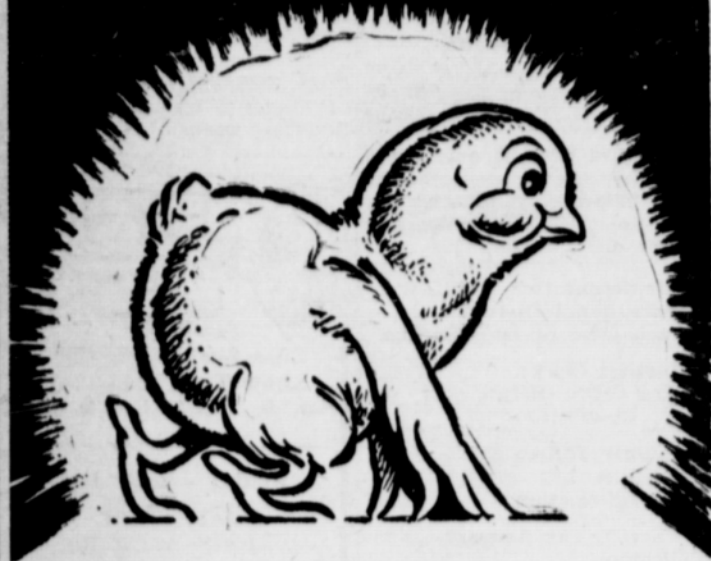


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Clyde, Texas — Baird, Texas

DALE CARNEGIE

★ "AUTHOR OF 'HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING' ★

No Father To Foot Bills

THIS STORY of Robert C. Sasena, Cleveland, Ohio, is for the boy who is entering college... or even high school.

When Robert graduated from high school, his father, like most American fathers, could see his dreams come true in that his son was now ready to go to college. But to Robert college was a series of dances, football games, lots of pretty girls, sport coats, and bow ties. His dad discussed with him the seriousness of life and pointed out what in his opinion he would accomplish by spending the next four years in further education.

Just as many other inexperienced young boys, Robert let those words of wisdom go in one ear and out the other. You can well imagine the difficulties he encountered scholastically. He says he and the Dean became very well acquainted!

The following March he received a phone call from home informing him that his father had just met with a very serious accident. He left school and went home. Within a week his father passed away and Robert was left with an older brother and his mother. He took a job in a foundry as a laborer, and a few months of hard work made him realize that possibly his father did have something in trying to offer him the advantages of college training. He still retained the fear that he was not given the mental ability to master the work in college, but he decided that there was only one way for him to find out whether he was capable of getting a college education.

If he could do this on a part-time basis, going to school at night, he could fight his fear and would be able to determine whether he was actually able to cope with such advanced education. With this thought in mind, he took a freshman course in college mathematics and much to his surprise he was able with a little work to pass this course without any difficulties. He took another course in freshman chemistry, and again he passed with a rating well above average. He then felt he had sufficient confidence in his ability to pass any course offered in college. With this confidence and deep desire to obtain a college degree, he left his job as a laborer in a foundry and enrolled in a day college with confidence.

He achieved his father's ambition for him, but he is telling this to forestall if possible the great waste of a young man's time and a father's money that occur when a freshman doesn't realize how fortunate he is to have a father to foot his college bills.



Carnegie

YOUR brain budget

- Which fabric is not produced directly from growing plants: (a) linen, (b) silk, (c) nylon, (d) cotton?
- Astigmatism is a defect in which: (a) lens of eye, (b) liver, (c) eardrum?
- The slang term "juice" refers to a product of which: (a) bottles, (b) wires, (c) boxes, (d) tins?
- A solid iron ball will float on which liquid: (a) crude oil, (b) mercury, (c) molasses, (d) crank case oil?
- Erudite means which: (a) scholarly, (b) religious, (c) thick?

ANSWERS
1. (c) Nylon
2. (a) Lens of eye
3. (a) Bottles
4. (a) Crude oil
5. (a) Scholarly

Edmund Webbs On Vacation Trip

Edmund Webb sent greetings to the editor from El Paso, last week. He and Mrs. Webb drove to Marfa, with nice showers falling all the way, then to Fort Stockton, arriving there in time to see the All Girl Rodeo parade, which was very colorful. They visited the Webb clan, and enjoyed a big fish fry in Marfa, Sunday.

On April 20, Bill Webb took them to the home of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Faircloth in El Paso. Sam Webb was there, too. Then Aubrey Cryder, a grandson of Mr. Dillard, came over and asked them to drive a Cadillac to Los Angeles, Calif., for him, as he had seven cars to deliver there.

The Webbs are visiting their children and other relatives on the West Coast. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Gorman in Spokane, Wash. Their son, Joe, accompanied them on the West Coast trip, driving for them. He is to be stationed in the Air Force near Spokane.

We appreciated hearing from Mr. Webb, and know that they are having a most wonderful trip.

Mrs. S. L. Stokes, of Corpus Christi, spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Boydston. Mrs. Stokes was enroute to her home after getting a new car in Dallas.

R. D. Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Williams, entered the Veterans' Hospital at Dallas Sunday afternoon. His home is on the Caldwell ranch.

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LOOKING AHEAD

During the past year many firms have raised their interest rate, and, with inflation still running, it is forecast that the cost of money will go higher.

We still make long term Federal Land Bank Farm and Ranch loans, payable on or before, interest only to date of payment—no bonus or penalty or any question as to the source from which you obtain the money. Our rate is still 4% per annum, guaranteed for life of loan. However, the average net cost of money (after dividends) to Federal Land Bank member-borrowers through this association last year was 3.32.

Now is a good time to tie-down your present and future land mortgage credit needs with one of our low-cost long term loans. Since 1917, over ONE MILLION farmers and ranchmen have chosen a Federal Land Bank loan as the safest and best.

If you need a loan or have one that may be refinanced at a lower rate and longer term, we invite you to discuss the matter with us.

Citizens National Farm Loan
Association

Leslie Bryant, Secretary-Treasurer

BAIRD, TEXAS

CLOSING OUT SALE

OF THE JONES DRY GOODS STORE BAIRD, TEXAS
CONTINUES TO DRAW THE CROWDS

There is not an article in this store that hasn't been marked down to Close Out Price to make this Sale a success. However, there are accumulations of odds and ends that are placed out on counters at a further reduction in price. This mighty Close Out Sale is one of the Greatest Saving Events that the people of Baird and surrounding territory have ever had the opportunity to attend!

EXTRA SPECIAL
One Odd Lot Of
Ladies Gowns and Slips
Values up to \$4.95
CLOSE OUT SPECIAL, only

98c

One Lot Of
LADIES SLIPPERS
Values up to \$3.50
CLOSE OUT at only

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One Lot Of
QUILT SCRAPS
2 pounds to roll
CLOSE OUT, per roll

29c

One Lot Of
LADIES AND MISSES SLIPPERS
Close Out Sale Price
Pair ONLY

69c

Again we insist that you attend this Sale—the Greatest of all Sales. We must dispose of this stock of merchandise. Tell your friends and neighbors that the Jones Dry Goods Store at Baird, Texas, is being Closed Out.

REMEMBER THE STORE AND PLACE!

JONES DRY GOODS

From Cattle Range to Cotton Patch

By DON H. BIGGERS
(Continued from last week)

CAMP COOPER

Camp Cooper was situated on the Clear Fork, and was about midway between Phantom Hill and Belknap. Few people of today ever heard of Camp Cooper, but in the latter 50's few people did not hear of it every few days, for then there was not a place more cordially hated and universally unpopular among the people of Texas, especially the people living along the frontier.

Camp Cooper was never a military post, in the strict sense of the word, but an Indian reservation. About 1851 the Government got possession of a considerable body of land in that vicinity, and began making extensive preparations to establish a great Indian reservation at Camp Cooper, where "the noble red men" could be trained in the arts of agriculture. A great deal of land was plowed, and the work seemed to be progressing rapidly when the Government, for reasons unknown, left the place, not having placed a single Indian upon it. In 1852 or 1853 a party by the name of Shell or Snell made an individual treaty with the Kiowa and Northern Comanche Indians, and established quite a trading post at Camp Cooper. Things went well with Mr. Shell, or Snell, for some weeks; but the Indians finally got some of their peculiar ideas in their heads, and possibly some of Mr. Shell's or Snell's peculiar intoxicants in their stomachs, and then, to utilize a little modern parlance, there was a "rough house." Mr. Shell, or Snell, retired from the management of his earthly affairs, and the Indians returned to their haunts beyond the Red River.

Sometime later, though it is not known in what year, the Government again took charge of Camp Cooper, and made of it a reservation on which was placed the Southern Comanche, or Peneoca Indians. It would have been impossible for the Government to have selected a tribe that would have been more complete failures in the agriculture business, or a greater success of doers of devilment. Bands of them would quit the reservation when they liked, and go as far south as the Rio Grande, robbing, plundering, stealing and murdering to their heart's content, and then, returning to the reservation, traveling in a hurry if pressed by the settlers or minute men; if not, then leisurely and joyfully. Naturally the people, especially those who had suffered from past raids or were exposed to future depredations, were dissatisfied with this state of affairs. They protested. They supplicated. They even went so far in the matter as to ask the Federal authorities to do something; to either keep the Indians confined to the reservation, or turn them loose and give the people an opportunity to teach them something more practical than anything they would ever learn on an agricultural reservation. If the Federal authorities ever heard any of these protests, supplications, or appeals, they never indicated it by their actions.

Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and self-preservation required the application of a heroic treatment. The settlers got together, organized a kind of volunteer company, and selected General John R. Baylor as commander. The object of this company was to attack Camp Cooper and annihilate the whole Comanche tribe on that reservation. There were about two hundred and fifty men in the expedition, and they reached Camp Cooper some time in the month of June, 1859. But their plans miscarried. Instead of being able to take the place by surprise, the troops had been advised of their coming, and were in readiness for them. A fight took place, but the soldiers were too well equipped for the poorly-armed, undisciplined citizens, who were compelled to retire, after some of their number had been killed and others wounded, but not until they had killed at least a few of the Indians. This affair impressed upon the minds of the Federal authorities that the people of Texas were desperately in earnest, and soon after this incident the Indians were moved to Fort Bliss, or Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory. About the only difference this made was in the fact that the Indians had to go and come a little farther to do their mischief, and unless the citizens could come upon them before they recrossed the Red River, there was no possibility of inflicting punishment.

In this connection it may not be amiss to mention another matter not generally known to the people of today. There was a great deal of sentimental nonsense about how to handle the Indians, and the Quakers were the foremost advocates of the "be humane and merciful" theory. Through some influence a great many Quakers were appointed to the positions of Indian agents, hence in those days the term "Quaker Agents" was applied to Indian agents in general. But, regardless of creeds or pretensions, a majority of the Indian agents were either incompetent or dishonest. By anything like common-sense management the Indians could have been kept confined to their reservations, or at least not permitted to go far enough for them to do any considerable mischief. An incompetent agent didn't know how to handle the Indians, and a dishonest one didn't want to, for mercenary reasons; his share of the spoils were more to him than the welfare of the Indian, or the property and lives of the frontiersmen and their families.

After moving the Indians to the Territory, the Government permanently abandoned Camp Cooper.

CAMP COLORADO

Camp Colorado was located on the Jim Ned, in Coleman County, about twelve miles east of the present town of Coleman, and was established in the summer of 1856 by Major Earl Van Dorn. Here the Government erected quite a number of stone and wooden buildings, most of them still standing. About the most noteworthy event in connection with the history of Camp Colorado is the fact that it was here that Albert Sidney Johnston assembled the forces that were to make the famous expedition into

Utah to quell the Mormon Revolution then in prospect. This was in 1858.

There were a few settlers in the vicinity of Camp Colorado, and, in so far as the material results are concerned, the best purpose it ever served was to give these settlers a good market for their poultry, beef and such produce as was raised in that section at that time.

Fort Chadbourne and Fort Griffin are properly within the province of these sketches, but at present very little is known, or, if known, is not obtainable, in regard to Fort Chadbourne. It was established in 1853, and like the other old forts, was surrendered to the State Rangers at the beginning of the Civil War, and was never again occupied by the Federal Government. Fort Griffin was established as a Government post about 1867, and was abandoned as such ten years later. It was famous mostly as a cattle town and buffalo hunters' supply and trading station, and is treated as such in a subsequent chapter.

BEGINNING OF THE BUFFALO SLAUGHTER

The purport of these sketches is to treat of the industrial, commercial and social evolutions that have taken place in Western Texas during a period of about thirty-four years, and as the buffalo hunters preceded all other classes, a few Federal troops excepted, it is essential that this class of pioneers, if such they may be termed, and their romantic, tragic, transitory occupation be given at least a brief precedence in the treatment of this subject. When the slaughter ended many of the old buffalo hunters engaged in various kinds of business within the confines of the old buffalo range, and then became permanently identified with the country as pioneer citizens.

As early as 1870 the Government stage route was a noted public highway running somewhat diagonally across the State, via the Government posts at Fort Griffin, Fort Chadbourne, Fort Concho, thence nearly due west via Fort Stockton, Fort Hancock, and El Paso. At that time lying west and north of this stage route was a great scope of country, virtually unexplored and concerning the topography and character of which scarcely anything was known. A few Federal troops had ventured into certain portions of this wilderness. Some of them found more Indians than they were looking for, which probably accounts for the fact that they were never again heard from, consequently no reports are now extant as to the portion of the country they traversed. As a result of discretion others were more fortunate, and the archives of the War Department now contain some valuable information in regard to the geography of this then wild country, this information being embodied in the reports of the officers in charge of the expeditions, showing the distance and directions traveled and the section of country covered. These reports are amusing, though a little inaccurate and slightly misleading. I have just been perusing one of them from which I glean the following information.

That the Llano Estacado, or great American desert, extended from Fort Griffin to Sundown; that the Colorado River was somewhere between the Brazos and the Rocky Mountains; that the sandhills were at least 200 miles east of where they are; that the Yellow House Canyon emptied into the Pecos, whereas it is now notoriously a tributary of the Brazos. From all of which I infer that the officer making the report was wrong as to locations or that the country has since undergone a wonderful geographical transformation. But after more carefully examining the report I have come to the uncharitable conclusion that the officer making it never got so far away from the Government post that he could not yell for help and be distinctly understood, and that he did most of his topographical surveying with a field glass, and a vivid imagination, and his sagacity was commendable, for he was able to return alive and make a report for the amusement of future generations, whereas the fellow who ventured too far along the meanderings of some Indian trail never got back to make any kind of report, to say nothing of the distress and anxiety the unknownness of his whereabouts caused his friends, relatives and the War Department.

It is of this section of the country that these sketches treat. As to humor of the absurd character, I do not pretend to compete with the 1870 report of the army officers, but as I have an advantage over them in the matter of metes, bounds and landmarks, I do claim that my work is far superior to their work in point of accuracy, therefore preferable as a guide and for general purposes.

Properly speaking, the buffalo slaughter began in 1870 and virtually terminated in 1877. Previous to 1870, however, a considerable number of persons, especially in Kansas, Nebraska and some portions of Texas, engaged in buffalo hunting as a regular business, the choicest flesh of the animals thus killed being sold at the Government posts or peddled in the older communities, but the hides, having no market value, were for the most part thrown away.

The Indian was unquestionably the first individual to kill a buffalo, but with his characteristic carelessness in such important matters, he failed to leave to posterity any record of the event. It is best for the Indian's general reputation and social standing that he omitted to chronicle, by pen or legend, most of his early day doings, but there are exceptions.

The history of the Indian and the buffalo are inseparably linked, a fact that has militated considerably against the buffalo, but he couldn't help it. He was an unconsenting party to the alliance and the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence. The really regrettable feature of the incident is that it was the buffaloes that got exterminated. Nature intended the buffalo for a wild, nomadic life, to fill a sphere not in demand for any other purpose at that particular time. I have not made a very close study of the Indian question, and am not in a position to hazard a surmise as to what kind of scheme nature was working out when the Indian was conceived.

(Continued next week)

DERBY TRY-OUTS



EDITORIAL

CITY COUNCIL JOB IS NO BED OF ROSES

Upon relinquishing their posts on the Baird city council to the newly elected aldermen last Friday, C. W. Sutphen, who had completed his twelfth year of service, and Marvin Hunter, with four years of service, pledged their continued support to the council for the good of Baird. Mr. Sutphen gave the new aldermen a few pointers that might help in solving some of the immediate problems facing the city council. Hunter told the council that their job for the next term or two would certainly not be a bed of roses.

The city is faced with the pains common to any West Texas city that is growing, plus a few other handicaps. Here is a sort of a thumb nail sketch of the situation. Having recently spent all our money to get Baird's new lake into operation, there is none with which to replace the old water mains nor to lay additional water and sewer lines. The water main under Market Street pavement is rotten and should be replaced with new pipe and changed to the alley to protect the pavement. Larger water mains are needed all over town. More sewer connections are needed all over town. Of course, the city employees are going ahead with the work as fast as they can, but this is not fast enough to keep abreast of the town's growth.

The general fund cannot meet the city's bills each month. This is for several reasons. First, there is not sufficient tax money collected annually to pay for all the necessities that taxes should pay for in the city's operations. For a long time the city has been letting profits from the municipal light plant pay for some of the city's burdens, but with increased cost of operation of the light plant those profits are decreasing. More taxes will have to come from somewhere if the city keeps the wolf away from its door. An overall equalization of valuations of property might help more than anything else.

With the gradual growth of the municipal light plant's business, and in the face of the high price of fuel oil, a new gas burning engine will have to be bought very soon. In view of the city's present financial situation, the only way a new engine can be bought is to invest all the profits from the plant for a long time. Then about the time this engine is running good, it will be necessary to buy another one just like it, which will tie up the plant's revenues for that much longer. This is not bad, however, except that the city won't get to use the revenue on the streets, cemetery, and in many other ways it has been used heretofore. As the plant grows and its business increases, the city has in it a valuable asset. For instance, without the light plant property the city could not have been able to sell its bonds with which the new lake was built. Salaries paid to local people mean something, too. If the council can take hold of the business and show it to be of value in the futures as it has been in the past, all will be well.

In taking hold of the business, every department will have to stand on its own feet. Rates will have to be raised for services that are going in the red, and lowered on those services that show too much profit, if there be any of this kind.

As we said in the beginning, the new city council will not have a bed of roses in any sense of the word. We believe they will take hold of the city's problems, lay out a plan of work, and go forward. A well defined plan is something the city has needed for some time... a plan whereby the people of the town can know and to which they can lend their support. The citizens are entitled to know the financial condition of the city. The law requires that a statement be published at the close of each fiscal year, which ends in June. Thus far, this statement has not been published for the year ending last June, and here it is almost June again. A monthly statement would do more to let the citizens know the city's financial standing than anything we can think of just now.

Our good wishes, as well as our sympathetic understanding, are extended to the new city council. While their problems seem to be great, their success can be even greater with the steadfast support of all our citizens.

The Baird Star

J. MARVIN HUNTER, JR.
Owner and Publisher



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THE BAIRD STAR



OPERATION SUICIDE . . . Herman Schafer, who ended his life in his New York apartment, did so after infinite planning. After drawing up his will, he wrote a farewell note, attaching it to sleeves of suit designated as "burial suit." To keep from injuring someone else, he disconnected all electrical appliances and sealed doors and windows before turning on the gas.

Burned Clyde Child Expected Home Soon After 120 Days In Hospital

Velma Lee Gallaway, who spent 69 days in Callahan County Hospital, following serious burns January 1, is going to get well. She is getting well because of her strong willpower and determination. She is now recovering in a Ft. Worth hospital and will soon be released to come home to her parents in Clyde.

An article from a recent issue of the Fort Worth Press follows: Like the little mustard seed of Gospel fame, little Velma Lee Gallaway has the kind of faith that moves mountains.

In St. Joseph's Hospital today, Velma—a pretty, blond child with pert nose—finishes her 105th day of lying on her stomach.

"I had hoped to be up for Valentine's Day," she says wistfully. "Then I thought, 'Maybe Easter.' Now I just pray I'll be home and in school by next fall." Home to 12-year-old Velma is Clyde, Texas, about 22 miles east of Abilene. That's where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse D. Gallaway, and three sisters and two brothers live.

Velma, being the oldest of the Gallaway brood, was chosen to spend last year's Christmas vacation with an aunt in Abilene.

That "lucky break" turned into tragedy when, on New Year's morning, Velma drew up a chair next to a bedroom heater and curled up with a book.

She guesses she must have sat a little too close to the heater. In an instant, her dress was aflame, and Velma was running wildly through the house.

Her deep-blue eyes still reflect horror when she recalls the incident.

"Something inside me kept telling me to run away from the flames. But they followed me everywhere."

After a horrible chase, the

girl's aunt managed to pull her to the floor and smother the blaze. Velma's screams continued for days afterwards.

The next 69 days Velma hovered near death in a Baird, Texas, hospital. The worst burns—on her lower back and hips—would not heal naturally.

Early last month, doctors decided a skin-grafting operation was her only hope. So her parents brought her to St. Joseph's and placed her in the care of a Fort Worth specialist.

The specialist pared 124 square inches of healthy skin from the child's thighs and "patched" the raw, festering flesh.

Slowly . . . very slowly . . . the burns now are healing. And it may be that Velma will soon be well enough to leave the hospital in several weeks.

Meantime, there is danger of infection. But even that is fading.

"They used to give me eight shots of penicillin a day," Velma points out. (To date she's had more than 150 shots.)

"Now I only get four shots a day."

Velma's accident dealt her a double dose of trouble in the form of painful bed sores on her stomach. A special operation had to be performed on the sores last week.

But you won't hear Velma complain.

"Everyone has been so wonderful," she beams. "They all seem to think I'll get well and be just like I was."

Fort Worth church women of several denominations have taken a special interest in the case and have cheered her with visits and gifts.

And a small girl with whom she recently shared her room paid Velma a surprise visit the other day.

She brought a pretty, green and white Easter dress and hung it on a screen next to the bed.

"It was a wonderful morale builder," a nurse commented. "It gave Velma something to look

forward to, even though she was not able to wear the dress this Easter."

The little friend brought along another present, too—a small bracelet with a crystal ball attached. In the center of the crystal is one small mustard seed—Christianity's symbol of faith strong enough to move mountains.

Velma has that kind of faith.

Surprise Party For Mr. and Mrs. Hicks

Relatives and friends honored Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hicks with a surprise party on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Wednesday evening, April 16, at their home north of Clyde.

After games of 42 and canasta, refreshments were served to the following: Mr. and Mrs. Aden Atwood and son, Donnie, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Reece Cook and children, Kenneth and Peggy, Baird; Mrs. Hicks' mother, Mrs. R. W. Cook, Donald, Terry and Gerald Cook, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bourland, Miss Edna Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Reddin and children, Betty and Steve, Abilene; Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Cook and children, Gene and Beth, Mrs. Sam Freeman and her nephew, Junior Hammett, the honorees and their sons, Jimmy, Harold and J. B., all of Clyde.

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BAIRD, TEXAS

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Williams, of Belle Plain, were Sgt. and Mrs. Donald Kell and son, Donnie, of Mineral Wells. They visited with R. D. Williams before he left for Dallas. Sgt. Kell and R. D. were friends in California. Sgt. Kell has just returned from Korea, where he spent 22 months.

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This year we will have to ask all farmers who cannot get money from your local bank, to apply at once for a loan through the Emergency Relief Funds that are now available at this time for this part of the State. We are like you, we are not able to finance any one this year. I will finance my own business and will expect everyone else to do the same. Get your loan through now so that you can go ahead with your farming on time. I have to pay cash, and I will expect cash for what I sell. Credit sales do me more damage than all other bothers put together. Stop and think. I have to go right back and get another load and pay cash just as soon as I am empty. When I am out of money I am in the same fix you are in when you are out of gasoline.

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Tests Show 3 Times More Early Eggs After Feeding Nutrena Grower

At a Nutrena testing station, pullets fed the powerful new Nutrena Grower produced 3 times more early eggs in the first 64 days of production than birds fed a growing feed low in antibiotics and B-12.

WOULD YOU TURN A 5 YEAR OLD CHILD OUT to find his own food? Of course not. Well, a pullet between the ages of 8 and 24 weeks "grows up" just as much as a child does between 5 years and 18 years of age. Pullets, like growing children need more than just vegetables. They need the help of a good growing feed to get through that critical period when bodies and egg making organs are growing fast. They need Nutrena All-Mash Grower.

What's Nutrena's secret? It's New Miracle Livium, with its guaranteed effective amounts of antibiotics and B-12. Crumbled Nutrena All-Mash Grower with new Miracle Livium provides the extra body building materials your pullets need to develop into profitable egg making machines.

Nutrena ALL-MASH GROWER

BLACK'S FARM STORE



2613
SIZES 12-48

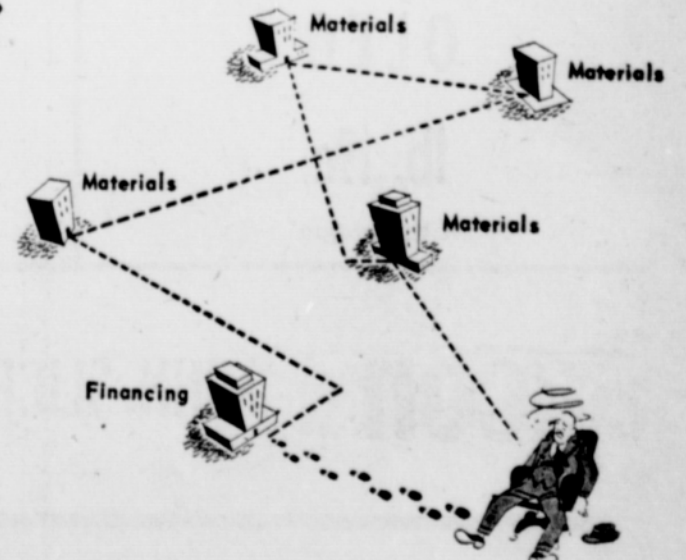


2478
SIZES 1, 2, 3, 4, 4

No. 2613 is cut in sizes 12 to 30; 36 to 48. Size 12, 5 1/2 yds. 35-in. No. 2478 is cut in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 4. Size 4 dress, panties, 2 1/2 yds. 35-in., 3 1/2 yds. edging. Send 30c for EACH pattern with name, address, style number and size to AUBREY LANE BUREAU, Box 306, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N.Y. The new Spring-Summer Fashion Book shows 125 other styles, 25c extra.

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You won't wear yourself out arranging for home improvements when you see us! We have COMPLETE facilities for repairing or remodeling your property . . . and these include FHA financing.



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TRUTH IS STRANGER

BY RICHARD HILL WILKINSON

STRANGER than fiction? Yes, I suppose it was. Nevertheless, it happened.

It wasn't the real estate agent's fault. When the Lintons came to him and said they wanted to buy a farm, he showed them the old Islington place all in good faith. It never occurred to him that the river would rise that high; such a possibility never entered his head. Nor did it occur to Harry Linton.

The Lintons were attracted to the Islington farm right off. They had been saving, they said, for years, planning one day to buy a place in the country. They had four children that needed pure air and sunshine and good food. The Islington place was just about what they had dreamed of.

They paid the agent \$4000 cash for the farm, which, save for a couple of hundred dollars, was every bit of their savings. But Harry and his wife had no false illusions. They knew what they were up against. To them the farm was a bargain.

That was in the spring of 1935. That summer Harry, with the help of his two sons, raised a pretty good crop of tobacco, besides enough vegetables to keep them through the winter. The tobacco crop paid them a small profit—enough to satisfy their needs. Next year they would do better.

It was a pretty hard winter. There was a lot of snow and cold weather. The thermometer didn't get above freezing for six weeks.

Then abruptly came the end. In March a thaw set in. The thaw was followed by a warm rain and then more weather. The river began steadily to rise. It spread out over the lowlands and began snatching away the homes of people who had built there in order to benefit from the fertile soil.

The Lintons were distressed over the plight of their neighbors. They offered their home as temporary quarters to those whose properties were devastated.

Down in the village old timers were saying that they'd never seen the river on such a rampage. And it was still rising.

And then one morning the Lintons awoke and found the water almost at their back door. They couldn't believe their eyes. It seemed incredible, a miracle. Yet there it was.

Harry was optimistic. It wouldn't rise any farther, he said. It couldn't.

About noon of that same day some men came up from the village and warned the Lintons to leave. The river was still rising. Reports from Valley dam were to the effect that it might give way any minute.

"But we can't leave. This is our home. Everything we have in the world is right here."

The next morning Harry Linton stepped in ankle-deep water when he descended to the kitchen. He called to his wife and told her to

rouse the children and have them pack everything they could carry. At noon the family vacated. Standing on a high point of land they watched the mad torrents, caused by the broken dam, sweep down through the valley, snatch their home from its foundation as though it were pasteboard.

Mrs. Linton and the children wept. Harry turned away from the sight of what was happening. His hopes and dreams and efforts of 20 years were vanishing before his very eyes. He felt sick.

The Lintons were probably the most pathetic of all those who had suffered. They were not natives of the country. They had no friends or relatives or money. They were destitute. There was nothing left. Nothing.

Days later, Harry Linton walked out to where his farm had stood. The land was swept clean. There was not a sign of a building. Where once had been fertile fields there was a barren desert—silt deposited by the torrents. It was a bleak and desolate scene. Not even the staunch spirit and strong heart of Harry Linton could face it without feeling bitter. In a burst of passion he raised his fist and shook it at the river.

In mid-air he checked the gesture, staring with eyes that fairly bulged from his head. He blinked, rubbed his eyes, stared again. Slowly he approached a clump of shrubbery that grew between where he stood and the water.

Grass and twigs and silt were caught by the bare branches of the bushes. And something else was caught, too. Little squares of paper, green in color, written on.

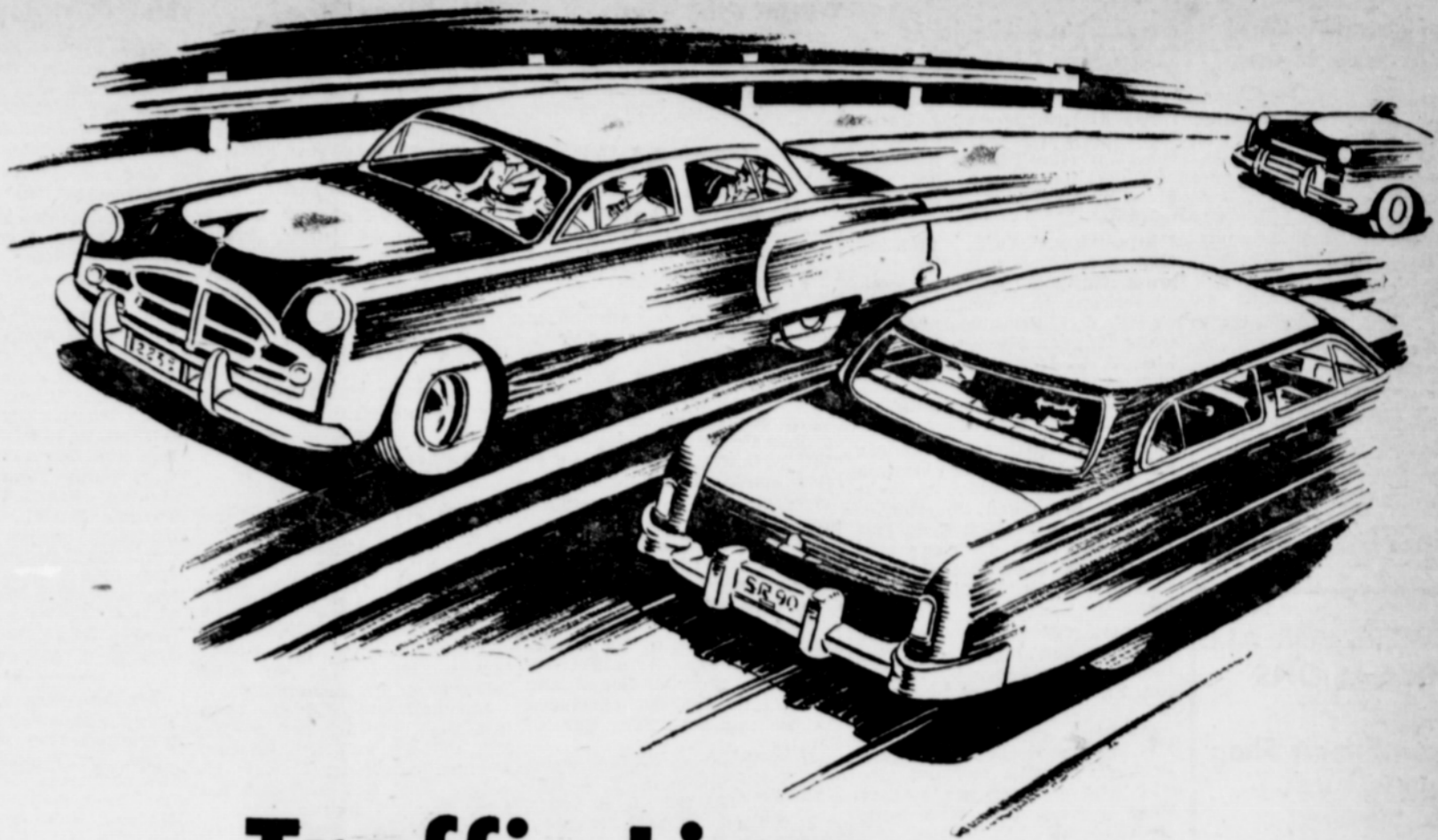
Harry Linton picked off one, stared at it, continued to stare for a long moment. Then very softly he whistled beneath his breath. The thing that he held in his hand was a \$100 bill!

Harry Linton went down to the bank and showed what he had found and told his story. There were 56 bills in all. The bank president was skeptical, but after examining the bills he was forced to believe.

He wired to Washington, sending the serial numbers. But it didn't do much good. The bills were old, issued years and years ago. Undoubtedly they had been stolen and the thief had buried them and then either forgotten where, or had died. The river, rising to abnormal heights, had unearthed the treasure and sent it on a rampage.

A few other bills were found farther down the river, and someone discovered an old tin strongbox with the cover ripped off and a \$100 note clinging to its ragged edge.

No one claimed the money. No one could claim it, because Harry had found it on his own land. And most everyone was glad, because the Lintons were desirable neighbors and folks wanted them to remain on the Islington place.



Traffic Lines are LIFE LINES!

Throw a line to a drowning person and with all his remaining strength he reaches for it—to save his life. Throw one or two solid lines down the length of a highway, and too many drivers ignore it in their hapless hurry to get somewhere fast.

But those, too, are life lines. Road markings at danger points are put there to save lives. Passing on the wrong side of the road, violating right-of-way, cutting in, passing on curves or on the right, failing to signal a turn or intention to pass and other reckless acts are utter disregard for life. Traffic gamblers guilty of these violations cost the lives of 11,000 persons and injured more than half a million others in 1950—and the toll increased last year.

Have you ever been guilty of crossing a traffic line when it wasn't necessary? Have you taken the right-of-way when it wasn't yours to take? How often have you seen a squeeze coming and breathed a sigh of relief when Lady Luck gave you one more chance?

The life line in the palm of your hand doesn't contemplate violent death on the highway. Your future may be written—or written off—in the way you drive. You—and only you—can make your driving life line longer.



Drive As Though Your Life Depends On It -- IT DOES!

This advertisement is presented in the public interest by the following business firms and individuals in support of the efforts of the Baird Safety Council.

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Something similar to the above scene occurs dozens of times daily across the country. Pontiac Factory Instructors are constantly at work teaching Pontiac Mechanics—including ours—the finer points of Pontiac Service. As a result, our mechanics are always "up-to-the-minute" on new and improved service techniques. They always know the best thing to do... and what not to do. You can be confident that we will always know how to do the best service job, at the lowest possible cost.

BAIRD MOTOR COMPANY



Spring

DEL MONTE GARDEN SHOW



EARLY GARDEN

SUGAR PEAS

2 No. 303 cans

39c

CREAM STYLE

CORN

2 No. 303 cans

39c

TOMATO

CATSUP

14 oz. bottle

19c

FRUIT COCKTAIL

No. 303 can

23c

SPINACH

2 No. 2 cans

27c

ORANGE JUICE

46 oz. cans

29c

PEAR HALVES

No. 303 can

29c

WHOLE GREEN BEANS

No. 303 can

25c

TOMATO JUICE

46 oz. cans

29c

PINEAPPLE

2 No. 1 Flat Can

29c

ORANGE JUICE

2 No. 2 cans

29c

PINEAPPLE JUICE

46 oz. cans

33c

GARDEN FRESH

CORN-ON-COB

4 ears

25c

FLORIDA

ORANGES

5 lb. bag

35c

KIMBELL'S

SHORTENING

3 lb. carton

59c

FRESH DRESSED

FRYERS

pound

57c

BLUE BONNET

OLEO

lb. 19c

With Coupon

DIAMOND, SOUR OR DILL

PICKLES

quart

25c

KIMBELL'S

CORN MEAL

5 lb. bag

39c

SUGAR CURED

JOWLS

pound

27c

Bacon

MINN. SLICED

lb. 39c

Wieners

ALL MEAT
Cello Bag

lb. 55c

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