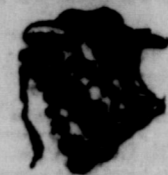




THE OZONA STOCKMAN

The Only Paper in Crockett County—3,000 Square Miles Of Livestock Territory



"Out In The West, Where The Air Is Pure, The Climate Agreeable, And The People Friendly—The Best Place On Earth To Call Home"

VOL. 16

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OZONA, CROCKETT COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1929.

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No. 29.

LIONS VICTOR OVER ANGELO KITTENS 15-0

Locals Hold Fourth Opponent Without Single Score

LAST HALF RALLY

Ozona Lads Shake Off Opening Jinx To Crush Opponent

Coming out of a trance that had held them listless through the entire first half, where butter-fingers, tagging tackles and a general inclination to shirk the more taxing burden of a determined offensive, the Ozona Lions opened up in the last half with a brand of fast and furious football that swept the San Angelo High School Kittens, scrimmage partners to the first string Bobcats of the Tom Green Capital, off their feet and netted the locals another win, 15 to 0, in their fourth game here Friday afternoon.

For the fourth time, the Lions defended their goal against a worthy team and emerged with the goal line uncrossed for a counter. This is the record which the Ozona lads will carry with them on the Kerrville gridiron next Saturday afternoon when they meet the Tivy High Antlers in a game which will likely decide the championship hopes of one or the other of these teams in the District 12 championship race. Tivy has an unbeaten record in five games and the Saturday game is expected to be by far the best game of the season for the locals.

The San Angelo team threatened the Ozona goal only once during the game here Saturday. In the last few minutes of the first half, after the locals had exhibited a poor brand of football that did not approach the game they have played consistently throughout the season, the visitors gained the ball in Lion territory through a fumble and pushed it to within eight yards of the goal line, only to be thrust back by a suddenly determined squad of yellow jackets. Up to that point, it had been a give and take affair, with both teams playing poor football. The Angelo team never made another serious threat after getting within striking distance on that occasion.

But it was a different Ozona team that trotted out on the field at the end of the rest period between halves. The old fighting, charging, well-generated team that has swept all other opponents before it, was again in action. Tackling viciously, driving hard at every weak spot in the visitors' line and skirting the ends with speed and finesse, the Lions put the little Bobcats on a futile defensive from then until the end of the game.

At the opening of the second half, the Ozona lads started their battering ram in action and a few off-tackle and center thrusts weakened the Kitten line and the ball was pushed to the visitors' 40-yard line. Then Woodrow Wilson, field general de luxe for the locals, called their famous "Formation" play, and the Kittens were bombarded by a fake pass that netted about twenty yards. Twice more the fake formation was called, and the play the second time took the form of a center buck that ripped off another heavy gain and the third time it was off right tackle for another gain which took the ball to within about a foot of the line. An end run with Fatty Kyle carrying the ball swept over the goal line, but he was called out of bounds. Another thrust at center again put the ball across, with Fat carrying it, but the referee decided it was "creeping" the ball and Fatty bounded well over the line for the touchdown on the next try. A fake pass for extra point failed to connect and the score stood 6 to 0.

In the last few minutes of play, the Angelo coach ran in a substi-

HI PEP SQUAD SNAPPY IN NEW CHIC UNIFORMS

About 25 girls, dressed in nobby white sailor pants, black shoes and stepping in unison to the rhythmic chanting of "You've got it now keep it, dogonit don't lose it, your pep, your pep, your pep," circle the football field between halves, march in snake-dance fashion to the enemy camp, circle the squad, give a few cheers for the visitors, sing them a song and then march off to their own team's quarters to soothe their aching joints with lilting school pep songs.

That's the Ozona High School pep squad, led by Miss Elizabeth Ferner as yell leader. The pep squad is well named, for it puts plenty of pep into every game in which the Lions participate. From the sidelines, the squad is directed through a constant line of peppy yells, songs and general whoopee, their voices rising in unison above the general din of the sidelines.

The squad will journey to Kerrville Saturday to attempt to overflow enough pep to soak up the Lions to the point of a decisive win over the Tivy Antlers. Anyway, whether the locals win or lose, the pep squad will do its derndest for the home town lads, and will contribute what they have in the way of vocal effort toward bringing home the bacon.

Negro Acquitted On Liquor Charge

Henry Daugherty, Ozona negro, was acquitted by a Crockett County jury in district court here Friday afternoon in the first criminal case to be tried in the newly created 112th district court. Daugherty was charged with selling intoxicating liquor in an indictment brought by the grand jury at the special term of the new court held here last week.

Joe Lilly, another negro, porter at the Hotel Ozona, testified that he bought a pint of whiskey from Daugherty on the night of October 9th, paying \$3 for the liquor. Sheriff W. S. Willis testified that on the same night he stopped a car in which Lilly and several negro women were riding and that the bottle of liquor was thrown out of the car. Under questioning, Lilly told officers where he had purchased the liquor.

Daugherty denied the sale from the witness stand. Following completion of the Daugherty case, Judge Joe Montague adjourned the court until the next regular term in April.

At center, who made a wild pass when the visitors were backed against their own goal line and the back who retrieved the ball was downed behind his own goal line for a safety, netting the locals another two points.

Bringing the ball out to the 20-yard line, the Kittens were attempting a last minute passing rally, but hurled a pass into the waiting arms of George Bunger, who dashed across the goal line for another touchdown. A successful kick from placement was made after the timekeeper's whistle to end the game had blown, and the final score was brought to a total of 15 to 0.

There was less individual starring in the Friday game than usual, but in the last half every man on the team was a star, from the brick-wall line to a charging full-back. The line-up was as follows: Left end, Herman Chandler; left tackle, Raymond Swinney; left guard, Carl North; center, Miller Robison; right guard, James Baggett; right tackle, George Bunger; right end, Dock Lee; quarterback, Woodrow Wilson; left half, Lee Patrick; right half, Thalis Elledge; and fullback, Walter Kyle. Only one substitution was made, George Vic Montgomery for James Baggett at guard.

16 Ozona Women At Music Meeting

Sixth District Federation In Session At Angelo Tuesday

Sixteen women, members of the Ozona Music Club, attended the Sixth District convention of the Texas Federation of Music Clubs held in San Angelo Tuesday. Visitors from eight towns in the district and a number of state officers of the organization were present for the all-day session, which was held in the new Hilton Hotel. The visiting club members were guests of the Philharmonic Society of San Angelo.

Clubs in the following towns were represented at the meeting: Cisco, Eastland, Brownwood, Coleman, Abilene, Sweetwater, Ozona and San Angelo. Sessions of the convention were held in the Marie Antoinette ballroom of the Hilton Hotel, and at 12 o'clock noon the visitors were the guests of the San Angelo Board of City Development at a luncheon at the Hilton.

The convention delegates and visitors were welcomed to San Angelo by Mayor A. A. Glover at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mrs. S. E. Hittson of Cisco presiding. Mrs. J. D. Turk of Abilene, district president, then took charge of the program, which was featured in the morning by an address by the state president, Mrs. J. O. Montreil of Fort Worth. The afternoon session was featured by an address from Mrs. Joseph Perkins of Eastland.

A Fine Arts program at the Hilton following adjournment of the regular session in the afternoon marked the close of the session. District officers present for the meeting included Mrs. J. D. Turk of Abilene, president; Mrs. S. E. Hittson of Cisco, vice-president; Mrs. Ellis Douthitt of Abilene, corresponding secretary; Mrs. J. B. Stewart of San Angelo, recording secretary; Mrs. M. S. Roby of Coleman, treasurer; and Mrs. S. E. Perkins of Sweetwater, auditor.

Members of the Ozona Music Club who attended the meeting included Mrs. Paul Ferner, delegate. Mrs. Joe Oberkamp, Mrs. Judge Montgomery, Mrs. L. L. Bewley, Mrs. Bascomb Cox, Mrs. Geo. Montgomery, Mrs. Hugh Childress, Mrs. Max Schneemann, Mrs. Joe Pierce, Mrs. Vic Pierce, Mrs. Lee Childress, Mrs. John Henderson, Jr., Mrs. Strick Harvick, Mrs. Elton Smith, Mrs. A. C. Hoover and Miss Wanda Watson.

The district meeting next year will be held in Cisco.

ON TO KERRVILLE TO BE SLOGAN OF OZONA FANS SAT.

It is unfortunate that the two hardest games which bear on the district championship must be played away from home by the Ozona High School Lions.

Next Saturday afternoon the Lions journey to Kerrville to meet the strong Tivy High Antlers on their own gridiron. The following Saturday, the locals go to Junction to meet another strong contender for championship honors.

These two games will likely have a strong bearing on deciding the champion team of the west half of District 12. This half of the district includes Ozona, Sonora, Menard, Eldorado, Junction and Kerrville. The winner of this half will play the winner of the eastern half for the district championship.

If the locals are to win their hardest game of the season to date, that against Kerrville next Saturday, there must be a strong contingent of local rooters to accompany the team. It is hard enough for a team to play its best on foreign soil, but if the local fans do not show interest enough to accompany the team on its out-of-town contests, it is doubly hard.

The game in Kerrville Saturday, as well as that in Junction the following Saturday, bids fair to be a game well worth the drive from here to Kerrville to see. Let's accompany the team to Kerrville in a mob and let them hear from us from the side lines. It will help a lot toward the objective of bringing a district championship to Ozona, which, despite its four straight wins without an opposing score, is not being seriously considered by the larger towns on the eastern edge of the west half of the district.

Shriners Banquet Here On Nov. 8th

All Nobles Of Crockett County Are Invited To Be Present

Potentate H. A. Hirschberg and Mrs. Hirschberg, Recorder, P. D. Mathis and Mrs. Mathis and about twenty Nobles of the Mystic

Fifty Pupils On Oct. Honor Roll

List Announced Wednesday By Supt. J. L. Bishop

The honor roll of the Ozona High and Grade schools announced Wednesday by Supt. John L. Bishop, contains the names of fifty pupils. The honor roll follows:

High School
Lois D. Adams, Pauline McLeod, Lucille Rogers, Margaret Butler, Francis Green, Eugene Montgomery.

First Grade
Jewel Bode, Lois Deland, Mary Bess Parker, Jim Dudley, H. P. Vaughn, Miles Pierce.

Second Grade
Posey Baggett, Doris Bunger, Betty Lou Coates, Ora Louise Cox, Laura Graves, Mary Louise Harvick, Leona Pomeroy, Billy Louise St. Clair, Janice Watts, Mary Frances West, Jeff Fassell, Joe Williams.

Third Grade
Adelia Willis, Christine Currie, Catherine Childress, Charles Coates, Jr., Haskell Leath, Welton Bunger.

Fourth Grade
Roy Allen Weaver, Ele Bright Baggett, Mary Williams, Clara Mae Dunlap, Elizabeth Coose, Allie Mae Armentrout.

Fifth Grade
Imogene Baker, Jeanetta Willis, Margaret Ella Drake.

Sixth Grade
Bertha Langford, Lorene Schauer, Esther Kate Pierce, Grace Butler, Doris Brantley, Victor Lenore Pierce.

Seventh Grade
Melba Wilson, Dorothy Henderson.

Shrine will be guests at a banquet dance and party to be given at the Hotel Ozona Friday evening, November 8, with Crockett County Nobles as hosts of the occasion, according to announcement this week by Scott Peters.

The banquet will begin at 8 o'clock Friday evening and will be followed by a dance and other entertainment features.

In the party from San Antonio will be the Rube Band, a comic organization which gained nationwide publicity as a result of its performance at the Shrine convention in San Francisco. The De Molay Orchestra from San Antonio will also be in the party.

All Nobles of Crockett and adjoining counties are urged to be present.

LIONS LADIES NIGHT TO BE THURS. NOV. 7

Few Invited Guests To Be Present For Banquet

PLAN PROGRAM

Interesting Features Is Promised By Committee In Charge

Another Ladies Night program is to be observed by the Ozona Lions Club next Thursday evening November 7. It was agreed at the regular luncheon hour of the club Monday noon.

The committee appointed at the meeting last week to decide on a date for the banquet at first recommended Friday, November 8, but the club was informed by Scott Peters that a group of Shriners from San Antonio would be here on that night for a banquet and party and that the Hotel ballroom had already been engaged for that occasion. By agreement of the committee and the club, then, the date was changed to Thursday night.

In addition to local Lions Club members and their ladies, there will be a number of invited guests present, local men who are not members of the club and their wives. There are many Ozona men who are not familiar with the aims and purposes of their local civic club, it was pointed out, and each member of the club was asked to invite one couple to the banquet.

The program for the evening is to be worked out by a committee composed of Pres. M. M. Fulmer as chairman, L. L. Bewley and Ben Lemmons. Visiting Lions from surrounding towns will likely be invited to attend the meeting and to take part in the program.

This will be the second Ladies Night program to be held by the Ozona Lions Club since its charter night. The program promises to be an interesting and well rounded one, judging from hints from the program committee, and club members are looking forward to an entertaining and profitable evening.

The program at the regular luncheon of the club Monday was featured by two humorous readings by Miss Caroline Fox, expression teacher in the local schools, and a talk by Rev. Lyle Price, Church of Christ evangelist, who is holding a meeting at the local church this week.

Mexican Ranch Hand Dies From Injuries In Fall From Horse

A Mexican ranch hand, about 18 years old, known as Pancho, died in a San Angelo hospital Tuesday night as a result of injuries suffered Tuesday afternoon when he was thrown from a horse on the Rob Miller ranch where he was employed, according to word received here Wednesday morning.

The Mexican had started to the Jones Miller ranch to help bale hay and was in some manner thrown off the horse near the house. H. M. McGlothing, truck driver for the Gulf Refining Company station in Barnhart, and J. B. Miller, son of Rob Miller, were the only ones at the ranch house at the time, installing a gasoline pump. Raymond Bennett, who was also helping install the pump, left before the Mexican did, in an automobile, to help the hay baling crew, the Mexican choosing to follow on horseback.

About an hour after the two had left, Mr. McGlothing and young Miller saw the Mexican's horse walking away from the water tank near the house, with a saddle and bridle on. On searching for the Mexican, J. B. found him lying unconscious behind the water tank. He was revived and started to the house when he fell unconscious again and was then placed in a car and brought to Ozona, Rob Miller and Dr. G. Miller meeting the party on the road.



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Any erroneous reflection upon the character of any person or firm appearing in these columns will be gladly and promptly corrected upon calling the attention of the management to the article in question.

Notice of church entertainments where admission is charged, card of thanks, resolution of respect and all matters not news, will be charged for at regular advertising rates.



THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1929.

A Thought WORTH REMEMBERING

For what can war but endless war still breed?—Milton.

"Destroyed by Teutonic fury—Restored by American generosity." By the insistence of certain Americans, this motto is likely to be emblazoned, in Latin, on the new library of the University of Louvain.

Certainly it is not generous to perpetuate the hates of war time. Nor is it polite for one who is generous to brag about it.

This led to the characterization by President Hoover of the inscription as "offensive", in a statement full of scorn for the proposal.

President Hoover voiced the sentiment of those who raised the fund for that monument of learning and wisdom, when in his sincere statement he showed that America wished to perpetuate good will and not old hatred.

We hope the Belgian authorities will find some way of following President Hoover's suggestion that this legend is undearable—

and destroy it.

A STORY WITH A MORAL

A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice. He said he had circulated a vile story about a friend, only to find that the story was not true. "If you want to make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you must fill a bag with chicken down, go to every dooryard in the village, and drop in each one of them one fluffy feather." The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced that he had done penance for his folly. "Not yet," replied the monk. "Take your bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every feather that you have dropped." "But the wind must have blown them all away," said the peasant. "Yes, my son," said the monk, "and so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropped but no matter how hard you try, you can never get them back again." —Exchange.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

This is a true story that happened in a town in Iowa. A man entered a store and made a small purchase. As the merchant was wrapping it up for him the customer pointed to a package under his arm and said: "I wonder if you would mind wrapping this up a little better for me? It got kinda damaged in shipping."

"Not at all," said the merchant. "What have you been getting?" "Some kind of patented salt I've been reading about in the farm magazines," replied the customer. "It was announced in an advertisement the other day that they had just got in a carload and were selling it at a special price in 10-pound lots so I sent for some to try it out. It's something new, I guess, and I've never seen any of it, but I thought I'd try it out on this special offer."

"What did it cost you?" queried the storekeeper. The customer told him. "Huh!" snorted the storekeeper. "Special, my eye! They just hooked you, that's all. I have it right here and sell it every day at ten cents a pound less and you don't have to take it in ten-pound lots either."

"The deuce you say!" returned the customer. "Don't that beat all? I've been reading of it in the farm papers quite a while and thinking I'd try some, but I didn't know where to get it until I read it in an ad the other day, and then I sat right down and sent in my order."

"Better try buying at home next time," announced the proprietor a little acidly, as he handed him the re-wrapped package. "You'd saved

a dollar on this." "Thanks for the advice," returned his customer with his hand on the door latch. "Now let me give you some. You better try advertising what you have to sell and at what price. I'd have bought it a long time ago from you if I'd known you carried it, but you just sat back and waited for me to come in and buy it."

"The advertisement told me they had it, and I bought from them. Probably a lot more of your customers did the same, and I don't see that you can blame them if they did. When a business house lets me know it has something I want I am going to buy it from them instead of going some place else to ask if they have it. If you don't care enough for your customers to inform them what you have to sell you'll continue losing business too, tended to others." —Exchange.

A PLEA

By Dr. John J. Gaines

My portrait of Col. Charles Lindbergh, hanging on the wall, looks at me very earnestly this morning. I think, with a sort of urge in the calm features, to be careful what I say.

The daily newspaper has grown to be my very dependable friend; I find much that is comforting, edifying, even inspiring; but it calls Col. Lindbergh "Lindy." And, it keeps that up with a persistence that is benumbing!

I wonder if newspapers in that day called President Washington "Washy?" Or Lincoln "Linky?" I believe they did not. They ignored rag-pickers' lingo, bowery slush, cotton-field ninnysims. To apply "Smitty" to a hero of the comic strips is permissible; but to refer to a great American hero as "Lindy" is unworthy of American Journalism.

Maybe great western newspapers indulge this silly piece of business with the idea that it is an endearing term. I can imagine Jones' wife calling him "Jonesey", or Brown's partner saying "Browney" but it hardly goes in refined society. "Lindy" is to me, a slap in the face of intelligent Americans; Lindbergh does not need this sort of mushing sentiment. "Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh" is a name at once inspiring—of which America is proud.

But, "Lindy!!" Baby-talk is all right in its place—for babies. It is perfectly all right and proper in the park, when the moon is waning—to one's own umpsy-dumpsy. But for the great American headline it is too cheap, shallow—it's becoming idiotic! American Journalism has outgrown alley-rat parlance; it should pause and take a good look at it.

self in the mirror of public opinion.

There is always a possibility that I am wrong; it may be that, chopping off three letters of a name, saves several thousand dollars annually to the linotype—I hadn't figured that—printing "Lindy" a million times!

Man Who Built First House Here Visits Daughter In Angelo

John Young, whose residence in West Texas began a half century ago, who constructed the first house in Ozona, and who is a part owner of the famous Marble Mountain near Alpine, visited in San Angelo over the week-end with his daughter here, Mrs. N. A. Maier. Mr. Young, who operates the John Young Land Company, left Alpine late in the week while that country was still blanketed with a six-inch snow, which with previous rains provided a spirit of optimism in the hill country.

Still active despite his years and an attack of paralysis which forces the use of a pair of crutches Mr. Young told an interesting story of Marble Mountain, which he and three other men bought 25 years ago for \$60,000. The other three partners in the enterprise have passed on but Mr. Young has watched the expenditure of nearly \$200,000 in recent months for machinery with which to place this supply of marble on the market.

Engineers who have surveyed the mountain, which rears its crest 500 feet above the surrounding territory and 7,000 feet above sea level, declare that there is an almost unlimited supply of the marble, valued for monuments sculpture, decorative building, etc. Practically any shade, ranging from snow white to jet black is available, with a density of 220 pounds per cubic foot as compared with 180 pounds per cubic foot for the fine Italian marble. The mountain is some fifteen miles from Alpine.—S. A. Times.

RANCH SELLS FOR \$100,000

Announcement is made of the purchase by H. P. Miller of San

Antonio of what is known as the Kelly ranch located 50 miles south east of this city in the Nueces canyon. The ranch comprises about 10,000 acres and upchase price was announced as \$100,000. The ranch has a good frontage on the Nueces river. The new owner, it is said, plans to make the place an ideal sheep and goat ranch. A number of substantial improvements will be made.—Rocksprings Record

Comedian: "Look here, I object to going on right after the monkey

act." "You're right. They may think it's an encore!"—Alabama Ram- Barber: "Sir, your hair is turning gray." Customer: "Quite possible, quite possible. I say, can't you spur the job up a bit?"—Cajoler. "It was terrible," said Mrs. Murphy. "There were twenty-seven Swedes and an Irishman killed in the wreck." "Indeed," said Mrs. Grogan, "the poor man."—Annapolis Log.

Mon. & Tues.

Nancy Carroll and Chas. (Buddy) Rogers in "ILLUSION"

The magic of love brought happiness where wealth and ambition failed.

Wednesday

Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill in "HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN"

A strange tale of the South Sea Islands, a tale of an officer who trailed a murderess to the South Seas and there fell in love with her.

Thursday & Friday

Ricardo Cortez and Nora Lane in "THE GUN RUNNER"

A romantic melodrama filled with thrilling situations and softened with a captivating thread of love.

Saturday

Emil Jannings, Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper in "BETRAYAL"

The great Jannings in another powerful role. A drama of love betrayed by friendship.

The Ozona Theatre

"Tasty Movie Menus"



You may be beset tonight by ghosts and goblins of the spirit world, mischief makers from the ethereal realm, vaporous fellows who feel the urge to romp around over man's domain and play his mischievous pranks until dawn and daylight drives them back to their ghostly domain until another year hence will bring them another right of invasion.

Tonight the ghost walks, not in the sense the workmen's ghost takes his weekly or monthly welcome hike, but literally, or nearly so, any way. Kids the world over, both the grown-up and the adolescent kind, will sally forth, bent on mischief and merry-making. Some will make merry innocently, some will make themselves obnoxious, but all in all, a great time will be had by all—no doubt about it. And some of the sour grown-ups will giggle in recollection of the pranks they used to pull in their youth and then cuss loud and long when that neighbor boy takes off the garage door or does some other modern mischievous trick.

"Them wuz the days!" But they must pass. Everything changes in this world of ours. All of us must grow old in years, some of us get old in mind. It's the same in business. Some grow old in mind and body, and get stale and sour. Others mellow with years and stay young and progressive in mind. MODERN. That's the word. Up with the times, forward-seeing, progressive, appealing—a store of which we are proud and one of which we hope Ozona is proud.

Phone 3

Flowers Cash Grocery Bakery

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TEXAS WOOL & MOHAIR CO.

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WE HAVE WOOL BAGS, SEWING TWINE, FLEECE TWINE, BRANDING FLUID, ETC.

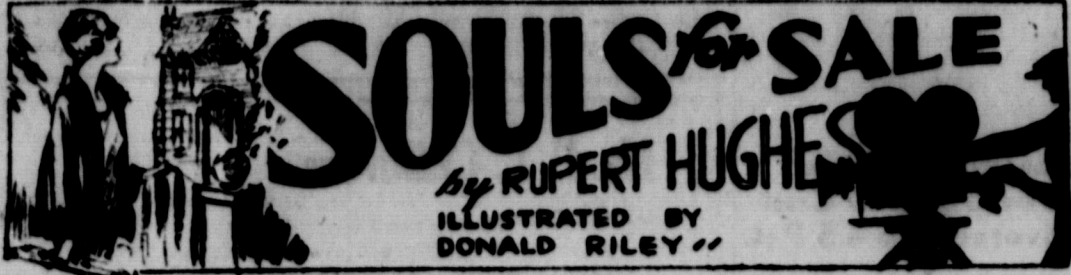
ON SALE AT MIKE COWCH'S IN OZONA

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Remember Steddon, a pretty, unsophisticated daughter of a narrow-minded minister.

Rev. Doctor Steddon, violently opposed to "worldly things," denounces the movies.

Dr. Bretherick, an elderly physician, and a friend of the Steddon family, is astonished at Remember's condition as the result of an unfortunate affair with

Elwood Farnaby, a poor boy and son of the town sot. They have been in love since childhood but Doctor Steddon is opposed.

Remember is persuaded by Dr. Bretherick to go West after Elwood is killed in an accident, using a bad cough as an excuse.

On the train going to the West Mem meets Tom Holby and Robina Teele, movie stars. The train stops, narrowly escaping a wreck.

At Tucson Mem is met by Dr. Galbraith. Later she writes that she has married "Mr. Woodville" and leaves Tucson for Yuma.

Mem does a small part in a movie with Tom Holby and Robina Teele, then goes to Palm Springs to work for a storekeeper.

At Palm Springs she meets Mrs. Dack and her son, Terry, with whom she becomes intimate. Later, going to Los Angeles, Mem gets work in a studio laboratory. Later she loses her job then her mother comes to visit her.

Mem went to see Tirrey, a casting director, and impresses Claymore so that he decides to give her a trial.

She poses for Claymore.

Mem's father sends her mother a letter after reading a publicity story. Claymore becomes infatuated.

He never said anything, however that he might not have said before a crowd. He never tried to

kiss her or hold her hand or filch an embrace. Mem was constantly set quivering with expectancy that he would make some advance, some gesture of endearment, yet always unable to decide just what she would do if he did. But he did not.

The picture and its final retakes were finished on a Saturday afternoon. There was an evening's idleness ahead. Claymore asked Mem to take a drive in his car, a long farewell flight about the familiar roads. She accepted meekly. Something told her that this drive was important to her fate.

Something was always telling her something. Nine times out of ten it was false, but she forgot the failures and recalled the coincidences.

Nobody had yet asked Mem for her self-respect as an initiation fee or an initiation rite. She was paid a weekly wage based upon her ability, her experience, and her usefulness. She was paid in coin of the realm.

Her price would rise and fall according to the general market for moving pictures and her specific value. Her emotions and her beauty were commodities, and Steddon stock would be quoted on the Soul Exchange as the demand for it rose and fell, as the bidders for it increased or diminished.

Claymore had been chaperoned by the company and his own reverence for discipline. But now she was outside his authority. Both were outside the Bermond enclosure. And they were as helpless together as any other twain whom nothing stops or separates in the undertow of passion. They were two emotional people without a barrier.

Among the countless things said about the hows and whys of wo-

men's surrenders one motive seems to have been too much ignored, though it must have exerted a vast influence as women go more and more into the worlds of business, of art, and of freedom with only themselves for their guardians.

Good sportsmanship, a hatred of smugness, a contempt for too careful self-protection, a disgust for a holier-than-thou self-esteem—these are amiable attitudes of mind that make for popularity. To be a miser of one's graces, a hypochondriacal coddler of one's virtues, is to be unloved and unlovable.

So many a man will gamble, break a law, risk his career, his health, his life, get drunk, steal, slay, and play the fool rather than face the reproach that he is a mollusc, a Puritan, a prig, a Miss Nancy, a coward, a Pharisee.

And many a woman who would not yield for love or luxury must have consented for fear of seeming to be overproud, stingy, cold, prudish, disobeying, superhuman, subnormal, unsportsmanlike.

Mem had been swept once beyond the moorings by a summer storm of devotion to young Farnaby, her first love. Now she was to feel her anchors cut adrift by the gracious gesture of good fellowship with a colleague.

The Ocean Drive stretched along a forest of palms like huge coconuts dark against the gaudy west. The automobiles of every make were so many that they were almost one long automobile, or at least a chain on which they slid as black beads. Their lights were coming out now like early stars pricking a twilight sky. For miles and miles the highway mounted and writhed along the steep slopes of precipices—hugging the rocks to

pass car after car with lamps flashing in front of blurred passengers.

In almost every "bay" where there was a bit of space a motor had stopped and drawn close to the cliffside in the dark, each car a wheeled solitude, a love boat at anchor in a stream of cars ignoring and ignored. There was a strange influence in this recurrent mystery. Everywhere lovers were hiding themselves in conspicuous concealment. Mem felt disgust at the first dozen, amusement or contempt for the next fifty, tolerance for the next, and—

Claymore did not speak of them or of anything else. He was too busy twirling the wheel and gauging the little distances between the edge of the cliff and the cars that whizzed past.

Halfway up the canyon his headlights ransacked a black cove and found no motor in possession of the estuary of the night. And here, to Mem's dumb astonishment, he abruptly checked the car, swung in off the road against the wall of rubble, and stopped short with a sigh of exaggerated fatigue.

"Well," he groaned, "this is a drive! I'll rest a bit if you don't mind. Pretty here, eh?"

From their cavern of gloom they looked across a fathomless ravine to a mountain on which the risen moon poured a silent Niagara. In the dozing radiance a creamy shaft of yucca stood, a candle blown out in a deserted cathedral.

The night air was of a strange gentleness, and the cars that shot past threw no light into their retreat.

There was a long, long silence that filled Mem with a terror she could not quite fail to enjoy. She could not tell whether she heard her own heartbeats or not, but excitement was athrob together in the little coach that had brought them so swiftly to this remote seclusion.

Claymore was dumb so long that Mem had time to cease to be afraid of what he'd say, and to begin to wish that he would get it said, so that she could know what her answer would be.

She felt a baffling uncertainty of herself. She could not imagine what she might do or say. She had not had much experience of men, but enough to know that before

long he would initiate the immemorial procedure about a waist and a voyage after a kiss.

She told herself that the only right and proper thing to do would be to resist, protest, forbid, and prevent at any cost the profanation of her sacred integrity. If necessary, she must fight, scratch, scream, escape, run away, appeal for help to any passer-by, or, as a last resort, leap over the cliff and die for honor's sake.

But who was that She and who was that Herself that told each other so many things?

Herself told She that Mr. Claymore could not be treated as an ordinary ruffian, an insolent, outrageous knave, a fiend. He had treated her with most delicate courtesy from the first, he had given her his admiration, his praise, his devotion, his mute but evident affection.

If he loved her and revealed his love, she could hardly reward his patient chivalry with prompt and insulting ingratitude, violence and fear. That would make her the insulter, not him.

She must be very gentle with him and ask him kindly to forbear and not to spoil the pleasant friendship that she had prized.

If Mr. Claymore should propose marriage, that would make his caresses acceptable—according to some canons, though not to all. But he could not marry her and she did not want to marry him. She did not want to marry anybody just now. She was a freewoman in a free country.

She was not free, however, from the witchery of this night, this dream, the vast yearning of this

mountain beauty. She was not free of the disaster of desire, the hunger to be embraced and kissed and whispered to, and the need to be kept warm in the cold loneliness of the world.

Her thoughts spun giddily in her mind, all entangled with a skein of romantic threads. She was young and pretty and time was wasting her flowerly graces. Some one bloomed!

While she debated with herself as doubtless innumerable women have plights, Claymore's own mind was a chaos of equally ancient platitudes of a man's philosophy.

At length he found the courage or the cruelty to slip his arm about Mem's waist and to draw her close to him. He was almost more alarmed than delighted to find that she hardly resisted at all.

He took her hands in his and whispered, "Your poor little hands are cold!"

Then he kissed them with cold lips that he lifted at once to hers and found them warm and strangely like a rose against his mouth.

He was as much amazed as if hers were the first lips he had ever kissed—as if he had just invented kissing. Then in a frenzy of wonder he closed her in his arms with all his power. He did not know that the wheel bruised her side, and neither did she.

But she forgot to debate her duty or to think of her soul. She thought only of the rapture of this communion, and her arms stole around his neck and she clenched him with all the power of her arms

(Continued On Page 6)

I HAVE A BARGAIN FOR YOU

In Two Houses and 70 Lots, all in Ozona. Write me at Barnhart, Texas, or Phone 20, or I will be in Ozona Saturday of each week. For details see Houston Smith, at Davidson and Smith office.

F. M. JOSLIN, Barnhart, Texas.



TO BETTER SERVE YOU

We have consolidated our two stores again under one roof—our original No. 1 Stand. Our stock has been enlarged as well as our building and we are now in position to serve you better than ever before.

The most complete stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, and Hardware in the city will be carried in our enlarged store—now the largest store in West Texas from a standpoint of floor space.

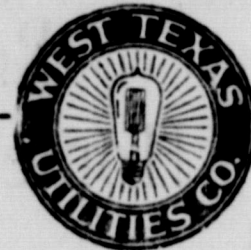
Just phone your orders, No. 50, and get the promptest delivery service in town.

Groceries—Dry Goods—Hardware

CHRIS MEINECKE

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... put an end to Drudgery— gain freedom on Washday

with the Fedelco Speed-Washer

YOU'LL forget that washday is a hard day, for your entire washing can be done silently, swiftly and efficiently with this new Fedelco "Speed Washer." You'll have time to do the things you like to do when you own this time and labor-saver.

The ironing, too, can be done while you are comfortably seated—just guide each piece through the Fedelco Electric Ironer and it is finished without a wrinkle!



This complete home laundry equipment—the Fedelco Washer, Ironer and Dixie Twin-Tubs—can be had for the mere sum of \$174.50. (Convenient terms if desired.) Won't you call for a Free Demonstration?

West Texas Utilities Company



Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown; Both most are wanted when they best are known. —Lord Lytton.

HOW BEAUTY AIDED THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Of course beauty has been long recognized as very important in the lives of women. But, I feel that it has never been given sufficient credit in the way of world history. How many of you realize I wonder, the part that beauty culture played in Columbus' voyage of discovery? Straight through the middle of the fifteenth century, beauty was in its heyday. The demand for perfumes, cosmetics and beauty aids was tremendous. The home of these drugs was India, considered very far off at the time. Pirates were then dattling high seas, particularly on the route to India, and for many nations it was a precarious matter to pursue the trades. Of course Columbus had no idea of the vast worlds that he was to uncover, but he did want to find a shorter and safer route to India so that the drugs and spices so necessary to human life at that time could be more easily acquired. It is already a part of history that Columbus received very little sympathy from the men he ap-

proached. It should be enlightening that Isabella, Queen of Spain, was the first to appreciate the desire of this truly great man. Of course, Isabella may have been inspired by a desire to bring honor upon the country of which she was queen; but I think we are justified in suspecting that this question of personal beautification made her more willing than ever to aid the great adventurer. One has only to consider a volume which depicts life of those days to bear out my statement that beauty was in its heyday. Hours and hours were spent gazing into the mirror, the while mildred applied the best beauty aids known at the times. Perfume, because of the great demand for it, became one of the greatest industries of Italy and France. Hair dyes, lip tints, special soaps for the hair and body were part of the dressing table accessories of every woman, and some very elegant royal ladies even indulged in milk baths. I know most of my readers already know of the famous Ponce de Leon who was in search of the magic fountain which would give eternal life. Although our modern age is a very skeptical one, I sometimes wonder whether even today one could not start a pilgrimage to such a fountain if rumor had it that one existed.

Grade Teachers Institute Is Held

Interesting And Instructive Program Is Enjoyed

Grade teachers of Crockett County schools met at the school building here Saturday for their first day of county institute. The program for the day was both enjoyable and instructive and the institute was one of the most successful in years, according to Supt. John L. Bishop. The program consisted of a presentation of the technique of teaching in the most important subjects, the complete program consisting of the following numbers: Method of Teaching Phonics—Miss Elizabeth Fussell. Methods of Teaching Citizenship—Mrs. R. O. Smith. Methods of Teaching Spelling—Mrs. J. L. Bishop. Methods of Teaching Writing—Mrs. Tom Hunter. Methods of Teaching Music—Miss Catherine Chapman. Each teacher had a group of pupils present and gave a demonstration class in each of the above subjects. A round table discussion was then held with all teachers taking part. Seven of the teachers present at institute agreed to begin work

at once on their Graves Writing Certificates. Mrs. Hunter, who has a certificate, will assist these teachers in the work. The second day of the institute will be held in the near future, according to Supt. Bishop.

Marriages In Texas Increase 3.1 Per Cent Divorces Up 4.5 Pct.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 31.—The Department of Commerce announces that, according to the returns received, there were 76,340 marriages performed in Texas during the year 1928, as compared with 74,042 in 1927, representing an increase of 2,298 or 3.1 per cent. In 1916, there were 54,103 marriages performed. During the year 1928, there were 18,073 divorces granted in the state, as compared with 17,290 in 1927, representing an increase of 783 or 4.5 per cent. In 1916, there were 8,504 divorces granted. There were 155 marriages annulled in 1928, as compared with 115 in 1927. The estimated population of the state of Texas on July 1, 1928, was 5,487,000, and on July 1, 1927, 5,397,000. On the basis of these estimates, the number of marriages per 1,000 of the population was 13.9 in 1928, as against 13.7 in 1927 and the number of divorces per

1,000 of the population was 3.29 in 1928, as against 3.20 in 1927. Crockett County reported 40 marriages in 1928 against 23 in

1927. Divorces in 1928 numbered 13 and in 1927, three. There were no annulments of marriage in either year.

Mr. P. L. Childress of Ozona

Has been elected a member of the board of directors of the Wool Growers Central Storage Co. to fill the vacancy created by the death of S. E. Couch.

Patrons of the company will find Mr. Childress ready at all times to take care of their business with the company.

Wool Growers Central Storage Co

Offices—Central Natl. Bank Bldg. San Angelo, Texas



THEO PATRA FACIALS—\$1.50, 2.00 & 2.50

Permanent Wave — \$10.00	Hair Dying — 7.50
Permanent Wave Set — .50	Retouch — 2.50
Water Wave — .75 & 1.00	Eyebrow and Lash Dye — 2.50
Finger Wave — .75 & 1.00	Arching — .50
Wave with solution — 25 extra	Hair Cut — .50
Marcel — 1.00	Neck Clip — .25
Round Curl — 1.00	Hair Dress — .50 & 1.00
Henna Pack — .75 & 1.00	Manicure — .75
Brightening Rinse — 1.00	Shampoo — .50, .75, 1.00

THEO PATRA PARLOR
MRS. W. R. WALLACE—Phone 262—Over Ozona Drug Co.

For **Cattle and Sheep**
Feed Out
Mineral compound especially prepared for Southwest Texas. Salt, Screw Worm Killer, Fly Repellant and Fly Bait.
Call or Write Us For Prices
TEXAS STOCKMEN'S SUPPLY CO.
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

General Building Contractor
Any Kind of Building Anywhere
Estimates Cheerfully Given
L. L. Bewley
Phone 130

Read Your Home Town Paper
"The Ozona Stockman"
Devoted to the upbuilding of Crockett County and "The Biggest Little Town in The World." Published every Thursday.
BARGAIN RATES
To introduce The Stockman into the homes of new residents, we are now offering bargain rates to new subscribers—15 MONTHS for the price of TWELVE.
All new subscriptions coming in from now until January 1, 1930, will be marked up to expire on JANUARY 1, 1931.
3 Months FREE
Order The Stockman mailed to you Every Week
DO IT NOW!

THE FEED IN THE RED CHAIN BAGS

SUPERIOR
Stock and Poultry Feeds

There is no better stock and poultry feed on the market than **SUPERIOR RED CHAIN Feeds**. Regardless of the kind of feed you are now using, **SUPERIOR** feeds will give you better results. We challenge the world, you be the judge; make competitive tests between **SUPERIOR** and any other feed; we **GUARANTEE** better results—or your money back.

We invite every stockman and poultry raiser in Crockett County to try **SUPERIOR RED CHAIN FEEDS**:

RED CHAIN Chick Starter
RED CHAIN Growing Mash
RED CHAIN Egg Mash
RED CHAIN Beef Ration
RED CHAIN Dairy Ration

Phone 154
Mike Couch

Here's How

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sale of Pantofole"



ARE YOU ORTHODOX?
QUEEN VICTORIA
OLD THINGS AND NEW

As impressive reading as I have ever found in the writing of a first-class man is from George Santayana: "I have great respect for orthodoxy; not for those orthodoxes which prevail in particular schools or nations, and which vary from age to age, but for a certain shrewd orthodoxy which the senti-

ment and practice of laymen maintain everywhere. I think that common sense, in a rough, dogged way, is technically sounder than special schools of philosophy, each of which squints and overlooks half the facts and half the difficulties in its eagerness to find the detail the key to the whole. I am animated by distrust of all high gileases, and by sympathy with old prejudices and workaday opinions

of mankind; they are ill expressed but they are well grounded."

I also like Santayana because he said: "My system is not mine, nor is it new." I am prejudiced against those persons who show enthusiasm only in presence of something they consider new. Here is a leader in philosophy who has most respect for the old common sense as discovered by laymen in the school of practical experience, where all of us are students, and may become useful teachers:

Harvard college is just a building; outside is the World: I am orthodox; I accept what the best of my neighbors say; I accept that shrewd orthodoxy which the sentiment and practice of laymen maintain everywhere.

When one encounters a good thing in reading, a pleasurable thrill follows—I never really admired Queen Victoria. Possibly it was because her virtues were exploited so much; one soon gets too much of that. But years ago I read that, as a girl, Victoria was compelled to learn housekeeping, and it gave me a pleasurable thrill, for I believe in training of that sort. Occasionally I have heard a woman say, boastingly, that she never had had her hands in dish-water, and thereafter I think of her as I do of a professional actress, athlete, suffragette, or follower of the "Occult."

A great medical association lately held its annual convention. The best men in the profession were attracted, and one old fellow, recognized as without a peer in his line, bluntly told them that with all their investigation, practically nothing of value in prolonging life had been discovered in many years that old age is the same inexorable thing it has always been. . . . With all our learning, old things finally demonstrate their supremacy over the new.

There is a kind of woman men obey with a good deal of cheerfulness. But she is always a capable boss, and does not ask too much; when too much is demanded, men tighten up, and display a meanness women cannot equal.

Half the people are martyrs to unreasonable, disagreeable kin.

GUIDEPOSTS TO Health & Happiness

By Bernarr Macfadden



Is Anger Worth The Price?

Are you often angry? Do you "fly off the handle" on the slightest provocation? Perhaps if you knew the amazing number of physical changes that anger causes in your body in the space of a few seconds, you would think twice and keep your temper.

Here are a few of them: At the very instant you give in to anger, a message is flashed to certain little glands in your body, which immediately pour forth adrenalin and thyroid secretion into the blood. And then— Blood pressure rises. Brain cells speed up. The liver pours forth glycogen—its ready-to-burn fuel. Sweat glands send forth cold perspiration in order to regulate temperature.

Blood is pumped out of the stomach and intestines and sent to the muscles.

Hands clench. Knees quake. Mouth becomes dry. Spine curves—ready for a crouching position.

Jaws are clamped tight. Pupils of the eye contract. Face muscles twitch.

Organs of abdomen become reduced in size.

The blood is ready to coagulate quickly, so that in case you sustain an injury, your chances of bleeding to death are lessened.

Rapid beating of the heart. Stimulation of the bowels.

Contraction of blood vessels, or expansion, causing blush or pallor.

You are now prepared for just one thing—physical combat. But of course, every time you lose your temper, you can't poke the other fellow in the nose; it would be better for you, however, if you could. For the oversupply of glycogen, adrenalin and thyroid secretions have not been burned up. They stay in your system—dangerous drugs with harmful results.

Besides all this you have probably lost self-respect, reputation, prestige, poise, serenity, business, friends—and perhaps even success.

One of the most outstanding examples of the destructive effects of anger is Thomas Carlyle, who had wretched health all his life, due to his savage temper. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. . . ."

Is it worth it?

Kenneth Cox To Sell Packards In Angelo Territory

Kenneth Cox, who for a period of fourteen years was associated in the distribution of the Dodge in West Texas, has re-entered the automobile business here as agent for the Packard. Mr. Cox Saturday announced the deal whereby he acquired the agency and has leased for a period of two years a building at 117 East Wichita from John Hampton of Wichita Falls. The structure is being fit-

Lived On A Strict Diet For 2 Years

"I suffered so much with stomach trouble that for two years I had to live almost entirely on a diet of buttermilk. I lost weight and was terribly rundown. Then I started Sargon, gained 9 pounds, and now I feel fine all the time.

"My liver seemed all out of order and I was badly constipated. My tongue was nearly always coated and the taste in my mouth was awful. I was so nervous that many a night I didn't sleep a wink. No



MRS. LILLIE LIST

medicines helped me for any length of time and I finally decided to try Sargon. I have finished my sixth bottle, eat anything I want, my indigestion is gone and I am strong and energetic! My nerves don't bother me now, I sleep fine and my friends all tell me how well I look. I was visiting my mother in Uvalde, Texas, and told her what Sargon had done for me. She said many people there were praising it too! Sargon Pills ended my constipation and oiliness. I will always praise this wonderful treatment." —Mrs. Lillie List, 1300 Caldwell St., San Antonio.

Sold by Ozona Drug Co., Agents.

ted up for the new tenant, an office room being arranged and the garage department fitted up for parts.

Mr. Cox at this time has a carload of coupes, a carload of sedans and a carload of club sedans en route from the factory, and arrival is expected by November 1 or shortly thereafter. The highest priced car in the lot will deliver here for \$4,700 and the lowest at \$2,650. All the cars enroute are the 1930 models, bearing all the latest improvements in the Packard line. They have four-speed transmission, the bodies are lower and all are beautifully equipped with accessories.—S. A. Times.

Former Pitching Star Is New Yankee Manager



He was called "Bob" Shawkey when he pitched for the Yankees. Now he's been named successor of the late Miller Huggins as manager of the Yankees, and more than likely it will be Robert John Shawkey in the future. Colonel Ruppert, in announcing the appointment, said Huggins himself had recommended Shawkey as a possible successor.

Mrs. Arthur Quist of San Angelo is here visiting Mrs. Floyd Estes and other friends.

Mrs. Bryan McDonald entertained the Friday Bridge Club last week.

Signs of a Big Wind
The Hollander who says that America has nothing to compare with the Dutch windmill will soon have the privilege of seeing the cheer leaders in action.—Springfield Union.

And Never Stops
Not until he has been sometime married does a man really begin to think seriously of matrimony.—Boston Transcript.

They Would
If all peddlers were placed end to end they would reach your house just when friend wife is busiest.—San Francisco Chronicle

Taint Fair
"Girl motorists are improving," says an expert. That's just the trouble. They sometimes go in the direction they signal and people are not used to it.—London Opinion.

Wear Working Clothes If Any
Perhaps one of the very nicest things about the present styles is that chorus girls can wear their working clothes on the street.—Life.

See MRS. SORRELS

for your Permanent Waves
Eugene, Frederic and Croquinole
Croquinole \$10 until Nov. 10
Phone 226

The new Christmas greeting card sample books are here. You will want to get first choice from the book. There is a card for every purse and for every taste. Engraved or printed cards of the better sort at less money. Call at the Ozona Stockman or phone 210 and ask that the book be sent to you for examination in your home.—Adv.

Ambulance Service

DAY OR NIGHT
Joe Oberkamp
Phone 181

R. E. WINDHAM, M.D. F.A.C.S.

Specialist In
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Announces his association with
The Rush, Schulkey and Wall Clinic Hospital
234 West Beauregard,
San Angelo, Texas.—26-4tc.

The regular meeting of the Ozona chapter of the Eastern Star will take place on the 3rd Tuesday night of each month.

POSTED
All my pastures in Crockett County are posted. Hunting and all trespassing without my permission positively forbidden.
50-1f. P. L. CHILDRSS

ROBERT MASSIE COMPANY
Funeral Directors & Embalmers
Superior Ambulance Service
Phone 4444 Day or Night
San Angelo, Texas

POSTED
All our pastures in Crockett County are posted. Hunting and all trespassing positively forbidden. W. R. & J. M. Baggett. 39-52tc

POSTED—My ranches lying in Crockett and Val Verde Counties. Trespassing positively forbidden. T. A. Kincaid. —42p

Dr. G. Miller, M. D.
Office over Smith Drug Store No. 1
Office Phone 243 — Res. Phone 49
8-1-30.

POSTED—My ranch lands lying in Crockett County. Trespassing without my consent positively forbidden. S. E. Couch. —29-4tc

Hall Bros. Grain Co.

Barnhart San Angelo Sterling City

A MODERN SALT PLANT

We have recently started operating one of the best and most modern Mineral Salt Plants in the South. We are mixing this mineral salt under the direction of Dr. D. H. Bennett, San Angelo Veterinarian, and a man well known throughout West Texas.

Every ingredient that goes into this mixture is the purest that can be bought. We ask that you try it and be convinced.

Baker-Hemphill's

San Angelo, Texas

Buy Work Clothes at Low Prices in Our Downstairs Store!

MENS WORK SHOES	1.88 to 4.88
HEADLIGHT OVERALLS	1.69
MENS OVERALLS, union made	1.29
SHEEPLINED COATS	7.88
MENS BOOTS	5.98
MENS WORK SHIRTS	79c to 98c
MENS RIDING PANTS	2.88 to 3.48

We promised quality merchandise at low prices in our Downstairs Store. . . . You'll find it will pay you to shop there. Try it once, you'll be convinced then!

"SOULS FOR SALE"

(Continued from page 3)

Mem, swooning she knew not where, was awakened from her mad rapture by a low voice across her shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt you, folks, but I need your money!"

She turned and found herself blinded by the glare from a motor halted at a little distance. Dazzled as she was, she could see the gaunt hand that held before her a black pistol with a glint outlining its ugly muzzle.

Claymore was sane enough to attempt no resistance, though he almost perished of chagrin. He endured the insolence of the masked stranger who stole the chain and a wallet and the loose silver.

The blackguard held his clubbed pistol over Claymore's head a moment, then forbore to strike, and dropped from the step with a last warning:

"Sit pretty now and keep 'em up till I git goin' or I'll—"

His car shot around the curve.

Claymore brought down his aching arms. They were too much ashamed of themselves to return to their late post about Mem's shoulders.

A perverse remorse filled their souls with confusion; a remorse because of a wrong remorse, a disgust for an unaccepted temptation and for being tempted.

A woman never quite forgives a man for not dying for her at the first opportunity. She probably never forgives him for dying, either.

So the clever man evades the situation where a choice is required, as the virtuous man evades temptation while it is yet far off.

Claymore, brooding deeply in his earnest soul, felt that he owed Mem some atonement. He meant it nobly, but it sounded crude when he checked the car in front of her little home and took her hand and said:

"If you will let me marry you, I'll see that my wife divorces me."

These divorces of convenience marked the new-fashioned way of accomplishing old-fashioned righteousness. He wanted to make her

"an honest woman."

Mem laughed nervously.

"No, thanks!" It was as uninspired as possible, but then it is not easy to make a brilliant answer to a stupid question. She felt that she must improve on it a bit, but she helped it little when she added, "Just as much obliged. Good night!"

Two days later she began work with Tom Holby's company. Holby described the part she was to play. He read her the big scenes.

People make love unconsciously at times and in the truest courtships never a word is spoken. Two souls travel mystic gardens together and come to deep understandings without the exchange of a syllabled thought.

Mem was so wooed by Holby.

The orders had gone forth to rush the Holby picture to a conclusion. Big night-storm scenes had been scheduled for the final takes, and on the final morning the first scenes were begun promptly at nine. Kendrick promised to let the company go at three to rest for the all-night grind, but it was not until half past seven that the day's work was done.

At nine they went to the first of the sets. The California night was black and cold. The night in the story was one of tempest and battle. Tom Holby must run an automobile into a ditch and make war against four brutes who were instructed to put up a good fight.

Each bit of scenery through which she was to flash had been made ready the day before. Perforated rain pipes were reinforced by men who would play the hose or two upon the hapless actress. The gale was to be provided by an airplane propeller mounted on a truck.

Mem inspected the settings she was so briefly to adorn.

"Why do they build that fence around the wind machine?" she asked Kendrick.

"To keep people from walking into the propeller and getting chopped to mince-meat," said Kendrick.

After an hour preparation the army was ready for the battle.

A gentle rain fell from the pipes. The fire hose, aimed up in the air, added its volume. The wind ma-

chine set up its wild clatter. The water and the lightning filled it with shattering fire.

Then Mem was called forth. She clutched her cloak about her and thrust into the tempest. It was like driving through a slightly rarefied cataract. She hardly reached the pillar at the edge of the porch, clutched it for a moment, caught a quick breath, and flung down the steps. And that was that. All this preparation for one minute of action.

She was taken to a warm room and wrapped in blankets while the next scene was prepared. She was supposed to have run a long distance between the last scene and this, and she must enter it wet.

At length she got her signal and went forward again, head down, into the wild storm.

During her absence a telephone pole and a tree had been brought down by the storm and photographed as they fell. It was her business now to clamber across the pole and push through the branches of the tree, and so fight her way out of the picture. The wind machine had been shifted several times. The wind man in his confusion forgot to notice that the property men had forgotten, in the confusion, to set up the fence before the propeller. It was after midnight now and everybody was numb with cold, drenched with the promiscuous rain, and a little irresponsible. The working day was already fifteen hours old and it would last at least five hours more.

Tom Holby had been photographed in a climb up the wet side of a ravine, and was half frozen in his soaked clothes, but he stayed to watch Mem through this scene.

She struggled with the maniac hurricane, stumbled and fell across the telephone pole, thrust aside the wires, lifted herself and breasted the wind again, drove into the wreck of the fallen tree. The branches whipped her wet face cruelly. The lightning just ahead of her blistered her vision like the white-hot irons driven into the eyes of Shakespeare's Prince Clarence. The wind blew her breath back into her lungs. If she had not gained a little support from one stout bough of the tree she could

never have reached the margin of the picture.

Kendrick's heart was glad with triumph as he saw her pass out of the camera range. He called "Cut!" and the camera men were jubilant as each of them shouted "O. K. for me!"

Then Kendrick heard screams of terror, wild howls of fear. He ran forward and saw the blinded little figure of Mem still pressing on straight into the blur of the airplane propeller.

His heart sickened. She would be sliced to shreds. She could not hear the yelled warnings in the noise of the machine.

The operator shut off his engine, but the propellers still whirled at a speed that made them only a whirl of light. The witnesses were paralyzed by the horror of the moment.

Tom Holby broke from a nightmare that outran the immediate beauty of the girl walking forward to a hideous fate. He ran and dived for her like a football tacker, hooked his left arm about her knee and flung her backward, thrusting his right arm and head beneath her, so that when she struck her shoulders were upon his breast her drenched hair fell across his face like seaweed.

She opened her eyes in a chaos of bewilderment. Just above her the flying propeller blades were glistening in the light of the sun arc.

They were still revolving when the wind machine man, leaping from the post where he had stood expecting her fate and his own eternal remorse, ran to lift her from the ground. Others helped Tom Holby up.

He had knocked himself unconscious when his head struck a rock in the road. His cheek was ripped and gushing blood.

He came to his senses at once and forced a ghastly laugh.

Mem screamed with fear for him. She had not yet realized her own escape. She was all pity for Tom Holby, and anxiety.

"It's nothing," he said. Then he staggered with dread of what Mem would have looked like now if he had waited an instant longer on his aim at her knees.

He drew her from the vortex of

the propeller, which was subsiding with the dying snarl of a leopard that has missed its pounce.

The next day the company gath-

ered to see the rushes of the night stuff.

Kendrick sighed. "That came

(Continued on page 7)

Dr. Ruby Otoupalik, D.C. Ph.C.

(Lady Chiropractor)

For Appointment Phone 220

OFFICE UPSTAIRS IN KERSEY BUILDING

Hours 9-12 a.m. - 1-5 p.m. - Sunday by Appointment

FREE

New

VICTOR RECORDS for Old!

For two weeks, from October 28th to November 9th, inclusive, we will allow you ten cents credit for every Victor Record you bring to our store. We will accept all your old Victor Records, regardless of age, size or type. We will give you new Victor Records—any selection you choose—in exchange for your old ones. With your old records, therefore, you can build up a credit with us that will pay for a new selection of Victor Records of your choice, without the expenditure of a penny on your part.

THE ONLY CONDITIONS ARE THESE:

- 1. All records returned must be Victor.
- 2. All records must be unbroken.
- 3. All records must be defaced by a large X scratched across the label.

Come in! Bring in your old records! Choose your favorite new ones from our huge stock, and take home—FREE! a new stock of brilliant Victor music for your Victrola

THAT'S ALL!

Joe Oberkamp



Announcing Our Get-Acquainted Sale Friday and Saturday

In order to acquaint the people of Crockett County with the class of merchandise we are offering them in Ozona's newest store and with the unusually low run of prices both in our Dry Goods and Grocery departments, we are offering you an added inducement to pay us a visit Friday and Saturday of this week.

For these two days we are offering an appreciable reduction on all our Ladies and Children's wear and marking down some popular items in the grocery department.

Remember, our announcement last week promised you lower prices because of our cash system and rent-free building. During our two-day Get Acquainted Sale we are making still greater reductions—bargains you can't afford to miss.

Including All

LADIES READY-TO-WEAR

COATS—DRESSES—HATS

RAINCOATS

QUILTED BATH ROBES

MEN'S BATH ROBES and HOUSE

SHOES

NEW HOUSE DRESSES

CHILDREN'S DRESSES AND HATS

Also—

We Are Offering Some Good Prices on

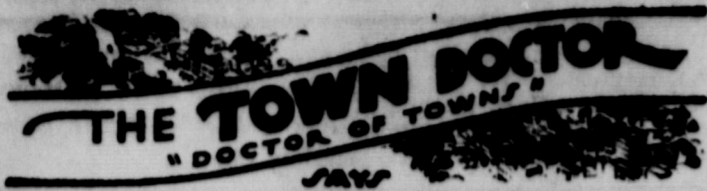
Fresh Groceries

Adams & Adams

"SERVE YOURSELF AND SAVE"

L. B. Adams, Mgr.

PHONE 107



SOME TOWNS, LIKE TRUCKS GET STUCK IN THE MUD

There is something about the building of a highway that is, to me, as a magnet to steel. When driving through the country, a "Road Under Construction" sign is a near command to drive around the barrier, and learn if the notice is telling the truth.

There is something majestic and awe-inspiring about the laying of a ribbon of concrete across a plain through the valleys, or over the hills. Perhaps it is not the actual construction as much as the value of what the completed work will be to communities it will serve, wondering if those it will benefit will take full advantage of the opportunity.

The paving of a country road is an epoch in the life of the area through which it passes, for it marks the passing of the old into the new, and to me, a changing from the old order of things is always of interest.

Last fall, while making what has been spoken of as a "clinic" journey, I obtained permission to drive a twelve-mile strip of newly-laid concrete through the Palos Hills country in Illinois. It was a beautiful roadway in a beautiful country, and I could but marvel at the thoroughness—the perfect contour of this "sidewalk for motor cars" to hillside, vale and woodland—it was perfect.

Some miles from the convergence of this roadway with the main arterial highway, a large force of workmen with a score of dump trucks were making a fill. Trucks loaded with loose earth came from both directions; systematically they swung to the edge, half circled to the center of the pavement, then backed; a whistle blew, the truck stopped, the dump body tipped as the end gate opened; another whistle, and the truck moved out and on up the road. For an hour I watched them

as like giant ants they came and went, filling the hole that was bad for the highway.

Then something happened. A monstrous truck, very heavily loaded, backed up too far, went off the pavement and down the embankment, settling deep in the wet, loose, spongy loam. It was stuck—no doubt about it!

A loud whistle blew—trucks outbound stopped, swung around, and returned to the fill; inbound trucks drew up in a line. Chains rattled as each hitched to the other—a workman slid down to the truck in the mire, attached a chain thereto, and a whistle blew thrice. At the first whistle, all trucks moved forward taking up the slack at the second, gears meshed into low, at the third, every clutch of every truck was engaged, and with out jump or jerk, all, as one, moved forward, steadily, surely, until the stuck truck was back on solid pavement. There was no fuss, dissension, excitement or bluster—all of the trucks pulled, none was standing at the side of the road, idling, watching or shouting advice; all pulled in the same direction at the same time.

The moral is plain. If your town is "stuck"—if it isn't moving forward, gather 'round, everybody, hook on, get a sure "hitch", then pull TOGETHER—in the same direction.

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This Town Doctor Article is published by The Stockman in co-operation with the Lions Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston Williams are the parents of a 10-pound boy born Wednesday morning. The newcomer has been named Preston, Jr. He is the third child in the Williams family, but the first boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hoover and Mrs. Laura Hoover were in San Antonio the last of the week.

"SOULS FOR SALE"

(Continued from page 6)

near being a portrait of you walking out of this world."

Tom Holby did not speak but he reached out and seizing Mem's fingers, wrung her hand with an eloquence beyond words. He seemed to be squeezin' her heart with clinging hands.

She was consumed with an impatience to begin a new picture at once, and to be very busy with life and love, beauty and delight.

And yet, Tom Holby, after they had left the lot, asked her to ride with him for a bit of air, told her he adored her and that she was adorable; when he courted her with deference and meekness and pleaded for a little kindness—her heart froze in her. She could not even accept a proffered beatitude.

She looked at him and thought—and said:

"Too many people love you, Tom. You belong to the public, and you couldn't bring yourself down to really loving little me."

"Oh, but I could! I do!" he said. "Damn my public! I don't care for anything but you."

"But I haven't had my public yet, and I love it. Just now the only love I can feel is acted love."

"Then let's have a rehearsal," he suggested cynically. But she shook her head. "I want to laugh, Tommy," she cried. "Amuse me, make me laugh!"

"There's the new Charlie Chaplin comedy," he said. "We might get in."

"Let's try," said Mem.

Holby swung the car around.

"Tommy," said Mem, "what is comedy? I'm sick of all these crying scenes and emoting all over the place. I want to be a comedienne. Do you think I could be one?"

"I don't think so," said Holby, with scientific candor. "You never made me laugh. You don't laugh much."

"No, but I'm going to! I think if I ever love anybody really, it will be a great comedian. Do you know any comedians who aren't married, Tommy?"

"Lots of 'em," said Holby. "A sense of humor keeps a man from getting married—or staying mar-

ried long."

They took in a Chaplin show and on the way home she snuggled close to Holby in the car. Yet when he spoke tenderly she made fun of him, giggled, reminded him of bits of the picture that had amused her. This enraged him.

"I'm going in for comedy," she said. "It's the only thing worth while. All this tears and passion business makes me sick."

Holby fought out in his soul a decent battle of self-sacrifice before he brought himself to the height of recommending a rival. "There's Ned Ling; he's looking for a pretty leading lady. He's not Chaplin, but he's awfully funny in his own way. If you're going so hell bent on a comic career get you agent to go after him."

"Ned Ling," she mused. "Yes, I've seen him. I may make a try at him a little later."

But when she reached her home there was something waiting in ambush there for her—a letter from her father.

(Continued Next Week)

Kincaid Urges All To Work For Success Wool Growers Meet

The following letter was recently mailed out from local offices of the Sheep & Goat Raisers Association of Texas by T. A. Kincaid, President:

"The annual convention of the National Wool Growers' Association will be held in San Angelo, Texas, November 29th to 22d, 1929, and I hereby appoint each member of the Executive Committee of the Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association of Texas a committee of one to arrange for the entertainment of our guests.

"Please bear in mind that the Sheep and Goat Raisers' Association of Texas is host to the above mentioned convention and that San Angelo is only the place selected for its entertainment.

"I want each committeeman to put forth every effort in his community to have all members of our Association, as well as all other interested citizens, whether members or not, to attend the meeting

of the National in San Angelo.

"At this convention, there will be discussed from every angle of all questions that are vital to the interests of all sheep and goat raisers in the United States. Also there will be a wool and mohair show.

"Please pull off your coat and get to work and do not let up on your work until this convention is over, so that after its adjournment it can be said that the 65th Annual Convention of the National Wool Growers' Association was the best in its entire history.

"Yours very truly,
T. A. Kincaid
President Sheep & Goat Raisers' Association of Texas."

Bulletin On Poisoning Of Livestock By Range Plants

To help livestock men to identify and then guard against the plants growing on the range which are poisonous to livestock, many

of the plants are illustrated in the

natural colors in U. S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin No. 1245-D, "Stock-poisoning Plants of the Range," which is a revision of a former Department of Agriculture bulletin on the subject. Copies are available at 35 cents each from the Superintendent of Documents Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. The bulletin gives both the popular and scientific names of the poisonous plants, and also shows illustrations of animals suffering from plant poisoning. The author is Dr. C. D. Marsh, physiologist in charge of investigations of stock poisoning by plants, Bureau of Animal Industry Department of Agriculture.

John Young of Alpine, a pioneer Crockett County resident who built the first house in Ozona was here the middle of the week visiting his daughter, Mrs. Harry J. Friend, Sr.

QUEENSWARE — GLASSWARE

HARDWARE

Ozona Hardware Company

W. D. Barton, Manager



In The New **EDISON** and **Crosley** Receiving Sets

We have taken the local agency for the new EDISON and CROSLY Electric Radios and CROSLY Battery sets. We have selected these radio sets for local distribution in the belief that they are unexcelled in the field in tone quality, power and economic operation.

Ranchmen, let us install one of the new Crosley Battery sets on your ranch. Enjoy perfect radio reception this winter at a minimum operating cost.

RADIO SUPPLIES

We will also handle a complete line of radio supplies, including tubes, batteries, aerials, and other supplies. We also service any make of Radio.

Your radio purchases entitle you to chances at the

NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

To Be Given Away December 23, 1929

Let us demonstrate these new Radios

McLeod Motor Company

Successors To Grimmer Motor Co. AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS

Its Extra Deep Extra Tough



"Cleats" of Rubber dig in, grip, and permit safe stops

GOODYEAR

DOUBLE EAGLE — The Tire of Tires

Like great "cleats" or "spikes" on the soles of a mountain-climber's shoes, those big sharp-pointed, sharp-edged and extra deep-cut cross-blocks of tough rubber DOWN THE CENTER of a Goodyear DOUBLE EAGLE tire, dig in and take hold on the slipperiest pavements or the worst roads.

Here is THE tire for you who cannot always "pick" your roads—who MUST GET THROUGH. A SUPER-edition of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread which for more than 20 years has proved the world's safest and best tread.

Compare these deep-cut "cleats" with the "sled-runner" ribs of shallow indentations you see IN THE CENTERS of other treads.

Come in and examine a DOUBL EEAGLE. Let us show you the one and only tire on the market that is built 100 o-o without a cost limitation of any kind.

Trade Your Tires That Slip For Tires That Grip

NORTH MOTOR COMPANY

Ozona, Texas

Rev. Meredith To Return To Ozona

Appointments Read At Conference; Preach Sunday

Rev. J. H. Meredith will return to Ozona Saturday and will conduct regular preaching services in the Ozona Methodist Church, beginning his third year as pastor of the local church as a result of the action of the Methodist Confer-

ence in San Antonio the past week. Local church members are elated at Rev. Meredith's return and predict a successful year's work ahead of the church under his direction. He has made many friends in Ozona, is a faithful worker not only in church affairs but in civic affairs as well, and many outside of the church membership will be glad to learn that he is to be returned here for another year. Rev. and Mrs. Meredith will likely visit their son, Ray Meredith in Kingsville for a few days before returning to Ozona. A telegram received by The Stockman Monday morning from Rev. Meredith said that he would return to Ozona Saturday and would hold regular services Sunday.

Practically all of the pastors in churches in this section of the state were returned to their charges for another year, according to the report of conference appointments.

The Rev. J. W. Bickley, who has served the Menard church for the last three years, is to take the pastorate of the Rev. O. E. Moreland at Big Lake, the Rev. Mr. Moreland going to the Menard church.

The Brady church is to have the Rev. M. K. Fred as its pastor for

the third year, the Rev. S. S. Davis will replace A. Y. Old as pastor of the Mertzon and Barnhart churches, Rev. Old being transferred to the Laen and Millersview churches. The Rev. L. D. Hardt is to serve his third year as pastor of the Eldorado church, the Rev. W. O. Allen was re-named to the Garden City church, the Rev. M. F. Hill is to remain at Junction for the third year, the Rev. F. P. Bishop is to remain at Miles for the third time, the Rev.

C. E. Young is being retained by the McCamey church for the second time, the Rev. H. H. Washington is to stay at Rankin for the second time, the Rev. F. M. Jack-

son is to spend his fourth year in Sonora and the Rev. J. D. McWhorter is to start his fourth year at Sterling City.

Odorless Dry Cleaning

Our modern cleaning process takes every particle of dust and grease out of your clothing—nothing but clean gasoline touches them—and when they are finally delivered to you they are free of gasoline odor as well as dirt and grease.

PLAY SAFE—Let us do your cleaning and Pressing.

Ozona Tailor Shop

Jake Young, Prop.

PHONE

60

Is Your
P-L-U-M-B-I-N-G
In Shape For Winter?
Let Us Inspect It

KEETON'S SHOP

J. T. KEETON, Prop.

Choice Meats
Expertly Slaughtered and Cut
Barbecued Beef, Mutton, Goat
Barbecued Bologna
OZONA MEAT MARKET
Phone 29

Blacksmith and Machine Shop
— Wagon and Wood Work —

O. W. Smith
Blacksmith & Machine Shop



The Family Budget

A checking account is an invaluable aid for keeping a budget.

Without any bookkeeping you have an accurate check on all expenditures—no more duplicate payment of bills.

It costs you nothing to try out this modern system of finance.



Ozona National Bank

A City Store Right In Ozona



Some people are not yet aware of the fact that the city shopping center has been brought to the main street of Ozona, that the nationally advertised lines of dry goods, men's, women's and children's wear, the Same Merchandise you used to have to drive 100 miles or more to get, is now available in Ozona, at the SAME or LOWER Prices.

If you have not yet become convinced that this is a fact, come in and examine our stock, ask the prices, scrutinize the merchandise, look for brands—then go to the city and make your comparisons.

Our stock may be smaller than the city store, but there is no store that carries a more complete line for the whole family—AND THERE IS NOT A STORE IN THE WHOLE WORLD THAT CAN BEAT US ON QUALITY MERCHANDISE.

We have just received a full line of Garden Hosiery—one of the most popular lines on the market. Fashionable, Stylish and Durable. . . . Reasonably Priced.

Patronize Your Home Stores

LEMMONS DRY GOODS Co.

"Sells For Cash — Sells For Less"



"BETTER THAN—
BREAD AND JAM"

Have You Tried Our Delicious

"BUTTERKIST" Sandwiches

Tasty sandwiches, served piping hot, on bread that has been toasted a golden brown, with our delicious fountain drinks—a delicious meal any time of the day.

Why not take one meal off from home and eat at the Orange Cross Store,—a Minced Ham, Pimiento, Chicken, Cheese, Baked Ham Sandwich—cooked just like you want it, with lettuce and tomatoes and appetizingly buttered with the melted butter.

Your appetite will improve if you visit us occasionally

Hot and Cold ————— Virginia Lee
Fountain Drinks ————— Candies

Pangburn's Box Candies

The Ozona Drug Co.

"The Orange Cross Store"
"JUST A LITTLE BETTER SERVICE"

I. G. Rape, Mgr.