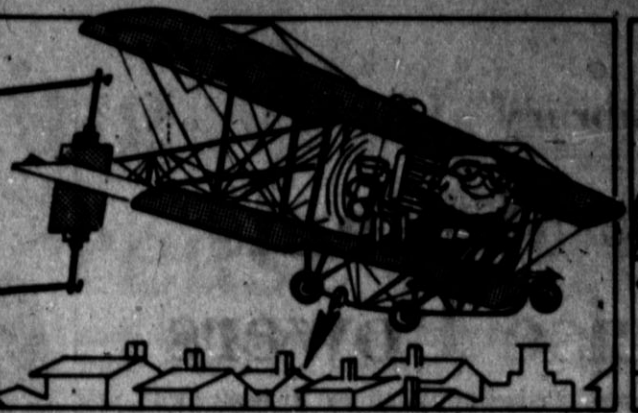




MERRY CHRISTMAS



Serving
the
Magic Triangle

The Hereford Brand

40 Pages

PRICE 10c

68th YEAR - No. 52

HEREFORD, TEXAS, 79045, THURS., DEC., 25, 1969

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Train Strikes Auto Sunday

A car-train accident, resulting in complete destruction of an automobile and minor damage to the train, occurred 5.8 miles west of Hereford at 3:55 Sunday morning.

The driver of the car, a 1969 two door Ford, prior to the accident was Mrs. Barbara Ann Weatherford of Route 3.

Accompanying her was her husband Charles.

The couple were returning from Clovis and en route took a short cut across the railroad tracks. In crossing the vehicle slipped off the east side of the crossing portion and pinned the car.

After failing to move the car, the couple noticed a train approaching from the west. Weatherford ran down the tracks and attempted to flag the train to a stop. This was of no avail as the train kept rolling.

A local highway patrolman, Chuck Moore, reported that the train hit the Weatherford vehicle at 75 miles per hour. The locomotive, a twenty seven car and three engine caravan, traveled one mile after impact before coming to a stop.

Moore reported that the only part of the car left at the scene after the collision was from the dash forward. Various segments of the car frame were stuck to the train.

Hereford Volunteer firemen were called to the scene to remove parts of the car frame attached to the train and also as a caution of fire as the gas tank of the car was leaking. The train, engineered by Neil Macy of Amarillo, received only light damage while the auto was total loss.

Luckily, no injuries were reported from the incident.

Oliver Funeral Held Tuesday

Funeral services for Lloyd Calvert Oliver, 65, of 506 Ave. K, who died at Deaf Smith County Hospital Sunday afternoon following a short illness, were conducted at 9 a. m. Tuesday in Gilliland Funeral Home Rose Chapel. Officiating was Father Michael Graham, assistant pastor at St. Anthony's Catholic Church.

Graveside rites and burial are scheduled today in Pleasant Valley Cemetery at Brownwood.

Born April 3, 1904 in Kansas, he was married on Dec. 21, 1938 in Washington, Kansas and moved to Texas. He has been a resident of Deaf Smith County since 1958 where he was employed as a farm hand.

Survivors included his wife, Florence of the home; three sons, Jim of Goldwithe, Johnny and Zachary of Hereford; one daughter, Mrs. Janje Heard of Hereford; two brothers, Burney of Nebraska and Guy of Burr Oak, Kan.; seven sisters, Mrs. Florence Sheets and Mrs. Hildred Shae, both of Washington, Kan., Mrs. Ruby Bailey of Topeka, Kan., Mrs. Nora Moore of Denver, Colo., Mrs. Harriet Rosenburn and Mrs. Florie Hel. and Mrs. Retta Elzy of Waynesville, Mo., and six grand-children.

Weather

| | H | L |
|----------|----|----|
| Saturday | 60 | 30 |
| Sunday | 62 | 30 |
| Monday | 74 | 43 |
| Tuesday | | 29 |

Moisture for month: .10
Moisture for year: 25.95

Holly Sugar Operations Are Drastically Reduced

Holly Sugar Corporation has been forced the past two weeks to extremely reduce their reception of harvested beets. The reason is the poor quality in the beets this year, which has been evident since digging operations began.

According to Holly agricultural manager Bob Ginn the company has been receiving beets about four days a week but even this is too much. They are not receiving any this week so the factory can catch up with their beet inventory.

He explained further why they insist the farmer not continuous dig. "If we let a big supply build up then it will lower the sugar extraction and in turn lower the payments to the grower. This way it won't cost the grower quite as much."

Ginn announced that Holly hopes to maintain digging operations five days next week.

In past weeks he had said that they were shooting for a fourteen day supply of beets on the yard. Monday morning he commented, "Now we know we can't go up to fourteen days. We are not sure just how long we can keep them but it will probably be somewhere between five and seven days. The reason we will not dig this week is that we now have a twelve day supply on hand."

Ginn said that not a great number of the acreage was being fed cattle because of the problem. "There are a few acres being fed but this is less than 5 percent of the beet crop."

He also emphasized that the attitude of the growers has been excellent considering the

major problem at hand. "We are all pretty discouraged, though," he said.

The reduction of digging days will now prolong the harvesting operations even longer but it has been reported that overall digging is 45 percent complete.

Girlstown Gets \$240 From Here

This Christmas there will be 85 happy girls in Whiteface, Texas, and Borgor, Texas, because the generous people of the Texas Panhandle have made the "Girlstown Christmas Fund" a success.

District Governor Ed Flood of the Lions Clubs in District 2-T1 announced today that this project sponsored by the Lions Clubs solicit public support for Girlstown has exceeded its goal.

Each of these girls will receive a new coat and pair of shoes valued at \$40.00 and will be permitted to make their own selection.

The excess money received will be deposited in a bank and used toward the Girlstown Christmas Fund of 1970.

Ed Flood, in behalf of the Lions, expresses his sincere thanks to all the radio, television and newspaper media who covered this project and to all those who contributed to make some girl more fortunate this Christmas.

Hereford citizens contributed \$240.00 thru the Lions Clubs. Many others gave directly to Girlstown.



PATRIOTISM AT CHRISTMAS - The beautiful decor this holiday at the theme of Christmas together with the Ray Cowser home at 1101 East red, white, and blue can be seen in Grand Avenue. -Staff Photo

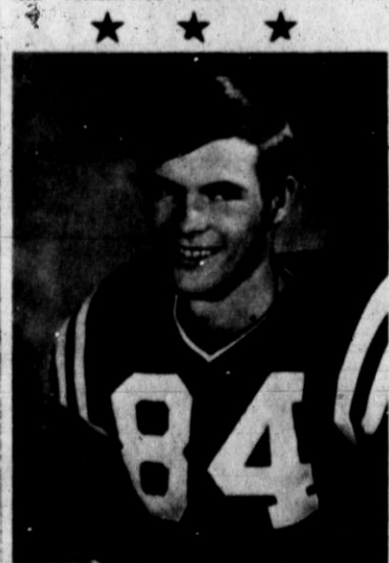
Two Whitefaces Get Dream Team Laurels

Hereford's awesome all-state tackle candidate Tony Gorman was named to the first team All-South Plains Dream Team while linebacker David Paetzold was named honorable mention to the elite crew.

Gorman was named to the team last year and was also an honorable mention all-state player his junior year. He was named to the 1-AAA all district team both years also.

Paetzold made it two years in a row for all district honors before being named to the dream team this year. His junior year saw him a unanimous pick as all district.

The Lubbock Avalanche-Journal, which picks the Dream Team, said of Gorman, "Defensively, the first unit is topped by Atkins (Dunbar), Hall (Estacado) and Hereford's little mountain, 295-pound senior tackle Tony Gorman, who was named area linebacker of the year by the Amarillo Globe-News."



David Paetzold honorable mention



Tony Gorman first team

Paetzold shared honorable mention linebacker honors with two Lubbock boys and a player from Monahans.

Dumas, winner of the district 1-AAA crown, placed two boys on the offensive unit of the Dream Team and both were juniors.

They were all-state quarterback candidate Bobby Laughry and split end Mickey Hartman.

Tulia had one on the first team and that was Jerry Dickens, a 175-pound running back.

Rounding up the first team were: Floyd Jenkins, Lamesa tight end; William Hall Estacado tackle; Donald Atkins, Dunbar tackle; Robert Boykin, Estacado guard; Johnny Aikei, Andrews guard; Dennis Hennigan, Monahans center; Laughry, Larry Miller, Estacado running back; Dickens and Mark back.

Rounding out the first team defense were: David Moody, Atkins, Dunbar lineman; Charles Thomas, Slaton lineman; William Hall, Estacado linebacker; George Thomas, Dunbar tackle; Ronald Hester, Lamesa linebacker; Frank Gady, Scumple, linebacker; Richard Lepard, Brownfield deep back; Joe Benson, Estacado deep back and Ronnie Kirkwood, Pecos deep back.

Robert James, who headed the coaching chores at Lamesa for the first time, was named "Coach of the Year."

Police Captain Resigns Post

Captain Ray Reynolds, a member of the Hereford Police Department since 1966, resigned from the force Monday, Dec. 22.

Reynolds joined the police department on December 19, 1966 and on May 16, 1969, was promoted to the position of captain.

Brush reported that Reynolds resigned to go to work for 3 R Feed Yards west of town. "He is an excowboy and wanted to get back into the business."

Promotions resulting from the officer's resignation also came about this week. They were Lieutenant Owsley to Captain, Sergeant Morgan to lieutenant, and patrolman Cursinger to sergeant.

Commission Acts In Final Session

In their final meeting of the year, county commissioners acted on a number of items ranging from hospital insurance to accepting a bid on removal of electrical lines.

Commissioners, on their first item, okayed payment of \$12,000 to Oscar Schilling, architect for the construction of the new hospital wing while also giving approval of payment of a total of \$85 for legal fees in connection with the sale of property from a recent auction.

Ray Quillen, district court reporter, appeared before the commissioners seeking to have them go along with other counties in the district in furnishing him with mileage, supplies (in part), hotel fees and meals while handling cases in this county.

Due to state law which prohibits the increase of a court reporter's salary in a county with a population the size of Deaf Smith County, the local commissioners were unable to simplify the matter by just giving Quillen a pay raise. Because of the law, a round-about way had to be used to furnish him with an increase of some sort, so the commissioners agreed to pay for supplies, mileage, hotel and meal fees in accordance with the amount paid by other counties in the 9th District.

Quillen pointed out to the commissioners that almost 30 percent of the cases heard in the district are heard in Deaf Smith County, and with this county being the farthest away from his home in Dumas, it was very expensive for him to make the trip as many times as required.

The commissioners, feeling that Quillen has done a better-than-average job for the county, agreed unanimously to furnish him with the request and pay for several months' back supplies.

A bid was accepted by the commissioners from Southwest Public Service for relocating two miles of 13.2 KV 7.6 KV electric line in Section 9 of block eight and section 1 of Block 7. The cost of relocating the line, excluding any cost involved in obtaining new easements, was set at \$1,457, which the commissioner accepted. The cost of new easements would also be a responsibility of Deaf Smith County, the bid pointed out.

The commissioners also discussed the cost of insurance to protect the county from possible suits.

A letter from W. D. Henson, president of the Texas Association of Counties, pointed out that at the annual conference of the County Judges and Commissioners Association of Texas, there has "been much talk about the Torts Claim Act."

His letter stated that "that time we informed you that our new Texas Association of Counties was working on an insurance program which would give us a reduced rate for coverage."

"Your Executive Director, Bill Owens, and I," the letter continued, "have had several meetings with insurance men, the State Insurance Board and others, trying to work out the details of a policy that would give the counties full protection from claims resulting from the Torts Claim Act, at a price the counties could afford."

"Apparently the Torts Claim Act was amended several times and as finally passed, was so worded that it is hard to determine the amount and extent of liability to which counties are subjected. From informal discussions with various people in the State Insurance Board office the Attorney General's office,

and other interested individuals, we believe that the counties are liable for personal injuries or death resulting from negligence or wrongful acts, or omissions, by county officials or employees acting within the scope of their employment or office, resulting from the use of a motor driven vehicle and/or motor driven equipment.

"In addition to the above liability there could be county liability resulting from negligence in regard to tangible property, either real or personal, such as "slip and fall accidents" and road accidents where, due to negligence, repairs and/or warning signs had not been erected."

No action was taken on the counties' insurance along this

line, but T. E. Seigler, local hospital administrator, appeared before the commissioners to discuss the taking out of insurance for the hospital for the county, its employees, the hospital board and the administrator.

"Up until this year," Seigler said, "when recent legislative action approved it, counties were not able to buy coverage for their employees."

Seigler said that an estimated annual premium, based on figures taken about a year ago, was \$2,750 and would run about \$5,000 should the insurance also include workman's compensation.

The commissioners approved the insurance in final action of the day.

Firemen Battle Wind And Fires

Hereford Volunteer Firemen were quite busy Monday afternoon as in a two hour period they buzzed all over town in their red trucks clearing a path with their stren. In the past month or two they've been called off and on to extinguish fires and check sudden danger spots but Monday they had one major factor against them.

It was a gusting wind clocked at fifty miles per hour. About the time our on-the-job firemen would arrive at one hot spot, the hefty breeze would scatter someone's burning trash and here they'd go again.

Fire chief Jap Dickerson reported their first call came from Continental Grain Company about one o'clock Monday. "A bearing went out," he said, "in the bootleg where they shift the grain. We went in with air packs and put out the smoke. There wasn't must fire but there was quite a bit of danger of explosion."

He stated there was not too much actual cost, except for the price of a new bearing, but it would demand a lot of time and trouble to move the grain from the pit and replace the bearing.

The home of R. G. Lynch, 200 Sunset Drive, was the next trouble location. Dickerson said, "Trash caught fire in the yard burning a lot of the yard itself and the fence. The wind did most of the damage." The fire extinguished quickly because the firemen had just returned to the department. Estimated damage was one hundred dollars.

The third and final call came at three o'clock in the alley between Avenue D and Grand. This was another case of burning trash in a can and the wind taking advantage. Some property and a pile of lumber close by caught fire.

The only other activities of the fire department occurred Sunday morning at four o'clock. They were called to remove bits of a car frame from a locomotive five miles west of town. The accident occurred when an automobile driven by Barbara Ann Weatherford was hung off the edge of a crossing. Attempts by her husband Charles, to flag down the oncoming train failed. Upon impact portions of the auto stuck to the train and was impossible to remove quickly without aid of the firemen.

Hodges Services Held Wednesday

Funeral services for Joel Alexander Hodges, 51, executive vice-president of Hereford State Bank, who died at 8:30 p.m. Monday in Deaf Smith County Hospital after suffering a heart attack, were scheduled at 10 a.m. Wednesday in First Methodist Church where he was a member.

The Rev. Clifford Trotter, pastor, will officiate, with burial in Rest Lawn Cemetery by Gilliland Funeral Home.

Mr. Hodges, of 129 Centre, became vice-president of the bank here in October, 1955 when he moved here from Snyder.

He was associated with Production Credit Corp. in that city when he accepted the position here.

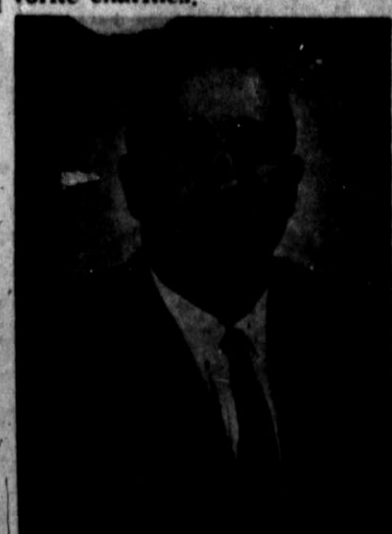
A former vice-president and president of Panhandle Bankers Association, he was born July 15, 1918 in Sweetwater, Tex. and married Dec. 22 1946 in Weatherford.

Active in civic affairs, he was a strong supporter of Project Christmas Card and was the first contributor each year. He was a veteran of World War II and an active member of

Hereford Lion's Club.

He is survived by his wife, Geraldine, a teacher at La Plata Junior High School, one son, Steve, a student at West Texas State University, and a daughter, Betty, a senior student at Hereford High School; one brother, James of Colorado; and two sisters, Mrs. Garland Browning of Euless, Tex. and Mrs. Elizabeth Welch of Abilene.

The family requests that any memorials be made to their favorite charities.



Joel Hodges

At The Library

Black Militants Exercise Powers

At the Deaf Smith County Library this week is the tale of a strong, well-organized band of black militants who exercise their power in the home and what the nation and its leaders do in a time of crisis.

Also available is the fantastic story of a writer who sets out for an assignment which turns into a puzzling and menacing situation and leads to the secret of a buried treasure. Look into these and other novels over the holiday.

TRESPASS

BY Fletcher Knebel

A strong, well-organized band of black militants makes its power play-not in ghetto streets or city schools or government offices, but in the time-honored sanctuary of white America, the private home. The bold act provides the starting-point for this major new novel from Fletcher Knebel. He focuses on one young family, socially prominent and fashionably liberal, as it reacts with fear and anger and puzzled attempts at understanding the intruders—a reaction mirrored in the highest councils of the nation and the world.

Trespass is both a masterfully told tale of suspense and a carefully observed description of a nation and its leaders in a time of crisis. Most important, it is also a chilling yet compassionate portrait of America as it deals with an armed confrontation of black and white.

LARRY DRISKILL VISIT HERE

L. and Mrs. Larry Driskill are visiting in the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driskill his brother, James, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wiley in Amarillo during the holidays.

L. Driskill received his wings Dec. 19 at Laredo Air Force Base.

DEATH OF A HITTITE

BY Sylvia Angus

Writer David Gavin sets out on an intriguing assignment which had sounded extremely interesting, but, on the whole, routine. He was to cover the reopening and progress of the archeological digs at the ancient city of Jerjilkoy, Turkey, for Past, an illustrated history magazine. Scarcely a danderous prospect, he thought. Then suddenly he is involved in a puzzle touches down in Istanbul, are the Turkish police so interested in him?

Prices Rise In 1970

According to Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation (ASC) officials the nation received a 45 pound per acre cut in cotton allotments for '69. Deaf Smith County took a 60 pound cut.

In a comparison of farm payments for the years 1969 and 1970, payments will be larger in 1970. The reason for this is that farm allotments were increased along with an increase in price support payments which rose from 14.73 cents per pound in 1969 to 16.80 cents in 1970. This increase was a result of a cut in county yields.

On an average Deaf Smith County was cut from 460 pounds per acre to 400 pounds.

With an increase in allotments and payment rates, the producer will receive more price support payments in 1970 than 1969.

Deaf Smith County is expected to rise from 8,867 allotment acres in 1969 to 9,417 in 1970.

Look Who's New

Mr. and Mrs. Jose Jimenez are the parents of a son, Antonio, born December 22. He weighed 6 lbs. 5 1/2 oz.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Griego are the parents of a daughter, Beverly, born December 22. She weighed 5 lbs. 15 1/2 oz.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Williams are the parents of a son, Bruce Wade, born December 17. He weighed 7 lbs. 1 oz.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabina Suarez are the parents of a daughter, Sofia, born December 16. She weighed 6 lbs. 5 1/2 oz.



ROTARY CLUB SPEAKER—The Rev. Dr. Gerald Mann, preacher of the First Baptist Church of Hereford, spoke to Rotarians at Monday's noon luncheon on his personal views of the true meaning of Christmas. Staff Photo.

Project Christmas Card Names Will Be Printed

Area and local residents who have not had the chance to donate to the annual Project Christmas Card fund, which is sponsored by the Hereford Medical Auxiliary, will have a chance to have their greetings published in a later edition of the Hereford Brand, according to Auxiliary officials.

The project, which is an annual event, is for the purpose of furnishing or equipping the county hospital with things not permitted in the budget. The Auxiliary is made up of wives of local dentists and doctors.

Contributions deadline was set at noon last Saturday, but the group announced that any donations coming in late will have the names of the contributors appearing in a later edition of the Hereford Brand.

The project is set up through the idea of each area resident donating the money they would normally spend on sending local friends greetings, into the fund. The names appear in another section of today's edition of the Brand. The names of late donors will appear in a similar fashion in another edition.

This year's donations will go for the furnishing of the recovery room at the hospital. During the past drives of Project Christmas Card, enough money has been raised to provide the hospital with a fracture table, physician's in hospital call system, equipment used in restorative dentistry, a cardiac monitor for use in surgery, furnishings for the children's wing and a dishwasher for the hospital's kitchen.

In addition to providing the hospital with equipment and furnishings, the fund has also provided a scholarship each year to a deserving spring graduate.

of Hereford High School who plans to further her education in nursing.

The Auxiliary has, within the past decade, raised over \$30,000 from the project.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. — Don Martin, a junior speedster from Carrollton, Mo., led Yale's football team in scoring, rushing and kickoff returns during the season.

Martin scored 50 points, rushed for 518 yards for a 3.5 average and returned nine kickoffs for 243 yards. The Elis tied Princeton and Dartmouth for the Ivy League crown with a 4-1 record. They were 7-2 overall.

BEGAN IN LITTLE LEAGUE

NEW YORK — Twenty-one players involved in the 1968 World Series started in Little League baseball. Thirteen of the New York Mets were Little Leaguers while eight members of the Baltimore Orioles took part in the program in their respective home towns.

LENSMAN LEFT BEHIND

PULLMAN, Wash. — Oregon left here so fast after its 25-24 football victory over Washington State that George Farquhar, the Oregon team photographer, was left behind packing his gear on the roof of the pressbox.

Not until the Ducks boarded their plane at Spokane, 75 miles away, did someone realize their photographer was missing.

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers The Cowans

GREETINGS

We wish you a Christmas that is beautiful in every way! plus a Happy New Year

Molly Jo's Beauty Salon
508 Knight Street . . . Phone 364-2151

Season's Greetings

In the spirit of the Season we wish you true happiness. Merry Christmas to our many friends!

KINSEY-OSBORN MOTORS
142 N. Miles 364-0990

Hereford, Texas Penneys AUTOCENTER

FOREMOST MILEAGEMAKER WITH 4 PLY NYLON CORD

NOW \$13 plus fed. tax and old tire

BLACKWALL TUBELESS

| Size | Orig. | Fed. tax |
|--------|-------|----------|
| 600-13 | 13.95 | 1.79 |
| 700-13 | 14.95 | 1.96 |
| 695-14 | 14.95 | 1.96 |

NOW \$15 plus fed. tax and old tire

BLACKWALL TUBELESS

| Size | Orig. | Fed. tax |
|--------|-------|----------|
| 735-14 | 15.95 | 2.07 |
| 775-14 | 16.95 | 2.20 |
| 560-15 | 15.95 | 1.76 |
| 685-15 | 15.95 | 1.89 |
| 735-15 | 15.95 | 2.08 |
| 775-15 | 16.95 | 2.21 |

NOW \$17 plus red. tax and old tire

BLACKWALL TUBELESS

| Size | Orig. | Fed. tax |
|--------|-------|----------|
| 825-14 | 18.95 | 2.36 |
| 855-14 | 20.95 | 2.57 |
| 815-15 | 18.95 | 2.38 |
| 845-15 | 20.95 | 2.57 |

WHITEWALLS ONLY \$2 MORE!

24 MONTH GUARANTEE WITH 6 MONTHS FREE REPLACEMENT

Guarantee against tread wearout: If your tire wears out during the first half of the guarantee period, return it with your guarantee certificate and Penney's will replace your tire with a new tire, charging you 50% less than the current selling price including Federal Excise Tax; if your tire wears out during the second half, you pay 25% less than the current selling price including Federal Excise Tax.

Guarantee against failure: If we replace the tire during the free-replacement period, there is no charge; if we replace the tire after the free-replacement period, you pay 50% or 25% less than the current selling price of the tire including Federal Excise Tax.

Commercial Use: This guarantee is void where passenger tires are used on trucks, used for business, or driven over 30,000 miles in one year.

Here's how your guarantee against failure works: Entire guarantee period... 24 months No extra cost period... 1-6 months 50% off period... 7-13 months 25% off period... 14-24 months

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa, I have been good. I have helped my mother. I have helped my brothers & sister. Sometime I made dinner. I want a typewriter for Christmas. We do not have a chimney. I have good grades. I am in third grade now. Send me a picture of you & Mrs. Santa Claus.

Your friend
Socorrito Mendoza

Dear Santa men and my SIS' and 4-Speed Stringray bicycle, pop gun, and a dune buggy SM swing set to Santa Shand Scott

Dear Santa, My name is Kelly McNeese I've tried to be a good boy all year. I am 6 years old and I go to kindergarten. I would like you to bring me a shot gun and 2 pistols; with a gun belt a dump truck, a digger, a tractor, a he tr belt s yn; 4i itself, I have a little brother Randy; he is 4 yrs. old. He wants the same things I do. I also want a rocking socking robot. I want a Johnny lightening set. Have a good Christmas Santa and e will leave you some cookies and milk.

Love Kelly
Dear Santa Claus

I want a dune buggy and a talking Barbie and imagination house. Please don't forget the other little boys 2 girls Love Tina Kirkland
Dear Santa Clause

I want a tractor and a toy. Love Kathy Kirkland

YALE HAS IS BACK
NEW HAVEN, Conn. — Yale's football team is playing its 97th season with 15 lettermen back from last year's unbeaten co-champions of the Ivy League. However, the Elis lost 29 lettermen.

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers The Cowans

The Hereford Brand

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Marshall Day, News Editor
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Don't tie yourself down to high interest rates. Get a variable rate Federal Land Bank loan on your farm or ranch.

Federal Land Bank Association

Woodrow B. Wilson
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Hereford,
407 Main St.

Tur, Fin and Campfire

A HINT OR TWO for the Sportsman...

A DEER'S HIND FEET STRIKE AHEAD OF THE FOREFEET IN RUNNING, WITH THE TRACKS SIDE BY SIDE.

ALUMINUM FOIL CAN BE USED FOR OTHER THINGS BESIDES COOKING. LIKE LINING INSIDE OF A JACKET TO KEEP WARM.

IF YOUR FISHING LURE GETS TANGLED IN SEA WEED, CLEAN IT OFF.

RAP A TREE TRUNK FROM THE OUTSIDE WITH A HEAVY STICK AND THOSE FOXY SQUIRRELS HOLED UP MAY JUST COME OUTSIDE.

Canton Auxiliary Hosts Annual Christmas Party

Members of Canton Auxiliary No. 38 held their annual Christmas dinner and party Friday night at the IOOF Temple with Canton members as guests. The serving tables were decorated in the holiday with winter scenes and Santa Claus with reindeer. Other room decorations in-

cluded a silver Christmas tree decorated in blue.

Following the dinner and gift exchange, Lady Alta Davis, auxiliary president, introduced her son, George Davis of Canyon, who presented a Shepherd's Version of the Christ Child in Bethlehem.

Canton members attending were Captain E.E. Bishop and chevliars, Frank Snider, Tom Derry, Arnold Gross and A. R. Rogers.

Also Ladies Allie Snyder, Ona Derry, Bessie Lawrence, Ada Hollabaugh, Ruth Rogers and a guest, Mrs. George Davis.

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers The Cowans



WA-TAH-NI-KI PROJECT — Members of the WA-Tah-Ni-Ki Campfire group are shown above preparing a Christmas box for a needy family in or around the Hereford area. From left to right are, Mrs. John Warren, leader, Tammy McIver, Elaine Al-Bracht, and Rose Warren. —Staff Photo

Working Wives Are On Increase Here

NEW YORK, Dec. 26 —The number of working wives is on the increase in Deaf Smith County.

No less than 34.7 percent of the married women in the local area leave their homes each day and head for their outside jobs in offices, stores, factories, schools, hospitals and the like. In 1960, the figures show, only 26.3 percent did so.

They find that they are able to do this without neglecting their household duties or their role as mother.

One thing that has made it possible is the time-saving and

labor-saving appliances and the prepared foods that are available. They permit her to get her housework done with dispatch.

She has been putting the extra time on her hands to good use, providing the family with an extra paycheck. A study shows that if a wife works full-time, all year round, she contributes an average of 38 percent to the total family income.

The extent to which women, especially married women, have been entering the job market is brought out in national reports released by the Census Bureau and the Labor Department.

The finding is that more than a third of the wives in the nation, 15,846,000 of them, are in the paid labor force now, as compared with only about one-

fifth in 1962.

What induces married women to take jobs? In most cases, money is the answer. With some it is a matter of necessity, and, with others, the desire to live on a better scale than they would be able to otherwise.

In many instances, too, the purpose is to save for a child's education, or to pay off debts or to escape boredom.

Single women have also been the labor force in steadily growing numbers, the figures indicate.

In Deaf Smith County, there has been a definite increase, since 1960, in the proportion of females—married and single—who are holding down jobs.

The 1960 census listed a total of 1,210 at work, equal to 22.6 percent of the female population over age 14. It has now reached approximately 23.1 percent.

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers The Cowans

Hereford, Texas

Penney's SEMI-ANNUAL Clearance

ALWAYS FIRST QUALITY

Store Hours
Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
Saturdays 9:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

MEN'S JACKETS

ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED TO CLEAR

| | | |
|---------|----------|-----------|
| Group I | Group II | Group III |
| 9.88 | 15.88 | 19.88 |

WOMEN'S COATS

ENTIRE STOCK DRESS COATS AND JACKETS

Reduced and Specially Purchased

| | |
|-------------------------|-------|
| 12.88-16.88-19.88-21.88 | 23.88 |
| | 27.88 |
| | 35.88 |

BOYS' JACKETS

ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED

| | | |
|---------|----------|-----------|
| Group I | Group II | Group III |
| 7.88 | 10.88 | 13.88 |

Entire Stock Men's Lined Dress Gloves

Reduced 3.66

GIRL'S JACKETS

ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED

| | | | |
|---------|----------|-----------|----------|
| Group I | Group II | Group III | Group IV |
| 10.88 | 13.88 | 16.88 | 19.88 |

SHOE CLEARANCE

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------|
| Family Tennis Shoes | 1.99 |
| Children's Shoes | 2.50-3.50 |
| Women's Shoes | 3.50 to 7.50 |
| Men's Oxfords & Casuals | 7.50 to 0.50 |
| Men's Boots | 10.50 |

Broken sizes limited quantity

| | |
|--------------------------|------|
| 16 piece BOWL SET | 1.99 |
| Reduced Women's SWEATERS | 4.88 |

Mens Knit Polo Shirts

Reg. 1.49 & 1.99

NOW 99c white and colors

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------|
| Reduced Women's BLOUSES | 2 for \$7 |
|-------------------------|-----------|

PILLOW PAIRS

| | |
|-----------------------|------------|
| Polyester | 2 for \$5 |
| Foam Rubber | 2 for \$8 |
| Dacron Polyester | 2 for \$8 |
| Dacron with Foam Core | 2 for \$12 |

WOMEN'S SPORTSWEAR GROUP

Skirts-Blouses-Sweaters-Slacks

4.88-7.88

Hereford, Texas

Penney's OUR GREAT TOWNCRAFT SUIT SALE!

ALWAYS FIRST QUALITY

CHARGE IT!

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------|
| ALL OUR \$70 TOWNCRAFT SUITS | NOW \$57 |
| ALL OUR \$85 TOWNCRAFT PLUS SUITS | NOW \$69 |

* YEAR-ROUND WEIGHTS. Choose from 100% worsted wools, Dacron® polyester/worsted wool blends, and more. Styles include two and three button models, new double breasted models, subtle shaping.

* YOUNG CAREER STYLES. The suit with everything that's new... subtle shaping, wider lapels, deeper vents. Some double breasted models. Fashioned of Dacron® polyester/worsted wool. Top flight colors, patterns!

Special Purchase Group of Men's Sport Coats \$25



SET TO GO — West Texas State University track coach Bob Kitchens stands with team co-captain Gary Goodin of Hereford on the school's new Uni-Turf track. Goodin, a 1968 graduate of Hereford High School, was a stand-out at Hereford High School.

Approval Is Given For WTSU Track Complex

CANYON, TEX. — West Texas State University took a giant step forward this week when its recently completed tennis track complex was tentatively accepted by university officials.

The complex, featuring 14 tennis courts and a seven-lane track, will compare favorably with any college or university facility in the nation.

Ten of the 14 courts have a Uni-Turf surface, as does the track. The rubber-like surface allows all weather play and a drain system provides quick drying during wet weather conditions.

The remaining four courts have a Laykold surface. Seven of the Uni-Turf courts are equipped with a vapor lighting system for night play. A green Lumite screen will be added as a wind break and for background.

A DODGER TOUCH

LOS ANGELES — The coaching staff of the California Angels includes Pete Reiser, Rocky Bridges and Norm Sherry, all former Dodger players. Manager Lefty Phillips is an ex-Dodger coach.

Fred Koenig, a minor league manager for seven years, will coach third base for the Angels next season. He was added when George (Sparky) Anderson became manager of the Cincinnati Reds.

The facilities, valued at \$200,000, had been under construction since this past summer. Although their main use will be for students in physical education and general recreation, varsity teams will also use them.

The track, which has its straightaways running east and west, has a 100-yard straightaway on the north side. Finishers in the 100-yard dash and 120-yard high hurdle event will be able to complete their slow down running without going around a curve. Each lane is 42 inches wide.

Pole vault, broad jump and high jump runways are located inside the track, as is the shot put circle. The discus ring, for

TWO STARS RETURN

HANOVER, N. H. — Dartmouth, upset by Princeton in its final football game, can look forward to next season with the thought of having another fine offensive team.

Halfback John Short of Glendale, Ariz., and quarterback Jim Chasey will return as seniors. Short led the Indians in rushing with 707 yards in 116 carries for a 6.1 average.

Chasey, from Los Gatos, Calif., made the All-Ivy team and completed 69 of 111 passes for 890 yards and seven touchdowns. Chasey also rushed for 332 yards and scored five TDs on the ground.

purposes of safety, is outside the track area. The broad jump and pole vault runways are criss-crossed for better spectator viewing and more productive coaching.

Port-A Pits will be used in the high jump and pole vault landing areas. Those foam rubber pits are considered by track experts as the finest landing surfaces for jumping pits.

INDIAN FIRST
BOMBAY, India — Kishore Kumar, noted Indian film star was sentenced to two months in jail for income tax evasion after being convicted of failing to declare \$21,000 of his 1961-62 income.

FROGS' LEGS BOOM
NEW DELHI — Exports of Indian frog legs declined from 594 tons in 1967-68 to 565 tons in 1968-69, according to the Indian Seas Foods magazine. But because of demand for frog legs in the French market, earnings increased by \$33,000.

The Leap Year legend of special privileges for unmarried girls dates back to the fifth century.

GOLDEN TOUCH OF HOSPITALITY
BY JANE ASHLEY
Flaming Dessert

This unusual dessert will make any holiday gathering a special occasion. Your guests will never guess that it was so quick and easy to prepare. Bring out your chafing dish to set a party mood. Follow the recipe and serve over ice cream.

Flaming Fruit Dessert
1 (10 to 12-ounce) package frozen strawberries or raspberries, thawed
1 (10 to 12-ounce) package frozen mixed fruit, thawed
2 tablespoons corn starch
3 tablespoons brandy or Cointreau

Mix small amount of juice from fruit into corn starch in chafing dish or saucepan. Add remaining fruit and juice. Stirring constantly, bring to boil and boil 1 minute. Keep hot. Heat liquor in small pan or cup. Do not boil. Pour hot liquor over hot fruit and carefully ignite immediately. Serve over ice cream. Makes 5 to 6 servings.

Surfin' and Campfire



KING MACKEREL
FOUND IN TROPICAL SEAS, NORTH CAROLINA COAST ON DOWNWARD SOUTH TO BRAZIL. THEY HAVE VERY SHARP TEETH, SO USE A WIRE LEADER, ABOUT SIX FEET IN LENGTH. RUN UP TO 70-PLUS POUNDS. THEY HAVE SLENDER BODIES WITH LATERAL LINE JOGGING DOWNWARD MIDWAY ON ITS BODY AND CONTINUING ON TO TAIL. GOOD EATING FLAVOR.

KING MACKEREL WILL GO FOR SPOONS, PLUGS AND STRIP BAIT.

BEST METHOD OF CATCHING IS BY TROLLING.

Fruitcake, a Holiday Favorite

Want to get a head start on holiday baking? Fruitcakes, those delightful, traditional holiday treats improve with age so it's not too early to start making them. A few extra cakes in pretty tins, or just wrapped in foil and red ribbon, also make charming gifts for friends.

A stand mixer will take much of the work out of making fruitcakes. A fruitcake has many ingredients so it takes a great deal of mixing. Because you don't have to hold it, a stand mixer will save tired arms and allow you to add ingredients with both hands.

The Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer with 12 Governor Controlled speeds and bowl-fit beaters makes mixing fruitcakes a breeze. The governor control feature lets you thoroughly mix thick ingredients at slower speeds without reducing the power of the motor — a plus when you mix a heavy fruitcake.

LIGHT FRUITCAKE

- 1/2 cup candied citron pieces
- 1/2 cup candied orange peel pieces
- 1 cup candied cherries, cut in half
- 1/2 lb. dried apricots, cut in small pieces
- 1/2 lb. dried apricots, cut in small pieces
- 1/2 lb. light seedless raisins
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 2 teasp. grated lemon rind
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 teasp. baking powder
- 1/2 teasp. salt
- 1 cup soft shortening, butter or margarine
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. lemon juice



Pour boiling water over raisins and apricots. Let stand 5 minutes. Drain, then pat dry between a towel. Grate lemon rind, cut cherries and pecans. Combine citron, orange peel, cherries, raisins, apricots, pecans, and lemon rind with 1/2 cup flour, coating ingredients evenly.

Preheat oven to 300° F. Grease and line with waxed paper bottom of 10x5x3 loaf pan. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt.

In large Mixmaster Mixer bowl, cream shortening and sugar on No. 7 speed for 2 min. Add eggs one at a time, while beating 2 1/2 min. long. On No. 1 speed, beat in lemon juice and flour mixture for 1 min., scraping bowl as necessary. While beating on No. 1 speed add fruit and nut mixture continuously (only to blend), about 1 1/2 min. Turn into pan and bake about 2 hrs.

Wrap the cooled cake in cellophane wrap and cover with foil. Store in refrigerator. Next day, when cake is completely cool, remove wrappings. Soak a clean cloth in sherry, wine, or brandy and wrap cake, completely covering it, in soaked cloth. Cover with foil. Resoak cloth periodically as it becomes dry, about once a week for 1 month. Keep stored in refrigerator in tightly covered container for as long as a year.

To glaze: Brush top of cake with hot corn syrup. Trim with nuts and candied fruit.

If you don't have a stand mixer, now's the time to drop a Christmas gift hint to your family. With the promise of baked goodies in the coming years, this is a gift they'll love giving.

Auto Dealers Provide 1474 Cars To Schools

Auto dealers in Texas provided the state's high schools with 1474 new cars for behind-the-wheel driver instruction during the 1968-69 school year. These were loaned by the dealers, with assistance from their manufacturers, at no cost to schools, parents, students, or taxpayers.

H. C. Pittman, executive vice president of the Texas Automobile Dealers Association stated these loan cars represented a total retail valuation of \$4-1/2 million.

"Our Association supports quality high school driver education," Pittman said. "We urge our members to cooperate with the driver education programs in their local high schools in every way they can, particularly through providing the cars needed for supervised driving."

"Safe driving depends on a combination of knowledge in the classroom and the skill, experience and proper attitudes acquired behind the wheel in actual traffic situations. Many high schools would find it difficult if not impossible to provide this necessary combination without the practice driving cars loaned by dealers."

Pittman pointed out that, although young people in the 16- to 25-year bracket have the worst accident record of any age group, statistics show graduates of quality driver education courses are involved in fewer crashes and received fewer traffic citations for moving violations than those without this training.

The poinsettia was named for the late Joel R. Poinsett of Charleston, S. C., U. S. Minister to Mexico, who introduced the flower to the United States about 1830.

BIBLE FOR READING

NEW YORK — Many people are put off from reaching through the Bible by all the lengthy chronologies, repetitions and historical detail.

To overcome that deterrent, Olive Pell has spent 12 years combing through the Scriptures, eliminating secondary material, and retaining the vitally relevant portions. The result is the "Olive Pell Bible," issued by Crown Publishers, a Kings James version reduced to about one-fifth its original length.

MCCAULEY RETURNS

CHAPEL HILL, N. C. — North Carolina's football team scored 200 points in splitting 10 decisions last season and Don McCauley, the Garden City, N.Y. tailback who led the attack, will be back next season as a senior.

McCauley is the second best single season rusher in Atlantic Coast Conference history. He rushed for 1,092 yards and was eighth in national rushing yardage.

NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP

BELFAST, Northern Ireland — Dean Cuthbert Irvine Peacocke of Belfast has been elected to succeed Dr. O. J. Tyndall as Church of Ireland (Episcopalian) Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.

The Dean, who is 66, is a son of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Peacocke, who was Bishop of Derry and Raphoe from 1916 to 1945. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and long served as clerical secretary of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland.

Season's Greetings
To one and all
From Deep in the heart of Texas
THE EARL MOSELEY FAMILY
BROWNWOOD BULLETIN

HI THERE!
It's time to wish our many friends the best!
WESTERN AUTO
John Pool and Employees
241, N. Main 364-1355

May Be Peace Yours
We wish you every blessing!
Dub & Wilma Curtsinger
Park Ave. Cleaners
609 Park 364-4851

IN MEMORIAL
In Memory of W. T. Vernon who passed away December 24, 1967.
It's just a house since he has gone
In what once was a "Home", but now
It's just an empty shell somehow
His turning in the drive I miss
His cheery call, his greeting kiss
And our small talk would explore
What each had done throughout the day,
It's lonesome now with him away.
So Sadly Missed by His Mother

When's the last time you got goose bumps when they played the Star Spangled Banner?

It's been a while, right? Well, then you're like a lot of us. It seems that many of us are too grown-up to get excited about things like the Star Spangled Banner any more.

You could almost say that patriotism makes us feel embarrassed. Besides, it's hard to really feel patriotic when you hear so much about how this country is falling apart. But, of course, America still has a Bill of Rights. And free elections. An incredibly high standard of living. And a free enterprise system that lets you hitch your wagon to any star you want.

And plenty of other things you can't find anywhere else in this world. Know what? Looking at it that way, America deserves a lot more credit than it's been getting.

One of the best ways to give this country the support it deserves is to buy U. S. Savings Bonds. They strengthen the country so that it's better prepared to solve its problems. And they happen to be one of the best ways to provide for your own welfare. The interest is exempt from state and local income taxes. And you don't have to pay Federal tax until you cash your Bonds. Buy U. S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. Or at your bank. It'll give you a good feeling. And a perfect excuse for getting goose bumps the next time they play the Star Spangled Banner.

Take stock in America
Buy U.S. Savings Bonds

Year-End CLEARANCE



Pepsodent
Toothbrushes
soft, medium or hard
bristle

69c value
Gibson's low
price!

19c

BRIGHT WHITE
Toothpaste
Family
Size **59c**

WHERE YOU ALWAYS BUY THE BEST FOR LESS

GIBSON'S
DISCOUNT CENTER

PRICES GOOD thru Saturday, Dec. 27

DENTURE CREME
Toothpaste
for false teeth

SUDDEN BEAUTY
Hair Spray
16-oz. can

57c

ANACIN
FAST PAIN RELIEF

ANACIN TABLETS
200 count
bottle **\$1.69**

Calm Deodorant
SPRAY POWDER
Super dry
anti-prespirant
5-oz. size **67c**

Dentu-Creme
TOOTH PASTE FOR-CLEANING FALSE TEETH

economy
size **59c**

ENTIRE STOCK

- Christmas Cards
- Christmas Lights
- Christmas Decorations
- Christmas Wrap

BUY NOW and
SAVE AT
GIBSON'S

30% off
Gibson's
Everyday
low price



ALL TOYS

25% off
Gibson's Low
Everyday
Price

Ladies &
Girl's Fashion

HI-TOP BOOTS
waterproof pile lined

Gibson's low
Discount
price

\$3.97 pair

Seamless
Panty
Hose
ALL NYLON

Pair **77c**



Boy's Hooded
Sweat Shirts

100% cotton
Long Sleeves

69c

QUAKER
TV TRAY
SET
No. 533

\$3.67 Set

POSTOLA
STEAM-DRY
IRON

No. 331290
Gibson's Low
Discount
Price!

\$5.97

LADIES
HALF SLIPS
& PETTIE CULOTTES
100% Nylon tricot
with lace border

Gibson's low
Discount Price

\$1.79

Large Assortment
BANKS
Your Choice

ONLY! **\$2.37**

NICE ASSORTMENT
NECKLACES
Your Choice

99c

Westinghouse
Solid State
CLOCK RADIO

Gibson's Low Price!

No. 1120-A **\$9.97**

GIBSON'S R pharmacy
Phone 364-4900

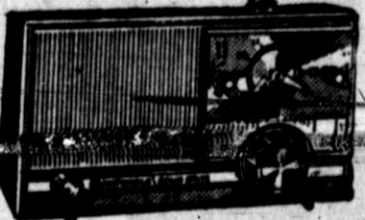
SAVE ON
PRESCRIPTIONS

Emergencies-Phone 364-4753

TOILET SEATS
assorted colors **\$2.47**

Dream
NON-DAIRY
COFFEE
CREAMER

11-oz.
Jar **59c**



BIG PETE
TIRE PUMP

Gibson's Low
Discount Price!

\$1.97

KAZ Inhalant
steam medication
sug. ret. \$1.00 **77c**

9" PAN & ROLLER
PAINT SET

Gibson's
Low Price!

88c

Mission
Sweet
PEAS

303 can **16c**

DUPONT
GOLDEN - 7

treatment
art Can **49c**

Contac
10 capsules

77c

FURANCE FILTERS
Gibson's Low
Discount Prices!

59c

BUTTERNUT
Instant
Hot Chocolate
Mix

1 oz. Pkg.

Gibson's
Discount Price!

5c

BIG G
APPLE BUTTER

2-lb.
Jar **29c**

Del Monte Golden Sweet
WHOLE KERNEL
CORN

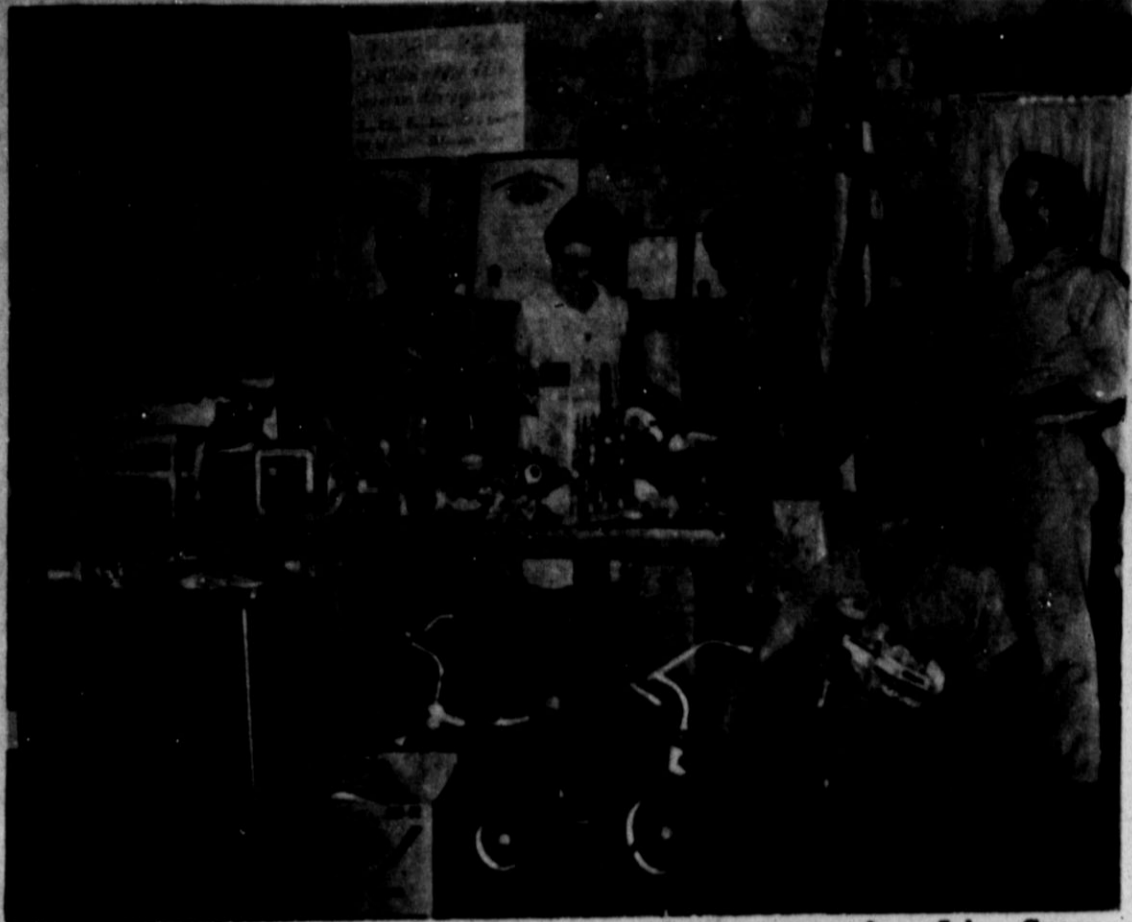
303 can **19c**

Christmas Greetings

Hope your Christmas is up to par in every way! Thanks for your patronage in the past... we hope to serve you again in the future!

From All Of Us...

Tommy, Chris, Margie



TOYS FOR TOTS — Hereford VFW Post and Auxiliary members collected these toys for the underprivileged in the Hereford area and will deliver the items today. Shown Sunday packing the toys are, from left to right,

Ken Gott, commander, John Green, Mrs. Wayne Driskill, Mrs. Jewell Smith, county welfare director, Wayne Lawrence, J. C. Caster, and Wayne Driskill, front. — Staff Photo

Hospital Notes

ADMISSIONS
Willis Richardson, 640 Avenue H; Homer West, 130 Juniper; Joe Rogers, 813 Brevard; Tony Granada, Dimmitt; Luke Fields, 1105 Grand; Mrs. Cora Bentley, 605 Star; Stephen Richards on, 611 Avenue H; Mrs. Mary Houston, King's Manor; Felix Soliz, 118 Obregon; Teresa Carlos, Route 1; Beatrice Graham, Route 4; Lillie Graham, Route 4; Robert Balderas; Mrs. L. Z. Oham, 110 Lake; Mrs. John So-well, Box 110; Mrs. Maud e Hackworth, 413 McKinley; Mrs. Edgar Ireland, 213 Avenue D, Donald Waters, 224 Avenue E; Jose Leal, 202 Avenue H; Mrs. H. L. Henderson, Friona; Larry Summers, 500 E. 3rd; Arthur Manjeot, 303 Westhaven; Mrs. Mina Jones, 505 25 Mile Ave.; Mrs. Lillie Worthan, Westgate; Mrs. James Edelman, Avenue K; Mrs. Clifford Barnhill, Route 3; Mrs. Frieda Co-neway, Route 3; Mrs. David Rincon, 409 Long; Mrs. Jose Jimenez, 315 Norton; Mrs. Alejandro Torres, 111 S. Douglas; Mrs. Max Griego, 501 Irving.

DISMISSALS
Wendal Bain, Mrs. Lynd on Bennett, Carl McCaslin, Trent McCustian, Martha Freeman, Leroy Williams Sr., Mrs. Nora Russell, Mrs. Barbara Smoot, Mrs. Ida Davis, Brenda Briggs 12-22.

Jackie Forbus, Clyde Raybur-n, Mrs. Melvin Lomenick, Susan Morgan, 12-21.

Mrs. Ollie Forbus, L. J. Iwig, Linda Sims, William Thoma s, Mrs. James Stiteville, Mrs. Richard Vines 12-20.

J. C. Spain, Mrs. Angel Moya 12-19.

Mrs. William Goforth 12-17.

LIST TOUGH FOES
TUCSON, Ariz. — Bob Web-er's first year as Arizona's head football coach may be an inter-esting one.

The Wildcats take on two new teams this season in Houston and Syracuse, both powerhouse teams in recent seasons. Hous-ton will be met here in a night game on Oct. 11 while the Wild-cats visit Syracuse on Nov. 8.

HIPPO WAS TOO MUCH
PORT ELIZABETH, South Africa — A thick-skinned hippo was too tough for a pride of lions in the Kruger National Park, South Africa's largest game reserve. A National Parks Board newsletter related how the lions pulled down a hippopotamus which had been injured in a fight. The sharp fangs of the big cats couldn't penetrate the hide of the ponderous carcass. After trying for three days to tear some meat from the hippo, they gave up in disgust.

AT 78—HE ROLLS 297
MADISON, Wis. — Everett Chandler, 78, showed a lot of youngsters how it ought to be done in the regular singles event during the 79-day A-merican Bowling Congress tournament.

The veteran bowled the tour-nament's second highest game, was good enough for fourth place. He earned \$925. In his big game he left the 2.4.5 pins standing on his final ball.

ter gaining 17, and Austin Rose with 5. The team average was 8.78 yards a carry.

A large portion of the pass-ing yardage was achieved by quarterback, Terry Champ, who threw for his record 499 yards. Olson tossed the pigskin 23 times for 16 completions and 256 yards. Larry McNutt con-nected on eight for 102 yards.

On the receiving end of the aerials were McNutt for 337 yards, and four touchdowns, Champ for 162 yards and six points and Wallace Hill for 140 yards.

Other pass receivers were Barry McNutt gaining 72 yards, Danny Harris picking up 68 yards and David Duvall catch-ing for 20 yards.

Mr. Champ also publicized himself in the punting division. He booted the ball 12 times for 523 yards and a 43.6 average. Next in the running was Ter-ry Poindexter punting six times for 242 yards and a 40.2 aver-age.

The aspect which counts most, the scoring of points, was divided among four different players. Taking the lead again was Danny Harris with 91 points for his total.

Larry McNutt evened his 69 total points more between rush-ing and passing. He caught 4 passes and ran for seven along with running for six extra points. Champ rushed for three, caught one for six, and also ran for three extra points for 27 points. Olson scored two touch-downs on the rush and one with a pass reception and ran one conversion for nineteen points.

Under the heading of season-al highlights Larry McNutt took honores for most yards gained in one game. He ground out 220 yards against Friona. With the longest runs from scrim-mage were Harris with an 80 yarder and McNutt busting 80.

The longest pass was a 68 yard connection from Champ to McNutt. The longest kickoff re-turn was 90 yards by McNutt. The longest punt return was 80 yards by Champ.

statistics chalked up by the Mavericks of La Plata for the season of 1960. They ended with a record of seven wins, one loss, and one tie.

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers The Cowans

Have You Read The Want-Ads?

PEACE! May Christmas joy be yours Kenny Gearn Machine Works

La Plata Footballers Mark Up New Records

Statistics were released this week on the La Plata Junior High freshmen football team for the 1960 season. Several individuals along with the entire squad finished the grid term with outstanding marks and records.

Under the supervision of head coaches Grady Allen and John-ny Fuston, the Mavericks ex-cceeded all previous school re-cords for the preceding four years in four departments. These were: team rushing for one season which was 2,715 yards, the longest punt return by Terry Champ against Frio-

na for 69 yards, and the indi-vidual passing record for one season also by Champ. He at-tempted fifteen of nineteen passes for 499 yards.

A big slice of the total rush-ing yardage was attained by an all-around athlete named Dan-ny Harris. Carrying the ball 111 times he ground out 1160 yards for a 10.45 carrying aver-age. Next in line was Larry McNutt gaining 773 yards in 71 carries and a 10.1 average.

Next on the list were Walter Olson with 250 yards, Terry Champ with 475 yards, Barry McNutt with 35, Terry Poindex-

Mix, Munch And Be Merry Party Mix



- 6 tablespoons margarine or butter
- 4 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
- 6 cups Chex (Mix Corn, Wheat and Rice equally or any way you like!)
- 1 jar Planters Dry Roasted Peanuts

1. Pour melted margarine or butter into shallow baking pan. Stir in Worcestershire sauce and garlic powder.

2. Add Chex and Planters Dry Roasted Peanuts. Mix until all pieces are coated.

3. Heat in 250° oven 45 minutes. Stir every 15 minutes. Spread on paper towels to cool. Yields 8 cups Party Mix

One of Santa's busiest helpers this season is the energetic elf on the right. He's responsible for keeping things humming in Santa's kitchen, and he's done his job so well that the December Reader's Digest has a 16-page recipe section devoted to his Jolly Holiday creations. Included in the pull-out-and-keep section are recipes and unusual ideas for entertaining and decorating your holiday table. You'll find such treats as "ham with a Christmas wreath," a "mix and munch" party bowl, applesauce cake, eggs benedict, hot snacks for a snack tray, holiday hash omelet and "perfect" pumpkin pie. Above is one of the recipes.



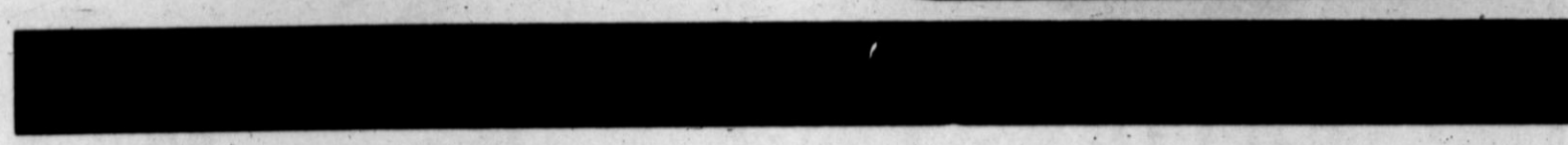
WEEKLY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Rebuke
6. Group of students
11. Courtyard
12. American poet
13. Singing voice
14. Hark!
15. Against
16. Receipts
17. Greek letter
18. Fuss
19. Moral
22. Before
25. To be sparing
26. Perfect
28. Unhappy
29. Diamond divisions
31. Contend
32. Tantalum: sym.
33. Mass book
37. Blitchebird
39. Prisoner
40. Projectile
42. Setting
43. Indian tent
44. Cut wood
45. Endeavor

DOWN
1. Resort
2. City in India
3. Man's name
4. Simba
5. Perform
6. Hoop skirt

noël

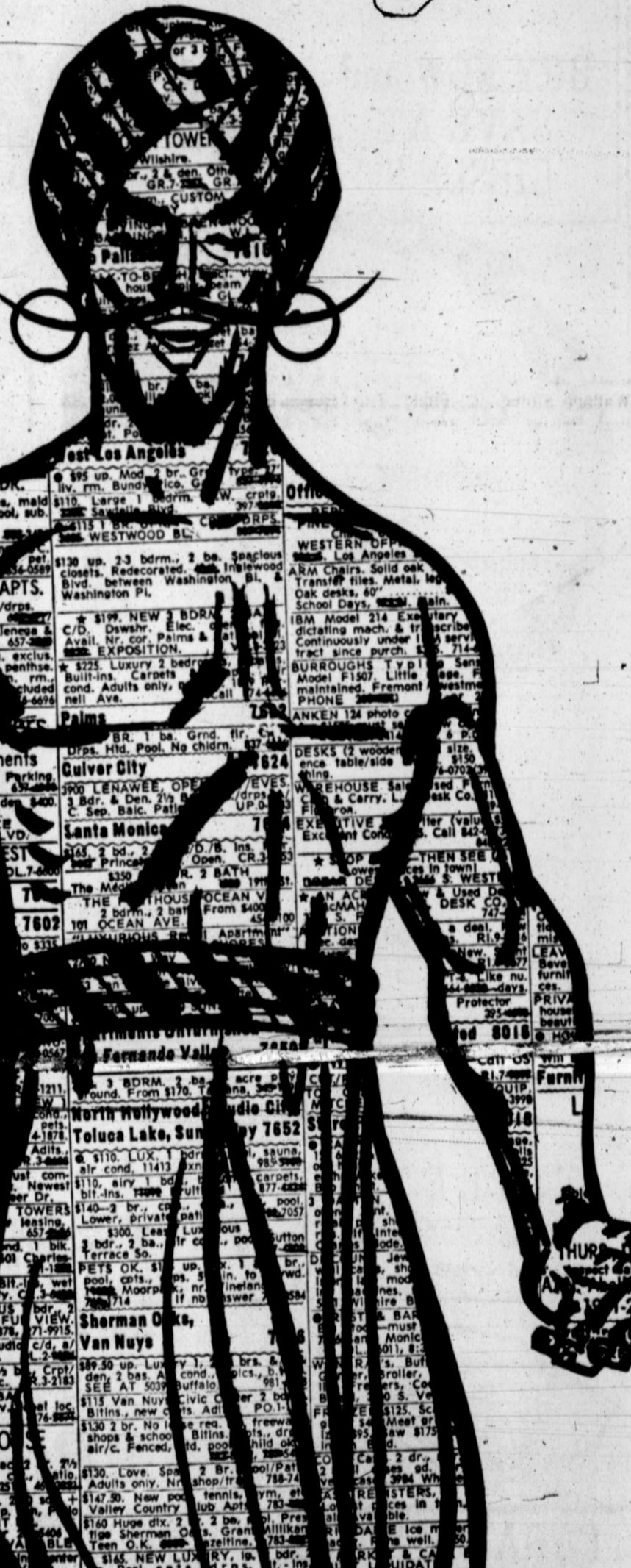
At this season of joy our Heavenly Father, we render thanks to Thee for the gift of eternal life given so freely in the person of Thy Son, Jesus Christ. May we humbly, by faith accept Thy gift. Amen.



Your wish is my "command!"

JUST LIKE ALADDIN'S LAMP, OUR WANT AD GENIE CAN WORK WONDERS FOR YOU, TOO!

Whether you're selling a house or shopping for a cello, there's one sure way to get results... put a Classified Ad to work for you! It's positively magical how you can buy, rent, or sell anything for you... that's because he can reach the maximum number of people in the minimum amount of time... and at the most economical price, too!



HEREFORD BRAND and the SUNDAY BRAND

Courthouse Records

VEHICLE REGISTRATIONS
Grady King, 70 Astro; Domin go Pesina, 65 Chev pcp; Darwin Wilbanks, 51 Int; C. A. Watson, 66 Ford; Chewway, 70 Chev pcp; Freddy Harris, 70 Chry; James Richmond, 70 Ford; Leslie McDermitt, 69 Ford; Joyce Warren, 63 Pont; Tim Morris, 64 Ford; Tom Draper, 70 Chev; Burke Inman, 70 Chev; Bobbie Metcalf, 69 Opel.

Priscilla Mendoza, 63 Pont; Frank Rocha, Jr., 62 Ford; Arthur Polan, 68 Yamaha; Melvin May, 68 Kawasaki; Pedro Graza, 59 Pont; Jessie Fuentes, 66 Chev; R. W. Shelton, 65 Ford pcp; Arthur Sanchez, 60 Dodge; William Gilley, 62 Chry; Phillip Shook, 67 Ford; Clifford Kerr, 70 Chev; Troys Riddle, 70 Ford.

Victor Cerdap 59 Ford; Al Smith, 70 Ford; Verdon Watts, 69 Buick; Angel Soto, 62 Buick; Robert Cano, 60 Ford; David Salinas, 62 Chev; James Harper, 55 Desoto; Bill Gilley, 57 Int; Mrs. T. C. Wiseman, 70 Buick; Mike Betzen, 70 Olds; Arliss Edwards, 70 Olds; John Pitman, 67 Jeep; A. M. Johnson, Jr., 62 Rambler.

C. L. Weber, 63 Ford pcp; Kenneth Klechak, 64 Pont; Ed Reinauer, Jr., 70 Buick; Larry Noland, 70 Ford; E. W. Dettman, 70 Ford; Alex Estrada, 63 Ford; Damasio Barron, 60 Chev; Willie Ward, 61 Merc; James Dunnivan, 60 Pont; Mrs. Margaret Bell, 64 VW; 67 Ply; 68 Ply.

Bill Yeary, 58 Olds; Andy Scott, 63 Merc; Charlotte Baum, 70 Ply; B. J. Pugh, 69 Chry; James Shagger, 63 Buick; Mrs. Joe Andrews, 69 Buick; Alton Hood, 66 Ford; Mary Padilla, 59 Chev; W. L. Bolinger, 70 Pont; Paul Drerup, 64 Honda; Robert-Cobb, 64 Ford; Tommy Provence, 68 Chry; Preston Ryan, 61 Hyde; Dawn Coop, 70 Chev.

Nolan Maupin, 62 Chev; Jerry Pennington, 69 Ford; Noble Ballard, 70 Ford; T. J. Tucker, 68 GMC; Lealand Dean, 64 Ply; Pablo Rangel, 63 Pont; Gary Victor, 64 Ply; Paul Helmke, 64 Ford; Tommy Hickman, 64 Chev; Joe Arellano, 62 Olds; Wallace Stotts, 62 Pont; Talbert Brister, 64 Merc; June Steward, 62 Pont; Bill Koprian,

62 Rambler; Gary Houck, 68 Ply; D. L. Thomasen, 63 GMC; Bernice Grossarth, 63 Olds; Arnold Fanzman, 70 Olds; Clarence Behrends, 69 Chev; Gabriel Martinez, 59 Rambler; more to come

WARRANTY DEEDS

Richard Burch et ux to Robert Spangler et ux-S. 65 ft. of Green Acres Estate. Lot 64 and N. 10 ft. of Lot 63. Dale Barkley et ux to Henry Karle et ux Lot 3 and N. 20 ft. of Lot 4, Brownlow Addition. Irian Pounds and Raynor Coakes et ux pro forma to Merle Sect. 29, Township 6 North, Range 2 East. John Cooper et ux to Elmer Combs and F. D. Holbert part of blk. 10, Evans Addition. James Dobbs et ux to J. H. Dobbs middle 82.9 acres of W. 1/2 of Sect. 136, blk. M-7. Hereford Dev. Co. to Bob by Aduddell N. 5 ft. of Lot 62 and S. 70 ft. of Lot 63, Green Acres Estate.

Edgar Skypala et ux to J. D. Andrews et ux Lot 65 W. 1/2 of Blk. 3, and E. part of blk. 16, Welsh Addition. W. J. Wilson et ux to Tripel W Land and Cattle and Cattle E. 1/2 of Sect. 2, blk. K-4. H. D. Fowler to J. C. Rickest Lo. Don T. Martin et ux 14.91-t Campbell Lot 41, N. 10 ft. of p Lot 40 in blk. 3, Westhaven Addition. Bill Rowland et ux to Mary Beth Edinger et ux, blk. 1, Engler Addition. James Alston et ux to P. L. Parault et ux Lot 8, blk. 1, Engler of Lot 11, Evans Addition.

W. F. West et ux to Everette Crips et ux Lot 10 and N. 42 ft. of Lot 11, Evans Addition. Elmer Combs and F. D. Holbert to William McCutchen et ux blk. 10, Evans Addition. Weldon Wines et ux to Pablo Liscano et ux N. 10 ft. of Lot 2, North Heights Addition. Arvell Williams to Owen Seamounts and D. C. McWhorter L 67.73 and parts of 74, 75, Womble Addition.

DEEDS OF TURST

Robert Spangler et ux to Hi-

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers The Cowans

Plains Savings and Loan S. 65 ft. of Lot 64, N. 10 ft. of Lot 63, Green Acres Estate.

Henry Karle et ux to Dale Barkley Lot 3 and N. 20 ft. of Lot 4, Brownlow Addition. Norman Gray et ux and Pearl Gray to First National Bank Hereford W. 1/2 of Sect. 51, blk. K-4. W. L. Edelman et ux to Frio State Bank NW 1/4 of Sect. 174, blk. M-7.

Bobby Aduddell to John Farrell Lumber Co. N. 5 ft. of Lot 62 and S. 70 ft. of Lot 63, Green Acres Estate.

Mary Beth Edinger to Bill Rowland et ux Lot 3, blk. J, Engler Addition.

P. L. Parault et ux to James Alston et ux Lot 1, Engler Addition.

Leo Witkowski et ux to First National Bank of Hereford 684. 2 acres of 1 and 18 miles NW of city.

Paul Buchanan Jr., et ux to Briercroft Savings and Loan Lot 9, blk. 2, Northheights Addition. Pablo Liscano et ux to Briercroft N. 10 ft. of Lot 2, S. 40 ft. of Lot 3, blk. 2, Engler Addition.

SKATES WITH A STRING

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo. Julia Lynn Homes, 18-year-old brunette from South Pasadena, Calif., who finished fourth in women's singles at the world figure skating championships, always wears the same bit of green string pinned inside her skating costume. This goes back to her first day of competition when she was 9 and found the bit of string lying on the floor just outside the rink.

The Air Force Academy football team traveled more than 17,000 miles during the 1969 season. Road games took them to Dallas, West Point, N.Y., Columbia, Mo., Palo Alto, Calif., and Chapel Hill, N.C.

THE ICE HELD UP

Air Force Academy, Colo. — The Champions trip consolation game in this year's NCAA hockey tournament was played at the new rink at the U. S. Air Force Academy and resulted in this first double overtime game in tournament history. Harvar defeated Michigan Tech 6-5 with a goal at 8:53 of the second extra 10 minute period.

A HUGE GAINER

BOULDER, Colo. — Quarterback Bob Anderson of Colorado do set a total offense record of 2,128 yards in Big Eight Conference football last season. This was almost 500 yards better than the old mark. Anderson gained 1,941 yards by passes and 787 on the ground.

BIG DAY IN NASSAU

WESTBURY, N. Y. — Labor Day in Nassau County went over big with those who bet on thoroughbreds and harness horses.

At nearby Belmont Park, 52,792 fans turned out and wagered a record \$4,906,217. In the night harness racing program at Roosevelt Raceway 20,039 attended and wagered \$1,814,520.

Veterans studying under the G. I. Bill are urged to inform the VA promptly if they have a change in their course of study, address or number of dependents.

Ellis TAMALES GOOD! BETTER! BEST!

Loans
Auto-Furniture-Signature
PLAINS FINANCE CORP.
364-3400
906 So. 25 Mi. Avenue
Hereford, Texas
"Give us a chance to say yes"

AMBASSADOR CASPER
WASHINGTON — Gaffer Billy Casper recently met with President Nixon at the White

Californians discussed golf. The President urged Casper to help promote relations between American officials and members of the industrial and

political communities in the various countries he visits. Next year Casper is scheduled to make a week's appearance in Japan.

HELPSFUL MANNY
SHELBYVILLE, Ky. — Manny Wood's name fits his occupation; he's a lumber dealer.



GATTIS SHOE STORE
IN SUGARLAND MALL
YEAR-END CLEARANCE SALE
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY
SALE STARTS FRIDAY . . . DECEMBER 26, 1969
THESE SHOES ARE FROM OUR CURRENT STYLES, COLORS, AND LEATHERS. THEY ARE ALL FAMOUS BRAND NAMES THAT HAS BECOME A FINE TRADITION AT GATTIS.
SHOP EARLY

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| <p>One Group SELBY SHOES FOR WOMEN Regular Value \$23.99 NOW Clearance Price \$18.90</p> | <p>One Group WOMEN'S SHOES — DRESS & CASUAL Selby . . . Florsheim Regular Values \$21.99 to \$24.99 NOW Clearance Price \$16.90</p> |
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| <p>One Group WOMEN SHOES — DRESS & CASUAL Red Cross . . . Florsheim . . . Selby . . . Socialites Regular Values \$18.99 to \$24.99 NOW Clearance Price \$14.90</p> | <p>One Group WOMEN'S SHOES — DRESS AND CASUAL Personality - Cobbies - Socialites Regular Values \$14.99 to \$19.95 NOW Clearance Price \$12.90</p> |
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| <p>DRASTIC MARK-DOWN One Group Regular Values \$3.99 to \$4.99 NOW \$3.00</p> | <p>HAND BAGS One Group Regular Value \$5.99 to \$6.99 NOW \$5.00</p> | <p>TREMENDOUS BARGAINS One Group Regular Value \$7.99 to \$12.99 NOW \$7.00</p> | <p>Other Handbags Marked Down For Fantastic Savings</p> |
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| <p>One Large Group WOMEN'S AND GIRL'S FLATS "POCOS" Regular Value \$11.99 NOW \$4.90</p> | <p>One Group WOMEN'S AND GIRL'S FLATS MAGDESANS "Mary Jane" Strap in Patent Leather Regular Value \$12.99 NOW \$8.90</p> |
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| <p>CHILDREN'S SHOES BOY'S AND GIRL'S One Group Sizes 8 1/2 to 4 Regular Value - \$5.99 to \$9.99 NOW \$4.90</p> | <p>One Group Sizes 8 1/2 to 4 Regular Value - \$7.99 to \$10.99 NOW \$6.90</p> |
|--|--|

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| <p>MEN'S SHOES DEXTER — BRISTOL — RANDCRAFT — HUSH PUPPIES One Group Regular Values \$10.99 to \$12.99 NOW \$8.90</p> | <p>One Group Regular Values \$14.99 to \$17.99 NOW \$10.90</p> | <p>One Group Regular Values \$15.99 to \$18.99 NOW \$12.90</p> |
|--|--|--|

ONE SPECIAL GROUP OF FRYE WELLINGTON BOOTS
Regular Values \$17.99 to \$19.99
NOW **\$14.90**

NO REFUNDS NO EXCHANGES NO RETURNS — ALL SALES FINAL
SHOP EARLY AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.

BankAmericard Gattis SHOES OF HEREFORD

AFTER CHRISTMAS SALE

| | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| <p>Electric BLANKET dual control reg. 25.98 \$18.99</p> | <p>Cuff-Link Tie Clips 3.50 to 15.00 sets 1/2 PRICE</p> | <p>Alexander Dolls clearance 1/2 PRICE</p> | <p>Presto Steam IRON Teflon base Light weight Steam & Spray \$23.95</p> |
| <p>ANACIN 100 count bottle regular \$1.49 NOW 99¢</p> | <p>Libby Glassware 6 oz. glasses 2 FOR 35¢</p> | <p>3 piece Punch Bowl Sets Clear glass \$16.00 Carnival glass \$29.95 Red Crystal \$12.00 Perfect for New Years</p> | <p>Playtex Living Gloves extra right hand glove free 1.39 value \$1.09</p> |

MAALOX LIQUID
SUSPENSION
ANTACID DEMULCENT NON-CONSTIPATING
100 count bottle regular \$1.49
NOW 99¢

HAROLD CLOSE
Rx Walgreen Agency Drug
Phone 364-2344 . . . Sugarland Mall

Prices good 2 days only Friday & Saturday



PRESENTATION— Mrs. Maxine Thompson, right, teacher of the Satellite Day Care Center is shown here accepting \$25 raised by the HHS Cosmetology V. I. C. A. from Melody Ott, left, and Glenda Nahrgang representatives for the group. —Staff Photo

Dawn Music Club Gives Program For Community Association

Member of Dawn Music Club presented a special program to the Dawn Community Association at a meeting Friday evening at the Community Center. The invocation was given by the Rev. Jerry Haley and the Christmas Story from St. Luke was read by Mrs. Edgar Sowell.

Music selections included "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", a two piano number, by Mrs. Robert Strain, Mrs. R. T. Stewart, Mrs. Jerry Haley and Mrs. Carl Wimberley; "Silent Night", a piano duet by Mrs. Wimberley and Mrs. Stewart and "O Holy Night" sung by Mrs. Stewart with Mrs. Wimberley playing the accompaniment. Christmas carols were sung by everyone present with Mrs. Haley at the piano.

MARRIAGE LICENSES
Gerald Fowler and Betty Heggested 12-19.
Florentine Galoon and Benita Hinojosa 12-18.
Michael Fry and Judy Maxwell 12-16.
Eusebio Alejandro and Juanita Contreras 12-16.

Carl Wimberley, vice-president, presided at a brief business session in absence of the president, Pat Miller.

The group voted to have a covered dish supper at the regular meeting in January. Refreshments and games completed the evening's entertainment.



Richard K. McMahon

Merry Christmas to all our Friends & Customers
The Cowans

Dimmitt Soldier Gets Promotion

Richard K. McMahon, son of R.V. McMahon Jr., 611 N. W. Eight St., Dimmitt, was promoted Nov. 25 to Army specialist four while assigned to the 56th Transportation Company near Long Thanh, Vietnam.

Spec. 4 McMahon is a supply clerk in the company.

Dr. Milton C. Adams

OPTOMETRIST
335 Miles

Phone 364-2255

OFFICE HOURS:
Mon.-Fri. 8:30 to 5:00
Saturday 8:30 to 12:00

Want to "Live a Little"?

Have a happy talk with your Southwestern Life Agent. Ask him for a computer analysis from SAM—our Southwestern Analysis Machine—to help design the right Plan for you to "Live a Little!"



CHARLES BELL
127 W. 3rd 364-2343
Southwestern Life

I'm ready to Live a Little! How soon can SAM do a computer analysis for me?

Name _____ Phone _____
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to Charles Bell 127 W. 3rd

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa,
I would like a Ka Bob game. And I want Dancerina and clothes. I also want some dishes and our go-cart fixed up.
Love
Leanne

Dear Santa,
I want some Busy Babies and a Booby Trap, Avalanche. I need some clothes. Susie Home-makers Sweet Shoppe. I also want a Kiener Easy Curl.
Love,
Becky

Dear Santa,
I'll take anything you bring me.
Love
Shelly
P. S. Sheila wrote this for ever one.

Dear Santa,
I've been a good boy this year. Please bring me a Big Tonka Truck and a Race Car and a Rocket Ship & a Hanging Lamp.

Loads of love,
Tim Martin
Dear Santa,
I've been a good boy this year. Please bring me a Super Charger & tracks, and a Shooting Gallery. I also want some hot Wheel Silhouelt, Deora, and a Beatnik Bandit.
Loads of Love,
Todd Martin

Loads of Love,
Kim Martin
DEAR SANTA,
I would like a swiny doll, and for my 2 sisters bring them a popepey corn popper. And if you don't bring me The swing doll Then bring me The Dilly Sand. And bring My Two sisters each a Talking doll. And bring me An easy bake oVeN. And I'll Let my Two sisters use My swiny And my silly Sand, And my easy bake oven.
Love
Candy Morales and Mansie and Minnie Morales

ALL THE SAME TO HIM

LEBANON, Ky. — In viewing the Nativity scene at his church, four-year-old Sammy Osbourne told his grandmother, Mrs. Henry Smith, the following:
"That's Mary, that's Joseph and that's the Baby Jesus." Then pointing to the Magi trio, the child added, "And those are the three Wise Guys."

SOFT DRINK CHAMPS

SYDNEY — The Australian drinks an average of 11 gallons of soft drink a year, second highest in the world. The figure in the United States is about 15 gallons a head.

Fine Watches
Expertly Serviced
No examination charge
no charge for timing adjustment
3-qualified
Watchmakers assure you 3 day service
Cowan Jewelers
your watch hospital
Downtown Hereford

HOCKEY TWIN BILL SET
NEW YORK — Cornell's hockey team, with a 9-1 record last season, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, St. Lawrence and Boston College will take part in the ninth annual Eastern College Athletic Conference holiday festival in Madison Square Garden, Dec. 22 and 23.
Cornell plays RPI in the second game on opening night with the winner facing the St. Lawrence-Boston winner the following night. The final will be preceded by a game for third place.

DISCOUNT PRICE!

Round Steak
USDA Choice Beef-Full Center Cut-Bone-In
lb. **98¢**

EXPERT MEAT CUTTING AND TRIMMING!
Our method of trimming meat gives you more good eating meat on the table for your money, because excess fat and bone are cut off before the meat is weighed. In preparing meats for sale, we also make sure that each cut will be just right for its cooking method. The meat on every Safeway steak, for example, is all steak meat. The less tender end portion has been trimmed off to be sold at a lower price per pound. Similarly, a Safeway roast is roast meat.

IT'S YOUR TOTAL FOOD BILL THAT COUNTS!... SHOP AND COMPARE, YOU'LL FIND THAT YOU CAN SAVE UP TO 15% ON YOUR FOOD BILL WITH SAFEWAY'S TRUE DISCOUNT PRICES

DISCOUNT PRICE!

Sirloin Steak
USDA Choice Beef-Full Center Cut-Bone-In
lb. **98¢**

Everyday Low Discount Price on Safeway Meat!

| | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| Fresh Fryers Whole Tender Fryers 2 to 3-lb. 29¢ | Sliced Bacon Wilson Corn King 2-lb. 75¢ | All Meat Franks Safeway 12-oz. Pkg. 53¢ | Swiss Steak USDA Choice Beef-Round Bone Shoulder lb. 79¢ |
| Ground Beef Safeway Pure Ground Beef 3-lb. Pkg or More! 53¢ | Sliced Bacon Nutwood 2-lb. Pkg. \$1.39 | Sliced Bologna Sterling Brand 4-oz. Pkg. 67¢ | Beef Rib Steak USDA Choice Beef-Large Heavy Cuts lb. 99¢ |
| Chuck Roasts USDA Choice Beef Blade Cut Chuck! lb. 53¢ | Pork Roast Fresh Butt Cut 63¢ | Hog Sausage Blue Marrow 8-oz. Pkg. 82¢ | T-Bone Steak USDA Choice Beef-Check The Trim! lb. \$1.19 |
| | Pork Steak Lean Butt Cuts 69¢ | Fish Sticks Captain Choice 8-oz. Pkg. 37¢ | |
| | Beef Liver Sliced or Pieces 57¢ | Perch Fillets Captain Choice lb. 53¢ | |

SAVE UP TO 15% ON YOUR TOTAL FOOD BILL BY SHOPPING SAFEWAY'S DISCOUNT PRICES!

| | | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| Frozen Corn Bel-air Quality Cut Corn 10-oz. Pkg. 22¢ | Blackeye Peas Bel-air Frozen Premium Quality 10-oz. Pkg. 28¢ | Margarine Coldbrook Solids Low Discount Price 1-lb. Ctn. 10¢ | Lucerne Yogurt Lucerne Bonus Quality 8-oz. Ctn. 29¢ |
| Frozen Okra Bel-air Premium Quality 10-oz. Pkg. 32¢ | Brussel Sprouts Bel-air Frozen Premium Quality 8-oz. Pkg. 29¢ | Kraft Soft Parkay Margarine 4-oz. Off 39¢ | Lucerne Milk Grade 'A' Homogenized Gal. Ctn. 1.15 |
| Hash Browns Bel-air Frozen Potatoes 12-oz. Pkg. 19¢ | Frozen Peaches Bel-air Frozen Peaches 12-oz. Pkg. 33¢ | Canned Biscuits Mrs. Wrights 10 Biscuit in Can 8-oz. Ctn. 9¢ | Chocolate Milk Lucerne Quality 1-gal. Ctn. 63¢ |
| Corn on Cob Bel-air Premium Quality 4 Count 53¢ | Ice Cream Snow Star-Everyday Discount Price 1-gal. Ctn. 59¢ | Velveeta Krafts Famous Cheese Spread 2-lb. Box 98¢ | Hi-C Drinks Many Delicious Flavors to Choose From 46-oz. Can 31¢ |
| Egg Noodles Reams Frozen Noodles 4-oz. Pkg. 33¢ | Lucerne Dips All Flavors To Choose From 3-oz. Ctn. \$1.00 | Cottage Cheese Lucerne Bonus Quality 2-lb. Ctn. 69¢ | Grapefruit Juice Town House 46-oz. Can 36¢ |

DISCOUNT PRICE!

Green Peas
Del Monte Tender Peas! No. 303 Can **21¢**

DISCOUNT PRICE!

Cling Peaches
Del Monte Sliced or Halves No. 2 1/2 Can **29¢**

DISCOUNT PRICE!

Tomatoes
Hunt's Fine Quality No. 300 Can **22¢**

DISCOUNT PRICE!

Green Beans
Gardenside Tender Cut! No. 303 Can **15¢**

Don't Miss These Safeway Super Savers

Potato Chips Morton's Twin Big Pack Fresh 10-oz. Crisp Chips. Pkg. **53¢**

Orange Juice Scotch Treat Frozen 6-oz. Cons. **5¢**

Everyday Low Discount Prices

| | | |
|----------------------|--|-----|
| Hunts Fruit Cocktail | No. 300 Can | 24¢ |
| Blackeye Peas | Ranch Style With Bacon 15-oz. Pkg. | 17¢ |
| Pear Halves | Fancy Quality Can | 32¢ |
| Apricot Halves | Town House Can | 32¢ |
| Sliced Peaches | Highway No. 2 1/2 Can | 27¢ |
| Apple Juice | Town House Fancy Quality 1/2-Gal. Botl. | 71¢ |
| Pork & Beans | Van Camp Can | 14¢ |
| Soups | Campbells-4 Different Chicken Soups to Choose From | 17¢ |
| Soft Drinks | Cragmont 2 32-oz. Botls. | 29¢ |
| Tomato Juice | Del Monte Fancy Quality 46-oz. Can | 33¢ |
| Tomato Catsup | Del Monte 26-oz. Botl. | 39¢ |

Safeway Club Cheese Sharp Pimento Mild **10¢ OFF** reg. price

Safeway Vitamins At Super Saver Prices!

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|------------------|--------|
| Multi. Vitamins | Chewable Super Saver | 2 100-ct. Botls. | \$1.26 |
| Multi. Vitamins | Chewable With Iron | 2 100-ct. Botls. | \$1.44 |
| Chewable Vitamins | 100 MG Vitamin C | 2 100-ct. Botls. | 72¢ |
| Chewable Vitamins | Chewable C-250 MG | 2 100-ct. Botls. | \$1.16 |

FUNK & WAGNALLS ENCYCLOPEDIA
Volumes 24 and 25 \$1.69
New On Sale. Ea.

EGG NOG
Lucerne Extra Rich 9-oz. Botl. **59¢**
1-gal. **99¢**

Arrid Roll On 73¢
Vaporub Low Discount Price 1.3-oz. Botl. **49¢**
Alka Seltzer Fast Wrap 20-ct. Pkg. **87¢**
Realemon Lemon Juice 24-oz. Botl. **53¢**
Wheaties Breakfast Cereal 12-oz. Pkg. **41¢**
Frosted Flakes Kellogg 15-oz. Botl. **49¢**
Kellogg Special K 15-oz. Botl. **53¢**
Fruit Salad Lucerne 15-oz. Botl. **58¢**
Holiday Delight Lucerne 15-oz. Botl. **38¢**
Pretzels Party Pride Stick, Twist, Ring or Rod, 10-oz. Pkg. **36¢**

Safeway Fruits & Vegetables—Always Fresh!

Large Firm Crisp Head
Lettuce
2 for **39¢**

Florida Tangelos 10 for **59¢**
Purple Top Turnips 2 lbs. **25¢**
New Potatoes Small Fancy New Crop Red Potatoes lb. **9¢**

Super Savers Are Effective Through Sat., Dec. 27. Other Prices Good Everyday! In Hereford. Right To Limit Quantities Reserved. Subject to Mkt. Change.



Holiday Cheer

to you and yours!

Jim's Plumbing and Heating Co.
803 South Texas 364-3160



What Greater Message This Holy Season
 than "Peace On Earth Goodwill To Men"

Our Sincere Wish is for Your Holiday Season
 to be the Happiest Ever and to everyone, let
 us express our warmest

THANK YOU

For All You have done these past years for us.

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Hereford
STATE BANK

AND EMPLOYEES



Many Countries Provide Stories

Did you know that the first Christmas tree erected in a church in U. S., in 1851 checked its Cleveland congregation. It was considered too heathenish!

America gave the world its most beloved Christmas plant—the poinsettia. The plant is a native of tropical America.

Bayberry candles, which are said to foretell good luck for bright at Christmas, were first made by early settlers in America.

They dipped bayberry branches in wax and burned them during the holidays.

The story is told that over a hundred years ago, a parish priest in Salzburg, Austria, returning late one night from administering last rites to a dying woman, was awed by the particular majesty of the still, sparkled with stars night; he went home, wrote the lovely, haunting words of "Silent Night, Holy

by Night." With his organist, Franz Gruber, playing the great music on his guitar, the Father, Joseph Mohr, first introduced the strains of this popular hymn to a small congregation in Austria.

A churchman, John Pierpont composed the gay Christmas song, "Jingle Bells," which has been popular for over a century.

The number of mince pies you taste at Christmas indicates the number of happy months you'll have during the coming year, according to an old English belief.

For three centuries following His birth, Christ's nativity

was celebrated at various times in January, March, April, May, September, and October by Christian groups.

A group of archaeologists discovered the name of Jesus carved before 70 A. D. among inscriptions on 11 early Christian burial urns found in a cave on the Bethlehem-Jerusalem road.

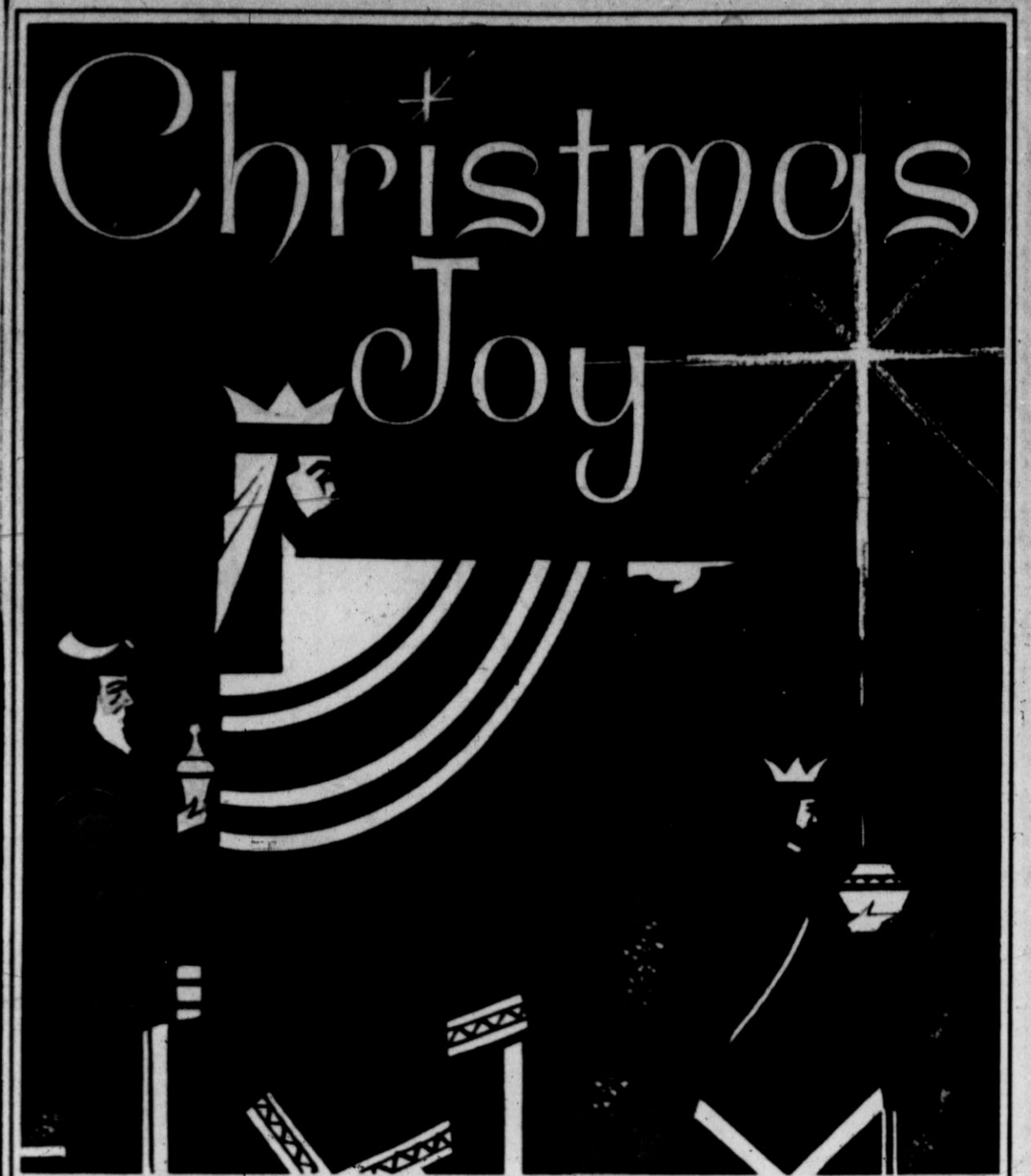
Kris Kringle is not a German term for Santa Claus. The name is a modification of "Kristkind," who according to German legend, is a white-robed angel—a messenger of the Infant Jesus, bringing gifts to children.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa,
Dedydux deia iwoubisak 9d-
dancer inakemb jwigs.
Lisa Heck

Dear Santa,
I would like a green ghost set and a poppity corn popper, and a book about you, and basketball, and a Operation, and a Time Bomb, and a Loop and a Pop Per Top, Seepstakes and a Hats Off, Huff and Puff and Hands Down and Al-Homo Football.

Thank you, Matthew Harris



May God grant you and your family these ic 'ul gifts of this holy season ...
Lc 2, Peace and Understanding.
We thank you for your loyal patronage.

And wish you only the best in 1970!
Jim Tucker and all of the employees of at

CASE-POWER & EQUIPMENT



JOYS OF THE SEASON

Let the glad tidings ring in every home and every heart! Merry Christmas!

From
Gene Campbell and Jim Cramer
Campbell-Cramer Real Estate
E. Hwy. 60 364-0972

Peace on Earth



Once more the message of peace and joy resounds across the land. We extend our wishes for a happy and holy holiday.

HER TEX MILLING CO.

Northeast of the Bull Barn 364-2224

Greetings

FROM ALL OF US TO ALL OF YOU

Roland Barton - Z. A. McCasland

Robert H. Schiller - Jerry Skaggs

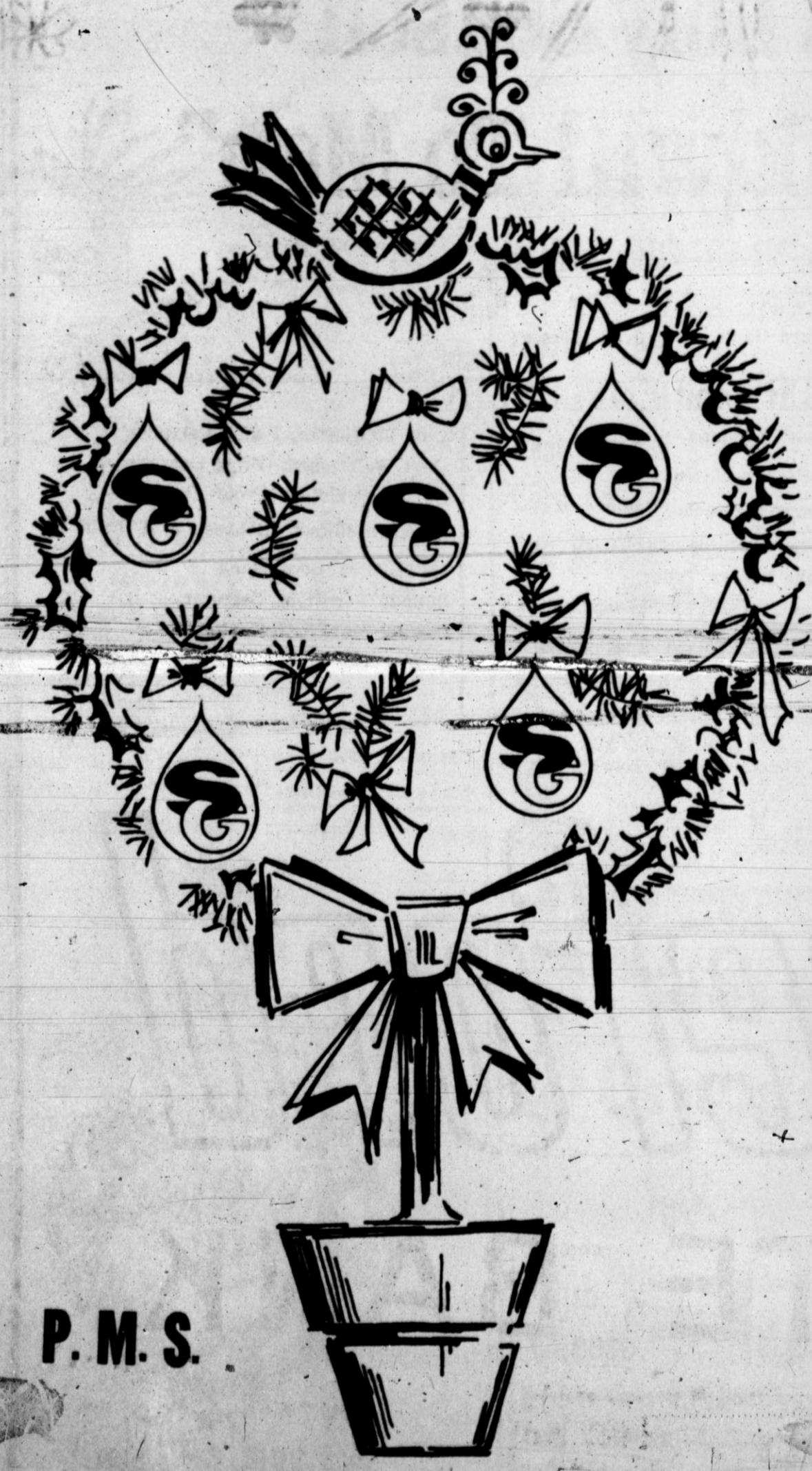
and all the employees at ...

SHRU-GRO LIQUID FEED

Merry Christmas and a
Very Happy New Year

SHUR-GRO LIQUID FEED

A DIVISION OF SHRU-GRO INDUSTRIES INC.



P. M. S.

Xmas Seal Gets Start After Many Setbacks

Far more than just a colorful little stiker to brighten cards and gifts, the Christmas Seal epitomizes a mighty crusade for health and happiness.

The Seal originated in Denmark in 1904. A kindly post office clerk, Einar Holboell, brooded over the suffering of sick children and tried to think of a way to help them.

As he sorted the heavy Christmas mail he was struck by the idea of a stamp which people would buy, use at Christmas and which would benefit sick and needy youngsters. The post-

master liked the idea, so did the King of Denmark, and so did the warmhearted Danish people. Soon enough money came in to build a children's tuberculosis hospital.

Some of these seals reached America. A Danish-American writer, Jacob Riis, received one on a letter. Knowing the tragedy of the disease firsthand (6 of his brothers had died) he wrote an article, pleading for someone to take up the cause in the United States.

A doctor serving at a shack set up as a TB hospital in Delaware, desperately trying to save the little hospice, asked help from his cousin, Emily Bissell, who raised funds for good causes.

\$300 was urgently needed, at once.

Miss Bissell, having heard of Denmark's success with the stamps, resolved to bring it to live in this country.

After many setbacks, she doubled her efforts, even drew the design for the first Seal herself. Two friends lent money. A printer supplied 50,000 of the bright red stamps on credit. Volunteers put the stamps in small envelopes carrying a courageous catch message.

The stamps went on sale in the Wilmington postoffice. At the end of a few days only a few dollars had been realized. ... many dollars away from three hundred!

Miss Bissell traveled to Phil-

adelphia to seek assistance from the city's leading newspaper. But all she talked to discouraged her. What tie-up could their be between Christmas greetings and the dread disease of tuberculosis?

On an impulse she stopped in to see a writer whose work she admired. His name was Leigh Mitchell Hodges. When he saw the sheet of bright red seals his vision and sense of humanity were ignited; he saw the seals as a flaming banner to lead a fight against suffering and death.

His editor "caught fire" too. He instructed Hodges to give the story full play. He even asked Miss Bissell to end the newspaper 50,000 of the Seals.

Incredulous, but thrilled, Miss Bissell had more seals printed, to meet his enthusiasm.

Through the vast power of this newspaper the story of the Christmas Seal was told, and retold. The crusade gathered momentum. From every walk of life, people came to buy the Seals.

The rest of the story is familiar. We all know how much a part of Christmas the Seal is. But maybe when we use them this Christmas we will remember how hard its advocates struggled to "put it on the map;" maybe we will remember what a great fight it is continuing to wage.

For the dread disease is relentlessly, cruelly still with us, though a much less degree.

To relax our efforts would be tragic. Remember to buy, and use, your Christmas Seals. ... as many as you can afford.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa,
How are you doing I am fine, I have been a good boy this year. I would like to have a unitred and XRG-1 reentry glider and space bubble.
David

Dear Santa Claus
I want a baby catch a ball, bouncing ball too. Please remember all the other boys and girls.
Kari Robinson

Dear Santa Claus
I want a baby catch a ball bouncing ball
Kelle
Please remember all the other boys and girls.

Dear Santa Claus,
I would like baby party and a guitar and a new pillow, an and pujomas.
Your friend,
Becky
King

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa,
I am almost 7 years old, I have been a good girl. Please bring me a battling tops game, a Julia doll, a typewriter, Barbie clothes, and a twister game.

Please remember all the other boys and girls.
Thank you
Kelly Killough



Greetings

HUCKERT LBR. CO.

"You Always Get A Square Deal"

1 Mile N. on Hiway 385 Phone EM 4-0064 Day or Night

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa Claus,
This year I would like a bath doll.
Sherri Lynn Ellis

Dear Santa,
I would like a fire and service trucks and a say it, play it, and a lite-brite, and a best in the west, and a headache.
Renne Harris

Dear Santa,
How is Rudolph, are you ready for christmas? yes or no. Will you bring me some toy? I would like a medium size green bay packers football suit, and a trampoline, and some barballs P. S. I'll have some milk and cookies for you.
I love you Santa,
Steve Veigel

Dear Santa,
I want a typewriter and a watch, I also think I've been good. Please bring me a Old Fashioned Bed Doll and a piece of luggage. And I with you a merreyest Christmas,
Love, Kim Martin

dear Santa,
I want an abc board-ring and a musical jewel box. Also carousel with 2 dolls. I love you.
Love, Sammie



MERRY CHRISTMAS

A Most Bountiful Day to You and Yours. May you find A Lasting Happiness

WAC SEED, INC.

W. of City 364-1424

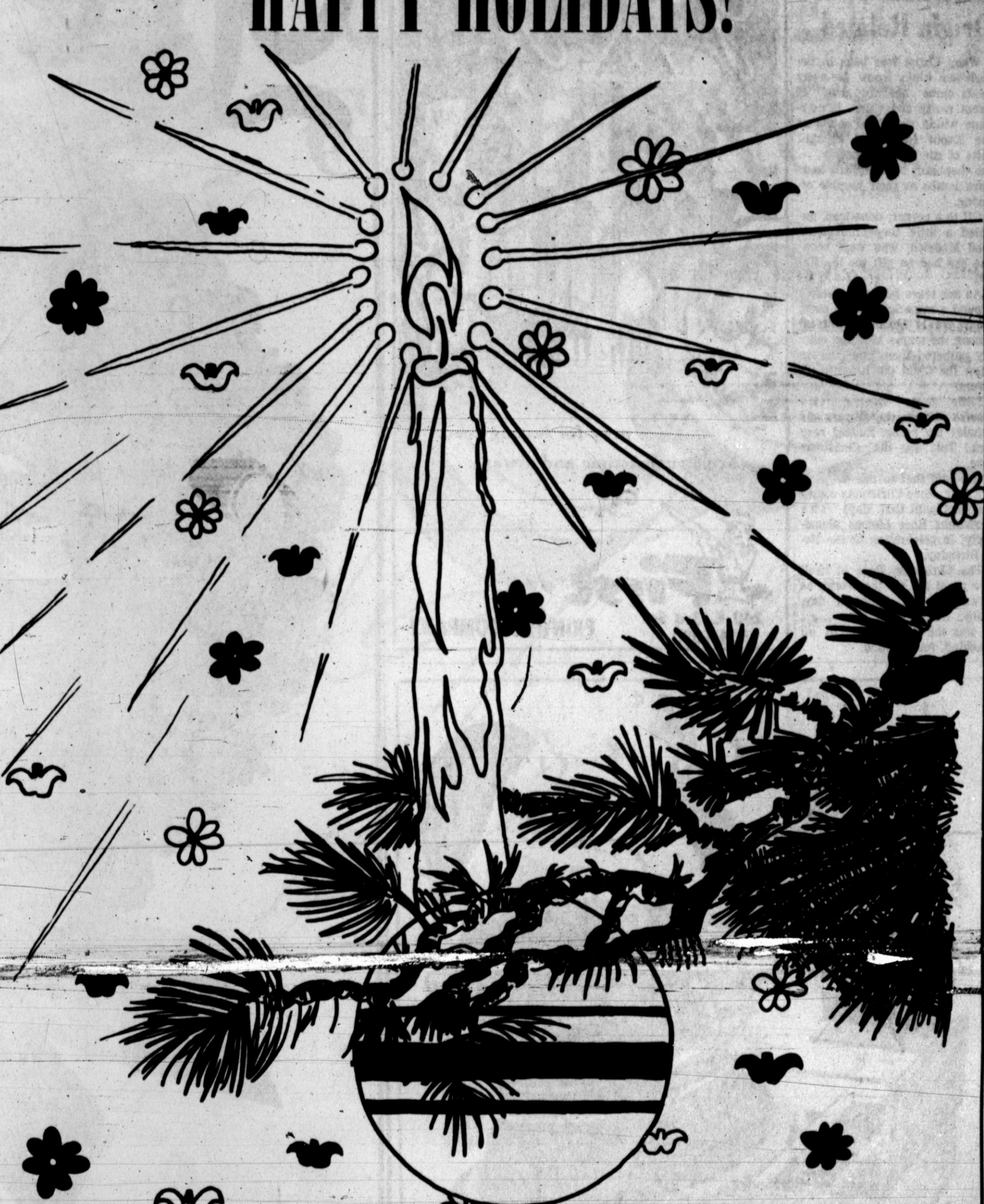


We wish our friends and patrons a very merry Christmas ... may your holidays ring with good cheer and plenty!

Justice REALTORS Inc


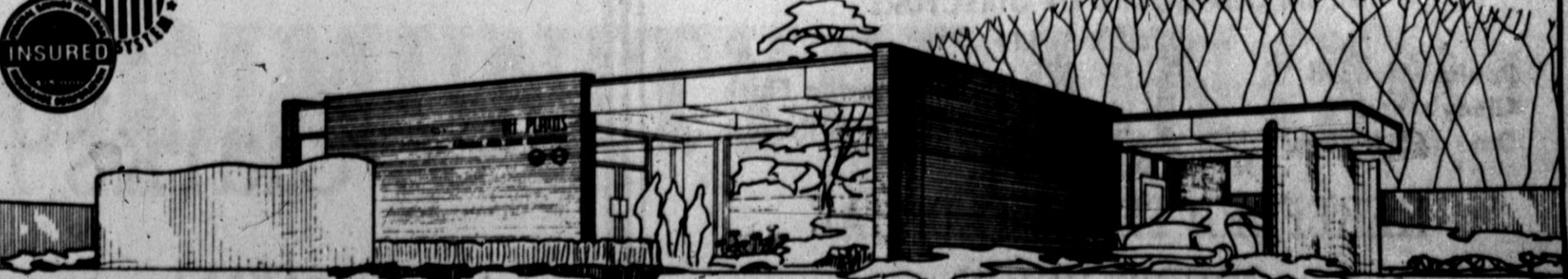
115 East 1st 364-2266

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



From our entire staff

Hi-Plains Savings & Loan Assn.

Origin Of Xmas Tree Varies With People

One German folk tale tells of a child being lost on Christmas Eve and wandering in search of food and shelter. Knocking on the door of a simple cottage, the child was welcomed and fed by an old, poor couple who shared their simple foods despite their own circumstances.

The next morning the couple found the child to be gone. As they searched about, they heard a host of angels singing outside their door. Amidst this group of angels, the Christ Child appeared. The couple recognized Him as the wail they had cured for.

Before departing from His kind friends, the Christ Child broke a branch from a nearby tree and stuck it into the ground. Before their eyes, the elderly couple watched the tree blossom and bear delicious fruits.

From that day on, the tree

bore fruit for the couple at Christmas time. From then on, most German homes displayed trees decorated with fruits and nuts to commemorate this miracle.

Other European folk tales speak of the decorated trees as having originated in the Slavic countries; the forerunner of this custom was the practice of greeting one's holiday guests at the door with some branches of greenery lighted with candles.

It is also said that Martin Luther was the first to light a Christmas tree in 1530. His intention was to memorialize the beauty of winter starlight.

When the use of the tree lapsed from favor, it was Queen Victoria who in 1841 brought it back again. Victoria was evidently influenced by her German governess, Baroness Lehzen.

The official tree, decorated with baubles and candles, was set up in Windsor Castle. After this introduction, the idea became quite fashionable again, and the custom found its way again into many an English home.

Almost thirty years later the Christmas tree became a holiday custom in the United States.

Today, burning candles are replaced by strings of electric lights; fruits and nuts have been replaced by fragile glass baubles; and in some cases, the green-boughed tree has been changed to one made of plastic or foil, and much to some people's dismay, even comes in pink and other non-green colors.

The symbolic use of the tree dates back at least 4,000 years to a time when the Egyptians celebrated in honor of their sun god during the month corresponding to our December. This was the season of rejoicing and the palm tree became its symbol.

Still another story of the Christmas tree goes back to the days of Saint Wilfrid in the 7th Century. Once, as he stood among a crowd of his converts, he tried to indicate their severance of all connections with heathen religions by cutting down a great oak. As it fell to the earth the oak split into four pieces and — to the amazement of the converts — a young fir tree with its green spire pointing toward the heavens grew from the center.

"This little tree," said Wilfrid, "is a young child of the forest. It shall be your holy tree tonight. It is a sign of an endless life, for its leaves are evergreen. See how it points toward heaven. Let this tree be called the tree of the Christ Child."

Whatever the origins of the Tree, whatever the legends, the Tree remains the best beloved of the holiday greenery. Let those who cherish it honor it when it is wilted and brown by burning it, not throwing it away in the trashcan. This is unworthy of the Christian celebrant and of the noble Tree.

Christmas Rose Origin Related

When Christ was born in Bethlehem kings from far-away lands came bearing gifts of great rarity and value. Everyone within sight and sound of the Event came and brought gifts of one kind or another. . . the shepherds brought little newborn lambs as their humble offering.

Off to a corner, unnoticed, huddled a little shepherdess, named Madelon, who wept because she had no gift for the Baby.

As her tears fell to the stable ground a miracle came to pass, small, lovely blooms spring up among the tears; Madelon quickly gathered them and ran to show the Child the beautiful flowers.

Little Jesus touched the blooms with his tiny fingers and behold! the petals flushed rosy pink! This was the Christmas rose.

'Tis said that to this day, every year, when Christmas comes (and not until that day) the Christmas Rose blooms abundantly, in celebration of the Holy Birthday.

The Christmas Rose in itself is a great gift for the World, as it was on that hallowed day, many, many years ago. . . as was the Holy Child, to all mankind, for all time.



Greetings

We pray for lasting peace at Christmastime and always.



First...
240 E. 3rd St.
364-1090 PRINTING COMPANY



Here's hoping your Yule is a joyous one — and that Santa makes lots of "deposits" into your Christmas stocking!

FROM OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND OUR STAFF

Pauline Howard
Glady's Braly
Oma Lee Lassiter

Martha Finch
Phyllis Reinart

Milton Durham, mgr.

HEREFORD TEXAS FEDERAL CREDIT UNION
364-1888

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a typewriter and boys luggage. And a race track and car.
Your friend, Todd

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a dolly and some clothes for her. I also want a play table and dishes to go with it. I love you.
Love, Kristi Hopson

Dear Santa Claus,
I would like a sting ray bike and a truck with plastic horses in it. I hope this isn't too much.
Your friend, Susie Hopson

Dear Santa Claus,
For Christmas I would like a activity box, some doll clothes that are on page 298 in Penneys catalog, a high chair, a doll that's on page 288, and some pajamas for myself, please.
Thank you and merry Christmas. Happy New Year too!
Rhonda Kay Reinart

Dear Santa,
I want a easy curl and a sussy homemaker hair dryer. A typewriter and a I've been good. And some luggage. I wish you a merryst Christmas.
Love

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa Clause,
I want a easy bake oven and a pair of skates. And a watch. And a Barbe doll. I think I've been good.
Tammie Cagle

Greetings



At this most joyous of seasons, it's a pleasure to take the opportunity to wish a very merry Christmas to all our good friends!

from our entire staff

Clark's House Of Flowers

900 LEE STREET PHONE 364-0306

Thinking Aloud Dear Santa...

By BARBARA DRYDEN

The Way To Have A Good Day by Norman Vincent Peale, was given to me recently by Kiwanis Club of Hereford and I thought my readers might enjoy it.

THINK a Good Day. To make the day good you have to see it in your mind as good. Since we become what we think, it follows that events are governed by creative thoughts. Get in the habit of thinking good days and you'll go a long way toward getting what you think.

THANK a Good Day. Thank God in advance for the good day ahead because there can't be a good day without His granting it. Actually, thanking is an affirmative way of thinking.

PLAN a Good Day. You'll never get anywhere with a day unless you plan it. You've got to know what you propose to do with it and where you want to go in it. So make your plan and outline your procedures, organize time and effort.

MAKE a Good Day. Make it your business to put good into the day. If we put bad thoughts, bad attitudes into the day, the day will take on bad. So put good into the day.

PRAY a Good Day. Start and finish every day with God. In the morning read a little from the Bible, putting the day into God's hands. Pray that we may help make it good for everybody we contact. At night, pray again, giving thanks for all the blessings of the day.

GET GOING — the good old American principle. It's no good sitting around very long just talking, (or even just thinking). You've got to get going — go get going.

A Christmas poem carried in the December Newsletter from St. Anthony's and St. Joseph's which I thought was beautiful, reads as follows.

Christmas Service
To the vaulted roof the carols rang
As the robed choir of the children sang

For the grown-up services. When they ceased, A child on his mother's lap, the least

Littlest boy of all, began a tune. The tune that he knew — "Happy birthday to you."

He was taken out, but his tribute grows In the hours since then; Child to a Child, Oh, it is true he was taken out, But he sensed what Christmas is all about!

—Virginia Scott Miner

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Dessert Custom For Bolivia

When it is Christmas Eve in Bolivia, it is the time for a once-a-year special dish, Picana. This traditional dish is a simple beef stew, sweet with fresh vegetables and parsley, cooked in red wine, and for several hours. It is served just with boiled potatoes, more red wine to drink, possibly a crusty bread.

The dessert is bound to be something of strawberries, Christmas time in south hemisphere Bolivia falls in midsummer, and it is strawberry time. It might be sliced strawberries and cream or homemade strawberry ice cream. One La Paz hostess who lived in the United States for many years as the wife of a diplomat treats her fellow Pacenos to strawberry shortcake!

The VA's program to provide on-the-spot orientation and counseling to combat troops in Vietnam reached the one million mark in November.

The inspiration for Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, bishop of Myra in Asia Minor in the 4th Century who was noted for his charitable gifts to the poor, especially to children.

Dear Santa Clause, I do hope you had a nice year. My year has been very nice and I have been a good girl.

I would like for you to bring me a dolly — dishes — horse and some candy and apples. Also bring Lacy a dolly, she's too little for much else. And bring Craig, Charlie and Bryan some trucks and things. They can play with because they are big. I am two they are five.

I love you.
Victoria Gaskill

Dear Santa Claus, I want a pretty baby doll, a Dynamite Shack, a doll Supermarket, and a tamberine. Hope you have a nice ride around the world. I hope I've been good this year. I'm in third grade. Please don't forget to leave something for my little sister, bring her anything because she's only two and she does not know what she wants.

Very Sincerely
Debra Morgan

Dear Santa Clause I would like To have For Christmas a Singy a Skidolera Toot and Sweet and pures

Love
Linda Kay perkins

Dear Santa... My name is David. I am six years old. I have been pretty good.

I want a Noble Knight set and a Hot Wheels Super Charger and curve. I want a Spider bike with three speeds and hand brakes. I want a new train track on plywood.

Love
David Schmidt

There are more than 600 varieties of the red-berried every-green-leaved American holly that long has been a colorful yuletide decoration.

WON TOSS, TOOK TIDE
BOSTON, Mass. — Northeastern beat Cortland State 27-17 in a torrential downpour and when it was all over, Coach Joe Zabliski of the winners said: "We won the toss and took the tide."

THEIR LEADER'S VOICE
BOMBAY, India — Citizens of Bombay can hear the voice of Mohandas K. Gandhi, the father of independent India, by dialing 172. The special telephone recording was set up to help mark the Gandhi Centenary year.

FRIDAY IS NOT FOR FIRES
LOUISVILLE, Ky. — Louisville firemen found Friday night was a poor time to watch television. On two successive Fridays, firemen reported that color sets were stolen while they answered alarms.

IS PLAYS AND HE TO
ANAPOLIS, Md. — When Syracuse beat Maryland 15-9, Syracuse won the toss, elected to receive and held the ball for 25 plays or almost 12 minutes. But the Orange failed to score and finally lost possession when a field goal attempt was blocked.



Merry Christmas!

SENDING YOU SINCERE GREETINGS AT THIS JOYOUS HOLIDAY TIME!
Walker Refrigeration and Sheet Metal
305 E. 3rd 364-0788



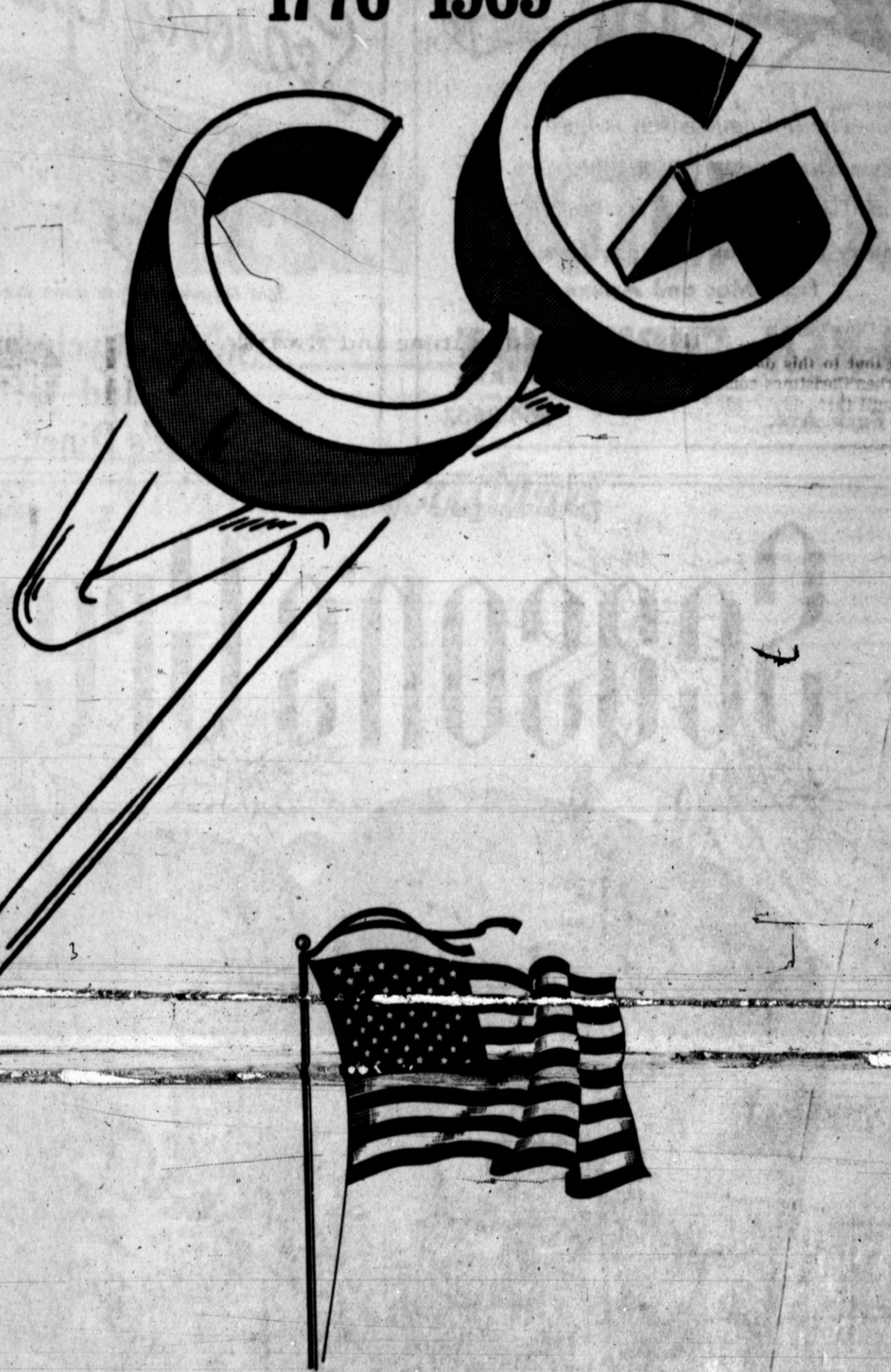
OUR THANKS

To all who made our Freedom Possible!

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me... Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death!"
Patrick Henry

In the name of liberty Patrick Henry spoke these courageous words. And in the name of liberty a declaration was signed, a country formed and a war fought.

May This Spirit of Patriotism, Independence and Individual Freedom Prevail That the Spirit of Christmas May Continue in Our Great Nation!



To all our friends and neighbors, sincere best wishes for the holiday season. May your Christmas be bright with good cheer, warm with the affection of those you love, and merry with the sound of laughter.

COMMUNITY GRAIN CO.



Gather round the tree and toast the holidays! This year make it a "tree of snacks" for everyone to enjoy. Ever ready convenience foods bake into delicious tiny meat cups in minutes. Make shells with refrigerated crescent rolls. Brim full with a savory deviled ham mix or an exotic chicken spread blend.

Arrange the baked warm cups in a triangular tree shape. Trim the snack tree with sour cream snow caps. Then bring on the egg nog and cheers!

Deviled Mushroom Cups

- 1 4 1/2 oz. can deviled ham
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. instant minced onion
- 1 3-oz. broiled mushrooms, drained and chopped
- 1 8 oz. can refrigerated crescent dinner rolls
- sour cream
- paprika

Chicken-Nut Cups

- 1 4 1/2 oz. can chicken spread
- 1/2 tsp. soy sauce
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds
- 1 8 oz. can refrigerated crescent dinner rolls
- sour cream
- paprika

Combine meat spreads with their seasonings. Separate dough into four rectangles, cut each into 6 equal pieces. Roll each piece into a ball between palms of hands, place one in each of 24 small (1 3/4") ungreased muffin pan cups. Press dough out to uniform thickness to cover bottom and sides of muffin cup, nearly to top of cup. Fill with about 1 tsp. meat spread mixture, level with edge of dough. Top each with 1/4 tsp. sour cream and paprika, if desired. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 15 minutes. Serve warm. Makes 24 servings.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We wish you health and lasting peace!

DAIRY QUEEN

801 Park 364-0578

Page 22

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa,
Please bring me a truck, and a coke machine, and a game night, and a shoe. Thank you, Tim Martin

Dear Santa

My name is Laura. I am 4 years old. I want a spiograph, typewriter, and a mirror with make up with a stool. Thank you, Love, Laura
P. S. Also send me a tape recorder.

Candles Designate Spiritual Longings

It is difficult to imagine Christmas time without candles.

Long before Christ, man associated the light of the candle with his spiritual longings. The Old Testament refers to the

Candle often.

As civilization dawned, man came to guard the flames he discovered he could make by friction of sticks or flint. Crude torches let him hold the light a little longer and to lengthen his day so that he might pursue his labor and his quest for knowledge.

The Romans were probably the first to make candles, which they burned before the altars of their gods, to light their banquet rooms, and to, light their pageants and carnivals. It is interesting to note that while pagan Rome used the candle for merry-making, the Christians martyrs used it to light the catacombs.

It was natural for Christians to adapt the candle to their way of life, for Christ had referred to Himself as the Light of the World. More, He had assured them that each Christian was a light.

The Middle Ages found the

candle at its zenith. Made of tallow, by the dipping process, the candle was widely used for light on up till the 19th century.

The Medieval church made sure that candles were made of beeswax... an idea founded in the belief that bees came to each directly from heaven. Throughout the Middle Ages it was common for swarms of bees to be cared for near religious establishments.

Some of the candles of the Middle Ages were thick and tall they rose over the heads of the people and cast a fairly strong light in a royal hall, or cathedral. These huge candles weighed as much as 300 pounds.

The custom of putting lighted candles on the tree came from Martin Luther's time, when hazards of fire from candles was an accepted risk, part of life itself.

The idea of lights on the tree is still cherished by modern

man. One of Albert Schweitzer's books tells of a Christmas Day in a steaming jungle when a dying man begged for a Christmas tree with candles on it.

It is traditional that every family in Ireland have a candle in the home as a symbol of faith, to welcome the Christ and to invite strangers: who earthly disguise).

In Italy a Christmas candle is kept burning in front of each creche during the Yule season.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa Clause,

This year I would like a battling practice machine, hands up Harry, dynamite shack, Operation, Amaze-A-Matic, C a r, cavalry sets, lawman gift set. Randy Ellis

Dear Santa Clause. Hi!

I want a Ka-bala game. My little sister wants a Lucy skiddler.

I want a snappy skiddler. We both want one track set not one for both of us and two twist and turn dolls, and a ho ho to you Santa

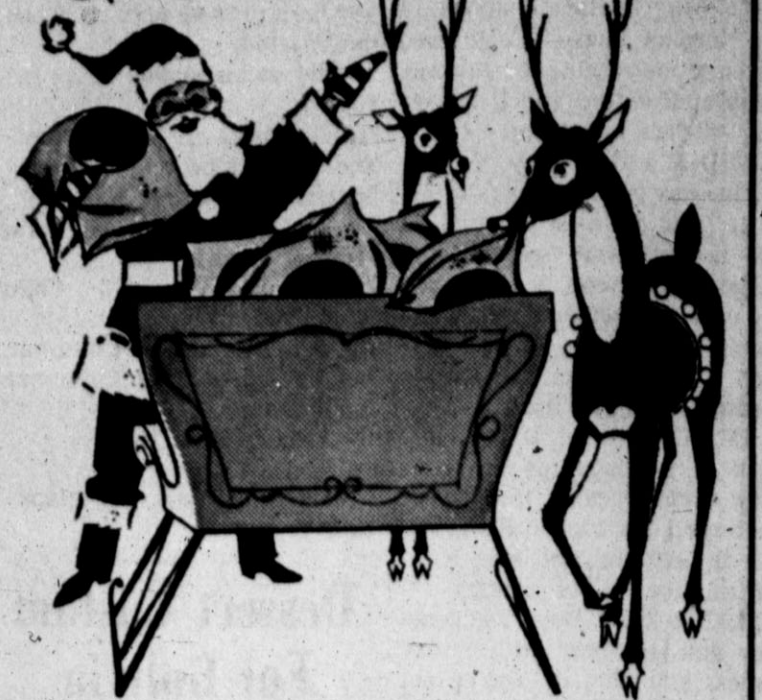
Little Tommy and Cherry PS I hope you get some toys and P. S. Merry Christmas

Dear Santa,

Please bring me a pair of contact lenses. I also want a lot of clothes and a pair of raw-raws. Love ya loads, Daddy too, Sheila Lea

P. S. Daddy would like it if I had a hair drier.

GREETINGS!



Have a "bumper crop" Yuletide!

Our wish is for You!

A Merry Christmas and a

Prosperous New Year

From Everyone at

GARRISON SEED & CO.

E. Hwy. 60

364-0560



The holiday season is here-- we hope it's jolly for you from start to finish! Best wishes from Merry Christmas & Happy New Year from Mac and Arlene

McNEIL FURNITURE

209 Park Ave.

364-2602



We thank you for your patronage

Swede's Cycle Shop and Neat's Diner

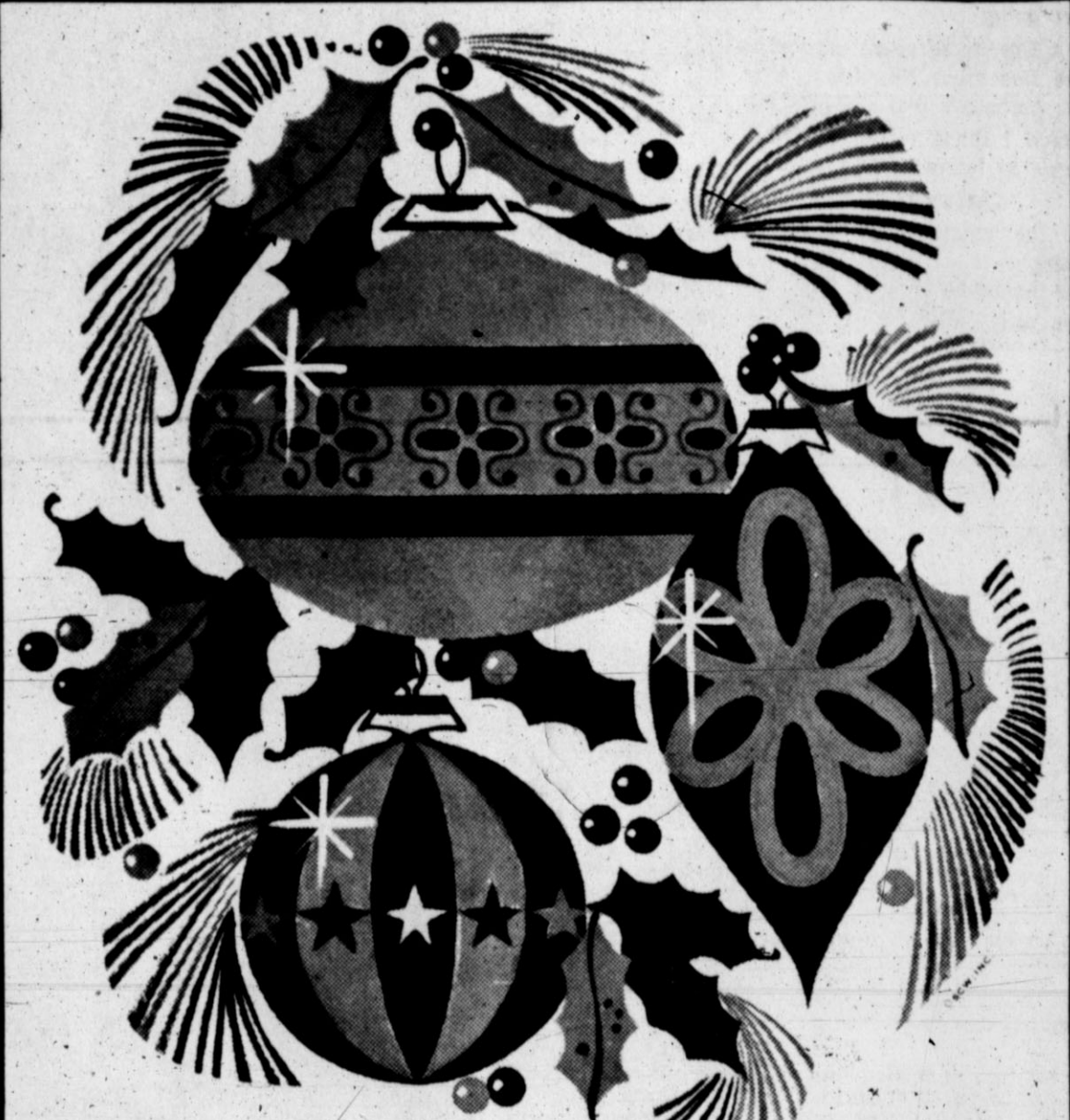
Epiphany Is Age-Old Custom

Twelfth Night, or Epiphany, is marked with many customs, ceremonies and legends throughout the world. French and Swiss children, for example, look forward to the pastry they receive on that day, in which a bean, coin or china figure is hidden. Whoever gets the rise, is crowned king of the family.

Epiphany means "appearance" and commemorates the visit of the Three Wise Men to the Infant Jesus. Their arrival was proof to believers that Christ the Saviour was born.

During the Middle Ages, Epiphany or Twelfth Night, was commemorated with plays presented in churches. Solemn observances largely disappeared in Elizabethan England, and this became a time for revelry.

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" reflects this mood. Historians say it was probably presented in a command performance at Whitehall Palace on January 6, 1601.



HAPPY HOLIDAY

TO OUR MANY FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS MAY YOUR HOLIDAYS BE FILLED WITH HAPPINESS AND MAY ALL THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE BE YOURS IN THE NEW YEAR. FROM ALL OF US

- Mildred Drake
- Louise Springer
- John Dunn
- Revella Skypala

- Mickey Brisendine
- Terie Beth Line
- Lavon Leon
- Pick and Mary

HARMAN'S
DOWNTOWN & SUGARLAND MALL

Season's Greetings

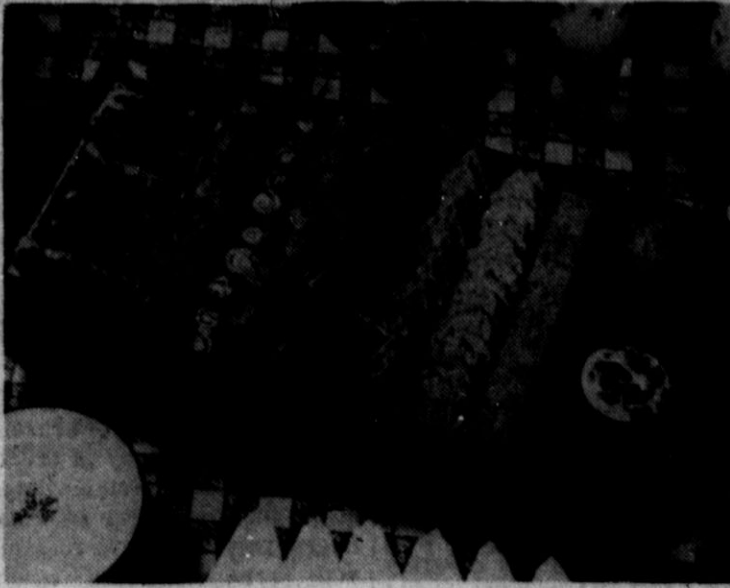


from the entire staff of

K P A N

AM-FM

Slender-Sliced for Easy Party Fare



A good party is always in order and particularly when you can serve such an array of tasty appetizers with so little effort. Convenience foods today, such as Slender-Sliced pre-packaged meats, provide time-saving ways to offer your guests attractive and delicious party platters of tempting tidbits such as these.

TANGY DIP

1 3 oz. pkg. Eckrich Chipped Smoked Ham
1 cup sour cream
1 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese
1 tsp. horseradish

Blend all ingredients. (If electric mixer is used, blend 2 minutes.) Add finely chopped smoked ham. Serve in bowl surrounded by crackers.

STACKWICHES

1 3 oz. pkg. Eckrich Chipped Corned Beef
1 pkg. sliced cheese

Cut meat and cheese into tiny squares. Stack alternately about 6 pieces high and place toothpick through each.

PINWHEELS

1 3 oz. pkg. Eckrich Chipped Smoked Pork Loin
1 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese

Beat cream cheese at room temperature with fork to spreading consistency. Spread on pork loin slices (use three slices to make one thickness) and roll. Place rolls in refrigerator until cheese is firm. Remove and place 5 toothpicks along loose edge of roll. Cut between toothpicks with very sharp knife.

CRUNCHY RELISH TRAY

Celery sticks
1 pkg. cream cheese
1 tsp. horseradish
2 tbs. very finely chopped onion
1 3 oz. pkg. Eckrich Chopped Sliced Beef

Blend all ingredients and fill celery stick with mixture, adding finely chopped sliced beef to the top. Arrange on relish dish with olives, pickles and radishes.

SMOKED TURKEY BALLS

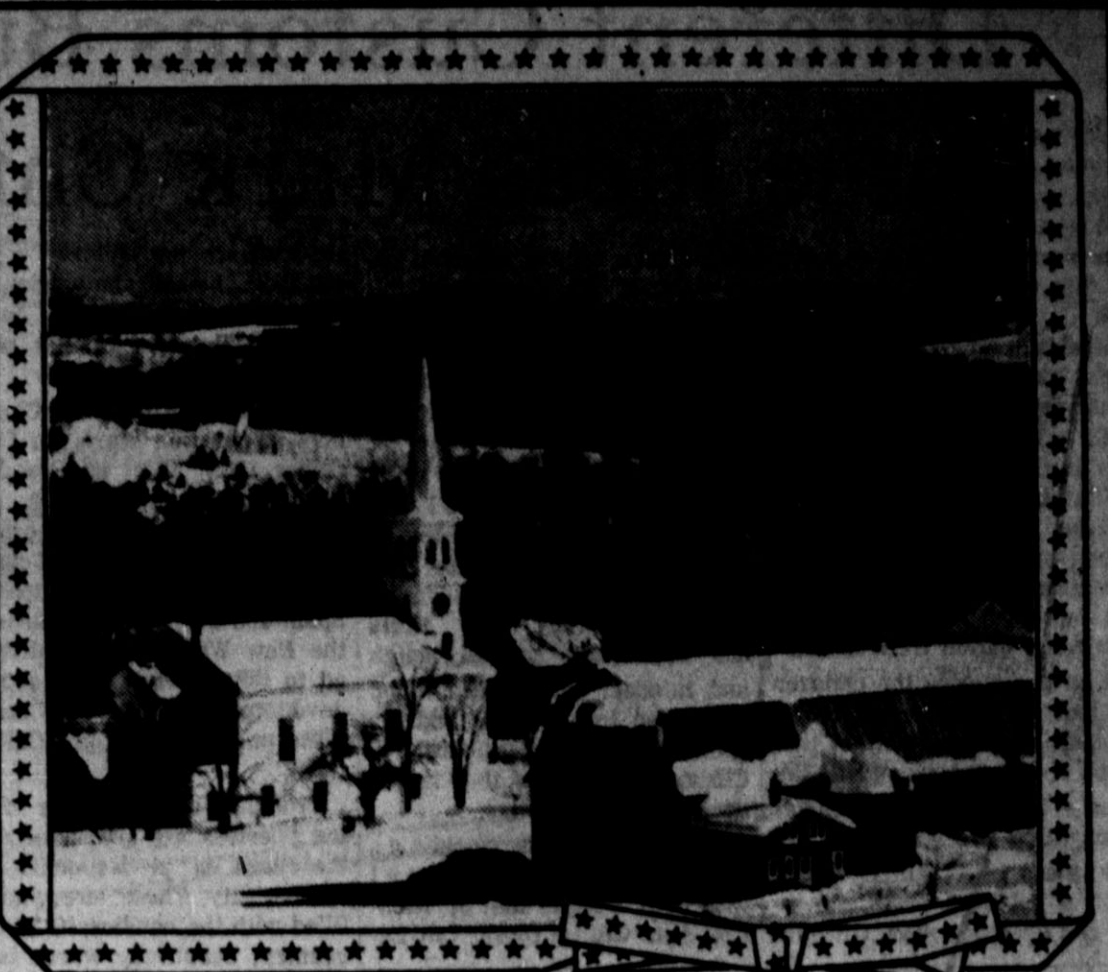
1 3 oz. pkg. Eckrich Chipped Smoked Turkey
Toasted coconut
Pineapple slivers
Mayonnaise

Blend finely chopped smoked turkey with just enough mayonnaise to hold together. Shape into balls the size of marbles. Roll in toasted coconut. Top with pineapple slivers and spear with toothpicks.

CREAM CHEESE BALLS

1 pkg. cream cheese
1 3 oz. pkg. Eckrich Chipped Sliced Chicken

Cut cream cheese into very small squares and roll them in very finely chopped chipped chicken. Place a toothpick through each cheese ball. (These show nicely sticking into a grapefruit that has been cut in half and placed cut side down on a platter.)



Greetings

AT CHRISTMAS, LET
THERE BE PEACE IN EVERY HEART
AS WE CELEBRATE THE BIRTH OF
THE HOLY INFANT... AND MAY
THAT PEACE REMAIN WITH US EVER AFTER.

LESLY MOTOR CO.

W. Hwy 60 364-1600



**Merry
Christmas
and
Happy
New Year**

Your Oliver and Minneapolis-Moline Dealer

DAVIS IMPLEMENT

144 W. 2 St. 364-2811

Shook Tire Co. Wishes You a Merry Christmas



Santa Travels Safer on LEE Tires!

Different Customs But The Same Ideas Mark Christmas

In North America the country folk used to call these "the dark days of Christmas." In Central and South America it is bright summer weather. But whatever the climate, north or south, east or west, all Americans are united in anticipation of Christmas. There is a spirit of hope and reconciliation abroad, mitigating the greed and selfishness, misery and want that continue to alienate man from man, nation from nation.

In Latin America the children are looking forward eagerly to the long summer vacation that starts in December, and to Posadas — the nine days of merry-making that precede the midnight mass of Christmas Eve, which is celebrated with solemnity and deep devotion. Gift-giv-

ing in most homes will wait until January 6th, Twelfth Night, the day on which the Three Wise Men are said to have brought gifts to the Infant Jesus, though in some of the larger cities it has become the custom to exchange gifts on Christmas Day.

Until recently, Santa Claus has confined his activities to North America, but lately, modern means of communication being what they are, Santa has apparently parked sleigh and reindeer on the border and proceeded by plane to add his special brand of jollification to Christmas in few of the larger South American cities.

In North America stockings will be "hung by the mantel" with care in hopes that St. Nicholas soon will be there. In La-

tin America the children will put their shoes in the window or on a balcony for the little Jesus and the Wise Men to fill with toys and candies.

The Latin American Christmas celebration starts on December 16th. This is Posadas, which literally translated means "lodging" and commemorates the journey of Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem. Spain and the Indian Cultures of the New World have contributed to the colorful, joyous and devotional customs that mark these nine days before Christmas.

Promptly on December 16th the puestors are set up around the Plaza de la Republica in Mexico City. These are stands filled with the handicrafts of the country; beautifully woven baskets, painted gourds and pottery, and charming toys. There are little clay figures for the nacimiento — to-manger scene which will be livingly created in almost every home. Most colorful of all are the pinatas. These are papier-mache figures of animals, birds and clowns that will cover earthen jars destined to be smashed and to pour forth toys and sweets on hilarious children.

Everyone is drawn into the Posadas festivities — friends, relatives, neighbors, even strangers. There is a religious significance to the number nine. In Mexico groups of nine families will join to celebrate the nine days of the Posadas, taking turns in hosting. Each evening, when darkness descends, old and young will form a procession with lighted candles in their hands. Two children will lead the procession, carrying a small litter bearing the figures of Mary on a burro, Joseph and the Angel. At each home the procession begs in song for lodging, but is angrily refused until they come to the ninth house. Here, after heated exchanges, the host is finally persuaded to open the door and they enter with rejoicing.

Then comes the fun. The children ask for toys and candies in humorous verses, there are refreshments and dancing. The evening rises to its climax with the breaking of the pinatas. There may be three of these

hung from above — two filled with water and confetti, the third with toys and candies. Each child in turn is given a long stick, blindfolded, whirled about and urged to break the "good" pinata with his stick while the others dance in a circle singing verses.

If the "bad" pinatas are broken there is a shower of confetti or water, but finally the gift-filled jar with its gay covering is smashed and there is a wild scramble for the goodies.

On Christmas Eve merriment gives way to solemnity. The manger scene, which occupies the place of honor in every home, is now the center of interest. It stands complete except for the Infant Jesus. On this holy night the children, often dressed as shepherds, stand reverently on either side of the nacimiento as Holy Infant is placed in the manger, where he will lie until Twelfth Night, or in many homes until Candlemas on February 2.

At 12 o'clock the quiet is broken by the din of fireworks, whistles and bells. This is the signal for the faithful to attend the Misa del Gallo, of Mass of the Cock.

In the villages of Colombia young and old will gather around the images of the holy family to sing villancios — old Christmas carols — to the accompaniment of guitars and other stringed instruments. Candles and little colored lanterns will light the evening scene as the villagers issue forth in masquerade. There is shouting and merriment as friends and sweethearts try to recognize one another, for the one who guesses the identity of a friend may claim an aguinaldo, or gift.

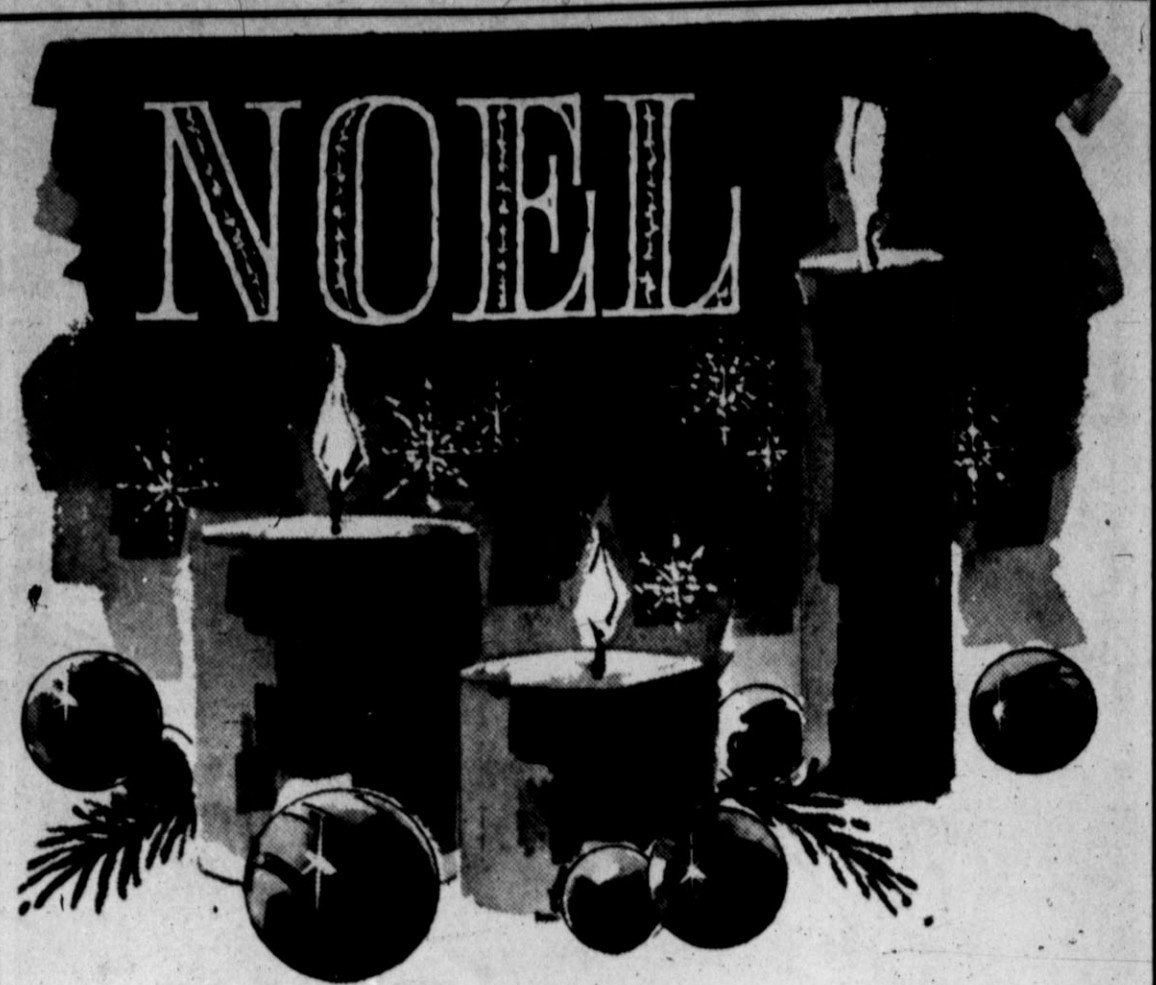
Christmas dinner may be served after the midnight mass or on Christmas Day. If it is eaten following mass, there will be cold turkey and wine — and plenty of coffee. On Christmas Day, in the more affluent homes, there will be stuffed turkey, or a whole suckling pig with a bright red apple in its mouth. Rice with hard boiled eggs is a favorite accompaniment in Mexico, and there will be vegetables, fruits and tamales. In humbler homes the traditional dish may be nacatamales. This is a

special tamale made of ground corn with a filling of turkey, chicken or pork and raisins, almonds, olives and chili, wrapped in banana leaves.

A traditional Christmas dessert in many Latin American Countries is small fritters or pancakes, served with a spicy sugar syrup or honey. Cut into small squares, these are called sopaipillas; cut large and round, with a hole pinched in the middle, they are known as bunuelos.

No particular tradition marks the modern Brazilian Christmas menu, though turkey is usually a feature. In the small villages of the interior, where traditions linger, they will serve roast pig and perhaps African cuscuz, which is a steamed fish pie made of corn meal, cassava flour, sardines, shrimp and seasonings. In city and country homes alike, the meal is sure to end with an assortment of wonderful desserts.

To many North Americans some of these dishes will seem strange Christmas fare, but whether the dessert is bunuelos, sopaipillas, an elaborate Brazilian confection, or mince pie the basic idea is the same.



Friendly good wishes burning bright!

All The Folks at

KEMP TRACTOR & MOTORS

E. Highway 60

SPACE-AGE STREETS

GLASGOW — Three streets in a private housing estate at Air-drie near Glasgow have been given space-age names.

Among names approved by the local council were Apollo Path, Micro Path and Lunar Path.

Thrifty Beef Casserole



Penny-wise cooking for a family is a challenge: you must not only meet the budget but please family tastes as well. Here is the dish to do both: a generous and hearty beef and macaroni casserole that combines favorite foods deliciously, attractively and inexpensively.

In Beefy Macaroni Casserole, two 12 ounce cans of roast beef with gravy, bolstered by the addition of cottage cheese, provide eight hefty protein servings at pennies a serving. The dish is fine eating, too, being flavored with parsley, Worcestershire and thyme, while bright green peas and tender mushrooms add additional color and flavor interest. A garnish of tomato wedges and bread crumbs adds vitamins and color.

BEEFY MACARONI CASSEROLE

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1 package (7 oz.) elbow macaroni | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 1 cup creamed cottage cheese | 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce |
| 2 cans (12 oz. each) roast beef with gravy | 1/2 teaspoon dried thyme |
| 1 package (10 oz.) frozen peas, cooked | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained | 3 tomatoes, peeled and sliced |
| | 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs |

Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Press cottage cheese through food mill or strainer or beat until smooth. Combine roast beef with gravy, cooked peas, mushrooms, cottage cheese, parsley, Worcestershire sauce, thyme and salt. Fold in macaroni. Turn into shallow 2-quart baking dish. Top with tomato slices. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake in a 350 degree oven about 25 minutes or until hot. Makes 8 servings.

Joy TO THE WORLD

And on earth peace, good will toward men.
We join the chorus of Christmas greetings in wishing you the happiest of holidays!
May the New Year be peaceful.

EAST SIDE 66

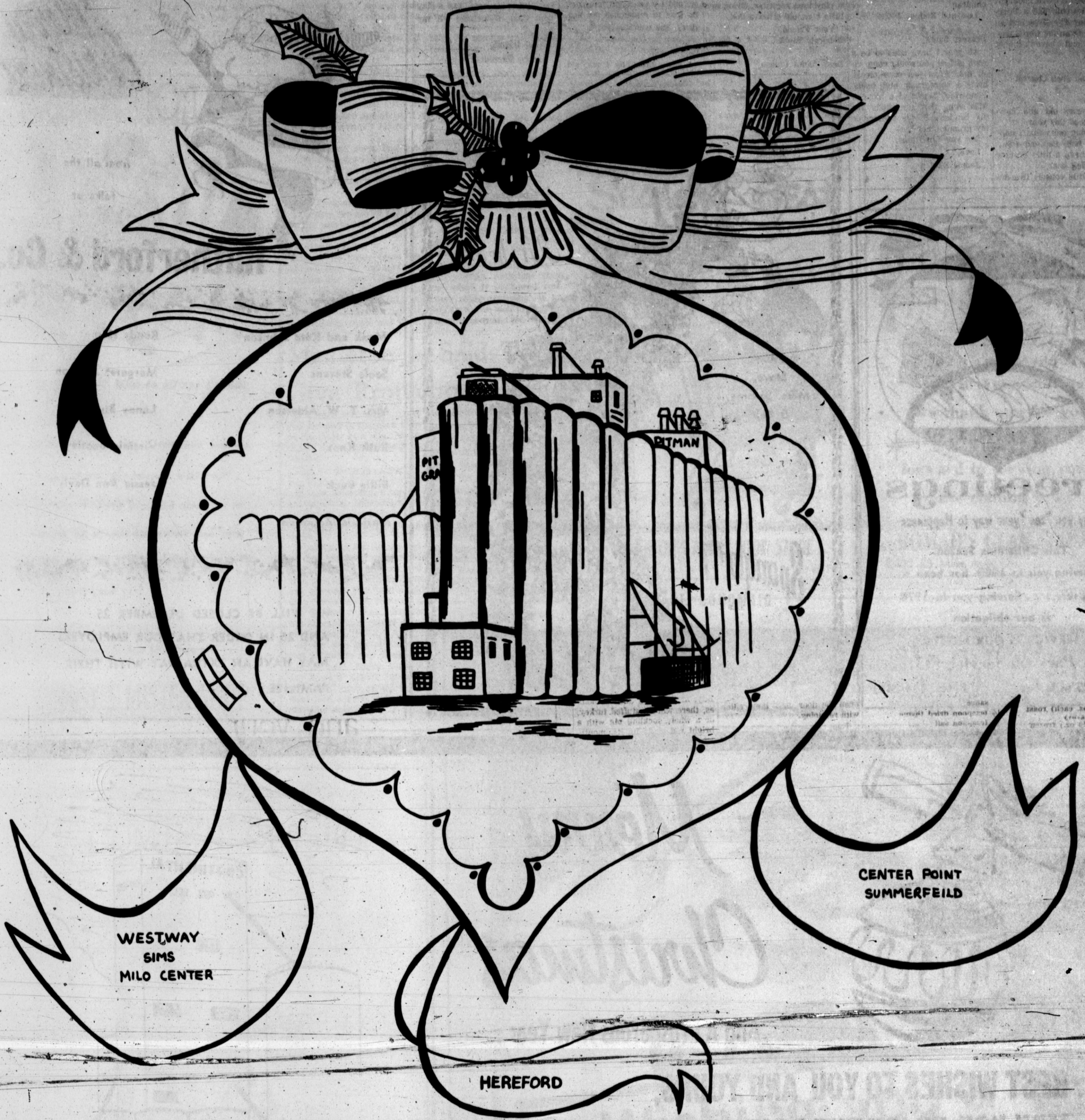
Greetings

May your home glow with love, joy and laughter at Christmas and ever after.

E.B. BLACK CO. FURNITURE

NGPL

NATURAL GAS PIPELINE COMPANY OF AMERICA
A subsidiary of Peoples Gas Company



We at Pitman Grain Company wish to express our sincere
Best wishes at this time of the Year to our friends and
customers in the Hereford, Deaf Smith County & Castro
County Area

PITMAN GRAIN CO.

A Division of Pitman-Easley Industries

Dear Santa

Dear Santa,
I have been an extra good girl this year. I would like a Dancerina, a Tiny Tapp-Toes and an Easy Bake Oven for Christmas. My brother and I haven't fought very much.
Love,
Hubert and Joan Charest

Dear Santa,
I am 3 years old and have been real good this year. Please bring me a Shari doll, nurse stuff, baby bed and a musical t.v. I have a little brother a little stuffed bear.
My two little cousins live do-

wn the road and Kemp wants a electric train and Todd wants a robot and a rope.
Don't forget the other little childrens.
Lisa and Rodney Page

Dearest Santa,
All year I have tried to be a good girl so you would come visit me. When you come, please bring a Spirograph, high heels, Dancerina, bear and a bicycle. Also some shot gun shells for my brother. Please remember my grandmother too!
See you Christmas.
Love,
Jannie Balgen

Dear Santa Claus
I am 6 years old. I would like a soft doll for Christmas with lotion and powder. Also, I'd like a play tape recorder. Bring my little 1 yr. old sister a doll.
Your Friend,
Deborah Block

I am a little girl 5 yrs. old that likes some boy toys. For Christmas, I would like a tool box, a firetruck, a tractor trailer, and I want a soft baby doll. Be sure to remember my little sister. She wants a doll.
Dear Santa,
I am a little boy 4 yrs. old.

Could you please bring me a doctor's kit, a big tractor that you ride, and a road grader. I have a new baby sister named Lori, bring her a doll and a play hour glass. Remember all my friends.
You, friend,
Gregg Schmidt




Greetings
May you "see" your way to Happiness
This Christmas Season.
Serving you in 1969 has been a pleasure . . . Serving you in 1970 is our obligation
"SERVICE IS OUR MOTTO"
West Park 66 Service Station
829 S. 25 Mile Ave. Phone 364-2633

Greetings and Best Wishes



From
Steve,
Mike, Sammy,
& Bob

Spanpler's
DIAMONDS LTD.
P.O.M.G.



from all the folks at

Rutherford & Co.

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Monk and Kate Johnson | Randy Herr |
| Seale Stevens | Margaret Johnson |
| Mrs. T. W. Alderson | Lanny Buck |
| Ruth Knox | Virginia Beasley |
| Billie Buck | Jessie Ann Davis |
| Marjorie McGowen | |

WE WILL BE CLOSED DECEMBER 25 AND 26 IN ORDER THAT OUR EMPLOYEES MAY HAVE AN EXTRA DAY WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

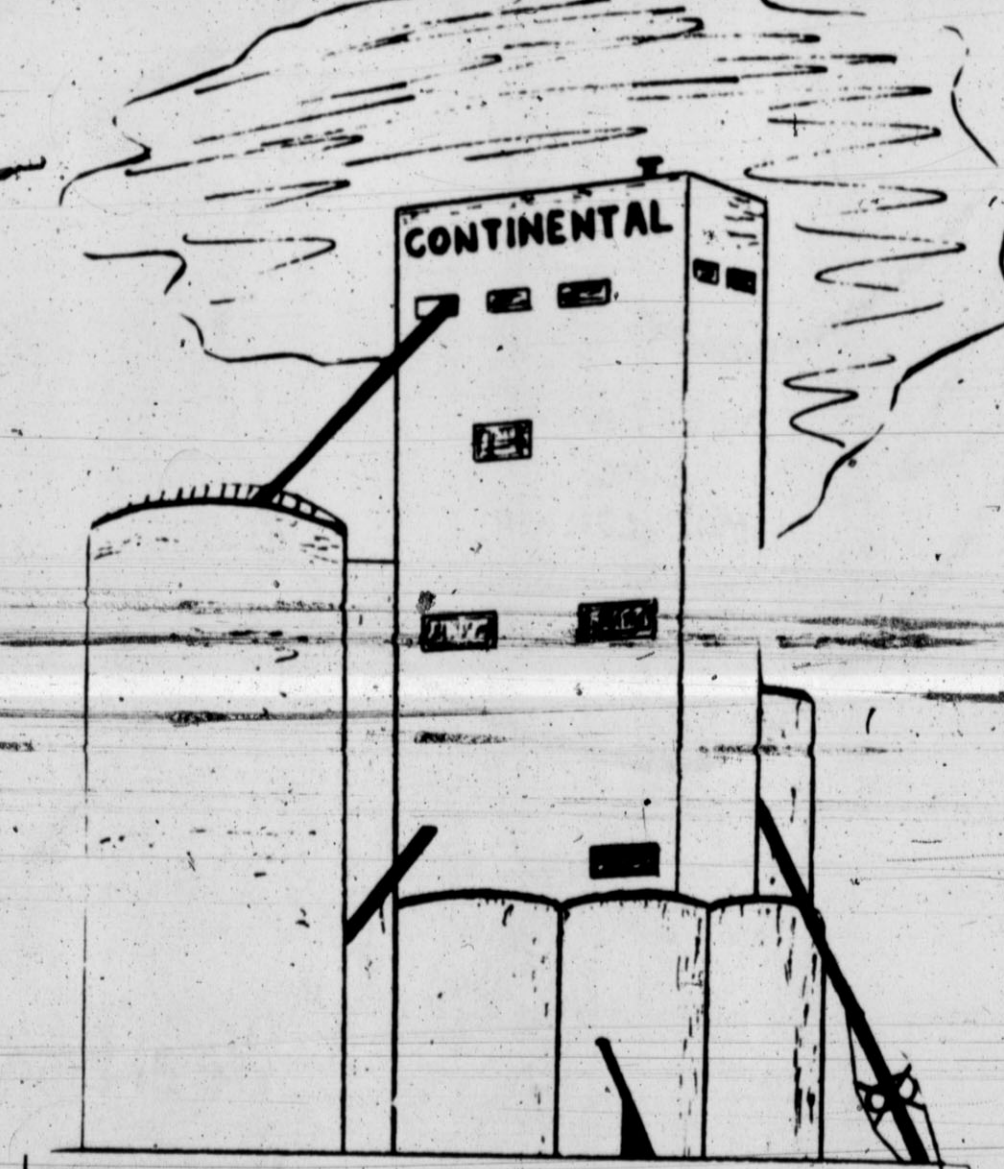


Merry Christmas

And A Prosperous New Year

**BEST WISHES TO YOU AND YOURS,
MAY YOU ENJOY THE BEST OF THE
HOLIDAY SEASON . . . AND PROSPER IN
WEALTH . . . HEALTH . . . HAPPINESS
IN THE NEW YEAR!**

FROM THE FRIENDLY FOLKS AT . . .



CONTINENTAL GRAIN CO.
HEREFORD, TEXAS

CONTINENTAL GRAIN CO.

Dear Santa -

Santa,
How have you and your wife been? Have you been working too hard? This Christmas I want a Mrs. Beasley Doll, I also want some pajamas and clothes for myself.
Melinda Reinart

Dear Santa Claus,

I would like 1. Dancer in 2. Barbie, Ken, and Stacy 3. Francie, Casey, and P. J. 4. Kitchen for Barbie 5. Barbie family house 6. Barbie clothes 7. travel trunk 8. and Barbie hair fair.

I think you are very nice, from Cheri

Festive Mood Disperses Caution Warns Department Of Health

Accidents are always seeking a place to happen, so practice safety during the Christmas and New Year season, advises the Texas State Department of Health.

Today, accidents loom as the nation's number one threat to babies and children. Each year about 16,000 boys and girls under 15 are killed and about 17,000,000 are seriously injured in accidents.

Surprisingly, about four million people receive disabling injuries and some 30,000 are killed in accidents in the home alone.

The Christmas season is a prime time for one of the four million yearly home accidents to happen. A festive mood of ten disperses caution.

One of the booby traps facing you may be the toys you purchase for your child. The Food and Drug Administration recently asked a distributor to call in a baby pacifier labeled as "one-piece nipple and shield

for extra safety." It actually came apart into three pieces — one small enough to choke a baby. In another case a baby rattler when broken produced a dagger-like spike.

Other toys shoot potentially deadly missiles, provide electricity and other maiming hazards.

Small children are particularly susceptible to burns and poisons since so many things handled automatically go to their mouths. Holly and mistletoe berries, widely used as Yule decorations, are poisonous, causing vomiting, diarrhea and disorders of the central nervous system.

A few other Christmas-related products are considered poisonous.

Bubbling Christmas tree lights contain methylene chloride, which if swallowed could cause slight poisoning. It has happened. Use only tree decorations approved and bearing

the Underwriters' Laboratories (UL) label.

Fire salts produce beautiful colored flames, but they contain certain chemicals — including arsenic and various toxic salts — that can cause vomiting if eaten.

Tree balls are made of glass and plastic, and in addition to causing cuts, could clog the windpipe of a child.

The gas propellant in artificial snow is toxic if inhaled but leaves no residue when dried.

Smoke pellets for toy trains could make Junior sick if eaten. And, cleaning fluid used with toy trains needs proper ventilation.

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa Claus,
I am 1 1/2 years old. I have been a good little girl, since this was my first year to try. I'll do better next year. Please bring me a baby doll, and a Mustang Horse that walks. Don't forget the other boys and girls.
Love, Lynn Rogers.

have been pretty good this year. Bring my mommie and daddy something.

I saw you on television.

Shannon

Dear Santa,

Please send me a Hot Wheels set, a bee bee gun, a stick shift for my bicycle, western shirts, levis, chaps, vest, cowboy hat, and a horse. I have been a pretty good boy most of the year.
I love you, Santa.
Love, Dean Howard

HAPPY HOLIDAY



A "Fit-ting" Wish to all our Friends

We hope that this Christmas Season finds all of our friends well and happy. SUNNY'S would also like to thank all of our customers for your patronage in 1969. May 1970 be your best year yet!

Sunny & Joe Deavenport

SUNNY'S MISTER SHOP

319 N. Main

364-0204

Mistletoe Is Said To Give Protection, Love

In Europe it is quite common for men to kiss each other on the cheek as a sign of salute, or as part of a special ceremony.

Back in the days of the Roman legionnaires it was the custom, also. Sometimes it was linked with the plant mistletoe, which had always been regarded with great respect by the ancients.

A soldier in the Roman legion gave mistletoe some reverence. If he met an enemy under a tree upon which mistletoe was growing, both men would drop their weapons, kiss each other and call a truce. Mistletoe was honored as a symbol of hope and peace.

By the time this kissing custom worked its way down through the ages, habits changed. For in early English history it was noted that young lovers must pick a berry each time a kiss was stolen from a maid. When the berries were gone, so were the kisses.
The ancient druids regard e d

the mistletoe as a plant of mystery and gave it sacred respect. It was believed to have the powers of fertility, but also of national disaster if it was ever to touch the earth. So the mistletoe was always hung high. Many tied boughs of it above the doors of their barns and houses to ward off evil spirits.

At our modern houses at Christmastime we find this custom still with us, more from habit than from any apprehension, probably.

Season's Best to All



Hope your holiday basket is filled with joy!
BRAXTON'S 7 to 11 FOOD STORE

610 S. 25 Mile Ave.

364-0417



A joyous Noel to each and everyone of you!

From all of us to all of you

We thank you for your patronage in 1969 and look forward to serving you in the coming year!

BOMAR'S GULF SERVICE

8305 25 Mile Ave.

364-4060

COME 'N' GET IT!



It's our special recipe of good cheer, good health and good days, zestfully combined. The result... our finest Merry Christmas to one and all. Thank you for your loyalty in the past. Drop in anytime... we'll always give you our very best!

HEREFORD BAKERY

John, Frank, Otis, Velma, Elsie, Bernice

Boyd and Ruth

Debs and Mildred



Wishing you a Merry Christmas

C. E. Coleman and employees at The Ink Spot

We join jolly old St. Nick in wishing everyone, everywhere, happiness and good cheer, now and always.

The INK SPOT, INC.

Printing & Office Supply

144 West 4th... Hereford... Call 364-0430





MERRY CHRISTMAS

And A Happy, Prosperous New Year



to you and yours
from all the
staff
at

The Brand

Dennis Hickman

Atha McIver

Delight Williams

Janie Reinart

Anna Solomon

Linda Collins

Barbara Dryden

Charlene Brownlow

Debbie Dances

Daisy Brownlow

Jerry Odom

J. R. Oglesby and
the Carrier Boys

Lynn Brisendine

Jay Spain

Janey Whitaker

Sandy Carthel

Noe Orta

David Collins

Bob Nelson

Melba Hickman

David Arellano

Marshall Day

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Young

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Gillentine

The Brand Publishing Company

Merry Christmas Hottie

The shopping center was jammed with people. Parents were there with children. Men hustled from store to store, obviously reluctant to approach the counters where feminine items were sold but fully aware of the fact they had to buy something for their female friends and relatives. Children shopped alone, looking for presents for parents and friends.

Outside the stores the weather was cold. Folks dashed madly to and fro, all bundled up in expensive-looking coats, gloves and warm hats. A group of youngsters was singing carols. Some paused to listen; others hurried on for they knew time was short. Some stopped to look in windows, seeking ideas for presents.

The spirit of Christmas was everywhere for Christmas is a time for comradeship, love and merriment. It's a time for family togetherness.

But there he stood on the sidewalk by a window all decorated with the holiday spirit. He was alone.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa,
I am hoping that this Xmas will be a white one. This Xmas I would like to have a Sweet Shoppe Set and a chalkboard. Thank you!
Terri Selver

Dear Santa Claus,
I want a Pogo Pony, a doll and doll house, and a see & say. I have been a good girl. Thank you.
Love,
Amy Jo Noland

Dear Sant Claus,
My name is Aaron Duke Powell. I have been a pretty good boy this year. Will you please bring me a Johnny West set and horse, a walkie talkie set, and a Dallas cowboy football suit.
My sister, Gay has been a pretty good girl also. Please bring her a Christy doll, a sewing machine, and a real guitar.
My sister Carrie who is two and a half years old has been a good girl also. Please bring her a baby doll, a baby buggy, and table and chairs.
We will have cookies and milk waiting for you at 609 Stanton, Hereford Texas.
Love,
Aaron, Gay Carrie Powell
P. S. Our mother is writing this for me because I am too young to write.

Dear Santa,
I am a four year old boy and have five sisters and brothers, and we have been real good so maybe you will get us one present each I sure hope so. I am Tony and I want a talking book My 9 year old sister Martha wants a talking Julia doll. My 11 year old brother Roy wants a boy scout ring and so does my 12 year old brother Wallace My 15 year old brother want a 22 rifle and my 17 year old sister want a birthstone ring.
My sister is writing for me Thank you for listening and having my presents.
Tony

Dear Santa Claus,
I will be 5 years old this Christmas. I've tried to be a good boy this month. Please bring me a Hot Wheels race track, a cash register, a cotton stripper with a trailer on it, a trash truck, and a universal for the tractor you brought me last year. Don't forget Gayle, and Shannon, and my baby sister.
Love, Lee Rogers

Dear Santa Claus,
I am six years old, and I am in the first grade. I have tried to be a good boy all year.
Please bring me a Sting-Ray bicycle. Also some candy and fruit.
Thank you for the things you brought me last year.
Please remember all the other girls and boys.
I love you very much,
Greg Robinson and Staci Robinson

Dear Santa,
I am 4 years old and I have been a good boy.
Please bring me a toy shaver, a truck that carries cars on the top and bottom, a pickup, blocks, merry-go-round, a r m y men, and animal twister.
Please bring all the other little boys and girls some toys and candy.
Thank you,
Ronnie Killough

He stared at the people, and he shuffled from one foot to the other. Unlike the others, he was not bundled up in warm clothes. There was no jacket. Just an old khaki field jacket that had seen better days even in an Army surplus store. He had on a pair of denim jeans worn so much they were faded almost white. No hat was on his head. Only long hair, stretching down to his shoulder.

His face was covered with beard. He was a hippie. Apparel far from home at Christmas and all alone. Perhaps with no money; maybe no friends. As he stood there, one wondered what his thoughts were. Thinking, no doubt, of how lonely he was and thinking, too, of home, and a happier Christmas in days gone by. Thinking of his family and wondering if they were thinking of him.

What would he do on Christmas Day? One speculated that he would allow up somewhere in dirt and filth, hungry, and dejected and maybe hit the pot to forget it all. One wondered, too, as he stood there, cold, penniless, ill-clad and dirty, if the kids who are not hippies but have some notions of being one, could have read his thoughts that night, if they wouldn't consider. It can't be much of a Christmas for him, and silently, a passerby said, as he went his way: "Merry Christmas, Hippie."

WANT BOOBY PRIZE
SHUTFORD, England — This Oxfordshire community has entered the annual competition to choose Britain's prettiest village, but the 250 inhabitants do not want to win. They hope their crumbling community will get a special award for being an eye sore. Residents complain county municipal authorities have let empty cottages decay, weeds sprout on sidewalks and fences fall down.

SECOND FAMILY
BURNABY, B. C. — Mr. and Mrs. William Brown of this Vancouver suburb found it wasn't enough to raise their own family so now they have another. The six girls, aged 12 to 16, living in the Brown home are all truants placed by the Elizabeth Fry Society. Mrs. Brown says she treats them all like she did her own daughters and they are attending school regularly.

FIREPROOF
OWENSBOROR, Ky. — After he checked into his hotel, Thomas Galey asked the clerk "is this building fireproof?" "No sir," came the reply, "but it's made of mighty, slow-burning wood."

FREE MEDICATION COSTS.
CANBERRA — "Free" medicine cost the Australian Government \$9.82 Australian (\$11.1 US) a head in the year ended June 30, according to a report presented to Parliament.

Many antibiotics and other lifesaving drugs are on the "free" list. They are available only on a doctor's prescription and at a nominal charge of 50 cents (65 cents US) for each prescription filled.

DIFFERENT TASTE
MONTREAL — In two major thefts in one night here recently thieves went from one extreme to the other taking 20 tons of steel and a ton of salmon. Police reported that the steel, valued at \$14,000, was stolen while it was loaded on an express company truck. The \$1,500 worth of salmon was taken by burglars who broke into the premises of a city meat company.

Merry Christmas

**THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WE LIKE TO
PAUSE... and... PERSONALLY THANK
OUR PATRONS, FRIENDS and the PEOPLE
OF THE AREA FOR THE WONDERFUL EX-
PERIENCES WE HAVE HAD WITH EACH
AND EVERY ONE OF YOU, THIS YEAR OF
1969!**

**Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year!**

**SERVING DEAF SMITH, CASTRO, PARMER and OLDHAM
COUNTIES**

Deaf Smith County R.E.C.

Birth Of Mormon Prophet Related With Christmas

Two days before Christmas, 153 years ago, the founding prophet of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was born at Sharon, Vermont. Joseph Smith Jr., revered as a prophet of God by the nearly three million members of the church, is especially remembered at this time of year.

Joseph Smith spent the first ten years of his life in Vermont before his family moved to up-state New York. At that time the Smith family consisted of Joseph Smith Sr., Lucy Mack Smith, Joseph Smith Jr., his brothers Hyrum and Samuel Harrison and his sister Sophronia.

In 1830 at age 25, through "Divine direction," Joseph Smith organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The church grew rapidly in the east, but because of persecution the Latter-day Saints were forced to move westward. The belief most highly criticized by people of the day, was Joseph Smith's declaration that God guides and directs the affairs of His church through revelation. He claimed that the

heavens weren't sealed and the "God reveals his word to prophets in our time just as he did anciently."

Having been driven from Ohio the Latter-day Saints began building a city in the swamp-infested area of southern Illinois. Under Smith's direction they converted the desolate land into one of the most beautiful cities in the United States. Nauvoo, which means "the beautiful," was at one time the largest city in the state of Illinois.

At this time persecution was not only mounting against the Church and members, but even more so towards the prophet himself. In Carthage Illinois, June 27, 1844, Joseph and his brother Hyrum were brutally murdered by an armed mob.

Today, at the Smith home- stead near South Royalton, Vermont, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has established a memorial. A granite monument was erected in 1905 on the 100th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Smith. The polished shaft is 38 1/2 feet high, one foot for each year of Joseph Smith's life. The 300 acre

memorial includes landscaped grounds with two visitor center buildings containing colorful displays depicting the life of Joseph Smith and the history of the church.

Thomas Nas, 19th Century cartoonist, created the portrait of Santa Claus which has become the accepted image of the "jolly old elf."

The crèche, or nativity scene, was introduced to France by St. Francis of Assisi in the early 1300s, according to legend.

Martin Luther is credited with the custom of lighting the Christmas Tree.

Psychedelic pinks, yellows and oranges and geometric designs in black and yellow will rival the traditional Christmas colors in gift wrappings again this year, according to Norcross.

Still in abundance, however, will be the old favorites of polished foils, tinsel-frosted wraps and velvet flocked patterns in red, green, blue, silver and gold.

Christmas Has Taken Its Toll

A businessman came seeking the counsel of an old man of many years. "I fear for the future," said the younger man. "Evil is everywhere. One need only pick up a newspaper or listen to the news and it's plain that the world is ridden with strife and men of evil are taking over. What can we do against all the bad men in the world?"

The old man smiled. "Are you one of the evil men?" he asked.

"Certainly not," replied the businessman. "Good," said the old man, "then we have a start against all the evil men you fear. And what of your neighbors, business associates and friends? Are they all bad?"

"Well, no. They are good, hardworking citizens," was the reply.

"Excellent," said the old one. "Then there is a group of good people left in the world. We can take hope. Now, in your community, who builds the buildings, drives the trucks, does the laundry, bakes the bread, teaches the children, grows the crops, and tends the stores? These must be the evil men of whom you speak."

"No, these are not the evil ones. They are mostly good people who turn out a fair day's work."

"I think you get the point," said the aged one. "Other communities and cities are very much like yours. They were built and are run

by good people. About ninety-five percent of the citizens of this country are good people. The fact that evil is news is proof that it is unusual and is the exception. Millions of people live right, and millions of college students are good serious students. For this reason it is news when people do wrong and when hippies dress and act unusual. It is the bottom five percent that do the evil things reported in the news.

"People today are more kind, more helpful, more concerned about their fellow man than ever in history. More voluntary charities exist than ever before."

"People are basically good. They are this way partly because a baby was born in a manger a long time ago. His life and His teachings have helped change men's lives away from evil. The Christmas spirit He started is not dead. It lives in the hearts of men."

"This very minute, thousands of our good young men are sacrificing and putting their all into a fight against evil for another people in another land. They are striving to bring about the things angels sang about nearly two thousand years ago — Peace on earth, good will toward men."

"Yes, my friend, people are good. Christmas has taken its toll. Take heart in the knowledge that men will continue to be better because there is a Christmas."



Fried Chicken Favorite
Always welcome on your dinner table, fried chicken is a favorite with the young and old alike. This recipe is especially good because of the tempting creamy gravy. Corn starch in the recipe insures a smooth gravy.

Fried Chicken With Gravy
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
1/2 to 1 teaspoon rosemary
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 broiler-fryer, cut up
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup corn oil
1 tablespoon corn starch
1 1/2 cups milk

Mix bread crumbs, rosemary, salt and pepper. Dip chicken pieces in egg. Coat with crumb mixture. Heat corn oil in large, heavy skillet over medium heat 3 minutes or in electric skillet to 375° F. Add chicken and brown on all sides. Reduce heat to low or 250° F. in electric skillet. Cook 30 minutes or until chicken is fork tender. Remove and drain on absorbent paper. Keep warm.
Pour drippings from skillet into cup. Measure 2 tablespoons of drippings back into skillet. Mix in corn starch. Place over low heat or 200° in electric skillet. Gradually stir in milk. Stir constantly, bring to boil and boil 1 minute. Serve with chicken. Makes 4 servings.

A Small Boy's Christmas Plan

By Corinne Jowell Neely
The boy had no money to buy Christmas gifts. Few men had money to buy Christmas gifts. It was hard for anyone to earn an extra dollar. The boy was twelve years old and the year was 1887.

The lad had moved here in late summer of the year and his family was better off than most. They had sold their ranch in Palo Pinto County and brought their herds with them.

They belonged to the little ranchers who moved in before the farmer came and at the beginning of the big spreads break-up. Too, they were lucky being among the very first that chose homesteads along the Tierra Blanca.

The father of the boy named their place, The Lucky Hit Ranch. Its land lay along the little stream of blue, clear, spring-fed waters. The banks were knee deep in lush green grass in the summer.

But their money was needed for the necessities of life. How, thought the youth could he earn some of his own? Besides his fa-

family there was a girl his own age, who lived down the creek about four miles. He liked her, though he teased her saying that the first time he saw her, that she had taken one look at him and darted into the dug-out. Just like a prairie dog into his hole. Prairie dogs were plentiful in those days.

Thinking of the prairie dogs and remembering something he had heard the men speaking about, he got his inspiration. He borrowed his father's wagon and team and went out on the prairie to gather buffalo bones.

An eastern company was buying buffalo bones for fertilizer. These bones were the remains of the Great Buffalo Slaughter. All one day he searched and filled the wagon full of leg bones. His father went with him to Amarillo to take them and to do his shopping. There was no town — or Hereford proper until 1898.

The mail, food, clothing and supplies came from Amarillo, fifty miles away. This was a three day trip, one to go, one to stay

and one to come home.

Upon reaching the little Amarillo town, they found the buffalo bones stacked like cord wood for blocks and blocks along the Santa Fe tracks. They were placed there for each loading.

The youth with his father's help sold the load, received his money, then went to do his Christmas shopping.

Twelve years later the pretty little prairie girl married the boy. She never forgot the present from the city a gift from the plains and the boy who had the ambition to earn it.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa Claus,

I want a football suit, white pants and red shirt and no helmet I want number 17. NFL electric football and cleats Nobel Knight and horse. Dallas cowboy sweatshirt. I hope I have been good this year.
Very sincerely
Barry Morgan

Dear Santa Claus,

I want a TV telephone and a giraffe game and Shoopty says and a Goldilocks doll and a Slinky and Sparky paint.
Very sincerely
Jana Morgan



All the best wishes to our good friends.
Boyd Machine & Supply
1306 Park 364-1055

A world of GOOD WISHES

Merry Christmas

Thanks, customers, for your loyal trust and support.
From All of Us
FARR BETTER FEEDS
Progressive Road Hereford, Texas

for you and yours ...

May Christmas Ring with Joy!

from all of us at Sears ...

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Marn Tyler Bea Sciumbato
Wanda Whitten Virginia Hammett Pricilla Sanchez
Norman Carlson Elva Brandon
Mary French Mike Patterson

Sears
Roebuck And Co.

SEASON'S JOYS

May all the good things of the season come your way!

From Doodle and Wilma at
TAYLOR'S GE APPLIANCE
Downtown Hereford CENTER

Season's Blessings

may Christmas joys abide with you always!

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S. Hwy 385 364-1551

Christmas Cheer

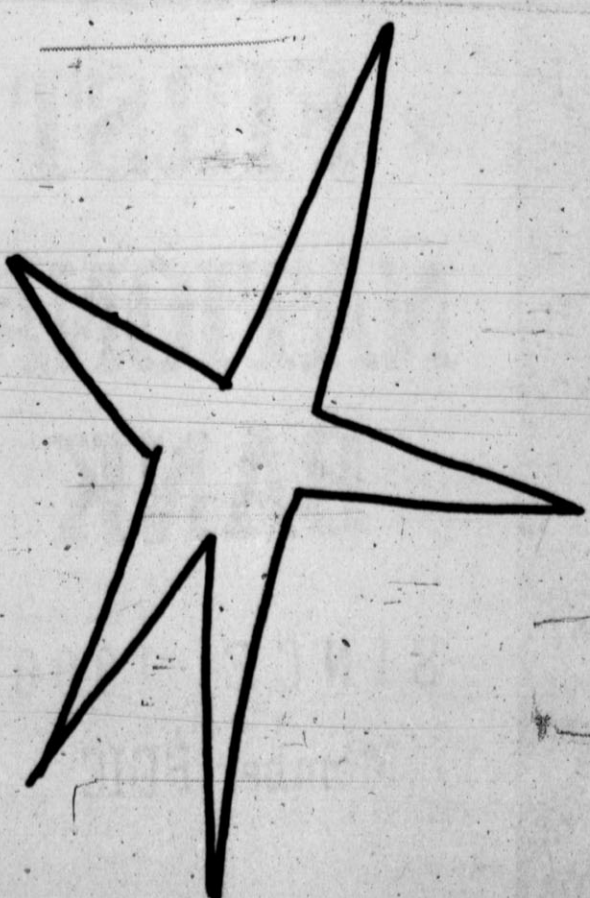
TO ONE and ALL



This is the time of the year we wish our customers and friends the very best of the Holiday Season Health and Happiness for the coming year!

We Will Close at 2 p.m. Christmas Eve and remain closed December 25 and 26
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

G. D., Jeanie, Sandy,
Deeanne, Roddy

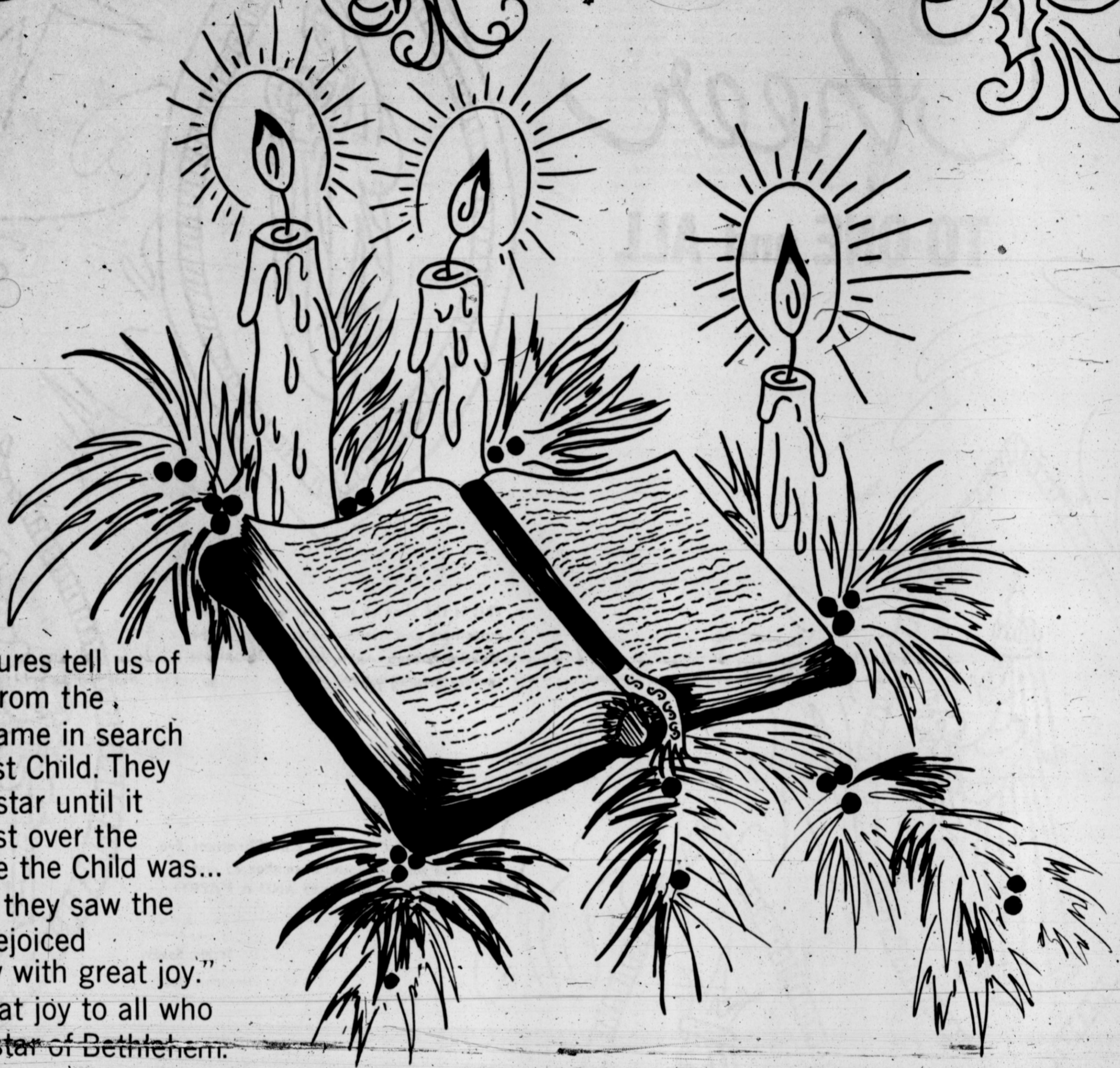


and ... *Jeanie's La Boutique*

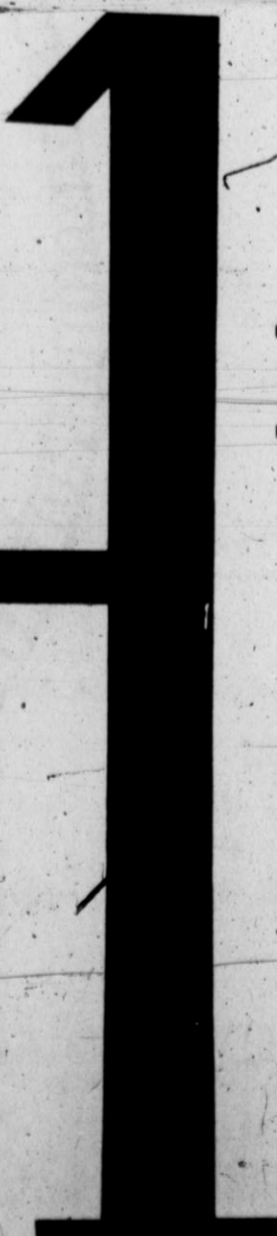
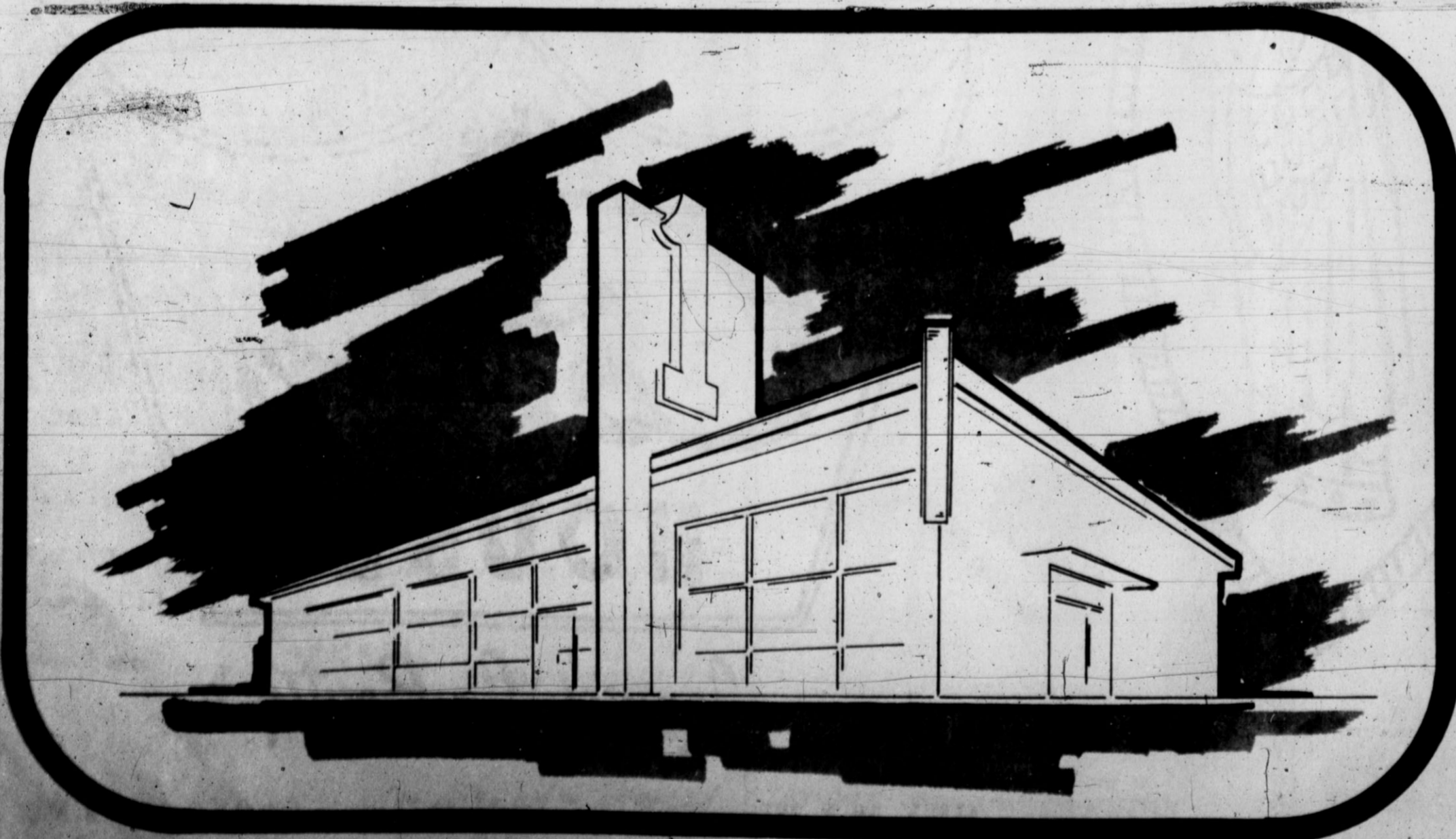
HWY. 60 & 385

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Season's Greetings



Holy Scriptures tell us of wise men from the East who came in search of the Christ Child. They followed a star until it came to rest over the place where the Child was... and "when they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy." We wish that joy to all who follow the star of Bethlehem.



**THE
FIRST
NATIONAL
BANK**

SINCE 1900
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Hereford, Texas



Season's Greetings

"AND THE WORD BECAME FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US." John 1:14

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Leo R. Berend
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Faye Brownlow
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Club

We who participated in "Project Christmas Card" take this means of extending our greetings to each and everyone in this area. The amount we usually spend in this way has been contributed toward a more lasting tribute in our community and we feel it is in keeping with the true meaning of Christmas.

Junior High Students Provide Xmas Stories

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Linda Keyes
This is a story about a ghost named Hugo. He was another Scrooge and he hated Christmas! Hugo lived in an old house just outside of town. It was ten days till Christmas, and he was trying to figure out some way to ruin everyone's Christmas.

Then it happened. The next thing he knew his house was being taken over by mortals. Hugo hated this idea very much and soon he knew, they would prepare for Christmas, and this even made him madder!

Sure enough, he was right; they began to prepare for Christmas. They had a tree all decorated with strings of popcorn and cranberries. The house was full of excitement and laughter as Christmas drew nearer. Hugo hated all the noise so he planned a scheme so clever that soon they wouldn't find anything to be happy about. Or so he thought! On the night before Christmas, he disposed of everything; the trimmings, the presents, and the biggest thing of all, the tree. This he felt, was the key to Christmas. So when they awoke on Christmas day, there would be nothing of Christmas left!

BILLY FROG AND THE CHRISTMAS STAR

By Pete Serna
Billy Frog was a lonely boy on Christmas Eve. Billy Frog lived in a little house in the mountains. Every year Billy Frog went to town on Christmas Eve. All the boys and girls laughed at him when he went there. Billy Frog stopped and

cried. He had nobody to play with him and no one liked him. All the people in town were going to put a Christmas tree in town. They all danced around the Christmas tree, but Billy Frog didn't go. He looked down on the people dancing around the tree. All that Christmas tree needed was a star. So Billy Frog ran to his house and found a big star in the basement. Billy Frog ran back to the town and the people was that he had a star. Billy said he was going to put his star on top of the Christmas tree. Then the people started to love Billy Frog, and he started dancing around the tree with the people. When the people started to go home, they shouted to Billy, "Merry Christmas Billy Frog." And Billy Frog answered back, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night."

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Vickie Kelley
A few days before Christmas, I was born. Santa Claus' elves put me together and painted me a very sad face. I do not know why I had a sad face, but I wished they would have given me a happy face. After I was finished, they put me in a box and wrapped me with very pretty paper so Santa Claus could deliver me to a little girl.

Soon it was Christmas Eve, and the elves carried all the toys to the sleigh. It was very cold that night, but I think all of us toys survived. All of a sudden, Santa Claus picked me up and down the chimney we went. That night I slept on the hard floor under a big Christmas tree.

Morning finally came and I found myself being unwrapped. I looked right into two blue eyes. I will always remember the expression on that little girl's face Christmas morning. She had an expression that made me feel that I would be loved the rest of my life.

HOW SANTA CLAUS FOUND HIMSELF A WIFE

By Rebecca Ortiz
A long, long time ago down at the North Pole, Santa was very sad because he couldn't mend his suit. He had to have it to go in his sleigh to deliver toys to the children on Christmas

Eye, which was only two days away. So he really had to start using his head. He thought and thought, and finally came out with the splendid idea that he should find himself a wife. He rushed to his sleigh and took off wandering all over the North Pole. He knew that he wouldn't stop in houses that had Christmas trees because that meant that there were children and children had parents. Finally he came to a house which had no Christmas tree so he stopped and went in down the chimney. When he landed he saw a woman about his age, weeping. He asked her why she was weeping and she replied that she had no children and therefore, never enjoyed Christmas. Santa told her to stop weeping and asked her if she would be his wife. She replied that she would. Then Santa told her they would go every Christmas to deliver toys to the children. She got more excited, and she said they could be married that same night. Santa Claus said yes, and they were married and lived happily ever after.

CHRISTMAS-ON-THE-MOON

By Joe Friddy

Twas the night before Christmas when there on the moon Not a creature was stirring, because there was none. The stockings were hung in the Apollo with care. In hopes that St. Nicholas would find his way there. The astronauts were nestled all snug in their suits. While visions of moon beams danced in their heads. And Collins in his suit and Armstrong in his cap Had just settled down for a few hours nap.

When out of my window there came such a clatter, I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash. Tore open the hatch and up went the dust. The earth on the breast of the new-fallen dust Gave a luster of midday to earth below.

When, what to my wonder! my eyes should appear, But a miniature spaceship and eight tiny dwarfs. With a little old driver so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick. More rapid than rockets his couriers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name: "Now Dahser! Now Dancer!

Now Prancer and Vixen! On Comet! On Cupid! On Donner and Blitzen To the top of the Spaceship on to the hatch!

Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, When they meet with a spaceship mounted on the moon, So up to the hatch the couriers they flew.

With a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the hatch The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head and was turning around, Down the hatch Saint Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with moon dust. A bundle of toys he had flung on his back. And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes - how they twinkled! His dimples - how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry. His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow.

And the beard on his chin was as white as the dust. The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a round little belly That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf. And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the hatch he arose.

He sprang to his spaceship, to his team gave a whistle. And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!"

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

By Debbie Smith

The war was silent as the old man sat by himself in the night. He was an old man of eighty,

with a weathered face, grey hair, and worn old bones that had seen their better days. He looked down at his hands, all weathered and worn from his life as a fisherman and thought of how good life had been to him once. Then those high officials came and took his boat and license away. Now he realized how needless he really was.

Yes, he had a son and a daughter, but they didn't really want him. In fact they had even talked about putting him in a rest home. He certainly didn't want to live there, so the only place to go was to his little shack where he lived now. As he looked at his situation he couldn't even see any point in going on. He might as well go lay down and die.

As he saw the time, he gathered his things up to trudge slowly home through the cold snow. He distantly heard some children caroling. It was then and only then that he realized it was Christmas, and time to celebrate the Saviour's birthday. He had always been a religious man, but in his old age he was very forgetful. He remembered though, how his family always used to sit around the tree and laugh and sing. That was all changed now. Nobody wanted an old man around when it was time for fun. Nobody even knew he was alive.

As he was making his way home, he passed the small church in his neighborhood. Since he had nowhere else to go he went in and prayed in thanks, as he always did on Christmas. After a while he got up to leave (though he didn't see any point in going home). He only had a few more blocks to go, as he neared his house he could hear the carolers singing their merry songs very clearly. Oh, how he longed to have a real Christmas again!

While walking up the front walk in dismay he heard a whimper out to the side of the house. He cautiously peered around the corner, and to his surprise saw a little boy, of about four, crouching in the corner trying to keep warm. He bundled up the child, brought him in the house and warmed him in front of the fire.

It all turned out that the little boy was from the orphanage and wanted to have a real Christmas with somebody, but just got lost trying.

As the old man fed the little boy and told him stories he realized that there were other people in the world who had no one, he had had in his life he figured

me. She asked me to come to the kitchen. I ran because my feet were cold. I entered and stood in amazement for there, on the table, was a gorgeous little Christmas tree! It was decorated with strings of popcorn and other ornaments. But what caught my eye was there on the tree - a fleecy pair of pink bunny slippers! They couldn't fit any feet but mine. Slipping them on, I felt the warmth creep from my feet through my whole body. My heart was full. The simple gift that warms the heart must be the best gift of all and the true meaning of Christmas.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Duane Williamson

It was the night before Christmas, and all through our house many creatures were stirring, and noisier than a mouse. There was a man dressed up as Santa Claus and he was moving a round like a wildman. He was trying to put together my sister's tricycle for the third time, unsuccessfully. Then my mother came in and Santa kissed her. That made me kind of mad because what business does Santa have kissing my mother? So I got my B-B gun and pumped it up a couple of times and shot the old fat bird. Boy, you should have heard him holler. He jumped about as high as our Christmas tree and ran out the door and out of the yard. And I heard him say as he spun out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all, this is a rough night!"

THE STAR

By Nancy Brink

"At least last Christmas we had a tree," thought Tracy forlornly. "All they do here is read the Christmas story and sing

THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS

By LHM Lyons

I came from a large family of ten people. It had its disadvantages - being such a large family. One was that we never had gifts or much of a Christmas, at all. Maybe we would set a sumptuous table and read the Christmas story from the Bible around the fire, for our house was small and cold. But this year, we were a bit more fortunate. Dad had found a better job with more pay. We were able to afford one gift to each person. Since I was the youngest and only girl in the family they kept it a secret from me. It was a surprise, especially for me!

It was terribly cold that night. The wind was blowing the snow around the house. My feet were the coldest part of my body. I said goodnight and Merry Christmas to my brothers and parents and crept to my bed in the attic.

I was awakened suddenly by my mother who was shaking

carols. There isn't a package or colored light in the house."

Tracy was an orphan and like many orphans she moved from family to family staying as long as they'd have her. Each Christmas was celebrated in a different home and in a different manner. But all were alike in two ways: there was always a tree and under it, presents. That is until this year.

Not an inch of silver tinsel or a branch of holly. Yet, somehow the whole family was cheerful.

It was near the end of Christmas Eve. Mr. Landon called the whole family together. They sat in the living room and sang "Silent Night". Then Mrs. Landon pulled out a worn Bible and turned to Matthew. The words of the Christmas story began. "In the days of Caesar Augustus

See STUDENTS, Page 8

See STUDENTS, Page 8



Season's Greetings

Best wishes to all our patrons... may your holidays be joyful... plentiful... and beautiful!

Teresa Diolanda
Debbie Molook
Sue, Manager

Carousel Beauty Salon
321 W. 3rd 364-4071



May the Star of Bethlehem lead you to the holy Babe.

Spudnut Shop
1003 Park 364-0570



Happy Holidays

...and happy, easy, safe motoring!

POWELL'S MOBIL
323 N. 25 Mile Ave. 364-1844



howdy, neighbor!
may old-fashioned joys be yours!

NEW HOLLAND HEREFORD
Hwy. 385 South 364-4001



HAPPY HOLIDAY

Sincere good wishes to you, our good friends and customers, this very joyous season.

THE Vogue
BESS MOORE, owner

Students...

(Continued from Page 2)

Tracy shivered. Her mind wandered.

Suddenly she couldn't take it anymore. Without waiting to put on her coat she ran out of the house. As she slammed the door she heard the words "The star in the East." She ran out into the cold night.

The Star. But where is it now? Unconsciously she glanced up in the sky. Tracy blinked. There, blinding out all the rest, was a brilliant star. Suddenly she knew. Christmas is the celebration of a miracle. A celebration that calls all to remember a child that brought perfect love to his fellow man.

Tracy took one last look at the sky and tiptoed into the dark house. Everyone was asleep. She quietly went to bed.

The next day when she awoke, Tracy's heart was singing. This was Christmas day and she was happy.

Suddenly she remembered the star. She jumped out of bed and headed for the front door. Had she imagined it? Would it still be there? As she caught hold of the door handle she stopped and turned. Somehow it no longer mattered. Whether it was truly there or not, an ancient star had given Tracy Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR TOMMY

By Simona Mendoza

"No tree for me," thought Tommy, as he looked out the window of his father's car at the decorated Main Street of the city. It would be just like last Christmas, and the one before that, and all the others. He stared at the beautiful angel that stood at the top of the tree. It had its arms stretched out as if to call him. He noticed that his father beside him had also been looking. And as he looked, it seemed that his expression changed.

After a while they were out of traffic and heading for home. Shortly, his father drove the car to a small store. "Why are we stopping here, Dad?" he asked.

"We're going to buy a Christmas tree," said his father.

"But, Dad, you have never bought a tree for us before," exclaimed Tommy.

"Well, son," he said, "there comes a time in everyone's life when you just can't resist some things. Now, let's go buy that tree."

"Oh, Dad, I think this is the best Christmas I've ever had!" shouted Tommy. And, you know, it was the best Christmas his dad ever had!

AMY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

By Sharon Owens

My name is Cinderella. I am a doll that was especially made for a poor little girl who had never had a present for Christmas. This little girl's name is Amy Jones. She is small for her age, has blonde hair, and would be very cute if she could bathe and wear clean clothes. Her clothing is mostly rags.

Amy has nine brothers and she is the youngest in the family. Several of her older brothers had to quit school and get a job to help support the fam-

ily. Her sisters do all the cooking, washing, and housework because her mother is an invalid. Her parents are too poor to buy presents. Amy's father has been unable to find a job. They live in a small two-room shack way up in the mountains. Every year Santa has missed them. This year one of Santa's elves saw Amy and told him. He put her on the list with other children from around the world.

Amy has been very excited about Christmas. Her family told her she would not get anything but she would not listen to them. She told them to wait and see.

On Christmas morning, in the front room she found me. Santa had remembered! She was so happy that she cried. All her brothers and sisters were very glad that she had gotten something for Christmas. I think she will take good care of me all of her life. I am very happy to be AMY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS

By Jake Northcutt

I'm glad that Christmas is just one day.

For I'm too old for the games they play.

I'm glad Christmas comes but once a year.

But when it's over, I shed a tear.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

By Jamie McAndrews

It was a dark and stormy night as a man walked through a dark alley.

As the sun shone, the man went out for a brisk morning swim.

"Whoohoo!" the whistle cried out when the clock struck five.

All three stories are related somehow, only I haven't quite figured that out, as yet. Let's see, you know it's very hard to write a dramatic Christmas story. Everything else has been pretty good I guess, peace and love and how Christ was born, but I just wanted to be different. Well, if the old standard is good enough for everybody else, it is good enough for me.

And so it came to pass in Bethlehem.

MY BROTHER TOMMY

By Grace Vargas

We were (or I was) so happy that my brother was going to be a soldier, but all Mother did was cry when Tommy was leaving and Daddy looked so sad as if he were going to cry, but he didn't.

Well, Tommy had been gone for a long time, but now we were going to see him. He was going to come for Christmas. Oh! You should have seen mother and daddy. We were all so happy because we were going to see Tommy.

I was playing in the yard when two soldiers came. I didn't look at their faces, but I knew it was Tommy with maybe a friend because Tommy would always bring a friend home. So I yelled to mother, "Mother, Mother, Tommy is coming, he's coming!" But when she came to the door and saw the two soldiers, she started to cry and told them to go away. I looked at them and saw that it wasn't Tommy. Then Daddy came. The two soldiers and Mother and Daddy were in the room talking, and they wouldn't let me in.

stood just outside the door and heard mother crying. I rushed in and went to them. The soldiers told us that Tommy wasn't going to come — ever.

That same night Mother had to go to the hospital, and all that night I kept praying that Mommy would be all right.

Then I started to think that Christmas as coming in a week and all I wanted was for us to be happy and for me to have my brother back. I decided that I would write a letter to Santa Claus and tell him what I wanted, and this is what the letter said:

"Dear Santa, This Christmas I would like something very special. I would like for my brother to come back and make my Mother and Father happy.

Thank you. Ann"

It was Christmas night when Daddy came home and told me that Mother would come home with a little boy. All that night I was so happy that I cried. In the morning Mother came, carrying a baby so small and cute. She told me that the baby's name was Tommy, and he was my brother. I noticed that my parents were very happy. Then Daddy brought in a lot of toys and told me that Santa had brought them for me. I told him that Santa must have made a mistake because my wishes had come true. I had my brother, Tommy home for Christmas.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By William Walker

Once there was an old man and next door to his house lived six boys. They lived by themselves. The old man was so mean that he got mad at anything the boys did. When it came time for the boys to go Christmas shopping, they came home at all times of the night. The next morning the old man told the boys to stop coming in at odd hours, and the boys explained they had been Christmas shopping. When the old man asked why they were shopping, they explained that it was a time to rejoice.

The old man asked, "Rejoice for what?"

The boys replied, "It's Christmas — when Jesus Christ was born."

The old man slowly smiled, and when Christmas came, there was a present for each boy from the old man.

I WAS A MISFIT CHRISTMAS TOY

By Nelda Valdez

There I sat, on the third row of the toy section in the department store. But, for some reason or other, no one would buy me, even though I could see nothing wrong with myself. You see, I am a rag doll, not in the like these modern dolls.

As the hours slowly crept by, the people would pick me up, poke and pinch me, and then place me back on the shelf and walk off. Some people even tried finding a string to make me talk.

Since there was none, I was put back on the shelf. My hopes for becoming some child's Christmas toy were pretty dim now.

Just before the store closed, however, a little girl came in clutching a handful of pennies. I could see she was a rather poor child. She walked over to where I sat, picked me up, and carried me to the counter where she held out her pennies. Unfortunately, she was short of money. She was about to put me back when the manager, seeing how unhappy she was, told her to take me home. At that moment the bright smile on my face was probably like a ray of sunshine. I realized that the little girl would never part with me and though I wouldn't live in a fancy house, the little girl's love and care would more than make up for it.

THE DOG WHO WANTED A FRIEND
By John Stey
One day Charlie, a baby puppy, said that he would like a boy or girl for Christmas. He told his mother, and she went out to look for a boy or girl, but when she came home, she looked disappointed. "What's wrong?" asked Charlie.

His mother said, "Charlie, I couldn't find a friend for you. People are hard to come by these days."

So Charlie went out to look for a friend for Christmas. He asked other dogs if they would give away their owner, but he was usually answered by a snarl.

THE BEST SHE COULD DO

By Deanne Allen

One cold winter the Johnson family was having a very hard time. Their house was small with a brick fireplace and a few chairs that Mr. Johnson had carved out of the leftover wood at the lumber yard.

The children knew not to expect anything for Christmas. Mrs. Johnson had told the children that they must be thankful for what they had and for their good health. The children knew this was true. They were happy knowing God was in their hearts all times.

Mr. Johnson worked at a lumber yard and got very little pay. Mr. Rogers was the foreman there and he had no children. He bought the biggest green tree he could find for the Johnson family, for he was a kind man. The children made a card to send to him, thanking him for the wonderful gift.

After the children were asleep

Mother Johnson sat by the fire for a long time as she was very tired. Later she polished the children's shoes with the coals from the ashes and in each placed a piece of hard candy which she had saved and hidden away. She set the shoes under the tree and went off to bed. Next morning the children's eyes sparkled when they put on their shoes and smiled at their mother, knowing that they had the best gift of all — their parents' love.

IT'S BETTER TO GIVE

By Odella Games

Once there was this lonely small town. The people there were all snuggled tight inside their little houses as the snow had spread a white blanket across the earth. In one of the houses lived a little old lady with her little white kitten. She loved Christmas time because it meant a lot of colorful decorations and gifts. But there was one thing she forgot and that was the Christ child who was born to save us all.

She expected to receive many gifts and did not think of those who would receive none. Then she heard children singing outside her door. They were singing of what Christmas really means and when she realized she had been very foolish, she was ashamed. "Oh, dear," she thought, "what can I do? I know! I'll bake a cake and some goodies and take them across the street to those needy children."

The little old lady rushed to the store, bought toys, and wrapped them beautifully in boxes. As she entered the house across the street, she felt a wonderful feeling within. What a wonderful Christmas! The children gathered round her and said a special prayer to our Heavenly Father. It's always so much more fun to give than receive!

JESUS, JERRY AND BABY JUNE

By Ladonna Williams

The school had turned out at 2:30 for the Christmas holidays, and a small boy walked slowly out of the building. No one walked beside him, no one threw a ball of snow at him. He was all alone in a world of loneliness. Jerry Hawkins, who was ten,

pulled his ragged coat a little tighter around his thin body. He trudged on toward his home in the slums of East Harlem. There, only a cold, drab house awaited him and a household of screaming children. Only an

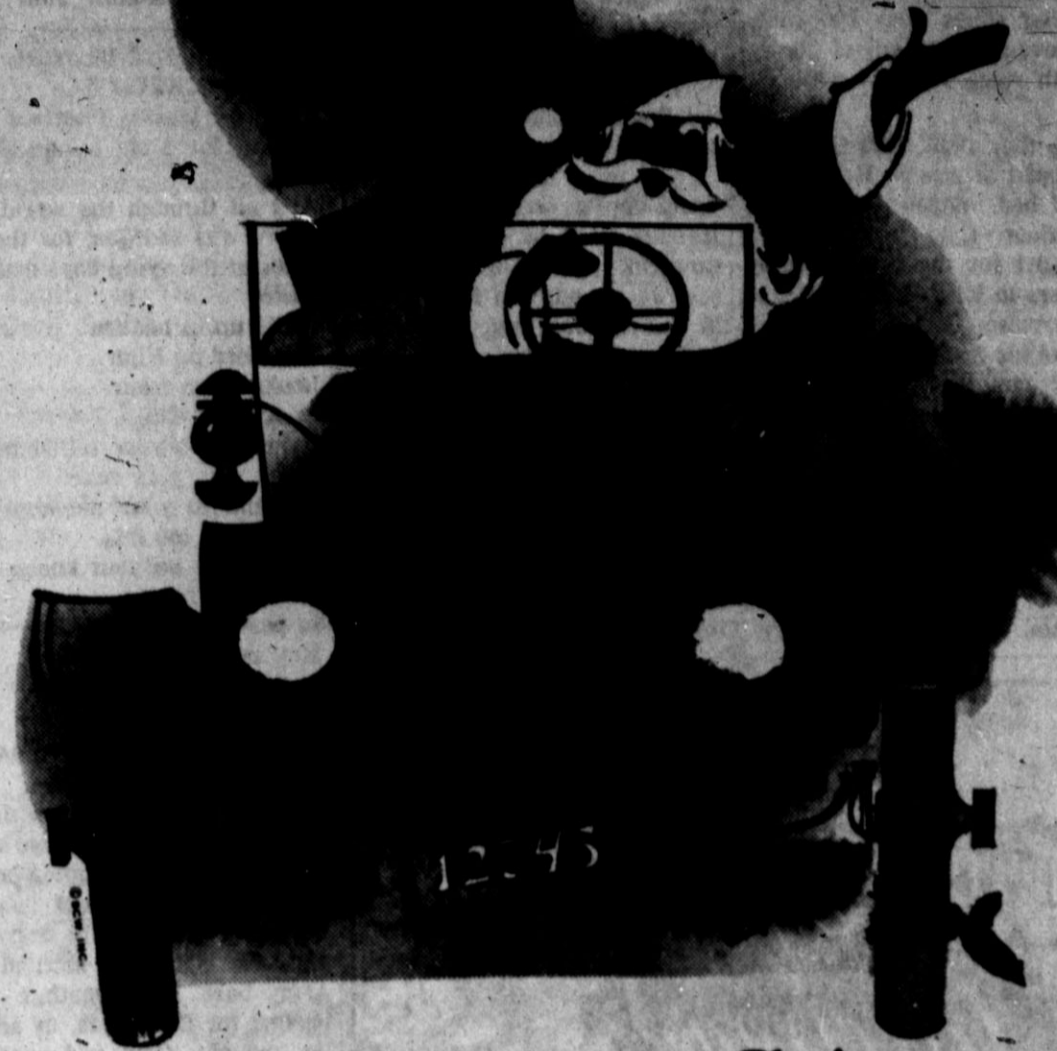
unhappy Christmas greeted this Negro boy.

When he got home, Jerry saw that his mother had gone somewhere, leaving him to stay with his four brothers and baby sister, Baby June, just five

weeks old, lay in her crib, blue with cold. He was so tired and Jerry loved to hold her soft hand in his own.

His mother walked in and Jerry saw her. He ran to her and she held him in her arms. See STUDENTS, Page 4

GREETINGS



Here's hoping your Christmas Day arrives just filled with all the happiness the season can bring.

JONES MOTORS

345 E. FIRST

PHONE 364-3150

Your authorized Chrysler - Plymouth & Dodge Truck Dealer in Hereford, Texas

Merry Christmas

From All Of Us At

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T

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Wishing you peace at Christmas.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Season's Greetings May Your Holidays be a DRIVING SUCCESS

Jones Texaco Service
W. Hwy. 60 & 385 364-0840

Students . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

ran to see her. She held sacks full of stuff in her arms.

"What do you have?" asked four-year-old Billy.

"None of your business," replied his mother.

As time flew by, Jerry noticed it was only four days until Christmas. June had been caught with a cold, and Jerry stayed by her side constantly. He would sing her songs that he knew, and loved poured out of his eyes with every passing breath she took.

Later that night, Jerry woke to the sound of sirens. He jumped out of bed, unconscious of the cold floor. Cold fear clutched his heart for there were many murders in East Harlem. But to his surprise, the car stopped in front of his house, and in a matter of minutes the ambulance was gone and Jerry went back to bed very confused.

In the morning, his mother and father returned, their faces haggard. It was then that Jerry noticed no June in the white crib. For June, his only little sister, had died in the night. Pr-

monia had caught her tiny body, and like a flash of lightning, taken her away.

Bitter hatred towards God filled Jerry's heart in the days before Christmas. He stayed shut up in the bedroom the whole family shared.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Hawkins walked in the room and told Jerry to sit down.

He explained to Jerry why God and Jesus had taken baby June away. He told Jerry that God had given up His son for us, so Jerry should realize that he was not the only one who had lost someone he loved.

"God gave us Jesus so He could die for us and forgive us. He also died to comfort us in times like these. But Jerry, God sees Jesus today in Heaven and in Heaven one day, Jerry, you will see baby June. So pray for your forgiveness and for your little sister." With this Jerry's father left.

Then Jerry knelt on the cold floor and folded his hands. He said, with tears flowing down his cheeks, "Dear Father, please forgive me for hating you for taking June away. I know you

like little Negro babies too, and please, dear Lord, keep little June warm up there in Heaven, because it's so cold down here on earth. I don't know how to pray proper, but please answer my prayers and thank you for Jesus, your son." Then he slowly got up.

Christmas Eve night, Jerry's mother put up the small Christmas tree they had managed to buy. She put all the decorations on it. Amidst the presents, which were few, lay a manger, and in Jerry's mind came pictures of little baby June.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Wanda Paetzold

'Twas the night before Christmas, And all through the world, There was sadness, for the cries of the dying boys could be heard.

While up in heaven The Lord on High Looks down from Above and Cries.

Away with your selfishness Away with your hate Be kind to your neighbor Before it's too late.

Get down on your knees Open your hearts So peace and good will May reign for ever and tonight.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

By Janna Balden

It was only eight days until Christmas, and only two days until Allen would be going home. He was thinking about this as he drove back to his barracks from his eight-hour shift at the Army base. The weather was perfect for Christmas, or so Allen thought. Cold and snowy!

Allen hummed a Christmas carol softly as he "slid" down the highway. He was happy, really happy; he would be going home soon, to be with his family for the holidays, and Carol, his fiancée, would be going with him. They planned to be married in the spring when Allen was out of the service.

Still humming, he looked around at the snow-covered trees and icy streets. He noticed a dog cold and hungry, digging in a pile of trash for a scrap of food. Allen stopped the car and gave the dog a candy bar he had bought on the way home, and then resumed driving.

Just as a chorus of "Joy to the world, the Lord has come . . ." came on the radio, Allen

What Is Christmas?

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS? Christmas is JOY.

It is the excitement of knowing that someone will be there;

The bliss of knowing that someone cares;

The mystery of prettily wrapped packages;

The smile of chocolate, the perfume of evergreen;

The music of a snowfall.

Christmas is the laughter of sleigh bells; the giggle of popcorn popping;

the roar of a silent night.

It is the memory of days never known, and the wishing for a naive future.

It is a time when we roast chestnuts without knowing what they are;

And a time for feeling warm when it's cold outside.

Christmas is a time to sing for those who can't carry a tune;

And a time to make speeches for those who are shy

It is a time to eat for those who have no food;

And a time to rest for those who have no bed.

It is a time when the lowliest become kings and queens.

When poor and pauper become prince and princess.

Christmas is a time when children grow up, and the old become young.

A time when teen-agers are understood, and parents are for real.

When all the Scrooge's crock their faces with a smile;

And all tears seem to evaporate in the frozen sky.

A time when the night before Christmas suddenly becomes a new year.

Christmas is a time for chimneys, and red suits, and reindeer, and surprises, and mistletoe, and visits.

A time when we all know about Santa Clause, because he comes to each of us in different ways.

Christmas is a time when we all become children — because we are Children of God.

It is a time when we think of gifts — because we are reminded that God's gift to man was himself.

It is a time when we each have our own little toy train and little toy drum.

And because the birth of Christ marks the time when God gave us: Hope and Joy;

Peace and Love

Christmas is the time to go to bed — and for each of us to dream about an exciting tomorrow.

notice a truck spinning on the road ahead. He tried to stop, but only slid . . . into what seemed a massive wall in the highway! . . .

Then there was silence, and for Allen there was peace.

Back home everyone was laughing and singing, and the phone was ringing — word was just reaching Allen's family — Allen would be home for Christmas early! Only he would not be on the bus with Carol, as they had planned, but on a plane, alone, in a box. Not laughing or singing or even humming, but silent.

His family was at the airport to pick him up, but not with smiling faces and open arms. But

with tear-drenched eyes and trembling hands folded in their laps.

Three days before Christmas Allen was buried. There was snow on the ground and many said that it was the coldest day of the year. It was so cold that even the bugle couldn't be played as they lowered the casket into the ground. Carol stood by Allen's parents, and as they shivered in the snow, warm tears rolled down their cheeks. Allen's father stood staring down at the snow, secretly curing it in his heart because it was the snow that killed Allen. The same

snow that Allen thought made Christmas merry.

As they drove home from the funeral, everyone's thoughts were on Allen, and somewhere not far off you could hear a choir singing: "Joy to the world, the Lord has come . . ."

As he came into the village, he saw a little girl sitting at the side of the street crying. He saw no one around and knew she must be lost. His first impulse was to pretend he didn't see her, yet in all the years he had lived on the mountain he had not grown completely cold. He walked over to the child, picked her up, and dried her tears. Then he asked her where she lived.

"I don't know," the little girl said, starting to cry again.

"Then we shall find out," replied Gascus.

For almost an hour they walked, trying to find a shop or store open, but they were all closed!

"Is today Christmas?" asked Gascus.

"Yes," sobbed the little girl. "Don't you know?"

A tear rolled down Gascus' cheek, and he replied, "Twenty-

six years ago today my boy . . .

"How old are you?"

"Four, I think," answered the child.

"That's how old my boy was when he was killed," and another tear rolled down his cheek.

The little girl said smiling, "Can I go home with you and be your little girl?"


Gascus laughed and said, "Do not you have a mother and father?"

The little girl said, "No, they are dead."

DOUBLE SETBACK

DENVER — Coming home after watching the Denver Broncos lose a close game to Oakland in the American Football League, Stan Jones, Bronco line coach, was in a minor automobile accident.

Blood from a cut splattered his coat. When he entered the house his wife at the sight of gore. "That was what I call a real football game," Jones said with a straight face.



TO OUR PATRONS
Greetings
for a very
happy holiday!

WE WISH YOU THE SEASON'S JOYS!
Montgomery Ward & Co.
Sugarland Mall

like little Negro babies too, and please, dear Lord, keep little June warm up there in Heaven, because it's so cold down here on earth. I don't know how to pray proper, but please answer my prayers and thank you for Jesus, your son." Then he slowly got up.

Christmas is a time for chimneys, and red suits, and reindeer, and surprises, and mistletoe, and visits.



a +
Blessed Christmas


from all of us
Helen's
Downtown Hereford
Infant's through Juniors



SEASON'S BEST TO YOU

Cheers to one and all, may this holiday be the finest ever.

FROM ALL THE FOLKS AT
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IMPLEMENT Co., Inc.
1408 PARK AVE. PHONE 364-1155
JOHN DEERE Sales and Service
PS. May Yours Be A Properous New Year!



Here's our prescription for you: health and happiness!

Thames Pharmacy
110 S. Centre 364-2300



NOEL

May peace be with you!
Park Ave Barber Shop
624 E. Park 364-9671



NOEL

May the spirit of holiday joy burn brightly in your home and in your heart!

From Everyone At
FOXWORTH-GALBRAITH
LUMBER COMPANY of HEREFORD
234 E. 2nd 364-1224

Once Upon A Christmas Eve

CHRISTMAS EVE HOLDS JOYOUS significance for Christians around the world where for centuries, religious services, such as holy communion and the Mass, have been conducted to honor and glorify the birth of Jesus the Messiah.

Most services are traditionally held within the protective walls of a church building, but one such service, conducted 115 years ago, was not.

The year was 1854; the place, a small hill in central Texas overlooking the junction of the San Antonio and Cibolo Rivers; and the time, midnight, December 24. Assembled under a few lone live oak trees on a broad plateau was a strangely garbed group of seven or eight hundred settlers.

Many of the women wore "short" skirts that left their legs exposed two to three inches above the ankles; the men wore low-crowned, flat-brimmed black hats and heavy woolen blue jackets that fell below their waists, and were gathered in folds at the back by a band of the same material.

A young priest was conducting Mass before an altar set under the live oak trees. The people crowded about him pressed closer for protection from the bitter cold wind that swept down from the north. Except for the priest's voice, only the moaning of the wind in the oaks and soft whimpers of the children, as they tried to cope with empty stomachs and the numbing cold, broke the bleak silence in that almost treeless country.

After the service a few spent the night huddled together under the oaks, while other families slept in shallow holes dug in the ground or amid their belongings in the tall grass that grew profusely in the area. Thus, with little more than a spark of hope and the Holy Spirit to comfort and sustain them, the first emigration of Polish settlers to America passed their first Christmas Eve in a strange land from which they would never leave.

About the time Texans were feeling the injustice of Mexican rule, the Poles were chafing under restrictions imposed on them by the Russian Bear. In 1830 the Poles revolted against Czar Nicholas only to be crush-

ed and reduced to an occupied land.

Following the revolt and abolishment of the feudal land system, militarism and terrorism increased the economic problems of Polish peasants until many faced starvation. Stories from previous Polish emigrants to America held promise of freedom they all longed for, and an opportunity to escape the poverty they were enduring.

Early in 1854, Father Leopold Moczygemba, a Polish-born Franciscan priest, working among the German settlements at Braunfels and Castroville, wrote his father and others in Poland and urged them to sell all they had and come to Texas.

Many died along the way and babies were born. Shoes, even of wood, were a luxury not all shared. Food was scarce and few had money with which to buy supplies, had they been available.

Thus did this tired band of hungry, disillusioned and discouraged settlers arrive and dump their belongings under the live oak trees the day before Christmas, 1854. Nine weeks on a sailing ship and three weeks traveling on foot through a hostile land in the dead of winter left an indelible impression on their minds and bodies. Many would later move on to other areas but a few would remain to build and establish their homes at this location.

Father Leopold, 29, who conducted the first Mass, named the colony Panna Maria, which means Virgin Mary. It was the fulfillment of his dream of a beautiful church of the Virgin Mary in Krakow, Poland.

During the first year, the sturdy oaks witnessed deprivation, fever, and dissension among the settlers who by now had no money and spoke neither English nor Spanish. Their first homes were of pickets and mud with grass roots and floors of dirt covered with grass.

In spite of their many hardships and dwindling population... the deeply religious people early that first spring made plans to build a church. The work began that summer and the first Polish church in America was completed in 1856 and blessed by Father Leopold, September 29, the feast of St.

Michael.

In mid-December 1855, a second emigration of about 700 persons arrived at Panna Maria. These settlers were better off financially, but they too fell heir to the malarial fever and a severe drought. The drought of 1856 lasted 14 months during which no rain fell and crops could not be planted. Nearly all vegetation vanished. Fortunately, there were no Indian attacks to compound their troubles; however, the Indians did steal cattle and would kill and scalp a settler who got in their way.

Although Father Leopold did all he could to ease the suffering and hardship of his people, hunger only increased their bitterness, and hostility toward him. In 1856 Father Leopold left Panna Maria and, except for two to work in the colony. He died two brief visits, never returned of ill health March 23, 1891 in Detroit, where he lies buried.

Mute witnesses though they be, these and other Texas trees, that have weathered the onslaughts of man and the elements, are the only living link with our historic past.

Panna Maria and, except for a burning love for liberty and freedom, and born through hardship and deprivation, grew through humble and reverent obedience to God. Death of the lit-

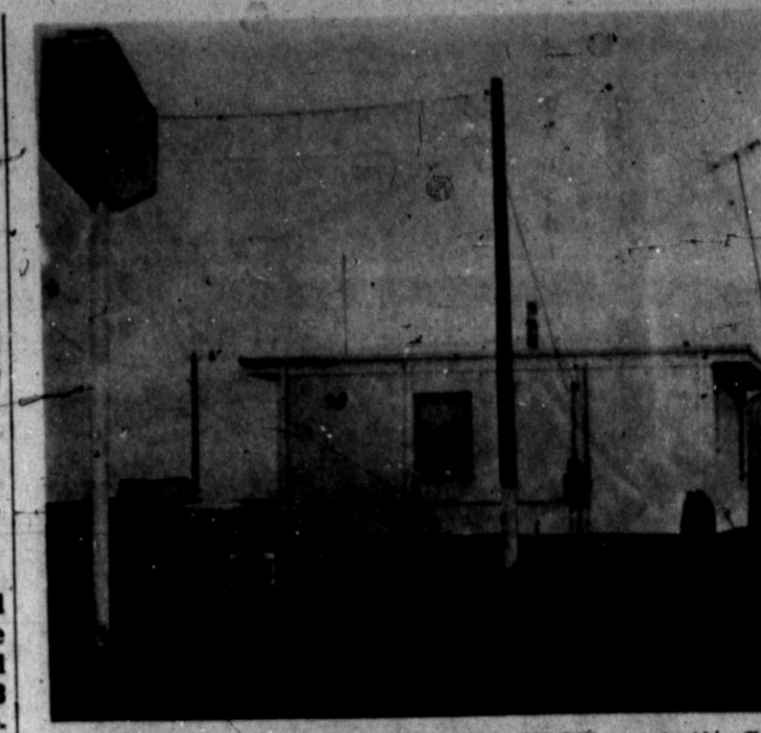
tle community is not eminent and though the ancient oaks may never witness the development of a great city, Panna Maria will forever carry the distinction of being the first Polish settlement in the New World and of having contributed to the growth of a great state.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa Claus
How are you and dear old Mrs. Santa. I hope you are fine Santa I am 11 year old and I am in the 4th grade. I have 3 sisters and one brother, but first of all I want to thank you for last year Christmas. We really thank you for them and we want to thank all of your helpers including the Hereford Brand for sending you our letters.

Dear Santa I wish you would bring us some Christmas this year I would like to have a bike and toy train and I wish you don't forget my sisters. Elizabeth is 13 years old. Sofia is 12 years old. Yvette is 6 years old.

they want some toys too and don't forget my nieces and nephews, they love you too, and pray for my father and mother to get well my mother can not do much with her hands she has



NON - RESIDENTIAL BEAUTY SPOT - Art's Corner, northwest of Hereford, was named as non-residential Beauty Spot For The Month of December by the women's division of the Deaf Smith Chamber of Commerce. - Staff Photo

a lot of pain and my father as you know has been sick for so long. Pray for them and pray for Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harvey We love them too. We will have some cookies for you under our Xmas tree that Mrs. Harvey gave us three Xmas ago.
With love
Ray, Elizabeth, Sophia, and Yvette Pena.

The Bayeux Tapestry, depicting the Battle of Hastings victory of William the Conqueror, consists of 77 yards of embroidered linen.

A JOYOUS NOEL

Wishing you the merriest!

Star Knox TV & Music

509 Park Ave. 364-0766

GREETINGS

3rd & Main MUSIC CO., INC. 364-0631

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Our message to you comes wrapped in the happy spirit of this gay holiday time!

D & L CATTLE CO.

EAST OF HEREFORD AT BIG DADDY'S TRUCK STOP

OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

loaded with cheer for everyone!

Best Wishes

FROM OUR ENTIRE CREW

ORVAL WATSON FORD SALES

FORD - MERCURY - LINCOLN
200 W. First Hereford, Texas

HELLO THERE!

Merry Christmas

It's a pleasure to wish you the season's best! We appreciate your patronage and hope to serve you soon.

HEREFORD BUTANE CO.

Veteran Park Road
Hereford, Texas

Merry Christmas

to our many friends and patrons!

WHITEFACE AVIATION

218 W 3 Phone 364-1471
Olin Parris . . . Leland Shelton . . . John Robinson Eugene

May Joy Abide With You

All blessings to you and yours!

Kester's Jewelry

Across From the Post Office

Greetings



Best wishes for a merry Christmas to you, our friends and patrons . . . from all the folks who serve you down at

Little's

237 N. Main 364-0414



JUST A REMINDER — This sign can be seen outside of St. Anthony's Catholic Church as a reminder to Christ's followers that the lord is coming.

Dear Santa -

Dear Santa Claus,
 My name is Donna Nichols I am 5 years old. I have been a good girl this year. Please bring me a doll, a bike, and a stove, if you have enough.
 My baby sister Rebecca has been good to. Please bring her a doll and a play puppy dog.
 I will leave you a piece of cake and a glass of milk on the kitchen table.
 Love,
 Donna

Dear Santa Claus,
 My name is Pam Nichols I have been a good girl. Please bring me a stove, doll, bike and a tractor.
 I am four years old.
 My cousin Calce is one year 8 months old. She has been good to. Please bring her a doll, pull toy and cover for her doll.
 Love,
 Pam

COMPUTER FILM AVAILABLE

NEW YORK — "Computer Sports," a 22-minute film which presents the role of the computer in the world of sports, is available free for group showings. It may be obtained by writing Canada Dry Sports Forum, PO Box 1212, New York, N.Y., 10022.

Members of the forum are pitcher Jerry Kosman of the New York Mets, Tucker Fedrickson of the New York Giants, Cazzie Russell of the New York Knickerbockers, golfer Doug Ford and tennis star Nancy Richey.

Sugar The Season With Homemade Confections

One of the nicest ways to sugar the season is by giving away some Christmas confections you have made yourself in many households, such as already a custom, and if the traditional Bourbon Balls, nut-stuffed dates and divinity seem a bit well worn, change that this year with Colombian Almond-Fruit Bars and Almond Figs.

Once you arrive in Colombia, you begin hearing about the marvelous Colombian chocolate — almost as soon as you hear of the Colombian coffee! Both deserve their respective praises. You probably won't have Colombian chocolate to use as a glaze when making these candies, but you can use chocolate purchased in your own supermarket and still achieve that "Colombian flavor." You can achieve it even more if you serve these confections with fine cups of coffee.

colate to cool and set (it may take an hour or more). With flexible spatula, loosen candy sheet; turn upside-down. Spread second side with remaining chocolate; allow to cool and set. With a thin-bladed, sharp knife, cut candy sheet into about 1/2-by-1 1/4-inch pieces. Makes about 36.

In this fig sweet from Colombia, you start with brown sugar — to quickly achieve that browned sugar taste. The result is a candy-like cloaking for moist dried figs.

Almond Figs
 About 12 moist dried light figs
 About 12 whole blanched almonds
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 3 tablespoons evaporated milk
 1 tablespoon butter
 1 1/2 teaspoons grated fresh orange peel
 Snip stem from each fig, and gently open, forming a cavity in

center; insert an almond, and close. Combine sugar and milk in a saucepan, and cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until mixture reaches 238 degrees F. on candy thermometer (soft ball stage). Remove from heat, stir in butter and orange peel. Add figs, and stir gently to coat with sugar mixture. Lift each fig out with a fork and place on a well-buttered plate to cool and set. Gently loosen with a flexible spatula. Makes about 12.

GIANT ELEPHANTS
 CHANDIGARH, India — Enormous elephants with tusks as long as 14 feet inhabited forests in this area two million years ago according to fossils discovered by Punjab University researchers.



the new owners of the . . .

Plains Motel

520 West First . . . Hereford . . . Phone 364-0800

Mr. & Mrs. Herschel King and Chris

WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY-PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR!



Wishing you a Merry Christmas

We join jolly old St. Nick in wishing everyone, everywhere, happiness and good cheer, now and always.

CONSUMER'S FUEL CO-OP

HEREFORD, TEXAS

Merry Christmas



We hope that Santa's good to you & brings you the best of everything!

Everyone at COOPER'S wishes you a Merry Christmas . . .

Gloria Gonzales - Charlotte Skaggs - Lavern Short
 FREDDY AND SUE COOPER

COOPER'S CITY DRUG

Downtown Hereford

A Different Kind-Of Holiday Celebration

One of the happiest holiday festivals, known as Chanukkah, is held each December. When twilight falls, small children in Jewish homes will watch intently as their mothers light the first of eight candles on the lovely "menorah" Benediction sung over the light to the melody of "Rock of Ages" will recount Jewish history. Then parents will give each good child (during Chanukkah, everybody is especially good) one present each night, and families and friends will play games and en-

joy the special delicacies of the festival of lights. Chanukkah is a young festival whose roots are obscured in the

mistiness of time. The miracle of the lights is one of the best loved legends. When the Greeks occupied the Temple, it is said that they defiled all the holy oil that was stored there. When the Maccabees recaptured the Temple, they found only one small flask of oil bearing the seal of the Jewish High Priest and con-

taining only oil to light the "menorah" for one night. But miraculously there was enough to light the candles again, and again for eight nights in all. The next year these days were declared a festival with

thanksgiving to God and joyous celebration.

During this glad time Jewish homes are filled with flowers, fruit, candles and families are busy welcoming friends. The serving of puddings, pancakes, and

assorted cheese delicacies on Chanukkah is an old custom as the lights.

In all lands among all people who celebrate Chanukkah or Christmas, time and fashion work their inevitable change. All

the good things to eat are still the old favorites and wonderful food is an important part of the day. But the true meaning of Christmas and Chanukkah attains its deepest significance in lands, in sharing mutual love

and understanding of a happiness that belongs to this season alone.

A Cambodian belief is that hair is the favorite hiding place for evil spirits.

GOOD WISHES

J.V. CAMPBELL MOTORS
321 N. 25 Mile Ave. 364-4482

Peace on Earth

BROWN SHEET METAL

E. Highway 60 364-3867

Wishing you a Merry Christmas

We would like to thank you, our loyal friends, for your patronage this year. It has been a real pleasure serving all of you.

MELTON WHITE . . . RAY FRYE
AMERICAN DUSTING COMPANY

"SERVING THE HEREFORD AREA SINCE 1951"
Located 200 South 25 Mile Avenue . . . Phone 364-2662

Merry Christmas

At this joyous time of year, we extend our warmest wishes and express our appreciation for your loyal support.

**FROM ALL OF US AT
HEREFORD FEED YARDS, INC.**

EAST OF CITY



FROM ALL OF US
TO ALL OF YOU

Season's Greetings



Andy Anderson



Wayne Phillips



Ben Childers



Gene Bullard



CARL G. McCASLIN



Merl Bridges



J. B. Blankenship



Kenny Wilson



Jerry Bertram



Weldon Dickson



Tom Lange



Amando Tijirina



Richard Dickson



Marlene Neilson



Paul Hamilton



Manual Garcia
(leave of absence in service)



Jack Nunley

CARL McCASLIN LUMBER COMPANY

A COMPLETE BUILDING SERVICE

1 BLOCK EAST OF THE COURTHOUSE

PHONE THE LUMBER NUMBER 364-3434



CHRISTMAS 1969 is a happy time for Shavon and Shalyn Sisson. Shavon, 6, and fourteen year-old Shalyn, are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Wayne Sisson —Staff Photo

The Hereford Brand

SECTION THREE

Hereford, Texas, Thursday, December 25, 1969



Santa And The Dumbbell

Once upon a time there was a boy named Robert Clarence Hector Lee. But no one in the whole world ever called him Robert Clarence Hector Lee.

He was called Woodenhead. Or just plain Loony. His teachers called him Flibbertygibbet. And his mother called him a Goose.

But mostly he was called Booby Bobby for, sad to say, that is what he appeared to be.

He was so foolish that he thought goldfish were pure gold and the same thing as money in the bank. When his mother said she wished she could afford a gorgeous red velvet dress for Christmas, Booby Bobby took his two pet goldfish out of the bowl and put them in his mother's purse.

His mother got the goldfish back into the bowl just in time but Booby Bobby could not understand why she was so upset and did not buy the gorgeous red velvet dress for Christmas.

He was so loony he thought that the shapes clouds make in the sky were the real thing and not clouds at all.

At school his desk was next to the window. He liked to lie back in his seat and stare at the sky. One day the teacher was at the blackboard explaining a very important point in the New Math for First Graders. Suddenly Booby Bobby jumped from his seat shouting "Look! Look! It's Santa Claus! He has his bag on his shoulder and oh, see! all the toys are spilling out of the bag!"

The children scrambled to the windows. Even the teacher forgot about New Math for a second as she came for a look. All they saw were clouds.

"You sit down and stop disrupting this class!" snapped the teacher.

"It is Santa!" insisted Booby Bobby. "I saw him!"

"Sit in the corner!" ordered the teacher, rapping his knuckles with his ruler.

The children giggled and called him a dunce. The teacher wrote a sharp letter home to his father saying something would have to be done.

Poor Booby Bobby. He was so goofy he thought puppets were living creatures. He saw a Christmas puppet show where an angry giant tweaked Santa Claus by the nose. Booby Bobby rushed up to the little stage and swatted the giant with his fist shouting, "Shame!! Shame!!"

The giant was smashed to bits and the owner of the show sent Booby Bobby's father a bill for \$17.50.

"Every day it's some new embarrassment," groaned the father when he came home from work that night and got all this bad news. "The boy is the laughing stock of the town."

"Poor Goose," sighed the mother. "How lonely it must be to have everyone making fun of him. He needs a friend. If he had a friend perhaps he would be more sensible."

While they talked Booby Bobby was standing in the umbrella stand. He was pretending to be an umbrella so his mother would not be able to find him when bedtime came.

Umbrella or not, he heard all his parents said about him. He was sad to have made them so sad, especially at Christmas time.

He was not aware that he was lonely and he did not really mind people making fun of him. Still, he thought, maybe

his parents were right and things would be better all around if he had a friend. It might make people think he was important and not just a boob.

"Tomorrow," he said to himself. "I will go to the store and buy a friend."

Early the next morning Booby Bobby went out to buy a friend.

He knew it would be expensive and he hoped he had enough to pay for it. He got \$1.17 from the toe of an old tennis shoe. He had been saving to buy Christmas presents but he thought if he bought a friend it would be a present for everyone.

The downtown streets were strung with holly and wreaths and tinsel streamers. The store windows were packed with Christmas goodies.

Booby Bobby went into a department store that sold everything from dishpans to fur hats.

"I want to buy a friend," he said to the Lady in the Information Booth.

"A what?"

"A friend."

The Information Lady glared at him. "Are you some kind of a nut?"

"I can pay!" said Booby Bobby holding out his fistful of money.

"I don't have time for folly," snapped the Information Lady crossly. "Go home to your mother where you belong."

A group of shoppers swept Booby Bobby with them into the street.

"Please, sir," said Booby Bobby to the doorman. "Can you tell me where there is a Friend Store?"

"You pulling my leg?" snorted the doorman. "Whoever heard of such a store?"

"There are Pet Stores," said one of the store clerks. "There must be a Friend Store."

"Look, Woodenhead," snapped the doorman. "You better just go in a Toy Store and buy yourself a rattle or something."

Booby Bobby shot his head, shine stand and sat down. He was getting a little discouraged.

A shoe shine boy, only a little bigger than he, kicked him on the shin. "What're you doing sitting at my stand, Lunkhead?"

Booby Bobby shook his head. "See! I have money and everything!"

"How much money do you have?" asked the shoe shine boy with interest.

"One dollar and 17 cents," Booby Bobby held out his fist.

"Listen," said the shoe shine boy. "You give me the money and I'll be your friend. Like you buy me, see?"

Booby Bobby was delighted. He gave the boy his money.

"Now you come home with me," he said. "And no one will call me names again because people don't do that to people who have friends."

"Yeah," said the shoe shine boy. "Well, now you wait here a minute and I'll be right back."

He took his equipment and Booby Bobby stood there and waited. The morning passed and the afternoon. Then it was night and his friend never came back.

The old man who ran the stand said, "You better go home now."

"I'm waiting for my friend," said Booby Bobby.

"Listen, boy. I heard the whole thing this morning. You'll never see 'friend' or money again. You are a simpleton!"

"But, how will I get a friend?" asked Booby Bobby.

"Write to Santa Claus," jeered the old man. "Maybe he'll bring you one for Christmas!"

Laughing at his own joke he shut up his shop and went off home to dinner.

That night Booby Bobby shut himself in his room to write to Santa Claus.

It was a very short letter — only one sentence — but he used 23 sheets of paper before he was satisfied with spelling and printing and neatness.

He put the letter in an envelope and ran downstairs to mail it. When he went into the living room he found his parents sitting with guests. There was a huge log fire burning in the fireplace.

Booby Bobby stood and stared worriedly at the fire.

"Why are you standing there like a dummy?" asked his father.

"I wanted to mail a letter," mumbled Booby Bobby.

"Then go mail it."

"It has to be mailed in the fireplace," said Booby Bobby unhappily.

"In the fireplace!" cried his father. "Oh, what would you do with a balmy boy like this?"

The guests tittered. Booby Bobby knew they were thinking, "What a scatterbrain. He couldn't tell them it was a letter to Santa Claus. He knew some grownups did not believe in Santa and they would have thought him a dumb bunny for sure if he tried to explain."

He went back to his room and tried to think where else a person could mail a letter to Santa. There was a hot air register in the wall and he decided that might do. He placed the letter against the register and sealed it there with wide strips of tape. Then he jumped into bed. In two seconds he was asleep.

In the middle of the night there was a swooshing and a whirring at the hot air register.

Booby Bobby's eyes opened. Santa had come for his letter!

He lay quivering under the covers and listened to the coughing, moaning, sobbing in the walls. He could not imagine why Santa should make such sounds. Suddenly it came to him: "The letter is taped too tight. He can't get it off!"

He tiptoed to the register and carefully loosened the tape. There was a final mighty oosh and the letter flew across the room. A white phantom burst from the register, swept over the head of the astonished boy and threw itself on the bed.

"Who are you?" whispered Booby Bobby.

"My name is Stanley. I am a Ghost as you can plainly see," said the apparition. "I very nearly suffocated when you blocked the register. Moreover, closed places frighten me dreadfully. All in all, I have had a perfectly miserable night, thanks to you."

"I am sorry," said Booby Bobby meekly. "I was mailing a letter."

"Well," said the Ghost. "Considering the state of the mail these days it is very risky to mail a letter. It is wiser by far to make your delivery in person."

"But this letter is to Santa Claus!"

"All the more reason to take an important letter like that

yourself." The Ghost stood up and straightened the sheets over his head. "What are you writing to Santa Claus?"

"Everyone thinks I am a dunce," said Booby Bobby. "No one wants to play with me. I'm asking Santa for a friend for Christmas."

"Not a bad idea," said the Ghost approvingly. "I think I'll go with you."

"Do you want a friend, too?" asked Booby Bobby in surprise.

"Not exactly," said Stanley. "I want a better place to haunt."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," Stanley the Ghost said to Booby Bobby. "But I am tired of haunting houses like yours."

"My mother says it is a good house," said Booby Bobby. "It's warm and compact and easy to clean."

"That's the trouble with houses nowadays," complained Stanley. "They have no attics. No nooks and crannies. Stairs are carpeted so boards don't creak. Doors don't even have keyholes anymore! How can I be a proper ghost in such a place?"

"Maybe Santa will let you be a haunt in Santa Land!"

"I shall ask him," said Stanley. "But I must get some sleep now. All this talking has exhausted me."

With that he collapsed in a heap. Booby Bobby was too excited to sleep. He dressed in his boots and coat and lay down to wait for Stanley. Suddenly it was morning and his mother was in the room exclaiming, "My gracious! Why are you sleeping in all your clothes? And what on earth is this dirty old sheet doing here? You get up while I put this in the machine with the rest of the wash."

Booby Bobby leaped up shouting, "Don't do it, mother! It's not a sheet. It's Stanley. He's a Ghost!"

"Tch, tch," said his mother in exasperation. "Will you never make sense?"

She bundled up Stanley and marched to the laundry room and flung him into the whirling washing machine with the rest of the wash.

"Now you hush up," she said sternly to Booby Bobby who was walling and wringing his hands. "I'm going next door to borrow milk for breakfast."

As soon as she left, Booby Bobby opened the machine and pulled out the Ghost. Stanley was dripping and dizzy and blinded with soap. "That's what I mean about your modern house!" he spat.

"It's no place for a ghost," Booby Bobby offered to put him in the drier but Stanley said he wouldn't stay in that house another minute. He shook himself angrily, like a dog who has fallen in a pond, and stalked out the back door.

"How do we get to Santa Land?" asked Booby Bobby, running to catch up.

"Just keep going until we get there," said Stanley gruffly. "But we will have to look sharp or some other housewife may want to hang me on a line to dry."

"We can pretend you're a boy still wearing his Halloween costume," said Booby Bobby. "A sensible idea," agreed Stanley.

He strode boldly along as if it were the natural thing to do and no one they passed thought it strange at all to see a ghost walking through the town.

They traveled until they came to a small village where a puppet show was being given in the square. They sat down to rest a while and watch the show.

It was very sad. A beautiful Puppet Princess was captured by a wicked ogre who swore to keep her a prisoner for ever unless she agreed to become his bride. The princess was kept in a dungeon and fed nothing but butterfly wings and soybean shells but she refused to give her consent. The ogre grew impatient and said, "Tomorrow you will be my bride or die." And the curtain came down on the second act.

Booby Bobby jumped from his seat and cried, "This is terrible! We've got to save her!"

Stanley the Ghost agreed that the Puppet Princess must be rescued from the wicked ogre who planned to wed her.

"Now is our chance," he whispered. "Before the curtain goes up for the last act."

They crept to the little stage and peered behind the curtain. The man who ran the show had gone off for a smoke. The audience, too, had turned away for the intermission. The Princess lay on the stage in a crumpled heap of strings and sticks. The ogre also lay in a heap and did not seem so dangerous anymore.

"Princess! Come with us," said Booby Bobby. "We will save you from the ogre."

The Princess opened sad dark eyes and gazed at Booby Bobby in wonder. He was the first person who had ever spoken to her as if she were real and not just a marionette on a string.

"I cannot move unless the puppeteer pulls my strings," she murmured unhappily.

"I will break the strings," said Booby Bobby. "Then you can move by yourself."

"Do you really think so? Oh, how lovely that would be!" Booby Bobby snapped the strings tied to the puppet's feet and hands and head.

"How good it feels," breathed the Princess as Booby Bobby helped her from the stage. "I've never before moved of my own free will!"

"You must move very fast," said the Ghost. He rushed out of the square with Booby Bobby and the Princess at his heels.

The puppeteer came from around the corner where he had

been having his smoke. He stared in puzzlement when he saw the Puppet Princess was missing. Then he saw the Ghost and Booby Bobby running away.

"Thief! Thief!" he shouted. "Stop them! They've stolen my puppet!" He began to give chase and all the men and women and children in the square gave chase behind him.

Panting and wheezing, the Ghost led the way out of the village, across the fields and through the forest.

"I can't run anymore," gasped the Princess at last. "It is harder than I thought."

Booby Bobby knelt down and ordered her to climb on his back. Then, with the Princess riding piggyback, he staggered after Stanley.

They came to a wide river. Stanley said, "I've heard that there is a ferry boat here run by an elf who will take us straight to Santa Land." They looked everywhere but the only boat in sight was a veat-up raft tied to a tree. A sign on the raft said, "The ferryman has retired. This ferry doesn't run anymore."

The Ghost and Booby Bobby and the Princess looked at each other in dismay. They heard a hallooing and thrashing in the woods behind. The puppeteer came nearer and nearer screaming, "We have them cornered! They'll never get away!"

"Oh, dear," moaned the Princess. "All my life that man has made me do things I didn't want to do. Now he'll put me back on strings and I'll be just a marionette again."

"He hasn't caught us yet," said the Ghost.

He pushed Booby Bobby and the Princess on to the rickety raft, untied the rope and leaped aboard. The craft lurched away from the bank just as the puppeteer reached the shore screaming, "Here they are! We have them!"

But he was too late. The raft was spinning down the river and was already nearly out of sight.

Booby Bobby and Stanley the Ghost and the Puppet Princess huddled on the rickety raft as it swept faster and faster down the river.

"I expect it's taking us straight to Santa Land," said Booby Bobby happily.

But the Ghost said, "I'd feel better if the ferryman were

here. He's the one who knows the way."

"It is the Santa Land ferry just the same," insisted Booby Bobby. "Maybe it will get us there by itself."

"I don't care where it goes," murmured the Princess. "It's so wonderful to be free!" She stretched her arms and wiggled her toes for the sheer pleasure of moving without a string.

The raft reeled on until it reached the open sea. Land was far from sight. Now a terrible storm engulfed them. Winds heaved the raft up and down the sides of enormous waves and spun it wildly in whirlpools.

Booby Bobby felt seasick. The Ghost turned three shades whiter. Even the Princess was dismayed by so much movement.

A huge wave crashed on top of them and nearly swept them overboard. Another wave hit. The raft twitched and trembled as though it would splinter to bits.

The Ghost came sputtering out of the next wave and said in a very calm voice, "I think we are coming apart."

The raft was indeed sinking. They were already sitting in 10 inches of water.

"Maybe we can tie it together again," said the Princess in a timid voice. She slipped off her petticoat and tore it into strips and the three worked frantically to tie the raft together again. Booby Bobby found a wad of silly putty in his coat pocket and used it to fill some of the cracks between the boards. Soon the raft was again riding on top of the waves.

But now a worse thing happened. The sea calmed; the wind stopped howling; the raft sat dead still traveling nowhere at all.

They sat there all night and all day and another night. The raft never moved. They tried paddling with their hands and kicking with their feet in the water. It did no good. The raft would not move.

"If only we had a sail!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"We could use you," said Booby Bobby.

"Me!"

"My mother thought you were an old sheet. If we spread you out, you might be as good as a sail."

The Ghost, grumbling and feeling very silly, stood in the bow of the raft and the Princess and Booby Bobby spread out his sheets as far as they would go.

The raft quivered slightly and began to move. A strong breeze came out of the west and filled the Ghost's sheets. The raft zoomed over the water. They were on their way again.

"I see land!" cried Booby Bobby.

They looked where he pointed and saw an island, not far ahead.

"It's Santa Land!" shouted Booby Bobby as they neared the shore.

He jumped up and down and flapped the Ghost's sheets wildly to hurry the raft through the surf. This was a mistake. The wind filled the flapping sheets with such force that it lifted Stanley off the raft and swept him away like a kite torn from a child's hands.

At the same moment the raft turned upside down in the pounding surf. Booby Bobby and the Princess were dumped into the sea and the raft was shattered to pieces.

Booby Bobby and the Princess were dumped into the shallow water off the beach. Evertime they got to their feet the waves knocked them down again. They were tossed over and over, like empty bottles, until a last big wave washed them up on the sand.

Booby Bobby helped the Princess out of the water. They staggered up a hill and sat down to rest under a tall pine tree. From where they sat they could see the whole island.

"This can't be Santa Land," groaned Booby Bobby. "There's no snow!"

The Princess began to weep. Booby Bobby was afraid that she was thinking it would be better to be a puppet on a string than shipwrecked on a desert island. He held her hand and called himself a dumbbell for getting her into such a mess.

But the Princess wasn't thinking such things at all. She sniffed and said, "Poor Ghost! He has probably been blown to the moon and it's all my fault because I wanted to be free."

"No, it's my fault," protested Booby Bobby. "If I hadn't wanted to get to Santa Land, the Ghost would still be haunting my house back home."

"I certainly would not," rasped a voice. "As you know, your house was a perfectly dreadful

place and Booby Bobby spread out his sheets as far as they would go.

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At the same moment the raft turned upside down in the pounding surf. Booby Bobby and the Princess were dumped into the sea and the raft was shattered to pieces.

Booby Bobby and the Princess were dumped into the shallow water off the beach. Evertime they got to their feet the waves knocked them down again. They were tossed over and over, like empty bottles, until a last big wave washed them up on the sand.

Booby Bobby helped the Princess out of the water. They staggered up a hill and sat down to rest under a tall pine tree. From where they sat they could see the whole island.

"This can't be Santa Land," groaned Booby Bobby. "There's no snow!"

The Princess began to weep. Booby Bobby was afraid that she was thinking it would be better to be a puppet on a string than shipwrecked on a desert island. He held her hand and called himself a dumbbell for getting her into such a mess.

But the Princess wasn't thinking such things at all. She sniffed and said, "Poor Ghost! He has probably been blown to the moon and it's all my fault because I wanted to be free."

"No, it's my fault," protested Booby Bobby. "If I hadn't wanted to get to Santa Land, the Ghost would still be haunting my house back home."

"I certainly would not," rasped a voice. "As you know, your house was a perfectly dreadful

place and Booby Bobby spread out his sheets as far as they would go.

The raft quivered slightly and began to move. A strong breeze came out of the west and filled the Ghost's sheets. The raft zoomed over the water. They were on their way again.

"I see land!" cried Booby Bobby.

They looked where he pointed and saw an island, not far ahead.

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Dumbbell...

(Continued from Page 2)

place to haunt. Now get my down from here."

Bobby Bobby and the Princess looked up in astonishment. There was Stanley the Ghost hanging upside down above them, his sheets caught in the boughs of the pine tree.

With a whoop of relief, Bobby Bobby shimmies up the tree. He untangled the sheets and the ghost dropped to the ground.

The Princess dried her tears. She said she felt much better to know that Stanley was with them on the desert island.

Stanley said, "There is no such thing as a desert island. Ghosts haunt islands just as they haunt houses. As a matter of fact, I think I hear one now." Bobby Bobby and the Princess sat wide-eyed and quiet. They heard a rustling and sighing in the brush. "It's the wind," said Bobby Bobby.

"No," said the Ghost. "It's Ghosts. I know the language." He began to drone and hum and make mysterious whirring sounds and Bobby Bobby knew that he was talking to his brothers.

At last Stanley stood up and led them to a cove on the beach where a flock of white birds were fluttering. When they got closer they saw they weren't birds at all but a family of ghosts picnicking in the sun.

The ghosts were happy to have visitors, because no one had been to the island for a thousand years. They gave them ghost pie and phantom cake and frothy fuzzy soda and played hide and seek with them on the beach.

Then Stanley said he must find a way to leave the island because they had to get to Santa Land. He supposed they would have to build a new raft but even so he had no idea how to cross the seas or even what direction to go.

The grandfather ghost said, "I have heard that once in his lifetime if a person wishes something hard enough, the wish comes true. Of course, I don't necessarily believe it is so."

"I believe it!" cried Bobby Bobby. "I will wish!"

He shut his eyes and wished with all his might that he and Stanley and the Puppet Princess were in Santa Land.

Poor Bobby Bobby! He was so intent on using all his heart and all his might to make his wish come true that the words got mixed up in his head. Instead of wishing to be in Santa Land he wished to be in Snow Land which is not the same thing at all.

When he opened his eyes and looked around he found himself at the top of a mountain of snow but there was not a sign of Santa Land.

"Everyone is right," he said wretchedly. "I am a dumbbell."

Stanley the Ghost and the Princess, who found themselves sitting beside him, tried to reassure him.

"Santa Land can't be too far off," said Stanley. "We know Santa Land has snow and this must be most of the snow in the world."

"I love snow," put in the Princess cheerfully, though she was shivering quite badly.

"I could try wishing again," said Bobby Bobby.

"No," said the Ghost. "One wish is enough to spend on this trip. Besides it is probably true that only one such wish works in a lifetime."

"What shall we do now?" as-

ked the Princess in a small voice, shivering more than ever.

"Walk," said the Ghost. "After all, it's all down hill."

Now mountains in winter time are very tricky. One minute it is sunny and the next minute a cloud drops down and you can't see at all. When Bobby Bobby said the Ghost and the Princess started down they could see the bottom of the mountain quite clearly. It seemed to be at a reasonable distance. But the snow was soft. They sank to their hi at every step. After three hours they had hardly made any progress. The bottom of the mountain was as far off as ever.

Then they couldn't even see the bottom or even their hands in front of their faces. A white cloud had descended. They were lost in a fog.

The Princess held Bobby Bobby's hand and Bobby Bobby held Stanley's trailing sheets. The Ghost shouted at the top of his voice, "Follow me! Follow me!"

This was a mistake, for his in the mountain, loosened a cliff of overhanging snow. There was a sudden clap! and a far-off rumbling getting louder and louder until it was a booming, thundering, roaring coming down the mountain.

The Ghost screamed, "Avalanche!"

Bobby Bobby clung to the Princess's hand. He lost hold of Stanley's sheet, feel and grabbed the avalanche picked them up and hurled them head over heels, somersaulting, topsy-turvy, down the mountain in a river of snow.

When they came to a stop they were buried under the snow. The Puppet Princess's nose had broken off. Stanley's sheets were ripped from his head. Bobby Bobby had two black eyes. But they were still together.

They began to tunnel out of the snow but they were so upside down they couldn't tell whether they were going up or down or sideways. They decided each would tunnel in a different direction. One would have to be right.

After hours of digging, Bobby Bobby's head broke above the ground. He leaned over his tunnel and shouted, "Come this way! I'm out!"

He sat back to wait for the others. As he sank back, he felt an awful twinge and the jaws of some fearful creature locked around his seat.

Help! Help!" cried Bobby Bobby.

A strange beast gripped him where he sat down and locked him in its powerful jaws. He twisted and squirmed but he could not break away. The Ghost and the Princess were still working their way through the tunnels of snow. They could not hear his shouts for help.

"I'll be eaten up before they get here," thought Bobby Bobby. He felt, in fact, that part of him was already gone.

For lack of anything better to do, he kept bellowing. He hoped this would frighten away whatever had hold of him.

At last Stanley the Ghost popped out of the tunnel. The Princess climbed out after him. They stared in astonishment at Bobby Bobby sitting in the snow, whooping and howling.

"What are you hollering about?" asked the Ghost crossly. His sheet had been torn away in the avalanche. He was embarrassed to be standing

there in his underwear in front of the Princess.

But the Princess, who had lost her nose in the avalanche, appeared not to notice. She bent over Bobby Bobby and said, "Get up you silly goose. There's nothing wrong."

"I can't get up," wailed Bobby Bobby. He looked fearfully over his shoulder. "Some beast has me in its jaws."

"There's no beast here," said the Ghost.

"I can feel its teeth," insisted Bobby Bobby.

"The fall in the avalanche has jiggled your brains. You are imagining things," snapped Stanley. "Come now. Get up!"

He took one arm and the Princess took the other arm and they tried to pull Bobby Bobby to his feet. They pulled and pulled and finally they yanked him out of the snow. Then they saw, to their horror, an enormous steel trap fastened tight to poor Bobby Bobby.

They sat him back down in the snow and the Ghost studied the situation. He fiddled and puttered with the jaws of the trap but he could not loosen its grip on Bobby Bobby's pants.

"I do not know that this trip was supposed to trap," muttered Stanley. "I have never seen its like before."

"It's a Bobby Trap, I expect," said Bobby Bobby forlornly. "That is what it has caught."

The Princess patted his head and murmured gently. "Hush now. Poor dear!"

The Ghost said, "We can't get him out and he can't move with it hanging on to him. We'll have to wait until whoever set the trap comes back to see what he had caught."

The Ghost and the Princess hid behind some bushes to watch and wait. Presently they heard a far away jingle, jangle, dingle, lingle of bells and the clatter and chatter of hoof beats.

The Ghost and the Princess shivered at the sound. Bobby Bobby, caught in the trap, nearly fainted with fear. He clenched his hands and screwed his eyes shut and whispered, "I will be brave. I will be brave."

The tinkling and the dingling grew closer. The whole world seemed to be ringing and pealing and clanging with the sound of bells. When Bobby Bobby thought he would burst with terror the tintinnabulation stopped. A sharp voice cried out: "Hi!"

Bobby Bobby took a deep breath and opened one eye. Then he opened the other and his mouth dropped. There, not 10 feet in front of him, was a little red sleigh pulled by two reindeer. The reindeer were hung with bells and were driven by a crooked-legged, red-haired elf who carried a silver bell in each hand.

The elf leaped from the sleigh and shouted furiously at Bobby Bobby. "We've caught you at last!"

"We'll smother you in ashes and whip you with switches and give you spiders to eat. You'll be sorry you ever came to Santa Land!" shouted the red-haired, crooked-legged dwarf.

"But-I-I haven't done anything!" stammered Bobby Bobby, quaking in the trap.

"Ha! You can't fool me. You're the Troll who has been stealing candy and breaking toys and mixing up Christmas orders. You hate children and don't want them to have any Christmas."

The Ghost and the Puppet Princess popped out of the bushes. "He is not a troll!" shouted the Ghost angrily. "And he

never did any of those things!" declared the Princess.

"If he's not a Troll how come he's caught in my Troll Trap? And who are you anyway?"

"I'm a ghost as you should be able to see for yourself," said Stanley stiffly.

"I never heard of a ghost in underwear!" scoffed the elf. "I lost my clothes in an avalanche," said Stanley. "That is how the Princess lost her nose and Bobby Bobby got caught in your trap. We've come a long way to see Santa Claus and I must say we never expected such a reception as this."

"It all sounds very queer to me," said the elf. "But never mind. We'll let Santa settle the matter." He unlocked the Troll Trap and Bobby Bobby, minus the seat of his trousers, was free. They climbed into the red sleigh and, with bells ringing, dashed away.

"Why do you ring the bell so loudly?" complained the Princess - putting her hands over her ears.

"I'm getting them ready for Christmas," explained the elf. He had to bellow to be heard. "They get rusty and out of tune between seasons." He shook the bells on the reindeer reins and went ding, dong, with the silver bell in each hand.

Clanging and chiming they arrived in Santa Land. The elf herded them into Santa's house where they all began to talk at once.

Santa sat in his chair by the fire smoking his pipe and rocking gently to and fro as he listened to their tale. When they had finished he shook his finger at the elf. "Don't you know what a Troll looks like?" he asked with amusement.

"A Troll can take many shapes as you know," retorted the elf. "And anyway the boy had no business in my trap."

Santa's eyes twinkled. "You must excuse Tweedleknecs. He has a low boiling point and gets very excited about things."

"There's plenty to be excited about," argued Tweedleknecs. "Unless we catch the Troll, there'll be no toys left for Christmas."

"Things aren't quite that bad," said Santa soothingly. "Come now, we must do something for our visitors."

Mrs. Claus came in and set about patching Bobby Bobby's britches. Tweedleknecs, grumping all the time, went to the line shop for new sheets for the Ghost. Santa, meanwhile, bent over his work-bench and cut out and molded a brand new nose for the Princess.

After this, Santa asked why the three had come to Santa Land.

The Ghost said he hoped to find a better place to haunt. The Princess said she was looking for a new kingdom. Bobby Bobby said, in a very small voice, "I would like a friend for Christmas so people will think I'm important and not call me dumbbell anymore."

"Hmmm," said Santa, thoughtfully. "Hummh!"

Before he could say more, Tweedleknecs burst in shouting, "Come quick! Something terrible has happened!"

Santa rushed out of the house. "What is it? What has happened?"

"The reindeer!" blurted Tweedleknecs. "They've disappeared!"

They ran to the barn. A group of Santa Land workers were there looking dazedly about and muttering in confusion. The barns were empty.

"They must be some where

nearby," said Santa. "I hear bells."

There was a faint tinkling in the field behind the barns but when they went there they saw white little pigs grunting in the mud. Each little pig had bells around its neck and everyone knew from the sound: they were the very same bells the reindeer had worn.

"I warned you!" cried Tweedleknecs. "I told you the situation was serious. Now the Troll has changed the reindeer into pigs. There'll be no way to travel on Christmas Eve!"

"We'll manage," said Santa firmly. But it was plain he was worried. He returned to his house and sat in front of the fire and brooded.

Mrs. Claus brought in a sumptuous supper of mock turtle soup and roast partridge, chesscake and pineapple frappe. But Santa wouldn't touch a thing, though pineapple frappe was his favorite dessert.

The Ghost and the Princess and Bobby Bobby couldn't eat either, though they tried. Finally they got up and walked out to the shops to see the toy makers. But the elves and fairies were too upset to work.

If the reindeer turned into pigs today, then tomorrow we us turned into caterpillars.

The Troll is very powerful." They huddled fearfully in groups and made no dolls or wagons or games. "What is the use?" they said. "The reindeer are gone and the toys cannot be delivered anyway."

The three visitors went into the empty Ball Shop. There was a huge tub of liquid rubber and large machines to turn out basketballs and footballs and tennis balls and just plain rubber balls. All the machines were idle.

The Ghost sat on the edge of the tub of rubber. "We must trap the Troll," he announced.

"Tweedleknecs tried that," said Bobby Bobby. "All he caught was me."

The Princess moaned. The Ghost squawked. The Troll roared. The lantern went out.

Bobby Bobby, quickly recovering, leaped out in the dark and pushed the Troll into the tub of liquid rubber.

"I've got him!" cried Bobby Bobby. Dodging golf balls, he stumbled to the wall to turn on the light. "He's in the tub of rubber!"

But - alas! In the dark, it was the Ghost that Bobby Bobby had pushed into the tub and the Troll had fled.

"Get me out!" bawled Stanley, flapping and floundering in the thick black goo. The more he struggled the bigger and fatter he grew. When the Princess and Bobby Bobby finally fished

him out he bounced on the floor like a giant rubber ball.

Meanwhile, the golf ball machine kept chattering away, turning out golf balls and bombarding the three of them. The balls flooded the room and flooded out the door and down the road.

The terrible racket brought Santa and Tweedleknecs running to the shop. Their eyes popped at the sight before them.

Tweedleknecs turned off the golf ball machine and bounced the Ghost away to clean him up. Santa took Bobby Bobby and the Princess to his house to bandage their cuts and bruises.

"We were trying to catch the Troll," explained Bobby Bobby. "We would have, too, if I hadn't been such a boob!"

"Never mind," soothed Santa. "At least you frightened him away."

But, the next morning they discovered that, while all the commotion went on in the Ball Shop, the Troll had broken into the Doll Shop and stolen the eyes from all the finished dolls.

Their eyes were made from a rare and priceless glass impossible to replace.

Now things were worse than

See DUMBELL, Page 5

WIGGLY PIGGLY WIGGLY PIGGLY WIG

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Santa And The Dumbbell

Once upon a time there was a boy named Robert Clarence Hector Lee. But no one in the whole world ever called him Robert Clarence Hector Lee.

He was called Woodenhead. Or just plain Loony. His teachers called him Flibbertygibbet. And his mother, called him a Goose.

But mostly he was called Booby Bobby for, sad to say, that is what he appeared to be.

He was so foolish that he thought goldfish were pure gold and the same thing as money in the bank. When his mother said she wished she could afford a gorgeous red velvet dress for Christmas, Booby Bobby took his two pet goldfish out of the bowl and put them in his mother's purse.

His mother got the goldfish back into the bowl just in time but Booby Bobby could not understand why she was so upset and did not buy the gorgeous red velvet dress for Christmas.

He was so loony he thought that the shapes clouds make in the sky were the real thing and not clouds at all.

At school his desk was next to the window. He liked to lie back in his seat and stare at the sky. One day the teacher was at the blackboard explaining a very important point in the New Math for First Graders. Suddenly Booby Bobby jumped from his seat shouting "Look! Look! It's Santa Claus! He has his bag on his shoulder and oh, see! all the toys are spilling out of the bag!"

The children scrambled to the windows. Even the teacher forgot about New Math for a second as she came for a look. All they saw were clouds.

"You sit down and stop disrupting this class!" snapped the teacher.

"It is Santa!" insisted Booby Bobby. "I saw him!"

"Sit in the corner!" ordered the teacher, rapping his knuckles with her ruler.

The children sniggered and called him a dunce. The teacher wrote a sharp letter home to his father saying something would have to be done.

Poor Booby Bobby. He was so goofy he thought puppets were living creatures. He saw a Christmas puppet show where an angry giant tweaked Santa Claus by the nose. Booby Bobby rushed up to the little stage and swatted the giant with his fist shouting, "Shame! Shame!"

The giant was smashed to bits and the owner of the show sent Booby Bobby's father a bill for \$17.50.

"Every day it's some new embarrassment," groaned the father when he came home from work that night and got all this bad news. "The boy is the laughing stock of the town."

"Poor Goose," sighed the mother. "How lonely it must be to have everyone making fun of him. He needs a friend. If he had a friend perhaps he would be more sensible."

While they talked Booby Bobby was standing in the umbrella stand. He was pretending to be an umbrella so his mother would not be able to find him when bedtime came.

Umbrella or not, he heard all his parents said about him. He was sad to have made them so sad, especially at Christmas time.

He was not aware that he was lonely and he did not really mind people making fun of him. Still, he thought, maybe

his parents were right and things would be better all around if he had a friend. It might make people think he was important and not just a boob.

"Tomorrow," he said to himself, "I will go to the store and buy a friend."

Early the next morning Booby Bobby went out to buy a friend.

He knew it would be expensive and he hoped he had enough to pay for it. He got \$1.17 from the toe of an old tennis shoe. He had been saving to buy Christmas presents but he thought if he bought a friend it would be a present for everyone.

The downtown streets were strung with holly and wreaths and tinsel streamers. The store windows were packed with Christmas goodies.

Booby Bobby went into a department store that sold everything from dishpans to fur hats.

"I want to buy a friend," he said to the Lady in the Information Booth.

"A what?"

"A friend."

The Information Lady glared at him. "Are you some kind of a nut?"

"I can pay!" said Booby Bobby holding out his fistful of money.

"I don't have time for folly," snapped the Information Lady crossly. "Go home to your mother where you belong."

A group of shoppers swept Booby Bobby with them into the street.

"Please, sir," said Booby Bobby to the doorman. "Can you tell me where there is a Friend Store?"

"You pulling my leg?" snorted the doorman. "Whoever heard of such a store?"

"There are Pet Stores," said one of the stores. There must be a Friend Store."

"Look, Woodenhead," snapped the doorman. "You better just go in a Toy Store and buy yourself a rattle or something."

Booby Bobby shot his head, shine stand and sat down. He was getting a little discouraged.

A shoe shine boy, only a little bigger than he, kicked him on the shin. "What're you doing sitting at my stand, Lunkhead?"

Booby Bobby shook his head. "See! I have money and everything!"

"How much money do you have?" asked the shoe shine boy with interest.

"One dollar and 17 cents," Booby Bobby held out his fist.

"Listen," said the shoe shine boy. "You give me the money and I'll be your friend. Like you buy me, see?"

Booby Bobby was delighted. He gave the boy his money. "Now you come home with me," he said. "And no one will call me names again because people don't do that to people who have friends."

"Yeah," said the shoe shine boy. "Well, now you wait here a minute and I'll be right back."

He took his equipment and Booby Bobby stood there and waited. The morning passed and the afternoon. Then it was night and his friend never came back.

"But, how will I get a friend?" asked Booby Bobby.

"Write to Santa Claus," jeered the old man. "Maybe he'll bring you one for Christmas!"

Laughing at his own joke he shut up his shop and went off home to dinner.

That night Booby Bobby shut himself in his room to write to Santa Claus.

It was a very short letter — only one sentence — but he used 23 sheets of paper before he was satisfied with spelling and printing and neatness.

He put the letter in an envelope and ran downstairs to mail it. When he went into the living room he found his parents sitting with guests. There was a huge log fire burning in the fireplace.

Booby Bobby stood and stared worriedly at the fire.

"Why are you standing there like a dummy?" asked his father.

"I wanted to mail a letter," mumbled Booby Bobby.

"Then go mail it."

"It has to be mailed in the fireplace," said Booby Bobby unhappily.

"In the fireplace!" cried his father. "Oh, what would you do with a balm boy like this?"

The guests tittered. Booby Bobby knew they were thinking, "What a scatterbrain. He couldn't tell them it was a letter to Santa Claus. He knew some grownups did not believe in Santa and they would have thought him a dumb bunny for sure if he tried to explain."

He went back to his room and tried to think where else a person could mail a letter to Santa. There was a hot air register in the wall and he decided that might do. He placed the letter against the register and sealed it there with wide strips of tape. Then he jumped into bed. In two seconds he was asleep.

In the middle of the night there was a swooshing and a whirring at the hot air register.

Booby Bobby's eyes opened. Santa had come for his letter! He lay quivering under the covers and listened to the coughing, moaning, sobbing in the walls. He could not imagine why Santa should make such sounds. Suddenly it came to him: "The letter is taped too tight. He can't get it off!"

He tiptoed to the register and carefully loosened the tape. There was a final mighty swoosh and the letter flew across the room. A white phantom burst from the register, swept over the head of the astonished boy and threw itself on the bed.

"Who are you?" whispered Booby Bobby.

"My name is Stanley. I am a Ghost as you can plainly see," said the apparition. "I very nearly suffocated when you blocked the register. Moreover, closed places frighten me dreadfully. All in all, I have had a perfectly miserable night, thanks to you."

"I am sorry," said Booby Bobby meekly. "I was mailing a letter."

"Well," said the Ghost. "Considering the state of the mail these days it is very risky to mail a letter. It is wiser by far to make your delivery in person."

"But this letter is to Santa Claus!"

"All the more reason to take an important letter like that

yourself." The Ghost stood up and straightened the sheets over his head. "What are you writing to Santa Claus?"

"Everyone thinks I am a dunce," said Booby Bobby. "No one wants to play with me. I'm asking Santa for a friend for Christmas."

"Not a bad idea," said the Ghost approvingly. "I think I'll go with you."

"Do you want a friend, too?" asked Booby Bobby in surprise.

"Not exactly," said Stanley. "I want a better place to haunt."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings," Stanley the Ghost said to Booby Bobby. "But I am tired of haunting houses like yours."

"My mother says it is a good house," said Booby Bobby. "It's warm and compact and easy to clean."

"That's the trouble with houses nowadays," complained Stanley. "They have no attics. No nooks and crannies. Stairs are carpeted so boards don't creak. Doors don't even have keyholes anymore! How can I be a proper ghost in such a place?"

"Maybe Santa will let you be a haunt in Santa Land!"

"I shall ask him," said Stanley. "But I must get some sleep now. All this talking has exhausted me."

With that he collapsed in a heap. Booby Bobby was too excited to sleep. He dressed in his boots and coat and lay down to wait for Stanley. Suddenly it was morning and his mother was in the room exclaiming, "My gracious! Why are you sleeping in all your clothes? And what on earth is this dirty old sheet doing here? You get up while I put this in the machine with the rest of the wash."

Booby Bobby leaped up shouting, "Don't do it, mother! It's not a sheet. It's Stanley. He's a Ghost!"

"Tch, tch," said his mother in exasperation. "Will you never make sense?"

She bundled up Stanley and marched to the laundry room and flung him into the whirling washing machine with the rest of the wash.

"Now you hush up," she said sternly to Booby Bobby who was wailing and wringing his hands. "I'm going next door to borrow milk for breakfast."

As soon as she left, Booby Bobby opened the machine and pulled out the Ghost. Stanley was dripping and dizzy and blinded with soap. "That's what I mean about your modern house!" he sputtered. "It's no place for a ghost."

Booby Bobby offered to put him in the drier but Stanley said he wouldn't stay in that house another minute. He shook himself angrily, like a dog who has fallen in a pond, and stalked out the back door.

"How do we get to Santa Land?" asked Booby Bobby, running to catch up.

"Just keep going until we get there," said Stanley gruffly. "But we will have to look sharp or some other housewife may want to hang me on a line to dry."

"We can pretend you're a boy still wearing his Halloween costume," said Booby Bobby. "A sensible idea," agreed Stanley.

He strode boldly along as if it were the natural thing to do and no one they passed thought it strange at all to see a ghost walking through the town.

They traveled until they came to a small village where a puppet show was being given in the square. They sat down to rest a while and watch the show.

It was very sad.

A beautiful Puppet Princess was captured by a wicked ogre who swore to keep her a prisoner for ever unless she agreed to become his bride. The princess was kept in a dungeon and fed nothing but butterfly wings and soybean shells but she refused to give her consent. The ogre grew impatient and said, "Tomorrow you will be my bride or die." And the curtain came down on the second act.

Booby Bobby jumped from his seat and cried, "This is terrible! We've got to save her!"

Stanley the Ghost agreed that the Puppet Princess must be rescued from the wicked ogre who planned to wed her.

"Now is our chance," he whispered. "Before the curtain goes up for the last act."

They crept to the little stage and peered behind the curtain. The man who ran the show had gone off for a smoke. The audience, too, had turned away for the intermission. The Princess lay on the stage in a crumpled heap of strings and sticks. The ogre also lay in a heap and did not seem so dangerous anymore.

"Princess! Come with us," said Booby Bobby. "We will save you from the ogre."

The Princess opened sad dark eyes and gazed at Booby Bobby in wonder. He was the first person who had ever spoken to her as if she were real and not just a marionette on a string.

"I cannot move unless the puppeteer pulls my strings," she murmured unhappily.

"I will break the strings," said Booby Bobby. "Then you can move by yourself."

"Do you really think so? Oh, how lovely that would be!" Booby Bobby snapped the strings tied to the puppet's feet and hands and head.

"How good it feels," breathed the Princess as Booby Bobby helped her from the stage. "I've never before moved of my own free will!"

"You must move very fast," said the Ghost. He rushed out of the square with Booby Bobby and the Princess at his heels.

The puppeteer came from around the corner where he had been having his smoke. He stared in puzzlement when he saw the Puppet Princess was missing. Then he saw the Ghost and Booby Bobby running away.

"Thief! Thief!" he shouted. "Stop them! They've stolen my puppet!" He began to give chase and all the men and women and children in the square gave chase behind him.

Panting and wheezing, the Ghost led the way out of the village, across the fields, and through the forest.

"I-I can't run anymore," gasped the Princess at last. "It is harder than I thought."

Booby Bobby knelt down and ordered her to climb on his back. Then with the Princess riding piggyback, he staggered after Stanley.

They came to a wide river. Stanley said, "I've heard that there is a ferry boat here run by an elf who will take us straight to Santa Land." They looked everywhere but the only boat in sight was a veat-up raft tied to a tree. A sign on the raft said, "The ferryman has retired. This ferry doesn't run anymore."

The Ghost and Booby Bobby and the Princess looked at each other in dismay. They heard a hallooing and thrashing in the woods behind. The puppeteer came nearer and nearer screaming, "We have them cornered! They'll never get away!"

"Oh, dear," moaned the Princess. "All my life that man has made me do things I didn't want to do. Now he'll put me back on strings and I'll be just a marionette again."

"He hasn't caught us yet," said the Ghost.

He pushed Booby Bobby and the Princess on to the rickety raft, untied the rope and leaped aboard. The craft lurched away from the bank just as the puppeteer reached the shore screeching, "Here they are! We have them!"

But he was too late. The raft was spinning down the river and was already nearly out of sight.

Booby Bobby and Stanley the Ghost and the Puppet Princess huddled on the rickety raft as it swept faster and faster down the river.

"I expect it's taking us straight to Santa Land," said Booby Bobby happily.

But the Ghost said, "I'd feel better if the ferryman were here. He's the one who knows the way."

"It is the Santa Land ferry just the same," insisted Booby Bobby. "Maybe it will get us there by itself."

"I don't care where it goes," murmured the Princess. "It's so wonderful to be free!" She stretched her arms and wiggled her toes for the sheer pleasure of moving without a y strings.

The raft reeled on until it reached the open sea. Land was far from sight. Now a terrible storm engulfed them. Winds heaved the raft up and down the sides of enormous waves and spun it wildly in whirlpools.

Booby Bobby felt seasick. The Ghost turned three shades whiter. Even the Princess was dismayed by so much movement.

A huge wave crashed on top of them and nearly swept them overboard. Another wave hit. The raft twitched and trembled as though it would splinter to bits.

The Ghost came sputtering out of the next wave and said in a very calm voice, "I think we are coming apart."

The raft was indeed sinking. They were already sitting in 10 inches of water.

"Maybe we can tie it together again," said the Princess in a timid voice. She slipped off her petticoat and tore it into strips and the three worked frantically to tie the raft together again. Booby Bobby found a wad of silly putty in his coat pocket and used it to fill some of the cracks between the boards. Soon the raft was again riding on top of the waves.

But now a worse thing happened. The sea calmed; the wind stopped howling; the raft sat dead still traveling nowhere at all.

They sat there all night and all day and another night. The raft never moved. They tried paddling with their hands and kicking with their feet in the water. It did no good. The raft would not move.

"If only we had a sail!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"We could use you," said Booby Bobby.

"Me!"

"My mother thought you were an old sheet. If we spread you out, you might be as good as a sail."

The Ghost, grumbling and feeling very silly, stood in the bow of the raft and the Princess and Booby Bobby spread out his sheets as far as they would go.

The raft quivered slightly and began to move. A strong breeze came out of the west and filled the Ghost's sheets. The raft zoomed over the water. They were on their way again.

"I see land!" cried Booby Bobby.

They looked where he pointed and saw an island not far ahead.

"It's Santa Land!" shouted Booby Bobby as they neared the shore.

He jumped up and down and flapped the Ghost's sheets wildly to hurry the raft through the surf. This was a mistake. The wind filled the flapping sheets with such force that it lifted Stanley off the raft and swept him away like a kite torn from a child's hands.

At the same moment the raft turned upside down in the pounding surf, Booby Bobby and the Princess were dumped into the sea and the raft was shattered to pieces.

Booby Bobby and the Princess were dumped into the shallow water off the beach. Everywhere they got to their feet the waves knocked them down again. They were tossed over and over, like empty bottles, until a last big wave washed them up on the sand.

Booby Bobby helped the Princess out of the water. They staggered up a hill and sat down to rest under a tall pine tree. From where they sat they could see the whole island.

"This can't be Santa Land," groaned Booby Bobby. "There's no snow!"

The Princess began to weep. Booby Bobby was afraid that she was thinking it would be better to be a puppet on a string than shipwrecked on a desert island. He held her hand and called himself a dumbbell for getting her into such a mess.

But the Princess wasn't thinking such things at all. She sniffed and said, "Poor Ghost! He has probably been blown to the moon and it's all my fault because I wanted to be free."

"No, it's my fault," protested Booby Bobby. "If I hadn't wanted to get to Santa Land, the Ghost would still be haunting my house back home."

"I certainly would not," rasped a voice. "As you know, your house was a perfectly dreadful

See DUMBELL, Page 3



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Dumbbell...

(Continued from Page 2)

place to haunt. Now get my down from here."

Bobby Bobby and the Princess looked up in astonishment. There was Stanley the Ghost hanging upside down above them, his sheets caught in the boughs of the pine tree.

With a whoop of relief, Bobby Bobby shinnies up the tree. He untangled the sheets and the ghost dropped to the ground.

The Princess dried her tears. She said she felt much better to know that Stanley was with them on the desert island.

Stanley said, "There is no such thing as a desert island. Ghosts haunt islands just as they haunt houses. As a matter of fact, I think I hear one now." Bobby Bobby and the Princess sat wide-eyed and quiet. They heard a rustling and soughing in the brush. "It's the wind," said Bobby Bobby.

"No," said the Ghost. "It's Ghosts. I know the language." He began to drone and hum and make mysterious whirring sounds and Bobby Bobby knew that he was talking to his brothers.

At last Stanley stood up and led them to a cove on the beach where a flock of white birds were fluttering. When they got closer they saw they weren't birds at all but a family of ghosts picnicking in the sun.

The ghosts were happy to have visitors, because no one had been to the island for a thousand years. They gave them ghost pie and phantom cake and frothy fuzzy soda and played hide and seek with them on the beach.

Then Stanley said he must find a way to leave the island because they had to get to Santa Land. He supposed they would have to build a new raft but even so he had no idea how to cross the seas or even what direction to go.

The grandfather ghost said, "I have heard that once in his lifetime if a person wishes something hard enough, the wish comes true. Of course, I don't necessarily believe it is so."

"I believe it!" cried Bobby Bobby. "I will wish!" He shut his eyes and wished with all his might that he and Stanley and the Puppet Princess were in Santa Land.

Poor Bobby Bobby! He was so intent on using all his heart and all his might to make his wish come true that the words got mixed up in his head. Instead of wishing to be in Santa Land he wished to be in Snow Land which is not the same thing at all.

When he opened his eyes and looked around he found himself at the top of a mountain of snow but there was not a sign of Santa Land.

"Everyone is right," he said wretchedly. "I am a dumbbell." Stanley the Ghost and the Princess, who found themselves sitting beside him, tried to reassure him.

"Santa Land can't be too far off," said Stanley. "We know Santa Land has snow and this must be most of the snow in the world."

"I love snow," put in the Princess cheerfully, though she was shivering quite badly.

"I could try wishing again," said Bobby Bobby.

"No," said the Ghost. "One wish is enough to spend on this trip. Besides it is probably true that only one such wish works in a lifetime."

"What shall we do now?" as-

ked the Princess in a small voice, shivering more than ever. "Walk," said the Ghost. "After all, it's all down hill."

Now mountains in winter time are very tricky. One minute it is sunny and the next minute a cloud drops down and you can't see at all. When Bobby Bobby and the Ghost and the Princess started down they could see the bottom of the mountain quite clearly. It seemed to be at a reasonable distance. But the snow was soft. They sank to their hip at every step. After three hours they had hardly made any progress. The bottom of the mountain was as far off as ever.

Then they couldn't even see the bottom or even their hands in front of their faces. A white cloud had descended. They were lost in a fog.

The Princess held Bobby Bobby's hand and Bobby Bobby held Stanley's trailing sheets. The Ghost shouted at the top of his voice. "Follow me! Follow me!"

This was a mistake, for his the mountain, loosened a cliff of overhanging snow. There was a sudden clasp and a far-off rumbling getting louder and louder until it was a booming, thundering, roaring coming down the mountain.

The Ghost screamed, "Avalanche!"

Bobby Bobby clung to the Princess's hand. He lost hold of Stanley's sheet, fell and grabbed the avalanche picked them up and hurled them head over heels, somersaulting, topsy-turvy, down the mountain in a river of snow.

When they came to a stop they were buried under the snow. The Puppet Princess's nose had broken off. Stanley's sheets were ripped from his head. Bobby Bobby had two black eyes. But they were still together.

They began to tunnel out of the snow but they were so upside down they couldn't tell whether they were going up or down or sideways. They decided each would tunnel in a different direction. One would have to be right.

After hours of digging, Bobby Bobby's head broke above the ground. He leaned over his tunnel and shouted, "Come this way! I'm out!"

He sat back to wait for the others. As he sank back, he felt an awful twinge and the jaws of some fearful creature locked around his seat.

Help! Help! cried Bobby Bobby.

A strange beast gripped him where he sat down and locked him in its powerful jaws. He twisted and squirmed but he could not break away. The Ghost and the Princess were still working their way through the tunnels of snow. They could not hear his shouts for help.

"I'll be eaten up before they get here," thought Bobby Bobby. He felt, in fact, that part of him was already gone.

For lack of anything better to do, he kept bellowing. He hoped this would frighten away whatever had hold of him.

At last Stanley the Ghost popped out of the tunnel. The Princess climbed out after him. They stared in astonishment at Bobby Bobby sitting in the snow, whooping and yowling.

"What are you hollering about?" asked the Ghost crossly. His sheet had been torn away in the avalanche. He was embarrassed to be standing

there in his underwear in front of the Princess.

But the Princess, who had lost her nose in the avalanche, appeared not to notice. She bent over Bobby Bobby and said, "Get up you silly goose. There's nothing wrong."

"I can't get up," wailed Bobby Bobby. He looked fearfully over his shoulder. "Some beast has me in its jaws."

"There's no beast here," said the Ghost.

"I can feel its teeth," insisted Bobby Bobby.

"The fall in the avalanche has jiggled your brains. You are imagining things," snapped Stanley. "Come now. Get up!"

He took one arm and the Princess took the other arm and they tried to pull Bobby Bobby to his feet. They pulled and pulled and finally they yanked him out of the snow. Then they saw, to their horror, an enormous steel trap fastened tight to poor Bobby Bobby.

They sat him back down in the snow and the Ghost studied the situation: He fiddled and puttered with the jaws of the trap but he could not loosen its grip on Bobby Bobby's pants.

"I do not know that this trip was supposed to trap," muttered Stanley. "I have never seen its like before."

"It's a Booby Bobby trap, I expect," said Bobby Bobby forlornly. "That is what it has caught." The Princess patted his head and murmured gently, "Hush now. Poof dear!"

The Ghost said, "We can't get him out and he can't move with it hanging on to him. We'll have to wait until whoever set the trap comes back to see what he had caught."

The Ghost and the Princess hid behind some bushes to wait and watch. Presently they heard a far away jingle, jangle, dingle, lingle of bells and the clatter and chatter of hoof beats.

The Ghost and the Princess shivered at the sound. Bobby Bobby, caught in the trap, nearly fainted with fear. He clenched his hands and screwed his eyes shut and whispered, "I will be brave. I will be brave."

The tinkling and the dingling grew closer. The whole world seemed to be ringing and pealing and clanging with the sound of bells. When Bobby Bobby thought he would burst with terror the tintinnabulation stopped. A sharp voice cried out: "Ha!"

Bobby Bobby took a deep breath and opened one eye. Then he opened the other and his mouth dropped. There, not 10 feet in front of him, was a little red sleigh pulled by two reindeer. The reindeer were hung with bells and were driven by a crooked-legged, red-haired elf who carried a silver bell in each hand.

The elf leaped from the sleigh and shouted furiously at Bobby Bobby. "We've caught you at last!"

"We'll smother you in ashes and whip you with switches and give you spiders to eat. You'll be sorry you ever came to Santa Land!" shouted the red-haired, crooked-legged dwarf.

"But-I-I haven't done anything!" stammered Bobby Bobby, quaking in the trap.

"Ha! You can't fool me. You're the Troll who has been stealing candy and breaking toys and mixing up Christmas orders. You hate children and don't want them to have any Christmas."

The Ghost and the Puppet Princess popped out of the bushes. "He is not a troll!" shouted the Ghost angrily. "And he

never did any of those things!" declared the Princess.

"If he's not a Troll how come he's caught in my Troll Trap? And who are you anyway?" "I'm a ghost as you should be able to see for yourself," said Stanley stiffly.

"I never heard of a ghost in underwear!" scoffed the elf. "I lost my clothes in an avalanche," said Stanley. "That is how the Princess lost her nose and Bobby Bobby got caught in your trap. We've come a long way to see Santa Claus and I must say we never expected such a reception as this."

"It all sounds very queer to me," said the elf. "But never mind. We'll let Santa settle the matter." He unlocked the Troll Trap and Bobby Bobby, minus the seat of his trousers, was free. They climbed into the red sleigh and, with bells ringing, dashed away.

"Why do you ring the bell so loudly?" complained the Princess, putting her hands over her ears.

"I'm getting them ready for Christmas," explained the elf. He had to bellow to be heard. "They get rusty and out of tune between seasons." He shook the bells on the reindeer reins and went ding, dong, with the silver bell in each hand.

Clanging and chiming they arrived in Santa Land. The elf herded them into Santa's house where they all began to talk at once.

Santa sat in his chair by the fire smoking his pipe and rocking gently to and fro as he listened to their tale. When they had finished he shook his finger at the elf. "Don't you know what a Troll looks like?" he asked with amusement.

"A Troll can take many shapes as you know," retorted the elf. "And anyway the boy had no business in my trap."

Santa's eyes twinkled. "You must excuse Tweedleknives. He has a low-boiling point and gets very excited about things."

"There's plenty to be excited about," argued Tweedleknives. "Unless we catch the Troll, there'll be no toys left for Christmas."

"Things aren't quite that bad," said Santa soothingly. "Come now, we must do something for our visitors."

Mrs. Claus came in and set about patching Bobby Bobby's britches. Tweedleknives, grumping all the time, went to the line shop for new sheets for the Ghost. Santa, meanwhile, bent over his work-bench and cut out and molded a brand new nose for the Princess.

After this, Santa asked why the three had come to Santa Land.

The Ghost said he hoped to find a better place to haunt. The Princess said she was looking for a new kingdom. Bobby Bobby said, in a very small voice, "I would like a friend for Christmas so people will think I'm important and not call me dumbbell anymore."

"Hmmm," said Santa, thoughtfully. "Hummh."

Before he could say more, Tweedleknives burst in shouting, "Come quick! Something terrible has happened!"

Santa rushed out of the house. "What is it? What has happened?"

"The reindeer!" blurted Tweedleknives. "They've disappeared!"

They ran to the barn. A group of Santa Land workers were there looking dazedly about and muttering in confusion. The barns were empty.

"They must be some where

nearby," said Santa. "I hear bells."

There was a faint tinkling in the field behind the barns but when they went there they saw white little pigs grunting in the mud. Each little pig had bells around its neck and everyone knew from the sound they were the very same bells the reindeer had worn.

"I warned you!" cried Tweedleknives. "I told you the situation was serious. Now the Troll has changed the reindeer into pigs. There'll be no way to travel on Christmas Eve!"

"We'll manage," said Santa firmly. But it was plain he was worried. He returned to his house and sat in front of the fire and brooded.

Mrs. Claus brought in a scrumptious supper of mock turtle soup and roast partridge, cheese and pineapple frappe. But Santa wouldn't touch a thing, though pineapple frappe was his favorite dessert.

The Ghost and the Princess and Bobby Bobby couldn't eat either, though they tried. Finally they got up and walked out to the shops to see the toy makers. But the elves and fairies were too upset to work.

If the reindeer turned into pigs today, then tomorrow we be us turned in to caterpillars.

The Troll is very powerful. They huddled fearfully in groups and made no dolls or wagons or games. "What is the use?" they said. "The reindeer are gone and the toys cannot be delivered anyway."

The three visitors went into the empty Ball Shop. There was a huge tub of liquid rubber and large machines to turn out basketballs and footballs and tennis balls and just plain rubber balls. All the machines were idle.

The Ghost sat on the edge of the tub of rubber. "We must trap the Troll," he announced. "Tweedleknives tried that," said Bobby Bobby. "All he caught was me."

The Ghost said he meant a different kind of trap. "They say the Troll comes every night to the toy shops to work some mischief. Tonight we'll wait for him here in the Ball Shop. When he comes I'll make ghost sounds to frighten him and you will push him into the tub of liquid rubber."

This seemed an excellent plan. When it was dark the Princess hid by the door to watch for the Troll. The Ghost crouched in the corner. Bobby Bobby waited behind the golf ball machine.

The hours passed. It was very black and still. Bobby Bob-

by's eyes kept closing. He was enormously sleepy. Suddenly the Princess whispered, "Now!" The Troll came in carrying a small lantern.

"BOOOO!" shrieked the Ghost, darting from the corner and flapping his sheets.

Bobby Bobby, who really had fallen asleep, was so startled he threw back his head and smacked the handle of the golf ball machine. There was a grinding of gears and hundreds of golf balls began popping from the machine peppering everyone in the room.

The Princess moaned. The Ghost squawked. The Troll roared. The lantern went out. Bobby Bobby, quickly recovering, leaped out in the dark and pushed the Troll into the tub of liquid rubber.

"I've got him!" cried Bobby Bobby. Dodging golf balls, he stumbled to the wall to turn on the light. "He's in the tub of rubber!"

But — alas! In the dark, it was the Ghost that Bobby Bobby had pushed into the tub and the Troll had fled.

"Get me out!" bawled Stanley, flapping and floundering in the thick black goo. The more he struggled the bigger and fatter he grew. When the Princess and Bobby Bobby finally fished

him out he bounced on the floor like a giant rubber ball.

Meanwhile, the golf ball machine kept chattering away, turning out golf balls and bombarding the three of them. The balls flooded the room and flew out the door and down the road.

The terrible racket brought Santa and Tweedleknives running to the shop. Their eyes popped at the sight before them.

Tweedleknives turned off the golf ball machine and bounced the Ghost away to clean him up. Santa took Bobby Bobby and the Princess to his house to bandage their cuts and bruises.

"We were trying to catch the Troll," explained Bobby Bobby. "We would have, too, if I hadn't been such a boob!"

"Never mind," soothed Santa. "At least you frightened him away."

But, the next morning they discovered that, while all the commotion went on in the Ball Shop, the Troll had broken into the Doll Shop and stolen the eyes from all the finished dolls. Their eyes were made from a rare and priceless glass impossible to replace.


Now things were worse than see DUMBELL, Page 4

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Christmas
Luke tells us what Christmas is all about in chapter 2, verse 14, when he shouts — Glory To God In The Highest, and On Earth, Peace And Good Will To All Men. It takes only two words to speak the Christmas Message, — "glory" and "Peace." These words express the glory of God as no others do. That historic babe, born in a manger, has transformed a whole world. His spirit means Christmas in the life of humans such as we. In Him is embodied the love, patience, and essential goodness of the best man who ever lived — Jesus. He is the true example of the God of power and righteousness. Men knew he was all-powerful but had never known He was all-loving. We must not wallow away Christmas Day by guzzling up our blessings in dismay. Let us give of our best in the spirit of Joy. Exchange gifts, if you may, in memory of Him who taught us that it is always more blessed to give than to receive.

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HI-PLAINS SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOC.
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WAC SEED, INC.
*Hugh Clearman - Armon Lauderback

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*J. D. Kirkland

Dumbbell...

(Continued from Page 3)

ever. The Ghost, who still bounced slightly when he walked, said that time was running out and what was Santa to do about the reindeer turned into pigs and the damaged toys and the candy that disappeared and appeared as soon as the candy fairies made it?

Booby Bobby felt dreadful because he had let the Troll escape. He was determined to do something to make up for his blunder. He wandered off into the Book Shop and studied the rows and rows of books ready for Christmas delivery.

He wished he hadn't been such a scatterbrain in school. "I might have learned something about how to catch a Troll," he sighed. He picked up a tiny book from under a stool. It was flaming red and had a skull on the front.

"WITCH'S HANDBOOK," he read. "This book contains curses, charms, enchantments, exorcisms and recipes for magic potions. KEEP THIS BOOK OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN."

He sat down on the floor and began to read. His eyes grew big and his head reeled as he turned the pages. He ran off to show the Ghost and the Puppet Princess what he had found.

"Here are all kinds of ways to catch the Troll," he exclaimed, showing them the book. "We can turn him into a fish or cause his teeth to drop out or make him disappear in a cloud of smoke!"

But the Ghost shook his head and said that it was a very dangerous thing to fool with a witch's magic.

"But it's all written here clear as can be," protested Booby Bobby. "All we have to do is follow directions."

The Princess pointed out that the book was not supposed to be read by children. "Do put it back where you found it," she begged.

But Booby Bobby went off and read some more. When he came to a recipe for candy that would turn the troll into fruit he could not resist.

"I will do it all by myself!" he exclaimed. "When I catch the Troll how proud everyone will be of me!"

Booby Bobby went to the Candy Shop. It was empty because the Troll kept stealing the Christmas candy and the Candy Fairies didn't have the heart to make any more.

Booby Bobby followed the recipe in the Witch's Handbook. He mixed together a pound of butterfly butter, three scorpion eggs, a cup of bandicoot milk and one half cup of goatfish scales. He found all these things behind the pipe under the sink where they were kept to kill termites and such.

He boiled the ingredients together until the mixture spun a thread when dripped from a spoon. Then he set it out in a buttered pan to cool.

It did smell delicious! Booby

Bobby's mouth watered as the odor filled the shop and drifted out the window and away on the evening breeze.

"What a success!" he cried. "The Troll will never be able to resist." He imagined how happy everyone would be when they discovered that he turned the Troll into fruit.

He was so excited that he could not wait a minute longer to tell the Ghost and the Princess what he had done. He went off to find them.

But the Ghost had himself gone looking for Booby Bobby. He was disturbed about the Witch's Handbook. He wanted again to warn Booby Bobby not to fool with it. He smelled the cooling candy and went into the Candy Shop to see what was cooking.

What he saw smelled so good and looked so good he picked up the spoon and licked it. Pop! Plunk! He turned into a long, yellow banana!

A few minutes later the Puppet Princess, who had been waiting for the Ghost to return, followed him into the shop.

"Hummy!" she exclaimed. "How delicious this looks! She picked up the tiniest crumb of candy and stuck it between her lips. Pop! Plunk! She turned into a golden pomegranate.

Meanwhile, Santa Claus was taking a walk while he considered ways to catch the Troll. He, too, smelled the wonderful odor and he thought, "Splendid! The Candy Fairies are working again." He went to the shop and was surprised to find no one there.

He saw the pan of candy and it looked very good to him. He was glad to see that a new recipe was being tried because, to tell the truth, he was getting quite tired of the usual Christmas candy. He ran his finger around the sides of the saucepan and was just putting his finger to his mouth when Booby Bobby returned to the shop.

"Stop! Stop!" screamed Booby Bobby when he saw what Santa was about to do.

But it was too late. Santa had

licked his finger and Pop! Plunk! He was a bright red apple. Booby Bobby stared at the apple as if he could not believe and never would believe what had happened. He saw the banana and the pomegranate beside the apple and he knew what he had not been able to find the Ghost and the Princess.

He didn't know what else to do so he opened his mouth and screamed, "Tweedleknese! Tweedleknese! Tweedleknese!"

When the crooked-legged elf came running, Booby Bobby burst into tears and told him what had happened.

"It was a recipe from the Witch's Handbook. I made it to catch the Troll."

"Now you've done it!" groaned Tweedleknese. "The book is the Troll's book and all the magic is in it. I expect he left the book around hoping you would find it and do exactly as you did. Couldn't you see it says 'NOT FOR CHILDREN!'"

"I saw but I didn't believe," sobbed poor Booby Bobby.

Booby Bobby put the yellow banana and the golden pomegranate and the big red apple in a bowl. "What shall we do?" he moaned.

"The first thing to do is destroy that candy," said Tweedleknese. "Witch's recipes would never work on the Troll anyway for he is a witch himself." He threw the candy, pots and pan into the fire.

Booby Bobby pleaded: "There must be some way to turn Santa and the Ghost and the Princess back into themselves. Isn't there anyone who knows magic and can help?"

"There is a Prince who knows about such things," murmured Tweedleknese.

"I will go to him!" cried Booby Bobby.

"Impossible," said Tweedleknese. "He lives in a castle no one has ever seen. It is said that it is somewhere in the sky but that is all make-believe, of course."

"I have often seen castles in the sky!" exclaimed Booby Bobby.

"You are daft," said Tweedleknese.

See DUMBELL, Page 7



For a big change..

AT EVEN BIGGER SAVINGS!

WE GIVE GOLD BOND STAMPS!



GROUND BEEF
Fresh Ground Daily
3 lbs. & up
lb. **53¢**

RIB STEAK
Furr's Proten
lb. **88¢**

TOMATO JUICE Kerns 25¢
46 oz. can
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MIRACLE WHIP Kraft qt. jar 47¢
CORN Libbys in butter sauce 12 oz. can 5 for 1.00
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BLACKEYES High Plains No. 300 can 10¢
BEETS Food Club Whole No. 303 6 for 1.00
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DISH DETERGENT Topco 35 oz. pkg. 49¢

Stew Boneless lean cubes lb. 79¢
Short Ribs Beef Furr's Proten lb. 38¢
Club Steak Furr's Proten lb. 98¢
Rump Roast Furr's Proten lb. 88¢
Fritters Shurtenda fully cooked steak 5 to a pkg. 1.00
Steaks Luncheon fine for broiling 79¢
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SIRLOIN ROUND T-BONE FRYERS
Steak Furr's Proten lb. 88¢
Steak Furr's Proten lb. 88¢
Steak Furr's Proten lb. 98¢
Fresh Dressed USDA Insp. Whole lb. 29¢
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Johnsons Klear

27 oz. can **89¢**

Delicatessen

1 - Whole Fried Chicken
1 - Pint Green Beans
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All For \$1.98
Hot Macaroni and Cheese pint 69¢
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BAYER ASPIRIN 100's Evenflo Combination 8 oz. 27¢
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Dairy Case

EGGS Grade A Med. Doz. **65¢**

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OLEO lb. **25¢**

Fresh Frozen Foods

DINNERS Morton's chicken, beef, turkey, meat loaf or Salisbury steak 11 oz. pkg. **3 \$1 FOR**
LEMONADE Top Frost Fresh Frozen 6 oz. can **10¢**

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

AVOCADOS Large Size Salad Favorite eq. 20¢
POTATOES All Purpose Russets 10 lb. bag 66¢
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GREEN ONIONS Arizona large bunch 2 for 25¢
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TOMATOES Salad size lb. 49¢
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CAULIFLOWER Cello Sno Balls Heads cello wrapped each 49¢

Green Mustard, Collards or Turnip Choice Avg. lg. bunch ea. **12 1/2¢**



HAND LOTION
LANOLIN PLUS
12 oz. **\$1.49**
Reg. \$3.00 NOW

SHOP
Furr's
MIRACLE PRICES

NOTICE

We the following stores will be closed two days, (Dec. 25th and 26th) for Christmas.

We feel that our employees are due an extra day to be with their families at Christmas time.

We wish all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HARMAN'S SUNNY'S MISTER SHOP RUTHERFORD & CO.

Phone 364-2030

WANT ADS

Phone 364-2030

CLASSIFIED-ADVERTISING RATES
 Reader Ads (Minimum 10 words) 1st insertion per word 8c
 Additional insertions, when paid in advance: per word 6c
 Classified Display (10 pt. type under a specific heading, 1 column width only — no art or signature cuts) per col. inch \$2.00
 Repeat insertion without copy change per col. inch \$1.50
 Display Advertising Not Classified under a heading, but place on the classified page . . . per col. inch \$1.12
 Deadline for Classified Advertising in the **SUNDAY BRAND**.
 5 p. m. Friday

Deadline for Classified Advertising in the **HEREFORD BRAND**.
 5 p. m. Tuesday

1. FOR SALE Miscellaneous

HOW AVAILABLE: The Hereford Brand Sales of the Prairie Press by Dudley M. Lynch. Price \$4.99 Hereford Brand, 130 West Fourth St. B-1-53-1fc

CARPET
 C&W Tile 507 East First Phone 364-3448 B-1-17-32-1fc

CHAIN LINK FENCE
 "Twice as strong for much less" Yard fence, range fence, stockade fence, pens, instant foot ramps, many special uses.

MADE LOCALLY
CAMPBELL CHAIN LINK
 811 E. 1st, Phone 364-5561 61-364-9772 B-1-44-1fc

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 4 blocks east of K on 15th St. B-1-49-17p

WALKER'S USED CARS AND TRUCKS
 We buy, sell or trade. 400 West First Phone 364-5250. B-1-41-1fc

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 Phone 364-8169.
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FOR SALE INSURANCE-ALL LINES
 We are small enough to know you and big enough to serve you. See Charlie or Fleda of the **BELL AGENCY**. 364-2343 or 364-1422. B-1-30-1fc

NEW CROP ANGUS BULLS - grown in Texas by Andrew S. Andrews. B-1-24-5p

FOR SALE - COLOR T. V. Coil Lee 364-2734. B-1-10-21-1fc

12X46 two bedroom mobile home. Partly furnished. 607 Avenue H. Phone 364-1875. B-1-12-24-1fc

SALED HAY GRAZER. Phone C. W. Holcomb, 364-1973 or 289-5567. B-1-24-4p

STATED MEETINGS
 Second Monday 7:30 p.m. Thursday Floor Practice
 W. A. Phipps, Sec. Joe Hysinger, W. M.

Hereford Rotary Club
 meets every Monday at 12:05 Jim Hill Hotel

Lions Club
 meets each Wednesday, 12 Noon Hotel Jim Hill

KIWANIS CLUB
 Thurs. Noon IOOF Hall 207 E. 6th

NEED PRESCRIPTIONS? Let Scott's Pharmacy SAVE you MONEY!

315 N. Main 364-5400. B-1-51-4p

BALED dry land hepari. Bonnie Bruce Coleman 289-5537. B-1-10-51-4c

MAKE YOUR CHEVY QUICK. 4.88 ring and pinion, 12 bolt. \$45.00. 8331. B-1-25-2p

IT'S inexpensive to clean rugs and upholstery with Blue Luster. Rent a electric shampooer \$1. Hereford Hardware. B-1-16-25-2c

12x57 Mobile home at Grand E Trailer Park. Inquire at office or call 364-2272. B-1-14-25-4c

OFFICE FURNITURE
 3 desks
 Filing cabinet
 18" typewriter
 Chairs.
 Less than one year old. Call 364-2139. B-1-53-1fc

REPOSESSED KIRBY for sale. Phone 364-0422. B-1-10-52-1fc

HANNAN'S husband Hector hates hard work so he cleans the rugs with Blue Luster. Rent electric shampooer \$1. Duckwall's Supermart Mall. B-1-25-25-2c

2. FOR SALE Farm Equipment

See Us For Mayrath Grain Augers In Stock Also have parts in stock

DAVIS IMPLEMENT 409 EAST FIRST Phone 364-2811 B-2-35-1fc

See Us For Parts-Sweeps-Chisels - for Graham (Hoeme) Plows **DAVIS IMPLEMENT 409 EAST FIRST Phone 364-2811 B-2-29-1fc**

ENGINES FOR SALE
 403, 605, 800, HD800 Moline Engines. 413 Chrysler Engines. **HIWAY GARAGE, HART, TEXAS.** Day phone 938-2169; night 938-2374. B-2-10-25-2p

3. FOR SALE Automobiles

TWO 1967 Dodge 2 ton trucks with bed and hostel; ONE 1968 7 ton Dodge with bed and hostel.
 Inquire Installation Loan Department, FNB. B-1-24-1fc

MILBURN MOTOR COMPANY
 We pay cash for Used Cars
 Phone 364-0077
 225 North Sampson B-3-33-1fc

1968 FORD, Two door H. T. Inquire Installation Loan Department, First National Bank. B-3-12-22-1fc

1965 FORD MUSTANG, V8, automatic. Phone 364-0412. B-3-10-49-1fc

1967 CHEV, Impala. Very clean. Phone 364-0273 after 6:00 p. m. B-3-10-25-2c

1966 Chev, 409 Truck. Tubing and rods. Phone Eastern Pipe-Steel, 354-5076. Perlaire, New Mexico. B-3-14-49-1fc

4. REAL ESTATE For Sale Or Trade

NEW LAND
 NEAR LAMESA. SUB-DIVIDING
 14,000 Acres into farms. Mesquite Calico land. Praven farming area 4 miles south of Patricia \$50 to \$90 per acre. 25 percent down. CALL John or Marvin McLarty 1211 Avenue M Lubbock, Texas 806 765-8816. B-4-46-1fc

3 BEDROOM brick, 1 1/2 baths. Carpeted, builtins. \$200 down. 364-0660. B-4-10-22-1fc

\$40,000.00 COUNTRY HOME. 3 b-rm brk. located on 11.3 acres
\$24,500.00 ONE MILE FROM HEREFORD 3 b-rm brick on 1/2 acre water softener - sprinkler - electric garage door
\$30,000.00 Very large 3 b-rm home 2-por - 1 1/2 baths. N. W. Hereford.
\$18,000.00 BARGAIN nice older 3 b-rm - 1 1/2 baths. brick 1500 sq. ft.
\$17,000.00 3 b-rm 1 1/2 bath. Buy equality. Assume 5% percent down payments \$115.
\$16,500.00 15 MINUTES FROM HEREFORD. Texas \$150.00 per yr. Payments \$114.00. 1500 sq. ft. Large 2 b-rm brick on large lot. Very nice.
\$10,400.00 \$2000.00 cash owner carry balance on this clean 3 bedroom
\$7500.00 \$500.00 cash - \$70.00 per mo. 2 bedroom - large
\$5000.00 \$500.00 cash \$45.00 per mo. 2 b-rm.
 Excellent lot North West Hereford \$22.50 per front ft.
 Unimproved 2 acre lot's near town. Restricted. Small down payment.
 Small GI tracts.
CARTHEAL REAL ESTATE
 286 N. 25th. M. Ave.
 Wayne Cartheal, Realtor
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BEAUTICIAN WANTED.
SALARY GUARANTEED.
PHONE
 272-3256 or 272-3632.
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COOKS WANTED:
 Caliente Inn Restaurant, Phone 647-9922. B-8-10-24-1fc

WANTED
WORLD BOOK REPRESENTATIVE
 Write Marveta Reinken, 1807 W. 12th Street Plainview, Texas. B-8-49-8c

WANTED - experienced man to look after sheep. See Charles King, 12 miles west of Dimmitt on Hwy. 86. Phone 447-2425. B-8-49-8p

FARM HAND WANTED. Good pay and good house 2 miles north of Community Grain Elevator and 1/2 mile east. B-8-17-25-2c

WANTED BABY sitting in my home. Call 364-3394. B-9-10-42-1fc

FOR SALE
 First lien notes or would trade for small house
I. A. BURDINE
 601 WEST 4th ST.
 CALL 364-1444 B-1-16-25-2c

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION
3 BEDROOM BRICK. Newly decorated inside and out. New carpet including bath and kitchen. Back yard fenced. Ideal for retired couple. See Loyd McGee at McCo's Furniture. B-4-27-50-1fc

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 3 bedroom brick, 1 1/2 baths, central heat, air, carpeted. Single garage. Fenced back yard. 301 West 7th. B-4-25-1fc

LONG TERM FARM LOANS. WE REPRESENT THE LARGEST COMPANIES IN THE BUSINESS AND HAVE MONEY AVAILABLE AT COMPETITIVE RATES PROMPT SERVICE TO QUALIFIED PRINCIPLES.
 CALL WESTERN INVESTMENT, AMARILLO 806-552-2134. B-10-46-1fc

NEW Authorized SPEED QUEEN LAUNDRY Appliance Dealer. Phone 364-4333. Firestone. B-10-10-25-1fc

FIREWOOD
 Buy your firewood now. During Kiwanis Club annual Pinon firewood sale. Phone 364-0814 or 364-1540 or contact any Kiwanis. This is a public service with proceeds remaining in the Hereford area. B-10-45-27c

CHAIN SAW WORK. Tree toping-shaping. For estimation, call 364-4166. B-11-10-50-5p

SICK ROOM SUPPLIES
 Wheel Chairs, Crutches, etc.
 McDowell Drug 334 N. Main - Phone 364-1313 B-11-51-1fc

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WANTED - baby sitting in our home between 8:30 AM and 6:00 P.M. Monday through Friday. Contact Mrs. Hammett 364-3782. B-4-17-52-2c

WOMEN OR GIRL waitresses. Will train. Apply in person at The Colson House. B-4-12-46-1fc

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5. HELP WANTED

5. HELP WANTED

CLASSIFIED ADS MAKE YOU MONEY

Try Sausage-Potato Crown Roast



Family dinners can be easy on the purse, yet attractive and delicious as well. Sausage-Potato Crown Roast is just such a main dish. You'll want to serve it often because no one will ever guess you're pinching pennies.

Sausage-Potato Crown Roast can be made in a hurry. A busy homemaker or career girl can dash into the market on the way home, pick up a package of knockwurst or franks and instant potatoes, and the casserole can be in and out of the oven in about 35 minutes. Serve with a crisp vegetable salad, beverage and winter fruit and cookies.

Sausage-Potato Crown Roast
 1 package (12 ounce) knockwurst, mettwurst, wiener, franks or smoked sausage links
 1/4 cup finely chopped green or Bermuda onion
 3 1/2 to 4 cups hot mashed potatoes (instant or mashed)
 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Cut sausage links in half lengthwise and crosswise. Whip onion into hot mashed potatoes (cooked instant or fresh mashed). Spoon a small amount of potato mixture over bottom of a buttered 9-inch pie plate or shallow casserole. Stand sausage pieces upright on cut end, cut surface towards center of dish. Fill center with remaining potatoes. Sprinkle cheese over top. Heat to serving temperature in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Yield: 4 servings.

Undercover Delight

Holiday Treat: Cook Out—Carry In



More and more families are stretching the informal gaiety of those backyard cook-outs right into Thanksgiving and Christmas. They find they can bring all the lip-slacking flavors of last season's barbecue-dinner indoors when they use a covered barbecue kettle.

Had you your barbecue kettle? Yes, a covered kettle can work its charm on your winter-holiday guests. Simply start (outdoors, of course) with Cornish hens stuffed with lightly spiced mushrooms and rice. By preparing the hens over charcoal in a covered barbecue kettle all the flavors that dwell in Cornish hens and the rice-mushroom stuffing will be enhanced for memorable holiday dining.

Stuffed Cornish Hens
 6 Cornish hens
 1 cup long grain rice
 1/4 cup wild rice
 2 1/2 ounce cans sliced mushrooms, drained
 1/2 cup minced onion
 1/2 cup dry minced parsley
 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning

Prepare rice according to package instructions. Sauté mushrooms in melted butter or margarine for five minutes. Add cooked rice, onion, parsley and seasoning and mix well. Stuff hens tightly using all of the stuffing. Salt and pepper hens to taste and cook over indirect medium heat for one hour, basting every 10 minutes with cooking oil during the last 40 minutes.

YANKEES PROMOTE NINE
NEW YORK - The New York Yankees have added nine farm club prospects to their 40-man roster which will report to Manager Ralph Houk at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., next spring.

One of the newcomers is Gowell of Auburn, Me., who last season led the Florida State League with 16 victories and 217 strikeouts in 198 innings. He's a 6-foot-2 right handed pitcher.

To make room for the new men the Yankees have assigned six players to their Syracuse farm team, including third baseman Bobby Cox.

NAVY DROPS 13 ANNAPOLIS - "We will not have another 13 in our locker room," said Navy football coach Rick Forzano when he got punter Tom Moore to wear No. 38 midway in the season.

"That's the number I was wearing when I was partially blinded (in the right eye) while playing Bantam League football," added the coach. "I don't know why I didn't notice Moore in number 13 until our game with Virginia."

LADIES TRIUMPH
FOUNTAIN, Colo. - It was sort of ladies' day at the Pikes Peak Turf Club after the ninth race late in the meeting. Girl Jockey Patty Barton won her fourth race on *Vagabond*, which is owned and trained by Linda Saitler of Englewood, Colo.

EXPERT PIANO TUNING. Call Elton Clark, 364-1182. If no answer call 364-0628. B-11-12-24-1fc

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Hospitality Tea Punch



Happy the holiday hostess who has an easy trick or two up her sleeve. A good punch recipe, for instance, will come in handy at many a festive occasion. The one pictured above, rosy in color, is a delightful blend of fruit juices with a strong tea base. The tea acts as a silent partner in the punch, giving it body without masking the flavors of the other ingredients. For holiday glamor a colorful ice ring filled with orange and lemon slices, red and green candied cherries, floats in the bowl. Cup cakes made from a cake mix and decorated with a variety of holiday motifs are also easy to do, yet effectively festive.

Holiday Punch
 (Makes about 50 punch-cup servings)
 1 quart cold water
 1/2 cup loose tea or 15 tea bags
 3/4 cup sugar
 2 quarts cranberry juice cocktail
 4 (6 oz.) cans frozen orange juice, thawed
 1/4 cup lemon juice
 2 quarts water
 1 (28 oz.) bottle ginger ale
 Ice ring*
 Lemon and orange slices
 Red and green candied cherries

Bring 1 quart cold water to full rolling boil; remove from heat; add tea all at once. Let stand 5 minutes. Strain into punch bowl; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Cool at room temperature. Add juices and water. Refrigerate. When ready to serve, add ginger ale and ice ring.

*To make ice ring, freeze water in ring mold, adding lemon and orange slices and red and green cherries.

HO HO HO!
 YOU'VE HAD A ROUGH NIGHT, SANTA!
 Why Not Dust Off Your Suit, Bundle Up Mama And The Kids, And GO OUT TO A SHOW!

Elvis Presley, in the role of a doctor, operates a clinic in the town area of a large city.

ELVIS PRESLEY MARY TYLER MOORE 'CHANGE OF HABIT'
 BARBARA MCNAIR
 Star
 Showtime
 2:15-4:15-6:15-8:15
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WALT DISNEY'S Darby O'Gill and the Little People
 Sean CONNERY
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WE GREET THE NEW YEAR...

HERE'S GIANT ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU AND WE'RE NOT HESITATING TO TELL ABOUT THE GOOD NEWS!

THE MOST FUN IN TOWN
 3

Dumbbell...

(Continued from Page 5)

knees. "They were only clouds you saw." He took a very large handkerchief from his pocket. Christmas is over forever." He rushed out honking his nose and wiping his eyes.

Booby Bobby went out and gazed at the cloudless sky. He sat down and waited. He waited all day and all night. He never took his eyes off the sky. Early the second morning he saw the castle — a great white palace flecked with pink and gold — floating overhead.

He started to shout for Tweedledee but he thought, "No. He will say it is only clouds. I'll get one of the reindeer and fly to the castle on my own."

He ran all the way to the barn before he remembered that the reindeer had been turned into pigs. He watched them scrambling in the mud.

"If only they could fly!" he thought wishfully. And then: "Well, who knows? Perhaps they can. No one has tried!" He climbed on the back of the little pig. He jingled the bells around its neck and cried, "Fly away to the castle in the sky!"

The pig grunted and snorted and took a few waddling steps. Suddenly it straightened its tail and rose out of the mud and soared towards the castle drifting overhead.

As they drew closer, the castle seemed to change shape and disappear. Booby Bobby was worried. Was it really only a cloud after all? He rode into a bank of clouds. For a long while he couldn't see anything at all. Then he was out on the other side and there was the castle — real and true — only hidden now and then by puffs of clouds floating by.

He left the pig at the gates of the castle and walked slowly up an avenue paved with rose leaves. He went up marble steps and into a blue-celagged hall.

There sat a crowned prince playing on a silver flute. It was a sound so sweet and pure that even the birds in the garden were still to listen.

The prince greeted Booby Bobby with surprise. "Everyone thinks the castle is made of clouds. We have never had visitor before. Tell me how you happened to come."

Booby Bobby told him all that had happened in Santa Land and how it was said the Troll knew the way to break the Troll's spell on Santa and the Ghost and the Princess.

The prince shook his head and said sadly, "You yourself cast the spell and only the Troll knows how to break it."

The prince told Booby Bobby that only the Troll himself could tell how to break the spell Booby Bobby had cast when he used the Troll's own magic.

"The Troll would never tell!" exclaimed Booby Bobby.

"You can make him tell," said the prince. "You have only to hang on to his back for 100 seconds."

"To hang on to his back I must catch him first."

"True," said the prince.

"And how will I do that?"

"You must think of a way," said the prince. He picked up his flute and began to play. The sound was almost sweeter than one could bear.

Booby Bobby said, "If you would come and play your flute perhaps the Troll would stop to listen and I could jump on his back."

"I would never leave my castle!" exclaimed the Prince.

"It is the only way I can think of," sighed Booby Bobby. "You would only have to stay a little while."

"Hmmm," said the Prince thoughtfully. "And this Puppet Princess — is she very pretty?"

"Oh, very! Though of course she is a pomegranate right now."

"Hmmm," said the Prince again. "Well, I suppose there is no harm in my leaving here for a while. It has been a long time since I have seen a pretty princess — or pomegranate, for that matter. Come, let's be off."

The two flew off to Santa Land, Booby Bobby riding the fat little pig and the Prince riding a white, winged horse.

When they arrived they found all the Santa Land workers gathered in Santa's house mourning for Santa.

"I have brought the Prince," said Booby Bobby. "We have a plan to catch the Troll and bring back Santa."

"You have had many plans," said Tweedledee gloomily. "But things have only gone from bad to worse." He went off in a corner and would not be consoled.

Booby Bobby took the Prince to the Candy Shop and showed him the bowl of fruit.

"The apple is Santa Claus. The banana is the Ghost. And the pomegranate is the Puppet Princess."

"A very pretty bowl of fruit," said the Prince. "But I don't suppose they think so at all. Well let us see what we can do. Remember if the Troll comes and you get on his back, you must hang on for 100 seconds."

"And then what will happen?"

"His power will be gone."

"I will hang on," promised Booby Bobby.

The Prince took out his flute and began to play. All the while he played he stared dreamily at the golden pomegranate. He played sweeter than he had ever played before and Booby Bobby, standing behind the door, stopped up his ears to keep from being himself beguiled.

Presently, he saw the doorknob turning and his heart pounded for he knew the Troll had come.

to a fly and you cannot hold me!"

"I have magic, too," retorted Booby Bobby. "I will turn into a spider and catch you in my web."

"I will be a fire and burn you up!" said the Troll.

"Then I will be a pail of water and put you out!"

"I will be a piece of cheese and the smell will overpower you!"

"I will become a mouse and eat you up," retorted Booby Bobby.

Of course Booby Bobby had no magic and could do none of these things but he cried, "I shall turn into so many things you will not have time to turn into anything!" Snarling magic words he became a grizzly bear, a shrew, a king cobra, a polecat, a kangaroo, a timberwolf, a wallaby.

Booby Bobby grew dizzier and dizzier. He could not hold on any longer. But just as his legs began to slip the Prince shouted, "One hundred seconds!" and the power of the Troll was gone.

Now he was just an ugly oaf with aching sides and hair standing on end. "You have won he mumbled. "What is it you want of me?"

"Return the toys you stole, break the spells you cast and leave Santa Land forever," said Booby Bobby.

"The pigs are this minute turned back into reindeer," said the Troll. "The toys are hidden in Santa's cellar. As for the Ghost and the Puppet Princess and Santa Claus, three kiddes will bring them back."

"First, let someone kiss the pomegranate."

"I will do that!" cried the Prince and he pressed the golden fruit to his lips. As he did so the pomegranate disappeared and the Puppet Princess was in his arms.

"Second," said the Troll. "Someone must kiss the banana."

"I love bananas!" exclaimed Booby Bobby. He smacked the banana with his mouth and there was Stanley, the Ghost.

"To bring back Santa," said the Troll, "someone must kiss his own elbow."

"Booby Bobby tried, but he could not do it. The Prince tried but he could not do it. The Ghost, being mainly sheets, did not really have an elbow.

But the Princess said, "I was built to be a marionette. I can twist my arms in any direction." She bent her arm and kissed her elbow. Instantly, there was Santa Claus.

"What on earth happened?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

Booby Bobby told how he had brought the Prince from the castle in the sky and the Prince had shown him how to capture the Troll and break his power.

"What can I do for you in return?" Santa asked the Prince gratefully.

"You can do nothing," said the Prince. He turned to the Princess and said, "But you can. For I have fallen in love with you and would like you to be my bride."

The Princess blushed and said she was honored to accept because she had never seen so fine a prince and she, too, had fallen in love.

"Then you'll have the new kingdom you wanted for Christmas!" exclaimed Booby Bobby.

"And speaking of Christmas," said Santa, "we must get busy for tomorrow is the day!"

Santa went to his house and told Mrs. Claus and all the workers that the Troll has gone and would never return.

"Hooray!" cried Tweedledees. "Our troubles are over!"

"No," said Santa. "They are just beginning, for there are thousands of children's orders still unfilled and we must have them ready this very eve. Can we do it?"

"We can do it!" shouted the Santa Land fairies and elves.

Mrs. Claus carried out platter after platter of homemade patty cakes, pan dowdy, cream puffs, macaroons and lady fingers to the shops for the workers. And the whole of Santa Land hummed as the elves hammered wheels on wagons, tuned horns, stitched together stuffed animals, blew up balloons, painted pictures on the front of coloring books and wound up toy engines.

The Puppet Princess straightened out orders from children and checked them off on a master list to be sure no one was forgotten. The Ghost recovered the stolen candy and the doll eyes the Troll had hidden in Santa's cellar.

Booby Bobby hitched the reindeer to the sleigh and tested all the bells. The Prince loaded the sleigh with bag after bag of toys as the workers filled them.

By evening everything was ready. Santa called them together and thanked them for all they had done.

asked Santa in a very loud voice.

"I-I don't know for sure," said the boy uncertainly.

"Well," boomed Santa, "any friend of yours is a friend of mine and don't let anyone forget it!"

He went from roof to roof and dropped a bag of toys down every chimney. When all was done he left the boy at his door and took off in his sleigh shouting, "Goodbye, Robert Clarence Hector Lee. Bring your friends to see me some time!"

"I will! I will!" called the boy.

All the children shivered in awe and swore they'd be his friend and never call him Booby Bobby again.

"Merry Christmas!" called Santa, flying away. "Merry Christmas to all!"

Early Spanish explorers regarded the potatoes dug up by Indians as "earth nuts."

They came at last to Booby Bobby's town. Now Santa jerked the reindeer reins to make the bells tinkle and jingle. He shook the great bells in his hands and filled the silent night with silvery chimes.

The sleeping children awoke and could not believe their ears. Never had they heard such a sound. They crept to their windows and looked in wonder at Santa Claus and Booby Bobby unloading toys in the great town square.

"Now tell me, Robert Clarence Hector Lee," shouted Santa so all could hear. "Have the children in this town been good this year?"

"Oh yes," replied the boy. "They are always very good."

Every child who heard him breathed easier and thought to himself, "Why, he's not such a boob after all!"

"Are they your friends?"

Cookies Make The Holidays



New idea for brownies

It's Holiday Time, and time for plenty of scrumptious-tasting cookies around the house. The home economists of the Kraft Kitchens have prepared a group of favorites from their files for your holiday enjoyment. Why not treat the family with these goodies?

Prings Brownies
1 pkg. family size brownie mix 1/2 cup sugar
1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Brand Cream Cheese 1 egg

Prepare brownie mix as directed on package. Combine softened cream cheese and sugar; mix until well blended. Stir in vanilla and egg. Spread half of brownie batter into a greased 13x9-inch baking pan; cover with cream cheese mixture and spoon on remaining brownie batter. Bake at 350°, 35 to 40 minutes. 1 dozen bars.

Crispy Clusters
4 1/2 cups Kraft Miniature Marshmallows 1 cup shredded coconut
1/2 cup Parkay Margarine 1/2 cup chopped nuts
5 cups rice cereal 1 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted

Melt marshmallows with margarine over low heat; stir until smooth. Add cereal, coconut and nuts; mix well. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto waxed paper. Top clusters with melted chocolate; chill 3 to 4 dozen.

Caramel Nut Crisps
49 (14-oz. bag) Kraft Caramels 1 cup corn flakes
3 tablespoons water 1 1/2 cups shredded coconut
2 cups crisp cereal 1 cup chopped nuts

Melt caramels with water in double boiler or in saucepan over low heat. Stir occasionally until sauce is smooth. Pour over combined cereals, coconut and nuts; toss until well coated. Drop in clusters on greased baking sheet; let stand until firm. 3 1/2 dozen clusters.

HEAVILY RECRUITED
LUSK, Wyo. — Steve Cockreham, a 6-1, 180 pounder, is one of the most heavily recruited prep athletes in Wyoming history—both by football and basketball college coaches.

Cockreham was named to the All-State basketball team three consecutive years and was quarterback on the All-State football team two years.

During his football career he threw 52 touchdown passes, including 28 in his senior year.

MASSIVE MOVE
FRANKFORT, Ky. — The state has received federal approval of a \$22 million package to relocate a river, highway and railroad around Pikeville at the eastern tip of Kentucky. The "Model City" project is designed to unlock the town from its horseshoe bend and involves a massive cut through a mountain.

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3 yr. old brick duplex. 2 apartments with 2 BR EACH. Good condition. Perfect location. Good income property. H-213

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Virgel Merriott 364-2653 Mike West 364-0735
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WHY NOT!
BRISBANE — Donald Leslie McNulty, 22, walked into the Supreme Court Registry and came out with a new name — Elvis Aron Presley.

He explained, "I have been called Elvis so much that Don did not seem to be my proper name any more. People told me I looked like Elvis."

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TWO STORY HOME - 3 bedroom - 2 bath - redwood fence - carpeted - builtin kitchen - 2 car garage - livingroom - \$21,000.00 - 603 Star.

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2 YEARS OLD & EXTRA CLEAN: Equity buy - 6% loan - 3 bedrooms - 1 1/2 bath - double garage - refrigerated air - owner leaving town - appointment only - 123 Ranger.

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Have you considered a duplex? Use it as a duplex or remodel into large home - terms suited to buyer's pocketbook. Near downtown. H-2097

Washington Report

From Congressman
BOB PRICE 4TH DISTRICT, TEXAS

1223 LONGWORTH OFFICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540



President Nixon's promise to call Congress back into session the day after Christmas if appropriation bills for this fiscal year were not adopted by then apparently had some effect with the passage last week of the Defense Department appropriation only two of the 13 money bills had not been passed.

NUMEROUS BILLS PASSED: A number of relatively non-controversial bills were passed last week including: Authorization for additional police to guard the White House and foreign embassies in the city, several bills concerning travel and education for servicemen, and authorization to increase Federal assistance to Community Mental Health Centers for treatment of alcoholism and narcotic addiction.

OF 18th DISTRICT INTEREST: The House approved last week a two year expansion of the Interstate Oil Compact. This compact between the oil-producing states of the Nation was signed in Dallas many years ago as a cooperative of serve our oil and gas supplies. I was also pleased to support Nixon Administration legislation creating a cabinet-level Committee on Opportunities for Spanish-speaking People.

INFLATION LEGISLATION: The hottest debate of the week occurred over a bill entitled "Lower Interest Rates, Fight Inflation, Help Housing, Small Business, and Employment." In my opinion the bill was a Federal give away program written in a very expansive and inflationary fashion. The President did not request the legislation, neither did he support it. It was passed, however, by a liberal Democratic coalition led by Congressman Wright Patman (Texas). The bill would expand the authority of the Federal Reserve Board, give the President new authority to regulate and control any or all extensions of credit including loans between private individuals, and to increase the

loan pool of the Small Business Administration by \$70 million. I voted against the bill because I thought it would give the Federal government too much authority over private financial matters. The President also feels this way, and has ordered the Treasury Department to strongly oppose the legislation.

BILL INTRODUCTIONS: Improve Appropriations Process. In my opinion, this Congress has dragged its feet in passing the yearly appropriations for Executive branch agencies. In an effort to remedy this situation, I have introduced legislation to change the rules of the House of Representatives to permit all appropriations bills to be considered by the entire membership after June 1, of each year, whether or not the authorizing committees have given their approval. This would allow the full membership to stop any committees from dragging their feet on these necessary bills. I was joined in my efforts by Minority Leader Gerald Ford and several other distinguished Congressmen from both parties, who were as concerned as I about this Congress's failure to meet its legislative responsibilities.

THE PANAMA CANAL: I introduced a Resolution providing Congress with an opportunity to formally and directly register the desire of the American people that the United States and demanded we get out of Panama. These attacks were fueled by the fact that

BEATLES LYRIC BOOK
NEW YORK — The first major collection of illustrated Beatles lyrics in book form is being published by Seymour Lawrence Delacorte Press.

"The Beatles Book of Lyrics" contains the lyrics of 100 of their songs. It is edited by Alan Aldridge, 26, personal friend of the Beatles, who has worked with them on many projects. The book contains full-color illustrations and photographs by Pablo Picasso, Peter Max, David Bailey, Tommi Unger, Marc Chagall, etc. It also contains quotes and interpretations of the lyrics by all four Beatles.

Taxicabs were first introduced in the United States in 1907.

VICA Gives Donation To Day Care Center

Each year members of the Hereford High School Cosmetology V. I. C. A. choose a project for the Christmas season. The group, under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. R. G. Thurlow chose this year to raise money toward a donation to the Satellite Day Care Center for handicapped children.

Through the selling of candy in the local area they raised \$25 and presented it Friday to Mrs. Maxine Thomas, teacher of the

Day Care classes, who reports that the donation will be used to provide different craft materials for the children attending the classes.

Rich Saul of Butler, Pa., Michigan State's senior defensive end, scored the first touchdown of his college career when he caught a blocked punt and ran it 12 yards to score in the 1969 Minnesota game.

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DUCKWALL'S YEAR-END Sale!

Sale Starts Friday December 26th

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100% polyester twill. La Costa stretch with side zip. Choose from navy, brown, loden, black or gold. A special purchase of a popular garment.
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100% nylon seamless construction. White, black and four colors.
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Drawer Size 12" x 10" x 17"
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Hand whip loafers with knit and hardware trim, coffee brown.
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Ladies' fashion flats in a grand assortment of designs and colors.
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Durable templating steel with easy grip safety handles.
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Each **73¢**

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Heavy duty seamless aluminum.
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Heavy woven, multicolor rag rug. Size 24" x 45"
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1/3 OFF

- Assorted Shoes
- Towels and Washcloths
- Ladies' Slacks
- Ladies' Blouses
- Ladies' Knit Tops
- Ladies' Robes
- Ladies' Half SLIPS
- Girls' Slacks
- Girls' Blouses
- Ladies' Gowns and Pajamas
- Ladies' and Girls' Purses
- Children's Pajamas
- Men's & Boys' Sport Shirts

Not all items in each category included in clearance.

Sale Starts Friday December 26th

Sweetbriar's After-Christmas Clearance Sale

All of our Fall and Winter **DRESSES** reduced... 1/4 1/3 1/2 and more

All of our Fall and Winter **COATS** reduced.... 1/4 and more

Special groups of Fall and Winter **SPORTSWEAR and LINGERIE** reduced for clearance...

Special groups of Fall and Winter **MILLINERY** reduced to 1/2 price

Sweetbriar sale of **HANDBAGS...** 1/3 off

Lea Smith, mgr. Sugarland Mall