









# Plaza Theatre

BAIRD—TEXAS

ALL DAY FRIDAY  
and SAT. MATINEE

**Dynamite Drama!**  
**EDW. G. ROBINSON**  
**BLACKMAIL**

with Ruth **MUSSEY**  
Bob **WATSON**

SAT. NITE. 11:00  
SUNDAY and MONDAY

THE STORY YOU MVED  
NOW ROARS FROM THE SCREEN!

**JAMES CAGNEY**  
MURIELA **LANE**  
**THE ROARING 20s**

HUMPHREY BOGART · GLADYS GEORGE  
JEFFREY LYNN · FRANK MCGUR · PAUL KELLY

SAT. NITE ONLY  
**10c and 25c**

**GENE AUTRY**  
**COLORADO**  
**SUNSET**

TUESDAY ONLY  
**GUEST NITE**

Attend the Matinee Show and  
Register.

\* ON THE SCREEN \*

**Joel McCrea**  
—in—  
"ESPIONAGE  
AGENT"

A Picture that is Loaded  
With Action!

\* Wed and Thurs \*

**WEAVER BROS & ELVIRY**  
—IN—  
"JEEPERS CREEPERS"  
—WITH—  
**Roy Rogers**

**Built to receive TELEVISION SOUND!**

## NEW 1940 PHILCO



... with BUILT-IN SUPER AERIAL SYSTEM

No installation... just plug in anywhere and play! Self-contained Loop Aerial, costly R. F. Stage and super-efficient Loktal Tubes bring you new super-performance in this magnificent Philco console. Clear tone, even in noisy locations... finer Foreign and American reception... Push-Button Tuning, including Television button. Come in... see it!

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**\$79.95**

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### SAM GILLILAND

### Federal Loans

If interested in refinancing or purchasing farm on long terms per cent interest through Federal Land Bank and supplemental and Bank—foreclosed farms and other real estate for sale; small town payment and easy terms on advance with cheap rate of interest or write,  
M. H. PERKINS, Sec-Treas., Citizens N.F.L.A., Clyde, Tex

LOST—U. S. Royal Tire, size 600x16 on tan colored wheel. Lost Friday, Dec. 8 on Highway 191 between Henry Ranch on Clear Creek and Baird. Suitable Reward or return. Bill Henry, St. Rt. 2, Baird. Phone 20-5 rings.

**Give Flowers For Christmas**



Flowers make one of the loviest gifts and is appreciated by all. SEE US FOR FLOWERS for all occasions


**Kelton's Flower Shop**  
Baird, Texas

## Sam Buchanan Well Known In This Section Dies

Sam Buchanan a former resident of the Tecumseh community died at his home in Howard county Nov. 29th. Mr. Buchanan lived for a number of years in the early 80's in that community where he was well known.

The following account of his death is taken from the Big Springs News.

In the death of Sam D. Buchanan at his home in the Salem community on November 29 1939, Howard



SAM D. BUCHANAN

county lost one of her most highly esteemed and valued citizens. He was a real diamond in the rough, and those who knew him best loved him most.

Born near Nashville Tenn. November 28, 1859, his long and useful life of eighty years and one day was a busy and active one until ill health forced him to take to his bed some months ago.

He moved to Texas when he was 21 years of age and made his home near Dallas for seven years then moved to the Tecumseh community where he lived for 10 years and when he was married to Miss Parthenia Coats, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pink Coats, July 8, 1891.

He moved to Howard county in August 1895 and has been one of its most successful and dependable citizens this past fifty years. He was a good friend and neighbor and many there are to whom he lent a helping hand in time of need. He was one of the leading members of the Church of Christ at Coahoma, was most liberal in all donations for the church and active in personal service in connections with the church and was ever ready to visit the sick and help bury the dead.

He donated the land for the Salem cemetery, his last resting place, some 33 years ago and was always ready to help keep it neat and attractive.

The place he held in the hearts of the people was best evidenced by the vast throng which assembled at his home for the funeral rites at two o'clock last Friday afternoon, and by the beautiful floral offerings. It was stated this was the largest funeral ever noted in our county, and old timers agreed there were more friends at Mr. Buchanan's funeral than there were people in Howard county when he came there to make his home.

It was a sad throng which accompanied the remains from the Buchanan home to Salem cemetery one quarter mile east, and that bright sunshiny afternoon following the funeral service by Melvin J. Wise, minister of the Church of Christ.

There is left to mourn the death of this good man, his devoted wife; five sons, Gordon, Jerry, Sam Jr Roscoe and Douthill Buchanan, all of the Salem community and six daughters, Mr. D. S. Phillips and Mrs. Oma Buchanan of Coahoma; Mrs. O. B. Hull of Big Spring, and Mrs. C. C. Wolfe of Salem.

Also surviving are seven grandchildren: two brothers, Thad an Ed Buchanan of Byars, Okla, a sister Mrs. Maggie Johnson of Oplin; two nieces, Mrs. Mallie Johnson and Mrs. Annie Sloug of Oplin; a brother-in-law, W. R. Coates of Lomax and three sister-in-laws, Mrs. J.R. Roper of Gail, Mrs. Josephine Coates of Shamrock, and Miss Maude Coates of Circle Back.

Serving as pallbearers at the funeral were John F. Wolcott, B. O. Jones, O. E. Wolfe, Edward Simpson, Pat Wilson, Sid Smith, O. W. Cathey and Leroy Echols, friends of many years, and around 100 old friends served as honorary pallbearers.

Another sad chapter in the death of Sam Buchanan was the sudden death of his friend and

neighbor Low Allen Wheeler, who dropped dead as he stood beside the grave of his longtime friend. Mr. Wheeler was interred in Salem cemetery Sunday afternoon.

### Farm Security Agencies Meet In Abilene Dec. 18

How drifting farmers can be anchored to the soil will be the keynote of a "soil and human conservation" tour of Jones county farms Monday afternoon, Dec 18, and a mass meeting in Abilene Monday evening.

Heads of various agriculture and welfare will take part in the tour and Congressman Clyde L. Garrett will address the night meeting at Abilene. The public is invited to attend both the tour and meetings.

The tour will leave Anson Monday afternoon. The entire afternoon will be spent in visiting farms upon which the Farm Security Administration, Soil Conservation Service, Extension Service and other agriculture agencies have put soil and human conservation practices into use.

At the night meeting at Abilene where Congressman Garrett will be the speaker, there will be a motion picture which has won international honors as the finest film of its kind ever produced. It drew record crowds at the recent State Fair at Dallas. Among the more dramatic moments are scenes along the Mississippi River taken during the last great disastrous flood.

The tour and meeting are a step in carrying out a program of closer coordination between various agricultural agencies at work in the nation, which was recently announced by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

"Prevention of human erosion" the Secretary said, "is the first goal of our agricultural program. Damage to the land is important only because it damages the lives of people and threatens the general welfare. Saving soil, forest and water is not an end in itself

it is only a means to the end of better living and greater security for men women Vital as the need for soil and forest conservation may be, human conservation is our finest goal."

"There is a vital need for coordination of the work being done in the field of human and soil conservation," Secretary Wallace stated. "No one could claim that the tremendous amount of work done toward conservation with the last few years had been wasted. Substantial progress has been made, but a tremendous task still faces us. We have made only a start, for we have not yet succeeded in holding our own in this conservation battle"

Land is still wearing out faster than we are able to restore it," he added.

Arrangements for the tour and meetings are being arranged by Robert Fisher, Eastland, district supervisor for the Farm Security Administrator.

### PYTHIAN BOOSTER CLUB

The Pythian Booster Club met in the home of Mrs. C. Nordyke 18 members and 2 guests were present. The evening was spent making rugs for the home at Weatherford, after a short business session, all present received sacks of fruits, nuts from a beautiful Christmas tree. The meeting closed by singing carols.

FOR RENT, Two bed rooms, one could be used as an apartment. All modern conveniences, water, gas and lights furnished.  
Mrs. Bill Paulson  
2 bl W Holmes Drug Co.

FOR SALE or RENT- Harmon Property, Write Mrs. J. B. Harmon 3520 St. Johns Drive or telephone, Dallas 52145, Dallas Texas. Keys to house, see Mrs. C. M. Mills.



# Christmas Time is Turkey Time

**LET ME HAVE YOUR ORDER FOR TURKEY—  
By Tuesday, December 19.**

**If You Want Real Bargains in Gifts; Come to us for same**


2 81x90 Garza Sheets — \$1.75  
2 81x99 Garza Sheets — 1.95  
Ladies' House Dresses — 89c  
3 Boxes Kotex — 50c  
\$1.25 Bed Spread — \$1.00

**See Our New JACKETS and TOPPERS.**

Yours for more Business,

## WILL D. BOYDSTUN

### Christmas Trees




Beautiful Native Cedar Trees — See—  
**Sam Black**  
Baird, Texas

## Food Specials FOR THE HOLIDAYS

After completely re-modeling our store we are cordially inviting every one to ATTEND OUR FORMAL OPENING, SATURDAY, DEC. 16. Refreshments served all day. COME AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR MANY SPECIALS—

<p><b>MEAL</b> <i>Bewleys</i> 20 Lbs. 39c</p> <p><b>CORN</b> No. 2 Can—2 For 15c</p> <p><b>TOMATOES</b> No. 2 Can—2 For 15c</p> <p><b>FLOUR</b> <i>Fancy Patent</i> 24 Lbs. 75c</p> <p><b>CATSUP</b> 14 Oz. Bottle—3 For 25c</p> <p><b>MUSTARD</b> Quart 10c</p> <p><b>SALAD DRESSING</b> Quart 19c</p> <p><b>PEACHES</b> No. 1 Tall—3 Can 25c</p> <p><b>FRUIT COCKTAIL</b> No. 1 Tall 10c</p> <p><b>SYRUP</b> <i>Staley's</i> Gal. 49c</p> <p><b>OATS</b> <i>Cup, Saucer or Plate</i> Pkg. 21c</p> <p><b>JELLO</b> Pkg. 5c</p> <p><b>MATCHES</b> 6 Boxes 15c</p> <p><b>SOAP</b> <i>Crystal White or P &amp; G</i> 5 BARS 19c</p> <p><b>PEPPERED HAM</b> Half or Whole Lb 20c</p> <p><b>BACON</b> <i>Sliced</i> Lb. 18c</p>	<p><b>FREE—Coffee and Cake—All Day</b></p> <p><b>ADMIRATION</b></p> <p>1 Lb. 22c 3 Lb. 65c</p> <p><b>CHILI</b> Large Can 10c</p> <p><b>SALMON</b> <i>Chum</i> 2 Cans 25c</p> <p><b>CANDY</b> <i>Christmas Mix</i> 2 Lbs. 25c</p> <p><b>GRAPE FRUIT</b> Bushel 79c</p> <p><b>APPLES</b> Dozen 10c</p> <p><b>ORANGES</b> <i>Medium Size</i> 2 Dozen 15c</p> <p><b>BANANAS</b> <i>Nice Size Fruit</i> DOZEN 10c</p> <p><b>LETTUCE</b> 60 Size—Head 5c</p> <p><b>ONIONS</b> 2 Lbs. 5c</p> <p><b>CRANBERRIES</b> 2 Lbs. 35c</p> <p><b>SAUSAGE</b> <i>Pure Pork</i> 2 Lbs. 25c</p> <p><b>LARD</b> <i>Pure Hog</i> 4 Lbs. 35c</p>
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# ALLEN'S FOOD STORE

**WE DELIVER (Formerly Houston's Food Store) PHONE 4**



## HOLIDAY SPECIALS

We are making the following SPECIAL PRICES on Machine Permanents.

\$5.00 Permanent	\$4.00
\$3.50 Permanent	\$2.95
\$2.50 Permanent	\$1.95

These Special Prices are good through Sat. Dec 23rd.  
WE ALSO HAVE A NICE LINE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

## MODERN BEAUTY SHOP



...and when the knowin' ones throw the Bible overboard the Ship of State, and the little crafts that we call our own, why then either as a nation, or as an endurin' home, we go down for the third time. You can bet that. Well, a bit of something like this was in my mind when I wished them candles onto every house on the upper Smoky route that holiday of 1917. You see I was tryin' to do my share.

"A house is built of brick and stone,  
With sills and posts and piers,  
But a home is built of lovin' deeds  
That stands for a thousand years."

And when the knowin' ones throw the Bible overboard the Ship of State, and the little crafts that we call our own, why then either as a nation, or as an endurin' home, we go down for the third time. You can bet that. Well, a bit of something like this was in my mind when I wished them candles onto every house on the upper Smoky route that holiday of 1917. You see I was tryin' to do my share.

Tod paused, but nothing broke the stillness of the room save the scish of the blizzard-lashed snow against the Star House windows.

The day before Christmas was a corker that year. Started in well enough, but "the end of that perfect day" was a good deal like the one endin' on us tonight, only fiercer, a lot. And while I wasn't as loaded with holiday mail as some rural carriers, and nothin' at all like town and city postmen, I was pretty well worked down, helpin' in the office, till I hadn't had enough sleep in a whole week to match more'n one good night's rest. Added to that I had taken a cold that settled in my eyes. Say, if you gentlemen think the winds have forgot how to blow, because Kansas is higher civilized, and intensiver cultivated, just start up the Smoky Hill valley some day like this one's been, and you won't need three guesses on how long it will take to sliver your eyeballs to pieces. One of my eyes was bloodshot, and half blind; and the other one would never be eligible for no labor union, and do all the time and half time it had to do for nothin'. That was how it happened I got so I couldn't hardly read the addresses on my mail, unless it was writ big and plain, or type-writ clear. I just had to depend mainly on the rural box number. If that was all right I let it go at that.

School in District 33 held up till Christmas Eve that year. And Christmas come Tuesday, too. But I guess Miss Ravenstow wanted the children with her just as long as she could to keep her from herself. It looked that way to me, anyhow, and while I didn't say a word to anybody, I did a lot of thinkin', and—Lord, yes, a lot of pityin' of that poor girl.

But the children never objected to stayin' in school till plum Christmas Eve. They was all havin' a better time there than they'd had at home. And the old soddy, besides bein' naturally warm, didn't lack for fuel. The district seen to that. It was one thing they could do for her to show they appreciated all she was doin' for their children. And they'd gone cold themselves, as some of 'em is always bound to do every winter anyhow, rather than to let that pretty white-faced girl need a warm place to stay in, her bein' all alone, too. Anyway, she kept them kids till the last afternoon before the holidays.

I THOUGHT a lot about her while I was slingin' my mail matter together. Nothin' in it for her, of course. Not a single card of greetin's, the kind that chokes the postal service to death every December. I wasn't lookin' for any for her, no more than I would have looked for one for the Gabels. I'd give that all up for her by the last of October. But it got on my nerves more and more, wonderin' what her story might be. It wasn't natural nor right at all. For even if she did live by herself, and had forgot how to smile, even with children—and that's the acid test of an over-massterin' sorrow—there must have been a time somewhere back in her life when she had Christmas in a pretty home, mebbe.

I got so worked up over her case I nearly forgot to have a thrill when I caught sight of a letter for Box 33, the Gabels, and the very first one they'd ever had. But mail was pallas on my curiosity, as it will on a carrier's by the mornin' of December twenty-four every year. I was thinkin' only of Ruth Ravenstow, when I stopped at the schoolhouse to pick up little P'like, and—yes—to chat a minute with the pretty girl. I guess all men are alike about things like that. I don't suppose Methuselah ever really got over it, though you can't say it hastened his end. I knew she was in for a silent Christmas in her little room off the old schoolhouse, alone in a lonely land, shipwrecked on the earth billows of the canyons out there. She'd told all the children but Tully Gabel, good-by, and watched them trudgin' off out of sight. Then—I don't know yet just how she did manage it. Women's home economics is clear beyond my feeble intellect, but somehow she got by little P'like slick as anything, and slid a big-sized bundle into my

cart before I knew, myself, what she was up to, sayin':

"It's the phonograph for Grandma Gabel from Tully. He wants one for her so much, it will be better than any gift I could give him if I had one. I've taught him how to use it, and I want her to have it. I shall not want it any more."

The look in her eyes as she said that stays with me yet, and I'll never forget it. It was so strange and different from any look I ever see before or since.

"Don't leave it at the mail-box," she went on, "but take it to the house when you come around the loop. Smuggle it in without him seeing it. Tell his Grandma it is something for Tully, and not to open it till tomorrow morning. Then let him open it. I know him well enough to believe he will be the happiest boy on the Smoky Hill river valley tomorrow morning. Good-by."

You'd have thought if my principle works at all, that she'd been a little bit happy herself makin' him so happy. But that was the coldest good-by I ever heard. Seemed like a voice from the grave; so sad, and far away, and final. And I went on with my heart so heavy for her that the only thing that kept any joy in it was the thought of the glad surprise coming to my little pal snuggled in beside me.

You wouldn't believe, if I told you,

how few Christmas packages there was in my old cart that afternoon. You know mine is the loneliest route there is this side of Nome City, Alaska. The weather had been ugly all day, and late in the afternoon it was gettin' nasty, with the wind comin' higher, and a full-grown blizzard, not a baby one like this tonight, was beginnin' to uncurl its long whips to lash the land to pieces. The snow at first was just needies stingin', scatterin' like, but increasin' every minute. I put P'like out at his box to run across the canyon to his home. I knew he'd get there sooner that way, and I see what I was facin' for the rest of my ride. I pretty near forgot to give him the letter for box 33, and he'd so wanted to find a letter in that box all that fall. But I was thinkin' all the time about the big box I was carryin' for him, that Ruth Ravenstow had give me, and plannin' how I'd sneak it up to the Gabel house. I know if I could get to Mrs. Gabel without him seein' us, I could get by all right, tellin' her to keep it till mornin' for him and let him open it himself.

I looked back after I had gone a little ways, and I see little P'like standin' by the mail-box with that letter in his hand. I waved him good-by again, and motioned him to run on quick. But he just stood still like the stubborn little tyke he was sometimes, and you couldn't move

him. I wished I'd told him to hurry with that letter to his grandma, it bein' the first one she'd had since I'd knowed her. I wished I'd took more interest and noticed the post-mark. But my eyeballs were burnin' with reading addresses, and the bleary, bloodshot things were inflamed with my cold. I had a notion to go right back then and make the cub hurry, but I needed to hurry myself, and P'like was such a funny youngster, he had his own ways of doing everything.

I DID look back again at the turn of the trail, but I couldn't see the little fellow at all then, so I knew he had cut for home. It had probably just dawned on him that he really had a letter for the Gabels, and he'd be dreamin' all sorts of dreams, and "p'likin'" to his heart's content as he skipped along through the canyon to tell his grandma what he had for her. And somehow I kept hopin' there was a check in that letter, till I about convinced myself there was. You see, I'd been with Tully so much I'd learned his trick and could "p'like" myself. My old horse was tough as a nut, and hard as nails, and with real horse sense, for he knew ever' foot of my crooked, windin' way through that valley, and never needed me to pull a rein to turn him right or left. Just

trotted up and down, more'n forward, but he jig-jagged him and me along the route by sheer instinct and habit. It was a good thing he had that leadin' in him. It saved me that night. For the first thing I know I sort of come to with a snap, and see that while I thought I was picturin' out things up at Gabels I was really gettin' that drowsy sleepiness that makes gettin' cold so perilous.

I roused myself wide awake and sensible, and hunched my shoulders firm down against the wind. For it seemed in just a minute, the storm busted suddenly out of the foothills of the Rockies and begun to slam around gettin' ready for a real blizzard. What followed the rest of that trip I have tried to forget. It was the maddest, gashingest wind I ever faced in all the years I've trekked up that valley. The snow didn't fall till later. But, good Lord of heaven, how the Smoky River valley was tortured by that bitter wind in the darkening hours of that late afternoon and early evenin'! I struggled through, determined to make every single mail box, and then come back and tote that precious phonograph up to Grandma Gabel's. I couldn't think of not deliverin' that one thing, though it ain't a carrier's business to do that. But out there we're human more'n we are "regular," as I've said, when duty and needs call

us. And the old man at Washington wearin' the striped pants and high hat, and general regalia of the flag fixin's is apt to wink at our short comin's when it's done in the name of Him our silver quarters says we trust in. Seemed to me pretty soon that I was the only livin' thing west of Hutchinson, Kansas. All the world was just rock and roar and cold dark nothingness.

I didn't seem to be followin' a trail at all. I just spattered into space when I left the last box and turned back on my home route with that precious thing of Ruth Ravenstow's. All I could do was to trust in the Lord, and my old horse's manhood to do the right thing by me then. For when you are lost in them canyons on a night like that, you are lost, and the ocean ain't no crueller about givin' you up. To forget that, because I knowed it so blamed well, I begun to wonder how many of them candles would be lighted later, in the valley. And I tried to picture them, each flickerin' its little bit of a glim against the big riproarin' storm swearin' so at 'em. And I tried to think the storm itself wasn't no monster but just a big bully that only needed you to call its bluff to "quile down" as Grandma Gabel used to say, bein' a southerner, and behave itself proper. When you're freezin' you'll do most anything to kid yourself

through, you know. When I got to Gabels I sneaked around carefully to keep out of range of them bright, big eyes that could see further'n an owl can. But I didn't need to sneak. Nobody was there but the old woman and Tobe. "Here's a present for your little boy in a 'night-before-Christmas' tone." "She said you must let him open it himself tomorrow morning. You mustn't let him see it tonight. He will go to bed pretty soon, won't he? I hope your letter brought you good news," I added, to be friendly, even if I was just freezin'.

"Letter?" Grandma Gabel said, wonderin' like. "I don't know what you mean. Did Tully go to sleep in your cart? Why don't you bring him in?" "Bring him in?" I bust out. "I left him at the mail-box as I went by it on my round. He had a letter for you, too. I told him to hurry right home with it, and I thought he would do it because he's always wanted to get you a letter; and it was good it come just on Christmas Eve. It was too cold for him to go on the long ride with me tonight. Don't say he ain't here yet."

(Concluded on last page)

# DON'T HUDDLE!

HEAT YOUR ENTIRE HOME *and live all over it* FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE . . . .



DON'T GIVE A COLD AN EVEN BREAK!

"Huddling" is the unhealthy practice of living in one or two rooms during the winter season. "Huddling" invites colds that are forerunners of many serious winter illnesses. If you "huddle", with part of the house blocked off in a shivering quarantine, sudden body chilling temperatures are unavoidable every time a member of the family leaves a heated room to go to some other part of the unheated home.



Fight the dangerous common cold this winter with these simple rules: (1) Don't "huddle" but provide comfortable temperatures in every room so that quick body-chilling changes will be avoided at all times; (2) Introduce sufficient oxygen-laden air into the home through adequate ventilation; (3) Keep connecting doors open so that a natural circulation of warm air prevails from one room to another; (4) If you should "catch cold" consult your family doctor before it has an opportunity to undermine your health.

Lone Star Gas System

