

"By Helping Business You Help Yourself"

The Floyd County Plainsman

NUMBER 15

FLOYDADA, FLOYD COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 23, 1943

NUMBER 2





THE STAGE COACH HAS GIVEN PLACE TO THE STREAMLINER

The electric light has snuffed out the soft-beamed candle. Tinkling sleigh bells are drowned in the roar of motor horns. But who will say that Christmas has lost its charm? With Christmas at hand we renew our pledge of devotion to ideals of honest dealing, and express our appreciation of your friendship for us during 1943.

"Heap on more wood, the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Merry Christmas still!"

FARMERS GRAIN COMPANY
Phone 43 Floydada, Texas



We're Full of Cheerful Things to Say to all our Friends and Depositors this Christmas—

But seriously and realistically we want to tell you that after all the Christmas gifts are given, and you are the happy recipient of cash, you can put to no better use than—to purchase United States Defense Savings Stamps and Bonds—for your future and your country's.

**This Bank Will Be Closed
December 25.**

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
1903—Time Tested Service—1943
Floydada, Texas



THE minute Tommy woke he remembered that it was the day before Christmas. And that meant—his breath escaped in a quick, white plume across his bed—Santa would soon arrive! The thought shot sudden warmth through his small body as he climbed out of bed and reached for a stocking. After supper he would hang one up . . . and, if it should have a hole in the toe like this one, that wouldn't matter. Santa, of course, understood why he had not had anything new for a long time.

"Tommy!" his mother's voice called. "Dress quickly, dear. It's very cold. That's why I let you sleep late."

Tommy turned and saw her watching him from the doorway. Her blue eyes looked tired, as if she had been up a long time.

"Mommy, will it be long before Santa comes?"

"I'll tell you about that later," she said. "Let's bring your things into the kitchen by the stove."

"I'm sorry there's no milk, dear," Mommy said. "Maybe I shall hear from the agency today and get a job and—"

He didn't want to talk about milk, or Mommy getting a defense job, or even ask why his Dad did not come home any more. "Mommy, what about Santa Claus?" he asked.

So then she told him. He listened quietly, hot little tears burning his eyelids. She had told him the most dreadful thing he had ever heard in all his life. No wonder she cried, too.

"But, darling," Mommy said, wiping his eyes with her apron. "I have something nice for you. I was saving it for tomorrow but I'll let you have it now because it will



"Santa asked us to give you all these presents," the nurse said.

make you healthy and strong enough to be a soldier like Daddy."

She gave him a luscious, bright red apple.

Yes, he thought, if Santa had only and a mother who knew everything that was good for him, he wouldn't be so sick now that he couldn't go out with his presents tonight. And he would not be in the hospital.

Then a bright thought came to Tommy and he began to run. When he reached his destination he was out of breath. He hurried into the wide corridor, his small feet making silent steps on the heavily piled carpet which led to the reception desk. The white-uniformed nurse didn't see him as he stood there. Tommy found his voice then.

"Look," he said, "I've brought a present for Santa Claus. Will you please give it to him?"

"Oh—er—is Santa Claus here?" the nurse asked.

"Yes," said Tommy, nodding. "My mother told me. He's awfully sick with a cold and can't come out tonight."

Then the doctor spoke up.

"Yes, darling Santa is here and he's very ill." He leaned over and covered her hand with his. Looking straight at Tommy he said, "Sonny, you bet we'll give him your apple. I'll see that the rascal eats every bite of it!"

"And tell him to eat it slowly and chew up the skin. Then he'll get big and strong like my Dad."

The nurse put her arm around Tommy then. "Just wait here a minute, little boy. Sit here in my chair and we'll be right back and tell you what goes on in Santa's room when he gets your gift."

He was looking at the tree when he saw the nurse and doctor appear from behind it. Their arms were loaded with Christmas packages and they were smiling and hurrying over to him. There was even a huge stocking, running over with toys and sweets.

"Santa ate your apple, sonny," the doctor said. "Thanks a lot," he said to tell you it made him feel so strong that he got right out of bed and went over to his closet where he had all these presents."

"He asked us to give them to you for him," the nurse said, "because he has a lot of business to do tonight at the soldiers' camps. He said you'd understand."

"Oh!" cried Tommy. "Gee!" All those wonderful presents when he hadn't expected anything. Wouldn't Mommy be surprised!

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.



CORP. BILL TRAVERS had tried not to remember that it was the day before Christmas. He'd played a game with himself, pretending not to notice the heightened spirit around camp. But he couldn't keep kidding himself when he saw the giant spruce being set up in front of the barracks. Today was December twenty-fourth, tomorrow would be Christmas and Norma hadn't written.

They'd first come to grips on their honeymoon. They had planned to take a short motor trip up north but, when they'd reached the point where they were supposed to turn back, Norma had insisted they go to Canada for a few days. Bill had tried to put his foot down, but Norma had argued and cried. When Bill saw her pouting, young face, so pale and set, his determination crumbled like a house of sand. They went to Canada; Bill returned to work five days late and had to look for a new job.

Despite that, he continued to give in, no matter how far off the beam she was. At first he backed down



because he loved her and wanted her to be happy. Later it was because he was afraid that if he didn't yield she never would and their wonderful marriage would end.

Seeing the boys on a ladder, hanging bright red and silver balls on the evergreen boughs, made him remember how much fun his three Christmas eves with Norma had been. The way she always laughed when he insisted on putting up the high ornaments with their rusty ice pick. She'd hold her breath while he teetered on a chair, reaching up to the tip of the tree to put on the silver star. Then he'd hop down.

"See, I made it," he'd say, handing her the old pick. "Now put this carefully away so I can use it next year." And they'd look at each other very seriously, kiss very gently and say very quietly, "Merry Christmas, darling." Yes, those had been the perfect moments.

One of the boys, a friendly chap from the Midwest, passed by and called, "Hi, Bill! All ready for Christmas?"

"Yeah," Bill said drily, "all ready."

"All ready and no place to go! But that wasn't quite true. He did have some place to go, a lovely place. His own little home, only a five-hour bus trip from camp. But he couldn't go because of a foolish quarrel they'd had during his last furlough. And because Bill, for once, had refused to give in.

"Well, I'm going now," he said. Then after a moment of tortured silence: "Good-by, Norma. I'll have a few days leave for Christmas. Let me know if you—if you—"

She cut in, her voice sounding high and queer. "Good-by, Bill." The Midwestern boy came along again.

"Come on, the mail's in. Maybe we've got something." He took Bill's arm, pulled him along.

At the camp post office men were waiting eagerly for their names to be called. Bill was only half listening. He vaguely heard several "Thompsons" and suddenly he jerked his head in surprise, for "Bill Travers" had been called, and a slim package was traveling from hand to hand until it reached him. The neat, printed letters told him it was a gift from Norma.

Bill ran all the way back to his barracks and there, oblivious of the other fellows around him, began to open his present. Under the brown paper, there was white tissue and red ribbon, but no card. Then he burst into laughter. Then tossed the wrappings high up into the air and whooped, "Yippee! She wants me back!"

"What's up?" One of his companions came over grinning.

Bill grabbed his cap. "I've got to get a bus ticket in a hurry. My wife sent me a beautiful gift, and I'm going home for Christmas!"

After his hasty exit his bunkmate peered cautiously into the cardboard case and called to the other fellows. "Come over here and take a look. Travers must be nuts, getting so excited over a present like this. Why, it's nothing but a rusty old ice pick!"

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.



**MAY 1944 BRING YOU
HEALTH AND
CONTENTMENT**

**STAR CASH
GROCERY**



Yuletide draws people closer together, h us all towards quiet friendliness and group en ment of days like Christmas.

A most proper time for us to express our cere appreciation for your friendship, and to v for you an abundance of Christmas joy.

**NICHOLS LUMBER
COMPANY**



**"OUTSTANDING
PERFORMANCE"**

Sums up, in two words, the achievements our armed forces. We, too, strive for outstanding performance in every item of service. We tha you most cordially for your good will and patro age and wish you the Season's Greetings.

**CONSUMERS FUEL
ASSOCIATION**



TIMES HAVE CHANGED CHRISTMAS REMAINS UNCHANGED

The year's outstanding holiday in the time-cycle of love and good fellowship. In the same familiar way it gives us pleasure to wish for you this season of 1943 the most in Christmas cheer and enjoyment.

FLOYDADA INSURANCE COMPANY
W. H. HENDERSON, OWNER



Glorious Day in the Morning Toward God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men

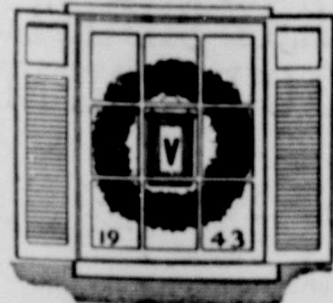
Who can estimate the value of good will, that priceless ingredient so conspicuously mentioned in that first glorious Christmas message? Be assured that we highly appreciate your good will. It has been and will continue to be our most treasured asset.

Merry Christmas to You!

**ARTHUR B. DUNCAN
ABSTRACT COMPANY**

MRS. MAUD HOLLUMS, MANAGER

There'll always be
a Christmas



Barbarians from across the seas would, if they could, banish Christmas forever from the earth. But there'll always be a Christmas! May the Christmas season of 1943 find you in the midst of a good old-fashioned Yule celebration.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM
ALL OF US TO ALL OF YOU.

H. REAGAN, INSURANCE



**The BEST
Trust
EVER**
RICHARD HILL
WILKINSON

Dr. Wade turned away from the telephone his face was grave. Sara, his wife, came into the living-room quickly. She had been standing in the hall, listening.

"Hugh, you can't go! You can't! It's Christmas and the children are all coming home, and oh, it will simply ruin all our plans!"

"Now, now," Dr. Wade said. He slipped off his house jacket and moved around the tree that sparkled with gay ornaments and bright tinsel and strings of popcorn. From the closet he brought his overcoat and overshoes and his cap with the fur-lined earflaps. Sara watched him desperately. Once she glanced toward the window. Snow hissed against the glass. Wind howled about the eaves.

Dr. Wade stood by the door and drew on his gloves and picked up his bag. He looked down at his small wife whose hair was streaked



The young wife lay, her face white and drawn.

with gray, whose eyes were anxious and desperate, but proud and loving. A smile rested lightly on his lips as he waited.

Sara bit her lip and looked away. When she looked back again her eyes held nothing but affectionate reproach. "You—you—" she said and stood tiptoe and kissed him.

Dr. Wade backed his coupe out of the garage. He was glad that he had taken the precaution to put chains on the night before. With a storm like this the street department would be hours getting the roads clear.

In the village Dr. Wade stopped and went into Cy Anderson's store to make some purchases. An hour later he stopped the coupe at the foot of the logging road that led up to Bald Ridge. Even with chains it would be impossible to go farther with the coupe. So he produced snowshoes from the rear compartment of the coupe, strapped them on, tied a canvas pack on his back, tucked his kit under one arm and started up the road.

The storm had increased rather than lessened in fury. Frequently—more frequently than he liked to admit—Dr. Wade had to pause to rest, turning his back to the wind.

It was two hours later when Dr. Wade saw the blurred outline of the cabin. Ordinarily the trip would have taken him less than thirty minutes. He knocked and the door opened at once. He stepped inside and leaned against the wall, breathing heavily. Slowly he became aware of the warmth. Life came back to his muscles. He looked up and smiled.

Young Brad Jones was watching him, wide-eyed, dumb gratitude in his face. Behind him his young wife lay on the bed near the stove, her face white and drawn, biting her lips to keep from crying out.

Dr. Wade had delivered hundreds of babies, but this one was different. It was different because it was Christmas and a storm raged outside, and his children were coming home and he wasn't going to be there to greet them. It was different because he had stopped in Anderson's store and bought some things that brought tears to Mrs. Jones' eyes, and made it impossible for young Brad to speak.

It was late afternoon when Dr. Wade started for home. The storm had abated, but the wind was colder, sharper. Now that it was over the doctor's thought leaped ahead, to his own home and his own children. He was sorry he hadn't been there to greet them. He and Sara had planned so many surprises.

Sara met him at the door. She helped him off with his coat and brought his slippers from before the fire. Her eyes were shining.

"The children didn't get here. They just phoned from the station. They'll be here any minute, and we'll both be on hand to greet them. Oh, it's going to be the best Christmas ever!"

Dr. Wade smiled and thought of the expressions on the faces of young Brad Jones and his wife. "Yes," he said, "the best Christmas ever." And his chin fell forward on his chest and he slept.

Sara looked at him. "Oh, you— you—" she said lovingly and tiptoed out of the room.

**This Is Like a Lot
Of Fishing Stories**
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—Frank Stumpf, steward at a Jamestown hotel, thought he was lucky when two patrons presented him with a large jar containing what appeared to be a huge sunfish. But when Stumpf opened the jar the "monster" inside actually weighed about two ounces. The jar was made of magnifying glass.

Girl Keeps Lone Lookout on Peak

Feminine Ranger Has 24-Hour Fire Guard Job.

IDAHO SPRINGS, COLO.—In a tower house atop Rocky Squaw mountain, with lightning bolts for company, Helen Carlson, 24, the first girl forest ranger in this region since World War I, keeps constant vigil against woodland fires.

Her lookout point in Arapahoe National forest, 40 miles west of Denver, surveys mountain country land-marked by 14,259-foot Mount Evans, the sharp, icy Continental Divide, the old winding stagecoach road to Central City, and placid Evergreen Lake.

On 24-hour duty since she opened the summer lookout June 5, she planned to stay on the 11,475-foot peak until snow fell in September.

Blonde Helen begins her schedule at six in the morning with a circle observation with binoculars from the tower. This is repeated every half hour, and twice a day she surveys "blind spots" from another point on the peak. At night, whenever an electrical storm occurs, she watches the timber where the bolts strike.

Helen's 12 by 12-foot home is mostly glass windows—she cleans them every two weeks. An Osborne fire-finder dominates the room, filling the space ordinarily reserved for a dining table.

Helen raises the American flag every morning and lowers it at evening and during storms. "It gets badly whipped and torn up here," she says. "So I keep another one on hand for Sundays, holidays, and stray visitors."

A forest ranger must be fairly self-sufficient, and the only special service a woman gets is to have her supplies sent in every two weeks. The men usually bring in their own.

Helen does her own cooking and is a wizard with an axe and paint brush. She stocks her own wood and keeps the lookout varnished.

Hotel Swindler Trapped

By Mark on His Laundry

NEW YORK.—A lost collar, No. 13, a laundry mark and the twist of the "s" and "g" in his handwriting tripped Irving Sternberg, 50-year-old Boston brokerage clerk, on his 13th unpaid visit to the Governor Clinton hotel. He was sentenced to 30 days' imprisonment by Magistrate Charles E. Ramsgate in Jefferson Market court when he failed to pay a \$100 fine for evading his hotel bill.

Edward Fitzgerald, credit manager of the Governor Clinton, said that for the last three years, Sternberg, using various names, 12 times had reserved rooms by postcard at the hotel. It was his custom, Fitzgerald testified, to order dinner and breakfast and leave without paying.

The hotel had the handwriting of the postcards studied by an expert, examined the laundry mark on a collar left behind on one of Sternberg's visits and was ready when he registered there. A clerk at the desk recognized the writing. A detective from the West 30th street station examined the contents of Sternberg's bag and found that the laundry marks on his clothing corresponded with that on the missing collar. He was arrested and, in court, pleaded guilty.

Soldier's Fountain Pen Removed From His Chest

WASHINGTON.—Strange things are apt to happen in a shrapnel shower.

A chest surgeon at Walter Reed hospital in Washington said that a soldier who had been wounded by shrapnel in Africa was brought to the hospital to have the metal removed from his chest. The youth had a perceptible lump on each side of his chest, but the X-rays revealed a shrapnel fragment only on one side.

"Was there any other object near you when you were struck?" the surgeon asked the boy.

"Come to think of it," said the soldier, "I haven't been able to find my fountain pen since that time!" The surgeon probed into the lump on the other side and located the top piece of fountain pen.

Soldier Nonchalantly Gives Snake Brush-Off

CAMP ROBINSON, ARK.—Private James H. Parsons has a reputation for imperturbability that is the envy of his fellow G.I.'s.

While out on bivouac, Private Parsons was searching for a mirror in his belongings, and pulled out a 2½ foot black snake. With a shrug of his shoulders he discarded it without the slightest trace of annoyance or surprise. Needless to say, his admiring brothers in khaki are not worried about what will happen if Parsons ever meets a Jap on a jungle road.



Yuletide draws people closer together, helps us all towards quite friendliness and group enjoyment of days like Christmas.

A most proper time for us to express our sincere appreciation for your friendship, and to wish for you an abundance of Christmas joy.

R. C. HENRY



SEASON'S GREETINGS

If we have our way about it St. Nicholas is going to make an extra long stop at your home. No one needs to point out to us what your loyalty has meant to us during 1943. All we can say is Thank you, and Merry Christmas.

**HENRY EDWARDS
ELEVATORS**

ELEVATORS AT DOUGHERTY AND BARWISE



With Sincere Appreciation

of the Loyal Support and Helpful Spirit which have marked the attitude of the Citizens of Floydada toward their HOME-OWNED and OPERATED UTILITIES.

**1943 HAS BEEN BY FAR THE BEST YEAR
OF BUSINESS SINCE THE CITY LIGHT
PLANT WAS PUT IN OPERATION**

For this we offer our sincere gratitude and appreciation to each and everyone who had a part in bringing about these successes.

OFFICIALS AND EMPLOYEES OF THE

City Of FLOYDADA



TO OUR FRIENDS

THE LOYAL CUSTOMERS WHO HAVE MADE THIS A GOOD CHRISTMAS FOR US, WE EXTEND

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

We keenly appreciate the favors you have shown us during the year now drawing to a close. Please accept this Greeting as a token of our thanks.

And this wish, that Christmas will bring to you and yours Happiness and Joy, with your Friends and Your Families about you, and old Santa Clause to bring you the things which will make your continued Prosperity and Happiness Sure.

HIGGINBOTHAM - BARTLETT COMPANY

Ernest Fowler, Manager



Season's Greetings

We've been thinking, folks, that you've been very good to us during 1943, and right now is the most appropriate time to thank you. So thanks, everybody, and a very happy Christmas to all!

BILL DYER'S AUTO STORE

West Side Square



WE PAUSE, ON THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS, 1943, to contemplate how much we owe to perennial character of our customers. With gratitude and pride we scan the light. Some of these customers have been with us for more than a quarter of a century.

To these old customers, to new ones, and to potential ones every member of this organization now joins in wishing "Merry Christmas."

SCOTT GIN COMPANY
Grady Harris, Manager

Funeral Rites For Mrs. John C. Fortenberry held Saturday

Last rites were said Saturday at 2:30 at Cedar Hill Church by Rev. Horace Reeves, of Electra, for Mrs. Ann Riley Scates Fortenberry, wife of John C. Fortenberry, who died at Pitts Hospital Saturday morning, December 18, 1943. Interment was made in the Lockney Cemetery with Harmon Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.

Mrs. Fortenberry was born November 18, 1865 and had lived in Floyd County for 53 years. Mr. and Mrs. Fortenberry lived in Cook County before moving to Floyd County in 1890.

Besides her husband, deceased is survived by the following children: Jack and Hugh Fortenberry, Odrian; John, Joe and Tom, Lockney; daughters, Mrs. M. H. Taylor, Mrs. Carl Lemons, Mrs. John Keeley, Lockney; Mrs. John Seay, Duran, New Mexico; also surviving are thirty seven grandchildren.

Pallbearers were grandsons, Frank, Junior, and Dale Taylor; Fred and Robin Fortenberry, and Jay Morris.

Flower bearers were granddaughters, Norma Dean Keeley, Maria, Patsey, and Evelyn Fortenberry, Mrs. Mary Ann Tucker, and Mrs. Cephus Fortenberry.

JOHN C. FORTENBERRY IS ILL

John C. Fortenberry, who has been ill in the Pitts hospital was moved to his home in the Cedar Hill community Monday noon. He was seriously ill at the time his wife passed away and was unable to attend the funeral rites which was held Saturday afternoon. His condition is considered much improved.

Many Texas Rural Schools out of Competition

Austin, December 23rd.—With more than a thousand Texas rural schools out of business "for the duration," the few hundred which can muster sponsors and contestants for competition in the University of Texas Interscholastic League have been merged into Conference B. League Director Roy Bedichek announced here this week.

War conditions have made necessary a drastic revision of the League's set up, Bedichek pointed out, in order to curtail travel for the 350,000 school boys and girls who are starters in the 1943-44 tournaments.

District meets have been abolished this fall, following the elimination of county meets last year, and instead a pattern of "conference meets" and—in some cases—"area meets" has been substituted. Grade schools have been set up in separate "grade school conference," and will plan their own conference meets close to home.

The new set-up calls for 21 conference meets in which each school will compete with other schools of its own size in a small compact geographical locality for AA schools (those with more than 500 scholastic population), 32 for A schools (200-500 enrollment), and 62 for B schools (less than 200 enrollment.)

Winners of the AA conference meets will go direct to the regional meets, but in the populous regions, one or more "area meets" will be interposed to weed out contestants. No area meets will be held in the thinly populated sections of the state, such as region 7 centering at Kingsville and region 8, centering at El Paso.

Team games such as volleyball, playground baseball, junior track and field will be emphasized this year, while music memory, picture memory, Three-R and rural pentathlon contests have been dropped.

In recognition of the new wartime stress on mathematics, the "number sense" contest has been opened to high schools, and a new slide-rule contest has been created.

The Texas League—largest in the nation—is now entering its 34th year under sponsorship of the University of Texas Division of Extension.

Funeral Rites held Wednesday for James Heston Manning

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 at the Main Street Church of Christ, Lockney, for six year old James Heston Manning, son of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Manning of Lockney. Elder Paul McClung, officiated. Interment was made in the Lockney Cemetery with Harmon Funeral Home in charge of arrangements.

James Heston Manning was born September 26, 1937 and died December 21, 1943. Survivors include the parents, one sister, Mary Louise; the grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bennett, Lockney; grandmother, Mrs. J. C. Brooks, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Miss Fannie Mae Bail Wed to Don T. Curry

Miss Fannie Mae Bail, of Lockhart, and former teacher in the Floydada public schools, was married to Don T. Curry Sunday, December 12, at the University Methodist Church in Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Curry will make their home in Fort Worth, Texas.

Lowly Fanweed Yields Oil Of Economic Importance

Chemists have struck new sources of oil in the rank and lowly fanweed. Prof. H. O. Triebold and J. R. Clifton, agricultural biochemists at the Pennsylvania State college, have discovered that fanweed or pennycress seed is about one-third oil, of a quality that may be of great economic importance.

The properties of fanweed oil are similar to those of rapeseed oil which has been used in blending lubricating oil for high temperature work.

In 1940 nearly 13 million pounds of rapeseed oil were imported into the United States, about nine-tenths of it from Japan. Fanweed oil may prove to be an acceptable substitute, suitable not only for high quality lubrication but also in rubber substitutes, in paints and varnishes as a drying oil, and as an edible oil.

Fanweed oil and rapeseed oil are similar in the high content of erucic acid which their glycerides contain and in changes of viscosity at ordinary temperatures. Both oils provide a stickiness and elasticity, when added to mineral oils, which improve the protective coating given by the oil to moving bearings.

Old Furniture Pieces

Made to Look Like New

Many old pieces of furniture made of fine wood with a naturally beautiful grain which may have worn or time-stained paint films can be given a "new lease on life" which will make them look like new pieces.

First, remove the old paint with a good commercial paint and varnish remover which can be obtained from almost any paint dealer. Make sure that the pores of the wood are completely free of wax or other residue, so that the surface will be water absorbent.

Wash thoroughly and then apply a bleaching solution, which also can be obtained from a paint store. Usually, from 30 minutes to an hour will be sufficient to lighten the color of the wood to the degree desired. Then, thoroughly wash off the bleaching solution with an alkaline solution, followed by clear water, and dry thoroughly.

A wood filler then may be applied, followed, when thoroughly dry, with a finish of clear varnish, which, when hard, may be waxed. If the furniture or paneling is valuable, it will be prudent to call in a professional wood finisher to do the job.

Land of Plains

Northern Crimea is a land of plains. To the south, the ground tilts upward 4,500 feet to the peaks of the Yala-dagh edging the southern and eastern coasts. The strip between the mountains and the shore is a ribbon of gardens, the Riviera of Russia that lured princes and grand dukes when Tsarhood was in flower. Spectacular gorges and waterfalls added to the landscape.

Screened by its mountain windbreak, this Crimean Eden with southern exposure, bright sun, warm sea and mud baths, was a hothouse and wine cellar for the pleasure-loving rich. Figs, olives, pomegranates, cherries, apples and pears were shipped from mountain valleys to mainland markets. Crimean wine was popular. In the New Russia, Crimean pelaces that set the fashion of the political past became convalescent centers and rest homes for workers.

Defended Republic

While the frigate Constitution, or "Old Ironsides," was destined to become the most renowned of that class, many other American frigates distinguished themselves in the defense of the young republic. Some of the earliest were credited in some records with having attained a speed as high as 14 or 15 knots, a remarkable achievement for a heavy sailing vessel. Most naval authorities, however, believe their highest speed could not have been much more than 12 knots. The Constitution is on the records as having made 13½ and as her sister ship, the President, is believed to have been faster she probably could have made 14 knots.

Fertilizer Bands

Application of fertilizers to orchard soils in bands instead of broadcast, as heretofore widely recommended, is suggested as another conservation measure to eliminate waste of phosphate and potash and possibly nitrogen. One reason why there is so much uncertainty about the results obtained in orchards from the use of complete fertilizers—those containing nitrogen, phosphate and potash—is because the fertilizer often has not been placed in a manner that would guarantee its being delivered to the tree.

Trade Dollars

The trade dollar came into existence to meet the competition of the Mexican silver dollar, and, more particularly, to satisfy a Pacific coast demand for a coin to use in business with the Orient. Slightly heavier than the Mexican dollar, it contained 378 troy grains of silver and 42 grains of alloy. Those issued under Act of 1873 were legal tender to the amount of \$5 but those issued under Act of July 22, 1876, possessed no legal tender power. Depreciation in value caused withdrawal in 1887.



As one hands down a good name, Christmas each year hands down its traditions, and all good. It has been a tradition here to regard good will of our customers as our most precious asset. In this holiday season of 1943 we extend to you, not as a customer alone, but as a friend our very best wishes for a "Merry Christmas."

STANSELL-COLLINS CO.

John Deere Dealers



To Our Friends and Customers

We Wish You All a
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and a
Happy New Year

THE MASSIE WHOLESALE GROCERY



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR FRIENDS:

To the far corners of the globe go the Christmas wishes and packages to our boys in the service. With the new world of the future in the making we look forward hopefully to the Christmas of tomorrow, while wishing you the happiness of Christmas today.

L. C. McDONALD AND SON, IMPLEMENTS

The Floyd County Plainsman

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Floydada, Texas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE!

Reflections upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the Floyd County Plainsman will be gladly corrected and brought to the attention of the publisher.

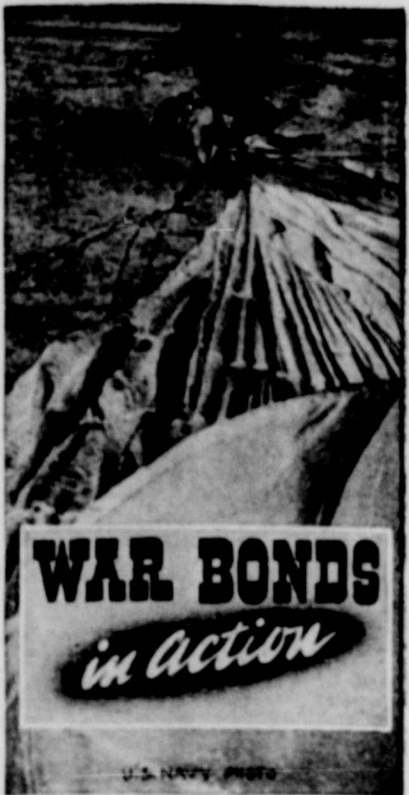
Rock Loses Game in With Phillips

Shamrock Irishmen lost the championship game of region I-A to the Blackhaws by a 6 to 6 tie. The Shamrock team was holding the top hand in the championship problem of a tie. The championship game was held in this case by an equal number of each of the teams. However, Phillips' eleven won two for Shamrock.

McClung and daughter of Perryton, arrived in the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Har-

McClung and daughter of Perryton, arrived in the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Har-

KEEP ON
Backing the Attack!
WITH WAR BONDS



More and more our armies are landing our fighting troops by parachute, disrupting enemy lines, enemy communications, but paying a heavy price in casualties. Silken fineries and their substitutes are fast passing from the market to provide safe landings for our distant fighting men. We can still buy silk and nylon for them with War Bonds and Stamps.

U. S. Treasury Department.

KEEP ON
Backing the Attack!
WITH WAR BONDS



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

At this Season, more than ever, we pause to affirm our Faith in the Symbols of a Liberty Loving America—and with renewed confidence, wish you and yours a HAPPY and VICTORIOUS YEAR.

GEO. M. FINKNER



The approaching holiday season makes us appreciate more than ever before the priceless gifts of our friends and customers, like yourself. We remind us, too, of the sacrifices being made by our friends now in the service of Uncle Sam. To you, and to all these, go our thanks for your patronage in 1943, and our wishes for a joyous holiday.

RADIO ELECTRIC COMPANY
108 WEST CALIFORNIA STREET

Suggests Variety Ration For Feeding Show Calves

Boys and girls with calves in 4-H club projects will need to push their animals along if they hope to have them big and fat enough to show advantageously. Many calves of excellent type and shape fall behind some plainer but fatter calves in the show ring. Since full feeding for 8 or 10 months is necessary to put on sufficient finish, some variety in the ration is helpful because of such a long feeding period.

Alex Edgar, beef cattle herdsman at the University of Illinois college of agriculture, suggests the ration he uses to fatten show steers. Edgar brings his calf gradually to full feed, then twice a day he feeds all the calf will clean up within an hour. His mixture consists of 500 pounds of cracked yellow corn, 300 pounds of whole or rolled oats, 100 pounds of bran and 100 pounds of pea-sized linseed meal.

For roughage, Edgar feeds about four pounds of clover or mixed hay daily, about all the calf will eat. He prefers this to alfalfa hay, which sometimes causes bloat and scours. Although he did not sweeten the feed with dried beet pulp during the past summer as in some previous years, the calves stayed on feed as well as ever and have reached their usual high degree of finish. He does not mix salt with the feed but keeps it always available separately.

Fall Plowing Helps to Condition Soil for Spring

Gardens on heavy soil that is level may well be plowed in the fall, to put the soil into good condition for crops early in the spring, and to make easier the job of getting the plowing done.

Farm gardens left untilled till spring usually get left unplowed until the spring rush of work with early crops has been finished. For the same reason, other gardeners find it hard to get a plowman early enough in the season to make it possible to grow a good garden.

It is usually easier to get a plowman in the late fall. The months of fall weather before the ground freezes also gives the owner of a small garden many weeks of time in which to spade it by hand. Some gardeners spade by hand a small area in the fall, for the early spring crops, and leave the major part of the garden to be plowed in the spring.

Heavy clay soils are improved by fall plowing, as the winter freezing and thawing breaks up the lumps for a good seedbed in spring. If late fall crops are at one side of the plowed garden, they can be left for late harvest. Gardens on sloping ground are better not plowed until spring, as heavy rains of spring and late winter are likely to wash away topsoil.

Train Gunners With Light

Uncle Sam now is providing fighting experience to our fliers without their leaving the ground. Utilizing clever optical and other devices, air cadets now get preliminary training in aerial gunnery before they take to the skies. With training gun-sights, made entirely from non-critical materials so as to release real gun-sights for actual service, and with light beam guns, the air cadets aim and fire at moving targets. The training sight, employing an optical system of lenses, can be quickly adjusted to meet simulated conditions of flying with ordinary light, in the face of glare, or at night. A photo-electric cell records the score in bursts and hits.

Clue Timber

An important development of the war period has been the production of large composite beams, arches, boards and the like from small, readily produced, easily dried sections by gluing. Boards and sections in sizes unobtainable from natural sources are now in regular production.

You do not have to have a big tree to get big timbers, structural members or boards. Heretofore one had to seek long and far to obtain a 12 by 12 inch side-cut oak timber and then wait several years to condition it for use. Now, however, small sections of oak may be cut and fabricated into a 12 by 12 inch in a matter of a week or so.

Good Layer

The good egg layer looks healthy and bright, her eyes should be bay colored, and she should be large enough for her breed. She should be deep-bodied and not knock-kneed. When ready to lay, leghorns should weigh at least 3 1/2 pounds, and the heavy breeds about 4 1/2 pounds. The comb and wattles of the pullet should be bright red and her shanks a deep yellow or medium orange. Leghorn pullets usually start laying when 5 1/2 to 6 months old, and heavier breeds between six and seven months.

Impregnated Wood

Wood is impregnated by soaking the green wood in a water solution of urea or by subjecting the wood to heat and pressure in the presence of urea. The urea-treated wood when heated to temperatures near the boiling point of water becomes plastic and is readily bent. On cooling, it regains its original rigidity and retains the shape given it while hot. On heating, it may again be softened.

Short Cuts in Ironing Shirts is Suggested

Ironing a shirt is a tedious business for most people, but recent studies of ironing methods have enabled some homemakers to reduce the time required per shirt from 17 to 7 minutes. Not only was time saved for other war-time activities, but the shirts ironed in the shorter period looked much better than the others.

Louise Bryant, specialist in home management for the A. and M. College Extension Service, says the average woman who irons shirts for the men folks in her family can profit by following the principles applied in these time and motion studies.

The first step is to analyze the way a shirt is ironed. Many women twist and turn the shirt on the board until it looks bedraggled, even after it is ironed. Some keep lifting and putting down the iron for little dabs of ironing. One woman, for example, found she lifted her six pound iron and put it down about 32 times in the course of ironing each shirt.

Specialists who have studied this every-day chore say it is best to roll the shirt so when it is unrolled on the board it is in the right position for ironing without any re-arranging. Begin with the collar end of the shirt on the board right side up. That way the right sleeve and the collar can be ironed before the shirt is moved. In the whole process the shirt need be turned only twice—once to iron the other sleeve and again to do the body.

To iron the body of the shirt, put the entire shirt right side up on the board, open it at the front, and iron the back from the inside. Then bring the front sections into place over the back and iron them. With a board 20 inches wide, the entire body of the shirt can be

From West Texas Gas Company

Season's Greetings

So there'll always be a CHRISTMAS—
Buy more WAR BONDS

Classified Advertising

LANDS FOR SALE

A few farm tracts to lease at reasonable prices for cash.
W. M. MASSIE & BRO.
Floydada, Texas. 11-tfc

DR. KIBBY J. CLEMENTS

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Diathermy, Light Therapy, Colonic Irrigations, New Improved Methods of Curing Piles, Fistula, Pruritis (Itching Piles) by Office Treatment Without Interrupting Daily Routine.

ROOMS 313-315, SKAGGS BUILDING, Plainview, Phone 683



Cordial Christmas Greetings
to all of our friends

MERRY CHRISTMAS

It is the friendship and thoughtfulness of our customers—our friends—that have made it possible for each of us in this organization to enjoy the Christmas spirit to its fullest extent.

So we extend these Christmas Greetings, and with them, our appreciation of the privilege of serving you. We trust you will have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

STYLE SHOPPE

Mrs. Mollie A. Morton, Owner



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR FRIENDS:

It is the friendship and thoughtfulness of our customers—our friends—that have made it possible for each of us in this organization to enjoy the Christmas spirit to its fullest extent.

SO WE EXTEND THESE CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

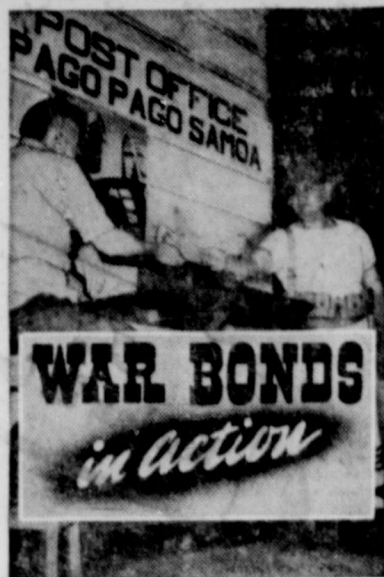
And with them, our appreciation of the privilege of serving you. We trust you will have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

PLAINS COOPERATIVE, INCORPORATED

GET MEAT ON FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, TO LAST THROUGH DECEMBER 27th—ON ACCOUNT OF HOLIDAYS.



CHRISTMAS CHEER 1943



Samoaans are proud to fight with our Army and Navy and pleased to spend their pay for War Bonds. This Boatwain's Mate at Pago is exchanging currency for United States War Bonds. He has seen enough of war to know that idle money helps no one.

Put your dollars to work for victory: Buy More War Bonds.



White Christmas or Green Christmas is a matter of both geography and of meteorology. But MERRY CHRISTMAS is an affair of the heart. And that's the kind of a Christmas we are now wishing for you and yours as 1943 draws to a close.

Daniels Garage



"AND moreover, this is New Year's eve," said Wallace, as if that ought to settle the matter. "Cheer up. Let's go to the Officers' Club and join in the fun."

George Martin shook his head. Before he could welcome the approach of another year he had a troublesome decision to make. The crowded streets, the milling people, the babbling groups headed for Times Square—none of these signs of the coming of 1944 had power to lift him from his depression. His voice was solemn.

"Look at my problem from the personal angle," he said. "Tell me, Wallace, how would you feel if you had been told you couldn't return to the school ship after the holidays?"

"I'd feel bad, naturally. But not as if the world had come to an end." "You're not a sailor," returned Martin. "You don't understand what the school ship gets to mean to a fellow. It gets in the blood . . . under a man's skin."

He listened carefully as Martin continued: "You should have seen Doyle's face when the Cadet Council told him he was through. It went white. It's not only the way a fellow feels about it himself, it's a fellow's family . . ."

Wallace was saying: "The school ship's not the only place of its kind in the world. A fellow can still work his way up from the fo'c'sle, you know, and become just as good an officer."

They were walking along a waterfront street, now, past seamen's lodging houses. A row of men stood in line before the doorway of a Sailors' Mission.

"Shipping's bad," volunteered one of the men. "No more ships. Can't get a job for love nor money. Got a cigarette?"

Martin pulled a package of them from his pocket, offered it. The



"You're to report back to the school ship January 3."

sailor took a cigarette eagerly, waited for a light. "Thanks, buddy."

"See what a fellow's up against?" Martin said. "Even old-timers can't get ships. A youngster would have no chance at all."

At the next stand he purchased a newspaper. He stood under a neon sign and opened it to the Want ads. "Look. Here are your shore jobs. Wanted: an office boy. Must run elevator. Wanted: boy to distribute handbills. Wanted: soda clerk. Are these anything for a fellow who really wants a sea career—a merchant officer's career, the whole world ahead of him, and a captain's berth at the end?" He threw down the newspaper. "I've made up my mind. Come with me," he said.

At a small hotel for sailors, he turned in and inquired: "Doyle stopping here? Thomas Doyle?"

The clerk thumbed through the register. "Number 1215."

As George Martin entered the room, Doyle sprang to his feet. He had been stretched out on the narrow bunk, his face buried in the pillow.

"I heard you hadn't gone home, Doyle," said Martin.

Doyle's eyes were swollen and red. "I thought I'd rather stay here, sir . . . until after the holidays. Then I thought I'd get a ship—or a shore job. I couldn't face them at home, sir . . . I just couldn't."

Martin took out his watch. "If you can get out to the airport by one o'clock, you'll catch a night plane to Bangor. That's where you live, isn't it? Got enough money?"

"Yes, I have. But . . ."

"Do as you're told," said Martin. "Your case has been up for consideration since the holidays started last week. I've been thinking it over carefully, and will veto the action of the Cadet Council. You're to report back to the school ship on January third, with the others. It'll be up to you to make good. Those are orders."

The boy's face was radiant. "Happy New Year, sir! That's all I needed, sir, to change the whole world for me—another chance at the school ship!"

"Funny old world," said George Martin, superintendent of the Nautical Training School, as he rejoined his friend in the lobby. "Another chance at the school ship . . . that's all Doyle needed to face New Year." McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

Termites Aid in the Formation of Soil

Not all activities of termites are harmful to man; some may actually be beneficial. Dr. A. M. Adamson, professor of entomology at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, Trinidad, said that many species of termites feed on the humus in the ground, swallowing the soil like earthworms and digesting part of it. This fact, coupled with their prodigious activity, must have a profound influence on the soil.

A few termite families live exclusively in wood, but most are soil dwellers. In nearly one-half of the termites of Trinidad, Dr. Adamson said, soil appears to be an important item of diet. This is probably common in the tropics and has been largely overlooked.

Whenever termites are abundant they carry large quantities of soil above the surface and organic matter underground. This accelerates the incorporation of humus into the soil. Also by promoting the disintegration of vegetable remains the termites contribute largely to the formation of humus.

On the other hand, Dr. Adamson pointed out, many termites may considerably reduce the organic content of the soil by consuming vegetable remains that would otherwise ultimately form humus, and also by feeding directly upon humus in the earth.

Kansas City, Mo., Using Youth in Fire Department

Kansas City, Mo., has employed more than 70 17-year-old boys in the regular fire department during the last year and a half as a means of keeping the city's fire fighting force near adequate strength.

As part of the program to interest boys who could serve the city a year before reaching draft age, regular firemen visited pool halls and other hangouts to recruit husky boys for the fire department. The boys were given the same physical examination and put through the standard 30-day preliminary fire training course given all recruits.

After completing this course, the 17-year-olds were assigned to a station with three or four older men. The boys start at the regular rate of \$1.440 a year and do the same kind of work as any other firemen though they do require a little more supervision and guidance than usual. Many of the boys drive expensive fire trucks and handle valuable city equipment, but municipal officials do not feel this is out of the ordinary considering youth's now in the armed forces are in charge of aircraft and equipment costing thousands of dollars.

Canadian Nickel

In the 10-by-15-mile Sudbury oval 200 miles northwest of Toronto, 40 separate mines yield a nickel sulphide ore which also contains copper, platinum, gold and silver. This plentiful and convenient concentration of 2-to-3-per cent nickel ore was first tapped in 1886 when nickel uses were few and New Caledonia's deposits had been established for a decade as the world's best supply. New uses for the metal were developed, and by 1905 Canada held the production leadership. Early New Caledonian ore contained 10 per cent nickel. Current content of ore from this source is about half of that.

Hampering Manpower Shortage

"Manpower shortages" are hampering prison war industries, also, according to interesting sidelights on the use of prison labor reported by officials of prisons in Georgia, Iowa, New Mexico, North Carolina, North and South Dakota and Wisconsin. Georgia, for example, reported a decrease of 33 1/2 per cent in its prison population during the last two years, while an Iowa official said it was a problem to keep up prison war industries in the state "because of a drastic decrease in prison population, particularly at the men's reformatory where first offenders under 30 are committed."

Seeing Varies

Sight of some persons goes up and down from day to day, tests made on several hundred school children indicate, reports the Better Vision Institute. One group of children were examined by a skilled eyesight specialist. Twelve of the youngsters were found to have visual acuity of 20-30, four with 20-40, and eight with less than 20-40. On a second examination within a few days by the same examiner, 13 of the children registered visual acuity of 20-30, two with 20-30, and nine with 20-40. Commenting on these and other similar tests, the institute concludes that the sight of certain persons, as measured in visual acuity, may fluctuate on their "off days."

Are You Right-Eyed?

Nearly everybody is right or left-eyed, with the dominant eye performing most of the work of seeing. If you are interested in knowing which of your eyes is the "boss" eye, which is not always on the same side as the dominant hand, try this experiment. Move a small object, as a white-headed pin, towards the eyes at eye level. The eyes will converge in focusing on the approaching object until at some point one eye will stop turning in or, in many cases, turn outward. The other eye, which is the "boss" eye, will continue to fixate on the object.



Among the things for which our boys fighting is the right to celebrate Christmas traditional American way. It is with pride in our country's accomplishment in the reaction and with firm faith for the future that we send you now our heartiest Christmas wishes.

HULL AND McBRIEN



G. C. TUBBS INSURANCE AGENCY

Mrs. Maud Merrick, Manager

As one hands down a good name, Christmas each year hands down its traditions, and a good. It has been a tradition here to regard good will of our customers as our most precious asset. In this holiday season of 1943 we extend to you, not as a customer alone, but as a friend our very best wishes for a Merry Christmas.



God Bless You, Merry Gentlemen Let's Get the Yule Log Burning

Bring on the viands and let the joy be unfined, for Christmas comes but once a year. At this holiday time, as in the past, we are mindful of our indebtedness to you for your generous patronage, and pledge once more our determination to be still more deserving of your friendship.

STEWART'S CASH AND CARRY CLEANERS

A. V. Stewart, Owner



TO OUR FRIENDS...

THE LOYAL CUSTOMERS WHO HAVE MADE THIS A GOOD CHRISTMAS FOR US

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS!

We keenly appreciate the favors you have shown us during the year now drawing to a close. Please accept this Greeting as a token of our sincere thanks.

And this wish, that Christmas will bring to you and yours Happiness and Joy, with your friends and your families about you, and old Santa Claus to bring you the things which will make your continued Prosperity and Happiness sure.

WHITE DRUG COMPANY "PALACE THEATRE BUILDING"



From Greenland's icy mountains to India's
strand the age-old celebration of Christmas is
progress. In this season of universal good will
welcome the opportunity to thank you for that
measure of confidence you have shown in us dur-
ing 1943 and other years. We will do our utmost
to continue to deserve it.

BISHOP MOTOR COMPANY
J. B. Bishop

Sales and Service



**ONE HUNDRED AND
TWENTY YEARS AGO**

Clark Moore's jolly poem, "A Visit from
St. Nicholas," first appeared. Each year since
1943 we have contributed to the joy of Christmas. We
say that if we were able to gather up all
the joy and wrap it up in one big package it would
represent our wishes for your Christmas
this season of 1943.

**H. G. PARKER FURNITURE
COMPANY**



**As Surely as there'll Always
Be Little Boys and Girls,**

big boys and girls, too (especially around
Christmas), that surely there will always be a
Christmas. Our wish for you is that this Christmas
season of 1943 be the most memorable you have
known.

CARMACK HATCHERY
Poultry and Feed



THE trouble began at Christmas
time. Rod Fairfax gave his
wife, Esther, a nightgown. She knew
he was going to give her a night-
gown because the Fairfaxes were a
practical family with a limited in-
come and they always talked over
such things as Christmas presents
before they bought them.

It was black. Black silk crepe.
It had doodads here and there to
live it up a bit.

Esther stared at it. "Oh, Rod!"
she said, her heart sinking.

"Isn't it a pip!" Rod cried hap-
pily.

"It's a pip, all right. But—but it
must have cost an awful lot."

"Well, as a matter of fact, it was
a little more than I intended to pay,
but you needed it and just this once
I thought I'd splurge. After all, you
deserve nice things."

"Yes—but—but—all that money
for a nightgown—and now I can't
have a new evening gown." Esther
plopped down on the divan and be-
gan to weep.

"Be practical! You telling me to
be practical and you go throw away



"It looks great," Rod said of the
dress Esther had made over.

money on a thing like that when all
I can do is wear it to bed! And I
do need a new evening gown. I'm
going to make a speech at my col-
lege class reunion in February and—
and oh, I had planned on a new
evening gown." She sat up, and be-
came defiant. "And I'm going to
have one," she declared.

Esther began weeping again, but
it didn't do any more than provide
an outlet for her bitterness. A new
evening gown, she knew, was now
entirely out of the question. Even
if they could afford it she could never
persuade Rod that she needed one
to wear for only one night. Now, a
nightgown, you could wear every
night. More practical.

Relations between the Fairfaxes
were a bit strained during the en-
suing weeks. Esther trotted out her
two evening gowns, one of which she
had bought at a bargain sale a de-
cade ago and the other which had fit-
ted her fine when she was twenty
pounds lighter. She ripped them
both apart and made a single gar-
ment.

"Swell!" Rod approved. "It looks
great. It does something for you."
"Among other things," Esther re-
plied icily. "It makes me feel like
the dickens."

Rod said nothing. He had been
reading the papers during the past
few days and had learned that this
alumni dinner and reunion which his
wife was attending was really some-
thing. Many of the girls in her
class had married men who had
prospered and were famous, and it
occurred to him that, stacked up
against these females, Esther, in
her made-over dress, might look
a bit dowdy. And if she looked dowdy
that would reflect on him, wouldn't
it?

Esther departed the day before
the reunion and that night Rod read
in the papers that, because Mrs.
John Cannon, wife of the celebrated
piano virtuoso, had agreed to at-
tend, the affair had assumed the
proportions of a major social func-
tion and would be broadcast over
station ABC-XYZ.

So Rod, feeling qualms of guilt,
settled himself in his easy chair the
next night, tuned in and lent an
ear. He got a big bang from hear-
ing his wife's voice come over the
air and at the conclusion of her
speech he felt pretty proud. In fact,
he felt so proud that he wished now
that he had bought her the eve-
ning gown. He could imagine her
standing up to the microphone with
the eyes of several hundred fash-
ionably dressed females watching her,
feeling like a plugged nickel in her
made-over thing. He began to think
of something he could do to make up
for the humiliation he had caused
her.

Rod blinked again. Esther laughed
merrily. "Darling, I went up there
without my made-over. Imagine! So
I did the only thing I could. I
wore the lovely black nightgown
and it really looked stunning. Oh,
and it really was right. A black night
gown is more practical."



"THIS 'peace on earth, good will
toward men' stuff gives me a
pain," Darl said. He laughed cyn-
ically, looking down into the girl's
troubled eyes. "It gets me how you
got hooked into it, Pam. Why don't
you look the thing squarely in the
face and realize it's the bunk!"

"You must be blind!" Pamela
cried. "There are thousands and
thousands of people who give things."

"O.K., honey." He smiled. "We
look at it differently. The way I
figure it, a man never does some-
thing for nothing. If he isn't re-
warded with material gain, then he's
rewarded by having his vanity
salved. There's always a selfish mo-
tive behind a so-called act of kind-
ness, no matter which way you fig-
ure it. But it isn't important. What
is important is that it's Christmas
and you and I are in love and we
ought to think of celebrating."

"It is important, Darl." Her voice
was suddenly vibrant. "It's impor-
tant to me to show you that you're
wrong. I couldn't be happy with a
man who had those ideas." And
then, seeing the expression on his
face, her tone softened. "Oh, I know
it seems silly to you—quarreling
about something so trite. But to me
it isn't trite. Oh, Darl, let me show
you how wrong you are!"

The streets were festive. Colored
lights and greenery showed in ev-
ery window. Lighted trees were on
every street corner. Pam stopped
the car while a group of carol sing-
ers trooped by. A girl with a tam-
bourine thrust a smiling face against
the coupe window. She dropped
coins into it and smiled and said,
"Merry Christmas."

They left the gaily lighted streets
behind. Pam turned into a side



A moment later, a small middle-
aged lady came bustling out.

street. She stopped before a house
and sounded her horn. A moment
later a small, middle-aged lady
came bustling out. She carried a
basket. Pam opened the door for
her, and introduced Darl. Her name
was Kimball.

"Well!" said the little lady. "This
is nice. I suppose you're the young
man to whom Miss Tripp is en-
gaged."

"Yes, we're engaged," Darl said.
He wondered what she had in the
basket. She was so poorly dressed,
so frail and appeared so under-
nourished. But there was a sparkle
in her eyes.

But instead of driving back to the
city, Pam drove across the railroad
tracks and into the desolate, ill-
lighted thoroughfares of Jaytown.
At last they stopped before a dil-
apidated tenement house. They en-
tered a dark, cold hall, mounted
stairs and rapped on a door. A weak
voice bade them enter.

The room was warmer than the
hall outside, lighted with a kerosene
lamp. A woman lay in bed, a child
cradled in her arms. Mrs. Kimball
matter-of-factly stirred up the fire,
produced candles and lighted them.
Pamela straightened things in the
room with surprising efficiency. The
woman in the bed watched from
hollow eyes while Mrs. Kimball un-
packed her basket, set out a pitifully
small supply of foodstuffs,
some strings of popcorn, the green
bough of a pine tree, an orange, two
apples, a bottle of milk.

The sick woman's eyes were ea-
ger, grateful as the things appeared.
In no time at all the pine bough
was arranged on the table, the
strings of popcorn draped over it,
oranges placed at its base, two can-
dles on either side.

Darl's forehead wrinkled. He saw
the glow on Mrs. Kimball's face,
the sparkle in her eyes. She was
poor. She was doing all she could,
and the woman in the bed knew
this. She was giving back gratitude
and warmth of feeling and love.

They left Mrs. Kimball and drove
back to the city. They stopped near
the park to listen to the carol sing-
ers. Pam looked at him. "Did it
mean anything to you, Darl? Do you
see what I mean?"

Darl thought of the woman in the
bed and Mrs. Kimball. "It's a self-
ish motive," he thought. And aloud
he said: "I never thought about it
this way before, but isn't it nice we
have such—selfish people as Mrs.
Kimball and Pamela Tripp?"
Pamela nestled against his shoul-
der. "And Darl Holloway," she
added.

**1943 CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
GREETINGS**

To all our old friends and acquaintances, and
also to the many new ones we have made during
1943, we send sincere Christmas Greetings and the
wish that the holidays will be as happy as possible.

**PLENTY OF CHRISTMAS
FRUITS and VEGETABLES**

For last minute Christmas Shoppers we will
have a big stock of fresh fruits and vegetables on
hand to fill your order.

**JESS PATTERSON
FRUIT STORE**
North Side Square



Santa may have new
modes of transporta-
tion in his bag of tricks,
but our wish is that his
1943 pack include a
great big package of
old-time Christmas
cheer, addressed to
you.

BUS STATION
Mr. and Mrs.
A. J. Cline



**WHAT MATTER IF SANTA
COMES IN A JEEP,**

Just so it's Santa Claus? And it IS Santa
Claus! And this IS Christmas. May the 1943
season be an exceptionally happy one for you and
your family.

CLINE AND RAINER
Western Auto Associate Store



We pause, on the Eve of Christmas, 1943, to contemplate how
much we owe the perennial character of our customers. With grati-
tude and pride we scan the list. Some of these customers have been
with us since our beginning of business.

To these old customers, to new ones, and to potential ones every
member of this organization now joins in wishing "Merry Christmas."

DALE STRICKLAND BUTANE COMPANY
BUCK HICKERSON, MGR. DOYCE SMALLEY, DELIVERY

WE ARE OFFERING MANY CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS—AND URGE THAT YOU DO YOUR "CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY"—AVOID THE RUSH—WHILE WE HAVE A COMPLETE Stock to select from. We invite you to come in and let us help you with your gift list.

STYLE SHOPPE, MRS. MOLLIE A. MORTON, OWNER



MISSES SKIRTS—Wonderful Fits—That's what smart shoppers say about our skirts—Give them as Gifts.



NECK WEAR—All new styles—Many dickies, collars and cuff sets—Another answer to your Christmas gift problem.



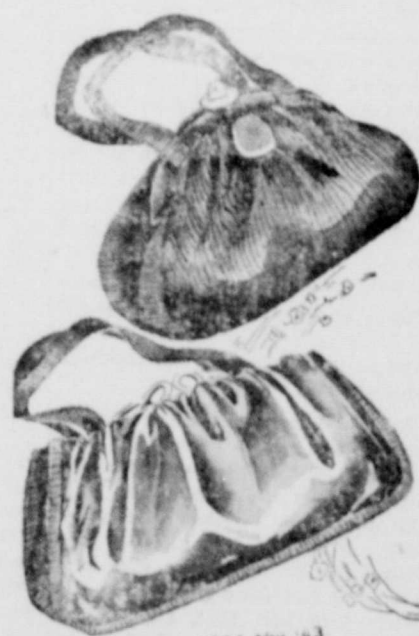
BETTY ROSE COATS AND SUITS. The most practical and appreciated gift for any season of the year.

INFANTS DEPARTMENT

We have added a nice line of infants wear—you can find most anything here for the "grandbaby."

LADIES AND MISSES ROBES

Most appropriate gift for Mother, Sister, Wife or Daughter. Lovely Assortment.



BAGS MAKE HANDSOME GIFTS. Roomier interiors. An all new materials and colors. See them.



THE SOUTH TAKES UP THE SLACK. In light, bright and dark colors, with complementary jackets. These well-mannered slacks will be your "uniform" for winter, resort play, and comfort. Give her Slacks.



WOOL SWEATER
Ideal Gifts for School—
in all new fall colors.

MISSES GIMP DRESSES
In all new materials—a gift she will appreciate.



COSTUME JEWELRY
For gifts that will last—give her jewelry.



OTHER SUGGESTIONS
Luncheon Sets, Pillow Cases, in many beautiful colors and materials. Buy several this Christmas.

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR GIFTS. We have a beautiful line of lovely handkerchiefs that will make appropriate gifts.



THE USUAL GIFT GLOVES

The one gift that is appreciated—in all new colors.



ANKLETS

In many colors and—Inexpensive but practical.

