

OFFICIAL LINCOLN COUNTY PAPER—Under Contract With County Commissioners

CARRIZOZO OUTLOOK

OFFICIAL
CARRIZOZO PAPER
Forty Miles To Billy the Kid
National Monument

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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1940

PRICE \$2.00 THE YEAR

LYRIC THEATRE

(Air conditioned)
E. A. Walker, Owner
"The Theatre Beautiful"

Shows start promptly at 7:30
Sunday matinees at 2:30 p.m.

Friday & Saturday

Frank Craven, Martha Scott,
Wm. Holden, Beulah Bondi in—
"Our Town"

A Pulitzer Prize Play. It is told in a new technique that is fascinatingly different yet sure in its simplicity will appeal. Your town, my town and everybody's town.

—Also—
"The Stray Lamb" and "Silent Wings."

Sunday—Monday—Tuesday

Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Mary Boland in—
"New Moon"

The musical romance of a young French aristocrat who comes to New Orleans, as a bond servant, in the crisis of the French Revolution.

—Also—
"Seek the Old" and Paramount News.

Wednesday & Thursday

BARGAIN NITES, 10 and 20c
Paul Lucas, Mary Astor in—
"Turnabout"

A sharp comedy that pokes fun at overbearing husbands and wives. All the loudest laughs will come from the married couples.

—Also—
"The Troubles" and "Informal News."

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sargent of Santa Fe spent the holidays here with Mrs. Sargent's parents, Postmaster and Mrs. H. E. Kelt. Mrs. Sargent is the former Miss Katherine Kelt.

Mrs. Edith Beck of Alamogordo was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Dudley during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson and son Jim of Coyote were visitors in town this Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Williams of Magdalena spent the yuletide with Mrs. Williams' parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Shaver and sister Miss Thelma.

Pat Murphy of the White and Murphy ranch near White Oaks was a business visitor here the first of the week.

Harold Hoffman, who is attending State College, is here to spend the yuletide with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoffman and family and many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mayer of El Paso were here last Sunday visiting with Mr. Mayer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Mayer.

Mrs. W. J. Ayers of Polk was a business visitor here on Wednesday Eve. and while in town was a pleasant caller at the Lyric.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lambert, of Lordsburg, La. and baby daughter, were here for the holidays guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolland.

Local Mention

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kennedy of the Kennedy ranch in the Jicarilla mountain country were visitors in town this Monday.

Mrs. Nellie Rely was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scharf this Christmas. Mrs. Scharf and Mrs. Rely are sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goodson of Ancho Luna visited friends here Christmas Eve.

Mrs. R. T. Lucas of Kansas City is here to spend the holidays with the A. L. Burke and Phil Bright families.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris of the Harris ranch in the Gallinas mountains visited relatives and local friends here Christmas Day.

Pat Conley, who enlisted in the Army a short time ago, is spending the holidays with his brother Dan and family and many Carrizozo friends. Pat is stationed at Ft. Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Hill are expected home from Sweetwater, Tex., the latter part of the week. They visited Wayland's parents during the holidays. Mrs. Hill is the former Miss Vernon Ruth Peckham.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Nickles of the Nickels ranch at Jake Springs have as their yuletide guests Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Cook and small daughter, Mrs. Dick Willis and small daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Cook of Socorro.

Lieut. Bradley Smith of Fort Bliss spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith.

Mrs. Margaret Rountree of Roswell visited friends here the first of the week. Mrs. Rountree was the former proprietor of the Rountree Service Station, restaurant and camp grounds in Capitan.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hardcastle have returned from a five weeks' trip to Providence, R. I., where they had been visiting Mrs. Hardcastle's parents. They report a wonderful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Clayton of the Clayton ranch near Ancho were visitors in town the first of the week. Mr. Clayton is a progressive stockman of that locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nalda and small daughter visited relatives and friends here Christmas eve.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Moore and small daughters are spending the yuletide at their old home in Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brown and daughter Margaret of Coyote spent the holiday season with Brown's parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. M. Shaver and sister Miss Thelma.

Dewey Stokes, Jr. of the New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell is here to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Stokes.

Mr. and Mrs. Burke Miller and baby son are spending the holidays visiting relatives in Silver City.



Our Yuletide Greetings

- Petty's Gen'l Merchandise
Citizens Bank
Burke Gift Shop
Virginia Ann Beauty Salon
Carrizozo Hardware Co.
"We Strive To Serve."
T. & G. Grocery
City Garage
Miller's Service Station
Paden's Drug Store
Star Cafe
24-HOUR SERVICE
Prehms' Dept. Store
Reil's Beauty Shoppe
Engineers' Gold & Silver Mining Co.
B. & M. Mercantile Co.
A. G. MOORE, Mgr.
Harkey Lumber Co.
Rolland's Drug Store
City Gas Company
Southern Pacific Hotel
W. B. Chamberlain, Mgr.
Vidauri's General Store
Sabino Vidauri, Prop.
Nu-Way Cleaners
Harvey's Texaco
SERVICE STATION
Carrizozo Auto Co.
Lyric Theatre
Lincoln Co. Utilities Co.
Phillips Petroleum Co.
W. A. NICHOLAS, Agent
Carrizozo Country Club
Burton Fuel Yard
Carrizozo Home Laundry
Yucca Bar
El Cibola Hotel
Garrard Hotel
Mrs. Cleota Prior, Prop.
Wholesale Candies
George Peck, Dealer
Osorio's Store
General Merchandise
Star Bar
Wm. S. Norman, Prop.

Archaeological Lecture

By John I. Sinclair, Curator
Lincoln County Museum

About 150 persons attended the lecture "Life and Monuments of Mexico" delivered by Albert G. Ely, Supervisor of Branch Museum of the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, last Sunday, Dec. 15. The talk was held at Lincoln School and was the first on the winter lecture program of the Lincoln County Museum, which is affiliated with the Museum of New Mexico. 1000 feet of colored motion pictures accompanied Mr. Ely's talk on his travels through Mexico and the archaeological monuments he investigated while there.

Culucillo, the oldest archaeological site in Mexico, was given in full color. This pyramid rises in the midst of a lava flow formed many centuries ago by the eruption of one of the volcanoes in the Ajusco Mountains. The Temple of Culucillo is very ancient belonging to a period of which little is known. Mr. Ely explained the ruins of the sacred city of the Toltecs, Teotihuacan (meaning Place of the Gods.) This site comprises 2 great pyramids, the "Pyramid of the Sun" measuring 721x761 feet at its base, and the "Pyramid of the Moon" measuring 428x511 feet. The city, which covered an area of 4 square miles, was arranged around quadrangles.

The gorgeous coloring of present day Mexico and Mexican life was shown to full extent in the program. Native life in the quaint streets of Cuernavaca, where the palace of Cortez was located and where U. S. Ambassador Dwight Morrow had his home.

No place in Mexico is as beautiful as the "Floating Gardens of Xochimilco." Close to Mexico City, this place was formerly the home of one of the oldest of Indian tribes. The "floating gardens" were made by building reed rafts, covering them with a thick layer of soil and floating them on the lake. On these rafts gardens were planted. The Museum of New Mexico will present these lectures from time to time at Lincoln.

CARD OF THANKS

The teachers and pupils of St. Rita School wish to extend sincere appreciation to the Business Men's Club and citizens of Carrizozo for their kind and generous offering in order to spread Christmas joy. Over 200 children participated in the pleasure of receiving candy, nuts and various articles from Santa last Monday; therefore, many a "thank you" is extended to all who helped make it possible for Old Santa to spread Christmas joy.

Basketball Tournament

Carrizozo will have a town team basketball tourney here on Saturday, Dec. 28. Games will begin promptly at 9 a. m. Cloudcroft vs. Capitan at 10:30; Weed tangles with Corona; Carrizozo plays the winner of the Capitan-Cloudcroft game at 2:30. Basketball fans should receive a real treat on Saturday. Plan to attend.

BORN—Sunday, Dec. 22, to Judge and Mrs. M. C. St. John, a girl. Mother and daughter are doing "nicely." The Judge now boasts of a pair of Queens and a pair of Kings. Good hand!

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

Information from Chamber of Commerce, El Paso, Dec. 21.
Sent to Business Men's Club Carrizozo.

Program—Sun Carnival
Coronation of Sun Queen, Dec. 30, at Liberty Hall. Duke Ellington's Orchestra to furnish music for dance after coronation of the Queen. Sun Carnival parade Jan. 1, during the morning. Football game in the afternoon between Tempe, Arizona, and Western Reserve. Tickets for game run \$3.30, \$2.20, \$1.65 and \$1.10, depending on location. A Sun Carnival Housing Bureau has been established in the C. of C. Bldg., in charge of Wm. J. Chesak for the purpose of finding quarters for the many visitors who wish to stay overnight in El Paso.

Anyone wishing to arrange for reservations for the night should contact Mr. Chesak, who will make arrangements. There is no charge for the services of Mr. Chesak.

The annual election of officers of the Boy Scouts, Dist. 6, was held in Carrizozo on Dec. 18. Mr. P. V. Thorson of the executive office at Roswell was in charge of the meeting. Officers elected were as follows: Chairman, B. T. Williams, Capitan; V. Chakravart, Perry, Capitan; Commissioner, G. M. Waters, Carrizozo; Organization, J. H. Parsons, Roswell; Treasurer, J. M. Carpenter, Carrizozo; Campfire, T. E. Kelley, Carrizozo; Health and Safety, Dr. J. P. Turner, Carrizozo; Advancement, John E. Hall, Carrizozo; Finance, Frank Adams, Carrizozo.

District 6 is to be organized during the year 1941, for the first time. The executive office has promised closer cooperation from the field men, during the year 1941, and the Boy Scout movement in district 6 will be pushed for the first time to enroll a large number of the boys who wish to take advantage of this opportunity to train themselves in Boy Scout troops throughout the district.—Frank Adams, Secretary.

Coach and Mrs. Poe Corp. and children of Roswell spent the yuletide with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolland.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Campbell and small daughter are the yuletide guests of Mrs. Vincent Hill of the Reil Beauty Shop. Mrs. Campbell is Mrs. Hill's daughter.

Miss Frances Ferguson of Santa Fe is spending her two weeks' vacation visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Ferguson on the Nogal Mesa.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Vega and the children spent Christmas with relatives in Tularosa.

Gilbert Genzalee of Roswell was a Carrizozo business visitor on Christmas Day.

Among the many letters received this week, was one from Bill Weitzel, who lived here and at Oscura for several years. Bill is now located at Aurora, Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. Weitzel send best regards to old friends.

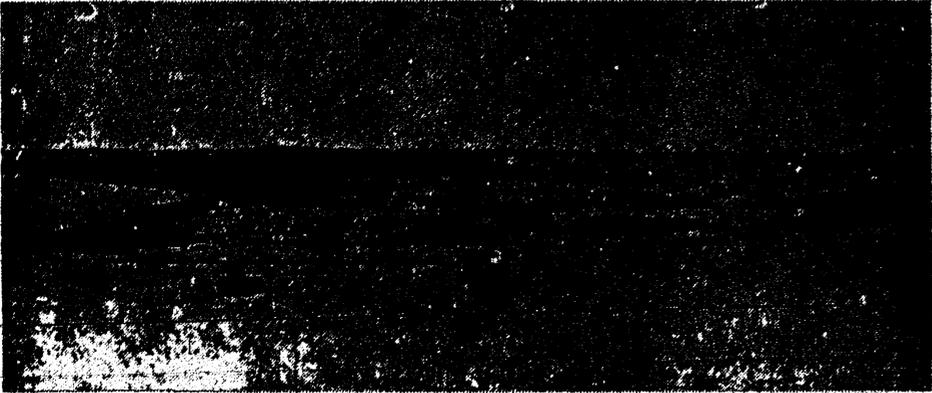
Wilma and Charles Snow are here to spend the holiday week with the home folks.

Celestino Vigil was a visitor here from the lower valley on Christmas Day.

A Happy And Prosperous New Year!

Christmas on the Prairie Frontier

The Story of the Most Unusual Celebration in American History



Old Fort Abraham Lincoln in the wintertime. (From a contemporary photograph by D. F. Barry).

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IT WAS the day before Christmas, 1875, at old Fort Abraham Lincoln on the Dakota frontier. In the quarters of Lieut. Francis M. Gibson of the Seventh Cavalry his young bride, Katherine Gibson, was struggling with the problem of decorating the bare little rooms for the Christmas Tree party which they were planning to give that evening.

Soldiers, sent out to scour the neighborhood for anything resembling a tree, had returned with a few forlorn branches of sage and cedar brush. But, undaunted by this poor substitute for Christmas greenery, the young couple set to work. They hung the boughs on stout cords from the ceiling down to within a few feet of the floor.

Beneath they placed a washtub, decorated with gaily painted paper and filled with sand. In the latter they buried what few gifts they had been able to purchase from the scanty stocks of merchants in the crude little frontier town of Bismarck a few miles away.

"We'll call it a Christmas pie!" cried Katherine Gibson with a brave laugh.

But the room still lacked a festive holiday appearance, so they set to work on sheets of plain paper which she had saved. They colored the paper with paints, then cut it into long strips to serve as festoons. To their aid came several young officers of the Seventh, recently arrived at Fort Lincoln from West Point. With silver foil that had been wrapped around cigars, these youngsters covered the few nuts available and hung them on the makeshift Christmas tree.

Other officers' wives contributed old Christmas cards, resurrected from their trunks, and they tied them on the tree with scraps of faded ribbon that had been ironed and freshened. They colored candles with red paint, cut them in two and perched them jauntily on the branches of the tree. They fashioned a big ball out of paper that had been colored red and pasted cut-out pictures of Santa Claus on its edges.

As for refreshments for the party—what if the post trader's store had only a meager supply of such staples as sugar, coffee, flour and the like? Somehow young Katherine Gibson managed to get together some sandwiches, a cake, a small amount of candy and lemons made from citric acid crystals. But her greatest triumph was . . . ice cream! It was ice cream made from condensed milk, whipped up with gelatin and the whites of eggs. (The mailman had brought these eggs from Bismarck and he had wrapped them in cotton and carried them inside his buckskin shirt next to his warm body to keep them from freezing.)

By late afternoon the young officer and his bride were ready to receive their guests. Soon a laughing throng had gathered in their house for the festivities and . . .

But let Katherine Gibson tell the story of that party and its unexpected and dramatic aftermath—surely one of the strangest Christmas Eve celebrations ever held in America. Here is the story, told in her own words:

Christmas Eve dawned bright and clear, and the temperature had moderated. I dressed myself in my best, and after he had unwrapped an antique guitar, another a Jew's-harp. With such dance music provided we swung into the Virginia reel with much excitement, and then the old square dance had its turn. What a beautiful time we had!

Finally, before midnight, Lieutenant Gibson, being owner of the store, had to make his rounds of the outside, and shortly afterward the party broke up, everyone tired but happy.

the window casement. In short, my invited guests were small Indian children who were staring through the glass at the tree in mesmeric entrancement.

For a moment I was held spellbound in surprise, then, cautiously, so as not to frighten them, I opened the porch door and motioned them to enter. At first they covered and shrank away, then a straight-backed youngster in buckskin, dragging by the hand a diminutive squaw about four years old, stepped into the room, the others following warily, aloofly. How had they gained entrance to the garrison, I wondered? Then I recalled a slight breach in the stockade wall, but it was enough to admit the wriggling in and out of one small body at a time.

I turned to the supposed leader of the party and speaking slowly, asked, pointing to the tree, "Some one tell Indian boy about it?"

He nodded, as the little hostler around the apartment picked up a smattering of English very quickly.

"Who tell Indian boy?"

"Horn Toad."

Horn Toad was a good-natured Indian scout, adored by all the children in the garrison.

"Oh," I nodded, while the little frozen band huddled about the stove in stolid silence, "and who is she?" Inquiring the way squaw.

"Sister," replied the boy, while the little girl clung more closely to his hand. My eyes ran over the tiny figure and my heart contracted. The poor lot shivered and drew across the shoulders of her father dress an impressive show made of mummy sack and a scrap of the same material, served as her only headgear. Her moccasins and leggings were of buckskin. The young warriors were clad in white suits of it, but, evidently, when it came to the female of the species, the supply had given out. It was a miracle that the little band hadn't been frozen to death.

Just how, where, or why at this season of the year these people were abroad instead of under shelter at the agencies did not matter. The fact remained that they and at least some of their tribe had set up their wretched camp where they, I mentally shook myself. What a reasonable hour for these children to be up! They must be returned to the mother at once, and yet as I looked into their blank, expectant faces, my stirrings within me, and my legs wobbled wearily away. Heaven only knew how long they



Mrs. Francis M. Gibson and Baby Kate who grew up to become Mrs. Katherine Gibson Ferguson, author of "With Custer's Cavalry."

had waited out there in the cold, freezing their eyes on this glittering paradise, and that I set down.

Quickly I threw them into the living room and towards the Christmas Tree, which, I was confident, still held a few treasures and, digging into the sack myself, I fished out a Jack-in-the-box which I presented to the little lady. Her black eyes leaped with surprise and joy, and her wee hands trembled as she clutched the toy. Then, making a motion for them to continue, I flew to the kitchen to heat up what I still retained. The fire, or was just leaving for his barracks when I called to him.

"Oh, Albers," I instructed, "go to the nearest station and tell the conductor to relay in other portions here, in the event of any Indians hanging around and looking for children, they are at Lieutenant Gibson's quarters and will be along soon."

During my absence my guests had not only explored the entire contents of the sack, but had also discovered their last vestige of hesitation, and they plunged voraciously into the food, and with each new morsel, my heart, or at least my tongue, contracted, for I saw a foot with its black moccasins, and the boy waving his moccasins in heart greeting, the very ones I speak of before.

It was upon this scene of comic confusion that I observed that I observed a red and white moccasin, and I saw the foot that had been waving its moccasins in heart greeting, the very ones I speak of before.

Noting all this, I continued with myself thoughtfully. I should have sent them home right away, I told myself severely, yet I continued to heap their lips with goodies, popcorn, nuts and candy. Besides, there was some ice cream left over, and cake, too, that were begging to be eaten, and what was a party without them?

So, before they knew it, mounds of pie and moving a cooction bore witness in front of the little savages, who immediately plunged small eager fingers into the pretty, dainty stuff, only to recoil from the sudden chill. The tiny squaw was the first to experiment with it by cautiously licking some off her palm, and her cherubic smile would have inspired a masterpiece from Raphael. They then began to eat, and themselves with all the abandon of healthy, hungry children.

While they were thus engaged, I ran upstairs looking for old blankets, woolen stockings and socks. I found a short seat of my own, some mittens, and galoshes and warm mufflers. Suddenly, queer sounds coming from below sent me scurrying halfway downstairs, where I paused, the noise started with the clapping of hands, accompanied by a weird chant. This was followed by the sound of softly muffled feet and short, sharp snorts that sounded like a crowd louder and louder. I sank upon the stairs and peered through the banisters into the living room, and what I beheld kept me rooted to the spot. My eyes dilated before a picturesque phase of barbaric expression.

The straight-backed boy, evidently wishing to do his part and that of his tribe toward the entertainment, was standing in the center of the room, he was directing the others in some kind of dance. One boy and the diminutive squaw stood at the side, clapping their hands and chanting monotonously, the latter singing and leading the chorus of the older squaws, while, straggling the stove in single file, the young braves stamped upon the carpet with the accompaniment of rattles combined with the whistling of their wide, flat, wooden like frames swaying like the prairie grasses and with a rhythm as perfect as a set measure. Backwards and forwards they swung their bodies, their heads made of elastic rubber, bending pliant heads and necks and emitting long-drawn-out whoops of joy.

The crumpling into the carpet of rumpled sand mattered not, for on the floor I sat like a king, with my legs under at the wide beauty and the cadence of that native dance. Why, I wondered, did white children have to spend money to attain anything like the grace and ease of these natives? The music, the color and as natural as a spring of cool, clear water! The dance changed, and the little rattles swung into close group formations, the boys and girls, hand-clapping and dancing. The young braves quickly sunk back into single file, whereupon the dance became more rapid, the whole leader and leader, and with it they danced about the floor they fairly leaped about the stove until the leader held up his hand and stopped. "The dancing ceased," the young braves then, the boys, gasping, upon the carpet, and the one who had led down beside the young chief.

I drew a deep breath, hurried back upstairs, and brought down an armful of clothing and blankets. Then I huddled up the wee squaw like a babe of velvet, my hands and gave the rest of the blankets, mufflers and galoshes to the boy. After that I stripped the tree of its remaining gifts, put candy and nuts in a bag, and with it I carried the rest of the straight-backed boy, and very reluctantly let my guests out again into the night.

I glanced up at the clock in the hall. Already it was eleven. The children, crunched crisply beneath their feet, receding steps, while again and again the happy children, checking their chartered toys, turned radiant faces away from the Christmas tree and towards me. Really, the small, straight-backed Indian boy, bringing up the rear with his Christmas burdens, patted his mouth with his slim hand and emitted the farewell call of his tribe, which seemed to me to be a very good thing. The little band had faded from view.

I wanted to myself, blew out the kerosene lamp in the hall and trudged wearily upstairs, while, sitting through the still, snowy night, I reflected on the incident to be written, some of the something of the sentence, "One's a look and all's well."

So that is the story of the Christmas Eve celebration at old Fort Abraham Lincoln on the Dakota frontier—a traditional observance of the birth of the Prince of Peace, which came to an unexpected climax in a barbaric war-dance! You'll find the story in a book published recently by the Carlton Printers, Ltd., of Caldwell, Idaho—"With Custer's Cavalry" by Katherine Gibson Ferguson, the daughter who was born a few years later to the young Seventh Cavalry officer and his wife at Fort Meade in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and it is reproduced here for your enjoyment by special permission of the copyright owners.

It is one of the most unusual and at the same time one of the most charming—Yuletide stories that has appeared in many a year. It is a pretty American addition to the literature of Christmas. For nowhere else in the world, except in America, could this incident have taken place.

Fear

By MAGNUS OLESON
(Associated Newspapers)
WMI Service.

THEY were dressing her for her wedding. Emily submitted passively, more concerned with the darkened sky and continuous roll of distant thunder than with the silks Mrs. Lape had been so busy over these past weeks. The two elderly women in the room tried to forget or ignore the coming tempest, though their efforts merely made them hysterically cheerful. Minerva Lape's babble was hindered by a hare-lip, but her troubled voice muttered as if in competition with the steadily lifting reverberations of the storm. Stout Ma Snavelly had no such handicap.

Emily merely knew that they were talking. Pale and tremulous, with eyes glazed by emotion, she looked in her half-clad slenderness like fear itself by the window. Bitter creek was bank full from the morning storm. She could see the liquid, yellow mud swirling under the old bridge.

Men's voices mumbled from the porch below. Emily impulsively flung up the window sash and leaned out. Her father was there, stiff and clumsy in his starched linen and black clothes; the hired hands were there in their clumsey best.

Emily had little more than a glimpse of the anxious group. Ezra looked up at the rattle of the window sash. His dark face flamed at sight of her and his lips parted. Her father glanced upward, too.

"He's comin'," Pa Snavelly belated. "Seen his car racin' down Blackoak hill."

Emily's mother pulled her back into the room and slammed the window. Emily heard little of the tirade that followed; it was something about showing herself shamelessly like that—and what would Ezra think?—Though he'd be her man quick enough, if the storm would get by and the reverend would come.

"He's comin'," Emily said. "Pa saw his car."

Driven rain lashed down unexpectedly, with an impact that smothered under its continuous roar the snap of lightning and crash of thunder. In the dusk they lit a kerosene lamp, lowered the window shade and went on hurriedly to complete Emily's costume. But Emily could not be kept in the center of the room. She was staring at the bridge, until at last, she saw a dark car dart over.

"Well," she said, "he got across. It didn't wash out."

"I'll run right down," Ma Snavelly said. "Reverend Perkinson's a brave man—never afraid when it's the Lord's work. I'll tell him you'll be ready soon as the thunder stops."

"I'll go, too," Mrs. Lape said nervously. "Emily's ready now. It's comforting to have a man o' God in the house during such a terrible storm. Comforting and protecting."

"The Lord's work," Emily sat and stared at the shaded window, where blue light came fitfully, and the rain clamored against the glass. It was hailing now. A tinkle of stones on the panes threatened to break them. "Yellow clouds," she thought dully, "always hailed." And again, "The Lord's work!" Well, money and fear had more to do with it than God. Fear of poverty and love of money. Ma had known how to use arguments like that. Pa's way had been more forthright; it had been: "Marry Ezra, or take a beating! Hall came again; or was it hall? Emily ran to the window and whipped up the blind.

A yellow dusk was out of doors; dusk and the black rain, flooded by the blue glare of hurried bolts. Sheets of water washed the window glass, but at times she could see the cars parked in the yard below; among them Ezra's roadster, already decorated with tin cans, and beside it a small, battered runabout.

The hail rattled again close to her face; but it was not hall. And the runabout was Jim O'Hara's. Of course, Jim! She flung the window open to the storm.

He extended his arm. His gay, Irish face was laughing as the water ran over it. His lips moved. She couldn't hear, but she knew what he was saying.

"If you're not afraid of the storm, darlin', and \$30 a week—if you're not afraid—"

She had been afraid, horribly. Always she shrank to a pin-point when the lightning came. And she had been afraid of life—of \$30 a week. But now she was afraid of Ezra; deathly afraid of his thick lips and washed face and prisoned farmhouse. Fear of Ezra had smothered other fears. She had welcomed the storm, praying that it would wash out the bridge, do something, anything, to keep the Reverend Mr. Perkinson where he belonged, at home. Afraid of it! It was glorious!

She climbed to the window sill. Her white silks were instantly drenched.

"If you're not afraid, jump, darlin'!"

Afraid! Emily laughed silently; laughed at the impotent thunder, the dull bones and its stony occupants, the leaping, drenching rain; the mud she was going to fall in; laughed at Jim's ugly car, Jim's wet face. "Jump, darlin'!" Emily's laugh pealed out over the storm angrily, gaily, a challenge and a triumph, as she stayed there.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.
Dean of The Moody Bible Institute
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for December 29

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

JESUS REQUIRES FAITHFULNESS

LESSON TEXT—Luke 12:35-48
GOLDEN TEXT—Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required.—Luke 12:48

The Lord is coming! One of the chief reasons for the worldliness in our churches today, the indifference toward soul winning, and the neglect of personal holiness, is that preachers and people alike have neglected the truth of the second coming of Christ. He is coming again—are you ready? Am I? These are serious and urgent questions.

I. The Lord Is Coming—Be Waiting (vv. 35, 36). Lights burning and loins girded ready to serve Him, such should be our daily attitude toward His coming. Believers are to be "looking for" Him (Titus 2:13). They "love his appearing" (II Tim. 4:8). Their hope is not in this world, but they are "looking forward earnestly desiring" (II Pet. 3:11, 12, R. V.) the outworking of God's plan and purpose.

II. The Lord Is Coming—Be Ready (vv. 37-40). He may come at midnight, or in the morning; we do not know the day or hour (v. 40, cf. Matt. 24:36), but it will be when the world does not expect it (vv. 39, 40). "Be ye ready" is the command to every Christian, ever watchful for the coming of our Lord.

The full meaning of verse 37 we will not know until we come to that glorious day, but it clearly indicates a great blessing and reward for those who are ready when He comes.

III. The Lord Is Coming—Be Busy (vv. 41-44). Peter's question is not directly answered, but by inference he is told that he may be one of those to whom this blessing will come by being about the Master's business.

Critics of the teaching of the hope of the Lord's return sometimes say that looking for Him "cuts the nerve of missionary endeavor"; that is, makes men impractical and visionless, not willing to work for God. To prove how untrue that is one need only investigate who it is that furnishes most of the men and means to evangelize the world. He will find that it is the evangelical believers in the Lord's return.

Looking for Christ means occupying until He comes (Luke 19:13), doing the Lord's work here and now (v. 42), while awaiting His coming.

"Jesus compares teachers to house stewards (Matt. 24:45, 46; Acts 20:28; I Cor. 4:1; I Pet. 4:10). A steward's business is to give to each one in the household his portion of meat-in-due season (John 21:15-17; I Pet. 5:2; Jer. 3:15). The faithful and wise steward is the one who actually does this. There are many foolish and unfaithful stewards who feed themselves, not the household (cf. Ezek. 34:2, 3); or they feed only a portion of the household; or they give something else than food (philosophy or sociology, instead of the pure Word of God; cf. I Pet. 2:2; 4:10, 11); or they do not give the food "in due season." The steward who is faithful and wise is also blessed. Having proved his fitness to rule, he is rewarded with larger rule. At the bottom of the unfaithful steward's neglect of duty lies his view that Christ's coming is far off" (Bradbury).

IV. The Lord Is Coming—Be Holy (vv. 45-48). The belief that the Lord will delay His coming leads to all manner of unbelief, betrayal of trust, and of sin. In the case of the servant in verse 45, there was first oppression of those under him, and then gluttony and drunkenness. The picture is revolting, but it was really prophetic of what has taken place even within the ranks of professing Christians in the church itself.

Neglect of the truth of God's Word, scoffing at the promise of Christ's coming (read carefully II Pet. 3:3-9) leads to that perversion of Christianity which is evident in much of the life of the church today, and which causes thinking people to turn away in disgust. Let us stress the fact that this may be "religion," but it is not real Christianity.

There is a solemn word here for preachers, teachers and Christian workers. A time of judgment is coming, and we are to answer to the Lord for the faithful use of our privileges and opportunities. It is a matter to which we need to give careful attention. If God has given us great opportunities, our measure of responsibility will be great. Every chance you and I have to present the gospel, influence the life of our acquaintances for God, turn the interest of our community or neighborhood toward righteousness, these are God's gifts of opportunity to us. We shall answer one day to Him for the measure in which we use them.

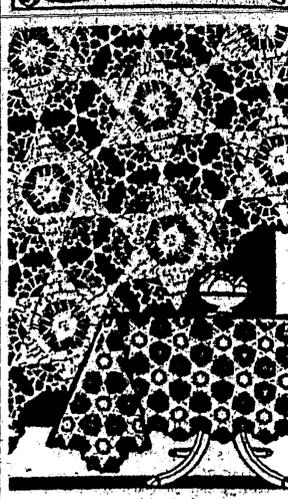
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Plenty Said Dzudi—There goes the most talked-of man in town. Palmetto—Really! Who talks about him? Dzudi—He does.

Can ainsky be described as a man's cash surrender value? Mere Fleeters Teacher—Can you tell me where Noah lived? Pupil—I don't think he had a regular home, I imagine he and his family belonged to the floating population.

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SPORTS

By GRANTLAND RICE

CHARLES SOCKER COE, the first and best of the gangster novelists, is now an eminent Florida attorney. Before that Socker was a navy ring champion and also one of the closest students of ring form. He is still a keen student of the modern art of self-defense, which is largely "100 yards in 10 seconds."

Socker happened to be on hand when Conn fought Savold. "Conn," he said, "as everybody knows, is a fine boxer and he is also dead game. That ought to be enough for a 175-pound fighter. But apparently it isn't today, when almost everyone is looking for a puncher."

"Conn simply doesn't know how to punch—I mean the art of punching. He relies only on his wrists and arms. There is no shoulder or body support back of his blows."

"To be a good puncher," Socker said, "a fighter must know how to get in these shoulder and body muscles. I've talked about this with Bobby Jones in hitting a golf ball. As you know, Bobby in his prime was as long as anybody. He was far past Hagen and Sarazen off the tee, 10 or 12 years ago—when they were all at the top. Bobby relied a lot on shoulder and body and his power to get this distance. The same thing is true of boxing when it comes to the punching side."

Dempsey and Tunney

"When Jack Dempsey palled you with a left hook," Socker added, "he wasn't just flipping you with a wrist and arm motion. He had those big shoulder muscles, under the shoulder, working with the punch. He had his whole left side in that wallop. The same, to a lesser degree, is true of Gene Tunney. Tunney never had the explosive force that belonged to Dempsey—that belongs to Joe Louis—but he was a much better puncher than most ring followers know about. Tunney wasn't a natural athlete, but a great student of ring science and form. He was also a fine student of the details that produce force. Gene knew how to get shoulder and body back of his punches."

"Carnera was six feet seven and he weighed 270 pounds. He was a professional strong man. But he wasn't big enough or strong enough to hurt or even jar anybody with his wrist and arm swing that had no other support. You can't flick at somebody and do any damage—unless, of course, you use a thumb, as quite a few have done. I'm not speaking of googlers. I'm speaking of real punchers."

About Billy Conn

"Billy Conn isn't big enough for a Joe Louis," Socker rambled on. "Louis can hit too hard with either hand. But Conn should be a better puncher than he is today. The kid is a fine boxer, he is fast, and he is dead game. But apparently no one has ever taught him how to hit. No one has shown him what true balance means when you deliver a punch. No one has told him the value of shoulder and back muscles, working with hands and arms."

"If they have, Billy simply hasn't learned his lesson. He was able to measure Savold and hit him at will—at any spot, at any time. Yet he couldn't even rock him. If Joe Louis had delivered any one of those 50 or 60 punches to the chin Savold would still be dreaming of the bear. They would have found his body somewhere in the upper stands."

"Conn is still just a kid. He still has a lot to learn. Not about boxing, but about punching. He should punch the heavy bag often, and learn how to get in those shoulder and back muscles. Otherwise he is just going to be another good light heavyweight. I doubt that he will ever get much bigger. His thin legs show that. He may reach 180. But he has enough boxing skill to get his opponent ready for the kill—if he only could get that kill into his right or left hand. You can't get that with a flick."

"What about another Pittsburgher, Harry Greb?" I asked. "I still think Greb in his prime could beat any heavyweight I ever saw, and Harry was no great puncher."

"Greb was different," Socker said. "Greb, a little Hercules, was a stick of dynamite. He was even faster than Conn. I'd say much faster. And he'd hit you with everything from the laces on his glove to the stool he used between rounds. Greb knew no rules—except to win."

"He was one of the greatest fighters we've ever seen. If Greb, in his prime, had been fighting Savold the other night, Savold would have died by drowning—in his own blood. His face would have looked a horrible sight. It wouldn't have been a face."

"Greb came into the ring with everything but a hand grenade and a machine gun. And yet I never saw him hit a low punch. He kept going to that old school kick, knee and the groin and low to the head. And, believe me, they had plenty in the way of punches."

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

By ROBERT McSHANE

Released by Western Newspaper Union

DHOG ALLEN, University of Kansas basketball coach and formerly a well-known football mentor, predicted recently that college football will die—a suicide—in 10 years.

The Kansan, in an interview, stated that "It's a sad commentary on our present setup that a boy has to prepare for four years to be a professional football player instead of starting out in professional football as a rookie and working up the hard way. Educators want a boy to get an education in college, not to learn to play pro football."

Allen emphasized that he has no personal prejudice against the game, but—

"The handwriting is plain. Already such schools as Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell and Chicago have de-emphasized football or are preparing to do so."

He further stated that "the big time starts when any athlete in college gets more than he works for, when a player demands and gets room, board, tuition, books and expenses or won't play."

"In some schools under present conditions football is more professional than it is on the straight out and out pro teams of the National league. Certainly there is less hypocrisy among the professionals."

Hypocrisy?

Admittedly the esteemed Mr. Allen is correct in at least one of his utterances. Hypocrisy does exist in certain intercollegiate football circles. However, it isn't fair to indict the whole setup because of a few localized sore spots. A wholesale condemnation isn't justified on the basis of vague and unproved charges usually directed against the athletic departments of schools represented by consistently victorious elevens.

The thought that Allen seems to convey, at least to this observer, is that the average college grid star is burning with the desire to leap on the professional band wagon. He reaches first for his diploma, then for his pro contract.

We are inclined to doubt this. It is no great secret that the moguls of the National Professional Football league, the major circuit of professional gridiron artists, are complaining bitterly over the failure of many of the most publicized collegiate stars to join the play-for-pay ranks.

The moneybags of the professional league have failed to lure several of the brightest college stars during the past half-dozen years. And the powers of the National league are more than a little disturbed over that fact. They look back and moan the fate that kept Jay Berwanger of Chicago out of the fold. Then, too, the gold of professionalism failed to attract Larry Kelly and Clint Frank of Yale, or Nile Kinnick of Iowa. And these four men were winners of the Heisman trophy since 1935. This year's winner was Tom Harmon of Michigan, who has declared that he will not play pro football if he can help it.

The Lone Entry

If Harmon carries through with his plans, it will leave Davey O'Brien the only Heisman winner of six years to go into pro football.

Small wonder that the National league owners and coaches are worried over the loss of big name players. Like any other form of entertainment, a pro football team depends largely upon well-known talent to draw crowds. Men like Harmon, Kelly, Berwanger, and that is the tarantula clicking. And that is the sweetest of all music, to the trained ear of shrewd owners.

The pro people shouldn't be either amazed or dismayed, however. There are several good, sound reasons why many of the best players don't forget their amateur standing upon graduation. First of all, today's top-notch college players are bright young men, and being bright young men, often are offered good jobs when they graduate. The depression is lessening and they have a better chance of getting a start in industry.

Then, too, the college graduate who has made a name for himself in football is smart enough to know the fat, profitable contracts last only until a new group of players with fresher publicity appears on the gridiron scene.

Sport Shorts

Indiana's basketball squad is an all-Hoosier affair. Ft. Wayne and Huntington are in the lead, each having contributed three men to the team. . . . North Carolina and the University of Virginia have met on the gridiron 46 times and the series, as a result of North Carolina's 10 to 7 victory this year, is a stalemate. . . . Nick has scored 21 triumphs and there were three ties. . . . Hank Delberry, the former Brooklyn catcher, was elected to the Teachers assembly last November.

Greetings and Salutations



A New Year's Prayer

By DAVID CORY

God grant that I the new year through
May strive with heart and soul to do
Those things which are most good and true.

God grant that I each morning start
My duties with a cheerful heart,
And cheerfully perform my part.

To wear a smile all through the day,
To banish thoughts unkind away;
And when my bedtime comes, to pray.

To say my prayers with folded hands
As night comes softly o'er the lands,
To Him, who always understands.

And when the bells on New Year's dawn
Proclaim the bright New Year is born,
And I awake on New Year's morn.

I pray Him whisper, low and sweet
To help me guide my wayward feet,
Lest I forget my prayer to meet.

Ancient Rites Mark Chinese New Year

Magnificent parades of giant dragons and bright lanterns help celebrate New Year's in China's big cities, but simple ceremonies mark the passing of the old year in the great mass of homes.

Great care is taken that ancient customs are nicely observed, because New Year's is the time when many events of the coming year are determined.

Four days before the new year begins, a feast is spread before the idol in every home. This almost invariably contains sticky-candies and syrups, although the gods are not especially pleased with sweets. The candy is offered to stick the god's jaws together so he cannot tell too much of what he saw on earth when he returns to the heavens.

On the last day of the old year, large quantities of water are stored in the house because it is unlucky to draw water during the first three days of the New Moon.

The door to every simple home is opened at midnight of the last day as its god re-enters amid blazing firecrackers, incense sticks and flaming candles. After a few minutes the door is tightly closed to keep in the good luck which he brought with him.

New Year Is 'Born' In Chatham Islands

The New Year will be born January 1 in the lonely Chatham Islands 414 miles southwest of New Zealand and race westward 1,000 miles an hour toward the U. S.

In accordance with tradition, some 200 shepherds and fishermen will celebrate the arrival of 1941 by proudly ringing the bell of the little church on Hanson island as clocks in New York point to 5 a. m. December 31.

The Chatham Islands have the honor of welcoming the new year at its birth because they are the nearest land points to the British admiralty dateline from which the time-zones are marked throughout the world. The line curves east and west of the 180th meridian of longitude so that it lies always in the ocean.

New Year's Eve Fates
Every maiden wonders what the future has in store for her, and this is what she must do on New Year's day to learn her fate:
Turn the pillow at midnight, the thirty-first of December, and you will dream of the man you are to marry. Or let her take her hymn book to her bedroom, blow out the lamp, open the book and mark a hymn (in the dark), put it under the pillow and sleep on it. Next morning when she reads the hymn her fate will be revealed.

Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE

REMEMBER that beloved R book of your childhood days, "Little Men," by Louisa May Alcott? Well, imagine what it might be like with the addition of two new characters, to wit, Major Burdick, a fast-talking, amiable swindler who sacrifices everything for the love of his adopted son, and Willie the Fox, "a lovable, amusing 'living corpse,'" according to information from RKO. When you've finished this little picture puzzle, go to see the picture.

It's been turned out as adult entertainment, yet it's still a story for young folks. Kay Francis, George Bancroft and Jack Oakie head the cast, which includes Jimmy Lyon, Richard Nichols, Sammy McKim and Elsie, the glamour cow.

Ruth Hussey's work in Metro's "Flight Command," with Robert Taylor, and in "The Philadelphia Story," with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart and Cary Grant, have won her a new long-term contract. Incidentally, "Philadelphia Story" is the picture that Cary Grant made for the Red Cross—he accepted the assignment with the idea of turning over his salary to them—\$125,000.

Blister words were said in Hollywood recently when various producers needed stunt women and found that 14 of the best had been corralled by Paramount for "Las Vegas Nights," which already had Phil Regan, Lillian Cornell and Tommy Dorsey and his band.

The maddening part of it was that the daring dames weren't scheduled to go stunts, just to dance with cowboys and drink cold tea, that would screen as Scotch and soda.

Carole Landis is beginning to think there's something about her that makes scenario writers want to see how near they can come to killing her. In her last three pictures she has been (1) chased by a prehistoric mammoth, (2) scheduled to climb a flagpole on top of a skyscraper, and (3) requested to get chummy with a Carole Landis cage-full of lions.

In her newest one, "Topper Returns," she is the target for a falling 250-pound chandelier. Plenty of precautions were taken when it was shot—after all, there's just one Carole Landis. Then, too, the chandelier cost \$800. A retake was just out of the question.

Bing Crosby's brother Bob, well known on the radio, makes his movie debut in "Let's Make Music," which, oddly enough, is a musical comedy. There are four musical numbers that may turn into hit songs, and Jean Rogers, Elizabeth Ridson and Joyce Compton are in the cast.

If you know of a waltz that Wayne King doesn't know you're one in a million. Fourteen years ago he started his library of waltz music; then he became known as "The Waltz King," and the demand for waltz music began to exceed the supply on hand. Since then he's been collecting what has grown into probably the largest library of waltz music in the country. His research staff includes three men in Chicago; two in New York; and one in South America.

The Pittsburgh Symphony men were rather startled when they learned that they were to play "Molokoh Baby" on that recent Musical Americana program. By the way, the song was written by Ed Burnett back in 1916 when he was waiting for his sweetheart to arrive on a train that was 18 hours late. And "If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem," which Helen Jepson sang on that same program, was inspired by an editorial in the New York Times; Irving Caesar saw the editorial, which began with a quotation from the Psalm—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning"—and wrote the song.

ODDS AND ENDS—The University of California has engaged Rudy Vallee for a series of lectures before the radio class—will give practical advice on broadcasting and radio showmanship. . . . Kenny Baker has flown back and forth across the country, so often, usually at night, that he declares he's traveled more and seen less than anybody else. . . . Mary Martin would like to leave that air show so that she can concentrate on motion picture work. . . . Bill Stern, director of "Sports Illustrated on the Air," has been offered a teaching post in a radio broadcasting course, by a prominent university. It's except if he can find time.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



ON HER way home from the club Mrs. Martindale was thinking, "It will be my turn next. What will they think when they come to our house?" Then she put her latch key into the lock and stepped into her own front hall. "Just what I was afraid of," she said aloud. "When you look at this hall as an outsider the worst thing you think is that its owner is lacking in imagination."

Right then things began to happen. The shabby old hall carpet was washed right on the floor and then dyed a deep green with hot dye-applied with a scrub brush. The long lines of the new green saten curtains turned the space between door and window into a definite panel crying for a long mirror and a console shelf. The sketch shows you how these were made from next to nothing. The

frames of the three inexpensive small mirrors were painted red before they were fastened together. The shelf was covered with cream colored monk's cloth to match the walls and woodwork and edged with cream color cotton fringe tacked on with large red tacks.

The method of making the buckram stiffened valance used for the curtains in this sketch is described fully in SEWING Book 8. This book contains thirty-two home-making projects with step by step directions for each. Send order to:

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AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Salt meat requires longer boiling than fresh meat.

To prevent rust in the stove oven, leave the door open for an hour after baking.

Oatmeal on a dampened cloth will clean white paint.

Wicker chairs can be scrubbed with hot water and soap.

Rain spots can be removed from suede shoes by rubbing with fine emery board.

Freshen up stale leaves, bun or small cakes by brushing over with milk and putting into the oven to crisp again.

Stubborn rust stains sometimes can be removed by boiling the article for 10 minutes in a quart of water containing two tablespoons of cream of tartar, then rinsing thoroughly in cold water.

To make your popovers really pop over, be sure to have the baking pans well greased and very hot. The pans should "sizzle" when you quickly touch them with fingers dipped in cold water.

When lemons become dry immerse them in cold water. They will soon become quite soft and ready to use.

If the roof should leak and stain your ceiling, cover the stain with block magnesia. Rub the block over the spot until the stain is covered, then smooth over with the tips of your fingers. It works like magic.

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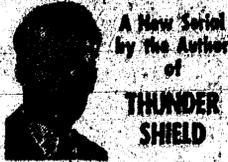
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Serially in This Paper

Old Customs.
Some sweethearts in Rio de Janeiro follow the old custom that the man in the case must not enter his sweetheart's house until they are engaged. Up to that happy time they must conduct their courtship at a suitable distance from each other, usually talking over the garden hedge, he three feet from it on one side, she three feet away on the other.

Majority and Plurality
Majority is more than half the votes cast; a plurality is simply the greater number, as when three or more candidates are running, the one who receives the largest vote is elected, although the sum of the other votes may be more than half the votes cast.

Says Leifer Knows How to Act
Jud Tunkins says a successful loafer is one who knows when to act busy whether he is doing anything or not.

Called Marroble
At Mazorro del Vallo, a port of Sicily, the sea is agitated by peculiar waves called "Marroble" which are said to be caused by subterranean volcanic action and atmospheric pressure.

Night Chant Halts Disease
A Navaha Indian who's unlucky enough to have a bad dream or to slip accidentally on an ant hill is running the risk of a serious illness, the Field Museum Bulletin relates. To he gets the medicine man to hold a "night chant," a nine days' ceremony and feast, which blocks the disease-on-the-way.

Monkey's Dinner Ball a Fiasco
Monkey's dinner ball is the nickname of a South American plant with seed pods that pop loudly when ripe.

Thousands Buy Charms
More than 250,000 "lucky charms" are sold every year in New South Wales. Nine out of ten people in all, walks of life are wearers of charms, one dealer said. They go out of fashion like women's hats, and new charms are manufactured to take their place.

Murals Trace Law
In the Department of Justice building impressive murals depict "Great Figures in the History of Law." The murals include the signing of the Magna Charta and also of the Constitution.

Four Names for One River
The St. Johns river has had four names: the Indians called it Welacca, the French named it the River Mal, and the Spanish first called it the Rio Mateo and later changed it to Rio San Juan in honor of St. John.

Indians Found Blue in Nests
California Indians burned pieces of mica to obtain blue coloring with which they tattooed their faces.

City of Jeanne d'Arc
Rouen, France, a busy center for weaving, spinning and the manufacture of handkerchiefs, is the city of Jeanne d'Arc. There is the old castle in which she was imprisoned while she awaited trial; a tablet on the archbishop's palace states that she was tried there, and a slab in the marketplace marks the site of the stake where she was burned.

Large Lakes in Alpine Region
Lake Geneva is the largest, Lake Constance the next largest lake in the Alpine region.

Four Commonwealths
Commonwealth is the official designation of the states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky.

Thirty Bones in the Arm
There are 30 bones in the arm. The humerus, radius, ulna, 3 carpal bones, 5 metacarpals and 14 phalanges.

Golden Age of Chinese Poetry
The Tang dynasty, 618 and 907, is the golden age of Chinese poetry.

First Boundary Between Oregon and Alaska
The boundary between Oregon and Alaska was fixed by a treaty.

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 Again this year reduced rates will be effective all day Christmas and New Year's day for your long distance calls. That means that calls can be placed any time during the day on Wednesday, December 25, or Wednesday, January 1, at lowest rates.
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Notice of Hearing of Final Report and Account
 In the Probate Court of Lincoln County, State of New Mexico. In the Matter of the Estate of Faustino Salcido, Deceased. No. 407. To Diego Salcido, Rafael Salcido, Faustino Salcido, Jr., Pedro Salcido, Savina Salcido, Proceso Salcido and Silvestre Salcido, and to all unknown heirs of the said decedent and all unknown persons claiming any lien upon, or right, title, or interest, in or to, the estate of the said decedent, and to whom it may concern:
 You and each of you are hereby notified and notice is hereby given that Diego Salcido, Administrator of the Estate of Faustino Salcido, Sr., deceased, has filed in the above entitled Court his final report and account as such Administrator, and the Court has appointed Monday, January 20, 1941, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., as the hour and day for hearing of objections (if any there be, to the approval and settlement of said final report and account, and the discharge of the said Diego Salcido as such Administrator, and at the hour on the day named, the Probate Court will proceed to determine the heirship of said decedent, the ownership of his said estate and the interest of each respective claimant thereto and therein and the persons entitled to the distribution thereof.
 The name and postoffice address of the attorney for the Administrator is John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico. Witness the honorable John Mackey, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, this 3rd day of December, 1940.
 (Seal) Edward Penfield, Clerk.
 By Bryan Hendricks, Deputy.
 D6-27

In the Probate Court
 State of New Mexico)
 County of Lincoln) ss.
 In the Matter of the Estate of)
 Robert B. Provine, Deceased.) No. 609
NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATRIX
 Notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of December, 1940, the undersigned was appointed administratrix of the estate of Robert B. Provine, in the above named Court, and having qualified as such, any one having a claim against said estate is hereby notified to file the same within six months from December 6, 1940, and make proof as required by law.
 Helen C. Provine, Administratrix.
 John E. Hall, Carrizozo, New Mexico, Attorney for Administratrix. D6-27

LODGES
CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 41-
 Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 A. F. & A. M.
 Regular Meetings 1940
 Second Wednesday of Each Month
 Don English, W. M.
 R. E. Lemon, Secy.

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ORDER OF EASTERN STAR
 Carrizozo, New Mexico.
REGULAR MEETING
 First Thursday of each month.
 All Visiting Stars Cordially invited.
 Marbry Burns, W. M.
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CARRIZOZO LODGE No. 30, I. O. O. F.
 Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Glenn Dorsett Noble Grand
 W. J. Langston Sec'y-Treas.
 Regular meetings every Tuesday night.

COALONA HUSBAND LODGE
 NUMBER 15
 I. O. O. F.
 Meets first and third Saturdays of each month.
 Virginia Pierce, N. Grand
 Birdie Walker, Secretary
 Carrizozo New Mexico

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Order of Rainbow for Girls
 Carrizozo, New Mexico.
 Worthy Advisor—Henrietta Degner
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 Mother Advisor—Mrs. Don English
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 " Chenille " 2.95-5.95
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Rayon and Cotton Slips 50-59c
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All Wool Knit Sweaters 1.00-1.98
Parksnoods 89c-1.00
Wool Mittens 25c-1.00

Skirts--plain, plaid, checkered 1.98-2.95
Evening Skirts : 5.95
Evening Sweaters : 3.95
Evening Bags 1.00-3.50
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WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

Greeks Continue to Push Back Italians As British Seize New African Bases; Laval Loses French Government Post; Knudsen Claims Defense Program Lags

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the writer and not necessarily of the newspaper.) (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

DEBACLE:

Italian Version

Unquestioned was the fact that Italy had been kicked wholeheartedly out of the war by Britain, Greece and the Free French, together with other sundry allies such as Polish, Czech and other hands that had joined into the Battle of Greece and the Battle of Egypt.

The invader, who stepped briskly into the war just at the moment of France's collapse, shot forces along the Mediterranean coast from the border of Libya to Sidi Barrani, and who sailed across mountains for Athens from an Albanian take-off, had become the invader on both fronts.

As the British and Greeks summed up huge supplies of war materials captured, and enormous inventories of prisoners in hand and still coming in, the Vesuvian rumbles began sounding through vari-



Persistent rumors current in Europe say that Bruno Mussolini (above), eldest son of Il Duce, was shot down and killed during an air raid on Salonika, Greece. Official Italian circles have denied this report and say he is serving at an airport in southern Italy.

ous parts of Italy, but more particularly in the north, and about the industrial cities of Turin and Milan.

Despite all efforts of censorship to keep the true situation from becoming generally known, the debacle was too enormous to be hidden longer, and Mussolini's aides had to take to the radio and to the Italian press to prevent a spread of the disaster to home fronts.

Dismissal of leaders, disaffection in the Dodecanese islands, riots in the streets of the two big factory towns had leaked out, and then the Fascist party line editors and commentators began dishing out orders to the populace from the higher-ups, at the same time issuing warnings to Britain and the Hellenes as to what they might expect from the Italian troops when "they got really mad."

While there was some news of sporadic increased resistance at certain points in the fronts, the general words were two—retreat and evacuation all along the line. And the press' articles about the might of the British enemy and the "unfair" bayonets of the Greeks were just a foretaste of what was to come, with Tirana full of wounded and dying soldiers back from the front lines.

UNREST:

French Version

Britain was getting little comfort, according to her own sources, from France's governmental upheaval which sent Pierre Laval, pro-Fascist foreign minister, flying out of the Pétain cabinet presumably into confinement, and put Flandin, pro-Nazi, into his place.

In fact, British circles frankly doubted the authenticity of any internal disturbance to amount to anything, and laid the whole change to orders direct from Hitler.

However, it was a notable occurrence, and accompanied by a scurrying about the streets of Vichy, and presumably Paris of a body of G.P. men—France's new Gestapo or GPU. In Italy they were calling them "action squads," but they are all the same sort of strong-arm governmental police.

France called them "Groupe de protection," hence the GP on the arm-band. It was a GP band that

took Laval into custody, thus putting into at least a momentary decline the man on whose shoulders rested considerable of the onus of France's surrender.

Rumor floated double-barreled around the French overturn. Rumor No. 1 had it that Old Man Pétain, realizing that revolt was stirring beneath him, charged Laval with plotting to get France into the war against England, and had summarily ousted him.

Rumor No. 2 was to the effect that Laval had plotted to overthrow Pétain and create a new government with himself as dictator. Whichever might be true, watchers agreed that the aged general doted with much the same speed as the younger Hitler in slapping down a "purge" which shot Laval's feet from under him with dispatch.

The upheaval met the same view in most circles, that it was another evidence of the general European unrest that was moving through all the conquered territories, an unrest that might find no directional force for a long, long time.

SIX DAYS:

Shalt Thou Labor

Pointing toward the six-day, perhaps seven-day week in defense industry, Defense Council Chairman Knudsen belabored American industry for lagging, and declared the United States was "not getting the spirit" of defense work.

Knudsen told the manufacturers many things, but one of these was outstanding, and had to do with airplane manufacture.

U. S. goal, declared Knudsen, had been 1,000 warplanes a month by January 1. He said at the rate things were going, we'll be lucky if we are getting 650 a month by that time.

The reason for the lag is lack of comprehension by manufacturer, by laborer, of the meaning of the national defense program. U. S. is supposed to be getting ready to protect the nation in case of aggression and to help England hold things in status quo until that time.

Knudsen pulled no punches and told the manufacturers that they were spending too much time figuring what to do with their profits and earnings, and not enough getting out the material. This was a double-barreled blow at the employers for temporizing with employees' demands for higher pay, and with



WILLIAM KNUDSEN—Pictured as he urged a "wartime basis" for industry to speed production of vital defense needs.

employees for threatening and carrying out strikes.

He introduced the longer work-week idea by stating that employers should find a way to use machines on Saturdays and Sundays, making the obvious point that use of these two days on a full-time schedule would automatically speed up production about 30 per cent, or the amount it is lagging.

In advance he answered the manufacturers' plaint that they lacked the trained men to do this. Knudsen told them to get more men and train more men. He told them to "stagger" their trained men through the extra shifts, thus swiftly training the less-able to catch up to full-time production.

His address to the manufacturers was an air-cleater, like the first lightning flashes before a storm that he hopes will rain airplanes and other defense material.

Champ Recruiter



NEW YORK.—Called the champion recruiter of North America, this winsome young lady, Miss Elaine Basset, is the original of the Canadian Join-the-Army posters, where her face did such a good job that it now has been selected to perform a like service for Uncle Sam.

PRESIDENT:

And Flying Duke

President Roosevelt returned to his White House desk to face tremendous problems, behind him a 4,000-mile trip on U. S. S. Tuscaloosa which was shrouded in secrecy before it began, turned out just what had been predicted—a junket throughout prospective naval-air bases in the Antilles—and wound up in a blaze of front-page articles when the duke of Windsor flew out to sea to confer with the Chief Executive.

It all began when Duchess Wallis, who had to have an infected tooth out (translated in royal language into a "major dental operation") decided to have the surgery performed in a Miami hospital. She and the duke went thither in the yacht of a Swedish friend who oddly was a pal of Goering's.

The day after the death of Lord Lothian, the operation was safely over, with the duchess convalescing bewitchingly, and the duke with a considerable amount of time on his hands. Suddenly it was announced that President Roosevelt wanted to talk to him.

A navy bomber soared down onto the blue Biscayne waters, a motorboat met the duke, and off he went, shrouded with more secrecy than the President himself had been when he started out. He was back the same day, and the next day the Tuscaloosa came in and the cruise was over.

The public, prepared by all this for something monumental, had to satisfy itself with the story that the duke and the President had talked about the unsuitability of pint-size "ayaguana island for a naval-air base, and asking the duke if he couldn't arrange a better one. It was the biggest anticlimax in months.

CITY:

Anxious

Strangest public health story in years "broke" in Rochester, N. Y., with a whole city of 300,000 souls rushing to be inoculated against typhoid.

First in sharp sequence of dramatic events was the "firing" of two city officials when a public health officer, "on his toes," discovered the city's water supply had been contaminated with water from the Genesee river, infested with sewage.

Rochester's population, most of them modern health conscious, rushed to have themselves inoculated against typhoid, a job which takes three injections with an interval between.

First day, the health officers distributed 8,000 "shots" of the serum, which were promptly gobbled up by private physicians and shot into 8,000 anxious arms.

LOTHIAN:

Predicts, Then Dies

The notable, blunt-spoken British bachelor Marquess of Lothian, ambassador from Britain to the United States, lay dying in his Washington home from uremic poisoning at the very moment when his written words, spoken by proxy at nearby Baltimore, were predicting what the war in Europe will be.

Lothian's "deathbed" prediction was that Britain, with the help already promised and under way from America, will win the war "decisively" in 1942.

Whatever the facts may be, the shocking news of his death gave his final utterance unusual prominence in the news, editors tearing their hair over the problem of whether to put the largest headlines on what had happened to Lothian, or on what Lothian had said.

His passing was the occasion for the press here and abroad to express genuine sorrow and shock at his untimely death, and his loss was believed to have left a gaping hole in Britain's diplomatic body.

Lothian was a worker, his speech was brusque, and these two qualities alone had given him great weight in Washington.

As to his prediction of the end of the war in 1942, and with Britain victor, it was met with keen interest and perhaps added power because it was in all practical prospect, his strict observance.

Moving Against Italians in Egypt



Newly arrived British reinforcements in Egypt leave camp in Cairo for a route march, part of the training they receive to accustom themselves to conditions of desert warfare. After a long quiet on the front in western Egypt, the British have retaken Sidi Barrani, which they lost in October.

Canadian Warship Torpedoed by 'Sub'



At the right is the 1,337-ton Canadian destroyer, Saguenay, at Ottawa, Canada, which was damaged by a torpedo in an encounter with a submarine in the eastern Atlantic. Twenty-one seamen were lost and 15 wounded. The Saguenay made port, and is being repaired. At the left is the warship's commanding officer, C. E. Miles. The Saguenay is the first Canadian fighting ship to be directly damaged by an enemy vessel.

London's 'Hello Gals' Take It in Day's Work



When the air-raid siren screams in London the only difference it makes to the barmaids in the big city's telephone exchanges is that they must don their steel hats. They stick to their beads through what they call "the unpleasant periods." Often they must vary their stock phrases with "Sorry sir, that number was bombed last night."

Akron 'Blackout'



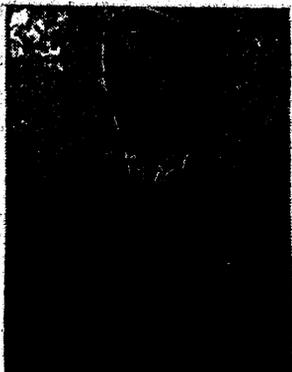
A fire at the Lowenthal Rubber company in Akron, Ohio, caused a blackout of the city. The firm is in the reclaimed rubber business. Damage was estimated at \$20,000.

Off to Chile on a 'Flying Fortress'



Miss Carol Davis, wife of the former president of Chile, being helped from the ambulance that took her to Mitchell Field, New York, where she boarded a mighty U. S. "Flying Fortress" to be flown to Santiago, Chile. President Roosevelt put the great bomber at her disposal, as another gesture of good neighborliness. Miss Davis recently underwent an operation in New York.

Football Hero



Tom Harmon, Michigan U.S. All-American football hero, with the Heisman memorial trophy given by the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan, of New York City, in the outstanding college player of the year.

HIGHLIGHTS . . . in the week's news

Baltimore—The new Martin B-26, latest American medium bomber, underwent test flight, made around 600 miles an hour, landed at 120 miles, and was able to stop on the field O. K. Army pilots called it a "bummer's dream." One said that if the brakes were shot away it would roll more than two miles against the wind before it would stop.

Johannesburg—Fire destroyed a million-dollar defense plant, engaged in making unreported appliances needed by U. S. naval vessels.

Washington—The government bought 200,000,000 at the lowest rate of interest ever to be paid on a loan. On the first day, it was oversubscribed eight times, more than \$1,000,000,000 being offered for the certificates.

Hidden Ways

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

CHAPTER X—Continued

"Maybe not," Cochrane answered dreamily, "but he changed his name to Ferriter, during the war."

"King George," Gawd bless 'im—changed his too," I jeered. The innocent face before me beamed.

"He changed it to Ferriter," my caller droned. "It used to be Horstman."

I stared. Cochrane's expression was as guileless as a pan of milk.

"I give up," I said at last. "I'm not good at riddles. What's the answer?"

"I don't know," the reporter told me gently. "I hoped that, maybe, we could find one together. And now I'm all muddled up. If it's any of my business, what was your date with the pure young man?"

"Are you completely goofy?" I asked. "What man?"

"The guy with the sneeze expression and the cologne," Cochrane went on. "He said he was waiting to see you."

I looked at him hard. "Waiting? Where?"

My astonishment seemed to comfort Cochrane. He beamed.

"In here," he said. "It must have been Everett, though I've never had a closeup of him before. He blew a minute after I came. Seemed pretty anxious to go, too."

"Who let him in?" I began and then remembered I had told Mrs. Shaw to admit any man who called. Again in my mind, the swarm of half-uttered questions stung and flew.

"Search me," Cochrane answered, "but he let himself out before I could learn who he was. You weren't expecting a call from Mr. Ferriter-Horstman?"

"I was not," I snapped and turning opened the bureau drawer. I didn't hear the question Cochrane asked. My face must have been strange for his own changed when I looked at him again.

"He came here," I said slowly, "to search this room. He's been through the bureau."

"Did he get what he was after?" Cochrane asked.

"I don't," I answered, "even know what he was looking for."

CHAPTER XI

Cochrane said gently: "You might check if he's taken anything."

By the mess in the bureau drawer, my visitor had not been a cool and careful seeker, or perhaps the reporter had come in before he could reorder the jumble of handkerchiefs, neckties and the like.

"He's left me my razor," I told Cochrane, "and that's a what I need most right now. If there's any more confusion you want to spread, you can trot along to the bathroom with me."

In his cherubic face, his eyes were bright.

"You don't let business interfere with your pleasure, laddie?"

"Not this time," I snapped, and he grinned.

"Go ahead," he waved at the door. "I'll sit here and think."

He was staring as though the opposite wall were not there when I returned.

"Why should he want to rob you?" he asked.

"Why," I threw back at him, "should his brother want to kill me? and while I dressed, I told him of my duel with Lyon. Cochrane lit a cigarette and watched the smoke he blew. He did not speak, until I bent before the mirror to tie my tie. Then he said in mild complaint: 'I wish crime could be a little more orderly. We pick up bits here and scraps there and, put them all together, they spell nothing.'"

I was pulled two ways. I wanted to stay and sift the day's events with Jerry in the hope of finding coherence in their madness. I wondered, as I edged and looked at my watch, if anything but the promise of this evening could possibly make me willing to leave.

"Why," Cochrane asked, narrowed-eyed, "should one of the Horstman-Ferriter boys try to kill you and the other toss your room so ineptly?"

"You tell me," I said. "I've got ten minutes more, at most."

"Then," he answered, getting up, "we better spend it elsewhere. Let's go, laddie."

"Go where?"

"We'll call on your friend Everett. Anyone in such beautiful evening clothes ought to be able to get me into the Morello. So far, the outside lobby has been my farthest north. Yelcks, my son."

"Wait a minute. We go to see Everett. I tell him I think he robbed me. He says he didn't. And that'll be that. How far does it get us?"

"Just about as far as you'd get by changing Lyon with felonious assault. But if the jittery gent is hauled along and we can get to him—well, I think he'll break down. He looks like the sort that can't take it. Last night, when I'm crowded, I can beat it."

"He had another nervous collapse or whatever, this noon," I told my companion as we pulled on our coats. "He's not built for a murderer."

"Those that aren't built for it end up worse than they do," Cochrane replied with an angry smile and led the way downstairs.

We hailed a taxi and drove toward the Morello. Beside me, Cochrane smoked in silence for some minutes before he asked with the sleepy air he used when things were most important: "I don't suppose you've had time, during your toilet, to give a thought to the fact that Everett used to be Horstman?"

"This nightmare," I told him, "moves too fast for me to think much of any one thing. What are you brooding on now?"

"Well," he said, "Horstman could be a German name, eh?"

I nodded. He went on, softly: "And it was a German voice you heard, over the phone, just before Blackbeard was killed?"

He saw that he had pricked me and beamed.

"You don't think," I asked angrily, "that I don't know Everett's name?"

"I don't know," the reporter told me gently. "I hoped that, maybe, we could find one together. And now I'm all muddled up. If it's any of my business, what was your date with the pure young man?"

"Are you completely goofy?" I asked. "What man?"

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"He came here," I said slowly, "to search this room. He's been through the bureau."

"Did he get what he was after?" Cochrane asked.

"I don't," I answered, "even know what he was looking for."

"You aren't just a spectator,"

voice? You really can't think that he has the guts to—"

"If you knew," Cochrane broke in, "the number and variety of the things I can think, you'd be dismayed and grieved. Anyway, you might chew on that a little, during your wooling of the lovely hellcat."

"Listen," I began and glared at him.

He smiled sweetly. "I don't want to hear a word," he answered. "Here we are at the scene of the crime."

Walters, the night doorman, was in attendance on a shiny town car when our cab drew up at the Morello and Cochrane followed me into the foyer, unchallenged. Fineman was on the switchboard. He seemed too dazzled at sight of me in formal clothes to notice the reporter and, at my request, telephoned the Ferriter apartment.

"Nobody home," he said, flicking down the switch. "The old boy, him that was pinched after the killing, went out twenty minutes ago."

"I wanted to see his brother."

Everett's absence cheered me. Apparently, the furies had found another job and my way upstairs to the Paget apartment was clear, at last.

"Him?" asked Fineman. "He hasn't shown since I came on. I'll tell him, if he comes."

"Do that," I answered and turned back to Cochrane.

He grinned at my news. "Well," he said, "we tried anyway. Good night to you, Prince Charming. Have a nice opera. I think I'll pose around a bit. Not in here, where I pollute the patrician atmosphere and run a chance of getting heaved out on my neck, but outside. I'll be seeing you, laddie."

"I certainly hope you do," Cochrane answered cheerfully.

Miss Agatha and Allegra were in the living room. There was coffee on the table beside them and its fragrance for an instant made me aware that I had missed another meal. Then Allegra smiled and I forgot prosaic food. She was very fair in her black evening dress with the frosty coronet in her hair; so lovely of body and face, that I looked quickly away and endured the old lady's humorous glare.

"David," Miss Agatha asked, "do you always appear everywhere exactly on time with the look of one who has run the last hundred yards?"

"I always run at least the last hundred when I'm going to see you," I told her.

Allegra giggled. Miss Agatha retorted: "My dear boy, I've been a whetstone on which many men have sharpened their gallantry for use on others. You don't impress me. Go on to your opera. It's Wagner and it serves you both right."

I held the glittering, fur-collared coat in which Allegra wrapped herself. The fragrance of her hair made me slightly dizzy. She went to her aunt and, bending, kissed her. I saw the old hands catch one of her hair and hold it tightly, passionately, for an instant. There was a flash in her eyes. There was some in Miss Agatha's brisk voice.

"Allegra, will you remember that

David Mallory starts his work again in just thirteen hours? What havoc you make of other men's nights is between you and your God. David is my employee. He's got to do a second chapter tomorrow as good as the first. Don't keep him out till dawn."

The girl laughed. "Agatha," she promised, "you'll be surprised."

"I've lived with you young hellions too long for that," said the old lady. The tenderness in her eyes did not reach her voice until we turned to leave the room.

"Take good care of her, David," she called after us.

CHAPTER XII

Most of the first act of "Die Walkure" went over my head, which, perhaps, left me even with most of the audience. I was stirred more by the girl beside me than by the fat persons on the stage. She watched their posturings and, whenever I dared, I watched her.

"Didn't it get you at all?"

"She was flushed and her eyes were bright. I rose to let our seat neighbors pass into the aisle.

"It got too much of me," I told her. "Shall we get out?"

"If you had an opera hat," she said, "I'd know you were itching to wear it in the lobby with the rest of the show-offs. Me, I'd rather sit still. It takes time for me to get my breath after Ring music. Let's just talk."

I said: "I'd rather, too. Will you pick up where we were interrupted? Why hasn't Everett an alibi?"

"Aren't you," she asked, "the most persistent person?" Her smile faded and her face grew troubled. She frowned and picked her words: "Measured by time, he hasn't. If you can stretch your imagination to believe him a murderer, he might have done it."

"Then why—" I began, but she took away my question.

"Why did I clear him? Because it was idiotic to dream—it's still crazy to think—that Everett was the killer. When Captain Shannon began checking up, Agatha said I had been with Everett and I let it go at that. I had been, too, but only for less than five minutes before you came in. How long he had been in our apartment before that, I don't know. He usually spends most of the afternoon in the workroom. He has a latchkey."

Her eyes were dark with worry. I said, trying for lightness: "There are too many latchkeys."

I knew from the way she caught her breath that the jest had hurt. She sat for a moment, pleading her program with nervous fingers and I felt she was trying to control her voice. It was quiet when she said at last: "Grove is with Iona tonight."

I could find no answer for a moment. She went on, as though she were afraid of silence: "They probably are out together right now. They always are, when he has one of these 'business engagements,' that keeps him from coming home."

She turned and faced me, like a child who is sorry for a fault. "Maybe that's not fair. Maybe she loves him. It's just that—well, I'm jealous, I suppose. Grove and I have been very close since we were little children and now—we're not. That's not all. This murder seems to have turned everyone's world—but Agatha's—upside down. I'm frightened for Grove. He's walking deep into something. And I'm—afraid."

"Sure," I said, "I know how you feel."

The thick voice I had heard over the telephone; the still unexplained disappearance of the murderer; Grove turning on the light in the Ferriter apartment; my struggle in the dark basement hallway; Everett's furtive raid on my room; my duel with his brother—these were blown about by the strong wind of music. Siegmund and his rival were fighting with swords on the stage. When the clumsy contest ended I found my palms clammy and my breath scant. I might at this moment be lying like the slain Hunding. I looked at Allegra. She had made life important. I was sweating on the curtain fell.

Allegra, too, had felt the music's spell. She watched me mop my face and, I think, read there something more than the effect of an operatic tragedy. When our neighbors had gone again into the lobby, she asked: "Just what is your—your interest in this mess?"

I could tell from her eyes and the sound of her words that she had kept that question a long while. I tried to gain time. "I don't quite know what you mean."

She brushed that away with a quick movement of her hands. "Mister," she said with hollow gaiety, "you wouldn't trade with a poor girl, would you? You aren't just a spectator. You're in this up to your neck. I can feel it. Why?"

I said slowly: "That's a hard one. Because if I told you the truth; if I said that my interest in a murderer and a murderer was chiefly—almost entirely—the hope that I might help you, you wouldn't believe me."

TO BE CONTINUED



DRAFT MAKES MAJOR MISTAKE

The draft army, turned down a New York taxicab driver the other day. This must show that it doesn't think there is any immediate need for fighting men in the army.

In this case the taxi driver was turned down because he didn't pass a 100 per cent eye test. Imagine that! Why, everybody knows from experience that a New York taxi man is dangerous under all conditions and twice as much of a threat to friend or foe if he can't see.

For that matter, imagine a taxi driver being turned down by the army for any reason!

A taxi driver, particularly a big city one, is the country's best bet in any war. He could even be America's "mystery weapon," if given any encouragement.

"If I was with an enemy army," declared Elmer Twitchell today, "and I had to choose between a

mess with an average regiment and one New York taxi driver, I would dodge the cabbie and take on the regiment."

"Every time I think of the medical experts turning down these cabbies it makes me sore," continued Elmer. "Taxi drivers are the only group in American life who need no training to put up a fight. They are in constant training."

"I read in the papers that Uncle Sam is short of tanks. Tanks are an urgent need in modern war. Okay, but what can a tank do that a modern big city taxi pilot, and his cab can't do, if it's necessary?"

"What is the chief advantage of a tank? It is its ability to get across any kind of terrain, regardless of obstacles, and act as if it didn't know they were there. Am I right? Of course I am. And ain't that where a New York taxicab fills the bill 100 per cent?"

Elmer was quite agitated. "The army not only should've welcomed this driver, regardless of the fact he wore glasses, but should have admitted his CAB!" he insisted, pounding the table.

"If I was of draft age and had to get into a war, nothing would make me feel safer than if I knew a flock of taxis were advancing ahead of me. They would scare the hell out of any foe on earth, and that goes for Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. A mere announcement that America was recruiting a division of cab drivers would bring a peace movement at once, and I don't see why Roosevelt don't appreciate it."

"Please, Mr. Roosevelt, rescind that ban on that nearsighted New York taxi pilot, throw down the gates to all taxi drivers, and then let Europe get the information that they are to be our first line of attack and defense, and you will get peace in no time."

TO THE GREEKS
My bonnet is off to the Greeks—They scorned big machines or a plan.

And showed to a badly scared world There still can be fights, man to man;

One terrible stiff kick in the pants They give to the law "Might makes right,"

And flashed to a darkening world A steady, rallying light.

'DUCHESS' TOOTH WEEK
Miami and Miami Beach have had many curious backgrounds for the formal opening of the winter season, but this is the first time it's all been done around an infected tooth.

The bathing beauties and Miss Americas upon whom Miami Beach has so long depended for publicity via press and newsgirls are in a state of high indignation. The artist's models have become the forgotten Mannikins. A shapely leg, a dimpled knee and the public strip have for the first time gone into the discard, believe it or not. The tooth is the thing!

No leg ever did as much for Miami and Miami Beach as Wally's jaw is doing this season.

HERO FOR 1946
Here's to Billy Friesell, A wonderman so strong That he can make an error And frankly say "I'm wrong."

Police Commissioner Valentine of New York is completing plans to mobilize 15,500 policemen for emergency defense. Everything will be okay up to the time some defense general asks a cop how to reach a certain destination.

But we would hate to be in a war and have to look for a policeman.

FARM TOPICS

SWINE DISEASE SPREAD FEARED

Erysipelas Presents a New Threat in U. S.

Throughout the ages, one of the first and most certain results of war has been a marked increase in the contagious disease of live stock.

One serious animal disease, for example gained entry here before the war, and has already caused serious losses to live stock producers in a number of states. This plague is known as Swine Erysipelas—a name which is probably more familiar to most American farmers than the disease itself.

Today, serious outbreaks of Erysipelas are gaining in frequency in many states. Naturally, the greatest losses have occurred in the swine raising sections of the Middle West, but according to the American Foundation for Animal Health, the disease has now been recognized in at least 39 states.

Swine Erysipelas is caused by a specific bacterial organism. In swine, this organism or germ may cause several different types of the disease varying from the very acute blood-poisoning type, to the slowly developing chronic type characterized by lameness, enlarged joints, and sometimes by inflamed or dead areas of the skin. In its more acute forms, the symptoms may resemble those of hog cholera and laboratory examinations by a veterinarian are frequently required in differentiating the two diseases.

The fact that Erysipelas and Cholera symptoms are often very much alike is undoubtedly an important factor in the recent spread of the former disease in this country. If veterinary diagnosis is not made, and the disease is allowed to run its course, many farmers conclude that their hogs have recovered from an attack of cholera, when as a matter of fact the animals have been suffering from Erysipelas. This is a very serious error in view of the fact that it has been definitely proved that animals that have recovered from an attack of the disease may carry the causative germ in their body tissues for relatively long periods.

The first point for every farmer to remember is that Erysipelas often resembles hog cholera. Guesswork is a poor substitute for accurate diagnosis when either of these dangerous diseases is involved. And finally, an effective treatment for Erysipelas is now available and should be used whenever the disease is indicated, not only to help save the infected hogs, but to help prevent further spread of the disease in this country.

Lights Necessitate More Poultry Feed

Poultrymen should remember that artificial lights stimulate egg production only because they encourage greater feed consumption and that more grain should be provided when lights are used, advises J. C. Taylor, associate extension poultryman at Rutgers university.

If the amount of grain fed is increased two to four pounds per 100 birds a day so that about 14 or 16 pounds are consumed daily, it will be easier for laying birds to maintain good body weight. When the limit has been reached in the amount of grain the birds will eat, a flushing mash of ground oats, ground yellow corn and milk may be fed to further aid in the maintenance of body weight.

Feeding Dry Cows

If in poor condition a dry cow may need as much as 10 to 12 pounds grain per day to put her in good condition so that she will milk heavy during her next lactation. A high producing cow cannot maintain her body weight with the feed she can eat, so it is highly important that we put her in good condition when she freshens, says E. H. Hanson, University of Minnesota. A grain mixture made up of 200 pounds ground corn, 400 pounds ground oats, 200 pounds bran, 100 pounds linseed meal, or some other high protein feed and a little molasses is suggested by many feeders. Good hay should be provided for dry cows.

Farm Population

The farm population of the United States on January 1, 1940, was 32,245,000, the largest in 24 years. It was close to the 1916 all-time high record of 32,830,000.

Phosphorus for Cattle

A large amount of phosphorus is used by every dairy animal in its lifetime of usefulness. A 1,000-pound cow has about 80 pounds of bones, a large part of which is phosphorus. In milk, a food high in both calcium and phosphorus is produced. Of the combined amount of these minerals needed for milk production, the phosphorus is about 46 per cent; in other words, the phosphorus requirement is about four-fifths of the calcium requirement.

Blouse-Jumper for Schoolgirl Is Smart



1282-B

IF YOUR daughter is just about ready for a new jumper, and several new blouses to go with it then make them up with this new design (No. 1282-B) and she'll be perfectly delighted with the result. This jumper is dart-fitted to create a smallness of waist that school girls covet and are not likely to possess, and the skirt has smart front fullness, with two convenient patch pockets to park car fare and handkerchiefs. The tailored blouse has a becoming sports collar, and can be made with long or short sleeves.

Corduroy, velvet, flannel and wool plaid are smart for the jumper. Make the blouse of linen, flat crepe, challis or plique. Both are easy to do, even for beginners.

Barbara Doll Pattern No. 1282-B is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material for jumper; 1 1/2 yards of 30-inch material for long-sleeved blouse; 1 1/2 yards for short-sleeved. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
Room 1224
211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
Pattern No. Size

INDIGESTION

may affect the Heart
One trouble in the stomach or gut may set the heart-ticker on the beat. At the first sign of distress don't turn on the lights. Do not take any medicine until you have tried Doan's. Doan's is a natural remedy, and it is the only one that will cure indigestion, heart trouble, and all the other ailments that come from an indigestive stomach.

Need of Advice
Every man, however wise, needs the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.—Plautus.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the bloodstream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—all to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, stinging or itching, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, loss of appetite, nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or discolored urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—M 52—40

"All the Traffic Would Bear"

There was a time in America when there were no set prices. Each merchant charged what he thought "the traffic would bear." Advertising came to the rescue of the consumer. It led the way to the established prices you pay when you buy anything today.

TITSWORTH CO.

**We Wish Our Friends
And Patrons
A Happy & Prosperous
New Year!**

Prices Gladly Furnished
on Request.
Our Prices Are Reasonable



The
Titworth Co., Inc.
Capitan, N. M.

TRAVEL BY:

Roswell - Carrizozo Stage Lines
—DAILY SERVICE—

Lv. Socorro 5:40 A.M. Ar. Carrizozo 8:15 Ar. Roswell 11:59
Lv. Roswell 1:30 P.M. Ar. Carrizozo 4:45 Ar. Socorro 7:30

Connections at above points for points
North-South-East-West

Geo. Harkness, Mgr. Ph. 16 Carrizozo

SHIP BY:

Roswell-Carrizozo Truck Line
—TRI-WEEKLY SERVICE—

Lv. Roswell—Mon.-Wed.-Fri.
Lv. Carrizozo—Tues.-Thurs.-Sat.

Roswell Ph. 159 — Carrizozo Ph. 16

Basketball! Basketball!

BIG TOWN TEAM TOURNAMENT
PLAY STARTS PROMPTLY AT 9 A. M.
In Carrizozo, Sat., Dec. 28
(Afternoon and Evening)

80 Teams in New Mexico and Arizona Invited.

**8 Big Teams Including Capitan,
Corona, Weed, Cloudcroft, Carrizozo
and others already entered.**

GLAMOROUS
Betty Rose
WINTER COATS: ALL SIZES
COLORS and STYLES

NEW FALL FROCKS

—SILK—
**Fall
Hosiery**

—MADE TO BE SEEN—
"For the Modern Dressed
Woman"

SEEK GIFT SHOP



Phillips--Welsh

Last Saturday evening at the Methodist parsonage, with Rev. Hughes officiating, Miss Mary Lou Phillips and Samuel Welsh were united in marriage. Lee F. Richards acted as best man and Miss Sylvia Gresham was the maid of honor. The attendants were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Phillips, parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Howard of Fort Stanton, Benny Fritz of State College, Rev. and Mrs. Hughes.

After the ceremony, the group repaired to the home of the bride where a wedding supper was served. Present were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Phillips, W. C. Denny, Sylvia Gresham, Lee Richards, Benny Fritz, Richard and Ethelyn Phillips. Following the supper, the bride and groom went on a short honeymoon in Texas, where they visited relatives.

As before stated, the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Phillips. She came here with the family about three years ago. For the past year, she has been the office assistant in the Agricultural Conservation Association. During her residence here, Mary Lou, as she is known by our people, has made hosts of friends with her natural sunny disposition, friendly attitude and becoming characteristics.

The groom is secretary of the Agricultural Conservation Association. He is one of our rising young business men and has friendship of our people. The young couple are now at home in the residence belonging to Mayor Finley and next door to the Finley residence proper. The community in general joins in wishing them health, wealth and happiness in their new life.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Hobbie are here from San Diego, spending the holidays with the home folks.

C. W. George of Independence, La., father of Mrs. Frank Todd, is here for a month's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Todd, during which time they will take him to our mountain resorts and Carlsbad Caverns.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Krohne, Jr. are here to spend the holiday week with Mrs. Krohne's parents Mr. and Mrs. Joe Romero and Miss Beatrice.

Miss Ruth Petty is of Ruidoso is here spending the yuletide with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Petty.

Bob Bowlin is home from the Navy, to spend the yuletide with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bowlin and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse May, son Edgar Martin, wife, daughter, Jo Ann and son Don of Ontario, Oregon and Fruitland, Idaho; Jesse lives at Fruitland and Edgar in Ontario. They like their new location. The group will return the first of next week.

Mr. E. A. Bellinger of Talara, owner of the B & M stores, will assume charge of the Carrizozo store during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Moore, the managers, who are on a vacation trip to their old home in Alabama.

Miss Marye Lewis of the Lewis ranch at the head of the Malpais was a visitor in town today, Friday.

Messrs. Carpenter, Brewster, Kelt, Fulmer and Dr. Blansy attended the big road meeting at Vaughn Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Verabrook, niece of Mrs. Edna King of Glencoe, is home from State College on a 2-weeks' vacation. She attended a house party at Alva, Okla. on Dec. 23 and then went to Oklahoma to see Katherine Hepburn in the current stage play.

Firemen's Dance at Capitan, Dec. 31. Music by Walter Knowles' orchestra Door Prizes.

Jack Adams is employed by the Phillips Petroleum Co., W.A. Nicholas, Mgr.

Arthur Cortez and Martin Lucero were here from San Patricio Tuesday. Mr. Cortez wishes to announce a big dance at the Cortez Hall on Saturday, Dec. 28.

This office acknowledges the receipt of a nice letter from M. D. Atkinson of Roswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Luckey and daughter Martha Sue were here from Nogal Monday, doing some Christmas shopping.

J. R. Blackshere and daughter Harriett Wilson were here from the Red Lake country Monday.

For Rent
Office building next to Virginia Ann Beauty Salon. Inquire at Prehm's Department Store.

By Rocket Ship to the Moon! No, it's not fiction—for the flight has been already scheduled for A. D. 2038. Wagner Schlesinger, distinguished director of the Fels Planetarium, Philadelphia, tells you all about it.

Also—The world's most blissfully ignorant "Romance." For 16 years the wealthy man and beautiful girl lived in the same apartment; yet now they can't agree on whether they were married or not. Don't miss this surprising illustrated story in the American Weekly, magazine with next week's Los Angeles Examiner.

For Rent
Partly furnished house; close in; two blocks west of postoffice. —See Wm. W. Gallacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Leandro Vega, son Henry, Mrs. Josefa Vega and son Martin were Roswell visitors this Monday.

20% Discount
On all Ladies' Winter Coats.—Burke Gift Shop.

Christmas morning, we received a letter from Ex-Sheriff Ed W. Harris, who is now holding a state position at Santa Fe, in which he enclosed another letter from his nephew, Leonard Harris of Ray, Arizona. Lee stated that his father, Alfred Harris, met with an accident last week by falling into an elevator shaft which caused his death. He was buried at Ray on Dec. 20. Many people will remember Mr. Harris as he resided here for many years before going to Arizona.

Juan Pacheco and grandson, George Chavez of La Luz spent Christmas here with the Lewis Gallegos family and Simon Chavez.

Wanted
To take cattle on shares.—Address: Frankie Silva, Capitan, \$tp

Mrs. Ben Holguin and children of Deming spent Christmas here with her daughters, Mmes. Albert Kimbrell of Picacho, Mabel Calderon, sisters, Mmes. Louis Nalda, Anna Rogers and son Bobby.

Mrs. Ethel Skinner, son R. C. Skinner and Mrs. Skinner's mother, Mrs. Julia Greer, all of Malaga, are here to spend the week with relatives on the Greer ranch and also here in Carrizozo.

TO GENTLEMEN:
A lovely, smart "Betty Rose" Ladies' Coat or a new Frock will delight Her. — See them at the Burke Gift Shop. 30 per cent off.

**Wishing You
A
Very
HAPPY
NEW YEAR**

And Assuring You of Our Depest
Appreciation for
Your Patronage.

Groceries, Box Candies, Fruits
and Nuts.

PETTY'S
"The Ziegler Bldg."
Quality - Price - Service

J. F. PETTY, Prop. Phone 62

Weather Report
(Weekly)

Dec.	Max.	Min.	Prec.	P. W.
20	59	22	0	SW
21	58	19	0	S
22	58	22	0	SW
23	60	22	0	SW
24	58	34	0	SW
25	39	43	109	NW
26	54	22	0	NW

Beatrice Romero,
Airway Observer

**Pre-New Year
Special**

7.50 Eugène Wayes
\$5.00

Virginia Ann
Beauty Salon
Phone 86

**Death...
and a black-
bearded stranger**

Both serve to change the life of young David Malory, whose burning ambition is to become a New York newspaper man. He gets his chance when murder is committed in a swanky apartment house where he is temporary switchboard operator. David forms a successful sleuthing partnership with Miss Agatha Paget, an elderly lady whose amazing antics are always a source of wonderment to those about her. You'll like this great mystery story—It's Frederic Van de Water's best yarn! Read it serially in this paper.

**HIDDEN
WAYS**

**The FIRESIDE
PHILOSOPHER**
By ALFRED HIGGS

Lost love is rarely revived.
Love 100% pure is rare as radium.
Envy's seeds jealousy, certainty starts it.
It is easier to hurt those who love us than those who do not.
We are more fooled by our own egotism than by others.
We often get credit for good qualities by hiding our bad ones.
Those who boast of many friends are generally advertising their own weakness.
Cheapest brides of all times: The reverence of a man's self is not to religion, the greatest habit of all times.—Francis Bacon.

**"Cotton Blossom
Singers."**
(Colored Quartette)
HI SCHOOL AUDITORIUM
Thursday, Jan. 2, 1941
At 8 P. M.
Admission, 10-20 35c

**Prehm's Pantry
Specials!**

100 lbs. Flour - \$1.98
(Satisfaction guaranteed)
Special Lot of No. 2 Cans of Spinach, Corn, String Beans 3c a can

100 pounds of Spuds, 1.45
Oleomargarine, 2 lbs. for 25c
Bread, 3 Loaves for 25c
Special Low Prices on Ham, Bacon and Salt Pork

Come in and see the Low Prices in every Dept. and Save Money by Trading at Prehm's, the Store that gives you more for Your Dollar!

We reserve the right to limit quantity.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Getzwiller, son P. C., Jr., and daughter Alice of Tucson, Ariz. are here to spend the yuletide with the James Baxter family. Mr. and Mrs. Getzwiller are the parents of Mrs. Baxter; Miss Alice is attending Bethany College at Lindenberg, Kansas.

Many Uses for Alcohol
Alcohol is used in the manufacture of candy, hair-removal, ointment, tobacco, straw hats, toilet tissue, Spanish, vinegar, toothpaste, typewriter, postcard, organ, and many other ordinary commodities.