground that it was "merely a display of grotesque and vulgar buffoonery." A prominent journalist in Rio de Janeiro fostered a movement to do away with Santa Claus (Papa Noel) in Brazil and substitute a toy-bearing grandfather Indian. In Mexico City the minister of education recommended that the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl, instead of St. Nick, should bring gifts to children.

In the field of opinion, Santa has encountered some detractors. A Prof. Ivan E. McDougle, sociologist at Goucher college, Baltimore, declared: "The Santa Claus myth has lived too long. Parents should substitute philosophy"—whatever that is.

A Toronto psychiatrist got in his blast. "It should be made clear to children," he said, "that Santa Claus is not necessarily a real man any more than any other character out of a story book."



**Phillips
Cafe**

MR and MRS WILEW PHILLIPS

Call for--

Woods
The Plumber at

SINGLETON APPLIANCE

INDEX-PRESS WANT ADS HAVE FARMER'S INTEREST
COSTS BUT TWO CENTS A WORD

Joy to the
World
Christmas
**Herman Grocery
And Market**
MR and MRS. MARVIN HERMAN and Employees

Merry
Christmas
May
the blessings of
Christmas
descend
upon your homes
in
abundance.
**Lambert Grocery
And Market**
Mr and Mrs CLIFF LAMBERT AND STAFF

...Once again we approach the ever welcome Christmas Season. This season is filled with love and good-will. Simple in origin, deep in meaning, beautiful in tradition, rich in memories, and charitable in spirit, it has an attraction for the hearts of mankind, young and old, universally. Therefore, permit me the privilege of expressing, from my very deepest heart, to you one and all, the time honored greetings of the season. "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR".

**HAPPIEST
CHRISTMAS
OF ALL**

**O'Donnell
Telephone Co.**
MRS. BILL W. DAVIS, OWNER

BLOCKER GROCERY

"Trade Goes Where Invited, Stay Where Treated Best"

Specials For Friday & Saturday

Apples \$3.95 box
Washington Delicious; Fancy and Extra Fancy

Peas 2 for 25c
303 can Glenn Valley

VIENNA SAUSAGE 10c
"Hostess"; per can

Fruit Cocktail 35c
No 2 1/2 can in heavy syrup

Salad Dressing or Sandwich Spread 33c
Everlite pint jar

Pork & Beans 3 for 35c
1 lb can Van Camps

Tissue 2 for 25c
Delsey

Effective January 1st we will
DISCONTINUE Buying CREAM

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU
Shack J. D. and all the gang

Bacon lb 43c
Sliced Wicklow

Club steaks 72c
Per lb

Fryers, hens
Fresh dressed

Sirloin steak 89c
The Best, per lb

ROAST 59c
Choice Cuts chuck per lb

TRADE WHERE MA SAVES MONEY FOR PA
WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO LIMIT Nothing Sold to Merchants to be re sold

O'DONNELL LEADS TAHOKA IN GINNINGS

Up to Tuesday morning O'Donnell had ginned 20,374 bales of cotton of this year's crop. According to Editor Frank Hill of the Lynn County News, Tahoka has ginned 16,700 bales and the county an estimated 91,000 bales. The harvest is nearly complete.

Blockers To Quit Cream Buying Jan 1st

Blocker grocery this week are advertising that effective January 1st the firm will discontinue the purchase of cream. This will not affect their practice of buying eggs.

NEWMOORE NEWS

J. W. Palmer of O'Donnell became the new store owner this week; we are glad to have them in our community.

New car owners of the week are A. G. Crutcher, a Chevrolet, Robt. Weatherby, a Plymouth and Ted Rogers, a Chevrolet and S. L. Walters, a DeSoto

Most of the ladies of the community attended the Christmas party at Mrs. Hattie Wilsons Thursday; there was also a pink and blue shower for Mrs. Jack Thompson, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Junita Rogers were hostesses.

Mrs. Wilson of Kemp has bought a lot across from the store to build a new house; a water well was dug this week and reports are good water.

Mrs. Buck Means of Bangs visited with her parents, the S. L. Walters a few days last week.

Mrs. Byron Cabbiness of Brown field was a visitor here Thursday

Jude and Dave Taylor visited their parents in Slaton Sunday

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our heart felt thanks to our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and the comforting words of the ministers and every other deed of thoughtfulness at the time of the loss and bereavement of our loved one, Mrs. Melba Hancock.

Bill Hancock and daughter, Kay Johnny and Wanda Smith And relatives

For sale: Crochet of all kinds; see Mrs. McCurdy same block as Blocker's residence.

Apt. for rent: 3 rooms and bath nicely furnished; see Mrs. C. R. Brock after 5 p. m.

For sale or trade: Whiteface bull calf; Mrs. T. A. Harris 2tp

R. O. BAGGETT
House Moving
Phone 3 O'Donnell, Texas Box 636

For fine milk cows see Walter Teeter
Delicious, nice tender fryers; see T. I. Hammond

For sale: new 10 disc John Deere one way. W W Emerson, 3 miles NW of O'Donnell 2tp

For sale: a bicycle; see nite watchman at Jail. This bicycle was found and owner unknown; identity should be made at once if it belongs to you.

For sale or trade for car in a trade-in: a room house trailer, reasonable; see J. L. Pennington at Forbes Motor Co.



JOIN WITH US

Let us toss our cares out the window. It's Christmas! Join with us in celebrating the glorious holiday.

And Merry Christmas TO YOU

Tippit Gro. & Mkt.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Tippit



Christmas SALE

Cranberry Sauce . 16c
Tall can

Corn . 16c
Del Monte 300 size

Peas . 21c
Del Monte 300 size

pumpkin - - - 16c
Libbies 300 size

Peaches . 31c
Half or Whole Del Monte no 2 1/2 can

Pineapple . 29c
No 2 can Del Monte Crushed

Cake mix . 41c
Soft as Silk 2 3-4 lbs size

Cranberries, qt. . 19c

Celery . 15c
Large, crisp; Stalks

cauliflower . lb 10c

Colgate Gift Box . \$1.29
For Men; \$1.50 value

JELLO 2for 15c
Assorted Flavors

GUM . . . 3 for - 10c
Wrigley's

MARKET ITEMS

Hens nice & fat lb 53c

Hams half or whole lb 59c

Weiners - - - lb 49c
Cudahy Cello

OLEO lb . 31c
Keyko; Quartered lb

Mansell Bros.