

# The Baird Star

FRIDAY, MONTH, JULY 28, 1944

(Callahan)

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

(County)

VOLUME LVII, AND NUMBER 34

## What You Are Facing Today: King Roosevelt Planning to be Emperor Roosevelt I. of World!

LAST TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND AFFECTION HONORING LIEUT. BILLY B. HOLLINGSHEAD!



Memorial Services were held Sunday at the Methodist Church for Lt. Billy B. Hollingshead, son of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Hollingshead of Baird.

Lieut. Hollingshead was killed in action, June 29th, 1944, in New Guinea. He was a pilot of an A-20 Bomber, and had previously been shot down and wounded, but had returned to his base for further action.

He had been in combat service since December 1, 1943, and had completed his 50th mission before the first of June.

Billy was a graduate of Baird High

and was a student at North Texas State Teachers College, Denton, prior to his enlistment in the Army Air Corps, January 1942. He was commissioned at Brooksfield, San Antonio, September 6, 1942.

He is survived by his parents; two brothers, Olaf, Navy Pharmacy Mate stationed at San Diego, California; and Pvt. Fayne now in training at Camp Berkeley; also his grandmother, Mrs. W. R. Gilbreth of Baird.

Services were conducted by Rev. W. B. Hicks, his pastor; Rev. Hamilton Wright, of Abilene; and Rev. A. A. Davis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Baird.

The future of Billy Hollingshead had so much of beauty and promise that we are all saddened to recount them—yet, there are literally thousands of the flower of our young manhood being sacrificed on the altar of human struggle.

WITH THE 37TH ARMY DIVISION ON BOUGAINVILLE!

From bulldogging Texas steers, in rodeos to manning a machine gun on this northern battleground—so runs the story the past 18 months of Pvt. Leonard McIntosh, 22 of Goldsboro.

Back home, Leonard participated in rodeos for eight years, doing a bare-back riding act and bulldogging steers. He frequently appeared in news reels, dressed in his cowboy regalia. A rancher, he belonged to the Cowboys Amateur Association, and the Future Farmers of America.

Now he is a member of an infantry regiment that saw heavy action in the battle of Hill 129. In this action he manned a machine gun in a front-line pillbox which was subject of intense artillery and mortar fire.

He is the son of our local townsman and wife, Mr. & Mrs. Joe B. McIntosh, and a graduate of the Baird High School, and was for three years on the Baird High and John Tarlton teams, and played tennis.

Leonard was inducted December 1942, and embarked for overseas on May of 1943, and has served in the New Hebrides, New Caledonia and Guadalcanal, before Bougainville.

He has been awarded the Soldier's Good Conduct Medal for loyal and efficient service, and the combat infantryman badge for participation in a major campaign. The latter medal is new, and consists of a silver rifle on a blue field with a silver border, imposed on an elliptical wreath. It is to the infantryman what wings

TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS:—

That the King is all-powerful; That the King can do no wrong; That the future production of our beloved Texas for 100 years has been used for a slush fund to buy once proud citizenry;

That our once world-wide admired and sought-to-emulate way of life is gone, not to return for a 1,000 years; That men have lost the true perspective of government—

There is no longer and doubt. The Chicago conventions, both the Republican and the Democratic made those facts unmistakably plain.

Our own democratic convention, dominated by Earl Browder, the once open titular and now the under-cover head of the American Socialist and German National Socialist party, and Sidney Hillman, European born, the CIO's right hand man of the King, with the A. F. & L. and the Civil Service groups industriously and assiduously abetting from behind the curtains, has put to shame every tenet and principle of the Founders and once-supposed-to-be guardian angels of our once proud Democratic Party.

There was just one reason why the Regular delegates from Texas were flouted, snubbed, reviled and humiliated, and that was because they dared to defy the further raping of our American Way of Life by the gasconading multimillionaire F. D. Roosevelt.

There was just one reason w

without legal status or moral turpitude rumpers were elected and given half of the Texas vote, which was purloined from the regularly elected and properly credentialed Texas Democrats, and that was because they were for the multimillionaire Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

There is but one logical conclusion, and that is that The Chicago Convention was run in strict and true conformity with all the details employed by Shickleguber in his rise to power; and there was present all of the spirit of the young Germans who whipped their professors if they scouted the "hail Hitler" stuff!

At the head of our Government is a Mr. Hyde parading in the clothes Dr. Jekyll, a Jacob extending the hair-covered hand of an Esau!

And back of that, was the negro vote in Mr. Hyde's beloved Harlem—in New York, in Chicago, in Detroit, in St. Louis, in Philadelphia, in Kansas City, in Jersey City!

And back of that was the boss-ridden, machine-controlled San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Jersey City, and New Orleans!

While the CIO dominated by means of the European-born Sydney Hillman's astute and cunning old-world maneuverings, the King, Roosevelt (or Franklin) I. demanded, from behind the curtains, that guilty-of-many-felonies Boss Pendergrast's stooge be elevated to his aid-de-camp, and it was done with our own Texas regulars chiming, "us too!"

Texas! The touted maker of the idealist Woodrow Wilson! Texas The boys who shouted for Roosevelt in 1932, and took pay and went along for 12 long years, holding their noses to escape suffocation from the fumes emanating from the hatching buzzard egg that has become the king among them all.

Texas! That great and once proud empire, finding it could no longer follow the ever-veering trail from everything she has stood for and loved found that their former leader was now ready to toss them to the lions, and was busy smiting them on the thigh, because they were less important to him in his mad race with destiny, than were the negroes of the North.

Clint Small led them out of the King's Chamber, with an erect posture, as any self-respecting Texan would do; but under the whip of Jesse Jones, Butler went back, and others followed, and sat in sackcloth and ashes, welched on their resolutions committee, and let Herman, the Jones, cast the half of the votes

left them, for Truman, a crook's stooge who was too smart to become enmeshed in the coils of the law along with his Boss Pendergrast!

And, that nice serviceable brass collar which has become the trade mark of all voter-her-straight" democrats in the South, worn so long until they have been hugging it to their breasts, and shouting, "our mighty, solid South!" again finds a leash in the ring, and the King puts them through their paces, as any good dog trainer will do when his hound pup gets unruly.

The solid South! Yes, carried solidly as the balance of power to do the bidding of Wall Street than which there has never been a bigger and more brutal wall-streeter than the present titular king of the solid South!

The solid South, whipped into the most humiliating and compromising position it has held in 75 years—all because the King believes that "tradition" the solid South's habits will be strong enough to keep the brass-collar, yellow-dog democrats in line.

You simps of Texas! You degenerate sons of worthy sires! You boasting of "white supremacy", of being a "voet-her-straight" segment of humanity; yet you hang on to the man who has not only damned the South, but he has raped our money system, damned our morale, and ravaged our natural resources to such an extent that we will be deprived of decencies and necessities for a hundred years!

Wonder of wonders, in the face of that, in the face of your money-bought allegiance, whenever he has wanted a man to do his work, he has gone to the Republican Party—the anathema and the hated-bund of all you yellow-dog, brass-collar, hero-worshipping folks, who shame the true democracy of your fathers!

I am 65 years old. If I should round out the Biblical promise of four score years and ten, I should not live to see the return of free enterprise—if this spawn of European Socialism is returned to power; nor would I live to see the sacredness of one's home, the right of trial by jury, the faith of our fathers in their constitution, their legislative halls, their trust in their Supreme Court, returned—all buttressed on the maximum of personal freedoms—the right of private contract; therefore I shall do, as did Cincinnatus of Old, return to my farm, there, not to await the call of my people to their rescue; but to await Sharon's call to me to navigate the River Styx, if the gang dominated by Roosevelt should be in power after November election!

The cunning, wary, double-crossing Roosevelt took Wallace from the Republican Party, drank from him his schemes of National Socialism—all of his "quart of milk" humanity, then let the naked Wallace stand before him and say, "O King, my dear liege! If it is best for you, I will not seek re-nomination!" And, without speaking to Wallace frankly and honestly (a thing the king can not do), and saying, "Henry, my son and faithful servant; you have served me well; but you must go," he showered encomiums upon him, the poor back-slidden Republican Wallace, and let him go to Chicago, and there beat his pinioned wings against unscalable and impregnable political walls!

The traducer of a people's legacy, the despoiler of a self-respecting manhood, eured poor gasconading Barkley into attacking him on the floor of the Senate, that the public might cease to say, "We have a rubber stamp Congress!" Then we find the same Barkley, really and truly believing the Chief would keep his word and reward him by making him his running mate, humiliated, if that is possible, by nominating the King for four more years of ravaging the people!

And all the time the King had it cut and dried that Truman, who lied almost up to the dead line, his vice! Truman, the stooge of Boss Pendergrast—the rottenest of all of the rotten city bosses.

Once thought-to-be BIG Jimmie Byrne was slipped into a Supreme Court toga, then hustled out to do more menial tasks for the King, was let to believe that he had the blessings of his liege, only to find that he didn't.

And there was Rayburn, Bankhead, who had had the chief's hypocritical smile!

There trooped away from Chicago, not only the humiliated Texas delegation, but the delegations of all the "solid South," their backs smarting from the lashes of the liege's cat-o'-Wallace, and Byrnes, and Barkley, and Bankhead, and Rayburn—all goaded to anger by the lash of neglect of their chief; and until the final curtain of life is drawn about them, they shall be repeating with Wolsy, Henry VIII's stooge, "Had I served my God with half the zeal I have served my King, He would not have forsaken me in mine old age!"

And their liege is a true copy of Wolsy's! Both men who would stoop to enquer, and stultify all that is holy that they might consort with their physical and mental concubines! The ineffective, retreating Texas legitimate delegation, are whimpering, "The fight is not over," but the fight is over for the defeated, and they are defeated!

How few he who felt that this new European government's taking angle hold on America, do as lid in Baird last Saturday—stay air places of business, seeking

own farm, which he would have had to buy, if he had not produced it, makes him a criminal in fact!"

That reasoning makes every man and every woman a potential traitor, and he or she stands naked in his or the whim of the man-governed nation!

No; I shall never okeh this thing. I cannot compete with it.

I shall never brook its dictation. If the Roosevelt gang are re-elected in November,

Then I must retreat to the place of my beginning—a log cabin, perchance, far from the paths of muddled men, and there eke out the demands of my stomach, and let the brain processes atrophy that its mullings may not drive sanity from its own citadel; therefore,

I must use the Baird Star in all things possible that will aid in the least in ousting this November election, the despoiler of self-respect, the master money-spending politician of all time.

The people did not wake up to the importance of attending the precinct conventions; please, God, may they wake up and cast a vote against the enemy in our midst, led by the one man who would sacrifice American sovereignty for the head of the World Empire, he and Churchill so assiduously are trying to construct.

And lastly, can you hurdle this? And it will be proven! Papers are already saying it is so editorially!

First the impression was heralded abroad that Roosevelt is in England!

AND THE LAME WERE MADE TO WALK—AND HAPPINESS CAME!



Johnnie Manning

In August 1937 an 8 year old boy, Johnnie Manning, one of thousands on their road through life a permanent cripple, when friends of the little boy, got him admitted to the Texas Scottish Rit Hospital for the Crippled Children, and his case was diagnosed as "ganglion on the tendon of common extensor, right foot; poor posture, with particular relation to shoulders and upper back and muscle strain in feet and calf muscles."

dollar under disservice are demanded the negro under the S This Texas mocracy maste fying dreadf can es The est-mi has n weepir did th ties, n The lican by the fellow: the sa the pi courtin them I believe traditic princip Roosev man's I It is may s take hi ty's es should der the then ur one of much as the opo heresy. May G of our b The 75 ye of the Sou north, wit the cruel heirs with brass collar the master it is said, th the master, benignly e It leaves a hug to my a The creatur ment, has bec creator, the se reasoning has the Court. It not be guilty the law, now he use a thing

THE BAIRD STAR



Established December 1, 1887, by W. E. Gilliland
Published by him and his daughter Miss Eliza Gilliland 'til 1944
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STILL POUTING, AREN'T YOU, SOCIALLY MINDED FOLKS!

(An Editorial)

Yes; I knew then, and I know now that my plainly refusing to be dictated to about what and how your items should go in the paper!

I sensed immediately, on taking over the Star, that a lot of you folks who had been monopolizing the Stars columns—actually telling the gracious, good, long-suffering old editor she must; putting your imperious foot down with an impatient "IT MUST!"

Well, I hated to spank bad little folks; but you remember that I replied, "Uncugh. I don't MUST from any living soul!" and you pouted!

You are still pouting; and you've actually been catty behind my back, about it; you've said, "Let him wait. He'll see. He'll cry for OUR news!"

Wrong again, girls, and boys! I am not missing your news; I am too busy trying to awaken folks about serious matters—holding precinct conventions, and other mud-sill activities which count much in our social life.

And, too; you know we find a new group who had never enjoyed much publicity in the Star's columns, and we are going to have more and more new comers—folks who have

this sentence, 500 times, "I am an unworthy citizen—I refused to help plan how my country ought to go."

Folks, if order should go out—"You shall not vote; you shall not attend precinct convention," you, I am sure, would spend days trying to prove you can vote, can attend your precinct conventions!

You are stockholder, the owner, the director of this thing called our Government. If you fail to vote, if you fail to attend your stockholders bi-annual meeting, remember those who do attend will soon figure you out of your stock in your home, in your farm, in your store, in your business!

Better wake up! As things go, you will not have an opportunity to attend a stockholders meeting again, and have a voice in making the policies which shall direct your government, until July, 1946; so you should begin now studying up on your responsibilities, and make it a point not to miss the next precinct convention.

Men tell me they did not know they were supposed to attend precinct conventions! In fact, they say they did not know precinct conventions were held!

Between voting and attending precinct conventions, the convention is far more important; for there you actually have an opportunity to have a voice in how your government is

I kumfrum, it rains so often, folks just don't think any one would be interested—from 50 to 60 inches a year—that 4 to 5 feet of water—and just think what a country would be like if all of that water just clung to the surface, uniform 5 feet deep! Some of us short little dickenses couldn't wade that could we—well, we had to swim; see?

Of course natives of Calahan who are away, and the boys in the service would have just eaten that item up: "It rained 2.26 inches in Baird!"

Any way, I am going to redeem myself, on that point, if I don't may the devil get me!

What a bumper cotton, fall feed these rains ought to make!

SURGICAL DRESSING REPORT

The following ladies have worked in the surgical dressing rooms, during last two weeks:

Monday, July 10—Mesdames Vida Hill, Jewel Farmer, Bertha Harris, Ross Farmer, W. T. Gassiot, Ellen Hollingshead, B. Freeland, Ellen McGowen, Belle Allphin, Beulah Dyer, Eva Lee, Elizabeth Fetterly; and these from Putnam: Mesdames Ruby Pruet, Earline Clark, Lillie Williams, R. L. Clinton, W. W. Everett, Euna Lovelady, Mabel Carrico, Betty Mobley, E. Waddell, Frances Clinton, B. E. Rutherford, and L. A. Tuesday, July 11—Belle Allphin,

Frankie Anderson, Ellen Hollingshead, Etta Warren, Eva Lee, Vida Williams.

Hill, Elizabeth Fetterly, Beulah Dyer, and these from Putnam—Eos Clinton, Lula Everett, Beulah Clinton, Frances Clinton, Mabel Carico, Lillian Fry, Betty Mobley, L. A. Williams, Louis Williams, E. P. Whitaker, J. L. Brandon, Euna Lovelady, B. E. Rutherford, J. E. Pruett; from Baird Mabel Warren, and Lula Snyder from Moran.

Wednesday, July 12—Maude Hart, Ruby Berry, Ellen Hollingshead, Elizabeth Fetterly, Eva Lee, Mabel Warren, Beulah Dyer and Ellen McGowen.

Thursday, July 13—Wille Barnhill, Mabel Warren, Ruby Berry, Belle Freeland, Lella McGowen, Belle Alphin, Elizabeth Fetterly, Clara Blakely, Juanita Danielson, Ella Elliott, Myrtle Hughes, and Katherine Hinds.

Friday, July 14—Eva Lee, Elizabeth Fetterly, Vida Hill, Hannah Hensley, Juanita Danielson, Ellen McGowen, Katherine Hinds, Maude Hart, Beulah Dyer, Mabel Warren, Lella McGowen, Belle Alphin, Belle Freeland, Norma Baulch, and Mary Bell.

Monday, July 17—Vida Hill Belle Freeland, Bessie Mae Browning, Nita Browning, Alice Rutherford, Pattie McBride, and Elizabeth Warren. Tuesday, July 18—Frankie Anderson,

son, Belle Allphin, Lella McGowen, Elizabeth Fetterly, Ellen McGowen, Katherine Hinds, Mabel Warren.

Wednesday, July 19—Maude Hart Lella McGowen, Beulah Dyer, Katherine Hinds, Ellen McGowen, Ludie Lewis, Elizabeth Fetterly, Hannah Hensley, Belle Allphin, Mabel Warren, Etta Warren, Bessie Browning, Nitea Browning, and Frankie Anderson.

Thursday, July 20—Willie Barnhill, Norma Baulch, Elizabeth Fetterly, Lula Snyder, Katherine Hinds, Juanita Danielson, Belle Allphin, Kate Taylor, Clara Blakely, Nitea Browning, Sallie Eastham, Ellen McGowen, Maude Hart, Frankie Anderson, and Dollie Fulton.

Friday, July 21—Elizabeth Fetterly, Gladys Webster, Nitea Browning Bessie Browning, Belle Alphin, Anna Jackson, Faye White, Juanita Danielson, Frankie Anderson and Norma Baulch.

Clyde and Putnam have been a great help. We are trying to complete quota this week. We thank all of the ladies who have assisted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fetterly, Co-Chairman

Charles Kasmey, son of our Variety Store Ramsey, is here visiting his parents this week; but he is an un-instructed delegate to his county convention in Fort Worth, Saturday; so he hastens back to battle for the old way of life.

THE HICKMANS WERE GRACIOUS HOSTS TO THE LEADER CLASS

Mr. & Mrs. Ace Hickman were host and hostess to the Leader Class of the Methodist Church, Thursday evening, July 29th.

The ladies were entertaining their husbands and a few friends, at the time, with a pie supper. Many games were played during the evening. While the husbands enjoyed the Chicago Convention over the radio.

Those present were Dr. and Mrs. V. E. Hill, Mr. & Mrs. Felix Mitchell, Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Fetterly, Mr. & Mrs. O. G. South and Charles Eddie, Mrs. W. B. Hicks, Mrs. Martha Gilliland, Mrs. J. M. Reynolds, Leah Edwards, Mrs. Fannie Terrell of Roanoke, Texas, Mrs. Barton Carl of Munday, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Norrell, Mr. & Mrs. Tee Baulch, A. R. Kelton and Mr. and Mrs. Hickman and Betsy.

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Have you had at least 2 years of high school?

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WANT TO BUY Highboy, with three or five drawers.—See Madison Montgomery, Baird, Texas. tf.

### NOTICE:

All pastures of E. L. Finley ranches are posted by law. No trespassing permitted.—Mrs. E. L. Finley. 3tp 8-11.

### HOSPITAL NEWS

Born to Mr. & Mrs. E. D. Howe of Clyde, July 24, a daughter. z  
Born to M. & Mrs. H. M. Wood of Cottonwood, July 21, son, Johnny Earl.

A. W. Johnson of Clyde entered Thursday, suffering broken hip — he is 84 years old.

Johnny Poole was an X-Ray patient Saturday, for broken arm.

WHAT would you give for 200 Fruit Jars all sizes?—See Madison Montgomery, Baird, Texas. tf.

Good Stock Tires, Tubes and Automobile Parts at **RAY MOTOR COMPANY** Phone 33 tfe Baird, Texas

WANT TO BUY—something; a Want ad might turn the trick for you—minimum charge, 25 cents.

WANT TO SELL—Something—readers about it in the Want Ad section—one cent a word for each issue or insertion; minimum 25 cents

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Blalock were brought to Hospital, Thursday, suffering Ptomaine poisoning.

Goldie Lee Crites is doing well, following major operation 3 weeks ago.

George McWhorter is gradually improving.

Mrs. Lillie Merrell of Sonora is a medical patient—doing nicely.

Herman Nobles who entered last week, suffering rheumatic fever and

heart trouble, is critically ill.

Mrs. Evans left hospital Friday after being in two weeks, with double pneumonia.

Mrs. Preston Ford of Denton community came Friday, having a tumor removed from her head.

Jimmie Reed, son of Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Smedley of Rowden, had a Tosillectomy, Tuesday.

Mrs. L. J. Tate of Rising Star underwent surgery early Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Thomas Slayden of Sweetwater underwent major Surgery Tuesday night.

Melba, small daughter of Milton Shelton, was brought Tuesday after drinking gasoline.

Paul Jean, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Allen, was entered Tuesday, suffering some form of fever.

### TO THE PEOPLE OF CALLAHAN COUNTY:

I wish to express my appreciation to all of the citizens of Callahan County, for the nice vote you gave me Saturday, and assure you of my gratitude for your confidence shown in your choosing me as your County Judge for bi-ennium of 1945-1946.

For this confidence you have placed in me, I will do my best to repay you in courteous and efficient service.

The duties of the office as Your Public Servant, shall be my first and whole concern during whatever period you retain me as your county judge.

Yours very sincerely,  
**LESTER FARMER**

### TO THE VOTERS OF PRINCINCT 1:

I wish to express my appreciation of the support you gave me in Saturday's Primary Election. You have shown your friendship in a substantial manner, for which I am grateful.

To those who did not vote for me you are still my friends. I hold no ill will towards you.

I am sincerely,  
Your friend,  
**M. E. JOI**

Mrs. A. M. Miller of Lubbock guest in the Powell home. Sh

sister of the late I. E. Rowan, and lived here many years, serving as postmaster.

The Chicks have bought the Highway Cafe and are keeping open the Little Onion day and night.

### TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF CALLAHAN COUNTY:



On the basis of the election returns of last Saturday, I have carried ten of the twelve counties in the 17th Congressional District, and led my nearest opponent in the 11th county. To all of you I desire to express my gratitude and sincere appreciation.

I earnestly hope that all of you who supported me, as well as those who cast their votes for the two fine gentlemen eliminated in the first primary, will use your efforts in my behalf.

I have said many times in the past, and as my record will show, I have given my full time and energies to the job you entrusted to me. I shall continue to do this. During these troublesome times, I believe it is all important that we have men in Congress who are capable by training, ability, and experience, to render the services that are so badly needed at this time, as well as the dark days ahead.

I believe I can render such service and it is my heart's desire to continue in Congress in the best interest of our great country, and our great American people.

Therefore, may I ask all the voters support me in this runoff primary for which I shall be eternally grateful.

Yours for service,  
**SAM M. RUSSELL**,  
Candidate for Re-Election to Congress, 17th District.

### A CARD OF REGRETS—

Most defeated candidates would have headed this, "A CARD OF THANKS". I think candidates should do all their lying during the campaign. There is no incentive to lie after the election.

Any how, the returns are all in—and I am all out!

I certainly appreciate what my friends did for me. I regret only that they didn't do more and the ones who voted against me didn't do a darn sight less.

My main purpose in making the race was to see how many people would vote for a farmer. I found out. I found many people classified a farmer with the wild man from Borneo; or, the tattooed steer from the forks of the Stink Water.

They just couldn't understand how any farmer could be qualified for any thing but to raise peanuts. They do not know a qualified man when they see him; or, I didn't show myself to enough people.

Lots of people wanted to know what I could do if elected. I told them I was not out to break all records; and, if I did anything, I would beat the record.

I learned many things in my candidacy. For one thing, I learned that to be a successful politician, you must be a failure as a lawyer, judge, or even setting a hen.

There is too much sympathy in politics, and I failed to get my share of it. Just didn't pull enough corks out of tear jugs. The people figured that being a farmer, I could work and make a living—that is, some sort of living. A farmer can patch his pants with gunny sacks, and use balling wire for thread, and not be out of style. Judges can't do that.

I made a clean campaign. I warn all future amateur candidates to steer clear of that.

During my campaign, I met hundreds of people, and found them to be a good, well-meaning lot. It's a shame how politicians fool them. The next time I run for office, I think I shall take a correspondence course, before entering the race, and master Barnum's way of doing it.

I had lots of fun, but decided owning a whole herd of white elephants is more economical than running for office.

think of it in time.

While I was running for office, the women folks and hired hands got the place in better shape than it ever was before, so I think I shall run again.

Yours, the farmer candidate, who had too many (3) judges ahead of him; and not enough voters behind him.

Yours with best possible wishes,  
**J. E. FITZGERALD.**

—The farmer, nurseryman, pecan grower, who knows more about pecan trees than he does about running for office.

### AT LAST WE VOTED AN ILLEGAL BALLOT LAST SATURDAY.

Folks, I am not trying to be nosy; I don't like to do this sort of newspaper work—but, God knows it must be done!

I call attention to old ballots I got hold of, being illegal because the "pledge" was not correct; and I did not want to say too much, but now we feel that you ought to become election law conscious; aye, more! you ought to become familiar with its mandatory provisions.

Only one ballot was printed, and the law is specific that there must be four, when COUNTY COMMISSIONERS are to be elected. Here is the law:

ART. 3109a. Minimum number of official ballots for each county in primary elections: names of candidates for county commissioner.—

Sec. 1.—In primary elections involving the election of County Commissioners in addition to other officers, the county committee in each county in this State shall be required to print a minimum of four (4) different ballots for primary elections, as otherwise required by Art. 3109, Revised Civil Statutes of Texas, 1925, to differ with respect to the office of County Commissioner for each commissioner's precinct in the county.

Each official ballot, in addition to the names of candidates for other officers as prescribed in Art. 3109, shall contain the names of candidates for County Commissioner in not more than one commissioner's precinct in the county....."

The law is cumulative, and the committee might have protected the voters' interest further by making

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**NOTICE TO FARMERS AND RANCHERS**

Your Government urges you to cooperate in the Grease and Fat Salvage Drive by turning in your dead stock. These animals contain Glycerine, which is Valuable in Making Explosives.

**THE CENTRAL RENDERING CO.**

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STILL HOPES FOR ROBERT WALLS' SAFETY

On June 15, 1944, Major E. A. Bradunas, Washington, D. C. wrote Mrs. Melba Walls, the following encouraging news of Robert:

"Relative your son's plane going down over Wewac, New Guinea, on March 8th, 1944, let me say further:

"Information has been received indicating that Lieut. Walls was a crew member of a B-24 (Liberator) bomber which participated in a mission to Northern New Guinea on 8th of March. Full details are not available, but the report indicates that during this mission the formation was attacked by a large number of hostile aircraft and in the intense battle that ensued your son's bomber sustained damage. His craft then went into a steep glide, and it appeared to be under control as it disappeared from sight. The report further states that this occurred over the Northern New Guinea Coast, and that three parachutes were seen to leave the damaged craft as it was gliding towards the water."

"In a letter from a member of the crew of another plane, who witnessed the descent of Lt. Walls' plane, corroborated the descent of the parachutes. Since the plane was under control, Robert must have at that time been all right, and at the controls. If his landing was good, on water, they had their rubber life savers; if on the other hand, they either became captured by the enemy or went in among the natives."

Of course, we don't know, but that man who witnessed the descent believes the crew went down safely."

He added "When we take Wewac, we will probably find them."

SERVICE MAN SUBSCRIBES

C. N. Harris, AOM 1-c USN, PAT SU, 1-12, Navy, 3205, care of Fleet P. O. San Francisco, has sent us a very much appreciated letter, with renewal for the Star—the heading indicates he is in Admiralty Island.

In a recent letter to a friend, Clifton has this to say:

"I have been here since the early part of May, and it has rained every day. Most of them are short showers, the sun is soon out, and you are dry again."

"At the evening chow, we are giv-

WELL, BOB—BAIRD IS A GREAT LITTLE CITY!

A V-letter came over the weekend from Bob Stanley, a marine, and he winds up by saying, "If ever any one has any doubts about that little town, tell 'em to tell it to the Marines!"

His letter follows:

"Dear Mr. Adams:—I've heard quite a bit about how well Baird went over the top in the Bond Drive."

"I thought that if you ever got any extra space in your paper, I'd sorta like for you to say that—well, CONGRATULATIONS, BAIRD!"

"That's nice going for a great little city, of Baird, and all of the folks in it."

"If ever any one has any doubts about that little town, tell it to the Marines.—Bob Stanley, U. S. M."

Then Bob added, "and don't mention any names, thank you!"

We didn't, Bob—we let you do that; and while you are writing letters, sugarcoat some real news about Bob, so that the censor will let it go by; and good Marining, Marine."

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH PACIFIC!

With the Americal Division, Pvt. Vernon R. Mask, for his execution of duty, while under fire against the Japs, at Bougainville, has been awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge. This badge, worn above the left breast pocket, is a silver rifle within a silver border, with an elliptical wreath in the background.

Vernon, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Mask, Baird, is a member of a veteran infantry regiment, which has distinguished itself during the fierce fighting of March, when the enemy's suicidal attack was repulsed with heavy losses to the Japs. On Hill 260 alone, 541 Jap bodies were found after the 19-day battle.

SHRAPNEL DUG INTO ROBERT

S-Sgt. Robert L. Green reveals the fact, in a letter to his mother, that shrapnel came near snuffing out his life in the struggle on Saipan, as he fought with the 165th Infantrymen.

Robert was, after all very lucky—he was struck by six pieces, two in his shoulder, one in his elbow, two through fleshy part of leg, one

JUST IN TIME FOR INVASION! "FIGHTING IS HELL," HE SAYS

Pvt. Charley Russell, formerly of Baird, brother of Mrs. W. Vostelle, landed in France in time for the invasion, and said in the one letter he has sent them, in 4 months, that fighting overthere is hell, especially at night.

They heard once indirectly since then from an English woman who invites Texas boys into her home. He was still all right

Guests in the A. W. Gibson home Sunday, especially to see Glyn, were his aunts and uncles—Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Denton, and Mr. and Mrs. Cooke of Abilene.

Many friends and relatives of the Hollingsheads from Abilene, Potosi, and surrounding communities, attended Memorial Services in Baird, Sunday, for First Lieut. Billy Hollingshead.

CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S CLINIC

At Abilene, August 3, 1944, will be held in the Health Unit Bldg., of Abilene, corner of South First and Chesnut streets. Registration will be in at 9 in the morning.

The doctors are from the medical staff of the State Department of Health, Austin, and the work will be sponsored by the Abilene Lions Club.

Where parents are not financially able to provide needed treatment, the members of the Division, present at the clinic, will offer their services.

Hospitalization will be given at the best hospitals in the State, if the child is found entitled to the treatment.

Members of the State Department of Education will be there to interview persons who may be eligible for vocational training.

Calahan county is entitled to the services of this clinic.

CITIZENS NATIONAL FARM LOAN ASSOCIATION MEETS.

The annual meeting of the Stock holders of the Citizens National Farm Loan Association will be at the District Court Room in Courthouse, Saturday, August 1:30 p. m. said Mr. Perkins, Treas., following meeting of B of Directors recently.

BAIRD HELD PRECINCT CONVENTION AT 2:00 P. M., SAT.

Promptly at 2:00 p. m., Saturday, Ben L. Russell, Jr., called the Baird Precinct, No. 1. Democratic convention to order, and Clyde White was chosen chairman, and F. E. Mitchell, Secretary.

L. B. Lewis, Ace Hickman and Mrs. Rupert Jackson were named to nominate 29 names for delegates to the County convention which convenes in the Court house next Saturday, and they reported: B. L. Russell, Sr and Jr, B. H. Freeland, R. L. Elliott, Mrs. Mae Lewis, Miss Eliza Gilliland, Mrs. Vada Bennett, Hugh Ross, Clyde White, Ralph Ashlock, Conley Pruet, G. H. Corn, Frank Browning, Leslie Bryant, Cecil Nichols, Mrs. T. B. Briscoe, T. A. White, Mrs. O. E. Eastham, Miss Corine Barringer, Mrs. Eulie Corn, Mrs. Gladys Webster, Mrs. Viva Tucker, W. M. Meador, Ed Andrews, J. A. Brashear, Glen Boyd, Earl Johnson and J. T. Lawrence.

Felix Mitchell then read A resolution, with two "Whereases," concluding with this resolution:

"Therefore be it resolved: That the delegates from this precinct convention vote and work for the election of delegates to the State Democratic Convention to be held in September who are instructed to take all proper steps to see that the name of no person appears on the official ballot in the General Election in Nov as a candidate of the Democratic Party for Presidential Elector who is not pledged to cast his vote in the Fictorial College for the election of the nominees of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago for president and vice-president; and... that the delegates selected by this convention to the county convention work and vote for the adoption of a similar resolution at the county convention."

The convention voted its thanks to Mrs. Rupert Jackson for her assistance in pinch-hitting during the absence of Rupert, and after his resignation in May.

There were only 21 citizens present—Medames L. B. Lewis and Russell, B. H. Freeland, Clyde Ace Hickman, Felix Mitchell, Russell, Sr. and Jr., G. H. B. Lewis, J. E. Browning, Hugh Ross, S. W. Adams

# New Goods

ARRIVING AT

**BOYDSTUN DEPARTMENT STORE**

*Will D. visited the MARKETS this week and FOUND many NEW GOODS, which he expects to have ready for your inspection Friday and Saturday, and all next week, if they last—Better hurry in—we have Many Things You Need—visit my Store and see what you can find.*

*More Goods for Less Money at*

## WILL D BOYDSTUN

**WHERE EVERYBODY TRADES**

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**NEW PHARMACIST IN TOWN**

Dr. Griggs sorta patting himself on back—he has not only had to look out for the Hospital, but he has been without a pharmacist at his drug store for months—but now he has one, Mr. C. V. Anderson of Potosi; so Doc can now rest a mite between calls and surgery at the Hospital.

Mrs. John Jones had as her guest for a day and night last week, her three sisters: Mrs. Fred Isbell and daughter Martha of Bryan; Mrs. C. B. Young and Mrs. Roy McIntosh of Clyde.

Miss Hazel Reynolds has taken deputy in Tax office, held

many years by Miss Thelma White. Miss White, we are informed, has gone to California, where she has employment.

Be liev it or not—it was good for sore eyes—Miss Eliza Gilliland came in Tuesday, and chatted for a while. No one will ever be able to say aught against her—she is one of God's noblewomen—and her only fault has been one of being too good.

Miss Powell report as follows of her two nephews: John Powell Dubberly enters officers training school medical; John A. Dubberly 18 has passed his physical for the Army. They live in Lubbock, but visit here frequently.

Freeland introduced resolution with three whereases, closing with this: "Therefore, be it resolved That the platform of the Texas Democratic Party, to be adopted at its convention in September, shall contain a plank binding State officers and members of the Legislature to thoroughly investigate the accomplishments, value and needs of the Veterans State Service Office, to the end that the laws governing it shall be revised to provide prompt, efficient and fully adequate service to all veterans and their dependants."

This and the Mitchell resolution were adopted with no dissenting vote.

Down with Roosevelt, or up will rise a-king! Take your choice, men and women of Texas.

### FACTS ABOUT BAIRD YOUR HOME-TOWN

Did you know that the greatest obstacle to Baird's future development is an adequate water supply? This is all that stood in the way of our getting an air field. We would stand an excellent chance of getting a veterans hospital, if we could assure the authorities that we have the water. With plenty of water we could have as beautiful city as could be found anywhere.

When the City undertakes to make this water supply available what will be your attitude?

CITY OF BAIRD

### ATTENTION! ALL HOME CANNERS!

Before you begin your 1944 canning, Good Housekeeping Magazine advises you: use the boiling-water bath method for tomatoes and fruits, only. Can all vegetables except tomatoes by the correct use of pressure cooker to be sure of killing botulius germs. In the last few years, cases of botulius food poisoning have cropped up in widely different parts of the country. Buy, borrow, share a pressure cooker—but don't can low-acid vegetables any other way. If you want further information, write Good Housekeeping, 959 Eighth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Floyd.



## PHONE FOR FOODS

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