

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"

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WEATHER

Drenching rains or heavy snows in almost every part of the country in the past few weeks give promise that we shall not go through another drought season, such as the past two years have been in many sections and last year was over a very large area. Conditions are similar in other parts of the world, also.

The weather experts who have been studying the subject for sixty years, since the first scientific attempt to forecast weather was begun, say that the eleven-year cycle of sun-spots has a definite effect upon the weather. The sun-spot influence is not yet fully understood, but there is ground for belief that we shall not have any more general droughts before 1940, and that for a year or two we may look for unusually heavy rains to make up the water losses of the past two years.

EDUCATION

Considering that it is only a few hundred years since education has been available to anybody except the very wealthy or those designed for the service of the Church, a good deal of progress has been made, though the proportion of really educated persons to the whole number is still extremely small. So much progress has been made in teaching the elementary subjects to everybody that many teachers assume that education is an exact science, that the perfect formula has been discovered.

Robert M. Hutchins, the young new president of Chicago University, thinks otherwise. Beginning next Fall class attendance and the following out of rigid programs by the students will be abolished. Each student will be free to follow such lines of study as he feels himself best fitted for, and can present himself for examination at any time he thinks he can make the grade. He may receive his certificate that he has a good general education after only one year in college, or he may take ten years.

That is returning, in some respects, to the original idea of a university, where eager young men met with those who knew more than they did at Paris and Oxford and Salamanca, and absorbed learning according to their respective abilities. It is an interesting development and one which should have a great influence upon college life everywhere.

INCENTIVE

Nobody does the best he can without an incentive. Charles M. Schwab the other day told of a workman at one of his steel plants who declared he could not do another stroke more of work than he was doing every day. He was shoveling twelve tons of clay daily. Mr. Schwab arranged that the man should get a bonus of a small amount for every ton shoveled, and within a week or two the same man was moving thirty tons a day and making no complaint of feeling tired.

It works that way all up and down the line of human endeavor. Not one person in a thousand ever does all that he or she can do, physically or mentally. Give him a definite incentive—more money for more work, or shorter hours or something else that is greatly desired,—and the average man will surprise himself and his friends by the increased amount of work he can accomplish.

Every scheme for limiting the amount of a day's work is unsound and unfair to worker and employer alike. The only perfectly fair system of compensation is one based upon actual production, with the worker given the freest possible opportunity to do all that he has the capacity for doing.

(Continued On Last Page)

A. A. PERRY, JR. LAID TO REST HERE FRIDAY

Masons In Charge Of Services Held At Local Cemetery

FOUND DEAD THUR.

Prominent Rancher Found With Bullet Through Brain

The body of A. A. Perry, Jr., prominent young ranchman of this section, who was found dead in his car on his ranch near Rankin Thursday afternoon, was laid to rest in Cedar Hill cemetery here Friday afternoon following funeral services conducted from the home of Mrs. J. J. North, mother of the widow, by Rev. J. H. Meredith, pastor of the Ozona Methodist Church. Services were held from the home at 2:30 Friday afternoon.

Members of the Ozona Masonic Lodge were in charge of services at the graveside, conducting the Masonic burial service. Mr. Perry was a member of the Ozona lodge and Chapter, a Knights Templar, and a Shriner.

Mr. Perry was 34 years, 7 months and 11 days old. He is survived by his widow and one son, 8 months old, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Perry, Sr., two sisters, Mrs. Collins Coates and Mrs. Ford Coates, and a brother, A. K. Perry.

Mr. Perry was found dead in his car on his ranch 16 miles north of Rankin about 11:30 Thursday morning. A 25-30 rifle was found between his knees, the butt resting on the floorboards of the car. One bullet had pierced his forehead. One of two men working on the ranch, who was riding the fence nearby, heard the shot and rushed to Mr. Perry's car and found the rancher dead.

A verdict of suicide was returned by a coroner's jury. Mr. Perry had been in ill health for some time and it is thought that dependency over his physical condition was responsible for his act. He had driven his car to a point about 5 miles from the ranch home.

Mr. Perry formerly ranched in Crockett County but leased large acreage near Rankin six or eight months ago and was running his sheep there. Mrs. Perry was formerly Miss Gertrude North, member of one of the old families of Ozona.

Street Closed During Construction Of New High School Building

Seventh street, running east and west between the old High School building and the site of the new building now under construction, was ordered closed during construction of the new building by action of the Commissioners Court in called session this week.

The street was ordered closed in order to facilitate construction of the building, the court order stated. It will provide more room for the gathering of building materials and supplies.

Rapid progress is being made on the new structure, reports from school authorities state. Foundation structures have about been completed and work is going forward without delay.

LAS AMIGAS CLUB

Mrs. Alvin Harrell entertained Las Amigas Club with three tables of bridge at her home Saturday afternoon. Bluebonnets and phlox were used in decoration. The talley cards were blue dogs and pink cats to harmonize in the color scheme. Miss Wanda Watson won high score for the club and Mrs. Ralph Jones guest high. Tessie Kyle won cut. Other guests present were: Mesdames Marshall Montgomery, Hugh Childress, Jr., Richard Flowers, Joe Weaver, John Curry, Misses Mary Childress, Eleanor Ingham and Helen Montgomery.

One Way to Get Strong



H. E. Mann of Germantown, Tenn., began lifting his pet bull calf every day when the calf weighed only 50 pounds. Now the bull weighs 850 pounds and Mr. Mann can still lift it. He thinks he can keep it up until the creature weighs 1,200 pounds.

Crockett County Furnishes Setting For Range Story Told By Ozona Girl, Published In Paper At Columbia, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Driving a herd of cattle from a Crockett County ranch to the loading pens at Barnhart may not sound like "story book" material, but in the hands of an accomplished writer, one who has taken part in such a drive and one who knows ranch life in West Texas from a lifetime of association with it, the drive can be pictured in a manner to entertain thousands of readers.

Mrs. Dixie Brown, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Chas. E. Davidson of Ozona, a student in the department of journalism at the University of Missouri, has written such a story which was published in the magazine section of the Columbia Missourian at Columbia, a copy of which has been received by The Stockman. The short story, more in the nature of a feature story or descriptive and character sketch, was illustrated with hand drawings of cowpunchers riding bucking broncs and other subjects in keeping with the range yarn. Mrs. Brown has attracted considerable attention at the Missouri U. with her vivid writings and and this story in particular earned the extravagant praise of professors in the department of journalism at the University and the student body in general. With her experience fitting her to write of Western subjects, her charming style and able command of language, we predict for Dixie a successful literary career should she choose to follow up this class of work.

We reprint below the story by Mrs. Brown which appeared in The Missourian:

Coates Boy Is Buried Thursday

Chas. Coates, Jr., 9 Is Laid To Rest In Cedar Hill Cemetery

Funeral services were conducted here at 5:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon for Chas. Coates, Jr., 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Coates of this city, who died in a San Angelo hospital at 7 o'clock Thursday morning as a result of complications following an attack of scarlet fever. Services were conducted at the graveside by Rev. J. H. Meredith, pastor of the Ozona Methodist Church. Pallbearers were Houston Smith, Ben Robertson, George Bean, Joe Pierce, Claude Denham and O. G. Lewis.

The Coates lad developed scarlet fever about a week before his death. His condition growing worse he was taken to San Angelo for treatment. Diphtheria developed and he was given a serum for this malady. Pneumonia then set up and hope was abandoned for his recovery.

Surviving are the parents and one brother, Lloyd Coates.

Mrs. Massie West, Mrs. Ira Carson, Mrs. Hillery Phillips and Miss Mary Childress were among Ozona people attending the funeral of Mrs. Eloise Drake Cook, 25, graduate nurse, in San Angelo Tuesday afternoon. All were former patients of the young nurse, who died Sunday night.

Everybody around the ranch hustlin'. Jim and the Boss was outfitting the chuck wagon, and I couldn't help but groan when I noticed the usual cases of canned tomatoes, corn, hominy, the sack of spuds and all other common vittles that go along to make up the Son-of-a-Gun old Jim always threw out at us when we took a herd of cattle for shipping.

I was afeared the boss would mebbe suggest I lift the bedrolls in the wagon, so I meandered off toward the corral to set on the chute and watch Curly have a round with a bronc. Now I've saw many a bronc-peeler in my day, but I ain't never seen one yet what could hold a light to Curly Colby. He just sorta eases up to the animal and fore you can say "Jack Robinson," he is setting on top of the bronc, who is so darn flabbergasted fer the minute, he jists stands spraddled-legged and squeals. Then just let old Curley draw out his legs and dig in them big windmill rowels on his spurs—Hell turned loose at a Holy Rollers' meeting couldn't cause no more commotion! The old bronc pawed fer the stars and he musta seen Curly grinning at him, 'cause he reared strait back and did a figger eight on his hind legs. But everytime he'd jump, Curley's spurs were there to remind him he still had company, so he finally got polite and decided to be half-way sociable. Curley ran him around the pen several times and once when he passed the chute he yelled up at me:

"Don't be castin' anxious goo-goo eyes at her fine features, Hank. This black rascal goes

(Continued On Page 4)

Honor Students Of 1931 Named

Pansy Whatley Valedictorian, Louise Henderson Salutatorian

Miss Pansy Whatley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Whatley, has achieved the highest scholastic average of the 1931 graduating class and has been named as valedictorian of this year's class, it was announced Thursday morning by Supt. John L. Bishop. Miss Whatley attained an average grade of 89.1.

Miss Louise Henderson came through with an average of 85.1 for second place in the honor student list and will act as salutatorian of the 1931 class.

Miss Cara Mae Cook won honorable mention in the selection of honor students, emerging in third place with an average of 81.9.

Among the boys of the class, Pleas Childress was highest ranking, with an average of 81.1. Ray Deland was second with an average of 80.5.

Crockett Well Makes 61 Barrels On Pump In First 24 Hours

Taylor-Link Oil Co.'s No. 1 Mrs. Mary Bullock, which had broadened the south end of the Powell pool in Crockett county one-half mile to the west, pumped 61 barrels of pipe line oil during the first 24 hours after pumping off the accumulation, ending at 7 o'clock Monday morning.

The well was shot Saturday, March 14, with 50 quarts at intervals from 2,635 to 2,676 feet. When cleaned out, 5 3-16 inch casing was run to 2,550 feet, shutting off upper water. A small amount of salt water struck at 2,680 feet had been shut off in plugging back four feet. Pay was topped at 2,637 feet and oil increased from 2,660-70 feet and at 2,674 feet. At 2,674 feet during the last week in February No. 1 Bullock pumped off a head of 70 barrels, then pumped 30 barrels of oil daily for two days.

Location is 330 feet from the north and east lines of section 41 block BB, E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co. survey.

Miss Edith Word, student at Simmons University, is spending a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Word, between terms.

Lions Meet High Lads On Diamond

Game This Afternoon Is Benefit For Annual Easter Egg Hunt

Lion will meet Lion on Powell Field this afternoon and the fur is slated to fly.

The Ozona Lions Club has thrown up a baseball team composed of talent of varying degrees of ability and has issued a challenge to members of the Ozona High School nine under Coach O. G. Lewis' direction, also calling themselves Lions. And however you take it, Lion meat is going to be plentiful in this encounter.

The game is scheduled to get under way at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. An admission charge of 25 cents to all will be made, proceeds from the game to go toward defraying the expense of the annual Easter egg hunt to be staged by the Lions on Easter Sunday afternoon.

The line-up for the Lions Club team as announced by Jack Sharp, manager, is substantially as follows: W. J. Grimmer, 3rd base; John L. Bishop, 1st base; Glenn Rutledge, short stop; G. D. Oldham, 2nd base; W. R. Mulroy, outfield; Jake Young, outfield; Royce Smith, catcher; Bryan McDonald, pitcher; Jack Sharp, pitcher and short stop; A. W. Jones, C. W. Barbee, John Pettit and W. L. Jordan, utility.

COURT & LAND OWNERS AGREE UPON DAMAGES

Adjustment Of Awards Declared Satisfactory By Ranchers

SUITS WITHDRAWN

Settlement Seen As Opening Way For Award Of Contracts

Prospects for an early award of contracts on Crockett County road projects brightened considerably here this week when an amicable settlement between the Commissioners Court and four landowners along the route of the Old Spanish Trail west of Ozona was reached on the matter of damages for right-of-way.

Suits which were filed in district court several days ago seeking additional damages from the awards made by the jury of view and approved by the Commissioners Court were to have been withdrawn in accordance with an agreement reached with the Commissioners Court this week, following a re-adjustment of damage awards made by the court.

The four landowners, P. L. and Lee Childress, J. W. Henderson estate, and H. B. Cox, had filed suit in district court setting out itemized statements of damages claimed and asking several thousand dollars additional awards.

In a called session of the Commissioners Court this week, evidence was heard on all claims and the matter thoroughly threshed out with the court. As a result of this hearing, the former judgment of the court fixing damages in the case of these landowners was set aside and damages allowed were increased in each instance, the new awards being declared satisfactory by the complaining landowners who agreed that the suits would be withdrawn immediately without cost to the county.

The new awards are as follows: P. L. and Lee Childress, \$8,313; J. W. Henderson estate, \$4,182; H. B. Cox, \$3,600. In addition to these awards, the county also awarded F. R. Henderson damages in the sum of \$242, and increased the award made to B. B. Ingham by \$1,000, making the total in the latter case \$1548. The additional grant made to Mr. Ingham was to cover cost of watering a part of his ranch left dry by the new road and which was not provided for in the first award.

P. L. and Lee Childress were originally awarded damages in the sum of \$6,313, and filed suit for a total of \$18,000. J. W. Henderson estate was originally granted \$960 and asked \$6,000 in the suit. H. B. Cox was awarded \$2,115 by the jury of view and asked \$5,145 in his suit.

At the same meeting the court heard a report from Commissioner Ingham on his work of piping water to a dry pasture on the T. A. Kincaid ranch cut off by the new road. Mr. Ingham reported that 7,825 feet of pipe would be necessary to carry the water across and he recommended that the county buy a carload of pipe to take care of all such projects of this kind that will be necessary in settling all claims for the new right-of-way. The carload of pipe will cost \$2,354.27, Mr. Ingham reported. He was authorized to make this purchase and to complete the work of piping water on the Kincaid ranch.

Immediately after the agreement was reached between the commissioners and landowners withdrawal of suits in district court, Judge Chas. E. Davidson advised A. F. Moursand, district highway engineer, of the settlement and asked that the Highway Department take immediate action toward awarding of contracts on the local projects. Members of the local Commissioners Court believe that with removal of this last obstacle, contracts will be let on at least a part of the Crockett County road work at an early meeting of the Highway Commission.

OZONA STOCKMAN

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Notices of church entertainments where admission is charged, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect and all matter not news, will be charged for at regular advertising rates.

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.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1931.

THE WEATHER

One subject on which everybody is always ready to talk is the weather. We don't like the weather, and never did, but as Mark Twain once remarked, it is one of those things everybody complains about but nobody ever does anything about it.

The commonest comment on winter weather, at least in northerly climates, is that we don't seem to have the cold winters we used to have. Until lately the weather sharps have dismissed this comment as an example of the fallibility of human memories. We remember the occasional deep snow of boyhood, they say, but forget the mild, open winters. Now, however, a careful study of the temperatures for every day in the year at 200 points in the United States, has convinced the Weather Bureau that the winters—and the summers, too—are actually getting warmer. The record for the past ten years shows this to be true.

From 1920 on there have been only two winters which were not definitely milder than what was regarded as normal. Spring has come earlier every year but 1925 and 1929, also, and has not been so chilly for so long.

Ten years is too short a period to lead to any general conclusions but the weather bureau records go back sixty years, and the past ten have been milder than the preceding fifty. That is an indication of a trend which may not continue; but behind the weather bureau's observations are records of terrific winters in America and Europe, far worse than any which the recent records show, while the record of geology proves clearly that it was not so many thousands of years ago, as time goes, when the year-round ice-cap covered the whole North American continent down to Ohio and New Jersey.

The Ice Age has not yet completely vanished. Before it came there was a time when plants which we now regard as tropical grew in northern Greenland; their fossil remains have been found there under the ice. The ice formed at the poles and crept southward at the rate of, perhaps, a mile a year. It has been receding at a rate not quite so fast for twenty thousand years. Every year the northerly limit of vegetation gets a few yards nearer the North Pole. And every year, if this theory be true, the average annual temperature ought to be higher by a fraction of a degree. The difference between this year and last will hardly be noticeable, but there should be, and probably is, a great difference between 1931 and 1831. By 1971, when the Weather Bureau has been functioning for 100 years, there may be a very interesting set of facts available to indicate that our great-great-grandchildren may grow oranges in Michigan and go swimming in Lake Superior in January.

EMPLOYMENT SITUATION IMPROVES

There were more men employed in January than there were in December, and still more in February than in January, the U. S. Department of Labor reports. The increase in payroll totals for Feb-

ruary was 7 1/2 per cent.

That is encouraging news of the first order. It is the first upward trend in the industrial situation since the stock-market crash of October, 1929. It signifies, it seems to us, that people are getting over their fear of the future and are realizing that the bottom hadn't actually dropped out.

To anybody who can remember clearly the conditions under which the average wage-earner worked and lived even thirty years ago, how remote from his life were all of the things which he takes as his natural right—as they are—today, it is clear that the term "distress" has been used very loosely in the past year or so. In the big cities, where people from all over the country went to get the free food and lodging which the charitable were handing out, there has been more of an appearance of poverty than in the smaller towns and the country districts. And, of course, there has been and still is a great deal of financial embarrassment among those who have been out of work. But outside of the drought-stricken regions we have heard of few cases where men habitually industrious and sober have had to turn beggars to keep their families from starving. On the other hand, we know of many persons who have not had regular work for a year or more who still have their telephones and electric lights, their radios and phonographs, and who are still able to go to a movie once in a while. A good many of them are still running their cars.

Times have been hard, beyond doubt, but they were not so hard as many people imagined nor did they affect so many as some agitators would like to have us believe. And they are definitely getting better now.

ing is pretty—which, no doubt, it will be. But right now you can't tell whether it is going to be a new building or a new dump ground.

SCANDALS

By The Town Gossip

Have you heard that one about the Scotchman who moved next door to the church because he just loved rice pudding?

Well, let's get down to business—no let's not get down that low—business may be gone where the Jew said it had.

Anyway, what would you do if you had a million dollars? You've probably pondered that one before. Most of us have. Well, the first thing I'd do would be to buy all the bankers a package of cigarettes so they'd know how it feels to own one.

By the way, did you hear the one about the Scotchman who married a blonde so that he'd have a light overhead?

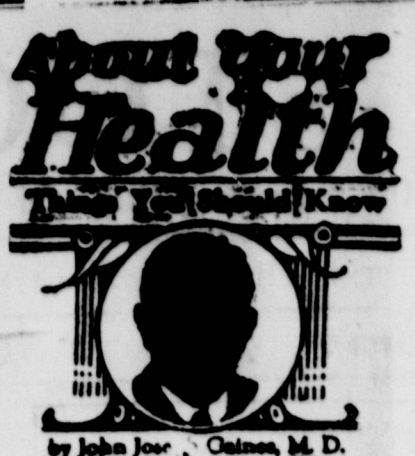
I see by the paper that Miss Gracia Swanson won a prize for talking at a recent West Texas Utilities Company meeting. Now, that's strange. Miss Swanson never has much to say—always so quiet and uncommunicative.

Jake Young says if you want to ride with him you'll have to ask—you can't hang that Chevrolet of his like a freight train.

You used to see a few people who had a hobby of collecting old coins, which was somewhat of a job. Now, everybody has a hobby of trying to collect any kind of coins—which is a h--- of a job.

Have you heard the one about the Scotchman who found two cough drops and then sat in a draft?

We hope our new school build-



FIELD NOTES

The physician who is literally "in the harness," encounters many very stern difficulties as he goes about doing the best he can for suffering humanity. His is a hand-to-hand encounter with his brother's arch-foes, disease and death. He has little time for sentiment or empty theories; none for political debate; his purpose is embodied in the one principle, that of relief for suffering and the conquering of affliction, fighting even to death's door.

A few days ago I was called to the bedside of a man seventy-five years of age; he had been indisposed two or three days previous and had supposed he had a "cold." A year ago he had had an attack of "dropsy," of heart and renal origin; from this he had only in part recovered. He was a very poor risk for the case of "flu," which he had mistaken for a severe cold.

I found him with a well-established case of broncho-pneumonia the "linnets" were chirping all over one side of the chest; fever

ing is pretty—which, no doubt, it will be. But right now you can't tell whether it is going to be a new building or a new dump ground.

Which reminds us that it's a good thing they moved the highway—the old one is about blocked with trash.

See where the Lions Club is going to have an Easter Egg hunt. Jack Sharp and Jake Young are on the committee to gather up the eggs. Everybody better lock up the hen houses 'cause them boys "always get their eggs."

Whaddaya suppose make's money so tight—haven't heard of any burning up anywhere. We are going to search Bill West's sock and see if he hasn't got some stowed away.

Eddie Guest, or somebody, said "takes a heap o' livin' to make a home." And it takes a "heap o' diggin'" to make a garden." if you ask us.

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LOOK OUT FOR TIGER EYE! HE'S ON THE WAY

You'll find him every week in the pages of The Ozona Stockman. You'll know him by his yellow right eye, which stares like a tiger's when he senses DANGER!

"Tiger Eye" is the name of our new serial beginning April 9. B. M. Boyer, famous writer of western stories, is the author, and by that alone you know that you can't afford to miss it.

and disturbed breathing; a very irregular heart, with feeble pulse at the wrist; cool extremities; "foggy" mental condition; in fact a condition that boded one chance in ten for recovery, which at best meant the meager existence of an enfeebled old man—but he had a right to that! It was my affair, my business to keep him alive for his aged wife and other loved ones as long as possible.

Dear reader, I prescribed alcoholic stimulants, to be combined with nourishment; fire cannot burn long without fuel. He used a pint of whiskey in the next four days! It was not a very difficult matter to control the cough—to keep the temperature within safe limits. Today the old man is recovering at least his usual health. Neither I nor my aged patients



LAMB SHOULDER Boned and Rolled is All Meat

Roast Shoulder of Lamb Wipe meat with damp cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and rub well with flour. Lay the roast on a rack in an open roasting pan. Do not add any water. Sear for thirty minutes in a hot oven (480°F.). Reduce the temperature to 300°F., and continue roasting until the roast is done. Do not cover the pan or add any water at any time during cooking. Allow about thirty minutes per pound to cook at these temperatures.

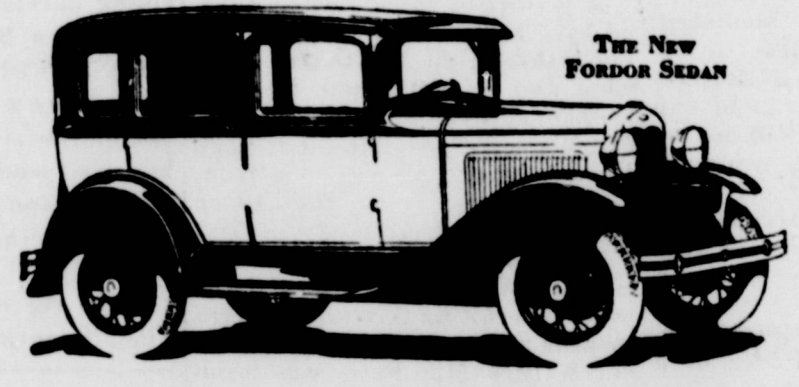
OZONA MEAT MARKET Phone 29

are "wets." We are no wetter than you, dear sir, I care not how "dry" you claim to be. I am very sure my patient would have died, had it not been for the timely use of the alcoholic stimulant, which was here simplest, best! My moral is, I permit no theory to step between me and the man who trusts me with his life. I demand freedom in cases like this.

Max Schneemann, Jr., returned from San Angelo Monday. He is recuperating rapidly from an appendicitis operation performed last week.

Mrs. Glenn Rutledge, who recently underwent an operation in a San Antonio hospital, is expected to return home the last of this week.

OZONA NATIONAL BANK Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$230,000 Total Resources in Excess \$1,000,000 OFFICERS DIRECTORS P. L. CHILDRESS, Pres. ROY HENDERSON J. W. YOUNG, Vice-Pres. ROBERT MASSIE W. E. WEST, Vice-Pres. J. S. PIERCE, SR. SCOTT PETERS, Cashier P. L. CHILDRESS MRS. SCOTT PETERS, Asst. Cashier J. W. YOUNG LOWELL LITTLETON, Asst. Cashier W. R. BAGGETT HUGH CHILDRESS, JR., Asst. Cashier W. E. WEST W. W. WEST



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SALE
STARTS
FRIDAY
MARCH
27

PRE-EASTER SALE Of New Spring Merchandise

SALE PRICES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT--WE OVER-BOUGHT

The plain truth of the matter is that we are over-stocked on the very newest of Spring merchandise. On our recent personal shopping tour of the eastern markets we bought with a view to take care of an early Spring buying season. We bought heavily but the stocks have failed to move as rapidly as we anticipated and in order to start them off and get our Ozona friends acquainted with the beautiful lines we have stocked, we are making sharp reductions on all these new goods, right before Easter when you need them most. We hope you appreciate this gesture and we hope you will take advantage of the opportunities for savings on the newest Spring merchandise we are offering.

It would take several pages to do justice to the scores of the new delightful fashions and values which we have assembled for Spring wear from markets from coast to coast and the low prices we are making right at the beginning of the season. Every silk dress in the house is new and up to the minute in style. All will be greatly reduced in price during the sale. Now is your opportunity to buy. Our loss is your gain. You can save on every dress.

We have a large stock for your selection and the prices are within reach of every one. This opportunity will last but a short time. Come in early and get your choice. Many new numbers you have not had opportunity to see will be displayed for the first time during this sale.

When You Buy These Smart and 'Different' Frocks. . . .

—You'll be surprised to find how they have been reduced right at the beginning of the season at the lowest prices any where.

- \$29.50 Values, Special **\$24.50**
- \$21.50 Values, Special **\$16.50**
- \$12.50 Values, Special **\$ 9.50**
- \$10.00 Values, Special **\$ 8.50**
- \$ 6.95 Values, Special **\$ 4.98**

These Are Real Bargains



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36-Inch Prints Spring Patterns
25c Value, Special **19c**

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\$1.50 Value, Special **\$1.19**

Silk Crepe, Best Quality, in the newest shades
\$1.95 Value, Special **\$1.49**

36-Inch Uncrushable Pure Linen
Best Imported Quality
\$1.00 Value, Special per yd. **75c**

40-Inch Willon Chiffon Voile
Beautiful Designs
75c Value, Special per yd. **59c**

Imperial Chambray
Baby and larger checks all colors
35c Value, Special per yd. **23c**

Gilbray Gingham, in the new Plaids, Solid Colors and Checks
50c Value, Special **39c**

Accessories for Women....

Gordon, Phoenix and Fine Feather Hosiery will be sold at special prices.

Put in your supply now and let us help you save. Our entire line of Lingerie Silks, Crepe and Rayon Underwear such as Slips, Pajamas, Night Gown, Bloomers and Step-Ins, will be sold at BIG REDUCTION during this sale.

Buy your needs and save!

Furnishings for Men....

MEN'S SHIRTS
Standard Makes

\$1.25 Values, Special **\$.89**

\$1.95 Values, Special **\$1.45**

\$2.50 Values, Special **\$1.98**

Just received a large assortment of Stanley Trousers. The newest patterns for Spring and Summer will be sold at Big Reductions during the sale.

Special sale on Trunks and Bags
Suitcases, wardrobe trunks, etc.
\$50.00 Wardrobe Trunk
Special **\$22.50**

Men's Spring Hats
The best brands of hats, the newest styles and colors, will be sold at a reduction in price. Buy your Easter hat now and save.

Towels
A large assortment of the very best towels in all sizes and colors will be sold at a big reduction. Replenish your supply now while you can save.

Florsheim Shoes For Men
Our entire stock of shoes and oxfords in black and tan up to \$12.50 values, Special **\$8.85** the pair

Ladies' Footwear

Our entire stock of Ladies' Oxfords, Ties, Slippers and Pumps in the newest shades in Black Kid, Light Beige and Patent will be sold during this sale at big reductions. A saving from \$1.00 to \$2.50 a pair.

This is the best time to buy your shoes for Spring and save.

MATRIX SHOES

50 Pair of the best brand Matrix shoes. Ties, Slippers and Straps in Black Kid, Beige, Patent and Snake Skin. Up to \$10.00 and \$14.50 value. All going at one price during the sale. Your choice, **\$6.95**



Men Who Want Fine Suits at Moderate Cost . . . Buy Here

And save on Hart-Schaffner & Marx and Curlee Suits. They are known all over the United States. The best made clothing for Men. Selling at less than wholesale cost.

Lot 1—Suits up to \$35 Val., special **\$24.50**

Lot 2. Suits up to \$29.50 Val., Sp. **\$19.50**

Lot 3. Suits up to \$25 Val., Special **\$17.50**

Lot 4. Suits up to \$20 Val., Special **\$12.50**

These are the Biggest Bargains in suits that you will find anywhere. Buy Now and SAVE!

Boys' Suits

All Wool Knickers and Long Pants Standard Makes. That will give satisfaction, will be sold 1-3 off of the regular price.



Crockett County Furnishes Setting For Range Story

(Continued From Page One)

with my mounts, and by the time we get to where the choo-choos are, this mangy horse-flesh is gonna be tippin' his hat to the cattle before they take their long ride."

Somehow it always gives me a sad feelin' when I see them cows and calves a-scrabbling over each other to git out of the trap gate. They look like they're expectin' to git greener grass out there in the road which they got to follow fifty miles to the railroad where they're goin' to take their first and last train ride.

"Hey, you spotted muley," Curley shouted, "don't be hankerin' already to git back to water . . . from now on you're in training fer dried beef! Hey you—Hank," he yells at me, "won't that old bull look cunnin' crammed into a glass jar?"

"Yeah," I sez as he rode over close to me.

"You know," he sez, "I jist got a feelin' this trip to the loadin' pen's gonna be different from any of the others I ever went on. Look at that pot-bellied bull over there. I figger he's already made up his mind that he's bein' headed fer the can; so he's gonna bolt from the herd ever chancst he gits. I got my shotgun loaded with bird shot and his old tough hide is gonna git it if he acts too dern onery and aggravatin'."

After Curly had finally hushed talkin', I rode along and sized up that herd—2000 mixed cattle, which included old bulls, young heifers, old cows and calves, steers, and dry cows. All of them was so pore they stunk and the boss was just shipping them to git them off the ranch and make enough cash to meet his interest, that was due next week. I figgered about a fourth of them would never live to see their first green grass in Wichita, Kansas, much less the stock yards at Kansas City.

Well, the cattle drove pretty well with Curly pointin' the lead and me and the other punchers pushin' the drags, until we got to the cemetery just out of Ozona. But as luck would have it, just as we rounded the point of the hill, a funeral procession was marching into the grave yard gates right in front of us. Now cattle always start bawlin' when they smell something dead, and I reckon they lowed they had somethin' in common with the corpse. Anyway they got high-strung all of a sudden and made a run for the gate to head off the procession.

Them was the days when horses was still used to haul out the dead and bereaved. Now horses got more sense than automobiles and they ain't gonna stand still and let a bunch of wild running stampedin' cattle go clean over e'm. So as soon as the cattle joined the procession the horses started quittin' it.

Well, I won't dwell on the subject, but it took us about a hour or more to git the cattle back together and pick up the remains of broken buggies and scattered mourners—not mentioning the broken fences and broke legs on the creeper cattle, what had failed to make the run. The boss shot all the cows with broken legs and gave their little calves to a bunch of Mexican kids that was huddled

under a burro by the fence. Don't ever forgit—the safest place when a stampede is goin' on, is under a burro . . . won't nothing make one of them critters move if he is agin it.

After this I guess the cattie decided too much action would overtax their weak constitutions, so they all joined the drags and we sorta pushed 'em along the rest of the day. There was lots of 'em played out and had to be left along the road fer the buzzards to feed on. So on account of all this delay, we didn't git to the holding pens that night, and the boss told us we'd have to night-herd 'em.

It fell to me to be on first watch and if it hadn't started thunderin' and lightnin', everything would have been easy, 'cause the cattle was played out and had bedded down in fair shape. But as soon as the lightnin' started playin' around on their horns, some of the old Mexico heifers started to huntin' fer holes in fences, and it took some fast ridin' to change their minds and bring 'em back in the fold.

I was just settlin' myself in my hotroll and was making an agreement with some rocks under me to let me sleep on top half of the night, when Curly jumped in the middle of me. It didn't take but one whiff to tell me Curly was drinkin' tequilla, and one look to see he was already drunk.

"Yip-pee!," he yelled, and gave me a friendly kick in the ribs. "Better git up and night herd with me, Hank, if you want to see a good rodeo. I've got the old bronc saddled up and I'm gonna learn him the tricks of fast night ridin' before daylight."

"Don't be a dern fool, Curly," I sez, "this ain't no night to teach no nervous critter nothin'."

"Get out, sissy," laughed Curley, and as he walked off he yelled back at me: "Ain't no beast can beat Curly Colby."

I was uneasy, so I set up and by the lightning flashes watched him ridin' off a-whistlin' toward the herd. I've always been glad of that picture I got that night of Curly, because the next time I seen him there wasn't much left of him to recognize. For next morning when we all gathered for chuck both Curly and his horse was missin'. We found him just as the sun was comin' up over the hill. His horse had run himself to death . . . and what the coyotes had left of Curly was hangin' by the left foot to the stirrup.

It was a good thing the cattle was feelin' mean the next day and didn't give none of us any time to think of nothin' much but keepin'

'em all together. We had to tail-up a few old cows to start 'em off that morning, but they managed to get young agin as soon as they felt their props under 'em. You can learn a lot about handling contrary women if you fool with old pore cows a long time, and you won't be so surprised if one of the belles does you dirty after you've been good to her. Here all day long, until our backs was about broke, when we'd see a cow down, we'd hop off our horses, wrap her tail around our necks and hoist her on her pegs—just so she could turn around and chase us back to our mounts. I reckon that's how cowboys learnt to light in the saddle without waitin' to reach fer leather to pull on by.

The second night out we penned the cattle and went to bed early to git a good night's sleep. The rain had stopped and, as it was just the kind of a night for rattlesnakes to be crawling, we strung our ropes around our bedroll, 'cause no snake in the world won't crawl over a fiber rope to chaw on a feller. The Boss was a-settin' by the fire and looked pretty blue; on account of Curly, I guess, and all them carcasses we had left fer decoration up the side of the road. When I walked up some time later, he was still setting there and was absentmindedly throwing mudballs down the throats of some baby buzzards what the cook had found that day and was takin' along in the chuck wagon fer company. I knowed the Boss wasn't aimin' to be mean, but I figgered them buzzards was tired of that game, so I ambled over to relieve 'em . . . and played stud poker with the Boss the rest of the night.

We got to the loading chutes at Barnhart about noon the next day. We had planned on loadin' out by night and all of us gittin' on a big toot and forgittin' our troubles. But the lousy railroad switch engine blowed a gasket and by the time it was finally got the cars spotted, it was pitch dark. We had cut all the cattle, that is, put the bulls in one pen, the cows with calves in another and so on, so the boss decided we had better load 'em that night while we still had some left to load.

Now if you wantta learn how to cuss and don't know one single word of the language, you can learn every bit of it if you are anywhere near a bunch a punchers loading cattle at night. The Almighty tried to keep some of us from learning any new words by sending down more rain and makin' the pens so muddy we

would slip down every few minutes and stop our ears up.

That night didn't seem like none of the cattle remembered how to walk frontwards; so we had to git 'em by the tail, with somebody else urging them by the horns and direct each one to his or her berth. We practically carried every one of them critters in the car. The cook would bring us hot coffee and town cigarettes, bein' as we didn't have time to roll our own.

The last car was loaded and tagged just as yeller streaks began to show in the East.

Smoking them city weeds and smellin' wet cows all night hadn't helped our dispositions none—so we started fer Johnson's to git some booze. As we started towards town and past the loaded cars, I seen that there old bull looking out of a crack at me. It looked so darn good to me to see him in there with four walls around him and all uncomfortable, that I jist had to thumb my nose at him and whisper, soft-like,

"Fill up a glass of dried-beef fer me and Curly, old fellow."

OTYOKWA

The following members were present at the last meeting of the Otyokwa Camp Fire Girls:

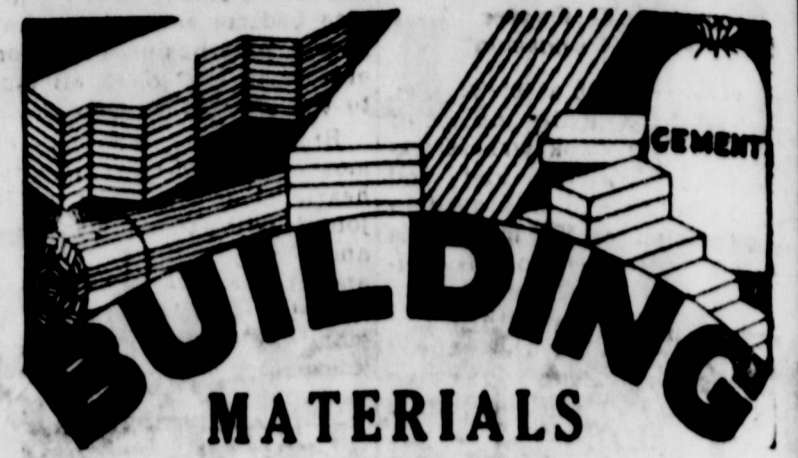
Ellen Schauers, Frankie MacCloud, Pauline McLeod, Totsy Robison, Mary B. Vaughan, and Luetta Powell.

We discussed going to San Angelo next Friday to Camp Fire Institute. Those who wish to go will go to San Angelo Friday afternoon and return Sunday morning. Our guardian wishes all of the girls to go who can. The trip will be inexpensive, only costing two dollars. Registration fee will be one dollar and the banquet Saturday night, one dollar. Each girl that goes may take a bed roll and stay at the Mammy Cabins.

This trip will be interesting and very instructive to the girls and the guardians.

We also discussed plans for our summer camp. We will probably go to the camp close to Mertzon, Texas. Plans are now under way to raise funds to send each girl to camp.

Miss Nettie Word and Mrs. Dan Cleary of San Antonio are visiting relatives here.



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Ozona — Barnhart

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**BOB TURNER'S
NEBRASKANS**
Hotel Ozona

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FEATURE SINGING TRIO
NOVELTY GALORE

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Specials Our Month-End Grocery Specials



For Friday and Saturday

TOMATOES, No. 1	6c
SWEET POTATOES, Candied, No. 1	8c
COOKING SALMON, No. 2, two for	25c
BEANS, Brown Beauty, 1 lb.	8c
BEANS, String, 1 lb.	8c
KRAUT, No. 2 1/2	15c
BEANS, Baked, 1 lb.	7c
SWEET CORN, Tender, No. 2 can	10c
MILK, Libby's, small, 3 for	25c
GOLD DUST, Small	3c
PEACHES, 1 gallon	60c
VINEGAR, 1 gallon	50c
COFFEE, Folger & Schilling, 2 lbs.	78c
COFFEE, Magnolia, 3 lbs.	65c
COFFEE, Victor, 1 lb.	15c
LARD, 8 lbs.	95c
LARD, 2 lbs.	25c
BROOMS, Each	40c
SYRUP, Brer Rabbit, 1/2 gal.	40c
SYRUP, Old Manse, No. 2 1/2	50c
SYRUP, Sugar Bill, 1 qt.	20c
SPUDS, per lb.	2 1/2c
KETCHUP, 8 1/2 oz.	15c
FLOUR, American Beauty, 48 lbs.	\$1.35
FLOUR, American Beauty, 24 lbs.	75c
SUGAR, 10 lbs.	60c
HAND SOAP, Palm & Olive	4c
SOAP, Fairy, 6 bars for	25c

THESE PRICES ARE STRICTLY CASH
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ADAMS & ADAMS

BROTHER WALTER COOK IS DEAD

By Theo. G. Fowler
In "Firm Foundation"

On February 15th at 11:32 a. m. while preaching on the subject of "Love," Brother Cook was stricken with heart failure and fell from the pulpit and was dead in just a little while. His last words were, "Brethren, my work is ended."

Brother Cook was a faithful and successful worker in the church from boyhood. When a young man he gave much of his time singing for meetings mostly in Texas and Oklahoma, but about fifteen years ago, having moved to the extreme west of Texas where at that time there were no gospel preachers, he was made to feel it was his duty to enter the ministry. He was a lover of men's souls and could not stand idly by while his neighbors were exposed to death. It was under the inspiration of duty's call that he wrote "Much Depends on You." This little poem is an expression of the sense of duty as he felt it in his own life. That you may better understand the prompting of his heart's convictions I have given two stanzas of his poem.

"The harvest fields have abundant yield,
There is work for all to do;
There are few at work, while many shirk,
And much depends on you.

The souls of men, that are steeped in sin,
Must this image of God renew;
The redeeming plan, is in the hands of men,
And much depends on you.

For several years Brother Cook continued his work as a business man and preached in mission

fields, and for small congregations, but as brethren learned his worth and ability calls for his service became so urgent that he gave up his business and for several years had given all his time to the church.

Brother Cook was one of the most sympathetic and tender-hearted men I ever knew. He rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and he wept with those who wept; and if ever we had a man who considered nothing his own—that man was Brother Walter Cook. I knew him for about twenty-six years, during which time we were associated both in business and in church work. I always found him a true friend, a trustworthy companion, and a Christian brother.

At the time of his death he was laboring with the church at Braman, Oklahoma. There had been some discord in the church and many had quit. This was the occasion for calling Brother Cook to this church.

He had by his sympathy and sweet spirited disposition gained a reputation as a "peace-maker," which to those who knew him best was a real description of his work. He loved peace and to have it was willing to make any kind of personal sacrifice. For about five months he had worked and prayed for the unity of the congregation he was serving. His labor was not in vain. On the morning of February 15th following the Bible Study and before Brother Cook began to preach the church was united each side making open and public confession of faults and freely forgave each other. Following their confession Brother Cook led the prayer and before entering the pulpit sang, "Standing on the Promises." With his heart overflowing with joy and

his cheeks wet with tears of gladness he began his favorite sermon on the theme of Love. As he approached the climax of his discourse his heart failed him. He staggered but the brethren caught him preventing his fall, and as they eased him to the floor he said "Brethren, my work is ended."

Many times Brother Cook said both publicly and privately that he wanted to die in the service of the Master. We are glad that the Master was so kind as to grant that request.

As Luke described the life of the Saviour, so might we say of Brother Walter Cook. "He went about doing good."

Brother Cook was 53 years old. He was twice married. His first wife died only a few years after they were married leaving Brother Cook with two small baby boys. The older boy died soon after his second marriage. The other boy, T. J. Cook, is a successful business man of Sinton, Texas. To his second marriage two children were born, Cleta Mae and Randell, who with their mother will for the present make their home at Braman, Oklahoma.

To the sorrowing ones we can but say, "Sorrow not as those who have no hope." The church is praying for you. Be thou faithful unto death and the Lord will give you a crown of life. All the faithful will be re-united in a short "afterwhile."

Larry Bishop, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bishop is recovering rapidly from a mastoid operation performed in Lubbock last week. Mr. Bishop has returned home and Mrs. Bishop and the baby expect to return the last part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan McDonald are the parents of a son, Billy Joe, born Saturday, March 21. He weighs 10½ pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Graham and Mr. and Mrs. Evart White and Barbara White returned from San Antonio Monday.

Mrs. Frank Taylor is confined to her home with a dislocated shoulder caused by a fall Thursday.

Mrs. Early Baggett is in a Temple hospital recuperating from an appendicitis operation performed Monday.

Misses Grace and Margaret Butler were week-end visitors in San Angelo.

I. G. Rape returned Sunday from a business trip to Dallas.

Pascal Northcutt and Miss Gracia Swanson attended a Little Theatre presentation in San Angelo Tuesday night.

We recommend Lucky Day Flour to our most discriminating customers.
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Give a Neighbor a Job

Look carefully about your own neighborhood and you will realize that for every person out of a job, there are eight or nine of your friends and neighbors working.

Now, if you eight or nine who are working will only get together and to the extent you can afford it, give that one out of work something to do, you will be contributing the most helpful, constructive service possible toward breaking up unemployment.

For instance, there are plenty of ways, right in your own home, of investing your money in labor and materials, putting in needed improvements, repairs, additions . . . and doing these things under most favorable circumstances. You are not wasting a penny. You are putting idle money to work profit-

ably, productively, and patriotically—if it is promptly done.

Suppose you talk this over with your employed neighbors and arrange right away to divide between you the labor of a man or two, for however long you can.

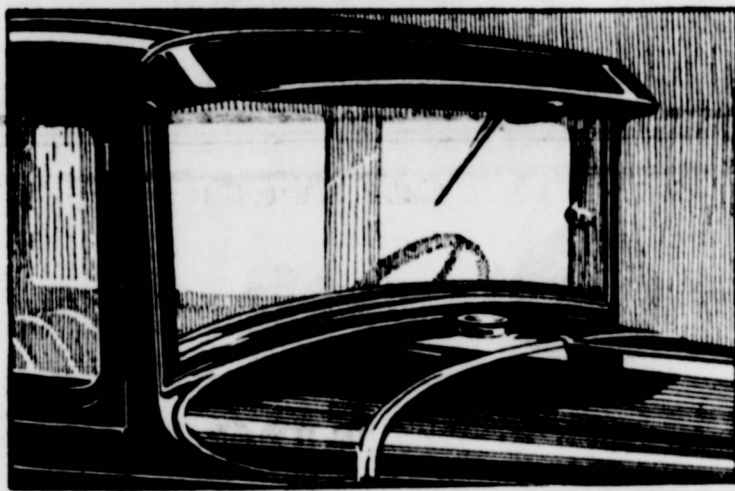
Your duty as a citizen

Be active in all community work which is meeting present conditions. Let your Mayor know you are behind him in all organized action providing employment.

Your opportunity as an individual

Make all proper purchases possible. Give employment by starting repairs, painting, etc., which add to the value of your property.

FORD SAFETY

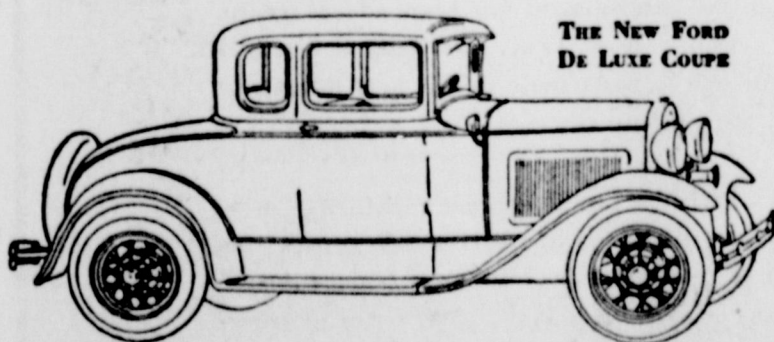


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100 Jobs

HERE are 100 jobs. Not all are practical at this time. But give the jobs you can—today—and add others as soon as weather permits.

Construction, Repairs and Painting

(a) Inside the House

- 1 Repair furniture
- 2 Reupholster furniture
- 3 Refinish furniture
- 4 Recover mattresses, etc.
- 5 Stain floors
- 6 Varnish floors
- 7 Lay linoleum
- 8 Build shelves
- 9 Build bookcases
- 10 Build cupboards
- 11 Construct new partitions
- 12 Construct wood boxes, etc.
- 13 Repair walls

- 14 Paper walls
- 15 Paint walls
- 16 Renovate plumbing
- 17 Renovate water supply system
- 18 Rebuild water tanks
- 19 Rehang windows
- 20 Reglaze broken windows
- 21 Renovate electric light system
- 22 Install new electric outlets
- 23 Clean chimneys
- 24 Paint woodwork
- 25 Refinish picture frames
- 26 Paint stair treads
- 27 Repair locks
- 28 Replace broken hardware
- 29 Repair luggage
- 30 Construct sun parlor
- 31 Construct sleeping porch
- 32 Mend cellar stairway
- 33 Whitewash cellar
- 34 Whitewash out-buildings
- 35 Install curtain rods
- 36 Repair shades
- 37 Insulate attic
- 38 Clean grease traps
- 39 Rebuild coal bins
- 40 Pair cement floor

(b) Outside the House

- 41 Patch roof
- 42 Reshingle roof
- 43 Repair fences
- 44 Paint fences
- 45 Paint house
- 46 Paint trim
- 47 Mend shutters
- 48 Paint shutters
- 49 Mend gutters
- 50 Mend leaders
- 51 Repair siding
- 52 Point brickwork
- 53 Renew weather-strips
- 54 Repair garage
- 55 Rehang garage doors
- 56 Heat garage
- 57 Construct out-buildings
- 58 Construct sheds
- 59 Build window boxes
- 60 Repair footboards
- 61 Build clothes reel
- 62 Grade terrace, etc.
- 63 Build concrete walks
- 64 Build brick walks
- 65 Move young trees
- 66 Cut down brush
- 67 Plow garden
- 68 Renew sewage disposal system
- 69 Mend cellar doors
- 70 Repair flashing

Cleaning, Washing and Personal Services

- 71 Clean out cellar
- 72 Disinfect cellar
- 73 Clean out attic
- 74 Clean out storerooms
- 75 Wash floors
- 76 Polish floors
- 77 Wash windows
- 78 Clean woodwork
- 79 Clean wallpaper
- 80 Wash ceilings
- 81 Wash clothes
- 82 Iron clothes
- 83 Wash household linen
- 84 Iron household linen
- 85 Polish metalware
- 86 Beat rugs
- 87 Shovel snow
- 88 Tidy up yard
- 89 Wash and polish automobile
- 90 Clean shoes daily
- 91 Saw and pile wood
- 92 Run errands
- 93 Sew and mend clothes
- 94 Press outer clothes
- 95 Darn stockings, etc.
- 96 Deliver packages
- 97 Bring up coal
- 98 Wash dishes
- 99 Care for children
- 100 Act as companion

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Arthur Woods, Chairman

"My Best Girl"

By
KATHLEEN NORRIS

"You'll say nothing and you'll do nothing," she said, in a voice that silenced all five of her hearers. "You've gone enough, Joe Grant. We aren't—your sort. We don't belong—here, in a room like this. And we do belong—together. I'm not much—you've been laughing at me all this time, and I guess anyone who understood what was going on would laugh at me—but I wouldn't be anything, I wouldn't have a right even to try to be ideal—if I wouldn't stick to my own folks! I don't care—" Her eyes were blazing, her level, pitiless voice bored through him—"I don't care," said Maggie, trembling, "what you think of us! My father and mother belong to me, and my sister does, and I'm as glad, Joe," she ended passionately, tears spilling from her eyes now, but her mouth steady, "I'm as glad to be done with you as you are with me!" She turned to Mr. Merrill, who had sat with a fan of big bills open in his fingers, watching her with a sort of breathless concentration. It was almost as if he were afraid that she would not dare say what she was so rapidly and furiously saying, and as if he liked to hear her.

She took three of the bills, folded them, shut them into her flat worn purse. "That's thirty," she said to him with a nod. "I owe you thirty. Thank you. It won't be more than that. Don't—" and, with a glance of utter contempt toward Joe, she dropped her voice to confidence—a confidence that George Merrill, under the circumstances, found infinitely touching, between his humblest little employee and himself—"Don't let Joe follow us, Mr. Merrill," said Maggie. "I mean it. I'm never going to see him again. I'm done!"

Blindly, swiftly, hugging her father tightly to her on one side, holding her mother's hand tight on the other, Maggie went with them from the room. She reclaimed her shabby coat, and they three went through the foyer of the big hotel and out into the cool evening darkness together. Maggie signalled a taxicab, and they all got in.

"Now, it's all right, Ma," she said, in a breathless, light voice. "We'll get Liz out, and she'll stop running with Chess after this night's work, you'll see, and may pick up someone who's worth something."

"Oh, dearie, I feel so awful that Ma and me followed you! But I'm afraid you'll feel bad, Maggie," her father faltered.

The nightmare went on and on. They were in a horrible smelly wide place of benches and spittoons and harsh lights, and her mother was crying noisily, and Pop, pale and dishevelled and very quiet, was asking her, for God's sake, to stop. Maggie was pleading with a clerk, asking him to hurry a certain case, and good-naturedly enough, he did hurry it, and almost immediately a little door at the right opened, and Lizbeth and Chess Rivers and another girl and man came out. The instant she saw her daring,

pretty, independent sister frightened and tearful and white-faced, Maggie's heart seemed to turn liquid, and she ran across the courtroom and held out her arms, and Lizbeth caught her, and they cried together. And when the Judge looked down over his desk, disapproving of this confusion, Maggie, with her face wet and her lips trembling and her little arm linked tight in Lizbeth's, was looking imploringly up. A policeman, ranging the prisoners, told Maggie to go back and sit down, but Maggie only burst out the more imploringly:

"Oh, please—please let my sister come home! She's never run with this kind of man before—she isn't like you think—my father and mother'll die if my sister has to go to jail."

Somebody rapped, and Maggie was silent, and the murmuring and glancing at papers went on between the Judge and the clerk. And then, quite suddenly, His Honor looked down again at Maggie, unsmilingly but very kindly, and Chess had to pay one hundred dollars' bail, and nobody else had to pay anything at all, and the charge against Elizabeth Johnson was dismissed.

Dismissed! They were blundering toward the hall and the street, between the almost empty brown wood benches, and the hinged brown wood gates, and the spittoons, under the harsh lights, when suddenly Joe Grant—only he wasn't Joe Grant any more!—came hurriedly in, with an important-looking sergeant of police, and came up to them.

"Everything all right?" Joe said anxiously and quickly, looking keenly at Maggie.

"Thank you, yes. It was a mistake. We're just goin' home."

"Quite a family party," said Chess Rivers sneeringly, coming up.

And then the nightmare began again—Maggie could never remember exactly how. Lizbeth turned on Chess and told him that never as long as she lived would she go off again with a man who was a bootlegger, and blamed it on the girls who went with him.

and Chess said something quick and ugly about the Johnsons not being able to put on airs, with Maggie Johnson running around the way she did with a millionaire—Chess had recognized Joe that very first day, at the cottage, because he used to see Joe at the boxing matches.

Then Chess was lying on the dirty marble floor, with blood on his cheek, and Joe was looking quite tall and calm and proud, but a little breathless, with two policemen holding him. And as Chess, still shouting, got to his feet, Joe jerked loose and sent him spinning again, and that time the policeman gripped Joe again and walked him away, and a third policeman began to shove Chess roughly out of the room. The clerk took the Johnsons out through a big greasy swinging door, and they were in the dark street again. All a nightmare. All a nightmare. And yet, as the endless night wore by, she began to be afraid she would never wake up.

They got home, somehow—partly walking, partly in a street car. And they sat in the kitchen, and Maggie made tea.

"Maggie, for goodness' sake, how did you feel when you learned that your friend was really Joe Merrill? I never will get that straight," said Liz.

"Oh, all right."

"Maggie, if you get him we're fixed for life," Liz said eagerly.

"I won't," she assured her sister.

"Maggie—why do you act so funny about it? As far as my shaming you tonight goes, why, I didn't do anything that all the girls of his crowd aren't doing every day!" Liz pleaded eagerly. "And if he makes that an excuse for breaking his engagement—"

"I'll sue him," said Ma heavily. "Here in this kitchen he sat, last Sunday afternoon, and told me with his own mouth—"

"You don't have to sue him! Liz said. "He's crazy about her. Isn't he, Maggie?"

"I wasn't listening, Ma. I'm sorry, Liz, but I'm going to bed."

"I'm going to sit up with Ma," said Lizbeth. Their topic was good for several hours of exclamation, analysis, and debate.

Mrs. Johnson and her oldest daughter slept late the next morning. They reached the kitchen together at about ten o'clock, having had not more than five hours of rest, and began at once on the leisurely breakfast that Maggie, as usual, had left ready to heat. There were cups on the table, and coffee in the pot, and bread was sliced; there was a fat little bot-

(Continued On Page 7)

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A tasty loaf of fresh-baked bread—with all the health-giving vitamins preserved for you. Why eat "stale" bread that comes from out-of-town when fresh bread baked in Ozona by an expert baker, from the choicest and purest materials—is available at LESS COST.



5 Cents Per Loaf
CAKES—PIES
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BAKED FRESH DAILY

Artistically prepared Cakes and Pastries for parties and special occasions our specialty

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Electricity Aids the Small City

ELECTRIC power has been called by many economic authorities the "Equalizer," because it puts the small town on an equal basis with the large industrial center. No longer is it necessary for industries to locate in congested, expensive and competitive metropolitan districts, for the transmission line system has built an ever-growing network of electric highways, over which is transported unlimited power—available in the smallest of towns at an inexpensive rate.



This development in the electric light and power industry holds forth greater opportunities to the small town than it has ever enjoyed in the past. The "Decentralization of Industry" which has followed this development has been advantageous to the country as a whole. West Texas has profited her full share, and will continue to participate in this new industrial growth throughout the years to come.

The West Texas Utilities Company, manufacturing inexpensive electric power, dependably serves 120 prosperous cities and towns in West Texas, the "Land of Opportunity," distributing its services over more than 2,500 miles of transmission line to a territory approximately 45,000 square miles in area.

West Texas Utilities Company

"My Best Girl"
(Continued From Page 6)

tle of cream, and Maggie had left half the mixture of an omelette waiting in a yellow bowl.

Lizabeth was the one who first found time to pick up the newspaper, and her involuntarily horrified "Oh, God!" caused her mother, startled, to join her at the stove. They read it together.

It was all there. Joseph Merrill's picture, on the front page, was embellished, in a rococo border, with a sketch representing two silhouetted youths fighting in a courtroom, with horrified women fleeing in every direction.

"It'll just about kill Maggie!" said Lizabeth, aghast.

"Go on readin', Liz."

"... young Merrill, who, as far as could be ascertained, has been masquerading, since his departure from college, as a day laborer, and who, according to reports, has acquired an enviable acquaintance with the city's underworld, was detained without bail and spent the night in the city jail. At an early hour this morning, efforts to reach his father at the country place at Elmingdale were met with th' continued on page four, column three. . . ."

Lizabeth read rapidly.

And suddenly, in their midst, was Pop. He had come home for his early Saturday lunch; he was as shocked as themselves.

"Where's Maggie?" he asked apprehensively. "Did she see the paper?"

"She's at the store, of course." Ma answered disapprovingly.

"The store was closed today. They're puttin' in the automat. She must—" Pa said vaguely—"she must of went out!"

"Maggie wouldn't never do anything—des-prit—" Lizabeth was beginning, when Maggie herself came in.

She came in quietly, through the kitchen door, and stood looking at them as if she were surprised to find them all there together. Her plain little new suit was brushed and trim—the home-spun upon which Maggie's heart had been set for weeks before she really dared to spend the necessary dollars on it. Her cheeks were red, but her beautiful eyes looked tired and were set in delicate shadows.

"Fevven's sakes, where've you been? You had Ma and me worried," Lizabeth said.

"Well," Maggie expanded quietly, "I went to see Mrs. Merrill."

"What'd do that for?" demanded the mother.

"There was something I wanted to talk to her about, Ma," Maggie said wearily.

"What?" The question was shot like a bullet.

"Joe," the girl said simply. And she sat down at the table and leaned her forehead wearily on her hand.

"You never had the gall to do that, Maggie Johnson," Lizabeth whispered, impressed.

"Oh, yes, I did. I told her where Joe was, and they sent over to the jail, and Joe came in while I was there. And him and his father and mother and me talked it all over."

"Maggie!" It was the older sister. "Don't he like you any more?"

"He says the loves me," she said dully.

"Oh, Maggie—fevven's sakes! Joe Merrill!"

"And because he loves me,"

Maggie said deliberately, "he's going to sail this morning for Japan. He sees that he'd only hurt me and make it harder here."

Her shamed, hopeless voice died away.

"So I guess I'd better do these dishes," she said.

"He'll forget you before he's past the Heads!" her mother predicted, in the awful silence that followed.

"You can't depend on them rich people, dearie," her father, sorrowful and sympathetic, said timidly.

"Maggie, they just got him to say he'd do that so's to break it off!" Lizabeth said indignantly.

Maggie looked at them all apathetically. "I know all that. I know he loves me now, but that they're going to kill it, if they can. I know his ship pulls out in twenty minutes and that I'll never see him again," she said simply. "But—" she glanced from one to the other—"with things here like they are," she said, "and Ma like she is, and Pa like he is, and you like you are, Liz—what can I do? I've worked, I've tried to make myself look good, and I've gone to night school, and I've lived the ideal life—but it doesn't seem to work, for me. If Joe had been what I thought he was, we could have climbed up together. But he wasn't, and I guess his mother's right—I guess the time is coming when he'll think of me as only a girl he knew whose mother wasn't very strong, and whose father was a postman, and whose sister ran with a bootlegger that got us all pretty nearly into jail!"

She did not cry, she spoke evenly and gently, almost without expression. But at the finish she reached up suddenly to the shelf above the sink, and snatched from its position the ideal leaflet, with its cryptic message: "The way to begin living the ideal life is—to begin."

Maggie looked at it a minute, and her face worked oddly. Then,

quite quietly and composedly, she tore it into tiny scraps and fluttered them into the wet sink. And after that she walked slowly from the room, and they heard her bedroom door close behind her.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

In Memory of Brother Aker Allison Perry, Jr., who died March 19, 1931.

"Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither, at the north wind's cold blast, but thou, oh Death! hath all seasons for thine own." Once again a brother Mason, having completed the designs written for him on life's treasure board, has passed through the portals of Eternity and entered the Grand Lodge of the New Jerusalem and hath received, as his reward, the white stone with the new name written thereon.

And Whereas, The all-wise and merciful Master of the universe has called from labor, to refreshment our beloved and respected brother.

And Whereas, He having been a true and faithful brother of our beloved Order therefore be it.

Resolved, That Ozona Lodge No. 747 A. F. & A. M. at Ozona, Texas, in testimony of her lost, be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that we tender to the family of our deceased brother our sincere condolence in their deep affliction, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

(SEAL)
COMMITTEE:
Allen W. Robertson, H. F. Childress, Jr. T. A. Kincaid, Jr.

POSTED—All my pastures in Crockett County. Woodhauling, hunting and all trespassing positively forbidden.

J. W. HENDERSON, SR.—1-32

FOR RENT—Five-room furnished house. See Mrs. Leta Hawkins, phone 91 or 18.

FOOD VALUES



FOR OUR NEIGHBORS

In fair weather or foul we serve you—with the same close margin of profit, high quality merchandise and neighborly, friendly service.

The oldest store in Ozona, we have grown up with this community and know its needs. We have served its people in time of distress, carried them through when to have done otherwise would have meant suffering. And, now, we are still serving—growing with the modern need, and still 100 per cent for Ozona and its people.

Chris Meinecke

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Plans and Estimates Furnished — Loans Secured

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Long Distance Service

Prompt connection to any point. Low rates now prevailing on long distance telephone service make it cheaper than other forms of communications

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WILLEKE BROTHERS' WAREHOUSE ON SANTA FE TRACKS

Our new addition to our warehouse gives us 40,000 square feet of additional floor space with a sample and show room, which enables us to give even better service than before.

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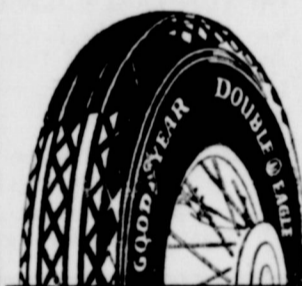
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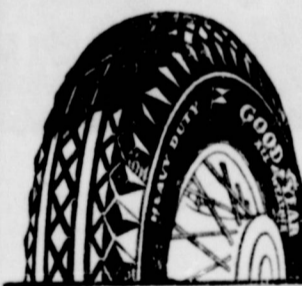
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4.40-21 \$4.98 4.50-21 \$5.00
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All sizes are low priced

North Motor Company

OZONA, TEXAS

Methodist Ladies To Give Dinner Tuesday April 7th, At Church

Methodist ladies will provide a home-cooked dinner in the basement of the Methodist Church at noon Tuesday, April 7, it was decided this week.

A splendid dinner is promised by the ladies and plates will be served at 50 cents each. Everybody is invited to patronize the ladies in this effort, proceeds from the sale going to maintain church and missionary work.

ENTERTAIN 42 CLUB

Mrs. J. C. Butler and Mrs. F. A. Gray entertained members of their Forty-two Club at the Hotel Ozona Monday of last week with a St. Patrick's Day party.

LEMMONS OPENS SALE

A page advertisement announcing the Lemmons Dry Goods Company Pre-Easter Sale will be found on page 3 of this issue of The Stockman.

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank our friends who were so kind to help us in our recent sorrow and for the beautiful floral offerings.

POSTED

All our pastures in Crockett County are posted. Hunting and all trespassing positively forbidden.

POSTED

All my pastures in Crockett County are posted. Hunting and all trespassing without my permission positively forbidden.

Mrs. Jerry Pace of Tahoka is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Baggett.

Elbert Sadler is in a San Angelo hospital suffering from an attack of flu.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION OF FINAL ACCOUNT

THE STATE OF TEXAS: To the Sheriff or any Constable of CROCKETT County, Greeting: W. J. Townsend, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Lee Townsend, Deceased, having filed in our County Court his Final Account of the condition of the Estate of said Harry Lee Townsend, Deceased, numbered 71 on the Probate Docket of Crockett County, together with an application to be discharged from said Administrator of said Estate.

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, That by publication of this Writ for twenty days in the Ozona Stockman, a Newspaper printed in the County of Crockett you give due notice to all persons interested in the Account for Final Settlement of said Estate, to appear and contest the same if they see proper so to do, on or before the April Term, 1931, of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said County, in the town of Ozona, Texas, on the first Monday in May, same being the 4th day of May, A. D. 1931, when said Account and Application will be acted upon by said Court.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND and seal of said Court, at my office in the town of Ozona this 24th day of March A. D. 1931.

(SEAL) Geo. Russell, Clerk, County Court Crockett County.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the above and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the Original Writ now in my hands.

W. S. Willis, Sheriff Crockett County.

Issued this 24th day of March, A. D. 1931.

Geo. Russell, Clerk, County Court, Crockett County, Texas. 50-3c

EYE SIGHT SPECIALIST COMING AGAIN

Dr. Fred R. Baker, San Angelo's popular and well known optical specialist, will be at the Hotel Ozona, one day only, Friday, April 3rd. The doctor's high class eye sight service is so well known in this section, that any special comment should not be necessary.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our heartfelt appreciation to our friends in Ozona for their many acts of kindness and expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the death of our beloved son, Chas. Coates, Jr. We wish also to express our appreciation for the many beautiful floral offerings.

POSTED—All my pastures west of Ozona in Crockett County, Hunting, fishing and all trespassing positively forbidden. LEE CHILDRESS. 1-32

Today And Tomorrow (Continued From Page One)

HOLMES

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court celebrated his ninetieth birthday on March 8. A few days before he had delivered one of the most liberal and progressive opinions ever handed down by a judge on the bench.

To realize how the world has moved since Justice Holmes was born in 1841, we need only recall that railroads were still more of a novelty than the airplane is today, that Texas was an independent republic, that Chicago was a village of 4,500 people, the electric telegraph was only six years old and friction matches had been invented only five years before, while the sewing machine had not been heard of!

Justice Holmes in his own person is the greatest link our nation has with its own past.

Mrs. Lowell Littleton has been ill for the past week.

FOR SALE—FINEST TWO-YEAR-OLD REGISTERED HEREFORD BULLS EVER RAISED ON C. A. BROOME RANCH, FAT AND READY FOR SERVICE. BEST BLOOD LINES. WRITE OR CALL HAROLD OR ARTHUR BROOME, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS. 48-3c

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

Dr. G. Miller, M. D.

Office over Smith Drug Store No. 1 Office Phone 243 — Res. Phone 49 8-1-31

RANGE STOCK Suffer FROM A LACK OF AVAILABLE PHOSPHORUS

When livestock does not get the NECESSARY MINERALS degenerative conditions follow. These conditions appear as LIMBERLEG, CREEPS, ABORTION or DIGESTIVE ILLS.

Actual tests on West Texas Ranches prove the efficiency of DICAPHO-SALT as the best way to obtain the needed AVAILABLE CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS to offset these ravaging conditions.

SEE YOUR DEALER OR WRITE U. P. LINCOLN 205 HOUSTON BLDG SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



Hall Feed & Grain Co. (Incorporated)

Home Owned!

There has not been a day in Twenty years that a sign bearing Flowers has not hung over a merchandising store and seventeen of them in Ozona.

That sign, coupled with quality and reasonable prices, and service have gone hand in hand.

The ONLY "home-owned store" that can claim that phrase is the one which lays no claim of affiliation with any grappling, entangling price-cutting combination. Each store that does—pays for that name—not once, but each and every month of the year. Pays on their gross earnings.

Men who have studied our present economic conditions lay charge at the door of chain stores for the producer's decline of his product. There is no such thing as a home-owned chain store. It belongs to the same family of cats—be it ever so distant a relative. The same wet blanket covers them all, and each pours his part to Wall Street—be it ever so little.

We do not ask business to come our way—for nothing. We give our community some honest, hard working boys, and pay them for it. Each year our pay roll runs into many thousands of dollars and it is spent here.

Our prices are sound, reasonable—even attractive to a large part of Crockett County.

Our service is the best possible. And we manage to keep it within reasonable costs.

Next to our respected competitor Chris Meinecke, the name Flowers has stood longer than any other business house in town.

Thank you for your business. We hope some day to occupy the whole Perner block, for your convenience in shopping. We will be giving you the same service—only better—seventeen years from now.

Flowers Grocery & Bakery

"We Go The Limit To Please" PHONE 3 OR 263

WOOL GROWERS

The Lone Star Wool-Mohair Co-operative Association is a grower-owned and grower-controlled organization.

You can have a part in the management of the affairs of your own marketing machinery by joining and supporting this association.

Every member gets one vote regardless of the amount of product he markets,—so there is no danger of the big men controlling it.

Every one of the present directors are actual wool growers, many of whom you know. Read the following list:

- E. S. MAYER, President
ROY HUDSPETH, Vice-President
J. E. HENDERSON, Jr., Vice-Pres.
SOL MAYER, Treasurer
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