



Union Bus Station Moved To Building West of Western Union Office

The Union Bus Station was moved to the building one door west of the Western Union Telegraph Office Monday. The station was formerly in the Floydada Hotel before the building was demolished by fire last week.

Miss Lucy Crum will be in charge of the new bus terminal.

Southern Trading Company of Lubbock, Bought Seale's Dry Goods Merchandise

Southern Trading Company, of Lubbock, owned by Mr. Holmes and Mr. Watson, bought the merchandise owned by Seales Dry Goods Monday morning at a sale at 10:30.

W. H. Seale will devote all his time to his business as an auctioneer. Mr. R. H. Hale was not definite as to his plans for the future. Messrs. Hale and Seale were owners of Seales Dry Goods.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Claiborne, of Wink, Texas, spent Sunday here visiting with his brother, J. B. Claiborne, and wife. Mr. and Mrs. Claiborne had been visiting with relatives in Quannah and were enroute to their home.

Mrs. Haskell Connolly and small son, Don Ray, returned home Tuesday after spending a week in Electra visiting with her parents and friends.

Jim Stiles, student of Texas Tech at Lubbock, spent several days during the Christmas holidays here visiting with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Patterson and family returned to their home in New Home Sunday after spending a week here visiting with their relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dyer and family spent Christmas visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dyer, and family in Carnegie, Oklahoma. They were accompanied home by his brother, John Dyer, who will spend a week visiting with his brother and family.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Shrader and daughter, Betty Jean, of Denver, Colorado, spent Christmas here visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Guimarin, and her sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scott, of Lovington, New Mexico, spent Christmas here visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Scott and family.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Nelson and Mr. and Mrs. Glad Snodgrass attended the Amarillo and Kerrville football game in Amarillo Saturday. They were guests of the Amarillo News Globe.

Floydada Hotel Was Destroyed by Fire Wednesday, December 23

The Floydada Hotel was totally destroyed by fire, of unknown origin, last Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The building was owned by R. E. Harrison, of Corinth, Mississippi, and L. C. Brown, of Floydada. Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Martin were managers of the hotel.

The Floydada Fire Department answered the call and kept the fire from spreading from the building.

A small amount of insurance was carried on the building by Mr. Harrison and Mr. Burns.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin and family moved to their home on West Missouri Street.

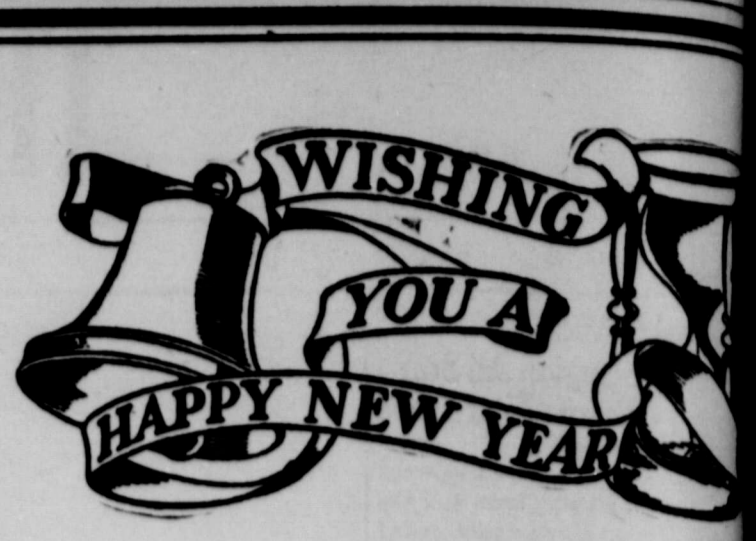
Local Chevrolet Dealer Attended Meeting in Lubbock Tuesday Night

Connor Oden, who is the local dealer for Chevrolet Motor Company, attended a meeting held in Lubbock Tuesday night at the Hilton Hotel by the company. Clinton Fyffe and J. M. Daniel accompanied Mr. Connor Oden and also attended the gathering.

FIREBOYS WILL BE SERVED DINNER ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

A dinner will be given for the fire department of Floydada and Lockney probably on New Year's Day. Business men of Floydada donated the money for the feed to show their appreciation for the work done by the fire boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Modrell Williams returned home Sunday afternoon after spending Christmas in Clovis, New Mexico, Groom and Amarillo. They attended the football game in Amarillo Saturday played between Amarillo and Kerrville for state championship.



There was something we planned to say here, something we'd had in mind all year about old acquaintance that shouldn't be forgot . . . something very flowery, but it all seems rather unimportant in the light of what we feel like saying now that the time has come. It's simply this: everybody wants a happy new year for himself and the other fellow, and we've resolved to do our best in the next 365 days to make it a happy new year for the other fellow, because we know of nothing that will make US happier, a year from today, than the knowledge that we did.

TEXAS UTILITIES COMPANY

The New Year's Dance

By *Martha B. Thomas*

"WINTER," said Dora gayly, "is very becoming to your good looks." The man beside her looked down with pleased amusement. They were skiing, these two, over snowy surfaces, and the man with his bright wide woolen sash and knitted cap to match, made a striking figure on the snow.

"This was a grand idea skiing to the New Year's party," cried Paul. "Otherwise we would not have made it."

"Andy thinks we're crazy. Says we're sure to get stuck, and maybe freeze to death on the way. He's so optimistic," Dora laughed.

"He would! Never saw such a darned cautious guy as Andy. He'll never get anywhere or do anything or have any fun."

"He is pretty solemn at times," admitted Dora a little soberly.

They went on, easily, lightly; curved slopes slid under them; dark leafless trees slipped by. "A New Year's dance does not grow on every bush," remarked Paul. "Better take them in our stride."

The girl's cheeks glowed. Her fair hair tucked under her cap flew out behind in small ringlets. If the distance still seemed a long way, she did not speak of it. She was a little tired, too, but that would pass. Soon they would pause for rest, and for bites of hard chocolate.

"It takes a little imagination, sometimes," said Paul, "to think out ways of doing things. Andy is good, solid dependable stuff, but slightly," he smiled, "dull."

"I like him, though," said Dora stoutly, "and it usually happens he's right . . . worse luck!"

FATHER TIME
By PHILANDER JOHNSON
In Washington Star

WE ALL know a fellow called Old Father Time. He has taught us in prose; he has frivoleed in rhyme. One day he will give us a song or a laugh. And the next he is writing a short epitaph.

The way he jogs on is so quietly queer. We seldom remember his presence so near. But he measures our steps as we falter or climb. He keeps tab on us all, does this Old Father Time.

But his hand is so gentle, although it is strong. That he helps us a lot as he leads us along. And the ruins that rise on the hills of the past. He covers with ivy and roses at last. He teaches the smiles of the present to glow.

While the sorrows are left to the long, long ago. And the knell turns to joy in its merriest chime — He's a pretty good fellow, is Old Father Time.

the snow, but down and down into a surprise gully. A sharp pain shot up from one ankle to knee, and a cold and dreadful faintness crept over her. "Andy," she whispered involuntarily, as one speaks of a safe harbor in time of storm.

Paul came after her. Somehow his picturesque good looks did not count for much now, though he tried valiantly to help her. "I've twisted my ankle, I'm afraid," gasped Dora. "What shall we do? Can you put your imagination to work?" she added.

Just then, cold, truly fearful for what lay ahead, they heard a dim halloo in the distance. They waited and soon Andy's bulky and solid figure stood above the gully. He plunged down quickly and gave not a word of rebuke save "thought you might have trouble, so I trailed you."

It was Andy who took Dora back to her home. He carried her all the way, first over one shoulder, then another. Paul feeling uncomfortable said he guessed he'd go on to the dance. "Happy New Year" was all Andy said.

An arduous, silent and painful experience. Dora could hear the breathing of the man who so bravely bore her over the weary miles. "Why don't you scold me?" she demanded.

She could not see his face, but she felt him smiling. At last Andrew deposited her on her own couch in her own home and telephoned for the doctor. The last bandage was padded into place on her plaster cast as midnight struck. "You know, Andy," remarked Dora slowly, "I'd honestly rather be here with you and a broken ankle, than at the New Year's dance at Dorset. Quaint of me, isn't it?"

Big, solid, unpicturesque Andy stooped over and kissed her. "Happy New Year, dear! I'm afraid it will be a long time till you dance again."

A New Year Opportunity
by Helen Gaisford Waterman

THE New Year's party at Southwood Country club was in full swing, with Fred Gordon, directing the dance orchestra of college boys, putting out sweet music. He was especially anxious to show off his particular variety of syncopated rhythms this evening, as there would be some men there who could, if they wanted to, "do him some good."

He watched Beatrice, his girl, dance by in the arms of a handsome stranger. With a mustache, too! Darn it, he'd grow one!

He brought the rhythm to a crashing climax, and signaled for an intermission. Then his eyes hunted out Beatrice, and he started toward her.

He was delayed by an older man, who wanted to talk to him. It was a better offer than Fred had dreamed of. What a New Year's opportunity! Pater would be sore, of course.

He nodded his acceptance, shook hands heartily, and dashed off toward the conservatory. Beatrice and her companion were just coming back to the dance floor.

"Say, Bee—I've just got to see you a minute. Excuse her, won't you? Bee," he asked suddenly, "will you marry me?"

"Why, Fred!" she exclaimed, amazed at his outburst. "I suppose so—some day, maybe."

"I mean now, right away."

"How could we? You know we have to wait until you finish school and get your start."

"I've got my start. I'm going to lead a dance orchestra and be broadcast. We'll have plenty to live on and a good chance for more."

NOTICE!

Dear Customer: We have only been in the tailor business a few months but we have been there long enough to learn that First Class Cleaning and Pressing (the kind we are determined to do) cannot be done at the prices we have had of late, so that we might exist and you might have still better work, we wish to announce the following prices effective January 1st:

- Suits Cleaned and Pressed . . . 40c
- Dresses (Plain) . . . 50c
- Two Piece or Fancy Dresses . . . 75c
- Ladies Suits . . . 40c
- Men's Overcoats . . . 50c
- Ladies Coats . . . 50c
- Ladies Coats (Fur) . . . 65c
- Pants Cleaned and Pressed . . . 25c

ALL OTHER THINGS IN PROPORTION TO THESE PRICES.

Trusting you will all see our side of this situation and hoping to gain new customers who appreciate good high class tailor work. We remain yours for better tailor work.

FRANCIS AND MARCELLA
P. S. We didn't start this tailor fight anyhow, so we have decided it isn't our place to end it.
Francis Wester Cleaners
We call for and deliver. Phone 66

Classified Ads

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

Door crepes, floral sprays, wreaths designs, corsages, wedding bouquets, decorations. Leave orders at Arthur B. Duncan Abstract Company. Night Telephone No. 69. Hollums, Floydada Florists. 30-tfc

All parts for some cars. Some parts for all cars. Harris Brothers. 89-tfc
We invite you to visit the greenhouse. PARK FLORISTS—Mrs. W. S. Goen. Phone 78. 46-4tc



FIRST SHOWING OF NEW BETTY ROSE SPRING SUITS AND COATS

If you wear a small size, but junior garments are just too "juvenile"—you can be fitted in BETTY ROSE SUITS, and feel right about it!

STYLE SHOPPE
"Always Showing Newest Things. First"
Mrs. Mollie A. Morton, Owner Phone

Carl Marshall, student of Texas Tech, spent Christmas holidays here visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Marshall and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Brody Caudle, of Amarillo, spent Christmas here visiting with his sister, Mrs. J. B. Bishop and family.

Pete Nelson, of Fort Worth, spent Christmas holidays here visiting with his mother, Mrs. E. C. Nelson and family.

Let Cavanaugh Do Your Printing.

FLOYDADA INSURANCE AGENCY

Insurance of all kinds. Your inquiries and business respectfully solicited.

W. H. HENDERSON
OWNER

MISS LOIS COVINGTON AND KYLE GLOVER WERE MARRIED DECEMBER 13

Word was received last week of the marriage of Miss Lois Covington, of this city, and Kyle Glover, of Tularosa, New Mexico. They were married Friday, December 13, in Alamogordo, New Mexico.

The former Miss Covington is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Covington, of this city. She attended school here and was graduated with the senior class of 1934.

Mr. Glover is the son of Garlan Glover, of this city. He attended school here and was graduated with the class of 1933. He is employed in Tularosa and they will make their home there.

The only attendants were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Sanders, of Tularosa, who were formerly of Floydada.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy McDonald and daughter, of Sweetwater, spent the Christmas holidays here visiting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McDonald and Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Olson and families.

MISS RUTH SNELL AND ROY HALE WERE MARRIED SUNDAY IN PETERSBURG

Miss Ruth Snell became the bride of Roy Hale in a simple ring ceremony solemnized in Petersburg at 9 o'clock Sunday morning.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Snell of this city. She has attended school in the Floydada public schools.

The groom is the son Sam Hale, of the Harmony community. He has attended the Floydada schools.

Miss Virginia McKinney and Lois Williams were the only attendants. Mr. and Mrs. Hale will make their home in the Harmony community.

Mrs. Mabelle Moseley, of Lubbock, spent Thursday night and Friday here visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Fields and family.

Miss Roberta Abernathy left Friday afternoon for Lubbock, where she enrolled in a beauty school. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Abernathy.



EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted, and possible pain
Take heart with the day, and begin again.
—SUSAN COOLIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Grundy, of Abilene, spent Christmas holidays here visiting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hilton and Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Grundy.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jones and family, of Lubbock, spent Christmas here visiting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam McCleskey and Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Jones, and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Standley, family of Littlefield, spent Christmas holidays here visiting with their mother, Mrs. E. C. Nelson and family.

Mrs. E. C. Nelson returned Thursday after spending two days in Amarillo visiting with her mother, Mrs. E. C. Nelson and family.

First National Bank
Floydada, Texas

1903—TIME TESTED SERVICE—1936



Success In The New Year

MAY this new year prove a brighter day dawning for all our friends and patrons. We are deeply grateful for the cooperation and patronage you have given us in 1936. We shall strive to please you more in 1937. We wish you happiness, health and success in all your undertakings . . . throughout the glad New Year.

West Texas Gas Co.
GOOD GAS WITH DEPENDABLE SERVICE

A New Year Decision
by Katherine Edelman

PERHAPS it was something about the closing of the year that brought Paul and Ethel to the final decision. Anyway, it was New Year's eve when they talked the matter over in a business-like way, and definitely decided upon the break. Months of growing irritation seemed to leave no other alternative than the court, they agreed. Both seemed relieved when the decision was made, and both agreed the quicker everything was over and settled, the better. They would begin packing up right away: the smaller things could be put away tonight.

Outside snow was falling in thick, white flakes. Every now and then sudden gusts of wind rattled the doors and windows. But neither of them seemed to notice. Perhaps the tumult in their own hearts dulled them to the fact that a storm of a different kind was venting its anger outdoors.

"What about this old clock Uncle Henry gave us?" Ethel asked, as she took it down from the mantel.

Paul laughed a little harshly. "You keep it," he said; "time isn't going to mean a thing to me from now on."

"But it came from your Uncle," Ethel protested; "he would want you to have it."

"I tell you I don't give a darn about the clock—or about anything else for that matter." Paul threw a pile of books that he had just picked up across the length of the room. "Let's get some one else to do this—this sort of thing makes the whole business seem awful."

"Why, Paul, we just decided that we would be business-like—that we would make no fuss, or—"

"Well, I thought I felt that way, but I was wrong. I just can't fool with this stuff tonight. . . . Ethel, this may sound crazy, but is there any reason, now that we've decided to part for good, why we can't go out and celebrate the New Year together. We—we don't have to really like each other to do that—we can go down and watch the crowds. Anything to get away from this gloom!"

"Do you really mean that?" There was a queer little catch in Ethel's voice as she spoke, and her blue eyes seemed a bit misty. "Of course I'll go—I'll be glad to—there's too many ghosts around here tonight; it does make packing a bit difficult. . . . But, can you get a cab this late?"

"I'll get one," Paul's voice was firm. Relief and eagerness shone from his dark eyes. "You hurry and doll up. I'll see to the cab."

In half an hour they started away. Both were flushed, excited. It seemed a bit daring, adventurous, to go out celebrating the New Year together, when they had decided only an hour ago that life under the same roof was unbearable any longer.

In spite of the crowds in the hotels and cafes, they found a little table, with a delightful view of everything that was going on. Paul ordered a bit recklessly. Since this was to be their last evening together, he was going to do the job right. But when the food came, they both ate rather silently. The small talk that had come so easy on the way down seemed to suddenly fall them. . . . Every once in a while Paul glanced across the table at his wife. What a pity, he thought, they couldn't make a go of things! In his eyes Ethel was easily the best

THE NEW YEAR
By GEORGE COOPER
in Indianapolis News

A SONG for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!
But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!
Oh, its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;
But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave so true!
But, with hearts of glee
Let us merrily
Welcome the bright, bright New!
For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;
But a joy more sweet,
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled!
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New,
Heart and purpose ever leal!
Let the ill we met,
And the sad regret,
With the Old be buried deep;
For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

looking woman in the room—distinguished, different. . . . Once his glance caught hers and held it for a moment. They both flushed and turned hurriedly to their plates.

Some one asked the orchestra to play "Love's Old Sweet Song." As silence followed the opening of the familiar melody both of them were swept by emotion. . . . Their love had been the most wonderful thing in the world! How had it died so soon? What had happened? That was the question taunting both of them as the song went on.

Looking back they saw a hundred little things, magnified until they assumed tragic proportions—small hurts left unhealed, sharp words.



One Glance Caught Hers and Held It for a Moment.

silence and misunderstanding. There had been nothing terribly serious; neither could find any big, bitter thing accountable for the wreckage.

Again, Paul looked at Ethel. This time she made no effort to look away. Tears shone in her eyes. Suddenly his hand stole across the table and found hers. "I love you, Ethel," he breathed; "can't we begin again?—can't we prove to ourselves and to the world that "Love's Old Sweet Song" is really the sweetest song of all?"

For a moment they did not realize that the orchestra had changed to a livelier air. Then as they sensed its swinging rhythm Paul reached out his arms. In a moment they were gliding with the happy throng of dancers, a newer and deeper love throbbing in their hearts.

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Resolution That Fails
It is sad but true that never yet has a New Year's resolution paid the Christmas bills.



The Casual Coat
INTERPRETED BY
Betty Rose

Coats for many moods . . . Coats for all around wear. Cut to stress your fashionably square shoulders, to cinch-in your slim waist. BETTY ROSE Coats can bring you such soft, various fabrics that tailor beautifully, without trace of bulk—at this modest price.

COLORS: All Fashion's Favorites

New Spring Frocks

We are showing New Spring Dresses in the new Spring styles and colors. We invite to come in and see our New Spring Line.

STYLE SHOPP
"Always Showing Newest Things First"
Mrs. Mollie A. Morton, Owner



Comics Are Not All You Buy

When you order your daily newspaper but they are a large part of the fun and entertainment in the homes today and the Times and Record News afford their readers the greatest array of comics, daily and Sunday, to be found in daily newspapers anywhere.

SIXTEEN COMICS ON SUNDAY
And a Page in both the Times and Record News Each Day, headed up by "Popeye" and the "Major," the most popular comic leaders of the day. That is not all—there are scores of other features with news from the Associated Press, United Press and the International News Service covering all of the events of the world today in these papers.

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