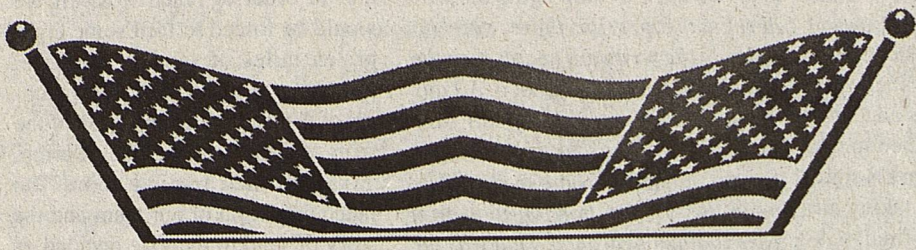


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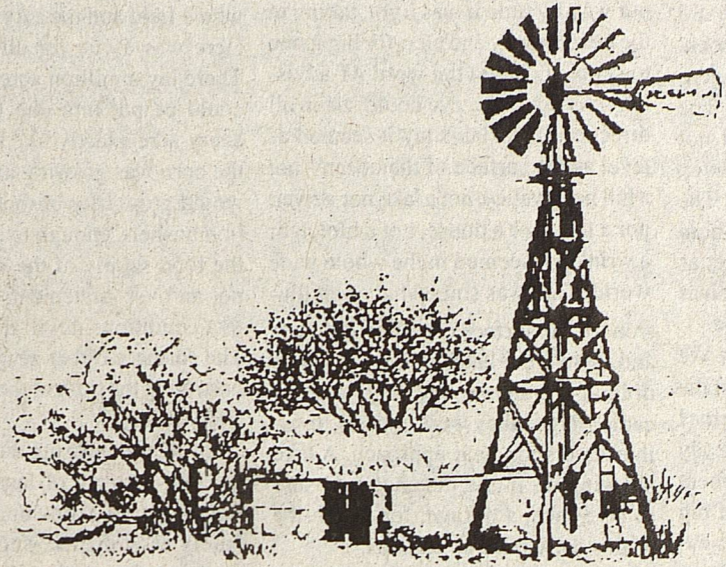
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# Cowboy Country News

Published each Wednesday in the county seat of Yoakum County, Plains, Texas



Volume XI, Issue 41 June 29, 2005

## We Get Letters..... Sometimes with fascinating local history lessons

Friend and former resident Dianne Wilson, now in Stephenville with husband J.B., recently sent us an interesting letter describing how she had stumbled on a collection of old Lubbock AJ newspaper articles, belonging to her dad's older brother, Lee Porter. He had been a student in 1925 at what is now Tarleton State University, seeking admission to West Point. On cold nights he studied in the lighted steam tunnels running under the campus buildings, then walking home to his rooming house. He developed pneumonia, and shortly after his death a letter of appointment arrived from the Academy. Among the old clippings was an article written by one J.E.

Henderson in 1921, entitled "Some early day experiences of a traveler on the Plains". Nothing else is known of Mr. Henderson and the four young men who accompanied him "because they wanted to see that area of Texas before it was highly settled."

Dianne wrote she was fascinated by the tale, especially portions of the article she, you and I are rather familiar with. Read on and join our fascination. The really pertinent paragraphs have been italicized.

Read  
'Traveler on  
the Plains',  
Page Two

The old phrase, "Some people have all the luck" could vaguely apply to Annaliesa O'Quinn; She is lucky to have inherent attributes including intelligence, drive, sound goals, character, mental and physical energy, a definite plan for her life and future, and a supportive family. And she is making her "luck" pay off. The daughter of Steve and Renetta O'Quinn and a 2002 PHS graduate and full time student at Texas A&M, the 21 year old expects to graduate with a degree in biology in May of 2006. Experience working part time in the medical field has convinced her to make a serious effort to attend medical school and follow a career in pediatrics. She is spending her fourth summer

## Quantum Leap - Plains ISD To A&M To Internship In The White House



between school semesters working for Plains State Bank. She explained while a student at Texas A&M in 2004, the Public Policy Internship Program (PPIG) announced screening for internship applicants. Some 180 students applied for the program, which featured internship assignments in many areas of government. Annaliesa learned applications were due for intern positions at the White House, and her advisor urged her "to go for it." The time deadline was near, and Annaliesa sent her application in. A few days later she received a call and went through a thirty minute interview. Her references were also checked, and at nine o'clock that evening, she had another call, offering her an intern position in the White House, probably the most coveted assignment locales in the PPIG program.

In her interview with CCN last week Annaliesa spoke at length about her experiences working as a White House intern, as well as the wonders of the capitol city and a visit to New York City, where she attended a performance of the Broadway hit "RENT", saw baseballs Texas Rangers defeat the New York Yankees, and the Texas Tech Lady Raiders take on Tennessee in the Sweet Sixteen game.

Just prior to the end of her intern service last May, she was required to submit a final report to PPIG, which details her work experience in the White House. She was assigned to serve the office of President Bush through the Boards and Com-

missions portfolio in the Presidential Personnel Office. The primary mission of the Commission is finding a diverse field of qualified citizens to serve the President in each board or commission. Her work assignments came mainly from the Associate Director and Staff Assistant in the Presidential Personnel office. Some of her day to day activities included assisting superiors with time sensitive projects, answering the main telephone line, assisting with the Presidential appointment candidacy, and managing both the Associate Directors calendar.

Throughout her service she helped prepare for numerous Presidential Personnel meetings with President Bush where dis-

cussions were held on possible candidates for positions in the administration. She assisted in the candidacy process for 75 to 100 individuals. She assisted with candidates paperwork, and when they were given approval from specific offices, she and a fellow intern proofed their paperwork and a copy was placed in a book presented to the President in personnel meetings.

In the report Annaliesa displayed writing skill in describing how her work days went;

"Answering the phone daily can become quite mundane in a typical office environment, however, when working at the White House, the next ring could be the President of the

Turn To Page 3,  
ANNALIESA

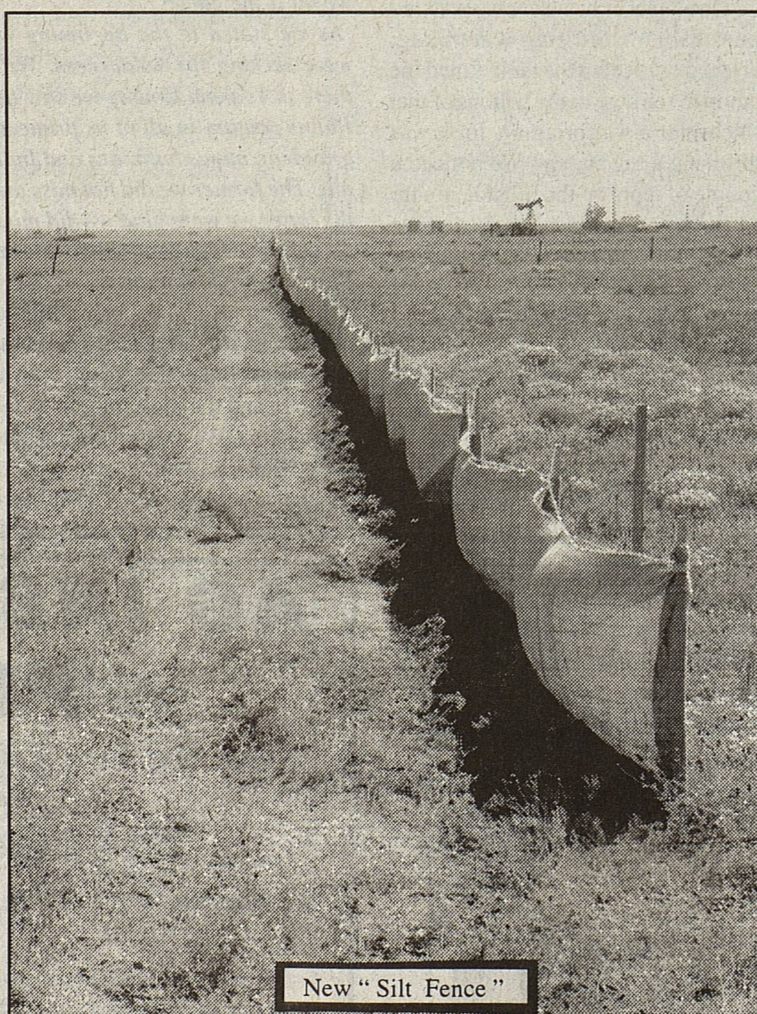
## Construction underway on new airport runway

First stages of extensive dirt work got underway June 6 for the construction of a new 5000 foot landing strip at the local county airport. Constructors Inc, from Carlsbad, New Mexico is the principal contractor for the project.

The runway will be laid for northeast to southwest flights, and will require relocating an oil field tank battery and re-routing a number of flow lines. The airport is actually in County Precinct 3, but Jack Cobb, Commissioner of Pct. 1 and Pct. 3 Commissioner Ty Earl Powell swapped precinct assignments; Cobb, a licensed and experienced pilot, will see after airport projects, while Powell, an ag producer, will be responsible for the livestock show barns and rodeo arena, which lie in Pct. 1.

The airport project is being funded by an approximate \$3 million state grant administered by the Texas Department of Transportation ( TxDOT ), Aviation Division. Cobb explained, " We knew the county would have to be out some money for the project, and we actually started making up front installment payments on our share of the project in 2001, and paid our entire obligation off in 2004.

The project will feature a new wrinkle, " Silt Fencing", a method of installing a staked fence supporting burlap type



New " Silt Fence "

cloth material, which is designed to hold back rain disturbed soil from creating run-offs which could disturb use of the new runway. The ' burlap' fence stretches northeast from the corner of the runway to US Highway 214. This and other issues in the runway expansion project are mandated by environmental requirements.

The original contract called for the project to be completed in

240 days from the June 5 start date, but weather can alter the mandated completion date.

Rodeo &  
Old Settlers  
Reunion  
August 4.5.6  
....  
Be There !

## Troopers set new drug seizure records

Texas' DPS troopers broke drug seizure records for marijuana and methamphetamine in 2004 - the most prolific year for highway drug seizures in the last ten years, and the second biggest drug haul in DPS history. According to 2004 statistics released by the Texas Highway Patrol, DPS troopers confiscated illegal drugs valued at \$189.1 million while on routine patrol.

Some of the drug seizure highlights in 2004:

- \* 3,000 pounds of cocaine- second most in DPS history.
- \* 38 tons of marijuana - a record for DPS troopers.
- \* 191 pounds of methamphetamine - the most in DPS history.
- \* The 2,117 drug arrests ranked second all-time.

" Thanks to our regular patrol activities targeting drunk drivers, speeders and seat belt offenders, DPS took 90,000 pounds of drugs out of circulation and put thousands of drug smugglers behind bars." said DPS Director Thomas A. Davis Jr.

Texas troopers have led the nation in highway drug seizures for the last several years. While on routine patrol, troopers also arrested more than 26,000 suspects for a variety of other criminal violations, ranging from homioide to car theft.

## "Some early day experiences of a traveler on the Plains"

"Those who never saw the Plains before they were settled up have missed something. The writer in company with four other young fellows was fortunate enough to see this unique country before it became marred to any great extent by the hand of man, and the picture is one he would not like to forget.

It was the summer of 1903. We did not journey as far north as Lubbock. This was before Lubbock came to generally be known as the Hub Of The Plains. That knowledge would not have brought us to Lubbock, however, for we were not hunting towns. The lure of the wilderness had laid hold upon us and our object was to get as far away from towns and civilization as we could and see what it was like.

Our homes were in Central Texas. We had heard interesting stories about the Plains and determined to see them. I remember how eagerly we made ready for the trip; how we got our equipment together and rigged out a team of big horses and a covered wagon with everything we were apt to need. But a very important part of it was guns. We had most any kind of gun one not too choicely would ask for.

Nearly a weeks travel was required before we came in sight of the Caprock. That first week of our journey led through some beautiful West Texas valleys, across rivers and mountains..... but "Our hearts were in the Highlands" - the great Llano Estacado or Staked Plains. We asked a hundred and one questions and had it all pictured in our imaginations. We had a map we studied. We wondered, as others must have, what the "caprock" looked like and why the Plains were called "Staked Plains" if there were no stakes out there.

At last our suspense was partially broken and our eagerness sharpened as one day we rounded the top of a rise and straining our eyes to westward we saw what looked to be a range of flat topped mountains all along the western horizon. That was the edge of the Plains. The ledge of rock extending all along the western horizon and seeming to crown the mountain was the much talked of "cap-rock." The balance of the afternoon we pushed on, determined to cross the valley and make our beds on the Plains. At the foot of the mountain we met a convoy of Mexican burros and Spanish ponies piloting an old prairie schooner inhabited by some dirty, sunburned gypsy looking humans coming down off the Plains. They told us we would have to make it to the Three Windmills, six miles away that night as that was the only water.

We hurried up the steep incline, mounting the summit just in time to feast our eyes a few minutes on the grandeur of the scene as the sun went down.

There the three windmills were, in the foreground of the broad landscape, and instead of being six miles away, looked to be no more than two. We could not help believe the human beings had lied to us about the distance, but as we traveled on, the windmills seemed to be hitting a pretty good pace in the same direction and it was well past nine in the evening before we finally overtook them. The seeming nearness of the mills was one of those optical illusions the Plains used to put off on the traveler.

That first night at the Three Windmills saw a tragedy enacted. We were forced to cook our first meal with "Plains Wood" for there was not a stick of any other nearer than the Cap-Rock. The

tragedy soon turned out to be a farce for we soon found that in many respects it was superior to the sticks we had been accustomed to. We liked the new fuel so well on our return trip the timber-line did not look especially good to us and we were well into the brush before we changed firewood.

The next morning we were up and on our way by time it was light, taking in the new country and alert for big game to shoot at. I used the word AT advisedly. As far as the eye could see in all directions the Plains lay it seemed as level as the surface of the ocean - not a hill nor a valley, not a lake nor a river, nor a tree, nor a house, not a blotch or a wrinkle it seemed in the whole wide world. That was somewhat of an illusion for the surface elevation did vary and there were lakes which served as drainage systems, but they were so camouflaged they were entirely invisible save upon near approach. A lake showing up in the distance was sure to be a fake, a mirage, for which the Plains were once so famous.

Soon we spied a small varmint bounding across the level plain and we opened up our artillery. Some said it was a coyote, some a fox and others a swift. We never knew what it was or how far away but we never seemed to get the range on him though we shot until he became a mere speck and disappeared in the distance. In a few minutes a big wolf offered himself as a moving target, then a big eagle went into a tail spin within range of our best guns, Antelopes galloped away in the distance. We were in high spirits for we had reached the "happy hunting ground" we had dreamed of and were not disappointed. All morning long the bombardment went on with no casualties. Some shots were reported to be true but none verified. It was more fun than watching a negro ball game. We shot all that morning without breaking a single law enacted for the protection of game. But our poor marksmanship was easily explained off onto the treachery of the Plains - some more optical illusion stuff!

As the day drew on the heavens got playful with us and showed us the "city in the sky." There in the northwest low in the firmament but clearly above the horizon and entirely surrounded by blue sky was a beautiful little city. As we drove on in that direction noting the phenomenon and enjoying the buildings put on story after story until they formed sky scrapers worthy of a metropolis. Then a beautiful lake spread out over the landscape mirroring palaces adding to the beauty and perfecting the delusion. As the lake faded away the lower portion of the picture began to reach downward and mingle with things terrestrial. Finally laying all jokes aside, it settled down to terra firma and we drove into town dry shod. That little city was Tahokawas only a few months old but had a beautiful courthouse, a hotel, a post office, a number of stores and dwellings. It had a lot more enterprises on paper besides the many air castles in the minds of the promoters. And all were promoters. The air castles may have had some spiritual relation to those we saw that morning in the heavens, though the connections we never satisfactorily worked out.

Leaving Tahoka we hit a course westward. About ten miles from Tahoka we saw the one and only farm between there and the line of New Mexico. It was on the Judge Elliot place. There was a field of corn in full roasting ear, the finest and most perfect plants I had

ever seen, and I had been reared on a farm in Central Texas and had observed corn fields in all parts of the state - except the Plains. Here on the Plains one hundred miles from the nearest railroad point was the superfine. The soil, the climate, the perfect plant. I had thought it natural the first tiny blades of the infant plant having served their purpose, wither and die long before the plant was mature but here they were in perfection. It seemed there was not a withered blade in the whole field and the ears were perfect. Here was a cue for all who saw it. There lay a million acres of land that could be put into one field of corn, every acre exactly like that on which the corn was growing and every acre would grow fifty bushels. - fifty million bushels, enough to cut a figure in the food supply of the world - this is not an over-statement, for with perfect conditions it will do even better. The farmers of that section are demonstrating the truth of these statements every year.

Shortly after passing the field of corn we saw a covey of large birds walk leisurely out from under the team barely avoiding the wagon wheels as we drove through the low shinary. We had never seen their like before. They were a species of pheasant, looking something like partridges, were almost the size of guineas and seemed to be not the least frightened at our presence. So, one then yelled "sage hens!" and one of our party grabbing a shotgun, jumped from the wagon and began shooting them down. At the roar of the gun they never stirred. After shooting one or two without flushing them someone yelled, "Don't shoot anymore, they're young ones, they can't fly!" With that, several of us made a rush at them with open arms, thinking to capture them alive, without further bloodshed, whereupon they arose in the air with a whir, cackling, and sailed away like quails, leaving us looking the part we had acted out.

That night we camped at a windmill the tank at which seemed alive with catfish, but upon investigation they proved to have legs and would crawl away to a place of safety. They were amphibious little creatures, having gills for breathing water or air in case of drought. The traveler who made his bed near one of these watering places without having to divide with one or more of these cold, clammy bedfellows before morning may declare congratulations in order, for waterdogs get cold and friendly during the wee small hours of night. And if a fellow traveler arises with a Comanche warwhoop ringing out across the midnight stillness, it is only his way of declaring war on water dogs, and you may join him yourself shortly.

Soon after leaving Tahoka we had entered the tall sage grass and the greater part of our journey led through grass waist high that waived like ripening wheat except in the dips or depressions heretofore in this article called lakes. These aresaucer shaped basins from one fourth to a mile across at the rim and pretty generally and lavishly distributed over all sections of the Plains. These lakes are usually carpeted with short curly mesquite grass. There is very little or no water in them during dry periods and seem to be attractive to all kinds of animals native to the Plains. They become the feeding grounds for millions of ducks and other waterfowl. So there was a certain degree of expectancy connected with peeping over into a dip. There was almost certain to be something of interest to show up. It might be varmints or it might be game but most always something to shoot at.

Shortly after breaking camp the next morning we drove to the edge of one

of these dips and looking over in the basin we saw a large bunch of antelope. But they had discovered us and seemed much agitated. We stopped the wagon and watched them. Finally they huddled up in a close mass and stood still. One of the party decided to take a shot at them and adjusting his sights for six hundred yards and taking aim across a wagon bow, fired. A second or two intervened and then one of the number reared straight up and about faced, whereupon the herd made off at full speed. We noticed that one did not seem to handle himself as well as the balance and was dropping further and further behind. That convinced us that he was hit and effectively wounded and that by following up we might overtake him and land the meat. So turning across the prairie after them we hit a brisk trot and as our excitement increased upon prospect of success we whipped our team into a gallop. The ground proved to be covered at that place with bunch grass that gave everything a reckless shaking up. We finally succeeded in driving between the wounded animal and the herd and as we did so about every one hundred or so yards apart one of us would drop off the wagon and crouch in the grass until we had him pretty well surrounded and he did not seem to know which way to run. While he hesitated we were closing up on him. One of our number nearing to within twenty to thirty steps was emptying the magazine of a thirty-eight Winchester and missing him every shot, when somebody instructed him to lower his sights. This he immediately did, shooting the animal behind the shoulder and bringing him down. He had raised his sights for six hundred yards to begin with and in the excitement of the chase had failed to readjust them. All hands rushed to the struggling beast and finished him by cutting his throat. He was a fine specimen with horns. About this time the herd came straight back almost running over us. Why they came back we could never figure out, except that antelopes differ from other wild animals when under fire. They have an objective as they say in the army and if that objective happens to be beyond the hunter they will run almost over him in order to reach it.

Next we proceeded to dress our game and salt it down. Well, when we opened the chuck box it presented the worst scramble imaginable. In outrunning the antelope over the bumpy ground we had produced a chaos in the kitchen. The sugar and salt, pepper, grease, eggs, coffee, flour etc. were as well shuffled as any deck of cards, with syrup tastefully poured over all and dripping from the box at every pore. But we didn't mind a little thing like that, it was incident to the chase, and could not have been helped, even if we had foreknown it. Later in the day we came to a large windmill in a draw where we watered our team, filled our water keg, washed our feet in the tank, timed the pump to see how many gallons of that fine water it was bringing, for it was throwing a big stream. We noticed a couple of tents on the hillside not far away but no one near them and we thought little about them. Pulling on about four miles we came upon the town of Gomez, a lively little place almost as large as Tahoka, and thought it had no courthouse it did have a fine place to put one and was friendly and hospitable to all comers. It was a candidate for the capital of the new county of Terry and the news had just reached ears that it had a new rival. We were informed that the tents at the large windmill in the draw were headquarters of a corps of engineers surveying a town and that the town was to be called Brownfield.

Leaving Gomez we plunged into what we liked to think of as the wilderness proper for there were no towns to the westward nearer than the Pecos Valley in New Mexico. All day we pushed on through the tall sage grass meeting no one nor seeing a human habitation. Late in the afternoon the western horizon took on a save tooth appearance. That was the sand-hills; the home of the black-tail deer and the sage hen paradise. We longed to explore them but the sand was impassable, so we were forced to keep to firmer ground. As the sun sank behind the sandhills we discovered that we were

Nearing a ranch house. We pitched camp near by and two of our party went over to the house to visit and ask questions about the country. We learned we were in Yoakum County, (the census gave the county's population at 3) and that this was Cone's ranch. Mr. Cone and a cowboy were at the house, the former suffering very much because of a crushed hand which he had that day fed into the cogs of a gasoline engine. They were forced to wait for another cowboy to return from Gomez where he had gone for blacksmithing to get up a team and take Mr. Cone in a hack to Big Spring near one hundred and fifty miles away for medical and surgical attention. This forced upon us a realization of the inconveniences and hardships of frontier life. They were very friendly and glad to see us and when we wanted to buy a sack of flour, they tried to give it to us, and would not accept more than cost at Big Spring. When Mr. Cone and the cowboy got off the next morning, the other begged us to stay of fering to go out with us and kill some sage hens for dinner and in the afternoon to furnish us with saddle horses to ride up into the sandhills and hunt deer which he said were plentiful.

But an unexplainable something was luring us on and we could not be persuaded. Leaving the ranch near noon we pulled four miles of deep sand to some windmills in a dip where the cowboy had told us the game was plentiful. There we pitched camp and remained for several days. We found his story correct for all the wild animals for miles around used this as a watering place. The country was more broken, inclined to be sand-hilly covered with shinnery, sage brush and tall grass with many depressions where we could crawl up and peep over without disturbing the tranquility of nature until we chose to.

But my story is growing to unparadonable length and to tell of the many incidents that took place we haven't space. Suffice to say that we did not suffer for meat. Had we been better marksmen we might have wasted the game. But as it was we can look back now across the years and see where we missed it more often than where we hit it-the game.

As we stated in the beginning we were seeking the wilderness. Well, there in Yoakum County we saw the Plains country in all of its primeval grandeur, minus buffaloes and Indians. The former we did not miss and the latter we were glad we did miss. So we were highly pleased with the Plains as we found them.

One night around the camp fire we conceived the idea of visiting the Bottomless Lakes and Roswell, New Mexico, and the morning sun found us traveling. We crossed the line into New Mexico, then a territory, we camped at a large tank by an old rock house in ruins. There we had a swim

and a consultation. We had been told that in order to reach Roswell we would be forced to ford some eight or ten miles of sand to the axle. Roswell was much nearer the ranchers of that section but because of the strip of sand they used Big Spring, Texas, as their trading point. The jaded condition of our team and the story of sand to the axle decided us to turn back. We might have erected a monument to mark the furthest point reached as explorers are wont to do but the rock house in ruins answered the purpose and we turned our faces homeward.

Our experiences back across the Plains were very similar to those already recorded except not so leisurely taken. We were impatient to get back to civilization that we might tell our people what really and truly fine country lay out there on the Plains. And it was a secret, our secret shared by very few others, the knowledge of which should have changed them from small farmers to the owners of all their eyes could survey. We knew it. But to our disappointment and chagrin they persistently and consistently stopped the ear we tried to talk into very much as our friends in the swamps are doing today this day in 1921 when they are told of the Plains country. To their way of thinking we were just boys building air castles expecting them to move in. To our friends in the swamps I suppose we are the descendants of Anamias with an inherited weakness. There were some grounds then for misgivings in the minds of our conservative fathers. The Plains had not been proven. But today we have statistics and data, and live intelligent human witnesses which ought to be sufficient to convince the ultra conservative, and turn a stream of emigration. Plainsward sufficient to develop the resources that nature has so richly stored away in her bosom.

A trip across the Plains then meant quite different to one made today. Then the thought ran to wagons, teams, game ammunition, chuck boxes, 'plains wood' and watering places. Today it is cars, fine crops, registered cattle and hogs, blowouts, towns and hotels and back to tall timber in one day.

We reached home after a month's 'outing' tanned, brawny and thrilled by the discoveries we had made of a new and better country. To be sure we had carried a number of souvenirs of our trip but the greatest and best was the picture stored away in the memory of us all



TDA is creating materials that give practical non-food ideas for effective ways to reward students for outstanding work in the classroom. Rather than indulging them in a sugary treat, students can find value in non-food rewards. New reward ideas include everything from giving away art supplies or games, such as jump ropes or puzzles, to hosting special field trips to offering special lunchtime privileges.

Texas is now leading the nation in its efforts to combat childhood obesity as the first state to have an all-encompassing school nutrition policy. It's clear that everyone agrees that the obesity epidemic sweeping the nation is urgent and real, and as we head into the summer, we will continue to address the issues of non-food fundraising and rewards.

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## Seniors Corner

From Page 1,  
ANNALIESA

United States. Answering the main line in the Boards and Commission office has allowed me to speak to and assist many influential people. I have had the opportunity to speak with Fortune 500 chief executives, professional athletes, professional sports team owners, as well as four-star generals. This task can be quite difficult to juggle at times when someone is on the line and two of the other phones are ringing. In addition to answering the Board and Commissions direct line, the Assistant to the Director of

Presidential Personnel has also entrusted me with his telephone when he is away from the office. I consider this quite a compliment, because senior level staff members and many prominent people frequently call the Director's line. This has been rewarding as I have had the opportunity to speak to Ambassadors, Secretaries, the Vice-President's daughter and even the White House Chief of Staff, Secretary Andrew Card."

She reported the intership had provided her with a number of 'perks'. She was able to attend the annual White House Easter Egg Roll, The Spring Garden

Tour, and was greatly impressed with tickets to the President's second inauguration and swearing in ceremony.

She closed her report saying, "I cannot explain how honored and appreciative I am that Texas A&M and the Public Policy Internship Program allowed me to represent them in Washington, D.C. this semester. I have experienced countless once in a lifetime opportunities that can never be repaid. I could not have considered an internship in a city of this caliber without the financial support Texas A&M has invested in me. I have had a truly wonderful experience this semester and am so thankful for this opportunity."

Nurse 33 years. She was a member of Oakwood United Methodist.

Mrs. Kidd, a Lubbock resident since 1947, married Windle Rex Kidd Aug. 1, 1947. He preceded her in death in 1995. She was also preceded in death by daughter Rexanna Kidd.

Survivors include two daughters, Rhonda Carter and Husband Tom of Vernon and Audrey Smith and husband Phil of Lubbock; a granddaughter, Amanda Nichole Smith.

Expressions of sympathy may be made to Oakwood Methodist, 2215 58th, Lubbock 79412, Faith Methodist, 2420 High School Dr. Vernon 76384 or to Hospice of Lubbock, 1102 Slide, Ste. 3, Lubbock 79416.

Pies, cakes, cookies, and brownies were being bandied about lunchtime on Thursday as people waited for the opportunity to take them home. Harley Evans served as our auctioneer who, along with the help of Melba Gayle and Dorothy Anderson, made quick work of the table of goodies that had tempted all of us throughout the lunch hour. We appreciate Rosa Lopez and our Site Council ladies for planning and executing these fund raising efforts.

In association with the bake sale, our monthly turkey and dressing meal drew in many guests with whom we enjoyed visiting and whom we invite to come back regularly. Some of those whose names appeared on the 'sign-in' roster were Elmer and Wilma Ratliff who came as guests of Edgar and Betty Self. Korina and Kylinn Pate, Robert Garrett, Ruby Icenbice, Pam Young, Ernest and Ema Tipton, Pam and Riben Albarez, Pastor Jon Humbert, and Janice, Linda, and Stephanie May who came as guests of Ken and Elsie White. Welcome to each of you.

Tell me this won't happen to us! Two elderly women were driving in a large car. Both could barely see over the dashboard. As they cruised along, they came to an intersection. The light was red but they went on through it. The woman in the passenger seat thought to herself, "I must be losing it. I could have sworn we just went through a red light." After a few moments they ran another red light, and the lady thought, "What is Nellie thinking of? That was surely a red light!" At the next intersection, sure enough the light was red and they went right on through, so she turned to the other lady and said, "Nellie, do you know that we just ran through three red lights in a row? You could have killed us both!" Nellie turned to her and said, "Me? Am I driving? TELL ME THIS WON'T HAPPEN TO US?"

The gymnasium was the scene of activity on Wednesday last week as many took advantage of the health fair offered through SPAG. Waiting lines were a scene of visiting and laughter as people waited for their turn at the Blood Pressure and Cholesterol testing tables. Thanks to Linda Horton, the gym was spotless and cool as we each sat on comfortable chairs awaiting our turn.

FLASHBACK\*\* The year was 1942. A new bride at seventeen. I was teaching a small country school when I received the call that I could come to Chicago, Illinois, to join my soldier husband. The wives

were allowed the top floor of the Bedford Hotel while the GI's who were attending Coyne Electric School had the rest of the building. A substitute teacher was found and it was time to go. I had never ventured farther than Salina, population 25,000 which was forty miles from the farm. Scared? I created a whole new meaning for the word! If my parents, who firmly believed that every husband and wife needed to be living together, had uttered one word about how far away I would be going or how inexperienced I was, I would have still been waiting in Lincoln, Kansas. Wisely, they talked of what an adventure it would be as they helped me pack. Daddy set me down and carefully explained how to change trains at the Union Pacific depot in Kansas City and how to send a telegram to my husband so he would know when I would arrive in Chicago. I departed from the Lincoln depot, headed for Chicago by way of Salina and Kansas City. The mother of an old boy friend was traveling to Kansas City that day, so that leg of the journey went well, however, I felt completely abandoned there in that huge, busy depot in Kansas City. With a six hour wait over, I managed to send the fateful telegram, find a red cap to help me with my luggage, then sat chewing my nails while waiting for departure time. Kansas City to Chicago was a whole different story! You had to travel during war time to envision the overloaded trains of GI's transferring from camp to camp. I was lucky to get a seat instead of having to sit on my suitcase (which I learned later journeys was not at all unusual). I rode through the dark night without batting an eye and without removing my hat which had a veil as was popular in those days. Finally daylight came as we entered Chicago. We traveled over an hour within the city before reaching my destination. My husband says that I was the very last person to disembark from the train nearly a quarter of a mile from where he waited and that I walked at a snail pace all the way. I had failed to tell him which depot I would be arriving at (Lincoln, Kansas had only one, so it never occurred to me), so here he was in a taxi cab rushing from depot to depot which listed a 7:00 AM. arrival time. My version of that moment was that rail car was the safest place I knew of in this frightening new world, and I hated to step out of it.

Thought for today: "Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer."

### --Randy's Roundup-- Reforming the United Nations

On Friday, June 17, the U.S. House of Representatives took an important step toward reforming the United Nations. The U.N. was established in order to promote international peace and cooperation. However, the good intentions that led to the U.N.'s founding have been followed by a long list of mismanagement, scandal, and corruption. Clearly, the U.N. is in desperate need of reform, and I fully supported House efforts to make the U.N. more accountable to the American people.

For years, Americans have watched with disbelief as the United Nations had put brutal dictatorships like Syria and Sudan on its Human Right Commission, while at the same time it lectures free democracies on what it means to respect human rights. And now, investigations into recent U.N. activities and programs have also revealed widespread corruption throughout this international body.

The most notable and egregious scandal concerns the U.N. Oil for Food Program. As is the case with many U.N. programs, this particular program was created with a high-minded purpose. Here, the goal was to get humanitarian aid to Iraqi citizens. However, as also is the case with many U.N. programs, the Oil for Food Program was plagued by a system of kickbacks and bribes that involved high-ranking U.N. officials and

allowed Saddam Hussein to illegally pocket \$10 billion in oil sales.

As a result of this and many other scandals, the House decided to apply pressure on the U.N. in order to bring about change. The U.S. sends millions upon millions of dollars each year to the U.N. in the form of annual dues. These dues account for a quarter of the U.N.'s general budget. In turn, American taxpayers demand and deserve that their money is used responsibly. The House legislation lays out 39 reforms that will bring more accountability, oversight, and transparency to the U.N. as well as give the United States more control over how its money is spent. Under the bill, sunset provisions would be required for many new U.N. programs; member countries would need to meet strict human rights standards in order to sit on the U.N. Commission on Human Rights; independent boards of ethics and oversight would be created; and higher-ranking U.N. officials would be required to file financial disclosure forms.

If the U.N. fails to implement many of these reforms, the U.S. will withhold half of its dues. However, the House efforts to right the ship at the U.N. could be thwarted if the Senate fails to follow through and pass a bill that holds the U.N. to account. Let's hope that a majority of Senators are up to the task.

### Services for Louise Kidd

Graveside services were held Tuesday, June 28 at Resthaven Memorial Park for Louise Kidd, 80, of Lubbock. Memorial services followed at Oakwood Methodist Church. Pastor Rev. Eddie Marcum officiated, assisted by Rev. Tom Carter, son-in-law and Pastor of Faith Methodist Church in Vernon. Arrangements were by Resthaven Funeral Home.

Mrs. Kidd was born June 1, 1925 in Fort Worth. She graduated from Millsap High and from St. Joseph School of Nursing. She worked as a Registered

To Our Readers ;  
Until school  
resumes, and  
we can resolve  
a part time  
help problem,  
future issues  
of CCN will  
probably be  
limited to 4  
pages

### Plains Youth Center Summer Activities 2005

July 1st-Swimming Pool Party  
8:00 - 11:00 pm

Grades: 7th - 12th

July 8th-Swimming Pool Party

8:00 - 11:00 pm

Grades: 7th - 12th

July 15th-Pizza Pool Party

8:00 - 11:00 pm

All Youth Center Grades

July 22nd-Pool Tournament @ Corral Youth Center

Singles and Doubles

Grades: 7th - 12th

July 23rd-Pool Tournament

Students and Adults

Grades: 7th - 12th

Trophies - 1st, 2nd, and 3rd places

July 29th

Youth Center Dance

8:00 - 12:00

Grades: 7th - 12th

### FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH Plains, Texas

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Morning Worship  
10:45 A.M.  
Evening Program  
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## From The Hack

I actually watched the printing of the following article, attributed to the New York Times, from a friend's computer last Thursday. It is so incredible it has to be true. Besides, we KNOW the Times never even hints at a lie, don't we.

"Bosses of a publishing firm are trying to work out why no one noticed one of their employees had been sitting dead at his desk for five days before anyone asked if he was feeling OK. George Turklebaum, 51, who had been employed as a proof-reader at a New York firm for 30 years, had a heart attack in the open plan office he shared with 23 other workers.

He quietly passed away on a Monday, but nobody noticed until Saturday morning why he was working on the weekend. His boss, Elliot Wachinski said, "George was always the first guy in each morning and the last to leave at night, so no one found it unusual he was in the same position all that time and didn't say anything. He was always absorbed in his work and kept much to himself."

A post mortem exam revealed he'd been dead for five days after suffering a coronary. George was proof-reading manuscripts of medical textbooks when he died." You may want to give your co-workers a nudge or slap now and then. The moral of the story is, "Don't work too hard. Nobody notices anyway."

OK, that's it. But I have a couple of questions and theories. (1) Did the firm have to pay a bunch of overtime? I mean, there he was, on the job, five days, that's 120 hours straight.

If they didn't, I'll wager a sharp ambulance chasing attorney is writing up his papers right now. (2) Did he suffer the coronary from reading a particularly gory med textbook? I'll also wager that possibility is being pursued by a trail lawyer. Suit grounds hazardous work environment and material.'

(d) Are his co-workers going to sue - You know, forced to work in unsuitable environment. I'll bet another ambulance/lawyer went hurtling after this possibility.

### QUOTABLE QUOTES.....

Last week, I stated this woman was the ugliest woman I had ever seen. I have since been visited by her sister, and now wish to withdraw that statement.

\*Mark Twain  
The secret of a good sermon is to have a good beginning and a good ending; and to have the two as close together as possible.

\*George Burns  
Santa Claus has the right idea. Visit people only once a year.

\*Victor Borge  
Be careful about reading health books. You may die of a misprint.

\*Mark Twain  
The male is a domestic animal which, if treated with firmness and kindness, can be trained to do most things.

\*Jilly Cooper  
Only Irish coffee provides in a single glass all four essential food groups: Alcohol, caffeine, sugar and fat.

\*Alix Levine  
Don't go around saying the world owes you a living. The world owes you nothing. It was here first.

\*Mark Twain  
My luck is so bad that if I bought a cemetery, people would stop dying.

\*Ed Furgol  
Money can't buy you happiness...but it does bring you a more pleasant form of misery.

## Cowboys still garnering baseball kudos

Following sharing district winning honors, the Plains Cowboys stepped up another notch of achievements. Last week's edition of the Lubbock A-J an-

### Notice to all persons having claims against the Estate of NIOMA LUCINDA JONES, deceased.

Notice is now given that original Letters Testamentary for the Estate of Nioma Lucinda Jones were issued on June 20th, 2005, in Cause No. 1471 pending in the County Court of Yoakum County, Texas to: VERNON DYER  
The residence of such Executor and where claims may be presented is as follows; VERNON DYER  
PO Box 1692  
Roswell, New Mexico 88202

Agent For Service:  
WARREN NEW  
Attorney At Law  
PO Box 670  
Denver City, Texas 79323

All persons having claims against this Estate which is currently being administered are required to present them within four (4) months after the date of the receipt of this notice and in the manner prescribed by law or the claim will be barred if not barred by the general statutes of limitation.  
Dated: June 20, 2005

WARREN NEW  
Warren New, Attorney for the Estate - PO Box 670, Denver City, Texas 79323  
Phone 806-592-2129  
Fax 806-592-7733

**Help Wanted**  
Yoakum County Hospital is seeking responsible person to fill the Prescription Assistance position. Send application to PO Box 1130, Denver City, Texas, 79323, ATTN: Human Resources

**Bus Driver Needed**  
Plains ISD is seeking additional bus drivers to be used as substitutes and to drive for field trips. These same drivers would be used to replace route drivers as the need occurs. Drivers must have a current CDL license with both passenger and school bus endorsements or be willing to acquire the above licenses. To apply contact: Superintendent's Office 1000 10th Street, P.O. Box 479 Plains, Texas 79355 Or Call: 806-456-7401 Plains ISD is an equal opportunity employer.

nounced the 2005 Class 1A All South Plains Team, and the following Cowboys were singled out for honors.

Pitcher T.J. Cordova was named Pitcher of the Year, for a sparkling 7 - 4 record and 2.79 earned run average, recording 102 strikeouts in 65 innings pitched. He was also the team leading batter with an impressive .566 average.

Ramiro Martinez was named the All South Plains second base player of the year. He batted .394, scored 28 runs, and he was 24 of 26 in stolen base attempts.

Peter Neufeld earned honors as an outfielder for the Cowboys. Coach Bartley said his "cannon of an arm" was responsible for gunning down base runners, he batted .350 and managed to score 23 runs.

Tyler Caffey was named the outstanding Utility Player, sharing time on the pitching mound as well as outfield. He had 4 wins, no losses on the mound, with 46 strike-outs in 25 innings. He also batted .410, and scored 26 runs and stole 10 bases.

Cowboys making the Second Team were Catcher Landon Craft, First Baseman Adam McCravey and Outfielder Blake O'Quinn.

### NOTICE FOR BIDS

#### THE STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF YOAKUM

The Commissioners Court of Yoakum County will receive bids until 4 PM Thursday, July 14, 2005, for the sale of the former Precinct #1 building located at 139 East Broadway, Denver City, Texas. The required minimum bid is \$20,000.

Bids will be reviewed with contract to be awarded in Commissioners Court on Monday, July 18, 2005.

For more information, please contact Darinda McWhirter, Yoakum County Auditor, 806-456-2422 or PO Box 516, Plains, Texas 79355.

Sealed bids should be marked "PRECINCT #1 BUILDING" on the envelope and mailed or delivered to County Judge, Dallas Brewer, PO Box 456/ Cowboy Way and Avenue G, Plains, Texas 79355. NO FAX COPIES WILL BE ACCEPTED.

Commissioners Court reserves the right to accept any or all bids.

### Brief Commissioners Court Session

The June 27 session of Commissioners Court was short and sweet. Precinct One Commissioner Woody Lindsey proposed advertising for bids for the sale of the old precinct building located at 139 E. Broadway in Denver City, and suggested setting a minimum bid of \$20,000 for the building, since the precinct headquarters relocated to new facilities a few miles north on U.S. 214. He reported he had received several inquiries about the property, The bid offering was ap-

proved. Pct. 4 Commissioner Jack Cobb sought permission to approve change orders for the Plains Airport new runway construction featured on the front page of this issue of CCN. A suggested move of flow lines and an oil field tank battery would not only save the county some funds, but would enhance the safety of several families living close to the original sites for the project. The request was granted, subject to review by County Attorney Richard Clark.

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