

# The Baird Star

DEMOCRACY, SIRS, CANNOT

Ride safely upon the backs of cowards, or those who would put gain and ease above principle—any man who would hesitate to stand out for his sort of government, and who neglects to vote is an enemy to democracy!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1944

(Callahan)

The Baird Star, Baird, Texas,—In Its 57th Year

(County)

VOLUME LVII, and NUMBER 40

## Baird School 1944-1945 Session Opens Monday

### A Clear, Sweet Call Back to School Life

(By Olaf G. South, Superintendent)

Even now, when our gallant men are fighting around the world, even now, when our total energies at home must be focused on producing materials of war; even now, we say to the boys and girls of this community:

#### "Go to school!"

Go to school and learn all you can from your teachers, your books, your laboratories, and your school mates.

Learn how people live together harmoniously, work together creatively, play together joyously, and think together courageously!

Knowing these things will be of far greater value to you, boys and girls, than any dollars and cents you might earn now.

You want this country to be powerful and prosperous, but it can do its duty in world leadership only if its citizens continue to have the "know how."

The best place for you to get ready for tomorrow is in school today.

The war manpower commission says schooling comes first.

To give up a job and return to school may mean a temporary sacrifice of income, but your battle station is in school. The nation's leaders ask that you return to your post of duty in school, and stay by it until you have finished the job.

Schools prepare you for war-time service and peace-time living—both are important.

Languages, mathematics, sciences, history, government, technical skills, physical fitness, and democracy are all learned in school.

The coming of peace will confront mankind with a staggering task of rebuilding a shattered, sick and impoverished world. There will be a call for millions of skilled, well-educated, intelligent, and industrious men and women.

Will you be ready to answer the call, young people of Baird?

The best way to prepare yourselves is by attending school with promptness and regularity.

Do you want to do something for your country and yourself? Then, go to school.

If you want to get ready for what's ahead—go to school!

All through the war period, we've made an excellent record, so far as pupil attendance is concerned, and I sincerely hope that we may maintain this fine record through the coming year. To this end, we respectfully request the hearty cooperation of parents, and employers of school-age youth—that the child might attend school without interruption.

As your superintendent and friend I advise you to give up whatever you are doing, and go to school. We will be looking for you—every one of you Monday morning, September 11. Don't disappoint us!

—Olaf G. South, Supt.

### Football Schedule

Sept. 29—Putnam, here.  
Oct. 6—Colorado City, here.  
Oct. 13—Rotan, there.  
Oct. 20—Roby, here.  
Oct. 27—Lorraine, here.  
Nov. 3—Snyder, there.  
Nov. 11—Cross Plains, there.  
Nov. 17—Merkel, there.  
Nov. 24—Roscoe, there.  
Nov. 30—Hobbs, here.

### CHURCH OF CHRIST MEETINGS

We are sorry overwork makes us to dog tired to attend the services. Reports say that good crowds are going and that the young evangelist is doing some mighty good sermonizing.

### RED CROSS TASK IN OFFING

The indefatigable, irrepressible, irenic Mrs. Corinne Blackburn says the next quota of materials for the ladies to work into surgical dressings is expected soon—maybe work can begin next Tuesday.

Postal receipts for July shows a three million upswing, and this is credited to back and forth mail to the dough boys.

### School Opens Monday

Assembly Scheduled at 9:30, A. M.

Friends and patrons of the local school are invited to be present for the opening exercises in the High School auditorium, Monday, September 11, at 9:30, A. M.

There will be a short program followed by registration and issuing of books. School will be dismissed at noon Monday. Classes will begin at 9:30, Tuesday.

Lunches will be served in the school lunch room at a cost of 10c.

Ham Wright, former methodist pastor, will make a short talk at the opening program.

### Our School Principals

Vacancies in the principalships of both High and Grammar Schools are filled by the local Board.

Mr. John Shrader, a veteran teacher of Calahan and Eastland counties, has accepted the principalship of the Grammar School, succeeding Hugh W. Smith, who held the position for 12 years. He has accepted the superintendency of the Moran school.

Mr. Shrader has recently been the superintendent of the Scranton Public School. Two of his daughters teach in the Eula school of this county.

The High School Principal and math teacher will be Mr. E. T. Powers of O'Brien. He succeeds Mr. Bailey Johnson who has accepted the superintendency of the Clyde School.

Mr. Powers headed the Dowell school in Fisher County last year.

For five years he was high school principal of the Rotan school. He is a graduate of Hardin-Simmons University. He has one daughter who is in Washington, D. C.

School officials believe these two men with their wives will be valuable citizens of the community as well as excellent school men.

Other new teachers for the year are Sam Driskill, science; Evelyn Frazier, Home Economics; Mrs. Edith Settle, Speech and English; Mrs. Mary Jo Garner, fourth grade.

Mr. Powers will live in the Mrs. Jennie Harris hom, north of Hospital, recently purchased by Mrs. Frazier.

### Teacher Assignments AND OFFICERS OF THE SCHOOL

Teachers and their assignments, as follows:

Miss Meyer—First Grade.  
Mrs. South—First and Second Grs.  
Mrs. Dunwoody—Second Grade.

#### Grammar School

Mrs. Short—Third Grade.  
Mrs. Garner—Fourth Grade  
Mrs. Hall—Fifth Grade.  
Mrs. Webster—Sixth Grade.  
Mrs. Ivey—Seventh Grade.  
Mrs. Grimes—Eighth Grade.  
Mr. Shrader—Principal Grammar School, and Math.

#### HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. E. Powers—Principal of High School and Math.  
Mr. Driskill—Science.  
Mrs. White—History.  
Mrs. Melroy—Library and English  
Mrs. Nichols—English and Spanish  
Mrs. Edith Sellers—Speech/English  
Miss Evelyn Frazier—Home Eco.  
Miss Arven—Business Administration.  
Mr. W. B. Hicks—Fr. Math and Study Hall.  
Vocational Agriculture open.  
Olaf G. South, Supt.  
Mr. V. Hughes—Building Custodian.

Bus drivers—  
Sam Dunlap Belle Plain.  
Geo. Eubanks, Admiral.  
J. H. Hughes, Jackson.  
Carl Cook, Baird.  
R. D. Bryant, Baird.

Lunchroom Attendants—  
Mesdames Vaught, Bruce, Dennis and Ground.  
Mrs. Siadous—President PTA.  
PTA Lunchroom Committee—  
Mesdames Hickman, Johnson, Hart and Dyer.

Scholl Board Members—  
Messrs. A. C. Yarbrough, V. E. Hill, B. L. Russell, Jr., G. H. Tankersley, Irvin Corn, T. A. White, and Ralph Ashlock.

### SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE?



### Please Overlook All Typographical Errors!

Folks, the many misspelled words and errors in the Star were seen by us before the paper was printed, but if the meaning was clear we let it go, because ten to 12 hours a day in an effort to do the mechanical work entailed in producing the Star and doing the job work that comes in is getting us down; so we are purposely letting many errors get by.

We can't part for machine, we can not find competent help—it is not our wish to have paper full of errors but it can't be helped.—The Editor, Job Printer, Publisher, Devil, and general factotum of The Baird Star.

### Carelessness Costly to Mr. L. L. Blackburn

Some one left hydrant open in room over L. L. Blackburn's law offices between late Saturday afternoon, and Monday morning, so when Mr. Blackburn opened his office last Monday morning, he found water running under the door, and an inch or more of water on the floor.

All of his desks and papers were saturated with water—ten just-completed abstracts were soaked, which may have to be re-typed—and that is terrifying to him, because he must do his own typing—no typist available.

Luckily, the upper floor was sagged a bit, and he found that his law books were in a corner which escaped the dripping water; but one \$10.00, newly bought book, on his desk was ruined!

He had to lay aside "Law" for the morning and afternoon, and wield a broom for hours trying to coax the water out—and he faces the fact that the person who would do so carelessly usually is too poor to pay damages; so being good natured, he passes it up with, "Oh, the money loss was small; it was purely an accident, and I shall not even try to find out who did it."

You know, if I had been the careless one, my conscience would whip me in with an apology as big as Blackburn's generous nature, and it would have to be a whooper, too!

### OUTSTANDING WORK IN TECH.

Mrs. Will McCoy has cause to be proud of her Daughter Miss Betty McCoy who toady ehr B. A. Degree at Texas Tec, Lubbock, Texas, majoring in Business Administration.

She was graduated in August, and is now taking a rest in Houston. She not only led in Campus and academic activities, but did much of the work required to support herself in college, and then made the degree in three years!

Any girl who bucks up and does much work to make her way in the school, has the stuff in her out of which great women are made. Congratulation, Miss Betty.

### Teachers To Get Wage Boost Says Committee

Supt. Chrisman handed me a letter from State Superintendent's Office, advising that the Joint Legislative Committee has gone and got Governor's concurrence to the boosting of teachers salaries, by future legislation, as follows—

A base pay raise of \$75 a month for each teacher on duty during the last four months of the 1944-1945 school year.

An increase from \$160 to \$220 per teacher in "unaccredited schools, and \$180 to \$240 per teacher in accredited school as the annual allowance for all current operating expenses of the school other than salaries.

\$1 per month increase for each pupil transported during the last four months of 1944-1945.

Lowering the time 4 to 3 months for tuition in those receiving high schools whose budgets show that the state money will not operate their schools more than three months—thus paying tuition for 6 months rather 5 months.

Please bear in mind that all of these raises will be a supplement to the regular budget and salary schedule when the Legislature authorizes it and that the salary schedule when the School starts and the budget will be based on present law—and no changes can be made until the Legislature Authorizes such changes.

### THANK ALLAH, THE GOOD OLD HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN! OH BOY! OH BOY!

Yesiree, no foolin'! I was in the county Superintendent's Office and accidentally discovered that he had held "Teachers Examinations" last Friday and Saturday, and that three charming ladies took the examination for elementary Teachers' Certificates.

I said, "Why, you can't be right about that—college, college, university, university, degree, degree is the only door to the storm centers of misinformation; and he or she that enters by any other door is a thief and a robber!"

He said, "Yes, that was true until last year, but now we are giving "county examinations" to those who want to teach; and we will have another first Friday and Saturday in December!"

Well, I'll be giggered for a sucker! Page Frank! Yes, Franklin Delano! Yes, Yes; Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

Mrs. Lloyd Farmer, Miss Rose Farmer and Miss Edith Farmer took the examination, all from Eula; and now some school is going to get the simon-pure educating; arn't they Felix? You know, folks, colleges and universities have become famous for everything but intelligence and good old horse sense!

Gosh, feel like busting into rap-sodie melodies, "Keep the home fires aburing," and "Way down on the Swanee Rivur"; and the "Old Gray mare is Gonna be What She Used to be!"

### OLD SALT FOR SIX MONTHS HOME ON FULOUGH—TALL AND STIRRING TALES OF SEA LIFE!

Seaman 2nd Class Eldon Bowen of Cottonwood and his civilian cousin Lindy Bowen also of Cottonwood paid the Star a visit last Thursday, and we enjoyed their visit very much, for Eldon had some interesting experiences to relate.

He has been in service only six months, but has seen plenty of action.

Aboard a supply ship his vessel was in the fleet whir whirred at Saipan, and one of the Marshall Islands.

Asked his most exciting experience, he replied, "I guess it was the fake landing at Saipan, January 15. The Allies pretended a landing at one point to distract the Japs while real landing at another point was made. The Japs fired on our men while our ships kept a constant bombardment on the Island, and the Jap "We sank a Jap ship and crippled others."

"Were you scared?"  
"Yes I was, but I had a 3-inch gun to play with myself, so I did not have too much time to think about it."

"Is there ever anything to feel thankful for in times like that?"

With a grin, he replied, "Well, yes; thankfou our supply ships are not in the front line of the battle—I'd rather watch through a field glass!"

His ship delived a cargo of wounded men to Honolulu, then sailed for San Diego and he got away for his home.

After a visit with home folks, he goes back for another turn at the business of war.

### MIKE C. HUGHES BETS AIR MEDAL FOR MERITORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AND SERVICE!

An 8th air Force Bomber Station, England, releases this: "T-Sgt. Mike C. Hughes, 21, radio operator and waist gunner on a B-24 Liberator in the 3rd Bombardment Division of the 8th Air Force, has been awarded the Air Medal for "Meritorious Achievement, coolness, courage and skill" during bombing attacks on Nazi war making installations."

Sergeant Hughes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hughed, and his wife, live in Baird. He is a graduate of Baird High, and at the time of his enlistment he was a student in Abilene Christian College, where he starred in football and track.

In awarding the medal, Col. Ernest F. Wackwitz group commander commended his skillful participation in aerial attacks which are "knocking out German resistance and helping to insure victory for allied armies."

### THE PROUD MOTHER OF STALWART SOLDIER SON

Mrs. Bryant, mother of W. Lynn Bryant, AMM2-c, showed us some recent picture of him and the crew of his plane, taken on the Eastern battlefield. Lynn with his 201 lbs. towering over the rest of the crew, showed an expression which certainly reflected none of the nervous tension which we hear of our flyers suffering. He writes that he is fine.

He sent his mother some lovely hankies and souvenirs from France France.

### THEM SETTLESSE FOREGATHF, R

Selwyn Earnest Settle, U. S. NTC, was home on leave the past week, so a real home-coming was staged—Miss Christine from Eula, Miss Helen from St. Martinville, La., Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fulcher, Jr., of Fort Stockton came to enjoy Bob's comforting presence. And Henry of Abilene, and Mary Lou at home of course were in the gathering—and it said that, the mother of the flock beamed a beam as big as all of their combined loves on them, and dug to the bottom of the pantry for the best! Reckon she enjoyed it?

Besides the family, Mr. B. M. Batts of Ballenger and Miss Kathleen Ozenne of St. Martinsville, La., were present.

Time was when mother saved her wedding dress for daughter. Now she saves it for her next wedding.



PVT. JIMMIE R. MATHIS

Who has been stationed at Camp Robertson, Arkansas, has spent five days with his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Jess Mathis of Baird.

Jimmie has been in the service since April this year. He is with the Army engineers. He left Fort Worth Sunday for Baltimore, where he will be in school eight weeks. He finished his basic training at Camp Robertson.

Jimmie is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. Mathis. They have one daughter Inez, who is employed as a telephone operator in Los Angeles. Her husband is stationed in Washington. Jimmie has 11 cousins in the armed forces, one uncle who was with the 131st lost battalion, and is a prisoner of the Japs. He is private Richard Shields of Abilene. Mrs. Mathis is his youngest sister.

### LETTER FROM GERMAN PRISON

The following letter quotes from T-Sgt. Buddy Hart, who is now in a German prison camp, must have been balm for his mother, father and relatives, as well as friends:

"We are getting along fine, so far; have not been mistreated, and have had plenty to eat—thanks to the Red Cross, who are doing a wonderful job over here.

"I'm going to school, taking accounting, Spanish, and Algebra. I like Spanish best. We play softball, and work in a garden too. All together it occupies our time pretty well.

"There are several boys from near home here, and we have organized a "Texas Club". Carlisle Hensley and I get together quite often and talk about the folks back home. Charles Hart is here, too; and we were talking about things at home, and wondering if you would have the family reunion this year. If you do, we wish we could be there to enjoy it with you.

"You should see my hair-cut. They practically shaved my head. I hope it will grow out in two more months.

"I am writing this letter to you on Mother's day. The time for our letter writing came in just right this time.

"I have been thinking of you today, and wishing I could send you something, but this letter is all I can offer. I hope by next Mother's Day to be with you. How are Howard, Mary Jo, and Don? Guess Don is quite a big fella now. Sure would like to see him. How is Bill, and does he still have his paper route?

"There is so much to say and such a small space to say it in—I can't write much.

"All my love, Buddy."

It was back in March when his parents were notified that he had been lost in action. He was a radio-gunner on a B-24 Liberator, and it went down February 22, 1944.

So he has been in a German prison nearly seven months!

### S-SGT KRAFT VISITS HERE

Mr. & Mrs. Perry Hughes had as their week-end guest S-Sgt. Wayne Kraft of Denver, Colo., Sgt. Kraft was with the 45th and has seen lots of action, and was invalided home.

He will report the 4th September at Fort Sam Houston Hospital, San Antonio for further orders. Sgt Kraft and two of the Hughes boys were pals in arms.

Clyde Carroll S 2-c and A. S. Tommie Carroll—one in the far east ern United States, and the other in San Diego, both write that they are fine. Navy life seems to agree with them.



THE BAIRD STAR



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Who's The Double-Crossers Good Sir?

DOUBLE-CROSSING?—NOT A SMIDGEN IN A HUNDRED

This Alabam Attorney hit the nail on the head—  
Dallas News, Monday: "Asserting the national Democratic Party has adopted a policy insulting to the South, Sam M. Johnson, Mobile Attorney, withdrew Saturday as one of Alabama's eleven Democratic electors."

"He declared the Democratic national platform was largely spurious and added, 'I should want a ticket headed by Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, or Senator Lee O'Daniel of Texas, or some other Democrat of their stature, integrity and political principles.'"

When Southern men of decency and self-respect warn the Yankee Democrats if you don't quit meddling in our race problems, and otherwise insulting the South, they will not endorse their nominees, and do this before the Yankees name their candidates, where do you find any double-crossing? If it has been a custom to name nominees for the presidential electors, at conventions held all over the South only on Presidential years, and pros and antis meet in the State wings of the National Party, and fight it out, and the antis win, and name their electors, in sympathy with the antis, where is there an iota of double-crossing?

If the antis had been "yes men" at the several (three) state party conventions, and been as double-crossing as Roosevelt has been, and as oily, and named all anti electors, and then come out and said, after the conventions were closed, and said we will not vote for National Nominees, that would have been double-crossing! Or, if they had true Roosevelt sort of politicians, and have waited until votes in November were in, and then said, "We will not vote for Roosevelt-Truman double-crossers, that would have been New Deal sort of double-crossing."

There's no element of double-crossing in one's conduct when he tells you before he accepts a commission what he is going to do, if he does that; but if he does something else, he fits every measure of a double-crosser!

Folks stayed at home and were too busy to attend precinct, county, and State conventions in May, so they have no grounds to complain if the conventions did not do what they wanted them to do!

The only double-crossers at present are those nominated electors at the May convention in Austin who say they will vote for Roosevelt and Truman!

If the pros had won at Austin, they would have torn their vocal cords and exposed their gizzards, as they houted, "It has been settled legally, traditionally and wholly regularly at Austin on the 23rd of May and this little old State Democratic Party convention to convene at Dallas, September 12, has no jurisdiction!"

What about our true democrats who have either never gone off on a trail of false gods, or who have and repented of their sins, if the electors elected in November votes for Roosevelt and Truman? We would be as completely double-crossed as men could be!

True democrats were double-crossed in 1932, when the nominee promised everything, and did the opposite?

We were ignored in 1936, but we did not whine, "We've been double-crossed!" We were ignored in 1940, but we did not whine, "We've been double-crossed!" We held our noses and voted the yellow-dog ticket, or we did the honest, manly thing and voted a split ticket each November!

Only the thief that will slip in the back door, and steal your jewels will cry, "Thief, we've been double-crossed," when there is not an iota of double-crossing in the deal!

Any man or any lawyer (especially) who will appear at Dallas next

Tuesday, and try to use a purely state party function, which is committed to purely state legislative and executive affairs, is unworthy Texas citizenship.

Just as the National Convention at Chicago was charged with giving policy and instructions to President and Congress, the convention to be held at Dallas is for the purpose of stating policy of Texas for her Legislature and Governor; and to miss control of the Presidential conventions and then carry the fight into the Governor's convention, is bad faith and dishonest practice in their maximum proportions.

All of these crooked new dealers, who have made a dirty dish rag of laws and constitutions when they stood in their way, are shouting to the few who are too honest to bend the pregnant knee of Jeffersonian democracy to skulduggery homage, "Shut up; we are trying to win the war," while they are busy all of the time in underground meetings laying the web that will enmesh our liberties, and hang the bill of rights on the gibbet.

So long as my strength holds out, God being my helper, shall shout in my columns, from the house tops:

"Chains of your slavery under the national government are being forged! Awake! Arouse yourselves! Act before it is everlastingly too late!"

Ten League Strides of The Money Changers

FROM CONGRESSIONAL CONTROL TO PRIVATE CONTROL!

Don't Spoof that Statement, Folks, Because We Are Now Down to Rock-Bottom—You Shall See

In the outset, I want to say that while I am 100 per cent for FREE-PRIVATE enterprise, I am 100 per cent for 100 per cent public Congressional controlled money; because money is of necessity a creature of the government, and must be controlled and functioned by the government from the creation of it to its ultimate circulation!

Home Base—London, 1694

This week we want to give the foot-prints, sketchily, of the ten-league strides the private money changers have made since 1694, the creation of the Bank of England by William Paterson, up to 1933.

First Foot-Print, Washington, 1791.

In 1791, almost 100 years later, during the second year of our national existence under our Constitutional Delegated Authority, Congress in an effort to meet the "delegated power, to coin money" passed an Act creating the first United States Bank. This was an effort to get away from the ruinous private banking business, under the domination of the Bank of England.

This was a step in the right direction, and very injurious to the private money changers' interest; so a campaign started to destroy the people's confidence in the Bank which was also the fiscal agent of the U. S. of America; but due to no daily papers, no telephones, no wireless, no motion pictures to carry their propaganda, the first United States Bank survived its chartered life, but at its expiration in 1811, the charter was not renewed.

2nd Foot-Print, Washington, 1815

On the death of the First Bank for the United States, State Banks in the hands of private money changers, started out with 88 banks, and a period of wild-cat banking ensued that cost the depositors millions of dollars; so it was an issue in the Madison Campaign of 1814, resulting in the passage in 1815 of the Act creating the Second United States Bank, and this bank only survived its charter, 20 years, and in 1835 the private bankers, headed by such men as Morgan, under the domination of the Bank of England, carried on

with many a shameful page in its record; so when the Civil War burst upon us, private bankers dictated the First National Act of 1863, which gave private bankers their first direct control of a Congressional Created banking system.

Third Foot-Print, Washington, 1863

Lincoln was compelled to support the National Banking Act of 1863, by these private money changers in order to get them to finance the war between the states, and for 50 years the people survived the manipulation of moneys by these Congressionally abetted money changers. Amendments were added from time to time which boosted this ten-league strider to carry on in the face of hundreds of bank failures wherein the depositors lost all or almost all of their accounts—money on deposit.

During all of this time, bankers created money through making loans but they had no way to write-off the excess or surplus money, except the closing of banks.

Fourth Foot-Print, Washington, 1913

Under the unwitting, well-meaning Wilson, the triumphant foot-print was made, when Congress Passed the Federal Reserve Act which put the national's money wholly and completely at the mercy and under the power of the money changers—and our today Barney Baruch was the midwife at the birthing of this money giant that is now at Dumbarton lacing its boots for the world-stride in private control of the money of the world!

Fifth Foot-Print, Washington, 1934

The Capstone of this edifice of private money was put on in 1934 when gold was demonetized, and banking had its last shackle taken from its legs by Franklin Roosevelt, and he has been the most persistent rider of this nag the Nation has ever seen.

When gold was taken out of circulation, and gold bonds called in and the restrictions were taken off of corporation and bank "portfolio" contents, complete and absolute control of money went to hands of the Federal Reserve Authority, which, at its own discretion, may "go out and create money in unlimited quantities!"

The wildest wild-cattling ever indulged in by banking in any age has twice sent our money supply into the stratosphere, and the first write-off method spanned in increasing frequencies in the closing of banks—until finally every bank in the United States closed its doors, and was retrieved only through the borrowing from Peter to Pay Paul method of the New Deal regime; and when the great benefactor dusted off their clothes, gave them ne wponers to repeat the wild-cattling business with the people's resources, the fear of the people stood adamant in the way of going on under the white-washed thing—too many people throughout the United States had lost in bank failures; so Congress, (a willing captive) passed the Federal Insurance Act.

This was congressional propaganda directed to the allaying of the little man's fears. It insures only your first \$5,000. These smart guys knew that if a man could maintain a \$5,000 checking account, he would be too smart to make a run on a bank—he would know that no bank could pay out of its cash on hand each depositor, if called upon to do so.

The boom of the late twenties put the money supply beyond control of the manipulators of money—now under the lie of relief and war. Now un- any supply has shot to an all-time high of more than FOUR HUNDRED BILLION DOLLARS!

And that brings us to the present ten-league stride of this giant that is sucking men and their creative powers into its crepuscular maw! More next week.

They Cry Peace And There Can be No Peace

Some time ago Han Henglishman got off quite a splutter about the ignorance of the American people of their not understanding the wholly worthwhileness of the Henglish people; and winds up his "Atlantic Monthly-Dallas News" diatribe with: "My opinion is that the English hit back—and hit fairly, but hard!"

Of course he still sees themselves as monitors of the world—India, the Pacific Continent, South Africa, and United-States-Canada, with other possessions which fill in the interstices so that the "sun never sets on our empire;" and he wholly agrees with Churchill that we are not going to be charged with "the dismemberment of our king's empire!"

He hedges by saying Britain does not get one penny of taxes from India and we agree he must be telling the truth—t-a-x-e-s—but empty boats do pull up from England to the India's ports, and return laden with India's slave-produced, and slave-garnered,

and slave-loaded goods. Britain's Army and Navy have always been the coleting agencies of the autocracy of England, who owns India's resources!

And that leads me to say this: Not great navies; not great armies; not great balances of power; not smart diplomacy; not allied agreements; not control of money and materials of the world will bring to the world peace and tranquility— Only two things will do that:

First. No man will want an additional 100 acres, nor the other store! Second. No man will undertake to mess around in another's back yard, or question another's mode of life!

That's right. Man will be at war so long as he is on this earth; for few ever rise above self—he lives upon his belly, and crawls like a snake—has since the Garden of Eden days!

What business then is it of Britain if the 180 different dialects in India war and fight? If they want to split into 180 warring factions, and live in poverty, that's their business, and not the business of the Lord's of England.

Am I an isolationist? In one sense, yes, 100 per cent—that's politically and on the other hand, I am global 100 per cent economically—that is a man and his wife and his dog and brats have a right to go wherever their whims lead, without passport or trade restrictions—conditioned on two things—he and his are subject to the country where they are, and they leave value for value that they take away.

I would let the world drop into 100's of small units, each supreme politically.

I would let the world be free—and freetrade, free intercourse—freedom of thought and action—staying religiously with the proposition that if man left his dog behind he lost title to the dog, and when he turned up on a foreign strand, or across the imaginary boundary that separated his old from his new state, he would be that instant wholly under the laws and customs of the new land!

That's rot you say? Well, so long as you think so, and believe (with the Heil Hitlers) that you are the lord's greatest homo sapiens, you can glorify presidents, and wash the hem of his shirttail with your tears when he sends them to their death—but looking up into his face like a dying hawk at the while and saying in tear-softened words, "You are so good!"

Are Leaders Dumb By Nature, or by Design?

Myron Blaylock and the Governor of Texas, facing in opposite directions, have been trying to ride two party steeds going in opposite directions. Get the picture?

It was never done—it takes an artist at acrobatic stunts to ride two horses going in the same direction. Both of these wild mustangs from the original democratic corral, are stampeding in opposite directions, both would-be riders, if they persist, will find themselves where Sammy was when the calf ran over him.

At last the Governor (and I want to parens here that he has been one of the fairest hopes in my list of friends) has broken his long silence and comes out for twin beds where these mustangs may be tucked in—and at the head of one bed he would write

"Anti-Roosevelt Democrats" and at the head of the other—

"Pro-Roosevelt Democrats" He would place these twin beds, as loving beds of conjugality are placed, in same colume of the November Ballot, both with the larger heading over them—

"THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY"— And then he would sadwich this between Republican Party, Uational Socialist, and what have you come November balloting!

But as the democratic family begin to gather under the old rooftop, when the great un-bought portion of the family saw "Pro-Roosevelt" over one bed, it would stir hell up in his form; and the same for the bought-members of the family, when they saw "anti-Roosevelt" over the other! But the Governor would ignore the children's glowerings, and tuck them in bed, all 46 electors, and say to the rest of the family—"Choose either bed, you will find our children tucked therein!"

Why, if you should print a ticket like that, the names in those beds would "cinema-like" become hazy forms, and the ticket would fall apart as you gazed at it in your hand! No; Governor, you can't set up a democratic harem—not yet.

The Governor refuses to face the fact that Dallas Convention next week is not the National Democratic Party, foregathering; that it has no legal, moral, precedental, or traditional prerogative, authority or right to meddle with what the May Convention did—in May it was the Texas wing of the National

Democratic Party in action.— Its work has been done; it is legally and morally beyond recall—and to try to undo or "instruct" these 23 certified electoral nominees would be unthinkable.

The howl is heard that "if the electors don't promise to vote for Roosevelt-Truman gangsters, that even the soldier boys will be double-crossed. What about those who prefer Byrd or some other true democrat?"

Nothing but frankness has characterized the course of the anti-new deal democrats—they served notice on the National Party that they'd not support the nominees if three important guarantees were not restored to the South—and the CIO controlled National Democratic Party laughed in their faces, tore their shirt in two, and handed other half to the rumpers to wipe their noses on; so no one can say that the regularly nominated electors have not been everything but double-crossers!

Now the Pros can vote for Dewey's boys, if they have to choose between democratic anti-roosevelt or democratic pro-roosevelts.

Looks like somebody in Texas is going to have to take a walk—and the law and the tradition of the party argues that it will be the New Dealers! They had as well lose their vote as the rest of the unbought citizens of Texas.

The Governor says in Sunday's press that he may stay in his tent at Dallas "if the bad little boys do not kiss and make up," and agree to lie in twin beds in November election. Okeh, Governor—now is the time for bold, aggressive standing—and remember in times like these "appeasers" are on the toboggan!

Myron Blaylock, wanting to remain the little Lord Fontleroy of Texas Democracy, has been running from anti to pro with songs of love and the uncton of his laying on f hands, trying to get them to make up, but now that the bad little boys will not he says: "IT would be a shame to double cross Texas service men (the cry of the defeated coward—hides behind untouchable service men) who don't vote for electors but for Roosevelt-Truman or Dewey-Bricker!"

Every lawyer in the U. S. when licensed to practice law had to take an oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States, and the State licensing him; yet Blaylock, a lawyer swallows without a whimper the unconstitutional "service-men's ballots, which has no list of electors" but has names of candidates for President on them!

Every ballot without electors on them, but the names of candidates for President and Vice-President is an illegal, unconstitutional, unholy thing—and reflects on the men in service. Are they too dense to know how to vote the regular ballot, or are they too dumb to know which party is the New Deal party?

The whole mess is a fine kettle of fish—red herrings!

The founders of the government wisely set up the check against the very thing which is about to be tried, the election of a man on mass-woolgathered votes—they set up the electoral college which has functioned 145 years—and now the politicians drunk with succession in office, are dynamiting this protection.

Any man who will propose the violation of either statutory or common law, much less the explicit injunction of a nation's organic law, is little shrt of a criminal—well, may be he is one!

Let the Pro gang set up a new party—they hissed Jefferson in 1940 and ignored him in 1944—let them be honest and boldly say, "We, the despoilers of governments and a nation's resources and manpower, under the tutelage of Russian-Reared CIO Hillman, here and now organize The National Socialist Party, and propose to have a place on the November ballot, with our own red-tinted electors thereon' pledged to the man who has destroyed constitutional government in the United States—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and his undereover man Harry Truman—for they have advanced national socialism more than all other men!"

It would take only fifteen minutes to accomplish this organization—The Schemer of the Tribe, Roosevelt could all in heep big chief Sidney Hillman and they could promulgate the platform and construct the party in one paragraph, as follows:

The Mighty Schemer of the Clan commands the Heep Big Chief, his great brother, to issue the following order to all braves and their squaws. We have tired of the New Deal buzzard, and the Win the War banner is all tattered and torn; therefore all braves and their lovely (Dallas Models) squaws will be known hereafter as "National Socialists" for we propose that every faithful brave and his wornout children shall have a quart of milk a day!"

That would turn the trick, and the dear dear deah bought-and-paid for

boys and girls could vote for their dear dear deah King, the sachem of his tribe!

CITATION BY PUBLICATION

THE STATE OF TEXAS, \$

To all persons interested in the Account for Final Settlement of the Estate of John W. B. Rogers, non compos mentis, No. 1287, Mrs. Etta Rogers, Guardian, thereof, has filed in the County Court of Callahan County, Texas, on the 31 day of August, A. D., 1944, her Final Account of the condition of the Estate of said John W. B. Rogers, non compos mentis, together with an application to be discharged from said guardianship, which will be heard on the 18th day of September, A. D., 1944, at the Courthouse of said County, in the City of Baird, Texas, at which time and place all parties interested in the Account of Final Settlement of said Estate are hereby notified to appear and contest said Account and Application of the said John W. B. Rogers, non compos mentis, if they see proper to do so.

Herein fail not, and have you then and there before said court this writ with your return thereon endorsed showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this the 1st day of September A. D., 1944.

LESLIE BRYANT, Clerk County Court, Callahan County, Texas, by Johnnie Robinson, Deputy.

GONE WITH MERCHANT

MARINES AT SIXTEEN

Mrs. L. L. McBain of Oplin was in Friday, and reported that her grandson, Randall Shaw, age 16, had enlisted in the Merchant Marines, and will leaving within the week. Randall's mother lives in Lubbock. He has lived most of his life with his grandmother.

OLD SALT IN FAIR SHAPE

When last heard from Walter M. Tollett MM3-c navy reserve, ship repair unit, says he is doing fine. He has been seven months in service, while his spunky little wife reports that she, too, is tops in well doings—she only looks after the home, six children, three of whom will be in school this year—and she has our thanks for a sub to the Star.

PERMANENT WAVE, 50c-DO your own Permanent with Charm-Kurl Kit. Complete equipment, including 40 curlers and shampoo. Easy to do, absolutely harmless. Praised by thousands, including Fay McKenzie, glamorous movie star. Money refunded if not satisfied.

CITY PHARMACY

DALLAS NEWS DELIVERED DAILY ABILENE DELIVERED TWICE DAILY See-or-Call Mrs. Cecil West PHONE 160 Reporter-News BAIRD, TEXAS

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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L. L. BLACKBURN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW BAIRD, TEXAS

L. B. LEWIS ATTORNEY-AT-LAW General Civil Practice Fire and Auto Insurance BAIRD, TEXAS

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# BIG-LITTLE ADS

Read Little . . . Save Much!

First Class Mechanics to do your car repair—also washing and greasing service for you at **RAY MOTOR COMPANY** Phone 33 tfe Baird, Texas

Good Stock Tires, Tubes and Automobile Parts at **RAY MOTOR COMPANY**

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Fresh & Springer Jersey Milk Cows—H. K. Ray, Clyde, Texas. 9-8-144 tf.

**TRESPASSERS, PLEASE DESIST!**  
From making roads thru my ranch from East to West, tearing down fences, and going to bayou for hunting and fishing purposes and building camp fires. If not stopped trespassers will be prosecuted to the full limit of the law.—Jane Patton Hall.

**WANTED**—Light breaking plow, or one-way plow; must have power lift.—O. L. Sifford, Route 1, Baird, Texas 4tp 9-22-44.

**FOR SALE**—Five room residence—see or write Mrs. Ruth Isenhower, Putnam, Texas. 1tp 9-1-44

**FOR SALE**—Registered Ramboulet Rams, Heavy Shearers, and good doers. One or a truck load.—John Berry, Clyde, Texas 8tp 19-27.

**LOST**—Heartshaped pendant with Navy insignia. On road to Martin Camp near west underpass or between bank and post office. Valued as keepsake from husband in Navy. Write Mrs. Tom Carroll, Star Rt. 2, Baird, or leave with Mrs. Lawrence at Holmes Drug Store. 1tp. 9-8-44.

**HELP WANTED**—Women for sewing in army uniform garment factory. Experience not necessary. Apply T. S. Lankford & Sons, 151 Walnut, Abilene, Texas. 3tp 9-22-44

**WANTED**—To rent a piano for use in teaching dancing.—Mrs. C. H. Siadous. Call 184. 1tp 9-8-44.

**LOST**—Lady's Shrine Pin with a small diamond set—\$25.00 Reward on return of pin to Mrs. Gus Hall, Baird, Texas.

## We Should Quit—It Takes Two to Make a Fight, Says Lewis

Judge Lewis and the linoman had a little war-peace argument Tuesday, and he said we shouldn't fight back at what the folks are doing, that we should all be peaceable, loving, and long-suffering, until the war is over, even if we do have to give 'em hot shots following the war!

The linoman said, "But, why do Roosevelt, the Clo and the rest who prate about all of us standing shoulder, shut up and quit fainning the flames—they started it?"

And the Judge said, "Well, it takes two to make a fuss; and if we would not talk back, there would be peace!"

Come to think about it, the Judge has something there; but hod is the little fellow being pushed all over the street, as the bully kicks him in the pants, quit? Now, honest could he?

Of course he could be one of the "thoroughbreds" and let the bully kick him at his pleasure, and the thoroughbred kid could just wince the least bit, a bit of a tear could climb into his eyes—but cryout? No sir, thoroughbreds don't cry—they can take it!

That's funny logic. Let the aggressor quit. Let madam Eleanor, and Boss Hillman, and Stogge Roosevelt shut up. They are filling the mails with anathemas against the south, and the negroes are being led to feel that all they need is a wink Daidy Roosevelt and a glare from the FBI, and they can sass the white folks when they feel like it! Judge Lewis admits things are in a pretty mess, but says, "When the war is over we change all of that monkey business!"

The fly, a big green bottle fly, as sat and watched the little spider spin his web across the opening to his lodge, said, "Let the little sucker spin his little old flimsy web—I go right through it when I get good and ready!" But when he got good and ready zip he went until the springy wep just slowed him down and the wings were pinned to his side—and then the little spider came out and enjoyed one of his delicacies—a big green bottle fly!

Mrs. Ella Thornton had as guests over the weak-end her mother Mrs. E. M. West, and daughter Mrs. Geo. Lattimer and family of Brady—also Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Jeter of Putnam.

## PICTURES FROM PHILIPPINES

R. M. Cummings, MM1-c, sent his children, Jimmie and Marsha, some pictures of Philippine women and other natives dressed in their bright colored clothes; women weaving hats; growing pineapples, and a papaya tree bearing fruit, and other oriental scenes.

## PRIVATE MCCOY SUSCRIBES

Private John D. McCoy, with the 521st Engineers Combat Co., APO 729, care Postmaster, Seattle, Wash., has our thanks for a subscription to his home paper. John has been doing service in the Far-away Aleutians for a year. His aunt Mrs. Will McCoy says "It would be nice if some of his old friends would write John, for he surely is lonesome."

Travis O'Dell who was drafted a few weeks ago, has received a medical discharge, and is now at home.

Buck White who served with the Seabees, wired relatives here from New York not to forward any more mail as he gets a new address. He had his embarkation notice.

Cpl. Chas Ray Allman who is stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo., is spending a 14-day leave with his wife and parents. He is motion picture operator at the camp theatre.

A. C. Bill Young who was home recently, is here in leave from Reno. Bill "figures" he won't have another one soon. He has finished his training on one of the C-46 Cargo transports, so he thinks that Uncle Sam may have need for him across the sea.

First Lt. (AC) Crawford Hughes has been transferred from Selman Field, La., to Ft. Worth Army Air Field.

Pvt. Lloyd Dempsey who is in the air corps, training at Amarillo Air Field, is visiting in the home of his wife's father, L. H. Saffell, in Clyde. During his leave he, with Mrs. Dempsey will visit his people in Weslaco.

S2-c Chas E. Shelton has been transferred to Camp Elliott near San Diego, where he is taking further training in the Navy.

**DEALER IN Maytag parts**—Call on me for anything in the May-tag line—J. T. Loper Baird. 2tp 9-15.

## CHURCH NOITCE

Elder M. L. Vaughn of Abilene will fill the pulpit of the Church of Christ at Rowden, Sunday, Sept. 10, morning at 11:00 and evening at 8:30 o'clock.

## Mailing Xmas Packages for Overseas

The ambiguous, loquacious, redundant bureaucrats have consumed tons of paper in an effort to get free advertising of their Xmas shopping business; and turn right round and charge us two cents every time Uncle Sam moves a soldier, and we send one paper to old address before we learn of the change!

Sort of one-sided, and the following rules are not printed because I want to co-operate with the gang at Fort Worth or Washington, but because our readers may be saved a deal of trouble, we are printing an clear, brief instructions for your mailing Xmas packages to overseas sons, brothers, husbands, or friends:

1. Must mail not later than Oct. 15th—better NOW!
2. Must not weigh over 5 pounds.
3. Must not be over 15 inches long, and length and girth combined must be more than 36 inches.
4. You may write "Merry Xmas," or "Happy New Years", or Don't open before Xmas," on wrapper if it does not interfere with address, or put on card inside—no letter or other writing allowed.
5. Address must be carefully and plainly written (or printed) in ink, and must be complete—all of the required information; and a copy of address should be wrapped inside of package.
6. You must not enclose matches, poison, liquids, or soft foods, or perishable fruits—and every article must be wrapped separately and snugly packed in the container.
7. Money must be in form of P. O. And lastly, you cannot send it Money order.

## DRAT THAT METHODIST HICKS

He comes in Wednesday morning, lookin' as fit as a fiddle, and says, "I worked every minute of my vacation—found son-in-law ready for a roundup, got on a horse first day, helped every day, ate like a steer, lay down for sleep at night on big south porch, reached for cover pretty soon—and not a sore muscle to bother!"

You know I am beginning to have a wee mite of a doubt about that preacher's humility and brotherly love pimples—he comes in here—he finds my tongue all but lolling out of fatigue—sees my tired, drooping jaws, and ignores that, and goes into rhapsodies about his vacation! Never mind, some of these days, St. Peter willing, I am going to hurl snowballs from heaven at him!

Olaf Hollingshead has been sent to a A.P.A. pre-commission school naval station, Seattle, Washington.

Marvin C. Hughes writes in that his new address is Box 444, AAF, Ft. Worth Texas, First Lieut. A. C.

Master John Johnson of Ft. Worth came home with his grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. B. Johnson, and spent the week with them. His parents, Mr. & Mrs. Venton Johnson were here for the week-end, and took him home.

## Jackson Day Dinner Presbyterian Church

The Business Men's semi-monthly luncheon turned out to be a Jackson Day Dinner—the two Jackson boys were present—Ens. Rupert Jackson, an old salt from Pacific, and Lt. Randall Jackson from Greenville. Rupert gave a most interesting account of the Pacific War activities but Randall took a rain-check on his time.

They are a couple of sons any mother would be proud of and we congratulate Mrs. Jackson on having such men calling her mother.

Really the day might just as well have been called a Big Hunter Day Dinner, because the FOUR guests, Mr. Evans and Mr. T. J. Barton are great hunters of deer we were told, and the Jacksons are hunters of Japs and Germans!

The following were present to eat a most excellent lunch prepared by the ladies of the Presbyterian church:

Pops Lee, Jr. & Sr. B. L. Russell, L. L. Blackburn, E. L. Woodley, H. H. Perkins, Leslie Bryant, E. Johnson, Bob Norrell, T. A. White, Randall and Rupert Jackson, Mr. Dickson, Olaf South, Ace Hickman, Mr. Loffland, S. W. Adams, B. L. Boyd, stun, Rev. Hicks, Mr. Ashlock, Judge Freeland, Raymond Young, Mr. Evans, Felix Mitchell, T. J. Barton, D. Keltton, and Mr. Waldrop.

Pops Lee announced that the Chest Drive starts October 11. Road talk was indulged in, and the luncheoners adjourned.

Pfc. F. N. Bowen has just returned to his post at Camp Shelby, and his brother Eldon, in the Navy, had their furloughs at the same time. They enjoyed a chicken dinner and music at the old home in Cottonwood.

## DADE-BULLOCK NUPTIALS

Rev. Hicks performed the wedding ceremony, Tuesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Bullock, uniting S 1-c Jack O. White, U. S. N., and Miss Dorris Deane Dade of Vallejo, California.

The house decorations were white and white daisies.

The bride, costumed in black, carried a bouquet of white tuberoses. Friends witnessing this pretty, simple wedding were—Mr. & Mrs. E. L. Woodley, Mr. & Mrs. W. L. Ray, Mr. & Mrs. W. P. Haley, Mr. & Mrs. W. C. Edwards, Mrs. Keith Fuller, Mrs. Cloe Welch, and Mrs. J. E. White the groom's mother of El Dorado, Ark.

Seaman White is just back from 2 years overseas, stationed at Maui, Hawaii. Mrs. White is employed in the Navy Department at Vallejo.

After a visit here, they will visit relatives in Cotton Valley, La., El Dorado, and Camden, Ark.

Their residence for the immediate future is uncertain, pending the assignment of the groom by the Navy.

Mrs. Morris Cooke and baby have returned from a visit with relatives in San Antonio.

Pvt. Boidy Bramaugh is following Gen. Patton in France, bringing up supplies. He writes they are going too fast for him to write home often.

## THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF THE JOBS

Our old friend S. D. Jobe dropped in this week, and he told us about he and his wife celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary.

Outat their little home on the Clyde highway 80, many of their old friends from over a large section came in to make merry with them.

More than 60 years ago, Sam Jobe living 12 mi. S. of Putnam, saddled his horse and rode 12 miles north of Putnam to see Miss Dora Robbins.

Sam's father remarked, "There isn't a girl living worth riding 24 miles to see!"

But Sam kept riding North until Miss Dora said Yes; and she took her abode closer to Sam, making the long rides unnecessary.

So, after Sam's father got to know her, he decided may be he was wrong about there not being a girl that important.

Mr and Mrs Jobe reared two fine dutiful daughters, but lost both of them in young womanhood. A grand son left to them, they lost also.

So just the two of them are left but they make home a happy place on their four acres, where they have flowers, fruit, vegetables and plenty of fine water. People like to buy their fruits and vegetables, for they get in lumping big measures their cheerful, hearty goodwill.

Mr. Jobe said that 48 cars full of people came, bringing flowers, gifts and medry goodwills.

Whoever named women the fair sex was a poor judge of justice.

## DANCING and EXPRESSION

Classes Open Sept- 11

Lucy W. Siadous Phone 184

**NOTARY PUBLIC**  
Suggestions For Increasing Notary Earnings—THE AMERICAN NOTARY MANUAL, Second Edition, 1944; forms, instructions; only \$6.75, postpaid; a single new job may pay for it. At local book stores or address TEXAS LAW BOOK CO., Dallas, Texas.

## Glen Boyd's Grocery and Market



where best food at lowest prices is bought by the Careful Buyers

No 2 1/2 can Apricots . 29c

1lb. Can Apricot Nectar for only 13c

Worth Maple Syrup 43c

No 2. Can Mission Peas for only 15c

3 No. 1 cans Tomatoes 25c

## FEED STORE

Caif Manna, 100 lbs. \$7

Ranch House Stock SAALT Per 100 lb. 75c

Mineral Supplement, Per 100 pounds, 2.15

Binder Twine, per bale, \$6.75

9 ft. Cotton Sack . \$1.75

Carbolonium for Chicken Roosts 1 gal. \$1.40

40 ACRES OF ATTRACTIONS  
9 DAYS OF ENTERTAINMENT

Sept. 1-9

WEST TEXAS

-FAIR-

ABILENE

- Free Horse Racing
- Free Grandstand Daily
- Texas Palomino Horse Show
- Quarter Horse Show
- Hereford, Sheep & Goat, Jersey & Swine Shows
- Supper Club Dancing
- Bill Hames Midway
- Educational Exhibits
- Many Other Features



If Her Piggy Bank Could Only Talk..

It would tell her Mummy how much each of those pennies it holds is worth electrically. Electrical servants work so perfectly for so little that they're a thousand times better than hired help. They make your toast, iron your clothes, give you music when you want it, and light your rooms cheerfully. Treat them right. They'll last longer.

West Texas Utilities Company



# SCHOOL DAYS ARE HAPPY DAYS!



**WANTED—At Boydston's Department Store—500 School Kids to call and Buy Anything! We have for SALE, and each one will receive a KISS! 500 Candy KISSES to be given away!**

- 1 Roll Cotton ..... 75c
- 1 Cotton Sack ..... \$1.75
- 1 Dog ..... \$1.50
- 1 Extra Baby Blanket ..... \$1.25
- 1 Pair Men's Gloves ..... 75c
- 1 Pair Cotton Blankets ..... \$1.25
- 1 Fountain Pen ..... \$1.50
- 1 Jar Vick's Salve ..... 25c
- & Chewing Gum See Our Candies

**Will Pay  
35 cents  
A Dozen for  
EGGS  
SATURDAY**

- 3 Cakes Sweetheart Soap ..... 25c
- 3 Cans Talcum Powder ..... 25c
- 3 Boxes Shaving Cream ..... 25c
- 5 Cakes Shaving Soap ..... 25c
- 3 Boxes Razor Blades ..... 25c
- 3 Combs ..... 25c
- 1 Bottle Shampo ..... 25c
- 2 Pairs Children Sox ..... 25c
- 2 Pairs Men's Sox ..... 25c

**Phone 43**

**Will D. Boydston**

**P. O. Box 1177**

**Ford's Doing it Again!**

That feller Ford who rode a peace shipp to the war zone in 1918 is now sending B-24 Liberators so fast that the Germans have worn their heads off at the shoulder—as they have tried to watch them zip by over head.

And what a heck of a lot of fun the play boys at home have had—the test pilots. It was announced that they had been "testing" them over Willow, when the 3,000 had been flown away to service, almost as many hours as the factory had been making them—15,400 and had covered over three million miles.

More than half of the Willow Run flyaways have been accepted on first flight—!

Pshaw, us tinhenry folks knew he could do it—any body who could take a couple of machine cans and a bundle of hay wire and made it run, even if spraddle-legged—as Henry make any thing fly—bet he could! make anything fly; you bet we did.

**CATTLE RUSH TO SLAUGHTER**

University business bureau reports that 445,948 heads of cattle went to slaughter pens in July, and, cow-like, 722,582 heads of hogs, against only 23,244 who were foolish enough to go to Chicago, 12,288 to Pendergast-Truman town.

First business to go into bankruptcy in Texas since July 1943, was on record for July this year.

Mr. & Mrs. Preston Chick spent Monday night with relatives in De Leon.

**AGE DOESN'T ALWAYS MAKE ONE HELPLESS.**

J. J. Carson, a 77 years old retired grocerman, in Clyde, by applying good agricultural practices and sound horse sense to his 7.75 acres, will realize \$750.00 cash from crops this year with 250 bushels of corn in the crib.

He has 140 laying hens, which pay for their feed, and leave him \$278 for his trouble. And he added \$75 from sale of fryers!

By good attention, he got a 60 per cent egg production through out the year.

He got \$217 cash from one acre of cantaloupes, and his corn produced 50 bushels to the acre. He will can peaches, pears, apples and persimmons from his small orchard, and a lot sold raw to nearby folks.

This was reported by Mr. Meador, our get-about- and do a lot County agent; and as we set it, our mind goes back to folks still active from the head down, who sold the little farm s they could get \$300 or \$400 a year from government as a dole!

Hope I never die from the ears up—I want to die all over when the dying sets in!

**NOTICE**

On September 1st, today, I am taking over the agency for both the Dallas News and Abilene Reporter and News. Phone 160.

Mrs. Cecil West  
**YOUR OWN BUSINESS** on our capital. Rawleigh Dealers earn big profits. Products on credit. Several available routes near. Exceptional opportunities for industrious men and women. Write Rawleigh's, Dept. TX1 38-170, Memphis, Tenn. 1tp 9-8-44

Woman's wish is to be weighed and found wanting.

**Wants Governor to Let Politics Alone, Says B. L. Boydston**

B. L. Boydston is a great believer in Governor Coke Stevenson, and admires his staying out of this convention mess. Mr. Boydston says he wants him to stay at Austin and keep erasing that red ink the State Treasurer has been using so lavishly in recent years!

Well, we agree with Mr. Boydston! We think Coke Stevenson is a great Governor, too; and we number with his approval, him among our many friends scattered over all Texas; but we do not agree that he ought to stay out of politics! If politics is rotten, it is because good men have stayed out, and left the other sort run it.

Mrs. Glyn Boyd and daughter, Barbara, and her mother, Mrs. J. M. Reynolds are visiting with Mrs. Boyd's sister, Mrs. Connally in Carrizozo, New Mexico.

**REV. CAREY ALLEN OF FORT WORTH HERE SUNDAY**

Rev. A. A. Davis, who is holding a revival at Wicket, asked us to announce that Rev. Carey Allen of Ft. Worth will preach at both morning and evening hours next Sunday, at his church, The First Baptist of Baird. He urges the membership to be present, and invites the general public to the services.

He hinted that Rev. Allen is a mighty good preacher; so you will have to go to verify his statement.

**REV. COLLINS HERE SUNDAY**

The presbyterians have cause to be proud of their pastor, and rejoice to see our announcement of his services which will be held next Sunday with the usual devotion and interest coloring it.

**EPISCOPAL MEET SEPT 14**

On next Thursday, September 14, at 8:30 p. m., there will be services at the Episcopal Church in Baird, with Porter Brooks, student minister in charge.

Misses Mary and Aurelia Bowyer of Fort Worth were guests over the week-end of their sister Mrs. Maria Leache.

That husband and wife (Bowyer) must have been okeh—there is some strong and comforting in the very names they gave the girls—Mary, Aurelia, Maria—you find those names on the scrolls of bed-rock citizenships the world over.

**FOLKS, HONEST, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BRING EAST-TEXAS RAINS!**

And of course if you don't like it I can only say that I am sorry—but to sit here at the Liotype and let the mats clatter down while the rain falls straight down in a heavy patter on the roof, shore makes me feel plumb east-texy!

When I taught school at Spur, oh about 32 years ago, when it did rain the wind came and beat about the house, and cyclones yanked mequite out of the ground, and an electrical storm made you shiver and draw a mite closer to the Lord; but, huh! you wide-open spacers have got a effete as the dirty, slothful east!

Makes me wonder where them wide open spacers have gone to—milquetoasters, that's what you are.

**OFFICE OF FITZGERALD'S NURSERY**

Stephenville, Texas, Sept. 2, 1944. Mr. S. W. Adams. Editor Baird Star, Baird, Texas.

Dear Mr. Adams: I am enclosing a dollar for 20 copies of this weeks issue of the Baird Star, a little country paper that promises to become as famous as the paper published by Ed Howe, "The Atchison (Kansas) Globe."

Also you may print this as an advertisement since it is an advertisement.

Some may think it strange that I would advertise in a paper that expresses its opinion. I have been doing this for a long time, and find it pays big. I cannot think of an editor a true, honorable, courageous editor that does not express his opinions boldly; and, on the other hand, I never saw a colorless editor that ever did express an opinion—he was always afraid of offending some one.

I suppose if there were a great national calamity (as there is now) he would be afraid to tell the truth because it might offend some one.

I know one paper where there is typhus fever, yet the editor never mentions the fact—it might offend the merchants—it might keep business out of town.

Two men have recently been dancing right on the brink of the grave of this disease. But it wouldn't do to even mention rats—some one might suspicion something!

I will bet your paper is more closely read than any other paper in the State. Then why not advertise in it?

The man who will get sentiment mixed up with business might not make good business men.

When I go to advertise, I want to advertise in a paper that is read, but some of them are the same old thing troughout.

But, enough of this. I have a lot of nice pecan trees this year. Pecan trees are going to be a little high.

It takes high-priced labor to grow; then some more hard work to dig them. Just the same I have in my orchard Burkett pecan trees that will produce 200 pounds of nut this year. By retailing these in the North, I will get 75c a pound for them, and will be able to sell in bulk at from 35c to 50c per pound.

You can grow about 19 Burkett Pecan Trees to the acre—so that is not bad.

The Madam and I expect to do better as time goes on. Some one often objects—"It takes too long for them to produce." Well, young fellows, you are going that way any how! So why not set out a few of these trees, so by the time of the next war and for many years before and after, you can become independent. A few months ago a soldier boy came to my place and bought 100 trees. He thought and I think they are the best investment that can be possibly made. They will not depreciate in value as the time goes on like other things that can be bought.

No panic will make them worthless in ten years they may produce \$25.00 each on an average each year.

In fact, they will go back and pay for all waiting. In 20 years, when Junior's ready for college, they may pay \$25 average from the day they are bought up to then.

Invest in a few nice pecan trees, and some day you may be truly glad you read the Baird Star, even if the editor is not afraid to say what he darn pleases.

I really admire a man like that, don't you?  
**FITZGERALD'S NURSERY.**  
J. E. Fitzgerald, Owner,  
Stephenville, Texas.

Mrs. Ella Thornton, proprietor of the Hiway Cafe, was taken ill suddenly Tuesday night, and is still in hospital.

**THAT MAN KNOWS WHAT THE DE OLE DEBIL THINKS, DEEDY HE DOOZ, BRUDDERINS**

Well, when you don't think that Baptist Theologian Davis don't know what the devil is thinking about, you are mistaken—not only that, but he knows how he puts over his programs—I know he knows because I heard him preach Sunday night on "The Devil's Post War Program!" I would undertake to give the hilites of his sermon, but having been reared in and under angelic surrounding, depriving me of any idea

**LIFE'S Little TROUBLES**

**-CAN'T EAT-**  
You don't have to worry and fret because CONSTIPATION or GAS PRESSURE discomforts won't let you eat. Instead of feeling nervous—blue or bewildered, take a dash of **ADLER-I-KA** as directed on label to quickly expel gas—to soften and assist food wastes thru a comfortable bowel movement. Enjoy that clean, refreshed feeling that lifts spirits—rekindles smiles—improves appetite. Buy it! Try it! You'll never be without Adlerika again.  
*Get Adlerika from your druggist today.*

**HOLMES DRUG COMPANY HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION H. J. R. NO. 5**

**BE IT RESOLVED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS:**

SECTION 1.—That Section 51 of Article 3 of the Constitutional of the State of Texas be amended by adding thereto Sections 51-e and 51-f, which shall read as follows:

"SECTION 51-E.—Each incorporated city and town in this State shall have the power and authority to provide a system of retirement and disability pensions for its appointive officers and employees who have become disabled as a direct and proximate result of the performance of their duties, or have passed their sixty-fifth birthday, or have been employed by such city or town for more than twenty-five (25) years and have passed their sixtieth birthday, when and if, but only when and if such system has been approved by an election by the qualified voters of such city or town entitled to vote on the question of issuance of tax supported bonds; provided that no city or town shall contribute more than the equivalent of seven and one-half (7.5) per centum of salaries and wages of the officers and employees entitled to participate in its pension system and that said officers and employees shall contribute a like amount; and this Amendment shall not reduce the authority nor duty of any city or town otherwise existing.

"SECTION 51-f. The Legislature of this State shall have the authority to provide for a system of retirement and disability pensions for appointive officers and employees of cities and towns to operate State-wide or by districts under such a plan and program as the Legislature shall direct and shall provide that participation therein by cities and towns shall be voluntary; provided that the Legislature shall never make an appropriation to pay any of the cost of any system authorized by this Section."

or knowledge of what the ole debil thinks or does, I am forced to say that you missed a real sermon on modern evils whih do and will confront us during next decade, and it would be good for you if you would ask him to repeat the sermon that you might hear it.  
I have decided the devil lost a lot when he let the Lord corral Davis.



**Peanut Butter, qt. jar 39c**  
**SUGAR, Cloth Bag, 10 pounds only 39c**

**Mngnolia Coffee 1 Pound Glass Jar 31c**  
**BEWLEY'S BEST FLOUR, 50 lbs. \$2.25**

**4 lb. Car. Pure Lard 69c**

**NEW! SWAN SOAP** 2 for 21¢  
8 WAYS BETTER Try it! 3 for 21¢

**SEE US FOR YOUR SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

**STEAK Good And Tender 35c**  
**ASSORTED LUNCH Meat, Per Pound 35c**

**We want your eggs**

*We have a complete line of Bewley's Poultry and Dairy Feed—see us for your Stock Feed*

**Morgan Food Store**

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES  
FRESH MEATS AND FEED  
A Good Place to Trade  
P. O. Box 706  
BAIRD, TEXAS

"The real test of a financial Institution is the contribution it makes in developing the prosperity of its patrons."



**The First National Bank of Baird Baird, Texas**